

ALIENS AMONG US



Science Fiction Adventures for Bureau 13

BUREAU 13

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ALIENS AMONG US

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Beth "I want some recognition, Dammit!" Sparks without whom this supplement would never have been completed and the Arthritis Foundation for all their support over the years.

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Intruder!

The Red Rocket Ranger

Awakenings

Ghost Aliens Rob The First Bank Of Atlanta

Grandma Doesn't Know Me Anymore

BUREAU FILES: Vindicators, Local Reality Sets

J.P. Withers

Taking Out The Trash

William Spenser-Hale

I See My Reflection In Steel Blue Eyes

Beth Sparks

Coyote Weeps

BUREAU FILES: Anasazi, Navajo Holy People, Navajo

Singers, Coyote, Navajo Skinwalkers

Richard Tucholka

Cold Blue Light

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Intruder!

Coyote Weeps

BUREAU FILE: Navajo Skinwalkers

Eric Olsen

The Red Rocket Ranger

Awakenings

I See My Reflection In Steel Blue Eyes

Craig Huffman

Ghost Aliens Rob The First Bank Of Atlanta

Grandma Doesn't Know Me Anymore

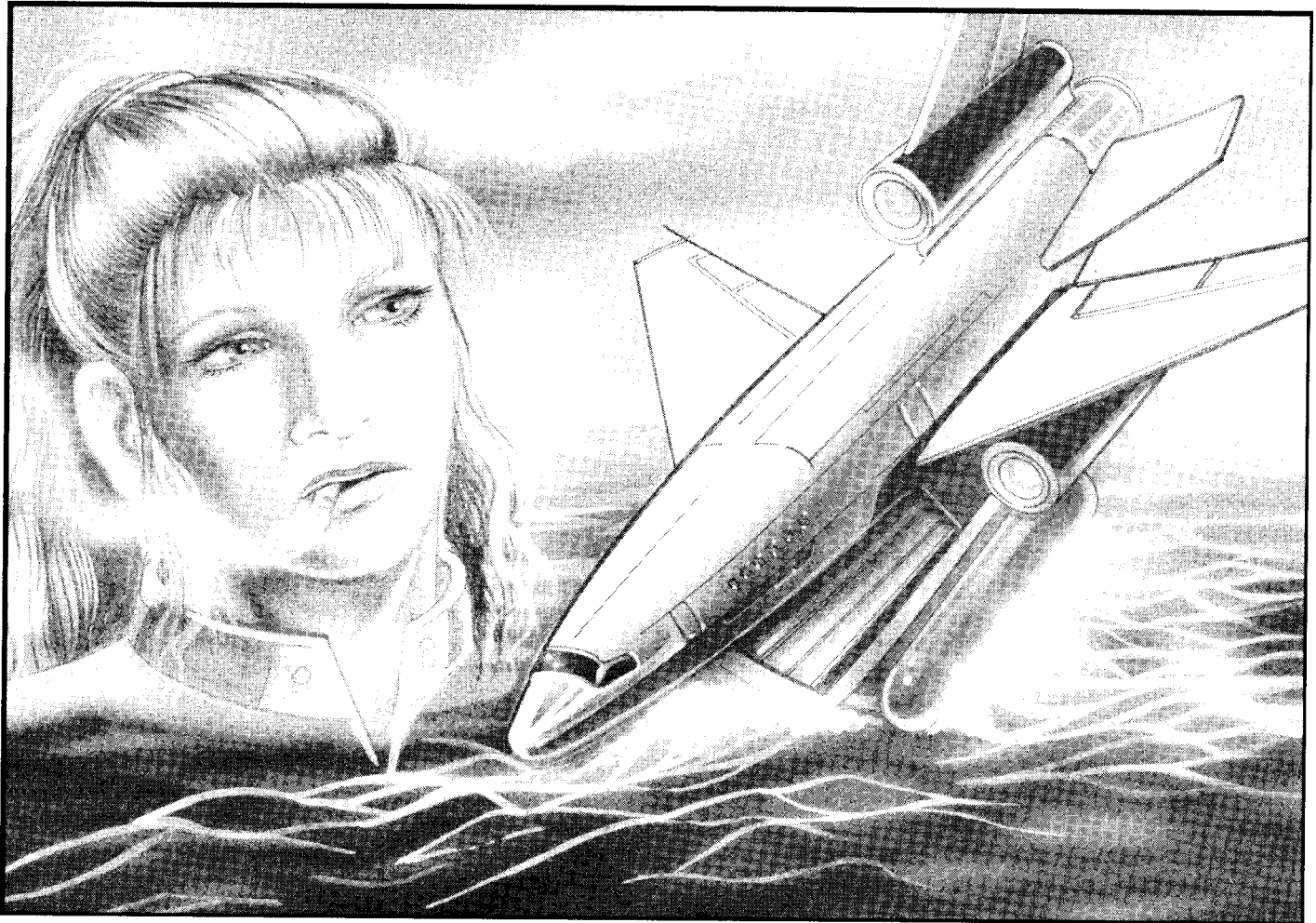
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Intruder!

Introduction

The agents are contacted and instructed to go to a commercial aerodock in LA. They are told to arrive at an exact time, no sooner and no later.

When they arrive they see a cargo jet riding low in the water. Agents with any aviation skill realize the oversized engines of the jet are not standard and that cargo jets of that size are not normally equipped for water landings. The side hatch is open and a set of retractable stairs connects the plane and dock. At the bottom of the stairs is a well-built, attractive, blond woman, dressed in a military flight coverall. She is chain smoking and gazing abstractly into the distance.

If the team is early, she ignores them unless they try to enter. She answers no hails from the communicators as well. She does not recognize a Bureau command card, but she has some suggestions as to what the agents can do with it. If someone tries to get past her, they hear a low, throaty, animal growl from her that gives them the "willies" as well as triggers their SNS.

When the appropriate time comes, she flicks her last cigarette away (if anyone is nearby, she flicks the cigarette into their face) and it explodes into a shower of sparks. She quickly mounts the stairs and disappears into the body of the plane. The jet turbines ignite and rev up to operating speed. The sound tears

at their ears driving them into the plane.

Inside, they find no trace of her. Instead there is a small cabin with a projection TV mounted on the front wall and a dozen heavily padded chairs facing it. In the rear is a single door marked "Restroom".

The chairs are gimbal and mounted to rotate freely in all directions. Velcro straps are attached to hold the occupant securely in any orientation. All in all it looks pretty kinky.

Between two seats is a large locked case labeled with medical supply symbols.

The restroom appears fairly typical of airline toilets except for the plaque that warns, "DO NOT USE IN ZERO G".

As soon as the last agent is through the entryway, the stairs collapse into the body of the plane and a heavy hatch rotates shut, cutting off the squeal of the engines like a knife.

The projection screen activates and they see the woman again. Any agents with the skill Fighter Pilot knows that she has state of the art pilot control equipment attached to her headset. The screen displays only her head and upper torso. No outside view or view of the cockpit controls is given.

Welcome aboard the Sky Rider. I am your pilot, Melissa Sutherland. Please take your seats and strap in. Lift off in 10 seconds, nine, eight...

If the agents scramble, they can get most of the straps on. What they don't realize is that they are already airborne. The plane is so heavy and powerful that the water caused no noticeable drag or turbulence on take-off.

What they don't expect is to be hit with about 4 G's of acceleration as she punches it through a few miles of altitude before leveling off. The seats automatically revolve to put the occupant in the best position to endure the thrust (properly oriented an average person can endure up to 7 G's without blacking out). If an agent makes a Real Tough **Physical Surveillance** roll, he notices that she does not seem affected at all by this. It doesn't even muss her hair.

When the chairs return to their initial positions, the medical supplies chest automatically unlocks. Inside the agents find a lot of emergency medical supplies, but also a very nice picnic lunch. As they munch on the goodies the screen switches on and a tape begins to play. It is their mission briefing. The following is the narration:

Five years ago Bureau 13 realized that the American people were suffering incursions from extra-terrestrial forces. In order to protect the people and borders of the United States, a top secret early warning and deterrent installation was developed on the far side of the moon.

To man this first line of defense an international consortium of scientists and visionaries was formed and sworn to absolute secrecy. In addition, each researcher was required to commit to a two year sequestration, his or her tour of duty. Many requested sabbaticals from their university or government posts or were hired away to remote, fictitious, research sites. This has proven fairly effective but many of the UFO conspiracy theories in recent years can be traced back to security breaches in this project.

The two major parts of the program are the Pacific station which provides Earth defense coordination and administration, equipment requisition fulfillment, research support, and personnel acquisition and the Farside Station which provides detection, research, and deterrent.

In order to maintain communication between the two stations a manned satellite (code name : Bedroom Eye) was placed in orbit at the lunar terminator, just high enough to clear the highest mountains on the Moon below. This low altitude, high velocity orbit reduces chances of detection, makes it a more difficult object to target, and, if abandoned, requires less flight time to the lunar surface and the nearest transponder tower. Transmissions are relayed to the station through transponder towers on the lunar surface. These are as far apart as possible but not so far that there is any chance that the low powered, high bandwidth transmissions would leak into space. All transmissions between Earth and the station pass through this satellite. It has fallen silent.

Bedroom Eye is spherically constructed, 90 feet in diameter. It is mostly aluminum with composite material supports such as graphite. Its primary power source is photoelectric cells that cover all possible surfaces. The power is stored in fuel cells and high velocity flywheels. Its outside coloration is flat black.

It has no defenses and would be abandoned to automatic processes in times of attack. However, it also has the finest sensors that our technology can create. Since the program's inception we have detected and destroyed 14 alien craft. We know that some have gotten through. Maybe one got Bedroom Eye.

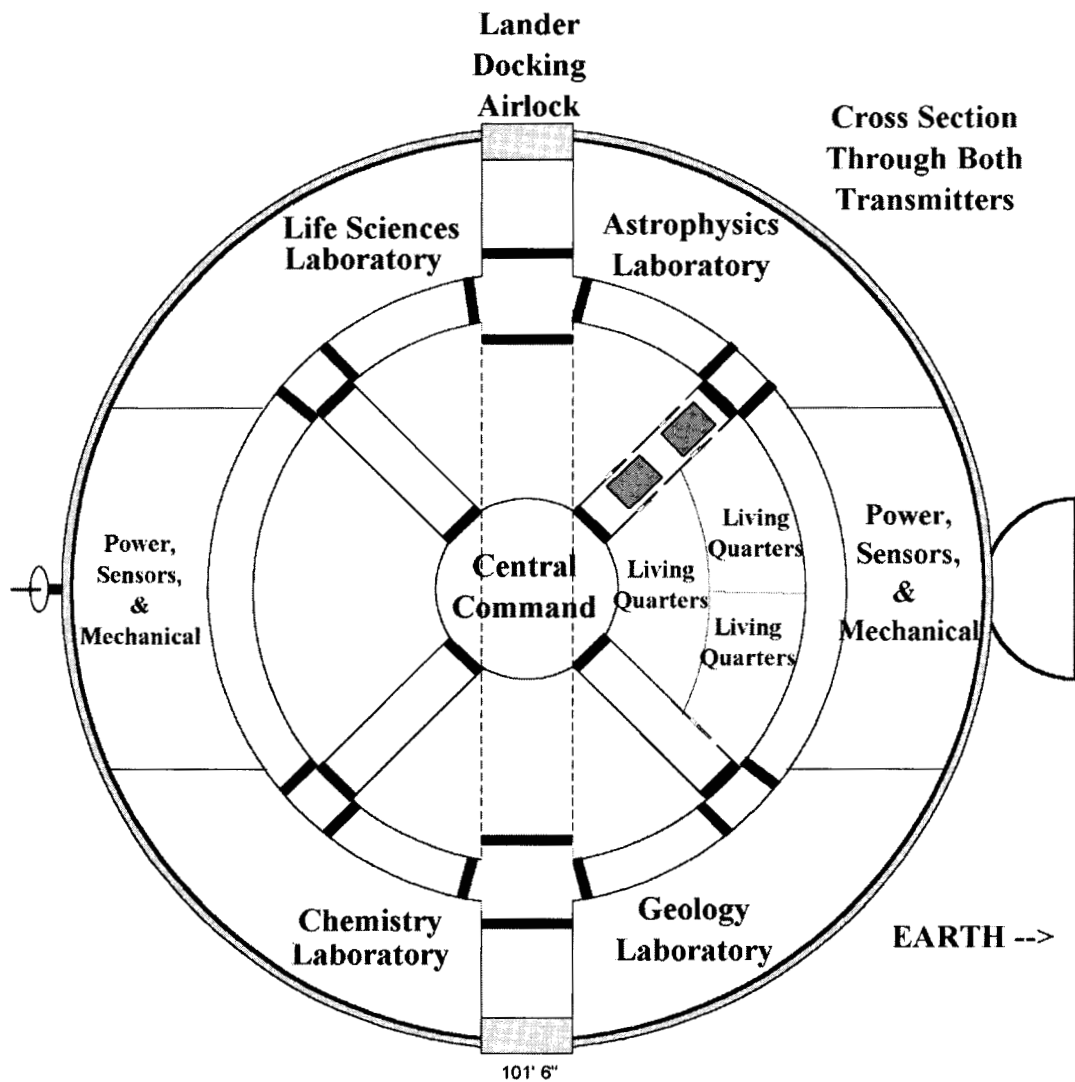
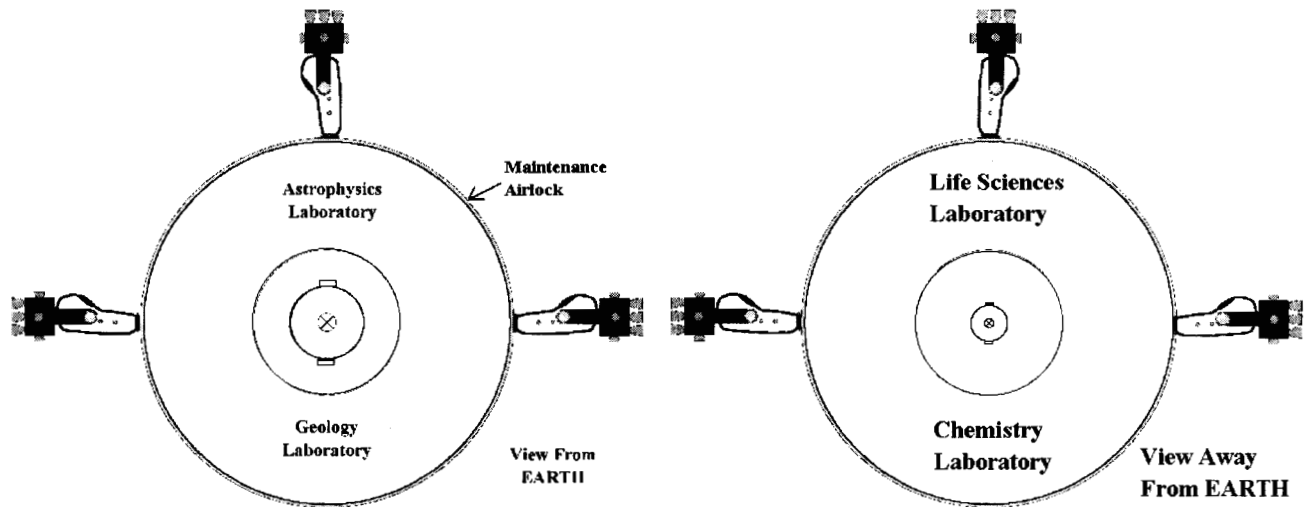
None of this would have been possible without the discovery of Borge Reinholtz. Borge is a German national who has a singular talent: He is an absolute teleporter. He can teleport an object or person an exact distance away from him along an indicated line, called a vector. He can teleport an object almost 300,000 miles away. The limit to the mass teleported is psychological: he must be able to lift it.

Your job is to investigate Bedroom Eye and attempt to re-establish communication with Pacific Station. Borge will teleport you in EVA spacesuits to Bedroom Eye. Due to the nature of teleportation, the object teleported always takes the speed and direction of the nearest mass to it. If the station is utterly destroyed, you will not be in orbit relative to the moon and will fall to your deaths.

Assuming that you are successfully inserted into orbit, you must use the nitrogen thrusters in your EVA maneuvering harnesses to close the distance to the station.

Your primary target is the external communication dish that should be pointed at the Earth. There is one on the other side which is used to relay transmissions to Farside Station. The equipment we are sending with you should be used as follows:

- 1) Determine if any lights are present on the control module at the base of the dish. If not, replace the module with the one provided; it has its own power source and can perform diagnostic tests on the dish. There is a small display screen which will provide instructions and display the status of the procedure.
- 2) If the display indicates, replace each attitude adjuster (there are 8) that reads defective. These are rods of adjustable length that push against a ring mounted around the universal joint that connects the dish to the satellite. These orient the dish properly toward the Earth. Replacement control cables are included to connect the adjusters to the control module.
- 3) If the display indicates, there may be no external power or connection to the communication array in the interior control center of Bedroom Eye. This bodes ill since this is essential equipment and is built like a rock with multiple redundant circuitry. You must either restore power and bring that equipment on-line, or attach the power & display module. It has enough power for eight hours continuous use and can be used with your suit communicators. It can be recharged from any battery coupling. They are all standardized on the satellite.



Intruder !

When everything is connected and operational, the transmitter/receiver should automatically seek the signal we are sending out. It is of the utmost importance that you establish communication as soon as possible as this continuous signal is an unprecedented security breach for this operation. Once we have link-up we can return to the burst transmission mode that we previously used.

In any event, we can only send you with enough life support for 6 hours. You should expect a delay of least 10 hours before we can send any more supplies to you and that assumes that you have succeeded in re-establishing communication. You will have to replenish your life support from whatever remains of the station.

If the station is completely breached and no location can be pressurized, you have one hope. There are couplings for four lunar landers. Three were docked at Bedroom Eye before the incident. These are rugged, reusable transports employed to transfer personnel and supplies between Farside Station and Bedroom Eye. They may still be attached to the satellite or in free-fall, nearby. If they are all gone, hopefully the crew of the satellite used them to escape.

We have no idea what has caused this communication blackout. We can only assume that the station was attacked. We regret placing your team in such peril with so little intelligence, but if this is an alien attack, the security of the whole world may be at stake.

Due to weight constraints, your team can carry a total of 15 lbs extra mass. We will do all that we can to fulfill any request before you are sent to the Moon. You will be sent immediately after you are fitted with spacesuits. This should be no more than an hour after your arrival at Pacific Station.

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The full plans of both stations will be available to you while you are suiting up. Please examine them closely. Your lives may depend on your familiarity with these designs.

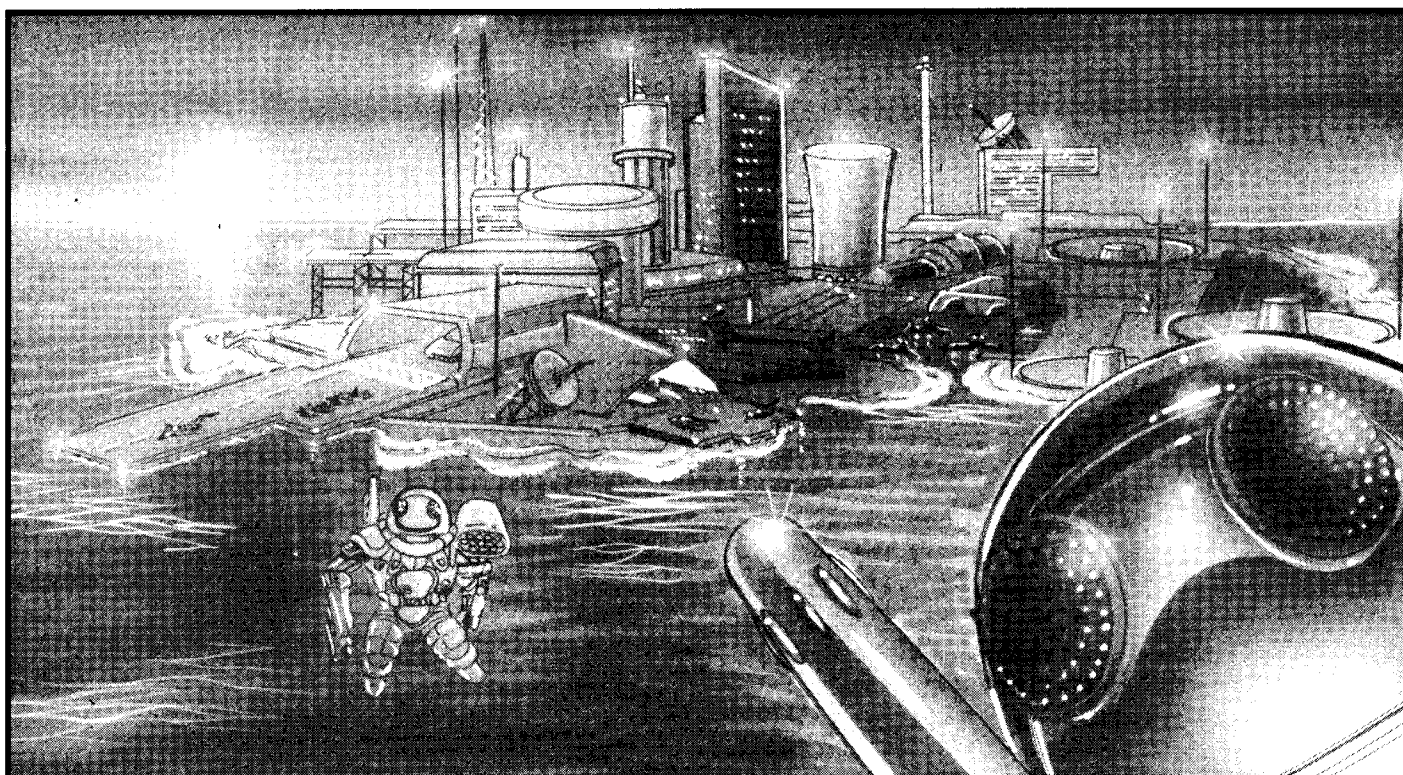
The briefing shuts off with a snap. The agents see the pilot again, laser tracings reflecting off the sheen on her face. A thin trickle of dried blood connects the corner of her mouth and the side of her chin. "Reinsertion in 5 minutes, people. Buckle up!"

True to her word, the plane goes through similar gyrations as before which ends in a long series of throbbing vibrations that fade into silence. A few minutes later the hatch opens into a world of wonder.

Pacific Island

Just a set of coordinates on a navy map, this island was inhabited twenty years ago by Polynesian natives. Then a tropical storm decimated the populace and wildlife. The survivors were relocated to Fiji.

Only an almost submerged sea mount was left of the island. Billions of dollars and tons of cement were poured into what has become the second most secret location on Earth (at least as far as the Bureau is concerned). This is the primary research base for the Bureau. It boasts a full range of orbital, underwater, and land-based defenses as well as magical defenses that cannot even be understood by those outside of the craft. It is the home base for the Vindicators (see Bureau file: Vindicators), and is considered a backup main base in case the central office is destroyed again. The whole island is cloaked by an illusion of open ocean that is penetrated only at a distance of a quarter mile. Strong elemental forces (like heavy storms) will negate this illusion for their duration.



Aliens Among Us

Approximately 1000 researchers, technicians, support personnel, and permanent agents are assigned here. Some are retired agents who have suffered permanent disabilities or needed to "drop out" for a few years. All those stationed here expect to stay a minimum of two years before returning to "civilization". All personnel who are stationed on this base undergo psionic conditioning that prevents them from remembering its exact location.

The space researchers are definitely in the minority here, but great care has been taken to make them think that all this is for them alone. All areas are color coded in a fashion very familiar to the agents. It is the same system used at the Bureau training bases. Id badges clearly show which colored areas each person is cleared for. An invisible scanning system constantly checks the badges for violations and verbally warns the wearer by name if he or she strays into an unauthorized area.

At the bottom of the stairs is a drop-dead gorgeous blond who introduces herself as Dr. Sarah Clark. She gives each agent an Id badge which is cleared for all areas, but they will have little time to exploit their freedom. She is a psychiatrist and her chief job is the mental well-being of the project's chief asset: Borge Reinholtz. She refers to the agents as "troubleshooters" and is either a very good actress (or psychologist) or has no idea what is really going on. If she is asked about the pilot, she looks confused and says that these flights are entirely operated by remote control.

She takes them to the area where they are to be fitted with spacesuits. The technicians swarm all over them, brushing Sarah away. She waves gayly and shouts that she and Borge will see them soon. Laptop computers with a CAD (computer aided design) program are pressed into their hands. Each computer contains the entire plans for Bedroom Eye and Farside Station. If any of the agents try to talk to the technicians, they are told that all the technicians have explicit instructions to avoid distracting the "troubleshooters" from the computerized briefing. Surely some of these people are Bureau personnel, but the agents cannot tell who they are.

Space Suits

These are only slightly improved on the suits that the astronauts used on the Apollo mission. With the cutbacks in the NASA space program little development work has been done on EVA equipment. Weighing about 170 pounds each suit comprises:

- A inner, liquid cooling garment composed of a plastic jumpsuit with tubes filled with water running through it and embedded sensors which allow the suit to provide proper life support to all parts of the body and provide telemetry of the astronauts vital signs to a command post.
- An elastic layer that allows the suit to cling to the body and provide a good seal at the joints of the suit. This is the last line of defense in case of a rupture.
- A two layer fire resistant filament coated Beta cloth with extra thickness at the shoulders, knees, and elbows
- 2 layers of neoprene-coated nylon
- 7 layers of a Beta/Kapron laminate cloth

Intruder !

- A final outer layer of teflon-coated Beta cloth.

Altogether they weigh about 55 lbs and we have not counted the weight of the helmet yet.

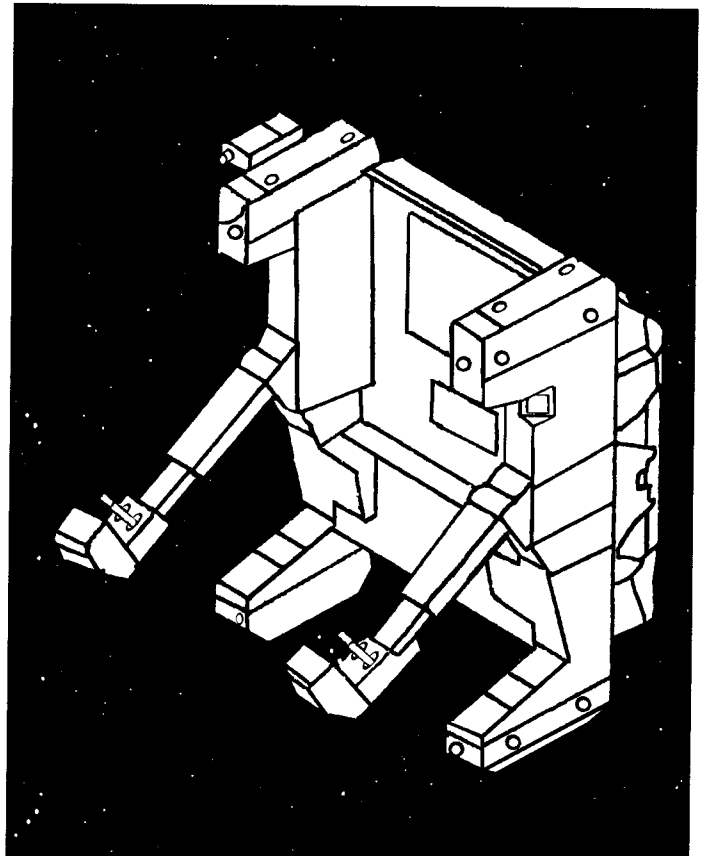
Over this basic suit is added the extravehicular garment which is composed of 15 layers of additional beta cloth to protect against tiny meteoroids that travel open space within Earth orbit.

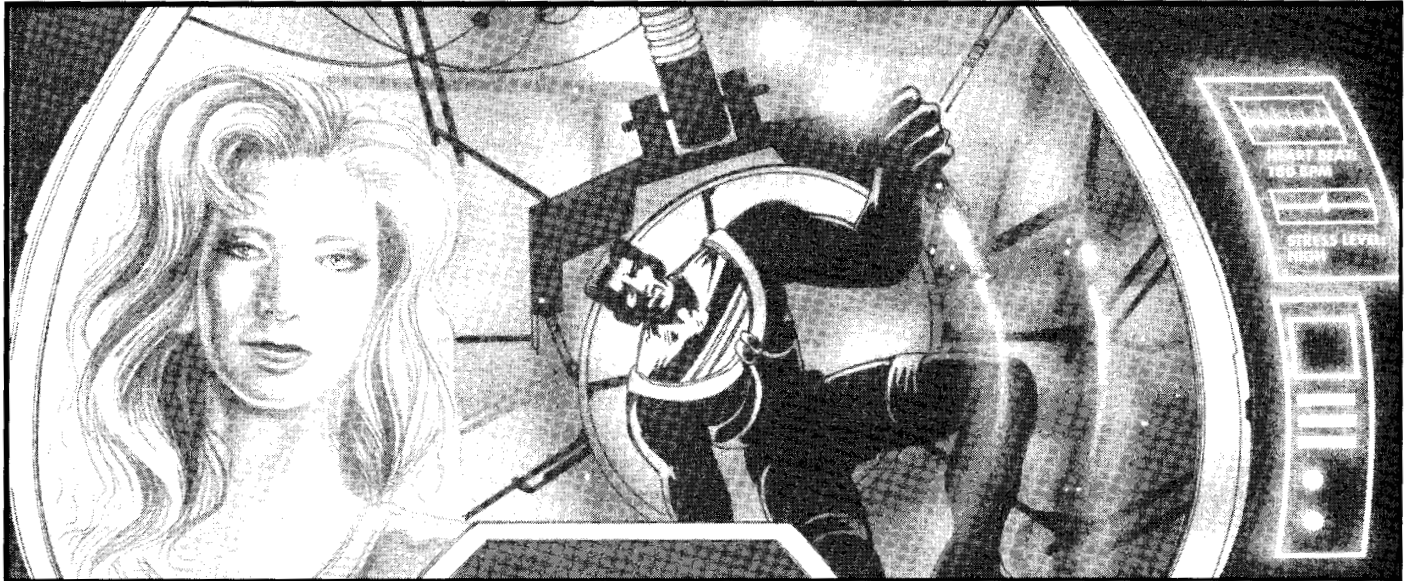
The biggest improvement since Apollo is the waist ring seal which allows the exterior suit to be easily donned and removed.

The atmosphere inside a space suit is 60% oxygen and 40% nitrogen. The nitrogen is to prevent oxygen poisoning and as a fire safety measure. The higher oxygen content allows the suit to provide sufficient atmosphere at a far lower pressure than normal for Earth. The suit can maintain better integrity at a lower pressure. More importantly, the joints are more flexible. Any inflated object in a vacuum resists bending. Astronauts must have great upper body strength to work for extended periods since they are constantly fighting their suits. There are adjustable joints in the shoulders to help reduce this exertion. The standard suit pressure is 5 lbs/sq inch as compared to 14.7 lbs/sq inch at sea level on Earth. A standard life support pack is only good for 4 hours. Additional time is provided in 30 minute increments by 2 two pound high pressure oxygen bottles which mount in the top of the PLSS (Portable Life Support System). The agents will be carrying 6 more of these bottles for a total of 6 hours life support.

To this is added the maneuvering frame with the nitrogen thrusters and remote camera.

Altogether the suit, helmet, and frame totals to 215 lbs. Knowing that Borge must lift this plus their weight quite a few times, the agents can see why they cannot bring much else.





Teleport Chamber

The agents, feeling like pregnant water buffalo, are loaded onto motorized hand trucks and rolled to a windowless room deep in a high security zone. In addition to the door they entered, there is a heavy security door marked with a flashing red light.

On the floor are four packages, vacuum-sealed in plastic. They are the control unit, attitude adjusters, power & display module, and whatever equipment the agents have requested. While they were being fitted, this equipment has been undergoing slow decompression. When the team is teleported into deep space everything will undergo explosive decompression as they go from room pressure to zero pressure. Lots of equipment cannot stand that kind of stress. Also, there is a nasty tendency for any moisture to condense and freeze, occulting displays and interrupting electrical connections.

The flashing light stops and the door unseals. Some of the more experienced agents realize that this is one serious door: armor plated, CBW sealed, positive air pressure, etc. Sarah emerges wearing a radio headset and an aerobic exercise outfit that shows off all of her finer qualities. There is a quiet intensity about her that wasn't there before. She calls out an agent's name and points at a package after sizing up his overall mass.

Sarah leads the three technicians, who are carrying the package and duck-walking the agent, across a retractable catwalk that extends from the edge of this large spherical chamber to the center.

Suspended in the center of the room and shadowed by some weird universal joint is Borge Reinholtz. He is a massive chunk of a man - an Aryan wonder in the flesh. His black eyes peer out of the depths of his shadowed face. He hangs like a grey spider waiting for his prey.

Sarah tells the techs to switch the agent over to his internal air supply. A heads-up display activates in the left corner of his helmet, showing life support status, communication channels, and environmental readings. They hand the agent the package, make sure he doesn't topple over immediately, and leave.

Sarah switches on her headset. She leans very close to the agent, stabilizing him, and looking him straight in the eye says:

*Do you want to live? Listen carefully. Once we begin you must say and do nothing, no matter what happens, no matter what I or Borge say. You are to remain as inert as the package you carry. The ranges involved are extreme as is the weight Borge must lift. There is no margin for error. His concentration must be absolute. If he fails, you **will** die. Can you do this?*

The agent swallows hard and nods. He sees by the faceplate display that his heartbeat jumped about 20 beats a minute during this little talk. Sarah turns him around so he faces away from Borge and herself. The agent watches the catwalk slowly retract back into the wall.

"Ready for rotation", says an unseen technician over the comm-link. The tiny platform that the agent is standing on is connected to the universal joint. There is a faint vibration as the whole unit rotates until it faces a section of the wall where a single bright light glows. If the agent makes a Medium **WISDOM** roll, he realizes that the light indicates the direction that Borge is going to teleport him.

"Waiting for your mark, Borge," says Sarah in clipped tones.

"Now!" grunts a deep bass voice.

"Okay, baby, get into the groove. You know what to do", says Sarah as she begins a litany of soothing encouragements. Behind the agent she is sitting in a harness above Borge. From there she can see any changes in his condition or the progress of the teleport. She is expert in reading his body language and facial expressions. Any deviation in his breathing rhythm or spurious muscle twitch speaks volumes to her. The running monologue is designed to help him to relax, concentrate, and be at his peak when the moment of truth comes. He is her instrument, and she is a master musician.

If the agent continues to watch carefully he can see that the light changes position in tiny increments maintaining the proper course to his destination as the moon and earth perform their celestial dance.

Suddenly the platform drops away as two massive arms grab the agent's environmental support harness and yank him into the air. He is dangling precipitously far above the floor! If the agent makes a straight **WISDOM** roll, he doesn't thrash around and elicit curses from both Borge and Sarah.

A moment later, the moon is spinning madly in the agent's face and he is falling.

Actually the agent is in orbit, but is moving so fast and so close to the lunar surface that it seems that he must crash against it even though he is miles above the meteor-pocked landscape. The lack of atmosphere enhances this illusion since there is no softening of features, one of the marks of distance in an atmosphere. Finally, Zero G is like an unending elevator descent. No wonder the agent is disoriented and panicking.

The agent discovers another surprise. Once the space suit inflates, it no longer seems like clothes. Instead, it is as if he is trapped in a very small room as he bounces from side to side with every movement. Many shuttle astronauts have had serious bouts of claustrophobia. Some never got past it. If the agent makes a **Mental Stability** Roll, he's fine, but, if he fails, his Bureau conditioning will get him through and he will suffer a serious stability loss.

About a thousand feet below, racing across the lunar landscape with him, is the dark mass of the orbital station, Bedroom Eye. The agent must decide whether to approach it or wait for the rest of the team he hopes will be following.

No Refuge

One nice feature of having no atmosphere is that distance does not make objects indistinct. If the agent has a good pair of binoculars along he can get a good view of the station. Of course any such equipment would have undergone the decompression and plastic sealing performed on all objects that they were to bring with them. The tough plastic sheath is impossible to tear open and cutting with no leverage is a difficult task as well. Fortunately, it comes with a small device that has a heat edge which can melt through the plastic exposing the contents. All the objects in each package are connected by thin cords to keep them from spinning free when the bag is opened. These cords can be broken by sheer strength or cut with the heat cutter.

Through the binoculars the agents can see that the station is in shambles. Bits of metal surround the station like a swarm of hornets. Large holes have been punched through the outer skin. There are still two lunar landers attached to the hull.

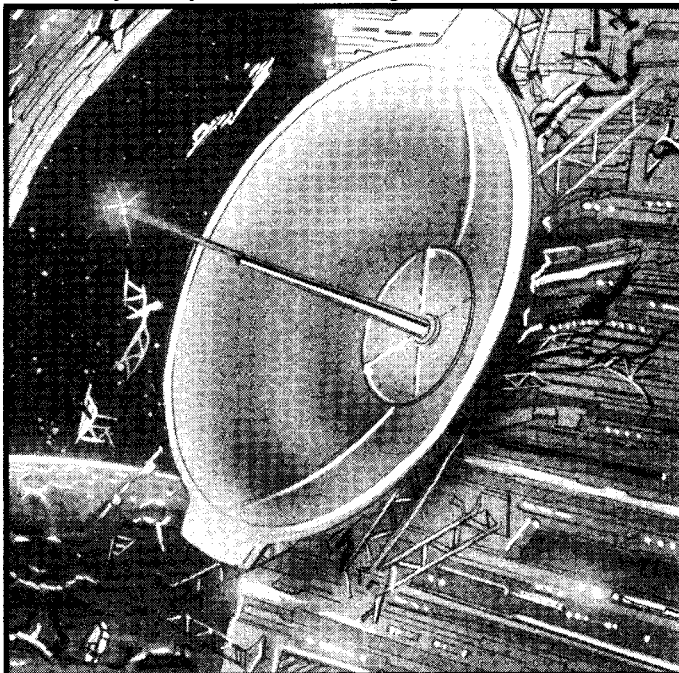
The maneuvering jets are fairly simple to operate. Assuming that no one tries to approach the station at an excessive rate of speed, the agents should have no problem steering there safely. An agent with acrobatic or gymnastic training should do better since she is more aware of how to maneuver around a center of mass (roll under 1/2 Luck + level of skill in Gymnastics for ease of adaption to Zero G).

Closer up they see four docking ports for the Lunar landers. These are in an equatorial ring to put the communication dishes toward the Moon and Earth as far away from their jets as possible. Also on this equatorial ring is the service airlock. They discover that it is on battery power.

The Communication Dish

The mounting for the dish has sunk into the surface of the station as if something grabbed it from underneath and yanked. Anyone with any skill in structural engineering can see this and will know that the mount is unusable. When the control module is attached to the base it indicates that the dish is receiving no power from the station. It also indicates that all of the attitude adjustment rods must be replaced. Again, someone might realize that the damaged mount does not allow the rods to work properly and so this reading might be in error. However, a wise team will replace them.

Replacement of the rods takes about a half hour. At this point they should have attached the external power module as well and can attempt to contact Earth. Unfortunately, this proves impossible since the damaged mount does not allow the dish to track properly. The display screen indicates failure due to mechanical malfunction. The whole dish must be removed and reattached at a different location. This requires some tools from the locker just inside the airlock and at least another hour's work before they can try to contact Earth again.



Restless Natives

There are lots of holes all over the outside of the station, as if explosions occurred inside or objects were hurled out. However, none are large enough for anyone to climb through. More puzzling are the spots where the holes go in, as if someone or something was shelling the station.

At one location there is a huge dimple as if a giant fist slammed into the station. This corresponds to the geology lab in the satellite floor plans.

While they were working on the comm dish they noticed that the station seems to be shaking in irregular intervals, as if something is continuing to stress the inside of the satellite, perhaps even explosions. In the vacuum of space explosives do not work as well. Someone might still be alive inside, maybe fighting for his life.

The Airlock

The outside door opens inward easily since there is no atmosphere inside. A small storage locker contains the tools the agents need to cut the comm dish free. The inner door should be equally easy to open since it is designed to open when the pressure inside the lock and in the corridor beyond are the same. However, the door shows extensive damage, as if something was trying to pry it free. They have to use the tools in the locker to free the door. It is obvious that extensive repairs are required before this section of corridor will hold atmosphere again.

The whole corridor is filled with a blizzard of small bits of plastic and metal. All the conduits and structural parts of the walls have been exposed. It is as if the lining of the corridor was torn free and pulverized. The light from their lamps reflects in blinding flashes from the gyrating raw metal edges. Visibility is just a few feet. A few emergency lights remain, hanging from their wires, spaced irregularly along the corridor, which swing back and forth as small tremors jar them and send squalls of plastic snow up and down the corridor.

Normally the agents could bring their maneuvering harnesses into the corridor. In fact, it is slightly larger now than originally designed. Sadly, the exposed wires, tubing, and strips of plastic would snag the harnesses before they got far. They have to abandon them at the airlock. Pushing off the walls is a more efficient mode of locomotion, and the tough gloves of the spacesuits should be proof against any sharp edges.

Intruder!

Their first warning of its approach is the sudden swirling of the floating debris around them. They feel an unexpected bout of slight dizziness (see Medical Adjustments to Statistics in Bureau 13 handbook, page 122).

Through the reflected glare they see a small sparkling object moving with control and ease along the corridor toward them. As it approaches the agents see that debris swirls madly near it and the extruded aluminum walls of the corridor to either side are noticeably distorted toward it. The sparkling comes from light reflecting off the debris whirling around it. What lies beneath, no one can tell.

Should anyone be so foolish as to throw something at it or worse, fire at it, the object will pulverize as it hits the intruder sending shrapnel back at ballistic speed. These bits will easily penetrate their suits, and embed in their bodies. The suits will seal preventing loss of atmosphere.

Following this or if they just wait a while, the sparkling object attempts to close. Their only hope of escape is to either go outside again or split up, dodging down a corridor toward the center of the station. The object moves as if Zero G was its natural element. It does not seem to be in any hurry to catch up. However, there is no place on the station that can provide more than momentary refuge. All the airtight doors in the passageways that should have closed in the event of major decompression are either completely destroyed or their centers are chewed through.



Central Command

If the agents go to the center they discover why there is no power. The entire command post has been gutted. The main structural members have been twisted, torn free, or chewed off. Fragments of control panels float free. It is as if a tornado roared through here. Nothing of value survives. Bedroom Eye will have to be totally rebuilt.

The intruder sails easily through this mess and continues to close with the agents.

Back to the Wall

If the agents are unwise and enter a compartment off of the corridor and try to put a door between them and their pursuer, it chews right through the reinforced plastic in a matter of seconds. The shrapnel from the disintegrating door fills the room, imbedding into the walls and the agents. If they survive, their only hope is to dodge it. Since they are unskilled in Zero G maneuvering, their strength becomes worse than useless (recalculate their Dodge score to be their gymnastic skill level + agility divided by 2).

If they fail, then the agents either mis-jumped right into it or the intruder suddenly yanked them toward itself. Either way they are doomed. Treat it as a chain-saw blade attack as it grinds through their space suits and fills the surrounding space with gory bits.

Since the normal pressure in the station is fairly low, walls do not need exceptional structural strength. If they have the armament, they might blow out a wall and escape into another chamber, corridor, or even out to space. Anything is better than facing this thing of destruction.

Outwitting The Intruder

Since human beings andropomorphise everything, even to the point of giving pet names to parts of their anatomy, it won't be long before someone starts treating this thing as if it is alive (which it is) and calling it something silly like **Kevin**. They have to get into the space station, if for no other reason than to get more life support which is steadily running out. However, there is no place that Kevin cannot reach one way or another. What it does not seem willing to do is leave the station. Kevin will move right up to the edge of the airlock and stop. Nothing can lure it out.

What does work is for someone to lurk outside the airlock and attract it there while someone else attempts to enter the satellite from one of the lunar lander docking airlocks, preferably as far away as possible. The more interesting the agent at the airlock behaves, the lower the likelihood of Kevin abandoning him for more accessible agents inside the station. Of course, anything in the lock (maneuvering harnesses, controls, walls, and those tools in the wall panel) will be destroyed as it moves back and forth, following the antics of the agent. Remember that any agent floating in space directly in front of the airlock will be dragged to Kevin by the same attractive force that distorted the walls as it moved and killed. The maneuvering

harness jets are inadequate to resist its pull.

To provide more security for the station and to protect against radiation, communication transmissions cannot penetrate the shielding under the outside skin of the station. Therefore, if Kevin gets bored and goes back into the station, the agent must follow to warn anyone inside, unless they have cobbled together a transmission repeater and attached it inside the satellite with a line of sight or cable link to the outside (A tough Electronic Engineering or Communication Technology roll is required, assuming proper components are available).

Contacting Earth

The agents outside should have set up the communication dish in a better location by now. After hunting for a few minutes, it locks onto the signal from Earth. The agents can now communicate directly with Tech Support at Pacific Base. Due to the distance between the Earth and Moon there is a minimum of three seconds between any transmission and reply. In practice it is much longer since Pacific Base immediately changes over to burst transmission. This means that each side will talk until done and then the words are compressed and squirted to the target in a micro-second transmission burst and uncompressed there.

Example: Pacific Base speaks for 30 seconds. Bedroom Eye hears nothing until Pacific Base stops talking and the transmission is received (31.5 seconds). Decompression takes no real time so Bedroom Eye listens to the 30 second transmission and only then begins composing a reply. If the reply is the same length, one minute and three seconds passes before the operator at Pacific Base receives any reply. This seems maddingly slow, but is essential to avoid interception of the transmission. Since there is evidence of alien life Bureau 13 must assume that they are listening as well.

When they link up and Earth hears about Mr. Buzzsaw, the first thing that they ask about is the state of the lunar landers. If they can be detached from the station, they should be. The agents will probably have to abandon the station and the landers may have the only accessible life support for them. Each lander has only one airlock, which is currently mated with the station. The only way to gain access to the lander from outside the satellite is to detach them from their moorings and then enter the now-accessible airlock. The procedure for doing this is not in the floor plans for the satellite but Pacific Station can send the data now that communication has been reestablished.

The second item of interest to Pacific Base is whether they have had any contact with Farside Station. The team has probably been too busy to check whether the smaller dish on the other side is operating. It works just fine, but has no power. The agents have to remove the control module out of the dish towards Earth and connect it and the power module to the other dish to get it working. This will cut communication with Earth. A better idea is to try to use the communication system in one of the shuttles. Unfortunately, the equipment can lock onto no transmissions from Farside Station. This means that Farside station is under attack or is laying low to avoid attack.

Stranded

If the team waits a while and monitors the Moonside communication equipment, they will pick up a signal from one of the grounded landers that escaped Bedroom Eye. The landers' transmitters are only designed for communicating when docking and landing. The orbit of Bedroom Eye brings it into range for only a few minutes per revolution. However, the agents may miss it because they don't want to stay out of communication with Pacific Station and will remove the control module from the Farside dish and return it to the Earthside dish before receiving the transmission. Again the best solution is to use the equipment in one of the landers to monitor for any transmissions.

In the grounded lander are the members of the Life Science team: Dr. Ito Yusama, Dr. Amy Calvin, Dr. Bernard Smythe, Dr. Julian Santos, Dr. Francess Bardot, and Dr. Balo Muchaka.

A quick check of the station schematics indicates that the Life Science laboratory is located on farside of the station from Earth and diagonal to the Geology laboratory. It also has the most life support reserves due to the animal research performed there. Sadly, if the agents reach the lab they find it gutted of reserve oxygen, batteries, and animal cages. They are with the research team on the surface.

The Life Science team was performing a long-term experiment on abnormal brain development in Zero G pregnancies when a huge shock rocked the station. Atmospheric alarms sounded and corridor doors automatically sealed. Half the team scrambled from their beds, rubbing the sleep from their eyes. Dr. Calvin raised Central Command on her terminal just in time to see something explode out of the wall behind Commander Lynn Hennelly. The commander bounced forward against the camera and down, her back bristling with shrapnel and welling blood. "Abandon ship," she croaked as the power throughout the ship switched to emergency reserves and the screen blanked.



Fearing the worst they snapped the animal cages free from their couplings and spun free all the batteries and oxygen bottles. Each gave a prayer of thanks to the exhaustive emergency training they had received and cursed as a waste time until now. Less than a minute later they were in the nearest lander and initiating an emergency disengage.

As they fell away from Bedroom Eye they could see jets of steam from escaping from numerous holes that opened in the skin of the space station. Was someone using Satan's own shotgun in there?

The lander followed its programming and navigated to the nearest transmitter tower it could safely reach on a powered descent. They do not have enough fuel to take off again. They will have to be rescued.

When they got everything safely sorted out they attempted to patch into the transmitter tower and contact Farside Station. There was no response. At least the transmitter booster could provide them with power long after they ran out of oxygen.

With the reclamation systems in the lander and the additional power they can expect to survive a few days, perhaps as long as a week. Ultimately these systems will fail.

The only thing they know about the Geology lab (the site of the big dent) is that the researchers were really excited about a core sample that had just been shipped up from Farside. They were conspiring like school children.

Searching the Station

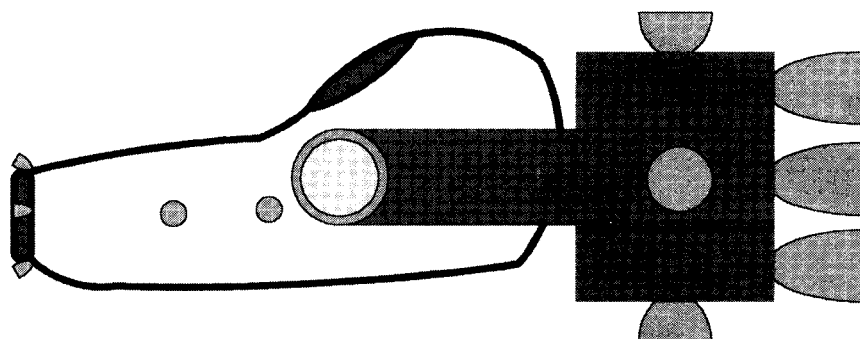
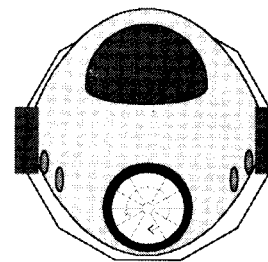
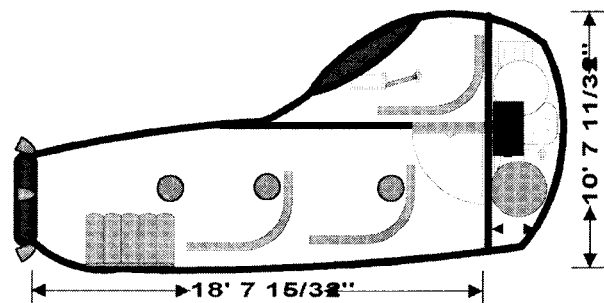
Not everyone managed to escape in the landers. Floating against a wall is the body of a researcher who caught shrapnel. A cloud of blood billows around him, stringy with clots.

Another casualty is a researcher who made it to an airtight compartment, but the passage of the creature twisted the hatch and breached its seal. He died of anoxia before his blood began to boil.

Most of the research areas are intact. There is evidence of sudden abandonment: equipment in use, experiments ruined, pens and papers floating free.

The rest of the personnel are dead at the "hand" of the creature. Even trapped in their compartments by the sudden vacuum it still found them out. It bored inexorably into each compartment and killed them one by one until none were left. Then it slowly returned to what remained of the command center and hung there, waiting.

