

STAKES AND SIX-SHOOTERS

Riley: Well, you showed up late, or you'd have a better part. (Smiling) I'm Cowboy Guy.

—4.22 *Restless*

HOWDY PARDNER

The year is . . . eh, who cares what the year is? Call it sometime after the Civil War and before the turn of the century. It's the time of the cowboy and the gunfighter, of railroads and buffalo hunters, of Indian Wars and Colt Peacemakers.

The place is a booming little town by the name of Apocalypse, Texas. Apocalypse used to be a community of holy-rollers seeking salvation from a corrupt world, but one day the whole bunch up and disappeared, leaving behind a nice church and a lot of farmhouses. As luck would have it, the railroad needed cheap land to develop, and the missing people's relatives were only too happy to sell. Now you had railroad workers that needed to be fed and entertained. Cattle ranches sprung up, and bars, and houses of ill repute.

Apocalypse has become a haven for cardsharps, prostitutes, and other troublemakers. The original founders would be rolling in their graves, if they had any. Problem is, they all sort of vanished not too long ago and nobody knows where they went. Now the place seems to attract all sorts of misfits and strangers, people who wouldn't be welcome anywhere else. The sheriff only keeps the peace if he's paid enough money not to look the other way, everybody who wants respect packs a gun, and there's one shooting per week on average.

And then there's the weird stuff—disappearances, bizarre deaths, people who die and then are seen wandering the streets at night, and even stranger things. Smart people don't go out at night in Apocalypse. Then again, there aren't a lot of smart people in town.

The town's just not a nice place to live, but people keep arriving, driven by greed or fleeing the law or seeking something that cannot be found elsewhere. Case in point: a young woman and her older "uncle," who just bought the old Apocalypse Church and turned it into their home. The young woman dresses like a man and packs a six-shooter, but also likes to carry a pointy piece of wood in her other holster. In Apocalypse, she blends right in.

"This is gonna be easy," Rufus said. Joey nodded and grinned, revealing long fangs that gleamed in the moonlight.

Down by the bottom of the hill stood a covered wagon and a flickering campfire. Two figures huddled by it, wrapped in blankets. The smell of the meal they were cooking meant nothing to Joey and his companion. He could only sense the lifeblood in the two humans, pumping in their veins and calling out to him.

"Let's do it, then," he muttered.

"Let's do it right, boy," Rufus hissed back, and Joey cringed at the older vampire's scowl. "The man has a scattergun lyin' right next to him. You don't wanna be picking buckshot out of yer backside now, do you?"

Joey shook his head. He'd been shot before and it hurt. Being a vampire meant he would get better, but he didn't like pain. Well, his pain—other people's pain and suffering didn't bother Joey one bit.

"Good boy," Rufus said, mollified. "We jus' got to wait until they go to sleep, and then we crawl down there, nice and easy . . ." He froze, looking down at the camp. Joey followed his glance.

The man with the shotgun was still down there. But the other figure, the . . .

"Pardon me, gentlemen," said a female voice behind them. "Are we on the road to Tucson? My uncle, he hates asking for directions."

Rufus whirled around. Joey started to follow suit. The girl's hands moved faster than the eye could follow, reaching down for her gun belt. Joey had seen gunslingers before—he'd drunk the blood of a couple of them, as a matter of fact—but nobody had moved as fast as the girl.

She didn't draw a gun though. For an instant, a sharp stick of wood was in her hand. An eye-blink later, Rufus staggered back, clutching his chest where the stake had sprouted as if by magic. As he fell, he exploded into dust.

"You killed Rufus!" Joey howled as he charged the girl.

"Don't fret," she replied, ducking under his wild swing. She slammed a second stake into Joey's chest. "You're right behind him," she said as the remaining vamp, eyes wide, looked at the mortal wound. Joey opened his mouth to say something, but dissolution took over.

"He was right," the Slayer said, waving to her mentor below. "This was easy."



PLACES TO GO

Lyle: Tector . . . you gonna be pesterin' me with these questions all damn day?

Tector: I just don't like it here. Ain't a decent whore in the whole city limits.

—2.12 'Bad Eggs

Apocalypse consists of a double handful of streets (the biggest and widest being Main Street) and a few dozen buildings. Beyond the town proper are several farms and cattle ranches. A few miles down is a stretch of railroad under construction. There's also an abandoned mine, sometimes used by outlaws as a hiding place, and the ruins of a Spanish mission. The railroad still hasn't reached the town, but there is a stagecoach service for people who need to travel (and horseback and shank's mare for those who can't afford it).

El Dorado Bar and Hotel: Right smack in the center of Main Street is the largest watering hole in town. El Dorado is a place where a man can get hard liquor at moderate prices, listen to the latest sheet music from the East, see some nice-looking dancing girls (who have other unmentionable talents), and play a few hands of stud poker. The stage is always in use, either by the aforementioned dancing girls, traveling musicians, singing cowboys, or even the occasional theater play (the locals don't much cotton to sissified Eastern productions though).

El Dorado does more than cater to those basic needs. The proprietor, one Jacob Damon Weaver, is also known as the man to see for those looking for the unusual and rare—anything from unusual substances to revenge. Mr. Weaver will happily deal with anyone and seems to be able to provide his customers with just about anything they wish for.

Sheriff's Office and Jail: The law can be found on the far end of Main Street (Sheriff Barlow can usually be found at the bar in El Dorado, but that's another story). The sturdy building has enough cells for twenty occupants (and usually has half a dozen residents at any given time) and is manned by two of the five deputies in town at all times. The door is often in need of repair, since every other month or so the local townsfolk knock it down on their way to lynch some miscreant or another.

Prayer Hill: This rocky hill overlooks the town from the east. Its main feature is a huge old and gnarly tree. It's said that the founders of Apocalypse gathered on top of the hill and held religious services under the shade of the tree, eschewing their church. According to a few old-timers, the people of Apocalypse had started praying to the tree shortly before their disappearance and their

ceremonies had acquired a rather heathenish character. A favorite local legend claims that hundreds of sets of clothing were found strewn all over the hill, surrounding the tree . . . looking almost as if the people wearing them had just vanished, leaving their Sunday outfits behind.

The tree on Prayer Hill is the usual place where the locals take criminals they mean to hang. Many a wretch has done the "ride to the jerky dance," as the locals refer to their traditional method of execution—put the victim on a horse, a noose around her neck tied to one of the tree branches, and then whip the horse into a run.

Brigitte's Coffee House: Nobody goes to Brigitte's for the coffee, which is lousy; they go for the service, which is excellent. Brigitte's is the best little pleasure house in Apocalypse. Visitors are ushered into the Common Room, where they are greeted by piano music, a cloud of tobacco smoke, and several smiling but steely-eyed girls of all shapes and colors. Those with the money and inclination can gain access to the Velvet Room, where the surroundings and girls are more sophisticated, the Silk Room, where all the employees are Asian and opium and other Eastern delicacies can be had for the right price, and the Back Room, which caters to those with very unusual tastes. Many customers of Brigitte's wake up the next morning feeling rather weak-kneed and suffering from the symptoms of severe blood loss. A few check in but never come out, although those are rare. And there are rumors that not all of Brigitte's girls are there of their own free will.

K-Bar Ranch: The largest ranch in the area is owned by Dale Cunningham, a cousin to one of Apocalypse's founders who claimed his relative's land after the mass disappearance. He started raising cattle, just in time to start feeding the railroad crews working nearby. K-Bar employs a lot of ranch hands, many with shady pasts, and the cowboys often get a tad rowdy on the weekends.

The ranch also has a bad reputation when it comes to disputes with other ranches. There've been well poisonings, a few beatings and a couple of shootings. When the dust settles after those events, K-Bar usually ends up acquiring more land.

Railroad Camp: Outside town, the railroad company employs a work crew of hundreds of men, including a large contingent of imported Chinese workers. Working conditions are harsh, especially for the Chinese, many of whom have died of disease. Work on the rails is far behind schedule; accidents have plagued the work crew for the past year. Two engineers have already quit in despair and one vanished without a trace. The railroad company is determined to complete the line though, and is sending teams of troubleshooters to find out what is holding up the project.



Name: A.T. Cowboy
Motivation: Herd cattle, drink, get rowdy
Critter Type: Human
Attributes: Str 3, Dex 2, Con 3, Int 2, Per 2, Will 2
Ability Scores: Muscle 12, Combat 13, Brains 10
Life Points: 34
Drama Points: 1-3
Special Abilities: +3 to the Lasso

Name	Score	Maneuvers		Notes
		Damage		
Dodge	13	—		Defense action
Fast-Draw	10	—		Gunslingin' stuff
Lasso	12	—/12		Bash; 3x vs living
Punch	13	9		Bash
Six-Shooter	13	18		Bullet
Winchester	13	21		Bullet (15 shots)

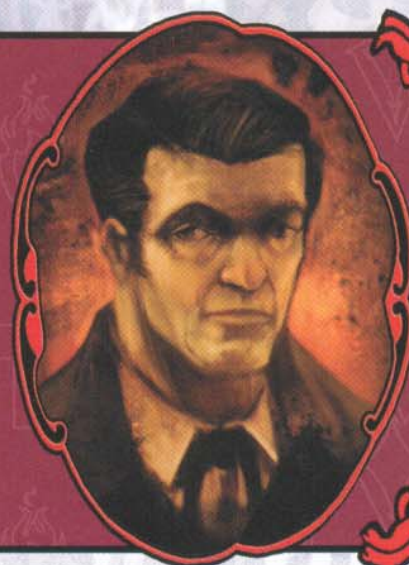


The Old Church: Even before the people of Apocalypse disappeared, their church had fallen into disuse. It seems the locals had taken to holding outdoor services. The largest building in town until the new spate of construction, the church has a bell tower, a nave large enough to fit over two hundred people, and spacious rooms to house the leader of the congregation. When Apocalypse started its recent boom, a pastor claimed the church and tried to tend to the needs of the local flock. The local flock did not care to have its needs tended to though, and church attendance was not very good. It got even worse when the pastor was found hanging from the bell tower, apparently a suicide. The church has changed hands a couple of times since, but all owners came to bad ends. The most recent purchaser was a British firm; the new residents have just moved in.

The Badlands: This desert is dotted with canyons, cacti, and lots of dust and rocks. There isn't much to see out in the badlands, but they aren't totally uninhabited. Some people think there's gold in them thar hills, and a few hardy prospectors have headed down there. Nobody's come back with gold though. A few prospectors have spoken of strange "Indian ruins" in the area, except they're the weirdest Indian ruins anybody's heard of. No Indians in the region have been known to build large tunnel complexes underground, complete with carvings of bizarre snake-like humanoids. Most denizens of Apocalypse don't pay any mind to the Indian stories about Snake People that eat humans though. There's enough trouble in town to worry about without fretting over some Indian myths supposedly come to life out in the boonies.

