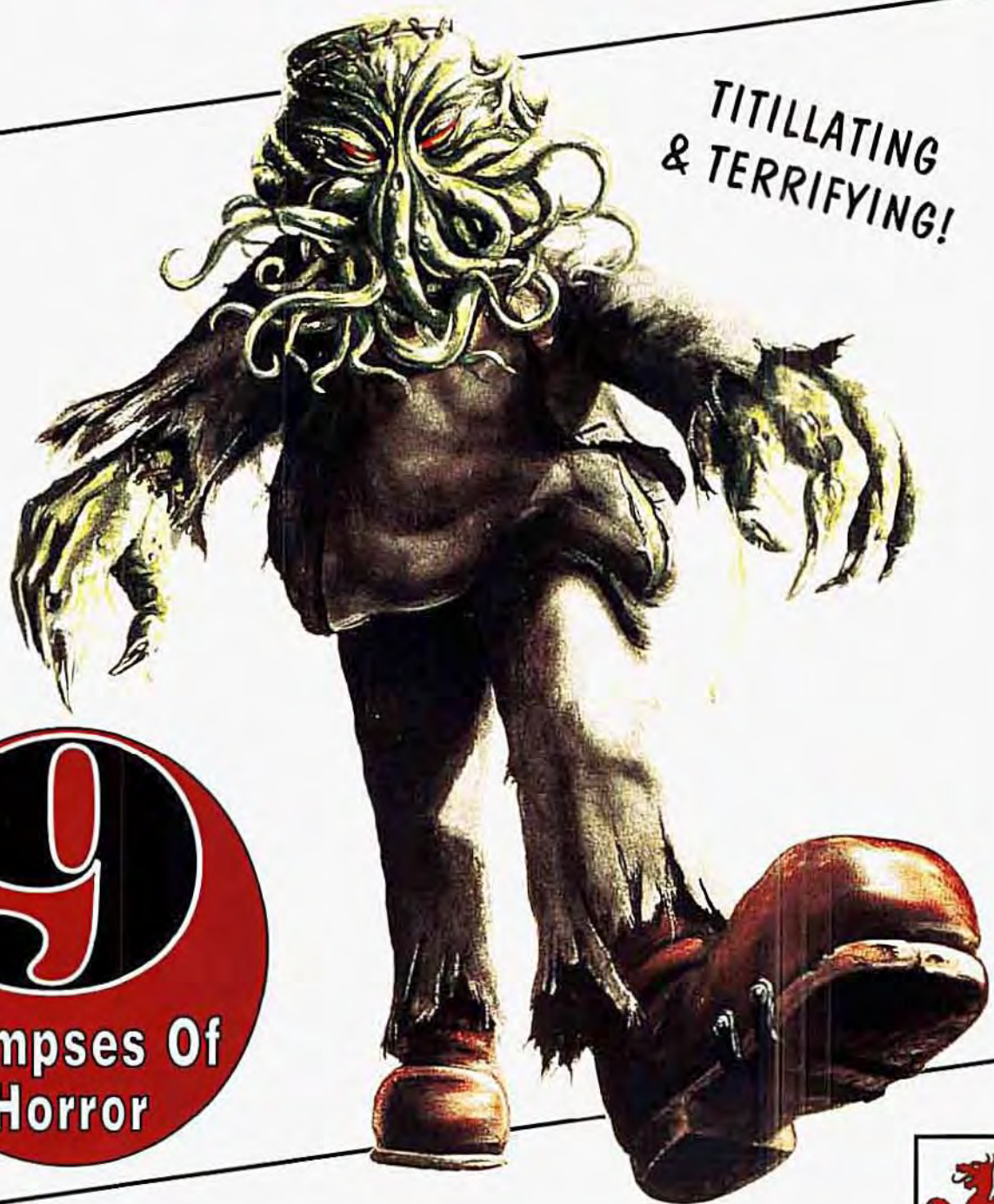


FOR
**Call of
Cthulhu**
NON
MYTHOS

BLOOD 2 BROTHERS

TITILLATING
& TERRIFYING!



9
Glimpses Of
Horror

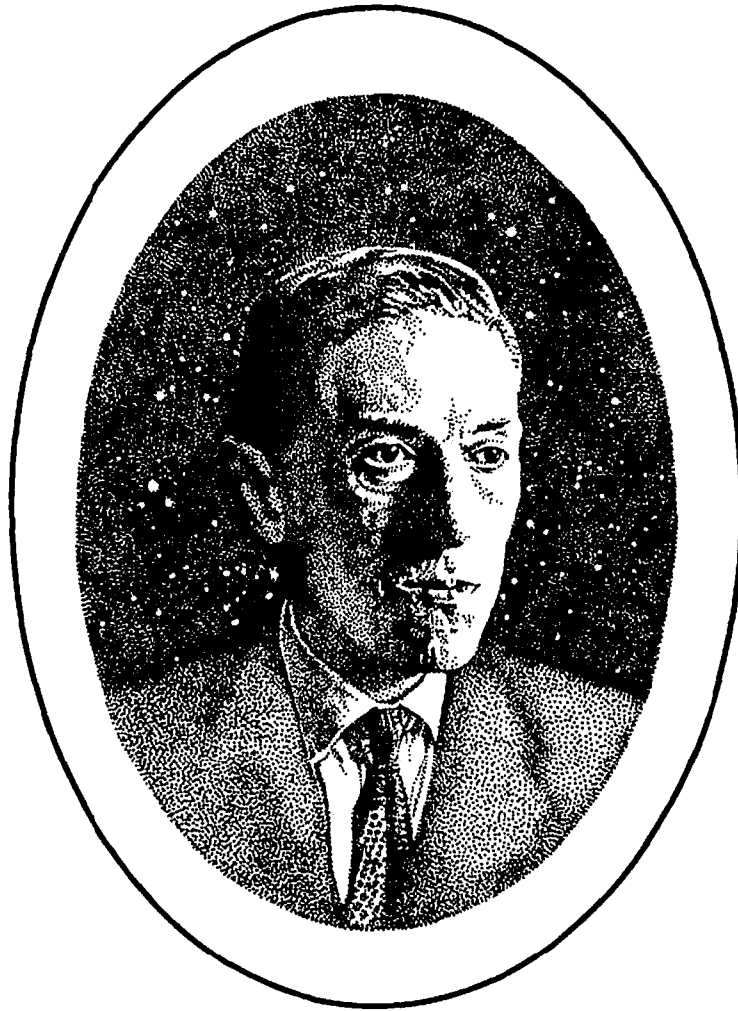
Gillan, Love, Ho, Grundy, Rowland, Ross
Monroe, Kluskens, Aniolowski, Watts,
Willis, Brooks, Chase, Geier, Gibbons



Blood Brothers 2

Nine Single-Night Adventures at the Movies





H. P. LOVECRAFT 1890-1937

BLOOD 2

BROTHERS

To The Grave, And Back Again: 9 New Single-Night Adventures at the Movies

Geoff Gillan
Kathy Ho
Marcus Rowland
John B. Monroe
Scott David Aniolowski
Lynn Willis

Penelope Love
Mark Grundy
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CHAOSIUM INC.

Lee Gibbons's cover painting depicts Great Cthulhu masquerading as Boris Karloff.

PLAYTESTERS

"Nightmare In Silence" playtesters were Rhonda Gillan, Cathie Gillan, Adam Brett, and John Evans. Marcus Rowland offers special thanks to the twelve members of Gamesfair 91 who play-tested the Miskatonic wrestling adventure at very short notice.

"Simply Red" playtesters were Bernard Caleo, Terry Cooper, Jules Mortenson, and Owen Rigby.

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Keeper's Introduction



HERE ARE nine Blood-Brothers-style adventures, scenarios designed to have no purpose other than fun, and to express nothing more than the love of movies. Some of these adventures are grotesque, several are comic, and more than several spill decent quantities of blood. All work as do the film genres which they recapitulate, and the keeper should have the notion of *film* clearly in mind before presenting each adventure. Player-characters have varying chances for survival. Success comes not in surviving, however, but in staging a good film.

The characters intended for players to use are in this book called player-characters, not investigators. These personalities are not carried over from scenario to scenario, nor do the scenarios have much to do with the Cthulhu Mythos, nor are the characters necessarily intellectual in any degree, nor are they even likely to be the sorts of people who investigate anything. Played properly, they bumble, stumble, hesitate, and mis-judge, even as you and I would, were we actually called into peril.

The run-times of the adventures vary. Be sure to have in mind a second feature, in case something goes wrong. Stock up on projector lamps, and keep your sprockets clean!

The movie posters for each film are drawn from actual posters of the era, in pose and lettering. Like the original posters, these posters are sometimes misleading, and usually more sensational than the movie actually warrants. All the same, if you can, steer the events so that the scene depicted can more or less be confirmed.

Always show the movie poster—the players deserve the same kind of hint and preparation that the theater-goer gets. If you have time, photocopy the poster ahead of time, so that it can be passed around and looked at during play.

If you present the trailers (Previews), put one or two in front of the feature, or in back, and let the players vote on which they'd like to do next time. Their early participation and anticipation will make the keeper's job easier and more fun. The movie passes at the back of the book are simply forms you can photocopy and mail to potential players. They're not necessary, but they're fun.

There are thumbnail illustrations of all the player-characters, but no other illustrations illuminate the scenarios. For better or worse, I felt that drawn images purporting to be from film or video simply do not succeed—drawings and photos do not have the same look. The movie posters, on the other hand, are traditionally drawn, and Earl's and Les' collaborations have worked out well.

Mark Morrison created the prospectus for this book and negotiated for the original manuscripts. He also conceived of the movie passes and movie previews; other projects then called him away, leaving me with draft manuscripts and a fulsome hand-basket of clever notions. If you enjoy this book, he should share any applause.

I tried to unify the presentations and to develop or extend them where needed to suit the various approaches to the idea of narrated films. In the process anywhere from traces (as in "Simply Red") to a third or more of the text was added as you have it. Published faults, discrepancies, and errors are entirely my responsibility.

Some adventures have 'continuity breaks' and some do not. They were Penelope Love's idea, and I infected a number of scenarios with them. Use or create as many breaks as you want. They mostly reinforce a mood or a threat, and do not tell an alternate story, but there is no reason (as in "D.O.A.2") that they cannot. It need not be loudly stated that when the keeper is at a sudden loss for a description, extra continuity breaks may be quite handy.

The player-characters can be photocopied as printed and played as-is, but they'll be more handy and interesting if entered into copies of the investigator sheets provided in the back of this book. If using the half-page sheets, note that no skills are pre-printed there: if the keeper wishes to channel play for novices by entering that material ahead of time, this is an unobtrusive way to do it.

Most of the adventures continue to ask for Sanity losses, even though many characters are in little danger of even temporary insanity. As always, the point of this is to provoke random reaction from the player-characters and fresh roleplaying from the players, as well as to practice new players in the notion itself. If the mechanic seems pointless to your play, by all means ignore it. In the horror scenarios, the characters will run away anyway, and nobody goes seriously crazy in comedies. For the most part, players who actively want to participate in recreating the feel of such movies will need no prompting—here the play is literally the thing, pure unto itself.

CALL OF CTHULHU 5th EDITION

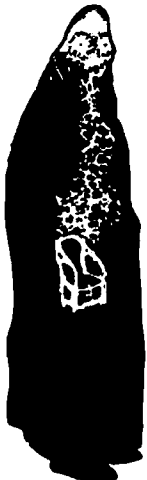
Blood Brothers 2 has been prepared using the skills list from the 5th edition of *Call of Cthulhu*, which differs slightly from previous editions.

New Skills	Old Skills
Art	Sing
Biology	Botany, Zoology
Conceal	Camouflage
Locksmith	Pick Pocket
Martial Arts	<i>new</i>
Medicine	Diagnose Disease, Treat Disease, Treat Poison
Natural History	Botany, Zoology
Navigate	Make Maps
Other Language	R/W Language
Own Language	R/W English
Persuade	Debate, Oratory
Physics	<i>new</i>

Previews

We've written these film trailers as playlets. If the keeper wishes, he or she can read each out, or make copies and share them with the players. Several have distinct voices. Gestures, sound effects, and lurid expressions all will be appropriate. Naturally, "Nightmare In Silence" is entirely written, not spoken.

Nightmare In Silence



A Great Love . . .
Against a backdrop of Terror!

It walks alone at night—
At His bidding!

It strikes again and again—
the police are helpless!

What Strange Fate entwines
them all?

What terrible doom dares sully
the innocence of Young Love?

See NIGHTMARE IN SILENCE,

starring Ernst Matia and Petra Raush, the most famous actor and actress to play the Courts of Europe in this century, together on the screen for the first time!

Whatever You Do,
Do Not Miss

NIGHTMARE IN SILENCE!

"The Greatest Film Of The Year" — New York Pillar-Post
"I laughed—I cried!" — Maira Phalathrope, Legion of Decency

The proprietors earnestly ask our audience
not to disclose the Surprise Ending!

Coming Soon To This Theatre!

Chateau of Blood



[Fade in to ancient castle hall. An aristocratic-looking man speaks.] "Tonight you are my guests...in Chateau Karlenstein." [Thunderclap]

[Cut to coachman and guard driving frantically through the night.] "Hans, more speed! More speed! They're

gaining!" [Sound of a whip cracking again and again.]

[Cut to two comely wenches in nightgowns, giggling in a darkened room.] "The Count didn't say we shouldn't."

[Cut to a few wolves baying at the full yellow moon.]

[Cut to the aristocratic-looking man.] "Nonetheless, it is the...custom of this House that all shall be locked in their rooms at night." [Cut to lock after lock being turned and closed.]

[Cut to a hundred wolves baying at the full yellow moon.]

VOICE: WHAT SECRETS DID THESE HALLS DEFEND?

SECOND VOICE: WHAT TERRORS AWAIT A HANDFUL OF TRAVELERS?

[Various characters pile furniture to support a door buckling under thunderous smashes.]

THIRD VOICE: WHAT DOOM THREATENS THOSE WHO DARE THE...CHATEAU OF BLOOD!

[Cut to woman in negligee running down a stone hall, screaming.]

Starring Samuel Inabinet, Emrey Barnes and Lisa Bachman.

Coming with second feature soon.

An Alien Kicked Sand In My Face

(A perky tune plays *bumba- bumba- bumba- bumba* throughout the pitch as we watch teenagers chase each other around the beach in black-and-white.)

VOICE: THOSE FROLICSOME TEENS ARE BACK AGAIN! *[Cut to chaste beach-movie smooch.]*

"I love you, Dee-Dee." "I love you, Moon Dog."

SECOND VOICE: AND THEY'RE AS MIXED UP AS EVER! *[Cut to femine hand smacking youthful cheek.]*

"I hate you, Moon Dog!" "Oww! Aw, gee, Dee-Dee—Angelique's just a friend."

VOICE: SOO-OOME FRIEND! *[Cut to statuesque blonde in bikini swinging down the beach]*



SECOND VOICE: CONFUSION IS EVERYWHERE! *[Cut twice, first to older beatnik beating bongos, then to handsome biker in leather jacket.]*

"Like, you girls are the most!"

"I respect you, Dee-Dee—come away with me!"

VOICE (laughing): AND IF THAT'S NOT ENOUGH— *[Cut to winking circular light in sky.]*

"Was that a flying saucer?" "Uh, whatever it was, it landed around here."

SECOND VOICE: THEN CALL OUT THE MARINES! *[Cut to a battalion of marines hitting the beach from landing craft.]*

VOICE: EVERYBODY GETS IN ON THE FUN! *[Cut back to teens on the beach.]*

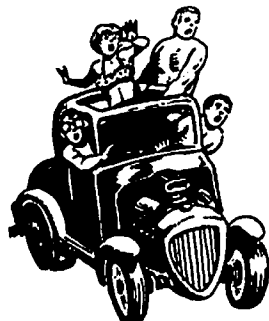
SECOND VOICE: EVERY TEENAGER'S FAVORITE STARS, TOGETHER AGAIN!

VOICE: IN THE FUNNIEST, FASTEST BEACH PICTURE YET!

[Cut to teenagers trying to look through a hole in a wall.] "We really, really shouldn't be peeking, guys."

SECOND VOICE: NO THEY SHOULDN'T, BUT YOU CAN!

VOICE: SEE 'AN ALIEN KICKED SAND IN MY FACE!'



[Song up and out.] "Wella, wella, an Alien kicked sand in my face; it really wasn't a big disgrace . . ."

Coming Soon!

Alive & Kicking

[In black-and-white, night and swirling fog. We are above a seedy-looking man in a top coat who stands under a streetlamp just out of the frame of the camera. Dingy brick, stained concrete, and wet cobblestones stretch in every direction. We zoom down on the man as he lights a cigarette with a match. In the glare, we see his eyes catch ours.]



"Right. I expect you've 'eard about poor Tommy," he says in a Cockney sort of accent. "'E were quite a player in his time. But 'e weren't not so much as 'e 'ad been, even before 'is . . . accident." *[Quick cut to a soccer match and back]* "Ah, his accident . . . a strange one, as it turns out." *[Quick cut to blackness, and a squishy step-step-step sound.]* "And even 'is mates 'ad their own peculiarities." *[Quick cut to darkish room with water splashing and men and women giggling.]* "Still, 'e found a way." The camera swoops to his eyes, which begin to glow. "Didn't he? Didn't he?" he laughs insanely, and then a flood of titles chase each other across the screen:

VOICE OVER: YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT IT—NOW BE THE FIRST TO SEE FOR YOURSELF!

ALIVE AND KICKING!

[A babble of voices ensues:] "Gruesome!" "Horrrifying!" "Controversial!" "Disgusting!" "I couldn't believe my eyes!" "Absolutely terrifying!" "I wanted to see what all the talk was about." "I thought it was just a sports story—by Jove, it's certainly more than that!"

ALIVE AND KICKING!

BROUGHT TO YOU AS A SERVICE BY THE PRODUCERS,
WHO WISH TO HELP PROTECT
THE RIGHTS OF EVERY BRITON!

ALIVE AND KICKING!

VOICE: SEE IT NOW, AND BE UNASHAMED!

El Tigre

The Tiger is back!
And in wide-screen SuperVision Color!
Mexico's greatest hero . . . inside the ring!

[cut to El Tigre, in full leather tiger mask and black wrestling rights, throwing opponents over the ropes as if they were made of straw.]



. . . *And around the world!*
[Cut to silvery shape in the sky, sending out some sort of blue death ray onto some rock.]

He's never daunted! [El Tigre takes a smash to the mouth.]

He always comes back! [El Tigre throws the mouth-smasher out of the ring.]

He's The Tiger, the toughest man in the world, out to stop new crime and put down new dangers to humanity!
[Cut to El Tigre driving his red MG down a highway, his tiger-skin cape swirling out behind him.]

But this time he's got his work cut out for him!
[Successive cuts show blonde women in SS uniforms heiling each other in front of an Aztec pyramid and saying 'Jah Vohl,' then a huge wrestling area jammed full of aliens with eye-stalks.]

It's the ultimate grudge match, The Tiger at the Pyramid of Destruction—El Tigre against the Universe!
[El Tigre stands silhouetted against the sky, and flexes his muscles.]

Starts Friday at Most Theaters.

The Evil Gun

[A flute plays a musical signature that sounds like a far-away birdcall. The notes float over a stark Western landscape, full of rocks, wasteland, and mountains. We zoom toward a dark figure walking steadily in our direction.]

[Cut, to two western geezers gossiping.] "That stranger took a room over at the hotel." "Downright quiet man. Don't say a word."

[Cut, to the dark figure striding nearer to us.]

[Cut, to two sneering cowboys, hands just above their guns.] "I reckon this hombre ain't heard about trespassin', Rafe." "Yeah, he looks too dumb to know about it."

[Cut, to two .45 gunbarrels firing and smoking.]

VOICE: HE LEFT A TRAIL OF BULLETS AND BODIES WHEREVER HE ROAMED!

[Cut, to hands emptying six-gun cylinders of spent cartridges, and reloading fresh ones.]

VOICE: HE TOOK ON A TOWN, AND TAMED IT!

[Cut, to three western geezers gossiping.] "That stranger shot down six of the McGooohan gang!" "Damnedest thing I ever saw."

VOICE: AND THEN HE TOOK WHATEVER HE WANTED.

[Cut, to dance hall girl, trying to pull away from the tall, dark figure.] "No—I don't want to. I don't like that." "You don't have to like it, girl."

[Cut, to her tearful face, close up.] "Oh, ma'm, I'm afraid of him—so afraid!"

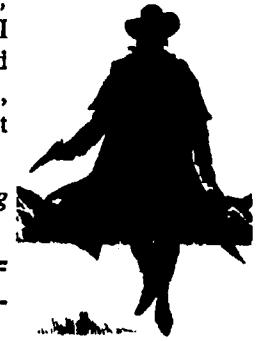
VOICE: WHAT WAS HIS SECRET? WHAT POWER DID HE HOLD?

— IN HIS GREATEST ROLE!

— AT HER MOST FIERY!

— IN HIS ACADEMY AWARD-NOMINATED ROLE!

Coming Soon.



Dead On Arrival 2



[A totally blackened screen, then red letters begin to typewrite themselves across it, in bursts, while the same words go out in Morse code on the sound track.]

THIS IS LAB 171 CALLING
THIS IS LAB 171 CALLING

LAB 171 CALLING
ANY STATION READING, PLEASE RESPOND
ANY STATION READING, PLEASE RESPOND

RECENT RESULTS SHOW GREAT PROMISE
GREAT PROMISE

SCIENTISTS FORECAST AN END TO THE PLAGUE
[Though the blackness does not change, we begin to hear episodic scufflings and smashings against what sounds like thick metal.]

WE CAN TRADE FOR CERTAIN SUPPLIES
WE NEED TO TRADE FOR NECESSARY SUPPLIES
WE THINK OUR SOLUTION WILL WORK FOR YOU
THIS IS LAB 171 CALLING
LAB 171 CALLING

[The hammering and smashing grow louder and louder.]

ANY STATION READING, PLEASE RESPOND
ANY STATION READING, PLEASE

[The hammering and smashes rain like thunder, blasting away any other sound. Then the words vanish, the code dit-dats stop, only the white noise of an open mike, and the black, black screen.]

VOICE: D.O.A.2. COMING FRIDAY.

Carnival Knowledge



[The rear of a brightly-striped circus tent. Two young boys in blue jeans and sneakers kneel near a slit in the tent, backs to the camera, sneakers a peek into the darkness beyond.]

VOICE: WHEN THE CARNIVAL COMES, DEATH IS THE HOLIDAY!

[Suddenly the kneeling, their heads still inside the tent, begin to struggle, legs kicking the sand. Muffled screams are heard but they are inexorably dragged into the darkness beyond.]

VOICE: CARNIVAL KNOWLEDGE!

[A huge, leering clown face fills the screen, laughing evilly]

VOICE: A TERROR NOT YET DREAMED OF!

[A young, good-looking man stands near a small auto trailer, stained and rusted. "Becky? Are you in there?" Cautiously he places his hand on the trailer door and begins to open it. Without warning, a huge boxing glove on a spring lashes out, smashes the man in the face, and knocks him back out of camera range. A close-up shows the boxing glove dripping with blood.]

VOICE: WHAT EVIL LIES WITHIN?

[A sobbing woman struggles to drag herself across an old wooden floor, attempting to reach a small pistol lying just a few feet away. Her hand is nearly on it when a huge polka-dot shoe, nearly two feet long and twelve inches across, crunches down on her wrist. She looks up and screams.]

VOICE: A WEEKEND OF FUN TURNS INTO A NIGHTMARE NEVER TO BE FORGOTTEN!

[Quick cuts of a group of clowns silhouetted against the moon hopping across a field, carrying some object wrapped in a blanket. A laughing, white-faced clown swings an axe down repeatedly on something off-screen. A half-dozen leering clown faces in crowded close-up spin dizzily across the screen, laughing maniacally.]

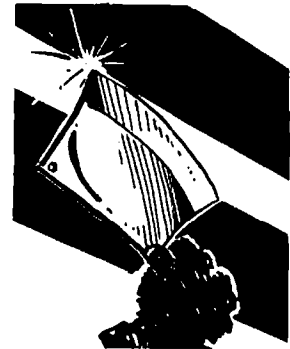
VOICE: CANNIBAL CLOWNS GONE CRAZY!

Premieres Friday, nationwide.

Available Monday at most video stores.

Simply Red

[A screaming woman's face fills the entire screen, her voice blasting our eardrums, her bulging blue eyes so near that they're the size of diesel tractor tires.]



[She screams again, and again. Then blood splashes across her face, first in trickles and then in torrents. It soaks her blouse, her skirt.]

[We cut to night and trees, and come back to her screams, cut away and come back again and again. Each time the blood is deeper, around her ankles, then her knees, then her waist, then she floats in blood.]

[Meanwhile her screams begin to blend over and echo each other, so that soon it is not one but many voices continuing to assault our ears.]

[Then the blood rises so high that it fills the screen, and the screaming ends abruptly. There is a liquid, washing sound. The red screen slowly paints white dripping letters across it.]

S I M P L Y R E D
S I M P L Y R E D
S I M P L Y R E D
S I M P L Y R E D

Now — on with the show!

Nightmare In Silence

From the realm of words to that of image and motion: we start when film-strip novelty is transfigured into cinematic art: statement and curiosity battle yet today.

NIGHTMARE In Silence is based upon the movies of the silent era, especially those works of 1920s German film-makers collectively known as the Expressionist films. An attempt has been made to honor some of the conventions of the silent movie. While this adds to the scenario's atmosphere, it may make the adventure difficult to run for beginning keepers. Even experienced ones should have players who are willing to fall into the spirit of the game. Keepers may wish to warm their players up with some of the other scenarios in the book before tackling this one.

Copies of these movies are sometimes difficult to find, but classics like *M*, *Metropolis*, and the Dr. Mabuse films persistently show up in video rental stores. Make an effort to see at least *The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari*. If all else fails, a post-WWII classic, *The Third Man*, incorporates many of the lighting tricks and upsetting camera angles of the earlier era, though the acting and story style is very different. It is available almost anywhere.

Running The Scenario

Just as films today influence us, films of the 1920s influenced that era. Though Lovecraft was not much disposed to films of his day, silent films may give valuable inspiration or insight to us concerning that era.

If keepers want to emphasize the mood and feel of silent films, some of the following optional devices may help. Some are quite ambitious. Novice keepers may wish to dispense with them all together.

❶ No Talking

Since roleplaying is essentially a verbal pastime it is impossible to do completely without chit-chat. However, keepers might request that it be kept to a minimum, or to declare that particular short scenes must be played out by gesture, or that players attempt to describe actions only, and in terms of gestures appropriate to the day.

Characters in silent films spoke through title cards and mime. A page of blank title cards is included nearby. If it amuses the players, supply a quantity of these forms so that they can write out their dialogue on them, and then display them to each other. Only people in a scene get to

have dialogue. At the least, title cards will make communications more succinct.

Depending on the players, this game may turn out to be a lot of fun, or may get tiresome. If people start to groan, go back to verbal description.

❷ Mime

Try miming the actions and reactions. The timing of this is quite difficult, but some people will be naturally adept. Not many players will be willing to paint their faces with white make-up and darkened eye and mouth make-up as was once done. Doing so accentuates facial expression. Silent film-makers employed it so that audiences could better register actor expressions.

❸ Keeper Scenes; Keeper Shots

Some sequences in the scenario are designated 'keeper scenes.' These are largely enacted by the keeper, with the players doing little other than reacting if their characters are in the scenes. They help set up the film and establish tone for the keeper, and aid players in practicing mime in non-crucial moments.

Some of these scenes are so short they are the equivalent of a single shot—a static scene in which something or someone is established. Keepers might deliberately interpose these elements in their narratives, to refer to techniques of cinematic editing.

❹ No Sound Effects

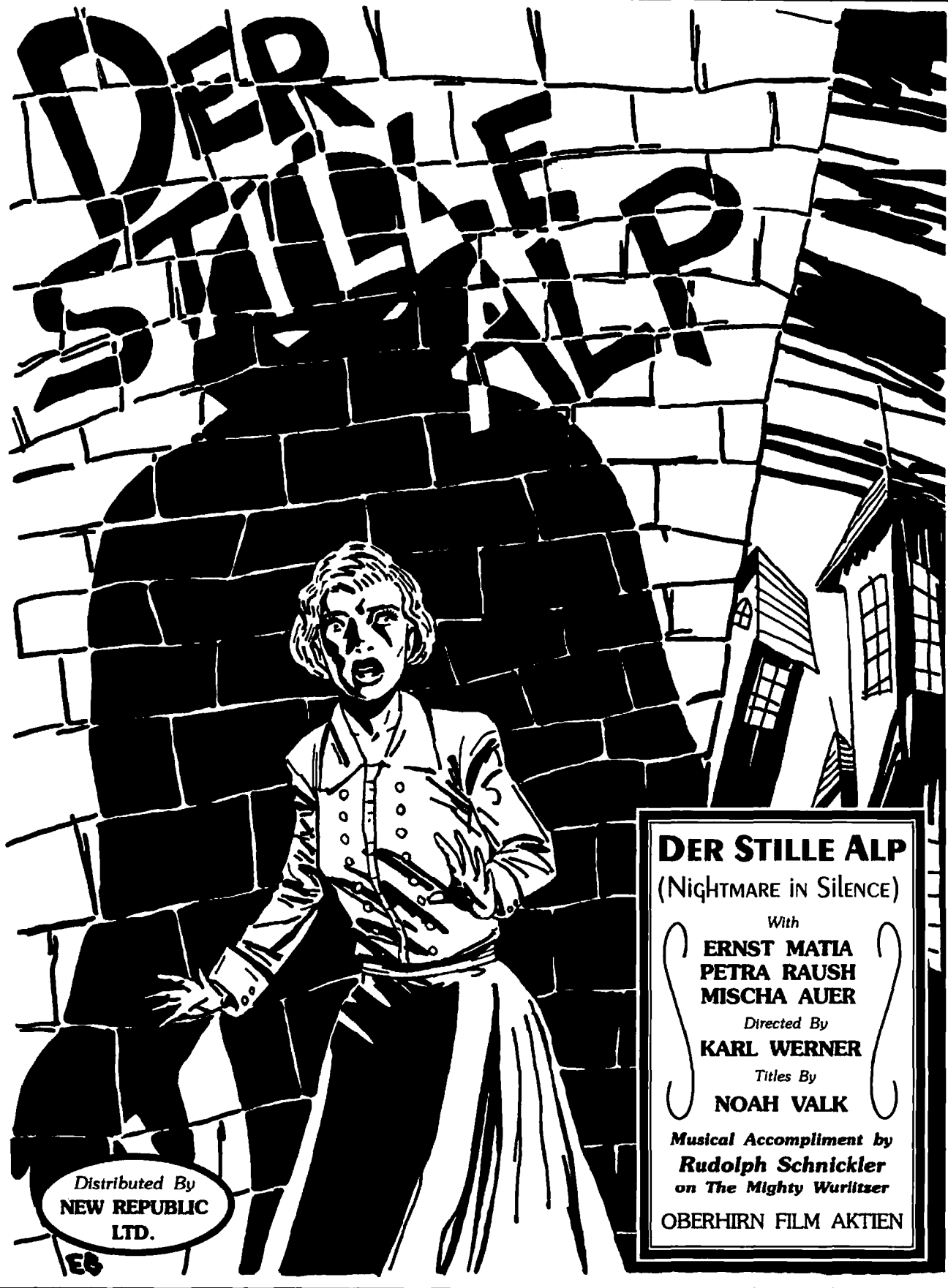
Refrain from describing sound. Always stress the visual and how a given thing will look. There are no strange noises—there are weird pictures instead.

❺ Background Music

But there is often live music, played according to scripts circulated along with the print of the film. It may be an organist, usually playing themes and tunes already known, occasionally new (and unremarkable) scores.

❻ Monochrome, Please

Silent films were rarely shown in other than one color at a time, though some spectacular exceptions to the rule existed. Tints of film were not unusual—blue for night,



Distributed By
**NEW REPUBLIC
LTD.**

DER STILLE ALP
(NIGHTMARE IN SILENCE)

With
**ERNST MATIA
PETRA RAUSH
MISCHA AUER**

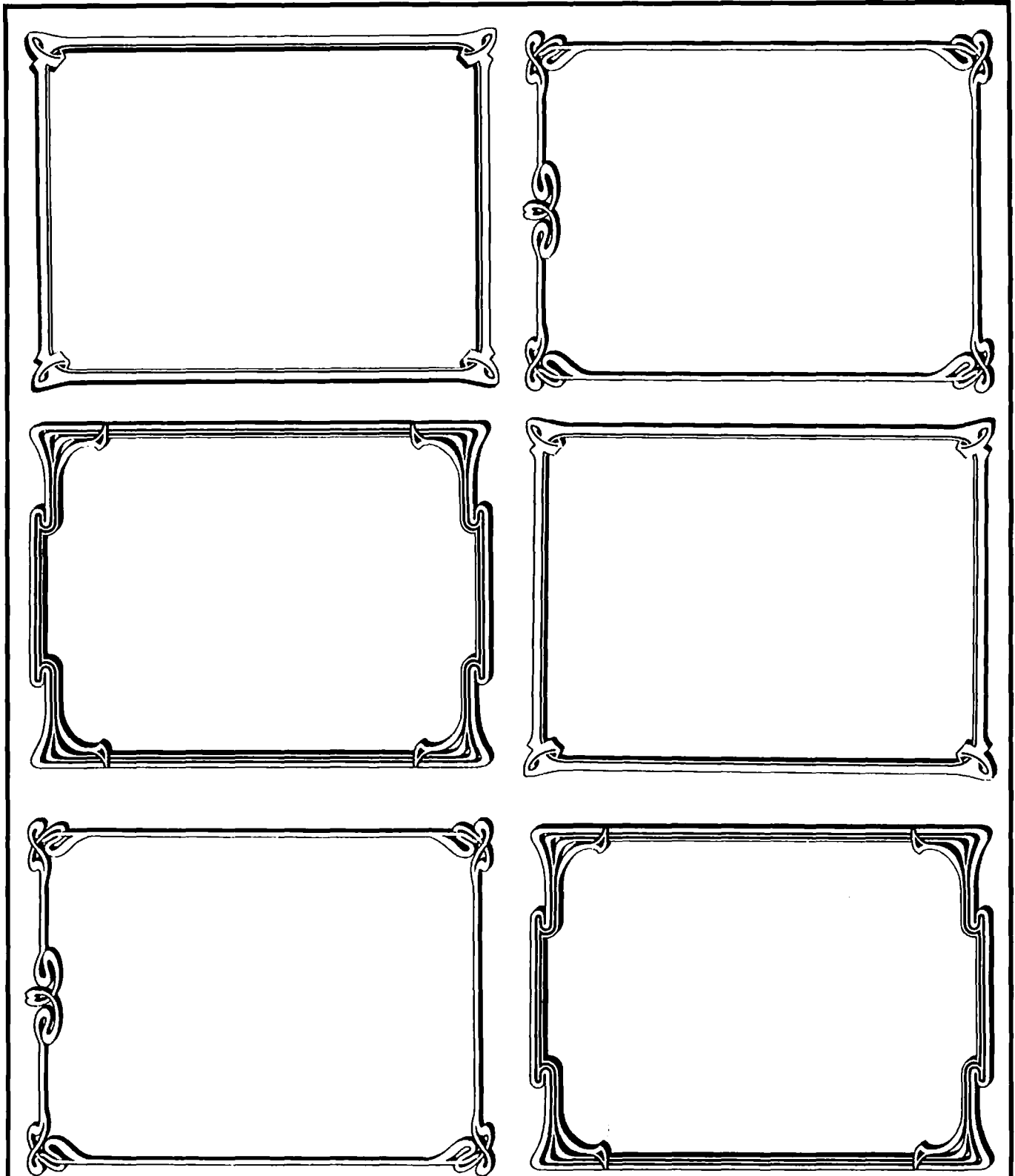
Directed By
KARL WERNER

Titles By
NOAH VALK

Musical Accompliment by
Rudolph Schnickler
on The Mighty Wurlitzer

OBERHIRN FILM AKTIEN

ES



Blank Title Cards

Players can use these to write out dialogue, then display them to each other.

ochre for the desert, and so on. The present film is entirely black-and-white, without tint. Shades and shadows were used to devastating effect in the expressionist films; exploit the tradition here.

⑦ Off-Screen Violence

Most violent acts take place off-screen. Keepers who can employ discretion come closer to hitting the right mood than using carnage and gore in order to shock. Describe the reactions of the characters involved or witnessing it, and the result, rather than the bloody incident itself.

⑥ Lost Scenes

In any roleplaying scenario there are encounters or sequences that are not presented, because the players or keepers made decisions which veer around these moments. These are 'lost scenes.' Keep these scenes and sequences in mind, and describe them to the players after the game. For instance, "There is a rumor that a print of this film exists in which a scene exists in which your characters"

The Narrative

IN THE town of Bremen in the year 1920, a carnival arrives. It is a small, unattractive affair, boasting only a few sideshows and some dingy attractions. Among them is the Mysterious Doctor Grimoire. The good doctor is a fakir and specializes in predictions and strange feats. Recently the Doctor has added something new to his show: five strange cabinets which he pilfered in Eastern Europe.

He is experimenting with the cabinets. From the fifth cabinet he has created a clay giant, Magog, a creature which can spring alive and obey the Doctor's every whim, including that of murder. In the meantime, the original owner of the cabinets, the vampire Count Vostok, is determined to retrieve his property. These dangerous forces all converge in Bremen, and draw in the player-characters.

The Expression Of Fear

WHILE THE ranks of the Hollywood silent horror picture were many, and despite the presence of that most alarming of horror stars, the great Lon Chaney, no American picture in the silent-film era had anything like the impact of certain German films.

In style and wisdom these films were unmatched, and their influence upon cinema continues today. Among them they number some of the greatest films ever made, silent or sound, horror or drama.

The expressionist movement began with *The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari* (1919). This landmark film sought not to imitate reality, but used painted sets and narrative tricks to create a distorted alternate reality, one we learn is that perceived by the protagonist of the film.

These films were not limited to horrific themes, as films like *Metropolis* attest, but expressionism's most striking successes lay where dread and fear had greatest scope. Expressionism became synonymous with fatalistic stories, striking mis-en-scene, and superior camera work and compo-

sition. Notes follow on four key expressionist horror films.

■ **THE CABINET OF DR CALIGARI** [*Das Cabinet des Doctor Caligari*] (1919). Screenwriters are Carl Mayer and Hans Janowitz; director is Robert Weine. Caligari is a fairground magician whose somnambulist Cesare commits murder on his orders. The seminal silent horror classic, this film's weird sets and the framing trick of the narrator being insane were just two of its influential devices.

■ **THE GOLEM** [*Der Golem*] (1920). Screenwriters were Paul Wegener and Henrik Galeen; directors were Paul Wegener and Carl Boese. To protect his ghetto in Prague a rabbi builds a man of clay, but the creature and his assistant's lust for power become his undoing. A gloomy, moody masterpiece, *The Golem* strongly influenced James Whale's *Frankenstein* (1931). The film starred its writer-director Wegener and was photographed by Karl Freund. Freund later went to Hollywood and filmed the

Lugosi *Dracula* and then directed *The Mummy* (1932) and *Mad Love* (1935).

■ **NOSFERATU, A SYMPHONY OF HORRORS** [*Nosferatu, eine Symphonie des Grauens*] (1922). Screenwriter is Henrik Galeen; director is F.W. Murnau. Not so overtly expressionist, more realistic in tone, this film is still a classic of the macabre. In this unofficial (and highly illegal) version of Stoker's *Dracula*, Max Shreck plays Count Orlock, the vampire, as a fanged and feral horror. Yet his humanity shows in his fascination with the heroine, in whose boudoir he lingers too long, and is killed by the sun's rays at dawn.

■ **WAXWORKS** [*Das Wachstfiguren-Kabinett*] (1924). Screenwriter is Henrik Galeen; director is Paul Leni. A fluid expressionist chiller, this film centers on the waxworks on display in cabinets and a carnival a la Caligari. A story is tied to each of three figures: Ivan the Terrible, an Arabian potentate, and Jack the Ripper.

Keeper Scene 1

EXT. CITY STREETS, DAY — A large donkey-drawn cart lumbers down the street. It pulls over and parks. The street is crooked and dingy, its details plainly false yet startling—hypertrophied grotesquerie. On the back of the cart lay five cabinets, covered with tarpaulin and lashed against the elements. The driver of the cart is the player-character FULMINATO. His passenger is DOCTOR GRIMOIRE, a short old man in a black frock coat, black cape, and battered black hat. His bottle-thick pince-nez glasses perch on his nose. He eases down from the cart and ambles off into a store.

The moment he has gone, FULMINATO looks anxiously about. Stealing to the rear of the cart, he climbs up and loosens a tarpaulin. One of the cabinets is revealed: this one plain iron and wood.

Fulminato gingerly begins to lift the lid. As the lid opens more and more is revealed of the contents of the cabinet. At last a clay face stares at FULMINATO. In shock the hunchback reels back and drops off the cart, only to be staring in the face of DOCTOR GRIMOIRE. The Doctor scowls and lifts his cane to FULMINATO.

YOU WOULD KNOW MY SECRETS?

DOG! YOU ARE DISMISSED!

DOCTOR GRIMOIRE beats FULMINATO (the player may enact his or her character cringing and dodging the blows), takes the reins himself, and drives the cart down the street, towards a fairground.

Keeper Scene 2

INT. GARRET, DAY — A dingy garret. Thin streaks of light alternate with heavy slabs of shadow. Hunched over a desk the lean figure of player-character KONRAD presents a picture of artistic suffering. He stares longingly at a wormy apple. Suddenly, KONRAD reacts to something. He dashes from the desk and opens the door. A delivery man with a telegram is there. He hands the message to KONRAD. He may wait for a tip, but KONRAD has little means. The man sneers. The message follows.

AS YOU ARE A LAW STUDENT I WISH YOUR AID STOP FIVE CABINETS OWNED BY DOCTOR GRIMOIRE AT CARNIVAL GRIMOIRE ARE MY PROPERTY STOP REPORT HIS WHEREABOUTS AND PRESENCE OF CABINETS STOP FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS AND 100 MARKS HAVE BEEN WIRED TO BREMEN POST OFFICE IN YOUR NAME STOP SIGNED COUNT VOSTOK

Delighted, Konrad dashes from the room, sweeping up his hat and coat as he goes.

Keeper Scene 3

EXT. GRUBER GARDEN, DAY — HANS GRUBER and his fiancée, the beautiful FREDA, are enjoying a game of croquet in the garden of Hans' parents' home. All is quietness and peace.

They are interrupted by KONRAD, eagerly showing them the letter and the money, which he has now picked up. HANS pumps his hand in manly congratulations and FREDA bestows a friendly hug.

Keeper Scene 4

EXT. FAIRGROUND, EVENING — A sinister, peeling poster for the Carnival Grimoire. TILT to reveal beneath the poster hoarding the teeming carnival beneath. Among the throng are FREDA, HANS, and KONRAD. Nearby is the unfortunate FULMINATO.

Action

HANS AND Freda have come to the carnival to enjoy each other's company and keep a watchful eye on their somewhat impetuous friend Konrad. Konrad is keen to make some money of his own. Hans' parents are wealthy and helpful, but Konrad disdains charity. He is keen to ingratiate himself with the Count and earn further money.

Fulminato has several possible motives, as his player chooses. Dismissed from the service of Doctor Grimoire before he could learn anything of the nature of the cabinets, he is consumed with curiosity and pique. But does he fall in with the heroes in order to reveal all to Doctor Grimoire and regain the Doctor's good graces? Or does he develop plans of his own. His is the only ambiguous character in the piece. Perhaps he is drawn by Freda's beauty and becomes their ally.

Carnival Of Shadows

The player-characters are in the carnival, free to do as they wish. They have a few options before attending the Doctor's show, which occurs twice nightly.

THE MIDWAY—player-characters may enjoy themselves here, though since this is a strictly budgeted film there is only one working booth, a target game: the rest are painted backdrops. The operator is a crook. The apparently empty tins are filled with sand and can't be easily knocked down by the tennis ball the proprietor offers. Only a Throw roll result of 01-05 succeeds in dislodging one. The prize is a stuffed piglet.

THE HALL OF MIRRORS—the mirrors rely more on shadows than illusion. Many offer only disturbing half-glimpses of the viewer. The more the player-characters look, the less and less they can see themselves. If they remain here too long, all will need Sanity rolls. Failure brings terror, as he or she believes they all are slowly fading away into non-existence: Sanity loss is 1/1D4 Sanity points.

THE FREAK SHOW—this tiny dingy hall has only a few occupants. As the player-characters one by one pass each exhibit, every one seems to bear a horrible resemblance to whoever is viewing it. Sanity loss is 1/1D4 Sanity points.

THE SHADOW GROUND—any time player-characters move away from the main areas to cross between halls, or go behind tents or buildings, they enter the shadow ground. Whoever traverses here has his or her shadow inexplicably altered to that of a bizarre shape or a weird beast. Failing a Sanity roll the player-character continues to see this same bizarre shadow everywhere at the carnival: lose 1/1D4 Sanity points.

The Doctor's Show

The main attraction for the player-characters is the tent of Doctor Grimoire, where a crude sign announces the show.

DOCTOR GRIMOIRE

MASTER OF THE UNKNOWN!

Tickets are taken by a large mustachioed barker with an evil glint in his eye and a nightstick at his waist. Inside the tent is a stage of planks and ten rows of seats. The shows are never more than half-full, even on the most crowded nights. (Keepers should remember that if player-characters stir up trouble and then mention the doctor's show to the press, the publicity will be great for his business.) As the show begins, the doctor shambles on stage, glaring at his audience.

When he feels they have settled, he takes a set of keys from around his waist and moves to the middle of the stage. The curtains rise, revealing five cabinets standing side by side. Each of the cabinets is tall, the sizes and shapes approximating coffins. (A quick cut to Konrad establishes his interested reaction.) The first four are decorated with symbols: spirals, squares, triangles, and the sign of infinity, respectively. The Doctor unlocks each one in turn, though he does not open their fronts. The keys all look the same, but Grimoire always chooses the right key the first time.

The last cabinet is of plain iron and wood, the same one Fulminato opened at the beginning of the film. (A quick cut to Fulminato establishes his interested presence.) Grimoire opens the fifth cabinet and this time swings back the front, stepping away with a flourish. Magog, the giant man of clay, stands within. The golem stares at the audience. The audience stares as one, a visual gasp.

The Doctor addresses the crowd.

ASK WHAT YOU WILL!

THE GIANT KNOWS ALL!

If any question comes from the audience, including the player-characters, the giant ambles to one of the four closed cabinets, and looks in, ostensibly seeking the an-

swers to the questions. It answers with cryptic, barely sensible responses. For example:

— WILL I BE FAMOUS?

— ONLY THE LIVING HOLD THE LIVING IN ESTEEM.

All of the replies are of morbid or gloomy cast, referring to death and dissolution, or the transient nature of life. Concerning life and death or the meaning thereof, the giant always peers into the infinity cabinet. Again, his answers are strange and gloomy, except for one specific question, which he always answers directly.

The Fated Question

If none of the player-characters asks it, then one of the audience poses the question.

WHEN WILL I DIE?

On the first show this is posed by a small wiry man with a worried expression and battered suit. The golem fixes him with a baleful stare and answers.

YOU DIE TONIGHT!

This happens once per night. If someone else poses the question, the giant simply acts as though it has heard nothing. Similarly, he ignores the question in the second show if it has already been asked in the first. There is inevitably one per night, some one desperate soul who poses the question. Once the answer—always the same—is given, the poor wretch is doomed, unless the player-characters interfere.

The Final Display

After the question period, the Doctor poses his question.

MAY I HAVE A VOLUNTEER

FROM THE AUDIENCE?

If no player-character offers, then a random person from the audience comes forward. The Doctor encourages him or her to choose one of the four closed cabinets and to look within. As the volunteer complies, the doctor winks and gestures silence to the audience, then steals behind the stooge, poised to push him or her into the chosen cabinet. (For the experience of entering a cabinet, see The Five Cabinets of Doctor Grimoire, nearby).

The Doctor can be stopped from pushing in a victim by cries of warning from the audience, or by physical intervention, though the golem moves to halt anyone attempting to get onto the stage. Once the victim has gone into or looked into the cabinet, the results are as listed, except that the person always emerges from the cabinet if entering it. A player-character who enters a cabinet without the Doctor's patronage may not be so lucky.

After a few tense minutes, the victim emerges from the back of the cabinet, visibly shaken, perhaps even insane, and is then dismissed to the shaky applause of the crowd. At this the show concludes. The curtain closes, leaving the golem and the Doctor on stage. Player-charac-

ters may return for the following show, or conduct a little snooping.

Subsequent Shows

The subsequent show runs precisely as the first one did, presuming there is no player-character interference. The next night, if no other asks, then the victim of the Fateful Question is a timorous woman. She flees hysterically from the tent at hearing the doom-laden answer from the golem.

The Man Doomed To Die

For the poor man at the first show, time is running short. He has doomed himself with his foolhardy question, as the Doctor assures that the golem's predictions come true by sending out the golem to murder the questioner the same night. Player-characters may learn more about the man by questioning him. The man is Oskar Schmee. He runs a small hotel in a poor section of town and has been ill with tuberculosis. Now he fears the disease will be his end. He flees home to his hotel as fast as he can. He may speak to player-characters if they offer him reassurance, otherwise he sees everyone as potential threats and runs, half-mad, into the night.

If the player-characters follow him, see the later section, After The Show.

The Five Cabinets

Each cabinet contains its own weird world, save for the one which contains the golem. Each world has its own effect upon any one who looks into it, or who enters it.

Once a player-character manages to exit from any cabinet, he or she steps through the back of the cabinet and is free, even though the back of the cabinet has no door or other exit.

The fifth cabinet cannot be entered. It is merely the resting place for Magog the golem.

Squares

SEEING: looking into this cabinet reveals a world of strange but orderly machine-like symbols and patterns. Require a sanity roll: loss is 0/1D4 Sanity points and the player-character must unthinkingly obey the first order given to him or her.

ENTERING: the cabinet lets into a shadowy world of strange shifting shapes, all moving with precision and order, but the order of an insane mind. Corridors of alternating black and white bands lead victims along until they are hopelessly lost. Creatures of cubic structure entrap victims within themselves and march the player-character to and fro. A player-character in this world may only escape by going through the very middle of any square shape (this includes creatures). A successful Idea roll may suggest this to Hans or to Freda, but not to Konrad or Fulminato.

INSANITY: entering the cabinet requires a successful Sanity roll. Failure means that the victim dreams of the

shapes of squares and manifests megalomania upon waking. Victims believe that only they have the answers to life's problems and that others are simpletons who would be lost without aid and being put right. Eventually the victim loses all concern for the lives of others.

Triangles

SEEING: a vaunting spire capping a huge pyramid soars into a desolate sky. Sanity roll, please. Failing, the player-character loses 1 Sanity point, gets dizzy, and passes out.

ENTERING: the angles of pyramids and triangles intersect each other, creating more triangles. In this world of black-and-white sharp angles, the player-character must wander. Finally he or she is borne up and up on triangular steps to emerge to the sky glimpsed earlier, from here to look down upon a pin-point wall, and then sweep down the side of a massive pyramid, to enter again the world of triangles and begin the slow climb up. Finally only a successful Accounting roll (or INT x2) allows the player-character to compute the mathematics of escape.

INSANITY: entering the cabinet requires a successful Sanity roll. Failure means that the victim dreams of the shapes of triangles and manifests delusions of grandeur upon waking. Victims believe that only they have the answers to life's problems and that others are simpletons who would be lost without aid and being put right. Eventually the victim loses all concern for the lives of others in an insane belief in their own imperviousness.

Circles And Wheels

SEEING: a dizzying spiral enfolds the viewer until he or she no longer can tell reality from illusion. Require a sanity roll. Failure means that the victim believes that he or she is dreaming, and that for the next 1D6 hours nothing that happens is real.

ENTERING: the circular world is strange and flowing and shadowy circles fold upon themselves. More fluid than the other worlds, the victim is swept along from circle to circle, into pools of alternating blacks and whites. Only when the circles begin to form into a corridor of hoops (a phenomenon which happens every ten minutes or so) can the player character dive through and escape. This requires successful Idea and Jump rolls.

INSANITY: require a sanity roll. Failure means that the player-character forever doubts what is real or unreal and must receive successful Idea rolls to decide which. After some months, the victim will retreat entirely into a fantasy world of his or her own devising.

Infinity

SEEING: the strangest of the cabinets, the one bearing the infinity symbols allows vistas of time and space, black and white stars, and endless tunnels black on white, white on black. Sanity loss for this is 1/1D6 Sanity points. Failure causes the victim for 1D10 rounds to think himself or herself already dead, existing as mere spirit in this world.

ENTERING: brings whoever enters to the threshold of death. If the doctor can, he tries to get Freda into this cabinet because he believes her great beauty will charm death itself. Anyone stumbling in here discovers great black-and-white tunnels rushing by without end. If the end does come, the traveler is dead. If rescued before then, by simply turning his or her back to the tunnel end to face the way come, then he or she is saved.

INSANITY: a failed Sanity roll while inside the tunnel results in a collapse and a comatose condition. Treat it as temporary insanity.

After The Show

ONCE THE show is over, player-characters have several options. If they choose a new alternate, try to segue it into one of the following sequences, or with a film jump if nothing else.

COMBING THE FAIRGROUND: searching the fairground itself brings no rewards. The fair is legitimate except for the doctor and his nefarious doings. Inquiries reveal that the doctor has been with the fair for some years, but only recently, since his return from the East, has he manifested his new dour personality. Show these questions in montage, to simulate film presentation: these are shots of the player-characters talking to various people, at the end of which the keeper can simply relate what the player-characters have learned.

No one in the fair knows where the Doctor lives. That must be learned by following the Doctor.

FOLLOWING THE DOCTOR: the Doctor leaves after the second show, taking the golem with him. The golem loads the cabinets into the back of the donkey trap and together the pair ride into the city, to a dingy mansion the Doctor occupies. Following the pair is easy enough, for they make slow progress, but if player-characters are too obvious the Doctor may send the golem back to investigate who is following him.

SEARCH THE DOCTOR'S TENT: this is made difficult by the Doctor's presence between shows, he may be lured out by some ruse or by Fulminato attempting to speak to him, if he is now allied with the player-characters. Searching the tent is simple once the Doctor has left for the night, but the cabinets have gone with him.

The Barker remains on the fairground lot night and day, and can be attracted to the Doctor's tent by any disturbance. He can also be distracted, especially by Freda, but cannot be bribed. He is mean and brutal and does not stint at using his nightstick on the head of snoops.

Searching the Doctor's tent reveals one clue, found with a successful Spot Hidden. It is a newspaper dated three weeks ago, and reports about the Carnival Gri-

moire's stay in Berlin. It also reports six inexplicable murders, all stranglings by someone of inhuman strength. The paper is found in a small carpetbag filled with string, wax, and useless junk.

Night Of The Golem

If the player-characters follow the Man Doomed To Die, they may witness or interfere with the following events, if they are courageous and opportune. Alternately they may stumble upon this sequence of events by following the golem from the Doctor's house.

The golem is sent out to kill the person who asked when he or she would die. If this was one of the player-characters, then it is one of them who is to be murdered. The golem is remorseless, but intelligent enough to know when it is in danger of being caught. It tries to attack only when the victim is alone, so that none will know it is responsible.

If Oskar Schmee from the carnival is the victim, the golem follows him back to his hotel. The thing waits under a nearby bridge, watching the lights of the hotel until all go out except the front desk. Stealthily it approaches, letting itself into the front anteroom where the night clerk snoozes. Poor hotelier Schmee is astonished by its arrival and falls in a swoon, allowing the creature to do its terrible work without resistance. The golem then stalks out into the night.

What About The Player-Characters?

If they are watching, they are unlikely to be close enough to do anything. But if they have followed closely and attempt to halt the attack, the creature knocks them unconscious. They wake hours later to find themselves in police custody.

YOU ARE SUSPECTED OF THE MURDER OF OSKAR SCHMEE!

Keepers should allow the golem an early escape if the player-characters gang up on it. It is important that the creature is despatched in a dramatically appropriate way, later in the piece.

The Doctor's House

Player-characters who follow the cabinets find it simple enough to learn the location of the Doctor's mansion. The gloomy old wreck is set back from the street amid overgrown shrubbery and tall dark trees.

Just at this point the film jumps, steadies, then jumps again. The print of this scene has been damaged. There are many variations of tone in the shadowy sequence, sometimes blanching out, sometimes darkening so that the player-characters can barely see. Interpolate any of these devices to add atmosphere.

Later on, the keeper may decide another sequence is damaged, especially a long-winded player-character sequence that can be shortened by leaping to its conclusion in a sudden lightning cut.

The Sinister Butler

Vienke, the Doctor's butler, is in residence day and night. If the player-characters choose to visit the house when the Doctor is absent at the carnival, Vienke is more alert then. Vienke is as murderous as his master. He admits any player-character, then goes off ostensibly to make tea.

But actually he watches them for a while. If they begin to search the house, he enters the myriad secret passages in the walls of the old mansion, and later pops out of secret panels to try to strangle the player-character unawares.

The house is dark and shadowy, and if it is night, the lamps cast bizarre and bewildering patterns of light and darkness on the walls. This helps cast the mood for such homicidal sport, and Vienke is quite mad.

The Garden And Exterior

The garden and grounds to the rear are weed-infested and grows only broken stones in abundance. It resembles a cemetery. Perhaps it was.

The Ground Floor

Here is the entry hall and the central corridor only. Player-characters need only open doors on this floor—four doors in all—to have searched the rooms, for those interiors have not been constructed for the film.

There is an impressive staircase which leads up to the second floor, and then further up to the attic.

The next floor has a few nondescript guest bedrooms, their furniture caked in dust.

The Doctor's Room

The main feature is the Doctor's room, a big room at the end of the hall, whose door is locked. Behind the door stands a shadowy room, a heavy four-poster bed, and a small steamer trunk, also locked. In the trunk is an ancient volume of dark lore.

Magicks Of Old Prague is in medieval Latin, c. 13th century, anonymously written. The pages are brittle and crumbling, and in heavy Gothic script. This heavy, ornately-covered book contains magic much older than the era in which it was written down.

Skimming the book for a day or so reveals something of the cabinets. They are mentioned as Four Secret Closets which were said to have been created by an ancient scholar from the East, and to hold the mysteries of the universe. Indeed, no one has ever substantiated this claim, since all who have possessed the cabinets have been driven mad or killed.

The secret of the golem is revealed also in the book. This section relates the creation of golems, and how a rabbi once created one to defend the faithful poor of the city in which he lived, and of how his intentions were perverted. The spell Create Golem is found in the book: it requires a full cabinet of clay, as well as 1D10 Sanity points and 5 POW in permanent sacrifice to activate the creature.

