

# THIRTEEN WAYS TO DIE... CHOOSE ONE

An adventure scenario for the *All Flesh Must Be Eaten* RPG, by Dylan Craig



**Thirteen Pines** - a sleepy hamlet deep in the Sierra Mountains. A howling electrical storm has blown in from the Pacific, grounding all air traffic and trapping you in Reno. Less than two hundred miles from an important business meeting in San Francisco, you decided to risk overland transport.

Luckily, the rental place at the airport was still open, and willing to provide a vehicle and driver; unluckily, you have become irrevocably lost in the rain-lashed night and now, your original party supplemented by a luckless hitchhiker caught on the side of the road, you plough ahead into the unknown. Are those the lights of a town up ahead?

## Characters:

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Carl Copperton	–	Billionaire and high cardiac incident risk
Daniel Copperton	–	His son: a moody and difficult ten year-old
Stefano Marquez	–	Carl's personal assistant and bodyguard
Linda Lewis	–	Carl's companion and sometime confidante
Eli Landau	–	The hitcher: travelling towards an awkward family reunion
Norton Blomberg	–	The driver: cool and imperturbably professional

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## Introduction and Running Instructions

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Welcome to the gory, gruesome, brain-munching world of *All Flesh Must Be Eaten*, Eden Studios' role-playing game of survival horror! This adventure is intended for tournament use, and includes six pre-generated characters. The scenario should take no longer than three hours; roughly speaking, the groups should spend 30 minutes or so in each location – including the introduction and the big final scene.

The adventure is set in the fictional town of Thirteen Pines, a tiny town – population just over three hundred – in the Sierra Mountain range of Eastern California. A dramatic backdrop is provided by a massive electrical storm; it is this storm which has brought most of the characters here by grounding their plane in Reno and forcing them to travel overland. Unbeknownst to them, the storm above is mirrored by magical turmoil below, for tonight is the night that an ancient brotherhood of evil necromancers have chosen to shatter the boundary between the worlds of the dead and our own world, raising zombie armies in out-of-the-way locations across the planet. Of six Zombie Masters in the continental U.S., one (the fearsome and ancient Mordechai Landau) chose Thirteen Pines as his stronghold, and his malign spirit has been busy here for over 150 years – planning, gathering strength, and loosening the gate for tonight's dread ritual.

But not all went according to plan. Malachi's ritual required that 216 victims (six times six times six, a mystical number of dread potency) die and rise again as zombies before the gate to the worlds of the Dead could be forced open for all time; however, this was not to be. In the initial battle between the townsfolk and Mordechai's demonic servants, a terrible fire in one of the major centres of resistance incinerated many of the defenders before they could rise again as undead horrors, and the gate remained unopened. Random magical energies lashed around the countryside; Mordechai bent the last of his considerable powers to briefly reversing the flow of time, returning some of the more recent victims of the zombies to unburned life, in the desperate hope that, this time, they would die in manners which would allow them to rise as zombies. These last few occultically significant victims include none other than the player characters themselves – and only three of them need to die and rise again for Mordechai's ritual to succeed!

The adventure starts as the characters' car rolls down a steep hill into Thirteen Pines. Several points need to be kept in mind throughout the course of this module:

- A **vigorous storm** is going on tonight. Anyone going outside, even briefly, is subjected to howling wind, drenching rain, and ear-splitting peals of thunder. Nobody has a raincoat.
- The **streets** of Thirteen Pines are **deserted, but not empty**. Scattered piles of shell casings, splashes of blood, desperate claw-marks in doorframes, and broken windows are everywhere. Once the party encounters their first zombie, or dead body, they will start noticing these everywhere. But there are very few complete bodies... lying around, anyway.
- **Linda Lewis** loses her stress-pills at some point. This helps keep the party in Thirteen Pines – without a vehicle, and unable to take Linda out into the open forests for long without causing her lasting emotional trauma, they are forced to try and figure a way out of the situation rather than just fleeing into the darkness.
- The strange emanations of the ritual and the electrical storm above mean that no electrical apparatus will function within a few hundred yards of Thirteen Pines. Cars cut out and cannot be restarted by any means; digital watches, cell phones, radios, and computers are similarly useless.

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- One of the characters (**Norton Blomberg**) is basically a bad-news madman with a gun. Another (**Eli Landau**) is a partial amnesiac, who regains snatches of memory piece by piece. Familiarity with their characters is a good idea, as it will help you make their presence more atmospheric.

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## Norton's slowly degenerating sanity

Norton is basically a psychological car-crash waiting to happen. Violent and unconstrained by social conventions, Norton is more than capable of killing anyone who crosses him. However, Norton should be played for creeps rather than laughs; you can assist the player in this task.

Firstly, even when Norton fails a Fear Check, his response should be chilling rather than hysterical. Help his player out in this regard by tossing him the kind of Fear response you think they would like.

Secondly, as Norton's 'internal voice', you can defuse any potential intra-party bloodbaths that threaten to end the scenario halfway; just tell Norton's player that they feel all their anger/irritation/bloodlust draining away, or pass them a note to this effect. Hopefully, this will delay any scenario-sinking confrontations until they are dramatically appropriate.

## Linda's slowly decreasing pill supply

As soon as is possible, you need to get rid of Linda's stress pills. This stops the characters simply turning tail and fleeing through the woods on foot – which is so *insane* they shouldn't do it anyway, but just in case... the best time to do this is the first time she takes a pill after failing a **Fear** check. Call for a **Difficult Dexterity** roll. She needs **13** to keep all her pills; every point below 13 is around ten pills lost (out of a hundred). They're very soluble, so pills dropped on a wet surface dissolve immediately. The point is not to take all her pills away – just enough so that a twelve-hour hike through the woody mountains back to civilisation isn't an option.

## Eli's slowly returning memory

Below are the five memories regained by Eli over the course of the evening. These can either be handed out regularly, every 30 minutes, or their appearance can be heralded by an appropriate event. Realising that some of the bodies around town look a little *familiar* is one good stimulus, as is browsing the Family Tree project in the Community Library (see the back of the module for a map of Thirteen Pines). These can be read out aloud, handed out in note form, or torn loose from this page – whatever works:

### 1. YOU REMEMBER NOW!

Thirteen Pines has a population of just above 300. The town constable and fire warden, Constable Joe Reeves, has his office in the Municipal Building on Romero street.

### 2. YOU REMEMBER NOW!

It hasn't been legal to store guns in private homes since the town was founded. All the private firearms in the town are locked up in a basement armoury in the Municipal Building

### 3. YOU REMEMBER NOW!

You have lived in Thirteen Pines your whole life, with your father. Your mom lives somewhere else, like Europe or something. Your dad is really important in this town. Or is that your grandfather?