Name: Generic Gambler
Motivation: Money
Critter Type: Human
Attributes: Str 2, Dex 4, Con 2, Int 3, Per 4, Will 2
Ability Scores: Muscle 10, Combat 13, Brains 14
Life Points: 26
Drama Points: 1-4
Special Abilities: +3 to Brains Score when cheating at cards (both to cheat and to spot someone cheating)

Name	Score	Maneuvers		Notes
		Damage		
Dodge	13	—		Defense action
Fast-Draw	10	—		Gunslingin' stuff
Holdout Gun	13	15		Bullet (2 shots)
Knife	13	7		Slash/stab
Punch	13	7		Bash
Six-Shooter	13	18		Bullet



Name: Generic Gunslinger
Motivation: Complex or simply money
Critter Type: Human
Attributes: Str 4, Dex 5, Con 3, Int 3, Per 4, Will 3
Ability Scores: Muscle 14, Combat 18, Brains 13
Life Points: 53
Drama Points: 2-4
Special Abilities: Hard to Kill 5, +4 to Fast-Draw

Name	Score	Maneuvers		Notes
		Damage		
Dodge	18	—		Defense action
Fast-Draw	19	—		Gunslingin' stuff
Punch	18	13		Bash
Six-Shooter	18	20		Bullet
Winchester	18	23		Bullet (15 shots)



PEOPLE TO SEE

Lyle: Alright. I'm gonna beat you like a red-headed stepchild. Throw your ass out in that sunlight. C'mon.

Tector: You think you can?

Lyle: Giddy-up, son.

—2.12 *Bad Eggs*

For your amusement and edification, we've listed a few likely characters for Cast Members to run into during a stay in Apocalypse, Texas.

TYPICAL COWBOY

Cowhands can be good ol' boys doing their jobs on the range or bullies who like to use their fists and guns on those weaker than themselves. Cowboys can be found in such places as El Dorado and Brigitte's Coffee House.

GAMBLER

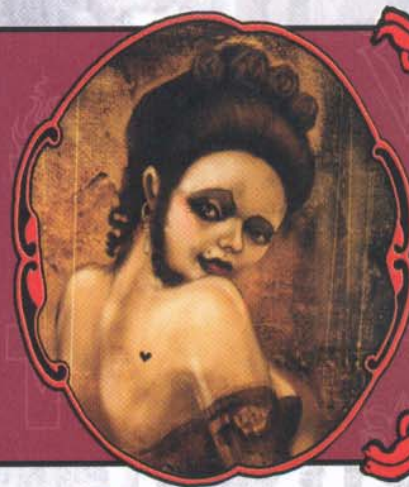
You gotta know when to hold 'em, and you gotta know when to run . . . or something like that. The gambler knows all those things. He also knows how to cheat at assorted games and how to spot a cheat. Gamblers frequent El Dorado and other gambling establishments in town.

GUNSLINGER

These men are killers, plain and simple. They live by the gun and most likely will die by the gun. Their gunbelts have notches for every life they've taken, and people give them a wide berth, except for the young and foolish wannabes who try to take them on. Gunslingers often show up when one of the rich and powerful in town has a problem that her regular hired muscle can't handle.

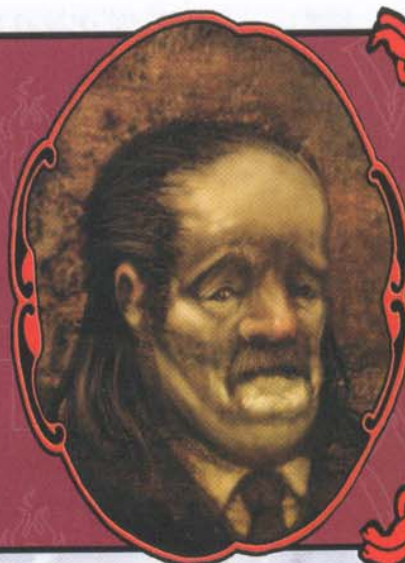
Name: Who would you like me to be?
Motivation: Stayin' alive
Critter Type: Human
Attributes: Str 2, Dex 3, Con 2, Int 2, Per 3, Will 2
Ability Scores: Muscle 10, Combat 11, Brains 12
Life Points: 26
Drama Points: 1-3
Special Abilities: Attractiveness +2

Name	Score	Maneuvers		Notes
		Damage		
Dodge	11	—		Defense action
Holdout Gun	11	14		Bullet (1 shot)
Pigsticker	11	4		Slash/stab



Name: Norman Barlow
Motivation: Stayin' alive
Critter Type: Human
Attributes: Str 3, Dex 3, Con 3, Int 2, Per 3, Will 2
Ability Scores: Muscle 12, Combat 15, Brains 11
Life Points: 40
Drama Points: 3
Special Abilities: +2 to Fast-Draw, Hard to Kill 2

Name	Score	Maneuvers		Notes
		Damage		
Dodge	15	—		Defense action
Fast-Draw	14	—		Gunslingin' stuff
Punch	15	10		Bash
Six-Shooter	15	19		Bullet
Shotgun	15	24		Bullet (2 shots)



GIRL OF EASY VIRTUE

They may not have hearts of gold, but they sure do fit the rest of the stereotype. These entertainers can be found all over Apocalypse, a town not known for its strict moral code. The girls often have a lot of useful information—it's amazing the things men will blurt out while they are otherwise occupied.

SHERIFF NORMAN BARLOW

Apocalypse's top lawman is gray-haired and in his early forties. As a sheriff, he mostly sucks. If a crime is going on right in front of him, he'll try to put a stop to it, as long as it's nothing too strenuous or dangerous (in the

latter case, he'll run away to "get help"). He's largely at the beck and call of the rich and powerful people in town, and he tries desperately to avoid taking sides when two of them conflict. Most of the time, Sheriff Barlow hangs out at El Dorado, having a few drinks with the boys.

Whenever something bad starts to happen in town, the Sheriff tries to find some tough hombres and deputize them so they can take care of it while he goes to "get help." For all his cowardice and laziness, Sheriff Barlow is a decent gunman. He'd just rather not have to use his skills.

Barlow will most likely be a minor annoyance for the Cast. He won't confront heroic characters directly, especially if he knows they are skilled gunfighters. Neither will he help the Cast if any of the town VIPs is involved.

Name: Jacob Damon Weaver
Motivation: Tempt and corrupt humans
Critter Type: Demon
Attributes: Str 6, Dex 6, Con 6, Int 7, Per 6, Will 7
Ability Scores: Muscle 18, Combat 21, Brains 20
Life Points: 120
Drama Points: 6
Special Abilities: Attractiveness +2, +4 to Fast-Draw, Increased Life Points, The Wish

Name	Score	Maneuvers		Notes
		Damage		
Dodge	21	—		Defense action
Fast-Draw	22	—		Gunslingin' stuff
Punch	21	18		Bash
Six-Shooter	21	21		Bullet



JACOB D. WEAVER

J.D. Weaver was a dashing Confederate officer whose innocence died at the Battle of Gettysburg, when he participated in Pickett's Charge and saw most of his regiment slaughtered by Union artillery. Weaver himself was wounded. The surgeons thought he would die that night, but he recovered miraculously.

At the end of the war, Weaver did not return home, opting instead to wander around Texas and Mexico, where he acquired a sordid reputation as a gambler, gunslinger, and smuggler. One fine day, he showed up at the funeral of El Dorado's previous owner (dead under very mysterious circumstances—forcibly drowned while inside a locked room) and purchased the building lock, stock, and barrel. Under Weaver's direction, the bar prospered and grew.

Weaver should be in his late forties, but he looks much younger than that, with jet-black hair, piercing and mocking brown eyes, and a sharp goatee. Whenever people in a desperate need arrive at the bar (and people with such needs often find themselves inexplicably drawn there), Weaver is there to greet them, offer them a free drink, and hear their stories. He can make their wishes come true, if they are willing to pay the price, usually some terrible deed that blackens their soul forever.

The owner of El Dorado is no longer human. As he lay dying at Gettysburg, he prayed to some dark power to deliver him, and a demon answered the call, transforming him forever. When angered, his eyes start flashing with an eerie yellow light, and his voice becomes utterly inhuman in a heavy metal sort of way.

He also has the power of the Wish. If the victim agrees to do whatever Weaver asks (often something that appears to be harmless but has terrible consequences), her wish is granted (there's usually nasty side effects there too). Weaver delights in corrupting the souls of humans, offering them their hearts' desires in return for their innocence and decency. He is also very possessive of Apocalypse, which he views as "his" town.

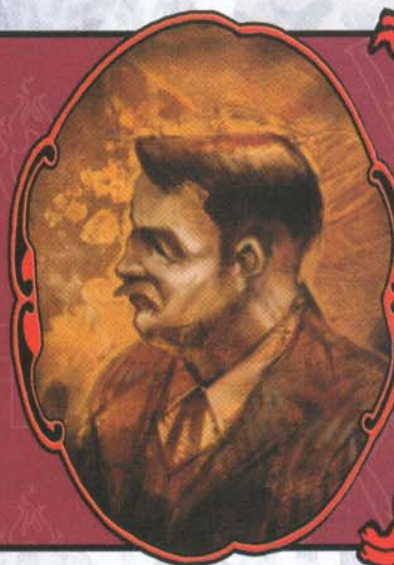
Weaver often engages in petty power struggles with Dale Cunningham (especially where Prayer Hill is involved) and Brigitte de Rais, although he will not attack them directly unless he has no choice. He also knows about the Snake People in the Badlands (he has in fact sold them a few guns just to stir trouble). If he thinks Hassel is close to unearthing a powerful artifact, Weaver will maneuver somebody (the Cast, probably) into derailing the snake's plans. Weaver can be the Big Bad of a Season (in that case, he might have some Master Plan to Destroy the World), or just part of the local color.

DALE CUNNINGHAM

The rancher would be the richest man in town if J.D. Weaver weren't around to give him a run for his money. Cunningham is a big, tough guy with fading red hair. He was a veteran cattleman (and occasional cattle rustler) until he inherited his ranch (a farmhouse originally) from his cousin, one of the members of Apocalypse's vanished religious community. Cunningham led a few dozen head of cattle (many acquired under dubious circumstances) to his new home, and through a combination of skill and ruthlessness increased his fortune tenfold. Dale doesn't believe in spending his money unless absolutely neces-

Name: Dale Robert Cunningham
Motivation: Money and power
Critter Type: Human (for now)
Attributes: Str 5, Dex 4, Con 3, Int 3, Per 2, Will 3
Ability Scores: Muscle 16, Combat 17, Brains 14
Life Points: 51
Drama Points: 6
Special Abilities: +1 to Fast-Draw, +2 to Lasso, Hard to Kill 3

Name	Score	Maneuvers	
		Damage	Notes
Big Knife	17	20	Slash/stab
Dodge	17	—	Defense action
Fast-Draw	15	—	Gunslingin' stuff
Lasso	15	—/14	Bash; 3x vs living
Punch	17	15	Bash
Six-Shooter	17	20	Bullet



sary—if he can take something without paying for it, he will. So far it's worked well for him.

All is not well at the Cunningham homestead though. On several occasions, people who posed a threat to him have died under mysterious circumstances—and he's had nothing to do with it. Cunningham does not believe in guardian angels, and he wants to know who—or what—is protecting him.

The rancher has also been plagued by nightmares for several months, mostly dealing with Prayer Hill and the old tree at its summit. The rancher tried to buy the land where the hill stands, but as it turns out the current owner, one J.D. Weaver, has scorned every offer Cunningham has made. Dale is pondering his next move, and it promises to be a nasty one.

What Cunningham doesn't know (and Weaver only suspects) is that the entity that devoured Apocalypse's first inhabitants is grooming him to become the new high priest of the town. Over time, Cunningham is most likely going to be seduced and controlled by the Demon Tree, much like Retribution Jackson (Apocalypse's original leader) was.

Cunningham can be used as the Big Bad's main henchman (and is likely to be mistaken for a time as the Big Bad himself).

