

LONE STARS

THE TEXAS RANGERS



DEAD LANDS

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Lone Stars: The Texas Rangers

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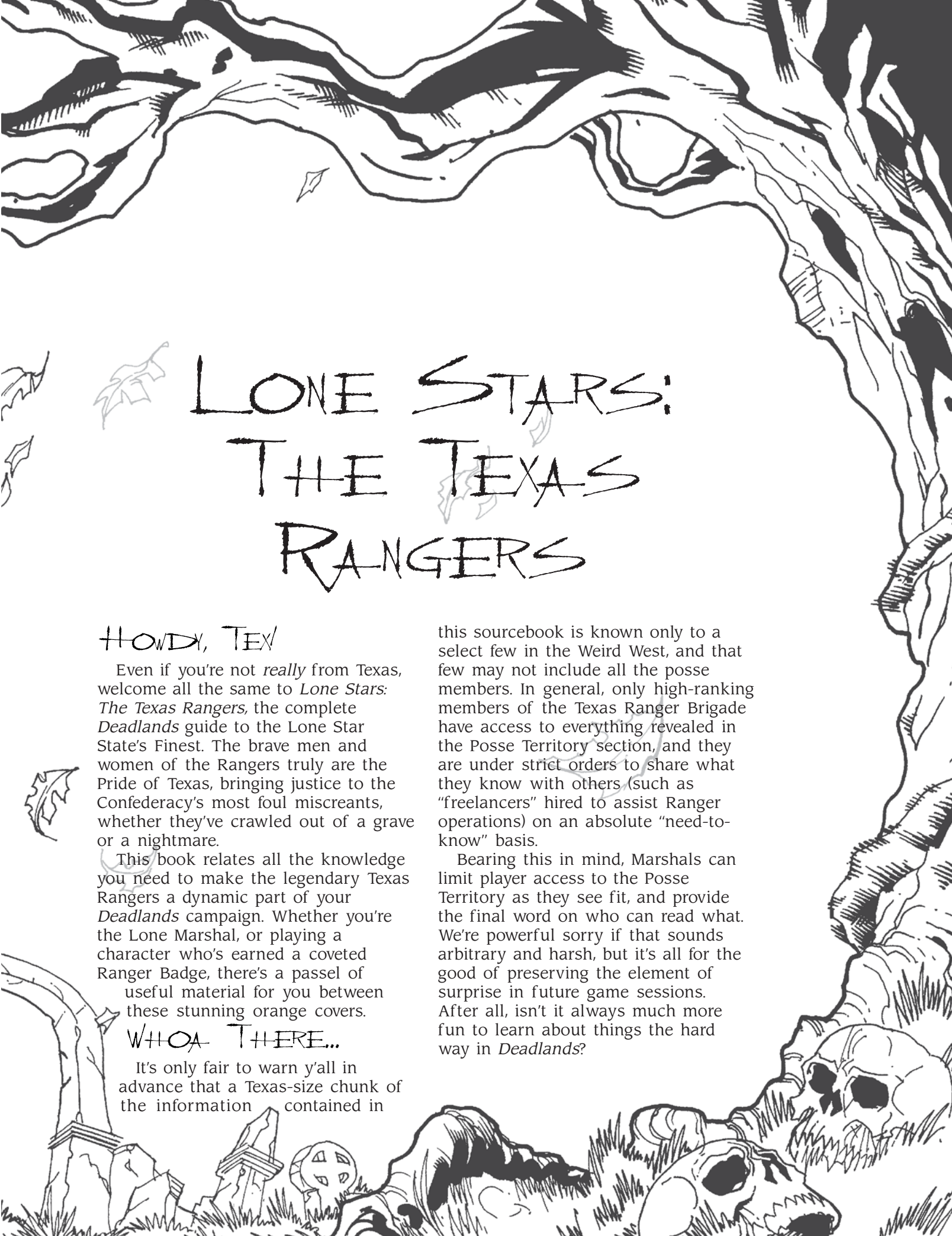
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LONE STARS: THE TEXAS RANGERS

HOWDY, TEX!

Even if you're not *really* from Texas, welcome all the same to *Lone Stars: The Texas Rangers*, the complete *Deadlands* guide to the Lone Star State's Finest. The brave men and women of the Rangers truly are the Pride of Texas, bringing justice to the Confederacy's most foul miscreants, whether they've crawled out of a grave or a nightmare.

This book relates all the knowledge you need to make the legendary Texas Rangers a dynamic part of your *Deadlands* campaign. Whether you're the Lone Marshal, or playing a character who's earned a coveted Ranger Badge, there's a passel of useful material for you between these stunning orange covers.

WHOA THERE...

It's only fair to warn y'all in advance that a Texas-size chunk of the information contained in

this sourcebook is known only to a select few in the Weird West, and that few may not include all the posse members. In general, only high-ranking members of the Texas Ranger Brigade have access to everything revealed in the Posse Territory section, and they are under strict orders to share what they know with others (such as "freelancers" hired to assist Ranger operations) on an absolute "need-to-know" basis.

Bearing this in mind, Marshals can limit player access to the Posse Territory as they see fit, and provide the final word on who can read what. We're powerful sorry if that sounds arbitrary and harsh, but it's all for the good of preserving the element of surprise in future game sessions. After all, isn't it always much more fun to learn about things the hard way in *Deadlands*?

Hittin' the Books

Dixieland has undergone some major shake-ups in *Deadlands*, many of which are referred to in this sourcebook. If you want the full story surrounding these dramatic events, check out the adventure *Dead Presidents*.

If you want more details on the locations mentioned in *Lone Stars*, you're likely to find them in *River o' Blood* and *Back East: The South*. Together, these books describe the entire Confederacy east of the Mississippi River, and contain no shortage of challenges for Ranger characters.

City o' Gloom and *Doomtown or Bust!* detail the goings-on in some of the Disputed Lands, and cover the Mormon state of Deseret and the town of Gomorra, respectively. If California as a whole (or what's left of it) is of more interest to you, then look no further than *The Great Maze*.

Your Friendly Local Game Store should have all of these worthy tomes, or you can order them direct from PEG's Weird Website at WWW.PEGINC.COM.

and groups deemed threats to the Confederacy. This section's as complete as can be, but its accuracy is sometimes open to question.

As a Marshal, letting your Ranger characters read the bible is a great way to get the posse up to speed on some of the why's and how's of *Deadlands*. Most everything the Rangers know is contained in their bible's pages, so this section is an excellent yardstick for determining just how much any given Ranger might be aware of. Of course, the Marshal can still smarten up or stupefy such characters as the needs of their current game session dictate.

No Man's Land contains expanded game information for creating and running Ranger characters, including some nifty new Ranger gear. There's also a couple of new Aptitudes to make even the most capable of characters still more so.

One thing Rangers are especially good at is settling things with their fists, and by using the new Brawlin' Maneuvers in this book, your characters are assured to be the last ones standing after a barroom melee (especially if they don't mind fightin' dirty). Non-Ranger characters can use these maneuvers as well, so all the players may gander at this particular section if the Marshal allows.

Next are some goodies for people who want their Rangers to have *arcane backgrounds*; namely, rules for creating and playing supernaturally enhanced gunfighters known as "shootists." The Marshal should keep this section under wraps for all but those interested in playing such characters.

For the Marshal, there are guidelines for handling the various perks of *rank*, as well as how a character gets promoted. Best of all, everything in this sourcebook is "dual-statted", so whether you're using the D20 System or the original *Deadlands* rules, we've got you covered, partners.

The Marshal's Handbook holds all the truths the posse cannot know—at least, not yet, anyway. Some are things the Confederate Government is not ready to tell even its most trusted law-enforcers, while others are just too awful for anyone other than the Marshal to digest.

USIN' THIS BOOK

Posse Territory is formatted as the current Special Edition of *Fugitives from Justice in the Confederacy* (better-known as the "Ranger's Bible"), the ultra-rare, tell-all version only top-ranking officers get a copy of. It contains pertinent background information on the Texas Ranger Brigade, including their history, organization, methods and goals, and an overview of current Ranger operations, both in the Confederate States & Territories as well as the Disputed Lands.

The Bible is intended to serve as a "survival guide" for Rangers in the field, and to that end it contains a listing of the known facts (and some informed speculation) on all the abominations

**Fugitives From Justice
in the Confederacy**

*Currently Sought by the Duly
Deputized Men and Women of the
Texas Ranger Brigade*

1878 Special Edition

Fugitives From Justice, 1878 Ed.

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Wearing The Lone Star Badge

*By the Honorable General William H. King,
Adjutant of the State of Texas*

To the Men and Women of the Texas Ranger Brigade

Congratulations, I'm sorry.

Sound like I'm talking to you in riddles? Don't let that bother you, Ranger, it'll all make sense soon enough. You see, compadre, you have taken on part of the heaviest load anyone has had to shoulder since Jesus picked up His cross. Don't take me wrong, here; there ain't no greater honor than toting a burden for your fellow man, and I don't doubt you will do your share in the best tradition of the Texas Rangers.

That's the glory of being a Ranger. It's what we call "the easy part".

The hard part is the knowing. By that, I mean knowing what folks (most of 'em, at least) weren't meant to. You're about to see things that put the Devil's own nightmares to shame. Even worse, you're about to touch 'em and smell 'em, too. Then comes the worst part of all: you have to find a way to live with it afterwards.

Like I said, congratulations. I'm sorry.

To the Junior Officers, NCOs, and Enlisted Ranks

If you are a Ranger below the rank of Major, then you are authorized to read only those portions of this manual specifically designated by a superior officer, and only while in their immediate presence. Were I in your shoes, I'd be hesitant to study even that much of it, but if you're the curious type (and disregard what that does for pussycats), don't fret over it. Prove yourself as a Ranger, convince me you are truly among the elite of the elite, and you'll get your very own copy of this here book soon enough. Heck, I'll even autograph it for you if you ask me real nice.

To All Other Parties

I'm scratching out these words for my brethren (and sisters—can't quite get used to writing *that*) Rangers, and that's why I'm making no effort to write all formal-like. This book is for the Brigade, not some mealy-mouthed Richmond politician. If you're not a Ranger, I'm gonna offer you some free advice: Get your dang nose out of this book. Pronto.

Otherwise, one of my brethren or sisters (maybe I *am* getting the hang of it, after all) are gonna tear that nose clean off your face and ram it right straight up your corn-hole. Heck, it might even be me, doing the job in person. I'll be more than happy to kick your tuckus so hard you'll be wearing it for a hat.

Do the right thing and return this book to the nearest Confederate Government office, or better yet, throw it into a campfire and don't even watch it burn. With God as my witness, throwing yourself into those flames hurts a whole lot less than what we're going to do to you when we catch you with it. And the pain'll be over a heckuva lot sooner, too.

Got buffalo chips in your ears (maybe between 'em, too)? Then let me make this as clear as the Texas sky: when we find out you got this manual, the parts of your body we don't break will be sent to a prison located in a place the Devil himself is afraid to go. Or you might just get a look at your own brains as a 12-gauge pushes 'em clean out of your skull. It all kinda depends on whether my lucky Silver Dollar comes up "heads" or "tails", really.

Don't say you weren't warned, goomer.

Contents of this Manual

We start off with a little history on our proud organization, just so I know you appreciate all the good works done by Those Who Have Gone Before. You might learn something from 'em you can pass on to your subordinates, too. If not, I suspect they won't last the time it takes you to turn this page, once they get out into the field. This is also the part where it is my sad duty to tell you all about just what's been happening to our Great State (and nation) during the last fifteen years, and no, I'm not

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just talking about what the War has done to it, either.

Then we get to the organization of the Texas Ranger Brigade itself. You've probably started to get to know the men and women in your Regiment already, but this section takes you all the way up the chain of command. I should know all about that, because at the end of that chain is me.

Next I give you the details on just who you and your subordinates can boss around, and when. Of course, y'all's fists give you that power over pretty much anyone, but I'm talking about who y'all can order around by virtue of that Lone Star Badge you're wearing.

If you haven't been already, you're going to be doing some traveling as part of your duties, and most times you literally do not know where you're gonna wind up next. Therefore, you get a quick picture of what the Brigade is currently up to and where in the next section following. I have tried to make this part as up-to-date as possible, but writing books being what it is, I can make no promises that any given situation has not completely changed itself by the time you tie up your horse in a particular town.

Lastly, this manual (a Church-going man like me can't call it the "Ranger's Bible" and not feel like I'm blaspheming, but plenty of other Rangers got no problem with doing so) provides a run-down of the worst monsters threatening our Confederacy. The fact the dang Yankees don't top this list should give you some idea of the kind of things I'm talking about here. You didn't really think they'd call in the Texas Rangers to handle anything less, now didja?

Don't despair as you read that part, compadre. It also includes a list of the best ways we know of dealing with those more *unusual* problems liable to crop up as you do your job. Yes, it's the "Chapter 13" you've probably already heard about. Honestly, some methods mentioned there work a dang sight better than others, but as they say, forewarned is forearmed.

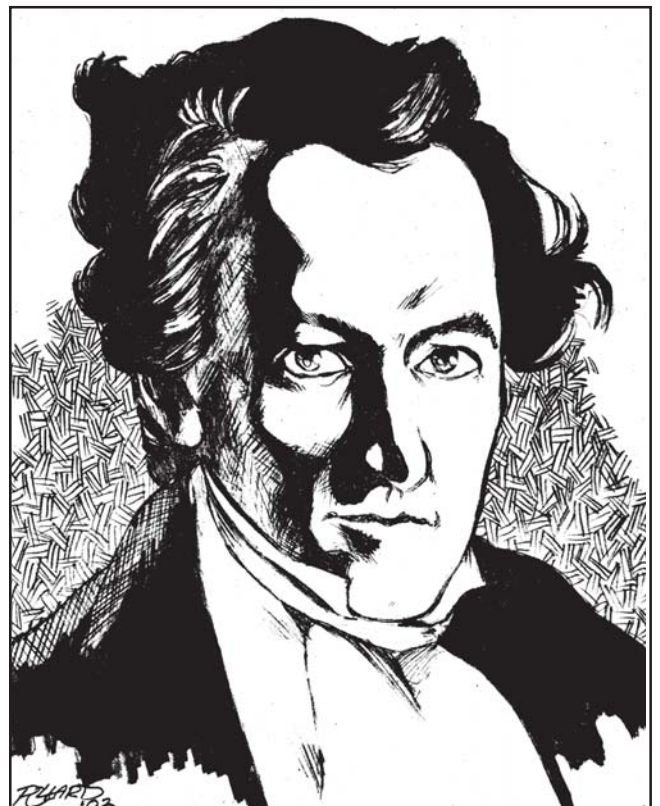
And no one—I mean **NO ONE**—is better armed than a Texas Ranger.

Legend of the Rangers

The Rangers have been around almost as long as Texas itself, dating all the way back to 1823. That was two years after the Father of Texas himself, Stephen F. Austin, first got permission to bring American and European settlers into the Mexican Territory of Tejas y Coahuila.

Tejas's wide-open plains were home to a lot of hostile Indian tribes (Comanche, Karankawa, Waco, Tehuacani and Tonkawa—just to name a few of 'em), and Austin paid out his own dinero to organize two "ranging companies" to defend the settlers. These men became the very first Texas Rangers.

We rightly honor all of them, but none more than the one who gave us our start. Stephen F. Austin unselfishly gave everything he ever had—his time, his money, and most of his forty-three years—here on Earth to make Texas what it is today. It is his example the Rangers have always followed, and now more than ever, you are expected to follow that tradition.



Our founder, Stephen F. Austin

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The Lone Star Republic

Maybe the only thing Austin ever failed at was keeping the peace between the Tejas settlers and Mexico. Those first Texans had turned what had been miles of sand, cactus, and rattlers into the richest part of Mexico, for which the Mexican government (if you could rightly call it that) repaid 'em in abuse and scorn.

By 1834, wide-awake folks knew that Mexico and the Tejas settlers were going to tussle, and soon, after Santa Anna named himself "Dictator of Mexico" and imprisoned Stephen Austin (who had come to Mexico City to talk matters over peaceably) for nearly two years. The settlers then elected a Permanent Council to lead the coming Revolution, and one of the Council's first acts was to organize three Ranger Companies to guard the frontier.

Most folks outside Texas assumed Mexico would win any fight with us—especially after the Alamo's fall and the Goliad massacre, but they just made us Texans mad and gave us our battle cry. I've always thought the Ranger Companies made the difference in the War for Independence, but either way, the Mexicans never really stood a chance against a bunch of riled-up Texans. In 1836, Santa Anna grudgingly recognized Texas as a free and independent country.

One Riot, One Ranger

As more and more of the Republic of Texas became settled land, the Rangers' responsibilities grew right along with it. Even though the Comanches were on their way to being cleared completely out of the country, there were more than enough bushwhackers, horn-swogglers, Mexican bandits and horse thieves to busy the Rangers, so we became less of a militia and more of a pack of law dogs.

These were the days when justice in Texas came from the barrel of a Ranger's gun, and when we earned our eternal reputation for bringing law and order, no matter what the odds. "One riot, one Ranger", as the saying still goes.

I'll let you in on the secret of our success: we copied Indian ways when it came to riding,

tracking, and surviving in the wild. Indians were without a doubt the toughest folks the Rangers ever fought alongside or tussled with, and to fight against the Comanche (as well as the bloodthirsty outlaws we'd started hunting) successfully, we had to be as good, if not better, than they were.

As the legendary Ranger John Ford summed it all up, "Texas Rangers can ride like a Mexican, trail like an Indian, shoot like a Tennessean, and fight like a devil." I admit that's a tall order for most folks, but that's exactly what we expect out of all Rangers.

War with Mexico, One More Time

By the time the Mexicans came looking for another tuckus-kicking in 1846, Texas had joined up with the United States a year earlier. That meant we'd have some more help on our side during this second go-around.

The Rangers crossed the Rio Grande as part of the U.S. Army under command of General Zachary Taylor (Ol' Jeff Davis' father-in-law; small world, ain't it?), and proved themselves to be the best scouting, tracking and fighting men in the entire outfit. Not that I was much surprised by that myself, but newspaper stories about the Rangers' accomplishments caused a sensation throughout the country. In short, we was famous.

Cortina's War

A reasonable man might guess that after two honest-to-Old Pete wars, all the fussin' and fightin' between Mexicans and Texans would've gotten settled. In this case, a reasonable man would also be wrong, as the so-called "Cortina's War" showed.

Back in 1859, a hombre by the name of Juan Cortina took offense to one of his amigos getting pistol-whipped by a gringo sheriff, and in retaliation led an armed band across the Rio Grande, and took over the city of Brownsville. Cortina set up a "Republic of the Rio Grande," and fought off the first tries by Texas and Mexico at reigning him in.

Once they'd rallied and got reinforced, armed Texans marched back into Brownsville, following the lead of John S. "R.I.P." Ford, one of

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the best and toughest men ever to command the Rangers.

After tussling with the Mexican invaders, the Rangers managed to round up purt-near Cortina's entire band, and what "R.I.P." Ford's men did to 'em is too much for even me to repeat in detail. It's well enough just to say that what the Rangers did was meant to teach the Mexicans a lesson they'd not soon forget, and in that they succeeded in spades.

Mexicans (especially ones near the border) still whisper stories of the wrath Ford carried out back then, and they call all us Rangers "*Los Tejanos Sangrientos*" ("The Bloody Texans") to this very day because of it. That's worth keeping in mind if you ever find yourself dealing with anyone from South of the Border, so you won't wonder why they either wet themselves at the very sight of a Lone Star Badge, or try to cut your throat without saying "please" first.

Of course, as bloody as that bad day at Brownsville was, it all just seems like child's play now. I guess that shows how much 18 straight years of war can change your perspective.

The War

I'm sure y'all know about what came to pass between the South and North back in 1861, when the time for the War to Curb Yankee Arrogance finally came. If you somehow don't know what I'm talking about, you better get yourself a good history book (one written in Texas) and commence to reading it side by side with this manual.

After the War broke out, Texas naturally contributed more of her share of men to the Confederate Cause, and among 'em were most of the Rangers. Some undersized detachments were left on the Texas frontier to guard against Indian attack, but most of our numbers were shipped Back East. Given our unmatched skill in the saddle, it's no surprise that Rangers deployed as cavalry or mounted infantry during the early years of the War, and the Rangers sent to Virginia served as such in General Robert E. Lee's Army of Northern Virginia.



One riot, one Ranger.

Gettysburg

By the middle of 1863, General Lee (God rest his soul) and his men were just about plum tuckered out from two whole years' worth of whipping Yankees, so he aimed to take the fight onto Union soil and give the Federals a last, good tuckus-kicking—one that would make 'em quit the War for good. Lee and his infantry finally caught up to the running-scared bluebellies at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, and the biggest battle ever fought (in America, anyway) commenced.

Unfortunately for Lee, his cavalry commander General "Jeb" Stuart had taken his troopers off on a raid to liberate some much-needed supplies from Yankee hands, and missed the first two days of the engagement. So without any Rangers to send into the battle, Lee had been fought to a draw. The matter was going to be settled on the third day, and by the Grace of God, the Texas Rangers would be there.

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End of the World as Y'all Know It

Lee's plan for July 3, 1863 proved he was, as always, craftier than a fox: General George Pickett and his Virginia boys would charge the bluebellies head-on, while Stuart and the Rangers rode around and hit the Federals from behind, leaving the Yankees nowhere to run but Perdition. Unfortunately, a couple of things no one could have foreseen happened.

First, the Yankee cavalry borrowed some *cajones* from somebody, and actually stood and fought Stuart before he could get to the Federal rear. Maybe it was that long-haired jackass General George Custer that gave the Union side some gumption—he never does know when he's whipped.

The second thing we didn't notice until after Stuart's cavalry had rode back to the Confederate lines. Naturally, Texas Rangers had come out of a scrap with Yankee boys pretty much unharmed, but Pickett's men had not been so blessed. Everyone expected the bluebellies would take advantage of Lee's

apparent weakness and attack, and being in good shape (compared to the rest of the Confederate troops), the Texas Rangers were in the forefront of the Southern soldiers preparing to greet the Federals when they arrived.

The Rangers wound up in a fight, all right—the fight of their lives, in fact—but it wasn't with the Yankees. For some reason known but to God, the dead rose again, and they brung Perdition with 'em. The world ain't been right since.

Monsters, Spooks & Ghosties

Quit re-reading that last paragraph, already! You must've at least *suspected* that much, or else you wouldn't have got this manual in the first place. You're looking at this book because you've seen some terrible things you can't explain, and we figured you as having the guts not just to deal with it, but *do something about it!*

So yeah, nowadays the dead walk, riverboat gamblers consort with demons for magic powers, and all that stuff the Indians say about Great Spirits and the like is for real. Trust me, this is just the beginning, so if anyone's Texan blood is so thin that this little bit of news scares 'em, then let 'em run home to Momma, hide under his bed, and let us know what size diaper he'll be needing. There's Texas-size work to be done, and we got no room for sissies.

A New Calling

That 3rd night of July saw the Texas Rangers stare Perdition's Own right in the eye, and force 'em to back down. This gallant deed did not go unnoticed, and one man in particular (the greatest non-Texan who has ever lived, by my reckoning) was awestruck by the sights and sounds of their courageous stand. To be sure, walking corpses make a mark on purt-near anyone's memory, but what impressed this great gentleman more than anything was the fighting spirit of the Texas Rangers, which shone throughout that longest of nights. The gentleman I praise is of course none other than General Lee himself.

Lee was the first person South or North to realize that a change had come, and rightly



The Rangers take on more than just unruly hombres these days.

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figured the Rangers were best-suited to do something about it directly. From that dreadful night in Gettysburg onward, anytime word was received of “strange happenings” near the Confederate lines, Lee sent the Rangers to investigate and blow the instigators’ brains out.

By Order of General Lee

On February 6, 1865, General Lee was finally made General-in-Chief of all Confederate armies, and on that very same day issued General Order Number One, which gave the Texas Rangers (unified into one Brigade) sole responsibility for handling “any and all threats to the Confederate States of America, their citizens, and their property, deemed to be extraordinary in nature.” Most folks reckon that “extraordinary” part means big-name outlaws like John Wesley Hardin, and while that’s often true, you oughta know by now that’s just the half of it.

Apparently nought but good reached General Lee’s ears about my abilities, as he placed the Rangers under the command of the Texas State Adjutant (that’s me, compadre), just as they had been before the War. My new authority extended to all Rangers wherever they were, even across State lines—something that didn’t sit well with some folks. But paying no mind to ‘em, I was suddenly in the monster-hunting business, and I remain in General Lee’s eternal debt for the trust he showed in me back then.

The Early Days

We learned a lot in those first few years of killing monsters nationwide. Most of ‘em I mentioned a few paragraphs back: the dead were up and walking the Earth, and creatures from the scary stories we tell (or at least, used to tell) around the campfire were becoming Gospel truth. Either way, the answer to the problem seemed simple enough to me: shoot ‘em in the head, wash the mess off your boots, and drink a shot (or four) of tequila to take the edge off afterwards.

Time showed us things aren’t really that simple, and never let it be said a Ranger is not a fast learner. Not all the weird goings-on had evil intent behind ‘em, and a few of ‘em were done by folks that were more victims of the

weirdness than anything else. So, I changed the rules....

Shoot It or Recruit It

By the spring of 1866, all the dang Yankees were back on their side of the Mason-Dixon, nursing the aching backsides they got from General Lee and General Cleburne’s armies. The War was winding down a little as a result, and our job seemed to get a little easier, too (I’ll write more about the connection between those two events a little later). I used that siesta to write up some new guidelines for Ranger investigations.

The exact details come a little later in this manual, but the short version is that some supernatural things may (at the Ranger’s discretion) be offered a chance to join our Sacred Cause. If the beast in question is feeling contrary, then the tried-and-true method of sudden brain removal still works just fine, but for the folks who really are on the side of the angels—or those who sincerely want to switch over to their team—it’s a chance to avoid 12-gauge justice.

Bet you never guessed some of your fellow Rangers can change into a wolf. Or a bat. Or cast spells like a fairy-tale witch. Heck, some of my best men used to be dead, but got better. A *heckuva* lot better, in fact.

Fresh Fish

At this point in time, it was obvious to the folks who knew the whole truth about our mission (the President, General Lee, and the other top-ranking military officers) that we were really getting the job done. However, a couple of problems arose that changed the way we do business.

First of all, we had lost a lot of good men, and we couldn’t just start asking for new recruits, at least not in any truthful way. “Hey there, son! Want to join the Rangers and see corpses get up and eat people’s brains?”—yeah, *that’d* have ‘em lined up down the block. We were also bumfuzzled by the fact our true calling is supposed to be a secret. How were we supposed to find out who could be trusted with knowing it?

What we did was this: we gradually promoted

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all the current members of the Brigade (who were already well-aware of our monster-hunting duties) to officer or non-commissioned officer (NCO) grades, and opened up the Private-ranks to men from anywhere in the Confederate States and Territories. We made no distinction as to color or religion, either. Even if I had any bad feelings towards folks different than me (which I don't), our numbers were dwindling far too fast for me to turn away a worthy recruit for *any* reason.

States' Rights?

We began admitting non-Texans into our ranks out of pure ol' necessity, and I must say, for that reason, I had paid no mind to what the die-hard States' Rights folks would think. Even though our authority comes from the fact that we're part of the Confederate States Army, a lot of the States' Rights crowd never much cottoned to the fact our power is good across State lines.

When we started offering Southern men everywhere a rate of pay most States could never hope to match, that was the last straw for some of 'em (South Carolina, I'm looking right at you). So their Governors and Congressmen started to ask questions about what the Rangers might *really* be up to, needing all these new recruits for no good reason they knew of. Much as I hate to admit it, even I started to sweat a little then.

By that time, we had realized how very bad it would be for the average citizen to know about all the changes in the world since 1863. Even the Rangers couldn't hope to contain the panic that would come about if they did (As I shall tell you forthwith, panics are very, *VERY* bad, and for reasons beyond the obvious). Enter Ol' Jeff Davis, who decided to pull our pork & beans out of the campfire all by himself. Most days, I sincerely wish he'd just kept his big ol' Mississippi yap shut.

The "July Memorandum"

Back in those days, Ol' Jeff was a true friend to the Brigade (I suspect we have General Lee to thank for that), and when folks started to question our aims and the President's judgement, it got Davis' Irish up, to say the

least. He sat down and wrote his famous (infamous, more like) "July Memorandum," and crammed it plum-full of words he knew would make his doubters twice as mad as he was.

Some of what Davis wrote he later had to chow down on, likely with a big ol' slice of humble pie for dessert. For instance, in the original memorandum, the President declared us somehow independent from the military without so much as a "by your leave" from his Generals, but Lee himself soon talked him into forswearing that particular order. You can bet your last grayback there was no way Lee was ever going into a scrap without the Rangers under his direction!

One of the other lines Davis scratched out said we Rangers "could act as a national police force" for the Confederacy. Not naming any names (South Carolina), but in some States there is still smoke rising out of folks' ears twelve years later because of that downright foolish turn of phrase. Not all States felt that way, mind you (Virginians for one were downright tickled at the prospect of *somebody* clearing all the deserters and bushwhackers out of the Old Dominion), but to most of 'em a "national police force" was as popular as a polecat in Church.

Lee to the Rescue

After the President shot off his mouth and wounded nobody but the Rangers, General Lee set out to put things to right again. Instead of nailing a long-winded "memorandum" to everybody's front door, Lee let it be known, discretely, and to the right folks, that he highly valued the Rangers and preferred they be allowed to carry on their work without them being bothered. That was all Lee did, and that was all it took.

Despite a lot of pressure to the contrary, up to that point in time Lee had wisely steered clear of anything that smelled of politics, so whenever he spoke his piece on a matter, everyone in the Confederacy stood at attention and listened. So once the newspapers printed Lee's vote of support for us, the flames that were threatening to char-broil the Rangers' backsides were stamped out.

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To be sure, there are some folks here and there (South Carolina) who still put us somewhere between Ol' Scratch and William T. Sherman in terms of affection. However, for most people, the words of the South's greatest hero were enough to convince 'em we were—if not exactly performing the Lord's work—doing some good.

The Mood Is About to Change

Outside of the occasional Palmetto fire-eater breaking his cane over a Ranger's head, the Brigade had no troubles besides the problems we face because of peculiar mission at least until late 1871. That's when Ol' Jeff Davis gave us a deliberate Irish hoist instead of the good-intentioned harm he'd done us years before.

I know a lot of you are likely riled at my speaking ill of the dead, but it's Gospel that Davis was downright ornery towards the Rangers in his final years. Dang me if I know what set him off, but right after he buried his boy Billy, he promptly put his foot to our backside and moseyed us right on out of Richmond, or "the Capital District", as Davis renamed it. Whether it was called the Capital District or the Land o' Goshen, the bottom line was we Rangers no longer had any legal authority there.



Paying for Davis' Folly

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As a result, no member of the Brigade set foot (legally, anyhow) in Richmond until after half the city went up in flames last summer. Now I feel as powerful sorry as any other true Confederate that some bushwhacker murdered our President, but if you asked me, I'd tell you the thousands of dead in that city are all on Davis' head. Had Ol' Jeff not gotten so persnickety back in '71, there would've been Rangers in Richmond, and we'd have prevented that fire from starting in the first place.

Now, I suppose that's neither here nor there, but the bottom line is, for seven years, weirdness ran roughshod throughout our Capital, and that's a mess we're gonna be cleaning up for a long time to come. You'll read some of the details later in this manual, and then probably wish you hadn't.



Some Rangers wear petticoats as well.

Opening the Door for the Fairer Sex

Up until last year, the Brigade (being part of the Army and all) accepted male recruits only, with one exception made for a remarkable lady named Katie Karl (about whom I shall write more later). The reasons why the rules were bent for her are a tale for another time, but as time passed, the double-standard it caused started to bother me.

As remarkable as Katie is, there are many other members of the fairer sex who have what it takes to be a Ranger, and as of last year I have officially given 'em their opportunity to prove it. These ladies get the same pay and benefits (if you can rightly call 'em that) as male Rangers, and serve in the ranks right alongside their brethren.

I must say, as hopeful as I was about how well women would fare in the Brigade, our first group of recruits have left my highest expectations lying back in the West Texas dust. If there were any doubters, several ladies have

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already made officer, and a couple are at this moment reading this very manual, having taken to monster-slaying like fish to water.

Heck, it wouldn't surprise me if it's a lady *writing* some future edition of this manual. Not that I am in any way ready to hang up my spurs just yet, mind you.

The Trail Ahead

No sooner did I start to get used to having lady Rangers around than the Confederacy's President is shot dead, half its capital gets blowed up, and the War finally begins to look like it might be coming to a final end. For that last bit, we owe thanks to our new Acting President, Eric Michele (My Rangers from down Louisiana-way tell me you say that like "Michael").

If this armistice holds, or else turns into a real peace between South and North, then our job is going to get a lot easier. With men and resources no longer needed to whip Yankees, we can bring that force down on all the spooks and ghosts haunting the Confederacy, and put 'em back in their graves for good.

There should be a lot fewer of 'em needing killing, too. We learned a while back most of these supernatural things show up on or near battlefields, and we have a pretty good guess as to why that is. If we've guessed right, we'll have twice the people and materiel as now, and only need 'em to do half the job.

Of course, we may be back to business as usual by the time this manual gets to you. If that's the way the chips fall, it's just gonna make the job of clearing the ungodly things off our land take a little while longer, that's all: Monsters first, Yankees second, and with the Rangers leading the way in both scraps.

Welcome to your share of that fight, Ranger. I know you'll do the Brigade and that Lone Star Badge proud.

The Authority Vested in Us

Now that the history lesson's done, it's time we take a look at what the law says you can and can't do as a Ranger. What you *should* and *shouldn't* do is a few more pages ahead.

Like most things these days, the exact sources of a Ranger's legal powers are a might complicated, and would undoubtedly stupefy most folks. I'm no shyster, but I'll do my best to explain this legal malarkey as best I can.

Law Dogs

First of all, within the State of Texas, Rangers are duly deputized agents of the law. They can carry guns and knives, deputize a posse, commandeer property, make arrests, throw banditos in the hoosegow, and even shoot the lawbreaking sonuvaguns dead—provided they *needed* killing, of course.

Since our jurisdiction covers all Texas, all other sheriffs and town marshals in the Lone Star State are expected to give us their "full cooperation and assistance" while we carry out our duties. We can ask 'em (or order 'em, if need be) to help round up wanted outlaws in their town, perform criminal investigations, or find us places to tie up our horses and bed down for the night.

Normally, asking is all it takes. All Texas lawmen know of the Rangers, and are usually raring to help us based on our reputation alone. Very few of 'em are unhappy to see us in their town, as most law dogs have their hands full, and we represent much-needed assistance.

While both honor and plain ol' everyday rightness might say to the contrary, we aren't under any legal obligation to assist a local lawman who asks *us* for help. As I said above, our jurisdiction is more important than any sheriff's or town marshal's, and finishing your work should always come before theirs. In other words, let *them* worry about the rummies and whores while *you* take care of staking the vampires.

You Been Drafted

In addition to being a full-fledged Lone Star law dog, Rangers are also members of the State Militia, under the command of the Texas State Adjutant (again, that's me). Like other State Militia units, our Governor offered our services for the duration of the War to the Confederate Army, which gladly accepted us. So in addition to everything I mentioned above, you are a

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Southern soldier, representing the great State of Texas.

The good part of this is that it allows you to go into areas under military control, where civilians (even lawmen) aren't normally allowed, like battlefields. The downside is your rank, which means you have to obey any and all goomers with more stripes, bars, or stars than you, regardless of how much of an ignoramus they might be.

Sure, you do get to order around folks of a lower rank, but that's usually not much help while doing your monster-hunting duty. You see, a lot of the men you outrank aren't ready to know all about that part of the Rangers' job yet, and unless it's a real crisis, you have to make sure they stay ignorant. Also, don't forget that Rangers of *any* rank are usually busy on their own assignments, instead of waiting around at your beck and call.

So more often than not, you're doing the creature-killings all by your lonesome. "One riot, one Ranger", don't you remember?

Power...

Ultimately, all our boys in gray are obliged to protect the lives and property of Confederate citizens, but Lee's General Order Number One places that duty a lot more squarely on the Rangers' broad shoulders. The wording of that order seems to limit us to just the "extraordinary" threats, but Lee (crafty as a fox, he was) knew full well that "extraordinary" is a real flexible word. In short, a threat is "extraordinary" if we say it is.

As I mentioned before, General-in-Chief Lee's order crosses all state and territorial boundaries, giving us the freedom to move and work all over the Confederacy. Better still, it allows us to do so with the full might of the Confederate Army behind us.

A lot of you old-timers may still be saying, "except for in Richmond," but that's no longer the case. Not long after he put his hand on the Book and said, "I do," Acting President Michele ordered the Rangers back into the Capital District to help with the Texas-size clean-up job there. So at least as long as the mess in Richmond remains, so will the Rangers.

One edge we get from not being official lawmen anywhere but Texas is that we've got a free hand to act "in the name of the Confederacy" in places outside the Lone Star State. In fact, not having to worry about nuisances like trials and lawyers when we're not in Texas makes our job a lot easier. Werewolves and the like have a real bad tendency to maul folks in the courtroom and getting held in contempt of court, anyhow.

...and Responsibility

So you can go anywhere in the Confederacy, declare any local goings-on or rabble-rousers to be "extraordinary" threats and deal with 'em however you please, just as long as you pay at least a little heed to "constitutional rights" while you're in the Lone Star State. That's pretty much the bottom line, but there is a trick to knowing how to use all the stroke you've been given wisely.

I know from experience that talking up that "national police force" hogwash of Davis' gets a lot of cooperation out of some types, like those mealy-mouthed politicians in Richmond. (Trust me, I used to do it all the time to ol' Blaine Howard back when he was Attorney General.) However, any such talk is just gonna get you into a duel or worse in Charleston and all other points in the Palmetto State.

The other downside of the "national lawman" approach comes when you're in some flea-footprint-sized border-town like South Boston, Virginia (don't ever ask me what we were investigating there), and every goomer who's had a horse stolen off to North Carolina expects you to run down to the Tarheel State and fetch it back for him.

Now I'm all for helping folks in need, but Rangers just don't have that kind of time to spare, at least not usually. Keep this in mind before you try this approach. If you're off getting a pussycat down from a tree while a zombie's eating the mayor's brains, your rear and my boot are gonna have a meeting.

Therefore, in most times and in most places, it's best just to tell the folks you're dealing with the truth (or a piece of it, anyway), and let 'em know you're there to take care of some Army business, just like General Lee asked us to do.

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Our Band marches to a very different drummer.

You'll see then that, even in Heaven, Lee's still looking out for the Rangers.

Reorganizing the Brigade

Half-way through 1876, while most folks were worrying over who their next President was gonna be, I was busy trying to make more sense out of the way the Rangers are organized. Recruiting was going well that year, thanks to all the bloody-shirt waving the mealy-mouthed politicians were doing in their campaigns. Even back then, I had made up my mind to let ladies join the Rangers as soon as the elections were over (and I knew exactly whom I'd have to sell the idea to), and wanted the Brigade to be ready for those reinforcements when they arrived.

My plan wasn't officially approved until Acting President Michele got a look at it, but since I cared even less about what Ol' Jeff Davis thought than he did for the Rangers, I had went ahead and put it into action anyway right after the ink dried on the paper. So what follows has

been our arrangement for about the past two years now.

When we're at full strength (which never truly happens), the Ranger Brigade numbers about 3,000 men and women. They're evenly divided into three Regiments: the Eastern, Western, and Trans-Mississippi. Each Regiment is staffed by a colonel, a lieutenant colonel, a major, an adjutant and a quartermaster (both of the latter have a lieutenant's rank). In addition, there's a surgeon, an assistant surgeon, a sergeant major, a quartermaster sergeant, a commissary sergeant, a hospital steward, two "musicians" and a Regimental "band".

A Regiment is made up of ten Companies, which are lettered "A" through "J". A complete Company has one captain, one 1st lieutenant, one 2nd lieutenant, one 1st sergeant, four sergeants, eight corporals, two "musicians," one waggoner and eighty-two privates. All these Rangers are almost never in one place together, being sent out in different-size detachments wherever they're needed instead.

Jine "the Band"

You might be wondering about the "band" and "musicians" mentioned above. Let me tell you, these folks are *definitely* not on our payroll just to whistle "Dixie".

I mentioned before how the Rangers sometimes accept people and things with a supernatural taint about 'em, and instead of trying to fit 'em into the normal chain of command (what rank would I give a dang *vampire*, anyhow?), I assign 'em either to a Regimental band or as Company musicians. Weird as that might sound, it does provide the more unusual Rangers with a cover, and us officers with a ready-made code for when we need some special help in our work.

You can probably guess what it means, for instance, when a Ranger asks for some "musical accompaniment" on his next mission, and it doesn't take a General Lee to figure out a request for a full-on "band concert" is real bad news. On the other hand, finding out a compadre who was believed dead has instead "taken up an instrument" is cause for celebration, at least for us. Your newly Harrowed friend might feel otherwise about having his dirt-nap interrupted, though.

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The Chaplain Corps

A big part of my whole reorganizing scheme was to come up with ways for the Chaplain Corps to work more closely with us Rangers. I figgered if you can't have the actual Hand of God here helping you, the folks who've proved they are in good with the Almighty are the next best thing. So never guessing that I'd actually get my way on this, I asked for the Corps to be put under my direct command, and then soon after forgot all about my request (Jeff Davis' depositing my reorganization plan in his outhouse had a lot to do with causing my memory loss).

In the couple of years following, I did what I could to build bridges with the folks in the Corps, and not only were they glad to help us out, they felt much obliged to us for the assistance I offered them in return. Still, even after all that, you can imagine my surprise when I got the orders from Richmond telling me Acting President Michele had approved my request, and the Chaplain Corps was now part of my command.

A Short History of God's Corps

With that, I guess I need to fill at least some of you in on what the Corps is and what it's all about. Back in 1863, Leonidas Polk was an Army General and the Episcopalian Bishop of Louisiana, which just might be the strangest pair of careers anyone has ever had. As part of the first job, he was smack dab in the middle of the Battle of Chickamauga, and there got to see firsthand something the Bible had prophesied: the dead arising and walking again.

Gen. Polk also got to bear witness to the frightened soldiers and chaplains who, staring at monsters from Perdition itself, prayed for miracles to save them, and actually got 'em. This all convinced him that from here on out, Bishop Polk was gonna be able to do more good than General Polk, so after Chickamauga he gave up his field command to concentrate on organizing all those people the Lord had chosen to bless into a Chaplain Corps, which would serve the Confederate Armies in the field.