The Attic

The central staircase leads further up, to a small cramped attic room with a dim skylight. It bears a superficial resemblance to the garret in which Konrad lives (they are the same set, redressed). Slanting shadows cut across the room, even in nighttime for, if the moon is not high, a street lamp burns nearby. Here the cabinets rest when they are not on the Doctor's cart or at the fairground. The attic door has no lock, but it does stick slightly, and requires a good push to loosen it.

The cabinets are locked, except for the fifth. The golem may or may not be in residence. If it is a murder night, he will not be. The Doctor has the keys to the cabinets at his waist at all times, but the doors may be forced by vigorous enough efforts.

The Butler Attacks

Vienke will certainly attack in the Doctor's bedroom, if nowhere else. Keepers should play up this scene, allowing him to pop out of panels and then retreat back in, since the grasping crook'd hands from the sliding panel are one of the staples of silent horror. He is out to murder the player-characters once they begin snooping around. If they behave as normal guests he is placid enough, though still weird.

The Next Day: Murderer At Large?

The golem has probably claimed another victim during the night. If so, and if the police do not hold a player-character as the culprit, the newspapers carry the story of a mysterious strangler and his unfortunate victim. The headlines are enough, lurid and blunt they paint a terrible picture.

If the player-characters have learned about the activities of the Doctor and his golem they may want to go to the authorities (Hans certainly should).

The police are dubious about stories concerning clay giants stalking around strangling people, but they are certainly interested in the Doctor, as they have the bureaucrats' innate distrust of entertainers and travelers.

A thick-mustached policeman strides up to the Doctor's house and demands to see him. If the player-characters are present, the Doctor is so obsequious as to be nauseating. He does whatever the police ask and is the soul of obedience. He even shows them the golem, explaining that it is a stage trick and demonstrating that the hulk is made of clay and incapable of independent movement. The police believe him. They can do little else without contradicting evidence, and treat further claims by the player-characters with great suspicion.

The Second Show

Should the player-characters attend another show by the Doctor and the golem today, another victim is set up. This time it is a widow, Frau Klauben, a tense woman who

lives in a small cottage on the outskirts of town. Player-characters who witness this may try various ploys to save the woman: attempting to alert her, although she will be suspicious; telling the authorities (though, if they have already tipped their hand about the Doctor the police are loathe to trust them); or waiting out the golem. Again, the golem flees if the danger is too great.

The Count

MEANTIME, there is a new development. Count Vostok arrives in Bremen. No sooner had he dispatched the letter to Konrad than his plans changed and he has come to Bremen to find the cabinets, though expects that Konrad has done much of the leg-work for him. The Count comes to town via the Plague Ship (see below). This happens off-screen, or with one quick cut to a ship sailing into a harbor.

The first the player-characters learn of it is from Konrad. A message arrives, borne by his landlady. She indicates there is a strange man waiting for him. Naturally, this occurs at dusk, so it is likely the player-characters may be at the fair, but wherever they are the Landlady finds them. She is too much disturbed by this man who claims to be Konrad's employer to do anything else. She hands Konrad a card, with the Count's seal upon it: The House of Vostok.

Meeting The Count Alone

Either Konrad goes alone, or he goes with company. If Konrad returns alone to his garret to meet the Count, his role as the Doomed Hero begins. The Count draws all the information he can out of him, while lurking in the shadows of Konrad's room. Once the Count knows about the cabinets and the whereabouts of the Doctor, Count Vostok reveals himself in all his feral glory.

The Count is a thin emaciated figure with long hands that curve like wicked hooks and an enormous bulbous head. His teeth are long and pointed like a rat's. He has no hair. His eyes stare strangely. He is a goblin made flesh.

He leaps upon Konrad and attempts to drink his blood. If Konrad escapes, the Count pursues until Konrad reaches some place of people and safety. Then Count Vostok turns his attention to the cabinets. Otherwise he bites and drinks the blood of Konrad.

Kindly keepers may wish to have Konrad remain alive after he has been attacked by the Count. In that case Konrad became a thrall of the Count's, a slave to do his bidding and act on the Count's wishes, even against his friends. Konrad's player must remember to put the Count's interests first. If the Count dies, poor pale Konrad is released from his servitude, but is physically weakened and must be nursed back to health.

If Konrad Is Accompanied

If Konrad brings someone with him, the Count comports himself quite differently. He is gracious and urbane, offsetting his startling looks with deference and good manners. Should Freda be there, he is immediately struck by her beauty. From this moment on he is determined to claim her as well as his lost cabinets.

Count Vostok asks the player-characters if they would bring the cabinets to his ship, which waits in the harbor. He offers to reward Konrad handsomely and proffers a sack of genuine golden coins. He tells the player-characters they must bring the cabinets to his ship by dawn, and—

THEN YOU SHALL GAIN YOUR REWARD!

The Doctor's Gambit

That evening the Doctor sends the golem against the player-characters. He plans to kidnap the girl and glean information from her and to place her in the Infinity cabinet. So struck is he by Freda's great beauty that he believes it can conquer death. Presumably the player-characters should be busy deciding if they are or are not to take the cabinets from the Doctor and spirit them to the Count's ship. They may even decide to search the ship. Before they can however, the golem seizes Freda.

The Rooftop Escape

For no very good reason except to show off the stunning art direction of the *movie*, the golem flees across the rooftops with Freda. Heroines are incapable of offering anything but token defense at such moments. Later she may try to charm the golem, but is unable to until he has had her in his arms for at least ten minutes. The golem runs over a roovescape of twisted angles, painted vistas, alarming shadows, precipitous falls, and serpentine pathways. He makes for the roof of the Doctor's house and the attic therein, where the Doctor waits for him.

Should the player-characters pursue, they are led to the Doctor's attic. Freda has the opportunity of Charming the golem, and this may see the end of the creature. Otherwise the player-characters have the Doctor and the golem as well to contend with. Vienke, if not already dispatched, will come to help as well.

If the golem is fought on the rooftops, he takes care to set Freda down before fighting. If he topples from the rooftops thereafter, he is dashed to pieces on the cobbles of the city streets.

The Doctor's Demise

If the Doctor is confronted with overwhelming odds by the player-characters, he attempts to escape and lure them to their doom via the Infinity cabinet. But he drops the keys, as clever Hans or Fulminato notices. Player-characters may pursue the doctor through various cabinets, but cannot catch him.

With an Idea roll, someone decides to lock the cabinets, to hold him within one of those terrors until the police can come. Once the key has been turned and the door locked, the next time the door is unlocked it swings open and the corpse trapped within tumbles out.

Keepers with a bent for the spectacular may have Doctor Grimoire lead the player-characters on a chase through all four cabinets.

Alternatives may include the player-characters bringing the police or even the Count to the Doctor's quarters.

Should the Count and the Doctor come face to face, the Doctor is outclassed without his golem. Recognizing the Count's true nature, the Doctor shrieks, clutches at his heart, collapses dead. (Fights between monsters are not part of the silent film staple: they are best left to those emulating the Universal pictures of the 1940s.)

The Plague Ship

ONE WAY or another the player-characters must contend with the Count. It might be to save Konrad from his clutches, or even Freda, or it could be that they innocently deliver him the cabinets. Either way they must go to the Plague Ship, where the Count lurks.

She is a large sailing vessel, moored in Bremen harbor. Fog drifts up from the water and surrounds it, diffusing the scene with a fuzzy glow. Rats teem out of the ship; the streets leading to the docks are increasingly filled with them. By the time the player-characters reach the ship, they must walk over rats to get aboard, losing 0/1D3 Sanity points.

If the player-characters come to the ship by daylight, the Count is sleeping in the hold. The hold is in darkness, so if he is attacked he may wake and defend himself, or else flee if he is beset.

Otherwise, in the night hours, the Count stalks the bridge and the deck, an eerie spectral figure gliding along. If the player-characters bring the cabinets, he is delighted. He invites them to dine with him but, when they are unawares, will set the rats upon them after making off with Freda. If the player-characters do not have the cabinets, the vampire's true evil nature quickly shows: he becomes insistent, clutching at the clothes of the player-characters as he asks why, demands why they have not brought him the cabinets—

THEY ARE MY PROPERTY!

FOOLS! WOULD YOU STEAL FROM ME?

Should they still refuse, he is driven to violence, attacking them.

Player-characters who have an opportunity to search the ship find no sign of crew. The vessel is a ghost ship.

The Count has not planned to return with the ship, but wishes to use the cart of the Doctor, the one with the cabinets, and get away by road. To do this, he must have an ally, so he will certainly attempt to gain one, if the golem is destroyed and Konrad dead. Perhaps Fulminato.

The Fate Of The Count

The player-characters control his destiny. If it is to be an appropriate death, then he will escape with the cabinets and the girl, only to be lulled by his overpowering attraction to her into letting down his guard. Perhaps she tricks him into exposure to sunlight.

Back in Bremen, city authorities are certainly keen on burning his ship once they realize it is the source of the rat plague the city is now enjoying. Perhaps the player-characters point this out, or torch it themselves. It is decrepit and almost completely wood: it burns like tinder.

Once the Count is dead, his minions, the rats, keel over in their tracks. Player-characters will find a city of dead rats as they leave the scene.

Should the Count escape with the cabinets, keepers can chalk up one of those open-ended stories, where the Count may return with his mysterious cabinets, or another mad doctor may get their hands on it. This is not necessarily failure, provided the murderous doctor and his golem, and the plague rats have been stopped, and provided that Hans and Freda are rejoined. Sometimes simply living is enough.

FADE OUT. The last frames show the city returning to normal. The light of the dawn chases away the shadows of the serpentine streets, and the carnival is seen in the distance, dismantling. Peace has been restored.

The Final Nightmare

But wait. Now all the player-characters, even the dead ones, must receive another Sanity roll. The movie is not over yet. Those who fail their rolls find themselves the narrators of this mad tale. They sit in an asylum garden, babbling about the Count and the Doctor and the golem. All of the people from the scenario are there in benign form: the golem is a statue in the garden; Doctor Grimoire is the Head Doctor of the asylum; Count Vostok is the elderly gardener. The other, saner characters, are also there, as solicitous family or staff. The insane player-character has created the entire story from his delusions and is last seen being carried away by the very doctor he had dreamed was a demented madman.

If no player-character fails his or her Sanity roll, keepers can consider this to be a rare print of the movie, the only one known without the famous ending where the entire story turns out to be a madman's ravings. This version was apparently added on by the producers for American distribution because they feared its original ending was too gloomy to be pleasing there.

FADE TO BLACK.

Statistics

MAGOG The Golem. It looks like a handsome giant chiseled from clay, with a pageboy haircut and a pair of trousers and boots molded onto its form. In the middle of the chest is a Star of David, from its origins as the servant of a rabbi in Prague, in the Middle Ages. The golem obeys only Doctor Grimoire, but can be made to hesitate for a single round on a successful Persuade or Art (Song) roll. The golem has two weaknesses: one is its Star of David, which acts as a heart and power source, and which may be plucked away. The second vulnerability is in falling from a great height. The Star of David can be plucked away but the golem is ever alert for this and bats away anyone but Freda, who may gently remove the Star without difficulty. Falling from a great height onto a hard surface shatters the golem, but a soft surface welcomes the clay giant and does no harm to it.

MAGOG THE GOLEM, Infantile Agent Of Vengeance

STR 30 CON 30 SIZ 20 INT 2 POW 10
DEX 10 APP 8 EDU 0 SAN 0 HP 25

Damage Bonus: +2D6.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 50%, damage 1D3 +db
Grapple 55%, damage strangle on successful Resistance Table roll STR against target's CON; STR against STR to get free

Armor: 10-point hardened clay

Skills: Track 75%, Climb 40%, Jump 25%.

Visual Quote: Childlike Peace. Grim Vengeance.

DOCTOR GRIMOIRE. Despite his shabby and unprepossessing appearance the Doctor is a formidable foe, with the golem Magog at his disposal. He is an evil despot who resorts to murder to prove his petty fairground show correct. He deludes himself that he is a great metaphysician but can barely understand the secrets of the cabinets, due to his narrow, tyrannical outlook.

DOCTOR GRIMOIRE, Age 67, Deranged Carnival Fakir

STR 9 CON 8 SIZ 9 INT 19 POW 19
DEX 11 APP 7 EDU 21 SAN 0 HP 9

Damage Bonus: 0.

Weapons: Golem 100%, damage see Golem
Cane 65%, damage 1D4

Skills: Bargain 67%, Drive Cart 54%, Fast Talk 86%, Listen 65%, Occult 86%, Persuade 80%, Pharmacy 43%, Psychology 44%, Sneak 50%.

Visual Quote: Wide-Eyed Leer of Triumph.

COUNT VOSTOK. He conforms to the silent cinema idea of the vampire, and to his great precursor, Count Orlock, the Nosferatu. He has little of the great strength of the classic vampire or of his skills, but relies upon his strange appearance to terrify and his wiles to see him through. He can be dispatched in the regular vampire way, stake or sunlight, but sunlight

makes him fade to nothing. The classic end is to be tricked by the heroine Freda, who has the ability to Charm him just as she does to the golem. The Count wants his property back: the cabinets still give pleasure to his jaded palate. He acts subtly in comparison to the Doctor but is an evil fiend nonetheless.

COUNT VOSTOK, Age 200+, Hideous Vampire

STR 14 CON 10 SIZ 16 INT 20 POW 20
DEX 18 APP 3 EDU 19 SAN 0 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Bite 65%, damage 1D4 first round + blood drain thereafter; POW vs. POW to put target under thrall
Rats 100%, damage rat-pack acts on his command, as per rulesbook

Visual Quote: Extends Wickedly-Clawed Hand. Snarls Full-Faced Into Camera.

KLAUS. The Barker is a minor character, always willing to do the Doctor's bidding. He can be distracted, especially by Freda, but cannot be bribed. He is mean and brutal and does not stint at using his nightstick on the head of snoops.

KLAUS, Age 42, Tough Sideshow Barker

STR 15 CON 14 SIZ 16 INT 8 POW 10
DEX 10 APP 9 EDU 12 SAN 45 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Nightstick 65%, damage 1D6 +db
Fist/Punch 70%, damage 1D3 +db

Skills: Browbeat 55%, Listen 45%, Spot Hidden 63%.

Visual Quote: Glare. Be Obsequious.

VIENKE. He is quite mad, a man as murderous as his master, Doctor Grimoire. He gladly plays cat-and-mouse with the player-characters, if they intrude. He might accompany the Doctor in some scene other than at the mansion.

VIENKE, Age 51, Creepy Butler

STR 13 CON 8 SIZ 15 INT 16 POW 12
DEX 15 APP 7 EDU 13 SAN 0 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapon: Grapple 55%, damage strangle on successful Resistance Table roll of STR against target's CON; victim must make STR vs. STR to break free.

Skills: Listen 90%, Spot Hidden 90%, Sneak 95%, Weird Looks 76%.

Visual Quote: Frowns Sideways Into Camera.

Player Characters

FREDA SHICKER. Freda is the heroine par excellence. Silent movie heroines are always pure, existing to be worshiped alike by the hero and often by the villain. Yet these heroines are a doughty breed, and tougher physically and mentally than many of their talkie sisters.

They survive nearly everything—nothing short of total catastrophe can bring Freda down. She is deeply in love with Hans and completely devoted to Konrad. Her motives are always pure, her actions never suspect, and her beauty like a beacon.

FREDA SHICKER, Age 19, Pure And Of Deep Sentiments

STR 11 CON 13 SIZ 9
INT 13 POW 16 DEX 12
APP 20 EDU 10 SAN 80
HP 11

Damage Bonus: 0.

Weapons: Charm 85%, lasts at least ten rounds, usually eventually fatal to villains

Pummel With Fists 85%, damage ineffectual

Skills: Art (Song) 45%, Bargain 25%, Climb 43%, Dodge 75%, German 50%, Hide 45%, Sneak 55%, Spot Hidden 38%.

Visual Quote: Desperate Pleading Tinged with Nobility.



FULMINATO. He is the devious ex-employee of Doctor Grimoire. Seeking revenge, or information for purposes of blackmail, or perhaps even hoping to get into the Doctor's good graces, the wily hunchback is a foil for the uprightness of the other lead characters. Depending on his player, Fulminato has any number of motives. He



is a wild card. Dismissed by Doctor Grimoire before he could learn nature of the cabinets, he is consumed with curiosity and pique. But does he wish to seem to ally with the heroes in order to reveal all to Doctor Grimoire and to gain the Doctor's good graces? Will he make plans to his own advantage? His is the only ambiguous character in the film: he may be played either as comic relief or as a smooth villain. Perhaps Fulminato

simply notices the interest the trio has in the doctor, or—drawn by Freda's beauty—he becomes their ally.

FULMINATO, Age 43, Wily Rogue & Failure

STR 14 CON 10 SIZ 8 INT 16 POW 15
DEX 9 APP 10 EDU 19 SAN 75 HP 9

Damage Bonus: 0.

Weapons: Dagger 41%, damage 1D6
Whip 30%, damage 1D3

Skills: Bargain 30%, Dodge 50%, Fast Talk 48%, German 70%, Hide 25%, Italian 55%, Listen 49, Natural History 25%, Occult 37%, Pharmacy 12%, Psychology 27%, Sneak 37%, Spot Hidden 44%, Track 34%.

Visual Quote: A Sniggering Leer.

KONRAD GRIESS. Konrad is a more diligent student than Hans, and a poorer one. His constantly

alarming state of finances does nothing for his already highly-strung temperament. He is the dark to Hans' light. Morose, moody, given to fits of depression and evidencing the occasional nervous tic, Konrad is fatalistic and worry-prone. Nevertheless he cares deeply for Hans and Freda, whom he treats like the brother and sister he was too poor to have. Konrad, as the Doomed Hero, dies during the picture. The player should not run him as suicidal, but he is given to taking appalling chances with his own safety in the name of morbid curiosity. If all else fails, perhaps the entire adventure is too much for his nervous system and he falls dead at the end of the last reel.



KONRAD GRIESS, Age 24, Law Student & Doomed Hero

STR 13 CON 10 SIZ 14 INT 15 POW 9
DEX 12 APP 15 EDU 14 SAN 45 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: none.

Skills: Accounting 30%, German 70%, Hide 29%, Law 60%, Library Use 50%, Listen 33%, Occult 27%, Persuade 70%, Sneak 25%, Spot Hidden 39%.

Visual Quote: Doomed and Anxious Expression.

HANS GRUBER. He is a young medical student, but he cares less for his studies than for his fiancée Freda, on whom he dotes as only a silent-movie character can.

He is loyal to his friend Konrad and utterly without subterfuge. Stalwart, solid, and dull, Hans is often ineffectual but always noble and well-meaning.

HANS GRUBER, Age 20, Hero & Medical Student

STR 12 CON 14 SIZ 13
INT 12 POW 12 DEX 14
APP 16 EDU 14 SAN 60
HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 55%,
1D3 +db

Skills: Biology 20%, Chemistry 20%, Climb 50%, Dodge 35%, First Aid 55%, German 70%, Hide 25%, Jump 40%, Library Use 47%, Medicine 45%, Pharmacy 34%, Psychology 38%.

Visual Quote: Guileless Innocence. Strong-Jawed Determination.



Chateau Of Blood

A costume adventure, wherein a band of travelers unwittingly shelter in a lonely chateau. None will ever forget this place—if any should happen to survive.

IT'S SOMETIME in the 19th century, when the Age of Reason still bashes at the gates of superstition in the ancient Duchy of Karlenstein. This is a 'Hammer house of horror' adventure, where the silk clothing is stained only by blood.

Keepers, please note that player-character gender is of special importance in this scenario, and preview the adventure with that in mind.

Player-characters are provided at the end of this adventure; existing investigators may be substituted for them. Peripheral characters are developed, to allow players of slaughtered characters to shift to new ones, and remain in the game.

These player-characters are individuals thrown together by the accident of travel, and do not have common goals or backgrounds. Though the players may decide that they do, the intent of the scenario is to allow these characters to act without reference to each other.

The Stage Post

We are in the yard of a vaguely European inn. It is in late winter of a severe season. The year is sometime in the 19th century. This part of eastern Europe is so backward that it makes no difference whether the date is 1810 or 1870. Progress does not exist here. Here the old ways are unchallenged.

A coach is setting out to cross the mountain border into the Duchy of Karlenstein, to reach its capital, Karlensburg. The coach is leaving at night, as locals fear more snow will fall before morning, blocking the pass for days or weeks.

The coach holds five passengers, luggage, mail, Johann the coachman and two guards, Hans and Boris.

Advice At The Inn

The innkeeper, burly and mustachioed, hurries the preparations for the journey. He pulls Johann aside and mutters instructions which everyone overhears.

"Just follow the wheel tracks. You cannot miss them," he growls Slavically. "Watch out for the wolves. They'll be starving and ready for anything, the devils. If you hear them howl from one direction, then do nothing. But if you hear howling from both sides, whip the horses and don't

Hammer Horror Films

Hammer horror movies are the archetypal B-movies of the 1960s and earlier 1970s. They were made rapidly (Hammer studios at one time turning over a film a week) on exceedingly low budgets.

Small budgets for horror and science fiction were features of the time, and this would not begin to change until the isolated success of *2001* in the late 1960s. The smash-hits *Stars Wars* and *Close Encounters* a decade later caused producers to re-evaluate the profitability of spectacle. Expensive special effects soon became a chief characteristic of such films.

Trademarks of the Hammer films include the plunging necklines of the actresses, generous quantities of fake blood, cheap special effects, ludicrous dialogue, wooden acting, creaking plot, indifferent direction, and irritating gypsy violin scores.

We may well scorn uninspired efforts, but in comparison the level of American work at the time—*Caltiki* (1959) and *Creature from the Haunted Sea* (1961) come to mind, for instance—the Hammer films

were eye-openers and trend-setters. They were in color, for one thing, and for another the sets didn't quiver every time someone walked past.

The best of Hammer combined genuine horror and sharp psychological observation, and were informed by a grisly appreciation of the similarity between puritanical obsession and unrepentant evil. It is their exuberant cliché, black humor and occasional terror that this scenario wishes to honor.

Great Hammer horror films (UK titles only) include *The Curse of Frankenstein* (1957), *Bride of Dracula* (1958), *The Mummy* (1958), and *The Curse of the Werewolf* (1961). *Kiss of Evil* (1962) is a weird classic. The so-called lesbian vampire trilogy, *The Vampire Lovers* (1970), *Lust for a Vampire* (1970), and *Twins of Evil* (1971) are of note, with the first film the best. The worst are legion. The prize for most skin shown is probably won by *Vampire Circus*, thoroughly bowdlerized in its U.S. videotape release.

There are so many Hammer films, however, that each person's list of best and worst will be quite different.

draw rein till you are safe in Karlensburg.” He shakes his head. “The horses won’t need much urging. And here,” he adds, fumbling in his shirt and coming up with a small crucifix on a silver chain, “Here, take this. May God bless you, Johann.” Both cross themselves and cast dark looks into the night.

Local Knowledge

If any of the player-characters ask questions or strike up conversations, the villagers stress two things about the mountains. The first is that the innkeeper’s warning about the wolves is accurate. The second is that the mountains are uninhabited apart from the lands and chateau of a mysterious recluse, Count Karlenstein. Concerning him the villagers know only a salacious story, that the Count hires female servants only, and for the obvious reason.

The Mountains

THE COACH lurches up the mountain, the lights of the village receding behind. The horses have to work hard, and Johann frequently pauses to rest the six-horse team. After several hours comes the last and longest uphill pull, and the gentlemen are asked to disembark to lighten the load. As they do, a wavering howl comes from ahead.

“Wolf,” says Boris, passing around his hip flask.

The narrow road winds upward. Except for Johann, the men trudge slowly behind the coach, huddled against the cold. The clouds break for a moment, and a nacreous moon discloses a horrifying gorge only inches to the right of the coach’s slowly-turning wheels. To the left, the barren rock is mostly swept clear of snow by never-ceasing winds. Wolves make no appearance: perhaps nothing living can long survive here.

Boris talks of vampires, werewolves, things that go bump in the night, phantom carriages, bloodstained ghosts, and disembodied hands. In the midst of this he inserts a lewd reference to a race of werewolves which are all females—in the heat of passion, these last are said to change into wolves at the ultimate moment, and thereupon tear apart their dismayed human partners.

The moon disappears and the night deepens. At last they reach the crest of the pass. The half-frozen men eagerly crowd back into the coach. As the last to do so, Boris looks back and gasps in horror. “*Vladniki!*” he cries, and dives head-first into the coach.

He refers to a few slow-turning, feathery plumes of luminescent mist, almost like snow crystals eddied by the wind. As the travelers descend the pass, the darkness is more and more broken by thousands of these things, all glimmering just at the edge of perception.

A wide-eyed Boris whispers, “Battles between believers and infidels raged through these mountains: many died cruelly. Some dead souls become vladniki. Each mistiness marks a dead infidel who has remained on earth to take his devilish revenge.”

The horses are happy not to linger. But as they trot past the spiraling, spectral mists, terrible sounds come from behind and beside them. It is the howlings of not one but many wolves.

The Chase

The coach must reach the valley far below before gaining safety in Karlensburg. Watchers glimpse wolves everywhere, blacker shadows in the night. These beasts are slinking, famished, murderous brutes the size of ponies. They keep pace effortlessly with the coach.

The passengers hear the crack of the whip and feel the coach accelerate. Someone calls out, “Don’t be a fool, Johann! You’ll wreck us all!” In order to control the panicked horses and hold the coach on the steep road, the keeper might openly roll Johann’s Drive Carriage skill. Depending on the result, play out Johann Loses Control or Johann Keeps Control, following.

Johann Loses Control

The coach accelerates, and immediately the passengers know that their peasant driver is a bumbler. The coach fails the first turn—not by much, but it slowly tips onto its side and scrapes to a halt. The wolves close in, padding silently across an icy crust of snow, almost smiling, their great tongues exposed, their cold eyes glittering like stars.

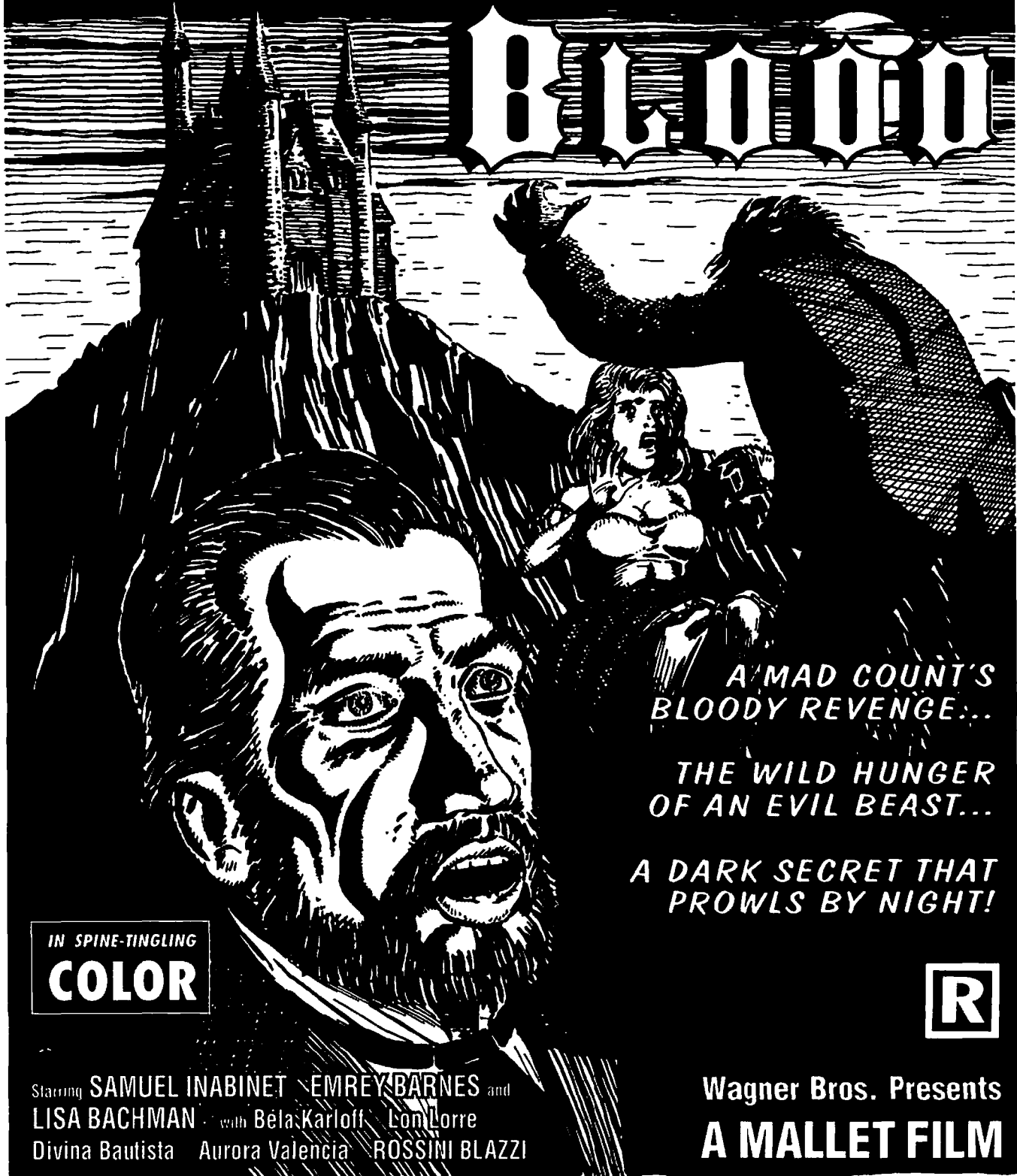
Within the wrecked coach, each occupant must receive a successful Jump roll or lose 1D6 hit points as it smashes against a low embankment.

Each outside rider must receive a successful Luck roll (to avoid being pinned beneath the carriage or tangled among the flailing, panicked horses) and a successful Jump roll (or lose 2D6 hit points). If pinned or tangled, he is unable to free himself without help. The wolves close in. To free those trapped, one person helping needs five combat rounds, two people helping need three rounds together, and three or more need one round.

Meanwhile the wild-eyed horses rear, kick, and flounder. The frigid air is steamy with their panic. If not cut free within 1D4 rounds, they drag the wreck of the coach and anyone trapped inside or tangled in the harness for two more rounds (successful Luck or Dodge roll to avoid losing 2D4 hit points more) before snapping the harnesses themselves and bolting away.

The wolves pursue the horses rather worrying at the humans, some of whom may have begun to fire pistols or muskets. In any case, when the travelers manage to kill three wolves, or whatever number the keeper thinks fair, the pack retreats.

CHAPEL OF BLOOD



A MAD COUNT'S
BLOODY REVENGE...

THE WILD HUNGER
OF AN EVIL BEAST...

A DARK SECRET THAT
PROWL'S BY NIGHT!

IN SPINE-TINGLING
COLOR



Starring SAMUEL INABINET · EMREY BARNES and
LISA BACHMAN · with Béla Karloff · Lon Lorre
Divina Bautista · Aurora Valencia · ROSSINI BLAZZI

Wagner Bros. Presents
A MALLET FILM

A roll of INT x3 or less detects dim lights further down the mountain—the lights of a chateau. There lies aid and protection from the children of the night.

Johann Successfully Handles the Coach

The coach accelerates, and immediately the passengers perceive Johann’s great skill at driving. This man is no bumbling peasant, but a paragon of coachmen, one fit to serve a royal house. The coach gains on the wolves. The pursuers periodically appear and vanish on the winding road. Then, as the ground becomes more level, the brutes begin cutting corners on the road-bound coach, and close the gap! Boris shouts that the once-distant lights of Chateau Karlenstein are now much nearer.

But at the next curve the white teeth of the lead wolf are also waiting. He snaps at the rear guard and just misses as the coach whips past. The wolves, encouraged, plunge into the forest again.

On the next-to-last curve, the beasts swirl around the coach, leaping and snapping at the traces, the horses, and at anyone on the outside. The horses scream and put on one last spurt, out-distancing the wolves, who fall behind and fade into the forest again.

A carriage-way leads off the road at this corner. The rusted and leaning open gates admit to the estate of Count Karlenstein. Wrought in iron, arching over the gateway is the Karlenstein family motto.

Bold and Hungry as the Winter Wolf

If the coach takes the carriage-way toward Chateau Karlenstein, the wolves do not follow. If the coach does not enter the estate, the wolves catch up on the next stretch of road, the horses balk, and the coach overturns, with the same consequences as if the Drive Carriage roll for Johann had failed in the first place.

GIANT WOLF LEADER

STR 18 CON 18 SIZ 13 POW 10

DEX 18 INT 5 HP 16

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapon: Bite 75%, damage 1D8 +db

Armor: 2-point fur.

Skills: Dodge 56%, Spot Hidden 60%, Track by Smell 80%.

PACK OF GIANT WOLVES

There are dozens of the brutes. Re-use the stats as needed.

Weapon: Bite 65%, damage 1D8 +db

Armor: 1-point fur.

Skills: Track by Smell 70%, Spot Hidden 50%

	one	two	three	four
STR	16	15	14	13
CON	15	16	17	16
SIZ	11	10	9	8
DEX	15	14	13	12
HP	15	13	13	12

	five	six	seven	eight
STR	12	11	12	14
CON	15	14	13	12
SIZ	7	6	7	8
DEX	11	12	13	14
HP	11	10	16	10

Chateau Karlenstein

THE GATES open to a long, elm-lined drive, dead and drear in winter. Undisturbed snow covers the drive, slowing the horses and muffling the sound of the coach wheels. A single cry of frustration marks the end of the pack’s hunt. Tonight they may go hungry. Mist seeps through the silent trees. Frothing and steaming, the horses stagger through a courtyard gate to the chateau itself.

The chateau is a remodeled medieval fortress. Long-broken battlements have not been repaired. Diamond-pane glass windows glitter in upper stories. Tiny ground-floor windows, far too small for wriggling through, are dark and shuttered. But a light shines in a window higher up.

Both the chateau and the newer stables are of solid stone, the former fortress being many centuries older. The buildings are set around a courtyard in which the snow is drifted and uncleared. Over the front door is chiseled the shield of the Karlensteins: *opposed, two wolves rampant*. The stable doors are locked and unyielding.

After Johann smashes an enormous brass wolf’s-head against the massive door, a light begins to move upstairs. It grudgingly reappears at the main door to the chateau. A pistol in one hand and a lantern in the other, a handsome if sullen man of later middle age flings aside the oaken door, and takes in the situation at a glance. His strong, confident tenor voice demands, “Who seeks aid from the house of Karlenstein?”

Count Karlenstein

Johann recognizes the reclusive Count; he has seen him once before, at an important assizes. He immediately drops to one knee and haltingly tries to justify the intrusion.

The Count wears a black cloak with red trim lining, and a white silk shirt with lace ruffles at his sleeves and throat. The cloak enhances his shoulders, but his slim hands belie any promised bulk of body. He has swept-back black hair, and a handsome, smooth, fresh-looking face with sullen brows. His lips are narrow, and predatory. His accent is Continental, vaguely French. There is a glamour about him, part arrogance and part a rakish, dangerous sex appeal.

The Count gestures away the coachman's stammers, and searches among the travelers. His eyes alight on Phillipe d'Isigny, landless nobleman. To the Count, d'Isigny's breeding is self-evident. "I am Count Karlenstein," he says, and thereafter addresses d'Isigny as the natural and rightful leader of the party.

Beyond, the wolves sound again. They are back on scent, ready to risk approaching the chateau. Their howls echo. "The wolves . . . the wolves are rulers now, until the Spring," he mutters to d'Isigny. "You may shelter here, if you wish. Have your coachman unhitch the horses."

Crossing the courtyard, the Count passes the horses. Perhaps because of the renewed cries of the nearby pack, they rear violently. Steaming and shaking, the horses attempt to bolt, and only a successful Drive Carriage or Ride roll soothes them.

If the roll for Johann fails, the Count turns and quiets the team with a single deft gesture. "Coachman, your horses need a sterner . . . hand," he admonishes. (He has a trick of speech, a significant pause based on Bela Lugosi's "I never drink . . . wine." With it, Karlenstein can make the simplest utterance sinister.)

The horses are cowed and nervous for the remainder of their stay.

The Count unlocks a side door to the stable. Four women tumble out. Two are twins, young and beautiful; the other two are decades older, burdened with life and experience, their sly eyes swivelling and probing for advantage.

The Count snaps orders. The twins, Maria and Frieda, aid Johann with the horses. The older servants, Sencha and Valeria, go to the chateau to prepare food and rooms for the guests. As Sencha hobbles past the travelers, she murmurs, "Next time, the wolves will get you sure," and pauses to watch pretty little Belinda gasp and squirm.

The travelers are safe, for the moment.

Inside The Chateau

The great hall is furnished simply and richly, suggesting both wealth and good taste. Armor and medieval weapons hang from massive racks—swords, spears, axes, and shields. Boar and stag skulls line the walls. Bear skins cover the stone flags. There are no wolf skins. If asked, the Count replies, "I do not hunt . . . wolves."

A huge fire is set in the hall. There is a long table seating sixty or more. All but two seats are dusty and disused. A boar spear, two battle axes and two muskets are ranked above the fire place, surrounding a massive shield which depicts the Karlenstein family arms: opposed, two wolves rampant, and holding (as the travelers now can see) crossed swords and wearing golden spurs. A

The Count's Secret

The Count is intelligent, wily, and not easily fooled or bluffed. He has survived suspicion and ignorance. He has the natural arrogance and manner of an aristocrat. But he has one secret, big enough to kill him. He is no man, but a woman: she is Lythia's mother, disguised as earlier generations of Karlensteins have been, disguised because local folklore knows that werewolves are always *female*.

Florenz, Count Karlenstein, lives in these remote mountains to raise her daughter Lythia in isolation and security. She has kept her from men that her child's passions not be raised, and has not yet introduced her to the dire nature of the Karlenstein inheritance. Florenz has sworn her daughter to secrecy: together they maintain the fiction that Florenz is male. So it has been for the rulers of Karlenstein for three hundred years, but Florenz has chosen exile, so that her child may be raised as female. She no longer cares that this may mark the end of the Karlenstein line. She intends soon to tell Lythia the truth, when Lythia seems old enough to understand. That day will end whatever innocence Lythia may claim.

The Count is aided by Lythia's somnambulism. Asleep, the girl has been able to act out her desires for flesh, and to run from the human world and join the wolves of the Karlenstein mountains. Yet in the morning she recalls nothing of the night before except red washes of pleasure. The Count believed that this balance could continue indefinitely—how unfortunate that these mortals have stumbled into Lythia's life!

successful History roll reminds players—characters that golden spurs are a symbol of knighthood.

The Count sits at the head of the table, neither eating nor drinking. D'Isigny is called to the place of honor on the Count's right. Other travelers of decent dress are seated far down the table, where their conversation cannot intrude upon the aristocrats, but for all the plates and cutlery service are of solid gold.

Uncouth commoners such as Johann and the guards are seated in the kitchen—fine with them, as it is warmer there, and closer to second helpings. Their service consists of wooden trenchers, steel spoons and knives, and their fingers.

The servants bring in hot food, then vanish to make up the beds. The Count is grim and quiet, resolutely courteous in inquiring as to d'Isigny's heritage and present comfort, but disdainful of much conversation. In return, he claims that the Karlensteins descend from Charlemagne, that he is a widower, and that he has one daughter, Lythia, who thereupon enters.

Enter Lythia

Lythia chooses to appear at the moment most likely to draw attention to her. She appears yawning and bulging out of her night dress, her robe insecurely drawn in an

Sencha

Sencha is the one wilfully evil person in the chateau. She is a grim, seemingly pious woman in her mid-forties, a sadist who takes delight in mental torture.

She knows what the Count and Lythia are. She does not fear them, not do they pose a threat to her. The other servants live under her rule, in a state of permanent fear of the supernatural world with which Sencha has surrounded them—disembodied hands in the wash-water, vampires tapping at the windows, dead children lurking by the well at night, demon bears scrambling across the wood-pile.

She attempts the same tactics of control with the player-characters, hinting, implying, and shocking with sibylline fits and portents.

Sencha has been encouraging Lythia in her adolescent revolt, as she sees in the child's powerful sexuality the key to control of her, and thus the great Karlenstein estate after the Count dies.

Sencha dreams of fleeing with Lythia to Vienna, and living in luxury on the proceeds of the sale of the estate. In that she is wrong, and has seriously misjudged the strength of her charge's character, which will quickly crave wilderness and wolves.

unconvincing attempt at modesty. Every man's attention swings to her.

The Count glares at any man whose eyes linger upon her. She pays attention to d'Isigny, and perhaps to Drozopczek (who is youthful and lithe) —at least until she hears the latter's uncouth speech. In either case, her real desire is to stir the Count, who introduces her with the briefest of courtesies. "My daughter . . . Lythia."

She is a dark-haired, attractive girl, rather tall and strong-limbed, who often dresses in low-cut gowns and tight corsets chosen to anger her parent. Lythia is sixteen years old, and has a great curiosity about sex, a dawning realization of her own social and sexual advantages, and a very great desire to torment a parent who restrains her from most human intercourse save the printed word.

Shortly after, Sencha appears to say that the rooms have been prepared. The Count states that he has long kept eccentric hours, and so will be awake reading for most of the night. His guests, however, must be tired, and should now retire.

He insists upon one thing. The chateau, being partly in ruins, is not safe to wander through at night. And there are some places, particularly in the cellars, where wolves have entered in the past. It is his will therefore that each guest's room be locked until morning. "I assure you, your safety is uppermost in my mind." Nonetheless, those who cannot comply with his demand must leave Chateau Karlenstein immediately.

The coachmen and guards are shown cots above the stables. In a little while they learn that Maria and Frieda wholeheartedly approve of this development.

Good Night

Sencha, hobbling and muttering to herself, looking particularly lean-nosed and witch-like, leads each player-character to his or her room by the light of a single guttering candle. The occupant settled, she locks the door. All the doors are of massive oak, with enormous locks, and all open into the corridors, so the hinges are on the outside.

Each bed chamber is cold, high and draft-ridden. The new-lit fires stirring in the grates do little to dispel dampness that has mustered for years. Each room has a double feather bed of dank luxury, and a table, chest, and armoire of dark old creaking wood. There is also a pitcher of water, a basin, and a lidded china receptacle under each bed.

The Count has deliberately chosen rooms far apart for the player-characters, separated one from the next by a set of stairs, the full length of a corridor, or a random compass direction.

Count Karlenstein remains awake for the rest of the night. For the first hour he is in the library of the chateau, where any undue noise will alert him. He is absent from the library after that, for reasons outlined in the sub-section The First Night, below.

Sencha Strikes

If they wish it, Belinda and her mother may share a room. Sencha stays with the women, ostensibly to wait on them. However her real aim is to terrify pretty Belinda, by grabbing her unexpectedly with a bony, hard-calloused hand, and saying, "You had better take care, for the Count loves fresh, fair-haired girls, the younger the better. You would be a succulent morsel for him to gulp, God help you, yes!"

The Werewolves

Both Florenz and Lythia are of a race of werewolves born in the terrifying wars of religion that again and again have washed across these lands.

This race once were innocent brutes. They ran on four legs and devoured flesh raw. Now they walk on two legs, and turn into creatures of horrifying ferocity on sexual union, or if sufficiently maddened with rage or grief. They then slaughter whoever is at hand, males always first, but often females as well.

This change has nothing to do with the phases of the moon. They dislike silver (Lythia without really knowing why), but suffer no harm from it unless in their wolf-form.

With good reason, mankind fears them and hunts them down. These sports are near oblivion. The Count is of one of the few lines who avoided dying young and violently. She wishes for her daughter to escape this fate also.

She then begins to laugh, and this laughter metamorphoses slowly into a spectacular nervous fit of twitches and drooling from which she can be revived only by the combined efforts of both women.

Revived, Sencha swears she remembers not a thing and totters out, muttering indistinct warnings and imprecations to trust in God. She locks this door, too. Her hand has clasped Belinda's arm hard enough to leave a vivid red mark, which has bruised come morning.

The Stables

The Count marches the coachman, guards, and female servants across the courtyard and locks them in the stable. The rooms above the horse stalls are cramped but they are also warm, and the straw mattresses and bedding clean and comfortable.

Having told a blood-curdling story about a cannibalistic ghost, Sencha shows the men her shiny, razor-sharp, L-shaped ecraseur—"for the animals"—and warns the strangers to keep their distance.

Having re-established a reign of terror, Sencha falls into the sleep of the righteous, and snores through the night.

Maria And Frieda

They are a pair of buxom identical twin, orphans taken in by the Count. They fear Sencha but rebel against her control. Their catch phrase is "No, I'm Maria, she's Frieda," and they are mischievous enough to deliberately swap names to confuse the inquirer.

Their other worry in life is the Count's odd stipulation that no men stay at Karlenstein—"no fun," sighs Frieda. They consider the Count a good master, who even brings back dresses for them from Karlensburg on his infrequent visits there. He has the usual bad taste of a man. "Although what is the use of pretty dresses if there are not men to admire you in them?" pouts Maria.

Sencha's heavy sleep causes Maria and Frieda much disrespectful amusement, and allows them time to play. They sneak past Sencha once she is asleep, to take advantage of the coachmen and guards. During the night, Valeria wakes up and spies on them. Seeing her watching, the twins threaten her with a variety of Sencha's supernatural horrors, and Valeria breaks into tears.

The First Night

During the night, a successful Listen roll awakens any player-character in the chateau. Each hears the sound of someone walking about the house, trying every door in turn. The footsteps descend the stairs, then leave the chateau toward the stables.

With a Listen roll result of 01-05, the listener hears two sets of footfalls, not one. The first is bare-foot, the second is stealthy and booted. If the listener looks out, he or she sees a white-clad female figure in a sleep-walker's pose stepping dreamily across the courtyard. A successful

Continuity Break

Every time there is a need to edit a scene, or indeed any time the action is flagging, insert one of the following.

- ❶ A quick, eerie shot of the Karlensteins' coat of arms, with a torch being directed at the wolves eyes to make them shine (the light wobbles somewhat).
- ❷ Lythia sleep-walking through a pine forest. The inadequate day-for-night-filter makes it clear that the scene was shot in daylight.
- ❸ Above a model castle, a full moon is glimpsed fitfully through low, scudding clouds.
- ❹ Wolves pace restlessly on a snow-covered ridge.

Spot Hidden detects a black and indistinct form following her.

The night has cleared, the cold moon is bright, and the night-shadows are long and confusing. The somnambulist drifts to the stables and tries the door there. It is locked. Balked, she turns away and heads through a ragged, bare-limbed orchard toward surrounding mountains beyond. The shadow follows, flitting from tree to tree.

Should any player-character interfere, the sleepwalker proves to be Lythia. If the character is a woman, the lurking Count stays his hand, allowing her to wake Lythia. Lythia is dazed and confused, nothing more.

If a man intervenes, the Count intercepts him, pouncing from the shadows and demanding the intention. A successful Persuade roll is needed to allay his wrath. If this roll fails, the Count's brows bulge inhumanly and a green light stirs in his eyes. The hairs on the back of the character's neck lift, provoking a nominal 0/1 Sanity loss.

Then the Count's fury dies. If it is d'Isigny who has followed, he declares that Lythia is a somnambulist, and that he follows to protect her when she walks. She must not be disturbed until she awakens naturally. D'Isigny understands that this is a family matter, and withdraws gracefully and without protest. If necessary, have the player roll his Code Of Honor skill to make the point.

If the player-character is any other man, the Count orders him to return to the chateau immediately. Lythia, walking rapidly, head lifted and eyes unseeing, disappears in the direction of the howling wolves.

If no player-character follows, the two complete a circuit of the grounds and return to the chateau about an hour before dawn. At the same time it starts to snow.

The Next Morning

Sencha brings everyone hot drinks, but awakens them discourteously early to do so. She pretends sympathy for Belinda's bruise, but a successful Psychology roll notices

that she is actually gloating. She loyally whispers a warning to Phillippe about the hollow female devils who haunt the pine forests, and at the same time manages to impugn his masculinity.

She vigorously accuses everyone in the servants' loft of depraved activity, watching closely to see where her words strike home. The atmosphere in the kitchen is silent and hostile. Valeria creeps around, not daring to raise her eyes or speak. Sencha is in fine form.

Later, out of Sencha's hearing, Frieda and Maria are cheerful and raucous, offering risqué promises for further entertainment tonight.

Han's Flight

If Hans is not required for the sub-section Lythia's Alternative (see below), he flees during the night. He leaves a scrawled warning for Johann and Boris, declaring that this place is evil, a 'chateau of blood,' and that his comrades should likewise flee. Why he believes so is left unsaid.

The Weather; Travel

Flurries of snow fall until late in the day, and strong winds pile the snow in great drifts about the chateau. At dusk, the skies clear and the temperature plummets.

It is 16 miles to Karlensburg. Travel is dangerous. Anyone who tries suffers severe exposure, and may die.

In these conditions, Karlensburg is a ten-hour walk and a seven-hour horseback ride. Travel by coach is impossible. Roll D100 each hour. Initial CON x5 roll or lose 1 hit point the first hour; in the second hour, the loss for a missed CON roll is 2 hit points, in the third hour 3 hit points, and so on. Further, each time a CON roll is failed, thereafter lower the multiplier by one: thus one failed CON roll lowers the multiplier to x4.

Lythia

Lythia appears late in the morning, looking tired but cheerful. Today her sexuality is muted. She spends the day befriending Belinda, subconsciously seeking to divert her only rival for the eyes of the men. She invites Belinda to her room for a private chat.

Exploring The Chateau

Ground Floor And Cellars

Even a cursory inspection finds bolt holes and ruined rooms through which an animal could easily gain access, confirming the Count's story of the night before.

The downstairs rooms principally in use are the kitchen and associated pantries, the great hall, and a morning room. The morning room contains an out-of-

tune harpsichord. There are no mirrors: this guards Lythia against vanity, although the players may suspect other reasons. There are no silver objects.

The kitchen is warmed by an enormous red-hot wood-fired stove with two large ovens. The servants wait in the kitchen when not serving or cleaning. Maria and Frieda cajole the men into chopping wood and fetching water from the ice-rimmed well. Sencha gleefully tells them hair-raising stories about what else is in the well.

There are strings of onions aplenty, but a successful Idea roll finds no garlic. If asked, Valeria says the Count does not like it.

A Particular Cellar Room

In the cellar, one passageway recently has been bricked up, but the room beyond can be reached from the outside through overgrown rubble. The player-characters likely never find this spot on their own, but the Count or Lythia might choose it as a refuge.

In the cellar are dozens of human skeletons, all males by their comparative size and pelvic structure. Count Karlenstein has long-prepared a colorful story for the contents of the room, intending to claim that slain Turkish invaders were thrown here to 'water the foundations of the castle.' A successful Medicine roll observes that the skeletons are relatively new, and that some jawbones exhibit German dental work.

The skeletons represent some of the Count's victims. In fact, one was Lythia's father.

Upstairs

There are scores of rooms on the second and third floors, a succession of abandoned sleeping chambers mostly containing dust-sheeted, rotting remnants of fine furniture. Between suits of armor, furs, fungus-decorated mounted animal heads, antique weapons, and enough bullet molds to stave off Napoleon, tapestries rot upon the walls.

The Library

Next to the great hall, the most impressive room in the chateau is the library. It contains thousands of books, two ornate reading stands, a small table piled with volumes the Count has recently read, lamps, chairs and a carefully-laid, slow-burning fire. Only here does the pervasive dampness of the chateau seem warded off, undoubtedly to protect the shelved armies of leather-clad volumes. The titles are in more than a dozen different languages, ranging from Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Arabic to Serbian, Rumanian, Czech, Gothic, German, Magyar, and Polish.

Their subject-matters do not ease player-character minds. The Count has an excessive interest in morbid European folklore. Some books speak of the *krvopijac*, the Bulgarian vampire whose grave may only be discov-

ered by a naked, adolescent virgin mounted on a black foal. Many discuss the 15th-century vampire, Countess Bathory of Hungary. Two startling volumes discuss the *bruxsa*, a Portuguese vampire that is a woman by day and a bird by night. Other books attest to the Serbian *Mulo*, who boils women in a great cauldron. There is as much on werewolves as the rest of the lore combined: the Russian *volkulaku*, the Portuguese *laborraz*, the Slovenian *volodak*, the *vukodlak* of Montenegro, the French *loup-garoux*. There are even several rare volumes of 13th century Arabic werewolf lore translated into French, or in original Arabic. The Count's library embraces thousands more.

A successful Library Use roll in this room uncovers a book on any occult topic desired. Most texts contain reports of cures and measures to destroy the occult horrors they discuss, as well as merely describing them. Their lore can consist of whatever the keeper wishes to convey to the players.

The Count's Chambers

The Count spends his days here, asleep. He wakes if someone enters the room. His rooms are the finest and richest in the chateau, with many *objects d'art* and a four-poster bed of sumptuous proportions. For warmth, the Count sleeps with the curtains drawn.

With a successful Spot Hidden roll, the player-character notices a tarnished brass box of about quarto book size among other curios on a bedside table. The box is ornately engraved with a wolf-pack as hunting companions to a mounted knight, just as hounds would be normally. The box's lock has been forced, and where it was forced the metal is shiny. Opened, the box is empty, but smells of dry parchment and old ink. (It contained The Pamphlet before Lythia's as-yet unnoticed theft: see below.)

Lythia's Room

The room is large. There is a bed and a linen press. Excellent rugs cover the floor. Framed etchings of wilderness scenes hang on the walls. A battered wooden rocking horse rests in a corner. A cabinet contains a bald, crack-faced Venetian porcelain doll, as well as a stack of recent fashion magazines from Vienna and Paris. The shuttered and curtained windows open upon a vista of snow-covered pine trees and mountainous crags.

Lythia's conversation with Belinda is a curious mixture of girlish gossip and sophisticated attempts to unsettle her, modeled after Sencha's techniques. Lythia says that often in the night she throws open the shutters and listens for the wolves. She loves to hear them howl, she says. She sits at the window, and dreams about what it would be like to be far from Karlenstein, in Paris, or even Angleterre. She says that she envies Belinda, so traveled and adult. She continues, in softened tone, saying that last night she dreamt of leaving the chateau forever. She awoke with tears in her eyes, thinking that her heart was breaking.

Femina Mutabilis, excerpts

Is it not so that Woman is ever Vile, Evil? I offer you Proof of the basest and most lecherous kind, that the Devil even now walks among us, and many offer foothold in their hearts for his evil sport.

For the first proof, is it not known that the very wolves of the mountains have so glutted themselves upon this windfall of our dead from Wars and Pestilence that they have come to prefer human flesh above all others?

For the second, is it not so that these same wolves have taken on human understanding from their most foul feasts, so that they walk on two legs instead of four, and walk unmolested amid us, in human guise?

For the third, this new breed of wolf is only Woman, for in the savagery of their desire they tear apart that with which they couple, and so fall any men whom they ensnare.

Thus I say unto you, O Eve, by whom Adam fell, is there no end to your Sinfulness? By Woman, Surely is the World doomed to Sin and Depravity, to the Pestilence and Never Ending War. Only if we cleanse our hearts, and Say unto God, 'No More. We Trust in thee Redeemer, Rid us of Woman. Then we shall have Peace.'

Femina Feminae Lupa Est!

The Pamphlet

If Belinda is chummy, Lythia shows Belinda her newest treasure, the pamphlet she stole from the Count. The text is in Latin, which Belinda does not know, but the grotesque woodcuts are easily understood. Looking at all the plates costs 0/1D4 Sanity points.

Belinda blushes, and continues to look. Suddenly Lythia grabs the old tract and slips it under a pillow, hissing that someone is outside. Lythia sneaks to the door and flings it open. A surprised Sencha stands outside, eaves-dropping. During the diversion, Belinda can steal the pamphlet with a successful roll of DEX x4 or less. Failure, or leaving Lythia unattended in the course of the day means that Lythia notices the theft and draws the obvious conclusion.

The pamphlet, *Femina Mutabilis Excidium Mundi*, is 20 pages long, brittle with age, and printed in Latin in the Winter of 1769, by a priest, Father Janns. Sanity cost to read is 0/1D4 Sanity points, adds 2 percentiles to the Occult skill, and contains no spells.

The grotesque wood-carvings depict figures which are half-wolf, half-women. They dance around bonfires in the manner of witches, consorting with the devil, lurking in ambush to leap upon surprised huntsmen, coupling with them and then devouring them. The last plates depict

the monsters being hacked apart by a mob and then being burned, in stomach-churning detail.

A successful History roll recognizes Father Janns as a famed orator of his day who inspired mob attacks on women in the region, until brought to trial in Karlensburg. He was proven to have gained financially from his victims' deaths, and was convicted in ecclesiastical court. He was able to preach so long only because his reign of terror coincided with a time of unrest and war. It is said that he died raving in a prison cell, accompanied to the end, so he screamed, by "a Phantom Invisible to others, a Vile and Detestable Woman."

Lythia's Visits

Dusk falls in mid-afternoon. An early supper is set out in the great hall, and the candles are lit. The fireplaces have been burning all day. As the player-characters sit, the Count descends from his chambers.

He sits at the head of the table and starts to eat, asking polite questions about their day, apologizing for his absence and repeating his assertion of the night before—that as a lone householder he has become used to pleasing himself, keeping eccentric hours.

The Count thinks that tomorrow the snow will begin to melt. The horses are rested. The travelers may be on their way, he suggests. Lythia is disturbed to realize that the player-characters will leave so soon; she asks her father to please have them stay. "It is so lonely here."

The Count demurs. He has his work to do. He is compiling an encyclopedia of the folklore of Karlenstein. He is a man of reason, and does not believe in such things, but the people of the region possess many curious super-

Lythia The Werewolf

It takes Lythia two rounds to fully change shape. The cost to view this change is 1D4/1D8 Sanity points; the cost to see her as a werewolf is 0/1D8 Sanity points.

In werewolf form, Lythia remains more or less upright. Her long dark hair fans out into a stiff, mane-like ruff around her shoulders, framing her altered face. Her hands and feet turn into claws. Her face is covered with short, bristling fur, and her upper lip thickens and splits, showing unduly red gums, a long tongue, and white devouring fangs. Her eyes turn yellow.

She can be killed only by fire or by silver. A successful Occult roll or insane insight can suggest this if the investigators fail to try these media. Other weapons will damage, but not kill her, and she quickly regenerates lost hit points.

If her total STR plus rolled damage exceed the SIZ+STR of her victim, the defender is knocked back that number of yards equal to this difference. A successful Dodge roll is needed to stay standing. This knock-back attack also can be used against her.

stitutions. A successful Psychology roll indicates that he believes some of those superstitions to be true.

At the end of the evening, the Count once again insists on escorting everyone to their rooms and locking them in.

The sleep of some is doomed to be fatally interrupted. Tonight, Lythia, fearing tonight is her last chance, steals the Count's keys and sets off on a mission of discovery.

