



DEADLANDS NOIR



THE DEADLANDS NOIR COMPANION



CHICAGO - SHAN FAN
LOST ANGELS - CITY OF GLOOM



DEADLANDS NOIR COMPANION

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DEDICATION

To all those who have worked on *Deadlands* in all its incarnations and helped us create such a rich and vibrant universe.

Deadlands created by Shane Lacy Hensley



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TROUBLING TIMES

New Orleans, 1935, is important to the history of *Deadlands* and its grand tale. A new form of magic took hold and old ones died out. Political events were put into motion that would affect the USA and CSA for decades. And tough-talking heroes and heroines fought back the machinations of the Reckoners yet again.

But this isn't the only important era in *Deadlands* twentieth century history. Detailed within are four additional times and places where critical events are taking place: Chicago in the Roaring Twenties, Shan Fan just before the outbreak of World War II, the post-war '40s of Lost Angels, and the technological triumph of Dr. Darius Hellstromme's so-called "City of Gloom" at the half-century mark.

Each era has a history of the area, a brief list of interesting or useful locations, a number of Savage Tales that take place there, a full-length Plot Point Campaign, and an assortment of important characters and monsters.

We expect most Marshals to create independent campaigns in each setting rather than moving their group from era to era. Game Masters might also consider a serialized approach as well—running a group in one era and alternating sessions with a different group of characters in another. If you're moving a character forward in time, you may want to give him a full Rank's worth of Advances but require him to roll on the "Veteran of the Concrete Jungle" Table. Creating a *younger* version of a character is a little trickier and requires a bit more fudging. In general, it's best if the younger character starts from scratch and advances

up as normal. If you as the Marshal later revisit the later era, you'll have to decide whether to let the player advance his character as recommended above, or pick up where he left off before.

SETTING RULES

The expanded scope of the *Companion* opens up a few additional Setting Rules. Note that both blessed and sykers in Noir function differently than in other *Deadlands* settings, so use the rules as written here.

ARCANE BACKGROUNDS

With the addition of different eras within the *Deadlands Noir* setting come additional specializations of the Arcane Background Edges.

THE BLESSED

Blessed are individuals who have been granted supernatural abilities by mysterious and distant powers of good. Some are priests or actual clergy while others are simply chosen for the nobility of their struggle or their soul. Though most are enlightened and good by nature they don't *have* to be—sometimes the light chooses even troubled souls to carry out its will.

Blessed are rare in any era, but they are particularly absent when mankind loses faith and the powers of good grow weaker. But there are *always* a few noble souls who struggle against the darkness regardless. Below are the rules for those who want to play these spiritual warriors.

Edge: Arcane Background (Blessed)

Requirements: Wild Card, Novice, Faith d4+, Spirit d8+

Arcane Skill: Faith (Spirit)

Power Points: 10

Starting Powers: 3 (*Protection*, plus two of player's choice)

Available Powers: *Armor, banish, beast friend, blind, bolster, boost/lower Trait, confusion, deflection, dispel, divination, greater healing, healing, light (not obscure), numb, protection, quickness, slow, smite, spirit shield, stun, succor, warrior's gift.*

SPECIAL RULES

- **Crisis of Faith:** When a blessed rolls a 1 on her Faith die (regardless of the Wild Die), her Faith is reduced by a die type until she spends an hour in restful meditation, contemplation, or prayer. A blessed's Faith can never be reduced below d4 by a Crisis of Faith.

- **Miracles:** The blessed may use Edges that require Arcane Background (Miracles).

- **Sinning:** Blessed who violate their core beliefs are temporarily or permanently forsaken by whatever forces of good grant them their powers. Minor sins give the character -2 to his Faith rolls for a week. Major sins rob him of all arcane powers for a week. Mortal sins cause the character to be forsaken until the penitent hero completes some great quest or task of atonement to regain his lost powers (Marshal's call).

NEW POWER: PROTECTION

Rank: Novice

Power Points: 1

Range: Self

Duration: 3 (1/round)

A blessed who does nothing but concentrate on his faith is very difficult for creatures of darkness to oppose. A supernatural creature that wants to directly attack a blessed using *protection* must win an opposed test of its Spirit versus the target's Faith. Casters who present a proper religious symbol add +2 to the roll.

TRAPPINGS

Blessed powers are always subtle if not outright imperceptible—usually so much so that only the effects are visible. None of the non-cosmetic Trappings from *Savage Worlds* may be applied to their powers.

SYKERS

Most of the world's governments have started psychic training programs. They are in their infancy throughout the early period of Noir and are kept extremely secretive through the end of the century. Trainees are highly regulated, watched, and controlled.

There are also a few individuals who have quietly developed talents on their own, but they are hunted by their governments' covert forces (the Agency in the USA and the Rangers in the CSA) to study and control their abilities. You may choose whether your character was trained or is a gifted amateur—see **Wanted**, below.

Edge: Arcane Background (Syker)

Requirements: Wild Card, Novice, Psionics d4+, Smarts d8+

Arcane Skill: Psionics (Smarts)

Power Points: 10

Starting Powers: 2

Backlash: When a syker rolls a 1 on his Psionics die, he suffers brainburn that causes 2d6 damage. If he's a trained syker, he adds half the Power Points he was trying to spend (round up) to the damage. If he's untrained, he adds the full Power Point cost to the damage. If the ability required 5 Power Points, for example, brainburn would cause 2d6+3 damage to a trained syker and 2d6+5 to an untrained one.

Available Powers: *Armor, barrier, beast friend, blind, boost/lower Trait, confusion, deflection, detect/conceal arcana, disguise, drain Power Points, farsight, fear, havoc, healing (self only), invisibility, mind reading (Requires Heroic Rank in the Noir period), puppet, quickness, slow, slumber, speak language, speed, stun, succor, telekinesis.*

SPECIAL RULES

- **Baldness:** The mental release of their energy causes all sykers to go bald, however, be they men or women.

- **Psionics:** Sykers may use Edges that require Arcane Background (Psionics).

- **Wanted:** Decide when you create your syker if she was trained by authorities or a wild talent. If she was trained, she's technically a deserter in the country that trained her, and considered a spy in those that didn't. She has the Wanted (Major) Hindrance. If the character is a wild talent, the Agency and Rangers want to recruit or use her, and she has the Wanted (Minor) Hindrance. Either way, the Hindrance is in addition to all others and provides no character creation points to spend.

TRAPPINGS

Sykers manipulate invisible psychokinetic energy so there are no visible Trappings to their powers.

HARD TIMES NO MORE

The Great Depression is a big part of the New Orleans setting for *Deadlands Noir* and remains in play there and for the Shan Fan setting in this book. Characters created for the Chicago, Lost Angels, or City of Gloom settings, however, have normal starting funds and no longer automatically gain the Poverty Hindrance.

USA / CSA HISTORY

Deadlands Noir focuses on New Orleans in the early 1930s. The Companion covers the 1920s through the 1950s, so we've expanded our coverage to some of the highlights of USA / CSA history below.

EVENTS

World War I: The USA and CSA put aside their differences and honored their alliances in Europe. Both nations also used the conflict to test their latest secret inventions as well.

Prohibition: Only the USA passed Prohibition, making a fortune for distilleries in the Confederacy and the smugglers who purchased their goods legally, then transported them across the northern border *illegally*.

The Depression: The Wall Street Crash of 1929 started in the North but quickly spread to the entire world—including the CSA. Neither government found a truly effective means of dealing with the situation—until World War II broke out.

World War II: The CSA's close ties with France drew them into the war early. The USA didn't join until the attack on Pearl Harbor by the Japanese on December 7, 1941. In a rare display of cooperation, the North agreed to place its troops under command of the charismatic and popular CSA General Dwight D. Eisenhower. After the defeat of Nazi Germany, it was "Ike" who pushed Truman to authorize dropping the atomic bomb on Japan.

The Post War Period: On the surface, economic recovery and the euphoria of victory over true evil eased relations between the North and South in the late '40s and early '50s. Behind the scenes, both countries were eager to uncover all the secret technology their rival had built or taken from the Axis powers. Intelligence agencies expanded their personnel, programs, powers, and reach.

CSA PRESIDENTS 1913-1956

1913-1921 — Woodrow Wilson: Brings the CSA into WWI to honor alliances with Great Britain and France. He dies in office in 1921.

1921-1928 — Bainbridge Colby: Woodrow Wilson's Vice President. Succeeds him following his demise in 1921. Founds Confederate Reserve Bank and attempts to form the League of Nations, a major goal of Woodrow Wilson's administration. The League fails due to US refusal to join and infighting between other member nations.

1929-1932 — Oscar Underwood: A prominent anti-KKK campaigner, Underwood has the misfortune of holding office at the onset of the Great Depression in the CSA. In an attempt to combat the effects of the Depression on the South, Underwood makes several attempts to expand the power of the central Confederate government. Some were successful, most were not. Regardless, a combination of radical, often racist, opposition and the effects of the Depression limits him to a single term.

1933-1940 — John Nance Garner: Garner is staunchly anti-union and pushes for many laws and regulations favoring corporations and industry. He succeeds in expanding the Southern industrial base and oil industry, but at the cost of decent working conditions for many low-level employees. In his second term, he oversees a tremendous increase in the size of the Confederate military. While he pushes this as a way to provide more employment for Southern citizens, behind the scenes he is in close contact with both Great Britain and France as those two allies watched Germany's expansion with alarm. In 1940, he committed the CSA to war when Germany invaded France. This move costs him his nomination for a third term.

1941-1952 — Harry Truman: Truman leads the CSA throughout WWII. Under his direction, the CSA initiates Operation Oak Ridge to develop an atomic bomb. In August 1945, Truman orders the use of the atomic bomb to end the war with Japan. He supports the US effort to stem the North Korean/Chinese invasion of South Korea.

1953-1958 — Dwight D. Eisenhower: "Ike" runs on a strict anti-communism platform, but withdraws support for allied efforts in Vietnam due to "lack of clear goals." This causes a breach in relations that eventually leads to a three-way cold war between the USA, CSA, and USSR.

USA PRESIDENTS 1913-1956

1913-1920 — Thomas R. Marshall: Marshall opposes entry into the Great War. He relents only in response to fears the CSA's involvement threatens improving relations with Great Britain and Canada. He is a great opponent of conscription and refuses to sign several bills authorizing it, even once the war effort is fully underway. He loses a bid for a third term when public support for the war wanes.

1921-1923 — Warren G. Harding: Harding proposes many sweeping measures, ranging from regulating radio communication to worldwide arms treaties to a government agency to handle veteran's affairs. Beneath

the surface, his administration is riddled with corruption and favoritism, which undermine and cripple any good it might accomplish. He falls victim to the flu pandemic and dies in 1923.

1923-1928 — Calvin Coolidge: Oversees the recovery from not only the Great War, but also the terrible flu epidemic. He presides during a period of unheard-of prosperity. Coolidge lowers taxes, reduces restrictions on industry, and grants full citizenship to any Native Americans residing outside the Sioux Nations. However, his reluctance to involve the country in “foreign entanglements” leads him to oppose the CSA’s proposed League of Nations, ultimately dooming the endeavor to failure. Coolidge does not seek election to a second full term, feeling the toll on him would be too great.

1929-1932 — Herbert Hoover: Hoover’s plans are destroyed by the Stock Market Crash of 1929. He spends the rest of his single term trying measure after measure to prevent and then alleviate the Great Depression. His efforts are, without exception, unsuccessful. The shantytowns of unemployed and homeless on the edges of most US cities are nicknamed “Hovertowns”. The practice even extends into the Confederacy.

1932-1945 — Franklin Delano Roosevelt : Roosevelt spends much of his first terms fighting the Depression. Although in reality he is no more successful than Hoover, his efforts are received in a better light. Roosevelt also considers the rise of Nazi Germany to be a significant threat and coordinates with the USSR, Great Britain, France, and even the CSA to provide supplies and materiel. A surprise Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor at the end of 1941 draws the US fully into the war. Roosevelt commissions the Manhattan Project to develop an atomic weapon. FDR dies in office mere months after being elected to his fourth term.

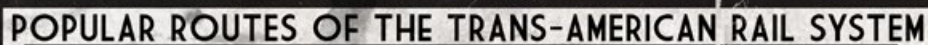
1945-1948 — William O. Douglas: Douglas steps down from his position as a Supreme Court Justice to become FDR’s running mate in 1945 after the previous Vice President, Henry Wallace, was viewed as too sympathetic to communism. Although he guides the US through the end of World War II, he is seen by the public as too weak on foreign policy when his hesitation to use the Manhattan Project’s atomic bomb on Japan results in the Confederacy claiming victory over the country responsible for the attack on Pearl Harbor. His one credited success is the Douglas Plan



to rebuild Europe’s industry and infrastructure along a US model. The USSR forbids its satellite nations from participating.

1949-1952 — Thomas Dewey: Dewey refuses to outlaw the Communist Party of the United States. Perhaps to silence his critics, the US under his leadership is the primary defender of South Korea when North Korea invades. However, he loses his re-election bid when Senator Joseph McCarthy calls into question the patriotism of both of him and his Secretary of State, George Marshall.

1953-1956 — Richard M. Nixon: A staunch supporter of Joseph McCarthy’s anti-communist crusade, Nixon comes to the aid of France as their interests in Vietnam are threatened by communist insurgents. When Dien Bien Phu is encircled, Nixon sends US paratroopers to destroy strongholds surrounding the French base with terrible and secret weapons. CSA President Eisenhower comes to believe the Western powers have no clear plan in the region and withdraws the Confederacy’s support. The resulting tensions spark a return to barely restrained conflict between the USA and CSA. McCarthy expands his anti-Red political purges to include anti-Gray ones as well.



71 SNOW SPRUCE EXPRESS



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CHICAGO

1927

*Come and show me another city with lifted head singing
so proud to be alive and coarse and strong and cunning.
Flinging magnetic curses amid the toil of piling job on
job, here is a tall bold slugger set vivid against the little
soft cities.*

—Carl Sandburg, “Chicago”

Chicago began as a campground for the Potawatomi Indians on their way south from Michigan to the big woods of the Midwest. French fur traders passed through, and eventually American fur traders settled the site in 1783. In 1803, the U.S. Army built Fort Dearborn on the site; in 1812 the Potawatomi came back long enough to burn Fort Dearborn to the ground and massacre its inhabitants. The whites returned after the War of 1812 and rebuilt their town, incorporating it in 1833.

Westward expansion and growing industry ballooned that population to a large town of 2,000 by the next year. By the outbreak of the War Between the States, Chicago was already the center of rail and canal traffic through the whole region; its population was over 100,000. It traded grain, milled steel, and slaughtered cattle and hogs for the whole country—and increasingly, the world. The war drove expansion of all those industries and added manufacturing of guns, clothing, plows, rail cars, engines, and reapers to the city’s domain. In 1871, the Great Fire struck a city of almost 300,000; within two weeks, rebuilding had begun in earnest.

The city that rose from the ashes embraced new technologies: steel-framed skyscrapers, ghost rock refineries, electrical wires, telephones, and every other modern convenience. Brand-new canals tamed and then reversed the flow of the Chicago River;

new buildings rose on every corner. The Columbian Exposition (World’s Fair) of 1893 showed Chicago off as a model city for the world, and the world increasingly flooded in. The Irish and the Germans had been there from the first, and the Chinese came with Kang’s railroad, but Scandinavians, Italians, Hungarians, Poles, Jews, Lithuanians, Ukrainians, Czechs, Croatians, and Greeks soon followed, along with dozens of other nationalities from all corners of the earth. In 1909 the visionary architect (and urban sorcerer) Daniel Burnham laid down a plan (which he called “a living thing, asserting itself with ever-growing insistency”) for the city’s development and growth, its population by that point having reached 2.2 million.

That growth did not come without pangs. Urban poverty exploded, infant mortality skyrocketed. Offal and chemicals turned the river into a fizzy murk; coal smoke filled the air. Labor unions marched for the eight-hour day, fiery preachers called for reform and socialism, gangs warred over turf and protection, anarchists set off bombs and assassinated Pinkertons, and the big bosses cracked everyone’s heads in riot after riot. Despite all this, however, Chicago’s booming prosperity became a magnet for the black population in the Confederacy. Black sharecroppers poured North during Confederate President Wilson’s brief “New Opening” policy, seeking better jobs in Northern factories, which were plentiful during the war, and better race relations—which proved more elusive. White fear of the “Great Migration” triggered the worst riot of them all in 1919, which nearly burned the whole South Side to the ground, led to Federal intervention, and killed dozens of people. Nobody knows how many; the white administration didn’t want to find

out, and bulldozed burned-out buildings over bodies without excavation.

In 1919, another disaster hit Chicago: Prohibition. The gangs immediately carved out territories, set up smuggling routes up from the Confederacy and down from Canada, and turned Chicago into the country's central liquor distribution hub. When the boss of the South Side Italian mob (known as the Outfit in Chicago) Big Jim Colosimo refused to get into bootlegging (too risky), his underling Johnny Torrio had him whacked. Torrio had already brought in his cousin Al Capone from Brooklyn to help run the vast empire he intended to build: Capone added a head for numbers, a gift for administration, and a savage willingness to kill that made the Outfit supreme everywhere in Chicago. Almost everywhere the mostly Irish gangs on the North Side conglomerated under Dean O'Banion to resist the Outfit's incursion and the old-school Sicilian Black Hand resented the sudden supremacy of their Italian cousins. A series of gang wars hit Torrio (scaring him out of the country) and killed O'Banion, and then eliminated his successor Hymie Weiss. Now, the final showdown looms between the North Side Gang under Bugs Moran and Al Capone's Outfit.

LIFE IN THE WINDY CITY

In 1927, Chicago is a wide-open town. There are 25,000 speakeasies in the city, which is to say five times as many bars as it had when Prohibition went in. Capone runs girls and drugs and numbers games and protection rackets. He fixes horse races and dog races and boxing matches. He handles robberies and murders for hire. But the vast majority of the Outfit's \$100 million annual income comes from bootlegging. And in Chicago, money buys power.

Chicago runs on votes and money; if you can get one you can get the other. Ward bosses gather up voters, or pull names from graveyards, or run hoboes through the polls three or a dozen times each. Those votes put aldermen in power; they can give city jobs to their supporters and redirect city contracts to their backers. With enough money, you can buy aldermen (or judges or health inspectors or tax assessors or anyone) and election officials, or hire your own army of bums and make the votes come out how you want. When money and votes clash, you settle it with gunplay or bombs or knives in a dark alley. The winner gets the money, and pays for the votes. It's a dank ecosystem of corruption with the gangs in the center of it all.

MAYOR EOIN BURKE

Chicago's Mayor Eoin "Battling" Burke came to America from Ireland with a shadowy past including bare-knuckled boxing bouts and an outstanding warrant for anti-British agitation. He fell in with Southwest Side Irish gangs and between his left hook and his gift of gab rapidly rose to the position of political fixer and eventually alderman in Canaryville, the Irish neighborhood east of the Stockyards. When the Democratic machine had to find a candidate against rabble-rousing Republican Mayor "Big Bill" Thompson, Burke got the nomination and won the 1923 election in a squeaker—both with helpful muscle and money from Dean O'Banion's North Side Gang.



The Democrats wanted him to crack down on Thompson's black political allies, and O'Banion wanted him to put the heat on Johnny Torrio's South Side Outfit, clearing the way for the North Siders to run the city. As a sop to "goo-goo" (Chicagoese for "good-government") opinion, Burke appointed an honest police chief, but then gave him his marching orders: bust heads in the Black Belt and pressure the Outfit. Unfortunately, the easiest way to do both was to shut down speakeasies and nightclubs on the South Side, angering average Chicagoans, who hadn't voted for Prohibition in the first place. When Capone took over from Torrio in 1924 and began a new round of gang wars, Burke couldn't even run on public safety, and Capone started buying back judges and cops at retail.

Now "Big Bill" Thompson is back, running on a "stop the killers, not the swillers" message with \$300,000 of Capone money funding his campaign and Outfit torpedoes helping get out the vote. Burke's allies on the North Side even the score with their own cash and killers, beating up precinct workers to "Be Clean With Burke." They're calling it the "Pineapple Primary," from all the grenades thrown into campaign offices

and ward headquarters, and the 1927 mayor's race is anyone's to call. The irony of two hard-drinking, Britain-bashing populists in the pockets of rival gangsters running diametrically opposed campaigns is not lost on the *Tribune*, which endorses neither candidate.

THE CHICAGO POLICE DEPARTMENT (CPD)

The CPD is run by Chief Morgan Collins, a relatively straight cop who nonetheless completely depends on Burke for backup. His power is new and temporary; the personal empires of precinct captains (who work for ward bosses) and detectives (who work for gang bosses) shrug off his orders, or lose them, or somehow never seem to get around to carrying them out. The CPD has a brand-new headquarters at 11th and State, full of the most advanced crime-fighting equipment in the world. Every Chicago cop car is a radio car; tests for blood or ballistics can come back in only a day or two; the CPD fingerprint archive includes crooks from Palermo to Petrograd, from Shan Fan to Cape Town. But none of that matters if the people in charge don't want it to matter.

Every cop in Chicago is crooked. Even the straight cops have crooked desk sergeants, crooked officers, and crooked partners. When the guy who's supposed to have your back when you're walking into the Mecca after midnight is on the take, you're on the take whether you see any of the money or not. The county sheriff's office is, if anything, even worse: the Sheriff is an elected official, and he needs those votes and all that money.

Collins has established a special unit he hopes can break this cycle and level the battlefield against the gangs. Under Chief of Detectives William O'Connor, "O'Connor's Gunners" are a picked team of policemen with no family ties in the city, making them less vulnerable to gang pressure. Many of them are Great War veterans, capable under fire and cool in battle. O'Connor's Gunners are armed with Thompson submachine guns, the "Chicago typewriters" made famous by the mob wars this decade. The unit goes into hot crime scenes in armored cars: O'Connor's standing orders are "pursue and fire."

Unfortunately, Capone has it right when he calls them "just another bunch of Irish bastards with guns." O'Connor is a blowhard with only the faintest notion of actual police work, appointed by Burke's pals. Between pressure from Mayor Burke and remuneration by Bugs Moran, the Gunners essentially form a roving hit squad shooting up Capone soldiers on sight. The papers predictably protest this violation of civil rights, Capone's lawyers bring expensive lawsuits against

the city, and Mayor Burke makes the squad lay low. Both Moran and Capone have men inside the CPD dispatchers' offices, so they are forewarned of all but the most erratic deployments of the Gunners—O'Connor often arrives at the scene long after the mobsters have left. A few good cops inside the Gunners still try to salvage the situation, but whether or not Thompson wins the election, the outlook is bleak for the squad.

CHICAGO LOCATIONS

Chicago sprawls along the shore of Lake Michigan; everybody in the city reflexively orients themselves by the Lake. It's a city of neighborhoods: blocks, each with their own tavern, built up into wards defined by ethnicity, politics, and economics. The Chicago River branches, splitting the city into three distinct sides: the North Side, the West Side, and the South Side. The city is flat, spreading out over 212 square miles, home to over three million people. No highways cross the city yet; Lake Shore Drive only runs from Oak Street on the Near North Side up to Belmont.

However, Chicago's elevated trains (the 'L') run from north-suburban Evanston and Niles down to Jackson Park on the South Side, and out west to suburbs like Oak Park and Melrose Park. The red-and-cream streetcars, trolleys, and electrified buses of the Chicago Surface Lines cover the city even more finely (nowhere is more than a mile from a stop), all for 7¢ a ride.

THE LOOP

Population: 8,000

Fear Level: 1

Technically, the "Loop" is the ring of 'L' tracks around Chicago's downtown, but the term refers to the whole district from the Chicago River south to Roosevelt Road. In the Loop, skyscrapers rise and hotels welcome tourists. Museums glitter, theaters resound. The city's elite keep offices (and mistresses) here, in the alabaster heart of the City That Works.

Beneath the surface, of course, things aren't quite so gleaming. Flophouses line streets near the 'L,' coal tunnels burrow beneath the city as far west as Halsted, burlesque shows and opium parlors still keep the legend of the Levee alive on South State Street. Not everyone who gets off the train at Union Station is traveling first class, after all.

American Bond & Mortgage Building: Along with the offices of architects and real-estate brokers, this 16-story gingerbread skyscraper holds the Loop

CHICAGO



headquarters of the North Side Gang. The Gang's office is in Suite 507, listed under "Acme Sales Company." (127 N. Dearborn)

Blackstone Hotel: This is "The Hotel of Presidents," the best hotel in the city, its 21 floors looking down on Michigan Avenue. It's owned by the Drake hotel company, who also run the almost equally swank Drake Hotel on the near North Side. President Harding was nominated here in 1920 in the original "smoke filled room"; Presidents and royalty have stayed here, in special rooms surrounded by hollow corridors for extra security. Every possible convenience is available, and the bellhops know how to get anything their guests might possibly want in the way of booze, show tickets, or companionship. (Michigan & 7th Street)

Chicago American: This is William Randolph Hearst's evening Chicago paper, co-published here with his morning tabloid, the *Chicago Herald-Examiner*. Like all Hearst papers, it feasts on scandal and bloody crime stories, with plenty of salacious gossip to wash it down; perhaps such self-interest explains its enthusiastic pro-Thompson slant, despite its normally Democratic proclivities. It's locked in a circulation war with the *Tribune* that exploded into violence a decade back and still creates bitter rivalry between the two papers. It will do anything to get a story and scoop the *Trib*, and nobody knows more dirty tricks and untold stories than Hearst's ace crime reporter, David Talboy. (326 W. Madison)

Chicago Board of Trade: This weird Gothic building, with gables and cupolas all along the roofline, holds Chicago's vast futures markets, stock exchange, and trading floors. Half the world's grain is traded here. In the last few months, tiny tremors have begun to crack the floor tiles and pop windows out of frames, some rooms have begun to tilt, and strange brackish smells waft through the building. Engineers say the new Federal Reserve Bank across LaSalle is undermining its foundation.

The actual cause of the subsidence is magical energies gathered in a crypt beneath the Board of Trade building by a cult of brokers. They worship Robigus, the Roman god of wheat-rust, offering him sacrifices to blight crops so they can reap vast profits from corn and grain futures. Unbeknownst to them, Robigus is but one mask of Famine, and their worship plays a part in opening the way for the Dust Bowl in the next decade. (141 W. Jackson)

Chicago Public Library: This massive Renaissance pile holds 1,750,000 books and 400,000 pamphlets and papers; it is the center of the Chicago library system of 45 branches. Its glass roof domes are designed by Tiffany, as are the interior mosaics. It is also the

main office of the Grand Army of the Republic, the association of Union Civil War veterans: rumor holds that the G.A.R. archives stored here hold secrets of the war too hot for Washington (which is too close to possible Confederate raids). Just across Randolph is the John Crerar medical and scientific library, holding 600,000 more volumes, many on topics of vast use to patent scientists. (Randolph & Michigan)

Chicago Temple: This spot has been holy ground since 1831 (not counting a brief interruption by the Chicago Fire). Currently, it holds the First Methodist Church in a 586-foot tall skyscraper topped by a steeple and cross, and a carillon that rings out every quarter hour. It is the tallest building in Chicago, and the tallest church building in the world. (77 W. Washington)

City Hall and Cook County Building: These two linked buildings hold the center of Chicago's official government, with the offices of the mayor, police chief, assessor, county sheriff, prosecutor, and other officials. The City Council meets here on the second floor; citizens looking for licenses, permits, waivers, etc., are better advised to ask their alderman rather than descend to the basement labyrinth to deal with the host of lazy, ignorant patronage workers. This is where to go for county records of land ownership, construction plans, death certificates, and other potentially interesting tidbits for investigators—which is why finding such information almost always takes clout.

City Hall also holds the Municipal Courts, including the Divorce Court, Morals Court, and Boys' Court. Attached to these courts is the Municipal Psychopathic Laboratory, a psychological and eugenic office that exists to determine the fitness of subjects for trial, commitment, or forcible sterilization, and to forensically profile crimes committed by madmen to aid in their diagnosis. Its director, William J. Hickson, is an enthusiastic eugenicist, if an indifferent criminologist. (Clark Street between Randolph and Washington)

Civic Opera House: Built by the electrical and traction magnate Samuel Insull, according to rumor so that his daughter would have a stage on which to perform. She had been rejected by the New York opera companies, and "Insull's Armchair" faces West, turning its back on New York. Its 50 stories also hold Insull's corporate offices, and the opera has all the latest and most scientific lighting, acoustics, and scenery equipment. (20 W. Wacker Drive)

DeLaurence, Scott, & Co.: L.W. DeLaurence runs this publishing and mail-order house dealing in grimoires, tarot and other magic card decks, and mail-order hoodoo and brujeria supplies. Pretty much anything magical might be in the back rooms here, although it might well be faked if DeLaurence has a rush of orders

to fill. He steals and pirates manuscripts and publishes them with his own unmarked additions and edits, usually to plug his own books and magical philtres: the "deLaurence Hoyle" is not recommended by serious students of the art. His *Hoyle* is such a crippled version that the Agency doesn't bother confiscating it. (179 N. Michigan)

Federal Building: This cross-shaped building has an octagonal dome on top holding the Weather Bureau and its instruments. Below that height are the U.S. Courthouse, the main Post Office, and the various federal offices, including the brand-new Bureau of Prohibition and brand-new Treasury agent Eliot Ness (see page 48). (Dearborn & Adams)

Field Museum: One of the most eminent scientific museums in the world, the Field holds everything from dinosaurs and mummies to the stuffed skins of the Man-Eating Lions of Tsavo, two of the deadliest killers ever known. The Higginbotham collection holds samples of every kind of jewel, including the famed Sun God opal mined in Mexico by Cortez; the Graham collection holds every kind of rock including specimens from over half of all known meteorite falls. Finally, the Museum Library keeps 100,000 volumes on scientific and academic subjects. (South end of Grant Park)

Grant Park: The "Front Yard of Chicago" stretches all along the east side of the Loop, occasionally interrupted by railway tracks some 20 feet below the level of the Park. Thronged with picnickers in the summer, its bandshell hosts concerts by symphonies and big bands alike. On its grounds are the Art Institute of Chicago (an immense art museum, at the northern end), the Field Museum (at the southern end), and the brand-new Buckingham Fountain, the largest fountain in the world, in the middle. (East side of the Loop, abutting Michigan Avenue)

Jeweler's Row: Primarily Jewish and Armenian gemcutters have made their offices along Wabash Avenue since the turn of the century. A fortune in stones passes through these unassuming shops, destined for the hands and throats of gangster's molls and Chicago's first ladies equally. (29 N. to 15 S. Wabash)

Kenna's Cigar Store: This innocuous cigar store is the political headquarters of Michael "Hinky Dink" Kenna, the boss of the First Ward. With his partner, Alderman "Bathhouse John" Coughlin, Hinky Dink has been a player in Democratic politics in Chicago since 1893, and he knows every politician in town and their price. A "consultation" with Hinky Dink is a \$50 cigar, and word has it that a safecracker or skilled burglar looking for a job can consult with Hinky Dink for a piece of the take. (311 S. Clark)

Marshall Field & Co.: The grand jewel of Chicago department stores, Marshall Field's is the Windy City's answer to Macy's. Anything for the fashionable lady or gentleman is on the shelves at Field's. Society matrons luncheon in the Walnut Room on the eighth floor to rest up from the arduous task of shopping. On the next block south of Field's is Carson, Pirie, Scott, and Co., the second-place Gimbel's to Field's Macy's. (State Street between Washington and Randolph)

Navy Pier: Sticking 1,000 feet out into Lake Michigan just north of the mouth of the Chicago River, this is Chicago's pre-eminent playland. Three million people visit the Pier every year, on dates or family outings. Music and dining pavilions, garden displays, Ferris wheels and carousels, bandstands and promenades: everything is here for a grand day out. The Pier also serves as a terminal for pleasure craft and some light freight.

Just south of Navy Pier is the Illinois Naval Reserve Armory, home port for the gunboat *USS Wilmette*. This training ship began its career as the excursion steamer *Eastland*. That career ended on July 24, 1915, when the *Eastland* capsized at the Clark Street bridge dock and drowned more than 800 passengers. Every so often, a woman whose family members died on the *Eastland* catches sight of the *Wilmette* and becomes possessed by a Weeping Widow (see page 51).

Ogden Slip: Although most heavy cargoes now come into Calumet Harbor to the south, this wharf and warehouse district on the north side of the Chicago River east of Michigan Avenue remains a major transshipment point for coal barges supplying the city, and for tramp steamers and Great Lakes ships, especially carrying specialized or perishable goods. It's also where Jake "Greasy Thumb" Guzik takes shipments of Canadian whiskey to run into the city for the Capone Outfit.

The Ogden Slip holds the largest set of elevators running into the coal tunnels. These coal tunnels, used to install telephone wires and to haul coal all over downtown, are about 7' high and 6' wide, with a two-foot narrow-gauge rail running along the floor. About 60 miles of tunnel criss-cross central Chicago, from Halsted Street to the Lake, and from Chicago Avenue on the north to 16th Street on the South Side. Fifteen elevators give access to the surface, mostly near rail yards or docks.

Oriental Theater: This magnificent theater occupies the heart of the Chicago theater district, "Chicago's Broadway" all along Randolph Street. It also occupies the site of the Iroquois Theater, burned in the worst theater fire in American history in 1903, killing more than 600 people. (24 W. Randolph)

☸ **Fear Death By Firewater (page 27):** A creepy little patent scientist named Victor Klubb hangs out at the Oriental, seeing every show from the cheapest possible seats, and watching it through some sort of gizmo-visor of his own devising.

Palmer House: While the Blackstone is the best for out-of-town cognoscenti, the Chicago elite put their out-of-town families and guests up at the Palmer House. Some of them stay at the Palmer House themselves, either as a residence or as an assignation. (State & Monroe)

Sherman House Hotel: This Loop hotel serves as Republican mayoral campaign headquarters for “Big Bill” Thompson. As such, it is constantly awash with telegram boys, good-time girls, and the best alky available for the candidate who calls himself “wetter than the Atlantic Ocean.” (Clark & Randolph)

Union Station: Chicago’s brand-new passenger railroad station, serving all five major rail lines into the city. Over 250 trains leave and arrive at all hours of the day and night; 28 tracks enter the station under ground. During the busiest times, the Great Hall is a feasting ground for pickpockets, and for those who prey on vulnerable new arrivals. The rail complex covers nine and a half city blocks just west of the Loop, much of it buried. (Canal & Jackson)

Von Lengerke and Antoine: High-end gun dealers, VLA sell Tommy guns to cops and crooks alike. They also carry the full line of Smith & Robard’s merchandise, as well as other guns, canoes, sporting goods, and cutlery. (33 S. Wabash)

THE NORTH SIDE

Population: 1,030,000

Fear Level: 2

The North Side, generally speaking, is the respectable third of the city. Old money, business wealth, middle-class prosperity, decent white immigrants—all are welcome here. Uptown is more glamorous than the Loop, the Cubs are better than the White Sox; these are eternal truths. There are some exceptions: older neighborhoods like Little Sicily, Streeterville, and Tower Town have plenty of crime, poverty, and degeneracy if you like that sort of thing.

Bugs Moran’s North Side Gang includes “Schemer” Drucci, the dangerous Gusenberg brothers, Ted Newbury, and “Gorilla Al” Weinshank. His allies include the “Terrible Touhys” on the Northwest Side and the resentful Joe Aiello in Little Sicily.

Aragon Ballroom: Although Chicago has dozens of great dancehalls all over the city, none are grander than the Aragon. In the heart of swanky Uptown, the Aragon hosts a WGN radio program of dance music broadcast all across North America. Over 18,000 people visit on a good night; the Aragon is open six days a week. (1106 W. Lawrence)

Belmont Harbor: The headquarters of the Chicago Yacht Club, this is one of the many watering holes of Chicago’s elite and upper-crust. It has docks for 750 small craft; one two-story yacht serves the Club as a clubhouse. Society couples marry in the lovely harbor house during the summer. (Belmont Avenue at the Lake)

Bughouse Square: The local nickname for Washington Square Park, so called because of the constant harangues and speechifying by local characters in this “free speech park.” Anarchists, atheists, Satanists, slavery cranks, Communists, free-silverites, hoboes, poets, free-love advocates, hop-heads ranting about cats from Saturn, transvestites, patent scientists who just need *your* investment to perfect their perpetual-motion machine: they’re all there when the weather is nice. When it’s less nice, they scamper into the dives and flophouses of “Hobohemia” to the south. (901 N. Clark)

Chicago Historical Society: This neo-Romanesque pile of red granite looks like a magnificent cross between a castle and a pyramid. It holds artifacts and relics of Chicago and American history, from Columbus’ anchor to Lincoln’s death bed. The Gilpin Library has 75,000 books, plus newspaper volumes, records, and files of maps relating to Chicago’s past. (632 N. Dearborn)

☸ **Who, Precisely, Goes There? (page 28):** The investigators may get asked to settle a bet if they start researching weirdness in the Historical Society archives.

Chicago State Hospital: Dr. George Leininger has run this insane asylum in Dunning on the far northwest side since the state took it over in 1912. Before that, it was a snake-pit where uncaring attendants robbed patients, tortured them, and whored them out; now, no such slanders (and very few inmates) escape the high walls. Staff and inmates living on site total 5,100. (6500 W. Irving Park)

Chicago Tribune: The incorruptible, fiery, and eccentric “Colonel” Robert McCormick runs the “World’s Greatest Newspaper” (and the WGN radio station) from this magnificent Gothic tower studded with rocks from all over the world, including the Great Pyramid, Angkor Wat, and other mystic sites.

(McCormick orders his foreign news reporters to collect suitable rocks for him on pain of losing their return tickets.) McCormick is a rock-ribbed Republican, but he considers Thompson a corrupt clown.

Not all his reporters share McCormick's incorruptibility: *Trib* police beat reporter Jake Lingle is a go-between and Northwest Side fixer for the Capone mob with eyes on becoming something bigger. (435 N. Michigan)

Cook County Criminal Courthouse: This massive Romanesque limestone building holds the criminal courts and a block of jail cells on the second floor. Most jailbirds are prisoners awaiting trial or transfer downstate to Joliet or Stateville. But the prisoners on death row await their date with Chicago's electric chair, newly installed this year.

The press room on the fourth floor is one of the best places to get the news from all over the city, between the teletype machines and the gossiping police beat newshounds there at all hours.

The gallows stored in the basement was built to hang the Haymarket anarchists in 1886. Since then, it has hung about 40 men, most famously Johann Otto Hoch, the serial bigamist and murderer Bluebeard, in 1905. It cannot be dismantled because the sentence of "Terrible Tommy" O'Connor specifies hanging by the neck; he escaped four days before sentence was to be carried out in 1921. (54 W. Hubbard)

Cook County Jail: Called the worst jail in the nation, it has seven stacked blocks of 26 cells (8'x5') in two rows of 13 cells each. Each two blocks open onto a common 17'x65' concrete "bullpen" between the rows that is the entire exercise yard of the prisoners. The "old jail," built in 1872 and connected by an iron bridge, has four stacked blocks each 17 cells long; the old jail's bullpen is the corridor around those cells. These 250 cells have no cooling, ventilation, or individual light source; there is a toilet, sink, and bed. Four cells, the "dungeons," are worse than that: completely lightless and painted black inside.

No wonder that the Jail set national records for number of escapes. No wonder that any self-respecting gangster bribes the jailer, or the sheriff, or the guards, to be let out on "parole" or at least to have furniture, liquor, and better food brought in. (440 N. Dearborn)

Death Corner: This spot is the center of "Little Hell," the worst slum neighborhood on the North Side. It began as a Swedish and Irish slum, and became a Sicilian slum in the 1890s. The Sicilian mob's unseen and unknown killer "Shotgun Man" executed at least 15 people here between 1910 and 1911, the last four within a single 72-hour period. (Oak & Milton Streets)

☼ **Sweets For the Sweet (page 28):** A series of horrible deaths by multiple bee stings arouses rumor in the neighborhood. Investigators who want to earn the gratitude of Little Sicily (and of its boss Joe Aiello) might look into them.

Dil Pickle Club: Run by the former Wobbly "Jack" Jones, this dive serves alternately as a tearoom, lecture hall, speakeasy, and theater for poets, artists, hoboes, social workers, writers, mobsters, anarchists, and radicals. There is no sign on the orange door down the alley except the word "Danger" but it holds 700 people at a squeeze. The Dil Pickle hosts everyone from radical lawyer Clarence Darrow to Sherlock Holmes biographer Vincent Starrett; it's the centerpiece of the Tower Town bohemian scene. (10 Tooker Place)

☼ **Mr. Electrico (page 31):** A strange performer offers information and services to those willing to pay his price.

Graceland Cemetery: Extending over 119 acres behind wrought-iron fences and red brick walls, Graceland holds some of Chicago's most eminent dead: McCormicks, Fields, Palmers, Armours, Swifts, mayors and governors, and others from Allan Pinkerton to Charles Dickens' brother rest here. Some graves are more eccentric than mere mausoleums: Cubs founder William Hulbert is buried underneath a stone baseball, architect Daniel Burnham is buried on an island, while railroad car magnate George Pullman is entombed in concrete wrapped with railroad track.

Like all great cemeteries, Graceland is full of ghosts, from the green-eyed spectral hound that howls on the grave of Ludwig Wolff to the shapeless entity that manifests near the pyramid atop Peter Schoenhofen's crypt. One of the strangest is the ghost of a young girl named Inez Clarke, who claims to be buried here—but there is no "Inez Clarke" on any burial record or gravestone. She appears near a statue of a young girl encased in a glass cube; what happens if someone breaks the cube probably doesn't bear thinking about. Even weirder is the legendary "Death Statue" (actually a hooded figure representing *Eternal Silence*) on the resting place of Dexter Graves. Carved by famed Chicago sculptor Lorado Taft in 1909, it cannot be photographed successfully. Legend has it that if you stare into its eyes on a moonless night, you will receive a vision of your own death. (Clark Street & Irving Park)

Green Mill Gardens: This popular nightclub, speakeasy, and jazz joint hosts a full bill of musicians, dance bands, ventriloquists, magicians, and comedians. It's partly owned by Capone gunman "Machine Gun" Jack McGurn (see page 47), which adds a certain spice



to the evening. Tunnels from the basement of the Green Mill lead to the Aragon next door, just in case of a raid. (4802 N. Broadway)

Holy Name Cathedral: This is the seat of the Archdiocese of Chicago, and the home church of George Cardinal Mundelein, Archbishop of Chicago. Archbishop Mundelein opposes graft and corruption, and works for peace between the Catholic Italians, Poles, and Irish.

He doesn't always succeed. On October 11, 1926, Capone gunmen ambushed the North Side boss Hymie Weiss (a Polish Catholic) and four of his men outside the Cathedral (just across from Weiss' headquarters at the Schofield Flower Shop) with crossfire from two machine gun nests. Flying Tommy gun bullets chipped the Cathedral's cornerstone, nearly obliterating its inscription. (735 N. State)

Lincoln Park: This large park on the North Side lakeshore was built in 1866 on the former site of the City Cemetery and expanded with landfill into the Lake. It holds the Lincoln Park Zoo, the Academy of Natural History building (featuring a number of very strange skins taken out West during the 1880s), the Lincoln Park Gun Club, bicycle paths, golf courses, playgrounds, baseball fields, and fountains. A number of statues and exhibits from the Columbian Exposition (World's Fair) of 1893 decorate the park, most notably

a full-scale Viking longship. The Haida totem pole of the Thunderbird on the north end of the Park at Addison Street and Lake Shore Drive was a gift of cheese magnate James Kraft in 1926. He acquired it in Canada under murky circumstances: photographs of the totem pole seem to show the carvings moving, and it attracts a lot of lightning on stormy days.

Only two graves remain in the Park—officially, anyway. (Not all the Confederate dead were necessarily moved to Oak Woods Cemetery in 1866.) Pioneering tavern-keeper Ira Crouch's mausoleum could not be moved, as it was secured by brass rivets now rusted shut; it holds his family and the body of at least one unknown stranger. Also, the grave of David Kennison, last survivor of the Boston Tea Party, lies beneath an enormous boulder. (Along Lake Shore Drive between North and Montrose)

Marigold Hotel: The Wigwam Bar at this hotel always keeps a phone open for calls at any time of night, and keeps the beer flowing all night as well. It's a major gathering place of the North Side Gang; Bugs Moran himself stays in the hotel when the heat is especially high. (815 W. Grace)

National Psychopathic Institute: This pioneering psychological institute exists to attempt the treatment and cure of the dangerously insane. It only has a dozen beds, focusing as it does on research, both

psychological and occult. Its head is the spiritualist Dr. Carl Wickland, who believes that madmen can open channels to the dead under the proper conditions. He's not entirely wrong. (2919 N. Clark)

Newberry Library: A pink granite monstrosity just north of Bughouse Square, Newberry Library holds 500,000 books, bound manuscripts (some dating to the 9th century), and printed broadsides, including almost 2,000 books printed before 1500 on many arcane topics. Its music collection contains autograph scores by Wagner, Schumann, Schubert, and Bach. Its collection of maps, linguistic works, and archaeological (especially Aztec and American Indian) manuscripts is unparalleled west of the Smithsonian. (90 W. Walton)

Pathometric Laboratories: This unassuming brownstone holds a cutting-edge patent science laboratory specializing in radionics and vita-pills. Its proprietor, Dr. J.W. Wigelsworth, lives above the lab and also has an office (for naturopathic medicine consultations) in the Reliance Building downtown.