Assuming that the agents can avoid the creature marauding the station, they discover that the greatest amount of damage was done to the geology lab. This matches the depression on the outside of the station. It is as if the entire area imploded and was reduced to chaff. Only the thick outer wall remains, and that is heavily scarred and buckled inward. There is nothing left. If the agents have reestablished contact with Pacific Station the computers records only indicate that they were examining lunar bedrock core samples. This had been going on for some time. Perhaps they found something unexpected. One of the latest batch of samples exhibited exceptional density, perhaps containing an uranium deposit.



Lunar Landers

These orbital workhorses come in only one flavor. Their primary purpose is to transport personnel from Farside Station and Bedroom Eye. In the event of an emergency they may be piloted by an inexperienced or injured crew. Therefore, a lot of standardization and "smarts" were built into the devices.

Each only has one airlock which is at the "nose" of the craft. This mates with small, four foot deep, airlocks on the equatorial ring of Bedroom Eye. These airlocks are the only areas guaranteed to have life support. However, the locking mechanisms are designed to recycle the atmosphere by pumping it into storage tanks. There is only enough pressure for a few cycles of the lock while the interior of the station is in vacuum. Unlike the airlock door at the orbital station, the lander air-tight door does not recycle air. It vents into the vacuum if a landing is made away from the orbital station or Farside Station. However, the 2 compartment design allows the pilot area to remain pressurized while lunar excursions are made.

The Lunar Lander is made up of two primary parts: the thruster unit, and the crew compartment. Each are completely self sufficient and are connected by a rotating joint that allows the crew compartment to be reoriented for docking and launch/landings. In an emergency (such as a hard landing) they can be separated from each other quickly using explosive charges at the rotation joint.

The thruster unit has enough fuel for 1 1/2 trips with a little to spare. This allows the lander to make short hops on the surface. It also allows the lander to abort a landing at Farside Station and return to Bedroom Eye. All refuelling is done at Farside Station, though there is a small amount of fuel stored at Bedroom Eye. Sadly, those tanks have been breached by the intruder.

The crew compartment has life support recycling capacity for about a six-man week. Four seats are in the lower berth and two in the pilot chamber. As previously stated, there is

a pressure door connecting this compartment to the lower berth. The pilot only requires instruments to navigate but there is a large observation window. The view from the co-pilot seat is the most coveted spot among passengers. In the event of an emergency, this window can be blown free providing almost instant exit from the cockpit.

The cockpit controls are almost idiot-proof as long as the computer is active. There is a simple menu:

- 1) Choose Destination
 - Farside Station
 - Land at Habitat
 - Signal Docking Umbilicus
 - Land at Secondary Site
 - Backup Landing Pad
 - Cargo Transfer Point
 - Flyover
 - Bedroom Eye
 - Dock with Available Airlock
 - Land at Beacon on Lunar Surface
 - Emergency Landing
 - Land at Transmission Tower
 - Land Anywhere
 - Mate with another Lander
- 2) Communication
 - Lander to Bedroom Eye
 - Lander to Farside Station
 - Lander to Lander
 - Lander to EVA
- 3) Airlock
 - Depressurize/Pressurize Forward Cabin
 - Open/Close Forward Airlock
- 4) Display Status - Default Mode

The display panel is a touch screen that can be easily controlled while wearing a spacesuit. Manual control of the jets is handled through a complex joystick attached to the panel.



Farside Station

Home to hundreds of researchers and Bureau 13 personnel, this sprawling complex is buried in the bottom of a small crater on the far side of the moon. Ringing the rim is an array of ultra sensitive detectors designed to warn of the incursion of any craft native to our solar system or not. This is why everyone is here: To protect the Earth from the alien marauders we know frequent our world.

At some miles distance are the towering weapons installations that are our first line of defense. These are the latest generation of maxed-out Weathermakers torn from Ray Robertson's fingers. Unlike the portable units, these are far more reliable and powerful. It is no accident that they were placed where they cannot possibly be aimed at Earth. Only Bureau personnel has access to these devices and are sworn to secrecy. However, though high security is placed on the weapon systems, the researchers can tell from the tech level of the sensors that these devices are based on principles unknown. Many theories are whispered in the dormitories and over meals, but the consensus is that benevolent aliens have assumed guardianship of our fragile world.

At the center of the complex is the very first dome erected, the fusion power station. Now most power comes from solar power cells, stored in large flywheel batteries deep under the lunar crust. However, when the revolution of the moon turns this face away from the sun, it is fired up again, a safeguard against the bitter lunar night. All the other domes were added as necessary and as more personnel were recruited and assigned.

Hundreds of feet below are two bunkers. One is the refuge for the non-combatant researchers in the event a UFO is detected. The other is the weapon control center for the Weathermakers. It is always manned. It is the most protected area of the entire base. It was the first to be destroyed.

The first warning the researchers had was a sudden series of tremors as contact with the attack bunker was lost. Moments later something tore up through the floor and chopped through the nearest wall. Structural breaches occurred everywhere. The domes collapsed, undercut, their supports sheared away. Power and communication lines were brushed away like cobwebs before the onslaught. Only those in near the old nuclear reactor survived. Only it was not breached.

Looking outside they could see clouds of dust boiling off the surface of the moon. Like an evil cartoon, an unseen menacing horde of something were burrowing just below the surface of the moon. Nothing seemed to resist them. Slowly they circled, pulverizing the entire complex. Finally only the reactor dome remained. Everyone said a final prayer and waited for death, but the creatures stopped. Stopped and waited, each a churning wake of lunar soil.

Someone remembered that there was an old transmitter that was abandoned when the powerful communication system was installed. They began to call for help. However, no one could receive their plea for help unless they were inside the horizon. Bedroom Eye was far too distant. They hoped that someone would send a shuttle which could warn of their plight. Unfortunately, at that moment Bedroom Eye had its own problems.

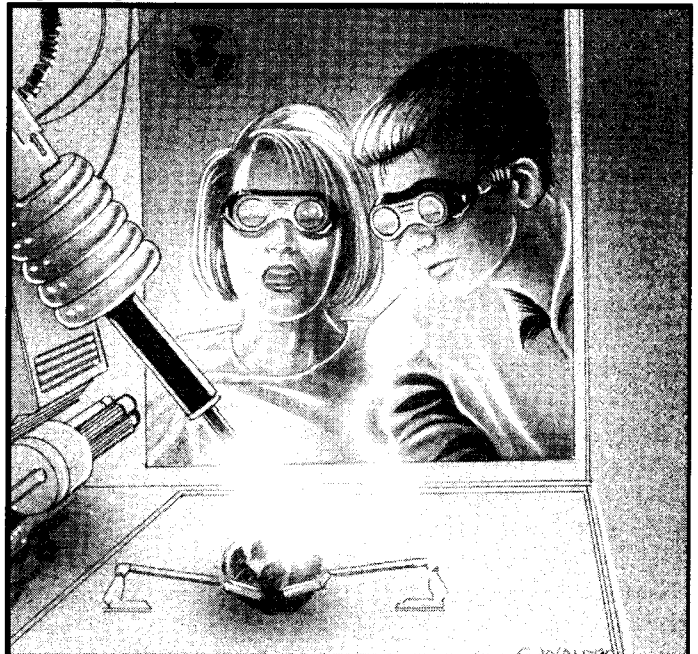
The only way for the agents to confirm the fate of Farside Station is to launch a lander in a fly-over orbit (this is one of the options in the lander's control menu). This is a low energy option that will allow the lander to return to the station and still land on the Moon if necessary. Once in view of the station the trapped personnel can tell them of their plight. If the agents choose instead to land at Farside Station they will not have enough fuel to return. They will be given no opportunity to get any once they arrive.

What's Going On

Some time ago, a geologist pulled up an unusual core sample. When weighed it was abnormally heavy. Careful separation of the material revealed an irregularly shaped chunk of material about the size of a golf ball. Whatever it was made of was nothing the researchers had ever found before. Even assuming that it was all one element, it weighed over 100 times as much as our heaviest known element. It should have been highly radioactive, but no abnormal radiation readings were detected. Examination of the soil surrounding the object indicated that it had been compressed far beyond what the weight of the overlaying strata should have produced. A mini black hole? Not likely, but this was one strange artifact.

Why they didn't reveal its presence to Security is unknown, but understandable. Surrounded by all this secrecy and implied threat, they might have wanted a secret of their own. Maybe it was just professional jealousy, guarding their findings until all the information was discovered. At least they were smart enough to move the testing to the orbital station. Of course, Bedroom Eye had very sensitive instruments as well, some designed for experiments that could only be performed in Zero G.

The first order of business was to get a sample of the core of the material. It resisted all mechanical efforts, including diamond and sonic drills. Therefore, they decided to use a powerful laser to drill a hole. Slowly it penetrated the artifact, vaporizing a narrow channel.



Suddenly the artifact seemed to explode. Bits of ultra dense material flew in all directions at ballistic speed. The researchers died instantly. A huge gravimetric field surged out, yanking the walls on either side right into the room and even pulled in the outside wall. The creature, now free of its container of compacted soil, began to bore through the mass surrounding it, moving toward the center of the station.

This breach triggered alarms all over the station. The Bureau security personnel had just a few moments to observe the sparkling object that tore at the walls and corridors with invisible force. Anything that touched it was ground and shattered into shards and hurled it away as shrapnel. Holes were punched through compartment walls and personnel, reducing any hope of refuge to a mean joke. They had just enough time to activate the abandon ship signal before it chewed through the last door and demolished the central core. Then it began to hunt down the remainder of the crew, closing unerringly on their positions, destroying anything in its path. Only a few escaped into one of the landers and launched.

A Cry in the Dark

As evil and merciless as it seems, the creature is totally innocent. In fact, it is an infant.

These living, gravity point sources feed on energy and require only a few trace elements as metabolic regulators. Adults that is. Infants do not have the ability to regulate their metabolisms so when they bud off (they are sexless), they are placed in the crust of a planet or moon with an active core where the temperature will assure a stable development. There they gestate until their energy matrixes are sophisticated enough to support intelligence and reason.

Kevin was doing just that when it was whisked away into space and subjected to the heat of a laser. The sudden surge of energy stimulated a growth spurt and woke it a strange and very scary world. Surrounded by the wispy thin space station and the vacuum beyond, Kevin is terrified. Only his curiosity and need to seek aid keeps it moving, following the agents. Kevin has no idea that its "touch" is usually lethal.

Though they can live in the vacuum of space these creatures are best adapted to living beneath the surface of a world, feeding off the radiation of the core.

They have complete control over the strong gravitational fields that compose their bodies. Underground they can concentrate them in specified direction pulling themselves in that direction. They pulverize the rock around them as they move nomadically, slowed only by the time necessary to tear the surrounding strata apart.

They see and communicate primarily by this gravitational sense. If the agents cobble together some kind of gravimeter (a Difficult **Electronics** task) they discover that this creature is producing a very complex gravitation pattern. Some of it is noise from its movements and manipulation of the matter around it, but there is also a repeating element. Kevin is crying for help.

These creatures are practically indestructible short of ground zero under a nuke. However the newborn are still unstable enough to be destroyed.

Sometimes an adult gets the idea to crush the life out of one. These cries of terror strike a primordial note in their racial psyche, forcing the entire community to rush to the infant's aid in short order. Should they fail to stop the death of the infant, there is only two possible penalties:

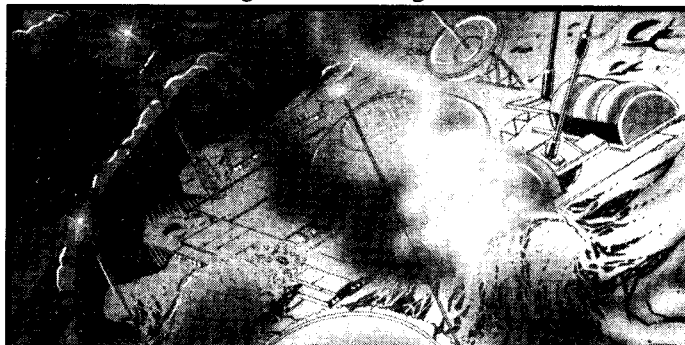
- 1) They can either gang up on the offender and hold it immobile for a time. This restricts the movements of its captors as well so this is not a popular punishment.
- 2) They can drag it up to the surface and hurl it from the planet. They group together and accelerate it around them until it reaches escape velocity. In fact this is how they travel from world to world. They have been working their way in from the outer regions of our solar system. However, if they reach Earth, they will not be able to gain enough velocity to travel further. They realize this, making this exile a permanent one. There are already some of these creatures below the surface of the Earth. Fortunately, ocean covers most of it. We have not yet discovered them.

When the infant broke free of its cocoon on Bedroom Eye they surged to the surface looking for it. When they saw that it was on the satellite they considered slinging one of them to it. Unfortunately, they aren't very accurate. Their colonization process is slow and this kind of skill was not required until now.

Frustration turned their concern into anger. Someone was going to pay for this! Their primary sense is gravimetric and so acute that they can locate each other and communicate through thousands of miles of planetary crust. It was just a matter of moments before they detected the anomaly that is Farside Station.

The **Selenites** were scattered all over the moon. The ones closest the orbit of Bedroom Eye made the decision to attack Farside Station and relayed the call to action to the rest. Normally very individualistic, they are transformed under the siren call of infant into a murderous mob. Being energy creatures they sought out the most potent source of high energy particles they could find: The Weathermakers. Following the sudden loss of communication from Bedroom Eye, the weapon specialists were powering up these hideously powerful weapons, just in case. The Selenites nearest the station erupted from the deep strata, right into the deep weapon bunker. From there they chewed their way right to the surface.

Cut off from their controllers the Weathermakers sought something to destroy (this is a retributive strike protocol basic to western culture). Fortunately nothing was available. After a few critical seconds, they discharged all their energy into the lunar soil, shocking but not harming the Selenites.





Again they searched for the largest energy source. This time they located the old fusion reactor. Pausing for a moment they conferred among themselves and came to the consensus that the reactor was the queen to this hive of smaller creatures. They could destroy the rest to make it realize how serious a threat they were. So, slowly, they pulverized Farside Station until only the original dome was left. There they remained, encircling it, more arriving each hour from more distant regions of the Moon. They wait for their young to be returned.

They won't wait forever. They are assuming that the "queen" is intelligent and can communicate their threat to Bedroom Eye. If this fails, they will destroy the last dome and have no alternative but to attempt to reach Bedroom Eye by slinging someone up to it. Before they make the attempt they will practice with rocks, shelling the station. This won't hurt the infant but will terrify it all the more. Eventually they will succeed. They must. They are driven to do so.

Resolution

The agents have to shut this kid up. There are two options for this: get Kevin to the surface or kill it.

Killing it is impossible by any weapons on Bedroom Eye. They might overwhelm its metabolism by detonating one of the shuttles next to Kevin, but that would be very dangerous for them as well. The best way to kill Kevin is to shoot it with a standard Weathermaker (if they insisted on bringing it), the experimental laser rifle (ME Burner) set beyond its operational limit, or some kind of Magical or Psionic attack that can disrupt its core energy matrix. If they succeed, the Selenites will destroy the rest of Farside Station but will then return to the depths of the Moon until disturbed again. They hold no grudges.

The better solution is to get this infant down to the surface.

There are many ways to accomplish this:

- Crash Bedroom Eye into the surface. The safest way to do this is to dock one of the landers so that its thrust will degrade Bedroom Eye's orbital velocity enough to send it spiralling down to the surface. It will probably slam into one of the mountain ranges it is barely clearing now. The agents should worry if Kevin can survive the landing. It would be fine. They have no idea how tough the little guy really is. However, even if Kevin died, the Selenites would consider it returned. The biggest problem with this solution is that they will lose their contact with Pacific Station.
- Blow Kevin out of the airlock with enough force that it cannot pull itself back. That would require that they construct and explode a large bomb at the corridor side of the maintenance airlock. They could also construct some kind of large mass that they could accelerate through the airlock and push it out. Both methods place at least one agent at considerable risk.
- Possibly the best method is to lure Kevin into one of the landers, while it is docked at the station, and launch it for the surface. The landers are very easy to operate. Once initiated the launch sequence will run unattended and take Kevin to the surface safely unless Kevin causes too much destruction to the lander's control devices by demolishing the inside of the lander. If the agents are clever, they will remove part of the shell of the lander so they can easily escape once Kevin is on board. Kevin would never think to follow them out into space. If they are smart, they will transfer all the life support to the other lander first to maximize their chances of survival.

Once Kevin is on the surface, the Selenites will collect, quiet, and cocoon it again so Kevin can continue to develop into a fully cognitive member of their race.

Intruder !

Selenites

This race of energy creatures originated far from the Moon. They are living gravity point sources.

Habitat

Any mass large enough to have a hot core. Ones with the presence of trace metals are preferred. It must be at the appropriate distance (depending on the type of star) from the sun to provide an adequate concentration of sub-atomic particles. They can range from Jupiter to Earth.

Major Traits and Abilities

They are exothermic. When gestating, their development is modified by external heat. After they become active they can adjust the amount of heat that reaches or leaves their core energy matrix by use of reflective ores, dense materials that have a larger specific heat, etcetera that they can suspend in their core field.

They generate a massive and constantly varying gravitational field around their bodies. Anything that comes into contact with them is torn into tiny bits. They can also generate gravity fields in specific directions. They use this ability to move. They attract themselves toward an area and allow their surrounding field to pulverize the rock before them. When they find an open space (such as a pocket left by a volcanic gas bubble), they can pull against the side walls and move with a sling-shot effect due to the lack of drag. The most energetic can produce an attraction of five Earth gravities and the least about two gravities (gees). Their core field is in the hundreds of gees.

Long ago they learned that, by attracting a small object and varying their fields, they could accelerate it around their central core until it gained huge momentum, approaching relativistic velocity. These became weapons against one another. The open areas became battlefields. However, if two creatures were to come into physical contact, their gravitational fields would rip each other apart. In the early days of warfare they would sling each other away from the surface. Before they could attract themselves back they would be riddled with missile fire from enemies. However, this kind of warfare only occurs when they are very overcrowded or one destroys an infant.

Though they can live in vacuum, they prefer to remain underground where they have the greatest control of their movement.

Senses

Their senses correspond in sensitivity and importance to human in this fashion:

| | |
|----------------|-----------|
| Gravity | - Hearing |
| Infrared | - Touch |
| Mass Detection | - Sight |

They communicate with each other via patterns of

Aliens Among Us

gravity waves. These range from very simple to highly complex. Simple patterns carry farther and are less attenuated. They are the equivalent of emotional responses or appeals.

Their mass detection is very good. They can differentiate objects hidden by other objects if the hidden object is more massive. They are especially good at detecting areas of sudden density change or movement of mass. Therefore they could see a person behind a particleboard wall but could not see a foam pillow in his hands unless he moved it.

Reproduction

When enough trace elements have been collected a selenite will generate a proto-core field and hurl it away into the surrounding rock strata. There the matrix will gestate, absorbing heat and sub-atomic particles until it develops enough awareness to break free of the dense shell of material the parent packed around it.

Banes and Vulnerabilities

- Anti-gravity spells have a devastating effect on them.
- They do generate magnetic fields. Strongly magnetically charged dust is like carbon-monoxide poisoning: a little makes them weak, a lot can kill over time, but not quick enough to prevent retribution. They can cleanse themselves by burrowing through material and using that material to leach the dust from their fields.
- Energy weapons can harm if they are powerful enough but rarely kill. Nuclear explosions certainly can kill them. General explosives are useless.
- They have no natural predators.

Intelligence

They are quite intelligent and perceptive but their self-sufficient nature and asexual reproductive method promote a nomadic life-style. They have no reason to develop any culture.

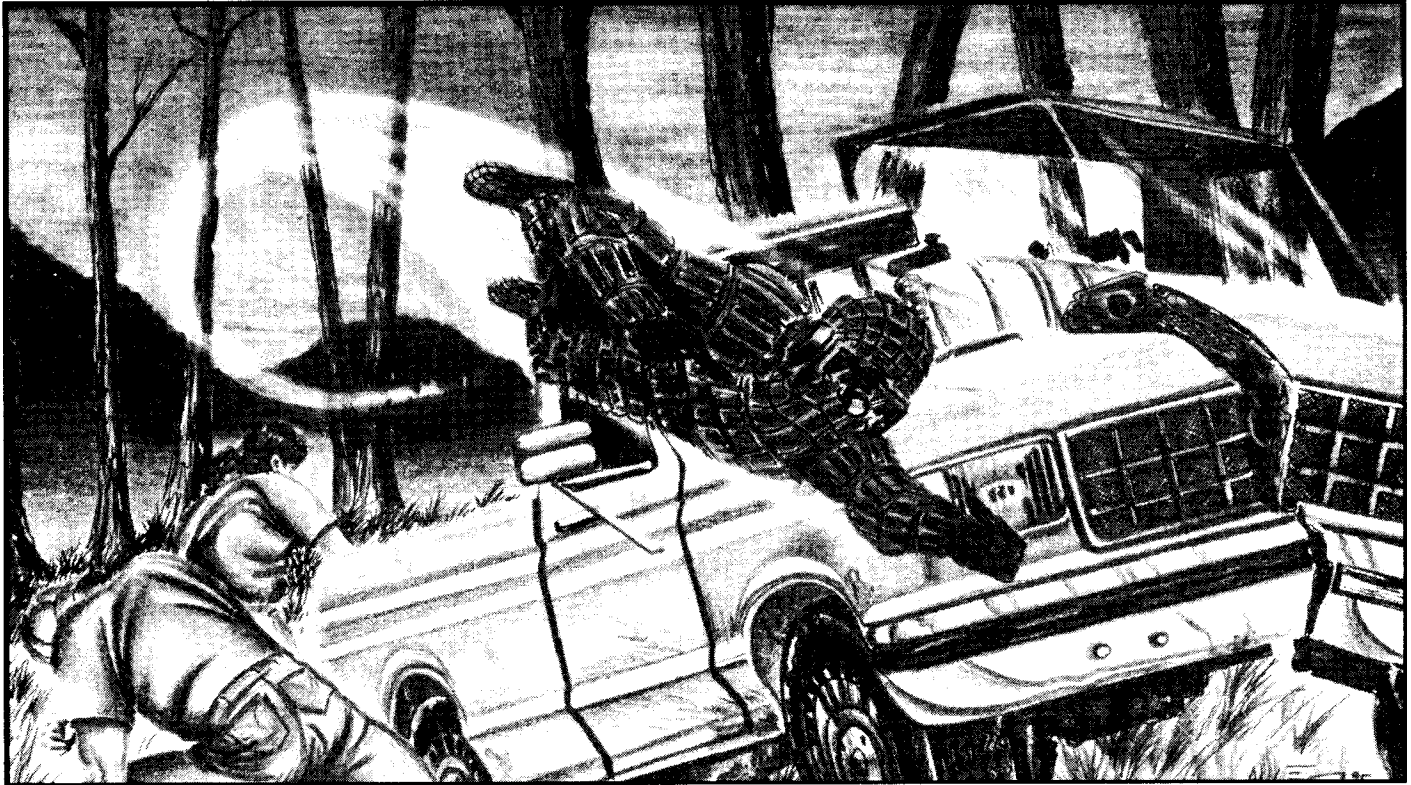
They have a limited racial memory which allows the young to remember what was important to the parent (they reproduce asexually). Thus they inherit certain mental sets, memories of major incidents, and survival knowledge. Unfortunately the young cannot make any sense of it until their energy matrix is complex enough to process it.

Temperament

Neutral, slow to excite except in the defense of their young. They are unaware of the presence of other life forms.

Suggested Experience Points

| | |
|---------------------------------------|-------|
| Risking Their Lives to Aid | +2000 |
| Searching the Station | + 500 |
| Setting an effective Trap for "Kevin" | + 400 |
| Killing "Kevin" | +1000 |
| Getting Kevin to the Moon | +2000 |



The Red Rocket Ranger

Incident Report

Over the last few months there has been a number of sightings of an airborne apparition near and in Cook Forest State Park. Just south of the huge Allegheny National Forest in rural northern Pennsylvania these could have a number of causes, natural and supernatural. The folklore of this area records ghosts, will o' wisps, bigfoot, farie, and many Indian legends. There has also been a number of UFO reports and meteorite sightings, one of which caused a forest fire 27 months ago. Cook Forest is a popular hunting area which attracts hunters from over three states away with the attendant incidents of alcohol induced delusions and exaggerations. Strange sightings like these in remote areas are usually ignored in favor of more high-profile cases. However, some new evidence has convinced us that some preventative action is required.

A few months ago, a local retiree, Gregory Allen, attempted to claim that damages on his pickup truck were caused by robbery and vandalism. The truck was cut in half! The investigator from Rural Insurance, Stephen Zielonka, reports that the vehicle was found in two pieces by park rangers at a remote campsite off a dirt road near Cook Forest State Park. The smooth nature of the cut indicated that a high temperature cutting torch was used.

Footprints, beer cans, cigarette butts, and a recent fire in the campsite indicated that a number of individuals were there that night.

Mr. Allen claimed that he was car-jacked when he stopped to help some out-of-town hunters. He suffered numerous contusions to the head which have been examined at Cooksburg Hospital.

However, there are a number of curious facts associated with this case:

- There were no metal droppings in the soil under the cut. This means that the metal was not just liquefied by a high temperature torch, it was vaporized, unless the damage occurred at a different location and the vehicle was transported to the campsite. Only one set of perfectly aligned tire tracks lead through the brush from the road with none of the variation that would be caused by the halves being wheeled in separately. Of course it is possible that the two halves were temporarily braced together but there is no supporting evidence.
- There were a number of fresh spent shotgun shells at the campsite, as well as shot in fresh wounds in nearby trees. Mr. Allen's shotgun was recently fired. It was discovered, its stock shattered and barrel twisted, in a closet in his trailer. However, Mr. Allen claimed that he had not hunted in weeks. His neighbors allege that the only time that he removes the weapon from the rack in his truck's cab is when he is out hunting or when he cleans it, right after hunting. He claimed that he found it along the side of the road some days after the attack.
- There can be no doubt that Mr. Allen was severely beaten. In fact there were fibers imbedded in the wounds. Mr. Allen was assaulted by someone wearing gloves covered with ballistic cloth armor. These same fibers were found clinging to the barrel of his shotgun.

Though the evidence of a car-jacking was compelling, the police found the condition of the recovered vehicle too bizarre to close the case. Rural Insurance declined to honor the damage claim as long as the authorities refused to sign off on Mr. Allen's innocence. Mr. Allen cried foul.

The Red Rocket Ranger

Aliens Among Us

Recently The National Investigator tabloid published a radically different account of that evening. Now Gregory alleges that he was beaten and abducted by the men who car-jacked his truck. He saw their faces clearly. Gregory was taken to the campsite for what he feared was to be his death. For long hours the men drank and smoked, working up courage to do the deed. Suddenly from out of the sky a burning, comet-like apparition swooped down and through the crowd of men, scattering them like billiard balls. Most of them ran into the night, but one abductor hid behind the truck and fired back with Gregory's own shotgun. The fiery apparition slowed and shimmered into the form of a flying man garbed in a red uniform and helmet. This man raised his fist and fired a incandescent beam which sliced through the pickup truck and sent the kidnapper scurrying into the night. Mr Allen ran the other way. The last thing he heard was the sound of his discarded shotgun being beaten against a tree. At the time Gregory thoughts were for his own safety, but now he wished that he could thank the **Red Rocket Ranger**!

With a story like that Gregory didn't dare bring it to the police. In fact, this stinks of a hoax. However, Mr. Allen was severely beaten, there are unusual fibers on his twisted shotgun, and there are scorch marks on a tree some distance beyond where the pickup truck was found. The Cooksburg police find his new story to be hyperbole of the purest water and believe it unlikely that the truth shall ever be known.

Gregory Allen bought a new truck with money paid for the story.

There were a few more local reports of the fiery figure as locals embellished the tale. That should have been the end of it. However, two men, Scotty Elsbach and David Gilliand, were admitted yesterday to Cooksburg Hospital beaten half to death. They claim that Mr. Allen's savior assaulted them. No reason was given. Gregory declined to identify any of the men as the same ones that abducted him.

If this mystery man exists, he must be identified and his origin known. He fits the profile of the Super Hero (see Bureau 13 Sourcebook, pg. 65). Most previous cases involved seriously unstable individuals, some with messiah complexes. Great care must be taken to keep this investigation covert.

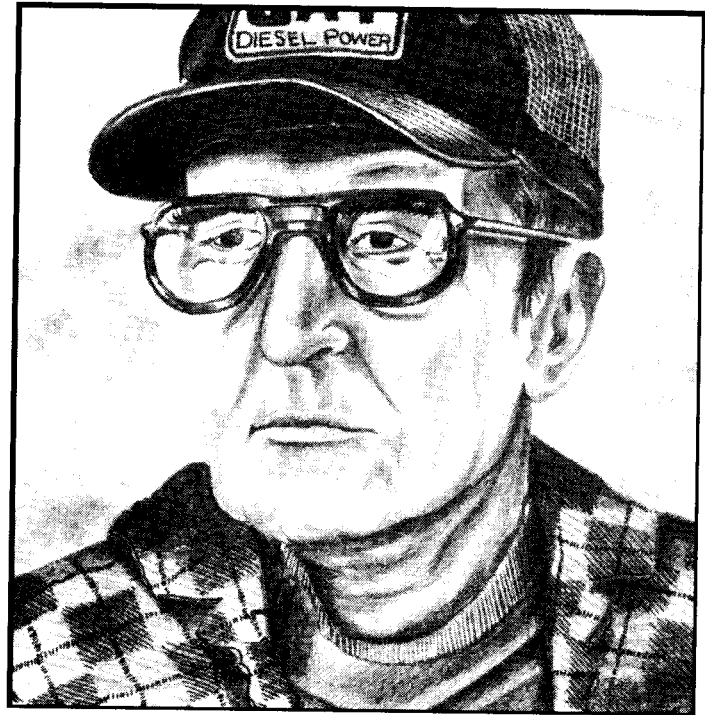
Gregory Allen

Retired from his steel worker job in an Altoona, PA, fabrication plant, Gregory has been living in a trailer park for the past eight years. There are 41 permanent trailers here. Though the landlord is perfectly willing to rent by the month, everyone has a yearly lease to prevent him from unexpectedly raising the rent during the summer months and hunting season.

His neighbors generally like him but would never consider him to be the life of a party. They all get together once a week for a penny-ante poker game.

Gregory is a bit of a celebrity now. Everyone has read the story in The National Investigator. Of course none of them believes a word of it.

If the agents search his trailer when he is gone to get more beer and sausage, they find a messy but Spartan environment. He is obviously not a reader. Except for the cable TV (which has the movie channels, ESPN, and C-Span) and a



few entertainment charges that occur irregularly on his phone bill and credit card, his exposure to fantasy seems rather low level.

Gregory is an avid hunter. One of the main reasons he retired here was easy access to a well stocked hunting area. There are a lot of retired steel worker here. He and a bunch of them get together regularly to try to throw some game into the dinner pot. Abraham Xiong, Mario Brenes, and Clifford Deal all live in the same trailer park. Kenneth Spenser lives with his brother, Stanley, a postal worker. None of them have a good alibi for the night that Gregory claims to have been abducted.

Gregory will stick to his story no matter how much money is offered him, because he thinks any stranger asking about it is either a cop or a reporter. He knows he got a good price for the story. If the agents confront him with his poaching crimes he will tell the truth but only after he has a court document giving him immunity (an **Easy** task with the document designer).

The Boy's Club

What Gregory and his friends as well as Scotty Elsbach and David Gilliand aren't telling is that they were all poaching. Being locals they know all the patrols and have lots of time to set up special camouflage and blinds. A fifty thrown the way of a worker at one of the state deer farms lets them know when and where the deer are to be released. Both incidents involving the Red Rocket Ranger were on nights of game stocking.

On those nights they were just outside, fence already cut. Waiting for the first hint of daybreak to galvanize them into action. Most of these farm-raised animals are hand fed and are not very wary of strangers as their wild brethren would be. The poachers would have little trouble getting close enough for a clear shot. Later in the day the mobs of hunters would have these docile creatures totally spooked. If the poachers were richer, they would dispense with the wait altogether and stalk them with infrared sights and night goggles. In for a penny, in for a pound.

Aliens Among Us

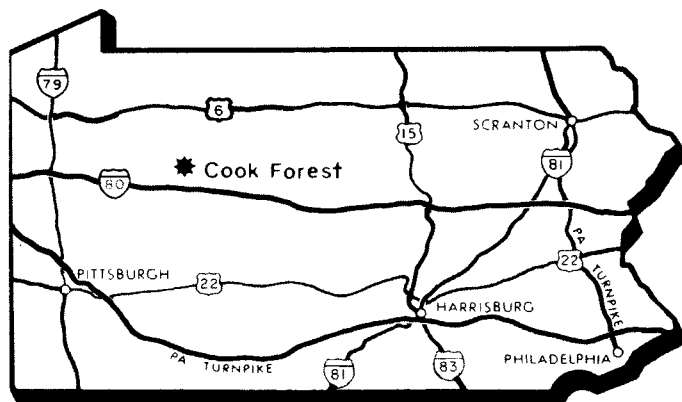
They never got the chance. Suddenly a brilliant streak of light appeared over the treetops and punched down through the foliage. Gregory, terrified, fired at the figure that swooped at him and ran behind his truck. That really pissed the Red Rocket Ranger off. After that events pretty much followed his story.

Cooksburg Hospital

Not as good in general as some big city hospitals, but no patient has ever complained. The emergency room is top rate. It has to be. Sometimes it is hours before someone can be brought in for treatment from an accident on a hiking trail. If the park was larger the rangers might be able to afford an airlift. Instead, they have to make do with snowmobiles and 4 wheel drive vehicles.

Staff doctors treated Allen, Elsbach, and Gilliland and will barely remember them. They don't read the tabloids. If the agents gain access to the patient records, they learn that these men were beaten within an inch of their lives. Both Allen and Elsbach suffered mild concussions. Gilliland has a broken arm and torn ligaments in his right knee. An agent with high levels of martial arts realizes that the pattern of injuries indicates that their assailant is quite skilled in Martial Arts. If he makes a **Wisdom** roll he suspects that the Red Rocket Ranger was actually taking care to not knock these fellows out, to make their beatings last longer.

The computer system in the hospital is a +21% chance to hack.



Cook Forest State Park

Cook Forest State Park is located at Cooksburg. From the east take Exit 13 off Interstate Route 80 then take PA Route 36 North, directly to the park. From the west take exit 8 off Interstate Route 80 then take PA Route 66 North to Leeper. From Leeper follow PA Route 36 South, seven miles to the park.

Just west of Cooksburg, PA and dwarfed by Allegheny National Forest, this recreational area is a favorite spot for western Pennsylvania. It isn't very big compared to the national forest but it offers a wide range of activities:

- Camping year-round at the family campground (Ridge Camp) or, if available there are 22 rustic cabins (these will be full when the agents arrive but with enough cash....)
- Canoeing on the Clarion River (rentals available)
- Swimming

The Red Rocket Ranger

- Biking
- Hiking on over 30 miles of trails and in the largest stand of virgin timberland in Pennsylvania (some 200-300 years old)
- Picnic areas
- Nature education
- Hunting
- Ice skating, snowmobiling, and X-country skiing in season

There's even a post office in the park. Since a decent hospital is just across the river, parents let their children run wild with confidence and hunters flock to the area every deer season, which is just starting as the agents arrive.

Since they probably have the RV they might want to use the Family Camping area. For many agents, this will be the first time that they don't have to worry about the RV fitting in.

The campground is filled with hunters. They have arrived in everything from recreational vehicles that shame the comfort of the Colorado RV to truckbed camping. Though alcohol is not allowed in the campground, it is readily offered after your neighbors discern that you are not a park ranger.

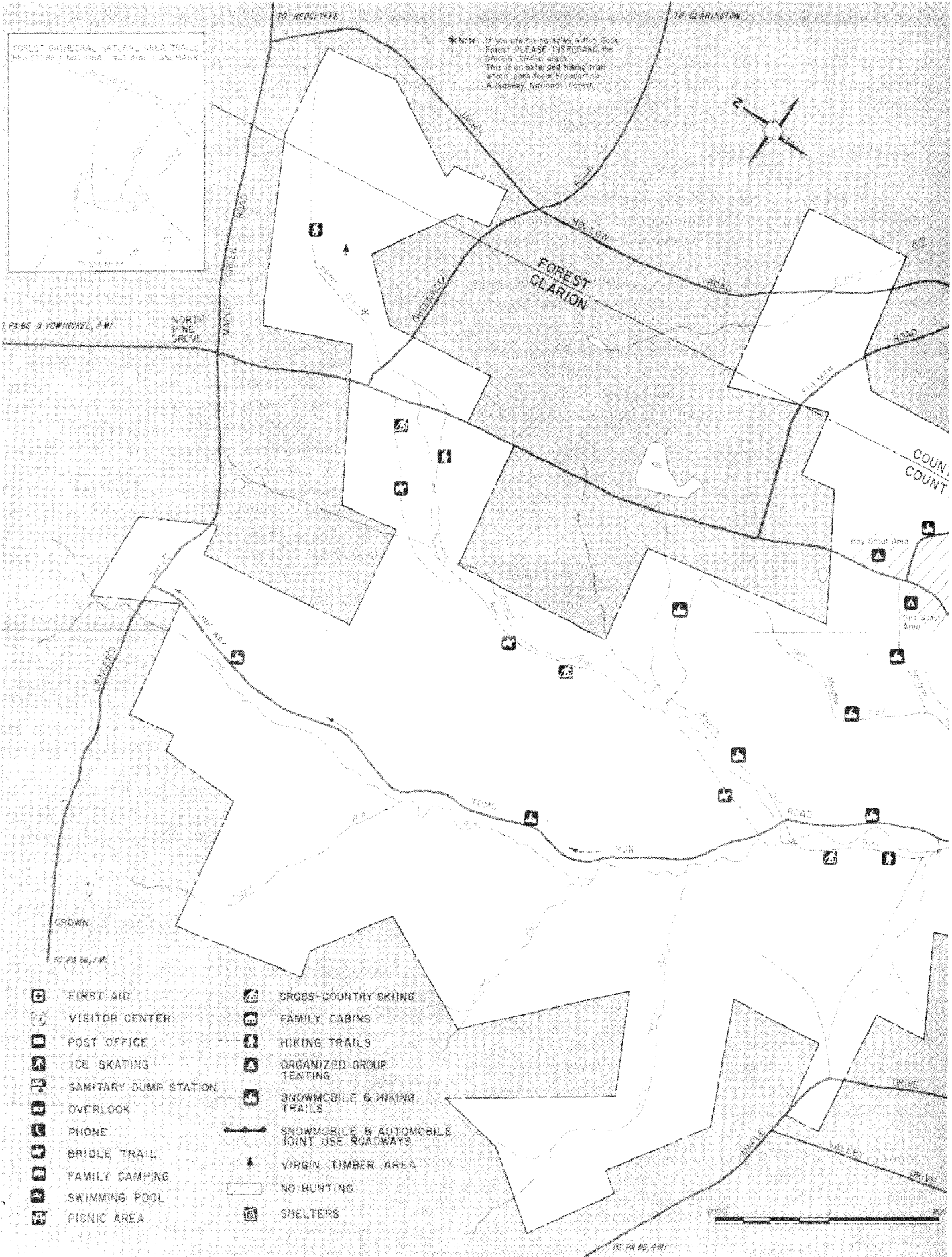
The western half of the park is available for hunting, providing over 4.5 square miles of fun and potential dinner for any rifle toting fool over the age of 16 who can plunk down \$50 dollars for a license. The NRA is out in force every year, providing free safety check stations and valiantly trying to promote gun safety. This area is simultaneously used by hikers so there is great potential for tragedy.

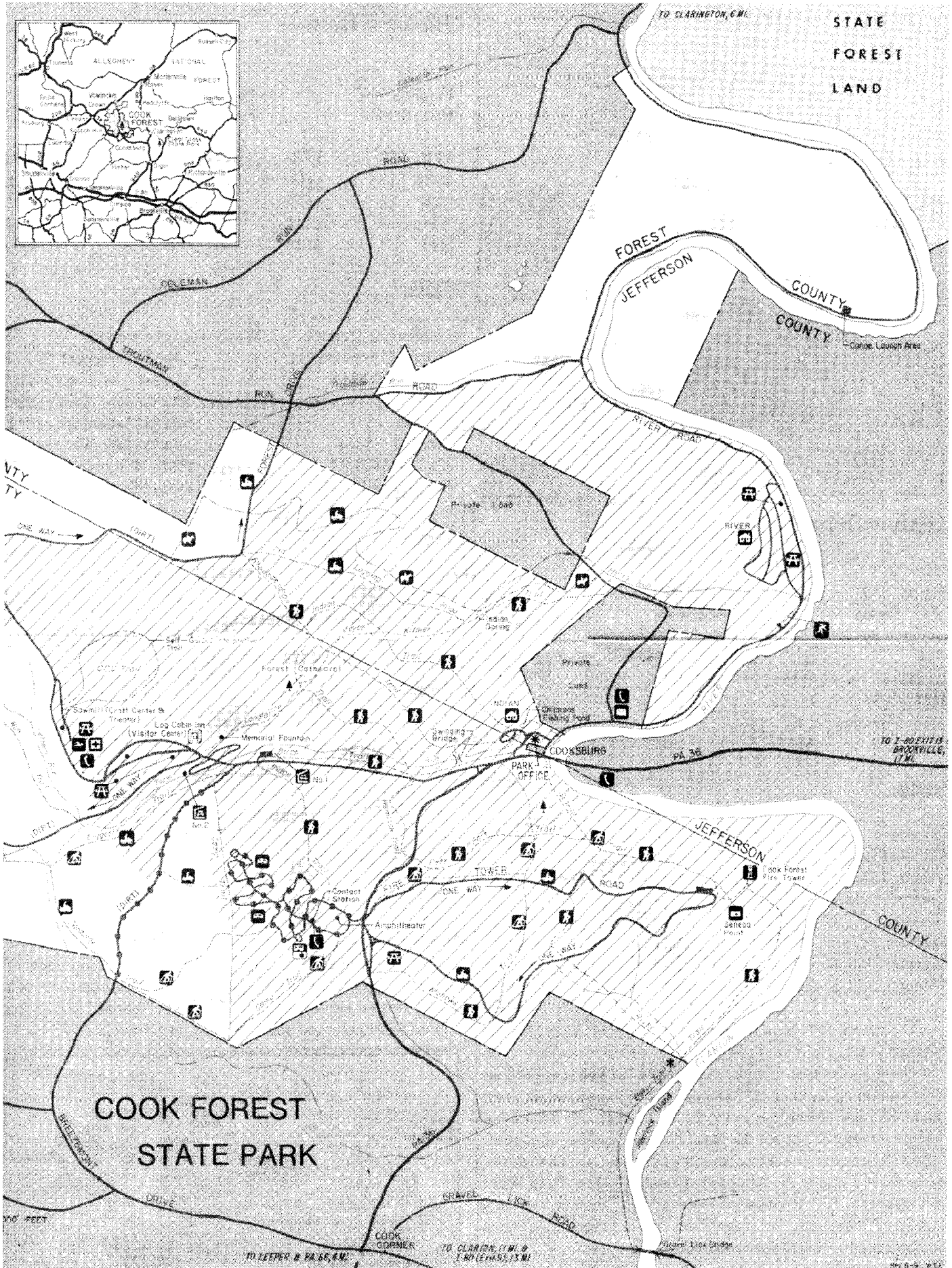
Since it is such a popular hunting area, all the roads into the western section are strictly controlled and patrolled by game wardens. Access is only permitted between the hours of 6 AM and 6 PM. After that the rangers sweep the area forcing everyone to leave. However, this stops at the borders of the park and there are nearby roads that provide easy hiking access to the hunting areas. The campsite where Gregory Allen's pickup truck was found was just outside the southern border of the park and near Maple Drive. Scotty Elsbach and David Gilliland refused to say where their assault took place. Anyone found on state land after hours is subject to serious fines and revocation of his hunting permit. However, with venison going for more than five dollars a pound and more hunters than deer, there are many who try to extend their hunting hours.

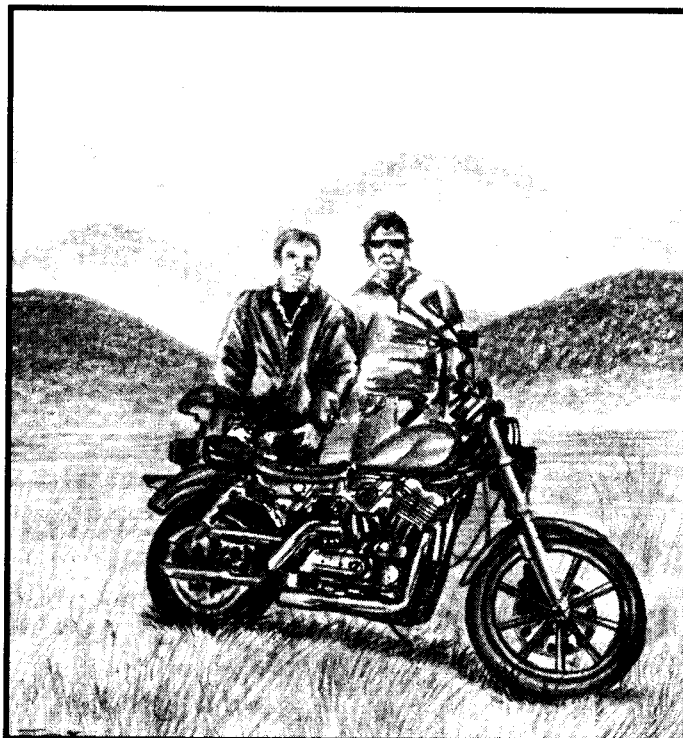
Cook Forest State Park Ranger Office

Glen Brown, the superintendent, is too busy with the hordes of hunters to waste his time on a ridiculous story about a flying killer Santa Claus (red suit remember?). Since the assaults occurred outside the park, it's not his problem. He is furious that the reporters are calling this guy a Ranger. In his eyes, park rangers and game wardens are sober, dedicated professionals, not costumed vigilantes. The agents better have a lot of authority if they want any of his time.

Night duty is limited to patrolling the campgrounds and interior roads and the fire watch in the tower. If the agents get hold of the personnel timesheets they learn that only a few rangers were on duty both nights the poachers were assaulted. Only one, Dennis Bonner, lives locally. The rest live in the surrounding towns of Vowinckel and Clarington.







Dennis Bonner

Age 35

Height 6' 2"

Hair: Brown

Weight: 230 lbs

Eyes: Brown

| | | | |
|---------|---------|---------|--------|
| STR: 15 | INT: 16 | THR: 11 | HPT 35 |
| CON: 07 | WIS: 10 | DOD: 12 | 75% 26 |
| DEX: 09 | LCK: 11 | ACC: 10 | 50% 17 |
| AGL: 09 | CRZ: 16 | STB: 67 | 25% 08 |
| SNS: 10 | MRE: 5 | PIE 19 | |

Skills

| | | | |
|------------------------|----|-------------------------|----|
| Cuisine | 2 | Law, Criminal | 5 |
| Criminal Investigation | 9 | Law Enforcement | 6 |
| Criminal Science | 2 | Martial Arts, Karate AD | 8 |
| Emergency Medical Care | 3 | Martial Arts, AO | 11 |
| Hunting | 18 | Martial Arts, Karate PD | 8 |
| Survival, Forest | 8 | Martial Arts, Karate PO | 8 |
| Weapon Skill, Rifle | 5 | Pilot, Motorcycle | 11 |
| Weapon Skill, Pistol | 15 | Pilot, Motor Vehicle | 10 |

Dennis has been working at Cook Forest State Park for over ten years. He is well thought of by all his coworkers. Too bad about his brother though. Seems that his younger brother, Richard, had followed in his footsteps and become a ranger about three years ago. When that meteorite hit, Richard was in the area, probably trying to put out the blaze before it got out of control. Instead he was trapped in the fire and was almost burned to death. After about a year in the Allegheny County Hospital Burn Ward in Pittsburgh, PA, Richard returned home. Dennis has been supporting them both ever since. They live in a ranch style house in a rural subdivision to the north of Cooksburg.

Richard Bonner

Age 28

Height 5' 10"

Hair: Brown

Weight: 165 lbs

Eyes: Brown

| | | | |
|---------|--------|---------|--------|
| STR: 13 | INT: 6 | THR: 12 | HPT 51 |
| CON: 17 | WIS: 7 | DOD: 13 | 75% 38 |
| DEX: 12 | LCK: 8 | ACC: 11 | 50% 25 |
| AGL: 14 | CRZ: 3 | STB: 24 | 25%:12 |
| SNS: 7 | MRE: 2 | PIE 6 | |

Skills

| | | | |
|----------------------------------|---|-------------------------|---|
| Commando Training | 6 | Law, Criminal | 3 |
| Criminal Investigation | 4 | Law Enforcement | 8 |
| Criminal Science | 4 | Martial Arts, Karate AD | 3 |
| Emergency Medical Care | 3 | Martial Arts, Karate AO | 5 |
| Hunting | 2 | Martial Arts, Karate PD | 2 |
| Survival, Forest | 3 | Martial Arts, Karate PO | 2 |
| Weapon Skill, M16-A2 | 3 | Pilot, Motorcycle | 4 |
| Weapon Skill, Colt Delta Elite 7 | | Pilot, Motor Vehicle | 2 |

Weapons

Colt Delta Elite Semi-Auto Pistol

Ammo J Flat Point d8+2 HSM +1 (4 clips)

Handgrips, Combat (+1 ACC PB & VS)

Sight, Laser Dot (+6 ACC)

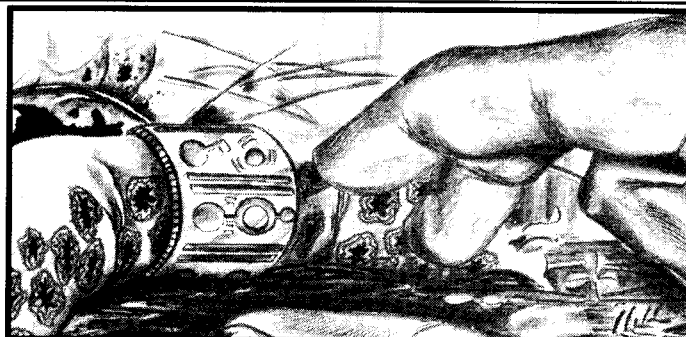
Commando training (+1 ACC)

Weapon skill (+2 ACC)

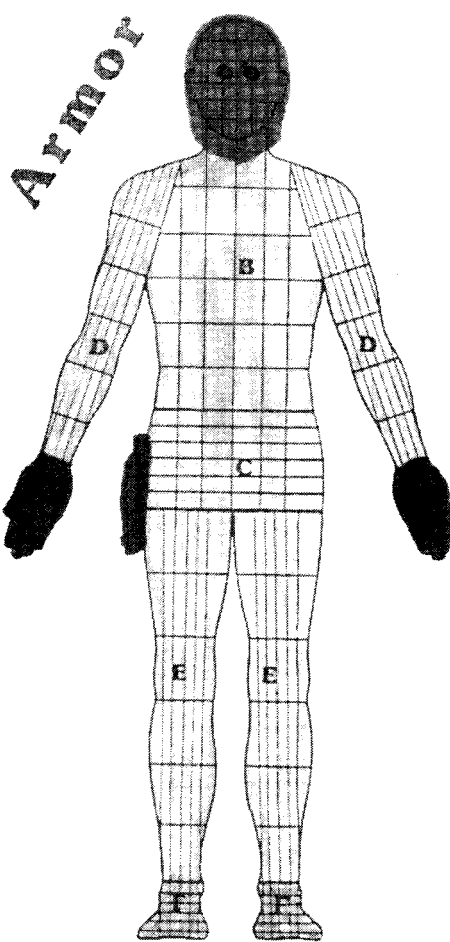
Richard joined the Airborne Rangers to see the world. When the armed forces were cut back, he went back to college to get a degree in Law Enforcement so that he could join his brother, Dennis, as a forest ranger in a major park. Since his brother had been working at Cook Forest State Park about ten years already, and had practically been a father to him, Richard felt pretty sure he would get a job. He was right.