A Discreet Knock

Fresh and beautiful, young Lythia visits in turn each man staying in the chateau, until one betrays his host and seduces her. She chooses the most attractive first: d'Isigny, then Drozopczech, and only then sleazy Berrudczech.

For each visit she knocks on the door, and then uses the stolen keys to get in. If she still has the pamphlet, she uses it as a pretext, saying that she has often wondered what it is, and that the Count will not translate it for her.

If she does not have the pamphlet, she asks if they know anything about its loss, inventing a lie to cover her possession of it. Then she says she is frightened or cold, and uses that as an excuse to slip into the man's arms. Regardless of the success of this venture, if Lythia still has the pamphlet, she leaves it forgotten in the last bedroom visited in the chateau.

When a player-character makes love with her, ecstasy is followed by sudden and dismembering pain. The character takes 1D6 damage to the neck in the first round, and the player must successfully roll SIZ against Lythia's werewolf-form STR on the Resistance Table to avoid her full attack in the next round, costing 1D8+1D4 hit points. The roll failing, Lythia tears the character apart in the next round. With a success, he Dodges or defends himself.

Once this attack takes place, Lythia's wild nature overcomes her entirely. She leaps out the window and into the courtyard. Once out, she heads over towards the locked stables, tearing down the door in two rounds and, unless distracted, attacking the servants.

If the three men in the chateau deny her, Lythia leaves the house through her bedroom window, and goes to the stables.

Shortly after she enters, there come dreadful screams—from the horses, servants, but most of all from the unfortunate extra who is being horribly slaughtered.

The Count's Reaction

COUNT Karlenstein is in the library, reading. It is early yet for Lythia to wander, and her new activity catches the parent off-guard. The Count moves swiftly, aiming entirely to protect Lythia. This he accomplishes by arming himself, standing in the corridor

or at a strategic door, and threatening to shoot whomever would interfere.

He rages at the target for falling prey to desire and at himself for giving any man shelter. He refuses to let anyone flee from the house. If the horrors occur in the stables, he orders the player-characters to bar the windows and doors, and to stay together until morning.

"It is an affliction of our family," he explains. "The daughters of the Karlensteins die of it. I thought that if I kept her here, kept her pure, then she might never need pay this cost."

Accepting The Count's Advice

If they barricade the house and make no move to aid those screaming in the stables, then the deaths of the two men in the stable cost 2D3 Sanity points. Lythia has no motive for slaughtering Maria, Frieda, or Valeria, and they may escape or not, as the keeper wishes; if they die, they die piteously, their cries intimate and heart-wrenching, costing another 3D3 Sanity points as the listeners clearly hear each one attacked and slaughtered in turn.

Whether or not the other women die, Lythia does not kill Sencha, who runs for her life to the house and commences to beat on the kitchen door, pleading for admittance, shrieking that Lythia the werewolf is coming to destroy her. The Count storms at the door, saying that Sencha deserves death for all her scheming and lies: did she really think she could take Lythia to Vienna and manage to control this whirlwind of death?

Sencha's voice changes. She admits her schemes and pleads for forgiveness. In a broken whisper she says that she hears Lythia, and please, for the Count to let her in. The Count strides off in disgust, then collapses in grief.

If the player-characters open the door, Sencha is thrown in by Lythia, bowling over everyone standing in the doorway. Lythia follows her in. If the player-characters do not open the door, Lythia assaults it furiously, breaking it down after three rounds.

Further barricading and defense should be based STR against SIZ Resistance-Table rolls. If the travelers successfully bar or block all entrances, then Lythia prowls the surrounding area until dawn, when she returns to herself. Resolution of this outcome is left to individual keepers.

Ignoring The Count's Advice

Since the Count can only guard one location, any who wish to leave the house can depart by another door or by a short jump from a second-floor window into a snow drift—no injury from the fall. The servants and horses flee the stables if given the chance.

Sample Medieval Weapons

Minimum STR 10 to pick up and wield these weapons.

Sword, 15% base chance, damage 1D8+1, 20 hit points

Boar Spear*, 15% base chance, damage 3D6+1, 12 hit points

Mace, 20% base chance, damage 1D6+2, 20 hit points

Shield, 25% base chance, blocks an attack, 12 hit points

Crossbow**, 20% base chance, damage 2D4+2, 12 hit points.

* If the boar spear is set against a charge, the chargers damage bonus is added to the spear's damage.

** A successful Know Roll is needed to figure out how the crossbow works. It takes two rounds to load properly.

Sample Potential Weapons

Poker, 25% base chance, damage 1D8 (+1D4 if hot), 20 hit pts.

Pewter Candlestick, 25% base chance, dam. 1D6+1, 15 hit pts.

Chair, 15% base chance, damage 1D6+1, breaks on impact

Chair Leg, 25% base chance, damage 1D6, 6 hit points

Female Fingernails, 25% base chance, damage 1D2, 15 hit pts.

There are a large number of weapons in the house. A suit of armor takes 20-DEX rounds to put on. It protects against 20 points of damage but the wearer cannot Dodge and is liable to Knockdown attacks. Once down the wearer cannot get up again without help.

The Hunt For Lythia

This section presumes that the player-characters armed themselves and went to the stables to help those in direst need.

Lythia is already gone from the disembowelled mess on the bed (1/1D6 Sanity points to see). The shutters are open, and a howl comes from the ruined battlements of the chateau. Lythia is momentarily silhouetted against the moonlight and then gone.

Now is time for a hunt in and out of the stable, courtyard, and chateau, in and out of shadows and moonlight. Lythia drops from trees and ceilings, and batters down doors, driven with blood lust.

Whether there is a mad scramble across the chateau and grounds, or a careful hunt depends on player styles and how closely they hew to the characters they are playing. Only d'Isigny is likely to organize a hunt, and he may wish first to converse with the Count. Only Lythia can force a battle.

However events evolve, don't be afraid to improvise and devise situations, even comic effect, on the run. Now is the time for the stock stereotypes of horror films to be adopted—characters who sneak backwards without looking behind them, turn their backs on open windows and doors, etc.

Any player-character killed should be given the statistics for a surviving servant, coachman, or guard. Boris can come back, for instance, from wherever he tried to go.

Belinda Confronted By Lythia

If Belinda receives a successful Persuade roll, and satisfies the keeper with a short, sincere speech, Lythia momentarily remembers her humanity and ceases her attack. A tear gleams a moment in her feral eyes. However, once she has loped off, the urge to kill cannot be resisted, and she returns to attack survivors, although she will not attack Belinda, Sencha, or the Count.

The Death Of Lythia

This fight is most likely to finish with Lythia going down, one against many. She fights until the end. Dying brings her release from the family curse, as her limbs relax and her head falls back, and the wolf form ebbs from her now-peaceful face. Having become Lythia again, she looks at the player-characters and whispers with her dying breath her final, central confusion: "Mother."

The Count's Revenge

The Count appears, and takes Lythia in his arms. Those watching are doubtless exhausted; however, their strange trial seems over, for their knowledge should indicate that the curse afflicts only women. The Count cradles his daughter, face hidden, weeping and calling her name.

Give the investigators enough time to relax, but not enough time to become suspicious (since the narrative is running on, not concluding). The Count speaks, in a voice broken by grief, and thick with rage. "Oh, Lythia, I allowed these strangers into our house and so ended your life and our line. Lythia, will you forgive me?" Lythia remains silent.

"Oh Lythia, Lythia," he says to the corpse, "There is one thing your murderers do not know," and here the crack in his voice starts to suggest lunatic laughter, "There is one thing you do know. I am not your father."

Raising his head and tearing his shirt, so they can see the fleshy truth beneath the cloth, and the change even now stamping itself upon his face, "I am your mother!" she howls, and then leaps upon them: Sanity loss 2/1D4+1 to experience this unexpected terror.

This finale is bloody and horrendous, and could be the end of all of them. The Count, unlike the impetuous Lythia, is a creature of cunning and patience who will not risk open attack on superior numbers unless in the extremity of grief. The Count is more fully a wolf than young Lythia ever could be, and prefers to draw pursuers out of doors if she can. She runs on all fours as fast as the wind.

Strategic Withdrawal

Those last left alive probably have little heart to deal with this new threat. The snow has frozen by now and travel is

fast although heart-stopping, paced by the howls of wolves. Especially if Lythia has been killed with a silver bullet, the Count does not close on them hastily.

As the survivors enter the safe streets of Karlensburg and rouse the townsfolk to their aid, they hear a last sad and hungry howl, and look up see the Count momentarily on the horizon, accompanied by the slinking, fawning shadows of wolves. A last glimpse and then the mist swirls and all the figures are gone. She has returned to the wild.

Conclusion

Reward the survivors with 1D8 Sanity points for killing Lythia. The defeat of the terrible Count earns 1D10+1 Sanity points. If characters seem distraught by Lythia's or her mother's unnatural fate, they get less, or none. Everyone gets 1D6 Sanity points for having faced the horrors of the night and survived.

The Count's Occult Library

The Count's library of occult of Europe is a smattering of lore drawn from 'A Continent of Horrors' by Peter Jeffrey, published in the *Horror on the Orient Express* scenario supplement for *Call of Cthulhu*.

Statistics

COUNT* KARLENSTEIN, Age 57, Cursed Aristocrat

* though raised as a male from birth, she is actually female.

STR 14 CON 17 SIZ 14 INT 17 POW 18
DEX 17 APP 14 EDU 17 SAN 0 HP 16

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapon: Sword 55%, damage 1D8+1 +db

Skills: Code Of Honor 85%, Dodge 56%, English 20%, First Aid 30%, French 72%, German 80%, Greek 30%, Hide 80, History 80%, Jump 50%, Latin 70%, Library Use 80%, Listen 90%, Magyar 60%, Persuade 75%, Occult 90%, Rumanian 65%, Serbian 30%, Spot Hidden 80%.

Quote: 'Listen to the wolves!'

WEREWOLF FORM of Count Karlensstein

STR 22 CON 17 SIZ 14 INT 17 POW 18
DEX 17 Move 12 HP 16

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapon: Bite 75%, damage 1D8 +db

Armor: 2-point fur. Can permanently lose hit points when damaged by silver, fire, or enchanted weapons, but otherwise regenerates 2 hit points per round.

Skills: Lurk 75%, Stalk 85%, Track by Smell 65%.

Sanity Loss: 1D4/1D8 Sanity points to see.

LYTHIA, Age 16, Heiress to the Curse of the Karlensteins

STR 10 CON 16 SIZ 12 INT 13 POW 15
DEX 16 APP 18 EDU 15 SAN 75 HP 14

Damage Bonus: 0.

Weapons: none.

Skills: Coax And Charm 39%, Code Of The Aristocracy 65%, Dodge 28%, English 40%, Flirt 45%, French 40%, German 70%, Hide 48%, History 40%, Jump 25%, Library Use 26%, Listen 45%, Occult 25%, Persuade 50%, Sneak 37%, Spot Hidden 40%.

Quote: 'You never take me anywhere!'

WEREWOLF FORM of Lythia

STR 15 CON 16 SIZ 12 INT 13 POW 15
DEX 16 Move 12 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapon: Bite 35%, damage 1D8 +db

Skills: Lurk 30%, Stalk 20%, Track by Smell 15%.

Armor: 2-point fur. Can permanently lose hit points when damaged by silver, fire, or enchanted weapons, but otherwise regenerates 2 hit points per round.

Sanity Loss: 1D4/1D8 Sanity points to see. Lythia loses 1D8+4 Sanity points each time she is aware of changing and not sleep-walking, until she too is permanently insane.

SENCHA, Age 52, Evil Servant

STR 10 CON 13 SIZ 11 INT 13 POW 11
DEX 12 APP 8 EDU 8 SAN 55 HP 12

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: Hat Pin 15%, damage 1D3

Scratch 20%, damage 1 hit point

Skills: Bargain 75%, Bash Bible 90%, Bully Other Servants 70%, Dodge 20%, Feign Spectacular Fit 90%, Feign Piety 90%, First Aid 30%, Hide 25%, History 20%, Invoke Religious Hysteria 90%, Listen 45%, Occult 56%, Sneak 50%, Torture (Mental) 90%, Torture (Physical) 50%.

Quote: 'The rats are very hungry, I think.'

VALERIA, Age 35, Timid Thrall

Valeria is a mouse-like plump woman, Sencha's drudge and spy. She provides the one physical luxury Sencha allows herself, a daily massage of Sencha's horny yellow feet.

STR 9 CON 11 SIZ 9 INT 9 POW 7
DEX 13 APP 11 EDU 5 SAN 45 HP 10

Damage Bonus: 0.

Weapon: Statuette of Mary 35%, damage 1D4+2

Skills: Dodge 40%, Hide 40%, Invoke Saints 90%, Massage Feet 90%, Obey Orders 90%, Occult 20%, Sneak 40%, Spy on Maria and Frieda 40%.

Quote: 'But I tried so hard.'

MARIA, Age 21, One of Two Identical Twin Servants

STR 13 CON 14 SIZ 12 INT 11 POW 10
DEX 14 APP 16 EDU 5 SAN 50 HP 13

FRIEDA, Age 21, One of Two Identical Twin Servants

STR 13 CON 14 SIZ 12 INT 11 POW 10
DEX 14 APP 16 EDU 4 SAN 51 HP 13

Damage Bonus: 1D4.

Weapons: Scratch 45%, damage 1 hit point

Shriek 15%, damage special*

* the twin's screams are so piercing that everyone within earshot must make a Sanity roll. Failure indicates that the hearer instinctively flees the immediate area, fearing for his or her hearing.

Skills: Intimidate Valeria 60%, Confuse Admirers 90%, Display Charms 90%, Dodge 50%, Dodge Sencha 75%, Fast Talk 40%, Flirt 65%, Hide 50%, Locksmith 25%, Occult 10%, Sneak 60%, Spot Hidden 75%.

Quote: 'He's very handsome.'

Player Characters

ANTON BERRUDCZECK. He is clever, cowardly, sly, fat, and ugly. He loves his belly more than any human being, although he dotes on the memory of his deceased mother. Anton is a merchant traveling on urgent business—a bank bill that he must present within the week at Karlensburg, before news reaches the capital that the bank has crashed. He has brought with him his pupil in trade, his distant cousin Yurik, whom he considers foppish and over-educated.



Cooking and wine are dreadful in provincial Karlenstein. Berrudczek has with him a case of good red wine and a sackful of garlic, in the hope of making his stay tolerable.

ANTON BERRUDCZECK, Age 45, Shady Merchant

STR 14 CON 14 SIZ 15 INT 16 POW 14
DEX 10 APP 6 EDU 8 SAN 70 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapon: Blackjack 45%, damage 1D6 +db

Chloral Hydrate (Knock-Out Drops), two doses POT 17, damage unconsciousness in 1D3 minutes

Skills: Accounting 60%, Bargain 80%, Credit Rating 30%, Fast Talk 75%, French 30%, German 55%, Hide 20%, Law 25%, Listen 45%, Lock Smith 40%, Psychology 45%, Serbian 45%, Sneak 45%, Spot Hidden 65%.

Quote: 'I like to bargain about everything.'

BORIS STURKL. The senior guard, Sturkl is a burly, unshaven, solidly-built man. When sober he is brave, suspicious, and observant. When drunk, he is lecherous and cowardly. He is often drunk, trying to forget his fiance, Lottë, who mysteriously van-

ished ten years ago in the Karlenstein mountains. Taken by wolves, people said. The English girl on the coach, Belinda Chadaver, bears an uncanny resemblance to his lost love.

He has a hip flask full of vodka, a musket with powder and shot, and a horn whose blast is recognized on both sides of the mountain. There is 50 pounds worth of mail on the coach in a pouch which he is personally responsible for. He rides at the front of the coach, next to Johann, the coachman.



BORIS STURKL, Age 33, Mail Guard

STR 15 CON 15 SIZ 14 INT 12 POW 12
DEX 11 APP 12 EDU 8 SAN 60 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Musket* 40%, damage 1D10+4

Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1D3 +db

* the musket can be fired once every two rounds.

Skills: Bargain 50%, Credit Rating 15%, Dodge 40%, Drive Carriage 15%, German 60%, Magyar 20%, Hide 35%, Hold Liquor 30%, Listen 60%, Pick Pocket 45%, Ride 40%, Rumanian 25%, Spot Hidden 60%, Throw 40%.

Quote: 'Have a drink.'

HANS WINKLEMANN. He is the second guard, a thin, dark man with picturesque handlebar mustaches. He rides on top at the back of the coach, and chiefly helps push the stage over rough places and up the banks of streams they must ford. He is a kind, reflective man who sees in Belinda, Phillipe, and Yurik copies of his own, grown children.



He fixes them hot drinks at the inn stops, and always double checks that their baggage is securely stowed. He has a musket with powder and shot, and a large club tucked into his belt, to protect against wolves and bandits.

HANS WINKLEMANN, Age 42, Supernumerary

STR 10 CON 13 SIZ 9 INT 12 POW 12
DEX 12 APP 10 EDU 8 SAN 60 HP 11

Damage Bonus: 0.

Weapons: Large Club 40%, damage 1D8 +db

Musket* 40%, damage 1D10+4

* the musket can be fire once every four rounds.

Skills: Dodge 40%, Drive Carriage 15%, English 10%, First Aid 35%, German 60%, Hide 50%, Listen 60%, Psychology 35%, Ride 20%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 50%.

Quote: 'Yes, sir.'

JOHANN the Coachman. He is big, blond, loyal, brave, and strong, with the constitution, strength, and unfortunately the brains of an ox. He does know a lot about horses, but he is a true lout, incapable of rising above himself. A local resident, he is taking the coach over the mountains to Karlensburg tonight for the first time, since the regular coachman injured himself. Johann has a long horse-whip, a brace of pistols and plenty of shot and powder to protect the horses against wolves and bandits.



JOHANN STRUDDLEHAUSER, Age 27, Coachman

STR 18 CON 18 SIZ 18 INT 9 POW 10
DEX 10 APP 8 EDU 3 SAN 50 HP 18

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: Fis/Punch 55%, damage 1D6 +db

Flintlock Pistol (two) 35%, damage 1D6+1

Horse-Whip 40%, damage 1D2

Skills: Bargain 20%, Climb 80%, Dodge 40%, Drive Carriage 45%, English 10%, German 45%, Hide 20%, Jump 80%, Listen 50%, Mechanical Repair 45%, Ride 70%, Spot Hidden 45%, Swim 80%, Throw 80%.

Quote: 'Do not worry! You are perfectly safe!'

MISS BELINDA CHADAVER. She is a modest, innocent English girl, not too clever, pretty and fashionably dressed. She longs for a girl-chum, someone to confide in, like the ones she left at her dear boarding school. While not mercenary, she believes that her chance for success in this world depends on an advantageous marriage. She travels with Mama to the town of Karlensburg, where Papa has accepted a minor diplomatic position.



BELINDA, Age 18, Dutiful Daughter

STR 10 CON 14 SIZ 10 INT 11 POW 11
DEX 12 APP 14 EDU 12 SAN 55 HP 12

Damage Bonus: 0.

Weapons: Hat Pin 55%, damage 1D3

Fingernails 45%, damage 1D2

Skills: Accounting 10%, Art (Sing) 40%, Art (Watercolor) 25%, Botany 25%, Dodge 30%, Fast Talk 45%, French 45%, Hide 35%, Listen 30%, Natural History 30%, Obey Mama 75%, Ride 40%.

Quote: 'Yes, ma-mahl'

Mrs. BEATRICE CHADAVER. She is a formidable English matron, genuinely fond of her daughter, Belinda, but also is vain, hypocritical, and without good taste, as her overly-beribboned clothing, and ostentatious jewelry betray. Chief amongst the jewelry is a heavy silver chain and crucifix fashionable this season in St. Moritz.



She has two things on her mind. The first is an advantageous marriage for Belinda, and secondly the forthcoming meeting with her husband in Karlensburg, whose small salary cannot support her current level of income.

BEATRICE CHADAVER, Age 37, English Matron

STR 10 CON 16 SIZ 15 INT 10 POW 10
DEX 13 APP 8 EDU 12 SAN 50 HP 16

Damage Bonus: 1D4.

Weapons: Hammer With Silver Crucifix 35%, damage 1D4
Fingernails 45%, damage 1D2

Skills: Art (Piano) 40%, Art (Sing) 10%, Bargain 55%, Credit Rating 45%, Dodge 35%, Envy 90%, Fast Talk 65%, French 20%, Hide 15%, Persuade 20%, Psychology 45%, Sing 10%, Sneak 60%.

Quote: 'That is hopelessly out of fashion.'

PHILLIPE d'ISIGNY, Baron. He is handsome, charming, and melancholy. He is sadly reduced in circumstances, his ancestral lands lost in the Revolution, his inheritance squandered by his father, his own earnings spent to pay numerous debts of honor after his father's suicide. He is traveling to take up a position as secretary to the French ambassador.



This duchy is an outpost of civilization. The journey has been rough, the food dreadful, and the company lacking all flair—an ignorant English woman and her immature daughter (to whom his code of honor demands that he attend), a boorish merchant, and the merchant's commoner pupil. Phillipe longs for gentle company.

PHILLIPE d'ISIGNY, Age 24, Penniless Nobleman

STR 12 CON 11 SIZ 13 INT 14 POW 13
DEX 14 APP 16 EDU 18 SAN 65 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Dueling Pistol 35%, damage 1D6+1
Sabre 55%, damage 1D8

Skills: Art (Oratory) 60%, Art (Schubert Lieder) 35%, Astronomy 30%, Code Of Honor 90%, Credit Rating 40%, Dodge 40%, Fast Talk 40%, French 70%, German 40%, Hide 35%, History 40%, Latin 35%, Library Use 50%, Listen 45%, Occult 25%, Persuade 50%, Psychology 40%, Ride 60%, Spot Hidden 50%.

Quote: 'Some day I will restore my fortunes.'

YURIK DROZOPCZECH. This youth is plain, determined, intelligent and scrupulously honest, although extremely poor. He has been taken into trade by a distant relative, Anton Berrudczech, for whom he intends to work hard, although he has had already occasion to note the other's shoddy business practices. He informs his cousin whenever he spots opportunity for innovation or expansion in the business.

YURIK DROZOPCZECH, Age 18, Idealistic Clerk

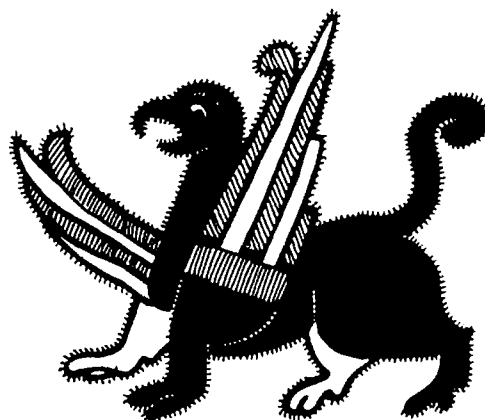
STR 15 CON 14 SIZ 14
INT 15 POW 9 DEX 14
APP 11 EDU 12 SAN 45
HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapon: Club 45%, damage 1D8 +db

Skills: Accounting 40%, Art (Oratory) 35%, Bargain 40%, Climb 65%, Credit Rating 35%, English 25%, First Aid 35%, French 20%, German 40%, Hide 40%, Listen 45%, Polish 75%, Serbian 15%, Spot Hidden 65%, Throw 55%, Track 55%.

Quote: 'For why do we have all these forks, Uncle?' ■



An Alien Kicked Sand In My Face!

Let's see: unbuttoned Kingston Trio shirt, check; blanket, check; board, check; board wax, check; crew-cut wax, check; sunglasses, check; best girl, yup; big bulky radio, check . . .

THIS STORY happens one summer sometime during the late 1950s or early 1960s, and it stars a sanitized version of Southern California's adolescent surf culture. The model teens of the story engage in all the pastimes of their era: love, politely rebellious music, flirting, bad surfing, and worrying about pimples.

This is an excellent scenario with which to introduce role-playing, and could be presented at a small party. There are plenty of good roles for women, and many people understand the conventions of teen surf movies. The run-time of this film will probably be less than two hours. Nonetheless, its casual structure demands considerable attention from the keeper, who might pay particular attention to the mistaken identities and motives (which activate all farce), as well as how to stage the isolated episodes in the section *The Story Develops*.

Do not forget the roots of this adventure: it is a musical teen surf horror movie, and each of those themes must be developed and made fun. Fortunately, the player-characters are Hollywood's idea of average teens of the time: all the actors are really ten years older than they are supposed to be, they never have pimples, never talk about sex, and they say and do things so stiffly and stupidly that no real teen would ever dream of being like them.

Background

For instance, in this sort of movie the lead players speak straight English and use interjections like 'Gosh,' 'Damn it!' and 'Gee whiz,' since people who could be their parents and grand-parents are writing the lines. Sayings such as "Like wow, daddy-o!" "Dig that gone chick!" "Cool!" "Groovy!" and other 1950s hipster expressions are only usable by peripheral characters not intended to be role-models.

It is endless summer at the beach, where boys flex muscles and girls sport bright two-piece suits decorated with buttons, ruffles, and scallops. A 'bikini' in this time and place is a two-piece suit cut just below the navel. Beach-film star and Good Girl Annette Funicello sticks to one-piece suits. Later on, nascent hippy beach girls would dare to wear actual bikinis (and bad hippy girls would

have fringe a-dangling). Nice girls do not display their belly-buttons in the 1950s, though it is permissible if the suit slips that a wink be granted. Those navels that are glimpsed are always innies. Guys wear trim boxer-style trunks; only lifeguards and poseurs can wear tank suits.

Our heroes and heroines are petty, selfish, shallow, and melodramatic. They get to spout homilies at their teen audience, alienate them, and help widen what will become known as the generation gap. Their screen romances always are as G-rated as any parent could ever want. The cast is white-skinned. Social discussions include how to ease the anxieties of someone who is embarrassed about being poor or, more rarely, the pitiable case of someone who persists in being bad. The main villainies are jealousy and being stuck up.

The player-characters sing, swim, indulge in horse-play, fall in and out of love every day or so, and get suntans so dark that, when they are 45, their stretched and wrinkled kneecaps will hang like turkey wattles.

Keeper Information

Aliens from outer space want to infiltrate and take over America, because whoever rules America rules the world. After studying the situation through their hi-tech TV sets, they think that the nation is ripe for the plucking. They plan to duplicate and then to take the place of America's Best Teens, who will one day be America's Best Leaders. This process of duplication is called *doppelganging*; to learn about it, see the nearby box with that title.

Because the plot is so flimsy, a lot of character interaction is essential for the flavor and enjoyment of the game. These interactions are set by the genre and revolve around Dee-Dee and Moon Dog, a sweet couple who are now *Going Steady*. For most of the game, their increasing jealousies drive each other to greater acts of petty teen vengeance, until the end of the story where they kiss and make up. For the game to work properly, it is vital that Moon Dog be a player-character, and very desirable that Dee-Dee be a player-character too.

United Universal International

Presents

"COOL CATS" VS.
SPACE MONSTERS!

AN ALIEN KICKED SAND IN MY FACE

From
OUTER SPACE
To The
OCEAN DEPTHS!



starring EDDIE REEVES and DONNA CASSMAN

The keeper fosters jealousies and complications by using the non-player-characters Erik von Rottweiler (teen biker Bad Boy) and Angelique (uninhibited exchange student from France). These two have crushes on Dee-Dee and Moon Dog, respectively, and compete for their attention. Moon Dog can be made jealous of Erik, and Dee-Dee can be made jealous of Angelique.

The Twists

The Aliens envy America and everything that it stands for. They Want Our Women, and will go to any length to acquire them. Apparently the Aliens have no gender of their own; nonetheless, they are jealous of everyone who is good-looking.

Their favorite vengeance is to duplicate a victim by obtaining genetic material through intimate contact. After a teen is doppelganged, the victim is left alive, but suffers terrible teen beauty problems, while the doppelganging alien takes on the personality opposite to the original. Doppelganged, sweet Dee-Dee becomes a Bad Girl, wholesome Moon Dog becomes a Bad Boy, dumb Moose gets smart, nerdy Marvin turns hip, tomboy Gidget becomes seductive, and pushy Connie becomes sweet and kindly. Flexible roleplayers may enjoy playing the doppelgangers of their characters, as well as the originals. Be sure to explain what is happening to the players.

The teen beauty problems can be described as direly as the keeper wishes, but in the film the victims' hair is just a little mussed—nonetheless, nobody can recognize them.

Since Aliens grasp Teen Surf Culture even more poorly than do human adults, the Aliens constantly make mistakes with the language, exposing their ignorance concerning surfboards, sun-cream, hamburgers, and school gossip.

To start with, only non-player-characters and unused investigators should be doppelganged, but later on the keeper should try to doppelgang everybody. There is no way to un-doppelgang characters until the end of the story, when Moon Dog and the Marines save the day.

The Narrative

SUMMER vacation has come! Dee-Dee, Connie, Gidget, and their girlfriends have headed to Sandy Beach in Dee-Dee's father's convertible. They go there each summer to get a suntan and boys. Likewise, Moon Dog, Moose, Marvin and their buddies have headed for the surf and sun. Moon Dog drives a nifty modified Model-A with an ah-ooo-gah horn and an en-

Teenage Horror At The Beach

This scenario is blended from three popular genre film premises. The first is Hideous Things Want Our Women. This premise is as old as film: titles as diverse as *Flash Gordon* (1936), *King Kong* (1933), *The Creature from the Black Lagoon* (1954), *The Phantom of the Opera* (1925), *Mars Needs Women* (1966), and *Humanoids From The Deep* (1980) do not begin to show the frequency of this motif, the kernel of which pops up in every sort of genre—war stories, James Bond films, etc., changing only in the depiction and character of the Hideous Thing.

The second is that People Are Becoming Aliens. This notion became popular with *Invaders From Mars* (1953), *Invasion of the Body-Snatchers* (1956) and *It Came From Outer Space* (1953), and fructifies in the 1970s and 1980s with an avalanche of demon-possession and zombie pictures, but fine earlier films such as *Dracula* (1931) and *Svengali* (1931)

display the theme, as does for instance the very different *The Haunting* (1963). The obverse theme, of the protean alien, seems to have been run to exhaustion in the remake of *The Thing* (1982) and in the original *Alien* (1979). The idea has become a way to introduce special effects, and is no longer used to discuss human perception and consciousness.

The third premise is that Utopia Is A Beach. With Hollywood's discovery of the teen market in the 1950s also came the realization that the only acceptable way to undress them was to put them in swimsuits at the beach. Beaches were at hand. The crucial tension in the films predictably is between the apparent sexual accessibility of the teenagers and their resolute transcendence of carnal desire in favor of forbearance and good reputation. *Beach Party* (1963), *Muscle Beach Party* (1964), *Bikini Beach* (1964), and *Beach Blanket Bingo* (1965) are the classics, all starring

Frankie Avalon and Annette Funicello. These sorts of films (with considerably less clothing on the females) are still being made, and in the same mindless manner. Wherever horror was not an important marketing feature, teen music was. And this scenario also includes some of that.

Representative teenagers-facing-monsters-at-the-beach films include *The Cape Canaveral Monsters* (1960) and *Horror at Party Beach* (1964). Despite the title, *Beach Girls and the Monster* (1963) is not recommended. The greatest teenage horror epic, *The Blob* (1958), did not happen at the beach, since small-town settings were required, but its portrayal of teenage angst and adult stupidity is archetypal. The best recent 'teenage' evocation of the era, though not the beach, is John Water's tongue-in-cheek *Hairspray* (1988), made for the adults those previous teenagers had become. By then Sonny Bono is monster enough.

Doppelganging: Cause & Effect

Aliens doppelgang the teenagers by French Kissing them. In this era, every teen knows that French Kissing is something so sexy (and so gross) that even daring teens do it only under blankets, behind bushes, or in the dark. Because each Alien is incredibly ugly, getting a teen to French Kiss is understandably difficult, and requires great guile and cleverness.

The usual Alien doppelganging tactic is to try to make out with a teen at night in some dark spot (like behind bushes or under a beach blanket) where the Alien's hideousness will not be noticed. If an Alien gets to First Base with a partner, the Alien then attempts a French Kiss by guile or by force. (No Good Boy would think of doing this.)

Once the target has been French Kissed, he or she loses 1D20 APP in the form of warts, greasy complexion, bad breath, skin blemishes, and untidy hair. Teeth may spring back to the way they would have been had not braces been applied. In consequence, most victims naturally hide in their rooms and refuse to come out.

The Alien immediately assumes the appearance that the victim had before French Kissing, and is ready to enter Teen society. This Alien can then lure another teen into a darkened spot, and then switch with a second Alien so that the new one can French Kiss and metamorphose.

The victimized teen is immediately hardly recognizable, and with a negative APP costs Q1D4 Sanity points to see. The Aliens do not kill the victims that they duplicate, since that would make the movie too serious.

gine capable of making lunar orbit. Every summer has been and will always be like this.

Credits

Through a spaceship porthole the audience can see a shiny, wooden-looking planet Earth turning slowly against the flat, painted stars. On the wall of the spacecraft the shadow of a fish-man gestures maniacally. Beneath the porthole is a high-tech black and white television set with three vacuum tubes on top. It displays a grainy picture of Moon Dog and Dee-Dee on Sandy Beach. The scene cuts to the real beach, where all the teens are dancing vigorously to an inane theme song. Keepers, pick your favorite surf song and hum it, or make one up. Jan & Dean's "Surf City" ("Two girls for every boy-oy-oy") works well. Try to find a way of including our title line, 'An alien kicked sand in my face.'*

The camera zooms in on each player-character as the theme song plays.

Each player-character speaks a line that introduces them to the audience. If nothing else, each can use his or her quote. For example, Moon Dog might say, "Let's go neck by the water, Dee-Dee" And Dee-Dee might reply, "But Mom said I have to be in by nine, Moon Doggy." Ask each player-character what he or she is doing while uttering the line. Meanwhile, the perky title music continues to play.

Though this is pretty advanced editing for the time, all the major non-player-characters are also introduced now.

- Erik von Rottweiler sits on a grassy hill, leaning against his cool 100cc Honda motorbike, drinking something that might be beer but that is never so-identified.
- Angelique serves fries at the Coco-Hut, sneering at nice teenagers who order politely.
- Daddy-o, the Coco-Hut's owner, strokes his goatee, picks up his bongos, and begins to wail.

Describe these characters in a line or two, and list the people who play them as your favorite stars from the era. Finally, the title of the film appears, *An Alien Kicked Sand in My Face*, and our story begins.

The Aliens Land

The sun sets into the sea. Cut to a bonfire on the beach, with all the gang gathered around. It is night, and Sandy Beach is swarming with teens. There are guitars, bongos, burgers, bottles of unlabeled colas, hula-hoops, and surfboards in evidence. There is no beer. No one smokes. No one curses. Boys who say anything risqué immediately are slapped. But bulky beach-blankets conceal necking couples, and other couples stroll hand-in-hand into the dunes and grass that separate the beach from the parallel highway beyond.

Title Song Lyrics

Here are some words, but you'll have to make up the music yourself. Imagine that Pat Boone is singing.

Wella, wella, an alien kicked sand in my face;
It really wasn't a great disgrace;
I might have tried it in his place,
'Cause my beach-lovin' Dee-Dee's
So pretty!

[chorus: make weird gestures like aliens do]

Ooh, those A-li-ens, those A-li-ens
—on a weekend from Mars
They liked our girls and our cars—
Ooh, those A-li-ens, A-li-ens!

[verse]

Wella, wella, the cat was only three feet tall,
Not big enough to throw a beach ball,
But he sure knew how to make the best call,
'Cause my beach-lovin' Dee-Dee's
So pretty! *[And so on.]*

[Fellas, Dee-Dee gets her name in the verses because she's the star, but you can substitute YOUR gal's name. Come on, all join in.]

Up the beach are two palm-frond beach huts, a wooden female's swimsuit hanging in front of one, and a wooden male's swimsuit hanging from the other. These are change rooms as well as toilets, big enough that each sex has a private and decent place in which to discuss important events.

Not far away are the neon lights of the Coco-Hut, where the gang likes to gather. Looming in the distance, half a mile out to sea is infamous Devil's Rock, into which legend has it that many a surfer has been washed by the rare but deadly 'Zuma Undertow.

Around The Bonfire

All the player-characters are sitting around the fire, along with lots of extras of both sexes. The number of these extras proves the popularity of the Sandy Beach gang.

As usual, Connie, Marvin, Moose and Gidget are without dates. Many of the male extras show interest in Connie (too thin), but not Gidget. Female extras shun Marvin (he wears glasses) but are interested by Moose's bulging muscles. Dee-Dee and Moon Dog cuddle on a blanket together, gazing out to sea at haystack-shaped Devil's Rock.

One of the guys (call him Hooch) takes Moon Dog behind a dune where a friend jumps out wearing a Fish-Monster mask. Hooch has several more. He bought them to scare the girls with, as a joke. Does Moon Dog want wear one?

Angelique

This deep conversation is interrupted by wolf-whistles from down the beach. All the boys at the bonfire turn and ogle at a stacked blonde dressed in a navel-revealing two-piece ruffled suit and an open shirt with the collar pulled up. Angelique has come down to the beach because she heard that there was a party. All the girls sneer among themselves.

Angelique makes all the girls jealous and all the boys depressed and love-sick. She is an exchange student from France holidaying at Sandy Beach. She has a part-time job at the Coco-Hut making the best french-fries in town.

Angelique is friendly to all the boys, but because she's French, all the guys think that she's 'easy,' and so they are afraid to ask her out, since they're all Good Boys. Male extras snared by Connie instantly abandon her in favor of Angelique.

Cowed boys swagger and report that "I couldn't get to first base with that chick," even though they never asked her out. "I bet Moon Dog could," replies a friend. "Wise up, meat-heads!" says a third chum, "Moon Dog only digs Dee-Dee."

Meanwhile the girls pout and say things like, "I asked Hooch what she has that I don't, and he said, 'Bigger ruffles!'" The other girls commiserate with her.

Angelique is interested in the hula-hoops, as she's never seen one before. She wants to learn how to use one. A dozen boys run to help her learn, and any of the player-character boys can be first. Now is a chance for them to show off APP x4 rolls, Fast Talks, even Credit Rating rolls

Devil's Rock

The tiny island where the flash of light occurred is known as Devil's Rock. Many surfers have been injured trying to surf around it. The beach patrol has declared it publicly unsafe because of hidden rocks and rip tides. A prominent sign warns swimmers away. That is why the Aliens have landed there.

Anyone attempting to swim or surf around the area is dumped by great waves that crash over the rocks, doing 1D6 damage. A successful Surfing or Swim roll halves the damage (round up). The heavy swells persist much of the game. The deadly 'Zuma undertow is strongest here.

in order to impress her and be the one who fits the hoop around her bare waist.

When Moon Dog gets his chance, request a DEX x3 roll for him: failing, he slips in the sand and Angelique's vigorous swing of the hula-hoop roll smacks Moon Dog right in the temple, stunning him for a few moments. Keepers, this incident is important: it sets up the schlocky 'Was it all a dream?' ending.

Something Unusual Happens

Cut to the night sky, where a faint moving light grows brighter and brighter. We immediately understand that this steady light is nothing like an airplane, because strange music suddenly begins to sound, a theramin playing oooo-OOOO-oooo in a minor key.

Marvin's telescope lies in the sand. Anyone using it and receiving a successful Idea roll notices that the weird light looks like a flying saucer.

Hooch jokes weakly about someone stopping pointing the flashlight into the sky, but the joke goes flat. If any of the player-character girls receive failing POW x3 rolls, they ask to cuddle closer with their boyfriends. If any of the player-character boys receiving failing results, they all gulp to think they might actually have to protect their girls.

And as the camera zooms toward the dark bulk of Devil's Rock, light begins to wink from behind it. We cannot see the source: oooo-OOO-oooo once again.

At The Pentagon

Meanwhile, in another part of America, an American flag flutters in the wind, and reverently rhythmic martial music plays. While the music continues, we cut to a stock aerial shot of the Pentagon, and then to a command center inside, where one private laboriously pecks on an enormous black manual typewriter while four more privates man a ham radio, a spark generator, two television sets, a round traffic-control-style radar screen showing all of North America, and a Heathkit oscilloscope. An emergency alarm sounds and a sign flashes: *UFO Alert!*

One of the young, earnest, well-shaven PFCs says to the no-guff-but-kindly three-star general in charge, "Aliens, Sir!"

"Where, son?" is the stern-but-competent reply.

The PFC puts his finger on a large winking circle on the screen. It's in Southern California!

"Increase the resolution, son."

The map of North America changes into a map of Los Angeles. One portion of Malibu is labeled Sandy Beach. A big X flashes there.

Another private fetches an IBM punch card. "Here's the analysis, sir. Sandy Beach!"

The general swiftly comprehends its significance. "Oh my God! Sound the scramble! X-5 priority! There are *teenagers* out there!"

Sandy Beach

We cut back to the beach where doppelganging is already under way. A couple is necking under a blanket. We see some restrained but potentially sexy movements, then a dim human figure emerges, and runs away screaming. Then a girl, the Alien doppelganger, emerges from under the blanket, fixes her hair, and smugly walks away.

Tracking on, we come across her boyfriend, who wakes groggily in the grasses twenty feet away, rubs his head where he was konked, and calls out in bewilderment, "Suzie? Suzie, what happened? Suzie, where are you?"

And tracking on another fifty feet, we see two Aliens peering over a dune, watching the proceedings. The Aliens are slimy, rubbery, fish-like humanoids with yellow (well, they would be yellow if this film weren't in black-and-white) slitted eyes. They have two rows of tiny, pointed teeth surrounded by broad, bulbous lips. Their probing tongues are a little longer than a human's. Although they look slimy, their skin is dry and slightly scaly to touch.

Fortunately, even though they do not understand us, they speak English. "Commander Zarko, our plan appears to be succeeding," one says.

"Do not be so sure, lieutenant," the other replies. "We have much yet to accomplish, and the humans may prove to be clever foes." The scene fades.

The Story Develops

THE FOLLOWING scenes should be run in a quick, slapdash fashion, in any desired sequence. The story will evolve whether or not there's a plot, so relax and have fun. Since there is so much misidentification, most incidents are better set at night—it's hard to

believe, for instance, that all the doppelganged teens can otherwise wander around Sandy Beach without being spotted by keen-eyed Agent Chip.

Pajama Party

This set of scenes lets players get used to their characters, and in the film gives the female player-characters another chance to look cute. Non-player-characters can provoke reactions, but let the players get into character and build up loyalties toward each other first.

Daddy-o has agreed to close the Coco-Hut for one night so that all the girls can hold a pajama party there. The boys overhear, and organize a late-night visit.

The Coco-Hut's signs are off. A big notice on the door reads:

CLOSED TONIGHT ONLY—PRIVATE PARTY

Inside, the Hut is a big room decorated with rattan furniture, fake palm leaves, and big cut-out paintings of dancing Central American peasants. Candles in empty wine bottles inundated with cascades of old wax are on each table. Some tables have been shoved aside so that cots can be set up side by side, like a dormitory.

Daddy-o is so hip that he has left the cola cooler open, and invited the girls to make burgers for themselves. "Just you hip chicks remember to clean the grill, dig?" He adjusts his beret, straightens his sun glasses and, snapping his fingers, dances out into the night.

All the girls (even Angelique, since they're at the Hut) attend. They change out of their white pedal-pushers into their best baby-doll pajamas, and sit curling their hair, spinning platters, talking about boys, and telling spooky stories in the candle-light. Outside the Hut, the boys are listening in, barely stifling giggles and gratefully studying the cute girls in their demure sleep-wear.

The boy extras nudge each other, but get no lines. Everyone thinks that Dee-Dee is a knockout in a nightie. Eventually some boys try to get Moose to poke more holes in the wall so that they can see in, too. If Moose does this, then the wall likely caves in.

Angelique provokes the anger of the other girls by making comments about all the boys. She doesn't see why they all fuss over Moon Dog (who's so short), or Moose (who lacks intelligence) and Marvin (who wears glasses and is a Brain). The eaves-dropping boys gasp to learn that the girls talk this frankly about them.

Donna, the Alien-who-is-now-a-girl, is also present. She tries to learn as much as possible about teen culture and who or what is the Great Cahouna. She asks a lot of personal questions about Moon Dog: how long is his surfboard? does he have a mate? is he a great leader? how many men does he command? what sort of arms does he have?

Hopefully her questions leave the girls confused, and asking questions of their own, so we cut to the moonlit surf, where eery wakes in the sea forge toward shore. The

Aliens move unnoticed up the beach. Slimy, rubbery, webbed hands reach out.

Call for a DEX x3 roll for Moose. With a success, he does not stumble and push the wall in, but the Aliens begin to doppelgang isolated boys to the accompaniment of more weird music. With a failure, he does push in the wall, and the boys crowd in, whooping, while the screaming girls throw their pillows.

Play the scene out as desired. Typically, either all the girls would be insulted and thereafter give the boys the cold shoulder for a while, or else the boys would apologize for barging in and the teens would stage an impromptu dance. (The girls had brought along their crinoline skirts just in case.)

Significantly in either case, the player-characters need only successful Idea rolls to notice that some of the teens now seem stiff, and awkward, and definitely seem to be having no fun.

Some Doppelgangings

Teens neck all the time, for any excuse. Now whenever teens start to neck, Aliens lurk nearby to attempt a doppelganging. Here are some ideas for such scenes.

- Some boys have brought funny masks to scare the girls: Hooch's fish-monster masks which looks amazingly like the Aliens, and offer great possibilities for confusions, as well as Dracula, Frankenstein and all the classic Universal monsters. They sneak up on the girls at midnight, when all the girls have on their mud-packs. When the boy puts his head in the window, the girl looks up in surprise. Each of them loses 0/1D6 Sanity points in shock. Later, a girl can mistake an Alien as a boy in a mask.
- During a necking-under-the-blankets scene, an Alien sneaks under the blankets to take the boy's place. The girl doesn't notice, except that the boy is especially amorous. Once the alien has French-kissed the girl, she suffers the APP loss mentioned, and the alien slips away, looking like the girl.
- A boy and girl get changed to go swimming. They undress on opposite sides of a rock, throwing clothes up onto the rock as they go. While they are talking, an alien sneaks up on the boy and taps him on the shoulder. As the boy turns around, the alien French Kisses him before he realizes that it's not his girlfriend. Meanwhile, the girl notices nothing.

Erik, Moon Dog, & Dee-Dee

Erik is Moon Dog's biggest rival. He is jealous of Moon Dog's love for Dee-Dee. Sometime during a romantic interlude, or perhaps at the pajama party, Erik and his gang break in on Moon Dog and Dee-Dee cuddling together. Erik wants to impress Dee-Dee by intimidating Moon Dog and by taking her for a ride on his Honda motorbike.

After enough blustering and posturing, Erik leaves, threatening dire consequences to Moon Dog. With an INT x5 roll, Dee-Dee sees in Erik's crude competition a way

to make Moon Dog jealous, and a way to punish Moon Dog just a little for ogling Angelique.

If Dee-Dee rides off with Erik, then he tries to take liberties with her, until she must either leave him or receive a Sanity roll (lose 1/1D10 Sanity points) for un-Good-Girl-like behavior.

Donna-the-Alien is impressed by Erik's leadership qualities. She might try to go with them in order to doppelgang Erik, and Dee-Dee might want her there to keep things from getting Serious.

The Fright In The Dunes

Eerie rustling in the dune grasses turn out to be a bewildered hag who claims to be Angelique. Angelique has been doppelganged! The poor girl has APP -4! She throws herself on Moon Dog and Moose, pleading incoherently for help: call for Sanity rolls for both (costing 1/1D4 Sanity points, and require a POW x1 or less D100 result or each runs shrieking down the beach.

If one of them is able to stay, Angelique has just been able to convince him that Something Strange is happening at the beach when Alien-Angelique appears to deny everything. Then she shyly asks if the boy would like to stroll with her down the beach. Anyone necking with Angelique will be doppelganged.

Ominously, the next day the fake Angelique's french-fries taste awful.

Special Agent Chip

Secretly, to avoid needlessly alarming the public, the Pentagon quickly despatches forces toward Sandy Beach. While the convoys roll and airmen scramble to their F-86s, Special Agent Chip of the FBI is able to reach the scene. He is to investigate and report on Alien activity detected. Special Agent Chip's suspicions are quickly aroused by the strange behavior of the teens. Their consumption of strange foods (pizza), their weird alien devices (surfboards, bongos, 45rpm records), and their strange Alien music (Bill Haley or Little Richard show up and do a one-song cameo 'on the radio') all confirm his worst fears.

The brave Special Agent attempts a one-man covert operation at the Coco-hut to snatch Daddy-o, whom Chip believes to be the Master Alien.

This scene is best run when some of the player-characters are at the Coco-Hut or on their way there. Special Agent Chip does not explain himself to the player-characters (why bother? —they're all Aliens).

He leads Daddy-o from the cafe "for a quiet chat." Daddy-o is infinitely cool and convinces the player-characters that all is well.

But Alien-Angelique acts concerned for Daddy-o, and insists that the player-characters rescue him. Actually, of course, she is afraid of being found out, and wants to continue to divert Special Agent Chip's attentions.

Chip has commandeered a laundry truck. He puts Daddy-o in the back, ties him up with ripped sheets, and drives up the beach for an interrogation. That night Daddy-o could stumble around in the dark, covered with a sheet and be mistaken for a ghost.

Erik The Rat

As the teens are doppelganged one by one, Erik-the-Alien appears. This new Erik is gentle, suave, and courtly—Dracula in leather. He now leads the gang at the beach. Those left as their true selves are too dumb for the Aliens to want to doppelgang, and too dumb to notice the changes.

As Erik arrives, the dunes are crawling with fish-monsters, each drooling for a chance to doppelgang. Erik tries to lure the girls; he especially has his eye on Dee-Dee, but may try first for Gidget, to test his approach on a more vulnerable specimen.

Erik tries hard to make friends and apologizes for his previous Badness. To prove he isn't lying, he has brought chocolates to sniff and flowers to eat (he's an Alien, remember). He hides these behind his back, but the girl can still see what they are.

"Hold out your hands and shut your eyes, and I'll give you a surprise," he says. As soon as the girl shuts her eyes, Erik places flowers in her hands, and an alien leaps out and French Kisses her.

Help! Help!

What's happened to all the teens who already have been doppelganged? They wander up and down the beach hiding from passersby, or else are in their rooms at home hiding from everybody. So would you, if you suddenly turned inexplicably ugly.

Doppelganged, a teenager loses 1D20 APP. If a teen's APP becomes zero or negative, each time a normal teen sees their lank, greasy hair, crooked yellow teeth, and blemish-pocked faces, the normal teen loses 0/1D4 Sanity points and needs a D100 roll of POW x3 or less not to scream and run away. Parents and other adults do not seem to notice any difference, but what do they know?

Doppelganged extras hide in the dune grass and peek out at player-characters, whimpering and adding to the confusion about monsters at Sandy Beach.

Doppelganged player-characters will ask help from their friends, but the normal-seeming teens often turn out to be Aliens who lie through their teeth about who the ugly teens are. "Oh, that's Walrus Winnie, my sister. Daddy doesn't let her out of the house because she's soooo embarrassing to me, but she got out anyway. Just ignore her."

Doppelganged teens have mouthfuls of crooked teeth, so normal teens have difficulty understanding what they are saying, and must receive successful Idea rolls first. But the ugly teens can hear each other normally.

Chip Strikes Again

Having failed to make sense of Daddy-o's alien speech patterns ('Like wow, my man, be thou of the coolest—these kids are hip!') Special Agent Chip bags himself a player-character to question.

Ideally he kidnaps Marvin, Connie, or Moose, since these characters leave the worst initial impression on him. Chip is so strangely dressed (black suit, black tie, white shirt, white socks, black shiny shoes) that they may mistake him for an alien.

The interrogation should be run as a farcical set of misunderstandings. Chip's questions include: "Who is your leader?" "Where are your fellows?" "How many are you?" "Where is your vehicle?" "What propulsion system does your vehicle use?" "What do you hope to gain by resisting us?" By the time that the player-character realizes that Chip is also looking for aliens, he may be damned by his own queries.

Another Reason For True Love

Every teen couple maintains a psychic link which is generated by True Love. Were Dee-Dee kidnaped, Moon Dog would know it immediately. If a pair are not quite a couple, the one who *should be* attracted (such as Gidget for Moose, or Moose for Gidget, or Marvin for Connie or Connie for Marvin) nonetheless mysteriously knows that Something Is Wrong. True love is a handy plot device.

Consequently the other player-characters always know to search for the one who has been taken by Agent Chip. They eventually find the laundry van parked in a secluded spot up the beach. The missing investigator is tied up there, as is Daddy-o.

During the rescue, there is no sign of Agent Chip. The camera cuts to some nearby bushes, where Agent Chip radios his base: "That's right sir. A full alien attack! They're rescuing their fellows. Call in the Marines!"

Chip may be overpowered after this point. At this stage he identifies himself as FBI. They are arrested as Illegal Aliens. Even if tied up, Chip interrogates the investigators, demanding Just The Facts.

The Marines

The 1st Marine division from Camp Pendleton arrives just then—landing craft, helicopters, tanks, whatever file clips the editing department wants to splice in. Somehow the Pentagon major-general we met earlier has taken command, and has found Special Agent Chip.

Chip advises that they detain all player-characters, including any who have been doppelganged.

The Alien-teens are not arrested because they behave as adults think teens should—like utter Nazis. The real teens are imprisoned in the Coco-Hut, whose walls are still just as flimsy as when Moose pushed one in during the pajama party. Outside, they hear the general talking about moving them to a top-secret lab. Nothing that the teens do convinces their captors that they are human. All are downcast. But

this incident gives a fine opportunity for Moon-Dog and Dee-Dee to Make Up and sing a love duet.

Erik To The Rescue!

The camera cuts to a hillside road where the real, disfigured Erik watches. Torn between cynicism and Doing the Right Thing, he finally slinks to the Coco-Hut, where an unsuspecting motorcycle cop chats amiably with Special Agent Chip. Erik swiftly hot-wires the cycle and roars off, amid cries of theft.

In the next scene, Erik's cycle, lights and siren blazing, tears down the beach and crashes into the Coco-Hut. Erik pauses for a minute to look at the teens, who have a hard time recognizing him since he now looks like an authentic biker. "So whaddya you punks waitin' for?" he says softly, mocking his own pretensions, "Get outta here!" Then he revs up the bike and crashes through the other side. Choppers, squad cars and military jeeps race up the beach after him, leaving the Coco-Hut relatively unguarded and two teen-sized holes in the walls.

As the teens escape, the Alien doppelgangers move to intercept them. We haven't noticed it before, but the Aliens move slowly and in step with each other. They move vacantly during this scene, and we see them only from the back—they're doubles in wigs now. Happy surf music swells triumphantly as the teens break free.

Knowing that they are losing the fight, the Moon Dog doppelganger grabs the real Dee-Dee and drags her screaming down the beach. There two getaway surfboards stand upright in the sand. The Alien grabs one of them and paddles into the sea with Moon Dog's one True Love! A quick cut establishes his destination as the pounding surf of Devil's Rock.

This abduction costs Dee-Dee 3/1D10 Sanity points. If temporary insanity results, she has fainted but somehow manages to keep her hair dry.

Naturally the real Moon Dog sees all, grabs the other surfboard, and pursues. The climactic encounter is at hand.

One Cahouna

Marvin's telescope is still handy, and the Marines have lots of binoculars. Teens, Aliens and Marines, too watch spellbound as the two Cahounas settle each others' hash out by Devil's Rock. They roll and thrash in the water, as Dee-Dee wakes conveniently and poses attractively on the surfboard, reacting to every blow.

The real Moon Dog should win this fight, so fudge it. A couple of pulled punches later, Zarko drops to his knees. Moon Dog's DEX is much higher, and his anger is so intense that he grimaces for a moment.

Eventually Commander Zarko admits defeat and immediately turns into his old slimy self. "We thought to defeat you by attacking the young, but you are too mighty

for us. We will leave Earth. What must the adults be like if the young are so strong?"

At the mention of adults, the teenagers roll their eyes. Earth was lucky not to have to depend on the adults, who as usual had gotten everything wrong!

Dee-Dee is thrilled at the outcome, but if she has lingering doubts about whether Moon Dog is the real one, she asks him to tell her some lover's secret. Naturally he whispers the right answer. This being a family film, we do not hear what it is, but she flings her arms around him and gives him a firm kiss—not a soul kiss, but of the lingering ten-count sort: hot romance awaits.

They surf back on the same board, singing a duet. Maybe it's *An Alien Kicked Sand in My Face*, since that is the title song. Whatever the song, all the teens on the beach break into the same tune, while the dejected Aliens one by one return to their true ugly forms, and dejectedly swim back to Devil's Rock.

A young, earnest Marine asks the general, "Are they ours, sir?"

The general beams. "Sure, son. Just listen to them sing!"

Erik comes up to Moon Dog to shake his hand before he is taken to a reformatory for stealing a police vehicle, but with a successful Flirt roll Dee-Dee persuades the Highway patrolman to let him off with a warning, since Daddy-o says that there was no damage to the Hut, none at all.

Erik apologizes to Moon Dog and Dee-Dee and asks if he can join the gang at the beach. They generously agree, we hope.

Special Agent Chip comes up, carrying a surfboard. "Are these things much fun?" he asks, enthusiasm in his eyes. If assured that surfing is fun, Chip loosens his tie, then daringly takes it off altogether.

Moon Dog and Dee-Dee watch the flying saucer lift off from behind Devil's Rock and disappear into the stratosphere, never to return. The scene fades.

It Was All A Dream

Cut to a romantic night scene on the beach. Moon Dog is asleep on the sand, with a hula-hoop lying next to him. Dee-Dee is sitting over him, patting his hand. The teens are lighting a fire as evening approaches. There are no marines, no Aliens, nothing. A Fish Monster mask lays beside Moon Dog. Surely it was all a bad dream.

The camera pans across the teens faces as they stare into the fire and each other's eyes. The backdrop is lit up by an eerie light and a saucer-shaped object skims across the sea towards Devil's Rock. Cut to Marvin and Gidget chasing Marvin's battery-illuminated hula-hoop across the sand. Moon Dog loses 1/1D10 Sanity points and faints.

The words *The End . . . ?* roll up the screen.

Statistics

SPECIAL AGENT CHIP. He is smart and efficient, the youngest FBI man in service. Being the youngest, naturally he is also the best. But he has worked so hard to be a fine agent that he has little sense of fun and no understanding of teen culture. Everything at Sandy Beach is new and confusing. The Pentagon has asked him to determine if any of the teens have been affected by the Aliens. He tries to fit in and to protect his cover, but his black suit is easy to spot. His grasp of teen language is very poor. He knows the words but not how to use them. He will never be tempted to French Kiss any of the girls since he is incorruptible on the job, and hence has no chance of being doppelganged.

