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WANTED
UNDEAD or ALIVE

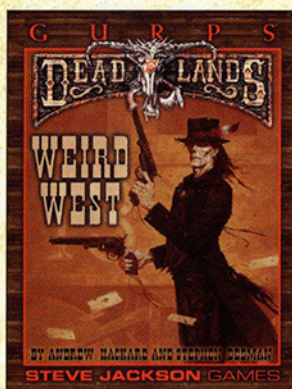


2
DIME
NOVEL

By PAUL D. RICKERT

STEVE JACKSON GAMES

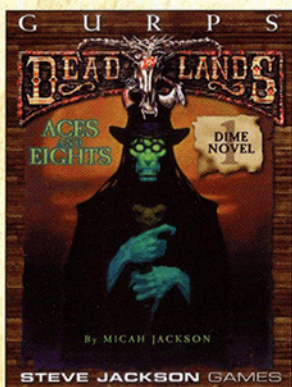
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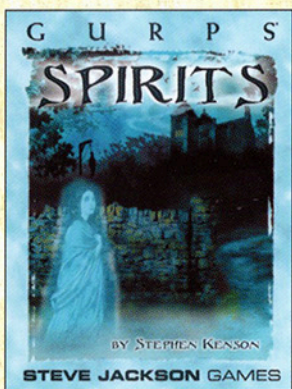
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GURPS[®]



DIME NOVEL 2 - WANTED: UNDEAD OR ALIVE

By Paul D. Rickert

Edited by Andrew Hackard

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ABOUT GURPS

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The *Wanted: Undead or Alive* web page is at www.sjgames.com/gurps/deadlands/dn2/.

PAGE REFERENCES

Rules and statistics in this book are specifically for the *GURPS Basic Set, Third Edition*. Any page reference that begins with a B refers to the *GURPS Basic Set* – e.g., p. B102 means p. 102 of the *GURPS Basic Set, Third Edition*. Page references that begin with CI indicate *GURPS Compendium I*. Other references are DL for *GURPS Deadlands: Weird West* and HT for *GURPS High-Tech*. For a full list of abbreviations, see p. CI181 or the updated list at www.sjgames.com/gurps/abbrevs.html.

INTRODUCTION

Welcome to the second Dime Novel to support the *GURPS Deadlands* line of roleplaying supplements! Unlike its predecessor, there is no adventure section as such – instead, throughout the story appear stats for major characters, information on new Harrowed powers and hexes, and four relics for *Deadlands* GMs and players to use!

In *Wanted: Undead or Alive*, bounty hunters Caleb Harling and Mary Jo Evans travel to Bailey's End to collect a \$3,000 bounty on Sean Bailey. However, what was supposed to be easy money quickly becomes a deadly game of cat and mouse. When Caleb tries to end Sean's killing spree, he makes himself the next target of a brutal murderer. All he has to do is find a way to stop a monster that has terrorized a whole town for months . . . and he's only got 24 hours to do it. At high noon Sean and his brothers are coming for Caleb, whether he's ready or not.

An abandoned mine, a town held hostage, and a gang of undead waiting to kill you if you try to run. Nobody said being a bounty hunter was easy . . .

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Paul Rickert started gaming in the school parking lot in second grade. From that day forward, he was hooked. He and his friends spent many days and nights in his Wisconsin basement, deciding on the best way to loot the wizard's tower or the local cyber-shop. His first real job was in the U.S. Army as a Field Artillery Officer. After 3 years in Fort Sill, Oklahoma, he moved with his family to Texas and held several technical sales jobs before getting his dream job as the print buyer for Steve Jackson Games. This sparked an interest in the printing industry, and the author is currently working for an Austin printing company. This is Paul's first published work; he is very grateful for the opportunity to be published, and to continue working with the production staff at Steve Jackson Games.

Aside from gaming, Paul's hobbies include writing, collecting anime, and playing computer games. He is currently supported by an amazing wife, a lovingly spoiled son, and two very cute – and rather arrogant – cats.

Oops!

The cost of the Harrowed template found in *GURPS Deadlands Dime Novel 1* and *GURPS Deadlands: Weird West* has a slight mathematical error. The Independent Body Parts advantage with a 50% cost reduction should be 18 points, reducing the template's cost to 206 points. This affects the point values of Harrowed characters from those two books.

WANTED UNDEAD OR ALIVE

CHAPTER 1

Neither Mary Joanne Evans nor Caleb Harling spoke as they rode between rows of buildings. Their breath fogged in the cold air, leaving a fleeting trail to mark their passing. There was the hint of orange on the horizon; it would be dawn soon. Mary Jo stopped her horse in front of a two-story wooden structure with “Grady’s Hotel” on a sign over the main door—lights shining through its front windows were the only indication that Bailey’s End wasn’t a ghost town.

“We’ve been riding all night. You ready to turn in?” Mary Jo said. She rubbed her gloved hands together. “Damn this weather. Remind me again why we came north?”

Caleb motioned toward the stone building at the end of the dusty street. Light flickered from behind the barred windows. “Let’s check in with the sheriff and then see about rooms.” Mary Jo followed Caleb to the jail. While Caleb tied up the horses, Mary Jo walked up to the door. She raised her hand to knock, then paused.

“Caleb,” she whispered, “there are bullet holes in this door.”

“I don’t think we’ve ever been in a sheriff’s office without bullet holes.”

“These are smoking . . .”

“Ah, hell . . .” Caleb drew his pistol and passed Mary Jo her shotgun. From his side of the doorway Caleb nodded to Mary Jo, who slowly opened the door. The front room was dark. A flame in the back room barely lit the far wall. The shadow of a thin arm scythed through the patch of light, and Caleb heard a wet smack. Blood splattered the wall and floor. With his Colt pointed toward the door, Caleb drew the knife from his left boot. Looking to his right, Caleb saw Mary Jo with her shotgun leveled—this was going to take more than a couple of slugs from her .44, most likely. As Mary Jo stepped forward, the boards creaked under her. The creature froze, then turned; with a crash, the light flickered and went out.

A hiss threatened from the black, drawing Caleb’s attention. Caleb could barely see a skeletal form hovering in the back room. The first rays of daylight turned patches of the room a dark orange, partially revealing knifelike claws on the end of charred bone arms. The abomination hissed again. Caleb aimed at the source of the sound and fired. The claws jerked once, then disintegrated.

“Well,” said Mary Jo, “I guess you didn’t need m—” Another skeleton leapt from the back room, knocking Caleb to the floor. Mary Jo fired both barrels, barely missing the creature as it rebounded off the front wall and hurled itself on top of Caleb. He grunted and parried its claws with his knife. Mary Jo, wielding her shotgun like a club, swung at the monster’s head, knocking it back just long enough for Caleb to bring his pistol up and fire two rounds. The first round passed harmlessly between the creature’s fleshless ribs, but the second round shattered the abomination’s fanged black skull. The skeleton exploded in a cloud of ash, coating Caleb with the dust of its destruction.

CALEB HARLING

150 POINTS

Age 34; 5'10"; 155 lbs.

ST 11 [10]; DX 11 [10]; IQ 12 [20]; HT 11 [10].

Speed 5.50; Move 5.

Dodge 6; Parry 5 (Knife).

Advantages: Ally (Mary Jo, 15 or less) [30]; Combat Reflexes [15]; Danger Sense [15].

Disadvantages: Greed [-15]; Light Sleeper [-5]; Sense of Duty [-5].

Skills: Black Powder Weapons/TL5 (Caplock Pistol)-14 [2]*; Bow-11 [4]; Fast-Draw (Pistol)-14 [4]; First Aid/TL5-13 [2]; Guns/TL5 (Pistol)-16 [8]*; Guns/TL5 (Rifle)-14 [1 1/2]*; Guns/TL5 (Shotgun)-14 [1 1/2]*; Interrogation-13 [4]; Intimidation-14 [6]; Knife-11 [1]; Law Enforcement-12 [2]; Riding (Horse)-13 [8]; Stealth-13 [8]; Streetwise-11 [1]; Survival (Plains)-14 [6]; Tracking-13 [4].

* Black Powder Weapons and Guns skills include +2 for IQ. Rifle and Shotgun bought up from Pistol default.

Languages: English (native)-12 [0]; Spanish-12 [2].

Equipment: 6 gold half eagles; large knife; pistol ammunition (.44 caliber, 200 rounds); Colt army pistol (p. DL71); small pouch; 1 quart of water.

Caleb Harling is 34 years old but he looks closer to 50. His dark brown hair already shows streaks of gray. Growing up on the frontier hasn't been easy, and the abominations make it hard to lead the nomadic life he prefers. He's familiar with magic but doesn't trust things that a person can't see. He always carries a Colt pistol and a buck knife and will sling a second pistol if he thinks he's walking into trouble. He's usually honest, but he'll bend the law if it will help him bring in a bounty. After destroying the werewolves that killed Mary Jo's parents, he took her in and became a father figure to her. He has been deputized a few times, in both the Union and the Confederacy, but in general he's a gun for hire.

"That was new," said Mary Jo. "What the heck were those things?"

"I don't know," Caleb replied, getting up on one knee. "But I plan to get some answers."

"Good thing they die easy," Mary Jo chuckled, leaning the shotgun against her shoulder. "Dawn's coming and it's bringing a cold wind with it. Let's head over to the hotel and let them know what happened."

"Just a sec." Caleb walked into the back room. The sheriff's body was, as Caleb expected, half-eaten and draped over his desk. His deputy lay dead next to him, his own boot-knife stuck through his head. The room was a mess, full of papers mixed with blood and meat. Caleb walked toward the desk with his pistol ready. There was a large hole in the floor between the desk and the row of empty jail cells.

Mary Jo stepped through the door. "Caleb, we're going to get visitors here any - Damn! What the hell . . ."

"You want to be more unsettled, come back here. Looks like the critters



came in through the floor.” Mary Jo walked forward to see as Caleb rifled through the sheriff’s desk.

“Wonderful. All I need is another nightmare keeping me awake at night. What are you looking for?”

“Hank told me this sheriff had a black book with all the information on the bounty for this guy. You don’t want to kill the wrong guy and swing for it, do you?” Even as he said it, Caleb found a small black logbook in the sheriff’s vest pocket. He tucked it inside his duster.

“Heh. You put it that way, a girl might think you got some brains in that head of yours.”

“I do what I can.” Caleb stood up and holstered his pistol. “Ok, let’s hit the hotel.”

CHAPTER 2

The hotel opened into a saloon on the first floor. Considering the time of day, there were quite a few people moving about. Several people were sitting alone at tables by an empty stage, eating what looked like breakfast. It wasn’t New Orleans, but it was warm, and that’s all Caleb and Mary Jo really wanted.

“Hey, you looking for breakfast?” the owner of the hotel called out. Caleb nodded and waved him over. Caleb took a chair with its back to the wall and Mary Jo followed suit. The owner walked toward them, wiping his hands on his grease-stained apron. “Welcome to Grady’s. That’s me, Ryan Grady. My wife and I run the place. What can I do for you all this morning?”

“Sugar, you can get me four eggs and a side steak. I’m so hungry I could eat a whole steer.” Mary Jo winked and Grady smiled.

“Yes, ma’am. What about you?”

“Same. We also each need a room to sleep in. The two of us were supposed to report to the sheriff this morning. Unfortunately, looks like some critters got there first.”

“What kind of critters?”

“Skeletons, burned black like they were roasted in a fire.”

Grady grimaced and stared at the two dusty newcomers. Then he shrugged his shoulders. “So much for the law taking care of things.” He looked over to a man sitting alone at the bar in front of a line of empty shot glasses. A doctor’s bag lay on the floor at his feet. Grady’s gaze shifted back to Caleb and Mary Jo. “You coming to see the sheriff?” Caleb nodded. “Then you’re here for the bounty on Sean.”

Caleb tipped up the brim of his hat as he leaned back in the chair. “Why do you say that?”

“Lately, that’s the only reason we get new folk around here. Breakfast is on the house.”

“Really?” Mary Jo piped up.

“Sure,” said Grady. “Every man deserves a last meal.”

Caleb narrowed his eyes. “I’m not sure I care for what you’re implying, Mr. Grady.”

Grady backed up with his hands in the air. “Good luck. That’s all I’m saying.” He glanced back to the man at the bar, then disappeared into the kitchen.