Confederate agents have been attempting to lure Wigelsworth away to Lost Angels with offers of land and support for his anabolic crop experiments; gangland attention will make their job both easier (if they spook him) and harder (if they force the Confederates' hand). (219 W. Chicago Ave.)

Polish National Alliance: The main secular Polish association in America raises money and buys arms for the Polish government. It has connections with various Polish gangs, but with the death of Hymie Weiss (born Henry Wojciechowski) it lost its main channel into the North Side combine. More radical than its rival, the Polish Roman Catholic Association, it includes Jews among its members. It publishes the *Polish Daily News* (the biggest of Chicago's four Polish-language dailies), which covers many more stories of monsters and ghosts than other papers, though most often in a skeptical manner. Its headquarters looks out over the Polonia Triangle, in the heart of the "Polish Corridor" along Milwaukee Avenue. (1520 W. Division Street)

Rienzi Hotel: This is another major North Side Gang headquarters and hangout; Hymie Weiss lived here for a time, as did Dean O'Banion. Its ground floor holds the Rendezvous Café, a nightclub and gambling joint. Charley Straight, Bix Biederbecke (when he's in town), and other white ragtime and jazzmen play here regularly. Simon Ward, the bartender at the Rendezvous, knows both the gangland and jazz scenes, and often cools out the jittery hangers-on with a free beer or a baseball bat. He's worked the Rendezvous through three bosses (O'Banion, Weiss, and Moran) and nobody has ever seen him crack a smile or break a sweat.

Thanks to the free-flowing cocaine around both crowds, things get weird at the Rendezvous, and the music sometimes takes on a life of its own. In 1924, Biederbecke got ahold of some real popskull and saw dark, mysterious figures holding knives in the shadows of the club that he claimed were "stealing his life and music." Ever since then, on certain nights other revelers have seen these shadows, and some of them have



turned up dead. These apparitions are night haunts brought out of a speedball nightmare by Biederbecke's obsessed, possessed trumpet playing; they plan to kill him, but enraptured by the jazz that created them, are willing to wait and kill other folks until they get their shot at Bix. (600 W. Diversey Parkway)

Riverview Park: This is the most popular amusement park in the city, with a grand carousel, a high-rising pair-o-chutes ride, and four roller coasters including the Bobs roller coaster with its 85-foot drop and 50 mph speeds.

The number of children who vanish in Riverview Park each week is well within normal limits; the White City Park on the South Side loses a lot more. (Belmont & Western)

Rosehill Cemetery: This cemetery covers 331 acres behind a limestone castle-like entrance. It holds 110,000 dead, among them Richard Sears (of Sears, Roebuck), Montgomery Ward, mayors and governors, and Elisha Gray, the inventor of the telephone. Cemetery officials often have to run patent scientists with telephone handsets and Ouija boards and coils of "specially charged wire" out of the graveyard; somehow, word has gotten around that Elisha has the inside scoop on all kinds of spirit-powered technology.

Rosehill also holds the body of Bobby Franks, entombed in a crypt after his murder by Leopold and

Loeb in 1924. His ghost haunts the graveyard (and his Hyde Park home) and repeatedly unlocks his crypt door, angry that both Leopold and Loeb (both serving life sentences in Stateville Penitentiary) beat the death sentence. Clarence Darrow, who defended the killers, is wise to avoid Rosehill, no matter how loudly he doubts the existence of spirits. (5800 N. Ravenswood Avenue)

Sports, Incorporated: This shop does a brisk business in mail-order and over-the-counter sales of guns to anyone and everyone—especially to the mobs. Owner (and Northwestern University Law graduate) Peter Von Frantzius imports Thompson SMGs, bulletproof vests, pistols, rifles; anything you might want, \$2 extra without a serial number. His Austrian gunsmith Valentine Juch adds special modifications for special customers. (608 W. Diversey Parkway)

Tuberculosis Sanitarium: The Chicago Municipal Tuberculosis Sanitarium, a modern medical facility, holds 950 patients suffering from “consumption” and the “White Plague,” but there is a long, long waiting list. (5601 N. Crawford)

Chicago Stake House: The Sanitarium is so full of bright, foaming blood and people whose wasting death won’t attract undue attention that it has been a kind of magnetic target for vampires since its opening in 1915.

✶ **So Long, Vampire (page 28):** Investigators tracking weird reports of disturbances at St. Luke’s graveyard nearby might stumble onto the vampire.

Water Tower: A weird, medieval-looking limestone tower “too ugly to burn,” as Oscar Wilde put it, the Water Tower is beloved by locals as almost the sole structure to survive the Chicago fire. It holds a 150-foot tall standpipe that helps pressurize and pump drinking and firefighting water for the water works across the street.

The ghost of a hanged man appears off and on in the water tower, which is itself an eerie echo of the tarot trump “the Tower,” surrounded by flames and death. (806 N. Michigan)

William T. Stead Memorial Center: Named for the crusading English reporter and spiritualist who exposed corruption in Chicago and died on the *Titanic*, the Memorial Center serves to continue his work of social reform and contact with the afterlife. Mrs. Cecil B. Cook, a spirit medium since her childhood, operates the Center’s publishing house, séance parlor, and psychical research program from her townhouse. (533 W. Grant Place)

Wrigley Field: This magnificent cathedral of sports (called Weeghman Field until last year) is the home of the Chicago Cubs, perennial powerhouse of the

National League. With Charlie Root and Sheriff Blake pitching, and Hack Wilson and Riggs Stephenson batting, this could be their year!

Wrigley is also the home field of the Chicago Bears, NFL champions for six years running. Bears owner and coach (and wide receiver, and defensive end) George Halas is convinced that even without Red Grange (gone to New York), the Bears will fight on and win. (1060 W. Addison)

THE WEST SIDE

Population: 920,000

Fear Level: 2

A sea of seemingly identical tenements broken up by rail yards and factories, the West Side is a patchwork of insular immigrant neighborhoods cut off from the main life of the city by the two branches of the Chicago River. Boiling hot in the summer and bitter cold in the winter, it’s not a tourist destination.

Once generally under the thumb of the Terrible Gennas of Little Italy, the West Side has splintered. The Druggan-Lake mob are Moran clients, the Circus Gang are Capone allies, and the West Side “Klondike” O’Donnells are ticked off neutrals. The Outfit counts the Guilfoyle mob as resentful allies, while Joe Aiello tries to take Little Italy from Capone’s ally Tony Lombardo.

Bella Napoli Restaurant: Offering authentic Neapolitan cuisine and a neutral ground to eat it in, the Bella Napoli is where gangsters go to relax, especially with members of opposing factions. Owned by “Diamond Joe” Esposito, the Republican (but anti-Thompson) political boss of Little Italy, for now it is a rare safe haven from the ongoing gang war. Capone and Moran consiglieri hash out their differences over pasta and pizza—thin and crispy, of course. (850 S. Halsted)

Chicago Daily Journal: A Democratic party line tabloid, but with a solid news core to it, the *Journal* also has the oldest newspaper morgue in the city, having published continuously (as the *Evening Journal*) since 1844. (The *Tribune* morgue goes back to 1847.) (17-19 S. Canal)

Chicago Daily News: This daily paper is best known for its foreign news coverage: not just the Confederacy and Deseret, but Europe, Asia, and the subcontinent. Its reporters cultivate a novelistic writing style, and hold themselves above the grubby ink-stained wretches at other papers. The *Daily News* also broadcasts WMAQ radio from its building, and from grander dancehalls in the city. (400 W. Madison)

Chicago Municipal Airport: Boasting two airship havens, ten airplane hangars, and four runways, the former Chicago Air Park is one of the busiest airports in the world. Eight airlines schedule 47 arrivals and departures per day; over 1,300 people pass through daily. It has advanced lighting and electrical instrument systems to enable night and fog landings. (62nd & Cicero Rd)

Circus Café: This speakeasy is the headquarters of the Circus Gang, run by Claude "Screw" Maddox. In addition to the liquor trade, they have connections in the gun-running business and labor racketeering. (1857 W. North Ave)

Cook County Hospital: This sprawling brick and terra-cotta establishment holds 3,000 patients and provides some of the finest and most advanced medical care available in the world. Doctors from all countries in Europe come to Cook County for training; the best private physicians in Chicago volunteer their time here. Cook County Hospital has the world's first blood bank and a Mother's Milk Bureau for premature infants.

It also incorporates the Cook County Morgue. Though the staff pathologists are excellent, the coroner, Oscar Wolff, is a vainglorious buffoon easily bent by political pressure. (Harrison & Honore)

Garfield Park Conservatory: This beautiful wrought-iron and glass structure comprises eight separate display gardens, each with its own climate and ventilation system: the desert-like Succulent Hall giving way to the Useful Plants Hall for budding agronomists, and to the Horticulture Hall where flower shows in and out of season attract half a million visitors a year. Everything from cacti to orchids and 5,000 other plant types grow here, brought by naturalist expeditions from all around the world. (Garfield Park)

Goose Island: A few Irish and Polish families, and rather more hoboes and alcoholics, live on this island in the North Branch of the Chicago River. Tanneries, soap factories, chemical works, and illicit breweries sprawl and slouch upon the muddy, tainted ground.

Hull-House: The idea of the "settlement house" is that ladies of good breeding and progressive politics live communally in the poorest neighborhoods, uplifting the residents by education and by free and equal social intermingling. The ladies would then use their social connections to pressure city authorities to reform and clean up slum conditions.

Jane Addams' Hull-House (now a 12-building complex around the original Hull mansion) is the most successful by far of these projects, providing medical care, battered women's services, child care,

advice for dealing with corrupt officials, and the occasional banquet to the overwhelmingly Italian, but also German, Jewish, Greek, Polish, French-Canadian, and (increasingly) Mexican poor in the neighborhood. Sociologists, social workers, and other do-gooders come to Hull-House to study, to volunteer, and to help. The house has 25 resident women and welcomes 2,000 visitors a week. (800 S. Halsted)

★ **The Devil of Hull House (page 28):** If the heroes gain Miss Addams' trust by generous donations or clear decency, she may ask them to help her with a small but embarrassing problem.

Lombardo Fruit Market: Tony Lombardo, head of the Unione Siciliana, owns this fine open-air fruit market in uneasy partnership with Joe Aiello. It provides fresh produce to all the best restaurants in Little Italy, and buys sugar by the ton for alcohol cooking. (Halsted & Kinzie)

Main Stem: This strip of Madison Street east of Halsted is Chicago's Skid Row. Fleabag transient hotels, pawn shops, the worst imaginable dives, and abandoned lots where the worst-off sleep it off stretch for blocks. Gangs of hoboes and bums roam the Stem looking for any opportunity to get the price of a glass of alky, any way they can.

The Star and Garter Burlesque House at the east end of the Stem is relatively well maintained, as are the girls. The working girls walking Madison Street farther west can't say the same, but the street lights aren't good enough to show the difference anyhow. Weaselly Moran ally Jack Zuta runs the brothels in the Stem, where the lights are slightly better.

★ **Crawl Out of the Bottle (page 29):** Someone from the heroes' past—ideally someone who experienced the occult and the weird with them—has fallen on hard times. Perhaps something they both saw drove him to drink. He's become an alcoholic, a bum, a hobo; they hear he's on the Main Stem.

Maxwell Street Market: This pushcart market is Chicago's busiest outdoor shopping arcade, running along Maxwell Street for a mile centered on Halsted Avenue. You can find pretty much anything portable for sale somewhere in the market, from automobile wheels to clasp knives to jazz records to leather coats to unidentifiable "Polish sausages" to your own watch. Get there at dawn for the best deals. The motto on the sign says it all: "CHEAT YOU FAIR." Clothing shops and junk shops and fortune-tellers and less definite stores line both sides of the street; even more treasures lurk dustily within. Most of the vendors are Russian and Polish Jews; the market is also called "the Ghetto."



Maxwell Street Police Station: The cold stone at the heart of the ghetto is the Maxwell Street (22nd Precinct) Police Station, known to the cops as “the Old Red Ship” and to the locals as “Bloody Maxwell.” Built in 1888 during a period of rioting and disorder, the brick and limestone walls of this fortress are three feet thick. Two staircases—one not visible from the public at the front desk—lead down from the interrogation rooms to the 27 cells in the basement. Lots of prisoners “fall down” those stairs. A trickle of water through a trench in the floor is all the plumbing those cells have. Four women’s cells are slightly better. The sub-basement is much worse; just a grille over the floor and a chair chained over the grille. (943 W. Maxwell)

McSweeney’s: Martin Guilfoyle and his band of short, stocky Irish nephews and relations operate this barbershop, with the inevitable saloon in back, and a larger than normal trapdoor in the cellar. A close-knit family mob, the Guilfoyles work with Republican fixer Matt Kolb and connected ex-Cook County cop Al Winge to run a string of gambling dens north up Crawford Street. They also run a network of underground breweries—huge vats dug out beneath old factory buildings or tenements rented to senile ladies or taciturn foreigners who speak no English—connected by a warren of tunnels all over the Northwest Side. Their pipes and exhaust run into the sewers, and people who’ve knowingly drunk Guilfoyle beer swear the intake pipes come in from there, too. (Kinzie Street & Chicago Avenue)

Knock on the Pipe (page 29): The Guilfoyles have committed some outrage or offense and the heroes are in hot pursuit. So they duck into the sewers (on the West Side) or the coal tunnels (in the Loop; see page 12) and lure the adventurers into a tommyknocker ambush.

Mount Carmel Cemetery: The pre-eminent Roman Catholic cemetery in Chicago, in west suburban Hillside. Its 200 acres contain hundreds of mausoleums, most notably the Bishops’ Mausoleum, where Chicago’s bishops are laid to rest. It is also the preferred cemetery of Chicago’s Italian gangsters: Al Capone’s father and brother, the “Terrible Gennas” (former lords of Little Italy wiped out by Bugs Moran), and assassinated North Side Gang heads Dean O’Banion and Hymie Weiss are all buried here.

With the rumors of voodoo cults back on the rise in New Orleans, and the increasing evidence that necromancy and “red rum” have something to do with each other, this is prime grave-robbing turf. The gangs have agreed that exhuming each others’ corpses is out of bounds, but they don’t trust themselves or their enemies to keep away from such a tempting coup. Watching the cemetery on the “graveyard shift” without a complaint or screwup is a good way for a patient, but ambitious, gangster to become a made man. (Roosevelt Road & Wolf Road)

Scarmuzzo Gun Shop: The supplier of weapons to Little Italy’s gangsters, Louis Scarmuzzo is a

“mechanic” in both senses of the word. He doesn’t have the connections to get Tommy guns, but is usually on good terms with Von Frantzius (see Sports Incorporated, page 20). (851 S. Halsted)

THE SOUTH SIDE

Population: 1,045,000

Fear Level: 3

The South Side is almost all working-class or just plain poor, running south along the lake from Roosevelt Avenue to the steel works along the Indiana state line. Chicago’s original aristocracy still lives in its Prairie Avenue enclave; the University has its own prosperous halo.

The Capone Outfit runs the South Side allied with the On Leong tong in Chinatown and Daniel McKee Jackson’s rackets in Bronzeville. The Irish gang Ragen’s Colts (run by Ralph Sheldon) are Outfit enforcers around the Stockyards. Ragen’s Colts, the mostly Polish Saltis Gang (run by “Polack Joe” Saltis and gunman Frank McErlane, who is secretly allied with Moran), and the Southwest Side O’Donnells all buy Capone liquor but snipe at each other along their boundaries, roughly Racine Avenue and 63rd Street.

Architects’ Club: Headquartered in a Victorian mansion, the Architects’ Club serves as a social center for the city’s architects, and for rich patrons and

dilettantes interested in Chicago’s signature art form. It keeps a library of building plans and architectural texts for members. (1801 S. Prairie)

Calumet Harbor: With the growth of the steel mills in South Chicago and Gary, Indiana, Calumet Harbor has become Chicago’s main port, receiving nearly nine million tons of cargo a year, mostly iron ore. Chicago ships out twice that tonnage, mostly in grain and steel. The docks, shipbuilding yards, rail yards, and steel mills provide good, if dangerous, jobs to a mixture of Swedish, Italian, Polish, black, Mexican, and Hungarian workers.

The harbor opens onto the Cal-Sag Channel, connecting Lake Michigan to the Chicago Ship and Sanitary Canal, which in turn connects the Chicago River to the Mississippi. This long network of canals and locks makes an ideal dumping ground for anonymous corpses, leading to the occasional bloat outbreak on the South and Southwest Sides near the canals, during especially murderous years.

⊗ **Gray Lady Down (page 29):** A missing child, a distraught mother, and a bargain forged in Hell.

Chicago Coliseum: This 6,000 seat arena hosts both Chicago hockey teams, the Chicago Blackhawks (NHL) and the Chicago Cardinals (AHA). It also hosts boxing matches, conventions, revival meetings, speeches, and exhibitions. The Coliseum is the home of both the annual Chicago Auto Show in January and the annual

CICERO

Population: 66,000

Fear Level: 2

Cicero is a suburb outside of Chicago and a reflection of Capone’s rule in microcosm.

After the election of Mayor Burke briefly made things too hot for him in the city of Chicago, Capone decided to move in on this trim, working-class, mostly Czech suburb as a backup base of operations. He took over the Hawthorne Race Track in 1923, then settled into the Hawthorne Inn (4823 W. 22nd Street) as his Cicero headquarters. In 1924, Capone’s men stole the mayoral election in Cicero (in an all-out war that cost the life of Frank Capone, Al’s brother) and kept the corrupt, weak Joseph Klenha in office. Klenha clears the way for Capone to take what he needs in town. Equally corrupt judges and police captains provide Capone’s men with gun permits and even Cicero police badges.

The only problem with Cicero was that it already had a bootlegging franchise installed, run by the West Side O’Donnell gang. Every time Capone opened a casino (like the Hawthorne Smoke Shop) or a “whoopie spot” (like the famous Cotton Club), he gave the O’Donnells and their allies the North Side Gang a new target. When Capone hit the O’Donnells back in April 1926, in a botched hit outside Cicero’s Pony Inn, he killed two O’Donnell thugs but also the “Hanging Prosecutor” Assistant State’s Attorney Bill McSwiggin. What McSwiggin was doing there was a mystery: he had prosecuted both the O’Donnells and Capone, but had suspiciously fumbled both cases—and he had a gambling habit. Killing an Assistant State’s Attorney, even a crooked one, brings a lot of heat, and Cicero stopped being a guaranteed hideout. Then the North Side Gang struck, firing a thousand rounds of Tommy gun ammo into the Hawthorne Inn while Capone was eating lunch there on September 20, 1926—killing no one. It’s gotten so bad lately that they say “If you smell gunpowder, you must be in Cicero.” The efforts of crusading preacher Henry Hoover and *Cicero Tribune* editor Robert St. John also keep Capone on his toes.

Automata and Pure Science Exhibition in October, as well as smaller regional shows in both fields around the calendar year. (15th & Wabash)

Chicago Defender: An entirely black-run and written weekly tabloid, the *Defender* covers Bronzeville and the other black neighborhoods of the city, exposing corruption and racism wherever it finds them. Staunchly reform Republican and hardline anti-Confederacy, the *Defender* never shies away from a fight.

It also runs extensive coverage of jazz, dancehalls, "race" movies and records, and other entertainment news, as it urges blacks in the South to "make the Exodus" to Chicago. Indeed, between such "subversion" and its aggressive reporting on problems in the Confederacy, the *Defender* is banned in the CSA. It battles this ban with an under-the-table, covert distribution network of railroad porters, stevedores, and house servants. (3435 S. Indiana)

Chinese City Hall: This ornate structure, which tops Chicago brick with Chinese tiled pagoda, serves as the headquarters of the On Leong tong in Chinatown, and as a Chinese neighborhood school. Here, the senior tong members dispense justice, make payouts, and control the opium trade in the city. Capone's opium dens on South State Street buy from On Leong. (2216 S. Wentworth)

Comiskey Park: Home of the Chicago White Sox. Following the disgrace of the 1919 "Black Sox" scandal, in which the team was accused of throwing the World Series to Cincinnati, the Sox have not played up to their talent (all-rounder Moe Berg, third baseman Willie Kamm, pitcher Ted Lyons), and have not had the money to rebuild.

Comiskey is also the home of the NFL's Chicago Cardinals. (35th & Shields)

Confederate Consulate: During the war, this three-story Italianate mansion was home to the copperhead publisher Wilfred T. Storey, who sold it to the Confederacy when peace broke out. Now it hosts the Confederate consul in Chicago, James Faulkner, and a hive of nefarious spies, Texas Rangers, and agents of influence. Despite that, its receptions are very popular with the local elite, not least because (like the British Consulate downtown) it can legally serve alcohol on its premises, which technically count as Confederate soil. Its location a mere four blocks from Chicago's "Black Belt" ghetto occasionally attracts protest marches, riots, and other unrest. (1834 S. Prairie Avenue)

Dreamland Gardens Cafe: One of the pre-eminent jazz clubs and ballrooms in Bronzeville, Bill Bottoms' Dreamland Gardens is a "black and tan" cabaret

catering to free spenders of all races, who come to hear the young singing sensation Cab Calloway. Its beer garden operates openly under Capone's protection. The Dreamland also buys marijuana in bulk from Mexico and the Coyote Territory, selling its own brand of reefers to jazz scene habitués. (3518-20 S. State)

First Regiment Armory: This massive five-story, three-block long granite building was built as the Union Blue Line headquarters during the Great Rail Wars; the state took it over as a National Guard Armory in the 1880s. Like many National Guard Armories in Chicago, the First Regiment Armory hosts cotillions and social functions in addition to storing weapons and providing quarters in case of civic unrest. During the 1894 Pullman strikes, the 1898 Kanger Riots, and the 1919 race riots, it served as a rallying point and base on the South Side for both the National Guard and the U.S. Army. (1332 S. Clark)

Goodyear Airship Factory: The Goodyear Rubber Company manufactures both rigid airships and blimps at this expansive facility near the White City amusement park. Excursion balloons with wicker frames, privately designed air yachts for millionaires and movie stars, and ghost-rock powered duralumin-alloy Zeppelins for the Navy; all come off the yards here. (63rd & South Parkway)

Iron Dragon Station: Before the North California Revolt in 1898, this was the terminal station of the Iron Dragon railway from Shan Fan to Chicago. Now it's a cavernous market where imports from China and California, fresh produce from the Fox Valley farms to the west, butchered meat from the stockyards, and plenty of other goods and services can be bought or sold by small merchants, big-time thieves, or anyone with the price of a card table. The Hip Sing tong run the market, and run the "white needle" trade in cocaine and heroin out of it. (300 W. Archer)

 **Enter the Gweilo (page 30):** The Hip Sing are sick of kowtowing to the On Leong, and they have a proposition for a shady gang like the player characters. (Unless the party is all Chinese, in which case their plan won't work.)

Jackson Funeral Parlor: The finest black funeral parlor in the city is also the headquarters of Daniel McKee Jackson's numbers, gambling, and vice rackets. Pressure from Capone has driven Jackson to use his position as a funeral director for unsavory ends. With access to grave earth, burial shrouds, and still less palatable ingredients, Jackson has recruited a Red Sect bokkor to provide his rackets with some supernatural muscle. Plenty of people die on the South Side who

won't be missed, and who won't be recognized if they're walking around on the street afterward either. (3400 S. Michigan)

Metropole Hotel: This elegant, seven-story red brick structure serves as Capone's Chicago headquarters. Capone and the Outfit occupy fifty rooms on the fourth and fifth floors. With a full gymnasium, secret passages, an extra-secure fifth floor featuring armored doors and bulletproof windows, hidden stairwells and private elevators, a full \$150,000 wine cellar, and tunnels to inconspicuous nearby businesses, the Metropole offers every amenity for the busy gangster on the go. (2300 S. Michigan)

Midnight Frolics: Pimp and white-slaver Ike Bloom ran the notorious "Freiberg's" brothel and nightclub on this site until a citizen's committee shut it down in 1918. Now rebuilt and renamed, Bloom's "Midnight Frolics" club provides all those services and more: jazz, dancing, comedy, Broadway revues, and burlesque. Capone owns 25% of the club; it never closes and never runs dry. (18 E. 22nd Street)

 **The Hart is a Lonely Hunter (page 30):** A series of savage beatings eventually point the heroes here.

Motor Row: America's motor companies (as well as Rolls-Royce, Mercedes, and Hispano-Suiza) all put their best foot forward with showrooms and dealerships all along South Michigan Avenue. If you're looking for a factory-new Packard or Duesenberg, look no further! (Michigan Avenue, between 14th and 25th Streets)

Oak Woods Cemetery: In addition to baseballer Cap Anson and former South Side boss "Big Jim" Colosimo, this cemetery on South 67th Street holds 6,000 Confederate dead. P.O.W.s from Camp Douglas were originally buried in the City Cemetery (now Lincoln Park). In 1866, the city moved all the City Cemetery bodies, including the Confederate mass graves, to the new Oak Woods Cemetery. The Confederate Mound marks their new resting place, but multiple haunts and apparitions in the cemetery (and along State Street up to the old site of Camp Douglas at 35th Street) testify that their final rest is not an easy one.

Pekin Inn: The birthplace of Chicago jazz is now owned by connected white real estate developers, who turned the old theater into an enormous dance hall. It still draws top jazz acts such as Joe "King" Oliver, but much of the "black and tan" audience now comes for the gambling action in the basement run by Daniel McKee Jackson. Like many jazz joints, its cook and menu are Chinese, fitting the club's name. (2700 S. State)

Schorling's Park: The former South Side Park (capacity 15,000) is the home field of the Chicago American Giants, who dominate the Negro Leagues. (39th & Wentworth)

Soldier Field: This enormous stadium at the south end of Grant Park seats 74,280 spectators. It hosts the annual Army-Navy football game, as well as other college bowl games. Last year, Cardinal Mundelein brought the International Eucharistic Congress to Soldier Field; this year, Gene Tunney and Jack Dempsey fight their heavyweight championship rematch here.

Sunset Café: Just east of "the Stroll" (a strip of clubs, coffeehouses, and juke joints along State Street between 31st and 35th), Louis Armstrong and his orchestra set the tempo for jazz all over America. Although the jazz is hot, the club is "refrigerated," being one of the first places on the South Side to install air conditioning. (315 E. 35th Street)

Union Stockyards: The Union Stockyards and "Packingtown" are what make Chicago the "Hog Butcher to the World," with plenty of cattle and sheep killed here as well. This square mile of livestock pens, slaughterhouses, and packing plants takes in and processes 12 million animals a year. Texan cattlemen are a common sight at the nearby Live Stock National Bank Building, and Western-style gunfights sometimes break out at Vera's and other "Back of the Yards" speakeasies. (Halsted & Exchange)

University of Chicago: In just 35 years, the ivy barely grown on its mock-Gothic buildings, the University of Chicago has become one of the world's top academic institutions. In every field, the U of C takes the lead, awash in a flood of Rockefeller oil money. Laboratories, dormitories, and a number of divinity schools ring Oxford-style "quads" anchored by the Harper Library of over a million volumes. Nobel Prize winners teach physics and philosophy; archaeologists study Assyrian tablets and Egyptian mummies; sociologist Frederick Thrasher studies gangs scientifically, Coach Amos Alonzo Stagg coaches football instinctively. (Seven blocks between 57th and 59th Streets)

"LET ME 'SPELL' SHILLELAGH FOR YOU...YOU THIEVING RAT BASTARD!"

— Eoin "Battlin'" Burke
Mayor

RANDOM CHICAGO LOCATIONS

When using the Case Generator (see *Deadlands Noir*) to construct thrilling tales for Chicago, substitute this table for **Optional: Location**.

Roll 1d10 and consult the table below:

1) The Loop: Given the many fine hotels, office buildings, and cultural attractions in the Loop, this adventure most likely deals with a visitor to the city, business or government, or the affairs of Chicago society.

2) The Gold Coast: This strip of mansions runs along the Near North lakeshore between North and Division. It's been the home of the Chicago elite since the 1880s; a story beginning here likely starts with old money and family secrets.

3) Uptown: Chicago's other glamour neighborhood, Uptown (between Foster and Irving Park on the North Side) invites pleasure-seekers from Lost Angels to London to dance the night away at the Marine Room in the Edgewater Beach Hotel, or shop at prestigious stores like Goldblatt's. Essanay Studios, in Uptown, lost Charlie Chaplin to Lost Angels, but it still makes flashes of movie magic, especially war and spy pictures the Confederates don't approve of. They premiere at the Uptown Theatre, one of the world's finest movie palaces. Adventures in Uptown involve the rich, the famous, or both.

4) Chinatown: Most of Chicago's 10,000 Chinese live in this small neighborhood. Chicago's Chinatown has lost size and power since the Kanger Riots at the turn of the century, but plenty of mysterious trails lead here from Shan Fan, New York, or even China itself.

5) Bronzeville: Chicago's "Black Belt" runs south from 16th Street to 59th Street in a four-block wide strip centered on State Street. Although it widens out somewhat at 31st Street, racist zoning jams a quarter of a million black people into this ghetto, which produces Chicago's greatest music and its worst slums. An adventure here always plays out in black and white, whether it involves a prosperous businessman or a broken-down janitor.

6) Back of the Yards: The neighborhood around the stockyards (see page 25) smells appalling, but there's always work to be had. Which is also pretty appalling. People here (mostly Polish, Lithuanian, and Irish) are used to blood and killing; it takes something truly gruesome to be a Savage Tale in New City.

7) Little Italy: The Terrible Gennas ran this neighborhood, where the alky still smoke is so thick you'd think you were back in Pompeii. Until they took on the North Side Gang and got whacked; now Aiello's Sicilians think they can move in. Adventures in Little Italy are operatic tales of vendetta and omerta.

8) Skid Row: Chicago's down and outs aren't only on the Main Stem (see page 21). They're in Streeterville, a warehouse district just south of the Gold Coast; they're in the railroad yards between the South and West Sides; they're in the rooming house districts east of Bronzeville. Wherever they are, their stories begin in despair, failure, and loss.

9) Tower Town: Clark Street north of the Water Tower (to Division) features gay and lesbian nightclubs, prostitution, hoboese, street hucksters, burlesque parlors, coffeehouses, pool halls, Gypsy fortune tellers, artists, Turkish and Syrian hookah-joints, pushcarts, and hop-heads. Anything can happen in Tower Town, from surrealist burles to brainburn.

10) Hyde Park: This neighborhood combined Jewish professionals, nouveau riche businessmen, and Irish and black railroad workers, and then it got the University of Chicago, complete with Bolshevik intellectuals and mad scientists. The Museum of Science and Industry and a row of shabby artists' colony shacks decorate Jackson Park, its lakefront playground. Adventures here begin in the mind, whether as madness, delirium, or an idea so brilliant it just might work.

SAVAGE TALES

This section contains a number of Savage Tales you can insert into the Plot Point Campaign or in between your own adventures.

⚡ When you see the pentagram symbol in the text elsewhere in this book, it means there's a Savage Tale associated with that location. Each Savage Tale also has a listing for its Hook, which tells you where you can find the locale with which it's associated. This will help you find adventures that begin in, or take your heroes to, certain areas of the city.

Look over the adventure briefly before you run it. None of the Savage Tales in this chapter require any preceding events before you can run them, but all of them can be expanded upon to form lengthier investigations. You can also use the Case Generator to add additional details to these Savage Tales—more clues or even a twist.

FEAR DEATH BY FIREWATER

Hook: Oriental Theater, page 15.

Victor Klubb is an arsonist with a strange MO—he summons the creatures called “firebugs” to start his blazes. His fires may eventually wind up changing the political landscape!

Viktor's first fire guts a steakhouse at 25 W. Lake in the theater district, killing 30. The case gets interesting when a successful Investigation result picks up news reports (or Streetwise hears contacts in the police or fire departments) mentioning “weird music” playing just before the fire. Enterprising dicks might go look for themselves.

With a successful Notice (or maybe Weird Science), the fire looks like arson, not accident. Suspicious heroes might twig to the eyewitness report (Investigate in police records or Streetwise among the detectives) to learn an exterminator's truck had parked in the alley shortly before the conflagration.

The investigators keep their eyes and ears open, and sure enough, outside an Outfit speak on Taylor Street, they see an exterminator truck (“De-Verminator”) with its hose running into the basement and they hear the jaunty tune seemingly coming from the air around them. As they head toward the scene, a man gets into the truck, while some concealed machinery within reels in the hose. He drives off, and sure enough the speakeasy bursts into flames. Six upper level goons bite it, and funeral processions criss-cross neighborhoods for the next few days. Bugs Moran sends Mr. Capone a floral arrangement in faux sympathy.

The group can identify the tune with Common Knowledge at -3 (or, if any of the heroes are in their late 40s or early 50s, at no penalty). It's the song “Mister Bluebeard,” title song of a musical show from 1903. Another Common Knowledge check (at the same penalties) recalls that show was playing when the Iroquois Theater went up in flames, the deadliest theater fire in American history.

A reporter, cop, possibly someone who heard a gumshoe singing the song to figure out where he'd heard it before, tips the heroes to the next development. Someone sent a note to the mayor reading:

*I'm sorry for Mister Bluebeard
I'm sorry to cause him pain
But a terrible spree there's sure to be
When he comes back again.*

“Battling” Burke doesn't back down from crazy song threats, and he tells his goons to keep “these cranks” (our heroes) from bothering him.

In his favorite Canaryville saloon, he's relaxing with cronies and blustering about the election when the song starts echoing and the first of the firebugs skitters in. Suddenly, they're all around. If the heroes kept a watch from outside or just trailed the mayor, they saw a beer truck drive around back, but nothing else until they hear the song playing. (Notice at -2 to realize it's the same truck with different siding.) Getting the mayor out through the panicked crowd requires at least one Grapple and a drag.

🔫 **Mayor Burke:** See page 46 for his stats.

🔫 **Burke's Bodyguard:** Use the Police Detective stats from *Deadlands Noir* for the mayor's police escort.

- **Burke's Toadies:** Fill the bar with Thugs and Citizens from *Deadlands Noir*.

- **Firebugs:** (10x1d4; see page 49 for stats).

Victor does his work from an asbestos-lined truck and canvas hose. He lives on DeKoven Street, where the Fire of 1871 started. Using a radionic device of his own design, he summoned the firebugs from the Oriental Theater, site of the former Iroquois Theater. The summoning nearly got away from him—the steakhouse is behind the Oriental. Later, he wanted to teach those mobsters a lesson and test his firebug-pumping equipment. He then wanted to kill the mayor because Burke refused to appoint him fire chief in 1923. Investigation can find his crazy, rant-filled “application” in the crank file.

🔫 **Victor Klubb:** Use the Patent Scientist from *Deadlands Noir*; raise his Driving to d8.

WHO, PRECISELY, GOES THERE?

Hook: Chicago Historical Society, page 16.

A ghost haunts the Chicago Historical Society building with cold spots, dragging sounds, and the occasional poltergeist effect, but the staff are locked in controversy over its provenance: is it the ghost of a defender of Fort Dearborn killed by the Potawatomi Indians, or of a woman killed in the *Eastland* disaster (see page 15), or does their spook have some other origin? They have a \$50 pool on the topic, and they'll pay it to whoever can resolve the issue to their academic satisfaction. They *don't* want the ghost exorcised—it gives the building character.

This light-hearted tale riffs on Chicagoans' tendency to turn everything into a rivalry, an argument, and a bet, from politics to baseball to hot dog condiments. Play with player creativity: any answer you all enjoy is the right answer. If you like, plant clues to some other spectral problem: maybe the ghost here knows that the Black Line is reopening (see **Demon Rum**, page 32).

 **The Ghost:** Use the Ghost from *Savage Worlds*.

SWEETS FOR THE SWEET

Hook: Death Corner, page 17.

Shotgun Man was an enforcer for the Sicilian Mob's extortion racket—before he was iced in Death Corner by his own employers. His angry shade took to the old legend that ghosts like candy and now haunts the alley where he died. The location is behind a butcher shop smelling of rotting blood and meat and filled with old and discarded furniture.

The local children sense the thing, and have figured out that the old legend about ghosts liking candy is true. As long as they leave candy in the alley at least once a week, *Il Confetto* leaves them alone (*confetto* is candy in Italian). If they don't, the ghost manifests as a swarm of angry bees (which congregate in Little Hell thanks to the boiling sugar of numerous moonshine stills). The thing then hunts for prey and stings whoever it finds to death.

If the swarm is defeated by conventional means, it simply returns the next day. But *Il Confetto's* busted shotgun lies just inside a nearby storm drain. If it is destroyed thoroughly (burning or submerged in acid), *Il Confetto's* soul ventures on to whatever dark Hell awaits.

 **Il Confetto:** Use the Swarm Man stats from *Deadlands Noir* (increase Shooting to d8 and add Flight at Pace 6 with a Climb of 0.)

SO LONG, VAMPIRE

Hook: Tuberculosis Sanitarium, page 20.

A family group of female nurses (sisters Salci and Mija, and cousin Zöe, Varatic) living in the Romanian neighborhood at Fullerton and Clybourn, got jobs at the Sanitarium in 1922. They noticed the signs of vampire predation and began killing the fiends. By now experienced monster-slayers, they may be open to news of other monsters in the city, or to other sorts of alliances with handsome fellow hunters, but their eagerness to bait vampires with their patients might make some heroes a bit uneasy. These young women are pretty single-minded, after all.

THE VARATIC CLAN

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d10, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d10, Healing d8, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (Occult) d6, Knowledge (Romanian) d6, Notice d8, Stealth d8, Taunt d4, Throwing d8

Charisma: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 7 **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Heroic, Loyal

Edges (pick 5 for each girl): Acrobat, Arcane Resistance, Attractive, Combat Reflexes, Command, Danger Sense, Dodge, Hard to Kill, Level Headed, Luck, Quick, Trademark Weapon (Stake)

Gear: Cleaver (Str+1d4), Stake (Str+1d4).

Looking for a common threat to bring the heroes together with the Varatic slayers? Nicolae, a vampire, has heard of the Varatic girls and decides to eliminate them with his own "family" of six underling vampires. Then? Rule Chicago's underworld from a power base in the sanitarium, of course!

 **Nicolae:** Use the stats for Ancient Vampire from *Savage Worlds*. Additionally, Nicolae suffers a level of Fatigue (maximum of Exhausted) if he comes into contact with garlic.

 **Varatic Clan (3):** See above.

• **Vampires (6):** Use the stats for Young Vampire from *Savage Worlds*. Additionally, these vampires suffer a level of Fatigue (maximum of Exhausted) if they come into contact with garlic.

THE DEVIL OF HULL HOUSE

Hook: Hull-House, page 21.

Hull House is haunted by a twisted, devil-like figure abandoned on the steps by its unknown mother in 1913. After years of trying to teach, baptize, and help

the monster, Jane Addams locked it away in an attic. Whether the “Hull House Devil” is connected to the spectral woman in white who wanders the grounds at night looking for her missing devil-child? None can say. Certainly Miss Adams cannot, or will not. Not to any but the longest-serving residents, or to her most trusted friends among the community’s old women.

But if a stranger with a proven record of occult investigation and a suitably progressive sensibility were to present himself, Miss Adams might request advice and assistance. She would like to reform the Hull House Devil, but failing that, she wants to know if it is something that can be exorcised or that poses any danger to the women and children under her care and supervision. The answer to that conundrum is up to the Marshal. It might be a young Guilfoyle half-breed (page 50) sent to distract Jane Addams from good works for actual people, or some other thing entirely.

Miss Addams rejects any plan to merely kill “Norman” out of hand: if these investigators can’t solve her problem, maybe someone else will. Science will solve all our problems, if we just persevere.

 **Hull House Devil:** Use the Goblin from *Savage Worlds*, complete with short spear (Str+d4).

CRAWL OUT OF THE BOTTLE

Hook: Main Stem, page 21.

Start this Savage Tale by cooking up a compelling backstory for the character’s friend. Allow the player to contribute as much detail as she wants—it increases the pain when she sees him a broken wreck in a shabby residence hotel on Madison (Main Stem). Wallpaper peeling, windows cracked against the cold wind—and that cough sounds *horrible*. Whether the adventurers watch their friend here or get him to a hospital, it’s too late—the crawlies have come for him.

This tale takes place over one night of hell. At the end of that ordeal, the heroes need to decide: do they leave their friend to dry out, knowing the crawlies will come back every night, or do they give him enough liquor to drink himself to death? This is the time for a real hard-case Marshal to drop the hint that a particularly bad-news black magician might be able to brew up a potion to change their friend’s breath and break the crawlies’ scent of him. Use any black magician the heroes have crossed: the Red Sect bokkor from the Jackson Funeral Home (see page 24), Shadrach Danner (see page 45), Lorenzo Prugna (see page 39), or some foe from your own campaign.

• **Alcoholic Friend:** Use “Normal Folks” from *Deadlands Noir*.

• **Crawlies:** One swarm per drunk; see page 48.

KNOCK ON THE PIPE

Hook: McSweeney’s, page 22.

The Guilfoyles have lived in Chicago a long time, long enough to remember the first Lager Beer Riots in 1855, and they’ve dug deep since that first swipe at Prohibition came through. And down there, they found (or called up) things to help them prosper and harm their foes, so long as those things are fed soft meat now and again. The Guilfoyles call the things “the Clerks” but they’re tommyknockers, sure enough, and they’ve spread and interbred with the Guilfoyles all over the West Side.

When the heroes cross the Guilfoyles, the family lures them into the tunnels. Begin the tale as a Chase (see **Chases** in *Savage Worlds*). The Guilfoyles add +2 to their Agility since they’re on their home ground. Remember to enforce illumination penalties (either Dark or Pitch Darkness, depending on the tunnel). The Guilfoyles are used to the darkness; they take no penalties. On round five, tommyknockers appear.

Each 1d4 rounds thereafter, 1d6 more tommyknockers burrow in through the floor, or walls, or ceiling, of the tunnel—anywhere they can get surprise. This almost certainly becomes another Chase back out of the tunnels, and an object lesson in why the Guilfoyles get to keep their turf.

If the adventurers have demonstrated unusual competence or strange abilities (either during previous adventures or during this horrific struggle), the Guilfoyles may lure them, bleeding and near death, into a meeting with Martin Guilfoyle. He offers them safe passage back to the surface—if they will do him one little favor. This favor might be anything from “steal a mummy from the Field Museum” to “kill one of my gang rivals” to “bring my son Leo a blind girl who can sing; it’s time he got married.”

 **Guilfoyles:** Use Cultists from *Deadlands Noir* with Stealth d8 and Low-Light Vision. They’re armed with .38 revolvers (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6, RoF 1).

• **Tommyknockers:** See page 50.

GRAY LADY DOWN

Hook: Calumet Harbor, page 23.

The missing child habitually disobeyed and played down by the Sanitary Canal. If you live in an unheated, barely furnished tenement, a canal side seems like a magical playground. Unfortunately, it is. When the heroes arrive at the canal, they see the Gray Lady, weeping to herself.

The apparition is drowning the child, but immediate medical help will save him. The heroes might attack—but if they take too long (more than two or three rounds) the child will die regardless of the combat's outcome. If they prove at all formidable, the Gray Lady halts the fight and makes an offer:

"You desire the child's life, which is mine to give. Continue to oppose me, and he shall surely die, choking on my tears before you can save him. But if you give me something in return..."

Perhaps the characters have an offer in mind. If not, she continues:

"I have seen a beautiful man, one who knows the tie between death and water. He has given me gifts and he has won my heart. Bring him to me, wearing the concrete shoes of my formal visitors, and I shall release the child to you then, suffering only from dreams. For this child's life, I wish the gift of Jack McGurn."

How the heroes get the deadliest assassin in Capone's employ down to the Cal-Sag Canal in "cement galoshes" is up to them. It might be easier to trick the Gray Lady somehow—but those who cross her should stay away from the Canal in future.

Keep in mind that the Cal-Sag Canal is also prime bloat territory. Investigators who wind up under its murky surface see bloats (*Deadlands Noir*) and skeletons (*Savage Worlds*) planted on the bottom like so many rotting flowers, their feet secured in tubs full of concrete.

 **Gray Lady:** See page 50.

ENTER THE GWEILO

Hook: Iron Dragon Station, page 24.

The On Leong are having a kung fu tournament as part of the commemoration of the death of their Chicago chief Wang Lu. The entry fee is \$100,000 in Hell Money, ceremonial joss-cash intended to be burned for the benefit of the departed; the prize is \$1,000 in U.S. money.

