

The Way of the Dead



DEAD LANDS

Fred Jandt

20
system



THE WAY OF THE DEAD



By Fred Jandt



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Deadlands created by Shane Lacy Hensley.

Dedicated to: This book is dedicated to Sam Raimi for some of the best undead of all time.

Editor's Dedication: Amen.

The Prospector's Tale

Howdy, pardner. Thought ya might be gettin' up soon. Those tin horns that planted ya didn't realize you wuz already dead. Reckon they'da done a lot worse to yer sorry carcass if they'da known better. Course, ya ain't gonna be half as ornery as ya were yesterday, now that I've poured a draught of this here elixir down yer gullet.

Name's Jenkins. Coot Jenkins. Ya don't hafta shake my hand—I can see yers are still busted up from that ambush. Most people just call me "the Prospector," but it ain't gold I dig up these days. Uh-huh—it's leathery hombres like you, friend. I'd tell ya all about it, but I got a feelin' yer more interested in why yer crawlin' up out of a grave than why some 60-year-old geezer's standin' over ya with a scattergun.

So pull yerself on up outta that hole, and I'll tell ya what I can. Get comfortable, friend. You've got a lotta catchin' up to do.

And pull that worm outta yer ear. It's makin' me queasy.

The Walkin' Dead

The only job I've ever been good at is diggin' things up out of the earth. I can't say I like diggin' up the dead better'n strikin' gold, but the thrill of the hunt is just as excitin'. See, I skulk around the frontier, lookin' for people just like you, pardner. Good folks that have come back from the grave all twisted inside. They ain't hard to spot if ya know what yer lookin' for.

In yer case, I knew ya had a good reputation as a lawman 'til ya got cut up in '67. Most folks think ya went bad after that, but that's only half the truth. Ya went dead. Walkin' dead.

When ya came back, the critter inside ya, called a manitou, wuz in charge and has prob'ly been runnin' the show ever since. Made ya start killin' folks and doin' things that woulda made yer momma cut ya out of her belly if she coulda known.

The elixir ought to help ya fight back, but there's no guarantee. And don't go gettin' a taste for it 'cause this here's the only bottle I got. An Injun friend of mine whipped it up for me, and I ain't seen him since '72. In case ya ain't figured it out from those fresh tombstones over there, it's 1876, partner.

Yer gonna' have to fight yer demon all by yer lonesome. And if ya can't lick it, I'm gonna have to put ya down. That's the reason I got this scattergun—in case I ain't talkin' to the man I think I am. But I reckon we'll find out directly. See, I'm gonna spin you a yarn, and by the end of my tale, I'll know who's listenin'. And if it's that twisted critter 'steada you, I'm gonna have to yank both these triggers and turn ya into a little ol' greasy spot.

It's the only way to be sure.

A History Lesson

Ya prob'ly don't remember much 'bout the last eight years. Most o' yer kind fight for control with their manitou every day. Judging by yer past, I s'pect ya ain't done nothin' but lose, so let me bring ya up to date.

I ain't much of a teacher, but I reckon ya oughta at least know how things are goin' and who's in charge these days. You go whistling "Dixie" in the wrong parts, and I'll just have to come dig ya up again. Less of course they cut ya up just right—then yer worm food.

The Civil War

There was a little skirmish at a place called Gettysburg comin' to a close on July 3rd, 1863. You were alive then, so you oughta have heard about it. What you prob'ly didn't hear was what happened afterwards. See, most people think Gen'ral Meade didn't pursue Bobby Lee's army 'cause he was skittish. But that ain't quite so.

The Prospector's Tale

After the blue-bellies started pilin' up their dead, some of them bodies crawled out and started doin' things. Terrible things. I reckon the soldiers eventually got 'em all, but after rumors got out about what happened, the army warn't in no shape to go chasin' Rebs.

Things weren't much better over in the Confederate camp. Some kinda butcher snuck into one of their hospitals and started carvin' up the survivors of Pickett's Charge with a doctor's scalpel. That one got away, but not before it'd taken off General John Bell Hood's arm.

Fear

See, it's all about fear. The manitous feed off of it like flies on honey. Or like those flies on your scalp there—you wanna watch that. They lay eggs. Gets real messy.

If you buy into all this, then a battle is like a feeding frenzy to these things. But all that fear ain't just swallowed up—it's used to make more monsters. And I'm not talkin' 'bout more manitous—I mean everything from old legends like the Headless Horseman to brand new critters that nobody'd ever dreamt of. Ya may not believe in vampires, werewolves, haunts, and witches, but ya should. I've seen a lot worse.

The West

At any rate, it ain't a great time to be alive. Or in yer partic'lar case, not quite dead. The Texas Rangers and the Pinkertons are scourin' the border states lookin' for fellers like you to hire or hang. "Shoot it or recruit it" is their motto. Course, they like each other even less than they like fussin' with the dead.

California, Utah, Colorado, Oklahoma, and Kansas are disputed territories. US Pardners and Rangers from the Confederate territories both claim jurisdiction in those areas, but mostly they just fight with each other over who ought to be protectin' the very folks gettin' killed in their crossfire.

Grant's the President of the US. Lincoln got shot in '65, then Johnson took over, but he didn't last long. Jeff Davis has held onto his office in the South by declarin' martial law, but most are callin' for him to step down. Lee's the man they want, but he seems a might skittish about the whole thing.

Both armies are rebuildin' their war machines for one last push, but in the meantime, their raids are makin' a wasteland outta the border states. If ya wanna resume yer career as a lawman, you'll find plenty o' places lookin' for one.

Epilogue

That's the big picture, Pardner. As for yerself, yer wanted throughout US and Confederate territories and most of the lands outside and in between. Murder, arson, rape, rustlin'—I guess you've done just about everything. Or at least that critter inside ya has. But there's one thing about manitous I've learned in the last couple o' years—they got a short attention span.

But since the one in you's been in charge the last 9 years, it already knows everything I just told ya. That's why I had to give ya the long version, y'see.

So I'm gonna' ask ya a question, and if ya get it right, I'll help ya get a fresh start and then we'll see about makin' up for all them things ya did. Maybe me 'n you and some others I've dug up can even find a way to stop the Reckoners.

If ya get it wrong, though, I'm gonna' have to empty both barrels and send ya back to Hell. I sure hope yer momma didn't just raise ya stupid, Pardner.

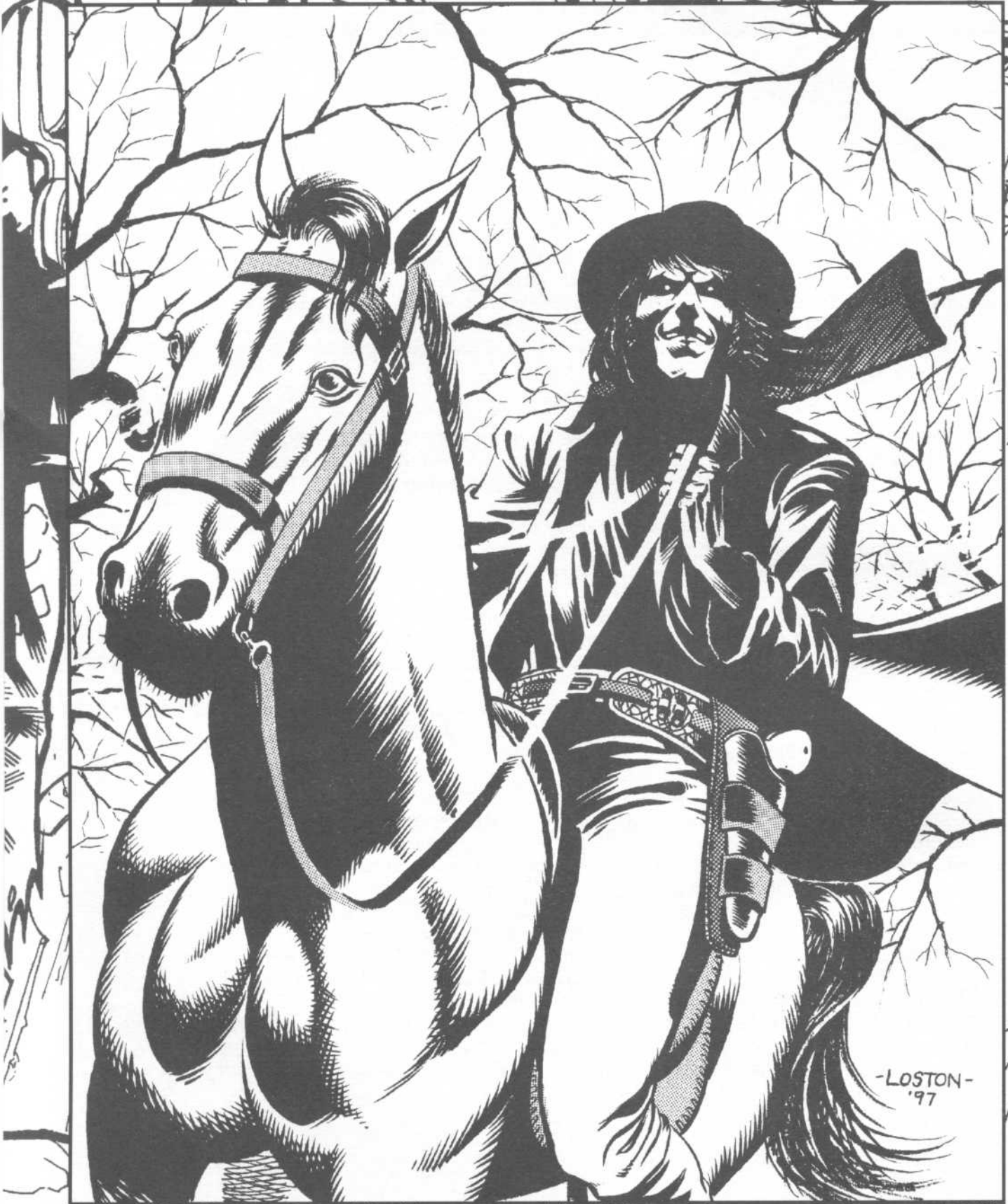
Everyone knows where they were when they heard about the Great Quake. All ya gotta do is tell me what year it wuz.

"'68," eh? That's right.

But I never told ya that.

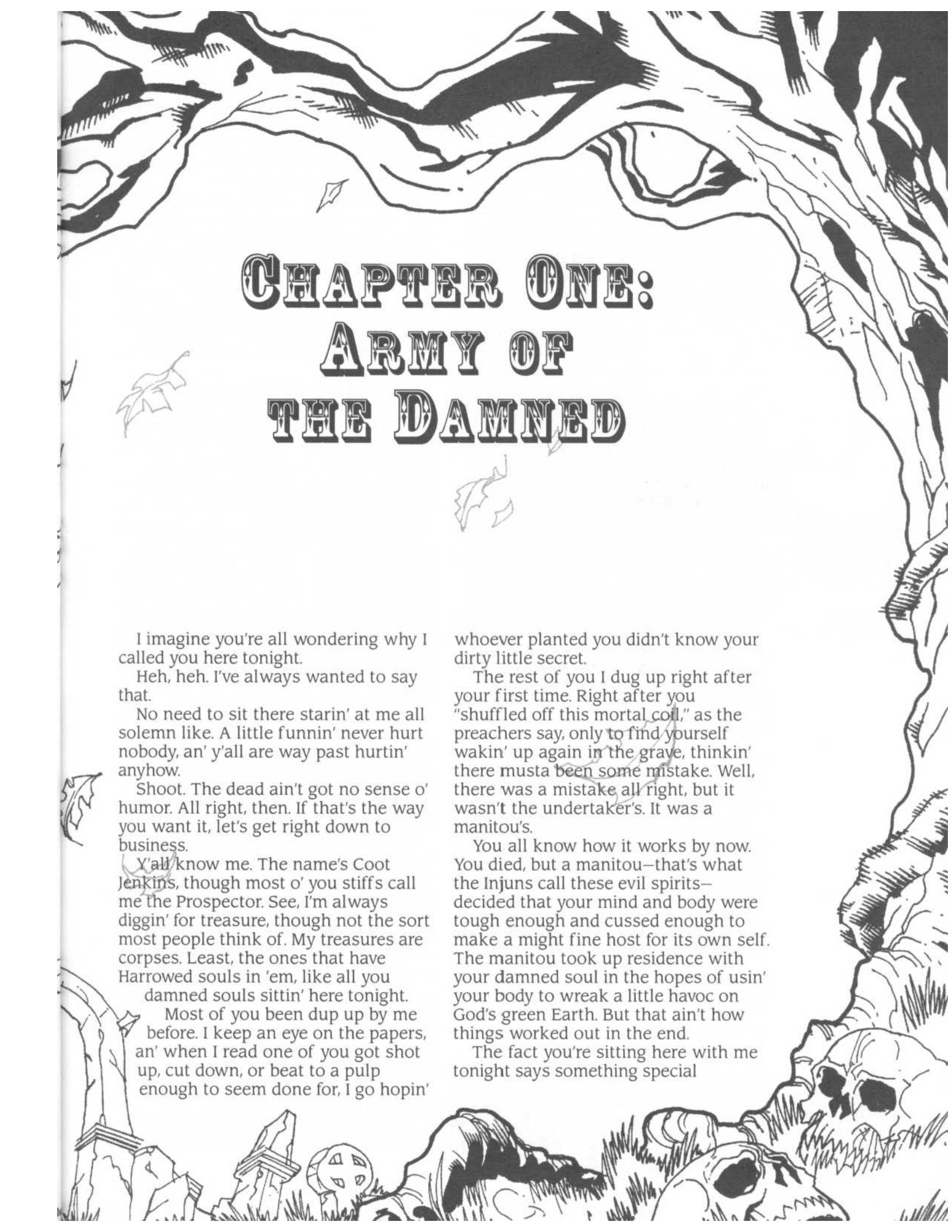
And that wuz the last of my elixir.

Damn.



-LOSTON-
'97





CHAPTER ONE: ARMY OF THE DAMNED

I imagine you're all wondering why I called you here tonight.

Heh, heh. I've always wanted to say that.

No need to sit there starin' at me all solemn like. A little funnin' never hurt nobody, an' y'all are way past hurtin' anyhow.

Shoot. The dead ain't got no sense o' humor. All right, then. If that's the way you want it, let's get right down to business.

Y'all know me. The name's Coot Jenkins, though most o' you stiff's call me the Prospector. See, I'm always diggin' for treasure, though not the sort most people think of. My treasures are corpses. Least, the ones that have Harrowed souls in 'em, like all you damned souls sittin' here tonight.

Most of you been dup up by me before. I keep an eye on the papers, an' when I read one of you got shot up, cut down, or beat to a pulp enough to seem done for, I go hopin'

whoever planted you didn't know your dirty little secret.

The rest of you I dug up right after your first time. Right after you "shuffled off this mortal coil," as the preachers say, only to find yourself wakin' up again in the grave, thinkin' there musta been some mistake. Well, there was a mistake all right, but it wasn't the undertaker's. It was a manitou's.

You all know how it works by now. You died, but a manitou—that's what the Injuns call these evil spirits—decided that your mind and body were tough enough and cussed enough to make a might fine host for its own self. The manitou took up residence with your damned soul in the hopes of usin' your body to wreak a little havoc on God's green Earth. But that ain't how things worked out in the end.

The fact you're sitting here with me tonight says something special

about you. You ain't out hauntin' folks and causing the devil's own mischief, as the manitou would have it. Nor are you rottin' in some shameful grave like other of your kind who I put down for good. They let the manitou have control, and I had to waste 'em for it.

Even a manitou can't survive in a body with its head blowed apart by a scattergun. Just keep that in mind.

What's important is that you ain't like those others. Nope, you're all somethin' special. You wasn't content to let some filthy spirit run around in your body causing trouble. You wrestled with the fiend for control, and somehow, you won!

Some of you done it all on your own. Others got a little extra help from my special elixir. But whichever way, it was you and you alone that bested the manitou, and now you're callin' the shots. That makes you a tough bunch o' hombres.

I know you still have to wrestle the fiend every day, keepin' it caged up inside where it can't do no harm. I know it ain't easy, and I know your battles tear your souls apart.

I also know some of you got sins to atone for, evil things the manitou did with your body in the time before you got up the gumption to take control. Some of you got years of such evil to make up for.

So, are you ready to pay the manitou back for what it's done to you? Do you want to make it sorry it ever decided to take up residence in your carcass?

Then it's time to be a hero. 'Cuz every time you help someone out, or defeat some evil, you make the devil inside you suffer—and maybe the Reckoners as well.

The fact of the matter is, that demon burrowing about inside your soul's just as trapped as you are. You're stuck with each other permanent-like, and as much as you hate the evil it's done with your body, it hates any good you do with its power twice as much.

Some of you've got tricks up your tattered sleeves. Powers you've learned by tapping into your manitou. Some of you've even "counted coup" on strange critters and walked off with something of their power to show for it.

That's why I've sought you all out. See, there's something wrong with a world where a body don't stay in its grave. There are things to be fought out there—dark things a mortal soul shouldn't have to face, shouldn't even have to know about. My pappy used to say fight fire with fire, and there's no one better to fight these things than you.

You've got the motive.

You're the restless dead! You can't enjoy life no more, but you can't give up the ghost, neither. You got to keep up the fight with the demon every day, 'less you want to become just another monster the rest of us gotta put down.

You've got the ability.

In life, you were something special, else the manitou would've never given you a second glance. Even dyin' couldn't keep you down. That ornery streak is a powerful weapon. But on top of that skill and cussedness, you've now got control of the manitou's powers, something you're getting better at every day.

Now, you've got the mission.

You are the Army of the Damned if there ever was one. And I'm appointing myself your General. Most of all you here tonight owe me—bigger than you might even know—and now I'm callin' in those markers.

For the moment, your orders are just to patrol the Earth, watching for evil and battling it. Now and again, I'll get in touch and ask you for special help, but mostly you just need to seek out the things that hadn't oughta be traipsn' across my frontier. When you find 'em, send 'em packin' back to Hell.

Someday, when the time is right, I'll be calling you all together. Then we'll have our own little "Reckoning." It won't be easy, and it sure as Hell won't be pretty, so you'd best spend the meantime developin' your powers and learning everything you can.

And remember, I'll be watching you. Let that surly critter inside you take

control and I'll be puttin' you *in* the earth 'steada draggin' you out of it.

That's all I got to say to you for now, but it sure ain't the last you're gonna hear from this grizzled soul.

I want you to leave this conversation with one thing in your mind. I'm askin' you for your help because I need it, and you darn well owe it to me.

But if you decide otherwise, I'm gonna know. I got me one little policy in my scrap with the Reckoners: If you ain't with me, then you're against me.

Take me at my word. Dead or not, you don't want to be against me.

Welcome to Hell!

In the dangerous world of *Deadlands*, death isn't necessarily the end. There are evil creatures plaguing this Earth from beyond the veil—ghosts, haunts, zombies, and all sorts of other critters too horrible to name in polite company.

But there are also a few heroes too ornery to stay down once they've been killed. In *Deadlands* they're called the Harrowed. Energized by evil spirits that plan to use these corpses as their own, the Harrowed battle daily for Dominion over their own bodies and mastery of their souls.

The *Way o' the Dead* is dedicated to those Harrowed heroes. It expands upon the information present in the *Deadlands D20* rulebook, fleshing out the concepts presented there, answering questions it raised, and helping you develop your Harrowed characters even further.

If you're currently playing a Harrowed—or hoping to begin playing one sometime soon—the information here is invaluable. Don't let your hero leave the grave without it.

Layout of this Book

Like most other *Deadlands* books, the *Way o' the Dead* has three sections to it:

Posse Territory contains expanded information for those of you interested in characters that have kicked the breathing habit. If you aren't playing a Harrowed it's best that you clear it with your Marshal before you pick this baby up.



No Man's Land has some of the "inside scoop" on being a Harrowed. Stick to the first section until your hero has enough notches on his belt that the Marshal figures you have earned this info.

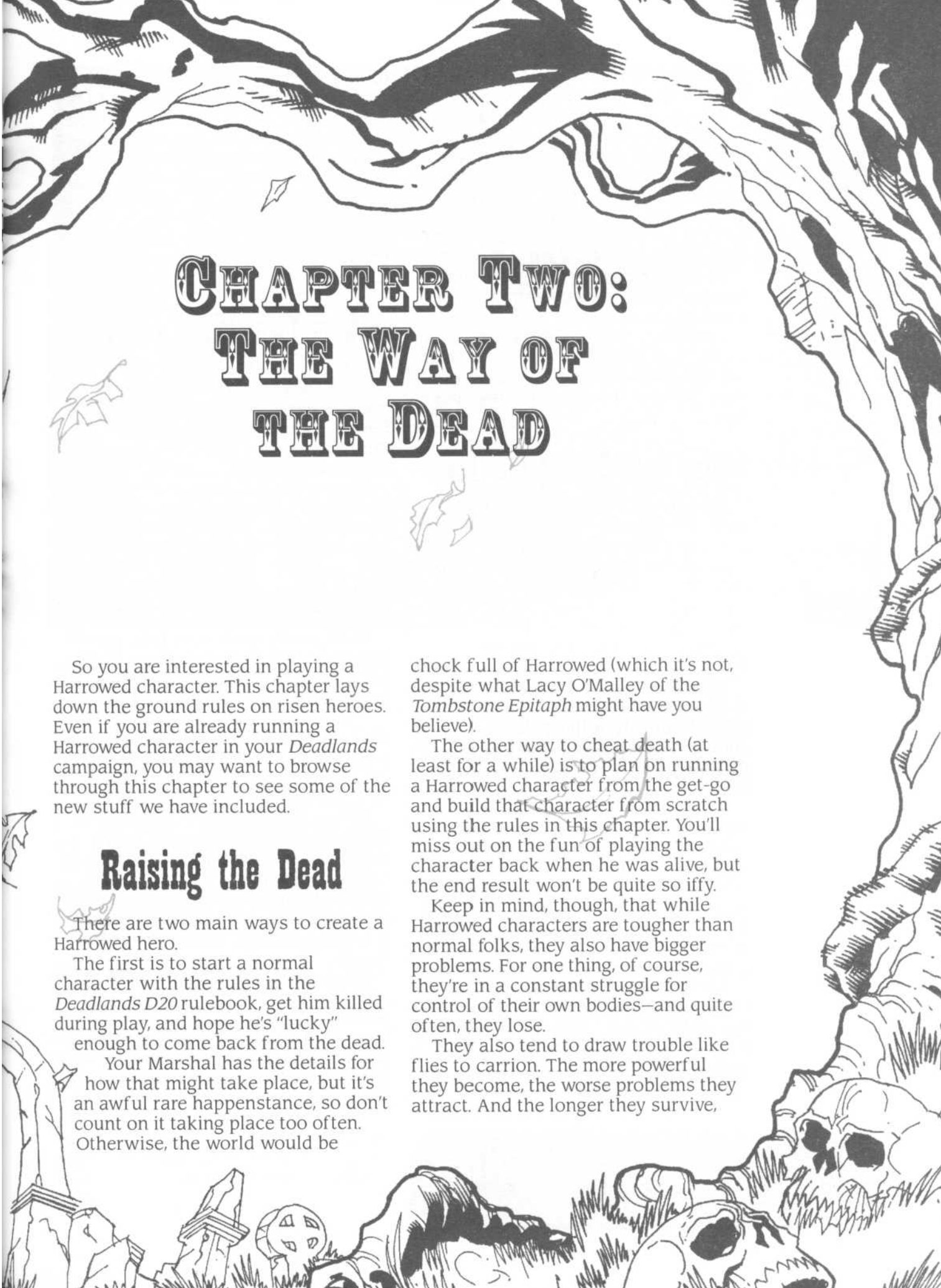
The Marshal's Handbook includes information to make a Harrowed's new life a living Hell. You didn't think we were going to make it easy for you did you partner? So if you ain't the Marshal, keep your cold dead fingers off this section.

A Good Day to Die...

So now it's time to turn away from the light and ignore the voices of loved ones calling you to paradise. It's time to return to your cold flesh, scrape the grave dirt from your eyes, and start learning the forbidden way o' the dead.

And never forget: *You* are the bogeyman.





CHAPTER TWO: THE WAY OF THE DEAD

So you are interested in playing a Harrowed character. This chapter lays down the ground rules on risen heroes. Even if you are already running a Harrowed character in your *Deadlands* campaign, you may want to browse through this chapter to see some of the new stuff we have included.

Raising the Dead

There are two main ways to create a Harrowed hero.

The first is to start a normal character with the rules in the *Deadlands D20* rulebook, get him killed during play, and hope he's "lucky" enough to come back from the dead.

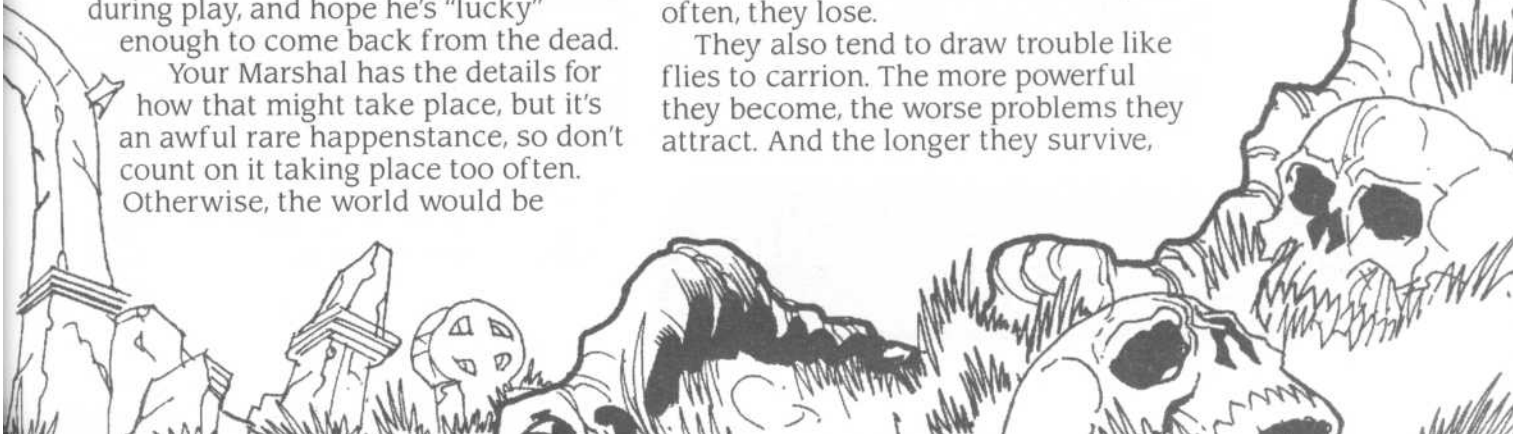
Your Marshal has the details for how that might take place, but it's an awful rare happenstance, so don't count on it taking place too often. Otherwise, the world would be

chock full of Harrowed (which it's not, despite what Lacy O'Malley of the *Tombstone Epitaph* might have you believe).