SPECIAL AGENT CHIP, Age 17, FBI Troubleshooter

STR 16 CON 14 SIZ 14 INT 18 POW 17

DEX 15 APP 18 EDU 17 SAN 85 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Unloaded Pistol 70%, threatens but cannot fire Fist/Punch 60%, damage sore jaw or disorientation

Skills: FBI Stuff 85%, Ignore Chance for Idea Roll 85%, Integrate with Teens 15%, Martial Arts 73%, Speak Teen 10%.

Quote: "That Caucasian female approximately 5'5" in height and of about 108 pounds without other identifying marks must be chilled wearing such a skimpy swimming garment."

ERIK von ROTTWEILER. He is a Teen Rebel who wears T-shirts with the sleeves cut off, a Brando-style cap, and a leather jacket. He leads a biker pack consisting of two girls (Salt and Pepper) and two guys (Jail-Bird and Picasso). They dress mostly like Erik, and all five ride Honda 100s, since the studio gets that model at a special fleet rate.

Among the gang at Sandy Beach, Erik makes passes at Dee-Dee to show up Moon Dog, his natural rival. In his heart, Erik would love to be in with the gang at the beach, but is too proud and too cool to admit it.

ERIK von ROTTWEILER, Age 18, Nearly Too Old

STR 15 CON 14 SIZ 15 INT 13 POW 14

DEX 12 APP 16 EDU 9 SAN 70 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist 75%, damage 1D3 +db

Kick 75%, damage 1D6 +db

Switchblade 50%, damage 1D6 +db

Skills: Comb Hair 85%, Chew Toothpick 60%, Flirt 70%, Kick Cans 55%, Ride Motor Bike 70%, Stare Moodyly 88%, Surf 60% (secret skill).

Quote: "You beach kids are wimps."

ERIK's TEEN GANG. **JB (Jail-Bird)** is enormous and rather stupid; he can open soda bottles with his eye socket; he wears a leather WWI aviator cap with goggles. **Picasso** is smaller and lighter than Jail-Bird; he is cowardly when Erik or JB are not around; he

wears a WWII German infantry helmet. **Salt** is a blonde who always wears a ponytail and a blouse with a collar that can be pushed up in the back; she is sultry and poses a lot. **Pepper** is a tougher-looking brunette who wears steel skewers in her hair to keep it gathered and to use them as weapons; she is so Bad that she has a pack of cigarettes in her purse and wears heavy makeup; she sneers at Good Girls.

DADDY-O BUKOVSKY. He is the hip-cat owner of the Coco-Hut, the best teen hangout in miles, a combination burger spot, beat coffeehouse, and band stand where teens can dance and talk without encountering adults. Daddy-o encompasses every possible cliché for beatniks, except anything illegal or controversial. Daddy-o loves to spoil his teens, and does everything they want; he has hip knowledge, but he's not a teen and there are no Negroes or deviants in this film, so that knowledge is unimportant. He's the teens' equivalent of Stephen Fetchit, tolerated because he's a ridiculous doormat.

ANGELIQUE. She is a voluptuous French exchange student with un-American morals and navel-revealing bikinis. Her nationality could easily be Swedish in this era. She is new to the U.S., and works at the Coco-Hut as a waitress. Her purpose is to innocently make all the boys crazy, and all the girls jealous. As a native of France, Angelique makes the best fries in Malibu.

TEEN EXTRAS. These may be used for color as needed. Their main function is to dance, surf or sit in groups smiling while the lead characters sing songs. The girls have names like Gloria and Bobbie, while the boys have names like Guppy and Hooch.

ALIENS FROM OUTER SPACE. Most Alien functions are explained in the Doppelganger box near the beginning of the scenario. An alien in its fish-form is identical to all other aliens, but takes on those characteristics and skills of that human who is doppelganged, except that DEX is halved and the Alien is ignorant about how it uses and comprehends its skills.

The Aliens do not like violence, and worry about the power of humans, but they are sneaky and want to get their way. It will not be funny or charming if any Aliens start to do much damage.

ALIENS, Fish People From Planet Tiszorchinol

STR 14 CON 13 SIZ 14 INT 14 POW 16

DEX 9 APP -5 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Claw 40%, damage 1D6 +db

Bite 25%, damage 1D4

Armor: 4-point scales

Skills: Act Woodenly 90%, Corrupt Teen Morality 55%, Doppelgang 95%, French Kiss 60%, Sneak 80%.

Sanity Loss: It costs 0/1D6 Sanity points to see an Alien; it costs 1D4/1D6 Sanity points to realize that you've kissed one.

Quote: "What is meant by this word—?"

Player Characters

CONNIE is a bleached blonde who wears eye shadow. She is almost as pretty as her best friend Dee-Dee, but friendship doesn't stop Connie from trying to steal her chum's boyfriends, but she is not a Bad Girl, either—teen relations are complex! Deep down she is jealous of Dee-Dee, but they work together to keep Moose and Moon Dog in line.



Marvin is a nice boy who blushes and turns away if Connie looks at him. He carries Dee-Dee's books, and this gets to Moon Dog.

Gidget is one of those enthusiastic, sporty types. She surfs, which is rare yet for girls, who mostly keep their hair dry. Gidget is useful in some of Connie's schemes, but will never get a man.

CONNIE STEVENS, Age 16, Teenage Best Friend

STR 9 CON 8 SIZ 8 INT 10 POW 15
DEX 12 APP 16 EDU 12 SAN 80 HP 8

Damage Bonus: 0.

Weapons: Slap 75%, the blow makes the boy's ears ring
Kick 75%, the blow makes the boy hop away in pain

Skills: Movie Trivia 35%, Fast Talk 45%, Flirt 60%, Get Jealous 80%, Model Swimsuit 83%, Sun Tanning 70%, Pout 60%, Scheme 70%.

Quote: "Oooh, Dee-Dee, look at his muscles!"

DEE-DEE. She is an all-American good girl, and all talk and no action. She thrives on male attention; her heart belongs to Moon Dog. She likes to make Moon Dog jealous because it keeps him on his toes and because he's so cute when he's jealous. If you think of Dee-Dee as looking like Annette Funicello, you would not be far wrong.



Connie is her best friend. Together they keep Moon Dog and Moose in line, and they do not tolerate any other

girls moving in on their guys. Marvin is very sweet, and useful for making Moon Dog jealous, since he carries her books everywhere.

Gidget is a pet project of Dee-Dee's. Gidget tries so hard to get a boy that she scares them off. If Dee-Dee could get her a boyfriend, then she wouldn't hang around Moon Dog anymore.

DEE-DEE, Age 16, Chaste Teen Queen

STR 9 CON 8 SIZ 8 INT 12 POW 16
DEX 12 APP 17 EDU 13 SAN 80 HP 8

Damage Bonus: 0.

Weapons: Slap 75%, the blow makes the ears ring
Kick 75%, the blow makes the boy hop away in pain

Skills: Art (Dance) 60%, Art (Sing) 40%, Fast Talk 45%, Flirt 60%, Get Jealous 85%, Gossip 50%, Model Swimsuit 85%, Pout 60%, Scheme 45%, Sun Tanning 70%.

Quote: "But I don't trust myself when we're alone, Moon Dog."

GIDGET. She is athletic and enthusiastic, and that seems to intimidate the guys. She wants to have a boyfriend and envies Dee-Dee because she is so attractive and has the most popular boy in school.

Moon Dog is attractive but Moose is her type—she's always gone for muscular men. Gidget gets along well with Moose and there may even be some budding romance. Certainly he enjoys taking her surfing. It is disconcerting to Gidget the way he slaps her on the shoulder just like one of the guys.

Connie is hard to figure out. One minute she likes Gidget, the next she doesn't. Marvin is a really nice guy and he's so smart but he's nothing to look at.

GIDGET, Age 15, Tomboy

STR 12 CON 10 SIZ 6 INT 12 POW 16
DEX 13 APP 14 EDU 11 SAN 80 HP 8

Damage Bonus: 0.

Weapons: Slap 75%, the blow makes the boy's ears ring
Kick 75%, the blow makes the boy hop away in pain

Skills: Arm Wrestle 75%, Fast Talk 35%, Flirt 15%, Get Jealous 30%, Movie Trivia 10%, Pout 45%, Sun Tanning 40%, Surfing 60%, Scheme 25%.

Quote: "This boy's all mine!"

MARVIN. He is a technical whiz-kid and Brain. He is short, skinny, pale and wears thick Buddy-Holly-style plastic-rim glasses. He does the gang's homework while they surf.

Marvin happily worships Dee-Dee. When he's not in the science lab, he carries her books. Connie is less intimidating than Dee-Dee, but that only makes him feel





less comfortable around her, since then he must take the initiative. Gidget is great, if only she wasn't so athletic—her shoulders are broader than Marvin's.

It's so embarrassing to be a Brain. Later on, when Marvin has made a fortune in electronics, lots of attractive girls will pay attention to him, but this summer not one gives him the time of day.

Moose is Marvin's closest friend. Moose's head is 100% muscle but he laughs at Marvin's corny jokes.

MARVIN, Age 16, Wimpy Intellectual

STR 8 CON 14 SIZ 7 INT 17 POW 10
DEX 9 APP 9 EDU 16 SAN 50 HP 11

Damage Bonus: -1D4.

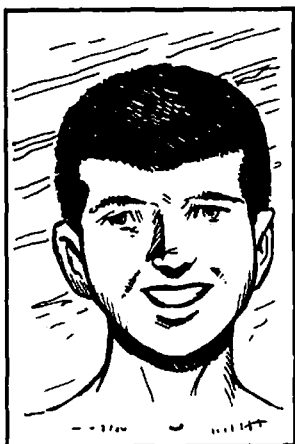
Weapons: none.

Skills: Answer Question Correctly 90%, Build Superweapon This Afternoon 65%, Do Homework 80%, Electrical Repair 65%, Fall Off Surfboard 85%, Flirt 05%, Mechanical Repair 65%, Surfing 15%, Understand Flying Saucer 50%.

Quote: "Math homework costs extra."

MOON DOG. He has dark, curly hair, a boyish face and a ready smile. He is the most popular guy in the gang, its natural leader and all the girls love him. He resembles Frankie Avalon.

He is an outrageous flirt but only loves Dee-Dee. She often tries to make him jealous, and Moon Dog always falls for it. Moose is his best buddy; they often scheme to make the girls jealous, but usually Moose is such a bonehead that he ruins the plan.



Marvin wants tips on how to be cool, and he hangs around Dee-Dee too much, but he's great with homework. Gidget stands far too close and follows Moon Dog around, which annoys Dee-Dee.

MOON DOG, Age 17, the Big Cahouna

STR 13 CON 14 SIZ 13 INT 13 POW 10
DEX 14 APP 17 EDU 9 SAN 50 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist 55%, damage 1D3 +db

Kick 45%, damage 1D6 +db

Skills: Art (Dance) 30%, Art (Play Guitar) 85%, Art (Sing) 85%, Comb Hair 80%, Drive Cute Jalopy 85%, Flirt 85%, Fast talk 40%, Get Jealous 60%, Surf 85%.

Quote: "Hey, Dee-Dee—let's go neck at the beach!"

MOOSE is a football star at school. His best friend, Moon Dog, has been going steady with Dee-Dee since they were three years old. Moose often schemes with Moon Dog to make Dee-Dee and Connie jealous but somehow things never go as planned and Moon Dog won't speak to him for hours afterwards.

Connie is really cute but Moose's heart belongs to Dee-Dee. Marvin's a great guy—he does all of Moose's homework. He cracks a lot of jokes that makes Moose laugh but makes Moon Dog roll his eyes. Gidget is a nice girl and often surfs with Moose. Moose thinks of her as a sister.

MOOSE, Age 17, Teenage Best Buddy

STR 18 CON 14 SIZ 15 INT 8 POW 10
DEX 12 APP 14 EDU 9 SAN 50 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: Fist 60% Damage 1D3 +db

Kick 50% Damage 1D6 +db

Skills: Art (Dance) 30%, Flirt 30%, Football 70%, Get Jealous 60%, Human Pyramid Formation 50%, Kick Sand 55%, Muscle Flex 50%, Scheme 15%, Surf 70%.

Quote: "I don't get it!"



Alive And Kicking

It's a dark, harsh, drunken life as a professional athlete, and a man's physical attributes are nearly everything he has to offer—sometimes more than he knows.

THIS ADVENTURE parallels an English-style horror movie. When presenting it, keeper and players are asked to imagine that they are playing to an imaginary audience of British movie-goers. The idea is more to terrorize the audience than to solve the mystery. Many of the player-characters may die in this game—nonetheless, the players are asked to allow their characters to do all the silly things that movie characters do (like ignoring obvious danger, or going out into the dark alone), that investigators would never think of doing.

A low-budget, 'psychological' style of horror was often seen in British horror movies until the 1970s, one

preferring weird symbolism, bleak characterization, and stark lighting to flashy special effects and graphic splatter. In the 1950s and 1960s, such films typically were shot in black-and-white against actual exterior backgrounds and within actual rooms. There were few or no studio-shot scenes, which added to the realism if not the polish, and kept down costs. There might be no musical score at all, except that coming incidentally from radios and phonographs in the story.

In this adventure, the keeper's narrative acts like a camera, and can linger on whatever it chooses—sometimes the camera cuts to a view from an investigator's eyes; sometimes it peeks behind him. Not everything described by the keeper will be noticeable by the player-characters. It is important to keep distinct the descriptions of what the player-characters see, and what the audience sees. The players will understand the point easily if the keeper uses a few film terms—cut, fade, pan, track, dissolve, flashback—during the omniscient camera sequences.

In *Call of Cthulhu* scenarios the scenes often advance at a pace determined by the players. In this adventure, the scenes should advance at a rate determined by the keeper, because he or she is the director. If things get dull or pointless, cut to a new scene. Put the player-characters wherever you want them to be, and explain why they are there and what they are doing there, then begin the action again.

This adventure may play out very quickly unless the keeper actually runs each Death Leg attack. That will require some beforehand consideration: rolls useful to ask of the player-characters include Listen, Spot Hidden, Sneak, and Track, as their understanding of the Death Leg increases, and of DEX rolls to try to capture it—or at least knock it down.

Interspersed through the game are some gratuitous references to legs—chicken

Detached Body Parts

Several films have been made about body parts that detach from their owners and run amok: *The Hand* (1981), *The Beast with Five Fingers* (1946), *The Crawling Hand* (1963), and in a slightly different vein, *Reanimator* (1985). Invariably, the body parts are bent on destruction; commonly, they enact the subconscious desires of their erstwhile owners.

Interestingly, these body parts tend to be stronger, swifter, hardier, and more agile than when they were attached. It is not known how such things sense their environment and react to it, but their low-grade intelligence seems to be coupled to an uncanny ability to attack when their victims are most vulnerable. Detached body parts also seem imbued with a bizarre, earthy sense of humor, and their murders are often tasteless and garish.

"Alive And Kicking" is an attempt to provide a British perspective on this premise. British horror is quite different from the horror produced by Hollywood: British directors prefer to spend more effort on suggestive cinematography, overstated symbols, and rich characterization than on special effects and splatter.

This game owes much of its inspiration to *The Hand*, and to *The Club*, by Australian playwright David Williamson. Soccer is a timeless tradition followed fanatically in much of Europe, in Latin America, and in the United Kingdom, where it originated.

The British soccer sub-culture is an alien world, in many ways at odds with stereotypical notions of the repressed British psyche. "Alive And Kicking" is about soccer gone mad. An aging player's soccer prowess becomes so important to him that his leg takes over, amputates itself from him, and strikes out on its own. Just as the Watford Wolverines Soccer Club is making a come-back, old jealousies and bitterness explode into murders—all perpetrated by the right leg of Tommy Donachie, Centre Forward.

WARNING:
THOSE EASILY
HORRIFIED
PLEASE APPROACH
WITH CAUTION

ALIVE AND KICKING!



SEE IT
NOW
AND BE
UNASHAMED

GRUESOME!
CONTROVERSIAL!
DISGUSTING!



Starring
Edmond O'BRIEN
Wanda ST. THOMAS
Nigel SINCLAIRE



drumsticks, Sergeant Pins, River Gam. The keeper is invited to add to these, to create a run of 'leg' motifs.

American players may feel a sense of dislocation from the beginning. Many may not have played soccer, or know anything about it except that it is a low-scoring sport something like field hockey without the sticks. They can relax—they play no games here, although there is a hot-tub scene where matters get rather friendly.

Americans also may not approach the notion of the Death Leg too easily; Britains, Canadians, and Australians tend to be more flexible in what they allow as possible, and in what they can be amused by. Americans will have to play for laughs; other English-speakers can have it both ways. Our French, German, Italian, Spanish, Japanese, and Finnish friends run the risk of total bafflement. Keepers be warned.

Keeper's Information

Do not read this information to the players. The secret of Tommy Donachie's come-back was a consignment of Belgian black-market steroids, bought by Jackie Hyde. The steroids were cheap and very potent. Against Coach Morgan's wishes, the drugs were administered to Donachie, and his form temporarily improved.

But his emotions were deteriorating. Donachie began to think that his right leg, the one he normally used for kicking, was taking over; connected to that, he saw everywhere people conspiring to applaud his leg and ignore the rest of him. Late on the night before the crucial Promotion / Relegation match, Donachie drank too much and fell under a train. His kicking leg was severed and apparently was carried away by the locomotive. The leg was never recovered. Donachie and his right leg missed the match, but the new young players won it for Watforth anyway.

The Narrative

A GAINST A background of swirling mist, we read the following, rendered in two paragraphs as the prologue to the film. (In the United States, the audience might not be expected to read so much text, and so a clip of someone like John Carradine might be substituted: he would put on a lab coat and give the lines as though lecturing.)

PARAGRAPH ONE: *HORROR can be described as the art of making the familiar seem alien to us, and what could be more familiar to us than our own bodies? They are fundamental to our own sense of identity, and yet all our lives, our bodies do things over which we have no con-*

scious control: they grow; they mature; they age; they itch, twitch, and gurgle.

PARAGRAPH TWO: *YES, every waking and sleeping moment of our lives, our bodies busily perform functions numbering in the thousands of which we are unaware, functions which scarcely anyone understands. Many aspects of our lives are tied to unconscious mental states—in fact, there are so many that our bodies could fairly be said to be independent of us*

Player-Character Information

All of this sub-section should be read to the players, to help orient them.

The player-characters are professional soccer players from a Third Division team called the Watforth Wolverines, or else people close to the team. The Watforth team was quite good twenty years ago, but in recent times has not had the great players of its heyday. Until recently, Watforth's best player was its striker, Tommy Donachie.

As the main goal-kicker, the Centre Forward ('striker') is one of the most prestigious positions on the field. It is consequently a high-profile one, and often prone to great stress.

Tommy Donachie was getting old, but his name still drew the crowds, and this meant money for the club, so they kept him in the star spot above more capable players.

When Donachie began drinking and missing training, there was talk of sacking him at the beginning of the season. Morale was low, and some of the older players resented the Club's lavish purchase of talented new players like Lou Donatelli and Ju-ju Brown to bolster the team.

After coach Taffy Morgan and manager Jackie Hyde gave Tommy a talking-to, his form began to return to its old brilliance. He still acted under stress, though, and his drinking worsened. It was obvious to everyone that something was going to snap. The most recent match was a crucial one against Shropshire United; if the Wolverines won, then they would be promoted to Second Division, and the club would get extra money. Tommy failed to turn up to the game and, after a hasty re-shuffle, the Wolverines won anyway, with two great goals scored by Lou Donatelli in the second half of the match. The scenario begins during the post-match celebrations after this game. Tommy Donachie's whereabouts are unknown.

Opening Sequence

This scene has no player-characters, but should be read out. The players may add the sounds, if they wish.

It's a cold, windless night, dark and gloomy, but there's enough light to see the standing water left after fresh rain. A man staggers through an industrial waste-

land of rubble, brick walls, and piles of rubbish. Dark mist swirls.

The man is thickly wrapped in a bulky tweed coat and a checkered scarf, and wears a matching woolen cap. He limps, favoring his right leg, and breathes loudly. We see him splashing wetly through standing water. In the distance, a steam locomotive hoots its mournful dirge. He staggers past a long, lamp-lit sign wreathed in filthy mist. It says *Watforth Station*. The train hoots again, louder.

The man is muttering to himself. He sounds drunk. "Hate 'em all," he mutters. "Bloody writers, bloody coach, bloody manager, bloody players, bloody fans. What would they know?" He is silent for a moment. "Sack me, will they? I'll show 'em."

From not so far away, we hear the metal wheels of a freight train squealing and rumbling along the track. The man continues to muttering without pause. ". . . Best years of my life. But you're letting me down! Think you can take over? —well, I won't let you. I won't let you!" He kicks an empty bottle. It crashes like a bullet through a glass window. "I won't let you!" the man bellows.

His right leg gives a strange jump, and the sound of the train gets louder. "I won't let you! I won't! I won't!"

Cut to the freight train rushing past Watforth Station platform, and we hear a faint scream, just one. Laying in a puddle on the platform is half of his long checkered scarf.

Our vision shifts to a soccer match. A huge crowd dressed predominately in shades reminiscent of the drunken man's hat and scarf are waving their arms and yelling, "You'll ne-ver walk A-LOHNE! You'll NE-VER walk AH-LOOOOOHNE!"

After the Match

It is Sunday night after the great two-nil victory against Shropshire United. The player-characters are celebrating in the change rooms with Manager Jackie Hyde and Coach Taffy Morgan. The atmosphere is jubilant: Professore Donatelli scored two fine goals in the second half. The unspoken thoughts are clear—the Wolverines are better off without Tommy Donachie than with him. Tommy will get the sack.

Fans and well-wishers fill the change-rooms. Margery Pryce has brought a big tub of fried chicken in sweet-and-sour sauce, and a case of lager from the local pub. Johnny Barkely and Duncan's sheepdog, Angus, add to the confusion.

Journalist Ronny Summers from the soccer magazine *Footy Monthly* enters to congratulate the team and to interview them on their victory plans. Ronny is a slick London stickybeak who gets copy by getting up player-characters' noses, so to speak. His deliberately annoying and provocative questions are purely of gossip value. It is clear that he doesn't think much of the Wolverines as a club.

Ronny's Questions, And Answers

Everyone overhears the exchange with Jackie Hyde, then good old Ronny circulates among the players more privately. Be prepared to have Ronny follow up on the player's responses to the initial questions. Remember that these interviews are not being recorded on audio or video, Ronny is scribbling key phrases by hand in a notebook.

TO JACKIE HYDE: "Where was Tommy Donachie?"

JACKIE HYDE'S REPLY: "Tommy has been having some personal problems, and has been unable to give the club the type of performance that is expected of a professional. In the light of this, we have agreed that this is the parting of the ways."

TO DON STATHAM: "Is your promotion to Striker permanent?" "Do you think that you can fill Tommy's shoes?" "How well do you think Lou Donatelli would do as Striker?"

TO DUNCAN MacLEOD: "The rumor is that you and Tommy Donachie had problems." "What about that punch-up between you and Tommy on the field early this season—what was all that about?" "Are you glad to see him go?"

TO LOU DONATELLI: "You are the hero of the hour, with those two cracking goals in the second half. It's well known that the Wolverines paid a hefty transfer fee for you. Tommy Donachie is quoted as having said that they may as well have burnt the money as spend it on a pansy. How do you feel now?"

TO WILLIE PRYCE: "Were you involved in the decision to sack Tommy Donachie?" "There's a rumor that Tommy was causing problems with some of the players' wives—does this have any bearing on his dismissal?"

TO THEM ALL: "What do the you think of drugs in sport?" "How do you respond to the accusation of Tranbath coach Gary Hinde that the Wolverines have been using performance-enhancing drugs?"

Tommy Turns Up

As the interview draws to a close, a policeman enters and identifies himself as Constable Pins. He tells Jackie Hyde that Tommy Donachie met with an accident at Watforth Railway Station early this morning. His leg was severed when he fell under a train, and he is in Shropshire Hospital in critical condition.

His landlady rang the police after Tommy failed to return home this morning. The camera zooms to a chicken drumstick covered in sweet-and-sour sauce slowly being eaten by one of the player-characters. The room goes silent as Pins exits.

The camera follows Pins out the door and into a police car, where another officer sits at the wheel. The following exchange takes place. Have two players take the parts.

OFFICER: "Ow'd they take it?"

PINS: "Pretty bad. And they'd 'ad such a great game too."

OFFICER: "Did you tell 'em about 'is leg?"

PINS: "Nah. I mean it's ghoulish, innit? And the last thing we need is souvenir hunters lookin' for Tommy Donachie's missing right leg."

Shropshire Encounter

As the player-characters enter the parking lot to drive home, they see that the big 'Watforth Wolverines' bus has had its lights smashed in. Billy the Belly Bowles curses—the bus is his responsibility.

Not far away, a man lays on the ground, being kicked by a dozen or so hooligan Shropshire supporters. More are smashing up his car.

If the player-characters interfere, the Shropshire supporters recognize the player-characters and attack them with cries of "Cheaters! Dopers! Druggies!"

There are roughly two hooligans for each Wolverine present; stage each set of fights independently. Unless there is special reason, no one will pick up a club or bottle as a weapon. A hooligan flees after losing four or more hit points, and the mob disperses when four or more hooligans have fled.

The man turns out to be Mort Hopper, who owns Mort Hopper's Hall of Soccer Legends. He is a local Watforth figure, and a devout Wolverine supporter.

Re-use the sample hooligans as needed.

SHROPSHIRE HOOLIGANS (Fine Lads, But Drunken All)

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	HP
1	11	10	11	13	11
2	10	11	10	13	11
3	12	10	10	13	10
4	10	9	10	12	10
5	9	10	10	12	10
6	9	11	11	12	11
7	12	12	11	11	12
8	10	13	10	11	12
	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	HP
9	14	10	9	11	10
10	13	12	11	10	12
11	12	14	9	10	12
12	10	10	10	10	10
13	8	10	9	10	10
14	11	11	10	9	11
15	15	9	8	9	9

Damage Bonus: 0.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 55%, damage 1D3

Kick 30%, damage 1D6

Head Butt 25%, damage 1D4

Skills: Start Fights 79%, Swear Foully 70%, Swill Too Much Beer 85%, Whine About Police Brutality 80%.

Jackie's Party

IT IS A WEEK later. Jackie Hyde is having a party at his 'posh digs' (as *Footy Monthly* has it) on the banks of the River Gam. Snoozer Talbot has given the player-characters a lift in the Wolverines' tour bus—only Johnny, Lou, Jaws Woodcock and some other teammates have brought cars.

Ronny Summers is present also, still digging dirt.

Jackie's place is a large two-story dwelling, renowned for its extra-large hot-tub.

From here on, the sequence of events is as the keeper wishes. Several non-player-character deaths should occur before any player-characters are attacked. It is up to the keeper to integrate these early deaths with player-character actions. The order of and locations of the murders should be changed as needed.

Tommy And Jaws

The party is not long under way when Tommy Donachie arrives in a taxi cab. He is sitting in a wheel-chair and looks gaunt and haggard, a blanket tucked over his lower body. He and his wheel-chair must be lifted up the steps into Jackie's house. Silence smothers the party. Embarrassed, Jackie greets Tommy and makes him welcome and conversation begins again.

Sometime later, Jaws Woodcock gets in a loud argument with Tommy Donachie. Jaws defends Willie's right to sack Tommy, and Tommy says something low and quiet about Margery. Jaws draws back his fist, then stalks out of the house. Tommy stares after him coldly, his face twitching.

The camera cuts to Jaws angrily striding down to his Austin. He smacks his fist and swears when he see the flat tire. Fuming, he jacks up the car and changes the tire, the camera pans to movement in the driveway. Creepy music begins. Jaws turns round at a sound and inadvertently knocks a lug nut under the Austin. He curses yet again and crawls underneath the car to get it. The camera peeks out from under the car to see a single leg, silhouetted. It casually kicks the jack out from under the car, crushing Jaws and muffling his pathetic screams. A successful Listen roll attracts the drunken attention of a random player-character inside.

An ambulance arrives to take him to the hospital.

Ronny's Scoop

Ronny Summers is convinced that he has a lead on drug usage among the Wolverines. Tommy Donachie's very presence at the party only a week after his accident seems to confirm it. Ronny snoops and probes at all the Wolver-

ines until he gets what he needs. Snooping around Jackie's car, Ronny finds an ampoule of the Belgian steroids. They are labelled.

Steroidals λ-108

WARNING: high concentration

test sample—not to be administered to humans

Later, Ronny may be found dead in Jackie's garage, having choked to death. If Tommy Donachie has not been out to remove it, an athletic shoe inner-sole protrudes from his mouth like a bloated white tongue: the loss is 1/1D8 Sanity points to see this.

In his hand he clutches the ampoule of steroids. If pressed, Jackie confesses to having given such drugs to Donachie 'for the good of the club.' Tommy denies this, and won't discuss the matter. But Ronny's body may not be discovered until after the bus crash, and then Tommy Donachie has had an opportunity to clean up the evidence before the police arrive.

The Hot Tub

Though it makes a dent in it, Jaws' being crushed under the Austin is not enough to end Jackie's victory party outright.

Jackie's house is renowned for its enormous hot-tub, a fixture very rare in the early 1960s. It may be that Margery and Lou find their way to it during the night. If not them, then Billy the Belly, Boozer Talbot, and Snoozer Devonshire use lagers and groupies to entice a player-character or two into the tub.

There are sufficient companions for every player-character who wants one, of course—Jackie always goes first class when it costs no money. We don't actually see much as the clothes come off and the horse-play develops, but the fumbling, splashing, and laughter sound explicit enough to our ears.

After a while, Tommy wheels his way into the hot-tub room, and finds a path through the clothes and empty bottles right up to the edge of the tub, where he speaks easily. "Some things never change," he says. "Have you got a girl for me, Billy?"

Donachie's sneers become more heated as the conversation progresses. "You lot disgust me," he says. "Losing my leg was the best bloody thing that ever happened to me. I'm glad to be shut of you."

"Tommy, it was all good enough for you when you were on the top, though," Billy replies, trading jibe for jibe.

Eventually Tommy spins his chair to leave. As he does so, he snaps out the light in the tub which has illuminated the bathers. "At least have some bloody decency." He then wheels out. Now the hot-tub room is quite dark.

The camera follows Tommy out into Jackie's living room, where drunken players and drunken groupies are dancing and singing. "Knees up, Mother Brown! Knees

up, Mother Brown! Knees up, knees up, don't get the breeze up! Knees up MO-THER BROWN!" The camera cuts from Tommy's blanket-covered stump to his ex-teammates' legs pumping up and down.

Back in the darkened hot-tub room, the door opens and closes briefly as the Death Leg enters. Its ominous step-step-step can be heard slapping on the wet slate as it nears the tub.

"Who's that?" says Billy. "Hop in if you're getting in," leers a groupie. The Death Leg enters the tub with a splash.

For a while, the bathers' conversation indicates that the Death Leg is playing footsie with everyone. Then, as the tension builds, it suddenly jams Billy in his ample belly and holds him underwater, drowning him, though all we can see are dim black shapes. To wind someone by kneeling them in the belly, roll Death Leg Kick higher than the target's CON minus five. On a success, the victim is winded and his player must attempt to roll CON x2 or less once per round: the victim can do nothing until a CON roll succeeds.

The Death Leg repeats this procedure as often as possible until survivors panic and flee the hot-tub. Then we hear it leap out of the tub, through a window, and into the night.

The Sanity loss to see any number of nude bodies floating face down in the hot-tub is 1/1D6 Sanity points. Additionally, the Sanity loss for a player-character to realize that something was killing people while he or she was in the hot tub is another 1/1D4 Sanity points.

Fleeing The Party

It doesn't take long for news of a homicidal maniac on the loose to absolutely end Jackie's party. People flee in droves. Because a lot of Wolverines' players didn't bring cars, they pile into the bus—oops, the keys are in Billy's pants back in the hot-tub room.

Some brave player-character must go back and fetch them. He or she finds Tommy Donachie sitting alone in the house, abandoned by the rest and uninterested in leaving. "I'm not afraid," he says. "I have accepted my penance and am redeemed."

The keys are found without incident. Now the bus can be driven off. It is the last vehicle left. The investigator who retrieved the keys now drives. As the bus hurtles along the frozen River Gam, we hear a *step-step-step* along the darkened aisle of the bus. The bus races toward a hairpin turn, and the driver slows down to take it. Call for a Drive Auto roll. Even if he succeeds, the bus does not slow down! Call for a second roll: even if it succeeds, it automatically fails! With a DEX x3 or less roll, the player-character reaches down and finds something jamming the accelerator and brake—it's a foot, and it's not his own! Sanity loss to feel this is 1/1D6 Sanity points.

The bus plummets into the frozen River Gam, breaking the ice and beginning to sink. Everyone loses 1D6-1 hit points from the impact. There are two exits from the bus—the door and the emergency window. A DEX x5 roll opens the front door and escapes, or a STR x5 roll pushes the window out, and escape. Two people per round can get out. Call for such a roll for each player-character who wants to get out of the bus. After 1D4+1 rounds, the bus sinks beneath the ice.

Those who have escaped the bus must receive DEX x5 rolls to stay on the cracked surface of the frozen river, or drop into the water. Those player-characters who are trapped in the bus when it sinks each need a successful Swim roll to reach safety. Non-player-characters who are still trapped when the bus sinks are drowned.

Keeper's note: there really shouldn't be any ice on the Gam toward the end of the soccer season—this device is a convenient continuity error.

Tommy Cleans Up

Once everyone else is out of Jackie's house, Tommy cleans up, giggling as he hops into Jackie's garage and removes the inner-sole from Ronny's mouth. Later, the police put Ronny's death to misadventure (he choked on his own tongue). Similarly, the sad hot-tub drownings and tragic plunge of the Wolverines' team bus into the River Gam are written off as drunken misadventure and mass hysteria. Tommy's alibi is sound, and the local police think that they are doing the club a favor by not investigating further.

Later Attacks

THE PLAYER-characters may choose to try to prevent further deaths, or may wish to continue their everyday lives. If they wish to investigate, then use the following scenes on non-player-characters; if they choose to ignore their peril, then use the scenes on the player-characters. The keeper must select from among the following possible death scenes, and integrate them with the actions of the player-characters.

The Clue

After the events at Jackie's, Tommy Donachie reforms amazingly. He no longer drinks. He has become quite devout. Increasingly he is convinced that God is punishing the Wolverines for their licentious behavior, as God punished him with the train accident. He warns the soccer team against their lives of debauchery for the first time.

Hereafter, each time Tommy makes such a warning, the death of one or more Wolverines follows soon after.

Tommy's predictions always coincide with his subconscious desires. He is rarely at hand when the deaths occur, and always has a perfect alibi. For the most part, the police remain convinced that the Wolverine deaths are due to misadventure.

While the scenes are written as though happening to non-player-characters, the keeper might consider them as attacks against player-characters.

Ice Rink

Ju-ju Brown and Mucker Mariner take two sisters ice-skating once a week. Tommy calls Mucker to tell him not to go: the women are cheap, and dress lewdly. Mucker calls the player-characters to invite them along, and mentions Tommy's weird behavior.

Later, at the ice rink the lights go out briefly and the Death Leg skates in, in the darkness its untied skate-laces whipped back by the breeze. During the confusion, dozens of skaters trip over each other in the dark. The Death Leg manages to knock down its victims and cut their throats with the blade of the ice skate. Ju-ju and Mucker are its first victims, and after them it goes for any player-characters on the ice, at the Keeper's discretion. The Sanity loss to view this scene when the lights come back on is 1/1D8 Sanity points.

Bath Tub

It's Snoozer Devonshire's birthday and he invites the team around for drinks. Tommy does not come, since he now disparages such behavior, and says that no good will come of it. The scene cuts from a drunken cake-cutting to the cold light of morning, with soccer players sprawled on the carpet in drunken stupor.

Boozer stirs and groans as he realizes that he has to get up. Snoozer runs a bath to sober up Boozer, and turns on the radio to keep him from falling asleep.

As Boozer sits in his bath, we hear step-step-step, the telltale hop of the Death Leg, and the camera picks up a flash of movement in the mirror. In the next scene, the Death Leg is fully visible standing on the basin and, as Boozer gapingly realizes what is about to happen, it boots the radio into the bath, electrocuting him.

Not long after Boozer's body is discovered, the phone rings. It is Tommy. He says "Oh, god. It's happened again. I warned you! I warned you!" But somehow he doesn't sound at all unhappy.

Foot Under The Curtain

In this scene the Death Leg clumps around the house, stomping on roofs or in upstairs rooms. The player-characters are lead on a wild goose-chase until they become very frustrated. Finally, they see a single muddy shoe sticking from underneath the drapes of an upper floor window. As they cluster to investigate, the Death Leg

scoots out from behind the door, plants its foot in the victim's back, and propels him through the window to fall to his doom.

Gardening Fork

This scene takes place on the Watforth pitch during training. The team has been seriously depleted by the player deaths, and even Fourth Division players won't transfer to a jinxed team. Jackie Hyde and Taffy Morgan try to keep the players in form anyway, hoping for some press coverage. A few friends and spectators sit in the stands, yelling encouragement.

After a while, a spooky event begins to re-occur: spare soccer balls whiz in from empty stands to hit random players in the back of the head. Investigation leads a solitary character into a gardening shed just outside the pitch. A large bag of fertilizer is knocked on his head from above. In the next scene, he is dead, a large gardening fork stuck through his neck. The Death Leg has done it again.

If multiple characters enter the shed, the Leg hides until they go, and quietly attacks the last to leave.

At this point, the police begin to suspect the work of a homicidal soccer fan.

Hopper's Hall of Soccer Legends

The finale takes place in Mort Hopper's Hall of Soccer Legends, half a mile away from the Watforth pitch. Mort Hopper owns and lives in a waxworks hall, which is filled with the effigies of local and national soccer heroes.

Hopper contacts the player-characters, thanking them again for their aid in the car-park, and complaining that Tommy Donachie keeps breaking into his establishment. Tonight he found Tommy in the Hall with the lights off, and "acting funny." Hopper doesn't want to involve the police, but hopes that the player-characters will help. The Hall of Soccer Legends is a dingy, run-down building with faded billboards and a broken neon sign that flickers alternately "LEG" and "ENDS".

Tommy Donachie is now in terror of his life, and is hiding from the Death Leg in the most sacred spot he knows. He flees from anyone who comes near him, saying that none are safe. "It's coming! It's coming!" he screams.

In this scene, the Death Leg concentrates on killing Tommy and avoiding capture by the player-characters. If necessary, it attacks player-characters in order to get to Tommy. A cat-and-mouse scene ensues between the furtive Death Leg, the fleeing Tommy and the player-characters, in an eerily-lit hall of life-size soccer heroes.

The scene culminates as Tommy takes refuge near a vat of bubbling wax. As the player-characters approach,

the Death Leg leaps out of darkness, striking Tommy in the chest, and catapulting them both into the vat.

Player-characters who think that it's all over then get a shock as the Death Leg erupts from the wax, spraying anyone nearby with hot wax (1D6 hit points lost and 1/1D6 Sanity points lost).

As the Death Leg lopes after the player-characters, a brief fight ensues, during which some player-characters may be kicked to death. If the player-characters don't find a way to destroy the Death Leg, then it slowly becomes immobilized as its wax coating cools and hardens. Police sirens sound, and the scene fades to black.

Post Climax

Gentle music plays in the background. The surviving player-characters are part of a tour through Mort Hopper's Hall of Soccer Legends, conducted by Mort himself. The tour passes by Mort's newest acquisition, the wax effigy of Tommy Donachie. Mort proudly describes the life and death of the Wolverines' greatest striker, Angus the dog sniffs inquisitively at the figure. As the tour moves on, the camera pans back to the right leg of the dummy, and then zooms in as the right leg slowly, gracefully, inevitably falls from the mannequin to the floor.

THE END . . . ?

Conclusion

Player-characters who slay the Death Leg recover 1D6 Sanity points, but never truly free themselves of the nagging worry that it may return. If any player-characters died during the film, then the keeper should run the credits over scenes which silently re-enact each player-character death: the players themselves should do the acting, if they're inclined.

Statistics

DEATH LEG. This bloated, amputated leg is huge with knotted muscle. It was amputated at mid-thigh; the ankle, foot, and toes are intact. In fact we see nothing but toe or ankle until late in the picture. The Death Leg is intimately connected to Tommy Donachie's subconscious. It lashes out at each source of his frustration and anger. If Tommy dies, then the Death Leg goes berserk, attacking everything in its path. If Tommy confronts it, the Death Leg attempts to destroy him, in a fit of morbid self-loathing.

This tricky Detached Body Part obsessively hunts down every foe that Tommy Donachie imagines. It should not be seen whole until late in the film, and then should demonstrate a preternatural ability to outwit foes

who are by turn bumbling, drunken, and desperate. It's most characteristic element is its steady *step-step-step* on the sound track.

DEATH LEG, Berserk Mobile Body Part

STR 26 CON 25 SIZ 7 INT 7 POW 18
DEX 16 Move 12 at the lope HP 16

Damage Bonus: +1D6

Weapons: Kick 85%, damage 1D6 +db

Skills: Dodge 85%, Hide 45%, Jump 95%, Kick Soccerball 98%, Listen 70%, Sneak 45%, Swim 75%, Track 30%.

Armor: 5 points of bloated gobbets of flesh.

Sanity Loss: it costs 1/1D6 Sanity points to see the Death Leg.

JACKIE HYDE. He is medium height, and fat. Typical get-up includes a tweed jacket, pork-pie hat, cigar, and gold-plated jewelry. He is a failed 'racing personality' and now manager of the Watforth Wolverines. He is a sour miser who earned his nickname because he never smiles. Jackie bought the black-market steroids that were given to Tommy Donachie. The drugs were very cheap, and he suspected that they were of bad quality, but a bargain is a bargain, after all.

JACKIE "Chuckles" HYDE, Age 52, Wolverine Manager

STR 9 CON 9 SIZ 14 DEX 16 APP 8
INT 13 POW 13 EDU 15 SAN 65 HP 12

Damage Bonus: 0.

Weapons: Knee 40%, damage 1D4

Skills: Accounting 58%, Bargain 73%, Cheat 60%, Credit Rating 41%, Fast Talk 74%, Hide 45%, Pick Pocket 23%, Psychology 41%, Sneak 45%.

Quote: 'But that costs money, lad.'

TOMMY DONACHIE. He is of medium build, brown hair and eyes, and gaunt but flushed. A strange light burns in his eyes. Donachie has gone quite insane since losing his leg. He has come to believe that his misfortune is the result of Divine Wrath, and thinks that his team-mates are next. In fact, he is bitter about losing his glory, and the Death Leg lashes out at the seeming causes of his bitterness and frustration. Donachie knows this subconsciously, but only becomes of aware of it in nightmares, which he cannot remember when he wakes. When he finds out that his leg is still alive and kicking, Donachie realizes his own self-loathing dooms him. At this point, he becomes terrified of everything around him.

TOMMY DONACHIE, Age 31, Ex-Soccer Star

STR 12 CON 20 SIZ 9 INT 13 POW 13
DEX 16 APP 11 EDU 9 SAN 0 HP 15

Damage Bonus: 0.

Weapons: none.

Skills: Be Depressed 85%, Drink Beer 45%, Fast Talk 29%, Have Horrible Nightmares 89%, Play Pointless Computer Games 55%.

Quote: 'I have received my penance, and am redeemed.'

Non-Player-Character Wolverine Names

- Dave "Nobby" Mitchell, Left Fullback
- Bobby "Boozer" Talbot, Right Fullback
- Arty "Snoozer" Devonshire, Left Half
- Timmy "Jaws" Woodcock, Inside Left
- Paul "Mucker" Mariner, Inside Right
- Laurie "Ju-ju" Brown, Left Winger
- Bobby "Spaz" Burns, Right Winger
- Billy "The Bely" Bowles, Substitute

Player Characters

DON STATHAM. He is of medium height, with light brown hair and a light build.

He has a Yorkshire accent. Statham used to play Right Half for the Wolverines before Tommy's disappearance, and in the last game took the star position as the Wolverines' striker. Edith, Don's wife, left him eighteen months ago, and he's currently seeing a psychiatrist for impotence, depression, alcoholism, and mild paranoia.



He lives for soccer, and takes most of his frustrations out in the game. He despises Tommy Donachie, who held striker position long after his form had collapsed. He resents Willie for being so popular, he is jealous of Lou for being so talented, and he is afraid of Duncan's and Johnny's violence.

DON STATHAM, Age 29, Centre Forward ('striker')

STR 12 CON 15 SIZ 11 INT 11 POW 8
DEX 15 APP 10 EDU 10 SAN 35 HP 13

Damage Bonus: 0.

Weapons: Kick 75%, damage 1D6 +db

Skills: Conceal 28%, Dodge 70%, Fast Talk 60%, Hide 35%, Listen 55%, Psychology 10%, Psychoanalysis 23%, Sneak 25%, Spot Hidden 41%.

Quote: 'I 'eard that . . .'

DUNCAN MacLEOD. He's tall, dark-haired, pale and freckled, and has a Scots accent. He's a long, lanky welder from Glasgow. Although he's not a great player, Duncan's innate aggression impressed the Wolverines' manager so much that he gave Duncan the

goalie spot. Duncan is a rowdy, heavy drinker. He wears elbow guards at soccer, and uses them viciously in pub brawls with a style he calls "Dr. Put-ye-doon."

He currently lives alone by the river Gam in a small flat. He has a large sheepdog, Angus, who drinks almost as much liquor as he does. MacLeod's other good friend is the sports columnist Johnny Barkley. Johnny, Duncan, and Angus often go out drinking and "hurling" (rough-housing) together.

In spite of his violent nature, MacLeod gets on well with the team, except for Tommy Donachie. Five years ago, Donachie borrowed £5 from the Scotsman and then forgot about it. MacLeod has never forgiven this oversight, and has often come to blows with Donachie about it.

DUNCAN MacLEOD, Age 31, Goalie

STR 12 CON 12 SIZ 13 INT 14 POW 13
DEX 14 APP 13 EDU 8 SAN 58 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Elbow Smash 65%, damage 1D4 +db
Kick 35%, damage 1D6 +db
Grapple 65%, damage special

Skills: Jump 60%, Mechanical Repair 33%, Sing 15%, Throw 45%, Verbal Abuse and Intimidation 55%.

Quote: 'D'ye like hospital food?'



JOHNNY BARKLEY.

He's tall, heavy-set, and balding, with light brown hair. He has a small bulls-eye tattoo on the back of his right hand. Barkley is a sports columnist for the *Watforth Crier*. What he lacks in literary ability, he more than makes up for in genuine feeling. He loves the Watforth Wolverines and is completely biased about the club. He blames all their problems on their manager, for in his eyes the players can do no wrong.

Barkley is fond of his liquor and tends to get rowdy when drunk. He is great pals with Wolverines' goalie Duncan MacLeod, and often goes out drinking and rough-housing ('hurling') with Duncan and Duncan's sheepdog, Angus.

JOHNNY BARKLEY, Age 38, Sports Journalist

STR 14 CON 14 SIZ 16 INT 9 POW 9
DEX 11 APP 14 EDU 10 SAN 43 HP 15



Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Head Butt 45%, damage 1D4 +db
Kick 60%, damage 1D6 +db
Thrown Dart 55%, damage 1D4 +1/2 db

Skills: Accounting 15%, Dance 43%, English 50%, Fast Talk 25%, First Aid 33%, Get Question Answered 45%, Persuade 55%, Spot Hidden 45%, Wolverines' History 60%.

Quote: 'Someone get the ref a pair o' specs!'

LOU DONATELI.

He is very short, with dark brown hair, brown eyes, and olive complexion. Donatelli is the son of first-generation Italian immigrants. He is working on an MBA part-time, hence his club nickname. Lou was a substitute player for the Wolverines, promoted to Right Half when Don Statham was moved to striker position following Tommy Donachie's disappearance. Lou has some real soccer talent, and knows it. He hides a lot of contempt for his team-mates.



Donatelli loves the attention that he gets from female fans. He has lots of casual romances, but nothing lasting. Lou knows that Willie's wife Margery is an ex-groupie, and is toying with the idea of seducing her.

LOU "Il Professore" DONATELLI, Age 23, Right Half

STR 10 CON 14 SIZ 7 INT 13 POW 13
DEX 17 APP 12 EDU 16 SAN 65 HP 11

Damage Bonus: 0.

Weapons: Kick 68%, damage 1D6

Skills: Accounting 47%, Bargain 40%, Credit Rating 30%, Dodge 65%, Drive Automobile 48%, English 86%, Fast Talk 31%, Italian 35%, Library Use 34%, Persuade 55%.

Quote: '... And darling, I'm talking inches, not centimeters.'

MARGERY PRYCE. She's slender, with bright red hair, and enjoys dressing provocatively. She is an enthusiast for men's sports, and a great admirer of sporting men, finding them very attractive. For the last two years she has been married to Willie Pryce, the Wolverines' captain. The marriage wasn't as romantic as she expected, and she has been seeing other men. This angers Willie greatly. Before her marriage, Margery had gone out with boxers, cyclists, ice-skaters and rugby players, but currently she finds soccer players the most attractive.



Recently she had been seeing the Wolverines' star Tommy Donachie, but she broke off their relationship when his erratic behavior began to scare her. Currently she is playing harmless flirt-games with the whole team, but she has her eye on Lou Donatelli.

**MARGERY PRYCE, Age 27,
Captain's Wife and Soccer Groupie**

STR 8 CON 11 SIZ 9 INT 10 POW 13
DEX 15 APP 16 EDU 8 SAN 65 HP 10

Damage Bonus: 0.

Weapons: Punch 65%, damage 1D3

Kick 55%, damage 1D6

Skills: Dance 55%, Flirt 60%, Ice Skate 50%, Ride Bicycle 45%, Sports Lore 75%, Throw 45%.

Quote: 'He's got plenty of bottle.'

WILLIE PRYCE. He's tallish, a blond with green eyes. He's got a broken nose, and has gone a little paunchy. He has a Cockney accent. Willie Pryce is an all-round sportsman, successful in boxing, rugby, and cricket. He's been captain of the Wolverines for three years now, and done a great job of it. He is also renowned in the club for having bolted down twenty sausages, six pork pies, and nine pints of lager in seventeen minutes. Pryce dislikes confrontations, and hated it when he had to threaten a recalcitrant Tommy Donachie with the sack.



Willie is married to Margery, a very attractive former boxing-groupie who is notorious for her roving eye. He suspects that Margery has been having an affair with Lou Donatelli, but has yet to confirm this. He has been suffering bad chest-pains lately, but has been covering them up. Whenever he faces particular stress, call for a CON x5 roll. A success permits him

to act normally; a failure causes him to double up with pain for 1D6 rounds, able to do nothing; a result of 96-00 brings on a full heart seizure which must be treated in a hospital.

WILLIE PRYCE, Age 31, Centre Half & Captain

STR 12 CON 8 SIZ 14 INT 14 POW 15
DEX 14 APP 15 EDU 12 SAN 73 HP 11

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Grapple 48%, damage special

Kick 65%, damage 1D6 +db

Punch 60%, damage 1D3 +db

Skills: Carouse 85%, Dodge 55%, First Aid 35%, Jump 40%, Oratory 42%, Psychology 23%, Spot Hidden 55%, Swim 45%, Throw 62%.

Quote: 'Nobble this lot, lads, and the lager's on me.' ■



El Tigre, y la Pirámide de Destrucción

In the 1960s, El Tigre is the most famous professional wrestler in the world, and the national hero of Mexico: the player-characters are his guests for a thrilling adventure.

THIS IS a light-hearted adventure. Investigators who behave idiotically should suffer for it, for a while, but everyone who avoids total stupidity will survive. This makes the scenario a handy one to spring on friends who may be intrigued by roleplaying, but reluctant to invest much time and energy in it. They'll come away feeling positive, probably having not played much more than two hours.

If there are not enough players for all the investigators, consider using the remainder as non-player characters. Each has a few unique skills conceivably valuable, especially if the investigators manage to escape while on the Moon.

Keepers might consider accelerating hit point recovery in this adventure to one per hour, whether or not medical attention is given.

The Setting

It's 1965. The investigators are undergraduates at Miskatonic University. They are also members or associates of the Miskatonic University student wrestling team, and currently headed for a vacation in Mexico, where this adventure is set.

Develop the Mexican setting in any way possible. Use props—bottles of tequila, tortilla chips, serapés, cacti, and mariachi music, and use whatever outrageous accents you can manage—seek a 1960s view of Mexico as portrayed in that era's Hollywood and Mexican science-fiction films. Resemblance to the actual Mexico of the time should be purely coincidental, but it is a land happier than now.

Keeper Information

The V'kthulkai (pronounce it *VUL-kay*) are aliens who want to colonize Earth, modify its atmosphere, and incidentally eliminate its present inhabitants. V'kthulkai-forming will take decades and requires dozens of large processing plants on earth. These installations need

guards, servicing, and regular supplies of chemicals and other raw materials.

Most of the parts are supplied by saucer from their main base on the Moon. The aliens are short of platinum, with which the huge catalytic converters process Earth's atmosphere. This the V'kthulkai generally steal from human jewelers and industrial suppliers. The crews of the visiting saucers also service the installations.

But the aliens couldn't disguise themselves as human guards, because they resemble horribly distorted three-armed and three-legged green pandas with eye stalks. They did capture a freighter-load of Nazis escaping to South America at the end of the Second World War. Many belonged to an SS women's auxiliary unit. Guided by stereotyping learned from human radio serials, the aliens destroyed the men and brainwashed the women, who became guards for the air-conversion installations.

These women believe that Hitler is alive and well, and that he has ordered them to help in the manufacturing of 'V5 gas,' a super-weapon which will eventually kill all of impure blood. Finding the brainwashing tedious, the aliens also treated the SS-women with anti-aging serum. All now appear to be in their twenties, but are chronologically much older.

These installations have been hard at work for a decade, spewing out pollutants for the aliens. They are the source for what humans call smog, which began to be noticed in the 1950s. One conversion plant is in Mexico, a few miles off the road to Acapulco, disguised as a pyramid. It is guarded by what claim to be a community of nuns, the Little Sisters Of Mercy.

Unhealthy Investigators

If the keeper wishes, three of the investigators have medical problems which can affect how they are played. Review the boxed material titled Medical Problems. This entry is considerably later in the chapter.

CINEMATOGRAFICA SANCHEZ



¡MAGNIFICO!

El Tigre Y La Pirámide De Destrucción

CARLOS MARTINEZ

JUANITA LOPEZ

HERNANDO GONZALES

EL GEIRE

The Narrative

FOR THE first time ever, Miskatonic University's wrestling squad won the national collegiate championships. Success has led to unexpected rewards. Among them, Inigo's father has invited the squad and their friends to spend the summer in Mexico at his expense, and asks in return only a few demonstration matches. He knows that collegiate wrestling is very different in technique and attitude from professional tag-team events. The investigators will be staying in a fine hotel in Acapulco, all expenses paid.

The airliner lands in Mexico City. As the investigators step down the boarding ramp, a huge tiger-striped, open-topped limousine skids to a halt, followed by a truck containing a small Mexican band and festooned with banners reading *¡Viva Miskatonic!* The car is new, but Inigo immediately recognizes Raul Hernandez, a chauffeur who has worked for his father for many years.

Raul embraces Inigo, and explains that the senior Velasco has had to stay in Acapulco to take care of some business. It's a long drive to Acapulco, and unless the team object he'll load the car and set off right away.

If anyone asks about going through Customs, Raul says that no one would dream of subjecting the son of El Tigre and the brave Miskatonic wrestlers to such indignity. The car bypasses the airport buildings and is soon headed towards Acapulco, closely followed by the truck and a wave of music. As it passes through the outskirts of Mexico City, the car is spied by dozens of children chanting "El Tigre! El Tigre!" As they see who actually is riding, their faces are profoundly disappointed.

The limousine is enormous, seating a driver, all the passengers, a small bar, a brimming hamper of Mexican delicacies, beer, bottles of a sweetish Spanish-style champagne, a radio, and reclining seats. The suspension is superb. From the hills to-

ward Cuernavaca, the view is spectacular. Having cleared Mexico City, the truck turns back, leaving the car to glide on towards Acapulco. Raul turns on the radio.

Occasionally a second-class bus careens past, the occupants cheering when they see the famous limousine. Otherwise the road is mostly deserted. By late afternoon the car is about thirty miles from Acapulco, weaving along precipitous cliff roads. Usually there's a drop of several hundred feet to one side or another. Occasionally the car passes through tiny mountain villages; here, too, the car attracts fans of El Tigre.

The Encounter

Miles from any habitation, the travelers hear a high-pitched *WooWoo! WooWoo! WooWoo!* noise, gradually getting louder. A glowing pink dot appears in the eastern sky, brightening by the second. There's time for Leroy to take bearings and work out its course and speed: due west, descending fast, and moving at approximately 500mph. There's also time to take a photograph.

The radio roars with static as it approaches and flies across the road a few hundred yards ahead of the car. An

Mexican Wrestling Movies

In Hollywood, Abbot and Costello met the monsters. In Mexico, B-movies once showed wrestlers tackling such entities. There were dozens of these, each featuring some generic plot and starring some or other daring wrestler who remained masked throughout the film. (These seem to have been since replaced by violent epics about drug-dealing.)

The wrestling films formed a distinct Mexican genre. They generally included extended wrestling sequences, an attractive woman who might be kidnapped, and a plot including science fictional or horror elements, or both, usually in combination with an evil master criminal. Plenty of aimless driving (Santo drove a little MG sports car) extended the run-time of the films, the celluloid equivalent of Hamburger Helper.

Most of these films are available only in Spanish, but their dialog and plots are so rudimentary and formalistic that understanding the words adds little to the enjoyment. Some have been dubbed into English. They do not sound better in Spanish. These epics were ground out fast, like the earlier Saturday matinee serials in the United States, and they have much of the same feel—screen movement nearly purified of meaning by a ritualistic and unchanging context.

The most famous feature the wrestler Santo, but the Blue Demon and other masked heroes and villains existed. Representative titles include *Santo en el Hotel de la Muerte* (1961), *Santo contra las Mujeres Vampiros* (1962), *Santo contra Blue Demon en Atlantida* (1968), *Asesinos de Otros Mundos* (1971), *Santo vs. la Hija de Frankenstein* (1971), and the tag-team *Santo y Blue Demon contra Dracula y el Hombre Loco* (1973). Between them, Santo and Blue Demon made scores of films over two decades; comparatively, *Las Luchadoras* (the Wrestling Women) and Neutron were much less prolific, but also starred in limited series of similar content: the ladies shot topless versions as well.

The Incredibly Strange Film Show, a TV series presented by Jonathan Ross, devoted an hour to these films. In the United States, this admirable show occasionally runs on the Discovery cable television channel. RE/Search book 12 parallels the TV series.