Polk had just gotten the Corps up and running when a Yankee artillery shell killed

him dead on June 14, 1864, during Gen. Joe Johnston's retreat from Chattanooga. However, the Corps carried on despite the loss, earning the respect and trust of purt-near everyone who ever saw them in action. In fact, they got the sincerest compliment of all when the dang Yankees slapped together their own rendition of the Chaplain Corps not long after.

The Corps Today

My daddy always told me if something ain't broke, you don't try to fix it, so I haven't done anything to get in the way of the real outstanding job the Corps was already doing. With just a few exceptions, the Corps' small-but-dedicated membership is where it's always been, doing what the soldiers and officers in their flocks have always counted on 'em to do. The only thing that's really changed is the occasional order they get from me, and to most of 'em all that means is a different John Hancock at the bottom of the paper.

The bottom line for you, compadre, is that if you *literally* find yourself in need of some Divine Intervention, just telegraph headquarters and we'll try to get some right out to you, pronto. You can rest easy knowing there ain't nothing can stand up to the Almighty and a Texas Ranger working together.

The Where's, Who's, and What's

Since we Rangers went nationwide, I've tried to spend as much time as I can looking at our fieldwork firsthand. I've been from Manassas to Sacramento and all points in-between, and since not many other Rangers can rightly say that, I guess it's up to me to tell you what all's going on and where.

I can't possibly write down what every single one of the three thousand Rangers has been assigned to do, so what I'm going to do instead is tell you where our larger headquarters are located (in case you ever need to holler at 'em), who's in charge of 'em, and what their current major operations are. I've got my opinions about these people and the jobs they're doing, and since I'm in charge I'm not gonna leave those opinions out of this manual if I feel like it.

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Don't fret about it, compadres—I ain't gonna gossip none. Heck, I hand-picked all the folks I mention in here. Do you really think I'm gonna write anything bad about people I put in charge myself?

The Eastern Regiment

The Rangers furthest from the Lone Star State (God bless their hearts) are those sent to be part of the Eastern Regiment. They are responsible for dealing with the weirdness in Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina—everything east of the Appalachians, more or less. The Carolinians would like it a little closer to their soil, but this Regiment's headquarters is located in Manassas, Virginia. It's not that we have it in for the Tar Heels and Palmettos, but it's always been the fighting in Virginia that's kept us the busiest.

Typically, six of the Regiment's ten companies are stationed in the Old Dominion. In the past, all of 'em would be in or near the trenches of Northern Virginia, but after Acting

President Michele declared an armistice this summer, these units were sent to Richmond to deal with the flaming mess down there. Three more companies deal with any trouble in North Carolina, and are usually stationed individually around Raleigh, Wilmington and Charlotte.

The Regiment's remaining Company keeps watch over all of South Carolina, and is based in Charleston (or closer to the mark, Charleston Harbor). If that sounds to you like too few troops for the job (even if they are Rangers), I more than agree with you, compadre, but truth be told, we'd risk a shoot-out with the Palmetto Militia if we tried to "garrison" the very cradle of "States' Rights" with any more of our "national police force" (dang, but I do hate that moniker).

Manassas, Virginia

Two major rail-lines (the Manassas Gap and Orange & Alexandria) cross here, and for the past 18 years that's been cause enough to fight six big battles in and around those parts. The Devil and the Almighty Himself have probably both lost count of the men who've been killed there, but however many thousands it's been, the local trains have loaded up enough corpses to earn Manassas the nickname "Dead Man's Junction."

You might wonder why the Rangers want to make camp on such ground. The plain truth is that we need to be real close to the action, and in Manassas you're always near enough to smell the gunpowder—not to mention the zombies a major battle leaves behind.

As you might rightly expect, it takes an uncommon man to take care of this amount of trouble, and Colonel "Crazy Wayne" Gowin is just that sort. I've never asked "Crazy Wayne" his age, but I have heard him call dirt "sonny." Regardless of that, there is no one on Earth I'd rather have in charge of the Eastern Regiment. No one's got more experience dealing with the supernatural, and everyone under his command would march into Perdition itself for him (which is exactly what's asked of 'em in Northern Virginia).



A Ranger saves another life during the treacherous burning of Richmond, VA.

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The Richmond Capital District

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Gowin and his men were busy gearing up for the Battle of Manassas, Chapter Seven when they heard about the armistice and the Richmond blaze, but he had 'em on a southbound train within a couple hours of the news coming off the telegraph line. I bet the sights they saw once they got to Richmond will stay inside their noggins forever, poor fellows.

I was told you could see the smoke clouds all the way from Norfolk, and hear the screams even at the train station. That Gowin and his men gutted it up after that is a true testament to their courage. As for why so many of 'em ran into burning buildings to try and help other folks get out alright...well, that's just what Rangers do.

The Richmond fire brigade proved they were as brave as any Ranger, and kept the blaze from spreading much farther than the area lit up by the explosion itself. Those firemen had gotten in a lot of practice putting out the flames started by the dang Yankees and their bombing air carriages back in '76, and it showed this time out. I can't say how much of the fire brigade met its Maker while saving the Executive Mansion, but I hope for his immortal soul's sake that President Michele appreciates each and every one of 'em.

Reclaiming the Capital

Now that the rest of the District is out of danger from the blaze itself, the Rangers have its consequences plus a seven-year backlog of weirdness to take care of there. Top of the list are the hundreds of "burnin' dead" still running around lose in the rubble of eastern Richmond (Yeah, that's just what we needed, *another* breed of zombie).

What little bit we do know about these kindling corpses is written down later in the manual, but for now let's just say they are a big ol' pain in our tuckuses, especially when it comes to our protecting the firemen as they put out what's left of the inferno (which seems to be ghost-rock fire). Until that job gets done, the people of Richmond are gonna stay scared, and I cannot stress enough, scared is *bad*.

Once that's done (and maybe before), our next doings are likely to be checking out the tales about the so-called "Nightwatchers." The way folks tell it, for years some pasty-looking fellows dressed like undertakers were spending their midnight hours in the Capital District's graveyards, making withdrawals instead of deposits, if you smell what I'm cooking. These grave-robbers would get our attention just for that sacrilege alone, but to make things more interesting, these "Nightwatchers" seem to have been in cahoots with Jeff Davis' killer, George Alexander. We got some reports that these little helpers of Alexander's might still be at large, and regardless of how I felt about Davis personally, if these goomers helped kill our President, they're going to pay, and then pay some more.



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Wilmington, North Carolina

The largest city in the Tarheel State earns a whole Company of Rangers not because it's a watering hole for demons (like some places), but simply because *any* amount of strangeness here is too much. Wilmington is a safe harbor for those ships and captains with the *cajones* to make a dash for Europe while flying the Southern Cross.

Now, no Southerner has starved since the Yankee navy were forced to give Europeans free passes into Confederate ports back in '65, but folks still count on Confederate ships to bring in things other than rifles and cannons. Back then, we used to call these brave and/or greedy men "blockade runners", but the folks who nowadays don't think of Federal interdiction much anymore just say they're carrying on the "phantom trade." Whatever you call it, it's our job to see that it continues without supernatural bothers.

The other reason we're in Wilmington is that it's a rough and tumble place, at least by Tarheel standards. To a Texan, it's just a touchy mixture of sailors on leave, too much whiskey, and too little sense. Surely nothing to make a Ranger run home to his Granny, but us being there sure seems to make the locals feel a whole lot safer. That's Job Number One for the Brigade, in case you forgot.

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Our man in Wilmington is Captain Thomas Lester, and a bigger tinhorn you will never meet. Just don't treat him like one, or you'll find out that despite his fancy duds and ten-dollar words, he's still Ranger-tough. Tom's also a book-learned man, and that's exactly what I need there.

You see, Wilmington is currently most agitated by tall tales of a thing hiding in the shadows of the city's streets, murdering some folks and making others deathly ill. It won't take much of that kinda talk to remind folks of the plagues that wiped out Vicksburg and Chattanooga all those years ago, so brains are needed every bit as much as fists while we try to find this plague-killer and nip it in the bud.

Raleigh, North Carolina

I spoke before of the headaches that come with cleaning up the supernatural mess a major battle leaves behind, but the tee-total, Texas-size noggin-pounder of 'em all is within a short ride of the Tarheel capital. We have had a whole Company of Rangers here for going on seven years and there's *still* weird goings-on over at the old Bentonville site.

If the scrap at Bentonville was anything special, none of those details ever made it into the Official Records. However, every night of the full moon the dead from that battle dig themselves outta the ground and commence to fight all over again. I cannot tell you how many times and ways we've killed these same corpses: shot 'em, burned 'em, beheaded 'em—you name it and it's been tried *at least* once.

Well, I've lost whatever patience I might have had and sent a new officer to take charge out there. Captain Bryant Durrell knows things no other Ranger does, having spent most of his life traveling all over God's Earth, mostly to places over in Asia I can't even spell. I know for a man who's got what it takes to cross that many oceans these days and live to tell about it, a few zombies shouldn't be too much of a bother.

Charlotte, North Carolina

We keep a Company headquarters here to make any goomer looking at the Confederate Mint with greedy eyes think twice about

starting any funny business. Charlotte also seems to be the last stop before the world ends, or at least the part of it that makes any dang sense.

Once you head west into the Appalachians, you might as well forget everything you know. You might already have heard that mountain folks and their ways are different than the rest of us, and that's Gospel. What you ain't been told about are the witches, the giants, and the thrash doctors. The Appalachians are dangerous even when such things ain't around, and whether the mountains or the monsters got 'em, far too many Rangers have gone there and not come back.

The new ranking Ranger in the area is Captain John Astooga Stoga, a full-blooded Cherokee, and the grandson of a great chief, in fact. Astooga Stoga rode with the renowned Thomas Legion, and knows both the area and its folklore like the back of his hand, but it'll take some time before he can pass that knowledge on to all his men. Until we can get a sizable force together, made up of men who know what the Cherokee know, the Appalachians are going to stay weird and untamed.

Charleston, South Carolina

Some folks think Ranger careers go to Charleston, South Carolina to die, which just ain't true. That said, it's not hard to figger why people might see things that way.

You see, the folks in Charleston are so against the Rangers even being in their city the only place our people can safely bed down is out in the middle of the Harbor itself, behind the stone walls of Fort Sumter. Those walls weren't much help to the Yankees back in '61, but it's all we got.

The downside of this is a big one. First of all, Charleston (and the rest of South Carolina, for that matter) has its ration of bad supernatural things going on, none of which we can learn very much about or even lift a finger to stop. There could be a couple hundred thousand dead men rampaging through the Palmetto State and we'd never know about it until they swam out to the Fort itself.

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Second, don't let all that lovely "Cradle of the Confederacy" talk blind you to the fact that Fort Sumter is a dang miserable place to be. South Carolina can be every bit as hot as West Texas, and is sticky humid to boot. Throw in the Fort's cozy living arrangements, poor sanitation (complete with water that comes in every shade of brown), and you get a group of Rangers who are laid up sick more often than not.

Charleston Harbor

Still, in a funny kinda way, Fort Sumter is exactly where we need to be. I already told you how our armies depend on European ships loaded up with war materiel to keep 'em in the Yankee-killing business, and a steady stream of foreign steamboats come to Charleston. Heck, on some days the Harbor's so busy you could line those ships from Europe up end to end and just heel-toe it over to London town.

The Confederacy needs it to stay that way, but *something* has got other plans. Every night with a full moon (what is it with evil things and the full moon?!), a ship in the harbor blows up, with no other rhyme or reason to it. Sailors love to tell tales, and all the stories about "the Harbor Monster" are getting to the point that we're not going to be able to keep a lid on 'em much longer. Clearly, we need to do something, and are in the perfect place to do it. Trouble is, all that muddy brown liquid in the way.

Sure, on dry land, a Ranger is the toughest thing there is, but put us in the water and the Harbor Monster just might have the edge on us. We need the right tools for this job, like one of those submersible boats the newspapers love to go on about. It takes a special man to get into one of those things, so I made sure one was sent out there to Charleston.

Captain Steven DiCarlo is my top man in the Palmetto State, and I want to say here and for the record whatever loose talk goes on about him is pure bullstuff. If it were anything else, he wouldn't be one of my Rangers, and if you doubt his guts, you haven't gotten a look at the submersible contraption he's using to look for the so-called Harbor Monster. All I can say is, if you're looking for a chance to prove yourself as a Ranger, Capt. DiCarlo is always looking for

volunteers for the next voyage to the bottom of the Harbor.

The Western Regiment

If it's weird and it happens between the Mississippi River and the Appalachians, then it falls upon the Western Regiment to handle it. Make no mistake, compadre, they have to cover a lot of ground: Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia and Florida. Thank the Lord, none of the other states are in as bad a shape as Kentucky, or I'd get more angry telegrams from Colonel Derek Guder, the Regimental commander.

Don't go thinking I got any feelings against either the Bluegrass State or Col. Guder. It's the War and the War alone that has made Kentucky a real scary place to live, and Guder is probably the best monster-hunter in the world. Nobody I have ever met has a greater knack for figuring out exactly what punches some creature's ticket back to Perdition than Derek, and I am very proud to have him as a Ranger.

The companies under Guder's direction are always spread thin, with five of 'em usually following the battles in Kentucky, and one each in all the other states within the Western Regiment's area of responsibility. Here's the rundown on where you can find 'em and what they're up to these days.



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Bowling Green, Kentucky

Col. Guder struggled for years to find someplace to set up his Regimental Headquarters that would allow him to keep up with both Patrick Cleburne's and Nathan Bedford Forrest's hard-fighting Armies. He first pitched his tent in Bowling Green after the big battle there back in '76, and after the dead had all been re-killed, Derek realized he was as close as he was ever gonna get to splitting the difference between the two far-ranging Confederate Armies in Kentucky.

The attitudes of their commanders towards the Rangers could not be more different, however. Both Cleburne and Forrest were

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The Kentucky Deadlands.

among the first to be told the whole truth (or at least as much of it as we've learned) about the weird world we all now live in. Both of 'em had pretty much figured out most of it on their own, anyhow, but while Cleburne immediately offered to help us Rangers any way he could, it's never taken anything less than a direct order from General-in-Chief Lee to get the slightest crumb of cooperation out of Forrest. Since Lee has departed this Earth, you can pretty much guess how much assistance we get from him nowadays.

Surely, it doesn't help matters that General Forrest seems to be more one of our problems than part of any solutions. Yeah, I know full well if he ever reads that, Forrest will challenge me to a scrap. To that I say, bring him on. I don't sweat him none, no matter how many men he's killed.

Anyway, it goes without saying that the South will do what it must to keep the dang Yankees away from our homes and families, but still there is a line most Southerners just will not cross. That's a good thing for us

Rangers, because the more fearsome the weapons and tactics anyone uses in the War, the weirder and nastier things get. So you see, every time Forrest decides, say, to skin a whole passel of captured Federals alive, the Rangers' job just gets that much harder.

This Fallowed Ground

However, even if Forrest suddenly decided to play all nice, we'd still have the stretch of Perdition that bastard General Sherman cut through Kentucky year before last to watch over. The dang Yankees poured gallons of some sort of ghost-rock concoction on the soil to make it barren, and it did just that, plus a whole lot more.

All the bloody details of what's walking, crawling, flying, or slithering along that barren stretch from Louisville to Bowling Green are later in the manual. For now, just be aware that whatever that dang Yankee witches'-brew was, it's attracting supernatural things like honey draws horseflies.

Guess who gets to be the swatters.



Nashville, Tennessee

"The City of Sin" nickname does not even *begin* to describe

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Nashville. My first visit there, I saw prostitutes trying to lure wounded Confederate soldiers out of their beds, and even the one-legged men were hopping out of the hospital door to take full advantage of the soiled doves' offer. I didn't know whether to laugh out loud or cry at the sight, so dang me if I didn't have to do a little of both.

Lots of evil, supernatural things are happening here: bodies have been found cut to ribbons on the Franklin Pike Road, and a new "ailment of Venus" is turning randy fellows all over the city into puddles of goop. You'd think at least one of the past company commanders I've sent here would've noticed, but it's kinda hard to notice much of anything when you can't keep your own pistol in its holster, if you know what I mean.

So I have had enough, and have sent the one man—excuse me, *woman*—I know can put things to right. Captain Angela Farthing may not be my most experienced Ranger, but I know

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she's gonna keep her mind on business, and see that everyone else does, too. For you Rangers who insist on focusing on "other things," all I got to say is this: if you continue to *misuse* it, you are definitely going to *lose* it.

Jackson, Mississippi

The Ranger Company in "Chimneyville" is there to do one thing and one thing only: take back Vicksburg. The name alone scares people, don't it? Makes 'em picture soldiers starved to the point you could count their ribs, and stacks of bodies that were not much more than human skeletons...so many they eventually gave up trying to bury 'em all.

That's why we *have* to bring the city back under control. There's way too much fear there for us to leave it be any longer. Already folks tell of monsters that skin people alive, and how the city's rats have a hankering for the taste of human flesh. Even the people who don't believe a word about the weird stuff know the place is a favorite hideout for the worst criminal scum there is, so things there are only gonna get worse.

So we're moving in, armed to the teeth and LeMats blazing. Captain Tim Smith (formerly of the First Texas Infantry Regiment) is leading 'em, because's he's the hardest-fighting man I have ever seen. Normally, I pray to the Almighty to take care of all my Rangers, but this time I think it's the monsters that'll need all the help they can get.

Montgomery, Alabama

Shooting every evil thing in sight is a time-honored Ranger tactic (one I myself pioneered the use of), but in the First Capital of the Confederacy, a Ranger needs to be cultured, mannered and all that other tinhorn hogwash. You see, our enemies here are not undead, tentacled, or slimy (in the literal sense), but they're every bit as evil as anything that is.

I speak of course about the so-called Knights of the Golden Circle. Don't bother giving me any of that "Southern Gentlemen's Club" or "freedom of speech" bullstuff, either. Whenever any mealy-mouthed character's words start to

scare people, it's my job to shut 'em the heck up, and these "Knights" are a prime example.

More-educated men than me have scratched out page after page about how the Confederacy is different than it used to be. None of 'em really know the half of it, but still, they're right as far as they go. One of the things outsiders have the toughest time getting their minds around is the fact that the South is now out of the slavery business, and has been for fourteen years now.

It's a change for the better if you ask me, but some other folks don't see it that way. Almost all of 'em are rich plantation owners. Not a few of 'em pick up their mail at a Montgomery Post Office. And every last dadgum one of 'em belongs to the Knights of the Golden Circle.

Breaking the Circle

These greedy tinhorns want to rob the Confederacy of some of its finest soldiers, craftsmen, entertainers, and yes, Texas Rangers just so they can go back to making money off the backbreaking work of slaves. Normally, I'd just spit my chaw at these goomers and hope one of 'em took a swing at me, but these filthy rich little men are prepared to do absolutely whatever it takes to carry us back to the Old South, even if they have to drag the rest of us kicking and screaming.

So these Knights have to be fought on two fronts. First, when one of 'em talks, one of us has to be there to put a fist in his mealy mouth. Second, when they hatch a plot, the Rangers need to kill it before it leaves its hateful little nest. This might sound easy, until you consider a good many of these goomers are as powerful as they are rich, and that means we need to do things the subtle way.

Captain Sir Simon Billows is head Ranger in town, and yes, you read the name right. Simon's blue-blood, titled, English royalty, and he found that to be as thrilling as watching the corn grow. So he jumped on a Mobile-bound ship looking for excitement, and wound up finding all the adventure there is in with the Texas Rangers. After many years of outstanding service, he still can't do a Rebel Yell to save his life, but Simon is as good and tough a Ranger as there is. He's just more refined about it, is all.

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Better than anyone, he understands how we have to operate in Montgomery. There, getting into fancy-dress balls to learn what's going on in the city is every bit as important as being able to cut a varmint open from its corn-hole to its Adam's apple. Simon once told me something about his approach: "the mailed fist inside a velvet glove", which describes him to a "T." If you ever get sent here, compadre, you best learn these tinhorn-sounding ways, too, or else the Knights will have you floating dead in the Alabama River in no time. Atlanta, Georgia

If there's any one place I'd dearly love to find another Company or two to watch over, it's Atlanta. Much as I hate and despise the sights, sounds and smells of a city full of factories, they are needed for the War effort. That fact being admitted, there may be no city in all the Confederacy with more factories than Atlanta, and if that's true, then there's no city more important to us.

For its size, you'd guess Atlanta would be overrun with supernatural badness, but near as we can tell, that's just not the case. There's a whole bunch of examples to prove that scared people either cause (or make worse) weird events, and near as we can figure, Atlanta proves the opposite is every bit as true. The folks here are just so dang happy and feel so good about every little thing that the bad things apparently just can't stand being around 'em.

So we deploy just one Company in the city and pray the folks in Atlanta keep right on smiling. I have all the faith in the world in its Captain, Justin Achilli, but still I worry if the day will ever come where he finds himself having to kill two zombies with one bullet, so to speak. There's no more resourceful fellow in Dixie than Justin, so if he ever finds himself over-matched, the fault will be mine and mine alone.

For now, the biggest problem Capt. Achilli has to deal with is the usual group of robbers and ruffians any city has. Reports of weirdness are few and far between, and tend to make even a Ranger shake his head in disbelief they sound so unbelievable. To give you just one example, folks claimed to have seen none other than John Wilkes Booth himself wandering the streets. Now, it was easy enough to prove these Georgians had just been waylaid by mistaken identity or too much popskull, but the stories just do not stop—never minding that you have a

better chance of seeing Abe Lincoln himself up and walking around than Booth.

If every city in the South had these kind of problems to worry about, we'd all be out of a job. For now, Atlanta just gives us a goal we can shoot for.

Tallahassee, Florida

The Sunshine State, for those who've never set down a boot there, is an odd mixture of dismal swamp, mighty nice beaches, and cattle country that brings to mind the ranges of the Lone Star State itself. For convenience's sake, Ranger Captain Zachary Thomas set up his Company's headquarters in the State Capital of Tallahassee, but rare is the day any Rangers other than the Captain and his staff are actually there.

Capt. Thomas is a bulldog of a man, who makes up for a lack of height (mostly caused by the fact his stocky frame hain't got no neck) by being able to guess what an enemy's gonna do before they themselves know. He's also a double-tough Texan, and not even being twice run over by a wagon when he was a little 'un could slow him up any.

Thomas' home base, Florida, has as much weirdness as it does coastline, and given how many fewer Rangers there are to look into all of it, he has no choice but to send his men out in small detachments, and instruct 'em to hire on local folks for back-up as required. Needless to say, he has to pay out quite a bit these days just to keep up with the newest reports of supernatural goings-on.

To name just a few of the weird things Thomas and his men are looking into, there's supposed to be a man-eating sea monster near St. Augustine, demons in the Apalachicola Forest, and a furry beast with a hankering for cigars in Tampa. I can't even begin to call the roll of nastiness that's supposed to be swimming (or crawling, or flying) around down in the Everglades, but I can promise you only a scarce few of the people who've gone snooping around there have come back out to offer up many details.

With so much going on at once, Capt. Thomas just relies on his wits and scrappiness to get his men where they're most needed, and lead

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'em to victory yet again. Dang me if I know how he does it, but Ol' Zach has never let me or the State of Florida down yet.

The Trans-Mississippi Regiment

The third and last of the Ranger Regiments is the one that has to range over the widest area, and stare down the stiffest enemies, both human and otherwise. With all due respect to the fine men and women of the Rangers who're east of the Big Muddy, the Trans-Mississippi Regiment has the toughest row to hoe.

Currently, we have two companies stationed in Texas, and one Company each in Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, the New Mexico Territory, the Arizona Territory, and in the Disputed Lands of Kansas, Colorado and California. Altogether, this is where the toughest work gets done, reputations are made, and where Rangers become legends.

However, it's tough to think a whole lot about glory when you realize how we got only about 1,000 Rangers to cover everything from the Mississippi River to the Great Maze (I think you can figure out now why I want the dang Yankees to say uncle and free up more companies for duty out here). Knowing that, a Ranger kinda has to make his mark out here, or else he gets marks made on him, if you smell what I'm cooking.

Welcome to the Weird West, compadre. Never forget why they call it that.



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St. Louis, Missouri

This is a city that might've been something once, before the War came, back when a fella could hop a riverboat and go South to New Orleans, or as far North as his stomach would allow. Better still, he could go the whole way drinking, gambling and whoring—not that Mrs. King would tolerate such conduct from me, of course.

Nowadays, St. Louis is just a spot for the Confederate Army to make camp, a meeting place for smugglers to make a fortune moving contraband South and North, and a target for



A typical scene in blood-soaked Missouri.

the dang Yankees to lob a shell or two onto, just to remind us all there's a war still going on. It's also where we Rangers have set up a headquarters, but certainly not out of any great love for the place. It's all because, despite the occasional Federal cannonball, it's probably the safest place in the entire State.

War with the Knife...

There ain't been a whole lot written about Missouri, compared to some other places I could name, but I can understand very well why that is. I know what a big statement this is going to be, but the most bloodthirsty goings-on of the whole War happened here. Even if you've seen the elephant someplace Back East, you still have never seen anything that comes close to what happened in Missouri. Back East, there are some rules about the War. They ain't always followed, but at least they're there to the extent that you miss 'em when they're gone.

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Things just weren't ever like that in Missouri. Anybody—and I mean man, woman or child—was liable to be killed for siding with the Union, siding with the Confederacy, or for not siding with anybody. Shooting a man in cold blood wasn't enough if you could stab him or cut him into pieces. If you could burn down his home and kill all his kinfolk, too, so much the better. It wasn't right by most folks' reckoning, but people all lost sight of that once their anger took hold. After that, they all started looking to get a head for an eye, or a life for a tooth.

...And Knife to the Hilt

Praise the Lord that the War has been over in Missouri since '64, when General Sterling "Pap" Price and his men ran the dang Yankees and their sympathizers out of most of the state, but for us Rangers, all that meant was that our problems wouldn't get no worse. Thirteen unlucky years later, Missouri is still a place we Rangers are trying to wash clean of bloodstains and fear.

There's plenty of blood-sucking, flesh-eating and brain-swallowing critters to be found in Missouri, but there is one that has particularly concerned us for years. You see, some of the innocent folks (yeah, there actually were some at one time) killed for no good reason have come back to get a piece of the varmint that put 'em down. What makes these different from all the other back-from-the-grave spooks we gotta deal with is that *nothing* but getting their revenge seems to stop 'em.

We have some guesses as how these "avengin' dead" might be stopped, but right now they are just as I called 'em: guesses. So watch yourself in the Show Me State, compadre; they grow zombies there that are a might tougher than what you're used to back home.

Captain James "Gentleman Jim" Heivilin is in charge of Ranger operations in Missouri, and I put him there because he more than lives up to his nickname. He's a veteran of the hard fighting in that state, going back to at least "Pap" Price's '64 campaign, and he's somehow managed never to do anything unworthy of a Confederate officer. When you find anybody at all in Missouri with that much experience and no innocent blood on their hands, you snap him up, and that's just what the Rangers did.

If you wind up serving with "Gentleman Jim," I'll tell you this for free. First, follow his orders, and second, follow his example. Missouri's weirdness may be a well-kept secret, but we sure don't need you making it any worse—or notorious.



Little Rock, Arkansas

116 While it shares Missouri's knack for keeping out of the headlines, Arkansas is nowhere near as soaked in blood. This is not to say there's

nothing supernatural here—heck, I could fill a whole entire book with nothing but weird things that have been spotted up in the Ozarks—but you just don't find yourself wondering why they ever bother to bury anyone like over in Missouri.

The Ranger Company commander in Arkansas is Capt. John Ashbrook, one of the best cussers there is west of the Mississippi. He can drink Ulysses S. Grant under the table, and show off every bit of his college-educated mind the whole time he's doing it. Yes sir, an uncommon man—just what I needed for a couple of nothing-in-common jobs.

Jenkin's Ferry, Arkansas

First of all, there's the matter of the old Jenkin's Ferry battlefield, about forty miles southwest of Ashbrook's Company Headquarters in Little Rock. Jenkin's Ferry might not make you swell with pride at the very mention of it like Chancellorsville or Chickamauga does, but it was a Confederate victory just the same. Back in 1864, Generals "Pap" Price and Edmund Kirby-Smith's boys forced an entire Federal regiment to show the white feather, which left the whole of General Frederick Steele's Union army to be flanked and routed by the charging graybacks.

While that result got cheered on our side, apparently it didn't sit too well with something; what, we're not exactly sure. Jenkin's Ferry is right on the road from Camden to Little Rock, so we have quite a few eyewitness accounts (some of 'em are even from folks who hadn't touched a drop), but none of 'em match up.

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They all seem to tell of some fog or mist appearing where there should be none, and (depending on who's telling it) it either gives 'em a good (but not fatal) smack upside the head, or cuts their traveling companions up like they've been shoved into a meat grinder.

Crooked Rails?

Our other concern in Arkansas is one Mr. Richard Barney, owner of the Kansas City & Little Rock rail line. Barney decided not to get dealt into the high-stakes game that is the Great Rail Wars, but if we've read him right, he's doing enough smuggling of contraband that his children sure ain't starving. That alone wouldn't land him on our to-do list, but it has come to our attention that the infamous James Gang has not once robbed a KC&LR train.

If Frank and Jesse have stopped being just bank-robbers and moved into smuggling, then that's obviously an "extraordinary threat" and a worry for us. Some folks (whom I can't account for) consider the James boys to be heroes, especially in that part of the country, so if anyone is going to get to the truth or the lie of it (and bring the James Gang in, if need be), then it's going to be the Rangers.



Baton Rouge, Louisiana

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We ain't saying anything against good ol' "Red Stick," but neither me nor my company commander, Capt.

Kate Poirier, would make it our first choice for a headquarters. There's some things there we need to look into, like the murderer on the loose who likes to bloody the very landmark the city's named after, but we all know New Orleans is where the supernatural action is.

Why we're not in the Crescent City itself is a long story that ends with a lot of good Rangers dying in bad ways, but the bottom line is that it's just too much of a risk for us to use it as a base of operations. Capt. Poirier's predecessor could tell you all about the dangers hidden in New Orleans, that is, if he hadn't choked to death while vomiting up live snakes.

So what we try to do instead is get small detachments of Rangers into the city quietly, without drawing much attention (hopefully) to

themselves or the job they're trying to do, and what successes we've had in the city have been done in this way. Trust me, we tried it plenty of times the other way, and very few Rangers came back to tell us what a dang fool idea it was. Even when we do things all sneaky like, we lose some of our best, like my good friend Sergeant Jake McKay, whom we lost shortly after he wrote the Ranger's Bible Addendum #84 on Voodooists (contact us here at the Headquarters in Austin if you need a copy of this, by the by).

If I didn't know any better (which I don't, come to think of it), I'd swear somebody or something there had it in for the Rangers, and if you've been wearing that Lone Star Badge for any length of time, you know exactly who and what I'm talking about. For those of you still without a clue, let me just say there's a reason I wrote a jeremiad on Baron Simone LaCroix later in this manual.



Capt. Kate Poirier's predecessor meets a grisly demise.

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Austin, Texas

Home, sweet, home—this is where you find enough Ranger brass to start your own traveling band. You'll find the Trans-Mississippi Regiment Headquarters here, and that of the whole Ranger Brigade as well. Of course, that means you'll find the likes of me here as well, at least when duty isn't calling me off to someplace else.

When I am away, the leader of the Trans-Mississippi Regiment, Col. L. H. McNelly, fills my boots more than well. Now, a lot of y'all like to gossip about L.H.'s well-being, but all I got to say about that is if he were sick, loose talking would do him no good. Besides, as he is, he's twice the man most Rangers are, and right now, he's the man I need watching both my and Texas' backs.

As you should know, McNelly and his men have rounded up more than 5,000 outlaws along the border with Mexico, and never once did they let crossing the Rio Grande stop 'em from bringing justice to the guilty. That sure does get the dander of the Mexican Army up, alright, but none of their number has yet proved they can stop McNelly's boys from doing their sworn duty.

Besides, as any Texan can tell you, it's not like the Mexicans' "guests" in the French Foreign Legion care one wit about raiding into Texas whenever they get a wild hair up. No matter how many of those smelly Frogs get turned into buzzard chow, they just keep a-coming.

For the Ranger Company assigned to Texas (lead by "McNelly's Bulldog," Capt. John Armstrong (Yep, the same hombre who brung John Wesley Hardin and Sam Bass to justice), this is their most common difficulty, as all but the toughest supernatural things seem to have been run out of the Lone Star State entirely. Kinda makes you wish all folks was as brave as Texans, don't it?

The Chisholm Trail

Out of all the spooks that remain in the Lone Star State, the baddest are some things believed to be only stories until some Rangers got to see 'em close up during the Great Rail Wars, and

I'm talking about the so-called "hangin' judges." Nothing's killed more Rangers than these monsters, and that should tell you just how tough they are. We haven't exactly been skulking when it comes to trying to rid our state of 'em, but the hangin' judges have come back on us more often than a bad meal in Matamoros.

We'd dang sure love to get rid of these judges once and for all, so I have set Capt. Scott Haring upon just that task. Haring's my choice because he's the one Ranger I would back down from a fight with, and trust me, compadre, there's a couple of hospitals full of goomers who lacked the good sense to do the same.

As tough as Capt. Haring is, what we really need on our side are numbers, and God only knows how many Rangers it would take to do the job right. Whatever the number is, it's more than we can spare right now, so if you're moseying along the old Chisholm Trail, compadre, ride fast and pray. A lot.



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Roswell, New Mexico Territory

The town itself ain't much, but it is a spot where you can wet your whistle, water your horse, and bed down with a roof overhead. For anyplace in New Mexico, that's saying a lot, so Capt. Melissa Ayuso wisely chose to make her Company headquarters here.

Ayuso *hablas Espanol* (always a good thing in New Mexico), and seems to know where every town, watering hole and cactus in the whole territory is at, making her best-suited to take charge there. You see, almost the whole of her job is getting in the middle of the constant battles between Bayou Vermillion and Dixie Rails.

Officially, we don't take sides, but anyone who thinks the Rangers would ever go against Robert E. Lee or his railroad has their head stuck up in a real dark place. They also haven't read up on the real story about Baron LaCroix's little operation. I got more to say about that later in this manual, but for now I can tell you that almost every bit of weirdness in New Mexico was brought there by Bayou Vermillion.

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You name it and the Rangers there have had to deal with it: zombies of all stripes, shape-changers, vampires, and some things we haven't even come up with names for yet. The bottom line is, compadre, if you're going to New Mexico, bring ammo and plenty of it.

There's also the small matter of the base near Roswell that was set up by the Bureau of New Science, which blew up back in '71 because of sabotage committed by Jacob Smith (as in "& Robards"). You see, almost all of that I just wrote about the base is pure bullstuff.

Smith thinks he's some kinda Belle Boyd, but the truth is the only thing they have in common is both oughta be wearing dresses. We let folks think that slapnuts Smith succeeded so that no one will go looking around the place and find the whole magilla's been moved underground. Should anyone get caught snooping around there, we get called in. After that, it's simple: either the trespasser spills his guts, or we spill his guts for him.

Tombstone, Arizona Territory

Geronimo, Santa Anna, Baron LaCroix, the Cowboy Gang, and Lacy O'Malley are all around here. Yep, a Ranger never has a dull moment in Tombstone. Even if that were possible, I'm sure Capt. Hank "One-Eye" Ketchum would make things happen just by being in town. Maybe that's why I sent a whole company to Arizona and put Ketchum in charge of it.

I figger that no one gets a Lone Star Badge without hearing at least one story about ol' One-Eye, but in case I'm wrong, let me tell you right quick that no one represents what the Rangers are all about more than Hank Ketchum. He's tough, smart and is as stubborn as a Missouri mule. You may have heard the legends about ol' One Eye, but the real man puts 'em to shame.

Santa Anna's Army, LaCroix and the other big-time threats to Arizona get talked about later in the manual, so let me start by telling you about the least of our worries there, and that's Lacy O'Malley. Oh, I know all about him and the *Tombstone Epitaph*, and how they aim to tell the world all about the Rangers and what we're really up to. However, as any Yankee



Hank "One Eye" Ketchum keeps the peace.

soldier can show you, there's a big difference between aiming and hitting.

To tell the Gospel truth, I oughta put O'Malley on payroll, he helps us so much. Every single time ol' Lacy prints something that's pure bullstuff in that rag of a paper of his, he makes our job that much easier. The more crazy stories that are out there, the less of 'em folks actually believe. Even Lacy himself would have to own up to the fact that no farmer anywhere spreads more manure over more ground than the *Epitaph* does.

Sure, Ol' Lacy does get his hands on something we'd rather folks didn't know on occasion; even a broken clock is right twice a day, right? But do you really think we'd ever let any of that see the light of the day?

Sometimes the telegraph operator just happens to get the *Epitaph* reporter's message wrong, and sometimes the line itself goes down without explanation. The *Epitaph* office has a lot of break-ins, and a lot of their "scoops" get carried right out the door. There was even a fire there once that wiped out a

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lot of their juicier bits of gossip. In addition, I can't even count how many times unexplained delivery problems kept whole stacks of papers from getting out.

Now I'm not saying the Rangers were responsible for any of this. However, it sure does sound like bad luck has ol' Lacy's number, don't it?

The Cowboys

The real problem in Tombstone is the infamous Cowboy Gang, who run the town in their own lawless way. I'm sure you know lawlessness makes people afraid, and that makes the Cowboys a problem for the Rangers. They'd all have kicked the breathin' habit by now were it not for the fact that Capt. Ketchum can only spare a handful of men to police the town, and even then, for just a short while every month (ol' Hank's also got to worry about finding out exactly where the crazy Laughing Men gang is holed-up in the Grand Canyon, so he can only spare so much worry and manpower over Tombstone).

Nobody ever called the Clantons stupid (at least, no one still living), so they make sure the Cowboys lay low while Ketchum's in town. However, the Cowboy Gang has got One-Eye's Irish up, and the excuse he needs to move in and shoot up the lot of 'em gets a little flimsier every day. I'm no Isaiah, but I'd expect the streets of Tombstone to have a lot of Clanton blood on 'em sooner rather than later.



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The Disputed Lands

"You can tell a Yankee, but you can't tell him much," goes the old saying, and it's a good one to keep in mind whenever you're in the so-called Disputed Lands. I never much saw a need for any "dispute" there myself. Just let the folks who actually live there make up their own minds about whether they want to go with the South or North is what I'd do, but you know how the dang Yankees are when it comes to actually letting folks think for themselves.

So here we are, with a big parcel of land, full of folks wanting to be free and Confederate, and gangs of gun-toting Yankee thugs who see

things a might differently. Trouble for you, compadre, is that both kinds of people look a lot a like, and have been known to lie a little bit about their loyalties if it gives 'em a chance to bushwhack somebody. In other words, there's never any telling who your friends and who your foes are.

Regardless of that, we got to do something in the Disputed Lands that we don't anywhere else, and that's look out for folks regardless of their loyalties. The reason behind that is simple: in the Disputed Lands, inside every Yankee, there's a Confederate just waiting to come out. I figgered (rightly, as it turned out) that nothing brings out that "inner Southerner" faster than being saved from a monster by someone wearing a Lone Star Badge.

When it suits us, I've even OK'ed Rangers working right alongside those Fancy Dans from the so-called "Agency." Sure, they work for the Union, and talk funny, but when it comes right down to it, they got the same noble aims as we do. They are also right good at catching bullets that might've otherwise hit Rangers.

No Trespassing

I'm fixing to talk about some areas we Rangers operate in, but first, I wanna write about where we don't. We can't be everywhere, after all, and these are two places we never even try to be.

First, we never send anybody into the Oklahoma Territory. Oh sure, we know all about what a hellhole Perry (the Territorial capital) is, but for now it seems like the local Marshals are doing as good a job keeping the peace as we could under the present circumstances. Oklahoma's also got some neighbors we'd really rather not make nervous by sending in some rather obvious reinforcements.

Those neighbors would be the Coyote Confederation, in case you hadn't guessed already. Everyone who cares to look knows that the Confederacy and the Confederation look at each other as allies, and that our side is much obliged to Stand Watie, Quanah Parker, and Satanta for leading raids into Yankee-held lands.

We've even offered the Rangers' help to the Coyote Confederation should they ever need it,

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but they've never once come close to asking for it. Until they change their minds, we are dang sure going to respect their wishes, and make sure that word gets to all your men as well. There's still too many dang Yankees out there for any of us to risk turning friends agin us.

The State of Deseret

"The enemy of my enemy is my friend," and the Mormons in Deseret hate the dang Yankees. That's the bottom line, as far as the Rangers are concerned.

I just *knew* you'd go ahead and ask why, anyway. Well, it goes like this: the Mormons shoot Rangers on sight (they remain a might steamed over the unfortunate goings-on at Mexican Hat a few years back). Until we can spare a lot more men, we ain't got the bodies to force 'em to change their minds.

Not that it would make any sense for us to pick another fight with 'em, anyway. They got nothing we want, and they got no quarrel they wanna press with us. Besides, how would it look if the Confederacy, of all countries, tried to force a state to do something against its people's will? That'd make us no better than the dang Yankees!

Most importantly, it's dang hard to win a scrap against anybody who's plum convinced they're fighting for God, and most every Mormon believes they are with all the fervor of fifty tent-revival preachers. The dang Yankees are the ones who are itching to take back "their" state of Utah, and I say let 'em try. It'll either be a scrap they can't win, or it'll force the Mormons to go looking to somebody else for help.

Wonder who'll they'll turn to then?

Fort Barnabo, Kansas

This state has calmed down considerably since the days of "Hemorrhaging Kansas" back in late '76, when General Stand Watie's raiding Indian Cavalry Brigade set off a bloody wave of violence throughout the State. Union horsemen under Gen. Phil Sheridan came all the way from Virginia to stop him, but suddenly lost their stomach for fighting once Gen. Richard Gano's Texas cavalrymen arrived to reinforce Watie.

Some widely scattered fights commenced before it was all over, but both sides' troops eventually went back to their home bases. After that, short a few hundred citizens who got caught in the middle, things went back to what passes for normal in Kansas.

That means a Ranger passing through the State sees just as many towns flying the Southern Cross as the Stars & Stripes, but none of the pro-Confederate ones are really suitable as a base of operations. So at the present moment, the Ranger Company in Kansas (which remained there after the general withdrawal) is pretty well spread out through the State, but we are trying to establish a headquarters at Fort Barnabo (formerly the Federals' Fort Scott), located in the southeastern corner of the State.

