



Law Dogs



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Law Dogs

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Dedicated to:
Law dogs everywhere.

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POSSE TERRITORY



LAW IN THE WEST





CHAPTER ONE: LAW IN THE WILD WEST



Austin, Texas
April 20, 1876

The Honorable Blaine Howard
Attorney General, Confederate States of America
Bibb Street
Richmond, Virginia

Dear Blaine:

It is my pleasure to present you with the report that you requested of me some months ago concerning the state of law enforcement and crime in the Confederacy, the Disputed Lands, and in the North. I believe that this report will answer all of the questions you put to me when I received this assignment.

I must tell you that I am quite proud of the final results of our labors, which you now hold in your hands. Both my subordinates and myself have worked tirelessly to ensure that as much information was collected for this report as we could reasonably obtain, and all of the facts presented have been thoroughly reviewed and examined so that you and President Davis will have the most accurate information available to you.

However, I must caution you that the field of law enforcement, and the underworld which it ceaselessly and vigilantly opposes, are fluid and continuously moving. They change constantly, and information becomes old quickly. When this fact is considered in conjunction with the

supernatural phenomena that my men face on a daily basis, you must realize that what transpires in the field may be different from what is in these pages.

It should also go without saying that my sources of information about the conduct of peace officers in the North are not necessarily complete or accurate. They endeavor to hide themselves from us as we do from them, and while I have complete confidence in my people and their ability to gather information, some facts are simply unavailable to them. Where advisable, I have speculated on the state of affairs in these institutions.

I hope that you will forgive the familiar tone that has crept into an otherwise formal report in places. It has been my experience that a friendly word or personal observation or two lightens these reports and makes them of greater value to the reader. Furthermore, given our long and treasured friendship, I feel justified in speaking to you frankly, and a kind word often renders unpleasant subjects much more palatable.

Your obedient servant,

General William H. King
State Adjutant
State of Texas



LAW IN THE WEST

LAWMEN IN THE WILD WEST

Whether they're a part of a national organization or employed by a small town in the middle of nowhere, whether they work for South or for North, the lawmen of the Confederacy and the United States all have one thing in common: They work hard to uphold the law and keep peace in a troubled land.

They're not all saints, mind you. In fact, it's often said that to keep control of the desperadoes, you need another desperado. Or to put it in the words that more than one town council has used, you don't want a nice guy to take up marshaling, you want someone who can get the job done.

Some lawmen do indeed have checkered pasts. Many are veterans of the War Between the States who have drifted West to seek their fortune—perhaps without asking permission to leave the fighting first. Some come to the law after years of driving up and down the cattle trails, or from a career as a gunslinger or bounty hunter. And more than one lawman is a reformed criminal, relinquishing his outlaw ways to seek a more legitimate means of earning a living.

Note that I do not say this is a “more sedate” or “calmer” means of earning your keep. The life of a lawman is often a difficult and exciting one. From ruthless criminals and killers like John Wesley Hardin and “Deacon” Jim Miller, to rowdy cowpokes with lots of money to spend and an even greater lack of decorum, to drunken gamblers, the lawman sees it all and takes care of it. Usually he can get by with his fists and his voice, but sometimes things get ugly, and he has to drill a few holes in the bad guys. All in a day's work.

There's more for Texas Rangers and other lawmen to handle these days than ever before. Since the so-called “Reckoning” in 1863, peace officers across both countries have been hard-pressed to deal with a flood of wendigos, walking dead, and other threats that once existed only in storybooks.

Coping with these horrors has only further strained the ability of organizations like the Rangers to enforce the law. I pray, after reading the words set forth here, that you will see fit to grant me the money I have requested for additional men and equipment to keep the people of the Confederacy as safe and secure as possible.



THE TEXAS RANGERS

My good friend John Ford, one of the first and greatest Texas Rangers, once wrote in his newspaper that "Texas Rangers can ride like a Mexican, trail like an Indian, shoot like a Tennessean, and fight like a devil." I cannot dispute, and indeed heartily second, this fine characterization of my men, whom I consider to be the finest peace officers in the Americas.

Despite our collective name, the Texas Rangers are the national police of the Confederate States of America, not just Texas. Although technically we are now an arm of the military, our function is pretty much the same as that of any other police organization, with one exception: We know that things changed in the West 13 years ago, and we're working to keep a lid on the weirdness—even though that sometimes means recruiting the opposition.

We don't just chase bank robbers and cattle rustlers anymore. Now we go after unimaginable horrors as well.

HISTORY

The Texas Rangers' roots go all the way back to 1823, when self-appointed "ranging companies" of men began patrolling the Texas frontier to defend it against marauding Indians and other threats. These early ranging companies were created and funded by Stephen Austin, a Texas colonist and rancher. A few years later, the Texas militia districts each agreed to form and fund their own Ranger companies.

In 1835, shortly before Texas declared its independence from Mexico, the "Permanent Council" that led the revolutionaries authorized the creation of three Ranger companies to patrol the frontiers and rivers. After the Republic of Texas was founded, the number of Rangers and their importance as protectors of the populace continued to grow. Gradually, as the Indian tribes were pushed out of Texas, the Rangers' role shifted to taking on cattle rustlers, horse thieves, and other outlaws.

The first major conflict the organization fought was the 1859 "Cortinas War," when Mexicans led by Juan Cortinas occupied Brownsville, Texas. At first the Rangers were defeated by the invaders. Then they regrouped and, led by John S. "Rip" Ford, spearheaded an assault that drove the Mexicans out of Brownsville and back into Mexico. The Rangers' ruthless attacks earned us the nickname, "los Tejanos Sangrientos"—"the Bloody Texans."

Nobody around the border has forgotten that nickname or how we got it either. We earned it through sheer grit and the loss of many a brave Ranger—God rest their souls.

When the War Between the States broke out and Texas seceded from the Union, most Rangers joined the Confederate Army (a sufficient number remained in Texas to keep the border areas and settlers safe). They fought as regular and highly-regarded soldiers until 1863. After the Reckoning occurred, General Robert E. Lee withdrew the Rangers from regular service and put us to work investigating and taking care of the "weirdness". Lee and the rest of the Confederate government soon saw how efficient we were and how valuable it was to have a law-enforcement organization with national jurisdiction.

Issues of states' rights aside, it must be realized that a certain amount of national authority is necessary if one is to, in fact, have a nation. Fortunately the Confederacy soon came to this understanding as it applies to enforcement of the law. In 1866, Confederate President Jefferson Davis finally realized the need for a national police force independent from the military itself. In his now-famous "July Memorandum," Davis authorized the Texas Rangers to "act as a police force for the Confederate States of America, having jurisdiction over violations of the laws of the Confederacy wheresoever they shall occur." The Rangers were also given authority over local sheriffs and marshals, if need be. I am sorry to say that President Davis' decision was not met with universal acclaim among the other leaders of the South, but I believe that it was a necessary and proper one, particularly since the depletion of the ranks of local lawmen in favor of the ranks of the Confederate Army had left so many people vulnerable to raiders and outlaws.

But there was more to President Davis' decision than just creating a national police force. The Reckoning played a part as well. The Confederate government was aware of the weird happenings that were occurring on the battlefields and especially out West. It needed a group of skilled and determined men to investigate what was going on and take steps to deal with it. The Rangers fit the bill perfectly, so the Confederacy secretly added to our responsibilities the duty to investigate "weird" threats and neutralize them—or even recruit them whenever it was deemed necessary or beneficial to our cause.

LAW IN THE WEST

THE RANGERS TODAY

Today, in 1876, my Texas Rangers number about 2,500 dedicated lawmen. We are organized into five battalions (First through Fifth) of about 500 men each. Each battalion is divided into several companies of about 100 men each. These are referred to as Company A, Company B, and so forth. Each company is led by a captain, who has one or more lieutenants that report to him. Underneath each lieutenant are one or more corporals, and the bulk of organization is made up of ordinary (but tough-as-nails) Rangers.

The overall leader of the Rangers is the Texas State Adjutant. I am proud to say that I currently hold this position, as I have for several years. I have several majors who assist me and command my battalions in the field. We are headquartered in Austin.

Recruiting Rangers isn't as difficult as you might think. Everyone knows the job is dangerous, but children all over Texas and the Confederacy hear stories as they grow up about how brave and strong the Rangers are. That provides us with a large group from which we can select new Rangers. Within that group, we look for people with two qualities. First is simple ability. I want every recruit to be able to ride, shoot, fight, and take care of himself in the wild.

Second and more important is true grit. I want men who can look Death in the eye and spit in its face, who will take on a pack of wolves or an angry mob single-handedly, and who think they can lick the entire Union Army themselves. They've got to believe they can get the job done. The Ranger who doesn't learn when to take on something himself and when to call for help is a dead Ranger.

"One riot, one Ranger," as we say, and it's the truth—at least for mundane threats like lynch mobs or bands of outlaws. But when it comes to dealing with things like werewolves and Mojave rattlers, they form groups and rely on strength of numbers like they've been trained to do.

DAILY LIFE OF A RANGER

Rangers don't wear uniforms, nor do they carry a badge. They are expected to provide their own guns, horses, and gear. Their pay is a petty \$30-40 per month, plus keep (though some well-known Rangers of higher rank are paid more). The average Ranger isn't in it for the money—or for the security either. What calls a Ranger to service is a devotion to law and justice, a desire to help and protect folks, and a willingness to serve. The excitement he gets for free.

Texas Rangers have a well-deserved reputation for ruthlessness. We have to be that way. If we have to bullet-knock or buffalo a few desperadoes to put an end to their crimes or get some information, we do it, and we don't shed any tears. Outlaws have learned that you don't ever cross or hurt a Ranger unless you want a whole passel of them coming after you.

But we Rangers are more than just ordinary lawmen. Unlike the average town marshal or county sheriff, we know about the strange things that are going on in the West. My Rangers pay special attention to any reports of unusual events, and they make sure to investigate any that they hear about. As you also know, fear is playing a role in the so-called "Weird West," and my Rangers have been given an inkling of that too. (They don't know everything, mind you, not until they reach higher rank). For this reason, they clamp down on storytellers and tale-mongers, and make sure that any witnesses to a weird event don't go around talking about it. Those that do receive another, decidedly less-friendly visit from my men.



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Each Ranger carries a book titled *Fugitives from Justice in the Confederacy*, which is more commonly known as the *Ranger's Bible*. Published every year, it contains information about every criminal wanted anywhere in the South—personal history, known habits and haunts, and anything else that might prove useful. However, there's a second section to the book that's even more interesting, but only my higher-ranking officers get the copies with that part. It reports on all of the weird or unexplainable events that have occurred since 1863. It also includes a "bestiary" of all the less-than-ordinary critters running around out there, and a "rogues' gallery" of all the people the Rangers feel are a supernatural threat—from hucksters to black magicians to the Harrowed. Of course, every Ranger is responsible for reporting information which should be included in the next edition of the *Ranger's Bible*.

Sometimes the Rangers try to get their enemies to come to work for them. "Shoot it or recruit it" is our unofficial motto. We are more than willing to get some undead gunfighter or other hell-spawned horror to use its talents on our behalf—fighting fire with fire, you know—but we keep a close eye on them. When our weird helpers lose their usefulness or turn on us, their reward for service is a bullet in the head and another trip six feet under—this time for good.

THE PINKERTON NATIONAL DETECTIVE AGENCY

HISTORY

Allan Pinkerton was born in 1819 in Scotland. He emigrated to the United States in 1842 and moved to Chicago. There he followed his chosen trade as a cooper (barrelmaker) until a fateful day in the mid-1840s. At that time, "wild cat" bank currencies and counterfeiting were running rampant in America (as they still are in some parts), and this caused problems for Pinkerton's business. Frustrated with the inefficient police work applied to the problem, Pinkerton undertook to investigate the matter himself—and soon found a secret counterfeiter camp and helped the county sheriff arrest the crooks.

Word of Pinkerton's diligent investigation reached the Treasury Department, which hired him to continue investigating counterfeiting. He was also appointed deputy sheriff of Kane County, Illinois. After a couple of years, he gave up sherifing to become a special agent for the Post Office. In 1850, he founded his first company, the Private Detection Agency.

Soon railroads began hiring him as an investigator. The railroads needed someone to keep an eye on things for them, since their trains often passed outside of the jurisdiction of county sheriffs or town marshals. With \$10,000 in funding from the railroads, Pinkerton founded the North West Police Agency in 1855.

Pinkerton soon renamed his company the Pinkerton National Detective Agency and began offering his services to businesses and private citizens nationwide, though the bulk of his business continued to come from the railroads. In Chicago, he also established the Pinkerton Protective Patrol, a private security service. As private detective work became more popular, Pinkerton and his agency, with their reputation for skillful investigations and clever undercover work, became famous and wealthy.

Pinkerton's next challenge came in 1861 when his old friend George McClellan summoned him to Washington to provide espionage and counterespionage services for the Union. Adopting the cover identity of "Major E. J. Allen," Pinkerton left the detective part of his business in the hands of his sons Robert and William and began ferreting out Confederate spies, uncovering Confederate secrets, and investigating fraud and corruption within the Union.

As a spymaster, Pinkerton has excelled (though his lack of military experience gave him some trouble at first, and his overestimations of our troop strength helped our boys scare McClellan away from the battlefield a few times). He and his men were responsible for unearthing many Confederate spies, including our "Rebel Rose," Rose Greenhow, and for foiling a plot to assassinate President Lincoln in 1861.

Undercover Pinkertons have also penetrated the Confederacy to spy on its military units, railroads, and leaders, discovering many facts that have proved crucial to the Union war effort. (While espionage is not a part of my duties, I am pleased to report that it is my understanding that our Confederate intelligence service has learned a great deal since the start of the war and has been successfully countering the Pinkertons' activities on a frequent basis.)

After several years of operating the Union intelligence apparatus as an informal organization which was connected to his company, Pinkerton helped establish the Bureau of Military Information (also known as the BMI) as a formal part of the United States government. However, to this day, Pinkerton operatives still do the bulk of the BMI's work as private investigators and spies.

Hello partners!

Please note that the Pinkerton Detective Agency's role in the United States Government has been changed since this book was written. President Grant felt that the matters the Pinkertons were investigating were of such a serious nature that they demanded government operatives instead of civilians. Pinkertons still enjoy some contract work from the government, but the most sensitive cases are handled by the shadowy group now known simply as "The Agency." You can find out more about these mysterious agents in their own sourcebook: "The Agency: Men in Black Dusters."

Allan Pinkerton headed the BMI until 1869, when a cerebral stroke forced him to relinquish day-to-day control of the agency. It was no longer possible for him to maintain the disciplined work ethic he and his superiors expected of him. He stepped down in favor of Colonel George Sharpe, a former operative of his, and moved to Philadelphia to assist his sons in running the Pinkerton Agency. Since then, he has written several books detailing his exploits as a private investigator before the war started. It is thought that (despite his high profile in some circles and his sometimes faulty memory) he continues to do undercover investigations and espionage work on behalf of the Union and private employers.

The responsibilities of the Pinkerton Agency were increased by General (now President) Grant on April 9, 1864, following the Reckoning and the Union's subsequent military defeats (which I and my staff believe were caused in part by the Reckoners, though we have no understanding of why they aided the Confederacy in this regard). As our own superiors did, the high officials of the Union government realized that something about the world had changed. "Weird" things were happening all over the country, and something needed to be done about these "unusual" changes.

Pinkerton and his operatives, cool-headed and used to investigating strange behavior, were deemed perfect for the job. Allan Pinkerton was summoned to a meeting with Grant himself. Grant, acting on orders from President Lincoln (who was concerned about the "infernal creatures" that had begun infesting the United States), gave Pinkerton and his agency the duty to investigate and determine an appropriate course of action in dealing with the supernatural occurrences.

Pinkerton soon reported to the President that fear somehow played a role in things. The more fearful people were, the more powerful the infernal creatures seemed to be. (This theory, of course, corresponds to our own, though we realized what was happening before the Northerners did.) Lincoln ordered Pinkerton to continue his investigations, but to emphasize secrecy. Pinkertons were to look into supernatural events, but they were also to keep them hush-hush and prevent other folks from talking about them. Pinkerton, aware of the nature and extent of the threat posed by the Reckoning, has attacked this problem with such zeal that he could almost be a Texas Ranger. Almost.

PINKERTONS TODAY

Today the Pinkerton National Detective Agency employs thousands of operatives all over the country—at least 4,000-5,000 by our best estimates—with plenty more "Troubleshooters" (see below) available at any time. It is divided into three bureaus, which are all overseen by Allan Pinkerton himself. The Eastern Bureau, with its main offices in Washington, DC, New York, and Philadelphia, is run by Allan Pinkerton. Its main responsibility is espionage and counterespionage on behalf of the Union, from Atlantic to Pacific. The Central Bureau, headquartered in Chicago and with another office in Cincinnati, maintains the fine Pinkerton detective tradition. Run by Pinkerton's sons Robert and William, it provides private investigation and security services for businesses all over the United States, primarily for the railroads.

The Western Bureau is easily the most mysterious part of the Pinkertons, and it's the section of the organization most like the Rangers. Based in Denver, it's run by a tall, lanky man known only to the outside world as "the Ghost." Assisting the Ghost and appearing wherever he goes is a group of somber-looking black-garbed men known as the "Inner Council." Some say that their main office in Denver comes equipped with such features as a "star chamber," which has pentagrams on the floor to ward off (or hold in) some of the creatures with which they have to contend. It's also rumored that members of the Inner Council possess some mighty strange powers themselves. Best not to cross them, or you might come to an unpleasant end.

One of the most important parts of the Denver bureau is the Pinkerton Supernatural Research Division, the "research and development" arm of the agency, where the Pinks' famous Gatling pistols and other unusual devices are created and their investigations into the supernatural are conducted. I know little of the Division with the exception of its name and the few facts given above. Due to the tight security, none of my men have been able to penetrate its secrets—yet.

The Ghost's operatives tend to dress in black, and they show up wherever weird occurrences have taken place. If you see something odd, you hear from them. If you talk about it afterward, they come see you again, and they aren't nearly as cordial this time—not that they were bundles of joy in the first place.

Western Bureau operatives have friends in Washington and a lot of authority. Local law enforcement is required by United States federal law to cooperate with them and provide them with any assistance necessary, and not even a state governor or prominent mayor can tell them what to do.



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Pinkertons have four ranks. The highest is bureau chief. There are only three of these, of course (four if you consider that Robert and William jointly run the Central Bureau; Robert is based in Chicago, William in Cincinnati). Below the bureau chiefs are captains; captains are in charge of all Pinkertons in an entire state or territory. Next are lieutenants. Few Pinkertons ever reach this rank. Most remain as operatives, the lowest rank in the agency. Allan Pinkerton himself is referred to as "the Principal."

Pinkerton's motto is "We Never Sleep," and its symbol is a wide-open eye.

DAILY LIFE OF A PINKERTON

Pinkerton men (and women—Allan Pinkerton long ago realized the value of hiring women for undercover work, just like the Rangers did, and there are plenty of them in his organization) are called "operatives"—or "Pinks" in everyday slang. It costs \$6-8 per day to hire an operative, and the operatives themselves are usually paid about \$2 per day—a much better rate of pay than many town marshals or deputies.

Pinkertons are expected to be straight arrows. They aren't allowed to drink to excess at any time or to act in any way which might cast the agency or its employees in a bad light.

What Pinkertons value more than anything in their operatives are honesty, integrity, competency, and initiative, or so I've been led to believe. The ability to keep your mouth shut is also a prime consideration. A lot of them don't have any background in the law at all before coming to work for the agency. The only formal training they receive is in how to shadow and observe a suspect.

Pinkertons think that by recruiting from many different walks of life, they can broaden their base of knowledge and provide a better service to its customers. I have my doubts, but I guess it works for them. As for me, I want my agents to be able to shoot well—not all Pinkertons come to the job with that kind of ability. But they learn rather quickly, or they don't last very long when they enter the field.

Like my Ranger recruits, new Pinks aren't told any more about the nature of their work than they need to know. They learn that there are some strange things going on out there, so their training includes what to look for, what they might run in to and how to deal with it when they do. They aren't told about the Reckoning, or fear, or anything like that until they rise through the ranks. They are given strict instructions to keep stories from spreading about abominations and weirdness, but they are not told why this is necessary until they become lieutenants.

Since Pinkertons aren't real lawmen in the ordinary sense of the word, they do not wear uniforms or badges, but their authority, particularly for investigating weird phenomena, comes straight from United States law. Local officials who try to thwart them find themselves removed from office by the Union Army mighty quick. Operatives are often brought in as "outside help" or as experts when the local law is having trouble, and because of their mysterious and haughty attitude to their job, they aren't all that popular with many people. Their mysterious nature sometimes gives them a malevolent aura. They don't care, though, as long as they can get their job done.

Because of the sensitive nature of their work, Pinkertons communicate with their home office in code. They identify themselves only by their initials or by code numbers, and they maintain the strictest confidence about their work at all times. Although we have captured examples of this code, we have not yet been able to break it.

Like us, the Pinkertons have no qualms about recruiting the opposition to work for them. A couple members of the so-called Inner Council seem to have kind of glassy stares, and a few Pinks can pull some mighty strange tricks out of their hats, if you know what I mean. Pinkertons are also willing to make use of some of the amazing advances in technology that have occurred over the past 10 years or so. All operatives are issued one of those fancy Gatling pistols seen in the *Smith & Robards* catalog.

Due to the Pinkerton operative's dangerous and demanding work, the agency often has a high rate of turnover. In a particularly demanding situation, an operative can hire local assistance known as "troubleshooters." Troubleshooters get half the pay of a regular operative, are hired on a per-job basis, and are told as little as possible about what's really going on. Troubleshooters that show promise are often hired as full-time operatives and sent to Denver or Chicago for training.

THE UNITED STATES MARSHALS

While the Pinkertons fulfill for the Union one of the roles my Texas Rangers have in the Confederacy (investigators of weird phenomena), the United States Marshals fulfill the other part: national law enforcement. The US Marshals enforce federal law throughout the United States, but are particularly active in the West.

HISTORY

The United States Marshals are the oldest law-enforcement agency in the United States. They were created by Congress in 1789, and President George Washington appointed the first Marshals. The US Marshals have the authority to enforce federal law in their districts, to support the federal court system, and to carry out all lawful orders of Congress and the President.

Just like the Confederacy, the United States divides its territory up into "districts" for law-enforcement purposes. Usually a district encompasses a whole state, but in the more-populated areas (like most Eastern states) there



are multiple districts. Because the Union claims the Disputed Lands and California, it also creates districts for them.

The President appoints a United States Marshal for each district. (As you know, the Rangers are not so formal. We prefer our battalion system to the creation of formal districts.) The Marshal in turn hires Deputy United States Marshals. The Deputies do most of the field work, while the Marshal himself is usually more of an administrator. In some districts, federal judges such as Judge Isaac Charles Parker hold sway over the Marshals.

In addition to their broad federal law-enforcement powers, which include the ability to form posses and cross state lines in pursuit of outlaws, United States Marshals have many other duties. They are the only federal officers with powers of arrest. They serve all federal writs, warrants, summonses, subpoenas, and other legal documents. They arrange for courtroom space and jail space for their prisoners if there is no federal courthouse or prison in their district. They handle all federal prisoners and are responsible for the smooth operation and security of federal courts and trials. They pay the salaries and expenses of court clerks, United States Attorneys (federal prosecutors), jurors, witnesses, bailiffs, janitors, and so on.

The Marshals are also responsible for conducting the national census every 10 years. Since statehood in the United States depends upon a territory's population, this is an important responsibility (though you know as well as I do that the Union inflates its population numbers to make false claims on territories that belong to the Confederacy). Lastly, Marshals collect all sorts of information for the federal government, everything from economic statistics to government-employee surveys. (The Rangers have similar duties here in the Confederacy, but we don't burden them with all the number-collecting and other such duties.)

THE UNITED STATES MARSHALS TODAY

As of 1876, there are 46 federal judicial districts in the territories controlled or claimed by the Union. Each district has its own US Marshal, and each Marshal has one or more Deputy US Marshals (often many more). Marshaling is a dangerous job. In some districts, such as that run by Judge Isaac Charles Parker, as many as a third to a half of the Deputy Marshals on duty are killed or injured each year.

Each United States Marshal is the top federal law-enforcement officer in his district. There is no national or regional commander for the Marshals. They do have to report to the Attorney General of the United States on occasion, but he has little real authority over them.

DAILY LIFE OF THE UNITED STATES MARSHAL

United States Marshals and their Deputies do not wear a uniform, but they do wear a badge: a gold star inside a circle, with a tiny federal shield in the center surrounded by the words "U.S. Marshal" or "Deputy Marshal." It is quite common to see the Marshal in a long black duster, with his badge kept under the left side of the heavy coat.

They don't receive a salary. Instead, they are paid on a fee basis—so much for each outlaw arrested or each job they do, plus any expenses incurred during the job—which is a good way to create corruption and encourage false arrests, if you ask me. The amount of the fee is based on the difficulty or danger of the job, but it's usually not that much—about \$2 per day or prisoner they deliver, plus 6¢-10¢ per mile traveled while pursuing a case.

Deputy Marshals, but not the US Marshals themselves, are also eligible to receive any rewards offered for the men they capture. However (in my experience), like the Texas Rangers, the United States Marshals usually aren't in it for the money. They do the job because they want to help folks and they like the excitement. Despite being Northerners, most Marshals I have met are decent and upstanding. Rather respectable traits for men not born and reared in the hospitable states of the South.

Although United States Marshals and Deputies do have the power to deputize men and create posses or to call on local sheriffs for help, they rarely seem to do so. Something in them makes them prefer to work alone or in small groups, though they don't hesitate to call in the Pinkertons when they find something odd. (I, personally, have a great deal of respect for the lawman that feels he can take matters into his own hands.) Fortunately, their skill with a revolver and their iron will give them the edge over the owlhoots they chase. They also tend to be good at surviving on their own in the wilderness, and they're excellent trackers and skilled judges of character. They stay quiet, keep to themselves, and get their man. Only the Rangers are better at these jobs than they are.

THE UNITED STATES SECRET SERVICE

The US Secret Service (not to be confused with the same term for the spy service) came into existence to deal with the nation's growing counterfeiting problem.

HISTORY

In the 1840s and '50s, as much as one-third of the money in America was counterfeit. Because each bank printed its own money, there were plenty of opportunities for counterfeiters to make a fast buck—literally! The United States Marshals dealt with the problem at first, but in 1855 the Secret Service was established with exclusive jurisdiction over counterfeiting crimes. Thanks in part to the Secret Service's work, in 1863 the Union issued its first national currency, the so-called "greenback," and forbade banks to print their own money. (As you are painfully aware, the Confederacy is plagued by a similar counterfeiting problem, often caused—I am convinced—by our Yankee adversaries)

The Secret Service had only been around for six years when its role and responsibilities were expanded significantly. In 1861, Allan Pinkerton's men found out about, and narrowly managed to stop, a plot to assassinate President Lincoln by a group of pro-secessionists in Maryland. (As you well know, the Confederacy had nothing to do with this plot. No one in our government would ever do something so dishonorable.) The United States realized that a special force of officers was needed to protect the President and other government officials from such threats, and they turned to the Secret Service. By executive order dated 1862, the Secret Service was appointed as the "bodyguard" for the President, Vice President, and any other federal politician.

In 1870, the Secret Service was also given the authority to investigate all acts of fraud against the government. In performing this duty, they tend to work closely with the Pinkertons, who are often hired for their own expertise in such delicate matters of national security.

The Secret Service's duties were expanded again in 1871 to encompass the monitoring and evaluation of new technologies. It is no secret that the past dozen years have given rise to an incredible revolution in the engineering sciences. Wonders that were once the province of legend—flight, to take just one example—are now everyday occurrences.

After the Confederacy took advantage of the new discoveries to achieve several military victories, the United States realized that it needed to pay closer attention to such developments. The Secret Service was given the responsibility to monitor all technological projects and to report to the government about the ones that seemed most promising for the war effort. I understand they are casting a particularly interested eye towards the activities of Dr. Darius Hellstromme in Salt Lake City, but that they also have many other so-called "mad scientists" under close observation.

I must confess that this is one of the Secret Service duties that I envy greatly. Due to size and other duties, the Rangers cannot pursue investigations of technology except where they become a part of other cases. No other agency in the Confederacy studies technology either, despite our government's reliance on it as part of our war strategy. I must urge, in the strongest possible terms, that additional money be allocated to the Rangers to establish an "Advanced Engineering Investigations" division as soon as possible. The consequences of neglect of this important field of study could well be dire.



THE SECRET SERVICE TODAY

The Secret Service is much smaller than the United States Marshals—it only has about 500 agents—but its jobs are equally important. It is led by Chief William P. Wood, who has been the head of the agency since it was created. Since the Secret Service is part of the Treasury Department, Chief Wood reports to the Secretary of the Treasury. Chief Wood also appoints a Chief Operative for each judicial district. The Chief Operative is responsible for overseeing the actions of the agents under his command. He can also hire temporary agents, called Assistant Operatives, if he needs to.

The Secret Service's headquarters are in Washington, D.C. It has field offices in 11 other cities, including New York, Philly, Chicago, and Virginia City.

DAILY LIFE OF A SECRET SERVICE OPERATIVE

Secret Service agents, known as "operatives," are sometimes mistaken for Pinkertons. Like the Pinks, they favor black or dark gray clothes and tend to have a sort of menacing air about them. Unlike the Pinks, though, they wear badges—gold stars with a tiny American shield in the center, with the words "United States Secret Service." They're paid a daily salary, about \$3 per day. Some of them are always found clustered near the President and important Union officials. The ones that aren't on guard duty are usually out tracking down counterfeiters, busting up fake printing plates, or studying the latest amazing inventions. Agents are rotated from guard duty to anti-counterfeiting duty from time to time.

Secret Service agents carry the new Browning semiautomatic pistol. While not as powerful or amazing as the Gatling pistols carried by the Pinkertons, this is still an impressive weapon. Still, my Rangers and I prefer the reliability of a good, old Colt revolver.

The Secret Service has instituted six "general orders" that all agents must obey, and the ability to follow these orders is the main qualification for becoming an agent. They include willingness to be "on call" 24 hours a day, every day; willingness to move anywhere and do any job the Chief gives them; and keeping accurate account of all expenses incurred. Chief Wood runs the Secret Service almost like a military organization. He expects excellent behavior, competent service, and unswerving obedience at all times from his men—and he gets it.

THE PROVOST MARSHAL



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Both the Union and Confederate armies maintain an Office of the Provost Marshal. This branch of law enforcement is responsible for upholding military law in areas affected by the war, or near forts and outposts. In essence, they are

the front line of law enforcement in areas that may need tough discipline. Their everyday title is that of "military policemen." They're tough, disciplined, well-armed, backed up by an entire army—and they enforce a code of justice that gives them the right to shoot folks for just about any good reason. (I know that this is necessary in times of war, but I still don't like it, and I'm sure you don't either.)

Both the Confederacy and Union organize their Office of the Provost Marshal similarly. It is led by a Provost Marshal General. As a part of every brigade, army, command, fort, or city in a war area there is a Provost who is the chief military-law enforcer in that area. He has a corps of provost guards who report to him. The provost guards are, in effect, military policemen. Ranks within the Office of the Provost Marshal are standard military ranks.

There are few permanent provost units. Most units do provost duty on a temporary basis. Generally the provost units are activated in times of crisis or war. Provost marshals can be identified by their distinctive tin badges.

Provosts and their guards are often unpopular, because they are responsible for enforcing many harsh military laws—laws requiring passports or papers for everyday travel, forbidding the drinking of liquor, and much more. They also enforce conscription laws and capture deserters (who are returned to their units, or shot on sight) and spies. Soldiers don't care much for most of these laws, and civilians tend to think even less of them. This makes the Provost's job a tough one, but he and his men (often battle-hardened combat veterans) are usually up to the challenge.

In addition to enforcing the Articles of War, the Provost Marshal is responsible for such various things as guarding hospitals (and other crucial installations and equipment), controlling labor problems here in the Confederacy (which can be especially important as it relates to the war effort), controlling departures from Confederate ports, and eliminating underground markets in vital commodities such as cotton and tobacco.

SHERIFFS

Sheriffs are lawmen who have jurisdiction over an entire county. Typically they are elected every year or two by the citizens of the county, so sometimes the men running for the position are more interested in politics than law enforcement.

Most sheriffs' powers are pretty broad. They enforce all law in the county, arrest and jail wrongdoers, and can deputize men to form a posse when a problem's too big for them to deal with alone. (They can also call on the Rangers or their Northern counterparts if need be.) Most sheriffs also have one or more deputy sheriffs to assist them. Sometimes the deputies do all of the work, and the sheriff takes all the credit.

In addition to enforcing the law, sheriffs are sometimes given other duties. In Arizona, for example, sheriffs are responsible for collecting the taxes. In some places they have to keep the roads in good condition.

Sheriffs' pay differs wildly across the West. Most make something like \$150-\$250 per month, but it can be as little as \$50-\$75 per month. Some are allowed to collect rewards, and some aren't. In Arizona, the sheriff's pay is 10% of the taxes he collects—so Cochise County Sheriff John Behan down in Tombstone earns \$30,000-\$40,000 a year, making him a mighty wealthy man in those parts. Maybe that's why he doesn't seem to spend too much time arresting anyone.

Unless folks do something really bad that brings them up against the likes of the United States Marshals or my Texas Rangers, a county sheriff is the most powerful law enforcer they're ever likely to run into. Sheriffs run the gamut—some are dedicated to their jobs, others don't care a lick about what's right or wrong; some are brave, others cowardly; some hate to draw their guns and prefer to solve problems by talking (or with their fists), others are quick to pull their gun and even quicker to pull the trigger. But most of them are tough; they have to be, to police a whole county and everyone in it.

TOWN MARSHALS



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Sometimes called constables or chiefs of police in the larger cities, town marshals are the highest legal authority within the limits of a city or town. Like sheriffs, most of them are elected every year or two, but some are appointed by the city council and serve at its pleasure.

Town marshals have the same powers of

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arrest and calling posses that county sheriffs do, but their jurisdiction is limited to the bounds of town or sometimes just a little ways beyond town. A lot of them chafe under this restriction because they hate to call on the sheriff for help. Like most lawmen, town marshals are independent minded, and they don't always get along that well with the local sheriff.

In addition to law enforcement and running the local jail, town marshals have a host of other duties. They keep the streets clean and stay on the lookout for blocked chimneys and other fire hazards. They must control public nuisances, including stray dogs (they usually receive about 25¢-50¢ a head for shooting strays). They also have the unenviable task of making sure that places of entertainment like saloons and dance halls are properly run, safe, and trouble-free.

Between all of these duties, town marshals have a lot to do, and much of it is dangerous. Controlling drunks and rowdy cowboys, not to mention chasing bank robbers and killers, often means drawing a gun and using it to plug or buffalo an offender. Town councils are well aware that it sometimes takes a desperado to

catch desperadoes, and the men they hire to marshal often have questionable backgrounds. More than one carries out his duty to inspect places of entertainment by spending his time getting drunk in them. However, most towns expect certain standards from the town marshal, and they fire him if he fails to live up to them.

Most town marshals have deputies to help them out. In a lot of cases, it's the deputies that do the dirty work and earn the praise or blame of the citizens, plus the notoriety of getting their names in the papers and dime novels. Lots of folks know of Wyatt Earp. Not so many know that he works for Larry Decker in Dodge City.

Town marshals are typically paid \$50-\$225 per month, depending upon the size of the town, the dangerousness of the duties, and the time of year. Cattle season (which is usually early spring, when the herds are purchased and moved to the grazing areas, or late fall, when they are driven to the cattle market) means more work and more pay. Some town marshals also get a fee for every arrest or conviction (\$2 each is typical), or a portion of all fines collected as a result of their work (anywhere from one fourth to one third). Deputies usually make less, about \$40-\$125 per month, and they don't receive any bonuses. Sometimes the town council also provides an allowance for ammo and equipment. A whopping \$6 per month is the standard.

The town marshal is the lawman you're most likely to encounter on a day-to-day basis. While some sheriffs aren't much of a threat, town marshals are often another story. Most of them are tough, strong men who have a dangerous job to do and not enough men to do it. If they have to, they solve their problems with gunplay, and some of them even like it that way. Tread lightly around the marshal's star and treat him with respect, and you should get along. Otherwise you're likely to be run out of town or get a one-way ticket to Boot Hill.

BOUNTY HUNTERS

The bounty hunter is a curious mix of lawman and desperado. Though usually on the side of the law, his way of getting things done often borders on the illegal. What does a little breaking and entering or pistol-whipping hurt if you catch an outlaw with a good price on his head? Still, the best bounty hunters go out of their way to maintain good relations with official lawmen, since a lot of their bread and butter comes from sheriffs and marshals who give them tips on who to hunt down.



FAMOUS LAWYERS OF THE WILD WEST



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A discussion of law enforcement in the Confederacy and elsewhere cannot be confined solely to describing the organizations that enforce the law. Today, particularly in the West, keeping the peace is often the job of one man who faces great odds to get the job done. It is only fitting that this report devote some attention to profiles of individual lawmen themselves.

FAMOUS TEXAS RANGERS

The praises of the Texas Rangers have been sung in song and story in Texas and throughout the Confederacy for decades. I am proud to say that, today, people all over the South have gotten to know the Rangers. A few of the better-known Rangers include:

LIEUTENANT JOHN B. ARMSTRONG

Armstrong, a Tennessean born in 1850, serves under Captain L.H. McNelly in Company C of the First Battalion of the Rangers. They call him "McNelly's Bulldog," and with good reason. He's the only Ranger whose determination to bring in his man makes John Hughes look relaxed. Once Armstrong hears about a creature or outlaw he's supposed to bring in, he doesn't give up until his target's dead or in jail. He's been known to go for days without sleep while tracking someone. Every time McNelly takes his men into Mexico, Armstrong's right there by his side.

Armstrong's also known for being rough on the criminals he pursues. He shows them no mercy, shooting or buffaloing them until they surrender and come along peacefully—and he considers dead men peaceful. He's likely to approach a potential fight with his gun already drawn so that he doesn't have to worry about the other fellow outdrawing him.

Armstrong's nemesis is the feared outlaw John Wesley Hardin. Armstrong has been on Hardin's trail for years, but somehow the wily killer has always managed to stay one step ahead of him. No one knows why Armstrong's so eager to bring Hardin in—one way or the other—but I'm betting that, if anyone can do it, he can. I've never met Hardin, but if half of what Armstrong has told me about him is true, I can't blame him for wanting to bring the man to ground. Hardin is a wretched and wicked man.

CAPTAIN JOHN R. HUGHES

John Hughes is the commander of Company D of the Third Battalion of Rangers. He has been a Ranger for about 20 years and has seen and experienced just about everything. Since the Reckoning, he's been extremely active in tracking down and dispatching all sorts of horrors—a task that he excels at and enjoys.

As a child, Hughes lived with the Osage Indians for about five years, learning their ways. They taught him how to track, how to live off the land, and how to hunt. Hughes goes out of his way to treat Indians with courtesy and respect. He's always interested in learning more about the red man's culture. Unfortunately, many of my Rangers do not share this attitude.

Although Hughes is a fine shot with a revolver, he prefers his trusty Springfield 1873 .45-70 rifle—or any other rifle, really. He only reaches for his six-shooter when he's out of rifle bullets.

Although he's as tough as a draft horse, Hughes is one of the mildest-tempered lawmen you're ever likely to meet. He does not smoke, drink, or gamble, and he almost never swears. Whenever he's at home in Austin, he takes time away from his duties to teach Sunday school. His most important quality as a lawman is his tenacity. He once traveled 1,200 miles, killing nine horses in the process, to capture some cattle rustlers.

Because he has traveled all over the West, Hughes is one of the best-known Texas Rangers. He seems to have friends in every town, and folks bring their children out to see him when he rides down Main Street. I am proud to say that he is my friend, and I have known few better men.

HANK "ONE-EYE" KETCHUM

"One-Eye" Ketchum, a Lieutenant in the Rangers who mainly patrols western Texas, New Mexico, and eastern Arizona, got his nickname during the Battle of Gettysburg, where he was fighting with the Rangers on behalf of the Confederacy. He was wounded in the battle and taken to a field hospital. There, the stories tell it, one of the surgeons went mad and began mutilating patients (I'm sure you've received other reports about this incident). Before he was done, this butcher had taken Ketchum's right eye out with a surgical probe. But despite his wound and the pain of just having lost an eye, Ketchum got up off his bed and chased the so-called Butcher. Although the Butcher managed to get away, One-Eye's been after him ever since.

He told me once that since the Butcher's left him with only one eye, he figures he needs to get one from the Butcher to replace it.

As that story ought to tell you, Ketchum is tough—one of the toughest men in the Rangers, in my opinion. Even if he doesn't manage to get his gun out first, he can take enough of a beating to kill any three other men. Long before you can hurt him enough to make him wince, he can fill you full of lead.

Besides the Butcher, Ketchum's biggest adversaries are the members of the Cowboy Gang over Tombstone way. Whenever he pulls into town, they pull out just before he gets there. He's just itching to catch them in the act of cattle-rustling, and as soon as he does, they'll be looking at a tombstone of a different kind. I can provide further reports on this situation if they would be of assistance to you.

CAPTAIN L. H. MCNELLY

Leander H. McNelly (he prefers not to use his first name much) was born in 1844. He grew up into a short, wiry fellow and joined the Texas Rangers when we went off to fight in the war. After seeing some action, he returned home to take up more traditional Ranger duties. Due to his intelligence and skill, he soon began rising through the ranks, and now he is the captain of Company C of the First Battalion. His company is one of several responsible for patrolling the Texas-Mexico border.

McNelly is something of a living legend in Western circles for his fearless enforcement of Confederate law along the border. He and his men have rounded up 5,000 outlaws and taken them to jail—or back to Mexico. Although he technically has no jurisdiction there, McNelly has no compunctions about crossing the border to deal with desperadoes and meaner things. It's said he once crossed the Rio Grande in pursuit of a *thing* that had eaten a rancher and his family, and he single-handedly killed it. He's even had to cross swords with the Mexican Army a time or two to get his job done. If I had a hundred men like McNelly, I could quiet the West down mighty quick, I assure you.

In addition to his fearlessness and steady aim, one of McNelly's best talents is his ability to surround himself with competent men. His lieutenant, "McNelly's Bulldog" they call him, is John Armstrong. As his guide and interpreter for all those trips into Mexico, McNelly has a native Mexican, Jesus Sandoval, whom he and his men call "Old Casuse." Old Casuse helps extract confessions from rustlers and robbers by putting

a noose around their necks, tossing the rope over a tree limb, and raising and lowering them several times until they realize they'd better talk fast. Sometimes when they're done talking he will decide that it's best to pull them back up and not let them down.

Unfortunately for Texas and the Confederacy, McNelly may not be around to help us much longer. They say he's got consumption and it's eating him up inside mighty quick. I have put my best doctors on his case, but so far they have offered little hope.

"BIGFOOT" WALLACE

William Alexander Wallace was born in Virginia in 1817. He moved to Texas in the 1840s and joined the Rangers the same year I did. He fought together in the Mexican-American War. He also fought in the War Between the States before returning to Texas. Despite the fact he's nearly 60, he continues to serve in the field as a Ranger. I wish I had his stamina and strength.

Wallace's nickname, Bigfoot, comes from the fact that he wears size-12 boots. He stands six-foot-two and is immensely strong. They say that Wallace was captured by the Mexicans during the Mexican-American War and put to work pulling a plow on a Mexican farm. Not plowing, mind you—*pulling* a plow. He was so strong they turned the oxen loose and put the yoke on him! Age doesn't seem to have diminished his strength or vigor. He still likes to mix it up with outlaws and bust heads with his big fists.

Of all the tales folks in the West tell about Wallace, the most amazing one is about the time he faced down 40 hostile Indian horse-thieves by himself. The Indians, who were led by a strange medicine man named Twisted Grass, decided they'd rather shoot him full of arrows than give back the horses. However, Wallace took the precaution of filling his shirt and pants with hickory nuts before the encounter—which caused the arrows to bounce right off of him! He pulled out his guns and shot Twisted Grass right between the eyes. Then he started in on the other Indians. After he'd put daylight through three or four of them, and punched out a couple more, the rest of them lit out and left the stolen horses behind. I can't vouch for the truth of this story, but Bill doesn't deny it.

Even if his size didn't make him easy to recognize, the old-fashioned clothes Bigfoot favors tend to set him apart. He also likes older guns, and he carries a set of Colt Dragoons and a Colt Paterson rifle. "Just 'cause somethin's old don't mean it ain't good," as he's fond of saying.

FAMOUS PINKERTONS

Pinkertons usually prefer to keep things quiet, so many of them don't become well-known at all. Here are a few exceptions to that rule, based on information gathered by my Rangers from public reports and other, less-open sources.

TOM HORN

Born in 1830 in what would become the state of Missouri, Tom Horn ran away from home when he was only 14, after whipping his father. After working as a cowboy (and rodeo champion), an Indian scout for the US Army, and a bounty hunter, he became a Pinkerton operative. He has been a legendary figure in the Western Bureau ever since. He can ride, rope, shoot, and track better than just about any other Pinkerton—almost as good as a Texas Ranger, in fact—and his toughness and bloodthirstiness are renowned. His body count and willingness to shoot are astounding. So is his bravery. He walks right up to people who point guns at him, without swerving, and disarms them.

Horn is easily recognized. He is tall and broad-shouldered, with thick, sandy-blond hair and beard, and he carries a whole mess of guns. His eyes are steely, and he never backs down from a confrontation. He has little tolerance for high-faluting manners, folks who beat around the bush, or pointless bureaucracies and ceremony. He doesn't like all the Pinkerton procedures either, and he's constantly getting in trouble for breaking the rules and not filing reports.

ALLAN PINKERTON

Allan Pinkerton's life is so tied up in the history of his famous Detective Agency that to talk about one is to talk about the other. These days, Pinkerton has slowed down a lot. Ever since his stroke, he's had trouble remembering things, which can be a real problem when you're undercover. He spends most of his time writing books about his exploits as a private detective (never about his spying) and helping to run the Union spy services. The day-to-day work of running his agency has been turned over to his sons, Robert and William. However, every now and then he dons the mantle of "Major E. J. Allen" and slips into the Confederacy to find out some vital secret or fact.

Pinkerton is a tall, stern-looking man who always seems to be in control of any situation he's in. Despite the effects of his stroke, he still knows a great deal about criminals, undercover work, and spying.



Allan Pinkerton is a formidable adversary for both us and the criminals he pursues. He's also well-informed about the events and effects of the Reckoning, though he tends to keep quiet about such matters.

ROBERT PINKERTON

Robert Pinkerton, the youngest Pinkerton boy, is also his father's favorite son. Born in 1848, he grew up to be a thoughtful and intelligent man. Recognizing his son's gifts, Allan sent Robert to the University of Notre Dame. There Robert took business courses, and upon graduation he joined the family business. He proved to have a talent for administration and finance and was soon running some of the offices on his own.

Robert is ambitious and eager to expand the business. His special "baby" in the agency is the Pinkerton Protective Police Patrol, the private security service Pinkerton's offers. According to a report captured by the Rangers, Robert feels that the PPP is the future of the Pinkertons. There are more and more competitors for private detective work cropping up every day, but almost no one is offering private guards. Robert takes every opportunity to give the PPP more money to build it up, often at the expense of other aspects of the business.

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Robert has also drummed up business by persuading jewelers and banks to form "antitheft associations" and pool their money to hire Pinkertons to catch robbers.

WILLIAM PINKERTON

Although he's two years older than Robert, William has lagged behind his brother when it comes to responsibility in the family business. Somehow he never can seem to manage to impress his father or make him proud.

Unlike Robert, William got involved in the agency's work directly, by becoming a detective. That didn't last long though, since William decided that socializing and flirting with pretty women was much more fun than chasing "insolent bandits and beasts."

William doesn't know much about how the business works, and he prefers not to learn. That's why dad sent Robert to school. Despite this lack of interest, William has been granted co-leadership of the Central Bureau.

Personally, I am glad to see that William has been given some control of the Central Bureau. The more weak and incompetent leaders the Union has, the quicker we can defeat them.



FAMOUS UNITED STATES MARSHALS

Confederate spies have provided me with a considerable amount of information regarding United States Marshals and Deputy Marshals. Since their identities and salaries are public record, the information was relatively easy to obtain compared to some of the material contained within this report, although I have no doubt that my Rangers would have uncovered the necessary information, regardless of the situation.

A few of the US Marshals have become very well-known through legend and the press, particularly through dime novels. Many of them are virtually household names throughout many of the Northern states, and some of them are even mentioned in tales in the Confederacy.