BRIGITTE DE RAIS

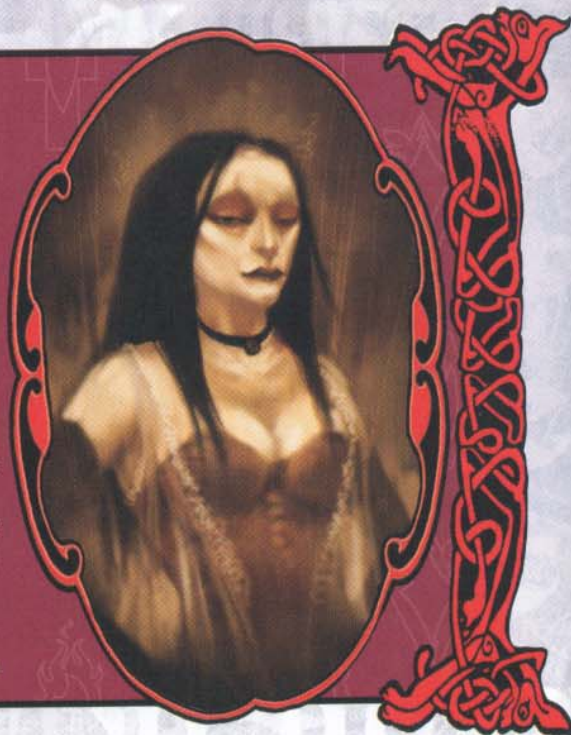
Brigitte is not your typical madam. For one, she looks amazingly young to have acquired so much money and power, and she is probably the most beautiful woman in her establishment. Her French accent is not faked, either, although actual speakers of that language find her speech oddly archaic. This is only natural—she learned it in the fourteenth century.

Madame de Rais is a very old vampire. She was one of the followers of the infamous Satanist and serial killer Gilles de Rais (whose surname she has adopted; see p. 68) before becoming undead (a case where losing one's soul was actually a minor improvement). For centuries, she wandered Europe, killing and tormenting innocent victims with a smile on her face. A combination of boredom and a horde of vampire hunters drove her to the New World and eventually to Apocalypse, a place she found entertaining enough to call home—at least for the time being.

Brigitte is a powerful Witch as well as a vampire. She knows that Prayer Hill is a place of enormous mystical power and is quietly researching a way to tap into it. Meanwhile, she is happy to use her bordello as her own private circus. Several of her girls and bouncers are vampires themselves—she even has a couple of minor demons

Name: Brigitte de Rais
Motivation: Be evil & look good
Critter Type: Vampire
Attributes: Str 7, Dex 8, Con 5, Int 5, Per 4, Will 6
Ability Scores: Muscle 20, Combat 20, Brains 19
Life Points: 73
Drama Points: 6
Special Abilities: Attractiveness +4, Hard to Kill 5, Hypnosis 1, Sorcery 4, Vampire

Name	Maneuvers		Notes
	Score	Damage	
Big Knife	20	26	Slash/stab
Bite	22	27	Slash/stab; must Grapple first
Dodge	20	—	Defense action
Grapple	22	—	Resisted by Dodge
Kick	19	21	Bash
Punch	20	19	Bash
Shotgun	20	25	Bullet (2 shots)
Magic	23	Varies	By spell
Telekinesis	16	8	Bash or Stab/slash



among her staff, including a Snake Girl who caters to a very kinky type of customer. She doesn't allow many murders in her place—too messy—but she and the other vamps feed on the customers fairly often. Several clients have become addicted to the vampire's kiss and now pay good money for the privilege of being bitten.

Brigitte has Big Bad potential and she definitely can be a recurring villain. Attacking her directly is difficult, since she has a small army of vamps and demons at her beck and call, not to mention the money and influence to get a lot of mundane help as well.

THE DEMON TREE

The fate of Apocalypse's original inhabitants is simple enough. Tree ate 'em.

The ugly old tree on top of Prayer Hill is no normal plant. Centuries before white men ever set foot on the continent, a True Demon tried to burst into our world. It was partially successful—no true manifestation, but it did manage to imbue a tree with its malignant essence. On two separate occasions, it has tried to complete the job. The first time, it corrupted some Spanish missionaries and their Native American pupils and had them conduct an unspeakable ritual. The ritual failed, but in the process the bodies and souls of the casters were absorbed by the tree. The second time involved, well, guess who? The third time might be the charm, especially since all the human sacrifices (the lynchings performed on the Hill) are strengthening it.

In its current state, the Demon Tree cannot do much to affect the world, although its power is growing as more unfortunates are killed in its vicinity. It can seek a

"worthy" mortal and slowly corrupt her mind and soul. Retribution Jackson, the zealous preacher who founded Apocalypse, was one such victim. Dale Cunningham is likely to be another. It can also create a temporary simulacrum of a human, using the "template" of one of the people it has absorbed. These simulacra are made of wood rather than flesh and bone, but they look normal enough until they are wounded.

The Demon Tree uses its minions to murder anybody who interferes with Dale Cunningham. They are also interfering with the construction of the railroad, which the Tree sees as a potential threat. For now, the Tree can only create one or two simulacra at a time; as it grows in power, that number will rise. The entity is not really aware of all the other power factions in the town, at least not directly. It will send its simulacra against Weaver or the Snake Folk just as readily as it will against anybody else though.

As control over its human puppet increases, the Tree can imbue its servant with magical powers (equivalent to the Sorcery Quality, the Hypnosis power, and any other abilities you see fit to give out to the lucky winner). If the Tree ever manifests itself, it becomes a plant version of Godzilla (the stats below apply to the Demon Tree when manifested). It will require a lot of firepower (a few wagons full of dynamite might do it) to put it down. Oh, by the way, the tree cannot be destroyed as long as the demon inhabits it—it's kind of a vegetable version of the Mayor's Ascension spell.

The Tree is a Big Bad that does its work behind the scenes. It could be a subplot during a Season with another Big Bad, and then really get rolling in the next Season.

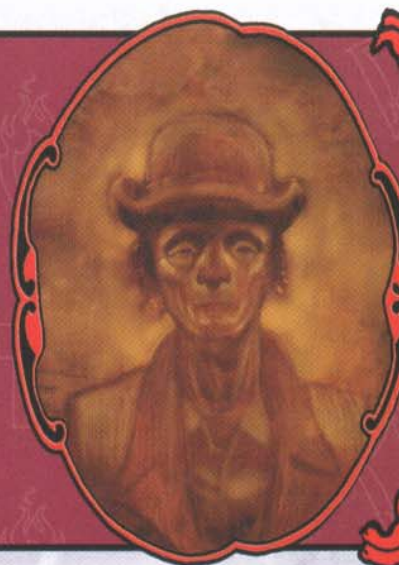
Name: Something long, demony and unpronounceable
Motivation: Show up, kill, destroy, maim
Critter Type: True Demon
Attributes: Str 25, Dex 5, Con 10, Int 5, Per 5, Will 5
Ability Scores: Muscle 56, Combat 16, Brains 17
Life Points: 320
Drama Points: 3
Special Abilities: Armor Value -8, Attractiveness -2, Create Simulacra, Hypnosis 3 (one mortal at a time), Increased Life Points

Name	Score	Maneuvers		Notes
		Damage		
Hypnosis 1	19	—		Target hesitates
Hypnosis 2	18	—		Creates illusion
Hypnosis 3	17	—		Controls target
Punch	16	54		Bash



Name: Demon Tree Simulacrum
Motivation: Serve lord and master
Critter Type: Demon
Attributes: Str 6, Dex 4, Con 6, Int 1, Per 3, Will 1
Ability Scores: Muscle 18, Combat 16, Brains 10
Life Points: 58
Drama Points: 1-3
Special Abilities: Armor Value 8, Bullet damage multiplier ignored, Fire damage doubled

Name	Score	Maneuvers		Notes
		Damage		
Choke/Strangle	18	5		Bash; victim can't breathe
Dodge	16	—		Defense action
Grapple	18	—		Resisted by Dodge
Punch	16	16		Bash



SIMULACRA

These critters are animated pieces of wood given the shape of the people whose bodies and souls were absorbed by the Demon Tree. The entities have all the memories and skills of their former selves, but have no will of their own. In their present state, they live only to serve their master. They look normal enough, but there are a few dead giveaways that reveal their nature. First, they are made of one piece—their clothing is an outgrowth of their bodies. So, the only way to get them to remove their hats, for example, is to hack them off. Second, they do not bleed when struck. The internal portions of their bodies even appear to have age rings. Finally, their mien and demeanor are, well, wooden; not much emotion there.

SNAKE PEOPLE

Buffy: I told one lie. I had one drink.

Giles: Yes, and you were very nearly devoured by a giant demon snake. The words "let that be a lesson" are a tad redundant at this juncture.

—2.5 'Reptile Boy'

The local Indian tribes have lots of stories about the dreaded and legendary Snake People, ancient enemies of humankind who feared the sun and lived in huge underground cities until the gods destroyed them. As it happens, the stories have a grain of truth to them. The Snake People are real—they are an ancient demon race whose knowledge of magic and weird science allowed

them to challenge the "gods" themselves. Problem was, the "gods" won the challenge (they thrashed 'em seven ways to Sunday actually) and the Snake People were nearly obliterated. The survivors used their arcane arts to send their last city into one of the demon dimensions beyond our reality. Millennia later, the spell has run its course and the lizard's city has returned. Now, the remnants of the race have started to pull themselves together and gather strength. And they're kinda peeved.

Luckily for the world, the Snake People are not the super-race they used to be. They have lost most of their advanced knowledge and can no longer maintain or even properly use many of their strange artifacts. Their underground city is largely empty—only a few hundred Snake Folk squat in its ruins. To make things worse for the scaly critters, up to recently they were divided into tribes and regularly fought amongst themselves.

Some of them have ventured out into the world though. They killed and ate a few gold prospectors, and learned a few things. A group of them used ancient artifacts to pass themselves off as human and visited some of the nearby towns, including Apocalypse. This faction, led by Hassel, got some guns and has used them to bully other tribes into submission. Hassel's group is now the largest in the underground city and it is growing.

The Snake People want to rebuild their lost empire. Hassel is trying to figure out how to operate some of his ancestor's super-weapons to wipe out humankind (or at least all the humans on the continent).

LIFE AS A SNAKE

The Snake People are slightly smaller and thinner than humans, with long limbs and flat, long heads. Their scaly skins range in color from mottled yellow to black with red and white stripes (about any color combination a snake has can be found among them). They have short vestigial tails on their rumps, which can be hidden under clothing fairly easily—although they may give rise to a bunch of “is there a tail in you pocket or are you just happy to see me?” situations. Their eyes are big and yellow, with vertically oriented pupils. Their language consists of harsh whispering hisses and clicks. They can speak human languages, but they tend to slur their words (sounding a bit like a bad impersonation of Sean Connery).

Female snakes are egg-layers (two to five eggs per batch); the eggs are about twice as large as chicken eggs. When a baby snake is born, it bonds to the first living being it touches, which is a great way to acquire an intelligent, poisonous pet until junior grows up. Baby snakes are pretty instinct-driven until they are about ten months old, after which they start saying their first words and showing signs of intelligence.

Special Abilities: Snake People are faster and hardier than normal humans (getting a +1 to Dexterity and Constitution) and are surprisingly strong for their size (which gives them normal human strength levels). They have sharp teeth (their bite inflicts Strength points of Slash/stab damage) and can inject a paralyzing poison with a Strength equal to the Snake Person's Strength. Once bitten, the victim must resist the poison once per Turn for three Turns. The effects last for an hour per failed Resisted roll. Snake People have one dose of poison per Constitution level, and regain doses over a twenty-four period.