The Fort became available to our side after Gen. Watie and his men forced the Union garrison to run up the white flag, and then killed the lot of 'em anyway. You probably know what happened next, but just in case, there's a whole mess of supernatural badness in and around the Fort now. So before we can even really think about doing much in west Kansas, we have to get our own house in order first.

That duty falls on a Kansas native, Capt. John Phythyon, who now oversees most of our operations in the state. He's still relatively new to his rank, but I expect that once his Rangers get to know him, they'll realize they couldn't ask for a better leader, or a man more worthy of their loyalty. If anyone can inspire enough virtue in folks to bandage up Kansas' self-inflicted wounds, it's Capt. Phythyon.

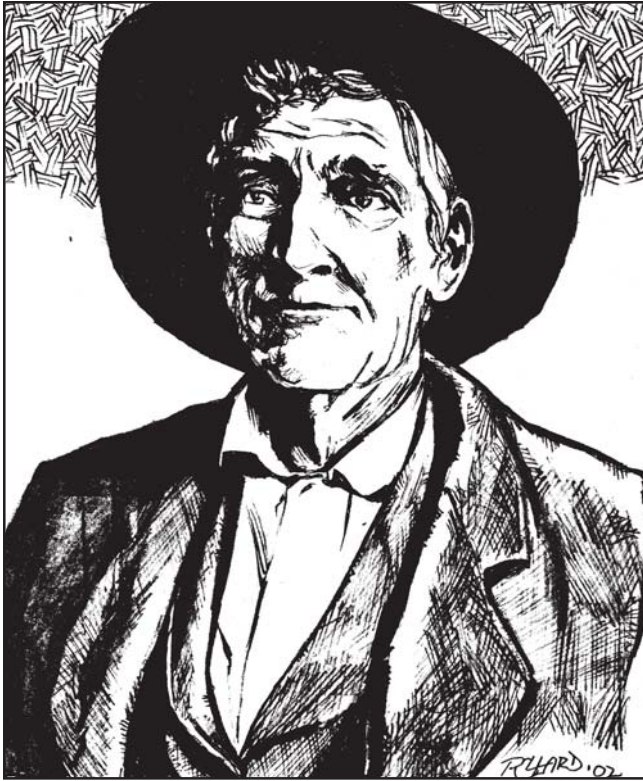
Dodge City, Kansas

One place we are looking to set up shop in down the road is Dodge City, where the Union Blue and Black River rail-lines get within shooting distance of each other. To make matters worse, the city's residents have as much love for one another as the two railroads do, with about half of 'em pro-Union Jayhawkers and the rest Confederate to the bone.

If you've never been there, the streets of Dodge are usually full of bodies, all stacked up like cordwood. The lawmen in Dodge try to

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Legendary Ranger "Bigfoot" Wallace.

enforce a "no guns inside town limits" rule, but folks still find plenty of ways to get killed, guns or no guns. I suppose you got to give credit to Dodge's law dogs, Sheriff Bat Masterson and his Deputy Wyatt Earp, for trying at least.

The lawmen got plenty to keep 'em busy in Dodge, like the resident gang of ghouls who snatch bodies right out of their graves (for once, the corpses didn't get up on their own gumption). We Rangers have had our share successes putting a stop to such weirdness in Dodge, like when ol' "One-Eye" Ketchum and some friends put down his sworn enemy "the Butcher" (the goomer that made him "One-Eye" back at Gettysburg in '63).

The Legendary Bigfoot

Now that "One-Eye" Ketchum has headed further west, I've sent Major William "Bigfoot" Wallace to take charge of future Ranger doings in Dodge, and if any of you ever ask me where he got his nickname from, I will personally beat you cross-eyed with one of his size-12 boots. Even when he's being all sneaky-like in Dodge,

those canoes Wallace walks around on lead you to him every time, and if that doesn't tip you off, the fact that he dresses like he's about to march off to Mexico with Ol' Zach Taylor sure will.

Even though he's old enough to be your grandpappy, "Bigfoot" has kept up the good work One-Eye started there. If we can keep up that good work, Kansas will soon be Disputed Land no more. Heck, you can practically hear all the folks in Dodge learning how to sing Dixie as I write this.

Tallulah, Colorado

I'd be lying if I said we didn't face an uphill fight in Kansas changing some folks' minds about the Confederacy, but by way of comparison, Colorado is anyone's for the taking. You won't find folks whistling "Bonnie Blue Flag," but they got no love for bluebellies, either.

That's because most Coloradans came there to get away from the War, and who can really blame 'em much for that? We don't intend to bring any of the War to 'em, neither, but we do aim to do something about the things these good people can't get away from, and that's the weirdness that crops up there, same as anywhere else. When Colorado sees that it pays to have a Ranger nearby, we'll be sewing yet another star on the Southern Cross in no time.

While we waited to prove ourselves to all the good people of Colorado, we took on a few cases here and there to help keep our Rangers there on their toes. One of these involved a haunted mine near the little town of Tallulah, and thanks to some quick-thinking by a Ranger named Jim Pinto, the mine ain't haunted no more. The people of Tallulah are much obliged to us as a result, and this gave us the foot in Colorado's door we'd been looking for.

Pinto made Captain for his gutsy handling of the whole haunted mine case, and has command of the company we are sending piece by piece into the state as available manpower and materiel allow. Tallulah's right on the Denver Pacific rail-line, so it should make a real good base of operations for us.

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Denver, Colorado

Getting control of the rest of Colorado comes down to winning over the townsfolk in Denver, and the mayor, Caleb Hornsby, in particular. "Ol' Caleb" (as he is known) is like most politicians in that he's mostly concerned with the voters that can keep him in—or throw him out of—office. He did a real fine job of keeping 'em happy, too, until one of the biggest battles of the Great Rail Wars, called "The Cauldron," was fought near town.

Like any other big fight these days, it left a lot of casualties behind to become zombies, which the Denver-Pacific Railroad got stuck with disposing of. Much as I hate to admit it, we missed a real good opportunity there by not being able to help out, but I promise you, we won't miss the next one.

Gomorra, California Territory

You can't even find this little hellhole town on most maps (it's between Shan Fan and Devil's Armpit, by the by), but there's plenty enough going on to justify a Ranger presence there. In fact, our company commander in the territory, Capt. Katie Karl makes her headquarters here.

Like most places in California, Gomorra is a ghost-rock mining boomtown in the Great Maze, only it seems to have a lot more than its share of weirdness going on there. As a result, we long suspected something real bad was going to happen there sooner or later, and in the end, we were not disappointed.

For lack of any better description, a demon straight out of Perdition itself appeared right smack dab in the middle of town and commenced to tearing up the place. This infernal beast was every bit as tough-skinned as you'd expect, maybe more so, because it took all the area's Rangers, plus the Agency's operatives and almost everyone else in town to put it down. Even then, a lot of good people went to their rewards because of this thing, and that's caused a whole new set of problems.

Strange Bedfellows

It goes without saying that anyplace one demon can show up, another one can follow, so we are keeping a wide-open eye on Gomorra. Trouble is, those casualties I mentioned above have made it harder than ever to do that well. So Katie, being the charmer that she is, made a deal of sorts with the Agency folks in town (or what was left of 'em, at any rate).

Without giving up anything that might help their sides' chances in the War, Katie (with my approval) is offering to help the Agency's people out when it comes to fighting the evil supernatural things in town, so long as they do the same. It's an odd relationship, and one you're not gonna find anywhere else. However, as long as you're in town, Ranger, you will live up to our side of the bargain. We *are* all from the South, so I shouldn't need to say anything more about keeping your word, even to the dang Yankees.

California, Here We Come

Now that things are quiet (at least for the moment) in Gomorra, and Katie has a handle (again, at least for now) on our warm-body shortage there, we can think a little bit more about the other problems in the Confederacy's westernmost points. First and foremost is watching over the Ghost Trail, which keeps our fancy New Science weapons going and the scientists back in Roswell happy and busy.

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Catalog of Extraordinary Threats:

A Special Addendum to

Fugitives from Justice in the Confederacy

1878 Edition

Compiled By the Honorable General William H. King, Adjutant of the State of Texas

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Fearful New World

It ain't news to any of you that folks are a lot more scared now than they ever were. Even the people who don't know (or refuse to buy into) anything about the supernatural monsters roaming the world these days still have the War, outlaws, poverty, hunger and a lot of other things to be afraid of. With the dead walking and what not, who then can blame anyone for feeling a little weak in the knees, or showing the white feather every now and again?

We Rangers can, that's who. In fact, it's part of our job, because we know now through a lotta years of experience that it's people's yellow bellies that are causing most of the world's current problems. This is something we learned from being so close to the War, right from its beginning.

War Is Hell

A ways back, we Rangers noticed that after every single shoving match between the Confederate and Union Armies, there was all new supernatural hoo-ha for us to kill dead. There's always ornery dead men who start walking and need to be put back down, and you can bet your last grayback that if anything at all remarkable happened on the field it'll inspire some unholy thing to come into this world and start chowing down on innocent folks.

I'll describe the mess made by the Sixth Battle of Manassas back in '76 as an example. (I'd use something closer to today, but the War has somehow managed to slack off since then. The Limeys bushwhacking Detroit, Santa Anna begging for another scrap in California, and the armistice are why.) About 30,000 men fell in that battle, and about 1,200 of 'em (we guess) got back up again as zombies. Since all the dang Yankees fled the field, that left a big dirty job for the Rangers.

To make matters worse, some of those Federals were killed by poison gas, and sure enough, Perdition gave us its own rendition of that new weapon, lickety-split. Before you can say "Jeff Davis' ghost!," a buncha blood-red clouds with beady green eyes start roaming that

bloodied field, looking for unlucky hombres to choke dead. It's almost like we were being paid back for what our side did to them Yankee boys, or else Hell just has a grim sense of humor, one or the other.

What's Gotta Be Done

So that's the bottom line: fear is the problem, and we're the solution. The Rangers send the monsters back to where they came from (wherever that is, exactly), and since the people of the South know we always get that job done, we put their minds at ease, which means no new fear to cause anymore troubles down the road. The Rangers' job hasn't changed that much, then, since the days of Stephen Austin, so what more do you really need to know?

Don't waste your time worrying over what caused the world to change like it did back in 1863, or why. Whatever the cause, I'm sure the Almighty had His reasons. It really ain't much different from a hurricane coming in from the Gulf: most folks can't tell you why or how it happened, but they all know there's a mess to clean up. Now, it's time for all men (and women, too) worthy of being called such to roll up their sleeves and get to work.

The Rules

I figger most of what I'm gonna write here is just plain ol' common sense, but since you might be showing this part to new recruits, I'll spell out the three rules of being a Ranger (Really, there's more than three, but I never was much good at ciphering). In the end, though, it still comes down to one of us making the right call at the right time, and nothing I write here is gonna give anybody good judgement or the knack of knowing when to go on gut instinct if they don't already have it. Always, always keep that in mind while you're recruiting, and definitely do so before you ever hand anyone a Lone Star Badge.

Rule #1: Silence

If all people were Texans, there'd be no need for this rule. Since that's not going to happen, we have to accept that most folks just can't handle the truth about the shape the world's in

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today. Most of 'em would react in real stupid ways (starting riots and what-not else), and all of 'em would be scared out of their gourds. For the slow readers, that would be very, very, unbelievably, unholy bad for everyone.

So we Rangers do the smart thing and don't talk about our work (at least the supernatural parts of it) anymore than is absolutely needed. Break this rule, and I will see you sent to the trenches in Northern Virginia, or stand you up in front of a firing squad (if some of our boys need the target practice more than the Federals do). Either way, you can forget about ever spending your pension.

Rule #1a: Silencing

This also means we have to keep other folks quiet, too. It might be my least favorite part of the job, since it means doing not-too-nice things to the very folks we're trying to protect, but I never let that stop me from doing it. Neither should you, because kinda like branding a calf, it may hurt the little critter now, but it really is for its own good.

It's a lot easier than you might think, too. Most folks who've seen something horrible

genuinely want to believe it's something that can be explained away, and if a brave lawman with a shiny badge gives 'em one, most of the time they swallow it like Ulysses Grant would a bottle of still-brewed hooch. Never forget it's your duty to provide such explanations, either.

Still, some folks aren't that easily fooled. Many is the time we've had to use harsher ways to convince somebody to sit right down, relax, and enjoy a nice big cup of shut the hell up. Mostly, all it takes is a gunfighter's stare from you, or giving 'em a nice long look down the barrels of your LeMat to make your point. Failing that, you'd be surprised how well a broken jaw keeps someone from spreading a lot of loose talk about monsters.

After that, if the goomer is still determined to flap his gums, you either go to work on the people they're likely to tell, the evidence they have, or both. In regards to the first option, it's real easy to convince folks that Ol' Zeke spent a little too much time getting shelled in the trenches (or in the local saloon) after Ol' Zeke starts to tell about how he saw a corpse get up and walk. That job becomes all the easier if you take the time and trouble to get rid of that formerly walking dead body before anyone else sees it.

One of these suggestions should do the trick under almost any circumstances. However, if you ever run out the list and still haven't quieted things down enough, remember this: nothing but nothing makes a person more look like a total jackass than getting their story told in the Tombstone Epitaph, so as a last resort, make sure Lacy O'Malley gets another "scoop."

Rule #2: Shoot It

Unless you know a real dang good reason not to, when you find whatever's causing the weirdness, shoot it. Blow its brains out, cut its heart open, and then shoot the thing again. Burn the remains if you can, and then scatter the ashes, just to be sure you've finished the job.

You will find a whole arsenal full of weaponry is available to you as a Ranger, so the thing's size is no excuse. If your LeMat won't do the job, we'll get you a Whitworth, and if that fails, we'll get you a cannon. Anything a



The morning paper delivery at Ranger Headquarters.

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cannon won't stop gets hit with a whole battery of Congreves, until they burn up everything in a mile radius.

To be sure, some things also need a little supernatural whammy put on 'em, and we can help you there, too, if you can't help yourself. Don't forget we can arrange for a Ranger "musician" or two to back you up if the need's there, or we can supply you with the tools to do the job yourself.

It's been said that, "If it bleeds, we can kill it." Rest easy then, compadre, knowing that the Rangers can make anything gush red just like a geyser.

Rule #3: Recruit It

If some slimy something comes at you, all teeth and tentacles, common sense'll tell you what to do next, but what do you do when the monster has a human face? That's when things can get mighty tricky, and in the end, all you have is your gut feelings to go on. I can tell you what kinds of supernatural rascals you can expect to run into, but only you can make the call on which ones to waste and which to spare.

Just do us all a favor and telegraph us here in Austin toots-sweet whenever you do recruit something. That gets the recruit-ee a spot in next year's edition of Fugitives from Justice, so's we can keep an eye on 'em. You might rest a bit easier knowing that if the thing (whatever it was) lied to you, we'll turn that prevaricator into a bright red spot on the wall, pronto.

The Harrowed

The most common kind of supernatural person you'll meet is the so-called Harrowed, and they can also be the hardest to identify for sure. Like a zombie, a Harrowed is a corpse that has come back to run some more laps in the footrace of life, but while a regular ol' zombie is pretty much single-minded on eating brains, and is real easy to kill, a Harrowed is a different bag of bones entirely.

Some of the real complicated points of being Harrowed don't much register with me, but the bottom line is a Harrowed has a demon riding inside it, right alongside the body's original

owner. Sometimes the demon's driving the corpse, and other times, the real person is. Bad news for us is, there's no real quick way to tell which it is at any particular moment.

Remember what I said about relying on your gut instinct before? Well, there's proof of what I'm saying.

Regardless of who's in charge, the Harrowed can hit you with any number of weird spells and whammys, making any of their kind real bad hombres. No pressure, but persuading a good-natured Harrowed to join the Rangers gets you on my Christmas list, just like letting one of the bad ones walk earns you my boot, kicking your backside.

So whatever you decide, make sure you get it right. With any of the Harrowed, one side or the other gets a real powerful friend, so make dang sure that side is either ours or nobody's.

Hucksters

Seems like a lotta folks these days are putting hexes on their neighbors, and the good news is that not all of 'em are working against us. Just like with the Harrowed, it's really just a question of figgering out which ones are which.

The hex-casters we know the most about are usually called "hucksters", and they are pretty easy to spot if you know what to look for: namely, a deck of cards. You see, hucksters try to pass themselves off as wandering gamblers, because that way, the playing cards they shuffle around all fancy-like to distract folks from whatever weird thing's happening don't seem out of place. Distracting people is a big part of it, too, because there's not much limit on what these hucksters can do given a little time, and most folks react to "witchcraft" like that by organizing a hemp-necktie party if they catch on to it.

Some of these hucksters use their power to do the right things, and not a few of 'em carry a Lone Star Badge. It should go without saying we'd like to add some more to those ranks, if for no other cause than to fight the bad hucksters. And trust me, compadre, there are plenty of bad ones out there.

Once again, your gut is the most reliable thing you have to tell you which ones are

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This is how our more special agents deal with those who don't abide by our rules.

which, but let me give you a little additional wisdom from on-high that might help you. The Good Book says "By their deeds shall they be known" (or something real close to that, anyway), and finding out exactly what "deeds" a huckster has been doing of late will tell you more about the type of person they are than anything else.

After you make the "good huckster" or "bad huckster" call, things get a lot simpler. The good ones you should either join up, or go about their business more quietly from now on. As for the bad ones, well, they die as easily as anyone else, especially if you get the drop on 'em (sounds like a job for a man with a Whitworth, there).

Black Magicians

If you ever, ever, see anybody casting spells without playing cards in their hands, best to shoot first, shoot second—heck, shoot nine or ten times—and ask questions sometime next century. You see, any goomer who doesn't need

the cards is piping in bad mojo straight from Perdition itself, and it don't take a genius to figger out what side any varmint doing that is on. They go by a lot of different fancy titles, like bokkor, cultists, or even plain ol' witches, but by any name, they are all on the Devil's payroll.

Not much you can really do for somebody who's willingly signed on Satan's dotted line, now is there? All there is, then, is for you and your LeMat to send 'em off to meet their goat-horned boss, along with anyone else who was helping 'em. Even if you're a might squeamish about doing this at the beginning, take it from a grizzled ol' veteran Ranger that a little spilt brains are nothing compared to what these black magicians can do to you. For starters, they can do anything a huckster can, and with less than half the time and trouble the card-sharps usually need.

Told you these goomers were bad news, didn't I?

Indians

I'm not gonna bore you with a lotta picky points, especially about someone else's religion, so I'll bottom-line it for you: the Indians really can work magic, just like they always said they could. Now, I can't rightly say if they are really talking to Great Spirits, angels, demons, or that Yankee inventor Alexander Graham Bell, but I have seen 'em whip up a rainstorm out of nowhere, heal the deathly ill, or get stronger and tougher than Texas chili before they head into a scrap.

We haven't had as many dealings with this sort of supernatural events as the Yankees (and very little luck recruiting any of its practitioners into our ranks), but when you do come across 'em, your reaction should usually be decided by the tribe responsible. The Sioux and other tribes which are causing the Yankees problems should usually be left alone, unless they're getting in the way of Ranger business. After all, we want 'em to continue giving the bluebellies trouble, don't we?

Likewise, you want to steer clear of anyone from the Coyote Confederation. In fact, don't ever get in their way unless it's to save your life or the Confederacy itself. I talked plenty before about why we need to stay neighborly with the

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Confederation, and besides that, they have been known to go out of their way to help us from time to time. We definitely do not want to discourage that kind of behavior from anybody, even if dang few of 'em will actually join the Rangers full-time.

Lastly, there are the Apache, who are causing trouble for us all along the Ghost Trail, which we can't allow to go on for any reason. Since the Apache don't want to talk the matter over none, you're better off just shooting 'em dead before they get you first. That said, for some reason the Apache are mad as hornets at the Bayou Vermillion Railroad, so if you come across a scrap between the two of 'em, best just to let 'em kill each other. Trust me, compadre, if you don't already know, but any day the Apache and LaCroix's people fight is a double victory for our side.

Unusual Weirdness

If you're down New Orleans way, you might run into some folks who practice real, honest-to-Old Pete voodoo magic. Now to be sure, plenty of folks pretend to do it (like Baron LaCroix's people), but they're really black magicians under all the fake trappings. Real voodoo (or more rightly, vodoun) is a real religion to those who work its magic, but for 'em to work any spells at all, they need a lot of time and weird materials. The black magicians can hit you with a ton of bad mojo without much effort at all, and that's how you tell the difference.

Real voodooists are on to LaCroix, and are against him the same as we are, so you should either recruit 'em or leave 'em be. We haven't had a whole bunch of 'em actually take up a Lone Star Badge, but plenty of 'em have agreed to help us take down the Baron and his whole unholy operation. As for the black magician kind (bokkor, as they are called), they really do need killing, and who better to do that than a Ranger?

Those of you who spend time in the Great Maze may have come across certain Chinamen who can pluck bullets out the air, or hit you in the face ninety-seven times before you can blink, or beat up twenty goomers faster than you can say, "Dang, that Chinaman is fast!"

They call themselves martial artists, and dang if I know where the "artist" part comes from, but they can use that "kung fu" of theirs to paint up a picture of whoop-ass like nobody else can.

Kinda like hucksters, these martial artists can be as good or as bad as anyone else you might meet. You should know by now how to make that call, but I can for dang sure guarantee you this little bit of advice: don't ever let 'em get close enough to touch you. Much as it surprised me to find out, this kung fu makes 'em purt-near Ranger tough when it comes down to a brawl, and even if you come out the winner, your body will still feel like the loser once it's all over with and done.

Extraordinary Threats

Here's the pages you might wanna keep dog-eared, compadre, because here's where we give you all we know on killing monsters. Some of it's tried and true Gospel information, while some of it's just guesswork, and for your sake I have tried to mark which is which. If any of the guesswork turns out to be wrong, please notify us here in Austin—when and if you can.

Be sure to let Headquarters know all about it if you or any of your Rangers run up on something that's not mentioned here at all. In such cases getting all the facts down and getting them to us is the key thing; you let us worry about sorting it all out.

Here's how we break down this section of the manual for you:

Name: The most common moniker the thing is known by, or at least what somebody yelled out as the critter swallowed 'em.

Description: Near as we can tell, this is what the thing looks like. Always take these parts with a shaker of salt or two.

Where Found: All the places we know these things have turned up. No skipping ahead looking for your home address here, compadre.

Known Weaknesses: The sure-fire, guaranteed ways to kill the critter.

Possible Weaknesses: What you look at if the above line says "None."

Notes: Anything else I feel like telling you about it.

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Santa Anna's deaders. We're probably going to see a lot more of these things soon. But they're still just Mexicans.

Army of the Dead (Ejercito de los Muertos)

Description: Walking corpses dressed like Mexican cavalry.

Where Found: Near the Confederate-Mexican border, particularly Arizona and California. Word is Santa Anna is heading up toward Lost Angels to make a play on the vast ghost rock reserves there.

Known Weaknesses: Being shot, clubbed, burned or otherwise busted in the head.

Possible Weaknesses: Being starved of brains.

Notes: Santa Anna's best troops are all zombies, but are nothing special in that regard other than being twice as dangerous and twice as mean as regular walking dead. If you can make it happen, we'd love to get a close-up look at one of these goomers back in Austin-dead (again) or (un)alive.

Since the cease-fire after Davis' assassination, we've quietly talked to the Yankees about this growing problem. Acting President Eric Michelle pointed out that Mexican control of Lost Angels or the Maze is harmful to both parties. The bluebellies, in their infinite wisdom, said, and I quote "The recent insurrection has drained our manpower. For the time being, the Mexican invasion must be a Confederate problem." That's political talk for "the enemy of my enemy is my friend." Grant and his dogs might think otherwise when the world's largest supply of ghost rock is controlled by Santa Anna.

Bayou Vermillion Railroad

Description: Most Bayou Vermillion agents with supernatural abilities are Negroes, who usually dress and outfit themselves like voodooists. Hired guns and zombies working for the Baron pretty much look like all others of their kind.

Where Found: New Orleans, and all along Bayou Vermillion's rail-lines.

Known Weaknesses: "Voodooists" on the Baron's payroll are really black magicians, so go back to that part of the manual to learn about them. LaCroix's zombies die like any other, but we'd still like to cut one open ourselves here in Austin and see what makes 'em go.

Possible Weaknesses: Members of the Chaplain Corps have reported being immune sometimes to the effects of LaCroix's bad mojo.

Notes: The owner of Bayou Vermillion is Baron Simone LaCroix—leading Confederate citizen, the man who built Fortress New Orleans, and famous rail-baron working hard to join the Great Maze to Dixie.

Bullstuff!

The Baron looks out for no one but himself, and I'd bet my last grayback he'd hex his own granny (if he ain't already) to save his own hide. The rail-line he's building to California might be good for the Confederacy in the long-view, but since the Baron is using black magic, zombies (which for some reason obey him), and whatever other pure evil he can get his hands on to get there, there's the Devil to pay in the short-view.

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The bottom line is that while we are not opposed to LaCroix getting a little track laid, his methods scare folks wet in the crotch, and it's up to us to harry and frustrate his use of bad mojo at every turn. LaCroix is on thin ice with us, and if he causes any more trouble than he already has then he will be made a corpse of the non-walking kind.

That said, word from on-high is to thwart LaCroix's efforts but don't bring him down. Not until the Great Rail Wars is decided anyway. To you junior Rangers, that means you can wipe out his foot troops, and you better damn sure stop any hoodoo you catch them performing, but don't mess with LaCroix himself.

The Black Regiment

Description: Walking dead infantrymen wearing black uniforms and carrying old muzzle-loaders.

Where Found: Anyplace a big battles is in progress.

Known Weaknesses: Being shot, clubbed, burned or otherwise injured in the head.

Possible Weaknesses: Killing the officer.

Notes: Ever since 1865, whenever the Gray or the Blue was about to get a serious tuckus-kicking on the field of battle, a bunch of dead soldiers in black duds has showed up to even the odds. Unlike all the other zombies we've met over the years, nobody knows where this bunch comes from or where they go in-between fights.

They're no tougher than other walking dead, but they all obey an uncommonly clever officer, and that makes 'em dangerous. Of course, if the zombies show up to fight for our side, you be sure to leave 'em be and let 'em be the dang Yankees' problem, you hear?

Black River Railroad

Description: Along with all the ordinary, average guys who work for Mina Devlin, Black River has hired some genuine, black magic-usin', icy-chested witches.

Where Found: Dodge City, and all along Black River's rail-lines.

Known Weaknesses: Try to remember a witch ain't no lady while you shoot her dead.

Possible Weaknesses: Chaplain Corps members are immune sometimes to Black River's witchery, just like they been known to be against Bayou Vermillion's "voodoo".

Notes: Mina Devlin claims her "Wichita Witches" are just a gang of duly-deputized law dogs, and while that's a pile of horse leavings, these gals really *are* witches, just like Mina herself. Still, we haven't done much agin Black River, mainly because Mina is a bigger thorn in the Union's side than she is in the Rangers'.

Lately, there have been some rumors goin' round about Black River and Union Blue working together, which bumfuzzles folks who remember that Mina Devlin's tale-tellin' sullied the reputation of General Joshua Chamberlain not too long ago. Nowadays, it seems Devlin's scared to death of some Harrowed called "the Cackler," and is cozying up to Chamberlain for protection.

Back in '65 a musket ball through the batch made Chamberlain immune to Mina's best



Mina Devlin. Beautiful, dark, and deadly.

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witchery, but I still smell something cookin' here, with the aroma of witches' brew about it. For now though, we just need keep an eye on this situation, and let Mina continue bewitching all the bluebellies she wants.

Blobs

Description: A moving heap of see-through goo.

Where Found: Marshes, ponds, lagoons and other warm, calm waters.

Known Weaknesses: Guns, especially shotguns loaded with buckshot.

Possible Weaknesses: Dynamite, base chemicals, or maybe immolating the dang thing in oil.

Notes: It's stupid, covered with acid, and has no quit in it. Kill it before it touches you, or better still, don't go near water in the first dang place.

Bloodwires

Description: Looks like red milkweed after it eats, and barbed wire before.



The dreaded bone fiend. Always try smashing the skull first.

Where Found: Ranches, anyplace barbed wire is strung.

Known Weaknesses: The usual stuff—shooting, stabbing, etc.—works just fine.

Possible Weaknesses: Starving it of blood.

Notes: This thorny critter jumps off its barbed wire perches to suck its victims blood-dry. It's easy enough to kill, but hard to find because it's sneaky and it leaves wounds that look like bullet-holes.

Bogie Men

Description: A man made of twigs, with a tumbleweed for a head.

Where Found: Anyplace there are children.

Known Weaknesses: Bullets, knives, fists, etc.

Possible Weaknesses: Fire.

Notes: This thing likes to scare little kids, and is sneaky enough to make the young'un's look like liars. Protect the little ones, Rangers.

Bone Fiends

Description: A moving pile of bones; sometimes big, sometimes small.

Where Found: Cattle trails and other places where bones pile up.

Known Weaknesses: Getting blown up, broken or shot.

Possible Weaknesses: Some vulnerable spot somewhere.

Notes: It can grow, shrink, and remake itself so long as it has more bones available to it. Most undead things like this have a weak point (like a zombie's head), but until we figure out exactly what that is, better call in the Congreves.

Braincrawlers

Description: Six-inch worms with a lotta legs.

Where Found: Inside loco people's heads. You can sometimes spot their work when otherwise normal people start doing bizarre things.

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Known Weaknesses: Getting stepped on, whiskey.

Possible Weaknesses: Heat or flame.

Notes: Crazy-brave people with coal-black eyes who rob banks and engage in other kinds of mayhem are a sure sign of braincrawlers on the loose. They leave a hole on the back of the neck when they chew their way inside—another tell-tale sign. Pouring whiskey on the wound makes them crawl back out, so have your boot-heel ready for it when it does.

Cankers

Description: A butt-ugly, long-legged bug-thing with its eyes on stalks.

Where Found: Inside human victims.

Known Weaknesses: Destroy the body it's in.

Possible Weaknesses: Castor oil.

Notes: This critter lives inside dead bodies, and uses its passel of legs to drive the corpse around like a steam wagon. It likes to crawl out the mouth and attack other folks, with the aim of shoving an egg down into their bellies.



A canker. Nasty piece of work, ain't it?

Catamounts

Description: A 10' long brown-furred cat.

Where Found: Wooded areas, especially hilly ones.

Known Weaknesses: It bleeds, so you can kill it pretty much any old way.

Possible Weaknesses: If shooting it doesn't work, your guess is as good as mine; a big old ball o' yarn, maybe?

Notes: No offense, compadre, but these things are probably smarter than you are. They also eat people, can hide pretty much anywhere, make sounds just like a person, and gut you like a fish. Call some friends—or better yet, hire some claw-fodder for help before you go after one of these.

Cemetery Wolves

Description: An odd-looking coyote with fore-paws that are creepily people-like.

Where Found: Anyplace there are dead human bodies. So pretty much anywhere these days, sad to say.

Known Weaknesses: Getting blowed up, shot, etc.

Possible Weaknesses: Being starved of corpses.

Notes: These things operate in packs, and use tactics worthy of John Singleton Mosby himself. They like to eat people who can't fight back, like corpses (buried or otherwise), but have been known to make exceptions for a live meal that looks like an easy mark. They can open doors, too, if they take a notion to grab a meal at your house.

Chupakabaras

Description: A hairy little man with long claws and big eyes.

Where Found: Near animal herds.

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Known Weaknesses: According to Mexican legend, they can only be killed by the family member they betrayed.

Possible Weaknesses: Allergic to getting shot, blown up, stabbed, etc.

Notes: If you can believe Mexican folklore, these fur-bearing critters used to be goomers who stabbed a relative in the back, and are now getting their comeuppance. They like to sneak up on you, but seem to die easily enough. However, they either multiply like rabbits or regenerate, because they don't always stay gone.

Chupakabaras means "goat sucker," by the by.

Dark Beasts

Description: Shadowy human-looking things with a dozen spidery legs.

Where Found: Wilderness areas.

Known Weaknesses: Light.

Possible Weaknesses: Being denied blood.

Notes: The Wichita Indians say these things are evil spider spirits. Don't know how true that is, but they for a fact enjoy the taste of folks'



Your standard Class Six Major Demon. Shotguns work just fine.

blood, and try to bushwhack unlucky victims out in the woods. Yep, dark beasts hate bright light, and go figure, they're night-hunters, so you'll have to go to your backup plan if you run up on one.

Demons

Description: Big, red, fiery, horned, hairy thing with nasty claws and teeth; pretty much what you read about in the Bible, compadre.

Where Found: Near a loco cult of goomers who worship the infernal thing. Oh, and Hell, of course. Don't laugh, I been there once myself.

Known Weaknesses: Good stuff, like Holy Water, Crucifixes, and Chaplain Corps members.

Possible Weaknesses: Other Good stuff we ain't tried yet.

Notes: I can't tell you enough how real bad these things are, but I'll start with the cold hard fact that the usual gun-and-Bowie-knife approach will just get you killed here. Stay away from the claws, teeth, and poisonous stinger if you have any sense at all. Telegraph for some "musical accompaniment" if you can; otherwise, pray a lot.

You'll probably have to do a little "creative tell-taling" once these things burst out. We had one arise in Gomorra, California, that darn near brought about a Hell on Earth. That was a ghost rock "explosion" to the common man.

Desert Things

Description: A hole in the sand with a big mouth in it and tentacles coming out of it.

Where Found: Deserts (Where else didja think they'd be?).

Known Weaknesses: Cutting off its tentacles, throwing a stick of dynamite into its maw.

Possible Weaknesses: Cold.

Notes: You probably won't notice these suckers until they grab you or a close-by amigo. Cut 'em free, and then blow the thing all to hell.

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Devil Rays

Description: A 15' wide, flat, black flying fish with a huge mouth full of sharp teeth.

Where Found: The Great Maze.

Known Weaknesses: Being out of the water, getting stabbed or shot a whole buncha times.

Possible Weaknesses: Light, swimming in fresh water.

Notes: They swim in packs of a dozen or two, jump out of the water and eat whomever they can grab. If you're in the Maze, watch out for 'em, and for goodness' sake DUCK!

Doom Clouds

Description: A blood-red cloud chasing after you.

Where Found: Battlefields where chlorine gas has been used.

Known Weaknesses: None.

Possible Weaknesses: Supernatural powers, strong winds.

Notes: Wherever some poor sods have been gassed to death, one of these things is liable to show up. It sneaks up on you and chokes you to death, and unless you carry around one of those newfangled filtering masks you are gonna wind up expired, an ex-Ranger. Run like a scalded dog if you see one, and don't go back until you find something you think might kill it. Oh, and be sure to let us know back here in Austin what that something is if it works.

Dread Wolves

Description: Wolves acting all loco and drooling blood.

Where Found: Anywhere normal wolves are.

Known Weaknesses: Rangers with good aim and a lot of rounds.

Possible Weaknesses: Maybe medicine can cure 'em somehow.

Notes: If rabid wolves are a headache, these things are a migraine. They still know how to take you down as a pack, and if they bite you, you get the "bad blood." That makes you crazier



A duster. Its feet ain't lucky for nobody.

than they are, and a cannibal to boot. If I need to say it, don't get near 'em.

Dust Devils

Description: A swirling cloud of dust hot on your trail.

Where Found: Southwestern Confederacy.

Known Weaknesses: Shotguns with buckshot shells.

Possible Weaknesses: Being held still.

Notes: Stay as far away as you can, unless you wanna get tore up by it, and don't use dynamite, unless you want the stick flung back into your lap.

Dusters

Description: Cute little fur-bearing critters (like rabbits) who need a good meal and somebody like you to take care of 'em.

Where Found: Dry areas.

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The Epitaph's conception of a flesh jacket. They're off by about two gallons of blood.

Known Weaknesses: Being cut up into rabbit steaks, shot, etc.

Possible Weaknesses: Fire and heat.

Notes: These tricky devils play on folks' pity and get themselves brung into settlements with scarce water, then they make what water there is dry up. Then, you gotta find and kill the little varmints or die of thirst.

El Diablo Negro & El Diablo Rojo

Description: In order, they are a huge, scary black horse, and a downright ancient looking Apache medicine man.

Where Found: Around the Confederate-Mexican border (both sides).

Known Weaknesses: Both can be plugged, punctured, or pulverized, but have enough black magic in 'em so that none of that sort of thing hurts 'em much.

Possible Weaknesses: Supernatural attacks, particularly those known to the Apache.

Notes: Separate, these two are as bad as they come, and together they can wipe out whole towns and villages—something they do just for laughs along the border. They also come gunning for folks (especially Rangers) who've made a name for themselves fighting against supernatural badness. Rojo likes to fling spells at you from a distance, while Negro likes to get in close and trample you, most of the time.

Flesh Jackets

Description: A pile of human skin crawling around.

Where Found: Usually being worn by its victims like a pair of long-johns.

Known Weaknesses: Getting cut up into flesh mittens, flesh socks, etc.

Possible Weaknesses: Shooting and burning, but nobody's risked killing a victim to prove it.

Notes: There are cults out there dedicated to bringing more evil into the world (for whatever reason), and some of 'em know how to make these things. I'm no expert, but my guess is it involves skinning some poor fool. Once free, the skin has a mind of its own, and it can force itself onto others, who then have to do its saggy kinda evil for it. Always keep in mind that these things are easy to kill, but hard to get off their victims first.

Gabriel Hounds

Description: Evil-looking black dogs about 4' high.

Where Found: Pretty much anywhere.

Known Weaknesses: None.

Possible Weaknesses: Colts, Bowie's and dynamite.

Notes: While these things can and do scare the bejeezus out of people, they just do that and run—usually. Folks who are cornhole-deep in evil like to have these as pets, and their unholy masters are usually more to get worried about.

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Ghosts

Description: People or people-like things that float in the air; you can see through 'em, too

Where Found: Anyplace folks can be or have been.

Known Weaknesses: Finding out what's keeping 'em in this world and resolving the situation.

Possible Weaknesses: Supernatural stuff.

Notes: Haunts, spectres, phantoms, spooks, ghosts—whatever you call 'em, they're all spirits of the dead that felt like they left this life with unfinished business. It can be missing a lover or loved one, looking for their killer, or otherwise just trying to get even with the living. The surest way to bust a ghost is to find out what they're still hanging around for, and either help 'em get the job done, or convince 'em the job is no longer worth doing.

Giant Animals

Description: Texas-size renditions of normal critters; crocodiles, octopuses, and sharks we already know about; we continue to look for the fabled giant armadillo.

Where Found: Same places as the regular-size versions.

Known Weaknesses: Same as their tinier cousins, only you're gonna need a lot more of whatever it is.

Possible Weaknesses: Nothing else we can guess at.

Notes: If you find any more of these big 'uns, be sure to let us know here in Austin so we can put 'em in the next edition.

Gremlins

Description: Little green people with big eyes, ears and teeth.

Where Found: Inside ghost-rock powered gadgets.

Known Weaknesses: Mad scientists with a lot of will and know-how can force 'em out in the open; then they die just fine.

Possible Weaknesses: It'd have to be something supernatural, I'm pretty sure.

Notes: These little monsters take already dangerous mad-science contraptions and make 'em even more so. They bother the Agency a lot more than us (for obvious reasons), but every now and again an angry researcher needs some Rangers to help put the critters down once he flushes 'em out.

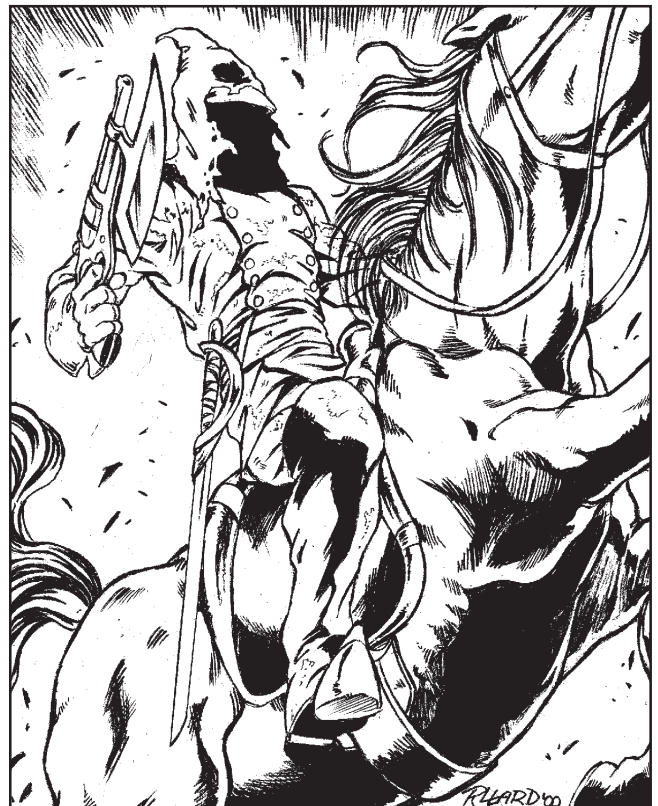
Hangin' Judges

Description: Hooded, pee-your-pants-scary hombres, carrying two revolvers with bayonets on 'em.

Where Found: Along the old Chisholm Trail.

Known Weaknesses: Hanging by the neck until dead (whatever "dead" means to one of these hombres).

Possible Weaknesses: A really, really big gun, like the LeMat Undertaker. Some evidence suggests only the bullet of a lawman can hurt 'em.



One of the dreaded Hangin' Judges. You'd best be wearin' a size-10 Stetson to tangle with these hombres.

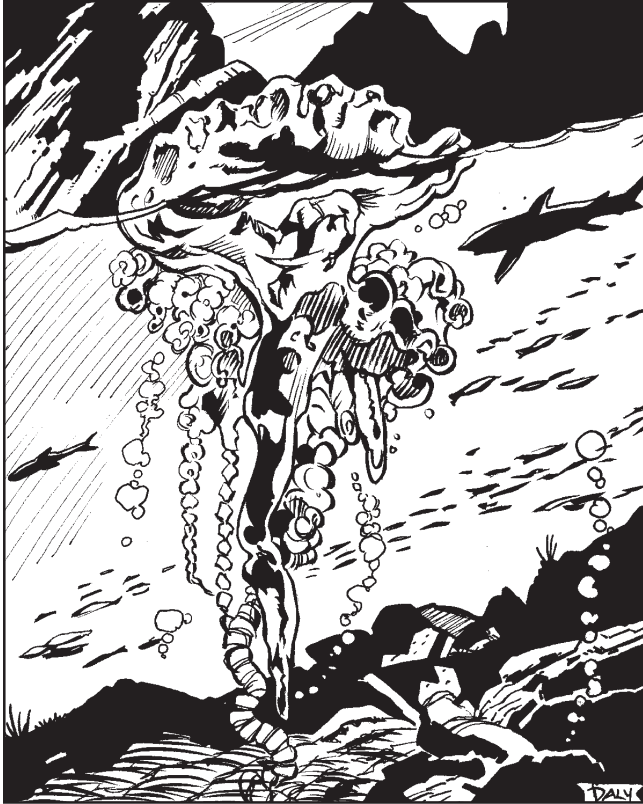
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Notes: First, the good news: we know a good ol' fashioned hanging kills these Judges dead. The bad news is that they wanna watch you dance the hempen jig first. Worse, their bullets hurt you a whole lot more than yours hurt them.