One day while on patrol, a large object fell out of the sky and impacted on the western ridge. He hurried over to find that some kind of alien ship had crash landed. While he was closing, it exploded knocking him unconscious.

When he awoke, he realized that the forest was ablaze. He was trapped. Nearby he saw a strange ring on an piece of an alien's finger. He shoved it into his pocket; gunned his off-road motorcycle to life; and tried to run the gauntlet of fire.



Armor



The Red Rocket Ranger

ARMOR MAPPING

HEAD

| | | | | | |
|------|------|------|------|------|------|
| OOPP | OOPP | OOPP | OOPP | OOPP | OOPP |
| OOPP | OOPP | OOPP | OOPP | OOPP | OOPP |
| OOPP | OOPP | OOPP | OOPP | OOPP | OOPP |
| OOPP | OOPP | OOPP | OOPP | OOPP | OOPP |
| OOPP | OOPP | OOPP | OOPP | OOPP | OOPP |

LEFT ARM

| | | | | | |
|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|
| PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP |
| PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP |
| PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP |
| PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP |
| PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP |
| PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP |

CHEST

| | | | | | |
|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|
| PPPPPP | PPPPPP | OOPP | OOPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP |
| PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP |
| PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP |
| PPPPPP | PPPPPP | OOPP | OOPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP |
| PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP |
| PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP |

RIGHT ARM

| | | | | | |
|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|
| PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP |
| PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP |
| PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP |
| PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP |
| PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP |
| PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP |

LEFT HAND

| | | | | | |
|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| EPP | EPP | EPP | EPP | EPP | EPP |
| EPP | EPP | EPP | EPP | EPP | EPP |
| EPP | EPP | EPP | EPP | EPP | EPP |
| E | E | E | E | E | E |
| E | E | E | E | E | E |
| E | E | E | E | E | E |

ABDOMINAL

| | | | | | |
|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|
| PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP |
| PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP |
| PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP |
| PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP |
| PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP |
| PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP |

RIGHT HAND

| | | | | | |
|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| EPP | EPP | EPP | EPP | EPP | EPP |
| EPP | EPP | EPP | EPP | EPP | EPP |
| EPP | EPP | EPP | EPP | EPP | EPP |
| E | E | E | E | E | E |
| E | E | E | E | E | E |
| E | E | E | E | E | E |

LEFT LEG

| | | | | | |
|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|
| PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP |
| PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP |
| PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP |
| PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP |
| PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP |
| PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP |

RIGHT LEG

| | | | | | |
|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|
| PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP |
| PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP |
| PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP |
| PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP |
| PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP |
| PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP | PPPPPP |

LEFT FOOT

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| G | G | G | G | G | G |
| G | G | G | G | G | G |
| G | G | G | G | G | G |
| G | G | G | G | G | G |
| G | G | G | G | G | G |
| G | G | G | G | G | G |

RIGHT FOOT

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| G | G | G | G | G | G |
| G | G | G | G | G | G |
| G | G | G | G | G | G |
| G | G | G | G | G | G |
| G | G | G | G | G | G |
| G | G | G | G | G | G |

| Armor Name | EN | BI | CL | PU | BL | FA | LV | EX | AGL | ACC |
|--------------------|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|-----|-----|
| E Leather | 3 | 3 | 5 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| G Hardened Leather | 5 | 7 | 9 | 6 | 6 | 3 | 6 | 9 | -2 | 0 |
| O Armored Alloy | 18 | 20 | 22 | 18 | 20 | 10 | 25 | 20 | -4 | -2 |
| P Ballistic Cloth | 7 | 8 | 6 | 4 | 12 | 16 | 10 | 7 | 0 | 0 |

Each layer of armor with O in AGL or ACC will add +1 to that statistic after the first layer

He made it (he lived), but was burned over most of his body. Much of his skin was welded to the lining of the riding suit he had been wearing. When they removed it, the skin that remained retained mottled and twisted patterns. He was grossly disfigured.

The forestry service decided that it would be best to retire him on disability rather than have him interact with the public, horrifying them with his appearance. Many might have been happy with this. However, Richard felt entirely useless and rejected. The nurses at the hospital think it was his rage at their ruling that got him out of his sickbed. Richard was sure that once he regained his mobility they would change their decision.

They didn't.

Richard fell into a deep depression. He attempted suicide one time by driving his motorcycle off a hillside. It took the doctors a few minutes to sort out the damage caused by the accident from the damage that had been done to him in the fire.

Then he discovered what the ring could do. He decided to use this power for good. He created a heavily armored suit and purchased a pistol, infrared goggles, and a "SONIC EAR" sound amplifier from an arms dealer out of state. He began to patrol the forest at night, looking for wrongs to right.

He is slightly insane, but he isn't stupid or naive. He isn't trying to turn the poachers over to the police. His is a vigilante action. Dennis knows all about this. Dennis is afraid that Richard will commit suicide if stopped. Richard has shown Dennis his powers. He promised not to hurt anyone too badly and only if provoked. Dennis is very worried about Richard.

The Suit

Once seen the agent will surely think that the suit is what powers the Red Rocket Ranger. This is an unintentional bit of misdirection on Richard's part. His real reason for the suit is for protection, anonymity, and to scare the hell out of his prey. It is blood red, not rocket red, but no one ever notices except subconsciously. In any case, it is so impressive that anyone who knows that Richard is inside will assume that the suit has all the powers. The ring is rather innocuous and only gives off a Kirilian Aura when active. If he's lucky the agents will strip the suit from him and leave him with the ring.

The suit was designed using a snowmobile suit as a pattern.

The helmet has the infrared goggles and "Sonic Ear" built into it. It is composed of armored alloy and padded inside with two layers of ballistic cloth. It projects slightly down over the chest and back so his throat isn't exposed when he looks up or down.

The gloves have a double layer of ballistic cloth on the back of the hand and over the knuckles. It was this fabric found in the facial lacerations of Gregory Allen and on the barrel of his gun. There is blood soaked into the fabric though the color of the suit masks this. The fingers and palms are covered with leather to provide sufficient dexterity to properly use the Colt Delta Elite.

If the cutting beam is used, the fabric of the glove finger will be burned away directly over the ring.

Outpost Games

BUREAU 13

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Alien Flight Ring

- **0-60 M.P.H. Flight** (mentally operated). When flying over five miles an hour a sparkling red spray of light, creating a comet appearing effect, forms around and behind the wearer of the ring. This is meant to be a navigational warning beacon to others. However, this also means that Richard can hover over his quarry and listen to determine if they are the criminals he seeks. Since he is a vigilante it really isn't necessary to wait until they actually commit a crime. Preemptive action is his forte.
- **Missile Deflection Field** (only when in flight): -100% ACC (-10% per missile over 1/action striking). Its primary purpose is to act as a wind break and prevent mid-air collisions.
- **10d6 Energy Beam - Cutting or Stun**: changes to stun & shock only if aimed at living target (100 yard range). It determines life by a telepathic probe. This is designed to allow the wearer to cut herself free if she is tangled up in something. Since it not an enforcement ring, it has no directly lethal attacks. A knockout is sufficient. Richard carries the pistol only for long distance attacks and intimidation.

If the wearer is killed or knocked out and is still flying, the ring changes to hover mode until it is removed from the wearer's finger or the person regains consciousness. A telepathic jam will also cause it to go into the hover mode.

The ring is a tourist transportation device. It is for people who want to roam a bit on an alien world or have a picnic in a remote location.

Its power supply is unknown.

The band automatically sizes to the wearer. Pressure on the inside of the band causes it to stretch up to its maximum diameter of one inch.

Meteorite Crater

Sooner or later the agents will get around to this. If they have any suspicions that there was a crashed UFO here they should check it out first.

Unfortunately, there is little to see. The fire was very hot and almost everything was consumed. The ship used a forcefield to protect it during entry into our atmosphere, so it didn't need to be made of exceptionally durable materials. In fact, it was constructed mostly of plastic which burned like a candle during the fire. Any minor non-functional metal or ceramic artifacts that survived the fire were picked up by the crews that cleared the area afterward. Only the crater survives.

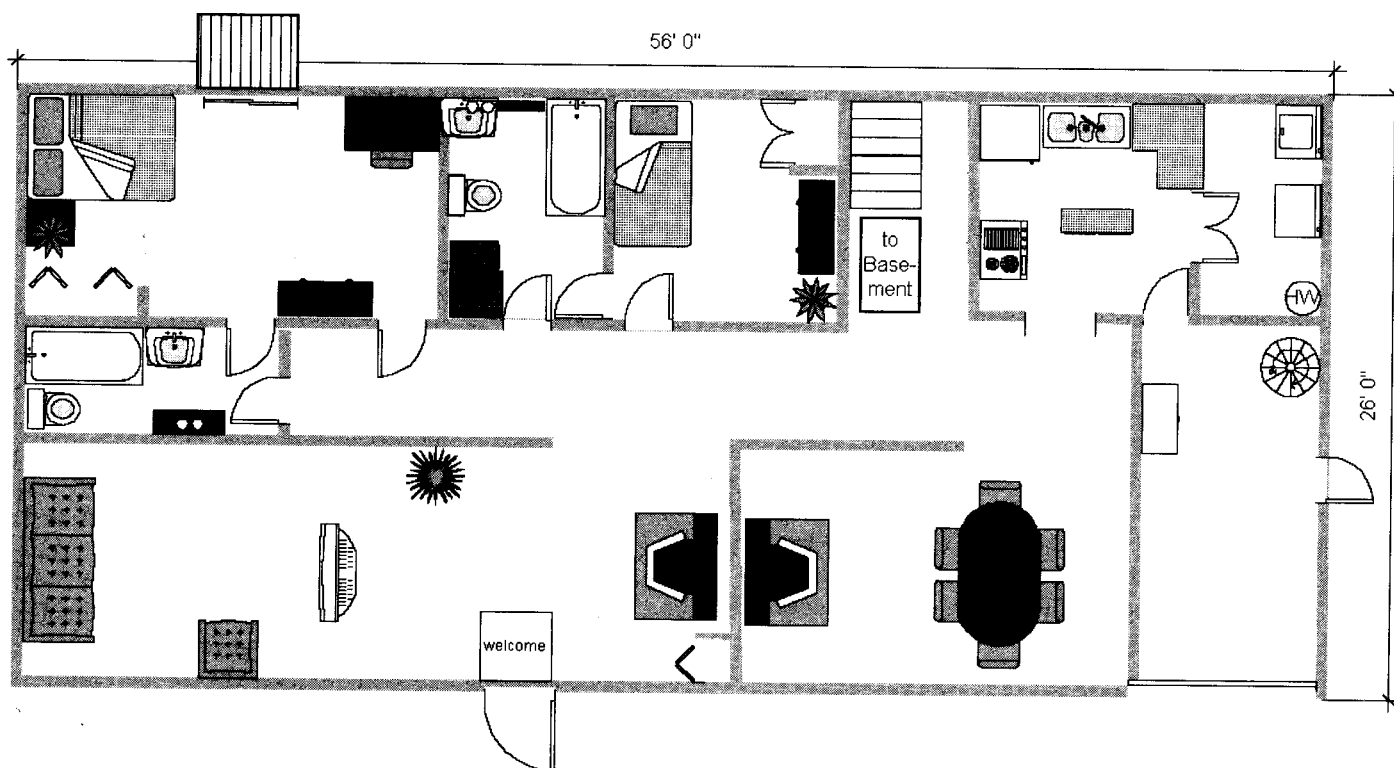
The lack of a meteorite in the crater really surprised the rangers. The general consensus is that the meteorite was badly fractured from the high heat and cold of space. It shattered into gravel that scattered all over the area when it struck the ridge. The white hot pieces ignited the area like a flamethrower.

There is no Kirilian Aura in the area.

The Bonner Ranch House

These are standard bachelor digs with all the paraphernalia appropriate to a couple of outdoorsy guys. The place is messy but very clean. This is a safeguard they both learned when Richard first came home. Burn patients are more susceptible to disease and, for some, their immune system never recovers. Luckily Richard has an exceptional constitution and is fine. He wishes that his brother would lighten up.

Richard's motorcycle and Dennis' Ford Bronco are kept in the attached garage whenever they are home. The suit is usually in Richard's locked, hard-case saddlebags. Richard always wears the ring.



Aliens Among Us

There are windows all over the house. Pennsylvania is generally cool in the summer and most houses are built for flow-through ventilation. The agents will have no trouble bugging the house or using a long distance microphone.

They are also built with basements. This one has a well stocked workshop where Richard constructed and repairs his suit. There is plenty of spare ballistic fabric and red dye to be found. Though there is nothing illegal about owning either, the agents should come to the correct conclusion. The question is: which brother do they think the Red Rocket Ranger is?

Stalking The Red Rocket Ranger

Richard knows that the forest rangers and Cooksburg law enforcement personnel put no stock in the poachers' stories. Anyone who acts like a poacher will attract his attention. He patrols the area almost every night that Dennis is on duty. Dennis made him promise to do this in case Richard gets into trouble. No matter how much he disagrees with what Richard is doing, blood is thicker than water.

The best method is to catch him on IR. Though the many layers of his suit cloak his body heat very well, he appears stark next to the night sky. However, the dense foliage of the forest will block visual sighting from the ground, even with light intensification, until he makes his run.

Richard's usual method of attack is to swoop down and use the forcefield to buffet everyone aside while its pyrotechnics disorient everyone and ruin their night sight. The chance of anyone actually hitting him during this is minimal. The only real danger is from a shotgun blast or someone illegally using an rifle refitted for automatic fire. However, his armor is very thick (with his burn scars he's not worried about the Agility minus). That's what pushes his button. He is more than satisfied to throw a scare into an offender and maybe rough them up a bit., but discharging a weapon is attempted murder!

There is absolutely no chance that Richard will negotiate with the agents. He will see any argument as a ploy to capture him. Even if the agents display magic or something spectacular that would lend credibility to the idea of joining the Bureau, Richard knows that the only special thing about him is the ring (in fact, Richard is a pretty spectacular survivor type, just the kind that the Bureau likes to recruit. With some regenerative magic he would be left with only the scars on his soul). Too bad he will have to be dragged in kicking and screaming.

If the agents actually capture him, they had better strike hard and fast. Richard has a tracer built into his armor, and Dennis has the locator. Dennis will arrive like the cavalry even if the agents have convinced him that they are legitimate law enforcement agents. If they have not, he will not be amused at what they have done to his brother. Dennis will demand that the team hand Richard over to him who will "surprise" him later and escape.

Dangerous Artifact

If they get their hands on the ring and attempt to operate it, they are in for a wild ride. This device was designed for an alien mind. True it can detect any intelligence, but the makers

The Red Rocket Ranger

did not want just any species to use it. Each are custom fitted to only one species. Richard had to train hard to learn to control it. Luckily all he had was time and a wilderness nearby for privacy.

The ring must be worn to operate.



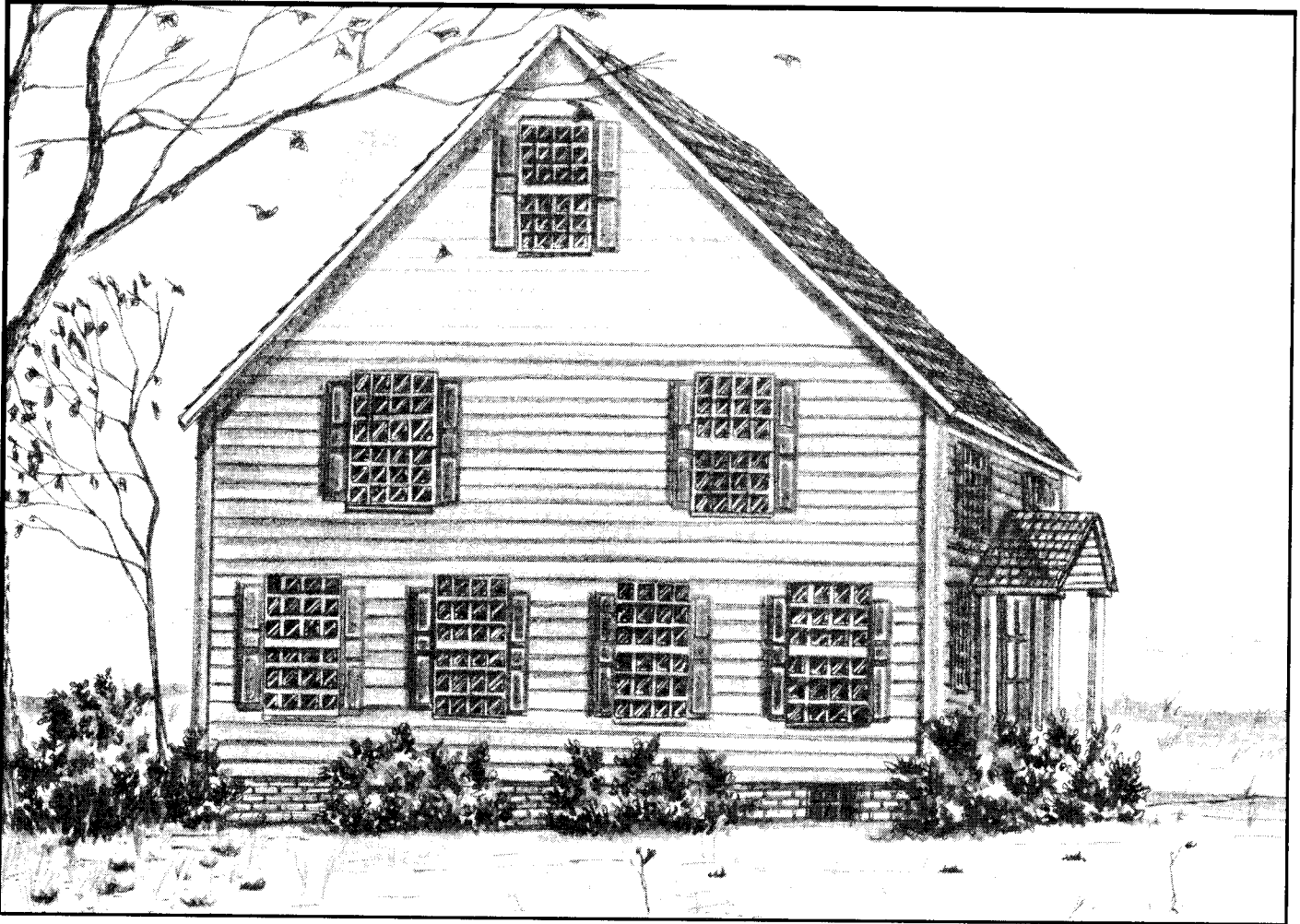
The first time a person tries to activate the ring, randomize which power will be evoked and roll under her **Wisdom** for control success. If the agent fails, it will still activate, but will be completely uncontrolled until she stops concentrating. Imagine big holes being blown through the RV, agents rocketing around at 60 M.P.H., bouncing off trees and ceilings. If they are wise they will practice outdoors. Each further attempt per power allows the agent to add 1% to her success roll. Once success is achieved, they can choose that power to evoke from that point onward. However, until the success chance reaches 100%, there is still a chance to lose control. The agent can lose control initially or after a major shock (like a close explosion, wounding, or mental attack). A success roll must be made again at this time.

Suggested Experience Points

| | |
|---------------------------------|-------|
| Setting A Trap | +400 |
| Capturing the Red Rocket Ranger | +1000 |
| Killing the Red Rocket Ranger | -1000 |
| Avoiding State Park Rangers | +400 |

Historical Note

Outpost Games wishes to acknowledge that there was a comic character called the *Red Rocket Ranger* many years ago. We are aware of no similarity between the two characters (we never read the comics; we just saw the name in a reference guide). The use of the name is just coincidence and is not meant to infringe on any copyright.



Awakenings

Incident Report

The Cape Cod house was first brought to Bureau attention 20 years ago when the following story was printed in the local newspaper, the Ocean Bluff Gazette:

HOMEOWNERS HATE HORROR HOUSE

John and Emily Brackston, owners of a newly built house on Ocean Point Drive claim that the house wants them out. They claim that doors and locks won't open when they come home but always open easily when leaving. Faucets leak continually despite repairs. Windows and the driveway have cracked repeatedly. The Brackstons are presently suing the contractor.

The contractor maintained that the problems were fraudulently generated but did pay for the repair of the driveway by another, homeowner-chosen, contractor. They subsequently sued the new contractor for a cracked driveway as well but lost on the premise that the ground conditions were a factor. The Brackstons were not willing to pay for extensive roadbed work. Two years later they abandoned the home and defaulted on the mortgage.

GHOSTHOUSE SCARES TEENS

Three teen boys claim to have been thrown out of the third story window of the abandoned home on Ocean Point Drive. One is currently hospitalized. The East Trust Bank, owners of the property, claims that they were trespassing and probably were on the roof and slipped.

GHOST HOUSE SOLD TO NEW TEACHERS

The Sinclair Couple, Roger and Sally, have purchased the Ocean Point property and are moving in with their daughter, Susan. The parents will start work next week as teachers at the new Bayshore Elementary School. Happy with the low price of the house, Roger Sinclair claims that he knows all about evil spirits and is more worried about any gremlins that might be sitting in the first row of his math classes.

SINCLAIR COUPLE DIE IN CRASH

Roger and Sally Sinclair died in a car crash when they lost control on the coastal highway following a faculty party. Neither Sheriff Davis nor the county coroner believe the accident to be alcohol related. Surviving them is their daughter, Susan, age 10. She is presently in foster care until next of kin is notified.

Sinclair Estate: presently valued at \$700,000. Both Roger and Sally Sinclair held \$100,000 life insurance policies at the Teachers Credit Union. Due to the double indemnity clause, the amount payable is twice the stated amount. The house also had a death policy and is valued at \$300,000, though it was sold to the Sinclairs for only \$60,000 due to the history of the house. This money is currently held in trust until Susan Sinclair reaches her eighteenth birthday. Only the interest is accessible by the legal guardian.

PSYCHIC INHERITS GHOST HOUSE

Ebenezer Sinclair has decided to relocate to our fine town after being given guardianship of his granddaughter, Susan, after the death of her parents, Roger and Susan Sinclair. Mr. Sinclair claims to be a well-known psychic. When reached at the Ocean Point property, he stated that the ghostly legends surrounding the Sinclair home don't bother him a bit. "I talk to them anyways, so why can't they stay over if they want?"

Ebenezer Horatio Sinclair

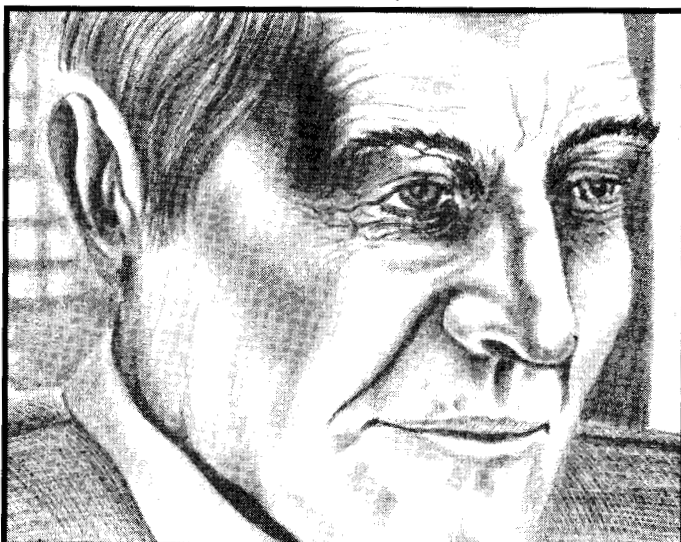
Born December 2, 1924, he served in the US Army in WWII and was given an Honorable Discharge, rank Corporal. He was decorated with the Purple Heart and Silver Star.

He was later educated at New York University where he received a degree in Psychology. He was accepted into the Master's program in Divinity at Boston Baptist Seminary, but he never completed the course.

He was arrested 35 times in Los Angeles for fraud involving psychic talents. He received two convictions. He served five years for each conviction with no probation. He insisted that he had true talents and was a troublemaker in prison.

His professional credits are:

- Member of National Organization of Hypnotists
- Free-lance writer for the National Investigator
- Associate member of the Smithsonian Foundation (a paid membership)
- Speaker at recent reunion of the Jupiter Effect Celebration



He is now acting as a Medium. There are no complaints and a few compliments recorded at the Massachusetts Better Business Bureau.

SHERIFF SLAMS PSYCHIC

In a surprise announcement Sheriff Mike "Mickey" Davis revealed information about Ebenezer Sinclair's sordid past as a fraudulent psychic. Sheriff Davis claims that Ebenezer is no fit parent for an impressionable 10 year old. He is currently seeking the removal of Susan Sinclair from Ebenezer's guardianship.

PSYCHIC SUES SHERIFF

Today Ebenezer Sinclair produced documented testimonials in court supporting his psychic abilities and apologized for being involved in some operations in the past where other researchers took advantage of client trust. He further stated that he has passed all recognized mental competency tests and has paid any debt to society that he might owe. He therefore claimed damage from Sheriff Davis' slanderous remarks to his reputation and respect and for mental cruelty to his granddaughter who so recently lost both of her parents.

JUDGE FINDS FOR PSYCHIC

Judge Lewis today awarded Ebenezer Sinclair \$10,000 in a ruling against Sheriff Davis for slander. Council for Sheriff Davis made no moves for appeal.

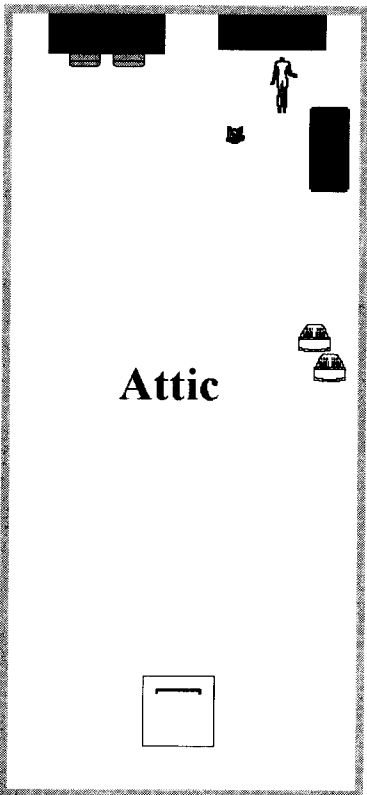
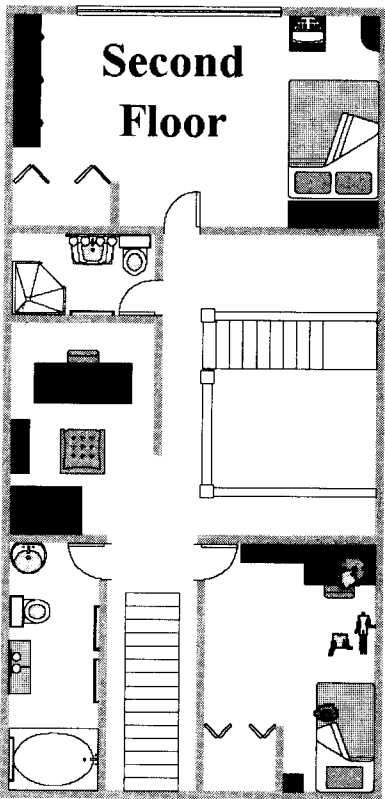
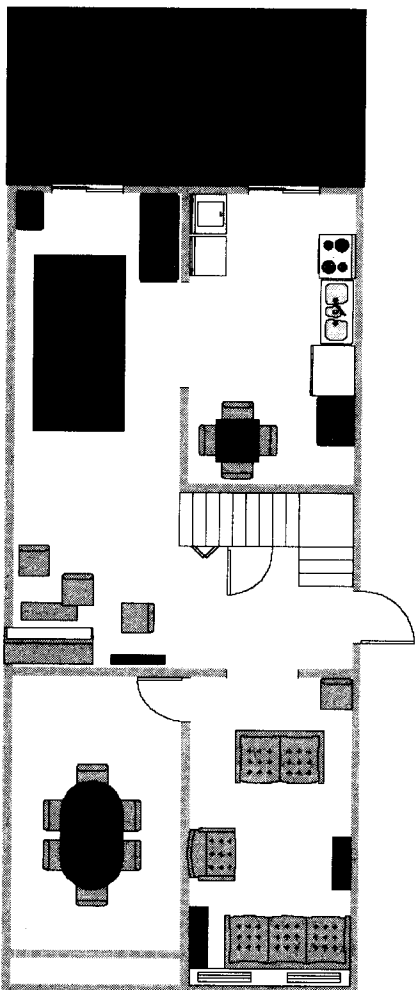
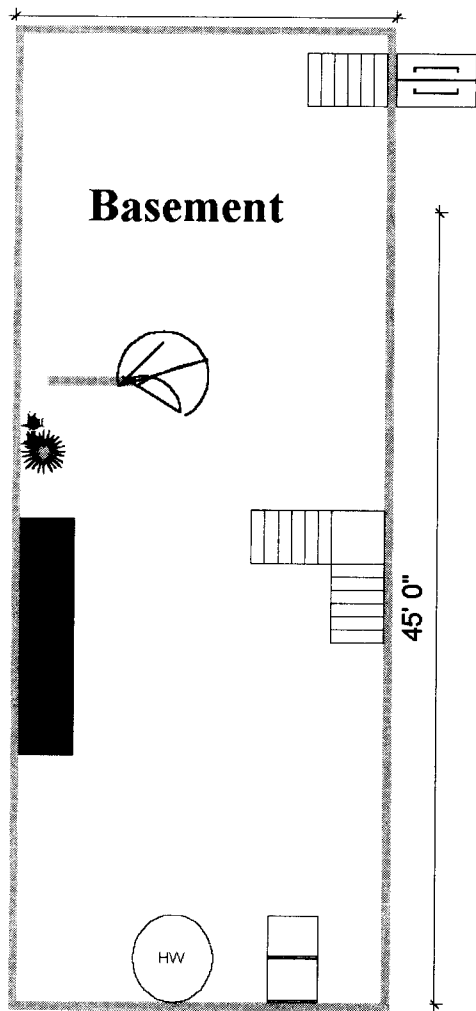
Ebenezer Sinclair said that he was glad justice was done, but now it was time to get back to his work of helping people.

Subsequently, Ebenezer Sinclair has been running a Medium business where he claims he can contact lost relatives during a seance. What interests the Bureau is that he has achieved in this house the success that always eluded him elsewhere.

Mission Objectives

- Determine if Ebenezer's powers are genuine
- Determine if the house is actually haunted
- Determine what, if any, connection exists between the history of this house and Ebenezer's success as a Medium.
- Determine, according to Bureau policy, what action the Bureau should take and enact resolution.

Until now, investigation of this suspected haunted house has been of low priority, so over the years it has fallen through the cracks. However, if Ebenezer has psychic powers and he and this house are feeding off each other, the possibility of a major supernatural incident is very high.



Ocean Bluff

A scant 35 miles south of Boston, Massachusetts on the northern edge of Cape Code Bay, this town and neighboring Rexhame and Brant Rock are a favorite place of residence for vacationers and rich suburbanites alike.

Ocean Point Drive is part of the most desirable of property. Mr. Blandish would have built his dream house here. Lightly wooded, these properties feature traditional wood and stone houses, many dating back to colonial times. Bluffs drop down to rolling lawns until they end in the bay.

Many houses have docks and boat houses.

Sinclair Estate

A large, three story building, probably with a basement looms 50 feet away from the bluff overlooking the Atlantic Ocean. Though built in the last 20 years, it has been modeled along colonial lines but with 20th century engineering to provide adequate energy efficiency. All the windows are triple glazed, and the thick walls are filled with non-toxic insulation. The house was built back from the edge of the bluff which lessened the view but allowed the bluff to act as a wind break, important during the cold winter months. However, plenty of delightful, intermittent breezes cool the house in the summer months.

A long asphalt drive, cracked in many spots, connects the house to the road.

The neighboring houses are less than 200 feet away but, since the property was abandoned for so long and somewhat of an eyesore, high privacy fences were erected on either side of the Sinclair estate. The fence the East Trust Bank erected along the road to keep out trespassers has been removed.

When Roger and Sally Sinclair moved in, they quickly cleaned up the property, mowed the lawn, and planted fruit trees. There is still a lot of landscaping to be done. Ebenezer Sinclair has hired a local landscaping firm, Blue Chip Grass, to slowly restore the property. He did this to enhance his status in the community, give more support to his role as a successful psychic, and give his granddaughter a safe place to play.

All the windows on the first floor facing the road are backed with heavy drapes. The only window on the bay side is a large picture window on the second floor (the master bedroom).

Interviewing Ebenezer Sinclair

The easiest way to talk to Ebenezer is to make an appointment for a seance. He will claim that the conditions will not be right for a few days for a seance. However, there is no reason that the agent cannot come in for an interview the next day at 4 PM. He is adamant that no seance can be performed without a preliminary interview. When questioned about this, he simply states that it allows him to determine if the spirits find the petitioner objectionable or the reason for the seance superfluous. In other words, if you aren't serious enough about this to come in for an interview, why should he waste an evening on you?

When the agent arrives, he is greeted at the door by Ebenezer. Ebenezer is a charming elderly man with a ready smile and a firm handshake, but you find yourself checking your wrist to make sure your watch is still there.

He ushers the agent into the living room and introduces his granddaughter Susan, who is still in her school uniform. A flaxen haired beauty of ten years, she is too young to break hearts but yours hurts just looking at her. Undoubtedly she is made of sugar and spice and everything nice. She apparently is acting as his secretary. She demurely and sweetly helps the agent fill out the rather extensive forms, explaining exactly what information is being requested if any confusion occurs. The agents might find it strange that Susan is explaining what is wanted rather than Ebenezer since some of the questions are of a sensitive nature for a pre-teen. Ebenezer offers coffee or tea.

When the agent asks why all the forms (he is supposed to be psychic right?) Ebenezer smiles as if he was expecting the question and explains:

Ah my dear man, there are a lot of souls on the other side. Even my psychic guides need something to identify the person they seek. A name isn't enough. If this was a fake seance, such information would not be necessary. I would claim that your lost one is waiting just beyond the veil, eager to talk to you, requiring only my services to open the way. In fact, phoney mediums compile such information on you in secret to be used during the seance, giving credibility to their claims of psychic powers. I can hardly do that now. Can I?

When all the forms are filled out, coffee drunk, and everyone has had a good opportunity to press the flesh, Ebenezer thanks the agent for his time and sees him to the door, assuring all the while that he will receive a phone call that evening confirming whether a seance can be held and when.

That night about 7 PM the agent receives a phone call from Ebenezer stating that a seance can be held the next evening at 8 PM. If it has not come up before he mentions his fee of \$300 for the evening. If the agent complains about the price, Ebenezer reminds him that a clinical psychologist session can run much higher and that this will do much more to ease his personal conflicts. Finally, Ebenezer stresses that payment is voluntary, only to be given if fully satisfied.

If the agents pose as reporters Ebenezer refuses to discuss his powers or clients except to say that they are indeed genuine and perhaps the reporters should talk to Sheriff Davis. The only exception is if they pose as writers for any nationally recognized parapsychological journal. Then he welcomes them in to discuss his situation. He downplays his past exploits and concentrates on his present success. Ebenezer insists that he always had psychic powers, but he tried to use them for his own selfish ends, which caused his spirit guides to betray him. Now he seeks only to do good for those who find their way to him. His spirit guides have returned and his "practice" is booming. Ebenezer is a consummate liar with years of practice. There is no possible way that anyone can trip him up or detect that he is lying by tone or body language.

Kirilean Readings

The whole area is lousy with psionic energy. Anyone making an Easy **Psionic Studies** roll or having the psionic talent PSI TAP knows that this is a very good place for psionic activity and if a person had **PSI TAP** he could gain quite a lot of extra WKP. Apparently either Ebenezer has developed a very high degree of psionic ability or this house is haunted by a spirit with a high PSI potential. Unfortunately, the Kirilean aura is so strong that no individual readings can be made of anything while in the house.

Getting a reading on Ebenezer is pretty tough. He doesn't go out much. He has a cook who makes the evening meal and does the shopping. He isn't very physically active and stays inside mostly. The best bet is to do something to disable his Cadillac so he has to take it to a garage for service. There a reading can be made while he waits. Then the agent can determine that Ebenezer does not have an unusual Kirilean aura. That leads credence that he has somehow stirred up something in the house to do his bidding.

The plot thickens if the agents try to get a reading on Susan. The opportunities to get close to her outside of the house are almost non-existent. Her grandfather drives her to the private school that he enrolled her in (her parents insisted that she attend public school). There she spends the whole day on the school campus protected by well-trained security guards. She leaves only when her grandfather returns to drive her home. She plays outside the house or fishes from the shore on weekends under her grandfather's supervision. Should anyone approach, he sends her inside. As she is his only direct descendant, Ebenezer is extremely protective of her, as is proper for a doting grandfather. If by some excellent subterfuge, the agents sneak a peek at her Kirilean aura they are astounded to see that she has a very high PSI potential.

Surveillance

Nothing unusual occurs on the grounds, day or night as long as the Sinclairs are home.

If the agent making the interview for the seance left a bug in the living room this conversation follows his exit:

- Eb: *So Susan, what do you think?*
 Susan: *He is a police officer, but he does believe.*
 Eb: *Is he here investigating us, or does he have a need?*
 Susan: *Both. He is very troubled.*
 Eb: *Then we must help him find himself?*
 Susan: *Yes.*
 Eb: *Well, let's see what Mrs. Emby has for our supper.*

Note: all agents have a dark side of their past or present. Usually the most noted is the supernatural incident that brought them into the Bureau. Being an agent is a terrible burden since it involves so many unfair life and death decisions. All agents would benefit from some assurance that their actions are forgiven or that their cause is ultimately justified.

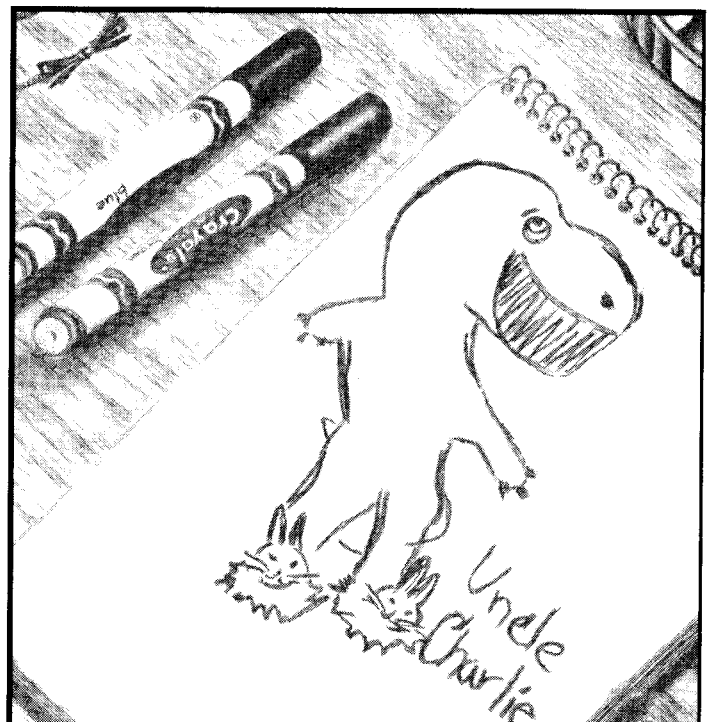
If the agents use laser bounce microphones or devices embedded in the outside of the house, they hear nothing useful from the first floor. Ebenezer doesn't discuss the seances anywhere except in the livingroom or the seance room (a converted study). He is very knowledgeable of police surveillance and electronic countermeasures:

- He has taken care to place the phone in the hallway away from the living room.
- The drapes in the livingroom are very thick to muffle sound. There are stereo speakers mounted against the floor and the outside wall that also distort any recordings of conversations.
- The windows in the seance room are actually fake. The curtains visible from the outside are backed by brick and plaster. The inside walls are covered with draperies and illuminated to hide the fact that there are no windows in this room. The only exit is through the livingroom door.

All this has been done to assure the confidentiality of what is said in the room, not only by Ebenezer, but also the clients who might reveal information highly desirable to tabloids or business rivals.

However, if the agents chance upon Susan's room they hear some very interesting conversations. Susan appears to have an imaginary playmate she calls **Uncle Charlie**. She spends a lot of time talking to him. The mikes don't pick up any replies, but she appears to be listening to him. Mostly he is a sounding board as she talks about her home life and school. The kids at the academy find her a bit weird (not surprising considering how unusual and strong her Kirilean aura is) and tend to exclude her. She doesn't really understand why this is. The only time Uncle Charlie seems to really help her is with her math homework.

All other sounds and conversations are normal for a household. Sound analysis indicates that the third floor/attic is only used for storage. This is where the boys claimed to have been thrown out of the window.



Penetrating the House

Assuming the agents can get the house to themselves, they have no problems moving about the house.

The door to the seance room is locked but is an **Easy Breaking and Entering** roll. Inside they find the classic deep pile carpets, red velvet curtains, and heavy, polished, wood table.

Behind the curtains, the agents discover that the windows are false. In fact, Ebenezer has sealed the deep window ledges with brick and hung curtains on the window side to give the illusion of a usable window. Then he had the brick plastered and painted to match the rest of the wall. This measure defeats any listening device directed at the windows.

Besides a fairly sophisticated lighting control under the table where Ebenezer probably sits, there are no hidden wires, speakers, or foot pedals, nothing common to the fake Medium trade. The agents find nothing to indicate that Ebenezer is a fake.

Upstairs, in Ebenezer's study they find the case files of previous seances. There are notations in each regarding how much the patron "gifted" him after the seance and who referred them to him. There is no indication of recontact. Perhaps because he has been so successful, he does not need repeat contacts yet. The agents find nothing incriminating here. Ebenezer has been in this game too long to leave any written evidence that could be used against him.

Susan's room is filled with clothes, toys, books, CD's, and drawing pads. On one page, drawn in magic marker, is a vague humanoid figure wearing bunny slippers. It is labeled "Uncle Charlie". The figure is too indistinct to get anything else out of it except that Uncle Charlie is smiling and he has very large teeth.

Ebenezer's room is Spartan. His clothing is conservative. In a display case on the wall are his medals. On stands on the dressers and tables are pictures of Susan at various ages.

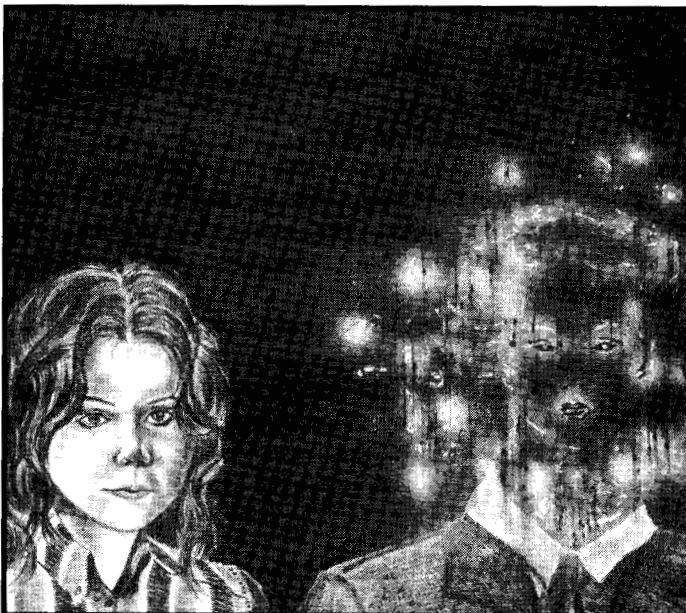
The attic is filled with out of season clothes, old toys, and mementos of Roger and Sally's life. The last are locked in a trunk. Ebenezer is keeping them packed away until Susan is older and the pain of losing her parents passes.

The cellar holds the furnace, water heater, mason jars filled with decaying peaches, and a few gardening implements. No one ever comes down here. The floor is dusty. There are no windows. The furnace draws its air from the outside through a vent. A metal door above a short flight of wooden steps opens outside next to the back porch.

There is no evidence of sticking doors, leaky faucets, cold spots, or any other complaint voiced about the house by previous owners. There are no cold spots, residue, or any other manifestation associated with a haunting.

The only danger to the agents is if they use PSI, Magic, or seriously conspire against the Sinclairs while still in the house. If they are in the basement, they are grabbed by something immaterial, slammed up and down against the ceiling and floor, and thrown out the outside cellar door which miraculously unlocks as they slam into it. They end up sprawled out on the lawn, battered and bleeding.

More unfortunate are the agents above ground. They get thrown out windows, through the triple panes and rigid metal crossbars, and about 100 feet out on a straight trajectory before plummeting to the ground. If they are in the stairwell, they are propelled up to the third floor landing and out that window. If they try to return, they find all the doors and windows locked and sealed against them. If they try to enter through an open window, random objects (lamps, beds, refrigerators, etc.) will be hurled at them until they desist.



The Seance

When the agent arrives, he is immediately greeted by Ebenezer who offers him a drink. Susan, dressed very demure, offers canapes. After a few minutes of pleasantries Ebenezer leads the way into the unlocked seance room. Susan follows. If the agent asks about Susan, Ebenezer says:

My granddaughter assists me. Hopefully the spirits will be prompt. After all this is a school night (chuckle).

The agent need not come alone. Ebenezer does not object if a few supporters arrive with the agent. He does balk if a half dozen or more show up. These he asks to stay outside in the living room.

Once in the room, Ebenezer seats any women in the group finishing with Susan if any of the men have not yet been gallant. Susan is the one sitting next to the light control.

The lights ease into near-darkness until Ebenezer's face is an indistinct blob. The only sound is each person's heartbeats throbbing in their ears as they strain to hear. In his most dramatic voice, Ebenezer begins:

Friends, life is full of uncertainties. There is so much to do and so little time. We never know until too late how much our loved ones mean to us. Fortunately, they are not gone forever, just gone away for a time. Just a step away. Still watching over us. If we open our hearts and minds we can still hear them. Still feel them. Sometimes, if we are truly fortunate, we get a glimpse of them, just a step away.



And so on. Any agents with **Psychology** who make a Medium **Difficulty Roll** realize that the cadence of his voice is the same as that of a hypnotist performing a hypnotic induction. Anyone with **Hypnotism** recognizes this technique immediately.

Meanwhile, the patron agent gasps. In the darkness, in place of Ebenezer's face, the image of the person the agent sought comes into focus. The other agents see nothing. They only hear the agent speaking. If the agent gave a bogus person to summon, someone from his past who is dead appears instead. The vision engages the agent in conversation. In all respects it has the ring of truth. Very likely the agent becomes emotional, forgetting himself and his mission.

Note: This should be a very revealing moment for the character. The GM should be merciless about pressing his psychological buttons.

After what seems but a moment, the vision fades and the agent only sees Ebenezer smiling at him. Ebenezer rises (the light in the room has increased to normal levels without notice); walks around the table; helps the agent to his feet; and escorts him out into the living room. There in the familiar surroundings the spell seems to fade away.

Ebenezer fixes another drink for the agents or offers chilled water if they refused a drink before. Susan excuses herself and goes upstairs to her room.

Usually the patron is thanking Ebenezer effusively about now. Ebenezer is very humble and insists that he did nothing, that the patron and their desire to see the other side made all the difference. He makes no direct references to money. Rather, he hopes that others will be enriched and blessed as the agent has been. If the agent asks about a fee, Eb replies that if the agent wishes to support the service he received the agent should give as generously as his heart demands. Usually that is a lot.

Whether a check is forthcoming or not, Ebenezer gives the agent his undivided attention, letting him know that this experience has been shared and valued by both of them.

When the agent seems calmed down, Ebenezer suggests that he go home and meditate on what he has seen and heard. Ebenezer escorts them all to their cars and waves goodbye as they drive away.

Now the agents have a dilemma. Obviously, Sinclair is providing a very positive service. In fact, if he is willing to keep a low profile, there is no reason for the Bureau to shut him down.

The Real Story

Ebenezer has no psychic powers. His granddaughter, Susan, is the PSI. She has the talents of **TELEPATHY**, **EMPATHY**, and **MIND CONTROL**. She has levels of 20 in each of these. She developed these powers shortly after moving into this house. Though they are genetically based, her psionics were in fact induced by her imaginary friend, Uncle Charlie.

65 million years ago, a race of saurians, who were to the great dinosaurs as we are to tree monkeys, ruled the world. Each a World-Class PSI, they had no need for technology as we know it: Weather control instead of houses, teleportation instead of cars and planes, remote viewing instead of TV. Nothing was impossible to them if they worked together. They grew careless in their omnipotence.

One day a large asteroid hurtled down upon them from the cold stars they had grown weary of watching. Too late to be stopped, it slammed deep into the Earth. Those who were not immediately killed, realized that terrible storms, earthquakes, and upheavals would soon engulf the entire world. Rather than enduring these disasters and performing the tiresome job of ecological restoration afterward, they decided to sink deep into the Earth and hibernate for a time, rising when the Earth had renewed itself. Unfortunately, they had never attempted hibernation before and they had but fleeting moments to initiate it. They were too successful. Instead of hibernation, they fell into a permanent catatonic state. Only a few possessed the incredible degree of talent in **SELF CONTROL** necessary to sustain them through the following eons.

Uncle Charlie is one of the remnants of this powerful race. The upheavals that formed this region pushed him relatively close to the surface. Two hundred years of industrialization and the emergence of PSI powers among the human population has slowly brought him closer to consciousness, leaving him in a somnambulant state. Like a sleeper stirred from deep slumber, he doesn't want to wake up. He shrugs and twitches when disturbed. Unlike human dreamers, his dreams have teeth. When the house was built over him, he was subjected to the noise of pumps, vacuum cleaners, dish washers, power tools, and toilet flushes, as well as the petty jealousies, anger, and passions inherent to humanity. Fitfully, he pushed and twisted at the house and people with his psionic powers, forcing them to leave.

Finally, the Sinclairs moved in. Uncle Charlie found fertile ground where he touched her mind. As she awoke to the true reality, she recognized that he was a lost soul. She eased his mind and helped him sleep. The house was troublesome no more.

After many months of association, Uncle Charlie has trained Susan's mind to fully utilize her powers. Though she does not have the talent **PSI LINKING**, he provides her with unlimited **WKP**. Idealistic in her youth, she heartily desires to help others. Easing the psychic pain of others is a natural outgrowth of her ministry to Uncle Charlie. The white lie of the fake seances is easily endured. Especially since the authors of her current ethical stance are her Grandfather and a 65 million year old inhuman.

If Susan and her grandfather are allowed to live in peace, Uncle Charlie drowns on indefinitely. However, if the agents continue to use strong supernatural powers nearby or, heaven forbid, actually assault Susan, Uncle Charlie wakes and all hell breaks loose!