More importantly, the Snake Folk can imitate the shapes of other humanoids, which allows them to pass themselves off as human. This is a very convincing illusion rather than actual shape-shifting. Also, the scaly critter is limited by its size and basic body shape, so they can never look like big fat guys, for example. The Snake Person can even try to imitate a particular person (as long as she is the appropriate size), but it requires five Success Levels in an Intelligence (doubled) roll; otherwise the shape isn't quite right. No matter what their shape though, the sneaky little monsters cannot imitate other people's voices worth a damn. They still sound like a boiling teakettle.

Special Problems: The scaly fiends don't like sunlight. It doesn't burn them like vampires, but it hurts their eyes and makes them uncomfortable. While operating outdoors in the sunlight, Snake People have a -2 penalty to their Dexterity. Even indoors, they have a -1 penalty, unless they are underground or somewhere that has no sunlight coming in.

Snake People also don't like daylight so much because they can't drop their illusions. In their human form Snake People look like regular folk; in their snake form they are pretty damn creepy (Attractiveness -2). It's the sort of thing that townspeople tend to notice in a loud way.

SNAKE PEOPLE SOCIETY

The scaly folk are traditionally organized in primitive tribes with less than twenty adults per tribe. There's a chieftain and a shaman who share power (in a few tribes, both roles are assumed by one person . . . ah snake). Males and females are roughly equal in status, with females fighting as warriors and being as likely to be chieftains and shamans as males.

Things are changing with Hassel in charge though. He has set himself up as High King, with lesser chieftains owing him allegiance and serving him. The scaly bastard now controls half a dozen tribes with over a hundred warriors total. Still, only a dozen or so have guns and modern equipment. The rest make do with crude swords, spears, and bows and arrows.

SNAKE FOLK

3-POINT QUALITY

The Snake People are a demonic race, but that doesn't mean they are all bad. A renegade Snake Person is possible as a Cast Member if you, in your infinite wisdom, decide such a character is appropriate. For most games, it's probably not a good idea, but here it is, just in case.

Attributes: Snake People get +1 to Dexterity and Constitution. Other attributes remain the same.

Qualities and Drawbacks: The powers and vulnerabilities of the Snake People are described in the main text. They have a poisonous bite and can assume the appearance of humans. On the down side, they are impaired during the day, their voices sound funny, and they look like talking geckos.



A FEW GOODIES

The following items are used by Snake People and can be captured and employed by Cast Members.

Fire Rod: A bronze stick, about five inches long, carved into the likeness of a dragon-ish creature. To activate it, point it to anything you want crisped and squeeze the handle. The rod generates a small ball of fire (more of a plasma blast, although nobody in the 19th century was tossing the term "plasma" around). The blast jumps from the "mouth" of the dragon (so holding the rod the wrong way is a Really Bad Idea) and flies to the target at the speed of an arrow. The bolts' damage is a combination of burn and concussion, as they explode on contact for 30 points of Bash damage. A fire rod holds up to 20 blasts, and it recharges itself at the rate of one blast per minute.

Golden Blade: These short broad weapons have a blade shaped like a long triangle with an elaborate hand protector surrounding the hilt (a bit like a fencing sword's, but more stylized). It can be used to hack and slash, or to punch people using the hilt. The metal in the blade is very sharp and strong, which adds +2 to the base 3 x Strength (Slash/stab) damage of the weapon (before Success Levels, damage type, and armor modifiers).

MAGIC MUSHROOMS

The Snake People get most of their food by harvesting a variety of mushrooms and mosses (yummy). Most of them are your basic "tastes like crap but you can live on it" kind of meal, but a few mushrooms have special properties. Of course, without a native guide, it's hard to tell the mushrooms that heal your wounds or give you super-strength from the ones that drive you insane or kill you. Here are a few varieties (you should change the colors and size of the 'shrooms so sneaky players who read this chapter don't get to benefit from their knowledge). All these mushrooms seem to like the air and ground in the caves where the Snake People city is, but no where else. So trying to start your own mushroom farm out back is going to be very difficult, if not impossible. Dried, they can be kept indefinitely, so they are good for long, dangerous trips.

Bad 'Shroom: There are several types of mushroom that are a tasty treat to Snake People and a lethal poison to humans. Some just make the character violently sick for several hours (giving you a chance to spring some toilet humor on the Cast). Others should be treated as poisons (see *BIVS Corebook*, p. 122).

Food 'Shroom: These large pale mushrooms can be eaten. A handful of them meet all the FDA (if there was

an FDA in the old West) nutritional requirements of an adult for a day. Other than that, they have no special qualities. Be careful, a few humans are allergic to them—roll a D10; on a roll of one, the eater is allergic and has to deal with a paralyzing Strength 3 mushroom (the effect hits once per Turn for three Turns).

Healing 'Shroom: These reddish-brown mushrooms restore ten Life Points of damage within a minute after being eaten. Eating more than one mushroom in a minute increases the healing by five Life Points per additional whole 'shroom consumed. This healing is not without consequences though. For every mushroom eaten, the character suffers a -1 penalty to Strength for one hour (all that healing puts a strain on the ol' metabolism). If Strength is reduced below zero, the character passes out from exhaustion (to wake up as you dictate, mwuhahah).

Speed Moss: A blue-green moss, dried and cured in salt. When eaten, the moss increases Dexterity by one, gives the character Fast Reaction Time (or adds +1 to initiative rolls if the character already has it) and gives the person the equivalent of a nice jolt of caffeine. The effects last for an hour or so, after which they wear off. An hour after they wear off, the person feels drowsy and tired (-1 to Strength and Dexterity) until she gets a good night's sleep. Multiple doses do not increase Dexterity, but do add half an hour to the duration of the effect . . . oh, and an additional -1 to the Strength and Dexterity penalties afterwards.

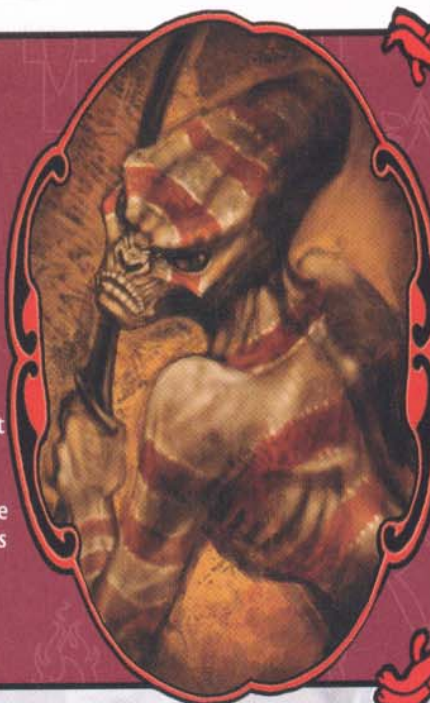
Mighty 'Shroom: These round greenish mushrooms taste vaguely like spinach, and increase the eater's Strength by two levels for half an hour (this increase does not add to Life Points). Additional doses increase Strength by one to a maximum bonus of +5 (eat as many as you want, it won't help any more). When the effect wears off, the character is wracked with muscle tremors (-2 to Dexterity—and things like writing or knitting are just impossible) for one hour per mushroom ingested.

Super-Peyote: This flat-topped mushroom is black with white spots. The Snake People use them to enter a trance-like state that allows them to concentrate their minds on mental tasks (+2 to any mental activity, including casting spells). Humans who eat it experience wild hallucinations for two hours per mushroom eaten. During that time, the victims cannot tell the difference between fantasy and reality. People look like monsters (and vice versa), their long-dead grandmother pops up in the strangest places, and life gets awfully interesting. To add insult to injury, the victim gains the Recurring Nightmares Drawback for 1-10 days (roll D10) per dose; if the character already had the Drawback, every one of those days is going to be a nightmare day.



Name: Typical Snake Warrior
Motivation: Follow orders, kill the soft-skins
Critter Type: Demon
Attributes: Str 3, Dex 4, Con 4, Int 2, Per 3, Will 2
Ability Scores: Muscle 12, Combat 14, Brains 11
Life Points: 38
Drama Points: 0-2
Special Abilities: Snake Folk

Name	Score	Maneuvers		Notes
		Damage		
Bite	16	7		Slash/stab; poison; must Grapple first
Bow Shot	12	14		Slash/stab
Dodge	14	—		Defense action
Grapple	16	—		Resisted by Dodge
Poison	12	-1	Dexterity	3 Turns of attacks
Spear	14	15		Slash/stab
Sword	14	15		Slash/stab



TYPICAL SNAKE WARRIOR

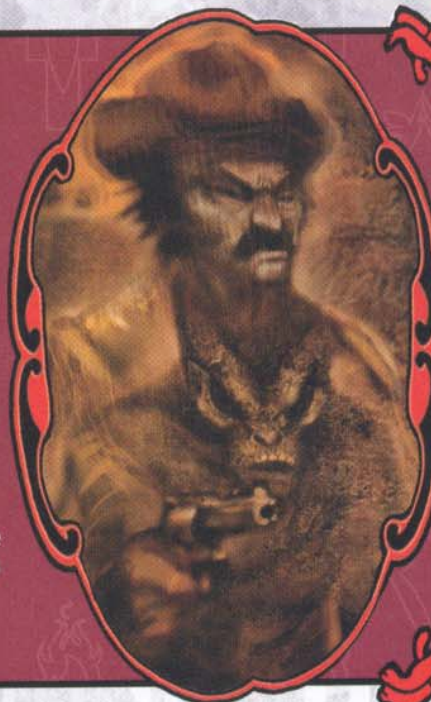
Your basic goon with a sword. Most Snake Warriors fight with primitive weapons, usually simple iron swords and spears. Small bands prowl the Badlands in the dark of night.

ELITE SNAKE WARRIORS

The cream of the crop, these tough snakes are Hassel's enforcers and special agents. They can be found disguised as humans while carrying out special missions for their lord and master, or acting as bodyguards for the king. They are armed with either guns, or (more rarely) some kawl ancient artifact like a golden blade or fire rod.