A Hip Sing boss, War Fen, approaches the heroes with an offer. He can score a pint bottle of dannerjack, which the entrant can use in the fight, along with special Chinese herbs to keep the Hyde manifestation's appearance in the realm of the barely plausible. Even if the On Leong's chosen champion wins, the match will be dishonored by the use of red rum—and if the character beats the On Leong martial artist, then the tong will lose massive face. War Fen offers \$1,000 win or lose, plus the bottle.

Play out as many fights as you think the player can stand, then bring in the final three: first, "the puissant An Feng!", then the semi-final bout with "the mighty Fu Wong!", then for the final bout "the most glorious Shih Leng!"

War Fen doesn't mention that the Hip Sing plan to use the distraction of the fight to steal the giant coffin full of Hell Money and the gate receipts (2d6x\$1000) from the On Leong headquarters in the Chinese City Hall and set up the *gweilo* heroes to take the fall.

 **Martial Artists:** An Feng—Martial Artist; Fu Wong—Superior Martial Artist; Shih Leng—Superior Martial Artist with Kung Fu Speed and Power.

 **On Leong Leader:** Superior Martial Artist (page 89).

- **On Leong Soldiers:** Use Tong, 4 per hero (page 91).

THE HART IS A LONELY HUNTER

Hook: Midnight Frolics, page 25.

For a very special clientele of super-rich freaks, Ike Bloom keeps a Deer Woman (see page 49) imprisoned in the lowest sub-basement of the Midnight Frolics. A Potawatomi Indian shaman Capone met in Wisconsin painted special signs on the walls of her room, and Bloom pumps tobacco smoke from the whole joint into an "airlock" outside it so she can't escape.

Another Deer Woman, the lover of the captive, has tracked her mate from the Hunting Grounds to this horrible stinking city. Now she must seduce and kill those who stand between her and her lover's freedom. This trail of corpses, all beaten bloody with their trousers down, is as follows:

- Honus James, a businessman and regular customer of the normal girls at the Frolics.
- Misha Frohberg, a pimp who runs girls for Ike Bloom.
- Lou Delfino, a bouncer and doorman at the Frolic. His keys are missing; With those keys, the Deer Woman infiltrates the Club. She poses as one of the waitresses or working girls depending on the circumstances. Nobody including Ike Bloom knows every girl in the joint.

Where specifically the gumshoes pick up the trail, and what their involvement is, is up to the Marshal. It should be obvious, especially by the third killing, that either the club itself or Ike Bloom is the target. He may approach the characters for extra security, if they seem shady enough to be trustworthy.

Whether the heroes decide to help the Deer Women, or prevent another series of killings, or both, is up to the players.

 **2 Deer Women:** See page 49.

 **Ike Bloom:** Use the Mafia Capo from *Deadlands Noir*.

• **Frolic Guards:** One Mafia Soldier and 2d6 Thugs from *Deadlands Noir*.

MR. ELECTRICO

Hook: Dil Pickle Club, page 17.

An unusual guest has appeared at the Dil Pickle Club in the last few weeks. Mr. Electrico claims to be a patent scientist who suffered a terrible accident a few years back that left his face a scarred mess—hence the metal mask he wears. Mr. Electrico is famous for two inventions. The first is “the world’s most realistic mannequin,” Kid Morengueira. The second is the “bio-electrical aura magnifier,” a metal rod that supposedly makes the wielder’s aura visible to Mr. Electrico’s patented “aura enhancement device”—built into his metal mask.

Mr. Electrico performs his prognostication once a month or so at the club. At the end of the act, he hands out his card which allows interested parties to contact him for private fortune-telling sessions.

Almost everything about this is a lie. Mr. Electrico is actually Ray Dark, an escapee from an Agency syker facility. If that wasn’t amazing enough, his mannequin, “Kid Morengueira,” is a real, live boy with psychic powers of his own. The 14-year old boy, actually Robert McLelland, was a runaway on the streets of Chicago when he ran into Mr. Dark in a Chicago back alley. The two psychic minds linked in a freakish occurrence and melded—sharing their entire life experience with each other in the blink of an eye.

Dark is a little ahead of most sykers and has developed *divination* and *mind reading*. He was using his powers to tell fortunes prior to his “recruitment” by the Agency. McLelland found that exciting and the two decided to return to that life under a guise that would misdirect the Agency’s prying eyes with “patent science” rather than mental abilities. Now the two do their show for a pittance—relying on it primarily as advertising for more lucrative private contracts. A private reading costs \$50 per person. Information of any import—and they’ve gathered plenty—costs twice that since sharing that which should be private tends to make enemies.

As for the disguises, Dark’s face isn’t disfigured—he just wears the mask to hide his face from the Agency (he wears a wig as well—his psychic powers make him bald). He uses the patent science and “Dr. Electrico” shtick to throw the Agency off even more (neither the mask nor the “rod” have any abilities whatsoever). Kid Morengueira, a certified genius runs the duo’s scam and uses illusions to make himself look like a mannequin—but he’s still a very realistic mannequin; just realistic enough to be amazing but just fake enough to look like a doll, complete with articulated mouth and rubbery flesh.

RAY DARK / MR. ELECTRICO

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Driving d6, Fighting d8, Investigation d6, Notice d10, Perform (Stage Act) d6, Persuasion d4, Psionics d10, Shooting d8, Stealth d6, Streetwise d6, Swimming d6, Taunt d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6 **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Wanted (Major)

Edges: Arcane Background (Syker), New Powers, Power Points

Powers: *Divination, mind reading, confusion*; **Power Points:** 20

Gear: .38 pistol (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6, RoF 1)

ROBERT MCLELLAND / KID MORENGUEIRA

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d10, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Lockpicking d4, Notice d6, Perform (Stage Act) d6, Persuasion d6, Psionics d10, Stealth d6, Streetwise d4, Taunt d8

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 2; **Toughness:** 4

Hindrances: Small, Wanted (Minor), Young

Edges: Arcane Background (Syker), New Powers

Powers: *Disguise, mind reading, puppet*; **Power Points:** 20

Gear: None.



MR. ELECTRICO & KID MORENGUEIRA

PLOT POINT CAMPAIGN:

DEMON RUM

"There's only one thing that gets orders and gives orders. (Points to Tommy gun) And this is it. That's how I got the South Side for you, and that's how I'm gonna get the North Side for you. It's a typewriter. And I'm gonna write my name all over this town with it, in big letters!"

—Tony Camonte, *Scarface*

In Chicago, bootlegging has turned from a private vice into big business, with fortunes won and turf protected or lost on every deal that goes through. This makes the enforcers—the gangsters who ride along on the shipments, or who hijack them from other gangs—very, very important people. But also people with very, very short life expectancies: if something goes wrong, they're the ones on the bad end of the gun. A good enforcer, or a lucky one, is worth a lot to a boss. A bullet-proof enforcer, one who's downright super-strong, is worth even more.

Which is why both Capone and Moran use Hydes (see *Deadlands Noir*). More specifically, they use "Chicago cocktails," special distillations of red rum (see *Deadlands Noir*) to make Hydes. And that's just the

first swallow. Chicago cocktails can make controllable Hydes and recharge black magicians. And there's more where that came from.

WHERE THAT CAME FROM

"Red rum" hit in 1919, right after Prohibition did, in cities where lots of gangs looked for any edge they could find to grab some trade. It first appeared in Kansas City and Chicago, two major rail hubs for transporting liquor and ghost rock alike, and spread (in rumor, at least) everywhere else in the nation over the next year or so. The trouble with red rum: the kick is too unsure and irregular, and too dangerous to most speakeasies, to make it worth selling. Nonetheless, a few select addicts learned to crave the sensation of blood cells whispering in cranial arteries, to anticipate the strange flashes of imperious light in the capillaries of their eyes, even without the pure exaltation of the Hyde effect.

In 1925, Shadrach Danner, a chemist working on improved alcohol distillation methods for Hymie Weiss, stumbled on *The Memphis Formulary*, a collection of "herbal and alchemical receipts" published by the dodgy DeLaurence, Scott & Company of Chicago. Ascribed to one Ronald Newcomb, a pharmacist living in Memphis just after the Civil War, it purported to provide the same sorts of things books of magic potions always do, but in seemingly scientific terms that Dr.



Danner thought highly suggestive. Working from the haphazardly edited text, and with a few specialized ingredients that don't bear thinking about, Danner managed to synthesize "dannerjack," a blend of red rum that allowed the drinker to become a Hyde at will (see sidebar). He thought he'd solved the problem of red rum's profitability, but Weiss realized the real potential of the stuff. Dannerjack could give Weiss super-soldiers, enforcers literally addicted to violence on his behalf. Weiss had his men ransack DeLaurence's offices, stealing the original copy of Newcomb's manuscript and "accidentally" burning the proofs and most of the sales stock of the *Formulary*. He wanted to keep his edge secret for as long as he could.

Unfortunately, loyalty is something you can't always buy: someone told Capone about Weiss' plans. Capone got his hands on all the remaining copies of the *Memphis Formulary* and set his own patent scientists to work. The work hasn't gone smoothly. Between Newcomb's elliptical language and DeLaurence's creative editing, it's not clear whether Danner is doing alchemy or patent science, or if there's even a real difference. When Danner discovered a "Chicago cocktail" that re-energized black magicians, the differences blurred further. Take this effect, blend with the clues in the *Formulary*, and shake with the nature of the ingredients for dannerjack. The answer emerges cloudily: necromancy. But knowing you're working necromancy isn't the same as knowing all the details. And with dannerjack the devil is very much in the details. All that is clear is that Chicago cocktails are the key to ruling the city's underworld. Just how to turn that key is what every bent or broken patent scientist in Chicago is trying to find out.

The key ingredient is spectral energy, the energy that makes up manitous, the energy created when the Reckoners devour fear, the energy of souls that is bound up in ghost rock. Simply powdering ghost rock into liquor is horribly inefficient, and usually only strengthens the side effects when it doesn't unpredictably alter them. Filtering alcohol through ghost rock produces regular red rum, but still doesn't reliably attach the spirits to the drinker. The power ingredient needs to match the human vessel; it needs to have what Danner calls "morphogenetic similarity" to a human form. Which is why he thinks ghosts might do the trick.

Danner and Bugs Moran are trying to find somewhere with lots and lots of ghosts. Danner believes that Chicago cocktails brewed on such a site should be both more powerful (drawing directly on the spectral energy) and more reliable (because of the morphogenetic similarity of that energy to human

DANNERJACK

Dannerjack works differently than regular red rum (see Hydes in *Deadlands Noir*), as noted below:

- After drinking a shot (2 oz.) of dannerjack, the imbiber gains four die types in Strength, two in Vigor, and loses a die type in Smarts. He also gains Armor +2, Claws (Str+d4), and the Hardy and Size +1 Monstrous Abilities. These effects last one hour.
- If the imbiber was a Wild Card, he remains so!

After the effects of being a Hyde wear off, the victim must make a Spirit roll or gain the Habit (Minor) Hindrance for red rum (not just dannerjack). If he already has the Minor Hindrance, it becomes Major.

Street value of dannerjack is \$20 a shot.

DARKSHINE

Danner and Prugna have developed Chicago cocktails that recharge black magic powers. A shot of "darkshine" refills 1d10 Power Points.

With each drink, the imbiber makes a Spirit test: on a 1, the drinker is automatically Shaken and Fatigued (this can cause Incapacitation).

Typical street value is \$50 a shot.

energy). If Danner's theory is right, it should be possible, in such a spectrally saturated environment, to brew "black rum" that will actually give a normal drinker black-magical powers. Capone's own patent scientists (led by chemical engineer Lorenzo "The Face" Prugna) have figured some of this out, and have begun their own necromantic experiments.

HOW TO USE THE PLOT POINT CAMPAIGN

The Plot Point Campaign begins with *Call Northside-666*, which introduces the Moran gang and a whiff of the supernatural. The Moran gang kidnapped Margaret Halloran to find the site of the Black Line Stop—Chicago's first and greatest haunting, created by a horrific train crash in 1869. By the time the heroes get involved, the Moran gang already has what they need; rescuing her is fairly simple. Hence, you can run it as a straight detective tale if the players don't follow up on the more eldritch elements.

Red rum shows up dramatically in *Welcome to Jimmy's*. This Savage Tale is essentially an exposition dump disguised as a bar fight: it introduces physicist Arthur Compton, who's been inspired by the new patent science of radionics to explore the intersection of high-energy physics and ghosts. It also, of course, introduces Hydes.

With *So Long, Vampire*, we get another whiff of the supernatural, tinged with graveyard mold. Capone makes a point by raiding a North Side cemetery for dannerjack materials. When his raiders uncover a vampire, they bring it along to Capone's pet chemist Lorenzo Prugna, leaving their own unfortunate soldier to die. That body, and the smashed patho-pneumometer, provide the heroes with leads to Prugna's necromantic laboratory. Killing the vampire for good with garlic bullets is probably the best outcome here. In the context of the larger campaign, this tale ties red rum to the undead.

In *A Kind Word and a Gun*, Capone and Moran both try to "recruit" Professor Compton for their work on spectral energies. If the heroes didn't bring Dr. Compton in to explain the patho-neurometer in the last tale, he delivers any needed exposition in this one. He also describes his Radionic Protonizer, as an example of the kind of thing that should not be allowed to fall into the hands of gangland. Solving the immediate problem likely comes down to who or what the heroes know, rather than any sort of final showdown.

The heroes pick up Moran's trail again in *Death in a Love Nest!* Assistant County Assessor Eldred Wringer is found dead in a cheap hotel room above a North Clark Street burlesque parlor. The papers call it suicide; the heroes find out differently. What they find points them to Moran, but the heroes may have to rub out Capone necromancer Paolo "Rosso" Legge to keep Wringer's secret their secret.

In *The St. Walpurgis' Night Massacre*, everything comes to a head at the old Black Line Stop. If the party hasn't found Wringer's secret yet, he passed his findings on to Rosa Bendix, a good-time gal at the burlesque parlor.

Either Rosa, or the heroes' party, or both, are now the most wanted folks in Chicago. Moran wants to keep them quiet. Capone wants to find out what they know first. The cops want to know where their cut is coming from. The heroes head to 2122 N. Clark, the site of the Black Line Stop in 1877—and the future site of the St. Valentine's Day Massacre. A big gunfight, a protonic explosion, ghosts and omens—anything can happen here and now.

PART ONE: **CALL NORTHSIDE—666**

However the heroes normally find out about good to be done—an ad in the paper, a dame walks into their office, a hot tip in the press room, a nod from a straight cop in a crooked city—they find out about Katie Halloran. Last Sunday, her grandmother, Margaret Halloran, disappeared after church.

"Grandma always goes to Old St. Patrick's, down on the West Side. She has ever since she was a little girl, she never misses a Sunday and always lights a candle. Besides, Mrs. Mungo and Mrs. Tooley saw her there. The police say she just wandered off, or that she was meeting some man! Grandma would never! She hasn't been back since, and I've posted a \$200 reward for her safe return, and even that hasn't got the police to find her, the lazy good-for-nothings! Father O'Shaughnessy told me the verger saw her get into a green car with some big men, but then he told me the police would handle it! And they're not!"

Should the investigators indelicately ask how a young seamstress can afford a \$200 reward, Katie reacts not with indignation but with sobs:

"I know! I shouldn't be a-touching them, but after all, they're Grandmother's and I'm only selling them to get her back! Mr. Scheidler said they were real valuable, and he'd give me \$100 apiece for 'em! She said not to touch them, that they were for her funeral, but if she doesn't come back, there can't even be a funeral!"

Sobbing, she reaches into her dress pocket and reveals a pair of three-dollar gold coins with an Indian head on them, minted in 1877. Common Knowledge (–2 unless the character has a specific interest in coins) indicates they are indeed rare, but that price still seems high. The Marshal should decide, if the heroes follow this reddish herring, whether Mr. Scheidler (a neighborhood coin dealer) is simply being generous to a desperate girl, trying to take unbecoming advantage of a desperate girl, or the coins actually have some occult provenance.

INVESTIGATING KATIE'S STORY

Gumshoes can apply Legwork in any number of directions: the police, the neighborhood, or the church. The police stonewall the heroes; if one character has Connections (Police), word is that there's pressure to stay off this one. "A cold wind from the North, if you get me meaning" (His meaning is that Moran is the one applying the pressure).

The neighborhood, being an Irish area outside Moran's control, is more forthcoming. Legwork (at -2) turns up Giuseppe Tornelli, a young baker's apprentice who spent Sunday morning not in church but sneaking into the bakery down the block to make treats for his girl with a sweet tooth. He saw a "real eye-popper of a green Buick Master Six" parked across the street. Then it drove toward the church, and Tornelli figured it was picking someone up.

At the church, the verger Frank Doyle claims he "already told the cops everything." Father O'Shaughnessy is if anything even more brusque, threatening to call the police if the heroes keep harassing his flock. Three successes on a Patter attempt (Intimidation and Taunt are at -4) convinces him to meet them somewhere else.

Looking around to make sure nobody's watching, the priest says:

"You don't know what it's like. Without this church, these boys, all the other old women, the ones you don't care about, they wouldn't have anywhere. This is an Italian neighborhood now, and the donations don't come in. Not like when St. Pat's was the only Irish church in Chicago. And don't worry about Mrs. Halloran—she's as tough as they come, has been ever since she was just a girl, and... er, I've heard she's just fine. No harm has come to her, I mean to say."

Further threats won't get him to spill anything more significant than a general confirmation that Moran's gang has Mrs. Halloran. He won't say as much, but he will nod or grimace if tasked with Moran's name.

Searching the North Side, or even just Moran's turf, for a green Buick Master Six takes some time: talking cars in various Moran bars is probably faster. Legwork finds the car or its driver: Nate "Wheels" Czernik. Presuming the heroes don't get made, they can try tailing Wheels back to the speakeasy on Armitage where he and his boys have stashed Mrs. Halloran, in a room in the basement. It's not impossible for the heroes to just walk Mrs. Halloran out the door: Wheels and his boys don't want to kill an old lady, especially a nice Catholic lady. But more likely, there has to be a sneak or a fight or both.

- **Margaret Halloran:** Use Citizen (see *Deadlands Noir*) with the Elderly Hindrance.

- **Moran's Men (3):** 1 Mafia Capo and 2 Mafia Soldiers (see *Deadlands Noir*).

OUT OF THE PAST

When they rescue her, though, Margaret is dazed and muzzy: the Morans were not particularly gentle while they had her, nice Catholic old lady or not. She seems even older than her 63 years, rambling and confused:

"Are you going to take me to the Black Line? I deserve it. I have the fare in my room. You gave it to me fifty years ago. When you took Charlie. Where? You took him to Hell, where I was too scared to go even though I should have. I sold you Charlie, right up there at the railroad crossing! Sophia Clark! Right where you were going to take me, but you took him, where I told you already I sold him for six dollars in gold, but it was just so you wouldn't take me! You won't take me, will you? Are you going to take me to the Black Line?"

That's all anyone can get out of her. Moran has the information he needs so he won't bother chasing her down. Katie is shocked and horrified by this raving: "Charlie" was her grandmother's little brother, who "died when he was a baby." If asked by callous characters, she pays the \$200 she promised, either by selling the coins to Mr. Scheidler, or by giving them to the investigators. The Marshal should decide what effect holding onto those coins might have.

Hitting the Books in the *Daily Journal* morgue or other archives tells a slightly different story about Margaret Halloran née Tierney in "Babe Vanishes, Sister Near Death From Grief" (May 2, 1877):

Margaret Tierney, 13, of Hurlbut Avenue, says she was on her way to Lincoln Park with her young charge when he vanished in the dark underpass between her home and the park entrance. Her girlish hysteria prevents her from bringing any clarity to the child's fate, but this paper has long urged the police to crack down on the footpads and white slavers known to operate in that area for nearly a decade. How she escaped a fate worse than death must surely be accounted a miracle of the Lord.

A male investigator who looks up the article and chats up



KATIE HALLORAN

the girl who runs the record room (Persuasion) finds out that “another fella” came in “a couple weeks ago” and looked in the same volume of the paper. Her description matches nobody recognizable. (It was Dr. Danner.)

No amount of research finds the name “Sophia Clark” in any relevant article. A successful check by a gumshoe with Knowledge (Occult) or a native Chicagoan with Common Knowledge (at -2) recalls the legend of the “Black Line”—it’s the ‘L’ stop you get on when you’re dead. It’s supposed to be in the Loop, or on the West Side, or on Archer Avenue, or deep in the Black Belt, or at Graceland Cemetery—nobody knows.

It’s unlikely the deeper story comes out now. Moran had Mrs. Halloran kidnapped because Danner’s research found her as a surviving witness to the Black Line Stop. She revealed its location: north of Garfield & Clark (Sophia & Clark when she was a girl, Dickens & Clark after 1936). Now, he just needs to get the property on the site.

PART TWO: WELCOME TO JIMMY’S

Free drinks! Arthur Compton, a professor of physics at the University of Chicago, has just been nominated for the Nobel Prize in Physics, and he’s sharing his good luck at Jimmy’s Tap in Hyde Park. Also present at the wingding are ace *Examiner* reporter David Talboy, a friendly cop or two, and any other characters you feel like salting there. Compton is popular: hand-lettered signs in the bar read ‘CONGRATS COMPTON’ and ‘NOBEL EFFORT’ and ‘X-RAYS MARK THE SPOT’ while caricatures of Compton holding a death-ray are everywhere, along with copies of a recent *Examiner* editorial cartoon of Compton X-raying a ghost.



Jimmy’s is an old-school “blind pig”—Jimmy was selling drinks without a license before everybody else lost theirs. Have one character name the good turn they did Jimmy way back when; Jimmy makes sure to give that shamus a heavy pour even now, and to introduce him to the Professor. Compton is in his 30s, with an intense stare and slightly movie-villainish good looks. He’s definitely feeling pretty high; the whiskey has him loopy and happy to talk about his current research:

“That Nobel stuff? That’s yesterday’s news: X-ray scattering. We’ve known about electrons, even particle theory, since Thomson. I’m curious about today’s news, about tomorrow’s science. A lot of people discard patent science just because it can’t be repeated in a lab half the time, but what I’m looking for is the common thread. What underlying factor makes it all work? Do you realize that even Bohr and Heisenberg don’t know how ghost rock works? It’s a different type of energy than radioactivity, maybe even a different force than the nuclear force. I think we have to start looking for the human element in the mix; I think radionics, for instance, is on the right path with reading human energy fields at a distance. Energy can’t be destroyed, so what happens to those energy fields? Hell, like I told Talboy over there last month, maybe the spiritualists hit on something accidentally—Crookes hunted ghosts when he wasn’t inventing cathode-ray tubes.”

This fascinating, if inebriated and easily distracted, discourse is interrupted by a patron flying across the bar and splintering a row of bottles. Liquor and broken glass spray everywhere. Five men in striped suits and fedoras stand in the door. Two of them carry shotguns; the other three are seemingly unarmed, but still dangerous: their muscles bulge beneath their suits (pre-ripped seams part to show rock-like biceps and trapezius), their bodies seemingly fill the doorway, and their faces are twisted and animalistic. A shotgun-wielder talks:

“Hate to spoil the party, folks, but there’s a little matter of your cover charge to discuss. Seems Jimmy here is late with the rent. Again. Thinks Hyde Park ain’t on the South Side, somehow.”

The two cops drink up and slink off.

This is perhaps the cue for a fight scene to start. If the players hesitate, one musclebound goon walks over to the bar and splinters it with his fist, then begins tearing open the cash box. Jimmy tries to stop him, but the Hyde backhands him into another section of easily broken glassware.

 **Spokesman (1):** Use the Mafia Soldier from *Deadlands Noir*; with pump-action shotgun (Range 12/24/48, Damage 1–3d6, RoF 1).

- **Thug (1):** With shotgun as above, from *Deadlands Noir*.

- **Hydes (3):** From *Deadlands Noir*.

Either in a whispered monologue before the fight, or in the ruins of the bar afterward, Talboy provides commentary:

"You've heard the rumors of red rum, right? The Jekyll juice? Well, there it is—these are Hydes. Keep it under your hats, if you don't mind. It's patent science the big guns got onto a couple years back, found it in some old book, they say. They normally just use it on each other, hijackings and hits. They keep it quiet, keep it theirs—don't want anyone smaller juicing up. Capone don't want it known that he and Bugs are messing with the p.s. on the side. Bad for business—what's in the beer, eh? This, though, either he's okay with screwing Jimmy hard or these boys are mixing and matching [significant nostril sniff] and got a little excited. God knows how I'm going to downplay this. Carson hates freakshow stories."

During the fracas, Compton leaps on the back of one of the Hydes, grabbing the monster's suit jacket. During the one round it takes the Hyde to hurl Compton across the room, a hero can get an opportunistic shot or punch in.

 **Arthur Compton:** Patent Scientist; raise Smarts and Knowledge (Science) to d12+1, and Notice to d8; raise Strength to d6 and add Fighting d4.

After the fight, Compton answers any questions distractedly, slipping a flask into his coat pocket.

PART THREE: SO LONG, VAMPIRE

By great good luck (or an anonymous tip-off from the Moran gang making trouble for Capone) our heroes are on the scene right after (or right before) the cops show up to the Holy Nativity of the Lord Romanian Orthodox Church at 5825 N. Mozart. The pocket-sized churchyard has been ransacked: crypts split open, coffins broken, even graves dug up. Five bodies were desecrated: two missing their hands, two their heads, and one (Anna Lupescu) lost her heart. All the candles are missing from the opened crypts. There's also a new body in the graveyard: Streetwise (at -1) recognizes Capone soldier Terry "Buster" Busse. (The cops and the papers identify the body later that day if the characters don't.) His mother wouldn't, though: his throat has been torn out.

Busse's body lies in one corner of the Coanu mausoleum, an empty revolver clutched in his hand. A coffin lies on the floor, toppled off its plinth and

smashed open. The body in the coffin (Magda Coanu, a small woman) is badly damaged by the fall. A steel tube, looking like a piece of bed frame sharpened with a hacksaw, lies near her body. Against the wall is a smashed piece of machinery labeled "Radionic Neuro-Pathometer • Pathometric Laboratories, Inc. • Chicago, Ill."

Notice uncovers the following details:

- There is almost no blood anywhere near Busse. The steel tube, however, has dried blood congealed on its tip and inside it.
- Only three of the bullets from Busse's gun hit anything in the mausoleum. The others cannot be accounted for.
- Busse has a matchbook in his pocket from the Cocoa Club on State & 79th.
- Tire tracks in the churchyard belong to a Ford truck with a bald tire.
- Lockpicking (or Notice at -2) finds that Magda Coanu's coffin had been opened once before, and hastily resealed.
- Finally, a half-eaten meat pie (sausage, garlic, peppers) got dropped near the gate of the cemetery.

Weird Science or Repair (at -2) indicates the neuro-pathometer has been further modified after purchase. Weird Science can further deduce the new function of the device after some fiddling: it detects and measures spiritual energy, like a Geiger counter does radioactivity.

Hitting the Books establishes some suggestive details about the tenants of the violated graves: Anna Lupescu died of a "sudden illness" (often code for suicide in news reports, especially for families worried about being able to bury their dead in consecrated ground), the two women whose hands were taken were Spiritualist mediums, one head belonged to a priest well-known for exorcisms, and one belonged to a cab driver who was, however, a professor of "metaphysical philosophy" at Buda-Pest University until he immigrated in 1887. (Space these revelations out over the course of the adventure, if there's time.) Nothing of the kind seems to apply to Magda Coanu.

THE THING IN THE CRYPT

So what happened? Capone sent four soldiers led by Bernardo "Mangia" Rusticello to a churchyard on the North Side to send a signal to Moran. Their mission: dig up powerful necromantic materials for Prugna's red rum experiments. Using the neuro-pathometer, they found the body parts with the strongest signatures—and accidentally found the necromantically "radioactive"

GARLIC BULLETS

In our history, 1920s gangsters actually rubbed garlic on their bullets for important hits, likely because of a World War I soldiers' legend that garlic caused infected wounds. For example, Frankie Yale shot Big Jim Colosimo with garlic bullets, leaving behind a note saying "So long, vampire." When Bugs Moran and Hymie Weiss hit Johnny Torrio in 1925, they used garlic bullets—and a panicked Torrio knew it, and begged the doctors to sterilize his wounds.

In the Weird world of *Deadlands Noir*, Moran has taken this precaution to a new level. His armorer Valentine Juch builds special hollow-point rounds full of garlic oil. They still don't do anything special to normal targets but against creatures vulnerable to garlic, such as the vampires in this campaign, they do their normal damage *and* automatically cause the creature a Fatigue level. Garlic bullets cannot cause a greater result than Exhausted, no matter how many times a creature is shot with them.

Whether the characters know the "garlic bullets" legend is up to the Marshal, but anyone who served on the Italian Front in the Great War should be able to roll Common Knowledge at least. (Other veterans could roll with a -1 or -2 modifier.) It might also occur to a character who was paying attention during the Torrio hit; allow a similar Common Knowledge roll, or a Streetwise roll to "have heard it around" before now. Getting garlic bullets from Moran or Juch is left up to the players as an exercise.

body of a vampire, staked and put in Magda Coanu's coffin a few months back by the Varatic sisters (see page 28). Busse's clumsy destruction of the coffin dislodged the bed-frame "stake" in its chest, and it came up hungry and angry. The vampire killed Busse, but (perhaps dissuaded from attacking by the garlic stench of Rusticello's snack) agreed to accompany the survivors back to Prugna's lab on the South Side. If Capone and Prugna can gain the vampire's cooperation, this could break their quest for necromantic black rum wide open.

PRUGNA'S LAIR

Shamuses can find Prugna's laboratory in any number of ways:

- With access to police files, a successful Investigate check turns up Rusticello's name: owner of a Ford truck, famous glutton, known associate of Busse. Then, contacts in the police force (Streetwise) can eventually find him and tip the heroes to shadow him back to Prugna's lab.
- Legwork rumor-hunting among the Capone-run whores of the South Side (especially at the Cocoa Club: +2 to tests here on this topic) hears they're even more reluctant than usual to go for a ride with "Mangia." The client he normally brings girls to is wrinkly and horrible enough already, and the place is a dump; now, girls have stopped coming back from such trips. "What place? Why, sweetheart, you just have to ask nice..."
- Asking Compton for a favor (Persuasion), paying J.W. Wigelsworth a substantial fee, or a successful Weird Science and Repair by a patent scientist in the group gets the neuro-pathometer repaired enough to be capable of detecting the precise frequency it last registered: that of the vampire. Driving around the South Side with it pinging and buzzing away eventually points to Prugna's lab, whereupon it promptly melts down and burns out from the overload.
- If the gumshoes go to Busse's over-the-top gangland funeral, they see a man eating a meat pie (with the same smell as before) during the ceremony. That's got to be our boy! Following him back to the lab isn't easy, but with patience anything is possible. (Does Busse rise as a vampire? Did Capone know enough to stake the body? Up to you, Marshal. But if he does rise, he heads back to Prugna's lab on his own.)

However the party picks it up, the trail leads to a large abandoned brewery at 85th & Stony Island, deep in Capone turf on the far South Side. A nearby all-night diner struggles along without the factory hands; low

profile heroes can lurk here and watch the gates. If they're good tipsters, the owner won't mention them to anyone.

A high fence surrounds the brewery, and a successful Notice or Repair check can tell it's electrified. Observation overnight notes at least three guards at all times, plus an unknown number inside. After the incident at Jimmy's, it's a sure bet that at least some of the goons both inside and outside are possible Hydes.

- **Vampire, Young:** See *Savage Worlds*.
- **Mafia Soldiers (one per hero, at least):** See *Deadlands Noir*. Each carries a single shot of dannerjack.
- **Thugs (one per hero):** See *Deadlands Noir*.

Trucks come and go, among them Rusticello's Ford. At least once, if the heroes watch for 48 hours, they see a car with a girl in it arrive, which leaves with her body in the trunk.

The compound is too well-defended for a frontal attack. A targeted hit on one figure (Prugna or the vampire) might be possible—lure out or outwait the victim and strike from the nearby shadows, then hop in a waiting flivver and skate, killing off any pursuers in an ambush. How the heroes decide to deal with the problem—which might include leaving the lab intact but spotted—is up to them.

LORENZO "THE FACE" PRUGNA

A brilliant chemical engineer, Lorenzo Prugna fell into Capone's control thanks to his desperate craving for female companionship, which Capone could supply. He is not an attractive man. His long face, beneath dirty blond hair greased to both sides, is jowly and loose where it isn't stretched. He murmurs to himself in French but speaks Italian to the gangsters around him. He doesn't take red rum himself: he values his mind too much to abandon it for mere physical power.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d10, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d8, Driving d6, Fighting d10, Intimidation d10, Investigation d6, Knowledge (Chemistry, Engineering) d10, Knowledge (French, German, Italian) d8, Notice d8, Repair d10, Shooting d8, Stealth d10, Streetwise d8, Taunt d8, Throwing d10, Weird Science d12

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Bad Eyes, Delusion ("I am attractive"), Ugly, Vengeful

Edges: Arcane Background (Patent Science), Gadgeteer, Hard to Kill, Improved Trademark Weapon (Whip), Level Headed, Luck, New Power, Power Points

Gear: Stash of chemicals, gas bombs, whip (Str+d4, Parry -1, Reach +2; a raise on the attack roll causes the victim to suffer -2 Parry until his next action instead of the usual extra d6 damage), weird crimson suit.

Powers: Bulletproof suit (*armor*), gas bomb (*stun*), smoke bomb (*obscure*); **Power Points:** 20

PART FOUR: A KIND WORD AND A GUN

Assuming they impressed him during *Welcome to Jimmy's*, Arthur Compton calls one of the heroes up:

"Look, I don't want to be a problem for you, but I'm in kind of a jam, and you and your pals seemed like you knew what you were doing at that fracas in Jimmy's. More than I did, anyhow. I've had a... someone has... look, I can't talk about it on the phone. Meet me in the MSI in an hour."

When they arrive at the Museum of Science and Industry, they find their friend nervously pacing, but outwardly in control. He greets them with a glad handshake:

"Thank God you've come! Look, I can handle myself pretty well, but this is... well, it's not my line of country. I was up on Maxwell Street yesterday, shopping for some shirt collars and—I guess the term is, I was taken for a ride. Two guys came up behind me, strong-armed me into a black Packard, and I got driven around for a half hour while the scariest guy I've ever met just stared at me and talked about ghosts. 'I have seen a ghost a few times. I have made a few, too.' And then he offered me a job working for 'a certain concern on the North Side. Good pay. Life insurance included.' I told him I needed to think about it, and he said I'd better think hard. I didn't sleep a wink last night, and I called you as soon as I could."

If asked for a description, Compton describes a heavy-set man with a slight German accent who a character with a successful Streetwise check recognizes as Pete Gusenberg, a stone killer working for the Moran gang.

Perhaps an investigator asks about ghosts:

"Yes, ghosts. I think I told you that they might be connected to this new type of energy, right? Well, my first radionics experiments worked far better than I thought they would. I think something in this energy, it responds to study in a way that... well, I think I know why patent scientists get that way. I've got some controls, some emitters, just basic devices, but I thought I should work on neutralization first. I've sketched a radionic protonizer already. In theory it should annihilate or at

least repel those forces, at least for a while. But I don't know what else it does, or how it interacts with regular nuclear forces, or with people's souls, for that matter! I can't let a killer like this Gusenberg loose with this!"

Assuming at least one hero accompanies Compton back to his University lab in Ryerson Hall on the main quad (he asks if they don't offer), they discover a distressing sight. The lab is trashed; equipment smashed and glass broken, a weird ozone smell lingering in the air. Standing in the lab is "Machine Gun" Jack McGurn (see page 47), with a .45 Colt in his hand.

"Aww, Professor, I just heard about your accident here. While you were up on the North Side, I guess, something bad happened to your lab. Fortunately, my friend Mr. Capone believes in scientific progress. He'd be happy to replace everything here, better than new even, top-of-the-line stuff, blank check. And he'd be happy to pay for security, guards, alarms, to make sure nothing like this happens again. All on his dime. Like I said, he's a fan of science. He'd love to talk to you about it—man to man, like. Give him a call, before you have a worse accident while you're working here. This stuff, it ain't reliable. Not like Mr. Capone."

McGurn ignores the investigators during this little speech. Then he walks out. If the heroes block the door, he shoots one of them in the face and makes a run for it.

BETWEEN A ROCK AND A SCARFACE

Fixing this may be out of the heroes' depth: both Moran and Capone want Compton, and they obviously don't care who knows it. It's up to the players how they respond: if they leave it up to the two gangsters to shoot it out, there is an unholy brawl featuring Hydes, Tommy guns, and maybe a vampire (if the heroes didn't take it out earlier) on the University campus either that night or the next.

Possible solutions include:

- Faking Compton's death, or sneaking him off to some bolt-hole. Requires absolute security; both Capone and Moran have big rewards up for his "safe return," and the Police Department treat Compton's disappearance as a kidnapping.
- Involving the Feds somehow: If the heroes have contacts in the Agency, they can help smuggle Compton to a secret lab somewhere. This requires an escort to Union Station, and maybe a gunfight, but it will at least solve the problem. (Turning Compton over to the Confederacy or Deseret won't have Compton's cooperation: he's a Union patriot.)

- Convincing the two gangsters to declare Compton neutral turf: He promises to help neither side as long as he's left alone. This will take more than a Persuasion test; the heroes will need serious leverage on both Moran and Capone. If they saved the mayor's life in *Fear Death by Firewater*, this might help.

PART FIVE: DEATH IN A LOVE NEST!

The headlines are dramatic:

COUNTY ASSESSOR KILLS SELF IN LOVE NEST

Assistant County Assessor Eldred Wringer, aged 47, was found dead in a single-room rental apartment above the Mountain of Venus burlesque theater on North Clark Street. The cause of death was a single gunshot to the head, and Detective Paul Malone of the Chicago Police called it a "classic suicide." Det. Malone opined further that he "didn't expect the coroner to take more than ten minutes to bring in a verdict on the case." No note or paper was found in the room, according to police sources, but off the record they assured this reporter that the motive could be easily guessed given the unorthodox clientele of the establishment.

The beautiful young brunette woman in black who approaches an investigator (ideally a P.I. or similar do-gooder type) introduces herself as Helena Wringer, and she has a different story:

"My father didn't kill himself, Mr. He was murdered in that horrible place, and I want you to find out who did it and why. I don't have to tell a man of the world like yourself that my father supplemented his salary on occasion: in other words, price is no object. Any... price."

If the shamus didn't know better, he'd swear the bereaved girl is coming on to him. If he responds, she encourages him without going utterly overboard. She leaves a telephone number and a lingering memory of long legs, dark curls, and French perfume.

The heroes can't help but do a better job of investigating the case than the police—the cops have closed the case already. Police contacts, if any, provide the crime scene report, which is sketchy at best, and advise the heroes to drop the case. "Another cold wind from the north, get me?" Any sensible approach the gumshoes try bears fruit.

Tracing the gun (a Spanish-made 9mm Astra Mod 400) by its serial number (Hitting the Books at -2) leads to Peter Von Frantzius' establishment (see page

20). After three successes with Patter (Taunt at -2) he shows records indicating that gun was purchased by "E. Wringer" the day before his death, with cash. A sharp-eyed shamus notices that the page in the journal is suspiciously blank on the reverse side, implying a tipped-in fake.

Asking around the burlesque parlor (Legwork) results in a girl, Rosa Bendix, giving her description of the two men who went upstairs just before she heard a gunshot: one "had muscles splitting his coat, looked like a caveman" and one "was a good-looking guy, maybe a little heavy, but dark and handsome for sure." (Shown a picture of Peter Gusenberg, she'll identify him.) If the heroes come back to the Mountain of Venus, though, Rosa "skipped out right after collecting her pay."

Going to the Assessor's Office, a suitably polite inquiry (Patter, three or more successes; Intimidation and Taunt at -4; attempts at +2 with a \$10 bribe) gets Wringer's secretary to talk about his last week:

"No, if anything, he was excited and happy. He finally stopped burying himself in those old files and started going out in the afternoon and coming in late in the mornings. Did him a world of good, I say. Bought me flowers, even! That's right, he did make a couple of phone calls before he... well, before. Well, I shouldn't say, but he's not going to fire me for telling tales now, is he? He said 'I found a parcel for the Irish, and I could tell you where. You know, for a similar consideration.' Then he saw the door was open and closed it. Not like I listen in, but there's absolutely nothing else to do here most afternoons. I could probably take off this afternoon myself, if you knew a place..."

Looking in the files is useless: the county property files are badly disorganized, purposefully obscure, and guarded by an army of lazy civil servants. Finding which file Wringer was researching is a dead end, unless they can Persuade a clerk to help them. Even so, they don't get much: all he remembers is that Wringer spent at least some time looking in North Side property files from the 1870s.

WHAT'S REALLY GOING ON

Moran paid Wringer to get him the deed of the Black Line Stop, and to get the name of the property's current owner, a broker named Salmon Porter. Moran muscled Porter into selling him the property and set his own accountant, Adam Heyer, up as owner and manager of the warehouse on the site. Wringer, meanwhile, threatened to tell Capone about the deal if Moran didn't pay him more money—and learned what happens when you try to extort Bugs Moran. Unfortunately, before he learned that salient fact, he

had called a Capone fixer to make his offer, so Capone knows something is up.

That's why Capone got one of his higher-class girls to impersonate Helena Wringer and hire some diversions to smoke out Moran's plan. He also put a tail on the heroes, for insurance.

COMPLICATIONS

That tail is Capone's soldier Paolo "Rosso" Legge. He's making sure the investigators don't do anything underhanded to their "client," and he's ready to move in if it looks like they find Wringer's secret. Confronting him leads to a fight or a chase, depending on how the heroes do it.

Helena Wringer calls her hero, or visits him if he played up to her. She dangles herself before him and pumps him for details on the case. However, if the heroes go to Wringer's house, they might notice a picture of his daughter: she looks nothing like their client! Following "Helena" leads nowhere, but if they can contrive to eavesdrop on her calls (Stealth, or perhaps some less decorous method of tailing her) they hear her talking to "Jack" about the case.

The gumshoes can find Peter Gusenberg without too much trouble: he's a regular at the Rendezvous Café, along with most of Moran's soldiers. If they play it cool, nobody at the club starts any trouble: it's not that kind of place. A well-handled Persuasion test (or a really well-played test of Taunt) and 3 successes with Patter can even get the heroes accepted as peers for the night: fellow tough guys who know what's what. Over a brandy and soda, Gusenberg confirms the hit: it's good policy to unofficially let people know that double-crossing Moran is bad policy. As our heroes buy more rounds Moran soldiers start bragging that "things are sure going to change. A fall is coming for the Romans, y'know?" "There will be dannerjack by the barrel, and better than this sad poteen." Perhaps some thugs reminisce about shaking down "that pinch-face broker wight," describing him "signing over the deed with his bad hand—'tis his good hand now, of course."

If the heroes remain on good terms with the Morans all night, Simon Ward, bartender at the Rendezvous Café, will finger Legge for them, or (if they bring up Helena) say that he thought Helena Wringer was at college in Pennsylvania. "That's what I heard, anyhow, when her dad was in here meeting Bugs. He needed money for her tuition, he said."

This adventure probably ends on something of an anticlimax: Wringer turned the location over to Moran, and that is apparently that. Tossing his house and office don't turn up anything except evidence of sudden illicit wealth: Capone already had a top burglar in and out

of both places, anyway. If confronted, both Legge and “Helena” simply shrug and leave: they’re protected by Capone, and the heroes can’t do anything to them.

With Legwork or Connections they can find out that a broker named Salmon Porter broke his hand “playing racquetball” two weeks ago and left for his house in Michigan. And they can start a long process of investigation looking for a certified bill of sale in Porter’s name—but Wringer filed it under two other white-shoe law firms’ names.

The sleuths *can* bring heat on Moran for the killing by turning their evidence over to a good reporter like David Talboy—the cops have to reopen the investigation with that kind of publicity.

But if the heroes do that, they aren’t going to get any more free drinks at the Rendezvous Café.

PAOLO “ROSSO” LEGGE

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Driving d6, Fighting d8, Gambling d6, Intimidation d10, Investigation d6, Knowledge (Stregheria) d8, Notice d6, Shooting d8, Spellcasting d8, Stealth d8, Streetwise d8, Taunt d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Cautious, Enemy (North Side Gang), Vow (Support Capone and the Outfit), Wanted (Minor)

Edges: Arcane Background (Black Magic), Connections (Capone Outfit), Improved Extraction, No Mercy, Power Points

Powers: Ointment (*fly*), evil eye (*confusion*); **Power Points:** 15.

Gear: .32 automatic (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6–1, RoF 1), necromantic relics and unguents, 6 oz flask of darkshine, hand of glory.

Special Abilities:

- **Hand of Glory:** In Legge’s pocket is a dead woman’s hand, treated alchemically by Prugna. (It’s one of the hands from the Romanian graveyard on page 37.) Legge can use it to cast *slumber* (using his Spellcasting), or open any lock once every 24 hours).