The other way to cheat death (at least for a while) is to plan on running a Harrowed character from the get-go and build that character from scratch using the rules in this chapter. You'll miss out on the fun of playing the character back when he was alive, but the end result won't be quite so iffy.

Keep in mind, though, that while Harrowed characters are tougher than normal folks, they also have bigger problems. For one thing, of course, they're in a constant struggle for control of their own bodies—and quite often, they lose.

They also tend to draw trouble like flies to carrion. The more powerful they become, the worse problems they attract. And the longer they survive,



the tougher it is for them to amble around with normal humans.

This all means that Harrowed characters can wreak total havoc with a campaign if you're not careful. Not every Marshal wants to have a dead man walking about with the other player characters, causing dogs to slink away, spooking townsfolk, and ruining dinner with their God-awful stench.

Be sure, then, to get a nod from the Marshal before you wake the dead by creating a Harrowed.

That being said, there are five steps on the road to Perdition once you've got your mind set on creating a Harrowed. We'll lead you through them one at a time.

Step One: Getting the Okay

Not every Marshal wants to start right off with the walking dead in her campaign. Some Marshals might like to begin with a fairly normal set of Wild West adventures, then slowly start slipping in bits of horror to begin spinning the plot toward the supernatural. That's the way we intended the game.

Needless to say, this can be difficult if one of the heroes is a zombie. If your group is already at this point, it shouldn't be a problem, but you should definitely talk it over with your Marshal first.

You should also make sure *you're* ready to play a walking corpse. Harrowed characters are powerful varmints, but they're also a heap of trouble as well. Even in a world of legends, a fellow who can turn to mist and walk through walls tends to draw attention. If the locals see you, they're going to panic and form a lynch mob.

Besides which, when you play a Harrowed, you're not always going to be in control of your character. Sometimes the manitou that's keeping your hero mobile is going to step up and take a turn. If you're the kind that doesn't like

having others play with his toys, you might dislike this too much for it to be any fun.

So the moral is, be sure both you and your campaign are ready for you to play a Harrowed character. Otherwise, you'll kill more than just your hero. You'll kill your chance to walk slowly into the Weird West and learn its dark secrets the way they were meant to be learned—one terror-filled step at a time.

Step Two: Make a Hero!

Making a Harrowed hero from scratch starts just like creating any other hombre. The first thing you do is make a regular hero just like you normally would. Don't think about your character's impending demise yet.

So go to it. Pick up your trusty *Deadlands D20* rulebook, make your character as usual, and then come back here for the rest of the show.

Step Three: Kill the Bastard!

Once you've made your hero, you're going to have to put him down. Sorry, but the sad truth is a cowpoke actually has to *die* to come back from the dead.

It's up to you to figure out how he died. Your hero probably shouldn't have died from something too mundane—your hombre will be a little red-faced if he croaked while cleaning his pistol.

Try to come up with an open-ended death, some bit of unfinished business that drives your weary gunslinger on in the face of incredible horror. The first order of business for many Harrowed is to avenge themselves on their killers—assuming that they were murdered, of course.

There are lots of ways to die. Try to come up with one for your hero that you haven't seen before. After all, if he's tough enough to be Harrowed, he deserves to leave the stage in a dramatic fashion. You owe him at least that much.



Pickled or Dry as a Bone

We're talking about time here, compadre. How long has your grim avenger been back from the grave? A few days? A few years?

It's up to you, but remember, no Harrowed can be more than 14 years old, since the Reckoning came about in 1863. There are other types of undead that have been around forever, but not the Harrowed. Some might even appear to be Harrowed, but they're another animal of an entirely different stripe.

Step Four: Whose Mind is it?

Okay, so you killed the poor slob. You already know he's coming back. But just how susceptible is he to the manitou inside him?

Let your friends wonder, but you need to know. Remember that a Harrowed has Dominion points equal to one-half his Wisdom rounded up. These measure just how much influence the manitou has.

To find out your hero's current state, roll a d20. Unless you get a natural 1, the hero and the manitou each start with half the total number of Dominion points. If you get the critical failure, the manitou has total Dominion. Bad luck, amigo!

Step Five: The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly

Your Harrowed gets to choose one power when starting out. There's a complete list of these awesome abilities in the next chapter.

The power you choose should fit your character's background, but other than that, there's no restriction. Every two character levels gained thereafter you can choose another power.

That's the good news.

Now the bad news.

New Harrowed heroes must roll a d12 on the Harrowed Hindrances Table on the next page to see whether or not he

Harrowed Hindrances

Die Roll	Result
1	Degeneration: For whatever reason, your Harrowed's manitou either doesn't care to keep the hero's flesh pickled or just can't manage it. The Harrowed still heals with supernatural quickness, but his body is still in the process of decay, albeit very slowly. For every three character levels gained the Harrowed goes from normal (bearing a slight odor of decay) to pallid (stronger smell, gray complexion, and dull eyes), slimy (flesh is a slick film and the eyes are milky), bloated (abdomen distended and eyes watery), tattered (skin is tattered, showing stringy muscles and bones beneath, eyes are sunken), and finally desiccated (skin is like parchment stretched over stringy ligaments and bleached bones, the eyes look like little dry raisins). At slimy or worse, anyone seeing the hero for the first time must make a WIS check or become frightened.
2	Haunted: Every time your character goes dormant, his soul is dragged kicking and screaming into the Hunting Grounds. Every time this happens subtract -1 from the character's roll the next time the manitou tries to gain control. This is cumulative, but the modifier is reset after the manitou gains control.
3	Mark o' the Devil: Any blessed, huckster, shaman, or anyone else with a mystical bent has a chance at seeing the evil demon wriggling around inside your hero, no matter his looks on the outside. Whenever any of these folk gets within a few feet of your hero, have them make a Spot check versus the manitou's Wisdom. If successful, the viewer sees some sign of the manitou in your hero—perhaps his eyes glow red. Needless to say, such folks won't trust your character until he's put down for good.
4	Rage: Wine gets better with age. Your Harrowed just gets meaner. Whenever your hero gets wounded by an opponent or particularly upset, make a WIS check versus a DC of 17. If he fails this roll, the hero goes into a blood frenzy and attacks, forgoing cover, running straight at the foe, and laying the smack down on his sorry behind. Once the foe is really, messily dead, the Harrowed can make another WIS check. If he succeeds this time, he reverts to his normal less-ornery self. Otherwise his path of rage continues on to his former opponent's companions. He never attacks his allies, but it's best they stay clear until he cools off.
5	Unnatural Appetite: For some inexplicable reason, your Harrowed has acquired a deep craving for one thing or another that, while technically edible, thoroughly disgusts most people. Your character must eat the item once a day. For every full day he goes without, your hero loses 2 hit points. These hit points can't be regained except by gorging on the item he craves. This stops the hit point loss. Each day after that he continues to eat the item, he regains 1d6 of the hit points lost in this way. The Marshal and player should decide what it is the hero craves. Some examples include, rotten food, grave dirt, bugs, living raw meat, animal blood, human blood, raw human organs, or other items.
6	Aura o' Death: Your character has an <i>undead aura</i> about him that makes people slink away from him. The character suffers a -2 penalty to any Charisma or related skill checks with the exception of Intimidate, which actually gets a +2 bonus.
7 to 12	Nothing: You come back normal. As normal as a walking dead man can be, that is.

comes back from the dead with an unnatural problem all his own.

And the ugly? Why that's you son. Any of the Harrowed Hindrances you roll are stuck with. Consider it a bit of otherworldly payback for all your other abilities. That's part of the balance for playing such an un-Godly killing machine, amigo.

Pinkertons, Rangers, and Lynch Mobs, oh My!

We've probably beaten this into your head enough by now, but it bears repeating. Even if your hero somehow convinces a large group of people that he's really an all-right guy in a dead sort of way, there's still a danger in being so open about something so bizarre.

The first danger, of course, is the Pinkertons and the Rangers. If they can't recruit your character into working for them—and keeping her

mouth shut—they'll spend every resource they've got to put her back in the ground. This time for good.

Similarly, any "normal" folks who find out an abomination lives in the same town as their wives and children will want to see the Harrowed burn. A couple of farmers with pitchforks might be easy pickings for an undead gunslinger, but a whole town full of angry folks with shotguns and torches can eventually send even the toughest hombres back to Hell.

Finally, the Reckoners thrive on fear. It does them little good if the undead become accepted or even commonplace, especially if they make themselves out to be something other than monsters. If your Harrowed gets too public, she might find all the powers of Hell turned loose upon her.

The Unlife of the Harrowed

Now it's time to veer away from hard rules and talk a little about the soft, mushy side of being undead. Read on to understand a little more about how your hero might think, feel, and react to the strange new fate that's greeted him.

The School of Hard Knocks

There's some things that can be taught, assuming a reasonable teacher and a willing student. Then there's others that can only be learned by experience. For those, time is the teacher, and not always a very reasonable one. Worse, the student doesn't always realize that school's in session.

Time isn't a careful instructor by any means. It doesn't plan out how best to present information. It just throws stuff at a person till he finally learns how to duck.

That's certainly the way it is with the Harrowed. There's usually no one around when a body revives to teach the new undead the ropes. He's pretty much just got to figure it all out on his

lonesome own. Even those older Harrowed who could teach him a thing or two are either slaves of the manitou inside or are too busy keeping a low profile and learning their own lessons.

So what does a body learn after a few years out of the grave? Most undead go through "stages" of learning.

The Stages of Unlife

Just like seasons in a year—or the stages of decay—a Harrowed goes through stages of development. Most go through pretty much the following stages, in the order they're given here. Still, Harrowed may go through these different stages at different speeds, some rushing right through one into another, while others may linger over a particular stage like they're never going to get past it.

Stage One: Denial

Nobody wants to wake up in the tomb. Old, morose Poe had that pegged right, for certain. But even once a Harrowed is out of the grave, he can't imagine that he actually *died and came back to life*.

It takes some time for the clues to assemble themselves enough that the stiff finally can't dispute it any more. It takes even more time before he starts to understand just what the situation really is and that there's a demon inside him fighting for control of his body and mind.

And even when he finally does admit he's died and come back—that his soul is a bunkmate with some evil spirit—some Harrowed still seem determined to deny it in the way they act. They try to pretend that life can go on for them now the same as it did before they died. Though most can't return to their old family and friends (since those folks helped bury them!), they may try to start up again in a new locale, doing the same job they did before and trying to settle in like they're still alive.

It's as if these Harrowed think that by ignoring the problem, they can make it go away. Of course, that never works. Sooner or later, the manitou inside is going to have its way, or an old enemy is going to come looking for them, or the locals are going to catch on to their freaky, charnel stench. Somehow or another, fate is going to have its way.

At the end of this stage, many of the Harrowed look their worst. Fighting to repress the manitou, they refuse to sleep and therefore interfere with its ability to stop decay. Unconcerned with getting hurt, they take horrible chances and bear the resulting scars of damage. Drunk on power, they let their appearance go all to Hell, and they don't bother trying to hide their lack of life.

They don't care who knows they're dead and walking around, since they don't believe it themselves. At least until the local townsfolk, Pinkertons, or Texas Rangers come calling and put an empathic point on that tip—usually right between the Harrowed's eyes.

Stage Two: Revelry

Once Harrowed heroes finally work their way out of denying their doom, most start taking dark pleasure in their new superhuman abilities. For instance, it may be disturbing to get shot all to pieces—maybe even through the heart—and be right as rain again a few short hours or days later, but it's also damn comforting. Being able to come back from that kind of damage takes some of the iffyness out of mortality.

Add to this new powers like the ability to make animals do your bidding, walk across the ceiling like a spider, or draw down on some gunfighter so fast he doesn't even see you move, and it can be downright intoxicating. Sure, it's all just another reminder that you don't belong among the living any more, but once that's been accepted, the raw power of being a Harrowed begins to sink in.

This can be a really dangerous time for an undead. It may seem to these Harrowed that all boundaries are off and they can do whatever they like. As the poet says, "Power, like a desolating pestilence, pollutes whate'er it touches."

Power corrupts. And compared to normal folks, the undead have incredible power. Worse, they gain more with the passage of time.

Often, Harrowed at this stage end up turning evil. They can't even blame it on the manitou inside. Nothing says the manitou and the undead himself can't both be monsters. And nothing says monsters can't fight each other for control. Lord help everyone when they learn to cooperate. Some people speculate that a lot of the world's legendary bogeymen came about this way.

Harrowed at this stage tend to look their best. Most come into money through their adventures and buy themselves some new duds, perfumes, and enough whiskey to keep their flesh pickled. They're dead and loving it.

Stage Three: Resignation

Live long enough, and you begin to accept there are some things in life you just can't do a whole lot about. Like it or not, spring turns to summer, turns to fall, turns to winter, and back to spring. Try as you may, you can't keep the sun from setting at night just because you don't like the dark. All a person can do is decide how to cope. Life turns out to be mostly a matter of attitude.

That's pretty much the same for the undead as for anybody else. The Harrowed may be able to do some amazing things, far more so than the living, but they still have limitations, and the universe grinds on just as ignorant of them as of anybody else.

Harrowed who have survived long enough to reach this stage are past the point of reveling in their power because they realize that, in the end, it still comes down not to what their abilities are, but what to do with them. These undead are either firmly entrenched in their own evil, or they're set to do good no matter what.

In either case, they may lose control to the manitou temporarily, but they're sure to seize it back quick. These Harrowed have either become the world's greatest heroes—unsung though they may be—or they're some of the worst villains on the face of the Earth.

With ages comes subtlety, too. Unlike those undead who revel in their powers, these Harrowed use them only when necessary, and then with the precision of a watchmaker. That's the way to survive over the years.

Not many Harrowed live long enough to reach this stage, but those who do are certain to be around for a long, long time afterward. With experience comes wisdom.

Appearance-wise, the veteran undead tend to blend into the crowd. They don't want to be noticed, and they don't care much about impressions, just results. Most of the time, you won't even know they're around. But get in their way, and you might not even know what hit you. If you're lucky.

Stage Four?

It's possible there may be stages beyond those described above. A manitou's patience only lasts so long, and while the sort of manitou that creates a Harrowed may be more stubborn than most, sooner or later it's got to get tired of fighting for control, especially if it spends most of its time in the back seat of the buggy, just going along for the ride. Of course, by the same reasoning, even a human spirit has to get worn out after a while.

What happens to a Harrowed in such cases? If the manitou "gives up the ghost," does the undead's life end, or does that Harrowed find himself alive again, suddenly free of its evil influence?

On the other hand, if the human spirit gives out before the manitou's, what kind of monster results?

If any Harrowed knows the answers to these questions, they're not talking. But then, any undead old enough and experience enough to know such secrets has to have been around since long before the Reckoning. There are a few, but thus far only one curious and secretive ancient undead has ventured into the American West.

Not much is known about this creature. He's known only as the Cackler. Most folks haven't even heard the rumors about this long-dead stalker of the High Plains, much less a full fragment of the legends surrounding him. As long as the Cackler's been around, it seems he's learned to cover his tracks well, even in his latest venture into the New World.







CHAPTER THREE: UNDEAD ABILITIES

Now it's time to find out why you'd want to play a walking corpse. The manitou inside your *hombre* is a powerful critter. When your hero can control it, he can access the phenomenal powers of the Hunting Grounds.

It's a wild ride on an angry bronco, but an experienced Harrowed can usually hang on just long enough to have the ride of his unlife.



Common Traits

As you already know, all Harrowed are born back into the world in a similar state of undeath. This gives them a slew of common powers they share with the rest of their grisly kinsmen.

For these powers, check out pages 95-96 in the *Deadlands D20* rulebook.

Arcane Harrowed

Blessed & Shamans

When the manitou takes over, it can use any of its hosts' feats and skills or other abilities except for Faith, Ritual, and Faith- or Ritual-based magic. A manitou cannot use shamanic rituals or blessed miracles, and if the creature must make a Faith skill check, it uses its own score, not the host's.

The blessed or shaman Harrowed who wish to use their Faith- or Ritual-based magic can do so. The blessed perform their miracles and rituals normally. Shamans must deal with nature spirits who worry that the petitioner might lose control to the hated manitou inside after receiving



their favors. This adds +2 to the DC of their Ritual checks.

Sacrifice

Shamans often have to make some sort of sacrifice to nature spirits as part of the rituals they perform to petition for favors. However, some things that might be a real sacrifice for the living don't mean anything to a Harrowed at all.

For a ritual to have any effect, the sacrifice must mean something. For instance, it usually doesn't matter if a Harrowed fasts if she doesn't need food. However, if she's in a situation in which she desperately needs food (say, she's wounded), then fasting would be

meaningful, and the spirits might favor her request.

It's also pretty pointless for a Harrowed to maim herself, unless the body part is discarded and can't be reconstructed. A Harrowed cannot scar or tattoo herself normally either, as she can usually heal over such wounds.

The nature spirits have long memories, and while they might be fooled once or twice, they're sure to catch a cheating shaman eventually. When they do, the shaman can be sure such tactics are never going to work again, maybe even when the sacrifice is for real.

Hucksters

If a normal Harrowed is bad news, then a dead man with the ability to sling hexes is a walking catastrophe. Not only do these individuals have all the power of their own manitou and his brothers at their fingertips, when the two get together all Hell breaks loose.

Harrowed hucksters can cast hexes as normal and when the manitou has Dominion they *never* take backlash. For more information on undead hexslingers, see page 55 in the *Way o' the Huckster*.

Harrowed Powers

Now it's time to get to the good stuff. Your Harrowed character gets a power when he rises from the grave, and every other character level gained after that.

You can pick an appropriate power yourself and then get your Marshal's approval, or you can let the Marshal choose one for you. Then she can slowly hint at the power your hero develops before you actually get to use it.

Finally, you can roll on the table on the next page. Use this if you want to add some randomness to your character or don't know exactly what power you want.

* These powers are only useful for certain character classes. Reroll if the power isn't appropriate.

Arcane Protection

Manitous being the masters of the Hunting Grounds, they can sometimes shirk the effects of other supernatural creatures on earth.

Sometimes.

A Harrowed with arcane protection gains 10% magic resistance. This power can be taken multiple times and the effects are cumulative.

Bad Mojo

Through their manitous' connection with the Hunting Grounds, some Harrowed are able to interfere with a huckster's hex-casting ability.

By spending a full action, the Harrowed can force a huckster he can see to make an opposed Will save. If the huckster wins, nothing happens.

However, if the Harrowed wins, every point above the huckster's roll the Harrowed gets subtracts one from the huckster's next Spellcasting roll.

Berserker

Harrowed characters tend to grow more savage and dangerous as time goes on. That's just a fact of their torturous existence. Still, at their worst, they're nowhere near as fierce as the manitou inside them can be.

When the power is activated, the Harrowed taps into the manitou's nature just a bit, becoming a little more brutal and a little less human. His STR, DEX, and CON increase by 4, while his INT, WIS, and CHA drop by 4.

The power remains active for a number of rounds equal to the Harrowed's character level. Once the time is up, the Harrowed's ability scores return to normal and he takes 1d6 points of damage. He cannot use this power again until that damage is healed.

Undead Abilities

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Harrowed Powers

d100 Roll	Power
1-2	Arcane Protection
3-4	Bad Mojo
5-6	Berserker
7-8	Burrow
9-10	Cat Eyes
11-12	Charnel Breath
13	Chill o' the Grave
14-15	Claws
16-17	Dark Vision
18-19	Dead Man's Hand
20-21	Dead Reckonin'
22-23	Death Bond
24-25	Death Mask
26	Devil's Touch
27-28	Etchin'
29-30	Eulogy
31-32	Evil Eye
33-34	Fast as Death
35-36	Ferryman's Fee
37-38	Ghost
39-40	Hell Beast
41-42	Hell Fire
43-44	Hell Wind
45-46	Infest
47-48	Jinx
49	Luck o' the Draw*
50	Mad Insight*
51-52	Marked for Death
53-54	Mimic
55-56	Nightmare
57-58	Possession
59-60	Reconstruction
61-62	Relic
63-64	Rigor Mortis
65-66	Sicken
67-68	Silent as a Corpse
69-70	Skull Chucker
71-72	Sleep o' the Dead
73-74	Soul Eater
75-76	Soul Flight
77-78	Speakin' with the Dead
79-80	Spider
81-82	Spook
83-84	Stitchin'
85-86	Supernatural Trait
87-88	Trackin' Teeth
89-90	Undead Contortion
91-92	Unholy Host
93-94	Unholy Reflexes
95-96	Voice o' the Damned
97-98	Varmint Control
99-100	Wither



Burrow

Taking a dirt nap can do a lot for a fellow's affinity for Mother Earth. After all, there's not many people who actually get to see sunlight again after spending a few days buried six feet under.

A Harrowed with this power can tunnel through the earth at her normal movement rate. She doesn't dig her way through the muck so much as it moves out of her way by means of professional courtesy. This isn't to say the dirt doesn't touch the Harrowed. In fact it clings to them like a long-lost lover. A Harrowed who burrows to the surface is sure to be encrusted with soil and all sorts of tiny creatures that dwell within.

No matter what, it's impossible to burrow through anything solid, be it a large boulder, a steel plate, or a wooden wall. Basically if it ain't dirt, it

ain't moving. And the Harrowed can, strangely, never burrow deeper than six feet down (although he can burrow directly up if it happens to be lower than that).

Cat Eyes

Cat eyes allows the Harrowed to see in the dark, just as if he had darkvision.

Charnel Breath

Most folks don't believe in supernatural things like the walking dead. Those who do expect that even if the dead do walk, they surely don't breathe (and they don't have to if they don't want to, although it sure comes in handy when trying to talk to someone). Anyone who's met a Harrowed with this power definitely wishes he hadn't.

Charnel breath is the ability to dredge up all the worst stench of decay in a Harrowed's body, supernaturally fester it even further in a bare moment, and blow it out all over an unsuspecting living target within arm's reach.

The victim suffers 1d10 points of damage and becomes nauseous, their eyes, nose, and windpipe sting, and they retch violently. The stench is enough to make even those in the room wrinkle their noses and hold their breaths until a breeze can clear the place of the noxious fumes.

Chill o' the Grave

They say the grave is damp and cold. By the use of this power, a Harrowed can radiate that chill from the Hunting Ground through his body, lowering the temperature and increasing the humidity in his general vicinity.

For each character level of the Harrowed with this power, he can lower the temperature by 5° Fahrenheit and raise the local humidity by 5% per minute. The area of effect is 10 feet per level. When control is released, the local temperature and humidity return to normal at the same speed.

Manipulating the local temperature and humidity with this power allows for some pretty dramatic changes in the weather. When the Harrowed uses the power at lower levels, living creatures in the area feel a disturbing chill and dankness. At higher levels, the user can actually summon up mists and ground fogs. Of course, the Marshal has the final say as to what effects are possible under the current weather circumstances. In general, the humidity must be near 100% to generate a fog. Also, the temperature must be at least 15° colder than the air outside the Harrowed's radius of effect.

Using this power can be exhausting. It's not easy to radiate dank. For each minute that the power is in use, the undead suffers 1d4 points of subdual damage.

Claws

As a standard action, your Harrowed character can turn his fingernails into preternaturally long claws. The claws do 1d8 plus Strength damage, have a threat range of 19-20, and grow from either or both hands. If he chooses to fight with both hands, the claws count as light weapons for the purposes of two-weapon fighting penalties. Attacks with the claws are considered armed attacks. Once manifested, the claws remain until he retracts them.

Dark Vision

A Harrowed manitou exists sort of half way between his world and the next, able to view both the Hunting Grounds and his earth. By stealing a glimpse of the manitou's

sight, an undead can glance in the Hunting Grounds to gain some sort of idea as how tainted his current locale is.

In order to initiate the power, the Harrowed must sit quietly and enter into a deep trance for at least 2 full rounds, entirely oblivious to events in the natural world. Only a wound can rouse the Harrowed from the trance.

With dark vision the Harrowed can see things like manitous swirling around a powerful huckster, how dark a general location is (representing its Fear Level), any magical effects on people or objects, or even whether or not a manitou is wriggling inside someone.

Regardless, the Harrowed can only see something that is in his line of sight; walls and other obstructions block the visions.

Dead Man's Hand

Harrowed with this power can continue to control their own severed limbs for short periods of time, even if they are out of sight.

Attacks made with the severed limb are at a -4 penalty. The Harrowed's





STR is halved for purposes of damage, as well. These limbs are much better at opening jail cells and causing distractions than beating the Hell out of someone.

The owner can control the limb as long as he concentrates. After that, he can control the limb for a number of rounds equal to his character level. After that, the parts rot like normal dead flesh unless reattached. Only one body part can be controlled at a time.

Dead Reckoning

Dead reckoning is the ability to sense the direction to the nearest human corpse (it has to have some flesh on it, bare bones won't do). It may lead you to the undertaker's shop or a cemetery or just the site of a recent bush-whacking, or it might even lead you to a walking corpse, whether that be a zombie or even another Harrowed.

The power gives you a general direction and distance. The percentage of error is reduced by 10% for each character level. At 10th, the power also gives you a rough condition that the

corpse is in. At 15th level and above, the power gives you a precise description of the body's condition (how long it has been dead, its death wounds, how much it has decayed, and if it has been reanimated somehow).

Death Bond

With this power a Harrowed can make a pact with a living person, lending some of his powers to a friend or colleague for a short time.

It isn't a pleasant experience, though. To lend a Harrowed power to a living person, the recipient has to drink some of the thick, tarry stuff that passes for blood in the Harrowed. This causes the living person 1d6 points of damage. If a cowpoke can manage to gag this stuff down, the foul mixture causes the drinker to lose another 1d6 points of damage that can't be healed until the power is used or released.

Once the blood is exchanged in this way, the Harrowed relinquishes one of its powers of her choice, and the living partner receives that power. A Harrowed can relinquish one power for every four character levels. While this power is on loan, the Harrowed is unable to use it herself.

The loan lasts until the Harrowed decides to reclaim the power, is killed again, or the manitou takes control. Powers can be given to one individual or split among as many individuals as the Harrowed has powers to lend.

The Harrowed can loan the death bond power to extend the range of powers she can loan.

Death Mask

With this power, an undead can use the supernatural power of illusion to disguise his true appearance from normal people. This can come in especially handy for a tattered, rotting Harrowed who needs to go into town for supplies.

Death mask doesn't physically change the Harrowed's features, though. It just fools other people into seeing what the undead wants them to believe. The undead can disguise their entire body to appear living, their hair

color can be whatever they desire, and they can change their facial hair at will.

