

ATLAS OF THE WALKING DEAD



A GLOBAL GATHERING OF UNDEAD FOR
All Flesh Must Be Eaten

From all corners of the world, they come. Leaving their graves for food or vengeance, or by the command of mysterious powers, the dead walk among the living. As they always have. Some can be recognized by their appearance—their horror and putrefaction stun the senses. Others could be the person sitting next to you. A few might be members of your family. Or even your pets.

Some will go down before your shotgun just like the brain-eaters back home. But others are harder to kill. Some can only find rest when they have completed their purpose, and some cannot be killed at all. Ever.

Across the world and down through the centuries, people have wondered:

**How do you kill something
that's already dead?**

**The Atlas of the Walking Dead is a supplement for
the All Flesh Must Be Eaten RPG.
In it, you will find:**

- Descriptions of more than 60 worldwide walking dead from Aptrgangr to Zmeu, divided into 18 easy-to-use sections.
- Bonus aspects for each creature type, allowing almost endless customization.
 - Nearly 50 new zombie aspects.
 - More than 60 story ideas tied to these new creatures.
- An appendix covering undead animals from around the world.



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ATLAS OF THE WALKING DEAD



48

E D E N S T U D I O S P R E S E N T S A S H Y / V A S I L A K O S P R O D U C T I O N

A t l a s o f t h e W a l k i n g D e a d ™

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G E R A Y S A R A C C O M I K E W A L L A C E

SPECIAL THANKS TO EVERYONE IN THE PLAYTEST GROUP!

Based on the Original Concept by

C H R I S T O P H E R S H Y a n d G E O R G E V A S I L A K O S

W W W . A L L F L E S H . C O M

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Reader discretion is advised.

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ZOMBIES

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introduction

Welcome to the *Atlas of the Walking Dead*.

Every culture in the world has its own traditions and legends of the walking dead. From the draugr of Scandinavia to the ghouls of India and the Middle East to the hopping corpses of China, the variety is almost endless. The voodoo zombies of the Caribbean are quite different from the brain-eating monsters that have borrowed their name. And let's not forget vampires—before Polidori and Stoker got their hands on them, they were anything but suave and sophisticated. Not even the most fervent Goth would find a traditional European vampire anything but horrific.

So, if your Cast Members take a little vacation to distant and exotic parts, you'll be ready with some local color. These creatures can also show up unexpectedly in other places, either associated with immigrant communities or having got there from their traditional homelands by some other means. Whatever

the setting, you'll be able to throw things at your players that their character have never seen before. They may think they have—after all, most walking corpses look much the same the world over—but that only adds to the terror...

Contents

Within these pages you will find eighteen different varieties of the walking dead from myth and folklore around the world, ready to use in your *All Flesh Must Be Eaten* games. Many of them have subspecies and regional variants, which are also covered. Each class of creature comes with a selection of story ideas to get you started, and a range of bonus aspects for almost infinite customization.

Each creature entry starts with a short piece of fiction to set the scene and convey an overall feel for the creature. Many of these can also be used to generate story ideas. Next is a general description of the creature, followed by boxed text presenting the relevant rules and game stats. If the creature has multiple forms, full rules and statistics are given for each. Finally, a number of story ideas are presented for each creature. In addition to once-human creatures, several animal undead are covered.

You will also find a chapter of new rules, including all the new zombie aspects used in the creature descriptions—more than forty of them in total. There are rules for creature weight (useful for escaping across frozen lakes and rotten beams) and holding your breath (useful for hiding underwater—and, in some cases, for escaping creatures that hunt by smell).

Using The Atlas of the Walking Dead

This book is intended for *Zombie Masters* only. The *New Rules* chapter includes a few things pertaining to *Cast Members*, but the *Zombie Master* should decide whether to use them.

The creatures presented in the *Atlas of the Walking Dead* can be used as they are, but that is only part of their potential. By exploring the bonus features listed with each creature, the *Zombie Master* can create endless variety, and a range of individuals for each creature type ranging from comparatively weak to lit-

erally unkillable. Especially when designing the “boss” that sits at the heart of a story, a well-drawn backstory reflected in a thoughtfully-chosen array of bonus features can make a creature unforgettable.

The story ideas given along with the creature descriptions are short and generalized. They are not developed *Deadworlds* like those in *Chapter Six: Worlds in Hell* of the *All Flesh Must Be Eaten* core-book. Instead, they are simply ideas the *Zombie Master* can develop, use, change, or ignore as desired. For the most part, they are written so they fit in with a wide range of game worlds. Many are short, one-off adventures, but some of them can be developed into long-running campaigns with a little extra work.

About the Author

Graeme Davis worked for a while as a grave robber (they prefer to call themselves funerary archaeologists) in his native Britain before joining Games Workshop as a staff writer in 1986. Since then, he has worked on more roleplaying products than he cares to remember. He has also spent ten years designing computer games, most of which were never released. Seeing the skeletons in Ray Harryhausen's movie version of *Jason and the Argonauts* at the age of six has left him scarred for life by an unhealthy fascination with the walking dead. He lives in Denver, Colorado with his wife Gina and two extremely spoiled cats.

All Flesh Must Be Eaten™

AZTEC MUMMY (Central America)

"All done at three hundred and twenty-five thousand? Going once, going twice..."

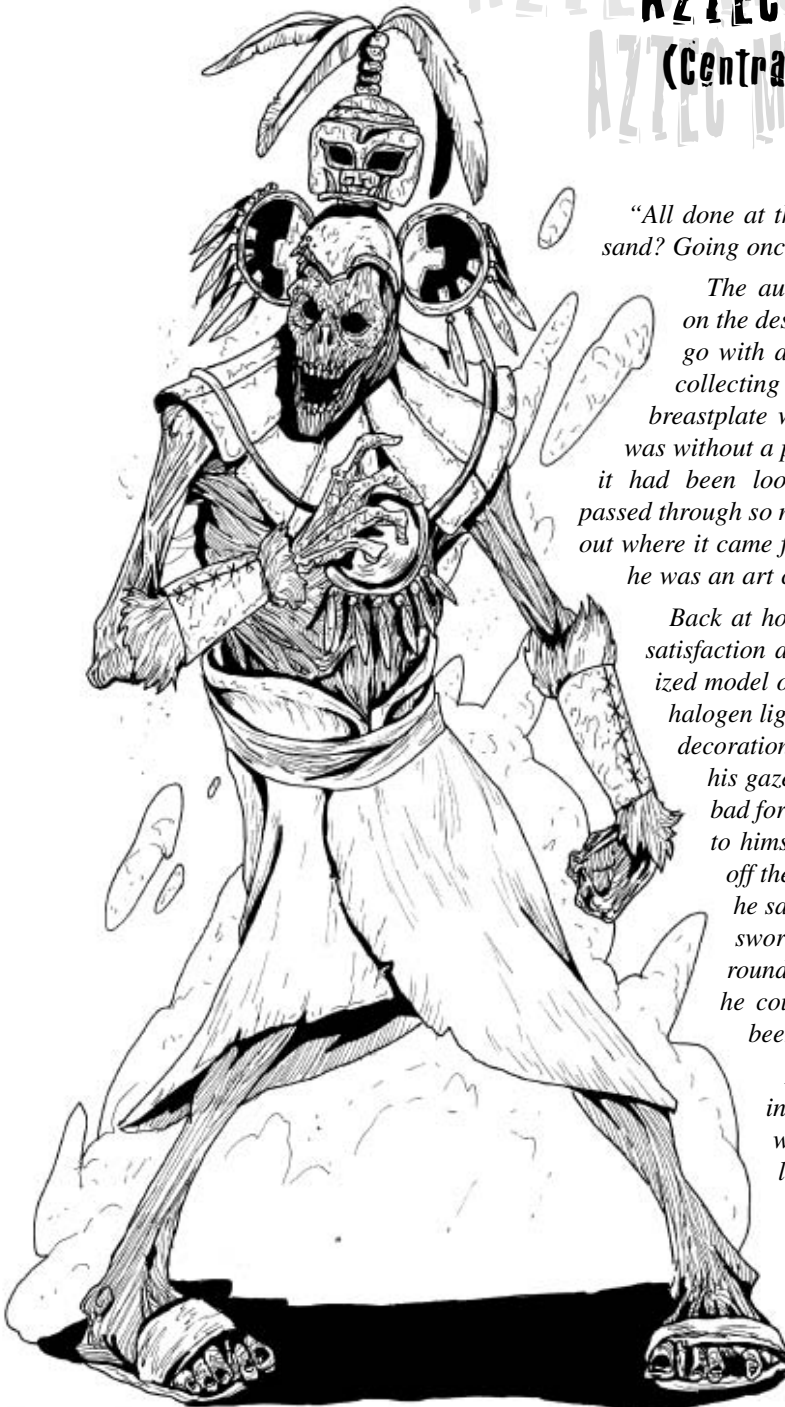
The auctioneer's hammer rapped smartly on the desk, and Jim Burroughs let his breath go with a smile of relief. In twenty years of collecting Central American works of art, this breastplate was like nothing he'd ever seen. It was without a provenance—which probably meant it had been looted from somewhere—but it had passed through so many hands that he could never find out where it came from, even if he wanted to. Besides, he was an art collector, not a history nut.

Back at home, he stood back and looked with satisfaction at the breastplate. It hung on a stylized model of a human torso, beneath two small halogen lights that picked out every detail of its decoration. Sipping his bourbon, he allowed his gaze to sweep across his collection. Not bad for an Oklahoma wildcatter, he thought to himself. He had been in a drilling crew off the coast of Baja in the Seventies when he saw Aztec art for the first time, and he swore to himself then that he would surround himself with its beauty as soon as he could afford to. The oil business had been good to him since then.

His reverie was broken by the ringing of the phone. Caller ID showed it was his accountant—unusual at so late an hour. What did that pencil-necked bean-counter want now?

"Yes, Ed, what is it?"

"Jim—sorry to bother you so late, but I heard from the bank this afternoon. They're worried that the check you wrote for the auc-



tion house hasn't been presented yet, so I called the auction house and they seem to have some kind of trouble with a break-in. Their vault was ransacked, but so far as they could tell nothing was taken. A couple of their people were killed in their homes—hearts torn out, police think its some kind of ritual thing. One of the other buyers is also dead—same M.O. He bought an Aztec piece that was taken. The police are contacting everyone who was at the auction, but I thought you should hear it from me first.” Burroughs took a deep swig from his bourbon.

“Okay, Ed, I'll be waiting to hear from them. Don't know what they can do for me, though—with all this stuff in the house I got alarms up the ying-yang. But I'll keep an eye out.”

He hung up, unlocked a tall safe beside his desk, and pulled out his .45. As he sat in a deep-button leather chair loading it, the crash of breaking glass was followed by the shrill sound of his burglar alarm.

Introduction

Pyramids are not the only thing that the Aztecs and the ancient Egyptians have in common. Both have mummies—at least, in the movies—but the Aztec mummy is quite different from its Egyptian counterpart.

Aztec mummies are not the result of an elaborate process of mummification; instead, their bodies are preserved by the dryness of their tombs. They are desiccated walking corpses, and instead of bandages they wear the tattered remnants of the clothing in which they were buried.

An Aztec mummy is often created as a result of being buried alive, under a curse. In some cases, the victim is forced to drink a potion that somehow traps the soul in the body, causing the mummy to become animated after death. This type of Aztec mummy is often found guarding a tomb or a hoard of treasure, or even a single sacred item.

More rarely, a powerful and strong-willed individual, such as an evil priest, can walk after death by sheer force of will. Though these individuals are usually kept in their tombs by magical seals and other protections, once a tomb has been breached by archaeologists or tomb-robbers, they are free to wreak havoc upon the living. Kidnapping mortals for

Aztec Mummy

Strength 4 Dexterity 1 Perception 2 Dead Points: 34 Endurance Points: n/a Skills: Aztec Human Sacrifice 5, Brawling 2, Hand Weapon (Knife) 2 Attack: As normal human, but stronger Weak Spot: Fire, Head*, Heart [1] Weight: Any Getting Around: Slow and Steady [0] Strength: Strong Like Bull [5] Senses: Like the Living [1] Sustenance: Who Needs Food? [8] Intelligence: Dumb As Dead Wood [0] Spreading the Love: Ritual (curse and live burial) [-2], Circumstance (force of will) [-2]. Power: 23 Bonus Aspects: Up to 5 chosen from Animal Cunning [2/4], Getting Around (Life-Like) [3], The Hug of Death [8], Increased Essence Pool [1/5], Iron Grip [1], Life Sense[x2], Long-Term Memory [5], The Lunge [3], Monstrous Strength [10], Natural Armor (Tough Hide or Skin Like Iron) [2/4], Night Stalker [-2], Night Vision [2], No Pain [1], Problem Solving [15], Rage [-2], Senses (Like the Living) [1], Shapechanging (Bat, Tarantula) [16], Stealthy [2], Sustenance (human hearts, occasionally) [-1], Teamwork [4], and Tool Use [3/level]. * Like Weak Spot: Brain, only covering decapitation.	Constitution 2 Intelligence -1 Willpower 2 Speed: 2 Essence Pool: 9
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sacrifice—especially beautiful young women—is a favorite activity.

Aztec mummies are often flammable, and show a healthy fear of fire. Some have the ability to change shape; a large bat is the most common alternative form, and some individuals can also take the form of a tarantula.

Story Ideas

The Tomb of the Jaguar

An archaeological team has made the find of the century—the intact tomb of an Aztec noble who was the commander of the elite order of Jaguar Warriors. The man's name is still being translated, along with the other inscriptions from the tomb, while the movable finds—including his well-preserved body—have been moved to the local university for study.

The night after the treasures are removed from the tomb, strange things begin to happen. Someone breaks into a number of locked cabinets, and places the mummy's clothing and jewelry back on the body, exactly as it was found. University authorities begin an investigation, but only a few people knew how the body was dressed and adorned in the tomb—the photographs from the excavation have not even been developed yet. Those who did see the body in the tomb all have keys to the cabinets where the finds are being stored, and would not have needed to break into them—and stranger still, there is no sign of entry from outside—only the cabinets and the climate-controlled room where the body lay were broken into.

The following night, the body disappears altogether. A door bursts open, and a security guard is knocked out from behind. He apparently did not see his attacker. Though he starts to have nightmares of a dark, menacing figure, these are thought to be no more than a side-effect of his concussion.

A few days later, scholars studying the inscriptions and paintings inside the tomb arrive in the morning to find all their equipment thrown out of the tomb. Some of the more delicate instruments are badly damaged. Strangest of all, the body is lying back on the stone slab where the archaeologists originally found it.

So far, the mummy has been exceptionally forgiving, simply gathering his possessions together, returning to his tomb and clearing out the intruders' clutter in an effort to get some peace. But things may change if the archaeologists persist. The Order of the Jaguar was a powerful and numerous warrior society in the old days, and as their commander the dead man may be able to call on their services even from beyond the grave.

The Last of the Faithful

A highway construction project unearths a major Aztec burial ground in a remote area between two major cities. Fearing delays if the news of the find leaks out, the executives in charge of the project order the workers to rebury the remains they unearthed, and build the road over them. This is not achieved, however, without several opportunists on the construction crew helping themselves to some relics and selling them on the black market.

One night, a figure creeps through the darkness between the idle graders and bulldozers. He chants in a forgotten tongue and sprinkles the unfinished road-bed with blood he draws from a gash in his own arm. At dawn, he staggers away, weakened from the loss of blood and a night of chanting.

Nothing unusual is noticed the following morning, but around four o'clock in the afternoon the skies darken and it begins to rain heavily, as it often does in Mexico at this time. Unnoticed at first in the driving rain, hands start to break the surface, then arms. The dead are coming to avenge the desecration of their tombs and recover their stolen belongings.

The Son of Camazotz

Hidden deep in the jungles of the Yucatan, a group of scientists studying rainforest biodiversity to prepare an environmental impact report on a proposed tourist resort stumble across a forgotten Aztec tomb, heavily overgrown and almost invisible.

Hacking the undergrowth away from the stone structure, they photograph the inscriptions on the outside and use their satellite uplink to email the pictures to a prominent university. Though the tomb does not fall under their biodiversity survey, its presence is another factor that must be taken into account in assessing the impact of the proposed development. Then they make camp for the night in the shadow of the ruin.

The next day, they hold a video conference with a team of anthropologists and archaeologists. A team is being assembled to come and study the tomb, and will arrive by helicopter in two days. In the meantime, the biologists are asked to make a preliminary survey.

The inscriptions they photographed are still being deciphered, but preliminary results indicate that the tomb is linked to the cult of the bat-god Camazotz, which makes it of exceptional interest.

In standard Aztec mythology, Camazotz was a figure of evil, a murderous bat with razor-sharp teeth and talons who decapitated many heroes in battle. To find a tomb with his image prominently displayed upon it, say the anthropologists, suggests there may have been a culture in this region that worshipped the bat-god as a benevolent deity and was absorbed into the Aztec empire after heavy fighting; this would have caused their god to be added to the Aztec pantheon on the side of evil, as a form of politico-religious propaganda. The same thing happened with Set in Egypt.

The fact is, however, that the cult of Camazotz was always an evil one, and in this tomb lies one of his most senior priests. He is inactive for now, but does not take kindly to the violation of his final resting-place. He can shapechange into bat form, of course, and he also has a magical power over the normally inoffensive fruit-bats of the region, turning them into frenzied beasts with a thirst for human blood. Depending on the size of the survey team, the high priest may have been accompanied to his grave by one or more wives, junior priests and/or slaves, sacrificed at his funeral.

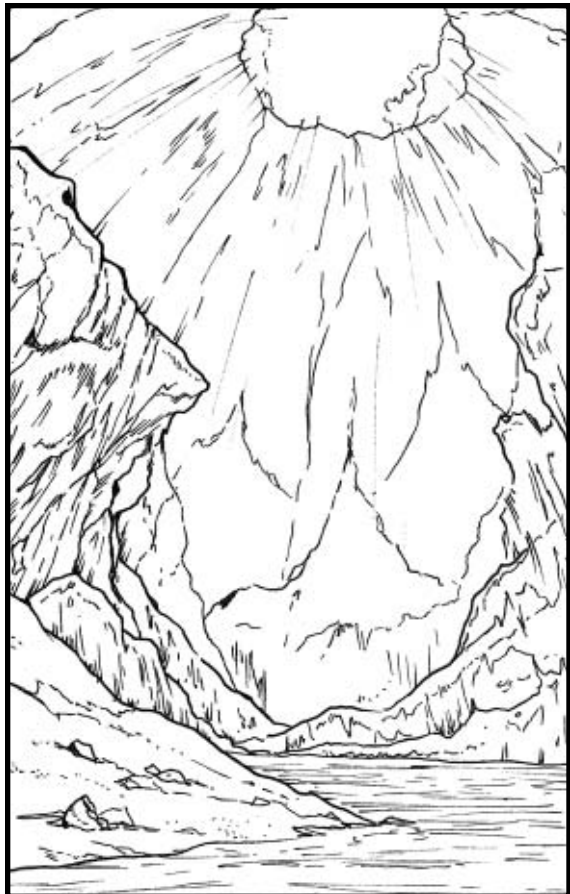
The Sacred Well

A group of cave-divers explore a network of underground rivers leading inland from the coast. Some are geologists, some are biologists studying cave ecosystems, and some are professional cave-divers acting as guides and instructors. Following one system more than twenty miles inland, they suddenly find themselves in sunlight; the collapse of a cave roof has led to the creation of a cenote, or sacred well, more than a hundred feet deep.

The cenote is not as full as it once was, and the team is able to establish a camp at the bottom, on a sandy ledge to one side. However, the sides overhang sharply on the way up to the opening, and are slick with water soaking down from the surface. They are almost impossible to climb.

A few shards of ancient pottery are scattered about the bottom of the cenote, and any character who has a passing familiarity with Mesoamerican history and archaeology realizes that the cenote was once used to offer sacrifices to the gods. Exploring the bottom of the well reveals traces of those sacrifices: skeletons wrapped in rotting scraps of Aztec clothing, items made of gold, and other treasures such as cloaks of precious quetzal feathers, now rotted beyond repair.

Any pilfering of these sacrificial objects rouse the dead who were once sacrificed here. Although time and water have stripped them down to bare skeletons, they still have most of the characteristics of Aztec mummies—except, of course, they are not vulnerable to fire. The explorers must fight them off, find a way to climb out of the cenote, or swim back through the underground river with the dead in pursuit. And the dead, of course, are unencumbered by air tanks and other gear.



CIVITATED (Central America)

Inez was close to her time. Grandmother Maria had said all along that it would be a difficult and dangerous birth, and as things were turning out, she was right. The women of the family gathered round Inez as she struggled and screamed, mopping her brow, giving her herbs to ease the pain, and muttering prayers under their breath. The men were outside on the porch, smoking and drinking and feeling helpless. This was women's business, and they had no part but to wait.

Grandmother Maria was the only woman not fussing around the struggling mother-to-be. Instead, she went from window to window, straining her eyes against the darkness.

"Can't you keep her quiet?" she said roughly to one of the aunts. "They'll hear her, if they don't know already!" The woman rolled her eyes and turned back to her charge.

Inez was exhausted. After six hours of agonizing labor, her body was running with sweat, her eyes were glassy and her breathing was ragged. She had begun to look very pale, and her contractions were growing weaker. This was not a good sign. Her face was still contorted in a mask of pain, but the lines were growing softer. Grandmother Maria cursed to herself. The girl was beginning to give up. They could not be far away now.

Suddenly there was shouting from the porch, followed by gunshots. The old woman ran out to see the men firing into the darkness, their eyes wide with fear. One of them pointed—and away in the dark, outside the circle of light shed by the lanterns on the porch, she saw something white moving.



"Save your bullets!" she shouted. "Light all the candles you can find, and put them around the doors and windows!" Some of the men obeyed, while others kept firing in a panic. Ignoring their bullets, Grandmother Maria stepped off the porch and stood herself in the middle of the yard, blocking the way to the front door.

"You cannot have her!" she shouted at the white figures in the darkness. They kept walking slowly toward the house, ignoring both her words and the gunfire. Pulling a small cloth bag from her apron, Grandmother Maria began to sprinkle corn pollen on the ground, making a broad circle in the dust.

"Go away from here!" she kept yelling. "She is not for you!"

Still the figures kept coming.

Introduction

The Aztecs and their modern-day descendants tell of the civitateo (see-vee-ta-te-yo) or cihuateteo (see-wa-te-te-yo). Noblewomen who had died in childbirth, the civitateo are hideous creatures, with white faces, chalk-whitened limbs, and crossed bones painted on their tattered dresses. Some of them have skull-like faces, and some have animal-like claws instead of fingers.

They wander the earth at night, riding broomsticks and haunting crossroads where they hold meetings like a witches' Sabbath. Offerings of food—especially small sweet cakes baked in the form of butterflies—are placed in shrines at crossroads to placate them, and stop them from attacking the living. They are referred to by the honorific title of civapipiltin, or princesses, in another effort to propitiate them.

Perhaps because they died in childbirth, civitateo especially favor children and pregnant women as victims, inflicting a slow wasting disease, withering limbs, and inflicting epileptic fits. Paradoxically, they are often given offerings to ensure their help with childbirth—although the purpose of the offerings may be to ensure that they do not cause misfortune, rather than to enlist their active help.

Variations

La Llorona (Mexico, Southwestern USA)

La Llorona (la yorona), or "the Weeping Woman," has been widely reported across northern Mexico and the southwestern United States over the last two centuries. She is thought by some folklore scholars to be a unique individual, but the number and widespread nature of sightings makes it quite likely that this is a class of creature.

La Llorona is not as horrific in her appearance as the civitateo. She usually looks like a tall Mexican woman in traditional dress, her eyes red from weeping and her long hair disheveled. She is usually described as a woman whose children drowned in a river—either by their mother's hand so that she could be free to marry a rich man, or by accident when she went to a dance instead of staying home and looking after them. She went mad with guilt, and spent the rest of her life wandering up and down the riverbanks, until she died an emaciated skeleton. Now, she walks the night searching for her lost children and weeping inconsolably.

La Llorona has been known to take children whose mothers do not keep a close enough eye on them, and sometimes appears to children and young people who argue with their parents, warning them to mend their ways or she will return. Those who fail to heed her warnings may be found drowned.

In game terms, la Llorona does not need sustenance and has the following features: Fear, Language, Living Form, Long-Term Memory, Night Stalker, and Night Vision.

Banshee (Ireland, Scotland)

The banshee's name translates from Gaelic as "faerie woman," but folklore makes it clear the creature is one of the walking dead. In some parts of the world, the terms "faerie" and "spirit" are almost interchangeable.

The woman who becomes a banshee has normally died unhappily—childbirth and a broken heart are the most common causes. Like la Llorona, she is solitary, and appears as an attractive woman with her long (usually red) hair wild and disheveled, weeping and moaning in grief. Some banshees keep their faces

covered by a veil, while others show their tearstained faces and reddened eyes. Scottish banshees tend to be less attractive than their Irish counterparts.

Banshees are usually attached to a particular place or family, usually one that played a pivotal role in their life and death. They are not aggressive or vengeful, but most often appear to announce an imminent death in the family or community.

Because of their ability to foretell deaths, it may be better to treat banshees as a plot device rather than a creature to be confronted and defeated. Inspired characters may have means of banishing them, or preventing their death omens from coming to pass.

Bean-Nighe (Scotland)

The bean-nighe (been-ya), or “little washer by the ford,” is sometimes thought to be a sub-class of banshee. They are older-looking and more grotesque in appearance than the banshee, with a single nostril and red-colored, webbed feet. They appear by rivers and streams, washing the bloodstained clothes of someone who is about to die. In this, they act as a death omen in a similar way to banshees.

However, the bean-nighe can also be aggressive, especially if disturbed. She will lash at mortals with her damp washing, causing Withering (see p. 107) on a successful hit.

Langsuir (Malaysia)

Langsuir (lang-swir) are said to be the undead forms of women who have died of shock after a stillbirth (their dead child becomes a pontianak—see p. 53). They wear beautiful green robes, and have long nails and hair. Their hair covers a “feeding hole” in the back of the neck, through which they suck the blood of infants. A langsuir can be tamed by stuffing the hole with her hair, and can even marry, but there is always the risk that she will revert to her undead form, especially if she is allowed to dance or take part in festivals.

Special Aspects

Barrenness (see p. 99)

Perhaps because they themselves died in childbirth, some civitateo have the power to cause miscarriages and stillbirths. In most circumstances, this is best

treated as a plot device, which automatically takes effect unless the target is protected by a blessing, prayers, or some other kind of metaphysical protection (*AFMBE*, pp. 62-66).

Claws

Some civitateo have long nails and bony fingers that cause the same damage as claws. According to ancient Aztec depictions, some of them even had animal-like claws on their hands and feet, although there have been no reports of this feature in recent centuries.

Diseased Corpse

The civitateo are best known for their ability to cause wasting diseases. Every day, the victim loses one point of Strength or Constitution (Zombie Master's choice or choose randomly each day). The disease may be treatable by medical attention, or it may require supernatural healing. So far as is known, the civitateo do not feed on these lost Attribute points in the same way as the Gaki (see p. 26).

Fear (See p. 100)

According to some sources, the civitateo are regarded as semi-divine, and project an aura of power that makes them even more intimidating than their grotesque appearance.

Fits (See p. 101)

As well as inflicting wasting diseases, the civitateo are sometimes credited with the ability to make living people fall down foaming at the mouth; as described by a few Spanish writers, this effect looks very similar to an epileptic fit.

Fly (See p. 101)

Civitateo are sometimes said to be able to fly on brooms, in the same manner as European witches.

Withering (See p. 107)

In addition to their ability to cause diseases, some civitateo can cause limbs to wither and become useless. This power may require a successful hit on the area to be affected, or it may be combined with the Evil Eye.

Story Ideas

The Wrath of Cihuacoatl

According to Aztec mythology, the patron deity of the civitateo was Cihuacoatl (see-wa-cottl). For centuries, a temple to Cihuacoatl has lain undisturbed in the forest of a remote mountainous area. Recently, however, it was discovered by an archaeological expedition, and excavated. Many ancient artifacts uncovered by the excavation are now being sent to a museum for further study—this might be the Insituto Nacional de Archaeologia y Anthropologia in Mexico city, or a museum in another country which sponsored the expedition.

Days after the objects arrive, things start happening. At first, figures are half-seen walking through the museum at night. Alarms might be tripped for no reason, and strange figures captured on surveillance tapes. Angered by the thefts from the temple, Cihuacoatl has sent a group of civitateo to recover them, and punish the offenders. Objects go missing, and the museum personnel working late studying them are found the next morning, crippled by some wasting disease that defies diagnosis. After a few days, the missing objects turn up back at the temple, in the exact places from which they were taken.

Cihuacoatl had all but forgotten the temple in the centuries since it was ruined, and her civitateo who dwelt around it have been dormant. The village that once served the temple was destroyed by the Spanish, and no offerings have been made since. Research in historical documents turn up some old Spanish chronicles mentioning a plague destroying the village soon after it was conquered, and excavations in the village itself—whose ruins can be found in the forest a few miles from the temple—may turn up a few Spanish graves containing misshapen and contorted skeletons.

Although the goddess and her servants want to see all the plundered goods returned to the temple (and any other Mesoamerican artifacts in the museum returned to their original homes), they are intrigued by the possibilities the city offers. Here is a large population that owes them offerings, and must be given the opportunity to provide them. As days and weeks pass, the civitateo explore the city, sickening and par-

Civitateo

Strength 2 **Constitution** 2
Dexterity 2 **Intelligence** 1
Perception 2 **Willpower** 2
Dead Points: 26 **Speed:** 4
Endurance Points: n/a **Essence Pool:** 13
Skills: Brawling 2
Attack: As normal human
Weak Spot: All [0]
Weight: Any
Getting Around: Life-Like [3]
Strength: Dead Joe Average [0]
Senses: Like the Living [1]
Sustenance: Weekly; Offerings of butterfly-shaped cakes [4]
Intelligence: Animal Cunning [4]; Tool Use (level 1) [3]
Special: Evil Eye (Diseased Corpse) [6]
Spreading the Love: Circumstances (death in childbirth) [-1]
Power: 25
Bonus Aspects: Any number chosen from Barrenness [1], Claws [8], Evil Eye (Barrenness, Fits, Madness, Paralysis, Soul Sucker) [ability x 2], Fear [2/level], Fits [3], Fly [5], Increased Essence Pool [1/5], Language [1], Leaping [3], Life Sense [4], Long-Term Memory [5], Night Stalker [-2], Night Vision [2], Problem Solving [15], Soul Sucker [5], Teamwork [4], Unkillable [10], and Withering [6].

alyzing anyone who crosses them. Through psychics and mediums they encounter, they make demands for offering-shrines to be set up every few blocks, and a great temple to Cihuacoatl to be constructed at the center of the city. They begin to prey upon children; in homes and hospitals across the city, mothers who die in childbirth rise from their graves to join the servants of the goddess. It takes only a few weeks for a series of strange events in a museum to escalate to a full-scale, many-pronged assault upon the city.

Historic Preservation

A road-building project is under way to link some of the more remote villages in the mountains of Mexico to the outside world. An ancient offering-shrine stands at a crossroads where two ancient trackways meet, just outside one of the villages. One of these tracks is to be upgraded to a two-lane, paved road, and the shrine has to be moved. At the regional capital, it is decided to move the shrine into the center of the village and preserve it as an ancient monument. Local protests are ignored; the poor villagers clearly do not understand the benefits the road will bring to them and their neighbors, and must be helped into the modern world against their will if necessary.

The reason for the protests is that the shrine is an offering-shrine to the local civitateo, which has been tended by the villagers for centuries. The Spanish tried to stop them following this “ignorant superstition,” as it is called by some old documents, and in the end the shrine was officially rededicated to the Virgin of Guadeloupe. However, the villagers have never forgotten who really demands the offerings at the shrine, nor what they can do if they are offended.

The shrine is set up at either side of the village square; the restored Aztec shrine at one side, and the added statuary and sculpture from the Catholic shrine at the other. They face each other across the square, symbolizing (as the Minister of Culture for the area said in his dedication speech) the two great cultural forces that shaped Mexico’s past, and providing inspiration as Mexico strides confidently into the future.

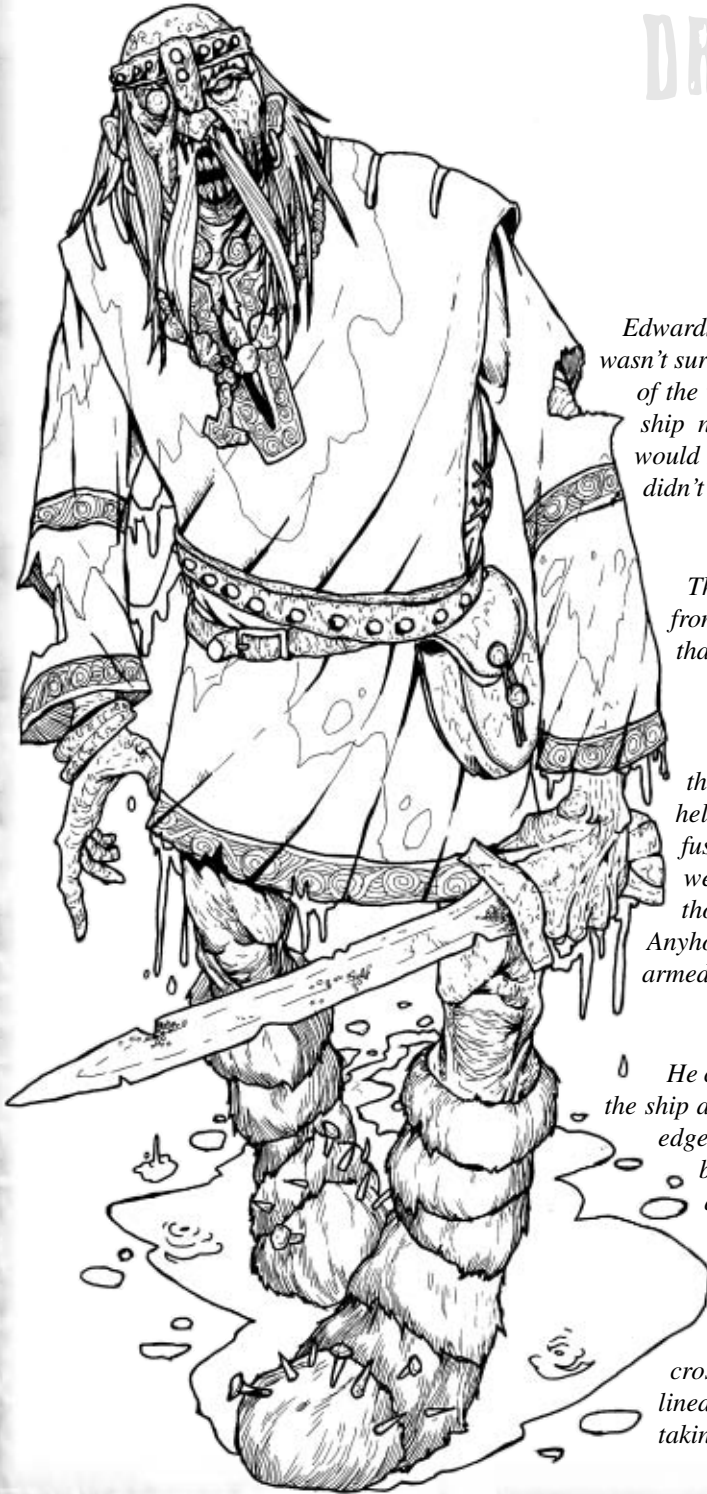
There is just one small problem. Now that the shrine has been moved, the civitateo have to come all the way into the village to receive their offerings. Apart from being inconvenienced by the longer walk, they also pass many homes where there are children and young women to provide temptation. If the campaign already has several Inspired characters and a strong metaphysical tone, the Catholic additions to the shrine might have neutralized it in some way, forcing the civitateo into a state of dormancy. Now that the Aztec shrine has been restored and the Catholic statuary and other accoutrements have been removed, they may be able to become active—and express their displeasure—for the first time in centuries.

Neighborhood Watch

In a rough barrio in a modern US city, rumors have been spreading about a crazy woman who goes around at night, in an old-fashioned black dress and wearing a black lace veil over her face. No-one admits to having seen her, but it seems everyone knows someone who has. She tells gang members to give up the life, and then she goes on her way. She never seems to stop crying.

The gang unit of the local police force has been trying to track her down for her own protection. Their best guess is that she is the mother of a gang member who was killed, and is making a desperate attempt to stop the cycle of violence. Now, though, gang members have been turning up dead—not shot, which would be no surprise to anyone—but drowned in a concrete irrigation canal running through the barrio. They all have a red hand-print on one cheek, as if they had been slapped with tremendous force. Now, the police want the strange woman as a material witness—or perhaps, as a suspect. It wouldn’t be the first time a distraught mother had lashed out at those she blamed for the death of a child, but when they think no-one is listening, the old people tell a different story...

DRAUGR (Scandinavia)



THUMP.

Edwards looked up sharply from his magazine. He wasn't sure if he'd heard something or not over the hiss of the water sprayers. The Professor said the longship needed to be kept wet, or else the timbers would shrink and crack. If he wanted to keep it wet, didn't he just leave it where he found it?

THUMP.

That was definitely something. Edwards got up from his desk and moved out of the pool of light that surrounded it, thumbing his flashlight on.

THUMP.

The sound was coming from the direction of the secure store, where the smaller finds were held. Edwards didn't understand what all the fuss was about—sure, they were old, but they were also rusty and covered in muck from a thousand years at the bottom of the river. Anyhow the Professor had insisted on having armed security, and Edwards needed the overtime.

THUMP.

He cautiously wound his way around the wreck of the ship and between the desks and file cabinets at the edge of the room. The noise definitely seemed to be coming from the secure store—how had anyone got in there? And what would anyone be after? Maybe you needed to be an archaeologist to appreciate this crap.

Edwards drew his gun and swung round the last file cabinet to face the door, hands crossed at the wrist so that pistol and flashlight lined up together. Whoever was in there, he wasn't taking any chances.

THUMP.