Caleb watched him go, then turned his gaze back to the doctor. “Come on, I want to talk to this guy.”

“Why?”

“I just got a feeling, come on.” Caleb walked toward the man at the bar, with Mary Jo a few steps behind. “Hey Doc, buy you a drink?” The man didn’t even raise his head, just lifted a finger in affirmation. “Grady, get this man a mug of coffee.”

“I thought you were buying me a drink.”

"Whiskey generally isn't my drink of choice just after dawn," Caleb said. "That kind of drinking will kill you."

The doctor let out a low mirthless chuckle. "It matters little." He rolled a shot glass between his thumb and his forefinger. "I'm dead anyway. I was there in the beginning. It's fitting for me to be one of the many targets for his hatred."

"You want some backup, Doc? We'd be happy to help. I hear there's a \$3,000 reward going for Sean Bailey."

The doctor looked up at Caleb, studying his face. "Very well. Meet me out in the street just before noon." Grady brought over Caleb and Mary Jo's breakfasts, and the doctor stood and pulled a small pouch out of his trench coat. Narrowing his eyes, he placed the pouch on the bar. "For your trouble, Grady."

Grady watched him go, then picked up the pouch. He weighed it in his hand before looking over to Mary Jo and Caleb.

"We've gone through nine sheriffs so far, including the last one." The bitterness hung in his voice.

"You may have lost the local law, but Mary Jo and I came to this town looking to claim a bounty, and that's what we intend to do."

"Take the two rooms at the top of the stairs on the left. If you're still here tomorrow morning, we can talk about payment then." He shook his head and moved to the other end of the bar. Mary Jo and Caleb finished their meal in silence and retired to their rooms. They needed some shuteye. They had to kill a man at noon.

MARY JOANNE EVANS 147 1/2 POINTS

Age 19; 5'9"; 140 lbs.

ST 12 [20]; **DX** 14 [45]; **IQ** 12 [20]; **HT** 10 [0].

Speed 6.00; Move 6.

Dodge 6; Parry 9 (Brawling).

Advantages: Ally (Caleb, 15 or less) [30]; Beautiful [15]; Wealthy [20].

Disadvantages: Greed [-15]; Obsession (Must always have her Sharps 50 nearby) [-10].

Quirks: Calls men "sugar." [-1]

Skills: Animal Handling-12 [4]; Armoury/TL5-13 [4]; Brawling-14 [1]; Dancing-12 [1/2]; Guns/TL5 (Pistol)-16 [1]*; Guns/TL5 (Rifle)-19 [8]*; Guns/TL5 (Shotgun)-17 [0]*†; Knife-13 [1/2]; Riding (Horse)-13 [1]; Stealth-12 [1/2]; Tracking-12 [2]; Whip-13 [1].

* Includes +2 for IQ

† Default from Guns (Rifle).

Equipment: \$3,000; rifle ammunition (.50 caliber, 100 rounds); Small knife; Remington double barrel shotgun (p. DL72); 10 yards of rope; Sharps Big 50 (p. DL71).

Mary Joanne Evans is a 19-year-old redheaded spitfire. Her specialty is sharpshooting, and her first love is her Sharps Big 50 rifle, custom-made for a left-handed shooter. Mary Jo comes from a rich family, and is used to getting her way. Her attitude often gets her into fights, so she has learned to handle herself in hand-to-hand combat. She always keeps her rifle within arm's reach, and prefers to use it to shoot from a distance. If forced into a close fight, she'll use the shotgun from her saddlebag. Mary Jo grew up unaware of the terrible monsters and strange powers abroad in the world, until a group of werewolves attacked her family ranch in Montana, killing her parents. With her own father gone, she has leaned heavily on Caleb and will follow him no matter the cost. (Caleb, for his part, once remarked to a friend, "Never turn down the help of a lady who can drop a snarling were-beast at 300 yards.")

CHAPTER 3

"It's time," Mary Jo called, knocking on the door of Caleb's room. Caleb rolled over to the side of the bed and stood up. He hadn't even bothered to get undressed. Looking out the window, he saw that the doctor was already waiting in the street, his black bag held at his side. Mary Jo knocked again and Caleb opened the door. Her hand was raised in mid-knock; she held a box of bullets in her left hand and her Spencer in the crook of her right arm.

"Come on in. You can set up while I grab my irons." Mary Jo walked to the window and set out a neat pile of the .50 caliber bullets for her Spencer. Then she sat on the bed and ran an oily rag through the barrel.

Caleb grinned. "I do believe the reason you've never been hitched is you pay more attention to that rifle than any real man who's ever tried to court you."

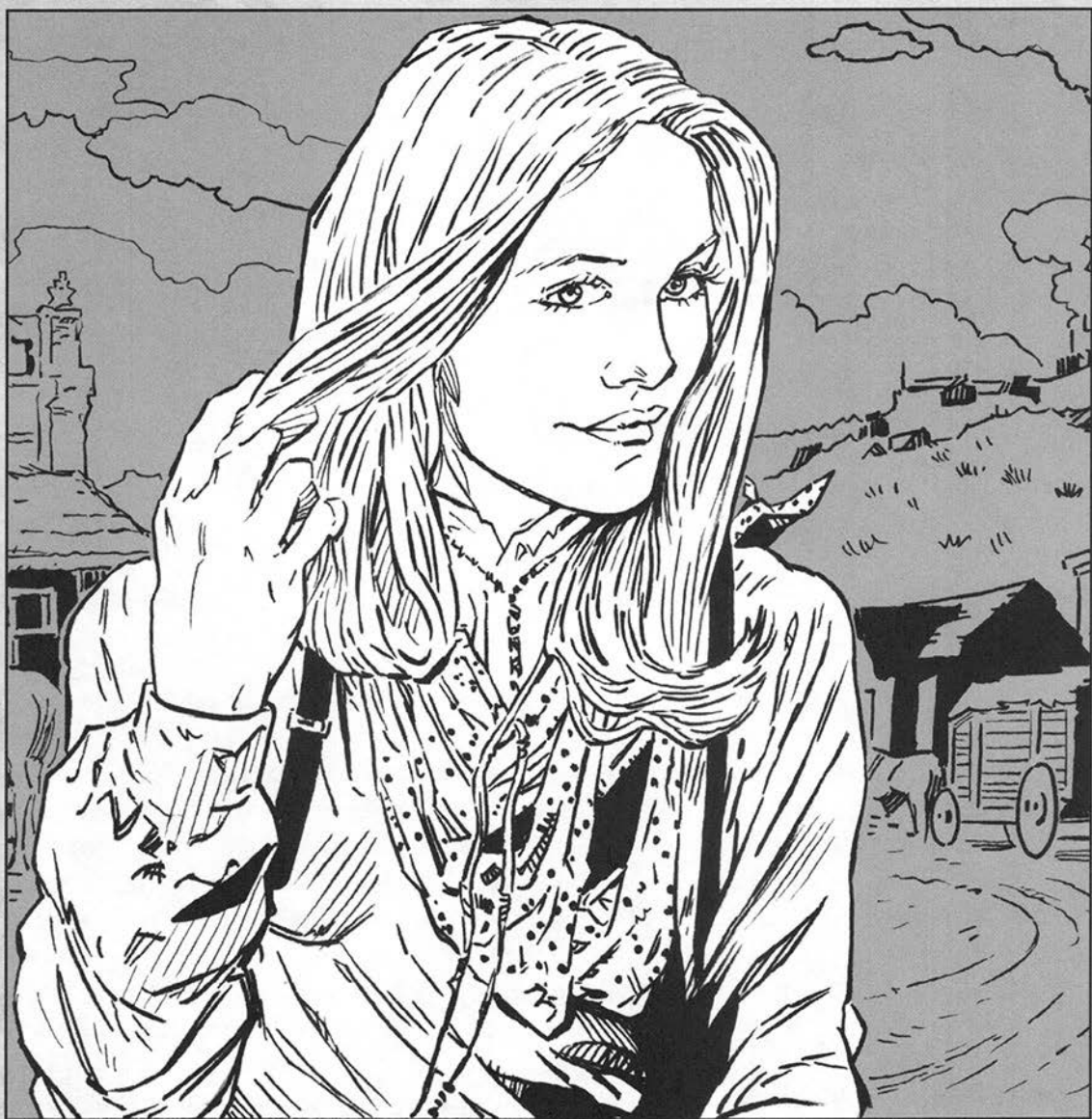
"No *real* man's ever tried." Mary Jo loaded the rifle and locked the action in place. The clock on the wall chimed the quarter hour. "Fifteen minutes, Caleb. Looks like the doc is already waiting for you. You ready to go stand in the cold?" Mary Jo cocked her head, swinging her curly red hair. "If you're good, I'll buy you a sugar cookie when you get back."

"I note I'm the one who's actually putting his neck on the line here."

"I'm the sharpshooter, sugar, you're the gunslinger. So get to slinging." Mary Jo glanced out the window to the man standing in the street. His eyes were closed. Caleb grabbed his pistol belts and headed to the door.

"Be careful, Caleb."

"I always am." He headed down the stairs. The saloon was full now, but no one talked as Caleb strode through the room.



The doctor opened his eyes as Caleb exited the hotel. "I wish the two of you luck." He closed his eyes again, praying softly.

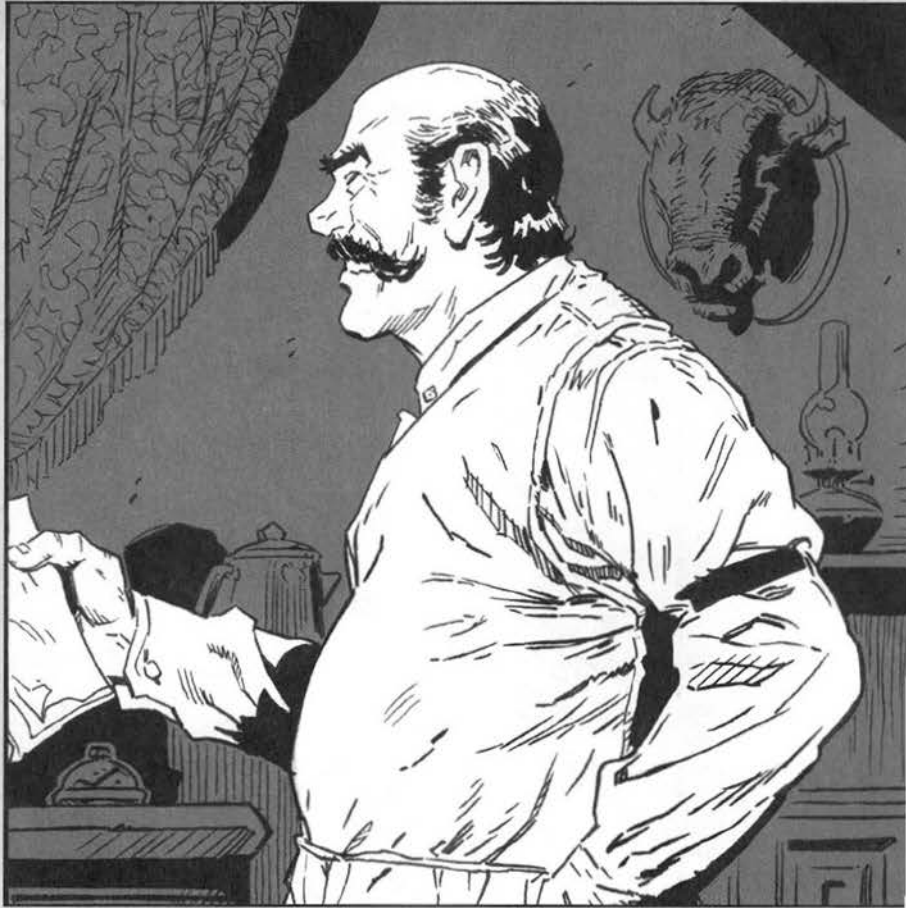
"Thanks for the encouragement. Good luck," said Caleb. He looked up to Mary Jo's position in the window. She nodded. They were ready.

The February sun did nothing to blunt the cold edge in the wind. Once again the town seemed empty, but Caleb could see faces in the windows. There were always a few onlookers attracted to this kind of macabre event. Down the street a man stepped out from a side alley. He seemed completely unaffected by the cold, wearing his black duster open and allowing it to flare in the wind. His gloveless hands rested on a matching pair of Remington revolvers. The doctor opened his eyes.