Fortunately, we've discovered something during the course of the Great Rail Wars. Black River Railroad has been known to somehow summon these things to their battles. While most folks' bullets just go right through 'em, ours seem to do just fine. The Agency also seems able to put 'em down. Our best thinkers believe the gun a duly-authorized lawman might just be the thing's weakness.

Even so, Judges carry two ghostly six-guns that spit more lead than a Gatling. Unless you got a company or more of Rangers backing you up, jumping on the heel-toe express is probably your best move when staring one of these things down.



The long arms of a Hellfish. Stay at a distance and drop some TNT in the water with 'em. I hear the remains make a good, spicy marmelade.

Harrowed

Description: Harrowed don't look like zombies—usually. The demon inside these things keeps the body in a much fresher state so it can walk among the rest of us. Still, get a close sniff and you'll know the difference.

Where Found: Everywhere.

Known Weaknesses: You can put one down for a while with normal weapons, but to kill 'em, you have to blow their noggins off.

Possible Weaknesses: It's said some of these freaks have other weaknesses, such as the heart, spine, or other organ.

Notes: We've already talked about the Harrowed earlier. Remember that most of these folks have a human spirit fighting to stay "alive" inside them. Give 'em a chance if they seem helpful to our cause—they're powerful fighters. If they seem too easily controlled by the thing inside, kill 'em.

Headless Horsemen

Description: A hombre on a stallion carrying a punkin; oh yeah, he ain't got no head, neither.

Where Found: Lonely trails and roads.

Known Weaknesses: Anything, but up to a point none of it hurts him all that much.

Possible Weaknesses: Smashing his punkin.

Notes: These like to chase folks, scare 'em, ride 'em down, and then do 'em harm with the guns and saber they carry. They can be killed (again?), but seem to take a real beating before laying down for good. You probably already guessed the old "shoot it in the head" trick ain't gonna do you much good here.

Hellfish

Description: A jellyfish 5' high with tentacles reaching up to 15' long.

Where Found: Saltwater.

Known Weaknesses: Fire, explosions.

Possible Weaknesses: Getting it out of the water.

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Notes: This critter's got stingers full of the nastiest poison we know about—one hit makes you deader than Abe Lincoln, unless you got a miracle handy in your pocket.

Horned Serpents

Description: A spiky-backed snake, about 12' long, with cow horns—most of the time; other times, it looks like a much dumber twin of a lost compadre.

Where Found: The deepest rivers in the Southwest Confederacy.

Known Weaknesses: They're as dumb as a post, and take a bullet as hard as anything.

Possible Weaknesses: Shooting off their horns.

Notes: I know, I know—you heard "twelve-foot long snake" and thought "Boots for everybody!" Well, trust me, it ain't that easy to catch and skin one of these critters. Being a snake and all, it's got a poisonous bite, and for some dang reason, can also make itself look like anyone it's got hold of. It ain't no John Wilkes Booth by any stretch when it comes to acting, but usually its being a look-alike is enough to get it the drop on somebody else.

Humbugs

Description: A locust makin' enough noise to wake the dead and then kill 'em all over again.

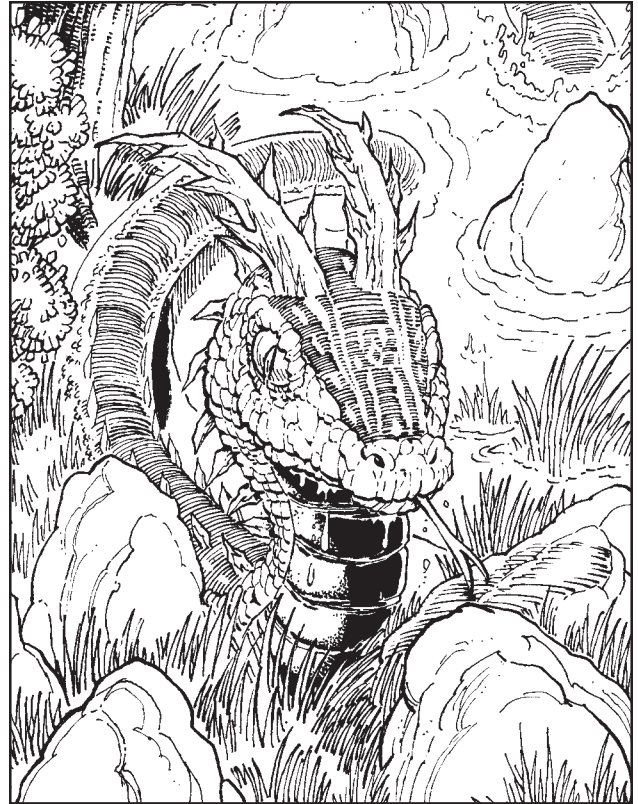
Where Found: In wooded areas, or planted fields.

Known Weaknesses: Getting swatted with a boot.

Possible Weaknesses: Silence.

Notes: This is a sneaky little bug that lets off a screeching whine which can rattle your bones loose, and if it gets mad or scared, it can turn the noise up to 11 on a 1-to-10 scale and have you bleeding out your ears. I don't often say this about so tiny a critter, but if you're in good with your superior you may just want to ask for the Congreves to come in and finish it off for you.

Be careful even after you kill it, because some Rangers claim other horrors have come to think of their whine as a dinner bell.



Great horny toads and serpents too.

Joaquin Murieta

Description: A hombre in black clothes, with no head and a big-ass revolver.

Where Found: The Great Maze, and the Confederate Southwest.

Known Weaknesses: Everything hurts him, but nothing we know about kills him.

Possible Weaknesses: His missing head (Yeah, that's a big help).

Notes: Everybody knows the legend of the outlaw Joaquin Murieta and the wrong done him to make him go bad, and most folks believe his tale ends with a decapitation. Well, these days that's just the beginning of the story, and that's how it is with Joaquin. He's been spotted more than once, wandering around and asking for his noggin back (hearing him speak through a voice-box that's pretty-much just hanging out of the top of his open neck is something you will never forget, and trust me, you will try). He ain't found it yet, and until he does, all we can do is put him down for a little while.

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Don't let him get near you, either. He's more than happy to rip off your head to fill that empty spot at the end of his own neck.

Jackalopes

Description: A jackrabbit with antlers—no, seriously, a jackrabbit with antlers.

Where Found: Most of the Confederacy and Union west of the Mississippi.

Known Weaknesses: Can't swim.



I don't know why they call it a nibbler. I'd go for "Big Gulper" myself.

Possible Weaknesses: Nothing else we can guess at.

Notes: We Texans tried to tell folks, but they wouldn't listen when we said these things was real. Now, everybody knows better, especially those who have had the jinx put on 'em by one of these fur-bearing critters.

As bad as they make your luck, theirs is good, so you can just about forget about killing one. However, if you manage to pull it off, their feet are honest-to-Old Pete good-luck charms (trust me, compadre, I got one). When you get tired of shooting and missing them, just cross running water and it can't follow—assuming you can find some, that is.

Los Diablos

Description: A herd of steers from Perdition itself.

Where Found: Wherever you are, they'll find you.

Known Weaknesses: None.

Possible Weaknesses: Dang if we wouldn't like to know.

Notes: Stay a Ranger long enough and Los Diablo will come for you, and Vaya con Dios then, compadre. Your friends can't help you, so best to tell them to run before you get them killed, too. Whatever tricks you have learned, you're gonna need, and if you can get your hands on a case of dynamite or a cannon or two, that wouldn't hurt none, either. Either you get the bull, or the bull gets you. No offense, amigo, but the smart money's on the steer.

One trick some of our Rangers have learned is that while friends can't *directly* help fight, those with arcane abilities can augment their own abilities some. You'll have to work this out with your own compadres. It's their skins.

Maze Dragons

Description: A sea serpent 150' long and a mouth made for swallowing men whole.

Where Found: The Great Maze.

Known Weaknesses: Real big weapons (like cannons) and bundles of dynamite.

Possible Weaknesses: Being out of the water for too long.

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Notes: Any weapon you can carry likely will just tickle a maze dragon (if that), so if you don't have a battery of artillery handy it's probably best just to beat feet and run.

Note that most everyone knows these things exist now, so you don't have to cover it up when one eats a boat full of Mazers. As a matter of fact, it's handy for scaring people away from the Maze

Mexican Dragons

Description: A 12' long orange iguana.

Where Found: Mostly in Mexico, but a few have crossed the border into the Confederacy.

Known Weaknesses: This critter's hide is tougher than a one-penny steak, so don't bother shooting unless you got a cannon or two with you.

Possible Weaknesses: Water.

Notes: These critters aren't looking for any fights, but if you don't take the chance they give you to run, they can and will scorch you just like Texas toast. Didn't I mention they breathe fire? Oh yeah, you'd best watch out for that little trick, as well as that big ol' mouth full of sharp teeth and powerful tail they got, too.

Mojave Rattlers

Description: If a worm between say, 10 to 100 yards long pops out of the sand, chances are it's a Mojave rattler.

Where Found: The Mojave desert and the badlands of Utah.

Known Weaknesses: Whole batteries of artillery, entire brigades of infantry; the tentacles can be cut fairly easily, though.

Possible Weaknesses: Starvation.

Notes: If you feel the ground rumble, you're probably already worm food. If you ain't got enough dynamite to open up the mint in Charlotte, you probably can't kill it. However, if it does grab you with one of its tentacles, some fast work with your Bowie knife (DO NOT go into rattler country without one!) can cut you free before you see the thing from the inside.

Have I mentioned what a real good notion going back for some reinforcements is?

Mudsuckers

Description: A 6' slug with a round, razor-tooth-filled mouth.

Where Found: Still freshwater, like swamps & marshes.

Known Weaknesses: Getting shot or stabbed full of holes.

Possible Weaknesses: Salt, drowning in saltwater.

Notes: This critter likes to hide near the shore and grab a meal as it walks by, which it drags underwater and then sucks blood from until the poor unfortunate dies. It's not the toughest thing you'll ever fight, but getting bit (and shot full of paralyzing venom) is still a real unpleasant experience.

Nibblers

Description: A 4" long fish that's pretty much all teeth. It will not be alone.

Where Found: Any water, fresh or salt.

Known Weaknesses: Dynamite, nitro or anything else that can kill a bunch of 'em at once.

Possible Weaknesses: Being kept out of the water.

Notes: These little meat-lovers eat anything fleshy that steps in the water with them, and since they travel in hundreds, meals usually don't take long to finish.

Night Haunts

Description: A horrible looking shadow-thing; It kinda looks like a skeleton of some sort.

Where Found: Near camps after dark.

Known Weaknesses: Light.

Possible Weaknesses: Supernatural attacks.

Notes: These monsters are not solid, kinda like ghosts, and try to lure sentries away from camps so they can kill 'em. Haunts bait their victims with bogus sounds and sights, trying to make them think somebody else is in trouble. If any goomer falls for it, they're in deep trouble, because it's tough to hurt something that ain't

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Pit Wasps. These suckers are pure trouble. You might have to burn down the whole town and everyone in it if the locals get infected.

solid. Haunts are scared of light, but a lotta good that'll do you once you're away from the campfire.

Night Ravens

Description: A black bird with an evil, black-magical gleam in its eye.

Where Found: Anywhere, near as we can tell.

Known Weaknesses: Birdshot, buckshot, getting shot.

Possible Weaknesses: Daylight.

Notes: This kinda raven is as smart as a person, and usually hires itself out to some major fearmonger. They sneak up on Rangers and other hero-type folks, and force 'em to have nightmares that are real enough to kill. Their eyes can scare the brown off beans, but if your guts don't fail you, a good aim turns the critter into mattress-stuffing real easy.

Patchwork Monsters

Description: Parts of people (and animals) sewed together and walking around.

Where Found: Anywhere, but never too far from the crazy what stitched it together in the first dang place.

Known Weaknesses: Wounding it is easy—killing it is hard.

Possible Weaknesses: Setting it on fire or dunking it in acid.

Notes: Yes, compadre, there are folks so loco they thought sewing together a buncha parts and making 'em live again was a good idea, and kept at it until they made it work. The monsters they make are all as strong as an ox-team and stupid-obedient, too. If that weren't enough, every part of the thing is alive all by itself, so you gotta kill the thing literally piece by piece. Trust me, compadre, it's not as much fun as it sounds.

Piasas

Description: If a bat and a woodpecker had a baby, and it grew to be about 7' tall, it'd look like a piasa.

Where Found: Between the Rockies and the Big Muddy, but mainly along the central Mississippi and Missouri Rivers.

Known Weaknesses: Dynamite, guns and knives, as long as they're real, real big, and can make it through this critter's tough hide.

Possible Weaknesses: Daylight.

Notes: These big 'uns are night-hunters, and dang deadly ones at that. They come out the sky, pin a victim down, and bust 'em wide open with their beaks. Best to have some amigos around to help you bust the critter open first, if you're heading to piasa country.

Pit Wasps

Description: A 4' long red wasp.

Where Found: Heavily wooded areas.

Known Weaknesses: Getting squished by a .40 slug, or a stick of dynamite.

Possible Weaknesses: Fire and smoke.

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Notes: These bugs eat wood (they build nests out of it), and thus have a taste for houses, stores and the like. Heck, a whole town or two has gotten et by these flying critters. They are still bugs, and squish just like the smaller kind (but leave a bigger mess). However, these wasps travel in mobs, so you oughta have some back up, unless you wanna get stung to death.

Pox Walkers

Description: An Indian covered in oozing sores, and with other signs of being real dang ill.

Where Found: White settlements near Indian land.

Known Weaknesses: Rangers with big-ass guns.

Possible Weaknesses: Alcohol.

Notes: These things are Alexander Stephens' even sicker cousins, as every little thing about 'em—their breath, touch and weapons—spreads a killing plague. Kill 'em from a ways off and burn whatever's left.

Prairie Ticks

Description: Ticks the size of your fist.

Where Found: Underground in the prairies.

Known Weaknesses: Castor oil.

Possible Weaknesses: Being starved of blood.

Notes: These little buggers pop out the ground and try to crawl down your mouth. If they make it, you wind up dead when it finally rips its way back out. Castor oil can force it back up, and while that may not kill you, it will make you wish it would. They nest in groups of about a dozen or two, so you might wanna stock up on castor oil before heading out on the prairie.

Replicants

Description: Once they pop out of their pea-pods, they look just like you or me, which is the problem.

Where Found: Anyplace.

Known Weaknesses: Again, same as you and me.

Possible Weaknesses: Supernatural mojo.

Notes: Sometimes a fine, upstanding citizen seems to go tee-totally bat-guano loco and starts doing unspeakable things to their friends and neighbors, all the while claiming they were across town when it happened. This has happened just enough to clue us in that there's a monster out there who can turn itself into a mirror image of folks before doing nasty stuff.

Other times, the replicant is quieter about the change, and actually takes the time to kill the person it copied. If the replicant goes to this trouble, its goal is also different: taking over a settlement rather than just a quick burst of mayhem.

Whatever you do to solve a replicant problem, Ranger, just make sure you get the monster. Being careless and killing innocent people is not why we're here.



Better get used to the taste of Castor Oil if you plan on traveling the High Plains during tick season.

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Scarecrows. Creepy as Hell, but not so dangerous if you stand your ground and have a little fire. If you don't have a flamethrower handy, try some white lightning and a match. (That's moonshine, new boys.)

River Leviathan

Description: An octopus (that's an eight-armed fish, for all you land-lubbers) about the size of a barn, with 20' arms.

Where Found: Big rivers like the Mississippi and the Missouri.

Known Weaknesses: Ironclads, shore batteries, and lots of them.

Possible Weaknesses: Disease, each other.

Notes: We're pretty sure the famous "Lost Flotilla" the dang Yankees sent to recapture New Orleans back in '63 wound up in the belly of at least one of these. The good news for us is that these critters seem to have died off, as nobody's seen one for years (and it's not like they can hide or nothing). Don't know if they killed each other off or a plague killed 'em all off, but I ain't one to look gift horses in the mouth.

Saddle Burrs

Description: A chestnut burr that can reach out and sting you good.

Where Found: Blowin' in the wind, or stuck to some unlucky cowpoke.

Known Weaknesses: Burning, squashing with a hard metal object (like an anvil, for instance).

Possible Weaknesses: Being paralyzed.

Notes: They sting you, and make a sore place you won't want touching anything for days after. If they stick to you or your horse, things get worse, because shaking them only makes more of them. We don't think they can kill anybody, but they can sure ruin your whole week (especially if you got a gunfight planned after they get you on your shooting hand).

Sand Vipers

Description: A 3' conch shell with a spike at one end, and a mess of tentacles at the other.

Where Found: On saltwater beaches.

Known Weaknesses: Dynamite, nitro, and anything else that can actually break through the conch.

Possible Weaknesses: Drowning in fresh water, starvation, something that can pierce their ironclad-like shells.

Notes: These critters congregate in groups under the sand, and poke their victims with that spike of theirs (bet you saw that coming, didn't you?). That paralyzes the poor fellow, and allows the viper to get at their blood. Once again, rounding up a posse ahead of time is a good move if you wanna clear out the whole colony at once, or just don't wanna wind up a pint or two low afterwards.

Scarecrows

Description: A scarecrow, only this kind moves and kills folks.

Where Found: Cornfields.

Known Weaknesses: It's easy to hurt, but dang hard to kill for good.

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Possible Weaknesses: Burning with fire or acid.

Notes: It probably won't surprise you much that scarecrows are coming down from their perches and stabbing people to death. Even if you have it figured out that one's responsible, it can be a real tall order to get the right one before the local farmers come looking for you, all mad about losing their straw men!

Like a whole pan full of sloosh, these things come back on you long after you think they're gone. We're not sure what finishes 'em, but you might want to try a little fire.

Sin Eaters

Description: Either it looks just like the dearly departed, or a sack of goo.

Where Found: Graveyards, and around the families of the deceased.

Known Weaknesses: Getting stabbed.

Possible Weaknesses: Getting blown up.

Notes: Despite the name, this thing is nothing like the helpful critter folks in the Ozarks tell stories about. It starts off as a bag of goo, but after it eats up a freshly buried corpse, it looks and acts just like a living, breathing version of the dead person. The sin eater then tries to cause as much consternation amongst the dearly departed's grieving kinfolk as possible.

You can shoot these things, but since it's a blob and all, you're better off saving your ammo. It's not like Rangers carry those Bowie knives around just for show, anyhow.

Sirens

Description: A swimmer drowning in the ocean, with a 25' long hungry sea monster at the other end.

Where Found: Saltwater, especially the Great Maze.

Known Weaknesses: Weapons, but if you can pick it up, it won't hurt a siren much.

Possible Weaknesses: Swimming in freshwater, being yanked out of the sea.

Notes: Be careful Ranger, before you jump in to save that poor drowning soul—you might wind up as chum. Throw 'em a rope, and if they

don't take it (especially if they can scream, but not answer you), you might want to load the boat's guns up with grapeshot, just in case.

Skinshifters

Description: Pasty-skinned Indian wild men with purple-glowing eyes.

Where Found: Wilderness areas.

Known Weaknesses: Shifting its skin with buckshot, Bowie or bullets.

Possible Weaknesses: Starving it of victims.

Notes: The Indians probably know where these things come from, but none of 'em have ever felt much like talking about these monsters. Skinshifters like to bushwhack lonely wilderness travelers, and then grab 'em and kill 'em by eating their souls right out of their bodies. (You just can't make stuff like that up, compadres.) Your best defense is not to let 'em, but they move faster than the eye can see, so keeping away from 'em ain't easy.



What some artist at the Epitaph thinks a Sin Eater looks like.

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This here's Stone. The last face many of my men saw. If you see his ugly mug, stay away. This one's only for the big boys.

Skinwalkers

Description: Normal folks, most of the time, and like skinned normal folks the rest of the time.

Where Found: Not far from Bayou Vermillion rail-lines.

Known Weaknesses: Once you get the borrowed hide off 'em, they die like anything else, but I guaran-dang-tee neither will happen fast enough for you.

Possible Weaknesses: Being denied fresh hides.

Notes: Plenty of awful things can look like your best friend, but none of 'em go about it in as disgusting a way as skinwalkers. They take the hides right off their live victims, and then pass themselves off as the original by wearing their skin like it was their Sunday best.

Baron LaCroix has a passel of these things on his payroll, and he uses them as scouts, saboteurs and assassins, so where they are, Bayou Vermillion ain't far behind. As sick as he

is for hiring them, the Baron does get his dollar's worth out of them, as they are pretty dang near unkillable until you blast the hide right off them.

Stone

Description: The meanest-looking walkin' dead man you'll ever see, carrying two Colt Walkers and wearing a tattered brown trench coat covered with lawmen's badges.

Where Found: Where you want him least.

Known Weaknesses: None.

Possible Weaknesses: Something holy?

Notes: Best we can tell, Capt. Jasper Stone of the 13th Alabama Infantry was one of the very first Harrowed ever created. After temporarily dying at Gettysburg, he came back with what seems to be a powerful grudge agin folks with a reputation for fighting the good fight.

These days, Stone seems to be everywhere at once, gunning down good men and women like they was gobblers at a turkey shoot, and witnesses say even those lucky few who managed to plug him a time or two didn't slow him down a bit. For reasons of his own, he collects badges from the law dogs he puts down, and sports 'em on his coat. It pains me to say it, but more than a few of Stone's "trophies" are Lone Star Badges.

Therefore, if you meet up with Stone, don't fight him if got any other options. He seems to have every last dang ability a Harrowed can have, and makes lightning look like molasses. So until we can figure out how to put him down, don't ever forget that ol' chestnut about "the better part o' valor."

Stone Men

Description: Surprise, amigo—it looks a man made outta rock.

Where Found: All over the American West.

Known Weaknesses: Fire.

Possible Weaknesses: Falling off a cliff, getting blowed up real good.

Notes: These things are purt near impossible to hurt with any kinda weapon, but for some dang reason they burn like a whole jug full of 'shine. Before you put them to the torch,

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compadre, it's only fair to warn you they burn a long time, and stay fighting mad while they do. Watch out for the Texas-size clubs they carry, too, unless you wanna look back and see your body as your head gets knocked clean off your shoulders.

Tarnished Phantasy

Description: A see-through girl floating in the air.

Where Found: Over men's beds.

Known Weaknesses: Being attacked by the fellow she's aiming to please to death.

Possible Weaknesses: Some supernatural whammy.

Notes: As monsters go, this one ain't too bad. I mean, just think about all the ones that wanna eat your brain or drink your blood; this one just wants to love you to death, literally. They always look like gals, and naturally only target hombres. There ain't much the unlucky (if that's the word) fellow's friends can do except wake him up when his new best gal shows up, and hope he's got enough hardness in his heart (they usually look and act like a deceased lover) to kill the phantom lady.

Terrantulas

Description: A big hairy spider with a skull on its end-part, either small and traveling in really big groups (like 500 or more), or are as big as a horse and solitary.

Where Found: The Southwestern Confederacy.

Known Weaknesses: Killing the little ones is no problem—getting all of them is another thing. The big ones are the same, but you'll need to get a bigger gun.

Possible Weaknesses: Nothing we've yet stumbled across.

Notes: The little ones have a poisonous bite, which can paralyze you while they set up the dinner table around you. Unless you got a flamethrower or something, they will get you before you get all of them. The big ones like to pop up out the ground, and are even more full of venom.

Terrormentals

Description: An angry pile of mud, pool of water, blaze of fire, or wisp of smoke, about 10' tall.

Where Found: Anywhere that won't get 'em killed quick—fire don't like streams much, for instance.

Known Weaknesses: Water kills fire, fire kills water, water kills earth, and earth kills water.

Possible Weaknesses: Something supernatural.

Notes: These things are double-tough, and to make matters much worse, are also usually under the spell of some loco, murdering cultist. Killing the cultist makes the terrormentals stupider, but a heck of a lot meaner, too.

Somebody rich (probably Baron LaCroix, but we ain't sure) believes us Rangers took a tablet that gives you total control over terrormentals from a group of cultists in Atlanta several years ago. I ain't saying for sure whether we did or we didn't, but I can tell you for sure there's a



A "tarnished fantasy." All in all, there are worse ways to go.

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No one ever believes us Texans when we talk about how big the varmints down here are. Til they get eat by one.

five-thousand dollar reward for anyone who brings this rich goomer the tablet. Because of that, more than one Ranger's been bushwhacked and tortured by greedy and gutless folks trying to get the skinny about its whereabouts.

Texas Skeeters

Description: A cloud of skeeters, each about as big as your hand.

Where Found: Swamp-land all up and down the Mississippi River, and some points east.

Known Weaknesses: Fire and smoke, getting mushed.

Possible Weaknesses: They're afraid of fire and you can squish 'em—what more do you want?

Notes: Oh sure, they're big little bugs, but still, they're bugs, right? Try fighting off a dozen or two at once, compadre, before you say that, because when there's that many of them, they can sure suck you dry in a hurry.

Things Under the Bed

Description: Sneaky as they are, it's tough to nail down what these things look like exactly, but most folks describe 'em as warty little troll-looking critters.

Where Found: Under the bed, in the closet, or any other place where it can hide and pop out quick to scare young 'uns.

Known Weaknesses: Bright light

Possible Weaknesses: Supernatural or Holy stuff.

Notes: What is it with kids these days, some folks are wondering. They're getting framed for mischief, and then kidnapped and ate by monsters, that's what. These things are tough to catch, and even tougher to kill, though bright light (the brighter the better, too) hurts 'em almost as much as they deserve. Anything else is liable to miss 'em clean (consider that before you start a shoot-out in a kid's bedroom) or just not hurt 'em at all.

Tommyknockers

Description: Little men (about 3' high) with big heads, and real bad posture.

Where Found: In working mines.

Known Weaknesses: Bright light, getting tommyknocked with a bullet.

Possible Weaknesses: Being above ground.

Notes: These goomers like to spook miners by knocking on the walls and timbers, and causing the roofs to cave in so they can eat the trapped victims. While a bullet between the eyes ends their knocking days, they are dang near impossible to catch while they're underground, as they move through solid rock just like it was air.

Trolls

Description: Little (4' tall) tan-colored people, with clawed fingers and evil-looking faces.

Where Found: Heavily wooded areas, hidden valleys, and under bridges (just like in the fairy tales).

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Known Weaknesses: Getting their little heads blown off by a great big bullet.

Possible Weaknesses: Bright light.

Notes: If you're alone in the woods, the trolls come after you. Now, the thought of throwing down with a 4' midget might not scare you much, but these things got no interest in fighting you fair. They swipe your maps, your food, and your water when you ain't looking, and can make you see stuff that ain't really there. When you're so hungry and thirsty you can't even stand is when they make their move, and when you're weak as a baby and lying on the ground, the troll's bigger than you.

Tumblebleeds

Description: Looks like a tumbleweed, until it sticks its thorns and teeth into you.

Where Found: Rolling along the flat lands of the American West.

Known Weaknesses: Unless they've just gotten stinking drunk off your blood, they burn just like non-murdering tumbleweeds.

Possible Weaknesses: Starvation.

Notes: They roll along in groups of three and try to bite you. Either you see them first and avoid them, or kill them before they suck you dry. That's about it.

Tummy Twisters

Description: A pile of tentacles and eyes, peeking out from some poor cowpoke's belly.

Where Found: Stagnant watering holes in Texas, and in the bellies of fools who drink out of them.

Known Weaknesses: Good ol' spicy Texas home-cooking.

Possible Weaknesses: Being boiled while still teeny-tiny.

Notes: Don't drink stagnant water anywhere in the Lone Star State, or you just might get a friend for life, one that knows you outside and inside. Once it gets in you, it takes charge, and sets its sights on knocking up other people with its slimy spawn.

However, these little goomers picked the wrong state to set up shop in, as any Texan worth the name already has the cure in their

kitchen. That's right, tummy twisters are squeamish when it comes to a little spice in their dinner, so a good ol' fashioned, home-cooked Texas meal with plenty of jalapenos and habaneros makes these things come crawling out for their lives. However, the twister's trip out the belly is a might less pleasurable for the victim than the dinner was.

Tunnel Critters

Description: Centipedes about the size of a hound dog, and bigger.

Where Found: Underground tunnels.

Known Weaknesses: A big enough round can tunnel through them, but regular-size rounds (or smaller) are likely to just tickle 'em, so bring dynamite, and lots of it.

Possible Weaknesses: Bright light.

Notes: If you stumble onto these critters, you're probably not far from a nest full of 'em. They know the tunnels better than you, and



This disgusting mass of guts is a tummy twister. Burn that nasty thing outta there with a cup of jalapeno juice or your favorite Texas hot sauce.

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Two-Faces. I'd shoot this nasty thing from a long way off.

can probably take you with numbers and their poisonous bites. The good news is they won't kill you. The bad news is they will lay eggs in you, and you die when they hatch. Since you're baby's first solid food, they won't find enough of you left to bury.

Two-Faces

Description: An Indian with long claws; oh yeah, he's got an extra face on what should be the back of his head, too.

Where Found: Near settlements in the American West.

Known Weaknesses: Bright light.

Possible Weaknesses: Some things I am dang sure the Indians know all about, but ain't telling.

Notes: Good luck getting the drop on this four-eyed critter. Worse, just one look can freeze you in your tracks faster and longer than a peek at a petticoat. Since it kills children and eats their ears, their presence is easy to detect,

and makes killing them that much more satisfying to boot.

Uktenas

Description: A 30' long snake as thick as a tree trunk, with a gemstone on its head between a pair of horns.

Where Found: Isolated rivers and waters in the American West.

Known Weaknesses: None, not even to the Indians (so they say, anyway).

Possible Weaknesses: Smashing the gemstone.

Notes: Lots of Indian tribes tell about this big critter, and all of them have the good sense to stay away from it. Other folks ain't that wise, and listen to the tales of how the thing's gemstone gives you power instead of heeding their common sense. I don't know if the stone makes you powerful, but these things' horns can dang sure make you dead.

You might be in a situation where you have to go after one of these someday, and if so, vaya con Dios, because you're gonna need that kinda back up. If you don't get why, go back and read over that "Known Weaknesses" line as good as you should have the first dang time.

Vampires

Description: People, looking dead to one degree or another, usually with fangs.

Where Found: Anyplace their prey—that's people, by the by—is found.

Known Weaknesses: There are more different breeds of vampires than there are liquor bottles in Ulysses Grant's desk drawers, so depending on the exact kind you're facing, some, all or none of the following may work.

Possible Weaknesses: Daylight, holy water, wooden stake through the heart, garlic, roses, crosses and crucifixes.

Notes: Vampires are a whole mess of bad in one pasty package. They been dead once, so there ain't much you can do to hurt 'em. All of 'em have at least one nasty supernatural trick up their sleeves—mesmerize you goofy, turn into a bat or wolf, throw out bad mojo just like a black magician, or worse. They live on human

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blood, so it's pretty much assumed they're gonna try to turn you into tonight's vittles.

Owing to that whole drinking blood thing, it ain't that hard to figger out if one's on the loose—just look for all the dead bodies with no blood in 'em at all. (Best to burn these up, too, or else your vampire worries will begin to multiply.) Find the critter's hiding place, and throw everything on the "Possible Weaknesses" line at them. If none of that works, run away like hell and telegraph for "the band."

If there's anything good at all I can write here, it's that not all vampires are evil. Sure, they all suck blood, but some don't get it from people. To be real sure, most of these bloodsuckers need killing, but make sure you read over the section on "shoot it or recruit it" before you do anything final.

Walking Dead

Description: Corpses that can (and do) chase you around; They're dead, so they're all messed up, but still.

Where Found: Every place folks can die.

Known Weaknesses: Shoot 'em or club 'em in the head.

Possible Weaknesses: Burn 'em. They're dead, so they burn up real easy (or should, anyway).

Notes: Not to be confused with the Harrowed, these critters are a lot dumber and a dang sight meaner. They do, in fact, eat the flesh of the living, particularly brains—not that it makes 'em any smarter or anything. Rock-stupid as they are, it's just our bad luck they can figure out how to work a trigger, or anything else that gets 'em fed faster.

It's usually a whole human body (more or less) coming after you, but I have also been attacked by just heads and just hands, and even walking dead animals. One real nasty kind called a 'glom is actually a bunch of corpses mashed together like something from a train wreck (gotta watch out for these critters after a battle, when there's enough bodies lying around for one of these things to get going).

Shooting them in the head gets the job done almost all the time, but if it don't, those that died because of something out of the ordinary seem to inherit some weaknesses because of it.

Corpses that froze to death are spooked by a torch, and bodies that dried up under the sun seem to burn up real good. There are some exceptions: the burnin' dead of Richmond aren't all that bothered by water, and some of the walking dead in Missouri don't seem to be hurt by nothing at all we know about.

So far as we know, there ain't no telling when a body's gonna get up and when it's gonna stay down. Just concern yourself with the fact that when they do get up, it's your job to put 'em back down.

Walking Fossils

Description: A big lizard skeleton made of rock that moves, bites, claws, and stomps.

Where Found: Isolated, unsettled parts of the American West.

Known Weaknesses: Dang if I wouldn't like to know one.

Possible Weaknesses: Getting blowed up.

Notes: This is every bit as bad as you probably think it is. Not much knives and guns can do to what's more or less a murdering statue. Thankfully, we ain't seen too many of these critters, but the ones so far have been plenty. Naturally, you're gonna wanna watch out for its claws and teeth, but they also like to jump on folks and mash 'em like a bug.

Wall Crawlers

Description: Kind of a cross between a lizard and a spider, covered in spikes and about twice as big as a man.

Where Found: Scurrying around the sides of canyons in the American West.

Known Weaknesses: Guns can hurt 'em (well, really big guns, anyway).

Possible Weaknesses: Falling a real long ways and hitting the ground, hard.

Notes: These critters move better on canyon walls than a man does on flat ground, and a might quieter, too. They hang around, waiting for some fresh meat to ride past (like an ignorant cowpoke), so they can snatch and eat it. This can happen so quick and so silent that a lot of times the poor victim's amigos don't even

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notice he's gone until after the 'crawler is belching up his belt-buckle.

Their hide's not much less tough than the rock they run around on, so good luck to you and yours if you're in a situation where you have to kill it before it gets you. Getting it off its home turf would sure even the odds a might, but that may just be more wishful thinking.

Wave Shadows

Description: Lizard men, really, but thanks to the mojo they know, they usually look just like living shadows.

Where Found: In and around the Great Maze.

Known Weaknesses: When shot or stabbed, they bleed like stuck pigs.

Possible Weaknesses: Bright light.

Notes: These little yellor goomers attack anything on or near the waters of the Maze, and like to do so when they got folks outnumbered and surrounded. We don't know for sure what they do with the people they

grab, but none of 'em are ever seen again. With that, plus how we've seen plenty of these critters carrying and wearing gear that obviously don't belong to them, we can purty much guess it ain't nothing good.

Not only do they look like shadows, they are every bit as sneaky and hard to kill. Best to use weapons that don't require much aim—like nitro or scatterguns—when fighting them.

Weeping Widows

Description: A crying widow dressed for a funeral, with tears staining her gloves and clothes.

Where Found: Anyplace where women must bury their husbands.

Known Weaknesses: None for sure.

Possible Weaknesses: Burning, drowning, hanging, getting shot or stabbed—trouble is, it's just one of these here things (and one alone), and that one thing's different for every weeping widow. All of 'em, however, can be hurt by supernatural stuff.

Notes: Nobody knows what these things really look like—heck, you don't even know they're there until after they take over the body of some innocent woman who just happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time. There ain't no missing the change in 'em, though, between the quick change of clothes (into widow's garb) and the balling and wailing they commence to doing. That's when the real trouble starts, 'cause you see, her tears are now strong enough to eat through cast iron, and she aims to shed 'em on you (or whoever's closest). If you don't wanna kill the innocent, possessed lady (and you'd best not, unless you got exactly zero other options), your only chance is to get yourself a preacher (or better still, somebody from the Chaplain Corps) to cast out the demon.

Were-Sharks

Description: Menfish, about 7' tall, with gray skin and two mouthfuls of teeth crammed into one set of jaws.

Where Found: The Great Maze.

Known Weaknesses: A knife or gun big enough to get through their thick hide.



Three words: silver, silver, silver.

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Possible Weaknesses: Knowing what we do about their furry cousins the werewolves, there might be a time when the were-shark has to change into a regular ol' human being, too.

Notes: These things attack ships (possibly after sneaking on board disguised as people), and can massacre the whole crew, easy. In fact, there's talk of a ship, the Edward Fitzhugh, sailing the Maze today with nothing but were-sharks aboard.

If you come across one (or more likely, a group) of these critters, it's gonna have most of the advantages. It can breathe water, out-swim you, and its skin can probably take what you dish out long enough for it to get close and bite your head clean off your shoulders. Really makes you wanna get on a boat, don't it?

Werewolves

Description: A half man, half wolf, including the claws and teeth.

Where Found: Anyplace at all.

Known Weaknesses: Silver weapons.

Possible Weaknesses: A plant called wolfsbane.

Notes: "Even a man who is pure at heart, and says his prayers by night, can become a werewolf when the wolfsbane blooms and the full moon shines bright." We're still not all the way sure what wolfsbane's got to do with it, but the rest of that old Gypsy poem is right on the money. Because of that, werewolves are one of the biggest problems you are ever gonna face.

I'm purty sure you can guess how something that can bite through a fence post, is meaner than a snake, and can't be hurt by nothing (almost) might mean trouble, but there's more to it than that. For all y'all uncultured types who skipped right over the poem, I'll spell it out for you again: not everyone who's a werewolf is bad. Heck, some of 'em are on our side, and kinda like you gotta do with vampires, you have to make the call on which get a badge, and which get a bullet.

Will-o'-the-Wisps

Description: Flashing balls of light.

Where Found: Near swamps, abandoned mines and cliffs.

Known Weaknesses: Supernatural stuff.

Possible Weaknesses: Darkness.

Notes: These things sure are pretty—pretty dang evil, that is. They try to lead folks into collapsing mines, pools of quicksand, right off cliffs, and other dangerous spots. If that don't work, they just flash at you and mesmerize you into jumping into danger without them lifting a finger (so to speak).

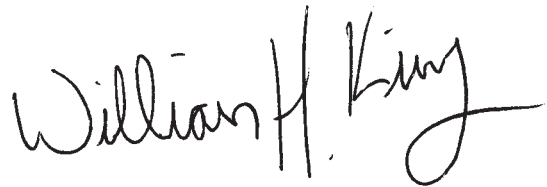
Not being solid and all, not much will hurt them. If you've got a hot idea, you might try it out, but the only sure way we know of is to out-mojo them with hexes and the like.

The Bottom Line

You oughta know by now what's expected of you, and how we expect you to do it, so that's all I got to say about that. I just wanted to remind you one last time why what we do matters. It comes down to this: if we fail, everybody dies. Not just the dang Yankees, not just some other sorry sumbitch who wasn't careful, and not some list of names in a newspaper casualty list, but everybody.

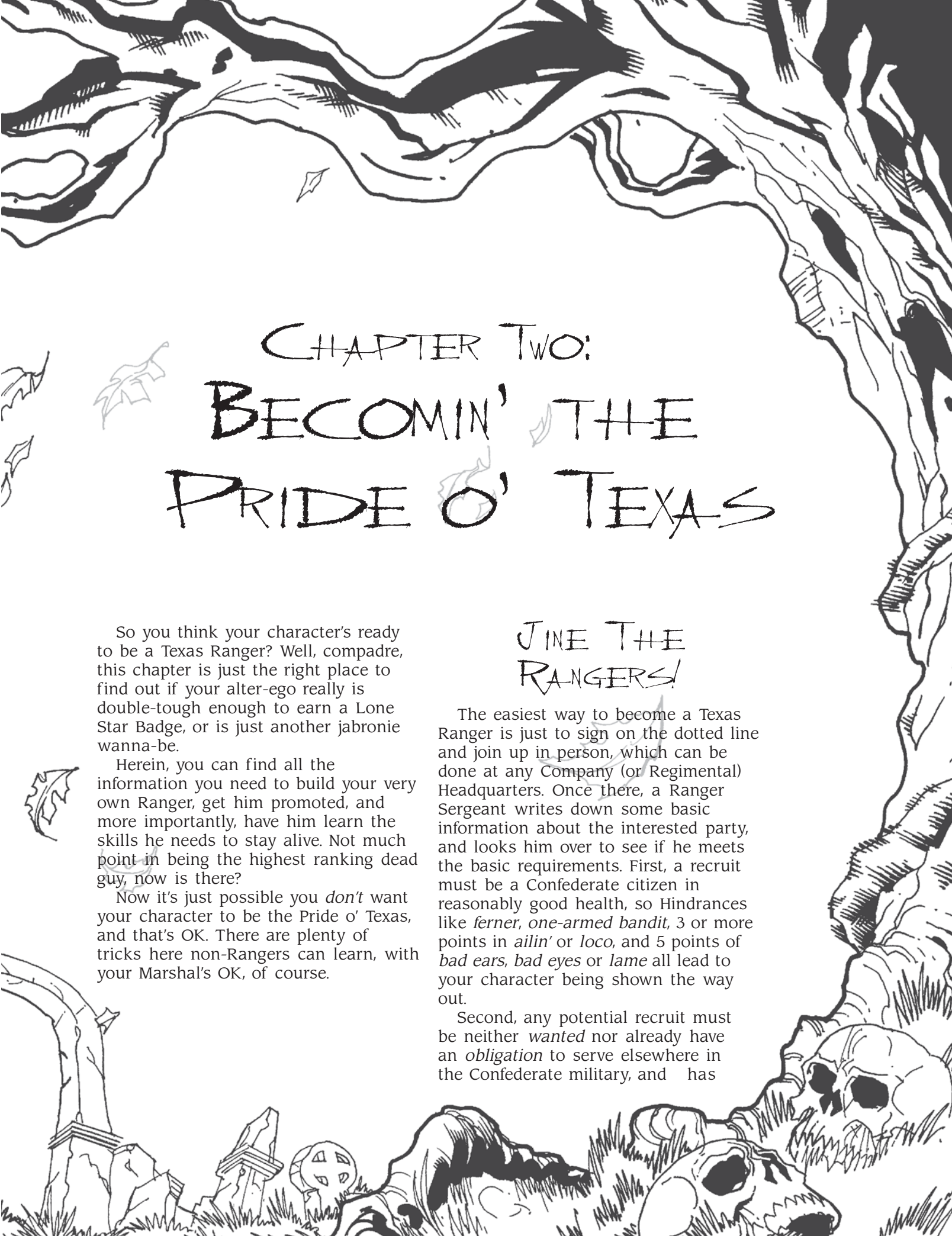
Them's the stakes, compadre, and never forget about 'em. If they ever start to weigh you down, just look at the Lone Star Badge, and remember the tradition of bravery and sacrifice it represents, but most of all, remember that you are the Pride of Texas.