The door came off its hinges, and smacked down onto the concrete floor. Edwards fired by pure reflex, and saw his bullet strike dead center in the torso of... what?

It looked like a man, but its skin glistened with the brownish-green of river-bottom muck. Its eyes were gone, but it turned its head to look at him. In one gnarled hand it held a sword, still encrusted with rust. Water dripped from its hands, and a trail of wet footprints led from a metal table—borrowed from a local mortuary—to where the creature now stood.

The creature looked down at the small hole in its chest where Edwards had shot it. It hadn't even flinched when the bullet struck, and its attitude was one of mild surprise and curiosity rather than pain. After a long moment, it raised its head and took a step forward. Edwards fired again; this time the creature ignored the impact. Raising its sword, it kept advancing.

Introduction

From the Viking sagas of the 8th century AD to Scandinavian folklore of the last few centuries, the draugr (pronounced drow-gr, the first syllable rhyming with cow) is known by many names. It is a walking corpse, with great strength and sometimes magical powers. The word draugr strictly refers to those who have died at sea, although it is used much more generally. Other names include aptrgangr (apt'r-gang'r)—"after [death] walker" (see p. 67) and haugbui (how'g-booeey)—"mound dweller."

The skin of a draugr is often dark—hel-blár, a phrase often used to describe draugr in the sagas, translates as "black (or blue) as death." Some (presumably fresher) draugr are na-folr, or "corpse-pale." They are often larger than they had been in life, and the sagas often describe them as being uncorrupted, even many years after death. They are also much heavier than they were while alive—see Weight, p. 97.

Draugr can come back for many reasons. In Viking times, draugr who had died at sea tried to bring others to share their death. Sometimes they would rise from the waves and board a ship while its crew slept at anchor, and sometimes they would raise their own wrecked ship and sail it to attack liv-

ing seafarers. Occasionally, they would come ashore and attack the living.

The haugbui were a peaceable lot, so long as they were left in peace. Any interference with their burial mounds, however—from medieval treasure-hunters to modern-day archaeologists—and they would not rest until the offenders were punished, their goods were recovered, and their peace was restored.

The name "sending" is given to a special sort of draugr—one who is raised from the dead by magic and used to attack the living. Any bodily remains—even a sliver of bone—is sufficient to create a sending, and the sending is only vulnerable to attacks which hit this original part; sometimes there is a whitish patch on the creature's skin to indicate its position.

The best way to prevent corpses from coming back as draugr is to avoid the circumstances which commonly give rise to them. After death at sea, improper burial or sloppy upkeep of the tomb were the most common reasons for Vikings to walk after death, so most people made sure to give their loved ones a funeral befitting their station and to keep their graves in good repair. Draugr who arise from death at sea—or any other kind of death where they do not receive a proper burial—may be laid to rest by giving them a funeral. In some cases, simply getting them inside a graveyard was enough; the consecrated ground did the rest.

Some Viking graves have been found with all the goods in them destroyed—swords bent double, shields broken, and so on. Archaeologists suppose this was to prevent their being of any use to their owner if he should rise as a troublesome undead creature. Another precaution mentioned in the sagas, was to tie the deceased's big toes together and push pins into the soles of the feet, to prevent them from walking after death. Or at least, to make it uncomfortable...

Some stories tell of draugr being pinned in their graves with wooden stakes, like the traditional method of dealing with vampires. However, the stake seems only to prevent the draugr from rising from its grave—in other respects, it seems lively enough. In one story, the stake protrudes out of the soil of the grave, and if anyone touches it, a loud voice from inside the grave warns them to leave it alone; those who fail to heed the warning are pulled

down into the grave and strangled. It seems unusual that the deceased in this case should actually want to be staked.

In some cases, a draugr that is killed a second time stays dead. But according to some traditions, slaying a draugr permanently can be a tricky business. Some sources state it has to be decapitated and burned, and the ashes buried in a remote place or thrown out to sea. According to other stories, the process is more complex; the slayer must jump between the body and the severed head before the head hits the ground, or must walk widdershins (counter-clockwise) three times between the head and body, or drive a wooden stake into the headless body like the traditional horror-movie method of killing vampires.

The simplest way to handle this bonus feature is to make the head the Weak Spot, reflecting the fact that the draugr has to be decapitated. At the Zombie Master's option, though, a draugr may be treated as having a limited form of the Regeneration special feature—it does not regenerate until it has been immobilized by being reduced to zero Dead Points, and the regeneration can be stopped or prevented by performing the prescribed ritual.

Variations

Rusalka (Russia)

A rusalka (plural rusalky) is a young woman who has died by drowning—especially by suicide. Unable to go far from the spot where she died, the rusalka tries to lure others to a similar fate. Some are supernaturally beautiful (and can assume Living Form—see p. 102) and try to lure the unwary to their doom, while others are extremely strong and simply grab anyone who ventures too close to the water and drag them under. It is possible that they feed on the waning life-energies of their drowning victims, using an ability similar to Soul Sucker (*AFMBE*, p. 155).

Drowned Ghost (Inuit)

The Inuit of western Greenland believe the ghosts of those who have died by drowning can rise up from the sea and sit on the kayak of a living victim, hoping to drown the kayak's occupant as they themselves were drowned. It may or may not be significant that western Greenland was once colonized by the Vikings.

Special Aspects

There are many stories about draugr and their ilk, and not all agree on the details. The following paragraphs mention a few features that are occasionally documented, and may be considered as optional. The Zombie Master can deal with them however he sees fit; some are easier to rule-play than others.

Burrow

Some draugr have the ability to sink into the earth in order to ambush victims or escape pursuers. The Burrowing ability (*AFMBE*, p. 150) can be used to represent this, although they seem to sink and swim through the earth rather than actually digging.

Fog (See p. 101)

Some draugr can create a thick fog around them to conceal their movements. This is described on p. 101.



Evil Eye (See p. 100)

Some draugr can steal ond, or life energy, through their gaze, giving them Evil Eye combined with the Soul Sucker ability.

Natural Armor (See p. 102)

Many draugr have unusually tough hides, which give them Natural Armor.

Night Stalker (See p. 103)

Draugr are more powerful in the winter—when much of the Viking world is in perpetual darkness—and reach the peak of their strength at the midwinter festival of Yule. They also haunt gloomy places, such as steep-sided dells or valleys which receive little direct sunlight.

This can be covered in part by Night Stalker (see p. 103), in that winter was a time when some parts of the Viking world never saw the sun at all. At the Zombie Master's option, the Night Stalker weakness may be doubled during the day between the spring and autumn equinoxes, or when the creature is in direct sunlight (as opposed to light diffused by heavy cloud, fog, trees, etc.). Or it may be that they simply aestivate—just like hibernating, but they sleep through the summer rather than the winter—and are not active at all during this time.

Note that seasonal restrictions do not apply to sendings, since they are raised by magic rather than circumstances. They may have the Night Stalker feature at normal strength, however.

No Pain (See p. 103)

Some draugr feel pain, and others don't. Many of those who don't feel pain are as smart as any living human, though.

Noxious Odor

No walking corpse exactly smells pleasant, but some draugr (including, presumably, those that have spent some time at the bottom of the sea) have the Noxious Odor special feature (*AFMBE*, p. 158).

Shapechanging (See p. 105)

In a very few stories, draugr can adopt a shape other than human. Alternate forms were normally

Draugr

Strength 4

Constitution 2

Dexterity 1

Intelligence -2

Perception 2

Willpower 2

Dead Points: 26

Speed: 2

Endurance Points: n/a **Essence Pool:** 9

Skills: Brawling 2

Attack: As normal human, but stronger

Weak Spot: All [0]

Weight: Dead Weight (210-255 lbs) [-2]

Getting Around: Slow and Steady [0]

Strength: Strong Like Bull [5]

Senses: Like the Living [1]

Sustenance: Who Needs Food? [8]

Intelligence: Dumb As Dead Wood [0]

Spreading the Love: Circumstance (drowning; lack of burial) [-2], Ritual (sending only) [-3]

Power: 12

Bonus Aspects: Up to 5 chosen from Animal Cunning [2/4], Burrowing [3], Diseased Corpse [3], Evil Eye (Soul Sucker) [10], Fog [2/5], Getting Around (Life-Like) [3], Iron Grip [1], Language [1], Life Sense [4], Long-Term Memory [5], Natural Armor (Tough Hide or Skin Like Iron) [2/4], Night Stalker [-2], Night Vision [2], No Pain [1], Noxious Odor [5], Problem Solving [15], Scent Tracking [2], Senses (Like The Living) [1], Stealthy [4], Teamwork [4], Tool Use [3/level], and Weak Spot (Brain) [6].

horrific, and included a great bull with the skin flayed off, a gray horse with a broken back and no ears or tail, and a demonic cat. No rules for shapechanging are given here; the Zombie Master should use caution when creating shapechanging draugr, since using this ability too often can change the feel of a game from zombie survival horror to fantasy, and make it something it was never meant to be. Nothing kills a horror atmosphere faster than too-frequent use of showy magic.

Story Ideas

Out of the Past

Modern-day archaeologists have discovered a sunken Viking ship in a fjord or river estuary. It is laden with gold and silver, and apparently sank in a storm on the way back from a successful raid. Divers have been working to recover the treasure for more than a week, and most of it is stored in a secure warehouse on shore.

Preparations are being made to raise the ship itself, but at a critical moment the cables go slack. The divers working on the lift fail to surface, and there is no sign of them, even after the time when their air tanks should have run out. Rescue divers are sent down, but also fail to return. As darkness falls, human shapes start hauling themselves out of the water, shambling through the darkness toward the warehouse where the treasure is being stored...

Experts Disagree

The local college hosts an international conference on Scandinavian history and archaeology. Experts from all around the world converge upon the town, and the first few days are a resounding success. At a day-long symposium on folklore, however, an argument breaks out between two respected academics who are well known for their conflicting views. After exchanging insults, they both stalk out of the symposium and retire to their hotel rooms. That night, a dark figure breaks into the room of one of the feuding professors...



Lost at Sea

The Cast Members are in a small fishing port, on vacation or for some other reason. One night, the bay is lashed by a terrible gale, and one of the fishing boats fails to return. After a few days, it is declared lost at sea with all hands. A collection is taken up in the town for the support of the widows and orphans, and arrangements are made for a memorial service for those lost. The night of the memorial service is also stormy, and the church organ can barely be heard above the sound of the wind and rain. Even so, the whole town comes out to mourn the loss of their own—a loss they have felt too many times before. Then, midway through the service, the church doors crash open—and there stands the missing crew...

U-666

For more than fifty years, ships have gone missing in the North Atlantic between Iceland and Greenland. They usually disappear at night, and in thick fog—conditions all too common in those waters. They are generally thought to have run into icebergs in the fog, but none reported ice before they disappeared and many were equipped with sensors to detect icebergs and other hazards even in zero visibility. Then, seconds before its transmissions are cut off, one ship reports sighting a torpedo wake approaching rapidly...

FEMMES FATALES

Yes, I know every detective story in the world starts with a woman coming into an office at night and you can tell she's trouble the moment you lay eyes on her. But I'm not a detective. I do recovery work. And we met in a hotel restaurant. I like to make contact with new clients in busy, public places.

She complimented me on the Serbian job, and said she represented a group of atrocity victims from one of the civil wars in Africa. Her people wanted certain military leaders brought out to face justice. I didn't ask whether she'd been to the UN or the Hague. People who come to me have either given up on conventional approaches, or they have their reasons for avoiding them.

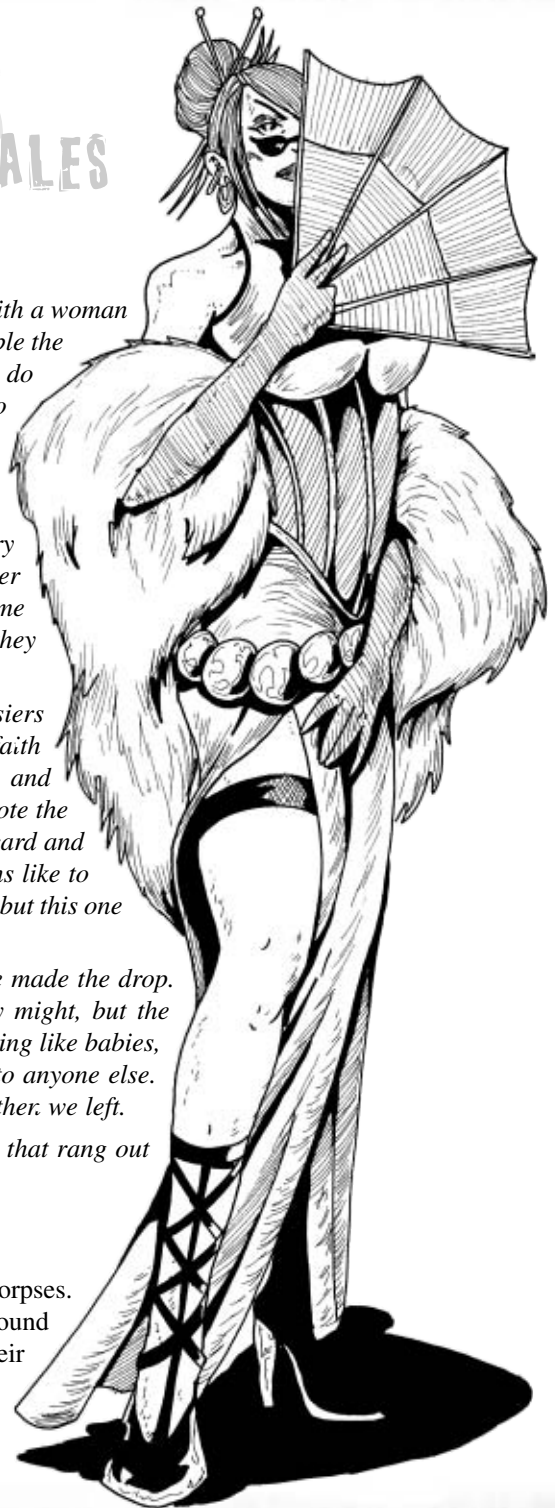
She opened the briefcase, showing me a stack of dossiers and a small plastic bag full of uncut diamonds. A good faith payment. Then she snapped it shut, put it on the floor, and pushed it over to my side of the table with her foot. I wrote the number of my Swiss account on the back of a business card and gave it to her, and our meeting was over. A lot of victims like to take some time telling me just how bad the bad guys are, but this one left without finishing her drink. All business.

It was three months before I saw her again, when we made the drop. The "merchandise" was looking nervous, as well they might, but the moment they saw her they fell apart. On their knees, crying like babies, making all kinds of promises, begging us to give them to anyone else. We watched as she wired the payment from her laptop, then we left.

I'd heard screaming plenty of times, but the laughter that rang out over the screams was worse.

Introduction

The walking dead are not always horrific decaying corpses. In fact, some of them can be very alluring. Traditions around the world tell of women who rise from the dead with their good looks undiminished. Most often, they use their beauty to lure unsuspecting men to their doom.



Femmes fatales are often solitary, but sometimes work in small groups of four to six individuals. They rely on their ability to appear like living women, and some have additional skills and supernatural powers that enhance their ability to draw victims to them without being suspected.

The origins of a femme fatale vary from tradition to tradition. In many cases, they were young women who committed suicide after being wronged by one or more men, and have returned from the grave to take revenge on the opposite sex in general. Elsewhere, their origins are unknown, or they are the bodies of beautiful young women that have been taken over by lustful demons.

Variations

Baobhan Sith (Scotland)

Like the banshee (p. 12), the name of this Scottish creature (pronounced “bavaan shee”) can be translated from Gaelic as “faerie woman,” but it does not appear to be a fey creature. Uncommonly for a femme fatale, this creature can be encountered in groups of up to six.

Baobhan sith are attractive, but not supernaturally so. They seem to rely entirely on their wits and their beauty to trap male victims, and have no powers of enchantment or mesmerism. They are fond of dancing, and have the ability to draw out their partner’s blood through their skin while doing so. They are only active at night.

Dearg Dul (Ireland)

The name of this Irish creature (pronounced day-arg dool) translates as “the red blood sucker.” The most famous of them inhabits a churchyard in Waterford, and her beauty is legendary. Several times a year, she rises from her grave to seduce and destroy men. They can be trapped in their graves by piling great mounds of stones on top, and some traditions say they can be killed by decapitation in the light of the full moon.

There is no consistent tradition on how a dearg-dul is created, but one story concerns a young woman who rose as this creature after being forced into a loveless marriage by her father, and committing sui-

cide. She destroyed first her husband and then her father, and carries on attacking men to this day.

Few men can resist the alluring gaze of the dearg-dul. Mesmerized victims walk helplessly toward her, only to be torn to pieces by the furious creature. In a few stories, the dearg-dul can shapechange into a hideous bat-winged creature, so ugly that the mere sight of it kills the victim, but this is probably an exaggeration.

Empusa (Classical Greece)

One of the earliest tales of the walking dead tells of an encounter between the philosopher Apollonius of Tyana and one of these creatures. One of the philosopher’s students, named Menippus, became distracted from his studies by a wealthy Phoenician woman, and spent all his time with his new love. Confronted by Apollonius (who was highly skilled in metaphysics as well as philosophy), she admitted that she was fattening Menippus up, and intended to eat him.

The ancient manuscript describes the empusa as a demon, but it is not clear from the original Greek whether this means she is what modern theology would regard as a demon, or whether the word is used simply to denote her supernatural nature. There are two possible explanations that would fit *All Flesh Must Be Eaten* well: either she is the dead body of a beautiful woman that has been possessed by a demon that cannot assume a physical form by other means, or she has returned from the dead with most of her Intelligence and skills along with a hunger for human flesh.

Langsuir (Malaysia)

This creature is treated as a form of weeping woman (see Civitateo, p. 11), but according to some stories she can also behave as a femme fatale. Women who become Langsuir (lang-swir) have usually died in childbirth, and when their child has also died, it becomes a pontianak (see p. 53). Some langsuir have the ability to change the appearance of their faces at will, choosing between their their appearance in life, a corpse-like face, and the face of an old crone. According to some reports, they can suck a victim’s blood from a distance, merely by sniffing his or her clothes.

Mara (Scandinavia)

In other parts of Europe, this creature (also known as the night hag or nightmare) is thought to be a hag-like being who crushes the life out of people in their sleep. In Scandinavia, however, she is a seductive young woman who feeds on young men who become enthralled with her.

Muli (Europe)

This creature from Gypsy tradition is often male (mullo), but females (mulis) are not unknown. If they were married (or otherwise attached) when they died, they commonly victimize their widowed spouses; otherwise, they seek out any likely member of the opposite sex. They are lustful in the extreme, and their lovers—who frequently do not know their true nature—are exhausted (and sometimes killed) as they draw out their life energies while making love. In this respect they are similar to the succubus and incubus, but while these two creatures are conventionally classified as demons, the muli is indisputably a mortal who has returned from the dead. The offspring of a muli and a living person usually demonstrates vampiric tendencies, but often use their supernatural gifts—such as Second Sight—to become renowned vampire hunters.

Some muli can shapechange into animal form, the wolf being most common. In some parts of Europe, they have the ability to turn invisible. They are usually created by improper burial, sudden death, or death by unnatural causes. Hanging nets over doorways and windows at night will keep them out, and they are repelled by sprigs of juniper, thorns, and the rosary. They can be destroyed by staking through the stomach and head, or by pouring boiling oil on their graves.

Phi Song Nang (Thailand)

This creature is similar to the sundal bolong of Indonesia (see below), appearing as a beautiful young woman and preying on men. Often, they were young women who had been killed by an animal.

Rakshasi (India)

This is the female form of the rakshasa (see p. 33). It has most of the same powers, but rakshasi are also said to be stunningly beautiful, and to seduce young men in order to feed upon them.

Femme Fatale

Strength 2

Constitution 2

Dexterity 2

Intelligence 3 [1]

Perception 2

Willpower 2

Dead Points: 26

Speed: 4

Endurance Points: n/a **Essence Pool:** 13

Skills: Language (local area) 5, Seduction 4, Smooth Talking 2

Attack: As normal human

Weak Spot: All [0]

Weight: Any

Getting Around: Life-Like [3]

Strength: Dead Joe Average [0]

Senses: Like the Living [1]

Sustenance: Weekly [4]; food type varies

Intelligence: Language [1], Long-Term Memory [5], Problem Solving [15]

Special: Living Form [10]

Spreading the Love: Circumstance (varies)

Power: 51*

Bonus Aspects: Any number chosen from Claws [8], Compulsion [4], Evil Eye (Compulsion, Madness, Paralysis, Soul Sucker) [Aspect Power x2], Fear (dearg dul only) [2], Feed by Touch [5], Increased Essence Pool [1/5], Night Stalker [-2], Night Vision [2], Obsession [6], Shapechange (dearg dul only)[8], Soul Sucker [5], Stealthy [2], Teamwork [4], and Teeth [4].

* Modified by Spreading the Love.

Sundal Bolong (Indonesia)

This creature from the island of Java is said to be the undead form of a young woman who became pregnant through rape and committed suicide. She feeds on young men out of revenge, drinking their blood.

Thabet Tase (Burma)

The risen form of a woman who died in childbirth, a thabet tase (thabet ta-say) commonly victimizes the young men of her village. They are most active at twilight.

Wurdalak (Russia)

This vampire-like creature (pronounced voord-a-lak) is described in Russian folklore as taking the form of a beautiful woman, although outside Russia it is best-known from Tolstoy's story "The Family of the Vourdalak," which is not completely true to folklore. It feeds on blood.

Zmeu (Moldavia)

A male version of the femme fatale, the zmeu can take the form of a handsome young man to seduce and feed upon young women. It can take the form of a flame, allowing it to enter a house through even the smallest opening.

Special Aspects

Claws

Femmes fatales with this feature are able to conceal their claws until they attack, so that the effectiveness of their Living Form is not compromised.

Compulsion (See p. 99)

The normal cost for this feature is +4 Power. Femmes fatales have the option to take a weaker form of this feature, which affects only members of the opposite sex, for half price.

Evil Eye (See p. 100)

Most creatures of this type concentrate on Evil Eye powers that help to charm and subdue a potential victim, but a few have wider-ranging powers.

Feed by Touch (See p. 101)

The baobhan sith has the ability to draw its victim's blood out through the skin. This may be one reason why it is so fond of dancing.

Living Form (See p. 102)

All femmes fatales have the highest level of this feature (+15 Power), making them indistinguishable from living women.

Obsession (See p. 103)

Many femmes fatales are content to take their revenge on the world in general and the male sex in particular, but some individuals may limit themselves to those who have wronged them—especially those who were directly or indirectly responsible for their deaths.

Shapechange (See p. 105)

The dearg dul has the ability to change into a hideous bat-winged creature with Claws and Teeth. It has the same Attributes as in living form, but it can fly at 12 and its appearance is so horrific that it causes Fear (see p. 100).

Teeth

Femmes fatales with this feature are able to conceal their teeth until they attack, so that the effectiveness of their Living Form is not compromised.

Story Ideas

Rock'n'Roll

The world of rock music is renowned for sex, drugs, and death. When a musician turns up dead in a hotel room or on a tour bus with a lot of drugs and alcohol in his system (and those who suffer this fate are overwhelmingly male), everyone laments the waste of a life, but no-one is too surprised. This could be a very good cover for certain creatures with curious appetites and the appearance of beautiful women.

If the creatures do not take enough blood or life energy to kill their victims, their predations may pass unnoticed almost indefinitely. Their victims may attribute any ill-effects to over-indulgence, and although it may take a stint in rehab for them to

recover completely, very few will suspect anything is wrong so long as feeding takes place discreetly. The Feed by Touch ability can be very useful here.

To complicate matters further, one or more of the creatures may themselves become addicted—to blood with a high drug and/or alcohol content, or to life energy that is warped by certain drugs, or by the adrenaline rush of performance—which cuts down their feeding options and forces them into longer and more regular feeding sessions. This, in turn, increases their chances of being recognized or arousing suspicion, and if the addiction is not controlled, it could result in sloppy feeding practices that further increase the chances of discovery.

Casualties of War

In many cultures, young women who lose their virginity before marriage—even if it is due to rape—are social outcasts. Many are driven to suicide by shame and despair. Some may be murdered by their own relatives, in an attempt to remove the stain on the family's honor. Rape and pillage may call up images of medieval Viking raiders in many people's minds, but they are a horrific reality in many war zones around the world, especially where the war is a local affair, fueled by ethnic hatred, the desire for regional independence, and the cycle of atrocity and revenge.

One small country—it could be in eastern Europe, Africa, the Middle East, or almost anywhere else in the world—slowly recovers from a devastating war. Rebuilding is under way with international aid, commercial and communications infrastructure is being repaired or built from the ground up, and foreign investors, drawn by cheap labor but still wary, begin to visit the country. The war correspondents have moved on to somewhere bullets are still flying, and in their place a few new foreign journalists have arrived to cover the rebuilding of the nation and the plight of its people. United Nations troops remain in reduced strength, handling policing and border security while the ruined nation reorganizes its shattered defense and law enforcement services.

Word always spreads among visiting foreigners about the prospects for entertainment in such a place; the best bars, clubs, and houses of ill repute quickly become known. These would be a perfect hunting-

ground for a woman—living or dead—who had suffered in the war and was bent on revenge against men in general. An organized group of such women would be able to work together extremely effectively, and if someone goes missing from time to time, it can be explained away by the lawlessness left over from the fighting.

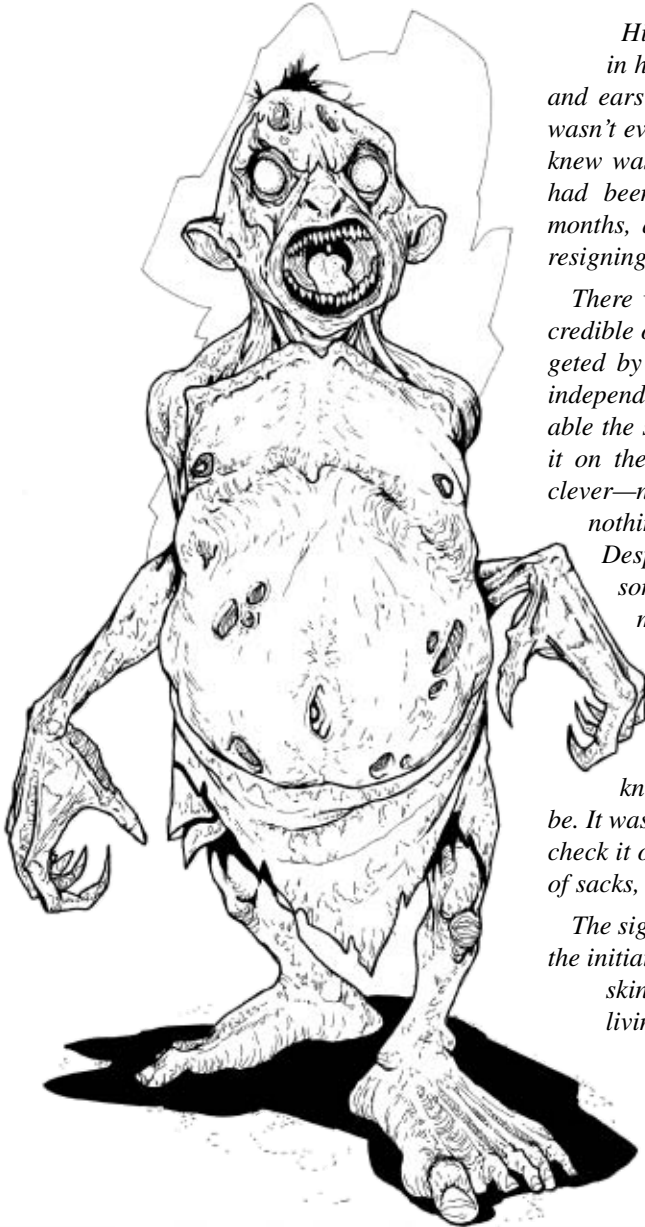
Creatures of the Night

The world of Goth culture is full of dark imagery, especially with regard to vampires and the other creatures at the more glamorous end of the living dead spectrum. Roleplaying is widespread, with many individuals adopting melodramatic names and pretending to be vampires or other immortal creatures. Some even develop a blood-drinking fetish. What better place for a real bloodsucker to pass unnoticed?

Of course, this scenario has been played out many times in books, movies, and even in roleplaying games. And yet, it still has possibilities, especially if the bloodsucker in question is something other than a conventional, overdressed, darkly brooding vampire. Although feeding is easy in this kind of environment, other problems arise. Addiction to blood—or life energy—contaminated by recreational drugs is one hazard, but perhaps more dangerous is the risk of discovery. Hardcore Goths tend to be very knowledgeable about certain areas of the supernatural, and any supernatural creature who pretends to be a mortal pretending to be a supernatural creature must walk a tightrope.

The consequences of discovery in this setting may well be different from elsewhere. Instead of revulsion, the mortals may react with fascination, and flock to the revealed creature wanting anything from a role as feeding-stock to elevation to undead status themselves. Unwanted cults may start to spring up, as hero-worshipping mortals try to ingratiate themselves with the creature. The threat of wider exposure may have graver consequences. This kind of situation can easily devolve into comedy, but even then events can be horrific.

GAKI (Japan)



Hiro stepped softly into the warehouse, the Glock in his left hand and his katana in his right. His eyes and ears strained against the darkness and silence. He wasn't even sure what it was that he was hunting—all he knew was that food destined for overseas aid programs had been going missing regularly for the last three months, and that warehousemen on the night shift kept resigning, or leaving with mysterious illnesses.

There was no shortage of theories, though. The more credible ones suggested that the warehouse had been targeted by an organized gang—possibly yakuza, possibly independents—who were using some kind of gas to disable the staff before making off with the food and selling it on the black market. Whoever they were, they were clever—not a single alarm had ever been tripped, and nothing ever showed up on the security cameras.

Despite exhaustive medical tests, no drugs or poisons had ever been found in the sick warehousemen, although their distress was real enough.

Rumors were beginning to spread that the warehouse was cursed.

A soft rustling sound caught Hiro's attention. The night shift had been sent home, so he knew he was alone in the warehouse—or he should be. It was probably nothing more than a rat, but he had to check it out anyway. Creeping between crates and pallets of sacks, he made his way carefully toward the sound.

The sight of the creature made him hesitate, costing him the initiative. It might once have been human, but its gray skin, withered limbs and swollen belly were like no living person. It turned toward him with a wild gleam in its eyes, hissing like an angry cat. Hiro leaped forward, but his overhand slash cut through nothing but smoke, which rose quickly to the ceiling and out of a broken skylight pane.

Introduction

Also known as hungry ghosts, gaki are mainly found in Japan, although they might appear anywhere in the world with a sizeable Japanese population.

Gaki can shapechange between three forms: a grotesque humanoid with a swollen belly, wasted limbs, and other signs of malnutrition, a small cloud of black smoke, or a ball of fire that radiates no heat and does not cause burns. In their human form, they are normally invisible, and even if seen they bear no resemblance to their living form. In their smoke or fire forms, they can move at Speed 18, and pass through the smallest cracks in a wall or other obstacle, but they cannot affect anything physically, or be affected by anything physical.

Hunger is what drives the gaki. Said to have been cursed to an eternity of hunger for wasting food in their lifetimes, gaki are endlessly hungry, and no matter how much they eat, they can never stave off the agony of starvation. They can never die from it, either.

In Japanese folklore, gaki can hunger for all kinds of things, some of them quite strange. Those that fit best into the category of walking dead for the purposes of this book are those that hunger for human flesh, blood, or life energy. They are cowardly creatures, and prefer to attack sleeping victims; some have magical abilities that allow them to make potential victims fall into a deep sleep. Some gaki can possess a living victim, feeding continually until they are driven out; to all outward appearances, the victim contracts a wasting disease, and begins to fade away.

Special Aspects

Hover (See p. 101)

Like many Japanese undead, some gaki have no feet. Instead, their legs taper off into mist, and they move by hovering.

Shapechanging (See p. 105)

Some gaki can adopt the form of a giant black cat with glowing eyes, as well as the three regular forms. This form is completely physical; game statistics are given in the box on p. 29.

Sleep (See p. 105)

Some gaki can cause their intended victims to sleep (or remain asleep), so they can feed on them undetected. Their low Willpower score makes this a weak power, but they can expend Essence to increase its effectiveness.

Gaki

Strength 2

Constitution 2

Dexterity 2

Intelligence 1

Perception 2

Willpower 1

Dead Points: 26

Speed: 4

Endurance Points: n/a **Essence Pool:** 10

Skills: Brawling 2

Attack: As normal human

Weak Spot: All

Weight: Withered Corpse [2]

Getting Around: Life-Like [3]

Strength: Dead Joe Average [0]

Senses: Like the Living [1]

Sustenance: Constantly [-4]; choose one from All Flesh Must Be Eaten [0], Blood [-2], or Soul Sucker [5]

Intelligence: Animal Cunning [4]

Special: Feed by Touch [5], Shapechanging (smoke, fire) [16]

Spreading the Love: Circumstance (divine will or obsession with food) [0]

Power: 32*

Bonus Aspects: Up to 5 chosen from Hover [2], Invisibility [8], Language [1], Night Stalker [-2], Night Vision [2], Possession [5], Scent Tracking [2], Shapechanging (giant black cat) [8], Sleep [4], Stealthy [2], Unkillable [10], and Weak Spot (Salt) [-2].

* Modified by Sustenance.

Gaki Hungers

In Japanese folklore, gaki can hunger for a wide range of things, not just the normal flesh and blood favored by most of the walking dead. The template above covers some of the more ordinary possibilities, but here are a few of the stranger things gaki feed on; the list is by no means comprehensive. The Zombie Master must decide which of these hungers (if any) can be used in the campaign, as well as the precise details of how they work. The notes given below are no more than suggestions.

Endurance: Treat as a special case of Soul Sucker (AFMBE, p. 155). The gaki drains points equal to twice its Willpower, and can use them all. Each Endurance point consumed is equal to one ounce of sustenance for the purposes of the starvation rules. Stolen Endurance is regained in the normal way.

Constitution: As Endurance above, except that Constitution is drained equal to half the gaki's Willpower, rounding down. Each point counts as 10 ounces of sustenance. Constitution points are regained at the rate of 1 per day of complete rest.

Height: The gaki drains one inch of the victim's height for each 2 Willpower points it possesses. Each inch counts as 10 ounces of sustenance. Height change is permanent.

Incense: The gaki feeds on the smoke of burning incense, draining it of its fragrance. Each complete stick of incense consumed in this way counts as one ounce of sustenance.

Life: As Endurance above, except that the Gaki drains Life Points.

Strength: As Endurance above, except that Strength is drained equal to half the gaki's Willpower, rounding down. Each point counts as 10 ounces of sustenance. Strength points are regained at the rate of 1 per day of complete rest.

Tattoos: Eating a tattoo causes 1-2 LP of damage and leaves a very sore patch of raw skin. Depending on its size, a tattoo can count as 1-10 ounces of sustenance.

Unkillable (See p. 106)

Some gaki are doomed to wander the Earth forever (or until it is decreed otherwise), and cannot be permanently destroyed. When reduced to zero Dead Points, they dissipate in a mist, and are unable to return until they have regenerated back to their full DP level. At the Zombie Master's option, it may be possible to banish or destroy them permanently through a miracle linked to the Buddhist or Shinto religion.

Weak Spot: Salt (See p. 107)

Some gaki can be wounded by a weapon dipped in salt, even if they are in an immaterial form.

Story Ideas

Cat Form

Some gaki can shapechange (see p. 105) into the form of a large black cat, about twice the size of a normal house-cat, with bristling black fur and glowing eyes. They retain their original Intelligence score and any features affecting Intelligence, but are otherwise the same as a normal cat.

Strength 1

Constitution 2

Dexterity 3

Intelligence *

Perception 2

Willpower 2

Dead Points: 15

Speed: 8

Endurance Points: n/a **Essence Pool:** 8

Attack: Bite damage D4(2) slashing, claw damage D4(2) slashing.

Weak Spot: All

Weight: 15-30 lbs.

Getting Around: Special

Strength: Special

Senses: Like the Living

Sustenance: Who Needs Food?

Intelligence: As in normal form*

Spreading the Love: None

Bonus Attributes: At the Zombie Master's option, the gaki may be able to feed in this form, using its Feed by Touch ability. However, there are no stories of one of these creatures behaving in an endearing way while in cat form, for example to lure a living person to pet it; they usually employ more aggressive means.

Nightmares

A gaki in cat form feeds on people as they sleep. It consumes nightmares, which it is able to induce; the sleepers awake in a cold sweat, completely exhausted (5 Endurance Points or less), and disturbed by the afterimages of the nightmares they have endured (fear level 1).

Watching for the attacker is an uncertain business. The gaki is both smart and stealthy, and chooses another victim if its intended target is being watched. Those who watch a victim without being detected by the gaki see a large black cat with glowing red eyes jump up on the sleeper's chest and sit there for several minutes, as the sleeper begins to thrash and moan feebly in the throes of the nightmare. After several minutes—or if disturbed—the cat jumps off, runs behind a piece of furniture, and disappears.

It is impossible to find how the creature gets in or out, and blocking potential entrances has no effect, unless the room is made completely airtight; this is because the gaki enters in smoke form through any crack or chink it can find; careful observers may be rewarded with the sight of a small cloud of smoke slowly coalescing into the form of the cat.

Cast Members who are not versed in Japanese folklore may assume they are dealing with some kind of zombie cat, which is sucking the life out of its victims using a power similar to Soul Sucker. However, the cat soon begins to exhibit special abilities if it is attacked or challenged—its preferred method of escape is to turn to smoke and leave through the nearest opening.

If hard pressed, the gaki uses its fire form to startle and confuse pursuers. The sudden brightness dazzles Cast Members in a darkened room just like a camera flashgun, giving them a -2 penalty to all vision-related tests for two Turns; the creature uses this time to turn to smoke and escape, or to flee invisibly if there is a suitable open door or window.

If the gaki is exceptionally hungry—for example, if it has been prevented from feeding for two nights or more—it becomes more aggressive, trying to possess a Cast Member. This character suddenly becomes sleepy, as if drugged, and suffers nightmares as the creature feeds on him or her from the inside. It can

only be removed by metaphysical means; an Inspired character who follows the Buddhist or Shinto religion should be able to cast it out by succeeding at a Resisted Contest of Willpower with the gaki.