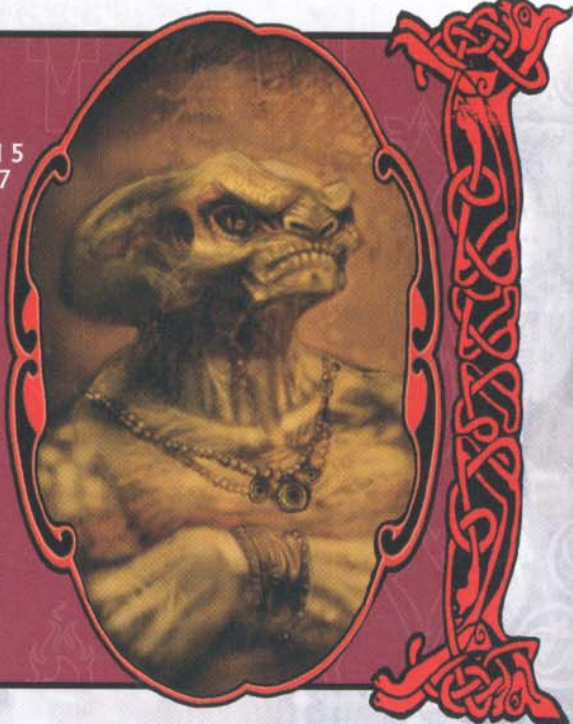
Name: Elite Snake Warrior
Motivation: Follow orders, kill the soft-skins
Critter Type: Demon
Attributes: Str 4, Dex 5, Con 4, Int 3, Per 3, Will 3
Ability Scores: Muscle 14, Combat 16, Brains 12
Life Points: 45
Drama Points: 1-3
Special Abilities: Hard to Kill 1, Snake Folk

Name	Score	Maneuvers		Notes
		Damage		
Bite	18	9		Slash/stab; poison; must Grapple first
Dodge	16	—		Defense action
Fire Rod	16	34		Fire
Golden Blade	16	18		Slash/stab
Grapple	18	—		Resisted by Dodge
Poison	14	-1	Dexterity	3 Turns of attacks
Six-Shooter	16	19		Bullet
Winchester	16	22		Bullet (15 shots)



Name: Hassel
Motivation: Be a forked-tongue Napoleon
Critter Type: Demon
Attributes: Str 5(7), Dex 7(8), Con 5, Int 6, Per 5, Will 5
Ability Scores: Muscle 16(20), Combat 20(21), Brains 17
Life Points: 65
Drama Points: 7
Special Abilities: Attractiveness -3, Hard to Kill 5, Snake Folk, Sorcery 2, uses mushrooms in combat (stats in parentheses are augmented)

Name	Score	Maneuvers		Notes
		Damage		
Bite	22(23)	11(13)		Slash/stab; must Grapple first
Dodge	20(21)	—		Defense action
Fire Rod	20(21)	35(36)		Fire
Golden Blade	20(21)	22(29)		Slash/stab
Grapple	22(23)	—		Resisted by Dodge
Poison	16	-1	Dexterity	3 Turns of attacks
Spell	19		Varies	By Spell
Telekinesis	13	6		Bash or Slash/stab



HASSEL, THE WOULD-BE SNAKE KING

Hassel was the shaman of a small snake tribe who stumbled into a hidden chamber in the ruins of the Snake Folk city. The room was a teaching chamber, used to educate the children of the wealthy and powerful. It magically instructed Hassel on some of the basics of the lost civilization of his ancestors. Although Hassel could not understand most of what he was taught, he became obsessed with restoring his people to their former power and splendor. Using some artifacts he also found there, he took over his tribe and started exploring the world outside the underground caverns. By combining his knowledge of magic with bought or stolen guns and found ancient artifacts, he has led his tribe in victory after victory, and is preparing for the day he will take the war to the "soft-skins," the pathetic humans who have stolen the Snake People's land.

The chieftain is a skilled warrior as well as a sorcerer. He has to lead by example, so occasionally he accepts challenges to single combat, which he never loses thanks to his judicious use of enhancing mushrooms and sheer skill and brutality.

Hassel can be the Big Bad of a Season (maybe after the Demon Tree has been taken care of).

EPISODE IDEAS

Remember all those Westerns you watched on the boob tube? Well, just mix them with a hefty dose of Buffy goodness and horror movie stuff, and you should have plenty of Episode ideas. You can also bring in some Buffy villains who were around during the 1880s—the Gorch brothers come to mind, Spike and Drusilla, or the Master. In case that's not enough inspiration for you, here're a few more possibilities.

Vengeance From Beyond: A gunslinger's in town and he's killing people, one every day. All the initial fights are "fair"—he picks a fight with the victims, waits until they start to draw, and then he guns them down. In at least one case, the victim managed to get a shot off first, and witnesses swear it hit the stranger, but he was unharmed (the victim wasn't). Eventually, he won't care if it's a fair fight or not, and shoot unarmed people, women, even children.

The gunslinger is a ghost. His victims are either members of the gang that murdered him and his family (all of them in their late forties by now) or people related to the bandits. The ghost will not rest until every last member of the families of the five men who committed the crime are dead. He's not in a merciful mood. Oh, and bullets (and fists, and stakes) go right through him without doing any harm.



The Cast needs to figure out a way to stop him. An exorcism might do the trick, or a bullet dipped in holy water (or a silver bullet, if there are any solitary rangers in black masks around), or just a good pep talk on the merits of forgiving and forgetting. To add a little touch of urgency, one of the people in the list of targets could be a Cast Member or a friend/lover.

Shootout on Main Street: The Cunningham-Weaver conflict heats up. Both sides hire gunslingers and assorted goons. Fights break out, using fists and other blunt instruments at first, but eventually escalating to full-fledged shootouts. To make things worse, the Demon Tree minions also get involved, trying to murder Weaver (who's a lot tougher than he looks). The Cast Members are caught in the middle of a small war. Do they choose sides, try to negotiate a settlement, or decide to open a can of whoop-ass on everyone concerned?

New Girl in Town: Brigitte's Coffee House has a new entertainer—a gorgeous redhead with haunting green eyes. Men can't help falling in love with her and are driven to murderous fits of jealousy. Patrons of Brigitte's start killing each other. Eventually, the new girl sets her eyes on a Cast Member or a friend or relative of the Cast's. The girl is a demon, and her ability is to instill an unhealthy, destructive form of infatuation on her victims. Brigitte will actually help the Cast Members dispose of the demon. The killings are bad for business and the madam is willing to call a truce with the Cast (which she may break at her convenience, of course).

Chamber of The Snake Lords: An old prospector has stumbled into town mumbling incoherently about a huge underground chamber where tens of thousands of lizard-like people appear to be in slumber. He has found the hiding place of the Snake Lords' last army, preserved in magical stasis until a new Snake Lord rises and summons them. When Hassel hears about it, he sends agents to extract the information from the prospector. If he manages to discover the chamber and perform the rituals that awaken the warriors, he will control a legion of ten thousand Snake Warriors armed with fire rods—real bad news for the region. Our heroes need to find the chamber first and hopefully destroy it (think you used enough dynamite, Butch?).

Gratuitous plug time: if you need more game stuff set in the wild, wild west, check out Eden Studios' *Fistful o' Zombies*. It has Unisystem rules for all sorts of gunfighters and gruesomeness in the old west . . . and lots of zombies, too.

ARCHETYPES

In addition to the characters below, some Archetypes in the main book can be adapted to the Old West with a few modifications. The Martial Artist could be a Shaolin monk stranded in the Americas (just as a wild example) or the Initiative Agent could be transformed into a U.S. Marshall with an assortment of cool gadgets (where do they get these ideas?). The Totem Warriors described in the Grizzly Peak setting (see p. 82) could also fit in.



Slayer Gunslinger

ARCHETYPE
CHARACTER
TYPE
HERO

Life Points 90 Drama Points 10

Attributes (20)

Strength 7 (3 levels part of Slayer Quality)
Dexterity 8 (3 levels part of Slayer Quality)
Constitution 7 (3 levels part of Slayer Quality)
Intelligence 2
Perception 3
Willpower 4 (2 levels part of Slayer Quality)

Qualities (20)

Attractiveness +1 (1)
Fast Reaction Time (Part of Slayer Quality)
Hard to Kill 8 (3; 5 levels part of Slayer Quality)
Nerves of Steel (Part of Slayer Quality)
Slayer (16)

Drawbacks (6)

Adversary (Vampires & Demons) (Part of Slayer Quality)
Honorable (1)
Misfit (2)
Obligation (Total) (Part of Slayer Quality)
Recurring Nightmares (1)
Talentless (2)

Skills (20 + 6 from Drawbacks)

Acrobatics 4	Knowledge 1
Art 0	Kung Fu 4 (1 level part of Slayer Quality)
Computers 0	Languages 0
Crime 0	Mr. Fix-It 0
Doctor 0	Notice 2
Driving (Horseback Riding) 2	Occultism 1
Getting Medieval 4 (1 level part of Slayer Quality)	Science 0
Gun Fu 5	Sports 0
Influence 1	Wild Card (Fast-Draw) 4

Maneuvers

Bonus

Base Damage

Notes

Dodge	12	—	Defense action
Fast-Draw	12	—	Gunslingin' stuff
Kick	11	16	Bash
Punch	12	14	Bash
Six-Shooter	13	15	Bullet
Stake	12	14	Slash/stab
(Through the Heart)	9	14	x5 vs vamps
Thrown Stake	11	12	Slash/stab
(Through the Heart)	8	12	x5 vs vamps



BACKGROUND ON THE SLAYER GUNSLINGER

Even before that strange old limey showed up, I knew how to take care of myself. My Pa always wanted a boy. He was disappointed when I came along, but he reckoned he could teach me all the things he would have taught a son. I learned how to shoot straight from horseback, how to hunt, how to hogtie a calf. I even learned how to swear right and proper, though Pa never let me practice anywhere Ma could overhear.

One night though some strangers came and burned down the farm. They shot my Ma and Pa as they were leaving. Would have shot me too, but I jumped out a window and went after 'em with Pa's old Trapdoor Springfield. I shot 'em, but they kept getting up, and I reckon if that limey hadn't arrived and told me I had to stab 'em with a stake, I'd be dead like the rest of my family.

I almost killed the Englishman on account of him not showing up before the burning and the killing, instead of just after, but he convinced me he couldn't help it. He told me he was a Watcher, and I was a Slayer, which is a fancy word for "killer." He also told me that there were many things like the ones that killed my parents—varmints that walked like men but weren't. He said we were to become a team and kill these things.

I said "you got yourself a deal, mister," spat on my hand and offered to shake on it. He almost didn't shake on it. Them limeys sure are sissies.

Now that I'm a Slayer I get to wear trousers, which my Pa didn't mind me doing but my Ma forbade me to afore she died. The Watcher's been learning me my letters, which my Ma had already started. He's also trying to turn me into a lady, which is hard, on account that I carry a gun and wear trousers and riding boots, which I don't reckon are things a lady does.

Quote: "That wasn't very nice, mister. I reckon I oughta teach you a lesson."

ROLEPLAYING THE SLAYER GUNSLINGER

Part tomboy, part corn-fed farmgirl, you are an extremely lethal fighter and at the same time extremely naïve about the world outside a farm. You prefer action to thought, and you don't cotton much to book larnin'.

Victorian Watcher

ARCHETYPE
CHARACTER
TYPE
HERO

Life Points 53 Drama Points 10



Attributes (20)

Strength 4
Dexterity 5 (1 level part of Watcher Quality)
Constitution 3
Intelligence 3
Perception 3
Willpower 3

Qualities (20)

Acute Vision (2)
Fast Reaction Time (2)
Hard to Kill 5 (5)
Nerves of Steel (3)
Resistance (Pain) 3 (3)
Watcher (5)

Drawbacks (7)

Adversary (Assorted) (3)
Honorable (2)
Mental Problems (Mild Cruelty) (1)
Mental Problems (Mild Racism) (1)

Skills (20 + 7 from Drawbacks)

Acrobatics 3	Knowledge 2
Art 0	Kung Fu 2
Computers 0	Languages 2
Crime 0	Mr. Fix-It 0
Doctor 2	Notice 3
Driving (Horseback Riding) 2	Occultism 3
Getting Medieval 4 (2 levels part of Watcher Quality)	Science 0
Gun Fu 4	Sports 0
Influence 2	Wild Card 0

Maneuvers

Bonus Base Damage Notes

Big Knife (Kukri)	9	12	Slash/stab
Dodge	9	—	Defense action
Six-Shooter	9	15	Bullet
Stake	9	8	Slash/stab
(Through the Heart)	6	8	x5 vs vamps

BACKGROUND ON THE VICTORIAN WATCHER

I had thought combat duty in the mountains of Afghanistan had been a trial. I bloody well should have stayed in uniform. My life would likely have been far more pleasant and painless.