The Harrowed has to concentrate to keep up the illusion, so he suffers a penalty of -2 to all dice rolls while using the power. Also, because the illusion isn't real, it doesn't project a reflection, so anyone spotting the undead in a mirror can see him for what he really is.

Devil's Touch

Devil's touch modifies the reliability rolls of a single device used in the Harrowed's presence, making them more likely to fail. For every 3 character levels, the undead can increase the Reliability score by 1.

Naturally, this makes mad scientists' devices more prone to malfunctioning. But the power can also affect any other single device with moving parts in the vicinity—from the spurs on a cowboy's boots to the revolver in his hand—giving it a temporary Reliability score of 1 (even if they are below 3rd level). Don't forget to add the bonuses to the Reliability on these rolls too.

The "vicinity" of this power is 5 feet per character level.

Etchin'

Telegraphs being what they are in the Weird West, most folks would prefer to rely on alternate means of communication. Harrowed with this power can send a message from beyond death. This may not sound so impressive, considering they're already up and wandering around, but they can also send it a long ways from where they're standing.

Basically, the Harrowed can etch a hand-lettered message in any surface that he's seen and knows the current location of. Since this makes working with mobile things like the side of a train difficult, most times the Harrowed goes for things like walls, floors, and even headstones.

The Harrowed's character level determines how far he can send the message: 1-5 = 1 mile; 6-10 = 10 miles; 11-15 = 100 miles; 15+ = 1,000 miles.

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Of course, the Harrowed can only write messages in languages that she can read and write. If the Harrowed is illiterate, this is a pretty useless power, although it could be used for a creepy game of long-range Pictionary.

When the power is used, the player writes out the message she wants her character to send and gives it to the Marshal. The message itself usually appears as if scratched with a knife into the material on which it appears. Once sent, the message is permanent. It doesn't disappear unless someone makes a successful attempt to obliterate it.

Eulogy

When this cowpoke wants to say a few final words about someone, they are *final*.

The player delivers a short speech, talking about the intended victim as if he had just passed away. It can be sweet or vicious, but its purpose must be clear.





The target must be human, able to hear, and able to understand the language it is spoken in, or it just doesn't work.

Once the speech is over, the Harrowed must make a Tale Tellin' roll versus the target's CON. If successful, the target has a heart attack. He must make a Fort save against a DC of 21. If he makes it, he loses 3d6 hit points.

If he fails it, he loses 3d6 hit points and must make a second Fort save, this time against a DC of 21. If he fails this, he dies unless saved by a Heal skill check with a DC of 23 within 2d6 rounds. If any of these rolls is a critical failure, the target automatically dies.

This power can only be used once against any particular victim. Even if it entirely fails, it can never be used against that person again.

Evil Eye

This simple curse makes a mortal clumsy, stupid, slow, and usually dead. Every check the target makes suffers a -4 penalty.

Evil eye works only on living humans that the character makes eye contact with. Animals, abominations, and other critters can't be cursed.

The Harrowed can only vex one person at a time. He cannot vex another until he lifts the first curse (which he may do at any time), or the target kicks the bucket.

Fast as Death

A Harrowed with this power can add extra distance to her movement on any particular action. Any time she decides to take a movement action during a round, she can declare that she's moving as fast as death.

This doubles her speed for that action. On a double movement action, her speed is tripled instead of doubled.

When the character breaks out in a full run, she really moves. Here speed is six times the normal rate, not the usual four times.

The Harrowed suffers 1d4 subdual damage each time he uses this power.

Ferryman's Fee

The reason they put coins on dead folks' eyes is so they've got something to pay Charon with when they're bargaining for a ride over the river Styx. The ferryman always does a fine job, but you've got to pay his fee.

To activate the power, the Harrowed lays two coins across each of his eyes. Any coins will do, but copper ones like pennies are traditional—the ferryman works cheap.

Once this is done, the Harrowed must wait a couple of minutes for the coins to be absorbed into her eyes. If the Harrowed is interrupted at any time while absorbing the coins, they fall from her eyes, and she must start all over again.

After the coins are fully absorbed, they disappear, melting into the Hunting Grounds. Then the Harrowed can get up, and for as long as she can maintain her concentration, walk across water from still ponds to choppy seas. Anything worse than that and her concentration would surely be shattered.

For all practical purposes, the water is solid to the Harrowed. This means she can carry as much over the water as she normally could on land and has as much traction as if walking on dirt.

Ghost

Ghost is one of the most powerful Harrowed abilities. With it, the character and any inanimate objects he carries become incorporeal. The hero is not invisible, however, and looks as solid as any other sodbuster.

Ghost is particularly taxing on the manitou's arcane energy, so a Harrowed may only become incorporeal a number of rounds equal to his level per day. He may turn it on or off at will, however, so a 4th level Harrowed could ghost

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himself 4 separate times in any one 24 hour period.

Becoming incorporeal is a move equivalent action.

While incorporeal, the character can only be hurt by other incorporeal creatures, +1 or better magic weapons, or magic. He may pass through solid objects at will. Unlike wraiths and certain other incorporeal creatures, the Harrowed may not ignore an opponent's armor when attacking in melee—he's either all corporeal or all incorporeal.

A Harrowed who tries to trap himself inside a solid object fails—the manitou senses any attempts at suicide and may extend its power a bit if absolutely necessary to save its host.

Hell Beast

You already know that animals don't take kindly to the presence of the Harrowed. Usually, the Hell beast power is used to make an undead mount so a Harrowed doesn't have to walk everywhere he goes. But some Harrowed reanimate themselves some Hellish hounds or hawks or pretty much any sort of normal critter they might find use for—supernatural critters are far beyond a Harrowed's ability to raise as a servant.

Animal corpses reanimated with the Hell beast power are basically just critter zombies. No matter what they used to eat when alive, they crave meat now, just like their undead master. And if the Harrowed who created them is ever destroyed, they revert to nothing more than corpses themselves. These critters can't heal any damage they take like zombies either. Once your Hell horse is shot to pieces, it's time to put it down permanent-like and raise yourself a new one.

To bring a critter's corpse back to life this way, the Harrowed has to breathe into its nostrils, then stroke the critter until it begins breathing again. This usually takes about fifteen minutes. A



Harrowed can only do this for one creature at a time, although it can be of any size and shape.

Once raised, the Harrowed can command the Hell beast with a mere thought, and the creature hastens to obey—though they do tend to err on the side of destructiveness when given any leeway.

The Hell beast's diet isn't just for show. If a Hell beast doesn't get a good amount of meat to ingest each day, the thing starts to rot. Each day that it rots, it takes 1d4 points of damage that can be halted with a fresh meal, but never healed.

The Harrowed can control the Hell beast in a range dependent on his level: 1-5 = 100 yards; 6-10 = 1 mile; 11-15 = 10 miles; 16+ = 40 miles. A Hell beast that somehow finds itself outside the Harrowed's realm of influence is on its own. The Harrowed can no longer give it orders and has no means to stop it from attacking someone to satisfy its craving for flesh. If it returns within the realm of influence, it can be controlled again as normal.

Hell beasts like to use this to their advantage to sneak outside their master's range and commit mayhem. Hell beasts have some semblance of intelligence, about the same kind of smarts that the creature had before it died, augmented by the insidious craftiness of the manitou inside.

If the Harrowed wants, he can retract the gift, no matter where the beast is, and it instantly goes from undead to just plain dead.

Hell Fire

A Harrowed with this power has gained an affinity for fire and even some level of supernatural control over it.

For every character level of the Harrowed with this power, subtract 2 points of damage from any fire he comes in contact with. This protective power is always in effect, even while the undead sleeps.

At 10th level or above, the Harrowed can cause a flame within his line of sight to flare up to twice its size (scaring the bejeezus out of anyone

near it) or cause it to dwindle down to nothing more than embers.

At 15th level or above, if there is any source of fire at hand, the Harrowed can spit a Hellish blast of flame up to 60 feet. The flame does 1d10 points of damage, plus 2 more for every two points the Harrowed takes himself.

As powerful as this power is, it has its negative side effects. For one thing, the possessor develops an unconscious fascination with flames of any kind.

A Harrowed with this power is fidgety unless there is a fire nearby, and he stares blankly into the flame when nothing else holds his attention. At times, firelight seems to flicker deep within his eyes.

By the same token, fire is affected by the moods of the owner of this power. Camp fires, candle flames, and such tend to burn dimmer and slower when he is depressed or weary. When he is energetic—whether angry, happy, or just agitated—they tend to burn brighter and faster, flickering with his agitation. The result is not so obvious as to be immediately apparent to onlookers, but after a while they may begin to notice the changes in flame when the character is around.

Hell Wind

This power opens a small portal to the Hunting Grounds, high up in the air, through which a whirlwind of deadly cold air invades the world that we like to think of as our own.

Not only does this whirlwind stir up every bit of dust and grit in the local vicinity, it also leaches the heat out of the area, dropping the temperature to just a bit under freezing (assuming it's not already there).

As a result, the air fills with clouds of dirt and stinging ice particles, living things suffer 2 points of damage each round from the unexpected cold, and all actions within the whirlwind suffer a -2 penalty to all actions. Characters who pass out in these conditions can freeze to death if the Harrowed maintains the power for long enough.

The Harrowed must concentrate to maintain the Hell Wind. While the whirlwind is only a few feet in

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diameter at the base, the other effects of a Hell wind cover an area with a range of 10 feet per character level.

Infest

A Harrowed with this power can control swarms of small, biting, stinging insects. The insects aren't summoned from thin air, so they must be available in the current locale.

To use the power, the Harrowed chooses a target in sight and begins to concentrate. At first a few insects flock to the target. Within seconds, a few more come, and then more, until the prey is eventually surrounded by a milling crowd of buzzing insects and lines of biting ants and beetles crawling up his trousers. The insects continue to gather until the Harrowed stops concentrating.

The first round a target is infected has no effect. In the second, he suffers a -1 to all his actions. In the third, he suffers a further -1, and so on, up until the total penalty is -5 in the 6th round of concentration. At this point, enough insects are swarming around the poor sod to cause damage. Starting in the 7th round, the victim must make a Fort save (don't forget the -5 modifier) versus a DC of 23 or take 2d6 points of damage.

The only way for the victim to stop the infestation is to jump in water or kill the Harrowed who's tormenting him.

Jinx

Jinx allows a Harrowed to cause his enemies bad luck, straight and simple. All uses of the jinx power require an opposed Will save against the target of the jinx. If the Harrowed is unsuccessful, his power has no effect and he takes 1d6 points of damage.

If successful, the target suffers some minor mishap. Perhaps a round in his weapon is a dud or he trips and falls.

Whatever the circumstance, the target loses one full action recovering. The results of this are never directly fatal (although they may result in some real problems for the victim).

The actual effect of the power is up to the Marshal, who must make the call depending on the situation. The effects of a jinx don't just materialize out of thin air, of course. It's up to the Marshal to come up with what the jinx does, as well as some kind of rationale for it, however much she might have to stretch to make it realistic. It doesn't have to be a likely set of circumstances, but it does have to encompass something that's possible.

Luck o' the Draw

The flip side of bad mojo is luck o' the draw. This power is used by those rare Harrowed hucksters to aid their own hex-casting attempts. The Harrowed's manitou talks to the manitous hovering about, but this time both belong to the same person. The host forces his own demon to convince the other manitous to cooperate. Only a manitou could ever convince another manitou to be more than generous than normal with the powers it grants a huckster.

Using this power couldn't be simpler. The huckster merely casts a hex and rolls an extra D20. If he gets a natural 20, he gets the benefit of spectacular success unless he rolls a natural 1 on his Hexslingin' roll. If he did, then the two rolls cancel each other out and the huckster just fails normally.

Sometimes the manitous hanging about can fool even one of their own, however, so a natural 1 on this roll generates backlash as normal. And if the Harrowed rolls two critical failures the Marshal should double the backlash on the huckster, or do something equally nasty to him.

Mad Insight

Just as luck o' the draw can help a Harrowed huckster with his hex-casting, so can the mad insight power help a Harrowed mad scientist with her inventing. The manitou for the Harrowed side of the character gets together with the manitous hanging around her mad scientist side to help convey a mad inventive vision more clearly into her mind.

The result can be either inventive genius or sheer insanity, depending on the mood of the manitous at the moment. There's simple no predicting how they're going to react when presented with the latest attempt at a blueprint for a new device.

In game terms, the Harrowed mad scientist rolls 2d20 when devising a blueprint and takes the higher of the two rolls. However, if either is a 1, he has to roll on the Dementia table. If both are critical failures, roll twice on the table.

Marked for Death

Marked for death works very simply. The Harrowed nominates a target within sight and makes some sort of gesture that the victim can see.

The Harrowed and the victim then make opposed Will saves. If the Harrowed wins, the victim is marked for death. This prevents the target from using Fate Chips to negate damage. Dirty, eh?

The drawback is that Fate lies outside even a manitou's domain. To manipulate it, the creature and its host must each make a sacrifice. In this case, Fate Chips can't be spent to save the Harrowed's kiester either.

The Harrowed can drop the mark whenever he chooses. Although once an attack hits him, he has to wait until the next round to drop it.

Mimic

Since much supernatural power springs from the Hunting Grounds in one form or another, a Harrowed with

mimic can force his manitou to duplicate a power he has just witnessed and recast it himself. This includes huckster hexes, other Harrowed powers, coup powers, and even black magic, but not miracles or favors.

To mimic a supernatural ability, the Harrowed must simply beat the original user (whom he has just seen employ the power) in a straight-up opposed Will save.

Once that is accomplished the Harrowed can use his new ability exactly as the being he stole it from. Even his skill level to use the power (if there is one) is the same as that of the person with the original power (including the *original* caster's Attribute bonus—not the Harrowed's). If a huckster has 3ranks in his Hexslingin' skill, the Harrowed has the same.

Of course, if the ability has a chance of backfiring, such as a huckster's spell, the Harrowed's stolen ability may backfire as well.

In other words, treat the Harrowed character as if he had exactly whatever ability it is that he steals. Stolen abilities can be stored 1 hour for every 2 character levels.

Certain powers that come directly from the Reckoners (usually only granted to particular kinds of abominations) cannot be mimicked. The Marshal can use this convenient excuse to outlaw stealing certain powers she doesn't want stolen. Sorry, pardner.



Stealing someone else's thunder is difficult for the manitou inside the Harrowed. Whenever the manitou is forced to pull this particular trick, the spiritual backlash from the Hunting Grounds causes the Harrowed 2d6 damage. This damage is a spiritual blast straight to the guts, so it can harm or even kill a Harrowed.

The damage is suffered when the power is used, not when it is stolen. If the power isn't used before the time limit expires, it slips through Harrowed's fingers and does no damage (because he didn't get a chance to use it).

When a Harrowed mimics a power, he can only use it once. If he wants to steal it again, the power has to be used in his presence again.

Stealing powers from friends is fine, but the Harrowed still has to succeed at the opposed Will save. The friend can't just give the Harrowed permission—it's always a struggle.

Nightmare

One of the manitous' duties in the spirit world is to torment dreamers. A Harrowed who forces his demon to give him this power can use these dark dreams to trouble a living mind.

For the power to work, the undead has to lock eyes with the intended victim for a bare instant, just long enough to make an opposed

Will save. If the Harrowed succeeds, the nightmare works. Otherwise, the Harrowed cannot attempt to use his power on this victim again until he has slept. The target is none the wiser or worse for wear, however.

When the power works, the victim doesn't actually realize what has happened. There is just a moment of meeting a stranger's stare, an instant of strange uneasiness, and then things return to normal—until the nightmares start, that is.

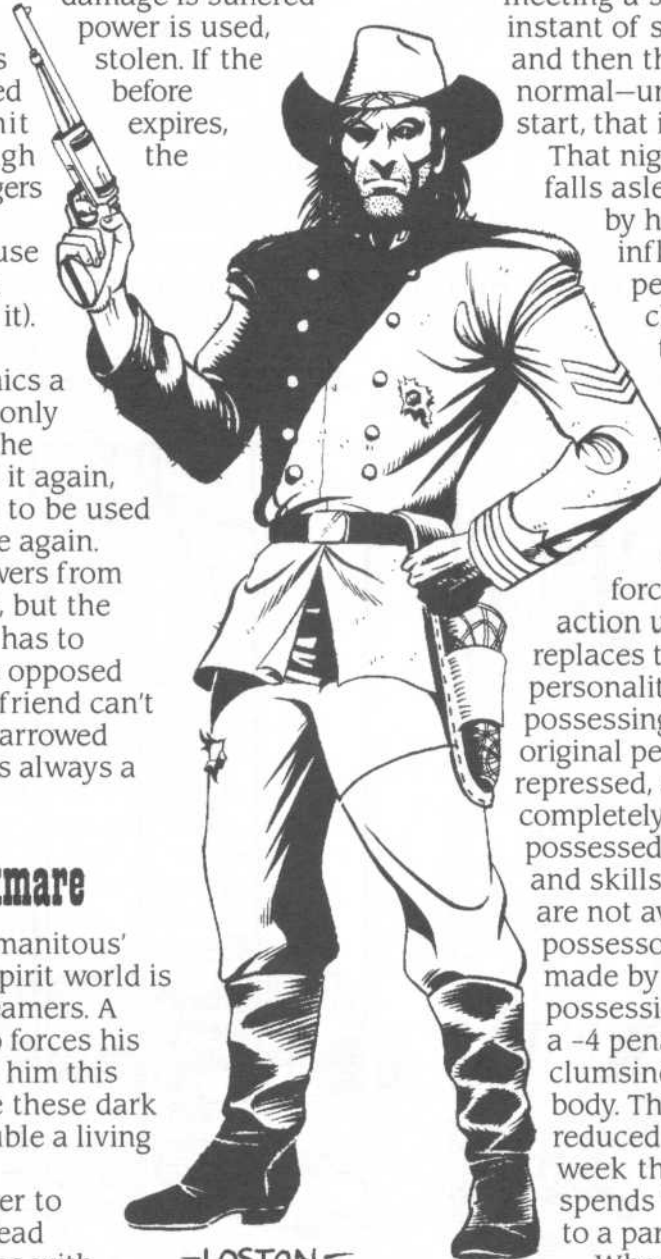
That night after the victim falls asleep, he is plagued by horrid dreams that inflict a -1 morale penalty to all the character's rolls for the next 2d6 nights.

Possession

This power doesn't merely force a course of action upon the victim. It replaces the victim's personality with that of the possessing undead. The original personality is repressed, and the new one completely controls the possessed body. Memories and skills of the possessed are not available to the possessor. Also, all checks made by a Harrowed possessing someone suffer a -4 penalty due to clumsiness in the foreign body. This penalty is reduced by 1 point each week the Harrowed spends "attuning" himself to a particular body.

When the possession is initiated, the Harrowed and his victim make opposed Will saves. If the Harrowed wins, the victim is possessed until control is relinquished. If the victim wins, the Harrowed can never again try to possess that person.

Before a possession can be initiated, the Harrowed must actually enter the



victim's body. This must be done by means of the soul flight power.

As a final note, Harrowed with this power should beware the exorcist. An exorcism can drive his spirit out. This doesn't put the Harrowed to rest though, his spirit just returns to his own body.

Reconstruction

Even stitchin' won't restore a missing arm or eye. For jobs like that, you need reconstruction.

The time it takes to reconstruct a missing body part depends on its size. Each pound of flesh (or portion thereof) to be reconstructed requires an amount of time dependent on the Harrowed's character level. At levels 1-5 it takes 6 months to grow back your pound of flesh. At 6-10 it takes 3 months; 11-15 = 1 month; 16+ = 1 week.

This reconstruction requires energy, of course. The meat still has to come from somewhere, so the Harrowed must eat a pound of raw meat for every pound he needs to regrow. The Harrowed can absorb this, even if it doesn't have a belly.

Relic

Some folks invest more than money in the equipment they use. Some of them put a little piece of their soul into their favorite belongings as well.

A relic is just that—an item charged with supernatural energy. These come into being when they are bound closely to an event of momentous importance. The death of a hero and her subsequent resurrection as a Harrowed is frequently more than enough cause to give rise to a relic.

This isn't really a power so much as a bond with a magical item of some sort. These items are simply part and parcel of the hero they once belonged to. A gunslinger's trademark pistol is just as much a part of his life as a Georgian's distinctive Southern drawl or a huckster's curiosity for the unknown.

Only highly prized items can become relics. If a gunman uses different weapons all the time, it isn't likely one would become a relic. A gunfighter

who used nothing but his prized Buntline, however, is due for an upgrade to his favorite shooting iron should he come back from the grave.

The exact power of the relic is always up to the Marshal. There's no way in Hell we could come up with a chart that could cover every possibility, so we're leaving it up to you and your Marshal's imaginations.

As your hero gains levels, his relic becomes more and more powerful, useful, or helpful as well. Again, the Marshal must determine exactly what that means, but here are a few pointers.

First, a relic sometimes merely mimics another power, spell, or ability. If your gaucho is a master of the whip, for example, she may come back to find her trusted weapon now allows her to use the soul eater power.

Gunslingers and their prized weapons are also good targets for this power. Each level might add a die of damage to bullets fired from the favored gun. Or the power might add accuracy in the form of pluses to hit.

Not all relics need be weapons. A Harrowed muckraker with an *Epitaph* camera may simply find that it can now take better, faster pictures. Or perhaps it sees more than the human eye, and when the pictures develop, there is some clue as to the muckraker's future.

For a blessed, maybe her family bible now adds bonuses to any miracles she casts. Or maybe it acts as a permanent *bles* to all those within a few yards.

A mad scientist might find that the old tool box his father gave him is irreplaceable. In fact, it adds bonuses to his Tinkerin' rolls.

The possibilities really are limitless. If you have a neat idea for your Harrowed's relic, talk it over with your Marshal. Together, the two of you should be able to come up with something that is powerful and useful, but still balanced enough that it doesn't ruin the campaign and, more importantly, overshadow your character.

Check out some of the relics in *The Deadlands D20* rulebook and the *Way o' the Huckster* for some more examples.

Relics created with this power don't usually have a taint unless they were used in some decidedly evil way.

The real drawback with relics is that they can be taken away from their owners. If that Harrowed's Buntline is stolen, it's gone, along with the Harrowed's access to its powers.

Worse yet, a Harrowed's relic can be used against him. For some strange reason, a relic can always kill the person it was empowered by. A pistol that shot its own Harrowed maker in the gut, for instance, could kill him again even though it's not a head shot.

Such is the way of the mad Hunting Grounds where these awesome artifacts were reforged.

Also, relics, being supernatural in nature, can hurt any Harrowed normally. The relic doesn't even have to literally make contact with a Harrowed to do damage as long as the relic is closely involved in the attack. For instance, bullets fired from a gun relic would be made supernatural by the nature of the weapon firing them, and they'd hurt a Harrowed just like a regular slug would injure the average cowpoke.

If the relic is ever truly destroyed (not just lost or stolen), then the Marshal can permit the Harrowed to work on recreating that relic. The Harrowed has to have something nearly identical to the destroyed relic to start with. Then he has to use it whenever the opportunity arises (pretty much constantly) until it starts to absorb powers from the undead's manitou.

This process can take up to a month or more. Again, the length of the process is really up to the Marshal. If the Harrowed is involved in all sorts of adventures in which he uses the item, then the time should be cut a great deal shorter.

Rigor Mortis

With this cruel power, an undead can inflict terrible spastic pain upon a living victim. The Harrowed has to grasp bare skin for the power to take effect, which means succeeding at a melee touch attack roll, with a called shot modifier appropriate to the area being attacked with the power.

Normally, people keep pretty well covered up in the Weird West, what with gritty winds, baking sun, and all. So most of the time the target gets a +4 bonus to his AC because the Harrowed has to aim for the target's head or hand.

Because the target is being grasped rather than merely struck, the brawling attack itself does no damage to the target.

When the power is used, the victim suffers a momentary muscular spasm in the location that the undead is touching. This causes 1d6 points of damage, and the affected location is useless for the victim's next action. If a leg was affected, the victim falls. If an arm, any held object is dropped. If the torso, the character cannot breathe. If the head, the victim cannot speak or even think clearly.

Sicken

A Harrowed with this power can carry a disease around in her belly or her head and transmit it to others. Of course, to become a carrier of an illness, the Harrowed must first find someone or something that's already got the illness and is still contagious. This can be more difficult than it sounds, but determined Harrowed with this power often haunt the local hospitals until they manage to find someone afflicted with some dread disease they'd like to inflict upon someone else.

To pick up a disease, all the Harrowed has to do is touch someone who already has the sickness. Holding on to it and transmitting are two other things.

Since the Harrowed is already long past being a fertile ground for most kinds of sickness, she can only hold

onto an illness for 1 day per character level.

Harrowed with the sicken power can command the disease to attack other people, as long as they're within the Harrowed's reach. To transmit the disease, the undead must touch the target, which normally requires a successful melee touch attack roll, at least in combat. In other situations, the Harrowed can be a lot more subtle about touching the target. A simple handshake would suffice.

Once contact has been made, the Harrowed must make an opposed CON check vs. the target's CON. If the Harrowed wins, the target catches the illness. The victim doesn't instantly fall ill, for sure. The disease first has to incubate and then run its course.

It may be several days before the victim actually begins to feel any symptoms, and when he does he very likely isn't able to determine exactly where he picked up the illness. After all, he probably comes into contact with several people every day—or he might just have picked it up from the very air.

Silent as a Corpse

Moving silently over the earth is easy for a Harrowed with this power. As long as his feet are in contact with dirt, he can move without making a sound. This even works while he's wearing normal footwear like boots and the like. If he's got a couple of tin buckets on his stompers, though, he's plumb out of luck.

In game terms, the Harrowed gets a +5 bonus to his Move Silently skill checks while using this power.

Silent as a corpse won't work on floors, wood, or even stone—only dirt. Fortunately, in the Weird West, most everything that's not actually inside of a building is covered in the stuff.



Skull Chucker

With this power the undead can cast skulls with supernatural force strong enough to kill. Bones don't appear out of thin air though. The Harrowed has to supply them somehow.

The Harrowed charges a normal skull with supernatural energy. This takes one full action. Whenever the skull is thrown, it explodes for 2d10 points of damage with a BR of 10. The user may only create and hold one explosive skull at any time.

Sleep o' the Dead

Harrowed with this power can tap into the manitous' abilities to send a victim straight to the Land o' Nod with a single touch to the forehead. Even a Harrowed and other undead who still have something of their mortal soul inside are affected.

If the target resists being touched, the undead must make a melee touch attack roll to the head. This attack can do damage as normal if the Harrowed wishes (talk about knocking someone out with a single blow), or she may decide to make the attack a simple touch.