PETER “GOOSEY” GUSENBERG

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d10

Skills: Driving d8, Fighting d8, Gambling d6, Intimidation d10, Investigation d6, Notice d6, Shooting d10, Stealth d8, Streetwise d10, Taunt d6, Throwing d6

Charisma: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 7

Hindrances: Enemy (Capone Outfit), Habit (Minor, red rum), Loyal, Vengeful, Vow (Support North Side Gang), Wanted (Minor)

Edges: Attractive, Connections (North Side Gang), First Strike, Hitman, Improved Nerves of Steel, No Mercy

Gear: Tommy gun or shotgun, .38 revolver, 4 oz flask of dannerjack.

PART SIX: THE ST. WALPURGIS’ NIGHT MASSACRE

Remember Rosa Bendix from Part Five? Because she sure remembers the heroes. Or at least she remembers the one who asked her all those questions at the Mountain of Venus, and got her in so much trouble. She shows up on his doorstep in the rain at night, soaking wet. As she wrings out her hair and shift on his floor, she says:

“Look, I got nobody else to go to. They killed Eldred, and I didn’t mind too much because he was a pig like all of them even though he always paid in advance and tipped real nice that last couple weeks. I ain’t connected like he was, and it didn’t do him no good either. He saw that hood on the street coming in the day before, he gave me this to hold for him in case. Now they seen me talking to you, so I figure you, smart guy, get to decide what to do with it. I hope that’s a gun in your pocket, mister, ‘cause you’re gonna need it now.”

With that, she hands over an envelope. Inside is a copy of an 1889 deed of sale for a plot of land at 941 North Clark Street; sold by the Belmont Traction Company to Salmon Porter. A helpful note in Wringer’s handwriting explains that the Belmont Traction Company had bought the assets of the Kenosha & Evanston Railway in 1869 after the disastrous commuter train crash on that line. It further explains that in 1909 the streets were renumbered: that tract is now 2122 North Clark.

PAPER CHASE

Starting now, the adventure becomes a special kind of Chase. Rosa is only 1d6 hours ahead of the Moran and Capone gangs hunting her: two crews headed by Peter Gusenberg and Jack McGurn respectively. Each crew has a core of soldiers and an endless supply of thugs: Gusenberg and McGurn can “refill” thugs up to the number of player characters in an hour with a Streetwise check. (Twice that number on a raise.)

She (and soon enough the heroes) are also targets of the Chicago Police Department, which wants its cut of the reward offered by the two gang lords. Every cop in the city is out looking for them. (The cops can call reinforcements: 2d6 Police Officers respond to a phone call in 2d10 minutes.)

Use the rules for an Extended Chase (see **Chases** in *Savage Worlds*) but each round is 1d12 hours. The “maneuvering Trait” for the runners is Stealth. For their pursuers, it’s Streetwise. The cops (Streetwise d8) have a +2 “speed” advantage representing their network of radio cars and dispatchers. If the heroes stay out of sight for more than six rounds, use Capone and Moran’s Streetwise (at -1) instead of McGurn or Gusenberg’s. While the heroes have the advantage, they can do other things besides run: ambush a pursuer, Investigation, call in favors, or what-have-you. The Marshal can decide if these things attract enough attention to subtract from their next round’s Stealth test.

 **Peter Gusenberg:** See page 40.

- **North Side Soldiers (1 per hero):** Mafia Soldiers from *Deadlands Noir*. Each carries a single shot of dannerjack.

- **North Side Thugs (see above):** Thugs from *Deadlands Noir*.

 **Jack McGurn:** See page 47.

- **Outfit Soldiers (1 per hero):** Mafia Soldiers from *Deadlands Noir*. Each carries a single shot of dannerjack.

- **Outfit Thugs (see above):** Thugs from *Deadlands Noir*.

- **Chicago Police (1d4+1; add 2d6 reinforcements):** Police Detective (Wild Card) and 1d4 Police Officers from *Deadlands Noir*.

- **Rosa Bendix:** Citizen from *Deadlands Noir*, with Persuasion d8, Streetwise d8, and the Attractive Edge.

If the cops catch the heroes, they take them to the nearest precinct house, jail them, and start negotiating to sell them to the highest bidder (Moran if the cops are on the North Side, the Capone Outfit anywhere else).

If McGurn catches the heroes, he threatens to shoot Rosa unless they reveal where the Black Line site is. If they let the girl be killed, McGurn then threatens to shoot a member of the team, stopping only when he either has the information he wants or has only two heroes left to torture for it.

If Gusenberg catches the heroes, he destroys the deed and note, and takes them to the SMC Cartage Company building (see below) to be killed and recycled into Chicago cocktails.

If the party comes up with a good way to get out of town unnoticed (no trains, buses, or aircraft!) they can stash Rosa and themselves somewhere—but the clock re-starts if they show their faces back in Chicago.

No matter who catches the heroes, word gets out. The other gang attacks the spot where they’re held (or being transferred, if the cops turn them over) in a full-

ABOUT THAT SITE

2122 North Clark is the home of the SMC Cartage Company, an undistinguished truck garage and warehouse. Trucks and cars go in and out at all hours. Streetwise lets the heroes know it’s Moran turf; on a raise, they find out it’s run by Moran accountant Adam Heyer.

Although it’s unlikely the heroes have a chance for much record-sifting, Investigation (likely in the morgue of the *Chicago Tribune* or *Daily Journal*) turns up news of the crash in 1869. A Kenosha & Evanston train jumped the tracks and plowed into a streetcar on Clark Street, killing 44 people (including both drivers) in Chicago’s worst ever rail disaster. Reports over the next 10 years (including, of all things, a tour guide to the Union published by the *Tombstone Epitaph* in 1877) mention strange “press gangs” kidnapping young men in the area. A raise on the Investigation test turns up one ghost story about Clark Street in the *Daily News* morgue as a Halloween feature (from October 22, 1878) that says “there are many more such, common among the Irish tale-spinners here.”

If the players don’t make the connection with the Black Line stop by themselves, Rosa can feed the ghost lead to the investigators: “When I asked him where he got so much money all of a sudden, he’d look cagy and say ‘It grows out of the ground, where the ghosts do, lamb.’” Or one of the Capone torpedoes chasing them can say something like: “Just tell us where the ghosts are, pal, and you don’t have to join ‘em.”

Hitting the Books in a good occult library such as the Newberry (see page 19), the closed G.A.R. stacks (see Chicago Public Library, page 14), or the library of the William T. Stead Memorial Center (see page 20) uncovers a number of ghost sightings in the area, and one 1896 book recounting the “Black Line” legend specifically names the Clark Street site and the South Side site of the Grand Crossing crash (now 75th & South Chicago; the 1853 collision killed 18 German immigrants) as its “two termini.”



on hit: five or six sedans full of gun-toting thugs, all with Tommy guns, plus 2d4 Hydes or black magicians. In this mayhem lies the best, perhaps only, chance to escape the characters have.

TURN AND FACE THE WALL

The “optimal” solution to the situation is this: the heroes contact Arthur Compton, who just happens to have a working model of his radionic protonizer. They take the gizmo to the SMC Cartage Company building and set it off, explosively evaporating all the ghost rock-infused alcohol on site and exorcising the Black Line Stop forever, which makes the secret they hold valueless. If they can do it completely secretly, they might even get by without Moran’s eternal enmity—and if they show their hand, Capone decides he owes them a favor. But players are weird savants: they may come up with any number of possibilities. Try and roll with whatever they decide as a strategy.

Should their strategy, or its failure, take them to the SMC Cartage Company, here’s the skinny. The building is 120’ long by 25’ wide. The narrow side faces onto Clark Street (the front door) with the truck entrance on the alley in back. There are buildings on either side, both three stories taller than the two-story SMC building, which has a high false front (that would make a dandy parapet). Inside the building, from east to west: a narrow office area with a narrow staircase

up on the north wall, a large garage holding four trucks and three cars (and a smattering of thugs), and a storage room and washroom on the north wall by the alley. There are two Moran soldiers in a car across the street at all times, ready with a horn-tap alert. During the day, Adam Heyer is in the office.

 **Adam Heyer:** Use Mafia Capo from *Deadlands Noir*; add Knowledge (Accounting) d10.

 **Moran Lookouts (2):** Use Mafia Soldiers from *Deadlands Noir*; add Notice d8.

• **Moran Thugs (2d4):** Use Thugs from *Deadlands Noir*

The garage has two trap doors leading down, each always guarded by a thug, and a hidden trap door (Notice at -2) leading up. In the upper floor that trap door leads to a hidden chamber full of red rum in bottles and casks, with human body parts of various sorts macerating in the liquor. The main staircase leads to a shooter’s nest and a large alchemical library, including the original manuscript of the *Memphis Formulary*. In the basement of the garage—which has been extended under both neighboring buildings—is a large alchemical workshop centered on a large stone pit in the floor. Tubes and barrels and metal cylinders line one wall, drawing up fluid from the pool of weird glowing liquid in the pit. Ghosts hover around, appearing in the sparks and smoke given off by various

weird electrical equipment. They seem trapped by the glow in the pit. The floor has been broken up to reveal train tracks embedded in the foundation; the sound of train engines is faintly audible.

In the lab are Danner, two junior patent scientists, one necromancer, and a brace of thug assistants.

 **Necromancer:** Use Bokkor from *Deadlands Noir*; add Streetwise d8, and a pump-action shotgun (Range 12/24/48, Damage 1–3d6, RoF 1).

 **Patent Scientists (2):** Use Patent Scientists from *Deadlands Noir*.

- **Thugs (1d4):** Use Thugs from *Deadlands Noir*.

If the heroes strike before the Morans find them, there is only one potential Hyde on site—the others are all out chasing them! If the Morans bring the investigators back to the warehouse, or if some other alert is sounded, the guard situation increases considerably, of course.

SHADRACH DANNER

Estranged from his equally brilliant brother Abednego (who moved to Colorado in the 1890s), Shadrach Danner has long sought to harness the power of spectral energy in order to become the Nietzschean superman and transcend death. In need of funds for his research, Danner fell in with Dean O'Banion in 1920. Danner appears to be around 30 years old (although he's closer to 60), powerfully built, with a slick of dark black hair: not your typical "mad scientist." However, he does fit the stereotype in other ways: a consummate psychopath, he barely believes the rest of the world exists, much less that he owes it anything. His allegiance to Moran is purely pragmatic: he needs money and facilities. For now. While working for Moran, he has developed a number of devices he keeps to himself.

**"WHEN I SELL LIQUOR, IT'S CALLED
BOOTLEGGING; WHEN MY PATRONS SERVE
IT ON LAKE SHORE DRIVE, IT'S CALLED
HOSPITALITY."**

— Al Capone
"Businessman"

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d12, Spirit d8, Strength d10, Vigor d10

Skills: Driving d6, Fighting d8, Intimidation d8, Investigation d10, Knowledge (Alchemy, Physics) d10, Knowledge (Italian, Polish, Spanish) d8, Notice d10, Repair d10, Shooting d6, Stealth d8, Streetwise d8, Taunt d8, Throwing d8, Weird Science d12

Charisma: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 7

Hindrances: Arrogant, Curious, Vengeful

Edges: Arcane Background (Patent Science), Attractive, Combat Reflexes, Connections (North Side Gang), Harder to Kill, Improved Dodge, Level Headed, Luck, New Power, Power Points, Quick

Gear: Tools and calipers, .38 pistol, sealed canister full of ghost rock.

Powers: Ghost belt (*intangibility*), magnetic clothing (*deflection, wall walker*), radionic inducer (*telekinesis*); Power Points: 20

**"DOUBTS RACED THROUGH MY MIND AS I
CONSIDERED THE FEASIBILITY OF ENFORCING
A LAW WHICH THE MAJORITY OF HONEST
CITIZENS DIDN'T SEEM TO WANT. "**

— Eliot Ness
Prohibition Agent

MEN AND MONSTERS OF CHICAGO

Here are profiles for some of Chicago's unique grotesques—both human, and less so.

Wild Cards are marked with a smoking .45, as seen to the left.

ROGUES' GALLERY

There are three million stories in the Windy City: here are five.

MAYOR EDIN BURKE

A big man who carries himself like a prizefighter and wears a beard to cover mysterious scars on his jaw, Mayor Burke fills any room with his presence even before he starts glad-handing in his incongruously beautiful tenor voice. His tailored suits and gold-topped cane are familiar sights in Canaryville, where he relaxes with a drink or six as often as the pressures of campaigning and running the city will let him.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d10, Vigor d8

Skills: Boating d6, Driving d6, Fighting d8, Gambling

d8, Intimidation d6, Investigation d8, Knowledge (Gaelic) d8, Persuasion d10, Shooting d6, Streetwise d6, Taunt d10

Charisma: +4; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Arrogant, Loyal, Stubborn

Edges: Brawler, Charismatic, Connections (Democratic Party), Connections (North Side Gang), Followers (bodyguards), Liquid Courage, Noble (Mayor).

Gear: Gold-topped walking stick, tailored suit, flask of whiskey.

AL CAPONE

Deceptively light on his feet for a short, 250-pound man, Capone dresses to the nines and keeps his expression open and friendly: a businessman, family man, and civic benefactor providing a public service. Until you cross him. Then you see the killer who had to leave Brooklyn after shooting a man six times in the face. Capone's famous cheek and jaw scars are visible under makeup; superb tailoring hides the one in his throat.

Yes, Frankie Yale's hood "Snorky" Capone died on that summer day in 1917, and "Scarface" was reborn Harrowed. The Reckoners saw some special cruelty in Capone's soul, and sent him back to bring War and Death to Chicago, beginning a plan that not even Capone knows all about.



MAYOR EDIN "BATTLIN" BURKE

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Strength d8, Vigor d10

Skills: Boating d8, Driving d6, Fighting d8, Gambling d6, Intimidation d12+2, Investigation d6, Knowledge (Accounting) d8, Knowledge (Bootlegging) d12, Knowledge (Italian) d8, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Shooting d6, Streetwise d12+2, Swimming d8, Taunt d8

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 7

Hindrances: Arrogant, Bloodthirsty, Enemy (North Side Gang), Major Habit (Cocaine), Vengeful, Wanted (Major)

Edges: Command, Connections (Chicago Establishment), Connections (Detroit Purple Gang), Connections (New York Mafia), Fervor, Filthy Rich, Followers (bodyguards), Harrowed, Hellfire, Luck, Master (Intimidation, Streetwise), Noble (*Capo di tutti capi*), No Mercy, Stitchin', Strong Willed

Gear: White Borsalino hat, blue pinstripe suit, .45 automatic pistol (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6, RoF 1), roll of \$50 cigars; armored Cadillac limousine with run-flat tires, bulletproof glass, and a police siren; 6 oz flask of dannerjack; and anything else he wants.

"MACHINE GUN" JACK MCGURN

A darkly good-looking man and natural athlete (a pro-quality golfer, among other things), Vincenzo Gibaldi decided to box professionally under the name "Jack McGurn," since Irish boxers got better bookings than Sicilian ones. After gangsters killed his father, McGurn shot them all, leaving nickels in their hands. This theatrical touch got him noticed by Capone, who recognized McGurn's potential as a torpedo. Right now, he's Capone's chief assassin, and a rival for second in command of the Outfit with enforcer Frank Nitti and accountant Jake "Greasy Thumb" Guzik.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d10

Skills: Climbing d6, Driving d8, Fighting d12, Gambling d6, Intimidation d8, Investigation d8, Notice d6, Shooting d10, Stealth d10, Streetwise d10, Taunt d8, Throwing d10

Charisma: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 10; **Toughness:** 7

Hindrances: Enemy (North Side Gang), Loyal, Quirk (puts a nickel in hands of his kills), Vengeful, Vow (Support Capone and the Outfit), Wanted (Minor)

Edges: Assassin, Attractive, Connections (Outfit), Danger Sense, First Strike, Improved Block,



Improved Martial
Artist, Nerves of Steel, No Mercy, Rich

Gear: Tommy gun, .38 revolver, golf bag and clubs.

GEORGE "BUGS" MORAN

Born Adelard Cunin in St. Paul, Minnesota, "Bugs" Moran got his name and his nickname in Clark Street's "Little Hell" where his temper and daring got him famous and imprisoned before he turned 21. Released in 1918, he became a safecracker and burglar, then went back to Joliet. Released again in 1923, he was now a full-fledged member of the North Side Gang, and somewhat less rash. Devoted to his wife, he projects an open-handed saloonkeeper image with no flash, and doesn't run brothels. With O'Banion and Weiss both dead after failed, high-profile hits on the Outfit, Moran plays a defensive game against Capone for now.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d8



ELIOT NESS

Skills: Climbing d6, Driving d6, Fighting d8, Gambling d6, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (Bootlegging) d12, Knowledge (French) d8, Lockpicking d8, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Shooting d6, Stealth d8, Streetwise d12+1

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Enemy (Capone Outfit), Loyal, Major Habit (Smoking), Wanted (Major)

Edges: Alertness, Brawler, Command, Common Bond, Connections (Chicago Establishment), Filthy Rich, Hard to Kill, Improved Nerves of Steel, Level Headed, Luck, Professional (Streetwise)

Gear: Decent suit, tan fedora, .45 automatic

ELIOT NESS

In 1927, the 24-year-old Ness, just graduated from the University of Chicago with degrees in business and criminology, is but one of the 300 Prohibition Bureau agents in Chicago. Slim, good-looking, and popular with the ladies, Ness studied jujitsu at college and pistol shooting with his brother-in-law, FBI agent Alexander Jamie. He's currently running the investigation of Joe Martino, a minor Sicilian capo in suburban Chicago Heights.

As the years go on, Ness' abilities improve in Investigation and Streetwise, among other things.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d10, Spirit d10, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Driving d8, Fighting d8, Intimidation d8, Investigation d8, Knowledge (Criminology, Economics, Law) d8, Notice d8, Persuasion d8, Shooting d8, Stealth d6, Streetwise d8, Taunt d4

Charisma: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Curious, Heroic, Loyal, Overconfident, Vow (Support Federal Law)

Edges: Attractive, Brave, Command, Common Bond, Connections (IRS, FBI, Treasury Dept.), Counterattack, Danger Sense, Elan, Investigator, Luck, Martial Artist, Nerves of Steel

Gear: Trenchcoat, badge, fedora, .38 revolver

BESTIARY

Some creatures embody Chicago too well to be left out of its story.

CRAWLIES

The crawlies are demonic fragments of malignity that smell despair and amplify fear. The flavor of despair they seek out is the despair of the serious alcoholic who cannot get a drink: they're the things you see during the "D.T.s." In their native form, the crawlies resemble dirty-pink, pudgy, four-fingered hands with a fifth tentacular pseudopod growing out of the "wrist." But when they smell the despair on a rummy who's suddenly dried up, they take the form of whatever small horror he most fears: rats, spiders, snakes, doll's heads. And then they terrify him—to death, if they have the time—and drink his misery.

Crawlies appear in a Swarm that cannot split.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d4, Spirit d12, Strength d8, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d10, Notice d8, Stealth d12

Pace: 10; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 7

Special Abilities:

- **Demon:** +2 to recover from being Shaken; Immune to poison and disease.
- **Ethereal:** The creature is immaterial and cannot be harmed by normal weapons. Magic and magical items affect it normally.
- **Invisible:** Crawlies are invisible to all but their victims. Attacks against an invisible target—assuming someone even knows the spirit is present—are made at -6.
- **Swarm:** Parry +2; Crawlies cover a Medium Burst Template and affect any susceptible alcoholic in eyeshot.
- **Terror:** Crawlies can look inside a drunkard's mind for his worst fear, forcing him to make a Fear check with a -4 modifier. Worse yet, a result of Panicked on the d20 roll becomes Paralyzed for 1d6 rounds.
- **Weakness (Alcohol):** The crawlies can only appear to those who have been drinking heavily (8 pints of beer or 8 shots of hard liquor in a day) but are not drinking at the moment. Drinkers who can score more hooch with ease don't radiate the kind of despair that attracts the crawlies in the first place.

 DEER WOMAN

Known to the Potawatomi Indians as Shkeshikwe, the Deer Woman exists to punish sexually promiscuous or voracious men. She appears to be a beautiful, even seductive woman with dark, liquid eyes and reddish-brown hair. She wears a long skirt (concealing her hooved feet) and approaches her target, attempting to get him alone. At which point, of course, she tramples him to death with her hooves.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d10, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d8, Persuasion d10, Stealth d8, Survival d8

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 6

Special Abilities:

- **Change Form:** As an action, a Deer Woman can automatically change into (or back out of) the form of a deer.
- **Fleet-Footed:** When running, Deer Woman rolls a d10 instead of a d6.
- **Hooves:** Str+d6
- **Very Attractive (Men Only):** The Deer Woman is very attractive to heterosexual men. Her Charisma is +4 against them.
- **Weakness (Revelation):** If a man sees her hooves before she attacks him, she must make a Spirit test at -2 or run away.

- **Weakness (Tobacco Smoke):** A Deer Woman can be kept at bay with sacred tobacco smoke. She must make a Spirit test to directly attack through a cloud of tobacco smoke. Against modern, processed tobacco, she makes that test at +2.

FIREBUGS

Firebugs look like giant cockroaches (about the size of cats) of a deep red color. Normally, they're warm to the touch, but if a swarm gets together they begin rubbing their shells against each other and striking sparks. Eventually, the firebugs are all aflame, and their racing around ignites buildings, cloth, paper, gasoline—pretty much anything flammable. Enough water will kill a firebug, but trying to hit one with a thrown bucketful is tricky as hell—these little buggers move.

The first firebugs in Chicago scuttled out of the timbers when Raven led the Potawatomi in the burning of Fort Dearborn in 1812; they've stuck around ever since, nestled into the city's kindling. The Great Fire of 1871, Iroquois Theater in 1903, Stockyards Fire in 1910, the race riot in 1919—Chicago is their kind of town.



Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d8, Stealth d10

Pace: 12; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 5

Special Abilities:

- **Burning Carapace:** Str+d6; chance of catching fire. If a firebug suffers a wound from any material except water, a Small Burst Template around it does catch fire, as its greasy, resinous carapace splashes or splinters.
- **Fearless:** Firebugs aren't smart enough to fear anything.
- **Invulnerability:** Firebugs are immune to fire, disease, and poison. They suffer 1d6 damage when doused in at least a gallon of water, +2 per additional gallon.
- **Skittery:** Firebugs skitter unpredictably away from threats; effectively, their Parry is 2 higher than normal.
- **Small:** Firebugs are the size of small cats, subtracting 2 from attacks against them.
- **Wall Walker:** Can walk on vertical surfaces and ceilings at Pace 8.

THE GRAY LADY

The Gray Lady is Chicago's incarnation of the drowner, a female spirit known variously around the world as La Llorona, Jenny Greenteeth, Potoplenitsiya, Haantje Pik, or (as the Potawatomi called her) Nambizhah. She drowned her children and died of grief, or was drowned by her own father, and now seeks to drown the children of others. She can be seen by the water weeping at her loss; or under the water reaching up with her claw-like fingers for those foolish enough to come too close.

The Gray Lady haunts the lakeshore on windy, cold days, the river on hot, still days, and the canals (and Wolf Lake on the far Southeast Side) always. After her feast when the *Eastland* went down, she is far too powerful to permanently exorcise.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d10, Notice d10, Stealth d12, Throwing d12

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 6

Special Abilities:

- **Anchor:** The Gray Lady may not move or appear more than 5" from a body of water.
- **Ethereal:** The creature is immaterial and cannot be harmed by normal weapons. Magic and magical items affect her normally.

- **Fearless:** The Gray Lady is immune to Fear and Intimidation.

- **Grab:** The Gray Lady grapples her foes; her subsequent crush does Str+d4 as her bony claws dig in. Victims often also drown, as she usually pulls her targets underwater; each failure to break her grapple while underwater also adds a Fatigue level for the victim.

- **Terror:** When the Gray Lady successfully grabs a victim, he must make a Fear check with a -2 modifier.

- **Undertow:** While underwater, the Gray Lady has Strength d10 and Fighting d10.

- **Weakness (Exorcism):** Exorcism dispels the Gray Lady until the next new moon.

TOMMYKNOCKERS

To the Guilfoyles, they're "Clerks," a corruption of *cluracans*, malign little folk who haunt cellars and wells in Ireland. To the Hearst papers on a slow news day, and to the hoboes who see them coming up from the sewers and coal tunnels, they're "morlocks," after the stunted cannibals in Mr. Wells' scientific romance. But to you, Marshal, they're good old tommyknockers.

The creatures appear as stunted humans wearing old, cast-off clothing. Their horrible teeth are filed to points. Most have splayed legs and bandy but very strong arms. Their eyes are wide and bulbous, and while they do not glow, they often catch and reflect stray beams of light in the darkness in which they live.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d10

Skills: Climbing d10, Fighting d6, Notice d10, Stealth d8, Tracking d8

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 6

Special Abilities:

- **Burrow:** Pace 4. Tommyknockers can burrow through stone and earth, leaving no trace of their passage.
- **Claws:** Str+d6
- **Fear -1:** Anyone spotting a tommyknocker must make a Fear check at -1.
- **Night Vision:** Tommyknockers can see in total darkness as if it were daylight.
- **Size -1:** Tommyknockers are slightly smaller than humans.
- **Weakness (Light):** Each round that a tommyknocker is exposed to light brighter than a torch or flashlight, it takes 2d6 damage. A tommyknocker killed in this fashion boils away to nothing, leaving only a putrid cloud of steam behind.

WEEPING WIDOW

When a woman witnesses the sudden, violent, or unnatural death of a member of her immediate family and dies soon thereafter without time to mourn properly, she may return as a Weeping Widow. When she returns, she possesses a woman, often one who has suffered a similar loss—between fires, gang shootings, and the minor disasters of poverty, Chicago has no shortage of such.

The possessed woman takes on the form of the Weeping Widow, appearing to be dressed in funeral garb from a previous date, almost always with a veil covering her face. Her veil is damp with the tears that streak her cheeks, and her gloves and handkerchief are soaked with them. She speaks and weeps in her host body's voice, ranging from quiet sobs to heart-rending wails.

During combat, the possessed woman shrieks at the top of her lungs, cursing the fate that took her husband or children. If the Widow defeats her opponents, she weeps over their bodies as if they were her own family until they, too, are dead. At which point she moves on to the next victim, spreading the grief and rage that empower her.

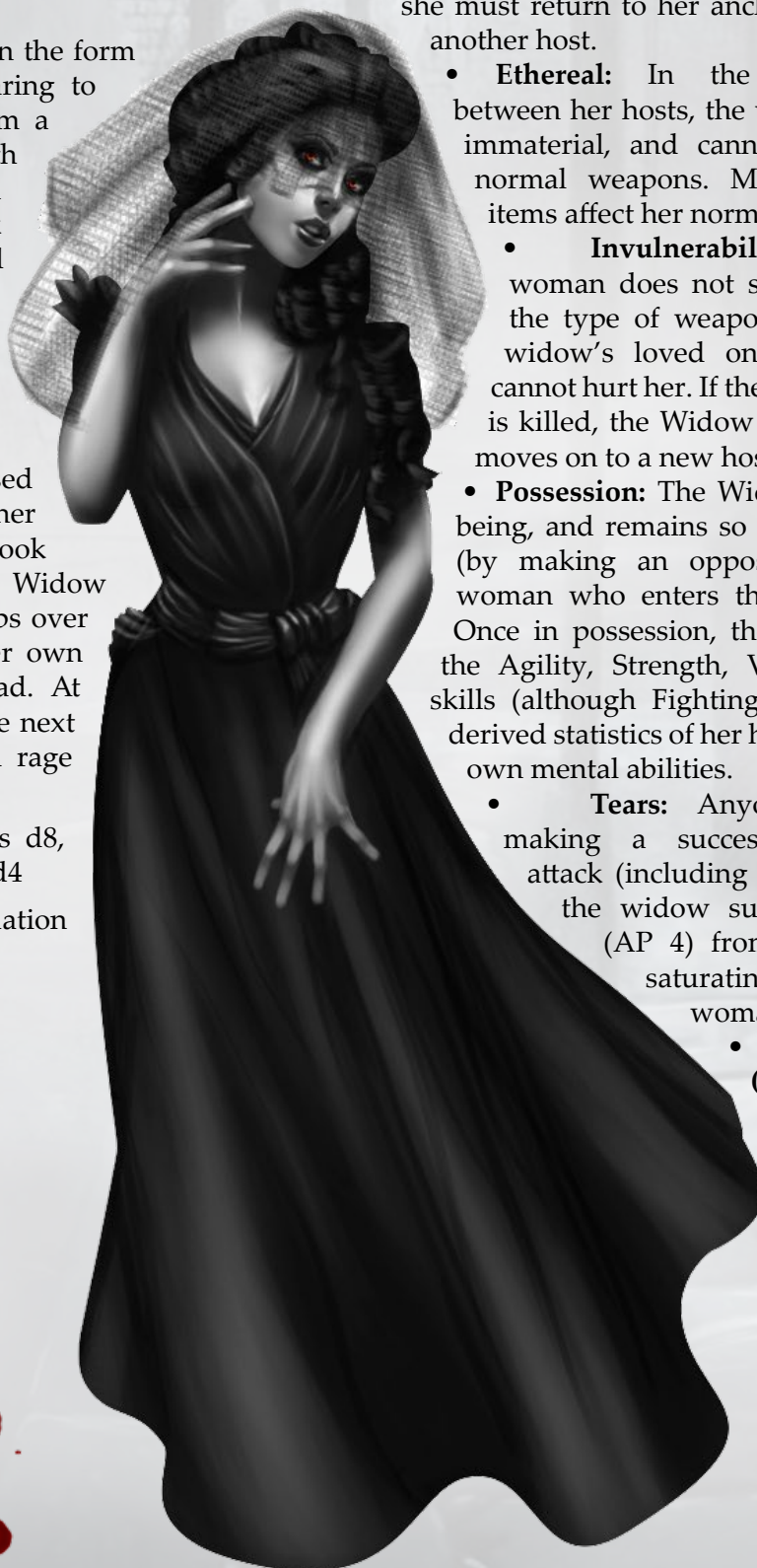
Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d12, Strength d4, Vigor d4

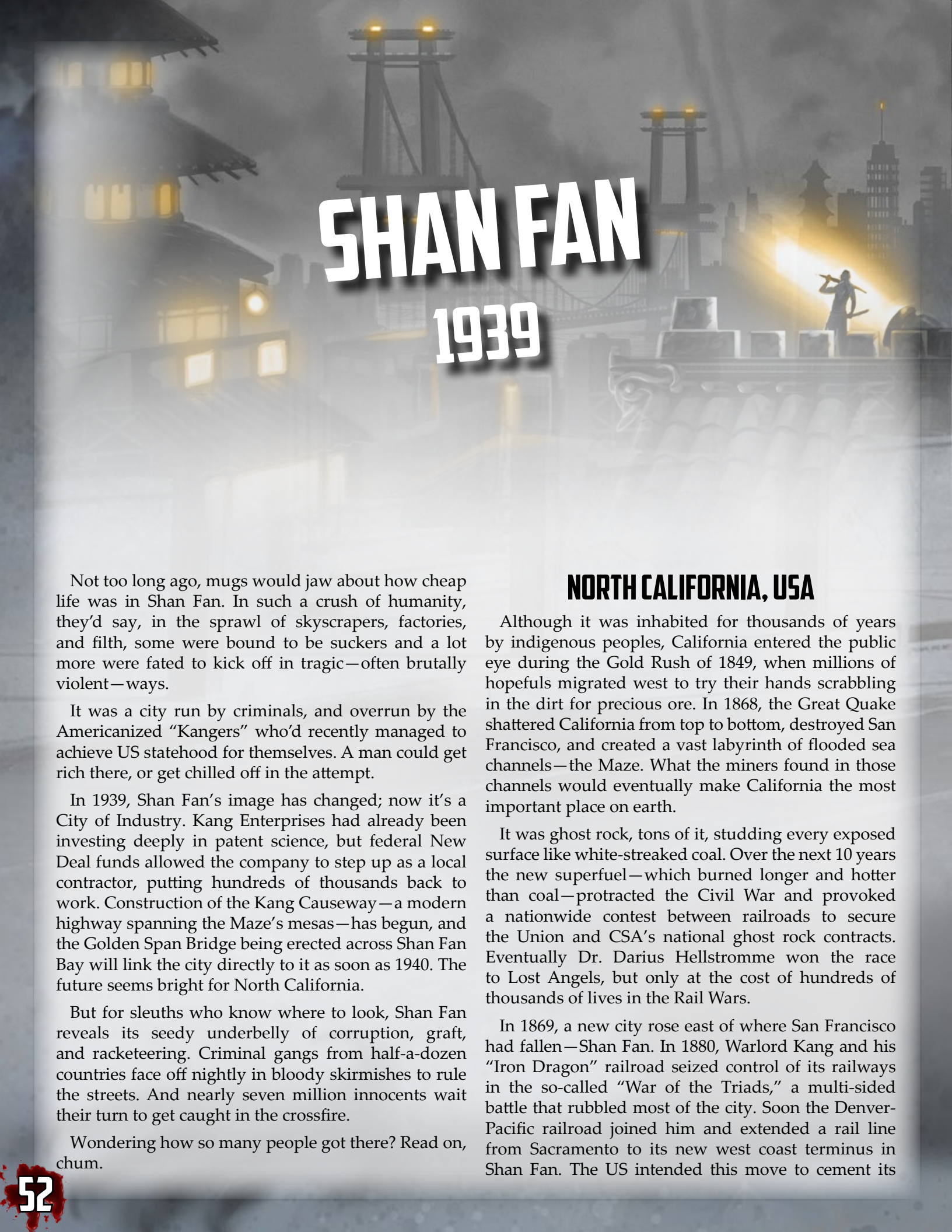
Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d12, Notice d4

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 4

Special Abilities:

- **Acid Touch:** Str+d10, AP 4. This is a touch attack, allowing the Weeping Widow to get +2 on her Fighting roll.
- **Anchor:** Weeping Widows cannot normally leave the area of the deaths they mourn or (in some cases) their own. Only once the Widow possesses another can she leave the locale, and if her host is killed, she must return to her anchor until she takes another host.
- **Ethereal:** In the brief moments between her hosts, the widow is invisible, immaterial, and cannot be harmed by normal weapons. Magic and magical items affect her normally.
- **Invulnerability:** The possessed woman does not suffer Fatigue, and the type of weapon used to kill the widow's loved ones (usually guns) cannot hurt her. If the possessed woman is killed, the Widow abandons her and moves on to a new host.
- **Possession:** The Widow is an ethereal being, and remains so unless it possesses (by making an opposed Spirit roll) a woman who enters the spirit's domain. Once in possession, the Widow assumes the Agility, Strength, Vigor, and related skills (although Fighting remains d8) and derived statistics of her host, but retains her own mental abilities.
- **Tears:** Anyone touching or making a successful bare-handed attack (including grappling) against the widow suffers 2d4 damage (AP 4) from the acidic tears saturating the possessed woman's clothing.
- **Weakness (Exorcism):** Exorcism banishes the Weeping Widow permanently.





SHAN FAN

1939

Not too long ago, mugs would jaw about how cheap life was in Shan Fan. In such a crush of humanity, they'd say, in the sprawl of skyscrapers, factories, and filth, some were bound to be suckers and a lot more were fated to kick off in tragic—often brutally violent—ways.

It was a city run by criminals, and overrun by the Americanized “Kangers” who'd recently managed to achieve US statehood for themselves. A man could get rich there, or get chilled off in the attempt.

In 1939, Shan Fan's image has changed; now it's a City of Industry. Kang Enterprises had already been investing deeply in patent science, but federal New Deal funds allowed the company to step up as a local contractor, putting hundreds of thousands back to work. Construction of the Kang Causeway—a modern highway spanning the Maze's mesas—has begun, and the Golden Span Bridge being erected across Shan Fan Bay will link the city directly to it as soon as 1940. The future seems bright for North California.

But for sleuths who know where to look, Shan Fan reveals its seedy underbelly of corruption, graft, and racketeering. Criminal gangs from half-a-dozen countries face off nightly in bloody skirmishes to rule the streets. And nearly seven million innocents wait their turn to get caught in the crossfire.

Wondering how so many people got there? Read on, chum.

NORTH CALIFORNIA, USA

Although it was inhabited for thousands of years by indigenous peoples, California entered the public eye during the Gold Rush of 1849, when millions of hopefuls migrated west to try their hands scrabbling in the dirt for precious ore. In 1868, the Great Quake shattered California from top to bottom, destroyed San Francisco, and created a vast labyrinth of flooded sea channels—the Maze. What the miners found in those channels would eventually make California the most important place on earth.

It was ghost rock, tons of it, studding every exposed surface like white-streaked coal. Over the next 10 years the new superfuel—which burned longer and hotter than coal—protracted the Civil War and provoked a nationwide contest between railroads to secure the Union and CSA's national ghost rock contracts. Eventually Dr. Darius Hellstromme won the race to Lost Angels, but only at the cost of hundreds of thousands of lives in the Rail Wars.

In 1869, a new city rose east of where San Francisco had fallen—Shan Fan. In 1880, Warlord Kang and his “Iron Dragon” railroad seized control of its railways in the so-called “War of the Triads,” a multi-sided battle that rubbed most of the city. Soon the Denver-Pacific railroad joined him and extended a rail line from Sacramento to its new west coast terminus in Shan Fan. The US intended this move to cement its

influence, but the subsequent bankruptcy of Union Blue and its reincorporation as Empire Rails left the US with concerns that hit far closer to home.

After an 1883 incident in Detroit nearly led to a new North American War pitting the US against the CSA, Canada, and Great Britain, Empire Rails and its southern counterpart, Lone Star, collapsed. It was clear to Washington's leaders that railroads would not be enough to import their influence to Shan Fan. As a result, they allowed the city to go its own way for over two decades.

In the absence of Northern democracy, the Denver-Pacific rail line instead imported Deseret's technological wares. This development had far-reaching effects on Kang and Iron Dragon, and sent waves of change across the Pacific Ocean to Japan, too.

Following the first Sino-Japanese War (1894–1895), China descended into rebellion while Japan established itself as a modern, industrial nation. Taking Japan's example to heart, Kang envisioned a new Asian culture in California, embracing Western ideals while keeping a tight hold on tradition. At least those traditions that kept him in power.

THE KANGER UPRISING

This new culture, derisively called Kangers by the wits Back East, was designed to separate Shan Fan's population from Old China, which had lost stature on the world stage. It was also a ploy to strangle the Japanese Yakuza's and Korean Gangpae's growing influence before they could seize control of Shan Fan's black markets.

To this end, Warlord Kang cozied up to a non-profit called the New Tomorrow Foundation, run by a group that had long preached assimilation to Shan Fan's diverse multitudes. Alongside culture, they promoted a strong, new brand of North California nationalism. Soon posturing became proclamations, and to many a new Chinese state in North America seemed imminent.

That's when the Union got wise to what was happening in its backyard. In late 1898, the North California Revolt—or Kanger Uprising, as some call it—ended in a full-scale Union invasion of Shan Fan, the first such conflict there since the War of the Triads in 1880. This time the fighting took place in foothills northeast of the city proper, sparing Shan Fan total destruction.

When the dust settled, Kang's forces were decimated. They say Old Kang died of a heart attack—brought on by apoplectic rage—as the battle ended. The Union claimed the Iron Dragon Rail Co.'s assets as war

reparations, carved it into subsidiaries, and sold off the rolling stock. Kang's vast empire was shattered.

INTO THE FOLD

The Union officially annexed North California in February, 1899. As a condition of signing the treaty, Kanger leaders compelled the Union to guarantee that Shan Fan's traditional Royal Family, the Nortons, would retain their wealth, titles, and status as a ruling body (in name, at least). In the Nortons, Washington sensed a better chance to influence local affairs than in dealing directly with the gangs. A few months later, the Union ceded South California to the CSA by treaty, a move designed as much to placate the South as to rid the North of Lost Angels' burden.

Meanwhile, construction of the Shan Fan US Naval Base began. Under the direction of the US Army Corps of Engineers, Kang's defeated forces were put to a different task: digging, exploding, and dredging rock to create a navigable channel from Shan Fan Bay directly to the Pacific coast of the Maze. Hundreds were killed in the process. But in a feat of can-do engineering, they completed the Shan Fan Canal in less than two years. International sea trade exploded, and the US soon became a dominant West Coast naval power.

Congress granted North California full statehood and voting rights in 1913. As a result, its citizens were eligible for the draft. North California soldiers' proud service in World War I, and their selfless toil in building the Shan Fan Canal, became patriotic rallying points for Kanger culture.

HIGHS AND LOWS

The afterglow of victory in World War I led to the rampant excesses of the Roaring Twenties. Shan Fan was no exception. Ghost rock magnates, industrialists, and war manufacturers were flush with cash, and the glitzy neon avenues of Shan Fan's Taeltown seemed the perfect place to spend it. Prohibition, in turn, gave the city's criminal concerns the opening they needed to take hold of Shan Fan's various municipal authorities. Their grip has yet to be broken.

The Twenties gave way to a stock market crash, the Great Depression, and the Dust Bowl that decimated the Midwest. Through it all Shan Fan did better than most, with demand for meat, fish, and ghost rock still high. But as the massive influx of people displaced by the Dust Bowl arrived in North California—their "Promised Land"—jobs became as scarce there as anywhere else. Starvation ran rampant, just like in the old days when Maze dwellers went stark raving mad from hunger.

ANOTHER NEW DEAL

The Second New Deal of the late 1930s caused far more controversy than the first for its perceived liberal leanings. But it passed, and in 1937 it created the United States Housing Authority. The authority, pursuing its mandate to eliminate slums, set aside federal funds for Shan Fan. After all, it harbored some of the poorest slums in North America.

Meanwhile, new federal contractor Kang Enterprises, Inc. set in motion two great civic projects—the Kang Causeway and the Golden Span Bridge, both set to open in late 1940—to employ many of Shan Fan’s citizens and revitalize all of North California. The newspapers hailed Kang Mingzhu as North California’s savior. It seemed like Shan Fan was bathed in the hopeful light of a new dawn.

THE SECOND SINO-JAPANESE WAR

Unfortunately, that rising sun wasn’t hopeful—it was Japan. In July 1937, a confused skirmish near Beijing between Chinese and Japanese soldiers swelled into full-scale war. In late 1937, the Nanking Massacre and attacks on US ships turned public opinion sharply against Japan. By mid-1939, Great Britain recognized some of Japan’s territorial conquests in China, seen by many as a blow to Chinese hegemony.

Shan Fan isn’t immune to the Sino-Japanese conflict’s effects. Relations between the Chinese Triad and the Japanese Yakuza were always icy, but now they frequently explode into violence. Few warriors in the underworld’s wars hesitate to pull their trigger if they’re sighting a blood enemy down the barrel.

LIFE IN SHAN FAN

In 1939, New York is the only US city bigger than Shan Fan. With close to seven million souls dwelling in its confines, space is at a premium and only the very wealthy have much of it to spare. The overwhelming majority of Shan Fan’s residents live in abject poverty, their lives subject to the whims of criminal syndicates that call the shots. For many, life in Shan Fan is nasty, brutish, and short.

Shan Fan is one of the biggest manufacturing centers in the US. Its exports include lumber, furniture, ghost rock, fish, meat, and whale oil. Moreover, the state’s biggest company, Kang Enterprises, is almost single-handedly responsible for the current economic resurgence, employing close to 46% of the city’s workforce one way or another. With the company seeking US military manufacturing contracts, Shan Fan’s prospects are bright.

But life for the average citizen isn’t much better than it was during the Great Depression. Starvation isn’t quite as pressing a concern, but the vast slums of the Skids and the Waterfront shelter legions of the poorest citizens. By contrast, the number of well-off citizens—the ones who own businesses and fuel industries—is relatively small, but their wealth seems all the more conspicuous. In Shan Fan, you’re a have or a have-not; there’s not much in between.

One city-wide obsession shared by all, rich or poor, are the Nortons—Shan Fan’s “Royal Family.” The Nortons are descended from Joshua Norton, a beloved crackpot who lived in Shan Fan back in the 1870s. After the War of the Triads, Joshua became Emperor Norton, a figurehead tasked with moderating between the city’s criminal gangs and maintaining basic levels of order and peace. Norton I turned out to be surprisingly good at it. The family soon moved from their digs at Fort Norton—deep in redwood country—to Splinterville, and built the sprawling complex of mansions they have inhabited ever since.

These days, the endlessly entertaining Nortons are beloved by their legions of fans and hangers-on. Known for their conspicuous consumption, the royals’ exploits keep at least three tabloid newspapers afloat and have spawned a series of movie newsreels. Ostensibly the moderating power atop Shan Fan’s hierarchy, to some observers the Norton family isn’t much more than a sideshow. And as far as most people are concerned, only the Triad, Yakuza, and Gangpae wield true power.

Probably the biggest change between old Shan Fan and new is the lack of sheer *weirdness* on display. Pick up a vintage issue of the *Tombstone Epitaph* and one can read about all sorts of curiosities once said to dwell in California’s Maze: mystical kung fu masters of the 37th Chamber, great sea serpents hunting the channels, freakishly huge sharks, and protracted bouts of famine during which people were driven insane by hunger. These days, one hears the odd tale of unexplained occurrences in dark alleys, but the average citizen has far too many mundane troubles to fret about ghosts and ghouls.