"Gillis!" The man called out. "Are you ready to meet your creator?" He strode forward boldly. "Speak, Gillis – or do you prefer to die silently?"

Caleb raised his Colt and aimed at the man's chest. "Give it up, Sean. My partner has a .50 caliber rifle aimed at your head. Just come quietly and no one will get hurt." The man began to cough and wheeze, his whole body shaking. The effect was so strange that it took Caleb a moment to realize Sean was laughing. "What's so funny?"

"I think I need better odds." Sean took a step forward and his body split, like a ray of light through a prism, into a fan of six images, each pulling a long revolver from the holster on his hip. Caleb went for his pistols, only to find his hands grabbed by arms rising from the earth. A shot rang out from the hotel and passed through the center image, causing it to disappear. The images of Sean stepped backward, turned and fired once in Mary Jo's direction. The bullet tore through the wooden wall and entered her right shoulder, knocking her back from the window. Doc Gillis drew a Colt pistol of his own and fired six shots at the wall of Seans walking toward him. One hit a copy in the stomach, causing it to disappear. Another tore a hole in Sean's left arm; that Sean disappeared also. Still walking forward, each phantom faded as lead pierced its façade. The doctor fired twice at the last image. The bullets entered Sean's stomach and shoulder, halting his advance. Slowly and deliberately, Sean raised his long-barreled pistol aiming it at Gillis' chest. Gillis stood paralyzed with fear. *Any normal man would be dead by now, thought Gillis, but then, any normal man wouldn't have*



RYAN GRADY

91 1/2 POINTS

Age 37; 5'11"; 160 lbs.

ST 12 [20]; DX 9 [-10]; IQ 11 [10]; HT 10 [0].

Speed 4.75; Move 4.

Dodge 4.

Advantages: Alcohol Tolerance [5]; Luck [15].

Disadvantages: Enemy (Sean Bailey) [-10]; Honesty [-10].

Skills: Area Knowledge (Bailey's End)-14 [6]; Bard-13 [6]; Bartender-15 [10]; Beverage-Making-15 [8]; Cooking-16 [10]; Detect Lies-12 [6]; Distilling-13 [6]; Fast-Talk-11 [2]; Gambling-11 [2]; Guns/TL5 (Pistol)-13 [8]*; Guns/TL5 (Shotgun)-13 [7 1/2]*.

* Guns skills include +1 for IQ; Shotgun bought up from Pistol default.

Ryan and his wife Elizabeth run the town inn. When the mine was running they were always busy, but business has calmed down lately. However, Ryan and Elizabeth refuse to leave and will probably be the last ones to close up shop if it comes to that. Currently Ryan is terrified that Sean will challenge him to a duel. He rarely leaves the inn and will not help fight Sean unless directly threatened.

risen from the dead in the first place . . . Sean pulled the trigger and hit Gillis in the chest, causing him to fall backward. Caleb was dumbfounded.

"How . . . why . . ." said Caleb, still bound by the earth.

"Thanks to the doctor and his friends, I have new ties to the earth. I'd tell you to ask Doctor Gillis here, but he will very shortly be unavailable." He picked up the doctor's bag and walked to Gillis, who was on the ground clutching his stomach. "Gillis, you tried to bring down the law on me. For that, you will have to suffer."

"Just kill me and get it over with," wheezed Gillis. Sean knelt next to him.

"I don't think so. I had to kill the sheriff quickly. But

you, Gillis, for you I'll take my time." He opened the bag and went to work. For 40 minutes Caleb, and much of the town, watched and listened as Sean dissected the doctor alive. Finally, Sean completed his work. He turned to Caleb, his body coated with blood and entrails. "I will see you and your friend tomorrow at noon. Enjoy tonight. It will be your last." He picked up the bag and walked in silence down the street. As Sean disappeared from sight, the unnatural arms that bound Caleb weakened and he pulled free. He looked up at Mary Jo's window and saw her wave weakly, holding her right shoulder. *My God*, he thought. *What have we gotten ourselves into?*

CHAPTER 4

Caleb walked quickly toward the hotel. Several townsfolk looked away as he passed through the door. Grady set a glass of redeye on the bar and motioned to Caleb, who waved him off. Taking the stairs two at a time, he rushed up to Mary Jo's room. Caleb opened it and was startled to see a young kid, perhaps 16 years old, kneeling over Mary Jo. Blood pooled on the floor, contrasting with Mary Jo's pale face. Caleb pulled his Colt and cocked the hammer.

"I don't know what you're planning, kid, but you need to step away from my friend there afore you find yourself in more trouble than you can handle."

The kid stood slowly, turning to face Caleb. He held his hands up, revealing a deck of Hoyle cards in one hand, a ghostly poker hand in the other. "I'm not looking for trouble, mister. I just wanted to help. I got lucky too. See? Full house, kings over fours." He displayed the hand with a flourish.

"I don't see how that's supposed to help in this situation. Now stand aside. I need to get her to a doctor." *This kid can't be what I think he is.*

"Uh . . ." The kid glanced out the window and then back to Caleb. "You do realize the Doc is dead, right?"

Caleb opened his mouth to reply and then closed it. He uncocked the pistol and shoved the kid to the side. He knelt down and inspected the bullet hole. It looked like the bleeding had stopped.

"Look, I'm telling you she'll be fine . . ."

To Caleb's amazement, the hole closed up almost completely and color returned to Mary Jo's cheeks. Caleb looked over to the kid. "Did you do that?"

DOCTOR GILLIS

56 1/2 POINTS

Age 57; 5'9"; 150 lbs.

ST 10 [0]; DX 11 [10]; IQ 13 [30]; HT 11 [10].

Speed 5.50; Move 5.

Dodge 5.

Advantages: Composed [5]; Disease-Resistant [5].

Disadvantages: Age [-21]; Alcoholism [-15]; Enemy (Sean Bailey) [-10]; Guilt Complex [-5].

Skills: Area Knowledge (Bailey's End)-17 [8]; Diagnosis/TL5-14 [4]; First Aid/TL5-16 [0]*; Guns/TL5 (Pistol)-12 [1/2]*; Guns/TL5 (Rifle)-12 [1/2]*; Leadership-14 [4]; Pharmacy/TL5-14 [6]; Physician/TL5-16 [10]; Physiology/TL5-11 [0]*; Surgery/TL5-14 [10]; Teaching-13 [2].

* Guns skills include +2 from IQ. First Aid and Physiology are free from Physician.

Languages: Ancient Greek-11 [1/2]; English (native)-13 [0]; Latin-12 [1]; Navajo-10 [1/2]; Spanish-11 [1/2].

Equipment: Colt "Texas Paterson" (p. HT124); doctor's black bag; pistol ammunition (.36 caliber, 100 rounds).

Doctor Gillis is in his late 50s but looks haunted by death. His hair is gray and thinning and he wears a wrinkled black suit and coat. He is extremely competent, when he is sober – but since Sean has come to town, the doctor has taken to drinking . . . heavily. If Sean doesn't kill him, jaundice surely will. He blames himself for Sean's return and the deaths that followed. Unlike the rest of the town, the doctor has been waiting for his showdown with Sean since the first day.

"Look, kid . . ."

"Jack."

"Jack. I started my day shooting charred skeletons, got into a firefight with a walking dead man, and I just saw my partner recover from a gunshot wound in under a minute. Tomorrow I get to fight the bastard again, and given today's performance, I figure I'm going to be in a bad way. So why don't you just tell me how you healed my friend here?"

"It's not really a poker hand. I'm a huckster."

"No, you're not."

"I damn well am, and a good one too."

"Hmm. So you play poker with unseen spirits and make things happen."

"Well, not really . . ."

"Well, I could say I have the healer's touch, but I'd be lying." He winked. "Name's Jack Cohen, at your service." With a flick of his wrist, the cards disappeared, and he held out his right hand to shake. "What do you say we put this lady here on the bed and let her sleep this off?" Caleb nodded; together they lifted Mary Jo. Once they got her to the bed Jack moved to take off her boots.

"You don't want to do that," said Caleb. He tilted his head toward Mary Jo. "She wouldn't like it, and that wouldn't be healthy."

"OK . . ." Jack backed up until the back of his legs hit the red velvet chair in the corner. Throwing his hands up, he fell back in the chair. A deck of cards appeared in his hand. Absently shuffling, Jack continued, "A guy tries to be nice and all he gets are threats. So much for the good Samaritan."

"I don't need to know the semantics. I know about your kind, and unless you can pull some kind of magic weapon of destruction out of that deck of yours, it's time for you to move on."

"'Magic weapon of destruction,' eh? I've got some fireworks that might fall under that category, and I am fairly sure I can keep Sean from binding you in dirt again."

"Now, you have my attention . . ."

"I'm not saying I can take out Sean in one shot, if that's what you're looking for. I can handle most of the more fantastic critters you'll see around here, but Sean . . . I get the feeling he's made of different stuff."

Caleb wrinkled his nose and furrowed his brow. "I kind of gathered that already, thank you."

"Plus, I know where he died the first time. I could take you there."

"That might be helpful. How far away is it?"

"Half a day's ride."

"Seems like a ways to go."

"I've lived here my whole life and I know the countryside fairly well. The best place for a hideout is in the mountains up by the mine where he died. If Sean's anywhere, he's probably up there. Going after him has got to beat waiting here to die tomorrow."

"When hunting big game, you try and find its lair, eh?"

"That's what I'm getting at."

"All right. Let's give it a go. Sounds like even if we ain't back in time, he'll find me anyway, right?"

"That's always been the case before, yes."

"Ooooooww." Mary Jo groaned and put her left hand on her right shoulder. Finding nothing there but a red scar, she looked at Caleb and then at Jack. "Am I losing it, or was I just shot?"

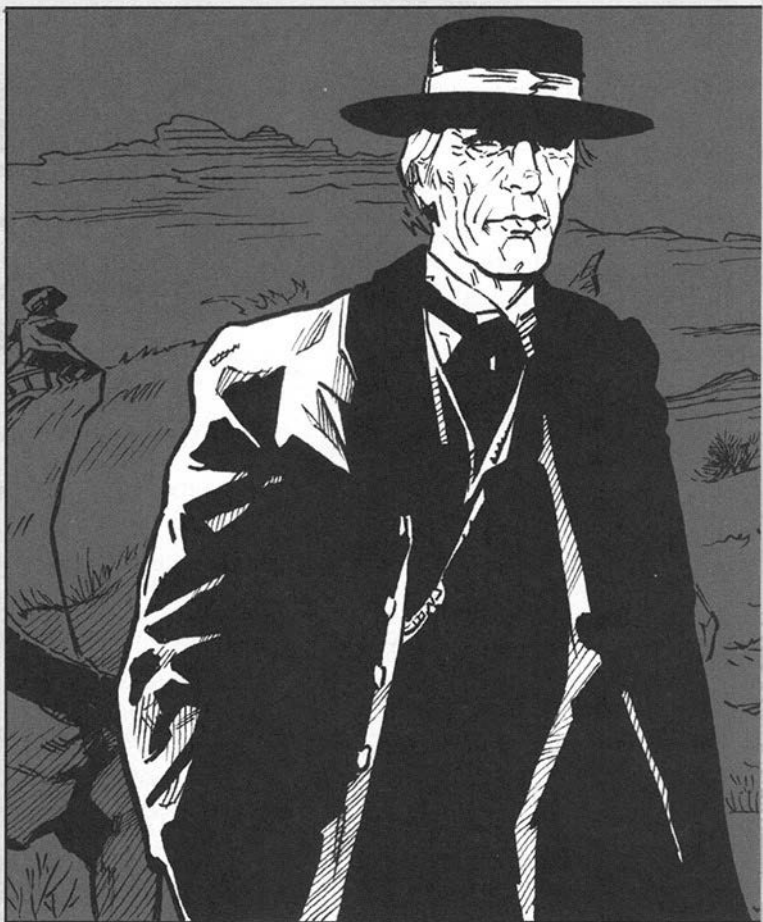
"You were shot all right, but apparently you picked up a stray who put you on the fast track to mending," said Caleb.

"Say again?"

Jack moved forward. "Name's Jack, ma'am. I healed your shoulder. I can try again in a minute and that should alleviate the rest of the pain."

Mary Jo sat up. "You call me ma'am again and I'll let you know what kind of pain it is I'm feeling." She tried to roll her shoulder and winced.