Until next we correspond, I remain your humble servant,



General William H. King
Adjutant of the State of Texas





CHAPTER TWO: BECOMIN' THE PRIDE O' TEXAS

So you think your character's ready to be a Texas Ranger? Well, compadre, this chapter is just the right place to find out if your alter-ego really is double-tough enough to earn a Lone Star Badge, or is just another jabronie wanna-be.

Herein, you can find all the information you need to build your very own Ranger, get him promoted, and more importantly, have him learn the skills he needs to stay alive. Not much point in being the highest ranking dead guy, now is there?

Now it's just possible you *don't* want your character to be the Pride o' Texas, and that's OK. There are plenty of tricks here non-Rangers can learn, with your Marshal's OK, of course.

JINE THE RANGERS!

The easiest way to become a Texas Ranger is just to sign on the dotted line and join up in person, which can be done at any Company (or Regimental) Headquarters. Once there, a Ranger Sergeant writes down some basic information about the interested party, and looks him over to see if he meets the basic requirements. First, a recruit must be a Confederate citizen in reasonably good health, so Hindrances like *ferner*, *one-armed bandit*, 3 or more points in *ailin'* or *loco*, and 5 points of *bad ears*, *bad eyes* or *lame* all lead to your character being shown the way out.

Second, any potential recruit must be neither *wanted* nor already have an *obligation* to serve elsewhere in the Confederate military, and has

THE RANGER'S OATH

I (your name) do solemnly swear that I will bear true allegiance to the State of Texas, and that I will serve her honestly and faithfully against all enemies or opposers whatsoever, and observe and obey the orders of the Governor of the State, and the orders of the officers appointed over me according to an Act of the Legislature for raising a Brigade for Frontier Protection.

to be of age (so no one with the *kid* Hindrance gets in). Most people with *geezer* are technically too old to join, but exceptions are made all the time for old codgers who can convince a recruiter they can still cut the mustard and not just the cheese.

THIS IS A TEST...

Those who make it past the recruiting sergeant are referred to the unit commander (usually the captain), at that officer's convenience. Captains usually interview potential recruits individually, and test them for certain skills. If the would-be Ranger can't measure up to all the Aptitude Minimums below, they may be encouraged to try again at a later date, or laughed at and mocked all the way

out of camp. Either way, they can't handle themselves well enough to avoid getting themselves (and probably others) killed, and don't get to be Rangers.

APTITUDE MINIMUMS

| Aptitude | Minimum Level |
|--------------|---------------|
| Fightin' | 2 |
| Horse Ridin' | 2 |
| Shootin' | 2 |
| Streetwise | 2 |
| Survival | 2 |
| Trackin' | 2 |

While the Captain puts recruits through their paces, he also sizes up their character, something the adversity of the tests are designed to reveal. For game purposes, the Marshal can assume anyone with a personality Hindrance unbecoming a lawman and a soldier (like a severe *hankerin'*, *squeamish*, or *yeller*) don't make the cut, unless they specifically want to make an exception for a particular character in their campaigns. Please keep in mind that for some Hindrances (like *outlaw*), there's a lot of 'splaining to do as to how they didn't prevent a character from becoming a Ranger.

FREELANCIN'

A few folks (most of them player characters) wind up joining the Brigade by a more indirect route. First, they're hired by a Ranger as a "freelance operative," which Rangers do whenever they need some extra firepower (and/or cannon fodder) to complete a mission, and people who are already aware of the existence of supernatural phenomena (or are extremely likely to get killed learning out about it) can be found.

Successfully completing this sort of job usually leads to that person being hired to help out on future jobs. Folks who not only can challenge the supernatural but can keep reasonably quiet about it are hard to find, and their reputation travels fast throughout the Brigade's ranks.

Some folks go beyond mere survival and silence, and demonstrate all the necessary skills and temperament to become an actual Ranger. This might become apparent on their first freelance job, or their fiftieth, but at some point, a Ranger will attempt to recruit them into the Brigade.

This is the route anyone with arcane powers has to follow in order to become a Ranger. Once they've allayed whatever doubts the Brigade's brass has about them (and this might take a *lot* of missions for some really shady characters), they pass their audition into the Ranger "band."

Assuming they accept the offer to join, freelancers who are already "in" on the secret of the supernatural follow pretty much the same path in the organization. The main difference is that they don't have to endure quite the same period of instruction and evaluation as people who enlist ignorant of supernatural phenomena. They still may be subjected to such an interval, or it may be waived entirely, depending on the individual and the Captain who approved their enlistment. In any event, even as Privates, they'll spend at least as much time hunting monsters as they do chasing mundane crooks.

BOOT CAMP

After successfully completing whatever tests the Captain saw fit to administer, recruits are allowed to enlist at the rank of Private, and after they take the Oath (see sidebar), are duly deputized as Texas Rangers. They must purchase the 3-point Edge *belongin's* (Ranger gear) to get their Lone Star Badge, gray duster (not black—that's The Other Guys) and copy of the Ranger's Bible (Standard Edition), and for free they receive the Edge *law man* 5, since it's balanced out by their new required Hindrance *obligation* 5 (Ranger duties).

At that low a rank, their *obligation* is to a whole slew of crappy jobs. As it is for all new privates in all armies that have ever been, newly inducted Rangers are responsible for all the cooking, cleaning, guard duty, and latrine digging, which occupies a good

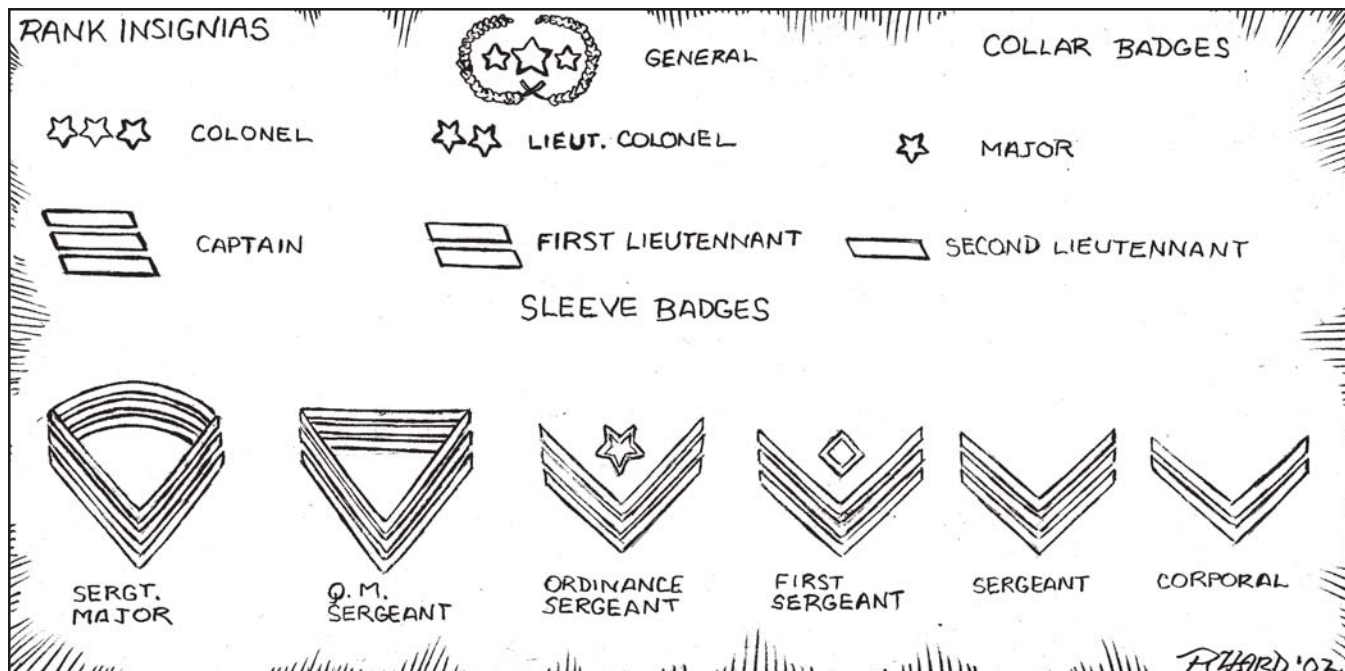
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chunk of their days. The rest of the time, they are teamed up with Ranger NCOs and carry out routine assignments, mostly apprehending run-of-the-mill (i.e., non-supernatural) criminals.

During this time, privates are both taught and evaluated by their superiors. The NCOs try to pass on the benefit of their experience, and look for any sign that the private isn't up to snuff, either because of his temperament (e.g., they're *bloodthirsty*) or because he's just too slow on the uptake.

A private who fails to impress his superiors after his first two months of duty (or sooner, if he *really* screws up at some point) is transferred out to a cavalry unit (or simply discharged, if she is of the fairer sex), long before he ever gets near anything supernatural.





Those newbies who do make the grade eventually get told the Big Secrets (like the key numbers used to encode messages) and are assigned to deal with something paranormal for the very first time.

GETTING A PUSH

Nobody wants to stay a private forever (unless they *really* love peeling potatoes and digging crap-holes), so sooner or later they start looking for ways to improve their lot and fatten their pay envelopes. Players, of course, are also interested in all the new perks and cooler toys that come with increased rank. In this section, Marshal, we give you all the guidelines you need to satisfy your players' need to climb the ladder of Ranger success.

PROMOTIONS

As part of the Confederate Military, the Texas Rangers use the same rank system outlined in the *Weird West Player's Guide*, page 17, and on page 19 of *Deadlands D20*. Their careers could

potentially carry them all the way from Private to Brigadier General.

Increased rank can be earned by characters who demonstrate the Aptitude Levels necessary to convince their superiors they deserve the push up the ladder. By fulfilling the requirements outlined in the Ranger Promotion Table below, the player may purchase the *rank (Ranger)* Edge at a higher level.

RANGER PROMOTION

| Aptitude | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
|------------------|---|---|----|----|----|
| Academia: occult | 1 | 2 | 3 | 3 | 3 |
| Fightin' | 3 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 6 |
| Horse Ridin' | 2 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 5 |
| Shootin' | 3 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 6 |
| Streetwise | 2 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 4 |
| Survival | 2 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 5 |
| Trackin' | 2 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 5 |
| Social* | 2 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 4 |
| Merits** | 3 | 6 | 12 | 25 | 50 |

*The Ranger must have at least one of the following Aptitudes at the noted levels: *bluff*, *overawe*, or *ridicule*.

These are explained under **Merits and **Demerits**.

MERITS

Much as the stalwart cadets of the Virginia Military Institute and the Citadel are, Texas Rangers' job performances are evaluated with Merits and Demerits. To move their characters up in rank, players need to keep track of the Merits they accumulate.

Any mission that ends successfully for the Ranger, with the fear-spreading threat eliminated and supernatural aspects remaining unknown to the general populace, earns one Merit. The reward may increase to two Merits (or very rarely, three Merits), but only if the threat was an especially notorious outlaw, or monster capable of affecting an entire state or territory.

Merits are cumulative in regards to the Ranger Promotion Table above. For example, it takes three Merits to reach *rank (Ranger)* 1, and just three more to attain *rank (Ranger)* 2.

DEMERITS

Rangers who make needless errors receive Demerits as punishment for their carelessness, and they cancel out an equal number of Merits (e.g., two Demerits cost you two Merits). The exact number of Demerits levied on a character depends on the severity of their negligence.

Failing to complete a mission successfully does not automatically earn a Demerit, but if the character's own foolhardiness was the cause of the failure, his indiscretion definitely does. For example, losing his Lone Star Badge is worth one Demerit, and selling his LeMat Undertaker gets them three. Keep in mind these are for first offenses; repeated transgressions incur even greater penalties.

If Demerits cause a character to drop below the minimum number of Merits needed for a *rank (Ranger)* level, they drop to the next lowest level of *rank (Ranger)* until he can atone for his errors.

Demerits are intended to punish bone-headed mistakes. Willful, malicious crimes like murder or desertion go far beyond Demerits into the realm of a court-martial and possible firing squad.

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RANK HATH ITS PRIVILEGES

So now the *rank (Ranger)* Edge has your character with stripes running up and down both arms from shoulder to wrist, or else their collar has more stars on it than there are in the heavens. What good does it actually do them, other than to provide them smart-looking uniforms?

First, unlike other Edges, *rank (Ranger)* does not cost three times its value in Bounty Points. A character simply pays a number of Bounty Points equal to the level he's buying up to.

Second, a character gains *friends in high places (Texas Rangers)* at a level equal to his *rank (Ranger)* level to represent all the people he now outranks and can boss around. Higher levels of *rank (Ranger)* also entitles a

RANK REQUIREMENTS

| Military Rank | Rank (Ranger) | Merits |
|----------------------------|------------------|--------|
| Private | 0 | 0 |
| Corporal | 1 | 3 |
| Sergeant | 2 | 6 |
| 1 st Sergeant | 2 | 9 |
| 2 nd Lieutenant | 3 | 12 |
| 1 st Lieutenant | 3 | 16 |
| Captain | 3 | 20 |
| Major | 4 | 25 |
| Lieutenant Colonel | 4 | 33 |
| Colonel | 4 | 41 |
| Brigadier General | 5 | 50 |

RANKS IN D20

Texas Rangers are a Prestige Class, and the rules for joining and advancing within the organization are presented in the *Deadlands D20* book, pp. 92-93. As a character gains Levels as a Ranger, their Rank rises correspondingly, as outlined below.

| Level | Rank |
|--------------------|-------------------|
| 1-2 | Private |
| 3-4 | Corporal |
| 5-6 | Sergeant |
| 7-8 ^{1st} | Sergeant |
| 9-10 | Lieutenant |
| 11-12 | Captain |
| 13-14 | Major |
| 15-16 | Lt. Colonel |
| 17-18 | Colonel |
| 19+ | Brigadier General |

character to employ more of the Brigade's resources—up to and including the dreaded Congreve Rocket barrage!

Those of you who own the *Law Dogs* sourcebook are probably familiar with the *rank* privileges outlined in that fine publication, which reflects the Ranger Brigade prior to its late-1876 reorganization. The guidelines that follow here should be used for Ranger characters in campaigns taking place after that date.

A character's exact military rank is determined by both the Level of *rank* (Ranger) Edge they've paid for, and the number of Merits accumulated, as per the Rank Requirements Table below.

HIGH RANK

Higher levels of *rank* also carry greater levels of responsibility with them. While Ranger Officers spend much more time in the field personally working cases, they all have to attend to their administrative duties (a.k.a., heaping mounds of paperwork) back at headquarters sooner or later. Therefore, if a character is the hands-on sort, they may want to think twice before they accept a commission and wind up stuck behind a desk.

Please also note that it's possible under these rules to become a Brigadier General. At that point, the character has taken over Gen. King's position as commander of all the Rangers, so be sure your campaign and storylines are ready for some (probably drastic) changes.

CALLIN' IN THE REINFORCEMENTS

From the moment characters purchase *rank* (Ranger) 1, they are in the enviable position of being able to order the majority of their fellows around. However, unless severe casualties or some other emergency situation leaves them at the top of the chain of command, this mostly means they are simply relaying orders from those higher up the chain and seeing that they're carried out.

This changes once a character reaches the rank of Captain, which puts him in charge of his very own company. Then, all of a sudden, it's *his* orders that are being relayed. He'll be spending a lot of time issuing them, and making sure the Rangers under his command get to where they're needed, with the right tools for the job.

Still, almost all Ranger officers, no matter how much rank they accumulate, prefer to leave routine matters (like paperwork) to their subordinates and venture out into the field as much as possible, especially if it looks like major trouble is brewing. When that major trouble goes from brewing to boiling over, a Ranger officer character is bound to try to call up HQ for some cavalry.

If specialized equipment is what the player's after, the only real problem is getting it to them in time—something that is completely up to the Marshal to resolve (isn't that a comforting thought for the posse?). The precise limits of what a character can ask for is covered in the "Texas Ranger Gear" section following, and the Marshal's guidelines for handing such equipment is in their little section of this book.

Actual Ranger manpower is *much* tougher to come by. Given how constantly overstretched the Brigade is, there aren't exactly a whole lot of Rangers standing around, doing nothing important, who can just rush off to a character's aid. Even if a commanding officer pre-allocates a large number of Rangers for a particular operation, new emergencies tend to sap away these resources before they can be brought to bear. This is why Rangers of all ranks have a habit of hiring "freelancers" (like, say, a typical posse). It's just quicker and easier that way, and doesn't interfere with what other Rangers are doing.

With all that said, it *is* possible to round up a band of honest-to-Old Pete Rangers, if the stakes are high enough. Initiating this is as simple as getting a message back to Headquarters, and the Marshal's Handbook explains what all happens next.

IT'S ALL ABOUT THE DAVISES

Just to add to all this good news, higher rank also means a higher salary for your character. Rangers draw a considerably bigger paycheck than soldiers of the same rank in the other military branches. Just like in the old days, Rangers are responsible for buying most of their own ammo and equipment (stuff in the "Texas Ranger Gear" section excepted), but they remain the objects of much envy and jealousy from the rest of the Confederate armed forces.

The table below tells you just how many graybacks find their way into your pocket each and every month.

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MONTHLY PAY

| Rank | Amount |
|----------------------------|--------|
| Private | \$43 |
| Corporal | \$45 |
| Sergeant | \$52 |
| 1 st Sergeant | \$60 |
| 2 nd Lieutenant | \$130 |
| 1 st Lieutenant | \$135 |
| Captain | \$140 |
| Major | \$194 |
| Lieutenant Colonel | \$206 |
| Colonel | \$237 |
| Brigadier General | \$350 |

PLUS EXPENSES

Sometimes the wheels of justice need to get greased a little, and nothing does that better than a fistful of graybacks. The Ranger Brigade understands this well, and surely doesn't want to suffer any casualties because their men couldn't afford to buy some extra ammo at a critical moment.

After a mission, a Ranger character can ask his commanding officer to repay him for expenses incurred in the line of duty. That last part's important to keep in mind, so don't expect your character to get paid back the tab they ran up at a brothel (unless they were on a *really* strange assignment).

This can, however, include such things as buying some necessary gear, or to pay back a citizen whose property the Ranger commandeered. The maximum amount the Rangers will refund is equal to the Ranger character's monthly pay, unless the expenses were truly vital to the success of a very important mission (Marshal's call here, as always).

A Ranger might look funny with a saddle bag stuffed full of receipts, but the Brigade expects to see at least *some* documentation of any expenses before they agree to cover them. A character has to succeed at a Fair (5)

persuasion roll to talk their C.O. into signing off on the reimbursement, and the Marshal should raise the TN accordingly if some or none of the expenses can be verified. If the roll fails, the Ranger gets stuck with the bills.

Deadlands D20: It takes a successful Diplomacy skill roll against DC 8 (which can be modified positively or negatively, depending on the circumstances) to persuade a commanding officer to reimburse the character's mission expenses.

NO MA'AM, WE'RE MUSICIANS

Some of the above perks are unavailable to Rangers with arcane powers, as all those so-called "musicians" serving in misleadingly titled "bands" are considered more akin to materiel (like cannons) than men. Therefore, musicians are ineligible for the *rank* (Ranger) Edge, and are paid at whatever rate the top brass in Austin decides is fair.

Most arcane characters start off at a private's salary, and then earn raises as they earn Merits (or D20 Character Levels), just as if they had a rank (e.g., a Ranger huckster with three Merits or three D20 Ranger Levels earns \$45 a month, just as if they held the rank of corporal). However, the Marshal may adjust the beginning pay of particularly powerful, noble, or notorious supernatural folks as they see fit.

That said, it's not all bad playing in a Ranger band. You might have no *rank*, but you don't spend any time peeling sweet potatoes or being ordered hither and yon by NCOs. A "musician" sent into the field goes to fulfill a clear objective, and while doing so, answers only to the ranking officer on the scene and their superiors back at headquarters. Even the pay policy doesn't sting as much when you consider the Brigade offers such unique

services as guarding your coffin while you sleep (if you need that sort of thing).

The bottom line is, if being a Ranger musician still seems a raw deal for a supernatural character, consider the .40 alternative to joining up. Kinda gives all that "volunteering to serve your country" talk a fresh meaning, doesn't it?

LOOKIN' TO GET THE 411

Until they attain the rank of major, a Texas Ranger is only issued the Standard Edition of *Fugitives from Justice in the Confederacy* (better known as the Ranger's Bible). While this is a useful book under ordinary circumstances, it contains none of the juicy tidbits about the supernatural that the Special Edition does.

Without "Chapter 13" right in front of them, Rangers are stuck with whatever they've figured out for themselves about the paranormal and plain ol' dumb luck, unless of course they can get to a telegraph and ask their Headquarters (Company, Regimental, or Brigade). Depending on the circumstances, this can be an adventure in and of itself.

First of all, anyone who's ever tried to send a message across a telegraph line in the Weird West knows that it's a dicey proposition at best. The message may get through or not, and it may or may not resemble the one the sender dictated.

While it's conceivable any or all available Headquarters might have the information the Ranger needs, the ones that are likely to be the closest (Company HQ's) are the ones least likely to have it. Regimental HQ's, though probably farther away, have access to Special Edition Ranger's Bibles, and the Brigade HQ has the archives containing every single scrap of info the Rangers have collected over the years. The trick is, of course, actually getting the request to Austin and back in time.

Wherever a character's inquiries wind up, there's no guarantee that anyone there will know anything useful, or be able to find it even if it does exist. The Marshal's Handbook has

all the rules and guidelines for handling this.

SECRET MESSAGES

While a Ranger can count himself lucky whenever a message actually gets through, the security of it is nowhere near as much of a concern. The Brigade uses a simple code involving the transposition of particular words in the Ranger's Bible, and change the key numbers (which indicate the words' location in the text) about as often as the wind alters direction.

In short, anyone who doesn't 1) know the message is coded, 2) have a Ranger's Bible open in front of them, and 3) know the key numbers, will read these transmissions as completely innocuous messages. For instance, "How do you kill a Mojave rattler?" might read, "Has anybody got a pickle?"

HAPPY TRAILS TO YOU

If you think getting into the Rangers is tough, then getting out will seem every bit as hard. In case your character somehow forgot, joining the Rangers also means joining the Confederate Army, and if they leave before the Rangers say OK, that's called desertion. For those not up on their military history, this leads to getting shot dead by a firing squad if they get caught (and trust us, catching runaway Rangers would be a *very* high priority for the Brigade if anyone ever made such a break for it).

The list of things that get a Ranger discharged look pretty much like the list of stuff that keeps people from joining in the first place. Rangers who go *loco*, wind up *wanted*, or turn *bloodthirsty* are prime candidates to get pink slips. If that's what happens, they don't get to keep any of that wonderful Ranger gear, and forfeit the standard Ranger *law man* and *belongin's* Edges. It's the Marshal's call how many of a discharged Ranger's old friends stand behind him after the door hits him on the behind, so they may wind up losing some, all, or none of the *friends in high places* (Texas Rangers) Edge.

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Severe physical injuries (like the kind that make a character into a *one-arm bandit*) get enlisted Rangers (rank lower than 2nd Lieutenant) a discharge, so long as they swear an oath to keep quiet about all the weirdness they've seen. Anyone who would break this oath gets dealt with by the Rangers as harshly as any other fearmonger.

Texas Ranger officers (rank 2nd Lieutenant or higher) with the misfortune of getting maimed may get discharged as well, but are just as likely to be reassigned as researchers in a Regimental or Brigade library. It's pretty dull duty compared to field work, but these "researchers" all seem to have a knack for getting back in the thick of the action, even if they have to get on their crutches to do it.

When and if a character gets discharged or reassigned is (you guessed it) the Marshal's decision. Sure, that's the same rascal that just got your character maimed, but people *have* been known to mellow over time.

NEW APTITUDES

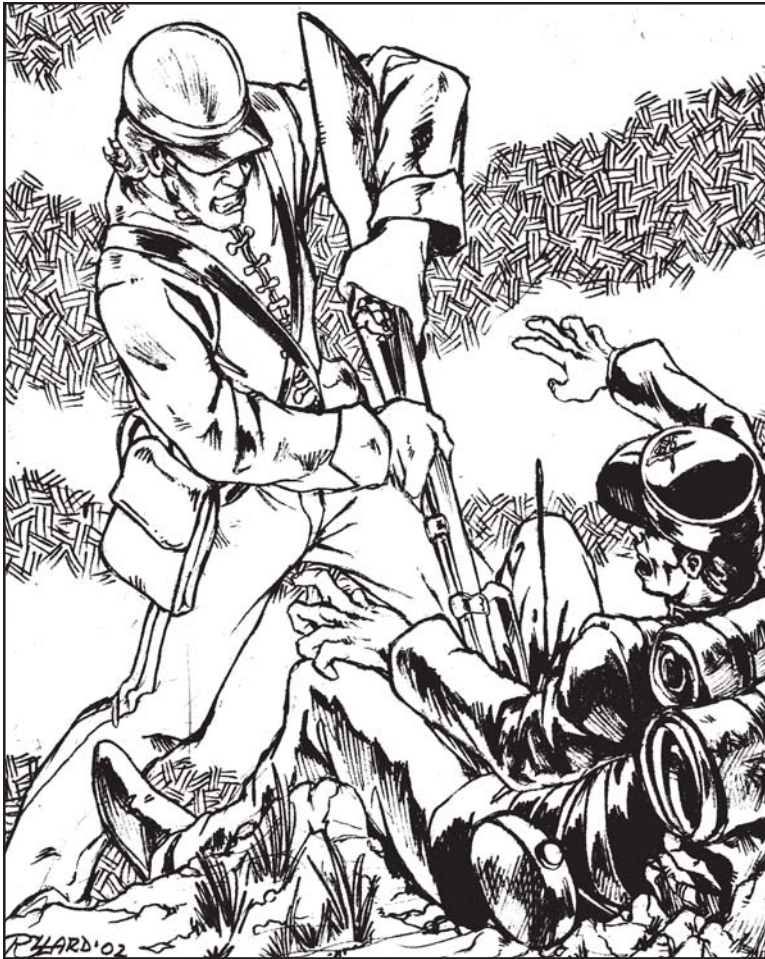
These Aptitudes are particularly appropriate for Rangers and any other characters who are army veterans or have had some military training. The Marshal, as always, has final say over exactly which characters fit that description.

FIGHTIN': RIFLE

Associated Trait: *Nimbleness*

Despite poison gas, land ironclads and Gatling guns, victory on the battlefield is often determined by brutal melee. Rangers who've been trained how to wield the business ends of a rifle and can use this Aptitude find it very handy—especially when their reloading time suddenly vanishes.

Fightin': rifle includes using rifle butts, fixed bayonets, and both in tandem, which allows soldiers to



shatter an opponent's skull and insert a bayonet into their groin simultaneously (as they say, if the left doesn't get you....). Because they have to protect themselves against both ends of the weapon at once, a target's Defensive Bonus or Dodge roll result is reduced by -2 if they're in hand-to-hand combat with someone who's using *fightin': rifle*.

RIFLE FIGHTING

| Weapon | Defensive Bonus | Damage | Price |
|------------|-----------------|---------|-------|
| Bayonet | +2 | STR+2d6 | \$5 |
| Rifle Butt | +1 | STR+1d6 | — |

MARKSMAN

Associated Trait: Cognition

Ordinary cowpokes are accustomed to shooting it out close-up—even when carrying long-arms—and usually aren't able to exploit the range advantage of such weapons. Texas Rangers, however, are trained to put lead into targets at much longer ranges.

Anyone who succeeds at a Fair (5) roll with his *marksman* Aptitude halves the modifier normally added to their base TN for range (if they go bust, the range modifier *doubles* instead). Resolving a *marksman* roll requires an action, but a character cannot attempt the roll if he's also shooting from the hip. A character may draw a bead as normal with later actions, provided his aim is not disturbed before he fires (which costs him all benefits earned from the *marksman* Aptitude roll and/or drawing a bead).

Marksman can be used when firing any carbine or rifle (except smoothbores like the US Model 1822 and 1842 Rifles), but that's all—this Aptitude works with no other weapon type.

Deadlands D20: The above new Aptitudes allow original *Deadlands* rules-based characters to do things D20 System characters already can; specifically, to be trained to use rifle butts and mounted bayonets (the Exotic Weapon Proficiency (Rifle) and Weapon Focus (Rifle) Feats), and to be skilled marksmen (the Far Shot Feat). In *Deadlands D20*, a rifle butt is equivalent to a large club.

FIGHTIN' MANEUVERS

While other monster-hunters (like those Fancy-Dan Agency-types) are still fiddling with their nerdy gadgets, Texas Rangers have already kicked the monster in the gut, applied a stunner, and put the thing back in its grave. These new *Fightin' Maneuvers* allow your character to be Ranger tough, and make run-of-the-mill fisticuffs a much more vivid (and cinematic) experience in a *Deadlands* campaign.

These maneuvers can be purchased by any character (whether or not he's a Ranger) with the Marshal's permission during creation, with each maneuver costing one character point. While these Fightin' Maneuvers are more likely learned in a barroom than a dojo, characters with the *martial arts training* Edge can learn them just like they were Martial Arts Maneuvers, as described in the *Hexarcana* sourcebook.

After creation, each maneuver costs two Bounty Points, and either requires someone who already knows the maneuver teaching it to the character, or for the character to make an Incredible (11) *Smarts/fightin': brawlin'* or *Smarts/fightin': wrasslin'* roll after seeing someone else successfully execute it (probably on them). A character can only learn as many maneuvers as they have Aptitude Levels in either *fightin': brawlin'* or *fightin': wrasslin'* (whichever's higher).

EXTRA CANS O' WHOOASS

If the list of maneuvers below isn't enough to make your character the baddest SOB in the Ranger Brigade, you can find all the details on the *bear hug*, *back breaker*, *eye gouge*, *head butt*, and *pile driver* in *Back East: The North*.

BLOCK PUNCH

Using this maneuver requires a free arm, and either a vamoose (but does not require the blocker to move) or use of a cheat card. *Block punch* is only proof against *fightin'* attacks directed at the blocker (sorry, no deflecting hot lead with your bracelets). If the blocking character's *fightin'* roll is higher than the attacker's roll, the attack misses as normal, and if the blocking character gets a raise as well, he deflects the attacker's blow and leaves him open to a counterstrike.

A blocked opponent open to a counterstrike cannot take an action before the blocker does, and may be forced to discard Action Cards as a result. This "hold" on the blocked opponent's actions may carry over into the next turn, as well. A blocker may

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only "hold" one such opponent at a time, and must give up the "hold" to attempt any other actions.

Marshals may penalize or disallow unarmed use of this maneuver against opponents with melee weapons (like a whip or saber), or against large attackers (therefore, there's probably not much point in trying to block a Mojave rattler tentacle, pardner).

Deadlands D20: The existing Expertise Feat simulates characters using superior fighting ability to avoid attacks.

BODY THROW

So what do you do when somebody comes charging at you? Hoist 'em up and toss 'em over your head with a *body throw*, of course!

Right after an opponent moves into *brawlin'* range of your character, you can vamoose or play a cheat card to use this maneuver on him. The character must then make a successful *fightin'* roll plus a raise in order to slam the opponent to the ground. This leaves the target prone, and inflicts normal damage, plus Wind equal to half the yards moved by the target.

Marshals may penalize or disallow use of this maneuver against much larger attackers. Unless of course, you don't mind your players throwing wall crawlers around like pillows in your game.

Deadlands D20: Rules-wise, there's not a dime's worth of difference between this and the Improved Trip Feat.

FLYING TACKLE

Sometimes when you're aiming to take down a bad guy, you have to take him down, literally, and this maneuver makes sure the miscreant's landing is not a cushy one. All it takes is a successful *fightin'* roll, and getting up a good head of steam by charging right at the target.



If the *fightin'* roll is successful, the attacker adds half the yards he charged to the amount of brawlin' damage rolled. The attacker ends up prone after the *flying tackle* (hit or miss), and if the target loses an amount of Wind greater than his Size, he falls down as well.

Attempting this maneuver against a target with armor is not only futile, but possibly damaging to the attacker, as well. Think about that before you charge an automaton, amigo.

Deadlands D20: You probably already recognized this as the Improved Bull Rush Feat wearing different duds.

GRAB 'N' TOSS

This maneuver requires two actions to perform. First, the attacker must hit the target with a raise on a *fightin'* roll

to grab his opponent successfully—usually by his shirt, vest, or coat. On the second action, the attacker must win an opposed *Strength* Roll to throw the target a number of feet equal to the difference in the rolls, in a direction of the attacker's choosing. If the target wins the opposed roll, the attacker's grip is broken and the attacker must try again to re-establish it.

Marshals may penalize or disallow use of this maneuver against much larger attackers (so good luck tossing a wendigo around). The Marshal may also wish to increase the distance the target travels in certain circumstances, such as when a cowpoke slides across the top of a bar.

Deadlands D20: The Improved Bull Rush Feat simulates this little trick nicely.

GROIN SHOT

It may not quite be cricket, but sometimes the difference between walking away from a fight and getting carried away from it in a pine box is whoever goes downstairs first. This maneuver is tailor-made for those times when you just have to kick 'em in the jimmy.

A hit and a raise on a *fightin'* roll is all it takes to land a successful 'nad shot—well, that and hitting a target with a vulnerable mess area (zombies and the Harrowed have no feeling in their batch, so this maneuver is a pointless gesture against them). If both conditions are satisfied, the attacker inflicts STR+1d6 brawlin' damage, and even if the damage is canceled, it forces the target to make a Hard (9) stun check. Going bust on the stun check is no fun for cowgirls, but it may leave cowboys singing soprano (and childless) from then on.

As an added bonus, light armor provides no protection at all against a *groin shot*. Regular armor, however, stops this maneuver cold, and might just break the dirty fighter's knee or toes for good measure.

Deadlands D20: Consider this to be the Stunning Fist Feat with a slightly more specific and colorful description.

KIDNEY PUNCH

Most people stupid enough to get into a fistfight with a Ranger deserve the butt-kicking they get, but some bushwhacking lowlifes need a much more serious hurting put on them. When an opponent needs to be put down like a mad dog, a *kidney punch*, rabbit punch, or some other lethal strike to a vulnerable area is called for.

All it takes is a hit and a raise on a *fightin'* roll, and the attacker can inflict his usual brawlin' damage as normal damage, even if all he can bring into the fight is a bare fist. Most non-human things aren't going to take wounds from this maneuver, but if a monster has a vulnerable spot (Marshal's call), like its noggin, it can take wounds when struck in that particular Hit Location.

Deadlands D20: The Sucker Punch Feat in the *Deadlands D20* book allows a character to inflict real damage with bare-hand attacks.

NO-SELL

Nothing's gonna change a cowpoke's mind about wanting to fight you more than taking your would-be opponent's best punch and not even flinching. The *no-sell* maneuver makes your character tough enough to do just that, at least some of the time.

First of all, *no-sell* only works against attacks that do brawlin' damage, and even then, only if the character sees the attack coming beforehand (so it's no good against being hit from behind by some sneaky bushwhacker). Second, a character must perform a vamoose action, or else use a cheat card, before he can *no-sell*.

After that, it's just a question of waiting for fist to meet jaw, and then using a combination of rolling with the punch and good ol' fashioned taking it like a man (or woman) to shake off the blow's effects. This is resolved like any other attempt to resist brawlin' damage, but the *no-sell* maneuver adds an extra 2d6 to his *Vigor* roll's total.

Deadlands D20: No-Sell is a Feat [General], with Prerequisite: Con 13+.

Benefit: During the character's action, the character designates an opponent

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and receives a +1 bonus to Armor Class against subdual-damage attacks from that opponent. The character can select a new opponent on any action. Note: A condition that makes the character lose his or her Dexterity bonus to Armor Class (if any) also makes the character lose No-Sell bonuses. Also, No-Sell bonuses stack with each other, unlike most other types of bonuses.

ROUNDHOUSE PUNCH

Sometimes, a cowpoke has to put everything he's got into one powerful (but wild) swing, and this maneuver gives him just such a mighty (if not exactly finessed) wallop. Before rolling, a character throwing a *roundhouse punch* voluntarily raises the TN needed to hit, up to the number of Aptitude Levels they have in their highest *fightin'* Concentration.

If the wild swing actually manages to hit the target, the attacker adds additional Wind to the total rolled equal to the amount by which the TN was voluntarily raised. Example: choosing to raise the TN by 5 adds 5 Wind to the total rolled on the damage dice. So if a *roundhouse punch* connects (and that might be a big "if"), it can be a real haymaker.

Deadlands D20: This works pretty much the same as the Power Attack Feat.

STUNNER

This maneuver was invented and perfected by Rangers, and one they pretty much keep knowledge of to themselves, so unless your character has seen it in action somewhere (or carries a Lone Star Badge), there's no way he can begin play knowing it. The Rangers have good reason not to share this one with outsiders, because if other maneuvers open up a can of whoop-ass, the stunner pops a 55-gallon drum of the stuff.



A stunner requires two actions to execute. First, the attacker must hit the target with a raise on a *fightin'* roll to grab his opponent firmly by the neck. On the second action, the attacker must win an opposed *Strength* roll in order to spin around and drop forcefully to the ground, severely wrenching the opponent's neck in the process. If the target wins the opposed roll, the attacker's grip is broken and the attacker must try again to re-establish it.

If successfully applied, a stunner inflicts STR+2d6 brawlin' damage, and even if the damage is canceled by the target's *Vigor* roll, it forces the target to make an Incredible (II) stun check. Going bust on the stun check means the victim's neck breaks, leaving him paralyzed from the neck down. (If the

target's already dead—or similarly all messed up—his head comes clean off his body).

Normal folks can get knocked out stone-cold by this maneuver. However, Marshals may penalize or disallow use of this maneuver against much larger targets (not an even a Texan can stun a Maze dragon, compadre).

Deadlands D20: What? You want to use this finisher in a D20 game? What?

OK, just consider the *stunner* to be the Stunning Fist Feat, only with a much more elaborate description.

UNARM

When some varmint brings a gun to a knife-fight, this maneuver can save you from more than just embarrassment. *Unarm* allows a character to grab, kick, or punch a weapon right out of an opponent's fist—hopefully before he has a chance to use it.

Use of this maneuver requires a successful *fightin'* roll, and initiates an opposed *Strength* roll with a target holding an object (like a weapon) in their hand, with the disarmer adding two dice to their roll. If the target wins, nothing happens (save for the disarmer looking really bad), but if the disarmer wins, the item flies out of the target's hand in a random direction, a number of feet equal to the difference in the rolls.

Deadlands D20: The Improved Disarm Feat already covers this territory, partner.

TEXAS RANGER GEAR



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When it really is "one riot, one Ranger", it sure doesn't hurt to have some cold steel backing your character up. To be sure, the Texas Rangers aren't nearly the packrats Agency operatives are, but now they have at least a few pieces of equipment that are uniquely theirs. (Naturally, a character needs to make sure their *belongin's* (Ranger gear) Edge is all paid

up before they get their mitts on any of these goodies).

These items have only ever been issued to Texas Rangers, and the Brigade expects them to stay with the people they were given to in the first place. Therefore, a Ranger selling off any of the gear below is in for a serious butt-chewing from his superiors, and a non-Ranger showing off any of these pieces is in even more serious trouble.

You see, any ordinary jabronie showing off a Lone Star Badge is assumed to have pried it from a Ranger's cold dead hands. The official punishment for murdering a Ranger is "hanging until their feet stop kicking," but that's a Sunday picnic compared to what's *really* in store for the culprit when the Brigade catches up to them.

Each piece of gear is listed individually, and the Minimum Rank a character needs to be issued it under normal circumstances (as noted, exceptions can be made in emergency situations—Marshal's call, of course). A brief description and the relevant game information for each piece follows.

LONE STAR BADGE

Minimum Rank: Private

When Gen. Lee charged the Rangers with handling "extraordinary threats" throughout the Confederacy, it created a need for an easily recognizable form of identification, and Gen. King naturally choose the most cherished of state symbols, the Texas Lone Star, to fill the role.

According to legend, each badge is fashioned from a Spanish coin made of the purest silver. The Lone Star occupies its center, surrounded by a ring engraved with "TEXAS" above and "RANGER" below it, with a garland of leaves to the left and right.

Though this official badge has only been issued since 1865, it quickly became as much a part of the Ranger legend as Stephen Austin himself. Anyone wearing a Lone Star Badge becomes a part of that legacy as well, and depending on who they're dealing with, that can be an advantage, or a real pain in the tuckus.

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When displaying his Lone Star Badge, a Ranger gets a +2 to all *persuasion* rolls targeting most loyal Confederate citizens, which doubles to a +4 bonus if the target's a bonafide Texan to boot. However, in some parts of Dixie (like South Carolina), the regular bonus may be reduced, or become a penalty instead.

Thanks to their reputation earned during "Cortina's War," Rangers receive a +2 bonus to *overawe* Mexican nationals who know and fear "*Los Tejanos Sangrientos*" ("The Bloody Texans"). Other *Mexicanos* who remember Cortina's War are still angry about it, and when dealing with these hombres that bonus may turn into a steep penalty instead.

All the above should be considered guidelines, and the particular quirks of the character targeted should always take precedence when determining how much of a plus or minus the Ranger receives. As with all things, the Marshal has the final say.

Deadlands D20: Depending on the targeted character, Rangers showing their badges may receive a +2 to Diplomacy rolls when dealing with loyal Southerners (+4 when treating with Texans), and a +2 to Intimidate rolls against Mexicans. Talking to anyone with hard feelings against the Rangers with the badge showing may negate these bonuses, or incur a penalty.