PAT GARRETT

One of the most famous lawmen of the West, Pat Garrett was born in 1850 in Alabama. After his parents died in 1860, Garrett drifted westward. He first became a cowboy, then a buffalo hunter. After that, he briefly served as town marshal of Corinth, Nevada, located near the Union's infamous Fort 51. Finding that he liked the law, he became a Deputy United States Marshal for the District of Nevada, and he continues to hold that job today. He's known as a Deputy US Marshal that either runs outlaws off your land or buries them beneath it—whichever Garret feels necessary at the time of arrest.

Despite his long career as a lawman, Garrett's shot relatively few men. He prefers to find more peaceful solutions, and in any event his reputation alone often helps him get outlaws to surrender to him. But as stated above, Garrett has no qualms about using deadly force when called for.

Garret prefers to carry two beautifully engraved Colt Frontiers, but he occasionally brandishes a rifle when he feels it better serves his purpose.

Garrett is tall and skinny (he prefers to be called "lean"), standing six-foot-six. Mexicans call him "Juan Largo" ("John Large"). He is married, and he and his beloved wife Apolinaria have eight children, including Elizabeth, who is blind (Garrett does charity work for the blind because of her). He loves drinking, gambling, and horseracing, and he is notorious for participating in these pastimes as often as he can get away with it.

ARTURO RACKHAM

The son of a white father and a Mexican mother, Arturo grew up near Tucson in the future state of Arizona. As a boy, he learned to ride, hunt, and shoot from his father (a bounty hunter) and he dreamed of following in his father's footsteps.

The Reckoning changed that dream. When weird things began happening and creatures crept out of the woodwork, Arturo's father had more work than ever. Arturo himself began to develop some strange powers—"black magic," his mother called them, and she refused to let him talk to anyone about them, or to seek assistance in understanding his arcane powers.

Then one day in 1868, Arturo's father came home from hunting down a pack of "short, cannibalistic men" near Kansas (I can provide further details about these persons in an additional report if you desire). Unfortunately for the family, he hadn't killed all of them. The one that followed him home slaughtered him and his wife before Arturo was able to blow its head off with his father's shotgun.

After burying his folks, Arturo joined the Pinkertons. He knew about the Reckoning now, and he hoped to save others from the terrible and tragic ordeal he had gone through. The Pinks helped him explore his newfound arcane gifts, and with their help he figured out ways to apply his new powers to his gunfighting skills. Soon he was one of the first hexslingers in the West, and his skills proved useful in his new career.

Arturo worked with Pinkertons for a couple of years, but he chafed under the constant discipline. He eventually quit and drifted from one sheriff's or town marshal's job to another, doing his best to root out any horrors that infested his bailiwick. In 1872, he became a Deputy United States Marshal for the "state" of Utah. As far as he's concerned, his territory includes Arizona too, and he crosses the border constantly in pursuit of renegades. He's run into my Rangers a time or two, but so far they've managed to find a way to work together rather than shoot each other.

Rackham's features are a handsome blend of Anglo and Hispanic qualities, marred only by a knife scar on his chin. He dresses mostly in a Mexican fashion, with a serape and sombrero more appropriate to the Rio Grande area than Utah. He fights with a two-gun style, using a twist draw and wielding his blazing Colts with deadly accuracy.

"BEAR RIVER" TOM SMITH

As the best-known Deputy Marshal for the District of Kansas, stationed in Abilene, Tom Smith is one of the strongest forces for law and order in the Disputed Lands. He has become a solid bulwark of Union authority in the as-yet-unaffiliated "state" of Kansas. We would be well-served if we could persuade him to work for us rather than the United States.

Tom Smith was born in 1840, Back East in New York City. As a young man he started his career in law enforcement as a New York cop. He soon moved west and became a lawman in Bear River City, a railroad boomtown in Wyoming. That's where his nickname comes from, of course.

In 1870, Smith came to Abilene as sheriff for \$150 a month and \$2 per arrest made. He instituted and began enforcing a law that forbade men to carry guns within city limits. Although this law was extremely unpopular at first, he enforced it strongly. This led to several attempts on his life, but every one of the assassins ended up facedown in the dirt of Abilene's Main Street. In time, the citizens came to appreciate and even like the "no guns" law.

After a few years as Abilene's sheriff, Smith left that job to become a Deputy United States Marshal. Since then he's traveled all over the territory, chasing outlaws and rustlers. He's even had a run-in or two with the James Gang, but he's not yet been able to bring them to justice. According to reports he has filed that some of my agents have been able to read, he's also seen some mighty peculiar things, like a Sioux brave that could turn himself into a rattler and a funny-looking rabbit with horns. He shot the rabbit, but a group of Pinkertons took it away from him when he showed it to them.

Smith isn't a violent man as Western lawmen go. He prefers to solve problems with his ham-sized fists rather than his six-shooters. He smashes in the door with his bare hands, breaks a few jaws and ribs with well-placed punches, grabs the man he wants, and drags him off to jail without a shot being fired. He uses his guns more for buffaloing than shooting. He's found that when he's on his horse, the leverage he can get with a pistol barrel leaves a pretty good-sized dent in a man's head.

Smith is a huge bear of a man—six and a half feet tall, shoulders like an ox, and hands big enough to grab a man's head and sling him around. He wears a Deputy US Marshal's star on his vest, and he carries two pearl-handled Colt Peacemakers given to him by the grateful citizens of Abilene.

FAMOUS SHERIFFS & TOWN MARSHALS

These are the men who enforce the law on a local level. Usually they aren't well-known outside of their jurisdictions, particularly since the dangers of the job and the nature of the men who take it mean there's often a quick turnaround. But a few, such as the folks described below, have made names for themselves beyond the borders of their towns or counties.

JOHN BEHAN

John Behan stumbled into law as a way of making money. Born in Texas in 1837, his first job was as a cowboy. He attempted to step up from that to ranching, but the cattle fever killed off his herd and left him broke. He decided to leave Texas and drifted west, where he hoped his fortune would change. As he was approaching the town of Tombstone, a road agent tried to take what little money he had. Incensed, Behan managed to draw his gun and shoot the man dead before the outlaw could fire.

His arrival couldn't have been better timed. The Confederacy was setting up counties in Arizona and looking for a sheriff for each one. When folks heard about what he'd done, Behan was a shoe-in for the position, so they suggested he apply for the Cochise County sheriff's job. When he heard that his pay would be a portion of the taxes he collected, he jumped at the chance and got himself a star. Personally, I wish the folks had waited for someone better to come along.

Although he's been sheriff of Cochise County for a few years now, the arrests Behan has made are said to number in the single digits. He'd rather leave the actual law enforcement work to Tombstone's town marshal, Fred White, and concentrate on collecting taxes. He's mighty good at that job. Most years his 10% comes to between \$30,000-\$40,000, making him a wealthy man. He likes it that way, and he doesn't intend to do anything to rock the boat—including making trouble for the Cowboy Gang.

Behan is often seen on the streets of Tombstone. He's tall and handsome, with a large, black moustache, nice clothes, a silver-plated .45 on his right hip, and his badge worn proudly on his chest. But when there's trouble, you're not likely to see him. In my opinion, he is a disgrace to law enforcement and should be replaced as soon as possible.

SETH BULLOCK

Easygoing Seth Bullock is the town marshal of Deadwood in the Dakotas. Born in Ohio in 1843, he grew up the son of a lawman and followed his father into that trade, becoming a deputy town marshal in Cincinnati. Seeking advancement and fame, he went to Deadwood in 1875 and took the job as the town marshal. He's had a few regrets since taking the position, they say, but he does his job with a minimum of fuss.

Bullock is nothing like Dallas Stoudenmire or similar lawmen. Instead he takes after the likes of Wyatt Earp. He'd rather deal with Deadwood's problems in a peaceful way. Since most of what he and his six deputies do is handle drunks, rowdy miners, and angry gamblers, his restraint is a good thing. He's had to buffalo a few folks, and he drew his gun and shot a drunken, gunwaving miner one time, but otherwise things have gone smoothly on his watch.

Not all of the citizens of Deadwood are satisfied with him though. Some of them would prefer a more aggressive approach to keeping ne'er-do-wells and outlaws away from the town. These folks wanted to replace him with Wild Bill Hickok, but since Hickok's death they've been looking for another candidate.

Bullock has a lot of duties besides law enforcement, such as keeping the streets repaired and watching out for fire hazards, which he takes seriously. As a member of the Board of Health & Street Commissioners, he also takes an active hand in keeping Deadwood clean and as disease-free as possible (which is quite a challenge). His civic-mindedness stems in part from the fact that he owns several businesses, including a small saloon and general store. Some people have accused him of paying more attention to his business than marshaling.

JOB "HOGLEG" DUNSTON

"Hog" Dunston is the recently-elected town marshal of the City of Lost Angels. I have never met him or heard much about him, but he beat out Reverend Grimme's candidate (much to the good reverend's anger), so he can't be all bad.

On top of the usual responsibilities and headaches a lawman has to face, Dunston also has to deal with the Guardian Angels, the reverend's own police force, whose members are deputies under city law. Marshal Dunston has to contend with Grimme's own idea of frontier justice, much to his chagrin. He definitely does not hold an enviable position. Job does the best he can though, and he continues to do a decent job in a not-so-decent town.

LAW IN THE WEST

WYATT EARP & BART MASTERSON

These two men enforce the law and keep the peace in Dodge City. As far as I can tell, neither of them has any pronounced political affiliations. Earp is known as a fierce fighter who's willing to plug or buffalo a man if need be. He was once described as being "famous in the cheerful business of depopulating the county" (though for the most part he prefers to resolve problems peacefully). Masterson dresses like a dandy but is equally quick to use his gun or cane to administer a little justice if need be. It's their quick-thinking and calm heads in a crisis that really make these two dangerous though.

Further information about Earp and Masterson is available in several public reports.

DALLAS SToudenMIRE

A native Alabaman born in 1845, Stoudenmire fought for the Confederacy before leaving to go west and join the Texas Rangers. He served a brief stint in the Rangers, but he proved unwilling to accept the discipline and responsibility involved. He quit and began working as a sheriff or town marshal in various places across Texas. During this time, he got into a good many gunfights—some in the line of duty, some personal—and came out on top in every one. He finally came to El Paso about 1870 and got the job of town marshal. He's paid a third of all fines collected as the result of his work. He has five deputies, or "constables," including "Mysterious" Dave Mather, a reformed outlaw related to Cotton Mather, and James Gillett.

As violent as El Paso is, Stoudenmire is worse and extremely hot-tempered to boot. He's shot and killed half a dozen men since taking the job, and a lot of folks are afraid of him. He doesn't help matters by getting drunk most evenings and using the bell of St. Clement's Church for target practice, or by running around on his wife.

His behavior has made him a lot of enemies, from the local newspaper editor (who wants him fired) to the Manning Brothers and their friends (who want to see him dead). But it's earned him a few friends among those he's protected and saved too. My Rangers keep a close eye on him.

Stoudenmire is six-foot-two with hazel eyes, auburn hair, a broad, pale face, a fancy moustache, and a "granite jaw." Despite the rough-and-tumble nature of his work, he dresses nicely at all times, with his marshal's badge prominently displayed. He wears no holster, preferring to keep his gun in a specially made pocket in his pants. He is a southpaw.

BILL TILGHMAN

Although he's not as notorious as the likes of Earp, Stoudenmire, or Hickok, Bill Tilghman is perhaps the best town marshal in the West. Born in 1844 in the future state of Iowa, he didn't exactly take to law naturally. His first encounters with lawmen were when he was arrested for theft as a young man, but he soon righted his ways, realizing he could do better on the other side of the jailbars. In 1874, he became town marshal in Wichita, where he is still serving. He has three deputies in his employ, but he takes an active hand in the peacekeeping duties in Wichita.

Tilghman isn't shy about straying outside of Wichita if need be. Many times he's chased robbers and outlaws into the county and even as far away as Oklahoma. Although he has had to pursue Indian cattle-thieves into the Coyote Confederation on a few occasions, he maintains good relations with the Confederation and is respected by the Indians. He makes it a habit to discourage buffalo hunters from entering Coyote Territory. He speaks Comanche and Kiowa (though not well), and both tribes appreciate the fact that he uses their native tongue.



Tilghman cuts an impressive figure on the streets of Wichita. Though not tall, he has a commanding presence and is regarded as handsome by the ladies. His glittering badge is made from two \$20 gold pieces.

Tilghman is a member of the so-called "Three Guardsmen," three lawmen who are well-known in Oklahoma and southern Kansas. The other two are Chris Madsen, a United States Marshal and veteran of the Franco-Prussian War, and Heck Thomas, a former Deputy United States Marshal who is now a private detective (see page 26). The three often collaborate to catch wanted men or keep folks safe from some of the terrible abominations that inhabit those parts of the Weird West.

FRED WHITE

Fred White has the thankless job of marshaling in Tombstone, Arizona. Since John Behan has effectively abandoned his peacekeeping duties in favor of collecting taxes, White is the *de facto* sheriff of Cochise County too. To control all of this territory, and the outlaws, highwaymen, drunken miners, and rowdy cattlemen that come with it, he has only one deputy, Spence Walker. He has to spend about half his time riding herd on Walker, it seems, since the deputy has ambitions of becoming one of my Texas Rangers. He figures the best way to do this is to poke his nose into everything and harass anyone who looks strange, so Marshal White often has to keep him from going overboard. I have yet to decide if Walker will make a good Ranger.

Fortunately, Fred White is one of the most dedicated and competent lawmen in the West. He works hard to keep Tombstone liveable, and for the most part he succeeds without ever having to draw his gun. He shoots if he has to though, and he has no qualms about killing or violence. A lot of folks in Tombstone realize how things are and are quick to volunteer when he needs a posse to go after rustlers or hunt down that scaly beast that just mutilated and ate Rancher Smith's horses.

White's biggest nemeses are the members of the Cowboy Gang: the Clantons and their allies. White has been after them for years, but so far they've stayed one step ahead of him. Even with the assistance of Hank Ketchum, Fred hasn't been able to improve the situation. It doesn't help matters that the Clantons are prosperous ranchers and business owners in the area, but White figures that sooner or later they'll trip up and he'll catch them.

JUDGES

Not all lawmen wear a badge. Some wear black robes, sit on a high bench and send killers and rustlers out to twist in the wind. It takes a tough man to pass judgment in the West, where a man's kinfolk may come after you when you hang him—or even worse, the deceased may rise from the grave and come after you himself!

JUDGE ROY BEAN

One of the most colorful characters in the West is "Judge" Roy Bean, "the Law West of the Pecos," as he calls himself. Located in the small town of Langtry, between the Rio Grande and the Pecos River, Bean came to the law by a rather roundabout route. Born in Kentucky in 1825, he moved to Chihuahua, Mexico, as a young man, where he killed a man in a bar fight. He fled to his brother Joshua in San Diego, California—this was before the city tumbled into the ocean, you understand. After his brother's death at the hands of infamous bandito Joaquin Murieta, Bean took over his saloon and ran it.

In California, Bean killed a Mexican in a fight over a woman. He was captured, sentenced, and hung—but the woman he'd fought for cut him down just in time! He left California for Texas, where he worked briefly as a blockade runner for the Confederacy before establishing the town of Langtry (named for his favorite entertainer, Lily Langtry). There the Texas Rangers appointed him a justice of the peace.

Bean doesn't let the fact that he knows nothing about the law and can't read get in the way of his job as a judge—nor does he let being a judge get in the way of running his saloon, the Jersey Lilly (which also doubles as his courtroom). A large picture of Lily Langtry looks down on those who attend his "court." Some of his more interesting rulings have include fining a corpse \$40 for carrying a concealed weapon (there also just happened to be \$40 on the body); nearly hanging an attorney for using profanity when he said the term *habeas corpus* in his court; granting divorces (something he's not allowed to do under Texas law) on the grounds that he should be able to "correct his mistakes"; fining a tourist \$19.65 for disturbing the peace after he protested when Bean refused to give him change for the \$20 gold piece he'd used to buy a 35¢ pint of whiskey.

Bean is also known for sitting outside the schoolhouse (where votes are cast) during election time with his scattergun and asking folks how they intend to vote.

LAW IN THE WEST

Despite his eccentricities, Bean somehow manages to get the job done. The people around Langtry like him, and my Rangers support him (he is eccentric, but friendly, and no worse than many of the judges out there), so he's likely to be around for a while.

JUDGE ISAAC CHARLES PARKER

On the opposite end of the judicial spectrum from Roy Bean is Isaac Charles Parker, a man whose uncompromising sense of justice has made him feared throughout the West. Born in Ohio in 1828, he studied law and was admitted to the bar at age 21. He emigrated to Missouri and then Kansas, where he entered politics. He was eventually appointed to be a federal judge based in Fort Smith, Arkansas, but he was able to spend almost no time in that position due to the outbreak of the war. The Union government shifted his bailiwick to cover Iowa, Minnesota, and the Dakotas.

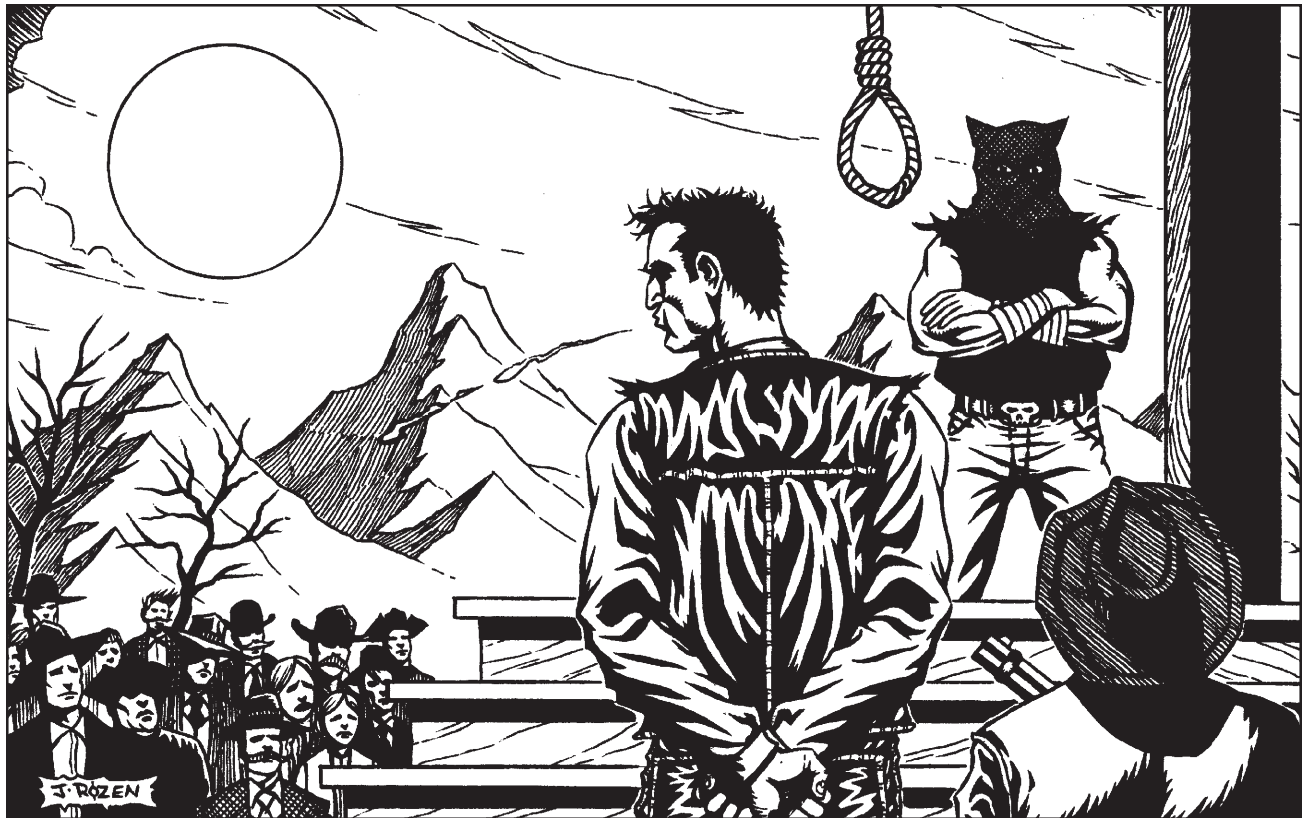
Within nine weeks of his arrival in Des Moines, Judge Parker sentenced six outlaws to hang—simultaneously. On his orders, a gallows was built that allows up to 13 men to be hung at the same time. It's been plenty busy since then.

His no-holds-barred method of punishing outlaws and desperadoes has earned him the nicknames "the Hanging Judge" and the "Iron Judge." They call his courtroom the "Court of the Damned."

Judge Parker is in firm control of his district. The United States Marshal and Deputy Marshals take their orders from him, and he has successfully badgered Washington for the funds for more Deputy Marshals. The dangerous nature of work in Judge Parker's territory means that a third to a half of the Marshals are injured or killed in any year, but the Marshals are proud to work for a judge who makes their efforts seem worthwhile. The Iron Judge works hard, from 8:00 A.M. until dark most days, and he asks the same of his men.

Judge Parker is an imposing man who resembles a biblical patriarch. Despite his age, he is tall, with broad shoulders, strong arms, piercing, deep-blue eyes, and a rich, baritone voice. His hair and beard are magisterially grey. No one except fools and jackasses dares talk back to him, especially in his courtroom.

I've never met Judge Parker, but I have to say I admire his style.



OTHER LAWMEN

Some of the men who are out there enforcing the law aren't doing it for the government. They're doing it because someone's paying them or because they think it's the right thing to do. Whether they're competing with the Pinkertons, making their living from rewards and bounties, or just keeping their homes safe, they're still helping keep law and order in the West.

ALEXANDER GRAVES

No one knows just who Graves is, or where he comes from. He strode out of the desert into Tombstone one day, brandishing an arsenal of weapons—and dragging behind him the body of Jim Waid, a notorious cattle rustler and trail-robber wanted all across the Southwest. After collecting the bounty on Waid from the local marshal, Graves left town. Since then he's been seen all over the West, killing men and creatures for the money on their heads.

A few gunslingers who claim to have worked with Graves from time to time say he's got occult powers. They tell about how his guns glow with an eerie witchlight at night and how arcane energies crackle around them when he

fires. Supposedly he's able to shoot *anything*—even spectres and other plug-uglies. One man says he saw Graves create bullets out of thin air!

Whatever Graves' story is, he's keeping it to himself. Some people are a good deal more comfortable with that anyway. I am not one of those people. I have ordered my Rangers to find out more about Graves and what he is up to.

Graves' horse is as odd as he is. Named Brimstone, it is coal-black, except for a flame-shaped, red blaze on its forehead. Its eyes are like glowing embers, and sometimes smoke seems to curl from its nostrils. Some folks claim Graves got him from the Devil himself.

HECK THOMAS

Although he was born Henry Andrew Thomas, Heck Thomas has been referred to by his nickname all his life because of his penchant for getting into and out of trouble. Born in Georgia in 1840, he fought for the Confederacy under Stonewall Jackson but has never truly embraced the Rebel cause. Leaving the war behind, he worked as a guard for the Texas Express company, then as a deputy marshal in Fort Worth. He soon went north to Perry, Oklahoma, "Hell's Half Acre," home to 25,000 people and 110 saloons. He worked there as town marshal for a while, earning a reputation as an unbeatable lawman. He, Bill Tilghman, and Chris Madsen were known as the "Three Guardsmen" for trying to bring law and order to the Disputed Lands.

Thomas eventually left his marshal's job and moved north, taking a commission as a Deputy United States Marshal under "Hanging Judge" Isaac Parker. In three years of working for Parker, he arrested over 300 men and even exchanged shots with the infamous Ned Christie, though he failed to capture him.

Thomas eventually tired of being a Deputy Marshal and decided that the time had come to form his own private detective company. Emulating the Pinkerton Agency in many respects, he established the Thomas Detective Agency in Chicago and has been working steadily as a detective and bounty hunter since then. Despite the fact he's now a private lawman for hire, he remains true to his code of ethics and refuses to take jobs he doesn't agree with.

For such a famous lawman with such a reputation for being ornery and tough, Thomas doesn't cut a very imposing figure. He's short and somewhat tired-looking, as if he's just spent all day in the saddle. His ivory-handled six-guns speak more loudly than does his personal appearance though.



THE LAW OF THE WEST

Before proceeding to excerpts from the *Ranger's Bible*, I felt it might be worthwhile to describe the current state of the law throughout the West. The laws are a mite different out here compared to what you might be used to Back East.

CIVIL LAW

Civil law is concerned with civil (noncriminal) offenses, things like the violation of someone's water rights. When a cattleman allows his herd to drink from the local cattle baron's watering hole and the baron decides to sue the cattleman (instead of filling him full of lead), it's a civil lawsuit.

Some of the more common civil offenses include:

Breach of Contract: When one party to a contract violates it, the other party can sue him to recover the money lost because of the breach.

Fraud: When one person deceives or defrauds another—say, as part of what turns out to be a crooked business deal—the injured person can sue to recover the money he lost.

Libel and Slander: Despite freedom of speech and the press, you've got to watch what you say. If you print or say something about someone which is untrue, and you knew or should have known that it was untrue, you may get sued for libel or slander.

Water Rights: Water's mighty important out West. We don't get as much rain in many parts of the West as you folks are used to back East. Therefore water rights are a frequent cause of courtroom contention in the Weird West. The fact that some ponds and rivers around here are infested with things only makes the situation worse.

CRIMINAL LAW

Criminal law is (of course) concerned with criminal offenses, things like murder and thieving. When a lowdown cattle thief steals some cattle and then gets the drop on the hombre trying to stop him and puts a slug in him, that's a criminal offense. Actually, it's two criminal offenses.

Some of the more common criminal offenses include:

Murder: Murder happens when someone intentionally kills another person.

Manslaughter: Manslaughter is the killing of someone without intending to do it.

Theft: Theft is taking and carrying away another person's property with no intention of returning it. Some common forms of theft include horse thieving, cattle rustling, and grand larceny (the theft of \$300 or more worth of property).

Robbery: Robbery is theft committed by using physical force or intimidation (for example, at gunpoint).

Burglary: Burglary is breaking and entering into someone's dwelling at night with the intent to commit some other crime (usually theft) inside. Burglary may only occur in a private dwelling.

Counterfeiting: Counterfeiting is the creation of a fake copy of something of value.

Wirecutting: Illegal primarily here in Texas, this is the offense of cutting someone's barbed-wire fences so you can graze your cattle on their land. These offenses sometimes result in "cutting wars."

Gambling: In some cities and towns, gambling itself is illegal. Individual gamblers can be fined, as can the establishments running the games. In many places, the fine is a monthly one. In other words, it's really more of a gambling tax than a fine.

Drunk in Public: In other words, if you're going to get drunk, have the decency to stay home or fall asleep inside the saloon.

Disorderly Conduct, Disturbing the Peace: These two crimes are more or less the same thing, though disorderly conduct is usually more severe. Anything that the local authorities think is causing problems probably qualifies for one of these offenses, whether it's making loud noise, causing a ruckus, riding your horse through town too quickly, using foul language, or a hundred other things.

Carrying a Weapon: Many cities and towns (particularly cattle towns like Abilene or mining towns like Tombstone) have made it illegal to carry firearms or other weapons within the city limits. Failure to obey this law can get someone in real trouble. Few marshals take kindly to "heeled" men, since those guns could be used to shoot them.

Carrying A Concealed Weapon: Regardless of whether carrying a weapon is illegal, concealing a weapon on one's person is against the law just about everywhere.

Discharging a Gun within City Limits: Even if it's legal to carry guns, don't shoot them in town. Penalties for this crime are usually more severe the closer one is to the center of town, due to the fact that more people are around.

THE JUDICIAL SYSTEM

So what happens when you're arrested for a crime? The procedure is pretty much the same here in the Confederacy as it is in the Union. First thing, of course, is that the defendant is taken to the nearest jail or prison and confined there until his trial. The state, represented by the District Attorney (also called a prosecutor) brings his case up for a preliminary hearing. The preliminary hearing is the defendant's chance to convince the judge that he is not all that dangerous and should be released so he can prepare for his case. Usually the judge requires a defendant to pay a peace bond or bail of \$100 or more to guarantee he'll show up for trial. If the defendant doesn't show up, he forfeits the money. Needless to say, if the crime is a hanging offense, the odds of being released pending trial are slim, since few folks are going to come back for mere money when their life is at stake!

The type of crime the defendant has been arrested for determines which court his case is tried in. If he was arrested on a federal warrant (by the US Marshals or Texas Rangers, depending on where the crime took place), he's tried in a federal court. Any other crime is a state crime that will be tried in a court for the state in which it was committed.

The national court systems have courtrooms in major cities (usually one city in each state or territory), and all cases are brought there for trial. A defendant may have to wait a while for his trial to come up, because there aren't enough judges to go around.

The state court systems aren't quite so elaborate. There is a courthouse in every county seat, and usually there are five levels of judges. The first is the justice of the peace, or magistrate, who issues arrest warrants, marries people, and performs some other minor functions, but doesn't usually preside over actual cases. Then there are sitting judges—judges who hold court in the same place all the time. These are usually only found in the larger cities and towns, since most states can't afford to keep a full-time judge in every courthouse.

Instead, all states but Utah use circuit judges, judges who ride a "circuit" from courthouse to courthouse and try the cases waiting for them when they get there. This creates major delays for many defendants, since lots of things can come up to prevent the judge from getting to the court when he's supposed to: a big case in another courthouse, bad weather, illness, you name it.

Even worse, the judge might be bushwacked while he's riding the circuit—judges aren't always the most popular folks—which means the defendants in the next town have to cool their heels in jail until the state legislature gets around to appointing a replacement.

If a defendant doesn't like the judge's decision, he can appeal to the court of appeals, which is located in the state capital. If that court's decision is against him, he can appeal again to the state supreme court. That's his last hope. If they don't give him the decision he wants, he has to get ready for a long stay in the hoosegow.

Most judges are no-nonsense types, but they're usually pretty fair, even if sometimes harsh. Only a few, maybe one in 20, qualifies as a "hanging judge." It's best not to have your case tried by one of these lethal lawgivers, since you're likely to end up in a noose if you do. The original hanging judge, Isaac Charles Parker, whose territory covers Iowa, Minnesota, and the Dakotas, routinely lets six or more men twist in the wind at once.

Hanging judges are most common in rural areas, where they can dominate law enforcement in small communities. In more populated areas, other authorities put an end to their reign of terror, or a relative of one of their "victims" takes revenge on them. The Texas Rangers have been diligent at preventing too many "hanging judges" from cropping up in the Confederacy.

CRIMINAL DEFENSES

Before a defendant's case comes to trial, he may hire a lawyer. They're not too expensive, usually \$50-\$100 (maybe more for a really good one or one with lots of connections). Lawyers can be invaluable in presenting a case to the court. Despite the Constitution and the long-standing precedent of "innocent until proven guilty," in the West the opposite is often true. If a defendant doesn't make out a good case, he is going to prison, so he has to prove he *didn't* do it. That means the defendant must prepare a good defense.

There are lots of defenses to crimes. Some are specific to the crime itself (such as the defense to burglary that "I didn't do it at night, so according to the definition, it's not technically burglary, right?"), but others are more general. Some of the most common general defenses include self-defense, defense of others or property, preventing a crime, drunkenness, and insanity (one who is drunk or insane cannot form the intent to commit a crime, which can be an important distinction).

LAW IN THE WEST

Another thing working in the defendant's favor is the jury. Those twelve men may hate his guts and want to see him strung up even if he's as innocent as a newborn babe—or they may not feel like convicting him, regardless of how strong the evidence is against him. People who are popular often aren't convicted. No Missouri prosecutor would ever get a conviction against Jesse James, because the folks in Missouri love him and would vote to set him free. Juries can also be threatened into returning the "right" verdict because they're chosen a day or two before trial begins. That's how Jack McCall got away with murdering Wild Bill Hickok.

PUNISHMENTS

Crooks who are convicted have a wide variety of unpleasant punishments to look forward to. The standard punishments in the West are listed on the Crime and Punishment Table given below. These apply to both state and national courts, though federal judges tend to be a bit harsher. If a fine is imposed, the defendant is usually also charged court costs (typically, about \$2).

A term in jail or prison may be replaced by a similar term at hard labor. This involves breaking rocks or performing other chores while wearing a ball and chain. Look on the bright side: at least you get to see the sunshine.

The worst punishment that can be imposed is, of course, hanging. Walking up those 13 steps to stand on that trapdoor is enough to make even the toughest desperado cry for his mamma. Some gallows have multiple platforms so that several evildoers can be sent to Hell at once. Judge Isaac Charles Parker's gallows, for example, contains 13 separate platforms—fitting for the infamous "hanging judge."

CRIME & PUNISHMENT

Crime	Punishment
Murder	Hanging, or up to life in prison
Murder, attempted	Up to life in prison
Manslaughter	Hanging, or up to life in prison
Kidnapping	Hanging, or up to 25 years in prison
Assault:	
Intent to murder	Hanging, or up to life in prison
Simple	One week in jail to one year in prison
With a weapon	One month to two years
Theft:	
Horse thieving	Hanging, or a fine of any amount, or up to life in prison
Cattle rustling	Hanging, or a fine of any amount, or up to life in prison
Larceny:	
Grand	Five to 10 years in prison
Petty	One week in jail to one year in prison
Robbery:	
Bank	Hanging, or a fine of any amount, or up to life in prison
Train	Hanging, or a fine of any amount, or up to life in prison
Claim jumping	Hanging, or a fine of any amount, or up to life in prison
Other	Five years to life in prison
Burglary	Five years to life in prison
Wirecutting	One to five years in prison, or up to a \$1,000 fine
Counterfeiting	One to 5 years in prison
Gambling:	
Individual	\$5-\$10 fine
Establishment	\$20-\$75 fine per month
Drunk in public	\$10-\$20 fine and/or up to one day in jail (until you sober up)
Disorderly conduct	\$1-\$50 fine (depending upon the severity of the conduct) and/or up to one day in jail
Disturbing the peace	\$5-\$50 fine (depending upon the severity of the conduct) and/or up to one day in jail
Carrying a weapon:	
In no-weapon zone	Confiscation of the weapon, and a \$25-\$100 fine, and/or up to three months in jail
Concealed weapon	Confiscation of the weapon, and a \$50-\$200 fine, and/or up to three months in jail
Discharging firearm within city limits	Confiscation of weapon, up to a \$20 fine, and/or up to a day in jail

LAW IN THE WEST

REWARDS

Why work for a living when you can collect money for shooting rustlers? That's what many bounty hunters and gunslingers think. Governments, banks, railroad companies, and wealthy men all offer rewards for wanted criminals. About half the time, these rewards are "dead or alive." The rest of the time, they want the scoundrel intact and walking under his own power. (Government rewards are usually for outlaws that are brought in alive).

The typical reward is only a few hundred dollars. Only the most notorious outlaws merit reward offers in the thousands. Right now the record holder is Jesse James. Several banks throughout the Disputed Lands have pooled their resources to offer \$10,000 for him whether he's brought in horizontally or vertically.

The rewards currently offered for the most-wanted outlaws of the West are listed below. Rewards marked with an asterisk are "dead or alive."

REWARDS

Outlaw	Reward
Clay Allison	\$500*
Black Bart	\$300
William Brockaway	\$200
Ned Christie	\$750*
The Cowboy Gang	
Ike Clanton	None
Phineas Clanton	None
Billy Clanton	None
Curly Bill Brocius	\$500
Johnny Ringo	\$600
Devil's Stepsons	
Steven Satan	\$1,000*
Others	\$300 each*
John Wesley Hardin	\$4,000*
Doc Holliday	\$300
"Hardrock" Holston	\$1,000
The James Gang	
Jesse James	\$10,000*
Frank James	\$2,000*
Cole Younger	\$1,000*
James Younger	\$1,000*
Bob Younger	\$1,000*
Laughing Men Gang	
Chuckles Ryan	\$1,000*
Others	\$300 each
"Deacon" Jim Miller	\$800*
Joaquin Murieta	\$6,000*
Dave Rudabaugh	\$2,000*
Belle Star	\$500

MILITARY LAW

Military law applies primarily to soldiers and other combatants, but it also covers many civilian activities in areas under military control or which are strategically important. Military law is enforced by the Provost Marshal and his men. Civilian police forces, even national ones like the Rangers, have nothing to do with it.

Military law is mighty harsh. A lot of times it makes a hanging judge look as mild-mannered as your granny. Deserters are shot (or, if lucky, taken back to their unit). Traitors are shot. Spies are hung. Sure, these folks get a court-martial before they're led out back to take the first step toward their final reward, but if they reach the point where a court-martial is convened to try them, they might as well kiss their backsides good-bye.

Even in cases where a military tribunal is unnecessary, there are other punishments that officers can dish out. These can include the buck and gag (being forced to sit on the ground with your knees drawn up between your arms and a stick run under the legs and over the arms and clamped into the offender's mouth), riding the rail (making a man sit on a fenceraill or sawhorse without his feet touching the ground so that his weight is on his private parts), being hung up by the thumbs, branding, loss of rank, or fines.

Military law also affects civilians in many ways. It allows the military to arrest civilians for very little reason. It imposes strict curfews. It requires a passport and identification papers for just about all types of travel. In many places, it even outlaws drinking liquor. Lastly, provost guards are responsible for enforcing conscription regulations. Popular fellows, provost guards.

The other important thing to remember about military law is that it doesn't make any provision for constitutional rights. Under the Articles of War, the army can get away with doing things to you that a civilian court or police force never could.

VIGILANTES & LYNCH LAW

Sometimes the law doesn't move fast enough to suit people, or maybe it's just not around at all. At these times, groups of men form vigilante posses to take care of rustlers and robbers themselves. "Taking care" usually involves some rope and a tree, a practice known as "lynching" after its originator, Charles Lynch (a justice of the peace back around the time of the Revolutionary War).

In the West, vigilantes are most active in Montana, the more lawless parts of California and the Great Maze, and northern and central Texas. Some of these groups are well-organized and led by levelheaded men who are just trying to solve a big problem. Others are composed entirely of revenge-minded hotheads who lynch anyone who looks funny. Whether someone is innocent or not, if there's a vigilance committee after him, it's usually best for him to hightail it to another state. Sometimes, though, that doesn't even prevent a particularly wanted man from being found and hanged. The Rangers are working hard to curb vigilante "justice" in the Confederacy, but we can't be everywhere at once.

LAW IN THE WILD WEST



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To keep you thoroughly informed, here is a quick guide to who is enforcing the law where in the West. Additional reports can be prepared if necessary.

Abilene, Kansas: There's a new town marshal in Abilene since the Revenant came to visit. The old marshal, Fred Griggs, was gunned down on Main Street by the black-dressed killer when the two met a few months ago. His chief deputy, Bob Reiger, is now town marshal, and there are three deputies working with him. However, the real force of law in Abilene is Bear River Tom Smith, the Deputy US Marshal for the territory (the United States claims the territory, and thus posts US Marshals there). Smith was Abilene's first chief of police, but he resigned the post a year or two ago to take the federal position. He is still very well-respected, and in some cases feared, in Abilene, and the city law doesn't hesitate to call on him if it needs help. He is an invaluable peacekeeper in the great state of Kansas.

The City of Lost Angels, California: There are two forces looking out for law and order in Lost Angels. The first is Job Dunston, sometimes called "Hogleg," who's the town marshal. He's not popular with Reverend Grimme or his flock, though, since he beat their candidate in the last election. He's a real thorn in Grimme's side, but he's a fair man and does a good job. On the other hand, the Guardian Angels, Grimme's jumped-up vigilante committee, enforces "spiritual law," which seems to be whatever they say is contrary to Grimme's interests. They take anyone they arrest to Church Court, which usually is nothing more than a stopover before going on to the bone orchard.



Deadwood, the Dakotas: Laid-back lawman Seth Bullock tries to keep control of things in Deadwood. He prefers to settle disputes with his icy stare rather than his six-guns, but he can shoot just fine if he has to. A lot of people in Deadwood wish he'd be more aggressive in dealing with lawbreakers and troublemakers, but he seems to have a handle on things. Some citizens even claim he had a role in Wild Bill Hickok's death, but there's no proof, and the wild rumors don't seem to have affected his authority any. It would be unfortunate if this were the truth, because regardless of Hickok's person, I respected Wild Bill's ability. Bullock has five overworked deputies under him.

Denver, Colorado: Arthur LeGrande is the duly-elected town marshal of the Queen City. He got his position through political connections, though, and sees it more as a stepping-stone to a judgeship than anything else. He's never been in a gunfight and knows little about law enforcement. He relies on his experienced chief deputy, Treyburne Hayes, to keep the force working properly and the city under control. LeGrande has heard of the Revenant and is terrified that he may be heading to Denver.

Dodge City, Kansas: Some of the best-known lawmen in the West work here under Marshal Larry Deger. Wyatt Earp and Bat Masterson are both deputy marshals in Dodge, and they help keep the rowdy cowtown as peaceful as it's ever likely to be (which isn't saying much, but they try, and they're good at the job). In fact, some folks around town would prefer to replace Marshal Deger with Earp, who's much better liked. George "Cimarron" Bolds, a young deputy, is beginning to make a name for himself as well.

Peace officers in Dodge are subject to the jurisdiction of the Town Council, which can dismiss them for improper behavior or dereliction of duty, including taking sides in any of the conflicts that are constantly raging through town (particularly the North-South one). Five have already been fired in this fashion, and the others have learned to shape up. One deputy marshal, Rich Stoddard, was killed recently by the infamous Revenant.

El Paso, Texas: Dallas Stoudenmire, a Confederate veteran and former Texas Ranger, is the Marshal in this border town which is more violent than even Dodge City. Although he is a good law enforcer, he has made a lot of enemies in town, particularly the vicious Manning Brothers, and several attempts have been made on his life. He is not well thought of in many circles (including among some of his former comrades in the Rangers) because of his excessive drinking and philandering. Stoudenmire has five deputies, referred to as "constables." Chief among these is "Mysterious" Dave Mather, a reformed outlaw who is about as popular as his boss.

Salt Lake City, Utah: Eli Waters is the top lawman in the Mormon capitol. He's a tough, hard-bitten man who dresses like Bat Masterson but acts more like Wyatt Earp. He and his corps of deputies (there are about half a dozen of them, with at least three on duty at any given time) do their best to keep the city peaceful.

However, there's more to law in the land of Deseret than just Sheriff Waters. First, there's the so-called "Nauvoo Legion," the 400-man army that the Mormons use to protect their "independence." Second, there are the Danites, the Church's own private team of enforcers and killers. The Church denies that the Danites exist, but based on reports I have received from my men, I am firmly convinced that they do. In any case, strangers in Utah had better watch out. Neither of these groups is worth swapping bullets with.

Shan Fan, California: To a round-eyes, Shan

Fan seems like a mighty lawless place, full of drunken miners, prostitutes, gamblers, Chinese hatchet-men, you name it. But Long-Haired Tony, the sheriff, seems to keep things under control—though some say it's really the Shan Fan Triad that's in control. Tony's a well-regarded lawman who's more than willing to work with other peacekeepers. He seems to always be alert and on top of any public situation before it becomes a serious problem.

Tombstone, New Mexico: Not a good place to be if you're a lawman, as town marshal Fred White well realizes. The real power in town is with the notorious Cowboy Gang. Marshal White and Spence Walker, his sole deputy, are pretty much powerless to prevent the gang from doing whatever it wants. Even the presence in town of Cochise County Sheriff John Behan hasn't helped matters.

Justice of the Peace Wells Spicer would like to help White run the Cowboys out of town, but so far they've been unable to take any steps against the gang. The Cowboy Gang's influence permeates every aspect of Tombstone, and there is little that goes on in the town that they don't know about or have a hand in.

Virginia City, Nevada: Known to most folks as the current western terminus of the Denver Pacific Railroad, Virginia City is a mostly peaceful town, thanks to Storey County Sheriff Andrew Mercer and his three deputies (there is no separate town marshal, the citizens of Virginia City having decided that one was not necessary). Mercer is a tough and uncompromising man with a reputation for settling problems quickly and sometimes brutally. His ability to pacify troublemakers by buffaloing them into submission is as legendary out in those parts as Wyatt Earp's back in Dodge. He doesn't even back down from confronting the locally powerful Denver Pacific Railroad when its employees and agents cause problems.

Wichita, Kansas: The city where Wyatt Earp once served as lawmen in the past is now served by Bill Tilghman. Tilghman is widely known throughout Kansas and Oklahoma as a no-nonsense lawman who gets the job done with the most sincere determination. He is relentless, and he will pursue outlaws into Oklahoma and even the Coyote Confederation if need be.

He commands a peacekeeping force of five deputies. One is a new recruit to replace Jed Summers, who was shot and killed by the Revenant some time back.

LAW IN THE
DISPUTED LANDS

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Law in the Disputed Lands works a little differently than in other parts of the West, due to the nature of conflict over who actually has possession of the lands. Both the Union and the Confederacy lay claim to these territories, and skirmishes continue to erupt between guerillas and nationalists from each side. Heated arguments occur often over just who has legal jurisdiction, and the North and the South patrol these territories. Therefore it is almost impossible at times to decipher what really happens when a crime is committed, since there are (invariably) two differing sides to every story.

Of course, every God-fearing citizen of the Confederacy knows that those territories are rightfully ours, and when this war is over those lands will almost certainly be within our control. I have sent a proposal to the War Department that may assist us in our endeavor to annex some of the land, and I hope that this matter will be given top priority.

TEXAS RANGERS IN THE
DISPUTED LANDS

My Rangers patrol the Disputed Lands on a regular basis. So far, they've have had few conflicts with their Northern counterparts. On several occasions, when some of the lawmen of the North have gotten themselves in trouble, my Rangers have ridden in and helped save their hides. I have tried to emphasize that they keep their assistance to a minimum. Southern hospitality only extends so far.

NORTHERN LAWYERS IN THE
DISPUTED LANDS

The Northerners also claim jurisdiction over the Disputed Lands, and the Pinkertons and US Marshals patrol these regions. For the most part, they do a decent job, but they have been known to stick their noses where they don't belong. Usually it is in a situation that smells particularly bad. Regardless of their presence, my Rangers have been instructed to uphold their professional demeanor.



FAMOUS OUTLAWS OF THE WILD WEST



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To give you some idea of what my Rangers are facing out in the field (other than the abominations, of course), here are some excerpts from the latest edition of *Fugitives from Justice in the Confederacy*.

CLAY ALLISON

They call him "the Wild Wolf of the Washita," and they're not far wrong. Allison's as vicious as a wolf and about twice as temperamental. Born in 1840 in Tennessee, he fought for the Confederacy in the War Between the States until he was discharged on account of mental problems (his physical problem—a clubfoot—does not seem to have mattered). He reenlisted with a unit that didn't care about his mental condition.

When Allison tired of the war, he drifted west into Texas. There he became a cowboy. Bored, he turned to outlawry and has left a trail of blood behind him almost unequalled in the West. All told, he's killed about a dozen men, most by



gunfire, some by lynching or other, more gruesome means. His victims include cowboys, banditos, Union officers, and a dentist who pulled the wrong tooth when he worked on Allison. Allison tied him into his own chair and extracted two of his teeth before killing him. He even shot a man for snoring too loudly.

Allison is wildest and most dangerous when he's been drinking. He's prone to taking potshots at people and causing other havoc. Once when drunk, he rode through a town naked and then invited everyone down for drinks at the saloon.

Allison's skills as a gunfighter include his calmness, accuracy, and ability to clear leather fast. Several of his killings have been in quick-draw contests. However, Deputy Marshal Wyatt Earp was able to outdraw him and force him to leave Dodge City, and he's never gone back.

BLACK BART

Black Bart is something of a mystery. No one knows his real name or where he lives. All that's known for sure is that he's the most infamous stagecoach robber in the West. Since his first appearance in 1875, he's robbed nearly 20 stages in California and Nevada, about half of them Wells Fargo stages. He's taken in nearly \$20,000 during his "career."

Just as a stage comes around a bend, Bart will usually appear in the middle of the road with a rifle pointed at the driver. He wears a long, white duster and hides his face with a hood made by cutting eyeholes in an old flour sack. His voice is hollow, deep, and eerie. However, he is calm and polite, especially to women passengers (whose jewelry and cash he does not steal).

Though he's never had to shoot anyone, he makes it clear that he brooks no interference or sass from his victims. His poise and obvious ability help him maintain control of the situation. His play is backed by his gang, the members of which hide in nearby rocks and brush and keeps the stagecoach covered with their rifles. After Bart takes off with the loot, he leaves a scrap of paper with the driver or in the now-empty strongbox, which has bad poetry written on it. This identifies him as "Black Bart the Po8" (poet).

Black Bart has proven so elusive that some folks think he's actually a ghost! However, the Texas Rangers, private detectives, Pinkertons, and United States Marshals continue to hunt him (many for the \$300 reward offered for him by the Wells Fargo Company), though so far they've had no success at all.