"You're lucky," said Jack, "If your shoulder had been any more damaged, I wouldn't have been able to help. You could have bled to death or, at the very least, lost your arm."



"Huh," Mary Jo looked at her partner.

Caleb raised his right hand and shook his head. "Don't look at me. I saw the bullet hit you. I'm just glad you're OK."

Mary Jo looked down at her shirt and then over at the floor by the window. Both were crimson. "That's a lot of blood."

"Like I said, any worse off and we'd be looking for a shaman. As it was, I got here just in time."

"Well . . . thanks then." Mary Jo looked over to Caleb. "We know where we're going next?"

Caleb looked over to Jack and then back to Mary Jo. "We're going to take a ride out to the mine."

CHAPTER 5

Three hours later, Caleb, Mary Jo, and Jack were on horseback riding to the abandoned ghost rock mine 20 miles north of town. Jack led the way, Caleb and Mary Jo following closely behind.

"So Jack, what's the deal with this guy?" asked Mary Jo.

"It's a long story."

"Give us the short version."

"OK. The Bailey family started this town 20 years ago. It was called Bailey's Point back then. They started the coal mine up in the hills, and the town grew pretty quickly. Unfortunately the coal ran out in '67 and people started leaving. The families that stayed tried to take up cattle ranching."

"Let me guess," said Caleb. "Miners don't make good cowboys."

Jack nodded. "Sean was convinced the coal wasn't gone, so he and his brothers stayed up at the mine trying to find a new vein. Then the Great Quake hit. There were a lot of people injured, so Father Davison gathered everyone into the church to pray and tend the wounded. Just after everything was set up and running smoothly, the Bailey brothers busted in. Sean's yelling about how he saved the town, they've found coal. There was a stove burning in the corner and Sean opened the door and threw in a small chunk of ghost rock."

"The screams from the rock spooked everyone?"

"We had no way of knowing what it was. The screams and howls that came from that furnace were terrifying. Father Davison declared that the brothers had discovered the Devil's rock and that the mine had to be destroyed. Everyone was still frightened from the quake, and a mob gathered at the mine. There was a standoff for a while, as the mob screamed and the Bailey brothers blocked the entrance to the mine with their bodies.

"It didn't work. Everyone was scared and angry. The 'Devil rock' gave them something physical to focus their anger at. The mob pushed and dragged the Bailey brothers into the mine. I don't know if they planned to kill them, but someone lit a stick of dynamite just as another tremor hit. The walls caved in and a crevice opened up, swallowing the brothers and many of the townsfolk deep in the Earth. There was an explosion, and the ghost rock in the ground burned for 14 months." Jack took a silver flask from his duster and took a swig.

"No one saw the brothers for a while after that. I thought they were dead until Sean rode into town eight months ago. He killed Father Davison that first day. Hauled him right out of Sunday service into the main street and shot him in the head. Then he took a torch into the church and burned it down. He disappeared for about a month. Then he started to show up every few days and challenge someone to a duel. Every person that's tried to run has shown up the next day at sunset anyway, a broken body torn to pieces in a pile on the street."

"That's a pleasant image," said Mary Jo.

"I didn't say it was a *nice* story. Hell, I didn't even mention the sheriffs we've been through."

"That's fine, Jack," said Caleb. "I think I'll pass on more stories about my impending demise. How far away are we from the mine?"

"We're almost there." Jack spurred his horse, pulling ahead of the group.

"Hey, Caleb?"

"Yeah, Mary Jo?"

"You notice the wall moving?"

"Son of a . . . Jack!" Caleb pulled his pistols just as a wall crawler landed on Jack and his horse. The impact threw Jack clear, but his horse was not so lucky. The wall crawler quickly killed the poor animal and turned to Jack. Caleb could see Jack already had a deck of cards in his hand. Jack winked, energy crackling over the cards. Caleb shook his head and wheeled his horse back toward the cliff face just in time to see another wall crawler launch itself at him. A shot from Mary Jo sent the creature flying to the side, wounded but still able to fight.

"Nice to see the numbers stacked on our side for once, eh?" said Mary Jo, right before three more crawlers dropped from the cliff and snapped menacingly at Mary Jo and Caleb.

"You were saying? Jack! We could use some help here!" Caleb saw a ball of light flare out of the corner of his eye. Glancing over, he saw that Jack's creature had been cut in two.

"On my way!" yelled Jack, pulling a derringer out of his pocket.

Caleb fired and hit the creature closest to him, forcing it back.
"Dammit, Jack, we need more fire power than that!"

"You just get them into that draw there – I'll take care of the rest." Cards appeared in his hand again. Another wall crawler dropped from the cliff. Two scuttled forward, only to be pushed back by gunfire from Caleb and Mary Jo.

"The kid you found is a little cocky, Mary Jo."

"Hey, I didn't find him – *he* found *me*. And considering he saved me from bleeding all over the floor, you can cut him some slack." Again the crawlers surged forward. The horses panicked, throwing both Caleb and Mary Jo to the ground. Caleb blacked out, regaining consciousness after Mary Jo rolled him to the side to avoid being caught in a whirlwind of raking claws. Landing on top of him, Mary Jo parried the creature's attacks with her rifle. "Caleb, wake your ass up! I can't do this on my own!!"

Reaching around her, Caleb fired his remaining pistol into the creature – killing it, but pinning Mary Jo and Caleb under its bleeding carcass. The crawlers, who had been waiting to see what their ally accomplished, rushed forward just as Jack fired his derringer. An explosion roared through the canyon, melting through the four remaining beasts and part of the dead crawler on top of Caleb and Mary Jo.

"For the love of all that is holy, what was that?" Caleb stared in disbelief as Jack sauntered up with a smoking derringer in hand.

Jack grinned. "She's small, but she packs a wallop!" He braced his shoulder against the dead crawler and pushed, raising it just enough for Caleb and Mary Jo to get out. "Sorry it took so long. I had to build up quite a bit of energy in order to get them all. Good thing you found some cover."

"Too bad it was trying to eat us at the time. I swear, Caleb, the farther west we go, the weirder it gets." Mary Jo sat up and looked at her rifle. "Dammit! That damn bug put a scratch on the barrel! That's it. As soon as we get out of this, we're heading east."



Caleb cracked his neck and walked over to where his hat lay smoking on the ground. He sighed, realizing half of it had burned away. "From what I understand, it ain't any different anywhere else. They're just better at hiding it back East." He turned to Jack. "Well, we've lost our horses. How far are we from the mine?"

"Not far. I figure another 45 minutes on foot. From there, it's five hours back to town." He turned back to his dead horse. After rummaging around, he pulled a mass of shredded cloth from the saddlebag. "So much for our blankets."

"Wonderful." Mary Jo stood up. "If we don't make it back to town we can freeze out in this wasteland overnight. Always wanted to freeze to death . . ." Mary Jo kicked the carcass of the beast that had tackled her. "You happy now?"

Jack scratched his head. "Look, it's not really that bad. Besides your temper will probably keep you warm all night." Jack chuckled.

"You baiting me, boy? 'Cause I'd be happy to give you a little discipline," Mary Jo sneered.

Caleb raised an eyebrow. "OK, kids. Let's work through this a bit. Jack, is there anybody around here we can get some supplies from, especially horses? I'm sure we could make it back to town on foot. I just don't relish the idea."

Jack scratched his head. "Well, there's the widow of Mr. Holland, the mine's old owner. She'll have horses but I'm not sure she'll give them to us."

"Why?"

"Her real name is Tasida Lahpeealakt. Mr. Holland took to one of the local Indian girls and married her. Caused quite a stir."

"I'll bet," said Mary Jo.

"Let's head to her place. Is it far, Jack?"

"No. It's actually quite close to the mine, near as I can remember. Don't be surprised if she doesn't help us, though. She's been out here a long time and doesn't take to strangers."

"Well, we'll just have to change her mind. Come on, lead the way."

JACK COHEN

134 POINTS

Age 16; 5'4"; 110 lbs.

ST 9 [-10]; **DX** 10 [0]; **IQ** 14 [45]; **HT** 10 [0].

Speed 5.00; Move 5.

Dodge 5.

Advantages: Luck [15]; Magical Aptitude 4 (Huckster) [50]; Mathematical Ability [10].

Disadvantages: Compulsive Gambling [-10]; Curious [-5]; Youth [-4].

Quirks: Always shuffling cards. [-1]

Skills: Accounting-11 [1/2]; Area Knowledge (Bailey's End)-16 [4]; Bard-13 [1]; Fast-Talk-17 [8]; Gambling-15 [1]*; Guns/TL5 (Pistol)-15 [8]*; Mathematics-14 [1/2]; Riding (Horse)-10 [2]; Sleight of Hand-11 [8]; Spell Throwing (Curse-missile)-12 [4].

* Gambling skill includes +2 for Magical Aptitude (Huckster). Guns skill includes +2 for IQ.

Languages: English (native)-14 [0]; Hebrew-13 [1].

Hexes: Earth Lock-16*; Little Shooter-16*; Missed Me!-16; Soul Blast-16; Shadow Walk-16; Trinkets-16. [6]

* New hex; see p. 28.

Equipment: \$200; English 1840 Model Pepperbox, .36 (p. DL71); Hoyle's Book of Games; 2 decks of playing cards.

Jack Cohen is a 16-year-old huckster . . . and he loves his work. When he was nine, his mother brought home a book on card games a customer left in their shop. She had no idea the games were actually hexes – but Jack cracked the code within a month. Jack loves to gamble; he is smart enough to keep his winnings down and stay out of trouble. Lately, though, he's been fleecing Grady's patrons for a little more than usual, and he has started looking for a way to skip town.

He never learned who his father was, and his mother didn't talk about it. After Sean killed his mother, Jack sold the family business and took a room at Grady's inn. Despite all his hardship, Jack remains in good spirits and is always smiling. He prefers to wear imported shirts and silk vests and always carries a silver derringer and a whiskey flask.



CHAPTER 6

Tasida lived in a house carved into the canyon. The trio made their way through a narrow fissure in the rocks to get there. Caleb felt that the high walls of stone were closing in on him. At last, the fissure opened into a large valley. A squat, one-story house of stone was built into the wall. To the left was a huge brass bell hung between two tall totem poles. Covered with ghoulish faces, the colored poles stretched 30 feet into the air. At the top of each was a human figure, crouching and staring at the heroes.

"Jack, those poles are giving me the creeps," said Mary. "The human carvings at the top are scaring the hell out of me."

"Mary Jo," said Caleb, unbuckling his pistol, "I think the human carvings are *alive*." Their movement was off from the slight swaying of the poles, so minute as to be almost unnoticeable. Caleb put his hand on Mary Jo's shoulder. "Hold up a minute. Let's not walk into anything too hasty here."

TASIDA HOLLAND

284 POINTS

Age 54; 5'6"; 125 lbs.

ST 9/12 [-1]; DX 10 [0]; IQ 14 [45]; HT 7 [-20].

Speed 4.25; Move 4.

Dodge 4.

Advantages: Alertness +1 [5]; Ally (Dasan, 15 or less) [60]; Ally (Keese, 15 or less) [60]; Charisma +1 [0]*; Composed [5]; Cultural Adaptability [25]; Danger Sense [15]; Initiation (Shamanic) 1 [5]; Language Talent +2 [0]*; Strong Will +4 [16].

* Free from Cultural Adaptability.

Disadvantages: Age [-12].

Skills: Animal Handling-13 [2]; Area Knowledge (Bailey's End)-16 [2]; Artist-13 [2]; Bard-16 [2]; Bow-10 [4]; Dancing-9 [1]; Dreaming-10 [1/2]; Guns/TL5 (Pistol)-11 [1/2]*; Guns/TL5 (Rifle)-11 [1/2]*; Guns/TL5 (Shotgun)-11 [1/2]*; Leadership-16 [2]; Meditation-12 [2]; Musical Instrument (Flute)-12 [1]; Performance-15 [2]; Riding (Horse)-10 [2]; Ritual Magic (Navajo)-18 [24].

* Guns skills include +2 for IQ.

Languages: English-14 [1/2]; Navajo (native)-16 [0]; Spanish-14 [1/2]. (All include +2 for Language Talent.)

Ritual Paths: Path of Protection-18 [22]. (Bought up from Ritual Magic default.)