Alas, it was not to be. I was recalled from my beloved regiment and sent back to London. My father had passed away and as firstborn it was my duty to assume the mantle of Watcher. Something of my disappointment at my lot in life must have been apparent, for the Council saw fit to send me to America to observe a young potential Slayer.

My luck remaining damnably bad, I arrived at the girl's home just in time to save her from a band of vampire marauders who somehow had divined her status—the girl having just become the Chosen One—and were seeking her death. I lent a hand, using my trusty kukri and service revolver as well as some pointed advice on how to dispose of the undead. Pity the girl's family did not survive the encounter, but I fail to see why the child blames me for it. As well blame the Council, for not dispatching me sooner, or the Fates for the many unexpected and invariably unpleasant turns it sees fit to bestow upon us mortals.

I cabled the Council with the news that I was in charge of the Chosen One, fully expecting to be relieved of my duty, being after all a rank novice at this business. Instead, I received instructions. Portents and omens pointed to the rise of some great evil in a town in the province of Texas, the appropriately named hamlet of Apocalypse.

With the unruly child in tow, I obeyed—dear God, don't the colonials teach even the rudiments of good manners to their children? The child shoots like a Ghurka and behaves like one. Now, I am heading towards Apocalypse, and whatever nasty turns fate has selected for me.

Quote: "Put up the gun, old boy, or I will be forced to feed you your own fingers."

ROLEPLAYING THE VICTORIAN WATCHER

You have spent most of your life in a uniform, fighting for Queen and Country. Now you're involved in a new war, one you don't like one bit. You are ruthlessly pragmatic, willing to do whatever it takes to fulfill your duties. You are also beginning to feel a measure of affection for your charge, although you would never admit it, even to yourself.

HELLWORLD

Giles: If the ritual starts, then every living creature in this and every other dimension imaginable will suffer unbearable torment and death . . . including Dawn.

Buffy: Then the last thing she'll see is me protecting her.

Giles: You'll fail. You'll die. We all will.

—5.22 *The Gift*

The bar falls silent when he enters. It's not because of his scarred face. It was a demon's acid blood, or so it's said—half burned away to the bone, a milky orb where his left eye used to be, lips pulled in an eternal, insane grimace. People have seen worse in a place where demon attacks are a daily occurrence. It's not the dozen weapons visible on him—the sawed off shotgun hanging off his hip, the two-handed sword at his back, the gloves with spiked knuckles, the knives and grenades and pistols. In the Enclave, everyone goes armed 24-7.

No, it's the expression on the normal half of his face. There is no mercy or compassion there. It's the face of a man who has become a monster to better fight monsters. A man who has seen everyone he loved die in the most horrible ways conceivable, and who sees those deaths every time he closes his eyes.

"Evening, Mr. Harris," the bartender says in a subdued tone. "The usual?"

Alexander Harris nods and grins.

His smile is a terrible thing to behold.

BACK TO THE FUTURE

Giles: Dimensions will . . . pour into one another, uh, with no barriers to stop them. Reality as we know it will be destroyed, and . . . chaos will reign on Earth.

Buffy: So how do we stop it?

Giles: The portal will only close once the blood is stopped . . . and the only way for that to happen is, um . . . Buffy, the only way is to kill Dawn.

—5.21 *The Weight of the World*

Glory used Dawn's blood to open the gate back to her home. Buffy and her friends fought her and defeated her—but they didn't get to Dawn in time. Hordes of demons poured into the world. Of all the Scoobies, only Xander is known for certain to have escaped with his life.

Fast-forward five years. Billions are dead. The cities are gutted husks, prowled by monsters and small bands of human survivors trying to live another day, or offering their children in sacrifice to their demonic overlords. The world belongs to the demons once again. Inhuman races are building kingdoms and warring against each other, and primeval beasts stalk the Earth. To the last survivors, the event is known as the Apocalypse. The name fits.

Here and there, small human communities manage to keep the monsters at bay, using scavenged military weapons or magic or a combination of the two. Even there, hope is fading fast, as food and ammo grow scarcer and the demons become bolder.

One such community is the Enclave. Once a survivalist colony in California, now it's a small city under the protection of the Council of Thirteen, powerful witches whose combined powers are enough to prevent demons from entering the area—most of the time, at least. A few thousand people huddle in the hastily built town and try to make it from day to day. Small scouting parties leave the Enclave every day for the monster-haunted wastes outside, exploring the ruins of towns and cities to search for food, weapons, medicine—whatever can be salvaged from the land. They often come back empty-handed, or don't come back at all.

And now, one of the girls in the Enclave has become the Slayer (that's where your players come in, in case you hadn't noticed). Is the Chosen One there to help save the world, or is she there only to make a futile last stand? Time will tell.

THE ENCLAVE

Cleric: Energy barrier. A most powerful one.

Dante: Can it be breached?

—5.20 *Spiral*

The Enclave sits at the bottom of a shallow valley, surrounded by sparse woods. A dirt road leads into the town from the main highways (or what remains of them, after five years of demon activity). All the main areas of access are protected by bunkers with machine guns and other heavy weapons. The town proper has a central walled area and several large buildings, two or three stories tall with another two stories underground. The orig-

inal facilities were built by a survivalist militia group back in the 1970s, a bunch of people with more money than sense who sat for decades waiting for nuclear war to come. They put in bomb shelters, a network of tunnels, wells, and storage spaces. They also had enough weapons to fight a small war. These shunned wackjobs are now blessed founders.

The main line of defense in the Enclave is the Shield—a huge dome of reddish energy that covers the entire valley. The dome filters the sunlight coming through, so everything inside the Enclave has a slightly reddish hue. The Shield is a magical construct, created and maintained by the Council of Thirteen. It prevents supernatural creatures from entering the area, unless specifically invited by the Council. The Shield is not one hundred percent effective though. There are weak spots and determined, powerful, or just lucky monsters can and do get through. When that happens, it's up to the other defenders of the Enclave to deal with the creatures.

The community as it exists came into being a couple of months after the Apocalypse. As luck would have it, a gathering of witches was in the area for a solstice festival when the world literally went to hell. The witches' combined powers kept them and several hundred people alive for several weeks while they desperately looked for a defensible place. They found it in a survivalist camp that had beaten off several demon incursions through good old-fashioned firepower. Even so, by the time the witches and their charges arrived, only a handful of the survivalists remained alive. The gun nuts were suspicious of the "heathens" at their doorstep, but they had no choice but to accept their help. The thirteen most powerful witches in the group crafted a special spell that keeps most demons out of the valley. Thus, the Enclave was born.

The community is not a democracy. The Council and the Rangers make the decisions, and people can either like it or take off. So far, most inhabitants are just grateful to have a place where they don't risk death every minute of every day, so they don't complain much.

Currently, there are about three thousand inhabitants in the Enclave. This is a big problem. The valley cannot produce enough food for everyone living there, especially when more refugees keep arriving (a few dozen every month or so, but it adds up). So far, people have been surviving on stored food and what the Rangers can hunt or scavenge outside. Reserves are getting low and the leaders of the Enclave know that in a year, two at the most, there just won't be enough to feed everyone.

The scoobies' last stand

From what's been presented already, we know the fate of Xander in this universe. What happened to the other Scoobies? Did they all die, or are they still around? Alexander isn't talking (asking him about his friends is a quick way to lose some teeth—if you're lucky), but a body of legends about the fates of the tragic heroes of Sunnydale has grown in the Enclave. These are rumors and hearsay, many of them claiming to come from Alexander, back when he wasn't quite so psychotic.

Buffy: The Slayer stood by her sister's side until the end, dying heroically after being overwhelmed by sheer numbers. Some rumors claim that she is not dead, but was dragged into a demon dimension after the gate closed, and if she is rescued, she will lead humanity to victory.

Willow and Tara: The two witches held off a horde of demons with their powers and helped evacuate some of Sunnydale in the debacle that followed. There are eyewitness accounts of the "angels" who saved the lives of dozens, possibly hundreds of people. In the end, however, they stayed too long and fell in combat. Another tale claims that Willow survived, and, mad with grief after her lover's death, she retreated into the wilderness to gather the power to destroy all demonkind. If she ever resurfaces, she will be a force to be reckoned with.

Anya: The former demon was injured during the opening of the gate; Xander watched helplessly as she was torn apart by monsters. Or, according to other stories, she agreed to become a Vengeance Demon once again in return for her fiancé's life, making the ultimate sacrifice so Xander could escape.

Giles: There are many conflicting reports about the Watcher. He may have died during the frenzied battle at the gate. Others claim he led a group of survivors into Los Angeles, where he joined forces with Angel and his colleague Wesley and eventually died fighting the good fight. There are also stories of a lone hunter of the night, going by the name Ripper, who uses a combination of magic and modern weapons to bring down even the largest demons.

Spike: Most of the stories agree that Spike fought his way to the Slayer's side, and died with her and Dawn. His last words are said to have been a declaration of love for Buffy. But then there are the rumors of William the Bloody running a gang of vampires up in Oregon. Who knows?



PLACES TO GO

Buffy: There's gotta be another way out of here!

Ford: This is a bomb shelter, Buffy. I knew I wasn't gonna be able to overpower you. But this is three feet of solid concrete. Trust me when I say we're in for the long haul.

—2.7 Lie To Me

The Enclave isn't very big, but it's got a few interesting locations for tourists and residents. And then there's the world outside, which is perhaps a little too interesting.

Council Chamber: This underground facility is where members of the Council of Thirteen keep their constant vigil over the shield protecting the town. The Chamber

Breaking through the shield

The Shield protecting the Enclave is a powerful spell crafted by thirteen of the most powerful witches remaining in North America. It has to be maintained at all times by one of the members of the Council. The witches take turns, about two hours a day, using their powers to keep the shield going. The process is exhausting, and the Council members have little magical power left afterwards. After maintaining the Shield for two hours, all magic use by that Council member suffers a -6 penalty until the witch rests or sleeps for at least eight hours.

When demons, vampires or other supernatural critters touch the Shield, they are struck with an agonizing shock of magical energy and are flung back. If the creature presses on despite the pain, it takes 100 points of damage every Turn it remains in contact with the Shield.

Well . . . that's the way the Shield is supposed to work. And most of the time, it does. Unfortunately, sometimes the witch in charge of the Shield becomes tired or distracted, and a demon pushing through at that moment is able to get in unscathed. The Shield also has occasional weak spots, places where the pain and damage are not extreme enough to deter a determined creature. Only a few demon species have the senses to detect those weak spots though. The rest would have to use trial and error to find them, and that is just too much of a (literal) pain for most demons. Finally, there are spells and magical artifacts that can open temporary gaps through the Shield.

is three stories belowground, and used to be a bomb shelter, complete with metal blast doors and airtight compartments. There are always half a dozen armed guards at the entrance. Inside is a magical circle decorated with pentagrams and assorted mystical symbols. Every hour of every day, a powerful witch sits in the center of the circle, keeping the Shield alive. This is the place to attack for all those bad dudes who want to destroy the Enclave.

The Hole: This bar is located on the surface of the Enclave, and it caters mainly to the Rangers and other fighting types. The Hole is a corrugated metal building that was first built to house the initial wave of refugees that arrived at the Enclave. The barracks-like building has now been converted into a large bar-restaurant, a quaint place with a dirt floor, wooden tables, and crude benches. The place is very rowdy at the best of times, although most fights are resolved with fists, not weapons (except for the occasional beer bottle).