LAW IN THE WEST

SAM BASS

Born in 1851 in Indiana, Sam Bass grew up a handsome young man. He moved to Texas in 1870 and became a deputy sheriff in Denton, but he was soon lured away from the law by the fast life of horseracing. His first theft came after a cattle drive, when he decided not to give the money to the rancher who owned the beeves. Instead, he headed for Deadwood where he wasted the cash on gambling, prostitutes, and liquor. When the money ran out, he and some friends recruited a gang and began (quite successfully) robbing stagecoaches and trains.

Over the last several years, Bass and his gang have robbed their way across the West. As gang members have been shot and killed, new ones have been recruited to take their place. The Rangers, the Pinkertons, the US Marshals, and a handful of bounty hunters are all after him. There's a \$500 reward out for him, dead or alive.

Despite his notoriety, Bass is not a very violent outlaw. He shoots back if shot at, and he's killed a couple of lawmen, but he prefers to threaten his victims into giving him what he wants. He is sympathetic to women, cripples, and old folks, and (out of sheer kindness) he usually doesn't search them or take money from them during his robberies.

WILLIAM BROCKAWAY

"King of the Counterfeiters," William Brockaway is the scourge of the United States Secret Service. According to their records, he got started in a life of crime as an apprentice printer back in 1837. His master fell into debt, and the next time the local bank needed new currency printed, Brockaway convinced them they could solve his problem by printing some money of their own. The master distracted the bankers while Brockaway made a copy of the bank's printing plate by pressing it into a sheet of lead. One hundred thousand dollars' worth of fake \$5 bills later, he and his master were rich.

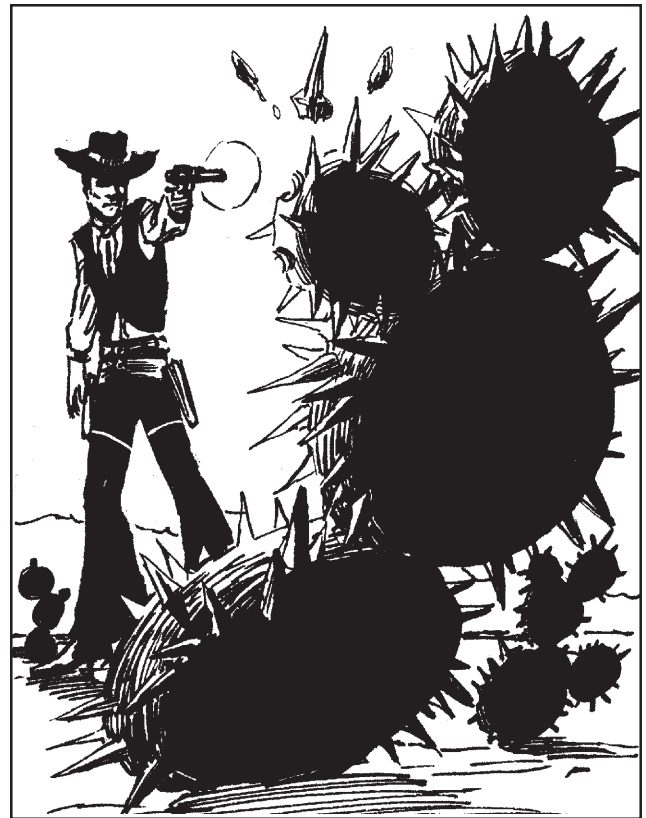
When a bank teller figured out the scheme, Brockaway fled, using a disguise to stay one step ahead of the law. He's maintained that one-step lead ever since, working with various gangs and other forgers to produce fake money, seven-thirty bonds, and other documents. So far, he's stayed in Union territory. Although the United States Secret Service has been after him ever since it was formed, it has yet to get close enough to capture him. He seems to have a sixth sense that tells him when it's time to pick up and move on.

NED CHRISTIE

Born in 1854, Christie is a full-blooded Cherokee. As a young man living near Tallequah, Oklahoma, he started brewing and selling illegal whiskey. The US Marshals took exception to that and came after him. Christie killed one of them and escaped as they destroyed his still.

Christie fled to a cliff not far from Tallequah, where he built a sturdy two-story, wooden fortress with plenty of rifle slits. The place is now known as Ned's Fort Mountain. Together with his family and friends, which include many Indian braves who want to drive the white men from their lands, Christie has held off the law and continued his criminal enterprises from the Fort. The Fort has its own water supply, and Christie's laid in plenty of food. He's had no trouble making it through the sieges the US Marshals have established from time to time, and he's killed several more lawmen.

During one of the sieges, Christie was hit in the face with a bullet. This smashed his nose and put out his right eye, ruining his once-handsome face but failing to kill him. He has a great hatred of the Marshals and has sworn revenge against them for the loss of his eye.



Christie is well-suited to the outlaw life. He's mean, bloodthirsty, cruel, an expert shot, and a skilled gunsmith. He can speak English, but has sworn an oath never to do so. The United States Marshals are thinking about getting help from the United States Army to destroy Ned's Fort and bring him to justice. A reward of \$750 has been offered for Christie, dead or alive.

THE COWBOY GANG

Led by Old Man Clanton and composed mainly of his three sons (Ike, Phineas, and William), Curly Bill Brocius, Johnny Ringo, and the McLaury Brothers, the Cowboys are the biggest, baddest bunch of outlaws in Tombstone, Arizona. Truth is, they control the town, despite Ranger Hank Ketchum's efforts to bring them to justice. A couple of them even own businesses there. Although they sometimes raid the Ghost Trail, their main criminal occupation is cattle rustling. The Cowboy Gang seems to have some sort of dealings with just about anything wrong that goes on in Tombstone.

No one's offering a reward for the Clantons—yet. But Curly Bill Brocius has \$500 on his head, and Johnny Ringo's worth \$600.

THE DEVIL'S STEPSONS

"Even the Devil himself won't admit to fatherin' 'em," said Deputy United States Marshal Arturo Rackham after his first run-in with this gang, and the name "Devil's Stepsons" has stuck with them ever since. For the past half-dozen years, the gang has terrorized Nevada, Utah, Arizona, and New Mexico, robbing trains and banks, rustling cattle, raping women, and killing anyone who gets in their way.

The Stepsons are led by a fellow who calls himself Steven Satan. Satan's clearly recognizable as the redheaded man at the head of the gang in every robbery. He doesn't even bother to wear a handkerchief to hide his features. He's personally responsible for half of the killings the gang has committed, and he's said to have once shot a man because the fellow was talking too much.

The rest of the Stepsons are a motley crew of desperadoes, banditos, deserters, and men with nothing left to lose. They like mayhem, drinking, loud music, and pretty girls (even if the girls don't necessarily like them).

The United States government is offering rewards for the Stepsons: \$1,000 for Steven Satan and \$300 apiece for the other members of the gang.

JOHN WESLEY HARDIN

The most notorious outlaw in the West, Hardin is single-handedly responsible for the deaths of over 30 men. Born in 1853 in Texas and named after the founder of Methodism, he killed his first man in 1868, when a former slave refused to move off the road and out of his way. Since then, he's been on the run from the law, committing more killings along the way. He does not hesitate to kill anytime someone interferes with him or tries to capture him.

With all the attention he's received and the enormous reward (\$4,000) offered for him dead or alive by the state of Texas, you'd think Hardin would be captured pretty quick. But his family is well-known in the Lone Star State, and he has a lot of relatives and friends he can hide out with—some of whom he's helped to win range wars and other feuds. His handsome face and calm, pleasant demeanor have also fooled several potential captors into lowering their guard, giving him the chance to shoot his way out of trouble. The most dogged of Hardin's pursuers is Texas Ranger John Armstrong, who seems to have an uncanny knack for figuring out where Hardin is. If you are seeking information on Hardin, ask Ranger Armstrong—if he is willing to help, you can bet Armstrong knows where to locate him.

Hardin sometimes claims, and many folks believe, that most of his victims are Union soldiers and that he hates the Union. This has kept some Texas Rangers off his back, but all Rangers are now under strict orders to bring him in. The truth is Hardin doesn't really care much for politics, and most of the men he's shot are just people who got in his way somehow.

Hardin, who's sometimes known by the nickname "Little Arkansas" for a gunfight he won near that river, is an excellent shot and a quick draw. Plenty of folks have witnessed him outdrawing and shooting men who already had their guns clear of their holsters!

He's said to be obsessed with becoming the quickest draw in the West. Despite the fact that he's the only man to ever get the drop on Wild Bill Hickok (and using the difficult road agent's spin, at that), Hardin wants to be faster still. His draw is one of the most unusual in the West. He has his two guns in fast-draw holsters which are sewn into his vest so that the gunbutts point inward across his chest. He draws and cocks them both simultaneously in one lightning-fast, silver blur. He practices this draw for hours every day to keep his skills sharp.

JOHN HENRY "DOC" HOLLIDAY

Born in Georgia in 1851 to a rich Southern family, "Doc" Holliday has been doomed to a short life. He came down with consumption in 1872, and it's only been getting worse as the years pass. It's prevented him from making much money at his chosen profession, dentistry. (Would you want to have him coughing in your face as he jerked out your teeth?) But it hasn't stopped him from making a pretty good living at card-playing. It's also driven him to drink, since liquor dulls the pain. As he once told a friend, "Liquor can't cure me, but it makes dying a whole lot more pleasurable." Doc makes no secret of his ailment, and in any event, it's apparent every time he speaks or laughs. His voice is mighty spooky at times.

Doc's also been violent most of his life. He left Georgia after he shot three men for using his "private" swimming hole. In Dodge City, he met Wyatt Earp, who became his good friend, and he helped Earp deal with rowdy cowboys and gangs a time or two. In Texas, he shot a Confederate soldier who accused him of cheating at cards. Eventually he made his way to Tombstone, Arizona. Not a bad name for a place for a dying man to live.

Doc's been in Tombstone ever since, making money gambling, and making enemies too. He and Johnny Ringo hate one another, and he doesn't get along with the rest of the Cowboy Gang either. If his consumption doesn't get him, Ringo very well might. A few folks have accused Doc of robbing stagecoaches, but there's no proof, and town marshal Fred White certainly hasn't made any move to arrest him.

There are some folks who claim that Holliday possesses strange "powers" that account for his deadly accuracy. All Texas Rangers are hereby ordered to keep a close watch on Holliday whenever they are in his vicinity, and to investigate any such stories.

SHERRILL "HARDROCK"
HOLSTON

Sherrill "Hardrock" Holston was born in 1849 in a small town in Virginia. He was raised on a farm and grew up to be a large, strong fellow. Sherrill was teased a lot about his name while growing up, and thus he adopted a nickname that corresponded with his stature. He watched his mother and father work themselves to death on their farm, and he swore he wouldn't die poor like his folks.

Hardrock enrolled in the Virginia Military Institute in 1867, but he left the school in the fall of 1869 when he was falsely accused of being involved in the unfortunate death of a new cadet during a hazing ritual. He was acquitted of all charges, but Sherrill felt that he had lost face and could not remain at the academy.

Troubled by the unfortunate hand he had been dealt in life, Hardrock made his way out West in 1870 and immediately began holding up Confederate gold shipments. He feels no remorse for stealing from the government that "robbed" him of his chance at something other than farming. It is rumored that most of the gold he steals is given to local farmers and poor folk. Regardless of his intentions, he has committed grievous crimes against the Confederacy, and my Rangers will take any measures necessary to apprehend this outlaw.

Sherrill is notoriously quiet, and he speaks little when conducting an operation. When he does issue orders, they are given with a calm and commanding voice. He is kind to his victims unless they try to get out of hand. He prefers to buffalo any would-be hero, but he uses deadly force if necessary.

THE JAMES GANG

There's not much to say about the James Gang that hasn't been said elsewhere. The gang uses local friends and popular support to keep safe from the law. This doesn't always work though, as witnessed by the incident that started the James-Pinkerton War.

Jesse was born in 1847, and Frank's older by four years. Their appearances are well-known in the Disputed Lands. Jesse is tall and thin, with a handsome, oval face which he keeps clean shaven. He sometimes has trouble breathing and is prone to getting sick because of a lung injury received in the War Between the States. On occasion, he uses the alias "Thomas Howard." Frank has a similar oval face with a black moustache and is a little shorter than Jesse.

Like the James Brothers, the Younger Brothers (Cole, James, and Bob) got involved in the war after being abused by Yankee soldiers. They met Frank and Jesse when they all served under "Bloody" Bill Quantrill and fought for the Confederacy. Cole's the oldest, Bob the youngest.

Judging from the rewards offered for them, the members of the James Gang are the most-wanted outlaws in the West. Jesse is worth \$10,000 all by himself, Frank's got \$2,000 on his head, and the Youngers are worth \$1,000 apiece.

LAW IN THE WEST

THE LAUGHING MEN

This band of cruel, ruthless outlaws plagues the area around the Grand Canyon. It used to work for the Black River Railroad, but these days it works only for itself. The gang is led by the bloodthirsty "Chuckles" Ryan, and some say that he's got over 200 men working for him! His nickname seems to stem from the fact that he and some members of his gang laugh incessantly while committing a crime.

Chuckles is a ruthless leader, and he tolerates no insolence from his band of outlaws. On more than one occasion, he has pulled his irons and eliminated one of his own gang members. One of the more nasty rumors claims that he shot his cook—between the eyes, no less—for laughing when he choked on the cook's chili. Obviously, "Chuckles" didn't find the incident very humorous.

Even though he may be cruel to his men at times, they would follow to the ends of the earth and back. He rewards them well when things work out, with a fair share of the take and plenty of cheap cigars.

There's a \$1,000 reward for Ryan, and \$300 for every man in his gang.



WILLIAM PRESTON LONGLEY

Born in west Texas in 1851, Longley learned how to shoot as a youngster and has never been without a gun (or sometimes several guns) since. What got him into trouble was his bitter hatred of Yankees, Union sympathizers, and blacks. He developed a habit of picking fights with them and began to settle those fights with gunfire.

After several gunfights, Longley acquired a reputation as an extremely fast draw and a deadly accurate shooter. Gunslingers from all over the West began coming to Texas to challenge him, and one after another fell beneath his guns, earning a place on Boot Hill instead of the reputations they'd sought. Longley has yet to lose a gunfight. Some say he considers Wes Hardin a rival, and hopes to beat Hardin's body count.

Other than his penchant for killing, Longley is a peaceful man who commits no other crimes. He owns a ranch and herds cattle. At six feet, with sandy blond hair and a well-trimmed beard, he cuts a fine figure whenever he's called out into the street for a duel.

"DEACON" JIM MILLER

Perhaps more accurately known by his other nickname, "Killing" Jim Miller, this feared bushwacker and outlaw is second only to John Wesley Hardin in number of men killed. He was born in Arkansas in 1856 and went to live with his grandparents at age 7, after his parents died. He shot and killed his grandparents at age 8, then went to live with his sister and brother-in-law. Shortly after turning 17, he killed his brother-in-law with a shotgun blast, then lit out on his own.

He soon came to Texas and married. Marriage settled him down a bit. He became a devout Methodist and church deacon (hence his nickname). He apparently doesn't see anything un-Christian about murder, though, since he's continued his career as a killer for hire between prayer meetings. He charges \$150-\$1,000 per kill. He also gets involved in cattle rustling now and again.

Miller has been involved in several gunfights and has tangled with the likes of Captain John Hughes of the Texas Rangers, Dallas Stoudenmire, and Deputy United States Marshal Pat Garrett (whom he despises and has vowed to kill). He's come out on top in every fight, despite the fact that witnesses swear some of his opponents' shots should have hit him dead-center in the chest.

LAW IN THE WEST

"Killer Miller's" profession contrasts with his gentle demeanor. He never smokes, uses snuff, drinks, gambles, enters saloons, or swears. He treats women and old folks politely and deferentially and speaks to them softly—assuming, of course, he hasn't been hired to kill them. He is the consummate gentleman, generally always on his best behavior—but it is important not to forget just how dangerous the "Deacon" truly is.

Miller is a tall, handsome fellow with dark hair and a moustache. He wears a heavy, black frock coat wherever he goes, even in summer in Texas. There's an \$800 reward out for him.

JOAQUIN MURIETA

Joaquin Murieta is the most feared of all the banditos. He strikes across the border into California, with seeming impunity, to rustle cattle and horses, rob trains, raid isolated ranches, and kill.

No one knows where Murieta was born or when, or what turned him into an outlaw. More to the point, no one knows where his hideout is or how many compadres he has with him. It's got to be a lot, though, since his gang never has less than a dozen men when it pulls off a robbery or other criminal offense.

The Confederacy has given a military unit in California, under the command of Major Frederick Stiles, the task of tracking down Murieta and bringing him to justice. So far it hasn't worked. Usually Murieta's men just avoid the soldiers, but one time they ambushed them and killed six of them. Since that incident, the Confederacy has placed a \$6,000 bounty on his head.

Murieta is easily recognized because of the large scar on the left side of his face, which he's said to have gotten in a knife fight in Juarez. He also has a large, bushy, black moustache, but that's not a very distinguishing feature in a Mexican.

DAVE RUDABAUGH

Dave Rudabaugh is known all over the West as a rustler and thief. Originally from Illinois, he now calls the vicinity of Las Vegas, New Mexico, his home. On his way to Las Vegas, he rustled cattle in Texas, robbed trains in Kansas (where he came up against Bat Masterson, but managed to get away), and robbed stagecoaches and trains in Arizona and New Mexico. Pat Garrett and Hank Ketchum have both pursued him to no avail.



BELLE STARR

The West is a sort of equal-opportunity place. Women can be just as heroic as men—or just as wicked. A case in the latter point is Belle Star, born Myra Belle Shirley to a prominent Missouri businessman and his wife. Never content with a woman's traditional place in society, young Belle met the notorious Cole Younger and promptly became his mistress. He left her behind when he rode away with the James Gang, but he sees her and their daughter Pearl whenever he can.

From Cole, Belle went on to have affairs with plenty of other outlaws. She finally married outlaw Sam Starr. Belle frequently went along with him, helping to rob banks and trains, rustle horses and cattle, and commit other nefarious acts. Back East the papers call her "the Bandit Queen," and she lives up to that name.

Belle's appearance may explain why she's had so many bedmates. Although no prizewinner, she's plenty pleasing to the eye, with long, black hair and green eyes. She was sometimes seen wearing a beautiful, gold necklace set with a red gem. Rumors have it that she recently lost this piece of jewelry and would dearly love to get it back.

LAWMEN & OUTLAWS





CHAPTER TWO: LAWMEN & OUTLAWS



This chapter contains some new rules for creating lawmen and outlaw characters, new rules for combat, and an impressive and expanded list of weapons.

On the other hand, a Texas Ranger has the ability to openly roam and make more independent decisions, and he's under far less scrutiny (though his duty is no less dangerous). Therefore, the town marshal has an obligation of -5, compared to the Ranger's Obligation of -1.

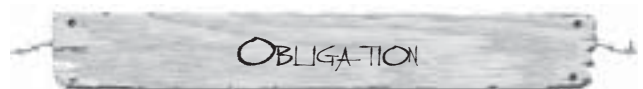
MAKIN' LAWMEN

OLD STUFF

HINDRANCES

Obligation: This Hindrance is appropriate for lawmen for two reasons. First, it might indicate that they belong to an organization, like the Texas Rangers or United States Marshals, and that they have to answer to that group. For more independent lawmen, it indicates the duty that the lawman has to protect the people in his charge.

The value of this Hindrance depends on how often the character is called to duty, how dangerous or onerous the duty is, and how binding that duty is upon the character. For example, a town marshal is bound to a small area, with a lot of daily responsibility resting on his shoulders.



Cost Obligation

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 | Protect a nation (Rangers, Pinkertons) with the ability to roam independently and make decisions without higher authority. |
| 2 | Protect a region (US Marshal). |
| 3 | Protect a state or territory, or protect a larger area against limited threats (Secret Service agents only go after counterfeiters, forgers, and those who threaten the President, not all criminals), or have duties besides law enforcement in a smaller area (some sheriffs and town marshals). |
| 4 | Protect a county (sheriffs). |
| 5 | Protect a town or city (town marshals). |



LAWMEN & OUTLAWS

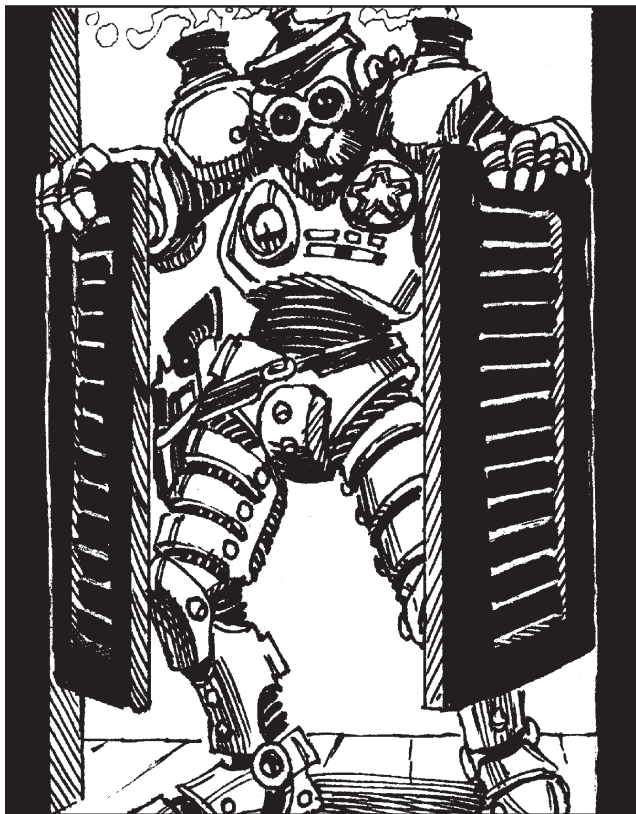
EDGES

Law Man: All lawmen have this Edge, obviously. It signifies the benefits of having the authority to enforce the law, belonging to an organization of lawmen, and so forth. The *law man* Edge automatically gives you the benefits of a *rank 1* officer (see **Rank**, below).

LAW MAN

Cost Law Man

- 1 Town marshal, anyone deputized for a specific long-term job (such as catching the James Gang), Pinkertons (although Pinks have national jurisdiction in the Union, they're still private citizens), judge.
- 2 Sheriff of a small county, town marshal
- 3 Sheriff, Secret Service operative, provost guard (national jurisdiction, but over a limited subject).
- 4 Texas Ranger, Deputy US Marshal.
- 5 Texas Ranger captain, United States Marshals, and any other lawman with unlimited authority over an entire nation.



RANK

Sometimes it's good to be a cop. Belonging to a big law organization gives you all kinds of privileges and benefits that the town marshal, sitting all by himself next to a row of dirty jail cells (with dirty criminals occupying them) doesn't have. In other words, Texas Rangers, Pinkertons, and the like have *rank*. Although people usually think of soldiers when they think of *rank*, lawmen in organizations have it too. Typical ranks for lawmen in the West are given on the table below, but the Marshal may feel free to add whatever he feels necessary to make the setting more realistic or appropriate.

RANK

Cost Rank

- 1 **Officer:** Any member of a law organization automatically has *rank 0*, indicating that they're members. Texas Rangers, Pinkerton operatives, and the like all have this "free" Edge.
- 2 **Low-Ranking Officer:** Officers that have received a promotion or two, such as corporals in the Texas Rangers. This *rank* is also used for the lowest level of officers in organizations that have relatively few divisions of personnel, such as the United States Marshals and the Secret Service.
- 3 **Mid-Ranking Officer:** Officers who have command of a large number of officers, possibly including some low-ranking officers. Examples include Pinkerton lieutenants and captains, and Texas Ranger lieutenants.
- 5 **High-Ranking Officer:** Officers who have command of entire divisions or sections of a law organization. Pinkerton bureau chiefs, Texas Ranger majors and captains, United States Marshals, and Secret Service chief operatives.

WHAT'S IT GET YOU?

Rank doesn't just mean getting a shinier badge. Every time a lawman goes up in *rank*, he gets more responsibilities (in the form of more laws to enforce, more territory to patrol, or more men to command), but with it comes more power and privilege. Here are some examples of what they get. Of course, it's always up to the Marshal to determine what the hero can and cannot have.

Rank 1: All officers have certain basic privileges. They are issued badges (if appropriate) and guns and given the authority to enforce laws and make arrests. They can call for extra help from their organization if they need it, though this can be a good way to shoot your career in the foot unless help is really necessary. Lawmen in the Weird West are expected to be self-reliant, and calling for help too often is seen as a weakness.

At the *rank-1* level, Texas Rangers and Pinkertons are supplied with the first nuggets of truth about the Weird West. They learn about the Reckoning, what it did, and some of what they can expect out there (including descriptions of the most common abominations). They are also ordered to suppress all information about these happenings. They are not told anything more than this, however. Texas Rangers receive a copy of the Ranger's Bible. Pinkertons get their first Gatling pistol.

Rank 2: All low-ranking and higher-level officers have the power to *deputize*. In other words, they can recruit civilian volunteers to help them apprehend outlaws. The emphasis here is on *volunteers*. You can't just shanghai whoever she wants for her posse, the poor sap's got to want to come along. Of course, *rank-1* officers can always ask for volunteers too, but most folks don't listen to them.

Rank-2 officers can also *commandeer* property for use in emergencies. If they need a horse quickly, or a gun or something else of the sort, this is how they get it. Unlike deputizing, this doesn't require a voluntary owner, but there had better be a real emergency, since the organization has to pay the owner for the use or destruction of his property.

Deputy United States Marshals have a single privilege which Rangers, Pinkertons, and Secret Service agents do not: They can collect the rewards and bounties offered for anyone they capture. Since their pay is often pathetically low and late in coming, Congress decided to allow this to keep the Deputy Marshals happy.

Secret Service operatives of this rank receive their first Browning Semi-Auto pistol and are given basic instruction in the current "state-of-the-art" technology. They are expected to learn anything else they need to know about gadgetry on their own or on the job.

Rank 3: Mid-ranking officers get access to a whole bunch of goodies. First of all, they usually have command of one or more lesser agents, which gives them the manpower to accomplish a lot of things.

Mid-ranking officers also typically have the power to hire new agents of lesser rank and to make promotions to ranks below theirs, though both of these decisions may require approval.

Rangers and Pinkertons begin to learn more at this *rank* about the effects of fear. They begin to learn that keeping a lid on stories of abominations helps keep others safe from them. Full details are not revealed to them though.

At *rank 3*, Rangers get limited privileges to access the entire Ranger library which is used to prepare the *Ranger's Bible*, as well as a slightly more thorough edition of the *Bible* itself. In addition to lots of information on regular outlaws, the library includes a large number of arcane texts, unclassified reports from other Rangers (which means almost all reports), and other useful information. Hucksters and hexslingers working for the Rangers are especially likely to take advantage of this privilege, since it can be of considerable help in discovering and learning new hexes. However, access to the library is still restricted. All requests must go through the librarians, who know to obtain special permission from higher-ranking officers (or even General King himself) for certain requests.



85

To find what he's looking for in the library (which is located in Austin), a Ranger must make two rolls. The first is a roll to determine if the library has the information at all. Your Marshal tells you what type of die to roll and what the Target Number is, based on his judgment. Then the Ranger must make a Fair (5) *Knowledge* roll to find what he wants.

At this level, Pinks are given the right to requisition new equipment from the Pinkerton Supernatural Research Division labs in the Denver office. This can include better weapons, vehicles, or just about anything else that might be useful in fighting outlaws or abominations. The character must make an Onerous (7) *Smarts* roll to see if his request is granted. The Marshal may make this roll harder if the character has requested something that is especially rare, powerful, or outrageous. At this level, Pinkertons also have access to the company's library in Massachusetts. Rules for accessing it are the same as those used by Rangers for their library.

Secret Service operatives of this Rank can request special equipment from the United States' arsenals and laboratories, similar to the Pinkertons (though the US has many more resources to draw on).

Rank 5: High-ranking officers are similar to mid-ranking officers, but they possess more power and privilege. They command more men and can hire or promote without having to get approval. High-ranking officers also have more access to the organization's secrets and resources. Few reasonable requests from these officers are turned down.

At this rank, Rangers and Pinkertons come to have full understanding of the effects of fear, fearmongers, and the like. They must, however, swear an oath never to reveal this information.

Rank-5 Rangers have full access to the library in Austin. Assuming the library has what they want, they don't have to roll to see if they find it, since the librarian always helps them. High-ranking Rangers also receive a more complete version of the *Ranger's Bible*—the most complete one available, except for those used by General King and his staff.

When a Pinkerton reaches *rank 3*, his requests to the P.S.R.D. are much less likely to be turned down. The character only needs to make a Foolproof (3) *Smarts* roll to get what he wants. Furthermore, the character may request that items be specially manufactured for him (within reason, as defined by the Marshal). There is also increased library access.

Secret Service agents of this rank begin to learn some of the truth behind the amazing technological developments of the past 13 years: that there is arcane power mingled with the science of the likes of Dr. Hellstromme. Some of them become mentally unhinged when they learn this and have to be quietly shuffled off to a pleasant little vacation home in the wilds of Pennsylvania.

United States Marshals draw the low hand in this particular poker game. They don't get anything except a little more money (and a lot more responsibility) than their Deputy United States Marshals—and they lose the ability to receive rewards and bounties.

GONG UP IN RANK

So this *rank* thing seems like a pretty good deal, doesn't it? Posse members are only allowed to start the game at *rank 1*, but they can advance in *rank* after that. There are no hard-and-fast rules for advancement. Promotions are awarded solely at the discretion of the Marshal, usually on the basis of long service to the organization, heroism, accomplishment, who you know, and (in game terms) good roleplaying. Posse members can never simply purchase greater *rank*. They must earn it.

NEW STUFF

ARCHETYPES

Before we move on to the new stuff, we need to make a few minor changes to a couple of the existing archetypes.

Pinkerton: Pinkertons need a few things to round them out. They should have *language: Pinkerton Code 2* (because their organization requires that they communicate in code), *shadowin' 2* (the one thing all Pinks are trained in), and the Edge *law man 1*.

Texas Ranger: List "Ranger's Bible" as part of their Gear.

NEW APTITUDES

GUNPLAY

Associated Trait: *Deftness*

This Aptitude allows a character to perform skilled gunhandling or gunfighting maneuvers, such as the road agent's spin, border shift, and some kinds of trickshooting (such as bouncing bullets off of walls to hit a target from behind). Most such maneuvers require a Fair (5) or Onerous (7) *gunplay* roll. It is up to the Marshal to determine whether a maneuver requires *gunplay* or just an attack roll or Trait test. *Gunplay* cannot be used to eliminate penalties for *shootin'*, such as for cover or moving targets, unless a maneuver's description or the Marshal specifically says that it can.

TRADE: FORGIN'

Associated Trait: *Knowledge*

This new Aptitude grants the ability to create fake money, documents, and even works of art. *Forgin'* requires a lot of time (days or weeks), the right materials and equipment (printing presses, currency paper, samples of the real stuff to work from), and a steady hand for the work. The Marshal may require the character to have other Aptitudes, like *arts: engravin'*, *arts: painting*, or *academia: art history* to pull off a forgery. Characters who are trying to detect a forgery make an opposed *scrutinize* roll against the forger's *forgin'*.

TRADE: GUNSMITHIN'

Associated Trait: *Knowledge*

This Aptitude is extremely important to gunfighters, since it allows characters to invent, build, repair, and improve guns. Guidelines for using it can be found in Chapter Three.

LAWMEN & OUTLAWS

NEW HINDRANCE

SECRET IDENTITY

2

Sometimes you have to live a double life. You've got an entirely new life or "cover identity" for yourself, and the discovery of your secret can easily lead to your death or disgrace at the hands of your enemies.

Characters with this Hindrance often purchase *performin': actin'* to help them play their parts.

NEW EDGE

TWO-GUN KID

3/5

A gun in each hand is your trademark. When they speak, folks listen—and die.

Characters must have the *two-fisted* Edge to buy this Edge. *Two-fisted* eliminates the -4 penalty for using an off hand. *Two-gun kid* eliminates the -2 penalty for using a gun in each hand. For 3 points, it reduces the penalty to -1. For 5 points, it eliminates the penalty entirely.

Alternately, a character with this Edge may fight with a knife in each hand or throw a knife with each hand at once.

MAKIN' OUTLAWS

Whether he's a rustler, desperado, or bushwacker, the outlaw is the opposite side of the coin from the lawman. Although sometimes lawmen become corrupt, or outlaws reform and take jobs as lawmen, for the most part the two stick to their separate roads. Some lawmen are mighty rough, even cruel at times, but what sets them apart from outlaws is that their heart is usually in the right place. Outlaws and desperadoes are just mean to the core. They don't care about anyone but themselves, and if you get in their way, they gun you down.

Players shouldn't ordinarily be playing outlaws. Outlaws are lawbreakers and killers—evil men who think only about themselves. *Deadlands* posse members, on the other hand, should have a certain streak of heroism. It takes men of strong arms and souls to oppose all the weirdness and fear in the West—men willing to sacrifice themselves for the good of others. Sure, heroes may be ornery and downright disagreeable at times, but at heart they're good folks. That means they're the exact opposite of most outlaws and, in fact, often help hunt outlaws down and bring them to justice.



RIDIN' THE OUTLAW TRAIL

There are some circumstances which might persuade the Marshal to let you play an outlaw character, so we wanted to provide rules for them—but you should get permission first.

The trick to creating an outlaw character is giving a former desperado some reason to look after folks other than himself or to strike a blow against the Reckoners and their fearmongering allies. There are plenty of ways to do this, such as:

FIGHTIN' THE GOOD FIGHT

A so-called “outlaw” might not really be an outlaw at all. Maybe he just lives in a place where someone like Reverend Grimme has got all the power in his wicked clutches, and he's had to learn an outlaw's skills in order to fight back.

REFORMED THIEF

Outlaws don't always stay outlaws forever. Sometimes they have a change of heart and become good men. Usually there's some major event in their lives (like getting married or having kids) that makes this happen, but sometimes they just tire of the outlaw life.

REVENGE

Seeing your best friends torn to shreds by some devil bat or eaten by a Mojave rattler may be enough to scare you straight—and turn you from the outlaw trail to the trail of revenge. Outlaws aren't stupid, and some that learn the truth about what's going on in the Weird West may decide to do something about it.

ROBBIN' HOOD

A few outlaws have hearts of gold. Rather than stealing for themselves, they steal from wealthy oppressors and exploiters and give the money to the poor and needy.

THE OUTLAW LIFE

Those who follow the outlaw trail usually take the (surprise) *outlaw* Hindrance. This Hindrance indicates two things about an outlaw: how vicious he is and how well- and widely-known he is as an outlaw.

The higher the value of the Hindrance, the more vicious and bloodthirsty the outlaw is, and the worse the crimes he commits. A high-value Hindrance means that the law's going to be looking for the outlaw all the time, the rewards

for him (dead or alive) are often be high, and he can never know a moment's peace except when hiding out in the deep wilderness.

The Hindrance can also indicate how well-known the outlaw is, how often you might happen to see his face on “Wanted” posters, how many people are talking about him down at the saloon. A fairly non-vicious criminal, like a counterfeiter, might still have an *outlaw* Hindrance of 4 because so many people have heard of him.

Regardless of how widely known an outlaw is, a Hindrance of 5 should usually be reserved for the worst desperadoes of the Weird West, men like John Wesley Hardin, “Deacon” Jim Miller, and Clay Allison. These men care little or nothing for human life and might shoot a man for as little as snoring too loudly or looking at them wrong.

A man with *outlaw* 2 or 3 may have a reward on his head, but it is likely small (up to \$200) and for his capture only. *Outlaw* 4 usually merits a greater reward (\$100-\$500) that attracts more attention. *Outlaw* 5 means there is almost always a large reward (\$500-\$10,000—or more) that's well-known, and the rewarders aren't too picky about whether the man's brought in on his feet or feet-first.

NOTORIETY

Hindrance	Notoriety
5	Murder, typically many times or in a particularly cruel fashion; known throughout the entire Weird West.
4	Murder (once or twice), rape, hardened bank and train robber, horse and cattle rustling; known throughout the Confederacy or the Union, or all over a large region.
3	Beginning bank and train robber, stagecoach robber, small-time horse and cattle rustling; known throughout a region.
2	Big-time card cheating, thieves, counterfeiting; known throughout a state or territory.
1	Small-time card cheating, petty thieves, pickpocketing, prostitution; known throughout a county.

ROBBIN' BANKS

The first daylight bank robbery in American history took place on February 13, 1866 when the James Gang stole \$60,000 from the Clay County Savings Bank in Liberty, Missouri. James sparked a criminal trend that's carried on to this day.

There's not much to most bank robberies. The gang rides in, their faces usually covered by bandannas, and takes the money out of the till at gunpoint. Sometimes a little planning is involved, but it's not a crime that requires a lot of thought or sophistication. However, the more successful gangs use a "gay cat," a member who goes into town in advance to case the bank, figure out the escape routes, and find out how well-lit it is at night (if the robbery is to take place then) and check out any opposition.

Some gangs prefer to distract the teller and slip out with the money rather than using violence. Sneak-thieves use rubber-soled shoes and special steel tools to slip by an unwary teller and scoop up any loose cash lying around—which, given the lax security in many banks, is sometimes a lot of greenbacks.

Things get a mite more complicated if there's a safe or vault to crack open. Safecracking's got to be done quickly or quietly, so that the town doesn't have time to put up any opposition. That means dragging the safe away or breaking in at night rather than in broad daylight. There are four basic ways to open a safe. The first is to "pick" the lock by figuring out the combination. This requires an Incredible (11) *lockpickin'* roll and at least 10 minutes' worth of time, unless the robber has certain advantages. One is that most safes come with standard combinations, and many aren't changed by the banks (*academia: safe combinations* applies here; make a Fair (5) roll to see if a robber knows a particular safe's standard combination, if any). Some banks keep safes and vaults "on the half cock," meaning all but the final number is entered (convert the *lockpickin'* roll to Fair (5)).

The second and most common method is to blow the thing open with dynamite or nitro. Nitro, known as "oil" or "soup," is often used, since it's easy to carry enough to do the job in rubber water bags. The cracks around the vault door are filled with soft soap, and a "cup" is formed out of the soap at the top. The nitro's poured in and seeps through the soap. Then the fuse is lit and *boom!* Off comes the door. An Onerous (7) *demolitions* roll is needed. Failure means it didn't work, and going bust means a premature explosion that probably kills most of the robbers.

The third method is to use acid to cut through the hinges or lock on the safe's door. Making (or buying) and properly using the right kind of acid requires *science: chemistry* in addition to safecracking skills—or someone with those skills to tell you how to do it.

Lastly, if the vault is not made of solid metal, it's possible to tear down the wall and get at it. Sometimes the gang has to rent the office or building next door to get at the wall, though. Older safes and vaults are just wood lined with metal strips, easily torn through with enough crowbars, elbow grease, and time. Solid cast-iron safes and vaults have only been available for the past eight years or so—and some bank robbers have learned all about how they are made (*academia: safes & vaults*). This usually reduces the TN of any rolls required to get into the safe or vault by -2 or -4.

Sometimes the word goes out that the bank's being robbed, and every man in town grabs his guns and heads down to stop the theft. No matter how good the unfortunate outlaws may be at shooting and riding, going up against several dozen guns, even in the hands of shopkeepers and farmers, usually gets them turned into Swiss cheese.



ROBBIN' TRAINS

Train robbery is another new crime. The first American armed train robbery was pulled by the Reno brothers back in 1866, when they took \$15,000 from the Union Blue in Ohio.

Train robbery requires a little work, since you've either got to stop the train or catch up to it, and then deal with any armed guards or other opposition. Stopping the train is best, since it's easier to get back off it when it's not moving. If the outlaws don't care about how much havoc they cause, they can simply cut the tracks or pile railroad ties or rocks on them, causing the train to derail. Another method involves blocking the tracks and using a red railroad lantern to signal the engineer to stop the train. The robbers then board and take what they want—normally gold shipments and passengers' valuables.

Catching the train is a little harder. The robbers have to lie in wait for the train near a steep hill or curve in the tracks where the train slows down. Then they ride up next to it on fast horses and board (this requires a Fair (5) *horse ridin'* or *Nimbleness* roll). After finding what they came for, they make their way to the front of the car and get the engineer to stop the train—hopefully near where their accomplices are waiting with fresh horses.

ROBBIN' STAGECOACHES

Outlaws who rob stagecoaches or other highway travelers are known as "road agents." They've got it easier than train or bank robbers, since no special preparations are required. All you need is a gun, enough cojones, and a target. However, on the average, road agents get less money than bank or train robbers, too, since relatively little money is carried on stages. Since drivers and passengers are often armed, stagecoach robbers are almost always armed too, and quite willing to shoot if they have to.

RUSTLIN' CATTLE

Cattle-stealing is a hanging offense in the Weird West, but a lot of it goes on nonetheless. There are plenty of ways to do it. First of all, when a man's got an enormous herd, it's not that difficult for a group of renegade cowboys to ride up on the far edges, cut loose some beeves, and ride off. The cattle can still be identified by their brand, but that doesn't matter to some buyers. This method of rustling's gotten harder since the invention of barbed wire in 1874, which lets ranchers keep their cattle confined to their land and off the "open range."

A lot of cattle thieves are much slicker. They use a "running iron" to obliterate the brand, or put another brand over it, which is known as "brand blotting." Some of them also carry "maverick brands," which are brands that haven't been registered at the county courthouse (that way they avoid taxes and can snatch and brand unbranded calves). Carrying one of these implements is sometimes considered evidence that the owner is a rustler, and that usually means a trip to the hangin' tree.

Sometimes rustlers just alter the brand a little to suit themselves. A "U" becomes an "O", an "L" turns into a "B", and so on. There is one good way to figure out when a "brand artist" has been at work. Even when a brand is obliterated or branded over, the original brand can still be seen on the beeve's flesh, just inside the hide. Kill the steer and skin it, and you can tell who it originally belonged to.

Some of the best-organized rustlers have their own relay systems of other rustlers, underground butchers, and ranches hidden out in the wilderness or in Mexico. This gives them a means to get away with stolen cattle quickly.

Even if rustlers are captured, sometimes it's mighty hard to get a conviction in court. Juries seem to prefer to have such matters settled informally, with a six-shooter or a rope, and may just let a rustler go if he's brought into court.

JUMPIN' CLAIMS

Mines and mining camps aren't exactly free from crime. Among miners, nearly anything goes at times, and injuries and death are not uncommon. One of the worst crimes is claim-jumping: stealing another man's claim by force. When a small-time miner with a small claim happens to hit it big (or even hit it at all), there's a good chance some desperado will try to take it away from him and mine it himself. Some claimjumpers are content to let the unlucky miner leave the area, but most prefer to shoot him so he can't cause any trouble later.

BUSHWACKIN'

This is one of the most lowdown, vicious crimes in the Weird West: ambushing a man to kill him. It's a coward's way of doing the job, but not all outlaws are honorable enough to face an enemy and slap leather with him.

Sometimes bushwacking's done for revenge, but some bounty hunters and outlaws do it for hire. The going rate for a hired killing is \$150-\$2,000, depending on who you're hiring, where you are, and who you want killed.

LAWMEN & OUTLAWS

COUNTERFEITIN' & FORGIN'

As mentioned earlier in this report, counterfeiting is big business in the Weird West. In some places, as much as a third of the money in circulation is "funny." "Pen men" also forge checks, bank notes, the "seven-thirty" bonds issued by the Union to fund the war, and other "commercial paper."

Counterfeiting and forgery require precise skills that take a long time to develop, so there aren't many really good forgers—but those few are capable of stealing millions of dollars. Many of them are former apprentice engravers or bank employees. Assisting the forger himself are backers (who help get the paper to perform the forgery on) and the "layerdown" (who spends the fake money or presents the forged paper to the bank). A gang like this can easily rake in hundreds of thousands or millions of dollars without the danger of committing armed robbery.

UNDERWORLD SLANG

The outlaws and crooks of the Weird West have their own distinctive lingo. Characters may make a Foolproof (3) *streetwise* roll to understand slang terms.

THE SLANG

Term	Meaning
Big Man	Pinkerton National Detective Agency
Buck the tiger	The card game faro (also "fight the tiger")
Bull	An officer
Bushes	Whiskers
Cahoots	In partnership together
Calaboose	Jail
Cannon	A revolver
Chip	A money drawer
Dangler	An express train
Ditched	Arrested
Ducket	A railroad ticket or begging card
Dump	A jail or boarding house
Harnessed box	A pressure-bar vault
Gay Cat	One who cases towns and banks
Girls of the line	Prostitutes
Jigg	A self-inflicted wound used as part of a beggar's or gay cat's disguise

Jimmying a bull	Shooting an officer
Junk	Silver money
Kiester	A steel chest
Kick	A pocket
Loaded for bear	Armed and looking for trouble
Mountain howitzer	A revolver
Mouthpiece	A lawyer
Oil	Nitroglycerin
Paunch	To shoot someone in the stomach or gut
Pen man	A forger
Pink	A Pinkerton operative
Put daylight through	To shoot
Rattler	A freight train
Rinches	Texas Rangers (very derogatory)
Rod	A revolver
Sapper	A policeman known for beating up criminals
Scratcher	A forger
Settled	Sentenced
Soiled dove	Prostitute
Soup	Nitroglycerin
White liner	An alcohol drinker
Yeggman	Thief



BANDITO

TRAITS & APTITUDES

Deftness 2d12

Fannin' 2
Shootin': pistol, rifle 3

Nimbleness 3d10

Dodge 1
Fightin': knife 2
Horse-ridin' 1
Sneak 1

Quickness 4d6**Strength 2d6****Vigor 2d10****Cognition 2d8**

Search 2

Knowledge 1d6

Area knowledge: Mexican border 2
Language: English 1

Mien 2d8

Overawe 2

Smarts 2d6

Survival: desert 2

Spirit 2d6**Wind: 20****Edges:**

Sand 2
"The stare" 1
Tough as nails 2

Hindrances:

Ferner -3
Oath (kill *monstruos*) -3
Outlaw -2

Gear: Two Army revolvers, Henry Repeating rifle, 30 rounds of ammo for each gun, horse, sarape, sombrero, \$10, 25 Mexican pesos.

PERSONALITY

Hola, señor. Nice day for a ride, eh?

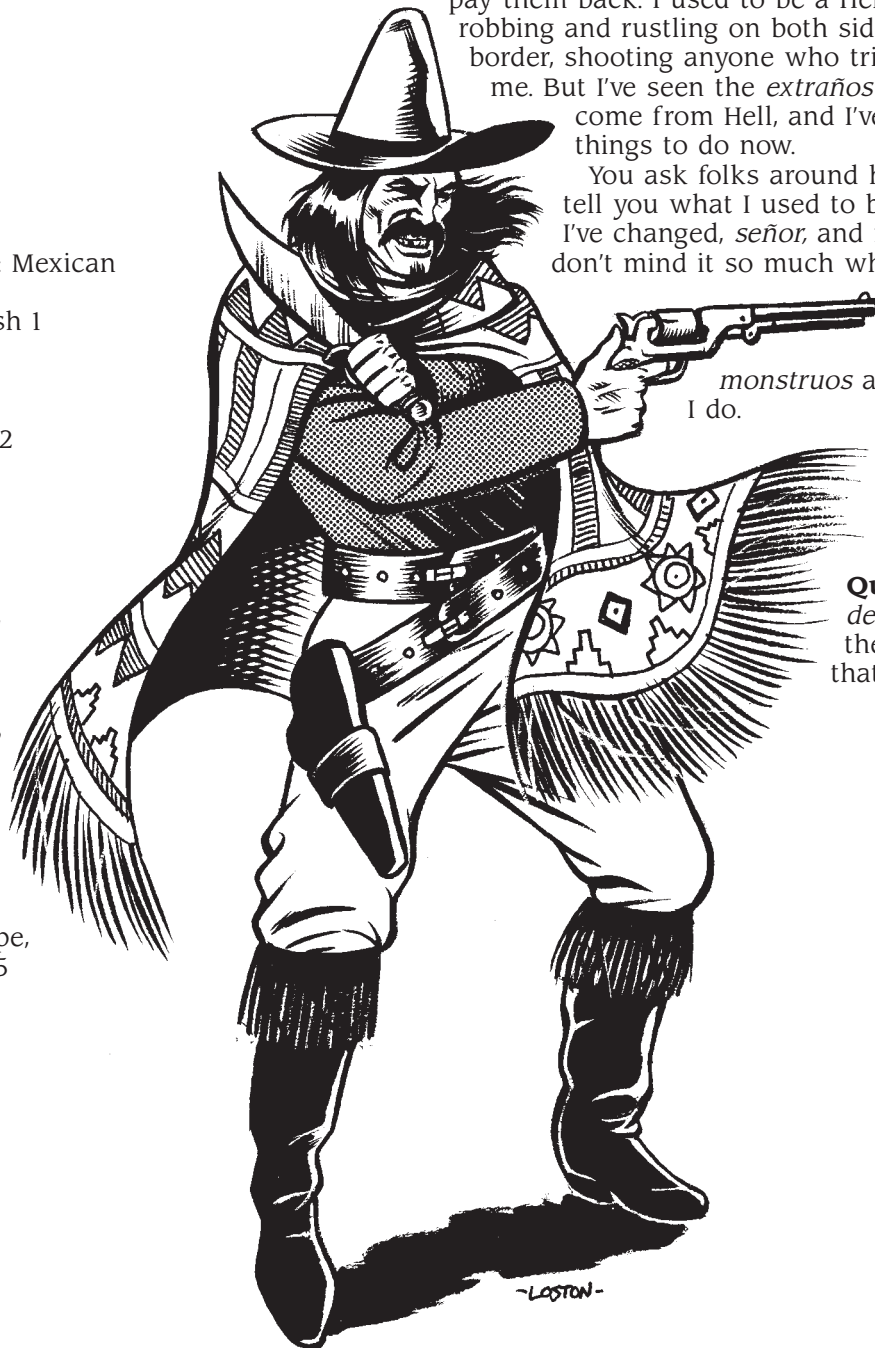
Bet you're wondering why I haven't drawn on you yet. I gave that up a while back. I fight *monstruos* now. Some of them ate my compadres a few months ago, and I'm going to pay them back. I used to be a Hellraiser, robbing and rustling on both sides of the border, shooting anyone who tried to stop me. But I've seen the *extraños* that have come from Hell, and I've got better things to do now.