The Awakening

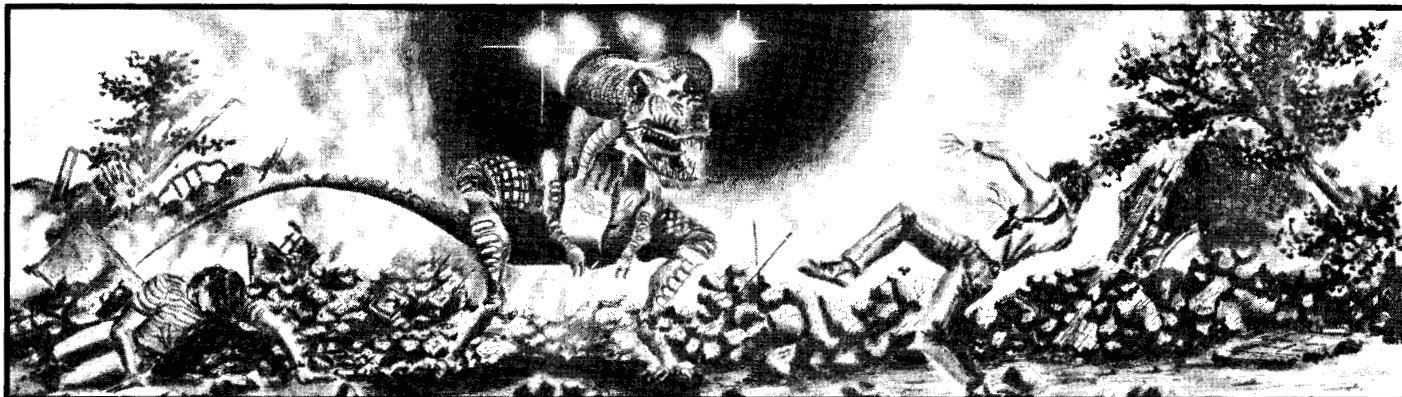
The house and land beneath the foundation explode upward from a huge telekinetic push. Pieces fall miles away. All agents caught directly in the blast die instantly. Uncle Charlie does not yet think of human beings as people. Susan and her grandfather are wrapped in telekinetic force and protected.

Uncle Charlie

Race: Sauroid Height: 8' 5" Weight: 400 lbs

Stats are fairly unimportant since he can use his powers to speed his reaction time or simulate great strength and toughness.

Rising like the Phoenix he levitates out of the pit (the remains of the property). He has absolute control over his psionic powers and effectively has infinite **WKP**. He effortlessly repels any physical or mental attack. Being cranky first thing in the morning, his first reaction is to smash the agents like bugs. Only the horror that he sees in Susan's mind stays his hand. If she was killed or rendered unconscious by the agents, the carnage is unimaginable. Only immediate and supernatural flight can save them. Even so, Uncle Charlie will, as his first priority, hunt them down (he has all psionic powers) and crush their minds before he wrings the life from their bodies.



There are a small number of his kind left, still hibernating. Uncle Charlie can wake them. They are the strongest of their race. All the weaker have perished long ago. Together, they could cleanse the earth of the human vermin that infest it, but Uncle Charlie knows the gentle touch of one of these creatures. If she still lives, he convinces the others to spare mankind.

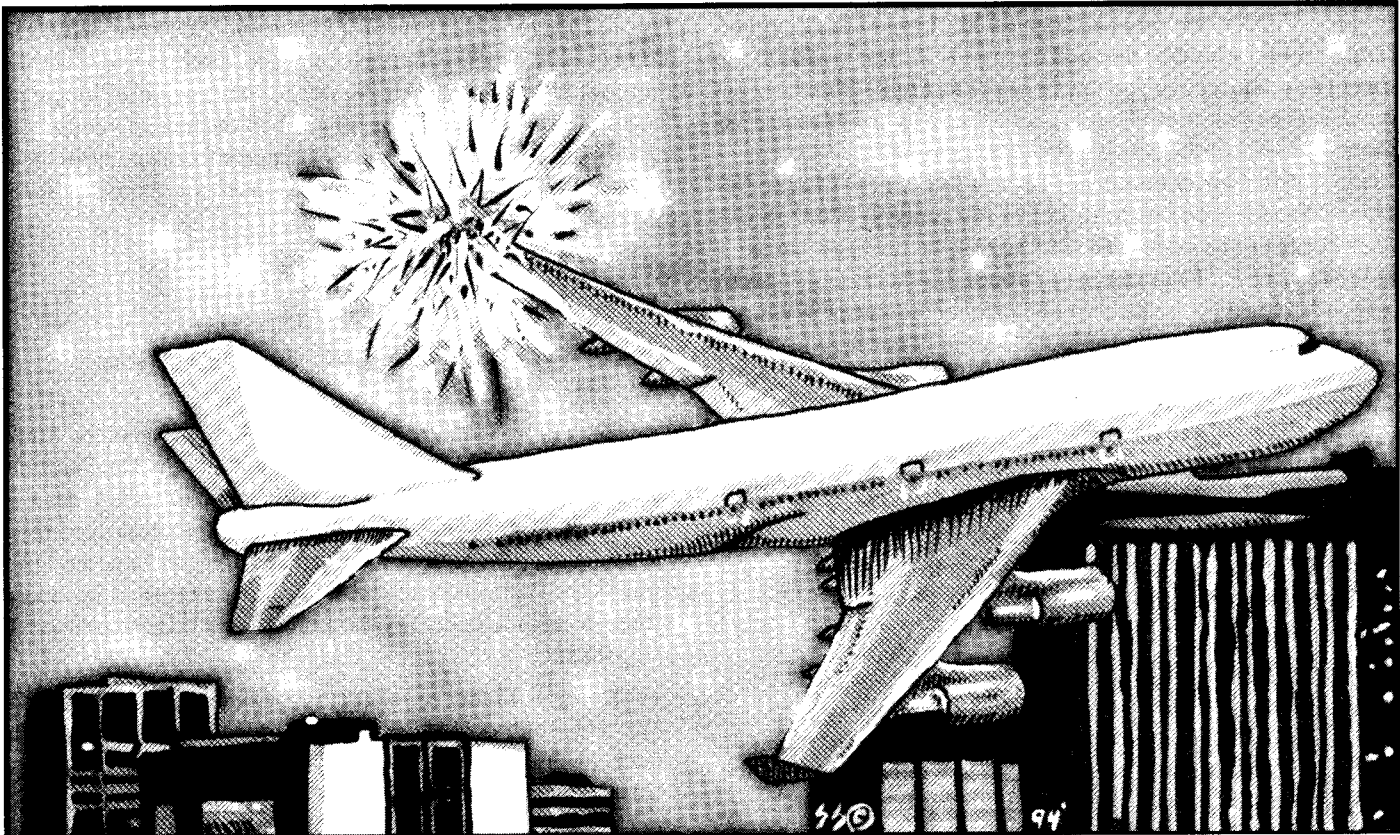
Resolution

At this point the Sauroids have three choices:

- The only thing standing between their domination of the world is human beings. Well, arrivaderci, humanity. The Sauroids easily reach out and snag another asteroid. They send it hurtling to Earth, recreating the disaster that destroyed their civilization. Since they are prepared for this one, they can transform Earth back to the world they cherished in record time. Mankind, including the Bureau, will be hard pressed to stop them.
- Humanity is highly immature and prone to self-destruction. We are continuously destroying our environment. The Sauroids hypothesize that we will soon extinguish ourselves. Reasoning thus, they return to hibernation for a few more millennia, careful to avoid the coma that trapped them.
- We are nothing like them in culture or outlook. There is no room for both races on this small world. Therefore, using their immense psionic powers, the Sauroids fashion a telekinetic cocoon that can ferry them to another world. They seek their future elsewhere.

Suggested Experience Points

| | |
|-------|--|
| 2000 | Investigating the Sinclairs without them knowing |
| 500 | Devising a ploy to remove all the Sinclairs from the house so it may be investigated |
| 600 | Realizing that Susan is the one with psychic powers |
| 2000 | Hammering out an agreement to let the Sinclairs continue their work in peace |
| -1000 | Attacking either of the Sinclairs |
| -1000 | Abducting Susan Sinclair |
| -550 | Destroying Uncle Charlie |



Taking Out The Trash

Incident Report

A Boeing 727 landed at Kennedy International Airport seven days ago after an explosion blew off the tip of the left wing. The preliminary report from the FAA crash investigation team has been intercepted by a friend of the Bureau at the airport. The report indicates that the metal of the wing-tip appears to be mildly radioactive, and a request has been put in for a metallurgical specialist with a knowledge of radioisotopes. This request has also been sidetracked. If the report is correct, this is a paranormal event: no known methods of energy bombardment can render aircraft aluminum radioactive. Technical Section reports that on occasion dimensional warps have been known to produce a residual radiation in stable materials. A non-repeating dimensional rift is assumed unless further events are reported.

Your team is assigned to evidence dispersal. One or more members of your team are to impersonate the required specialist. Upon arrival, report to Robert Rainer who will introduce you to William Furn, the head of the FAA team. Then photograph the wing-tip, and replace it with one that will be fabricated from the photo by the New York technical section. Any other evidence of a paranormal event is to handled in a similar manner. Expected mission completion time is 48 hours.

The head of Kennedy Air Traffic Control, Robert Rainer, has been associated with the Bureau since his daughter was saved from a demonic sacrifice in 1975. Close contact with him should be avoided in public for security reasons, but he is available for assistance if required.

Included with this report is a phone number for contact with New York technical section personnel, another for Robert Rainer, and a set of FAA ID passes.

Robert Rainer

| | | | |
|---------------|---------|-----------------|---------|
| Height: 6' 2" | | Weight: 220 lbs | |
| Age: 48 | | TMP: 70 | |
| STR: 10 | INT: 14 | THR: 15 | HPT 52 |
| CON: 09 | WIS: 11 | DOD: 14 | 75% 39 |
| DEX: 14 | LCK: 08 | ACC: 15 | 50% 26 |
| AGL: 13 | CRZ: 13 | STB: 80 | 25% 13 |
| SNS: 05 | MRE: 02 | STN: 05 | PIE: 14 |

Skills

| | | | |
|-------------------------|----|--------------|---|
| Air Traffic Control | 10 | Pilot, Prop | 8 |
| Radar Use | 6 | Navigation | 5 |
| Administration | 6 | Bureaucracy | 4 |
| Radio Use | 4 | Mathematics | 5 |
| Engineering, Electronic | 2 | Computer Use | 3 |
| Fabrication, Wood | 2 | Flute | 1 |

Robert is the head of Air Traffic Control at the airport. He has access to all areas of the airport and to the computers there. He is more than happy to help the agents in any way possible, but should be contacted at his home, about a mile from the airport.

Aliens Among Us

Skills Needed to Fool the FAA

The FAA inspectors are professionals. All have a basic understanding of metallurgy and mechanical engineering. **Metallurgy 6** and **Nuclear Physics 5** honestly qualifies an agent to act as the requested expert. The **Nuclear Physics** skill is not important as none of the FAA team know anything about this field. The metallurgy expertise can be faked by anyone with a real **Metallurgy** skill over 3, or a **Structural Engineering** skill over 5. However, having the required skill not only allows the agent to pose as the requested expert but also means he might learn something useful for his own investigation.

If the team contains someone who is capable of the impersonation, he is issued an expert system computer program for the Bureau laptop computer that adds a flat 25% modifier to sound like he knows what he is doing, and even answer a question correctly about the subject of metallurgy, as long as the question is of such a nature that he can stall and get time to consult the program.

Should none of the agents be able to impersonate the metallurgist, one will be provided by New York Technical Branch. When the request comes for a field assignment they send the guy they most want out of the lab: Jimmy Alpha.

Jimmy Alpha

Age: 28 TMP: 32

| | | | |
|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| STR: 11 | INT: 16 | THR: 07 | HPT 41 |
| CON: 12 | WIS: 08 | DOD: 09 | 75% 30 |
| DEX: 08 | LCK: 10 | ACC: 07 | 50% 20 |
| AGL: 11 | CRZ: 13 | STB: 38 | 25% 10 |
| SNS: 05 | MRE: 04 | STN: 03 | PIE: 01 |

Skills

| | | | |
|--------------|---|-------------|---|
| Physics | 7 | Chemistry | 4 |
| Higher Math | 5 | Mathematics | 4 |
| Electronics | 5 | Drinking | 6 |
| Metallurgy | 5 | Research | 5 |
| Computer Use | 4 | Laser Tec. | 3 |

Normally Saying: "Hey, get off my back! You wanna do this yourself? It's too early for this crap anyway. You wanna take a break, I know this little place where we can get a couple of quick ones and make it back before 10:00."

Jimmy is a mean drunk who doesn't particularly like anyone who isn't sitting at the next bar stool. He only infrequently does more than he is told, and always fades out to a bar for lunch. There is only a 40% percent chance that he will come back to work at all. When he has very exact instructions, Jimmy does good work, but if he can cut a corner to get away by happy hour he does. The only reason that he is kept on with the Bureau at all is that it makes him easier to keep an eye on. His alcoholism makes him a serious security risk.

Taking Out The Trash

Kennedy International Airport

Kennedy is the busiest airport in America. No one notices one group of secret agents, more or less. The FAA team is in Hangar 27. A cursory inspection of the agent's documents gains her admittance to hanger row and the hanger itself. Inside, the agent sees that the entire floor is covered with a tarp and on this tarp are laid out the disassembled pieces of an aircraft. Beside each piece, written on the tarp in grease pencil, is a code number. There are six men scattered around the room with instruments (calipers and micrometers, if any of the agents have the skills to recognize them) and clipboards.

One of the men sees the agent and yells, "Yo, Boss, visitors". A stocky, middle-aged man with a gray crew-cut walks out of the office and greets the agent.

William Furn

AGE: 54 TMP: 50

| | | | |
|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| STR: 16 | INT: 14 | THR: 15 | HPT 52 |
| CON: 14 | WIS: 16 | DOD: 14 | 75% 39 |
| DEX: 14 | LCK: 12 | ACC: 15 | 50% 26 |
| AGL: 13 | CRZ: 10 | STB: 80 | 25% 13 |
| SNS: 12 | MRE: 02 | STN: 05 | PIE: 14 |

Skills

| | | | |
|-------------------|---|---------------|---|
| Aeronautics | 8 | Pilot, Prop | 8 |
| Pilot, Jet | 6 | Metallurgy | 2 |
| Mechanical Diag | 6 | Bureaucracy | 4 |
| Chemistry, Gene | 4 | Mathematics | 5 |
| Engineering, Mech | 2 | Pilot, Rotary | 3 |
| Brawling | 2 | Flute | 1 |

Normally Saying: "So what's the bottom line? We have a problem to find here."

William Furn is the head of the FAA investigating team of the damaged 727. Formerly a test pilot in the Air Force, he left the service for the civilian world when a heart attack and the subsequent multiple by-pass got his flight ticket yanked. William is a man who is serious about his work, and while not a mean person, often he seems cold because of his strong work ethic and no-nonsense attitude.

Pulling Off the Scam

Furn isn't expecting a ringer and won't be quizzing the agent posing as the metallurgist to determine his abilities. A particularly suspicious statement on the part of the ringer or his "assistants" will force a contest of skills between Furn and the ringer. Take Furn's score in the skill in question and then subtract that from the agent's skill. Make an Average skill roll against the result. If the agent has **Acting**, this skill should be added to the roll. If the contest is lost by the agent, then Furn will call the head office and ask what kind of jerk they have sent him. It will take

Taking Out The Trash

them d100 minutes to check their computers to see what he is talking about. Intercepting the phone call will tip Furn off, as he knows about everyone that he deals with at his office personally. Any agent trying an intercept who has a WISDOM score over 12 will think of this. An insertion of computer records into the main FAA system (security access +20) in time will stop the immediate problem, but the insertion will be detected in d4 days. Blowing something at the FAA level is sure to bring an FBI team.

Furn first takes the expert to the area of the tarp that contains the pieces of metal from the wing-tip. These parts are four sections of metal that are about three feet wide by four feet long. All of them are man-portable. He tells her that the plane managed to limp in without the tip, but that it was a miracle. The lost metal from the tip has not been recovered. The agent can see that the metal in question has been cut in a jagged curve. A quick bit of geometry indicates that the curve is part of a three foot diameter circle. Furn gives the agent a report folder that contains all of the available data that his team has gathered about the wing. It is quite thick. He asks if there is anything that the agent needs, and then asks how long it will take for a preliminary report. After this he will go back to work, assuming that the expert can handle the job.

Replacing the original wing is a simple matter. The agent only has to take detailed pictures of the wing from all possible angles and fax these photos to the New York Technical Section. In four hours time Tech can have the duplicates ready for drop off at any place that the agents specify. The FAA team knocks off at six o'clock, and the building is locked with a simple padlock. All the agents need to do is use their ID to come back to the building later, pick the lock, and replace the wing sections with the duplicates. There is not a strong security presence in this area of the flight line, and these operations will not be noticed unless something particularly dumb is done. Picking the lock is an Easy task. If the agents feel timid about this approach and contact Robert Rainer, he tells them to do it this way.

The next day, after the replacement, the agent should put in a preliminary report to Furn that there is no problem with the wing-tip, and that his people must have misread the instruments. If any of the agents thought during the switch to miscalibrate the Geiger counter in the equipment room he should get a good judgment bonus during experience awards.

The Second Plane

At 15:20 of the second day of the investigation a Lear Jet crash lands at the airport. This plane has a three foot diameter hole though rear fuselage of the aircraft. No one was killed in the landing, but the aircraft is badly damaged and the crew is severely shaken.

By 15:40 William Furn has his team crawling all over the plane. Moe interviews the pilot and co-pilot. Stan and Oliver photograph the plane inch by inch. Larry checks the electronics in the plane. Lou and Bud take x-rays of the hole area. Furn drafts the ringer to examine the hole in the airframe.

In the fuselage is a smooth three foot hole. It is exactly the same size in the top of the plane as in the bottom. A Geiger counter reading shows that it is mildly radioactive. The hole was

Aliens Among Us

not burnt, since the carpeting around the interior of the bottom hole is not singed at all.

The underside of the aircraft is badly mangled from the crash landing. Many of the control cables for the rear of the aircraft were cut by whatever punched the hole through the airframe. To the eyes of the agents there is no damage on the outside of the aircraft that did not come from the landing.

After an hour, Furn orders the plane towed to Hangar 28. He calls his team back to hangar 27.



Debrief

Upon entering the hangar Furn yells "debrief". Moe starts.

Uh, the plane belongs to IBM. They were coming in to pick up one of their bigwigs who's here for a conference. The pilot and co-pilot report that they were warned off approach by the tower and put on Holding Pattern 12a ... uh, incidentally, the same holding slot as our 727. After about twenty minutes of doing slow circles over Manhattan, they felt the plane getting hit by something. At this point they lost most control over the plane, but the engines were intact. The co-pilot, Clinton, went back and saw the hole. They called in an emergency and managed to make it here to land. The pilot, Ericson, pulled a miracle and managed to land it without the elevators or rudder. Used the ailerons and engines to get her on the ground in one piece.

Furn then gets reports from the men taking photos. They report that the damage is consistent with the story and that the only abnormality in the airframe is the hole in the fuselage.

Now Furn asks for the metallurgist's report. He listens carefully to anything that the ringer says and then stares out into space for a while. The ringer gets a roll against his Wisdom should his player be dumb enough to mention radiation. If Alpha is the ringer he will not mention radiation. He says that it appears that the hole was made by something hitting the plane at a high velocity.

Aliens Among Us

Furn at this point asks for theories. None of his men have any. Furn presents his own:

Someone in midtown Manhattan is shooting down planes.

Covering Furn

It should be obvious to even the slowest agent that Furn needs to be neutralized in some way. The conclusion that someone is shooting down planes means the involvement of at least the FBI and possibly the military.

There are many ways to do this. One is to intercept his call to the FBI and send in bogus FBI agents. The first thing these new agents should do is tell him to not report this to his superiors, because the matter is classified and they will work on it at their level.

Another method is to take out Furn and his team and replace them wholesale with New York Tech Section personnel. This will only work for about 72 hours before someone from the FAA wants to speak with Furn personally and will not be put off. If this approach is taken, Rainer will report it to the Bureau and suggest that the team in question is doing more harm than good.

The team could also come clean with Furn. If they have something they can show him that is incontrovertible proof of the supernatural he will come around. If they do not show him such proof he will act like he came around, but then report them as crazies to the FBI instead. If the agents consult Rainer, he suggests this approach and is happy to help convince Furn. Furn knows Rainer and trusts his judgement. Even if the agents do not have proof of some type with them, Furn will give them 48 hours to prove what they are saying on Rainer's word.

The Intrusion of the FBI

Unless the agents do something to stop it, the FBI is going to be called in. The first thing they do is inspect the plane and classify the whole investigation. This means the ringers have to go through an FBI security screening. A good hack of the FBI systems can get the agents through this, but the best move in such a case is to just fade away after destroying the Lear with a couple of thermite charges.

There is now a pair of FBI agents stationed at the plane in Hanger 28 at all times (see Ex-Military Officer Template, Pg 183, Bureau 13 Sourcebook). Each are armed with a Smith and Wesson 1071 pistol with a single clip (same stats as Colt Delta Elite with a 9+1 CAP). The FBI agents are not very worried about someone trying to blow up the aircraft and, as a result, are not in a combat posture. Neutralizing them is a fairly simple task if the agents hit hard and fast.

The Flight Recorder

Checking the flight recorder of the 727 and the Lear jet shows that Furn was correct: both of the planes were over the midtown of Manhattan when the holes were made in their hulls.

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Nothing else about the two planes' flights are the same. The times were different and the flight plans had nothing in common except that they were both placed in holding pattern 12a by the tower due to crowded landing schedules.

Diverting Holding Pattern 12A

Rainer diverts Holding Pattern 12a as soon as the second plane is shot down and the connection is made. Should something have happened to Rainer (it shouldn't, but there are some really crazed teams out there), then if Furn is on the team's side he will take care of the matter.

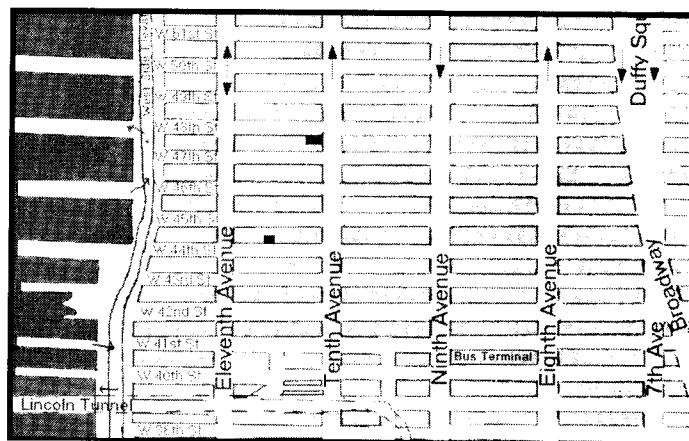
If Furn is not in the fold or Rainer is not available then the matter is a bit harder. A computer penetration of the tower computer systems is the easiest way to go. The computer has a security access of -10% and the Bureau Computer Airlines Hack bonus does NOT apply, but the system is also encrypted and the Bureau program will translate the feed after penetration. Once in, it is an easy matter to delete that particular pattern.

If the the use of that holding pattern is not stopped, another plane drops in four days. This time it is a large postal service cargo plane and the crew of four is lost. If the pattern is not deleted, the problem not solved, and another plane drops, then the team should get a **Really Screwing Up** modifier to experience that is worth -1000 points.

Hell's Kitchen

The particular part of midtown Manhattan that pattern 12A covers is more commonly known as Hell's Kitchen. Hell's Kitchen is a predominately white, Irish slum. Street after street is filled with four and five story tenement firetraps that have storefronts on the ground level. The streets are not particularly violent, as such, but a flagrant display of wealth by an outsider is sure to cause an encounter with a gang.

Hell's Kitchen is run by the Irish mob, which controls everything in the area from the food suppliers, to the garbage hauling, to the more common vice and loan shark operations. The police who patrol this area are all bought and paid for by mob concerns and turn a blind eye to mob activities unless forced to act by orders from above. Even during ordered "crack-downs" the police carefully coordinate with mob leaders as to which individuals to bust as show cases.



Taking Out The Trash

Aliens Among Us

Finding Information in the Hell's Kitchen

The main crossroads of information is Patrick's Pub on the corner of Tenth Avenue & 48th St.

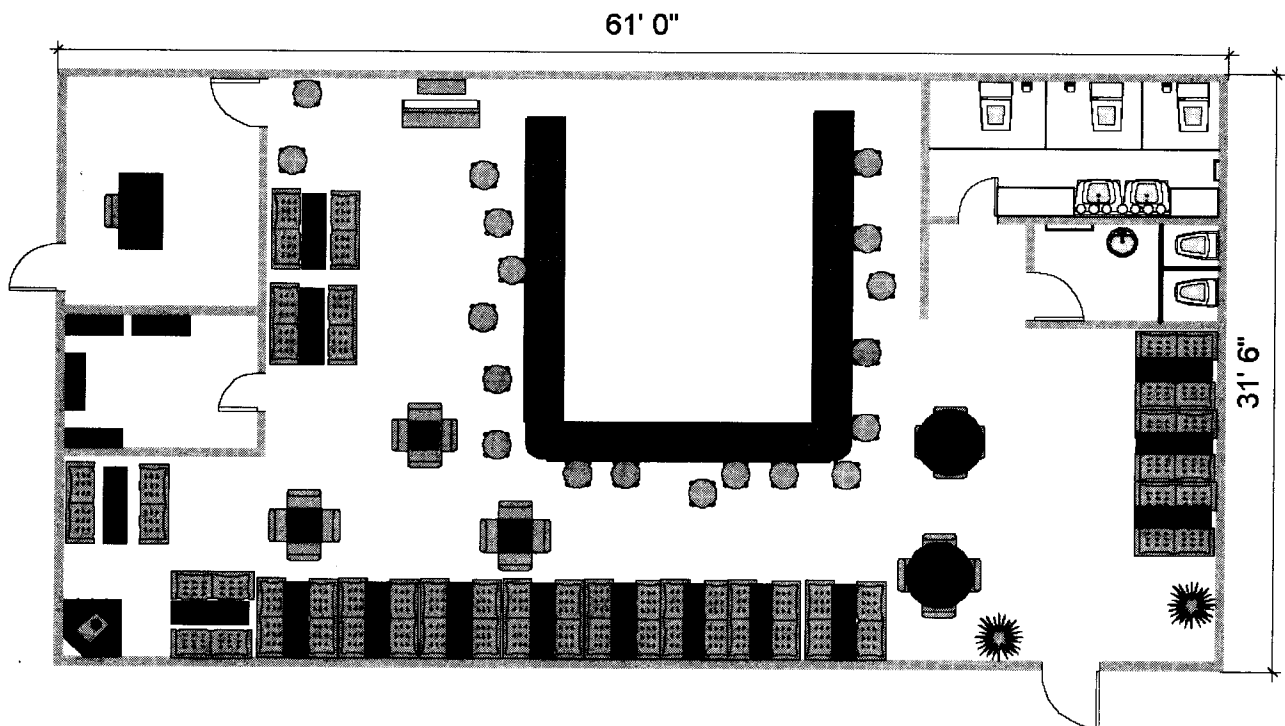
Asking questions is not the way to find out information. The preferred method is to stand around drinking and just listen to what is said. For every hour spent standing around listening allow the agents a 50% chance of hearing one of the following bits of conversation:

- *Ol' Paddy, now there's your boy. Got this bar, the pool hall and the hauling concession for ten blocks around. There's one set bloke.*
- *Dunno what happened to him, Mick. Twenty years, that blind man been takin' numbers on the corner of Ninth and 47th. Hell, they say he lived right down the block there in the alley, sent all the vigorish to some daughter he got in college somewhere and just lived in a box in the alley. Then, poof, he ain't there one day last week. I figures he was savin' up for some kind of con-do-min-ium in Florida. Yeah, that's what I figures.*
- *Vinnie, you know better than that. Those trucks ain't none of your business, no how. You just be a good soldier and keep to yourself about the hauling concession. Breathing is an optional activity, my friend.*
- *Yeah, so that retard runnin' the pool hall, he says that he thinks the guy shootin nine-ball is a friggin' alien. I says that if he's an alien he sure must be a wino alien, the way he reeks of booze. So the retard says that he seen the wino's spaceship. I ask him where it is and he says that it's on the wino's back, like one a' them dohickeys that the NASA guys wear on their back. The only thing on that wino's back was a trench coat that's seen better days. I swear, I can't tell ya why in the H the guy's not in Bellevue. At least they could up his medication or somethin'.*

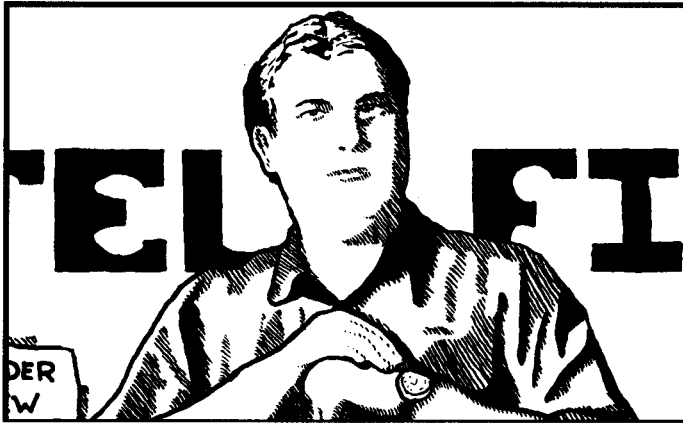
- *They come out of the sewers at night. We really shouldn't talk about this here, wait until we get back to my apartment. (This is a red herring. The speaker is a deluded individual who reads far too much Lovecraft.)*
- *Man, you don't understand, I shot the dink four times. I know he's dead. But then I see him crossing 52nd today as clean as I see you sitting here. And he looks straight at me and goes "bang" while he's making a gun out of his finger and pointing it at me! You gotta help me, Mike! Your brother's a priest, right? (This is another red herring. The speaker is a hit man for the mob who's conscience has driven him to a nervous breakdown. Though if the GM is feeling particularly nasty he could add in a little side adventure with a vengeful ghost roaming the area.)*

There are other things that the agents will gather just by being in the bar for over an hour and watching what is going on around them:

- Some sort of action is going on in the back room. The door to this room is guarded by three unobtrusive men sitting at the table right next to the door (See Street Thug template, Pg 182, Bureau 13 Sourcebook). It doesn't take any rolls to see that these men are probably criminal "muscle". By listening carefully an agent hears one of the few people going back ask a door guard if Paddy is in. The guard nods his head and jerks a thumb toward the door. If one of the agents tries to go back there they are told that the room is the stockroom and open to employees only.
- This pub is some sort of a mob gathering ground. Even the dimmest of the agents can recognize that a majority of the patrons are armed and dangerous. Overheard snippets of conversation contain phrases like "roofing contractors from Cleveland" and "so I pumped five rounds into him and he just looks down at his stomach and says..."



Aliens Among Us



The Pool Hall

The Felt Field (Under New Management proclaims the faded cardboard sign in the window) is a large pool hall with fifteen well cared for tables and a long bar that serves beer and sodas.

Jimmy Versario is maintenance man, janitor, and general flunky at The Felt Field. Large and good natured, Jimmy is unfortunately also brain damaged as a result of a head injury acquired in youth.

Striking up a conversation with Jimmy is a simple task. He talks easily and freely to anyone who is polite to him.

If asked about seeing anything strange in the area, having any weird customers, or about aliens, Jimmy talks about the alien who shoots nine ball:

There was this guy about two weeks ago, he shoots nine ball. You like nine ball? I don't know about it. Too hard to count like that. I play pool okay. Easy to shoot the balls. Nine ball, that's hard. You gotta shoot the balls like you're supposed to. I always lose. Shoot the wrong balls. People laugh when I do that. Gordon, my boss, always says I'd be the best hustler in the world if I could count. I think it's dumb how you gotta shoot the balls in. Should just be able to knock them in. Anyway, the alien comes in and shoots nine ball. But I was watching him play and he sees me. So he asked me why I was watching him. I got scared then cause I thought he was gonna git mad at me for watching him and hit me like Gordon does when I mess up. Anyway, I told him that I was watching him because of the thing on his back. He says "'what thing?"; and I said the shiny thing that was on his back, tween. He says that there is nothing on his back and passes his hand, like, behind him. But I tell him not to be dumb, the thing is tween. So he just smiles and says that I see real good. Then I asked him why he was trying to look like he did, you know, like, normal people. He said it just made it easier for him to get around. It's real strange now that I think about it, cause I don't know how he looked like he did. His face didn't look like a normal person's at all, but somehow the way he acted you just didn't notice it much unless you looked real close. But, anyway, I asked him if he'd had an accident when he was little that made him look strange, cause I had one like that made me dumb. But he said no, it was just the way that he looked. So then we started shooting nine ball together, but he didn't get mad at me for shooting the wrong balls. And he tells me all about where he's from and stuff, and

Taking Out The Trash

that it is in another place, and how he's here to make a business deal and all. But I don't remember too much about all that cause I was busy shooting. I love to shoot, don't you? So then I had to get back to work and old Gordon was gonna be back soon. I tried to tell Alex about the alien, but he just said he was a wino. I told him the alien just looked like a wino, but Alex laughed at me and told me how dumb I was.

If asked about **tween**, Jimmy just says:

Not there and not here. Like tween, you know? Where all the stuff is funny colored and you can't touch it. Like how it looks around the trash.

Jimmy can't explain further and just says to go and look at the trash. Jimmy has second sight and is able to see overlapping dimensions.

The Blindman's Alley

Investigating the alley where the blind bookie disappeared reveals a large cardboard box containing a couple of changes of clothes, a large pad of Flashpaper and a cheap transistor radio. Any agents with **Illegal Gambling, Booking, Law Enforcement, Criminal Science, Criminal Investigation**, or **Organized Crime** skills knows that flashpaper is often used to write bets to bookies. This type of paper is chemically treated to go up in a burst of flame with no residue when it is lit. This makes it easy to dispose of in case of a police raid.

Further searching the alley reveals a white cane, of the type used by the blind, sitting near the dumpster at the end of the alley. Using the Advanced Kirilian Detector on the dumpster indicates is a faint residual reading.

Upon closer examination, the dumpster is a normal green dumpster with a large decal proclaiming that it belongs to Shamrock Hauling. A successful SNS roll gives an agent a strange feeling about the dumpster. A successful Tough skill roll against **Security, Criminal Science, Smuggling**, or **Traps** skills reveals that there are two very thin strips of metal running up the inside of the dumpster on either side. The metal appears to be fused with the steel of the dumpster. It is rainbow hued and cannot be cut by any means.

A mage using the **See Portals/Gateways** or **See Spirit World** spells sees the rough and shimmering outline of a large, complex structure around the dumpster, anchored to it by the two strips of metal.

If, for some very odd reason, the team should have called in Flash Jervis he looks at the dumpster and says:

Well, you don't see those every day. A matter to energy conversion unit, one quarter out of phase between here and there, set to trigger by astral capacitance between two poles. I've always wanted one, but never had the time to make it.

He will then explain the nature of the device to the group (see **What's Going On**).



The dumpster will not move. If a truck is attached to it with a chain and it is pulled then a 5000 point energy explosion occurs. If the team cuts away the steel of the dumpster from around the two strips and attempts to move one of them in this manner, this also triggers the dumpster dispersal. The pieces resist being moved even if they are totally cut away from the dumpster. Hopefully this gives the team a clue. If they still insist on moving it, then blow them up. Obviously Flash Jervis will recommend against moving the dumpster.

Running Down Shamrock Hauling

A computer records check reveals that Shamrock Hauling is owned by Patrick O'Daughtery and that Shamrock has the city garbage hauling concession for Hell's Kitchen. A further simple check uncovers that the same Patrick O'Daughtery owns Patrick's Pub and The Felt Field as well as some real estate concerns.

An Average skill roll with **Computer Research** or **Data Manipulation** shows that Patrick O'Daughtery has been arraigned on Racketeering charges on four separate occasions, though the cases were dropped when the witnesses either changed their minds about testifying or died. His home and business address is Patrick's Pub.

Further investigation requires a Real Tough skill roll to show that Shamrock has contracts with four land fills in New Jersey to dump their collected garbage. Logs of the dumping at these fills over the last fourteen days shows that Shamrock has only been dumping one tenth of the normal amount of garbage.

A successful hack of the First Bank Of Manhattan (security access +05%), the bank that Patrick and his companies use, produces accounting records. An agent with the skills of **Accounting, Corporate Structure, any Law, Banking, Tax Evasion, or Organized Crime** at over a 4 can take d20 hours and make sense of the complicated holding companies and various dodges that Patrick uses to launder the income from his various illegal enterprises. The important thing about this information is that it shows that in the last ten days Patrick has made \$50,000 more in illicit funds than he normally does. \$30,000 of this has been in payments from various small New Jersey chemical companies and the remainder has been in \$4,000 chunks from various individuals. Running cursory checks (Average skill rolls) on the people writing these checks reveals that they are recognized Organized Crime figures.

The team should realize that this map of his holdings and income is enough on its own to get Patrick busted on tax evasion charges and Patrick will be aware of this fact if he sees the info or is told about it. This a powerful bargaining chip if the team deals with him.

Talking to Patrick

Getting in to talk to Patrick at this point is an easier task than before. The agents can use various methods to get by the three thugs at the door. One is to say that Patrick wants to talk to them and then give a note with some of the accounting data for his companies on it to the guards. The team will soon be called in. Another is to say that they have information about the bum he is looking for. Yet another is to come in with some of his soldiers as "guests" by being picked up in the dumpster stake-out after the fifth day.

Trying to blast their way in is not a recommended method. This reveals the unfortunate information that the three thugs at the door are just there to draw fire while the bartender, barmaid, and three "drunks" at the bar get a bead with their MAC 10's.

Patrick O'Daughtery

| | | | |
|---------|---------|----------|---------|
| STR: 12 | INT: 13 | THR: 07 | HPT: 41 |
| CON: 12 | WIS: 16 | DOD: 09 | 75%: 30 |
| DEX: 08 | LCK: 10 | ACC: 16 | 50%: 20 |
| AGL: 11 | CRZ: 13 | STB: 76 | 25%: 10 |
| SNS: 05 | MRE: 04 | STN: -03 | PIE: 01 |

Skills

| | | | |
|-----------------|---|----------------|---|
| Organized Crime | 7 | Assassination | 4 |
| Bookmaking | 5 | Drug Traffic | 4 |
| Illegal Gaming | 5 | Administration | 6 |
| Fraud | 5 | Extortion | 5 |
| Music (piano) | 4 | Bartending | 3 |

Normally Saying: "You don't wanna do that. You wanna be reasonable, eh wot? See, Mick here likes people to be reasonable. It's hard for me to control him, otherwise."

Patrick is a reasonable businessman who knows that he is in the center of some sort of paranormal event that is way out of his league. Patrick is more than happy to come clean with the agents if they identify themselves as government agents and promise him immunity from prosecution. If they come in as criminals needing bodies or other "trash" disposed of, then he makes a deal with them, but allow as how he is "tryin' to get out of the business, so don't rely on me to do this for the long term." If threatened in some effective manner, the tax records for example, he tells them the whole story and tries to enlist their aid in finding the wino.

Patrick is an amoral not evil crimelord. He mainly deals in vice and organizational scams, laundering money for other families. The bodies that his men are dumping are not of his creation, but merely bodies that he is being paid to dump by other crime bosses. As Patrick is getting older he is starting to think about "gettin' right with the Lord" and considering turning his criminal activities over to John Maguire, his second in command. Until then it is "just business".

Stalking the Trash

If the agents stake out a dumpster for observation there is 50% chance every night of observation that they will observe ONE of the following:

1) A black truck with no company markings backs up to the dumpster and two men rapidly unload unlabeled 55 gallon drums into the dumpster. After they put in six barrels (the largest number that fit comfortably into the dumpster) one of them goes around to the front of the truck while the other pulls out a couple of plastic bags of garbage and throws them into the top of the dumpster. Then he will run around to the front of the truck. Agents on the scene may make a SNS roll to get a feeling of power coming from the dumpster. The dumpster glows dimly with a very deep blue light for a moment and then is empty. Then the men repeat this process until the truck is empty of barrels.

If the team decides to try and talk to these men they are told to "beat it". If they persist one of the men produces a 45 cal. long-slide and repeats the order. Staying around at this point gets the agent shot. If the agents overpower the two men (stats for the two men are Street Thug, see page 182 Bureau 13 Sourcebook. Both are armed with Colt M1911 loaded with one clip) a successful interrogation reveals that they are both employees ("soldiers") of Patrick O'Daughtery ("Big Paddy"). They pick up the trucks fully loaded from a parking lot just over the Jersey line. They do not know who puts the trucks there. Equally, they are not too curious about the self-emptying dumpsters (*"Friggin magic, ain't none of my concern. You don't live so long askin' questions in this line of work, buddy"*). The drums are full of some sort of chemical sludge. **Ecology, Chemistry, Sanitation Engineering** skills (or most anything else that would give half an excuse) permit the agents to make the good guess that this is toxic waste.

2) Same two thugs as above, but they pull up in a late model sedan; open the trunk, pulling out an oblong black bag a little over six feet long; and put it in the dumpster. Then they pull out garbage bags from the trunk and more from the back seat until the dumpster is full. The only difference from above is that the thing being disposed of is a dead body. Again, they do not know anything and only picked up the car where they were told. If the agents want to go to the effort, they can take prints and use databases to identify the body as Eddie Flannery, a suspected police informer (if they access the police database, security access: -10%, they will find that he is a low level informant). This is, of course, assuming that they get to the body before it is disposed of by the dumpster.

Advanced Dumpster Games

If the agents decide to play with one of the dumpsters a little more, they find that when a dumpster is filled up the contents vaporize in some manner ten seconds later. There is no noise associated with this, but there is a huge jump in Advanced Kirilian readings. If it is night, a deep blue glow comes from the dumpster as this occurs. This glow is very near ultra-violet and can only be noticed if someone is looking directly at the



dumpster in darkness. During the day the glow is so dim that it cannot be observed, but it can be recorded by instruments.

If one of the team members gets the bright idea to rig up a sheet of something over one of the dumpsters when it is eating the garbage he or she is rewarded with a three foot hole in the material. If, of course, one of the agents is unlucky enough to be the material over the dumpster when this occurs, well, this is an energy beam doing 3,000,000 points of EN penetration per square inch. It goes straight up and keeps right on going.

The Amazing Exploding Dumpster

On the evening of the fourth day of the event a news report will come to the attention of the team that a dumpster was bombed in Hell's Kitchen.

Details from the news report include that two men were killed and a truck belonging to Shamrock Hauling was damaged when a large bomb was detonated in a dumpster belonging to the garbage company. The reasons for the bombing are unknown, and the police have no leads at this time. This is the second Shamrock Hauling explosion in a month. The first explosion happened two weeks ago. Two employees of the company were killed and a truck was damaged then also.

If the agents get into the police computers to investigate the explosion they find that the two workers from the hauling company were apparently trying to move the dumpster with a truck when it blew up. A gang war is suspected due to the fact that many members of competing gangs have been disappearing without a trace. The police have no firm leads.

Wino Search

On the fifth day of the incident, the agent who, in the GM's opinion, is the most streetwise, or at least trying the hardest to learn street info, comes by the following piece of data: Paddy O'Daughtery is looking for the wino that he made a contract with week before last. There is a thousand dollar reward for the soldier who finds him. There is no other information regarding what type of contract or any other details about the "wino".

What's Going On

Two weeks ago a bum walked in to Patrick's Pub and said to the men guarding the door to the inner sanctum that he wished to see Mr. O'Daughtery about buying the garbage concession for the area. The guards laughed and started to run the tramp off, but Patrick overheard the conversation and stopped them. He agreed to *"Let the bum have anything he wants out of the trash for ten blocks around"* for a fee of two hundred dollars. To the amazement of everyone the bum produced two hundred dollars from a pocket of his tattered trench coat. With great humor Paddy wrote out a "contract and receipt" on a napkin and gave it to the bum, who left happily.

Then a dumpster exploded when the company tried to empty it.

Then the dumpsters started emptying themselves.

Patrick, being a smart guy, realized that there was more to his deal with the bum than met the eye, but instead of banging his head against the wall trying to figure out what to do about the dumpster problem he applied a bit of Irish ingenuity and turned the whole thing into an asset. He started getting rid of bodies and toxic waste via the dumpsters.

But all is not good. Dumpsters can't stay in the same location indefinitely. Businesses die and discontinue their services, and dumpsters have to be moved for street work. Now Paddy is desperate to find the "bum" and get him to reveal the method of moving the dumpsters and, incidentally, to explain how they work.

The wino is an alien named something that humans can't pronounce but goes by "Larry". Larry is a trader from a planet near Cygnus. His race uses technology that is dimensionally shifted. Invisible to human eyes, the shifted machinery can perform various tasks in this dimension. On his back Larry carries a backpack of this type that is a life support system/communication center/computer. His ship is in orbit and he calls it down to a point over the Atlantic ocean to pick him up when he needs something from it.

What Larry is doing with the dumpsters is converting the trash in them into an energy beam that his orbiting ship collects and stores. Later Larry will reconstruct the contents of the dumpsters and sell it to other worlds that have a use for the trash. The various petrochemical compounds, plastics, that are in the dumpsters are particularly valuable in some places.

Larry is planning to leave soon. When he leaves he will leave a remote unit in orbit that will collect all of the beamed trash. It will continue to operate until he swings by again, sometime in the next century. Larry would expand his operation

to try to get all of the trash on the planet, but he doesn't have the equipment to handle it and doesn't want to bring in a corporate partner on the venture.

Right now Larry is still in the Hell's Kitchen, going to second hand shops and cheap record stores and buying up all the vinyl LPs that he can get. These disks bear an amazing similarity to the prayer ovals of the Vangalli of Bespar VI. He thinks that he can make quite a profit on them.

The reason that Larry is hard to find is that his race has a psionic talent to be unobtrusive (a boon as intergalactic traders). Only individuals with a SNS of 15 or above can notice Larry as anything but a natural part of the environment around them. However an Advanced Kirilean Detector can still register him.

Finding Larry

Along with all the other handbills and signs that grace the lightposts of the streets, one re-occurs that says, *"Buying old records for good prices. See Larry room 128, The Belmont."*

This should be mixed up with other mentions of signs to not tip the players off. A mention should be heard at one point or another about *"the bum bought my whole collection, a thousand bucks. Man, I'm tellin ya, you gotta sell your old wax to this guy."*

If the team is just not getting it, after a few days there will be a few overheard comments about *"that weird bum who's buying out the used record stores. I hear he just bought the whole stock from the one on 29th."* Hopefully the GM can work out a more subtle way of cluing in slow players, as this is the equivalent of a blinking neon sign that says: GM put alien here!

There is a cumulative 10% chance per eight hour shift of scanning the streets of the Hell's Kitchen with an AKD of finding Larry's hotel and room from residue from his high Kirilian profile.

Bribing Gordon, Jimmy Vesario's boss, with two hundred dollars per day gets him to order Jimmy to help the agents. Gordon doesn't want to know *"why ya want the retard, I just want two hundred a day for his val-u-bell time."* Jimmy has a flat 50% chance per day of finding Larry.



Dumpster Watch

After the fifth day explosion each of the dumpsters in the area are being staked out by two of Patrick's soldiers. They are hoping that the alien will come to "tune them up" or something. If the team stakes out a dumpster then they will be apprehended by the soldiers (Generic Street Thugs, Page 183, Bureau 13 Sourcebook) for a talk to Paddy. The other option is for the team to apprehend the soldiers, who only know that they were told to watch the dumpsters for anyone acting odd and then take them to the boss.

Solving the Problem

The best solution to the problem lies in finding Larry. If someone confronts Larry with the fact that he is an alien he will be quite open with them about what he is doing. He doesn't care if they know; he just doesn't make a habit of calling attention to the fact.

If checking the Belmont Hotel is how the agents find Larry they discover that the Belmont is a cheap flophouse. Larry has two rooms. They are full to the ceiling with old LP records.

If the team tries to get him to stop the dumpsters he will produce the cocktail napkin and say, *"It's mine, the trash. One being's trash, another being's treasure, eh? You'd be surprised what somebeing somewhere will pay for the oddest things."* Any agent with any **Law** skill realizes that Larry has a point: the trash is his. If someone tries to BS him with a law about it being illegal to fire energy beams into the air, Larry replies, *"See you in court. Your species has a legal system, yes?"* Larry is well aware of the local laws and customs through the extensive data base in his computer but plays the slightly dumb alien just for fun (and potential profit).

If pressed to sell his dumpster concession, Larry decides that it is worth \$20,000 for *"the trouble that it's going to take me to set up somewhere else."* Patrick will agree to this, though if he realizes that the agents are members of the government he will demand that they pay for it. Pressed with the tax records he will grumble and pay.

A particularly bright agent might not like the ring of the *"set up somewhere else"*, and he would be right. Missing this solves the problem for this group of agents but causes a new one for others and is worth a -300 point experience modifier. Larry will merely put off his planned departure next week long enough to go to another metropolitan area and do the same thing. If asked specifically he tells the team that this is his intention, *"A being's gotta make a credit somewhere."* He demands \$1,000,000 to renounce any claim to all of the planet's trash (Patrick will not produce this kind of money). But he is willing to work with the agency. If they can promise him a continuous trash flow, he doesn't really care where it comes from. More importantly, he doesn't care what the trash is. He can sell anything to somebeing. If the team thinks to promise him a regular supply of trash in the form of nuclear waste and set up an arrangement with the Bureau to make this happen, it is worth a 3,000 point experience bonus. General toxic waste is worth 2,000, and a normal trash dump in a place safe to beam it up is a straight **Removal of a Supernatural**

Threat bonus of +1000.

If a deal is cut, he immediately sends out a signal that deactivates the dumpsters and allows them to be moved, but he leaves them here.

Trying to kill Larry to remove the problem is nearly impossible. His life support gear includes a force field that makes him impervious to normal weaponry. Ditto for trying to locate and shoot down his ship. If Larry is attacked he will act as if the attacker committed a mildly offensive faux pas (like slurping your soup), and his price for relocation will go up by a factor of 10.

The other method of dealing with the problem is to wait until Larry leaves then destroy the dumpsters by moving them. The obvious drawback to this is that this creates an evidence dispersal nightmare. Over a hundred exploding dumpsters will draw some attention (not to mention damage the buildings they are near). If Larry is still on planet he will not bother to replace the dumpsters unless 10% or more of them are destroyed. In this case he will rent a truck and manufacture dumpsters in his ship, dropping them off in a parking lot on the Jersey shore. He will then truck them to the new location and turn them on by signal from his computer. At this point they will look just like the original dumpsters and be immovable without explosion.