Officially, United States currency is recognized in North California, and by extension, Shan Fan. Within the city’s diverse neighborhoods, though, all sorts of Southeast Asian currencies are honored and exchanged, along with money from Lost Angels, the CSA, and Mexico. If it’s considered currency *somewhere*, the Kangs don’t discriminate.

The primary languages spoken across Shan Fan are Cantonese, Mandarin, and English. But within immigrant communities the primary language might suddenly switch to Japanese, Vietnamese, Korean,

or some other regional tongue or dialect. Generally, pidgin English crosses all borders, as long as the speaker doesn't appear dismissive or patronizing.

As hard as the locals have it in most regards, at least the climate is mild. The sheltered Shan Fan Bay Area enjoys mild, wet winters and fairly dry summers. When the fog rolls in, it sometimes cloaks the entire city in a thick veil that muffles sounds and masks misdeeds.

The city's roadways fan out from the bay's shores into a crescent of tall, inland hills to the east. Most of the roughly east-west roadways are numbered Avenues—First through Tenth, with a few others in between, such as Victory Boulevard—and the north-south ones are called Streets. For example, an address might be 746 King Wen Street, which is on King Wen between Seventh and Eighth Avenue.

SHAN FAN POLITICS

Shan Fan's politics are Byzantine, to say the least. Each neighborhood is run by a gang; which one is usually dependent on the neighborhood's majority population. Battles over turf and rackets are nearly constant, with the most bloody skirmishes fought between Triad and Yakuza trouble boys. Add Japanese, Chinese, and CSA spies into the mix, and things get a little nuts.

The Royal Family is the highest local authority and coordinating body for all lesser municipal departments. The Royals also represent Shan Fan in the North California legislature, with the young Emperor Norton IV also acting as Governor of North California.

How'd the Nortons manage to score such a racket? During the Kanger Uprising, Emperor Norton II formally abdicated his throne to keep the revolt from becoming even bloodier. Afterward, at the Kangers' insistence the Union allowed the Nortons to retain their titles and wealth. They have to run for election like anybody else, but Shan Fan's citizens love them enough to keep voting them into leadership. The Nortons also enjoy the Triad's support.

In reality, though, the Triad is the old guard, barely hanging on by its fingertips while Yakuza and Gangpae muscle in on their turf. Shan Fan is controlled, on a basic level, by competing criminal interests. The police and courts are just window dressing.

And behind the scenes, the devious Kang Mingzhu pulls the puppet strings: blackmailing the Royals, manipulating the gangs, and bribing police and government officials as necessary.

KANG ENTERPRISES, INC.

Kang's granddaughter Mingzhu inherited his enormous estate as a trust account upon his "death" in the Kanger Uprising. After she graduated from Oxford University at 18, she returned home and used her inheritance to establish Kang Enterprises, Inc. She was the driving force behind much of Industry Park's construction.

Just as Japan had taken advantage of Shan Fan's technological wonders, Mingzhu turned her company's attention toward Western assimilation and patent science. As a result, by the late 1930s Kang Enterprises' research division is among the largest and best-funded in North America. Few people know what Mingzhu is up to in secret.

Some call the Kangers a dangerous cult. But Kang Mingzhu's supporters speak only of the good she is doing for the Maze and for the workers of Shan Fan, who now toil for pay instead of wasting away in poverty. Additionally, the Union's more restrictive immigration policies make Shan Fan an appealing destination for Asian immigrants. Many immigrants hope to acquire "Shan Fan citizenship," with limited rights, and later move into the USA or CSA, shortcutting the immigration laws.

But there's a catch to working for Kang. Shan Fan's labor laws are such that immigrants must work for a "properly licensed" (read: owned by Kang) business for a full three years to gain Shan Fan citizenship. But these businesses are run like company stores, where the pay is less than the cost of living. The workers go ever deeper in debt to their employers, and have to keep working.

Plus, if an immigrant is caught breaking the law, a common punishment is time subtracted from one's citizenship allotment. So if Kang Enterprises wants to keep someone around—like highly skilled workers who have to be paid more—the poor sap might get framed for a crime and arrested by crooked cops. Kang Industries typically "gets the charges reduced," but the worker still loses all time accumulated toward citizenship. It's a rough life.

"OH, INDEED... IT'S THE BLACKEST OF MAGIC. AND WITH IT, I'LL SEND YOU TO THE HELL WHERE PEOPLE ARE BOILED ALIVE AND FED TO MAZE DRAGONS!"

—Kang,
Warlord

For players who want their heroes to be martial arts practitioners, use the Edges in *Savage Worlds*, augmented by the new Combat Edge, Kung Fu. Almost all the truly enlightened chi masters either died in the North California Revolt or fled back to China and Japan, taking their flashy powers with them. Today's kung fu masters practice the art of subtlety.

KUNG FU

Requirements: Novice, Martial Artist, Fighting d8+, Spirit d8+

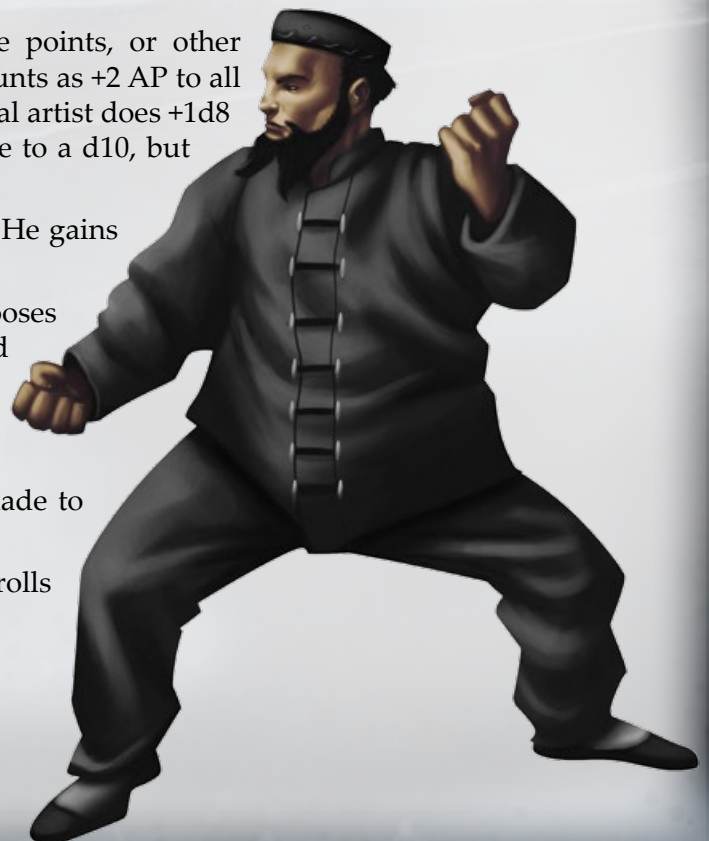
In Shan Fan, practitioners of dozens of distinct martial arts from various nations clash in their quest for justice, power, or wealth. Most Westerners—not knowing any better—lump all these fighting styles into a catch-all term; “kung fu.”

But those who truly dedicate themselves to the martial arts adapt very specific styles and specialties. Rather than list the hundreds of different styles from China, Japan, Korea, Vietnam, and so on, we've broken them down into general categories you can customize and describe for yourself.

A warrior may know multiple styles by taking this Edge additional times, although no specialty may be taken more than once, and no more than one specialty may be used per action.

Combined with standard combat Edges such as First Strike and Frenzy, Kung Fu warriors are phenomenal fighters.

- **Confusion:** This style emphasizes distraction, feints, or keeping a foe off-balance. The martial artist can make a Smarts trick and a Fighting attack with no multi-action penalty.
- **Focus:** The martial artist focuses his mind to rule out all other distractions, increasing his accuracy over long distances. He halves range penalties for all Shooting or Throwing attacks (–1 at Medium and –2 at Long).
- **Defensive:** The warrior moves in strange ways or perhaps senses where her opponent is about to strike. She gains an additional +2 to Parry when using the full defense maneuver (+4 total), and ranged attacks suffer a –2 to hit her when using the maneuver as well.
- **Power:** The martial artist considers his Strength to be two die types higher for Fighting attacks, whether attacking bare-handed or with melee weapons. This increases damage and counts toward the minimum Strength for using a weapon.
- **Precision:** The fighter looks for weak spots, pressure points, or other openings to increase the effectiveness of his strikes. This counts as +2 AP to all Fighting attacks. With a raise on a Fighting attack, the martial artist does +1d8 damage instead of +1d6. (This stacks with the Bruiser Edge to a d10, but only for unarmed attacks.)
- **Resilient:** This fighter has mastered mind over matter. He gains the Hardy monstrous ability (see *Savage Worlds*).
- **Speed:** The warrior draws an extra Action Card (and chooses one) for initiative. This stacks with Level Headed and Improved Level Headed.
- **Toughness:** Those who practice this style have learned to train their bodies and minds to ignore their body's pain. This grants them +1 to Toughness and +1 to Vigor rolls made to soak damage.
- **Trickery:** The martial artist adds +2 to in-combat Taunt rolls and Agility tricks.





WARLORD KANG

The man once called “Warlord Kang” by groveling sycophants has fallen far from his former glory. He didn’t die during the Kanger Uprising, like everyone says. On the contrary—he only handed over the reins of his broken empire to his granddaughter, Kang Mingzhu, and went into hiding. In 1939, as the bloody gears of World War II grind into motion, Kang’s still very much alive. Well... *partway* alive, at least.

Old Kang is a martial arts genius, perhaps the only truly “enlightened” chi master remaining in North America, and a disciple of the dark arts too. Although his physical form is wizened, half-crippled, and confined to a wheelchair in ornate catacombs deep beneath the Kang Enterprises building, he has passed on much of his knowledge to Mingzhu.

Kang longs to restore his youth and conquer North California. If he can’t do that, he’ll settle for the success of Mingzhu’s latest diabolical plot.



"MY GRANDFATHER, FOR ALL HIS PAST GLORY, IS NOW A DODDERING OLD FOOL. THAT'S WHY HE'S ROTTING IN THE BASEMENT LIKE CABBAGE, AND I'M RUNNING THE SHOW. "

—Kang Mingzhu,
Warlord



SHAN FAN LOCATIONS

Shan Fan is made up of eight neighborhoods or “towns”—Industry Park, Prawn Valley, the Red Light District, the Skids, Splinterville, Stinktown, Taeltown, and the Waterfront—and several islands in the bay. A few important locations lie outside the city limits.

The Ever-Triumphant Highway—known as the Ever-Triumphant Trail back in the 1800s—runs through the city on elevated roadways, and provides automobile access to regions north and south of the city proper.

SHAN FAN CITY

Population: 6,750,000

Fear Level: 2

The mayor of Shan Fan is John “Rocket” Billings. Most are fooled by his intentionally comedic demeanor, but he is a brilliant and patient schemer. He earned the nickname “Rocket” for his public and dogged support of the most cutting-edge patent science. Beyond that,

his greatest concern has been securing water rights in the San Joaquin River Valley for his ever-growing constituency.

Behind the scenes, Mayor Billings is on the take with anyone who’s anyone in Shan Fan. What others call “corruption,” Billings considers necessary to prevent far worse misery. He enjoys a comfortable lifestyle by playing the great factions against each other, but his real power is in his network of informers.

Very little happens in Shan Fan without Rocket Billings’ knowledge. Billings knows enough to keep everyone in town on their toes, but the rumors that he knows much more are what keep him in power.

The Shan Fan Police Department (SFPD): Ever since the days of the Old West, the law in Shan Fan has been more loyal to the Triad than any greater authority. Little has changed. Chief of Police Noah Cranston is a calm, pragmatic veteran of the Great War who takes his bribes and knows when to keep his mouth shut. He has no illusions about who’s running the show—he’s one of the few who sees the long arm of Kang

Enterprises behind every criminal scheme—but Chief Cranston also genuinely wants to keep people alive in a town that so often chews them up and spits them out.

Lawbreakers are usually treated roughly by the Shan Fan Police, especially if they're no one of importance. At the same time, the police hesitate to *permanently* hurt a suspect, and they hate to see corpses turn up under any circumstances. If a victim had any criminal ties, the cops know the thugs won't hesitate to get even. But the police never get involved in conflicts between syndicates. Chief Cranston is well-paid to turn a blind eye to gangland justice, and he does the job admirably.

Each of the city's eight neighborhoods has its own police precinct.

INDUSTRY PARK

The heart of Shan Fan used to be called Heavenly Park, a grassy commons nearly as wide as the city itself, full of serene trails and rolling meadows. When Kang Mingzhu graduated from Oxford and came home, she didn't see a pleasant place to stroll—she saw profit. Mingzhu purchased the land and broke ground on a great industrial complex, vowing to put muscle back in Shan Fan's manufacturing.

When investors and developers also saw the potential, Mingzhu resold several acres of Heavenly Park for a hefty profit—hefty enough to pay her construction costs. In the past decade, Shan Fan has truly entered the Twentieth Century as a modern metropolis.

Dragon Stadium: The Shan Fan Dragons, the city's beloved baseball team, call this stadium home. It's been four years since the Dragons last won the pennant, but the coming season's team is expected to challenge the Yankees for the championship.

Henry House: This posh American restaurant is a recent addition but already a hit among ghost rock magnates, lumber barons, and Royals.

Kang Compound: This sprawling, walled complex of nearly a dozen buildings is guarded by manned watch towers, barbed wire, and searchlights. A few buildings are devoted to administration, a few to research and development, and several to small-scale manufacturing. At the center of the compound stands the Kang Building, towering 45 stories over the city.

In the Kang Building's courtyard, Mingzhu erected a bronze statue of her grandfather, Warlord Kang, standing triumphant over the dying General Mu-Tuo Kwan. Kang Mingzhu lives in the penthouse apartment, under high security at all times.

The Kang Building's location on the site of the last battle of the War of the Triads makes it primo real estate for grifters, voodooists, borkors, patent



scientists, rogue sykers, and the like. The dark magic of the Reckoning suffuses the whole building, granting a +2 to skill rolls to activate arcane powers of any kind.

🎲 **Chinese Squeeze (page 67):** Chief Inspector Bo Lung hires the gumshoes to track down an embezzler.

New Tomorrow Foundation: This non-profit organization originated as an assimilationist triad in the late 1800s. Now the foundation works to promote Kanger culture and preserve its proud history. Kang Mingzhu is one of the foundation's most generous donors.

Wentworth Theater: The Wentworth is Shan Fan's biggest and finest movie house, showing all the hit films of the day. Newsreels keep the locals up to date on foreign affairs and Royal sightings.

🎲 **The Theater Spook (page 69):** People start squawking that the Wentworth's haunted, so management hires some sleuths to eyeball the premises.

PRAWN VALLEY

Prawn Valley straddles the tide and reaps its bounty by means of a string of fish farms along the beach. About a dozen piers extend into the bay, always crowded with fishermen from dawn until dusk, and busy with fishing boats coming in and out of port. Just inland from the fish farms are the canneries, where local seafood begins its journey to every part of the globe. Farther inland are tree-lined avenues flanked by mansions, where captains of industry and wealthy, aging crime lords dwell.

The Korean "Gangpae"—literally, "thug" in Korean—runs Prawn Valley. Its leaders own controlling interests in several local canneries. Gangs compete amongst each other under common leadership, mafia-style, in racketeering, burglary, and loan-sharking schemes. Two of the most powerful are the Six Sword Mob and the Red Dragons. With little opportunity

to rise among the ranks, many of the younger thugs pursue their own agendas. Secretly supplied by agents of Kang Enterprises, some Gangpae are armed with patent science submachine guns and other advanced weapons (see Mori Guns on page 82).

Soong Cannery: Soong Yejun, head of the Gangpae in Shan Fan, owns the largest cannery in the district, and several others besides. Given Soong's temperament, it's not uncommon for troublesome rivals to end up boned, filleted, and canned with the fishes. Tension is at an all-time high between Soong and Kang Mingzhu, because the Golden Span construction project disrupts fishing all over the bay.

Tam Estate Ruins: A few miles northwest of Prawn Valley, off a little-used exit from the Ever-Triumphant Highway, sits the overgrown ruins of Big Ears Tam's estate. The crumbling buildings sit silent, inhabited only by birds, as foliage envelops them. Occasionally, passers-by report seeing mysterious lights in the ruins, but the police haven't caught any culprits.

⊗ **Clay Jug (page 68):** Who could pass up a job as easy as digging up buried treasure? But then again, when's a job *ever* easy?

Tsang Po Fishery: This salmon farm is run by descendants of Big Ears Tam, the Triad's "Big Boss" up until the turn of the century, when he was assassinated.

Tam's family saw it as a good sign to get out of the business, abandoning their estate and taking up a new line of work.

RED LIGHT DISTRICT

In most large cities, there's a place where addicts enjoy any vice, those of low morals indulge their whims, and innocence goes to die. The difference between Shan Fan and most other cities is Shan Fan doesn't bother to hide it. They advertise it, enough to shame even Shanghai. The Red Light District—more commonly called Chinatown—is open 24 hours a day, a continuous money-generating machine for its owners. Bars, hotels, nightclubs, peep shows, jazz clubs, brothels, drug dens—the District has it all.

The owners are the tattered remains of the once-mighty Triad, the Hsieh Chia Jên—"Family of Deliverance." They call the current Big Boss, Jun Gao, "Cloudy Fisheye" behind his back. Two Big Brothers and one Sister report to Jun Gao. Each of the Big Brothers runs his or her own gang of rascals, known as a tong. The Red Light District is all they have left of Shan Fan, so they tend to be vigilant for rival gangs trying to chisel in on revenues.

Around the turn of the century, the last of the great Big Bosses—Big Ears Tam—was poisoned by one of the Big Brothers during the Kanger Uprising. Nothing to



write home about; it's the accepted way to rise through a Triad's ranks. But in this case the killer, Thin Noodles Ma, was steeped in black magic and a secret disciple of Kang's. Ma's plan to seize control fell through when Kang, his greatest benefactor, seemingly died of heart failure during the US invasion. The Big Brothers fell upon each other in paroxysms of violence from which the Family of Deliverance barely recovered.

Eight Immortals Inn: A former flophouse and the oldest hotel in Shan Fan, the Eight Immortals Inn is now the city's biggest brothel. Most of the men and women working here as "professionals" are addicted to heroin, morphine, or opium, and some are actually considered property by the owners.

Historic Red Lantern Town: Downtown historic Shan Fan is preserved as a wild boomtown, and anyone can "walk into history" for a fee. This tourist trap features a short film about life in Old Shan Fan, a filthy soda counter, and a gift shop. The staff wears shabby Old West costumes.

The Jade Pavilion: One of the city's oldest drinking establishments, the Jade Pavilion recently reopened under new management. The latest incarnation is completely restored to cash in on its historic value, but is focused on the latest, trendiest drinks. Its owners are actually Yakuza thugs, making their latest attempt to muscle in on the Triad. They're keeping things quiet in the hope the Jade Pavilion will become a haven for Japanese spies.

 **The Spider's Embrace (page 68):** Hired to put the screws to a blackmailer, the heroes find a femme fatale like no other.

King Wen Street: King Wen Street runs north-south through the middle of the Red Light District, with no motor traffic allowed on it between Fifth and Eighth Avenue at any time. It's constantly packed with street vendors, performers, pickpockets, and hordes of customers—many of them rubes.

White Tiger Hotel: An upscale establishment for discerning (read: filthy rich) patrons, the White Tiger offers nothing but world-class accommodations. Any dalliances a patron may undertake while staying in the joint are kept entirely discreet. The hotel security officer is a seasoned gumshoe by the name of Sal "Bulldog" Pereira.

THE SKIDS

Fear Level: 3

For every person who strikes it rich in Shan Fan these days, a hundred or more get washed out like rats from a flooded sewer. Sooner or later they end up on the Skids. Millions live in filthy tenements, many

unemployed, but just as many shoveling dirt at a Kang Enterprises construction site for minimum wage. Crushing poverty, drug addiction, and violent crime are the norms here.

Over the years the Skids have spread steadily southeast, to cover a good 15 square miles along the shore of the Maze's North Channel. Drivers speed through the neighborhood as fast as they can on the elevated Ever-Triumphant Highway, praying they don't run out of gas.

Even the Shan Fan Police are afraid to wander the Skids at night. When rival gangs have a score to settle, they come here to shoot it out—it's remarkably easy to catch a stray bullet in the neck. The locals fear other, more mysterious things that shamble and moan in the night, locking their doors against the likes of faminites, bloats, and ghouls (see *Deadlands Noir*).

Rusty Nail: A dead-end dive in the heart of the Skids, with little to differentiate it from scores of similar holes. Cheap rotgut is their specialty, and drug pushers ply their trade freely. Occasionally, Chinese spies meet here to exchange information.

Saint Quentin Penitentiary: The state prison—rebuilt in Shan Fan and renamed "Saint" Quentin after the Great Quake destroyed the original—holds over 400 convicted felons. About a dozen of them sit on Death Row. By law, all North California executions—current method, the gas chamber—must take place at Saint Quentin. In 1939, torture remains an approved interrogation method behind bars.

Sewage Treatment Plant: Wide, churning vats and metal tanks are spread out over a few acres on the shore, just southeast of Shan Fan. When the wind blows north, its bitter, rotten stench washes over the Skids and Stinktown.

SPLINTERVILLE

This is the traditional heart of Shan Fan's enduring lumber industry, fueled by its proximity to North California's vast redwood forests. With economic recovery steady Back East, demand for furniture, paper, and other wood products is rising. Lumber yards, mills, and workshops cram this neighborhood, but there's also a furniture market, several wood supply concerns, and countless furniture showrooms. The portion of Splinterville farther from town is geared toward industry, while residences lie closer in.

Thanks to the wise investments of seven samurai who served Kang in the 1880s, in 1939 the Japanese Yakuza owns most of Shan Fan's lumber industry. Just as the Triad calls itself a "Family of Deliverance," the Yakuza takes an admiring, familial view of itself

in its name *ninkyō dantai*, which means “Chivalrous Organization.” Unfortunately it’s their popular name, Yakuza, that stuck. They say the word *yakuza*—“good for nothing”—comes from the Japanese name for a worthless hand in a card game.

The *oyabun*—literally, “foster parent”—is the Big Daddy of Shan Fan’s Yakuza. The current oyabun is Hiroto Chiba, an obese man with a glass eye who’s fond of cigars, saki, and sushi. His *kobun*—“foster children”—each run their own gangs out of various lumber concerns serving as fronts for illegal activities. There are three kobun active in Splinterville, and another who’s quietly moved in on the Jade Pavilion (see page 61).

Chiba Company: The headquarters of Hiroto Chiba’s company encompasses many acres of lumber yards, mills, and warehouses. It has its own railway connecting to the main lines out of New China Station.

Norton Estate: Bordering on Splinterville Heights, this sprawling 25-acre estate holds multiple mansions and ancillary buildings of the Royal Family.

Shan Fan University Campus: Founded in part by means of a Kang Enterprises grant, Shan Fan University offers a well-rounded liberal arts education focused on patent science and its promise for the future. Most graduates are fast-tracked into management positions at Kang.

❖ **Vanished (page 69):** The heroes are asked to look into some troubling disappearances on campus.

Splinterville Heights: This wooded area of shady lanes and stately mansions houses the lumber barons, their families, and others rich enough to buy property in the hills. Needless to say, families with Yakuza connections are the norm.

Sunrise House Hotel: Once a fairly upscale joint in the hills overlooking town, the Sunrise House has fallen on rough times. It’s got “fleabag” written all over it.

STINKTOWN

Still the meat capital of North California, Stinktown exports its wares all over America. It’s the most likely destination for recent immigrants—whether Korean, Vietnamese, Japanese, or the legions of whites who fled destitution in the Dust Bowl of Oklahoma and Arkansas—who have no choice but to take the lowest-paying jobs. Stinktown is wedged between the Waterfront and the Skids, making it subject to the same sorts of violent crime and poverty found in those districts.

Stinktown is full of slaughterhouses, tanneries, livestock auction houses, and stockyards, with a

railway connecting the largest of these to New China Station. As the neighborhood’s name would imply, the area is covered by a foul, acrid stench that no Pacific breeze seems able to dispel.

Meat Street: That’s only the nickname, but it’s apropos for the main thoroughfare. Literally any sort of meat one desires can be found along “Meat Street,” displayed in the windows of shops or surreptitiously stored in backroom coolers. Beef, lamb, pork, chicken, bears, snakes, rabbits—even dogs, cats, rats, squirrels, and any other furry creature that comes to mind. Some say even *human* meat is for sale, if one knows the right people...

❖ **Beneath the Streets (page 66):** One night in Stinktown turns into a desperate race for the heroes’ lives.

TAELOWN

The glitzy, neon-lit streets of downtown Shan Fan are the playground of the rich. Shopping, restaurants, upscale bars, and a burgeoning theater district are found here. Taeltown gets its name from the Chinese currency—the *tael*—and is also the city’s traditional financial district. Banks, upscale auction houses, skyscrapers housing various company headquarters, and the stock exchange are located here too.

As in Industry Park, Kang Mingzhu’s authority is strong. Residents are either wealthy or fairly well-paid Kangers on the company payroll. The Shan Fan Police are emboldened to exercise their authority here. People who look like they “don’t belong” are quickly collared by the law, and booked on vagrancy charges or deposited back in the Skids.

Alabaster Pavilion: This grand old hotel, built in a traditional Chinese style, stands in the heart of downtown. It famously survived destruction in the War of the Triads, and languished for decades before receiving a full renovation last year.

Bank of Shan Fan: In a metropolis more-or-less run by various criminal interests, where million-dollar industries funnel their capital through local financial institutions, it’s not too surprising if a bank gets knocked over by mugs and molls once in a while. What’s surprising about the Bank of Shan Fan, which has a dozen branches all over the region, is how *seldom* it gets robbed.

It’s tempting to credit the bank’s patent science security systems, but actually the city’s crime bosses all agreed to leave it alone out of mutual respect. Kang Mingzhu brokered the deal by offering valuable investment carrots... while holding a big stick behind her back. Shan Fan Bank launders obscene amounts of ill-gotten gains.

With prolonged exposure to ghost rock, characters may contract a malady called “rock fever.” Miners and barge workers are the most frequent victims, as are patent scientists who handle rock shards frequently. Only those who work with it for four hours a day or more—or those who spend much of their time in a mine filled with ghost rock vapors—have any real danger of contracting rock fever. Patent science is sufficiently advanced that devices using it don’t cause rock fever.

Fever victims feel lightheaded and have chills. Some report strange burning sensations, as if their blood were on fire. The victims’ high fevers cause delirium, and sometimes permanent damage. After each week of direct prolonged contact with ghost rock, the character makes a Vigor roll. The first week’s roll is unmodified, but each successive roll is made at a –2 cumulative penalty, until it reaches –6. After that, check once per month. If a Vigor roll fails, the hero contracts rock fever. He grows lightheaded and feverish, and suffers –2 on all Trait rolls for as long as he’s sick.

Once with the fever, make a Vigor roll for the character each day. Every failed roll causes a level of Fatigue. With three consecutive successful rolls a character shakes the fever. An Incapacitated character who fails another Vigor roll passes on.

Any patient Incapacitated by fever has her brain boiled a bit, and she gains the Delusion (Major) Hindrance; make up something suitably twisted. Should the afflicted roll snake eyes on a Vigor roll, she spontaneously combusts and is consumed by fire from the inside out. Little remains of a palooka that dies in this manner except perhaps some ashes, a few fillings, and a lump of ghost rock about the size of the victim’s heart. Anyone witnessing this event should make a Fear check (–2).

City Hall: This neo-classical building houses the offices of Mayor Billings and District Attorney Milton Chau, the city courts, clerks, hall of records, and the various offices of city government.

City Jail: The police toss bindle punks, small-time hoods, drunks, and other misdemeanor offenders in the cooler here for a few weeks (or months, if the crime warrants it). Felons might be held here on their way to the big house, Saint Quentin (see page 61).

Explorer’s Society Lodge: After it burned down in the War of the Triads, members rebuilt this stately granite mansion on the original foundations. A fraternal organization, the Explorer’s Society continues to draw members from among the city’s moneyed elite.

Hainesboro Auction House: This establishment deals in only the rarest and most valuable relics and pieces of art.

New China Station: After the turn of the century, city planners merged the former Denver-Pacific and Iron Dragon depots into New China Station, and moved most of the tracks underground. Now the station services trains on the Northern-Pacific line to Chicago, as well as the Denver-Pacific to Sacramento and points East.

Peacock Club: At this, the ritziest bar and jazz club in Shan Fan, hulking bouncers only let in the cream of the crop. The Peacock features live music every night.

 **Wolf in the Henhouse (page 70):** A torch singer’s murder leads the gumshoes to an unlikely suspect.

Shan Fan Chronicle: The main newspaper in Shan Fan is more focused on fluff pieces about the Royals than on stirring up muck. Publisher Jeng Wi-Shen doesn’t care what’s on the front page as long as it sells record numbers of copies.

Shan Fan Stock Exchange: In the heart of the financial district, stock and bond traders gather daily to help fuel the engines of worldwide finance. In 1939, fears of war in Europe have rendered markets unstable and made investors twitchy.

WSFN Radio Station: Nearly every household in North California, no matter how rich or poor, has access to at least one radio in 1939. WSFN broadcasts around the clock “from our transmitter high atop the Putnam Building,” providing local, national, and international news, President Roosevelt’s “Fireside Chats,” and thrilling serials like *The Lone Ranger* and *The Shadow*.

WATERFRONT

Southeast Shan Fan is known as the Waterfront, where the business of shipping is done. Cargo ships arrive and depart at all hours, and a seemingly continuous stream of loaded ghost rock barges arrives from mining concerns out in the Maze. Away from the docks themselves, the district is full of warehouses, importers’ and exporters’ concerns, packing establishments,



shipyards, and shipping offices. Rough and tumble saloons, where brawls between sailors and US Navy personnel are commonplace, dot the neighborhood.

With all Shan Fan's movers and shakers interested in maintaining access to the Maze—and the Pacific Ocean beyond it—naturally this area is somewhat contested. The Triad, Yakuza, and Gangpae all own property near the Waterfront, but Kang Enterprises uses its subtle yet powerful influence to lend support to the Shan Fan Police and the Triad's activities. This keeps commerce moving smoothly, in and out, and violence at a minimum. The Waterfront was the epicenter of several clashes between union labor and company strikebreakers in recent years.

The Brig: A hole in the wall and former speakeasy, the Brig is popular among sailors, stevedores, and US Navy officers.

Kang International: The shipping arm of Kang Enterprises exports fish, lumber, ghost rock, and whale oil to points all around the Pacific Rim. It also secretly funnels patent science munitions to aid China in the Sino-Japanese War.

Ore Processing Station 542: Owned by Hellstromme Industries, Ltd., this ghost rock processing plant employs thousands in the never-ending task of removing ore from barges and readying it for export.

Although the workers are relatively well-paid, conditions are awful, with frequent epidemics of rock fever (see sidebar on page 63).

US Naval Base: In 1907, the US Navy moved into a ghost rock magnate's former compound, and renovated it into a modern military base. A destroyer, two corvettes, two submarines, and an aircraft carrier are assigned to New Presidio Base, along with a permanent garrison of US Marines... just in case.

SHAN FAN BAY

Population: 40,000

Fear Level: 3

Looking out over Shan Fan Bay, the first thing one notices is boats—hundreds of them. Cargo ships, sampans, junks of all shapes and sizes, tugboats toiling along with armored barges in tow, US Navy corvettes and destroyers, sailboats, yachts, dinghies, and buoys dot the glittering expanse of the bay, and their lights illuminate it by night. From 5,000–8,000 people live in their vessels year-round.

Kang Enterprises employs at least half the population attributed to the bay. These laborers live in work camps on Industry Park's shoreline, or across the bay on Sweat Island, constructing the great concrete piers and ghost steel towers that will lift the Golden Span Bridge

high above the water. For now, the bridge's towers are scaffolded and incomplete.

The old legends of weird and deadly Maze denizens survive in the bay. New abominations have joined them, brought by other cultural groups and given life by the Reckoning's dark magic.

Angelfish Island: This island was completely denuded of ghost rock by the late 1870s. The miners left, and later the large mining concerns moved their corporate offices downtown to Taeltown's skyscrapers. In their wake, residential and farming areas flourished.

⊛ **Coiled Serpent (page 71):** When thieves steal Horace Abernathy's safe he calls in detectives to solve the crime, but they end up in as much trouble as the safecrackers.

Crying Ghost Island: This island is virtually uninhabited. The newly built Shan Fan International Exposition sits on the eastern shore, showing off designs for the Golden Span Bridge, the Kang Causeway, and the patent science marvels being used to build them. A retrospective feature depicts the perilous, inspiring construction of the Shan Fan Canal.

Sweat Island: Until recently, Sweat Island harbored a few poor communities, and several small, independent ghost rock concerns. These were all bought out or run off by Kang Mingzhu's goons, and their shanties bulldozed, in the name of progress.

SHAN FAN ENVIRONS

The Shan Fan metropolitan area is extensive, spread out over much of the county in a continuous sprawl. The Ever-Triumphant Highway extends north and south from Shan Fan along the Maze's inner edge. The Sacramento Turnpike takes travelers northeast and inland toward the Sierra Nevadas.

Deliverance: Members of the Triad founded this model community due east of Shan Fan for their eventual retirement which, they hoped, would be serene. Later, a real estate company—a subsidiary of Kang—bought all the land and evicted the gangsters. Now the suburb is home to Kang Enterprises' middle management and their families.

Dragon's Breath: Warlord Kang founded this walled mesa town, 30 miles south of Shan Fan, in the early 1870s as a haven for pirates. Since then its function has grown decidedly less sinister. Known as the "Riviera of the Maze," the mesa is dominated by opulent hotels and neon-lit casinos, with white-sand beach resorts along the western shore. Only the most fantastically wealthy can afford to vacation here.

Gomorra Restricted Zone: About 40 miles north of Shan Fan is Exit 66, Gomorra, the ramp in disrepair and overgrown with weeds and brush. A gate blocks the exit, with a sign that reads: **RESTRICTED ZONE, NO TRESPASSING, BY ORDER OF US ARMY.** Acres and acres of land are sealed off with high, chain-link fences and concertina wire. No one knows what's inside...

Kangton: This suburb of Shan Fan lies north of the city, about 10 miles south of the Gomorra Restricted Zone. The orderly, quiet neighborhood houses a large number of Kangers—not all of them company employees—and their families. The community is geared toward merging Western culture with a number of disparate Southeast Asian traditions.

Rail Yards: Vast rail yards lie southeast and inland of Shan Fan. The passenger trains rumble right into the center of town and New China Station, while the rolling freight arrives here. The rail yards' lonely expanse is often used by criminal gangs to "lose" certain undesirable individuals, if you catch the drift.

Red Rat: In the late 1800s, the two richest boomtowns in the Maze were Lynchburg and Red Rat. Lynchburg grew into a thriving metropolis in its own right, but after the Kanger Uprising, Red Rat pretty much fell off the map. In fact, a flyspeck burg remains along the Ever-Triumphant Highway about 60 miles south of Shan Fan. But likely more compelling to curious investigators is the unmarked, fenced-off compound outside town, down by the salt marsh.

Saigon Flats: A few miles southeast of the Skids, Vietnamese immigrants founded Saigon Flats. The ingenious rice farmers invested their modest savings in patent science devices when they arrived in California. Those investments paid off by helping them create tiered, irrigated rice paddies that can be heated and cultivated year-round.

"IS IT REALLY 'CORRUPTION' IF I'M EQUALLY AMENABLE TO OFFERS FROM ALL INTERESTED PARTIES?"

—John "Rocket" Billings,
Mayor

RANDOM SHAN FAN LOCATIONS

When using the Case Generator in *Deadlands Noir* to construct thrilling tales for Shan Fan, substitute this table in **Optional: Location**.

Roll 1d10 and consult the table below:

1) Industry Park: Includes the area formerly known as Heavenly Park, stretching east into the hills and north into Taeltown. With few residences, investigations here are likely to be tied to business activity.

2) Taeltown: This area is the heart of downtown Shan Fan, featuring skyscrapers, banks, and the stock exchange.

3) Stinktown: The meat-packing district lies between the Waterfront and the Skids, hardly a coveted location.

4) The Skids: Next door to Stinktown sits the ghetto of all ghettos. The new sewage treatment plant lies directly to the south.

5) Red Light District: East of ritzy Taeltown is Chinatown, called "Partytown" by students. Jazz clubs, peep shows, brothels, all-night liquor stores, and the wildest nightclubs are found here. Big Brothers of the Triad run most of the rackets.

6) Splinterville: Incorporates the lumber yards, furniture district, and Splinterville Heights. Splinterville has a significant Japanese population, and is prowled by Yakuza thugs.

7) Prawn Valley: All along Prawn Valley's coastline sit the fish farms. Just inland are the canneries. Farther inland are neighborhoods popular with Shan Fan's rich and powerful.

8) Shan Fan Bay: These days most inhabitants of the bay and its islands are employees of Kang Enterprises, doing the hard labor of building the Golden Span Bridge, or fishermen from Prawn Valley.

9) Waterfront: This area covers Shan Fan's primary shipping area, and its associated warehouses and shipyards, but not the docks attached to Prawn Valley.

10) Environs: This area incorporates the model communities of Deliverance and Kangton, the casinos of Dragon's Breath, the farming town of Saigon Flats, the rail yards, and the secret military base at Red Rat.

"I'VE ALWAYS HAD AN ANGEL ON MY SHOULDER. PROBLEM IS, I'VE GOT A DEVIL ON THE OTHER ONE."

—Seamus "Jimmy" Murphy,
Spy

SAVAGE TALES

Sprinkle these Savage Tales amongst the Plot Points as suits your taste, Marshal. Most begin when someone hires the group, but all are easily changed into tales that have personal significance for the characters.

BENEATH THE STREETS

Hook: Meat Street, Stinktown, page 62.

Run this tale when the gumshoes are following a lead in Stinktown at night. Some people whisper of the exotic meats a connoisseur can find in Stinktown's back alley shops and basement butcher stores. They hint darkly that human meat might be on a few of the menus. If it's true, the livestock has to come from somewhere...

THE STRAIGHT DOPE

It's raining cats and dogs in Stinktown. While canvassing the area looking for answers, the questioners are approached by a small, thin Chinese man who's soaked to the skin. He says,

"You come with me. I give you straight dope. Got all answer you need."

The man is Ma Qiang. He leads the group down narrow alleys clogged with starving beggars to a tiny cobblestone courtyard. A warm glow emanates from inside a tiny shop window. This, Qiang explains, is his father's butcher shop.

He and his father, Ma Wong, serve up generous courses of traditional food and rice wine, and plain green tea on the side. All the while they ask polite questions about the heroes' purpose in Stinktown, nodding sagely, speculating they might know the answers to all these questions. A Notice roll (-2) tells a hero the father and son are hiding something.

In fact, they don't know anything at all (nor are they related to the infamous Thin Noodles Ma). All the characters' food and drink, however, is drugged. Those who eat or drink—even the tea—must make a Vigor roll at -8 or faint dead away.

IN THE COOLER

Hours later, the hapless investigators wake up half-frozen (Vigor roll to avoid Fatigue -1) in a meat locker to the faint sound of someone shrieking in agony. They have no weapons or other useful gear handy. A Smarts roll reveals that the sides of beef hanging nearby aren't from cows, or any other usual livestock. This realization provokes a Fear check in anyone who's made aware of it.

Success on a Notice roll (+2) reveals the presence of a hinged grate in the floor. Success on a Strength roll lifts it. Beneath, a concrete tunnel with steel rungs in one wall stretches down into darkness. It's the only easy escape, unless the gumshoes want to fight their way past the butchers and their thugs. (They may want to come back later if they lost any unique equipment!)

 **Ma Wong:** Use the Cult Leader stats in *Deadlands Noir*.

- **Ma Qiang:** Use the Cultist stats in *Deadlands Noir*.
- **Ma's Thugs (2 per hero):** Use the Thug stats in *Deadlands Noir*. They're armed with machetes and other crude blades (Str+d6).

INTO THE FLOOD

The tunnel leads down into the sewers and storm drains under Shan Fan, which the downpour is rapidly filling to capacity. For the heroes to make their way to a safe exit point is a standard **Dramatic Task** (see *Savage Worlds*). The problem is that the sewers under Stinktown are infested with ghouls.

One escapee rolls Survival or Tracking (-2) for each turn the group makes its way through the sewers. If no hero has either skill, substitute Smarts at -3. The task lasts for five actions. Complications include dead ends, sudden water surges, a drop into darkness, or a companion slipping and almost being swept away. If the group fails the task, they're lost—for the time being—and surrounded by hungry ghouls.

- **Ghouls (2 per hero):** See *Deadlands Noir*.

Success on the Dramatic Task means the group finds an egress from the sewers. It's up to them whether they skip out or return to Ma Wong's shop for payback.

CHINESE SQUEEZE

Hook: Kang Enterprises Compound, Industry Park, page 59.

This tale begins when a private eye or other law enforcer in the group gets a call from Chief Inspector Bo Lung at Kang Enterprises, Inc. (Run this *Savage Tale* before Plot Point Four, *Red Rat*.)

Inspector Bo Lung, in his trademark white suit, escorts the group into a well-appointed meeting room. Lung lays out a few photographs of a stooped, elderly Korean man. He says in a clipped tone,

"This is Yu Hyong. Until three days ago, he was employed as an accountant in our North Taeltown office. We have good reason to believe he's been skimming profits—embezzling, as you call it—for quite some time now. Our losses were grievous. Two days ago, Yu Hyong

disappeared. He was in possession of a ledger we wish returned. Hyong was last seen near the Waterfront, in a bar called the Brig."

Inspector Lung offers no more than \$15 a day plus expenses, per investigator. If the ledger is returned, Lung promises a \$200 bonus for the whole group. If he's asked why he doesn't go after Hyong himself, or call the police, Lung mutters something about a "sensitive matter," and leaves it at that.

TROUBLE IN THE BRIG

Sometimes a case is exactly what it appears to be, and this is one of those times. Yu Hyong is at the Brig with a stiff drink, trying desperately to figure out what to do next. It's strictly amateur hour with Yu Hyong. If he's squeezed even a little, he spills:

"Listen, I don't want any trouble. I'm afraid they know what I did over at Kang. That money, it was bound for the New Tomorrow Foundation! I am sunk. If they ever figure out what I did, how much I stole... I am sunk."

The trouble comes from two sources. First, a Triad tong led by Big Brother Chen prowls the Waterfront looking for Yu Hyong. They heard about his ledger full of Kang's secrets, and they want it. They arrive a few minutes after the group finds Hyong.

 **Big Brother Chen:** Use the Martial Artist (Superior) stats on page 89.

- **Triad Tong (2 per hero):** Use the Tong stats on page 91.
- **Yu Hyong:** Use the Citizen stats in *Deadlands Noir*.

RIOT!

Things just happen to be heating up between angry ringleaders in the stevedore's union, strike breakers loyal to Kang Enterprises, and the clamoring poor eager for the chance to work, even as scabs. Moments after the tong arrives, everyone in and around the Brig is drawn into the surging crowds.

Getting out of the bloody, savage melee together and in one piece is a standard **Dramatic Task** (see *Savage Worlds*). Make one hero's Fighting roll at -2 each turn. The task lasts for five actions. Complications might include getting pinned down in a blind alley by sudden gunfire, a surging crowd driving the group in the wrong direction or splitting them up, or one hero being Grappled by a random combatant.

Five or more successes on the task means the sleuths slip away from the riots with Yu Hyong in tow, and can collect their pay from Inspector Bo Lung. (It's up to the GM whether the Triad tong makes it out alive.)

If the group fails, they find themselves facing a large pack of furious stevedores who don't like them one bit. Combat, and likely arrest, follow.

- **Stevedores (3 per hero):** Use the Thug stats in *Deadlands Noir*.

CLAY JUG

Hook: Tam Estate Ruins, Prawn Valley, page 60.

Run this tale when your group least expects it. One investigator receives a strange phone call in the middle of the night. The offered job seems simple. What the caller fails to mention is that the Yakuza are involved, insofar as they believe the property at issue belongs to them. A thorny quandary.

A hero awakens to the telephone's ragged jangling. An unfamiliar voice on the line says,

"Listen carefully, I don't have time to say this twice. I'm going to offer you a job—a very simple and straightforward job—and you're going to tell me whether you're in, or you're out. I tell you the terms, you answer. Got it? Okay, it's like this: I know where a treasure's buried. Very valuable stuff.

"But I can't get to it right now, see, because I'm being watched. They're watching me. So I want you to get it. You get it, and I'll split it with you, fifty-fifty. So whaddya say? Are you in or out?"

COUNT US IN

The sleepy hero is free to hang up in disgust. If she opts otherwise, the voice continues,

"You'll have to move fast. Drive north of the city on the Ever-Triumphant Highway. Take Exit 52 onto the county road going northeast. Make a left on Tam Lane—that's a dirt road—and take it all the way out to the coast. You'll see the old Tam Estate walls.