As the victim is touched, he and the Harrowed must make opposed Will saves. If the target ties or his roll is higher than the Harrowed's, the target resists and there is no effect.

If, on the other hand, the Harrowed's roll is higher than the victim's, the victim falls to sleep immediately. He will not wake for hours unless he suffers some sort of physical pain (of the non-fatal kind—otherwise the issue of when the victim might wake up again is most likely academic) or is violently roused by means of shaking or slapping. Otherwise, the victim remains asleep for a total of 2d6 hours.

Soul Eater

Soul Eater is a particularly nasty power. When the Harrowed makes a successful melee touch attack that causes damage, he gains half the lost hit points as his own (round up). This can take him above his normal maximum. The maximum number of additional hit points that can be gained in this way is equal to two times the Harrowed's level. Hit points above the character's maximum fade naturally at one point every minute. If the Harrowed is not above his maximum hit points, the extra hit points do not fade—they simply replace those lost to combat.

Soul Flight

By means of this power, an undead can loose her spirit from her body and briefly travel the world as a spirit.

Soul flight is useful for scouting and spying, but for very little else. The soul of the Harrowed is completely invisible and intangible during this travel, and it cannot affect the real world in any way.

It can pass through solids, however, and can hear and see just fine. With the exception of the possession power, other powers, spells, and abilities are lost while the undead is in this form.

Still, two Harrowed engaged in soul flight can see and speak with each other, although they can't affect each other in any other way. That makes the power potentially useful as a means of long-distance communication if a time and meeting place is coordinated ahead of time.

The danger of soul flight is that the body *and* mind of the Harrowed are unprotected while his soul is away. Others can destroy the body if they can find it, but worse, the manitou has a prime opportunity to take control while the human host is away.

If the manitou decides to take control of the Harrowed's body while he's gone, there's nothing he can do about it. Don't bother even making a Dominion check, the Harrowed hero is plumb outta luck.

The detached soul's base speed is its normal speed plus the Harrowed's character level. The character level also

determines how long the soul can stay apart from its normal resting place before it's drawn back: 1-5 = 1 hour; 6-10 = 1 day; 11-15 = 1 week; 16+ = Indefinite.

Speakin' with the Dead

Some Harrowed find it possible to speak even with the truly dead. They say that, after death, the memories a person has linger on inside his carcass, slowly decaying as the body's flesh rots away.

Questioning the dead, then, is more like browsing through a book than actually talking with a person. The information you seek may be in there somewhere, but who knows how much longer that page is going to be legible.

When a harrowed questions the dead, no one else but another undead can hear the replies. To these damned souls, a dead voice sounds whispery and regretful, as if every answer is an unimaginable effort.

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To successfully question a corpse, a Harrowed must make a WIS check against a DC of 15 (add +5 if for every additional decade the corpse is old).

Success means the questioner can gain one piece of information or the answer to one specific question. For every 2 points above the corpse's save, the Harrowed garners one more piece of information.

Failure means the particular memories the Harrowed was after are already lost. He cannot ask questions pertaining to this subject again until he gains another character level. He could ask other questions that get to the answer he's looking for, however.

The Marshal determines just what constitutes a piece of information, based upon the current circumstances. But keep in mind that the dead don't



volunteer much of anything, and they don't really like to answer questions.

Using this power requires considerable concentration. While questioning a corpse, a Harrowed cannot do much of anything else. In order to hear the answer he seeks, the Harrowed needs silence in the area as well. (Unfortunately, this means that a body can't be questioned in a cemetery, because the rustling voices of the other dead make concentration impossible.) The inquisitor will have to dig the body up and cart it elsewhere.

The Harrowed must devote one full hour to the process for each piece of information gained. At levels 10 and above, this time is halved. Regardless of the time he spends on it, he cannot gain any information from a corpse that is over 50 years old.

There are some problems inherent in possessing this power. For one thing, any Harrowed with this ability is constantly aware of the whispering voices of any dead in the vicinity. Passing a cemetery or crossing an old battlefield can feel downright creepy. This makes it impossible for the Harrowed to rest in such a location.

There are also some serious dangers involved with questioning the dead. (But then again, the Harrowed are already walking on the dark side of existence.)

First, the living react really poorly to people digging up their friends and relatives for what they might view as some sort of supernatural ceremony. They tend to get violent about such things.

Second, nearby manitous sometimes enter a body when it's being questioned and pretend to be the memories of that person. Unless the questioner has some sort of way of seeing these manitous, he may be fooled into following false information. The Marshal will be especially prone to pull this stunt if you get a critical failure on your WIS check.

Spider

This eerie power allows a Harrowed to cling to walls and ceilings like a spider. The ability requires concentration, so while using it, all actions are at a -4 penalty.

A Harrowed high on a wall or ceiling should be careful not to start a fight. If she suffers any damage, her concentration is instantly broken, and then she's got to contend with falling (and landing) as well.

The Harrowed can support her own weight, including normal clothing and a personal weapon or two, and a light load on a ceiling and a medium load on a wall.

Spook

This power gives a Harrowed's target a glimpse into the twisted corridors of the cadaver's dark soul.

It ain't a pretty sight.

The Harrowed draws upon the power of the manitou within to add a creepy element to her voice, appearance, and sheer presence when interacting with someone the Harrowed is trying to impress. This is represented by making opposed Will saves.

If the target succeeds, nothing happens. However, if the Harrowed wins, the target is frightened (well more like terrified, but you get the idea).

Stitchin'

Stitchin' draws on the power of the Hunting Grounds to rejuvenate damage done to a Harrowed's corpse. An undead hero with this power can heal 1d6 hit points worth of damage as a standard action. He can do this a number of times a day equal to half his level.

The Harrowed must still have fresh (raw meat) to take advantage of this ability. The Harrowed don't heal on empty stomachs—though they can heal on someone else's empty stomach—if you catch our drift.

Supernatural Trait

This power increases one of your Harrowed character's ability scores by +2. This power may be taken more than once, and may be applied to the same ability multiple times as desired.

Trackin' Teeth

A character with this power can keep track of every one of his body parts, whether they're attached to the rest of his cadaver or not. This is particularly useful if he's been detached from a substantial part of himself and wants it back.

Clever Harrowed have found other users for this power, from which comes the cryptic name. If the cadaver wishes, he can plant a substantial piece of himself on a thing or person and use this ability as a crude tracking device.

By "substantial," we mean a portion of your body that includes a chunk of bone, not something comparatively insubstantial like hair or a bit of rotting flesh. The most accessible pieces of bone available to any Harrowed are found framing his tongue, and this is what they usually use.

After all, you've got 32 teeth, and you're hardly going to miss one of them. With dental hygiene being what it is in the Weird West, few people are going to pay attention to a cowpoke who's missing a few of his ivories. He'd be more rare if he had them all where they rightly belonged. With this in mind, of course, many Harrowed may not have 32 teeth to start with, having lost a few in their living days.

The character can keep track of as many pieces as he has levels. The character level also determines how far he can track the roving bits: 1-5 = 1 mile; 6-10 = 10 miles; 11-15 = 100 miles; 16-20 = 1,000 miles. If the piece ever moves out of range, the Harrowed loses track of it, but can pick it up again if the piece returns within his range.

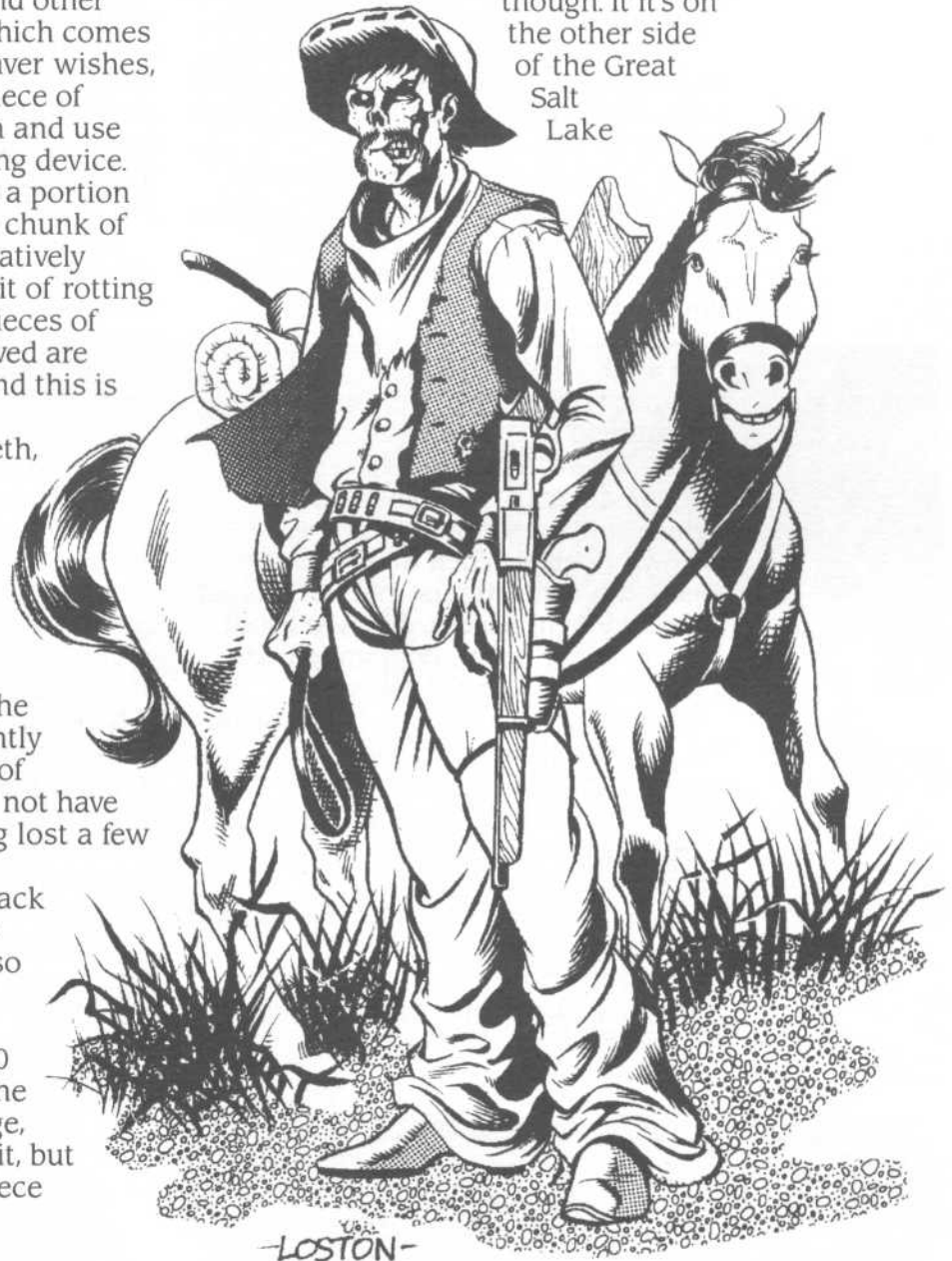
Undead Abilities

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Once the piece is removed from the Harrowed, it immediately begins to rot. This is another reason bone must be used. Fleshy bits tend to fall apart a bit too quickly, and the smell of rotting meat can be a quick tip-off to anyone the piece is supposed to be hidden from.

When tracking a piece, the Harrowed knows the direction of the piece and its range. This doesn't tell him the quickest way to get to the piece,

though. It it's on the other side of the Great Salt Lake



from him, he's got some hiking or sailing to do, and if it's on the wrong side of a mountain, it's up to the Harrowed to find a pass.

Undead Contortion

Undead contortion allows a Harrowed to dislocate pretty much any and every bone in her body, including shoulder blades, ribs, pelvis, and even the separate plates of the skull. In a really tight spot, a Harrowed with this power can even break and crush her own skeleton.

Such contortions aren't without their price, however. In "normal" situations, the undead simply pops some bones out of their sockets. It takes 2 rounds to complete the process (as well as 2 more to reassemble), and the Harrowed suffers 2d6 subdual damage from the crushing effect.

While using the power in this way, the undead suffers a -4 penalty to all STR, DEX, and skill-related actions.

The above contortions should get undead through most tight spots, usually up to about the width of his own skull. That's the one bone a Harrowed doesn't want to mess with if he can help it.

But he can't always help it. If the Harrowed needs to get through a tighter spot, he's going to have to crack his own noggin. When this situation arises, the contortionist can fit through incredibly tight spaces, down to about 3" in diameter (small enough to ooze down drainpipes, by the way).

This is fairly dangerous, however, as the damage from using the power increases by an extra 2d6 (and it becomes real damage instead of subdual damage), and the time it takes to perform it doubles.

In this fractured state, the Harrowed's action penalty increases to -6.

As a final note concerning undead contortion, the popping and snapping sounds made by the undead's joints

while the power is being initiated or ended are fairly horrifying in themselves, but the end result is not at all pretty to look at either.

Most people are disturbed at the sight of a gal with her head all mushed flat and her shoulders and ribs folded down like the spines of an umbrella, sliding through an opening hardly big enough for a cat. Anyone who happens to stumble upon a Harrowed in this state must make a Will save versus a DC of 17 (or higher depending on the circumstances) or become frightened.

Unholy Host

With this power a Harrowed can round an undead posse of his very own. The only problem is that the undead cohorts following the Harrowed aren't Harrowed themselves. They're just plain old walkin' dead looking to make trouble in the world of mortals the best they can.

The walkin' dead are ruthless and unwavering allies, but they're also evil incarnate. They can cause a hero far more trouble than they're worth if he doesn't keep his glazed eyes on them every second.

The hero doesn't have a mental link with his host, but when he gives them orders, they are bound to follow them. Walkin' dead are clever in their interpretations, however. Give them an inch, and they'll leave a slew of body corpses for a mile.

Other than that, they're completely loyal, and won't let their champion die if they can help it. They might let him suffer and may get a good laugh out of it, but if the hero ever dies, they die too.

The Harrowed can add one member to his host for every two character levels he possesses. These zombies don't just appear, they have to be raised. Just how most Harrowed raise their host seems to vary. Some give them a kiss of life. Others simply open a coffin and say "get up." Regardless, it takes about 5 minutes to get the corpse up and moving.

Unholy Reflexes

The Harrowed with this power keeps his cool in the face of danger a little bit better than even the other undead. He can squeeze extra actions into a round when in combat. For every five character levels, the Harrowed gets 1 extra action.

If the character gets a natural 1 on his initiative check, however, he is a little bit off his pace and cannot use the extra actions gained from unholy reflexes.

Voice o' the Damned

A dead man's cackle is an eerie thing.

This maddening power is a simple but powerful enhancement of any being's ability to taunt and intimidate their foes into cowering submission.

If the Harrowed beats his opponent in an opposed Will save, the foe is automatically frightened.

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Varmint Control

A Harrowed with this power is able to manipulate lower creatures by thought.

The animals must be within the Harrowed's sight for the command to be given and maintained. Only simple commands can be conveyed, things that could be expressed as a simple sentence, though the Harrowed need not actually speak. Examples might include: "Attack that person," or "Eat that person," or "Break that window." The varmints interpret the command as best they can and set to work.

The Harrowed can do nothing else while maintaining control, and as soon





as his concentration is released, the control over the creature ends.

The character level determines what the undead can control: 1-5 = a squirrel, raccoon, or house cat; 6-10 = a wolf or dog; 11-15 = a horse or cougar; 16+ = a buffalo or grizzly bear. For each level lower than the one he is at, the Harrowed character can control twice as many creatures. A 16th level undead with varmint control, for instance, could choose to control any of the following: one grizzly, two horses, up to four wolves, or up to eight house cats. The same command must be given to all the creatures controlled at one time.

In any case, the power never affects creatures created by the Reckoners. Mojave rattlers and the like have no animal spirits roaming the Hunting Grounds from which the manitous could have learned their insidious tricks.

Wither

An undead with this power can accelerate the aging process by his mere touch, wounding a victim. To initiate the power, the character must grasp the target's bare flesh (usually a hand or arm), which usually requires a successful melee touch attack roll.

As his next action, the undead inflicts $1d10 + 1$ point of damage for each character level to the location being grasped.

This power can also be used on inanimate objects to make them age prematurely. Depending on the material being affected, effects can range from rust to wither to rot or nothing really noticeable. To age something in this way requires one action.

It's up to the Marshal exactly how this power affects something it's applied to. It can easily curdle milk or rot apples, but it likely only makes wood more brittle, rusts steel, or tarnishes silver.

NO MAN'S LAND







CHAPTER FOUR: WARNINGS FROM THE PROSPECTOR

Howdy.

Yep, It's me again, your old pal Jenkins, the Prospector. Thought I'd drop by for a bit to see how things are going.

Well, actually, I know how things are going. I been listening, and from what I hear, you've been doin' me proud.

Congratulations. I don't have to blow your head off.

You know, though, if I'm hearing stories about you, that means others are too. So I thought I'd best take this opportunity to give you a warning of some things to watch out for.

The Texas Rangers

You're probably gettin' used to folks bein' pretty much clueless about the supernatural—when you first meet 'em, at least. Their ignorance helps you hide in plain sight, but not everyone's that naïve.

The Texas Ranges, for one, is a group that's pretty danged well informed about what's goin' on in the world. They definitely know about your type, and they have a straightforward way of dealin' with the Harrowed. It's a little slogan that goes "Shoot it, or recruit it."

That means that if you run across the path of a Ranger, you'd best be prepared to do what he says or run. Don't even think about fightin' him.

First of all, Rangers are real bad-asses, and you're liable to find yourself even deader. Second, if you do win, from that point on you've got the rest of the Rangers out gunnin' for you. 'Sides, they're just doin' their job. I don't want you shootin' no Rangers, comprende?

'Course, that don't mean I want you signing up with the Rangers. I got my own plan for the lot of you, and I don't want them spoilt by your bein' involved with those others. I

'specially don't want you spillin' the beans to the Rangers about your brother Harrowed and old Coot Jenkins.

So if you do meet up with a Ranger, I suggest runnin'. Just keep in mind the chances are he'll trail you. If you want to lose him, you need to give him something bigger to worry about. That means leadin' him to some other trouble that'll keep him occupied while you get away.

Maybe, just maybe, if you stick around to help him out of that trouble, he'll respect you enough to let you go your way. But I wouldn't count on it. Your best bet is to hightail it while he's busy and hope to put enough ground between the two of you that he gives up the chase.

The Pinkertons

If the Rangers are bad news for a Harrowed, the Pinkertons are worse. Their usual method o' dealin' with your sort is to shoot like Hell first, and don't ever bother getting around to asking questions.

They seem to know that some Harrowed are fightin' for good and all, but apparently they believe it ain't worth the risk to figure out whether you're one of those or not. Maybe it's just that they ain't got a Ranger's confidence in hisself to handle just about anything. Whatever the reason, you need to keep in mind that the Pinkertons are really dangerous.

If they do capture you somehow, rather than just killing you, there's some small chance they may ship you out to this special place they got in Denver. They call it the "Star Chamber." I'm not certain what goes on there, but from what I gather, nine out of 10 Harrowed who go in come back out all crispy.

The other one in 10 comes out as a loyal agent of the Pinkertons. I've had

to put down a few o' these turncoats myself after I found they were workin' as spies in my own camp.

I ain't got nothin' against the Pinkertons, y'understand, but I got somethin' cookin', and too many chefs spoil the pot.

The moral of the story is, don't let yourself be captured by the Pinkertons. Best bet is to avoid them. If you can't, take the same strategy as for dealing with the Rangers. And for God's sale, don't kill any of 'em unless you want the whole band on your tail. Just try to shake 'em if you can.

The Reckoners

You may have figured out by now that there are some real monsters in the world. Maybe you heard of the wendigoes, for instance, or the hangin' judges?

Well, them stories are true. But there's even more to it than that. These critters ain't just workin' on their own. Pretty much every one of them serves something higher and darker, something that doesn't actually set foot on earth itself, but that sucks up the fear these creatures harvest and puts it to even more evil uses. They're called the Reckoners, an' you definitely don't want to bring yourself to the attention of those bad 'uns. Their servants are bad enough for just 'bout anyone.

Most o' the monsters in the world don't know they serve a higher, darker power, but there seem to be a few who do. I've seen the Black Riders out Nevada way hunt down a Harrowed who got too big for his britches. And somebody got a hold of another near Lost Angels. I only found that gal's gnawed bones. An' I've heard more than one report about some kinda' "devil bulls" stompin' the Harrowed into li'l ol' greasy bits.

I can only guess that most of the monsters we've heard tell of are clueless abominations that serve the Reckoners just by goin' about their own business. But there are certain "favored" servants of the Reckoners down here on earth who know what's

going on. An' these horrors see it as their duty to put a stop to anything that interferes with their master's plans.

Why? Well, you figure it out. Imagine here you are, this otherworldly badass, and you're just feastin' on the fear of the local populace when along comes this other supernatural thing, only it's "sold out" to Good.

Worse, this "Sunday School ghoul" is going around shootin' your young 'uns, and even stealin' some o' their power to use on the next monster to poke its head up.

Whaddya expect the Reckoners to do, just sit there waiting for the "missionary monster" to ruin all their plans? 'Course not, They're probably gonna set up some sort of trap for you.

Counting Coup

Speaking of stealin' supernatural powers from these evil things, I've got somethin' to say about that. If you haven't figured it out by now, you can take something off the meanest varmints you put down. As they die, stand nearby and you'll find some part of their power is now yours. The folks I've been raisin' call this "countin' coup."

Be careful, though, 'cause there's always some sort of price to pay for countin' coup. That's part of why the original power was as nasty as it was. A lot of them were involved in some sort of curse, which you're liable to pick up along with the power. So you'd best be careful about how much you go doin' this.

Now, I ain't tellin' you to ignore the monsters plaguing this Earth. And I'm not saying you don't wanna pick up something of their power when you kill them. What I am sayin' is be careful.

Take too much o' their taint an' you're liable to turn into something you don't want to be. And if you attract too much attention, you're liable to find a horde o' unholy Hell comin' after you.

Final Words

That brings me to my final warnin'. I've told you tonight 'bout a few types of people and things to be watchin' out for. Now I gotta remind you of the most dangerous.

That's me. If you thought the Rangers or the Pinkertons were bad news, they don't even compare to the trouble you'll be in for if I find out you've turned. No brag, just fact. I've got tricks up my sleeve you can't even imagine, and I've been studying your kind ever since you first appeared.

Remember, I've talked with one o' the Last Sons—the fellas that started this whole mess. I know where your power comes from and how to thwart it. I know exactly how much of a threat



you Harrowed are, and I know how to destroy you if I have to.

Now, so far, you been doin' me right proud. I've got no reservations about you personally, understand. But I don't ever want you to forget just how things stand between us. I've got plans for you later on, something so difficult only a Harrowed can pull it off, and so heroic only someone who's cheated Death deserves to try.

But the time for that ain't come yet. And until that day comes, you just gotta keep what's left o' your nose clean. You understand?

All right, then. I'll be seein' you around.

The Blessed

There's one thing the Prospector didn't touch on that some Harrowed are going to want to know about. Or at least they're going to find out about it sooner or later. They might even find out about it the hard way if they run afoul of certain righteous types who know how to handle their ilk.

The manitous swimming about inside the Harrowed are evil, pure and simple. There's one class of people out there whose life mission is to do battle with anything evil, no matter the cost. Call them preachers, priests, padres, fathers, nuns, reverends, rabbis, holy slayers, or whatever you want, but they're all holy butt-kickers. Collectively, we can call them the blessed.

One of the greatest nemeses of Harrowed are the blessed. In general, these pious folk refuse (many would say wisely) to truck with folks who are literally vessels full of evil that might spill forth at any moment. Even a Harrowed who's in control is just a nice fellow at the wheel of a grinning death machine, and many blessed think the truly good would see to their own permanent dispatchment.

Some more "enlightened" blessed do manage to separate the sin from the sinner, though they're still careful around the Harrowed. After all, you never know when that manitou's going to take charge. Most folks don't like riding around with a loaded gun nestled up next to them like a snake in a bedroll on a cold night, and they're likely to want to take some preemptive action about it.

The best defense the blessed have against the Harrowed is their ability to turn the undead. This works against a Harrowed even if the manitou inside is quiet as a church mouse. Even if the Harrowed is in charge, he's still a corpse that's been raised by a manitou squirming around somewhere inside of him, and the higher powers aren't fooled because the evil bugger's not in the driver's seat for the moment. (See the *Deadlands D20* rulebook pages 24-25 for more information on a blessed's ability to turn the undead.)

There are also those blessed with a little bit more know-how than their brethren. The Weird West is not so nice a place, and the Powers That Be have no intention of letting their faithful fight the good fight unarmed.

There are those blessed out there who can protect themselves against a Harrowed's attack, and there are also those who can perform an exorcism to run that scrawny spirit worm right out of the host's body. Of course, with an exorcism miracle the Harrowed goes from undead straight to just plain dead with no chance to be Harrowed again. (See *Way o' the Righteous* for more on exorcisms.) For now, the Harrowed should be warned that an exorcism is a great way to throw the baby out with the bath water. When the manitou is gone, so is the corpse's ability to walk around and hang onto the mortal soul fighting for Dominion as well.

Even those noble souls who try to cleanse their "inner child" are likely to have problems. Remember that whatever fate befalls the Harrowed strikes the manitou as well. No matter how its partner might feel, this is one mad dance the manitou is not eager to end. If it senses some sort of ritual to end its existence, it does everything in its power to fight for survival.

THE
MARSHAL'S
HANDBOOK







CHAPTER FIVE: HANDLING THE HARROWED

Howdy, Marshal.

Somehow, week to week, you have to keep an entire posse entertained. You have to cook up just enough trouble to be challenging for them, and dish out just enough reward for the players to feel like their characters are getting somewhere, without letting them get too fat and sassy. We'd bet that so far you've been doing a fine job.

Harrowed characters just add more fuel to the fire, which means you have to keep things hopping if you don't want something to get burned. Being the Marshal's always been a juggling act.

Well, we're here to help you out. In the pages that follow, you'll find all sorts of advice on running a Harrowed campaign and some new threats that will even terrify your player's undead characters.

Starting a Harrowed Campaign

Harrowed characters, more than any others in a *Deadlands* campaign, exist between the twin poles of heroism and horror. That's a tricky tightrope to walk, and sometimes it seems like it's greased from end to end.

Sure, other, living creatures may have their dark sides. Outlaws may have a shadowy past that they can't seem to get away from no matter how fast or far they have run. Inventors may hear evil voices and be plagued by gremlins in their strange devices. Hucksters play cards with the devils themselves for magical stakes, and sometimes



they lose. Shamans walk in spirit through the deadly Hunting Grounds. And even the blessed make it their business to confront the forces of darkness wherever they may be found. All of these characters meet up with evil in one form or another.