FUGITIVES FROM JUSTICE IN THE CONFEDERACY (STANDARD EDITION)

Minimum Rank: Private

The "Ranger's Bible" contains information about every criminal wanted everywhere in Dixie—personal history, known habits, contacts, friends, and family, and anything else that might prove useful. Every active-duty Ranger gets the latest annual edition as soon as it's published, but depending on where they are, it may take some

time for the mail to catch up with them.

Having this book handy gives a Ranger the *academia: Confederate fugitives* Aptitude at Level 4. In addition, the pages of the Bible are the source of the codes used by the Rangers, as described in "Secret Messages" (see pg. XXX). This assumes the edition being used is the current one: subtract an Aptitude Level for every year out-of-date an older copy is, and consider older editions useless for sending or receiving coded messages.

Deadlands D20: The game effects of the Ranger's Bible are described in the *Deadlands D20* rulebook.

BOWIE SURVIVAL KNIFE

Minimum Rank: Corporal

Even after the Alamo, Jim Bowie continued to help out the Lone Star State, in the cold-steel shape of the knife that carries on his name. From a design standpoint, "really huge knife" is hard to improve upon, at least until the development of ghost steel.

The mad scientists at Roswell didn't stop at just adding a super-sharp, near indestructible blade, either. Not having spent much time in the wilderness themselves, the mads just decided to incorporate every conceivable survival aid into the knife, and with no net weight gain compared to an ordinary Bowie, thanks to the lightness of the ghost steel.

Inside the Knife's hollow handle are: a dozen matches (with striking pad), fishing hooks with line and leads, and sewing needles & thread. The handle compartment is sealed watertight by a screw-on cap, which has a liquid-filled compass on its top. The blade itself has saw teeth, and stays shiny enough to be used as a signal mirror.

Any Ranger lucky enough to carry one of these adds +2 to all *survival* Aptitude rolls. Used as a weapon, the Bowie Survival Knife has a Defensive

Bonus of +1 and inflicts STR+1d8 Damage.

Deadlands D20: Treat the Bowie Survival Knife the same as the regular kind listed in the *Deadlands D20* rulebook, but increase the Damage to 1d6. It also adds +2 to all Wilderness Lore Skill checks, and allows Intuit Direction checks to succeed automatically.

LEMAT UNDERTAKER

Minimum Rank: Sergeant

Once a ghost-steel knife had been perfected, it was only a matter of time before someone followed suit with a ghost-steel revolver. As many Rangers are now quite thankful for, the man who did so was none other than Col. Jean Alexandre Francois LeMat.

After Dr. LeMat had constructed a ghost-steel version of his famed Grapeshot Pistol, tests soon revealed the new weapon could safely fire rounds with a greatly increased powder charge, making it a truly fearsome piece of hand artillery. Fortunately for the Texas Rangers, they receive first crack at buying the new Grapeshot Pistols as soon as they're manufactured, and are issuing them to Brigade personnel as quickly as possible.

The new weapon's stopping power mightily impressed the first Rangers who got their hands on them, and it was they who dubbed it the LeMat Undertaker, because it was a pistol that not only killed its targets, but buried them as well. When still more Rangers got to witness its sheer lethality, the name stuck for good.

The Undertaker has the same game statistics as the LeMat Grapeshot Pistol & Shotgun listed in the *Player's Guide*, unless it's loaded with the special, increased-charge rounds. With the special rounds, both the Pistol and Shotgun Damage are increased by one die (to 3d6 and 7d6-3d6, respectively). These special rounds have a Reliability of 18, and Rangers are typically issued up to one box of 50 special rounds for every Level of *rank* (Ranger) they possess.

Deadlands D20: The Undertaker has the same game statistics as the LeMat Grapeshot Pistol & Shotgun

listed in the *Deadlands D20* rulebook, unless it's loaded with the special, increased-charge rounds. With the special rounds, both the Pistol and Shotgun Damage are increased by one die (to 3d6 and 2d4-5d4, respectively). These special rounds have a Reliability of 2, and Rangers are typically issued up to one box of 50 special rounds for every two Ranger Prestige Class levels they have.

IMPROVED WHITWORTH RIFLE

Minimum Rank: Corporal (temporary issue); 2nd Lieutenant (permanent issue)

Anyone who's paid any attention at all has noticed the whiskey-swilling Confederates and tea-sipping British have become fast friends in their mutual struggle to "curb Yankee arrogance." As a token of their esteem, those splendid, monster-hunting chaps at Scotland Yard have shared with their wild-and-wooly colleagues in the Texas Rangers some examples of the most deadly accurate small arm in the entire world, the Improved Whitworth Rifle.

These are manufactured in Britain, and so are a tad hard to come by in the Confederacy. However, Rangers with the Aptitudes necessary to make good use of it (high Levels of *shootin': rifle* and *marksman*) can get their hands on one if an assignment calls for it.

The weapon itself is a breech-loader constructed using ghost steel, and fires a unique hexagonal bullet propelled by an increased powder charge (like the LeMat Undertaker, above). These special rounds have a Reliability of 18, and Rangers are typically issued up to one box of 50 special rounds for every Level of *rank (Ranger)* they possess.

The Improved Whitworth Rifle has the following game statistics: **Shots** 1 **Caliber** .45 **ROF** 1 **Damage** 5d8 **Range Increment** 30.

Once they're taken off the English ships, they are typically fitted with a 8x telescopic nightvision scope, which increases its Range Increment to 60 and cancels all lighting penalties (except for complete darkness), provided the shooter draws a bead with the sight before firing. The nightvision

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scope is useless in daylight, and has a Reliability of 17.

Deadlands D20: The Improved Whitworth Rifle has the following game statistics: **Damage** 3d8 **Critical** 19-20/x2 **Range Increment** 90 ft. **Wt.** 9 lb. **Shots** 1 **Cal.** .45 **Type** P.

The Whitworth's special rounds have a Reliability of 2, and Rangers are typically issued up to one box of 50 special rounds for every two Ranger Prestige Class levels they have.

When fitted with a telescopic nightvision scope, the Whitworth's Range Increment increases to 180 ft. and all lighting penalties are canceled out (except for complete darkness), provided the shooter has the Marksman Feat. The nightvision sight is useless in daylight, and has a Reliability of 3.

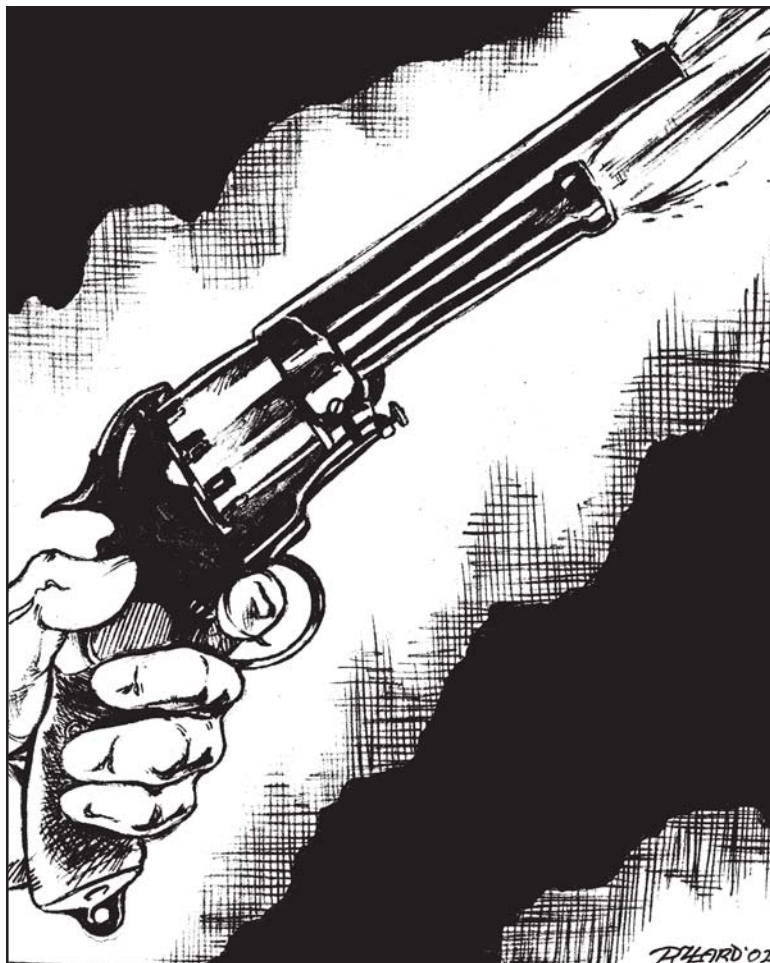
SUPERNATURAL PHENOMENA-SURVIVAL (S.P.S.) KIT

Minimum Rank: 1st Sergeant (temporary issue); Captain (permanent issue)

The Rangers tend to eschew the more methodical investigations of the Agency in favor of more blunt, pragmatic tactics—sort of a "throw everything at the monster and see what kills it" approach. Nothing embodies this paradigm more than the latest piece of gear to spring from the mads at Roswell, the Supernatural Phenomena Survival (or SPS) Kit.

Due to the scarcity of its components, most Rangers are only ever issued the kit when a confirmed supernatural threat is known to exist. Even then, it's such an odd-looking amalgamation that it shouldn't be worn at all unless the Ranger is avoiding the public and going straight to the creature's lair.

The kit's base is a black leather belt with a fast-draw holster and two cartridge-box sized pouches. The pouches contain a set of lockpicks, a silver mirror, six white candles with



matches, a spool of thread with silver needles, a bag of rock salt, some wolfsbane, some heads of fresh garlic, a flask of Holy Water, and a detachable crucifix (usually mounted on the fast-draw holster).

Typical armaments issued with the belt include two Mk II Rains hand grenades (which fall under the *throwin': balanced* Aptitude), and 20 SPS rounds in a caliber of the Ranger's choice. Grenades inflict damage like other explosives, but are not subject to accidental detonation like dynamite or nitro.

SPS rounds represent the cutting edge of alchemical knowledge, and are made of ghost steel, jacketed in silver. These rounds lower the Armor Value of any target they strike by one, but consequently the weapon's Damage is

lowered by one die against organic targets (unless, of course, they are vulnerable to silver, like werewolves).

Each round is also hand-engraved with a crucifix on its tip, providing the blessed of any Christian sect a +2 bonus to *faith* rolls made while attempting to imbue them with a miracle (like *consecrate weapon*). SPS rounds have a Reliability of 19.

MkII Rains Hand: Grenade (damage 12d20; Burst Radius 10, Range 5, Cost \$10)

Deadlands D20: SPS rounds cancel out up to 5 points of natural AC bonus, but against targets without such a bonus, their AC is raised by 5 (unless they are vulnerable to silver). The crucifix tip provides the Blessed of any Christian sect a +2 bonus to Faith skill rolls made while attempting to enchant the bullets (like a *bless* spell). SPS rounds have a Reliability of 1.

The Mk II Rains Hand Grenade is a Simple Ranged Weapon, and while it inflicts damage like other explosives, it is not subject to accidental detonation like dynamite or nitro. It has the following statistics:

Cost: \$10; **Damage:** 3d10 (BR 20); **Critical:** —; **Range Increment:** 15 ft; **Wt:** 1 lb.; **Type** —.

FUGITIVES FROM JUSTICE IN THE CONFEDERACY (SPECIAL EDITION)

Minimum Rank: Major

Every Ranger who's been let in on the Big Secret has heard all the stories about "Chapter 13"—the secret part of the Ranger's Bible that contains Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Monster-Slaying (But Were Too Low-Ranking To Read). However, it isn't until they climb all the way up to the rank of Major (and are safe behind a desk somewhere) that they actually get to see it, instead of just getting some bits and pieces sent to them over a telegraph line.

Chapter 13 looks pretty much like the Posse Territory of this book, but in the Weird West it comes bound inside a Special Edition of *Fugitives from Justice*

in the Confederacy. A Ranger with access to a copy enjoys all the benefits of the Standard Edition, and in addition gets the *academia: occult* Aptitude at Level 4, as well as a +4 bonus to all attempts at *trackin'* creatures of unnatural origin.

Getting a copy of the Special Edition is the Brigade's ultimate show of faith in a Ranger, and no one gets to be a recipient of that level of trust without fully understanding what's expected of them should this Manual ever be in danger of being lost. In short, they are expected to die if need be to keep Chapter 13 out of the public eye, and that's just for starters.

Deadlands D20: The game effects of the Ranger's Bible are described in the *Deadlands D20* rulebook.

CONGREVE ROCKET ARTILLERY

Minimum Rank: Captain (temporary issue); Colonel (permanent issue)

Areas infested with dangerous supernatural critters are kinda like diseased limbs. The doctor does everything he can to save it, but sometimes those efforts fail, and it's got to be removed. When the Rangers need to "amputate" some cursed acreage, they call in a battery of Congreves.

Modern British-made Congreve launchers have sixteen launch rails, arranged side-by-side, kind of like church-organ pipes. It's highly unlikely a given Ranger will ever be the one actually pulling the lanyard on one of these (it requires the *artillery: rockets* Aptitude to use properly, for a start), but if it happens, use of this weapon is

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governed by the Artillery rules in *Smith & Robards*.

All 16 rockets are fired simultaneously, and usually in such a manner that their Burst Radii overlap for maximum destructive effect. Each Ranger Regiment has a full-strength six-launcher battery under their command, and one of these can devastate a square mile with each and every volley. The launchers cannot be used against targets closer than forty yards, due to their launch trajectories and for safety reasons.

One of the many legends about General King is that he once laid waste to a village in the Maze called Santa Mira that was overrun by vampires with a Congreve battery, but not before he had as many Chaplain Corps members as he could round up bless the rockets. If the story's false, there's nothing left of any town called Santa Mira to put it to the lie.

Deadlands D20: Congreve launchers follow the same rules as a Heavy Catapult in *Dungeons & Dragons Player's Handbook, Third Edition*, using the Profession (rocket artillery) Skill to determine the accuracy of each rocket launched. The Congreve rockets inflict damage like other explosives, and their game statistics (and the launcher's) are as follows:

CONGREVE ROCKETS

| Weapon | Type | Speed | Crew | Range | Damage | Cost |
|---------------------------------|--------|-------|-----------|-------|--------------|-----------------------------------------|
| 6-lb. Congreve Rocket Artillery | Breech | - | 4 (per 4) | 150 | 3d20 (BR 10) | \$8,000 (launcher) \$10 (per rocket) |

D20 Statistics

| Item | Cost | Damage | Range | Crew |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------------------|--------------|----------------------------------------------------|------|
| 6-lb. Congreve Rocket Artillery | \$8,000 (launcher) \$10 (per rocket) | 3d10 (BR 20) | Critical Increment 450 ft. (120 ft. minimum) | 4 |



SOUTHERN CROSSES

With the Confederate Chaplain Corps now under the direct command of Gen. King, the Texas Rangers are working alongside the Blessed-in-gray to an unprecedented degree. Still, even with the Rangers' assistance, the cross the Corps has chosen to bear is a heavy one, and it needs volunteers from the men of the cloth as never before.

If your Blessed character is so moved, then the following chapters and verses are just for you. They contain revelations about creating a character who's affiliated with the Corps, as well its heavy burdens of membership,

which can leave a man travailed and heavy-laden long before he confronts any unholy creatures. However, the blessings bestowed upon all those who carry out the Corps' great and good works are substantial, and we share with you the good news about them as well.

Except where noted, this section can be used to create members of the Union Chaplain Corps as well. While some obvious details are different (Yankee chaplains don't answer to Gen. King, for example), most information presented here applies to Blessed in both gray and blue.

ANY VOLUNTEERS?

The first step to associating oneself with the Corps is an obvious one: volunteer for service as an Army chaplain. While that sounds easy enough, only ordained clergymen (*religious rank* 1 or higher) of a Christian or Jewish sect are eligible, with Mormons being a notable exclusion.

All chaplains must be appointed by a regimental commander (or higher-ranking Army officer) before they are officially allowed to serve. While most appointments are a mere formality for qualified applicants, Army officers may still refuse to appoint a willing volunteer for a variety of reasons (see the preceding section **Jine the Rangers!** for some examples). However, since they're not supposed to engage in any actual fighting, it's uncommon for a physical ailment to prevent someone from becoming a chaplain.

Appointed chaplains must purchase 3 points of the *rank* Edge, due to the fact they're treated just like Army officers (though they are barred from actually leading troops). They are issued a distinctive uniform to mark them as non-combatants, which means the other side isn't supposed to shoot at them (at least, on purpose) so long as a chaplain remains unarmed.

The *rank* Edge also entitles them to regular pay, but since wealthy men are said to have a real slim chance of seeing the pearly gates, a Confederate chaplain's stipend is only \$50 per month (compared to \$100 for Yankee

chaplains). However, many churches sponsor chaplains so they might preach to soldiers of their faiths, and characters who wish to benefit from such patronage can purchase the *dinero* Edge.

DOIN' THE LORD'S WORK

Chaplains' preaching and ministering to the troops can be quite time-consuming, but the untold misery wrought by the long years of War has made their usual responsibilities a magnitude greater. Since chaplains are officially regarded as non-combatants, a lot of soldiers disdain them as yellow-bellied shirkers. As a result, many chaplains soon grow tired of the abuse and transfer into the ranks. Those who remain chaplains take on extra responsibilities in order to prove their worth, such as foraging, driving ambulances, working in field hospitals, or (in a pinch) putting down the Good Book in favor of a rifle—especially when something strange happens.

Most chaplains serve regiments raised from their home areas, and therefore often act as mail orderlies. Many soldiers entrust chaplains with sending pay or forwarding mementos to relatives on their behalf, and whenever any man in the ranks goes too long without sending mail, his family usually calls upon his chaplain to cajole the negligent letter-writer. Some chaplains also serve as correspondents for hometown newspapers (maintaining a regimental history as they do so), and work to procure their uniformed flock much-needed supplies from congregations back home.

More than anything else, chaplains strive to be helpful to soldiers in their hours of need. This can involve operating a regimental library, escorting wounded officers back to their homes, or even defending an enlisted man at his court-martial. However, much more often chaplains are called upon to comfort the dying, bury the dead, and write letters of condolence to their loved ones.

In game terms, these extra efforts amount to a 3-point *obligation* (*chaplain*

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duties). Any lower level of commitment usually leads to the regimental commander revoking the derelict man of the cloth's appointment, making him an ex-chaplain and a newly conscripted soldier in rapid succession. It's important for characters to remember this, because even after they join the Chaplain Corps, they are still expected to meet the spiritual needs of the men they were originally appointed to look after.

JOININ' THE GOD SQUAD

Inevitably, a chaplain who demonstrates he is not merely faithful, but truly blessed, is asked to join the Corps, usually soon after the organization learns of his divine gifts. Once a blessed chaplain performs miracles enough times or in front of enough witnesses, it's only a matter of time.

The Corps begins by requesting a face-to-face meeting with the potential new member, wherein a recruiter explains the organization's abomination-fighting mission, without being the slightest bit misleading about how dangerous-and vitally important-the Corps' work really is. Potential candidates are free to turn down the opportunity to join, so long as they promise to say nothing that would alter the general public's belief that the Corps is nothing more than a government-funded outreach ministry. Naturally, lying and going back on this promise warrants a roll on the Sinnin' Table.

Those who do opt to join must swear an oath on the Holy Bible that they will evermore do all they are capable of to assist the Corps' efforts to seek out and destroy supernatural evil. Violations of this oath are resolved on the Sinnin' Table, as the Marshal sees fit.

All new Corps members are issued a large, very distinctive Maltese Cross, fashioned of pure silver, for identification purposes, which not coincidentally also comes in handy when fending off werewolves, or using the *protection* miracle (for much the same reasons, the Union Corps dispenses large Latin Crosses to its members, also made of silver). Despite their best efforts, to date no non-Christian blessed have been successfully recruited into either Corps (Confederate or Union), so until that situation changes, any questions about adopting more inclusive symbols are moot.

IN THE RANKS OF THE LORD'S ARMY

Unlike other Edges, *rank* (*Chaplain Corps*) does not cost three times its value in Bounty Points; rather a character eligible for promotion simply pays a number of Bounty Points equal to the level he's buying up to. Also, a character gains *friends in high places* (*Chaplain Corps*) at a level equal to his *rank* (*Chaplain Corps*) to represent his influential superiors looking out for him. This can come in very handy whenever a Corps member has to deal with an angry regimental commander after a monster-hunting excursion kept them from properly fulfilling their *obligation* to the soldiers.

New Corps members gain the Edge *rank* (*Chaplain Corps*) 1, which is offset by their *obligation* Hindrance rising to 4. Within the Corps, they carry the title of recruit, and are entitled to the organization's aid and support. To that end, new recruits are told how to contact other Corps members in their vicinity in times of need, securely and discretely (typically, by military couriers oblivious to what they're conveying). Usually, assistance is rendered in the form of information and advice, but the Marshal's Handbook contains guidelines

on when and if a fellow Corps member appears to lend a more direct helping hand.

Advancing in rank in the Chaplain Corps is largely a matter of demonstrating that one can handle the increased responsibilities. While the Corps itself does not actually use such a system, the Merits and Demerits used to evaluate Texas Rangers' performance can be adopted by the Marshal to gauge when and if a Corps member has impressed his superiors enough to be offered a promotion.

After spending some time as recruits, learning first-hand exactly what they've volunteered for, Corps members who've shown both a continued willingness and a knack for monster-slaying are asked to become recruiters. In game terms, this means they've accumulated at least 6 Merits and a minimum of 1 Aptitude level in *academia: occult*. If the player chooses to accept the promotion, he advances to *rank* (*Chaplain Corps*) 2, offset by his *obligation* increasing to 5.

As the name implies, recruiters have the added responsibility of keeping their eyes and ears open for reports of blessed chaplains, and after notifying their superiors, persuading them to join the Corps. Since meeting up with potential candidates and fighting otherworldly evils both frequently involve travel, recruiters are eligible to have their expenses reimbursed in the same way Texas Rangers are, though for much smaller sums (because of chaplains' lower salaries and the Corps' far more modest resources, compared to the Rangers).

THE CHOSEN ONES

Most Corps members never advance beyond recruiter, but an elite few are given the opportunity to become even more useful tools in the Lord's hands. Recruiters who have at least 12 Merits and a minimum of 2 Aptitude Levels in *academia: occult* may be asked to join "the Chosen Ones" (usually shortened to simply "the Chosen").

Characters who accept the invitation must purchase *rank* (*Chaplain Corps*) 3, and are given a leave of absence so

they may travel to the Corps' headquarters and receive special training in dealing with supernatural occurrences on the battlefield. This training imparts knowledge roughly equivalent to that contained in the Special Edition of the Ranger's Bible. However, due to security concerns, even the Chosen are not allowed to keep written records of what they're told, so it's up to the Marshal, and then an *academia: occult* (or Knowledge (occult), under D20 rules) roll, to determine if the Blessed can remember (or was ever taught) any given piece of information.

More tangible assistance for the Chosen is given in the form of an ornate saber, which has been permanently imbued with a *consecrate armament* miracle. Any blessed who wields the weapon need only spend a white Fate Chip to activate the miracle; no roll is necessary.

Once their training is completed, the Chosen are reassigned, becoming either a brigade, division, or perhaps even army corps chaplain (as circumstances allow) instead of a regimental one. While this greatly lightens their everyday responsibilities for the spiritual well-being of soldiers, the Chosen are kept more than busy on crucial missions assigned to them by Corps headquarters, resulting in no decrease in their *obligation* Hindrance.

For now, the Union Chaplain Corps has no *rank* level higher than recruiter. The closest Northern equivalent to the Chosen is an organization known as the Order of St. George, which is detailed in *Fire & Brimstone* and *The Way of the Righteous*.

HIGHER CALLINGS

Because of their scarcity, the Chosen are kept active in the field for as long as possible, but some eventually grow so knowledgeable they become much more valuable elsewhere. A Chosen with at least 25 Merits and 3 Aptitude Levels in *academia: occult* can, if the Marshal allows, purchase the *rank* (Chaplain Corps) 4 Edge and become an advisor.

Most of their tasks involve providing counsel to whatever Army commander

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they are assigned to (Gen. Longstreet, Gen. Cleburne, or whomever), or the Chaplain Corps Commander himself, as well as training new Chosen Ones. Even though advisors are among the few with unrestricted access to the Corps' treasure trove of information about the supernatural, they rarely do field work themselves, and even then, only on missions of grave importance.

The Corps Commander alone has *rank* (Chaplain Corps) 5, and he had to accumulate 50 Merits and *academia: occult* 4 (or higher) to get it. Currently, this position is held by Father Jacques DuRand, and these days, his many duties keep him pretty much restricted to Corps headquarters in Lynchburg, Virginia. Father DuRand has no plans to retire anytime soon, so your character may be in for a long wait if he aims to replace him.

Deadlands D20: Any player who wants her blessed character to become an Army chaplain who's also part of the Chaplain Corps does so as a matter of character conception, and earns (and keeps) the benefits of Corps membership by advancing in character levels, and through good role-playing. For instance, any chaplain who does not attend to the spiritual well-being of the soldiers should receive an experience-point penalty commensurate with the level of neglect he's shown.

Characters advance in Corps rank as they gain Blessed character levels, becoming Recruiters at fifth level, Chosen at tenth level, Advisors at fifteenth level, and the Corps Commander at twentieth level. The Chosen Ones' sabers are equivalent to the Cavalry Saber listed in *Deadlands D20*, with a +3 magical enchantment bonus.

Ranger References

APTITUDE MINIMUMS

| Aptitude | Minimum Level |
|--------------|---------------|
| Fightin' | 2 |
| Horse Ridin' | 2 |
| Shootin' | 2 |
| Streetwise | 2 |
| Survival | 2 |
| Trackin' | 2 |

MONTHLY PAY

| Rank | Amount |
|----------------------------|--------|
| Private | \$43 |
| Corporal | \$45 |
| Sergeant | \$52 |
| 1 st Sergeant | \$60 |
| 2 nd Lieutenant | \$130 |
| 1 st Lieutenant | \$135 |
| Captain | \$140 |
| Major | \$194 |
| Lieutenant Colonel | \$206 |
| Colonel | \$237 |
| Brigadier General | \$350 |

RIFLE FIGHTING

| | Defensive | | |
|------------|-----------|---------|-------|
| Weapon | Bonus | Damage | Price |
| Bayonet | +2 | STR+2d6 | \$5 |
| Rifle Butt | +1 | STR+1d6 | — |

CHAPLAIN RANKS

| Chaplain Rank | Merits | Occult Skill |
|------------------|--------|--------------|
| Recruit | - | - |
| Recruiter | 6 | 1 |
| Chosen | 12 | 2 |
| Advisor | 25 | 3 |
| Corps Commander* | 50 | 4 |

*Unique position, currently held by Father Jacques DuRand.

RANKS IN D20

Texas Rangers are a Prestige Class, and the rules for joining and advancing within the organization are presented in the *Deadlands D20* book, pp. 92-93. As a character gains Levels as a Ranger, their Rank rises correspondingly, as outlined below.

| Level | Rank |
|--------------------|-------------------|
| 1-2 | Private |
| 3-4 | Corporal |
| 5-6 | Sergeant |
| 7-8 ^{1st} | Sergeant |
| 9-10 | Lieutenant |
| 11-12 | Captain |
| 13-14 | Major |
| 15-16 | Lt. Colonel |
| 17-18 | Colonel |
| 19+ | Brigadier General |

RANGER PROMOTION

| Aptitude | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
|------------------|---|---|----|----|----|
| Academia: occult | 1 | 2 | 3 | 3 | 3 |
| Fightin' | 3 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 6 |
| Horse Ridin' | 2 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 5 |
| Shootin' | 3 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 6 |
| Streetwise | 2 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 4 |
| Survival | 2 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 5 |
| Trackin' | 2 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 5 |
| Social* | 2 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 4 |
| Merits** | 3 | 6 | 12 | 25 | 50 |

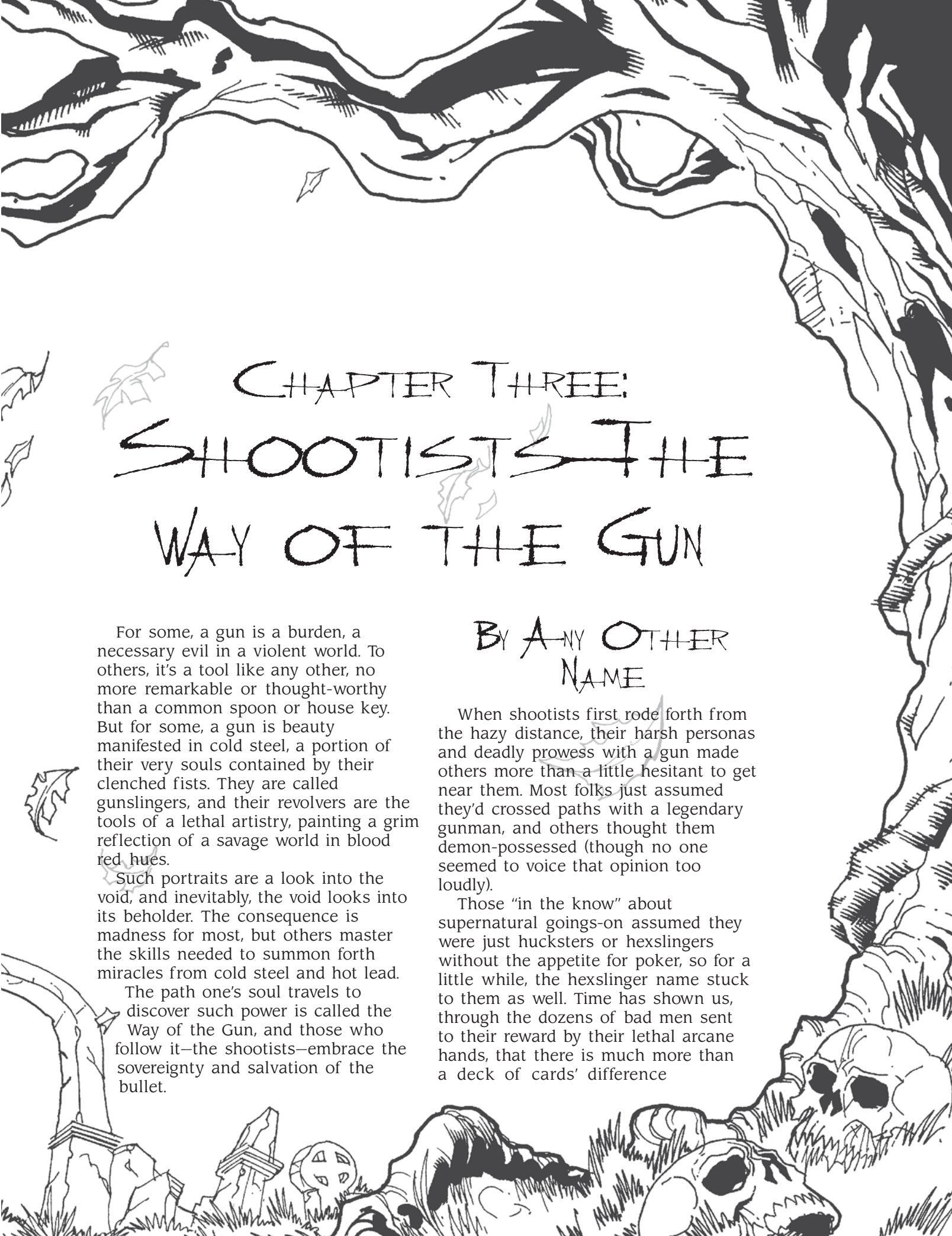
RANK REQUIREMENTS

| Military Rank | Rank (Ranger) | Merits |
|----------------------------|---------------|--------|
| Private | 0 | 0 |
| Corporal | 1 | 3 |
| Sergeant | 2 | 6 |
| 1 st Sergeant | 2 | 9 |
| 2 nd Lieutenant | 3 | 12 |
| 1 st Lieutenant | 3 | 16 |
| Captain | 3 | 20 |
| Major | 4 | 25 |
| Lieutenant Colonel | 4 | 33 |
| Colonel | 4 | 41 |
| Brigadier General | 5 | 50 |

NO MAN'S LAND







CHAPTER THREE: SHOOTISTS THE WAY OF THE GUN

For some, a gun is a burden, a necessary evil in a violent world. To others, it's a tool like any other, no more remarkable or thought-worthy than a common spoon or house key. But for some, a gun is beauty manifested in cold steel, a portion of their very souls contained by their clenched fists. They are called gunslingers, and their revolvers are the tools of a lethal artistry, painting a grim reflection of a savage world in blood red hues.

Such portraits are a look into the void, and inevitably, the void looks into its beholder. The consequence is madness for most, but others master the skills needed to summon forth miracles from cold steel and hot lead.

The path one's soul travels to discover such power is called the Way of the Gun, and those who follow it—the shootists—embrace the sovereignty and salvation of the bullet.

BY ANY OTHER NAME

When shootists first rode forth from the hazy distance, their harsh personas and deadly prowess with a gun made others more than a little hesitant to get near them. Most folks just assumed they'd crossed paths with a legendary gunman, and others thought them demon-possessed (though no one seemed to voice that opinion too loudly).

Those "in the know" about supernatural goings-on assumed they were just hucksters or hexslingers without the appetite for poker, so for a little while, the hexslinger name stuck to them as well. Time has shown us, through the dozens of bad men sent to their reward by their lethal arcane hands, that there is much more than a deck of cards' difference

between a shootist and your typical huckster.

A huckster lives for the thrill of the ultimate gamble. Shootists live because their skills won't allow them to die. Hexslingers do good deeds because it's the highest-stakes wager that can be made. Shootists right the wrongs they find because it excises from their memory the faces of an endless succession of slain challengers who were slower on the draw. At least, it does for a while, anyway.

PROPHET OF THE GUN

The first shootist not only saw the touch of the Reaper on the visage of others, but felt Death's cold embrace upon him. John Henry "Doc" Holliday was a part-time dentist and full-time gambler who had years before mastered the huckster's arts, but from terminal consumption and the tuberculosis that ravaged his lungs, he learned of the transitoriness of life.

In 1872, Holliday headed West, hoping its climate would be a panacea for his symptoms, and during his journey, saw firsthand how cheaply some regard the lives of others. Doc's conscience left him no choice but to intervene for good people in need, and in one such fateful instance, turned his hexes on his guns, and then his lead-hail rage against a callous undead taker of innocent lives.

The people of Dodge City found little left of the Harrowed murderer to bury. Holliday had met his destiny as the first to follow the Way of the Gun, and he soon found himself its prophet.

FOLLOWING THE PATH

Holliday's journey West then became a pilgrimage, as he sought out men and women possessed of both deadly aim and clear sense of right and wrong to guide down the path of the shootist. During this time, Holliday shared his secrets with many who helped write the shootist legend, including the

fabled Alexander Graves. The tutelage continued until Holliday's long journey finally ended in Tombstone, where he found the very worst of the many bad men he'd encountered along the way: the Cowboys.

In Holliday, the Clantons and their minions met a man too unafraid of his own (inevitable) death to be bullied, and too lethal a gunman to be murdered outright. Worse yet for the Cowboys, Holliday was a man who protected the weak, and inspired in them enough hope to make them strong.

By this time, Doc Holliday (already philosophical and melancholy about the place a gunslinger occupies in God's scheme of things) had long ago decided to end his life in a blaze of glory, taking as many Cowboys to the grave with him as possible. Before then, he wanted to teach enough true and noble gunslingers his secrets so the knowledge of the gun-hexes would not be lost.

For that, Holliday needed to find some honest people, and in a hurry. Blessedly, he made the acquaintance of the one man best suited to help him attain his goals.

GUIDING THE RANGERS

When Hank "One-Eye" Ketchum first met Doc Holliday, it took about an entire minute or so for the two most implacable foes of the Cowboys to earn one another's respect and (in spite of the Doc's temper) friendship. It was not much later when Holliday offered to teach selected Texas Rangers The Way of the Gun.

Members of the Brigade have been quietly apprenticing under Holliday since the spring of 1876, and no one outside of the participants themselves and Ranger HQ in Austin has caught on to this fact yet. The Doc's time on earth may be coming to a close, but thanks to the Rangers he's tutored, his legacy will live on. In the meantime, Gen. King has the nucleus of a formidable arcane fighting force, and the Cowboys may be in for a very rude surprise the next time they call the Doc out.

LEARNING THE WAY

A shootist character must have at least 1 Aptitude Level in both *academia: occult* and *shootist* plus the 3-point Edge *arcane background: shootist*. Despite these semantic differences, shootists and hucksters are in fact capable of learning and using one another's hexes, but only a few rare individuals (like Doc Holliday) have the time, talent and inclination to do so.

Therefore, beginning shootist characters are restricted to the gun-hexes below, plus the huckster hexes *Kentucky windage*, *missed me!* and *rapid fire*, and the tricks *palm* and *reload* (which are detailed in the sourcebooks *Hucksters & Hexes* and *The Way of the Huckster*). Likewise, starting huckster characters may not begin the game knowing any of the gun-hexes in this sourcebook. After character creation, both shootists and hucksters may learn new hexes from one another's lists as per the normal rules.

Players who want to create Ranger shootists must also meet the requirements for joining the Brigade, as detailed earlier in this book. Unlike other arcane types, Rangers chosen to become shootists have the option of joining the Brigade's various "bands" or staying at their current rank and assignment once they've completed their arcane training.

LIKELY TRAVELERS

While not required, certain Edges and Hindrances make a whole lot of sense for shootist characters to have. Many shootists take the Hindrance *focus* centered on their personal firearm, and characters with the proper backgrounds often take the Edges *arcane prodigy* and *old hand* as well. Again, these are found in *Hucksters & Hexes* (or, if you're into D20, hucksters pick up Old Hand at 5th level, and the Arcane Prodigy Feat's in *The Way of the Huckster*). Naturally, all shootists tend to buy up gun-related Aptitudes like *shootin'* and *quick draw* as well.

Doc Holliday's morals make him picky about whom he teaches gun-hexes to, much preferring white-hatted folks to black-hatted ones, and all his



disciples (even the non-Rangers) tend to follow suit. Therefore, it's highly unlikely (but not impossible) that a shootist is going to have Hindrances like *bloodthirsty*, *loco*, *outlaw*, *wanted*, etc., unless of course, they picked them up after leaving their mentor's tutelage.

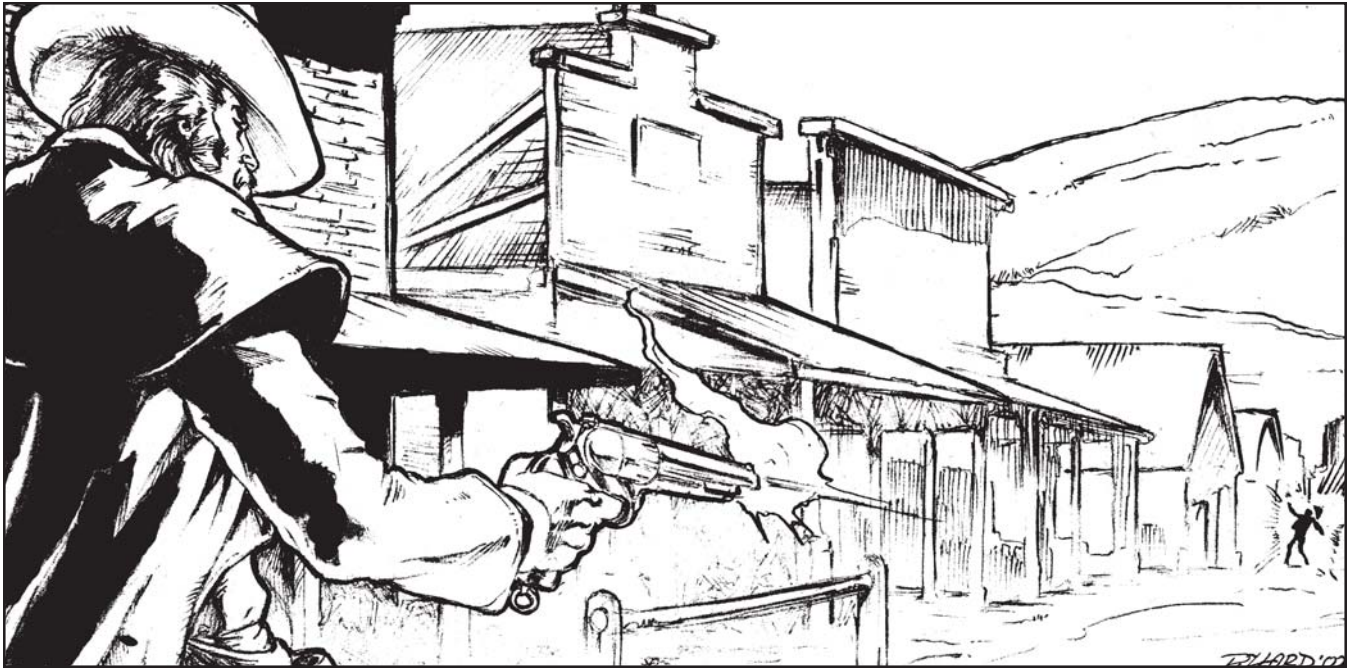
Holliday believes a shootist's arcane abilities are a second chance for those whose guilt and remorse leave them feeling more cursed than blessed by their gunslinging prowess. By using gun-hexes to fight the good fight, Doc feels the heavenly ledger can be balanced for those who've taken challenger's lives before they finally shed the mortal coil.

This isn't a hard-and-fast rule for Holliday by any means, but he does tend to look more kindly upon students who either need a shot at redemption and will doubtlessly use gun-hexes to right wrongs. Those who have Hindrances like high-levels of *ailin'*, *geezer*, *heroic*, *law o' the west*, and especially *grim servant o' death* are all likely to be chosen by the Doc.

COLD-STEEL METAPHYSICS

Shootists tap into the Hunting Grounds just the same way hucksters do, and therefore the use of their powers is governed by the exact same rules, including Backlash and (when playing under the original *Deadlands* system) the use of playing cards to determine success or failure. The main difference between the two is the different ways they envision the contest with the manitou.

While hucksters usually visualize the battle of wits as a game of poker, shootists picture it as what they know best: a gunfight at High Noon. This is why shootists and hucksters are barred from beginning play knowing one another's hexes: each has to learn a new way to visualize pimp-slapping manitous to make the other's trademark mojo work.