### 4. YOU REMEMBER NOW!

You live with your dad, in a big house on Barrow Hill road. You remember taking some people up there recently, like friends or something, which is weird 'cause your dad is really antisocial.

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## 5. YOU REMEMBER NOW!

Holy *shit*! You remember why you were trying to get out of town tonight – your dad (or was it your grandfather?) is trying to kill you! You’ve got to stop him – he’s up to something really bad!

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## LOCATION ONE: Thirteen Pines – Main Street

- The characters' car – a Chrysler minivan – crests a low hill, passes a signpost reading “Thirteen Pines Welcomes Careful Drivers”, and then – halfway down the hill – **cuts out**. The town lights up ahead veer wildly as the car's power steering locks on a corner.

Norton must make a **Strength + Driving** roll to keep the car on the road. If he passes with at least two degrees of success – i.e., **13 or better** – he keeps the car's wheels on tar all the way down the hill.

Failing this, he dips into the roadside ditches once or twice before the car skids sideways into the centre of the Roundabout (**Location 1** on the map). The car is badly battered, but no-one is hurt.

If his total is **lower than 7**, the car mounts a 2-foot concrete flowerpot with a crash, snapping the axle and tearing the transmission loose. The car is now useless, and everyone takes 2 points of bruising.

- The roundabout is the centre of Thirteen Pines' commercial and civil district. All the buildings around it are at least two stories high. The residential district lies to the east.
- The spire of the Thirteen Pines Methodist Congregation Church (cross-shaped building on the corner of Haceldama and Carpenter streets) is also visible over the crackling neon signpost of Berthold Brothers' (**Location 8**).
- A covered signboard in the middle contains a large town map, identical to the map at the back of this module. You may show this map to the players. The surrounding **buildings**, while only dimly visible from inside the car, are as follows:

### Location 4

**Dark.** An empty glass pavilion containing a desk strewn with tourist information pamphlets. An inoperative telephone lies, dead, on the desk. The doors are locked; however, entrance can be gained through a missing door-sized pane of glass, which has been roughly closed up with cardboard and duct tape. There is nothing else here.

### Location 5

**Dark.** The library is securely locked, and not open to casual entry (see **Location 5**)

### Location 6

**Dark**, and locked. Entry can be gained by an open (and banging) window. Inside, the diner is ankle deep in rainwater. There's a ragged hole in the roof. Tables and chairs lie upended all around. Half-finished meals are still on the tables. Telephone is dead.

### Location 7

**Lit**, and with a winking bulb-border sign reading 'open'. See **Location 7**.

### Location 8

Interior is **dark**, but the fifteen-foot red neon sign above the entrance casts light over the front of the building, and the gleaming shapes of fifteen or twenty vehicles are dimly visible inside. See **Location 8**.

**EVENT:** The *second* time the characters enter this area – i.e., after they have investigated one of the surrounding buildings (preferably the General Store), a terrible, heart-rending scream will ring out from the second floor of the library.

At the same time, the light in one of the upstairs rooms of that building will wink on, and sounds of banging and commotion will be heard over the thunder and rain, followed (after a few seconds) by a wail of “**Noooo! Leave me alone!**”

Characters who make **Perception + Notice** rolls of 9+ will be able to identify the voice as female.

The locations in the town with the most significance to the events of the scenario are presented below in the most dramatically appropriate order they might be encountered. Feel free to ad-lib the contents

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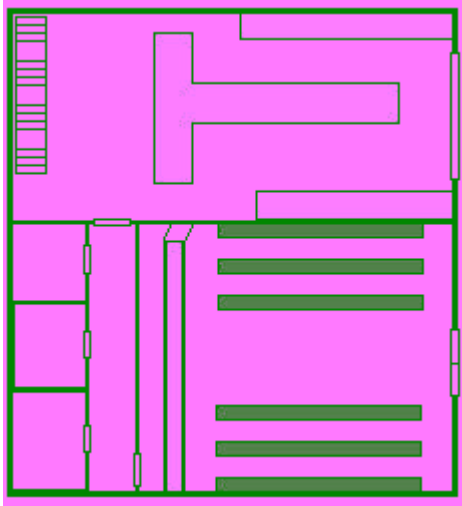
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of locations not detailed explicitly, but be careful of additions that might markedly alter the plot.

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## LOCATION 7: Fly's Hardware and General Store



Fly's is a plain two-story building. As mentioned above, it is the only building adjacent to the characters' entry point which is lit, so it shouldn't be long before the characters pay Fry's a visit.

The smaller set of double doors leading into the shop-floor area is the only means of entry into this building. The windows are small, high-set and barred for security. The throb of a generator is audible somewhere under the floor.

The shop floor is eerily deserted. A radio can be heard through the walls, playing in the back of the building in the workroom area. An occasional footfall also signifies that someone is moving around in the workroom, but calling out or ringing the bell on the counter gets no response.

The store is well stocked with clothing, general supplies, and camping gear. A variety of weapons are available, from gardening tools like spades and axes (which inflict **4 x Strength** lethal damage on a successful hit) to hedge trimmers (**5 x Strength**), and from baseball bats (**4 x Strength**, lethal or non-lethal) to a single all-weather chainsaw (**10 x Strength**, lethal). The counter holds \$221.35.

There are no firearms available; characters specifically seeking firearms will find a small laminated notice proclaiming Thirteen Pines 'Gun Safe Since 1845', and mentioning that according to founding decree, the storage of firearms on private and commercial premises is not legal. The three small rooms beyond the counter are an employee rest room, a kitchenette, and a cleaning supply storage cupboard.

Eventually, the characters should get around to heading into the back of the building to look for the proprietor(s)... if they begin to leave without heading to the back of the building, then have one of the proprietors come to them. The Fly family, whose living quarters are on the second story, are all recent converts to undeath and, if surprised in the workroom, are busy putting an assortment of wood saws and hand lathes to work on a slowly-shrinking pile of bloody meat on the workbench. They will attack without hesitation, clutching gore-streaked tools in steady hands and lumbering towards the characters. Note that while they are covered in blood, the Flys look more like living crazies than walking cadavers at first. Hence, the Fear check they cause is unmodified – it's a straight roll.

### THE FLY FAMILY

Str: 2 Dex: 1 Con: 2  
Int: -2 Per: 1 Wil: 2

Grab or Bite: +4  
Damage: 4 points

Saw Attack: +2  
Damage: 8 points

Dead Points:

Pop: 25  
Mom: 20  
Joe: 15  
Lance: 15

The workroom is a large, open room in which the twin aromas of sawdust and blood war for dominance. Various carpentry tools line the walls – jigsaws, circular saws, and the like. All are operative.