Note: Almost all of the clues for the last half of this scenario are located in Patrick's Pub. If something happens to the Pub before the agents get the clues then the scenario becomes almost insoluble. To prevent this, the following steps should be implemented by the GM if Patrick's Pub and the Felt Field are destroyed or somehow shutdown:

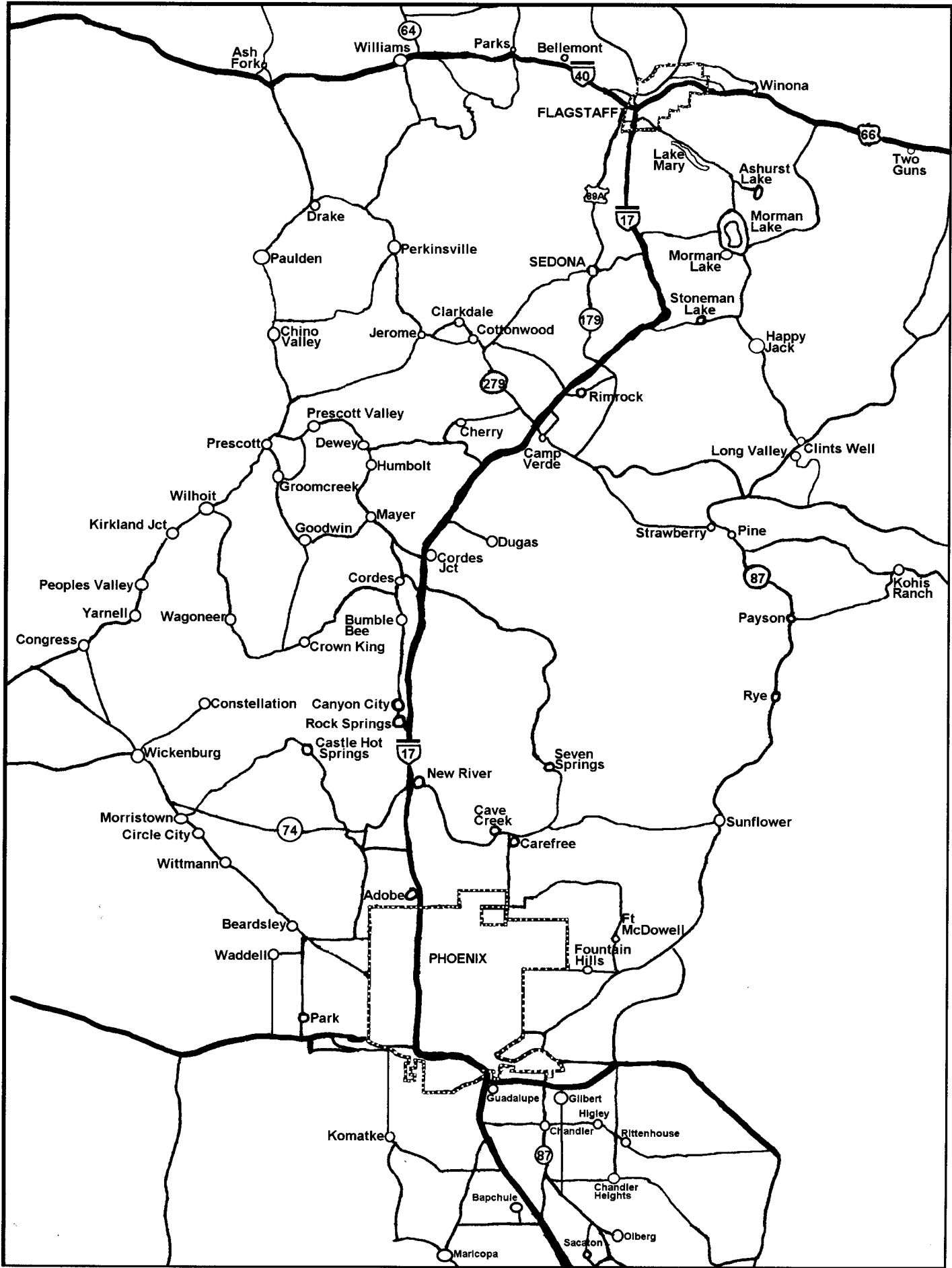
- All clues available in the pub should be given to the players in the same manner as if they were going to be in the pub, but now just scatter them around to anywhere that the players go.
- Add a business office for Shamrock Holdings. Patrick (or if he is dead, Maguire, his second in command) will hole up here.
- Jimmy Vesario will still go to the old location of the Felt Field for work every day, even if it is closed or destroyed. He will just stand on the sidewalk out front with a pool cue, wait, and talk to himself:

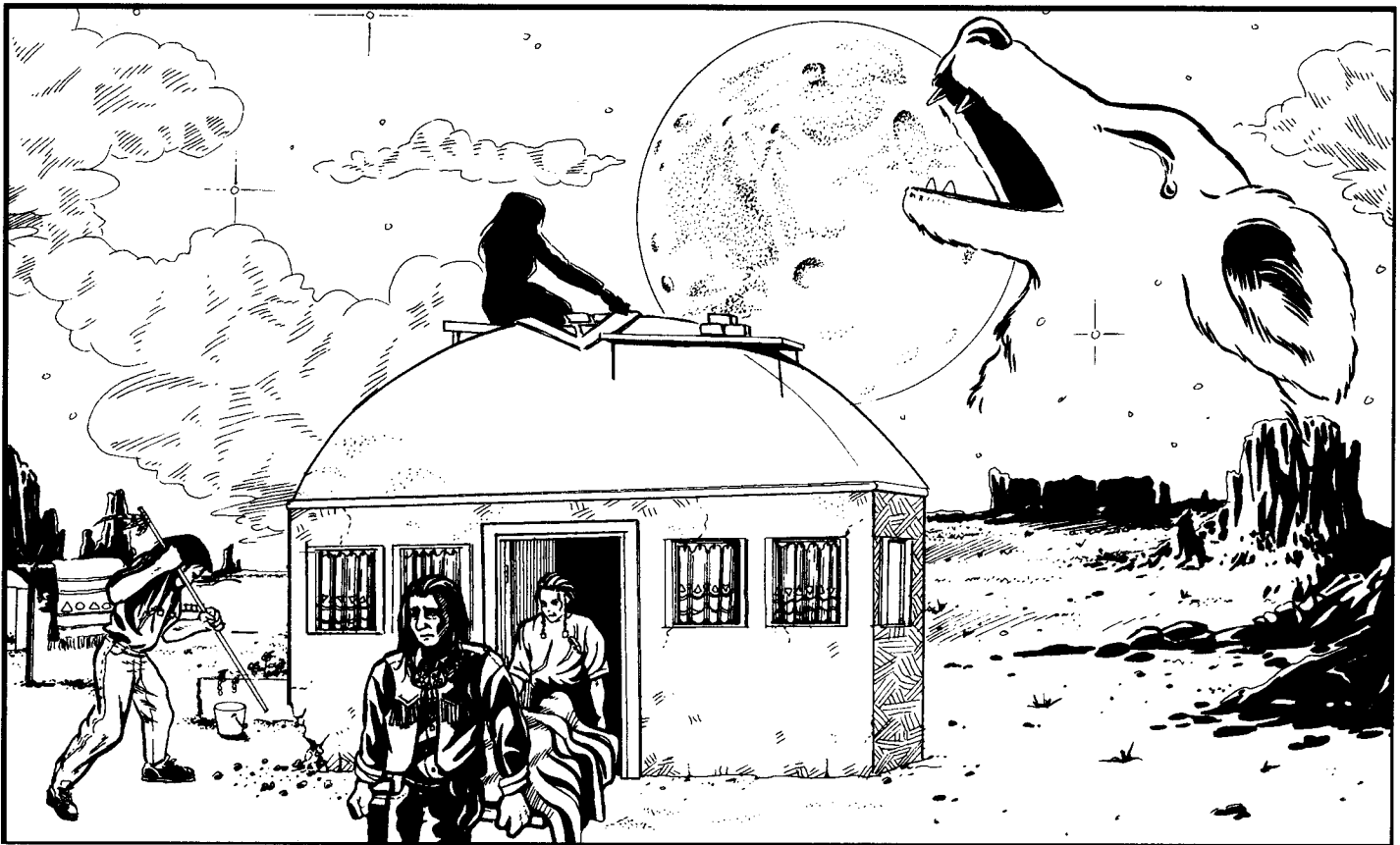
Gordon will show up. He'll be here, I know it. He always is. He just must be sick.

Jimmy will not leave this spot to help the team in this case.

Simplified Timetable

- | | |
|-------|---|
| Day 1 | Agents arrive |
| Day 2 | Lear Jet shot down at 15:40 |
| Day 4 | Evening news report of dumpster bombing |
| Day 5 | Agents leaked info about wino search |
| Day 6 | Dumpster patrol by Paddy's soldiers begin |





Coyote Weeps

(With a tip of the hat to Tony Hillerman and his splendid Native American crime novels.)

BUREAU 13 Incident Report

One of the Indian reservation land in the Southwest harbors three tribes: Navajo, Utes and Hopi. The Navajo and the Utes are traditional enemies and even today there are still hostilities between them. For the most part, however, the three tribes live together in abject poverty. The reservation land includes parts of Arizona, New Mexico, Utah and Colorado and is known by some as the *Checkerboard Reservation*. However, even though the reservation spans four states the nearest office for the Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA) is in Flagstaff, Arizona.

The County hospital in Flagstaff notified the Centers for Disease Control (CDC) and the federal authorities of a frightening rise in Flu related deaths among Native Americans. According to the hospital staff, all of the victims were unrelated. The only commonality is that all of the victims were Navajo. Since the Navajo make up only a quarter of the population on this reservation, this is a significant fact.

The CDC and the FBI came to investigate the deaths, run tests, and take samples. The DEA also sent investigators. Drug smugglers from Mexico and South America pass through the area, and small planes can and do land and take off in the vast open desert. The DEA was checking the possibility of the deaths being drug-related. After three months of painstaking investigation and one pot bust, all the federal agencies packed it

in. All that time the government people were crawling around the reservation, disturbing goats, sheep, and horses. The Indians were glad to see them leave. No conclusions or statements have been released except a recommendation that further testing needs to be done. However, Indians continue to die.

The Navajo people as a rule are very closed mouthed to outsiders and are generally distrustful of medical personnel. The Navajo, whose name for themselves is **Dine'** (which means **The People**), would not tell the Feds the whole truth even if they knew it. They would not outright lie but would respond with half truths or sins of omission.

From birth to death the Navajo people walk along a path they believe was laid out for them by supernatural beings (see **BUREAU FILE: Navajo Holy People**). Maintaining a steady course insures harmony with the universe and its supernatural forces.

An integral part of their lives is chanting and singing. Songs of good luck ward off danger and are sung daily. Other songs mark important milestones of life are sung. The songs impart the wisdom and traditions of the Holy People.

Since the reservation covers land at the juncture of Utah, New Mexico, Arizona, and Colorado, legal jurisdiction is complicated. There is a BIA police force whose jurisdiction is only on the reservation. These officers patrol the reservation in jeeps, trucks, and occasionally airplanes. Jeeps are necessary since most of the roads are no more than packed dirt or dry ravines. Each of the three Indian nations has a full time policeman. A captain appointed by the BIA commands them. His name is Captain Ironfingers.

You are instructed to go to Flagstaff, Arizona, and begin your investigation.

Flagstaff, Arizona

Located high in the Red Rock Canyon region between Phoenix and the Grand Canyon this mountain community is a crossroads for the major artery, I-40, common to the southernmost states and leads to the golden land of California.

Many residents are grateful for the soothing coolness of the high altitude climate in summer, but must suffer smothering snowfalls in winter that choke closed any roads not continually patrolled by snowplows.

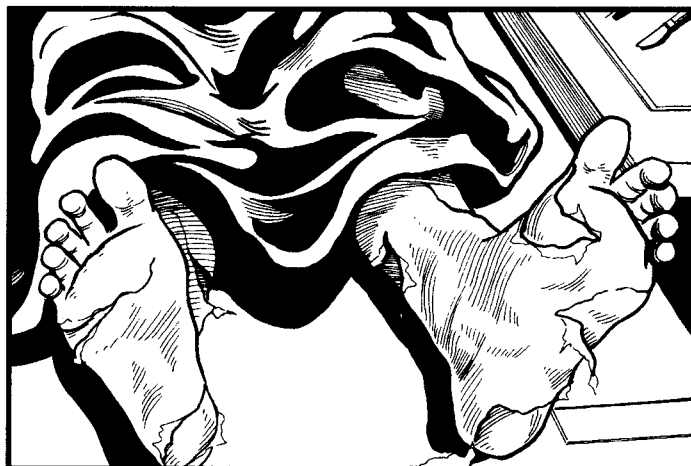
Fortunately for the agents, it is summer, but they will curse the dry, unrelenting heat of the desert that will descend on them soon enough.

Their first stop is the Federal Bureau of Indian Affairs.

Bureau of Indian Affairs

The government's lack of concern for Native Americans is obvious just by looking at the office. Small, understaffed, and poorly funded, it acts only as a clearing house for the mass of forms and reports that must be filed periodically and forgotten.

The only information the team can get from the BIA office is the names of the dead Navajos who were flown to the county hospital for autopsy. However, in an effort to be helpful, Sarah, a clerk, mentions that Captain Ironfingers in Shiprock, New Mexico, has the most complete information.



The Morgue

At the hospital the team is directed to the head pathologist, William Garrison. Unfortunately the man is so impressed with himself and his duties that he does not find the time to speak to anyone. A young **diner** (someone who prepares the corpses for autopsy), Jerry (an unexpected name for an Indian), is quite willing to get the information from the computer in the pathologist office if asked.

Since the pathologist office is not far from the morgue, the team can examine the bodies while the diner gets the print-outs on the victims. All the bodies are Navajo which the staff has already remarked in the reports as very unusual. The diner is Navajo, which may explain his willingness to help.

As the team enters the morgue, the cold rolls off the

walls, seeps through their clothing and down their necks. Rows and rows of rectangular drawers fill their view. After the first few drawers have been opened, the stench grows nauseating. In a short period of time the strong formalin odor that is prevalent in every morgue becomes almost a sweet relief.

All the bodies were found out in the open. The ravages of time and the hot desert sun are readily apparent. There are no Kirilian traces on the bodies. The corpses are in such bad condition that it quickly becomes obvious that further physical examination is pointless. More information can be gained by reading the autopsy reports. With difficulty they push close the drawers bearing the sad remains that once were human beings.

The young diner returns with the autopsy reports. The team can conclude:

- All the victims were Navajo.
- All the victims died within 24 hours of being seen in apparent good health.
- All the victims had lungs congested with fluid, a symptom common to pneumonia, but no pneumococcus bacteria was found in the fluid or their lung tissues.
- Age of the victims vary from 10-72

Shiprock, New Mexico

Traveling to the police station in Shiprock takes several hours (200 miles). The small BIA police station is easy to spot in a town of 500. Reservation Navajo choose to live in hogans (adobe buildings) in small family groups that are widely spaced over the territory.

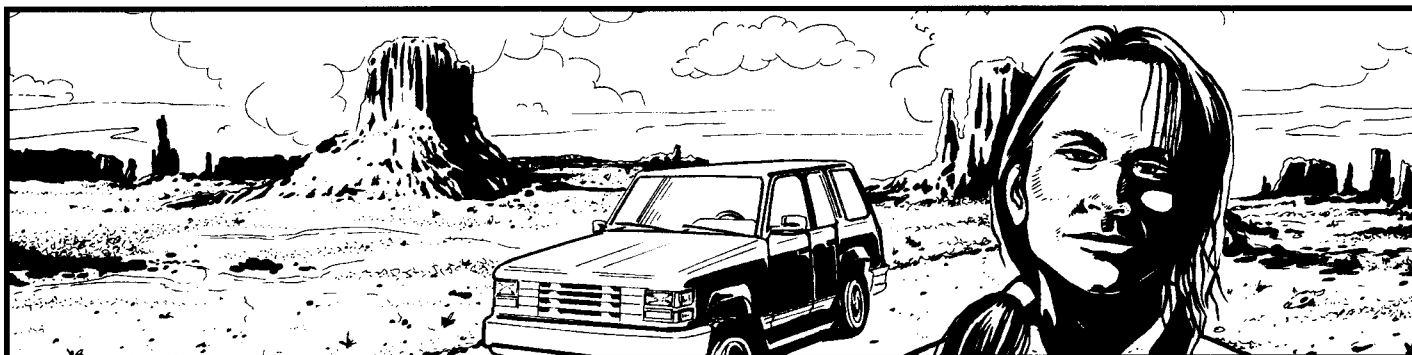
At the station the team present themselves to Captain Ironfingers. As long as they have a plausible cover story and identification (NSA, OSI, or some military organization since White Sands military base is close by) he is inclined to help. However, if they present themselves as the FBI he will kick them out of his office. Reservation land is considered government land so he works with the FBI on a regular basis and will know them for frauds.

The files are thick folders, filed neatly in cabinets. Nothing in the station is computerized. Even the coffee maker is 20 years out of date. The files show a total of 13 bodies, 10 of which have been identified. If they ask, there is an aggregate map displaying where all the bodies were found which Ironfingers will give them. This is in a separate folder since each file holds the paperwork on a single death.

The main person investigating the deaths is Jim Thunder. Jim knows the way to all the family hogans. The team leader needs to ask the dispatcher, Susey, to call him in.

Before the team leaves the police station Susey mentions that a good place to find information is the Trading post at Route 57 & 44. She draws a map. Susey is an older woman and speaks four languages fluently. While she is drawing the map to the Blanco Trading post she mutters about witches. The captain glares at her and tells the team to ignore the babbling of a senile old woman. Susey is only in her early fifties and is obviously not senile. It seems plain that the two enjoy baiting and arguing with each other like an old married couple.

There are no Kirilian traces on anyone or anything in the police station.



Jim Thunder

Jim Thunder is the Navajo policeman. He was born to Bear Claw Clan (mother), born for Running Water Clan (father). This is important because Navajo families are very close knit. For him to even think about dating a girl from either clan would be incest. He grew up on the reservation and went to the BIA school. After graduation he entered a work-study program at the University of Arizona and majored in Anthropology. After college he volunteered for the Army to serve in the Vietnam War. Like all the young men involved in that tragedy, he returned home changed.

He has a white man's education and knows the white man's world pretty well. Jim stills speaks Navajo fluently. Without him not much information can be pried from the natives since the older people do not speak English and would not talk to outsiders anyway.

Jim's maternal uncle, Hosteen Nagi, is a respected Singer. Off and on Jim has studied with him. Jim has spent most of his adult life trying to resolve the contradictions between being a policeman and his wish to become a Singer.

He lives in a trailer 20 miles from the BIA station in the town of Red Valley. Though a very small town it boasts the BIA school, a general store, and a launderette, all grouped together by the road.

For several years he dated Mary Westmore, a teacher at the BIA school. She could not understand his closeness with the desert and the need to remain with the Din'eh. On the other hand he could not understand her wish for him to better himself by joining the FBI or making a life outside the reservation. When Mary's father suffered a stroke she returned to Wisconsin to care for him. After occasional phone calls and letters, communication faded to nothing.

Jim only returns to the station in Shiprock if there is information waiting for him on any of his current cases. Jim can meet the team members either at the station, at the trading post, or out on the road.

Jim drives an all-terrain vehicle without air-conditioning, so it is best for everyone to introduce themselves and jump in. While driving, Jim tells them the little he knows about the families of the deceased. He does not mention the deceased by name since the Navajo believe that the person's **chinti** (ghost) will hear their name and follow you. Even if the ghost is the departed spirit of a loving and beloved human being, it is feared and loathed. According to Navajo beliefs, only the evil part of the deceased can return to the place of dying to torment the living for some oversight or insult.

The Trading Post

The store is located on Route 57 just off of Route 44 (eastern side of map). It is a mix of adobe brick, concrete, and mortared railroad ties.

At the trading post Jim introduces the team to the owner, Mark Cole. Mr. Cole is a white man but he has been there for over 20 years; married a Navajo; and is marginally accepted by the Navajo.

On the porch are three or four Navajo animatedly engaged in swapping stories. If any of the agents have language abilities or have a particularly good ear (a Medium **Physical Surveillance** roll), they can hear the Navajo word "**Natilza**" several times. Natilza is the Navajo word for witch or Skinwalker.

Inside the building there are shelves and shelves of dry goods. In the center of the room is a glass display case containing beautiful silver and turquoise jewelry.

"*Sometimes the Navajo bring in jewelry to pawn or sell*", explains Mr. Cole. This year has been very dry. Many families had to buy water.

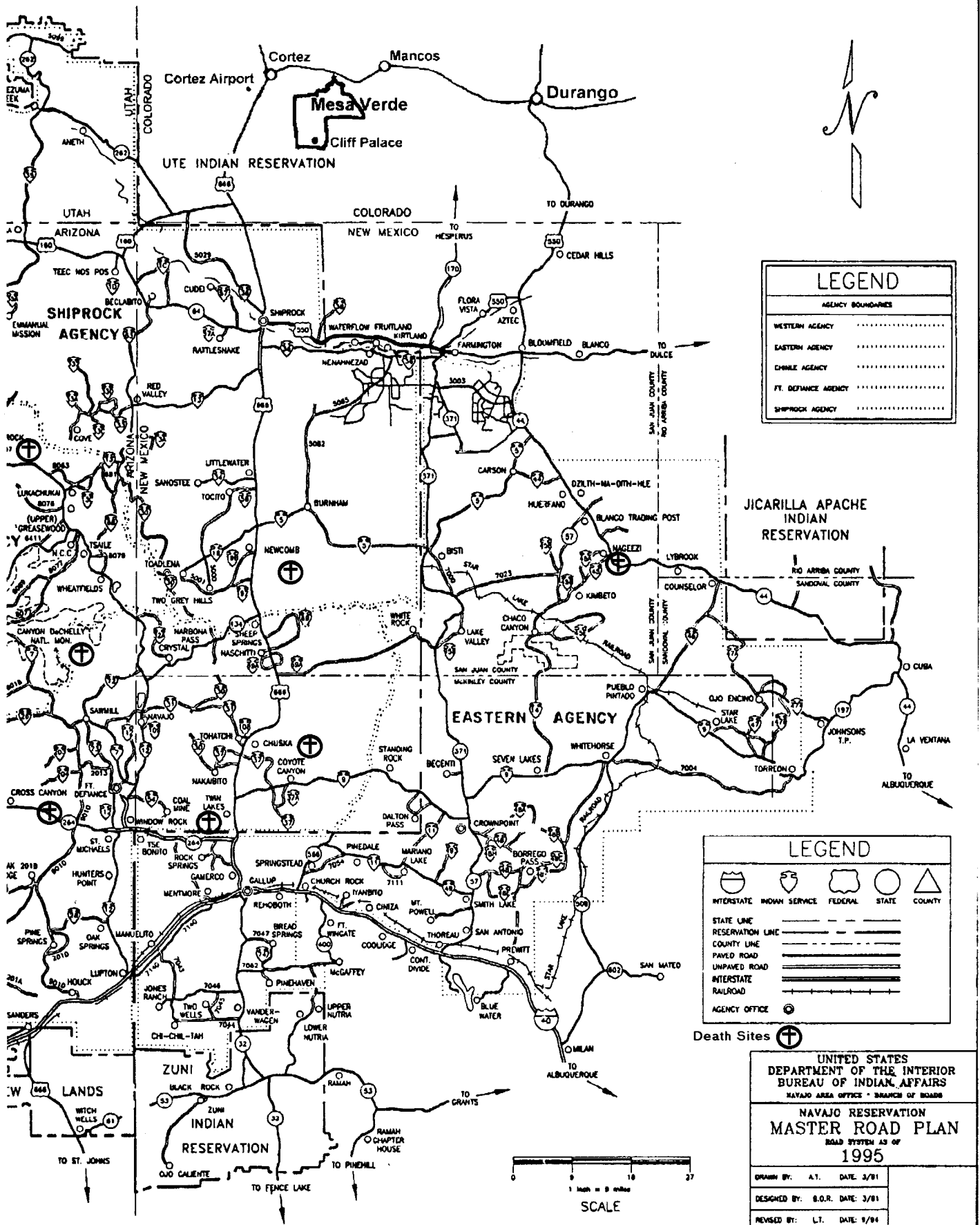
Amongst the jewelry is a beautiful Colt revolver with a mother-of-pearl inlaid handle. The gun appears to be in exceptionally good condition. Assuming that one of the agents asks to look at it, Mr. Cole promises to sell it for a very reasonable price. Only with great reluctance can the agent return it to the case.

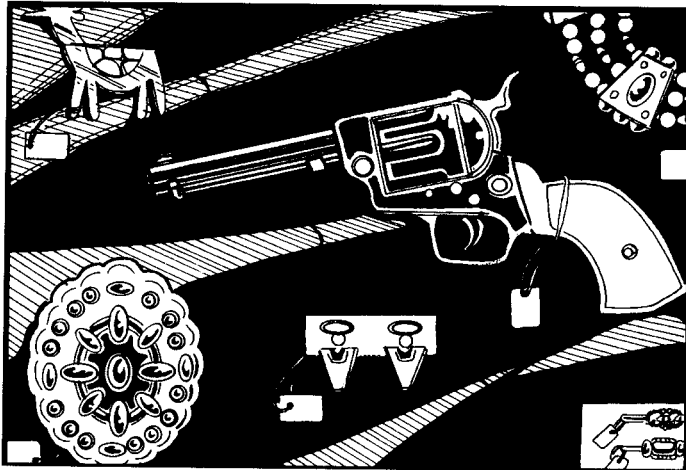
Mr. Cole already asked to talk to Jim about the deaths and brings up the subject of Skinwalkers himself (see **BUREAU FILE: Skinwalkers**). Jim asks Mr. Cole if they could speak in private. Jim is well aware of Navajo traditions and realizes that to talk about such things in public would be of great offence to the nearby Navajo. Mr. Cole leads them to his living area in the back of the store.

Jim explains to the agents that Skinwalkers are Navajo witches. They are said to have two hearts and can take any animal form at will. One of the powders that they make and use in conjuring is called corpse powder. The main ingredient in corpse powder is skin removed from the palms, soles of the feet, and the genital area. The agents suddenly remember that the autopsy report on the third victim, a 10 year old boy named Alex Cole, indicated that skin had been removed after he was dead.

Now Mr. Cole's interest and helpfulness is understandable. There are tears in Mark's eyes as he points out that the removal of skin from Alex's body was too precise to have been caused by an animal.







The agent who handled the pearl-handled Colt finds that she cannot bear leaving it behind. To distract Mr. Cole from his grief she asks the price. The price (\$200) is so reasonable that the agent buys the revolver.

Checking out the Death Sites

From the map the team can determine a general area that they want to check out and the fact that the reservation is vast and sparsely populated. The team needs to travel in Jim's jeep to get around. The armored RV is too heavy to trust on these rough roads.

Jim has a bad feeling about this situation which is only getting worse. He has lived in the white man's world, but he knows there are things that are just not explained by white man's rules. He asks the team point blank if they would be willing to learn more of the Indian way. Jim's uncle, Hosteen Frank Nagi, is one of three Navajo Singers that knows all of the ancient songs and curings (see **BUREAU FILE: Navajo Singers**). Jim admits to learning the songs from his uncle in hopes of someday becoming a Singer. Jim should be able to convince the team to go to visit the Singer Hosteen Nagi.

On trip to meet Hosteen Nagi the team pass several areas marked on the map as death sites. Some are hogans. The rest are the outside areas where other bodies were discovered.

The first hogan appears deserted. Jim explains that it is considered polite to shout from the road rather than knocking on the door. The Din'eh live in small family groups separate from each other. They jealously guard their privacy. When no one answers the hail Jim approaches the hogan with the team. Jim does not enter the hogan. If the team walks around the hogan they notice a hole punched in the north wall and the closed up smoke hole.

Jim was here before when the body of Walter Begay was found forty yards north of the hogan. The only explanation for the damage done to the hogan that occurs to Jim is that there has been another death. This time the person died inside the home. The sealing of the smoke hole and hole in the north wall is part of the death ritual performed for such cases. Ordinarily a Navajo approaching death asks to be taken outside to avoid trapping the **chinti** in the hogan as death occurs. Even if the person cannot make the request the family performs this duty. This is not cruel or uncompassionate because the family remains with the loved one and sings his passage to the Holy Ones.

All the hogans that they visit are deserted, whether there are holes knocked in the north wall or not. Apparently the families have chosen to leave their well loved homes and grazing areas rather than face the unknown death that seems to be stalking their friends and relatives.

A child watching sheep graze on the sparse, dry grasses may be able to tell Jim where the families have gone. However, it is clear that they have no intention of returning to these hogans.

The sites where bodies were found yield no new information, but, curiously, the hogans that were abandoned to **chinti** (had holes in the north wall) have slightly elevated Kirilian readings.

The Apparition

The trip to the Nagi hogan takes more than the rest of the day. At nightfall the team prepares to camp in the desert. Jim has lots of blankets in the all-terrain vehicle.

After everyone has bedded down for the night, the agent who purchased the colt revolver repeatedly sees a tall, man-shaped figure at the perimeter of the camp. When questioned, the other team members admit seeing it (Easy **Physical Surveillance** roll), but thought it was just a team member responding to a call of nature.

The agent begins to walk the perimeter in hopes of identifying the figure. Whenever approached the figure disappears.

If any of the team has the ability to talk to the dead, holds a seance, or uses an Ouija board, he discovers that the figure is the ghost of the original owner of the pistol. Billy Bob Nance died in 1900 and is no help to the team with their present difficulties. He was a white cowboy that got bushwhacked by a band of cattle rustlers. The ghost is relatively harmless but refuses to leave. This proves frustrating to the agents since Billy Bob is full of suggestions and barnyard advice that is ninety years out of date. Once he has been contacted he rambles on incessantly to the team, day or night. Inadvertently it seems, they have **invited** him to join them.





Hosteen Nagi

Frank Nagi (Hosteen is a term of respect) is a vigorous, elderly Native American who isn't so traditional that he can't enjoy a comfortable pair of jeans.

Hosteen Nagi is aware of the unrest in the land. He believes the source of this disturbance can be traced to the area surrounding Cliff Palace, but he keeps his theories to himself. Hosteen Nagi lives about 20 miles south of Mesa Verde, just outside of the Ute Reservation. Cliff Palace and the caves below are part of the few remains of the ancient civilization of the Anasazi Indians (See **BUREAU FILE: Anasazi**). Even though the Din'eh can not trace their ancestry to the Anasazi, the caves have always been symbols of peace and harmony to the Navajo. Many Navajo boys making their journey into manhood take a trip to Cliff Palace.

Hosteen Nagi suggests that with the coming of night, a sweat bath together might purify their minds and allow their thoughts to roam free. Any psionic team member is allowed inside the sweat tent while the other team members stand guard outside.

Jim and Hosteen Nagi sing and the agents repeat the refrains as best they can.

At the time of the deepest trance state or at full dark, the members outside are attacked. Suddenly, out of the darkness, forms appear. No matter what the abilities and equipment of the team, they do not see them coming. Their attackers seem to materialize right out of the night. Before any weapons can be drawn or fired the agents are in hand to hand combat. The attackers are Skinwalkers. They blow corpse powder in the team members' faces. Then they shape-change and run away as coyotes (The agents may only think them wild dogs). At this point the agents can fire but cannot know for sure if they hit their targets. The group inside the sweat tent is slow to respond, but eventually they join in the fracas.

At first there are no physical injuries apparent. Hosteen Nagi identifies the white powder on everyone as corpse powder. He has protected himself from it with a vial of specially prepared cure that he carries. Unfortunately, it works like a vaccine rather than a cure. Jim is not advanced enough in his training to have such a vial prepared. Jim, being a full blooded Indian, is the first to succumb to the sickness. If any of the investigators have any American Indian blood they also become deathly ill. The percentage of Indian blood determines the severity of the symptoms. One of the agents should have Indian blood even if they do not know it. Hosteen Nagi must work fast to prevent the

death of his beloved nephew and save the lives of the stricken agents. Even the team members without Indian blood can barely move to see to the needs of the others.

To dispel the influences of the corpse powder, Hosteen Nagi begins a series of songs known as the **Ghost Way**. Hosteen Nagi exhausts himself completing the Ghost Way in record time. Even so the chant takes the rest of that night and all of the following day and night. It is morning of the second day before the survivors are well enough to travel. They should be grateful. The Ghost Way normally takes nine days to complete. They never would have survived that long. Hosteen Nagi was able to draw strength from the land itself, and after a while Jim will be recovered enough to help. The stronger the team members believe in the power of these rituals the better and faster the cure appears.

Only now does Hosteen Nagi reveal his belief that something has tainted the area of Cliff Palace. This used to be a place of contemplation and spiritual harmony for the Navajo. Now anyone going near the ruins can feel negative emotions or bad psychic vibrations. These feelings of uneasiness has caused many people to leave the area, some without even knowing why.



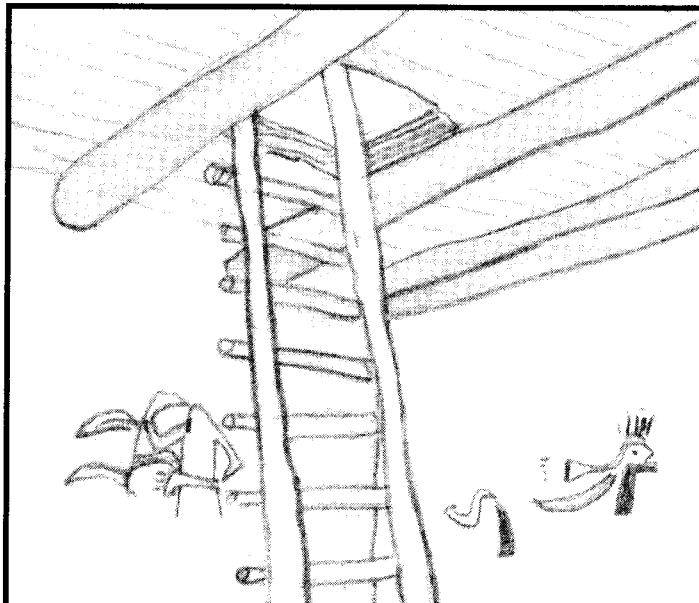
The Skinwalker

The land between Hosteen Nagi's hogan and the Cliff Palace area is extremely rugged. Few land vehicles could navigate it and only with difficulty. This is hallowed land so no vehicles are permitted in any case. Since this is a quest the team must make their way on foot.

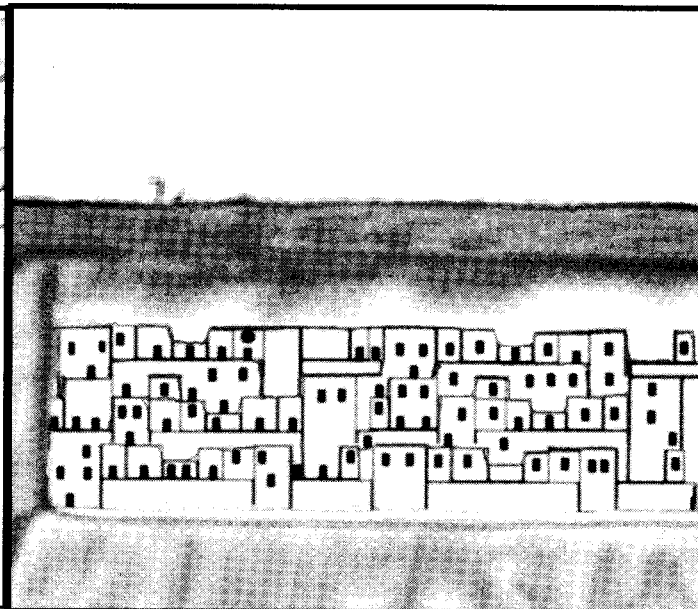
As the team hikes away from the Nagi hogan they see a wounded man laying by the path. They bring him back to Hosteen Nagi for treatment.

When they interrogate the man he admits to being a Skinwalker. The Skinwalkers believe that the reservation has been invaded by white people who are causing the Coyote to be angry. The Skinwalkers believe that the trouble started when the government people showed up. Now even people of the Frog clan (legendary clan of the Skinwalkers) are dying. The man screams, "*Die you incestuous pigs! All the deaths, all the blame is yours!*" Unfortunately, the man dies before any more questions can be asked.

Now the Bureau team knows who and probably where, but no explanation for why. The decision to continue to the caves is the next logical move. Although he is spry for his age, Hosteen Nagi is an old man and is not up to rock climbing. Besides, he is totally drained from completing the Ghost Way. Hosteen Nagi decides to wait here among the trees to learn the outcome. His parting words to his nephew the agents cannot overhear. Jim returns to the group with a curious small bundle tied to his belt. He refuses to talk about it.



Ladder
to
Surface

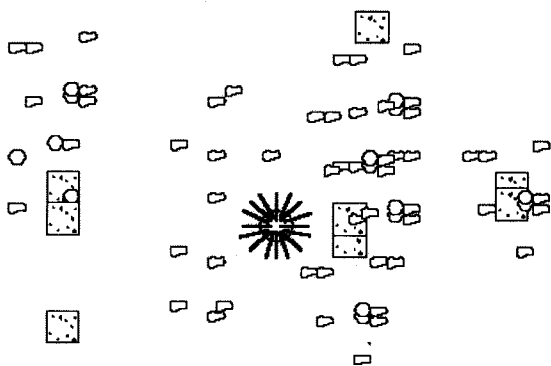


Buried
Entrance

Empty
Food
Storage

Empty
Food
Storage

Ladder
to
Kiva



Great Kiva
(ceremonial chamber)
of Cliff Palace.
Mesa Verde

Cliff Palace, Mesa Verde

When they arrive they quickly enter the Cliff Palace dwellings avoiding detection by park rangers or Skinwalkers. Hosteen Nagi has explained that they may need to work their way through the ancient living areas to find the caves below. These chambers served various functions in the past and most interconnect. When Jim finds the ceremonial chamber (Kiva) he begins a **Blessing Way** ceremony on the group to put everyone in harmony with nature. **Blessing Way** takes all day. When Jim finishes everyone can feel the anger and sadness of Coyote.

As night falls the group wanders around the Kiva, staying near the fire. The air becomes very still and an expectant hush alerts the agents. On the back wall of the Kiva the shadow of the fire begins to gain substance. At first only the shadows cast by the campfire are present. Little by little the shadows gather, grow arms, legs and increase in size. Pulling out of the dark mass a man with a head of a coyote steps free. The flickering shadows behind him revert to normal.

To Jim only he speaks. Coyote refuses to acknowledge the agents in any way.

Coyote explains that they, Navajo, are losing the **Way** and leaving the reservation to become white men. Even those that are staying are gradually accepting the way of life of white men. Coyote would rather have dead Navajo to return to the next world than live ones that are no longer Din'eh. Each victim was either being sent off or leaving the reservation in one way or another.

When he finishes he turns and walks into the darkness, deeper into the Kiva. The agents, irritated by his denial of their presence and their desire to resolve the situation, may chose to follow. Jim calls to them to stop but they ignore him. He begs Coyote to return and discuss what he might do to resolve the situation..

The sound of Coyote's footsteps (or the heat of them if they have infrared goggles) leads them to a long, twisting tunnel that seems to stretch deep into the hills. This tunnel was not there when they searched the Kiva while Jim performed the **Blessing Way**.

Next to the opening is a short knobby stick. Close examination reveals it to be some kind of carved wind instrument. By blowing into it they prove it to be blocked. If they continue to follow, they eventually see an exit. Suddenly the passageway shakes and begins to collapse. They sprint for the opening and emerge into a barren, desert area. The tunnel collapses behind them, sealing the way back.

A Long Way From Home

It isn't long before someone realizes how funny everyone feels and is moving and that the Moon is very bright tonight. They look up. Then they realize how deep they are in it. Above is the Earth, hanging like a silver and turquoise jewel. They are trapped on the Moon with no apparent life support or way of return.

Unless they are hallucinating this, Coyote is pulling one of his infamous tricks on them. Anyone with strong history skills or religious background realizes that in order to survive, they



must play by his rules.

Careful testing reveals that there is an irregular bubble of air around them that flows with them, keeping them alive. If they have been on a mission to the Moon before (see **Intruder!**), they know that there is both an orbital station circling the terminator of the Moon as well as a farside station (if it hasn't been abandoned as a result of that mission). If they cannot communicate with the orbital station, it will be a long walk.

None of their portable communicators can reach the required distance. If someone has **Electronic Engineering** and makes a Really Tough roll, she might actually cobble together a transmitter powerful enough to reach the orbital station.

If someone actually has a **Weathermaker** (see Stalking the Steel City), he can use it on the tight beam setting and fire at the orbital station, if he can determine its location, and hope it does not kill anyone or cause too much damage as it slices through the station. This assumes that the device does not blow up killing the team when triggered.

Dancing with the Devil

If the team is truly trapped, at their most despairing moment, they hear a shout of greeting. It is Coyote again. He strides into the midst of the group looking around for something.

"Excuse me, but I've lost something. You haven't seen an object about four inches long, have you?"

An astute agent realizes that the flute-like object they found is what Coyote seeks. An even more astute agent realizes that it is what is keeping them alive.

Once Coyote knows that they have it. He demands it back. Since he doesn't just take it, they assume they have some control over this situation. Time for some haggling.

Coyote refuses to send them home. What he finally agrees to do is to trade the instrument for a magic rope that they can use to find their own way home.

When Coyote gets a hold of the flute the agents see that he is missing a finger, or has been until now. He presses the instrument between two digits. It attaches, bends, flexes, and grows hairy like the rest. Yes, he's been giving them the finger all this time.

Then he plucks a hair and strokes it between his thumb and forefinger. It grows longer and longer until it is a few hundred feet long. Coyote coils it and throws it to the agents.

He turns and lopes away. If the agents shout after him, demanding how this can get them home, Coyote shouts back, *"Use it to catch a star"*, and fades from view.

Bureau 13: A Space Oddity

Against all reason, if they make a running loop at the end of the "rope" and toss it up into the sky, there is a very good chance that it snags on one of those lights in the sky. Clambering up (not too hard in 1/6th Earth gravity) they see that the "star" is a small brilliant sparking object that is hot to the touch. It doesn't seem to be burning through the rope but they must step lively to avoid burning through their boots and gloves.

And where will they step to? Well, their depth perception must be screwed up because there are more of those "stars" all around. It only takes one brave soul to discover that they can step from star to star toward the Earth.

Eventually they reach orbit around the Earth. Below them they see the Space Shuttle deploying a satellite. If they wish, they can tie the rope to a star and lower themselves down to the Shuttle and into the open cargo bay. Naturally, the flight crew will have a litter of kittens. If they actually do this the team should get -1000 experience points for involving civilians in a supernatural incident. As soon as the Shuttle begins reentry, reality seems to shift and they find that their "rope" is nothing

more than animal hair again.

If they resist the temptation of the Shuttle, they must walk around the Earth until the shuttle disappears from view. Now if they tie the rope around a star and drop it down, it disappears into a cloud bank, apparently just a few score feet below. Climbing down, they find themselves hanging out of the bottom of a large, dense, cloud mass with the ground a few miles below. If they climb back up, they are in orbit again.

If they use cellular phones, they can call a Bureau answering machine and leave a plea for help. The global positioning device in their watches can provide the necessary coordinates. If they put another loop on the bottom of the rope they can take turns hanging for a period by the loop, waiting for rescue.

A few hours later, a helicopter cruises into view. The agents receive confirmation via their wrist communicators and ear implants that this is indeed their rescue vehicle. They have a lot of problems explaining exactly what they are hanging from. If the 'copter flies over the cloud, the rope does not come out the top. The best plan is for the helicopter to fly above the cloud mass that they are hanging from and lower a rescue harness through the cloud to them. They can direct the chopper, which is now blind, over the comm link to their exact position. After a few scary slips and near misses, the team can finally reach safety. Suddenly the "rope" grows taut and the hair snaps, whipping out of view. All that is left is a small length of common dog hair.

"Hair of the dog that bit you?", asks one of the rescue techs.

Resolution

By now the team should realize that they cannot successfully make a frontal attack on a god. He would destroy them. Yet they must find a way to stop the dying. Appeasement may work, such as promising to build better schools in the reservation so that the younger generation would have reasons to stay. Jim may have to sacrifice himself to become an avatar of Coyote to promote new singers and Navajo way of life. Coyote is a trickster god, so tricking him to do what the team wants may have some merit. (See **BUREAU FILE: Navajo Holy People** and **BUREAU FILE: Coyote**).





I See My Reflection In Steel Blue Eyes

Bureau 13 Incident Report

A rural area of Alabama has been besieged with strange, spectral phenomena, terrifying the locals.

The Mobile Times reports that a marshy, desolate area about 30 miles south of Mobile is haunted. The article, dated just a few days ago, reports several eye-witness accounts of spectral phenomenon in the vicinity of Martin's Marsh. Superstitions often run wild in rural areas such as these, but the natives of these areas also tend to keep their fancies to themselves. That is what makes this case interesting.

Those interviewed who live in the area of the marsh were not apprehensive to tell their story. In fact, fear of what has been happening is spreading like wildfire throughout the marsh community. Several families have already relocated. This could all be a hoax, but the people of Martin's Marsh truly believe that something is haunting their small town. It is your job to find out what it is.

Proceed to Mobile, Alabama immediately and collect any ordered supplies. From there, travel to Martin's Marsh and begin gathering information on the case.

Good luck.

Mobile Times Newspaper Article

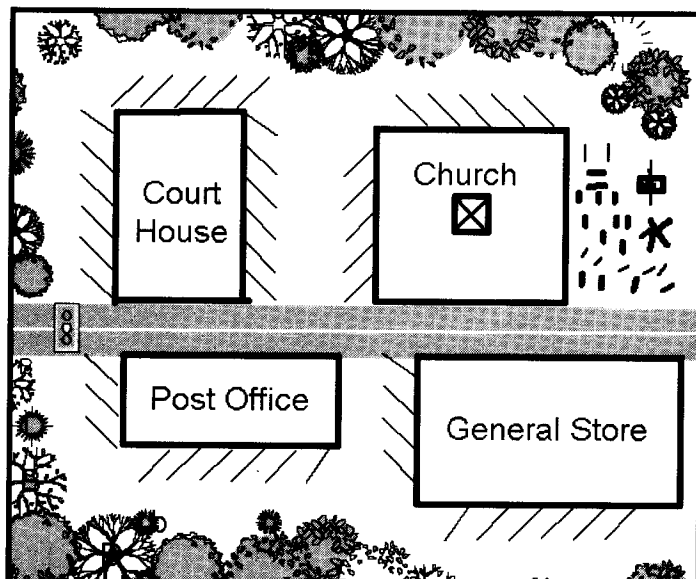
Residents of Martin's Marsh, a rural township just south of Mobile, are reporting strange occurrences in their ordinarily sleepy little village. It seems that the whole area has become haunted. When night falls the town is besieged with strange lights, unearthly noises, and a host of odd shadows that flicker in the desolate, swampy region. Although such events are often simple to explain, residents of Martin's Marsh are baffled as to the origins of these apparitions. Many are saying that the old swamp is cursed. Several families have already relocated from the area.

"I've never seen anything like it in my life", says John Trumble about the hauntings. "It's like the whole swamp is on fire sometimes and the screams are terrible."

Trumble has been a resident of Martin's Marsh all of his life, like his father before him. Many of Trumble's neighbors, most of which have lived in the area for the majority of their lives as well, concur with the farmer's tale.

There is an overwhelming feeling of fear and panic in the once forgotten, anonymous town of Martin's Marsh.

No further evidence has been uncovered to determine if the happenings are of a "ghostly" nature or the effect of industry in the area. Local authorities refuse to comment on the occurrences except to say that these ghost stories are just fairy tales and a logical explanation will soon surface.



Martin's Marsh

Martin's Marsh slumbers about 30 miles south of Mobile, Alabama. Founded before the Civil War, most residents can trace their roots back to that time. Denizens of this swampy area have little need for the outside world, remaining self-sufficient through farming, animal husbandry, and hunting.

The town itself consists of several small, rustic buildings that are called the Town Square. It is here that the general store, courthouse, post office, non-denominational church, and the cemetery are located. There are no street lights in town. With the exception of the main drive through Town Square, there are no paved roads.

The swampland aside, the land is rich and fertile, allowing its residents to harvest a variety of vegetables to feed its small populace of fewer than 500 souls. This locale is also prime for raising cattle. The majority of the meat consumed by the denizens of Martin's Marsh is raised locally. At night, because of the absence of street lights, the whole area is dark, illuminated only by the occasional headlight from an automobile and the pale glow of the moon.

Once removed from the center of the town, one sees the area assume a primitive guise, with the farm houses separated by miles and the wooded areas in-between seeming untouched and unspoiled by the advances of industry and technology. In the sunlit day of this tranquil region of America it is hard to believe that a terror so insidious grips this small community.

The Swamp

The swamp is a foul and fetid thing, with strange shadows dancing about its quiet, brooding features even during the day. The cries of unseen creatures can be heard echoing throughout the marsh with their source seldom witnessed. Those trekking past the squalid bog often perceive the feeling that they are being watched. Like the small town which inherited its name from the swamp, the region takes on a different demeanor after nightfall. Now the swamp is dark and ominous, with a queer, green glow emanating from the bowels of the unseen terrain. The wind howls through the trees, adding a feeling of despair to

the already gloomy area. The screams of the indigenous animals, carried on the hopeless winds, provide a sound track of desperation. Then there are the noises, the sinister, inhuman clamor, that belong to neither the beasts nor the wind, and the piercing, yellow lights that seem to have a vaguely human shape. It is this strange, unearthly cacophony that grips the peaceful people of Martin's Marsh in a reign of terror.

A Populace in Terror

The inhabitants of Martin's Marsh are a relatively friendly group of people, showing little distrust of strangers and always flashing a smile and a wave to passersby. Lately, the natives of the area have been beset by hordes of reporters and ghost-hunters seeking to resolve the mystery of the marsh. The natives have taken all this attention in stride, welcoming their visitors and telling them what they know of the disturbances. Most of the inhabitants steer clear of the swamp, although a few have had firsthand encounters with the horrors of the marsh.

John Trumble

Trumble is a hard-working, honest man who has lived in Martin's Marsh all of his life. He owns a farm just west of town which he works with his wife and two daughters. Trumble earns a meager living, selling his corn crop to the market and selling his cattle to the slaughter house. He is well-respected in the community and a deacon in the church. Locals put a great deal of worth in Trumble's word. If he says it, then it happened.

One night, as Trumble and his dog were herding cattle back from the grazing lands to his farm, he was forced to pass by the gloomy bog. At first, the area was quiet and still, characterized only by the eerie green glow that is ever-present in the swamp. Then the horror began. The entire swamp region was suddenly plagued with piercing yellow lights that flickered throughout the dark recesses of the swamp and cast vaguely human shadows on the ground and trees. The ghostly wind that always howls through the bog suddenly stopped, and odd sounds, like a union between a human scream and the scraping of metal, permeated the whole of the marsh. Then the ghosts started dancing in the fog.



Aliens Among Us

John Trumble stood in abject terror for a moment, his reason stolen from him. Then, as his senses returned, he bolted from the swamp at full speed. Trumble, overcome with fear, never once looked over his shoulder to see what may have been following him. Trumble's dog returned home a few days later. His cattle have not been seen since, and no evidence of their whereabouts has been found.

Christy Lynn O'Dell

Christy is a naive, teenage farmgirl who lives just outside the township of Martin's Marsh. She lives with her parents and two brothers, one older and one younger. She helps out on her parent's farm, attends school, and spends time with her friends. For the most part, Christy spends her time with her boyfriend, Chuck, and they partake in the typical teenage activities of movies, dances, and ball games in nearby Mobile, Alabama.

As Christy and Chuck were parked near the swamp, macabre things began to happen. Suddenly, the birds and crickets became silent and an ominous atmosphere besieged the district. Then the lights appeared, the bright yellow lights that danced about the swamp and seemed to come from somewhere deep within the bog. The air filled with the sounds of screams, like people or animals being horribly tortured. Human shapes were jumping everywhere, but it seemed that they were not solid; the swamp could be seen through the transparent features of their bodies.

Chuck immediately started the car and drove away from the disturbance as fast as he could, striking a fence post in his hurry to escape. Christy and Chuck told their parents that they had hit a deer while driving home from Mobile that night as the explanation for the dent in the car. The two are forbidden to park alone so they have never told their parents about the incident at the swamp. Christy will tell the agents about the occurrence only if they promise not to repeat it to her parents.

"Mack" McMartin

Benjamin "Mack" McMartin is a local resident of Martin's Marsh who works as a car salesman in Mobile. He is unmarried and lives alone in a small house not far from Town Square. McMartin is robust and jolly with a loud, booming voice and a smile to all he meets. He will speak openly as to what he saw around the swamp.

As he was driving home late from work, McMartin was forced to stop in the swampy region because of a flat tire. He got out of the car and proceeded to change the tire. Suddenly the whole area became quiet. Even the crickets stopped singing. Then the strange lights started to shine around the area and the horrible screams began to echo from everywhere. There were several shapes that looked almost human. It seemed like these ghosts were walking slowly in the direction of the car.

McMartin set about changing the tire as fast as possible. Once the task was completed, he got back in the car and sped away from the bog. Mack never saw if the shapes were still there.

I See My Reflection In Steel Blue Eyes

By this time, the agents realize that the few people who have seen the disturbances firsthand are going to relate the same story. At this point, they should understand that the only way to discover the truth about the occurrences is to witness them with their own eyes. To do this requires that they journey to the heart of the hauntings and plumb the depths of Martin's Marsh.