"There's an open pavilion at the middle of the grounds. Dig at the base of the southernmost pillar, and you'll find a clay jug about two feet down. It's got the goods inside it. Call me back at this exchange when you've got it free and clear. And for God's sake, make sure you aren't followed."

The voice rattles off a Shan Fan telephone exchange—Common Knowledge reveals it's probably in Taeltown—and hangs up. Now it's the hero's turn to wake people up: her companions.

RUINED GLORY

As the treasure hunters pull up at the ruins of the Tam Estate in their machine, call for Notice rolls at -2.

Success means a hero sees another automobile, a black Ford DeLuxe coupe, pulled off the road and parked in the brush.

It belongs to a gang of Yakuza thugs who were listening in on the heroes' phone call, and who are now prowling about the grounds looking for the treasure. If they see headlights approaching, they creep forward and plot an ambush.

- **Yakuza (2 per hero):** Use the Yakuza stats on page 92. They're armed with Tommy guns and not easily deterred.

A successful Smarts roll gets heroes to the correct spot, and digging turns up a clay jug as promised. It's sealed with plaster, but easily pried open. Inside is a fortune in gold coins, precious stones, and ornate Chinese jewelry.

If the characters call their employer back—he's a small-timer named Sam Jenkins—they find him eager to set up a meeting, and willing to hold up his end of the bargain. He hands over ancient gold and jewelry worth upwards of \$20,000 on the open market.

However, this also unleashes the Yakuza's fury. They send a ruthless patent scientist, Dr. Sato, and his gang to recover the gold at all costs. If they fail, the Yakuza only get angrier.

 **Dr. Sato:** Use the Patent Scientist stats in *Deadlands Noir*.

- **Sato's Goons (2 per hero):** Use the Thug stats in *Deadlands Noir*.

THE SPIDER'S EMBRACE

Hook: The Jade Pavilion, page 61.

In this tale, an elderly widow calls asking for a consultation, saying she needs help with a woman who's blackmailing her son. If the group gets involved they discover the blackmailer is a serial offender... and she's not even human!

Joanna Chilton is silver-haired and severe, with rheumy eyes. She gets around with the aid of a walker and a flask of bourbon.

"Thank you so much for seeing me. It's this woman, Miss Yorogumo, who's been giving my son a hassle. He's a good boy, he doesn't deserve this. My Simon is going to art school in Sacramento in the fall. This woman, she—she's a bloodsucking witch. She knows we have money. She's doing this to ruin my son, to get at our money."

The widow Chilton tells the group Miss Yorogumo spends her evenings at the Jade Pavilion bar in

Chinatown. She shows investigators a no-nonsense note demanding \$8,000 in return for “the photos,” and signed “Sincerely, Miss Yorogumo.”

Simon Chilton corroborates the widow Chilton’s account; he’s a dull-eyed boy who seems good-natured enough. If he’s pressed about the photos, and beaten in a Test of Wills, Simon blushes furiously and admits in a quiet voice,

“They’re pictures of... me. Me and her together. Naked. You know?”

RED LIGHT HOSPITALITY

It’s a simple matter to meet Miss Yorogumo at the Jade Pavilion. She’s there every night—tall, dark, and glamorous—always eager to meet new customers (and photograph them in compromising positions). If the group has prior relations with the Yakuza, they might come into play now (see the Jade Pavilion entry on page 61). The Yakuza know Miss Yorogumo and look out for her. Successful Legwork (see *Deadlands Noir*) reveals Simon Chilton is far from the first person Miss Y. has blackmailed.

Miss Yorogumo isn’t cowed by threats, and she doesn’t shrink away from a show of force. She sticks to her demands, refusing any suggestion otherwise. In fact, Miss Yorogumo isn’t even human—she’s an evil spider woman, made up of thousands of tiny black widows, who can take human form. How the group deals with her scheme is their business.

 **Miss Yorogumo:** Use the Swarm Man stats in *Deadlands Noir*.

THE THEATER SPOOK

Hook: Wentworth Theater, Industry Park, page 59.

Run this simple tale when you’re in the mood for dark humor and a few laughs. The Wentworth Theater’s owners contact one of the investigators to relate the simple but absurd assertion that their theater is *haunted*. Would a team of professional investigators be so kind as to inspect the premises after closing for the sum of, shall we say, \$35 each?

At the Wentworth Theater, General Manager Pierre DuChamps meets the group and explains,

“Many of our patrons have reported a cold, unseen presence moving along the theater balcony. Others say they hear footsteps behind them, but when they look—no one’s there. And of course, there’s the killer who’s said to have burned his victims in the theater’s furnace all those years ago. But this is all speculation. You are the experts. Here are the theater keys. My employer asks

that you stay overnight to discern the true nature of these... disturbances.”

A few hours looking at newspaper files downtown and successfully Hitting the Books (see *Deadlands Noir*) reveals the truth behind DuChamps’ story. A serial killer named Horace Fink did indeed cremate his victims’ bodies in the theater’s furnace in early 1892. He was put to death in March of 1893.

A group that stays the night gets more than they bargained for in a comedy of errors and spooky occurrences. First, the theater really is haunted by a playful ghost called Betobeto-san, an invisible spirit that delights in sowing fear.

Additionally, there’s Kimchi, the old Korean maintenance man who lives in the cellar. He’s half-blind and almost all deaf, paranoid as hell, and no one told him about any investigation taking place tonight. Kimchi sneaks around until he’s discovered, after which time he’s a shrill and reproving presence.

Finally, a corpse is loose in the theater. A former button man for the Triad who got zotzed in a botched heist, this particular cadaver’s cunning, amoral, and so far, completely unaware he’s dead. He’s hiding out in the theater’s upper stories until the heat dies down.

Between Kimchi and the corpse sneaking around, and the confusion caused by the ghost, investigators are in for one hell of a night.

- **Old Kimchi:** Use the Citizen stats in *Deadlands Noir*. Kimchi’s armed with a double barrel shotgun.

- **The Corpse:** Use the Walkin’ Dead stats in *Deadlands Noir*.

 **Betobeto-san:** See page 92.

VANISHED

Hook: Shan Fan University Campus, Splinterville, page 62.

Run this story when a young acquaintance of one of the sleuths goes missing on the university campus, or when the administration hires the group to find some missing students. A campus official meets with them over coffee to discuss the details and offers to pay their usual rate. The Shan Fan police are unable or unwilling to help.

Six students—four females and two young men—disappeared on campus in the past six months. All were of different races and nationalities, 18 or 19 years old. Legwork, or simply speaking to the victims’ friends and family, reveals a common thread to several of the disappearances: an unfamiliar Pontiac Streamliner—

commonly known as a “Woody”—seen in the vicinity just before the crime.

This story has few happy endings, and no convenient abomination to shoot full of lead. The kidnappers driving a Woody around campus are common thugs working for the Korean Gangpae, and their evil is the simple human kind. They abduct attractive young students and sell them into slavery—most likely prostitution and drug addiction—in the Red Light District. Stopping the kidnappers is simple; tracking down and rescuing all their victims could be the basis of an entire campaign.

- **Gangpae (1, plus 1 per hero):** Use the Martial Artist stats on page 89. The leader is a Wild Card.

WOLF IN THE HENHOUSE

Hook: Peacock Club, Taeltown, page 63.

Run this adventure when one sherlock’s favorite torch singer, Minerva Cho, turns up dead at the Peacock Club. The suspects are legion, but the police can’t make anything stick. The culprit is right under everyone’s noses, but it’s someone *no one* likely expects.

Investigators of Cho’s murder could do worse than using Patter to shake down the Peacock Club’s employees and regular patrons. For each success and raise, they learn one of the following facts/rumors:

- Ms. Cho was strangled to death, reportedly by someone tremendously strong, to have crushed her windpipe so completely.
- One of the bouncers, “Steel-arm” Charlie, recently asked Ms. Cho for a date and was rebuked.
- Ms. Cho and another performer, Annie Delacroix, physically fought over “costuming disagreements” the night Ms. Cho was killed.
- A regular, Ernie Uchida, who has a reputation for being “weird,” recently harassed Ms. Cho.
- The stage manager, Fong Wen, is known to slap performers around when they get “mouthy.”
- The bartender, a frail little man named Frank Lin, has had a schoolboy crush on Ms. Cho for months.

Most of these colorful characters are exactly what they seem to be. Roleplay your group’s interactions with them, and don’t resist the urge to have each one incriminate themselves with careless talk. But deeper probing of each of their stories is a dead end.

- **Peacock Club Regulars & Staff:** Use the Citizen stats in *Deadlands Noir*.

In truth, frail little Frank Lin once drank some hooch laced with ghost rock, and now he’s an abomination known as a Hyde. The night of the murder he professed his love for Minerva Cho. Her rejection and



cruel laughter set off the transformation, and Frank killed her. If he's plainly accused of the murder, Frank transforms again under the stress and tries to escape.

- **Frank Lin:** Use the Citizen stats in *Deadlands Noir* for Frank, and the Hyde stats when he transforms.

COILED SERPENT

Hook: Abernathy Imports, Angelfish Island, page 65.

This tale begins when Horace Abernathy—owner of Abernathy Imports on Angelfish Island—contacts the shamuses about his safe being stolen the night before.

About a week ago, notorious safecracker Lindsay Gold learned that Horace Abernathy's safe was filled not only with his payroll and some ghost rock, but also 10 pounds of pure "gum"—opium—imported from China. Gold hatched a plot for a "box job," and gathered his crew. But things went bad in a big way.

GETTING THERE

The Angelfish Island ferry leaves every three hours from the Waterfront. The fare is \$.45 per passenger, plus \$3.50 per vehicle. Not many people go to Angelfish these days, so affable ferry operator Billy Gee charges more to make up his shortfall.

CRIME SCENE

Abernathy Imports, Ltd., is little more than a run-down, two-room shack near a rotting pier. Horace is sweaty, overweight, and balding. He shows the investigators inside, speaking rapid fire:

"I'm Horace, Horace Abernathy. Thanks for coming out. In my office, here, you can see what these bums did to me. Didn't even crack the safe. Just took the whole blasted thing. That's my payroll for import captains, my personal store of ghost rock—my livelihood. Stole my outboard launch, too."

The shack has only an office and a separate living area in back. The office is in disarray. A conspicuous dirt-free square in the corner indicates where the safe was.

A Notice roll makes clear that several people were involved: The floorboards are tracked with mud from four distinct pairs of boots and shoes. A raise turns up a small, discarded scrap of paper: a claim ticket for dry cleaning from Hong's Cleaners. A Common Knowledge roll tells a hero that Hong's is located on the western shore of Angelfish Island.

Under questioning, Abernathy tells the heroes where Hong's Cleaners is located. He also maintains that the thieves couldn't have gone too far—the outboard

would have been seen crossing the bay in the dead of night, and the gas tank was down to fumes.

- **Horace Abernathy:** Use the Citizen stats in *Deadlands Noir*.

INVESTIGATIONS

Looking into the dry-cleaning ticket at Hong's, the party learns it belonged to one Lindsay Gold. A hero with experience in local law enforcement gets a Common Knowledge roll to know about Gold's safe-cracking background and stint at Saint Quentin. Otherwise, Hitting the Books or Legwork (see *Deadlands Noir*) reveals this information.

Successful Legwork among nearby businesses and homes turns up a few residents who saw or heard Abernathy's motorboat leaving after midnight. By all accounts it headed west, away from the city.

INTO THE SERPENT'S MAW

The launch didn't get far. Traveling the channel between Angelfish and Crying Ghost Island, something struck the thieves' boat from below. They swerved into a small inlet. Only Lindsay Gold got onto a dry ledge before an enormous Maze dragon swallowed the boat, the safe, and all three of Gold's accomplices in one gulp.

Success on a Notice roll while scanning the channel reveals the inlet, and the cold, miserable Gold clinging to a ledge a few feet above the water. The Maze dragon waits below, hungry for more morsels. It attacks a vessel as soon as it enters the inlet.

Gold has no intention of leaving without the safe, but he gladly reveals Horace Abernathy's role as opium importer for the Triad if he needs to save his own skin. All told, the safe's contents are worth more than \$15,000.

- **Lindsay Gold:** Use the Grifter stats in *Deadlands Noir*, adding the Stubborn Hindrance and Lockpicking d8.

- **Maze Dragon:** See page 92.

**"I DO NOT EXPECT YOU TO 'GET IT,'
MR. MURPHY..."**

—Kang,
Warlord

PLOT POINT CAMPAIGN: THE SHANGHAI BUDDHA

"Neither in the sky nor in mid-ocean, nor by entering into mountain clefts, nowhere in the world is there a place where one can escape the results of evil deeds."

—The Buddha

In recent years, Shan Fan's image has been restored from "City of Thieves" to City of Industry. Much of this progress is due to Kang Mingzhu's tireless support of civic projects. Some is due to Mayor Billings' enthusiastic cheerleading for experimental patent science. And certainly, much of the credit is due to Shan Fan's tireless masses, most of whom are willing to pick up the hammer, shovel, or broom and work for their daily bread.

But with the second bloody Sino-Japanese War grinding on, Shan Fan's shining potential seems dimmed by internal conflict. So Mingzhu, already cynically manipulating the criminal gangs for her own gain while publicly decrying their misdeeds, bribing local authorities to overlook her company's law-breaking, and delving into the same forbidden studies as her grandfather, cooked up a plot.

First she funded research on a high-performance, high-efficiency engine. The engine would power a stable, mobile platform of her own design. Next she devised a weapon more destructive than anything the world has ever known—the Geologic Destabilizer—allowing her to cause earthquakes at will.

The moving platform, combined with the completed Golden Span Bridge and Kang Causeway, would let Mingzhu quickly deliver her Destabilizer virtually anywhere in the Maze. In short order, Kang Enterprises would rule North California and help China win the Sino-Japanese War.

The only thing Mingzhu was missing was a power source. That's when the legendary Shanghai Buddha resurfaced.

TALE OF THE SHANGHAI BUDDHA

No one knows who created the jade statue, or when, but some say it was carved in China during the legendary time of the Three August Ones and the Five Emperors. What's sure is the statue was a mystical receptacle in which the emanations of the spirit world pooled. People who meditated in the jade Buddha's presence attained deep spiritual peace, and felt in harmony with all of creation.

Passed down through the ages, the jade Buddha came into the possession of the Emperor of China as a prized family heirloom. Although the statue was known to grant spiritual harmony, it also granted a more enigmatic gift to sorcerers, who could use the idol to fuel their magic directly. And in time, the statue revealed other capacities as well.

BROTHER VERSUS BROTHER

From AD 598–614, the Yang brothers—Guang and Xiu—engaged in a deadly struggle for control of China. Guang won in the end, and no one knew what became of Xiu. In fact, Guang discovered a ritual and used it to trap his brother's spirit in the jade Buddha. Storing it in a high alcove above his inner sanctum, Guang would look upon the statue often and revel in the thoughts of his brother's eternal, undying imprisonment.

Yang Guang went on to become one of the most bloodthirsty tyrants in China's history. Near the end of his rule, as Guang's enemies closed in, the emperor became paranoid and spiteful. He imagined he could hear Xiu laughing at him from inside the prison. Only too late did it occur to Guang that Xiu hadn't lost their struggle. He won, because in the prison's safety his soul would avoid Guang's revenge forever.

Soldiers overran and looted the palace, the jade Buddha was taken away, and it vanished for over a thousand years. For his part, Yang Guang vowed in death to have revenge on his brother's soul. The sheer force of his hatred kept him tethered to the living world, and eventually turned him into a black-hearted manitou. Guang's corrupt spirit has never given up hunting the statue.

TEMPLE OF THE JADE BUDDHA

In the late 1870s, a Chinese national living in Burma donated five large jade Buddha statues to a monk named Hui Gen. Hui Gen took two of the statues back to Shanghai and used them to found the Temple of the Jade Buddha. But the wealthy benefactor had actually donated *six* statues—the sixth being a jade Buddha that radiated mystical serenity.

Although the jade Buddha spread peace, it was also surrounded by evil—the vengeful manitou that was once Guang often lurked nearby. In 1882, Guang whispered to one of the monks to steal the jade Buddha, using his malevolent influence to tempt the poor ascetic. In days the statue—henceforth known as the Shanghai Buddha—was on a cargo junk headed east across the Pacific to the Great Maze.

RELIC: THE SHANGHAI BUDDHA

The jade Buddha was carved in China over 2,000 years ago, and the creator's identity is lost to time. It is a seven-inch-tall, four-inch-wide statuette, weighing approximately 2.5 pounds. It depicts in creamy green jade a round-bellied, grinning Buddha sitting cross-legged.

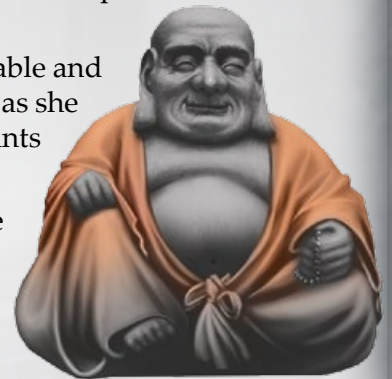
Power: The Shanghai Buddha is a self-recharging battery for arcane energy. These points can be tapped at will by any character with an Arcane Background by touching the statue with bare fingertips or attaching it to a patent science device. The Power Point cost is "paid" by the statue instead of the caster.

At capacity, the Buddha holds 100 Power Points. The statue's Power Points replenish at the rate of 2 per hour. On a site with some mystical resonance or connection, the statue recharges 3 or even 4 Power Points per hour. If the statue is shattered violently (Toughness 6), it explodes in a Large Burst Template for d12 damage per 10 Power Points stored, rounded down (e.g., if the statue holds 77 Power Points, it explodes for 7d12 damage).

With the correct ritual, the Shanghai Buddha can trap a victim's soul. After chanting a specific verse for three rounds, the caster and the victim make an opposed Spirit roll. If the caster wins, the victim's soul is drawn into the Buddha and trapped. This sets any spirit already captured in the statue free, into the spirit world or a nearby, soulless body.

Taint: Anyone who possesses the Shanghai Buddha for a week or more grows irritable and unreceptive to advice. The hero gains the Mean and Stubborn Hindrances for as long as she keeps the Buddha. Additionally, the statue instead recharges by drawing Power Points from its sleeping owner, who wakes up each day short 2d6 Power Points.

If a caster rolls snake eyes on a skill roll to activate a power while touching the Shanghai Buddha, consider it *very* bad news. The caster's soul is savagely torn free, and replaced with whatever spirit currently resides in the Shanghai Buddha. Right now, that's ancient Chinese general Yang Xiu.



LOST IN THE WEST

In Shan Fan, Guang Harrowed a former Pony Express rider named Ethan, and used the poor devil's carcass to seize the Shanghai Buddha and kill the monk who'd stolen it. With compatriots in tow, the manitou-ridden Ethan took the statue to Devils Tower in the Sioux Nations—a place where Guang knew of an open portal to the Hunting Grounds. But a US Agent's timely intervention with his Gatling pistol prevented Guang from carrying the idol into the spirit world, where he could exact his vengeance.

Recognizing its power and value, the Man in Black stored the Buddha in a leather, ghost-steel-lined case marked **PROPERTY OF U.S. GOVERNMENT**, and set out immediately to deliver it to the waiting vaults of the Agency's Supernatural Research Facility in Denver, Colorado. He never made it.

En route, he intercepted what's known among spooks as a "Triple-A Bulletin"—All Available Agents report for duty. Such bulletins were so rare as to be unheard of, so no Agent could refuse this call for aid. With the Shanghai Buddha in tow, the Agent hurried to White Sands, New Mexico. Six days later, dozens of spooks and their Cleaner allies lay in a mass grave, victims of

a mysterious killer. The Buddha, in its bullet-pocked leather case, was lost again.

BACK TO THE MAZE

But the relic was found by workers in the employ of Takahashi Jinrai, a Japanese exporter from nearby Potential, Arizona. Jinrai was in the CSA on the Mitsubishi Company's dime, paid to look for valuables. When he heard rumors that several US Marshals, support personnel, and members of the notorious Laughing Men Gang had been murdered near White Sands, he dispatched his men. Jinrai hoped to find outlaw gold. He ended up with something far more valuable.

An accomplished scholar, Jinrai had long experimented with various ghost rock-powered munitions and battlefield devices—what the popular press of the time called "mad science"—so he wasn't exactly a lightweight as far as mystical relics went. He quickly determined the Shanghai Buddha was priceless, a sort of limitless battery for arcane energies. With the dark magic of the Reckoning seeping into it, it had only become more potent.

LOT 9.

SHANGHAI BUDDHA

Description: Date of fabrication unknown. A seven-inch-tall, four-inch-wide creamy green jade statuette, weighing approximately 2.5 pounds. It depicts a round-bellied, grinning Buddha sitting cross-legged. Contained in US Government leather satchel, lined with ghost steel armor plating, with six bullet holes. Satchel included. Minimum bid \$12,500.

History: First mentioned during histories of the Chinese Siu Dynasty, circa AD 600, which was contested in war by rival brothers, Guang and Xiu. An anonymous donor gave the statue to Shanghai's Temple of the Jade Buddha in 1882, but it was stolen less than a year later and lost again. Next surfaced in Shan Fan, North California, for this exclusive auction.

In 1892, Jinrai moved his burgeoning family west, to a grand estate near Shan Fan. He died during the Kanger Uprising in 1898, leaving the Shanghai Buddha to his son. When he too was killed in a bar fight in 1912, he left it to Jinrai's grandson, Takahashi Shichiro.

MURDER MOST FOUL

In 1939, Shichiro lived a simple life on Sweat Island, supporting his wife and daughters with the modest yields of a small ghost rock mine. Their lives were not glamorous, but Shichiro rationalized that his family was happy, despite their near-constant complaints. In the end, though, happiness was less important than honor—the honor of guarding the Shanghai Buddha. He believed his family shared in this honor.

Shichiro's daughter Leiko had other ideas. She sold out her old man to a boyfriend in the Korean Gangpae, telling him about the priceless jade relic her father had been guarding all these years. The boyfriend came around one night with his gang—the Red Dragons—and Shichiro was forced to watch his family murdered, and worse. Before they killed him, the thugs took the Shanghai Buddha and cruelly revealed Leiko's betrayal. Then they shot Shichiro through the heart and set fire to the house he'd built.

The thugs sold Leiko into prostitution, and sold the Shanghai Buddha to a small-time fence. He quickly passed it off to a private dealer, who in turn earned a tidy sum on a quick transaction with the Hainesboro Auction House. When the Shanghai Buddha appeared for sale in a catalog, Kang's agents immediately took notice. Soon the diabolical Mingzhu, via myriad proxies and intermediaries, enlisted Percy Norton III, Earl of Shan Fan, to purchase the artifact at auction.

GUANG AGAIN

A complication no one could predict was about to step in and queer the deal. The twisted spirit of Yang Guang, still around after all these years, had followed the Shanghai Buddha all the way to Sweat Island. For a long time it lurked near the mine, watching Shichiro and his daughters, studying their daily toil and resentments. Guang was the one who whispered evil into Leiko's ear as she slept. The manitou promised her a rich, glamorous life if she and her boyfriend sold off the relic.

After the murders, Guang crawled into Shichiro's dying body and put his mind through a living Hell. He made Shichiro believe he'd come back as an *oni*—a vengeful, insubstantial demon—to bring justice to the ones who killed his wife and daughters. Most of all, Shichiro vowed to seek out the Shanghai Buddha at all costs...just like Guang knew he would.

THE AUCTION AND THE DOUBLE-CROSS

The auction was well-publicized, and Percy Norton's intention to buy the legendary Shanghai Buddha much speculated upon in the press. Attending the auction with his driver, Norton bought the statue and its vintage leather case—bullet-riddled and grit-encrusted—for \$23,500.

After the auction, Norton directed his driver to a brothel in Chinatown called the Eight Immortals Inn. One might think Percy wished to “celebrate” his purchase. On the contrary, his purpose was to speak to a girl who—his sources told him—had grown up with the Shanghai Buddha's guardian. A girl named Leiko.

That's when Shichiro appeared, looking for Percy Norton and his newly purchased leather case. Instead, he found the Earl of Shan Fan in a seemingly compromising position with the daughter who'd betrayed him, who he thought was dead. To the manitou's horror, Shichiro lunged at the screaming Percy Norton, and tore his throat open—before they could figure out where the Buddha was!

Meanwhile, the Red Dragons had stalked Percy Norton ever since the auction. After reading about the Buddha's impending sale in the society pages,

they hatched a plot to steal it back and resell it. While Shichiro murdered Percy Norton in a blind rage, outside, the Korean Gangpae shot Percy's driver to death and stole the family's Mercedes-Benz. They drove off with the Shanghai Buddha in the trunk.

Guang seized Dominion of Shichiro's mind and fled the scene. Thinking quickly, he realized it would be helpful to throw the authorities off his trail. It would buy him more time to find the statue. At a coffee house down the block, Shichiro charmed a random patron—in fact, one of the heroes—and drugged his or her drink. The manitou smeared some of Percy Norton's blood on the delirious investigator's sleeves, and steered his patsy in the direction of the Eight Immortals... where he or she was sure to get picked up by the Homicide Squad.

THE TANGLED WEB

As the Plot Point Campaign begins, Kang Mingzhu is desperate to get her hands on the Shanghai Buddha, to research its suitability as a power source for her Geologic Destabilizer. Meanwhile, Takahashi Shichiro stalks the underworld trying to reclaim the Buddha and his honor. Newspaper headlines and radio reports blare the news of Percy Norton's murder. The suspect accused of the crime—one of the player characters—maintains his or her innocence.

And the Shanghai Buddha? Hours after the Red Dragons stole the Nortons' Benz, a Chinese tong ambushed them and relieved them of their precious cargo. Once again, the jade statue has vanished. This time your group of stalwart investigators must be the ones to find it, and prove their innocence.

HOW TO USE THE PLOT POINT CAMPAIGN

The Plot Point Campaign kicks off with *Framed!*, which finds all the investigators attending a bail hearing for the accused murderer of Percy Norton III, Earl of Shan Fan. A mysterious benefactor—Kang Mingzhu, using Eloise Norton as her proxy—pays the full amount. Undeterred, the Shan Fan police trail the accused everywhere she goes.

The next day the group is summoned to the Norton Estate in Prawn Valley to meet with Eloise, sister of the deceased. She hires the gumshoes to return the Shanghai Buddha, and to prove their innocence by finding the real killer. Investigating the scene of the crime and canvassing the neighborhood turns up several leads, including the identity of the Red Dragons and the Chinese tong that robbed them. Hard-nosed questioners get into a scrape with local do-gooders.

In *Gangland*, the investigators go looking for one or more criminal gangs. From the Chinese tong they can only learn where the jade Buddha was fenced, because they've already sold it. From the Red Dragons, they learn where the statue came from: a miner who lived on Sweat Island.

Going back to the miner's land reveals evidence of a Kang Enterprises cover-up and a scorched family photo in which one daughter is the dame who was with Percy Norton when he died, and the father is the charming man the accused hero suddenly remembers meeting in a coffee shop the night of the murder. The heroes return to Leiko at the Eight Immortals armed with this information, and she relates the story of her doomed father, Takahashi Shichiro.

When the group visits Wing's Emporium, where the Shanghai Buddha was most recently fenced, they walk straight into the next episode, *Black Science*. The police and Shichiro are following the heroes now, and a rival—CSA spy Seamus Murphy—tries to chisel in on their game with the Nortons.

As soon as stalwart investigators persuade Mr. Wing to reveal the Buddha's location, gunfire rings out. Yakuza punks in the employ of Dr. Kyo Mori hose down the shop with lead and flee. A car chase to Dr. Mori's lab ensues, with the Shan Fan police and Shichiro not far behind.

The heroes confront Dr. Mori at his lab in Splinterville. But Chief Inspector Bo Lung confiscates the Shanghai Buddha and several prototype engines for Kang Enterprises as payment for their investment in Mori's research. The gumshoes might have access to Mori's lab and journals, but the Buddha's gone—for now.

A few weeks later, in *Red Rat*, Mayor Billings asks the investigators for a secret meeting and reveals that Kang Enterprises' projects aren't limited to public works. Billings quietly points them toward the top secret laboratories near Red Rat, a coastal town south of Shan Fan proper. Sneaking into the compound, the detectives uncover Kang Mingzhu's plans to rule all of North California and help China win the Sino-Japanese conflict. The episode ends as Shichiro appears and hurls the Shanghai Buddha to the factory floor, shattering it in an explosion of arcane flames that kills Chief Inspector Lung.

The story wraps up with *Two Chinese Brothers*. By this point the gumshoes know Shichiro framed them, and they've uncovered the dark underbelly of Shan Fan's vaunted "progress." All that's left is to apprehend Shichiro and extract a confession for Percy Norton's murder. They find an unlikely ally: Bo Lung, Harrowed by Yang Xiu—the brother's spirit formerly trapped in

EARL OF SHAN FAN DEAD

SHAN FAN, NORTH CALIFORNIA — TUESDAY MORNING — APRIL 11, 1939

PERCY NORTON FOUND SLAIN IN CHINATOWN BROTHEL

MURDERED FOR SHANGHAI BUDDHA?

Shan Fan—Percy Norton III, Earl of Shan Fan and formerly fourth in line to assume the Emperor's throne, was found dead last night in the Eight Immortals Inn at 454 King Wen Street, Chinatown. Homicide detectives say they arrested a suspect near the crime scene. Police Chief Noah Cranston declined to provide more details, but made it clear the police consider Percy Norton a murder victim.

As reported by the *Chronicle* last Tuesday, last night the Hainesboro Auction House was to sell the Shanghai Buddha, a jade statue of great age and value.

The slain Norton told the *Chronicle* and other news outlets of his intent to purchase the Buddha. When asked whether the statue had been robbed after the murder, or if it was recovered, police had no comment.

Police refused to identify the suspect in custody, but stated that a hearing is imminent.

The *Chronicle* is sure this heinous murderer will be brought to swift and final justice.

the Shanghai Buddha. After hunting down Shichiro, the heroes join in a battle between brothers to settle a 1,000-year-old score, fought high atop the scaffolding of the Golden Span Bridge.

PART ONE: FRAMED!

Run this adventure first if you're using the *Shanghai Buddha* Plot Point Campaign. It brings the group together and provides the basic impetus for solving a many-layered, tangled mystery. Give everyone a copy of the handouts *Lot 9: The Shanghai Buddha*, and *Earl of Shan Fan Dead*, and a few minutes to read them.

We open in a crowded courtroom in City Hall, all the sleuths in attendance. Read the following in your best radio announcer's voice:

"Welcome back to radio WSNF, Shan Fan's most informative spot on the dial. We recap today's big stories—Kang Enterprises spokesmen unveiled research into a new, high-efficiency engine; violent skirmishes continue between Chinese and Japanese forces near Shanghai; in Europe, tensions between Germany and Poland continue to rise; and today's bail hearing at City Hall for the accused 'Norton Strangler' is scheduled

to go ahead, despite District Attorney Milton Chau's motion to postpone.

"As all loyal listeners know, Percy Norton III, Earl of Shan Fan, was cruelly throttled in a Chinatown bordello last Thursday, mere hours after purchasing a priceless Chinese relic at auction. A suspect was arrested near the scene of the crime, but the suspect's attorney insists only circumstantial evidence connects his client to the murder. We await the results of today's hearing..."

Give each player a chance to describe why his or her hero is attending the hearing. One sleuth's reason is plain—he or she is the accused murderer (see sidebar, *The Accused*)! Then the court is called to order and asked to stand for the Honorable Judge Yokoyama, presiding. With success on a Notice roll, an observant hero sees a distinctly well-dressed, silver-haired gentleman who stands out in the crowd.

BAIL HEARING

Convincing Judge Yokoyama to allow bail in a capital murder case uses the **Social Conflict** rules (see *Savage Worlds*). Let the accused character roll his attorney's Knowledge (Law) d8 versus District Attorney Chau's Knowledge (Law) d10 each round. (Both are Wild Cards.) The player can spend Bennies on these rolls

if he likes. The first round represents the prosecutor's argument and defense's rebuttal, and the second round covers the defense attorney's rationale for bail being granted and the prosecution's rebuttal. In the third round, each side presents a closing argument, legal precedent, or both.

If the defense fails, the accused is thrown back in the slammer with no bail possible. (She's released a few days later for lack of witnesses placing her at the crime scene, though.) With anything from a tie to four successes, the judge sets bail at an unprecedented \$250,000 and bangs his gavel with finality. If the defense ends up with 5+ successes, Judge Yokoyama sets bail at \$100,000.

No matter the result, if bail is allowed a mysterious benefactor pays it in full within the hour, and police set the accused free pending the next court date. The Shan Fan Police immediately put a tail on the suspect (see *Deadlands Noir*).

MEETING A NORTON

The next day, each hero is summoned individually to the Norton Estate near Splinterville Heights. If anyone requests transportation, a gray Mercedes-Benz limousine picks them up. At the door they are greeted by the butler, Reeves, the same silver-haired gent seen at yesterday's hearing. He escorts them into an opulent drawing room, where the prim and forthright Eloise Norton—Duchess of Shan Fan and Percy's older sister—awaits.

After offering drinks and a few pleasantries, Eloise opens up:

"As you may have guessed, I'm the one who paid your bail. The charges against you? Pure rubbish. The district attorney hasn't enough evidence to keep you locked up—no witnesses place you at the murder scene. Someone is being taken for the proverbial ride, and I'd like to ask your help in finding the real culprit. You'll be enriched for your efforts to the tune of, shall we say... \$50 a day plus expenses?"

"There is another matter. A matter of great sensitivity. Perhaps you read in the papers that my brother purchased an item of great value the night he was killed. This item—a jade Buddha statue—has gone missing, and I dearly wish it returned."

"Above all, I want to know the truth. Why was Percy in such a horrid place as the Eight Immortals Inn? I assure you it wasn't for the entertainment. Percy could have had any girl he wanted. There must have been some other reason for his going there."

Eloise Norton is clearly distraught, and telling the truth when she says she wants answers. A raise on a Notice roll reveals she's holding something back, but if questioned she insists she's being truthful. (Actually, it was Kang Mingzhu who posted bail and wants the Shanghai Buddha, and she's blackmailing Eloise into her current role. But the sleuths find that out later.)

Eloise Norton: Use the Citizen stats in *Deadlands Noir*. Add Knowledge (Cantonese) d8, Persuasion d10, Notice d10, and the Charismatic, Noble, and Filthy Rich Edges.

INITIAL INQUIRIES

Several lines of inquiry might seem promising to the investigators. Here's what they find.

- **Percy Norton's Driver:** A dead end. Percy's driver was killed by whoever stole the Mercedes.
- **Eight Immortals Inn:** Sweeping the scene of the crime doesn't turn up much. Nobody saw anyone except the victim enter or exit room 17, where the murder took place. Leiko, the prostitute with Percy when he was killed, is mostly unresponsive. She refuses to talk about the murder. Success on Notice or Knowledge (Medicine) reveals she is addicted to heroin and psychologically traumatized; a raise proves she knows something she's terrified to say. Nothing can make her talk...yet. With some Legwork, a bum in the

THE ACCUSED

When your players are generating characters, pick one of them to play the accused murderer of Percy Norton. Take that player aside and explain the situation, emphasizing that he or she can't remember much about that night. The details are foggy. All the hero knows, for now, is he was picked up by the Homicide Squad in Chinatown the night of the murder and thrown in jail.

The best patsy is one who has a connection to several other characters. That way everyone's motivated to help the accused prove her innocence, and they're all drawn together in short order. Don't worry if the group is made up of disparate loners—they're also brought together quickly by someone cunning who thinks their skills might be of use.

alley claims to have seen someone climb the fire escape like a “big black spider” and enter room 17, exiting the same way. The bum smells like a Waterfront brewery.

- **The Shanghai Buddha:** Heroes who Hit the Books at the library, use Legwork to find a local expert, or pay a visit to the Hainesboro Auction House, can find out more details of the Buddha’s mundane backstory (see page 73).

- **Connections:** If sleuths check in with contacts or police, Persuasion or use of Legwork gains some information on the Nortons’ limousine. Around the time of Norton’s murder, someone drove it about eight blocks from the Eight Immortals Inn to the corner of Ninth Avenue and Emperor Street. Police found the car shot up and abandoned, three known members of the Korean Gangpae—all corpses—inside, and the trunk emptied.

AMONG THE RED LAMPS

If the sherlocks head to the intersection of Ninth and Emperor in the Red Light District, they can use Legwork to drum up some information. Success proves the men in the limo were Korean—they stuck out like sore thumbs in a Chinese neighborhood—and that a Chinese tong ambushed and robbed them. A raise on the Legwork attempt turns up some solid details: The Korean gang is called the Red Dragons, and the

Chinese tong that ambushed them goes by the name of the Hung Pho.

After detectives have had a few hours to dig up dirt, they’re confronted by a group of young women who don’t appreciate inquisitive dicks. The Wing Chun followers of Quon Li (see page 91) are looking to beat the heroes to within an inch of their lives. If the heroes win, and can gain Quon Li’s trust, the old laundry owner may become a valuable informant.

- **Quon Li’s fighters (2 per hero):** Use the Martial Artist stats on page 89, and add clubs (Str+d4).

***"YOUR KIND NOT WANTED HERE. YOU LEAVE
OR WE STARCH, STEAM, FOLD YOU... LIKE
DIRTY LAUNDRY."***

—Quon Li,
Martial Artist



PART TWO: GANGLAND

Run this episode when your group goes looking for criminal gangs in Prawn Valley and Chinatown. For now, whoever stole the Shanghai Buddha is their only lead. The order in which the investigators follow these next leads doesn't matter, as long as they pick up all the clues.

During this episode the police still try to tail the group wherever they go, and Shichiro (page 91) is following them too. Shichiro avoids contact with any sleuths who spy him; he's only looking for the statue.

RED DRAGONS

A Common Knowledge roll, or a quick call to police or contacts, tells a sleuth the Korean Gangpae exerts most of its influence in Prawn Valley. When they reach the neighborhood, successful Legwork draws a line to the Red Dragons. The thugs split most of their time between a tiny bar and fish stand, both near the Soong Cannery.

The Red Dragons are at the bar, smarting, licking their wounds, and suspicious of outsiders. Three of them were killed in Chinatown, so it requires successful use of Patter (see *Deadlands Noir*) to get the punks to talk. On a failure, the Red Dragons fight—or flee, if the heroes outnumber them.

- **Red Dragons (3):** Use the Thug stats in *Deadlands Noir*.

The Red Dragons try to get off light by denying any knowledge of the Shanghai Buddha, revealing only that a Chinese tong called the Hung Pho jumped them. If they're threatened, the punks lose their nerve and their leader, Bak, admits,

"All right, don't get hot under the collar! Everything's jake, we'll give it to you straight."

"We read about the Buddha in the paper, and followed Norton from the auction house to the Eight Immortals. When he went inside to have some fun, we boosted his Mercedes. The driver was stupid, fought back. We iced him off. A few blocks away we stopped at a light, suddenly gunshots everywhere. They killed three of our brothers... so we blew. I guess they got the statue."

A successful Notice roll shows the punks are still hiding something. More motivation draws the following from Bak:

"It's nothing, John Law! Only... this wasn't the first time we had the statue. We had it before. We sold it to

Hainesboro in the first place. But the funny thing is where that Buddha came from. We were doing a contract job out on Sweat Island, and sure enough this poor dirt miner had a priceless jade statue stashed in his cellar. We got lucky. Too bad we pressed our luck."

Bak doesn't mind telling the investigators the address of the miner's shack on Sweat Island, but he doesn't add any more details—like the fact that he and his pals killed the miner and his wife and sold his daughters into the brothels. At this time the heroes probably have little reason to suspect any such thing. If he's threatened, Bak admits the "contract job" was paid for by "The Man in the White Suit." He doesn't know the guy's name.

Someone else has been watching the bar during this time. About an hour after the sleuths leave the scene, Shichiro pays the Red Dragons a visit. Bak and his pals don't survive the night.

SWEAT ISLAND MASSACRE

To confirm Bak's story, sleuths have to take the Sweat Island Ferry from Prawn Valley. It leaves every two hours, on the quarter-hour, and is equipped to ferry automobiles as well as foot passengers. The fare is two bits (\$.25), and \$2 for a vehicle.

On Sweat Island, a rutted dirt road leads to the location Bak described. Before the investigators reach it, though, they find a tall, chain-link fence blocking the area, including the road. A sign says, **PROPERTY OF KANG ENTERPRISES, KEEP OUT!** With access to tools, a character can easily cut the fence. Otherwise, a Climbing roll at -2 gets a person over the top.

One of the Golden Span's huge, half-finished towers stands where the miner's shack used to be. A Kang work camp surrounds the tower. In daylight hours, the site is a hive of activity. At night, it's quiet except for the mournful moaning of a harmonica near a campfire. A little poking around, with a successful Notice roll (-2 at night), shows heroes the tumbled debris and broken wood of a demolished shack, which was unceremoniously bulldozed into a ditch to make room for construction.

Poking around in the ruins with a Notice roll reveals cool ashes and scorched wood—the shack was set on fire before it was bulldozed. One of the heroes also discovers a crucial clue—an old photograph, burned at the edges, of a smiling family: father, mother, two daughters. Read the following as everyone gets a look:

Shock creeps up on you slowly, like ice melting. One of the girls in the photo is Leiko, the pro skirt who was with Percy Norton when he was murdered. She looks much happier in the picture."

THOSE CRAFTY NORTONS

At some point, the gumshoes might suspect Eloise Norton of misleading them, or at least not telling the whole truth. They could go sniffing around the Hainesboro Auction House, but all that gets them is the fact that Norton bought the statue for \$23,500, and maybe a more detailed description of the Buddha and its distinctive US Government carrying case.

The heroes might look into Eloise's activities, perhaps putting a tail on her. It doesn't take long to see she's a wild one, painting the town red in Taeltown and Chinatown until the wee hours, taking home a different man every night, and generally getting into trouble on the family's dime.

If they can stave off boredom, the detectives watch Eloise long enough to see her meet with several Chinese men in dark coats, in a meeting they all hope is secret. By eavesdropping or leaning on the dame later, gumshoes can figure out she's being blackmailed.

And looking up the Chinese men in dark coats? That trail leads back to Mr. Bo Lung, Chief Investigator and "fixer" for Kang Mingzhu. Eloise got herself into a compromising situation a few months ago, and Lung has the dirty pictures to prove it. To avoid another royal scandal, Eloise Norton has been pursuing Kang Mingzhu's interests at the city and state levels.

To the hero accused of murdering Percy Norton, read this:

You're more shocked than anyone else. You've met the father in the photo before, on the night of the murder. Fuzzy memories of a Chinatown coffee shop come back to you... of this charming fella buying you a cup of coffee... and afterward everything gets foggy again.

Unless the group takes great pains to be stealthy, they're discovered by a Kang Enterprises night watchman. With a successful Persuasion roll (-4) the guard lets the group go. A failure, or any attempt at Intimidation or Taunt, causes the watchman to blow his whistle, summoning three more guards and two watchdogs. Their goal is to arrest trespassers.

- **Night Watchmen (1, or 4):** Use the Police Officer stats in *Deadlands Noir*.

- **Watchdogs (2):** Use the Dog/Wolf stats in *Savage Worlds*.

RETURN TO EIGHT IMMORTALS

Now that the sleuths know Leiko at Eight Immortals was withholding information, they probably want to go back to Chinatown. This time, just showing Leiko the photograph grants +2 on a Patter attempt; success causes the girl to break down in agonized sobs. When she pulls herself together, she says,

"It's all my fault. That's my father and mother, and me and my sister. My father was a miner. His name was Takahashi Shichiro. Always making promises. One day he'd take us away from that dreadful shanty on Sweat Island. Someday he'd hit a rich vein. One of these days, our lives would be different. But it was always 'someday, someday' with Papa. He cared more about his silly jade Buddha than us.

"I think it was passed down from his grandfather, Jinrai. They say he found it in New Mexico years ago, and eventually it came to Papa. He made a shrine for it in the cellar, worshipped it. As we got older, he had no time for us. We were dirt poor, half-starved, and he didn't care.

"So I... I told my friend Bak about the statue. I don't know why I did it. I just wanted so badly to be free, to be rich, to live my own life. Bak and his friends came around one night. They demanded my father give him the Buddha. He refused. They fought.

"My mother and sister and I, we hid inside and we could hear them hitting for a long time. After a while we couldn't hear my father's cries anymore, and the hitting sounded like someone pounding meat. Then Bak... came for us. I can't put what they did in words. But when it

was over, I ended up here, and I... I think it's what I deserve."

Asked if she'd like to revise her story about Norton's murder, Leiko says in a small, terrified voice,

"It was Papa. I thought it was all over—I'd resigned myself to this life, to never seeing my mother or my sister Mariko again. But then a man came here, not for the reason they usually do. He only asked weird questions about the Shanghai Buddha. He wanted to know what it did, how to activate its power. I didn't know what to say.