Rituals: Ghost Shirt-12 [2]; Sanctuary-15 [2]; Vitality (p. OW76)-15 [2]; Wilderness Walk-14 [4]. (All bought up from Path of Protection defaults; see pp. DL90, OW76.)

Tasida was captured in 1840 at the age of 17 and brought to Fort Cesca as a prisoner. Greg Holland, the owner of several mining companies in the area, took a liking to her and paid the fort commander \$100 to release her into his custody. While she hated receiving charity from a white man, she quickly grew to respect – and later, love – the man who had purchased her freedom. After several years, Greg convinced her to marry him; they had two sons, Keith and Daniel. When Greg died, Tasida donated all of her husband's money to Bailey's End and withdrew to an ancient Indian sanctuary near her husband's mine. Her sons followed her and have not been seen since.

"Don't tell me," said Mary Jo halting in her tracks, "tell poker boy over there." Jack was still walking toward the entrance to the abode.

"Jack, let's wait a minute before we charge in uninvited."

Jack didn't break a step. "It's OK," he said, turning his head, a pair of cards appearing in his hand. The bell rang, echoing off the canyon walls. Jack paused and looked back to Caleb and Mary Jo. Suddenly, the carving on the left jumped down to the extended stone rooftop. Its opposite responded in kind. Arrows appeared as if drawn from bows made of air itself. The missiles hurled toward Jack, veering away and hitting the ground at the last moment. "Whoa!" said Jack, facing his attackers. More cards appeared in his hand; an arc of energy shielded him from yet another rain of steel.

Caleb cursed – his pistol was up and aimed at the nearest figure in less than a second. Just as he pulled the trigger, Mary Jo yelled and pushed him, causing the shot to ricochet back and forth off the canyon walls. Mary Jo tackled Caleb as the pinging echoed.

Jack watched from within his magical shield as the figures on the roof stopped firing and sat in meditation, arms outward. Even more amazing, as their hands turned upward, the pinging fell silent.

"For the love of . . . What was that about?" Caleb said, looking at Mary Jo and then the figures on the roof.

"I don't know. I just got the feeling you shouldn't do that."

"Wonderful. We're attacked and you get a sudden desire for pacifism. Jack, what are you doing?" Jack stood transfixed. The cards in his hand disappeared, along with the arc of energy protecting him. The gray warriors on the rooftop stared down at him.

"I'm having trouble moving, Caleb."

"Are you saying you can't move, or that you're having trouble moving? Did you get hit?"

"No. I just can't break their gaze."

"OK. Well, you're the one who lives around here. What do we do?"

"I have no idea."

"Thanks Jack, you've been very helpful."

"You're not the one frozen in place, Caleb."

"Both of you shut up," said Mary Jo. "I've got an idea."

"We're listening."

"Those guys from the totem poles started moving only after Jack rang the bell between the poles. Maybe ringing the bell again will make them return."

"What? How the hell do you know that?"

"Woman's intuition. The bell is the key."

"Considering Jack was almost killed for approaching it, how do you propose we go about this?"

"You ever read the Bible?" said Mary Jo, untying the handkerchief around her neck.

"Mary Jo, you know damn well I haven't."

"There's this story about David and Goliath that I think applies real well here." Mary Jo bent over, picked up a small stone from the ground, and placed it into her makeshift sling. Swinging it with the style of a true tomboy, she launched her missile at the bell, hitting it square in the center. A low note rang out. The figures on the roof closed their eyes and Jack fell forward. "I guess those summers with the neighbor boys paid off." Mary Jo smiled, but her smile was short-lived.

The figures on the roof began to sing. The notes echoed in the canyon, bouncing back and forth in an eerie harmony that grew until the sound was almost deafening. Caleb, Mary Jo, and Jack put their hands to their ears to block the sound, but it reverberated through their very bones. The doorway to the house slowly became a white ball of light. An elderly woman stepped through. Her silver hair was done in two braids, wound with colored strips of deerskin. Her tunic was simple and plain, but she wore many beaded necklaces and totems around her neck.

"Come," she said. Her one word sliced through the wave of sound, creating a tunnel of silence. The trio saw the canyon walls shaking around them from the vibrations, yet they heard only that word. "Come." The woman stepped back through the portal.

Caleb, Mary Jo, and Jack followed her into the light.





CHAPTER 7

As Caleb stepped through the portal, he was momentarily blinded. He considered for a moment that this was probably a bad idea, but he hadn't felt like he had a choice when the woman beckoned. She said come, and he came, just like the others. The room he walked into was small. Pegs on the wall held cloaks and skins. Tasida, for surely that was who the woman was, motioned to the rack. The cave was slightly warm, so Caleb shucked his heavy coat and the others did the same. Tasida walked through another door to the left. Jack started following immediately. Mary Jo moved slower, only moving forward after Caleb pushed her a bit. He looked behind them as the white portal flickered out, leaving a stone wall covered in Indian writing. As he moved out of the small room, Caleb began to understand why Tasida's home was considered a cave. The room they had entered opened up into a huge cavern with many paintings on the walls and floors. More totem poles were here, carved from the mineral pillars holding up the ceiling. The cavern was lit, not only by torches lining the walls, but also by a soft green glow emanating from some of the paintings. Caleb was also certain he saw gray figures darting in and out of the shadows. Tasida motioned to

a low table. She sat and the outsiders followed suit. Placing her hands on the stone table, she spoke.

"You come to kill the spirit of the mine."

Caleb looked to his companions and then turned back to this powerful woman. "If you mean Sean, then yes, we've come to find a way to kill him. Jack said that Sean was killed after a ceiling brace fell and crushed him. We're going to try and find it."

Tasida nodded. "That is wise. When the townsfolk set fire to the mine, Sean escaped the fire. His brothers, however, were not so lucky. He might have made it had he not heard their screams and looked back. The ceiling fell and he was crushed along with several others, including my husband." She paused and looked around her. "Afterward I retreated to this sanctuary of my ancestors. My sons, Keith and Daniel, joined me and I taught them the ways of the Apache warrior. When they reached manhood they took the names Keese and Dasan and became my protectors."

"You mean the to figures outside . . . are your sons?" Jack was dumbfounded.

"Yes. And they must have seen great good in you," Tasida motioned to Mary Jo, "to spare your lives."

"We are humbled," said Caleb, "to be allowed access to this sanctuary, but we can't stay here forever. We came here for supplies for our journey. Can you help us?"

Tasida smiled. "You are closer to your journey's end then you realize, bounty hunter. To find the item you seek, you must enter the demon's house. The mine is alive now and crawling with the souls of Sean and his skeletal brothers. Your quest will not be easy. I cannot go with you, but I can provide you with some help." Reaching around her neck, she untied one of her many necklaces and handed it to Mary Jo. "This talisman is made from the tip of a stone arrow grasped in Eagle's claw. Concentrate and he will show you the path to that which you seek."

Mary Jo bowed her head and placed the talisman around her neck. "Thank you."

"To you, bounty hunter, I give this small flask carved from the bone of Panther. The fluid it contains is very dangerous and will burn shortly after making contact with the air around you. Use this on Sean; perhaps meeting the fate of his brothers will finally end his madness."

Caleb nodded and accepted the flask, fastening it to his belt.

"Finally, the trickster." Tasida reached beneath her robe and produced a small glass orb. "The eye of Raven should suit you. Use the eye to see through illusions, but be careful, lest you trick yourself. Raven is a fickle spirit."

KEESE AND DASAN

212 POINTS

Age 23; 6'1"; 170 lbs.

ST 14 [45]; DX 13 [30]; IQ 11 [10]; HT 11 [10].

Speed 6.00; Move 7.

Dodge 7; Parry 9 (Brawling).

Advantages: Absolute Direction [5]; Acute Hearing +3 [6]; Acute Vision +3 [6]; Alertness +3 [15]; Combat Reflexes [15]; Danger Sense [15]; Fearlessness +1 [2]; High Pain Threshold [10].

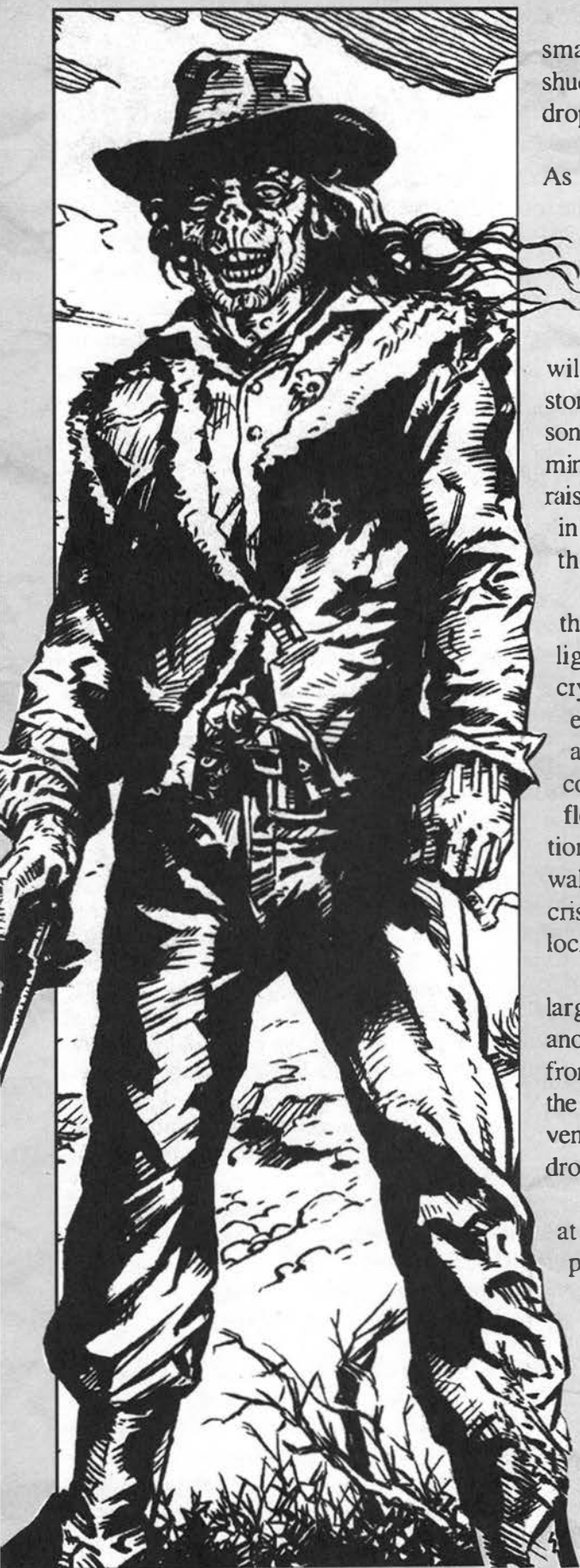
Disadvantages: Enemy (Sean Bailey, 6 or less) [-5]; Social Stigma (Half-breed) [-10]; Sense of Duty (Family) [-5].

Skills: Acrobatics-13 [4]; Animal Handling-13 [8]; Bow-16 [24]; Brawling-12 [1/2]; Breath Control-9 [2]; Guns/TL5 (Pistol)-13 [1/2]; Guns/TL5 (Rifle)-13 [1/2]; Knife Throwing-12 [1/2]; Riding (Horse)-13 [2]; Running-10 [2]; Singing-12 [2]; Streetwise-10 [1]; Survival (Mountains)-12 [4].

Languages: English (native)-13 [2]; Navajo-14 [10].

Equipment: Arrows (20); small knife; short bow.

Keith and Daniel Holland took the names Keese and Dasan after their father's untimely death on the night of the Quake. Following their mother into the mountains, they spend their time studying the shaman ways of their ancestors. They do not speak unless they feel it is absolutely necessary. This is very rare. Both would give their lives to protect their mother.



"Many thanks." Jack looked down at the small black eyeball encased in glass and shuddered as it looked back at him. He dropped the glass ball into his right pocket.

Tasida motioned to the back of the cave. As Caleb peered into the darkness, he noticed an opening large enough for one man to walk through. "Follow that passageway, bounty hunter. At the end you will find a hole in the ground with a ladder leading deep into the earth. It will take you to the lair of your enemy. A stone blocks the entry to this sanctuary. My sons will move it for you. Once you enter the mine you will not be able to return." She raised her right hand and sprinkled red dust in the air in front of the passageway. "May the spirits guide you in your quest."