A likely attack mode for the Flys is for one or two of the zombies to try to immobilise a target while a third carves them up a little with the saw. Any time they manage to **Grab** a target twice in a row, they have latched on and the target is immobilised until he or she manages to land a blow (at -2 to hit per attached zombie) on each pinning zombie. As soon as a zombie is struck, he or she loses their grip and had to land two more grabs to re-pin the target. You can't Dodge when pinned.

The workroom will catch fire during the combat, probably when sparks from a bandsaw ignite a pile of sawdust. The characters will have to flee the burning building in a hurry after the fight. The shredded remains on



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the table are beyond help; they belong a bulky man in his early 40s, who has been stripped naked except for a pair of heavy engineer boots.

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## LOCATION 2: J.P. Landau Municipal Building

From the street, it is immediately visible that this three-story building has been the site of a raging fire, which would have burned it to the ground if it had not been for the incredible downpour provided by the storm. As it is, the exterior, however charred, still stands; the fire damage has been confined to the upper floors.

- The ground floor shows signs of a terrific struggle; smashed furniture, still smouldering, lies scattered everywhere and a heavy organic smell implies the presence of burnt flesh, although no bodies or signs of life can be found.
- A double staircase leads up and down from just beyond the reception area.
- A wall cabinet marked 'spare keys' stands open behind the overturned reception desk. Most of the keys inside are labelled by number only ('Room 203', and so on), but four of them bear the legend 'Basement Firearm Storage Safe'.

It takes some effort to clear the smouldering rubble from the stairwell.

A **Strength + Notice** roll (9+) is required to avoid 4 points of lethal damage from burns on the hands.  
A **Simple Dexterity** roll (9+) is required to avoid 2 points of non-lethal damage from loose rubble.

Anyone who approaches the rubble clearing with a particularly clever scheme, or thinks to bandage their hands beforehand, takes only half these amounts.

The basement is as messy as the upstairs levels, but untouched by the fire. On the ground, bloody strips of a black silk jacket have obviously been used as makeshift bandages, but there is no sign to indicate the fate of the person (or persons) who benefited from their use. Four large wall safes stand against one wall; three are open, and littered with firearm accessories (cleaning brushes, discarded ammunition boxes, etc.), but the weapons and ammunition they once held is gone. The last one is closed, with a smeared and bloody handprint visible on the handle.

Unless the characters have the keys, these safes require an **Int + Lockpicking** roll of 20+ to open.

### JOE REEVES

Str: 4\* Dex: 1 Con: 2  
Int: -2 Per: 1 Wil: 2

Special Features:  
\* - 'Strong Like Bull'

Grab or Bite: +6  
Damage: 8 points

Dead Points: 26

To the possible disappointment, and certain surprise, of anyone opening the safe, it contains not only several rifles but also a fairly angry uniformed zombie! This is Constable Reeves, who locked himself in the safe after being mauled in the battle for the building, and who rose as a zombie himself after dying of asphyxiation inside the safe.

His first attack will be a lunge-and-strangle at +6. If this hits, he will have a secure grip on someone's throat, and will begin inflicting 8 points of lethal and 8 points on non-lethal damage every round until dismembered or destroyed.

If his initial lunge misses, or he is knocked loose in subsequent rounds, he will revert to the standard grab-and-bite manoeuvre.

The contents of the safe turn out to be eight **Ruger Mini-14** semi-automatic rifles, which do **20** points of damage per shot. However, ammunition for these weapons is nowhere to be found. A mess of cartridges on the floor of the safe turns out to be a mix of 9mm and .45 pistol ammunition (clever parties might use the contents of these rounds to reload empty .308 shells for the Mini-14s). A total of 25 rounds can be salvaged from the floor of the safe, along with a survival knife with a wickedly serrated edge (**Strength x 2** lethal damage).

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There is nothing else to be found in this building. Prolonged searching of the unsteady (and dangerous) upper floors will reveal a great many charred and crushed corpses, but little else.

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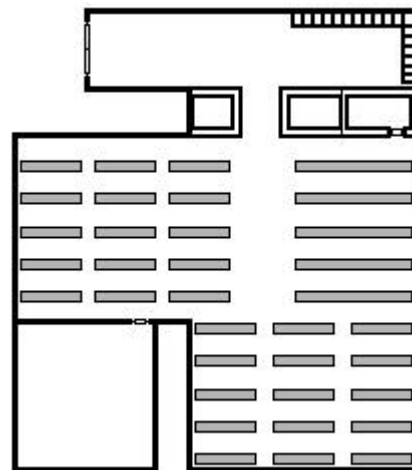
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## LOCATION 5: Thirteen Pines Community Library

If the characters have not yet been attracted to this building by the rending scream mentioned in **Location 1**, it will ring out as they approach the building.

The Thirteen Pines Community Library is a squat, sprawled building with a brown-and-beige colour scheme. The interior is completely dark except for the tiny lit window from which the scream was heard. A residential annexe on one corner presumably provides lodging for the librarian; this area is not, however, the source of the scream.

The main doors are firmly closed; experimental rattling will reveal that they are, in fact, latched. However, delivery slots set beside the doors (through which newspapers and after-hours returns are returned) would permit the entry of a small person, who could unlatch the door from the inside. Alternately, a few solid blows with an axe or other tool, or 40 points of cumulative unarmed combat damage (from shoulder charges) will bring the door down with a crash. Each shoulder charge inflicts 2 points of non-lethal (bruising) damage on the charger.



Beyond the main door is a tiled hallway and a wide set of carpeted stairs leading up to the second-floor balcony and librarian's office; it is clear, once inside, that this room is the source of the screams. The door to this room is jammed closed by the twitching lower half of a decomposed corpse – it appears that this creature was halfway through the door when it was slammed, thereby cutting it in half. Dragging and whimpering sounds and the hiss of a gas lantern can be heard from within.

### HALF-CORPSE

Str: 2 Dex: 1 Con: 2  
Int: -2 Per: 1 Wil: 2

Special Features:

- Spitter

Grab or Bite: +2  
Damage: 8 points

Dead Points: 10

Inside the office, a bitten and bleeding woman in a torn white blouse and beige skirt is sobbing in a corner, repeatedly and mechanically pulling the trigger of an empty **.357 Colt Python** pistol (as depicted on the front cover of this module). Dragging itself slowly towards her is the front half of the door zombie; as the characters approach, it changes tack and begins inching towards them one foot at a time.