Beyond the Pale: The world outside the Shield is not a very pleasant place to visit and living there is out of the question. You've got demon tribesmen who hunt you down for the meat on your bones, mindless and huge monsters that may just stomp you by accident, and hungry vampires who'd love to have you over for a drink. Despite all this, people still go outside, usually in small but well-armed groups. The main purpose for those trips is to scavenge the countryside for valuable stuff—canned food, guns, ammo, aspirin.

PEOPLE TO SEE

Giles: There's a powerful coven in Devonshire. They sensed the rise of a dangerous magical force here. A dark force, fueled by grief.

—6.22 Grave

After five years of fighting to survive, the people of the Enclave are tough veterans of a brutal war. The weak and faint-hearted are long gone and only the most resourceful people remain.

The Council of Thirteen: The nominal leaders of the Enclave, the Council doesn't really run the day-to-day affairs of the community. They are too busy making sure the Shield is working and dealing with the occasional break-in. The Council takes care of dispensing justice and punishing criminals though. When a trial is needed, ten Council Members form a "jury" and decide on a verdict (usually forced labor for minor offenses, expulsion beyond the Shield for serious crimes). The Council lets the Rangers take care of pretty much everything else.

other human communities

Nobody is sure how many humans are still alive out there. It could be as little as one percent of the world's population before the hellgate opened up (which would leave a whole two or three million in the U.S., for example). People in the Enclave know only of a handful of human bands and towns, although they hope there more out there. A few of them are included below.

The Wanderers: These nomads roam the plains on horseback, protecting the herds of cattle that provide their livelihood. The Wanderers number several hundred people.

The tribe has a few working vehicles, but uses horses for the most part. The nomads also have some guns, but rely mostly on crossbows nowadays. They are cowboy types who escaped the initial waves of destruction by fleeing into thinly populated areas (demons were concentrating on the cities, where it was all-you-can-eat time). Life in the demon-ridden range is hard, with all manner of creatures preying on both cattle and humans on a daily basis. The Wanderers are not the nicest people around, either. They will not hesitate to rob and murder humans if they think they can get away with it.

Radio Free Seattle: This AM radio station broadcasts for sixteen hours a day, seven days a week. It plays a variety of music and running commentary from a man and a woman who have never identified themselves. Nobody knows who the owners of RFS are or their exact location. The radio broadcasts began about a year after the disaster, and are just about the only thing available on the radio nowadays.

Fort Apache: This military base managed to fight off the demon hordes and is the largest community the Enclave is aware of—about five thousand strong. Bullets and vehicle parts are running out though, so things look grim for the people living there. There are rumors of another military facility in New Mexico controlled by a secretive organization known as the Initiative, but nothing has been confirmed.

Lotto Town: The people of Dulce, a model community in Northern California, have figured out a way to live in Hellworld. The townspeople made a deal with a powerful tribe of demons who protect them from most predators. In return, once a month the community offers five people up as sacrifices. Whenever a stranger finds herself in the town, she ends up as one of the sacrifices, but most of the time the town offers up its own people, chosen at random, which has led to the nickname Lotto Town.

L.A. Remnants: There is a small human gathering in the ruins of Los Angeles that still fights on. Its leaders are a most unusual vampire (he's supposed to have a soul) and a former Watcher, and it comprises a motley crew of former gang-bangers, solid citizens, mystics and anybody who's willing and able to make a stand against the forces of darkness.

Of the original thirteen witches, eight remain. The others have died in magical backlashes, disappeared mysteriously, or been killed by demons. The replacements are younger girls with magical potential. The older witches have done their best to train them, but the novices lack the strength and experience of their predecessors, which means the Shield is often not as impervious to intrusions as it should be.

The Rangers: The Rangers are the cops, soldiers and all-around guardians of the Enclave. They maintain law and order inside and keep the demons outside. They also send expeditions into the demon-ridden world to bring back vital supplies. If you are a Ranger, you get a lot of respect and you live pretty well. You just don't live for very long.

The core of the Rangers is the remaining survivalists of the original Enclave. Their expertise in weapon and wilderness skills are as important as the Council's magical powers to the survival of the Enclave. Over the last few years, the Rangers have grown in numbers. The new additions are mainly ex-military types and young kids eager to learn how to kick ass and take names. Both men and women can be Rangers, as long as they pass certain minimal physical requirements.

There are plenty of perks with the job. Rangers have access to guns and ammo, and they eat (and drink, courtesy of the Hole) a lot better than the average citizen. They are also the law, so they can get away with murder unless another Ranger intervenes (fortunately that type of abuse doesn't happen often).



Name: Typical Enclave Citizen
Motivation: Survive
Critter Type: Human
Attributes: Str 2, Dex 3, Con 2, Int 2, Per 2, Will 3
Ability Scores: Muscle 10, Combat 12, Brains 11
Life Points: 32
Drama Points: 0-3
Special Abilities: Hard to Kill 2

Name	Score	Maneuvers		Notes
		Damage		
Big Knife	12	8		Slash/stab
Dodge	12	—		Defense action
Punch	12	6		Bash



ENCLAVE CITIZEN

Every able-bodied adult in the Enclave knows how to defend herself—the Rangers make self-defense classes and weapon training mandatory. Most Enclave dwellers spend their time working in the fields, building or repairing facilities, and the hundreds of other unsung jobs that are vital for the survival of all.

RANGER

Rangers wear green jackets or fatigues (the actual shade varies widely, from military olive-green to neon green) as their uniform. That and the fact that they are always festooned with weaponry sets them apart from the rest of the community. Rangers are tough and don't take crap from anybody. They have seen hell itself and are not afraid of much.

ALEXANDER HARRIS

A year after the Apocalypse, a small group of survivors arrived at the Enclave, led by a horribly scarred man. Alexander (don't call him Xander if you want to live) Harris is the only surviving human who witnessed the opening of the gates of Hell. The experience left him a little bit unstable—he's a vicious killer now, although for the most part he concentrates on non-human targets. His sense of humor is very dark. Alexander's idea of a practical joke is staking out a demon over an incendiary grenade and detonating it when its buddies are trying to help it. Alexander is one of the most respected Rangers in the Enclave. He could be a major leader in the community—if he weren't quite so nutty.

Name: Typical Ranger
Motivation: Kick ass, take names
Critter Type: Human
Attributes: Str 3, Dex 3, Con 3, Int 2, Per 2, Will 3
Ability Scores: Muscle 12, Combat 14, Brains 12
Life Points: 43
Drama Points: 1-5
Special Abilities: Hard to Kill 3, Nerves of Steel

Name	Score	Maneuvers		Notes
		Damage		
Big Knife	14	12		Slash/stab
Dodge	14	—		Defense action
Hunting Rifle	14	23		Bullet (5 shots)
Kick	13	11		Bash
Punch	14	9		Bash



Name: Alexander Harris
Motivation: Kill!, revenge
Critter Type: Human
Attributes: Str 3, Dex 4, Con 4, Int 2, Per 2, Will 4
Ability Scores: Muscle 12, Combat 20, Brains 13
Life Points: 53
Drama Points: 12
Special Abilities: Attractiveness -3, Body Armor (Armor Value 12), Mental Problems (Severe Cruelty), Good Luck 5, Hard to Kill 5

Name	Maneuvers		Notes
	Score	Damage	
Big Knife	20	14	Slash/stab
Dodge	20	—	Defense action
Grenade	20	35/25/13	Bash; damage varies with distance
Kick	19	13	Bash
Punch	20	11	Bash
Shotgun	20	25	Bullet (12 shots)
Stake	20	11	Slash/stab
(Through the Heart)	17	11	x5 vs vamps
Two-Handed Sword	20	20	Slash/stab
(Decapitation)	15	19	x5 damage



CRITTERS OF HELLWORLD

Giles: Like zombies, werewolves, incubi, succubi, everything you've ever dreaded was under your bed, but told yourself couldn't be by the light of day. They're all real!

Buffy: What? You, like, sent away for the Time-Life series?

—1.1 Welcome to the Hellmouth

Just about any demon, vampire or other non-human monster in the Buffyverse can make an appearance in Hellworld. By way of example, here are three creatures that Rangers may encounter during their field trips into the wild blue yonder.

ALLANNI DEMON

These demons are fairly numerous in the area around the Enclave. They are short, squat humanoids with rubbery yellow skin and red stripes. They have a Stone Age culture and travel in small tribes of about a dozen members, armed with flint-tipped spears, bows, and knives. Whenever they encounter humans, they try to ambush and capture a couple of them. The victims are taken to the demons' camp and slowly tortured to death in a nasty ritual. At the end, the victim's heart and brain are eaten

by the tribe, apparently to gain her knowledge and spirit. The ritual appears to work. In one case, an Allanni tribe ate a couple of Rangers and suddenly figured out how to operate guns and motor vehicles, with tragic consequences for everyone involved.

Allanni can occasionally be found working for some tougher and more resourceful demon or vampire.

BEHEMOTH

These demons are large but mindless creatures. They look like caterpillars the size of a Greyhound bus, and wander around the countryside crushing people or animals and sucking the remains through the hundred "mouths" on their bellies. Behemoths can outrun any human, so they have to be killed or outwitted. Killing them is not easy. The creature is armored with thick skin and blubber everywhere but its underbelly. Fortunately, the critters are dumber than rocks, so they are easy to fool. Their sense of smell is sharp enough to detect a human at fifty yards, so sneaking up or past them is not a high probability tactic.

Some Rangers tell stories of demon tribes that ride Behemoths into battle using grappling hooks and rope. Luckily, they appear to be just stories.



Name: Allanni
Motivation: Kill, eat brains and hearts of victims
Critter Type: Demon
Attributes: Str 5, Dex 3, Con 4, Int 2, Per 2, Will 2
Ability Scores: Muscle 16, Combat 13, Brains 9
Life Points: 54
Drama Points: 0-2
Special Abilities: Armor Value 4, Attractiveness -6, Increased Life Points, Ritual of Knowledge (by eating the heart and brain of a victim, the demons acquire some of the skills and knowledge the victim had)

Name	Maneuvers		Notes
	Score	Damage	
Dodge	13	—	Defense action
Bow Shot	11	22	Slash/stab
Lasso	9	—/11	Bash; 3x vs living
Punch	13	13	Bash
Spear	13	21	Slash/stab



FLESH RIDERS

These nasty demons are one of the few species that can routinely penetrate the Shield. Fortunately, there aren't many of them or the Enclave would be in serious trouble. Still, the few that have gotten through have done a lot of damage (causing over twenty deaths in three separate incidents). Some of them can be found in the service of powerful demon lords, who use them as spies and infiltrators.