Ghost Hunters

The agents may run into some self-styled investigators of the supernatural who are following the story, just as they are. However these "investigators" are usually untrained in any relevant discipline and are poorly funded. They will be easily turned back by the very real dangers of penetrating that treacherous bog.

The True Haunting

In reality, Martin's Marsh is not haunted at all. Instead, it has become an observatory for a group of alien beings who are using the seclusion inherent to the area as a means to gather information on the inhabitants of Earth. The eerie sounds heard echoing throughout the swamp are nothing more than the sounds produced by alien machinery. The lights emanate from the machinery as well as the aliens themselves. Alien life-forms, not ghosts or spectres, are what the natives of Martin's Marsh have witnessed.

Such disturbances have been happening for quite some time, although for the most part they have been ignored by the townsfolk. Most people in the area steer clear of the swamp anyway, disquieted by its foul smell and haunted reputation. It has not been until recently that firsthand contact has been made. Naturally, the locals attributed the disturbances to ghosts, looking to the old tales from generations past as an explanation.

The transparent, ghost-like appearance of the aliens can be attributed to the strange yellow glow that emanates from their skin and fur. This, in combination with the fog that hangs low to the ground in the swampy area, gives the aliens the impression of being without substance.

The Encounter

When the agents decide to travel to the swamp, the same horror that beset the locals suddenly makes itself known.

The night they travel into the heart of the swamp is eerie and macabre, with the clouds hanging low in the darkened sky, masking the moon. The owls screech from their treetop perches, adding a brooding soundtrack to the whole scene. For several long minutes, nothing out of the ordinary presents itself to the team. Instead, they find the whole area to be desolate and quickly understand why the swamp has earned such a reputation.

The team must be constantly vigilant to avoid the patches of quicksand that could easily swallow a large animal. In mute testimony lie the remains of some cattle that have wandered in to their doom.

I See My Reflection In Steel Blue Eyes

Then the horror begins.

As evidenced by the eye-witness accounts of the locals, the area suddenly becomes quiet. The birds and crickets cease their singing and the melancholy wind stops blowing. At this time, the macabre disturbance begins in earnest, and the characters are privileged to witness the same apparitions that the locals have been tormented with.

The entire area is suddenly illuminated with an eerie yellow light and all the shadows of the swamp become animated across the trees and ground. Horrible screams resound throughout the area, but the agents cannot determine their source or direction. At this point, the investigators witness the strange, ghostly shapes in the fog, shapes that move steadily toward the team in determined strides.

If the agents decide to flee, the aliens do not pursue them. Instead, they only watch as the agents frantically make their way back out the swamp.

If the characters choose to stay, then the truth of Martin's Marsh will become known to them.

Contact

What emerge from the fog-enshrouded swamp are not ghosts of any kind. Instead, the agents find themselves face to face with entities not of this world: extra-terrestrial life-forms.

The aliens move in low skating strides, closing the distance to the agents with alarming speed. However, to the aliens, they are peacefully approaching the investigators, making no offensive gestures whatsoever. How the agents deal with the aliens determines the fate that befalls the team.

The Aliens

They have used this area as an observation post to collect data on the local human inhabitants for the past month. These aliens have adopted a benevolent approach toward the humans and only desire to study their habits and mannerisms.

On a few occasions they have had an opportunity to examine a human up close. They left their ship and attempted to close. The indigenous wildlife initially reacted to their unearthly presence by becoming quiet and attempting to hide. The sound of the devices they carry and from the machinery in their now-open ship added the unearthly screams and scrapings and induced the cries of alarm from the rest of the animals. They do not realize the terror they have created in the small community.

The aliens are bipedal, with an appearance similar to that of humans. They are thin, wiry, and covered completely with soft, light-yellow fur. Their hands are similar to humans with the addition of a second thumb which replaces the little finger on the opposite side of the hand. Their most prominent feature is their eyes which are abnormally large, composing a large part of their facial features. The eyes are a fluid, cerulean color but seem to shift in shade and shadow for no apparent reason. They have no eyelids. Yet, all this is superficial in comparison to the real properties that the eyes possess.

When an agent gazes into the eyes of an alien, the cerulean hue begins to shift and mutate until the character sees only himself. Then the character re-lives past memories in vivid

Aliens Among Us



detail through the eyes of the alien. What type of memories are re-lived are dependent upon how the alien perceives the viewer.

If the agent seems peaceful and calm, the memories are as well, taking the individual back to peaceful times. The person not only remembers the incident but re-lives the emotions important to the occasion as well. However, if the investigator adopts an aggressive posture against the aliens, his experience takes a darker turn. In this case, the person is subjected to the most horrid events of his life. The victim is left dumb-founded and terror-stricken, unable to act in any way against the aliens unless he makes a successful roll versus Mental Stability -40.

If all fail the roll, the aliens simply leave the area after the team has been pummeled into unconsciousness by the onslaught of the terrifying memories. If an agent succeeds with the Mental Stability roll, he is able to act at will and can determine that the aliens are quite susceptible to physical attack. However, the aliens will in no way harm the agents at any point in the incident, not even to defend themselves.

Average Stats

| | | |
|---------|---------|---------|
| STR: 12 | DEX: 17 | HPT: 35 |
| CON: 9 | AGL: 19 | |

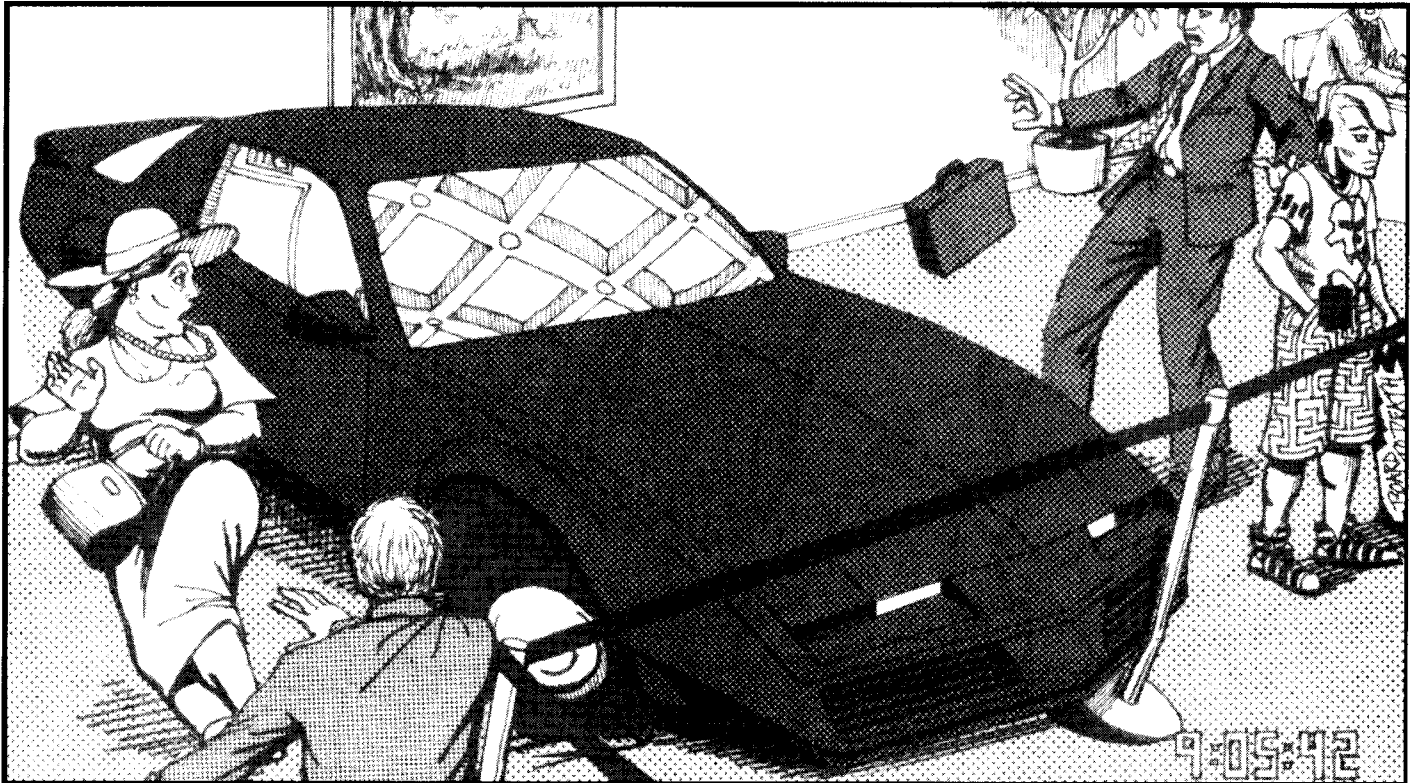
They are immune to Earthly magical and psionic attacks. To the aliens these attacks are a metaphysical inconvenience that are easily negated.

Epilogue

Once the experience is over, the aliens communicate, apparently without speaking or using telepathy, their intent here on Earth. Their research is almost done when the agents confront them.

If the aliens were approached in a friendly manner, they tolerate the presence of the agents until their tasks are complete. Their ship is a large, irregular, amber mass sunk partially into the mire. The aliens can enter and leave through its surface without hindrance but the agents are clueless as how to perform the feat themselves.

Once their research is done, the aliens return from whence they came, with the knowledge that the people of Earth are ambassadors of goodwill. However, if the aliens are threatened in any way, they leave Earth immediately with the impression that the inhabitants are bestial, war-like people and never return. Either way, the peaceful, obscure town of Martin's Marsh returns to normal, no longer bothered with such disturbances.



Ghost Aliens Rob The First Bank of Atlanta

Incident Report

Transmission time: 11:23 AM

At 9:05 AM today, Saturday, two individuals robbed the First Bank of Atlanta, Downtown Branch.

According to eyewitnesses, an older model sports car appeared to pass through the outer wall of the lobby as if the wall or the vehicle had no substance. The vehicle moved quickly but in utter quiet, like a ghost or a dream. Suddenly, the roar of the engine shattered the silence. The vehicle dropped to the floor, bouncing and sliding to rest on the lobby carpet.

The doors on each side of the car flew open and two figures leaped out armed with shotguns. They fired on the bank guards, Jim McFerson and Monique Cref, nearly hitting them. The guards dropped to the floor. While the shorter robber collected the guards' weapons the other stood watch.

The perpetrators were dressed in silver spacesuits covered with cables and strange control panels. No one could see their faces: the helmet faceplates were silvered. They looked like aliens from an old "Sci-Fi" film.

Neither said a word. They used gestures to direct the staff of the bank and the few patrons unfortunate to be there that early Saturday morning.

The shorter of the two grabbed a silver, cabled bag out of the vehicle, crossed the lobby, jumped through the wall of the vault, and returned a minute later with the bag large and bulging.

The aliens re-entered their vehicle and closed the doors. The car spun around and peeled for the outside lobby wall. Just

before it struck the wall the engine noise cut out again and it passed right through the wall, out of the lobby. A second later the patrons heard the roar of the engine again, dimly, muffled by the concrete and steel of the wall.

No one was near enough to a window to see them drive away.

The total time for the robbery: 2 minutes, 18 seconds. The police arrived three minutes later.

All the patrons and branch personnel who were present in the lobby are being held for observation at Grady General Hospital, thirteenth floor, the psychiatric wing. The official story is that they have been exposed to some kind of hallucinogenic gas that, combined with holographic imagery, produced this mass delusion (just the part about the aliens and ghost car, the robbery was real).

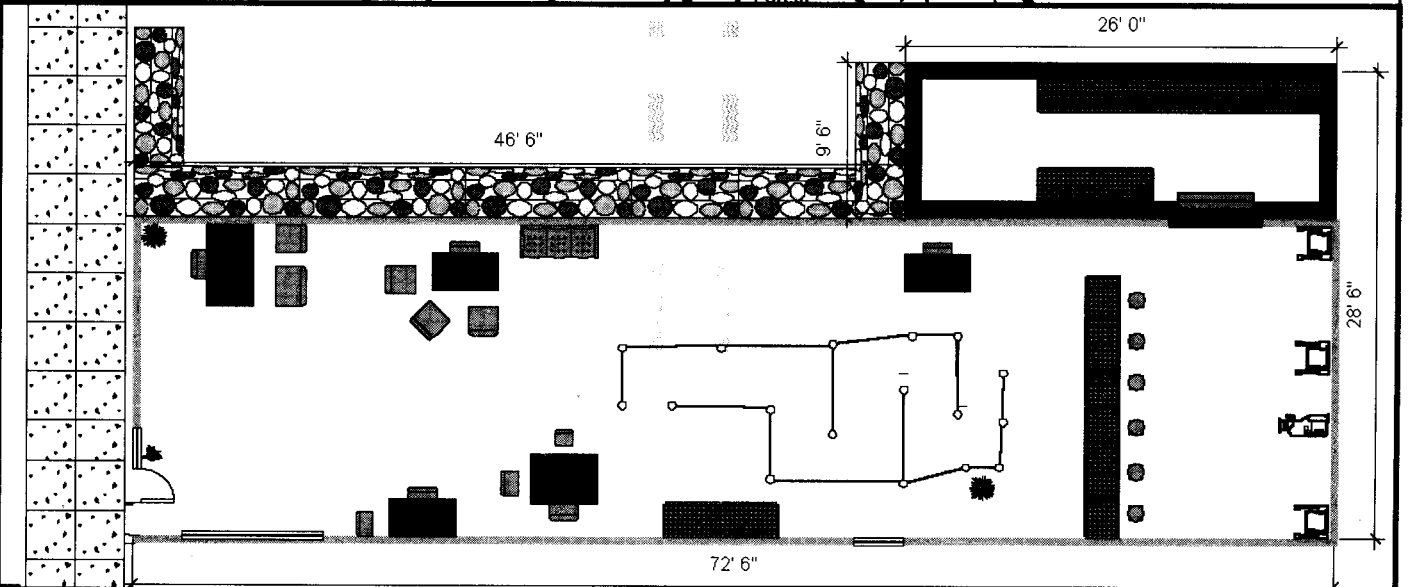
The amount of money stolen has not been released at this time.

Descriptions of the Perpetrators

Vehicle: Older model brown Pontiac with no external markings. No license plate was noted and probably was not present. The windows were silver and opaque.

Individual #1: Approximately 5 1/2 feet tall. Dressed in some kind of closed system suit with a silvered faceplate - like a spacesuit. Electronic equipment was attached to suit: function unknown. Race & origin is unknown. He was the one to enter the bank vault.

Individual #2: Approximately 6 feet tall. All other description as #1. He was the driver of the vehicle since he exited on the left side and the other individual got back in clutching the bag.



Aliens Among Us

Mission Goals

- If these individuals are of extraterrestrial origin, it is imperative that they be contacted and their natures and interests known.
- Any open display of advanced tech must be avoided

Their identities as aliens should be debunked by standard techniques.

Warning

The FBI, local and State Police, and federal banking authorities will certainly be involved. The Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation (FDIC) has offices in downtown Atlanta. The FBI has an office just north of downtown. Both can be on the scene within an hour. Agents are urged to use extreme caution. Exposure must be minimized.

Atlanta, Georgia

Thought by some to be the jewel of the South, Atlanta is the state capitol of Georgia. It is an international airline and overland shipping hub. Rebuilt after its destruction by General Sherman of the Union forces during the Civil War, it is one of the most modern cities. It is the home of the Cable News Network (CNN), highly ranked Georgia Tech, The Center for Disease Control, and a host of software companies. The 1996 Summer Olympic Games are to be held there. It has proved to be a mecca for dissatisfied Northerners. There are more transplanted *Yankees* in Atlanta than *Georgia Peaches*. Therefore, Atlanta is more cosmopolitan than any other southern city.

A network of six-lane Interstate highways circle and cross the metropolitan area allowing traffic to move at interstate speeds at all times except rush hours. Many large corporations, stores, and malls have taken advantage of this to relocate away from the downtown area. As a result everything always seems to be 20 miles away from where the agents currently are.

Arriving at the Scene

The agents arrive 4-6 hours later depending on where the team was when notified of the incident. If they are flying in, their vehicles are waiting for them at Hartsfield International Airport located just inside the southern border of Interstate 285.

The bank is located just a few blocks away from an interstate access. Once the robbers gained the Interstate they could be miles away before the police arrived, assuming they didn't just fly away.

The evidence doesn't support that theory fortunately. Outside of the bank there are deep tire impressions in the lawn, as if the vehicle landed there after passing through the wall. The area is cordoned off by police tape barriers, but a good camera with a telephoto lens can get an accurate image. Surveillance photos reveal that the tires have very little tread. However, there is a distinct pincushion pattern. A agent making an Easy **Vehicle Repair** or **Combat Driving** roll knows that indicates studded

Ghost Aliens Rob The 1st Bank Of Atlanta

tires. However, most studded tires are also deeply treaded. Since no one knows exactly how far it fell before landing in the grass, the depth of the tire impression is no indication of the weight of the vehicle. Even so, plaster casts of the treads have been taken by the police.

There is also a rubber smudge on the curb as if the vehicle bumped over the curb before it came into the lobby. If the agents can get a scraping of the material, they can have it analyzed for what kind of rubber it is. This proves to be rubber used in high performance tires. An agent making an Easy **Vehicle Repair**, **Pilot Motor Vehicle**, or **Combat Driving** roll knows that high performance, studded tires are very rare these days. They may be imported since all studded tires are illegal for civilian street driving. The smudge also reeks of Kirilean energy.

The agents may realize that the vehicle travelled exactly East when entering the lobby and exactly West when exiting. Since there are only one set of tracks in the short lawn, the vehicle must have been immaterial or airborne after it hit the curb on the way in. If an agent suggests that the vehicle was using some kind of anti-gravity and was just coasting in and out on momentum, give that agent an Experience Bonus of +600 for **Insight** (this isn't exactly right but close enough for counting).

There aren't any Kirilean readings outside except for the tire smudge. This makes sense if the vehicle was in high speed motion.

The Bank Lobby

The best guise to gain entry is to pose as bank examiners who are coming and going to their office downtown. Pinkerton guards are all over the place. Since the branch manager is in Grady Hospital a vice president from the main branch is in charge of the accounting team. They have already cashed out the teller drawers and are now doing an inventory of the vault. No one here has any direct knowledge of what happened.

There are obvious abrasion marks on the carpet where the vehicle landed and where it accelerated before passing back through the wall. The padding under the carpet is too thick to leave any scratches on the floor from the studded tires.

In a number of places the walls, wood panelling, and freestanding, marble-top tables are marred by shotgun blasts. A number of pellets have been pried out by the police but most still remain.

The general area of the lobby and inside the vault has strong Kirilean traces. The shotgun pellets are higher still. What is surprising is that the wall of the lobby and the wall of the vault have no unusual readings. If an agent suggests that this proves that the "aliens" and their vehicle were immaterial and not the walls, give him an Experience Point bonus of 200 for **Sound Reasoning**.

The Video Tapes

The best clue is the video tapes of the robbery that are now in police possession. The agents should get their hands on a copy as soon as possible since their covers cannot last much

Ghost Aliens Rob The 1st Bank Of Atlanta

longer. If they do not, they will not be able to view it by hacking into the police computers. Only the investigating officers' reports and the code numbers for the evidence are in the police database. The original video tapes are in the police evidence room. The agents best bet later is to steal it from the FBI who will have a copy. Neither the police nor the FBI will give a copy to any news agency until they can come up with an explanation for the impossible stories given by the witnesses.

Each tape is the feed from a single camera. There is one camera behind each teller window, on each side of the lobby, and one in the vault. All tapes shows static for about a second at the beginning of the robbery that clears as the vehicle slides to a stop in the lobby. Both robbers are clearly seen. Examination of the tapes reveal the following:

- The vehicle is an older model Pontiac Firebird or Trans-AM
- The side view cameras recorded a normal automotive interior when the doors were opened. Enhancing the picture reveals that the dash has a lot of instruments mounted on it and the vehicle appears to be a standard shift. It has black leather bucket seats. The steering wheel is on the left side as is normal for American cars.
- The windows are not silvered. Instead there appears to be a fine silver colored mesh over all the windows.
- The body of the vehicle is painted a metallic brown.
- There is another burst of static when the shorter robber was reported jumping through the wall and when he returned. On the tape he just disappears and reappears.
- An agent with any kind of weapons training can tell that the shorter robber handles his shotgun very inexpertly while the taller robber is quite competent. This may be the reason why the shorter went into the vault while the other stood guard.
- The vehicle is maneuvered expertly in the limited area of the lobby indicating that the driver (the taller one) is highly experienced, possibly with racing experience.
- There is another burst of static just before the vehicle strikes the lobby wall. When the screen clears, the vehicle is gone.

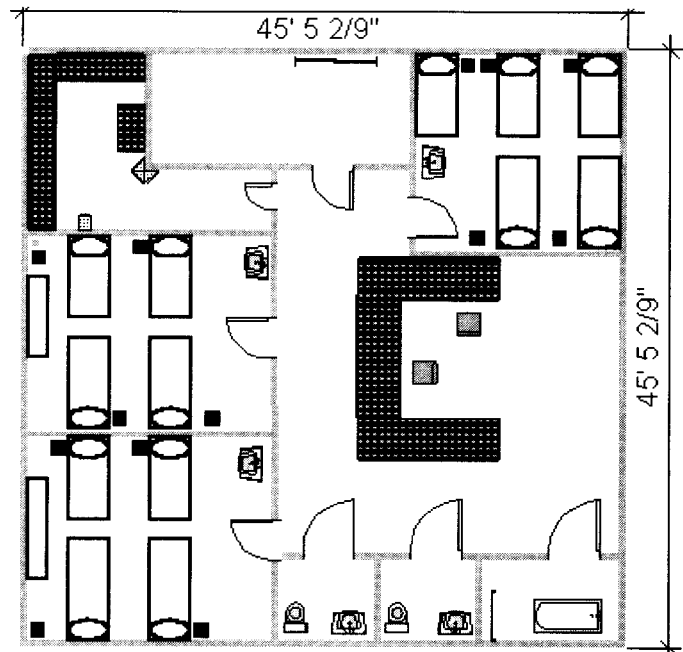
From the time stamping on the video tapes the agents can confer with the police to learn that the bank alarm went off before anyone pushed the alarm button and so did about a dozen alarms in nearby businesses. This indicates that a massive EMP pulse was generated when these robbers "ghosted", which triggered the alarms and momentarily fried the video cameras.

Grady Memorial Hospital

Everyone who witnessed the robbery is in a ward of Grady Memorial Hospital. They are there just for observation. The police ordered blood testing for the presence of drugs, specifically hallucinogens. They hope to substantiate the theory that the supernatural elements of the robbery were part of a drug induced illusion. A few witnesses refused, fearing that a positive reaction might be taken for drug use and used against them in the future.

Since this is the psychiatric floor, security is normally tight. Visitors must show identification and state the name of the patient that they came to see before signing in. Only then will an

Aliens Among Us



orderly or nurse buzz them through the locked entryway. Only the nurses and orderlies have the keys to this door and the doors of the ward. In addition, the police posted uniformed officers at the entrance to the ward containing the witnesses. These officers only allow medical and police personnel to pass. However, once past the police, visitors can move freely throughout the ward, though subject to the scrutiny of the nurses and orderlies assigned to that ward. Even if the witnesses wanted to go home they could not. They are being "held for questioning" for the next 24 hours.

If an agent penetrates the security and questions one of the witnesses, the information in the Incident Report is verified. The only additional information they have is that the short robber touched a control box before jumping through the wall of the vault. He also seemed to be staggering when he came back, probably from the weight of the sack. No one got more than a glimpse since the taller robber would point his shotgun at them if they looked up from the floor.

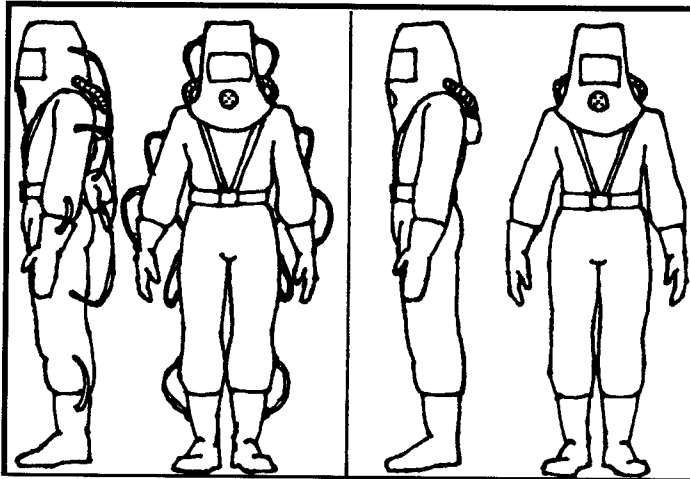
If the team exposes the witnesses to a psychoactive gas while in the ward and makes sure to steal all the blood samples in the lab, they should be awarded 300 experience points for good evidence dispersal. The police will assume that the team was in league with the robbers to eliminate evidence, rather than plant new evidence that the ghost car was a hoax.

The FBI

A local team could be assigned to the case. If desired, the GM could assign a team from Washington because of the unusual nature of this case. If so, he might want to use agents Harrington and Trout (see **Overby Incident**, Stalking the Steel City supplement). If the team investigated an earlier investigation that involved these agents, resolution would be more difficult. The team and the Bureau might wonder why these two FBI agents keep showing up.

Once the FBI has the same info that the team has uncovered (except for the Kirilian readings), they decide that their best tactic is to trace the "spacesuits".

Aliens Among Us



The FBI could have tried to track down the vehicle since it was obviously a Pontiac Firebird or Trans-AM whose model styling placed it over five years old. However, ten year old Firebirds are as common in Georgia as bad teeth so following it up became Plan B.

Assuming that these are not aliens, the suits and car were probably used to produce the illusions. Therefore, most of the cables and controls were added to the suits. Using computer enhancement, they strip away all the likely added equipment, leaving only the bare suits. A check on a database of full protective gear finds a match. These suits are general radiation, magnetic field, and ozone proof. The manufacturer is contacted and only two places in Atlanta have purchased this model: The Center for Disease Control (CDC) and the Georgia Tech Physics department. Since it is the weekend, locating the appropriate supervisors to check on the inventory takes a while. By evening, they have discovered that Georgia Tech is missing two suits.

The only ones with authorized access to the equipment room where the suits are stored are the maintenance staff, the professors, and the students in the graduate program. The next step is to search all the offices and lockers of those so authorized. This kind of blanket search warrant takes until midnight to get since the judge must be convinced of the necessity. Until then, the physics building is locked down. All entry is barred.

Once the search warrant for the offices is issued (plus a bench warrant for any suspects the FBI might uncover in their search), the FBI spends the rest of the night searching the Physics building.

At daybreak, they are in position to search the residences of any suspects. Local and State Police are assisting.

Issac Jacobson is one of the suspects because:

- His thesis involves work in high energy physics
- He is short as was one of the robbers
- He has used the protective gear before and so is familiar with its operation
- He had a computer backup tape in his desk with encrypted files on it.
- He fits the profile of the impressionable youth. He could be used by others for gain.
- On the wall of his office is a picture of he and another taller man (Jojo) at a racetrack. The difference in their heights is similar to that between the two robbers.

Ghost Aliens Rob The 1st Bank Of Atlanta

Issac "Brains" Jacobson

Age: 16

Sex: Male

Race: Caucasian

Height: 5' 4"

Weight: 120 lbs

STR: 08

INT: 21

THR: 09

HPT: 30

CON: 07

WIS: 12

DOD: 11

75%: 21

DEX: 10

LCK: 12

ACC: 08

50%: 15

AGL: 15

CRZ: 06

MRE: 04

25%: 07

Skills

Physics

12

Advanced Math

10

Microelectronics

6

Fabrication, Metal

5

Nuclear Technology

8

Fabrication, Plastics

4

Electronic Engineering

15

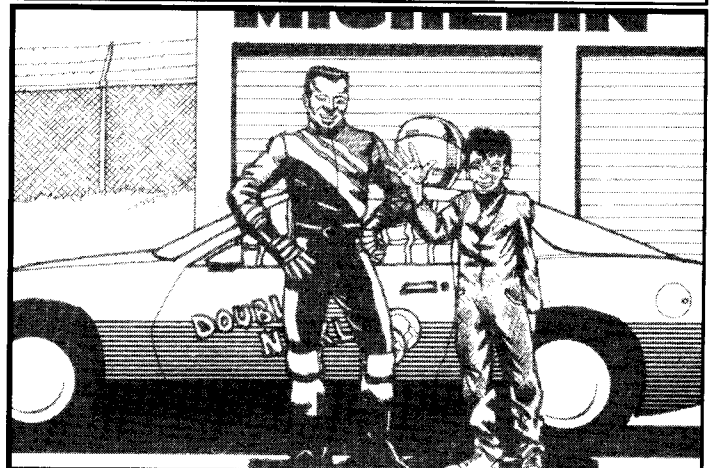
Issac is a boy genius who is working on his doctorate in Nuclear Physics in the Georgia Tech graduate program on a government grant. He is in his senior year.

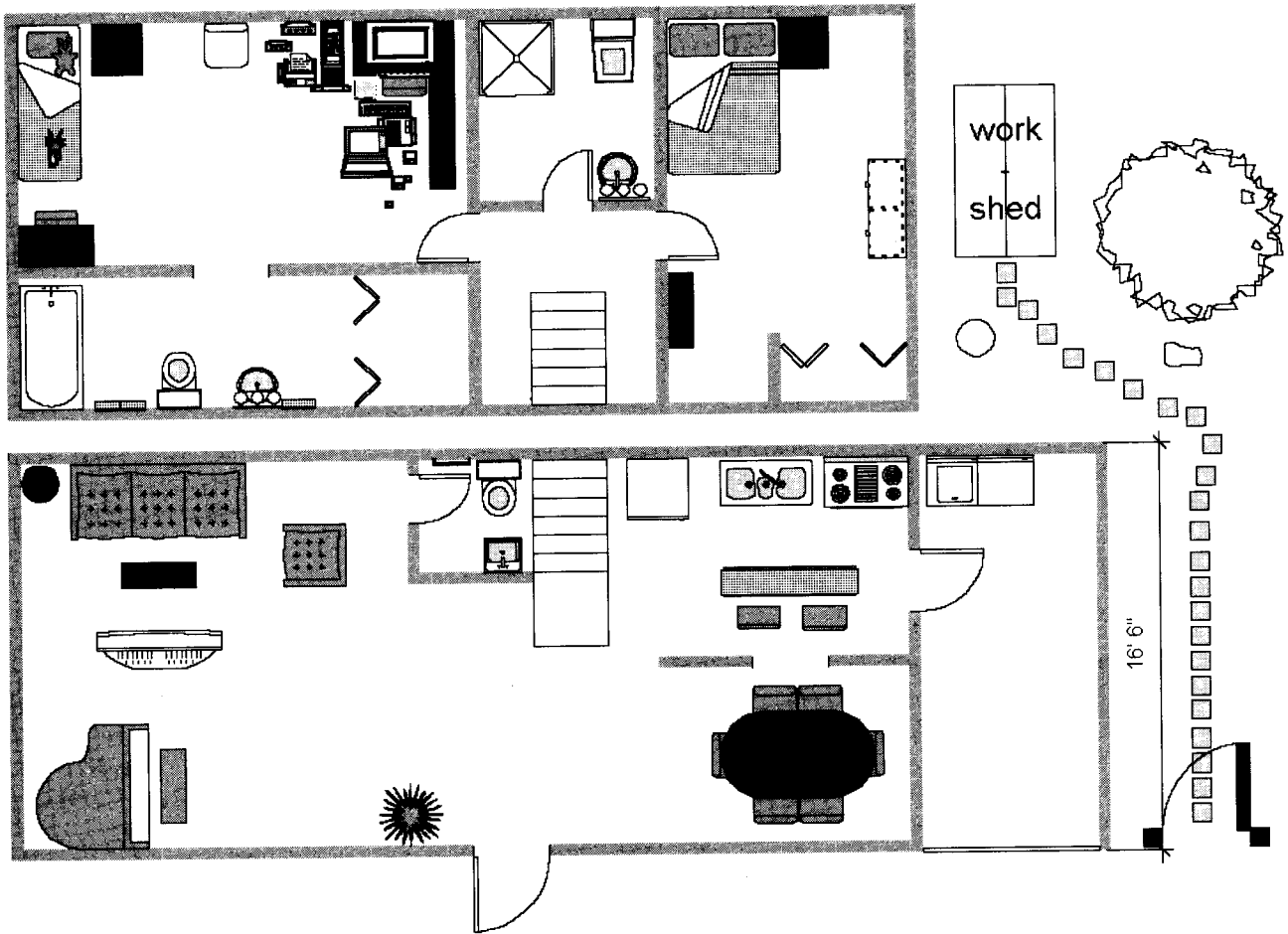
His doctorate thesis is titled "Transformational Properties of Subatomic Particles". He has discovered a way to turn ordinary matter into another form: a massless material which can move through other matter without effect. This occurs only within a sophisticated electronic and magnetic field that must be generated as a surface effect around the matter to be affected. Therefore he required the environmental suits and the vehicle to pull off the "ghost" effect.

This would have resulted in a fine paper and a job in weapons development for the government if he had not been so lonely. He is shunned by those his age and not taken seriously by his peers who mocked him with the nickname of "Brains". All that changed when he met Jojo.

Jojo wouldn't have taken him seriously either except that Brains had very good training in electronics and helped Jojo get his Pontiac Firebird, modified for stock car competition, ready for races. Jojo was always short on time due to having to work for a living at Mc Burger.

A true friendship blossomed. When Jojo complained about needing money to go to the NASCAR mechanic's school, Brains came upon the idea of robbing a bank to get him the money (a very swashbuckling idea, if impractical and illegal).





Jacobson Residence

Brains lives here with his mother. The house is a simple 2 story structure located in Virginia Highlands. The garage, livingroom, diningroom, and kitchen compose the downstairs. The upstairs is two bedrooms and two baths.

Brains has the larger bedroom as part of it is his study where he keeps his computer equipment. He has a portable computer which is hooked into docking station with a printer and stationary monitor when at home. It is small enough to be carried in the luggage compartment of his moped. He also has lots of breadboard projects lying on his workbench. Shelves of reference books, charts, and tables line the walls. His mother leaves his school stuff alone so he has an immaculately clean room until you get to the work area which is a terrible mess. In his computer are the designs for the nucleonic conversion and his personal telephone directory with Jojo's phone number and address, but they are all encrypted with standard 20 character, public key encryption. The key for the decryption is *Einstein=Superman=is* (case sensitive). This is a very tough encryption routine and will take far too long to crack. He has a dedicated phone line for the computer that allows him to access the university mainframes. There is a tape backup unit on the top shelf of his workbench. He keeps his backup tapes in his desk at Georgia Tech.

In the closet are a pair of paint and grease splattered tennis shoes and coveralls that Brains wears when he is at JoJo's

garage and at the race track. There is a 50% chance that they are in the saddles bags of his moped instead.

His mother's room is covered with pictures of Issac's achievements (science fair awards, national scholars program, MENSA membership, etc.), partially because she lives her life through him and partly because there isn't any space on the walls in Brain's room. Everything is very prissy here and in the rest of the house. There is a small desk that is used for paying bills and storing legal documents and records. Here will be found the life insurance policy on her late husband for 100,000 dollars, another one to pay off the house upon his death, and the full scholarship for Brains. They have been living off the interest for the past 3 years. Brain's computer was paid for by a student loan.

In the basement are piles of back issues of the National Investigator.

Their current residence was purchased 2 years ago when Brain entered graduate school. If a police check is made of the old house as well as this location there are records of complaints of TV transmission interference at both locations due to Brains' experimentation.

Brains commutes to school on a moped. He wanted a motorcycle but his mother put her foot down. Besides, when he first entered Georgia Tech a moped was the only vehicle he could drive without a license.

His mother drives a 3 year old, Chevy sedan. She always parks in the garage. Brains keeps his moped in the shed in the back yard to avoid waking his mother each morning as he rides off to school.

Aliens Among Us

Marion Jacobson

Age 37

Height: 5'1"

Weight: 100 lbs

Hair: Brown

Eyes: Green

| | | | |
|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| STR: 11 | INT: 14 | THR: 08 | HPT: 30 |
| CON: 08 | WIS: 12 | DOD: 11 | 75%: 21 |
| DEX: 10 | CHR: 09 | ACC: 05 | 50%: 15 |
| AGL: 11 | LCK: 07 | MRE: 01 | 25%: 07 |

Mary is Issac's mother and a homemaker. She is content to live out her life living off the interest from the money from his father's life insurance. She is extremely protective of her son and will lie to protect him. Though she has a fairly high native intelligence it has never been realized outside of marketing herself to his father, whom she has enshrined.

Marion has a secret: 17 years ago she was abducted by aliens. She believes that Issac's father is not of Earth. Her unbelieving husband simply believes that she was abducted and assaulted. Since she chose to carry the child to term, he has loved him as his own son. On his tombstone Marion had inscribed: *He believed not, but loved me with his whole heart.* The family thought this was a religious reference. She has never told Issac this and lives in fear that the aliens will return to claim him. The back issues of tabloid in the basement are part of her obsession.

When the Police or FBI arrive with the search warrant, she shouts up to Issac, "Get up dear, the Police (or FBI) are here to talk to us". Issac attempts to escape out his bedroom window, down the roof of the garage to the shed, and away on his moped. Jojo has modified it to accept a nitrous oxide feed which gives it surprising acceleration.

If Issac is captured, he refuses to talk to anyone until his mother gets them a lawyer. If Marion finds out the Jojo is involved, she (on recommendation of legal council) blames him for everything and attempts to whitewash her son's reputation. Issac won't rat out his pal.

JoJo "Double-Nickle" Dimes

Age: 19

Sex: Male

Height: 6' 2"

Weight: 160 lbs

Hair: Black

Eyes: Black

| | | | |
|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| STR: 15 | INT: 10 | THR: 12 | HPT: 45 |
| CON: 12 | WIS: 12 | DOD: 14 | 75%: 34 |
| DEX: 15 | LCK: 05 | ACC: 08 | 50%: 22 |
| AGL: 13 | CRZ: 13 | MRE: 05 | 25%: 11 |

Skills

| | | | |
|----------------------|---|---------------------|---|
| Auto repair | 8 | Fabrication, Metal | 6 |
| Pilot Motor Vehicle | 5 | Fluid systems | 4 |
| Electronic Diagnosis | 6 | Art, Spray Painting | 5 |

Ghost Aliens Rob The 1st Bank Of Atlanta

Jojo wants to be a big-time racing mechanic on the NASCAR circuit. To get a job with the best people he needs expert schooling. That costs big bucks. He lives by himself in a rented garage where he works on his Firebird or does some custom paint detailing when he isn't working for a living at McBurgers. He does a little driving at the North Atlanta Raceway to earn some extra money, but he usually breaks even after repairing the damage to his car. Still, it gets him involved with professional drivers and sometimes some work with them. He met Brains who was poking around his car one Saturday before a race. Jojo was busy and needed another set of hands. Brains volunteered. After he stopped laughing, Jojo discovered how talented Brains actually was. He was stunned by Brain's offer to rob a bank but figured that Brains had the stuff to do it.

Jojo got his nickname from the other drivers who made a joke on his name by saying that his car wouldn't go over 55 M.P.H. (double-nickle in trucker terms). In fact, no one at the track, except the payout clerk, knows JoJo by any other name. No one knows Brains by any other name, period.

JoJo's Garage

This is a 2 car garage which is plumbed for a bathroom (a converted utility room) that he rents for \$150/month (utilities paid). He put up a partition and has a small bed, a springed pole that he uses to hang clothes on, and a steamer chest for other clothes. He has a small refrigerator and a hot plate on the worktable where he prepares his food. He mostly eats junk food. His parents live in Brewton, Alabama but have not seen him for four years. The rest of the garage is taken up by tools, spare parts, and equipment. Outside of working at McBurgers he is available for mechanic work and custom paint detailing. He does a strictly cash business and has never filed a tax return.

Here can be found empty cans of aluminized paint. On one part of the workbench are circuit boards that have no business in this primitive shop. The money is hidden in the protective suits that are sunk to the bottom of a 55 gal barrel of used crankcase oil.

Jojo's car is always near him. It is a 10 year old Firebird body but the insides are immaculate and in perfect working condition. The car has the standard "stock car" high performance engine and is geared for racing. The registration and minimal insurance lists Jojo as the owner, but this is an Alabama registration using his parents' address.

The studded tires used in the robbery have been ditched into the Chattahoochie River. The current tires on the Firebird are not new, because Jojo gets good, used, street-legal ones from auto junkyards. However, an exhaustive check turns up someone who recognizes Jojo as a recent purchaser of a set of four high performance tires.

The metallic paint job on Firebird is completely different than the metallic brown on the robbers' vehicle and fresh as a just-picked peach. Jojo has a simple excuse for this: his car was damaged in last week's race (which is always true) and he had to touch it up. Anyone with any experience with test pilots of any kind knows how they fuss over the appearance of their vehicles.

North Atlanta Raceway

This is a normal oval, dirt racetrack, one mile in circumference, completely surrounded by a high chain link fence with barbed wire at the top. At one end is an open field where drivers who cannot afford pits work on their cars or wait for their races. The opposite end has the pits which are underneath the stands. There are 20 pits here that are rented to teams of players on a minimum of 1 week rental.

There is parking on only one side of the track. A single 2-lane road enters the parking area which then branches over the huge grassy field like a spiderweb.

The announcing tower/administration area is 3/4 down the side before the first curve. Racers must register here and all monies collected are stored here until they are transported or paid out. This area is protected with a silent alarm. The doors and windows are wired and any power loss causes an alarm to be sent to the police. Since there is only one access road out of the track it can be easily blocked by the police.

If Brains hasn't escaped to warn him, Jojo will be racing at the track on Sunday. He will be very worried if Brains does not show up to help him at the race. Still the plan was to continue as normal to establish a "cover".

If the Police, FBI, or agents start asking questions about him, someone will tell him about it. Jojo will try to escape. If he can set the Firebird up to use the nucleonic generator, then he can easily run the roadblocks.

He still has all the nucleonic equipment in the car and the nylon screening that was painted with metallic aluminum paint and hooked into place over the windows. Since he no longer has the necessary studded tires, he takes a box of 1/2 inch brads and pounds them into the tread of his tires. This takes about 20 minutes to do. If he fails to complete the task, all unfinished tires disintegrate when the field is turned on.

Nucleonic Field Generator

Appearance: generator & controls lunch-box sized for person, 4x that size for the car.

Function: produces a surface clinging field within which everything is converted into a nuclear analog which appears to outside matter as massless and chargeless. Therefore it can pass through normal matter. As long as the power is applied this state remains and other matter cannot affect it. A phased object is ejected from other solid matter if power is lost. Since all matter inside the field appears massless it is unaffected by gravity and will appear to rise off the ground as it moves tangentially away from the surface of the earth along its momentum vector. This is why the car and people seem to jump through objects instead of moving in a straight line. The field is switched off after passing through the object and gravity pulls the object back to the ground.

A near continuous conductive surface must be present for the field to exist. This is why the suits and car were covered with conductive paint and metal studs were embedded in the tires to allow the field to arc across contact surfaces. A thin metal grid has been melted into the face plates of the suits and a thin mesh

screen has been attached to all the windows of the car. The silvering is merely caused by the metallic aluminum in the paint and the mylar sheets inside the suit faceplates which hide the identities of those inside. If a large conductive ground wire is attached to the suits or car the field will not operate. A metallic net or a metal floor can be used for this purpose. This will not work after the field is turned on. Though non-living material is mostly unaffected by this process, high density electronic chips and living tissue suffer enough distortion to cause impairment of process if the field lasts more than a few seconds (-d4 CON per action). Eventually the device itself will malfunction as the computer controls decay and the operator dies.

Installation: The controller and field generator on the suits is just below the air tanks mounted on the back. They are powered by a computer battery pack around the waist connected to a bank of high capacity capacitors. This discharges enough power to activate the field for a few seconds. There is a simple push contact switch on the belt which is used to regulate duration of the field.

The field generator is wired into the Firebird's electrical system so it (theoretically) could run indefinitely as long as nucleonic air is provided. The controls are in the utility console between the seats. A simple "deadman's switch" can be used to activate it.

The studs in the tires, necessary for the nucleonic field, need only project out enough for the field to arc between them. One-quarter inch spacing between them suffices. If the generator is used with normal tires, all the rubber down to the steel belting, if any, will be left behind.

Simplified Timetable

Saturday

9:05 AM Jojo and Brains rob bank

9:20 AM They reach Jojo's garage and begin to reapply the paint job that characterizes Jojo's car. The 200 grand is sunk inside the suits to the bottom of a 55 gal drum of used crankcase oil. The shotguns and netting for the windows are left in the Firebird's trunk.

9:30 AM All witnesses are taken by ambulance to Grady Memorial Hospital and placed in a private ward on the 13th floor (psychiatric floor)

10:00 AM FBI and FDIC officials arrive at the bank and begin the investigation.

12:00 PM Jojo and Brains drive by a local hangout to make sure that everyone sees that Jojo's car looks normal. The paint is still tacky so they do not stop.

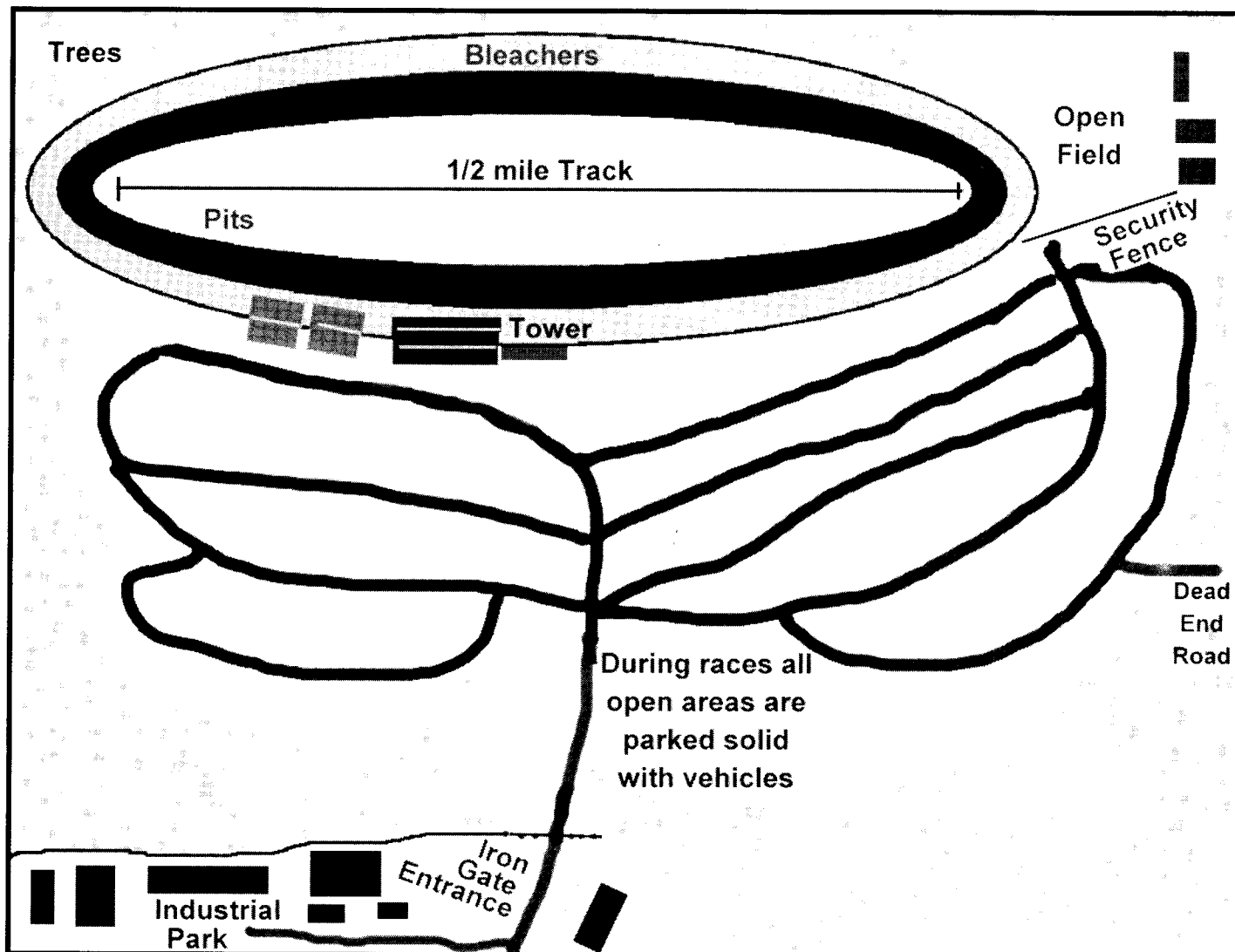
1:00 PM Jojo and Brains dump the studded tires into the Chattahoochee River, north of I-285.

6:00 PM FBI have discovered that Georgia Tech is missing 2 radiation protective suits.

Sunday

Midnight FBI begins the search of the Physics building at Georgia Tech.

6:00 AM During simultaneous raid of suspects house, Issac



Jacobson attempts to escape FBI cordon.

11:00 AM Jojo enters first race and places third.

1:00 PM Jojo hears that people are asking questions and tries to set up his car to use the nucleonic field.

1:20 PM Jojo tries to escape. If successful he will try to get back to his garage to repaint his car and retrieve the money.

3:00 PM Jojo tries to get out of Atlanta and heads for Alabama.

Conclusion

The Bureau team is in a race with the FBI to solve this case. Brains would be an excellent addition to Tech Services and would eventually be Ray's successor. Jojo could be a good addition as field agent.

The most immediate goal is to keep the plans for the nucleonic field generator or the device itself from falling into anyone's hands but the Bureau. Destruction of any evidence should be performed if it cannot be captured.

Of course the agents should make every effort to not harm any federal agents or police, especially if Brains and/or Jojo are captured and the agents decide to break them out. Bonus Experience should be given for a very covert resolution.

A Dark and Stormy Night?

If the agents totally screw up the investigation and the FBI gets the computer and/or captures Brains, one night soon, the room where they are each being kept should fill with a brilliant white light. When sight returns, a half hour has passed instead of only a minute and the contents are gone. Strange lights are reported that night in the sky.

The nucleonic generator would be an interesting addition to the various X-Tech devices already used by Bureau 13, but it would be disastrous in the hands of any government or power. Weapons that shot through walls, armor, or the center of the Earth itself could be constructed. Nuclear bombs could be detonated in the mantle under an enemy city creating monster earthquakes. There would be no defense.

Suggested Experience Points

| | |
|------|--|
| 300 | Debunking the testimony of the witnesses |
| 500 | Successfully impersonating bank examiners, police or FBI |
| 400 | Setting a trap to capture Brains or JoJo |
| 1000 | Recruiting Brains into the Bureau |



Grandma Doesn't Know Me Anymore

Incident Report

Five days ago Mrs. Samantha Andrews was found in her home by family members who had come up for the weekend from nearby Bridgeport, California. She lives in an senior community designed for active, healthy citizens of advanced years.

Though there was no obvious physical trauma, she was unresponsive to questions but moved easily when assisted. A stroke was unlikely, but so was catatonia. She was brought to the hospital in Bridgeport for examination. An exhaustive array of tests were made as demanded by her distraught family. Her temperature, blood pressure, heartbeat, reflexes, and pupillary response were excellent. She responded to pain and other external stimuli. There was no reason to assume a concussion or any other kind of brain damage, except that she seemed totally bewildered by everything around her. She appeared completely amnesiac and incapable of intelligent speech.

Then they decided to do a series of x-rays. The startled doctors discovered that her brain case was completely opaque to x-rays, as if it was lined with lead! Also they discovered that the skin on the back of her skull had been incised and glued together so cunningly that only a slight swelling betrayed it to the doctor's probing fingers.