This seemingly helpless zombie has a dangerous ace up its rotten sleeve. Dispatching it from range is safe enough, but should anyone come close enough to attack it with a close-range weapon (or worse, bare-handed), it cranes its neck back and, with a gurgle, vomits corrosive, maggoty slime in a high-pressure jet, all over their clothes, skin – and eyes... it can only do this once. After spitting, it switches to trying to bite.

A **Dexterity + Dodge** roll of **11+** is required to dodge the slime. Characters hit by the slime take **2** points of lethal damage every round until rinsed off – getting out into the rain will do. Rolling less than **7** means they have got some of the watery slime in their eyes, and the damage is **trebled**.

The woman has been badly bitten around the face and neck, making her features unrecognisable. She is barefooted; her only possession is the pistol. She dies after a few minutes of anguished babbling.

The hallway walls downstairs are covered with corkboards; these currently display the '**Thirteen Pines Secondary School Heritage Project**', in which the family trees of prominent local figures are traced back. If the Landau tree is found, it is unusual; while both male and female names appear, the female names are often very short on details such as date of birth, maiden name, and date of death. It

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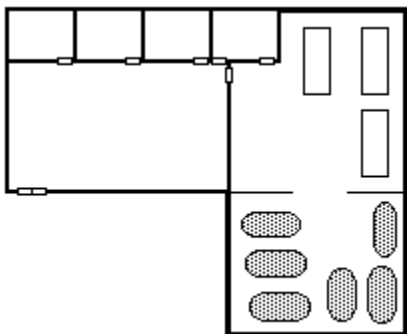
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appears that no Landau female has ever been born or died within the easy reach of the Thirteen Pines recording and archival system. There is nothing else of interest in this building.

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## LOCATION EIGHT: Berthold Bros. New and Used Autos



The characters may well wish to investigate routes out of the town at this point. There aren't many cars parked on the street in this area, and the single biggest concentration is in the Berthold Brothers store, a fairly large combination auto-repair joint and showroom.

Six display pedestals hold gleaming automobiles of various stripes; a GMC van, a second-hand Mercedes-Benz coupe, and one or two other interesting examples of the car dealer's art. Needless to say, none of them will start or even move.

Half of the building is taken up with salespersons' offices and admin space. The work floor itself is invisible from outside, although if the characters make themselves obvious enough a trio of zombies will stagger out from the dark confines of the interior, smash out the tinted glass, and do a little 'used braaaaainnn shopping' of their own...

### GREASE ZOMBIES

Str: 2 Dex: 1 Con: 2  
Int: 1\* Per: 1 Wil: 2

Special Features:

\* - Tool Use (L1)

Tyre Iron (Club): +4  
Damage: 9 points

Dead Points:

Fatso: 20

Lefty: 20

Slim: 20

This building is, like Fly's (**Location 7**), a treasure trove of useful items and potential weapons. Several welding arrays can be salvaged from their new undead owners, to say nothing of a variety of club-like tools (**3 x (Strength + 1)** lethal damage).

In addition, if anyone specifically searches the office areas (looking, perhaps, for a working telephone), they will find (on a **Perception + Notice** roll of 9+) a fully loaded **Remington** 12-gauge pump shotgun locked in a glass-fronted filing cabinet in the managers' office. This weapon does **25** points of lethal damage per shot, and holds six shots.

A grisly find lies in wait in the repair area. A body lies crushed, mangled beyond recognition, in the machinery of one of the hydraulic car-lifts. Traces of clothing and the cracked fragments of a pair of mirrored sunglasses are all that indicate that the mess of oily meat was once even a human.

## Where To Now?

By now, the players should have made the connection between the various bodies scattered around the town, and their own clothing and distinguishing features. If not, bring the point home forcibly; have them encounter their own groaning, eyeless corpses just as the rain suddenly stops. The only bodies not present are Daniel and Eli's.

These risen dead are not alone – from hidey-holes, blood-spattered barricades and shallow graves all over town, zombies are rising – or trying to rise – to Mordechai's evil summons. A steady trickle of walking dead are making their way up Barrow Hill road – and, in the sudden stillness, screams and the distant ragged pop of sporadic gunfire can be heard floating down from the hilltop. These sounds would have been drowned out by the storm; it's impossible to say how long they've been going on.

If Eli hasn't received all his memories yet, now is a good time to unload them on his player. Time is of the essence; in the clearing sky above, an unscheduled lunar eclipse is beginning...

**Note:** The characters may instead wish to conduct a house-to-house search of the town at this stage. Point out, as they are doing so, that the lunar eclipse is steadily nearing completion above

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them. If they don't consider this an important, then the first they will know of Mordechai's dead-world Gate is when it opens around them with a roar like a billion hungry throats. And that's it.

## The House on Barrow Hill

Cars still don't work, so it's a twenty-minute slog up the hill to the Landau residence, with an oblivious column of the walking dead for company. Halfway there, the firing and screaming tails off and then, finally, stops dead.

**Perception + Notice** rolls of **11+**: a young male voice yelling "Dad!" is one of the last screams.

A wrought-iron gate, lying twisted and wrecked, indicates the entrance to the Landau mansion. The road winds two hundred yards through a densely packed forest full of the creaks and rustles of stealthy movement before arriving at the shattered and smoking ruins of the mansion. Sitting in the middle of the ruins, surrounded by a flickering haze of unnatural power, sits Mordechai.

### MORDECHAI

Str: 2 Dex: 2 Con: 2  
Int: 5 Per: 1 Wil: 5

**Life Points:**     **Special**  
**Endurance:**     **50**

Rending Attack: +6  
Damage: 15 pts, lethal

Slumped on a throne-like pile of blackened stone, surrounded by motionless undead supplicants, he seems unaware of the characters' approach. This gives them a chance to surround him and the thirteen or so zombies who have already arrived on the scene.

However, as soon as someone starts an action calculated to bring him harm, Mordechai's heightened precognitive senses warn him, his eyes flick open, and he springs into action with a hiss. Lying motionless at the foot of his 'throne' is a human figure; a young man or boy, their features obscured by the rough-spun linen sheet, stained with arcane symbols, which has been draped over them.

Mordechai seems (initially at least) relatively easy to beat. Any attack doing 10 points or more damage will smash him, apparently lifeless, to the ground. However, the zombies in the area will continue to attack, and a round later one of them will begin to warp and spasm, taking on the old man's features and resuming the attack!

Shifting his essence to a new host in this manner drains Mordechai of 1d10 Endurance each time; however, and non-lethal attacks (including pepper sprays) drain his Endurance normally.