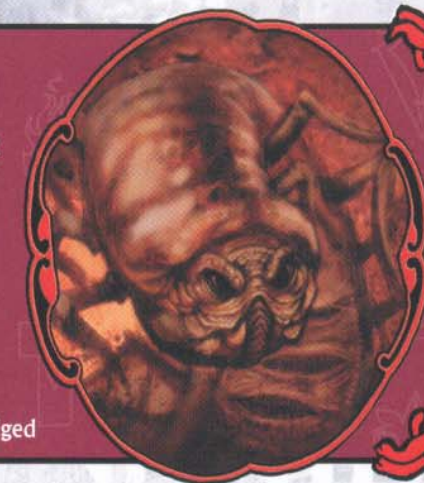
Flesh Riders look like spiders covered in human skin, about the size of a rat, with six long, clawed limbs. Their mouths are on their underside—three rows of fangs that can tear through flesh and bone. The little monsters are not very dangerous one on one, but they are deadly against unaware or helpless victims. The Flesh Rider's

M.O. consists of latching itself onto a victim's back and burrowing into her flesh until it is in contact with her spinal cord (this takes about three Turns and inflicts 12 points of damage on the victim). During that time, the victim suffers a -10 to hit the creature. Once inside, it extends tendrils that connect with the victim's nervous system and take it over, completely controlling the still aware but helpless human. The only telltale sign is a slight bulge on the back.

By riding inside the person's "aura," the Flesh Rider can pass through the Shield, which doesn't detect the presence of the demon inside the human victim. The Flesh Rider can then use the human host to commit murder or mayhem, often kidnapping a new victim to change bodies. The demon's presence eventually kills the human host (the process takes about one day plus one day per

Name: Behemoth
Motivation: Food!
Critter Type: Demon
Attributes: Str 18, Dex 2, Con 12, Int 1, Per 4, Will 2
Ability Scores: Muscle 42, Combat 13, Brains 9
Life Points: 300
Drama Points: 1-3
Special Abilities: Acute Smell (Brains Score 12 for attempts to detect victims), Armor Value 12, Attractiveness -8, Increased Life Points

Name	Score	Maneuvers		Notes
		Damage		
Charge	13	45		Bash; can only be Dodged



Name: Flesh Rider
Motivation: Cause trouble, hitchhike
Critter Type: Demon
Attributes: Str 0, Dex 5, Con 1, Int 3, Per 3, Will 3
Ability Scores: Muscle 6, Combat 16, Brains 12
Life Points: 5
Drama Points: 1-3
Special Abilities: Attractiveness -5, Control human body

Name	Score	Maneuvers		Notes
		Damage		
Dodge	16	—		Defense action
Bite	16	2		Slash/stab



Constitution level). Removing the Flesh Rider is possible, but it requires extensive surgery (a Doctor and Dexterity roll at -4) and inflicts 60 points of damage on the victim.

The demons are cunning and smart. While in control of a body, they can mimic the person's speech patterns and have access to her memories. When occupying a body, use the physical Attributes of the victim, and either her combat Skills or Scores or the Flesh Rider's, whichever are better. Outside of a body, the critters aren't very dangerous; you can stomp them to death if you don't mind a little demon juice on your work boots.

EPISODE IDEAS

Hellworld is a fairly grim setting. Most people in the world are already dead and things don't look too good for the survivors. A Series set there could wallow in the misery of the setting, concentrating on dark tales of personal survival or offer some sort of hope, a quest toward salvation.

This setting does not have a built-in Big Bad. In this case, the situation is the Big Bad and finding a way to save the world is the way to defeat it. If you want to throw in a more tangible adversary, there's no shortage of candidates, from powerful demon lords to some retreated Big Bad from the past. Maybe Glory didn't die after all and she's still around or maybe one of her fellow Hellgods is now stranded on Earth.

Going Shopping: A typical beginning Episode would have our heroes going off in search of supplies. The ruins of a shopping mall would be a good starting point. Throw in some hidden bad guy(s) in the ruins and you're all set.

Exorcism: A Watcher comes to the Enclave bringing important news: a ritual to exorcise the entire planet has been discovered and it requires the help of the Slayer. The ritual will destroy or banish all the greater demons and most of the lesser ones. Unfortunately, this is not the kind of ritual you can conduct on the fly—several key components must be gathered and the spell must be cast at a Hellmouth. Our heroes must travel the countryside looking for the mystical ingredients, battling assorted critters along the way. Then they must find the Hellmouth and survive the local squatters.

Been There, Done That: A central theme of any Series set in Hellworld is the rise of a new Slayer. The folks in the Enclave should take a liking to any super-powered girl who shows up in town. The Witches may have heard stories or may even know what's been happening with the whole Slayer gig since the portal between dimensions was opened. Maybe there's been a hiatus in Slayers or maybe they've been active in Cleveland for the last five years. The hope an active Slayer brings to the community can change things significantly. Probably the most interesting reaction will be Mr. Harris'. After all, he's been through a bunch of this before, and it didn't turn out well. Will he welcome the new warrior or will he shun her in order to avoid opening old wounds?

ARCHETYPES

In addition to the Archetypes below, most of the characters in this book could be used in Hellworld. The Totem Warriors could provide some more firepower, and the Old West characters would fit in with a little work.

The high power of the setting is good for Experienced Heroes and the Archetypes on the following pages use that Character Type.



Grim Slayer

Life Points 100 Drama Points 20

ARCHETYPE

CHARACTER
TYPE
EXPERIENCED
HERO



Attributes (25)

Strength 8 (3 levels part of Slayer Quality)
Dexterity 9 (3 levels part of Slayer Quality)
Constitution 7 (3 levels part of Slayer Quality)
Intelligence 3
Perception 3
Willpower 6 (2 levels part of Slayer Quality)

Qualities (25)

Attractiveness +2 (2)
Fast Reaction Time (Part of Slayer Quality)
Hard to Kill 10 (5; 5 levels part of Slayer Quality)
Natural Toughness (2)
Nerves of Steel (Part of Slayer Quality)
Slayer (16)

Drawbacks (6)

Adversary (Vampires & Demons) (Part of Slayer Quality)
Mental Problems (Mild Cruelty) (1)
Obligation (Total) (Part of Slayer Quality)
Paranoid (2)
Reckless (2)
Recurring Nightmares (1)

Skills (40 + 6 from Drawbacks)

Acrobatics 6	Knowledge 2
Art 0	Kung Fu 7 (1 level part of Slayer Quality)
Computers 0	Languages 1
Crime 4	Mr. Fix-It 2
Doctor 2	Notice 4
Driving 2	Occultism 3
Getting Medieval 7 (1 level part of Slayer Quality)	Science 0
Gun Fu 5	Sports 0
Influence 3	Wild Card 0

Maneuvers

	Bonus	Base Damage	Notes
Axe	16	40	Slash/stab
Big Ass Pistol	14	18	Bullet
Crossbow	16	16	Slash/stab
Dodge	16	—	Defense action
Grapple	18	—	Resisted by Dodge
Head Butt	14	16	Bash
Jump Kick	13	27	Bash; Acrobatics + Dexterity roll first
Kick	15	18	Bash
Punch	16	16	Bash
Spin Kick	14	20	Bash
Stake	16	16	Slash/stab
(Through the Heart)	13	16	x5 vs vamps

BACKGROUND ON THE GRIM SLAYER

When I was a kid, I had television, and school, and parents. The demons took all of that away. But they made a mistake. They left me alive. Big mistake.

I had just joined the Rangers when I became the Slayer. It had been tough being accepted because I wasn't as strong as I should be, but that's not a problem anymore. Now I'm faster, stronger, and tougher than I have ever been before. That's cool, but truth to tell I really don't care about the whole Chosen One crap—I just want to destroy the demons. Being a Slayer helps, but let's leave out all the mystical mumbo-jumbo.

Problem is there's so many of them nasties. We don't have enough bullets, swords, or stakes for them. Maybe if we could get our hands on some nukes—but the Council of Thirteen is all bent out of shape about that. They just want to defend and that's a loser's game. You defend, they attack. You have to win every fight and they only have to win once. That's no good. We've got to strike back.

I started speaking my mind and folks began to listen. I guess it's that whole Slayer thing again. Whatever.

I probably should have kept my mouth shut, but I don't care if I'm Miss Popularity. If the Council isn't going to do what needs to be done, maybe we need a new Council. The Shield is nice, but it gives us an excuse to hide and pretend nothing is going on outside. The Rangers know, because they get to see what's happening to the world, but most of the others try to ignore reality. Which means they'll be mighty surprised when reality sneaks up and bites 'em in the ass.

Quote: (Gunshot) "You don't look so good." (Gunshot) "That's better."

ROLEPLAYING THE GRIM SLAYER

You have grown up in the middle of the Apocalypse. You were used to fighting demons long before you became the Chosen One, and you're one of the toughest Slayers in history. That's a good thing. History has never seen it so bad before.

ARCHETYPE

Road Warrior

CHARACTER
TYPE
EXPERIENCED
HERO

Life Points 73 Drama Points 20

Attributes (25)

Strength 6 (1 level from Jock Quality)
Dexterity 6
Constitution 6 (1 level from Jock Quality)
Intelligence 2
Perception 2
Willpower 5

Qualities (25)

Acute Hearing (2)
Fast Reaction Time (2)
Hard to Kill 5 (5)
Jock (3)
Nerves of Steel (3)
Resistance (Pain) 10 (10)

Drawbacks (8)

Adversary (Assorted) (3)
Emotional Problems (Fear of Commitment) (1)
Honorable (2)
Obligation (Major Ranger) (2)

Skills (40 + 8 from Drawbacks)

Acrobatics 5	Knowledge 2
Art 0	Kung Fu 7
Computers 0	Languages 0
Crime 4	Mr. Fix-It 2
Doctor 2	Notice 3
Driving 5	Occultism 3
Getting Medieval 7	Science 0
Gun Fu 3	Sports 4 (2 levels from Jock Quality)
Influence 3	Wild Card 0

Maneuvers

Bonus

Base Damage

Notes

Baseball Bat	13	24	Bash
Crossbow	13	16	Slash/stab
(Through the Heart)	10	16	x5 vs vamps
Dodge	13	—	Defense action
Kick	12	14	Bash
Knife	13	12	Slash/stab
Pistol Crossbow	13	10	Slash/stab
(Through the Heart)	10	10	x5 vs vamps
Punch	13	12	Bash
Sword	13	24	Slash/stab
Thrown Knife	12	10	Slash/stab



BACKGROUND ON THE ROAD WARRIOR

Another day, another corpse. We buried my best friend last week. Again. Guess he wasn't fast enough or lucky enough. He zigged when he should have zagged, and he ended up in two pieces while a thing that looked like a mutant coyote munched on his liver.

It's tough out there.

I wanted to be a baseball player when I grew up. Well, baseball season is on permanent hold. Guess the Red Sox are never going to get their chance now. Guess I should be sadder about other things, but I miss baseball a lot. I tried to start a Little League going at the Enclave, but the kids wanted me to teach them how to use a crossbow instead. Guess I can't blame them, but it still made me sad.

We're running low on bullets, medicine, food. I don't carry a gun anymore to save on ammo. I can get those suckers the old-fashioned way and my sword never runs out of bullets. It probably won't do any good in the end though.

Lots of people say we might as well give up; it's all over but the screaming. Sometimes I feel that way, but I can't quit now. It doesn't feel right somehow. I'm going to go down fighting. All that whining in the Enclave is the main reason I'm happier when I'm on the road. Those suckers don't know how hard it is outside the Shield and they still complain about how hopeless things are. Every time I have a demon twisting at the end of a spear, I feel like things aren't so hopeless. We humans are tough mothers and demons need to learn that the hard way.

And now we got a Slayer on our side. Maybe the Enclave isn't so bad after all.

Quote: "Twelve demons, and three of us. Should be easy enough."

ROLEPLAYING THE ROAD WARRIOR

You are a hard-bitten veteran of the demon wars. You've seen—and done—horrible things, but you still have a core of humanity inside you. Unlike other Rangers, you haven't forgotten what you are fighting for.