Caleb entered first, with Mary Jo and then Jack trailing behind him. A soft blue light lit the tunnel, refracting through the crystals in the rock. This place had a different feel than Tasida's sanctuary. The cold air made his breath visible. The traces of coal mixed with the ghost rock gave the floor a wet sheen, causing Caleb to question his footing. Resting his hand on the wall, Caleb could feel veins of ghost rock crisscrossing the surface. Ghost rock, spirits locked in stone.

The small passageway opened up into a large room. The ceiling stretched upward another 100 feet. Blue light streamed down from the vent hole at the top and reflected off the stone walls. In the center of the room, the vent continued down. A wooden ladder dropped into the darkness.

"Guess we go down, eh?" Caleb looked at Mary Jo and then over to Jack, who was peering into the hole.

Mary Jo arched her left eyebrow and looked over to Jack. "You go first. I'm not sure I trust that thing."

Jack shrugged. "Hey, Tasida wouldn't have sent us this way if wasn't safe."

"I'm going first," said Caleb, "then Jack. Mary Jo, you go last."

He started down slowly and his companions followed. Despite its aging

appearance, the ladder held all three heroes without complaint. The blue light faded as they descended, replaced by the glow of a lantern below. Finally, after dropping 150 feet, Caleb reached the bottom. He stepped back to give his companions some space. The room below was not much bigger than the one above. Ahead of him stood the same two gray figures from the canyon. This close, he could see the gray mud that covered their bodies. Neither spoke. The one on the left stood next to a small man-sized opening in the wall. A large round stone sat behind him.

"Hoyle's deck! It's the same bastards that gave me all the trouble up topside!" exclaimed Jack as he reached the room.

Caleb nodded. "I'm fairly sure they won't harm us now, Jack. Though I doubt they'd let us climb that ladder again."

"What's the matter, Jack? You scared of a couple of half-naked Indians?" Mary Jo chuckled as she hit the ground.

"I don't remember that flippant attitude before, Mary Jo. Come on, stop messing with Jack and let's move. I want to finish this." Caleb started forward and was stopped by the Indian on the left. The gray man picked up the lantern on the ground and handed it to Caleb.

"Thanks." After all three passed through the door, the round stone rolled into place behind them. From this side they could see it was covered with ancient symbols.

"Wards to keep away the dead," said Jack. "We're on Sean's ground now." He looked to the left and right. They were in a large tunnel with a slight grade up to the right.

"You don't think he already knows we're here, do you?" said Mary Jo. Her shotgun in her hand, she looked as though a target would pop up at any second. Her Sharps was loaded and slung on her back. She'd save that for Sean.

Caleb shook his head. "I don't think that Sean's that powerful. Jack, what do you think? You've got more experience in this area."

"From the shootout I'd say he has the ability to control the earth. Beyond that, I don't know what powers he has. Though it wouldn't surprise me if he controls the black skeletons as well. Hey, you don't suppose . . . I'll be damned."

"Suppose what? Finish the sentence, poker boy."

"I think I figured something out. What Tasida said before, the skeletons, they're Sean's brothers! They died in the explosion, but Sean died from the collapse."

"So what are you trying to tell us?" said Caleb.

"You said you killed two skeletons at the sheriff's office, right?"

"Yeah."

"Well then, I'd say we're going to be facing Sean and six of his eight brothers."

"Oh, that's just great," said Mary Jo, "seven against three. I still don't see any good news here."

"I'm not happy about the odds, I'm happy because I think I know where they are. Tasida didn't close off the sanctuary until after the mine was closed. We just came down one of the ventilation shafts."

"That much I gathered, Jack. Stop stalling and get to the point."

"There were three major shafts used for ventilation. We came down one. I know the one by the main entrance was destroyed in the explosion. If Tasida has sealed this off, that leaves only one shaft left. That's where Sean and his brothers are going in and out."

"OK," said Caleb, scratching his head. "So where do we find this third shaft?"

"Mary Jo, take off the talisman Tasida gave you."

"I don't see how this is going to help." Mary Jo took off the talisman and held it in front of her. Immediately it started spinning.



"Now concentrate on finding the way out." Mary Jo closed her eyes. The spinning arrowhead began to slow down, then stopped, pointing to the right. "So, we go up."

CHAPTER 6

The tunnel didn't always go up. Caleb noticed that they often had to take a passageway down. Each time they had to make a decision as to which way to go, they consulted Mary Jo's talisman and it pointed them in the right direction. At least, he hoped so.

"Damn," said Caleb as he turned the corner.

"What is it?" asked Mary Jo a few steps behind. As she caught up she saw the reason. Between them and the rest of the tunnel lay a chasm 20 feet wide. "Damn."

"What's with all the damnation?" asked Jack as he rounded the corner. "Oh."

Caleb adjusted his hat. "Well, this way ain't going to work. Check that talisman again."

Mary Jo lifted the Eagle claw pendant from her neck and let it spin freely. After a few moments it stopped, clearly pointing across the chasm. She looked up. "That doesn't help us much, does it?"

"No. We've got to get across somehow, because we can't go back the way we came," said Caleb. "Any ideas?"

"What about the rope on your pack?" said Jack.

"I've got about 30 feet or so, but I don't see anything over there to lasso, if that's what you're thinking."

"Not a problem. Mary Jo, could you get the rope off of the pack and hand it to me?"

"I got a sign on my forehead that says Jack's Servant?"

"I'm getting a ready to work some magic here. If you've got a problem . . ."

"No, no, I got it." She walked over and started unstrapping the rope. Caleb stood there with an evil grin on his face. "One comment out of you, bucko, and I'll make certain you see the bottom of that chasm first-hand." She walked over, rested the rope on Jack's shoulder, and then stepped back. Jack was concentrating, as card after card appeared in his hand. Then he leaned back and stepped through the wall.

"What the hell?" Caleb jumped forward and touched the spot where Jack had passed only moments before. Mary Jo simply looked stunned.

"I'm over here guys!" Caleb and Mary Jo both turned to see Jack standing on the other side. His pearly white teeth gleamed in the darkness.

"How in the world did you do that?" said Caleb.

Jack lit a lantern and set it on the ground. "Darkness is connected. If I concentrate hard enough I can pass from one shadow to another." He tied the rope to one of the support beams.

"That . . . is amazing," said Mary Jo.

"Catch!" Jack tossed over the untied end. Caleb tied it to a beam on their side.

"You want to go first?" asked Caleb.

"No, no. By all means, you go ahead."

"Right." After a check to make sure everything was tied to him, Caleb grabbed the rope and swung his feet up. Pulling himself hand over hand he easily made it to the other side. "Ok, Mary Jo, let's go."

"Damn it all . . ." She too grabbed the rope and started hand over hand to the opposite side. When she was halfway across, the beam anchoring the end of the rope shifted, causing Mary Jo to suddenly drop two feet. The jolt shook Mary Jo's boot knife loose and it fell into the chasm. "Did anyone hear it hit?"

Caleb looked at Jack.

Jack raised both his eyebrows and tilted his head to the left. "I heard it. Must be deep though . . . Took a minute to hit."

"Ah." Mary Jo moved forward, and once again the beam shifted, causing her to drop another two feet. "God damn this thing to hell!"

"Mary Jo, I don't think it's wise to damn something you're currently using," said Jack.

"Quiet, Jack. Mary Jo, it's just another few feet. The rope's touching the edge of the chasm now. Just get a little closer and I'll pull you up."

"If I move again, I'm going to drop again."

"No you won't. Come on. You can do this," encouraged Caleb.

"All right." Moving one hand at a time Mary Jo slowly inched forward. Behind her the beam began to moan. Reaching out with her hand she grabbed onto Caleb just as the other end of the rope went slack.

Jack ran to help and together they hauled her up onto the ledge. "Well, that was exciting," said Jack. All three of them lay on the floor, catching their breath.

"Caleb," said Mary Jo. "Come here."

Caleb leaned toward her, only to punched very hard in the shoulder. "Ow!"

"That's for tying the rope to a faulty beam."

Jack started to chuckle, but was cut short by a blow to his shoulder as well. "Yow! What was that for?"

Mary Jo sat up and dusted herself off. "Lying to me. You didn't hear that damn knife hit. Now let's go."

Jack looked over at Caleb. "Is she always like this?"

"Usually."

"I heard that!" said Mary Jo, already starting down the tunnel.

"Let's go before she loses us."

"Right." Jack took one look back at the chasm, shook his head, and then hurried to catch up.

CHAPTER 9

It wasn't long before the tunnels began to widen. Tracks ran along the ground. Soon the passageway was wide enough that 10 men could have walked abreast.

"Jack," said Caleb.

"What?"

"Put the lantern out." As the light died, darkness engulfed them. Far ahead, however, a flicker of light spilled into the main passage. "I thought so. Look up ahead," Caleb whispered. "Move to the wall. I'll lead, and watch your step. We still have a ways to go." Caleb slowed his breathing and moved slowly down the wall. His right hand guided him along while his left held one of his rusty Colt pistols. The 300 feet to the opening stretched on forever. Caleb stopped after 50 feet and looked back at his companions. Jack behind him had a grin on his face, his white teeth the only thing visible in the black. Behind him Mary

Jo was breathing heavily. Caleb could tell she wanted payback for the shot she took earlier. He could feel her anger through the dark, even though he couldn't see her face. It was like they were hunting those werewolves all over again. After felling the two abominations that had terrorized the countryside and killed Mary Jo's parents, the local sheriff told them about the reward on Sean. It seemed to Caleb like a good tip at the time. They'd just tackled werewolves, what kind of trouble would one gunslinger be? It was supposed to be an easy \$3,000. *It figures*, Caleb thought, shaking his head. *No such thing as easy money.*

The side passage was right ahead of him. Caleb stopped and the others did the same. Taking off his hat, Caleb started to lean around the corner, only to be pulled back by Jack. Caleb turned to Jack, repressing an urge to throt-

SEAN BAILEY

Age 46; 5'9"; 135 lbs.
ST 13 [30]; **DX** 11 [10]; **IQ** 10 [0]; **HT** 10 [0].
 Speed 5.25; Move 5.
 Dodge 5; Parry 8 (Brawling).
Advantages: Harrowed [206]; Strong Will +4 [16].
Disadvantages: Obsession (Kill all the people who were present at the time of his death) [-5]; Sadism [-15].
Skills: Administration-10 [2]; Area Knowledge (Bailey's End)-20 [20]; Brawling-12 [2]; Engineer/TL5 (Mining)-15 [14]; Fast-Draw-12 [2]; Fast-Talk-12 [6]; Gambling-9 [1]; Geology/TL5-12 [8]; Guns/TL5 (Pistol)-15 [8]*; Guns/TL5 (Rifle)-13 [1 1/2]*; Intimidation-15 [11 1/2]; Knife-13 [4]; Riding (Horse)-12 [4]; Tracking-17 [16].
 * Includes +1 for IQ.
Harrowed Powers: Create Minion [50]; Earth Grasp [45] (see p. 26).
Equipment: Colt "Texas Paterson" pistol (p. HT124); Large knife; Pistol ammunition (.36 caliber, 100 rounds); Bailey's Heart (see p. 31).

Sean's family started the town of Bailey's Point back in 1856 with the help of the Holland Mining Company. When the coal veins were exhausted in '67, he felt it was his duty to reopen the mine. He thought he had succeeded after the Great Quake; little did he know it would bring about his death.

Sean's unlife has been a quest to take revenge on all the people he thinks are responsible for his murder. His hatred of the town overshadows everything. Sean believes he keeps his manitou firmly in check; actually, he is doing exactly what it wants.

Sean has a blue crystal – Bailey's Heart (p. 31) – that allows him to create illusions. While these illusions cannot cause any physical damage, he can use these duplicates to confuse his opponents.

437 POINTS

tle the boy, but Jack met his ominous stare with a wink and pulled a small brass periscope from his coat. Caleb narrowed his eyes as he accepted the scope. *That huckster's a wily little bastard, but I have to admit he's useful in a pinch*, he thought. Extending the brass tube to the corner, he looked through the eyepiece and nearly dropped the periscope in shock. The doorway opened immediately into a huge chamber, at least 40 feet tall, with an elevated rail system 15 feet up. A wooden elevator system in the middle of the room appeared to have been designed to lift carts up to the trestles that spanned the chamber. The trestles met in a T, crossing the chamber to three tunnels from higher up in the mine. On the main floor two small rooms opened off of the far wall of the chamber. One was filled with old crates;

the other contained a figure on a bed – Sean Bailey – and a table full of raw meat. It appeared that Sean was asleep. What truly terrified Caleb were the black skeletons crawling all over the room. Without counting, Caleb guessed there were at least 30. He moved back to the wall and handed the periscope to Jack.