You ask folks around here, they'll tell you what I used to be like. But I've changed, *señor*, and now they don't mind it so much when I come around.

They don't like the *monstruos* any more than I do.

You want to help me kill them, maybe?

Quote: "*Madre de dios!* Look at the teeth on that thing!"



DESPERADO

TRAITS & APTITUDES

Deftness 2d12

Fannin' 3
Shootin': pistol, shotgun 3

Nimbleness 3d10

Climbin' 1
Dodge 1
Horse-ridin' 2
Sneak 2

Quickness 3d10

Quick-draw: pistol 2

Strength 2d8

Vigor 4d6

Cognition 2d6

Knowledge 2d6

Mien 2d8

Overawe 2

Smarts 2d8

Gamblin' 2

Spirit 2d6

Wind: 12

Edges:

Two-fisted
Two-gun kid

Hindrances:

Outlaw -3

Gear: Two single-action Colt Peacemakers, scattergun, 30 rounds of ammo for both types of guns, fast-draw holsters for guns, two speed-load cylinders for revolvers, horse, \$20.

PERSONALITY

Sure, I used to be a part of the Bleeding Heart Gang, but I ain't like that anymore. I got fed up with the life. I ain't no saint, that's for sure, but some of those guys could scare the white off a sheet. It's time to put my skills to use in another line of work.

Then again, I've seen things. Weird things. Horrifying things. Like the creature that came up out of the desert floor and ate Lefty and his horse in one gulp! There's something going on out there, and I aim to find out what. And I'll take care of it.

Quote: "I don't wanna have to shoot you, mister. Just put the gun down and get out of my way, and everything will be fine."



HEXSLINGER

TRAITS & APTITUDES

Deftness 2d12

Shootin': pistol, rifle 2

Nimbleness 3d10

Dodge 2

Fightin': brawlin' 2

Horse-ridin' 2

Quickness 2d10

Quick-draw: pistol 2

Strength 2d6**Vigor 2d6****Cognition 2d8**

Search 2

Trackin' 1

Knowledge 4d6

Academia: occult 1

Area knowledge 2

Mien 3d8

Overawe 1

Smarts 2d8

Survival: desert 1

Spirit 1d10**Wind: 22****Edges:**

Arcane background:

hexslinger 3

Tough as nails 3

Hindrances:

Focus-dependent -1

(typical focus is a gun)

Heroic -3

Law o' the West -3

Special Abilities:**Hexslingin' 5****Hexes:** ammo whammy, loaded for bear, load 'em up, soul blast**Gear:** Focus (gun or otherwise), two double-action Colt Peacemakers, '73 Winchester rifle, 50 rounds of ammo for both types of guns, speed-load cylinder for revolvers, fast-draw holsters for Colts, horse, deck of cards, \$50.

PERSONALITY

There are more ways to use these guns than just shootin' lead, you know. Silver works much better on some of the things running around out there.

You don't have any silver bullets? Well, neither do I—now. But give me a second, and I may be able to whip something up. You see, I've learned some of the secrets of the world, my friend. There are mysterious powers out there, and a smart and determined man can learn to control them. That makes me more than just a gunslinger, even if I do use my

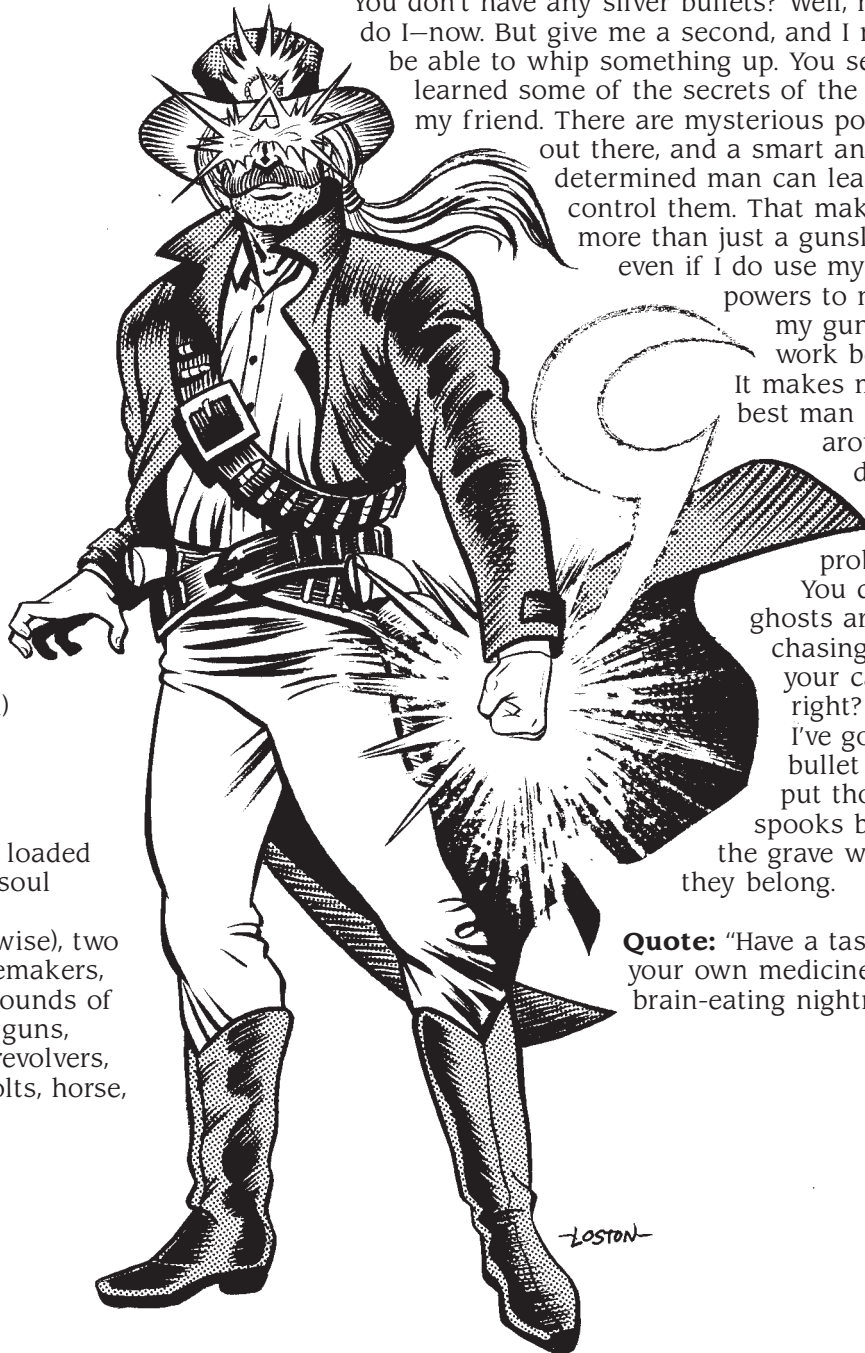
powers to make my guns work better.

It makes me the best man

around to deal with your problem.

You did say ghosts are chasing off your cattle, right? Well, I've got a bullet that'll put those spooks back in the grave where they belong.

Quote: "Have a taste of your own medicine, you brain-eating nightmare!"



US MARSHAL

TRAITS & APTITUDES

Deftness 2d12

Shootin': pistol, rifle 3

Nimbleness 3d10

Climbin' 1

Dodge 2

Horse-ridin' 2

Sneak 1

Quickness 2d10

Quick-draw: pistol 2

Strength 3d6**Vigor 4d6****Cognition 2d8**

Scrutinize 2

Search 2

Trackin' 2

Knowledge 3d6

Professional: law 1

Mien 3d8

Overawe 2

Smarts 1d10

Survival: mountains 2

Spirit 2d6**Wind: 12****Edges:**

Friends in high places 3

Law man 5

Rank 1

Hindrances:

Law o' the West -5

Obligation -5 (protect the United States from criminals)

Gear: .44-40 Colt Frontier, Winchester '76 rifle, 50 rounds of ammo for both guns, horse, badge, \$110 in Union greenbacks.

PERSONALITY

Howdy, mister. You seen this man?

I'm the United States Marshal for this district.

This fellow's wanted by the United States for bank-robbin'. There's a reward in it if you help us capture him.

No, not the town marshal—US Marshal. I used to be a town marshal over in Kansas a few years ago, but it got boring.

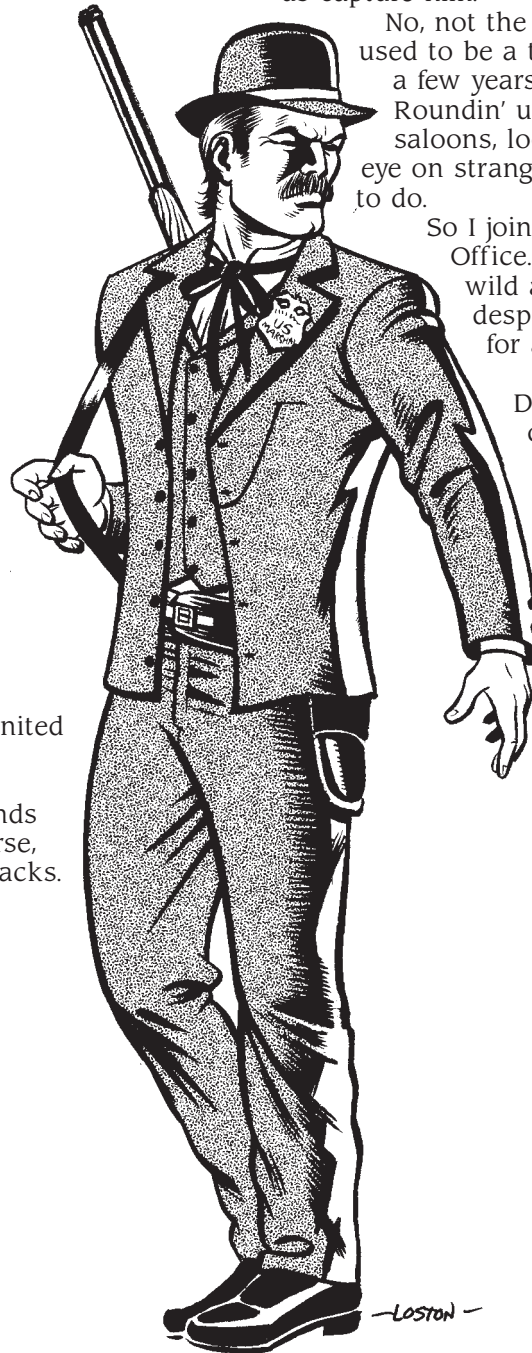
Roundin' up drunks, checkin' on the saloons, lookin' out for fires, keeping an eye on strangers. Not really what I wanted to do.

So I joined up with the US Marshals Office. They send me out into the wild areas, lookin' for outlaws and desperadoes. Excitement enough for any man.

What did you say?

Dangerous? Sure, it's dangerous—but it's worth it to keep folks safe from the likes of Jesse James.

Quote: "You're under arrest by authority of the United States government."



GUNSLINGIN'



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CHAPTER THREE: THE FINE ART O' GUNSLINGIN'



Gunfighting's been a preoccupation in the West since long before it became weird, and all the new threats that have cropped up in the past 13 years have only added fuel to the fire. Gunmen of all stripes, from sheriffs to hardened outlaws, spend hours discussing famous gunfights, debating the best types of draws, and comparing the virtues of one gun to another.

As you might expect, this chapter discusses the finer points of drawing your iron and doing a little bit of fancy gunslinging. If your cowpoke is interested in becoming a master marksman, well, look no further. We guarantee you won't be disappointed.

First we are going to provide you with a few new rules for all the gunslingers riding through the *Deadlands*. Then we give you some new combat rules that you can incorporate into your game. And last, we have expanded the Weapons Table to include just about every weapon that your little, gunfighting heart desires.

GUNFIGHTING CLARIFICATIONS

This section provides some clarifications for the gunfighting rules given in the original *Deadlands* rulebook.

DRAWN' TWO GUNS

Take two! Some characters want to be able to quick-draw two pistols at one time. This is allowed as an Onerous (7) action, but the *quick draw* roll suffers a -2 penalty unless the character has the new *two-gun kid* Edge from this book (which reduces the penalty to -1 or eliminates it, depending upon how many points were spent).

To get both pistols out and fire them in the same action, the character must get a success and a raise on his *quick draw* roll (after any penalties are applied). A success alone means both pistols are drawn, but only the one in the primary hand can be fired as part of the same action. No successes means the pistols are drawn, but cannot be used in that action. On a bust, both guns are dropped, or one or both of them misfire (but you didn't need all your toes anyway, did you?). Fast-draw holster bonuses apply to the *quick draw* roll for drawing two guns, and only if both guns are in them.

At the Marshal's option, a character who is not a *two-gun kid* can eliminate the -2 penalty to his *quick draw* roll to draw two guns by making a Fair (5) *gunplay* roll.



GUNSLINGIN'

RELOADING BLACK POWDER WEAPONS

The rules for reloading black powder weapons in the *Deadlands* rulebook apply to muzzle-loaded guns (and primarily to rifles, like the Springfield .58). They do not apply to cap-and-ball weapons (and these are generally revolvers), which use a slightly different rule. See *The Quick & The Dead* and later in this chapter for rules on reloading cap-and-ball weapons.

CALLED SHOT MODIFIERS

Here are some more Called Shot modifiers:

CALLLED SHOT MODIFIERS

Size	Penalty
Finger	-10
Gizzards (generally)	-4
Groin	-6
Knee, elbow	-6
Belt buckle/holster	-10
Hat	-10



NEW GUNFIGHTING MANEUVERS

THE BORDER SHIFT

A favorite with characters who carry two guns, this maneuver allows a character to bring his backup gun into play when the gun in his primary hand is empty. To use this maneuver, the character must have two guns out, one in each hand. (This is not uncommon for gunslingers, even if they don't intend to use the two-gun kid maneuver, since the second gun functions as a backup weapon when the first runs out of lead) The border shift involves switching the guns so quickly that the backup gun is now in the gunfighter's "good" hand. This not only allows the character to avoid the -4 off-hand penalty, but it allows him to fire that action as well.

To use the border shift, the character takes a single action and makes a Fair (5) *gunplay* roll. Success means that he has switched guns. If the roll is missed, the character fails to switch guns. If the character goes bust, he drops both of his guns and begins preparing for a trip to Boot Hill.

BUFFALON'

Guns are useful for things other than shooting. They also make darn good clubs if you're of a mind to crack someone's noggin. Being clubbed with an iron is a painful thing, and every good, gunslinging cowpoke knows how to use his pistol in this way too.

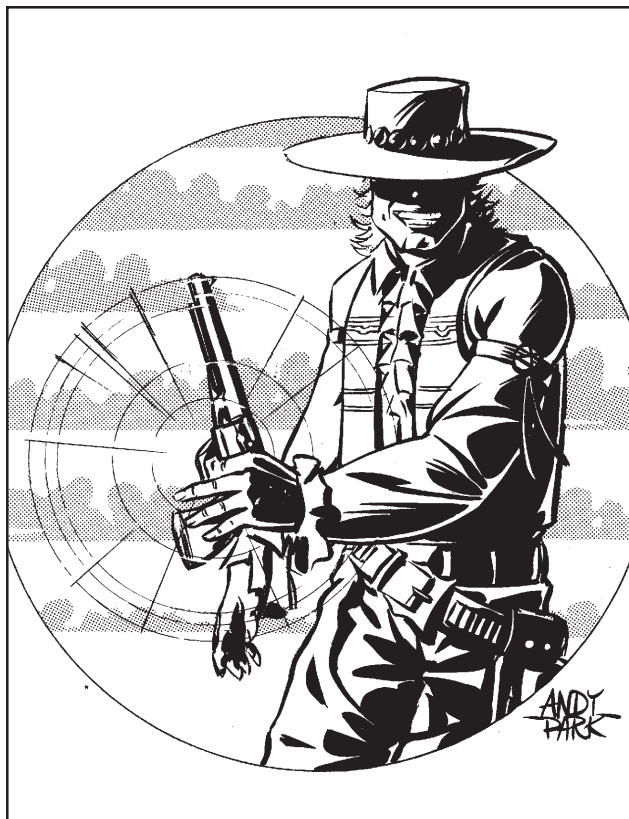
Using a gun as a club is referred to as buffaloing—which, as someone once put it, is "the gentle art of bending a revolver barrel around a lawbreaker's skull." A rifle or shotgun butt can also be used to buffalo. Any character can buffalo another character, but unless he knows the *fightin': brawlin'* Aptitude, he might damage or break his gun. Characters without this Aptitude must roll a d20 when using a gun to buffalo. On a 19 or 20, the gun has been damaged and cannot be shot. Characters with *fightin': brawlin'* can automatically buffalo without damaging their guns.

When used as clubs, pistols do d4 damage, and rifles and shotguns do d6 (plus *Strength*, of course). Derringers and bows cannot be used to buffalo. As the quote above indicates, buffaloing attacks are usually applied to the target's head, but this is purely cinematic. Characters receive no extra damage for buffaloing unless they make a called shot to the noggin with the standard -6 penalty. When buffaloing, characters may choose between doing Wind or lethal damage.

DISARMING SHOTS

Everyone knows that if you want to shoot some gunslinger in the hand, it's -6 to your roll (see the *Deadlands* rulebook). When a cowpoke takes a wound to the hand, even a light one, the character must make a *Vigor* roll versus the standard wound difficulty. If he fails the roll, he drops whatever he's holding in that hand. The character may, though, pick the weapon up on his next action. A hand that's suffered a serious or greater wound is too badly damaged to hold anything.

If you want to disarm someone without hurting her, you have to shoot the weapon out of her hand. That's a mighty tough task. If the attack is successful, roll the damage as normal. The target must then make a *Strength* roll, using the amount of damage done as the Target Number. Success indicates that the character retains a hold on her weapon (though it may suffer some damage or be broken, at the Marshal's option). Failure indicates that the weapon has been knocked out of her hands (and is thrown d6 yards away from her). If she goes bust, the weapon has been knocked away from her and been broken by the force of the attack.



DISARMING SHOTS

Weapon	Modifier
Bow	-8
Derringer	-9
Knife	-7
Pistol	-6
Rifle	-5
Shotgun	-5
Whip/Lariat	-8

FANNING THE HAMMER

Note: *Fannin'* used to be its own Aptitude in the first edition of *Deadlands*. It changed to a maneuver in the Revised Edition, and is explained there. The rules below are identical to those found in the Revised Edition.

Veteran gunslingers sometimes "fan" their sidearms. Fanning simply means holding the trigger down on a single-action revolver and slapping the hammer repeatedly with the palm of the other hand. This puts a lot of lead in the air fast, but it isn't a very accurate way to shoot your weapon.

Fanning uses the *shootin': pistol* skill. The fanner needs one free hand and a single-action revolver in the other.

The rate of fire is 1 to 6, depending on how many bullets the hero wants to waste. Even if a gun holds more than six rounds, that's the most a shooter can fan in one action. Fanning one shot isn't really worthwhile, but it can be done.

To resolve the attack, pick a target and figure out the TN based on the range and any other modifiers. Fanning a pistol isn't very accurate, so the shooter has to subtract -2 from his attack roll (this is on top of the "shooting from the hip" modifier, so the total penalty is -4). Obviously, it's hard, but it's deadly if you're *really* good at it.

Here's why. A success and each raise thereafter causes a bullet to hit. The firer chooses what targets he hits, though any besides the original target must be within 2 yards of the last target hit.

A shooter can't draw a bead when fanning, though he can make a called shot on the first bullet only (good luck, Clint!). Figure the TN for the first shot. Any raises after that hit random locations as normal.

Fanning is very difficult, and only the best gunslingers do it. Even then, it's only used in close quarters and an emergency. Use fanning wisely, or your hero may find himself out of ammo, with a bunch of bad guys around him.

GUNSLINGIN'

THE ROAD AGENT'S SPIN

This maneuver is a favorite among seedy outlaws. The gunslinger offers to surrender his gun and holds it out butt-forward, as if to allow the other man to take it. However, he keeps his fingers in the trigger guard, and when the other man is least expecting it, he spins the gun back into his hand so that it's pointed at his enemy, cocking the hammer as it spins. Then the only thing left to do is to find out what type of flowers the unwary cowpoke wants on his grave.

To use the road agent's spin successfully, a character must make an Onerous (7) *gunplay* roll. Penalties for using the off hand apply if the character tries to do the spin with two guns at once, unless he's *two-fisted*. If the roll is missed, the gun gets tangled up in the character's fingers and the maneuver fails. If he goes bust, he drops his guns and looks like a fool.

SHOOTIN' REFLECTIONS

Trick-shot artists (or gunfighters in life-or-death situations) often demonstrate their prowess by shooting at targets using only the reflection from a mirror to show them where to aim. Shots aimed based on reflections are made at -8, but if the shooter can make a Fair (5) *gunplay* roll on the action before the reflection shot, he can reduce this penalty to -4.



CARRYING & USING GUNS

HIDIN' GUNS

Sometimes an hombre's got to keep his shooting iron under wraps. Maybe he needs to keep the guy he's gonna plug dumb and happy, or perhaps he just doesn't want to offend a lady.

Each gun on the Expanded Shootin' Irons Table (see below) has a Concealment rating. This indicates how easy it is to hide it. The smaller the number, the easier the gun is to hide. Hiding places likewise have numerical ratings indicating what size guns can be hidden in them. A hiding place can conceal a gun (or guns) with a Concealment rating equal to or less than its own rating.

For every 1 point that the gun is smaller than the hiding place, another character using *search* to see if the character is carrying a concealed gun has +1 to his TN. For every 1 point that the gun is larger than the hiding place, there is a -1 to the *search* TN. At the Marshal's option, a gun whose Concealment is 3 or more points larger than the Concealment of its hiding place is obvious to anyone without them needing to make a roll.

- El Gato wants to hide his Colt Derringer in the small pocket located in his vest. This weapon has a Concealment of 1. His vest pocket has a Concealment of 1, meaning it can hide a gun of up to Concealment 1 or less. Therefore he can successfully hide the derringer in his vest. Anyone who tries to see if he is concealing a gun must make a Fair (5) *search* roll.

HIDIN' GUNS

Object	Concealment Rating
Boots	1
Doctor's bag	3
Hat	1
Man's suit jacket	3
Long coat	5
Pants pocket	1
Saddlebags	3
Serape	2
Shirt	1
Skirt (underneath)	4
Vest/vest pocket	1

QUICK DRAWING & HOLSTERS

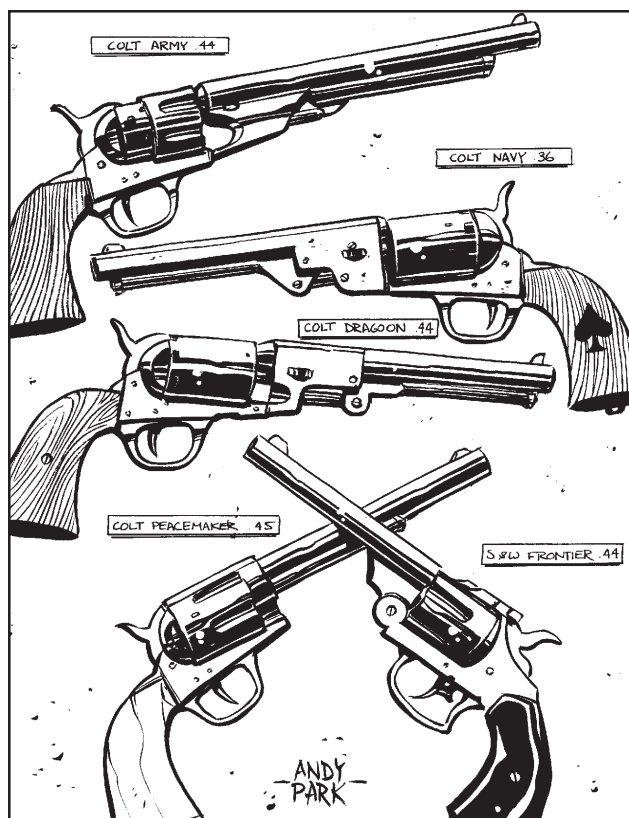
A quick draw often means the difference between life and death for a gunslinger, and most don't even consider death an option in the matter. Therefore, a lot of attention is paid to ways to draw guns quicker. For instance, the gunslinger may use a holster that allows for quicker draws, or perhaps he gets creative and comes up with all sorts of other tricks to get that hogleg out of that scabbard before the other guy can get the drop on him. The bottom line is, if you hang around gunslingers long enough, you soon get an earful of ideas and opinions about ways to draw your guns quicker.

There are two basic types of draws. The first and most common is the fast draw (also called the side draw), which involves drawing a gun which is carried on the same side of the body as the hand that draws the gun. Guns carried this way have the hammer facing forward and the butt facing backward. This is the standard method of carrying a revolver. The only drawback to it is that it's harder to draw a gun this way when you're riding (-1 to *quick draw* rolls when the character is mounted on horseback).

A variant on the fast draw is the twist draw (this is also known the underhand draw), in which the gun's butt faces forward and the shooter draws it with the hand on the same side of the body and "twists" his wrist to get the gun facing forward. Essentially, the gunslinger draws the weapon with his thumb facing his back, and as he draws the weapon he will cock the gun as he turns the barrel over and to his front.

Some gunslingers, especially those who frequently work as cowboys, prefer to use the cross draw (also known as the border draw, plains draw, or reverse draw). This involves reaching across the body to draw a gun which is carried on the opposite side of the body from the hand that draws the gun (for example, using the right hand to draw a gun worn on the left hip). This requires a special cross-draw holster in which the gun is carried with its butt facing forward.

The advantage to this is that it's easy to draw the gun when on horseback (or if the character is wearing a coat and hasn't had time to move the weapon behind the holster). It's also safer, since it poses less risk of the gunslinger accidentally shooting himself while drawing. The drawback is that it's slower than the fast draw (-1 to all *quick draw* rolls except those made on horseback).



The type of holster used can also affect the draw. A cross draw requires a special holster that not only keeps the gun in the right position, but is deep enough and strong enough to hold the gun while the gunslinger rides his horse. A fast-draw holster is custom-made for a particular gun and leaves the hammer, trigger, and butt outside the leather for a rapid draw. It is tied to the leg and worn at a slight angle to the body. Fast-draw holsters add +2 to *quick draw* rolls. Because the shape of most cap-and-ball revolvers does not allow them to be quick-drawn easily, fast-draw holsters are usually only made for metallic cartridge guns (at the Marshal's option, there is a -1 *quick draw* penalty for trying to quick-draw a cap-and-ball gun).

Even faster than a fast-draw holster is the pivoting holster, which is attached to the gunslinger's belt by a stud and is open at the bottom. Rather than wasting time drawing the gun, the gunslinger simply pivots the gun up and fires. This adds +3 to *quick draw* rolls (the roll in this case is made to bring the gun into play quickly, rather than actually draw it). If the *quick draw* roll goes bust, the character shoots himself in the foot or leg, however. Swivelling holsters must be custom-made and cost \$20.

GUNSLINGIN'

There are also special holsters that keep guns out of sight until the gunslinger's ready to use them. A shoulder holster hides a gun underneath a man's coat, allowing him to fool his opponent into thinking he's reaching for a handkerchief instead of a revolver. Shoulder holsters cost \$5.

Even more popular with gamblers and their ilk are springsleeve holsters, which hide a gun up the sleeve, and thrust it out into the shooter's hand when he flexes his wrist the right way. This adds +1 to *quick draw* rolls, but if the roll goes bust, the character fails to grab hold of the gun as it shoots out of his sleeve and it goes flying across the room. A springsleeve holster can only carry a gun with a Concealment of 1 (derringers and pocket pistols). Springsleeve holsters have to be custom-made and cost \$11.

Besides special holsters, there were plenty of other tricks that gunslingers used to improve their drawing and shooting speed. Some of them apply grease or wax to the inside of their holsters (or their pockets, if they carried guns in them). Some file down the sights of their guns to keep them from snagging on the holster. Either of these tricks adds +1 to *quick draw* rolls, but they cannot be used together.



SUPERIOR IRONS

They say that clothes make the man. In the case of gunslingers, it's more likely to be the iron, not the clothes, that makes him what he is and keeps him alive. Here are some rules to make your guns even better.

QUALITY GUNS

Pistols in *Deadlands* come with several basic parts: the trigger, the hammer, the action (the inner mechanical workings of the gun that cause the hammer to fall when the trigger is pulled), the cylinder (which holds the bullets in a revolver), the barrel, and the sights (if any). A gunslinger can use better parts to get a better gun. There are two ways to do this.

First, if the gunslinger is in a store where there are a large number of guns on sale, he can mix-and-match parts to find the best ones. This requires a Fair (5) *shootin'/Knowledge* roll and a sufficient selection of parts that fit together. Not all guns have compatible parts. In fact, there needs to be a broad selection of similar-sized guns from the same manufacturer in order to do this (the Marshal may increase the Target Number of the *shootin'/Knowledge* roll if there are fewer parts to choose from). A more reliable way to do this is to hire a gunsmith to make better parts for you. In either case, this doubles the cost of the gun. However, for most gunslingers the price is well worth it, for a "gun of quality" such as this adds +1 to *shootin': pistols* rolls.

Rifles can also be made into guns of quality. In most cases, they can also be lengthened to increase their Range Increment (see below).

GUN ATTACHMENTS

Gunfighters can also buy different attachments to make their guns work more efficiently. These include:

BAYONET

Bayonets are knife-like blades which attach to the front of rifles, allowing the rifle to be used as a short spear. Bayonets do the same damage as knives, but a character needs to know the *fightin': bayonet* Aptitude in order to use them properly.

Bayonets do not make it harder to reload the rifle. They cost \$5 each. If the rifle is not already equipped for a bayonet (most repeating rifles are not), modifying it to accept the bayonet will cost \$3.

GUNSLINGIN'

RIFLE SIGHTS

All rifles come with basic iron sights. These may be upgraded by adding improved sights (cost \$3; add +1 to *shootin'* rolls at any distance of 50 yards or greater if the shooter draws a bead for at least one action) or telescopic sights (cost and rules for which are in *Smith & Robards*). Sights can also be added to pistols.

SHOTGUN CHOKES

A choke reduces the diameter of the muzzle of a shotgun. This prevents the shotgun pellets from spreading out so quickly. When using a choke (which costs \$3), subtract one bonus die every 15 yards, rather than every 10 yards as with a normal shotgun.

SHOULDER STOCK

This is an attachable butt that makes a revolver more accurate at a distance. Modifying the revolver to accept the stock costs \$3, and the stock itself costs \$3. Using a stock increases a revolver's Range Increment to 15, but adds +2 to its Concealment. By itself the stock has a Concealment of 2. If a disarming shot is made against a revolver with a shoulder stock, use the modifier for shooting at a rifle.

GUN CUSTOMIZATION

Gunslingers with money to burn can add some of the nifty features listed below.

CYLINDER STOP

These devices are slots in the cylinder that lock it into position so that the hammer on a cap-and-ball revolver can be placed between two percussion nipples. This prevents misfires, making it safe to carry the gun fully loaded instead of having to keep the hammer on an empty cylinder. This is also available for metallic cartridge guns. In either case, installing cylinder stops costs \$10 and requires a Fair (5) *trade: gunsmithin'* roll and a day's time.

GHOST STEEL

It is possible to manufacture guns out of ghost steel (*Smith & Robards*). This triples the cost of the gun and usually takes weeks. The benefits are twofold. First, such guns are much lighter, making it easier to carry or hold them for long periods of time. Second, they are sturdier. In the event of a malfunction of cap-and-ball, Maynard cap ribbon, or armor piercing ammunition (see *Smith & Robards*), any damage suffered by the shooter is halved.



HAIR TRIGGER

A hair trigger is one which fires a gun with only the slightest amount of pressure. This has several benefits—as well as a few drawbacks. The main benefit is a +1 to the shooter's *shootin': pistols* Aptitude, since there's no "pull" on the trigger to disrupt the character's aim. However, guns with hair triggers have a Reliability of 18 which simulates the fact that they are more likely to fire accidentally than guns with normal triggers. It can come in handy for any gunslinger, but watch those toes, partner.

Whenever appropriate, the Marshal can have the character roll to see if his gun accidentally goes off. A failed roll indicates that the gun misfires, not malfunctions. Furthermore, whenever the gun is accidentally dropped, or if it is shot out of the character's hand, a misfire automatically occurs without having to roll. For this reason guns with hair triggers are almost always carried with only five rounds in the cylinder so that the hammer normally rests on an empty chamber. Hair triggers cannot be combined with set triggers.

Installing a hair trigger costs \$5 and requires a Fair (5) *trade: gunsmithin'* roll and an hour's time.

GUNSLINGIN'

LENGTHENING THE BARREL

Making a gun's barrel longer improves its ability to hit targets at extreme ranges. This modification costs \$15 and adds 5 to the gun's Range Increment and +1 to its Concealment.

SET TRIGGER

A set trigger is an improved trigger that has an easier, smoother pull. This grants a +1 to the shooter's *shootin': pistols* roll. If the Marshal is using the -1 penalty for double-action revolvers, a set trigger counteracts that penalty. Set triggers cannot be combined with hair triggers.

Installing a set trigger costs \$10 and requires a Fair (5) *trade: gunsmithin'* roll and an hour's time.

SHORTENING THE BARREL

Some gunfighters who like to play cards cut down a gun's barrel to create a "belly gun" that's easily hidden. Only guns with a Concealment of 2 or higher can be cut down. This costs \$5 and requires a Fair (5) *trade: gunsmithin'* roll and an hour's time. It subtracts -1 from the gun's Concealment and adds +1 to *quick draw* rolls made to draw the gun. However, it also subtracts -5 from the gun's Range Increment.



FANCIFYIN' THINGS

Some gunslingers can't resist the chance to gussy up their guns and make them look all purty. Often this is a sign of a tinhorn, but every now and then you meet an experienced gunman who's improved the appearance of his guns, so watch out. The fine folks at Smith & Robards do a lively trade in this sort of work.

Some types of fancifying include:

ENGRAVING

Full-pistol engraving costs +20% of the weapon's base cost and requires an Onerous (7) *arts: engravin'* roll and a week's time. Engraving of less than an entire pistol (say, only on the cylinder, or only on the grips) costs proportionately less and takes proportionately less time (but usually no less than one day).

GOLD INLAY

Usually the gold inlay improvement accompanies engraving, since the gold is etched into the engraving. It costs +25% of the gun's base cost and requires a Hard (9) *arts: engravin'* roll and a day's time.

NICKEL OR SILVER PLATING

Nickel plating costs +25% of the gun's base cost; silver plating costs +50%. Either type can be added by a gunsmith or anyone else with *trade: silversmithin'* in 1-12 days (depending upon the size of the gun). However, this improvement comes at an even greater price: -1 to *shootin': pistol* rolls made when in sunshine or bright light, because the light glints off the barrel and into the shooter's eyes. This penalty does not apply to hipshooting.

PEARL OR IVORY HANDLES

Pearl or ivory handles cost \$10 and can be installed by anyone (no special skills are necessary) in just a few minutes.

WEIRD IRONS

These days, there are some mighty weird gizmos floating around out there, most of them brought to you courtesy of Smith & Robards. They've even applied their ingenuity to guns and other weapons. Pick up a copy of their latest catalog and take a gander at it. The next time some shambling bag of bones comes up out of its grave with a hankering for your blood, turn a Gatling shotgun or acid gun on it and send it back where it belongs!

REVISIONS

The following rules are already in place if you have the *Deadlands Revised Rulebooks*. For those of you still using our first edition, here are a few changes to the combat rules.

AUTOMATIC WEAPONS

Automatic weapons like Gatling guns fire bursts to fill the air with lead at the expense of accuracy—much like a shotgun.

To handle things easily using the normal *shootin'* rules, we break bursts up into three bullets each. That means automatic weapons have Rates of Fire of 3, 6, 9, 12, and so on. A character must fire all three shots of each burst—he can't choose to fire only one or two shots unless noted otherwise.

A character can fire up to the weapon's Rate of Fire each action, he just has to resolve each three rounds burst as a separate attack. A character firing a Gatling pistol with a ROF of 3, for instance, only makes one roll. If he fires a steam Gatling with a ROF of 6, he rolls twice. With a ROF of 9, he rolls 3 attacks, and so on.

The character's *shootin'* roll determines how many rounds from each burst actually hit a target. Make one *shootin'* roll per burst. Every success means one of the three bullets hits its target. Extra successes are lost.

Hit location for each round is rolled randomly.

MULTIPLE TARGETS

Multiple targets can be hit by a single burst. Choose a primary target. The first bullet hits this poor sodbuster. A raise could hit a second victim up to 2 yards away, and another raise could hit a target 2 yards away from the second.

To hit targets further than 2 yards from the primary target requires a second burst. (Though others may be hit with the *Innocent Bystanders* rules in the *Deadlands* rulebook.) Determine each round's hit location and damage separately.

The player must assign his hits before rolling damage or resolving a second burst. In other words, roll all your attacks, assign hits to targets, then go back and roll hit location and damage for each. That way you can't see if the first bullet in a burst kills some poor fool before assigning your second or third.

A character firing on automatic can "draw a bead" or make called shots on his first target only. Simply add or subtract modifiers from the usual TN and figure raises and additional hits from there.



RECOIL

Firing off a hail of automatic fire is hard to control. Each burst fired after the first in a single action suffers a -2 recoil modifier. This is cumulative, so the third burst in an action suffers a -4, and so on, to a maximum of -6 should a weapon ever have such a high Rate of Fire.

A good brace such as a sling or a bipod reduces the recoil penalty by -1 or even -2 per burst (Marshal's call). Gatlings mounted on their standard swiveling tripods, for instance, ignore all recoil penalties.

SHOTGUNS

Shotguns and scatterguns work a little differently than most weapons. The benefit of either is that one shell unleashes a half-dozen or so balls. This makes them ideal for unskilled shooters, since they can fill the air with lead. Even better, the closer the shooter is to her target, the more balls are likely to hit, and the more damage they can cause.

Anyone firing a shotgun adds +2 to her *shootin'* roll.

Shot from a shotgun scatters as it travels, so

GUNSLINGIN'

closer targets get hit with more pellets than those farther away. For this reason, shotguns do more damage to close targets, as shown on the table.

Touching means the shotgun is smack up against a person's body so that there's no chance any of the buckshot balls can miss. At this range, it's assumed the victim is "under guard" and can't move. At ranges of 1 yard and further, the target can move enough that some of the balls might miss, hence the decreasing damage on the table.

SHOTGUNS & SCATTERGUNS

Range	Damage
Touching	6d6
1-10	5d6
11-20	4d6
21-30	3d6
31+	2d6

FANNING THE HAMMER

Fanning went from its own skill to a maneuver in *Deadlands* revised. Check out the rules on page 57 for a refresher.



QUICK DRAW

Drawing a weapon takes an action, as does cocking and firing. What if you don't have that kind of time?

Easy. The *quick draw* skill not only lets you draw a weapon as a simple task, it also lets you cock it if needed as well. The TN to draw or draw and/or cock a weapon as a simple task is shown on the table below.

QUICK DRAW TABLE

Task	TN
Draw	5
Cock	5
Draw & Cock	7

REDUCING DAMAGE

Here's another rule already in place if you have *Deadlands* revised. The change is provided for those who don't.

Some targets have "armor ratings." Each level of Armor reduces the die type of damage by one step. An attack that uses d20s (like dynamite) is reduced to d12s by a single level of Armor. Two levels of Armor drops the damage to d10s, and so on.

Here's the new part. If the die type is dropped below a d4, drop the number of dice instead. An attack reduced to 0d4 does no damage. A 3d6 bullet that goes through something with an Armor value of 1, for instance, is reduced to 3d4. A 3d6 bullet that hits something with an Armor of 2 is reduced to 2d4.

MARSHAL'S SHORTCUT



Deadlands Revised introduced a better way for Marshals to keep track of tons of bad guys. If you're wearing the badge, check it out.

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MORE IRONS FOR THE FIRE

For the discriminating gunslinger, the next few pages contain the updated and expanded New Weapons Table. After the table, we have provided notes on some of the more interesting weapons, as well as descriptions of some of the different types of weapons available in the West. Be sure to check them all out carefully. You never know what your hero might end up facing.

GUNSLINGIN'

NEW WEAPONS

Weapon	Ammo	Shots	ROF	Range	Damage	QD	Con	Year	Cost	Notes
Single-Action Revolvers										
Adams Revolver	.50	5	1	10	3d6	+0	3	1851	\$16	C&B
Army Pistol	.44	6	1	10	3d6	+0	3	1860	\$12	
Augusta Revolver	.36	6	1	10	2d6	+0	3	1862	\$10	C&B
Colt Army	.44	6	1	10	3d6	+0	3	1860	\$11	C&B
Colt Army-Thuer	.44	6	1	10	3d6	+0	3	1869	\$13	
Colt Buntline Special	.45	6	1	10	3d6	-2	4	1870	Special	1
Colt Dragoon	.44	6	1	10	3d6	-1	3	1848	\$12	C&B
Colt Dragoon No. 3	.44	6	1	10	3d6	+0	3	1858	\$13	C&B, 2
Colt Navy Revolver	.36	6	1	10	2d6	+0	3	1851	\$11	C&B
Colt New Line	.30	5	1	5	2d6	+0	3	1874	\$8	
Colt New Line	.38	5	1	5	2d6	+0	3	1874	\$9	
Colt Old-Line	.22	7	1	10	2d4	+0	3	1860	\$8	
Colt Open Top	.44	6	1	10	3d6	+0	3	1871	\$13	
Colt Open Top Pocket	.22	7	1	5	2d4	+0	1	1870	\$8	
Colt Paterson Belt Model	.31	5	1	10	2d6	+0	2	1837	\$12	C&B
Colt Peacemaker	.45	6	1	10	3d6	+0	3	1873	\$15	3
Colt Pocket	.31	5	1	10	2d6	+0	2	1849	\$10	C&B
Colt Police	.36	5	1	10	2d6	+0	3	1861	\$10	C&B
Colt Walker	.44	6	1	10	3d6	+0	3	1847	\$12	C&B
Forehand & Wadsworth	.44R	6	1	10	3d6	+0	3	1875	\$13	
Freeman Army Revolver	.44	6	1	10	3d6	+0	3	1863	\$10	C&B
Joslyn Army Revolver	.44	5	1	10	3d6	+0	3	1861	\$10	C&B
Kerr's Patent Revolver	.38	5	1	10	2d6	+1	2	1857	\$10	C&B
Leech & Rigdon Revolver	.36	6	1	10	2d6	+0	3	1863	\$10	C&B
LeMat Grapeshot Pistol	.40	9	1	10	2d6	-1	2	1876	\$25	4
& Shotgun	16ga	1	1	5	2d6+3d6	-	-	1876	-	
LeMat Revolver	.42	9	1	10	3d6	-1	3	1860	\$25	C&B, 4
& Shotgun	16ga	1	1	5	2d6+3d6	-	-	1860	-	
Merwin Hulbert Army	.44-40	6	1	10	3d6	-	3	1876	\$14	
Navy Pistol	.36	6	1	10	2d6	+0	3	1851	\$10	
Remington Army	.44	6	1	10	3d6	+0	3	1863	\$10	C&B
Remington-Beals Pocket	.31	5	1	5	2d6	+0	1	1857	\$8	C&B
Remington Navy	.50	1	1	10	3d6	+0	3	1867	\$10	C&B
Remington New Model	.46	6	1	10	3d6	+0	3	1870	\$13	
Remington Single-Action	.44	6	1	10	3d6	+0	3	1875	\$13	
Roger & Spencer Army	.44	6	1	10	3d6	+0	3	1863	\$11	C&B
Savage & North Navy	.36	6	1	10	2d6	-1	3	1861	\$12	C&B
Smith & Wesson No. 1	.22	7	1	10	2d4	+0	1	1857	\$8	
Smith & Wesson No. 2	.32	6	1	10	2d6	+0	3	1861	\$10	
Smith & Wesson No. 3	.44	6	1	10	3d6	+0	3	1870	\$13	
Smith & Wesson No. 3	.45	6	1	10	3d6	+0	3	1876	\$14	
S&W Baby Russian	.38	5	1	10	2d6	+1	1	1876	\$11	
S&W Russian	.44R	6	1	10	3d6	+0	3	1870	\$13	5
S&W Schofield	.45	6	1	10	3d6	+0	3	1876	\$14	6
Volcanic Pistol	.31	6	1	10	2d6	-1	3	1854	\$8	LA, 7
Volcanic Pistol-Carbine	.38	10	1	10	2d6	-1	4	1854	\$12	LA, 7
Volcanic Pistol	.41	8	1	10	2d6	-1	3	1854	\$10	LA, 7

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NEW WEAPONS

Weapon	Ammo	Shots	ROF	Range	Damage	QD	Con	Year	Cost	Notes
Single-Action Revolvers										
Volcanic Repeating Pistol	.38	6	1	10	2d6	-1	3	1857	\$10	LA, 7
Wesson & Leavitt Pocket	.31	6	1	10	2d6	+1	1	1851	\$10	MCR
W. Irving Knuckle-Duster	.32	5	1	5	2d6	+0	2	1870	\$8	
Double-Action Revolvers										
Colt Peacemaker	.45	6	2	10	3d6	+0	3		\$15	
Colt Frontier	.32-20	6	2	10	2d6	+0	3	1877	\$8	
Colt Frontier	.44-40	6	2	10	3d6	+0	3	1877	\$10	
Colt Lightning	.38	6	2	10	2d6	+0	3	1877	\$13	8
Colt Thunderer	.41	6	2	10	2d6	+0	3	1877	\$14	
Cooper Navy	.36	5	2	10	2d6	+0	3	1873	\$12	
Kerr's Patent Revolver	.38	5	2	10	2d6	+1	2	1863	\$11	C&B
Merwin Hulbert Pocket	.32	6	2	10	2d6	+0	2/3	1877	\$18	9
Pettengill Army	.44	6	2	10	3d6	+0	2	1861	\$14	10
Smith & Wesson DA	.38	5	2	10	2d6	+0	3	1880	\$13	
S&W Frontier	.44R	6	2	10	3d6	+0	3	1881	\$15	
Starr Revolver	.44	6	2	10	3d6	+0	3	1860	\$9	C&B
Derringers & Pepperboxes										
Derringer	.44	2	1	5	3d6	+1	1	1850	\$8	DA
American Pepperbox	.34	18	1	5	2d6	-1	3	1858	\$12	C&B
Chuchu Pistol	.22	4	1	5	2d4	+1	1	1870	\$8	DA
Colt Derringer	.41	1	1	5	2d6	+1	1	1870	\$8	SA, 12
English 1840 Model	.36	8	1	5	2d6	+1	1	1840	\$5	C&B, 13
Marston Pistol	.32	3	1	10	2d6	+1	1	1864	\$8	DA
Palm Pistol	.32	7	1	5	2d6	+1	1	1883	\$9	DA, 14
Rem. Double Derringer	.41	2	2	5	2d6	+1	1	1865	\$10	SA, 15
Rem.-Eliot Derringer	.32	4	1	5	2d6	+1	1	1863	\$11	DA
Remington Rider	.32	5	1	5	2d6	+1	1	1871	\$10	SA
R&L Pepperbox	.31	5	1	5	2d6	+1	1	1849	\$9	C&B
Rupertus Pepperbox	.22	8	1	5	2d4	+1	1	1860	\$6	SA
Sharps Derringer	.30	4	1	5	2d6	+1	1	1859	\$10	DA
Wesson Dagger-Pistol	.41	2	2	5	2d6	+1	1	1868	\$6	16
Williamson Single-Shot	.41	1	1	5	2d6	+1	1	1866	\$7	SA
Rifles & Carbines										
Ballard '72	.56	1	1	20	5d8	+0	4	1872	\$24	C&B
Bullard Express	.50	11	1	20	4d10	+0	4	1872	\$30	
Colt Lightning Repeater	.44-40	7	1	20	4d8	+0	4	1885	\$28	17
Colt Paterson Model 1836	.69	7	1	20	5d10	+0	4	1836	\$25	C&B, 18
Colt Revolving Rifle	.56	5	1	20	5d8	+0	4	1855	\$24	C&B
Enfield Rifle Musket	.58	1	1	25	5d8	-1	6	1853	\$25	C&B, 19
Evans Sporter	.44 E	34	1	20	4d8	+0	4	1875	\$30	20
Henry Repeating Rifle	.44	16	1	20	4d8	+0	4	1860	\$35	LA
Hotchkiss Rptng. Rifle	.45-70	1	1	20	4d8	+0	4	1878	\$45	Bolt-action
LeMat Carbine	.42	9	1	15	3d6	+0	4	1860	\$35	C&B, 4
&Shotgun	16ga	1	1	5	2d6+3d6	-	-	1860	-	

GUNSLINGIN'

NEW WEAPONS

Weapon	Ammo	Shots	ROF	Range	Damage	QD	Con	Year	Cost	Notes
Rifles & Carbines										
Remington Model 1871	.50-70	1	1	20	4d10	+0	4	1871	\$20	
Sharps 1855 Carbine	.57	1	1	20	5d8	+0	4	1855	\$18	C&B
Sharps 1859 Rifle	.52	2	1	20	4d8	+0	4	1859	\$19	C&B, 21
Sharps 1869 Rifle	.60	1	1	20	5d8	+0	4	1869	\$20	
Sharps 1874 Rifle	.45	1	1	20	4d8	+0	4	1874	\$22	
Sharps Big 50	.50	1	1	25	4d10	+0	4	1877	\$20	
Spencer Carbine	.52	1	1	15	4d8	+0	4	1865	\$15	
Spencer Carbine	.56-50	7	1	15	4d8	+0	4	1865	\$15	
Springfield .58	.58	1	1	20	5d8	+0	4	1873	\$8	C&B
Springfield 1873	.45-70	1	1	20	5d8	+0	4	1873	\$15	
US Model 1822	.69	1	1	10	4d8+4d6	+0	6	1822	\$8	B&B, 22
US Model 1842	.69	1	1	10	4d8+4d6	+0	6	1842	\$10	B&B, 22
US Model 1855	.58	1	1	20	5d8	+0	4	1855	\$15	MCR, 23
Volcanic Carbine	.38	30	1	15	3d8	-1	4	1855	\$14	LA, C&B, 7
Volcanic Carbine	.41	30	1	20	4d8	-1	4	1854	\$25	LA, C&B, 7
Whitworth	.45	1	1	30	4d8	+0	6	1857	\$120	C&B, 24
Winchester '66	.44	16	1	20	4d8	+0	4	1866	\$20	LA
Winchester '73	.44-40	15	1	20	4d8	+0	4	1873	\$25	LA
Winchester '76	.45-47	15	1	20	4d8	+0	4	1876	\$22	LA
Shotguns										
Single Barrel	12ga	1	1	10	2d6+4d6	+0	4		\$25	
Double Barrel	12ga	2	2	10	2d6+4d6	+0	4		\$35	
Scattergun	12ga	2	2	5	2d6+4d6	+1	3		\$35	
Colt Revolving Shotgun	12ga	5	1	10	2d6+4d6	+0	4	1839	\$45	
Winchester Lever-Action	12ga	4	1	10	2d6+4d6	+0	4	1850	\$35	LA
Unusual Firearms										
Gatling Gun	.36	45	3	20	3d8	-	N/A	1862	\$1,200	25
Gatling Pistol	.44	12	3	5	3d6	-1	3	1863	\$800	25
Flamethrower	-	30	1d6	20 max	1d10/shot	-1	6	1876	\$2,000	26
Other Weapons										
Bolo	-	1	1	5	STR+1d4	-2	2	N/A	\$3	27
Bow and arrow	-	1	1	10	STR+1d6	-1	4	N/A	\$3	
Thrown Knife	-	1	1	5	STR+1d6	+0	2	N/A	\$3	
Thrown Spear	-	1	1	5	STR+2d6	+0	5	N/A	\$3	
Thrown Tomahawk	-	1	1	5	STR+2d6	+0	3	N/A	\$3	
Dynamite (1 stick)	-	1	1	5	3d20	-	2	1867	\$3	28
Nitro (8 ounces)	-	1	1	5	3d20	-	3	1846	\$1.25	29

WEAPONS TABLE KEY

- Ammo:** The caliber of ammunition.
- Shots:** The number of rounds of ammunition the gun carries.
- ROF:** The gun's Rate of Fire, how many shots it can fire with each Action (see the *Deadlands Player's Guide*).
- Damage:** The amount of damage the weapon does with a successful shot.
- QD:** The modifier to a character's *quick draw* Aptitude when he attempts to quick draw the gun. Positive modifiers add to his Aptitude (making a *quick draw* easier). Negative modifiers reduce his Aptitude (making it harder). This penalty can be eliminated by taking a special *quick draw* Concentration in that particular type of gun (such as *quick draw: LeMat*).
- Con:** The Concealability rating of the gun.
- Year:** The first year the weapon was made. These are the historical dates. Since things move a bit faster in the Weird West, it's up to you as to when you might want to introduce later guns into your game.
- Cost:** The cost of the weapon in dollars.
- Notes:** Any notes about the weapon.