Crop Failure

Depending on the time period and the Zombie Master's preference, this story could take place in a traditional agricultural village or a modern industrialized farm. A group of a dozen or so gaki feed on the goodness of the crop, leaving it withered and stunted in the ground.

At first, this may seem like a normal—though virulent—blight or pest attack on the crop. However, there are no outward signs such as chewed or discolored leaves. There is no sign of insects or other pests—or perhaps they are found dead among the crop, the insects reduced to empty exoskeletons with no visible damage, and mice and birds shriveled as if their insides have been sucked out. The crop is convenient, but the gaki feed on whatever comes to hand.

Microscope examination of crops and dead animals by a character with appropriate skills in biology likewise reveals no signs of how they came to be in this withered condition. Chemical analysis reveals that they are completely devoid of natural fats, oils and proteins, but gives no clues as to how these were removed. Genetic analysis—in a 21st century or later game setting—shows no abnormalities that might have resulted in the affected organisms somehow developing without these vital components.

As time goes by, the crop is drained dry, and the gaki move on to other feeding-grounds. This may create fears of an unidentified plague—possibly resulting in mass hysteria—and if it is unchecked, it could have serious consequences, both for the local economy and for the health of the people who rely on the farm or village for their sustenance.

Motiny

Everything has gone quiet in a war zone. The shooting has stopped, troop movements have stopped, and communications either go unanswered or are met with incomprehensible transmissions. Additional troops sent to investigate fail to report back. Intelligence intercepts show that the phenomenon affects both sides equally. In the United Nations,

accusations are made about the use of some kind of illicit weapon, either chemical, biological, or of some new kind. Feelings run high, and the conflict threatens to escalate on other fronts, perhaps dragging the whole region into turmoil.

The cause of the strange events is a huge army of gaki. Murderers, war criminals, and other violent personalities during their lives, they have been cursed with a hunger for aggression and the other emotions that go along with it—rage, hatred, and so on. Attracted by the emotional climate of the war zone, they have converged in great numbers, and drained the aggression from the combatants on both sides to the point where neither side is capable of fighting.

Discovering the truth could have a number of consequences. Some pacifist groups might see the gaki as a possible means of achieving world peace, while other groups—mostly affiliated to governments—would be more interested in finding some way to protect their own troops from having their aggression drained by the gaki, or some way of controlling them to use against enemies. The gaki, for their part, want to encourage war, in order to ensure their food supply.

The Monastery

This story would fit well in an *Enter the Zombie* campaign. A Buddhist or Shinto monastery was recently destroyed during a zombie attack. Unknown to anyone now living, the monks secretly left out food for the local gaki, as an act of compassion, and since they are now all dead (and some of them may be lurching across the countryside spreading destruction), the gaki have nothing to eat. They sustained themselves for a while from the few inert bodies that resulted from the destruction of the monastery, but these were soon exhausted, or found by surviving locals and cremated.

Driven by their hunger, the gaki start feeding in local towns and villages—the very thing the monks' donations were intended to prevent. To complicate things further, one or more of the monks may have become a gaki instead of a zombie. A monk who was not as diligent as he should have been about seeking enlightenment, for example, might now be a gaki who so hungers for spiritual wisdom that he eats the words off holy scrolls and other religious writings—including some ancient scriptures the Cast Members have brought with them to banish the gaki...

GHUL (Middle East, India)

Hamid opened his eyes as he heard the door close softly. Even though he had suspected something was amiss ever since his wedding feast, his heart was heavy. Tonight he would follow his faithless wife and confront her with her wrongdoing. She would have to pay a heavy price for betraying her husband, but it would give him no pleasure. He wished she could have loved him as he loved her—but as it was, he could not even be sure that the children she had brought into the world were his own, and not those of her lover.

His resolve built with this thought. For however his wife may have wronged him, her lover had wronged him also. And whoever that may be, he would find out tonight and see full justice done upon his worthless body.

He stole out of the house just in time to see his wife's shadow disappearing round a corner. Moving swiftly through the sleeping village, he kept her in sight. She did not pause or look back—clearly she had thought Hamid was asleep. As he followed her through the darkness, his mind was awash with memories: things he could have seen, should have noticed. How long had it been? The three years of their marriage, at least, and who knows how long before that? He disliked the feeling that he had been taken for a fool for all these years.

Jamila had no family and brought no dowry with her, but Hamid married her



anyway. His family, and some of his friends, had criticized him of being impractical, of reading too much poetry, but he did not listen. When she hardly touched her food at the wedding feast, he thought it was just nerves. When she continued to eat almost nothing at their table, he thought himself lucky to have a wife who cost so little to feed. When he felt her leave their bed at night, he thought she must be getting up early to start her housework, and felt lucky for having a wife who was so hard working. When children began to arrive, he was overjoyed.

But there had been talk in the village. A few local busybodies claimed to have seen her creeping back into the house before dawn, looking around her as if she was afraid of being seen. At first, Hamid had ignored the spiteful rumors, but they multiplied. He said nothing to Jamila, but for the last few weeks his suspicions had grown. Now, he would know the truth.

As his followed her, he tried to guess who her lover was. It was not that big a village, after all. She passed house after house without pausing, and carried on out of the village, perhaps to some assignation in a secluded place. Finally she reached the burial ground. Hamid ducked behind a tree as she looked around sharply before going in. What kind of place was this for adultery? What kind of lovers would meet here?

Crouching, Hamid crept along the low wall until he reached the gateway. Faint noises came to his ears, like the noises dogs made when they were fighting over the bones of a sheep. For the first time, he felt a whisper of fear through his anger. Drawing closer to the sounds, hardly daring to breathe, he prepared to confront his wife.

Nothing could have prepared him for the scene that faced him. A recent grave had been torn open, and squatting around it, squabbling over the crudely butchered remains, were a half-dozen blotchy-skinned creatures that were neither human nor animal. And his wife was among them—hideously changed, but still recognizably his wife. At the sound of his gasp she turned sharply, but without guilt.

“Welcome, husband!” Her voice was a low, hissing chuckle that chilled his blood. “Come, join me at my family’s table!”

Introduction

The ghou, or ghul, is a corpse-eating creature from the Islamic world thought to be a kind of demon, or a dead body possessed by a demon.

Ghouls look like human corpses, but they are much livelier than the majority of zombies. Their main distinguishing feature is their small, sharp teeth, that look somewhat like the teeth of a piranha. They are always ugly and often covered in dirt from their constant digging in cemeteries after their favorite food—human corpses. They are often naked, or dressed in tatters of clothing whose function they have completely forgotten. Their skin, where it can be seen beneath layers of caked dirt, ranges from gray through blue-gray in color, and their hair is dark, lank and filthy, or absent altogether. Their eyes are alive and full of spite—another feature that distinguishes them from most zombies—and their faces are contorted into permanent expressions of feral rage.

They will eat the flesh of animals as well as that of humans, and while they are predominantly scavengers a pack of ghouls may attack a lone living person, especially a child or someone who is sick or elderly. They are cowardly creatures, preferring to flee rather than fight. They do not speak, but if angry or threatened they make a catlike hissing noise.

A few ghouls have the ability to speak and adopt a living form. These individuals can live unnoticed among the living, even producing children, but show a noticeable lack of appetite for normal human food.

Variations

Bhuta (India)

Bhuta (boo-ta) is often used as a general term for all kinds of supernatural creatures from Indian tradition. In its more specific meaning, it refers to a type of ghoul created when a man does not receive the normal Hindu burial rite of cremation. This can be because he died by accident, suicide, or criminal execution, or because he had no heirs, without whom there is no-one who can perform the funeral rites. It haunts burial grounds, feeding on the intestines of corpses, but will also attack the living, especially its relatives and the sons of its neighbors. Not surpris-

ingly given its diet and standards of personal hygiene, those attacked by a bhuta often sicken and die. This creature is also known as gayal, kravyad, ut, and yaksha. The brahmaparush has a sense of humor—it is fond of drinking blood from the hollowed-out skulls of its victims, and dancing with their intestines wrapped around its head like a turban.

Busao (Philippines)

Busao (boo-sow, rhyming with moo-cow) is a general term for ogre-like beings in the Philippines, and at least some of them are corpse-eaters. They dig up the body the night after the burial, eating its flesh and drinking its blood, and leaving only the bones behind. Visible only as shadows, they live in the trees around graveyards.

Churel (India)

The churel (choo-rel) is a female revenant from India, having died in childbirth or in violation of various religious taboos. Her hair is long and matted, her tongue is black, and she is extremely ugly, but she can shapechange into the form of a beautiful young woman. In this form, she seduces men and feeds on their souls. She does not usually kill her victims, but leaves them prematurely aged, drained of vitality.

Jikininki (Japan)

Jinikinki are often people who were greedy or materialistic in life. As a punishment for their love of luxury, they are condemned to walk the earth after death, and live on corpses. They are large and roughly humanoid, but their shape is somewhat indistinct. Some can adopt Living Form, appearing as they did in life, but they are often only able to do so in a particular place they frequented while they were alive: their homes, or a temple in which they served as priests, are common examples.

Kasha (Japan)

The life of this Japanese ghoulish creature is somewhat complicated by the fact that the Japanese traditionally cremate their dead. Kasha have to be both stealthy and quick in order to snatch a meal, as corpses are watched until they can be cremated.

Kuang-Shi (China)

Like some other types, this Chinese ghoulish creature results from the possession of a corpse by an insubstantial demon, giving it the power to act directly in the mortal world. Demonic possession changes the appearance of the corpse quite drastically—it becomes a tall creature covered with green or white hair, armed with claws and fangs, and with a terrible look in its eyes. Some older kuang-shi can Fly (see p. 101). Chiang-shi is an alternative spelling.

Masani (India)

This female ghoulish creature hides by day in the ashes of funeral pyres, making her skin dark gray in color. She is active at night, attacking lone travelers who pass by her home burial ground.

Rakshasa (India)

The rakshasa of Indian folklore is a ghoulish creature with the ability to change shape; its favorite forms are a beautiful young woman (to lure incautious mortals into the charnel places where it makes its home), and various animal forms such as owl, bat, vulture, monkey, or dog. It can also adopt half-human and half-animal shapes. In its natural shape, the rakshasa has long, unkempt hair and prominent fangs, and its skin is caked with the blood of its victims. Infants and young children are its favorite prey, but it happily eats whatever human flesh it can get its hands on.

Vetala and Pisacha (India)

Also from India, the vetala is the angry ghost of a person whose heirs neglected to perform the necessary funeral rites, animating it to create a creature very much like a ghoulish creature. Bodies animated by a vetala have their hands and feet turned backwards, but this does not seem to affect their abilities at all. They can use the Evil Eye (p. 100) to cause madness and misadventures, and have been known to kill children. Paradoxically, they also protect their home villages from enemies—perhaps they are just highly territorial. They can be laid to rest by performing the neglected funeral rites. The pisacha is similar, but its Evil Eye causes disease.

Ghoul

Strength 2 **Constitution** 2
Dexterity 3 **Intelligence** 1
Perception 2 **Willpower** 2
Dead Points: 26 **Speed:** 18
Endurance Points: n/a **Essence Pool:** 12
Skills: Brawling 2, Climbing 2
Attack: As normal human, but stronger
Weak Spot: Fire [-5]
Weight: Any
Getting Around: The Quick Dead [10]; Climbing [2]
Strength: Dead Joe Average [0]; Teeth [4]
Senses: Like the Living [1]
Sustenance: Daily [0]; All Flesh Must Be Eaten [0]
Intelligence: Animal Cunning [4]; Tool Use [3]
Spreading the Love: Circumstances (eating the dead) [-2]; choose from Only the Dead [-2] or One Bite and You're Hooked [2]
Power: 24*
Bonus Aspects: Up to 5 chosen from Claws [8], Diseased Corpse [3], Evil Eye (vetala: Madness, Barrenness; pisacha: Diseased Corpse) [Ability Power x 2], Increased Essence Pool [1/5], Infravision [4], Language [1], Leaping [3], Life Sense [4], Living Form [3/5/10], Long-Term Memory [5], Night Stalker [-2], Night Vision [2], No Pain [1], Possession (dead bodies) [5], Problem Solving [15], Scent Tracking [2], Shapechange (rakshasa, churel) [8/form], Soul Sucker (churel) [5], Stealthy [2], Teamwork [4], and Tool Use [3/level].

* Modified by Spreading the Love

Wir-Wir (Philippines)

This creature lives in the forest, and raids burial grounds for both food and treasure. Its cave is often filled with objects it has looted from graves.

Special Aspects

Claws

Many ghouls have long, ragged nails in addition to their sharp teeth. These cannot be used while in living form, or while shapechanged into a form which does not naturally have claws.

Living Form (See p. 102)

Some ghouls can adopt Living Form (p. 102). An Intelligence score of at least 1 is a prerequisite for this ability.

Possession (See p. 104)

Ghouls with this ability can only possess dead bodies.

Shapechanging (See p. 105)

Only the rakshasa and the churel have this ability. The rakshasa has a wide array of alternate forms (see above, but the churel is restricted to its natural form and that of a beautiful young woman). At the Zombie Master's option, the churel's ability may be Living Form rather than Shapechanging.

Story Ideas

Today's Special

According to some beliefs (more common in role-playing games than actual folklore), one way to become a ghoul is to die after having eaten human flesh. Every since the 19th-century tale of Sweeny Todd, urban legends have been full of eateries who, knowingly or otherwise, have served up human flesh to their unsuspecting customers. Most Zombie Masters would agree, these are two great tastes that taste great together.

In a major city, such as New York or London, people are eating people without realizing it. How the human meat got into the food supply isn't of great importance, unless you happen to be one of the donors. Perhaps local organized crime needed to get

rid of some bodies, and decided that a meat processing plant would make sure the evidence was never recovered. Perhaps an evil cannibal cult has set up in town, with the deliberate intention of turning innocent citizens first into cannibals, and then ghouls. Perhaps someone cleaning an industrial meat grinder had a little accident and hasn't been missed.

In any case, people start popping out of their graves and causing trouble. With a little detective work, Our Heroes can find out that they all ate at a particular restaurant in a particular time period. Investigating the restaurant probably turns up the truth, and steps can be taken to ensure that this doesn't happen again.

But things are not over at this point. How many people ate at the restaurant at that time, and are still alive? How many of them ate the tainted dish (or dishes)? Where are they now? What do the Cast Members do about them? They may live out perfectly normal lives, only becoming ghouls when they die. The repercussions of this one regrettable event could last for decades.

In the Best of Families

There are several countries in which the local type of ghoul can take living form, or shapechange into human form. One of these individuals has married a high-ranking local official, or—at the risk of promoting xenophobia—a foreign diplomat who is now posted elsewhere.

While the ghoulish spouse manages to keep up a pretence of normality at most times, there are occasions where he or she simply has to feed. Sneaking off can arouse suspicions, especially among bodyguards and security personnel. Depending on the local political situation, these suspicions can range from simple infidelity to passing information to enemy or rebel groups.

The Cast Members can be set on the trail in various ways. They might be hired by a political opponent to dig up dirt against the official in question, who might be fully aware of what is going on and prepared to go to any lengths to prevent the truth from leaking out. Or, they might be hired by the official, or one of the official's entourage, to find out what the errant spouse is up to. They might be journalists who smell a scan-

dal, law enforcement officials investigating suspicious activity, or intelligence operatives trying to cut the flow of information to enemy groups. They might even be paranormal investigators who know the truth, and somehow have to make sure it comes out.

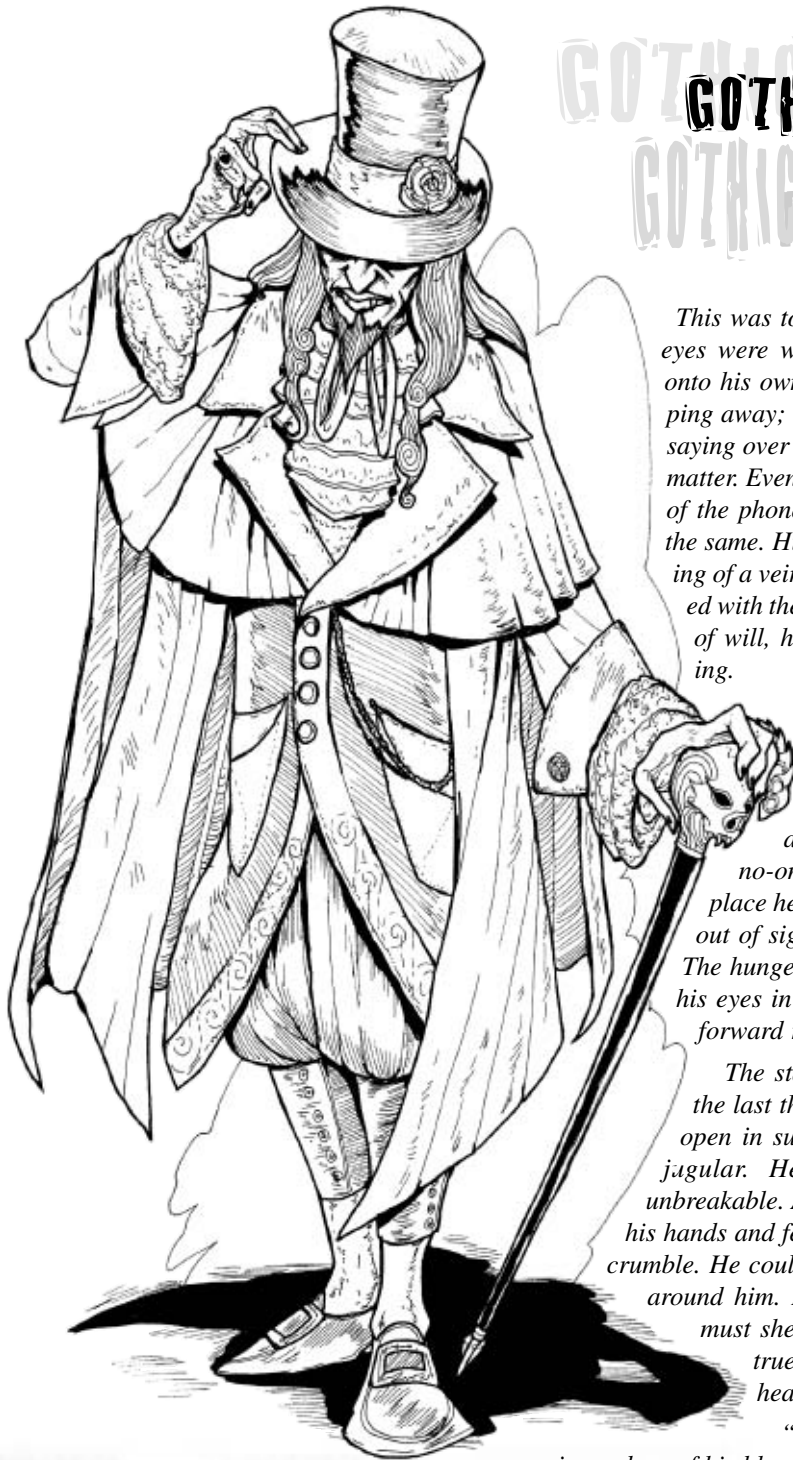
Enemies of Progress

There is vocal opposition to an ambitious modernization plan in a major city in the developing world. Funded by the World Bank and other international bodies, this comprehensive program would ensure clean water, reliable energy, public transportation, food, and other amenities for several million people. It is hard to see how anyone could object, but the opposition is numerous, vocal, and organized.

There can be various objections to a scheme such as this. Much of the international funding may end up in the pockets of corrupt local officials, and the process of awarding contracts for the project can also be fraught with accusations of corruption. The traditional way of life may be threatened in various ways, and not everyone sees the material benefits as outweighing the cultural cost. Some locals may see it as a Trojan horse to open up foreign-run factories, burger joints, and shopping malls, in order to divert local cash into foreign coffers. Local historic or sacred sites may be threatened.

In this case, the opposition is orchestrated by a cult of ghouls, who want to prevent the building of a morgue and crematorium large enough to handle all the city's needs for the next five decades. These ghouls are unusually intelligent, organized, and well-connected; and can make life very difficult for would-be developers. For added complication, they may be members of prominent local families, and their existence is an open secret that has been deliberately hidden from outsiders.

GOTHICK VAMPIRE (Various)



This was too easy. The girl's heavily made-up eyes were wide with awe as he spoke, locked onto his own stare. He could feel her will slipping away; she couldn't even hear what he was saying over the thump of the music, but it didn't matter. Even if he had been reciting the contents of the phone book, the effect would have been the same. His sharp eyes caught the slight pulsing of a vein in her neck, and his stomach twisted with the old, familiar hunger. With an effort of will, he stopped his fangs from lengthening.

Placing a hand lightly on her arm, he led the girl out of the club and into the alley. He had taken the precaution of disabling the alarm on the emergency exit, and no-one saw them leave. He led her to the place he had prepared behind the dumpster, out of sight behind a stack of liquor crates. The hunger was irresistible now; half-closing his eyes in anticipation, he let his fangs slide forward ready to bite.

The stabbing pain in his own throat was the last thing he had expected. His eyes flew open in surprise as her fangs penetrated his jugular. He struggled, but her grip was unbreakable. As the blood was drawn out of him, his hands and feet turned blue-black, and began to crumble. He could feel nothing as his body decayed around him. How had he not known? How old must she be, how powerful, to disguise her true nature from him? The last thing he heard was her soft, savage laugh.

"You were right," she chuckled, wiping a drop of his blood from her lips. "Too easy."

Introduction

Traditional vampires, covered on p. 76, are quite unlike the romantic figures of vampire fiction, movies, and (most recently) games. The romantic (or gothick) vampire is a creation of fiction rather than folklore, but in the last two hundred years or so it has completely eclipsed its traditional forebears in popular consciousness. Characters like Count Dracula, Lestat de Lioncourt, Lord Ruthven, and Sir Francis Varney have come to be the definition of a vampire in the minds of many.

The gothick vampire is almost always very attractive, and appears to be in the prime of life. Wherever they are, they dress exquisitely for the time and place, affecting a classic look that does not venture into the extremes of high fashion. They have a great personal magnetism, and are often irresistible to mortals of the opposite sex; many who come close to them, however, notice a great sadness, as if they are hiding some terrible pain beneath their urbane and polished surface. In unguarded moments, they may admit to being weary of the world and its superficial pleasures—although this does not seem to prevent them from enjoying those pleasures to the full.

A small proportion of gothick vampires are stricken by conscience at their need to feed on the blood of mortals, but by far the majority regard their condition as a gift that sets them apart from mortal “cattle”—they see themselves as hunters, and mortals as their rightful quarry. Gothick vampires have the ability to create others of their kind by draining a victim of blood, and, as they hover between life and death, allowing them to drink some of the vampire’s own blood. Their favorite victims are almost always young and attractive members of the opposite sex—those whom they deem worthy of the gift of immortality—though they will often kill out of revenge.

Many gothick vampires are centuries old and extremely powerful. Down the centuries, they have acquired both great wealth and deep learning, making them by far the most cultured of the walking dead. Some—though not all—are weakened or repelled by crosses, holy water, and other trappings of religion. Many are actually wounded by such things. Some are repelled by garlic, and some, who cast no reflection,

are repelled by mirrors. Many have shapechanging abilities—a large bat is the most common alternate form, and some can also take the form of a wolf. Some more powerful individuals can also take the form of a mist. Many have hypnotic abilities, which allow them to dominate an intended victim from a distance; dominated victims may elude those who are trying to protect them and go to the vampire, or they might remove protections such as garlic and crucifixes, and open doors and windows to allow the vampire to reach them.

Gothick vampires are harmed by sunlight, and may be destroyed by driving a wooden stake through their hearts—although in some cases, staking merely paralyzes them and sunlight, holy water, decapitation or some other means must be used to finish the job. Once destroyed, the centuries of their unnatural lifespan catch up with them almost instantly, and they crumble to dust or collapse into a heap of fleshless bones.

Gothick vampires are generally solitary, although a powerful individual may have a number of vampire consorts of the opposite sex. These are invariably created by the vampire, who keeps them as a kind of harem. In many cases, the master vampire keeps tight control over its consorts, although this control may only be effective when it is actually present.

Variations

Punk Vampire

Younger gothick vampires follow mortal fashions more closely than their older counterparts, and many find a home—and a feeding-ground in the punk or goth youth cultures. While less powerful than older vampires, they are less discriminating about creating more of their kind, which makes them more numerous. They are confirmed city-dwellers, and frequent the trendier nightspots as they search for prey. Unlike the older gothick vampires, punk vampires often run in packs, which can vary in character from a trendy clique to a vicious street gang. Punk vampires are not generally affected by religious objects, garlic, or mirrors, and only rarely have shapechanging abilities.

Special Aspects

Claws

A few gothick vampires have retractable claws, that look just like perfectly-manicured fingernails when they are retracted. More have exceptionally strong and sharp fingernails, which can cause the same damage as claws.

Restricted Activity (See p. 104)

Some gothick vampires, in addition to reverting to corpse form at dawn, are required to rest in a coffin during the day. In extreme cases, the coffin must contain a layer of soil from the vampire's birthplace, or it must be the coffin in which the vampire was originally buried.

Shapechanging (See p. 105)

For a gothick vampire's bat form, use the game stats given on p. 8 for the Aztec mummy. For wolf form, use the stats for the zombie dog in *Rise of the Walking Dead* (AFMBE, p. 169). The gothick vampire retains its natural intelligence in wolf form, as well as all skills and other abilities that are not rendered impractical by the physical limitations of the form.

A gothick vampire in mist form can move with Spd 18, and can pass through any barrier or obstacle that is not air-tight.

Slaves (See p. 105)

Slaves may be lesser vampires as well as mortals whose loyalty has been bought by the (often empty) promise of immortality.

Teeth

Gothick vampires can retract their fangs, so that they do not spoil their appearance. Fangs are normally only evident when the creature is about to feed, if it is enraged, or if it deliberately decides to show them.

Unkillable

The greatest example of an unkillable gothick vampire is Christopher Lee's Count Dracula in the Hammer Films from 1958 to 1973. Killed at the end of each movie by means including stakes, sunlight,

Gothick Vampire

Strength 4 **Constitution** 4 [2]
Dexterity 3 **Intelligence** 2
Perception 3 **Willpower** 4 [2]
Dead Points: 26 **Speed:** 18
Endurance Points: n/a **Essence Pool:** 20
Skills: Language (local area) 5

Attack: As normal human, but stronger

Weak Spot: Head*, Heart, Sunlight [1]

Weight: Life-like [0]

Getting Around: The Quick Dead [3]

Strength: Strong Like Bull [5]; Teeth [4]

Senses: Like a Hawk [2]

Sustenance: Daily [0]; Blood [-2]

Intelligence: Language [1]; Long-Term Memory [5], Problem Solving [15]

Special: Living Form [5], Night Vision [3]

Spreading the Love: Ritual (drinking vampire's blood at the point of death) [-3]

Power: 48

Bonus Aspects: Choose from Claws [8], Climbing [2], Compulsion [4], Fog [2], Increased Essence Pool [1/5], Infravision [6], Iron Grip [1], Leaping [3], Life Sense [6], Monstrous Strength [10], No Pain [1], Prohibition (religious objects, garlic, running water) [6], Rage [-2], Regeneration [2/5], Repulsion (religious objects, garlic, mirrors) [3], Restricted Activity (night) [-2], Senses (Like Nothing You've Ever Seen) [10], Shapechanging (mist, bat, wolf) [24], Slaves [varies], Spreading the Love (Only the Dead, One Bite and You're Hooked) [0], Stealthy [2], The Lunge [3], Tranquillize [3], Unkillable [10], and Weak Spot (stakes, blessed objects) [-5].

* Like Weak Spot: Brain, only covering decapitation.

and running water, Dracula nevertheless contrived to come back at the start of the next movie by some means or another. A favorite means of resuscitating him—but by no means the only one—was to sprinkle fresh blood on a pinch of his ashes; the blood would bubble and produce a dense red mist, from which Dracula emerged as large as life—or perhaps, as undeath. In some cases, his ring was also needed for this resurrection.

Weak Spot: Blessed Objects

For some gothick vampires, the mere touch of a crucifix, or a splash of holy water, causes terrible burns. This can be treated in the same way as Weak Spot: Chemicals (*AFMBE*, p. 149) for most purposes.

Weak Spot: Heart

The vulnerability of a gothick vampire's heart varies. In some cases, destroying the heart by any

means is sufficient to destroy the vampire. In others, the heart must be pierced by a wooden stake. A few of the more powerful individuals are merely paralyzed by a stake through the heart, and must be finished off by other means.

Weak Spot: Sunlight

Sunlight burns a gothick vampire like fire, causing D8(4) damage per Turn. Sometimes it actually causes a gothick vampire to catch fire.

Weak Spot: Head

Some gothick vampires can be killed by decapitation, although it is sometimes necessary to burn the head and body, to make absolutely sure that they don't come back.

Story Ideas

Substance Abuse

In the nightclub district of a major city, people are turning up dead. They show the classic signs of vampire attack: two small puncture wounds in the neck, and almost no blood left in the body.

To catch a predator, one must first understand its hunting behavior. In this case, a small gang of punk vampires has taken to preying on mortals who are using a certain club drug—the vampires get a high from the tainted blood, and in some cases they even supply prospective victims with it. Autopsies reveal that all the victims of vampire attacks have traces of this drug in their systems; with this link established, the Cast Members have to track down the sources of supply, find habitual users, and watch them in case they are attacked next. To make matters worse, the vampires suffer from Emotional Instability (p. 100) and Rage (p. 104) as side-effects of the drug, but have Monstrous Strength (Strength 7) while they are under its influence.

Seize the Night

A city is being haunted by a vampire with a difference. Everyone he bites dies and becomes a vampire in their turn, and everyone they bite also become a vampire (*Spreading the Love: One Bite and You're Hooked*). Within a matter of weeks, the city is overrun with vampires, and the plague seems unstoppable.

Skills

The skills available to a gothick vampire are up to the *Zombie Master* to decide. Some of these creatures are centuries old and have acquired great learning, especially in esoteric matters. Many have acquired all the skills they need to enable them to pose as wealthy and aristocratic mortals.

The *Zombie Master* may assign a gothick vampire certain skills during the creation process if desired. Alternatively, it may be simpler—especially in the case of the oldest and most powerful creatures—to assume they automatically have any skill they choose to have, at a level equal to an appropriate Attribute score (Int in most cases, Dex in some). High tech and other specialized “modern” skills, such as Computer Hacking and Electronics, may be excluded unless the vampire has made particular efforts to learn them.

Cast Members may be ordinary citizens caught up in the mayhem, or they may be members of government agencies such as the Centers for Disease Control, sent in to investigate and deal with the problem. If the plague is caught in the early stages, it may be possible to eradicate it by hunting down and destroying all the vampires. The city may be evacuated while the clean-up is underway, but there is an excellent chance that one or two of the evacuees may be freshly-bitten victims, who die in refugee camps and start spreading vampirism there. Meanwhile, small squads of troops and CDC experts hunt through the city by day, destroying any vampires they find. At night, the city is cleared of the living, and kept sealed by large contingents of National Guard and other troops to stop the contagion from spreading.

If the plague is too widespread by the time the experts arrive on scene, there may be no option but to seal the city off and “cleanse” it, using napalm or some equally drastic means. In this scenario, the Cast Members may be citizens who have avoided being bitten so far, trying to escape with their lives.

Taking Care of Business

This story starts from the same point as *Seize the Night* above. However, in this case the original vampire is careful to make sure that none of his victims get to rise from the dead. An ever-expanding horde of vampires would quickly overrun the city’s food supply; they would also attract far too much unwanted attention—and for all their powers, the best defense available to gothick vampires is the fact that nobody believes in them.

Because of this, the vampire burns his victims’ bodies, or destroys them by some other means, before they have the chance to rise from the dead and start causing trouble in their own right. The city police start to see a pattern in the burned corpses that have begun turning up on a regular basis, and investigate a possible serial killer; the Cast Members may become involved in this investigation, if they have suitable skills and contacts. Every so often, though, the vampire is interrupted in his grisly work, or a corpse does not burn to the point of complete destruction. A new vampire is created, sometimes horribly disfigured, and its maker tries to hunt it down and destroy it. A powerful vampire hunting down others of its kind with cross and stake could lead to some very confused players.

Give the Gift of Life

Somehow—perhaps by the action of a disgruntled and loosely-controlled slave—several units of a vampire’s blood have ended up in a big-city hospital’s blood bank. The blood is given to various patients, all of whom start to develop strange and unsettling symptoms. They will die and become vampires unless the tainted blood is flushed from their systems and they are somehow cleansed of the contagion. This could be presented as a vampirism-as-virus science fiction story, with the Cast Members as scientists racing to analyze the nature of the contagion and find some way to counteract it, or it could have a more supernatural tone, with a holy water IV drip as only one of the possible remedies.

GYONSHI (China)

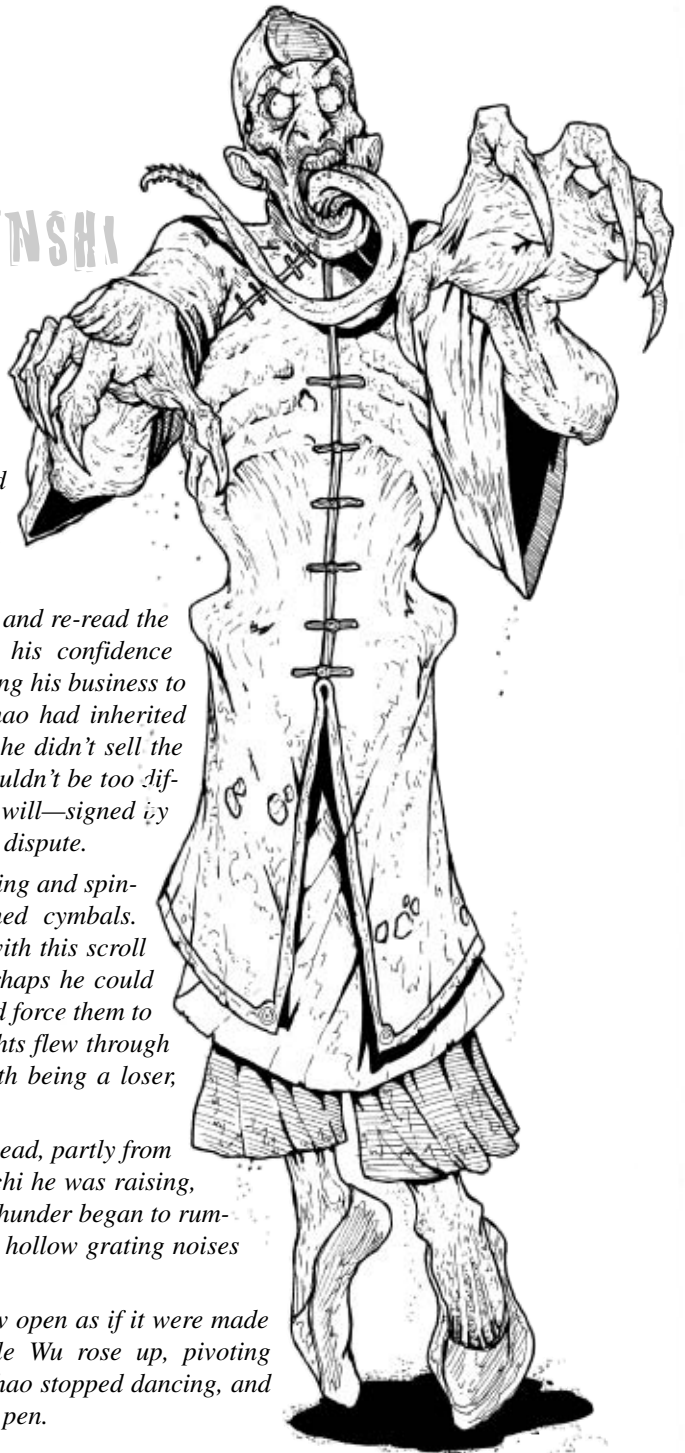
Chao placed the incense carefully around the grave, lighting each bundle of sticks and glancing nervously at the sky. It was looking like it might rain.

He pulled the scroll from inside his jacket and re-read the instructions for the ritual. As he did so, his confidence returned. He would show Uncle Wu for leaving his business to the others. The pitiful amount of money Chao had inherited wouldn't even cover his gambling debts—if he didn't sell the shop, he would be in big trouble. Still, it shouldn't be too difficult to make some slight alterations to the will—signed by Uncle Wu's own hand, so there should be no dispute.

He began to dance around the grave, leaping and spinning as he clashed the small, red-ribboned cymbals. Maybe he didn't need Uncle Wu after all—with this scroll that showed him how to raise the dead, perhaps he could hold the Triad lords' ancestors to ransom and force them to cancel his debts. All kinds of dizzying thoughts flew through his head as he danced—he was through with being a loser, that was for certain.

He could feel the hair standing up on his head, partly from the approaching storm and partly from the chi he was raising, and focusing on the occupant of the grave. Thunder began to rumble in the distance, almost drowning out the hollow grating noises that came from beneath the stone.

Suddenly, the cover-stone of the grave flew open as if it were made of balsa wood. Lightning flashed as Uncle Wu rose up, pivoting straight-legged as if hinged at the ankles. Chao stopped dancing, and pulled the will from a pocket, fumbling for a pen.



"Okay, uncle," he said without looking up, "Just sign this for me, and you can go back to sleep. I'm sure you meant to leave something more to your favorite nephew, after all. It must just have slipped your mind—yes, I'm sure that's it. You were ill, and these things can get overlooked..." His voice tailed off as he looked up.

Uncle Wu was out of the grave and stood before him, arms outstretched and eyes glaring. He did not look at all happy at having been disturbed.

Introduction

Gyonshi translates literally as "stiff corpse," but they are often called "Chinese hopping vampires" in the West. They have blue-gray skin, and look in every way like fresh corpses. They are usually dressed in Manchu robes. They may be created by improper burial (especially burial in a site with bad feng shui), or by a Taoist ritual. Originally, the technique of reanimating the corpses was developed to facilitate their transportation to their home provinces for burial, but it was not long before various evil uses were found for them.