### RITUAL ZOMBIES

Str: 2 Dex: 1 Con: 2  
Int: -1 Per: 1 Wil: 2

Bite or Grab: +4  
Damage: 4 points

Dead Points:

Stump: 15  
Leech: 15  
Burnt: 15

Claws: 15  
Tongue: 15  
Doll-face: 15

One Eye: 15  
Toothy: 15  
Bloody: 15

Chains: 15  
Postal: 15  
Tuxedo: 15  
Shred: 15

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If he is reduced to 0 Endurance or less, he automatically falls unconscious – and, without his titanic will to fuel it, the Gate spell (the source of the flickering energy field) collapses in on him, dragging his body off to the dead-worlds. This also causes all the remaining zombies to fall on one another in a cannibalistic frenzy, reducing the zombie horde to a few quivering piles of decomposing flesh in a few harrowing minutes.

Many inventive strategies might be employed by the characters in their attack on Mordechai. It is up to you to evaluate these on an individual basis; however, they should bear in mind that any area-effect weapons aimed into the combat area are likely to catch the sacrificial victim (if, indeed, that is what he is) in the blast. Whatever the case, the characters should make their assault quickly; unless the characters have been very thorough in exterminating zombies on the way up to the mansion, every 10 rounds another 1d10 (with the same statistics as those on the left) will arrive to join the fray.

The sacrificial victim is, indeed, identical in appearance to Daniel. This strange duplicate, created by Mordechai's magic, fades from existence when he disappears into the Gate.



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## Running 'All Flesh Must Be Eaten' – System Notes and Tips

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1. *All Flesh Must Be Eaten* is a 'roll and add' system. So, you are always rolling a d10 and adding something (usually two things) to your roll.
2. For any skill use, you roll **1d10 + (the skill) + (whatever Attribute seems appropriate)**. For instance, most rolls to spot something are **1d10 + Notice + Perception**.
3. For any roll involving just an Attribute (such as a test of raw Strength), you either roll: just the **Attribute** plus **1d10** (this is called a **Difficult** roll), or twice the Attribute plus 1d10 (this is called a **Simple** roll). Simple rolls are for pretty routine uses of the Attribute: using Intelligence to recall someone's name, for instance. Difficult rolls are for more intricate uses of the skill where it's not only what you've got but how you use it that counts.
4. Most of the time, you need to roll **9** or more to succeed. Most rolls don't involve a modifier; however, for really easy tasks you can add up to **5** to your roll, and insanely difficult tasks might require you to drop your roll by up to **10**. Combat is exactly the same, except in melee combat when you roll a Dodge (you can do that every round, even if you attacked). Then, you need to beat the attack roll. Fear Checks are modified by the relative weirdness of the critter, and you need to beat 9 or fill your pants, turn and run, or whatever (Zombie Master's choice).
5. The dice roll is also open-ended; if you roll a **1**, your roll again and subtract that from whatever you were adding to the roll (your **Attribute** plus **Skill**, for instance). That's your final result, and it might well be negative, in which case a grievous fumble has occurred. On the other hand, if you roll a **0** (zeroes are **10** in this game), you get to keep it and keep on rolling.
6. Although the AFMBE system allows for rolling weapon damage, in this module fixed amounts are used for simplicity's sake. Lethal damage is removed from **Life Points**; non-lethal is removed from **Endurance Points**.
7. Any time either of these drops below zero, you might pass out. Every round, you need to succeed in a **Constitution + Willpower** roll, with the number of points below zero as a negative modifier. This is called a **Consciousness Test**. So, if you're on **-8**, you roll (**1d10 + Con + Wil - 8**), aiming for **9** or better to stay on your feet.
8. Added complication: if it's your Life Points which have fallen below zero, you have to make a **Survival Test** each minute too. This is the same as a Consciousness Test, except that the negative modifier for each full ten points below zero – so if you're on **-18**, you only subtract one from the roll. On the other hand, for each full minute that you go without First Aid, this negative modifier increases by 1; so, a minute later, you'd have to make another Survival Test, at **-2** this time.
9. **First Aid** restores lost **Life Points**. You can apply First Aid after every fresh injury. A successful **Intelligence + First Aid** roll restores one **Life Point** per 2 points, or part thereof, by which your roll exceeds the target (**9**). So if you roll **17**, that's **8** points over **9**, so the lucky beneficiary gets **4** points back. First aid also stops you having to make those pesky Survival Tests. In this module, Acupuncture works just like **First Aid**, but it restores **Endurance** instead of **Life Points**.
10. Obviously, these rules don't apply to things like the walking dead. They've got Dead Points, and when wounds to any part of the body deplete those, they fall over and don't get up again. And pepper sprays don't do jack, buddy. At best they might buy you a round while the thing howls and