WEAPON NOTES

- B&B:** This gun may use buck and ball ammunition.
- C&B:** Cap-and-ball ammunition is used by this gun.
- DA:** Double-action.
- E:** Evans, a type of ammunition manufactured by the Evans Co.
- LA:** Lever-action. Guns with a lever action require two hands to use, but can use the rifle-spin maneuver (even if they're not rifles) and can be fanned.
- MCR:** Maynard cap ribbon propellant is used by this gun.
- N/A:** Not applicable.
- R:** Russian, a type of ammunition manufactured by Smith & Wesson.
- SA:** Single-action.
- 1. Colt Buntline Special:** The original model of this weapon was made for muckraker Ned Buntline. It has a 16" barrel and a detachable shoulder stock. Buntline has had many of these pistols made to give as gifts to prominent Western personalities.

The Colt Buntline Special cannot ordinarily be bought. They must be specially ordered from the Colt factory in New Jersey (for \$500), and

carrying one in normal condition requires a custom-made holster as well (and even with the holster, this big gun is really difficult to draw).

With a Buntline Special, each action spent drawing a bead yields a +3 bonus instead of the usual +2 (maximum bonus is still +6, though). When the stock is used, increase the gun's Range Increment to 15 as well. To quick-draw a Buntline Special properly, a character needs to have the *quick draw: Buntline* Aptitude. This eliminates the *quick draw* penalty given on the chart.

2. Colt Dragoon No. 3: This pistol comes with an attachable shoulder butt that converts it into a short rifle. In rifle mode, its Range Increment becomes 15.

3. Colt Peacemaker: Also known as the Single-Action Army, the Six-Shooter, or the Frontier, the Peacemaker is the most powerful and one of the most common pistols in the Weird West. It comes in a variety of models, which differ primarily on the basis of barrel length: the Cavalry (7.5"/+0 QD/3 Con); Artillery (5.5"/+0/2), Civilian (4.5"/+0/2), Sheriff (2.5"/+1/1).

4. LeMat Grapeshot Pistol, Revolver, and Carbine: These unusual weapons mount a 16-gauge scattergun barrel under the pistol (or rifle) barrel. A switch moves the hammer between the two, so only one or the other can be fired in a single action (flicking the switch requires no time). Early models were cap-and-ball, but modern (1876) versions use cartridges.

5. Smith & Wesson Schofield: This weapon is able to eject all six spent cartridges at once, making it quicker to reload. It takes less than half the time of the Colt Army to reload. A character can reload three rounds into a Schofield in a single action, or all six rounds if he makes Fair (5) *speed load: pistols* roll. However, there is a risk of catching the latch when drawing the pistol and ejecting all the shells at that time. If the character goes bust when using *quick draw* with a Schofield, all the shells fall out of the gun, and he looks like a greenhorn.

6. Smith & Wesson Russian: This is actually a group of three different pistols (all equivalent in game terms) which S&W makes under a contract with the Russian army (but they also sell them commercially). It uses a special bullet, the S&W .44 Russian cartridge, which is heavier, slightly wider, and more powerful than a standard .44 cartridge. A S&W Russian revolver can fire normal .44 bullets, but a normal .44 pistol cannot fire .44 Russians. At the Marshal's option, the .44 Russian may cause +1 point of damage with any successful attack.

The Model 3 Russian comes with a detachable shoulder butt that converts it into a short rifle. When the gun is in rifle mode, its Range Increment becomes 15.

7. Volcanic Pistols and Carbines: The Volcanic guns, patented in 1851 and first manufactured in 1854, used metallic-cartridge bullets contained in a tubular magazine beneath the barrel. The action is worked by a lever, similar to that on a Henry or Winchester rifle, and it allows the firer to shoot bullets fast. To use a Volcanic this quickly, a character must have the *gunplay* Aptitude. Normal Fannin' rules apply.

8. Colt Lightning: This pistol has a fragile spring and hammer, making it prone to malfunction. It has a Reliability of 19.

9. Merwin Hulbert Pocket: This pistol comes with two barrels—one 7.5" long, and a shorter one about 4" long. Switching the barrels requires an action.

10. Pettengill Army: This odd-looking pistol has no hammer, thus making it easier to conceal than other pistols of similar barrel length.

11. Pepperboxes and Derringers: A pepperbox is a pistol with multiple barrels which are rotated to bring them in line with the hammer. A multi-barreled derringer, on the other hand, has fixed barrels, and the hammer rotates to strike each chamber in turn.

12. Colt Derringer: This gun is listed in previous *Deadlands* books as the Colt One-Shot.

13. English 1840 Pepperbox: Once you've emptied this gun's eight barrels, you can cut yourself a good plug of chaw. A large knife blade juts out from between the weapon's barrels.

14. Palm Pistol: This is a tiny gun which is held in a closed fist with the barrel protruding between two fingers. Palm pressure fires the gun.

15. Remington Double Derringer: This was listed in previous *Deadlands* books as the Remington 2-Shot. Some versions of this hideaway weapon have a small knifeblade attached under the barrel, and this adds \$2 to the cost.

16. Wesson Dagger-Pistol: Like the English 1840 Model, the Wesson Dagger-Pistol has a small knifeblade projecting between its barrels.

17. Colt Lightning Repeater: This rifle uses a slide-action mechanism to feed bullets into the chamber. It requires two hands to use: one to hold the rifle (and pull the trigger), and one to work the slide. It can be fanned.

18. Colt Paterson Model 1836: This rifle has a revolving cylinder and is reloaded like a

revolver (use *speed-load: pistol*).

19. Enfield Rifle Musket: This British-made rifle has been acquired and put into use by both sides in the War Between the States in large numbers. It can fire .577 or .58 ammunition with extreme accuracy over a long range, but is not considered a sniper rifle unless built as a gun of quality.

20. Evans Old Model Sporter: This high-capacity rifle has a four-column magazine in its stock. It uses special .44 caliber ammo made by the manufacturer. It cannot use ordinary .44 ammo, nor can other .44 guns use .44 Evans bullets. These are extremely hard to come by out West but can be ordered directly from the company, and their delivery takes about three weeks.

21. Sharps 1859 Rifle: This high-quality rifle was most often used by Yankee snipers. This rifle uses a percussion cap, but is a breechloader, so it can be loaded and fired at the same rate as a metallic-cartridge rifle and without having to stand up.

22. US Models 1822, 1842: These smoothbore muskets were still common in the during Civil War, and though difficult to find now, they still crop up occasionally—often in the hands of some old coot, hermit, or war veteran. They use buck and ball ammunition for a devastating effect, but have a Reliability of 18. They reload like black-powder weapons, and use the same Malfunction table.

23. US Model 1855: The standard version of this rifle uses the Maynard cap system. There is also a shorter-barreled "Harper's Ferry" model and a model made by Richmond Arms, both of which use cap-and-ball ammunition.

24. Whitworth: This extremely accurate British-made rifle is primarily a Confederate sniper weapon. It is often equipped with a telescopic sight and is effective at extremely long ranges.

25. Gatling Guns: Refer to the *Deadlands* rulebook for rules on using Gatling weapons. The Gatling Gun has a Reliability of 19. The Gatling Pistol a Reliability of 18.

26. Flamethrower: Flamethrowers have a Reliability of 18. Refer to *Deadlands* for rules about using flamethrowers.

27. Bolo: Instead of doing damage, a bolo can entangle like a whip.

28. Dynamite: Dynamite has a Burst Radius of 10. Refer to *Deadlands* for further rules about using dynamite.

29. Nitroglycerin: Nitro has a Burst Radius of 10. Refer to *Deadlands* for further rules about using nitro.

GUNSLINGIN'

FIRING SYSTEMS

CAP & BALL GUNS

Cap-and-ball weapons get their name from the way they're fired. The bullet (ball) and gunpowder are loaded by hand into the gun's chamber, and a small percussion cap containing mercury fulminate is fitted onto a nipple on the outside of the chamber. When the trigger is pulled, the hammer detonates the cap, which ignites the powder and fires the bullet.

It takes three actions to load each chamber in a cap-and-ball weapon because they each have to be individually charged with powder and ball. Also, the person doing the reloading needs to be standing up. With a revolver, it's usually easier simply to pop out the empty cylinder and replace it with a fully-loaded spare. This takes two actions. Cap-and-ball weapons have a Reliability of 19.

Conversions are available for gunslingers who want to use the new ammo without having to buy a whole new gun. Converting a cap-and-ball weapon to use metallic cartridges costs \$5 and requires an Onerous (7) *trade: gunsmithin'* or *tinkerin'* roll and a day's time. Converting a cap-and-ball rifle costs 100% of the rifle.

MAJORITY

Minor Malfunction: A spent cap drops off into the firing mechanism, jamming the gun. It can be cleared by spending a single action. If the weapon is a rifle, the shooter receives a burn from the hot barrel instead and he takes a light wound to the hand holding it. Any further actions with that hand are at -1 until it heals.

Major Malfunction: A spent cap drops into the mechanism and is crushed. Removing it requires a Fair (5) *tinkerin'*, *trade: gunsmithin'*, or *shootin'/Knowledge* roll. This takes 1 round. If the weapon is a rifle, the nipple clogs with percussion cap residue, and can be removed just as with a revolver with an Onerous (7) *tinkerin'*, *trade: gunsmithin'*, or *shootin'/Knowledge* roll in 1 round.

Catastrophe: The last shot touches off the other chambers, and the weapon explodes. Treat this as an explosion which harms only the firer and does 1d6 damage per unfired chamber. If the weapon is a rifle, a cookoff occurs. A cookoff does 2d6 damage to the shooter's arms (or sometimes the noggin for green soldiers; the Marshal decides which).

MAYNARD CAP RIBBONS

The Maynard cap ribbon firing system, patented in 1845, uses a ribbon containing tiny pellets of primer. The ribbon of detonating caps is fed over the nipple automatically when the gun's hammer is cocked. The force of the exploding primer propels the bullet. Maynard cap ribbons are almost as difficult to reload as black-powder weapons. Use the black-powder reloading rules from the *Deadlands* rules, but reduce the reloading time to four actions.

Maynard systems have a Reliability of 18.

MAJORITY

Minor Malfunction: The ribbon is knocked out of alignment with the nipple. It's easy to correct (requires one action).

Major Malfunction: The ribbon tears.

Removing the torn part and putting the ribbon back in place requires a Fair (5) *tinkerin'*, *trade: gunsmithin'*, or *shootin'/Knowledge* roll and takes 1 round.

Catastrophe: The ribbon becomes tangled, all of the pellets ignite at once, and the weapon explodes. Treat this as an explosion which harms only the firer and does 1d6 damage for every two unfired caps.

BUCK AND BALL AMMUNITION

This is a .69 Minie ball with three large buckshot rounds bound on top in a pre-rolled cartridge. This turns the rifle into a devastating shotgun at close range. Buck-and-ball ammo gives the gun a Reliability of 18; use the cap-and-ball Malfunction Table.

Buck and ball ammo is not required for any gun; guns that use them can fire standard ammunition. Simply ignore the bonus dice for using the shotgun-style ammunition.

AMMUNITION PRICES

Type	Number	Cost
Pistol (.22, .31, .32, .34, .36, .38)	50	\$2.00
Pistol (.40, .41, .44, .44R, .45, .50)	50	\$3.00
Rifle (.38, .44, .50, .52)	50	\$4.00
Rifle (.56, .57, .58, .60, .69)	50	\$5.00
Powder & Shot	20	\$1.00
Percussion Caps	60	\$.50
Shotgun Shells	20	\$2.00
Arrows	20	\$2.00
Speed-Load Cylinder	1	\$3.00
Maynard Cap Ribbon (one)	24 shots	\$3.00
Buck & Ball Ammo	20	\$4.00

NO MAN'S LAND



HEXSLINGIN'





CHAPTER FOUR: THE FNER ART O' HEXSLINGIN'



Hexslingers are a weird new breed of gunfighters, sort of a gunman crossed with a huckster. After the Reckoning, when men learned how to cast hexes, some men figured out how to apply that knowledge to gunfighting. The best of them became hexslingers. The rest of them—well, you don't want to know what happened to them.

HEXSLINGIN'

The origins of hexslinging are much like hexslingers' powers: obscure and mysterious. No one knows who the first hexslinger was or how he got his powers. However, the money of most folks who know about this sort of thing is riding on one John Henry "Doc" Holliday, who has displayed occult powers from time to time. The first reports of anything resembling hexslinging correspond with his journeys across the Weird West, primarily his long trip from Dodge City to Tombstone. Several hexslingers claim to have trained with Holliday or with someone who says he learned from the consumptive ex-dentist. Holliday refuses to comment.



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According to the most-commonly told story, while Holliday was traveling through Texas he chanced to meet a man whom he'd had a gunfight with back in Dodge—and killed. When this undead killer started firing, Holliday spoke a few arcane words over his own six-shooters and proceeded to blow cannon-sized holes in the Harrowed! But even that wasn't enough to lay a vengeful soul to rest. In Mexico, the man's ghost caught up with Holliday. Witnesses say that Holliday changed some of his ammunition into silver bullets and shot the ghost dead just as if it were a normal human target.

Characters who want to learn hexslinger hexes are going to have to find someone to teach them, or they need to come up with a reason to develop hexslinging powers on their own. Hexslingers don't have a book like *Hoyle's* from which they can study. Their lore is passed down primarily by word of mouth. Perhaps someday a hexslinger will commit his wisdom to paper, but so far none of them have been motivated enough to take the literary plunge. Some hexslingers also learn the tricks of their trade from the Pinkertons or Texas Rangers. Those groups' arcane research laboratories have been studying hexslinging for some time.

HEXSLINGIN'

MAKIN' HEXSLINGERS

Hexslingers must take the *arcane background*: *hexslinger Edge* (no different from *arcane background: huckster*, really—just a different name), and they must have at least 1 level in *academia: occult*. Beyond that, there are no limitations except those that apply to all characters. Naturally, a hexslinger's skills tend to be those of the standard gunfighter—*shootin'*, *gunplay*, *fannin'*, *quick draw*, *speed-load*—but with a few odd twists here and there because of their unique nature.

Hexslingers can buy any new Edge or other ability for hucksters from *Hucksters & Hexes*, but they do not receive +2 to all *gamblin'* rolls like normal hucksters. Many (if not most) hexslingers are *focus dependent* (usually on a particular gun or type of gun). Hexslingers can also buy tricks. For instance, *reload* is a particularly useful and favorite hex for the typical hexslinger.

Hexslingers learn hexes (whether their own special hexslinger hexes or the hexes for regular hucksters) using the standard rules for learning hexes in the *Deadlands Player's Guide*. They also suffer backlash just like regular hucksters.



HEXSLINGER HEXES

Hexslingers can buy any of the hexes from *Deadlands* or *Hucksters & Hexes*. A few, such as *bodyguard*, *fortitude*, *ghost rider*, *hurry up*, *Kentucky windage*, *missed me!*, *phantom fingers*, and *rapid fire*, are favorites. Ordinary hucksters can buy hexslinger hexes too, as long as they can find someone to teach them.

Hexslingers also have a large number of special hexes that they've developed to suit their particular way of dealing with the world. Most of these have some effect on guns, ammo, or gunplay. Hexslingers prefer to do damage with their hex-enhanced guns. It's these hexes that really define who is a hexslinger and who isn't. A character who doesn't know any of these special hexes is just a huckster with a gun.

Many hexslinger hexes have a Duration of "Concentration" or "1 Wind/round." Since casting the hex is an action in and of itself, to use hexes that affect guns hexslingers usually cast the hex *before* going into a gunfight and then maintain it so that it's ready instantly. This sometimes costs a lot of Wind, and the hexslinger has to carefully balance the loss of Wind against the benefit the spell brings him. Part of being a good hexslinger is knowing when and when not to shut off a hex.

Most hexslinger hexes have a Range of "Self" or "Touch." A few have short ranges. Hexslingers prefer to use hexes to augment their own skills and abilities or those of their compadres, rather than attacking directly.

Here are the hexes themselves. Each has a Trait, Hand, Speed, Duration, and Range, just like the ones in *Deadlands* and *Hucksters & Hexes*. You can check those places for definitions of these terms if any have slipped your noggin.

ALL FOR ONE

Trait: Smarts

Hand: Ace

Speed: 1

Duration: 1 Wind/round

Range: 1 yard/hex level

Someone once said ignorance is bliss. Well, in the Weird West, that sort of bliss can get you dead fast, especially if we're talking about ignorance about different types of guns. If you've run out of ammo for your revolver, and the only gun nearby is a Gatling gun that you don't know how to use, you're gonna wish you'd saved that last bullet for yourself when those zombies you've been shooting at come after you.

HEXSLINGIN'

But not if there's a hexslinger with this hex around. *All for one* allows anyone with a *shootin'* Aptitude to use any type of gun he does not have the Concentration for just as well as if he'd trained to use it. It eliminates the standard -2 penalty for using a type of weapon you haven't learned how to use (see the *Deadlands* rulebook), but it requires that the person on whom the hex is cast know how to use at least one type of gun. If the subject has no *shootin'* Aptitude at all, this hex does nothing for him.

AMMO WHAMMY

Trait: Knowledge

Hand: Ace

Speed: 1

Duration: 10 minutes/hex level

Range: Self

Nothing's going to ruin a gunfighter's day like running out of bullets. Fortunately for hexslingers who know this hex, they don't have that problem. It gives the hexslinger the power to create bullets (of any caliber) out of thin air. The minimum hand nets the hexslinger three bullets. Every hand above that creates an additional three bullets. The bullets last for 10 minutes per hex level, then fade away into mist. Happy hunting, partner.

ARGENT AGONY

Trait: Knowledge

Hand: Pair

Speed: 2

Duration: 10 minutes/hex level

Range: Self

Funny thing about some of the critters running around the Weird West—they aren't affected by normal bullets. Maybe they can't be touched by them, or maybe they eat them for lunch. Whatever the reason, you might as well throw your Colt away and cry to Colonel Momma when you face some of these abominations, soldier.

Unless, of course, you know *argent agony*. This hex allows the hexslinger to change ordinary bullets into enchanted silver bullets. These silver bullets stay the same caliber and type as the original bullets. By drawing a Pair, the hexslinger can change one normal bullet into an enchanted silver bullet. The bullet can be fired from any gun that shoots bullets of that caliber. For every hand above a Pair, an additional bullet is transformed. The transformation lasts 10 minutes per hex level, after which the bullets change back into normal rounds if they haven't been used.

Argent agony bullets can affect night haunts, ghosts, spooks, other intangible creatures, Harrowed using the *soul flight* power, werewolves and other shapeshifters, and similar abominations as if those creatures were normal men or beasts. A werewolf or night haunt, for example, doesn't get its usual immunity to attacks. Isn't that a shame?

Of course, there's no guarantee the bullet is going to hurt the abomination that is breathing down your neck. Some, like hangin' judges, can only be wounded by a very specific item. Others only take Wind from magical attacks, bullets or otherwise. A good rule of thumb is if a *soul blast* affects the creature, a bullet changed by *argent agony* also works.

BULLET WITH YOUR NAME ON IT

Trait: Knowledge

Hand: Ace

Speed: 1

Duration: 1 Wind/round

Range: Self

If a bullet's got your name on it, there's no way you can hide from it, no matter what you do. Hexslingers use this hex to "name" a bullet for a target who's trying to hide from them.

This hex eliminates penalties for cover or called shots (against the named target), starting at +2 with an additional +1 for every hand above the minimum. The hexslinger must know the persons first or last name.

BULLSEYE

Trait: Smarts

Hand: Pair

Speed: 1

Duration: 1 Wind/round

Range: Touch

You say you can't hit the broad side of a barn—from the inside? Well, friend, find yourself a hexslinger and get him to cast a *bullseye* hex on you. Soon you'll be shooting pumas in the eye from a hundred paces—while the puma is at a full sprint!

Bullseye makes the recipient (the hexslinger herself or someone she touches) a much more accurate shot. Nearsighted or not, this spell is a one-shot, one-kill miracle for any gunfighter. It grants +2 to all *shootin'* rolls made for the duration of the spell. This includes multiple shots made in a single round, such as by using a gun in each hand. It does not, however, apply to *shootin': automatics* or *shootin': flamethrowers* Aptitudes (or similar Aptitudes), nor does it apply to shots made by fanning.

HEXSLINGER'



HALE 'N' HEARTY

Trait: Smarts

Hand: Ace

Speed: 2

Duration: 1 minute/hex level

Range: 1 yard/hex level

It's mighty tough to shoot straight when your blood's leaking down into your boots. This hex helps the hexslinger get a handle on that problem. The minimum hand eliminates one level of wound effects. Every hand above the minimum eliminates another level. So, if the hexslinger draws Jacks, he overcomes the effects of 3 wound levels (a serious wound).

The hex doesn't heal the damage though. It just makes your aim steadier while you bleed to death. *Hale 'n' hearty* doesn't overcome the physical effects of actual injuries, so if your trigger finger's busted up real bad, overcoming the wound effect isn't gonna help you shoot any better.

IRON FIST

Trait: Smarts

Hand: Ace

Speed: 1

Duration: 1 round/hex level

Range: Self

Lots of big guys are said to have fists like hams. A hexslinger using this hex has fists like sledgehammers. *Iron fist* makes the hexslinger's fists do much more damage than an ordinary fist. The minimum hand adds +3 Wind to the damage caused. Every hand above the minimum adds an additional +3 Wind.

KNIFE THROUGH BUTTER

Trait: Cognition

Hand: Pair

Speed: 1

Duration: 1 Wind/round

Range: Self

Some hexslinger up Utah-way came up with *knife through butter* recently after reading about Smith and Robards newfangled "armor-piercing" bullets. This hex converts the ordinary bullets in a gun into AP bullets, but without any of the reliability problems or loss of damage associated with manufactured AP cartridges (see *Smith & Robards*). Armor-piercing rounds lower the value of any armor they strike by -1. Every hand above the minimum means the bullets lower the Armor by an additional -1. The effects of this hex last as long as the hexslinger pays Wind, or until the gun he casts the hex on runs out of bullets or is taken away from him. If he wants to use it on another gun or another cylinder full of bullets, he needs to cast it again.

LOADED FOR BEAR

Trait: Cognition

Hand: Ace

Speed: 2

Duration: 1 Wind/round

Range: Self

When some huge, fanged, scaly thing is charging after your hide, pistol bullets just won't do the job for you. Maybe even rifle bullets aren't enough. But they are to a hexslinger who knows this hex, which makes a bullet bigger, more powerful, and faster after it leaves the gun. The minimum hand increases the die type rolled for damage from the bullet by +1 step. For example, a Colt Peacemaker would do 3d8 damage instead of 3d6. Every two hands above the minimum hand increases the damage of the weapon by another die type.

LOAD 'EM UP

Trait: Smarts

Hand: Pair

Speed: 1

Duration: Instant

Range: Touch

HEXSLINGIN'

This hex is an improved version of the *reload* trick used by hucksters all over the Weird West. It loads bullets into a gun, but it requires that bullets be available (whether you bought them or made them with *ammo whammy*). The minimum hand reloads six bullets into a gun the hexslinger touches. Every hand above that reloads another six bullets.

LONGBARREL SPECIAL

Trait: Smarts
Hand: Pair
Speed: 1
Duration: 1 Wind/round
Range: Touch

You can see things a long way off out on the prairie or in the desert, and sometimes it's nice to be able to take a shot at a target you can see a ways off before it can shoot at you (or claw you, eat you, or suck your soul out). This hex lets you do just that, by increasing the Range Increment of any gun. The minimum hand adds +5 to a gun's Range Increment. Every two hands above the minimum adds another +5 Range Increment. Put this together with *bullseye*, and you've got yourself a long-range shootin' match.

NEW SLUGS FOR OLD

Trait: Smarts
Hand: Ace
Speed: 1
Duration: Permanent
Range: Touch

Ever been in a situation where you needed shotgun shells, but all you had were a few .45 bullets? Not a very healthy situation to find yourself in, is it? *New slugs for old* transforms any type of bullet, slug, or shell into any other type. The change is permanent. The new bullets can be saved and used at any time. The minimum hand transforms three bullets into the ammunition of the hexslinger's choice. Every hand above the minimum transforms three more bullets.

SKINNIN'

Trait: Smarts
Hand: Pair
Speed: 1
Duration: 1 Wind/round
Range: Self

Before a hexslinger steps out into the street to throw down with some desperado, he uses this hex to give him an edge in getting his gun out and pointed at the other fellow before his opponent can do the same.

The minimum hand increases the hexslinger's *quick draw* rolls by +1 (1d6 becomes 1d6+1, and so on). Every hand above the minimum increases the *quick draw* roll by an additional +1. Of course, this hex is useless if the hexslinger doesn't know how to *quick draw* in the first place.

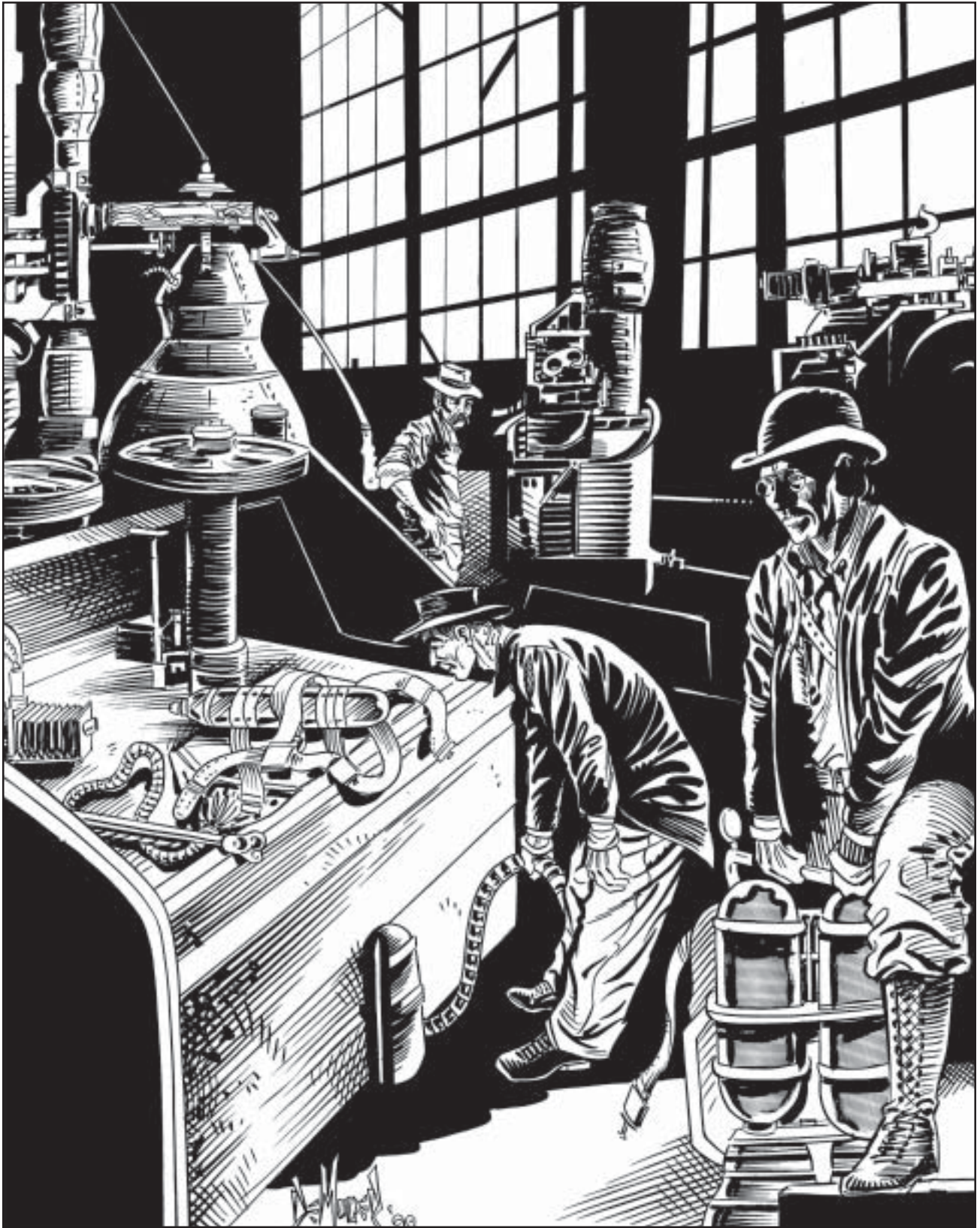
VIM 'N' VIGOR

Trait: Smarts
Hand: Ace
Speed: 1
Duration: 1 Wind/round
Range: Touch

Don't you just hate to see a cowboy cry? Some folks can't seem to handle pain. Shoot them a couple times, and they decide to curl up and die. Well, not with this hex helping them. The minimum hand adds +1 to the Coordination of a character's *Vigor* for purposes of resisting or recovering from stun. Every hand above the minimum adds another +1 to the Coordination. This hex may be cast on the subject before he's injured (so long as it's maintained until he is injured), or it can be cast on him after he's gotten himself hurt.



RELIQS





CHAPTER FIVE: NEW RELICS



Gunslingers lead exciting, action-filled lives. The best of them are often called upon to perform heroic deeds. In the Weird West, sometimes this creates new relics, and here are some descriptions of the most amazing items.

ALLISON'S HOLSTERS

Clay Allison has left a couple of these holsters behind him in his travels. They look like ordinary fast-draw holsters, but are actually something more.

Power: Allison's holsters act like normal fast-draw holsters, but they add an additional +2 to *quick draw* rolls when guns are drawn from them.

Taint: The wearer becomes *lame* (as the 3-point Hindrance) for as long as she wears the holsters.

BLOOD OF THE KID

A few alchemists in and around New Mexico and Arizona have been peddling vials of a thick, red liquid they identify as the Blood of the Kid, a once-famous outlaw that was nearly impossible to kill.

Power: When rubbed on the skin, that area of the skin develops resistance to damage equal to Armor 1. The effect lasts about an hour, and one vial is enough to cover the equivalent of a man's chest and stomach.

Taint: The wearer of Blood of the Kid gains the *big britches* Hindrance.

GHOST GUNS

No one knows just where these guns came from or who made them. Some say they were sent here by the Reckoners themselves. Others think that some black-hearted hexslinger loosed them on the world. But whoever—or whatever—made those evil irons didn't exactly do the world a favor.

The ghost guns are Colt Army revolvers made out of an eerie, grayish metal. When one looks closely at them, their fancy engraving, which depicts sinners in torment in Hell, seems to move slowly, as if the guns were forged of the souls of the damned. When a gunfight is brewing, the guns almost seem to leap into their owner's hands and begin blazing away. At such times, they emit a terrible wailing that somehow can be heard above the sound of the gunshots. Those who have survived an attack from the ghost guns claim that the wailing was worse than the wounds they took.

Power: The ghost guns never run out of ammunition and never need to be reloaded. They do 4d6 damage and add +2 to all *quick draw* and *overawe* rolls made by the owner. In the latter case, the bonus only applies when the guns are drawn.

Taint: The guns make the owner *bloodthirsty*, *mean as a rattler*, and *vengeful*. Some claim that anyone who uses them is fated to die a violent death and spend an eternity in the depths of Hell.



RELICS

HARDIN'S CARDS

John Wesley Hardin is a flamboyant man—for a ruthless killer. He's in the habit of tossing a playing card into the air, drawing his gun, shooting holes in the card, and then signing the card and giving it to an "admirer." He thinks he's just having fun. What he doesn't know is that some of these cards have acquired arcane power.

Power: Anyone with one of these cards has 1 point of Armor that protects him against gunfire.

Taint: The Armor does not apply to gunshots fired at the card's possessor by Hardin himself.

HARROWED BOOTS

These are boots that have been worn by a gunslinger who came back Harrowed and was then sent to his demise—er, re-demise. Anyone who is wearing them when he is killed has a greater chance to come back Harrowed.

Power: If a character is killed while wearing Harrowed boots, he may draw three extra cards to determine if he comes back Harrowed.

Taint: The boots may not be removed while the character is alive. While he is wearing them, no miracles can positively or beneficially affect him. For example, *lay on hands* will not heal him.



JACK VERMILLION'S EVERFULL CYLINDER

This gaudily-named relic is the creation of the equally gaudy Jack Vermillion, gunslinger, huckster, and gambler extraordinaire. It is an elaborately engraved and inlaid ghost-steel cylinder for a .45 metallic-cartridge revolver. Unfortunately for Jack, he lost it a couple years back. He'd really like to get it back. If he catches the cowpoke carrying it, kiss him good-bye.

Power: The everfull cylinder never runs out of bullets. It fits any .45 revolver.

Taint: None, but Jack and plenty of gunslingers are looking high and low for it, ready to kill anyone who has it.

NAMEABLE BULLETS

This enchanted ammo is created when a hexslinger dies.

Power: Nameable bullets can be designated with the name of a particular target. When fired at that target, they grant a +4 bonus to rolls to hit and for damage.

Taint: None.

PARKER ROPE

Just the thing for your favorite group of vigilantes, this rope, already tied into a convenient noose, comes straight from the 13-holed gallows of the "Hanging Judge," Isaac Charles Parker himself!

Power: When this rope is used to hang anyone, the victim must subtract -4 from his *Vigor* roll to resist being hung.

Taint: The owner becomes *bloodthirsty*, wanting to hang anyone who so much as spits on the sidewalk. He also develops a deep hatred of Judge Parker.

Parker ropes are, in fact, the ropes used to hang the so-called "Iron Thirteen." Thus there are only 13 of them.

TOM SMITH'S SPURS

Bear River Tom Smith is a mighty imposing man. Anyone who wears a pair (or even one) of the spurs he has worn in the past can call on a little bit of his menacing air.

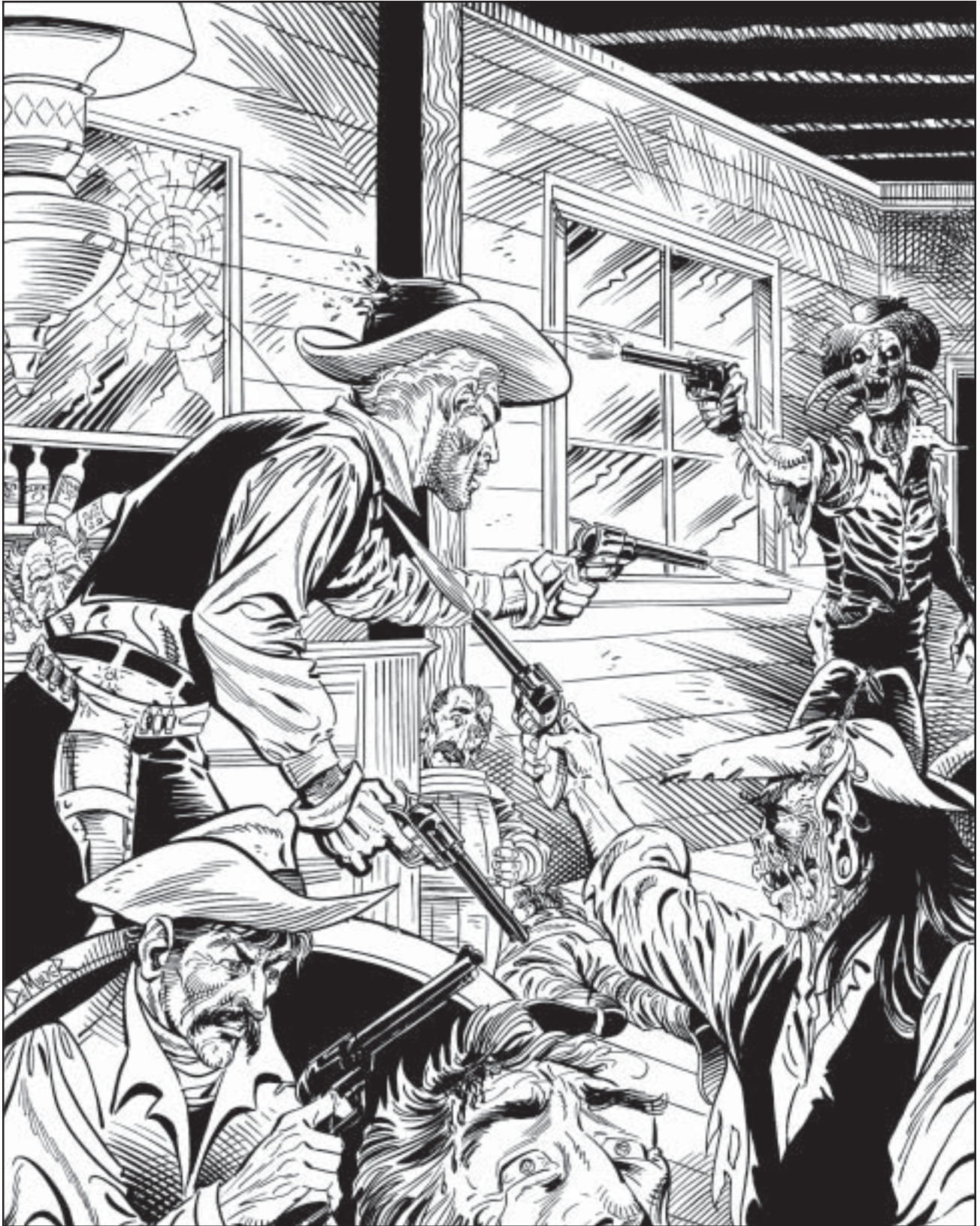
Powers: Anyone wearing the *spurs* has the die type used with his *overawe* Aptitude increased by +1, to a maximum of d10. If the wearer already uses d10 or higher for his *overawe* rolls, the *spurs* add +2 to the roll. If the wearer does not have *overawe*, the *spurs* grant him a 4d6 *overawe* roll.

Taint: The wearer is *mean as a rattler*.

THE MARSHAL'S HANDBOOK



LAW & ORDER





CHAPTER SIX: LAW & ORDER



LAW IN THE WEIRD WEST

THE TEXAS RANGERS & NEW RECRUITS

The Texas Rangers are the pride of the Confederacy, and most Ranger recruits come from Texas, but many good men throughout the South have served and still serve with distinction. The Rangers have (rarely) recruited from beyond the grave, and some Harrowed Rangers have served with honor. That is, as long as the Ranger could keep his manitou in line.

Unlike the Pinkertons, who have an elaborate setup in Denver to test their Harrowed recruits, the Rangers prefer a more informal approach. They eyeball the situation and use their judgment to determine whether this particular horror is one they can work with. This isn't exactly foolproof, but it works most of the time. If a Harrowed Ranger gets uppity, a bullet between the eyesockets solves the problem.

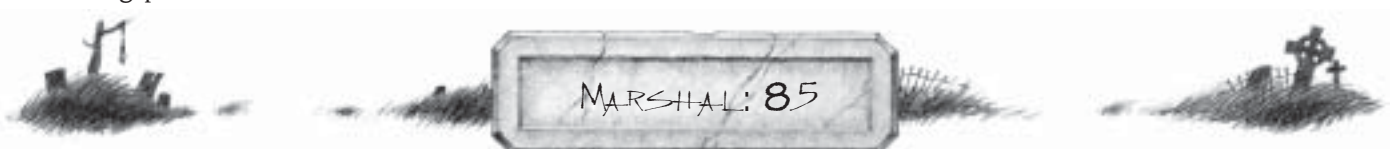
General King, the leader of the Rangers, is perhaps the single most-informed person about the Reckoning anywhere in North America. Since he is responsible for assembling the *Ranger's Bible*, he reads all reports about weird events and makes a point to study them closely. He hears things no one else does, and he has all the information at his fingertips, so he can see the big picture far better than most folks.

If you want someone to talk straight to you about what's going on, he's the man—but he also appreciates the value of secrecy and keeping his mouth shut, so you'd better have a darn good reason for asking if you want to have any prayer of getting the information.

Regarding the *Ranger's Bible*, it's up to you as Marshal to determine what you want to be in the book. As a general rule, every version should be considered to have *academia: Confederate/Western underworld 4* (this also includes general information on well-known outlaws of the North). The more complete versions carried by higher-ranking Rangers also have *academia: occult 3*.

However, don't think of this as giving Ranger characters access to every piece of information that's available about the supernatural. Instead, it's a way for you to communicate whatever information you feel the character needs to know. (For instance, "You read that there have been Mojave rattler's sighted near the Roswell army base"). The *Ranger's Bible* should never derail an adventure, but it should be used to build plot ideas or keep an adventure rolling when necessary.

And don't forget—just because it's in the *Ranger's Bible* doesn't mean it's true. Even the Rangers, as well-educated as they are, have been known to be wrong on more than one occasion. This can also be used to put a twist into an adventure that a character won't expect.



THE AGENCY

The Agency is the Union's equivalent of the Texas Rangers—a group that investigates “weird” and paranormal goings-on and keeps folks quiet about them so as to keep the level of fear in the world as low as possible. This work mainly takes place in the West, where things are weirdest. In the East they concentrate primarily on spying.

As explained in the main text, the Agency, like the Texas Rangers, don't tell their recruits everything the moment they're hired. Instead, the rookies learn a little bit about the existence of weirdness in the West, the forms that it takes, and how to combat it. They are also instructed to keep stories about abominations and the like from spreading around. They don't learn why until they reach the rank of lieutenant.

For Western Agency operatives, use the Man-in-Black archetype in the *Deadlands Player's Guide*. For Agency spies and private detectives, use the spy archetype also found in *The Deadlands Player's Guide*. For troubleshooters, you can use just about any archetype that fits the bill. Gunslingers, soldiers, hucksters, and hexslingers are most appropriate.

For more information about the Star Chamber, the Ghost and his Spooks, the Inner Council, and all sorts of neat devices and gizmos your Agency operative can get his mitts on, check out *The Agency* sourcebook. This book has the lowdown on the Agency, what its members are up to, and how you can play one of the Men-in-Black-Dusters.

THE UNITED STATES
SECRET SERVICE

General King's information about the Secret Service's job to keep tabs on the latest technological developments is accurate. He is also correct about the fact that the Secret Service is keeping close watch on Dr. Hellstromme and all “mad scientists” who are not employed by the United States government. The Secret Service frequently takes advantage of its expertise in this field to equip its agents with high-tech gadgets, including bulletproof clothing, steam vehicles, and the like. The Service has a top-secret research and development laboratory north of Washington, where it invents many of these devices.



LAW & ORDER

PROVOST MARSHALS

Because provost guards are a part of the military, posse members are not likely to be a part of the organization unless you are running a military-oriented campaign. The information given here is mostly to let you know about the Provost Marshals so you can use them to give the posse grief if you need to. For instance, one of the posse members may be a deserter from the military, and the Provost Marshal is pursuing him in order to bring him back for trial—military style.


TOWN MARSHALS

For town marshals, use the sheriff archetype from *The Quick & The Dead*, but reduce the *Law Man* Edge to 1 and the obligation to -5.