The most noticeable characteristic of the gyonshi is the fact that it cannot move its legs. It can only move by hopping—or, in some rare cases, by hovering. According to some traditions, they can only move in straight lines. It takes a full Turn to change direction, which involves coming to a halt, hopping around to the new facing, and setting off again. Their arms are normally held out stiffly before them, but some of the more intelligent individuals can use their hands for more than breaking through walls and grabbing people by the throat.

Gyonshi are blind, but have an extremely acute sense of smell, homing in on the breath of a living victim. Characters who are holding their breath become invisible to the vampire, who continues to sniff around the place where it last detected life.

A character who is scratched or bitten by a gyonshi and survives becomes a kind of living vampire, growing claws and teeth and becoming obsessed with drinking blood. This condition can only be cured by metaphysical means, such as a healing miracle.

These creatures can be subdued by fixing Taoist charms—written in red ink (made from hen's blood) on

yellow paper—to their foreheads using sticky rice as an adhesive. According to some traditions, they actually take damage from sticky rice, even through clothing. If the charm should come off for any reason, the gyonshi returns to life. Cremation will destroy them, and burial in a suitable environment (in the deceased's family plot, in a site with correct feng shui, and with all burial rituals correctly performed) will render them inactive. They are also vulnerable to wooden blades (peach wood is the favorite) that have been blessed by an Inspired character using a Taoist ritual (see *Blessing*, *AFMBE* p. 64).

Variants

Pocong

Also known as hantu bungkus, the pocong is a corpse still wrapped in its winding-sheet, so completely covered that its face cannot be seen. Like a gyonshi, it travels by jumping, but its leaps are much longer—it can jump 50 yards/meters in a single hop, and can jump up to 100 yards/meters in a single bound to clear an obstacle. It only attacks if it is obstructed on its journey.

According to some folklore, it can also take the form of a white cat or a piece of white cloth. In this form, it lies in the road outside a cemetery, waiting to wrap itself around the legs of passers-by and feed on their life essence using a power like Soul Sucker.

Special Aspects

Blindness (See p. 99)

Even though an active gyonshi's eyes are open, it cannot see the living. Instead, it relies upon its acute sense of smell to give it a picture of the world—especially where locating victims is concerned. Otherwise, its sight—or a combination of other senses—is good enough to allow it to get around without continually running into things.

Hop (See p. 181)

This is the most distinctive feature of the gyonshi. Their hop takes them about a foot in the air, and about three feet forward. This can make it difficult for them to climb steep stairs, or cross high door sills. This is one reason why a lot of older Chinese buildings have raised door sills.

Hover (See p. 101)

Some of the smarter gyonshi—typically those who were sorcerers or renegade Taoists priests in life—have the ability to hover rather than hopping. It looks more impressive as they glide around an inch or so above the ground, but it can be subject to the same limitations as hopping where high obstacles are concerned.

Leaping

The more athletic gyonshi can supplement their normal hopping (or hovering) movement with incredible leaps, allowing them to jump over obstacles up to the size of a single-story building. They maintain their stiff pose, and cannot perform impressive acrobatics in mid-flight like living martial artists.

Need to Feed

Gyonshi do not need to feed, but they want to. They do not suffer starvation if they cannot feed, but unless they are controlled they will try to feed at every opportunity.

Prohibition (Sticky Rice) (See p. 104)

Sticky rice is not the same as regular rice. Many people have come to grief by not being aware of the distinction. As well as being used to fix a charm to the gyonshi's forehead to render it inert, sticky rice is a potent weapon. Gyonshi cannot cross a line or circle of sticky rice on the ground, and if they are hit by sticky rice, it burns them like acid, typically causing D8 (4) damage.

Prohibition

(String Dipped in Chicken's Blood) (See p. 104)

Ideally, the string should be red, but this is not vital, as the chicken's blood will turn it red. As long as the blood is moist, it burns gyonshi like acid (see above), and it can be used to make a barrier that gyonshi cannot pass.

Sharp Tongue (See p. 105)

Some gyonshi have barbed tongues, which they use to feed instead of teeth. In such cases, cutting out the tongue renders them harmless, though they can still hop about and be annoying.

Spreading the Love

Circumstances: A corpse most commonly becomes a gyonshi because of some problem with the burial. A grave site with bad feng shui is a common cause (especially if the site is too dry, or subject to yang influences that tend to dry the corpse out). Other possible causes are an air bubble trapped in the throat (allowing the deceased to hold onto one last breath) and burial away from one's family.

Ritual: According to some sources, there is a Taoist ritual that allows a corpse to be made into a gyonshi. Initially, this was intended to make transportation easier; the gyonshi were roped together and led back to their home province for burial by professional corpse escorts (see p. 45). Of course, evil sorcerers and renegade Taoist priests made more illicit use of the ritual.

One Bite and You're Hooked: Characters bitten or scratched by a gyonshi do not turn into gyonshi themselves. Instead, they turn into a type of living vampire, with claws, fangs, and an unsightly skin problem, plus an obsession with drinking blood. Their Attribute scores remain the same, except for Intelligence which drops to zero. They forget all skills. They become monsters, and are controlled by the Zombie Master until they are either killed or restored to full health by a Taoist ritual (for those with only the *All Flesh Must Be Eaten* rulebook, this can be a Touch of Healing Miracle used by an Inspired character of the Taoist religion; Zombie Masters with access to *Enter the Zombie* may rule that the Healing Touch Chi Technique (ETZ, p. 42) is also effective. A character killed or wounded by one of these living vampires does not become a vampire.

Straight and Narrow (See p. 105)

Some gyonshi (and several other types of Chinese undead) can only move in straight lines, and must stop in order to change direction.

Weak Spot: Charm (See p. 106)

The charm must be a piece of Taoist scripture, written in red ink on yellow paper, and it must be stuck to the gyonshi's forehead with sticky rice, so that it hangs down over the face. The calligraphy must be perfect, and there must be no errors in the writing. At the

Gyonshi

Strength 4 **Constitution** 2
Dexterity 1 **Intelligence** -2
Perception 2 **Willpower** 2
Dead Points: 26 **Speed:** 1
Endurance Points: n/a **Essence Pool:** 9
Skills: Brawling 2

Attack: Claw damage d6(3) x Strength armor piercing, slashing; Bite damage D4 x 2(4) slashing

Weak Spot: Fire, Charm [-6]

Weight: Dead Weight (210-255 lbs.) [-2]

Getting Around: Hop [-1], Straight and Narrow [-3]

Strength: Claws [8], Strong Like Bull [5]

Senses: Blindness [-8], Like the Living, [1], Scent Tracking [1]

Sustenance: Who Needs Food? [8]

Intelligence: Dumb As Dead Wood [0]

Spreading the Love: Circumstance (incorrect burial) [-2], Ritual [-2], One Bite and You're Hooked [2]

Power: 6

Bonus Aspects: Up to 5 chosen from Animal Cunning [4], Hover [2], Iron Grip [1], Leaping [3], Natural Armor (Tough Hide or Skin Like Iron) [2/4], Night Stalker [-2], No Pain [1], Problem Solving [15], Prohibition (sticky rice, string dipped in chicken's blood) [-4 each], Senses (Like The Living) [1], Sharp Tongue [1], Stealthy [2], Teamwork [4], and Teeth [4]. Gyonshi may also have martial arts and other powers taken from *Enter the Zombie*, but these are restricted to the upper body—the legs and feet remain rigid at all times.

Zombie Master's discretion, characters who are trying to create a charm under pressure (for example, in the middle of a combat) may be required to make some skill checks: Writing (Chinese Calligraphy) and/or Occult Knowledge (Taoist) are both appropriate.

The charm renders the gyonshi inactive; it loses all self-will, and can only move if commanded to by a corpse escort or similarly skilled character.

Story Ideas

Hopping Vampire, Hidden Scrolls

After decades of research, a powerful sorcerer has tracked down an ancient manuscript to a museum, where it is held in a reserve collection that is not open to the public. Knowing the scroll has great powers, the museum authorities have restricted access to it, and all requests to examine it are automatically turned down.

After a fruitless exchange of letters and phone calls with various members of the museum's hierarchy, the sorcerer has decided to adopt a more direct approach. With a squad of gyonshi as muscle, he plans to break into the museum at night, find the

Placing the Parchment

A gyonshi can be immobilized by sticking a piece of Taoist scripture to its forehead, but this is not an easy thing to do. It must be placed by hand—sticking it on an arrow or other missile and firing it at the creature's forehead doesn't work. Sticky rice must be used as the adhesive.

Targeting the forehead incurs a -5 penalty to hit—more severe than the normal -4 for targeting the head (AFMBE, p. 104), because only a part of the head is targeted. If the gyonshi is not facing the character who is trying to place the parchment, further penalties may be in order. No damage is caused while placing the parchment.

scroll—which is in a concealed safe in one of the museum’s offices—and take it.

While the museum authorities do not openly acknowledge that any of their collection items have supernatural powers, they have been alerted by the sorcerer’s persistence in trying to gain access to the scroll. Security has been strengthened, and perhaps a small number of specialist “security consultants”—the Cast Members—have been hired to guard against possible break-ins.

The Long Road Home

The story is set in ancient China, like “Once Upon a Corpse in China” from *Enter the Zombie*. Its overall tone is that of an episodic kung fu comedy. The Cast Members—or at least, some of them—have been detailed to escort a string of corpses to their home province for burial. With Taoist scriptures safely affixed to their foreheads, the bodies are no trouble, simply hopping along following the sound of a bell rung by the lead corpse escort.

Most people avoid the strange company, but the journey is fraught with various problems. Obtaining accommodation in a roadside inn may be difficult, as no innkeeper wants corpses under his roof—especially mobile ones. At least one of the party has to stay with the bodies all night to make sure their scriptures stay in place. Other guests may leave when they hear that a group of hopping corpses and their escorts are staying at the inn, and even if they don’t, the innkeeper strikes the hardest bargain he can, claiming that the party and their charges are frightening paying customers away.

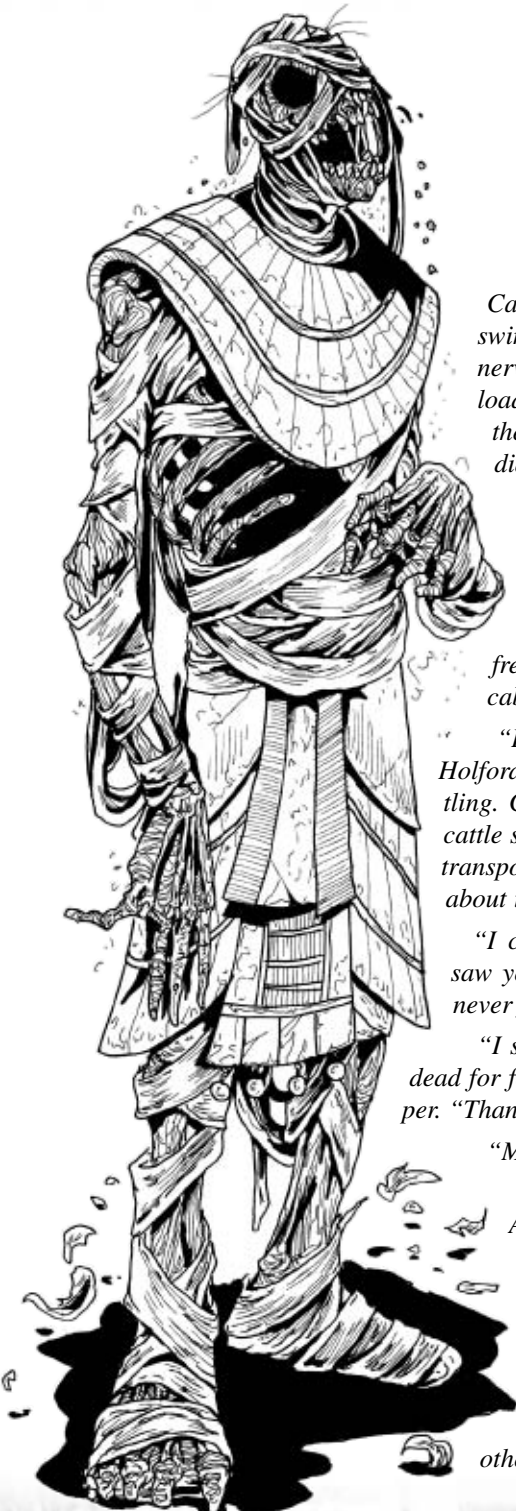
Of course, there are some people along the way who take an unhealthy interest in the bodies. These individuals can range from sorcerers who want to make slaves of them to local youths who remove the scriptures from the bodies on a dare. Enemies of the party (or of a master who has trained one or more of them) may let the corpses loose in order to embarrass and disgrace them, while a local criminal gang may try to use the corpses to break into a wealthy merchant’s treasury, or to provide a diversion while they carry out a robbery. Wherever they go, the Cast Members must be prepared for trouble, and ready to bring their errant charges back under control.

Planning Blight

An old part of a Chinese city (or the Chinatown section of a city elsewhere in the world) is being redeveloped, and unknown to anyone living, the earth-moving and construction has drastically interfered with the feng shui of an old burial ground. Protesters who oppose the construction project and want to preserve the area’s original character—who may include the Cast Members—suddenly find themselves joined by several dozen malcontent gyonshi from the burial ground. Unlike the protestors, the hopping dead have no qualms about taking drastic measures to restore the feng shui of their graves, and do not hesitate to break equipment, demolish half-built structures, and injure or kill workers. Those who are bitten or clawed by the gyonshi turn into living vampires, further adding to the chaos and risking a wave of panic sweeping over the city.

The gyonshi have to be rounded up, rendered harmless, and re-buried, either in their restored burial ground while construction moves to another site, or in a new location which has ideal feng shui. Players who enjoy a lot of negotiation and interaction with the Supporting Cast could find it challenging to convince a huge construction group to re-locate a multi-million-dollar project, even if there are corpses hopping around killing the workers. If an alternative site for the burial ground can be located, there is also be some negotiations with the land’s present owners, who might not want a burial ground, or might see an opportunity for profit and try to wring every last drop of cash out of the transaction. Burning or otherwise destroying the re-animated bodies brings down the wrath of the deceased’s families—and who knows, perhaps all their ancestors as well...

MUMMY (Egypt)



Carruthers winced as the crate glanced off the side of the ship, swinging wildly on its sling. Deciding, for the sake of his nerves, not to watch the rest of the tomb's contents being loaded, he went aboard. Holford could supervise the loading—the American had a far better rapport with the locals than he did.

He found his cabin and unpacked his small portable typewriter to continue with his report. He scarcely noticed the vibration of the engines starting up, or the slight bump as the ship cast off. When he was roused by the dinner-bell, almost four hours had passed. He arranged the stack of fresh pages neatly and headed for the saloon, locking his cabin door behind him.

"Hi there, doc!" Carruthers' teeth clenched involuntarily. Holford was pleasant enough, but his familiar manner was unsettling. Carruthers couldn't help feeling that he should be herding cattle somewhere, or shooting outlaws, rather than overseeing the transportation of priceless antiquities. Still, he had been right about the tomb's location, against all scientific reason.

"I checked the queen's sarcophagus," Holford continued. "I saw you were kind of upset about it. It's just fine. Her Majesty never felt a thing."

"I should hope not," Carruthers retorted dryly, "having been dead for four thousand years." Then he thought better of his ill temper. "Thank you, Holford. That was good of you."

"My pleasure, doc. Shall we see what's for dinner?"

To Carruthers' great surprise, dinner was almost edible. After the dishes were cleared, the Captain produced a Greek brandy and some South American cigars, both tolerable, and Carruthers found himself in a much better mood as he and Holford leaned on the ship's rail watching the stars.

Suddenly, there was shouting from the lower decks. Fearing the worst, Carruthers and Holford made for the hold, pushing past several crewmen who were coming the other way with panic in their eyes.

The crate holding the queen's sarcophagus lay open, with the lid on the floor beside it. Beside the crate lay the body of one of the crew, his head twisted round at an unnatural angle. The only trace of the queen's mummy was a scrap of bandage, clutched convulsively in the dead man's fingers...

Introduction

Everybody knows about mummies. Buried thousands of years ago in ancient Egypt, they walk again when their tombs are opened, reclaiming their stolen goods, and punishing those who disturbed their eternal rest. But like zombies, mummies are a lot more than just their movie image.

An Egyptologist will tell you that a mummy is a corpse—not always a human one—that has been dried out and wrapped in bandages, to preserve it for all eternity. The ancient Egyptians believed that no one could go to the afterlife without their body, so it had to be able to last forever.

The first stage in the process of mummification was removing the internal organs. The heart, lungs, stomach, intestines, liver, and gall-bladder were pickled, and either kept in four canopic jars or wrapped and put back in the body cavity before the mummy was wrapped. The brain was whisked to a liquid with an iron tool inserted through the nose, drained out through a nostril, and thrown away—the ancient Egyptians believed the heart was the seat of consciousness, so the brain wasn't all that important to them.

Then, the body was packed with natron, a naturally-occurring salt, and left to dry out for 40 days. At the end of this time, it was completely dehydrated, 75% lighter, and the color of dark wood. Next, it was packed out with sawdust and bundles of cloth into an approximation of its original shape, and bandaged.

According to most mummy movies, a walking mummy had a somewhat different history. In life, it was often a priest or other dignitary who had committed an unforgivable sin—falling in love with a princess is a common transgression. The condemned had his tongue torn out, and was bandaged and entombed while still alive, suffering a slow death from starvation or a quicker one from suffocation, according to the circumstances. Sometimes, in a cruel

irony, the condemned was placed in the tomb of his beloved, charged with guarding it for eternity. Sometimes, he rose from the dead purely by the power of obsession.

While its tomb remains undisturbed, the mummy lies in a dormant state. If the tomb should be robbed by looters or archaeologists, the mummy becomes active and sets about avenging the crime; this normally involves recovering any stolen items and killing everyone involved.

While this is the classic movie mummy, there are others. A regular mummy may be raised by an ancient ritual, and sometimes it requires an infusion of tana leaves—the leaves of a rare and sacred plant—to keep it active. This kind of mummy is not self-willed, but mindlessly follows the commands of its master.

Most mummies look exactly like what they are—bandaged corpses imbued with a semblance of life—but some individuals have the power to assume the same form as they had in life, making them indistinguishable from a living person. These mummies were normally powerful sorcerers or priests in life, and retain their magical powers after death.

Because of the dehydration process, some mummies are lighter than living humans. Although the process of dehydration removes around 75% of the body's weight, packing and bandages ensure that a mummy is usually no less than half its living weight. Some mummies are coated with several layers of resin between the layers of bandage, adding more weight; these may be the same weight as they were in life, or even heavier.

Special Aspects

Despite their general similarity in appearance, mummies can vary widely. The following bonus features cover the most common variations.

Damage Resistant

A few mummies are damage resistant, but natural armor is far more common.

Living Form (see p. 102)

Some mummies can adopt Living Form (p. 102). An Intelligence score of at least 1 is a prerequisite for

Mummy

Strength 4 **Constitution** 2
Dexterity 1 **Intelligence** -2
Perception 1 **Willpower** 2
Dead Points: 26 **Speed:** 2
Endurance Points: n/a **Essence Pool:** 8
Skills: Brawling 2

Attack: As normal human, but stronger

Weak Spot: Fire [-5]

Weight: Any

Getting Around: Slow and Steady [0]

Strength: Strong Like Bull [5]

Senses: Like the Dead [0]

Sustenance: Who Needs Food? [8]

Intelligence: Dumb As Dead Wood [0]

Spreading the Love: Ritual (live mummification; reading of the Scroll of Life) [-2]

Power: 11

Bonus Aspects: Up to 5 chosen from Animal Cunning [2/4], Damage Resistant [5], Getting Around (Life-Like) [3], The Hug of Death [8], Increased Essence Pool [1/5], Iron Grip [1], Language (requires Living Form) [1], Life Sense [4], Living Form [3/5/10], Long-Term Memory [5], The Lunge [3], Monstrous Strength [10], Natural Armor 1/2/4], Night Stalker [-2], Night Vision [2], No Pain [1], Possession (own body, statues) [5/10], Problem Solving [15], Rage [-2], Senses (Like the Living) [1], Stealthy [2], Sustenance (tana leaf infusion, occasionally) [-1], Teamwork [4], and Tool Use [3/level].

this ability. At the lower level, adopting Living Form costs 15 Essence, and maintaining it costs 1 Essence per day.

Natural Armor (see p. 102)

A mummy's bandages provide it with some protection against blows (see p. 102). Some individuals, whose bandages are soaked with hardened resin, may have Tough Skin or Skin Like Iron. Note that this does not protect against fire (see below). Mummies in Living Form cannot have natural armor.

No Pain (see p. 103)

Mummies in Living Form (p. 102) cannot have this feature, but bandaged mummies can.

Possession (see p. [?])

The ancient Egyptians had a very complex set of beliefs about the nature of body and soul, among which was the idea that the ka, one form of the soul, could haunt the tomb and inhabit statues and other "ka vessels" as well as the mummy itself. Mummies with an Intelligence score of at least 2 can separate their ka from their body at will, and may attempt to possess a new body. Some may even animate statues. A ka cannot possess a dead body, other than its own mummy.

Weak Spot: Fire

Because they are desiccated, wrapped in bandages, and sometimes coated in resin, mummies are highly flammable. Mark Twain records the use of mummies as locomotive fuel in 19th-century Egypt. Most mummies are extremely vulnerable to fire unless they are in Living Form.

Story Ideas

The Wrath of Sethotep

Deep in the Egyptian desert, an oil exploration crew stumbles upon a ruined ancient city. It is far away from any previously known ancient Egyptian sites, in a hidden valley watered by an oasis. As soon as they find the city, a savage sandstorm blows up; although the oasis is mysteriously untouched by the storm, the crew is effectively trapped inside.

What the intruders don't know (but may find out, if anyone can read hieroglyphs), is that this is the city of Akhet-Sutekh, founded by followers of the evil god Set who were expelled from Egypt for their beliefs. Under the rule of their high priest Sethotep (whose name means "the approved of Set"), the inhabitants of the city plundered trade caravans for supplies and captives, sometimes mounting raids on lightly-defended villages at the edge of the desert. Eventually, the Pharaoh mounted a military expedition to find the city and destroy the threat of the Set-worshippers once and for all. The city was destroyed, and every record of its existence was expunged from the histories.

And so it has been for thousands of years. But with the arrival of living intruders, the high priest Sethotep and his followers begin to stir again. Set demands sacrifices.

Deadly Cargo

This story could take place in the world of *Pulp Zombies* or in the present day. In the present day, things might be complicated by the fact that the Egyptian government forbids the export of all antiquities and has been known to send gunboats after suspected smugglers—or it could be that special permission has been granted for the mummy to be studied abroad.

Archaeologists are shipping a recently-excavated mummy to a museum in London or New York. A few days out to sea, one of the crew breaks into the mummy's sarcophagus and steals a piece of jewelry. That night, the mummy rises and begins killing everyone aboard the ship one-by-one until it recovers its stolen property. The mummy is smart enough not to show itself, but stalks the unfortunate Cast Members through the ship; one of its first actions is to destroy the radio and navigation equipment, to ensure that it has the ship and its mortal occupants all to itself.

The Scroll of Thoth

Also known as the Scroll of Life, this magical papyrus holds an incantation so powerful it can raise the dead. It appears in more than one mummy movie.

The most powerful versions of the scroll can restore a corpse—usually, but not necessarily, a mummy—to life, and can be used by anyone who has the ability to read hieroglyphics. The subject is raised from the dead in perfect health.

Lesser versions of the scroll—abridged editions, perhaps—can animate a mummy under the command of the person who reads the scroll. This person sometimes (though not always) needs to be an ordained priest of the ancient Egyptian religion, and sometimes (but again, not always) the activated mummy must be fed with an infusion of tana leaves each day, or every few days.

The Scroll of Thoth is more of a plot element than a magic item designed to be used by Cast Members, though it can fill either role. It is extremely rare; in most movies where it appears, it is unique, and no-one living has the knowledge of the magical power to create a functioning copy. The Zombie Master must decide exactly how the scroll functions, and whether it can be used more than once.

Unlife Imitates Art

A mummy movie is being shot on location in Egypt, using original tombs and temples as sets.

One night, as the film crew sleeps, an actress is carried off by a shambling figure trailing bandages. After an initial panic, it turns out to be a publicity stunt conceived by an over-zealous unit publicist, who is duly fired and escorted from the set.

A few days later, a crucial scene is shot in one of the tombs: an actor reads the incantation that raises the mummy to life—but the scriptwriter was a little too painstaking in his research, and the incantation actually works. At first, glimpses of bandaged figures lurching about in the night are dismissed as imagination, or another publicity stunt—even, perhaps, the fired publicist taking revenge—but then people begin to die.

The Evil Priest

Archaeologists unearth a burial unlike any other that has ever been seen in Egypt. Rather than ensuring the deceased a happy and prosperous afterlife, the hieroglyphic inscriptions hint that it was intended to keep him right here, where he can cause no more trouble. Laborers hired from a nearby village begin to talk of a curse, and desert the dig en masse. Undaunted by such superstitions, the archaeologists carry on, breaking the ancient seals surrounding the sarcophagus. Inevitably, they release the unnamed one who was buried here with such care.

He is a renegade priest from ancient times, with vast magical powers and an unlimited number of bonus features. Once roused, he sets out to avenge himself on the entire land of Egypt, and afterwards, the world in general. The archaeologists must flee for their lives, warning a skeptical world of the dangers to come, and find out how to stop the evil one.

A movie? Really? You don't say...

Tana Leaves

The tana plant is exceedingly rare, growing only in one or two hidden oases. In ancient times, fortified temples were built in these locations, to ensure that no-one but the priests of the state religion were able to get their hands on the precious leaves. Sometimes, a small box of tana leaves—sufficient for a dozen or so doses—was buried along with a senior priest, but it was usually hidden in a secret compartment in the base of a statue or elsewhere in the tomb, to keep it safe from tomb-robbers.

For some mummies—especially those raised using the Scroll of Thoth or some similar ritual—a regular dose of infusion of tana leaves is vital, just as flesh is vital to many zombies. Lack of tana-leaf tea causes these mummies to starve and become inactive, though they will not die.

Additional doses of tana leaves slowly restore the mummy's faculties. One dose raises the mummy (or keeps it going) as a mindless, shambling creature; a second dose raises its Movement and Senses to where they were when the mummy was alive, and a third dose raises the mummy's Intelligence to its level in life and gives it Living Form (p. 102). The level of dosage must be maintained to keep these advantages, however—going from three doses to two immediately turns the mummy back into a shambling, desiccated corpse.

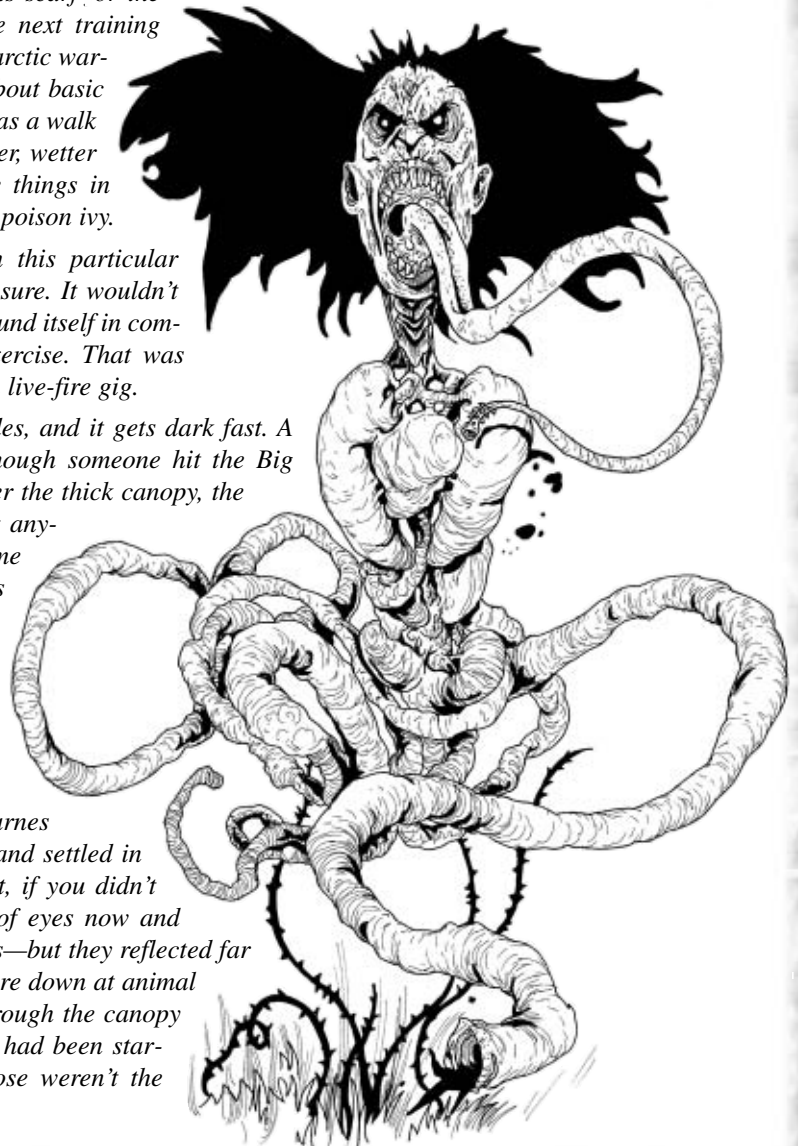
PENANGGALAN (Malaysia)

Barnes wrung the sweat out of his scarf for the hundredth time and swore that the next training detail he signed up for would be in arctic warfare. People bitched and moaned about basic training at Fort Benning, but that was a walk in the park. These islands were hotter, wetter and stickier, and there were worse things in these woods than cottonmouths and poison ivy.

Intel said the rebels weren't on this particular island, but you never could be too sure. It wouldn't be the first time a SEAL team had found itself in combat in the middle of a training exercise. That was probably one reason why this was a live-fire gig.

It gets dark early at these latitudes, and it gets dark fast. A few minutes after six, it was as though someone hit the Big Switch and turned the sky off. Under the thick canopy, the darkness was almost total. Without anything to see, the other senses become sharpened; the clammy air gets clammier, and the noises get louder. A million bugs and tree frogs were singing a thousand songs all at once, hoping they'd get lucky with one of their own species before the bats found them.

Lt. Kowalski called a halt, and Barnes and two others set up a perimeter and settled in to keep watch. It was a quiet night, if you didn't count the noise. Barnes saw pair of eyes now and then, glinting briefly in the darkness—but they reflected far more than human eyes, and they were down at animal height. The occasional crashing through the canopy overhead was probably a bird that had been startled by a tree-climbing snake. Those weren't the noises he was listening for.



The forest sounds changed again as the sun came up. A different batch of insects, and birds instead of tree frogs. Behind him, Barnes could hear the others stirring, and he got ready to move out.

Then there was a shout, and Kowalski called his name. He followed the sound. The rest of the team was standing around the body of Jackson, the perimeter man to Barnes' right. He was as still and pale as death, and Connors, the medic, was checking him over, looking for a wound. Whatever had got him, it hadn't made a sound or left a mark. It could have been a real small snake with real fast venom, but even then, surely Jackson would have had time to call for help. Barnes cocked his weapon and stood with his back to the rest of the team, scanning the jungle. Some of the others were doing the same.

Introduction

This creature is known in many parts of south-east Asia. In the Philippines, it is called the manananggal, and in Thailand phi krasue (fee kras-way). It is almost always female.

The most distinctive—not to say gruesome—feature of this class of creature is its ability to detach its head from its body. The disembodied head flies about by night in search of victims, trailing its organs and intestines beneath it. Its eyes glow red in darkness or low light. The penanggalan prefers to feed on children and pregnant women, sucking their blood through its long, barbed tongue. However, if its favorite food is not available, it takes what it can get. It uses a form of hypnosis to subdue victims for feeding.

A penanggalan's tongue is hollow, and can extend up to several feet in length. It is as thin as a thread. There are many reports of a penanggalan sitting on the thatched roof of a hut and extending its tongue down into the house, to suck the blood of a fetus in a pregnant woman's womb. The tongue is purely a feeding appendage, and cannot be used as a weapon. The organs and intestines are bloated after feeding, and the penanggalan must soak them in a tub of vinegar to shrink them so that they will fit in the body.

The detached head must rejoin the body by dawn. If it fails to do so, the head can never reattach and the creature will die as soon as it is struck by sunlight.

Sprinkling ashes on a penanggalan's body prevents the head from re-attaching, as does smearing it with garlic or sprinkling salt over it.

During the day, a penanggalan masquerades as a normal villager; she may even marry and have children. Sometimes the condition is handed down to female children, who serve a kind of apprenticeship with their mother before becoming full-fledged penanggalans. Female victims of a penanggalan rise from their graves, becoming penanggalans in their turn.

A penanggalan's viscera are highly mobile, and the intestines can be used like whips, or to entangle opponents. The intestines drip with a venomous fluid; according to some traditions, a thorny black weed springs from the earth where this fluid falls.

A common protection against this creature is to line the windows and doorways of a house with branches from a thorny bush. The penanggalan will not enter for fear of catching its dangling viscera on the thorns.

As well as taking blood from their victims, many penanggalans have the ability to cause disease. Some are even known to like feeding on the infected sputum coughed up by tuberculosis victims.

Variations

Aswang (Philippines)

The aswang has an ambiguous position in Philippine folklore. It is regarded as being closely related to the manananggal, and much of its behavior is identical to that of the penanggalan family of creatures. Like the penanggalan, it is predominantly female, and by day it lives the life of a normal villager. By night it hunts in the air, flying by using its long hair like wings or by flapping its arms. It feeds through a long, hollow tongue no thicker than a cotton thread. However, it seems to be a shapechanging witch rather than a member of the walking dead; it changes shape using a magical ointment, and according to some sources it takes the form of a night bird, sometimes with the head of a human woman, rather than separating its head and viscera from its body.

Aswangs eat the hearts and livers of their victims as well as draining blood, and they may eat newborns and unborn fetuses. When gorged, their bellies are swollen

as if in advanced pregnancy. Some have the ability to turn a corpse into a pig carcass, in order to keep it around as a food source without arousing suspicion.

Manananggal (Philippines)

The manananggal is similar to the penanggalan in most respects, except that it detaches the entire upper half of its body, rather than just the head. A dried stingray tail causes agonizing wounds to this creature, and can force it to flee.

Nukekubi (Japan)

Also known as “floating head vampire,” the nukekubi (noo-kay-koo-bee) can detach its head, but does not need to carry its entrails around. They may be male or female.

Pontianak (Indonesia)

This is an adult female creature, unlike the child pontianak described on pp. 61-65. In most folklore, the pontianak behaves as a femme fatale (see p. 21), but in a few cases it has been said to be able to detach its head and entrails from its body, like a penanggalan. It could be that some pontianaks have this ability, or that penanggalans have been misidentified as pontianaks. There are countless local names for different creatures among the islands of south-east Asia, and it is not uncommon for the same name to be applied to more than one creature, or for a creature to be known by different names in different places.

Special Aspects

Detachable Body Parts

The distinctive feature of this class of creature is the ability to detach the head and viscera from the lower body. The lower body cannot move independently, however, and is vulnerable until the rest of the creature re-attaches to it. Because of this, most penanggalans take great care to ensure their body is well hidden or guarded while they leave it to go hunting. The detached body has 1 Dead Point and cannot move or take any action; the head and viscera have all the creature’s attributes, skills, and aspects. The creature is destroyed if it is unable to reattach to its body at dawn, just as though it had been decapitated.

The viscera can be used to manipulate objects, but the creature suffers a –2 penalty to all manual tasks except flailing attacks, because of the lack of fingers and thumbs. When detached from its body, the creature has only two hit locations: Head (1-3) and viscera (4-10). There are no penalties to hit the head and viscera.

Fly (see p. 101)

When detached from its body, the penanggalan flies at normal speed (see p. 101).

Intestine Grab

The Dexterity and Grab Task entangles one victim in the penanggalan’s viscera. A successful Intestine Grab allows the penanggalan to make one additional attack in the same Turn without incurring a multiple action penalty (see , p. 100). Damage is 2 per turn because of the dripping venom secreted by the viscera.

Living Form (see p. 102)

A penanggalan is indistinguishable from a living person until it detaches from its body.

Prohibition (see p. 104)

A penanggalan’s head cannot re-attach to a body that has been sprinkled with ashes or salt, or smeared with garlic.

Spitter

The penanggalan does not literally spit venom, but the dripping secretions of its exposed viscera have a similar effect. Instead of spitting, the creature can fling venom by flailing its intestines. The Power level of this feature is 4.

Tranquillize (see p. 106)

The penanggalan can use a hypnotic power to tranquillize a single victim prior to feeding. The victim must be alone, and the penanggalan cannot move or perform any other action while attempting to tranquillize a victim. The range of this power is equal to the penanggalan’s Willpower in yards (meters).

Unkillable (see p. 106)

An unkillable penanggalan is able to grow a new body, given time. It heals at the normal rate, and the body has finished regrowing when the creature regains its full Dead Points total. It cannot masquerade as a normal living person during this time, of course, and it is vulnerable to sunlight until its body has completely regrown.

Penanggalan

Strength 2 **Constitution** 2
Dexterity 2 **Intelligence** 2
Perception 2 **Willpower** 2
Dead Points: 26 **Speed:** 4
Endurance Points: n/a **Essence Pool:** 12
Skills: Intestine Grab 4, Language (local area) 5
Attack: Intestine flail damage D6 x 2(6) plus venom 2 per Turn, intestine grab damage 2 per Turn venom
Weak Spot: All [0]
Weight: Life-Like [0]
Getting Around: Life-Like [3], Fly [3]
Strength: Dead Joe Average [0]
Senses: Like the Living [1]
Sustenance: Daily [0], Blood or infected mucus [-2]
Intelligence: Language [1], Long-Term Memory [5], Problem Solving [15]
Special: Detachable Body Parts [10], Horrific Appearance (2 levels) [4], Living Form [10], Prohibition (ashes, salt, garlic) [-4], Spitter [2], Tranquillize [3].
Spreading the Love: Circumstances (heredity) [-2], Only the Dead (females killed by the penanggalan) [-2]
Power: 58
Bonus Aspects: Choose from Iron Grip [1], Night Vision [2], Regeneration [2/5], Slaves [Varies], Stealthy [2], Teeth [4], Unkillable [10], and Weak Spot (stingray tail) [-2].