“Sean’s asleep, assuming he does such things, but skeletons are crawling everywhere,” Caleb whispered. Jack looked perplexed. Extending the periscope, he also looked through the eyepiece. His head jerked back. His eyes went wide – then, suddenly, his brow furrowed. He dug in his pocket, then grinned as he fished out the Raven’s Eye. Jack handed the periscope and the glass ball to Caleb.

“Try now,” Jack whispered.

Looking through the periscope again, Caleb saw only six skeletons. Two were on the trestle above, one was at the base of the elevator, and three crawled along the walls. “What the . . .” Caleb mouthed to Jack, handing both Eye and periscope to Mary Jo. Jack just shrugged and pointed to the Eye. Mary Jo looked confused until Jack took the glass orb from her and pointed to the periscope again. On her second look she shook her head as if to clear the image.



"So, now what?" said Mary Jo under her breath. Caleb took the Raven's Eye from Jack and pointed at his pistol. He then mimed throwing it to Mary Jo and pointed at her shotgun. He then pointed to Jack and the young man shook his head. He already held a glowing playing card in his hand. Caleb nodded. It was time to finish this.

Stepping from the corner Caleb raised his pistol and fired two shots at the skeleton at the base of the elevator. The first passed harmlessly through its ribcage, but the second hit the center of its skull. The creature crumbled, even as it tried to rise and attack. The two skeletons on the trestle dropped to the ground and ran forward. The creatures scaling the wall scurried over to the alcove, where Sean was sitting up. Caleb emptied the rest of his cylinder and then tossed the Eye to Mary Jo, who stepped from behind the corner. As the Eye left

his hand skeletons multiplied like roaches, clinging to every possible surface. He pulled his other Colt and fired at the same target that Mary Jo was firing at. The advancing skeleton burst into a cloud of ash, causing several skeletons around the room to disappear. Several other skeletons appeared to pause as Mary Jo leveled the shotgun and fired again, this time destroying all the images of skeletons within 20 feet.

The remaining skeletons sank into the ground, but only the three in front of Sean's alcove left holes to betray their passage. Caleb reloaded, as did Mary Jo. From the corner of his eye Caleb could see Jack kneeling and placing his hand on the dirt. The ground behind Mary Jo opened up and Caleb saw claws slash at her legs.

"Mary Jo! Behind you!" Caleb wheeled around to see a skeleton right at his feet. He emptied his revolver into the beast, disintegrating it. The sound of two shotgun blasts assured him that Mary Jo was safe as well. Turning to Jack, he saw the third skeleton had miscalculated and surfaced underneath Jack's flaming hand. The ground beneath their feet flashed and the skeleton crumbled.

NEW HARROWED POWERS

CREATE MINION

50 POINTS

In the days of the Old West, families were big, commonly having eight children . . . or even more. This power allows a Harrowed to re-create his siblings after their deaths. The Harrowed character takes a rib from his chest and mix it with the dirt on the ground. In 1d minutes, a skeleton forms, bringing back one of the Harrowed's brothers or sisters at the time of their deaths (so any missing limbs are still missing, and a particularly gruesome death – such as by burning – is reflected in the state of the skeleton). The Harrowed cannot select which sibling returns. This skeleton is equivalent to a walkin' dead with the additional advantages of Cat's Eyes and Claws (Talons) (both p. DL36). The created minion follows his creator blindly.

If a Harrowed attempts to bring back a sibling who is not actually dead, he must engage his manitou in an immediate Contest of Wills, as on p. DL94.

The rib used by the Harrowed does not regenerate, so when he runs out of ribs, this power cannot be used again.

EARTH GRASP

45 POINTS

Earth Grasp grants the Harrowed the ability to create limbs that reach up from the earth and control them as long as he concentrates; if this concentration is broken, the limbs hold their last position. The limbs dissipate in 1d minutes when the Harrowed moves out of sight or falls unconscious. The Harrowed is able to create one limb for every three points of Will. These limbs have PD 3, DR 3, and 10 hit points, and can appear from any area of earth within sight of the Harrowed. A person who is affected by Earth Grasp may attempt to pull free from one limb a turn, using a Quick Contest of his ST vs. the Harrowed's Will-3; a successful attempt causes that limb to disintegrate.

In the back, Sean stirred and sat up.

"You're early, bounty hunter. I'm not supposed to kill you until noon." Sean swung his legs over the side of the bed and stood. He looked around the room slowly, taking in the now-empty space. "I see you were very unkind to my guests."

"We sent your brothers to hell, Sean, and you will be joining them soon!" yelled Mary Jo. She dropped the shotgun and swung her rifle into position.

"Joining them? My dear young lady, I will not join them – they will join me." Sean reached into a large wound in his chest. Caleb heard a loud snap and watched in horror as Sean pulled forth one of his ribs and dropped the bone to the ground. The rib expanded and soon grew into an entire skeleton.

"My God!" exclaimed Mary Jo.

"As you can see, I am quite capable of making my brothers join me whenever I fancy them." He raised his arm. "And now, my dear, you and your friend here will die . . ." He closed his hand in a fist, and a startled look crossed his face.

"Having problems, Sean? Mother always said you were worthless." Jack stepped from the corner, sporting, as always, a wide grin across his face.

"Jack, you little bastard. I should have killed you along with your mother."

"What is he talking about, Jack?" said Caleb.

"Sean was always chasing after my mother, back when he was alive. She never let him touch her. So, a few months ago, he killed her for it."

"Now Jack, you can't go throwing those kinds of accusations around. Someone might get the wrong idea. I wouldn't want to have to hurt you." A Colt pistol appeared, almost magically, in Sean's hand.

"Jack! Look out!" Mary Jo tackled Jack. She heard the bullet whiz by her ear as they both fell. Caleb dropped to the ground as well, as the bullet ricocheted several times before finding a soft surface.

Sean laughed. "Afraid you might get hurt, cowboy?" He fired several shots into the air. The sound of the pinging around the room reverberated and grew, causing some rocks to fall from the ceiling. When Sean finished, he tossed the empty weapon casually to the floor.

Caleb looked up from his hurried reloading, trying to make sure nothing large enough to crack his skull was going to fall on him. Then he saw it. "Jack," he hissed. Jack looked over. "We need to get him up there." Caleb motioned with his eyes to the tunnel to the right. On the side of the tracks was a pile of boxes labeled "TNT" in large red letters. The pinging stopped and they heard a crack as Sean pulled out another rib. Another skeleton formed instantly.

"Gentlemen – and my dear lady," cried Sean, his eyes flashing, "it's time for you to die." The skeletons rushed forward, Sean walking calmly behind them.

Mary Jo took a knee and raised her shotgun. "Go ahead boys. I got you covered."

Racing toward the elevator, Caleb ducked as the first skeleton exploded into dust from Mary Jo's shot. Jack dropped to the ground, rolled, and popped back to his feet – spreading a fan of poker cards at his target. A stream of light hit the skeleton square in the chest, disintegrating the monster. He then joined Caleb on the wooden platform of the elevator and winked. "Gotta love a full house!" Caleb shook his head and shot the rope tying the elevator down. The counterweight plunged to the floor, throwing the elevator upward and catapulting Jack and Caleb to the second level. Sean watched in amusement.



New HEXES

EARTH LOCK

This hex is used to combat creatures that try to surprise the huckster by tunneling through the earth. When casting this spell, the huckster magically bonds the molecules of the earth to prevent anything – or anyone – from digging or moving through it. This includes hexes or other powers that normally allow one to control earth elements. The effect is a hemisphere of earth, centered on the caster. The hex cannot be used if the huckster is not in contact with the ground at the time of casting.

Time to cast: 3 turns

Duration: see below

Range: see below

Hand	Radius of Effect	Duration
Pair	2 hexes	10 min.
Two Pair	3 hexes	20 min.
Three of a Kind	4 hexes	40 min.
Straight	5 hexes	2 hrs.
Flush	6 hexes	4 hrs.
Full House	7 hexes	8 hrs.
Four of a Kind	9 hexes	16 hrs.
Straight Flush	11 hexes	24 hrs.
Royal Flush	13 hexes	48 hrs.

LITTLE SHOOTER

This hex was created by a huckster who wanted a *soul burst* that he could cast with his favorite derringer. The energy gathered by the spell is focused into a bullet as it is fired; the energy explodes on impact (the bullet is consumed and does no damage itself). This spell has no effect on insubstantial beings. While the spell has an area effect, the caster must use his Guns (Pistol) skill in order to hit the target. The spell's range is limited to that of the derringer used. The blast has a radius in hexes equal to the caster's level of Magical Aptitude (Huckster).

Time to cast: 2 turns

Duration: Instant

Range: Equal to the lesser of the range of the derringer used and 50 yards per level of Magical Aptitude.

Hand	Damage
Pair	1d fatigue
Two Pair	3d
Three of a Kind	4d
Straight	5d
Flush	6d
Full House	7d
Four of a Kind	8d
Straight Flush	10d
Royal Flush	12d

"You think you can escape?" He ran to the elevator tower and jumped half up the base. A bullet splintered the wooden support in front of him, driving several large wooden shards into his chest. "Damn it!" Looking past the tower, he saw Mary Jo reloading her Sharps rifle on the other side. "Don't worry, little lady," he called out as he continued climbing, "You'll get your turn!"

Caleb and Jack sat up, briefly stunned. Caleb shook his head and then heard the shot from Mary Jo's rifle. He looked over the side and saw Sean climbing fast. "Jack . . ."

"I see him." Jack stood as Caleb started to move across the trestle to the right tunnel entrance and explosives alcove. Caleb couldn't move very quickly because the ties, while thick, were two feet apart – too far apart to run without risking injury. "Caleb, we need to get moving . . ."

"I'm moving as fast as I can."

"Well move faster!" Jack started moving behind him.

"You know," said Sean reaching the top of the elevator, "it dawns on me that this is three against one. I don't think that's entirely fair, do you?" He reached into his pocket and pulled out a large, egg-shaped blue gem the size of his hand. Setting it on the ground, he stepped over it. Suddenly, there were five more of him. "There. That's better."

Jack saw the whole thing. "Dammit! He's splitting again!" Cards appeared in his hand and light spewed forth, causing two of the phantom Seans to disappear. Two of the remaining images dropped to the ground and advanced on Mary Jo, while the remaining two sprang at Jack. "Who's got the Eye!" Jack yelled as the undead gunslingers pinned him to the track.

"I got it . . ." muttered Mary Jo, taking a bead on the real Sean, on top of Jack. She took a deep breath and held it to steady the rifle.

"What are you babbling about, boy?" Sean stood, holding Jack by his neck. Mary Jo's aim was true, but Sean stood suddenly. The bullet missed his head and blew off his right arm – the arm that was holding Jack. Sean screamed. He grabbed the bloody shoulder with his left hand, the remaining phantom Seans fading away. Jack fell, barely catching hold of the metal rail. "Why won't you people die!" yelled Sean as he kicked Jack in the head. Jack's grip slipped and he fell to the ground, unconscious. Mary Jo ran to his side.

"We could ask the same of you," said Caleb. In his left hand was the flask Tasida had given him. He backed up slowly, wanting Sean to advance farther into the tunnel.

"What are you going to do, bounty hunter? Throw that bone at me? You've been talking to that old witch in the Indian sanctuary. You're a fool to trust her. I've been around a long time. I've killed a lot of people. All of them were sniveling cowards in the end. They saw their death coming and begged for mercy."

"You could have given it to them," said Caleb. *Just a few more steps*, he thought.

"Bah. Like the mercy they gave me? I was going to save this town. We were all going to be rich!"

"That's not the way I hear it . . ."

"Liars! They branded my brothers and me with the mark of the devil. My brothers burned and I was buried alive. You can't imagine what terror tastes like as you struggle for air, drowning in the dirt of your own tomb. Now die!" As Sean's foot reached the tunnel entrance he lunged forward, his remaining hand outstretched toward Caleb's throat. Caleb popped open the flask with his thumb and splashed the contents across Sean's face and chest. The liquid ignited just as Sean's fingers clasped around Caleb's neck. The sweet, acrid smell of a chemical burn on charred flesh filled the air. Sean screamed again and clutched at his eyes. Caleb felt his skin blister where Sean had touched him. Sean's clothes began to catch fire and he stumbled onto the tracks, falling right next to one of the old TNT boxes.