"All of a sudden, Papa was in the room. It sounds nuts... but he walked through the wall like it didn't exist. And when he saw the man here, with me—he snapped. I'd never seen such rage in his eyes. He tore out the man's throat with his bare hands. Papa didn't speak, he was drenched in blood. Before he left, I could tell... he was ashamed of me. Of what I am now."

Leiko breaks down in tears again. She doesn't have much else to tell. If she isn't rescued from the Eight Immortals Inn, Shichiro—with his diabolical manitou, Guang, in control—comes back later that night and strangles the poor girl to death.

HUNG PHO BLUES

In Chinatown—the Red Light District—characters without contacts have to rely on Legwork to get a line on the Hung Pho tong. Success gains the location of the gang's hideout: a warehouse near Sixth and King Wen. With a raise, the shamus learns the leader's name—Electric Bobby Fang.

The Hung Pho are holed up in their hideout, expecting retribution from the Gangpae for blipping off their boys. Gumshoes are welcome to bang on the door demanding answers, but the fact is Electric Bob already sold the Shanghai Buddha. He's not anxious to tell who bought it. They paid \$6,500.

There are a few ways the heroes might go about things. They could Persuade or Intimidate their way in and lean on Electric Bobby a little bit, to see if he breaks. In this case, use the **Interrogation** rules (see *Deadlands Noir*). Bobby's chief lieutenant argues against revealing anything to these sherlocks, so the rolls are made at -2. With two or more successes, Bobby says he sold the Shanghai Buddha to Mr. Wing, at Wing's Emporium on King Wen Street.

Alternatively, hard-nosed detectives might go at the Hung Pho hard, break in, and show them the business end of a pistol. This is risky, though; the corpses are already piling up in Our Heroes' wake, and the Hung Pho's willing to fight. Fighting also doesn't guarantee any answers.

 **Electric Bobby Fang:** Use the Martial Artist (Superior) stats on page 89, but add Shooting d6. He carries a .45 (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6, RoF 1).

• **Hung Pho fighters:** Use the Martial Artist stats on page 89. They're armed with clubs (Str+d4).

THE USUAL SUSPECTS

This episode is lousy with fresh cadavers, several of them appearing only hours after the heroes interview them. The Shan Fan police are no slouches. If they have reason to believe the characters committed murder, they don't hesitate to grill them, or drag them down to the precinct for an overnight stay. The charges might not stick, but that won't stop determined bulls from trying.

PART THREE: BLACK SCIENCE

Now the sleuths know who killed Percy Norton, and that the Hung Pho fenced the Shanghai Buddha at Wing's Emporium. Run this episode when the group pays a visit to Mr. Wing.

Throughout this Savage Tale, Shichiro and the police tail the group wherever they go, unless the heroes can shake them. And then another interested party enters the picture...

NOT YOUR TYPICAL SHAMUS

Seamus "Jimmy" Murphy is a CSA spy, sent to Shan Fan to find the hideout of a tong believed to be working on an advanced weapon system. He has made a few contacts, but the whispering voices in his head keep giving him conflicting information. One thing he's sure of is that the Shanghai Buddha figures into it. After the gumshoes shake down the Hung Pho for information, Murphy begins tailing them in an attempt to chisel in on their investigation. He's persistent, and sticks around as long as he can.

Murphy doesn't make any attempt to slip away if he's noticed. When confronted, his easygoing manner and garish clothes render him fairly harmless-looking. He tries to pump the group for information while giving up very little of his own. If asked point-blank what his game is, Murphy says,

"I just heard you're looking for the statue, same as everyone else. And I gotta tell you, I'm really impressed by your work. Playing everyone against each other, not afraid to crack a few eggs to make your omelet. Consummate professionals. Now I hear you've got a line

on the Buddha. I was thinking...maybe we could join forces?"

Having Murphy along is bound to cause problems, as an individual called "the Pallid" (see page 90) gleefully muddies the waters of any situation. And if Murphy ends up finding the Buddha, he does his best to double-cross the detectives or outright steal it. If the heroes manage to pry any information out of Murphy, he reveals,

"I don't know much about the statue. But there's more to it than meets the eye. And some very important people are looking to get their mitts on it. The sort of people you don't play games with."

Of course, Seamus Murphy believes someone at Kang Enterprises is involved, and he's heard rumors of something called "Project Chollima," but he won't reveal that unless it serves him. If the sleuths give Murphy the brush-off, they find him a persistent observer, and—if it comes down to it—a dogged enemy.

 **Seamus Murphy:** See page 90.

WING'S EMPORIUM

Wing's Emporium is a Chinatown institution, located on the corner of Ninth Avenue and King Wen. It's run by the elderly Mr. Wing and his

grandson, Louie. The dusty, cluttered store is filled with all manner of gimcracks, trinkets, gewgaws, knick-knacks, fireworks, and toys. Hidden amongst the junk are countless treasures from Old China; this is a perfect place to introduce troublesome relics, stolen goods, or develop any other side-plot you're brewing, Marshal.

- **Mr. Wing & Grandson Louie:** Use the Citizen stats in *Deadlands Noir*.

Private dicks need to use Patter successfully to convince Mr. Wing to reveal the Shanghai Buddha's buyer. As the Triad's primary fence for stolen goods, Wing is unusually tight-lipped. The heroes may have to fall back on tried-and-true blackmail or trickery. Another tactic is to lean on Wing's grandson, Louie. The kid also knows who bought the Buddha, and if he thinks his grandfather's in trouble Louie sings like a bird.

When he's been convinced to talk, Mr. Wing blurts out,

"All right, I tell you! If only so you leave here, and don't come back, gweilo! I buy Shanghai Buddha from Bobby Fang. Very old, very precious. It take only two days to sell to Japanese scientist, very well-dressed, very serious mind—Dr. Kyo Mori."

"No, ancient statue for research make no sense. But he pay good money, I sell. Now I tell you enough! You go now, don't come back!"

Unfortunately for Wing and everyone in his store, Mori's goons bugged the place when they picked up the statue. They've been sitting in their black Buick on the other side of the block, eavesdropping. As soon as Wing spills the details, a chopper squad surrounds the store and spends three rounds riddling it with bullets. Assume a -4 penalty to actually hit anyone inside. After three rounds of shooting, the goons leap into their Buick and, with a screech of tires, speed off.

- **Yakuza Goons (4):** Use the Yakuza on page 92, but add the Rock and Roll! Edge. They're armed with Mori guns (see sidebar).

DON'T LET 'EM GET AWAY!

Time's of the essence now. The stalwart heroes have moments to dust themselves off and get to their machine before the Buick roars out of sight. Use the **Dramatic Task** rules (see *Savage Worlds*) for the pursuit, which is a combination of tailing and outright chasing through dense Chinatown traffic.

Allow the driver to make a Driving roll at -2 each round (the others can assist by keeping an eye on the Buick, shouting warnings, etc.). Complications

MORI GUN

The Yakuza strong-arms are armed with patent science machine guns of Dr. Mori's design. They look like compact, streamlined Tommy guns. But with barrels and moving parts made of ghost steel, and ghost-powder ammunition (available only from Dr. Mori himself), they're a much better choice for your average mook.

Range: 12/24/48; **Damage:** 2d6+1; **RoF:** 4; **Weight:** 10; **Shots:** 50; **Notes:** AP 1, Auto.

ELECTRIC EAR

Another invention of Dr. Mori's is this small listening device—perfect for spying on colleagues or acquaintances. The device, about the size of a matchbox, is hidden in the target's room, usually on the underside of a table or desk. A tiny radio with limited range—about 200 yards—transmits a signal to the waiting radio dish and headphones. It requires a Repair roll to activate the device.

include red lights, traffic jams, police pursuit, fog, or other hazards. Additionally, roll Driving d6 for the Yakuza goons each round—each success and raise cancels out one of the heroes' successes. If the heroes fail, the Yakuza speed out of sight and are lost. Five successes mean they keep close enough to follow the car all the way back to Dr. Mori's lab in Splinterville. With a successful Stealth roll for the driver against the Yakuzas' Notice d4, the heroes do so without being seen.

If the Yakuza shake the pursuit, the private dicks can still track down Dr. Mori's residence later. But by that time Mori, his goons, and the Shanghai Buddha are all long gone.

SPLINTERVILLE DIGS

Dr. Mori lives in a large mansion in Splinterville Heights, which he believes the oyabun—Hiroto Chiba—paid for. In fact the money came from his anonymous patron, Kang Mingzhu. Mori's research into a small, high-performance internal combustion engine was so promising, Mingzhu decided to let her rival see it through. When the time is right, she intends to set loose her dogs of law and seize the patent in a court of law.

Read the following when your detectives arrive:

The house is big, rambling, and swank. A few Yakuza hatchetmen prowl around the joint. From even this distance, you hear a piercing, droning whine that resonates from somewhere inside the house. It hums in the car doors and your metal fillings.

Dr. Mori's right-hand woman, a judo master named Suzu, supervises the estate's security. Four Yakuza goons armed with Mori guns stroll around at all hours. Another two are on duty in the house, along with four off-duty mooks asleep in the back wing. If they survived the car chase, the four machine gunners are here too. (If they were *aware* of the chase, they're warning Dr. Mori about the sleuths.)

 **Suzu:** Use the Martial Artist (Superior) stats on page 89, armed with a club (Str+d4).

- **Guards (10, or 14 if the machine gunners survived):** Use the Thug stats in *Deadlands Noir*. Four of them are armed with Mori guns (see sidebar on page 82), and add the Rock and Roll! Edge.

THE NEFARIOUS DR. MORI

Mori converted a large ballroom on the first floor into his laboratory and workshop. Anyone who goes inside the house can find it easily; it's where the thunderous whine comes from.

You push open the doors and the droning whine slams into your eardrums. Your jaws and skulls instantly begin to ache from the sledgehammer sound.

The cleared ballroom's dominated by two long rows of what appear to be shining motorcycle engines, nearly 20 of them, revved to the floorboard and pumping out horsepower. At the room's center, on a pedestal, festooned with tubes and wires and synthetic connective tissue, sits the Shanghai Buddha. Impossibly, the statue throbs with sickly green light, and seems to emit a shrieking sound all its own.

Across the room at a bank of control panels, wearing mirrored goggles, elaborate earmuffs, and a starched white lab coat, a Japanese man smiles at you. Dr. Kyo Mori, you presume.

Characters need earmuffs, ear plugs, or even chewing gum stuffed in their ears. For every round a hero spends in the room without ear protection, roll Vigor. Failure means the listener gains a level of Fatigue in the form of a splitting headache and tinnitus. This can lead to Exhaustion, but not Incapacitation. A gumshoe recovers a Fatigue level per hour in a quiet spot.

It's difficult to communicate over the noise. Dr. Mori, Suzu, and his goons—all of whom have some degree of ear protection—block intruders from the Buddha. They're not eager to kill, but they will if Dr. Mori feels there's no other option. (If he's still in the game, Seamus Murphy might also make an appearance here, and a bid for the Buddha.)

 **Dr. Kyo Mori:** Use the Patent Scientist stats in *Deadlands Noir*, but add the *entangle* (net gun) power.

KANG INTERVENES

Just then, the rug is pulled. While the gumshoes made their way into Mori's mansion, outside Chief Inspector Bo Lung and his men pulled up in a Plymouth Roadster, three paddy wagons full of bulls right behind them. Quickly apprehending any men left to guard the grounds, they barge right into Mori's lab waving search warrants. Bo Lung shouts,

"Turn it off! Turn it off NOW!"

When Mori shuts down the engines and the sound dies away, the man in the white suit says,

"Thank you. Dr. Mori, these police officers have warrants to search your property for evidence of illegal activity. I imagine this could be related to your unfortunate choice of friends. Now, as for the jade statue and prototype engines, these patent applications and contracts—contracts signed by you—prove conclusively

that ownership of said statue and prototypes resides with Kang Enterprises, Incorporated.

"Please feel free to inspect them, Mori-san. I'm sure you'll find everything is in order."

While he's talking, Bo Lung's men place the statue in its US Government satchel, and start wheeling out the engines on dollies. In an hour the laboratory's been stripped of all the goods. The heroes can't do anything but stand there and watch, unless they want a fight with Lung, his four bodyguards, and over 20 police officers. It's not a fight they can win, not this time.

 **Chief Inspector Bo Lung:** Use the Private Investigator stats in *Deadlands Noir*.

- **Long's bodyguards (4):** Use the Thug stats in *Deadlands Noir*.

- **Shan Fan Police (24):** Use the Police Officer stats in *Deadlands Noir*.

PART FOUR: RED RAT

Run this episode after a few weeks pass in-game. During that time, attempts by the heroes to get answers out of Kang Enterprises or its representatives are rebuffed. Tailing or spying on Kang employees is strongly discouraged. If it continues, Bo Lung calls in the police to flex some muscle.

Tracking Takahashi Shichiro is a dead end too. He's as much ghost as man, and with Guang the manitou controlling him more often, he's a cunning devil. At best, keen-eyed sleuths might catch sight of the murderer, or even confront him, but Shichiro (read: Guang) isn't interested in fighting anyone. With his Ghost Edge, he can depart any face-off in an eye blink. He only wants a lead on the Shanghai Buddha.

MIDNIGHT MEETING

The shamus who's accused of killing Percy Norton gets a phone call. A man's voice with a faint British inflection says,

"I know where the statue is. We need to meet tonight. Do you know the park near Sixth Avenue and Cloud Emperor Street? Midnight. Don't be late."

The group has all afternoon to make preparations, re-supply, case the park to be sure it's not a trap—it's not—and take care of other business. A little before midnight they arrive at the address, which is in Taeltown but off the beaten path.

Pea-soup fog lies over the city. In a wide courtyard flanked by three skyscrapers you see a gurgling fountain,

a few benches, and some shrubbery somebody thought was tasteful. No one's in sight.

Then you hear the soft tinkling of a bell, and a bicycle coasts gently into the courtyard and hisses to a stop. You immediately recognize the rider, a burly-looking fellow with a shock of unruly gray hair—it's the Mayor of Shan Fan, Rocket Billings.

The mayor doesn't have much time for pleasantries. After brief introductions all around, he looks nervously over his shoulder and says,

"I couldn't risk taking a car. Too dangerous. Doesn't matter, I quite like the feel of riding a bicycle. Very liberating. Right, of course—you want to know about the statue. I can tell you where it is, but I need you to get something for me while you're there. Can you agree to that, in principle?"

Assuming he gets the nod, the mayor plows forward:

"Kang Mingzhu has been throwing scads of capital at something called Project Chollima. A friend told me the 'Chollima' of Chinese legend was a majestic, winged horse. I don't know what Mingzhu's project entails, but I have reason to believe people will be hurt. Probably even killed.

"Don't know why I'm even telling you this. Call it a sudden bout of conscience. My contacts tell me Project Chollima is nearing completion in a secret bunker near Red Rat. They've got the Buddha there too. Sneak in there somehow and get the statue, but get me some hard proof about Project Chollima—pictures, company records, whatever you can dig up."

With that the mayor smiles, mounts his bicycle, and tools off into the fog. Shichiro, who was hidden nearby and listening, steals away and makes his own plans to visit Red Rat.

GONE SOUTH

A Common Knowledge roll tells heroes Red Rat's location (page 65). For a town that rivaled Lynchburg for richest boomtown in the 1800s, not much of Red Rat's former glory remains. There's a gas station, a run-down restaurant, an abandoned rug store, and a boarded-up Smith & Robards outlet.

Successful Legwork doesn't turn up anything definite, but questioners learn about the unmarked, fenced-in compound down by the salt marsh—about five miles west—that has trucks going in and out at all hours. Locals suppose it's a factory, but no one knows what it produces.



PROJECT CHOLLIMA

The Red Rat compound is a high-security Kang installation, and therefore tough to crack. The buildings sit on the inner shore of the Maze, on a raised foundation in the salt marsh. The marsh forms a moat around the compound, with one raised dirt road providing access past a guard shack. The whole thing is surrounded by two chain link fences with razor wire. The fences extend about 30 feet into the water, so there's no avoiding them at the shoreline. Unmarked trucks frequently go in and out.

The salt marsh is where the guards toss the bodies of intruders. Those poor souls turn into bloated abominations that wander the grounds at night.

Let your gumshoes devise their own plan for breaking or sneaking in, or otherwise infiltrating the joint. Use the map above for reference. Guards are everywhere, roaming in groups of four.

- **Bloats (1 per hero):** See *Deadlands Noir*.
- **Kang Enterprises goons (4):** Use the Mafia Soldier stats in *Deadlands Noir*.

In the research and development building, Project Chollima is in its final stage. It's not an aircraft, but rather a mobile, gyro-stabilized platform—sort of an advanced flatbed truck. Very small, high-efficiency engines (devised by Dr. Mori) power the platform and achieve maximum cargo capacity. Kang Mingzhu's greatest scientific achievement to date is mounted on the platform: the Geologic Destabilizer.

When its invisible beam is aimed at the earth, the Geologic Destabilizer causes catastrophic earthquakes. An already-unstable area like the Maze multiplies the effect exponentially. Next year, when the completed Golden Span Bridge and Kang Causeway link up dozens of distant mesa towns to Shan Fan City, Mingzhu will be able to deliver the Destabilizer anywhere in the Maze, with terrible swiftness. And after she conquers North California, she'll turn her sights on Japan and China.

All Mingzhu was missing was a power source potent enough to fuel the Destabilizer. So she and Bo Lung are on site, running tests on the Buddha to see how much energy it puts out, and how fast it recharges.



 **Kang Mingzhu:** See page 90.

- **Guards (2 per hero):** Use the Yakuza stats on page 92.

 **Chief Inspector Bo Lung:** Use the Private Investigator stats in *Deadlands Noir*.

Give the heroes some time to sneak about, collect evidence, and find trouble. When everything comes to a head, they wind up before Kang Mingzhu and a new groups of guards emerge. She smiles and says,

"I suppose this is when I gloat, correct? And tell you all my plans? Guards... take them out to the marsh, and shoot them dead."

The guards move to carry out the boss' orders, but there's another surprise in store. Abruptly, Takahashi Shichiro arrives, under Guang the manitou's dominion. Read the following:

It's just like Leiko at the Eight Immortals told you, but now you see it with your own eyes. Takahashi Shichiro, features twisted in rage and eyes alight with glee, walks through the wall. Ghostlike, he crosses the factory floor. Suddenly turning solid, he seizes the Shanghai Buddha and tears it free from the power couplings.

Kang Mingzhu shrieks, and Bo Lung lunges at the intruder—but it's too late. Howling in triumph, Shichiro dashes the Shanghai Buddha on the concrete

floor. A crack of thunder and white light engulf the room, blotting out everything else.

Roll Vigor for everyone in the room to avoid a level of Fatigue from bumps and bruises. When they lift themselves off the floor, Shichiro is long gone. Chief Inspector Bo Lung lies dead on his back, white suit blotched red, impaled by several long shards of jade—the Buddha's remnants. (Bo Lung wakes up Harrowed in the city morgue the next morning.)

AFTERMATH

If they skedaddle during the confusion, heroes are able to slip away from the compound with whatever evidence they collected. If they stick around, they're apprehended by Mingzhu and her guards, and handed over to the Shan Fan police when they arrive. Without any hard evidence, the world never learns about Kang's plot—which still only lacks a power source.

If sleuths are able to slip some evidence to Billings, however, the mayor surreptitiously passes the dirt to the *Shan Fan Chronicle*. An expose of Project Chollima follows, resulting in its shutdown and increased US scrutiny of Kang Enterprises' various initiatives. Tighter regulations and better conditions for workers result. On the other hand, evil genius Kang Mingzhu vows to destroy the heroes' lives. You win some, you lose some.

PART FIVE: TWO CHINESE BROTHERS

Run this final episode after two or so weeks. If the gumshoes scan the papers for Mr. Lung's obituary, it's notably absent. That's because Bo Lung is back from the dead and Harrowed by Yang Xiu, the spirit that was trapped in the Shanghai Buddha. If the heroes still want to capture Norton's murderer, they have a few things in common with the Harrowed Mr. Lung.

LUNG COMES BACK

Chief Inspector Bo Lung visits the detectives at their office, or sets up an appointment. At the meeting, it's clear Lung isn't himself. He's gaunt and sickly looking, but his eyes are intense. He says,

"I suggest you listen carefully to me. I've convinced Ms. Kang to leave you alone for now, but she is... not happy. If you don't help me, I'll set her loose. And if that happens... this office, this life of yours in Shan Fan... you can say goodbye to all of it. We'll run you out, or put you in the ground."

Assuming the heroes are still listening, Lung leans forward and smiles,

"Now I've got a secret for you. I'm not Bo Lung. My name is Yang Xiu, and I've been stuck in that jade Buddha for a very long time. Long enough to crave revenge. My brother put me there. But now I'm in Bo Lung's head. Just like my brother Guang is in Shichiro's head. Savvy?"

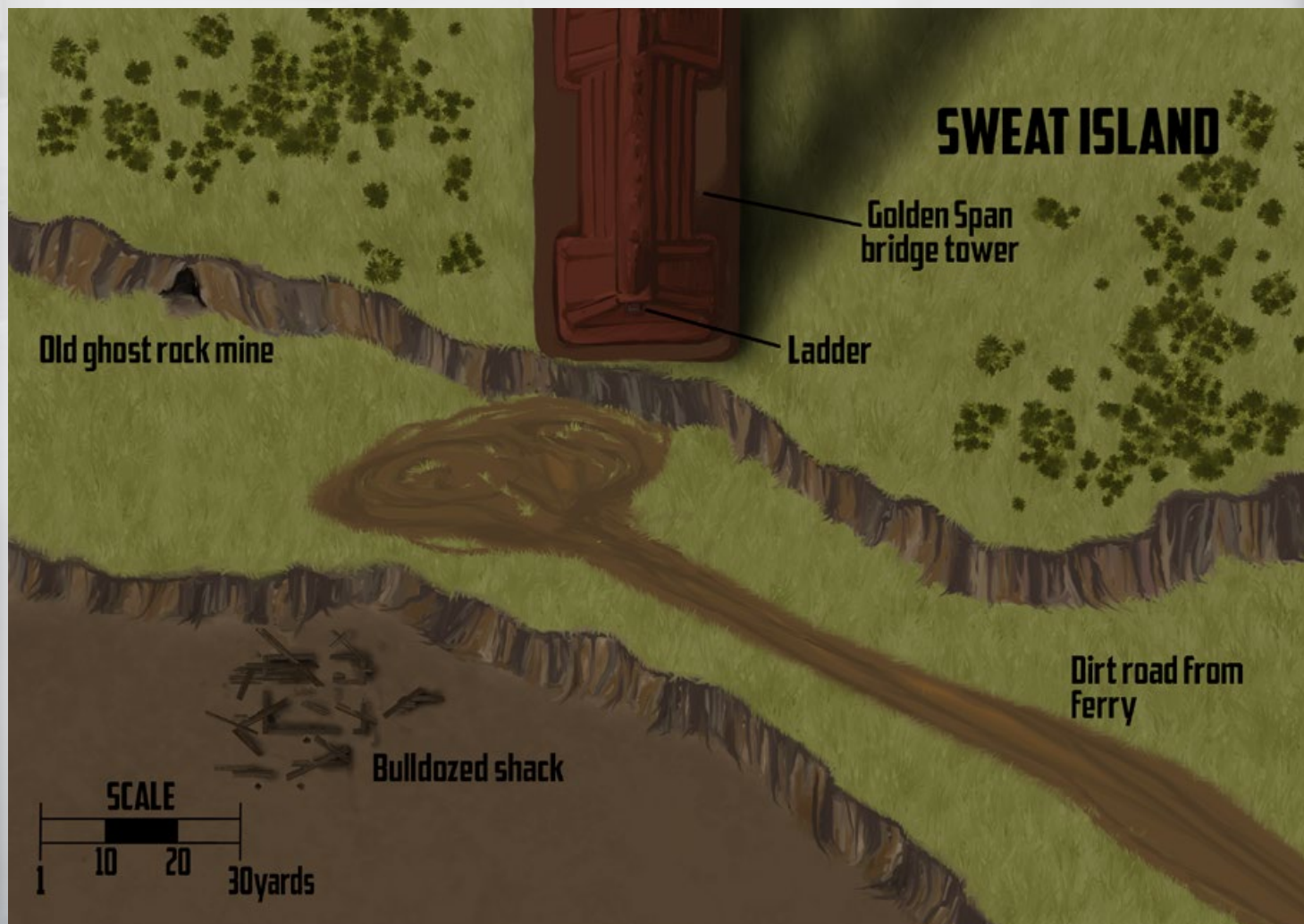
Lung/Xiu explains it again if the gumshoes don't grok him. When all's crystal clear, he makes his play:

"It's simple. Until you bring in a suspect, this murder charge will follow you like a bad penny. You want Shichiro to pay the price, and I want my brother to pay. A life sentence or the gas chamber, it's all the same to me. We're on the same side."

It's difficult to refute Lung's logic. If the heroes balk, Lung goes away and gives them time to think about it. Soon their utilities are shut off, their real estate and automobiles repossessed, and they're subject to round-the-clock police harassment. When they reconsider, move on to the next section.

A SIMPLE PLAN

Lung's plan is elementary: go back to Shichiro's old mine and wait for him to get homesick. Lung explains



they were tailing Shichiro until he got wise to them, and he had a frequent habit of riding the Sweat Island Ferry. It won't be long before he's back, Lung promises. The heroes may have additional ideas.

That's when the simple plan gets complicated. Shichiro's manitou catches on to his brother's scheme and contacts Dr. Kyo Mori, offering him revenge against Kang's Chief Inspector and the interlopers who barged into his Splinterville lab.

Right before Shichiro returns to his ruined shack, two carloads of Yakuza goons arrive, gunning for the heroes. Shichiro arrives after three rounds of fighting, and goes straight for Bo Lung.

 **Shichiro:** See page 91.

- **Yakuza Goons (2 per hero):** Use the Yakuza stats on page 92, but add the Rock and Roll! Edge. They're armed with Mori guns (see page 82).

 **Chief Inspector Bo Lung:** Use the Private Investigator stats in *Deadlands Noir*, but add Harrowed, Strength d12, the Supernatural Attribute (Strength) Edge, and the Ghost Edge to reflect his Harrowing.

GOLDEN SPAN TO ETERNITY

When the fight turns against Shichiro and the Yakuza, the Harrowed miner flees. Finding ladders and scaffolds, he climbs the bridge tower that displaced his home. If they want to follow, make a Climbing roll (+2) for sleuths to keep up. Success means a climber keeps pace with the wily Shichiro, and failure means a climber falls a round behind. With a raise, the climber is hot on Shichiro's heels as he reaches the dizzying summit.

Shichiro turns, enraged, and leaps into melee combat with one or two enemies. If he's outnumbered by three or more, he backs toward the ledge, looking around desperately, like a trapped animal. He yells,

"Don't come any closer! I'll jump!"

It's up to your group how to handle the situation, but it takes a Persuasion roll to keep Shichiro from hurling himself into the bay. Other methods of subduing him are possible, depending on the heroes involved. But the possible outcomes are clear: Either Shichiro comes down a prisoner, or he vanishes into the water, never to be seen again. If he's captured, Shichiro grows calm and says,

"All Shichiro wanted was his statue back. He was a simple man, you see. Like me. I wanted revenge on you, Xiu, for poisoning my ascent to the throne. For laughing at me all those years, safe in your prison. For being perfect and righteous. But this city is Hell. No righteousness survives intact."

After Bo Lung takes his prisoner down from the catwalk—or laments his final plunge—read the following:

From up on the Golden Span, you see all Shan Fan's millions of lights spread out below you. And it occurs to you that every one of those lights is someone's life, steadily shining in the darkness. Every one of them in the dark, unaware of mysterious masters pulling the strings. And you can't help thinking about Shichiro's bulldozed shack below, where the lights went out forever.

In the shadows of Shan Fan, it's up to your heroes to keep burning bright.

THE END...?

If the Harrowed Shichiro plummets from the bridge tower, the fall doesn't likely finish him off. On the other hand, a half-rotten body floating comatose in Shan Fan Bay for 1d6 days is bound to attract the attention of sharks—or worse—and they surely consume the remains.

All this is to say, Marshal—if you choose to bring Shichiro back to continue his struggle against the newly Harrowed Bo Lung, the opportunity exists. If you decide Shichiro's gone, he's gone. Either way, the heroes should be left with a hefty dose of uncertainty.

MASTER PO: *"NEVER ASSUME BECAUSE A MAN HAS NO EYES HE CANNOT SEE. CLOSE YOUR EYES. WHAT DO YOU HEAR?"*

YOUNG CAINE: *"I HEAR THE WATER, I HEAR THE BIRDS."*

MASTER PO: *"DO YOU HEAR YOUR OWN HEARTBEAT?"*

YOUNG CAINE: *"NO."*

MASTER PO: *"DO YOU HEAR THE GRASSHOPPER THAT IS AT YOUR FEET?"*

YOUNG CAINE: *"OLD MAN, HOW IS IT THAT YOU HEAR THESE THINGS?"*

MASTER PO: *"YOUNG MAN, HOW IS IT THAT YOU DO NOT?"*

—Master Po to Caine,
Kung Fu



MEN & MONSTERS OF SHAN FAN

Here are profiles for some of Shan Fan's unique abominations and personalities.

 Wild Cards are marked with this symbol.

ROGUES' GALLERY

JOHN "ROCKET" BILLINGS, MAYOR OF SHAN FAN

A Brit by origin, the man now called John Billings was a charming diplomat stationed in China until 1937. In January, his superiors discovered he'd been quietly embezzling funds from war supply contract loans to the Chinese government, not to mention fraternizing with "unsavory elements." So the diplomat did what any sane, logical person would do—he fled the country.

With the second Sino-Japanese War looming, he secured a new identity—John Billings—and stowed away on a cargo ship. On a boat to Shan Fan he used his mysteriously strong powers of persuasion to make all the friends he could. And when he reached the shores of North California, his newfound friends and contacts in the US Congress got him voted into office as mayor. Much like the royal Nortons, his place in the public consciousness is that of an entertaining, harmless uncle.

Billings attained his office as the candidate who didn't favor any particular faction. In a few short years he has built a small fortune for himself, but is still seen as a safe outsider who can be manipulated at will. That's just what Billings wants people to think, because the mayoral tail is wagging the factional dog(s).

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d12, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Boating d6, Fighting d4, Gambling d10, Investigation d8, Knowledge (Language: Chinese) d10, Knowledge (Language: Japanese) d8, Notice d12, Persuasion d12+1, Riding d6, Shooting d6, Taunt d10

Charisma: +4; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Cautious, Greedy (Minor), Wanted (Minor, British Government)

Edges: Charismatic, Connections (Union), Connections (Triad), Connections (Kang Enterprises), Followers (bodyguards), Liquid Courage, Noble (Mayor), Professional (Persuasion).

Gear: .25 pistol, fancy suit, flask of gin.

MARTIAL ARTIST

The enlightened chi masters went back to China and other parts of Asia, but many martial arts disciples remain in North California. This profile represents your average, street-fighting tough.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d8, Notice d6, Stealth d4

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 5
Hindrances: Code of Honor

Edges: Martial Artist

Gear: Various, but light striking weapons (clubs) are typical (Str+d4).

MARTIAL ARTIST, SUPERIOR

These martial artists devote themselves to their craft. They can be found living in hermetic isolation, winning fighting tournaments, or as enforcers in charge of lesser men.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d10, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d10, Intimidation d8, Notice d8, Stealth d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Code of Honor

Edges: First Strike, Frenzy, Improved Martial Artist, Kung Fu (Power).

Gear: Various, but staves are typical (Str+d4, Reach 1).



KANG MINGZHU

She's a brilliant patent scientist, martial arts master, dark arts disciple, criminal genius, and majority owner of Kang Enterprises, Inc. Without a doubt, Mingzhu wields more power and wealth than any other single inhabitant of North California. And her ultimate goal is to create a new Kanger nation in America. Her delusion manifests as overriding megalomania. Would you expect any less from the granddaughter of Warlord Kang and Red Petals Su?

And yes, she is both a black sorcerer and patent scientist—some rules are made to be broken!

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d12, Spirit d12, Strength d10, Vigor d10

Skills: Boating d6, Climbing d8, Fighting d12, Intimidation d10, Knowledge (English) d12, Knowledge (Science) d12, Notice d8, Persuasion d12, Piloting d8, Repair d10, Shooting d10, Spellcasting d10, Stealth d6, Streetwise d6, Swimming d8, Taunt d8, Weird Science d12

Charisma: +6; **Pace:** 8; **Parry:** 10; **Toughness:** 8

Hindrances: Delusional (Major, Megalomania), Overconfident, Stubborn, Vow (Create a Kanger nation)

Edges: Arcane Background (Black Magic), Arcane Background (Patent Science), Attractive, Charismatic, Combat Reflexes, Command, Filthy Rich, First Strike, Fleet-Footed, Followers, Harder to Kill, Improved Block, Improved Frenzy, Kung Fu (Toughness), Martial Arts Master, McGyver, New Powers, Noble, No Mercy, Power Points, Strong Willed

Black Magic Powers: *Bolt, barrier, blind, deflection, detect/conceal arcana, dispel, fly, puppet, summon ally, wall walker*; **Power Points:** 30.

Patent Science Powers: *Blast* (ghost grenade), *damage field* (Death generator), *farsight* (dragon goggles), *fly* (jetpack). **Power Points:** 25

Gear: Mingzhu has access to any item she desires.

SEAMUS "JIMMY" MURPHY

To the casual viewer, Seamus Murphy—wearer of loud suits and clashing colors—seems far too conspicuous to harbor deep secrets. His gregarious, easygoing manner suggests a fellow with nothing to hide. But it's all a ruse; Mr. Murphy is a CSA spy.

Seamus relies on his conspicuous dress to make him inconspicuous. But lately his clashing colors have been a bit muted and drab—almost pale—and the wearer gaunt and worn. That's because Seamus Murphy is

haunted, and his haunting has taken a turn for the worse.

For as long as he can remember, from his youth in Richmond through adulthood, the ghost of his great uncle Jacques DuRand—Chaplain Commander of the Texas Rangers—has been with him, whispering guidance and encouragement. He could only hear the voice, not see the ghost, but he knew it was real. The shade was always kind. But on his last job in Chicago, his uncle urged him to do terrible things. The blood was on Seamus' hands.

Little did he know, a second ghost had joined his uncle, seeing a situation too delicious to pass up. This one—a distinctly bad-tempered manitou—called itself the Pallid. The Pallid and his great uncle's ghost each ride one of Seamus' shoulders, whispering advice. Neither can displace or harm the other one—for now—and as far as Seamus can tell, there's only one voice talking. But these days the messages are contradictory.

Seamus often has a haunted, gaunt look about him, and he doesn't sleep soundly anymore. Lucky for him, his great uncle still alerts him to danger and grants some protection against voodoo and its ilk.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d10, Spirit d10, Strength d6, Vigor d8

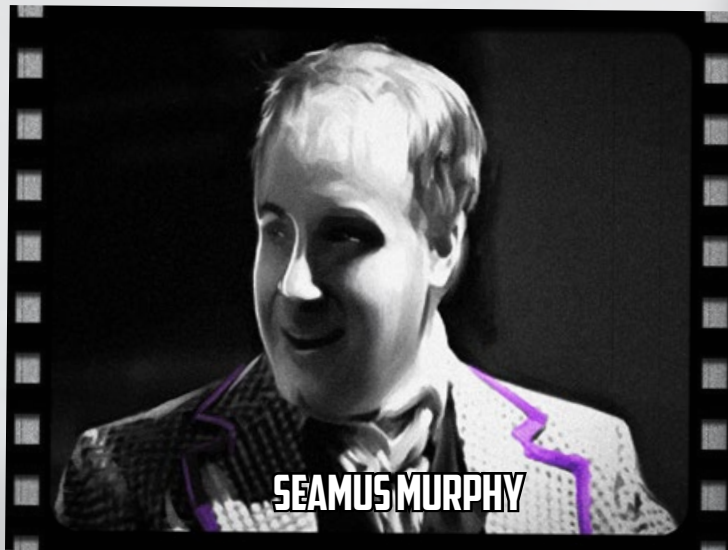
Skills: Climbing d6, Driving d8, Fighting d6, Gambling d6, Investigation d10, Lockpicking d8, Notice d10, Persuasion d10, Shooting d6, Stealth d10, Streetwise d8

Charisma: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: All Thumbs, Bad Dreams

Edges: Alertness, Arcane Resistance, Charismatic, Comfortable, Connections (CSA), Danger Sense, Investigator, Level Headed, Luck, Thief

Gear: Loud suit, out-of-style hat, .25 automatic



(Range 10/20/40, Damage 2d6-1, RoF 1), electric listening device, lock picks.

Special Abilities:

- **Haunted:** What used to be a blessing for Seamus has become a curse. Great Uncle Jacques whispers helpful advice, warnings of danger, and things he can see that Seamus can't. But the Pallid whispers his own, conflicting advice, and slowly siphons away the good ghost's essence over time. Before long, there will be only the Pallid, whispering in the Chaplain Commander's voice.

TAKAHASHI SHICHIRO

Shichiro was just your average Joe before the Red Dragons killed him and his family. He lived a simple life and wanted only to keep the Shanghai Buddha safe. Harrowed, with Guang riding his vengeful corpse, Shichiro becomes a cunning, savage, elusive enemy.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d10, Vigor d10

Skills: Driving d4, Fighting d10, Knowledge (Mining) d6, Notice d6, Shooting d4, Stealth d10

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 7

Hindrances: Poverty

Edges: Ghost, Harrowed, Implacable, Improved Cat Eyes, Improved Claws, Improved Stitches, Supernatural Attribute (Agility, Strength, Vigor)

Gear: Black trenchcoat, fedora.

TONG

The typical tong is a cruel thug. Most are fanatically loyal to their gang.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d8, Notice d4, Shooting d4, Streetwise d4

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 5

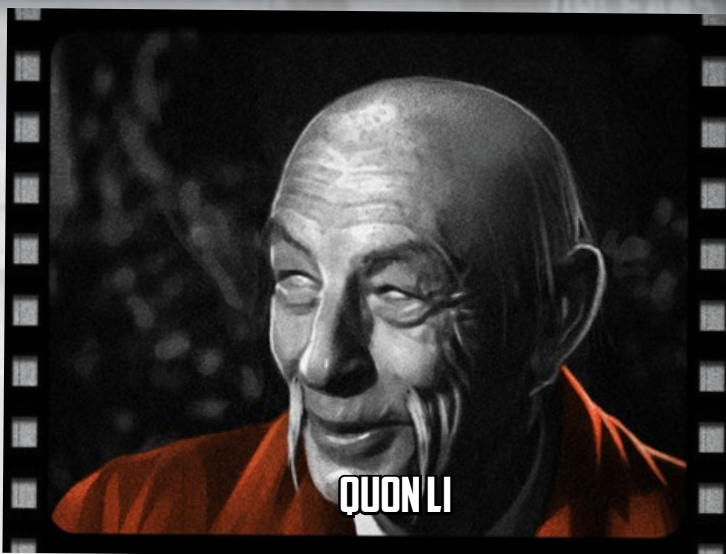
Hindrances: Greedy, Mean

Edges: Block, Martial Artist

Gear: Tongs prefer clubs and hand-made blades (both Str+d4) so they can do their work up-close and personal.

QUON LI

The elderly Quon Li owns Li's Linens, one of the largest laundries in Shan Fan. Li's shop is situated in the Red Light District, which has remained largely Chinese despite an influx of varied Southeast Asian immigrants in recent years. Quon Li is a traditionalist, remaining loyal to his Chinese heritage rather than



join the "Kanger" movement. Nor does he pledge allegiance to the tattered remains of the Triad. First and foremost for Quon Li are his community and its ancient traditions.

Blind and slightly stooped as he is, old Quon Li doesn't look like much to worry about. He employs mainly women, and is known to enjoy drinking, rarely turning down the opportunity to sample a novel spirit. For the most part, Quon Li's clients are the legion of hotels and brothels that fill the Red Light District. The laundry is never idle!

What's less-widely known about Quon Li is that he's a Wing Chun martial arts master. He secretly trains a gang of his female employees in Wing Chun martial arts. At night, the masked women roam the streets to keep the peace, and make sure the people are safe. This includes seeing that their lives are disrupted as little as possible.

That may mean one night Quon Li's disciples are on the side of the law, and on the criminals' side the next—as long as Quon Li's neighbors can go about their lives in as much peace as possible. For example, if a group of investigators tries to take down one of the Big Brothers, the women would try to stop them because the power vacuum may cause a gang war and put everyday citizens at risk. If the same Big Brother started killing innocents, however, Quon Li's fighting females would be on him like white on rice.

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d12+2, Gambling d6, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (English) d8, Knowledge (Japanese) d8, Notice d12, Stealth d10, Taunt d8

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 8; **Parry:** 10; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Blind, Code of Honor, Stubborn

Edges: Alertness, Ambidextrous, Bruiser, Comfortable, First Strike, Fleet-Footed, Followers (Wing Chun), Improved Block, Kung Fu (Defensive), Martial Arts Master, Master (Fighting), Mighty Blow, Strong Willed, Two-Fisted.

Gear: Simple tunic, quarterstaff, flask of rice wine.

YAKUZA

The Yakuza are gangs of organized criminals. They are as cruel and vicious as the Black Hand. Their members are expected to best their foes in hand-to-hand combat, but aren't hesitant to whip out their gats and finish business quickly and efficiently.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Driving d6, Fighting d8, Intimidation d8, Notice d4, Shooting d6, Streetwise d6

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Loyal, Mean

Edges: Combat Reflexes, Comfortable

Gear: Unless specified otherwise, Yakuza carry knives (Str+d4) and .38 revolvers (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6, RoF 1).

BESTIARY



BETOBETO-SAN

The betobeto-san is an invisible spirit of Japanese legend, given life by the Reckoning. It exists only to sow anxiety and reap fear. It follows people at night, making the sound of footsteps. Then it leaps out in its most horrible form to scare the bejeesus out of folks.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d10, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d10, Notice d10, Stealth d12, Throwing d12

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 5

Special Abilities:

- **Claws:** Str+d6
- **Coup (Spirit Walk):** A Harrowed present at the death of a betobeto-san gains the Harrowed Ghost Edge (even if he's not yet of Heroic Rank).
- **Ethereal:** The creature is immaterial at will and

cannot be harmed by normal weapons. Magic and magical items affect it normally.

- **Fear:** Anyone menaced by the betobeto-san's footsteps must make a Fear check.
- **Invisible:** Betobeto-san are invisible, but can become visible at will (usually to cause Fear). Attacks against an invisible target—assuming someone even knows the spirit is present—are made at -6.
- **Terror:** The spirit can reveal its most heinous form, forcing those who witness it to make a Fear check with a -2 modifier.
- **Weakness (Exorcism):** Exorcism releases the betobeto-san from its torment. Burning down the Wentworth Theater also permanently lays it to rest.

MAZE DRAGON

Of all the strange creatures that emerged when California fell into the sea, one of the biggest is the California Maze dragon. At one time, Maze dragons were known and accepted as ordinary creatures. The Chinese warlords of the area started calling them dragons, and the name stuck.

In 1939, Maze dragons are considered an urban legend. A few skeletons are on display, but skeptics say they are simply whale bones reconfigured to bizarre shapes by charlatans looking to make a quick buck.

For the most part they avoid Shan Fan Bay and the well-guarded Canal, but the tremendous sea monsters still attack ships and prospectors in the Maze's less-traveled canyons.