Weak Spot: Stingray Tail

A dried stingray tail is an effective weapon against a manananggal. Although it only does Strength -1 damage to other targets, it causes 2D6(6) x Strength damage to a manananggal. This weakness is worth -5 Power.

Weak Spot: Sunlight (see p. 107)

While its head is detached, the penanggalan is extremely vulnerable to sunlight. This counts as the -10 point version of the feature (see p. 107), but because it is only in effect while the head is detached from the body, the Power value is reduced to -5 points.

Weak Spot: Viscera

Paradoxically, the penanggalan's greatest weapon is also one of its weak spots. The exposed viscera are extremely vulnerable, and any attack that hits them causes double damage, even if it is not a Slashing/Stabbing weapon. Slashing/Stabbing weapons still cause double damage, not quadruple.

Story Ideas

Angel of Death

The favorite food of most penanggalans is the blood of a newborn or that of an unborn fetus. One of these creatures has moved to a big city, trained as a nurse, and managed to get herself assigned to night shift in the maternity unit of a major hospital. The hospital's rate of miscarriages, stillbirths, and crib deaths has risen sharply since she started work, but no suspicion has yet fallen on her. However, the hospital authorities are worried, and have decided to launch an unofficial investigation. They do not take any official action until they are forced to, for fear of bad publicity.

This penanggalan has devised an ingenious feeding strategy, which does not even require her to detach from her body. At the start of her shift she goes from room to room, checking on her sleeping patients as any good nurse would do. While she pretends to check on one patient, she actually feeds on one nearby with her long, hollow tongue; it is as fine as a cotton thread, and surveillance cameras only pick it up if

they are extremely high-resolution or if the image is computer enhanced. However, she cannot hide the reddish glow in her eyes, which may look like a trick of the light on surveillance video, unless it is examined by an expert.

She pauses by each patient for a minute or less, taking a little blood from each, but not enough to cause any adverse reactions. If any patient wakes and sees her red eyes, then she is forced to take action. She uses her Tranquillize power to quiet the patient down, and sits by their bed for a while, apparently murmuring reassurances—but in fact she is feeding on them, and they either die or become so weak that their ravings about their nurse being a red-eyed monster are ignored.

The Cast Members may include specialists of various types called in by the hospital authorities as part of their unofficial investigation, or they might be independent paranormal investigators alerted by rumors of supernatural activity at the hospital, trying to find out what is going on without any co-operation from the hospital staff, and perhaps in the teeth of some opposition from executives who regard them as crackpots and do not want the name of their hospital linked with such superstitious nonsense.

A New Discovery

In a remote area, botanists have discovered a thorny weed that was previously unknown to science. The locals maintain that it is an ill-omened plant, and urge them to leave it alone, but the visitors are determined to study it. Preliminary experiments reveal that the plant has an unusually high level of hemoglobin in its tissues, and there is speculation it might provide a new medicine for various blood ailments.

In fact, the plant is the result of penanggalan activity, growing where the intestinal secretions of one of these creatures has touched the ground. The locals do not mention this to the scientists, because they do not expect to be believed; instead, they try to drive them away with talk of rebel guerrillas in the nearby forest, and by arranging small accidents to impede the study of the plant. A thick grove of weeds that was observed one day may mysteriously be burnt out overnight, for example.

Although a botanical expedition does not fall into the category of the penanggalan's favorite prey, the creature may be forced to take action if the scientists come too close to the place where it usually hides its body at night. So far it has lived undetected among the locals, and it knows only too well what will happen if its identity is uncovered.

The Cast Members may be part of the expedition; characters without extensive scientific skills might be hired as guides, guards, and so on. Alternatively, they might be called in by acquaintances who are members of the expedition, to stop the continuing sabotage of its studies.

Local Politics

The island nations of south-east Asia are known for their political instability. There are rebels and separatist movements of all types scattered across countless islands, as well as organizations involved in the manufacture and shipping of various illegal drugs. Many groups do both, using income from the drug trade to finance their paramilitary activities. Kidnapping and murder are everyday occurrences in these places, and they are an ideal environment for an intelligent predator that wants its hunting to remain undiscovered.

Although penanggalans regard the blood of newborns and unborn fetuses as a particular delicacy, they take their sustenance where they can get it, and many are none too picky; for them, the blood or organs of a fresh corpse will do just as well as that of a living victim. A dead body with some of the organs missing is usually put down to scavenging animals, although when this starts happening inside a heavily-defended encampment, suspicions may become aroused.

The Cast Members may be mercenaries employed by either side in the conflict, or counter-insurgency experts either hired by the government or sent by a friendly nation as advisers. Some might even be big game hunters or biologists following up on reports of a scavenging wild animal that feeds on human corpses, tearing them open with enormous strength and eating only certain organs.

PISHTACO (Andes)

"Do you have the merchandise?"

"Do you have the money?"

It was the traditional opening for such a transaction. Macallister made a gesture, and one of his men stepped forward with the case, flipping it open to reveal the neat, banded stacks of bills. The vendor glanced briefly at the money, then made a gesture of his own.

Macallister's men grasped their weapons a little more tightly as the van backed into the warehouse. To be a double-cross, now was the time. But it was packed with Styrofoam coolers, not gunmen. Macallister opened one at random; it contained a pair of healthy-looking kidneys, wrapped in plastic and packed with dry ice. He nodded, and the case changed hands.

The vendor—he had never given his name, nor had Macallister asked for it—led his people out to their cars, leaving the van and its cargo behind. Macallister watched as his men loaded the coolers into the truck, ready for the night-time drive across the border.

Hours later, Macallister yawned and scratched his gut as the truck bumped down the rutted back-road on its way north. Soon he would be able to take his money and pass the merchandise on to another carrier.

He blinked, and squinted through the windshield. Someone was standing in the road. His first thought was that this could be an ambush, but then he recognized the pale, thin face of his vendor from back in the city. How had he gotten here so fast?

Macallister wrestled the truck to a stop and grabbed the pump-action shotgun from under the seat, just in case. The

vendor smiled as Macallister got out of the truck, displaying two empty hands.

"I have something else that I thought might be of interest to you," he said, opening one side of his coat with elaborate slowness and pulling out a small plastic bag of white powder. "No need to involve the others in this deal—just the two of us, no?" Macallister took his left hand from beneath the shotgun and scratched his chin. He wasn't averse to making a little extra money.

The vendor walked slowly forward, tipping a small amount of the powder into the palm of his hand and holding it up for Macallister to see. As the American leaned forward, he suddenly blew the powder into Macallister's eyes.

It stung like hell. Macallister tried to blink, shake his head, curse, raise his gun—but nothing happened. The vendor grinned. With one hand he took the shotgun out of Macallister's unresponsive fingers, and with the other he reached inside his coat and pulled out a long hunting knife. Its edge glinted in the truck's headlights.

"You will forgive me, Mister Macallister," he murmured softly, "But you are such a big man, and that is most interesting to someone like myself. Your fat I shall take for myself, and such other things as are useful will join the cargo in the truck. I am sure your contacts will not care who they pay, as long as they receive the merchandise as agreed."

Macallister could not even scream as the man began to cut.

Introduction

The legend of the pishtaco has its origin in the ancient Nazca and Sipan cultures of the Andes. Also called kharisiri (carry-seeree), ñakaq (nyakak) and likichiri (lick-ee-cheery), this creature is known throughout the remote mountainous regions of Peru and Bolivia.

The pishtaco looks like a tall, pale-skinned man, wearing a long, dark coat or robe. It sleeps during the day and comes out at night to hunt and kill. Rather than blood or flesh, it eats a person's body fat—which, according to local belief, is where the life-force is concentrated. Victims are attacked while

sleeping, or subdued when the pishtaco blows a magical dust into their eyes.

Most victims are killed before the creature feeds, often by having their throats slit; the pishtaco is said to carry a long knife under its coat. In April 1998, the bodies of two men—who apparently died from bleeding—were found near the town of Pisac in the Peruvian Andes with their skins and every trace of body fat removed. The case remains unsolved. The likichiri is less deadly. It cuts long slits in the sides of its sleeping victim and removes the fat painlessly. The wounds heal instantly, and often the victim is none the wiser.

There are few precautions against this creature other than to avoid being out at night, or to kill a suspected pishtaco whenever the opportunity arises. Eating garlic is thought to dilute a person's body fat, making it less palatable to the creature; chewing coca leaves is also said to protect a person from the pishtaco.

The pale features of the pishtaco have caused it to become associated with ethnic Europeans in the minds of the superstitious. In the days of Spanish rule, it was thought that the creature sold some of the fat it stole to the bishops, who used it to make church bells—thus, the sound of a church bell contained some of the stolen essence of the pishtacos victims.

When large international corporations replaced Spanish colonial rulers as the main force affecting the lives of the local people, the belief arose that the pishtaco sold fat to these outsiders. Factories, mines, and engineering operations used it as a lubricant for their noisy machinery, whose power was increased by the stored life-essence it contained. More fat was sold to pharmaceutical companies, who used it to make medicines.

In recent decades, pishtaco stories have grown very similar to the urban legends of Europe and North America. The pishtacos steal corneas and kidneys, and sell the blood of their victims to blood banks—often in the United States. Some—the sacaojos (sacka-ohos), or eye thieves—kidnap children off the street, releasing them later with their eyes gouged out. Many stories are told about police or concerned neighbors raiding a house or warehouse and finding a crowd of frightened children huddled together in a locked room, waiting for their eyes to be harvested.

Pishtaco

Strength 2 **Constitution** 2
Dexterity 2 **Intelligence** 2
Perception 2 **Willpower** 2
Dead Points: 26 **Speed:** 4
Endurance Points: n/a **Essence Pool:** 12
Skills: Language (local area) 5
Attack: As normal human
Weak Spot: All [0]
Weight: Life-Like [0]
Getting Around: Life-Like [3]
Strength: Dead Joe Average [0]
Senses: Like the Living [1]
Sustenance: Daily [0], Human Fat [-2]
Intelligence: Language [1], Long-Term Memory [5], Problem Solving [15]
Special: Night Stalker [-2]
Spreading the Love: n/a
Power: 26
Bonus Aspects: Choose from Sleep [4], Stealthy [2], Teamwork [4], and Tranquillize [3].

The fear of the pishtaco and its relatives has reached such a pitch in some areas that travelers and anthropologists have been attacked—and some even killed—by locals who fear that they may be such creatures. Video cameras have been stolen or destroyed, for fear that they might be a pishtaco device for stealing a person's fat from a distance. Anthropologists and social commentators have written papers on how the pishtaco has come to be a symbol of foreign exploitation of the local people.

Special Aspects

Sleep (see p. 105)

The likichiri is able to perform surgery on sleeping victims without waking them. Some sources attribute this to a high degree of skill, although it may be that it has some means of ensuring that its victims do not wake up while it is working on them.

Teamwork

The pishtacos of more remote mountain areas tend to be solitary, although in recent decades they—or gringos who have been mistaken for pishtacos—have been seen in groups. In the cities, pishtacos engaged in organ-harvesting often work in gangs. It has been rumored that some pishtacos work for the government as secret police, enforcers, and mercenaries.

Tranquillize (see p. 106)

According to some reports, the pishtaco can put an intended victim into a trance, or even paralyze them completely, by blowing bone dust into their eyes. Only the pishtaco has the secret of making this magical dust; its main ingredients are either the bones of former victims or llama bones.



Story Ideas

The Fat Farm

According to most reports, pishtacos are intelligent and enterprising creatures, always ready to turn their natural talents to commercial advantage. Likichiri, in addition, have the ability to remove fat from a sleeping victim without even being noticed. After reading in an imported American magazine about the huge and lucrative weight-loss industry in the United States, one of these creatures heads north and uses the money it has made from trading in organs to open an unlicensed weight loss clinic.

The likichiri obtains a few fake diplomas from medical schools in South America, assumes the title of Doctor, and claims to have a revolutionary new weight-loss process that combines modern medical technology with ancient rainforest cures. Customers are anesthetized throughout the process, and most are delighted with the treatment, which is more thorough than liposuction and leaves no visible wounds.

For a while, the creature is in heaven; it has all the fat it can eat, as much as it can sell, and people are paying it to take the stuff from their bodies. However, as word of the new clinic spreads, so does official curiosity about its methods. The Cast Members might be hired to investigate by a state medical board or other official body; they might be investigative journalists, with one of their number posing as the patient—or they might be called in when a patient accidentally dies during the procedure.

The staff of the clinic—with the exception of the anaesthetist—have no medical training, or any idea of what really goes on. The anaesthetist suspects that something is not on the level, but is never allowed to remain present while the doctor is performing a procedure, instead monitoring the patient from another room and communicating with the doctor by intercom. This is allegedly because the doctor does not want anyone to steal his method. The anaesthetist is paid enough to put aside any curiosity.

Although the clinic is impressively equipped, a close inspection of the equipment reveals signs that it is seldom, if ever, used. Characters with medical training may even be able to spot some pieces of

equipment that are completely out of place in a weight loss clinic. The likichiri, without any modern medical training, has chosen the equipment purely for its look, to impress patients and make the clinic appear to be technologically state-of-the-art.

If the pishtaco fears discovery, he tries to flee rather than fight it out, taking what money he can and setting up in another city far away. A long-running campaign could grow up as the Cast Members chase the creature from city to city.

Local Trouble

It is ironic that outsiders are so frequently accused of being pishtacos, because in most cases they are better prey than the locals. Not having grown up hearing stories of the creatures, they are not on their guard against them, and their richer lifestyle often leaves them with greater reserves of body fat. It would not be surprising, in many ways, if a pishtaco came to look upon a foreign-owned factory or mine, with a large contingent of foreign managers and foremen, as a prime source of food and other commodities.

To complicate things further, the locals could genuinely believe that one or more of the outsiders are pishtacos, leading to confrontations and even violence. Then, when gringo bodies begin to turn up skinned, drained of blood, and missing their body fat, some might see the incidents as genuine attacks while others might assume they are murders committed by locals and staged to conform to folklore in order to frighten the outsiders off.

The political situation could involve paramilitaries fighting for regional autonomy, a foreign corporation determined to protect its investment by any means necessary, and police torn between the fears of the locals, demands for action from the capital, and their own desire for a quiet life. Some—perhaps all—of the attacks might be staged for political reasons, but some might be genuine, leading to confusion as investigators try to track down a single perpetrator for two separate—but not unrelated—series of killings. A pishtaco will not take kindly to being framed for political killings, and may respond by punishing those responsible.

Industrial Espionage

In a campaign with a moderate to high level of metaphysical activity, it could be that the pishtacos really do have the ability to turn human body fat into a supernaturally effective industrial lubricant. The formula would be a closely guarded secret, and many corporations would be very interested in discovering how to make the lubricant. Some may employ industrial spies—who might be the Cast Members—to penetrate the corporation through which the pishtacos sell their product, and find out everything they can.

The pishtaco corporation is largely a dummy operation, set up to hide the facts about how the lubricant is made and to create the illusion that some scientific process lies behind it all. Investigators have a hard time uncovering hard facts, simply because there are few hard facts to uncover. They likely look in all the wrong places, as well—searching computers and offices for files on a nonexistent industrial process when the truth is stranger and more unexpected.

If they do succeed in finding the truth behind the pishtaco's operation, the Cast Members may have trouble convincing their employers that they are telling the truth. Unless the game takes place in a setting where metaphysics and the supernatural are a widely accepted fact, the average industrialist reacts to tales of strange creatures robbing human beings of their body fat with a great deal of skepticism. Many may assume their investigators have been turned by the opposition, and they may react by trying to outbid the competitors that they assume are responsible—or by marking the Cast Members for termination.

If the investigators can convince their patrons of the truth, things take a different turn. They may find themselves commissioned to capture a pishtaco alive, so that it can be studied and persuaded to give up its secrets. The other pishtacos may well try to rescue their captured comrade, or they may try to destroy it (along with its captors, if possible) to prevent the truth about their operation from spreading any further. A corporate dirty war can be all the more dirty when supernatural creatures are involved.

Dirty Business

Dead bodies turn up on a regular basis in almost any big city in the Western Hemisphere. Many are mutilated, or severely damaged by whatever killed them; many more, especially those that were not found until some time after death, have been partially eaten by scavenging animals. It can be difficult, if not impossible, to tell the difference between post-mortem predation and organ harvesting.

However, when a pattern begins to emerge—when bodies turn up in similar condition—investigators begin to think about the possibility of a serial killer. From Jack the Ripper to Hannibal Lecter, many serial killers, both real and fictional, have mutilated or dissected the bodies of their victims, sometimes even eating certain organs.

Profilers and psychologists may see this activity as a means by which a socially inadequate loner gives himself a sense of superiority over other mortals, and perhaps avenges himself for some perceived slight or wrong. But all the psychology in the world will not help when the killer is really a supernatural creature driven by a great hunger and a restricted diet.

If trade is the motive—or a side activity that accompanies the more serious business of feeding—then anyone investigating the case may decide to check out the black market in human organs, where they find individuals more dangerous than any flesh-eater or blood-sucker. It requires DNA analysis to link an organ to a particular dead body, but if that link can be made, then the investigators will have proven that there is an illegal organ-harvesting operation taking place. But tracking down those responsible takes further work. Meanwhile, those individuals who are running the organ-harvesting operation do not take kindly to being investigated, and try to wipe out anyone who could jeopardize their operation.

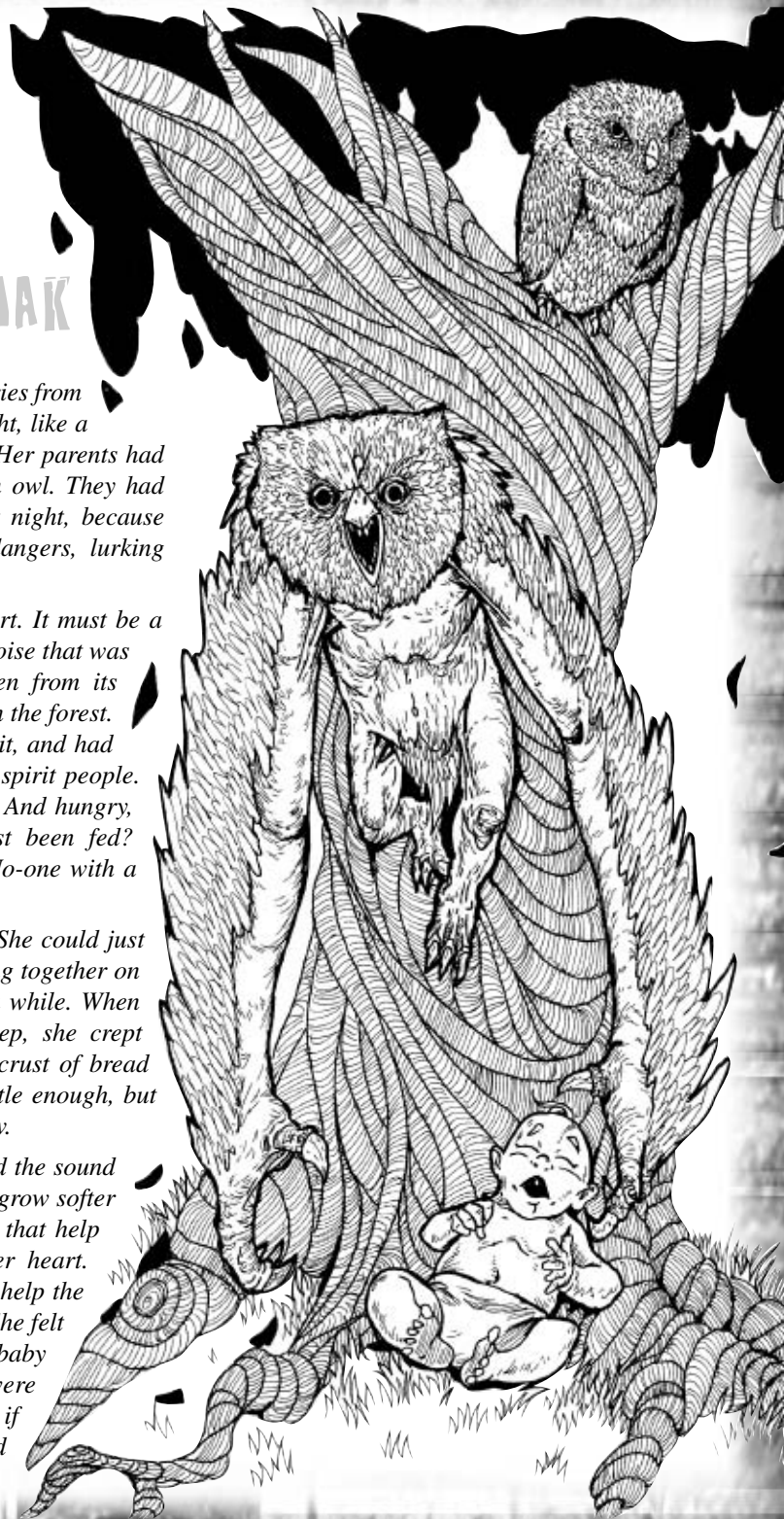
PONTIANAK (Indonesia)

Anuncia lay awake, listening to the cries from the forest. They were so sad, she thought, like a poor lost child frightened in the dark. Her parents had told her they were just the cries of an owl. They had warned her not to leave the house at night, because there were wild animals and other dangers, lurking unseen in the shadows.

But the baby's voice tore at her heart. It must be a baby, for surely no owl could make a noise that was so human. Perhaps it had been stolen from its mother by some animal, and dropped in the forest. Perhaps its mother could not care for it, and had left it in the forest to be raised by the spirit people. The poor thing must be so frightened. And hungry, too—who could tell when it had last been fed? Surely it was a sin to leave it there. No-one with a heart could ignore its pitiful cries.

Anuncia sat up and looked around. She could just make out the shapes of her parents lying together on their mat, and she watched them for a while. When she was certain they were both asleep, she crept around them to the door, grabbing a crust of bread and dipping it in some milk. It was little enough, but she had to help the poor baby somehow.

She stole out of the hut, and followed the sound of the baby's voice. Its cries seemed to grow softer as she approached, as though it knew that help was coming. The thought warmed her heart. Surely her parents would not refuse to help the poor lost child if she brought it home. She felt braver now, determined to rescue the baby and show her parents that they were wrong. She would care for it herself if they would not, just as she had looked after the sick piglet last year.



Something struck her hard between the shoulders, sending her sprawling. She yelped in pain as the blood began to run down her back. Scrambling to her feet, she gasped at the sight of the hideous creature that lunged at her. It screamed in unspeakable triumph—and it sounded just like a baby.

Introduction

In much Indonesian folklore, the pontianak (also known as mati-anak) is the stillborn child of a langsuir (see p. 13), although sometimes the names are transposed, making the langsuir the child and the pontianak the mother. According to some traditions, children killed by a langsuir can also rise from the dead as pontianaks.

The pontianak takes the form of a newborn child, but can also shapechange into a large owl with long talons. According to some sources, it can also adopt a hybrid form between the two. In either of these alternate forms, it has the ability to fly.

The pontianak favors babies and children as victims; it is said that this is because it is jealous of the fact that they are alive while it is undead. Some believe it tries to regain its lost life by eating the flesh of the living, although most scholars agree it is mistaken in this belief. At any rate, there are no authenticated reports of a pontianak regaining its mortal existence by eating living victims. It eats the organs and intestines of its victims, which it rips from the body using its claws and beak.

A common hunting strategy is to lure victims by adopting its baby form and crying pitifully; when a potential victim comes close enough, the pontianak changes to its owl or hybrid form and attacks. Paradoxically, the pontianak's cries sound louder when it is farther away and softer when it is closer.

A child can be prevented from rising as a pontianak by burying it face-down beneath an upturned bowl. If it has already risen, it can be laid to rest by filling the mouth with glass beads (so that it cannot shriek) and sticking pins into the palms of the hands (so it cannot fly). In some regions, placing eggs under the arms will also prevent it from flying.

Variations

Kutti Saitan (India)

The kutti saitan (cutty sigh-tan) is an aborted fetus who has returned from the dead to avenge itself on the living. It kills children out of jealousy, often shapechanging into the form of a parent or other trusted person in order to win its victim's trust.

Tianak (Malaysia)

The tianak appears to be a crying baby, abandoned in the woods. It will allow would-be rescuers to take it home, and waits until they are asleep before changing into its grotesque natural form and attacking them.

Toyol (Malaysia)

The toyol is a baby who died with its mother in childbirth. It is as helpless as a newborn baby, and must be kept in an urn and kept alive with regular meals of blood.

Special Aspects

Claws

Claws are not available in regular form. In owl form, they are taloned feet; in hybrid form, the creature has claws on both hands and feet.

Fly (see p. 101)

The pontianak can only fly in its owl and hybrid forms. It cannot fly in a form that lacks wings.

Living Form (see p. 102)

Many pontianaks have the appearance of a living human baby. However, some look like tiny corpses in their regular form.

Madness (see p. 102)

In its baby and hybrid forms the pontianak can give vent to a blood-curdling shriek, which causes all who hear it to make a Fear Test immediately. It can shriek once per turn, but it cannot move or perform any other action while shrieking.

Soul Sucker

This method of feeding may only be used by Sympathetic Feeding.

All Flesh Must Be Eaten™

Pontianak

Strength 1 **Constitution** 2
Dexterity 2 **Intelligence** 0
Perception 2 **Willpower** 2
Dead Points: 26 **Speed:** 4
Endurance Points: n/a **Essence Pool:** 9
Attack: Claw damage D4(2) slashing
Weak Spot: All [0]
Weight: Life-Like [0]
Getting Around: Life-Like [3], Fly (winged) [3]
Strength: Claws [8], Ninety-Pound Weakling [-3]
Senses: Like the Living [1]
Sustenance: Daily [0], Sweet Breads [-3]
Intelligence: Animal Cunning [2]
Special: Madness (by shrieking) [5],
Shapechanging (owl, baby-owl hybrid) [16]
Spreading the Love: Circumstance (aborted or
stillborn) [-2], Only the Dead (children killed
by the langsuir) [-2]
Power: 33
Bonus Aspects: Choose from Iron Grip [1],
Living Form [10], Long-Term Memory [5],
Problem Solving [15], Night Stalker [-2], Night
Vision [2], Regeneration [2/5], Soul Sucker [5],
Stealthy [2], Sympathetic Feeding [8], and
Unkillable [10].

Sympathetic Feeding (see p. 106)

Some pontianaks have the ability to feed on a person's life force by sniffing their clothes. The victim does not need to be wearing the clothes at the time. This form of attack can only be used in conjunction with Soul Sucker.

Teeth

Teeth are only available in the toothed beak of the hybrid form.

Owl! Form

[illegible]

Story Ideas

Mother and Child

Modern medical technology can work wonders, literally bringing people back from the dead. In a hospital in south-east Asia (or in a city anywhere in the world with an immigrant population from south-east Asia), a pregnancy with severe complications galvanizes the staff. Both mother and baby die on the table, but after hours of surgery both are alive and stable on life support, but comatose. Now, it is just a matter of waiting to assess the affects of brain damage and determine whether either one will come out of their coma.

The mother recovers more quickly than anyone could have thought possible. Shortly before midnight, she sits bolt upright in her ICU bed and starts asking for her baby. None of the staff on the night shift speaks her native language, and when they are unable to answer her, she becomes more and more agitated. The hospital staff tries to calm her down, but without

Hybrid Form

The pontianak can also shapechange into a bizarre hybrid form, a mixture of large owl and human baby. In this form, its beak is equipped with small, razor-sharp teeth, its arms are feathered and allow it to fly, and its feet are equipped with sharp talons.

Strength 1	Constitution 2
Dexterity 3	Intelligence 0
Perception 2	Willpower 2
Dead Points: 15	Speed: 12 flying; 2 on ground
Endurance Points: n/a Essence Pool: 10	
Attack: Claw damage D6(3) slashing, Bite damage D6 (3) slashing.	
Weak Spot: All	
Weight: 8-10 lbs.	
Getting Around: Fly (winged) [3], Leaping [3]	
Strength: Ninety-Pound Weakling [-3], Claws [8], Teeth [8]	
Senses: Like the Living [1], Night Vision [2]	
Sustenance: Daily [0], Sweet Breads [-2]	
Intelligence: Animal Cunning [2]	
Special Features: Night Stalker [-2]	

success. Eventually, she is restrained and sedated her for her own safety. She spends the rest of the night passing in and out of consciousness, mumbling in her own language.

Elsewhere in the hospital, it is discovered a few hours later that the young mother's baby is missing from its incubator. The incubator is severely damaged, as if it had been torn open rather than opened normally; the catches are still in place, but there is a large, ragged hole in the clear plastic top of the unit, and traces of blood on the floor beside it. Close examination of the fragments show that the incubator was broken open from the inside.

Despite what the hospital staff think, they did not save the lives of either the mother or the child. Both died; the mother has risen from the dead as a langsuir

(see p. 13), while the child is now a pontianak. The pontianak roams the hospital, using its small size and shapechanging ability to remain undetected as it hunts for its mother. The sedatives administered by the hospital staff have somewhat incapacitated the langsuir, but she may well break free at some time during the night. All her Attributes are halved because of her drugged state, but she recovers one point of each Attribute per hour after the IV lines are removed from her arm. If she is able to feed, her Attributes return to normal immediately.

To add further complication, this hospital could be the same one that is being haunted by a penanggalan (see *Angel of Death*, p. 54). She may even have been feeding in the nursery when the pontianak broke out.

The Price of Shame

Abortions—especially late-term abortions—are controversial in most parts of the world, and are illegal in many countries. In these countries, the shame of an unmarried mother can only be avoided by a visit to a backstreet abortionist. Such people, with medical training ranging from little to none, employ a range of grisly and dangerous techniques to induce a miscarriage, for those who can meet their price. It is not uncommon for a woman to suffer severe medical complications—and even death—as a result of one of these illegal procedures.

One thing a backstreet abortionist needs is a safe and discreet means of disposing of the bodies of aborted fetuses, where they will not be found—perhaps a landfill or a disused mine or quarry. Such a place would become a miniature charnel house over time, and a breeding ground for creatures such as the pontianak. Their predation upon children from poor residential areas near to the dump site would create more of their kind, and within a few years a veritable army of these little creatures could be brought into being.

Meanwhile, several of the mothers may have died as a result of botched abortions, and one or more of these unfortunate women may have risen from the dead as langsuirs. Both groups might be motivated by rage and jealousy to mount a concerted attack upon the living, turning the city into a bizarre battleground.

Protected Species

On a remote island off the coast of south-east Asia, a new species of owl has been discovered. A group of wildlife biologists have set up a camp near the site of the only known colony, in a stand of trees overlooking a village burial-ground. A few photographs have been taken of the owl, and several villagers have been interviewed about the creatures, which have apparently been in the area for generations. According to local superstition, the owls are creatures of ill omen, and the villagers are reluctant to speak of them; the biologists put this down to the close proximity of the colony to the burial ground, and speculate that the owls may be drawn to the site because of its comparatively open area and the supply of rats and other small game that lives there. Owls are regarded as sinister in many parts of the world, so this local superstition comes as no surprise—especially as the owl's cry sounds remarkably similar to the crying of a human baby.

No actual nest sites have yet been discovered, but a systematic survey of the woods is beginning. Early attempts to photograph the owls meet with mixed results. One veteran wildlife photographer jokes that the creatures seem to know when a camera is pointed at them, and avoid being photographed.

A few days into the study, one of the owls flies into the village, and perches on the roof of a house for several minutes, in full view of the watching biologists. When the villagers are told of this in the morning they become very upset, and their fears appear to be confirmed when a child in the house dies unexpectedly during the day. The villagers hold a meeting—from which the visitors are politely but firmly excluded—and a messenger is sent to an undisclosed location. He returns a few days later with an old man from another village, who begins burning herbs in the burial ground. Meanwhile, the villagers take to staying up at night, throwing stones at any owl they see. This probably leads to friction with the visiting biologists, who want to study this previously-undiscovered species of owl and ensure that proper measures are taken for its conservation.

Funeral Rites

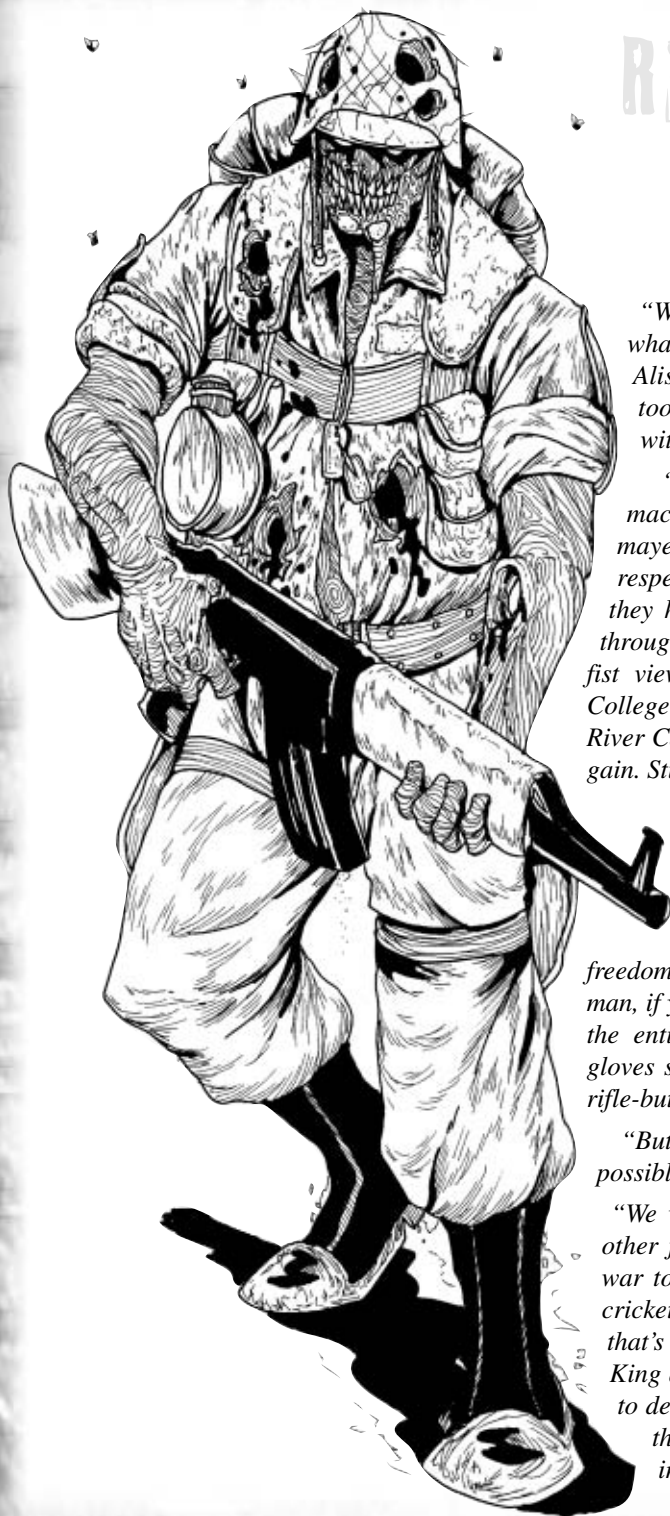
A group of anthropologists examines an abandoned village somewhere in south-east Asia. There are no official reports of what happened, but judging by the regrowth of the forest within and around it, the village seems to have been abandoned about two hundred years ago. The descendants of those who abandoned the village cannot be traced.

The Ministry of Culture decides to fund an archaeological excavation of the site. Although it is not old by archaeological standards, it could provide a wealth of historical detail on undocumented aspects of traditional life—a life that has now almost completely disappeared. During the course of the excavation, the village's burial ground is uncovered, and some unusual burials are found.

The remains in these burials are fragmentary, but seem to be those of newborn infants. Their soft bones have almost completely rotted into the soil, but chemical microanalysis and other techniques allow the burials to be reconstructed. Glass beads—rare in the time prior to sustained contact with European traders—are found close to the head, eggs are placed under the arms, and iron pins are driven into the soil, either through the hands or close to them. This type of burial forms a consistent pattern in one corner of the burial ground.

Characters with a knowledge of local tradition realize that these are the precautions normally taken to prevent the corpse of a stillborn or miscarried child from rising as a pontianak; it seems that this corner of the burial ground was devoted to this kind of burial. Dating these remains can give important information on the rate of child mortality in the village—but removing the beads, eggs and pins from the bones free the children to rise from the dead, leading to a plague of pontianaks at the dig site.

REVENANT (Anywhere)



"With all due respect, young man, you have no idea what you're talking about." Brigadier-General Sir Alistair Kingsford-Smythe put down his brandy and took a long pull at his cigar, fixing the younger man with a steely blue eye.

"But surely, sir—marching men in ranks against machine guns..." Fotherington continued, undismayed. Clearly they were breeding even greater lack of respect for age and authority at Oxford these days than they had in the past. A Cambridge man through and through, Kingsford-Smythe reflected on what such pacifist views would have earned Fotherington at King's College in the good old days. At least a dunking in the River Cam, and probably a sound thrashing into the bargain. Still, only to be expected of a cricketer, he supposed.

The King's rugby team of 1887 would have straightened his thinking out, and that in short order.

"Marching men against machine guns was necessary, Fotherington. It assured your present freedom, and I'll thank you not to forget that. My God, man, if you'd been in charge the Hun would have overrun the entire Western Front while you were passing out gloves so the troops didn't get nasty splinters from their rifle-butts."

"But against machine guns, sir—I mean, how can you possibly justify...?"

"We won, Fotherington, that's how I justify it! What other justification can there be in war? Do you expect war to be neat and civilized, like one of your damned cricket matches? People die, people are wounded—that's what happens in war! Would you have had the King and the Kaiser sit down and play a hand of cards to decide the fate of the world? Bridge, perhaps—with the American President as West and the Tsar playing dummy?"