NO TALKIN' IN THE LIBRARY

Marshals are free to use the Pinkerton and Ranger libraries as sources for as much, or as little, information for the posse as they see fit. Like the *Ranger's Bible*, the libraries should never be a way for the posse to gain access to information that you wish to keep secret. If you don't want the posse to know it, the libraries don't have it.

If you want to determine randomly whether a character (or librarian) can find a particular fact, consider the library to have a *Knowledge* of 4d12 and *academia: occult* 6. Roll *Knowledge* against an appropriate Target Number to determine if the library has the information, and then have the character roll *Knowledge* against that same TN to see if he can find it. The search and related research takes one hour for every point of *academia: occult* you judge would be required to know that particular fact. The details of what the character finds is up to you.

 Texas Ranger Hank Ketchum wants to know if someone could use a relic to create walkin' dead, even if that person cannot cast hexes. The Marshal decides this requires Onerous (7) *Knowledge* rolls. Both the library and Ketchum make their rolls, indicating the he found the information. Ketchum commences to read. The Marshal decides that the facts Ketchum wants to know are pretty obscure. Someone would have to have *academia: occult* at level 4 to know all about that. So, Ketchum's search and research take four hours.

LAW IN THE DISPUTED LANDS

Legal issues in the Disputed Lands are sometimes touch-and-go due to the unsettled argument over jurisdiction. Most of the time a criminal can be arrested, taken to court, and sentenced properly, but there are occasions when it may not be so cut and dry.

For instance, there have been cases when an outlaw has been wanted by the North and the South for the grievous crimes he has committed on both sides of the border. In this situation, both sides wish to bring the outlaw to justice, and a dispute may occur over who should bring him to trial. Sometimes an outlaw may be a criminal on one side of the border, and a hero on the other (falsely accused with unfounded lies, of course), and obviously both sides want to see their best interests served.

When a crime occurs within a town or county in the Disputed Lands, the local law enforcement can usually deal with the ornery cowpoke without any problems. If a crime is committed that may involve the breach of national security for either the Union or the Confederacy, or either side crosses paths while chasing a notorious outlaw, a situation may develop. Feel free to play up the situation as you see fit.

WHERE'D YOU GET THOSE GUNS, BOI?

It hasn't been approved yet, but General King has put in a request with some of his close associates at the Confederate War Department (off the record, obviously) to start supplying supporters of the South, located in the Disputed Lands, with weapons. He feels that the North is already doing the same thing, and that this would give them a tremendous advantage in the war effort, as well as in gaining some of the Disputed Lands.

The North, of course, denies any such accusations, and King's Rangers have not been able to prove anything. The Union declares that the South has brought these outrageous claims to the public's attention to try to drum up support for the Confederate cause. If either side were to start supplying weapons to the guerilla bands in the Disputed Lands, a new level of confrontation may erupt. There is already enough chaos in those territories, and it may get worse in the near future. Use these plot devices to develop a campaign within the Disputed Lands.

SHINING STARS

The following pages contain further background information and profiles for some of the more famous lawmen and judges of the Weird West.

LIEUTENANT JOHN B. ARMSTRONG

Armstrong is so intent on bringing in John Wesley Hardin because one of Hardin's early victims was a good friend of Armstrong's. Armstrong swore on his friend's grave that he'd capture or kill Hardin. Since then, he's been haunted by dreams of Hardin. Every time Hardin shoots someone, Armstrong dreams about it, again and again. While these dreams mean he has a hard time getting sleep, they often give him clues as to where Hardin is so he can continue the chase. This is the reason that Armstrong is always just one step behind Hardin, and this gives many people the impression that Armstrong is a good tracker.

Armstrong's dreams are bought as *light sleeper* and not *night terrors* because they don't have a really bad effect on him. He manages to get enough sleep to keep going, and they certainly don't terrify him. They just make him mighty angry. It seems that it is only a matter of time before Armstrong catches up to Hardin—or goes mad in the process of trying to catch his archnemesis. One thing is for certain: Armstrong will kill Hardin when he finds him.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:4d12, N:2d10, S:2d8, Q:3d10, V:2d8
Climbin' 1d10, dodge 3d10, fightin': brawlin', knife 3d12, gunplay 3d12, horse ridin' 3d10, quick draw: pistol 1d12, shootin': pistol, rifle, shotgun 3d12, sneak 2d10

Mental: C:3d6, K:2d6, M:3d6, Sm:3d8, Sp:3d6
Area knowledge: Weird West 2d6, language: English 2d6, language: Spanish 1d6, guts 3d6, search 2d6, scrutinize 2d6, streetwise 3d6, survival (desert) 3d8, trackin' 3d6

Wind: 14

Edges: Brave 2, law man 5, light sleeper 1, rank 2

Hindrances: Big britches (one riot, one Ranger) -3, enemy (Northerners) -2, obligation (shoot or recruit supernatural) -5

Gear: Two Colt Open Tops, one Winchester '76 rifle, one double-barrel shotgun, 50 rounds of ammunition for each of his guns, Bowie knife, rope, horse, rations, bedroll, \$45 in Confederate scrip.

JUDGE ROY BEAN

Judge Bean is unable to turn his neck due to injuries suffered when he was hung. This gives him -2 on *search* rolls.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:2d6, S:2d6, Q:2d6, V:3d8
Horse ridin' 2d6, shootin': pistol, shotgun 2d6
Mental: C:3d6, K:2d6, M:3d10, Sm:3d6, Sp:2d8
Academia: Lily Langtry 3d6, academia: law 1d6, area knowledge: Texas 2d6, language: English 2d6, overawe 2d10, search 3d6, trade: saloonkeeper 3d6, trade: seamanship 1d6

Wind: 16

Edges: Belongin's 4, law man 1, renown 1

Hindrances: Ailin' (injured neck, -2 on *search* rolls) -1, illiterate -3, yearnin' (to meet Lily Langtry) -2

Gear: One scattergun, 50 rounds of ammunition.

JOHN BEHAN

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:3d8, S:2d8, Q:3d10, V:2d6
Dodge 4d8, fightin': lariat 3d8, horse ridin' 3d8, shootin': pistol, rifle 2d8

Mental: C:2d8, K:2d6, M:2d6, Sm:3d10, Sp:3d6
Area knowledge: Tombstone 2d6, bluff 4d6, gamblin' 2d6, language: English 2d6, persuasion 3d6

Wind: 12

Edges: Belongin's 5 (is rich), law man 3

Hindrances: Enemy (Cowboy Gang) -3, greedy -2, yeller -3

Gear: One silver-plated and engraved double-action Colt Peacemaker, one Winchester '76 rifle, 50 rounds of ammunition for his guns, horse, badge, nice clothes.

SETH BULLOCK

Even though Bullock continues to enjoy his job and do his best at it, those who say he pays too much attention to the businesses he owns are right. Since he makes a lot more money from them and they're safer, he looks after them closely. His deputies are left to handle the worst troublemakers that stroll through his streets.

Bullock's biggest asset is his stare. They say he "can outstare a mad cobra or rogue elephant." Plenty of drunken miners have sobered up instantly when Bullock looked at them hard. This is the main reason Bullock is so often able to keep the peace without drawing his gun.

LAW & ORDER

Bullock has long ignored the problems in Deadwood's Chinatown, including its opium ring, because he doesn't really understand them. All he knows is that Chinatown is usually pretty quiet and the folks take care of themselves. That's good enough for him. If they want to go smoking opium, that's their business.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:3d10, N:3d8, S:2d6, Q:2d10, V:3d8
Dodge 3d10, fightin': brawlin' 3d8, horse ridin' 2d8, shootin': pistol, rifle 4d8

Mental: C:2d8, K:3d6, M:4d12, Sm:2d8, Sp:2d6
Area knowledge: Deadwood 2d6, bluff 4d8, language: English 2d6, overawe 5d12, persuasion 3d12, scrutinize 2d8, search 3d8, streetwise 2d8

Wind: 16

Edges: Belongin's 4, law man 3, "the stare" 1

Hindrances: Enemy (outlaws) -2, heavy sleeper -1, obligation (serve Deadwood as lawman) -2, pacifist -3

Gear: One Pettengill Army, one Springfield 1873 rifle, 50 rounds of ammunition for each, horse, badge.

JOB "HOGLEG" DUNSTON

"Hog" Dunston is a "retired" Deputy United States Marshal who's come to the city as an agent of the Union. His job is to figure out a way to get rid of Reverend Grimme so the Union can take control of the city and thus the Maze itself.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:3d12, N:3d10, S:3d8, Q:4d8, V:3d6
Climbin' 1d12, dodge 2d12, fightin': brawlin' 3d10, gunplay 3d12, horse ridin' 4d10, quick draw: pistol 4d8, shootin': pistol, rifle 4d10

Mental: C:3d8, K:3d6, M:2d10, Sm:2d6, Sp:3d6
Area knowledge: the Great Maze) 2d6, guts 4d10, language: English 2d6, language: Cantonese 1d6, language: Spanish 1d6, leadership 4d10, overawe 4d10, professional: law 3d6, scrutinize 4d8, search 4d8, streetwise 4d6, survival: mountain 3d6, trackin' 3d8

Wind: 12

Edges: Brawny 3, law man 5, rank 1, renown 1

Hindrances: Enemy (outlaws, Confederates, and Reverend Grimme and his folks) -5, obligation (spy for President Grant) -5

Gear: Two double-action Colt Peacemakers, one Winchester '76 rifle, 50 rounds of ammunition for his guns, quick-draw holster for both Colts, horse, badge.

WYATT EARP & BAT MASTERSON

Give Masterson *gunplay* 1 and Earp *gunplay* 2 to round out their profiles in *The Quick & the Dead*.

Wyatt Earp is a deputy marshal in Dodge City. He is a well-known and well-respected lawman who has done an outstanding job in Dodge. He prefers to settle disputes without drawing his gun, but he does if it becomes necessary. There are many cowpokes that have been buffaloed by Earp, and those that have met the butt of his pistol are definitely not his friends. He is fearless and has faced an angry mob more than once and dispersed the people without incident.

Bat Masterson holds the position of undersheriff of Dodge County. He and Earp are good friends and usually are seen together around Dodge. He is generally a quite man, but if angered he is a whirling dervish loosed on the unfortunate soul that pushed him over the edge. Contrary to the claims of the Smith & Robards people, Bat Masterson does not own one of their rifle canes. His cane is an ordinary one, good for administering a sound thrashing to troublemakers—and those puffed-up catalog producers who make unwarranted claims.



LAW & ORDER

PAT GARRETT

Pat Garrett is a decent and upstanding lawman. He is well-known and respected by many folks inside and outside of his territory.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:3d10, N:3d12, S:2d6, Q:2d10, V:3d8
Climbin' 1d10, dodge 2d10, fightin'; lariat 2d12,
gunplay 2d10, horse ridin' 4d12, quick draw:
pistol 3d10, shootin': pistol, rifle 4d10, sneak
4d12, speed-load 2d10

Mental: C:2d8, K:3d6, M:2d6, Sm:3d8, Sp:2d6
Area knowledge: Weird West 2d6, language:
English 2d6, language: Spanish 2d6, guts 3d6,
overawe 3d6, scrutinize 3d8, search 3d8,
streetwise 4d8, survival: desert 3d8, trackin'
2d8

Wind: 14

Edges: Law man 5, rank 1, renown 3

Hindrances: Enemy (outlaws) -3, law o' the
West -3, pacifist -3

Gear: Two engraved .44-40 Colt Frontiers, one
Springfield 1873 rifle, 50 rounds of
ammunition for each, two speed-load
cylinders, fast-draw holsters for both revolvers,
rope, horse, rations, bedroll, \$95 in Union
greenbacks.

ALEXANDER GRAVES

As you've probably guessed, Graves is a hexslinger—perhaps the most powerful one yet. His hexslinging powers are certainly greater than Doc Holliday's, and he uses these arcane powers to further his success in his self-proclaimed profession.

Although his background is as mysterious as his powers, it's obvious he's a bounty hunter. They say he's called "Graves" because he's filled so many of them. Truthfully, there's more to him. Despite a demeanor as cold as his name, Graves has a soft spot deep down inside. He winds up giving a lot of the money he earns to widows, orphans, down-on-their-luck farmers, and other folks in need who treat him kindly. He sometimes keeps just enough of his reward money to live comfortably.

Graves goes well-armed. He carries two double-action Colt Peacemakers and one single-action Peacemaker, all in quick-draw holsters. He's also got a special scattergun in a shoulder holster, a derringer rechambered for .45 ammo in a springsleeve holster, and a Sharps rifle.

Graves' horse Brimstone is indeed the former property of Satan himself. If you've got the guts, ask Graves for the story sometime.



LAW & ORDER

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:4d12, N:3d10, S:3d8, Q:4d10, V:4d10
Climbin' 2d12, dodge 3d12, fightin': brawlin', knife
5d10, gunplay 5d10, horse ridin' 5d10, quick
draw: pistol 5d10, shootin': pistol, rifle, shotgun
7d10, speed-load: pistol 4d12

Mental: C:3d8, K:3d6, M:4d10, Sm:3d8, Sp:4d10

Academia: the occult 4d6, area knowledge:
Weird West 3d6, language: English 2d6, guts
5d10, overawe 5d10, search 3d8, scrutinize 3d8,
streetwise 5d8

Wind: 28

Edges: Arcane background: hexslinger 3,
belongin's (Brimstone) 4, nerves o' steel 1, "the
stare" 1, tough as nails 4, "the voice" 1

Hindrances: Enemy (outlaws and abominations)
-4, heroic -3, law o' the West -3

Special Abilities:

Hexslingin' 4

Hexes; Ammo whammy, argent agony,
bullseye, cool breeze, hale 'n' hearty,
Kentucky windage, loaded for bear, load 'em
up, phantom fingers, rapid fire, all for one

Gear: Two double-action Colt Peacemakers of
quality, one single-action Colt Peacemaker of
quality, one Sharps 1874 rifle of quality, one
scattergun, one .45 Derringer, 30 rounds of
ammunition for all his guns, fast-draw
holsters for all Colts, shoulder holster for
scattergun, springsleeve holster for derringer,
one speed-load cylinder for each Colt, Bowie
knife, rope, horse, \$375 in Union greenbacks,
\$258 in Confederate scrip.

TOM HORN

Tom Horn is easily recognized by his physical
stature. He is a large man and presents an
impressive figure. He prefers to work alone when
in the field, and brushes off offers of assistance.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:4d10, N:4d12, S:3d8, Q:3d10, V:3d8
Climbin' 1d10, dodge 3d10, fannin' 2d10, fightin':
brawlin', lariat 3d12, gunplay 2d10, horse ridin'
3d12, quick draw: pistol 2d10, shootin':
automatics, pistol, rifle, shotgun 4d10, sneak
2d12, speed-load 2d10, teamster 2d12

Mental: C:3d6, K:2d6, M:3d8, Sm:2d6, Sp:2d6
Area knowledge: Weird West 2d6, language:
Apache 2d6, language: English 2d6, language:
Spanish 2d6, guts 4d6, overawe 4d8, scrutinize
2d6, search 2d6, streetwise 2d6, survival:
desert 4d6, trackin' 4d6

Wind: 14

Edges: Brave 2, law man 1, nerves o' steel 1,
renown 1, sand 3, "the stare" 1, "the voice"
(threatening) 1

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty -3, enemy (Rangers)
-2, habit (closemouthed) -3, obligation
(investigate unnatural phenomena) -3

Gear: Two single-action Colt Peacemakers, one
Colt Thunderer, one Winchester '76 rifle, one
double-barrel shotgun, 50 rounds of
ammunition for each, two speed-load
cylinders for each type of revolver, fast-draw
holsters for all revolvers, Bowie knife, rope,
horse, rations, bedroll, \$200 in Union cash.

CAPTAIN JOHN R. HUGHES

Captain Hughes isn't the fastest or best shot
in the Weird West, but his tenacity and
reputation more than make up for it. Outlaws
everywhere know and fear him—and if they don't
fear him, they're probably already dead.

What isn't widely known about Captain
Hughes is that his right arm was badly injured
years ago in a shoot-out with some outlaws.
However, he has trained himself to use his left
hand so well that almost no one can tell he's
not a natural southpaw, and he's worked on his
right arm until he's gotten back as much use of
it as he can. For this reason, he does not take
the one-armed bandit Hindrance, but whenever
he can only use his right arm or hand to
perform an action, he's at -1 to all of his rolls.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:3d12, N:4d8, S:2d8, Q:3d10, V:4d8
Climbin' 2d8, dodge 3d8, fightin': knife 2d8, horse
ridin' 4d8, shootin': pistol, rifle 3d12, sneak 1d10

Mental: C:3d10, K:2d6, M:3d8, Sm:2d8, Sp:3d6
Academia: Indians 2d6, area knowledge: Weird
West 2d6, language: English 2d6, language:
Spanish 1d6, language: Osage 2d6, guts 3d6,
leadership 3d8, overawe 3d8, search 3d10,
streetwise 3d8, survival: desert 3d8, trackin'
3d10

Wind: 14

Edges: Law man 5, rank 2, renown 3

Hindrances: Big britches (one riot, one Ranger)
-3, enemy (Northerners) -2, obligation (shoot
or recruit supernatural) -5

Gear: One double-action Colt Peacemaker, one
Springfield 1873 rifle, 50 rounds of
ammunition for both types of guns, Bowie
knife, rope, horse, rations, bedroll, \$50 in
Confederate scrip.

LAW & ORDER

HANK "ONE-EYE" KETCHUM

Despite only having one eye, Ketchum doesn't seem to suffer the usual effects of lack of depth perception. No one has ever been able to explain this, and some think there is something mysterious going on, but in truth old Hank is just a damned good shot. Although he's threatened to replace his lost eye with one of the Butcher's own, he doesn't really intend to. He's just talking tough.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:3d10, N:3d10, S:3d10, Q:2d8, V:4d12
Climbin' 1d10, dodge 3d10, fightin': brawlin' 4d10,
fightin': knife 2d10, gunplay 2d10, horse ridin'
3d10, quick draw: pistol 1d10, shootin': pistol,
rifle, shotgun 4d10, sneak 2d10

Mental: C:2d8, K:2d6, M:4d10, Sm:3d8, Sp:3d8
Area knowledge: Weird West 2d6, language:
English 2d6, language: Spanish 1d6, guts 3d10,
scrutinize 2d8, search 2d8, streetwise 3d8,
survival: desert 3d8, trackin' 3d8

Wind: 26

Edges: Brave 2, law man 5, nerves o' steel 1,
rank 2, sand 2, tough as nails 3

Hindrances: Big britches (one riot, one Ranger)
-3, enemy (Northerners and the Cowboy Gang)
-2, oath (must track down and capture or kill
the Butcher) -2, obligation (shoot or recruit
supernatural) -5

Gear: Two double-action Colt Peacemakers of
quality, one Winchester '76 rifle, 50 rounds of
ammunition for each, three speed-load
cylinders, Bowie knife, rope, horse, rations,
bedroll, \$105 in Confederate scrip.

CAPTAN L. H. McNELLY

McNelly's health is not the best—he does, in fact, have an advanced case of consumption. He knows this, and is desperately seeking a cure of some sort for his malady. Several Ranger hucksters have told him that they think his disease may have come from one of the abominations he's fought during his time with the Rangers. Only time will tell if he can find the cure he's seeking.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:2d12, N:4d10, S:3d6, Q:4d12, V:3d10
Climbin' 2d10, dodge 2d10, fightin': knife 2d10,
gunplay 2d12, horse ridin' 3d10, quick draw:
pistol 3d12, shootin': pistol, rifle 4d12, sneak
2d10

Mental: C:2d8, K:3d6, M:3d8, Sm:3d6, Sp:2d8

Area knowledge: Weird West 2d6, language:

English 2d6, language: Spanish 1d6, guts 3d8,
leadership 3d8, overawe 3d8, search 2d8,
streetwise 3d6, survival: desert 3d6, trackin'
4d8

Wind: 18

Edges: Law man 5, nerves o' steel 1, rank 2, sand
2

Hindrances: Ailin' (consumption) -5, big
britches (one riot, one Ranger) -3, enemy
(Northerners) -2, obligation (shoot or recruit
supernatural) -5

Gear: Two double-action Colt Lightnings, one
Winchester '76 rifle, 50 rounds of ammunition
for both types of guns, Bowie knife, horse,
rations, bedroll, \$30 in Confederate scrip.

JUDGE H. G.

"HOODOO BROWN" NEILL

H.G. Neill's not too well known by the public, or even the Rangers for that matter. That's why General King's little narration doesn't have a thing about him.

Judge Neill wouldn't be particularly notable except for two important facts. The first is that, while he does issue warrants and assist law enforcement officers, he also uses his authority to operate one of the largest criminal rings in New Mexico. Specializing in prostitution, illegal liquor, and black-market goods from the Union, Neill is a vicelord extraordinaire. His position gives him the power to keep the law away from his operations and employees.

The second is that there's an even darker side to Judge Neill. As his nickname "Hoodoo Brown" indicates, Judge Neill possesses unusual voodoo powers received as part of a deal with Baron Simone LaCroix of the Bayou Vermillion railroad. Judge Neill looks out for the Bayou Vermillion's interests in New Mexico. In exchange, the Baron granted Neill "hoodoo" powers. These include the ability to control men's minds, a sense for supernatural emanations, and the power to induce fear in others. These powers have only increased his ability to run his criminal empire.

What he doesn't know is that his powers have also allowed LaCroix to slip his hooks in and that he's in essence become LaCroix's slave. When the time is right, the Baron will jerk the chain, and Neill will jump. Unless, of course, the Texas Rangers find out what Brown is doing and put a stop to his activities before the Baron can take advantage of having him as a puppet.

LAW & ORDER

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:4d8, N:3d10, S:2d6, Q:2d8, V:3d6
Horse ridin' 2d10, shootin': pistol, rifle 3d8
Mental: C:3d10, K:3d8, M:3d8, Sm:4d6, Sp:3d6
Academia: Law 3d8, area knowledge: New Mexico
2d6, guts 4d6, language: English 2d8, language:
Spanish 2d8, overawe 3d8, professional: judge
3d8, scrutinize 3d10, streetwise 3d6

Wind: 12

Edges: Law man 1, knack (born on All Hallow's
Eve) 5, "the stare" 1

Hindrances: Cautious -3, high-falutin', outlaw -
2

Special Abilities:

Black Magic: Puppet 5, spook 5

Gear: One Merwin Hulbert Pocket revolver, one
Remington Double Derringer, 50 rounds of
ammunition for both guns, springsleeve
holster for derringer.

JUDGE ISAAC CHARLES PARKER

The "Hanging Judge" is every bit as stern and
fierce as his reputation and appearance suggest.
Entering his courtroom is likely to be your first
step on the Fiery Stairs if you've done wrong.

Not all of the men Judge Parker has sent to the
gallows are taking things lying down—in their
graves, that is. A group of riders wearing black
cloaks and pointed hoods who call themselves the
"Iron Thirteen" have sworn death to Judge Parker
and every deputy marshal under him.

The Iron Thirteen are the first 13 men hung at
the same time on the Judge's gallows. They
returned Harrowed. So far Judge Parker is
dismissing the reports of the Iron Thirteen as
superstition, but as more of his deputy marshals
are found dead, he may change his tune.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:2d6, S:3d6, Q:3d6, V:2d6
Horse ridin' 2d6, shootin': pistol, shotgun 2d6
Mental: C:4d12, K:4d10, M:4d12, Sm:4d10, Sp:4d8
Academia: law 6d10, area knowledge: Weird West
2d6, language: English 2d6, overawe 4d10,
professional: judge 5d10, scrutinize 5d12

Wind: 14

Edges: Law man 1, renown ("the Hanging Judge")
5, "the stare" 1

Hindrances: Doubting Thomas -3, high-falutin'
-2, slowpoke -2

Gear: Colt Pocket, 50 rounds of ammo, \$100 in
greenbacks, and rope (lots of it).

ALLAN PINKERTON

For an old man, Allan Pinkerton's still one
sharp cookie. Despite what General King might
have written in his report, the founder and
leader of the Pinkertons is still as in control of
himself and his faculties as ever. The stroke that
he's supposed to have had is, of course, an
elaborate sham intended to throw off his
enemies and give them a wholly false sense of
security.

In fact, when Allan's seen in public (which
happens often; as a well-known man, he's got a
busy social schedule), it's usually not even him.
Allan's got a corps of well-trained Pinkertons
trained to mimic his look and mannerisms
perfectly, and they're situated all around North
America, making it seem like he's always
dashing off from one corner of the continent to
another. Anyone who travels that much couldn't
have time to oversee an organization like the
Pinkertons. Fortunately, Allan's mostly either in
Washington, consulting with the President, or at
home in Chicago.

Allan's reputed disdain for and lack of
confidence in his older son William is a sham.
The truth is, Allan is very proud of William's
skills and knowledge of the underworld, which
exceed even Allan's own. For more about that,
see William's own description on the following
page.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:3d8, S:2d6, Q:2d8, V:3d6
Horse ridin' 2d8, lockpickin' 3d8, shootin':
automatics, pistol 2d8, sneak 2d10

Mental: C:4d8, K:4d12, M:3d8, Sm:4d10, Sp:3d6
Academia: the underworld 5d12, academia:

espionage 3d12, academia: occult 4d12, area
knowledge: United States 2d12, bluff 3d10,
disguise 3d12, guts 3d6, language: English 2d6,
leadership 4d8, overawe 3d8, professional: law
3d12, professional: codes & ciphers, scrutinize
4d8, search 4d8, shadowin' 4d8, streetwise
4d10, trackin' 3d8

Wind: 12

Edges: Law man 5, rank 5 (head of the
Pinkertons, high-ranking government official)

Hindrances: Ailin' (suffers from effects of 1869
cerebral stroke; -1 to all Knowledge rolls) -1,
enemy (Texas Rangers and Rebels) -2, habit
(closemouthed) -3, tinhorn -2

Gear: Whatever he needs, pretty much. He's the
head of the Pinkertons, after all, not to
mention the head of the Union's intelligence
efforts.

LAW & ORDER

ROBERT PINKERTON

Robert is the youngest of Allan Pinkerton's sons. Robert takes great pride in the Protective Police Patrol, and he spends a great deal of time trying to advance the new branch. Even though he is known as the brains behind the business, he is an adequate detective when he is needed.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:3d6, S:2d6, Q:3d8, V:3d6
Horse ridin' 2d8, lockpickin' 3d8, shootin':
automatics, pistols 2d8, sneak 2d10

Mental: C:3d10, K:3d10, M:3d6, Sm:4d12, Sp:2d6
Academia: the underworld 1d10, academia:
business and finance 4d10, academia: occult
2d10, area knowledge: Chicago 4d10, bluff 2d12,
language: English 3d6, professional: law 2d10,
professional: administration 4d10, professional:
codes & ciphers 3d10, scrutinize 3d10, search
2d10

Wind: 12

Edges: Friends in high places 4, rank 3 (head of
Central Bureau)

Hindrances: Enemy (Texas Rangers) -2, habit
(closemouthed) -3, tinhorn -2

Gear: Robert has access to all sorts of office
equipment. He doesn't ordinarily carry a gun.

WILLIAM PINKERTON

William Pinkerton's wastrel act is just that: an act. Behind the facade of the prodigal son lurks a quick-witted and talented detective. His facade is a testament to his commitment and ability as a Pinkerton detective.

Ever since joining the agency, William has learned his lessons well. No one, not even his father, knows more about crime in the Weird West than William does. Those in the know call him "the Eye" because of his ability to spot and identify members of the underworld, and few outlaws care to tangle with him. He works continuously to maintain this level of knowledge, and he spends many a late night brushing up on his files. He is a genuine diamond in the rough, for his outward appearance and presence show nothing of his true ability.

He's just as good when it comes to uncovering the presence of abominations and horrors. He seems to have a "sixth sense" for such matters. The Pinkertons rely on William and even call on him frequently when such matters seem to command a higher authority. William is an indispensable resource concerning the Reckoning.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:3d10, N:3d10, S:3d8, Q:3d10, V:3d8
Horse ridin' 3d10, lockpickin' 3d10, shootin':

automatics, pistol, rifle 3d10, sneak 3d10

Mental: C:3d8, K:4d10, M:4d8, Sm:3d8, Sp:4d8

Academia: the underworld 6d10, academia:
espionage 3d10, academia: occult 3d10, area
knowledge: Weird West 2d10, bluff 3d8,
disguise 4d10, gamblin' 2d8, guts 3d8, language:
English 2d8, overawe 2d8, professional: law
2d10, professional: codes & ciphers, scrutinize
3d8, search 3d8, shadowin' 3d8, streetwise
6d10, trackin' 2d8

Wind: 16

Edges: Friends in high places 3 (socialites and
rich folks he knows), knack: (born on All
Hallow's Eve) 5, law man 2, rank 3 (head of
Central Bureau)

Hindrances: All an act -2, enemy (Texas
Rangers) -2, habit (closemouthed) -3, tinhorn
-2

Gear: William has access to the entire
Pinkertons' wealth and resources should he
need them. In keeping with his role as a
dandy, the only gun he tends to carry
regularly is a concealed Remington Double
Derringer of quality. If actively on the trail of
some outlaw, he carries a Gatling pistol, two
double-action Colt Peacemakers, the best rifle
he can get, plenty of ammo, a knife, and
anything else he might find useful.

ARTURO RACKHAM

Rackham is well aware of the weirdness in the West, the effects of fear, and how to deal with both. He has an almost Pinkerton-like attitude at times and has been reprimanded a time or two by his superiors for "chasing ghosts" more than he chases outlaws.

Because of what happened to his parents, Rackham has vowed to bring bloody death to all the ghouls that he can. He is very concerned with the unnatural events that go on in the West, and he focuses on taking care of them whenever possible. He doesn't go far out of his way or neglect other duties to hunt the man-eaters down, but he kills any he finds.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:3d12, N:4d10, S:3d6, Q:3d10, V:3d8
Climbin' 1d12, dodge 2d12, fightin': brawlin' 3d10,
fightin': knife 2d10, gunplay 3d10, horse ridin'
3d10, quick draw: pistol 3d10, shootin': pistol,
rifle 4d10

Mental: C:3d6, K:2d6, M:3d8, Sm:2d6, Sp:4d8

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Academia: occult 3d6, area knowledge: Utah and Arizona 2d6, language: English 2d6, language: Spanish 2d6, guts 4d8, overawe 3d8, search 2d6, scrutinize 2d6, streetwise 3d6, survival: desert 3d6, trackin' 3d6

Wind: 22

Edges: Arcane background: hexslinger 3, law man 5, rank 1, tough as nails 3, two-fisted 3, two-gun kid 3

Hindrances: Enemy (outlaws) -3, focus-dependent (specially made Colt Peacemaker) -1, law o' the West -3, oath (must kill all ghouls he can find) -1, obligation (enforce federal law) -5

Special Abilities

Hexslingin' 4

Hexes: All for one, ammo whammy, argent agony, bullseye, iron shirt, Kentucky windage, loaded for bear, load 'em up, new slugs for old

Gear: Two double-action Colt Peacemakers of quality (one of which—a valuable piece made of ghost steel and engraved—is his Focus), one Sharps 1874 rifle of quality, 50 rounds of ammunition for all his guns, fast-draw holsters for both Colts, Bowie knife, rope, horse, rations, bedroll, \$80 in Union greenbacks.

"BEAR RIVER" TOM SMITH

Smith has looked into the weirdness in the West several times, but he always comes up against a wall of Pinkerton silence and discouragement. The Pinkerton's have actually done little to discourage him, though, and he doesn't intend to stop looking anytime soon.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:3d10, N:4d12, S:4d12, Q:2d8, V:2d10
Dodge 2d10, fannin' 3d10, fightin': brawlin' 5d12, horse ridin' 3d10, quick draw: pistol 3d8, shootin': pistol, rifle 3d10

Mental: C:3d8, K:3d6, M:3d10, Sm:3d6, Sp:2d10
Area knowledge: Kansas 2d6, language: English 2d6, guts 3d10, overawe 4d10, search 3d8, scrutinize 2d8, streetwise 3d6, survival: desert 3d6, trackin' 3d6

Wind: 22

Edges: Brawny 3, law man 5, rank 1, tough as nails 1

Hindrances: Enemy (outlaws) -2, law o' the West -3, obligation (enforce federal law) -5

Gear: Two pearl-handled single-action Colt Peacemakers of quality, one Winchester '76 rifle, 50 rounds of ammunition for each, rope, horse, rations, bedroll, \$155 in US greenbacks.



LAW & ORDER

DALLAS SToudenMIRE

The earlier description of Stoudenmire wasn't exaggerating. He's one mean hombre who's mighty quick to pull his guns and shoot.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:3d10, N:3d10, S:3d6, Q:4d8, V:3d6
Climbin' 1d10, dodge 3d10, fightin': brawlin' 2d10,
gunplay 3d10, horse ridin' 2d10, quick draw:
pistol 3d8, shootin': pistol, rifle 4d10

Mental: C:2d8, K:2d6, M:4d10, Sm:2d6, Sp:2d8
Area knowledge: Texas 2d6, language: English
2d6, overawe 3d10, search 2d6

Wind: 18

Edges: Fleet-footed 2, law man 3, nerves o' steel
1, tough as nails 2

Hindrances: Enemy (the Manning Brothers) -2,
hankerin' (liquor) -1, mean as a rattler -2,
vengeful -3

Gear: One double-action Colt Peacemaker "belly
gun" with shortened barrel, one double-action
Colt Peacemaker with lengthened barrel, 50
rounds of ammunition for each of his guns,
fancy clothes with special "gun pockets" sewn
into the jacket.



JED SUMMERS

Jed Summers, the Wichita deputy marshal killed a while back by the Revenant, has come back to life Harrowed. At present, he has Dominion over his manitou. His goal in unlife is to pursue and kill the Revenant. Unfortunately for him he doesn't know that his bullets can't affect the spectral killer at all. Still, the fight is likely to be long and brutal, and anyone who gets in his way may regret getting involved.

Jed Summers has been dead just a couple of months. He's still wearing the shirt, pants, vest, and deputy's badge he had on when he was shot to death by the Revenant.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:3d10, N:3d12, S:4d8, Q:3d10, V:4d8
Climbin' 3d12, dodge 3d12, fightin': brawlin' 3d12,
horse ridin' 3d12, quick draw 4d10, shootin':
pistol 4d10, sneak 4d12

Mental: C:2d8, K:3d6, M:4d6, Sm:3d6, Sp:2d8
Area knowledge: Wichita, KS 2d6, artillery:
cannons 1d8, language: English 2d6, guts 3d8,
overawe 3d6, professional: law 1d6, search 3d8,
streetwise 2d6, trackin' 3d8

Wind: 16

Dominion: 8

Edges: Law man 1, nerves o' steel 1, sand 2, "the
stare" 1, "the voice" (threatening) 1

Hindrances: Big mouth -3, enemy (outlaws) -2,

Special Abilities:

Harrowed Powers: Cat eyes 3, eulogy 2

Harrowed Hindrances: Angst -3, degeneration -
1, mark o' the Devil -3, rage
-3

Gear: Two single-action Colt Dragoon pistols,
two speed-load cylinders, one Winchester '73,
one Scattergun, 50 rounds of ammunition for
all types of guns, Bowie knife, rope, horse,
deputy's badge.

HECK THOMAS

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:3d12, N:3d12, S:4d6, Q:3d10, V:3d8
Climbin' 1d12, dodge 2d12, fightin': brawlin' 3d12,
gunplay 3d12, horse ridin' 3d12, quick draw:
pistol 3d10, shootin': pistol, rifle, shotgun 4d12,
speed-load: pistol 3d10

Mental: C:2d8, K:2d6, M:3d8, Sm:2d6, Sp:2d6
Academia: The Underworld 3d6, area knowledge:
Weird West 2d6, English 2d6, guts 3d6, overawe
5d8, search 3d8, scrutinize 3d8, streetwise 4d6

Wind: 14

LAW & ORDER

Edges: Brave 2, law man 1, light sleeper 1, nerves o' steel 1, two-fisted 3

Hindrances: Heroic -3, law o' the West -3, obligation (to employer) -2

Gear: Two pearl-handled, double-action Colt Peacemakers of quality, one Winchester '73 rifle, one double-barreled shotgun, 50 rounds of ammo for each gun, fast-draw holsters for his Colts, one speed-load cylinder for each, Bowie knife, rope, horse, and \$90 in gold coins.

BILL TILGHMAN

Tilghman is a relatively peaceful man who realizes the value of discretion and reason. Like his Dodge City counterpart, Wyatt Earp, he would rather solve a problem by talking or thinking fast than by shooting. But Wichita's a tough cattle town, and sometimes a little gunplay's needed to keep ornery cowpokes—or even stranger things—quiet.

Tilghman is aware of the weirdness in the West. He's had a few encounters with ghouls and strange Indian spirits and has talked to Lacy O'Malley of the *Tombstone Epitaph* about some of the things that are happening. He's smart enough to know that he's not tough enough to take on some of these abominations, and he doesn't hesitate to call in the Rangers or Pinkertons if he has to. He would probably prefer to have the help anyway, especially if things get really out of control.

As Wichita's current marshal, Tilghman wears one of Earp's badges (see *The Quick & The Dead*).

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:4d8, N:3d12, S:2d6, Q:3d10, V:4d10
Climbin' 1d8, dodge 3d8, fightin': brawlin' 2d12, horse ridin' 2d12, quick draw: pistol 3d10, shootin': pistol, rifle 3d12

Mental: C:3d8, K:3d8, M:3d8, Sm:3d8, Sp:2d6
Area knowledge: Kansas and Oklahoma 2d6, bluff 2d8, guts 2d6, language: English 2d8, language: Comanche 1d8, language: Kiowa 1d8, leadership 2d8, overawe 3d8, scrutinize 2d8, search 3d8, streetwise 2d8

Wind: 16

Edges: Law man 3, nerves o' steel 1

Hindrances: Enemy (outlaws) -2, obligation (serve Wichita as lawman) -2

Gear: One double-action .44-40 Colt Frontier of quality, one Hotchkiss Repeating Rifle, 50 rounds of ammunition for his guns, quick-draw holster for revolver, rope, horse, gold badge, and \$105 in greenbacks.

BIGFOOT WALLACE

There's nothing mysterious or eerie about Wallace's strength. He just happens to be the Weird West's answer to Samson.

If Wallace ever has to repeat his hickory nut trick, give him 1 point of Armor. It takes him two rounds and a generous supply of hickory nuts to pull it off though.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:4d8, S:4d12, Q:2d10, V:4d10
Climbin' 1d8, dodge 2d8, fightin': brawlin', knife 5d8, horse ridin' 3d10, quick draw: pistol 2d10, shootin': pistol, rifle, shotgun 3d8

Mental: C:4d8, K:3d6, M:4d6, Sm:3d8, Sp:4d8
Area knowledge: Weird West 2d6, language: English 2d6, language: Spanish 1d6, guts 3d6, overawe 4d6, search 3d8, scrutinize 2d8, streetwise 3d8, survival: desert 3d8, trackin' 3d8

Wind: 18

Edges: Brawny 3, Law man 5, rank 2

Hindrances: Big Britches (one riot, one Ranger) -3, enemy (Northerners) -2, obligation (shoot or recruit supernatural) -5

Gear: Two Colt Dragoons, one Colt Paterson 1836 rifle, one single-barrel shotgun, 50 rounds of ammunition for all his guns, Bowie knife, rope, horse, rations, bedroll, and \$55 in Confederate scrip.

FRED WHITE

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:4d10, N:3d12, S:2d8, Q:3d10, V:3d8
Climbin' 1d10, dodge 3d10, fightin': brawlin' 3d12, gunplay 2d10, horse ridin' 3d12, quick draw: pistol 4d10, shootin': pistol, rifle, shotgun 4d12, speed-load: pistol 2d10

Mental: C:4d6, K:3d6, M:3d10, Sm:2d8, Sp:3d8
Area knowledge: Tombstone 2d6, guts 3d8, language: English 2d6, language: Spanish 1d6, leadership 2d10, overawe 3d10, scrutinize 3d6, search 4d6, streetwise 3d8, trackin' 3d6

Wind: 16

Edges: Law man 3, luck o' the Irish 3, nerves o' steel 1, "the voice" (soothing) 1

Hindrances: Enemy (Cowboy Gang) -4, obligation (serve Tombstone as lawman) -5

Gear: One Colt Lightning, one .56-50 Spencer Carbine, 50 rounds of ammunition for each, quick-draw holster, rope, horse, badge and \$40.

FAMOUS OUTLAWS OF THE WEIRD WEST

CLAY ALLISON

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:4d12, N:3d10, S:4d8, Q:3d10, V:3d8
Climbin' 2d12, dodge 1d12, fightin' brawlin', lariat
4d10, gunplay 3d12, horse ridin' 3d10, quick
draw: pistol 4d10, shootin': pistol, rifle, shotgun
5d12, speed-load: pistol 2d12, throwin': balanced
1d12

Mental: C:2d6, K:2d4, M:4d8, Sm:2d6, Sp:2d6
Area knowledge: Weird West 2d4, language:
English 2d4, guts 3d6, overawe 4d8

Wind: 24

Edges: Brave 2, nerves o' steel 1, sand 2, tough
as nails 5

Hindrances: Lamé (limps due to clubfoot) -3,
mean as a rattler -2, outlaw -5, vengeful -3

Gear: Two double-action Colt Peacemakers, one
scattergun, 50 rounds of ammunition for all
his guns, fast-draw holsters for his Colts, one
speed-load cylinder for each Colt, two Bowie
knives, rope, horse, and \$120.

BLACK BART

Black Bart's not actually a ghost, just a mighty
cagey robber. His real name is Charles E. Boles
or Bolton. He was born in 1830 in New York and
currently lives in a hotel in Shan Fan. He is a
mining engineer by training, and he fought
briefly for the Union in an Illinois regiment.
Despite his chosen profession, he is a pacifist
who doesn't even load his guns!

If confronted with real force, he flees. If
confronted by armed lawmen, he surrenders. He
doesn't have a gang. He uses dummies to make
it look like he's got a bunch of men backing him
up. In truth, it's him and him alone.

Heroes may suspect that Bart's appearance
out of nowhere and ability to evade pursuit
indicate supernatural powers. They don't. They
indicate intelligence and clever planning.

Bart avoids leaving bootprints by wearing a
large pair of black socks over his boots
(observant stagecoach drivers may notice this).
He's also a skilled outdoorsman who walks to
and from his robberies (often for days or weeks)
rather than using a horse. Bart picks his targets
and his place of ambush well and makes use of
his reputation instead of his guns.

Bart is an older man with a bushy white
moustache. He has a scar on his right forehead
from a rifle wound he received from one of the
few stagecoach drivers he couldn't intimidate.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:4d8, N:3d8, S:2d6, Q:3d6, V:2d6
Dodge 6d8, shootin': pistol, rifle 2d8, teamster
2d8

Mental: C:3d8, K:3d6, M:3d6, Sm:4d10, Sp:3d6
Academia: poetry 2d6, area knowledge: California
2d6, language: English 2d6, overawe 4d6,
survival 5d10, trackin' 5d8, trade: engineer 3d6

Wind: 12

Edges: Luck o' the Irish

Hindrances: Outlaw -3, pacifist -3

Gear: One Colt Dragoon pistol, one Winchester
'76 rifle, rope, horse, and \$450.

SAM BASS

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:3d10, S:3d6, Q:3d10, V:2d8
Dodge 3d8, gunplay 2d8, horse ridin' 5d10, quick
draw: pistol 3d10, shootin': pistol, rifle, shotgun
3d8, sneak 3d10

Mental: C:3d6, K:2d6, M:3d8, Sm:2d8, Sp:2d6
Area knowledge: Weird West 2d6, bluff 2d8,
gamblin' 3d8, language: English 2d6

Wind: 14

Edges: Luck o' the Irish, purty 1

Hindrances: Outlaw -4

Gear: One double-action Colt Peacemakers, one
Winchester '73 rifle, one double-barreled
shotgun, 50 rounds of ammunition for all his
guns, Bowie knife, rope, horse, and \$150.

WILLIAM BROCKAWAY

Brockaway figures the Secret Service is on to
him and the East is a little hot for him right now.
He's come West where (maybe) folks don't look
too closely at their money. He is currently in
Chicago, but he is heading toward Shan Fan.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:2d6, S:2d4, Q:3d8, V:2d6
Dodge 2d8, shootin': pistol 2d8

Mental: C:3d8, K:4d10, M:3d4, Sm:3d8, Sp:3d6
Arts: engravin' 4d8, disguise 3d10, forgin' 5d10,
language: English 2d6, trade: printer 3d10

Wind: 12

Edges: Dinero 4 (fake!), mechanically inclined 1

Hindrances: Enemy (US Secret Service) -3,
outlaw -2

LAW & ORDER

Gear: Fake printing plates for various types of money and bonds, currency paper, engraving tools, several thousand dollars' worth of fake greenbacks and Confederate scrip, palm pistol, and 10 rounds of ammunition

NED CHRISTIE

Christie's been able to hold out so long against the law because the Reckoners have their eyes on him. There aren't many as ruthless and vicious as he is, so they've been helping him however and whenever they can.

It's an advantage that Christie attributes to his skill or just plain luck. He's completely unaware why he is so fortunate. Pretty soon, though, the Reckoners will come a-knocking on Christie's door, looking for a favor. Once that happens, Christie may become even more dangerous.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:3d12, N:3d10, S:3d10, Q:3d12, V:3d8
Dodge 2d12, fightin': brawlin', knife 4d10, horse ridin' 3d10, quick draw: pistol, rifle 4d10, shootin': pistol, rifle 4d12, sneak 4d10, throwin': balanced 3d10

Mental: C:3d6, K:2d6, M:3d10, Sm:3d6, Sp:3d6

Area knowledge: Oklahoma 2d6, language: English 2d6, language: Cherokee 2d6, trackin' 3d6, trade: gunsmithin' 4d6, trade: blacksmith 3d6

Wind: 22

Edges: Belongin's (Ned's Fort Mountain) 5, Fleet-footed 2, "the stare" 1, tough as nails 4, "the voice" (threatening) 1

Hindrances: Bad eyes (has lost right eye) -3, enemy (United States Marshals) -3, mean as a rattler -2, outlaw -4, ugly as sin -1

Gear: More guns and ammo than you can shake a stick at, gunsmithing equipment, enough food to last a long, long time, and \$100.

THE COWBOY GANG

Any campaign that is run in Tombstone or follows a path that leads to Tombstone must almost certainly incorporate the Cowboy Gang at some level. This gang permeates every level of life in Cochise County, and there is nothing that happens without the Cowboys knowing about it or having a hand in the situation. They control many of the businesses in the area whether the business is legal or not.

The only law in the area is Town Marshal Fred



White and Cochise County Sheriff John Behan. Fred does what he can to keep things in check, but Sheriff Behan isn't troubling himself.

For the Clantons and the McLauri Brothers, use the gunslinger archetype (see the *Deadlands* rulebook), but add *fightin': lariat* 2 and change the *heroic* Hindrance to *outlaw* -1 (they're not well-known outside of Tombstone) and *mean as a rattler* -2. Their *enemy* is Hank Ketchum.

Curly Bill Brocius and Johnny Ringo are profiled in *The Quick & The Dead*. Give Brocius *gunplay* 6 (in some parts they name the Road Agent's Spin for him, after all), and give Ringo *gunplay* 4. Also give Ringo *academia: poetry & literature* 4; for such a violent man, Ringo is surprisingly well-educated (he attended college in Missouri) and is given to quoting poetry and Shakespeare. Due to time spent in Texas, he also knows several other notorious outlaws, including John Wesley Hardin.

THE DEVIL'S STEPSONS

This gang's nickname is pretty accurate. Their leader, Steven Satan, thinks he's the Devil's own son! Where he got this idea, no one knows, but there's no denying he's trying to live up to his heritage. On occasion he "sacrifices" young women to his "Father," something even the other



Stepsons aren't real comfortable with. None of them dare to talk back to him about it, though. The bleached bones of the last Stepson who did are lying (hopefully) somewhere in the Nevada desert.

Is Steven Satan really the son of the Devil—or maybe of the Reckoners? If so, what supernatural powers does he have? This is left up to the Marshal to decide.

For Steven Satan, use the desperado archetype from this book, but add +2 to all Aptitudes related to shooting, and +1 to all of his other Aptitudes. For all of the other members of the Devil's Stepsons, use the desperado and bandito archetypes. One of them, Ben Skolnick, a deserter from the Union army, is a fresh-dead soldier archetype (see the *Book o' the Dead* for all the rules covering the fresh-dead soldier).

JOHN WESLEY HARDIN

John Wesley Hardin's profile is given in *The Quick & The Dead*. Add *gunplay* 6 and the *cross draw, two-fisted*, and *two-gun kid* Edges to make him complete. His *outlaw* Hindrance's value is -5. He's (by far) the meanest killer known in the Weird West.