There was no way to get past him – and Caleb had no time, anyway. "Mary Jo! Jack! Run!" He turned down the tunnel and ran as fast as he could. He hoped Mary Jo and Jack had heard him, but there was nothing he could do about it now. The explosion knocked Caleb off his feet. Rocks and dust fell everywhere. Sensing a side tunnel, he ducked inside just as the main tunnel collapsed. As the dust settled, Caleb realized how dark it was. He put his hand to his face and sighed. He couldn't see two inches in front of him. He was spent from the adrenaline rush of the battle and he felt fatigue wash over him. He lay back against an old timber brace and promptly fell asleep.





EPILOGUE

Caleb awoke to the sound of footsteps. He went for his pistol, only to discover it was missing – lost in the explosion. Down the tunnel a light came around a corner. Caleb stood up and brushed himself off. Mary Jo appeared, followed by Tasida's sons, who were carrying lanterns.

"Mary Jo," Caleb called out, moving toward her.

"Caleb!" Mary Jo ran to him and threw her arms around his shoulders, grazing the blistered skin on Caleb's neck.

"Ah! Careful there, Sean left me something to remember him by."

Mary Jo looked at the deep crimson scar around Caleb's neck, visible even in the dim light. "Hell, Caleb, if you wanted a necklace, I would have loaned you one of mine!"

"You don't own any necklaces, Mary Jo. I'd probably die of a heart attack if I ever saw you wear one. Where's the kid? And how did you find me?"

"I used the Eagle's claw. Jack's resting at Tasida's sanctuary. After Jack fell I saw you luring Sean closer to the explosives, so I carried him back into the tunnel we came from. When the room collapsed I made my way back to the sanctuary door. Sure enough, I found these two waiting for me."

"You know, we probably aren't going to get a reward. We don't have any proof Sean is dead."

Mary Jo smiled with a mischievous glint in her eye. "You don't think his severed right arm will be enough?"

"Well, I'll be damned." Caleb smiled.

"Come on. I want to be there when Jack wakes up." She turned away, but Caleb stood for a moment, still grinning. He had a feeling Jack would want to join them when they left town. It was a heck of a team he was putting together. They'd tackled werewolves and undead gunslingers. God only knew what was coming next.

"You coming?"

"Yeah. Let's go."

NEW RELICS

BAILEY'S HEART

Sean Bailey received a gift when he returned from the dead – a new heart. This uncut gem is approximately the size of a human fist and has the appearance of a brilliant, uncut diamond. Those who gaze deeply into the gem see the flames that killed Sean's brothers . . . or perhaps they are the fires of hell. Sean isn't saying.

Power: This item allows the owner to create phantom versions of himself, somewhat like the Image advantage (p. CI72). However, these illusions are able to act independently once created. The illusions cannot interact with the physical realm. Anyone attempting to identify the real person among the images must make an IQ-5 roll. An illusion that is successfully attacked vanishes.

Taint: After 1d weeks of use, the bearer of Bailey's Heart must make a Will roll daily; on a critical failure, he acquires the Murder Addiction disadvantage.

EAGLE'S CLAW

Eagles are powerful animals in American Indian belief. An Eagle's Claw talisman is made from a lodestone and the left claw of an ancient American eagle. These magical items are extremely rare, as the shaman creating the item must ask the spirit of the eagle to leave a part of its essence in the stone.

Power: The user concentrates on the location he wants to reach. On a successful Will roll, the talon of the claw points in the correct direction.

Taint: After a time, the bearer of Eagle's Claw becomes dependent on its guidance. After

each week it is used, roll 3d; on a roll of 18, the user acquires the Confused disadvantage when he is not using the Claw.

THE EYE OF RAVEN

The Raven, also known as the Trickster, appears in many American Indian tales. This relic is created by encasing the right eye of a large raven in glass and performing a complicated ritual.

Power: Holding this relic gives the bearer the ability to see through any illusion. It also confers the ability to see into the spectral realm.

Taint: After 1d weeks of use, the bearer of the Eye of Raven must make a Will roll daily; on a critical failure, he begins to see illusions everywhere, bestowing upon him the Paranoia disadvantage.

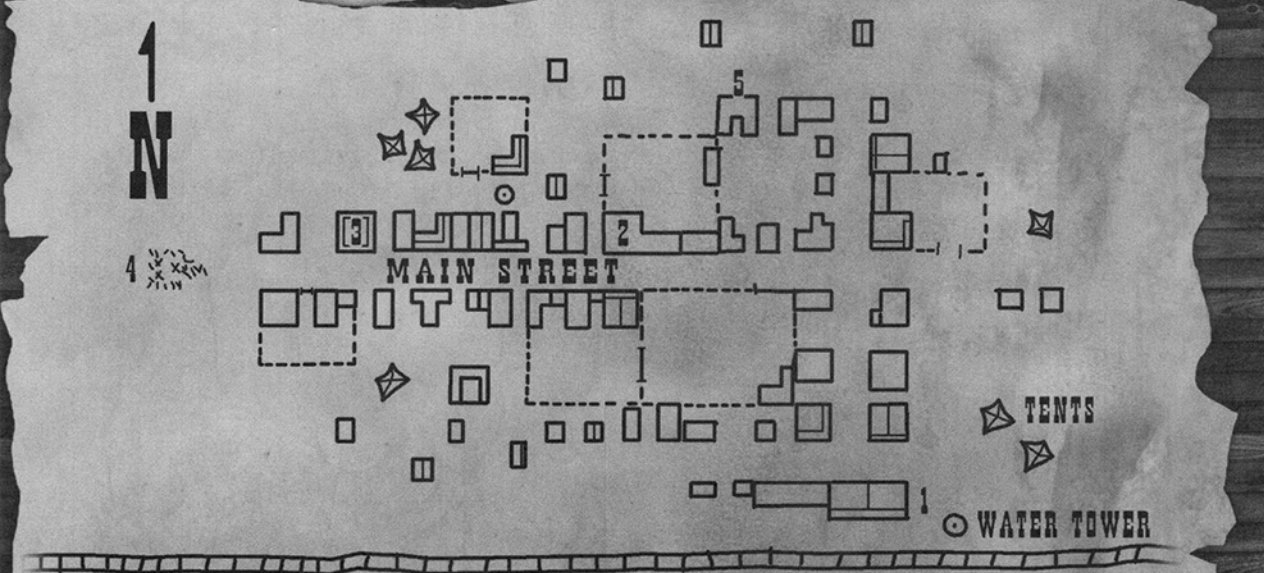
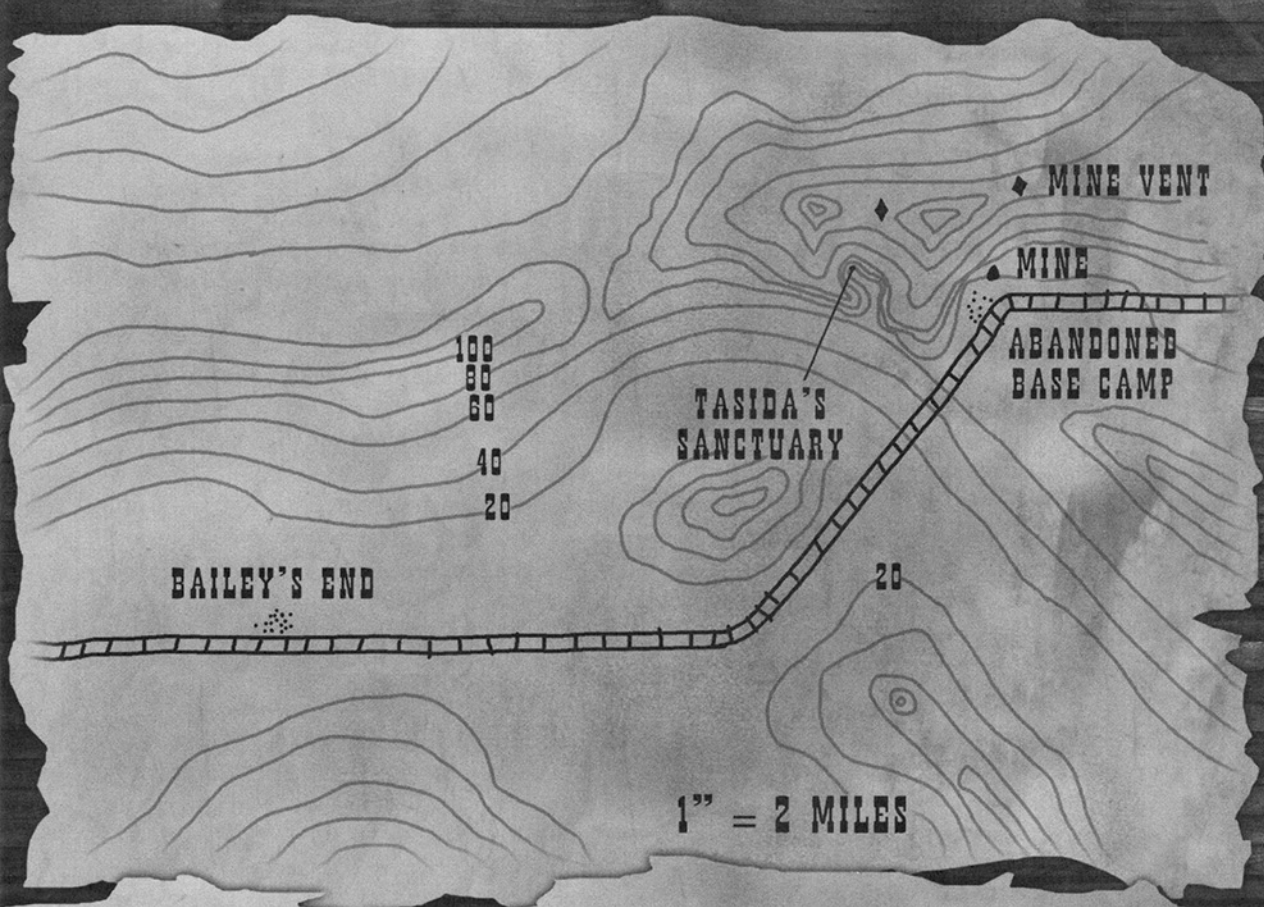
PANTHER FLASK

Panthers are deadly animals. These relics are made by soaking the bones of a panther in firewater and performing secret magic rituals. The marrow changes into a fluid that eats through any soft organic matter, generating immense heat in the process. The panther-bone flasks which contain the fluid are themselves immune.

Power: Upon contact, the liquid burns through soft organic material at the rate of 1 yard a round. After 1d turns the fluid loses efficacy. Any flammable material doused in the contents of a panther flask, or touched by something which has been doused in the fluid, is very likely to catch fire – only a roll of 17 or 18 on 3d prevents this.



BAILEY'S END & ENVIRONS



1. TRAIN STATION

2. GRADY'S INN

3. SHERIFF'S OFFICE/JAIL

4. RUINED CHURCH

5. COURTHOUSE

1" = 100'

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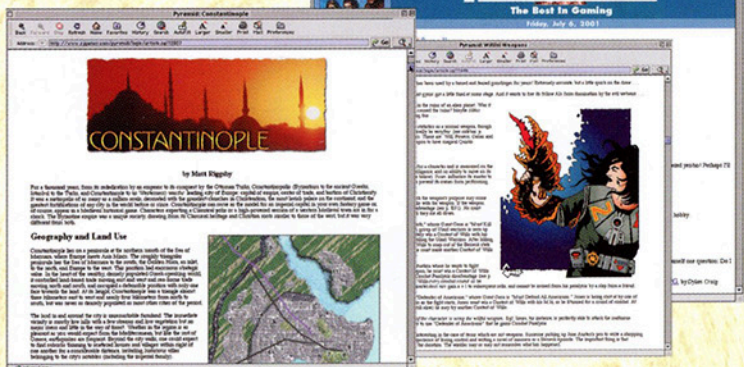
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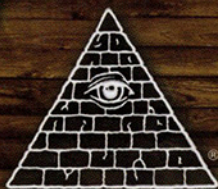
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