While few wrestling films have ever been set off-planet like this adventure, that chiefly seems to have been because of restricted budgets.

object is now visible in the glare—a flying saucer about sixty feet wide, looking much like giant paper plates and table-tennis balls sprayed silver. Raul stamps on the brakes. The saucer continues on for a half mile or so, then abruptly turns and darts back towards the limousine and, as it approaches, projecting a violet beam which envelops the vehicle and surrounding road. The aliens have detected platinum in the car.

The engine stalls, the picnic cutlery vibrates, and Joe gets a violent headache. Players should attempt CON x4 rolls on D100 that round, lowering the multiplier by one each round until the multiplier is zero, if need be. If a roll fails, the investigator instantly falls asleep. Raul passes out in the first round.

The steel plate in Joe's skull partially protects him from the beam, and he is paralyzed rather than knocked out. Continue the attack until only Joe is conscious, then have his player roll three times more but continue to ignore the result. Eventually an iris in the bottom of the saucer opens, and something floats down to the car.

Request a Sanity roll for Joe: 1/1D3 Sanity points are lost, and Joe then passes out whether or not the roll succeeded. All are now unconscious.

Waking Up

Minutes later, everyone wakes up. Apart from Joe, no one remembers the incident. Joe remembers only the saucer, and nothing else, except a feeling that what came after was horrible. Everyone else obeys the V'kthulkai hypnotic suggestion that Raul swerved to avoid a goat and ran into a ditch, leaving them shaken but unhurt.

If Joe tells his version, the other players should pretend that he must have a concussion. Joe should have to work hard to convince them, but there is some evidence on his side.

- There was no sign of any goat, and the limo was stopped on the highway.
- Everyone's watch has stopped, at approximately the same minute.
- Every piece of iron and steel in the car (including the plate in Joe's skull) is magnetized.
- Raul starts to light a cigarette. After a few seconds of search he asks if anyone has seen his lighter. It is one El Tigre gave him, made of platinum. No one can find it.
- Call for Spot Hidden rolls for Jerry and Mary. If either is successful, they notice that their platinum wedding rings have disappeared. Nothing else is missing, but there was nothing else made of platinum in the car. This discovery greatly upsets Jerry and Mary.
- If Caroline tried to take a picture, she now hears glass tinkling inside her camera. With a successful Idea roll, she realizes that the photographic lens has been smashed, but that the roll of film might still retain an image of the saucer.
- The radio is still playing music, interrupted by faint bursts of static every few seconds. With a successful

Idea roll, Leroy or Joe thinks of bending the radio aerial to make a crude directional antenna which can pinpoint the source of the static. A successful Electrical Repair roll is needed to do this. They get a positive result on a bearing of 80 degrees.

Trying this again a mile further along the road suggests that the powerful source of electrical static is about five miles south of the point where the saucer was sighted. Raul's road map shows only mountains there. This point can also be deduced from the course and speed of the saucer.

The investigators may receive Idea rolls to remember the real events, first when Joe tells his story, and again as each piece of evidence is discovered. Raul will never remember.

Raul insists on carrying on to Acapulco. It's getting dark, and the road is dangerous at night. Any direct route to the source of the static would take the car down sheer cliffs and up mountainsides. If the investigators seem intent on tracking down the saucer, and no one else suggests it, Raul recommends coming back with horses or jeeps in the morning.

El Tigre

AT THE HOTEL, bell boys scuttle inside with the team's luggage, and the manager personally escorts everyone to a suite with rooms for all the investigators. He explains that El Tigre is wrestling tonight in the arena, and offers ringside tickets to the party. If they are too tired to attend, they can watch on television. El Tigre will join the group in the hotel restaurant for dinner at ten.

The Arena Battle

El Tigre and his friend El Peñón de Oro are meeting Los Hermanos Malévolo in a tag-team match. The malevolent brothers wear identical black tights, boots, and leather masks covering the entire heads, except for eyes, nose, and mouth. Symmetrical punctures in the leather allow them to hear. Their masks are painted to look like skulls. El Tigre's partner ('the golden boulder') wears a shiny gold cape, golden tights, black boots, and a gold domino mask over the eyes.

El Tigre comes last to the ring, to thunderous acclaim. He wears a cape of some material made to look like tiger skin, black tights, black boots, and a tiger-striped, close-fitting leather mask that covers the entire head.

Things go well for the good guys for a while, but then the Hermanos Malévolo catch El Peñón in a corner, rip off his mask, and go to work on him. Nothing the referee can do causes them to stop their wicked forearm smashes. El Tigre paces up and down, trying to find some legal

way to rescue his friend—to no avail! Poor El Peñón goes out on a stretcher.

El Tigre swears a great oath to avenge El Peñón, and invites both brothers into the ring with him, waving the referee aside. The battle resumes.

At first the brothers prevail, baffling the referee by using cunning illegal attacks to get an advantage, then pummeling El Tigre while he is down. But from some reservoir of strength the greatest wrestler in the all the world frees himself, sends one brother into a turnbuckle and out cold, then turns his great anger against the quivering second brother. This second villain tries to flee, but El Tigre intercepts him. Soon both brothers are unconscious in the ring, and the referee holds El Tigre's hand high—he has won! The crowd goes wild.

Meeting El Tigre

In the hotel restaurant the investigators are ushered to the best table, where bottles of French champagne and trays of beluga caviar are produced almost instantaneously.

José Velasco wrestles as *El Tigre*, The Tiger. He is 6'4" tall, powerfully built, and is currently wearing a business suit and his trademark tiger-striped leather mask. In keeping with other heroes of free wrestling (*lucha libre*), El Tigre keeps his face covered at all times, and removes his mask only at home or in the company of close friends and relatives. No one ever seems to notice the mask, or to think that this is unusual behavior. El Tigre hugs Inigo, shakes hands with the other men, kisses the ladies' hands, then joins the team at the table. He is very cosmopolitan, and speaks much better English than Inigo does.

After a few pleasantries, the first course arrives, and El Tigre says "So, what is all this Raul tells me about flying saucers?"

Give the investigators as much time as they like to explain events. El Tigre considers for a moment, then leans forward and quietly says, "You will understand that I have many friends, and sometimes I hear things that are not public knowledge. There have been many saucer sightings in the west of Mexico, and the government is very concerned. Always these craft act strangely, but your story is stranger than most. I'm not filming tomorrow. Maybe if we go back along the road, we will learn something. What do you think?"

The investigators probably agree. El Tigre suggests an early breakfast, with a view to leaving tomorrow morning at about eight. He'll arrange transportation.

¡Homicidios En Guerrero!

Metal de Platinó Robado

T.COLO.GUER—Diez kilos de metal de platino valorado en diez millones de pesos fueron robados ayer.

El metal estaba de camino a Acapulco cuando un vehículo armado esforzó el camión del camino. De acuerdo con autoridades locales, el camión fue encontrado sin los diez kilos de platino y un guardia y el conductor muertos a sangre fría. El camión parecen que fue destruido con explosivos.

Un testigo que encontró el accidente afirmó excuchar absolutamente nada, por lo contrario dijo que vio en objeto volador no identificado rodeando el área poco antes de encontrar el camión.

Sin discutir lo que el testigo vio, la policía confirma la búsqueda de los criminales aquí dentro del territorio de planeta tierra!

Translated into English, the story reads as follows:

*Homicides in Guerrero! [a state in Mexico]
Ten Kilos of Platinum Stolen.*

Ten kilos of rare platinum metal, worth 1.2 million dollars, were stolen yesterday. The metal was en route to Acapulco when daring thieves forced the armored car off the road. According to local authorities, the wreck was found with ten kilos of platinum missing and the guard and driver both murdered in cold blood. The enormous armored car doors were blasted open with explosives. A witness who was first to find the accident reported hearing nothing but rather says he saw a flying saucer in the area just before finding the wreck. Despite what the witness claims, the police have so far confined their search for the criminals to the planet Earth!

The Photograph

Caroline Jenkins may want to use a darkroom to develop her film. The hotel photo shop has one; in return for an autograph by El Tigre it is open to her day or night. The exposure is poor, however, and pushing the developer results only in a vague, grainy outline of the saucer surrounded by a hazy halo. A glass splinter has cut through the image of the saucer. The picture isn't of much use as evidence, but it is certain to find its way into dozens of flying saucer books and be an embarrassment to Miss Jenkins in later years.

Weapons

Experienced players may wish to step outside the film, and try to arm their characters, even though this would be inconsistent with most characters' personalities. None of the investigators has a Mexican firearms license, and it is theoretically impossible to buy a gun without one. El Tigre can speed the process, but even he needs several days. Naturally El Tigre always obeys the law.

If the players insist on weapons, acquiesce since the abductions will occur anyway, but require that the players come up with some scenes of their own in which this is accomplished, scenes which are consistent with the rest of the film.

Newspapers

Significant research in Acapulco's limited libraries requires the ability to read Spanish. There are dozens of newspaper stories about flying saucers in the last few months.

One attracts special attention. Dated four months ago, it describes an armored car that was found crashed en route to Acapulco, with ten kilos of platinum missing and both guards slain. A witness claimed he saw a saucer shortly before finding the wreck. The police say that thieves forced the van off the road, then blew it open with explosives. They dismiss the idea of alien involvement.

If the investigators approach the police, they are treated politely because they are educated and have an influential friend, but the authorities privately regard them as time-wasters. Lately there are dozens of loco hombres telling flying saucer stories—why should they take these young Yanquis more seriously?

Explorations

THE NEXT morning, Raul is dozing in the front seat of the first of several battered jeeps. They are painted olive drab. One bears somewhat shabby lettering proclaiming *Cinema Milagroso S.A.* on the driver's side. Raul's military-looking vehicle has a 3.5" recoilless rifle mounted in the rear, but it's a fake, made of painted scaffolding, a pole, and bits of hardware. The jeeps are being used in El Tigre's latest film, and he has borrowed them.

El Tigre has changed into skin-hugging wrestling tights, high-topped wrestling boots, a tiger-skin cape, and of course he wears his leather tiger-mask. As in his films, his bare chest is shaved and oiled.

The Ride Inland

The ride north from Acapulco is uneventful, apart from an encounter with a national police patrol, armed to the teeth and naturally interested in what seems to be a paramilitary convoy. They ask for El Tigre's autograph, poke through the baggage, look round for movie cameras, shrug, and drive on.

Some time later, the jeeps are passed by a motorcycle ridden by a nun. Raul is vaguely aware that there is a medical order of nuns in this area, but he knows nothing of their secret. Investigators recall seeing similar motorcycles in war movies. This one is glossy black, and the sidecar is loaded with boxes bearing Red Cross labels, but the make is unmistakable. With a successful Spot Hidden roll, painted-over Wehrmacht markings on the sidecar are clearly visible. The bike is faster than the jeeps, and much more maneuverable, so it soon disappears from view.

If the Spot Hidden result was half or less of the investigator's Spot Hidden skill, he or she feels uneasy about something but isn't sure what: subconsciously, the investigator noticed that the nun's feet were just visible under her habit, revealing leather boots with moderately high heels, not the flat sensible shoes a real nun would wear. This detail is remembered after the nuns have been revealed as imposters.

At first no road seems to lead toward the saucer's apparent landing point. After some search, the group finds a dirt track a mile further north. It heads down into a canyon in roughly the right direction. The track is rutted with fresh tire marks, some of which are comparable to jeep tires. With a successful Spot Hidden roll, faint tracks like those made by a motorcycle and sidecar are also noticed. The route winds between trees, and is barely wide enough for the jeeps.

At The Pyramid

After four miles, the track dips into a narrow valley. If the team has been using a radio for direction finding, they start to pick up a hum of static. The route fords a shallow stream, then rounds a bend to emerge in a clearing about a half-mile wide. In the approximate center is a small pyramid, festooned with creepers and weeds. Parked nearby is a battered Land Rover, which happens to have the same tires as a jeep; beside it are a tent and a woman who is busy sketching the pyramid.

The woman is Dame Eleanor Hackett, a British archaeologist. She doesn't mind taking a break to talk to the team. She's delighted to show off her pyramid, and tell them all about it.

"I think that it's very late Aztec, fifteenth or sixteenth century, in a remarkable state of preservation. It probably isn't of significance, maybe a local shrine. Though I can't imagine why they'd build it here, since we're well away from Aztec population centers. Perhaps it was a refuge

from the conquistadors. Aerial survey only found it last year—goodness knows how they managed to miss it when they built the highway.”

A successful roll of INT x4 or less notices a scrap of white on a nearby bush. It is not a blossom but a rough sketch of the pyramid, with the beginnings of an odd disk-like object above the pyramid. If Dame Eleanor is confronted with the picture she'll say “That's odd,” then change the subject back to the pyramid. If investigators stimulate her memory (for example, by showing her Caroline's photograph of the saucer) she'll suddenly remember: the saucer flew over the pyramid the previous evening, and attacked her with its ray. She remembers nothing else, waking with a headache this morning.

Inspecting The Pyramid

The pyramid is odd. Although the stone looks weathered, close examination reveals faint tool marks on some of the cracks and weather-worn areas. At ground level, careful study shows that the texture of the stone continues unchanged from block to block; in other words, the entire pyramid seems to be one solid piece of stone, carved and etched to look as though it is made of separate blocks. Dame Eleanor hasn't been able to identify the stone. It looks like granite but seems to be much harder. Her pickaxe only scratches the surface. A successful Geology roll declares it to be no substance natural to this planet. A successful Archaeology roll indicates that the entire structure is a fraud. It is relatively new construction.

The pyramid is also the source of the faint radio static investigators may have detected. It seems to come from the entire structure, rather than any isolated part of it.

Starting about ten feet above the base the gaps between the 'blocks' are a little wider, and spaced with suspicious regularity. Air steadily flows into the pyramid through these gaps.

Some of the vines on the pyramid are realistic plastic fakes. Many genuine weeds and vines grow in patches, but they overgrow many more which are phoney. This detail is noticed only if someone states that he or she is examining them, or requests a Biology or Natural History roll.

The flat top of the pyramid is made of something that looks like pumice, but seems to be immensely strong, and is impossible to damage with anything the investigators are carrying. It also feels unnaturally warm. If someone kneels to examine the surface, oppose his or her CON to POT 10 poison on the Resistance Table. If unsuccessful, the target inhales too much of the gas the pyramid is producing, and starts coughing. In a couple of minutes, everyone starts coughing anyway. There's no obvious smell, just a tartness in the air.

From the top of the pyramid it's possible to see faint marks in the earth not noticeable at ground level. They start at the base of the pyramid and head into the trees on the far side of the clearing. These prove the prints of

several pairs of high-heeled boots, partially obscured by earth brushed into them. They lead in both directions.

Little Sisters Of Mercy

The guards have been watching the team from the edge of the trees, knowing that another saucer is due to land in a few minutes. Once the investigators climb down, the guards attack. There's a sudden roar of engines, then three bikes bolt from the trees, each equipped with a machine gun and gunner in the side car, followed by a truck full of nuns and more on foot. All brandish Lugers and other weapons. The vehicles and nuns fan out to encircle the investigators.

A leader shouts “*Hände hoche!*” (hands up). The investigators see that they have no choice but to obey. El Tigre says “I think we'd better do what they want. I don't think we can fight all of them.” He raises his hands to shoulder height.

Dame Eleanor says “I am a British citizen, I protest this outrage!” and reluctantly raises her hands.

Raul wakes, sees what's happening, and frantically guns the engine of his jeep, the wheels spinning as he tries to get it moving. There's a burst of machine-gun fire from one of the bikes and he slumps over the wheel, his body pressing on the horn. Inigo and El Tigre lose 1/1D4 Sanity points to see their old friend murdered.

If the investigators resist, fire until they surrender. There is no hope of escape. The nuns are alert and homicidal.

El Tigre Makes His Move

An unarmed nun steps forward to disarm and search the party. El Tigre grabs her and throws her into the line of nuns, then uses the confusion to spring up and over the pyramid. Bullets whistle around him, but as usual he leads a charmed life and gets away.

Some pursue El Tigre. The rest sneer at what they think is his cowardice, or perhaps they intimate that he has been slain, to dishearten the captives. They finish confiscating weapons and equipment from the investigators. If the keeper wishes, they find Joe's knife, but not other small concealed weapons.

After any fighting, the Nazis spend a few minutes explaining their plan for a new thousand-year Reich, and for the enslavement and eventual extinction of all non-Aryans. The women laugh at investigator suggestions of an alien plot: they know that the saucer is a new Heinkel design, a product of Aryan science, and that the crew are gallant members of the Luftwaffe resistance.

The same *WooWoo! WooWoo! WooWoo!* noise is heard. A glowing dot appears on the horizon. Some of the nuns whip off their habits, revealing black SS uniforms and black leather go-go boots underneath. All take up neat military stances, weapons at the ready. The saucer slows, then hovers a few dozen feet above the pyramid.

A circle in the base of the hull irises open, and a horrible human-size green creature with three legs and three eye-stalks floats down in a pillar of blue light. The Nazis salute the creature and shout "*Sieg heil! Sieg heil!*" Joe need not receive a Sanity roll, but the rest of the party lose 1/1D3 Sanity points for their first sight of a V'kthulkai. A Nazi with Lieutenant's insignia moves to the foot of the pyramid, salutes again, and shouts "Mein Führer! Ve haff captured some spies! Shall ve shoot zem?" The green alien considers for a moment. Then everyone 'hears' a booming telepathic voice.

**NO. BRING THEM TO ME.
WE WILL INTERROGATE THEM FURTHER.
YOU HAVE DONE WELL.**

The Nazis force the investigators to the top of the pyramid, a few feet from the alien. At this range a dark blue defensive force field is visible around the creature.

ACTIVATE THE TRACTOR BEAM!

Everyone on the top of the pyramid, including the investigators and the Nazis, rises smoothly into the air and into the saucer. In the confusion, anyone receiving a successful INT x1 roll seems to notice that one guard has suddenly changed into a tiger-striped costume, but when the investigator turns for a better look, nothing is there at all.

I Was Abducted By Aliens!

INSIDE the saucer is a circular chamber, made of a gray metallic substance. There are no windows; large lockers line the walls. With a successful roll of INT x1 or less, an investigator notices that one locker door is slightly ajar.

The huge iris valve in the center of the floor squishes closed underneath the last person to beam up.

The floor everywhere floods with jelly, then the blue ray disappears and everyone drops a few inches to the floor. Feet sink into the jelly to the depth of an inch, the surface underneath feeling firm but rubbery. The jelly doesn't cling to feet or shoes, and footprints vanish within a few seconds. Female investigators are no doubt wearing sandals with high heels, as befits the time, and feel a texture and temperature something like Jello salad.

All About The V'kthulkai

These repulsive creatures are six-foot-tall aliens resembling horribly distorted three-armed and three-legged green pandas with three eye stalks each. They are telepathic amongst themselves, and can send thoughts to humans, who will hear those thoughts as if spoken in their native languages. The aliens can only receive human thoughts if a human concentrates on putting an idea across.

The invaders can breathe Earth's atmosphere, but make a point of occasionally whiffing gas from small cylinders containing a pungent mixture of radioactive sulphur dioxide, fluorocarbons, carbon dioxide, and methane. They need occasional sniffs to stay alert, but can live without them for several hours.

The V'kthulkai don't dislike humanity, but they do want vacant possession of the Earth, preferably with a home-like atmosphere. They'd also like the gravity to be a little higher, but you can't have everything.

Despite their motives, the V'kthulkai have a rigid code of conduct. Once their scheme is discovered they are honor-bound to give humanity a fair chance to win back the planet in trial-by-combat.

Curved ramps lead up to a second, similar floor, where the captives are taken. The only furnishings are a semicircle of five incredibly-complicated control panels, each operated by an alien, and three curved rows of airline-style seats, firmly fixed to the floor. Each chair has a peculiar dome-like device above it, like a beauty-parlor hair drier; these are the alien brain-washing machines. A few portable units were used on the investigators the previous night.

The SS-women force the investigators to sit in the chairs. Strong metal clamps click out of the seat arms and legs, locking the captives firmly in place. No amount of struggle or Locksmithing can open them. Next the Nazis sit down and lower the domes over their own heads, seeming to relax into a deep trance.

PREPARE FOR TAKEOFF!

All the aliens start pushing and pulling levers, pressing buttons, and turning knobs in coordinated ways. All of them seem to be busy, and on an Idea roll everyone should realize that it isn't going to be possible to figure out the controls and hijack the saucer.

The upper dome of the saucer becomes transparent, revealing the sky and a few wispy clouds above. Abruptly powerful G-forces push everyone into their seats, and the sky turns dark blue, then black with hundreds of stars. The saucer smoothly swings around and surges toward the Moon. The flight lasts only long enough to watch the earth get smaller and smaller, then the view jumps to the Moon, getting bigger and bigger.

Landing, the Nazis abruptly wake and move to guard the team, then the clamps click open and the investigators are free to get up. One calls out, "*Schwe-*

inhunden! Get down the ramp and into the beam! *Mach schnell, schnell!*"

The beam takes the adventurers three hundred feet down a long shaft, emerging in a round chamber with nine corridors radiating from it. The walls and ceilings are covered with pipes and cables, the floor is covered in the orange goo. Led by the aliens, stern-faced Nazis march the team through a maze of tunnels, eventually emerging on a circular gallery overlooking a huge Mercator-projection map of the Earth.

Below, more SS-women use long rods to push saucer-shaped markers around the map, looking for all the world like WWII fighter controllers. Investigators notice pyramid markers in several Central and South American countries, Egypt, India, and Africa. Other markers that look like industrial complexes are in Britain, Europe, North America, and the Communist bloc. There are even iceberg-shaped markers near the north and south poles. If Caroline has kept her camera, she finds an opportunity to snap photos of the map after a successful DEX x4 or less roll on D100.

Half way around the gallery the leading alien stops, and turns to face the Nazis and the team. The Nazis salute, and the alien waves a green arm in reply, then begins to broadcast to the investigators.

SO! YOU WERE ABLE TO REMEMBER SEEING OUR SAUCER. OUR CONDITIONING WAS INEFFECTIVE?

Let the team boast about their superior mental abilities, threaten the aliens, make futile escape attempts, and so forth. When they are done, it speaks again.

AS YOU ARE AWARE OF OUR PRESENCE, I WILL EXPLAIN WHY WE HAVE COME.

It represents V'Zloznik Technologies ('Better Air and Better Weather, Through Planet-Forming'). Its mission is to prepare Earth for V'kthulkai colonization, which must await a warmer and wetter habitat, one whose atmosphere is freshened with sulphur dioxide, methane, radioactives, and fluorocarbons, and one whose ozone layer has been stripped to let in adequate ultra-violet radiation.

IT'S NOTHING YOU WOULDN'T DO YOURSELVES.

Prompt the investigators to reply if they say nothing.

YOU MEAN THAT YOU HAVE OBJECTIONS? HMMM.

The SS-women never objected, since they believe that they have heard the Führer describe his master plan for Aryan supremacy. If the investigators dislike the idea, the voice says that under V'kthulkai law whoever is smart enough to become aware of surreptitious planet-forming (the actual V'kthulkai

word is *vloogle*, a general term signifying that advantage is where one finds it) may lodge a formal objection.

I UNDERSTAND. YOU WISH A GLORIOUS TRIAL-BY-COMBAT!

If the team does object, they may fight for the fate of the earth. Some might want to fight an armed duel, but the aliens wouldn't dream of such a thing. The only true test of valor to these aliens is unarmed combat, eye-stalk to eye-stalk. As soon as the team are ready, they can move to the arena, and the fight can begin. The investigator team must include everyone present, including the women in the party.

HONOR REQUIRES THAT WE WILL FIGHT BY RULES YOU UNDERSTAND. WE WILL FIGHT BY THE WRESTLING RULES OF YOUR OWN WORLD.

The V'kthulkai have seen lots of professional wrestling from earthly telecasts, so they're ready and able. The shows are favorites of theirs—they especially like the way that the cheating team usually wins. The investigators will have to forget what they know about collegiate wrestling, and get ready for the apparent free-for-all of the professional matches.

If the investigators want time to prepare, a successful Idea roll points out that they have no proper costumes, an important part of the game. This brought to their attention, the V'kthulkai apologize abjectly and offer robotic costumers to design and create whatever the investigators want. This process takes another day or so. Perhaps the

Medical Problems

At the keeper's option, three of the investigators have medical problems which may affect their behavior in the ring.

- **JOE KLOPZIK** should have listened to his doctor; he really shouldn't be wrestling. If he succeeds with a head butt attack, oppose his CON to the damage the attack causes. If he is unsuccessful he takes half the damage himself (round down).
- **JERRY STRONG** has a brain tumor, which degrades his dexterity, causes blinding headaches, and will eventually kill him. This should be used for dramatic effect; he'll feel dizzy and faint during any prolonged exertion, such as climbing a pyramid, and must stop and sit down for a few minutes. Optionally the condition also affects his Dexterity and use of skills, preferably at awkward moments.
- **MARY STRONG** takes tranquilizers. Again, they should be used mainly for dramatic effect; at any moment of stress, point out that she wants to take one. Each tablet lasts 2D3 hours, and if another is taken before the first wears off, the effects will be cumulative. Mary should not be informed of their effect in advance. Reduce DEX by 1D4, and make all skill rolls at a 5 percentile penalty per tablet taken. Three tablets cause extreme drowsiness; Mary can't dodge or perform any DEX-related skill. Four tablets cause 2D6 hours deep sleep. There is one benefit; while under the influence of tranquilizers, Mary loses the minimum amount of Sanity points if her player fails any Sanity roll.

players will have fun describing what each investigator is wearing.

Meanwhile

Meanwhile, we see scenes of El Tigre stowing away in the locker aboard the saucer, sneaking along passageways on the Moon, knocking out guards and stealing their uniforms, and watching over the kidnaped investigators to make sure that they are safe for the moment. El Tigre is alive and on the Moon, searching for a way to foil the V'kthulkai and save his friends.

If robots create costumes for the investigators, El Tigre sneaks in and reprograms them to create a life-like V'kthulkai costume for him. Thereafter, he is undetectably one of the aliens, until he judges the moment to be right to reveal himself. The scenario hereafter assumes this to be what happens.

El Tigre contra los 'Saucer-Men'

WHEN the investigators have been costumed and the great match announced, a dozen SS-women lead the investigators to a huge arena, equipped with a regulation ring, an alien announcer wearing an approximation of a tuxedo, an alien referee in black-striped shirt and black three-legged trousers, and burly-looking aliens in their own tentacled, spotted, caped, fanged, gloved, and leotarded get-ups.

The arena is crowded with green aliens, their eye-stalks waving excitedly, and as well as by black-uniformed storm-trooperettes. A murmur of anticipation sweeps the hall as the human team walks down to the ring.

As the fighters take up their position, the announcer telepathically intones,

**IN THE BLUE CORNER, REPRESENTING
EARTH, THE HUMANS!**

Plenty of mental jeers and cat-calls follow this.

**AND IN THE GREEN CORNER, THE V'KTHULKAI,
REPRESENTED BY V'ZLOZNIK TECHI**

Enormous applause and cheering ensues from this entirely partisan crowd.

Alien-Combat Wrestling

As in earthly arena-style professional wrestling, that tag-team wins which first takes two falls. To take a fall, an opponent's shoulder's must be pinned to the mat for a count of three by the referee. Assume that such wrestling combines the Grapple, Kick, Fist/Punch, Head Butt,

Dodge, Throw, and Jump skills in any way the combatants wish. (Note that because of their eye-stalks, V'kthulkai cannot Head Butt.) Keep track of DEX ranks: the faster combatant has the initial advantage. Here are some general rules for the grudge match that follows.

- Application of the Martial Arts skill is cause for a foul or the ejection of the wrestler. But ejections seem to occur only to build up a grudge match for the next meeting.
- A fall cannot be taken by employing a foul. After five fouls, that team forfeits the match.
- Strangling an opponent beyond what is needed to win a fall is considered bad form, and cause for a foul or an ejection, as is smashing his head into the turnbuckles, or throwing the victim out of the ring.
- To obtain a fall, the attacker must succeed with a Grapple, force the opponent to the floor, then maintain the Grapple for the next two rounds, while the referee slowly counts 1-2-3, one count for each round. After a fall, new wrestlers must enter the ring. A wrestler can submit to a hold, and thereby grant a fall even without the shoulders touching the mat.
- Only one wrestler per side can be in the ring at a time.
- To get out of the ring, a wrestler must be able to move and touch the hand of another wrestler. To be tagged, a wrestler must be touching his home corner.
- Certain areas (groins, eye-stalks, spines, etc.) must be avoided, and attacking such places are grounds for a foul or ejection.
- Since the referee is an alien, any of the alien wrestlers can try to Fast Talk the referee into issuing a foul for illegal blows and holds. The investigators can try, too, but since they're not telepaths, their Fast Talks are reduced to one-tenth of normal. Nonetheless, the referee attempts to be fair and impartial.
- As a special rule for this match only, all the wrestlers on a side must have entered the ring and done combat before any wrestler on that side can re-enter the ring.
- Finally, if reduced to zero hit points in the ring, wrestlers do not die, but are merely unconscious.

The Point Of Play

The idea here is to allow each investigator some time in the ring before El Tigre makes his surprise entry against Mutoid. Cause the aliens to cheat enough to win one round, but the investigators should also win a round, in order that El Tigre's entrance decides matters.

Everyone, aliens and humans alike, should posture, boast, show off their costumes, bounce off the ropes around the ring, shout, thrust their noses against any camera lenses, beat their fists on their chests, and so forth. The keeper should try to keep the contest moving and to keep the general flow of the match uppermost, and not bog down in rules applications.

The Third Fall

If we assume that most professional wrestling matches are scripted in advance, then there is nothing unfair in

having it happen here. The most dramatic sequence will be if the aliens win the first fall, and the investigators win the second. All the player-characters should spend some time in the ring during the first two rounds. At least some should experience V'kthulkai cheating, so that the unexpected situation at the start of round three is foreshadowed.

When round three begins, the investigators see that the weakest of the aliens has been replaced. The referee explains that he was too injured to continue. In his place is a giant alien whose name translates as *Mutoid the Murderer*. Whoever first confronts Mutoid should promptly be beaten to a pulp, but allowed to make it back to the friendly corner. He or she should just be stretching out a hand for help, when the unexpected happens.

At this point, El Tigre rips off his V'kthulkai costume, or else swings down to the ring on some dangling rope. Naturally he still wears his own unmistakable wrestling costume. To an individual, the V'kthulkai are entirely taken aback, cowed, and silenced. A great gasp goes up. El Tigre is known to them all, from his many earthly telecasts, but the thought most often heard is:

IN COLOR, THAT'S A GREAT COSTUME!

Alien Cheating

The V'kthulkai correctly perceive that the ethos of arena-style wrestling reflects their own alien philosophy of life, summarized in the word *vloogle*. This is why the televised events are so popular on the Moon. The favorite alien tactic is the vloogle; that is, to divert the attention of the referee in some fashion, and then to meanwhile deliver a blow or take hold in a fashion that otherwise would provoke a call of foul. The following are possible ways to characterize these interplanetary cheats; keepers should invent others, as well.

EYE-STALK STRANGLE: though delicate, their eye-stalks are supple and strong enough to strangle a human to unconsciousness. Use regular suffocation damage; each trio of eye-stalks has STR equal to the alien's printed STR.

DIVERSION OF THE THIRD KNEE: the alien slips in between the legs of the male human then, unimpeded, slams its third leg upward against the unprotected groin. This stuns the human for two rounds.

BREATH OF DOOM: the alien empties all three lungs toward the nose of the human, unleashing a scent as powerful as cat urine. This special exhalation is thick enough to be seen by the referee. The human automatically releases his or her hold the first time, and each time thereafter needs a successful POW x4 or less roll to refrain from spasming in disgust.

Just how aliens distract is for the keeper to decide. A group of them might broadcast,

LOOK OUT BEHIND YOU!

for instance. If the referee turns his eyestalks, then combatant alien gets in a low blow. Or an alien might complain about human encroachment on a neutral corner, and eye-gouge while the referee attends to the complaint. Or an alien might catch his third boot in the human's trunks, and then bash him when his guard dropped. Three eyes, three hands, and three feet should keep matters fairly easy.

The famous wrestler languidly tosses his tiger-skin cape aside, and climbs into the ring.

Though he stands taller than El Tigre, Mutoid shrinks away, knowing that he is no match for this legend of the ring. He stretches out a hand for a tag, but no tag comes from his cowardly teammates. Extend the description as you wish, but El Tigre quickly mops the floor with him, and throws him out of the ring. The match is over.

THE HUMANS HAVE WON. WE SHALL DISASSEMBLE OUR OPERATIONS ON THEIR PLANET AND DEPART.

The SS-women wish to interfere, but the V'kthulkai are true to their word, and return the humans home without incident. The departure from the Moon is slowed only by the hordes of aliens who surround El Tigre, seeking his autograph. Graciously, he complies without stint, congratulating them on their sportsmanship.

El Tigre, Our Savior

Since Earth is not yet ready for contact with galactic civilization, the V'kthulkai want to return the humans secretly. The return trip is a mirror image of the outward journey, except that the investigators aren't locked into their seats.

The chastened SS-women, having learned that their leader is long dead, decide to accompany the V'kthulkai to the stars, since the aliens are the next best thing to Nazis: even if their blood isn't Aryan, their triple hearts seem to be in the right places.

But as the saucer approaches Earth, there's a loud bang from one of the control panels, a long silence, and then the aliens start shrieking at each other.

EMERGENCY!

EMERGENCY!

RADAR CLOAKING DEVICE HAS BLOWN A FUSE!

EARTHLING FIGHTER AIRCRAFT IN PURSUIT!

The saucer makes repeated violent maneuvers, then jerks to a stop. It hovers, the iris slams open, and the blue beam appears, to take the investigators back to the surface.

GET OUT QUICKLY—
OUR NEXT STOP IS SATURN!

Whoever stays to argue is in for a long one-way trip. His arm around his son, Inigo, El Tigre leads the way into the beam. As the humans float down, they get a confused impression of hundreds of pigeons, screaming crowds scattering away from under the saucer, and buildings on all sides. They splash

down in the basin of a large ornamental fountain.

The saucer spins and rises into the air, narrowly misses the roof of a red London double-decker bus, clips the top of Nelson's Column, snaps the head off the body, and flashes away into the sky. A helmeted policeman eyes the team, pulls a notebook from his pocket, walks over, and says "Now then, I must caution you that it's an offense to bathe in these fountains, and that Her Majesty's government takes a severe view of the defacement of monuments. Do you have an address for the owner of that aerial vehicle?"

If Dame Eleanor is still with the investigators, she identifies herself, vouches for the team, and invites them round to her town house for tea. If she was killed or left behind, they must do their own explaining. Later El Tigre pays for rooms at the Savoy, and treats everyone to a weekend in London.

Shortly thereafter, the investigators read of unusually clear skies all over the planet. The saucers have disappeared. Each player-character mentally salutes his or her own autographed photo of the valiant super-wrestler. El Tigre has saved the world again.

Estadísticas

RAUL HERNANDEZ, Age 32, Chauffeur

STR 10 CON 10 SIZ 10 INT 9 POW 9
DEX 11 APP 11 EDU 5 SAN 45 HP 10

Damage Bonus: 0.

Weapons: Machete 10%, damage 1D8+1

Equipment: tool kit, tow rope, machete.

Quote: "Why hurry, señor?"

Skills: Drive Auto 30%, Pick Nose 45%, Speak English 25%.

Description: Raul looks like Mickey Rooney with a black moustache, chain smokes, and picks his nose. His fate in this adventure is to be cannon fodder.

EL TIGRE (José Velasco), Age 43

STR 18 CON 15 SIZ 16 INT 12 POW 15
DEX 16 APP 13 EDU 10 SAN 75 HP 16

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 85%, damage 1D3 +db

Grapple 95%, damage special

Kick 50%, damage 1D6 +db

Head Butt 85%, damage 1D4 +db

Skills: Acting 35%, Credit Rating 90% (in Mexico and on Moon), Dodge 75%, Drive Auto 30%, Fast Talk (Mexican) 35%, Martial Arts 35%, Pick Pocket 45%, Ride 35%.

Equipment: tiger mask and cape.

Quote: "We need to have a plan."

El Tigre is Mexico's foremost professional wrestler, and also appears as himself in many low-budget movies. In them he smashes drug smugglers, zombies, vampires, and other enemies of decent people. It is the proposition of this scenario that his real life and his films are equally true. While El Tigre adds color to this adventure, he needn't dominate it. If the investiga-

tors wait for him to do everything, arrange for him to disappear even earlier than he does as written.

TWO IDENTICAL MEXICAN FEDERAL POLICEMEN

STR 13 CON 12 SIZ 14 INT 13 POW 12
DEX 14 APP 10 EDU 8 SAN 65 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Thompson SMG 40%, damage (burst) 1D10+2
.45 Revolver, damage 1D10+2

Skills: Dodge 35%, Drive 30%, English 10%.

Quote: "Your papers, please, señors. It is routine."

SAMPLE LITTLE SISTERS OF MERCY

	<i>one</i>	<i>two</i>	<i>three</i>	<i>four</i>
STR	10	11	9	10
CON	11	11	11	10
SIZ	10	11	11	9
DEX	15	14	13	13
POW	12	13	11	15
HP	11	11	11	10
	<i>five</i>	<i>six</i>	<i>seven</i>	<i>eight</i>
STR	12	11	12	12
CON	11	10	11	14
SIZ	10	9	12	10
DEX	12	12	11	11
POW	9	13	15	12
HP	11	10	12	12

Damage Bonus: 0.

Weapons: Luger 9mm Automatic 35%, damage 1D10

Machine Pistol 40%, damage (burst) 1D10

Light Machine Gun 40%, damage (burst) 2D6+3

Skills: Dodge 45%, Drive Auto 35%, First Aid 35%, German 60%, Ride Motorcycle 40%, Speak English 10%, Speak Spanish 25%.

Equipment: motorcycles, SS uniforms under nun's habits, radios, leather boots, etc.

Quote: "Hände hoche, schweinhund."

They pretend to be nuns in an Austrian medical Order. Most have first aid and midwifery skills, and they really do help poor peasants in several villages around the area. This activity is a cover used to explain their ownership of a small fleet of ex-Wehrmacht motorbikes (with sidecars) and trucks, which were cargo on the freighter the Nazis used to escape to Mexico. The vehicles have been sprayed black, but German military markings are still faintly visible through the paint. All the vehicles have mounts for machine guns; guns and belts of ammunition are stored in the convent.

Under their habits they wear SS uniforms with short skirts and high-heeled leather boots. All have been brainwashed to believe that the V'kthulka are elite SS officers, and that Vlaskuttkor is Hitler. For the purposes of this adventure they speak a mixture of German and English with ridiculous German accents. Naturally all these women are blonde, blue-eyed, and have the bodies of starlets.

VLASKUTTKOR, V'kthulka Construction Manager

STR 18 CON 16 SIZ 11 INT 18 POW 12
DEX 15 EDU 21 SAN 60 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Blaster** 40%, damage incineration

Two-Legged Kick 35%, damage 2D6+db
 Grapple 45%, damage special
 Fist/Punch 35%, damage 1D6+ db (x3)

**the alien vlookies are not normal attacks.*

*** only usable by V'kthulkai, also has a 'stun' setting that causes unconsciousness for 1 hour.*

Skills: Alien Logic 55%, Appreciate Wrestling 40%, Pilot Saucer 65%, Vlookie 79%.

Equipment: defensive screen, plus any sort of improbable gear you can imagine.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D3 Sanity points to see.

Quote: "Civilization is not without its costs."

SEVEN TYPICAL V'KTHULKAI, PLUS MUTOID

	one	two	three	four
STR	16	16	15	16
CON	14	14	14	13
SIZ	13	14	13	14
DEX	15	14	13	13
POW	11	14	12	14
HP	14	14	14	14
	five	six	seven	Mutoid
STR	18	17	18	21
CON	12	13	14	15
SIZ	14	15	13	22
DEX	13	13	11	10
POW	11	12	14	11
HP	13	14	14	19

Damage Bonus: +1D4. db is +2D6

Weapons: Blaster** 30%, damage incineration
 Two-Legged Kick 35%, damage 2D6 +db
 Grapple 50%, damage special
 Fist/Punch 35%, damage 1D6 +db (x3)

**the alien vlookies are not normal attacks.*

*** only usable by V'kthulkai, also has a 'stun' setting that causes unconsciousness for 1 hour.*

Skills: Dodge 30%, Jump 55%, Operate Incomprehensible Alien Device 55%, Vlookie 70%.

Equipment: might have defensive screens if the investigators start shooting.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D3 Sanity points to see.

Quote: 'Resistance is useless, earthlings.'

Player Characters

DAME ELEANOR HACKETT. You are a wiry, outspoken woman with keen eyes, salt-and-pepper hair, a dedicated archaeologist who has been forced to bypass ordinary academia because of sexist prejudice. You have specialized in Mayan antiquities, and now have begun to investigate the spread of Aztec culture and influence. You set up camp near the pyramid yesterday, but confusingly you seem to have wasted the whole

day, and yet you can't remember what you did. Very odd indeed.

DAME ELEANOR HACKETT, Age 45, Archaeologist

STR 11 CON 15 SIZ 9
 INT 18 POW 17 DEX 14
 APP 9 EDU 19 SAN 58
 HP 12

Damage Bonus: 0.

Weapons: Fencing Foil 65%, damage 1D6+1

Grapple 35%, damage special
 .45 Revolver 50%, damage 1D10+2

Skills: Archaeology 85%, Cthulhu Mythos 2%, Dodge 55%, Fast Talk 85%, Jump 50%, Mayan Mythos 67%, Navigate 20%, Occult 32%, Painting 34%, Ride 55%, Spanish 60%.

Equipment: jeep, camping gear, spades, tea, etc.

Quote: "Miskatonic? I lectured there once, I think."



INIGO VELASCO.

You are a dark-haired, dark-eyed young man of unusual strength for your size. You are an exchange student at Miskatonic University, studying theology. Eventually you hope to become a priest. Your father is El Tigre, a professional wrestler made famous by his films. He supports you in whatever you do, and your ties to him are strong.



The unexpected success of the Miskatonic team has been an embarrassing diversion from your profounder studies. As a native of Mexico, you have a good general knowledge of the country. You read and speak Spanish fluently; your English is accented, but passable.

INIGO VELASCO, Age 19, Student Wrestler

STR 16 CON 14 SIZ 13 INT 15 POW 11
 DEX 16 APP 12 EDU 13 SAN 55 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 75% damage 1D3 +db

Grapple 72%, damage special
 Kick 35%, damage 1D6 +db
 Head butt 23%, damage 1D4 +db

Skills: Credit Rating 35% in Mexico, Dodge 45%, Drive Auto 33%, English 55%, Martial Arts 22%, Philosophy 32%, Spanish 75%, Theology 53%.

Equipment: chest expander, silver crucifix, rosary.

Quote: "I thènk we are in trouble."

JOE KLOPZIK. You are an ex-Marine, a big blond guy with a square jaw, enormous hands, and hard muscles. Your post was accidentally hit by friendly

artillery fire, which cost you your right eye and put a steel plate in your skull. You miss military life, and compensate by taking part in all the violent sport you can find. Your doctor advised against wrestling, but what do doctors know? You hope to work in television. When drunk you have a bad habit of taking your glass eye out and rinsing it in whatever you happen to be drinking. Because of your last name, because you have only one eye, and because you are big and tough, your friends call you 'Cyclops.' Only your friends get the chance to.



JOE KLOPZIK, Age 23, ex-Marine & Student Wrestler

STR 18 CON 16 SIZ 17 INT 14 POW 15
DEX 10 APP 9 EDU 16 SAN 55 HP 17

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 55% damage 1D3 +db

Grapple 65%, damage special

Kick 25%, damage 1D6 +db

Head Butt 41%, damage 1D4 +db

Handgun 45% (not carried)

Rifle 46% (not carried)

Large Switchblade Knife 55%, damage 1D4+2 +db

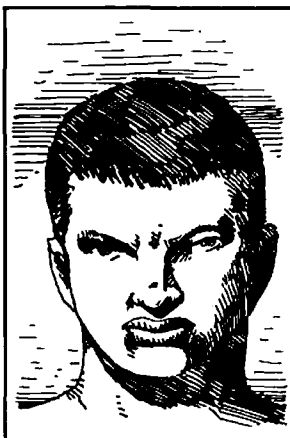
Skills: Dodge 50%, Drive Auto 32%, Electrical Engineering 52%, Electronics 40%, Fast Talk 35%, Martial Arts 32%, Physics 37%, Spanish 11%, Vietnamese 14%.

Equipment: 3 spare glass eyes, knife, steel plate in skull.

Quote: "Shape up, college boys."

LEROY ISHIHARA.

You are an orphan, the son of a Japanese father and a Negro mother. You look vaguely negroid and vaguely Asian, and photos always show you with your brow furrowed in thought. You always feel like an outsider, though you find yourself relaxing with the other members of the wrestling squad. Learning to fight almost as soon as you could walk, you could have become a street punk, but your intelligence drove you to education and got you the scholarships you needed. Now you dream of participating in the space program. You've become an expert wrestler and especially enjoy humiliating braggart opponents.



LEROY ISHIHARA, Age 18, Student Genius & Wrestler

STR 14 CON 17 SIZ 11 INT 19 POW 13
DEX 18 APP 16 EDU 17 SAN 65 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 75%, damage 1D3 +db

Grapple 75%, damage special

Kick 55%, damage 1D6 +db

Head Butt 63%, damage 1D4 +db

Skills: Astronomy 57%, Astrophysics 44%, Dodge 60%, Electronics 65%, Jump 61%, Martial Arts 55%, Mathematics 75%, Nuclear Physics 37%, Physics 65%, Spanish 21%.

Equipment: Slide rule

Quote: "I can take you, big mouth."

JERRY STRONG. You are justly proud of your gridiron feats for Miskatonic, and you have long been happy teaching at the university and coaching the wrestling team. You're pudgy and balding, but still strong and able. Recently you have begun to tire easily, and occasionally have severe headaches. Your doctor says it's age catching up with you, but you think it is something more. After this vacation you plan to find another doctor. In the meantime you'll do your best to ensure that this trip is enjoyable for the students and adds luster to the name of Miskatonic university.



JERRY STRONG, Age 50, Wrestling Coach

STR 16 CON 10 SIZ 13 INT 14 POW 12
DEX 6 APP 6 EDU 14 SAN 60 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 55% damage 1D3 +db

Grapple 55%, damage special

Kick 35%, damage 1D6 +db

Head Butt 33%, damage 1D4 +db

Skills: Drive Automobile 45%, First Aid 43%, Martial Arts 15%, Ride 32%, Ride Motorcycle 45%, Ski 35%.

Equipment: skipping rope, set weights.

Quote: "Let's win this one for old M.U.!"

MARY STRONG.

You are the blonde wife of Jerry Strong, and have kept yourself trim and supple to please him. You are trying to cope with the secret of an impending tragedy by remaining cheerful whatever happens. That's why you take so many tranquilizers.

Jerry has an inoperable brain tumor, one perhaps caused by pre-war boxing injuries. His doctor gives



him no more than a year to live. You have decided that he not be told until you return to Massachusetts; you want him to enjoy this last trip with you. It is going to be perfect, and anyone trying to spoil it will answer to you. And when you want something, you usually get it—you're amazingly lucky, and you have locomotive-like will-power.

You're also modest, and rarely mention your own gymnastic experience or other abilities, which Jerry has encouraged you to continue to practice.

MARY STRONG, Age 40, Jerry's Wife

STR 13 CON 17 SIZ 11 INT 15 POW 18
DEX 16 APP 12 EDU 12 SAN 75 HP 14

Damage Bonus: 0.

Weapon: Knitting Needle 35%, damage 1D3
Cattle Prod 55%, damage stun for one round

Skills: Acrobatics 65%, Climb 55%, Dodge 50%, Drive Automobile 35%, Electrical Repair 45%, Farming 39%, First Aid 37%, Jump 55%, Natural History 40%, Spanish 18%.

Equipment: knitting needles, cattle prod, first aid kit, tranquilizers.

Quote: "Oh, I'm just a housewife."

CAROLINE JENKINS. You wanted the trip to Mexico, but who could have imagined that wrestlers could be so dull? Each one seems to harbor some kind of sullen secret that gets in the way of fun. If only they even knew how to fight. Your mentor, Dr. Soo,



has taught you much more than these boys know, but there's no ladylike way to show it off—Coach Strong is too stuffy, and the boys too immature. You doubt that this El Tigre will be any different. Just be polite, Caroline, and write flattering stories for the *Crier*, the school newspaper.

You're cute and dark-haired. Friends say you look like Debbie Reynolds, but secretly you imagine yourself as Emma Peel.

CAROLINE JENKINS, Age 21, Martial Artist & Student

STR 15 CON 14 SIZ 12 INT 15 POW 15
DEX 13 APP 16 EDU 16 SAN 65 HP 13

Damage Bonus: 1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 65%, damage 1D3
Grapple 55%, damage special
Kick 55%, damage 1D6
Penknife 30%, damage 1D3

Skills: Drive Automobile 45%, Journalism 45%, Martial Arts 72%, Photography 58%, 24%, Spanish 22%

Equipment: 3"x5" press camera with plate-film slide holders, flash gun, flash bulbs, portable typewriter.

Quote: "Grow up!"



The Evil Gun

From out of the barren, cold, windswept, desolate high plains of the Old West, a stranger comes. Will he put the town aright, or challenge its existence?

IT'S SOMETIME in the 1870s, just early enough that men still tote long-barreled Colt single-action six-shooters. All the player-characters are residents of a small desert town.

Nearly any number of players can enlist in this scenario: the keeper's main concern should be in how to shift scenes rapidly enough that the many different player-characters can all get adequate play time.

This film's run-time will vary with the number of gun-fights and encounters the keeper promotes. It's possible to complete it in an hour or so, though rushing will not present this adventure to its best advantage.

If the keeper is uncertain how to deal with the gun-fights, or not wholly in sympathy with them, it would be best to have a second feature on hand, in case the reels for this one are bent or if the sound-track is defective. Those who love the Western film may find a full evening here, one perhaps spilling over into a second night.

Summary

A mysterious drifter comes to Yellow Flats, a small isolated town. He rides no horse, and has apparently walked a great distance through the surrounding deserts to get

here. On his way into town he has a run-in with a pair of doomed ranch-hands—the first of many tragedies he is to cause.

The Drifter never offers a name. He is an unexplained supernatural force invulnerable to most attacks. He has the power to resurrect those whom he has shot and killed. During the course of the adventure, The Drifter arranges events so that he can take over the town. The player characters must find a way to stop his reign of terror.

The Town

THE MAIN points of interest in town are shown on the nearby map. The keeper should add others as they come up in play. The keeper also can assign homes to player-characters as they seem to need them. A dozen and more big ranches exist off the map, outside of town; Lorne White's Bent-R spread is the biggest and the nearest.

Town buildings are either of wood or adobe. Their rooms are relatively small, with few windows, and are frequently dirty. Instead of adding a story to expand, rooms are added to the sides or back of the present structure.

Bank of Yellow Flats

This is a stout adobe building with iron bars on all the windows. It takes care of most of the capital of the town. There's about \$10,000 in BOYF notes and U.S. coin most of the month, but nearly twice that when the ranchers meet their monthly payrolls. Two tellers stand behind a caged front, with a metal vault behind them. There is no guard. The tellers have guns at hand but will be no match for the McGoohan Gang.

Blacksmith's Shop

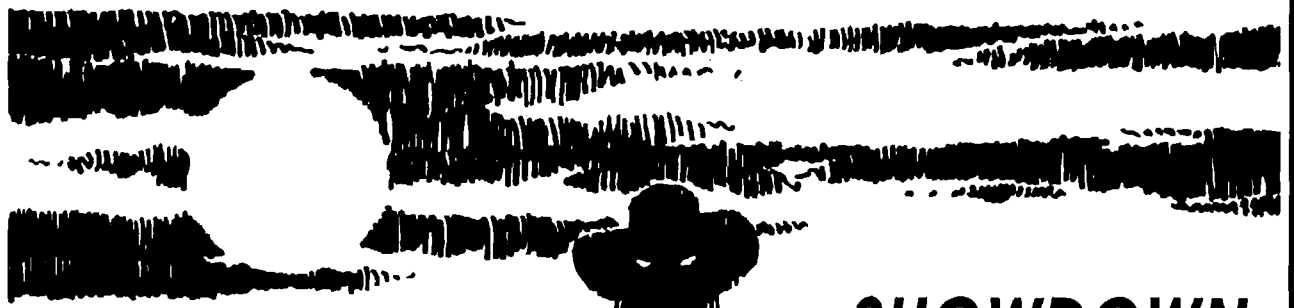
Karl Mowden owns this business. It's a small shop with a furnace, stalls for horses, lots of tools, metal-working gear, etc. Mowden could make any fancy devices the player-characters might think of to deploy against The Drifter.

Standard Weapons

For simplicity's sake, weapons of a particular type are assumed to be the same model.

- All revolvers are .45 single-action Colt Peacemakers: 6 bullets in gun, 1 shot per round, damage 1D10+2.
- All rifles are .44-40 Winchester carbines: 11 bullets in gun, 1 shot fired per round, damage 2D6+1.
- All derringers are .41 caliber Remington double-barrels: 2 bullets in gun, 2 shots could be fired per round, damage 1D10.
- Though none have been indicated in the scenario, shotguns can be introduced if their absence becomes an issue: use the standard double-barreled, 12-gauge weapon from the rulesbook.

THE SILENT NIGHT



STARRING

Rance Westwood

Rhonda Lace

Mel Briggins

SHOWDOWN OF THE DEAD!

DIRECTED BY

André Obler

Geza

A TWIN CONTINENTS RELEASE

A
MALODOR
PRODUCTION

Church of Yellow Flats

A frame building with a large cross above the front door. Reverend Yates has a Bible-thumping, hell-fire-spouting style, but is also the only man in town with substantial Occult knowledge, and the only one who might think of a way to successfully attack The Drifter.

Doc MacKenna's Office

Doc fixes gunshot wounds, sets limbs, tends to the sick, pulls teeth, delivers babies, and plays checkers. A small room in back sometimes holds corpses until burial can be arranged. Doc's a crusty guy who hates all the violence—he wants Yellow Flats to be more civilized.

Eastwood Saloon and Hotel

The quieter of the town's two saloons. Mostly a hotel, but the bar draws drinkers of a philosophical bent. Van Cleef spends a lot of time in here. Doesn't get crowded like Leone's, and no women work this bar. The proprietor

likes to keep the card games low-stakes and friendly-like, and is very impatient with cheaters.

Ford's Stable

A big barn-like place where visitors' horses can be kept. There's an upper-story hayloft handy for gunfights and fires. Horses and carriages are also rented out of here. Below are stats for a typical horse if needed.

TYPICAL WESTERN SADDLE HORSE

STR 28 CON 13 SIZ 26 Move 12
POW 10 DEX 10 HP 20

Damage Bonus: +2D6.

Weapons: Bite 15%, damage 1D10

Kick 20%, damage 1D8 +db

Rear and Plunge 35%, damage 2D8 +db

Trample (downed foes only) 25%, damage 2D6 +db

Armor: 1 point of muscle.

Skills: Dodge 45%, Hide 25%, Jump 40%, Scent/Fear Dead Things 75%.

A New Sort Of Western

The spaghetti westerns of the 1960s and 1970s were studioed in Italy, hence the derisive modifier 'spaghetti.' Outdoor scenes were often shot in Spain, in terrain that to U.S. eyes invoked the plodding grandeur of John Ford epics, but was intentionally wilder, more jagged, more desolate, and subtly alien and mythic.

U.S. westerns had been patriotic happy-ending exercises for the most part; occasional exceptions like *Treasure of the Sierra Madre* (1948), or *High Noon* (1952) only proved the rule. Even estimable films like *Rio Grande* (1950) sought as much to preserve illusions of Manifest Destiny as to present an honest vision of the West.

Drawing sometimes on fine Japanese films like *Sanjuro* (1961) and *Yojimbo* (1961), spaghetti westerns featured no Indian wars, cattle drives, or white-hatted heroes. Instead, the Italians offered stylishly violent opuses of revenge and greed, tales of Mafia-like bandits in feudal strongholds, arrogant and double-crossing cattle barons, and women who could hate and lust as well as make coffee. Everyone is passion-filled, sullen, calculating, and relentlessly motivated by an impoliteness entirely new to American film: in a spaghetti western, anyone who makes a point of Being Nice dies for it a few seconds later. One only needs to contrast the sunny, evenly-lit interiors of

American films of the time and the dark, filthy, smoky holes where people slept or drank to see that something very different was being attempted.

But the spaghetti western also introduced an anti-hero, a man as willful and ruthless as the villains of traditional westerns. He was always male, often a nameless drifter: friendless and not needing friends, solitary and not needing company, stoic and needing no morals, mysterious and needing no truth. He endangered his allies and threatened and tortured his foes.

Though that character seems to derive from a fusing of the traditional lone hero with *film noir's* amoral protagonists, Clint Eastwood's limited acting range was so appropriate here that the character seems to spring up fully realized and entirely new. Eastwood, whose acting career reflects a perceptive man willing to take risks, went on to translate that anti-hero into the contemporary lone policeman, Dirty Harry.

The villains of spaghetti westerns were psychopathic murderers and thieves all, killers of women and children, remorseless, greedy, and bloodthirsty. These villains never have the sense of justice or balance which haunts the anti-hero, and against which he frequently struggles.

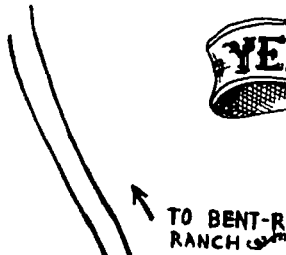
The ultimate gunfight remained the conclusion of most films, but the spaghetti westerns deliberately distorted

the realism of the final duel, to mythologize it: opponents might face each other for several minutes, squinting impassively, before drawing their guns, all the while glorified by soundtrack trumpets and choruses. Then in a flash the guns were drawn, the hammers fanned, and the losers looked for places to fall. That done, the stone-faced Drifter rode off as enigmatically as he came.

The most authoritative and original of the spaghetti westerns include *A Fistful of Dollars* (1964), *For a Few Dollars More* (1965), *The Good, the Bad and the Ugly* (1967), *Once Upon a Time in the West* (1969), and *High Plains Drifter* (1973). In comparison, films attempting to fuse the western with conventional horror motifs have been uninfluential and sometimes self-parodying: *Curse of the Undead* (1959; a neglected film), *Billy the Kid vs. Dracula* (1966), *Jesse James Meets Frankenstein's Daughter* (1966), *House II: The Second Story* (1987), *Ghost Town* (1988), and *Grim Prairie Tales* (1990). Except for *Curse*, all of these films have been released on video.

Genuine western horror is stillborn yet, perhaps awaiting retellings of Native American tales with the sensibility of a *Kwaidan*.