Hardin's double-action Colts, which are guns of quality, are carried in Hardin's special fast-draw holsters and have plenty of notches carved into their barrels. He's said to be the one who started that macabre gunfighter's habit. In addition to the Colts, he carries a Remington Double Derringer in a springsleeve holster.

Despite having faced him at gunpoint before, Hardin is a great admirer of Wild Bill Hickok's. He is distressed about Hickok's death and intrigued by stories that Hickok may still be alive.

Hardin is presently being pursued by the Texas Rangers, the Pinkertons (when he strays into Union territory), various sheriffs, and plenty of bounty hunters and gunslingers eager for the reward—and the reputation of killing the deadliest man in the West.

DOC HOLLIDAY

Doc Holliday's profile is provided in *The Quick & The Dead*. Give him *gunplay* 4 to round him out. Although he can draw quickly if he needs to, he prefers to use a trick he picked up from Wyatt Earp: Draw steadily, aim carefully, and shoot accurately. He's found that works better than quick draws and unaimed shots.

Holliday does indeed have arcane powers. In

The Quick & The Dead, he is a huckster. However, the Marshal should make him a hexslinger instead, just like it says in Chapter Four. As hinted there, he was the first man to use hexslinger hexes in public (the Pinkertons and Texas Rangers had been researching hexslinging, and some other men like Arturo Rackham had begun to learn such hexes during this same time period, but Holliday "drew first," so to speak). Add every hexslinger hex from this book to his repertoire. Holliday is coming to consider hexslinging as his "legacy" in the Weird West and is looking for more "students" to whom he can pass on his learning before he dies. Holliday has never revealed to anyone how he learned hexslinging though.

SHERILL "HARDROCK" HOLSTON

Despite his life as an outlaw, Hardrock is a decent fellow, and he would do anything for his close friends. He rides the outlaw trail more out of desire than necessity. He feels the Confederacy owes him a debt, and he takes it in gold.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:3d10, N:4d12, S:4d12, Q:2d8, V:2d10
Dodge 2d10, fightin': brawlin' 5d12, horse ridin' 3d10, quick draw: pistol 3d8, shootin': pistol, rifle 3d10

Mental: C:3d8, K:3d6, M:3d10, Sm:3d6, Sp:2d10
Area knowledge: Kansas 2d6, language: English 2d6, guts 3d10, overawe 4d10, search 3d8, scrutinize 2d8, streetwise 3d6, survival: desert 3d6, trackin' 3d6

Wind: 22

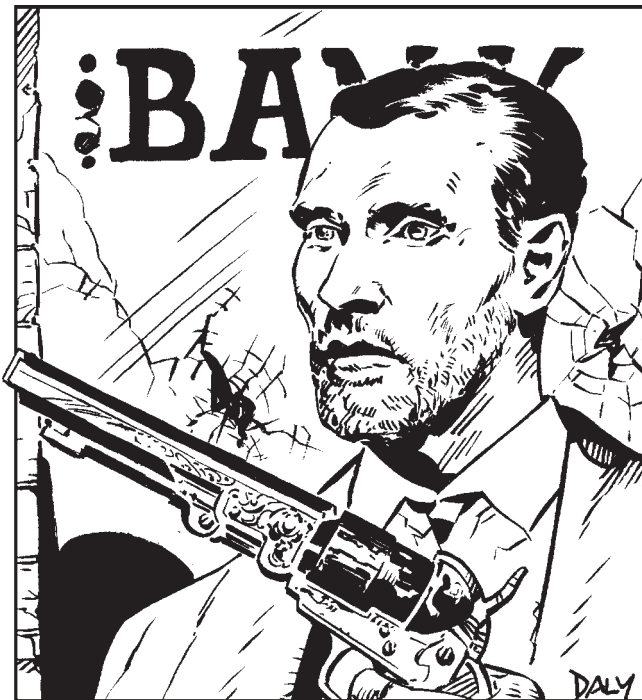
Edges: Brawny 3, tough as nails 1

Hindrances: Enemy (Texas Rangers and the Confederacy) -4

Gear: Two pearl-handled single-action Colt Peacemakers of quality, one Winchester '76 rifle, 50 rounds of ammunition for all his guns, rope, horse, rations, bedroll, and \$155 in Union greenbacks

THE JAMES GANG

There aren't many bands of outlaws that are so loved by one part of the population (Rebels) and so hated by another (Yankees). It's easy to see why the opinions are so sharply drawn, considering the targets the gang chooses.



JESSE JAMES

Jesse's the charismatic leader of this bunch of robbers/freedom fighters.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:4d12, N:4d10, S:2d6, Q:3d10, V:3d8
Dodge 3d12, fightin': brawlin' 3d10, gunplay 2d10, horse ridin' 4d10, quick draw: pistol 4d10, shootin': pistol, rifle 4d12, sneak 4d10

Mental: C:3d8, K:2d8, M:3d10, Sm:3d8, Sp:2d6
Area knowledge: Disputed Lands 4d6, artillery: cannons 2d8, disguise 1d8, language: English 2d6, overawe 3d10, survival 3d8

Wind: 14

Edges: Big ears 1, eagle eyes 1, friends in high places (friends and sympathizers throughout the Disputed Lands) 2, renown 5

Hindrances: Ailin' (prone to sickness due to lung injury) -1, enemy (Pinkertons, Yankees) -3, outlaw -5

Gear: Two Colt Army revolvers, one Sharps 1869 rifle, 50 rounds of ammunition for all his guns, Bowie knife, rope, horse, and \$90.

For the rest of the gang, use the soldier archetype from the *Deadlands Player's Guide*. Change their *loyal* to the gang itself, and replace *obligation* with *outlaw* -3. Their *intolerance* and *enemy* Hindrances extend to the Pinkertons.

THE LAUGHING MEN

The Laughing Men and Chuckles Ryan are profiled in *The Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. Give Ryan *gunplay* 4 and *outlaw* -3 as a Hindrance. The rest of the Laughing Men have *outlaw* -1 or -2.

WILLIAM PRESTON LONGLEY

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:4d12, N:3d8, S:2d8, Q:3d12, V:3d8
Dodge 2d12, fightin': brawlin', lariat 4d8, gunplay 3d12, horse ridin' 4d8, quick draw: pistol 5d12, shootin': pistol, rifle 5d12, sneak 2d8

Mental: C:3d6, K:2d6, M:3d10, Sm:2d6, Sp:3d8
Area knowledge: Texas 2d6, language: English 2d6, overawe 4d10

Wind: 16

Edges: Belongin's 3, renown (feared, fast gunslinger) 3

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty -2, intolerance (Yankees and blacks) -3, outlaw -3

Gear: Two double-action .44 Colt Frontier revolvers, 50 rounds of ammo, fast-draw holsters for his Colts, rope, horse, and \$100.



"DEACON" JIM MILLER

The reason that Deacon Jim's survived so many gunfights is more mundane than you might think. He has an iron plate sewn into his coat! Whoever said gunfights were fair? That's why he wears the coat all the time. The plate gives him 2 points of Armor for attacks that hit the lower guts, upper guts, or gizzards. He can still be shot in the arms or legs, though, and has been wounded in those locations on several occasions. Unfortunately, no one's hit him in the noggin yet. Although, with the Deacon's reputation, that probably wouldn't stop him from terrorizing the West.

Miller favors the shotgun, but he's no mean shot with a pistol either.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:3d12, N:4d10, S:3d8, Q:4d10, V:3d10
Dodge 3d12, fightin': brawlin' 4d10, gunplay 2d10, horse ridin' 3d10, quick draw: pistol 3d10, shootin': pistol, shotgun 4d12, sneak 2d10

Mental: C:3d8, K:2d6, M:4d10, Sm:2d6, Sp:2d8
Area knowledge: Texas 2d6, language: English 2d6, overawe 3d10

Wind: 22

Edges: Big ears 1, fleet-footed 2, luck o' the Irish 3, nerves o' steel 1, tough as nails 2

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty -2, mean as a rattler -2, Outlaw -5

Gear: One double-action Colt Peacemaker revolver, one double-barreled shotgun, one scattergun, 50 rounds of ammunition for all his guns, fast-draw holsters for his Colt and scattergun, rope, horse, and \$50.

JOAQUIN MURIETA

Murieta's hideout is on a large ranch deep in the southern California desert. In a hideous crime, Murieta and his men murdered the rancher, his wife, and their daughter and took the place for themselves. It gives them a good place to keep their rustled cattle and horses before they sell them.

Murieta hates all Americans for the way they have treated Mexico and Mexicans (primarily himself—his early attempts to enter legitimate businesses like mining were always foiled by bigoted yanquis). Due to this hatred, any American that comes into contact with him is treated with animosity. Murieta refuses to deal with any American, nor does he tolerate any insolent behavior from them.

LAW & ORDER

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:3d10, N:3d10, S:2d8, Q:3d8, V:3d8
Dodge 2d10, fightin': brawlin', knife, lariat 3d10,
gunplay 2d10, horse ridin' 3d10, quick draw:
pistol 4d8, shootin': pistol, shotgun 3d10, sneak
4d10, speed-load: pistols 2d10, throwin':
balanced 2d10

Mental: C:2d6, K:2d6, M:3d8, Sm:3d8, Sp:2d6
Area knowledge: Mexico 2d6, guts 3d6, language:
Spanish 2d6, language: English 1d6, overawe
4d8

Wind: 18

Edges: Brawny 3, light sleeper 1, nerves o' steel
1, "the stare" 1, tough as nails 2, "the voice"
(threatening) 1

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty -2, intolerance
(gringos) -2, mean as a rattler -2, outlaw -3

Gear: Two Colt Open Top revolvers, one double-
action Colt Peacemaker, one double-barreled
shotgun, 50 rounds of ammunition for all his
guns, fast-draw holsters for all revolvers, rope,
horse, and \$40.

For Murieta's men (who number about 50), use
the bandito archetype provided earlier in this
book. They include Manuel "Three-Fingered Jack"
Garcia, Reyes Feliz, Pedro Gonzales, and Joaquin
Valencia. To add a little more flavor, one or two
of them may be Harrowed if the Marshal prefers.

DAVE RUDABAUGH

Rudabaugh and his gang have a hidden ally in
Justice of the Peace Neill, a.k.a. "Hoodoo Brown,"
for whom they have done favors in the past.
Judge Neill is prepared to let them go on a
technicality if they are brought before him or if
he is requested to issue a warrant for their
arrest.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:4d12, N:3d8, S:2d8, Q:3d12, V:2d8
Dodge 3d12, fightin': brawlin', knife 4d8, horse
ridin' 3d8, quick draw: pistol 3d12, shootin':
pistol, rifle, shotgun 4d8, sneak 2d8, speed-
load: pistol 2d12

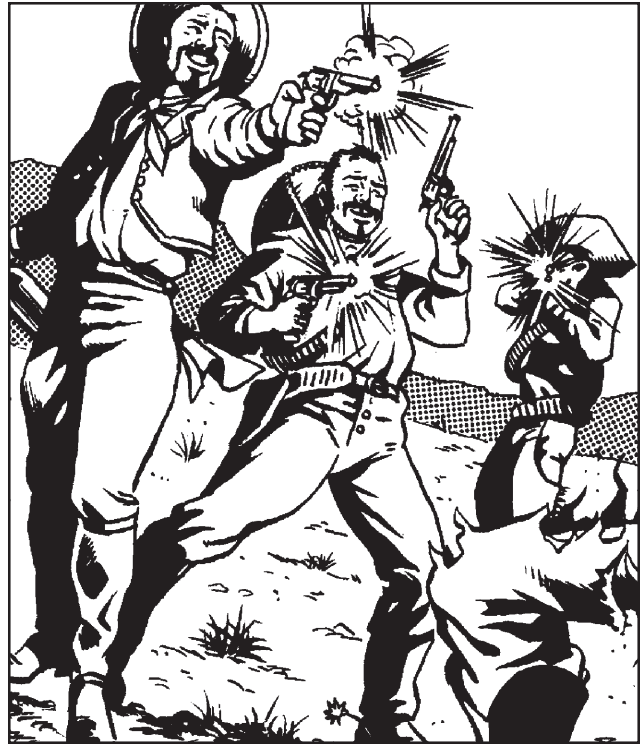
Mental: C:3d6, K:2d6, M:3d8, Sm:2d6, Sp:2d8
Area knowledge: Weird West 2d6, guts 2d8,
language: English 2d6, overawe 3d8

Wind: 16

Edges: Friends in high places (Judge Neill) 2,
luck o' the Irish 3

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty -2, outlaw -3

Gear: Two Colt Lightning revolvers, one .56-50
Spencer Carbine, one single-barreled shotgun,



50 rounds of ammunition for all his guns,
fast-draw holsters for his Colts, two speed-
load cylinders for his Colts, rope, horse

BELLE STARR

Belle's children are usually left with friends of
hers in Missouri. She is prepared to do anything
to keep them from being hurt.

Belle Star's necklace is actually a relic. See
Hucksters & Hexes for details.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:3d8, S:2d6, Q:3d10, V:2d8
Dodge 3d8, fightin': lariat 2d8, fightin': whip 4d8,
horse ridin' 3d8, shootin': pistol, rifle, shotgun
3d8, sneak 4d8

Mental: C:2d8, K:2d6, M:2d6, Sm:2d8, Sp:2d6
Area knowledge: Disputed Lands 2d6, language:
English 2d6

Wind: 14

Edges: Friends in high places 2 (former lovers),
purty 1, renown 3

Hindrances: Outlaw -3, randy -3

Gear: Belle usually lets whoever she's working
with supply her with gear. She usually carries
a whip with her, though.

MARSHAL SHORTCUTS

The following rules are already in place in the *Deadlands* revised rulebooks.

Sometimes there's a lot of bad guys. You don't want to keep track of 15 banditos' *Quickness* totals, wounds, Wind, and wound modifiers when you're trying to describe the scene and help the heroes resolve their actions. You've got better things to do.

We've got a better way than way than the ones we told you about in the first edition of *Deadlands*.

ACTIONS

Roll *Quickness* totals for major bad guys and important critters. For numerous extras, deal one card for each "group." It's your call as to what each group is, though usually it's each set of bad guys that have the same statistics. If the group is really fast (usually extras with *Quickness* of 3d8 or better), give them two or more cards to act on. It's your call.

If a group gets a Joker, pick one of its number to get its effects and deal another card for the rest of the group.



The downside for the bad guys is that they only get one card. The upside is that they all get to go together like one big, happy family. It all balances out in the end.

Here's an example. Say your posse is fighting a hideous greater nosferatu, a couple of old nosferatu, a passel of lesser nosferatu, and a pack of rats. You should roll *Quickness* for the greater nosferatu, and then give each of the other three groups a card each.

WOUNDS

There's a much better way to keep track of wounds for lots of bad guys with *no* bookkeeping. Our momma told us not to lie, so here's an easy way for you to keep track of wounds for tens or even hundreds (if you feel brave enough) of bad guys without ever touching a piece of paper.

You have to use miniature figures, however, or something else to represent the heroes and the bad guys. Besides letting you use this Marshal's "cheat," minis help your players understand the scene better—especially important in a big fight. This gives everyone a good tactical sense of what's going on and encourages them to visualize and use the environment instead of just saying "I shoot it" on every action.

Pinnacle makes a bunch of minis for just this purpose. If you're gun-shy about minis, you can use dice, coins, tokens from a game ("I'm the shoe!"), or counters with your posse's names written on them. Place the minis on a map or a piece of paper with the terrain sketched in. Big sketch pads work great, and good hobby shops have erasable "battle mats" as well.

There's the pitch for using minis. (We won't ram it down your throat.) We'll give you the cheat in a minute, promise, but first a disclaimer. Don't use this shortcut for important bad guys or really unique monsters. You should use the more-detailed "wound" system for anything that spectacular. You should also use the regular wound system if there are only a few ornery cowpokes involved in a fight.

Okay. Enough disclaimers and preaching about miniatures. Here's the shortcut.

Whenever a player character makes a successful attack, let her roll hit location to see if she gets any extra dice for a hit to the gizzards or noggin, but apply all the extra's wounds to his guts area.

Don't roll Wind for wounds applied to extras when using this system. That's subsumed by putting all the damage in the extra's guts.

LAW & ORDER

Mark the damage by placing a poker chip under the miniature's base. (Of course you can use other markers if you want, but chips fit neatly under the figure.) The chip also tells you what kind of wound-level penalty to assess the bad guy when it makes an attack as well. Simple, huh?

The best part? You can even tell the players their opponent's Sizes and let them "chip" your bad guys for you. That way you can keep even a really huge combat moving faster than a three-legged toad.

We think you can probably figure this out, but here's a quick table to sum up the wound levels, the corresponding color of chip to mark them each with it, and the wound penalty to the unfortunate victim's actions.

WOUND TABLE

Wound	Chip	Penalty
Light	White	-1
Heavy	Red	-2
Serious	Blue	-3
Critical	Blue+White	-4

WIND

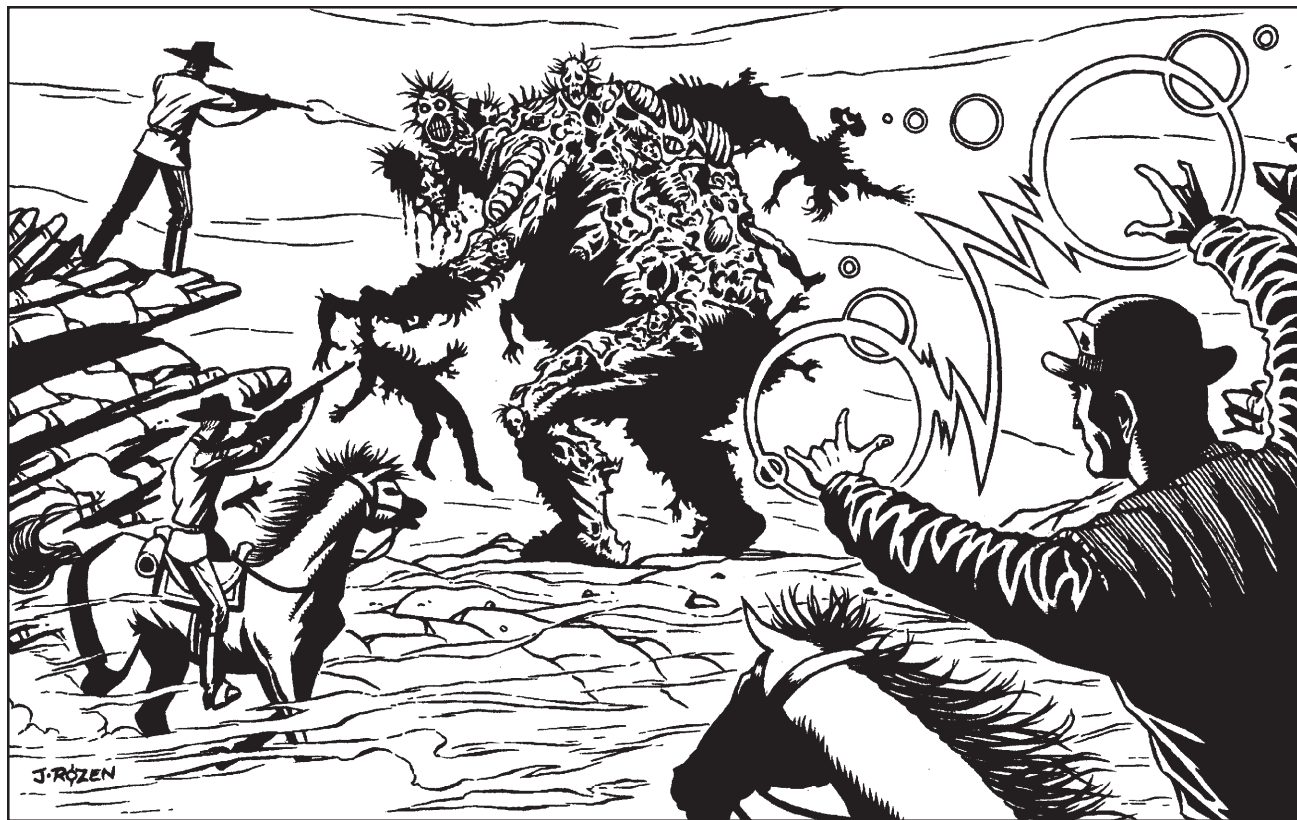
So you're thinking, "Okay, smart guys. But some weapons and powers only do Wind damage. What about that?" We got you covered, partner. Treat Wind just like damage. Every increment of the bad guy's Size in Wind raises the Wound level a notch just like any other damage. It all balances out when taken together with the Wind the victim should be taking with any "real" wounds.

STUN

You might not want to keep track of stunned for all the bad guys. Don't worry—the rules are as complete as we could make them, so you can dig into the details when it's important. You may not always need this much detail. When you do, however, this cheat can help you keep track of stunning as well.

Place a stunned opponent's figure on its back on top of its wound chip. That reminds you to have the creature make a stun check on its next action. If it makes the roll, stand the sucker back up on top of its wound chip.

How do you tell the stunned figures from the dead ones? Take the chip off the dead ones, silly.



SKULL HILL



MARSHAL: 106



CHAPTER SEVEN: ON TOP OF OLD SKULL HILL, ALL COVERED IN BLOOD!



There's been a train robbery, a big one, down near the Texas-New Mexico border between El Paso and Tombstone. The railroad company seems mighty steamed about it—more than you'd expect just because of the money it's lost. The whole situation stinks like a dead skunk in the sunshine, and the stench is drawing more than flies. In fact, in this case, it's attracted the posse.

THE STORY SO FAR

Although this whole situation (at first) seems like a routine train robbery when the posse starts looking into it, the truth is there's a lot more going on. The robbery has its roots in the Day of Reckoning: July 3, 1863.

On that fateful day 13 years ago, there was a group of Union scouts called Halstead's Hellions, after its leader, Jeroboam "Jerry" Halstead. During the war, the Hellions made a well-deserved name for themselves as a skilled, if somewhat ruthless group of scouts. Time and again, they penetrated Confederate lines to spy on the grayback army and bring vital military information back to Grant and the other Yankee commanders.

On that day, the Hellions were scouting south of Gettysburg, looking for weaknesses in the Confederate supply line and possible Confederate routes of escape where Union troops could set up an ambush. They weren't having much luck, though, until they stumbled upon a small group of Confederate soldiers fleeing south. "Stumbled upon" isn't really accurate though. Two groups virtually ran into each other.

The Rebs were simply heading south as quick as fire, and didn't have any scouts out to watch for Union troops. The Hellions were just plain distracted. When you're "amusing" yourself with a group of defenseless Confederate nurses you found behind enemy lines, you aren't really paying attention to possible threats, are you?

The two groups immediately started shooting at each other, with the Hellions (in a disgusting display of cowardice) using the hapless nurses as human shields. Fortunately for the Union spies, they outnumbered the small group of fleeing soldiers, and one by one they picked-off the spooked Rebs. The nurses were dead too, along with several Hellions, but them's the breaks.



SKULL HILL

THE DEAD RETURN

As the Hellions turned back to their horses and began preparing to ride away, the nurses and dead Rebs came back to life! Halstead personally saw the first of the horrors, one of the former nurses, bite through his lieutenant's throat before he blew her head off with his Colt.

The Hellions began fighting again, but this time the odds weren't on their side. Every time one of their comrades fell, they would rise up again, and the numbers against them grew. Finally, Halstead realized it was a losing proposition. He screamed to his remaining men to ride for it before it was too late, and they mounted up and skedaddled. He and nine other Hellions barely managed to escape the horrible clutches of the living dead.

They rode west for nearly an hour until reason reasserted itself, and they began to calm down a bit. Then they stopped to take stock of their situation. It was apparent that something fundamental had changed in the war, and in the world. They didn't want to stick around and find out what it was. They decided that things might go better for them out West—but they needed a grubstake to get them going.



A PLAN GONE BAD

From earlier scouting expeditions, they knew that the Confederate Army was maintaining a store of gold in an old church a few hours south of Gettysburg. They turned around and rode that way, detouring far to the south to make sure that they avoided the "survivors" of their earlier battle. They made it to the church that night and found it guarded by only a few Confederate soldiers and an old parish priest. A few bullets later, it was guarded only by the Hellions, and the Confederate gold was theirs for the taking.

They set out the next day for points west, using the Confederates' uniforms as a disguise.

They slowly worked their way across Tennessee and Arkansas, buying supplies along the way. Any patrols or other unwanted attention they ran into were eliminated with a few well-placed shots. The Hellions were convinced that they were on their way to their own little paradise. With the gold and the wide open West, there seemed to be little that could stop them from having what they desired.

Or so they thought. Their actions had attracted the attention of something they couldn't shoot: the Reckoners. Seeing in the remaining Hellions a group that didn't blanch at shooting innocents, butchering priests, and ravaging women, the Reckoners figured they'd found some choice servants that could serve their purposes in the West. They reached out and began to touch the Hellions subtly, seeing who might be the best vessel for their powers.

The Hellions all began to suffer intense nightmares, but each morning they were able to console themselves with the thought of the chests of gold they were carrying. Ugly-tempered quarrels about what to do with the money were settled with a few judicious blows by Halstead, and on one occasion he had to shoot one of his men who became too ornery for his own good.

The Reckoners finally chose Halstead's second lieutenant, Frank Abernathy, a man who seemed to lack any sort of conscience. Abernathy was the one who shot the priest back at the old church, and he'd ridden away without so much as a second thought about gunning down a man of God. Slowly they began to affect Abernathy's mind, opening it to secrets and lore unknown to men for centuries. As the Hellions crossed Texas, Abernathy's knowledge grew, and with it grew his power—dark power. By the time the Hellions entered New Mexico, even Halstead was a little afraid of Abernathy, though he couldn't tell you why.

A TREASURE BURIED

Somewhere in northern New Mexico, the group's arguments about who would get the gold became too much. Halstead called a halt near a group of hills marked by scraggly, skeletal-looking cottonwood trees. After some discussion punctuated by the drawing of revolvers, the group finally resolved to split up some of the money now, but to leave most of it there. They would arrange an agreement that the last to survive would get the money.

Each of the nine remaining men received \$5,000 in gold. While they dug a hole for the rest of the gold, Abernathy scratched out the agreement on a few blank pages ripped from one man's Bible. When all the gold had been placed in the hole, Abernathy, Halstead, and each of the men signed the agreement in blood, promising not to come back for the gold unless he were the last member of the Hellions left alive.

Then, before any of the others could act, Abernathy whipped out his Colt and shot Halstead. As the body tumbled into the hole, Abernathy pronounced a curse on the gold that anyone who came for it before the others were all dead would die horribly. Furthermore, he bound Halstead's spirit to the place to guard the gold from anyone else who might come seeking it. When the others looked at the agreement, they saw Halstead's signature had faded away.

Taking their money, the eight surviving Hellions rode their separate ways to seek their separate fortunes. Abernathy rode north and west into southern Utah, where he got into politics and mining and became a wealthy man. Bill Crimmons rode west into California, where he used his gold to start a ghost-rock mine. Jack Carroway rode east back into El Paso, Texas where he eventually became a lawman (more on what type of lawman later). Samuel Fern rode south, wasted his money, drifted from town to town, and eventually took to robbing banks and trains with his Bleeding Heart Gang. Uriah Morgan and Jim Skerrit became Arizona cattle barons, running thousands of beeves on their Bar-UJ Ranch. Paul Robertson became a rich sutler in Corinth, Nevada, near the infamous Fort 51. Kyle Thomas became an itinerant gambler, riding from town to town and fleecing the foolish and unwary at the card table, occasionally falling in with Fern's gang when times got lean.

But now the former members of the Hellions have begun dying in rather "unusual" ways.

CHAPTER ONE: CENTURY'S END

Eastern New Mexico—Fear Level 1

The heroes, entirely ignorant of the above facts, is drawn into this situation when they receive word of the robbery of the *BV Century*, one of the Bayou Vermillion trains that ply the tracks between New Orleans and Tombstone. Reports indicate that a group of about 10 men, wearing handkerchiefs over their faces forced the train to stop somewhere west of El Paso by dumping a wagonful of rocks on the tracks. Several of the bandits positioned themselves a mile or so before the blockade and flagged the train down to warn of the rocks on the tracks ahead—a rather polite gesture for a band of lowdown thieves.

After the train stopped, the outlaws boarded it with guns drawn, pistol-whipped the engineer and conductor, and shot and killed three private detectives hired by the railroad to guard the cargo. Then the robbers raided the passenger and baggage cars and made off with many of the passengers personal belongings and several chests full of gold and silver bars. No one outside of the company knows exactly how much money was being carried on the train, but rumor has it that the robbers made off with well over \$20,000 of the railroad's money! A hefty sum for a day's work.

The Bayou Vermillion Railroad has acted swiftly to recover its property by making it known (through its agents) that it is offering a reward for the return of the money and the capture, dead or alive, of the robbers. The reward is \$10,000 for the return of the chests and all contents thereof, plus \$400 for the leader of the outlaw group. The Bayou Vermillion Railroad is also offering \$100 for each of the robbers that is captured and brought in—dead or alive. (Bayou Vermillion may be able to use the dead ones.)

This reward should immediately give the posse pause for thought—and not just because they'd like to get their hands on the reward money. First of all, it's an enormous reward—over half of the rumored take! Normally the reward would only be a fraction of that amount. Second is the unusual wording of the reward offer; it's for "the chests and all contents thereof." Clearly there was something else in the chests that Bayou Vermillion values highly. Cagey posse members may feel the hair on the back of their necks begin to rise as they think about what this might mean.

SKULL HILL

GETTING THE POSSE INVOLVED

The easiest and most obvious way to get the heroes involved is to simply have them go after the robbers for the reward money. Few cowpokes are going to object to a nice, fat reward, after all. It's even easier if some or all of the posse members are lawmen who might go after the thieves anyway, or if the posse has ties to the Bayou Vermillion or a rival railroad that is interested what type of cargo the *BV Century* was carrying.

Alternately, the Marshal can make use of Ned Alden. He realizes that he's outnumbered, so he can deputize the posse members and offer them the reward if they help him. (He's not going to take the reward. Rangers don't accept rewards. Bringing in desperadoes is their job).

If the Marshal prefers, Alden can be a private detective hired by Bayou Vermillion, rather than an official lawman. He could even be a self-interested bounty hunter. In either case, he seeks the reward and offers to split it with the posse members. If the Marshal prefers this method, replace Alden's *law man* and *rank Edges* with *belongin's* (a quality horse) and *friends in high places*, and change his *Hindrances* to *Hindrances* appropriate to the alternate role.

Lastly, the characters may have some personal stake in the matter that gets them in the thick of things. Perhaps they hear that some old rivals are after the reward, and they decide to beat them out for it. Maybe one of them was expecting to receive something on the train that has now been stolen. A hero may even be related to, or friends with, one of the slain detectives.

RANGER NED ALDEN

Corporeal: D:2d12, N:3d10, S:2d8, Q:4d10, V:4d6
Climbin' 1d10, dodge 2d10, fightin': knife 3d10,
horse ridin' 3d10, quick draw 3d10, shootin':
pistol, rifle 3d12, sneak 1d10

Mental: C:2d8, K:1d6, M:2d6, Sm:2d6, Sp:3d6
Area knowledge: Weird West 2d6, language:

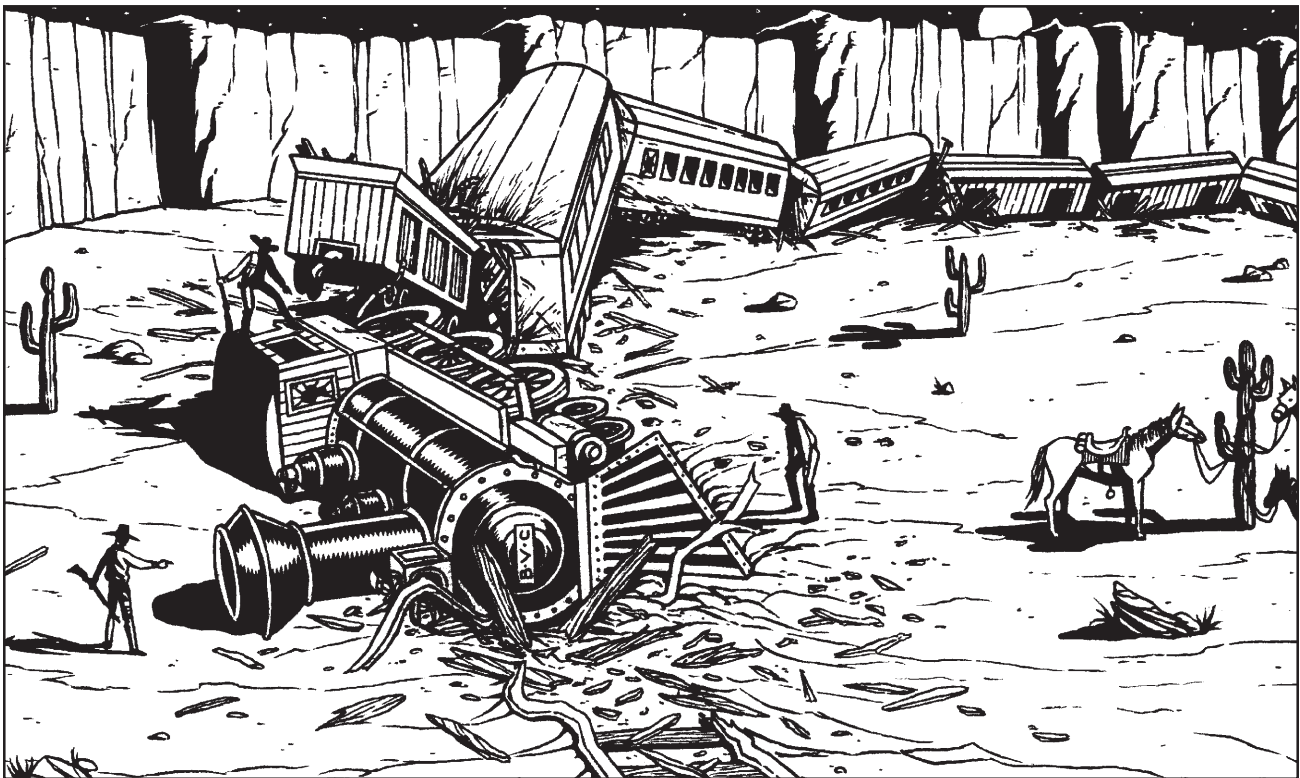
English 2d6, language: Spanish 1d6, guts 3d6,
leadership 2d6, overawe 3d6, survival (desert)
3d6

Wind: 12

Edges: Law man 5, rank 1

Hindrances: Big britches (one riot, one Ranger) -
3, enemy (Northerners) -2, obligation (shoot or
recruit supernatural) -5

Gear: Two single-action Army pistols, one
Winchester '73, 50 rounds of ammo for both
guns, Bowie knife, *Ranger's Bible*, rope, horse,
rations, bedroll, and \$200 in Confederate scrip.





SKULL HILL

SUSPECTS

No one knows who committed the robbery, although there are several suspects.

APACHE RAIDERS

The Apache are known to have no love for the Bayou Vermillion and its glassy-eyed workers. They have been attacking labor parties and robbing the occasional Bayou Vermillion train for years—and they can certainly use the money from this robbery to buy guns south of the border.

THE BLEEDING HEART GANG

Sam Fern and his band of cutthroats have plagued the badlands of New Mexico for years. This is just the sort of job he'd pull, though it would be a bigger take than anything he's had in years.

BANDITOS

Some of the daring and ruthless banditos may have ridden north of the border to strike at the railroad. If so, the gang has probably fled deep into Mexico with the money.

THE LAUGHING MEN

This large gang, based in the Grand Canyon, roams the Southwest from Colorado to Texas and could easily have attacked the Bayou Vermillion—perhaps based on information received from contacts with the gang's former employer, the Black River Railroad.

THE COWBOY GANG

The Clantons and their allies might have ridden out from Tombstone to rob the train. This isn't quite their style, but for \$20,000 in gold and silver, what's a brief change in style? If the Cowboys did it, the money's sure to be found in or around Tombstone somewhere.

WHAT'S GOING ON

The Bleeding Heart Gang knocked over the *BV Century*. They did it mainly for the money, but Sam Fern wanted the train because he felt there'd be more to steal than just money. After opening some of the chests, he found a small one lined with red velvet and a funny-looking piece of gold jewelry. It looks sort of like a catfish and has tiny rubies for eyes. Attached to it are several colored ribbons and feathers. Fern felt very drawn to the thing, somehow, and has refused to get rid of it since he picked it up.

What Sam Fern doesn't know is that he's being played for a patsy. His actions are being subtly manipulated from afar by Frank Abernathy. Abernathy is a very skilled sorcerer, and he is controlling Fern by means of the foulest black magic. The golden gewgaw is actually a powerful voodoo talisman, the Ghede Charm, created by Baron LeCroix. The Baron was sending it to one of his houngan underlings for use in the building of the Bayou Vermillion line. By using this charm, a houngan or black magic practitioner can quickly and easily turn dead men into zombies—a very useful talisman if you need to quickly and easily build an army of undead soldiers. Abernathy wants the charm, and he's going to get Fern to bring it to him.

But Abernathy wants more than just the talisman. He wants the Confederate gold, and he's tired of waiting for it. He knows that, with the powers given him by his dark masters, he should outlive all of the other members of the gang, but he has uses for the remaining gold now, so he's started using his black magic to eliminate the other surviving Hellions (the cleverly-worded agreement which he wrote doesn't forbid any of the Hellions from killing the others, but the rest of them have never realized that).

About a month ago, Jim Skerrit was killed in an "accident" while herding cattle on the Bar-UJ Ranch. Uriah Morgan found Skerrit's body out on the ranch's lands, looking as if an enormous bull with clawed hooves had stomped him to death. At the time, Morgan thought nothing of the incident, but it wasn't the last strange death among the original Hellions. Less than two weeks ago, Bill Crimmons plunged to his death when he ran off of a 200-foot tall cliff into the waters of the Great Maze. Witnesses have reported that he was screaming about "ghosts" and waving his arms around his head as he ran.

After being prompted to do so by Abernathy's puppet spell, Uriah Morgan has sent letters to the other Hellions, informing them of the two recent deaths, and suggesting that one of them might be a murderer. He's requested that they all meet at Abernathy's mansion near the town of Boiling Springs, Utah, to determine who the killer is and put an end to him.

BOUNTY POINTS

None, since the posse isn't all that involved yet—unless there's some particularly good roleplaying and the Marshal feels like rewarding with 1 Bounty Point.

CHAPTER TWO: POKIN' YOUR NOSE IN WHERE IT (MAYBE) BELONGS

The posse's first step in determining who robbed the *BV Century* and tracking them down should be to inspect the scene of the robbery. So far, only railroad employees have visited the site. If any posse member is a lawman with jurisdiction over the area, or if the posse is working with a lawman like Ranger Alden, they have no trouble getting to see the scene. The train is still stuck at the scene of the robbery while the rocks on the tracks are being removed.

If the posse does not have some sort of "official" status, the railroad employees try to keep them away from the train. The posse can get around this by getting signed permission to view the train from an appropriate lawman, politician, or Bayou Vermillion official. Alternately, they could bribe the Bayou Vermillion employee in charge of the robbery scene (an annoyingly fussy, detail-oriented man named Bertram Carruthers), or sneak around at night when the workers have returned to the village of Hot Sands, about two miles away. There are three guards posted on the train—some of LeCroix's walkin' dead. The walkin' dead are there to protect the *Century's* secret, and immediately attack anyone that is not supposed to be around the train.

Inside the train, the heroes don't find much to help them. The reports and rumors they've heard are basically correct. The train was stopped by rocks on the tracks. The robbers boarded it, attacked the engineer and conductor, shot and killed three private detectives that were guarding the money, took what they wanted and fled on horseback. According to Bayou Vermillion employees, there were more than half a dozen robbers, but less than 20. At least some of the robbers were Mexican, based on their skin tone and accents, but no one is sure if they all were.

The private car where the money was kept is drenched in blood and peppered with bullet holes. Dozens of shots were fired at the three detectives. Railroad company employees can tell the posse that two of the robbers seem to have been wounded by the detectives' return fire, one of them seriously.

The loot itself was carried in four chests. Three were large, requiring two men to carry them. The fourth was much smaller. In fact, it was not much larger than the special boxes the

Colt company sells special (engraved or honorary) revolvers in. At least one of the posse members should have seen such a box before, and some may even own one. Railroad company employees don't know for sure what was in any of the chests, but they were told that the large ones contained silver and gold bars. The gold and silver was supposed to be delivered to a bank in Tombstone where it would be converted into cash to pay Bayou Vermillion employees and laborers. The robbers dumped the silver and gold into sacks but took the small chest intact, along with its secret contents.

The only clue the robbers left behind is a handkerchief one of them dropped as they were leaving. It's an American brand, one made and sold mostly in California.

Outside the train there are more clues, however. Tracks from the robbers' horses can be followed. The posse must make three Fair (5), one Onerous (7), and one Hard (9) *trackin'* rolls to follow the robbers all the way back to their camp. They can take extra time (one day) and roll again if they fail any of the rolls, but they can only do this once for each failure. If one or more raises are achieved on any of the rolls, the posse can determine which horses were carrying the gold and silver (their tracks are deeper). One of the horses (the one carrying the most loot) has a distinctive mark on his shoe that makes him easy to identify once this is noticed.

What's that? You say no one in the posse knows how to track? How in the Hell have they survived this long? Well, there's nothing else for it but to give Ranger Alden or some other non-player character *trackin'* and let him help out. To keep the heroes from feeling totally useless, let one of them make a *search* roll to spot the unusual track.

THE OUTLAW TRAIL

The robbers have a lead on the posse. How much of one depends on how quickly the posse has acted to pursue them and how fast the posse travels. The robbers are moving at a steady pace of about 35 miles per day.

The trail of the robbers leads north into the badlands of New Mexico. It crosses the Santa Fe trail and stays well clear of any villages, towns, settlements, or ranches on the way. Eventually, after several days of riding (assuming the posse has not caught the robbers before now by traveling a lot quicker than the outlaws are), the posse finds itself in the middle of the New Mexican desert.

SKULL HILL

The Marshal may want to spice this little trip up with a few encounters with *Deadlands* nasties. None of the areas the posse is traveling through has a Fear Level greater than 2, but you never know what terrors may come creeping up out of the desert at night.

MASSACRED INDIANS

The posse comes across a group of Apaches that have been slaughtered. Some have been killed by bullets, some by a creature with large, sharp claws. Did the outlaws they were trailing do this, or did something else? Maybe the heroes find out the hard way.

FRENCH FOREIGN LEGIONNAIRES

A group of Legionnaires has come north and east of the Ghost Trail, seeking settlements to raid and travelers to waylay. There should be at least three Legionnaires for every two posse members.

LOS DIABLOS

If anyone in the posse's gotten his fifth point of *grit*, the Reckoners may take this opportunity to send Los Diablos after him.

DESERT THING

If the posse's running short of water or food, why not surprise them with one of these?

MOVING RIGHT ALONG

Assuming they survive the journey, the heroes finally have a chance to spot the robbers—and perhaps be spotted themselves. Allow the posse members to make a Hard (9) *search* roll to spot the outlaws' lookout. If the posse got at least one raise on its Hard (9) *trackin'* roll, reduce the TN of the *search* roll to Onerous (7). At the same time, give the outlaws' lookout a Fair (5) *search* roll to spot the posse (unless the posse has been extra careful or found a way to hide itself, such as by making Hard (9) *sneak* rolls, in which case increase the TN for the lookout's roll).

BOUNTY POINTS

Simply Making it through the scene: 1 white chip each.

Finding clues at the train: 1 white chip per clue found to whoever dug it up.





CHAPTER THREE: ROBBER'S CANYON

The Four Corners region—Fear Level 1

The group that robbed the train is in fact the Bleeding Heart Gang. Sam Fern and his compadres decided that the train was a good target after Frank Abernathy used black magic to feed information about it to Sam (Sam isn't aware that Abernathy did this, though). Going on what he felt was intuition, Fern assembled his men, did the job, and retreated to their hideout.

The Bleeding Heart Gang's hideout is located in a narrow canyon that's about 500 feet long. There is a small spring for water, and several small caves sit in the canyon walls (which are about 50 feet tall) for shelter. The outlaws get their food and other supplies by hunting or by raiding settlements.

The canyon has an opening on each end; both openings are wide enough for two or three men to ride abreast. The outlaws maintain a lookout on the top of the canyon that can see people approaching from miles away, unless those people are very careful (make Hard (9) *sneak* rolls). The lookout is maintained at night as well.

Once the heroes find the Bleeding Heart Gang's hideout, they have to decide how to approach it. If the gang members spot them as they're coming in, the outlaws take cover in their caves and behind rocks and do their best to get the drop on the posse. If they do not feel they can take them, they run for it, leaving most of their loot behind. If the outlaws don't spot the posse, the characters may be able to take them completely by surprise.

The fight against the gang should be easier than the posse might expect, because two of the outlaws aren't going to be throwing down with their fellows this time. The first man out is Jack Starns, who was wounded in the train robbery. He's hurting too bad to take part. The other is Sam Fern himself, who snuck away from the canyon long before the posse arrived.

FERN TAKES OFF

Sam Fern was prompted to lead his gang on the train robbery by Frank Abernathy's black magic because Abernathy wanted the Ghede Charm that was a part of the shipment. Now Abernathy's other machinations have prompted Fern to light out for Abernathy's mansion, located in Utah.

After the heroes take care of the Bleeding Heart Gang, they can search among the gang's belongings. The posse finds some of the gold and valuables taken in the robbery.

Once the heroes realize that they've just dealt with the Bleeding Heart Gang, the Marshal should have all the characters make Onerous (7) *Cognition* rolls. The hero who makes the best roll realizes that Fern is not among the bodies.

Then have any posse members who are participating in a search of the outlaw camp make Fair (5) *search* rolls. The character who makes the best roll finds a letter among Fern's personal belongings (see page 127 for the letter).

If no one finds the letter, the posse will have to decide whether it's worth pursuing the escaped gang members (if any) in the hopes that Fern is among them (there's a \$400 reward for him, and a \$100 award for each member of the gang), or whether to keep searching. If they keep searching, allow the posse members another *search* roll.

After receiving this letter a day or two ago, Fern left for Abernathy's mansion in Boiling Springs, Utah. It's up to the Marshal to determine how much lead he has on the posse. If the posse was incredibly fast in its pursuit of the gang, it may be only a day or two. If the posse

SKULL HILL

catches the gang while it's still on the road, assume that Fern received the letter on his way to the hideout, or just before the robbery, and that he gets away before the posse confronts the gang.

The posse members may suspect—and rightly so—that Fern has the small chest, and that its contents are somehow mixed up in all of this. This should make them want to pursue Fern and find out what's going on.

Catching him is tough. He's got three horses and is pushing them hard. He makes 40-45 miles per day unless delayed. A Fair (5) *trackin'* roll tells the posse how far ahead Fern probably is.

Fern took a generous sack of gold and silver bars. He might pay folks to forget he passed through or to harass anyone following him. Feel free to use one or more of the desert encounters listed above on this leg of the adventure as well.

BOUNTY POINTS

Defeating the Bleeding Heart Gang: 1 red chip each.

Finding Fern's letter: 1 white chip to the finder.

Figuring out how to track and successfully pursue Fern: 1 red chip to the genius.