Another side effect of the shootist's gunfight paradigm is that no playing cards materialize in their hands when they're casting gun-hexes. The hexed guns *do* crackle with a barely visible, unmistakably weird-looking sort of ethereal lightning, and anyone with very much *academia: occult* (or Knowledge (occult) skill) can instantly recognize shootists for exactly what they are.

However, thanks to Smith & Robards and the availability of New Science weaponry in the world, it's usually not much of a problem for a shootist to *bluff*, *persuade*, or *overawe* worried onlookers into believing the spectral lightning's just a side effect of some "new-fangled" shootin' iron. This is where a Lone Star Badge can come in mighty handy. After all, who's gonna doubt the heroic lawman's word, especially if he just helped save the town from some nasty outlaw?

Should a shootist ever learn some huckster hexes (and by doing so learn the card-sharp way of hexslinging), those oft-inconvenient cards *do* appear whenever they throw any non-gun-hex. They can still cast *Kentucky windage*,

missed me! and *rapid fire* sans cards, if the shootist learned them from another shootist and not a huckster.

Lastly, since no huckster or shootist has yet committed any gun-hexes to paper, there's no way (or need) to pick up a copy of *Hoyle's Book of Games* in order to learn any of them. For now, the *only* way to become a shootist is to learn the Way of the Gun from those already intimately acquainted with it.

GUN-HEXES

As detailed above, the following hexes are limited to those who have the Edge *arcane background: shootist*, or who have learned them from someone who does. These hexes are presented in the same format as those in the *Weird West Player's Guide*, and each is followed by its D20 System version, which are formatted like the spells found in *Deadlands D20*.

Deadlands D20: Before a character can select any of the spells following, they must be multi-classed as both a Gunslinger and a Huckster. (Characters who wish to become Texas Rangers as well must fulfill the requirements of that Prestige Class as outlined in *Deadlands D20*.) Bonus spells learned from studying *Hoyle's Book of Games* may not be selected from this list. The "ethereal lighting" produced by these spells which manifests around the

targeted weapon constitutes the Somatic Component.

ACOUSTIC SHADOW

Trait: Smarts

Hand: Ace

Speed: 1

Duration: 1 Wind/round

Range: 20 yards/hex level

One of the most peculiar phenomena on the battlefield is the “acoustic shadow”, in which soldiers mere yards away from a skirmish could see the battle, but not hear the musket-fire. Eggheads everywhere have their own theories full of ten-dollar words as to why this happens naturally, but with this hex, a shootist can create their own, most *unnatural, acoustic shadow*.

This hex creates a radius-area around the shootist, inside which the sound of all gunfire is muffled. All *Cognition* (and related Aptitude) rolls made to hear the shots or trace their sounds back to their point of origin are made with a -2 penalty. For every hand above the minimum, this penalty is increased by an additional -2.

Outside the hex's area of effect, the shots can be heard normally. Keep that in mind before you shoot someone in the middle of the town's main street, compadre.

Deadlands D20: *Acoustic shadow*

Type: Illusion (Glamer)

Level: Hck 1

Components: S

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Medium (100 ft. + 10 ft./level)

Duration: 1 Subdual Hit Point/round

Saving Throw: Will negates

Spell Resistance: Yes

This spell creates a 100 ft. (+ 10 ft./huckster level) radius around the huckster, inside which the sound of all gunfire is muffled. All Listen Skill checks made to hear the shots or trace their sounds back to their point of origin are made with a -1 penalty. For every huckster level the caster has, this penalty is increased by an additional -1. Outside the spell's area of effect, the shots can be heard normally.



BULLET MOLD

Trait: Knowledge

Hand: Ace

Speed: 1

Duration: Permanent

Range: Touch

Ever been in a situation where you needed some .44 rounds and all you could find were .36's? No? That figures, because most cowpokes only find themselves in that predicament once. Thankfully for shootists, the *bullet mold* hex can help resolve such situations.

Bullet mold permanently transforms any type of bullet, slug, or shell the shootist touches into any other type, which can be loaded and fired immediately or tucked away for a rainy day. This hex has been especially popular amongst Ranger shootists, many of whom carry the oddly chambered .40/16-gauge LeMat Grapeshot pistols. The minimum hand transforms three rounds of ammo into an equal amount of cartridges of the type and caliber of the shootist's choice. Every hand above the minimum transforms three more bullets.

Normally, *bullet mold* is used to fill up a shootist's gunbelt with the proper ammo, but those with a trickster's spirit have been known to use it on unwary opponents. They say the expression on a person's face when they can't find a single usable bullet is priceless.

Deadlands D20: *Bullet mold*

Type: Transmutation

Level: Hck 1

Components: S

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Duration: Permanent

Saving Throw: Reflex negates (object)

Spell Resistance: Yes (object)

Bullet mold permanently transforms any type of bullet, slug, or shell the huckster touches into any other type. Two rounds of ammo (plus an



additional one for each of the caster's huckster levels) are transformed into an equal amount of cartridges of the type and caliber of the huckster's choice.

DEADSHOT

Trait: Smarts

Hand: Pair

Speed: 1

Duration: 1 Wind/round

Range: Self

Sometimes, you just *have* to blow their brains out. Oh, you don't enjoy it or anything (not anymore, at least), but better some drooling zombie than a bunch of innocent folks, right? When the time for involuntary brain removal comes, throw in a little manitou-powered mojo courtesy of *deadshot*,

and it becomes as easy as pointing and clicking.

Deadshot forces a manitou to improve the shootist's aim, granting them a +2 bonus to all *shootin'* rolls, with an additional +1 bonus for every hand above the minimum. This bonus does not apply when fanning the hammer or firing automatic weapons.

Deadlands D20: *Deadshot*

Type: Evocation

Level: Hck 2

Components: S

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Personal

Duration: 1 Subdual Hit Point/round

Saving Throw: None

Spell Resistance: No

This spell grants a +1 bonus for every huckster level of the caster to all ranged attack rolls, except when using muscle-powered (like bows and thrown knives) or automatic weapons. Likewise, this spell's benefits are lost when using the Fannin' Feat.

FISTFUL O' SLUGS

Trait: Knowledge

Hand: Pair

Speed: 1

Duration: 10 minutes/hex level

Range: Self

The shootist's greatest lament is that when his ammo's gone, his entire noggin-ful of gun-hexes becomes just so much useless trivia. Unless of course, they know *fistful o' slugs*, in which case their cartridge box evermore runneth over.

A successful casting conjures three rounds of ammunition (in the caliber of the caster's choice) out of thin air and right into the shootist's free hand. Every hand above the minimum creates an additional three rounds. The bullets last for 10 minutes per hex level, then fade away into nothing—unless of course, the shootist painfully inserts them into some varmint's body first.

Shootists can only conjure bullets, shotgun shells, or shotgun slugs. For now, at least, cannonballs and the like remain out of a shootist's reach.

Deadlands D20: *Fistful o' slugs*

Type: Conjunction (Creation)

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NO MAN'S LAND

Level: Hck 2
Components: S
Casting Time: 1 action
Range: Personal
Duration: 10 minutes/level
Saving Throw: None
Spell Resistance: No

For every huckster level the caster has, this spell conjures two rounds of ammunition (in the caliber of the caster's choice) out of thin air and into the huckster's free hand. The ammunition last for 10 minutes per caster's huckster level, then fades into nothing. This spell can only conjure bullets, shotgun shells, or shotgun slugs; cannonballs and the like are beyond its reach.

FULLY LOADED

Trait: Smarts
Hand: Pair
Speed: 1
Duration: Instant
Range: Touch

Sometimes you just can't get fresh ammo into a gun fast enough. When your *speed load* isn't speedy enough, and the *reload* trick isn't sufficiently tricky, then only *fully loaded* will do.

Fully loaded instantly transports ammunition and loads it into a gun's magazine. It doesn't matter if the ammo originally came from the general store or a *fistful o' slugs* hex, but the bullets must be somewhere on the shootist's person (in their palm, gunbelt, pocket, cartridge box, wherever) when the hex is cast.

The minimum hand reloads six rounds of ammo into any guns on the shootist's person, and every hand above that reloads another six bullets. The shootist may divide the reloads between different guns, as he sees fit. Sorry to crush your dreams of hex-loading a 12-pound artillery piece, but only firearms can be *fully loaded*.

Deadlands D20: *Fully loaded*
Type: Conjunction (Teleportation)
Level: Hck 2
Components: S
Casting Time: 1 action
Range: Touch
Duration: Permanent
Saving Throw: None



Spell Resistance: No

Fully loaded instantly teleports ammunition and loads it into a gun's magazine. The source of the ammo (whether purchased or conjured) doesn't matter, but the rounds must be somewhere on the huckster's person when the spell is cast.

The spell reloads five rounds of ammo, plus one round for each of the caster's huckster levels, into any guns on the huckster's person. The huckster may divide the reloads between different guns, as he sees fit. Only firearms can be reloaded with this spell.

GHOST BULLETS

Trait: Knowledge
Hand: Pair
Speed: 1
Duration: 1 Wind/round
Range: Touch

For somebody whose whole existence centers around a gun, there are few things more discouraging than the sight of a bullet-proof vest. Small wonder then, that shootists devised a hex that makes ghost-steel bullets capable of ignoring armor just like a spectre passing through a wall (hence, the name).

Ghost bullets changes all the ordinary ammo loaded inside a gun into armor-piercing cartridges, which have specially shaped slugs made of ghost steel, propelled by an extra-heavy powder charge. These bullets ignore light armor completely, and lower the level of any armor they strike by -1. Every hand above the minimum enables the bullets to lower the armor rating by an additional -1.

This hex cannot confer its benefits on shotgun shells (mad scientists and shootists are still trying to figure out how to bend the laws of physics that far). Shotgun slugs, however, are fair game, and they can *really* make a mess out of a bullet-proof vest.



The effects of *ghost bullets* last until the shootist stops paying Wind, the hexed cartridges are all fired, or the shootist loses contact with the gun itself (e.g., they have it shot out of their hand). If the shootist wants to transform another magazine full of bullets (on the same gun or not), they must cast the hex again.

Deadlands D20: *Ghost bullets*

Type: Transmutation

Level: Hck 2

Components: S

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Duration: 1 Subdual Hit Point/round

Saving Throw: None

Spell Resistance: No

Ghost bullets changes all the ordinary ammunition loaded in a gun's

magazine into armor-piercing cartridges. These bullets cancel out the Armor Class bonus derived from natural and/or worn armor, up to +5. For every huckster level of the caster, the bullets cancel out an additional +1 bonus.

This spell cannot confer its benefits on shotgun shells. Shotgun slugs, however, are fair game.

The effects of ghost bullets last until the huckster stops paying Hit Points, the transformed cartridges are all fired, or the huckster loses contact with the gun itself (e.g., they have it shot out of their hand). If the huckster wants to transform another magazine of bullets (on the same gun or not), they must cast the spell again.

HAIL O' LEAD

Trait: Smarts

Hand: Pair

Speed: 1

Duration: 1 round/hex level

Range: Self

Gunslingers are downright scary in a classic, one-on-one duel, but they have a tougher time looking as good when it's six against one—and they're the one. Times like that, the only way to even the odds is for a shootist to make it rain bullets.

Hail o' lead eliminates the standard -2 penalty to *shootin': pistol* rolls for fanning the hammer, and for every hand above the minimum, the shootist receives a +1 bonus on his Aptitude check. All benefits of this hex apply *only* while fanning; taking a regular shot after casting *hail o' lead* is just a waste, partner.

Deadlands D20: *Hail o' lead*

Type: Evocation

Level: Hck 2

Components: S

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Personal

Duration: 1 round/level

Saving Throw: None

Spell Resistance: No

Hail o' lead helps reduce the standard attack-roll penalty for using the Fannin' Feat. For every huckster level of the caster, the -6 penalty is reduced by one. Example: a character

with three huckster levels only suffers a -3 penalty when Fannin'.

LIBERATED AMMO

Trait: Knowledge

Hand: Jacks

Speed: 1

Duration: Instant

Range: 5 yards/hex level

As the legendary General "Jeb" Stuart proved, there are no bullets better than the ones you take from your enemy. Great as Stuart was at "liberating" materiel from Yankee hands, the *liberated ammo* hex allows you to do the same job at a speed even "the Cavalier of Dixie" would envy.

The minimum hand for this hex magically and instantly swipes a bullet away from the target, with every hand above that taking an additional two bullets. These bullets are taken first from any gun(s) the target has pointed at the caster, and once they're empty, cartridges come from other loaded guns the target is carrying, speed-loading cylinders, storage belts, and pockets, until no ammo remains on his person.

When bullets are liberated from revolvers, they are automatically removed from the chambers under or nearest the hammer. Therefore, the target must use an Action Card to rotate the cylinder and put an actual round into firing position (or else just "click-click-click" their way there).

Liberated bullets re-materialize in the shootist's free hand, pocket, cartridge box, gun-belt, or wherever they see fit. The one exception is inside their own, same-caliber guns, a feat which requires the *fully loaded* hex to pull off.

Liberated ammo affects any weapon with solid ammo (so no liberating fuel from a flamethrower's storage tank), but since this is one of the more difficult gun-hexes to explain away, discretion is advised. There are other complications to consider when using this hex, such as the very real drawbacks involved with liberating live cannon rounds.

Deadlands D20: *Liberated ammo*
Type: Conjuraton (Teleportation)



Level: Hck 1

Components: S

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 5 feet/level

Duration: Instantaneous

Saving Throw: Reflex partial (object)

Spell Resistance: Yes (object)

This spell magically and instantly swipes a bullet (plus one for each of the caster's huckster levels) away from the target. These bullets are taken first from any gun(s) the target has pointed at the caster, and once they're empty, cartridges come from other loaded guns the target is carrying, speed-loading cylinders, storage belts, and pockets, until no ammo remains.

The liberated ammo spell affects any weapon with solid ammo. When bullets are liberated from revolvers, they are automatically removed from the chambers under or nearest the hammer. Therefore, the target must use a full action to rotate the cylinder and put an actual round into firing position.

Liberated bullets re-materialize in the shootist's free hand, pocket, cartridge box, gun-belt or wherever they see fit. The one exception is inside their own, same-caliber guns, a feat which requires the fully loaded spell to pull off.

LONGSHOT

Trait: Smarts

Hand: Pair

Speed: 1

Duration: 1 Wind/round

Range: Self

It's said that the invention of the gun was inspired by a man who turned to a companion and said, "See that guy over there? I sure would like to kill him, but dang it, he's just too far away!"

Longshot comes in handy during those times when "that guy" is really, *really* far away.

Casting this hex forces a manitou to make targets appear closer than they are, effectively increasing the Range Increment of any weapon the shootist

wields. The minimum hand adds +5 to Range Increments, and every two hands above the minimum adds another +5 Range Increment.

Deadlands D20: Longshot

Type: Evocation

Level: Hck 2

Components: S

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Personal

Duration: 1 Subdual Hit Point/round

Saving Throw: None

Spell Resistance: No

Casting this spell makes the shooter's targets appear closer than they are, effectively increasing the Range Increment of any weapon he wields. The minimum hand adds 10 feet to Range Increments, plus an additional 5 feet for every two huckster levels the caster has.

MAGNUM FORCE

Trait: Knowledge

Hand: Ace

Speed: 2

Duration: 1 Wind/round

Range: Self

Having a quick draw and a deadly aim are definite pluses on the resume of any gunfighter, but it's even better to have a huge frickin' gun to apply those skills with. Of course, LeMats are a might hard to come by, but *magnum force* (Latin for "really big force") can help. This hex can make even a humble .22 into the most powerful handgun in the world, which can blow your head clean off. That will make any punk feel very unlucky.

The minimum hand increases the gun's normal damage die type by +1 step. For example, a Colt Peacemaker inflicts 3d8 damage instead of the usual 3d6. Every two hands above the minimum increases the weapon's damage by an additional die type.

Only firearms benefit from *magnum force*. So if you're carrying a flamethrower, this hex does no good.

Deadlands D20: Magnum force

Type: Transmutation

Level: Hck 1

Components: S

Casting Time: 1 round

Range: Personal

Duration: 1 Subdual Hit Point/round

Saving Throw: None

Spell Resistance: No

This spell increases the gun's normal Damage by +1 for every two huckster levels possessed by the caster. Only firearm-type weapons can benefit from this spell.

SILVER BULLET

Trait: Spirit

Hand: Pair

Speed: 2

Duration: 10 minutes/hex level

Range: Touch

When bad men need killing, an ordinary cartridge does the deed just fine. When bad men need to be killed *again*, it just might take a *silver bullet* to put 'em down a second time.

Silver bullet transforms a mundane bullet, shotgun shell, or slug into one made of purest silver and imbues it with supernatural energy. This arcane ammo inflicts full normal damage against abominations, even those vulnerable only to magical attacks. By drawing at least a Pair, the shootist can change one regular cartridge into a *silver bullet* (caliber and type do not change). For every hand above a Pair, one additional cartridge is also transformed. A *silver bullet* retains its supernatural power for 10 minutes per hex level, then reverts to normal.

Not all abominations are permanently killed by a *silver bullet*, like those with very specific requirements attached to their demise ("It only dies when stabbed with a pointed stick at 3 a.m. on a Tuesday"). As always, the Marshal is the final word on what is and isn't harmed by a *silver bullet*.

Deadlands D20: Silver bullet

Type: Transmutation

Level: Hck 2

Components: S

Casting Time: 1 round

Range: Touch

Duration: 10 minutes/level

Saving Throw: None

Spell Resistance: No

This spell gives bullets, shotgun shells and slugs an enhancement bonus (+1 per three huckster levels; maximum +5) for negating Damage Reduction, but does not actually add any bonus to either attack or damage rolls. One bullet receives the enhancement per huckster level of the caster, and retains it for 10 minutes per huckster level of the caster, before reverting to normal.

SMART GUN

Trait: Smarts

Hand: Ace

Speed: 1

Duration: 1 Wind/round

Range: Touch

It's said that any idiot can pull a trigger, but casting *smart gun* guarantees at least the gun knows what *it's* doing, because just picking up a *smart gun* provides an instant education in how to handle it. Any weapon that requires the *shootin'* Aptitude can be targeted by this hex, and if successful the firearm can be used without the -4 penalty for an unskilled check, regardless of whether he has the proper Aptitudes or Concentrations. Every hand above the minimum allows an additional firearm to be affected by the same casting.

Deadlands D20: *Smart gun*

Type: Transmutation

Level: Hck 1

Components: S

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Duration: 1 Subdual Hit Point/round

Saving Throw: None

Spell Resistance: No

Any weapon that requires either the Automatic Weapon Proficiency or Firearms Proficiency Feat can be targeted by this spell, and if successful the weapon can be used without the -4 penalty for non-proficiency, even if they lack the applicable Feats. This spell affects one firearm for every huckster level the caster has.

SHOOTISTS 105

SMOKEWAGON LIGHTNIN'

Trait: Smarts

Hand: Pair

Speed: 1

Duration: 1 Wind/round

Range: Self

Sooner or later, shootists develop a lethally fast draw. Well, either that or they become ex-shootists, permanently, if you know what we mean. At any rate, whatever the Almighty failed to bless a gunslinger with in the speed-draw department, *smokewagon lightnin'* can make up for.

The minimum hand boosts all the shootist's *quick draw* rolls by +1 (2d6 becomes 2d6+1, for instance), with every hand above the minimum increasing the roll by an additional +1. Alternately,



if the shootist somehow doesn't have the *quick draw* Aptitude, the bonuses count toward canceling out the -4 unskilled check penalty.

Deadlands D20: *Smokewagon lightning'*

Type: Evocation

Level: Hck 2

Components: S

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Personal

Duration: 1 Subdual Hit Point/round

Saving Throw: None

Spell Resistance: No

For every huckster level the caster has, this spell increases his Initiative rolls in a gun-duel by +1.

SWITCH-ACTION

Trait: Knowledge

Hand: Pair

Speed: 1

Duration: 1 Wind/round

Range: 1 yard/hex level

Some gunslingers prefer double-action pistols, for when you need to squeeze off an extra shot, while others swear by single-action revolvers, for when you need to fan the hammer and fill the air with lead. If your shootist can't decide between the two, with this hex, he can change between them at will.

Switch-action turns any single-action revolver into a double-action model, or vice versa. Shootists usually cast it on their own weapons whenever they feel the need for a change, but sometimes target an opponent's guns, either to slow down a double-action pistol or to frustrate an attempt at fanning.

Every hand above the minimum allows an additional pistol to be affected by the hex. If the shootist opts to do this, the actions of all targeted weapons are changed until he stops maintaining the hex.

Deadlands D20: *Switch-Action*

Type: Transmutation

Level: Hck 2

Components: S

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 1 ft./level

Duration: 1 Subdual Hit Point/round

Saving Throw: Fortitude negates (object)

Spell Resistance: Yes (object)

This spell changes any double-action revolver into a single-action model, or vice versa. Hucksters usually cast it on their own guns if they need to utilize the Fannin' Feat, but sometimes target an opponent's guns to frustrate their attempts to use the same Feat. Every huckster level of the caster allows an additional pistol to be affected by the same spell. If the huckster opts to do this, the actions of all targeted weapons are changed until the spell ends.

TWO-GUN MOJO

Trait: Smarts

Hand: Two Pair

Speed: 2

Duration: 1 Wind/round

Range: Self

There's just something real intimidating about a gunslinger coming at you with a revolver in each hand. By the same token, there are few things more embarrassing than a would-be two-gun kid who doesn't have near-enough talent to pull it off. If you want your shootist to avoid that humiliation, a little *two-gun mojo* is just the ticket. If successfully cast, this hex cancels out all penalties for firing guns with his off hand (if any), and the -2 penalty for using two weapons at once. All other penalties (for wounds, visibility, etc.) are applied as normal.

Deadlands D20: *Two-gun mojo*

Type: Evocation

Level: Hck 3

Components: S

Casting Time: 1 round

Range: Personal

Duration: 1 Subdual Hit Point/round

Saving Throw: None

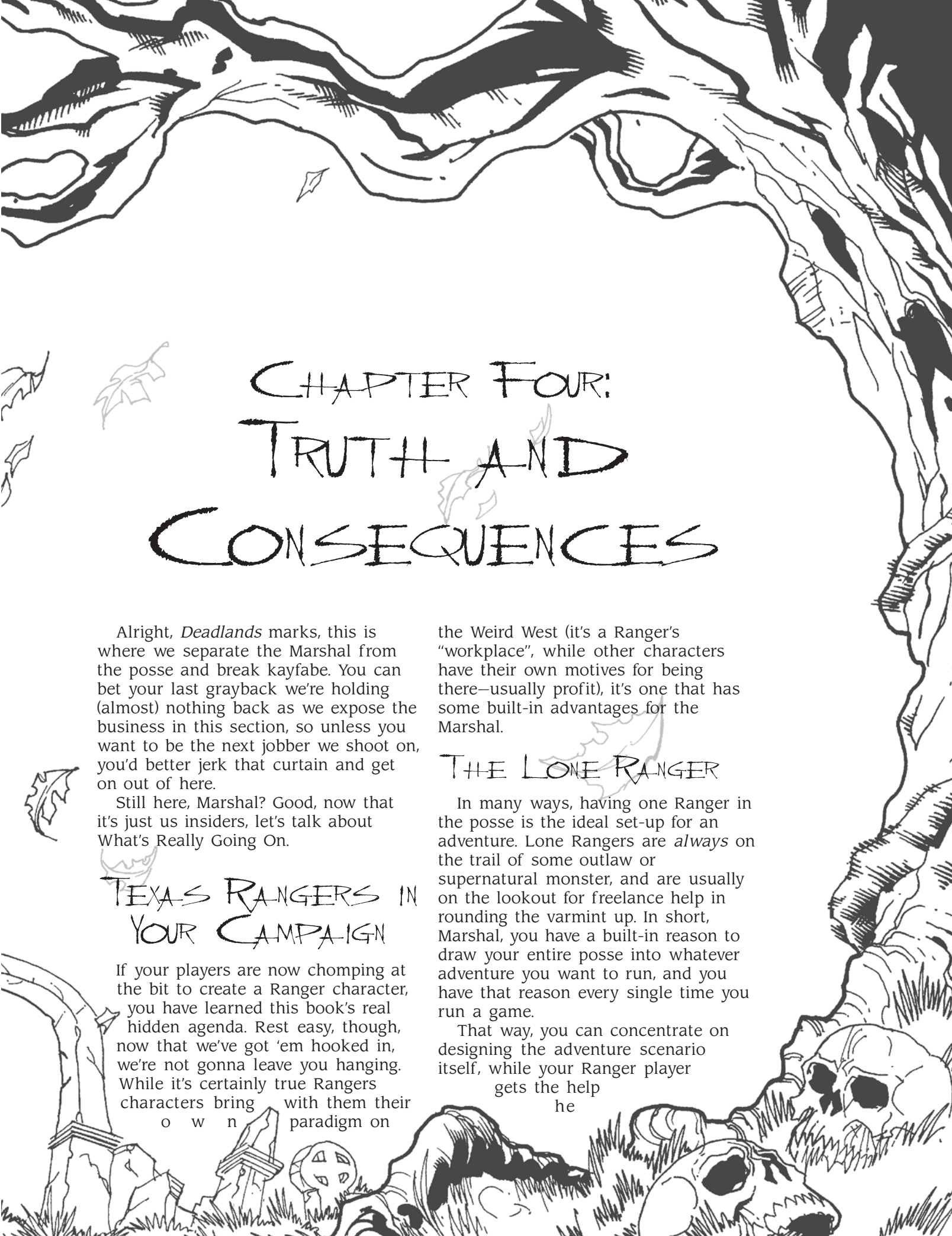
Spell Resistance: No

If successfully cast, this spell cancels out all penalties for both firing guns with the off hand (if any), and the penalty for using two weapons at once. All other penalties are applied as normal.

THE MARSHAL'S HANDBOOK







CHAPTER FOUR: TRUTH AND CONSEQUENCES

Alright, *Deadlands* marks, this is where we separate the Marshal from the posse and break kayfabe. You can bet your last grayback we're holding (almost) nothing back as we expose the business in this section, so unless you want to be the next jobber we shoot on, you'd better jerk that curtain and get on out of here.

Still here, Marshal? Good, now that it's just us insiders, let's talk about What's Really Going On.

TEXAS RANGERS IN YOUR CAMPAIGN

If your players are now chomping at the bit to create a Ranger character, you have learned this book's real hidden agenda. Rest easy, though, now that we've got 'em hooked in, we're not gonna leave you hanging. While it's certainly true Rangers characters bring with them their own paradigm on

the Weird West (it's a Ranger's "workplace", while other characters have their own motives for being there—usually profit), it's one that has some built-in advantages for the Marshal.

THE LONE RANGER

In many ways, having one Ranger in the posse is the ideal set-up for an adventure. Lone Rangers are *always* on the trail of some outlaw or supernatural monster, and are usually on the lookout for freelance help in rounding the varmint up. In short, Marshal, you have a built-in reason to draw your entire posse into whatever adventure you want to run, and you have that reason every single time you run a game.

That way, you can concentrate on designing the adventure scenario itself, while your Ranger player gets the help he



needs, and the rest of the posse gets to do good deeds *and* gets paid for it. See? Everybody's happy!

The Ranger's bosses back at HQ are also handy when you need to get a posse back on track (or off track, for that matter). Whether they need some petty cash or just a clue, a "telegram from the Captain" can be the perfect vehicle for getting your players some much-needed assistance.

THE RANGER CAMPAIGN

Things get a might trickier when the entire posse carries Lone Star Badges, but not impossibly so. Rangers are almost always deployed individually, and don't work in groups unless a truly

serious problem has emerged. Which is not to say that such situations don't develop—look at the Ranger delegation in Gomorra, for one—and if the Marshal is so inclined, finding one in an existing *Deadlands* book or designing one themselves shouldn't be too hard.

This will most likely involve Rangers of different ranks (possibly with one player's character in overall command of the operation), so the Marshal needs to make sure the players are aware of this ahead of time and are all OK with being ordered around, at least on occasion. Such high-priority missions also entitle your Ranger posse to some of the sweetest of the Brigade's toys, so the Marshal's scenarios should be designed with an eye towards either dealing with, or nullifying, the character's heavier-than-normal firepower.

ACTION!

Perhaps the most important thing to keep in mind when designing adventures for one or more Ranger characters is their *raison d'être*: opening up cans of whoop-ass. If your scenario doesn't include at least one opportunity for a Ranger to punch some punk's lights-out, or shoot a varmint full of holes, you may want to re-think it, because you're leaving out a lot of what Rangers do best.

While it's far from the only option, throwing in that time-honored Western cliché, the barroom brawl, can be a great excuse for Rangers to show off their skills. Using the Brawlin' Maneuvers from earlier in this book can make it a colorful, diverting interlude, and best of all, nobody has to suffer all that much (all damage being light or just Wind) and thereby derail the rest of your adventure.

RASCALS, VARMINTS, OR CRITTERS?

Lone Stars focuses mainly on the paranormal side of a Ranger's job, but as was stated in the Posse Territory, notorious but mundane outlaws can spike Fear Levels just like a werewolf can, and are thus of interest to the Rangers. Running the occasional

adventure scenario with nary a vampire or zombie in sight can be an interesting diversion for a posse (especially if you can include some red herrings that make them *think* they're on a monster's trail).

How much of a focus you put on the Ranger's non-supernatural crime-busting is up to you, Marshal. If you decide to give it a go but want more info on what it takes to be a lawman in the Weird West, check out the definitive book on the subject: *Law Dogs*.

NO SECRETS?

As stated in the *Deadlands* rulebooks, Gen. William King is probably the most knowledgeable person alive about the Reckoning and its consequences, and since he's addressing the men and women of his beloved Ranger Brigade, the information in the Posse Territory is every bit as accurate as the General himself. To be sure, he does hold back *some* secrets (otherwise, where would your fun be, Marshal?), but for the most part, he lives up to his reputation as a straight-shooter.

Gen. King's take on history is more than a little biased towards the Lone Star State, but when he sticks to just the facts, both Marshal and posse can take him at his word. In fact, King doesn't withhold much until the discussion turns to the late President Davis.

A CANCER IN THE PRESIDENCY

You probably already know Jefferson Davis' mood-change in late 1871 was due to his being killed, eaten and duplicated by an evil doppelganger, which then proceeded to destroy the late President's good name for the next seven years. The Rangers were an obvious threat to uncover the doppelganger's secrets (including its goal of turning the entire Confederate capital of Richmond into a Deadland), which led to the Brigade's official banishment from the city.

As related in the adventure *Dead Presidents*, a brave posse of adventurers (maybe yours, Marshal) followed a trail

RANGER SECRETS

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of clues from Gomorra to Richmond and discovered the truth. Due to the posse's intervention, the Doppelganger was exposed, and subsequently killed by the brave adventurers. Despite this (and through no fault of the posse), the Doppelganger's plan to take Richmond back to Perdition with it was successfully put into motion, and partially succeeded.

King is now totally aware of the doppelganger's existence and most of its activities, but is keeping this knowledge to himself for the time being. This is one secret he can't chance on getting out (at least for now), because the Confederate people just aren't ready to handle that much truth. As a result, King has used all the powers at his discretion to support Acting Pres. Michele's "official version" of events, wherein Davis was assassinated by the massively unpopular Richmond police chief Colonel George Alexander, who was in truth the doppelganger's second-in-command.

MEET THE NEW BOSS

Most of the city was spared due to the efforts of the Secretary of War (now Acting Confederate President) Eric Michele, who had long disagreed with the President's methods and goals, including the use of ghost-rock powered "terror weapons" at Richmond's Tredegar Iron Works. Clandestinely, Michele ordered the gradual withdrawal of the ghost-rock and mad scientists from the Works in an effort to stymie the research and development of such devices.

Therefore, when the doppelganger's plan was put into action, the Works was ghost-rock free, and with much less than the expected amount of fuel, the forecasted total immolation of the Capital wound up doing less than half that amount of damage. Not that the

people of Richmond feel all that lucky or anything.

Michele knew about the Reckoning long before he was sworn in as President, and he has made both ending the War and supporting the Rangers top priorities in his Administration, for however long it lasts (Michele's coy about whether or not he'll run to become President for real). While the War will never officially be over (at least as long as Grant is the Union President), the armistice Michele declared looks to hold for the foreseeable future, which is good news for the Rangers.

ABOUT THE SOUTHLAND

Most of the relevant Marshal information about the topics discussed in *Lone Stars* can be found in both the *Marshal's Handbook* and *Deadlands D20*, and thus is not repeated here. Other information is found in various *Deadlands* area sourcebooks, and in those cases, we provide a short explanation for the weird events mentioned in the Posse Territory. Then, we tell you in what books the full story can be found.

Apologies in advance if it seems like we're trying to load you up with a passel of other books, but there's just no way *Lone Stars* could even begin to rival the depth and quality of these area sourcebooks all by its lonesome. So please consider this book to be a sampler of what you can find around *Deadlands* North America, and if you find an area outside the Weird West to your liking (enough so that you want to run your posse through some scenarios there), do yourself and your players a favor and check out the appropriate books. You'll find a whole bunch of ideas inside, and make the trip a truly memorable one for your posse by fully bringing the new locale to life as a result.

THE BURNING DOOMED

Whether or not there really are any Nightwatchers (the Davis doppelganger's Harrowed secret policemen) left depends on the outcome of *Dead Presidents* in your campaign. If your posse did a good, thorough job of demolishing the doppelganger's regime and resolving things in that adventure, your players have probably earned a break from any further appearances by the Corpses in Black. Otherwise, feel free to bring them back for a rematch with your Ranger characters and their friends.

Thanks to the selfless heroism of the Richmond fire brigades and Col. Gowin's Rangers, the line has been held (just barely) on the Fear Level inside the Capital's fire zone, stalling it at 5. However, the burnin' dead prowling the area remain a definite threat, and any Ranger on duty in Virginia is likely to be assigned to dispatching them. The game statistics for the flaming zombies are as follows:

PROFILE: BURNIN' DEAD

Corporeal: D:2d4, N:2d6, S:3d10, Q:2d8, V:2d12

Climbin' 1d6, dodge 2d6, fightin':
brawlin', wrasslin' 3d6, sneak 2d6,
swimmin' 1d6

Mental: C:2d8, K:1d6, M:1d8, Sm:1d6,
Sp:1d4

Overawe 5d8, search 2d8

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 16

Terror: 11

Special Abilities:

Burnin' for You: Touching a burnin' dead automatically inflicts 1d8 fire damage to the contacting Hit Location. Burnin' dead like to grab and hold victims, inflicting this damage automatically on each of the abomination's action to anyone in their grasp.

Damage: Claws (STR+1d4 plus 1d8 fire damage), Bite (STR plus 1d8 fire damage)

Fearless

Undead: A burnin' dead's focus is its head.

Description: See the **Deadlands D20** section following.

Deadlands D20: Burnin' Dead

Medium-Size Undead

Hit Dice: 3d12+2 (25 hp)

Initiative: +0

Speed: 20 ft.

AC: 10

Attacks: 2 claws +3 melee, bite +1 melee

Damage: Claw 1d4+2 and 1d6 fire, bite 1d3+1 and 1d6 fire

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Special Attacks: Fear, constrict 1d6 and 1d6 fire, Heat

Special Qualities: Fearless, undead

Saves: Fort +3, Ref +1, Will +2

Abilities: Str 14, Dex 9, Con 15, Int 7, Wis 8, Cha 7

Skills: Climb +4, Hide +3, Intimidate +4, Listen +4, Move Silently +3, Spot +4, Swim +4

Feats: Multiattack

Climate/Terrain: Any land

Challenge Rating: 4

Alignment: Always chaotic evil

Advancement: By character class

Burnin' dead appear as they did in life, only with their skin perpetually ablaze, and they scream constantly as if in great pain (which they're not—it's just the manitou inside trying to turn the "scary" up to 11). At sundown, their burnt clothing and melting skin is still visible, but by dawn their bodies appear to have been roasted right down to their blackened bones.

Thankfully, burnin' dead are a rare species of zombie, and appear only where people have been incinerated by a sizable ghost-rock explosion and fire. Normally, the corpses would simply be burned to ash, but the manitous who possess burnin' dead bodies use a bit of bad mojo from the Hunting Grounds periodically to regenerate the flesh to a horrific, charred state.

COMBAT

Burnin' dead can bite and claw like any other ambulatory corpse, but their absolute favorite tactic is to grab victims and slow-cook them in their fiery grasp. Not only does this tactic

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cause a horrible, fear-inspiring demise, it creates another cadaver ready made for resurrection as another burnin' dead.

Heat (Ex): Touching a burnin' dead automatically inflicts 1d6 fire damage.

Undead (Su): Focus—head.

CAROLINA BOUND

There's quite a lot happening in the Carolinas, so much so we did a whole section on it in *Back East: The South*. If you're committed to sending your Rangers to the Tar Heel State, Marshal, you can find complete details on the cities and monsters located there in that sourcebook.

The extremely elusive creature spreading plague through Wilmington is





known as the Tar Barrel Stalker, and while Capt. Lester is more than capable enough to catch it eventually, it will take some time. However, that will seem like a brief interval compared to the months (years?) it's going to take the Rangers to prepare themselves properly for the creatures of Appalachian lore that have manifested in the eponymous Mountains. There's honest-to-broomsticks witches there, as well as multi-headed giants, and they're just for a start.

Capt. Durrell is a good bet to divine the way to end the zombie re-enactment of the Battle of Bentonville, but will need some hired guns to achieve the numbers he needs to implement it. A posse passing through Raleigh around that time is almost

certainly going to get offered a paying position on the team.

The "Charleston Harbor Monster" is going to be another tough nut for the Brigade to crack. Even without the hostile local population and (false) rumors of womanizing dogging Capt. DiCarlo, slaying the "Monster" would be difficult, because the "Monster" is in fact the legendary Confederate submarine *H.L. Hunley* and its undead crew, indiscriminately preying on ships (full details on this are in *Tales o' Terror: 1877*).

MY OLD KENTUCKY HELL

Union General Sherman's 1876 Kentucky Offensive was to be a brutal first step in winning the War in the West, perhaps best described as his disastrous "March Through Georgia" magnified to the nth degree. Not content simply to burn whole cities to ash, or destroy farms and crops, Sherman wanted the wells poisoned and the ground salted. Yankee mad science gave him the tools he needed to do exactly that, and more terribly than even Sherman could have imagined.

The prime instrument of destruction was a new alchemical concoction dubbed "spook juice," due to its heavy (and unmistakable) ghost-rock alchemical base. Not only does "spook juice" render fertile ground utterly barren (perhaps irrevocably so), but it also carries enough bad supernatural mojo to create a Deadland almost single-handedly.

Some of spook juice's effects are not immediately obvious. For instance, anyone buried in ground it has contaminated draws an extra four cards to return Harrowed, but after being basted in pure liquid evil, the poor sod begins his undead existence with total Dominion belonging to the manitou.

The worst aspect of Kentucky's Fallowed Ground, however, appears to those who are forced to bed down there for the night. For everyone who gets their nightly shut eye within the Fallowed Ground zone, roll 1d6 and compare it to the number of hours

spent sleeping there. If the roll is less, then the free-floating nastiness of the zone coalesces into a Wakin' Nightmare (see below). Note that any person with the *night terrors* Hindrance automatically creates one of these abominations for every night spent on the Fallowed Ground.

Col. Guder is doing his best to deal with the walking night-terrors that haunt his jurisdiction, but he faces an uphill fight. Every time a patrol is sent deep into the Fallowed zone (where the Nightmares congregate), the Rangers risk an overnight stay, which only compounds the problem by adding to the monsters' numbers.

PROFILE: WAKIN' NIGHTMARE

Corporeal: D:3d6, N:4d12, S:4d12, Q:4d12, V:4d12

Climbin' 2d12, dodge 6d12, fightin' brawlin' 6d12, sneak 4d12, swimmin' 2d12

Mental: C:2d10, K:1d4, M:4d12, Sm:2d10, Sp:3d12

Area knowledge: Fallowed Ground 6d4, overawe 6d12, search 2d10, trackin' 2d10

Pace: 12

Size: 12

Wind:—

Terror: 13 (15 to whomever's bad dream spawned the creature)

Special Abilities:

Damage: Claws (STR+2d6), Bite (STR+1d8). A wakin' nightmare may attack with each of its 8 claws on a single action.

Fearless

Immunity—Normal Weapons

Weakness—Light: Close contact with a torch (or similar light source) inflicts 2d6 damage per round to a wakin' nightmare, while direct sunlight inflicts 3d6 massive damage. During the daytime, wakin' nightmares condense their essences into palm-sized masses resembling flawless pieces of obsidian. Nightmares are always careful to hide themselves before entering this dormant state, and naturally, prefers dark places.

Coup: Harrowed who absorb the essence of a Wakin' Nightmare either gain the *nightmare* Power at



Level 1, or have that Power's existing Level increased by one.

Description: See the **Deadlands D20** section following.

Deadlands D20: Wakin' Nightmare Large Outsider (Chaotic Evil)

Hit Dice: 17d8+4 (144 hp)

Initiative: +2 (Dex)

Speed: 40 ft.

AC: 11 (-1 size, +2 Dex)

Attacks: 8 claws +20 melee, bite +15 melee

Damage: Claw 1d8+4, bite 1d6+2

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 10 ft./5 ft.

Special Attacks: Fear

Special Qualities: Damage Reduction 30/see Weaknesses, fearless, coup, weaknesses

Saves: Fort +14, Ref +12, Will +12

Abilities: Str 18, Dex 15, Con 18, Int 9, Wis 15, Cha 17

Skills: Climb +17, Hide +18, Intimidate +18, Knowledge (Fallowed Ground) +18, Listen +17, Move Silently +18, Spot +17, Swim +17, Wilderness Lore +17

Feats: Dodge, Multidexterity, Power Attack, Track

Climate/Terrain: Any land

Challenge Rating: 12

Alignment: Always chaotic evil

Advancement: 18-51 HD (Large)

Wakin' nightmares have no predetermined form or shape. They are creatures of the pure, vilest essences of the Hunting Grounds, twisted into inky black, asymmetrical bodies by the darkest imaginings of those unwary souls who rest within "spook juice" contaminated areas (like Kentucky's Fallowed Ground). Sometimes they appear vaguely human, but more often, spidery and/or serpentine.

These horrors are close cousins of the night walker (see *Book o' the Dead* (original *Deadlands* System) or *The Way of the Dead* (D20 System) for more on them), but the bad dreams of the living spawn these abominations. Whereas a Harrowed's direct hook-up to the Hunting Grounds allows night walkers to trod upon the Earth, a living person's



night terrors does the job in suitably evil-saturated areas.