THE TOWN OF YELLOW FLATS ARIZONA CIRCA 1870



TO BENT-R RANCH



SCHOOL HOUSE



RIFLE STREET

STAGE DEPOT
and
TELEGRAPH
OFFICE



Leone's
FIVE STAR
SALOON



PECKENPAHS
GENERAL STORE
and
POST OFFICE



FORD'S
STABLE



BLACKSMITH
SHOP



VAN CLEE'S
SLAUGHTERHOUSE

SHOW-DOWN STREET

BOARDING
HOUSE
KASDANS



TOWN
JAIL



LANSDALE'S
DRY GOODS



BANK
YELLOW FLATS



DR. J. P. DOUGHERTY
DR. J. P. DOUGHERTY
DR. J. P. DOUGHERTY

MORRIGONE'S
FUNERAL
PARLOR



PIONEER STREET



CHURCH OF
YELLOW FLATS



TO RANCHES

TO RANCHES

TERRITORY STREET

MAIN STREET

GOLD STREET

NEFF HILL GRAVEYARD



HANGIN' TREE

Kasdan's Boarding House

This is a two-story boarding house with many rooms to rent. Larry will serve family-style meals to non-boarders, too, a quarter for breakfast and six-bits for supper. Quiet and as clean as the West ever seems to get.

Lansdale's Dry Goods

Carries ready-made clothes, cloth bolts, tarpaulins, and so forth, along with a few sticks of furniture and smaller musical instruments, mostly cheap violins.

Leone's Five-Star Saloon

This is the only wild place in town. On Saturday nights, lots of gambling and drunkenness happen here; the later the hour, the more frequent the fights. This establishment is bigger and more crowded than the Eastwood. Half a dozen women work the place, dancing, serving tables, and entertaining private guests. The bartender pushes beer and whiskey, trusting to two bouncers to keep the customers in line.

GAMBLING: if the player-characters want make money rather than pass time, this is the place to try.

- Each character either has a Gamble skill indicated or has a default skill equal to a Gamble of POW x1 or INT x1, whichever is higher.
- Each round of gambling, request a D100 roll for each participant. The character with the lowest result wins the poker hand, gaining that number of dollars equal to the D100 result. For ties, re-roll, then double the winnings.
- To cheat, a character plays at either at his Cheat skill or at half his Gamble skill (round up any fraction). A D100 roll is made: if it equals or is less than the Cheat number, the character wins, whether or not some honest person had a better hand. If two players cheat in the same round, the lower cheat result wins.
- A failed Cheat roll allows other participants (and any spectators present) to attempt a halved Spot Hidden roll to see if they saw the cheat; if they did, the cheater is exposed.

Morricone's Funeral Parlor

Morricone is a thin, short, hollow-cheeked man, married to a silent, sullen, hollow-cheeked wife. The two do a good business carving tombstones, building and selling caskets, and holding funerals. Their tiny bellows-organ often sends weird music echoing across town.

Neff Hill Graveyard

A big lonely hill where Yellow Flats buries its dead. Towns always bury the dead on hills because the drainage is always good there. In one corner is a hanging tree surrounded by the graves of convicted murderers. If The Drifter raises any of the buried dead, those finding the opened graves and receiving successful Idea rolls realize that the graves were first opened *from below*: lose 1/1D6 Sanity points.

Peckinpah's General Store & Post Office

Opens about seven every day but Sunday. Here you can buy hardware, guns and ammunition, new saddles and other tack, dynamite, rope, barbed wire, canned goods, beans, bacon, and flour. Sam keeps ice packed in the cellar, but it's all melted this late in the year. The post office is open whenever Sam is.

Schoolhouse

A small one-room affair with two dozen students of varying ages. Woe be to any kid who gets in The Drifter's way when he comes to call on the school-marm. The school was donated a big book of ghost stories which includes information about things like The Drifter. The single schoolteacher is Alice Pemberton.

Stage Depot & Telegraph Office

A small building with a big porch and a ticket window. The spindly little old man in the office acts as porter, telegrapher, and ticket salesman. Stages to Yellow Flats come infrequently and leave quickly.

Town Jail

This is a small one-story adobe building. There is an office and three cells. Each cell holds two bunks. The sheriff and deputy each have a set of keys. A chained and locked gun rack holds four loaded rifles. Confiscated handguns are stuffed into a desk drawer. Normally the sheriff or Deputy Jake will be in and out of here around the clock—the sheriff mostly roaming the town in the days, and the deputy mostly patrolling at night.

Van Cleef, Gunsmith

A quiet, thoughtful man, he spends a lot of time perfecting trigger-spring pulls, smoking a briar pipe with a curved mouthpiece and silver chasing, and squinting into the sun. He has become so philosophical that it's impossible to get him to join in a gunfight, at least before everyone else is dead. But he has lots of bullet molds.



Outside Of Town

Dozens of large and small ranches are not shown on the town map. Ranchers don't always get along, and this goes for their ranch hands too. The Ranch Hand statistics can be used in bar fights or in shoot-outs with the player-characters or The Drifter. They can also be used as townsfolk during the bank robbery, or as needed.

The Day Approaches

THE PLAYER-CHARACTERS live in the small Arizona town of Yellow Flats. Flagstaff is a day's ride distant—two days' ride when the wind blows hard. Yellow Flats is small enough that it has no mayor or town council: the property owners get together and pass the hat when something needs doing. The sheriff takes care of day-to-day problems. The ranchers outside of town answer to no one and pay no taxes: their hands cause most of the trouble, but also bring into town most of its money.

Let the players choose from among the player-characters, then show them the map of Yellow Flats and have them state where they want to begin the adventure. You can hint that the saloons are open for business. Alternately, have one or more of them automatically begin in Leone's Saloon, to witness The Drifter's arrival there.

If player characters start elsewhere, they notice The Drifter coming into town: horses rear and throw riders, a dog howls, dust swirls, and haunting music echoes. The player-characters then begin the scenario with the Bar Room Stand-off sub-section.

The players should understand the sort of film they're enacting. Some or all of their characters will probably die in the course of this adventure, and should be prepared to accept new characters as replacements: Doc Mackenna, Rev. Cletus Yates, saloon gal Marly Hopkins, typical cowboys, or surviving members of the McGoohan gang are suitable.

Enter The Drifter

The Drifter is youngish and always appears unshaven and dusty from the road. His eyes are small and mean-looking. His voice is a husky near-whisper, but somehow it carries across wide rooms and far down dusty, wind-blown streets. He always wears the same dusty clothes, with a long coat over everything to block the wind and shed the rain. A half-burned, unlit cigarillo habitually juts from the left corner of his mouth. He wears a brace of pistols, and carries a rifle.

The Drifter is mysterious, offers no name, and never smiles or shows much emotion, but he observes keenly.

He exists to cause and savor death and destruction. He is dangerously unpredictable. He is a supernatural creature, but exactly of what sort the keeper must decide—ghost? demon? sorcerer?

Whatever he is, The Drifter can be harmed only by silver, magic, or fire. Other forms of damage leave no mark on him. The keeper may choose whether holy water hurts The Drifter. (For the nearest priest, ride to Flagstaff.) Prayers and crosses have no effect.

Animals hate The Drifter: horses whinny and rear; dogs slink away; cats hiss and retreat whenever he passes by. If he wants to frighten someone, he lights up his eyes so that they turn into glowing yellow orbs beneath the brim of his hat.

The Drifter's actions are left largely to the keeper.

The Film Begins

If the keeper desires, the opening episode can be played out by two of the players. Give each a typical Ranch Hand from the statistics section. They'll be armed with revolvers. Their entire motivation is to snigger at and bully the helpless stranger, and maybe get some money off him.

The Drifter is walking down a long slope toward town, visible a mile or two distant in a wide valley. He carries a rifle and a bedroll. The land is dry, rocky, and desolate. All we hear is the unceasing wind and the crunch of The Drifter's boot heels in the rocky soil.

Not far off the trail, a well stands between the road and some ranch buildings. The stranger walks to it, past an old sign that reads Bent-R Ranch, and sets down his gear beside the well. A hound at the ranch house starts to bark, then retreats whining instead. The Drifter draws up a bucket of water, and takes a long drink from the dipper. He takes a second drink. He is as dry as the land.

Two hands at the ranch swagger over. Let the short scene play out. They should inform him of trespass, for instance, and they should try to charge him for the water—a humiliating thing to do in the West, where sharing water is an expression of brotherhood. The Drifter seems to ignore their jibes and threats, until the situation is fully understandable to the other players. Then the gunplay can begin.

The Drifter automatically surprises the two hands, getting one unanswered shot at each while the other two are still drawing their guns. Play out any later rounds normally (see the earlier gunfight rules). Since The Drifter is immune to ordinary bullets, he always wins and walks off unscathed. If they asked him for money, he does not neglect to pay for the water—he puts a penny on each eye.

As he walks on, the title comes up, and the credits roll.

Stranger In Town

Now we are in the town, watching The Drifter stride in. Wherever he goes, the town falls silent, and even strong men hesitate. The tall, dark, ominous figure enters Leone's for a drink.

Gunfight Rules & Flourishes

If the keeper thinks it appropriate, he or she might photocopy these notes and pass out a copy to each of the players.

DRAWING: to determine the order of fire in combat, especially face-to-face gunfights, each player rolls 1D10, adds to the result the character's DEX, and adds as well the character's Revolver attack percentage divided by 10 (round up any fraction).

Use this total to establish an order of fire, the highest total firing first, then the next highest, and so on. Those with more than one shot per round go through the same order after the first shots are fired.

Surprised combatants don't add their DEX, and other situations may call for other keeper-determined modifiers.

FANNING: single-action revolvers, used exclusively in this adventure, require the hammer to be pulled back manually and the trigger then is pulled to release it. This makes for a relatively slow rate of fire. With the double-action revolvers which would come, the hammer is automatically pulled back and released when the trigger is pulled.

To speed up the rate of fire with a single-action revolver, the gunman can *fan*, keeping the trigger pulled and quickly fanning the other hand across the hammer, pulling the hammer back and releasing it quickly. This allows a rate of fire per round equal to one-quarter of DEX, any fraction rounded up. These shots are at half normal chance to hit, since the fanning hand is physically clipping and jerking the pistol with each fan.

A gunman needs two hands to fan one pistol.

OOH-YA-GOT-ME Rule: a character at zero or fewer hit points is allowed a few lingering rounds of life. The first round of zero or minus hit-points, his player must roll CON x5 or less to be able to make one simple action (fire once, light a fuse, curse, stagger a few feet, and so forth). The

next round it's CON x4, then CON x3, until CON x1 has been rolled, and he actually dies. Failing any CON roll, the gunman dies immediately. All his skills are halved during these CON rolls.

SHOOTING WITH TWO PISTOLS: when firing with 2 pistols, the "off" hand's attack is -5% for every point of DEX less than 18 (down to a minimum of 05%), and the normal hand is -5%. Firing with the off hand only (due to injury, etc.) reduces attacks by -10%.

WILD FIRE: Characters wishing to fire wildly may do so, firing three times the normal rate of fire at 20% of their normal skill, with at most a 05% chance of impaling.

HIT LOCATIONS: if desired, hit locations can add realism. If a wound does more than half the character's original hit points, the location struck is useless until fully healed (head wounds call for comas, abdomen and chest wounds severely hamper movement, other effects should be obvious).

1D20 result	location
1-3	right leg
4-6	left leg
7-10	abdomen
11-15	chest
16-17	right arm
18-19	left arm
20	head

SHOOTING FROM HORSEBACK: when firing from horseback, use the attacker's Ride or Gun skill as the attack percentage, whichever is *lower*.

ACTING OUT GUNFIGHTS: if the players wish, act out the gunfights. Glare at each other for long moments before drawing, jerk in slow-motion when hit by bullets, fall over furniture, have long drawn-out death-scenes, and so on.

He is there an hour or more, standing quietly, drinking and paying, drinking and paying, never speaking except to the bartender. Then the sheriff enters, looks around, and heads toward The Drifter.

As with the Bent-R bullies, a third player can operate the sheriff. Only the keeper ever should run The Drifter.

The sheriff needs to question The Drifter about the dead ranch hands, whose bodies have been brought in to Doc MacKenna. With quiet menace The Drifter calmly responds that he was defending himself. So long as the sheriff politely seeks information, The Drifter poses no threat.

With a successful Idea roll, another player-character can point out that everybody knows that the dead men were hot-heads and bullies.

The bartender or another player-character can add that the stranger has been real peaceable since he came in. If the sheriff fails a POW x3 roll, he seems frightened of the man's bearing, and quickly leaves. Allow the player-char-

acters to interact with The Drifter here if they like. Then The Drifter pays for his last drink, says 'Much obliged' in a way that somehow communicates that he is not, and leaves the saloon.

He takes a room at Eastwood's place that night. He refuses to sign in, and even Mr. Eastwood does not press the matter.

A Murder

With successful Listen rolls, player-characters staying at the Eastwood (and those whom their players say are out that night) hear The Drifter's strange whistling. Call for another Listen roll when the dead ranch hands break out of Doc MacKenna's place. Everyone hears the third set of sounds, when the dead men find the sheriff alone on a dark street and gun him down.

The same player who ran the sheriff before can play him now—the keeper runs the dead men. Though the

dead men might not survive the exchange, the sheriff either must die or be wounded so seriously that he is unconscious and out of play.

Surviving dead men wander out of town for now; Spot Hidden rolls might allow player-characters a chance to pursue the culprits. Yellow Flats is spooked if and when the community learns who the murderers actually were.

The Next Day

The next morning, Deputy Jake goes around town informing people of the tragedy which happened the night before, and introducing himself as the new sheriff.

If the dead men are known to be the killers, a special prayer service is held, and every man in town arms himself to the teeth.

If the dead men have not been understood to be the killers, rumors begin to fly that The Drifter did it, since The Drifter has not been seen since the night before.

If Doc MacKenna has seen that the two bodies he was keeping have vanished (Luck roll to go into the back room), then the notorious McGoohan gang gets the blame, since the two dead men were thought friendly with him. McGoohan must have taken them for special burial.

The Bank Hold-up

Every afternoon in Yellow Flats is either deathly hot or bitterly cold: this one is like a red-hot oven. Not a leaf or puff of dust stirs. Storekeepers roll down their shades and take siestas, or gather in one of the bars to relax. No one in their right mind goes riding, or even goes out.

But just before two o'clock, when its doors are being locked up, there are three gunshots at the bank. The player-characters can show up or not, according to their players' understanding of the characters. Sheriff Jake will, and Lorne White and Karl Mowden should; if there's no one but Jake to start with, say that the sheriff is being helped out by some unnamed townsfolk. They meet the McGoohan gang hurrying out of the bank, carrying bundles of money. One bag of silver dollars is dropped, and new-minted cartwheels roll and ring across the wooden porch and into the dust of the street.

Withering gunfire develops. The McGoohan gang is pinned down. But their return fire is furious and accurate: several townspeople go down immediately.

There are at least three gang members per player-character, and 1D4 townspeople on hand to even up the battle. One-third of the gang have rifles and all have revolvers.

In order to run the gun battle, make advance preparations. Visualize the area around the bank as you see it. There are two front windows and one door to the bank, and a boardwalk in front. There's also a hitching rail and a horse trough in front. Somewhere nearby is an alley with a rain barrel at the corner, maybe full. At least one horse dies early in the fight, and also can serve for cover.

The din and whine of bullets in the still afternoon is deafening. To keep things simple, player-characters can say whether they want to shoot covering fire, or stand out and engage one of the bad guys in single combat. The latter is the only way that they get to hit someone, or risk more than a graze. The point here is to introduce The Drifter, not to kill the player-characters.

Whatever their choices, the townsfolk should feel that they're losing: if they do well at first, ten more outlaws ride in from around the corner, six-guns blazing. Kill the non-player-character townspeople first, before the player-characters. For appearances' sake, one or two of the townsfolk should plunge off rooftops or out of windows when shot. Sheriff Jake should be among the last to fall.

Just when it looks like the remainder of the McGoohan gang is going to slaughter everyone and get away clean (one or two do escape on horseback), The Drifter comes striding down the street, his spurs ringing like lightning. He calmly shoots down the gang members one after another, perhaps with the player-characters' help. Soon all the McGoohans, McGoohan relatives, and McGoohan friends are dead, the player-characters saved, and The Drifter unharmed.

He walks over to Sheriff Jake's body, rips the star off his chest, and declares himself to be sheriff until the town gets a new one. Anyone who objects had better have a good reason.

As The Drifter turns to leave, one of the McGoohans weakly stirs and prepares to shoot him from behind, but The Drifter swivels coolly and blows off the man's head from 12 feet. Then he lights a cigar.

"Dry work," he muses to himself. "But I am always so damned dry." He shakes his head and ambles toward Leone's, dropping empty cartridges into the dust and reloading his pistols as he goes, the gathering crowd silently parting for him.

The Dead

Any time The Drifter wants help, he whistles up a few dead men; see their characteristics in the statistics section at the end of this adventure. Each must be someone whom he has killed with his magical silver bullets. Anyone nearby is allowed a Listen roll to hear The Drifter's strange whistling, which always coincides with a sighting of the risen dead.

The dead men are slower than when living, and speak in slow monotones. They appear exactly as they were when they died (bullet-holes and all), and are under the complete control of The Drifter.

The dead raised by The Drifter's magic take damage normally from all sources. They cannot fan their guns. Horses and other animals will not go near them.

Each dead man can be raised only once by The Drifter, and lasts only 1D4+1 days before dying again, this time for good.

The Reign of The Drifter

THE FLESH of the rest of the adventure is left largely to the keeper and players to create. Hour by hour, The Drifter extends his authority more and more, and hour by hour the player-characters see more and more clearly that The Drifter is a disaster for the town. The classic Western challenge is whether they dare step forward to put things right.

Each of the days and nights that follows is one further step. At the end of seven days, the town and the surrounding territory will be his, and effectively will be destroyed. These events are not necessary, however—they represent only the sequence of events which takes place if the player-characters do not intervene.

The Horse

That night the player-characters get their first inkling that The Drifter is no mortal man. Even The Drifter isn't a perfect shot, and he accidentally shot and killed a horse during the shoot-out at the bank. That night he drinks a lot, then wanders out to the edge of town where the beast has been carted. He chases away the whining coyotes and uses his whistling magic to raise the horse from the dead. It will serve as his mount.

He leaves the thing tied up in front of Eastwood's, where everybody sees it next morning. It draws flies, has ragged patches of hide hanging off it, and its bones are exposed. The Drifter's magic doesn't work as well on horses as on men. Other animals loathe the unnatural thing; children are fascinated by it, but ultimately repelled—nothing is lovable about an undead horse.

The Dead Horse obeys The Drifter. Its statistics are found just after The Drifter's own, in the statistics section.

Asked about the strange creature, The Drifter nods and says only, "I reckon it ain't much to look at." He looks about and scratches his stubbly chin. "It don't never get tired."

The First Day

Since nobody wants to tell The Drifter differently, he ends up sheriff by default, taking the keys off Jake's body, and setting himself up in the office.

That afternoon he tours the town, inspecting every building, peering in classrooms, back rooms, bedrooms, stable stalls—it's all the same to The Drifter, who silently views, digests, and leaves without comment, whether the activity is illegal, disgraceful, commonplace, or downright dull. He says nothing, and makes no reply or response if ordered out. By that evening, though, he has been almost everywhere in Yellow Flats. Only locked doors and the bank vault have kept him out.

The First Night

That evening, The Drifter gets into a card game at Leone's, one with Slick Jack Pettit and as many other player-characters as want to get involved. Anyone with money is welcome to sit in. Use the gambling rules from the earlier description of Leone's; give everybody a hundred dollars.

Eventually The Drifter decides that somebody's cheating—probably the character who's winning the most; if it's The Drifter, roll randomly for a suspect. The Drifter accuses this person, then waits to see if he runs. If the player-character stands his ground, The Drifter draws on him from beneath the table. If the character retreats instead, only a successful Luck roll for him keeps The Drifter from following him out and gunning him down in the street.

The Second Day

He spends most of the morning sleeping on a tilted-back chair propped against the front door of the jail. At about eleven o'clock, he starts to wander the town again, taking food, a saddle for his new horse, bottles of whiskey, and so forth from merchants. He pays for nothing.

The Second Night

The Drifter takes up with a saloon gal at Leone's. Her name is Becky. Everyone thinks she's mighty young for a scowling gunman like The Drifter, but they don't think it out loud, and she's only a whore anyway. Much later that night two random player-characters see her running sobbing from the jail, back to Leone's. Everyone in Leone's sees Becky's bruised and bloodied face. If Leone or one of his boys goes over to talk to The Drifter, he is shot dead in front of the jail.

The Third Day

The Drifter spends most of the day asleep on a tilted-back chair propped against the front door of the jail. Nobody dares wake him, unless a player-character wants to.

If anyone approaches him, The Drifter remains slouched in the chair, his hat pulled down to cover his face. Before the approaching person says a word, The Drifter calmly greets him or her by name, but without looking. He listens to whatever is said, then mumbles, "I'll look into it." but does not move.

If no one wakes him, The Drifter sleeps until sundown.

The Third Night

After sundown, The Drifter begins his rounds. Tonight he levies dollar fines on whoever spits on the street, or curses intently, or is clearly drunk. These and other trivial offenses must be paid for immediately, to The Drifter. By the end of the night, his pockets bulge with silver dollars.

The Fourth Day

The Drifter spends most of the day sleeping in his chair in his accustomed place, but wakes in the heat of the day to pull a blanket around himself, as though cold.

The Fourth Night

It's Saturday night, so all the ranch hands have the day off tomorrow. They worked all day, but they can drink and carouse tonight, and then sleep late. But tonight they don't come into town—a lot have already been faced down by The Drifter. Tonight the bars are mostly empty, but The Drifter still stalks through town, patrolling, watching, fining. He beats up Becky again.

A fined ranch-hand calls out The Drifter for a fight in the dark street. Two of his friends lurk in the background. When the gunfire starts, they draw too. All three go down, a bullet through each heart.

The Drifter turns to the bystanders. "Go wake up Morricone. Tell him to make three more boxes." Scowling, he strides into the night.

The Fifth Day

Today is Sunday. The Drifter is not on his usual chair, nor is he in his office, if anyone looks. Someone looking in can see stacks of silver dollars and all sorts of booty he has acquired, laying in piles on the cell floors.

Attendance at the church is unusually heavy, and the collection plates unusually full. Worry and fear grip the townspeople. Reverend Yates preaches the passage JOB 2:6, "And the LORD said unto Satan, Behold, he is in thine hand; but save his life." If someone is playing Yates, have him or her summarize his sermon. If not, convey that it is a dark message, but that it manages to bring the people round to hope.

As he is concluding, however, the simple cross on the wall above tumbles free, drops heavily to the floor below, and shatters. Everyone sees it fall, and everyone guesses some version of what the portent means.

That afternoon, a number of families begin to pack up belongings, planning to leave Yellow Flats before day-break while The Drifter sleeps.

The Fifth Night

The Drifter appears at the edge of town at sundown, standing beside the Hanging Tree up on Neff Hill. From there he preaches his own sermon in his own soft voice, but the winds carry his voice into every street in town, and his words are like worms that enter everywhere.

Paraphrase some of the following for the speech style the keeper has evolved for The Drifter: do not read it verbatim.

The Drifter declares himself to be the law of all things, the discerner, the judge, and the jealous guardian. In the seven days to pass, he says that all here will come to certain justice. Justice is like a box within a box, and within another, and another yet inside. He is all those closed and opened things, as well as that which remains when all boxes are crumbled and broken. He is a narrow and a jealous law, and has come to sift and weigh this town.

If any dare climb the hill to see him, at his speech's end The Drifter steps behind the hanging tree. With a Spot Hidden, Know, or other appropriate roll, the watcher real-

izes that The Drifter has disappeared into the grave of a stranger beaten and killed long ago.

The Sixth Day

The Drifter does not appear in town this day, but travelers who attempt to leave are met by him on the roads. He orders each wagon, carriage, or horseman back to town, but just once. If the driver or rider argues, or presses ahead, The Drifter draws his guns and fires. If the driver or rider turns around, no harm comes to him. Travelers who come to town enter normally, but they'll find it hard to leave.

The Sixth Night

Tonight The Drifter does not appear in town. Everyone can hear him on Neff Hill, standing beside the Hanging Tree, whistling strange and terrible notes. Tonight he whistles for a very long time.

The Seventh Day

If the player-characters have waited until now to act, they probably have waited too long. The Drifter whistled up all his Dead Men last night, and has now armed them with the weapons he took from them when they fell to his bullets. Who knows how many zombie-like gunmen he musters—at least twenty, maybe as many as fifty. They methodically load their weapons, and stalk down the hill. He has instructed them to shoot every living sinner in Yellow Flats, and that means even the babies. As usual, The Drifter himself rides the town's perimeter, magically intercepting anyone trying to escape.

If the player-characters manage to kill The Drifter, all his gunmen fall and go still, as corpses should, and some part of the town can be saved.

Stopping The Drifter

This would be simple enough for investigators to solve, and the player-characters have adequate clues: the question is whether or not they understand the threat soon enough to not be demoralized by it.

Once they understand his uncanny invulnerability and his control of the dead, the players may feel they can achieve little.

Hopefully the player-characters will turn to the more learned townsfolk for assistance: Alice Pemberton, Doc MacKenna, or Cletus Yates should be able to find hints toward combating this evil. Whatever the source they consult, silver, magic, or fire are suggested as weapons to use.

If The Drifter learns what they're doing, then the show-down comes earlier than the seventh day. The villain should have a few dead henchmen on hand to help even things up if necessary. Play out the final battle as dramatically as possible, with long stares, slow-motion bullet-hits, and lingering deaths. If The Drifter is killed, he crumples to the ground, bursts into smoke, and dies, only bleached bones left on the dry, dry ground.

Happy Trails

If the player characters brought down The Drifter, award them each 2D6 Sanity points. If an individual faced him down in a final gunfight, double the award. Each Dead Man killed yields a Sanity point. Each player-character or potential player-character killed during The Drifter's reign costs the others 1D3 Sanity points each.

Statistics

THE DRIFTER. He looks a lot like Clint Eastwood in *A Fistful of Dollars*. Like an Eastwood character, his motives and plans are opaque to us; unlike those characters, The Drifter never lets us come along to watch. This villain is supernatural, and should be played slightly larger than life. Years before (only Lorne White might remember this, and only with a successful Idea roll), the town let a man like The Drifter die at the hand of a bully in a gunfight. Still, The Drifter is clearly an independent agent, not a ghost or haunt.

THE DRIFTER, Looks Age 28, Nameless Villain

STR 13 CON 14 SIZ 15 INT 14 POW 17
DEX 16 APP 13 EDU 10 SAN 0 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Revolver 80%, damage 1D10+2

Rifle 60%, damage 2D6+1

Fist 80%, damage 1D3 +db

Kick 60%, damage 1D6 +db

Thrown Knife 55%, damage 1D4+2 +1/2 db

Armor: loses hit points only to attacks with silver, fire, or magic.

Magic: besides being able to disconcert people by making his eyes glow, The Drifter is able to raise from death anyone whom he has killed with his magical bullets. These bullets are silver, and The Drifter carries a generous supply of these, along with normal bullets.

Any time after he has killed someone, he can whistle a weird tune which brings those he wants crawling from their graves. (Choose a suitable theme from TV or film to whistle for effect—one by Ennio Morricone is recommended.) It costs The Drifter 5 magic points to raise a corpse.

If shot with one of his silver bullets, he takes normal damage, and his resurrected dead turn on him as well.

Equipment: as many magic bullets as he wants; black hat with silver conchos; black boots with silver spurs that ring slowly when stalking down lonely streets; long duster-style coat worn when entering town; weapons which always gleam when drawn, even at night.

Skills: Climb 55%, Dodge 65%, Hide 60%, Listen 60%, Occult 50%, Ride 65%, Sneak 75%, Spot Hidden 65%, Throw 60%, Track 45%.

Sanity Loss: if someone shoots at and hits The Drifter with a weapon of other than silver, fire, or magic, call for an Idea roll to be sure of the shot. If that roll succeeds, the shooter loses 0/1D3 Sanity points, since the shooter knows that his accurate shot did nothing.

The Drifter decides to make his eyes glow with an unnatural luminescence, a viewer loses 0/1D4 Sanity points.

Quote: "You got a problem, friend?"

THE DRIFTER'S DEAD HORSE, Vivified

STR 42 CON 20 SIZ 26 POW 1
DEX 5 Move 9 HP 23

Damage Bonus: +3D6.

Weapons: Kick 25%, damage 1D8 +db

Rear and Plunge 45%, damage 2D8 +db

Trample (downed foes only) 25%, damage 2D6 +db

Skills: Dodge 20%, Jump 25%.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D6 Sanity points to see.

DEAD MEN REVIVED. These can only be men whom The Drifter has killed with his magic bullets. Only The Drifter can raise them. They are something like zombies, but they use revolvers and don't eat people. They return to the grave after 1D4 days. When a Dead Man goes back to the grave or if loses all his hit points again, he is dead for good.

REVIVED DEAD MEN, Various Ages

	1	2	3	4
STR	23	24	23	21
CON	19	18	20	21
SIZ	12	13	12	14
POW	1	1	1	1
DEX	8	8	7	7
HP	16	16	16	18
	5	6	7	8
STR	20	21	22	22
CON	20	21	22	20
SIZ	15	14	15	14
POW	1	1	1	1
DEX	6	6	5	5
HP	18	18	19	17

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: Revolver 40%, damage 1D10+2

Claw (x2) 40%, damage 1D2 +1/2 db

Strangle 35%, damage as per drowning procedure, but STR against STR to break the hold

Skills: Dodge 10%, Hide 55%, Listen 25%, Sneak 50%, Spot/Sense Hidden 50%.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D6 Sanity points, or 1D3/2D4 Sanity points if well-known to the viewer.

Quote: 'Urr.' 'Arrgh!' 'Uuhn!'

DAN McGOOHAN GANG. These are generic Bad Guys, without much ambition, conscience, or even important skills. Eight is probably plenty for the player-characters to handle, but use these over as needed.

THE McGOOHAN GANG, Various Ages

	1	2	3	4
STR	13	13	12	15
CON	14	13	13	13
SIZ	14	13	13	12
POW	14	10	10	11
DEX	13	13	12	12
HP	14	13	13	13

	5	6	7	8
STR	14	14	12	13
CON	13	12	12	15
SIZ	14	12	14	15
POW	11	13	11	16
DEX	11	11	10	10
HP	14	9	13	15

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Revolver 60%, damage 1D10+2

Rifle 60%, damage 2D6+1

Fist 75%, damage 1D3 +db

Knife 45%, damage 1D4+2 +db

Grapple 50%, damage special

Skills: Dodge 40%, Hide 25%, Jump 40%, Listen 35%, Ride 60%, Sneak 20%, Spot Hidden 35%, Throw 40%.

Quote: 'Jest open the damn safe, Grandpa.'

DANCE HALL GALS. Their employability depends on a certain minimum of intelligence and sex appeal, but if they were very smart or very beautiful, they would not be working here. Some are probably well under legal age in the Territory, but nobody has ID in these parts.

DANCE HALL GALS, Ages 16-35

	1	2	3	4
STR	12	11	11	13
CON	13	12	12	12
SIZ	10	9	9	10
POW	14	11	11	12
DEX	13	13	12	12
HP	12	12	11	11

	5	6	7	8
STR	12	12	10	9
CON	10	9	10	11
SIZ	11	9	8	9
POW	12	14	12	17
DEX	11	11	10	10
HP	11	11	9	10

Damage Bonus: 0.

Weapons: Kick 70%, damage 1D6

Small Knife 40%, damage 1D4

Skills: Dodge 45%, Fast Talk 55%, Flirt 45%, Listen 50%, Psychology 15%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 50%, Spot Fellow with Money 65%, Wear Skimpy Costume 40%.

Quote: 'Howdy, stranger. Wanna buy a girl a drink?'

RANCH HANDS, DEPUTIES, EXTRAS. Any number of these characters can be created, as the keeper needs. These sorts of characters keep the saloons full, ride at the back of posses, and make Yellow Flats just a little less lonely.

RANCH HANDS & HANGERS-ON, Various Ages.

	1	2	3	4
STR	14	12	13	14
CON	13	10	12	15
SIZ	13	13	12	13
POW	10	14	11	9
DEX	13	13	12	12
HP	13	11	12	14

	5	6	7	8
STR	13	13	11	14
CON	14	12	12	15
SIZ	14	12	14	15
POW	16	11	13	12
DEX	11	11	10	10
HP	14	12	13	15

Damage Bonus: 1D4.

Weapons: Fist 75%, damage 1D3 +db

Grapple 45%, damage special

Club/Broken Bottle/Chair/etc. 65%, damage 1D6 +db or 1D8 +db

Knife 40%, damage 1D6 +1D4

Revolver 60%, damage 1D10+2

Rifle 50%, damage 2D6+1

Skills: Dodge 35%, Fail To Bathe 75%, Hide 20%, Jump 45%, Listen 35%, Ride 70%, Sneak 25%, Spot Hidden 45%, Throw 35%, Track 25%.

Quote: 'I got me a hankerin' fer a good drink, a good fight, an' a good woman—let's go to town, boys!'

Possible PCs

SHERIFF BILL MORTON. Due to the plot, the Sheriff will not be around long, but he might not die—just hover near death for a few hours, then revive quickly, helped by his incredibly rugged western physiology. If Sheriff Bill goes down, change the name of this character to Sheriff Jake, as his deputy takes charge.

Sheriff BILL MORTON, Age 45, Sort of Up to the Job

STR 12 CON 12 SIZ 13 INT 13 POW 13

DEX 13 APP 12 EDU 11 SAN 65 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Revolver 65%, damage 1D10+2

Rifle 55%, damage 2D6+1

Fist 65%, damage 1D3 +db

Grapple 45%, damage special

Skills: Dodge 35%, Law 40%, Listen 50%, Sneak 25%, Spot Hidden 40%.

Quote: 'I don't allow fer none o' that in my town, stranger.'

DOC MacKENNA. He's a crusty fellow who served in the Civil War, then came west. He doesn't much hold with guns, but he might pick up one at a crucial moment. He's always complaining about not having the right medicines.

DOC MacKENNA, Age 40, Only Doctor This Side of Flagstaff

STR 10 CON 12 SIZ 14 INT 16 POW 13

DEX 11 APP 11 EDU 16 SAN 65 HP 13

Damage Bonus: 0.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 55%, damage 1D3

—continued next page

DOC MacKENNA, CONTINUED

Weapons, continued: Grapple 40%, damage special
Revolver 25%, damage 1D10+2

Skills: Chemistry 30%, Drive Carriage 30%, First Aid 75%, Library Use 55%, Listen 35%, Natural History 50%, Pharmacy 35%, Psychology 35%, Ride 15%, Spot Hidden 45%.

Quote: 'It's only a flesh wound.' 'Now this'll hurt a little.'

Rev. CLETUS YATES. The Reverend started out as a con man, dodged service in the Union army, then took up preaching for the sake of the ready cash in the collection plates. Oddly enough, he's been transformed by the job, reformed into an honest man despite himself. But his past misdeeds are a secret that haunts him.

CLETUS YATES, Age 34, Minister With A Past

STR 8 CON 9 SIZ 12 INT 14 POW 12
DEX 8 APP 10 EDU 12 SAN 50 HP 11

Damage Bonus: 0.

Weapons: Bible (as emergency club) 45%, damage 1D4

Skills: Be Pompous 55%, English 60%, First Aid 40%, History 35%, Library Use 35%, Occult 35%, Oratory 70%, Quote Scripture 75%, Tolerate 15%.

Quote: 'The LORD shall strike down those who live by the gun!'

MARLY HOPKINS. She's no better than she ought to be, but she doesn't go out of her way to be bad, and she knows how to pitch songs that remind drunken men of their mothers. It's a rare night when she doesn't make \$10-15 just in silver dollars pitched up onto the stage. Still, she longs for a Real Man who would take her away to some exciting city.

MARLY HOPKINS, Age 24, Dance Hall Chanteuse

STR 10 CON 13 SIZ 10 INT 13 POW 13
DEX 14 APP 14 EDU 7 SAN 65 HP 12

Damage Bonus: 0.

Weapons: Kick 70%, damage 1D6
Small Knife 40%, damage 1D4

Skills: Art (Bawdy Song) 30%, Art (Sentimental Song) 70%, Dodge 45%, English (Read) 20%, Fast Talk 55%, Flirt 70%, Listen 50%, Psychology 15%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 50%, Spot Fellow with Money 65%.

Quote: 'Don't be shy, honey.'

Player Characters

KARL MOWDEN. He is a big, shy, quiet fellow, who makes his living shoeing horses, fixing wagons, and doing other metal-work. He's a widower, and lives in town near his shop. An easy-going man, he is hard to rile but is like a grizzly bear when finally roused. He has arms the size of wagon tongues, and hands almost too big to shake with.

**KARL MOWDEN, Age 30, Blacksmith**

STR 17 CON 15 SIZ 16
INT 12 POW 11 DEX 13
APP 9 EDU 7 SAN 55
HP 16

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: Hammer 65%, damage 1D6+1 +db
Revolver 55%, damage 1D10+2

Rifle 45%, damage 2D6+1
Fist 80%, damage 1D3 +db
Grapple 65%, damage special

Skills: Bargain 15%, Dodge 40%, Drive Carriage 40%, English 30%, First Aid 35%, Listen

30%, Mechanical Repair 85%, Natural History 55%, Ride 65%, Smithy 65%, Spot Hidden 35%, Throw 45%.

Equipment: blacksmithy, buckboard wagon and two horses.

Quote: 'Hmmm.' 'Uh-huh.' 'Right nice day today.'

FRANK BEARD.

He's just passing through, tracking a desperado he's been after for weeks. Frank's a lean, mean-looking hombre, unshaven and dusty, an unlit cigarillo stub hanging out of his mouth. He wears a black, broad-brimmed hat that could actually shield him from sun and rain. Frank Beard takes no guff, especially from bad guys. He does not need to worry about hurting good people, since he meets a fresh bad guy every three or four minutes, and they take up all his time. He is not so much bad as decisive—the film always proves that he did the right thing, though the right thing may involve shooting down half a dozen men.

**FRANK BEARD, Age 29, Bounty Hunter**

STR 12 CON 15 SIZ 14 INT 13 POW 13
DEX 16 APP 10 EDU 9 SAN 60 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Rifle 75%, damage 2D6+1

Revolver 80%, damage 1D10+2

Fist 75%, damage 1D3 +db

Grapple 45%, damage special

Knife 40%, damage 1D4+2 +db

Thrown Knife 55%, damage 1D4+2 +1/2 db

Skills: Dodge 55%, English 30%, Fast Talk 25%, First Aid 35%, Hide 40%, Jump 40%, Law 20%, Listen 50%, Natural History 45%, Navigate 35%, Ride 70%, Sneak 45%, Spot Hidden 60%, Throw 55%, Track 45%.

Equipment: horse and saddle, trail gear, wanted posters, fresh box of cigarillos.

Quote: 'The poster says 'Dead or Alive,' amigo. Your choice.'

JACK PETTIT. An eastern dandy on his way to San Francisco, Pettit got sidetracked here, stopping in the middle of nowhere. He's well-dressed and debonair, and has enough tricks up his sleeves to help Lady Luck when she needs it. Slick Jack has a spring-loaded derringer up his right sleeve, effectively doubling his DEX when he needs to draw it, and he always keeps his valise packed and ready to travel.



JACK PETTIT, Age 33, Gambler

STR 9 CON 12 SIZ 14 INT 15 POW 14
DEX 16 APP 15 EDU 12 SAN 65 HP 13

Damage Bonus: 0.

Weapons: Derringer 45%, damage 1D10

Revolver 55%, damage 1D10+2

Fist 55%, damage 1D3 +db

Kick 60%, damage 1D6 +db

Skills: Bargain 35%, Cheat at Cards 65%, Conceal 55%, Dodge 35%, Fast Talk 55%, Gamble 75%, Hide 40%, Listen 40%, Pick Pocket 65%, Psychology 35%, Ride 35%, Sneak 35%, Spot Hidden 65%.

Equipment: decks of cards (some marked), pairs of dice (some loaded), fancy clothes, \$2000 in gold in a money belt.

Quote: 'Three jacks, eh? Too bad—I got three pretty ladies.'

Equipment: horse and saddle.

Quote: 'Looks like we got us a stranger in town, eh boys? Haw haw!'

LORNE WHITE. His ranch is one of the biggest in the state, and he is a pretty powerful guy around Yellow Flats. He's proud, and ill-tempered with those who cross him. He's got a lot of hired men to work for him, but his pride makes him do things himself to prove what a big shot he is.



LORNE WHITE, Age 54, Rancher

STR 12 CON 13 SIZ 15 INT 13 POW 15
DEX 11 APP 12 EDU 12 SAN 70 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Rifle 60%, damage 2D6+1

Revolver 50%, damage 1D10+2

Fist 60%, damage 1D3 +db

Skills: Bargain 50%, Credit Rating 65%, Law 40%, Listen 35%, Natural History 50%, Navigate 40%, Ride 45%, Spot Hidden 40%.

Equipment: the Bent-R ranch (includes lots of horses and ranch hands), money hidden in locations all over his house.

Quote: 'Dammit! Those were MY men he killed!'

ELI SUTCLIFF. He is a leering, slow-witted yokel bunking at Lorne White's Bent-R ranch. Sutcliff's cocky, high-spirited, and young. He keeps looking for trouble, and finding it. He drinks too much, and certainly will be dead by age 30, but he intends to have fun before he dies.



ELI SUTCLIFF, Age 22, Bent-R Ranch Hand

STR 14 CON 13 SIZ 13 INT 12 POW 11
DEX 15 APP 11 EDU 6 SAN 55 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist 80%, damage 1D3 +db

Grapple 45%, damage special

Revolver 70%, damage 1D10+2

Rifle 55%, damage 2D6+1

Lasso 50%, damage 1D4 +entangles on an impale roll (STR against STR to get free)

Skills: Climb 40%, Dodge 50%, Gamble 15%, Hide 25%, Jump 50%, Listen 35%, Natural History 40%, Ride 70%, Sneak 40%, Spot Hidden 40%, Throw 45%, Track 45%.

ALICE PEMBERTON. She is a pretty young woman, independent and unafraid to speak her mind, but very much a lady. She lives alone in town, and is constantly fighting off suitors.



ALICE PEMBERTON, Age 23, School Marm

STR 8 CON 11 SIZ 11 INT 15 POW 13 DEX 14
APP 16 EDU 15 SAN 65 HP 11

Damage Bonus: 0.

Weapons: Kick 60%, damage 1D6

Derringer 20%, damage 1D10

Skills: Accounting 35%, Debate 35%, Drive Carriage 35%, English 75%, First Aid 45%, History 50%, Library Use 65%, Listen 30%, Occult 20%, Psychology 30%, Sing 55%, Spot Hidden 50%.

Equipment: School, schoolbooks, horse and buggy.

Quote: 'Mind your hands!'

Dead On Arrival 2

The Dead Next Door just came to call. They have odd dietary requirements, and you shouldn't turn your back. Do try not to upset them.

THIS ADVENTURE is a sequel to "Dead on Arrival," which appeared in the first *Blood Brothers*. D.O.A.2 is set a couple of months later. It occurs in a different city, and has a different cast of characters: keepers can present it with no knowledge of the previous adventure. All materials necessary to play are included here.

Unlike the original adventure, the motives of the present player-characters are not neatly parallel. Conflict and disagreement break out, as is traditional in apocalyptic zombie films. If player-characters die, encourage players to switch sides and operate their dead characters as part of the advancing zombie hordes. The keeper should also consider whether all players can be comfortable in such roles--some people just don't like zombies.

The scenario is really written for three players, so that each can operate one soldier and one scientist. There is no reason that more players, and hence more scientists and soldier player-characters, cannot be added; however, additions should be made in the same kinds of symmetrical pairings. If there are six players, each could run a player-character, and alternately operate the zombies.

When distributing the player-characters, each soldier also should receive a copy of the zombie-mobile's stats.

Since so much of it is made in zombie films, the keeper should consider how to present a long set of variations on zombie appearances. This is especially important in zombie mass combats, where many approach simultaneously. Calling this zombie A and that zombie F amounts to a narrative failure, though an understandable one. We, of course, have cheerfully shirked the problem of individually describing forty or so rotting, shuffling ghouls.

The run-time of this film may be shorter than normal unless the players savor the zombie-attack scenes; the keeper may want to have prepared a second feature, just in case. On the other hand, why else would players want to enact a zombie film?

The keeper should state early in play that all of the player-characters in the scenario are already used to seeing zombies, and thus lose no Sanity points because of them, except in situations specified in the adventure.

What's Happening

It is the near future. Companies, cities, and national governments all over the world have dumped toxic materials

everywhere. However, these substances did not melt the icecaps, destroy the rain forests, disintegrate the ozone layer, or do anything else which people of good will might eventually correct and learn from--no, no! Instead, these poisonous mixtures have reanimated the recently dead in such numbers that there is now no way for humans to do anything except to try to survive by looting deserted malls.

The zombies know only hunger. They have no recognition of family or friends--they exist only to hunt down and eat the living. Even if an attack does not kill a victim outright, these ghastly things produce a venom which is transmitted through their bites, with the result that even small wounds cause the victims to die and rise again as new zombies.

The handful of living humans have little hope, for these things "keep coming back in a bloodthirsty lust for human flesh," as the ad slogan for the original *Night of the Living Dead* stated.

The Narrative

THE ADVENTURE mostly takes place inside a walled compound, a small part of a former urban area in what was once the United States. The player-characters were placed here by the federal government, which since seems to have evaporated, or else gone off-planet. The staff includes three scientists who are supposedly working on ways to stop the zombie plague or to contain it, and three soldiers who protect the compound and who go outside it to gather fresh zombie specimens.

A non-player-character government agent oversees the entire operation, and can give the keeper a direct voice in the game. He is the keeper's wild card, and has little necessary role in the adventure.

Progress Goes Plooeey

SLOW FADE IN: at first we are focused on electrical generators; we'll hear their background hum for the rest of the film. Then we raise vertically through the ceiling



D.O.A. 2

THE DEAD NEXT DOOR

The World Gone MAD!



THEY LIVE ON YOUR FLESH !!!

starring

CHAD SPENCER JUDY ARNOLD JOHN BRITTON

directed by JOHN MILLER a UNITED UNIVERSAL production

and onto the next floor. Footsteps approach. A medical-sounding conversation between two men and a woman begins. We raise higher, passing their lab-coated backs as they discuss the patient before them. Then they step aside, and we see what it is as the fear-notes of the music strike at the same moment—a zombie!

As the main credits roll, the scientists continue to discuss their work. The hideous zombie, his face tattered and peeling off his skull in shreds, is strapped to a table in the center of the room. He gnaws at the air as anyone comes near, and struggles ineffectively at his leather and steel restraints. A few others can be seen locked in body-fitting

cavities hollowed out of enormous, grotesque blocks of lucite, completely isolated. More can be seen in the background, prowling around individual holding cells.

Whatever the art director imagined necessary to a lab is present here: filing cabinets, dissection benches, big binocular microscopes, some micro-computers, lots of glass slides, radio gear, and so forth.

Mention that the soldier characters are out collecting new zombie specimens in the zombie-mobile, the specially-fitted armored personnel carrier the lab owns. If different players are operating scientists and soldiers, it may be a good idea to send the soldier-players out of the

Zombies

The zombie film is cinema at its purest visually and contextually most base. The ritualistic story is reliably the same from film to film: some external force which science or technology may have prompted (but cannot alleviate) causes the recently dead to rise, wander, and seek to eat the living. The interest in the films is essentially the contrast between what is moving and what should be still, an idea precisely suited to film and video.

The zombies grimly parody human existence, reducing it to mobility and foraging. Reductionist, the films argue for human worthlessness and the non-existence of the human soul: these versions of the final resurrection are not ones any Christian could desire.

During the films we also discover that new victims of the zombie onslaught become zombie converts, multiplying the forces of the dead at a horrendous rate. The zombie film generally contains at least one scene where one of the protagonists gets infected and turns on the other characters. At the end of the film, we discover that there is no way to contain the ever-increasing horror, and thus the zombies will triumph. Humanity is doomed.

These films are as devoid of moral or ethical implication as the film-makers can devise: zombie films are intentional nightmares, and they end in screams and wakefulness as nightmares must. Nonetheless, the better films contain nuggets of dark humor and psychological observation; those scenes (and the special



gory effects) are what zombie-film fans talk about.

Many low-budget films are made with zombies as the monsters: zombies are monsters which don't need expensive and complex cable-controlled monster suits. According to one astute observer, "the walking dead bear a striking resemblance to the walking live." Some white powder, a little latex, a few gallons of Karo blood, and you've got zombies—lots of zombies.

Not all zombie films are penurious. The recent remake of *Night Of The Living Dead* featured the only zombies to actually look like real walking corpses. Only five gallons of fake blood were used in the filming, as opposed to upwards of 50-60 gallons in the average Hollywood-produced horror film. *The Return of the Living Dead* also featured an assortment of extremely realistic zombies, including one beautifully-done puppet of a completely withered animated corpse.

Decent cannibal zombie moves include *Night of the Living Dead* (1968), *Dawn of the Dead* (1979), *Zombie* (1979), *Day of the Dead* (1985), *Return of the Living Dead* (1985), *Redneck Zombies* (1988), and *Night of the Living Dead* (1990). Other films of some interest include *Hard Rock Zombies* (1984), *The Dead Pit* (1990), *Bikers vs. The Undead* (1989), *Fear No Evil* (1981), *City of the Walking Dead* (1980), and *Break-*

fast at the Manchester Morgue (1974).

And Other Post-Apocalypses

As influential as some cannibal zombie films have been, the idea's apocalyptic rationale has tended to merge it with several other approaches.

A similar sort of film also uses a small band of humans holding out in a science lab, but this time they are done in one by one by a single alien creature, often of a protean nature. (The adventure "Metamorph" in this book explores that setting.) The situation derives from the brilliant adventure film *Alien*, but normally we are on the ground, not in space, and the art direction is out of the *Star Wars* dirty-plastic school—but not nearly as good.

Another style of apocalypse derives from *The Road Warrior*. These also are set in the desert after the collapse of civilization, and features a (frequently sword-wielding) hero who destroys and out-smarts a succession of human and humanoid opponents of fairly low individual merit.

The roleplaying cliché of a jungle-like megalopolis where brutal gangs wander at will stems from *Blade Runner*. Knock-offs of that film are nonexistent, presumably because creating and populating such sets can be quite expensive.

All of these apocalypses used to be caused by global thermonuclear war. That being unlikely at present, the rationales have changed to some sort of global contamination without missing a beat. In the United States, several such films (in bowdlerized versions) seem to run weekly on the USA cable channel.

room at this point, and call them back for the next sequence, Hell On Wheels.

Having described the setting somewhat, take time now to field questions from the players, and help them understand the film and how it is set. Perhaps the movie poster can be of help. If the keeper likes, he or she might offer a sort newsreel concerning the lightning progress of the zombie plague.

Once all the player questions are settled, shift back to the film, and the scientist characters. Remind the players that their scientists are half-unhinged by the horrible events of the past months, and state clearly to all that each scientist has a secret which he or she is just crazy enough to conceal. Then ask each player-character to give his or her presentation of the week's past work.

Keepers, be sure that you understand each player-character's secret.

This sequence is for orienting the players, introducing the player-characters, and to give the player-characters reason to suspect each other. Once the scientists have dealt with each other, continue on to the next sequence, Hell On Wheels.

Hell On Wheels

CUT TO: it's night. A huge many-wheeled armored vehicle passes a burnt-out vehicle and cruises slowly down a deserted, debris-laden city street. As it comes toward us, we see sharp teeth and an open mouth painted across its nose. As it passes, we read *Zombie-Mobile* on its side.

Like the scene with the scientists, this sequence serves to introduce the characters, set the tone, and allow some idea of how zombies operate. The team must come home with at least one intact zombie. If they end up killing the four here, they'll have to find some more somewhere else.

Play it quick and play it gross, but complete the entire round-up procedure. Sample zombie stats occur in the statistics section at the end of this adventure.

On top, a turret slowly swivels. We cut to the entirely-dark interior, where a combat-ready soldier stands, using a night-vision-fitted periscope to survey the surrounding area: this is Corporal Leary. Private Williams is the driver; his face is hidden by passive surveillance goggles that make him look like a huge insect. In the right-hand seat is Sgt. Connors, also wearing night goggles, studying a street map of the city. The camera shows us green images (with superimposed technical-looking calibrations) of what each man sees.

"Multiple geeks at nine o'clock," Leary murmurs. "They're pretty bright, too. Putting off a lot of heat—they maybe ate somebody this week." Connors takes a last puff on his cigarette and puts it out.

Williams wheels the vehicle to the left, passes under some yellow plastic arches, and into the parking lot. Here the team gets out and locks the vehicle. It's zombie round-up time: read that boxed information to the play-

ers. It is important that they understand that they're to bring back zombies intact. Now they're on their own.

All carry the weapons mentioned in their statistics, as well as with the zombie hoods, handcuffs, and nets mentioned in the zombie round-up information.

There is no map given for the restaurant. Assume it is a rectangle, and that one-third of the space is given over to each of three rooms: public eating area, kitchen, and storage.

Within are four zombies. They wander aimlessly around the place, tripping over the stools, falling into the garbage cans, etc. When the soldiers come in, they all begin to move toward the fodder. Ask the players what their characters are going to do, then have to zombies try to close with them, and try to eat anything living. Give the players a few moments to make a very speedy plan, then advance and bite.

One of the zombies is extremely ripe, and will burst if shot by the soldiers, he will split open, rancid guts and fluid spilling out of the wound and creating a sticky, loathsome mess on the floor of the restaurant. Seeing this disgusting display costs 0/1D4 Sanity points.

Dinner, And A Show

DISSOLVE TO: the scientists and the soldiers are having dinner. They sit across from each other at the same table, three and three. At the head of the table is the leader of the facility, B. James Terwilliger, the keeper's non-player character. Terwilliger is the only one wearing a khaki shirt with epaulets; we always see him like this.

Terwilliger compliments Dr. Witwer on the new version of her always-tasty stew, then nods to Dr. Smith, "So. I am given to understand, Dr. Smith, that you have made a break-through?"

Tell the player of Dr. Smith that he may now talk about and demonstrate his secret device. From now on he controls the direction of the gathering.

Let the player handle things as he wishes. The player needs a demonstration zombie, and the RCZ equipment that is in his lab. Presumably the other player-characters will be willing to help him, or Terwilliger will want to know why not. Terwilliger should also explain to the soldiers that because of Dr. Smith's success, he thinks they will need supplies from town to create more of the devices.

Soon the demonstration is set up. Joslyn might wheel in a struggling zombie restrained on a gurney. Smith will enter with his RCZ device, a small square of black plastic about the size of a baseball, with wires and lights on one side and a wicked-looking barbed spike on the other. Get reactions from all the player-characters.

Smith advances on the strapped-down zombie. The zombie looks in his direction and snarls as Smith steps closer. Photocopy the statement below and have Smith's player read it and respond to questions from the other player-characters. One of the other players can pretend to be the zombie for the moment, reacting to what Smith does.

Terwilliger at least is standing and applauding. "By George, Dr. Smith, that's marvelous! I've never seen anything like it! Now by God we'll have something to report to headquarters!" Terwilliger instructs the soldiers to be ready to forage for Dr. Smith tomorrow first thing, before sunrise by George.

The Hospital

CUTTO: bright morning sun streams over rooftops in the deserted town as the zombie-mobile eases down the street toward the hospital. The team has gone into the hospital only once before, when the lab was desperate for medicines. Zombies are abundant here, where so many people succumbed to the zombie plague.

Beneath the dark walls of old St. Tenebrous Hospital, the parking lot is filled with rusting cars, already covered in patches of dust and dirt. Here and there plants grow out of hood or trunk seams. Vehicles with open doors or broken windows can be assumed to be concealing zombies.

The main-entrance drive is still clear. With a successful Idea roll, Connors directs Williams to smash the APC

through a guard rail and park parallel to and blocking the emergency entrance doors. Williams does, with a successful Drive APC. (If he fails, the door is impossible to close off with the vehicle, but stacked furniture can also be a difficult puzzle for zombies.)

"Maybe we can keep the ones in the cars outside," Connors explains. "It takes a zombie days to figure out how to go over or under something," he adds.

Leary and Williams nod. This is not quite true, they know, but maybe it is true enough to help them for the next hour or so. Williams smiles thinly. "Hell, Sarge, eventually a zombie can find anything, because all it does is try."

Their mission is to get into the pathology lab and bring back everything on Dr. Smith's list. As the soldiers search out the lab, they pass through various areas. Keepers should add to or change these as they wish.

Emergency Room

In the reception booth a mostly stripped skeleton sags in a swivel chair. The skeleton still has bits of hardened cartilage, muscle, and flakes of dried blood on it. It is completely harmless.

Custodians Only

As they spread out silently to reconnoiter the hall beyond, ask Leary's player for a Listen roll. A success detects muffled blows coming from behind a door marked *Custodial*. The door is unlocked, but blocked from inside. If Leary fiddles with the door knob, he hears louder, more frantic blows begin.

Make an Idea roll for Leary, but keep the result covered.

If Leary succeeded with his Idea roll, he recognizes the stupid, brutal rhythms of zombies that have gotten caught somehow in something, and that can't get free.

If he failed, tell his player that Leary is sure that survivors are inside, and that he can now detect a very weakened voice from within. Have him signal to the others, and now ask his player for a Fast Talk roll. If he succeeds, they all move to communicate with the survivors.

The door is blocked by only STR 20 of piled furniture, but all the zombies have been able to think to do is to push on the pile, not to pull it away. Now the soldiers do their work for them. A chair jostles aside, within, and the soldiers pushing on the door must receive rolls of DEX x3 or less, fall flat on their faces. The third soldier can be

Smith's Speech

Ladies and gentlemen, you are of course the first to witness what, in ordinary times, would be considered a miracle.

First we take the zombie's forehead, and hold it still—then we insert the barbed, spike-like control probe directly into the prefrontal lobe, through the thinly covered temple area!

I assure you: though the zombie does not like this happening, he feels no pain. No zombie feels pain—hah, hah, hah!

Well, I now throw the switch on the side of the control unit. The zombie slowly becomes less and less hostile, as you see, until it is soon passive and amenable.

This other device is the relay unit. You see it is smaller, and could be worn on a belt or carried in a pocket. I now activate it. HmMMM. And you see the shudder passing through the zombie's body in response, and you see again that the zombie has become passive. He is awaiting my command!

Colleague Witwer, please remove the zombie's restraints.

There. As you see, the zombie is now entirely free, yet does nothing. Now watch what happens.

The relay unit I hold has on it a small control rod, very much like that once used for computer games. I need only tap the joystick and—voilà!—the zombie stands!

Now I shall direct it forward one—two—three steps, and stop!