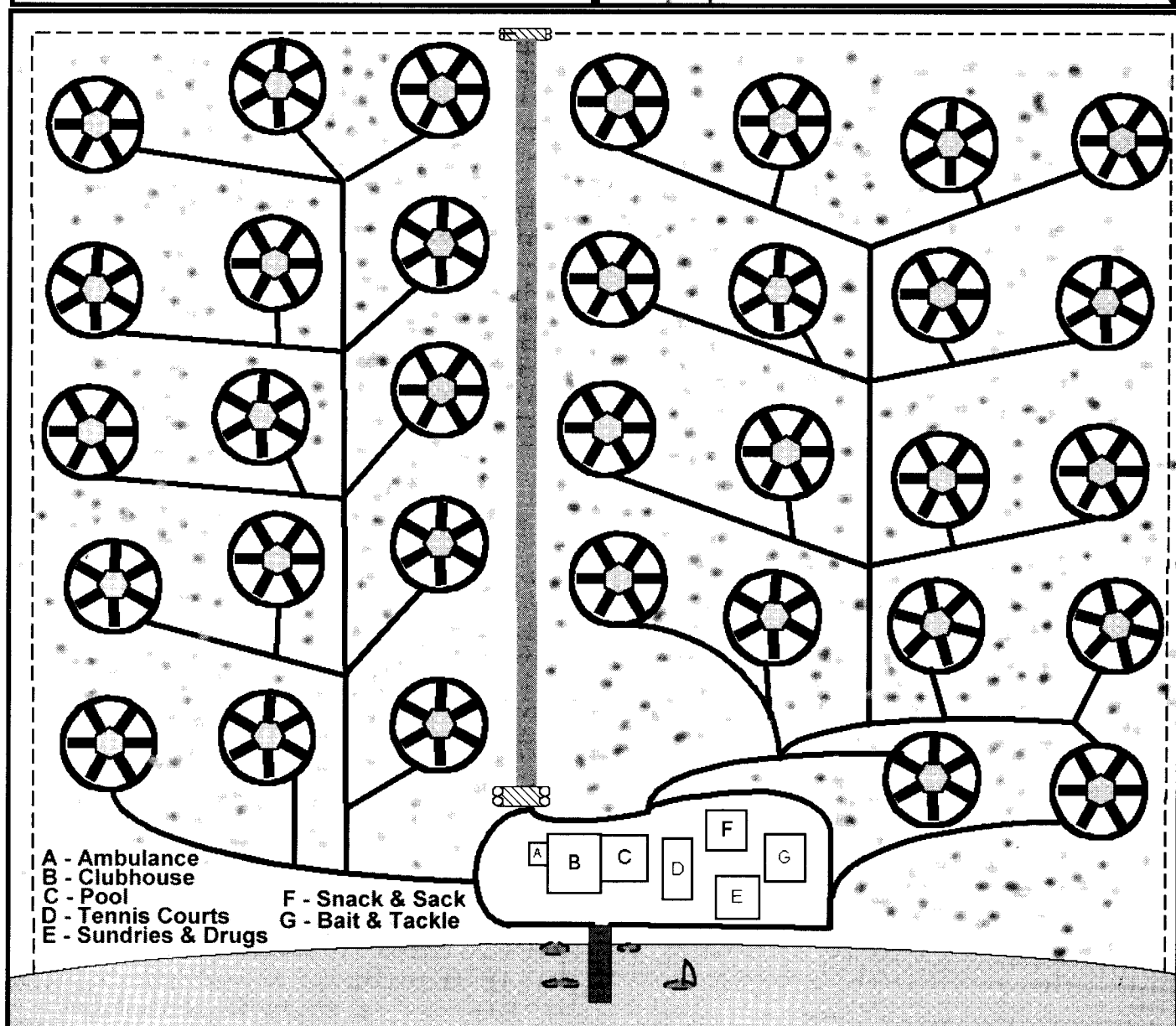
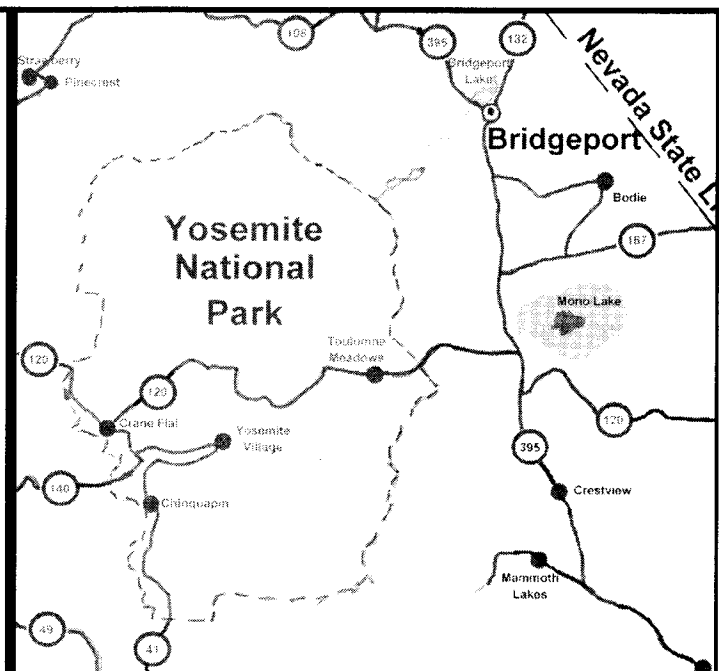
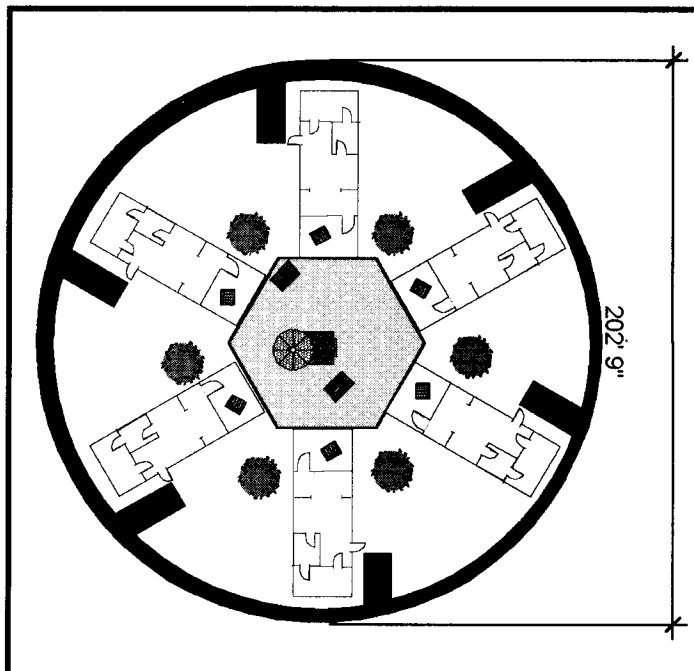
Finally, someone decided to do an ultrasonic scan. It appears that someone has stolen her brain! As further evidence a doctor used ammonia salts to show that Mrs. Andrews had no sense of smell. The olfactory receptors in the nasal passages are actually attached to the brain so the removal of the brain would eliminate the sense of smell.

As bad as this was, the incident has been compounded by the discovery of 18 more seniors in similar condition. The community is in a state of panic. Many have fled to relative's homes. Most that remain either don't have any family or refuse to be driven out. The FBI has been called in.

So far the media has been kept out. This is a private community with a great deal of security for its residents. The seniors have little love for publicity. They have closed their gates and become an armed camp.

Your mission is to discover who is stealing brains and stop them by any means necessary. Such means should not include the hospitalization and/or death of the FBI. We have made contact with Todd Andrews, her twelve year old grandson, who assures us that he can get us in and out of the security area with no problems. His parents are unaware of his collusion with us and should be avoided if possible. Todd is young enough to buy the foreign power/secret weapon story and that you are secret agents sent to stop it. Under no circumstances should he be endangered.

Note: This is a very difficult mission with many complications. Only an experienced team should attempt it.



Pine Woods Community

Once a remote logging site this community was constructed about 10 years ago specifically for the active geriatric set with the capital to afford the retirement they always wanted. Unlike their parents, today's senior citizens are in better health and live far into their retirement years. A large portion remain in excellent health and fitness for many years. Refusing to live in "retirement" communities, yet wanting others of like values and experiences for neighbors, they sought out a community where they could do everything they always planned to do, yet have peace of mind.

Pine Woods boasts tennis courts, a golf course, bike lanes, a beach and marina on the shore of Bridgeport Lake, warm fresh and salt water pools, and walking trails through the second growth Ponderosa pine forest. The community center offers a wide range of instruction, clubs, and lecturers.

Nearby Yosemite National Park, the gambling halls of Fresno, and many other famous sights offer extended adventures and entice their grown children to come and visit. Many find their parents almost too busy to spend time with them.

The private road that winds through the surrounding forest is blocked at each end by a gate. The one next to the highway has a guard who will require that any visitors be on his list. Otherwise, he calls the person they are visiting and will not open the gate until he has a confirmation. The other end opens to an infrared remote control individually keyed to each resident (a Medium **Electronics** roll with the proper equipment to defeat). The guard has an emergency override that will lock open both gates for emergency vehicles. Any media vehicles will be found camped outside the guard post. None are being permitted in by the Pearson Company that manages the grounds and provides security. So far none of the reporters are believing the story of stolen brains. They figure this is a red herring to hide geriatric abuse or cult activity.

A five foot tall, barbed wire fence surrounds the property. Private Property, No Trespassing, and No Hunting signs are posted along this perimeter.

Since the incident began security has been beefed up by the property management company with a dozen Pinkerton detectives who roam the area carrying tasers, tear gas, pepper gas, and 30.06 rifles. They carry state of the art **life detectors** (devices that pick up the presence and movement of large infrared sources). They ask questions first but they will shoot if necessary. They require a Difficult **Physical Surveillance**, **Commando Training**, or **Ninjitsu** roll to avoid. Pinkerton detectives have excellent skills in reading behavior and are dead shots. They have added a speed boat to aid patrolling the shoreline and pursuit if necessary.

All the homes are in clusters of six and share a common patio/pool area. A single lane, asphalt road circles each group of houses and feeds back to the central activity center. They all have security systems and emergency alarms that would alert the neighbors if anyone attempted an unauthorized entry or someone took ill and needed assistance.

Todd Andrews

Age 12

Height: 5' 6"

Eyes: Brown

Weight: 120 lbs

Hair: Sandy Brown

STR: 07

INT: 14

THR: 09

HPT 21

CON: 05

WIS: 05

DOD: 07

75% 15

DEX: 16

LCK: 12

ACC: 06

50% 10

AGL: 08

CRZ: 09

MRE: 02

25% 05

SNS: 03

PIE: 14

Skills

Weapon Skill, Pellet Gun 06

Sport, Baseball 06

Pilot, Bicycle 12

Sport, Skiing 07

Physical Surveillance 03

Public Speaking 05

Todd is your classic gum chewing, comic reading, feckless youth whom you imagine will grow up to be president. He not very happy now. Someone has stolen Grandma's brain and nobody seems to be doing anything about it! He is very heroic and has the air of invulnerability of one who has never suffered more than a stomach flu. He also knows that the aliens are just stealing old people and thinks himself exempt from their plots. Who's going to pay attention to some kid?

The agents may think that they can use Todd to get in and just plant him at his grandmother's house. Think again. If the agents do not give him something useful to do, he will slip away and investigate on his own. He is on the permanent guest list and can come and go at Pine Woods freely. If he gets into trouble his parents will ask the guards to bar him from the community. He is the main conduit for the agents to gain access to Pine Woods. Once he is unavailable their investigation will be far more difficult. Wise agents will conserve this resource.

Police Computer

This information is also in the FBI computer but the local police database is much easier to hack (15% + chance).

All the victims showed evidence of being outdoors: dirt on feet, pine needles and burrs on clothes.

All the homes showed evidence of forced entry and all the electronics in the home were damaged to some extent. There were blank spots and distortion on pre-recorded video tapes as well (an Easy Electronics or Communication Tech roll clues the agents in that these places were hit with massive EMP spikes that fried the electronics).

Usually more than one home in each cluster was invaded. The exceptions seem to be homes with more than one resident. Apparently the intruders like to prey on groups.

What is really strange is that none of the neighbors noticed anything, nor were their electronics damaged. This suggests some very high tech devices to provide an effect of such surgical precision. However, none remember being awake when the incursion took place as indicated by the damaged clocks. This is not very surprising since the assaults were always in the wee hours of the morning. Most would be asleep at that time.

Aliens Among Us

There are dead areas in the woods near the homes that were invaded. These areas each are circular, about an acre in area, and contain three large flat depressions. All insects, birds, squirrels, and everything else were struck dead in each area. No one noticed these until recently since it took a few days for the trees to begin shedding their needles and for the ground plants to dry up and rot. There is also a slight magnetic quality to all iron bearing rocks on the surface.

The spongy ground and thick manicured lawns surrounding the homes do not hold impressions long, but there was some evidence of footprints by 200 lb. individuals wearing footwear with no heels (like sneakers).

The doors were forced with powerful cutting tools and prys which left no visible signs of entry unless someone actually tried the doors. Whereupon the doors fell off their hinges and the locks popped out. In fact, the precision of the cuts is far in excess of what is required to gain entry. It suggests a plot of extreme preparation and professionalism using very specialized tools.

The FBI

Since none of the victims has died, the families have been reluctant to allow anyone to cut into their loved ones and find out just what is keeping them going since their brains seem to be missing. As a result the FBI agents have spent most of their time interviewing the other residents of Pine Woods. They don't know any more than the agents do if the team manages to hack into the police computers.

Since the dead areas are very anomalous the FBI agents are contemplating digging them up in case there is toxic waste buried in them. One hypothesis is that these people are being abducted to divert attention from these sites or because they learned something important.

The agents are ignoring any ramifications concerning missing brains. Obviously there is some kind of hoax going on. In fact this is the Bureau agents' biggest asset. The aspect of this case is so bizarre that everyone is sure that nothing of the kind can possibly be going on. They are looking for a reasonable answer. Good luck!

If the FBI gets wind of the Bureau agents, they will descend on the team like a ton of bricks, gleefully sure that they found the party to pin this on. This attitude will only strengthen when they find holes in the agent's identities. Todd will try to explain that the team are bodyguards, but his parents could never afford this kind of security. The more they learn of the agents the more suspicious they will be.

Missing Brains

If the agents conspire to abduct one of the victims from the hospital they find that there are Pinkerton detectives on guard there also.

Assuming that they find a way to pilfer one of the patients to a secure location they still need a surgeon to do the operation unless they don't plan on the patient surviving.

Once the skull is penetrated a thick, viscid, yellowish fluid oozes out revealing that the brain case is entirely empty. The optic nerves are capped by a device that pulses light. So are

Grandma Doesn't Know Me

the rest of the cranial nerves. At the top of the spinal cord and capping it, is a device that is hardly larger than a single cervical vertebrae. Any good electromagnetic sensor will indicate that this device is broadcasting into the cranial cavity. Apparently this small artifact is running the whole show. The viscid fluid is completely transparent to the signals that it is broadcasting and obviates the need for any connecting wires between the device and the nerves that it serves. In fact the fluid is essential to the device's operation. In a few minutes it will malfunction. Before the patient can suffer, a small explosive charge will detonate destroying it, the patient, and everything else around with a 500,000 point EX blast. It's good to know that someone is concerned about evidence dispersal.

Lining the brain case is a synthetic material completely impervious to radiation and magnetics. It is required for the proper operation of the neural shunt device and reduces the body's reaction to the viscous yellow fluid that fills the skull.



Laying a Trap

A massive surveillance effort is needed. The Bureau can provide sensors of various kinds that are hardened to EMP. The hard part is setting them up.

One good idea is to ask Ray Robertson, Bureau 13 Special Equipment Chief, to provide a number of tiny radio beacons that only react to high energy output. These can be dispersed by rocket all over the area. This obviates the need for permission from the FBI and hides the identity of the agents. Of course the FBI and local authorities will notice rockets exploding high over the community, but what can they do about it? When the sensors go off, the agents can quickly close in on the area with a directional tracker.

If they plant cameras on all the homes still occupied, that night they see an amazing sight: If anyone is still awake in one set of homes they become more and more disoriented until they sit down in a dazed state.

A strange hovering platform with manipulative arms and devices on one end floats out of the woods and makes short work of any locks or bars on the doors. Sitting on the platform is a space suited figure who is obviously not humanoid. This person hops off when the platform reaches the door. All unhardened sensors will fry at this point and hardened sensors will suffer significant distortion.

Once the door is free, the intruder walks inside and carries out one or more victims. The platform uses its robotic arms to lay the limp forms on the platform. Then they move on to the next dwelling. After three or four have been collected, they return to the forest.

About 1 1/2 hours later, the intruder returns; deposits each victim in their appropriate home; and departs again, leaving little evidence. About a half hour later everyone who was not in bed comes out of their stupor as if they were napping and makes

their way up to bed. They show no signs of understanding that anything is amiss.

It should be obvious that some mind numbing force is affecting the people in these houses. If the agents are smart they realize that the suit that the intruder wears probably protects him. If they do not, they may run over there, trying to save the people, and fall prey to the field. If exposed, they lose d6 points of WIS and INT per action until they reach 0. Then they just sit down and drool a bit. Once out of the field they recover at a rate of d6 points per ten minutes. For every 10 points of full body energy protection (EN) the agent's armor provides, 1 point of WIS and INT will be conserved.

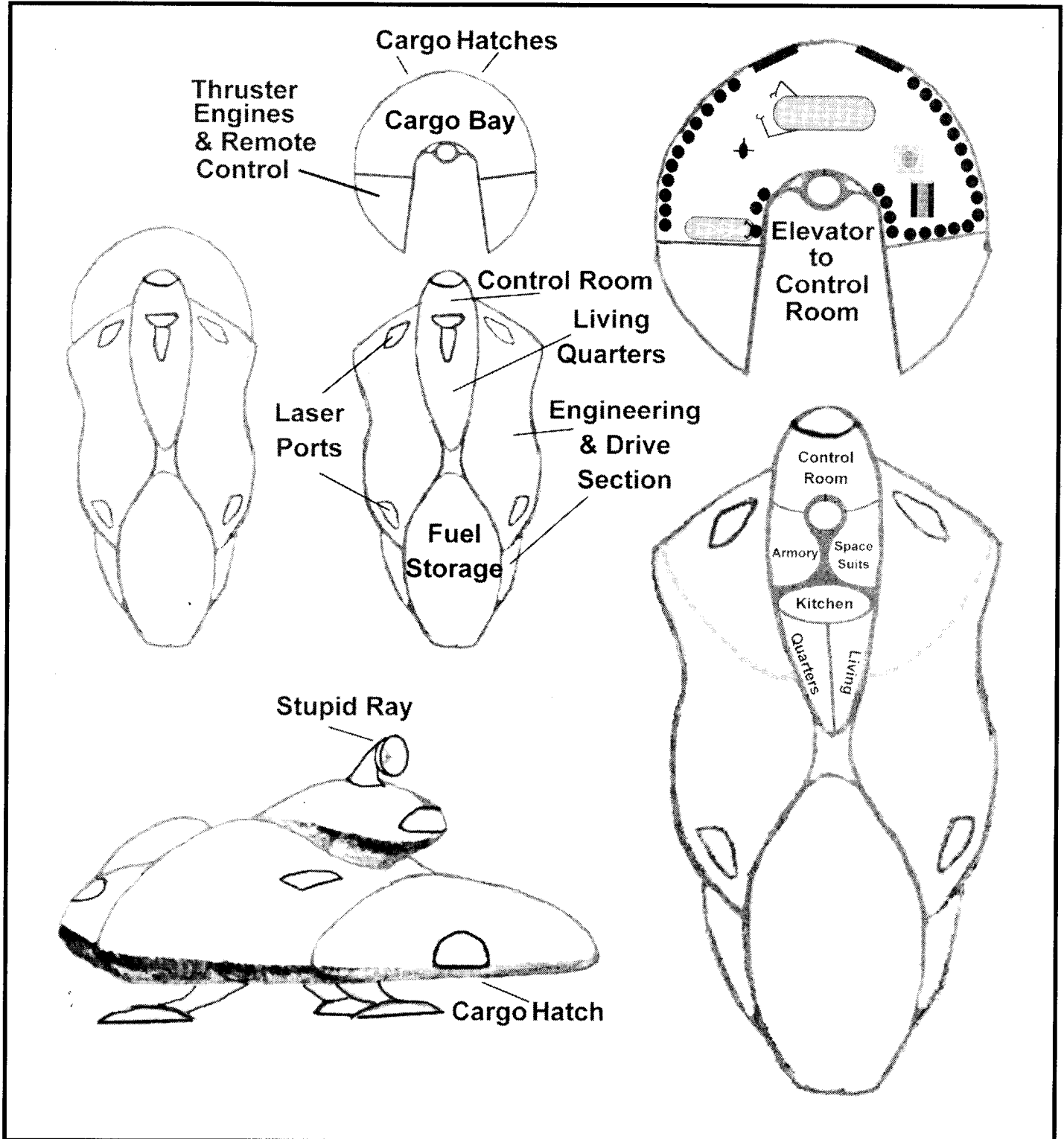
Though the team's first reaction should be to save the victims, it is more important that they follow the hovering platform back to its source.

The Space Ship

It is no surprise when they find the ship nestled in the pines. If they check they can see that all the insects in the area are dead. The ship's drive generates a powerful field that is deadly to any living thing. It also magnetizes any metal in the area. Unfortunately for the agents, it also effectively disperses any beam, radar or otherwise, that comes near it, making it effectively invisible to all but close visible inspection. The drive currently is not operating. If it was the agents would be dead.

The "Stupid" ray emanates from a large projector mounted on the front of the ship. Though it can be narrowed it is currently fanned out over the entire cluster of homes. Once the team is behind the projector they are safe from its effects. If they have removed the radiation impervious material from a victim's skull and survived, they can use it to line a helmet and be protected from the ray.





Once they find the ship they have two options:

1) **Destroy the ship.** This vessel is designed to endure the ravages of interstellar space and FTL travel. It is quite tough by our standards though it is only average by its own. The agents are going to need serious weaponry to take it out. A LAW rocket will just damage it and the ship's pilot will launch immediately and escape unless they can bring a lot more to bear. Their best bet is to call in the **Vindicators** (see BUREAU FILE: Vindicators).

2) **Penetrate the ship.** This is the harder of the two options. The pilot is watching for intruders and will spot them if they get too close. What works in their favor is all the brush. If they keep low to the ground, the aliens will mistake them for animals that have wandered into the area. Getting inside is a difficult task. The hover platform came out of one of the cargo hatches which is closed now. Unless the agents have some supernatural way of entering, they might set a large explosive charge against the ship; detonate it; and nip inside through the still smoking hole. However, they had better not damage any door they might want to use later.

Slavery

If the team gains entrance to the ship they probably will be in the cargo hold (the lower part of the ship). Here they discover the aliens' intent. The walls of the hold are covered with "Brain boxes". These are designed to hold a sentient's brain in a healthful nutrient solution and to provide connections to various devices which allow the brain boxes to operate them. Just plug in a brain and you have a fully functional machine with excellent programmable potential. In fact, the brains are the most valuable part. So much so that they are worth stealing.

These aliens have been abducting the elderly, removing their brains to these brain boxes, and then returning the bodies with a simple neural stabilizer to keep them going. On a primitive world like the Earth, that should fool the authorities long enough to get a full cargo. They want the elderly because they have the most life experience and are more likely to have had to adjust to a lot of changes. Just the kind of brain you want if you are going to be plugging it from machine to machine.

These brain boxes provide replacements for unskilled or semi-skilled labor throughout the galaxy. In most places they are used by enterprising individuals of emerging worlds who are trying to get up to speed with their more advanced neighbors. They contract their services to manufacturing and mining corporations. There they get some on-the-job experience that they can bring back to their own worlds. Usually their bodies are kept in cyro-suspension until the brains are returned to them. This is also a means of life extension since the body does not age while in suspension. However, most sentient creatures consider this existence abnormal and are eager to return to their own bodies. The unfortunates are those whose bodies have been lost to disease, misfortune, or organlegging. Usually they commit suicide in spectacular ways, but not before providing two to three decades of valuable service.

Slavery is illegal throughout most of civilized space but enforcement is difficult. Well-connected slavers have as much to fear from galactic authorities as Mafia chiefs do from our own.

Slavers

These particular slavers are a pair of flightless bird-like creatures who see humans as little more than spare parts. One is constantly in the control room while his partner collects the brains.

Once the victims are inside, they are taken to a specialized surgical device (also run by a brain box, but an alien one) which removes the brain into a waiting container; installs the neural stabilizer; and seals up the skull. This process only takes about 15 minutes per person.

Then the alien returns the victims to their homes to be found by bewildered neighbors some days later. These victims are perfectly healthy but will not be able to feed or clean themselves.

The biggest fear of these aliens is biological contamination. Everything in the lower holds is sterilized after each raid. The collecting alien never removes his suit until its surface has been decontaminated as well. Once encased in the brain boxes, no disease can be transmitted nor contracted.

Revolt!

Most of these brains are accustomed to their slave state. Their captors hold all the cards and are quite willing to sacrifice them should they rebel. That does not mean they like it. If the agents gain access to the ship and start plugging brains into devices, they will find ready allies. There is a universal translator built into the ship which allows excellent verbal communication between the agents and brain-bots. When not connected to a device the brain is kept healthy by a variety of simulated sensory stimuli like colored patterns or electronic music. Until plugged in, they can only hear and speak to the outside world.

In the cargo hold there are about 30 brains (18 of which are newly stolen from the Pine Woods Community) and 100 brain cases. They can be plugged into a variety of devices found in the cargo hold:

- 3 Dozers
- 2 Welders/Cutters
- 5 Hover Cargo Platforms
- 1 Food and Beverage Dispenser
- 1 Pet walker and poop disposal unit

Most brains are purchased "as is" and are plugged right into machinery at the site. The devices in the hold are primarily to demonstrate the health and acuity of the brain before plugging them into valuable machinery that they can damage. All have big power cut-off switches which are used to shut down these devices if the brain misbehaves. It is considered a lack of faith in your product if you allow them to power up by remote control.

The surgery bot is quite willing to restore the brains back into their original bodies, but the brain extraction unit is built into the cargo hold and cannot be removed without extensive study.

Once the alien in the control room realizes that he is under attack he will take off. If the agents are still outside and within 100 feet, the death field of the propulsion system will slay them instantly. He is quite capable of cruising the area, killing anyone he can find. However, he won't want to kill his partner nor waste good brains, so he will use the "Stupid" ray wherever he can.

If no one is available for attack, he will levitate into orbit in the span of a few minutes. The agents will have to close the hole in the cargo hold or suffer decompression. The brains are perfectly safe but will not be able to communicate unless they are plugged into a device. This gives them UHF radio communication.

There are sensors in the cargo hold which the agents should destroy as soon as possible or the pilot will know their every move and easily counter it. Being understandably paranoid, the cargo hold can be completely sealed away from the rest of the ship and ejected if necessary.

Whether the agents fall victim to the vacuum or not, the cargo hold will be ejected into orbit before he returns to Earth to collect his partner. This gives the agents a window of opportunity to get restocked, make new friends, or be rescued from Pacific Base (see **Intruder!** adventure). The alien would be surprised to return and find the **Vindicators** waiting for him.

Aliens Among Us

Meanwhile, his partner is not without resources. He hops on the hover platform (which can travel about 100 M.P.H. to an altitude of about 200 feet). The platform's brain box hates being stuck in combat but it does not want to be marooned on this jerkwater planet, nor drilled through the case by the alien's energy weapons.

The alien's tactic is simple: retreat and dodge until the ship returns to collect him. He would rather be a poor, live coward than a rich dead hero. However, he does have teeth built into his space suit (which can absorb 50 pts of damage in all categories and is immune to radiation damage).

Alien Slaver

Race: Avian Biped.

Height: 6' 8" Weight 120 lbs

| | | | |
|---------|---------|---------|--------|
| STR: 07 | INT: 09 | THR: 09 | HPT 21 |
| CON: 13 | WIS: 18 | DOD: 06 | 75% 15 |
| DEX: 14 | LCK: 11 | ACC: 06 | 50% 10 |
| AGL: 06 | CRZ: 09 | MRE: 02 | 25% 05 |

Weapons

| | |
|-----------|-------------------|
| Scrambler | PB VS SH ME LO EX |
| ROF 1 | -1 +3 +5 -3 -6 -9 |
| Ammo 130 | EFFECTIVE EX+ |
| MIS 2% | d6 d6 x .5 |

This neural scrambler damages INT & WIS until the victim sits quietly and drools. Recovery time is 30 minutes. Laser sight adds a +6 bonus to ACC.

| | |
|---------|-------------------|
| Blaster | PB VS SH ME LO EX |
| ROF 1 | -1 0 -2 -4 -8 -16 |
| AMMO 40 | EFFECTIVE EX+ |
| MIS 2% | 3d10 2d10 |
| KDM +2 | |

This weapon creates a ripping explosion on the surface of the target.

Aerial Assault

In addition to the scrambler the spaceship has a quad set of standard ship's laser which dishes out d10 x 1000 EN damage four times a minute each. They have an effective range of 25,000 miles in space and about 2.5 miles in Earth's atmosphere. The scrambler's range is limited to about 2000 feet. The pilot will not allow anyone near the space ship, easily dodging and outrunning any dumb missiles. It will use the lasers on smart missiles and vehicles.

Keep in mind that these are businessmen. They are in it for the money. They will not stand and fight, risking more damage, if they can escape with their spoils.

Grandma Doesn't Know Me

Final Assault

Assuming that the agents on the Earth fail to blow the ship out of the sky or capture the aliens, they will return to orbit to retrieve their valuable cargo.

Since they don't want to destroy the cargo hold and the scrambler beam will not penetrate its metal hull they have to take it themselves. If the agents have not destroyed the sensors and/or are obviously ready for them, the aliens will negotiate. If they can cut a decent deal, they will. Otherwise they will blow the cargo hold to kingdom come and leave. The upside is that this particular pair of slavers will seek easier pickings elsewhere.

If the aliens think they can easily take the cargo hold, they will don their assault armor and fly over, leaving the space ship on autopilot.

Power Assisted Armor: FA 200 EN 2000 EX 2000

This protection is achieved through a combination of armor plates, force fields, and ablative surfaces.

| | | | | |
|----------------------------|--------|-------------------|------|-------------------|
| Heavy Assault Laser | | | | PB VS SH ME LO EX |
| ROF 1 | CYC 3 | +6 +0 +6 +6 +6 +6 | | |
| Ammo 475 | MIS 4% | EFFECTIVE | EX+ | |
| KDM +5 | | 20d6 | 18d6 | |

Afterward

If the aliens win, they will collect what remains of their cargo hold and look for easier pickings on the other side of the planet or in other solar systems.

If the agents survive, they discover that the space ship has been boobytrapped to dive into the atmosphere and explode against the Earth if the correct control codes are not entered. The aliens certainly do not want anyone else to profit from their mistakes. However, until the controls are manipulated, the ship remains safe to enter.

Since the cargo hold contains the brain extraction bot, the seniors from Pine Woods can be restored to their bodies if they can be transported to the cargo hold. With little effort the orbit of the cargo pod can be stabilized and the structure turned into a minor space station. The rest of the brains are quite willing to aid in the repair of the pod.

The agents will have to decide what to do with the alien brains. There is no chance that they can be implanted in a human body and survive. The brain cases themselves are quite durable but will fail in a decade or two. None of them has the knowledge to do more than minor repairs on the complex electronics that make up these units. Remember that these are considered only semi-skilled labor.

Suggested Experience Points

| | |
|----------------------------------|------|
| Setting up Complete Surveillance | 550 |
| Defeating the Aliens | 550 |
| Capturing the Aliens | 1000 |
| Restoring the Brains | 3000 |

Complications

If the team is not challenged enough by the basic mission the GM can throw in these two factors to really push the MBF (Maximum Bedlam Factor). These are included separately because, properly played, the adventure is plenty tough, but some people are never satisfied.

Roswell Post-Recovery Team

Named after the infamous UFO incident this group lurks on the Internet, hacking into government classified files, looking for possible UFO sightings and cover-ups. They reason that the more the government is trying to bury an incident, the more promising and legitimate the sighting is. The Bridgeport mystery is almost too good to be true.

The team members are Richard Tuttle, Olivia Dallas, John Huntington, and an individual that only communicates on-line called Puppy Chow.

Richard is the team leader and operates the whole show out of his mother's basement in Royal Oaks, Michigan. There in his sanctum sanctorum, surrounded by a maze of books and documents, stacked to the ceiling, he carefully draws his net through cyberspace. He never knows how big a fish he will snag. A close confidant of Flash Jervis, he usually knows about a UFO sighting before the government does.

Olivia, a biologist, is intensely interested in why the aliens continue to experiment on us. She is an expert in DIVINATION using fish entrails. She spends her free time trying to get Richard out into the daylight before his flesh begins to resemble the underbellies of her spell components. When successful they travel the country to various science fiction convention debunking any UFO experts who have been flown in as speakers.

John has many contacts in the electronic entertainment industry and ACLU. An intense personality, he has little patience for those who haven't counted the cost of whatever they attempt to do. He is their sergeant at arms when needed. Only their ultimate goals keeps him with the group.

Puppy Chow is the financier of the group. He has

plowed an incredible amount of capital into this group. No one asks where it comes from. He's the cyberterrorist of the group. He can destroy anyone's credit or reputation in a nanosecond. If anyone knows the location of Jimmy Hoffa's body, it is he. All of the agents' covers will be blown within an hour of first contact. Of course the Roswell Team has no reason to tell the local authorities or FBI. They just want some cooperation (heh, heh).

The day after the Bureau 13 agents begin their investigation, the Roswell Team arrives in Richard's beat up van. They gain access to a nearby property that abuts the Pine Woods property and begin setting up an array of exotic devices. Whatever telemetry the Bureau team sets up, they will be receiving the same feed. That feed may be scrambled, but they will have collected one of the surveillance devices within a half day of its placement and will be using its circuitry as a translator. Besides, Olivia can use her divination abilities to cut through any codes or subterfuge.

When the Bureau finally moves in they find the Roswell team on the job as well.

J.P. Withers

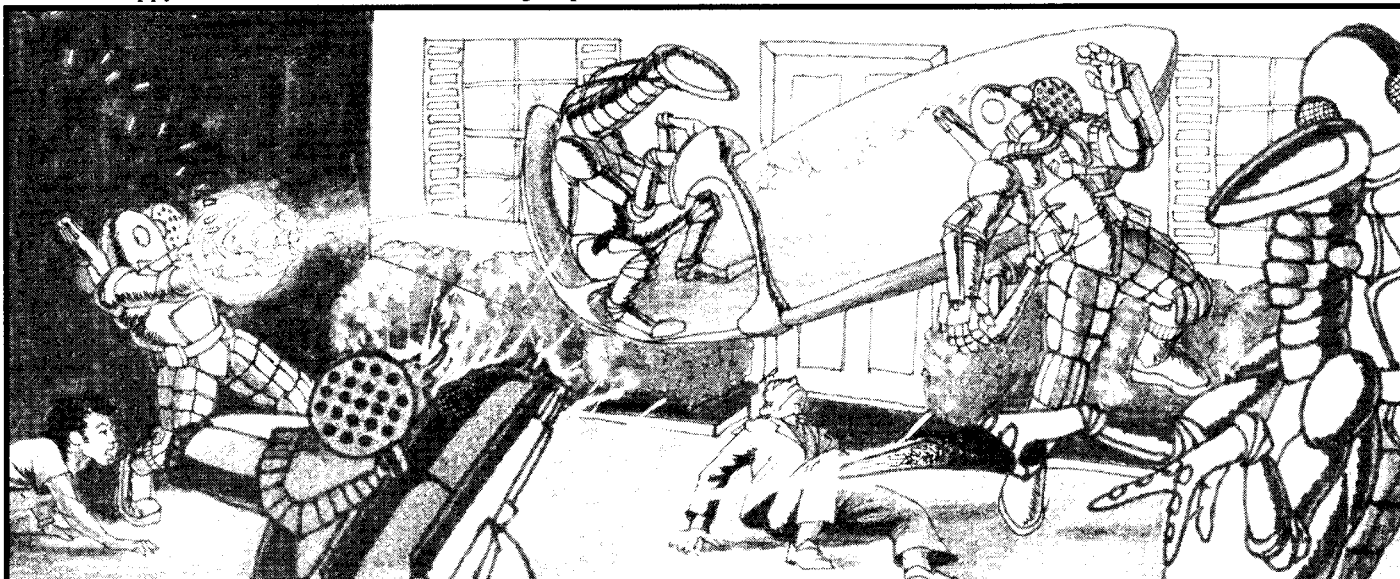
J.P. knows that this incident is highly visible and that the agents will probably get into major trouble. He will be lurking at the fringes, waiting to act.

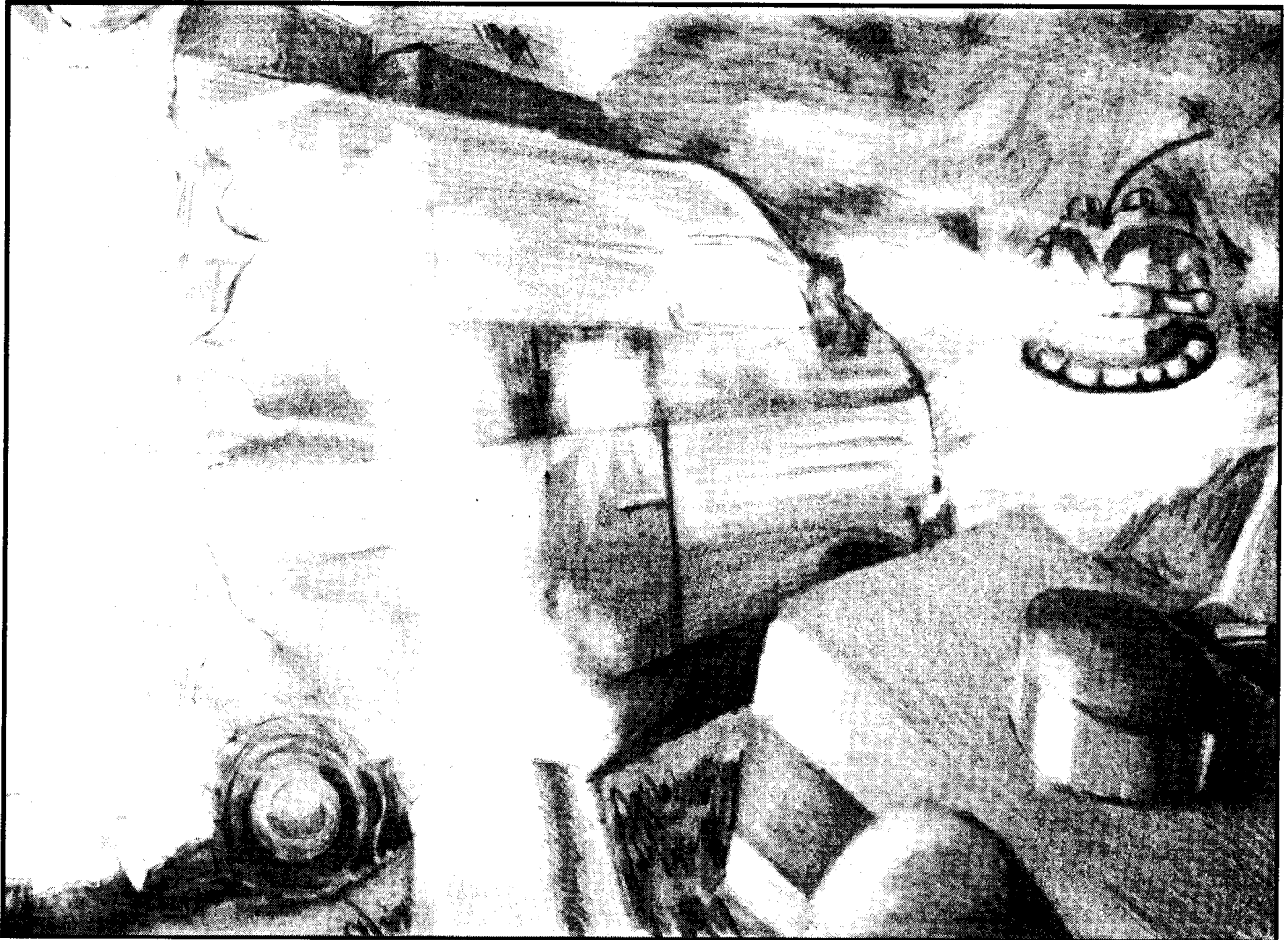
If an agent gets caught or the incident really goes bad, there will be a sudden rash of fires, electrical failures, and disabling car bombs in police and government vehicles and command centers. This is followed a lot of bloody grazes to the head of any non-Bureau personnel that are foolish to brandish a weapon.

If any X-tech gets left behind, it will mysteriously vanish.

If the Vindicators show up, J.P. will reveal himself over the agent's comm links and irritate them by calling them all by their real names. This will especially irritate the Vindicators since they refer to each other as X1, X2, XPrime (the leader), etc. even when only the agents can hear.

If the agents fail to restore the brains of the Pine Woods victims, he will make sure that the victims vanish.





COLD BLUE LIGHT

Henretta Oswald thought it was the end of the world. A few minutes before 3 AM the china began to rattle, the house vibrated, and her poodle howled. The farmyard lit like a 4th of July spectacular, and the resulting boom cracked six windows. Clutching her quilt, she muttered a simple prayer. She saw the saucer. The lights went out, the dog crawled back under the bed, and the power failed. This was June 10th.

Bureau 13 Incident Report

On June 10th Goldstone Deep Space tracking reported an object falling into the atmosphere with an impact point in the Great Lakes region of the US. As the alert sounded the object vanished. After a cursory investigation it was listed as a meteorite or atmospheric phenomena.

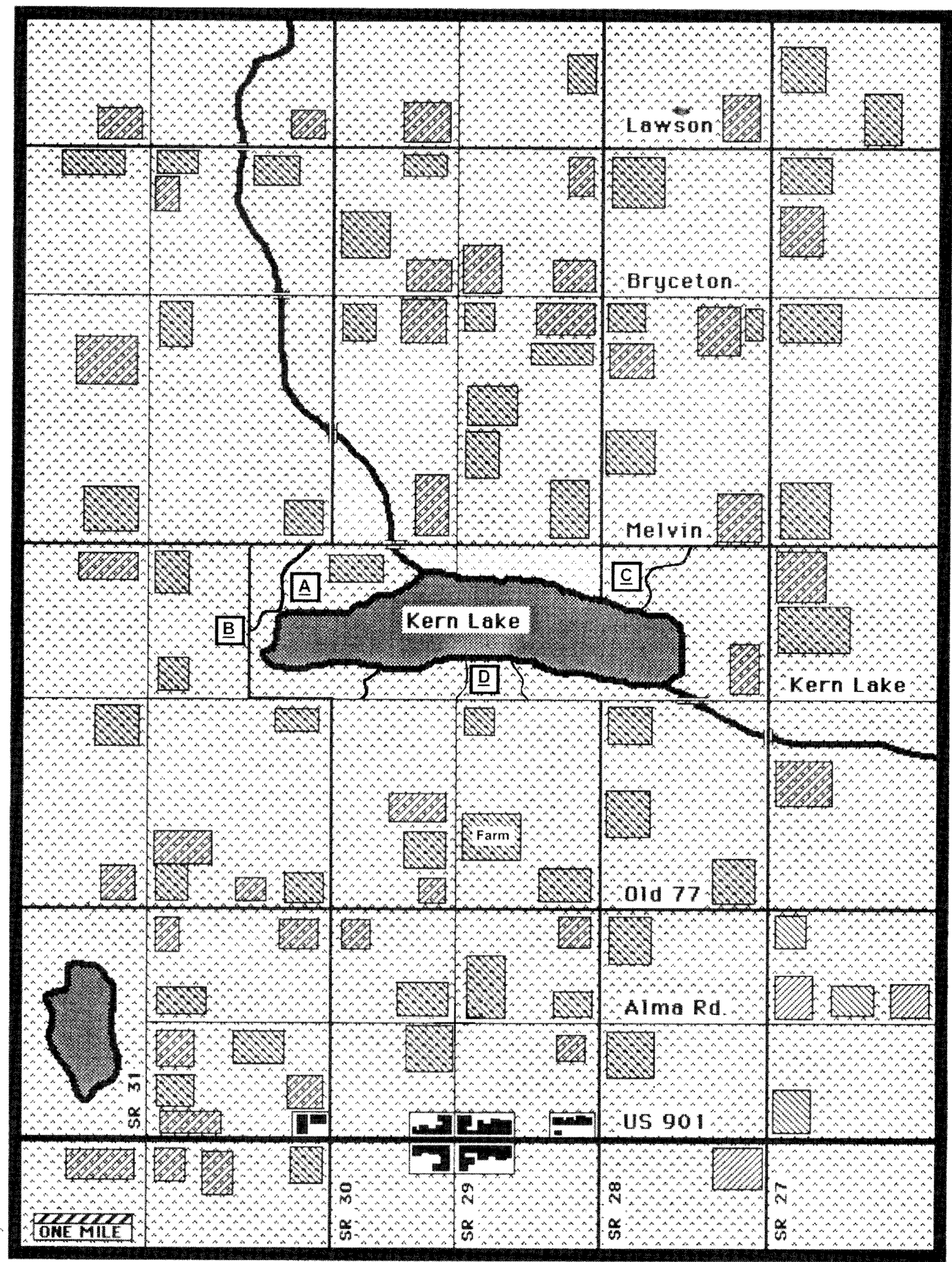
Not quite so uninquisitive, Bureau 13 computers correlated the data and sent a Class C team through the area to scan for anomalies. On the night of June 11th their Colorado RV distress beacon began to transmit. Bureau agents Rawson and Rittenhouse have made no further contacts.

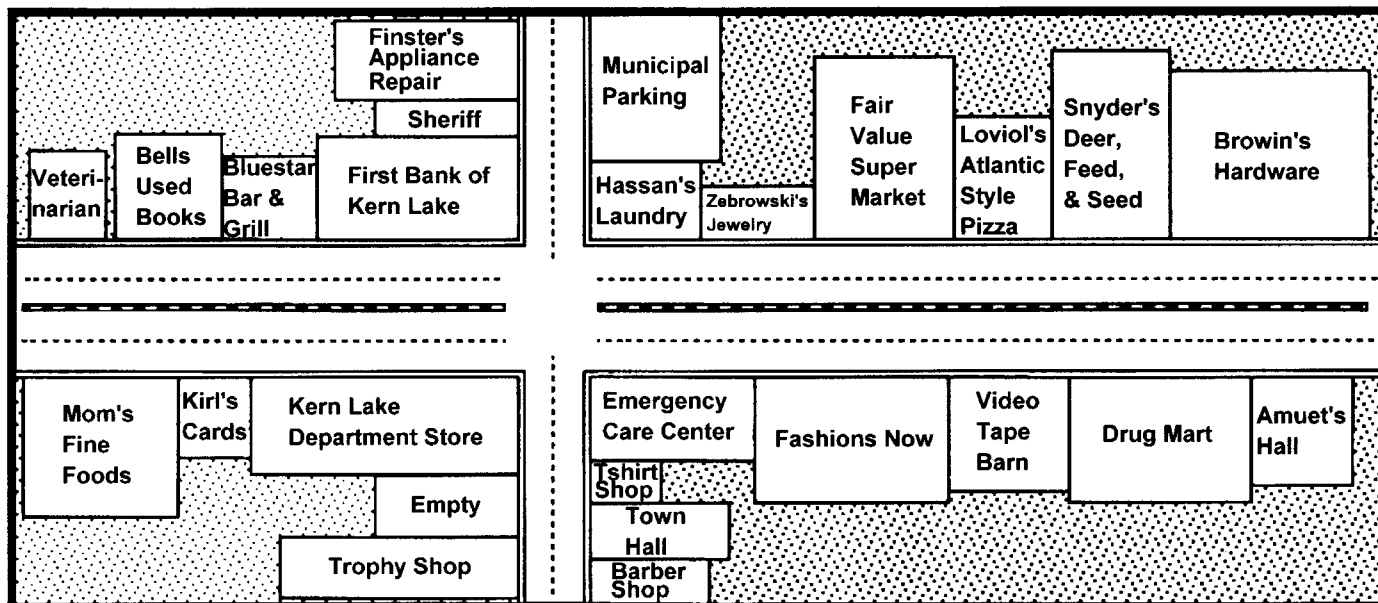
BUREAU TEAM CLASSIFICATION

- A INVESTIGATIVE TACTICAL**
Experienced team with veterans who have dealt with the paranormal more than three years. Generally these are serious investigation teams who mean business.
- B INVESTIGATIVE**
Experienced team that may have newer personnel.
- C INVESTIGATIVE TRAINING**
Training group that has one experienced agent. May be testing new vehicles and equipment. Considered most expendible.

Kern

Another sleepy Indiana town where the big news is the high school football team triumph or a prize hog at the state fair. Business supports the town and at worst a few drunks and speeders mar quiet weekends for the two local police officers. Of course there is a diner, a small post office, a few stores and a JMart at a nearby shopping center. There is no local paper.





Police Reports

Deputy Oliver McConnel is stressed beyond belief. He has been suddenly elevated to Sheriff with the disappearance of Sheriff Hewett and has been hit with a series of odd reports, thefts, and disappearances. He isn't prepared for this. He will welcome help from federal agents and share data.

Matt went out on a highway call and that was the end of it. Flora, his wife, is just hysterical. I think it was related to that car we found, but where the hell is the squad car? We have more reports coming in then I've seen in years. Just look at these!

Highway

- Sub-compact car found abandoned. (B)

- Ameriphone Indiana utility truck found abandoned and stripped (C).
- RV found damaged and abandoned. Owners missing and unknown. Even the plate is not in the DMV registry (D).

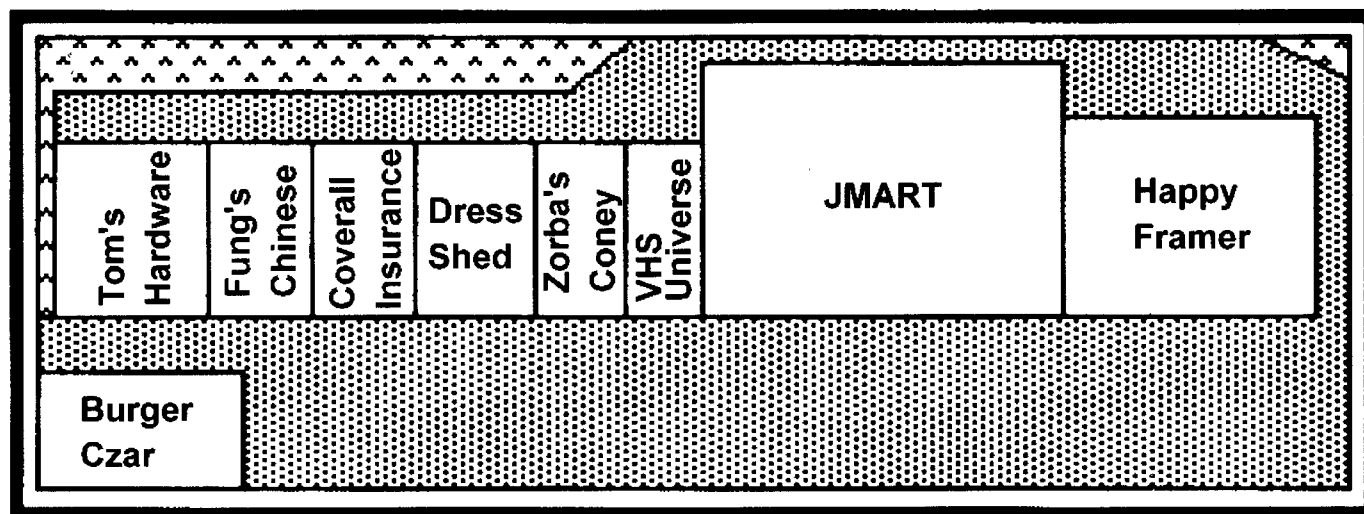
All these vehicles have been taken to Sanden's Garage.