Once created, wakin' nightmares prefer to remain in high Fear Level areas, but sometimes venture beyond their boundaries in search of prey. Being pretty much pure distilled evil, their whole unnatural existence is dedicated to the senseless, bloody slaughter of the innocent, and the spread of terror among the survivors. As literal pieces of the savage, primordial fears buried in the subconsciousness of every man, they are well-equipped to do both.

COMBAT

Wakin' nightmares (for obvious reasons) are exclusively nocturnal hunters, and use the night to heighten

their already formidable ability to sneak up and kill those they stalk. However, the wakin' nightmares do this not so much for the tactical advantage, but for the heightened terror that results.

Weakness (Su): Contact with a torch (or similar light source) inflicts 1d8 damage per round to a wakin' nightmare, while direct sunlight inflicts 2d6 damage. During the daytime, wakin' nightmares condense their essences into palm-sized masses resembling flawless pieces of obsidian. Nightmares are always careful to hide themselves before entering this dormant state, and naturally, prefers dark places.

Coup: Harrowed who absorb the essence of a wakin' nightmare gain the Nightmare Feat (see *The Way of the Dead*).

REST OF THE WEST

As before, if you're planning on running adventures in the Deep South, Marshal, *Back East: The South* is a must-have if you want to do the area and its horrors justice. Unless otherwise noted, the relevant game statistics and complete details on the areas mentioned below are in that fine publication.

The City of Nashville is every bit as randy a burgh as King describes, but there's equal parts terrorizing and boot-knocking going on there. Truthfully, there's no new "ailment of Venus" epidemic; rather, man-melting abominations called succubuses (who masquerade as prostitutes) are responsible for turning the less-than-virtuous into flesh-puddles. The Franklin Pike Road, on the other hand, is plagued by a bone fiend (see *Rascals, Varmints & Critters* or *Horrors o' the Weird West* for details on this monster).

The impending assault on Vicksburg is going to be a bloody one, whether it ultimately succeeds or fails. The ruined city is overrun by two nasty abominations spawned from the rats and mules eaten during the 1863 siege, known respectively as ratcatchers and muleskinners. The latter occupies the extensive underground bomb-proofs dug to escape the Yankee

bombardment, and will be extremely tough to eradicate. (Details on the city and its abominations are in both *Tales o' Terror: 1877* and *River o' Blood*).

The Knights of the Golden Circle are not as bad as King describes—they're a good deal worse. Not only do they want to force a return to the bad ol' days of slavery, they are willing to use whatever means are necessary to do so. Moreover, they have more than enough money and power to cause a great deal of havoc even if they fail to reach their goal, and despite what King seems to think, their influence extends far beyond the city of Montgomery.

Atlanta's not nearly as quiet a city as King believes it to be, but at least for the nonce its abomination count is surprisingly low. Still, the stories about John Wilkes Booth that King discounts do have a basis in fact. He's trying to keep a lower profile these days, but Lincoln's killer has in fact come back from the Great Beyond as a unique type of abomination. Ford's Theatre was just a start for the former actor, as Booth has a whole new slew of villainy planned.

Per capita, Florida has more weirdness than any Deep South State. While the Rangers there are still scrambling for details about them all, every alleged incident King mentions has a very real beast behind it. (Kinda makes you want to spend your golden years somewhere else, don't it?)

BLOODY MISSOURI

It's hard to fathom a place where the razing of Lawrence, Kansas is regarded as just another (even justified) act of war, and people like Quantrill's Raiders, the Red-Legs, and the James Gang are considered heroes, but such was the War in Missouri. It's mostly over now, but Missouri still bears deep scars, personified by the avengin' dead who wander all parts of the state, spreading fear and guaranteeing Missouri's wounds have no chance to heal.

PROFILE: AVENGIN' DEAD

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:2d8, S:2d10, Q:2d10, V:2d8

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Climbin' 2d8, dodge 2d8, fightin': brawlin' 4d8, horse ridin' 2d8, shootin': pistol, rifle, shotgun 2d8, swimmin' 2d8

Mental: C:2d10, K:2d6, M:2d6, Sm:2d6, Sp:2d4

Area knowledge: Home County 3d6, guts 4d4, overawe 3d6, search 4d10, trackin' 4d10

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 12

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Damage: Claws (STR+1d6), Bite (STR+1d4)

Immunity-Normal Weapons

Target Sense: Avengin' dead can flawlessly sense the direction and distance of the target of their vengeance regardless of where they are, even into the Hunting Grounds.

Undead: Focus-Target. As long as the object of its wrath still lives, avengin' dead cannot permanently die. They may be injured to the point that it takes some time for them to rebuild/regenerate their corpses, but they *will* be back.

Coup: Harrowed who absorb the essence of an avengin' dead either gain the *claws* Power at Level 1, or have that Power's existing Level increased by one.

Gear: Avengin' dead carry items of great personal value, which can provide clues as to who they are and who they're hunting. It's not unheard of for them to carry guns, but they have a marked preference for big, bladed weapons like axes.

Description: See the **Deadlands D20** section following.

Deadlands D20: Avengin' Dead Medium-Size Undead

Hit Dice: 2d12 (13 hp)

Initiative: +1 (Dex)

Speed: 30 ft.

AC: 11 (+1 Dex)



Attacks: 2 claws +2 melee, bite +0 melee; or by weapon type +1
Damage: Claw 1d8+1, bite 1d4; or by melee weapon type +1, or by ranged weapon type
Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.
Special Qualities: Regeneration, damage reduction 30/-, target sense, undead, coup
Saves: Fort +0, Ref +1, Will +3
Abilities: Str 13, Dex 12, Con 11, Int 9, Wis 10, Cha 8
Skills: Climb +4, Intimidate +4, Knowledge (Home County) +4, Listen +4, Ride +4, Spot +4, Swim +3
Feats: Multiattack
Climate/Terrain: Any land
Challenge Rating: 4
Alignment: Always chaotic evil
Advancement: By character class

Avengin' dead look as they did at the moment they died, and therefore typically show the large, obvious injuries that led to their demise, with third-degree burns, knife, and shotgun wounds being the most typical. While their traumas no longer bleed, they are no more pleasant to behold as a result. Avengin' dead may retain some fragments of their old personalities, but most are too bitter and morose over their present condition to be much in the way of conversationalists.

These revenants are created when an innocent bystander witnesses the cold-blooded murder of those they love most, be it their family or brothers-in-arms (Seeing your friends killed in battle isn't "cold-blooded murder," but watching them shot down after they've surrendered sure is). If the aggrieved person's sincere, dying wish is for bloody vengeance, the Reckoners sometimes grant their appeal and make them one of the avengin' dead. Talk about "be careful what you wish for."

Until the avengin' dead honor their end of the unholy bargain and kill those who've wronged them, the Reckoners imbue them with enough supernatural energy to protect them from most harm. This makes an avengin' dead a nigh-unstoppable machine, killing anyone who gets between it and its target. Fear Levels rise just about everywhere they go, and most avengin' dead cover a lot of miles before they finally get their revenge—if ever they actually catch up to their prey.

COMBAT

Unfortunately for all those who get in the path of an avengin' dead, these undead are well aware of just how indestructible they are. Therefore, avengin' dead almost always simply stride up to their opponents and claw them into bloody pieces. Anyone who actually harms an avengin' dead is always the first person to be targeted for such vivisection.

Target Sense (Su): Avengin' dead can flawlessly sense the direction and distance of the target of their vengeance regardless of where they are, even into the Hunting Grounds.

Undead (Su): Focus-Target. As long as the object of its wrath still lives, avengin' dead cannot permanently die. They may be injured to the point that it takes some time for them to regenerate their corpses, but they *will* be back.

Coup: Harrowed who absorb the essence of an avengin' dead gain the Claws Feat.

THE FOG

The road from Camden to Little Rock is traveled not just by Arkansans, but a pair of vapor-ish abominations. First, the Jenkin's Ferry battlefield is haunted by a mourning mist, focused on the buried corpse of a Yankee Colonel named Jim Hodges whose cowardice and incompetence led to the Federal rout back in 1864. Mourning mists are detailed in *Rascals, Varmints and Critters, or Horrors o' the Weird West* for those who speak D20.

Wherever the road crosses a stream, the other local monster can appear—a killin' fog (which did the Federals no small amount of harm back in '64). Thanks to the easily confused stories of those who've seen either of these abominations, the Rangers are too uncertain of what they're up against to deal with either creature effectively. Thus, the mourning mist remains trapped on Earth, and the killin' fog continues to dice up unlucky travelers.

PROFILE: KILLIN' FOG

Corporeal: D:1d4, N:3d6, S:1d4, Q:2d6, V:2d6

Sneak 6d6

Mental: C:2d6, K:1d4, M:1d4, Sm:2d8, Sp:2d10

Search 4d6

Pace: 10

Size: 10 (10' in diameter)

Wind: —

Terror: 9 (once revealed)

Special Abilities:

Slicin' & Dicin': When it becomes semi-solid, killin' fog forms numerous razor-sharp edges within its mass. These edges strike for 6d4 massive damage on anyone the fog subsumes. Anyone within the fog's mass is subject to

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this damage as long as the abomination remains semi-solid. Making a Fair (5) *Nimbleness* roll each round reduces the damage by half, and making a Hard (9) roll allows a character to escape harm entirely.

Fearless

Flying: Pace 10

Immunity-Normal Weapons: Killin' fog's immunity only applies while in its desolid mist form. To attack and feed, killin' fog must become semi-solid, and it cannot revert back to mist form until its next action. While semi-solid, normal weapons inflict half-damage.

Mist Form: Normally, killin' fog is nearly intangible, and can pass through any opening which is not airtight.

Weaknesses: Strong winds (natural or otherwise) do 5d6 damage per round to killin' fog. Electrical, heat, and flame attacks inflict full normal damage.

Description: See the **Deadlands D20** section following.

Deadlands D20: Killin' Fog

Large Aberration

Hit Dice: 6d8 (27 hp)

Initiative: +4 (Improved Initiative)

Speed: 35 ft. fly (perfect)

AC: 9 (-1 size)

Attacks: None

Damage: None

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 10 ft./5 ft.

Special Attacks: Breath weapon

Special Qualities: Blindsight, gaseous form, fearless, damage reduction 30/ see below, weaknesses

Saves: Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +5

Abilities: Str 5, Dex 9, Con 9, Int 8, Wis 11, Cha 8

Skills: Hide +6, Move Silently +6, Search +5, Spot +6

Feats: Improved Initiative

Climate/Terrain: Any land

Challenge Rating: 4

Alignment: Always chaotic evil

Advancement: 7-12 HD (Large), 13-18 (Huge)

Killin' fog is, on the surface, indistinguishable from the natural variety, but appears during climactic conditions in which ordinary fog cannot form. The speed and deliberateness of its movement (often completely in defiance of the prevailing winds) also sets it apart from mundane mist.

This abomination is mist with a taste for blood, as strange as that sounds. Normally, it lairs near shady creeks and isolated stretches of rivers to camouflage itself, and then ventures forth to nearby roads and bridges to hunt.

In its mist-form, killin' fog is harmless, nor can it be harmed itself. However, it can solidify portions of its mass into razor-sharp edges capable of dicing up a victim like a score of scalpels. The killin' fog then absorbs the shed blood even before it has a chance to splatter the ground.

COMBAT

Though not terribly bright, killin' fog is cunning enough to use its innocuous appearance and invulnerability to ambush opponents effectively. The fog always feeds as much as possible from its victims (usually to their deaths), but eventually attempts to retreat from anyone who actually harms it.

Breath weapon (Ex): When it becomes semi-solid, killin' fog forms numerous razor-sharp edges within its mass. These edges strike for 3d6 damage on anyone the fog subsumes. Anyone within the fog's mass is subject to this damage as long as the abomination remains semi-solid. A character can make a Reflex save against DC 7 for half-damage, or DC 19 for no damage.

Damage reduction (Su): Killin' fog's immunity only applies while in its desolid mist form. To attack and feed, killin' fog must become semi-solid, and it cannot revert back to mist

form until its next action. While semi-solid, normal weapons inflict half-damage.

Weaknesses (Su): Strong winds (natural or otherwise) do 3d6 damage per round to killin' fog. Electrical, heat, and flame attacks inflict full normal damage.

BEYOND THE WIDE MISSISSIPPI

As you know, Marshal, Gen. King is quite right to be concerned about Baron LaCroix and his machinations, because they are a far greater threat to the Confederacy than most anyone suspects. For now, the Rangers are digging to find the depths of the Baron's depravity, and thwarting his plans as best they can. However, given LaCroix's public respectability and resources, it's an uphill fight for the Brigade.

If you want to enlist your posse in the struggle and have them take the fight to LaCroix's doorstep, *River o' Blood* gives you a grand tour of the Baron's base of operations, New Orleans. In addition, LaCroix's unholy schemes extend far beyond Louisiana, especially now that he has entered into an alliance with several other of the Weird West's most infamous groups, like Mina Devlin's Black River Railroad and the Whateleys. If that's just the kind of trouble you want your posse to get into, look no further than *The Black Circle* sourcebook.

Guarding Texas itself are L.H. McNelly and John Armstrong, perhaps the two most famous men ever to wear a Lone Star Badge, and in McNelly's case, it is a reputation maintained despite an advanced case of consumption, which may in fact be supernatural in origin. Biographies and statistics for both these living legends are in the *Law Dogs* sourcebook.

INCIDENT AT ROSWELL

As recounted in the *Great Rail Wars* supplement *Raid on Roswell*, the secret Confederate base in New Mexico remains so, but (accurate) reports of a new war machine developed there—a

“flying disc”—has drawn not only the various Rail Barons into the area, but the disciples of Reverend Grimme as well.

This has necessitated the presence of Confederate Army reinforcements in and around Roswell to handle the heavy fighting, but leaves the Rangers in charge of capturing and interrogating would-be infiltrators. Their mission has taken on an added impetus now that the Roswell base has become home to virtually all the South's official explorations of the New Science.

The base remains under the Directorship of the eccentric European emigre Dr. Erik Yapple, father of (among other things) the “flying disc” itself. However, the relocation of the scientists formerly at the Tredegar Iron Works in Richmond to Roswell has made the base one crowded carton of eggheads. It remains to be seen if the former top dogs at Tredegar, the Rains Brothers (developers of the South's infamous chlorine gas weapons), will make a play for Dr. Yapple's position.

One thing is for sure: if the three of them can co-exist, it means bad news for Federal troops in a renewed war. Just think of flying discs dropping poison gas on the Yankees' heads for a start, amigo.

RESTLESS SPIRITS

Capt. Phythyon has done a lot in a short time to win over the men under his command; renaming the captured Fort after his well-regarded predecessor Capt. (now Major) Mark Barnabo, for a start. However, putting to rest the spirits that haunt the Fort is a task that borders on the insoluble.

About a dozen members of the Fort's massacred garrison have become shades (just like you read about in *Rascals*, *Varmints & Critters II* and *Horrors o' the Weird West*), which can only be laid to rest by bringing their killers to justice. Said killers (though not ones without motive—see *Tales o' Terror: 1877*) are Confederate Gen. Stand Watie's Indian Cavalry Brigade, which operates from (and with the blessing of) the Coyote Confederation, and therein lies the rub.

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Phythyon must either abandon the Fort (and the Confederacy's main base in Kansas) or turn on a key Southern ally. Needless to say, a Ranger who could round up a team of freelancers capable of providing a third option is going to be buried in Merits when all is said and done.

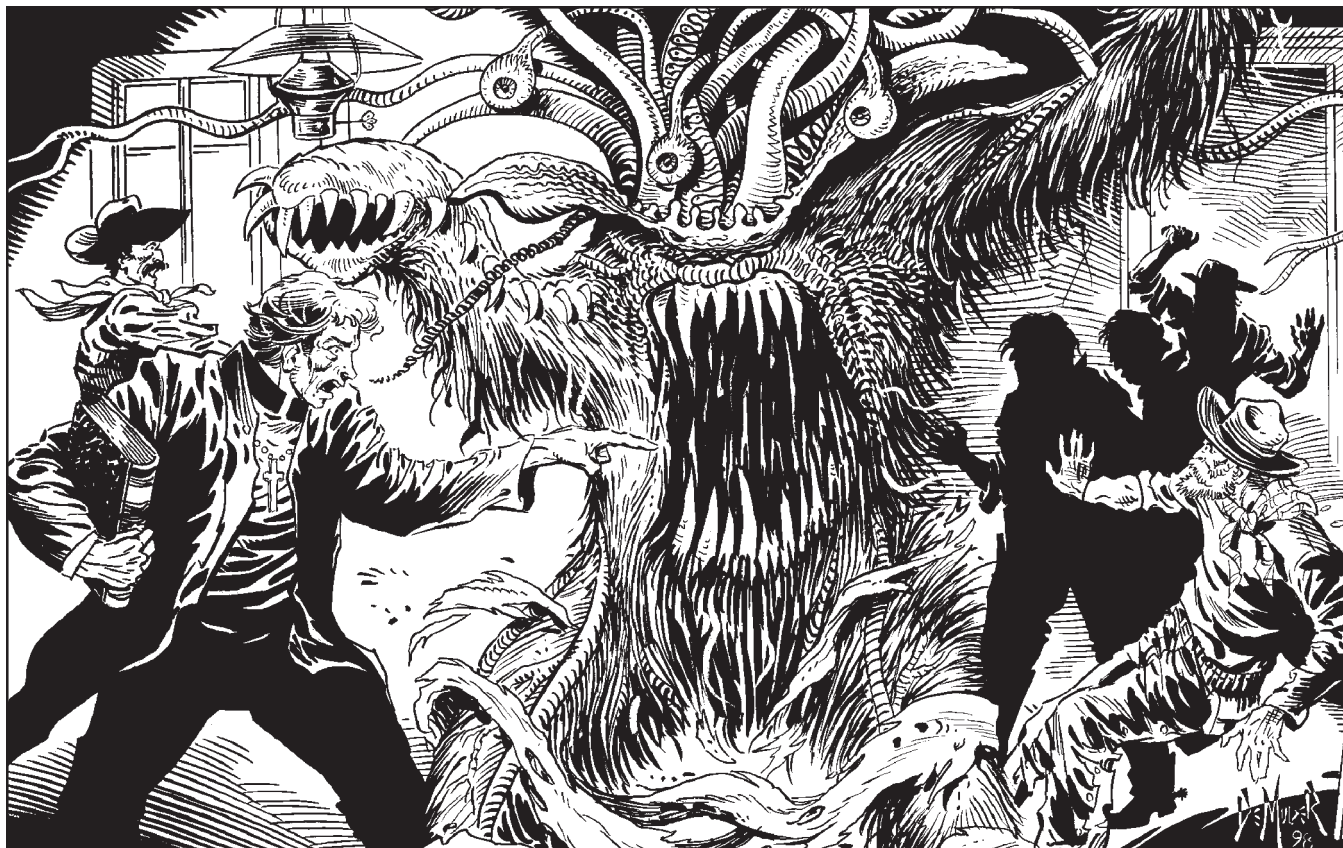
NO MAN'S LANDS

With the armistice between the Southern and Northern armies apparently having some staying power after all, the hotbeds of activity between the two sides are the border-towns in the Disputed Lands, where espionage and intrigue are the order of the day. Foremost amongst these areas is Dodge City, which is fast becoming the main focal point of the entire Weird West.

So much is happening there, in fact, it took another book to hold it all. The fourth *Epitaph* tells you everything you need to know to get your Rangers in the thick of things. The ranking Ranger there, “Bigfoot” Wallace, is so old his biography and game stats were covered way back in the *Law Dogs* sourcebook ages ago.

Colorado (including the town of Tallulah and the city of Denver) gets its due in *Tales o' Terror: 1877*. Those of you who enjoy *Great Rail Wars* are sure to find the blow-by-blow account of the Battle of the Cauldron interesting as well.

Information on California fills up the entirety of *The Great Maze*, and the little ol' town of Gomorra (home of Katie Karl and the most unique band of Rangers anywhere) has enough weirdness all by itself to make it the sole focus of the sourcebook *Doomtown or Bust!* Those of you who enjoyed the *Doomtown* collectible card game are certain to find some familiar names and places inside its orange covers.



BIBLE STUDY

The enclosed copy of the Ranger's Bible's "Chapter 13" probably gave you fits at first sight, but don't worry Marshal, those slim pages don't have to be scenario spoilers. It's got its share of shortcomings, plenty of which you can exploit whenever you need to keep an adventure on track.

First of all, for "Chapter 13" to be of any use at all, a Ranger must first figure out exactly what the creature at-large is. Never forget that abominations don't wear "Hello, My Name Is" badges, and misidentifications are always a possibility.

"Chapter 13" reflects the current level of knowledge the Brigade has collected about paranormal creatures, and takes into account what sort of beasts Texas Rangers have actually come across and gathered enough useful information on

to merit inclusion. That means that more than a few nasty critters are not mentioned at all in Chapter 13, and (as we hope you took note of) many of the ones that are included have erroneous information attached to them. By all means, Marshal, take advantage of all these failings whenever you need to make a scenario more challenging.

If reading Chapter 13 made you curious about any of these abominations, they're all drawn from *Deadlands'* very-own monster manuals. For those of you using the classic *Deadlands* System, that's *Rascals, Varmints & Critters* and its blockbuster sequel, *Rascals, Varmints & Critters II*, you're looking for. If your flavor of choice is the D20 System, then *Horrors o' the Weird West* will quench your thirst for monsters.

MANAGING PERKS

As Rangers advance in rank, their influence and resources increase to levels that can give a Marshal headaches. Chief among the potential trouble-makers are Rangers' ability to

call for back-up, that pesky "Chapter 13," and the heavy firepower available to them.

This section is the bottle of aspirin to soothe your noggin, Marshal. You can't always say "no" to Rangers who want to exploit their *rank* (it *is* an Edge and they *did* pay Bounty Points for it, after all), but what follows is some advice on when it makes sense to turn down their requests.

HERE COMES THE CAVALRY!

"One riot, one Ranger" needs to be made clear to any character with a Lone Star Badge, early and often. Rangers simply do not have the manpower to maintain any sort of reserve, so there's almost always no help to send. Even Ranger brass usually has no more than their staff officers available to them at any given time, and if they're not taking care of the adventuring officer's paperwork (or worse yet, an officer is using his subordinates like personal bodyguards), they are going to draw Gen. King's ire. (Trust us, *nobody* this side of the Reckoners wants King mad at them.)

Of course, none of this is likely to stop Ranger characters from asking, so here's some things the Marshal should consider before deciding on an answer. First, there's actually getting the call for back-up through, and Usin' Your Library Card below explains just how far from a sure thing that is.

Second, even if HQ can be telegraphed, there's the problem of how help arrives, and how long it takes them. A direct rail connection between a posse and potential reinforcements is a definite plus, while being hundreds of miles from even the nearest horse-trail is an equally large minus when figuring the chances of help being sent—in time or at all. This is especially critical when asking for aid from the Chaplain Corps, who are with (or nearby) Confederate Army units. If a battle's on, or the posse's far from the front lines, their wait may be a long one.

Lastly, and most importantly, there is the willingness of HQ to even consider

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sending any help. The Ranger Brigade is (among many other things) a military unit, and while that means every attempt is made to provide adequate manpower and equipment to accomplish a mission, casualties are an expected cost of doing business.

No Ranger is knowingly sent on a suicide mission, but someone in the Brigade has to perform the scouting missions, and alerting other Rangers to the danger is often some private's last mission. Better to save potential help for the next, better prepared, group sent in than lose them all in the first reconnaissance, the thinking at HQ usually goes.

It's important to bear this in mind when the call goes out for "musical accompaniment." If the posse is on such a scouting mission, only the reporting of a major supernatural threat is likely to get them so much as a grace note's worth of assistance. However, once that major threat has been verified and quantified, it's a real possibility the posse gets help, probably from the get-go.

As the Marshal sees fit, this assistance might be extra Rangers (several low-ranking ones or a few high-ranking ones), special equipment (refer back to the "Texas Ranger Gear" section), a Ranger huckster, or a Harrowed Ranger. The posse may even get first-hand confirmation of the existence of vampires and werewolves who carry Lone Star Badges, if the stakes are high enough.

USIN' YOUR LIBRARY CARD

Most Rangers (even player characters) do not have direct access to Chapter 13 of the Ranger's Bible, and must rely on the ever-dicey prospect of successfully sending and receiving a telegraphed communication with someone back at Headquarters for monster-slaying advice. Attempting to send and receive telegrams using the classic *Deadlands*



System is covered in the *Marshal's Handbook*.

Deadlands D20: To see if a telegram successfully reaches its destination, the Marshal should secretly roll against DC 9, with a -1 modifier to the roll for every 100 full miles the message has to travel, to a maximum penalty of -6. If the roll succeeds, there are no problems, either in transmission or reception. However, if the roll fails, a mishap (such as those described on page 16 of *Deadlands D20*) occurs, one commensurate with the degree by which the roll failed.

In addition, the Ranger who receives the posse's message may or may not be able to provide any useful information. If a Company Headquarters was

contacted, the ranking officer has only their own guesswork and experience (usually *academia: occult* 3, or Knowledge (occult) skill +3) to draw upon, and the Marshal resolves that roll as normal.

The heroes are more likely to get good information from a Regimental or the Brigade Headquarters, if they're lucky enough to reach either of them. Regimental HQ's have direct access to Chapter 13, meaning that its wealth of data can be transmitted verbatim, assuming the posse passed along a good enough description of the monster for a positive identification to be made. If the creature is unlisted, the ranking officer's roll to draw upon their own guesswork and experience still benefits from having the Special Edition Ranger's Bible, just like anyone else's does.

Brigade HQ in Austin contains the central library, with every scrap of information (written and otherwise) the Rangers have ever collected about the supernatural within it. If any data actually exists about the abomination in question, and the posse's message has enough information to initiate a library search with (Marshal's call on both), the Ranger researcher in Austin need only make a Fair (5) *Knowledge* roll (or Int check against DC 7) to find whatever's on the shelves.

Going Bust (or rolling a natural 1 under D20 System rules) on any of the research rolls above means that advice is given, but it's hazardously bad advice certain to put the posse in extreme jeopardy if they follow it. Assuming it survives, this is bound to make your posse a little hesitant about following "expert advice" from behind the lines in the future.

RANGER GEAR

This is the easiest means by which a Marshal can balance a scenario as needed. All special Ranger Gear is difficult to come by (because of the materials involved, or the fact that it's imported), and shortages are a regular occurrence. If you feel it's necessary to give your abominations a fighting chance, feel free to tell your Ranger

characters that the Special LeMat Undertaker rounds and the Improved Whitworth Rifle they asked for are "temporarily out of stock."

Also, since the Marshal plays the parts of their superiors, you can also just flat out forbid Ranger characters to have pieces of gear above their current rank ("Sarge, I jes' don' sees why ya needs a whole battry of Congreves ta ketch Ol' Zeke, the town rummy!")

Here are the Malfunction Descriptions for various pieces of Ranger Gear:

LEMAT & WHITWORTH+ SPECIAL ROUNDS

Minor: Dud cartridge; unless it's your last bullet, you can fire again next action.

Major: The poorly sealed bullet jams the action, and it takes an Onerous (7) *tinkerin'* or Fair (5) *trade: gunsmithin'* roll to remove it (In the D20 System, it takes a Tinkerin' Skill check against DC 14 or a Profession: gunsmith Skill check against DC 7).

Catastrophic: The round blows up inside the weapon, inflicting the Special round's Damage on the shooter (specifically to the gun-hand, in the classic *Deadlands* System).

WHITWORTH+ NIGHTVISION SCOPE

Minor: The scope is out of focus, and all attacks employing it are at a -2 penalty until a Fair (5) *tinkerin'* roll is made to fix it (or a Tinkerin' Skill check against DC 7 in the D20 System).

Major: The scope is knocked out of alignment, and all attacks employing it are at a -4 penalty until it's re-aligned, which requires a Fair (5) *Knowledge/shootin': rifle* roll (or a Wisdom check against DC 7 in the D20 System) and about 10-20 aimed shots.

Catastrophic: The lens shatters and the scope is useless. If the shooter was looking through it at the time, he suffers 2d4 damage (to the noggin, in the classic *Deadlands* System). If he suffers a Wound (or lose 6 or more Hit Points in the D20 System), he is blind in that eye until the damage heals.

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SPS ROUNDS

Minor: The bullet does not reduce the target's Armor Level (or Armor Class, in the D20 System).

Major: If the bullet strikes anything with an Armor Level (or natural AC bonus, in the D20 System), it shatters harmlessly and inflicts no damage.

Catastrophic: The cartridge explodes, doing its normal Damage to the shooter (specifically to the gun-hand, in the classic *Deadlands* System).

THE SHOOTIST

The guidelines for creating shootists in *Lone Stars* gives the old "hexslinger" arcane background from *Law Dogs* a name not already claimed by their card-shuffling brethren, updates their hexes to both the Revised Edition *Deadlands* and D20 System rules, and answers the most frequently asked questions about them in the years since they were first published. Still, we know that some players out there are bound to exclaim: "BUT I LIKE IT THE OLD WAY!!!"

Our answer is a simple one: No problem! It's your game, Marshal, so feel free to use whichever rendition of arcane gunslingers make things the most fun for everyone involved.

However, if anyone in your posse wishes to convert their old "hexslingers" over to the new shootist rules, let them. The new gun-hexes have changed mostly in name only, and can replace the old versions at an equal level. If there's any disputes over the specifics of the conversion, just remind the player of the oldest and best rule in *Deadlands*: You're the Marshal.



Deadlands Conversion

Converting from Deadlands Classic to Deadlands D20

Converting from Deadlands to Deadlands D20 is somewhat difficult and requires several decisions. It's difficult because regular Deadlands is a skill-based system and the D20 system is level-based. There's no good way to say "your Deadlands character is a 5th level gunslinger." Even if there was, it may mean another character in the same posse, who has been adventuring just as long, is an entirely different level.

Converting Player Characters

The first thing that must happen is the Marshal must decide what level he *wants* player characters to be. You should then translate your hero's Attributes but after that abandon these conversion rules and recreate your hero as if you had advanced to that level through the D20 system. That's the only way to ensure your D20 character gets the right skills, Feats, and other important perks he needs for that system. If you ignore this advice, you'll have a loosely translated hero, but he won't be set up to take advantage of higher-level Feats or prestige classes.

You'll also have to decide what *class* your hero is. In most cases, this is fairly easy to figure.

Once you determine your level and class, you will also determine your Hit Points, and you will be able to choose the appropriate Feats and skills for your chosen profession.

Converting Monsters and NPCs

If you are the Marshal, and you're looking at a Deadlands sourcebook and want to translate a monster or character, you should likewise decide what level you want him or it to be. If we give you a formula for this, it may mean that some threat in an introductory adventure, by virtue of a high skill, is far too great a challenge your low-level posse.

That said, we can get you started.

Attributes

To convert Attributes from Deadlands to Deadlands D20, you must calculate "conversion totals." Do this by adding the coordination and die type of your character's Deadlands statistics as instructed below. A score of 3d8, for instance, is a total of 11, while a 2d6 has a conversion total of 8. If you're told to average different statistics, average the totals and round up. Averaging the 3d8 (11) and 2d6 (8) above, for example, yields an average of $(11+8/2)=10$.

The conversion total plus 2 is your character's statistic in Deadlands D20.



| Deadlands | Deadlands D20 |
|--------------|-------------------------------------|
| Strength | Strength |
| Dexterity | Average of Deftness plus Nimbleness |
| Constitution | Vigor |
| Intelligence | Average of Smarts and Knowledge |
| Wisdom | Average of Smarts and Spirit |
| Charisma | Mien |

Example: A hero with a 4d8 Vigor has a conversion total of 12. Adding 2 to that number gives the character a Constitution score of 14.

- Quickness is not used in Deadlands D20.
- Cognition is translated into the Spot skill (see below)

Skills

As with levels, you have a decision to make before translating skills. For a realistic translation, or to recreate a player character in Deadlands D20, you should start the character at 1st level and then progress him normally to the appropriate level.

If you want a quick translation, simply double the Deadlands skill level for Deadlands D20. If a hero has a Lockpicking skill of 4d12, for example, you ignore the d12 and double the skill level of 4 for a total of 8.

Some of the skills listed below refer to Deadlands skills as well. Figure a conversion total for these just as you did Attributes. Quick Draw, for example, is a skill in Deadlands but a Feat in D20. The text says "Characters with a 14 or better Quick Draw skill get the Quick Draw Feat." That means to get a conversion total, and if it adds up to 12 or more, give the character the Quick Draw skill. A Deadlands gunfighter with a Quick Draw of 4d8, for example, has a conversion total of 12 and thus gets the Quick Draw Feat in D20.

Skills

Deadlands Skill

| | |
|-----------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Academia | D20 Skill Knowledge (Arcane, religion, nature, or other) |
| Animal Wranglin' | Handle Animal |
| Area Knowledge | Wilderness Lore |
| Artillery | Knowledge (Artillery) |
| Arts | Craft |
| Bluff | Bluff |
| Bow | Ignore |
| Climbin' | Climb |
| Cognition (Attribute) | Apply to both Spot and Listen |
| Demolition | Demolition* |
| Disguise | Disguise |
| Dodge | Ignore. Characters with a Dodge of 12 or better may have the Dodge Feat |
| Drivin' | Drivin'* |
| Faith | Faith* |
| Fightin' | Ignore--dependent on class and level |
| Filchin' | Pick Pocket |
| Gamblin' | Gamblin'* |
| Guts | Ignore. Fear checks are dependent on Will save in D20. |
| Horse Ridin' | Ride |
| Language | Speak Language |
| Leadership | Ignore |
| Lockpickin' | Open Lock |
| Mad Science | Mad Science* |
| Medicine | Heal |
| Overawe | Intimidate |
| Performin' | Perform |
| Persuasion | Diplomacy |
| Professional | Profession (specific occupation) |
| Quick Draw | Ignore. Characters with a Quick Draw of 12 or more may have the Quick Draw Feat. |
| Ridicule | Ridicule* |
| Science | Knowledge (type of science)* |
| Scroungin' | Ignore |
| Scrutinize | Sense Motive |
| Search | Search |
| Shootin' | Ignore. |
| Sleight o' Hand | Sleight of Hand* |
| Sneak | Apply to both Move Silently and Sneak |
| Speed Load | Speed Load |
| Streetwise | Gather Information |
| Survival | Wilderness Lore |
| Swimmin' | Swim |
| Tale Tellin' | Tale Telling* |
| Teamster | Handle Animal |

Throwin'
Tinkerin'
Trackin'

Trade

**see Deadlands D20*

Ignore
Tinkering*
Characters with a 12 or better trackin' may have the Track Feat
Profession (specific occupation)

Other Skills

Here are a few D20 skills that need to be figured separately. Not every character should have these skills of course, but if you think they should, here are their rough equivalents.

D20 Skill

Alchemy

Animal Empathy
Appraise
Balance
Concentration
Decipher Script
Disable Device
Escape Artist

Forgery
Innuendo

Intuit Direction

Jump

Read Lips

Scry
Spellcraft

Tumble
Use Magic Device
Use Rope

Wilderness Lore

Rough Equivalent

Alchemy (see Way of the New Science)
No Deadlands equivalent
Half Smarts
Half Nimbleness
Half Spirit
Decipher Script*
Tinkering
Half Average of Deftness and Nimbleness
Half Smarts
No Deadlands equivalent, you should probably use Persuasion
No Deadlands equivalent, but give a +5 bonus to those with the Direction Sense Edge
Half Average of Strength and Nimbleness
Half Average of Cognition and Knowledge
No Deadlands equivalent
Particular spellcasting skill, like Faith or Mad Science, but enforce a -4 penalty to understand magical abilities of another type
Half Nimbleness
Half Smarts
No Deadlands equivalent. Come on, it's a rope. Maybe Survival if you're really desperate.
Survival

Edges & Hindrances

We're currently working on adding Edges & Hindrances to Deadlands D20 and Hell on Earth D20 games. We'll post more on this in a few weeks.

Sample Conversion

Let's work through an example. Here's Virginia "Ginny" Hickson from the original *Smith & Roberts* adventure, "The Crucible." The Marshal has decided the adventure is to be suitable for character levels 3-5, and Ginny is to be a 5th level Black Magician (page 125 of the DL D20 rule book).

Ginny's Attributes

Let's convert her attributes first. Ginny's Deadlands attributes are: D:3d8, N:2d6, S:2d6, Q:2d8, V:2d8, C:2d8, K:2d6, M:2d12, Sm:3d6, Sp:2d8.

Her D20 Attributes would then be:

Strength=10, Dexterity =12, Constitution=12, Intelligence=9, Wisdom=10, Charisma 16. Pretty solid for an undercover witch.

Ginny's Skills

Since this is an NPC, the Marshal doesn't feel like starting Virginia from scratch and leveling her up, so he translates her skills as well. Her Deadlands skills are

Shootin' 3d8: This gets ignored as D20 attacks are level-based. Her attack, based on level and Dexterity is +4.

Dodge 2d6: Ignored, but Virginia's AC is 10 plus her Dex bonus of +1=11.

Faith: black magic 4d8: Ignored. See below.

Guts 3d8: Ignored. Ginny's fear checks are derived from her Will save.

Horse ridin' 3d6: Ride of +6
Sneak 4d6: Move Silently +8, Hide +8
Fightin' 3d6: This gets ignored as D20 attacks are level-based. Her attack, based on level and Strength is +3.
Persuasion 4d12: Diplomacy
Quick draw 3d8: Ignored
Scrutinize 3d8: Sense Motive +6
Sleight o' hand 4d8: Sleight of Hand +8

Additional Skills

Virginia is a 5th level Black Magician, so she also has the Black Magic skill at her maximum. The Marshal decides witch-magic should be based on Intelligence, so she has no bonus for that.

She should also have Concentration and Spellcraft. The Marshal looks at the Additional Skills chart and makes her Concentration based on her 2d8 Spirit. That gives her a +5. Spellcraft is based on her Faith (Black Magic) Deadlands skill of 4d8, giving her a +8.

Spell Selection

In Deadlands, Virginia has only two spells, Pact 4 (amulet), and puppet 3. The Marshal decides the amulet is a magical item that simply lets her summon and control the beast featured in the story with a simple Black Magic roll of DC 10. The puppet spell is *charm person*, a perfect spell for the charming witch.

Finishing Touches

Ginny is also Purty and has the Voice (soothing). Since Pinnacle hasn't done Edges & Hindrances for Deadlands D20 yet, the Marshal decides Ginny gets a +2 to her Charisma to account for her good looks and sultry voice.

She's also vengeful and loyal to Mina Devlin. There's no rules for this—the Marshal just keeps it in mind for when sweet Virginia turns on the posse and makes their lives a living hell!

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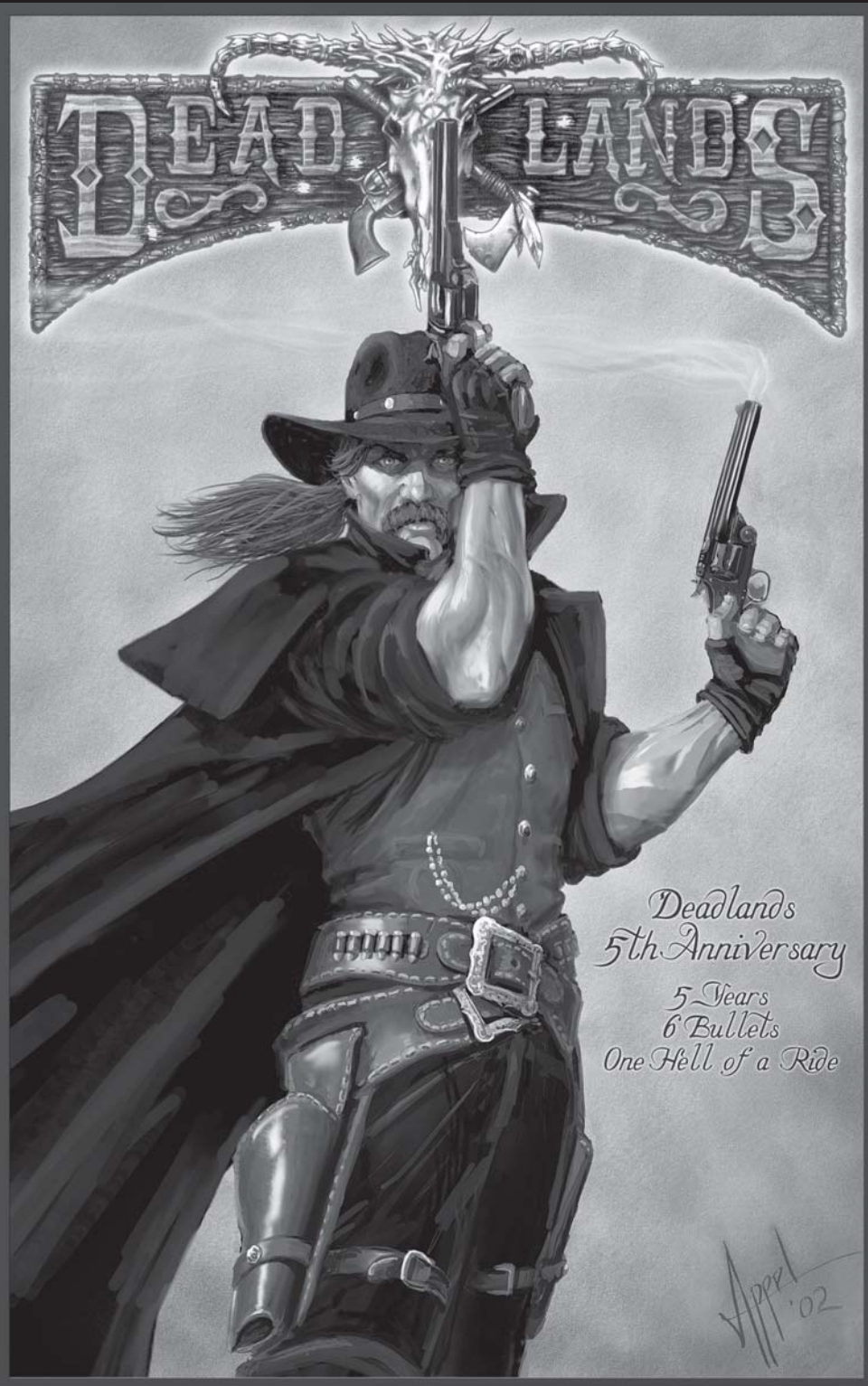
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