But Harrowed characters carry that evil right inside their bellies. They wrestle with their manitous for control day in and day out. No one's fate is more tenuous than a Harrowed's, and they often have control of their destiny wrested from them, if only for a little while. But by the same token, on the flip side of that coin as it were, the Harrowed's potential for heroism is so much better.

The Harrowed Hero

Because the Harrowed don't just bargain with spirits, the way other characters do, but rather draw directly

upon the power of the manitou inside them, their supernatural abilities are even darker and more dangerous to their own souls. A blessed preacher may call upon the power to *smite* the enemy, but a Harrowed can grow savage claws and rip that enemy to pieces directly. A huckster might call up a *Texas twister* to buffet her foes, but a Harrowed might eat their very souls.

Of course, it's that very darkness that makes a Harrowed's good deeds shine all the brighter. After all, nothing shows in the night like a light, dim as it might otherwise seem.

It's easy to do good when fortune smiles upon you, everything is going your way, and the entire world's your friend. It's a lot tougher to walk the straight and narrow when you know the only thing keeping you breathing is a demon, when you figure you're doomed to wrestle with it for the rest of your days, and when you suspect your soul must already be damned, 'cause you know you're dead but you sure as Hell ain't in Heaven.

Some of your players may not recognize the importance of keeping their balance on that fine line they walk between power and perdition. They may come asking to play a Harrowed just because they think the special abilities are really cool.

As the Marshal, you may be worried that, as a result, your campaign might turn into a sort of dark superhero game with Harrowed characters showing off their powers in every town, terrorizing the living just because they can. You may be sorely tempted just to tell them "No."

But being a Marshal means being an entertainer. You have something of an obligation to making certain your players have fun. They're trusting you.

You'll find that, in terms of keeping your player's happy, one good rule of thumb to follow is this: Why say "no" when you can say "yes" instead? If a player is excited about a particular character class, he puts all the more energy into playing it. It's better to have your players excited than grumbling.

So how do you deal with the problem of players focusing on the powers of the Harrowed and ignoring the problems? Well, depending on how

you want to play it, there are two primary options you can choose from.

Option One: Over the Top

It is important for a Marshal to recognize what her players are looking for. One way of judging this is by looking at what sorts of characters they've created or want to create for the game.

If most of them have concentrated on lots of thief-type skills, your group probably wants a lot of mystery in their campaigns. They may not even consciously realize it themselves, but they have pretty much voted for that with their character choices.

On the other hand, if your players have pretty much focused on STR with lots of combat skills, they're probably looking for every opportunity to blow things all to Hell. Don't let them down.

Once you've determined what your players are looking for in the campaign, you're usually best off giving them just that. Why argue with them? You're all in this together, so you might as well have fun.

With that in mind, then, if a good proportion of your players have built some kick-butt Harrowed using the *Way o' the Dead* rules, if most of the powers they've chosen are dramatically supernatural, and if they have gotten some of the most blatantly supernatural Hindrances as well, the group is probably hoping to stomp around the Weird West like the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. So why fight it? Give them what they want, and save your more subtle plots for later.

After all, real life can be hard, and sometimes people just need to blow off some steam. Roleplaying can be a great arena for doing just that.

As the campaign progresses, be sure to keep an eye peeled for any signs of encroaching jadedness on the part of your players. After a while, going from gunfight to gunfight can lose its appeal. If your players start to lose the thrill from "kicking butt and taking names," it's time to consider switching your train from one track to the other.

Deadlands is the kind of game you can play the way you like. "You," in this case, doesn't just refer to you the

Marshal. It means you and all your players. The thing to keep in mind is that you want to build some sort of consensus and then go with it for as long as it works. Then just try something else.

Option Two: Educate Your Players

Another way to approach the problem of players who focus on the great powers in a Harrowed's hands—but seem to forget about the equally great problems—is to train them to your way of thinking. Talk to them individually about the character they want to play. Get them thinking about what human ties the character still has to the world. As they start to fill in details, the character comes alive in their imagination as a person, not just a collection of supernatural powers, and that means better roleplaying.

Ask about the character's home town. What was his childhood like? What were his parents like, and did he have siblings? Pretty much everyone



makes friends during life, what sorts of friends did this character have?

The most important question out of all of this is: Who was there to mourn the character when he died? At least some of them should still be around for you to use as complications in the Harrowed's life. If you can, try to steer the player away from the idea that the character's whole family was massacred and this Harrowed hero came back to life only for vengeance. (All you have to say is, "Not that old shtick again," and most players jump at the chance to revise their character concept.)

While on the topic of the character's death, ask the player to come up with some details of how the character died. The character generation rules in this book provide some general motivations for a Harrowed's death, but players should fill in their own details. Get them thinking about what loose ends remain dangling as a result.

As you go through this fleshing-out process, take every opportunity to point out the downsides to playing a Harrowed. Just as the questions above get the players thinking about deeper motivations and better-defined personalities for their characters, your purpose here is to plant the seeds of the Harrowed's tragic nature. Remember that when the hero died, he lost whatever it was he was fighting for as well.

It is equally important to go over the character's Harrowed Hindrances with the player. As you do so, make certain that the player is willing to put up with the trouble the Hindrance can cause. As you discuss the Hindrance, mention how you can use it during play to complicate the character's life. Let the player know just how much control the Hindrance is putting into your hands. Let your dark side show its gleeful anticipation of torturing the hero with it. Then, if the Hindrance is one the player is hesitant to live with, suggest a change to something else.

While you're getting the player to think about how you plan on playing up the undead hero's Hindrance, don't forget to consider the details of the character's Dominion, as well. If the hero's a veteran of the Weird West, you have the opportunity to invent evils the cadaver did under the manitou's control, something he may not even have a hint about just yet.

Give the player a wicked smile, and let him know that you plan to come up with something really special for his hero later in the campaign. Such a seed of anxiety planted now can go a long way toward making the player consider the full consequences of the character's future actions.

Finally, if you really want to make certain your players perceive their characters as people and not just powers, you may want to suggest (or even insist) that they begin playing the characters while still alive. Tell them that you want to play through their heroes' deaths and "rebirths" for the drama of it all.

To do this, have the players design their Harrowed heroes as normal under the rules in this book, but ignore their Harrowed powers (and any Hindrances) for the first few sessions of play. This can provide a fantastic opportunity for the players to connect to their characters from life to death to undeath.

How long you take to get to that death depends upon your own plans, the direction your campaign develops, and just how much fun everyone is having. In fact, some groups may never actually get to the grave! But knowing that you have guaranteed to bring these characters back from the great beyond if they do die adds an interesting twist to the campaign.

Keep in mind, though, that if your group includes more than one Harrowed character, and if you choose to start those Harrowed heroes out alive, you may need to do some fancy shuffling of events to make their deaths and resurrections fit both the unfolding campaign and the details of their character generation.

Maintaining a Balance of Power

As the Marshal, you're the primary storyteller of your gaming group. You have a whole world full of characters to draw from to help ensure things go the way you need them. Of course, you should be a benevolent tyrant, steering events rather than dictating them, and confronting the heroes with decisions and consequences instead of enslaving them to your plot.

When it comes to the Harrowed, the cast of characters you can use to manipulate their actions is especially impressive. Let's look at a few examples.

The Posse Itself

First, there is the players' posse itself, assuming it includes any characters who are still alive. See, it isn't just the Harrowed who have to live with their

condition. Any living heroes in the posse also have to cope with any backlash from the Harrowed's supernatural state.

Besides the threat of personal harm, there's also the problem of "guilt by association." Suppose, for instance, the posse has been traveling through the wilderness for weeks, hounded by whoever their current enemies are, and now, footsore, dirty, and tired, they come across the welcome sight of a town where they can rest up and resupply. Now suppose they get into town, and their Harrowed companion lets loose with a supernatural display to frighten off an annoying local. When the townsfolk get the courage to whip up a lynch mob, it isn't just the Harrowed character they're going to come looking for.





Agents of Evil

Worse, Harrowed who are too open with their powers might actually draw the attention of the servants of the Reckoners. The result could go one of two ways, neither of them nice.

If the actions of the Harrowed are helping to boost the local Fear Level, any fearmonger in the area may take it as a kindness. In that case, any servants of that fearmonger might begin "helping" the Harrowed,

Face your players with that sort of situation once or twice and they'll soon join together to keep their undead pal in line.

Agents of Good

Not only that, but Harrowed who are flagrant with their use of the supernatural soon draw the unwelcome attention of groups like the Pinkertons or the Texas Rangers, depending on where they're traveling. Agents of those two organizations don't mess around. If they catch the rank wind of a Harrowed, they watch him. And if he can't be recruited, they put him down for good.

mimicking his actions to further spread the fear. If the fearmonger is human or intelligent enough, it might actually come to meet with the Harrowed and offer a partnership of terror. If that isn't enough of a wake-up call to get your Harrowed players back on the straight and narrow, it's time for you to get some new players.

The other possibility is that the local fearmonger views the offending Harrowed as a challenge to its power. As explained in the *Deadlands D20* rulebook, maintaining the right balance of events to build the local Fear Level is a subtle thing. Blatant use of the supernatural can actually work against the Reckoners' minions. If Harrowed characters are mucking things up for a fearmonger, it won't be long before it comes looking for them with a vengeance.

But even if the Harrowed aren't causing a fearmonger that sort of trouble, evil creatures are often jealous beings, and they may feel challenged to show these upstarts who wears the scariest pants in the area.

Abominations

Abominations in the *Deadlands* game fall into two basic camps. The first kind is made up of general monsters—things that may be horrifying and deadly, but which exist primarily to feed, not specifically to increase the Fear Level in a particular region. These creatures cause the random acts of terror that plague the days and nights of those who call the Weird West their home.

The second kind of abomination includes fearmongers, creatures that work to cause a blight of fear upon the land. They hope that they will eventually be able to turn their locale into a Deadland. Many of this latter group were once human.

Only a rare fearmonger actually knows it serves the designs of the Reckoners with its evil acts. They generally exist only to serve their own needs. The fact that these often coincide with the Reckoners' schemes only makes matters all that much easier for those mysterious powers beyond the veil.

When it comes to designing and running fearmongers against Harrowed heroes, there are two main things for the Marshal to keep in mind (besides how the creatures fit the campaign, of course). The first is a concern for what coup powers the Harrowed might pick up from the monster if and when it's defeated. The second is what you can suggest to the players about the nature of their undead heroes, given what they see in the monsters they are fighting.

Coup Powers

Fearmongers have to be some pretty danged powerful creatures, or they wouldn't be able to cause the widespread fear they do. Of course, working to affect an entire area like this—rather than simply hunting and feeding like an animal—makes these abominations something of a target for do-gooders, so they often have to possess some unusually potent abilities,

as well. Otherwise, they wouldn't last longer than a glass of water in a parched man's grasp.

When a fearmonger is defeated, it's a real cause for celebration. The heroes have done a great thing, and they deserve some reward for their efforts.

When people hear of a local fearmonger's demise, those living in the land all around the thing's lair feel as if a great weight has been lifted from their souls. (In a very real way, it has.) If the heroes can just spread the word, the local Fear Level drops, and things start returning back to normal—at least as normal as can be in the world of *Deadlands*.

Of course, if the heroes are in a hurry or don't have the skills themselves, they can always find someone to tell their story for them. Muckrakers like Lacy O'Malley of the *Tombstone Epitaph* are always happy to take down and report the full details of the destruction of some terror. Their readers expect no less.

Characters who took part in the defeat of a fearmonger have a real reason to be proud. Not only do they get the immediate gratification of defeating the beast, but they can take heart in the fact that they've actually done something that tangibly improves the lives of all those in the entire area. It's not every day that someone can say that.

Harrowed, of course, are turned into the Reckoners' servants by means of their manitous and so can claim an extra special bonus from fallen fearmongers as the energy the Reckoners granted them speeds back to the Hunting Grounds. This is why the game provides for Harrowed who are present at the thing's death to count coup, gaining something of the abomination's power for themselves.

Besides its functional value, that coup becomes a badge or souvenir for the Harrowed to carry away. Every time he accesses that power in the future, he is reminded of the battle in which it



was gained, and he should be heartened by the memories of past victories.

The Downside

Still, this is another opportunity for a Harrowed character to grow out of control, if the Marshal isn't careful. When introducing a fearmonger into your campaign, you should consider ahead of time what powers the thing possesses that the Harrowed might expect to take away from its defeat. If you don't want your players' Harrowed characters to have that power, find another villain instead.

Of course, every fearmonger comes with its own built-in set of limitations, as well. These should transfer to the Harrowed absorbing the power, at least in some fashion. But again, think

carefully about the Harrowed heroes in your campaign, and ask yourself whether this detriment suits those characters or not. If not, you need to either change the abomination you're planning to run, or adjust its powers and limitations to better suit the Harrowed who are bound to count coup on the creature.

Avoiding Coup

Of course, since there is a downside to counting coup, you may find that there are some heroes who don't want it. That's fine, as long as they back off from the fearmonger's remains as it shuffles off this mortal coil. A few yards is far enough.

Many Harrowed may not realize this, or they just might not be able to get away from the creature as it expires. Those death grips can be awfully hard to break out of, even for the Harrowed.

If a Harrowed can't get away, it must take the power. That's assuming, of course, there are not other Harrowed nearby to steal the coup instead.

Stealing Coup

When a fearmonger gives up the ghost once and for all, there may be a mad rush by all the nearby Harrowed trying to get close enough to count coup on the beast. The trick of the matter is that only one Harrowed can count coup on a fearmonger as it dies.

The coup powers are derived from the fearmonger's powers. Since there's (presumably) only one fearmonger that's been killed, there's only one coup to be counted.

If more than one Harrowed tries to count coup at the same time, then they must each battle for it. Every Harrowed involved in the struggle must make Will saves. The Harrowed with the highest roll wins the coup, stealing it from the others' grasps.

Harrowed struggling over coup can spend Fate Chips on their rolls, and this can often clean them out. Fortunately, now that the fearmonger's dead, they may not need any chips for a while.

Of course, it's never that easy, right?

A Dark Reflection

Some of the monsters loose in the world of *Deadlands* originated as Harrowed characters. They were once mortal, and they enjoyed the fruits of life as much as any other. Despite the fact that their breathing days are long since behind them, they still recall what it was like to walk among the living as one of them.

Whenever your Harrowed heroes encounter such a monstrosity, it ought to give them pause to wonder if this is what the future holds for them, as well. *If they're not careful—and lucky with their Dominion checks—it very well may.*

As the Marshal, it's your job to play up that sobering thought all the way to the hilt. You might start by confronting the posse with normal Harrowed who are simply under the control of their manitou, at least for part of the time during which the heroes encounter them. The evils these things commit should haunt the Harrowed heroes, because they are indications of what these heroes may do if they lose control of their own manitous.

When you decide to introduce a new farmonger into the campaign, you can have some evil Harrowed working in league with the thing, again reminding your undead heroes of the darkness that lurks within themselves. This also hints at the thought that the evil Harrowed seek to become more like the farmonger they serve, raising the same possibility in the minds of your undead heroes. Maybe their manitou could tempt them with such powers in the future (or at least your players might believe so, whether or not it's actually true). The line between human and monster blurs that much further.

Finally, when your heroes encounter the farmonger itself, you owe it to the players to let their characters find bits and pieces of legend that identify the monster as having originally been human, even if it was many centuries ago. Only the most obtuse of Harrowed heroes could walk away from that knowledge without wondering if the same might happen to him someday.

Now the stage is fully set for the aftermath of the farmonger's defeat. Conscious of the appeal that this abomination has shown for other Harrowed—and aware of its own human origins—the posse's undead heroes find themselves absorbing the evil thing's very power, along with its dark price. They cannot help but wonder if, given time, this coup power might not subvert them as well.

If you really want to torture your Harrowed heroes, have the farmonger revert to human form as it dies (if this seems at all in the monster's vein, so to speak), and have it thank the coup-counting hero for lifting its burden and freeing its soul. Faced with that experience, the Harrowed virtually has to believe that he has just taken a snake to his own bosom. From all the evidence, the power he just absorbed from the villain led to the doom of the nemesis he just defeated. How can he expect that it might do any less with him?

This kind of torture ain't subtle, but it's definitely fun.

On Undead and Manitous

There's a big difference between the Harrowed and zombies or some other loathsome undead. All sorts of undead might look something alike on the outside, but it's what's inside their decaying sacks of skins that count. And no matter what kind of corpses they happen to be, what's rattling around in their decaying carcasses is rotten in more ways than you can shake an ugly stick at.

Before you start breaking down undead into their various shades of green and gray, you should realize that there are two basic types: independent and possessed.

Independent Undead

Independent undead are beings who retain at least some part of their original mortal soul. At some point in their existence, most independent undead were mortals. Being “undead,” after all, means that the being must have once been alive.

These beings were not created by the Reckoners, but they may have been given their powers by them. Liches, vampires, and Harrowed are all good examples of independent undead.

Of course, Harrowed are something of an anomaly, since their corpses contain both the host’s soul *and* a manitou. But hey, we’re talking about the undead here. They’re not particularly inclined to follow all the rules.

Possessed Undead

Possessed undead are abominations such as walkin’ dead, zombies, nosferatu, wights, and most anything you might classify as “lesser” undead.

These are undead corpses without the creamy filling we call the mortal soul. They may *act* like the mortal they’ve replaced, and they might even be able to draw on residual memories left inside the corpse. But if Aunt Minnie rises from the ground as a walkin’ dead, don’t feel guilty when your posse blows her head off, because Minnie isn’t home.

Possessed undead are inhabited by damned souls. These souls are the tortured spirits of evil mortals who have died and are now serving their penance in Perdition, Hell, or—as we like to call it—the Hunting Grounds. They’re doing time concurrently on planet Earth.

The soul inside a zombie made from the corpse of Aunt Minnie isn’t the soul of Aunt Minnie herself. In fact, the “soul” no longer knows “who” it is.

This soul can draw on some of the lingering memories of its shell—in this case, poor old Aunt Minnie—and it usually thinks that’s who it is. But in truth, the spirit might once have been a murderer put to death over a thousand years ago. Or a horse thief hanged last Wednesday.

In any case, the spirit is a little mad and a whole lot evil. That’s why possessed undead are relatively mindless when compared to a vampire or a Harrowed. It’s also why they’re invariably meaner than rattlers.

Possessed undead don’t really have the capacity to do good. A vampire can show mercy if he or she wanted, and a Harrowed is in charge of his actions almost all of the time. But a walkin’ dead is nothing but pure evil wrapped in a decaying human carcass. Kind of like a big burrito gone bad.

Creation

Possessed undead are created in many ways. Maybe a voodoo shaman poured some magical elixir in a cemetery, or an evil cultist said a dark prayer over a graveyard. The Reckoners hear the request, and if they feel it suits their purpose, sends a number of damned souls down to inhabit the corpses.

There doesn’t *have* to be a summoner involved. Sometimes the Reckoners just create a horde of walkin’ dead for their own reasons.

Death and the Undead

So what happens when an undead dies *again*? Well, it depends.

When a zombie or other possessed undead is killed, the damned soul goes back to the Hunting Grounds. That’s why these creatures relish their time on Earth so much. As long as they survive, they avoid returning to the torturous whims of the Reckoners and the manitous.

Vampires, liches, and the like are just like mortals. When they die, their soul goes to the Hunting Grounds if they were evil, or to Heaven, Nirvana, or the Happy part of the Hunting Grounds if they were good. No, it doesn’t happen often, but it is possible.

The Harrowed's soul does the same. But the manitou is in big trouble. It's dragged kicking and screaming from the mortal world straight to that darkest part of the Hunting Grounds where the Reckoners dwell. What happens there is anyone's guess, but the manitou does not return.

Manitous

You know more about the undead of *Deadlands* than Van Helsing himself. But what about manitous without human carcasses?

Manitous are like the shattered shards of the Reckoners themselves. In an insane manner, they mirror the Reckoners' parasitic need for pain, fear, or other dark human emotions. But the small amount they need to survive on pales when compared to the incredible needs of their unknowable masters.

Unfortunately for them, manitous cannot directly affect the mortal world without a vessel. Whether this is a cultist or huckster who opens a channel to the Hunting Grounds, or a Harrowed with a taste of Hell in her gizzard, the manitou can use the link to create mischief on Earth.

Night Walkers

Just in case you didn't think being a Harrowed was tough enough, there's something else you should know about, something that's guaranteed to give even the most imperturbable Harrowed more than a few sleepless nights.

Sometimes even the mind of a cowpoke who's cheated death can't handle the terror it's subjected to in the course of its nightmares, those nocturnal excursions to the Hunting Grounds. When this happens, the line between the two worlds gets blurred, and some of the nightmare may just follow the poor soul back to the physical world.

Night walkers are dream creatures that occasionally slip out of the stuff of a Harrowed's nightmare and into the real world. The undead host's unusually close link to the spirit world makes such occurrences easier for the night walkers, though they have occasionally

managed to make their way out of the nightmares of mortals as well.

Birth of a Night Walker

When a Harrowed shuts down for the night after contesting with his manitou for Dominion (basically the first time he beds down after the start of any game session), he is subjected to horrible nightmares straight from the dark heart of the Hunting Grounds.

Sometimes, these nightmares prove to be too much for even these living dead to grapple with. That's when all Hell really breaks loose.

Whenever a sleeping Harrowed must actually make the Dominion check against his manitou and gets a critical failure on his roll, two things happen. First, he's likely to lose some Dominion to his manitou (although this isn't definite—the manitou could fail its roll too).



Second, and by far the worse, the Harrowed has given the spark of life to a horrid creature born of his own nightmare.

Just because the dream-tortured Harrowed's soul flies screaming from the Hunting Grounds doesn't mean the horrors the manitou created to scare him with are ready to dissolve back into the mists. Sometimes, these shades are able to follow the fleeing soul and "leak" out into the real world, refusing to go gently into that good night.

These leftover horrors of nightmare are called "night walkers." They fade into the world soon after the Harrowed hits the hay after his blown Dominion check. And they exist until sunup of the next morning.

Night walkers always fade into life in some dark, secluded place far away from bystanders. They are themselves fashioned from the stuff of dreams, and so they are ethereal and without form while in the Hunting Grounds. When they reach our world, though, they assume a solid shape.

The form they take is called their "guise." If a night walker appeared as a tumbleweed in a Harrowed's nightmare, then it enters reality in a tumbleweed's guise.

From the moment of its dark birth, the nightmare demon's purpose (as well as its form) is drawn from its guise. If it's an old enemy of the hero who summoned the fiend, the foe comes hunting for him. On the other hand, they nightmare version of Dracula might leave the dreamer and his companions alone to find easier prey the next town over.

It all just depends on the guise the night walker takes on and whatever plans you might have for it. If the night walker decides to leave the posse alone, it's entirely possible that neither the Harrowed nor any of his companions will ever learn of the night walker's existence, except by the ramifications of its deeds.

It's common, for instance, for a Harrowed to dream of an evil version of himself. If so, that doppelganger might commit crimes using the Harrowed's face. Given the nature of Harrowed, the hero might seriously doubt whether or not he actually was the perpetrator. This is a fantastic way to help the hero (and player) doubt himself more than ever.

Powers

The monster's particular appearance, powers, weaknesses, and other abilities come from the creature it represents, but the fiends have a few other powers and limitations regardless of their current form.

Damage

A night walker has whatever attack form is appropriate to its guise. If it appears as a demonic gunslinger, it might have a pistol that fires blazing bullets. If it looks like a giant squid, it has crushing tentacles.

Regardless of what the thing's attacks look like, the die type of its damage is equal to half the dreamer's CON, and the number of dice is equal to one-half his level. For example, an 8th level Harrowed with a CON of 18 spawns a night walker that can do 4d8 damage with its attacks.

Since a night walker's attack is spiritual, armor offers no protection, and Harrowed and other undead are not immune to it. This means a killing "blow" to the guts from a night walker will kill him just as a dead as a shot to the guts.

Killing a Night Walker

Night walkers are tough to kill. First, if its guise is invulnerable to certain types of attacks, then the night walker is as well. This way, even a posse who somehow learns the nature of night walkers still has to figure out how to kill each one separately.

An attack that would harm the guise harms a night walker just fine, but there are some catches. The damage of an attack that can actually harm the creature doesn't use the attack's normal damage. Night walkers can only

be harmed by magical weapons or blessed who use their Faith skill.

When the night walker is slain, it collapses into a small pile of crusty dust—something like that which forms on the lids of a sleeper's eyes.

A mortal who has this dust sprinkled on him falls asleep instantly if she doesn't make a CON check with a DC of 19.

Coup

A Harrowed who absorbs the essence of a night walker gains insight into the illusionary world of nightmares.

The essence of a night walker adds +1 to any of the Harrowed's Dominion checks. After three such creatures have succumbed to a Harrowed, she may no longer count coup on night walkers and receives no further bonuses from their demise.

Stone

Think the night walkers or those devil bulls from the *Deadlands D20* rulebook are bad? They're a cakewalk with ice cream and clowns compared to Stone.

This cold-hearted bastard is a Harrowed who's so mean his manitou is afraid of *him*. He's in total control of the thing and forced it to give up its many powers to him very early on.

Stone is only one of a handful of beings in the world who works directly for the Reckoners. His job is to hunt down those who truly disrupt his masters' plans and put bullets in their heads. He specializes in Harrowed heroes.

Stone is an over-confident bastard, but not out of stupidity—he's just really that tough. When his prey has any real of chance of defeating him, Stone is likely to shoot him in the back or take whatever other actions are necessary to make sure he wins. If he's confident of victory—real victory—he likes to do the old "shootout at High Noon" business. Stone has been looking for someone good enough to beat him for a long time, but he has thus far been

disappointed. Stone *likes* competition—but only if he *knows* he's going to win. He's weird like that, and evil through and through.

As for statistics, we don't like to list them for two reasons. First is the old rule in game design that "if you stat it, they will kill it." How many of you used to go hunting the Gods of Asgard in your high-school fantasy rpgs?

Second, some beings are just more than a collection of their statistics. Play any villain or monster in this or any other game as just a set of stats and your party will have little trouble with it. Play it smart and you'll make 'em retreat every once in a while.

Still we know you need a few stats to use this stone-cold killer. By 1877, assume Stone has any Harrowed power in this book you need him to. He has all weapon proficiency feats and has four attacks with a roll of 1D20 + 23 (adjusted by any size and range modifiers) each. He also has the Ambidexterity feat, and prefers to fight with the weapons he had in his hands when his own men shot him in the back at Gettysburg—two single-action Colt Dragoons. These cap & ball pistols have become relics—they are reloaded by holstering them for one action.

The Ultimate Goal

Ultimately, your goal as Marshal is to make sure that everyone has a good time, including you.