"Ahem—begging your pardon, General?" Atkinson had materialized at Kingsford-Smythe's elbow.

"Yes, Atkinson, what is it?" snapped the General. He was warming to his theme nicely, and the interruption was not welcome.

"Some—ah, people are here to see you, sir." Kingsford-Smythe blinked, and looked up at the butler coldly.

"Atkinson, didn't I tell you that I am not at home to casual visitors this weekend?"

"Yes, sir, but they are rather insistent."

"I don't care what they insist!" thundered the General. "Send 'em packing! Tell Hedges to set the dogs on 'em if you have to!"

"I have already taken that liberty, sir. Unfortunately, they killed all the dogs."

"WHAT?!" The General's howl of outrage was almost drowned out by the crashing of glass as the French windows caved in. Clambering over the wreckage came a ragged group of men, dressed in the tattered remnants of infantry uniforms. Beneath the mud and torn flesh of their faces, each wore an expression of grim determination.

Introduction

Literally translated from French, the word revenant means "one who comes back"—as in, back from the dead. In its broadest definition, it could be applied to any of the walking dead and most kinds of ghosts, but it is most commonly used to refer to a particular kind of walking corpse—the kind that comes back to complete some kind of unfinished business, to exact revenge, or as a result of some obsession in life that will not let the deceased rest easy.

Motivations and methods vary, but revenants all have two things in common: first, they are self-willed and can retain most—sometimes all—of the intelligence and skills they possessed in life; and second, they are driven by a single purpose. Sometimes, this purpose can be accomplished once and for all, and when it is done the revenant can rest at last. Other tasks and obsessions are ongoing in nature, and do not permit the poor creature any hope of rest.

Revenants look remarkably similar to zombies, but their behavior is different. They are not motivated by the need to feed (although they are often happy enough to kill), and they do not spread their condition. Their appointed task is what drives them, and it is the only thing that matters. They are often solitary, but it is not unknown for groups of revenants to arise with a common purpose.

Variants

Aptrgangr (Scandinavia)

Aptrgangr (apt-r-gang-r) are very much like draugr (see p. 16) physically. They tend to come back if they are dissatisfied with their burial arrangements, or if their descendants are not taking good enough care of their tombs. Although they are not dangerous in these circumstances—complaining loudly rather than causing harm—it is distressing for the living and a major embarrassment for the family—and the aptrgangr will defend themselves if they have to. Other aptrgangr were people who had displayed an evil nature in life, and wouldn't let a little thing like death stop them from causing trouble.

In at least some cases, aptrgangr continue to decompose like normal corpses. One story tells of a skeleton haunting a graveyard who was finally confronted; it asked to be taken to the grave of a neighbor, with whom the deceased had an unresolved feud. Upon reaching the grave, the skeleton called up its neighbor, and the two were reconciled—whereupon the skeleton crumbled into dust, and never troubled the area again.

Another common circumstance giving rise to aptrgangr is the falsification of boundaries. The spirit of a person who has moved a boundary-stone cannot rest, and is condemned to carry the boundary-stone around until it can be returned to its proper place, often moaning "Where shall I put it?" repeatedly. In many stories, this task is complicated by the fact that the revenant does not know where the boundary-stone belongs; sometimes this can be resolved simply by telling the revenant to put the stone back where they got it from, and sometimes it is necessary to do some research in local records and discover the correct placement of the stone.

Ekimmu (Babylon)

The ekimmu (ek-KIM-moo) wanders the earth because of improper burial, violent and premature death, drowning (see *Draugr*, p. 16), unfulfilled love, or some similar circumstance that binds it to the world of the living. Whatever the cause, ekimmu attack the living indiscriminately, driven insane by their jealousy of the living and the stress of their condition.

Mrart (Australia)

The Aboriginal people of Australia tell of the mrart, a creature that is especially powerful in the dark, and skulks around campfires looking for an opportunity to drag some unfortunate off into the darkness, never to be seen alive again. Some say that this creature was a local person in life, while others claim it was a stranger who died nearby.

Improper burial seems to be the main factor in the creation of a mrart. Local burial customs include weighting the body down with stones in the grave, and in some cases even breaking the bones of the legs to prevent the deceased from walking.

Shura (Japan)

Shura, or warrior ghosts, were killed in battle, and return either to ensure that the stories of their deaths are remembered and due respect is paid to their memory, or to carry out some act of revenge. They are common characters in Japanese noh plays.

Taxim (Eastern Europe)

Like many revenants, taxim are motivated by a desire for vengeance. Unlike many of the walking dead, the taxim continues to decompose, its appearance becoming more horrific as time passes. It may develop features like Nest and Diseased Corpse as the process of decomposition continues. The stronger taxim—those with the greatest desire for revenge—may have features like Damage Resistant and Regeneration; the only thing that will stop them is the successful completion of their vengeance, whereupon they become inert corpses.

Suicide (Various)

In many traditions from around the world, suicides cannot rest easy, and may trouble the living.

According to some folklore, suicides are condemned to walk the earth until the time that they would have died naturally. They often trouble the living, and some try to lure others to their death in the manner of the suicide—pulling unwary passers-by off cliffs and bridges, for example.

In one story from Scandinavia, a returned suicide is vulnerable to silver, but this is not always the case.

Utukku (Babylon)

In ancient Babylonian texts, the utukku (oo-took-oo) is said to return from the dead for a particular reason, although details are sketchy and it is likely that the reason varies from individual to individual. Revenge upon one's murderer seems to be a common motivation. They are less feared than the ekimmu, probably because their purpose-driven nature makes them less of a threat to the living in general. Corpses raised from the dead by necromancers can also become utukku, and tend to be more malevolent unless they are kept under control by their summoned.

Yurei (Japan)

Sometimes described as a ghost in human form, the yurei (yoor-eye) is a Japanese revenant caused when a person has some unfinished business outstanding at the time of their death. It cannot rest until the unfinished business is completed.

Special Aspects

Obsession

This is the feature that defines the revenant. It can be almost anything, but the Zombie Master should take special care to assign a suitable obsession when designing a revenant. Most important is the decision over whether the revenant can be laid to rest by any means other than the completion of its obsession.

Rage

Revenants are driven to complete some task, and rarely do anything not directly connected with their obsession. They only attack those who try to impede them, and then only so far as is necessary to remove the obstacle. However, some revenants are so impatient of any opposition that they can become enraged if anyone tries to stop them.

Revenant

Strength 4 **Constitution** 2
Dexterity 1 **Intelligence** as life
Perception 2 **Willpower** 2
Dead Points: 26 **Speed:** 2
Endurance Points: n/a **Essence Pool:** 11+
Skills: as life

Attack: As normal human, but stronger

Weak Spot: All [0]

Weight: Any

Getting Around: Slow and Steady [0]

Strength: Strong Like Bull [5]

Senses: Like the Living [1]

Sustenance: Who Needs Food? [8]

Intelligence: Long-Term Memory [5]

Special: Obsession [6]

Spreading the Love: Circumstance (unresolved business; revenge; suicide) [-2]

Power: 28*

Bonus Aspects: Up to 5 chosen from Diseased Corpse [3], Getting Around (Life-Like) [3], Iron Grip [1], Language [1], Natural Armor (Tough Hide or Skin Like Iron) [2/4], Night Stalker [-2], Night Vision [2], No Pain [1], Noxious Odor [5], Problem Solving [15], Rage (when impeded from its task) [-2], Stealthy [2], Teamwork [4], Tool Use [3/level], Unkillable [10], and Weak Spot (Silver) [4/8].

* Modified by actual Int and Skills.

Unkillable

The will driving some revenants is so strong that they quite literally never give up; they cannot die until their task is completed. For the sake of game balance, it is recommended that revenants with this feature are given a task that can be completed, rather than one of an ongoing or never-ending nature.

Weak Spot: Silver

Some revenants are only vulnerable to silver, but this is comparatively rare.

Story Ideas

Old Soldiers Never Die

The history of the human race is, by and large, the history of wars, and this story can work in just about any setting. World War II is used here just as an example.

Iwo Jima was taken from the Japanese after one of the bitterest battles of a bitter Pacific campaign. As a foretaste of what Allied troops could expect from the projected invasion of Japan, it prompted the use of atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki to force a Japanese surrender. Almost 7,000 Americans died taking the island, and more than 20,000 Japanese defenders were killed.

In 1968, Iwo Jima was returned to Japan, which was by then a firm ally of the United States in the struggle against Communism in Southeast Asia. Some of those seven thousand US troops might not agree with the move, and may continue the struggle against Japanese rule in which they died.

For Justice

Doctor Philip West was recently executed for the murder of his wife. Up until the end he maintained his innocence, and offered a substantial reward for evidence leading to the arrest of the real killer. The case was highly controversial, galvanizing opinion on both sides of the death penalty debate.

Although he was buried in an unmarked grave, his body was apparently exhumed and stolen a few days after the execution. The authorities wrote it off as the work of a crank, and so far no trace of the missing body has been found.

The theft of West's body was just the beginning of a series of strange events that have police baffled. His house was broken into before the auction that had been arranged to dispose of his estate. Nothing of great value was taken, just his clothes, a couple of photograph albums, and a handgun he kept in the house for protection. Police suggest this is the work of someone who became obsessed with the case, which received intense media coverage, but privately they admit they have no leads.

There was a flurry of activity on West's credit cards, which by an oversight had not been canceled. The police left the cards active, hoping they would lead to the thieves, but after a couple of days there were large cash withdrawals on each card, after which activity ceased. One hotel clerk reported that a man who used one of the cards to pay for a room looked just like West, but seemed tired and distracted. He stayed one night and left, and has not been seen since.

Returned from the grave to hunt down his wife's killer, Philip West is out there somewhere, looking for the justice that he was denied in life.

True Love

Joe Murray and Kate Rich were engaged to be married. In order to raise the down payment for a home of their own, Joe took a dangerous but high-paying job on an offshore oil rig, promising to return with enough money to give their life together a good start. But a couple of weeks before the end of his contract, Joe was killed in an accident.

His grieving family insisted that his outstanding pay should be given to Kate, since that is what he would have wanted. Wedding preparations were canceled, and the small town where he had lived prepared to receive his body for burial. But it never arrived.

Somewhere between being helicoptered to shore and put on a plane home, Joe's body disappeared. His family—including Kate—are distraught, and a frantic investigation is underway to track down the missing corpse and return it to the family.

However, Joe has made his own travel plans. Night by night, he gets closer to returning as he promised. But he may not get the kind of welcome he expects.

Awake in the Deep

Many strange stories have been told about the liner *Titanic*. Everything from ESP to ancient Egyptian curses has been linked with the doomed liner at some time or another, but the story of Edmund Westerfield has remained untold, until now.

The son of a wealthy industrialist, Westerfield had been in London for a mixture of business and pleasure before returning in April of 1912 on the “unsinkable” liner, which offered the last word in transatlantic luxury. However, it was the *Titanic*'s speed that concerned him most, for he had received word that in New York, his father was dying.

Harold Westerfield died shortly after receiving news of the disaster which claimed the life of his only child. The Westerfield business empire passed to a cousin, and in time, the tragedy faded into history. But not for Harold or Edmund Westerfield.

Though it has taken him nearly a century, Edmund Westerfield struggled from the wreck of the *Titanic* and has walked and crawled along the ocean floor toward New York. Crossing undersea chasms and mountains, reduced by feeding sea-life to a mere skeleton, Edmund dragged himself from the East River a few nights ago, and is slowly making his way to the family home.

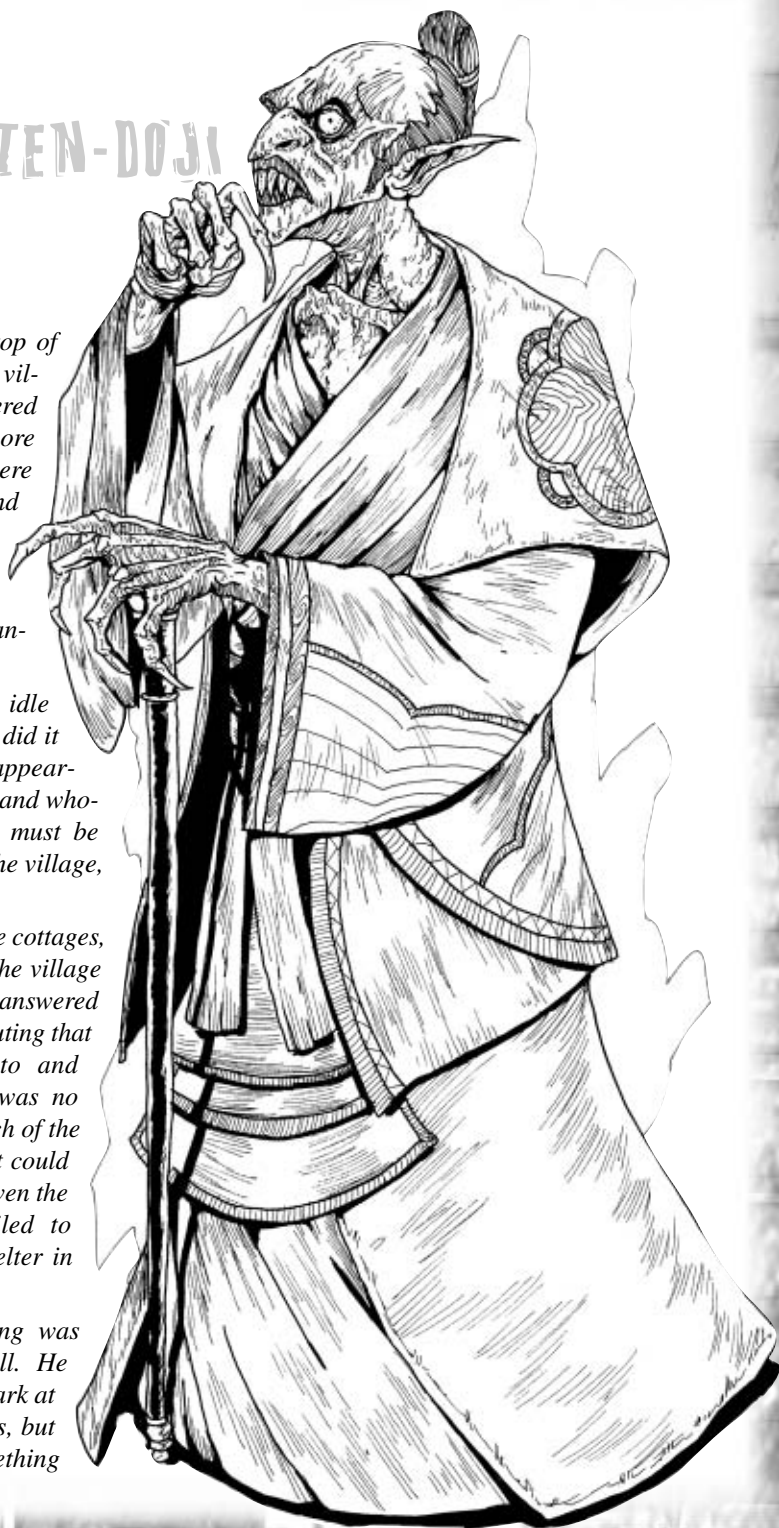
SHUTEN-DOJI (Japan)

Minomori Tetsuhiro stopped at the top of the hill and looked down on the moonlit village. Everything was quiet. He wondered for a moment if the reports were no more than peasant superstition; the houses were kept up, the fields were well tended, and there was nothing about the scene to suggest that the village was the lair of a monster. Perhaps bandits were responsible for the travelers who had vanished on the nearby road.

He shrugged and dismissed such idle speculation. Monsters or bandits, what did it matter? As the nearest place to the disappearances, the village must be investigated, and whoever—or whatever—was behind it all must be punished. He set off down the track to the village, loosening his katana in its scabbard.

Tetsuhiro started with the largest of the cottages, reasoning that it probably belonged to the village headman. When his first knock went unanswered he pummeled the door unmercifully, shouting that he had been sent by Lord Nishimito and required food and shelter. Still there was no response. The result was the same at each of the other cottages. Even the doziest peasant could not have slept through such noise, and even the most sullen one could not have failed to respond when a samurai demanded shelter in the name of the district's liege lord.

Then he realized something. Nothing was moving in the village—nothing at all. He would have expected at least a dog to bark at him as he battered on the cottage doors, but the place was as silent as a tomb. Something was very wrong here.



Drawing his katana, he made his way back through the village, looking left and right for any sign of life. He noticed some strange footprints in the muddy ground—a little human-looking, but with sharp furrows by the toe-prints that could only have been made by claws. The tracks led into the forest at the edge of the village, but before setting out to follow them, Tetsuhiro traced them back to one of the barns. Opening the door quietly, he peered inside—and recoiled in horror.

The moonlight flooding in through the open door revealed a grisly scene. At least forty human bodies were stacked like firewood against one wall, each with glassy eyes and its throat ripped out. There were enough corpses here to account for the entire population of the village as well as the missing travelers.

He dodged instinctively at the flash of movement in his peripheral vision, and iron-hard claws raked the wood of the doorway where his head had been. Spinning round, Tetsuhiro raised his katana to a guard position, and took his first look at his foe. Dressed in fine clothing—stolen from one of the wealthier dead travelers, no doubt—the creature was taller than him by a full head, but thin, like a man who had starved to death. An unholy hunger burned in its eyes as the shuten-doji circled warily round him, looking for an opening to attack.

Introduction

The shuten-doji is an ugly-looking bloodsucker, sometimes called the Japanese vampire. Its prominent fangs and clawed hands give away its true nature, but it is smarter than it looks and is often well-dressed. Some shuten-doji are surprisingly cultured.

Some shuten-doji are created by divine decree or the workings of karma. They were nearly always bloodthirsty individuals in life, and are condemned to spend eternity thirsting for blood. They can create others of their kind, but confer this honor—as they sometimes see it—sparingly. This does not stop them from using the promise of immortality to control their slaves.

According to some stories, shuten-doji are demons disguised in human form rather than walking dead; alternatively, they may be human bodies possessed

by incorporeal demons. Another possibility is that the same name has been applied to two different types of creature.

Some shuten-doji can feed on life energy as well as blood, and often take both simultaneously. They have two main weaknesses: a paralyzing difficulty in making mundane decisions and an obsessive-compulsive behavior that manifests itself in activities like counting grains of rice that are spilled on the ground. They can walk by day, but most choose not to, as they are stronger at night.

Most shuten-doji are highly accomplished players of the Japanese flute, and they can produce haunting melodies that have a soporific effect on living people who hear them. This is a favorite means of subduing a lone victim, but most shuten-doji consider it too risky to use it on large groups of mortals, where the chances of someone resisting the music's effects are higher.

Shuten-doji are not usually found in groups. However, it is common for one of these creatures to be attended by a number of living slaves, and to live in some degree of luxury. In a feudal Japanese setting, these individuals act as servants and retainers in the shuten-doji's castle; in the present day, they act as a personal staff in their master's mansion, compound, or penthouse.

Special Aspects

Night Stalker (see p. 103)

Shuten-doji can move by day, but are stronger at night.

Obsessive-Compulsive (see p. 103)

The shuten-doji, like a better-known vampire from children's television, cannot resist counting things. If a potential victim manages to spill some rice on the floor, the shuten-doji cannot move until it has counted every grain.

Slaves (see p. 105)

Living people upon whom a shuten-doji has fed can become devoted slaves if they survive the feeding. They typically act as guards and servants, treating the creature as though it were a member of the nobility.

Soul Sucker

When a shuten-doji uses this ability, it drains Endurance at the same rate as Essence.

Tough Decisions (see p. 106)

The shuten-doji is notorious for its lack of decision-making ability. When pursued by one of the creatures, a traditional defense is to make for the nearest cross-roads; the shuten-doji will pause as it decides which way to go, giving its quarry some valuable time.

Tranquillize (see p. 106)

The shuten-doji has the ability to send living people into a trance-like state with its flute playing.

Unkillable (see p. 106)

This is a rare feature among shuten-doji, but is not unknown. If the creature is decapitated, healing cannot begin until the head and body are reunited. However, the head is capable of a limited range of independent action while severed; it can still speak and bite, for instance. In a few cases, the severed head can move by Leaping (*AFMBE*, p. 150).

Story Ideas

The Head Man

A shuten-doji with the Unkillable feature somehow managed to escape when he was decapitated and his body was destroyed. He now exists as a disembodied head, able to move only by Leaping. He travels in a hat-box, carried by his one remaining slave; he is slowly mastering the challenges of his new existence, and begins to plot revenge against those who destroyed his body. They might be the Cast Members, or someone known to them.

By trial and error, master and slave have developed a crude but effective feeding strategy. Using a variety of ruses, the slave lures a potential victim to a secluded place and overpowers them; the master leaps from his hat-box (or from some other convenient hiding-place) and feeds. They risk exposure by staying in one place too long or by using the same ruse too many times; already law enforcement agencies nationwide are on the hunt for a serial killer who tears out the throats of his victims and moves from town to town.

Shuten-Doji

Strength 2

Constitution 2

Dexterity 2

Intelligence 2

Perception 2

Willpower 2

Dead Points: 26

Speed: 4

Endurance Points: n/a **Essence Pool:** 12

Skills: Brawling 2, Language (local area) 5

Attack: Claw damage 2D6 (6) or Bite damage D4 x 2(4) slashing

Weak Spot: All [0]

Weight: Life-Like [0]

Getting Around: Life-Like [3]

Strength: Dead Joe Average [0], Claws [8], Teeth [4]

Senses: Like the Living [1]

Sustenance: Daily [0], Blood [-2]

Intelligence: Language [1], Long-Term Memory [5], Problem Solving [15]

Special: Night Stalker [-2], Obsessive-Compulsive (counting) [-3], Tough Decisions [-2], Tranquillize (by playing flute) [3].

Spreading the Love: Circumstances [-2], Ritual (creation by another shuten-doji) [-2]

Power: 32

Bonus Aspects: Choose from All Flesh Must be Eaten [0], Iron Grip [1], Leaping [3], Night Vision [2], Regeneration [2/5], Slaves [Varies], Soul Sucker [5], Stealthy [2], Teamwork [4], Teeth [4], and Unkillable [10]. Shuten-doji may also have some martial arts abilities taken from *Enter the Zombie*.

While the image of a severed head leaping around and biting people's necks may be a comical one at first glance, this story can also be played for horrific effect. The victims are normally weak and easily overpowered; homeless people, runaways, and the rest of society's lost and forgotten make easy prey, and easy objects for pity. They may be lured into an attack by the promise of a fast buck or a free meal, or by ads in local newspapers promising work or a way to get back home.

Living History

A reconstructed village in rural Japan re-creates the details of country life in the age of the Shoguns. Tourists—even some foreigners—come to see the nostalgic displays of traditional farming techniques and crafts, and some even pay to stay in a replica farmhouse for a few nights, living the life of a farmer from the old days.

It is not only the living who are drawn by this attraction. An ancient shuten-doji happened across the place one night, found its familiarity comforting, and has stayed ever since. He has slowly turned a number of the staff into slaves, chief of which is the site's director; using the memories of his master, he has been able to make several corrections and improvements that have enhanced the village's authenticity and spread its reputation.

Things have been going well, and no-one from the outside has suspected there is anything wrong at the village until recently. That was when the twin sister of one of the site's staff visited. The shuten-doji has been covering his tracks by feeding exclusively upon his slaves, but he mistook the visitor for her sister; her resistance was unexpected, and she managed to escape unharmed, but now the authorities are investigating her complaint. So far, the official theory is that one of the staff at the village is some kind of maniac who hides his identity by wearing period clothes and a grotesque mask, but it is only a matter of time before the truth is uncovered.

Depending on the preferences of the players and the Zombie Master, this could be played out as a tense investigation or as an out-and-out battle against the shuten-doji and his mortal slaves. For added com-

plexity, it could be that other Japanese creatures have been attracted to the village for the same reasons as the shuten-doji; a few other Japanese varieties of the walking dead are described in this book, and creatures of other types could be added if the Zombie Master does a little independent research.

Yakuza War

When people say that a loan shark requires payment in blood, it is usually a figure of speech. In this story, though, things are different. The violent life of a feared yakuza chief has led to his returning from the grave as a shuten-doji. His former followers were taken aback by the sudden reappearance of their dead leader, which happened right as his deputies were meeting to decide on the succession.

For an action adventure, he could reappear right in the middle of a faction war as rival deputies struggle to succeed him. The Zombie Master will find *Enter the Zombie* an invaluable resource in planning this kind of story.

Established back in control of his former empire (or in charge of one of the factions fighting for control of his former empire), the shuten-doji has made a few changes to the way business is done. All of his followers have been enslaved, and he demands blood in place of the traditional yakuza act of atonement, cutting off a finger. He personally kills those who cross him, drinking their blood as well. Bodies are starting to pile up, and questions are being asked—both by the authorities and by rival yakuza leaders, who see his behavior as reckless and likely to attract investigations that will be bad for everyone's business. Only his slaves know that he is a shuten-doji; to everyone else, he is a feared yakuza boss whose love for violence is getting out of control.

The Cast Members might be rival yakuza sent to deal with this apparent renegade, or they might be agents of some law enforcement agency sent to investigate, perhaps by infiltrating his organization. Inspired characters may be working for a secret agency linked to paranormal investigation or the religious authorities, who may have guessed what is really going on.

A Japanese Vampire in Manhattan

More than one movie has suggested that New York City is the ideal place for supernatural creatures—and even aliens—to hang out, not least because they are almost impossible to distinguish from the city's colorful population. New York's Japanese and Japanese-American communities, concentrated mainly around the Upper West Side, are smaller than those of many other ethnic groups, but they have a history dating back to the 19th century.

A shuten-doji would find New York a convenient place to live, especially if it could establish a safe haven with a group of slaves to protect it. Recently, the community has become concerned about goings-on at a small Shinto temple on the Upper West Side. Although Shinto is not so prone to fundamentalism and other problems as some other religions, people are beginning to talk about a cult.

People have been coming back from the temple somehow changed. They seem to lose interest in their daily lives—some have even been fired from their jobs, which is unthinkable to the traditional Japanese mind—and become more and more involved with the temple. They spend increasing amounts of time there, coming home exhausted and weak but insisting on returning whenever they have the opportunity. When asked what they do at the temple, their responses are evasive, and some people have stopped coming home altogether.

The truth is that a shuten-doji has taken up residence in the temple, and is using it as a base to establish a coterie of slaves. He is trying to remain unnoticed—taking blood from his slaves using needles rather than causing unsightly wounds with his teeth and claws, for example—but even so, it is becoming increasingly clear that something is wrong at the temple. At the same time, reports are piling up from other parts of the city, all telling of corpses found with their throats ripped out, as if by some wild animal. Urban legends are growing by the minute, invoking everything from escaped pet leopards to sewer alligators to explain the attacks—which are actually the result of the shuten-doji's nocturnal hunting.

This story can be developed in various ways, depending on the group's preferred gaming style. For an all-out action adventure, the Cast Members might be employed by an anti-cult group to raid the temple and rescue the devotees so that they can be deprogrammed; the shuten-doji and his followers put up a stiff fight, and there may be more than one of the creatures in residence. A more cerebral adventure might require one or more Cast Members to infiltrate the cult and report back to contacts on the outside, who could be anything from journalists to parapsychologists to government agents. For a mixture of action and suspense, an undercover agent inside the cult might have been enslaved by the shuten-doji—his handlers assume he has been “turned” by the cult—requiring a rapid (and involuntary) extraction before the operation is compromised.

VAMPIRE (Central Europe)

"Okay—you got the crucifix?"

"Check."

"Holy water?"

"Check."

"Garlic?"

"Uh—check."

"Mirror?"

"Yup."

"Communion wafer?"

"Yup."

"Stake?"

"Yeah."

"Okay, then, we're all set."

"You sure all this stuff will work?"

"Yeah—why shouldn't it?"

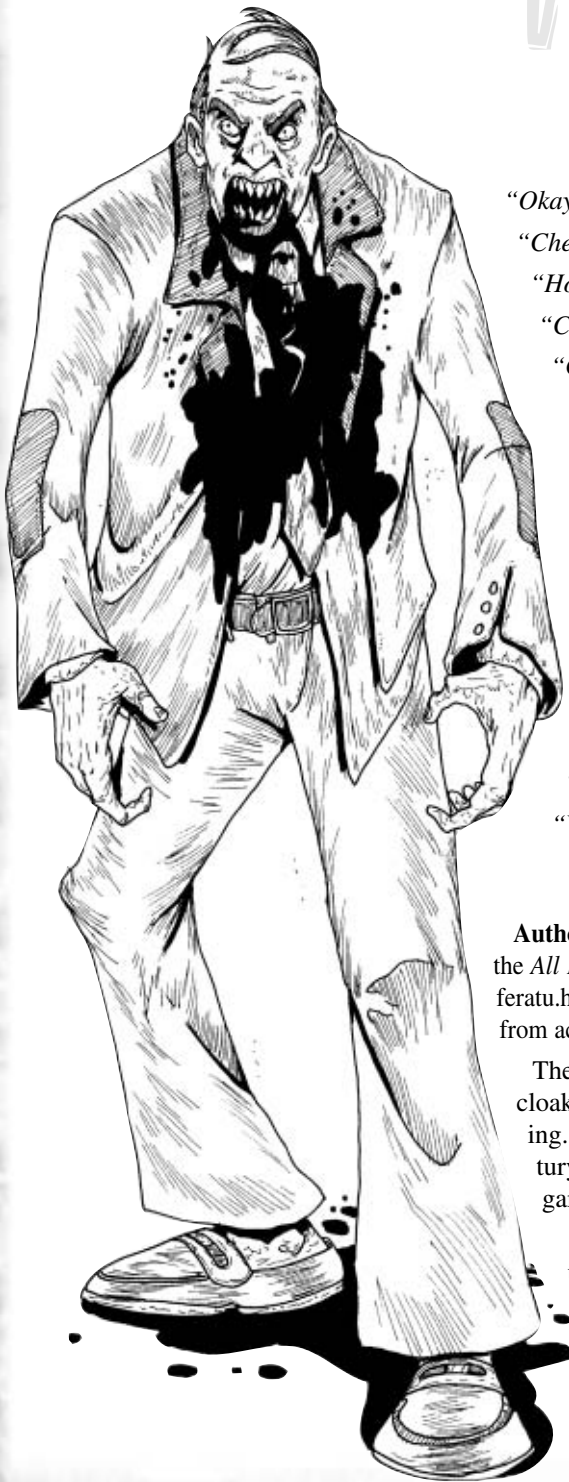
"What if this one doesn't watch the movies?"

Introduction

Author's note: a monster description for nosferatu may be found on the *All Flesh Must Be Eaten* web site at <http://www.allflesh.com/nosferatu.html>. This section takes a broader view of traditional vampires from across Europe.

The traditional vampires of eastern Europe do not wear opera cloaks or sunglasses, and they are not sophisticated or charming. That image began with romantic writers in the 19th century, and has been perpetuated through movies, novels, and games ever since. The true vampire is no vamp.

There are many local variations on the name—oupire, ubour, upir, upier, upior, upor, upyr, vampir, vampyr—but the creature itself changes little. They rise from the grave to trouble the living, preferring to victimize their own family. They are sometimes grotesque, but are usually recognizable as the people they were in life. They do not decay like normal corpses, but appear as fresh as the



moment they died. However, they look like a fresh corpse rather than a living person, and cannot pass for the living.

Vampires are not harmed by daylight, but are only active between noon and midnight. They do not have fangs, but their teeth are often strong and sharp, and may be whiter than they were in life. They are not subtle in their feeding, but simply bite or rip open a victim's throat and gorge themselves on blood. Some of them eat other things in addition to human blood—dung, intestines, hearts, even fish and normal food in some cases—but their appetites are always huge. When they are not active they rest in their graves, which they are able to enter and leave without disturbing the soil around them, either by passing through the earth in some insubstantial form or by passing through a small hole no larger than a mousehole.

Unlike the vampires of literature, those of folklore do not generally spread their undead condition to their victims. They are usually caused by specific events, like violent death, an evil life, and improper burial rites.

Some vampires have supernatural powers, but these are much rarer than those of their literary and celluloid counterparts. Most common is the ability to cause plagues.

Variations

Ubour (Bulgaria)

This Bulgarian vampire commonly has a single nostril and barbed tongue. It is created when a person dies suddenly and violently, or when a cat jumps over the corpse before burial. It cannot leave its grave for forty days after burial, as its skeleton turns to jelly and must re-form before it can become active.

Upior

This Polish and Slavic vampire has a barbed tongue like the ubour, and is the thirstiest of all vampires. When exhumed, they have been found floating in blood-filled coffins; when it is staked, an upior explodes like a balloon filled with blood. A person can be prevented from becoming an upior by being buried face-down with a willow cross under the armpits, chest, or chin. Burial face-down is a com-

mon precaution against suspected vampires—supposedly they will dig down instead of up, and not be able to escape their graves.

Once it has risen, an upior can be destroyed by staking or decapitation. It is possible to become immune to attack from an upior by eating a special bread which has been made with some of the creature's blood. Obtaining the blood, of course, may be a challenge.

Upir (Ukraine)

This vampire from the Ukraine eats prodigious quantities of fish, as well as attacking the living.

Upyr (Russia)

This Russian vampire has iron-hard teeth, and can chew through the toughest of obstacles. It starts by drinking the blood of children, and then proceeds to victimize their parents. It will also devour human hearts. It can be destroyed by being pinned in its grave with a wooden stake and generously sprinkled with holy water; decapitation and cremation also work, though decapitation must be accomplished with a single blow or the creature will awaken.

Special Aspects

Claws

Many vampires have long, ragged nails in addition to their sharp teeth. In some cases, these are sharp and tough enough to be used as weapons.

Diseased Corpse

In some parts of eastern Europe, vampires are said to be more active during plagues, and some sources claim that they can even cause plagues. Some only inflict disease on their surviving family members; tuberculosis (known in previous centuries as consumption) was once widely believed to be caused by family members who had died from the disease coming back and feeding from survivors, who would shortly join them in the grave.

Evil Eye (see p. 100)

Some vampires can cause the death of family members from a distance merely by calling their names; death is not immediate, but usually follows within a

few days. This can be treated as a variant on the Evil Eye that causes disease; sight is not required, but the vampire must call the name of the intended victim and the victim must hear their name being called.

Restricted Activity (see p 104)

This may not be combined with Night Stalker (see p. 103), as the net effects of the two aspects are similar.

Shapechanging (see p. 105)

The ability of vampires to turn to mist has not been documented from direct observation, but a number of medieval and later sources infer that vampires can do this, or something similar, to account for the fact that they can leave and return to their graves without disturbing the soil.

Some vampires can adopt certain animal forms, cat, rat, and dog being the most common. The ability to turn into a bat is not traditional; it first appeared in vampire literature in the 19th century, when the discovery of vampire bats in South America became linked with folklore vampires in the popular imagination. Basic game stats for rat and dog form can be found in *AFMBE*, p. 169.

Stakes

Unlike the vampires of literature, movies, and some games, a traditional eastern European vampire is not killed by being staked through the heart. All a stake does is immobilize the vampire, by physically pinning it to the ground; this gives Cast Members a little time to behead the creature, or do whatever else they need to do in order to destroy it. However, while it is staked a vampire can still speak and move its limbs, and will almost certainly try to remove the stake from its body and attack its attackers.

This discovery can be a surprise for players and Cast Members who believe everything they see in the movies.

Vampire

Strength 4 **Constitution** 2
Dexterity 3 [1] **Intelligence** 2
Perception 2 **Willpower** 2

Note: These attribute scores are typical. In most cases, attribute scores other than Strength will be the same as those the individual had in life. Intelligence is sometimes a point or two lower than in life, but vampires are always within the human range.

Dead Points: 26 **Speed:** 10
Endurance Points: n/a **Essence Pool:** 12
Skills: Brawling 2, Language (local area) 5

Attack: As normal human, but stronger

Weak Spot: Any [0]

Weight: Any

Getting Around: Life-Like [3]

Strength: Strong Like Bull [5]; Teeth [4]

Senses: Like the Living [1]

Sustenance: Daily [0], Blood [-2]

Intelligence: Language [1]; Long-Term Memory [5]

Spreading the Love: Circumstances (disease, violent death, evil life, cat jumping over corpse before burial, various others) [-2]

Power: 20

Bonus Aspects: Up to 5 chosen from Cannot Cross Water [-3], Claws [8], Climbing [2], Diseased Corpse [3], Evil Eye (Diseased Corpse) [6], Increased Essence Pool [1/5], Infravision [2], Leaping [3], Life Sense [4], Night Stalker [-2], Night Vision [2], Problem Solving [15], Rage [-2], Restricted Activity (noon to midnight) [-2], Shapechanging (mist, animal) [8/form], Sharp Tongue [1], Soul Sucker [5], Stealthy [2], Sustenance (Sweet Breads) [-2], Sympathetic Feeding [8], and Unkillable (except in prescribed ways) [10].

Sharp Tongue (see p. 105)

Some eastern European vampires have the lower level of this feature, giving them a tongue capable of piercing flesh but not long enough for a ranged attack.

Sympathetic Feeding (see p. 106)

Some vampires have the ability to feed without even leaving their graves. Victims have to be immediate family members (parents, siblings, or offspring) to use this power, and no wounds are left regardless of the form of sustenance that is taken.

Story Ideas

Epidemic

Given the economic woes and brushfire wars that have sprung up in eastern Europe since the collapse of the Soviet Union, it comes as little surprise to many when a deadly plague sweeps across the continent. The European Union and the World Health Organization mobilize to try and contain the threat, but some disturbing reports come back from the field.

In their haste to dispose of infected bodies, it seems that local health workers have been burying people without making absolutely sure they are dead. There have been repeated instances of people digging themselves out of mass graves.

The media blame ill-trained staff, while the health authorities try to explain that the disease seems to result in deep comas indistinguishable from death without using sophisticated equipment—and there simply isn't time to run a detailed EEG on every patient who stops breathing and loses their pulse.