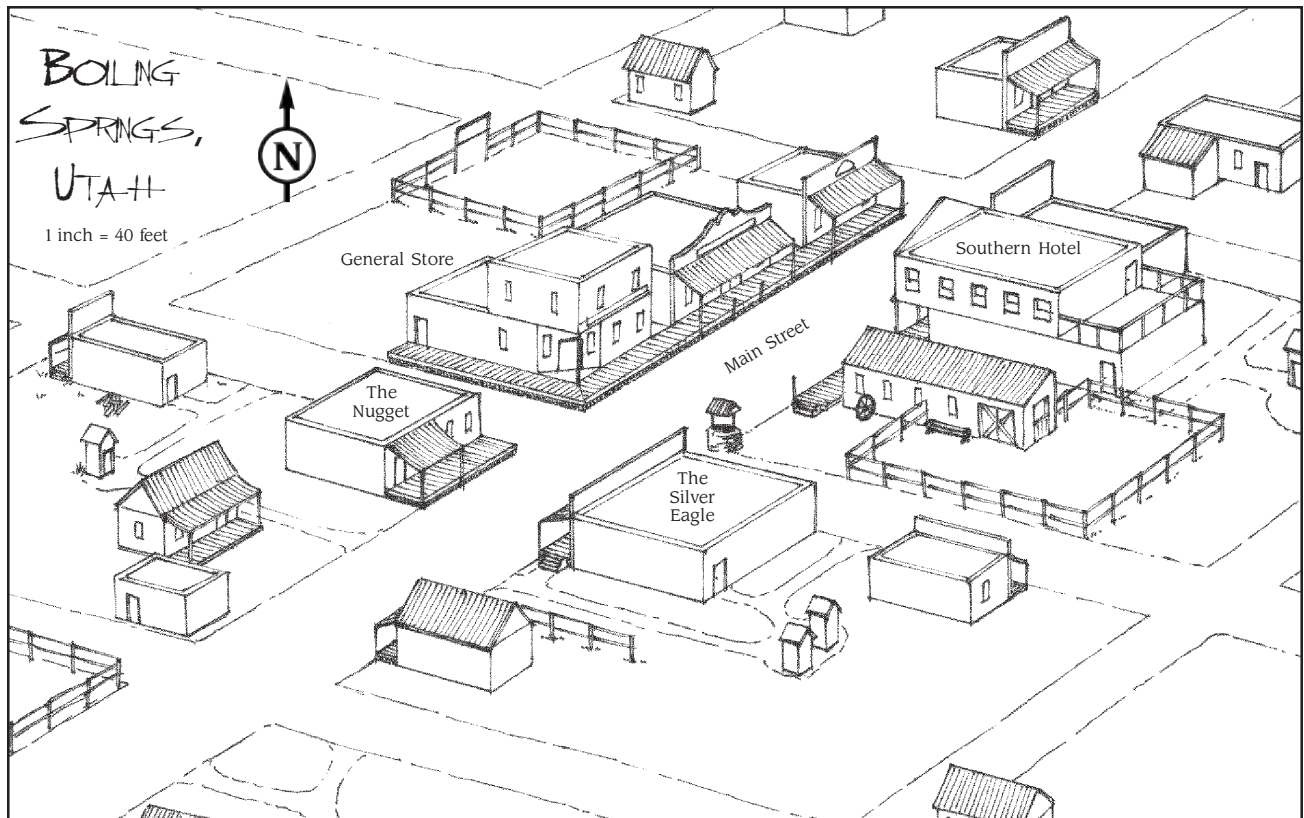
CHAPTER FOUR: COMIN' TO BOIL

Boiling Springs, Utah—Fear Level 2

Any posse member from Utah, or who makes an appropriate Fair (5) *area knowledge* roll (even *area knowledge: Weird West* works) knows that the only Boiling Springs around is located in southern Utah. Even if the posse can't follow or track Fern directly they should know which way to go.

About a day outside of Boiling Springs, the posse comes upon the body of a horse, half-eaten by a pack of coyotes that scatter at the posse's approach. When the posse stops to examine the horse they notice it's got those odd horseshoes whose tracks they have already noticed before. Fern was here not too long ago. Apparently he finally rode one of his horses to death.

The trail leads on toward the small community of Boiling Springs, Utah, population 200 or so. Within a mile of town, the party loses Fern's trail, since it merges with other trails on the road and becomes indistinguishable from the rest.



SKULL HILL

Boiling Springs, which takes its name from a small spring in the center of town that's had a well built around it, is a typical Western town. In the middle of Boiling Springs is a dusty main street with wooden sidewalks, a general store, a bank, a small hotel, and two saloons. There is no train station. The nearest railroad belongs Denver Pacific, many days' travel to the north.

The heroes, as strangers, are soon noticed by the citizens. By the time they manage to go to the Southern Hotel and get rooms from proprietor Cal Johnson (he only has one room occupied right now, by a traveling shyster) or stop by one of the saloons (the Nugget or the Silver Eagle) for a drink, the sheriff seeks them out to ask about their business in town.

Sheriff Howard Monroe is a lean, rawboned man, probably in his early 40s, with a no-nonsense look about him. He wears his star proudly and carries a single double-action Colt Frontier revolver. He makes no bones about asking the posse members their business, and if necessary he points out that they simply don't look like the usual run of cowboys and itinerant merchants who normally come to Boiling Springs. Any character who is an official lawman (either Union or Confederate), or who

has official papers indicating his business, receives Sheriff Monroe's full cooperation and attention. (If necessary, use the sheriff archetype from *The Quick & The Dead* for Sheriff Monroe.)

Sheriff Monroe, Cal Johnson, and general store owner Mitchell Lundquist, as well as several other citizens, saw Sam Fern pass through town. He didn't stay long. He just stopped briefly for a few supplies at the general store and to refill his canteens at the well, and then headed northwest. He had two tired-looking horses and a couple of bulging sacks with him. No one remembers seeing a small chest though. The townsfolk are particularly reluctant to talk about the fact that he headed northwest, for reasons made apparent below.

THE TOWN OF BOILING SPRINGS

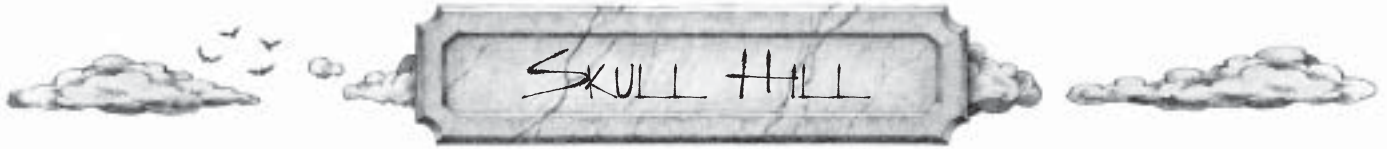
If the posse members stay in town for very long, they begin to notice that Boiling Springs is a rather odd little place. Things seem somehow "wrong," giving the characters a permanent (well, at least while they remain in town) case of the willies. Most of the townsfolk are unwilling to talk to with strangers, and they stick to themselves. In fact, the whole place seems calm and quiet—too quiet for comfort.

What's going on here is that the town is terrorized by Frank Abernathy and his unholy servants. They are extremely afraid of Abernathy and don't even like to talk about him or about his mansion on top of nearby Skull Hill. Those who've been too open-mouthed in the past have simply disappeared overnight, without so much as a scream to mark their passing. Most of the people in town assume that they met with a horrible death, or that Abernathy is up to some unholy experiments.

Therefore, the citizens try to keep quiet and go about their business without creating too much of a stir. The townsfolk prefer to ignore any unwanted attention. The whole town soon seems to have a sort of eerie, *Brigadoon*-like character.

For all these reasons, the posse may have some difficulty identifying "Frank" and finding out where his house is. Townsfolk shudder or turn pale if asked about him, and only if pressed or questioned repeatedly do they offer any information (and precious little of that) about "Old Man Abernathy" who lives on Skull Hill. They don't even want to talk about anything to the northwest or anyone travelling that way. The heroes may have to stay in town a day or two before they find someone who willing to talk to them or whose confidence they can win.





The Marshal should encourage the players to be creative in tracking down this information. Some possible avenues include buying drinks for townfolk in the saloons until they become drunk enough to overcome their inhibitions about Abernathy, winning at cards in the saloon until some broke gambler is willing to pay off his debt with information, or buying so many supplies at the general store that Mitchell Lundquist becomes well-disposed towards them. Regardless of the method used to gain the information, it certainly wouldn't hurt the posse any to make a few friends in town. They may need them sooner than they think!

If the posse stays in town more than a couple of days, Abernathy is likely to hear about them from a weasely citizen, Bill Porter, who sends the information to him in an attempt to curry favor. Abernathy realizes that the posse is a threat and sends something after them (such as a werewolf or some of his hired henchmen) to encourage them to leave Boiling Springs as soon as possible. The Marshal should choose a threat that poses a challenge to the posse—and makes them realize they're on the right trail.

BOUNTY POINTS

The posse conducts a proper investigation in town: 1 white chip each.

The players roleplay their interaction with the townfolk well: 1 white chip each.

CHAPTER FIVE: REUNION

Abernathy has invited all of the remaining members of the Hellions to his mansion. He intends to get the relic from Fern to increase his dark powers, then he plans to kill Fern along with the other old gang members. After that, he's going to use the charm to bring the dead Hellions back to life and command them to bring him the gold that buried long ago—A rather ironic twist to the end of the Hellions, since they will deliver (into Abernathy's hands, no less) that which they desired to have as their own.

WHERE HAVE ALL THE GOOD FERNS GONE?

After the heroes determine the direction in which Fern has traveled, they should set out immediately in pursuit. About an hour outside of town they come upon a dead horse—another marker on Fern's trail. At this point, you should point out that the weather has taken a turn for the worse, so the heroes don't have much time.

SKULL HILL

Skull Hill—Fear Level 4

After another hour or so, the party finally gets a look at Skull Hill. The hill is aptly named. It's a large, round, hill made almost entirely of rock, with little dirt on top and few things growing on it. The sun has bleached the rock to a whitish color, making the hill look like the top of a skull. Posse members should feel increasingly uneasy as they approach, and eventually see, the hill. It's a place of dark magic and horror, and the Marshal should hint at what they're getting into as they approach it. If possible, the Marshal should time their departure from town so that the posse will arrive at the Hill and mansion about dusk.

On top of Skull Hill, just to the opposite side from the posse's approach, is a mansion. It looks out of place way out here in the wilderness, but a narrow trail leads up the hill and straight to its front door. Fern's trail leads up to the mansion, vanishing about a third of the way up the hill.

As the posse starts up the hill, the gathering storm, which has made the day nearly as dark as night, finally breaks. It's a gullywasher, complete with lots of lightning bolts to light up the countryside in stark detail, and it should soon become apparent to the posse members that they've got to reach shelter soon. Fortunately there's a house real close by.

WELCOME HOME

After the heroes knock on the door, they have to wait a minute or two, getting drenched to the skin and dodging lightning bolts all the while, until the door opens. The door is lurching open by a huge bear of a man wearing a nice suit of clothes. He's got a pallid complexion, as if he never goes outside during the daytime. He looks the posse over carefully and somewhat menagally. He speaks slowly and with a guttural voice, asking the posse "you rang?" He identifies himself as Garrison, the butler and manservant of the house. If the posse members ask about Fern or request shelter from the storm, the butler lets them in.

The heroes are asked to wait in the hall while Garrison fetches the master of the house. Just looking around the hallway—which is nicely carpeted and has paintings on the walls, and small tables covered with elegant bric-a-brac—will tell them that the owner is a man of means. Something about the mansion feels sinister, and the characters may feel uncomfortable.





Within a few minutes, Frank Abernathy comes out to greet the group. He is reserved but friendly and is willing to offer the characters shelter from the storm (to do less would not only violate the Western rules of hospitality, but would likely be tantamount to sending the characters to their doom). There's also room for their horses in his stable. The posse members who take the horses to the stable see a broken-down, tired horse such as they expect that Fern rode in on.

Because Abernathy has several other house guests at present, the heroes must double up in their rooms. They may decide how they wish to split the accommodations, or Garrison may decide how to situate the party.

Although Abernathy doesn't say so outright, the posse members are, of course, expected to behave politely, like any good guest would. This includes leaving any of the guns they are carrying in their rooms. Emphasize this, if necessary, to keep the posse members from simply shooting the place up if they get angry. Garrison can back this up with orders if necessary.

After speaking with the posse members briefly, Abernathy excuses himself, explaining

that he has personal business elsewhere in the house. He suggests they stow their gear in their rooms and get a bite to eat from Mrs. Burns in the kitchen.

If questioned about Sam Fern, Abernathy admits that Fern was a friend of his years ago and that he's at the house for a private meeting. He provides no details about the meeting, even if questioned, stating that it's a private affair. Unless the characters have a warrant for Fern's arrest (unlikely, since they didn't know who they were pursuing at first) or specific proof that Fern has committed a crime (again, it's unlikely the posse can offer proof that Abernathy will find satisfactory), he refuses to allow them to arrest Fern. He backs up his refusal with force if necessary. Between his household servants and visiting friends, there should be enough opposition to make the heroes think twice about solving the problem with gunplay. Furthermore, under the rules of Western hospitality, they should abide by their host's wishes. If they want to pursue Fern after they leave Abernathy's house, that's their business.

MAJOR PLAYERS

Abernathy (if the heroes request) introduces them to his other visitors, who are presently in the drawing room enjoying an after-dinner brandy. They include:

FRANK ABERNATHY

Frank Abernathy is a handsome man in his mid-40s. His hair is thick and black, his eyes green, his face clean-shaven. He is a little portly due to good food and lack of exercise, but not overly so.

Frank Abernathy was a nice person once—back when he was about 5 years old, maybe. Then he discovered how much fun it was to pull the wings off flies, and he's never looked back. He joined the Union Army for a chance to kill, and he became one of the most ruthless and bloodthirsty members of the Hellions.

When the Reckoning hit, the Reckoners saw in him a man they could make great use of. They opened his mind to their dark powers and began granting him abilities no man should ever have. In time, he became a powerful disciple in the service of their ultimate evil. He now uses his powers ruthlessly for any purpose that he feels necessary—and often for those that are not that necessary but simply strike his fancy. He takes whatever steps imaginable to obtain that which he desires.

SKULL HILL

With the Reckoners' help, Abernathy has also become wealthy. He made his money in mining and trading. He has since retired from the world of business to his opulent mansion on Skull Hill, to pursue both his arcane researches and his foul masters' agenda. When he found out about the Ghede Charm, he knew he had to have it, and he set in motion the events that have led the posse to his doorstep. At the same time he knew he could take advantage of the situation to get the Gray Gold for himself. The original agreement signed by the Hellions still resides in a safe in his office.

Abernathy's goal is to kill the rest of the Hellions without them (or the posse) suspecting him. When the time comes or the opportunity presents itself, he will kill the posse members, too, since it's the only way to preserve the secret of his powers. If he could have somehow gotten the posse to leave his house before he set his plan in motion, he would have done so. Unfortunately, the terrible storm he whipped up to trap his guests caught the posse as well.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:4d6, S:3d8, Q:2d8, V:4d10
Horse ridin' 3d6, shootin': pistol 3d8, sneak 3d6
Mental: C:4d10, K:4d10, M:3d10, Sm:3d12, Sp:4d8
Academia: Military Theory 2d10, academia: occult 5d10, area knowledge: Weird West 3d10, area knowledge: Pennsylvania 2d10, faith: Reckoners 4d8, language: English 2d10, language: Latin 3d10, overawe 2d10, persuasion 3d10

Wind: 18

Edges: Arcane background: black magician 3, dinero 5, thick-skinned 3, "the voice" (soothing) 1

Hindrances: Enemy (forces of good) -3, intolerance (the blessed) -1, obligation (to his dark masters) -3, vengeful -3

Spells: Animal mastery 3, bolts o' doom 5, cloak o' evil 3, forewarnin' 5, puppet 5, scrye 5, spook 4, stun 3, zombie 3

Gear: One Colt Derringer of quality, and just about anything he might need, within reason (after all, he's rich and in his own house)

MRS. BURNS

Lucy Burns is Frank Abernathy's cook. She is a short, round woman who is almost always smiling. She is blissfully unaware of her employer's true nature or the "business deal" that's brought his friends for a visit, and will faint or carry on when weird things begin to happen.

JACK CARROWAY

Jack Carroway is a lawman from El Paso. He is a lean man with black hair, dark eyes, and a drooping moustache. He has a look of slumbering danger about him, like a rattler lying peacefully on the sand before its tail begins wiggling.

Carroway may be known to some of the posse members already, for he's a lawman. Exactly what type of lawman is up to you, and depends on the needs of the plot. Carroway needs to be able to outrank the highest-ranking lawman in the posse.

If the posse was recruited by Ned Alden, then Carroway only has to be a Ranger lieutenant or captain. Otherwise, you need to tailor him to fit the scenario. If there are no lawmen in the posse, make Carroway a high-ranking Texas Ranger.

Despite his status as a lawman, Carroway is not a particularly pleasant individual. He is rough and brutal, and quite greedy about the Gray Gold. He is familiar with Fern's outlaw life, but out of loyalty to his old friend (not to mention an occasional bribe or two), he's managed to keep the law away from him. (That, and keeping the posse off Fern's back, puts Fern in debt to him).

He orders the posse members to behave, to leave Fern alone, and to leave their guns in their rooms and behave politely. If the heroes don't obey him, they risk incurring the anger of a very powerful organization, and are arguably breaking the law (which Carroway points out).

Carroway is suspicious of everyone else in the group, but especially of Abernathy, Robertson, and Morgan. Since they've managed to make something of themselves with their money, while he pretty much wasted his, he resents their success, and that resentment translates into a greater suspicion of them.

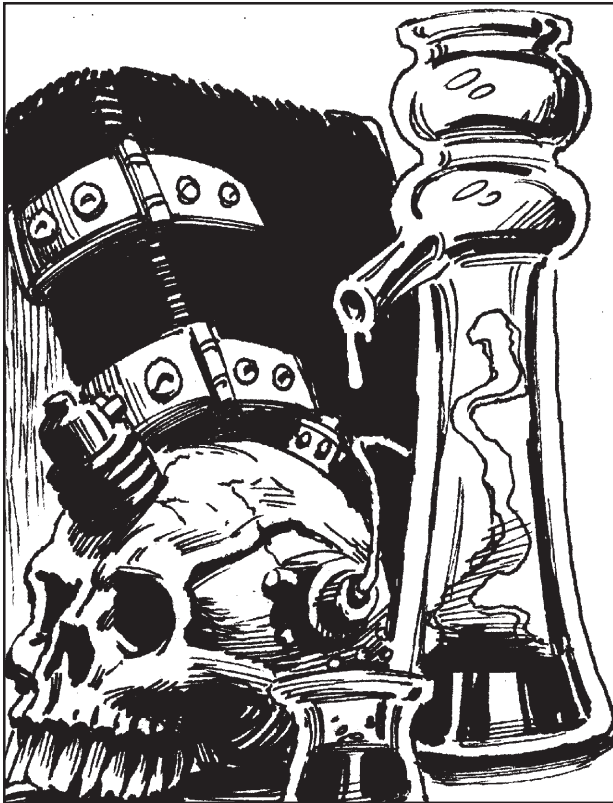
PROFILE

Corporeal: D:4d8, N:3d12, S:4d8, Q:3d10, V:3d8
Dodge 2d12, fightin': brawlin' 3d12, horse ridin' 2d12, quick draw 3d10, shootin': pistol, rifle 4d8, sneak 2d12, speed-load: pistol 3d8

Mental: C:1d8, K:3d8, M:4d8, Sm:3d6, Sp:1d8
Academia: Military Theory 2d8, area knowledge: Weird West 2d8, area knowledge: Pennsylvania 2d8, area knowledge: El Paso 2d8, gamblin' 2d6, language: English 2d8, language: Spanish 2d8, guts 2d8, overawe 3d8, professional: law 1d8, search 3d8, streetwise 2d6, trackin' 2d8

Wind: 16

SKULL HILL



Edges: Law man 1, renown 1, two-fisted 3
Hindrances: Enemy (outlaws) -2, loyal -3
Gear: Two double-action Colt Peacemaker .45 pistols, two speed-load cylinders, 50 rounds of ammunition for Peacemakers, horse, deck of cards, deputy's badge, \$56 in Confederate scrip.

ELMIRA

Elmira Whittington is the maid. She's responsible for keeping the place clean, making the beds, and so on. She is aware of the peephole in the drawing room because she accidentally uncovered it one day while dusting, but she doesn't know anything more, and doesn't want to. She reacts just like Mrs. Burns does to any unusual occurrences, and she faints at the slightest provocation.

SAM FERN

Sam Fern was the leader (as you already know) of the Bleeding Heart Gang. Fern is a tall, ugly man who looks like he's spent a lot of time outdoors. When first introduced to the posse, he appears tired, since he arrived only recently after a long journey.

Fern is an ill-tempered man, quick to anger and take offense. Only the fact that he's not wearing his guns in the house (at least at first) saves the posse members from a bullet in the back, since he realizes they tracked him there. He also has a tendency to insult and ridicule other people, even his friends, and is generally obnoxious, suspicious, and difficult to get along with. He has no honor and is more than willing to fight dirty, shoot a man from behind, or do anything else he must to survive and prosper. He doesn't relish evil actions, but he's no stranger to them either.

Fern's Hellion friends know that he's been riding the outlaw trail for a lot of years, but they don't hold that against him. They all did some things they're not proud of all those years ago, and are willing to keep their mutual secret for a chance at the Gray Gold hoard. A number of them, particularly Morgan and Robertson, suspect Fern of being the killer.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:3d10, N:3d12, S:3d8, Q:4d10, V:4d6
Climbin' 2d12, dodge 3d12, fightin': brawlin', knife 3d12, horse ridin' 3d12, quick draw 3d10, shootin': pistol, rifle 4d10, sneak 3d12, speed-load: pistol 2d10

Mental: C:2d8, K:2d6, M:3d6, Sm:3d6, Sp:2d8
Academia: Military Theory 2d6, area knowledge: Weird West 2d6, area knowledge: Pennsylvania 2d6, artillery: cannons 1d8, language: English 2d6, guts 3d8, overawe 3d6, ridicule 2d6, search 3d8, scroungin' 1d6, streetwise 2d6, survival: desert 3d6, trackin' 2d8

Wind: 14

Edges: Dinero 4 (ill-gotten gains of outlawry), eagle eyes 1, nerves o' steel 1, sand 2, "the stare" 1, "the voice" (threatening) 1

Hindrances: Enemy (lawmen) -2, loyal -3, mean as a rattler -2, outlaw -3

Gear: Two single-action Colt Peacemaker .45 pistols, two speed-load cylinders, one Henry rifle, 50 rounds of ammunition for both types of guns, Bowie knife, rope, horse.

GARRISON

Garrison appears to be an extremely tall, big fellow who doesn't go out in the sun much, but the truth is much stranger and darker than that. He is the undead butler of the mansion. In fact, he is a sort of golem, molded together by Abernathy from body parts dug up from local cemeteries and animated by the dark powers granted to Abernathy by the Reckoners. Peel back his collar or cuffs, and you can see

the stitches where his body parts are sewn together. This is just one of the little experiments Abernathy likes to try in his laboratory.

He serves Abernathy as a manservant and bodyguard and keeps a close eye on the heroes while they're in Abernathy's house. He moves quietly for someone so large and is prone to sneaking up behind posse members when they least expect it and asking them what they're doing.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:3d6, N:3d8, S:4d12, Q:3d10, V:3d8
Climbin' 3d8, dodge 2d8, fightin': brawlin' 4d8,
shootin': pistol 3d6, sneak 3d8, swimmin' 1d8

Mental: C:2d8, K:1d6, M:1d8, Sm:2d6, Sp:1d4
Overawe 3d8

Size: 9

Terror: 10 (only applies when Garrison's true nature is revealed—for example, when he starts fightin')

Special Abilities:

Crush: If Garrison makes an Onerous (7) *fightin': brawlin'* attack roll (plus his opponent's *fightin': brawlin'*, of course), he has grabbed his opponent and may do 2d8 damage that round and every round thereafter until the character escapes his iron grip or he lets go. Grabbed characters may escape by beating Garrison in a contest of *Strength*.

Undead

Gear: Garrison can use any gear in the house, including guns.

"GOLDIE" MACTEER

"Goldie" (so called because of his once-blonde hair) is an old man who is a general hand around Abernathy's house. He takes care of the horses, drives the wagon into town for supplies, does general repairs around the mansion, and handles things like that. Despite his age and appearance, he's a tough old coot, and the heroes should try to keep on his good side (what there is of it).

Goldie claims to be a Union veteran, and he even has a scar or two that might have come from bullets, but no one knows for sure. He seems strangely immune to the odd atmosphere that surrounds his employer's house, so he's either willfully ignorant of Abernathy's dark dealings or he doesn't care—or there's something rather dark about Goldie himself. Or perhaps he just ignores things and drinks like a fish to drown out the fear.

Goldie sticks to himself and avoids the heroes while they are at the house. He likes good booze, though, and may be persuaded to reveal that there's more to Abernathy than meets the eye, if the posse gets him good and liquored up.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:4d6, N:3d8, S:1d6, Q:2d10, V:2d6
Dodge 2d8, fightin': brawlin' 2d8, horse ridin' 2d8,
shootin': pistol, rifle 3d6, sneak 2d8, teamster
2d8

Mental: C:3d6, K:2d6, M:1d6, Sm:3d10, Sp:3d6
Search 3d6

Wind: 16

Edges: Big Ears 1, Keen 3, Tough As Nails 2

Hindrances: Geezer -5, hankerin' (liquor) -1

Gear: One Colt Walker pistol, one Winchester '66 rifle, 20 rounds of ammunition for both guns, knife, and \$20.

URIAH MORGAN

Uriah Morgan is a wealthy cattle baron from Arizona. He is a man in his late 40s or early 50s. He has the look of a man who was once a tough hombre and who can still put up a fight if he has to, but Uriah seems to have gone soft from easy living.

Morgan is a cattle baron, the owner of one of the biggest herds in the West. He has ambitions to be *the* biggest cattle baron in the West, though he has quite a way to go to surpass John Chisum before he reaches that goal.

Since Jim Skerrit's unfortunate demise, Morgan is now the sole owner of the Bar-UJ Ranch in Arizona. The Bar-UJ brand is familiar in cattle towns all over the West. Morgan also sells beef on the hoof to both the Confederate and Union armies. He shows no loyalty to either side. He is a businessman after all, and he knows he can make a lot of money selling cattle to both armies.

Morgan is quite wealthy, and it shows. His clothes are fancy and well-made, his gun and holster are of the highest quality, his horse is sleek and well-fed, and he's got a bit of a gut on himself from all the good food he eats. Although he is loyal to his friends, he is likely to be just a little bit "uppity" toward the scruffier ones, such as Fern and Carroway. He's greedy, willing to do just about anything that's not blatantly illegal for a buck, and is eager to get his hands on the Gray Gold someday.

The only thing he cares for more than money is his pretty young wife Martha. He takes care not to put himself in danger so he can return to her—unless there's a *lot* of money involved.

SKULL HILL

Because he's been in charge of things on his ranch for so many years, Morgan is used to getting his way. He's as stubborn as a mule at times, convinced that his way is right and everyone else is wrong. Once he develops a definite suspicion about who the killer is, he doesn't hesitate to voice that suspicion and try to convince the others he's right.

At first, Morgan suspects that Fern or Thomas are probably the killers. Having been "legit" for so long, Morgan does not look kindly on those who lead outlaw life-styles. He figures they might be capable of just about anything.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:4d8, N:3d10, S:3d8, Q:2d8, V:2d8
Climbin' 2d10, fightin': brawlin', lariat 3d10, horse ridin' 4d10, shootin': pistol, rifle 3d8, throwin': balanced 2d8

Mental: C:3d10, K:3d8, M:2d8, Sm:2d6, Sp:1d8
Academia: military theory 2d8, animal wranglin': horses 3d8, area knowledge: Weird West 3d8, area knowledge: Pennsylvania 2d8, area knowledge: Arizona 2d8, language: English 2d8, language: Spanish 2d8, leadership 2d8, professional: cattleman 4d8, survival: desert 2d6, trackin' 3d10

Wind: 16

Edges: Belongin's 5 (huge ranch and herd), dinero 5

Hindrances: Greedy -2, loyal -3, stubborn -2, yearnin' (to be the biggest cattle baron in the West) -3

Gear: One double-action Colt Lightning pistol of quality, one Winchester '73 rifle, 20 rounds of ammunition for both types of guns, pocketknife, rope, horse, \$1,000 in both Confederate scrip and Union greenbacks.

PAUL ROBERTSON

Paul Robertson is an overweight, middle-aged man with a florid complexion and a prematurely gray hair and beard. He's well-dressed in a nice suit and black string tie, and his overall appearance and demeanor is pleasant.

Robertson used his share of the Hellions' loot to set himself up in business in Corinth, Nevada, where he became a sutler (civilian military supplier) for the Union army. He also runs the general store in Corinth. Unlike the other Hellions, who have long since shed their political affiliations in favor of simple self-interest, Robertson remains a loyal Union man who despises Rebs. Obviously Southern characters, such as Texas Rangers, will find him brusque and hard to deal with.

Robertson's sutler business primarily involves providing supplies and provisions to the Federals' infamous Fort 51, which is located only a few miles from Corinth. Robertson has been there many times, and knows both Captain Jay Kyle and the mysterious "Mr. Eddington" (see *The Quick & the Dead* for more on Fort 51). His loyalty to the Union prevents him from revealing any and all information about the fort though.

Robertson is slowly dying of a fever he contracted some years ago, and he knows that both Morgan and Abernathy are aware of this. He is afraid that they suspect him of killing Skerrit and Crimmons and planning to kill the rest of them so that he can get the Gray Gold before he dies. He is carrying a Remington Double Derringer concealed in a springsleeve holster in the event he needs to use it. He tends to suspect Fern and Thomas of doing the dirty deeds, but he hasn't come close to making up his mind yet.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:3d6, N:4d8, S:4d10, Q:3d8, V:3d8
Fightin': brawlin' 2d8, horse ridin' 3d8, shootin': pistol, rifle 3d6, teamster 2d8

Mental: C:4d8, K:4d10, M:3d6, Sm:4d10, Sp:2d6
Academia: military theory 2d10, Academia: Union military 2d10, area knowledge: Weird West 3d10, area knowledge: Pennsylvania 2d10, area knowledge: Nevada 2d10, bluff 2d10, language: English 2d10, scroungin' 2d10, trade: merchant 4d10

Wind: 14

Edges: Belongin's 4 (nice house, growing mercantile concern), dinero 3

Hindrances: Ailin' (chronic fevers) -3, heavy sleeper -1, loyal -3

Gear: One Colt New Line pistol of quality, one Remington Double Derringer, 20 rounds of ammunition for both pistols, springsleeve holster, horse, \$200 in Union greenbacks.

SNOWBALL

Snowball is a coal-black cat with glowing green eyes. She is Abernathy's familiar—a gift to him from the Reckoners for all of his "good" work (and that term is used loosely when dealing with the Reckoners) on their behalf.

Snowball acts and looks just like an ordinary housecat until she is held and examined closely (which she doesn't tolerate from anyone but Abernathy). If any of the posse members are able to pick Snowball up and examine her, they can see the layer of tiny scales that are underneath her fur.

SKULL HILL

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:4d8, N:4d10, S:3d6, Q:4d10, V:4d8
Climbin' 4d10, dodge 4d10, fightin': claws 3d10,
sneak 5d10

Mental: C:3d8, K:2d6, M:2d8, Sm:3d6, Sp:2d4
Search 3d8

Size: 2

Terror: 5 (only applies when Snowball's true nature is revealed)

Special Abilities:

Aid Black Magic: As long as Snowball is alive, Abernathy may add +1 to all rolls he makes to cast black magic spells.

Bad Luck: Once per day, Snowball can curse someone with bad luck. That person will suffer from the *bad luck* Hindrance for a week or until the curse is lifted by a blessed.

Claws: STR+1d6

Sixth Sense: On a Foolproof (3) *smarts* roll, Snowball can avoid any attack.

Serpent Form: Snowball can change its form to a small (nonvenomous) serpent.

KYLE THOMAS

Kyle Thomas is a gambler, huckster, and an outlaw. He is a handsome man in his early 30s. His hair is blond, with a hint of red, and he has a manicured, waxed blond moustache. He wears specs, but this is a bluff and affectation. His eyesight is just fine.

Kyle Thomas is known to many in the Weird West as a skilled gambler who sometimes rides the outlaw trail to make up for his losses at the poker table. He is not thought to have ever killed anyone, and despite his occasional association with the Bleeding Heart Gang, he tends to work with desperadoes who are more interested in money than blood. He'd much rather make his money at cards or dice than at gunpoint.

What few folks know about Thomas is that he's a skilled huckster, one who makes the manitous dance to his tune (some of the time, anyway). He's always on the lookout for anything that can increase his understanding of the magic that's flowing through the world these days. His *greedy* nature relates more to such things than to money, though he wouldn't turn down a chance to make lots of cash either.

Thomas, more so than any of the others, is aware that there is something dark and forbidding about Abernathy. He is beginning to suspect that Abernathy might be behind the recent deaths of some of the Hellions, but he has not yet made up his mind.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:4d8, N:2d6, S:2d6, Q:3d8, V:4d6
Fightin': brawlin' 1d6, filchin' 2d8, horse ridin' 2d6,
lockpickin' 1d8, quick draw: pistol 2d8,
shootin': pistol 2d8, sleight o' hand 3d8, sneak 3d6

Mental: C:3d10, K:3d10, M:3d12, Sm:3d12, Sp:3d6
Academia: military theory 2d10, academia: occult 3d10, area knowledge: Weird West 2d10, area knowledge: Pennsylvania 2d10, bluff 4d12, gamblin' 4d12, language: English 2d10

Wind: 12

Edges: Arcane background: huckster 3, luck o' the Irish 3

Hindrances: Greedy -2, loyal -3, outlaw -1

Special Abilities:

Hexslingin' 3

Hexes: Corporeal twist 3, helpin' hand 3, hunch 2, phantom fingers 2, private eye 2, soul blast 3, trinkets 3

Gear: One Remington Double Derringer of quality, one Wesson & Leavitt Pocket Pistol of quality, 10 rounds of pistol ammunition, springsleeve holster, horse, one copy of *Hoyle's Book Of Games*, and \$200 in Union greenbacks.

THE STAGE

Abernathy's house is an elegant mansion that is quite out of place in the Utah badlands. It is large and quite luxurious and has two floors, plus an attic, a basement, and a secret subbasement.

DOWNSTAIRS

The Hallway is where the posse and other visitors enter the mansion. Like the rest of the house, it is elegant and luxurious, with fine, maroon carpeting, nice paintings on the walls, and tables covered with pieces of art (along the walls).

There are five doors leading off the hall, into the drawing room, billiard room, dining room, and kitchen, and the basement stairs. At the far end, the hall terminates in a large picture window that looks out over Abernathy's "back yard." There is also a staircase leading up to the second floor. Light is provided by lamps on the walls.

THE DRAWING ROOM

This is a combination parlor and library. The walls are lined with books (most of them in excellent condition because Abernathy's never read them), and there are plenty of chairs and sofas for guests to sit in. There is a fireplace on the south wall.

SKULL HILL

THE BILLIARD ROOM

This is another room devoted to relaxation and leisure. Its centerpiece is a large, ornately-carved billiard table. In one corner, there is also a card table. The oak panelling is dark, and the lighting in the room is provided by lamps on the walls and by a fireplace.

DINING ROOM

A large dining table and related furniture occupy this room, which also has a swinging door that leads directly into the kitchen. Lighting is provided by a crystal chandelier.

KITCHEN

This is Mrs. Burns' bailiwick, where she prepares all the meals. There is a back door leading outside, and another door opens on a narrow stairway that goes down to wine cellar.

UPSTAIRS

The upstairs is occupied almost entirely by bedrooms—Abernathy's, the servants', and guest rooms. Abernathy also has an office connected to his bedroom. The hallway that runs the center of the floor has picture windows on

either end. Each offers good views of the surrounding countryside. The stairs continue on up to the attic.

The attic is a creepy place—dark, dusty, and chilly, regardless of how warm or bright it is outside. Mostly it's filled with old furniture and well-locked trunks. As for what's in those trunks, well, that's left to your evil and twisted imagination.

THE BASEMENT

The basement is reached by a stairway from the main hall. Like the attic, it is always dark and cold. Unlike the attic, it's mostly empty, with just a few old crates and barrels. It looks like it might once have been a cave.

WINE CELLAR

Go down the stairs in the kitchen, and you come to the wine cellar. It's filled with dusty bottles of wine and champagne (some quite valuable) and barrels of beer and other spirits (many of them large enough to hold one or more men). Even with Goldie around, Abernathy doesn't seem to lack for liquor.

OUTSIDE

Outside of the mansion are the outhouse, the servant's quarters, and the horse stable.

SECRET PASSAGES

There's more to Abernathy's house than meets the eye. The whole thing is riddled with secret passages, many of which have peepholes so that guests can be spied on.

DRAWING ROOM TO BILLIARDS ROOM

The drawing room and the billiards room are connected by a passage that is concealed by a bookcase in the drawing room, a wooden panel in the billiards room, and a wooden panel behind a large cabinet in the hall.

WINE CELLAR TO THE BASEMENT

This passage runs between the wine cellar and the basement, and is concealed by a large barrel "set into the wall" in the wine cellar, and by a featureless stone wall in the basement.

BASEMENT TO ABERNATHY'S LAB

The passage that runs from the basement to Abernathy's lab is concealed behind a featureless stone wall in the basement. This is one of the important passages to discover, since it may give the heroes a clue to Abernathy's true nature.



SKULL HILL

It could also be a dangerous discovery. Abernathy may not take kindly to his guests meddling in his villainous affairs or foiling any of the experiments he is conducting in the lab.

BETWEEN THE GUEST BEDROOMS

A series of passages connect the guest bedrooms, and the entrances are concealed by wooden panels in the upstairs hallway. These passages are used mainly for spying, and there are no entrances into the bedrooms from these passages.

BENEATH THE HALLWAY

Beneath the hall there is a passage running from the drawing and billiards room secret passageway to the stairs, and then it proceeds down to the basement. It is concealed by a featureless stairway walls.

USING SECRET PASSAGES

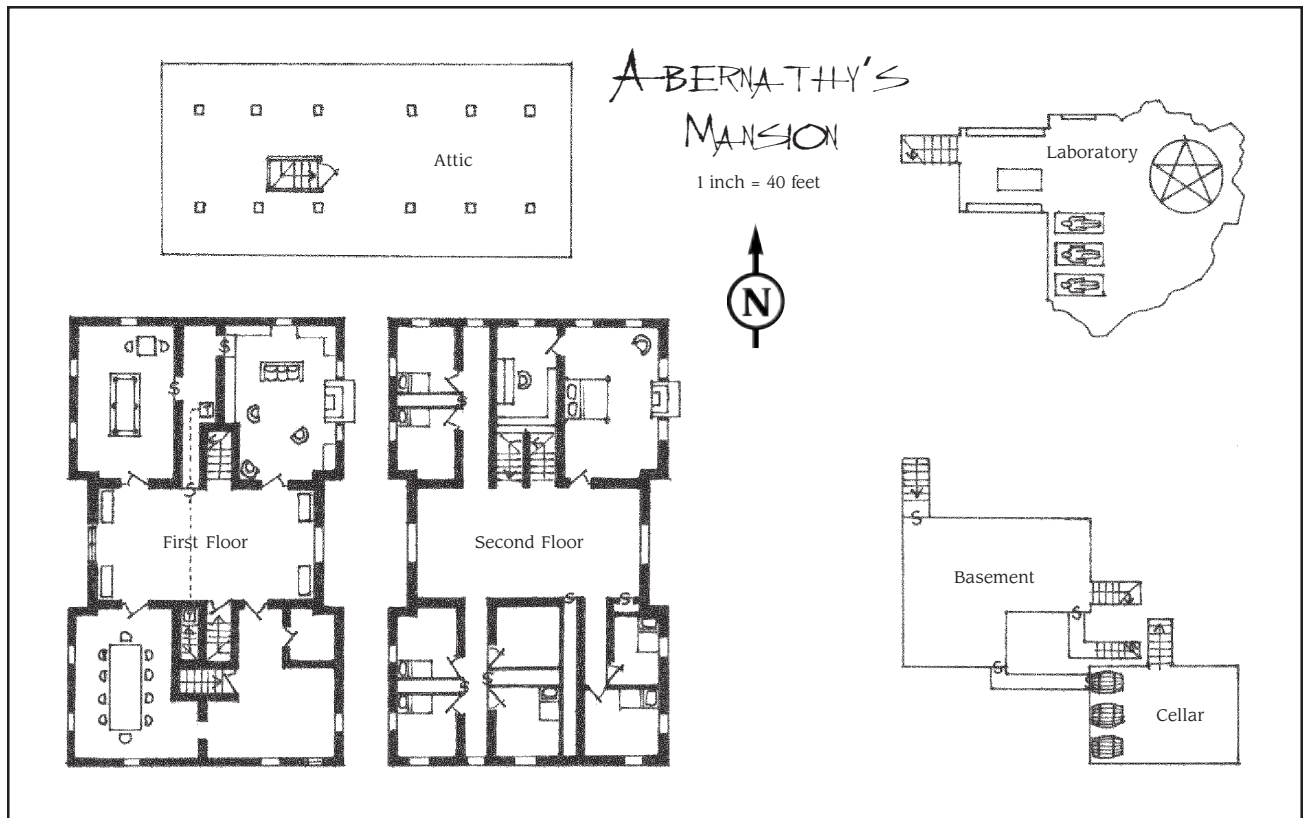
Spotting a secret doorway is tough—a character must examine the area closely and make an Incredible (11) *search* roll. After the first one is found, other ones may be found by making Hard (9) *search* rolls. However, the secret

door leading down to the laboratory always requires an Incredible (11) *search* roll, regardless of whether other doors are found first.

THE LABORATORY

Located beneath the basement in what used to be a cave, this is where Abernathy works his darkest magics. A zombie servant assists him in his work—well, the zombie assists him as much as a zombie can. Some of the decor down here includes arcane tomes, a pentagram inscribed on the floor in blood, a large mirror used for Abernathy's *scrye* spell, corpses on slabs, and a lab table covered with glassware filled with bubbling, colored potions. The Ghede Charm is also down here, still in its original chest, sitting on a table in the center of the lab.

In addition to the secret passages and doors (you may add some, if you like), you should feel free to sprinkle traps throughout the mansion as necessary for drama and game balance. Trapdoors leading to pits, iron maidens, bear traps, and other devices can be used to give the players a hard time when they begin snooping around (or when the fight between them and Abernathy finally begins).



SKULL HILL

PAINTIN' THE HOUSE RED

Now that everyone's gathered together, the stage is set for you to create an eerie scene and intriguing adventure for the posse. Abernathy is going to try to kill off the remaining Hellions, using black magic and secret passages, and blame it on another Hellion or one of the posse members. He doesn't hesitate to be gruesome or devilish. His masters like that.

The posse members are trapped here in the house. With the storm raging outside, they simply cannot leave. Between lightning, flash floods, and the utter darkness, there is no way they could get more than a mile or two without being killed. Like it or not, they've got to stay. And Ranger Alden (and/or Jack Carroway) rides herd on them to make them "behave" if they aren't willing to act properly on their own.

Abernathy and the other Hellions don't let the heroes sit in on their meeting, but that doesn't mean the posse can't find a way to listen to what's going on. Judicious use of hexes would do the trick, as would making Onerous (7) *Cognition* rolls to listen outside the door (assuming the heroes can do so without Garrison, Snowball, or Goldie catching them). Quizzing Elmira may uncover the existence of the drawing room's peephole, which would clue the posse in that there's probably a secret passage somewhere around there that they could use for their spying. With some proper hints, you can challenge the players to be clever!

Beyond that, it's hard to predict what course events may take. Garrison, Snowball, and Goldie try to keep an eye on the posse and report about them to Abernathy. Elmira may take a shine to one of the posse members. You should play the scenario for maximum thrills, chills, and excitement. If you need any additional plot devices or ideas, here are some interesting suggestions:

Provide multiple suspects for each killing or attack. Try not to keep all of the characters (posse members or extras) together. Split them up so that the posse cannot keep an eye on everyone.

As described above, the posse members are expected—ordered, if necessary—to leave their guns in their rooms. Abernathy then sends Garrison or Snowball to take them to the laboratory. If this succeeds, the posse should be left feeling mighty vulnerable.

Abernathy concentrates on eliminating his rivals, not the posse members (at least not until they become a threat). Carroway should be one of the last victims to go, since without him to order them around the heroes not behave. The first victim to be killed is found in the outhouse. Garrison surprises him there and strangles him. If undetected, he hides the body outside in the outhouse's pit, a woodpile, a haystack in the barn, or some other convenient location. He then comes back inside and change clothes. Still, a lingering dampness may tip the posse that he was outside, or perhaps someone saw him go out for a while.

Another victim may disappear when he goes to the wine cellar for more wine (he insists on picking it out himself, since he "knows good wine"). The body is taken down to the laboratory. Signs of a scuffle may provide clues for the posse.

Kyle Thomas might be killed in a way that suggests magic was used, but which leaves the posse guessing. You should come up with some type of explanation or clue that will lead the posse to believe that magic was involved.

THE LAST BATTLE

Eventually, of course, it comes down to a fight between Abernathy and his servitors and the posse plus any survivors. Abernathy retreats to his Laboratory and use the Ghede Charm to animate all the bodies down there as veteran walkin' dead to come after everyone. Once he is discovered, he must kill everyone to maintain his secrets. He uses his knowledge of the house's secret passages and traps to maintain control of the battlefield and keep his enemies on their toes at all times.

BOUNTY POINTS

Exposing and defeating Abernathy as the killer: 1 red chip each, and 1 point of Grit.

The posse discovers and destroys Abernathy's black magic laboratory: 1 blue chip to whoever discovered it, another to the character that suggests destroying it.

The posse discovers and destroys the Ghede Charm: 1 red chip to each.

CHAPTER SIX: GIMME THE PRIZE

If the posse has figured out the connection between Abernathy and the Hellions, the Marshal may use this section as a little bonus adventure for the posse. There is still Confederate gold out there for the taking, after all.

END GAME

After Abernathy is defeated, any remaining Hellions take off like devil bats out of Hell. Under the circumstances, any living members consider the original contract null and void. All's fair when the lord of black magic is dead.

The Hellions going after the gold are prepared to do anything within their power to keep anyone else from getting it. It is, as they see it, their compensation for Abernathy's "breach of contract". Whatever happens, the posse should get the impression that the closing chapter has yet to be written in the Hellions' lives.

SIGNED IN BLOOD

If the posse is unaware of the contract, one of Abernathy's "former" servants comes forward to inform the posse of the story (that the servant obviously overheard) of the contract and the stolen Confederate gold.

Along with the contract, there is a map of Coyote Canyon (see page 128), a small narrow canyon in northern New Mexico where the gold is buried. If all of the Hellions are dead, the heroes must find the map on their own or get the information out of any of Abernathy's servants. They may even be able to extract a possible location of the buried treasure without the map. For instance, a servant may tell them that it is "somewhere in northern New Mexico, at a place called Wolf Pass, or Coyote Canyon, or somethin' like that. It's supposed to be near some sort of Aztec ruins, as I recall." With that much information, they should be able to make their way to the canyon with little trouble.

COYOTE CANYON

Coyote Canyon is located in northwestern New Mexico, near the very corner of the territory. This part of the area is known for some ruins of Aztec settlements. When the heroes proceed to Coyote Canyon, they need the map to be able to find the exact location of where the Gray Gold is buried (but don't worry if

they don't—read on).

After the heroes find Coyote Canyon, they also (much to their chagrin) discover the bodies of any of the Hellions that made their way to the canyon. Somehow the detectives for Bayou Vermillion found out about the Hellions through rumors about the Bleeding Heart Gang. They captured the remaining Hellions as they approached the canyon, and tortured them. If there are no Hellions remaining after the showdown with Abernathy, then Bayou Vermillion agents obtained the information through some other source.

LeCroix's walkin' dead, along with a few henchmen, are scouring the Canyon for the hidden gold. The Bayou Vermillion Railroad would like to find the gold to make up for their losses at the hands of the Bleeding Heart Gang. If they spot the heroes, the henchmen immediately question them about their intentions and issue them orders to proceed on their way. If the heroes want the gold, they're going to have to throw down. There should be as many veteran walkin' dead as heroes (add one or two extra for tougher posse members).

FOOL'S GOLD

When the dust has settled from the skirmish with LeCroix's agents, the posse may use the map to find the treasure. With the map, the posse needs to make an Onerous (7) *search* roll to discover the exact site where the Gray Gold is buried. If the posse doesn't have the map, the need to make an Incredible (11) *search* roll. The posse may make an attempt to discover the gold once per day.

When the heroes locate the site, they will discover that the ground has been disturbed recently and covered over. Apparently someone broke his part of the bargain and returned for the gold. On the other hand, someone may have dug himself out of the ground. (Halstead, if you remember, was buried here.)

Once the heroes start digging, they discover that most of the gold is also missing. If any of the heroes make a Foolproof (3) *search* roll they find about \$400 worth of gold scattered throughout the dirt and surrounding area.

BOUNTY POINTS

Uncovering the secret of the Gray Gold: 1 white chip each.

Defeating the Bayou Vermillion troops: 1 red chip each.

The posse discovers the gold: Moola!

SKULL HILL

The map to the Confederate gold.



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SKULL HILL

Abernathy's letter to the Hellions.

April 4, 1876

My Fellow Associates,

It has come to my attention, as no doubt it has to yours, that Jim and Bill were both killed recently. Forgive my suspicious nature, but these deaths seem too sudden, and too violent, to be an accident. In light of the secret we share, I think someone is out to get us - either one of our own, or someone who has found us out somehow. I suggest that it would behoove us to gather and determine the nature of recent events. Frank has offered his house in Boiling Springs and will be glad to extend all comfort and aid to each of you while you are there. He is expecting us within the month. I look forward to seeing you again.

Sincerely,

Uriah

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CATALOG

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