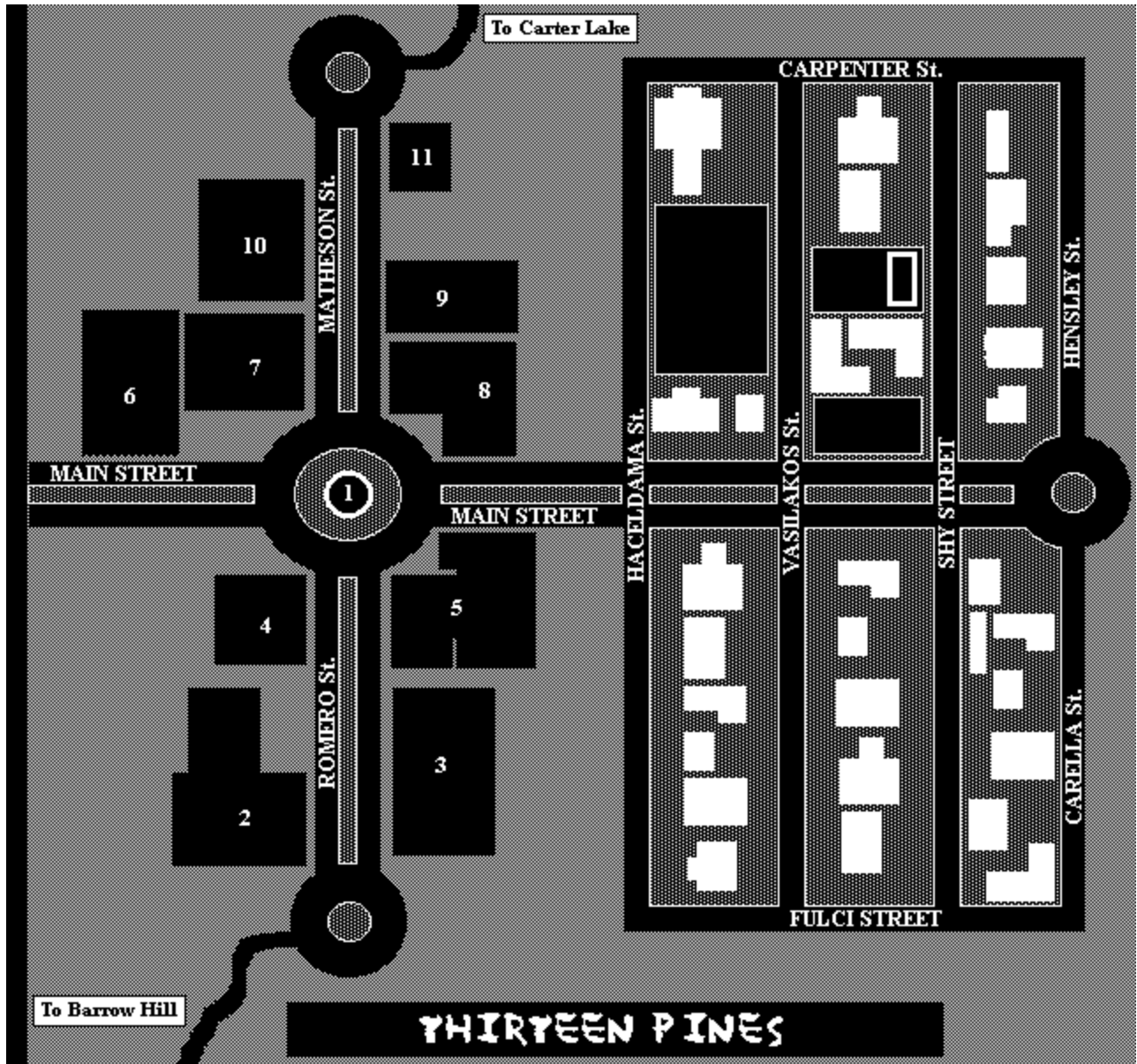
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paws its face. If you get to use them on a human, though, they do 3d10 Endurance damage and all their rolls from there onwards are halved.

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## KEY

- 1 – Statue of Daniel Landau, the town's founder
- 2 – J.P Landau Municipal Building
- 3 – Morgenstern Lumber
- 4 – Visitor Information Centre
- 5 – Thirteen Pines Community Library
- 6 – Crumbled Cookie Coffee and Gift Shoppe
- 7 – Fly's Hardware and General Store
- 8 – Berthold Bros. New and Used Autos
- 9 – Forestry Services – Regional office
- 10 – Kwik-E-Mart – coming soon!

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11 – Lakeview Memorial Pavilion



## Carl Copperton

Strength: 2      Dexterity: 2      Constitution: 2  
Intelligence: 2      Perception: 3      Willpower: 4

Life Points: 26

Endurance Points: 29

Unarmed Damage: 4 per strike (non-lethal bruising damage)

Speed: 8

Essence: 15

### Qualities:

- Situational Awareness (+2 to all Perception-based rolls)
- Charisma (+1 to all social skill rolls)

### Drawbacks:

- Emotional Problems (Control Addict)
- Obsession (Duties of fatherhood: protecting and providing for Daniel)

### Scenario Objectives:

- Lead the others out of the storm; find a telephone (to call ahead to 'Frisco), and somewhere to dry off
- Protect Daniel from immediate or long-term harm, no matter how improbable the cause

### Skills pertinent to this module – effects of Qualities are included in brackets:

Brawling 2	Instruction 2 (3)
Dodge 2	Notice 4 (6)
Driving 2	Piloting (Light Prop) 2
Guns (Shotguns) 2	Questioning 3 (4)
Hand Weapon (Knife) 1	Smooth Talking 2 (4)
Intimidation 3 (4)	Stealth 1

### Gear:

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| • <i>Briefcase:</i> PowerBook laptop computer with modem, cellular phone/personal organiser, Letter opener (may be used as a knife: does 2 points lethal damage per strike) | • <i>Clothing:</i> Dark brown corduroy jacket, black denim jeans, white collared shirt, cowboy boots, mirrored sunglasses |
|   | • Various West-coast financial newspapers   |

### Background:

Your life used to be a mess. You were doing OK – well, more than OK, but nothing stellar – in your chosen profession. You had a wife and two sons, but your job kept you on the road too much to ever see them. Then, one weekend when you were in Tulsa talking to a contractor's association, your wife and eldest son were killed in a head-on auto crash. It was a dark time, but you came out of it lean and determined. Chance could snatch you away at any time; you had to make sure that when your number came up, **Daniel** – your surviving son – would have a secure future ahead of him. So you changed your job, making it so he could travel with you instead of staying far away under the care of housekeepers and au pairs. The change was fortuitous – five years later, you're at the top of the small-contractor co-ordination business, worth over a billion dollars, net. And you've been there for everything – really, everything – in Daniel's life. It hasn't been easy – but what ever is?

**Linda** is your... what, 'companion'? 'Partner'? Damn, you hate this new-age PC-speak bullshit! Anyway, she's a good woman. But she's young, and you're not sure she takes life seriously enough to ever be a good long-term prospect. **Stefano** has been your personal assistant (and bodyguard) since the beginning; he's extremely capable,

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organised, and trustworthy. **Norton Blomberg** is about what you'd expect from a chauffeur – does his job without fuss, and keeps his yap shut. He would have driven right past that hitcher if you hadn't told him to pull over and let the poor kid in – that's cold. Professional, but cold. As for the hitcher, well, what can you say? **Eli** seems a good kid, and the father in you couldn't leave him shivering in the damn rain. Besides, he seems to know these back routes pretty well, and the road back to the Interstate heads right past his destination.

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## Daniel Copperton

Strength: 1      Dexterity: 4      Constitution: 2  
Intelligence: 3      Perception: 2      Willpower: 3

Life Points: 22

Endurance Points: 23

Unarmed Damage: 2 per strike (non-lethal bruising damage)

Speed: 12

Essence: 15

### Qualities:

- Fast Reaction Time (always act first in combat; +1 to all Fear Checks)
- Nerves of Steel (+4 to all Fear Checks)

### Drawbacks:

- Humourless
- Reckless

### Scenario Objectives:

- Get out of the storm. Getting rained on is beginning to ruin your mood, big-time.
- Acquire new AA batteries for your personal stereo. It's dead, and those CDs don't play themselves.