Give your Harrowed characters as much free reign as possible, but don't let them overshadow everyone else in the campaign. Let them have chances to revel in their supernatural powers, then make them suffer the consequences, whether that be the reactions of other people or simply the Hindrance they ended up with.

In the end, they'll love you for it.





CHAPTER SIX: THE PROSPECTOR'S PLAN

By this point, it should be obvious that Harrowed heroes are tough hombres. The supernatural powers and abilities available to them make them some of the toughest hombres *Deadlands* players can run. In fact, if a Marshal isn't careful, they could easily end up hogging the spotlight, overshadowing the group's other characters, and running roughshod over all of your carefully designed plots.

But there are certainly disadvantages to playing Harrowed as well, as we've talked about elsewhere. It's your job, Marshal, to make those detriments plague these undead characters to help balance things out and to discourage players from running nothing but Harrowed heroes in your campaigns.

After all, every *Deadlands* character has the potential to be really exciting and fun given just half a chance, and the best games have more than a bit of variety in them,

even if only in their selection of protagonists. Fortunately, *Deadlands* has no shortage of new and interesting new heroes.

One of the best tools at your disposal for keeping the Harrowed in line is the Prospector, Coot Jenkins. Old Coot can serve in as many different roles as you care to cast him: commentator, provider of assignments, parole officer, rescuer, revealer of secrets, external conscience, and even (Heaven forbid) executioner, depending on your current need. But in order to use him, you have to know something about him.

That's where the information in this chapter comes in handy. Everything you need to know to use the Prospector in all of these roles is revealed, from a big helping hand with a pick, to a scary executioner with a pick.



The Prospector's Origins

As Coot himself explains, he met up with a dying Last Son one day, entirely by accident. That Indian, a fellow by the name of Running Wolf, apparently felt guilty about the part he played in Raven's Reckoning because he spilled the beans about the whole thing to Jenkins. Coot didn't really understand it all then, but he knew what something terrible had been released upon the world.

That much, your players now know.

The *Deadlands D20* rulebook later went on to explain to the Marshal alone all about the secrets of the Great Spirit Way and Raven's plan to release the evil Old Ones kept bottled up in the Hunting Grounds.

When old Coot heard Wolf's story, it set him to some serious thinking. Another man might have ignored the dying Last Son, or leastwise refused to believe, but Jenkins was already something of a philosopher of a style that only a self-educated, lone-wolf sort of individual can be.

The Prospector took Wolf's tale to heart, and as horrific changes started taking place across North America, his faith in its truth was confirmed. He decided to do something about the situation.

To safeguard himself somewhat and to protect his friends and family, Coot took to calling himself the "Prospector." For day-to-day business like buying beans and chaw, he still goes by Coot or Jenkins with the live folks he meets. But he prefers his grisly agents to call him the Prospector, just in case prying eyes are on them.

Somewhere along the line, the Prospector learned about the nature of the Harrowed. He's never revealed where he got the information, but you can assume the Prospector knows nearly everything there is to know about these undead characters. He certainly knows everything covered in the book you're now holding.

What's more, the Prospector has an elixir that can bring back even those Harrowed who have succumbed to total Dominion. Now, Coot wanders around the Weird West, tracking down Harrowed, pouring the elixir down their gullets, and then either impressing them into his secret army or destroying them.

The Prospector's Mission

The Prospector is ruthless in his treatment of the Harrowed. On the face of things, he talks a lot about how much he respects them for their courage against the manitou inside. But truth is, he doesn't really trust any of them. Worse, he believes the Harrowed no longer have a true soul.

Jenkins figures that once a person dies, his God-given soul goes right on to its final reward, and all that remains is the shell. When a manitou invades a corpse, it becomes a surrogate soul for that person, able to access all the memories of the original inhabitant.

To the Prospector's mind, these memories aren't really the person, they're just a leftover from the person's life. There's enough Egyptian mythology dealing with different parts of the soul leaving, while other parts hang around to give Jenkins "evidence" to support his viewpoint, and the ancient Greek stories of Hades as a land of forgetfulness seem to match up nicely for him too. As we've said, Jenkins is a self-educated, opinionated old cuss.

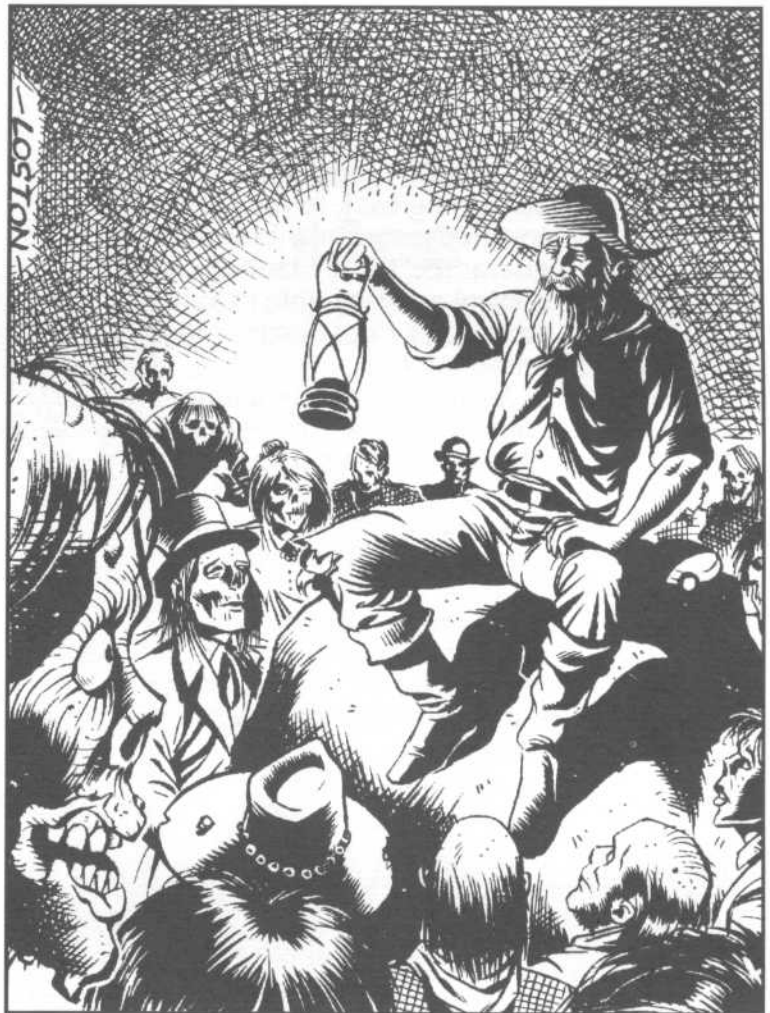
Now comes the really interesting part, as far as the Prospector is concerned. He knows the Old Ones invaded the Hunting Grounds to block up the passages back to Earth, thereby imprisoning the evil manitous within that spiritual realm. He knows that the Last Sons went in and slaughtered those Old Ones, releasing the Reckoners' minions again. The Prospector figures that somebody else needs to go back and take the Old Ones' place, if the danger is ever to be ended. This where the Harrowed figure into his plan.

Who better? By taking on this role, the Harrowed carry their own internal manitous back to the Hunting Grounds where they belong, and seal things up nicely. Because they have no human souls (at least in his opinion), the Harrowed aren't even making the same sacrifice that the Old Ones (who were fully human) had to make. It is just the sort of fortuitous convergence of events that bears the signature of fate.

One day, then, the Prospector plans to lead his army of Harrowed back to the Hunting Grounds. He's even plotted out a place to do it: the geysers of Yellowstone. Jenkins knows that one of them opens into that otherworldly realm.

First, though, the Prospector has to find out more about what's going on and get his army into shape to do the job. Once the latter's been accomplished, he plans to fill them in on his "glorious" plan.

In the meantime, though, Coot keeps his grand ideas to himself. Not even his most trusted companions know what he's got in store for them. After all, nearly every member of his army's got a spy of the Reckoners nestled against



its lifeless heart. It wouldn't do to have them reporting the Prospector's scheme back to their distant masters.

Eventually, of course, Coot's going to have to spill the beans, but he's putting that off as long as he can. By the time he starts jawing about what's on his mind, he hopes it'll be too late for anyone—even the Reckoners—to do anything about it.

The Prospector's Program

To build his Harrowed army, Jenkins has to keep traveling about, following rumors of zombies and ghouls until he finds new inductees. Then he starts his training program.

Stage One

Once the Prospector has found a likely subject, the first step of his program is to make certain the manitou doesn't have total Dominion. The Prospector's elixir helps by giving the humanity inside a chance to come screaming back to the surface of its tortured consciousness, but it's no guarantee. If the manitou retains control and isn't able to fool the Prospector, Coot destroys the Harrowed immediately.

Assuming the human mind takes control, however, the Prospector gives the Harrowed his patented "you owe me" speech, laying it on however thick he needs to in order to make the person a willing servant. If the undead refuses to bow to his pressure, Jenkins is inclined to destroy him as often as not. Sometimes, though, he relents, seeing a latent heroism in the Harrowed that he figures he can play on later.

Stage Two

Assuming he is satisfied with the state of affairs, the Prospector usually gives the newly rescued Harrowed a minor mission of some sort to accomplish. It may be to gather some specific information, to defeat some threat the Prospector has learned about, or just to wander in a particular direction to learn what the Harrowed can. These jobs are not usually very difficult. The point is as much to establish the Harrowed's obedience to orders as for any other reason. While going about this mission, the new undead agent may not see the Prospector again for months or even years.

Stage Three

Harrowed who have proven their loyalty and their ability to control their manitou are given progressively more difficult tasks. Sometimes, Jenkins himself shows up unexpectedly to deliver his new orders in person. Other times, another Harrowed delivers in his stead.

If the mission is general enough to be delivered without great detail ("Scout North," for instance) and the intended recipient has been hanging around a particular locale, the Harrowed may even receive his orders through the mail or by telegram. However they're delivered, the Harrowed is pretty much left alone to carry out these orders on his own.

Stage Four

Eventually, when the Prospector figures he has enough Harrowed to accomplish the task, it will be time to launch the final stage of his plan, the assault on the Hunting Ground. When that might happen is uncertain, but it will probably be several years.

For one thing, Jenkins isn't certain yet just how many Harrowed he's going to need for the job. For another, if the truth be told, he knows the mission is a mighty tall order, and deep inside he's still somewhat afraid to give it a

try. For now, he stalls off the day, waiting for some sort of sign that the "stars are right."

As long as the Prospector has Harrowed to hunt down and train, however, he can justify keeping his own "Reckoning" on hold.

The Prospector in Your Campaign

When it comes to dealing with the Harrowed heroes in your game group, Coot Jenkins is your devoted servant. Pretty much whatever you need to have done, the Prospector can serve to do it. All it takes is a little bit of imagination on your part to justify using him. Then, not only can he take care of your current problem, but your players should feel really lucky that he has visited their little corner of the *Deadlands* world and they've gotten to meet him.

Prospector as Patron

How a Marshal presents the first few details of an adventure to players has a marked effect on how they feel about that adventure. In linear adventures players can feel that their characters have no choice but to follow your predetermined plot line.

Normally, then, you want to just drop a few events in front of them to make them want to pursue things further. A lot of times, those sorts of events are called "hooks" because they hook a character the same way a fish

gets caught on a line. Once the heroes are on the trail, you can string them along from event to event. They don't know they're following your linear plot, and what they don't know won't hurt them.

If you'd like a little more control over whether they bite in the first place, however, you may want to use the Prospector to put them on the adventure's trail. If the characters care about what the Prospector has to say (and they'd better, or he'll make them wish they had), they're certain to follow up on his assignments without squabbling.

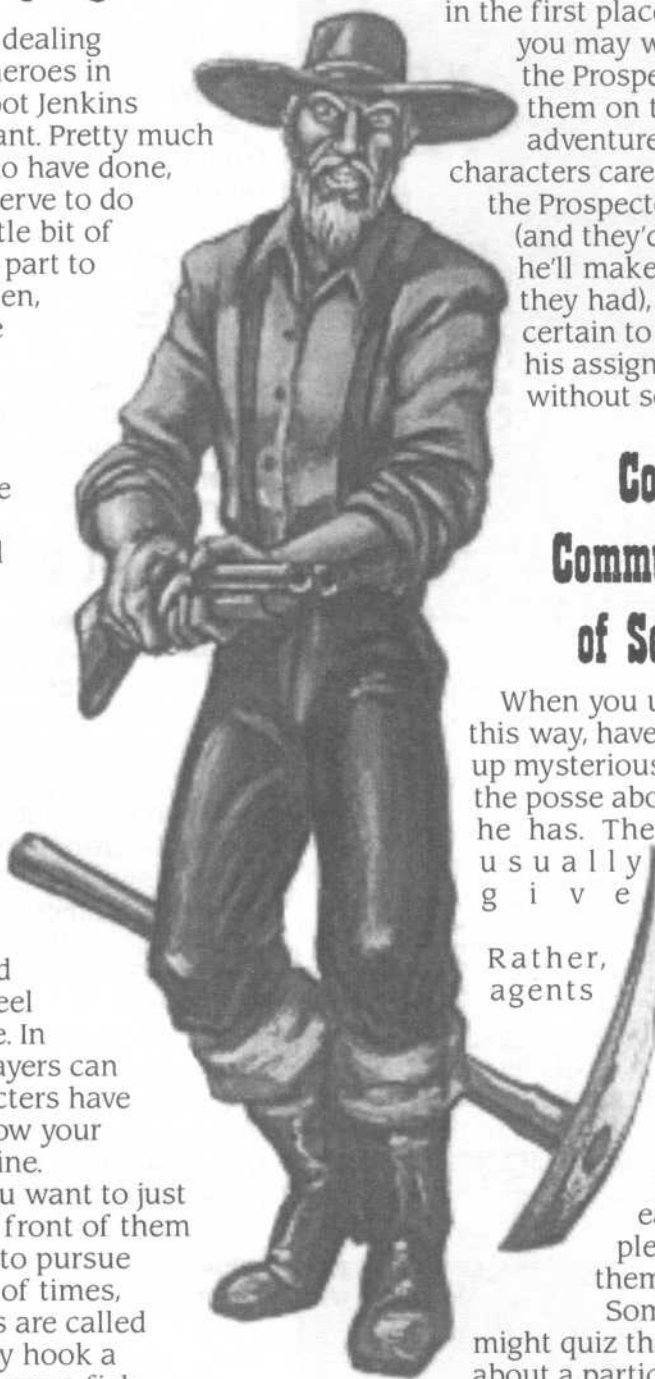
Coot as Communicator of Secrets

When you use Jenkins in this way, have him show up mysteriously and tell the posse about a concern he has. The Prospector usually doesn't just give

Rather, agents

assignments. he lets his know there's a mystery afoot, and their own natural curiosity and eagerness to please gets them going.

Sometimes, he might quiz the heroes about a particular event





until they begin to realize they don't know much and would like to know more. Other times, he presents them with clues and asks if they can make sense of things. Naturally, this tends to get them curious to know more.

Once in a while, he might even show up with special equipment and mysteriously say, "I think you're going to be needing this before long." When the adventure starts happening around them and they find the gear critically helpful, the legend of the Prospector grows, and the heroes are even more prone to follow his lead in the future. It's just all in how the Marshal presents things.

Prospector as Parole Officer

On a different note, if your players are starting to get out of hand and their characters are wreaking havoc through the Weird West, with no regard for the normal (and often innocent) people who have to live there, the Prospector can serve to bring them back into line. This is especially true with the Harrowed, of course, who are also more prone to such excesses. On occasion, the temptation to spook some townsfolk right out of their wits is just too great. The Prospector can help set the heroes back on the straight and narrow.

Sometimes, all it takes is a reminder from the Prospector that he has his eye on the group. Whether he shows up for a personal visit or sends a telegram, the players are confronted with the fact that the Prospector knows what their characters are doing, he doesn't like it, and he might just have to do something about it. Usually, the very thought that the Prospector disapproves of their actions is enough to make the heroes reconsider.

Coot as Conscience

When possible, and when the misdeeds aren't terribly out of hand, the Marshal can use the Prospector to question the heroes' actions. He asks them to explain what they've been doing. Then he points out all the ways in which innocents have suffered as a result, the trouble the heroes are inviting on themselves by risking bad reputations among the general populace, and the danger into which this puts his eventual plans for the Harrowed.

Of course, Jenkins doesn't reveal any particulars of those plans. He just tries to convey to the heroes how important they are going to be to him when the time is right, and the Earth is going to need heroes of their stature. In other words, when possible, the Prospector appeals to the heroes' good side, hoping they respond.

Prospector as Punisher

When subtlety and an appeal to conscience isn't enough, Jenkins certainly has the wherewithal to make his displeasure stick. He isn't above hunting down a renegade Harrowed himself and blasting that fool to kingdom come if need be. For tougher problems, he just sends an older Harrowed or two to punish the offending dead.

Among the Harrowed who follow the Prospector, stories are legendary of the lengths to which he has gone to punish those who have gone astray. As a result, no one in his right mind wants to get the old guy peeved.

Consider the rest of the Prospector's undead horde. They won't take kindly to some half-wit hero stirring up trouble and drawing attention to them. Now imagine your Harrowed wakes up to find three other grisly gunfighters staring at him.

The undead rarely warn their enemies more than once.

Coot as Cavalry

On the other hand, the Prospector can serve as an excellent means of rescuing your heroes when everything is going against them. It happens to the best of Marshals sometimes. Just when you think you have an adventure all planned out, with hair-raising dangers but plentiful means of escape, your players roll nothing but critical failures throughout the session or they find a way to get their characters into trouble so deep it seems there is no way out.

That's when it can be a great thing to have someone like the Prospector waiting in the wings. While you don't want to have to rely on this too often, having Jenkins show up with a couple of his unloving retinue can send the toughest foes fleeing with their tails between their legs. Your posse will thank him for a much-needed breather without you having to pretend that their terrible rolls would have been enough to overcome their competition.

Used in moderation, this can be a campaign saver. Use it too much, however, and you may overshadow the player's own heroics.

The Prospector's Elixir

No one is just sure where the Prospector got his recipe for making the glowing green elixir he used on the Harrowed. What is certain, however, is he never has much of it at a time. It would seem, then, that the stuff must be difficult to brew up. Indications are that he can make about one application's worth per week.

To use the elixir, Jenkins has to pour it down the throat of a Harrowed. Obviously, this usually requires that the undead is currently unconscious. In the case of more degenerated Harrowed, where the flesh has decayed too much for the elixir to be swallowed, it need merely be poured over the appropriate part of the corpse. Even a skeletal Harrowed can benefit from it as long as the elixir is poured along the front surface of the bones of the neck. Consequently, for the Prospector to apply it, the Harrowed must be unconscious. All too often, that ends up meaning the undead was just freshly dug up out of the graveyard.

The Prospector's elixir is a relic. For more about relics and how to use them in your game, check out the *Deadlands D20* rulebook.

Power: When the elixir is applied, the human mind within the Harrowed gains an immediate chance of a Dominion test. The Harrowed character also gains a Fate Chip to be used exclusively for the purpose of improving her roll on this test. This chip cannot be used for anything else, but it can be a great help in besting the manitou and seizing multiple Dominion points.

When using the elixir, the hero gains one Dominion point for beating the manitou in the test, and another one for every two points his roll beats the manitou's. Harrowed heroes are free to spend their own Fate Chips on the roll as well. There may never be a better time to regain control, and they'd better take advantage of it.

Control can be regained even if the manitou has total Dominion.

Taint: None.





CHAPTER SEVEN: THE DARK CANYON

Before we go any farther, please note that this adventure is for mature roleplayers. The carnage and themes present in this scenario are quite dark. Tread lightly, amigo.

Things are heatin' up along the Ghost Trail in Arizona (events that is, not the weather—that's already hot enough to fry eggs on a dead man's skull). Seems a number of wagon trains headed for the promised land in California have disappeared along the stretch of trail between Tombstone and Yuma.

Now, what happened is—Hey! There's no Marshal badge on your chest. Unless you're lookin' for trouble, trot your sorry carcass on out of here. If not, you've been warned.

This here adventure is for a full posse of first to third level-heroes—all deader than doornails, though they won't know it at first.

The Story So Far

Our story begins, strangely enough, in a peaceful village of Apache Indians in southern Arizona. The inhabitants of this village scratch what food they can from the dry soil and generally try to keep clear of any trouble as best they can.

Until recently, that is. Their village is located along the Ghost Trail. In the trail's early days, this actually helped the struggling community.

The Indians were able to trade for supplies with passing ghost-rock caravans and this kept them relatively wealthy.

But people being what they are, the some of the caravaners decided to take what they wanted from the "savages" rather than pay for it. Passing travelers use the Apache wells, take what they need from their

Possession

Your living posse members, if any, are in the unusual position of playing living host to an evil spirit: they're possessed.

Like Harrowed characters, possessed heroes have Dominion points equal to their Spirit. The same rules apply as to when the manitou can attempt to take control, except a living character, whose soul is more tightly bound to his body than a Harrowed's, gets +4 on all Dominion tests.

If the hero should ever gain total Dominion, the manitou has been evicted. An exorcism also does the trick.

Possessed characters can ignore subdual damage and pain modifiers (if using that optional rule from *Way of the Gun*) just like the Harrowed. The manitou grants them this ability for one simple reason, it wants the hero to keep fighting—to the death. If a possessed hombre dies, he automatically returns as a Harrowed, but this time the shoe is on the other foot. Because the manitou was present at the moment of death it can assume control of the body before the deceased's soul has a chance to object.

This means a possessed character who is killed always returns with the manitou in total control.

fields, and occasionally steal their livestock—leaving little for the rightful owners.

The village's leader, an Apache named Atsidi, has decided to strike back at those who are endangering his people, but he knows if he starts killing white folks, the local Rangers will put together a posse and come after all his people. So instead, he's recruited some of the older boys of the village into an army of thieves—an

offense the Rangers generally overlook so they can use their time to prevent more violent crimes.

These young braves use their knowledge of the area to sneak into the camps of unsuspecting travelers at night. They take whatever they can get their hands on and then disappear into the darkness. The boys only prey on small groups and are under strict instructions to take no unnecessary risks—Atsidi would rather see them come back empty-handed than risk being captured.

Their latest heist, however, was a wagon-load of dynamite owned by none other than Coot Jenkins, the Prospector. Though the boys don't know it, Coot needs the dynamite to save the lives of every man, woman, and child in the surrounding area.

The Setup

This adventure has been designed with the idea of introducing Harrowed characters into your campaign. It works especially well for players who already have a favorite character which they'd like to play as a Harrowed. They'll get their wish. But as the old saying goes, your players should be careful what they wish for!

It also works great as a campaign opener, an initial story to get all your heroes together for the first time and give them a motive to work as a team. No need to have the players all invent rationales for how each hero knows the others and why they all hang together. Just dump the characters into the adventure, and they'll come to know and rely on one another soon enough.

Of course the trick to this adventure is that some of the heroes are Harrowed, though they won't know it for a bit. If you don't want to kill every person in your group, that's okay—they're temporarily possessed by manitous thanks to a special well you'll read about later in this adventure.

What all this essentially means is that your players should make normal characters and tell them they're on a

caravan heading along the Ghost Trail from the east to some point West. Also tell them to figure out what their hero is doing here. Is she a guard? A passenger? A passing stranger who hooked up with the caravan for protection?

The Ambush

Once everyone has had a chance to figure out what character they're playing and what they're doing here, it's time to run a quick cut-scene. Read or paraphrase the following:

The hot desert sun beats down on you mercilessly. This part of the Ghost Trail is particularly hot. You can feel the dust of the horses ahead of you coating your throat, clogging your nostrils, and filtering into your eyes.

You roll your head back on your neck, stretch, and blow out one last torrent of dusty snot when—wait. On the canyon wall above. Was that silhouette just another rock, or did it just move?

A wave of blackness washes over you. You can see nothing, and it seems your sense of touch is dead as well. Your ears ring like the Liberty Bell—but it seems you can just make out some sort of laughing as well. Now there's distant pain—cutting through your numbness like a dull knife through denim. Then you feel cold—maybe wet too. The laughing returns for an instant—then fades.

You're alone again. In the darkness. No, wait. There's something here with you...something evil.

Killin' 'Em Softly

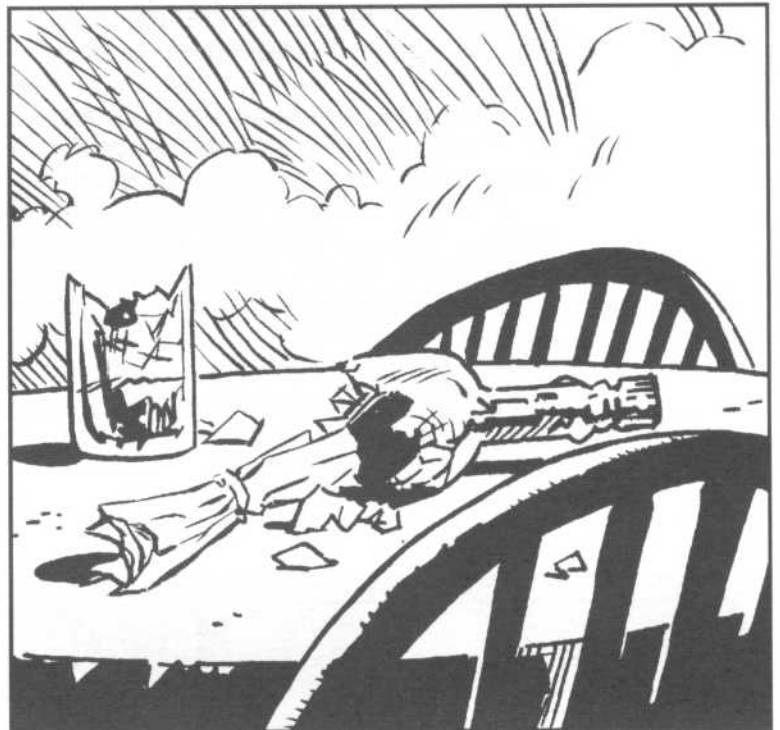
Some—or all—of your posse are deader than doornails. Hey, you're the one who bought *The Way of the Dead*. What did you expect?