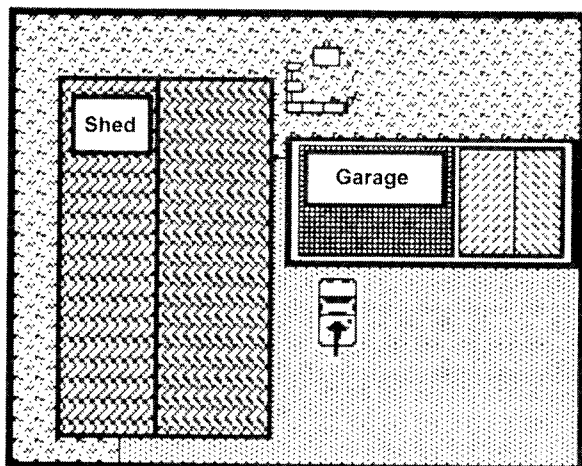
Break-ins

- Snyder's Deer, Feed, & Seed. Cash register stolen, Intercom, TV, and boxes of John Deer tractor parts, several thousand dollars worth.
- Borwin's Hardware in Kern. Back window screen and window pried open. One 50 pound sack of sugar stolen, one damaged.

Stolen

- Satellite dish from Blue Star Bar & Grill. Sliced off at ground level.





Sanden's Garage and Bump

Since the local police have little use for a private impound lot they turn to Ernie Sanden when the need arises. His secure automotive lot is another name for the junkyard.

He has towed the vehicles into his large work shed.

The first vehicle, a sub-compact car, is burned. It is registered to a Notre Dame student, Dave Hastings of New Carslyle. He has been reported as missing. Police assume that the car was "Jacked" and later burned. The scorched area is mildly radioactive.

The second vehicle is the Colorado RV which looks like it collided with a bull elephant. The front is smashed in and the back wall is blown out as if by high heat. Some of the automatic systems are working but it appears that the electrical system has been hit by a powerful ECM pulse. The destruct sequence is one of the running programs, but it is running in a loop.

If they remove the RV's "black box" they find it partially intact. The video tape inside shows agents Rawson and Rittenhouse driving along a country road, excited about something. Rawson keeps looking up and to the right. The tape fails to static until a final fragment cues up showing the RV plowing into a nightmare of metal and lights. A blue light flashes at the front of the vehicle as somebody yells and the picture cuts out again. The tape continues to the end with only unrecorded media. The static area indicates that the recording was damaged. A full lab might be able to get something out of it, but nothing the agents have can resurrect it.

The RV leaves a touchy situation. Ernie is really curious about the hardware he's been snooping into and suspects it's a "government" job.

He found a piece of apparatus that was imbedded in the front of the RV. He smiles as if looking for a reward as he hands over what appears to be a scrap of titanium alloy with several gold wires that junction at some form of actuator.

Gotta be somthin...I mean...taint like any metal I ever seen... And them wires...put a couple of volts through and it twitches like a grasshopper.

Detailed analysis of this part shows a very, very, tough alloy, probably of non-terrestrial manufacture.

The main problem here is to remove the Colorado RV that was critically damaged. That and keep Ernie out of their hair. Unfortunately, the damage triggers the Auto-Destruct when agents attempt to move it again unless they direct connect their RV computer to the damaged computer and give the Auto-Destruct-Sequence-Code Off Code. They must request this code from Bureau 13. Failure to send this code results in the total destruction of the vehicle after a 10 minute countdown. If the team's RV is towing the vehicle at the time, the armor will protect the agents but their vehicle will also be disabled.

The third vehicle, the Ameriphone truck, has been reduced to little more than a frame and a pile of loose parts. It appears to have been cut up by a plasma torch. Ernie shows the agents the state-of-the-art industrial plasma torch he uses in the shop. The pieces of the Ameriphone truck have a much finer cut.

Snyder's Store

Jack Snyder is rather amused at the happenings. He tells the agents that "In 28 years here I've never seen the likes of this. Made no sense. Left the expensive tools and the safe and took a half ton of parts, electrical wire, and odd tractor bits. Cut a damn big, circular hole in the back door when they could have just removed the lock."

The store had an alarm system that was deactivated by the complete removal of the phone junction box. The back loading dock was subsequently cut open with a torch, a very fine torch.

WOODS

The shaded areas on the map are farms. Between them are twisted masses of forest interspersed with old roads. Most of these roads take 4 hours to explore and very little will be found other than "red herrings" of dumped garbage, a belligerent group of bikers, and an illegal dumping ground for dead autos, refrigerators and tires.

At site A the road is blocked by the charred frame of a vehicle. Little more exists than fused metal. About 40 feet further on is a charred spot in the trees with bits of metal and a fused .38 cal. revolver with five shots expended. Both are still mildly radioactive.

The compact car in Ernie's lot was found at site B. There the agents find a set of car keys about 100 feet off the spot. Further out in the woods (making an Easy **Physical Surveillance** roll means that the agents catch the flash of a red jacket) is Notre Dame student Dave Hastings, burned, alive, and in shock. As the agents administer emergency first aid he mutters about "spiders from hell" and falls unconscious again.

The Ameriphone Astro Van was found at site C. Again there is a scorch mark about 50 feet beyond the site. Here the blacktop appears to have been melted.

The Colorado RV was found at site D. It is much like site C.

Kern Lake

Kern Lake is bordered by several access roads and trails. The lake appears normal. Geological survey maps indicate that the center of the lake is over 400 feet deep. Plumbing the depths with a metal detector locates a metal object. A sonar image shows something saucer shaped, over 200 feet in diameter. All sensor equipment subsequently receives feedback which will destroy it spectacularly if use is continued. Satellite pictures now show a fuzzy area above the lake.

After dark a light can be seen surfacing at the center of the lake and then several more. These are technical and security robots from the starship that has settled into the depths of the lake. They approach agents. If the agents are peaceful, the robots pass among them, probing with sensors and machine tentacles. If agents fire, the machines fire back. Nothing short of a M-72 LAW rocket can damage them. If any vehicles are in sight, the security robots will slag them regardless of the agents actions.

Work Unit, Carrier

STR: 95 DEX: 16
AGL: 10 HPT: 790

Lesser of the robots, these units have multiple robotic limbs and advanced Plasma Cutters. They have no defenses. There are 12 of these.

Security Unit

STR: 35 DEX: 16
AGL: 15+ HPT: 2300
ACC: 12 ARMOR: Stops 600

Each of these six protective units are programmed to respond to attack. Each has a plasma beam weapon that inflicts 6xd100 points of damage (EN).

Followed

At Kern after they have investigated Sanden's Garage and Bump, the agents notice that they are being followed by one of four kids.

These youngsters have formed a tight-knit clan. They huddle like a flock of geese. They can be tracked into the forest. There the agents discover several trip lines. As they work their way past them, Kenny, the oldest, appears out of the underbrush with a paint pellet pistol and attempts to hold the agents at bay by blinding them.

Ken Estes (Age 10)

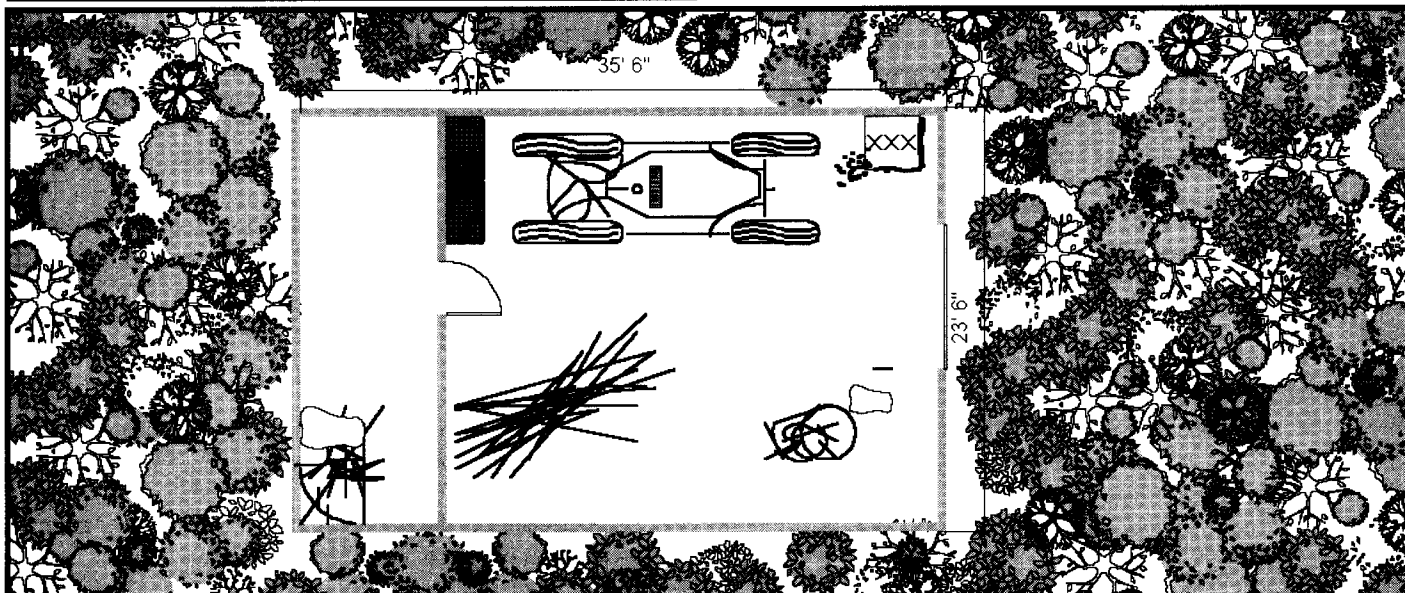
| | | | |
|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| STR: 07 | INT: 14 | THR: 8 | HPT: 45 |
| CON: 14 | WIZ: 07 | DOD: 10 | 75%: 33 |
| DEX: 12 | LCK: 12 | ACC: 13 | 50%: 22 |
| AGL: 12 | CRZ: 14 | STB: 74 | 25%: 11 |
| SNS: 05 | MRE: 4 | PIE: 16 | TMP: 44 |

Ken thinks he is a soldier and is equipped accordingly. He wears kid-sized combat gear provided by a very proud father who is the local Captain of the National Guard. Ken is the leader but often listens to Polly. He will fight the agents and give nothing but his name, rank, and phone number.

The kids are harboring the alien in an old, padlocked barn at the corner of SR 29 and Alma Road. The interior of the barn's windows are painted white.

The first section of the barn has a rusted truck, lumber, a broken 50 pound sack of sugar, and several large pools of either excrement or vomit. Either way it smells terrible.

The second room is a surprise for the agents. Whoever opens the door gets mugged by a six foot, blue, fuzzy, caterpillar-like creature. It springs through the doorway, grabs an agent, and rolls across the floor. If the kids are present, they scream and run to it. The alien exudes a heavy cinnamon odor, being happy to see them. If it meets the agents alone, it gives off a musky scent. If agents scare and/or damage the creature, it skunks the entire team with something like Pepper Gas.



Del Thayer (Age 9)

| | | | |
|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| STR: 07 | INT: 14 | THR: 8 | HPT: 45 |
| CON: 14 | WIZ: 07 | DOD: 10 | 75%: 33 |
| DEX: 12 | LCK: 12 | ACC: 13 | 50%: 22 |
| AGL: 12 | CRZ: 14 | STB: 74 | 25%: 11 |
| SNS: 05 | MRE: 4 | PIE: 16 | TMP: 44 |

Dell is a follower and a great engineer. He was the brains behind the sugar theft. He wants to be like Ken and have a rank.

Polly Lawley (Age 9)

| | | | |
|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| STR: 07 | INT: 14 | THR: 8 | HPT: 45 |
| CON: 14 | WIZ: 07 | DOD: 10 | 75%: 33 |
| DEX: 12 | LCK: 12 | ACC: 13 | 50%: 22 |
| AGL: 12 | CRZ: 14 | STB: 74 | 25%: 11 |
| SNS: 05 | MRE: 4 | PIE: 16 | TMP: 44 |

Polly is the brains of the group and realizes that what they found is a nice thing. She has recently lost a puppy and has decided that the creature is a fine substitute.

Alien Thing

This caterpillar-like thing is at best the equivalent of a six year old human and is of the species on the saucer. The nursery robots took it out of cryo-freeze while the ship and its cryo-nest were being repaired. It quickly sneaked out, but it was followed by a Nursery Robot that was subsequently damaged by a truck. It is lost, frightened, and needs the children for comfort as it waits to be taken home.

The kids roll around the floor with the creature and explain that they found it in the woods. They show the agents a collar strap with a damaged device. The device is alien in manufacture but fairly simple. The damage consists of a cracked casing and two broken connectors between some form of high-frequency coils. Connecting them sends out a signal that the ship has been searching for. It will respond to the repaired collar in 2d100 minutes.

**Bobby Rey Clary (Age 9)**

| | | | |
|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| STR: 07 | INT: 14 | THR: 8 | HPT: 45 |
| CON: 14 | WIZ: 07 | DOD: 10 | 75%: 33 |
| DEX: 12 | LCK: 12 | ACC: 13 | 50%: 22 |
| AGL: 12 | CRZ: 14 | STB: 74 | 25%: 11 |
| SNS: 05 | MRE: 4 | PIE: 16 | TMP: 44 |

Bobby is the quietest of the group. Somewhat disturbed by the recent happenings, he is a borderline telepath (**Empathy**) and realizes the creature is sick and hungry. The sugar they have been feeding it is not entirely healthy for it.

What is Happening

When the ship's sensor array was damaged, it dropped to the closest habitable planet, Earth, to repair itself. On landing, a young of the crew went for an outing and became lost after its robot guardian was destroyed by a truck. Its locator collar was damaged as it ran headlong into the woods. Robotic units, scouting for metals, received the nursery robot's final transmission and classified all wheeled vehicles as hostile. Going to protective programming, they continued to collect metal and materials for the repair.

The kids or agents have the creature and the way to solve this problem is to reunite the alien with the ship, preferably at night since the only thing keeping them there is the missing youngster. A full daylight launch would be non-covert.

Killing the young simply ends the situation. The robots will classify the young as deceased and continue their long journey after a few more days of searching or after the collar is activated and no vital signs are transmitted.

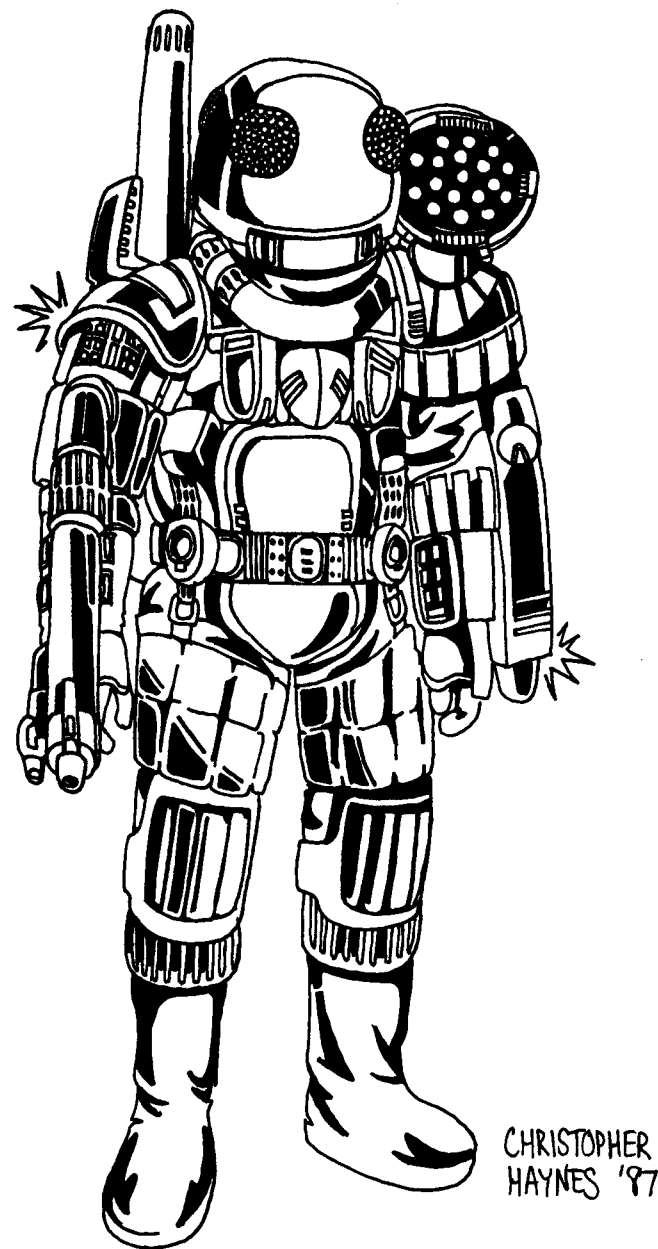
Killing the alien after repairing the collar and replacing it on the alien will turn the area into a hellish battlefield since the execution will be transmitted to the ship.

Once the ship receives the signal from the collar transmitter it surfaces and begins to track the signal. It lands and lowers a ramp for the young alien. Within minutes the security robots exit to escort the creature. Anybody skunked by the creature is tagged hostile and attacked. Anybody cinnamoned by the creature is a friend and allowed to enter the ship. The interior is an amazing collection of spun alloys, exotic equipment, and a few John Deere parts. Once inside, the alien is herded into the cryo-nest and placed into hibernation. About this time one of the nursery robots offers the human friends space in the cryo units through gestures. If refused, it gently herds them out while handing them small donuts of etched metal and sparkling glass tubes (beads for the natives).

Remember

If you don't shoot at the robots, they don't shoot at you, unless they see you attack the alien youngster. This is a key to survival for the agents.

Disposing of the RV problem and returning the alien is the best possible outcome. Give 5000 experience for this.



Soon after the creation of the Mark I suit, a number of events, including the discovery of extra-terrestrial incursions, prompted the creation of an elite strikeforce which was equipped with the most sophisticated battlesystem possible to deal with extraordinary threats. The group, codename "Vindicators", was staffed by operatives who had been carefully culled from the normal forces. Each was put through an intensive Bureau 13 indoctrination and stationed in a secret base in the Pacific where their suits were created for them. The body of the suit is composed of:

- 24 layers of metal laced kevlar outer layers
- 1 titanium steel webbing layer
- 1 cryogenic liquid layer (liquid oxygen)
- 1 layer of thermal insulation
- 1 layer foam padding

The top layer is metallized to reflect radiant heat and microwaves. In situations where prolonged exposure to great heat is unavoidable, the liquid oxygen can be vented through these layers to prevent degrading of the material. Cold environments are ignored as the thermal layer that prevents loss of body heat to the oxygen layer will protect the operator in such instances. The oxygen is usually used to provide breathing mixture and to cool the operative. When injured, the operator can flood the foam next to the affected area in the same manner as the BIO-BAG (see Stalking the Steel City Supplement). The foam padding has been sculpted to the body of the operator to insure a skin-tight fit. Sensors are implanted in the foam to monitor body functions.

Extremities:

Hands: end in jointed mitts. Full armor is on the back of the mitts and thumb, but only one layer of kevlar cloth on the palms. For fine work, a pair of waldo-like manipulative gloves that affix to the ends of the mitts are controlled by sensors on the inside of the mitts.

Lower legs and feet: a 1/4 inch of ultra hard plate with fully articulated joints is added. This is to protect against ground explosions.

BUREAU FILE: Vindicators

Size: 7-8 ft. Armored suit with real weight of 500 lbs and an effective weight of 50 lbs.

Penetration Resistances

EN BL CL PU BL FA LV EX

General body, arms, and upper legs
359 408 468 456 457 466 553 291

Lower Extremities (knees and below))
395 448 512 492 497 486 603 331

Helmet
599 664 734 600 661 341 830 669

Sample Ammo

M60: 500 rounds, type I

Micro-grenades: 6 star shells, 6 phosphorus, 6 nerve gas, 6 stingball

| Rockets: | Amount | Type | Blast | Burn | Frag |
|----------|--------|------------|-------|----------|-----------|
| | 20 | AP | 163 | d10x.25 | d10-1x.25 |
| | 10 | HE | 188 | 2d6x.25 | d4-1x.25 |
| | 5 | Incendiary | 25 | 6d10x.25 | |
| | 5 | HEAP | 125 | 2d6x.25 | d10-1x.25 |

Helmet: Shaped like a flattened sphere, it houses all the computers and external sensors. It is constructed of:

- 1 layer metal coated, metal laced kevlar
- 1 layer thermal insulation
- 2 inches ultra-hard armor alloy
- 1 layer foam padding which also prevents sonic attacks

The computers are housed behind the operator's head and provides some additional protection. A special set of goggles are used which provide a virtual reality display. The full range of the spectrum is measured and encoded in the visual range. For example, a microwave emitting source would be displayed in grey but would pulse at a certain rate to indicate its frequency. The weapon systems are integrated into the view system so that the operator can fire all weapons without additional targeting devices at a +6 ACC. The computer may be programed to fire on a designated target whenever a weapon is pointed at it. This permits the operator to perform other functions while moving his weapons through a customary search pattern until it targets and the computer fires the weapon. This has a targeting bonus of +10 ACC but suffers an unspecified action loss due the time needed to correctly line up with the target.

The external sensors are composed of a gridded, high temperature, high impact, fiber-optic pack that can endure combat conditions such as napalming and fragmentation attacks. The appearance is rather like silvery, insect compound eyes

Computer Systems Available

Bio-assay/damage control - displays all injuries, sensor readings, and equipment failures.

Optical viewing, full spectrum encoded with telescopic/starlight enhancement where appropriate or desired. 360 degree sight is available by either condensing it into a forward view or scrolling in a desired direction controlled by head and eye motion.

Tactical info - onscreen symbols for transponders as well as a graphic overly system to show a tactical area map with other units, friend or foe, identified.

Full range scrambled communications.

Systems Control Information

All systems are controlled by pressure sensors on the backs of dentures fitted into the operator's mouth, to invoke the various systems, and a sip straw which we will blow or suck to provide a continuous control over some system, such as near or far targeting or sliding through a range of radio frequencies.

Example: The tooth plate controlling the grenade launcher is

invoked. The operator uses the eye sensors and the straw to place a tag at a chosen location (71 feet in front of him where a battleprobe is hiding). Then he moves his arm forward and back until an aiming tag and the target tag are lined up and the computer automatically fires the launcher. The result is a +10 ACC on a straight shot or the indirect fire table. In the later case an arced rubber band line will demonstrate the proper angle to hold the weapon. If the operator doesn't want to use the computer fire control, he just aims his weapon at the target and bites the straw to fire (+6 ACC).

Weapon Systems

| Machine Gun Light | | M60B LMG | | | | | |
|-------------------|----------|------------------------|----|----|----|----|-----|
| ROF 1 or 5 | AMO FGI | PB | VS | SH | ME | LO | EX |
| ROL D | CYC 20 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 4 | 0 | -2 |
| CAP 500 | WTE 18.0 | EFFECTIVE | | | | | EX+ |
| CIR 1983 | MIS 1%d | 7 | | | | | 4 |
| HSM +5 | KDM +2 | SPC (jm) (7.62mm nato) | | | | | |

A belt-fed, lightweight machine gun mounted on the "on-handed" arm. The ammo feed continues back to a shoulder feed line that holds 500 rounds and is easily detached for replacement. When used, this feed line is pressurized to stiffen it. This reduces the chance of jamming as well as providing additional support to replace the missing stock and one handed use. Burst size is helmet controlled with a default manual setting on the weapon.

Micro-grenade Launcher - mounted on the "off-hand" arm. 4 magazines are on the upper arm, connected to a pressurized launch tube (1000 ft. range) and a ROF of 1 to 6, helmet controlled

Micro-grenades

Size: 1 inch sphere Weight: 0.1 lbs each

| TYPES | BLAST | BURN | AREA |
|------------|-------|------|------|
| HE | 80 | d4 | n/a |
| Smoke | - | - | 50' |
| Incendiary | 50 | 6d10 | 15' |
| Frag (low) | 40 | 30 | n/a |
| Gas | - | - | 50' |

Missile Pod 0.75 Inch Lightning Rockets
 ROF 1 CAP 40 MIS 5%
 Damage: 40mm shell Range 0-2750 ft.

Sphere mounted on the "off-handed" shoulder and is capable of rotating in all directions. Missile firing is inhibited if aimed at the suit. Type may be mixed and is sensed by the weapon system. This is the only weapon that can fire easily to the rear. Since this weapon does not require direct sighting, like the grenade launcher & M60, it can be used as an automatic defense: it will target and launch up to 40 missiles at one or more objects moving over a certain speed or emitting a tracer signal, etc. Therefore, it can be an anti-missile or anti-vehicle defense.

Cutting Torch - mounted on the M60, it contains its own supply of acetylene and draws the oxygen from the cryolayer. Same effect as the lighter but with a 10x duration.

Weathermaker: mounted on the back in an armored housing (1/4 inch hardened alloy plate) is this massive energy weapon. It is a one time use and easily damaged so it is not kept in instant readiness. When activated, the armored container opens allowing it to lever into position over the "on-hand" shoulder. This takes 3 actions from activation to arming. Therefore it is used as a last ditch resort or against extremely armored, resilient, or extreme range targets.

Anyone within 6 feet of the beam will suffer 3d10 points electrical damage from the field.

Damage Settings:

- Vaporize 1 square yard x 130 inches thick armored alloy at 90 foot range (2340 points EN penetration per square inch)
- An area of effect of 3 yards x 3 yards x 14.5 inches at 50 foot range (260 points EN penetration per area)
- 1 inch diameter Needle beam for extreme range targets or extreme armor (3 million points EN penetration) This can reach orbit but targeting would be difficult.

Spiked Shock Rod - attached to "off-handed" hip and extends down to a holster in the side of the knee joint. Spikes are on one side only. They are two inches long and barbed. The rod produces 40 amps for 15 actions maximum.

Notes: Normally, such a suit would be impossible heavy and unwieldy. Each suit has been enchanted with an animation spell which allows it to carry its own weight and to react up to an AGL of 20 to any motion of the operator. However, this also makes it rather reactive to outside stimulus. Therefore the outside layer of metal laced kevlar was added after the process. Even the weapons were included in this process. When a weapon is damaged and must be replaced, a piece of the old weapon must be used in the new weapon so that the magical principle of contagion will incorporate the new part into the whole. Therefore the 50 pounds actually carried by the operator is:

1 layer of reflective metallic kevlar
1 liquid oxygen in the cryo layer
weight of all ammunition

If the operative is placed in an anti-magic area, the suit will become just dead weight. If he tries to cross a circle of protection, the suit will recoil and he will have to be able to move 1000 lbs (the suit is not just supporting its own weight but moving in the opposite direction) in a drag to continue to move forward. If the suit is restrained it can be moved over the area without more than normal difficulty for something of its mass.

If the operative has exceptional agility (over 20) it will be negated unless it is above 32 as the many layers of armor would give a -12 to agility without the animation effect (keep this in

mind in anti-magic areas). The animation compensates up to 20 AGL. After that the operator is working against the suit so an AGL of 33 would be considered 21 while in this suit.

There has been one case of partial symbiosis with a suit. The leader of the Vindicators, Christine Ruhn, a latent telepath, exhibits exceptional skill in using the suit. This is reflected in her ease of use of equipment as well as accuracy (she gains +10 ACC with or without the computer targeting). However, she also suffers extreme depression and phantom pains when out of the suit after it has been damaged. As a result, she exhibits a fanatical compulsion to maintain her equipment.

Each suit has a Kirilian sensor that detects the unique pattern of the operator. If anyone else tries to operate the suit, it will automatically flood the entire body cavity with liquid oxygen.

The cryo layer is replenished via couplings in the lower legs. Usually when on guard duty, the operators are stationed where they can stay coupled to keep their reserves at maximum. They can uncouple instantly and will do so if any irregularity is detected in the cryo flow through the couplings. Under normal combat usage the layer will be depleted in six hours. At rest it can last twice as long. This assumes that none of the layer is being used for heat venting. All other optional uses are fairly negligible. The layer is not present in the hands or feet though it can be vented into that area if need be.

Any weapon fire resolution on the suit should consider that it adds an average of 3.5 inches to each side of the limbs and torso. Unless the accuracy roll is 1/2 or less, there is a 30-50% chance that the projectile will miss the operator entirely. If the projectile should hit the operator and penetrate to flesh, special baffling and sealants prevent excessive loss of the cryo layer.

Note: The weapons listed are the standard design. Nothing keeps an operative from carrying a few long range missiles, demo packs, gas generators, and other gear to soften up the enemy.

One item omitted is magic items. None of the Vindicators are magicians, but the trigger spell allows a mage to create a magic item to be used by another person. Any item created for the Vindicators would use a thought trigger to prevent conflict with the other systems. However they would not benefit from the suit's targeting systems. This is not a problem usually since most spells are visually aimed. Therefore, magical force fields, the ability to fly, creation of lightning, automatic reloading of ammo, as well as automatic healing of injuries can be built into the suit or carried as an external piece of equipment.

Remember

These guys are the heavy hitters of Bureau 13. No covert aspect is emphasized. Their job is to hit hard, finish off the enemy, and get out fast.



BUREAU FILE: Anasazi

The Anasazi were one of four ancient Indian cultures whose center was in the intersection of Utah, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona. Artifacts have been found dating back to 1000 BC.

During the first century AD their society evolved distinct cultural patterns: the cultivation of corn and weaving beautiful baskets.

During the years 750 to 900 AD the Anasazi began living in huge apartment compounds made of stone and adobe, built in the shape of crescents. These were constructed at the mouth of a cave system or along a canyon wall. The outside facades of these "cliff palaces" were solid for protection against invaders, but the facade facing the plaza had windows and doors. These plazas were beautifully terraced and painted.

Entire cities have been found in Chaco Canyon and Mesa Verde. Between 500 to 2000 people may have dwelled there in their heyday. When the Navajo came to this area they were duly impressed, but they had no desire to live in that manner.

The Anasazi lived peacefully among neighbors that were less than friendly and managed a thriving trade with other cultures such as the Mongolian Indians.

BUREAU FILE: Navajo Holy People

The Holy People are strange and powerful spirit beings that travel on wind, sunbeams, rainbows, thunderbolts and lightning flashes. Even though they created the surface people (Din'eh) the spirits are not always benign and must be constantly appeased lest they use their power to harm mortals.

The Changing woman (Earth mother) and Sun Father are generally considered the first two beings. From these came the twin sons or the Hero Twins, known as Monster Slayer or Elder Brother and Born of Water or Younger Brother.

The origin myth of the Navajo tells not only where The People came from but it further supplies them with a justification for being. The Holy People tell what must be done to have a good life. They explain what can happen if sacred rules are broken. The special attributes of these four major mythological figures govern a complex pantheon composed of a great many subordinate deities.

The aspect of holiness, just like Elizabethan cosmology, pervades the highest to the lowest forms of matter. All are deemed sacred, all possess life, thought, and independent action. Dust, Worm, Firm Poker are each members of an infinite alliance of beings who, no matter how small, are part of the whole. The most capricious of them all is Coyote (see **BUREAU FILE: Coyote**).

Coyote is well known as a trickster and is considered to be synonymous with chaos. Coyote is not evil, none of the Holy People are, but he has the power to make the unexpected happen. He disrupts plans and generally throws a wrench in the works. When a Navajo sees another not following traditions and generally (in his opinion) acting foolish, he will say "Coyote waits". To the Navajo that is a statement of foreboding since it warns of future trouble. There are many Holy People: Spider Man, Spider Woman, Big Snake Man, Corn Beetle, and Gila Monster to name a few. Gila Monster is the traditional protector of warriors and of the People in general. Spider Woman loves life and will help whenever asked by mortals.

All of the deities can be appealed to though the Ways such as the Blessing Way, Feather Way. These ceremonies are really a verbal reenactment of the Navajo central myth of origin. By merging the patient and the family with the holy people, the pattern of harmony is reestablished. This is accomplished not only by singing and ceremony, but also through the rite of sand painting: a pageant of colored sand that depicts the deities and is reputed to bring the patient into physical proximity with the Holy People. Thus while the patient creates he also receives the blessing of the deities. It is as if Zeus or Hera in the world of the ancient Greeks had come from the sky to resolve an earthly or human dilemma.

BUREAU FILE: Navajo Singers

When a Navajo falls ill the family's first step is to determine the cause of the sickness. A Hand Trembler or Crystal Seer is sent for. A Hand Trembler is an old man who has the gift of true sight. A Crystal Seer is also gifted with true sight but is generally an older woman. Their methods may differ but both use their true sight to establish the cause of the sickness. Then a Singer is summoned to sing and paint the appropriate ceremonial cure. Most ceremonial sings last up to nine days. After the ceremony is completed the entire family, which has gathered during the last nine days to offer support, cooks, sings, and celebrates the return of health and beauty.

Since singing is so basic to the Navajo culture it is not surprising that the most respected and powerful men in all the Clans are Singers. These men have spent their entire life learning the different ceremonial songs and sand paintings reputed to cure various ailments. It is a difficult and arduous life. Many of the ingredients for the cures and sand paintings are not easily found and must be gathered by hand by the Singers.

Sacred to the Navajo are the colors blue, yellow, red, white, and black. Initially the sand painting is prepared and the patient is brought into the hogan to sit on the painting. Here the Singer anoints the patient with corn pollen and cornmeal. Only

Aliens Among Us

then can the singing begin:

Blessing Way

Chorus

| | |
|-------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Daltso hozhoni | All is beautiful, |
| Daltso hozho'ka' | All is beautiful, |
| Daltso hozhoni. | All is beautiful, indeed. |

| | |
|------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Naestsan-iye, | Now the Mother Earth |
| Yatilylch-iye, | And the Father Sky, |
| Pilch ka' altsin sella | Meeting, joining one another, |
| Ho-ushte-hiye. | Helpmates ever, they. |

Chorus

| | |
|------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Sisnajinni-ye, | Sisnajinni, |
| Tsodsichl-iye, | Tsdsichl, |
| Pilch ka' altsin sella | Meeting, joining one another, |
| Ho-ushte-hiye. | Helpmates ever, they. |

Chorus

| | |
|------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Ka' Doko-oslid-iye, | Now Doko-oslid |
| Ka' Depenitsa-ye, | And Depenitsa, |
| Pilch ka' altsin sella | Meeting, joining one another, |
| Ho-ushte-hiye. | Helpmates ever, they. |

Chorus

| | |
|------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Ka' Tshalyilch, | And the night of darkness |
| Hayolkatli-ye, | And the dawn of light, |
| Pilch ka' altsin sella | Meeting, joining one another, |
| Ho-ushte-hiye. | Helpmates ever, they. |

Chorus

| | |
|------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Ka' Hastyeyalti-ye, | Now Hastyeyalti |
| Ka' Hastyehogani-ye | And Hastyehogan |
| Pilch ka' altsin sella | Meeting, joining one another, |
| Ho-ushte-hiye. | Helpmates ever, they. |

Chorus

| | |
|------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Ka' natan-alchkaï-ye, | And the white corn |
| Ka' natan-alchtsöi-ye, | And the yellow corn, |
| Pilch ka' altsin sella | Meeting, joining one another, |
| Ho-ushte-hiye. | Helpmates ever, they. |

Chorus

| | |
|------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Tradetin-iye, | And the corn-pollen |
| Anilchtani-ye, | And the Ripener, |
| Pilch ka' altsin sella | Meeting, joining one another, |
| Ho-ushte-hiye. | Helpmates ever, they. |

Chorus

BUREAU 13 Files

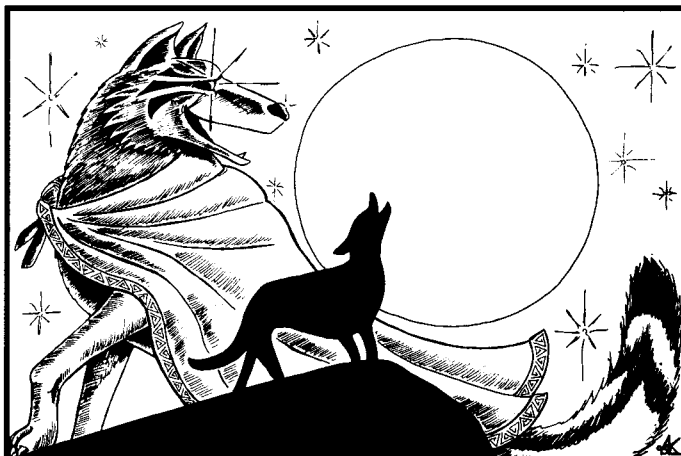
Ka' sa-a narai,
Ka' bike hozhoni-ye
Pilch ka' altsin sella
Ho-ushte-hiye.

Life that never passeth,
Happiness-of-all-things,
Meeting, joining one another,
Helpmates ever, they.

Chorus

Chorus

And so on...



BUREAU FILE: Coyote

The Native Indian God, Coyote, appears in many different Indian tribal lore. Although his appearance may differ from tribe to tribe, his attributes generally stay the same. Coyote is considered to be male and is the most capricious of all the Holy People.

He is extraordinarily vain about his appearance. As a coyote he is typically mentioned as having long bushy tail that he is extremely proud of. As a human he is cloaked in the finest feathers and furs and is most pleasing to the eye.

He is not cruel out of spite, he simply always knows the proper way to do everything.

He is the embodiments of Chaos and as such is responsible for many changes in the world. Many stories blame Coyote for doing something stupid such as stealing Water Woman's babies and causing the great flood, but he then apologized and lead the Animal People to a new world. The result was a change for the better.

The best story explaining Coyote's nature is How Coyote Keeps His Name:

One time the Great Spirit called all the Animal People together. They came from all over the earth to one camp and set up their lodges. Spirit Chief said there was going to be a change, there was going to be a new kind of people coming along. He told all the Animal People they would now have to have names.

"Some of you have names and some have no names. Tomorrow everyone will have name. In the morning you must come to my lodge and choose your name. The first one to come may choose any name he wants. The next person will take any other name, that is the way it will go. And to each person I will give special work to do."

All the Animal People wanted to have powerful names

and be well known. They wanted to be the first to the Old Man's lodge in the morning. Coyote walked around saying that he would be the first. He did not like his name. He was called Trickster and Imitator, and everyone said those names fitted him.

"I will take one of the three powerful names", said the Coyote. "The Mountain person, Grizzly Bear, or Eagle. These are the best names and I will take one of these."

Fox who was Coyote's brother teased him, saying that Coyote would have to keep the name he had because People didn't like that name and no one would want it.

Coyote went around all evening asking the Animal People questions. When he heard the answers he would say "Oh I knew that before. I did not have to ask." This is the way he was.

He lost his shirt in a game of hoop and stick. Then he went home and talked with his wife. She would be called Mole, the Mound Digger, after the naming day. He told her to bring plenty of wood for the fire so he could stay awake all night.

"Tomorrow I must get my new name. I will be Grizzly Bear and a great warrior!" He said.

Coyote sat watching the fire long after Mole went to bed with the children. Before half the night passed his eyes grew heavy and began to close. He took two small sticks and wedged them between his eyelids to hold his eyes open. "Now I can stay awake," he thought, but before long he was asleep with his eyes wide open.

The sun was high in the sky when Coyote woke up. Mole did not wake him up because she was afraid that he would go away and leave her if he got a great name.

Coyote went straight over to the lodge of the Old Man. He didn't see anyone around and thought he was the first.

"I am going to be called Grizzly Bear, that shall be my name." He was talking very loudly.

"That name was taken at dawn," said the Great Spirit.

"Then my name shall be Eagle."

"Eagle flew away at sunrise," answered the Old Man.

"Well, I shall be Salmon then," said the Coyote in a very quiet voice.

"All the names have been taken except yours. No one wanted to steal your name."

Coyote looked very sad and sat by the fire very quietly. The Great Spirit was touched.

"Trickster," he said, "You must keep your name. It is a good name for you and I wanted you to have that name. I made you sleep late so you would be the last here. I have important work for you to do. The New People are coming. You will be their chief. There are many bad creatures on the earth. You will have to kill them. Otherwise, they will eat the New People. When you do this, the New People will honor you. They will say you are a great chief.

Even the ones who come after them will remember what you have done. They will honor you for killing the People-devouring monsters and for teaching the New People all the ways of living.

The New People will not know anything when they come, not how to dress, how to sing, how to shoot an arrow. You will teach them how to do all these things.

But, you will do foolish things too. For this the New People will laugh at you. You cannot help it. This will be your

way. To make your work easier, I will give you a special power. You will be able to change yourself into anything. You will be able to talk to anything and hear anything except water. If you die, you will come back to life. This will be your way. Changing Person, do your work well."

Coyote was glad. He went right out and began his work. This is the way it was with him. He went out to make things right.

Another myth of Coyote is that he keeps his heart in the tip of his tail. That way he can't be killed.

He will never do things the easy way or, at least, the most direct way. In stories where Coyote is the hero, such as slaying a monster, he accomplishes the deed by trickery and cunning.

An example of this is the tale in which a giant moved near a human village. There he caused many of the villagers to go hungry from lack of game or killed the braves sent to destroy it.

Coyote went to the giant and managed to convince the giant that he (Coyote) was weak and was perfectly willing to be the giant's slave. Coyote continued with a nauseating amount of flattery, complementing the giant on his home and great strength and finally convinced the giant to build a sweat-bath tent.

While they were together in the tent Coyote told the giant that he had special magic and could teach the giant how to run as fast as a coyote. Before setting the fire in the sweat tent, Coyote placed two long bleached bones at the bottom of the wood pile. Then, in the smoke filled tent, he told the giant that in order to have great speed he must first cut off his own legs and, with the use of magic, grow new ones. Of course, the giant was suspicious, but in the smoke filled tent he could not see Coyote.

When Coyote pulled the bones out of the pile and sent them across the tent for the giant to touch, proving that he had cut his own legs off, and then later presented one of his legs (obviously attached), the giant proceeded to painfully remove his own legs above the knee. When the giant cried out in pain Coyote simply said that magical things sometimes are painful but worth the price.

After the giant told Coyote that he had finished Coyote threw open the tent flaps, grasped a big stick from the pile, and beats the giant over the head with it until the giant died.

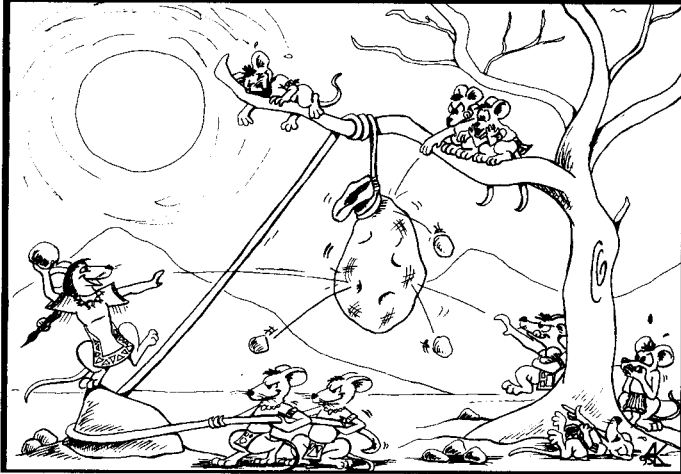
Another story tells of Coyote accidentally rolling over in his sleep and killing many Mouse children. When he woke the following morning he felt guilty but decided that they should have known better than to disturb his sleep. He said nothing to Mouse. Later, however, the Mouse family decided that they needed to teach Coyote a lesson.

Several moons went by. When Coyote walked past the Mouse family hogans he saw them all scurrying around with bags. Being a extremely curious creature Coyote asked what they were doing. Hosteen Mouse excitedly said that a storm of hail was coming and that the bags were to protect them. They would hang under the tree branches in them.

Well, of course, Coyote decided he needed to be in a bag, hanging in the tree, when the hail came. A bag large enough was found and a rope was thrown over a branch. It took all of the Mouse family to pull the rope, dragging the bag up, all the while moaning from the pain that the supposed hail was causing them.

Once the bag was in position all of the Mouse family took turns throwing rocks at the bag until their arms were tired and they could no longer keep from laughing.

Finally the bag was let down and the string untied to let a very bruised Coyote out. When he emerged from the bag all of the Mouse family scattered laughing. Looking around Coyote saw that the ground was not even wet and knew that he had been had.



BUREAU FILE: Navajo Skinwalkers

Skinwalkers are witches. It is told that they have two hearts which enables them to change into animal form at will. During the day Skinwalkers are indistinguishable from other Navajo.

An easy way for a witch to gain wealth is to rob a grave, an act abhorrent to the normal death-fearing Navajo. A more subtle method is to be hired as a shaman to cure a person after making that person ill. For enchantment only a strand of hair or fingernail paring is needed. In this way they are much like the voodoo priests.

The most effective and dangerous preparation of the Skinwalkers is Corpse powder. The powder is made from various ingredients, but the most gruesome are pulverized human bones and dried flesh from the soles of the feet, palms of the hands and the skin of the genitals.

According to tradition the Skinwalkers originally came as members of the Frog clan to appeal to the Navajo nation for admission. The Chiefs and Singers debated for many days and nights. Finally they allowed admission since the Frog clan could bring rain.



BUREAU FILE: Local Reality Sets

Occasionally creatures encountered during investigations appear to violate or ignore some or all the laws of nature as we know them. In most cases this is the result of supernatural powers such as spell casting, psi powers, or illusion. However, a significant number of creatures live in a reality not our own. As a result they are proof against many weapons, some to the extent that bullets, explosions, even ranges of electromagnetic radiation do not exist to them.

How these roaming pocket universes came into existence is uncertain. The following are our best guesses so far:

- **Existing by force of will.** They establish their own reality based on their own self-concepts. These creatures can be very powerful, but they are highly defined and must adhere stringently to their own rules. Many have attributes that clearly identify them. Djinn and Vampire are examples of this.
- **Conferred by higher powers.** These creatures were created by the Higher forces to perform tasks that promote the ends of these forces. They may take any form but their behavior is highly defined. Angels and Demons are examples of these.
- **Remnant of an earlier time.** Some theologians and cosmologists believe that the universe passed through many "phases". What we believe to be reality is merely the most recent of these states. Creatures created in these times past would maintain all to a semblance of that previous reality. Most of the Forgotten Gods fall into this category.
- **Incursion from another universe or dimension.** Some ultra powerful beings or creatures using immense instrumentality can pass into our world and bring their reality with them. These passages can cause rifts in time and space. Fortunately, most of their power seems to be tied up in maintaining their existence here. Purple Monsters may be of this sort.

These reality sets sometimes extend beyond the personal space of these beings and can be conferred on others or the immediate area around the creature. This is extremely dangerous if a confrontation occurs. A previously weak opponent may become unstoppable. Trusted weapons and devices may no longer work.

When an agent encounters a creature of this sort the first step must be observation. Usually these conferred powers pass quickly, but they may not, especially if they are associated with an object that has been given by the creature to an opponent. The agents must determine what physical laws affect both the team and the target creature. These may be the only methods of attack available to the team. If an object that belongs to the creature can be acquired, it may prove to be a specific or possible weapon against the creature.

If no standard attack is available, the team must search for a **bane**. This involves noting the basic nature of the creature and seeking materials that exemplify the diametrically opposite qualities. This is why most priests have such a strong effect on many supernatural creatures. Their beliefs almost always set them against certain supernatural forces.

When confronting a creature that may have a local reality set check for the following:

1) **Supernaturally Great Physical Strength:** When it picks up something does the target object behave in a structurally correct fashion (i.e., when Superman picks up a building at its corner and flies away with it, it should collapse since the load-bearing structural points on the other 3 corners are not supported). Most objects can only support themselves at certain points, so a car or house picked up by its roof will crumple, walls will collapse in, windows will shatter, and people will fall out. If these do not occur, then some kind of altered reality may be in operation.

2) **Gigantic creatures:** The laws of mass vs size say that each doubling of size increases weight by a factor of 8, so a six foot, 200 lb. man would be 12 foot tall and 1600 lbs if all his dimensions were doubled. Creatures whose size were greater than this would be so heavy that they would sink deep into the earth or collapse under their own weight. If they do not, then they may be using some kind of scientific, magical, or psionic means to negate their own body weight or the laws of reality have been modified to allow their body substance to be exceptionally strong. Giant Japanese monsters are classic examples.

3) **Lack of Collateral Damage:** This is damage to objects and living creatures which were not the primary target of an attack. When explosions occur, or lightning, fireballs, dis-bolts, etc. strike a target, the energy has to go somewhere. Some of it is used to consume or damage its target, but most radiates away from the point of impact, usually as heat or a shock wave. Anything close by is going to suffer damage of one kind or both. This is why agents are warned not to use explosives and missiles indoors. Many have died from the subsequent collapse of the building. If a creature uses an attack which has no collateral damage and is absolutely surgical in nature, there is a very good chance that the laws of reality have been altered.

4) **Alterations in the flow of time:** Any modification to the normal flow of time indicates that a reality affecting force is present. The main problem with time loops and time bubbles is that all the energy expended to create them must go somewhere when it re-synchronizes with the normal space-time continuum. Theoretically, the Earth could be vaporized by such a jaunt. No time affecting device or spell should be tested anywhere near our home planet.

5) **Unaffected by an attack or environment that normally causes damage:** All normal creatures can only survive within a narrow range of temperatures, usually from about 40 degrees to 150 degrees Fahrenheit. When we must deal with temperatures outside that range, we must use special protections. Creatures that can ignore massive amounts of heat, electricity, impact, radiation, vacuum, and/or intense cold are either protected by some device or spell, or they exist in some reality where the effects of these forces are reduced or eliminated. If a creature appears to be breathing when in a vacuum, this is almost certain.

6) **Able to produce and control massive amounts of energy:** This manifests in various forms such as strength, speed, or energy attacks. The First Law of Thermodynamics states that energy cannot be created nor destroyed, only changed. This

means that energy has to come from somewhere and has to go somewhere. It cannot just appear and disappear. The Second Law says that all high energy sources try to transform into lower energy sources. We now know that a small amount of material can produce prodigious amounts of nuclear energy, and WKP and WKM have large effects, but none of these are infinite and all are slow to renew. Also, most of the energy produced transforms into lower grade energy like heat. Therefore it is possible to see a huge outlay of energy, but it cannot continue indefinitely. Any creature with limitless amounts of energy, strength, or speed and who is producing these amounts effortlessly with no side-effects is getting that energy from another reality or does not truly exist in our reality.

7) **Accelerated healing or Radical Regeneration.** Many animals can heal quickly or regrow a lost limb. However, normal biology is unable to move the cellular building blocks through the body fast enough for visible healing. Any creature that can reform in a few seconds, or reattach a limb by shoving the severed member against the stump for a moment has a physiology unsupported by our reality.

Remember

Creatures with local reality sets are extremely rare. Most creatures who exhibit these qualities are using illusion or trickery to create these effects. A hologram can reform seconds after it is destroyed. Agents should be wary of such subterfuge. Psi or Magi Corp personnel would be assigned in such cases. A secondary benefit is that most "indestructible" creatures are still vulnerable to mental attack.



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LOOK BEHIND YOU!

They've been here a long, long time. They shook the ground as they walked, and our ancestors called them gods. We look to the stars to find alien life, but they are in our schools, behind the eyes of our children. Sometimes the very air we breathe carries an unearthly intelligence.

When we meet them, we are forever changed.

If we are lucky they are hapless travellers shipwrecked on our solar shore. Otherwise we are prey.

They may make a meal of us, but BUREAU 13 is going to get a sandwich off of them. Eat or be lunch!



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