Now it backs up one—two steps and stops! Well, ladies and gentlemen, what do you think of that?

Well. HmMMM. He also can go left as you see, but not right. I don't know why yet. But, as you see, I can bring him back to the gurney and—aha!—down he lays!

That is my triumph, ladies and gentlemen! To proceed further, I require additional sophisticated supplies. Sergeant Connors, perhaps you and your men can oblige me on the morrow?

Continuity Breaks

- ① A zombie surges and stumbles toward the camera, greedy hands reaching out.
- ② A band of zombies surge against the stout walls of the compound. They do not affect the thick, high walls, but they keep pounding against it with their fists.
- ③ A man opens a venetian blind. We do not see his face, but we see that he wears a khaki shirt with epaulets. We look out from several stories up. Outside, beyond a high wall, zombies wander. One spies the man, then another, then another. In minutes a mob of zombies surges again and again against the wall.
- ④ A zombie man slowly kneels beside the wall, and starts to scoop out one palm-full of dirt, then another, then another.
- ⑤ Along a different part of the wall, a zombie woman slowly kneels beside the wall, and starts to scoop out one palm-full of dirt, then another, then another.

holding a flashlight or aiming a gun, his choice. When the choice is made, set the new scene.

In front of them stand three zombies, beginning to lurch toward them. One has had the skin pulled off of the top of his head, and is dressed in a surgical gown with a hole cut out over the chest. His chest has been opened, and his heart hangs out between cracked ribs. The second has been completely devoured from the abdomen down and pulls himself towards the soldiers with his hands. The third is dressed as a surgeon, but his throat has been gnawed out, and the end of a scalpel protrudes from his ruined eye-socket.

These zombies cost no Sanity to view, but they get to move to attack on the first round, while the soldiers on the floor can only Dodge. If the standing soldier has his gun in hand, he can fire—otherwise he must drop his flashlight and swivel his rifle to the ready, which means he opens fire only after the zombies attack.

The Pathology Lab

The soldiers come to back stairs and elevators. The elevators are unworkable since the electricity is off. An orientation plan of the hospital is between the elevators and the stairs, and shows that the pathology lab is two floors up, not far from directly overhead.

If the player-characters want to look around some more, the keeper must invent those new encounters. If they cautiously take the stairs, they ascend without incident. As they near the third floor, they all hear the shuffling movements and grunting which they have come to

associate with zombies. At the third floor, ask if anyone wants to peer through the fire door window.

If someone does, he sees that the hallway beyond is filled with zombies. And, beyond the dozen lurching zombies, at the far end of the hall, is a door clearly marked *Pathology*.

The soldiers can fight their way through, or go up or down a flight to try to break in through a floor to gain access from above or below. The player-characters may come up with other ways to get into the lab.

If they try to fight their way through the zombies, run a combat between the soldiers and 12 zombies blocking the way. The hall is 15 feet wide, and the door to the pathology lab is 30 yards away. Even a dozen zombies should not be much of a match for three experienced soldiers armed with automatic rifles. The zombies plod to the attack in ragged ranks of three; each bullet that hits also has the same chance to hit the rank behind. Unless the players say otherwise, assume that the soldiers fire high, for head shots; each gun fires in bursts of three; each clip holds 30 rounds; each soldier carries ten clips.

Use of phosphorous grenades indoors risks burning the building down.

If they try to enter through the floor above, have them make some appropriate skill rolls (Climb, Mechanical Repair, etc.) in order to do so. In either case, as soon as they enter the lab go on to the next encounter.

Inside The Lab

The pathology lab is dark, quiet, fairly orderly. The shades are closed. As the soldiers shine their lights around the room, they see many racks and shelves filled the sorts of things Smith wanted—solutions, diagnostic and surgical tools, medical references, and other medical items. The soldiers must carefully refer to the list given to them

Dr. Smith's Short Speech

I hope neither of you are jealous of my success. It has taken much personal sacrifice on my part to achieve it.

I have been able to fit all twenty zombies in the holding cells with my controlling devices.

When Connors and his men get back, I'll have enough equipment to complete another hundred devices.

I dream of the day when we can fit all zombies with self-contained units, as naturalists once fitted animals with radio monitors.

In that great future, mankind will re-establish itself, and when civilization recovers, we shall rate our engines in zombie-power, as we once did with reference to horses!

Continuity Breaks, cont.

⑥ We cut momentarily to the generators in the basement, to remind us that they produce the dominant background sound in the lab complex.

⑦ In the darkness, the male zombie continues to dig at the base of the wall with its hands. It is now nearly head deep.

⑧ In the darkness, the female zombie is covered up with dirt as her pit collapses. It makes no difference to the zombie—she keeps on digging, almost swimming through the soil, to where fresh blood awaits.

by Smith, the actual contents of which are of no significance to this scenario.

It takes them twenty minutes to find all the stuff he wants. Under the circumstances, this is fast work—Special Forces, were any of the rest of it around, would be proud.

Also in this room, if a successful Spot Hidden is made, the soldiers find six jars, each with a human fetus in it. As they watch, the soldiers can see the fetuses slowly begin to move—they are zombies, too! This costs 1/1D3 Sanity points.

A cabinet in this room contains a zombie which attacks the soldiers whenever the keeper feels it is appropriate. If they have done well so far, let them off—they're doomed anyway.

Once the soldiers have the items they need, they leave the hospital the same way they came in. The zombie nurses, doctors, and orderlies in the hospital may have sensed their presence, or not, as the keeper wishes. Once they get to the APC, they are home free.

Closing the door, Connors lights a cigarette, takes a deep puff, and says, "Okay, now let's hit Radio Shack!"

Radio Chaos

DISSOLVE TO: It's night. Drs. Smith, Joslyn, and Witwer are in Smith's lab, all looking very tired. A zombie lies strapped to the operating table. Dr. Smith is shoving a remote control device into the thing's head. As he fiddles with it, he talks. The other scientists should speak and reply as they see fit.

This is another subdued scene between the scientists. They should ask questions, make comments, and discuss relations with Terwilliger and the soldiers.

As they get the new test subject ready, Smith drops the control probe. After examining it intently, he shrugs and decides that there is nothing wrong with it.

The probe inserted, the zombie is activated. It suddenly lurches toward the nearest scientist—roll randomly to see who it is. The zombie has a 75% chance to grapple in the

cramped space. If it grapples successfully, it tries to bite in the second round. At the end of that round, it jerks and stands still. Suddenly a hail of pus, bone fragments, and brains showers the room as the zombie's head explodes, coating the scientists with the disgusting stuff. Each scientist loses 1/1D3 Sanity points from this sudden shock.

Ask each what he or she wants to do, or wants to say.

No Snacks Between Meals

This scene takes place outside the player's action of the story. Read this sub-section to the players.

QUICK CUT TO: It's night. Terwilliger, the leader of the mission, walks down a long hallway, and then another, and then another. He wears his trademark khaki pants and shirt, and beams with his trademark enthusiasm. He whistles "Camptown Races." It does not occur to him that he may be the only human left in the world who knows that song, or who is able to whistle.

He reaches the mess kitchen and looks around. No one is here, although a new cauldron of meat stew simmers on one of the stoves. He sniffs appreciatively, but puts the lid back on. He wants something different.

(Dr. Witwer, who usually cooks in the mess, is currently covered with zombie brains, and is dealing with an entirely different kind of mess.)

He opens the refrigerator slowly. We, perhaps like him, half-expect a zombie to jump out, but nothing's inside but food. He pulls out a loaf of bread, a jar of mayonnaise, and some fresh lettuce from the emergency garden that Witwer has created on the roof. He doesn't find any meat.

He rummages through the cupboards and pantry, but finds nothing there either. He turns towards the walk-in freezer, still whistling. "Okay, I'll cook something up."

Zombie Round-Ups

Standard equipment at the base are leather zombie hoods which seal closed in the back—the soldiers prefer the ones with wide velcro closures, because they're fast to seal up. The hoods are solid leather, restricting vision, hearing and smell. Zombies don't need to breathe.

But first they need to capture the zombie. That is done by isolating a single zombie, drawing the zombie to a motionless target man, and then the two wing men each grabbing an arm and twisting it back to lock together with handcuffs. Then the target man helps whichever wing man is having more trouble, or he applies the cuffs.

Then the team shoves the zombie into a strong nylon bag, ties the whole bundle closed, and hangs it in the transport compartment of the APC. The only predictable problem arises if one of the zombie's hands drops off—then the team has to kill that zombie and find a new one.

He peers into the freezer, and screams. Fright notes start on the sound track.

Three zombies hang on meat hooks in the locker. One has been stripped of all the muscle on its arms, legs, and torso. On a table is piled wrapped bundles of the stripped meat. Our hero slams the door shut, doubles over, and vomits onto the mess kitchen floor.

In the distance, we hear the zombie-mobile pull in and turn off. Cargo doors open and slam shut. Terwilliger stumbles toward the noises. "Connors!" he shouts, "Connors!" The scene fades.

The Dead March Home

SWISH PAN TO: as the soldiers enter the lab with large boxes full of the gear that Smith requested, they are stunned to see the scientists covered in zombie goop. If Smith is still alive, he says something to explain what happened or else tries to evade responsibility for what happened.

It takes a successful Idea roll for each soldier not to first think that zombies stand in front of them; anyone who fails drops his box and brings his M16 to bear, but does not fire.

Then Terwilliger rushes in, crying and vomiting. "Connors", he screeches, "Connors, there is no meat! These bastards have been feeding us *geek!*"

Have everyone but Witwer lose 1/1D6 Sanity points. The soldiers now must quickly make a choice. Before they can consult, have each player write down whether his character talks or shoots.

If Someone Fires And Hits

Should a soldier shoot and hit a scientist, the bullets go on to strike the large electrical board behind them. Sparks fly, current arcs, and circuit breakers slam shut. The whirl of the electrical generators dies, and the lab is quiet for the first time since the film began.

"Good lord!" Joslyn exclaims. "The generators! We've got to get the generators started!" This is the only important speech that Joslyn is scripted for. We hope he makes the most of it.

Remember all of those zombies which have the remote devices in their heads in the holding pen? When the generators go down, they go berserk just like the one with Smith's faulty probe. They do not explode, though—they manage to burst their cell doors: now zombies even more maddened than usual are inside the lab, and the darkness is complete.

If None Fire, or None Hit

If none of the soldiers fire, or if all miss, no immediate harm is done. Terwilliger babbles on about what he found. Everyone but Witwer, of course, is totally surprised. She makes a speech.

This is the only major speech that Witwer gets. We hope she makes the most of it. See Witwer's Speech below.

Let everyone respond as they will. There is a chance here for some upbeat feeling. Then undercut the result by commenting that they hear breaking glass and the shuffle

Witwer's Speech

Yeah, you've been eating geek. It does you no harm. I thought it would make you strong, as men need to be. I can't give you blood, and as warriors you deserve it, but still you've feasted on the corpses of the enemy, and lived to boast about it.

If they can live off us, we can live off them. They're not human, they're not as smart as hogs. They're geeks. God has taken away everything else, but left us them.

Eat! Eat with me! I eat with knowledge—so should you! I thought you weak. Prove me wrong.

of zombies in the compound. The zombies outside the wall have broken in.

Suddenly the generators inexplicably fail, leaving the humans in darkness. Describe to the players the sound of creaking wood in the distance as the holding pen door crashes down. They can hear the sounds of the dead marching through the compound, knocking things down, and getting closer.

The End Of Humankind

No matter whether the soldiers fired or not, the end is the same. The lab compound is now crawling with zombies. The rest of the scenario is a blood bath in favor of the zombies. If the players are interested, continue to run combats until all the player-characters are dead. There are not ten or twenty or forty zombies on the loose, but hundreds, maybe thousands, who have finally broken through the compound's unpatrolled outer wall.

A depressing end. The keeper may have any player-characters who can make it to the APC get in and smash through the freight door of the compound, to be pursued until cornered in the desolate wasteland of the Dead New World.

Or perhaps there are so many zombies that even the APC cannot make headway. It stalls. The force of bodies gradually pushes it over. Hundreds of zombies writhe against the turtled vehicle like snakes in some deep hole. The zombies cannot get in. But the survivors cannot get out. They're trapped here until they die.

Continuity Breaks, concluded

① The female zombie stands at the window where Terwilliger once stood, and looks out. Beyond is a sea of zombies, gory faces without end. The camera tracks, pans, fades out. Roll credits.

The Zombies

THE FLESH-eaters in this scenario differ from those found in the *Call of Cthulhu* rules in a few ways. First, they are not created by magic, but by a toxic radioactivity and chemical contamination. This mixture has created a condition like a disease which is present in zombie saliva, and is transmissible by bite.

A zombie's tactic of attack is to grab and bite. The victim may squirm away, but the bite transmits the zombie poison.

The bitten victim must resist a poison of POT equal to the zombie's CON. If the victim resists, he takes half of the POT as damage to hit points; if he fails, he takes the full damage to his hit points. Anyone killed by the zombie poison rises as a zombie after a number of minutes equal to 20 minus original CON. If a player-character is killed by a zombie, let the player continue to play the zombie, who can then chase down the other investigators who let him die.

When someone is killed by more than one zombie, before he can rise again as a zombie he may be pulled apart and eaten alive by several. Then that character will not return except as a zombie, and is otherwise out of play.

Once zombies grip a victim, they try to eat, and are oblivious to all else. It is easy to sneak up on a feeding zombie.

To kill a zombie, cut off the brain from the body. Any zombie part cut off from the whole ceases to function. If the brain is destroyed, the zombie collapses. If using hit locations, 5 points of damage to the head destroys the brain.

Most weapons do half rolled damage against zombies; impaling weapons do only 1 point of damage per hit.

Most zombies little about their former lives: one who was in the military may salute anyone wearing a uniform, for instance, and they congregate in places they were fond of in life—malls, theaters, homes, parks, and so forth. All the same, nothing diverts them from a nice meal of human walking by.

characteristics	averages
STR	3D6 x1.5 15-17
CON	3D6 x1.5 15-17
SIZ	3D6 10-11
INT	2D6+5+3 4
POW	1 1
DEX	2D6 7

Move: 6.

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Hit Points: 13-14

Weapons: Grapple 45%, damage special

Bite 70%, damage 1D3 +zombie venom

Armor: none, but impaling weapons do only 1 point of damage per successful attack, and all others do half rolled damage.

Sanity Loss: it costs 1/1D8 Sanity points to see a zombie.

ZOMBIES AT HAND

zombie	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	HP
1	19	18	12	8	15
2	20	12	15	4	14
3	18	22	16	6	19

zombie	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	HP
4	16	16	9	4	13
5	19	13	12	5	13
6	22	13	11	6	12
7	16	16	13	7	15
8	18	18	14	6	16
9	19	15	11	4	14
10	17	16	12	4	14

Player Characters

THOUGH THERE are only six player-characters, the keeper can arrange to make the research facility to be of any size. Still, the classic situation involves only a handful of people, proving just by their small numbers that their cause is doomed or nearly doomed.

CARL JOSLYN, Dr. He is searching for a cure to the zombie plague. He dislikes having soldiers underfoot, but they are pretty handy to fight zombies, so he keeps his opinions to himself. As has become routine, you and Joslyn and Witwer are meeting today to discuss results for the last week, but as usual no one will reveal anything. Smith has gone mad, and Witwer has lost all hope. These meetings are just a way of making sure they are not becoming criminally insane. Though Smith is the titular head, he has become the actual leader: so far, he has everything under control.



HIS SECRET: he's discovered a serum which defeats the venom in zombie saliva. Three days ago he injected himself with the anti-venom, and then with ghoulish saliva. So far, no ill effect—not even a rash! The next step is to use the clues in the anti-venom to construct an agent which defeats the reaction which sustains the geeks—er, zombies. If brain damage hasn't been excessive, humanity will be saved.

Dr. CARL JOSLYN, Age 29, Not So Mad Scientist

STR 12	CON 13	SIZ 15	INT 17	POW 13
DEX 12	APP 10	EDU 22	SAN 45	HP 14

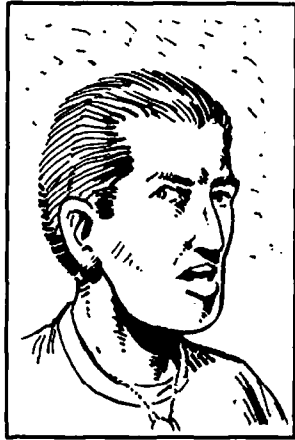
Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Scalpel, 35%, damage 1D3 +db

Skills: Biology 65%, Chemistry 75%, First Aid 65%, Medicine 85%, Pharmacy 75%, Toxicology 75%, Zoology 45%.

Quote: 'Hold still, now—I just need a sample.'

CHRIS WILLIAMS, Pvt. He joined the army to get money for college, and joined Special Forces because it was the toughest duty he could find (and it couldn't hurt to have it on the old resumé later on). The rest is history. *The Dead Walk!* screamed the newspaper headlines. And then it was all over. Now he drives the zombie-mobile, the APC the team uses to collect zombies for the scientists. He thinks that his family, his friends, and everything he ever wanted has been inexplicably consumed. He also thinks that the scientists are wacko wimps who haven't a prayer of ever finding an answer to all that has happened. Still, they are human, especially Witwer. But the other guys have noticed, too. He watches everyone, in case somebody makes a serious mistake.



HIS SECRET: if things get really bad, he'll take Witwer—at gun-point, if need be—out in the APC. There's a sky-scraper downtown that they can make into a redoubt that'll be impregnable to zombies forever.

CHRIS WILLIAMS, Age 21, Private, APC Driver
 STR 14 CON 15 SIZ 15 INT 17 POW 16
 DEX 16 APP 12 EDU 14 SAN 67 HP 15
 Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: M16A2 Assault Rifle 45%, damage 2D8
 Combat Knife 35%, 1D4+2 +db
 Punch 25%, 1D3 +db
 Zombie Hood 75%, covers a zombie's head with a leather bag.
Other Equipment: ten 30-round clips of ammunition, four phosphorus grenades, amphetamines, one MRE, handcuffs, nylon containment net.

Skills: Drive APC 85%, Fast Talk 55%, First Aid 45%, Herd Zombie 75%, Hide 45%, Listen 55%, Mechanical Repair 55%, Slap Cuffs 75%, Sneak 45%.

Quote: 'How do I get out of this chicken outfit?'

DAVID SMITH, Dr. When civilization began to collapse, the government drafted him because of his impressive work in knowledge of cybernetic prostheses and cerebral implants, and placed him in this military research camp to work on solutions to the zombie crisis. Unfortunately, the shock of the zombie plague has completely unhinged him: he mis-buttons his lab coat, no longer shaves, mum-



bles to himself, and keeps his research entirely secret from Dr. Joslyn. He knows that he is behaving oddly, but only he can save the world—it's a stressful assignment.

HIS SECRET: he has constructed a device which can be plugged into a zombie's head to control the zombie at short distances. However, so far the zombie will only go forward, backward, and left: what does this mean? He ponders mental bicameralism, admitting to himself that a few bugs need to be worked out. He has one RCZ (Remote Control Zombie) prepared for a demonstration.

Dr. DAVID SMITH, Age 43, Fairly Mad Scientist
 STR 12 CON 11 SIZ 10 INT 18 POW 13
 DEX 15 APP 10 EDU 24 SAN 23 HP 11
 Damage Bonus: 0.

Weapons: Scalpel 60%, damage 1D3
 .45 Revolver 40%, damage 1D10+2

Skills: Bargain 25%, Biochemistry 75%, Electrical Repair 65%, Electronics 90%, First Aid 65%, Medicine 75%, Pharmacy 65%, Spot Hidden 75%, Zoology 20%.

Quote: 'The zombies are not evil, just very stupid.'

JULIA WITWER, Dr. Her career at Livermore went down the tube like everyone else's when the dead started to walk. She's still alive when most people are long-dead, but the future doesn't exactly look bright. She's stuck here with military puds and two fellow scientists who make Dr. Frankenstein look like Captain Kangaroo. She no longer has any faith in the research being done here, and has simply withdrawn from it. She putters around with the radio equipment, cooks big pots of stew for everyone, and throws out the worst of the garbage every other week or so. She still radios out reports on the assigned frequency once a week, but there have been no replies—no stations on the air at all—for a month and more. She spends a lot of time fussing with her cactus garden on the roof. Cacti are her models now, tough and hardy, not needing much to stay alive, and full of thorns.



HER SECRET: the canned and frozen meat ran out weeks ago. She did her own research, and discovered that cooked zombie could be eaten safely. She hasn't mentioned this, figuring correctly that the guys might get upset at chewing geek. A practical soul, she thinks that doing so is only just—the geeks have chewed a lot of humans.

Dr. JULIA WITWER, Age 25, Relatively Sane Scientist
 STR 13 CON 13 SIZ 11 INT 17 POW 17
 DEX 14 APP 15 EDU 21 SAN 61 HP 12
 Damage Bonus: 0.

Weapons: .45 Revolver 75%, damage 1D10+2

Fist/Punch 65%, damage 1D3
Kick 75%, damage 1D6
Crescent Wrench 60%, damage 1D8

Skills: Bargain 45%, Drive Automobile 35%, Electrical Repair 75%, Electronics 85%, Fast Talk 75%, Martial Arts 65%, Mechanical Repair 55%, Operate Heavy Machinery 65%, Photography 65%, Physics 85%, Psychology 65%.

Quote: 'Screw off, jar-head!'

MIKE CONNORS, Sgt. He joined the army for patriotism and a job. Now both motives seem pointless. The geeks are everywhere. A pack of them tore apart his wife and son, right before his eyes, but he was too drunk to do anything but run back to base in his van. What rotten luck. His assignment is to baby-sit



people looking for a way to slow down or reverse the plague. The only cure he's seen that works are a couple of rounds right between a geek's eyes. He craves the days when the APC goes out to collect more geeks for the scientists. They always bring back the number the docs want, but they're able to waste dozens more. That makes him feel good enough to want to get drunk again.

HIS SECRET: sometimes he takes out the APC at night, along with a quart of whiskey. He parks it near some zombies, lets off a round or two to get their attention, then hums tunelessly while the zombies pound impotently on the metal and he drinks himself into a stupor.

Sgt. MIKE CONNORS, Age 29, Team Leader

STR 18 CON 16 SIZ 15 INT 15 POW 12
DEX 14 APP 10 EDU 17 SAN 48 HP 16

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: M16A2 Assault Rifle 90%, damage 2D8

Combat Knife, 85%, damage 1D4+2 +db

Punch 75%, damage 1D3 +db

Zombie Hood 75%, covers a zombie's head with a leather bag.

Other Equipment: ten 30-round clips of ammunition, four phosphorus grenades, amphetamines, one MRE, handcuffs, nylon containment net.

Skills: Astronomy 15%, Camouflage 85%, Climb 85%, Dodge 60%, Drive APC 65%, Electrical Repair 55%, First Aid 65%, Give Rousing Speech 75%, Herd Zombies 75%, Hide 75%, Listen 75%, Mechanical Repair 40%, Natural History 35%, Slap Cuffs 75%, Sneak 65%, Stash Liquor 75%, Track 75%.

Quote: 'If you kill for pleasure, you're a murderer. If you kill for profit, you're a mercenary. If you kill for both—you're Special Forces. Hoo-rah! Air-BORNE!'

STEVE LEARY, Cpl. He's stuck in hell like everyone else, but in this hell there are plenty of cigarettes, cases of whiskey, and drugs. The scientists think they're going to learn what makes dead people get up and



walk don't understand—this is the end of days, and everyone must die before Judgement Day. The compound hasn't heard squat from the outside in months: going out to catch more geeks for the scientists is pointless. He'll continue to do his job as long as Sgt. Connors does—Connors is a good soldier, and worth protecting.

HIS SECRET: if Connors

dies and things get really bad, Leary has prepared a large closet with multiple locks on the inside. He'll retreat there, take a lethal overdose of opium or MDMA³, and then hallucinate off to death. The zombies will never get him.

STEVE LEARY, Age 26, Corporal and Medic

STR 16 CON 15 SIZ 14 INT 15 POW 15
DEX 16 APP 10 EDU 15 SAN 60 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: M16A2 Assault Rifle 75%, damage 2D8

Combat Knife 65%, 1D4+2 +db

Punch 55%, 1D3 +db

Zombie Hood 75%, covers a zombie's head with a leather bag. Vehicle-Mounted Flame-Thrower* 85%, damage 3D6 per hit or per round played on same target plus shock.

* effective range is 50 yards; less into the wind. Shock causes the zombie to collapse, but unless all hit points are consumed, it soon recovers and continues to roam, although with lessened hit points.

Other Equipment: ten 30-round clips of ammunition, four phosphorus grenades, amphetamines, one MRE, handcuffs, nylon containment net.

Skills: Camouflage 85%, Climb 55%, Dodge 60%, Drive APC 45%, Fast Talk 45%, First Aid 85%, Herd Zombie 75%, Hide 75%, Listen 75%, Mechanical Repair 30%, Medicine 65%, Natural History 55%, Persuade 45%, Slap Cuffs 75%, Sneak 65%, Track 75%.

Quote: 'And then do you know what Mom said?'

ARMORED PERSONNEL CARRIER, Modified

Crew: 1 driver, 1 passenger in right-hand seat, 1 man operating roof-mounted flame-thrower turret. Rear compartment has wide, rear-opening doors and is rigged to hold up to six netted zombies or up to 10 soldiers on the bench seats.

Weapon: Turret-Mounted Flamethrower, damage 3D6 per hit or per round played on same target, plus shock.

Effective range is 50 yards; less into the wind. The shock of burning causes the zombie to collapse, but if not all hit points are burned away, the zombie soon recovers and continues to roam, although with lessened hit points.

Speed: faster than any zombie can move.

Armor & Hit Points: withstands any attack by any number of zombies.

Damage: squashes any zombie with a successful Luck roll for the driver.

Notes: this vehicle is wheeled, not tracked. It is a protective transport vehicle, not a tank. ■

Carnival Knowledge

The Nomi is one of the finest circuses in the world. Even callow youths, attracted only by sex or alcohol, are sure to have stimulating times there.

THE CIRCUS is a dazzling spectacle of colorful lights, elaborate costumes, remarkable performers, and tantalizing treats—human and animal wonders from around the globe. Alas, the famed Nomi Circus has also brought with it a dark and terrible secret: the circus's clown troupe, composed of performers from many different lands, are murderous cannibals. These killer clowns prey on hapless innocents who visit the circus: victims are savagely butchered and eaten by the painted-faced madmen. As the troupe travels from town to town, the maniacal jesters seek to butcher and eat tender young people, lured to horrible deaths by the prospect of innocent fun.

"Carnival Knowledge" is set in the mid-1980s and after. Run-time of this film may be very quick, under two hours, unless the keeper is a good word-painter and enjoys setting up a succession of interesting murders. In that case, the adventure will run perhaps twice as long, up to four hours, a very full evening.

Keeper Considerations

This scenario is a relatively difficult one for the keeper. Two problems need special consideration. First, no reason exists, outside of the game challenge to the players themselves, that their characters should continue to intervene in an obvious police matter or that, when the player-characters start to die, that they all should not run home and hide.

In consequence, the keeper should play the police as unusually arrogant, obnoxious, overbearing fools who need showing up. Try to arrange that the player-characters are able to put them down easily, easy enough that the teens can be enticed to investigate the circus. And, if the player-characters run home to their parents, choose one at random to be welcomed by the clowns, promote a desperate phone call communicating that fact to the rest, and then seriously set loose 1D6 clowns on the victim. Murder is a time-honored way of promoting group action.

Secondly, the action of the scenario is mostly concerned with the tactics of murder, but the scenario does not provide supply much tactical information: there are no plans of rooms, for instance, through which targets can maneuver, or lists of potential weapons ready to be

picked up. For that reason, most clown attacks should initially fail. This would often happen anyway, for killer clowns love to tease, but here most of the targets deserve clear warning that doom is near, for the sake of fairness.

In allowing player-character responses, the keeper might also call mostly for characteristics rolls to figure out solutions, for attacks, or for choosing courses of action—these teenagers are not reliably skilled in anything except sex, an endeavor for which killer clowns seem to make little provision.

Try to keep all six player-characters active, even if some players must operate two each for a while: as the clowns begin to strike, the spares will be handy. At the same time prepare the players for inevitable deaths, and try to make those deaths a key part of the fun. As players run out of characters, give them killer clowns to play.

The story is written as though only the clowns are murderers. It may be—in fact, it is likely—that the clowns have accomplices and fellow gourmands among other circus personnel. It would make a nice touch to expand the scope of the conspiracy just when the player-characters are convinced that the clowns are the sole threats.

Finally, keepers can play this adventure either straight, as a slasher-style film, or somewhat archly, as a parody. Study the scenario carefully: parts of it are clearly realistic, and need to be pulled back from if parody is the aim, while other elements (such as the jail-break) are easily bent to parody and cannot ever be very realistic.

About The Player-Characters

Be sure the players understand that their characters are mostly sleazy sorts who might in some sense deserve to die. They are horror-movie-style teenagers: handsome and beautiful, acne-free, with trained and toned bodies and hyperactive libidos. All have perfect teeth, precision tans, and hundred-dollar haircuts. It is hard to argue with the film's premise that these unsympathetic fools should meet their doom. Billy and Wendy are more decent, but also culpable if only because they associate with such amoral trash.

Except for Billy, a button-down type, the guys wear tight jeans and tight muscle shirts. Dawn wears skimpy shorts and colorful clinging tops; Wendy wears white

A METRA-GOULDING-MEYER RELEASE

CARNIVAL KNOWLEDGE



THEY'LL
SPLIT YOUR
SIDES, THEY'LL
TICKLE YOUR
INNARDS AND
YOU'LL DIE LAUGHING!

STARRING Glenn Strange Kelly Emmst Ian Keith

shorts and blouse, and a white sweater that buttons up the front: she should be among the last to die.

Favorite activities of the player-characters seem to be skinny-dipping and walking in pouring rain, or whatever allows the guys to take off their shirts, and for the girls' clothes to get wet, clinging, and more transparent. Therefore player-characters tend to fall into streams and ponds, have their cars break down during cloudbursts, get stranded in leaky barns, take lots of showers, and enjoy dunking each other with buckets of water.

Some of these characters also enjoy games, such as strip poker, strip monopoly, strip go-fish, strip twister, etc.

The Narrative

IT IS JUST past midnight on a clear, warm summer night. The player-characters have gathered at a favorite swimming hole for some drinking, skinny-dipping, and fooling around. The night is calm and quiet, and the sky bursts a full, ripe moon high above, and twinkling stars. A bonfire crackles, and a car radio plays loudly. Every character has a can of beer, and empties litter the ground nearby. Teenagers lay in the grass, or splash about in the pond, in their underwear or nothing at all.

Continuity Breaks 1-3

- ❶ We switch to a young teenage couple driving alone in the night, talking about how much fun it will be to see the gang at the pond.
- ❷ Headlights close in from the rear. The girl looks back and remarks that the car is driving too close.
- ❸ In a dim, confused struggle, the girl cries out, 'Mitch! Mitch! Help! Help!'

The player-characters spent the earlier part of the evening at the Nomi Circus, and then retired to the pond for a midnight swim. Two usual members of the group, Mitch and Sandy, haven't been seen since earlier in the evening when everyone left the circus. It is not unusual, however, for love-birds to steal away to some dark, private spot.

Request a D100 roll for each player-character: on a result of POW x3 or less, the teenager gets a weird, tingly feeling on the backs of the neck—they're being watched! But nothing unusual can be seen. Tall grass rustles in the wind, and somewhere in the distance a dog howls. All else is quiet and still. An eerie calmness hangs over the field and the pond.

Killer Clowns

Clowns are unsettling. Their faces are usually painted white, the color of death, yet their lips and noses may be as incarnadine as dripping blood. Those cadaverous faces with wide, exaggerated mouths, big red noses, and weirdly-painted eyes are clearly dead—but not quite. These are images of doomed mortality.

Young children, whom we imagine to be the natural audience for clowns, recognize the awfulness of these figures. A child, if given any chance, typically runs frightened and screaming from the spasming, alien, inflated shapes who loom above on stilts, or who flap after them in enormous inhuman shoes and pants baggy enough to hide . . . well, who knows what?

Perhaps our confusion is prompted by clowns being child-like: clown violence is followed by tearful remorse succeeded by new violence; clown lust and clown envy are punished violently but never stifled; clowns willfully misconstrue and mis-perceive; a clown is

most alive when taking advantage of someone else. And, once wronged, a clown never forgives.

Almost all clowns are male, or made up to look male; roles of clown females are rare, usually vindictive, and almost always acted by men. Neither clown nor killer clown can remove paint and makeup and stay a clown.

Killer clowns usually exceed reality: in *Killer Clowns from Outer Space*, for instance, one uses his hands to cast remarkable shadows on a wall, the last of which becomes a tyrannosaur which eats the onlookers. Killer clowns always wink or leer at the audience, to remind us that they know things without needing to deduce clues or overhear information.

Killer clowns share with the equally protean and deathless (and masked) Jason the uncanny ability to be in the right place with the right weapon to enact a timely murder. Killer clowns hover at the edge of the camera's frame; they are an ideational force, divorced from

reality. They are never bewildered or baffled, and they do not tire: if one gets dirty, it is not from sweat or dust, but from whipped cream.

The pettiness of clowns chronicles the humiliations of human life; killer clowns transform the fear of death into laughter at its lack of consequences, since humans so lack wit and style that they seem no better off alive than dead.

Films featuring killer clowns include *Funhouse* (1987), *Killer Clowns from Outer Space* (1988), *Clownhouse* (1990), and Stephen King's *It* (1991). We note also Jack Nicholson's role as The Joker in *Batman* (1989), the sure-to-be-cult-classic *Shakes The Clown* (1992), and an Avengers' TV episode (ca. 1963) in which Steed and Mrs. Peel track down two clown assassins. The clowns in *Dumba* were torturers. Even Krusty the Clown on TV's *The Simpsons* is an unreliable sort: who knows what lurks beneath any clown's painted smile?

Suddenly, a horrible scream comes from somewhere not far away. A successful Listen roll detects insane laughter in the distance. A successful Spot Hidden roll sees several weird, human-like silhouettes dart across the moon-lit field and disappear. Then all is deathly quiet: tension hangs thick in the air. The night wind blows warm across the field, the cool water laps at the edge of the pond, and the eerie calmness returns.

Let the characters react fully and decide if they want to try to do anything, then have Mitch appear.

Mitch's Problem

When nerves have settled and decisions made, it's time to upset the player-characters again: a horrible bloody figure suddenly lurches up out of the tall grass! The figure moans, and staggers toward the teenagers. Arc lights hidden in the field illuminate the human silhouette, hunched and lurching, framed by beams of cold blue light streaming out around it, and casting long, ominous shadows at the player-characters' feet. Each loses 0/1D2 Sanity points. Anyone not swimming sees this.

Whether the player-characters do anything, the figure stumbles and falls in the grass at their feet, motionless. Turning it over, someone produces a flashlight, and with its powerful beam the teenagers identify their missing friend, Mitch.

All the teens gasp and back away. Mitch is naked and bloody: portions of his skin have been stripped away, exposing muscle and bone. His left eye and ear are missing, and his left arm has been ripped off, just below the shoulder! With a shudder, Mitch stops breathing. No action the teenagers take brings their friend back to life. He is dead.

Witnessing this costs 1/1D8 Sanity points. Anyone who loses five points or more becomes violently ill for several minutes, vomiting, shaking, or losing control of bodily functions.

With a successful roll of POW x4 or less for courage, examination of Mitch's mutilated body reveals that his remaining hand is clutching a shred of purple silk. Another character can notice that a length of broken rope is tied around Mitch's right ankle, and a third character can point out that his left ankle and right wrist show rope-burns.

Ominous quiet returns to the pond. Fog drifts in.

Mitch's Car

Presumably no one wants to stay at the pond. As they leave the pond and begin to drive along the dark, foreboding country road, the player-characters' headlights reveal Mitch's father's Cadillac, abandoned in the ditch beside the road.

The auto is dirty, battered, and blood-stained. The windshield is smashed, and there are several violent-looking jagged gashes in the hood and doors: a successful

Idea roll guesses that the gashes were cut by a chain saw. Of Sandy, Mitch's steady girl, there is no sign.

A successful Spot Hidden roll detects a smear of a thick, white substance on a window: the stuff is smooth and paint-like but, though it is makeup-like, both women are positive that it is not—who would wear this chalky stuff? The interior of the car is torn, battered, and blood-stained everywhere.

If the player-characters search the area around the battered automobile, a successful Spot Hidden roll discovers a set of weird tracks: they are enormous shoe prints, easily eighteen inches long, very definite at the heels but often very dim at the toes. These strange prints lead from Mitch's battered car onto the dusty road, where they end. Whoever or whatever made those tracks then got into another auto and drove off.

The Police

Surely the teenagers go to the police. Without bringing in Mitch's body, the pompous night sergeant shows little or no interest in what the teenagers say, especially if they start talking about killer clowns. If the player-characters produce Mitch's body, the police immediately investigate, but grill the player-characters as possible suspects until police investigation proves otherwise. They also roundly damn the teenagers for moving the body and generally making a mess of the area.

Depending on how the keeper plays them, the police may nor may not take seriously the disappearance of Mitch's girlfriend, Sandy. Everyone is alarmed, however, once she has stayed out all night.

If the keeper wishes to push things to absurd lengths, have police accuse the group of murder, and put them in holding cells. The player-characters will have to break out. Though this risks turning them into genuinely heroic people, movie scripts routinely make bigger U-turns than that.

The player-characters can lure an officer close to the cell, hold him or knock him unconscious, and take the keys (all presumably being in one large cell). A friend or could cause some sort of distraction at the jail while another sneaks in and steals the keys.

Player-Characters At The Circus

Lacking transport and hampered by searching patrol cars, escaped teens find that they cannot get into the circus until the next evening, when the crowds are greatest.

Teens still on good terms with the police also find that they stand out earlier in the day: early even provides the cover of crowds and of darkness as well.

Police At The Circus

Any police officers who go to the Nomi circus to follow up the teenagers' story end up gruesomely murdered in some grisly, theatrical manner: chain-sawed in half, decapitated, dismembered, swollen from cobra venom, etc.

They can be discovered late in the game, just when the player-characters are hoping for rescue.

The Hours After

During the play, the keeper should take every opportunity to make good use of slasher-movie tricks, a few follow.

A Corpse Through the Window

If an investigator is home alone, or takes home his or her date, the power goes out. Rustling noises are heard from outside. Investigating, the player character is startled once or twice by the rustling of leaves, or the creaking of a rocking chair on the front porch. As the investigator gives a sigh of relief, a cat screeches, and pounces: this calls for the loss of 0/1 Sanity points.

Tension dispelled, the player-character returns to the house, where the silence is soon shattered when a mutilated corpse (perhaps that of a policeman or of a fellow teenager) smashes through a large nearby window. Sanity cost is 0/1D6 Sanity points.

Creeping Shadows

While the player-characters are sneaking around, weird, creepy clown shadows follow and menace them. No source is ever found for these shadows! This calls for the loss of 0/1 Sanity points.

The Laughing Doll

If you want to force a clue on the teenagers, this cliché seems to work. Concentrating on some task, or else sleeping, the player-character suddenly becomes aware of macabre laughter, so flat and mechanical that it is horrible. After scary searching, the person finds the source: a clown doll perched on some high place, leering down, the laughter from a sound chip within it. The laughter will not stop until the doll is broken.

The Circus

THE NOMI International Circus has set up in a lonely field, outside of town. A caravan of trailer trucks, buses, and R-V campers transport the circus. More than a hundred vehicles are neatly parked behind the big central tent, while numerous smaller tents and booths have been put up as a midway beside the main tent. The three-ring show is performed in the big-top, the huge main tent, while the smaller tents house games of chance, concession stands, strong men, hoochie-coochie dancers, and so on. Further back, other tents house the animals and the performers and crew who do not have their own vehicles.

During the day, the circus throngs with visitors and show-people, but after the final evening performance it becomes like a quiet village. As people fall asleep, the place

Continuity Breaks 4-7

- ① We see a policeman at the circus, looking into the camera and saying, 'And so you remember seeing neither young Mitch nor young Sandy?'
- ⑤ Two clowns play patticake, then put their arms around each and watch someone out of camera range go past. 'That looks tasty.' 'Very tasty.'
- ⑥ A clown shadow stealthily moves across a canvas tent panel.
- ⑦ A clown hand appears and stealthily advances around a corner.

becomes an eerie, spooky world of odd noises and weird shadows, at last abandoned to dreams and to the ghosts.

The rest of this section assumes that the player-characters visit the circus in the early evening, when they are least likely to be noticed, in order to gather clues. Presumably they then return at night, to investigate further and perhaps to rescue Sandy.

The player-characters can gather clues and be teased while the circus is open, but their early-evening attempts to go behind the scenes and search non-public areas should be stymied by guards, frowning strong-men, and angry roustabouts, unless the keeper is certain of being able to get the effects of isolation—particularly in the Fun House—that will be needed.

The Midway In Evening

In town, posters are plastered on walls, advertisements flood newspapers and television, and garishly-costumed performers walk the streets, heralding the arrival of the circus, and enticing all to come see the show. Whether or not the player-characters suspect that the circus harbor's Mitch's murderer and Sandy's kidnaper, the coincidence of its arrival and activity seems suggestive. A successful Idea roll can prompt the player-characters to go there.

Once there, they do not go to the big-top show again—they were there last night. The midway seems like a place where clues might be found.

The idea of a midway is to compact the audience between two rows of attractions, and thereby raise the excitement of the crowd. This presentation provides competing diversions, so that the customers are overwhelmed with choice, and produces enough variety that the area can cater to diverse tastes.

The following are samples of what might be discovered: keepers should add incidents and encounters as possible.

Madame Zodiac

Madame Zodiac is the circus' fortune teller. Her tent is decorated with candles, crystal balls, tarot cards, and other occult trappings. The elderly gypsy woman gazes

Playing The Clowns

Killer clowns are supernatural in their capacities: beaten, they continue to pop up, to menace the teenagers. Apparently dead, they revive for a while. Escaped at one end of the midway, they suddenly appear ahead, at the other end. They are also intelligent and vicious, and lack all mercy.

Take advantage of classic situations: for example, one of the clowns might play dead, allowing the player-characters to think that they have killed him, only to suddenly jump up and grab one of them. Or the player-characters might continually inflict damage upon one of the clowns, only to have him come back time, after time (like Kinko).

Try to split up the player-characters, so that each has to deal with a particular clown. The killer clowns would find it bad theater to attack in a group too soon during play—what else would they use for a climax?

Killer clowns do not attack in mundane ways: what a disappointment it would be for one to pull out a handgun or a switchblade knife!—not enough bizarre drama: the aesthetics would be all wrong.

Better are chain-saws, whips, acid-squirting flowers, sickles, venomous snakes, pits crawling with hideous snakes, capturing and dangling a tied teen like a carrot from a rope in the lion cage, chaining one to the ball which is then hit and rises during the test of strength—these are the sorts of methods killer clowns would choose

The clowns should be horrible, nasty, weird, surrealistic. A clown always teases first, to make the joke better when he later strikes to kill.

Be theatrical, with broad gestures: clowns are dressed for show, and act as playlets within the flow of ordinary life. Without a sense of theater, they are merely vicious.

into their eyes, and urges one of the young men to sit at a small round table. The withered crone hands a deck of dog-eared tarot cards to the player-character, instructing him to shuffle the deck and then to pick out twelve cards. Madame Zodiac takes up those chosen, laying them out in a circle on the table.

The fortune-telling begins with typical quasi-occult mumbo-jumbo, but as the woman surveys the cards she gasps. The gypsy looks into the seated investigator's eyes, and makes some sort of weird gestures around herself; the hag rises from the table, backing away. "Beware!" she croaks in her deep Rumanian accent, "A great malevolence hangs above you. The cards have shown me signs: the mark of evil is upon you! Beware, beware!"

Madame Zodiac hands the teenager a small black pouch, and commands them to leave and not return. Inside the pouch are a few small crystals, a bundle of herbs, a piece of fur, a length of red silk, and a few coins: this is an amulet of protection.

The keeper may do with this amulet what he likes: add +25% to the holder's Luck, give the player-characters one miracle, turn hot and start smoking whenever a clown comes near, do some other neat trick, or do nothing at all.

Lost And Found

With a successful Idea roll, Dawn decides that maybe she can find Sandy by inquiring for her at the Lost & Found booth. The call for Sandy to report to the booth soon brings

a response, a friendly clown who says that she is nearby, but needs Dawn's help.

If Dawn follows, the clown first abandons her in a quiet place, then tries to kill her. The keeper must decide how serious his effort is, and whether or not Dawn learns anything about the clowns.

The Pie Fight

At the height of the evening, four clowns stage a pie fight. Each carries a small pie rack about the size of a hat box, and they begin to smack each other with gooey cream pies. Kinko, in his white-and-silver suit is one. He soon gets the worst of the fight, and poses languidly as pies from the other clowns smack home.

When Kinko raises his hands in surrender, one clown chortles and says, "Now you're acting like Sandy!" and all the clowns exit laughing. When the player-characters try to follow, the clowns inexplicably have disappeared.

Be My Guest

A clown waves Wendy or Billy over to a scales, and with a sweeping gesture offers the proper coin to operate it. The ticket which comes out reads the right weight, but the additional wording on it is oddly phrased.

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PRIME POUNDS

NOMI INSPECTED GRADE-A LONG PORK

The Circus Manager

The circus manager is very pleasant, and eager to listen, concerned about the shocking murder and the ominous disappearance. Klaus Neuburg is the owner-manager of the Nomi, a suave, well-dressed man. He also is Calvin Clown, the leader of the cannibal clowns.

Neuburg chooses to talk with the player-characters, to discover what they know. If he decides that they know too much, the flesh-eating harlequin will try kill the player-characters in some outlandish manner, or else capture and then eat them.

He keeps a pistol in his desk drawer. If the player-characters steal it, they discover, when they attempt to use it, that it is only fires a flag that pops out and says *BANG!* on it.

The Midway At Night

This sub-section assumes that it is late enough at night that ordinary circus folk have gone to sleep. There are at least two hundred people sleeping nearby.

The keeper must think about roles for these people. Do they not wake up when the screaming starts? Are they silent accomplices of the terrible clowns? Are they unwilling slaves of the clowns? Do they refuse to get involved? Do they rescue the teens at the crucial moment? Or should their presence be entirely ignored, as needless complexity?

Did You Hear That Maddening Laughter?

At a crucial moment the player-characters hear maniacal laughter near or around them, although there is no sign of the source. This costs 0/1 Sanity points. This laughter is probably the simplest way to lead the teenagers into the Fun House.

Sudden Surprises

When an investigator opens a closet, trunk, or other door, something springs out at him or her—a cat, a doll, a jack-in-the-box, etc. Loss for this is 0/1 Sanity points. It usually happens twice, in different ways, in a film. Both times the device releases a tension of expectation that has been built up carefully: without the tension, the effect is pointless.

Cadaver Theater

The Doodie Puppet Theatre commands the attention of children with its hand-puppet shows. If the player-characters stumble in here at night, they are treated to a special puppet show: corpses strung up on wire, like macabre marionettes! These gruesome puppets have painted smiles and rosy cheeks. They are made to dance and sing for the player-characters. Witnessing this costs 0/1D6 Sanity points.

The Nightmare Hall of Fame

This sideshow is a waxworks rogues' gallery, portraying such infamous characters as Frankenstein's monster, Count Dracula, the Phantom of the Opera, Jack the Ripper, Lizzy Borden, Bluebeard, and other villains from history and literature. A clown might hide in this chamber, to ambush the player-characters, perhaps adopting some of the style, clothing, and gesture of Dracula, the Phantom, the Golem, etc. Alternately, one of the figures might come to life.

In no case would the style of Nightmare Hall pursue the player-characters beyond the tent walls which surround it. A clown in pursuit, for instance, would magically revert back into his normal clown suit.

Hell's Kitchen

The clowns practice their gruesome gastronomy in a long, luxurious recreational vehicle. This vehicle is kept tightly locked at all times, and the player-characters will have to pick the lock, pry open the door, or smash a window to gain entry. There are two rooms and a toilet.

THE KITCHEN: here the player-characters discover portions of mutilated bodies, thick stews of human organs and vegetables simmering on the stove, haunch or thigh

roasts in the oven with garlic and spices. Heads, hearts, various organs, and other body parts are found in the small freezer and in the refrigerator.

Inspecting the cannibal camper costs 1/1D6 Sanity points for all present. Roll D100: a result of CON x3 or less must be received, or the character becomes nauseous and vomits.

Mitch's missing left arm (still wearing his class ring) is found marinating in a pot of wine and spices in the refrigerator: this costs an additional 1/1D6 Sanity points.

THE DINING ROOM: the table and six chairs have a decent amount of space. A sideboard contains fine crystal, silver, and china. On the wall are mounted several stuffed and preserved human heads. A large ring-binder contains photos of many victims, along with notes concerning individual preparation and the accompanying dishes and wines served.

Don't Forget The Police

If local police went to investigate the circus, the player-characters should stumble upon the corpses of the cops somewhere along the Midway, just when the teenagers are especially trying to be quiet.

The discovery of the first dead officer costs 0/1D4 Sanity points. In this circumstance, anyone who loses Sanity points must also receive a D100 roll of CON = POW or less, or scream, gasp, stumbled back, bolt in fear or otherwise made his or her presence known.

The Clown Car

The merry mad mob of murdering mimes hunt prey by traveling the darkened countryside in a garish clown car. This jestermobile is a small German auto with darkened windows, painted in an array of brilliant colors. Thick smoke pours out of the exhaust pipe as they go, and half a dozen honking, blaring, squeaking horns on the driver's side, to be operated by hand out the window.

The vehicle is bullet-proof, and can withstand an enormous amount of damage: the clowns can ram the car head-on into trees, walls, etc., and simply back up and drive off, battered and dented, but otherwise unharmed! Remarkably, all six of the clowns can squeeze into the car.

This automobile is as fast as any car the player-characters have: in a chase, the clown car always keeps up with the player-characters (Drive roll against Drive roll). Using the chase rules in *Fearful Passages*, the clown-car stats are always equivalent to that which the player-characters drive.

These flesh-eating harlequins can squeeze any single captured investigator into the cramped trunk of the car. More can be tied, gagged, and strapped to the auto like deer.

Speeding along back roads or town streets late at night, with clowns hanging out the windows and teenagers strapped to the roof and fenders, this bizarre car is noticed only by player-characters, or by other characters fated to die.

The Fun House

In this location occur the crucial encounters of the scenario, as the clowns and player-characters stalk each other in the darkness. Plan this portion of the scenario more closely: for instance, certain areas of the fun house are more appropriate than others for the deaths of particular player-characters, an idea that a clown attacked might mockingly use.

Sandy is still alive, held here in a secret room in the center of the Tunnel of Terror, where much of the electrical workings and generators for the fun house are hidden. It is up to the player-characters to find and rescue her before she becomes a main course for the clowns' next dinner.

The Maze

The maze is dimly-lit. It is small, but designed to disorient by repeating the wall shapes and by a trick of sliding panels which are triggered to randomly open or close as a player-character approaches. To stay together, each player-character needs a successful roll of POW x4 or less occasionally. There exist a few panic-buttons, by means of which people can call for help to be guided out of the maze. Using them summons a clown, of course.

The maze is shaped like two stick men side by side, joined at hands and feet. The player-characters enter at the right foot of the first and exit at the left foot of the second. To walk through the maze takes 1D10+5 minutes. A clown might stalk a player-character who has become separated in the maze.

The clowns might turn off the dim lights in this area, slowing exploration of the maze.

The Dark Corridors

These hallways have moving floors, flashing lights, creepy sound effects, air gusts from the floor, etc. There are also a few dark niches along the halls where people dressed like monsters jump out or grab at guests of the fun house. A clown might hide in one of the niches, grab an investigator, and pull him into the alcove where he is murdered.

The Tunnel of Terror

This is the ride portion of the fun house: guests sit in small two-seat cars which glide along tracks in the floor. The Tunnel of Terror is a bumpy, wild ride through the darkness, with monsters, flashing lights, and other startling things appearing along the tracks.

A clown could easily hide along the tracks, to attack player-characters (the buzz of a chain saw would give due notice) as the car went by. If all the player-characters have survived, it should certainly happen.

Sandy is being held in the center of the surrounding Tunnel of Terror: see the sub-section The Secret Room. To discover the door to the secret room, the player-characters must make a successful D100 roll of INT x3 or less,

and be drawn to the right spot by poor Sandy's screams or tears. This cannot be done by riding in one of the cars—the line must be walked.

The Hall Of Mirrors

This small maze is intended more to amuse than disorient. Mirrors and glass cover the walls, ceiling, and floor. Passing through this place takes only a dozen or so combat rounds, but more clowns could lurk concealed here and spring out for the attack.

Failing INT x3 rolls, separated player-characters bump into walls and go in circles. A clown might follow, teasing and taunting, always just out of sight.

Due to the multiple reflections, the player-characters could be faced with a dozen or more clowns, and (at least the first time) would always attack mirror, not clown. Prolonged cat-and-mouse hunts in this area might call for minor Sanity losses, as the player-characters' nerves become frazzled by the illusions.

The Secret Room

This room holds most of the generators, and mechanical and electrical workings of the fun house. It is a long, narrow room, full of gears, tangled electrical cords, and other mechanical and electrical organs and arteries.

Inside it, the sounds of the working machines, along with the special effects sounds of the fun house, are nearly deafening, and steam and smoke from other special effects cloud the floor and the far ends of the room.

Sandy is bound and gagged against a post in the center of the room, held captive by Hollywood-style bonds meant more to symbolize than to actually restrain. The player-characters should encounter clowns in this room, easily hidden among the machines and fog.

The player-characters may be led to Sandy in a number of ways: perhaps they smell her perfume while in the fun house, or maybe they discover a piece of her jewelry on the floor or stuck in some fun house prop. The player-characters might hear her calling for help, or they could even just bumble upon her while snooping around the circus, or hiding from the clowns.

If the player-characters wait too long to look for Sandy, or otherwise fail to find her, she is savagely murdered and gleefully consumed by the cannibal clowns.

Conclusion

Award any survivors 1D6 Sanity points each if they rescued Sandy. Each player-character also receives an additional point for each clown they killed (in the movies, the villain is never just arrested). If they failed to save Sandy, each loses 1D6 Sanity points.

If any of the clowns got away, they and their new clown friends return one dark, stormy night to menace the teens anew, in *Carnival Knowledge III!*

Finally, as the player-characters head away from the circus of blood, they spot something on the road ahead: a clown doll. If an investigator picks up the doll, a stream of acid squirts from the open mouth. Unless the Keeper wishes to be kind and allows a Luck roll, the acid hits the investigator in the face, doing 1D2 points of damage, and reducing the player-character's APP by 1D4 points. He or she is forever disfigured, causing him or her to suffer the loss of 1D8 Sanity points. Perhaps this disfigured investigator goes insane, and dons the make up and costume of a clown, to stalk other youths in *Carnival Knowledge II?*

As the credits begin to roll, a laugh box begins to cackle from within the clown doll.

Killer Clowns

Every clown has his or her own style—the handiest way to identify a clown in the darkness that occurs for most of this adventure is for him or her to have a characteristic laugh or saying.

KABUKI. He wears an elaborate jester costume of purple and green silk, complete with curly-toed shoes and bells. Kabuki is a small, stealthy man, fond of kung fu films and human sushi. Kabuki's first language is Japanese; his English comes mostly from English-dubbed Kung Fu movies.

KABUKI, Age 37, Jaded Jester from Japan

STR 14 CON 18 SIZ 12 INT 15 POW 13
DEX 18 APP 10 EDU 12 SAN 0 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Blackjack 40%, damage 1D8 +db, or for knock-out attack leaves victim unconscious

Jo Stick (small club) 55%, damage 1D6 +db, or parry

Fighting Knife 30%, damage 1D4+2 +db

Fist/Punch 75%, damage 1D3 +db

Kick 50%, damage 1D6 +db

Head Butt 35%, damage 1D4 +db

Skills: Art (Kabuki Dance) 80%, Camouflage 50%, Climb 80%, Conceal 50%, Dodge 40%, English 30%, First Aid 40%, Hide 60%, Japanese 60%, Jump 50%, Listen 50%, Locksmith 33%, Martial Arts* 50%, Pick Pocket 33%, Sneak 75%, Spot Hidden 50%.

Quote: 'Sol You dare test your skill against MINE?'

CALVIN KLOWNE. He wears the classic ruffles and red bulbous nose of the clown. He leads the cannibal clowns, and owns Nomi International Circus. Calvin hates getting dirty, but he enjoys preparing extravagant gourmet meals from the victims his murderous band brings home. He is a fussy, picky prima donna. His original language is German, but he speaks English with a stereotypical Middle European accent, sounding as much like Bela Lugosi as Erich von Stroheim.

CALVIN KLOWNE, Age 53, Sharp Dresser

STR 13 CON 16 SIZ 13 INT 18 POW 18
DEX 10 APP 15 EDU 18 SAN 0 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: P-08 Luger Pistol 40%, damage 1D10

Umbrella Sword 45%, 1D6

Acid-Squirting Flower* 35%, 1D2

* on an impale, the victim has taken the acid directly in the face, and suffers a loss of 1D4 APP, as well as the 1D2 hit points.

Skills: Credit Rating 75%, Dress Suavely 75%, Drive Automobile 45%, Etiquette 60%, First Aid 45%, German 90%, Gourmet 90%, Listen 35%, Pilot Balloon 60%, Psychology 80%, Ride 50%, Slight of Hand 50%, Sneak 33%, Snobbery 55%, Spot Hidden 45%.

Quote: 'You Americans have no culture.'

KINKO. He wears the typical clown white-face makeup and the floppy shoes; his sleeves are decorated with silver silhouettes of sheep, trees, barns, and other simple figures with which he can strike up conversations with youngsters, for this perverse young man craves degenerate encounters with partners of many less years than himself.

Up to the loss of half his hit points, attacks only whip him into a frenzy, adding +1D2 as a second damage bonus and increasing his Move to 9. When he has lost 9 or more hit points, he bellows something like "Oh! Ow! Ow, that *hurt!*" and loses his advantage. Thereafter he is a stealthy, implacable foe.

KINKO, Age 31, the Kid-Keeping Komedian

STR 18 CON 17 SIZ 18 INT 12 POW 11
DEX 12 APP 14 EDU 11 SAN 0 HP 18

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: Bullwhip 75%, damage 1D3 +db (entangles on impale: successful STR against STR to break free)

Fist/Punch 65%, damage 1D3 +db

Skills: Climb 50%, Deviant Sex 50%, Dodge 25%, Lure Child 75%, Prepare Deadfall Trap 45%, Sneak 83%, Stupid Clown Tricks 50%, Throw 55%, Track 70%.

Quote: 'Have some candy, little girl.'