### Skills pertinent to this module:

Acting 2	Hand Weapon (Catapult) 3
Brawling 1	Lock Picking 3 (Bike Chains 4)
Climbing 2	Notice 2
Demolitions 2 (Jury-rigged devices 3)	Piloting (Light Prop) 1
Dodge 3	Smooth Talking 2
Electronic Surveillance 2 (Video Systems 3)	Stealth 3

### Gear:

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• <i>Backpack:</i> PowerBook laptop computer with modem, cellular phone/personal organiser, Gameboy, Personal stereo, CD Wallet, Textbook CDs for correspondence education</li></ul> | <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• <i>Clothing:</i> Black denim jeans, blue denim shirt, Air Jordans, Doctor Who T-shirt</li><li>• Steel catapult and handful of ball bearings (does 4 points lethal damage; 15 shots)</li></ul> |
|--|---|

### Background:

Your mom died when you were just a little kid... well, five years ago, anyway. You don't remember her – or your elder brother, who died in the same car crash – too well. Since then it's pretty much just been you and your dad. It's OK, you guess, except you move around a lot. Your dad makes a lot of money. Like... a *lot*. You have lots of friends online, all over the world, but not many 'real' friends. You go to school online, too; it's this fancy correspondence school based in Chicago or something. That's life, you suppose.

You're into lots of interesting stuff. Like, you know all about the Anarchist's Cookbook and stuff, and when your dad's not around you have plenty of fun turning coffee percolators into hand grenades. **Stefano**, your dad's secretary-type, caught you once, but he kept quiet about it. Nice guy. You don't want to get him in trouble, so you keep a low profile as far as bomb-building goes. **Linda** is your dad's new girlfriend. Like, come *on*! She's cute, but she could be your older *sister* or something. Well, maybe not, but she's a *lot* younger than your dad. You haven't really made your mind up about her yet. **Norton** is the driver – you've had lots of drivers, and you

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**Eli**, who looks OK, but a little disoriented. Maybe he's on drugs, or something. Not that your opinion counts for much, but you reckon he's creepy. He claims to be from around here. Maybe he can help you get some batteries.

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## Stefano Marquez

Strength:	3	Dexterity:	3	Constitution:	2
Intelligence:	2	Perception:	2	Willpower:	3

Life Points: 36

Endurance Points: 29

Unarmed Damage: 9 per strike (lethal or non-lethal damage)

Speed: 10

Essence: 15

### Qualities:

- Hard To Kill 2 (+6 LPs; +2 to Survival Check)
- Nerves of Steel (+4 to all Fear Checks)

### Drawbacks:

- Impaired Sense: Hearing (-3 to Notice sounds)
- Honourable

### Scenario Objectives:

- Facilitate. Regulate. Mediate. You are paid to make sure Carl Copperton gets things the way he wants them.
- Get a handle on the situation. That means figuring out what's going on, and the best way to deal with it.

### Skills pertinent to this module:

Brawling 3	Notice 3
Dodge 3	Smooth Talking 3
Hand Weapon (Telescoping Baton) 3	Stealth 3
Martial Arts (Tae Kwon Do) 3	Unconventional Medicine (Acupuncture) 2

### Gear:

- *Briefcase:* Cellular phone with fax capability, cigarettes, Dictaphone, personal organiser
- *Clothing:* Black denim jeans, black silk jacket, brown square-toed boots, charcoal polo-neck
- Telescoping Baton (does 9 points of lethal or non-lethal damage per strike)
- Acupuncture Kit (needles and incense in a leather wallet. Use requires 10 minutes)

### Background:

You take your duties as a bodyguard/assistant very seriously. Sure, **Carl** signs your paycheck, but there's more to it than that; you have a duty to this man, to his objectives, and to his family. This sense of duty helps you cope; God knows, your personal life is something of a mess. Your father – well, he doesn't speak to you any more. He wanted you to be a fighter like him, take over the dojo, win more medals to put on the family mantelpiece, and that seemed OK for a long time. But then you walked into a hook kick in a tournament and had to be carried out with a bust eardrum and skull fracture. These things happen, but to your father, your failure – your incompetence – was something you could never atone for. Eventually, you got sick of the constant reminders of what a klutz you were. So, you left your family and the dojo behind you, signed on with a discreet exec-protect outfit working out of Atlantic City, and that's how you hooked up with Carl. This job is your big second chance, and so far you've seen every hook kick before it landed. Which is just the way you like it.

Carl's son, **Daniel**, is something of a problem kid. You've caught him building home-made bombs before, and kept quiet about it, which seems to have stopped him doing it faster than talking to Carl would have. You guess he's just lonely. You can't substitute for a peer group, but you try and give the kid someone to talk to when you can. **Linda** Carl's almost-fiancée could probably do the job a lot better than you, but you suspect she doesn't



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know where to start – at 28, she’s a little young to be parenting a ten-year old. You wish her well, though – she’s a good person. **Norton** is the agency driver on this ill-starred little country drive; naturally, your position means that you are keeping a close eye on him and the hitchhiker, **Eli**. Just in case...

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## Linda Lewis

Strength: 2      Dexterity: 3      Constitution: 3  
Intelligence: 3      Perception: 2      Willpower: 2

Life Points: 30

Endurance Points: 26

Unarmed Damage: 5 per strike (lethal or non-lethal damage)

Speed: 10

Essence: 27

### Qualities:

- Artistic Talent (Wardrobe co-ordination) (+3 to appropriate rolls; +12 Essence)
- Attractiveness 3 (+3 to all social rolls)

### Drawbacks:

- Addiction (Homeopathic stress medication)
- Phobia (agoraphobia: fear of open spaces)

### Scenario Objectives:

- Look competent. Stay away from activities that might make you look flighty, incompetent, or unreliable.
- Impress Daniel. Unless Daniel likes you, Carl's affection isn't going to last past the short term.

### Skills pertinent to this module – effects of Qualities included in brackets:

Climbing 3	Mechanic 2
Dodge 3	Notice 4
Hand Weapon (Chemical Spray) 2	Questioning 3 (6)
Humanities (Psychology) 2	Smooth Talking 3 (6)
Martial Arts (Aikido) 1	Stealth 3

### Gear:

- *Briefcase:* Cellular phone, digital camera with flash, personal organiser, vial of stress pills
- *Clothing:* Beige cotton jacket, beige skirt, white v-neck T-shirt, black low-heeled shoes, stockings
- Chemical Spray (Pistol format; 3 shots)

### Background:

If you'd done the same thing as your friends after college, you'd be living in a studio apartment somewhere, managing a ritzy boutique or an art gallery and living the high life. But no... no, you fell in love with an older man, a *client* for Christ's sake, a man with a son, a stressful job and more baggage than any human being you've ever met. Crazy enough, you still think you got the better end of the deal, and if you can just make things work between you, **Carl**, and **Daniel**, you'll know it.