The patients who dig themselves out often exhibit bizarre behaviors. No-one is very surprised—most have suffered sufficiently prolonged oxygen starvation to cause serious brain damage, among other things—but the consistency of effects is remarkable. All seem obsessed with finding their families, which is only natural, but many suffer comatose relapses of up to 12 hours for no apparent reason, which begin at midnight and end as suddenly and inexplicably as they begin. Violent behavior is also common, and normal sedatives and antipsychotic drugs seem to have no effect; physical restraint, in a straitjacket or

strapped to a bed, is the only thing that seems to work. An obsession with blood is another common factor; some patients have mutilated themselves and drunk their own blood, in addition to attacking medical staff.

Research is under way to determine whether this is an effect of the contagion, which has yet to be identified. However, efforts are hampered by the incredibly swift rate at which the disease is spreading. Even medical staff have been affected, despite all precautions. So far, only a small number of premature burial cases has been identified, but their numbers—and the problems of dealing with them—increase every day.

Atrocity

United Nations peacekeepers in a war-torn part of eastern Europe come across evidence of an atrocity; at the edge of a cemetery, upwards of twenty people have been impaled through the torso with wooden stakes, decapitated, and their bodies burned on crude bonfires. A formal war crimes investigation has begun, but the adjoining village has been abandoned, and no-one can be found who will admit to witnessing what happened.

Several graves in the cemetery have been broken open, with coffins and grave-markers scattered about in pieces, but no sign of the bodies. Forensic examination of the charred remains produces mixed results, but it appears there are more bodies on the pyres than can be accounted for by the desecrated graves. In addition, the quantity of blood at the scene—both dried on the surrounding grass and scorched at the bottom of the pyres—indicates the victims were not dead at the time they were impaled.

The last mention of the village in official documents hints at some kind of outbreak of disease, but details are sketchy. With some difficulty, former inhabitants of the village can be tracked down at various refugee camps, but they all deny having seen or heard anything, and claim to have abandoned the village because of rumors that enemy forces were approaching. Even if offered United Nations protection, they decline to go back to the village. They are clearly frightened, but give nothing away.

Incorrupt

As part of a development project, the graveyard of a medieval monastery is being excavated. Once on the outskirts of a town, the monastery is now surrounded by development, and the land on which the graveyard stands has been sold to cover the cost of restorations to the monastery itself; abandoned for decades under the rule of Communism, it is now to become a historical monument. A team of archaeologists has been contracted by the town council to excavate the graves so that the remains of the monks buried there can be relocated, and to document the graveyard for the monastery's archives.

Then, a rather unusual burial is found. There is no marker, so the name of the individual is not known. The coffin-lid is not just nailed down, it is carefully sealed with lead; later analysis shows that before the lead seal was applied, a mixture of aromatic resins was used to glue the lid in place, supplementing the nails. Each of the nails has a cross scratched into the head. Within the coffin, the body is face-down, with a wooden cross on its back. Perhaps most surprising of all, the body is completely intact, with no hint of decomposition.

The town council, in a sudden fit of piety, declares that the body's incorrupt state indicates holiness, and invites the Vatican to send an investigator to determine whether the unknown monk might be a candidate for sainthood. Preparations are made to put the body on display, as an added attraction in the restored monastery, and there is even talk of re-establishing the monastic order there, since the incorrupt body could turn the site into a place of pilgrimage.

Some scientists point to the air-tight seal on the coffin as the reason for the lack of decomposition, while others point out that many processes of bodily decay do not require access to air. Archaeologists want to dissect the body to examine the stomach contents, look for parasites and evidence of disease, and perform various tests which would greatly increase modern knowledge of medieval health and medicine; religious groups, backed by those who see the town's very own incorrupt saint as a potential source of income, oppose any interference with the body, other than putting it in a climate-controlled Plexiglas coffin for display purposes.

What nobody expects is that the body has plans of its own...

Undying Evil

A former Nazi war criminal is found living quietly in a US city under a false name. An eastern European national, he collaborated with the Nazis in the running of camps where many atrocities were carried out, and escaped to South America after the war, coming to the United States in the mid-fifties. After a much-publicized trial, he is sentenced to life in prison.

Almost immediately upon being incarcerated, the convicted man falls seriously ill; no surprise, given his advanced years. He dies on the operating table, but is resuscitated and seems to make a full recovery. Slowly, his behavior starts to change.

The man develops a savage temper, assaulting his guards on more than one occasion and requiring several strong men to subdue him. Sedatives have no apparent effect. He boasts openly of his terrible deeds, and threatens guards and prison officials with the same fate. His appetite becomes huge, and although he does not put on any weight, he sometimes supplements his prison diet by eating his bedding and other items in his cell.

Although he is isolated, the other prisoners become afraid of him. There are rumors that he somehow breaks out of his cell at night, and one Death Row inmate is found dead in his locked cell with his throat ripped open. There are signs of a violent struggle, but no trace of any forced entry; for a while, the enquiry into the inmate's death focuses on an act of revenge by a guard, but no conclusive findings are ever reached. The dead man's neighbors swear that the war criminal was responsible, but he was found sleeping in his locked cell, rising at noon according to his habit. When told of the accusations against him, he smiled but said nothing.

The prison is now in a state of near hysteria, and guards have thwarted more than one plan for an uprising—directed not at escaping or getting better conditions, but at breaking into the old man's cell and killing him.

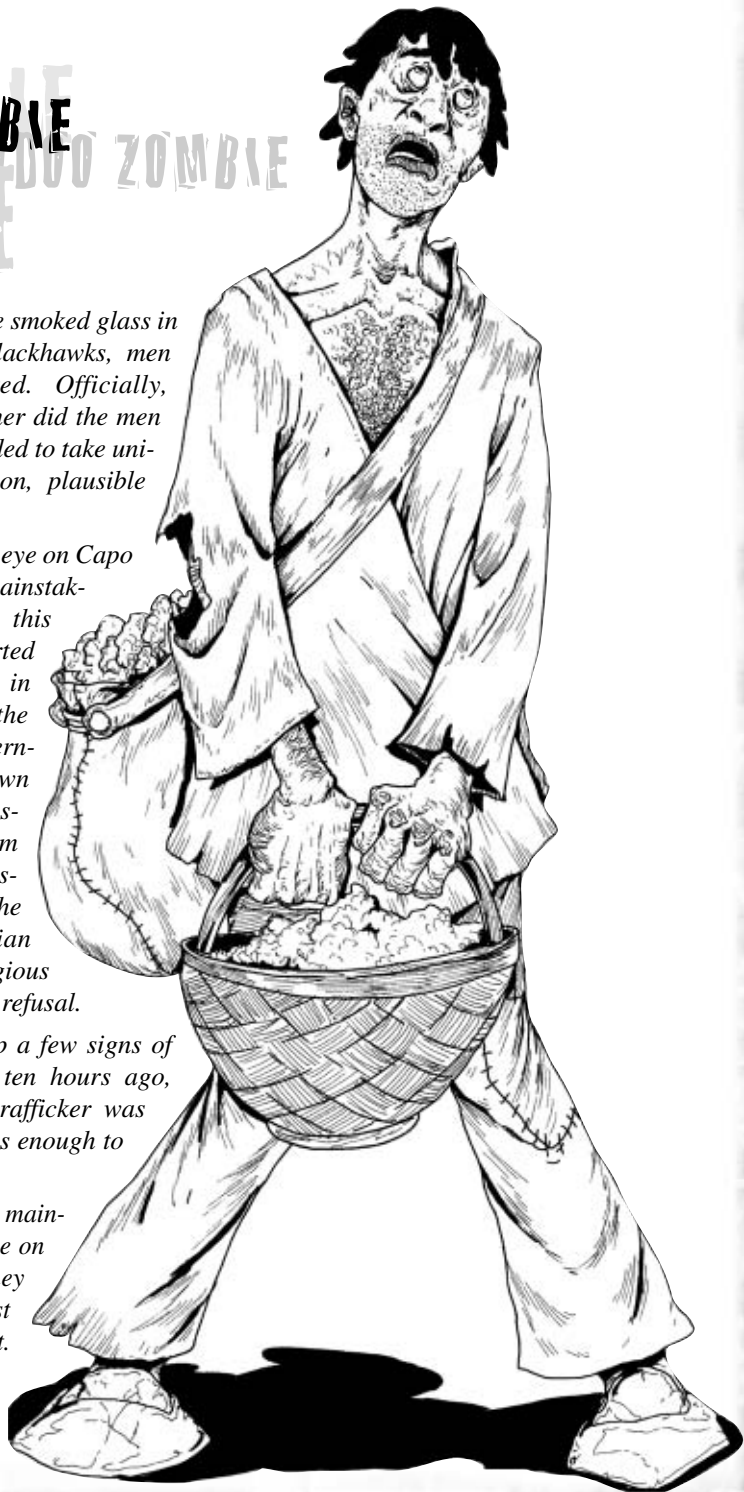
VOODOO ZOMBIE (Caribbean)

The sea passed under the choppers like smoked glass in the pre-dawn. In the bellies of the Blackhawks, men checked their equipment and waited. Officially, Operation Shark did not exist, and neither did the men or the helicopters. When Uncle Sam needed to take unilateral action inside a sovereign nation, plausible deniability was everything.

The Joint Drug Task Force had had its eye on Capo Isabella for some time now. A long and painstaking investigation had established that this Spanish colonial port—supposedly deserted after a devastating outbreak of cholera in the 19th century—was a major hub in the Caribbean network. The island's government kept to their story that the ruined town had never been re-occupied, but consistently refused to allow an inspection team to check it out. Even requests for permission to conduct a historical survey of the site, made through the Smithsonian Institution and a consortium of prestigious American universities, had met with flat refusal.

Satellite images of the area turned up a few signs of activity, but nothing conclusive—until ten hours ago, when a yacht belonging to a known trafficker was spotted at anchor in the harbor. That was enough to give this operation the green light.

The Blackhawks came in low and fast to maintain the element of surprise, but the people on the docks didn't even look up as they approached. Like columns of ants, they just kept loading large packages onto the yacht. The yacht's crew was a different matter. Pushing past the imperturbable laborers, they ran through the town and into the thick forest that lay behind it. One of the



choppers peeled off to drop a patrol in the forest to run them down.

The lead helicopter came to a hover above the harbor, and broadcast orders to surrender through its loudspeaker. The laborers ignored it, and they ignored warning shots. After a brief radio conference, it was decided to land the combat teams rather than take the site out from the air.

Shouting orders in Spanish, the soldiers ran towards the stream of laborers. Then, one by one, they stopped in their tracks and lowered their weapons when they saw their slack jaws, glassy eyes and stiff gait. Tirelessly, they continued loading.

Introduction

To many scholars, the Caribbean—and most especially the *vodoun* or voodoo tradition of Haiti—is the true birthplace of the zombie. As with vampires (see p. [?]), there is a great difference between the traditional zombie (also known as *zombi* or *jumbie*) and its fictional and movie counterpart.

Voodoo zombies are made by a magical ritual, conducted by skilled voodoo priests known as *bocors*. They are chosen before death, and some accounts speak of a special potion or poison that is used to kill them. The priest then goes to their grave and raises them from the dead, as mindless, shambling creatures that are mostly used as slaves. If a remote plantation never hires hands, and its owners keep to themselves, rumors inevitably spring up that it is worked by zombies. Believers in this tradition pity zombies, rather than fearing them—instead, what they fear is that they or one of their family may share the zombies' fate. A *houngan* is a good voodoo priest, and some have the ability to reverse a voodoo zombie's condition by a magical ritual. This is a version of The Binding (see. *AFMBE*, p. 64), costing 3 Essence Points per Strength and Willpower level of the "patient"—it does not work on zombies created by means other than voodoo.

Voodoo zombies are not always mindless, and some of them are aware of their condition. However, all of them lack the will to do anything except what their masters command them. They work tirelessly, and require nothing but food to keep them going.

According to tradition, the only thing a zombie owner must be careful of is salt; this must be kept out of their diet at all costs, because any taste of salt somehow breaks the zombie's slavery, and it immediately leaves and claws its way back into its grave, becoming permanently dead.

Many voodoo zombies have degenerated somewhat owing to the means of their creation, but some retain vestiges of their former abilities and personalities. Some are even a little stronger than they were while they were alive.

Special Aspects

Enslaved (see p. 100)

A voodoo zombie with this feature will be freed if it tastes salt. In folklore, the amount of salt does not matter, and the freed zombie immediately returns to its original grave, digs it open, and falls into it, dead. In a game, things can be different.

Medical experiments have shown that salt is vital for a number of physical and mental functions, and perhaps a zombie can be returned to something like its living mental and physical state by receiving the right amount of salt. Since eating too much salt causes vomiting, it might be preferable to administer the salt through a saline drip. The zombie may still be dead (but see *Living Zombies* below), but it may recover some or all of its old personality and abilities.

Weak Spot: Salt (see p. 107)

Alternatively, salt might be a slow-acting poison for voodoo zombies—one they see as a means of liberation from their slavery. In this case, they have the usual drive to return to their graves before they expire from its effects. Creative players will probably try to find ways to turn salt into a weapon—especially since it is so cheap and plentiful. Some creatures have an actual weakness toward salt, but in the folklore of voodoo zombies, it is only salt in food that seems to have any effect. Salt delivered on blades or by shotgun has no special effect—although unless the voodoo zombie has No Pain, it will probably sting like crazy.

Voodoo Zombie

Strength 2 **Constitution** 2
Dexterity 1 **Intelligence** 1
Perception 1 **Willpower** 2
Dead Points: 26 **Speed:** 2

Endurance Points: n/a **Essence Pool:** 9

Skills: Brawling 2

Attack: As normal human

Weak Spot: Any [0]

Weight: Life-Like [0] or Withered Corpse [2]

Getting Around: Slow and Steady [0]

Strength: Dead Joe Average [0]

Senses: Like the Dead [0]

Sustenance: Daily [0], Regular Food [0]

Intelligence: Tool Use [3]

Spreading the Love: Ritual [-2]

Power: 6*

Bonus Aspects: Up to 5 chosen from Diseased Corpse [3], Enslaved (freed by eating salt) [-4], Getting Around (Life-Like) [1], Language [1], Long-Term Memory [5], Nest [Varies], No Pain [1], Noxious Odor [5], Senses (Like the Living) [1], Strength (Strong Like Bull) [5], The Hug of Death [8], and Tool Use (level 2 maximum) [3/level].

* Modified by Weight.

Nest

Living Zombies (see box) cannot have this feature.

Story Ideas

The Last Resort

On an underdeveloped Caribbean island, a new luxury resort is being built—one that the island's government hopes will jump-start the local economy by attracting large numbers of affluent tourists. Initially, the only problem facing the project was lack of capital—and that was solved by employing zombies to do

the work. Now, the financial problem has been replaced by a potential public relations nightmare if the truth should leak out.

The consortium building the resort is made up of the few rich people on the island, with the participation of a couple of outside banks. The banks have sent representatives to follow progress on the site, but they have often faced difficulty in getting to see it. They are shown photographs which seem to show satisfactory progress, but requests to visit the construction site have always been turned down on the grounds that it would interfere with the work. One enterprising bank representative tried to charter a helicopter to fly over the site, but after a mysterious radio message from the ground the pilot suddenly announced he was having engine trouble, and would have to return to base immediately.

Threats to withdraw funding from the project if site visits are not granted have largely been ignored. The attitude of the island's authorities seems to be that plenty of other investors can be brought in if the existing ones back out, and during one heated exchange a government official was heard to say the island didn't need the outside investors at all, but refused to elaborate on this comment when challenged. He has been absent from meetings since then.

Recently, a party of backpackers who accidentally wandered close to the construction site was escorted back to the island's main town at gunpoint, prompting outside governments to become concerned. The Cast Members may be part of some covert agency tasked with investigating, or foreign residents of the island asked for help by their governments.

King Cotton

This story is best set in the Deep South before the Civil War, but with a few cosmetic changes it can fit other times and places.

The owners of one large and remote plantation choose not to take part in local society, but keep to themselves. The gates of the estate are locked, and bear a hand-written notice that the owners do not receive visitors; those who have peered over the walls or through the gates have not been able to see a living soul—if it were not for the fact that the house and

Living Zombies

Some modern anthropologists believe zombies were—and may still be—real, but they are not actually dead. Instead, they are given a drug that induces a death-like coma, and the bocor or houngan gives them an antidote after recovering them from their graves. Their loss of willpower and other faculties is thought to be due to a combination of the drug's after-effects, brain damage suffered while in the coma, and belief in the reality of zombies ("I have become a zombie, therefore I must behave like one").

If this theory is incorporated into a game, it might be possible to reverse the zombie condition by the use of drugs and other medical therapies, but these take a great deal of research to develop. On the other hand, it could be that the condition is irreversible, and the unfortunate zombie—while not actually dead—needs to be institutionalized for the rest of his or her life. This choice is for the Zombie Master to make.

grounds are scrupulously kept up, one might conclude that the plantation was deserted. However, its produce can be seen on local wharves along with the produce of its neighbors, and those who know the business estimate that the plantation is doing very well indeed.

Naturally, some curiosity has arisen about this secretive place. The wagon-drivers who transport the cotton are hired for the job, and can say little to satisfy popular curiosity. They find the cotton bales stacked outside the plantation's gates, and never get inside; they are paid through a bank in town when the job is done, and have never seen their employer. Some of the more adventurous young boys of the area claim—though not within the hearing of adults—that they have climbed the wall or otherwise entered the plantation, but found it completely deserted. A few claim to have been chased off the land by an old man with a shotgun and a pair of dogs. As far as public records go, the plantation's affairs are in perfect order, and the attorney who handles them will only say his client is a recluse who values his privacy.

Recently, a young boy from the town has gone missing. His friends, after much prompting, have admitted that a group of them went up to the plantation one night, and on a dare, the missing boy climbed the wall; he did not return, and after waiting for several hours they returned home, thinking he must have

come out by another way. They could see almost nothing in the darkness, but some of them swear they heard movement in the cotton fields, as if a large number of people was silently at work there. A group of concerned townspeople is preparing to call at the plantation and demand to be allowed to search for the missing boy.

The Forgotten Gulags

Back in the 1960s, a secret agreement between president Fidel Castro and Soviet premier Nikita Khrushchev saw Russian missiles stationed on the island of Cuba, resulting in what history knows as the Cuban Missile Crisis. But that was only part of the story. Cuba's side of the bargain has never been made public—until now.

In exchange for Russian military and intelligence aid against the growing threat of a US invasion of Cuba, Castro sent five men to the USSR. Their travel papers described them as cultural attachés to the Cuban embassy in Moscow, but none of them had any prior diplomatic experience. Most, indeed, listed their occupation as farmer in Cuban government documents prior to their posting.

The men were bocors, and they were sent to the Soviet Union to help with the growing problem of political dissidents. In the few years since the death of Stalin, Khrushchev's comparatively liberal policies

had led to increasingly open criticism of the government. Khrushchev knew that mass indoctrination like the Chinese “re-education” efforts would never work in Russia, and was looking for another way to turn troublesome dissidents into quiet and productive members of society.

Initial results were not encouraging. While the dissidents were indeed much more placid in zombie form, the changes in their personalities could never pass unnoticed, even in the Soviet Union. To get them out of the way, they were sent to a logging camp in Siberia—one of many labor camps where Stalin had sent millions of unfortunate people.

In 1964, Khrushchev was deposed by the hard-liner Leonid Brezhnev and a Stalinist faction within the Politburo, and the gulags started to fill up again. Brezhnev’s administration had no scruples about making use of the bocors, and many political opponents were silenced and made productive in the mines and logging camps of Soviet East Asia. Sensibly, they were not used in the salt mines.

The labor camps officially did not exist, and those populated by zombies were doubly secret. To this day, no official record exists of their locations. In order to reduce the risk of exposure, they were staffed entirely by zombies: zombie guards with orders to shoot anyone who came too close, zombie hunters and cooks to supply food, and most numerous, zombie laborers. They became entirely self-sufficient and self-perpetuating.

One or more of these camps may still exist today, forgotten by the few living people who ever knew of its existence. It might be discovered by an expedition prospecting for oil or timber (officially, these areas have never been worked, so they are still thought to be virgin forest).

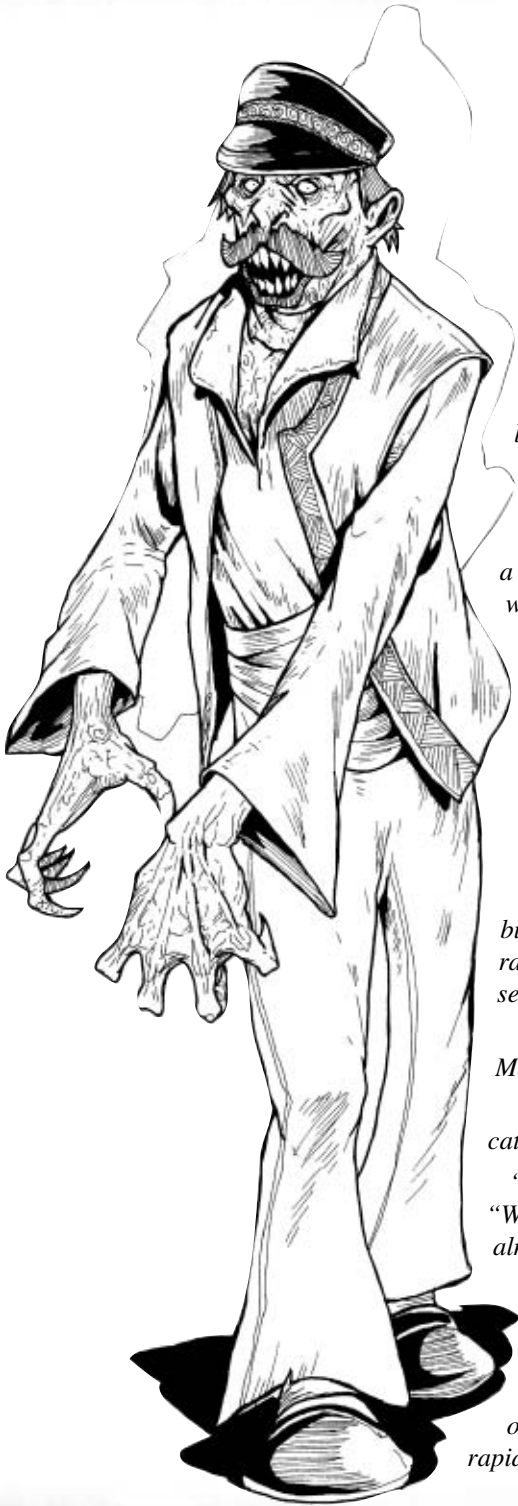
Offshore Manufacturing

Inspectors from an independent pressure group researching sweatshop working conditions in the Caribbean are refused access to a particular town in a remote area of one island. Despite repeated requests, access is denied. The American media gets hold of the story, and several of the large US retailers who buy their products apply pressure, but to no avail. When threats are made to terminate their manufacturing contracts, the owners of the factories stall for a couple of months, and then invite their clients and the world’s media to visit a clean and efficient factory full of contented workers, which looks very new. This serves only to raise suspicions in some quarters.

A number of bodies are interested in finding out the truth. Human rights groups protest that the factory inspection was an obvious sham, but need evidence to follow up on the case. The American corporations who buy from the factories, while openly expressing their complete confidence in their overseas partners, want to cover their backs against any future scandal, and hire private investigators to find out what is really going on. Various government agencies may also take an interest.

The truth is that the factories are staffed by zombies, who are well suited to simple, repetitive labor and do not complain about nonexistent pay and squalid working conditions. Even once the truth is discovered, trying to convince the world to believe it may be a challenge.

VRYKOLOKAS (Greece)



It was a picture postcard scene—the blue sea, the little white church at the top of the cliff, and the magnificently-robed Orthodox priests leading the small procession of villagers.

“Must be some sort of festival, don’t you think?” Tom thumbed through the old leather-bound guidebook that he’d picked up in an antiquarian bookstore at home. It had a lot of information on local festivals and customs, which is why he had bought it—the modern travel guides never went beyond beaches, restaurants, and the best-known ruins.

“Hmm—what’s today, the seventeenth? We’re three days from the feast of Saint Spiridion, apparently, but there’s nothing else here.” Marcie wrinkled her brow in thought.

“It’s Saturday today—could it be something they do on a Saturday? Like an anticipation mass, or something?”

“I don’t know. Shall we find out?”

The locals looked at them as they followed the procession, but avoided making eye contact. Their mood was somber rather than festive. Some were carrying picks and shovels, and several of the women were weeping.

“You don’t suppose this is a funeral, do you?” whispered Marcie.

“There’s no coffin.” Tom observed. He quickened his pace to catch up with the end of the procession.

“Pardon me,” he said, catching the eye of one of the locals. “What—uh, festival?” The man fixed him with a look that was almost a glare.

“Vrykolokos.” he said. Tom shrugged and smiled in a universal gesture of non-comprehension.

“Vrykolokos!” the man repeated, with more emphasis. “Bad thing! Not for tourist! You go now!” By now, several other people had dropped out of the procession, speaking rapid Greek and motioning Tom and Marcie to leave them alone.

Marcie pulled nervously at Tom's sleeve, and they headed back down the hill to the town.

That evening, they sat in their hotel room with no clear idea of what to do. The whole town seemed to have shut down—none of the shops or tavernas were open, and the streets were empty. They quickly tired of writing postcards, and their thoughts returned to the incident by the church.

"What did that man say?" Tom wondered aloud, flipping through the index to the guidebook. "It began with v, I think." He ran an index finger down one page. "Vry- vrykolokos, was that it?"

Marcie nodded vaguely. Tom turned to the page he had found, and read aloud.

"Among many curious beliefs of the common people is the tradition of the vrykolokos, a walking corpse that rises from the grave to trouble the living. Folklore prescribes various remedies for dealing with this creature, the most common of which is to dig up the suspect grave and decapitate the body, to the accompaniment of prayers and liturgies. In extreme cases, the body is destroyed by fire, but even this is uncertain of success. No doubt this grisly superstition arises from the occasional case of premature burial, or from circumstances in the chemical composition of the soil that may lead to a body being preserved rather than decomposing normally." Marcie shuddered.

"That's horrible!" she exclaimed. "Do you suppose they were on their way to dig someone up and burn them?"

"Could be. They had picks and shovels with them. I'm amazed they still believe in this sort of thing. But there's more..."

As Tom started to read, a sudden knock sounded on the door of their hotel room, making them both jump.

"Thomas Merrill?" The voice was heavily accented, not that of the hotel's owner.

"Yes?" Tom got up to answer the door, but it flew open with a crash before he reached it. Marcie screamed.

Introduction

Also called vroukolakas, brucolocas, and vrykolatios, the vrykolokas (vruh-ko-lo-kos, plural vrykolokes) is native to Greece, Macedonia, and the islands of the Aegean. The island of Santorini (Thera), best known today for its spectacular views and archaeological remains, was traditionally said to be more infested with the creatures than any other place in the Aegean, and its inhabitants were regarded as especially skilled and knowledgeable when it came to dealing with vrykolokes.

A vrykolokas may be caused by a variety of circumstances. Improper burial, an immoral life, or lack of baptism are all possible causes, as are dying while excommunicated and eating the meat of a sheep that was killed by a wolf. In some regions, it is thought that a person who is a werewolf in life will become a vrykolokas after death.

The vrykolokas is normally solitary, but there may be more than one individual in an area. It walks at night, looking for victims, and attacks both man and beast. If it cannot find victims, it will enter a village, knocking on doors and calling out the names of people inside. Like the eastern European vampire (p. 76), the vrykolokas commonly preys on people who were its family and friends in life. It has become customary not to respond to the first knock on a door after dark. The vrykolokas, impatient to find a victim, will try another house rather than knocking again.

Death comes quickly to those who answer the call of a vrykolokas; the creature sits on them while they sleep, crushing the life out of them. They become vrykolokas in their turn.

According to tradition, the vrykolokas is allowed to rest in the earth only on a Saturday; the rest of the week, it must find what shelter it can through the daylight hours. On this day, the corpse can be exhumed, and made safe by impalement and/or decapitation, in much the same way as an eastern European vampire (see p. 76). It may be identified, both in its grave and while it walks, by its bloated appearance, its skin being stretched across its flesh as tightly as a drumskin. Excommunicated people can also be released from the existence of a vrykolokas by having the ban of excommunication lifted, and, as elsewhere in the

world, destroying the body by cremation is effective. When a vrykolokas is destroyed, all those it has created also perish.

If all else fails—and sometimes it does, since vrykolokas become more powerful as they get older—the last resort is to dig up the corpse and cremate or rebury it on an uninhabited island. Being unable to cross water, the vrykolokas is permanently trapped there.

Variations

Catacano (Crete, Rhodes)

This creature from the Greek islands of Crete and Rhodes is similar to a vrykolokas in most respects, but has the additional ability to spit acid blood. It wears an insane grin, regardless of the circumstances. The only way to kill a catacano permanently is to decapitate it and boil its head in vinegar.

Special Aspects

Cannot Cross Water (see p. 99)

A vrykolokas cannot cross water, either salt or fresh, which is why a last resort is to maroon it on an uninhabited island. If can, of course, be taken across water in a boat while it is inactive.

Don't Answer That! (see p. 100)

A vrykolokas can only enter a house if someone has responded to its knocking, and it can only attack the person who answered. They will often call out people's names while knocking, to try and get a response.

Evil Eye (see p. 100)

Some ancient vrykolokes are so powerful that they can slay the living with a glance; this is best treated as using Teeth (*AFMBE*, p. 152) with the Evil Eye to cause damage from a distance.

Invisibility (see p. 101)

A few vrykolokes have the ability to become invisible, but this is rare. An invisible vrykolokas can still be seen by a character with Second Sight (see p. 107).

Night Stalker (see p. 103)

Most vrykolokes can only walk at night. During the day, they must find shelter wherever they can; they are only permitted back in their graves on a Saturday. Older and more powerful vrykolokas can appear during the day.

Vrykolokas

Strength 4 **Constitution** 2

Dexterity 1 **Intelligence** 1

Perception 2 **Willpower** 2

Dead Points: 15 **Speed:** 2

Endurance Points: n/a **Essence Pool:** 12

Skills: Brawling 2, Language (local area) 5

Attack: Bite D4 x 2(4) slashing

Weak Spot: Fire [-5]

Weight: Dead Weight [-2]

Getting Around: Life-Like [3], Cannot Cross Water [-6]

Strength: Strong Like Bull [5]

Senses: Like the Living [1]

Sustenance: Daily [0], All Flesh Must Be Eaten [0]

Intelligence: Animal Cunning [4], Language [1], Long-term Memory [5]

Special: Don't Answer That! [-2]

Spreading the Love: Circumstance (see above) [-2], Curse (Excommunication) [-2], Only the Dead [-2]

Power: 3

Bonus Aspects: Evil Eye [2 x ability cost], Invisibility [8], Iron Grip [1], Leaping [3], Night Stalker [-2], Night Vision [2], No Pain [1], Problem Solving [15], Soul Sucker [5], Spitter [2], Teeth [4], and Unkillable [10].

Story Ideas

Isle of the Dead

The tiny Aegean island of Thanatos has been uninhabited for centuries. According to church records, it was abandoned in the 12th century after a plague of vrykolokes was cleared out of the neighboring islands and banished there. No-one believes the superstition today, and scientists explain the remarkable preservation of several corpses uncovered in the island's small burial ground to the chemical properties of the soil. Without facilities of any kind or anything to do on the fifty-yard long rock, no-one cares to stay the night; even ornithologists conducting a recent seabird survey were finished in less than a day.

There were some rumors from World War II, about German troops going to the island to clear out suspected partisans and install a gun emplacement to command the surrounding seas. The effort was given up after less than a week; the report to Berlin read that the island had no caves or other resources that could be of use to partisans, and a better position for the gun emplacement was found on a neighboring island. Still, the local partisans counted seven Germans missing when they returned from the island.

Recently, a mainland leisure conglomerate has decided to build a tourist attraction on the island: a villa and restaurant, so that tourists can have the "private island" experience for an evening or two while vacationing in the Aegean. Construction crews have just started breaking ground, and although most of them stay on the nearest large island and travel across by boat each day, a watchman has been left behind to guard the equipment. Except that no-one can find him...

The Thracian Wolf

Macedonia is slowly recovering from the years of low-intensity warfare that rippled through the Balkans after the fall of the Soviet Union. In some regions, wildlife biologists are conducting a census of species, trying to establish the impact of the fighting, the threat posed by undetonated munitions and the detritus of war in wild areas, and the ecosystem's rate of recovery.

Because of the long time since any serious work was done there, it is not surprising that a number of discoveries have been made. They include three species of previously unknown butterflies, a vole that was previously known only in Bulgaria, and other things truly exciting only to a dedicated zoologist. But one discovery has been making headlines across Europe; wolf tracks of unusual size, found near the carcass of a sheep that had been attacked with unusual violence.

There are a few references in Classical literature to the Thracian Wolf, which was said to be exceptionally large and fierce. In ancient times, hunting parties from Greece and Rome traveled to Thrace, and the Emperor Nero is said to have dressed as Hercules to hunt wolves there—or rather, to watch his huntsmen run them down. It was thought by scholars that the Thracian Wolf was no different from other European wolves, which are still common in the area—but the size of the tracks has re-opened the debate on whether the Thracian Wolf is a distinct subspecies.

After a long period of watching and waiting, a Thracian Wolf is sighted—a magnificent beast, almost the size of a lion. Before a scientific study of the creature can be organized, it is shot by a local farmer; after some negotiation, the carcass is handed over to the biologists for study. It goes missing from a storage shed the same night, leaving only a few hairs behind. What the biologists do not know is that the creature was actually a werewolf, and has become a vrykoloks upon its death.

Bad for Business

The authorities on a small Aegean island are worried by a rash of attacks on tourists. Several have been killed, and the only survivor is on life support, unable to give an account of the attack. All the victims were found with severe neck wounds, and most had bled to death. The attacks have all taken place in broad daylight, and victims have been lone visitors or couples. At first, some kind of wild animal attack was suspected, but DNA analysis has established that the assailant is human—someone on the island is ambushing tourists and literally biting their throats out. Several countries—including the United States, Canada, and most of the European Union—have

issued warnings recommending their nationals stay away from the island until the case is solved.

So far, police have no suspects, but are confident that, on such a small island, the culprit will be found soon. All boats leaving the island are searched, and additional personnel have been brought in from the mainland and neighboring islands to step up patrols. Most of the attacks have taken place in the area of a ruined medieval monastery, which has a reputation locally for being haunted. Police theorize that the culprit has somehow been attracted to the site because of the legends surrounding it. The majority of visitors to the island come for the beaches, and only a few make the trip to the monastery; the track that leads up to it is not paved, and the site has no staff, and no restrictions on admission. The land is owned by an absentee landlord, and is not farmed. Locals avoid the place.

The suspected serial killer is a vrykolokos—a strong and ancient one, who is capable of walking by day. While he lived, he was a monk at the monastery, but circumstances led to his rising from the dead. Until recently, he was feeding mostly on sheep and other animals, but this year the monastery was added to a brochure describing the island's attractions, and tourists have begun to visit it—providing a new source of food.

Drug War

The ability to distinguish between potential prey and potential threats has always been part of being a successful predator. In recent centuries, the most successful predators have also learned to choose their prey carefully, ensuring that they are not protected by stronger creatures. For one vrykolokos, this has led to an interesting lifestyle.

The creature's preferred prey is drug runners. The islands of the Aegean, and the countless possible routes between them, are too numerous to be watched all the time, and are a crossroads for drug smuggling in the eastern Mediterranean. Landed in Greece or the more lawless lands to the north and east, the drugs find their way to western Europe with little difficulty.

This vrykolokos is old and powerful, and smart enough to choose his prey with care. He knows that while they are often heavily armed, drug runners have a large number of enemies, ranging from rival gangs to the authorities, and that few consequences arise when one goes missing or turns up dead. The vrykolokos has been able to move between islands by stowing away on boats, and on at least one occasion has paid for a night passage with money stolen from drug runners. The owner of the boat tells of a tall man with a raspy voice, who paid cash and kept his face hidden.

Both the authorities and the local drug runners are becoming aware that a vigilante is hunting across the Aegean, but so far no efforts have been made to track him down. Senior police officers secretly admit they are glad of the help. Local drug gangs are more heavily armed than usual—and rumors continue to circulate of the vigilante being gunned down in one place or another—but the deaths continue.

APPENDIX: UNDEAD ANIMALS

Several of the creatures described in this book have the ability to shapechange into the form of various animals. However, for some of the walking dead the form of an animal is all they have. Some of them may have been animals in life, while others may be animals (or animal corpses) animated by a human spirit, and others still may be a human spirit that, for one reason or another, can only take the form of an animal.

Regardless of their background, though, they are dead and they walk (and occasionally hop, glide, or fly). Which qualifies them for inclusion here.

Baital (India)

The baital (bye-tal) is a bat-like creature, about 4 feet/1.5 metres tall, that haunts burial ground and places where bodies are burned. It is a mottled brown in color, with greenish-brown eyes that lack the luster of the living. Its skin is stretched tightly over its bones, and it is cold to the touch. Often the only sign of life is the occasional twitching of its goat-like tail. It is most often found hanging from a tree like a bat.

The baital eats flesh and drinks blood that is offered to it in sacrifice, and can possess and animate dead bodies, but they are not generally malevolent. They are highly intelligent, and sometimes involve themselves in the affairs of the living. In the traditional Indian story *Vikram and the Vampire*, a baital helps a Raja with its wisdom and its knowledge of folklore. The name *vetala* (see p. 99) is sometimes applied to the baital, and the two may be related.

Balbal (Philippines)

This creature cannot fly, but is able to glide like a flying squirrel. It is a ghoulish feeder, and will land on the roof of a hut where a death has occurred, tearing off the thatch with its long claws, and picking up a fresh corpse with its tongue. Some balbals will replace the corpse with a large banana stalk, which is cunningly carved (or magically disguised) to look like the stolen corpse. It is usually a little while before the substitution is discovered, giving the creature a head start with its booty.