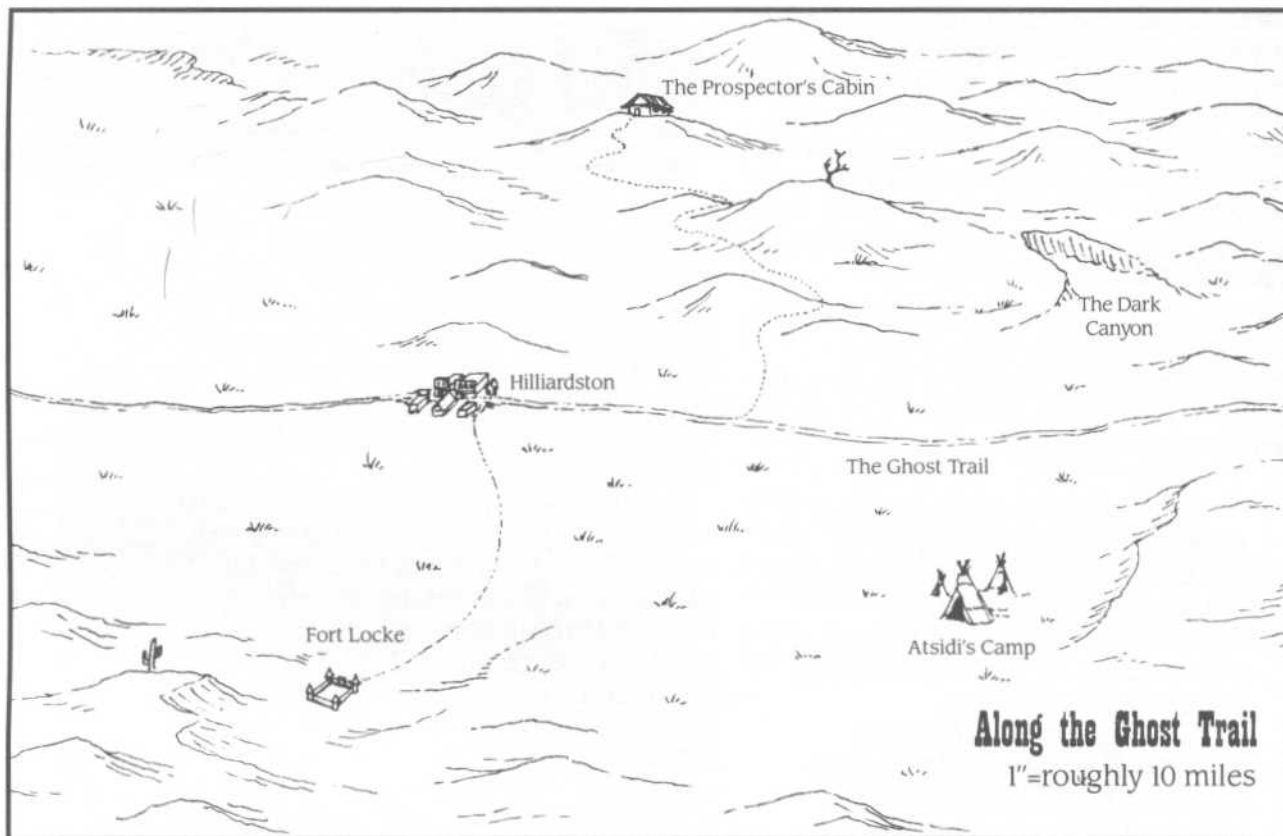
You see, they've been ambushed by three particularly deadly bandits with a penchant for dynamite. Their bodies were then dragged into a nearby canyon and dumped in a deep cenote—water well—that, unknown to them,

“leaks” into the Hunting Grounds and is therefore filled with demons. The demons picked over the bodies and inhabited those they thought would cause the most mischief—those of your heroes. Then they hopped out and started wreaking havoc—though your heroes won't know that until the climax of this adventure.

If killing your party off from the start doesn't suit your tastes, or if you'd like to use this adventure in your regular campaign without killing anyone off, or if you just think some of your players would rather be alive, it's not a problem. The manitous in *this cenote* are able to possess the living as well. See the sidebar for more information, but essentially, they get to be Harrowed (for a while) without actually being dead.

In either case, don't worry about Dominion, taking over as the manitou, or staging a nightmare. All those things are taken care of for you in the story you're about to read.





Chapter One: "Dia de los Muertos"

As the story opens, the heroes awaken on the floor of a simple log cabin. It's night, but the embers of a dead fire cast the room in an eerie, Hellish glow.

None of the characters remember how they got here, and any other people they were traveling with are nowhere to be seen. Their last memories are of traveling along the Ghost Trail and the strange blast that seemed to knock them unconscious.

They have any non-valuables, including their clothes, but all other valuables and weapons are gone. They've obviously been robbed and thrown here together.

For the moment, there's no reason for the posse members to suspect they're dead unless you're holding this book up in front of your face. (In fact, why don't you put the book down and try to look innocent, Marshal. Let 'em wonder if they're dead or not for a while.)

They do have some bumps, bruises, and scratches they didn't have before, but none of them look particularly lethal (those that were have since been *stitched* by the manitous).

Since the characters probably didn't pay much attention to each other when they were alive, give them a few minutes to tell everyone else who they're waking up next to. Given the unusual circumstances of their meeting, they may be suspicious of one another. After talking, however, they probably come to accept that they're all in this fix together.

The Cabin

Searching the cabin, the posse learns a few interesting bits of information. For one thing, it used to belong to a trapper since there are a number of rusty or broken traps stored in a

corner. For another, it hasn't been used in some time. (Cobwebs are thick in the corners, window frames, and rafters.)

Someone else has been here recently, however. The fireplace contains the ashes of a recent fire, and near it there is a bushel basket with a dozen or so empty glass bottles. Anyone who smells of the bottles notices a strange odor to them. These flasks once held doses of the Prospector's mysterious elixir (which we'll tell you all about soon).

One of these bottles sits on a small table near the fireplace. A note is stuffed casually into the top. It reads:

Howdy. I bet you're wondering what the Sam Hill you're doing here. Don't worry. I'll explain everything to you soon enough. I've gone to Hilliardston to gather some supplies. If I ain't back by the time the moon is full, you had best start looking for me.

—a friend

A look outside the cabin reveals that it stands on a hillside surrounded by dry scrub and cacti, far from any signs of civilization. There is a dry creekbed nearby, and its edges are clear enough to serve as a convenient path downhill through the scrub. Other than that, there are a few meandering game trails that don't lead anywhere in particular.

A DC 20 Search check or anyone with the Track feat notices the dust outside the cabin bears the imprint of wagon wheels, as does the edge of the creek bed. A closer look reveals the hoofprints of the mules drawing the wagon are deeper pointing toward the cabin than going away from it. This suggests the wagon was loaded the last time it came to the cabin, and empty when it left, yet there are no heavy supplies or other cargo nearby. In truth, the wagon brought the characters themselves.

The Moon Is Full

The moon hangs full in the desert sky. A lone coyote howls mournfully in the distance. The heroes must search out on their own—though of course

they have no idea who they're looking for.

The Prospector didn't really want them to find him—in case they went back to the devils they are. He just wanted them to head toward Hilliardston so he could find them in case he was delayed there.

The Scenic Route

Following the creek bed down the hill eventually brings the posse to the Ghost Trail. Characters with the appropriate background or DC 15 Wisdom check can recognize this after traveling upon it for a mile or so. The wagon tracks turn onto the main trail and head west.

After a few hours, the group comes upon a grisly scene. A number of bodies and horse carcasses lie strewn across the road. The men and women were experienced riders in trail-worn clothes. Their faces are frozen in horror, and most have been picked over by buzzards. Any hero who investigates the scene should make a DC 10 Fear check. Increase the difficulty to DC 15 at night.

Most of the bodies are riddled with bullets. A few have been hacked to pieces, and still others were beaten mercilessly.

A DC 10 Wilderness Lore check—DC 15 if it's night—reveals the riders were likely guards escorting a wagon. Due to the purpose of the Ghost Trail, the wagon was likely loaded with ghost rock.

These are NOT the wagons the posse traveled with earlier.



Chapter Two: Ghost Town

Hilliardston, AZ—Fear Level 3

As twilight breaks the next morning, the posse comes in view of a small town. Its name is Hilliardston—as a sign proclaims—population: 96. Someone has crossed out that number and written “0” in its place. It was a small trading town which provided water, food, and liquor to the hard-bitten riders of the Ghost Trail.

Several of the buildings below seem to have been burned some time ago. The twilight makes them little more than jagged silhouettes, however, so the heroes must venture closer to learn more.

As they approach, the heroes hear a distant sign swaying somewhere in the breeze, making an eerie creaking sound that never ends. (This is a good

sound effect for you to creep your friends out with, Marshal!) Elsewhere a buzzard flaps its wings, and flies buzz hungrily in the distance. These are the sounds of death. Not a single voice, whinny, or other sound permeates the quiet town.

Welcome to Hell

Between the population sign and the town are three wooden poles jammed into the hard Arizona soil. The poles are blackened and scorched bones lie amid the ashes at their base.

Once in town, the posse can examine several sites of horror and debauchery detailed below. The town is full of dead bodies. They lie in the street, they hang from balconies and windows, and they sit crumpled against walls. Many of them have guns in their hand and lie amid scores of shells. Whoever or whatever killed this town gave their victims time to fire back.

Several horse carcasses lie festering in the morning sun as well. None of this makes for a pleasant smell, especially in the stagnant Arizona morn. The entire town smells rotten.

The flies start biting at the heroes as well. Don't overly alarm your players, but if you did kill their characters, this is the first subtle hint that something is wrong.

Let the party explore for a while. Once you feel they've found all the clues they're going to, move on to the climax of this chapter, **The Three Amigos**.

The Bonfire

A large bonfire lies at the center of town. Within are several human skeletons. A DC 15 Search roll reveals many of these unfortunate folks were likely tossed into the bonfire alive.

The Local Rag

Hilliardston was home to a telegraph office. The owner and operator also ran a small printing press to relay “world news” to the men and women who passed through. A sign on the outside of the building reads *The Hilliardston*

Relay. Telegraph wires lead in through the roof and vanish out into the desert.

When the posse first enters the building, they notice that red ink drips from the printing press. A number of messy, hard-to-read single page issues of the *Relay* lie scattered about the floor.

Give the heroes the *Relay* prop from the back of this adventure now.

On closer inspection, the “ink” turns out to be blood. The owner of the *Relay* has been run through his printing press, and his smashed corpse is trapped between its now-broken rollers. This calls for a DC 15 Fear check, Marshal. Anyone who fails has to go outside and blow chunks for a bit.

The Highwayman’s Saloon

The town’s only saloon is another scene of carnage. A young woman hangs from the picture window, impaled on glass that didn’t shatter like in all the dime novels.

Beyond the busted swinging doors, more horror and death await. A piano player lies at the feet of a broken piano, the bloody stumps of his fingers caught in the closed key cover.

The bartender lies sprawled upon his countertop. The broken bottles jammed into his flesh make him look like a human pincushion.

Several saloon gals lie dead upstairs. Some of them have been savaged beyond description.

If the heroes feel they need a drink, there’s plenty left. In fact, one of the heroes’ favorite brand of rotgut sits half-empty on the bar.

Whiskey burns as it slides down the posse’s dusty gullets, but somehow it just doesn’t seem to take the edge off the horror that surrounds them. This is another subtle hint at your Harrowed’s new nature. Don’t push it though, Marshal. You really don’t want your heroes catching on here—you just want them to remember the clues later on when they do find out!

The General Store

Outside the store is a clue that even an inexperienced tracker should catch. On a DC 10 Wilderness Lore roll, the

“friend’s” wagon wheels are detected. They are fresher than any other tracks in town, and they lead from its edge straight to the general store. They leave much heavier than they arrived, and they head due south, along a well-used trail. You need to make sure the posse finds this clue to move on to Chapter Three.

Inside, Hilliardston’s only dry goods store has been ransacked. It never had a solid selection of supplies to begin with, but the posse can likely find critically needed items if they look hard enough. Ammo, however, seems to be in short supply. In the back is a storeroom with a busted door. Someone has shot the lock out with a shotgun. An inventory list on the wall reveals that dynamite is usually kept inside, but the store sold out a few weeks ago.

The Town Jail

The front of the town jail is a grisly scene. Two lawmen—a town marshal and a deputy—are lashed to the porch posts with barbed wire. They’ve been beaten, cut, shot, and later picked over by buzzards. Inside, the jail is a single-room building with an iron cage set in one corner, a desk and a gun rack occupying another, an army cot in the third, and a simple coat rack in the last, near the only door to the outside. There are two small windows opposite each other in the side walls, but none in the front or back. A sign above the door proclaims this is the office of the town marshal.

In the cells are two men, apparently criminals arrested before Hilliardston’s demise and trapped in their cells as the raiders (which the *Relay* calls the Dust Devils) ran amuck through the town. Both have been shot like fish in a barrel.

The Church

Like several other buildings in town, the church has been burned to the ground. Disturbingly, there are scorched



timbers nailed across the windows and doors. A number of blackened arms reach eternally from the openings.

The residents who weren't shot in the streets rallied here. Then the fiends who destroyed this town nailed them in and set the church on fire.

And All the Rest

The other buildings of Hilliardston are pretty much what might be expected of a frontier-style town of this size. Most are homes, but there is also an inn with six sparse rooms upstairs.

A search of the town indicates that if anyone got out alive, they didn't take much with them.

The Three Amigos

The three desperadoes who originally ambushed the heroes (Carlos, Enrique, and a Moroccan French Foreign Legion deserter named Ahmed) have taken up residence in Hilliardston—at least for a few days. While they're not crazy about the creepiness of the town itself, the free

food, booze, and loot persuaded them to stick around.

The trio are sneaky and murderous bastards. They try to isolate the heroes one at a time, then kill them for their loot. The Moroccan is especially good at throwing silent, deadly knives.

Unfortunately for the amigos, their attacks won't likely kill any hero they're after (unless they get lucky with a head shot). That means that after one botched murder attempt, the scene is likely going to turn into a running gun battle.

That's fine. These murdering swine are here as red herrings for the massacre, and it's time for some of your Harrowed to start learning about their powers.

Bandits: Gunslinger 5; CR 5; Medium-size Human; HD 5d8; hp 35; Init +5; Spd 30 ft.; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Atk +6 ranged/+5 melee; AL CE; SV Fort +5 Ref +5 Will +1; Str 11, Dex 12, Con 13, Int 11, Wis 11, Cha 11.

Skills and Feats: 25 Climb +1, Gather Information +1, Hide +3, Intimidate +2, Listen +3, Move Silently +5, Ride +4, Search +3, Spot +4, Wilderness Lore +2; Improved Initiative, Greased Lightning +3, Point Blank Shot, Quick Draw, Rapid Shot, Simple Weapons

Possessions:

Carlos: Single-action Colt Peacemaker, Winchester '73, large

knife.

Enrique: Two Colt Thunderers, single-barrel shotgun.

Ahmed: Colt Dragoon, 4 Masterwork balanced throwing knives (+1 to attack rolls).

Description: These three thieves are lowdown murderous scum. They're dirty and ignorant, but clever like foxes.

Vengeance

If you haven't picked powers for your heroes, do so now. By this time, you should have an idea for how your friends are playing their characters, so choosing powers shouldn't be too difficult. Don't worry about extra Hindrances right now. You can start adding these in your next adventure. We're giving them the shaft in this adventure anyway.

As the Harrowed near the climax of their battle with the three amigos, the last of the bandits to go stares up in horror at the heroes. In Spanish or French (as appropriate), the man screams over and over again that the heroes are dead and that he and his friends killed them. A character with the appropriate language skill can automatically figure out what the thief says.

In fact, they did kill the heroes (or thought they did if some of your posse isn't Harrowed). The three villains were the ones who ambushed the caravan and dumped it into the canyon.

There's a lot of opportunity for roleplaying here. Your heroes might decide to deal out a little justice the Old West style—at the end of a rope. Or they may decide that to forgive is to be divine. Whatever their choice, it's likely going to cause a few heated arguments among the group. That's good. A little Harrowed head-butting lets your posse interact and grow, and you can reward your players for excellent roleplaying.

The bandits only know that a few days back, they ambushed the caravan the player characters were on. They thought they'd killed everyone and dumped them in a nearby canyon. They have no idea how the heroes got to the cabin, nor do they know how

Dark Canyon

81

Hilliardston was razed—they found it like this just two days ago.

The bandits might also point out where their stolen loot is hidden—in the upper floor of the lone hotel. The heroes can find all of their missing possessions there, plus 1d6x\$100 in various cash and jewelry. Unfortunately, the dynamite the bandits used to ambush the heroes' caravan crippled or killed all of the team's horses as well.

Chapter Three: Dominion of Fear

Somewhere in Arizona—Fear Level 1

Assuming the posse found the wagon tracks outside the General Store, they lead south. If a character is familiar with the area and makes a DC 18 Intelligence check, he realizes the Ghost Trail continues on in that direction toward Fort Locke. If one of the bandits can be persuaded to talk, and someone speaks his language, he knows this as well.

The trail to Fort Locke is a long one, and the heroes have no horses. Somewhere along the way, night falls and the group likely sets up camp. If the posse are all Harrowed, they shut down for the night to regenerate their decaying tissue. If some of the heroes are alive and wish to stay awake, they fall asleep as well (you'll see why in the last chapter—just trust us for now.) In short, the whole group falls asleep, even if they try to fight it. The group won't even know they're about to share a horrible nightmare if you're careful. Since the bad dream takes place in the same surroundings they've set up camp in, the posse should have no reason for thinking this scene is a nightmare.

The Restless Dead

Remember that this is a nightmare scenario, Marshal!

Sometime after the group beds down, one of the characters (preferably one who believes he is still on watch), hears something out in the brush.

Make swishing sounds as if something were moving through tall grass, and see if the first hero “wakes” the others. The noise is headed directly toward camp.

After a few moments of suspense, the posse sees a number of folks walking slowly toward them. The man in the lead looks like a preacher, by his black garb and his white collar glistening in the moonlight.

As the preacher gets nearer, however, the group can see his face and hands are blistered and blackened as if by fire. His dead white eyes glare impossibly from lidless sockets as he raises clutching hands and emits a baleful wale.

It’s time for DC 20 Fear checks all the way around, Marshal.

Ghosts

The preacher and the others behind him are the ghosts of the people of Hilliardston. They stalk slowly but unwaveringly toward the posse in the darkness.

Bullets don’t harm the ghosts, nor do magical spells. In fact, nothing can harm them. But their chilling touch causes 1d6 subdual damage every round. You can roll some fake attack scores if you want, but every player essentially takes 1d6 damage per round from the numerous spirits that surround them. Those who try to run find other ghosts moving in on the camp from other directions.

The truth is, the posse can’t really win. The heroes are supposed to “die” in the nightmare. The real test is how they handle it.

As you might have guessed, this is the player character’s long overdue test for Dominion. Here’s how to score it:

Defeated: If they’re all dead and looking depressed, give them half their Dominion points minus 1. That’s just how the manitous like their undead: complacent.

Stubborn: On the other hand, if the heroes are dead and complaining, give them half their Dominion points plus 1. As we’ve said before, dogged determination is what keeps the Harrowed in charge of their demon.

Determined: Finally, if they fought really hard to stay alive, whether through clever actions or just gunning down spooks till death came, give the characters one more point of Dominion over their manitous.

Aftermath

We know this can be upsetting especially among traditional D20 players who are used to killing everything in sight, but that’s why this is horror.

Once you’ve killed everyone, wait a bit. Let the *players* go refresh their sodas and calm down a bit. Then, when everyone’s picking at fresh nachos, tell them they wake up in the field where they fell. They’re not in their bedrolls anymore, but they aren’t wounded either (restore all their Wind). They’ve had a very unpleasant—and shared—nightmare.

Chapter Four: Fort Locke

Fort Locke, AZ—Fear Level: 3

Eventually, the group gets going along the Ghost Trail and moves into progressively clearer terrain covered in tall grass. From two miles out, they start to see the remains of a Confederate Army outpost: Fort Locke. As they get closer, they see that portions of the wall around the post have burned, the gate is wide open, and the buildings inside have all been

put to the torch as well. A DC 10 Intelligence check reveals the fire burned out a few days ago.

Inside, a few dead soldiers lie in the open in the middle of the compound, shot, stabbed, or worse. There are also several incinerated human bodies inside the burned hulk of the barracks and the various officers' quarters. Some have bullet holes in their skulls as if they were shot while sleeping.

The bodies in the officers' quarters are mainly those of the officers' families, apparently massacred in the middle of the night. One large pile of embers was obviously a stable, because it contains half a dozen or so charred horse carcasses.

The bulk of the men assigned to this post are currently out riding around in the Arizona wilderness, chasing the fiends that razed Hilliardston. They are completely unaware their fort has been sacked in their absence, and their friends and families slaughtered.

Evidence of their passing can be found outside the fort. A DC 15 Wilderness Lore roll reveals a large

column of cavalry left the fort a few days ago, heading east. This is the unit which headed out in pursuit of the "Dust Devils."

Poking Around

If the heroes poke around in the ruins, they find a scene shockingly similar to that of Hilliardston.

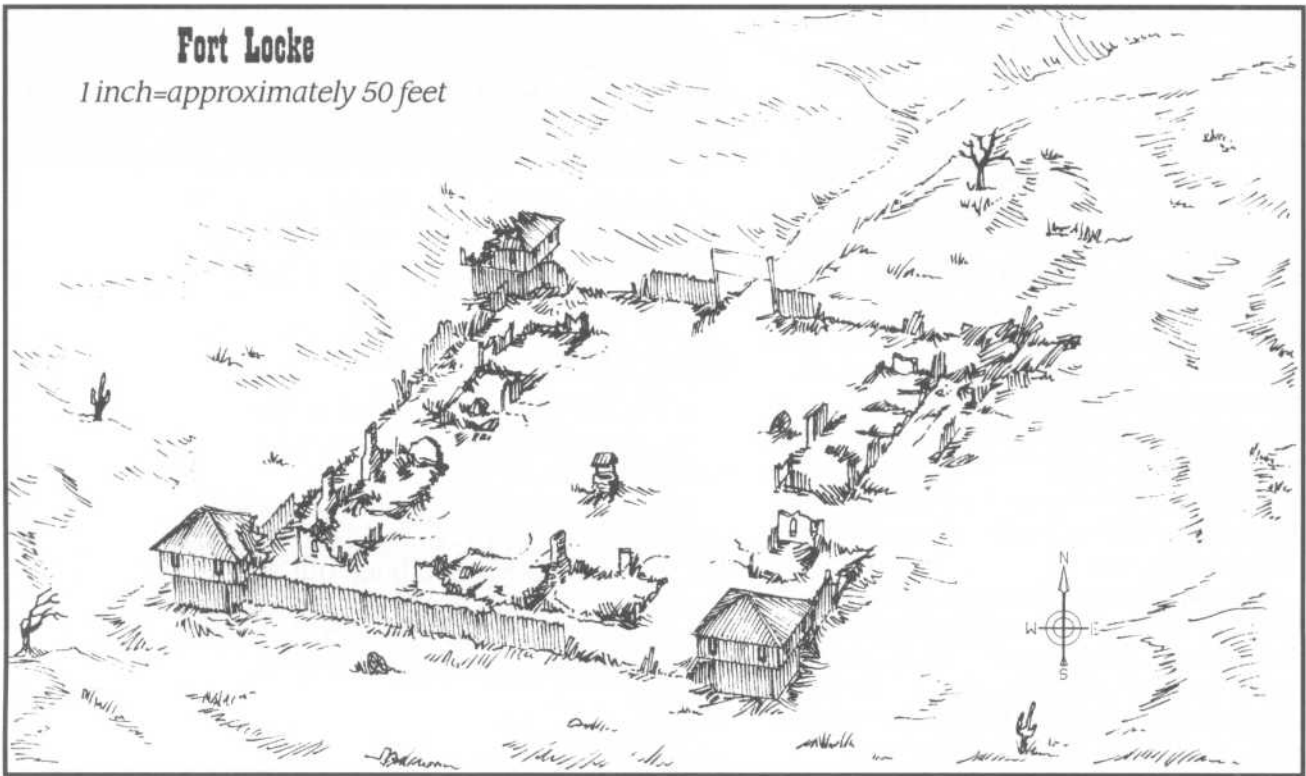
The ever-reliable wagon tracks lead directly to the fort's central stores, then circle around and head back out again. A close inspection of the ruined supply house reveals an inventory sheet. Missing are several barrels of black powder.

In case you haven't figured it out, the Prospector is looking for explosives. He couldn't find any in Hilliardston so he rode on to Fort Locke.



Fort Locke

1 inch=approximately 50 feet



Devils and Engels

One woman survived the attack—Mrs. Sarah Engel. Sarah is the wife of the fort's young company commander, Lieutenant Anthony Engel. She was out painting the Arizona sky when the attack occurred. She hid in the brush nearby, watching the carnage, and then went completely, stark-raving mad. In fact, she has lost the capacity to speak. From now on, she can communicate only through her paintings.

Engel can't bring herself to stay in the fort, so she has camped out nearby. By "camped" we mean she wanders around in a daze for most of the day, but occasionally manages to pull herself together and gather necessities. During the day, she awaits the return of her husband and paints the scenes burned into her ruined mind.

Sarah's husband always made her carry a rifle with her when she went

out painting, and she still has it. When she spies the heroes poking around the fort, she assumes they are the Dust Devils returned (they are, after all!), and she opens fire from cover.

It's nearly impossible to see or stop Sarah from a distance. Her vantage point on a small grassy knoll gives her the perfect sniping position. The posse must sneak up on her, wait until she runs out of ammo (she has 15 shots), or somehow talk her into stopping.

At any rate, you should work it so that Sarah isn't killed by the heroes. If she's shot, make it a nasty arm wound. That makes her quit firing and gives the characters a chance to talk to her.

When they do finally find her, they see a young girl covered in dirt and blood. Actually, the "blood" is paint, but they probably won't guess this at first. Sarah is 21 years old, has blond hair, a trim figure, and Hell in her blue eyes.

Prairie Pictures

Once Sarah has been stopped, it takes a calming voice and a DC 20 Charisma check to convince her the party is not responsible for the massacre. She only saw them from a distance, so she *can* be convinced she's mistaken, but it isn't easy (hence the high DC).

If the group is able to calm her down, they discover Sarah is mute. They probably won't have any idea her trauma caused the defect, but it doesn't really matter. Assuming they are kind to her, Sarah eventually takes them to her paintings.

Sarah paints something like an impressionist, so her images are blurry. Still, there are important clues hidden inside.

Three canvas paintings lie on the other side of the knoll from which Sarah fired on the posse. On one is a picture of the fort. It is smoldering, and the souls of the dead are winging their way toward Heaven. Strangely, a figure in a buckboard wagon is driving away from the fort. The figure is on the heavy side, with a white beard and a floppy "prospector's" hat. In the back of the wagon are several barrels (actually, kegs of gunpowder, but Sarah doesn't know that). She watched the party's "friend" come here yesterday, and added him to her painting.