Carl's first wife and his eldest son died in an auto wreck five years ago, leaving him and Daniel alone. You met Carl six months ago; you're not the first woman in his life since the crash, but with any luck you'll be the last. The key, you've decided, is Daniel. Carl is hyper-obsessed with Daniel's future. That means that every prospective partner gets judged against Daniel's needs before Carl's needs even enter the equation. So far, you're out ahead, but you still haven't cracked the combination. At times, it makes you want to climb the walls. That's where the pills come in. They're placebos, right - no real pharmaceutical effect - but they work nonetheless. You take three or four a day, more when stress threatens, and they make the everyday emotional gauntlet easier to bear. Without them, your agoraphobia would become crippling over a few hours.

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You wish you were as calm as **Stefano**, Carl's assistant and bodyguard. Nothing seems to get to him – he's completely imperturbable. Or even **Norton Blomberg**, the driver – but in his case, you suspect that it's because he's a grade-A cold fish, an iceman. **Eli**, on the other hand – well, that poor kid makes you look like Hulk Hogan. He's putting on a brave face, but he's all torn up inside. You can tell – you know the feeling...

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## Eli Landau

Strength: 2      Dexterity: 2      Constitution: 2  
Intelligence: 4      Perception: 2      Willpower: 2

Life Points: 26

Endurance Points: 23

Unarmed Damage: 4 per strike (non-lethal bruising damage)

Speed: 12

Essence: 14

### Qualities:

- Acute Senses (Sight, Hearing) (+2 to Notice)
- Resistance (Faints) (+1 to Consciousness Checks)

### Drawbacks:

- Temporary Retrograde Amnesia (Stretching back a few hours)

### Scenario Objectives:

- Get back home. Well, back to Thirteen Pines first, then... home. Wherever that is.
- You promised the people who picked you up you'd help them get back to the Interstate once you're home.

### Skills pertinent to this module:

Brawling 3  
Dodge 4  
First Aid 3  
Guns (Pistol) 1

Hand Weapon (Club) 3  
Running (Dash) 4  
Notice 2 (4)  
Stealth 4

### Gear:

- *Satchel*: First aid kit, Heavy-duty flashlight (may be used as a club: does 6 points of lethal damage per strike), bicycle pump
- *Very Wet Clothing*: Blue denim jeans, white sweatshirt with bar-code pattern, brown calf-high hiking boots

### Background:

Your head... really... hurts. You woke up in a ditch half an hour ago, covered in mud and bleeding from a cut on the back of your head. You must have tumbled off the road, into the ditch... there's a pump in your bag, so maybe you were on a bike, but you couldn't find one anywhere. You were standing on the roadside trying to get your head straight when this car slowed down, and picked you up – lost tourists, stuck in the same damn storm as you. You managed to explain that you were from Thirteen Pines, a town up ahead... they should be able to get directions back towards the Interstate there. At least you hope so – everything is so damn fuzzy! Maybe if you get out of the rain, into some dry clothes or something, your head will start to clear.

**Carl** seems to be the guy in charge... he seems like an OK guy, apparently it was his idea to pick you up and you're grateful as all hell. **Stefano** is a quiet, well-built guy, looks pretty tough, and he's been keeping an eye on you ever since you got in. You hope he doesn't think you're some kind of junkie or something; something about him seems to suggest that he does nasty things to people he doesn't like. **Daniel** is a gloomy-looking kid, maybe ten or so. That makes you the second youngest person here – although you're not 100% sure of your age, you're pretty sure you're younger than **Linda**, and she looks about 25. **Norton**, the driver, doesn't say much; he looks like a grumpy old bastard. Funny something about him reminds you of your dad – even though you can't

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remember anything else about your dad except his eyes... damn, your head hurts. You wish your thoughts would clear...

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## Norton Blomberg

Strength: 5      Dexterity: 2      Constitution: 2  
Intelligence: 2      Perception: 2      Willpower: 3

Life Points: 38

Endurance Points: 29

Unarmed Damage: 10 per strike (non-lethal bruising damage)

Speed: 10

Essence: 16

### Qualities:

- Resistance (Fatigue) (-3 to all EP loss, min. 1)
- Resistance (Fear) (+4 to all Fear Checks)

### Drawbacks:

- Delusions: Solipsism (-3)
- Cruel (-1)

### Scenario Objectives:

- None of this is real, anyway, right? So you may go along in whatever direction looks most interesting.
- ‘Interesting’, of course, might mean anything. But whatever happens, see the night through to its end.

### Skills pertinent to this module:

Brawling 2 (Grapple 4)	Mechanic 3
Dodge 3	Notice 2
Guns (Pistol) 4	Stealth 2
Intimidate 3	Weight Lifting 3

### Gear:

- *Clothing:* Black trench coat, grey cable sweater, black slacks, heavy engineer boots
- Colt .357 Python revolver (does 16 points lethal damage per shot. Carries 6 shots)

### Background:

The other day, you had this passenger, right? A real jack-off. You had to pick him up from his home at four in the morning, drive him to an airfield outside Reno. He starts bragging, you know, about how rich he is, how many girls he got... it was like he was getting off on how he had these things, and you didn't. It worked on your nerves. So you stopped the car, went around to his side, dragged him out, broke his scrawny neck, dumped his ass in the desert, and drove back to town. Then you told the dispatcher he never pitched up, that you waited at his house for an hour and he didn't show. Then you sat back and waited to get pitched in jail.

It never happened. Cops never found shit. Guy had no family to miss him. Case got closed.

Your life hadn't been too great up to that point. Wife walked out last year; you'd been hitting the bottle every chance you got. But this thing, with that idiot flopping around on the end of your arms out in the desert, well, it all just clicked. Nothing's real. Nothing matters. Letting go of a glass, the glass falling – it just seems that the two events don't seem to have as much to do with each other as they used to. Since that day, anyway, life's been good. You don't even mind going to work any more, and you've stopped drinking. Every day, you're on holiday – inside your own head.

So tonight, when this high-roller and his entourage breezed in looking for a car and a driver, you didn't mind the prospect of an eight-hour round trip in pouring rain. And when you got lost, well, that was all silk as far as you

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were concerned. Looks like an interesting night is up ahead. You've decided to go with the flow, see what else life tosses up in your direction. After all, destiny and chance are just two words for the same thing – right?