Vampiric Hound

Strength 2 **Constitution** 2
Dexterity 2 **Intelligence** -2
Perception 2 **Willpower** 2
Dead Points: 15 **Speed:** 8
Endurance Points: n/a **Essence Pool:** 10
Attack: Bite damage D4(2) slashing
Weak Spot: Heart (stake), Blessed Objects (-4 Power) [3]
Weight: 75-150 lbs.
Getting Around: Special
Strength: Dead Joe Average [0]
Senses: Like the Living [1], Night Vision [2], Scent Tracking [2]
Sustenance: Daily [0], Blood [-2]
Intelligence: Animal Cunning [4]
Spreading the Love: Only the Dead [-2] or One Bite And You're Hooked [2]
Power: 14*

* Modified by Spreading the Love

Jaracaca (Brazil)

The jaracaca (ha-ra-ka-ka) is a venomous snake native to Brazil, which according to folklore exhibits vampire-like tendencies. Rather than drinking blood, however, it prefers human milk. It will find a nursing mother and steal her milk, putting its tail in the baby's mouth to keep it quiet.



Jaracaca

Strength 0 **Constitution** 1
Dexterity 2 **Intelligence** 1
Perception 3 **Willpower** 2
Dead Points: 6 **Speed:** 4
Endurance Points: n/a **Essence Pool:** 9
Attack: Bite damage D4(2) slashing
Weak Spot: All [0]
Weight: 3-5 lbs.
Getting Around: Life-Like [3]
Strength: Special
Senses: Like a Hawk [2], Night Vision [2], Scent Tracking [2]
Sustenance: Daily [0], Human milk [-2]
Intelligence: Animal Cunning [4]
Spreading the Love: n/a
Power: 16

Kaibyou

Strength 1 **Constitution** 2
Dexterity 3 **Intelligence** 1
Perception 3 **Willpower** 2
Dead Points: 15 **Speed:** 18
Endurance Points: n/a **Essence Pool:** 12
Skills: Brawling 2, Language (local area) 5
 (both human form only)
Attack: Claw damage D4(2) slashing, Bite -3
 to hit, damage 6 per Turn
Weak Spot: All [0]
Weight: 15-30 lbs.
Getting Around: The Quick Dead [10],
 Leaping [3], Climbing [2]
Strength: Ninety-Pound Weakling [-3], Teeth
 [4]
Senses: Like a Hawk [2], Night Vision [3],
 Scent Tracking [3]
Sustenance: Daily [0], Soul Sucker [5]
Intelligence: Animal Cunning [4], Language
 (human form only) [1], Long-Term Memory [5]
Special: Shapechanging (human form of victim
 only) [8]
Spreading the Love: Circumstance (varies)
Power: 52

Kaibyou (Japan)

Also called bakéneko (ba-keh-neh-ko), the kaibyou (kye-byoo) is a creature that takes the form of a large house cat with two tails. It kills like a big cat, by throttling its victim to death with a crushing bite to the throat, and after it has killed a person it gains the ability to adopt their form. They are intelligent enough to bury, or at least hide, the bodies of those they kill. The most famous story of a kaibyou, or vampire cat, comes from Nabeshima, where one of these creatures killed a courtesan and took her place, slowly draining the Prince of Hizen of his life essence until it was discovered and killed by one of his samurai.

Kaibyou can only feed in complete privacy, and they use a magical power to put their victim and any guards to sleep before attacking. If anyone resists this power and continues to watch the cat, it cannot feed and is forced to withdraw.

A kaibyou can be created when a cat dies, unless the cat's tail was docked—a common practice in feudal Japan. It can also come into existence when a cat tastes the blood of the dead, as in the Nabeshima case—the cat had been owned by the mother of a man who was killed by the Prince, and lapped the woman's blood when she committed suicide upon receiving the bad news. Some cats may return from the dead as kaibyou for revenge against humans who mistreated them in life.

Pelesit (Malaysia)

The pelesit (peh-leh-sit) is a familiar of an evil spirit it called the polong, which possesses the body of a common house cricket. Invading the body of a victim, it causes sickness, insanity, and death. For reasons unknown, its victims frequently rave about cats while they are suffering.

Pelesit

Strength -2 **Constitution** -2
Dexterity 2 **Intelligence** -2
Perception 2 **Willpower** 2
Dead Points: 1 **Speed:** 8
Endurance Points: n/a **Essence Pool:** 0
Attack: Special
Weak Spot: All [0]
Weight: less than 1 oz.
Getting Around: Special
Strength: Special
Senses: Special
Sustenance: Daily [0], Soul Sucker [5]
Intelligence: Special
Special: Diseased Corpse [3], Madness [5]
Spreading the Love: n/a
Power: 18

If a pelesit can be caught and decapitated, a hair will be found attached to its head; this hair belongs to the person who sent the creature, and can be used to track him or her down. One way to tell if a person is afflicted by a pelesit is to press peppercorn's into the victim's big toe. This causes intense pain if the victim is possessed, and may drive the pelesit out.

Segben (Philippines)

The segben is a goatlike creature with white fur. It lacks the horns of a normal goat, but has wide, prominent ears and glowing eyes. It is seen only in the evening, and gives off a rank odor that hastens the death of the sick. During the day it is invisible, but its presence is always given away by its stench. It may feed in some way off the ebbing life-energies of those dying of disease, but it also likes to nibble on squash-blossoms.

The segben moves incredibly fast, and can easily keep up with a horse. Although it seldom hunts live and healthy prey, its bite can be fatal—even if it bites only the shadow of its victim.

Invisibility (see p. 101)

The segben is only invisible during the day.

Soul Sucker

The segben can draw off the life-essence of a person dying of disease from a distance of up to 20 feet. Its bite (see also Sympathetic Feeding below) sucks life-essence as well as dausing damage.

Sympathetic Feeding (see p. 106)

The segben can cause normal bite damage by biting a living creature's shadow.

Strix (Europe)

In Latin, strix means owl, but there has long been a superstition that owls are birds of ill omen, associated with witches and the powers of darkness. The Romans began to use the term strix or stryx to refer to a night-bird that attacks sleepers—especially infants—and drinks their blood; by the Middle Ages, reports of such creatures were common throughout Europe.

Segben

Strength 2	Constitution 2
Dexterity 3	Intelligence 0
Perception 2	Willpower 2
Dead Points: 15	Speed: 18
Endurance Points: n/a Essence Pool: 11	
Attack: Bite d4 x 2(4) slashing	
Weak Spot: All	
Weight: Life-Like (90-110 lbs.)	
Getting Around: The Quick Dead [10]	
Strength: Special	
Senses: Like the Living [1]	
Sustenance: Daily [0], Soul Sucker [5], Sympathetic Feeding [8]	
Intelligence: Animal Cunning [2]	
Special Aspects: Noxious Odor [5], Night Stalker [-2], Invisibility [8]	
Spreading the Love: n/a	
Power: 42	

Strix

Strength 0	Constitution 2
Dexterity 3 (2)	Intelligence 0
Perception 2	Willpower 2
Dead Points: 15	Speed: 10 flying 2 on ground
Endurance Points: n/a Essence Pool: 9	
Attack: Claw damage D4(2) slashing, beak damage D4-1 (1)	
Weak Spot: All [0]	
Weight: 3-4 lbs.	
Getting Around: Fly (winged) [3]	
Strength: Special	
Senses: Like the Living [1]	
Sustenance: Weekly [4], Blood [-2]	
Intelligence: Animal Cunning [2]	
Spreading the Love: n/a	
Power: 15	

Through the centuries, various explanations have been put forward to explain the nature of the strix (plural striges). Some commentators believe they are living witches with the ability to turn themselves into owls, while others maintain the owl is yet another of the alternate forms available to a shapechanging vampire. The word strigoi is one of several words current in eastern Europe, all meaning vampire.

All indications from ancient literature are that the Romans believed the strix was a real bird rather than a shapechanged witch or vampire, and that belief is reflected in the game details. Of course, there is nothing to stop a Zombie Master from using this game information for the owl form of a shapechanged vampire if desired; just remember that Intelligence will be at the same level as in the creature's normal form.

Yasha (Japan)

A yasha is created when a woman dies carrying a sufficient burden of anger to lower her status in rebirth. It is a white-furred bat with long fangs and a forked, swallow-like tail that makes it highly maneuverable in flight, even for a bat. The creature is about the size of a large fruit-bat: roughly a foot from nose to tail, with a wingspan of around five feet.

Yasha sometimes operate in packs, with some individuals acting as decoys so the others can latch onto victims from behind. They prefer to mob solitary victims or small groups. According to some reports, a pack of yasha will attack either men or women, but not both. It is not known whether this has anything to do with the source of the anger which caused them to come into being.

Vampire Bat

The giant vampire bat of B-movies often behaves almost identically to the yasha, except that it may be solitary or travel in packs, and it does not discriminate between male and female victims.

Nobusuma

A similar creature is the nobusuma, also from Japan. A bat becomes a nobusuma when it reaches the age of 1,000 years. It has a hairy, lithe body and a

pointed mouth shaped something like a beak, with which it sucks the breath from sleeping people, causing death within three days. According to some descriptions the nobusuma is more like a flying squirrel than a bat, equipped with gliding membranes between its limbs rather than true wings. The Japanese name for a flying squirrel, musasabi, is also applied to this kind of creature.



Yasha

Strength 1	Constitution 2
Dexterity 3	Intelligence 0
Perception 2	Willpower 2
Dead Points: 15	Speed: 18 flying 4 on ground
Endurance Points: n/a Essence Pool: 10	
Attack: -3 to hit in close combat; Bite damage 6 slashing	
Weak Spot: Fire [-5]	
Weight: 1-2 lbs.	
Getting Around: The Quick Dead [10], Fly (winged) [3]	
Strength: Special, Teeth [4]	
Senses: Like the Living [1]	
Sustenance: Daily [0], Blood [-2]	
Intelligence: Animal Cunning [2]	
Spreading the Love: Circumstances [-3]	
Power: 15	



NEW RULES

Holding Your Breath

There are many situations in which it can be important to know how long Cast Members can hold their breath. Gyonshi (p 46), for example, home in on the smell of a living person's breath. From hiding underwater to trying not to breathe in gas (or the stench from a creature with Noxious Odor—see *AFMBE*, p. 158), the ability to hold one's breath for a long time can make a big difference.

Without preparation, a human being can hold his breath for 1.5 minutes plus $D10(5) \times \text{Constitution}$ seconds. After that, the person must breathe—either voluntarily or by passing out, at which time breathing resumes automatically. If the person cannot resume breathing—due to suffocation, for example—death follows within a couple of minutes.

Weight

In *All Flesh Must Be Eaten*, weight is not taken into consideration; all zombies are assumed to weigh pretty much the same as they did in life. For several creatures in this book, that is not true. The draugr of Scandinavia, for example, normally weigh half as much again as they did in life, while drying a corpse out—the first stage in the mummification process—can reduce its weight by 50% or even more.

Although weight does not necessarily affect a creature's Strength and Endurance, it can play an important role in the game. If Our Heroes are trying to escape across a frozen lake, for instance, a draugr will fall through the ice before a living human does, and a living human will take the polar bear plunge before a mummy.

The Zombie Master should handle the effects of weight in the game according to his or her personal preference. Some like to know exactly how much a

character or creature weighs, including the change in his pocket, while others are content with a rough double-same-half kind of distinction. The descriptions below should suffice for most purposes: those who want to develop detailed house rules for character/creature weight and the breaking point of various surfaces are welcome to do so.

Dead Weight **Power: -2**

Some of the walking dead weigh quite a bit more than they did when they were alive—certainly more than could be accounted for by the addition of a few maggots. Weight x 1.5.

Life-Like **Power: 0**

The creature weighs pretty much the same in death as it did in life. No change to weight or attributes.

Withered Corpse **Power: +2**

The creature is a dried, withered, or shrunken corpse, whose flesh clings tightly to its bones, or may have fallen off altogether. Weight x 0.5.

Spreading the Love

Some of the creatures in this book do not come into being in the same ways as normal zombies. Details are given in the individual creature descriptions; the following aspects summarize the effects.

Circumstance **Power: -5 to +5**

Some creatures only rise from the dead in response to a particular circumstance: if their tombs are broken into, for example, or if they have some obsession or unfinished business that prevents them from resting.

This is an open-ended aspect, and it is impossible to cover all possibilities. A particularly restrictive set of circumstances—the body must be that of an unwed mother, buried beneath a yew tree on a Thursday, for example—merit a Power cost of -5, while especially open circumstances—anyone has a 50% or better chance of rising from the dead if their body is somewhat intact—cost +5. Most Circumstances will cost between -2 and +2.

The following factors should be taken into account when assigning a cost to Circumstances:

Life: To rise from the dead, one must have been a certain type of person in life, such as a witch or a priest of an evil cult, or an unwed mother, or someone who scorned conventional religious observances. Power: -1 to +1.

Death: The person must have died in a particular way, such as in childbirth, by murder or suicide, or, in certain religions, without receiving absolution. Power: -1 to +1.

Burial: The burial must have—or lack—some special feature. Possibilities include burial without religious observances (as in the hurried disposal of a murder victim, for example), improper burial (without coins on the eyes or some other protection), and burial in unconsecrated ground. Power: -1 to +1.

Post-burial circumstances: The burial is disturbed, for example by archaeologists, or some “trigger event” such as the desecration of a temple or a stellar conjunction takes place. Power: -2 to +2.

The Zombie Master has the last word on cost.

Ritual **Power: -1 to -5**

The creature is only brought into existence by a ritual, such as the ceremony required for the creation of a voodoo zombie or the reading of the Scroll of Thoth to raise a mummy. For example:

Ritual	Power
Curse, read scroll	-1
Simple Ritual	-2
Complex Ritual	-3

Add -1 if special ingredients are required, and a further -1 if the ritual can only be performed by an Inspired character.

Surgery **Power: 0**

This applies exclusively to constructs (p. [?]). The creature is brought into existence by a surgical procedure, assembled on the operating table from organs and other body parts supplied by multiple donors.

Special Aspects

Barrenness

Power: +1

The creature has the power to curse people and animals to make them completely sterile. If this power is used successfully on a pregnant female of any species, it will cause an immediate miscarriage.

The creature and the victim make a Simple Resisted Willpower Test; either one can expend Essence points, gaining a +1 bonus to the roll for each point of Essence expended. If the creature wins, the victim is rendered barren; if the victim wins, there is no effect.

Once a person or animal is stricken with barrenness, it can only be reversed by metaphysical healing.

Blindness

Power: -8

The creature cannot see. Perhaps its eyes are fixed shut, or perhaps its eyes are long gone. Either way, it must rely on other senses to find its way around and track down its victims.

Cannot Cross Water

Power: -3/-6

The creature cannot cross water under its own power, though it can be taken across water by another person—for example, in a boat manned by someone else. The water must be more than one yard (one meter) wide, and deeper than one inch (2.5 cm). If the water must be running, the cost of this aspect is -3; otherwise, it is -6.

Compulsion

Power: +4

The creature can compel a living person to follow its commands for one Turn. A creature that is attempting to use this power may not move or take any other action during the turn, and if it loses Dead Points in that Turn, the attempt fails automatically. A Simple Resisted Willpower Test is made between the creature and the person it is trying to possess: if the creature wins, the victim is compelled, while if the intended victim wins, there is no effect.

The victim may make a Simple Intelligence Test to realize that a creature has just unsuccessfully tried to compel him; for Inspired characters, the Zombie Master may reduce the difficulty at his discretion. If the test is successful, the character may make two rolls for any future tests against compulsion by the same creature, and take the better of the two.



Don't Answer That!

Power: -2/-4

The creature can only enter a house under certain circumstances. At the higher level (-4 Power), the creature must actually be invited in. At the lower level (-2 Power), all it takes is for someone to answer the creature's knocking. The definition of "house" includes apartments, hotel rooms, and office suites—any indoor area which is definable as a specific territory.

Emotional Instability

Power: -1

There is something (perhaps more than one thing) that touches the creature in a way it cannot handle. Beauty, innocence, the lost prospect of spiritual salvation as represented by religious objects—the range is limited only by the Zombie Master's imagination. Whenever the creature is faced with a particular stimulus, it must make a Difficult Willpower Test or be overtaken by emotion. The nature of the stimulus and the emotion it triggers are part of the creature's backstory, and should fit in with its overall concept. Some creatures may fall into a profound depression and be unable to move or take any action, while others may go into a Rage (see p. 104). The test may be repeated each Turn; once the test succeeds, the effect is over and the creature is back in control of itself.

Enslaved

Power: -4/-8

The creature serves its creator or some other master, and has no initiative of its own. It is only able to follow orders, and in the absence of orders, it stands still and does nothing. Its Willpower may not exceed 1, but its Intelligence can be higher—the better to understand its orders, and, of course, to realize the hopelessness of its condition.

At the lower level (-4 Power), the creature has some way out of its condition. Some voodoo zombies (see p. 81) are released from enslavement if they taste salt, for example. The Zombie Master can adjust the points value according to how easy or difficult this condition is to fulfill. At the higher level (-8 Power), there is no way out, and even if its master is killed the creature will carry out the last orders it was given, stopping only when it has completed the task.

Evil Eye

Power: Ability x2

Regular zombies need to get their claws (or teeth) into you in order to hurt you, but some of the creatures in this book can do horrible things to a person simply by looking at them. In gaming, this is sometimes known as a gaze weapon (in one game's parlance, spell casting without the need for verbal, material, or somatic components); in folklore, it is called the Evil Eye.

In order to use the Evil Eye, the creature must win a Resisted Test involving Simple Willpower rolls from the creature and its intended victim. Only one Cast Member may be targeted in a Turn, and the creature may not move or take any other action while it is attempting to use this ability. Inspired characters may spend Essence to increase their chance of resisting the Evil Eye; each 3 Essence spent gives the Cast Member a +1 bonus to the Test. The player must decide how much Essence to spend before the Test is resolved.

If the creature wins the Resisted Test, the Evil Eye takes effect. The Evil Eye doubles the Power cost of the ability it uses: for example, to use Soul Sucker (*AFMBE*, p. 155) as a gaze weapon costs +10 Power instead of the normal +5.

To use the Evil Eye, the creature must have a line of sight to its victim. Base range is 25 yards (25 meters); the creature must spend 1 Essence point to increase the range by 5 yards (5 meters), up to a maximum of 50.

Fear

Power: +2

Some creatures are just more horrifying than others. This need not necessarily be because they look horrific or disgusting (although that never hurts)—it may be that they somehow radiate an aura of power, which intimidates people just as much as the fact that they are dead but still walking.

A creature with this power causes people to roll on the Fear Table (*AFMBE* p.97) without making a Fear Test first. It can also choose which effect from the Fear Table it wishes to cause, by making a Simple Test of Intelligence using its level of this power as a bonus. It can only choose an effect equal to or lower than the result rolled on the Fear Table. For example,

if a Success Level of 4 is rolled and the creature makes its Intelligence Test, it can choose any effect from level 1-4.

Feed by Touch

Power: +5

On the whole, the walking dead are messy eaters, ripping out throats, breaking open skulls, and so on. A creature with this ability is much neater, and only needs to touch a victim in order to feed from them. Touching a victim for a full Turn (during which time the creature cannot move or perform any other action) yields 10 ounces of whatever the creature needs. If unaware of the creature's presence or true nature, victims must make a Simple Test of Perception to realize they are being attacked. Being asleep raises the test to Difficult.

If the victim is trying to evade the creature's touch, it must score a successful hit in combat and grapple the victim in order to maintain contact. An aspect like Iron Grip or The Hug of Death (*AFMBE*, p. 152) would come in handy under these circumstances, as would martial arts moves like Arm Lock and Grab (see *Enter the Zombie*, p. 35).

Fits

Power: +3

The creature can cause fits, either by touch or by combining this aspect with Evil Eye (see page 100). The creature must make a Simple Resisted Test of Willpower with the victim, and may expend Essence to increase its roll on a point-for-point basis. It may not move or take any other action during a Turn in which this power is used.

If the victim loses the contest, he or she immediately falls into a fit, unable to move or take any action (other than falling to the ground) until a Simple Test of Constitution is made. The test may be attempted once per Turn.

Fly

Power: +3 or +5/level

The creature can fly by some means. It may have wings, or it may be able to fly without them.

Normal Speed: Base Speed is equal to Dexterity x 2 plus Power Level bonuses. Levels 1 to 10 add 10 mph to the speed (+100 mph total). Levels 11-20 add 20 mph to the speed (+300 mph). Levels 21+ add 100 mph to the speed. **Cost:** 5 points per level.

Winged Speed: Wings are crippled just like arms; if a wing is crippled, the character cannot fly. Cost: 3 points per level; maximum level allowed is 15.

Fog

Power: +2/+5

The creature has the ability to exude a thick fog at will, reducing visibility to near zero in a limited area. At the lower level (+2 Power), the mist covers a 4 yard (meter) radius; at the higher level (+5 Power), it covers a 20 yard (meter) radius. The fog spreads from the creature's position at 1 yard (meter) per second.

There are some reports of creatures that can blanket an entire town in fog; this would cost at least 10 Power.

Hop

Power: -1/level

The creature's legs are locked rigid by rigor mortis or some other cause, and it can only move by hopping. Speed -1 per level. It may be impeded by comparatively low barriers, such as steps or raised door sills; it must make a Strength Test to cross such a barrier, modified by -1 for every foot of the obstacle's height after the first. Note that the height of an obstacle is measured from the creature's current position; hopping onto a table is easier from a chair than it is from the floor.

Horrific Appearance

Power: +2/level

Very few of the walking dead are exactly good-looking, but some of them are even uglier than the regular walking corpse. For each level of this aspect, the Fear Tests for this creature are made with a -1 penalty.

Hover

Power: +2

The creature moves without making contact with the ground. While it cannot truly fly, it can move across any kind of terrain—mud, snow, a floor strewn with tacks—without leaving tracks, taking damage, or being slowed in any way. Its weight is effectively zero. Hovering has no effect on a creature's speed.

Invisibility

Power: +8

The creature is invisible to normal human vision. It may be visible to other forms of vision, such as infrared, ultraviolet, motion detection, and so on, but



a living human without special equipment requires Second Sight (see p. 107) or Divine Sight (*AFMBE*, p. 64) in order to see it. Otherwise, treat all combat with the invisible creature as taking place in total darkness (*AFMBE*, p. 102).

Living Form

Power: +3/+5/+10

At the lowest level (+3), the creature can adopt the same form as it had while alive by performing some ritual, which requires time (normally one hour) and Essence (normally 15 points). At the middle level (+5), the creature is naturally indistinguishable from a living person—although things such as no pulse or body heat may give the truth away. To mimic all bodily functions, including body heat, pulse, and breathing, costs +10.

A creature taking this power must also buy Getting Around (Life-Like) and Senses (Like The Living) or better, at normal cost.

Madness

Power: +5

Most people would agree that the sight of a corpse walking about is just plain wrong, and tattered skin, dripping fluids, and dangling intestines do nothing to improve matters. A person could be forgiven for running screaming in the opposite direction, and needing years of therapy before the nightmares go away. There are some creatures that take this a stage further, and can deliberately drive their victims insane by one means or another. A potential meal that is curled up into a ball gibbering to itself is a lot easier to catch, especially if you can only shamle.

When a creature uses a power to cause insanity, the target character must make an immediate roll on the Fear Table. The creature may spend Essence points to add penalties to the character's roll: each Essence point spent gives a -1 penalty.

Natural Armor

Power: see below

Some of the creatures in this book have exceptionally tough skin, or layers of bandages, or some other type of natural armor. The following table gives the Armor Value and Power cost of each type.

All Flesh Must Be Eaten™

Natural Armor Table

Armor Type	Armor Value	Power Cost	Notes
Bandages	D4-1	1	Flammable; if the creature is hit with a fire-based attack, the bandages keep burning until extinguished, causing 1 DP per turn; a burning creature can also set other things alight.
Tough Hide	D6+1(4)	2	
Skin Like Iron	(D8 X2)+8(16)	4	

Need to Feed: Constantly

Power: -4

The creature is racked by unending hunger, and must eat every chance it gets. After 5 minutes without eating, the creature starts to lose Strength. For every 5 minutes of starvation, the creature loses one quarter of its original Strength score (rounded up for the purposes of using the Attribute), to a minimum of zero. If food of its desired type is visible (or within range of smell), the creature must make a Difficult Willpower Test (repeatable each Turn) in order to do anything except head for the food and start eating.

Need to Feed: Hourly

Power: -2

The creature is racked by unending hunger, and must eat every hour. After an hour without eating, the creature starts to lose Strength. For every hour of starvation, the creature loses one quarter of its original Strength score (rounded up for the purposes of using the Attribute), to a minimum of zero.

Night Stalker

Power: -2/-4

Everyone knows that scary things like the dark. In the case of this creature, it's more than a liking—the creature only comes into its full power at night. It can be active during the day, but it is weaker: each of its Attributes is reduced by 1 point (minimum 1).

At the higher level (-4 Power), the creature is weakened by artificial light as well as daylight. The Zombie Master must decide whether artificial ultraviolet light counts as daylight or artificial light.

Night Vision

Power: Perception

Many of the walking dead prefer the night over the day, and most of these are able to see in normal darkness as well as a living human can see in full daylight.

Note that this does not allow them to see in total darkness, such as might be found underground or in a windowless room with the lights off; there has to be some level of light to enable them to see, but it can be much lower than the living need.

No Pain

Power: +1

The zombies described in the *All Flesh Must Be Eaten* rulebook feel pain just like living people do, so long as they have a Perception score higher than 1. Some of the creatures in this book have senses as good as—or better than—any living human, but still do not feel pain.

Obsession

Power: -2/+6

The creature is driven by a powerful obsession—usually some unfinished business from its life, or a need for revenge. It is motivated only by this obsession, and will do nothing that does not help it fulfill its needs. When the task is completed, the creature is released from unlife, and either crumbles to dust or falls down in a clatter of bones, according to how long it has been walking the earth. At the lower level (-2) this is a disadvantage, but at the higher level (+6) it is the only way in which the creature can be destroyed.

Obsessive-Compulsive

Power: Varies

Some creatures have obsessions that are not connected with their quest for sustenance, revenge, or whatever else drives them. These obsessive-compulsive behaviors can seem quite irrational to the living, but they are so strong that they can even override the immediate prospect of a warm, moist, still-twitching meal.

The value of obsessive-compulsive behavior depends upon its nature, which is decided by the Zombie Master when the creature is created. Most behaviors are worth between -1 and -10 Power, depending on how common the trigger is. When the creature is presented with an opportunity to carry out its obsessive-compulsive behavior, it must make a Difficult Willpower Test in order to stay focused. Failure indicates that the creature spends the next Turn carrying out its obsessive-compulsive behavior. The Test may be repeated each Turn until the creature breaks the compulsion or the task is completed.

Possession

Power: +5/+10

The creature has the power to separate its consciousness from its body and possess living individuals—and, at the higher level (+10 Power), even to animate corpses or statues.

A creature attempting to use this power may not move or take any other action during the Turn, and if it loses Dead Points in that Turn, the possession attempt fails automatically. A Simple Resisted Willpower Test is made between the creature and the person it is trying to possess: if the creature wins, the victim is possessed, while if the intended victim wins, there is no effect.

The victim may make a Difficult Intelligence Test to realize a creature has just unsuccessfully tried to possess him; for Inspired characters, the Zombie Master may reduce the difficulty to Simple. If the test is successful, the character may make two rolls for any future tests against possession by the same creature, and take the better of the two.

A possessed victim comes under the control of the creature, but retains all knowledge and skills. The Resisted Willpower Test is repeated each turn in order to throw off the possession. Inspired characters may expend Essence to give +1 to the roll for each point of Essence spent. Possession costs the creature 1 point of Essence per turn to maintain, and lasts until the creature is destroyed, chooses to release the victim, or runs out of Essence, or until the victim wins a Simple Resisted Willpower Test.

Animating a statue does not involve a Simple Resisted Willpower Test, but costs 3 points of Essence per turn. The statue must be humanoid in

shape, and belong to the same culture as the creature animating it.

Prohibition

Power: Varies

The creature cannot come into contact with a certain substance. It suffers D8(4) damage if it is hit with the prohibited substance, and if the substance is scattered in a line on the ground, the creature is unable to cross it. The cost of the aspect depends on the availability of the substance: a range from -1 to -10 is appropriate.

Rage

Power: -2

Being dead can play havoc with the nerves, especially if the creature has enough Intelligence left to realize the unpleasant nature of its condition. Whenever the creature is faced with a stressful situation, it must make a Difficult Willpower Test or erupt into berserk violence, attacking the person or creature most readily identifiable as the source of the stress. The test may be repeated during any Turn in which the creature does not have a target available to attack; once the test succeeds, the Rage is over.

Repulsion

Power: 1/substance

This aspect is a milder form of Prohibition. The creature is not damaged by contact with the forbidden substance, but is made intensely uncomfortable by it. It must make a Simple Willpower Test in order to come within five feet of the forbidden substance, and must repeat the test every Turn it is within a five-foot radius. Failure means the creature must spend the next Turn moving directly away from the source of the discomfort. Even if the test is successful, the creature suffers a -1 penalty to all rolls while within five feet of the substance, owing to the distraction value of the discomfort it causes.

Restricted Activity

Power: -2 to -5

The creature can only be active at certain times of day; outside this period it is comatose, and may be difficult to distinguish from a normal corpse. The value of this aspect depends on how much active time the creature is permitted; 12 hours out of a day (according to some early sources, vampires are active from noon to midnight, rather than being strictly nightwalkers) is worth -2 Power, while an hour or less per day is worth -5.

Shapechanging

Power: +8 per form

While zombies usually look like the rotting corpses that they are, some of the creatures in this book have the ability to adopt one or more alternate forms. Each transformation costs 5 Essence and takes one Turn; while changing shape, a creature cannot move or perform any other action. If the creature loses Dead Points while attempting to shapechange, it expends Essence as normal but the attempt is unsuccessful.

Game statistics for alternate forms are given where necessary in the individual creature descriptions. The creature retains its Intelligence (or lack thereof) in the new shape, but otherwise it is usually identical to a normal creature of its type.

Sharp Tongue

Power: +1/+2

Some of the walking dead—especially blood-drinkers—have developed long, sharp tongues that can hurt more than just your feelings. Tipped with a sharp, horny tip and sometimes hollow like straws, these specialized tongues are generally much neater than claws and teeth.

At the lower level (+1 Power), the creature gains a bite attack that causes only 1 point of damage, but allows them to feed without waking a sleeping or unconscious victim, unless the victim makes a Difficult Test of Perception.

At the higher level (+2 Power), the tongue can be extended up to 20 feet, allowing the creature to attack from a distance. One or more Dexterity Tests may be required to maneuver the tongue through keyholes and around obstacles, depending on the circumstances.

The sharp tongue is purely a feeding appendage, and cannot be used in combat.

Slaves

Power: See below

Many vampires (especially the Gothick variety) and other smarter members of the walking dead like to keep living mortals around as servants, to protect them when they are weak and do all the little things they cannot do for themselves for whatever metaphysical reason. Slaves also make a handy food supply in case of emergency.

Slaves are created as Supporting Cast, and do not normally have any exceptional abilities. They are

utterly devoted to their master or mistress, either through some form of mental domination or because they believe in the creature's promises of eternal life and godlike power. The enslavement usually ends when the slave's master is destroyed, although in some cases advanced medicine, psychotherapy, or metaphysical intervention is required to break the spell.

Supporting Cast cost 1 point per individual. Zombie slaves have a cost equal to their Power Level, and must take the Enslaved aspect (see p. 100) to reflect their servitude.

Sleep

Power: +4

This creature has the ability to send a mortal into a deep sleep, all the better to attack. The victim must be within 10 feet of the creature. A Simple Resisted Willpower Test is made, and the creature can expend Essence to increase its roll by one point per point of Essence expended. If the creature wins, the victim immediately falls asleep, but may be awakened normally.

Stealthy

Power: +2

It can be surprising just how well a shambling, rotting corpse can escape detection by the living, if it is smart enough. Ducking behind crates or into shadows at the right moment can allow a creature to get some way among the living without being spotted.

During any Turn, the creature can hide instead of taking any other action. Any Cast Members or Supporting Cast who are unaware of the creature's presence must make a Simple Resisted Test between their Perception and the creature's Intelligence, or completely overlook its presence. The Zombie Master assigns a modifier to the test, according to the amount of available cover; it is easier to hide in a cluttered warehouse than in the middle of an empty parking lot.

If the creature is trying to evade living characters who know that it is there, the pursuers gain +2 to their roll.

Straight and Narrow

Power: -3

For some metaphysical or psychological reason, the creature can only move in straight lines. In order to change direction, it must come to a complete stop and

spend one full Turn changing direction before carrying on. This can be a serious disadvantage in enclosed areas such as warehouses cluttered with boxes.

Sympathetic Feeding **Power: +8**

This is a particularly nasty form of attack, since a creature does not need to touch—or even see—the intended victim in order to use it. However, there does need to be some link between predator and prey, and this varies according to the creature type. Inspired characters may make a Simple Resisted Test of Willpower with the attacking creature in order to resist the attack; each Essence point expended increases the character's Test score by 1 point.

Tough Decisions **Power: -2**

The creature may or may not be smart, but regardless of its Intelligence it has a problem making decisions. It has to stop and consider every possibility in detail before making a decision. When it is presented with a choice—of doors, for instance—the creature must stop for a number of turns equal to 5-Intelligence while it considers its options. It even does this in situations where a living person would see the choice as clear—when the fleeing backs of its prey are clearly visible through one open door, for instance.

Tranquillize **Power: +3**

The creature has some means of putting a potential victim into a soporific, trance-like state. A creature attempting to use this power may not move or take any other action during the Turn, and if it loses Dead Points in that Turn, the attempt fails automatically. A Simple Resisted Test of Willpower is made between the creature and the person it is trying to tranquillize: if the creature wins, the victim is tranquillized, while if the intended victim wins, there is no effect.

The victim may make a Difficult Intelligence Test to realize a creature has just unsuccessfully tried to tranquillize him; for Inspired characters, the Zombie Master may reduce the difficulty from Difficult to Simple. If the test is successful, the character may make two rolls for any future tests against compulsion by the same creature, and take the better of the two.

While tranquillized, the victim cannot move or take any other actions. The Simple Resisted Test of Willpower may be repeated once per Turn until the victim is successful; each successful attempt to resist this power gives the victim a +1 bonus on future Tests to resist the same power used by the same type of creature in the future.

Unkillable **Power: +10**

Unlike Regeneration (*AFMBE*, p. 159), an Unkillable creature does not begin to regenerate until it has been “destroyed.” It regains Dead Points at the rate of 1 per hour until it is completely recovered, and at that point it can become active again. It even recovers if it has been cut to pieces, or if its ashes have been burnt or scattered; the largest piece slowly regenerates. If an Unkillable creature is “destroyed” and left alone, it begins regeneration at -10. If it is cut into small pieces, it begins regeneration at -50. If it is burned to ashes, regeneration begins at -100. At the Zombie Master's option, it may be permanently destroyed by metaphysical attacks such as Holy Fire, or if the destruction of the creature's body is accompanied by a suitable Miracle.

Weak Constitution **Power: -2**

No-one really thinks of zombies as getting sick, but the walking dead can be their immune system's own worst enemies. Immunosuppressants are regularly used in transplant surgery to reduce the risk of rejection, and a recently-created construct can be so full of these drugs that its immune system is seriously compromised. Transplant patients are usually kept in squeaky-clean ICU rooms until the danger is long past, but not all of the creatures in this book may be as careful. Constitution: 0, Dead Points -8.

Weak Spot: Charm **Power: -1**

The creature is immobilized by a charm of a particular sort: an Amulet of Anubis put around the neck of a mummy, a piece of Taoist scripture stuck to the head of a Chinese vampire, or some other object, which is put on the body in a particular way. When this is done, the creature returns to being a perfectly normal corpse; but if the charm should come off for any reason, the creature returns to unlife at full strength.

Weak Spot: Salt

Power: -2

Whatever the nature of the creature's Weak Spot, salt will wound it wherever it hits. A blade that is moistened and sprinkled with salt will cause normal damage on the first blow and half damage on the second. After that, the salt must be re-applied to gain this bonus. A shotgun loaded with salt will cause damage as birdshot (*AFMBE*, p. 134). The Zombie Master should decide on the effectiveness of attempts to treat other weapons with salt.

Weak Spot: Silver

Power: +4/+8

The creature can be wounded normally by weapons or bullets made of silver. A shotgun loaded with silver scrap will do the same damage as buckshot (*AFMBE*, p. 134). At the lower level (+4 Power), all other forms of attack do half damage; at the higher level (+8 Power), all other forms of attack do no damage whatsoever.

Weak Spot: Sunlight

Power: -5/-10

Burning, peeling, and melanomas are the least of the creature's worries. This creature of the night is actually harmed by exposure to sunlight: it suffers D8(4) damage per Turn at the lower level (-5 Power), and D8 x 2(8) per Turn at the higher level (-10 Power). At the Zombie Master's discretion, damage may be reduced for indirect sunlight or heavy overcast.

Withering

Power: +6

The creature can paralyze a limb on a successful hit, unless the victim makes a Difficult Test of Constitution successfully. Inspired characters may expend Essence to increase their roll on a point-for-point basis.

The location struck is crippled (see Physical Disability, *AFMBE* p. 45). A crippled torso is treated as both legs, and a crippled head reduces the character to negative 10 Life Points immediately.

Paralysis may be cured by metaphysical powers such as The Touch of Healing (*AFMBE*, p. 64), or, at the Zombie Master's option, by advanced medical treatment. The latter may take some time to be effective, requiring weeks or months of rehabilitation and physiotherapy.

New Qualities and Drawbacks

Second Sight

5 points/level Supernatural Quality

Like other Supernatural Qualities and Drawbacks (see *AFMBE*, pp. 47-50), Second Sight is purchased using Quality or Metaphysics Points. The Gift Quality is required before Second Sight can be purchased.

The character can see things that are invisible to normal living humans, such as ghosts and certain of the walking dead. This Quality has three levels of intensity, costing 1, 2 and 3 points respectively. At first level, the character can see an invisible creature or object by making a Difficult Test of Perception. At second level, a Simple Test of Perception is required. At third level, the character can see invisible objects and creatures without needing to roll.

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Note: This list does not pretend to be complete or exhaustive, especially where vampire movies are concerned. In the author's opinion, the movies listed here are the best (and sometimes the worst!) and those that offer the most inspiration to *Zombie Masters* using this book.

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