On the second canvas is a gory display of carnage. Several figures are attacking the innocent women and children left behind in the fort in the absence of the soldiers. Some are firing guns; others are engaged in other savagery. The attackers in the picture are wearing some of the same colors as the posse, so it is easy to see why Sarah mistook the party for the Dust Devils, but of course there are no details to the figures so it is impossible to tell much more about them.

The last painting is of an Arizona skyline. Or at least it was. Sarah has painted a picture of her husband overtop it. His face is green and decayed, as she is afraid he is now dead at the hands of the Dust Devils. The party will likely mistake this for a picture of the leader of the murderous band. Red herrings swim in the deserts of Arizona, too.

Sarah's Fate

The posse must decide what to do with Sarah once they've learned all they can from her. Leaving her out here alone shouldn't be an option for most heroes. On the other hand, taking her with them may be even more

dangerous, especially since they figure they'll run across the Dust Devils at some point.

We can't give you a right or wrong answer on this one, Marshal. Your players have to figure this one out on their own.

Chapter Five: Hijacked!

Once the posse has been to Fort Locke, they should have some leads to investigate. They can either set out after the cavalry or try to pick up the wagon's trail once again.

The cavalry trail leads east to the Apache village. Though the cavalry patrol doesn't believe the Apache are responsible for the Hilliardston massacre, they had to check—or at least ask if the Apaches knew who was.

The wagon tracks lead off into the grass a short ways from the fort. There the posse can find a day-old campfire and an empty can labeled "BEANS." From here, the tracks continue in a northeasterly direction. A DC 15 Wilderness Lore check notices several new prints as well—those of small moccasined feet. Any character familiar with Indians knows instantly what they are. A Wisdom check of 15 or more also realizes the only Indians native to this neck of the woods are Apaches.

Spilling the Beans

The party's mysterious friend (the Prospector) was caught here by the young Apache thieves. They found Coot's wagon sitting in the shade of a tree and started leading it away. They had no idea the old fellow—who had been up the whole night before—was napping in the back! They managed to capture Coot, and now they've taken him back to camp to figure out what to do with him. Coot fussed the whole way, but the young natives couldn't understand his spotty Apache.



Atsidi's Camp

Somewhere in AZ—Fear Level: 1

The Apache village lies in a long, low plain alongside the Ghost Trail. The depression gathers more moisture than most other areas, which allows the mostly-docile villagers to scratch a few meager vegetables out of the ground.

What the band can't grow, they steal. And what they can't steal, they buy with money from other things they steal.

There are seven rough-shod adobe buildings in the village. Atsidi is the chief. There are seven Apache warriors, fourteen women, and eight children.

Four of the children are teenage boys and girls who do the village's thieving.

At the center of the village is a campfire. Chained a few feet away to a large wagon is a grizzled old prospector. In fact, it is the Prospector, Coot Jenkins.

The Apaches captured the Prospector and his load of gunpowder yesterday, and they've been debating what to do with him ever since. Fortunately, Atsidi and his people are not violent sorts; otherwise they would raid instead of steal.

The Rescue

There are two ways the heroes can play this. They can rush in with guns waving, or they can try and talk to the Apaches.

Either approach works just fine. Unless the posse shoots someone, the Apaches simply back off and let them have what they came for in that case.

Should the characters get unnecessarily violent, the Apaches fight back with everything they've got. Atsidi, by the way, realizes the heroes are Harrowed after the first of them shirks off a wound—the Apaches know about these abominations and despise them. Atsidi then warns his fellows and all the Apache attacks are head shots thereafter.

Seven Apache Warriors: Brave 4; CR 4; Medium-size Human; HD 4d10; hp 35; Init +1; Spd 30 ft.; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Atk +5 ranged/+6 melee; AL CN; SV Fort +6 Ref +3 Will +1; Str 14, Dex 12, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 10.

Skills and Feats: Alertness, Mounted Combat, War Cry, Weapon Specialization (Tomahawk), Short Bows, Simple Weapons; Improved Initiative, Greased Lightning +3, Point Blank Shot, Quick Draw, Rapid Shot, Simple Weapons

Possessions: Short bows, tomahawks.

Description: The Apache are veteran warriors of many campaigns against Southern troops. They aren't looking to kill anyone, but they aren't afraid to do so if the need arises. The most important thing to them is defending the camp and minimizing their losses.

Chapter Six: The Chase

Once the Prospector is freed (no matter how), he wastes no time hooking his mules up to his wagon. As he does so, he tells the heroes the following:

"Thanks for the rescue, friends. Now if you'll excuse me, I'm in a hurry. Get in if you want to find out what's goin' on around here."

At that, the Prospector jumps into the wagon and grabs the reins. With a quick smile he whips the mules and yells "Yaa!"

Coot waits only a moment or two for the party to climb aboard before taking off. He's a man on a mission, and an impatient one at that.

Revelations

As the Prospector drives south towards Dark Canyon, he tells the heroes a little more about what's going on. But only a little.

"This gunpowder I got in the back'll put an end to the shenanigans. But we don't have much time. We've got to get to a place called el Cañón Oscuro quicker n' flies on sugar.

"There's somethin' there, somethin' that's made...um, made the raiders that destroyed Hilliardston and Fort Locke do what they did."

Here Comes the Cavalry

About this time, have everyone make Spot checks. The highest sees a dust cloud in the distance.

As the cloud draws closer, the heroes begin to see the gray uniforms of the Confederate cavalry riding towards them, Hell bent for leather.

When someone points this out to Coot, he drives his mules all the harder.

"Damnation, if that ain't bad timin'! We gotta outrun 'em, boys. Just trust me on this. Now lay those kegs flat afore they start shootin'! And don't kill none of 'em, they're after the same thing we are!"

"Now one of you take over these reins and let me get to work on the powder!"

With that, the Prospector jumps in the back and starts twisting together fuses he draws from a tattered satchel. It doesn't take a Demolitions roll to figure out there's a big boom in everyone's future.

A Harrowing Ride

It's time for some high action. You have to make sure the wagon gets to the Dark Canyon intact, but don't let the players know that ahead of time.

First, have the driver make Ride checks every round. If he scores less than a 15, have the others suffer -2 to anything else they're doing that round, and then describe how the pursuing cavalry is getting closer. If the driver goes bust, make up something fun, like describing how the wheels are falling apart, or bump one of the other characters over the side but let him grab onto the buckboard at the last moment. That character can then make a simple DC 10 Strength check to pull himself back in.

In the back, take four shots a round at the passengers. The cavalry's penalties for being mounted and running, plus the cover of the buckboard, should keep them from hitting much.

Finally, have a shot or two strike the powder kegs. They don't go off, fortunately, but you can roll some dice and pretend there's a chance they will.

The point is to scare the heroes a bit without really killing them.

If Sarah is in the wagon, you can make things really difficult on your friends. When she sees the cavalry, she finally gets her voice back and starts yelling for her husband: "Anthony! Anthony!" The rest of the soldiers get even more determined once they see Sarah in danger. There's no real effect from this; just tell the group the cavalry is closing faster now.

Into the Canyon

After six rounds of this frantic chase, the wagon careens into Dark Canyon. At the entrance, the group sees poles adorned with human skulls, a warning for others not to enter this evil place.

A clever character might think of sticking a fuse in a keg and then lighting it and dropping it off behind them as they careen along. This causes a rockslide and blocks the cavalry's pursuit for a bit. If a hero doesn't think of this, the Prospector suggests it to them anyhow.

By now, the buckboard is full of holes, the wheels should be just about gone, and the posse should be sweating bullets. For two more rounds, make the driver sweat by describing the deep ruts and rubble piles he must swerve around. Then the wagon reaches the end of the deep ravine.

With nowhere else to go, Coot tells the driver to stop, then yells for the others to help him get the rest of the powder kegs out.

Chapter Seven: Last Stand in Dark Canyon

While the Prospector readies the fuses for the kegs and the cavalry struggles to negotiate the blockade, the posse has a few moments to look around.

The shape of the canyon is that of a spoon. Its walls are over 60' high, with deep shadows covering the rubble-strewn bowl. The blockade caused by the powder keg is roughly 50 yards from the back wall up the neck of the spoon.

An overturned stage and several horse carcasses lies to one side of the spoon. They are broken and shattered, as if pushed into the canyon from the cliff above. Any heroes who look at the wagon or the horses may recognize their own animals, for this is where their corpses were dumped by the three bandits. Those who figure this out feel a chill, as if someone just walked over their grave.

At the center of the bowl is a cenoté (sen-OH-tay), or deep pool, 30' wide. This particular cenoté is dark green and murky and bubbles occasionally. When it does, the bubbles break with a low rumble like that of distant—perhaps even otherworldly—thunder.

The Big Bang

After you've given the posse a few minutes to look around, Coot ties off the last fuse and pulls out a match. Before he lights it, read the following:

"You savin' my skin back in the Apache camp makes us even.

"That's right. I said even. Y'see, I already saved your carcasses once.

"You do know you're dead, don't you? Sorry if it's a shock. Most o' the folks like you take weeks to get over it, if they ever do. But you ain't got time to feel sorry for yourselves right now. We got business.

"In case you ain't figured it out yet, you died right here in this canyon. Or at least that's where your killers threw your corpses after you were buzzard bait. I suspect a trio of banditos I saw the other day, but you'll have to chase 'em down later.

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"Anyway, you got dumped in a bad place. An' I mean bad. See that pool? It's got demons in it. That's right, I said demons. An' ever one o' you's got one crawlin' around inside you. That's why you're able to walk around without no heartbeat.

"The demons'll make you do things. Bad things. Fortunately, I know how to take the likes o' you down easy. An' once I did, I fed you some o' my special brew to force the demon down.

"You should be okay for a while longer, but there's no tellin' how long my potion'll last. Those Apaches what took my wagon told me those raised by the pool always come back mean, so I reckon my elixir is only a



temporary remedy for your case o' the nasty.

"I see on your faces you're realizing what you've probably suspected all along. What your mind told you when you saw the dead at Hilliardston and Fort Locke. When you gazed into the dead's eyes and saw reflections of your ugly mugs burned into their Hell-singed eyes.

"That's right. You folks are the Dust Devils. You're the killers what destroyed Hilliardston and Fort Locke and every living thing in between. Or the demons inside you did it at least. You've got some makin' up to do to the world.

"Now get in the wagon so's I can light this fuse and blow this cenoté back to Hell."

Oh Yeah?

Coot lights the fuse and climbs up into the driver's seat of the wagon. Just as he's about to tell the others to get on, the demons still inside the tainted pool decide to fight back.

There's a sudden rumbling from the cenoté's depths, and then, after a suitably dramatic pause, it erupts! The Prospector's mules bolt before any of the heroes can jump on board. The buckboard goes racing back down the neck of the spoon toward what's left of the blockade.

The dark water from the pool shoots 30 feet into the air, launching a shower of human bones and green slime.

The fuse is put out and ruined instantly. The heroes are also soaked and hit by a rain of bones and bone shards for 2d6 damage.

Moments later, some of the bones pull themselves from the muck to form slime-covered, groaning skeletons!

During the chaos that follows, the group may see the Prospector bottom-out on the blockade. He jumps out and

starts unhitching his mules when he sees the slimy skeletons come to life.

There are far too many skeletons to fight. In fact, there are so many that we're not even going to tell you how many there are. Just keep pulling them together from the slime until the heroes get the idea they'd better figure out a way to seal the pool forever and run for it.

Guardians of the Pool

These are the animated corpses of hundreds who were sacrificed to this tainted cenote in ages past. The slime that covers them is something of a poison to the Harrowed (or the living who were possessed here). When a Harrowed hero is touched by one of the slimy guardians, she must make a DC 15 Will save. If the character's fails, the manitou inside gains total Dominion and the hero turns on his fellows!

Guardians: Medium-Size Undead; CR 1/2; Medium-size Human; HD 1d12; hp 6; Init +5 (+1 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative); Spd 30 ft.; AC 13 (+1 Dex, +2 Natural); Atk 2 claws +0 melee; AL N; SV Fort +0 Ref +1 Will +2; Str 10, Dex 12, Con —, Int —, Wis 10, Cha 11.

Skills and Feats: Improved Initiative
Special Abilities: Undead, immunities, Poison slime (Harrowed or possessed living hit by a skeleton must make a DC 15 Will save or lose total Dominion)

Description: These three thieves are lowdown murderous scum. They're dirty and ignorant, but clever like foxes.

The Big Boom!

Conveniently, the powder kegs are still sitting near the evil cenoté. It's only the fuses that are wet and ruined.

If the heroes try to run away and fire at the kegs from a distance, the guardians of the pool stand about the kegs and block the incoming shots with their bodies. The manitous were listening to the heroes' plan after all.

Even if someone does manage a shot, the wet wood blocks any possible sparks and keeps the powder from

igniting. This one's going to come down to a sacrifice. One of the heroes is going to have to get right up to a keg and jam his pistol down in through the top. The flash of the pistol is more than enough to set the powder off.

If the players don't think of this themselves, you can have Coot yell the idea at them as he tries to lead his mules up the blockade.

Only a Harrowed can possibly survive such a feat. And he's attacked by numerous guardians as he fights his way to the keg.

If someone manages, however, they're going to get the big bang of a lifetime. The damage of the first keg is 6d6. The second detonates immediately after for another 6d6, and the third after that for 5d6 (it was a little empty). A character may make a DC 15 Reflex save for half damage.

Anyone else in the canyon when the powder goes off takes damage appropriately (damage dice are halved every 10 yards past the kegs).

Aftermath

The cavalry patrol saw the end of the battle with the cenoté's guardians, and Coot is a fast-talking machine, so the soldiers let the Harrowed pass unmolested (after getting Sarah back if she's around), but they want the "Dust Devils" the Hell out of Arizona, pronto.

Coot travels north with the heroes to a town where they can buy horses and rides off into the sunset. Should the heroes be persistent in trying to follow Coot afterwards, he lets them tag along for a while until he meets a lone man walking through the night. Then the two are suddenly swept up into the night on a Hell wind and disappear into the darkness.

Coot leaves the posse with these words.

"I've got business to take care of elsewhere, but you'll be hearing from me soon enough. Till then, keep yer heads on yer shoulders."

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The Possessed

The nature of the canyon's dark past makes it possible for the manitous to possess anyone buried in the canyon—living or dead. This means as the Marshal, you can allow living characters to play this adventure as well. You can even let them believe for a while they've been killed and have returned.

At the end of the adventure, when the source of this power is blown to smithereens, you can take back all the freebies the living guys and gals got. Easy come, easy go. This way you don't have to worry about messing your campaign up even worse than having a ton of Harrowed crawling around your carefully carved world.

We don't recommend letting this kind of thing happen often in your campaign (giving the living Harrowed powers, that is), but the Dark Canyon is a pretty special place, and we want you to be able to use this adventure even if you're not ready for a whole party of undead.

If you have any players who seem particularly distressed or disappointed by the thought that their heroes are now undead, you can choose to reveal those heroes as living at the end of the adventure. On the other hand, if any players bug you to know what powers their heroes have now, that's an indication that their heroes should be confirmed as Harrowed by adventure's end.

The Hilliardston Relay

Only 2c

Weather: Same as always, hotter than Hades!

August 8th, 1876

Bandits Strike Again!

Word continues on the trail of the band of highwaymen known only as the "Dust Devils" are stalking the Ghost Trail. As if banditos, deserters, and Yankee saboteurs weren't enough!

As you all know, it was only a few days ago that a group of passengers traveling from the east was missing. Though their wagon was found looted, their bodies, as well as their horses, have thus far remained at large.

Now it seems the bandits have struck again. According to the last express that ran through our little town, the wreckage of another wagon was found along the roadside two days west of our location.

This time there were plenty of bodies to attest to the savagery of the highwaymen.

One of the guards on the express that brought this news, a Mr. Knowles from Alabama, claimed that he'd fought in several Indian campaigns and in the offensives against the Union in the East, and he had never witnessed such a scene of utter horror.

Knowles says the bodies near the looted wagon were a shambles. Some had been shot, others had been stabbed, and some had been mutilated so badly we cannot print it in the *Relay*.

Witness Found!

A single person has thus far witnessed the riders. Mr. Tom Hildebrandt claims an Apache living in the village east of our location saw the entire incident mentioned above.

The girl called the murderous bandits the "Dust Devils," for she first saw them emerge from a cloud kicked up by the fleeing wagon's wheels.

The difference between the villains and ringleaders are the kind of crimes you might find gambling and such," said Sheriff Walter Keaton of the Rangers claim this August will soon be detailed additional patrols on the trail around Hilliardston. A report from our friends at Fort Lowell has already combusted the hills around our fair town. We have failed to return us any trace of the bandits.



TM

Deadlands Conversion

Converting from Deadlands Classic to Deadlands D20

Converting from *Deadlands* to *Deadlands D20* is a little tricky and requires several decisions. It's tricky because regular *Deadlands* is a skill-based system and the D20 system is level-based. There's no good way to say "your *Deadlands* character is a 5th level gunslinger." Even if there was, it may mean another character in the same posse, who has been adventuring just as long, is an entirely different level.

Converting Player Characters

The first thing that must happen is the Marshal must decide what level he *wants* player characters to be. You should then translate your hero's Attributes but after that abandon these conversion rules and recreate your hero as if you had advanced to that level through the D20 system. That's the only way to ensure your D20 character gets the right skills, feats, and other important perks he needs for that system. If you ignore this advice, you'll have a loosely translated hero, but he won't be set up to take advantage of higher-level feats or prestige classes.

You'll also have to decide what *class* your hero is. In most cases, this is fairly easy to figure.

Once you determine your level and class, you will also determine your Hit Points, and you will be able to choose the appropriate feats and skills for your chosen profession.

Converting Monsters and NPCs

If you are the Marshal, and you're looking at a *Deadlands* sourcebook and want to translate a monster or character, you should likewise decide what level you want him or it to be. If we give you a formula for this, it may mean that some threat in an introductory adventure, by virtue of a high skill, is far too great a challenge your low-level posse.

That said, we can get you started.

Attributes

To convert Attributes from *Deadlands* to

Deadlands D20, you must calculate "conversion totals." Do this by adding the coordination and die type of your character's *Deadlands* statistics as instructed below. A score of 3d8, for instance, is a total of 11, while a 2d6 has a conversion total of 8. If you're told to average different statistics, average the totals and round up. Averaging the 3d8 (11) and 2d6 (8) above, for example, yields an average of $(11+8/2)=10$.

The conversion total plus 2 is your character's statistic in *Deadlands D20*.



Deadlands	Deadlands D20
Strength	Strength
Dexterity	Average of Deftness plus Nimbleness
Constitution	Vigor
Intelligence	Average of Smarts and Knowledge
Wisdom	Average of Smarts and Spirit
Charisma	Mien

Example: A hero with a 4d8 Vigor has a conversion total of 12. Adding 2 to that number gives the character a Constitution score of 14.

- Quickness is not used in *Deadlands D20*.
- Cognition is translated into the Spot skill (see below)

Skills

As with levels, you have a decision to make before translating skills. For a realistic translation, or to recreate a player character in *Deadlands D20*, you should start the character at 1st level and then progress him normally to the appropriate level.

If you want a quick translation, simply double the *Deadlands* skill level for *Deadlands D20*. If a hero has a Lockpicking skill of 4d12, for example, you ignore the d12 and double the skill level of 4 for a total of 8.

Some of the skills listed below refer to *Deadlands* skills as well. Figure a conversion total for these just as you did Attributes. Quick Draw, for example, is a skill in *Deadlands* but a feat in D20. The text says "Characters with a 14 or better Quick Draw skill get the Quick Draw feat." That means to get a conversion total, and if it adds up to 12 or more, give the character the Quick Draw skill. A *Deadlands* gunfighter with a Quick Draw of 4d8, for example, has a conversion total of 12 and thus gets the Quick Draw feat in D20.

Skills

Deadlands Skill	D20 Skill
Academia	Knowledge (Arcane, religion, nature, or other)
Animal Wranglin'	Handle Animal
Area Knowledge	Wilderness Lore
Artillery	Knowledge (Artillery)
Arts	Craft
Bluff	Bluff
Bow	Ignore
Climbin'	Climb
Cognition (Attribute)	Apply to both Spot and Listen
Demolition	Demolition*
Disguise	Disguise
Dodge	Ignore. Characters with a Dodge of 12 or better may have the Dodge feat
Drivin'	Drivin'*
Faith	Faith*
Fightin'	Ignore--dependent on class and level
Filchin'	Pick Pocket
Gamblin'	Gamblin'*
Guts	Ignore. Fear checks are dependent on Will save in D20.
Horse Ridin'	Ride
Language	Speak Language
Leadership	Ignore
Lockpickin'	Open Lock
Mad Science	Mad Science*
Medicine	Heal
Overawe	Intimidate
Performin'	Perform
Persuasion	Diplomacy
Professional	Profession (specific occupation)
Quick Draw	Ignore. Characters with a Quick Draw of 12 or more may have the Quick Draw feat.
Ridicule	Ridicule*
Science	Knowledge (type of science)*
Scroungin'	Ignore
Scrutinize	Sense Motive
Search	Search
Shootin'	Ignore.
Sleight o' Hand	Sleight of Hand*
Sneak	Apply to both Move Silently and Sneak
Speed Load	Speed Load
Streetwise	Gather Information
Survival	Wilderness Lore
Swimmin'	Swim
Tale Tellin'	Tale Telling*
Teamster	Handle Animal

Throwin'
Tinkerin'
Trackin'

Trade

*see *Deadlands D20*

Ignore
Tinkering*
Characters with a 12 or better trackin' may have the Track feat
Profession (specific occupation)

Other Skills

Here are a few D20 skills that need to be figured separately. Not every character should have these skills of course, but if you think they should, here are their rough equivalents.

D20 Skill

Alchemy

Animal Empathy
Appraise
Balance
Concentration
Decipher Script
Disable Device
Escape Artist

Forgery
Innuendo

Intuit Direction

Jump

Read Lips

Scry
Spellcraft

Tumble
Use Magic Device
Use Rope

Wilderness Lore

Rough Equivalent

Alchemy (see *Way of the New Science*)
No *Deadlands* equivalent
Half Smarts
Half Nimbleness
Half Spirit
Decipher Script*
Tinkering
Half Average of Deftness and Nimbleness
Half Smarts
No *Deadlands* equivalent, you should probably use Persuasion
No *Deadlands* equivalent, but give a +5 bonus to those with the Direction Sense Edge
Half Average of Strength and Nimbleness
Half Average of Cognition and Knowledge
No *Deadlands* equivalent
Particular spellcasting skill, like Faith or Mad Science, but enforce a -4 penalty to understand magical abilities of another type
Half Nimbleness
Half Smarts
No *Deadlands* equivalent. Come on, it's a rope. Maybe Survival if you're really desperate.
Survival

Edges & Hindrances

We've added Edges & Hindrances to *Deadlands D20* and *Hell on Earth D20* games. You'll find the complete rules on our website (www.peginc.com) and in *Epitaph #4*. See the sample character that follows for some neat ideas on how to wing it if you don't have access to those sources.

Sample Conversion

Let's work through an example. Here's Virginia "Ginny" Hickson from the original *Smith & Robards* adventure, "The Crucible." The Marshal has decided the adventure is to be suitable for character levels 3-5, and Ginny is to be a 5th level Black Magician (page 125 of the DL D20 rule book).

Ginny's Attributes

Let's convert her attributes first. Ginny's *Deadlands* attributes are: D:3d8, N:2d6, S:2d6, Q:2d8, V:2d8, C:2d8, K:2d6, M:2d12, Sm:3d6, Sp:2d8.

Her D20 Attributes would then be:

Strength=10, Dexterity =12, Constitution=12, Intelligence=9, Wisdom=10, Charisma 16. Pretty solid for an undercover witch.

Ginny's Skills

Since this is an NPC, the Marshal doesn't feel like starting Virginia from scratch and leveling her up, so he translates her skills as well. Her *Deadlands* skills are:

Shootin' 3d8: This gets ignored as D20 attacks are level-based. Her attack, based on level and Dexterity is +4.

Dodge 2d6: Ignored, but Virginia's AC is 10 plus her Dex bonus of +1=11.

Faith: black magic 4d8: Ignored. See below.

Guts 3d8: Ignored. Ginny's fear checks are derived from her Will save.

Horse ridin' 3d6: Ride of +6

Sneak 4d6: Move Silently +8, Hide +8

Fightin' 3d6: This gets ignored as D20 attacks are level-based. Her attack, based on level and Strength is +3.

Persuasion 4d12: Diplomacy

Quick draw 3d8: Ignored

Scrutinize 3d8: Sense Motive +6

Sleight o' hand 4d8: Sleight of Hand +8

Additional Skills

Virginia is a 5th level Black Magician, so she also has the Black Magic skill at her maximum. The Marshal decides witch-magic should be based on Intelligence, so she has no bonus for that.

She should also have Concentration and Spellcraft. The Marshal looks at the Additional Skills chart and makes her Concentration based on her 2d8 Spirit. That gives her a +5. Spellcraft is based on her Faith (Black Magic) *Deadlands* skill of 4d8, giving her a +8.

Spell Selection

In *Deadlands*, Virginia has only two spells, Pact 4 (amulet), and puppet 3. The Marshal decides the amulet is a magical item that simply lets her summon and control the beast featured in the

story with a simple Black Magic roll of DC 10. The puppet spell is *charm person*, a perfect spell for the charming witch.

Finishing Touches

Classic *Deadlands* also features Edges and Hindrances that aren't in the basic *Deadlands D20* rules. You'll find some the rules on our website (WWW.PEGINC.COM) and in *Epitaph #4*, but if you don't have access to either, these things are pretty easy to wing. Here's how to wing Virginia's Edges & Hindrances.

Ginny has two Edges: *purty* and "the voice" (soothing). The Marshal gets the idea and decides Ginny gets a +2 to her Charisma to account for her good looks and sultry voice.

Sweet Virginia also has the *vengeful* and *loyal* Hindrances. Those are pretty self-explanatory as well, so the Marshal decides Ginny is violently vengeful and loyal to Mina Devlin and her fellow Wichita Witches. There's no hard and fast rules for this—the Marshal just keeps it in mind for those times when sweet Virginia turns on the posse and makes their lives a living hell!





HELL ON EARTH

D20 Goes To Hell.



Better Off Dead



That's what you might think after reading this creepy collection of new powers for the Harrowed! In the Weird West, it's not just the monsters that come clawing up out of the ground. Heroes who are too ornery to stay buried sometimes wake from the long dirt nap as well. Those who do are powerful as Hell itself.

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And if that's not enough for you, there's full conversion rules for our classic *Deadlands* products to the D20 rules!

This product requires *Deadlands D20* and the *Player's Handbook*® from *Wizards of the Coast*®.



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