KKOKO. She wears the starkly-beautiful black-and-white makeup and clothes of the classic harlequin. Koko is a beautiful, alluring woman who has trained as an African tribal warrior. She is the fiercest of the killer clowns, and the most daring: she always volunteers for the hunt.

KOKO, Age 29, Hellish Harlequin Harpy

STR 16 CON 16 SIZ 12 INT 14 POW 14
DEX 16 APP 17 EDU 13 SAN 0 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Bow 50%, 1D6+1 +db

Fighting Knife 45%, 1D4+2 +db

Skills: Climb 60%, Conceal 35%, Dodge 40%, English 25%, Hide 35%, Jump 45%, Kikuyu 70%, Listen 75%, Sneak 60%, Spot Hidden 50%, Swim 35%, Throw 35%, Track 50%.

Quote: "I go first."

KURMUDGEON. He dons the white-face makeup, and red and yellow baggy pants. Kurmudgeon is the messiest of the gang of killer clowns, preferring to use chain saws and hatchets for the hunt. This old clown is a master of the barbecue, famed in cannibal circles for his barbecued ribs.

KURMUDGEON, Age 71, Fiendish Flailing Fool

STR 10 CON 13 SIZ 14 INT 16 POW 15
DEX 8 APP 12 EDU 11 SAN 0 HP 14

Damage Bonus: 0.

Weapons: Chain saw 40%, damage 2D8
Hatchet 35%, damage 1D6+1

Skills: Barbecue 40%, Bargain 25%, Drive Automobile 35%, Fast Talk 55%, Leer 60%, Make Lascivious Comment 45%, Make Rude Noise 50%, Mechanical Repair 25%, Sneak 20%.

Quote: none.

KURRI. He dresses in the stripped shirts, and black suspenders and bowler hat of the classic mimes, complete with black and white makeup. Kurri is a deaf mute, adept in the ways of thuggee. He sometimes doubles as the Nomi International Circus' snake charmer, and his pet is Kali Ma, the king cobra.

KURRI, Age 35, the Mad Murderous Mime

STR 15 CON 17 SIZ 15 INT 15 POW 14
DEX 14 APP 10 EDU 15 SAN 0 HP 16

Damage Bonus: +1D4 +db

Weapons: Sickle 40%, damage 1D6+1 +db
Garotte 60%, damage strangle (drowning procedure)

Skills: Dodge 30%, English 85%, Hide 35%, Hindi 75%, Jump 50%, Listen 50%, Mime 80%, Mind Over Matter (walk on hot coals, rest on a bed of nails, etc.) 60%, Pick Pocket 75%, Snake Charm 50%, Sneak 90%, Spot Hidden 85%.

Quote: 'By the ineffable blood of the Goddess Kall!'

KALI MA, King Cobra

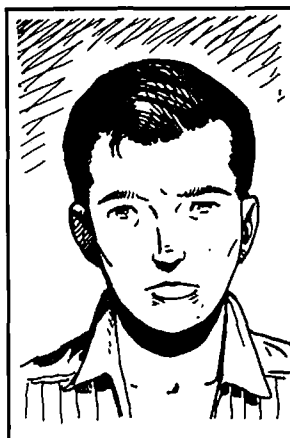
STR 2 CON 8 SIZ 4 POW 6
DEX 17 Move 10 HP 5

Weapon: Bite 40%, damage poison POT 15

Skills: Hide 75%, Sneak 75%.

Player Characters

BILLY. He is a small, dark-haired youth with smooth features and a swimmer's build. Because he is quiet, Billy is sometimes picked on by bigger guys, and teased by girls (although he is well-liked and watched over by the rest of the player characters). Because he has been bullied for so long, Billy is a courageous young man, not quick to run from trouble.



BILLY, Age 17, Cute Quiet Boy

STR 14 CON 16 SIZ 10
INT 16 POW 14 DEX 17
APP 16 EDU 12 SAN 70
HP 13

Damage Bonus: 0.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 55%, damage 1D3

Skills: Astronomy 25%, Climb 45%, Computer Use 30%, Dodge 35%, Electrical Repair 15%, First Aid 35%, Library Use 35%, Listen 55%, Physics 25%, Sex 20%, Spot Hidden 55%, Swim 40%, TV Trivia 75%.

Quote: 'Uh, gee, I don't think we should do that.'

DANNY. He is a hairy-chested blond with deep blue eyes, and Apollo-like features and build. Girls melt at Danny's gaze, and he is the most sought-after boy in town. Danny is a smooth-talking young man, driven by his over-active hormones.



DANNY, Age 17, Arrogant Stud

STR 15 CON 15 SIZ 14
INT 13 POW 14 DEX 13
APP 18 EDU 12 SAN 70
HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 70%, damage 1D3 +db
Club 30%, damage 1D6 +db

Skills: Climb 45%, Dodge 30%, Drive Automobile 35%, Drug/Liquor Use 35%, Fast Talk 45%, Listen 30%, Mechanical Repair 45%, Persuade 35%, Pose and Strut 50%, Preen 75%, Psychology

35%, Sex 75%, Sneak 25%, Spot Hidden 30%, Swim 35%.

Quote: 'My folks are gone for the weekend.'

DAWN. She is a beautiful, curvaceous red-head, with an amazingly-developed body, and daddy's credit cards. Dawn is desired by most of the local boys, who consider her a goddess, and despised by the local girls, who consider her a slut! Dawn is a material girl, using boys to "take me, buy me, give me" in return for her favors.



DAWN, Age 17, Rich and Beautiful Tease

STR 10 CON 15 SIZ 8
INT 13 POW 10 DEX 17
APP 18 EDU 12 SAN 50
HP 12

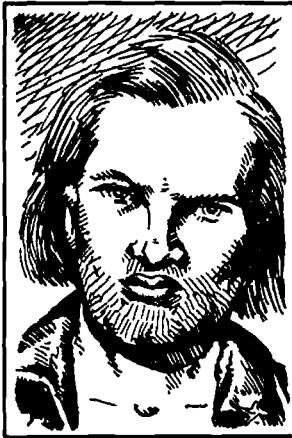
Damage Bonus: 0.

Weapons: Finger Nails 75%, 1D3
Kick 35%, 1D6

Skills: Art (Sing) 40%, Credit Rating 35%, Dodge 35%, Drive Automobile 35%, Drug/Liquor Use 25%, Fall and Scream 40%, Fast Talk 35%, Listen 30%, Pose and Strut 50%, Preen 75%, French 30%, Ride 25%, Sex 60%, Shop 75%, Sneak 25%, Swim 35%, Tease Boys 85%.

Quote: "Call me—maybe we can go out sometime."

PATRICK. He is rugged-looking, with a sinewy body, hairy chest, pouting features, and brown puppy dog eyes. He always has shadowy stubble on his face, enhancing his craggy profile. Patrick is never seen without his unlined leather jacket, which he usually wears open and without a shirt. Torn jeans and biker boots complete his wardrobe. If he anticipates a fight, sometimes he wears a belt with a heavy metal buckle.



PATRICK, Age 19, Tough Young Man

STR 15 CON 15 SIZ 13
INT 14 POW 17 DEX 11
APP 17 EDU 12 SAN 85
HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 85%, damage 1D3 +db
Switchblade 40%, damage 1D4 +db
Club 35%, damage 1D6 +db

Skills: Climb 50%, Dodge 25%, Drive Motorcycle 50%, Drug/Liquor Use 60%, Fast Talk 40%, Hot-Wire Car 50%, Intimidate 50%, Locksmith

35%, Mechanical Repair 35%, Pickpocket 25%, Play Guitar 40%, Psychology 20%, Sex 50%, Sneak 50%, Swim 30%.

Quote: 'Get in my way, and I'll step on your face!'

ROBBY. He is a boyish-faced young man, with rippling muscles and sandy hair. Robby's boyish good looks give the impression of innocence and vulnerability; girls shower him with attention. Robby is fitness-conscious, staying away from liquor, tobacco, and drugs. He knows he's good-looking, and cannot resist flaunting his body at every opportunity.



ROBBY, Age 18, Vain Athlete

STR 16 CON 17 SIZ 16
INT 14 POW 11 DEX 14
APP 18 EDU 12 SAN 55
HP 17

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 75%, 1D3 +db
Baseball Bat 35%, damage 1D8 +db

Skills: Climb 60%, Dodge 33%, Drive Automobile 25%, First Aid 35%, Jump 40%, Lift Weights 65%, Mechanical Repair 45%, Nutrition 60%, Pose and Strut 50%, Sex 65%, Swim 40%, Throw 40%.

Quote: 'Check out these peccs, dude!'

WENDY. She is a pretty, fragile-looking girl, with black hair and delicate features. Wendy is a book-worm, who hides behind her glasses. To the boys she is just one of the guys, but she has a secret crush on Robby. When she loses her glasses late in the picture (heroines often have such suspense-making problems), she may have trouble telling friend from foe.



WENDY, Age 17, Brainy Young Woman

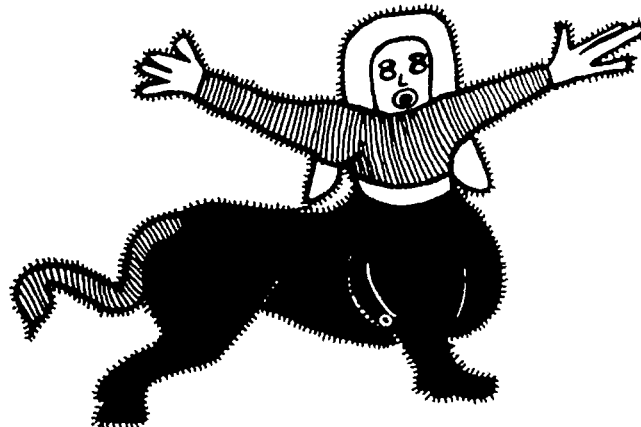
STR 9 CON 17 SIZ 9
INT 18 POW 16 DEX 11
APP 16 EDU 12 SAN 80
HP 13

Damage Bonus: 0.

Weapons: Kick 30%, damage 1D6

Skills: Accounting 25%, Botany 25%, Debate 35%, Dodge 25%, Fall and Scream 45%, First Aid 40%, Geology 25%, German 25%, History 35%, Latin 40%, Law 15%, Library Use 65%, Occult 15%, Sex 10%, Swim 30%, Zoology 25%.

Quote: 'Did you know that clowns pre-date the Roman Empire?'



Simply Red

We end our festival of fun and terror with a bloody trail. A typical suburban family goes out for a weekend and ends up . . . simply splattered. If you liked D.O.A.2, this is for you.

THIS scenario takes a happy suburban family on their holiday, then puts them through hell. Confronted with horror and violence on an ever-increasing level, the keeper should strive to maim and kill all the player-characters. By the time the conclusion is reached, there should be only one investigator left alive, as is traditional with films of the splatter genre. The final sequence should drive this last survivor mad or, less elegantly, prepare the way for a sequel.

Six player-characters have been provided. It would be best if all were played, though Joey could be omitted. This may mean that some or all of the players must play two characters at first. If another character is needed, bring along Heather's best friend, Janeesha, whose statistics are identical to Heather's.

This adventure will play relatively quickly to begin with, but then the actual pace will slow somewhat, as

each player-character's death evolves. If the players are willing and the opportunity arises, one might play Dolores while the keeper completely becomes the camera. Jasmine, though, should probably be reserved for the keeper.

Based on the exceptionally violent style of gross-out horror movies affectionately known as *splatter*, this adventure is not recommended for all players or all keepers. The unfolding story is brutal, the story swiftly paced and always active. Player-characters should be kept on edge, and never quite in control.

This scenario, like the films upon which it is based, is effective only during violence or when it threatens. Murder scenes should be described in bright, visceral detail. Keepers unfamiliar with human anatomy will want to take a look at an anatomical handbook in order that their descriptions are more plausible. Books with cut-away charts in livid color will be more suited to the task at hand.

Some keepers may be better served by considering themselves not so much as The Keeper but as The Pathologist or The Coroner, who comes along to describe the action in precise clinical detail. Others, especially those fascinated by blood and viscera, will want no mediation between the knife blade and quivering flesh. Spilled organs and severed limbs should not be ignored, nor the gruesome value of lovingly describing the feel of warm blood splattered on a player-character's face, nor the hot copper smell of offal spilled on a table.

Keeper's Information

Once the Clairmont family depart on their weekend camping trip, the road carries them into danger and death. Lost on some back road in empty, abandoned country, the Clairmonts find themselves in the territory of a deranged killer, a madman who haunts the roads in search of prey.

On this particular night, the killer meets his end, disabling the family car in the process. Forced to walk to a nearby house in search of aid, the Clairmonts discover the killer's lair, to their everlasting horror.

Gregory and Jasmine Hancock have lived alone in their house for the last thirty years. Unknown to the world, this pair of mad, malevolent twins killed their mother at birth, and their father when they were five. The

Splatter Movies

The Texas Chainsaw Massacre was perhaps the first film of the genre. It is devoted to the successive and successively bloodier deaths of its characters. While 'Saw was itself low in graphic violence, it forged a style of mutilation murder and tight tension that is with us still. Films of this style are often low-budget (with the exception of the effects), and have been embraced by film-makers around the world. Many concentrate on the image of the serial killer, stalking his or her victims before slaughtering them in gory detail.

Splatter movie formulas have been embraced in a number of different ways, from the out-and-out supernatural horror of *Evil Dead* to the pedestrian violence of science-fiction action films such as *Total Recall*. There is no one style of splatter movie, save for the central feature of visually graphic violence: in the words of splatter-director David Cronenberg, "More blood! More blood!"

Recommended viewing includes *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* (1974), *Evil Dead* (1983), *Scanners* (1981), *The Hills Have Eyes* (1977), *The Fly* (1986), *Re-animator* (1985), *Night of the Living Dead* (1968), *Dawn of the Dead* (1979), *Suspiria* (1977), *Tenebrae* (1982).



**HAVE IT
HIS WAY!**

**THIS
MADMAN
WANTS
YOU
NEXT!**

SIMPLY RED

**JOHN
TAYLOR**

**MARIA
SORIANO**

**DIRECTED BY
SOLOMON EIGENBERG**

 A
THIN LINE CINEMA

RELEASE

last inbred scions of a perverse and superstitious heritage, the Hancock children survived by cannibalism, preying on tramps, hitch-hikers, and other transients. As they grew older, they grew less cautious, and soon their house became littered with the remains of their unnatural meals.

Hopelessly insane, Gregory and Jasmine grew more evil with the passing years. Gregory, the younger by five minutes, became a clever and merciless hunter, ranging far to search out prey. Jasmine retreated into the red-lit horror of her mind, never talking, rarely speaking. She now sits in her rocking chair for months at a time. Gregory must dress, feed, and change her, which he does tenderly and with reverent love.

On the night the adventure begins, something snaps in Gregory's brain. Functioning as he does becomes completely pointless to him, so alone is he, and his notion of himself dies. His body lives on, a machine, functioning numbly. Loading his shotgun as he always does, Gregory picks up the weapon and shuffles out into the night.

The Narrative

IT IS FRIDAY after work, on a hot, muggy summer day. The forecast is for cooler temperatures and brief showers late tonight, followed by warm, clear weather tomorrow. Tonight the Clairmont family leaves for a weekend camping trip into the hills. It is their first holiday together for some time, and all are excited.

Keepers should describe the Clairmonts' rush as they pack and put things in the car, their reliable old station wagon. They are helped by Joey's best friend, Tony, who is coming away with them for the weekend. Last-minute things to do include returning a video to the shop at the mall (which Joey could do on his BMX bike), asking Mrs. Bailey next door to feed Tibbles the cat, and, just after they leave, going back to make sure the iron is turned off.

Their camping gear includes sleeping bags, tents, a barbecue, food for the weekend in two coolers, fishing tackle, several flashlights, a camera, and lots of sunscreen.

They anticipate a three to four hour drive into the mountains, where they'll camp beside a lake stocked with trout. The fresh air and open spaces are sure to do them all good. Little do the Clairmonts know that they face a night of blood, horror, personal loss, and special prosthetic effects in abundance.

Road Kill

After an hour's drive through snarling traffic jams, the Clairmont station wagon turns off the freeway onto the first of several back roads. At first the trip is scenic, with picturesque views of pine trees and mountain peaks rippling in the heat haze, and steep valleys dropping away

beside the road. The heat continues, and the humidity rises. Black storm clouds loom on the horizon like great stone cliffs floating impossibly in the sky, promising cool times to come. The sunset is spectacular and early, sinking behind the mountains. Dusk lingers for a time, then abruptly dies. It is night.

Sooner or later, somewhere in the darkness, Brian takes a wrong turn. The family drives on, perhaps with Joey's latest Metallica tape blaring out from the speakers, or a Madonna tape of Heather's, not noticing that the road is leading them into wild and unknown territory.

After perhaps half an hour, player-characters with successful Idea rolls notice that they've seen no other cars for some time—unusual for the road to the lake. There seem to be no houses in the area. They stop and switch off the car engine. Apart from crickets and the rustle of leaves, not a sound can be heard. It is hot, humid, and oppressive. The Clairmonts are lost.

Presumably bickering, they turn around or go ahead—in either case, shortly after they resume driving, a figure steps into the illumination of their headlights on the road ahead. He is carrying a shotgun. Even as the occupants of the car react, he fires the shotgun at almost point-blank range directly at the hurtling car.

- If Brian receives a successful Drive Auto roll, he manages to swerve the car to one side. Instead of hitting the gunman full on, the car clips him, spinning him around and into the air, bouncing off the hood before slamming into the ground.

The shotgun blast shatters the hood and windshield. Everyone loses 1D2 hit points from flying glass. All must receive sanity rolls: loss is 1/1D4 Sanity points.

- If a Drive Auto roll for Brian fails, the car strikes the gunman head-on. Those with successful Listen rolls hear a wet, bursting sound, like over-ripe watermelon being crush, as the skidding wheels crush the man's head.

The shotgun blast shatters the windshield as the gunman's body is dragged beneath the chassis. The occupants lose 1D2 hit points from flying glass. All must receive sanity rolls: loss is 1/1D6 Sanity points.

Once the car has stopped, it will not start again. The radiator is holed, and the right front wheel has been jammed by crumpled frame and snapped. A successful Mechanical Repair roll can only calculate the cost of the repairs, a four-figure sum which does not improve Brian's mood.

The Gunman

Gregory Hancock lies in a spreading pool of blood, black in the glow of the tail lights, on the road behind the car. The shotgun, thrown aside and undamaged, lies on the road.

If the Drive roll for Brian succeeded, the man is barely alive. If it failed, Hancock is already dead.

If he still lives when the player-characters reach him, they are just in time to hear his labored breathing and last gurgled word, "Jasmine."

That word refers to his sister, unknown to the player-characters. Having spoken this one clue, Hancock dies—a burst of crimson arterial blood flowing from his slack lips.

The Gunman's Belongings

Hancock's tattered overalls contain two 12-gauge shotgun shells, matches, a half-empty pack of unfiltered cigarettes, and a leather wallet.

The wallet contains several dirty hundred-dollar bills (none with dates later than 1972), a dead moth, and a folded black-and-white photograph.

The photograph is of two smiling children in the arms of a thin man whose face is deeply lined by suffering. The children are a boy and a girl, about five years old: they are almost identical in age and appearance, obviously twins. Harriet or Heather can, with a successful Idea roll, note a resemblance between the dead man and the boy. All three are dressed in clothing of the 1930s. On the back of the photo are words written in brownish ink.

Gregory and Jasmine, age 4 1/2

For confirmation, any player-character receiving a successful Spot Hidden roll notices that on the inside of the man's collar is embroidered the name G. Hancock. If the man's head has been pulped, the words are not covered by spatters of blood, lumps of hair and bone, or globs of brain tissue—just surrounded by them.

Prince's Clue

As soon as Prince is let out of the car—mostly to stop his barking and whining—a successful Scent roll for him leads to a grassy area near the point in the road where the gunman stood. The grass is trampled as if someone had stood and paced there for some time. Seven fresh unfiltered cigarette butts can be found there.

If any player-characters come to see what Prince has found, the thought that Hancock stood here for some time, waiting for a car to shoot at costs each player-character one Sanity point.

Keepers, Hancock has carefully hidden his old truck behind trees on the far side of the road. Had things gone normally, he would have killed or bound and captured any survivors of the wreck, then used his truck to drag car and occupants back to the house. Since this film is guided, like movies are, the player-characters never get to search the far side of the road and find something that would otherwise let them fetch the police in half an hour.

The House

STANDING on the silent roadside, player-characters presumably drag Hancock's body off the road, shove their inert station wagon off the road, turn

off the lights to conserve the battery, and wait with flashlights to wave down a passerby.

Harriet can clean and tape up the cuts inflicted on her family by using her first-aid kit. Heather has an unfortunate cut on her nose which persists in bleeding: Harriet can get it to stop (and stop Heather's sniffles and whines as well) only with a successful First Aid roll.

The Light

After they turn off all their lights, or the batteries die, the player-character with the lowest Spot Hidden roll seems to see a distant house light. It's dim, but steady, and it seems to come from a hilltop a mile away.

Likeliest reason to go to the light is the chance to use a telephone to report the assault and the death, get the police, get a tow-truck, get out of this wilderness, be safe, go home, and get a good night's sleep.

The classic human problem in splatter movies is whether to stay together, or to split up. The victims in splatter movies always split up, but this film assumes that all the player-characters make the trip. Since no other vehicle will ever use this road again until after the film ends, everyone will probably end up there anyway. If the rest of the party wants to wait by the road, make some scary noises to send them scurrying toward the light.

If no one states he or she is taking it, presumably the shotgun remains at the edge of the road.

To either side of the road are thick trees, low shrubs, and knotted weeds. It is a 20-minute walk to the driveway of the house, hard to find because no mail box marks the overgrown dirt ruts leading in. Bark and moss shower down from above, slipping down collars and itching. Twigs and branches clutch at clothes and hair, scratching unprotected skin. In the sticky stillness, the player-characters sweat and grumble. Nothing can be seen in the tree-shadowed darkness except for glimpses of the light ahead, and now and then the *put-put-put* of a small engine.

Returning To The Car

If the player-characters return to the car after having gone toward the light, they find to their horror that Hancock's body has gone. Whether it has been stolen or whether it has walked off by itself they cannot know. Cost to discover this is 1/1D3 Sanity points.

Some last animating spark, undetected by the investigators, has sent the man crawling and staggering through the night toward home. He does not reach it until the conclusion of this adventure. Refer there for a summary of his acts and intentions.

At The House

A small clearing surrounds the weathered wooden two-story house. It stands gray and bleak against the looming blackness of the night. Its boards have long since lost

their paint. Holes gape in the roof where wind has pulled the shingles loose. Ivy and other vines chew at the walls.

A low creaking comes from a wicker-work rocker on the front porch, caught by a sudden breeze. Were it not for the reassuring electric glow coming from one upstairs window, and the confirmatory electrical and telephone lines running to the house, it might seem completely abandoned.

The Engine

The player-characters might knock at the door, or they might go around the side of the house to where some sort of light engine is running. Passing around an enormous clump of blackberry vines, the player-characters stumble into a field jammed with old and some not-so-old cars, and more apparently pushed over the edge of a ravine not far distant. Most show signs of serious accident.

Only if a player-character declares a specific intent to carefully inspect a dozen or more vehicles does it begin to seem obvious that most of the windshields have been shot out, just as Hancock attempted to do to the Clairmont station wagon, and that blood stains most of the driver's side seats.

Whether or not they have this information, the player-characters soon find the source of the engine noise—it's a little gasoline-powered electric generator in the back of a Toyota pick-up, hooked up to the house with a single long, dangling wire. Its output is rated at 1500 watts.

The Pig

A successful Scent roll for Prince attracts him to an animal odor drifting over from not far away. It's mingled with the smell of mud and waste. Successful Listen rolls for the player-characters detects a faint, high-pitched squeal or cry, carried on the warm, fitful breeze. The sound is not distinctive enough to determine whether its source is animal or human.

Exploring, the player-characters come across a low stone-walled animal pen, a pig sty. The walls enclose a sea of mud and liquid ordure. A wooden hut is at the rear of the sty; a choking miasma drifts from its dark opening. Nothing can be seen within.

Spot Hidden rolls notice disturbingly familiar pieces of bone jutting from the mud—should they be retrieved, they are too well-gnawed to tell whether they are animal bones, or human.

Whoever steps into the pig-pen risks more than filth. The pig which lives within has been fed on human flesh by its insane owner, and she is hungry. Her stats are in the statistics section at the end of this adventure.

Why anyone would climb into ankle-deep filth is unknown, but if someone does, Dolores explodes out of her hut like an express train, her vast flabby bulk taking only a few seconds to cross the pen and slam into the player-character preoccupied in trying to save his or her shoes from the mucky suction. A successful Idea roll communicates that the character should forget about his or her shoes, and run. Luckily, due to the slipperiness of the pen,

her large SIZ, and her low DEX Dolores is not too nimble. The player-character needs a roll of DEX x5 or less to keep standing, and a successful Climb or Jump roll to scramble back over the sty's wall.

Entering The House

Mounting the creaking front porch, the family sees that the rusting screen-door hangs ajar, and that the wooden door behind it is half open. If the player-characters knock or call, there is no response.

Inside the house, conditions are similar from room to room. Every room is dusty, ill-kept, and old. With one exception, magazines are at least ten years old. Furniture and design are either from the mid-fifties, as Heather's Fashion Sense roll shows, or seem relatively new. Curtains on all windows are nailed shut, except for the one window upstairs. There are two telephone extensions in the house: both are dead, their connections seemingly gnawed from the walls.

THE HALL: the carpet a threadbare and stained patter of lilacs on a green background; wallpaper dappled with more flowers lines the hall; here and there stand a hat rack, a chest of drawers, an old straight-backed chair. A successful Listen roll here detects a faint crackling hiss from the first door on the right, to The Parlor.

THE PARLOR: a portable television and armchair dominate this room. The television is on, though receiving only static. A video recorder is plugged into the television; it contains a video cassette. Many other video cassettes are scattered about the armchair, as are a lot of junk-food wrappers.

The cassette rewound and played, the television erupts with red screams. It is a gruesome depiction of the dismemberment of a young man about age 20. The screen shows a slow progression of static shots, until finally the twitching limbs have been severed, the blood pumps in crimson spurts from the ragged stumps, and the victim's agonized screams end once and for all.

Despite the realism of the special effects, the camera work and lighting are amateurish, and Joey and Tony will disparage its quality, at least until they look behind the door and find the video camera, squatting on its tripod like a mechanical spider.

There is a dial telephone in this room, on a table near the door. But it is dead; there is no dial tone.

THE STUDY: this room is lit by a single 60-watt bulb. Bookcases line all the walls, even blocking the curtained window. A large, leather-covered armchair sits in the center of the room. Even from a distance the bookcases look askew; they are roughly made, with crooked supports, jutting nail heads, and slumping shelves.

Every book here is tattered and dog-eared, many with the names of former owners crossed out. All the books have the themes of horror and death. Authors include

Edgar Allen Poe, Mary Shelly, Bram Stoker, Nathaniel Hawthorne, H.P. Lovecraft, Shirley Jackson, Stephen King, Anne Rice, John Skipp, and Craig Spector. One section is concerned with famous serial killers and mass murderers, such as Jack the Ripper, John Christie, Lizzie Borden, Fritz Haarmann, Leopold and Loeb, Ed Gein, John Wayne Gacy, and so on.

THE BATHROOM: mold grows in patches on the painted walls, and in places the paint and plaster has peeled away to show the lath beneath. Mildew covers a shower curtain so old that it will tear free from its rings if pulled along the shower rail. The tub is long and deep, large enough to drown in, with feet like lion's paws. In the cupboard and in boxes on the floor are hundreds of different packs of razor blades, electric razors, safety razors, straight razors, soap, foamy gel, deodorants, toothpaste tubes, and so on. Many packages are open, or show signs of use. Many are crusted with age.

THE KITCHEN: a huge wooden table dominates the kitchen, its wide surface crisscrossed by deep scars and gouges. Accounting for these marks, a collection of knives and cleavers from large to deadly hang on the wall above a long bench. Cupboards above and below the bench hold cooking utensils, dried ingredients, and crockery. A telephone (dead) old enough to have no dial at all is mounted on the wall above the bench. The refrigerator holds milk and vegetables, while the upper freezer compartment is fully of cling-wrapped portions of unidentifiable meat.

Keepers will no doubt notice the number of potential weapons present here. They include carving knives (25% base chance), cleavers (25%), frying pans (20%), paring knives (25%), and so on.

THE CUPBOARD UNDER THE STAIRS: at first try this cupboard seems locked. It is only stuck, and any player-character who forces it open is thrown off-balance as it spills open on the second try, showering magazines everywhere.

Inside are shelves, now mostly bare except for a small chainsaw (blood-splattered) and a can of fuel. There are pornographic magazines of a tasteless sort, and film magazines about splatter movies, with full-color photos. Many of the pages are stuck together.

The chainsaw is in poor condition. A successful Mechanical Repair roll is needed to start it, and a successful Luck roll to keep it running each round it is used or attempted to use to cut. If it quits running, a new Mechanical Repair roll is needed to start it once again. A chainsaw has a base chance of 20%, and does damage of 2D8 per round.

The House Upstairs

The creaking stairs, covered by a threadbare, dirty red carpet, lead to another dingy hall, also lined with peeling

wallpaper. The four doors off this hall should be explored in the order with which they are presented here. No light shows under any of the doors, and the player-characters cannot be sure which room might be the one from which the light comes.

This simple progression of revelations simulates that found in many splatter films, generating tension by intimating not only that things are getting worse but that only a few doors away is some major horror or evil.

BEDROOM ONE: clothes litter this room, heaped in scattered piles across the floor. The closet is also packed to overflowing with garments. Clothes for all sizes, all ages, and both sexes are found here, some expensive, some cheap. There are shoes, handbags, watches, rings, eyeglasses, and so on—heaps of every common personal article.

The garments are often torn, or stained with rusty splatters. The cost to view this room is 1/1D3 Sanity points.

BEDROOM TWO: unlike the previous room, the contents here are all neatly arranged. All the skulls are stacked along the window side, vertebrae over here, and finger bones over there. Here are the skeletons of several dozen people. Many of the bones bear tooth marks, or signs of having been gnawed clean. The cost to view this room is 1/1D6 Sanity points.

BEDROOM THREE: investigators who Listen outside this door before opening it hear a constant buzzing hum. Prince can Scent something even more upsetting than what they have so-far encountered.

The light is on in the room, but the windows are curtained and boarded closed, so that no light escapes to the outside. Clouds of flies buzz about the room, the sound heard on the other side of the door.

A flayed, gutted corpse lies in a position of frozen agony upon a bare and bloodstained mattress on the floor. The rib cage has been broken open, stubs of bone unfolded like some calcified flower. The corpse's eyeballs have been removed, leaving empty sockets pooled with blood. Its fingernails crunch underfoot, while its intestines drip from where they have been hung in glistening loops along the picture rail around the walls. All is a red, raw charnel. The blood axe (base chance 20%, damage 1D8+2) used to create this horror still lies besmeared upon the floor. The cost to view this room is 1/1D6 Sanity points.

BEDROOM FOUR: it is this room from whose window shines the electrical light, steady and reassuring, that drew the family here. It is this room in which the crowning horror awaits the player-characters. Even from outside the door the player-characters will easily smell the reek of decay, and the sour odors of incense and formalin.

The door opened, the investigators can see a grandfather's clock, its pendulum a human skull. The face of the clock is a human face, stretched and tanned. Flayed and framed tattoos grace the walls, fingers and toes fringe the

lamp shade, while the light bulb which casts its stark illumination over this room is held in a severed hand. Then there are the inhabitants.

A dried and wrinkled baby's corpse lies in a cradle made from bones, suckling its withered thumb, dust thick upon its open, sunken eyes. Stretched out on the double bed is the mummified cadaver of some ancient crone, her eye-sockets empty. The eyeballs float in a glass of formalin beside the bed.

Opposite the bed, supported by the wall, leans the dried body of a middle-aged man, wires, hooking open his eyes and drawing back his parchment lips in a deathly grin. His claw-like hand is also wired into position, holding up a crystal wine glass of drying blood, as if to toast this conglomerate of corpses.

Finally, stiff and awkward in a rocking chair of polished bone sits a skin-covered skeleton in a floral nightgown, knitting needles placed in its unresponsive hands. A dirty yellow wig has been placed at a jaunty angle atop the head, white greasepaint smeared across its face, the mouth a clumsy slash of crimson lipstick.

The cost to view this room is 2/2D4 Sanity points.

Meeting Jasmine

Though just barely, of the corpses positioned in this museum of the macabre, one still lives. Jasmine Hancock sits unresponsive in her rocking chair, where she has been tended by her mad brother for the last ten years. The presence of strangers in her sanctum, in Gregory's and her bedroom, is the spark needed to bring Jasmine flaring back to her active psychopathic state.

Just when the player-characters have assured themselves that everything in here is dead, and perhaps tended to those present whom the view of so much death has pushed over the edge of insanity, Jasmine wakes up and shrieks her brother's name.

The shock of seeing what was thought to be a corpse suddenly jerk to its feet, grinning insanely, costs 1/1D4 Sanity points.

Lights, Camera, Action

The thunderstorm that has been brewing while the player-characters explored the house finally breaks. As Jasmine leaps from her rocker to her feet, there comes an enormous crack of thunder, a titanic explosion above the house, and then the power goes off and does not return.

Plunged into darkness, the room is briefly lit by another flare of lightning, revealing the skeletal woman lurching forward, knitting needles raised.

The idea of this section is run a furious fight throughout the house with whatever weapons come to hand. In the film, this part of the show might last as long as half an hour. The fight is in semi-darkness, the

only illumination frequent, blinding flashes of lightning. Jasmine Hancock knows the house well, and needs no light to move confidently. As the combat rages, so does the storm, winding howling, rain lashing the house, and thunder regularly detonating overhead.

Many possible weapons exist throughout the house, and outside it. Weapons noted in the narrative have included base chances and damages. Perceptive player-characters picked up the shotgun and found the two shells to reload its twin barrels. There are no more shells. Knives, the chainsaw, and a variety of potential clubs have probably been noticed and picked up already.

Wounds inflicted by or on the player-characters should be described graphically. Blood spurts, flesh tears with horrible steaming hisses, organs dangle drip and burst, digits are severed and twitch helplessly. This is a splatter movie, and almost everyone has to die, preferably gruesomely. Do I hear requests for a knitting needle through the eye?

Once she wakes up, Jasmine Hancock's insane ferocity gives her seeming immunity to pain and injury, represented here by the doubling of hit points in her stats. She just keeps on coming. When she has lost 14 hit points, she keels over, as if dead, only to explode to her feet, shrieking and attacking when the player-characters relax. She attacks until another 14 hit points have been lost.

The Pig From Hell

Assuming that the player-characters have not killed it earlier in the film, once the storm begins, any player-character looking out a window and getting a successful Spot Hidden roll notices the great white slug-shape of Dolores the man-eating sow cross the yard in the rain. Her goal seems to be the house.

Perhaps a bolt of lightning has broken the wall that shut her in, or perhaps panic (or hunger) has sent her squealing and scrambling over the stone barrier.

A few moments later, the sound of breaking wood and shattered glass comes clearly, as she forces her way into the house. She will squeeze slowly up the stairs, blocking them, as she wittingly or unwittingly comes to her mistress' aid. The player-characters may confront her here, and have to climb over her bloated, bristled carcass once the sow is dead. The shotgun fired at point-blank range would tear away most of her head, drenching everyone and everything in gallons of thick, sticky blood and goblets of still-fluttering flesh.

But it is likely that the shotgun already has been spent against Jasmine, and it is very hard to kill a hog with a knife unaided. Prince may helpfully launch himself at the enemy in a baying, biting frenzy, but even a German shepherd is no match for an angry adult hog.

Player-characters trapped on the stairs with Dolores edging slowly upwards, tusks bared, and Jasmine cackling on the landing above, would be unhappy indeed.

Conclusion

By the time Jasmine Hancock and Dolores are both dead, ideally there is one player-character left alive and sane. The family lies dead or gibbering.

When the survivor goes to the front door, perhaps to wash off the blood in the pouring rain outside, a flash of lightning silhouettes the dripping figure of Gregory Hancock standing just outside. Even as the door is opened, he lunges forward to grasp the player-character: the cost is 1/1D6 Sanity points.

Gregory's weight knocks the player-character to the floor, unless the character can hold back Gregory's weight with his or her STR vs. Gregory's SIZ on the resistance table. If knocking down the player-character, Gregory does not move again. He is dead, some last desperate spark of life only enough to drag him to his hidden truck, and to drive his truck here, where he truly died. The door held Gregory Hancock's corpse upright; opened, he toppled in.

Hopefully this last shock is enough to drive the sole survivor mad. The scene freezes on the screaming face, and the credits begin to roll.

THE END

Statistics

GREGORY HANCOCK. He is an ugly, heavy-set man with small angry eyes and a red face topped with a tangle of black hair, and even less attractive after he has been run over. Dressed in blood-stained overalls, he stinks, and has not washed for months.

GREGORY HANCOCK, Age 48, Insane Cannibal Murderer

STR 16 CON 13 SIZ 15 INT 8 POW 9
DEX 12 APP 7 EDU 2 SAN 0 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: 12-Gauge Shotgun 30%, damage 4D6/2D6/1D6

Skills: Hide 65%, Lurch 95%, Listen 70%, Plod Mechanically 95%, Track 85%.

Quote: 'Jasmine!'

DOLORES. The pig is full-grown, and has come to be Gregory's pet. He remembers occasionally to feed it. Dolores does not get meat all the time, and must make do with mash, fruit, milk, and vegetables, but she prefers meat, and is happiest with it.

DOLORES, Age 6, Cannibal Sow

STR 15 CON 19 SIZ 22 INT 3 POW 8
DEX 10 Move 10 HP 21

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: Trample 80%, damage 2D6 +db

Bite 50%, damage 1D8

Skills: Scent 75%, Sneak 35%,

Quote: 'Grrrrnnnt! Grrrrnnnt!'

JASMINE HANCOCK. She is less alive than dead. Only her mind is active, and in it she stays locked away, surfacing only rarely to receive food from her brother. Gaunt and skeletal, she is cared for by Gregory, who dresses her and puts on her makeup. The appearance of strangers in her room is enough to launch Jasmine from catatonia to homicidal frenzy.

JASMINE HANCOCK, Age 48, Maniac Recluse

STR 18 CON 18 SIZ 10 INT 10 POW 12
DEX 14 APP 8 EDU 2 SAN 0 HP 14 (28)*

* *simulates hysterical stamina.*

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Knitting Needles 50%, damage 1D6 +db

Chair 50%, damage 1D8 +db

Fist/Punch 50%, damage 1D3 +db

Large Knife 25%, damage 1D4+2 +db

Small Knife 25%, damage 1D4 +db

Skills: Cackle 95%, Shriek 95%, Wheeze 95%.

Quote: 'Gregory!'

Player Characters

BRIAN CLAIRMONT. Banking certainly keeps you busy. Why, this is the first holiday you've had time for since last Thanksgiving. A pity life isn't more orderly. Still, you're sure everything will be fine, as long as the children don't fight, and if that young Tony isn't a bad influence, and it doesn't rain.



BRIAN CLAIRMONT, Age 43, Assistant Bank Manager

STR 12 CON 12 SIZ 12 INT 15 POW 9
DEX 14 APP 12 EDU 16 SAN 45 HP 12

Damage Bonus: 0.

Weapons: Small Club 30%, damage 1D6

Equipment: pipe tool, voice-activated tape recorder, spare glasses.

Skills: Accounting 60%, Banking Procedures 65%, Credit Rating 45%, Drive Auto 35%, Fast Talk 60%, Hide 65%, Listen 15%, Mechanical Repair 20%.

Quote: 'Now wait a minute.' 'Quiet down, everybody.'

HARRIET CLAIRMONT. Growing up in the Girl Scouts was not only jolly fun, but it taught you to be prepared for any eventuality in married life. Life as a banker's wife has been wonderful, even though the children are an armful. Brian may be a little dull sometimes, but he looks after his family. So do you. It's a dangerous world out there, and if you don't look after the children, no one else will. Someone has to protect them from drug-pushers, molesters, and satanists. They may not know it all the time, but a child's best friend is their mother—even for headbangers and cheerleaders.



HARRIET CLAIRMONT, Age 39, Just A Housewife

STR 13 CON 10 SIZ 11 INT 13 POW 15
DEX 14 APP 15 EDU 13 SAN 65 HP 11

Damage Bonus: 0.

Weapons: Slap 65%, damage 1D3-1

Kick 60%, damage 1D6

Equipment: first aid kit, string, needle and thread, flashlight on key ring.

Skills: Cook 80%, Clean-Up 75%, First Aid 65%, Listen 75%, Spot Hidden 70%, Psychology 65%, Track 50%.

Quote: 'Pay attention to your father, children.'

HEATHER CLAIRMONT. Oh gag. A camping trip with the folks, and some geek friend of Joey's. Just great. Who wants to go camping, anyway? It's so childish. You can only hope that there might be some hunky dreamboat up at the lake to sweep you off your feet and take you away from this. That's the sort of life for the most popular girl in school.



HEATHER CLAIRMONT, Age 16, Cheerleader

STR 10 CON 12 SIZ 12 INT 12 POW 14
DEX 16 APP 16 EDU 10 SAN 60 HP 12

Damage Bonus: 0.

Weapons: Kick 55%, damage 1D6

Skills: Cheerlead 65%, Fashion Sense 60%, Flirt 45%, Jump 45%, Listen 30%, Pout 95%.

Quote: 'More Metallica and I barf.'

JOEY CLAIRMONT. So we're going on some stupid camping trip to some stupid lake, where we'll just sit around being bored all the time. At least you convinced Mom that Tony should come along. Things are never dull when Tony's around. Dad wants you to be a banker, just like him. You'd rather be a mechanic, and do some real work instead of push paper. Mom would say that's below you, and so would Heather. But everything's below Heather, that stuck-up.



JOEY CLAIRMONT, Age 14, Headbanger

STR 12 CON 10 SIZ 11 INT 13 POW 13
DEX 14 APP 12 EDU 8 SAN 55 HP 11

Damage Bonus: 0.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1D3

Kick 50%, damage 1D6

Slingshot 45%, damage 1D4 (missile can impale)

Equipment: slingshot, indelible marking pen, Metallica album on CD, AC/DC interview issue of *Rolling Stone*.

Skills: Mechanical Repair 35%, Pick Snot 85%, Swear 20%, Tag Graffiti! Everywhere 55%, Throw 40%.

Quote: 'Bogus.'

TONY WILSON. Okay, a camping trip with your best pal Joey and his folks may not be the most fun in the world, but it beats sitting at home watching MTV. You managed to snag some special gear from your folks—that should lighten things up. Heather is pretty foxy—too bad she's so stuck up. As long as you hang out with Joey things should be cool.



TONY WILSON, Age 14, Headbanger and Best Friend

STR 13 CON 9 SIZ 10 INT 11 POW 13
DEX 16 APP 13 EDU 8 SAN 55 HP 10

Damage Bonus: 0.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 65%, damage 1D3

Kick 45%, damage 1D6

Equipment: issue of *Penthouse*, very old joint cadged from parents, tiger tattoo on left arm which upsets all adults instantly.

Skills: Annoy Parents 80%, Belch/Talk Simultaneously 65%, Climb 50%, Dodge 40%, Fast Talk 25%, Listen 60%, Roll Up Cigarette Pack in Sleeve 41%, Sneak 40%, Spot Hidden 65%.

Quote: 'Totally bitchin!' 'Cool!'

PRINCE. You're a large German shepherd, and proud of it. You know you're smarter and faster than the humans you help out, only once in a while you get preoccupied with Really Important Scents, which even humans with big noses can't pick up. And you can hear Everything, Everywhere. Still, you're happy enough. Doing tricks is kind of fun.



And barking lets everyone how big and powerful you are. You like to do that a lot. But this family sure is stingy with the bones—even when you find a lot of them, they won't let you have even one.

PRINCE, Age 6, Family Dog

STR 16 CON 14 SIZ 8 INT 3 POW 10

DEX 12 Move 12 HP 11

Damage Bonus: 0.

Weapons: Bite 30%, damage 1D8

Knock-back Attack* 45%, damage knock back six feet.

* *only works on humans.*

Skills: Hang Head Out Car Window 95%, Lick 45%, Scent 75%, Spot Hidden 40%, Track 70%.

Quote: 'Woof!' 'Grrrrr!' 'Huh-uh-huh-uh-huh-uh-huh!' ■



VERY IMPORTANT PLAYER
ROLEPLAYING PASS
ALWAYS GOOD FOR ROLEPLAYING FUN

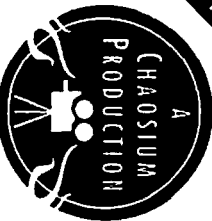


DER STILLE ALP
(NIGHTMARE IN SILENCE)

YOU ARE INVITED TO A SPECIAL SCREENING

ON _____
AT _____
GIVEN BY _____

VERY IMPORTANT PLAYER
ROLEPLAYING PASS
ALWAYS GOOD FOR ROLEPLAYING FUN



GHATTAU OF
A MAD COUNT'S
BLOODY REVENGE!

YOU ARE INVITED TO A SPECIAL SCREENING

ON _____
AT _____
GIVEN BY _____

VERY IMPORTANT PLAYER
ROLEPLAYING PASS
ALWAYS GOOD FOR ROLEPLAYING FUN



ALIEN
NIGHTMARE
IN MY FACE

-COOL CATS' VS. SPACE MONSTERS!

YOU ARE INVITED TO A SPECIAL SCREENING

ON _____
AT _____
GIVEN BY _____

VERY IMPORTANT PLAYER
ROLEPLAYING PASS
ALWAYS GOOD FOR ROLEPLAYING FUN

A
CHAOSIUM
PRODUCTION

ALIVE AND KICKING!

**GRUESOME!
CONTROVERSIAL!
DISGUSTING!**

YOU ARE INVITED TO A SPECIAL SCREENING

ON _____
AT _____
GIVEN BY _____

VERY IMPORTANT PLAYER
ROLEPLAYING PASS
ALWAYS GOOD FOR ROLEPLAYING FUN

A
CHAOSIUM
PRODUCTION

**El Tigre
Y La Piramede
De Destruccion**

¡STUPENDO!

YOU ARE INVITED TO A SPECIAL SCREENING

ON _____
AT _____
GIVEN BY _____

VERY IMPORTANT PLAYER
ROLEPLAYING PASS
ALWAYS GOOD FOR ROLEPLAYING FUN

A
CHAOSIUM
PRODUCTION


THE EVIL GUN

SHOWDOWN OF THE DEAD!

YOU ARE INVITED TO A SPECIAL SCREENING

ON _____
AT _____
GIVEN BY _____

VERY IMPORTANT PLAYER
ROLEPLAYING PASS
ALWAYS GOOD FOR ROLEPLAYING FUN




D.O.A. 2
THE DEAD NEXT DOOR

YOU ARE INVITED TO A SPECIAL SCREENING

ON _____
AT _____
GIVEN BY _____

VERY IMPORTANT PLAYER
ROLEPLAYING PASS
ALWAYS GOOD FOR ROLEPLAYING FUN





CARNIVAL KNOWLEDGE
YOU'LL
DIE LAUGHING!

YOU ARE INVITED TO A SPECIAL SCREENING

ON _____
AT _____
GIVEN BY _____

VERY IMPORTANT PLAYER
ROLEPLAYING PASS
ALWAYS GOOD FOR ROLEPLAYING FUN



SIMPLY RED
HAVE IT HIS WAY!

YOU ARE INVITED TO A SPECIAL SCREENING

ON _____
AT _____
GIVEN BY _____

Titles still available
as of July, 1992

If you enjoyed this book, ask your retailer
for these other fine Call of Cthulhu titles.

1920s Adventures

The following titles are all set in the era of the Roaring Twenties, the time during which Lovecraft wrote most of his stories.

THE GREAT OLD ONES 2321 \$17.95

Following the trail of the Great Old Ones, independent adventures take the investigators to New Mexico, Mississippi, New England, and old England. Six different looks at particular Great Old Ones or their influences.

MANIONS OF MADNESS 2327 \$17.95

Five frightening adventures: an aged widower with a frightful secret living in his basement; two brothers struggling for power on a decaying plantation; a sanatorium full of deranged inmates and a murdered staff; a Boston gangster with a terrible secret; and a nearly-empty house with an unwanted basement tenant.

FATAL EXPERIMENTS 2328 \$18.95

Three adventures take the investigators to a lavish ball in New York for an encounter with the King in Yellow; to Fantari Island in the Mediterranean where evil is afoot; then back to New York where a centuries-old breeding program is being conducted in the sewers beneath the city. Includes information for unusual weapons of the past and present.

ORIENT EXPRESS 2331 \$39.95

Our largest adventure pack ever, 12 complete episodes linked to form a relentless campaign set on and along the route of the Orient Express. Includes source information, train car plans, poster, luggage stickers, and over a hundred hours of mystery and horror. Weighs in at 2.3 pounds! Travel in luxury from England across Europe to ancient Constantinople aboard the world's most famous train.

TERROR AUSTRALIS 2319 \$17.95

A source book for the Land Down Under. Includes background information, histories, Aboriginal Dreamtime, and three adventures including "City Beneath the Sands," which can be merged with *Masks of Nyarlathotep*. Includes a four-color map of the continent.

FEARFUL PASSAGES 2335 \$18.95

Call of Cthulhu investigators are constantly on the move. *Fearful Passages* is a collection of adventures focusing on transportation in the 1920s. Some are designed to be invoked whenever the investigators undertake what would be an otherwise routine journey while others are complete adventures in themselves. Background information on passenger planes, motorcycles, automobiles, diving suits, horse sledges, airships, elephants, parachutes, canal boats, and more.

THE THING AT THE THRESHOLD 2339 \$16.95

A campaign from Arkham to England to the Dead Sea, following the trail of the Thing That Should Not Be. Produced en-

tirely out of house and published by Chaosium. (Summer 1992)

Reprints, 1920s

Classic adventures reprinted from earlier Chaosium publications now out of print.

THE DREAMLANDS 3308 \$14.95

Long out of print, *The Dreamlands* sourcebook explores the lands beyond the wall of sleep. Lovecraft's cities and villages are explored, and many new monsters described. Includes four dream-based adventures written for this book. (Fall 1992)

CTHULHU CASEBOOK 3305 \$19.95

Nine terrifying adventures reprinted from *The Asylum* and *Curse of the Chthonians*. Also includes the Ten Commandments of Cthulhu Hunting, Death Reports, Insta-Plots, and the infamous Sinister Seeds

CURSE OF CTHULHU 3306 \$19.95

Includes the full-length campaign *Fungi from Yuggoth* as well as two introductory scenarios never before in print. Visit Egypt, Transylvania, the moon, and the alien library at Celaeno. The huge "Haunted House" from *Trail of Tsathoggua* rounds out this package.

Lovecraft Country Series, 1920s

These books explore the Massachusetts north shore as described by H.P. Lovecraft and include the cities, people, and creatures described in his New England stories.

ARKHAM UNVEILED 2325 \$17.95

A complete guide to Lovecraft's most famous creation. Visit Miskatonic University, the Witch House, Billington's Woods, and many others. Describes many personalities including Dr. Armitage, Professor Wilmarth, the witch Keziah Mason, Azenath Waite, and dozens of others. A complete New England town featuring a large fold-out players' map and a 1928 edition of the *Arkham Advertiser* newspaper. Four scenarios are included.

RETURN TO DUNWICH 2330 \$18.95

Explore HPL's accursed backwoods town, the village of Dunwich. Included are descriptions of dozens of characters including the most infamous of the Bishop and Whateley clans. Statistics for Wilbur Whateley and his hideous twin brother are included. A large fold-out map shows the whole of Dunwich Township.

KINGSPORT, CITY IN THE MISTS 2333 \$18.95

This book describes Lovecraft's ancient seaside town and its strange relationship to the world of dreams. Visit the Terrible Old Man and the Strange High House in the Mist, or brave the tunnels that riddle ancient Central Hill. Three scenarios introduce investigators to Kingsport and the effect it has on the sensitive, the artistic, and the insane. A large map depicts the town in its entirety.

TALES OF THE MISKATONIC VALLEY 2334 \$18.95

Six adventures along the banks of the Miskatonic River. Follow a carnival from Arkham to Bolton to Aylesbury; relive the horrors of the Civil War with a deranged Arkham veteran; join an archaeological team excavating an Indian mound; stalk a serial killer through the misty streets of Kingsport; plus two more. Includes a large map showing Lovecraft's North Shore and the upper reaches of the Miskatonic River.

ESCAPE FROM INNSMOUTH 2338 \$21.95

A complete description of shadowy Innsmouth, the decaying seacoast town whose inhabitants have long bred with creatures from the sea. Save the innocent grocery boy from the clutches of the town's degenerate inhabitants then take part in the gigantic federal government raid staged against the town in the late 1920s. Includes a large map of the town. (October 1992)

1890s Victorian Adventures

GASLIGHT 3303 \$18.95

A complete source book for playing *Call of Cthulhu* in Victorian England. Includes information on travel, politics, society, Sherlock Holmes, Jack the Ripper, time travel, and many other topics. Includes the large scenario, "The Yorkshire Horrors."

DARK DESIGNS 2332 \$18.95

Three adventures exploring the occult in 1890s England. Thorough background notes and unusual plots help keep investigators on their toes. Streamlined investigator creation for the era; it is not necessary to own *Gaslight* to use this book.

1990s Modern Adventures

CTHULHU NOW 3307 \$14.95

A source book for the 1990s, this new, revised edition includes information on computers, helicopters, and surveillance equipment. Four scenarios designed especially for this book allow investigators to explore a dream-research laboratory, a crashed space shuttle, a rock band, and a research submarine.

AT YOUR DOOR 2326 \$17.95

A full-length campaign concentrating on the west coast of America with a brief visit to Toronto, Canada. Uncover the secret agenda of the Full Wilderness environmental organization and its shadowy links to outrageous biological research projects.

THE STARS ARE RIGHT! 2337 \$18.95

Separate adventures set in the modern era. A radio telescope detects the presence of an alien body; the murder of a prostitute leads to an encounter with a Great Old One; a trail of mysterious fires uncovers a secret firemen's cult; a political

candidate is more than she appears to be; plus three more.

GOATSWOOD AND LESS PLEASANT PLACES

Based on the creations of popular British author Ramsey Campbell, this book takes investigators to the haunted Severn Valley in England. Explore the mythology that brought you *Y'golonac*, *Glaaki*, *Daoloth*, and the *Insects* from *Shagghai*. (Spring 1993)

Other Titles

BLOOD BROTHERS 2329 \$18.95

13 one-night scenarios, all based on movie themes and each with a selection of pre-generated characters typical of the kind found in B-movies. Explore the land that time ignored, escape from a town infested with living dead, spend the weekend in a haunted house, fight the mummy, meet an animated scarecrow, track down a vengeful villain, and tangle with midget nazi shamans. A light-hearted break from the grim world of the Cthulhu Mythos.

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Name Age Occupation

STR ___ CON ___ SIZ ___ INT ___ POW ___ Idea ___% Luck ___% Know ___%
 DEX ___ APP ___ SAN ___ EDU ___ HP ___

99 - Cthulhu Mythos ___ Damage Bonus: ___

SANITY POINTS																	
Insanity	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14		
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48
	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65
	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82
	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99

HIT POINTS							MAGIC										
Dead	-2	-1	0	+1	+2	3	UNCONSCI										
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Unconscious	0	1	2	3				
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19		4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
										12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19

WEAPONS				
Weapon	Skill %	Damage	Range	Shots/Rnd

INVESTIGATOR POINTS

- | | | | |
|--|--|--|--------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accounting (10)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> First Aid.....(30)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> O.L. (____)....(00)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Anthropology (00)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> Geology(00)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> O.L. (____)....(00)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Archaeology (00)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> Hide(10)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> Persuade(15)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Art (dance) (05)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> History.....(20)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy(00)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Astronomy (00)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> Jump.....(25)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> Physics(00)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bargain (05)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> Law(05)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> Photography.....(10)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Biology (00)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> Library Use(25)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> Psychoanalysis....(00)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Conceal (15)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> Listen(25)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> Psychology.....(05)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry (00)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> Locksmith.....(00)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> Ride(05)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Credit Rating (15)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> Mech. Repair(20)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> Sneak(10)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cthulhu Mythos ... (00)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> Medicine(05)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> Spot Hidden.....(25)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dodge.....(DEX x2)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> Natural History.....(10)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> Swim.....(25)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Fast Talk (05)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> Occult.....(05)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> Track(10)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> |

Following each skill name is the investigator base chance in parentheses.

Name Age Occupation

STR ___ CON ___ SIZ ___ INT ___ POW ___ Idea ___% Luck ___% Know ___%
 DEX ___ APP ___ SAN ___ EDU ___ HP ___

99 - Cthulhu Mythos ___ Damage Bonus: ___

SANITY POINTS																	
Insanity	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14		
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48
	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65
	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82
	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99

HIT POINTS							MAGIC										
Dead	-2	-1	0	+1	+2	3	UNCONSCI										
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Unconscious	0	1	2	3				
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19		4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
										12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19

WEAPONS				
Weapon	Skill %	Damage	Range	Shots/Rnd

INVESTIGATOR POINTS

- | | | | |
|--|--|--|--------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accounting (10)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> First Aid.....(30)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> O.L. (____)....(00)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Anthropology (00)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> Geology(00)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> O.L. (____)....(00)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Archaeology (00)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> Hide(10)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> Persuade(15)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Art (dance) (05)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> History.....(20)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy(00)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Astronomy (00)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> Jump.....(25)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> Physics(00)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bargain (05)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> Law(05)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> Photography.....(10)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Biology (00)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> Library Use(25)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> Psychoanalysis....(00)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Conceal (15)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> Listen(25)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> Psychology.....(05)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry (00)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> Locksmith.....(00)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> Ride(05)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Credit Rating (15)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> Mech. Repair(20)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> Sneak(10)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cthulhu Mythos ... (00)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> Medicine(05)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> Spot Hidden.....(25)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dodge.....(DEX x2)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> Natural History.....(10)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> Swim.....(25)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Fast Talk (05)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> Occult.....(05)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> Track(10)___ | <input type="checkbox"/> |

Following each skill name is the investigator base chance in parentheses.

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It is now and always has been a very small company, never employing at any time more than 12 full-time staff, and sometimes many fewer. It has an enviable reputation for quality roleplaying materials--writing, editing, and physical design--which has been maintained over many years, despite personnel changes.

Most creation occurs in a few small rooms in an old warehouse near the Oakland-Berkeley city line. There is quiet there, a feeling of intimacy and craftsmanship, and often a sense that everyone has more freedom than anyone could handle. Each person is responsible for and effectively controls an important area of business or creative work--there are no secretaries, gofers, assistants, or yes-men.

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