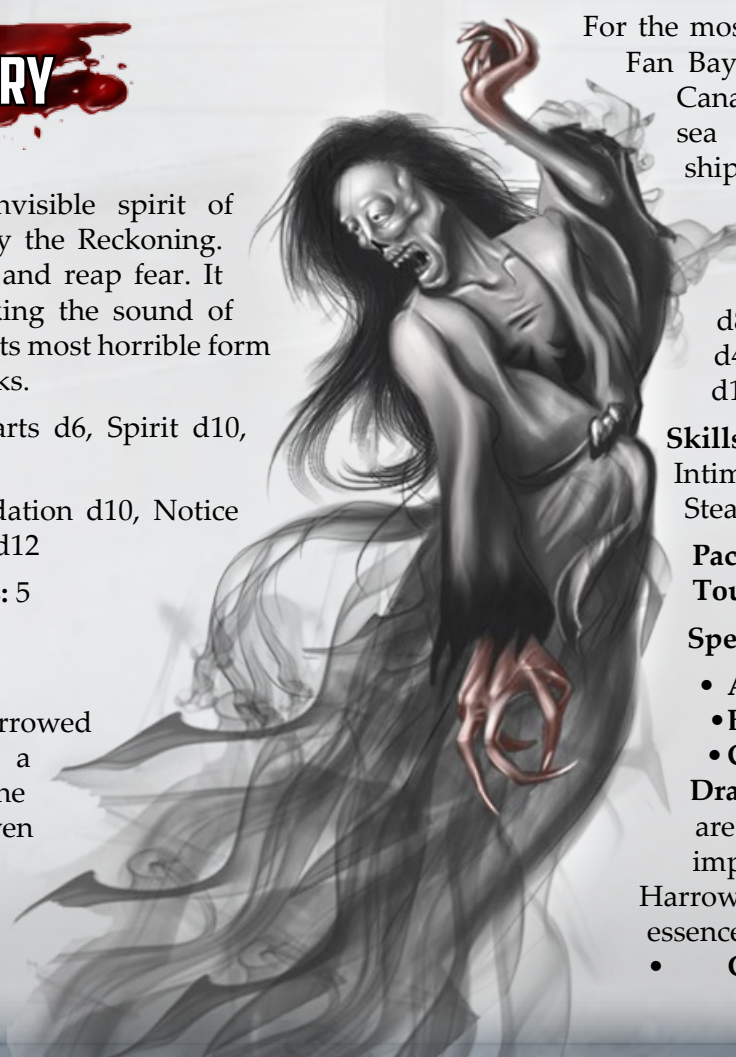
Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d4, Strength d12+4, Vigor d12+2

Skills: Fighting d10, Intimidation d10, Notice d8, Stealth d8

Pace: 0; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 20

Special Abilities:

- **Aquatic:** Pace 10.
- **Bite:** Str+d12.
- **Coup (Scales of the Dragon):** Maze dragons are ferocious beasts, and impart +1 Toughness to Harrowed who absorb their essence.
- **Gargantuan:** Heavy



Armor. Attacks targeting the dragon are made at +4. Maze dragon attacks are Heavy Weapons. Add Size to damage when they smash their full weight on something.

- **Size +11:** These massive serpents can range up to 50 yards long!
- **Swallow:** A dragon that hits with a raise swallows man-size or smaller prey whole. The victim suffers 2d6 damage every round from the crushing gullet and acidic bile. The only way to get out is to kill the beast. On the plus side, the hero can still attack the Maze dragon from the inside, where the creature doesn't benefit from its scaly, Heavy-Armored hide!

MAZE DRAGON, YOUNG

These creatures resemble their much larger parents, but are little more than roving appetites. They are typically sea-green, long, and serpent-like with raised gold-yellow scales along their backs.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6(A), Spirit d4, Strength d12, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d6, Notice d4, Stealth d8

Pace: 0; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 11 (1)

Special Abilities:

- **Aquatic:** Pace 8.
- **Armor +1:** Young Maze dragons have tough, scaly hides.
- **Bite:** Str+d8.
- **Size +3:** A young Maze dragon is as big as the biggest anaconda.

MERMAN (CHANNEL CHOMPER)

The Reckoning awakened this ancient, aquatic race of fish-men, which were called "channel chompers" in the Weird West, and will one day be known as "croakers." Mermen have luminous bulbs of flesh suspended from their foreheads; they use these to attract prey and to navigate in the extreme depths of the ocean. They have big, clumsy claws, fish-like tails, and wide mouths filled with razor-like teeth.

The creatures typically dwell in the darkest depths of the Pacific Ocean, but capture humans in Shan Fan to sate the hunger of their gigantic, ravenous god—lest it burst up from its trench and devour every living thing. They hunt near the Waterfront, disguised in stolen trenchcoats and fedoras.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d6, Stealth d6

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 8 (2)

Special Abilities:

- **Aquatic:** Pace 12. Mermen secrete viscous oil from between their scales, causing them to slip through water with repulsive speed.
- **Armor +2:** Mermen have thick, rubbery skin that turns away blows.
- **Bite/Claws:** Str+d6.
- **Fear:** A merman's fearsome appearance inspires a Fear check.
- **Poison:** A merman's saliva and claws transmit a poison that keeps people alive but comatose underwater for weeks at a time. Anyone wounded by a merman must make a Vigor roll or fall into a deathly torpor for 1d6 days.
- **Stench:** Out of the water, the oil secreted by a merman smells like rotten fish and ammonia. When fighting a merman, adjacent foes suffer a -1 to Parry due to nausea and watering eyes.

"I THINK YOUR FRIEND SLEEPS WITH THE CHOMPERS."

—Bo Lung,
Chief Inspector





LOST ANGELS

1946

Out West, where the mountains meet the sea, people have always come looking for answers. In the wake of the Reckoning, there weren't a whole lot of solutions to be had. Mostly just more questions. As the Great Rail Wars came to their devastating conclusion and modernity began to reach its steely fingers into every area of the wilderness, the West became more civilized.

Stetsons and saloon gals gave way to fedoras and femme fatales. Cities grew and rail and road links connected them with greater efficiency, allowing ever-increasing numbers to flood west looking for their own fortunes and seeking to solve the riddles of their lives.

California is the end of the line for these stories, and has borne the brunt of the great upheaval that shook the country to its core. Nowhere are the devastating effects of the Reckoning more apparent than in the crazed canyons of the Maze, created when the Great Quake of '68 tore the coastline asunder. And probably no city has seen a greater share of horror and catastrophe than the city of Lost Angels.

A HISTORY LESSON

Before we dive into the goings-on in this ravaged scrap of the West, we'd better spend some time setting the scene and covering some basic history. The Free and Holy City of Lost Angels is an unusual place—a product of an unusual man and the grim legacy of his demented ambition.

GRIMME AND THE CITY'S FOUNDING

In the years following the shattering of the coastline, the survivors rallied around a charismatic leader—Reverend Ezekiah Grimme. Grimme and his followers raised a great city that boomed in the ghost rock rush that followed. That city was Lost Angels, and—though founded as a holy place—it hid a dark secret at its darker heart. The city and those who ruled it became known and feared throughout the West.

THE DARK HEART OF THE CITY

Following the Great Quake, food was scarce in California and starvation a constant threat. Grimme somehow always managed to feed his followers, however, and as the great man's legend grew, legions of desperate, hungry folks flocked to Lost Angels to seek respite from their plight. But this shining beacon of hope was, in fact, a terrible mirage. For, while the Reverend Grimme was a pious man, it was not truly he who founded the city.

In desperation and close to death, the survivors Grimme had rescued turned to cannibalism. Grimme tried to prevent this dreadful act, but to no avail. He *became* the last supper. Sensing great opportunity, the Reckoners used the souls of his damned followers to create a new false Grimme as a servitor of Famine. The man that walked in his shoes was a collection of their damned spirits.

The false reverend was a vile parody of the old. He embraced cannibalism wholeheartedly and ordered his starving companions to seek out other refugees and harvest them for their meat. So it was that "Grimme" led his disciples on a bloody trek through the shattered remains of California. The unholy pilgrims soon reached a site selected by their leader and began building the center of their new church. The City of Lost Angels was born, and Grimme's faithful slowly gained a herd of human cattle upon which to feast.

Using the dark powers the Reckoners gifted to him, Grimme saw to it that the ravaged lands of the West coast remained barren and hostile, keeping food in short supply...except in Lost Angels. There he held regular feasts to encourage new converts and cement his reputation as a living saint. But these apparently-kind gestures were actually terrible cannibalistic rites that served only to boost the mad priest's powers, and keep California in the relentless grip of Famine.

THE EDICT AND THE FLOOD

As the city flourished, the reverend exercised his growing power by announcing the city's status as a free state. He denounced the raging rail wars and forbade the rail barons passage across his lands—and the priceless harbor of Lost Angels. Known as the Edict of '77, his declaration of independence was followed by a vote in which the whole of California decided it wanted no part of the Great Rail Wars, the seemingly endless Civil War, and the myriad disasters that seemed to follow it. They declared themselves independent of both North and South, and the Commonwealth of California was born.

Grimme considered himself the ruler of this vast territory, though in fact his powers were limited to the city of Lost Angels. Shan Fan to the north was, to all intents and purposes, a city-state of its own, but Grimme wasn't one to let facts get in the way of a bold claim. The Confederates and the United States were nervous of triggering an incident that might restart hostilities between them, so California drifted on in political limbo for some time. Most folks were too busy surviving on whatever food they could find to pay attention, or furiously trying to scrape together enough ghost rock to buy themselves shelter and a few meals.

All this came to a shuddering halt in 1880, when the rail barons finally made it to Lost Angels despite Grimme's attempts to stop them. In a brutal preemptive strike, the fiendish inventor Dr. Darius Hellstromme unleashed his secret weapons, consuming the city and its surroundings in flame as he dropped a series of ghostfire bombs. This awesome display of

power destroyed the assembled forces of the various competing railroads and brought an end to the Great Rail Wars. Grimme survived, but the devastating conflagration marked Hellstromme's victory and signaled the beginning of the end of Grimme's stranglehold on Lost Angels.

The final act in Grimme's tragedy came as he sought to re-exert his control over his domain. While he gathered his closest and most powerful disciples together for a nefarious feast, a group of unknown heroes enacted an ancient ritual that drew up the waters of the Maze into a mighty wave that destroyed the entire city, obliterating Grimme and his foul cultists once and for all. The build-up to these events and their cataclysmic aftermath are detailed in the Deadlands book, *The Flood*.

FROM THE DEPTHS OF DESPAIR

The City of Lost Angels was laid waste by the Flood. But as the waters receded, bands of survivors began to pick up the pieces. Chief among these survivors was a young woman by the name of Sister Judith Prosperi. She had never been aware of the true nature of Grimme's church, being only a lay follower, and was ministering to the sick when the Flood came. When she saw the great city destroyed she wept, and it is said that where her tears fell, the ground split open and a salt river sprang forth. Clearly Judith had been touched by the hand of the Almighty.

In the aftermath Judith, dubbed the Angel of Mercy, gathered everyone she could to aid the survivors, treat them, and provide as much food and shelter as possible in the days to come. Together they resisted starvation, the elements, an attack by the Mexican Army, and numerous other untold trials and tribulations.

PERDITION

The faithful and the faithless separated after a while, with the flock laying the foundations of a new cathedral and radial city inland. The agnostics settled on a promontory overlooking the ruins called "Perdition."

Judith and her followers concentrated on permanent structures that would withstand the next disaster. Perdition remained more transient, figuring they'd just have to rebuild everything after the next flood, earthquake, or invasion anyway.

As stability returned, immigrants once again streamed to Lost Angels. Very few wanted the diligent, reserved life of the flock, so Perdition swelled in months, spilled off the high ground, and surrounded the city proper in just a few years. Most of the transients were less than law-abiding. They had come to the Maze to get rich

quick, either from ghost rock or from those who had already found it.

Fearful they would be overwhelmed, Judith and her followers built a wall around the cathedral and the wards radiating out from it. Despite resistance and some sporadic violence, the quick work paid off. The flock could control the growing hordes surrounding them and more importantly, the railheads. This gave Judith control of the food supply and the ability to tax all imports and exports—including ghost rock brought in from the Maze.

In time, the area within the enclosure was officially called the Holy City, with the entire settlement—essentially a city-state—once again called Lost Angels. By 1888, the makeshift walls were replaced by 40' tall obsidian and grand gates—a powerful sign the Church of Lost Angels was regaining its former prominence.

THE COUNCIL OF ELDERS

Eventually, the secular forces grew jealous of the flock's wealth and threatened to revolt. But Judith was ready for them once again. After much wrangling, negotiation, and some skullduggery, she gave the non-believers official representation.

The ruling body of the city is the Council of Elders. It's made up of a matriarch or patriarch (Judith), four bishops, four deacons, and the secular mayor of Lost Angels—who speaks for the Town Council. The Town Council, in turn, represents the rest of the city-state with Councilmen elected from Oldtown, Midtown, Mazedge, Movie Town, and Eastside.

Each of the bishops is responsible for one of the Holy City's four wards (see page 103), while the deacons manage Ecclesiastical, Judicial, Pastoral, and Financial Departments.

Needless to say, the secular voice is greatly outnumbered. Those who protest against this find little support as long as the church remains beneficent and the popular Judith is matriarch.

In 1890, largely thanks to the representative council, the USA and CSA agreed to partition California into North and South, and officially recognize Lost Angels' independence (again).

A NEW AGE

When the Great War came in 1914, the church remained neutral but sent three huge hospital ships to Europe and the Dardanelles. Large numbers of trained nurses, the Angels of Mercy, were dispatched to the battlefields of France and Turkey, and won

great respect for their stoic ministry to the wounded and dying. In the aftermath of that terrible conflict, the standing of Lost Angels was greatly enhanced, and Sister Judith's name became a watchword for selflessness and generosity.

THE NEW INFLUENCE OF LOST ANGELS

The rapid industrialization of patent science during the Great War caused a dramatic spike in the demand for ghost rock. Church-run assay offices situated all over Lost Angels paid a good price for as much ghost rock as individuals could provide and shipped it Back East. Naturally, control over the most valuable substance in the world made the church a very wealthy organization. So much so, in fact, that the church decided to levy no business taxes on companies located in Lost Angels, making it a very attractive location for commerce.

This prosperity was shared by most industrial nations after the war, and the decadent 1920s were a collective sigh of relief after the brutality of the previous six years. The permissive ways of the '20s were not reflected in the new, more religious Lost Angels, but neither was the church leadership overly repressive. So, while alcohol was supposed to be prohibited in the Free and Holy City, moonshine was common. For those with more expensive tastes, Maze runners smuggled shipments of the good stuff from the Confederacy.

Alcohol became just expensive enough to create criminal organizations and rings of smugglers anxious to make a quick buck, though these gangs paled to those in Chicago and the North.

The violence sparked by Prohibition did give the Council of Elders an idea, however. They frowned upon capital punishment and offered to take in the worst criminals of the North and South for rehabilitation at the once-infamous Rock Island Penitentiary. There, Sister Judith claimed, the lost would be found, the hopeless rehabilitated, and the piety of Lost Angels would be a model for the world to emulate. Most governments were more than happy to off load their most dangerous or troublesome inmates and the fearsome prison was quickly inundated with requests.

Rock Island, staffed by the Guardian Angels under Warden Cephas, became a religious penal colony but lost none of its fearsome reputation despite the council's best intentions. Nobody leaves the Rock.

THE MOTION PICTURE INDUSTRY

Moving pictures were in their infancy prior to the Great War. Rapid advances in technology made increasingly effective movie cameras, and the post-war boom saw a dramatic increase in the public appetite

for entertainment. Several production companies went into the motion picture business Back East. Some very unpleasant patent disputes led to numerous lawsuits among Eastern producers, and to avoid having their cameras repossessed, they migrated west. Southern California seemed ideal, given its year-round good climate, varying terrain, and the peculiar political situation of Lost Angels. Here the studios hoped they could shoot without legal disruptions, interruptions from inclement conditions, and—most importantly—without paying taxes.

As the industry grew, it centered around a small suburb of the sprawling conurbation to the northeast of the walled city itself. The studios became extremely wealthy corporations, and it didn't take long for the East Coast mob to find there was plenty of money to be made in the relatively lawless city. They used their muscle to take over the nascent gangs, organized labor, gambling, and prostitution.

The next few years were a time of great prosperity in and around Lost Angels. New studios sprang up constantly to join the film boom and supply North America's seemingly insatiable appetite for movies. This nexus of creative talent drew in hundreds of hopeful actors and actresses looking to make the big time. Those who did lived as well as any in America, and given the accelerating standard of living across the continent, that meant the post-war period was one long party.

DEPRESSION STRIKES

The good times had to end, of course, and when the end came, it came hard. In 1929, the bottom fell out of the increasingly unstable United States Stock Market, and the North crashed. The South followed soon after and no major country in the world was spared.

Decadence was replaced with austerity, prosperity with poverty, and the seemingly endless party of the Age of Excess was over. What's more, the disastrous collapse of Wall Street and the grim inevitable slide into poverty once again stirred the savage beast of Famine. As crops failed and the poor and dispossessed flocked to the cities in search of work and food, the familiar pangs roused the sleeping fiend, and the fear that lay dormant began to grow again in the West.

Initially, Lost Angels was relatively insulated from the dreadful ravages of the economic collapse. It had surpluses and could afford to pay inflated prices for food. The ability of the city to feed itself drew still more desperate souls to the city's great black walls in search of sustenance, and the population in the sprawl surrounding the walled city soared out of control. In time, however, as Famine's clutches tightened and the

Dust Bowl settled on the continent, the church's wealth counted for nothing. There simply wasn't enough food to go around and people began to starve.

MAN OF THE PEOPLE

Into this desperate situation came William Randolph Hearst, a wealthy newspaperman whose East Coast family made millions mining ghost rock out West, and whose numerous investments include countless diverse industries Back East. Hearst had been watching developments in California for years. The church's inability to feed its citizens appeared to be just the opportunity he'd been waiting for. Hearst moved in and established a number of businesses and, most importantly, newspapers.

Hearst is a powerful and wealthy individual with a singular drive. He has immense ambition and a lust for political power, but his efforts to get elected Back East were thwarted. His typical modus operandi is to attack a problem by a combination of money and influence. But despite massive investments in the city, one-sided coverage in his newspapers, and a generous amount of ballot-stuffing, Hearst lost the 1938 mayoral elections to a popular movie star named Jackie Murphy.

Enraged by this expensive setback, Hearst doubled down on his gamble and lavished additional expenditure on improving the city, determined not to lose a second time. This time, his investment came in the form of extremely large loans to various entities through numerous banks and private institutions in which he holds a significant stake. This was Hearst's insurance policy, in case of some unforeseen problem come the next election. He planned to use the loans to coerce people in influential institutions to lobby for him. But his plans were put on hold.

A WORLD IN FLAMES

With the outbreak of the Second World War, the council decided—to Hearst's chagrin—that elections would be suspended for the duration of the conflict. Lost Angels was to remain officially neutral once again, but when Japan entered the war, the council placed the rail terminus and harbor at the disposal—tariff free—of both American nations.

Movie Town, the borough housing the majority of the filmmaking studios, dedicated itself to making anti-Axis propaganda movies and distributed them free of charge throughout the US and CS, to aid the allied war effort. The Holy City itself again funded hospital ships to be built and launched from the shipyard in Oldtown, and dispatched to the theatres of war, fully equipped with nurses and all the apparatus needed.

Again, the Angels of Mercy served with bravery and dedication, fearless in the face of fire and resolute in spite of the horrors they witnessed. Again the standing of the Church of Lost Angels was bolstered on the world stage.

MAYOR STONER

In Lost Angels, Hearst began gearing up for his election push. Again, he was beaten, this time by a little-known patent scientist for RKO Pictures named Kevin Stoner. Hearst suspects fraud, and he's right. Stoner used subliminal messaging in a film released just before the election to convince the public that men like Hearst were dangerous blowhards, while quiet men of science, like himself, would lead to a prosperous future. Hearst's investigation and Stoner's secrets are the subject of the Lost Angels Plot Point Campaign, and are covered in detail beginning on page 132.



LIFE IN LOST ANGELS

Wartime austerity is still the common lot of most people in 1946 Lost Angels. Despite the fact that the war is over, the conflict came hard on the heels of the Depression, and while industry recovered with the surge in military spending, domestic life has been slower to reap the benefits.

The movie industry, on the other hand, is a law unto itself. Insulated and isolated from the common experience by wealth and privilege, the bigwigs of the motion picture scene just make up the rules as they go along. For them, there was barely a recession, much less a Great Depression, and the war meant steady work. No wonder movie people sometimes seem a little... detached... from reality.

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE

Throughout the deepest, darkest times of the Depression, people still found a desperate yearning to be entertained—anything to distract them from the dismal circumstances they endured daily. The radio and movies filled that need, with the cinema being the single most popular pastime on the continent. The heart of this burgeoning industry is a small town near Lost Angels, the city of dreams, the Star Factory: Movie Town, California.

Every week, countless hopeful starlets and would-be leading men arrive, looking for their big break. Movie stars are idols to the ordinary people, who are endlessly fascinated with the details of their private lives. Their fairy tale existence gives people something to aspire to—and some would risk it all, or do anything to be famous, glamorous, and rich! But success is fleeting, even for those who seem to have it all, and when a starlet's looks fade or an actor falls on hard times, they are quickly replaced by the next bright young thing and forgotten by their once-adoring fickle fans. Young or old, the city is full of desperate souls who look longingly at the silver screen and not at the reality in front of them.

For those who make it in the industry, the rewards are beyond imagining. Salaries are high, contracts are long, and studios go to almost any lengths to keep their stars happy. Bad publicity is shunned, meaning a star's indiscretions are frequently covered up, and studios employ countless guards, detectives, heavies, lawyers, and other "specialists," to protect the good name of their stars and of the studio.

The big stars typically reside in the foothills to the north of Movie Town, known as Star City: the higher up in the hills, the bigger the star and the higher the price tag on the house. Such individuals are typically coddled and spoiled, have more money than they know how to spend, and are prone to eccentricities or extravagant lifestyles.

Less well-known actors or those trying to break into the professions tend to live along the more southerly edge of the borough in rooming houses or apartments, taking whatever part-time work they can to keep their dream of stardom alive. Pretty much anyone in this part of Lost Angels, from the shoe-shine boy to the waitress pouring coffee in the diner, has a story about the break just around the corner, the chance meeting with David O' Selznick, or the upcoming screentest for DeMille.

Of course, not everyone involved in the movie industry is an actor. Producers, directors, and even writers can make substantial salaries in the dream

factory (though the latter are typically pretty poorly treated as a group). Those behind the cameras work hard for their money, and their careers tend to be more long-lived than the more glamorous, more highly-strung acting counterparts. Despite the many hard luck stories, there is a fantastic wealth of opportunity in Lost Angels for someone with drive and passion (and maybe a streak of ruthlessness) necessary to make success happen.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

When Hearst started pouring money into the development of the city, one of the first projects was the establishment of the Lost Angels Police Department. Under the first Mayor of Lost Angels, Jackie Murphy, the new force was formed and money set aside to build new police precincts throughout the five boroughs. These early police were not well-trained, but they were full-time recruits, paid a decent salary, and keen to help clean up a lawless city. In time, their professionalism improved, but the force is still young, and on occasion, prone to violence worse than that which they are supposed to prevent. Furthermore, corruption has become more of a problem as organized crime has gained a bigger foothold in Lost Angels.

Brute Squads: This infamous practice is vehemently denied by the LAPD, and the church leadership certainly has no knowledge of it. Police Chief James McMahon, on the other hand, has sanctioned a small group of policemen, led by the unflinching Inspector Hartigan (see page 149), to operate beyond the law in cases where undesirable elements are attempting to gain a foothold in the City. A pragmatic Irish cop hailing originally from Chicago, McMahon firmly believes that sometimes the law must be set aside in the interests of protecting the people.

Guardian Angels: The LAPD has jurisdiction in the five boroughs. Within the Holy City, the Guardian Angels are the law. They are organized into flights of six, led by a far more able "officer class," the Avenging Angels. The Guardian Angels patrol the walled city and the various church interests beyond. They are also tasked with investigating any crimes within the Holy City, and can technically (upon the order of Sister Judith) claim jurisdiction over any other part of the five boroughs, though this has never actually been attempted.

TRANSPORTATION

The investment in infrastructure over the last forty years has led to an impressive network of well-maintained roads throughout the city. There are some half a million motor cars in Lost Angels, with

new models arriving by the trainload and sold or leased at a premium through church-run dealerships. In the more affluent areas of the city, luxury sedans and limousines are everywhere, mingled with the latest, most expensive Italian sports cars. In Mazedge and Oldtown, much older models are the norm, with battered Model As and once-elegant Lincolns, now rusted and disheveled, far more common. Everywhere else, 1940s Plymouths, Packards, Cadillacs, and De Sotos are common sights. Gasoline prices stand at a disturbingly expensive 30¢ per gallon.

In the commercial districts of the five boroughs, the city-run "Red Line" street cars run until 10 p.m., linking main streets with residential areas and providing a low cost alternative for those unable to afford a car, or unwilling to contribute to Lost Angel's growing traffic problems.

Commercial aviation is in its infancy, and few regular passenger routes exist, but an airmail service operates out of the Lost Angels harbor every day. Twice daily, flying boats from the small airline operated by Lars Van Der Howe depart from Pier 12. Van Der Howe Lines operates a fleet of older Sikorsky S-38s, which can comfortably seat 10 passengers, along with the mail.

On the outskirts of Eastside stands Liberty Field, currently a barren patch of land with a beaten dirt landing strip. Rumor has it that Howard Hughes has bought the field and has plans to rapidly expand aviation in the Lost Angels area. For now, though, aviation is an expensive form of travel and most opt to take long journeys by train.

The following main passenger services run regularly from Lost Angels, all handled by Wasatch Rail Co.

- The Coast Daylight runs twice daily to Shan Fan via San Luis Obispo
- The Lark is an all-sleeper overnight train to Shan Fan
- The Sunset runs to New Orleans thrice weekly
- The Golden State runs to Chicago via El Paso
- The Challenger runs to Chicago via Salt Lake City

CURRENCY

The Holy City issues its own currency, Church Notes—also known as Angels, due to the illustrations adorning each denomination. Exchanges throughout Lost Angels recognize, exchange, and accept any major currency, including Mormon notes.

Ghost rock can also be bartered for currency, or exchanged at one of the many church assay offices dotted around all districts of the city. The price per

ounce fluctuates wildly, but the church usually offers a good price to ensure plenty of customers. It makes its money on the volume of international trade.

COMMUNICATION

Despite growing competition from the telephone, telegrams remain a popular way to send short messages. Messages can be one-way or two-way, as telegraph operators and couriers are also able to send replies, if requested. Telegrams typically cost 5¢ for the first ten words, then 1¢ per word.

Most modern homes and all serious businesses have telephones, though apartment buildings and rooming houses often just have a phone at the front desk, or a payphone in the lobby. Many drugstores and diners also have payphones. Most places with a telephone also carry the telephone directory, which contains names and addresses for all listed telephone numbers.

All telephone conversations are routed through the Lost Angels Exchange—known colloquially as the LAX—inside the walled city. The Exchange is a large, imposing building in the Ward of Prophets within the Holy City.

The details for radio communication given in *Deadlands Noir* remain true in Lost Angels, but all police vehicles are equipped with radios. In addition, some 200 police cars are equipped with two-way radios, allowing the policemen in the patrol car to respond rapidly to emergency calls.

Beat cops, those on foot, must make use of Gamewell Industries call boxes situated every few blocks, which

contain emergency phones wired directly to the local precinct.

CLIMATE

Lost Angels is known for its consistently warm weather. Temperatures typically average around 70 degrees, rarely falling below 50, even in the winter. It was this reliable weather, in part, that drew the early movie studios to come west, knowing they would be able to shoot their pictures all year round and could predict fairly accurately what conditions would be like.

The rapid industrialization of Lost Angels has created a new situation, however, one where the constant high temperatures are less welcome. In the last two years or so, the city of Lost Angels has begun to experience dense smog, particularly in the summer months. The huge number of motor cars along with the billowing smoke from the various heavy industries—and in particular the toxic fumes given off by the ghost rock refineries—create a potent chemical soup that can drift into the city if there is an onshore breeze. Trapped by the mountains that surround Lost Angels, this choking fog can cause serious illness or hospitalization to those who remain exposed for prolonged periods.

Last summer, the weather was particularly hot and for a week-long period heavy smog smothered Lost Angels. On that occasion, several victims were overcome by the fumes and driven insane by a condition known as ghost rock fever. These were the first recorded fatalities caused by ghost rock pollution in Lost Angels, and the city council is monitoring the situation closely.

On those few days when rain falls, the smog can cause a mild acidic rain to fall. The inhabitants were the first to coin the term 'ghost rain' for the phenomenon, as the soft sound of sobbing seems to accompany the ghost rock-infused downpour, and any caught in the rain suffer terrifying dreams for a few nights after. Each morning after being caught in a ghost rain downpour without a raincoat, hat, or umbrella, a gumshoe must make a Spirit roll or gain a Fatigue level for the day. Once a successful check is made, the dreams stop.

LEISURE

Perhaps unsurprisingly, there are a lot of movie theaters in Lost Angels. Most tickets cost around 30¢, except at the more lavish theaters, which more closely resemble small opera houses. There, a patron can watch a movie in fine style, attended by waiters serving expensive champagne. Most are less lavish picture houses, which are very popular with all classes of citizen.

GUNS IN LOST ANGELS

Firearms are legally available in Lost Angels, as long as the bearer has a permit. Permits can be obtained from City Hall, provided the applicant can prove how it might be useful. This applies to revolvers and semi-automatics. Individuals desiring bigger guns are required to apply for an enhanced license, in which they need to say why they require a bigger weapon. This is usually a simple Persuasion roll unless the character has a bad reputation.

Of course, the criminal element has none of these restrictions, and crooks frequently carry weapons. The end of WWII saw a large number of army surplus and captured Axis weaponry coming back into the country as souvenirs, and many of these weapons ended up in circulation on the black market, meaning that only a simple Streetwise roll is required to find an untraceable weapon, provided one has a few contacts in the underworld.

Nightclubs and dance halls are also popular forms of entertainment, with live bands and singers providing the music. Those of any status have very strict dress codes and large bouncers to hurry any who don't respect them to the street.

Casinos are frowned upon by the church, but plenty of late-night underground casinos operate in the shadows. They're run almost exclusively by the mob, and are honest—as long as a customer isn't winning *too* big.

Illegal gambling operations tend to be small-time affairs and run the risk of attracting the attention not only of the police, but of the mob. Siegel and Cohen are quick to put these out of business and punish the operators.

"EVERY TIME I MAKE A PICTURE THE CRITICS' ESTIMATE OF AMERICAN PUBLIC TASTE GOES DOWN TEN PERCENT."

—Cecil B. DeMille,
Director



THE DREAM FACTORIES

The major studios rapidly emerged as the dominant powers in the movie industry. The story of the explosive growth of Lost Angels in the 20th Century is the tale of the success of the movie industry and the major studios that made a home in Lost Angels. There are eight major studios, five of which are in their own league and are called "The Big Five." The other "Little Three" are constantly striving to join that club.

Countless small studios are birthed, wither, and die each year, but some manage to carve out a niche, or else merge with other studios to keep their heads above water. The Little Three are actually major studios but they just don't have the money, clout, or consistent string of successes the Big Five have.

THE STUDIO SYSTEM

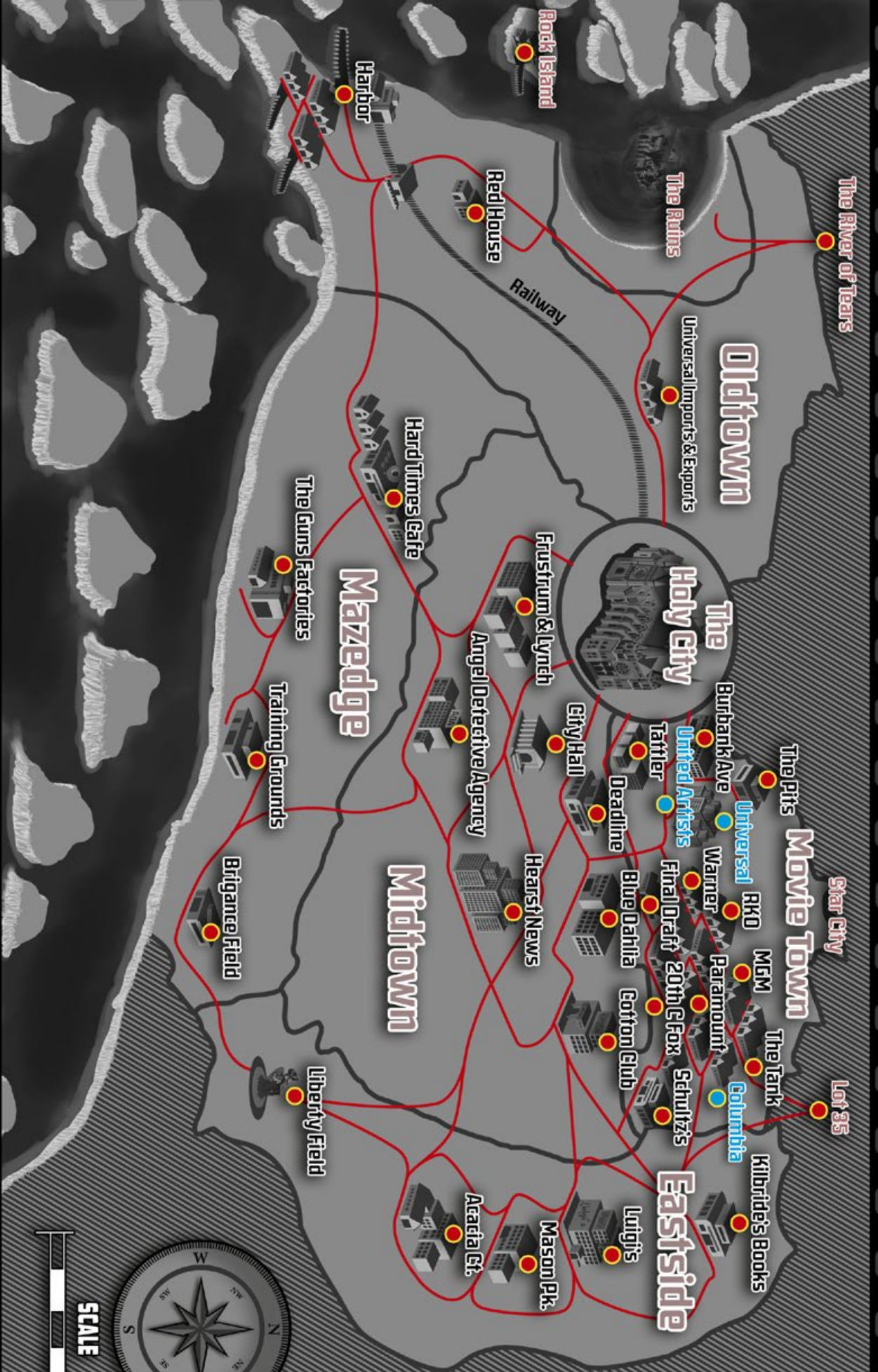
The major studios achieve their phenomenal success through a process of controlling every phase of the production, post-production, and distribution of the movies they make. Most have an established stable of star actors they keep on contract and specialize in a particular genre or genres of picture, allowing them to tailor their talent pool for the kind of output they produce. By buying up production companies, distributors, and the cinema chains themselves, the studios have cornered the market on entertainment, and are not above a little nefarious dealing to ensure their pictures make bank.

Until recently, through a system called block booking, the studio would package together a movie featuring the big name stars that people want to watch along with several 'B' movies starring lesser-known talent, and shipped that package to the theater chains. The paying customer gets what the studio offers and certain chains only show certain pictures. The result is that the movie-going public has a limited choice of what to see, and even the most mediocre movie is guaranteed a theatrical release.

When block booking was boycotted by theatres, some said it heralded the end of the Studio System. But the big names weren't ready to give up their stranglehold on the industry yet. While they can no longer manipulate the theaters the way they used to, the big studios still own substantial chains of their own movie houses.

STARS IN THEIR EYES

Alongside radio, the movies are the number one form of entertainment in America, and people flock to see the latest releases by their favorite stars. The lives of these stars, too, are a source of endless fascination to ordinary people. To those who survived the Great Depression and World War II, the private life of a Movie Town starlet is a fairy tale. Their fabulous clothes and fantastic lifestyles are worlds apart from the lot of everyday folks, and the general public typically sees the intimate details of the personal business as fair game. As a result, there has sprung up a thriving trade in gossip and candid pictures (moving and otherwise), on almost any aspect of the lives of the rich and famous.



LOST ANGELS LOCATIONS

"Lost Angels" generally refers to the entire town: The Holy City, Oldtown, Midtown, Mazedge, Movie Town, and Eastside.

THE HOLY CITY

Population: 75,500

Fear Level: 1

At the heart of Lost Angels lies the Holy City, a circular district surrounded by 40' high obsidian walls. There are four main entrances to the city, all heavily guarded by the zealous Guardian Angels. The main gates are massive brass structures reclaimed from the old cathedral in the ruins and reconstructed. Engraved upon them in two-foot-high lettering are the words, *"God gave Noah the rainbow sign. No more water, the fire next time."*

Access beyond any of the gates is prohibited, except for three daily tours the church runs, at 9 a.m., 1 p.m., and 5 p.m., allowing visitors to see the marvels of the city behind the obsidian walls. The two-hour tour is conducted in an open-top bus, with stops at the Cathedral, the University, and the Museum of the Flood.

Visitors may also apply for an extended pass at the customs offices stationed outside each gate. These are fairly easy to come by (typically a Persuasion roll or a signed letter from someone inside requesting the visitor be allowed entrance), and a \$2 a day fee. Guests are required to wear their pass on their coat at all times or face deportation and 14 day exile.

The faithful who live within experience a more orderly, structured way of life than most. Everyone in the Holy City has a role and everyone is expected to work in harmony for the greater good.

Living in the Holy City is open only to devout people. Missionaries are trained to thoroughly vet those claiming their faith. Those who pass the demanding evaluation process are assigned to a ward and given a job at a decent wage. They are expected to work hard, pray hard, and help their fellow man. Residents may come and go through the gates at any hour as they please. They are photographed and issued a pass when they leave and must turn it in when they return.

Fraud happens frequently and guards are fairly lax—they're mostly looking for obvious troublemakers or those on the church's "No Entry" list (updated each morning).

WARDS

Built on the dimly remembered model of Grimme's original city, the Holy City is laid out in a circular pattern, with four wards arranged in concentric rings radiating out from the cathedral at the center.

Each of the four wards of the city has a significant responsibility:

- The Ward of Disciples has responsibility for recruiting and training the Angels of Mercy and contains the Holy City's enormous teaching hospital.
- The Ward of Prophets houses the vast railhead that receives and distributes the massive quantities of ghost rock the church amasses annually, and collects the imports that arrive for distribution to the holy city and the boroughs beyond.
- The Ward of Scripture is home to the University of All Angels and the church's seminary, which instructs the priesthood and missionaries in the ways of the church, in doctrine, philosophy, and in conducting the rites of the Church of Lost Angels.
- The Ward of Revelation is tasked with preserving the remains of the old city and houses several large warehouses holding the relics and building materials recovered from the ruins of old Lost Angels.

The Cathedral of Lost Angels: The new Cathedral of Lost Angels was modeled closely on the old. It is a huge gothic edifice, dripping with ornate stonework, festooned with gargoyles, and with flying buttresses springing from every wall. The cathedral is built in the traditional shape of the cross, with two immensely tall towers at the west end. Huge stained glass windows decorate the cathedral, with giant rose windows above the north, south, and west doors. Inside, the ceilings of are painted with ornate scenes of biblical stories, blended with the Church of Lost Angels' own slightly bizarre mythology, featuring the Works of Grimme, the famed Judgment Day triptych, and the cataclysmic Great Flood Series. These ceilings are the highlight of the tour of the Cathedral for visitors, as are the relics from the old city.

The Exchange: Tall, bleak and austere, with tall thin arrow-slit windows, the Exchange has a monastic air about it. Inside this building all incoming and outgoing telephone calls for the entirety of Lost Angels are routed. A legion of dedicated telephone switchboard operators works around the clock to keep the communications in Lost Angels buzzing. Rumors abound as to how much the church monitors this wealth of information, but the building is as secure as any in the citadel, so the truth remains known only to the church.

Lost Angels Hospital: This five-story stone building is built in a classical style, heavy on the fluted columns and statuary. Within its walls, the sick of Lost Angels are treated free of charge. Patients require a medical referral to be admitted to the hospital, and only church ambulances are permitted into the walled city, so serious injuries in the five boroughs are usually treated at smaller private hospitals (for a fee). Patients too ill or too poor for the services those institutions can offer are referred to the Lost Angels Hospital, and a church ambulance dispatched to collect them.

Inside, the faithful and heathen are treated in separate wings. The medicine comes with a healthy dose of scripture if one is not already a believer. Since the church offers the medicine at no charge, an attempt at conversion is the price of admission.

The basement of the building holds a series of research laboratories where all manner of scientific experiments are undertaken. Currently, the majority of the research effort is directed toward developing an effective polio vaccine. That research is being directed by the head of the Research Department, Dr. Ezekiel Grimme ("no relation," he is keen to add if his name raises eyebrows).

Lost Angels Railhead: This bustling hub is a spider-web of rail tracks, maintenance yards, sidings, and sheds. The railhead handles all the freight that comes into Lost Angels and several acres are given over to receiving yards to stock, sort, assess taxes, and distribute the tons of inbound goods. Armed Guardian Angels patrol the railhead and yards at all times as it is responsible for a good portion of the Holy City's wealth.

The Museum of the Flood: Constructed only ten years ago, the museum is one of the more recent additions to the Holy City. It was constructed to earn some money from the curious tourists who visited the city when the movie industry became huge. The museum houses many artifacts of the old days, some models of the old buildings, and dioramas featuring life-size models of the inhabitants. The history of Lost Angels and of the Flood has been given a decidedly pro-church spin, as most of it was reconstructed by Judith's disciples and their imperfect knowledge of how the old church was run colors these reconstructions.

The Reliquary: This two story structure stands next to the Cathedral and is built in a similarly ornate gothic style. The stone work, like that of the cathedral, was taken from the old Cathedral of Lost Angels. Inside its buttressed walls are kept the remains of anything thought to be a relic. Several fragments of the old altar

of Lost Angels have been recovered and stored here, along with the bones of many of the former elders of the old church that were recovered after the Flood.

These relics are considered sacred and extremely valuable, so the Guardian Angels stand watch over the Reliquary at all times.

The Rock Factories: These tall, plain buildings each sport a pair of tall smokestacks from which streams a steady cloud of thin green vapor. Occasionally, it appears that a face contorted in agony can be discerned in the smoke, and a soft wailing is always hanging on the breeze. Along with the Celluloid Works in Mazedge, these are some of the most polluting plants in the city, responsible in part for Lost Angels' growing smog problem.

The factories refine the ghost rock brought into Lost Angels from the mines of the Maze ready for export to the rest of the continent—not least of all to supply the huge demands of Hellstromme Industries' Salt Lake City factories. Hellstromme's preferred treatment was part of the post-rail wars deal, and all ghost rock-related freight is handled by Wasatch Rail Co. rolling stock.

The immense value of the work of these factories makes them a jealously guarded asset of the church. Guardian Angels patrol the factories day and night. The buildings themselves are also protected by state-of-the-patent-art burglar alarms and intruder prevention systems.

The University of All Angels: The UAA is a nationally recognized body, offering degrees in a wide range of subjects, but particularly excelling in Medicine, Business, and Philosophy. Distinctive green UAA buses bring students who do not belong to the church to the university from their accommodations (mostly in Mazedge) daily. Guardian Angels ride the buses to ensure that only familiar faces board the bus each day. The faithful and the secular are taught together, and the church is remarkably tolerant of students expressing their opinions in the University. The campus itself is attractively laid-out, well-maintained, and spacious. Since this is one of the few places where outsiders come into constant contact with the church, Sister Judith is keen that their impressions are positive.

EASTSIDE

Population: 375,000

Fear Level: 2

Eastside is a middle class area, neither affluent nor impoverished. It is home to most of the skilled and technical workers in the movie industry and the businesses that employ them. Countless repair shops,

celluloid companies, lighting suppliers, costumers, make-up businesses, and electrical firms dot the industrial region, each surrounded by apartment complexes and small family homes on tree-lined streets. This is as close to a slice of suburban America as Lost Angels provides.

Acacia Court: Like so many residential areas in Eastside, this is a planned neighborhood comprising single story homes with spacious, well-kept yards. The families and couples here tend to be young, with hardworking, ambitious husbands working long hours in big Midtown firms. The ladies of the court arrange their lives around families and social events, which can be difficult for those who held wartime jobs of some importance.

Kilbride's Books: This unassuming property is one of the premier antiquarian bookshops in Lost Angels. With a thriving mail-order business and a reputation for tracking down rare collectors' items, Kilbride's is the place to find hidden—and sometimes forbidden—knowledge.

☠ **Terror in the Neighborhood (page 121):** The antiquarian bookseller has a pest problem, and he's worried about the mob.

Luigi's: This family-owned restaurant (and we mean "family" owned) is the best Italian restaurant in this or any other city outside New York. It is considered neutral ground to any mobster, and there is a strict no firearms rule on the premises.

Mason Park: The small community of Mason Park is particularly notable in that the whole neighborhood surrounding the leafy green park that gives the place its name is made up of understated but spacious ranch-style houses occupied by members of the mob. The area is known as Little Italy, and though the rough, family-oriented men mostly claim to be construction workers, many suspect the truth.

Liberty Field: This large area of wasteland has been purchased by Howard Hughes, who apparently intends to turn it into a thriving aerodrome and expand air links to Lost Angels. For now, it is mostly barren land, fenced in and patrolled by Hughes Security, Inc.

MIDTOWN

Population: 225,500

Fear Level: 2

Midtown is a relatively well-to-do area, home to the professional businesses: the lawyers, bankers, financiers, and accounting firms; the marketing and publicity experts; the agents and brokers who make the money work. As one of the more affluent areas,

Midtown is also a thriving retail area where the latest fashions from Back East are on sale, and where fine dining and elegant nightclubs offer a glamorous night out where the stars come to be seen.

Angel Detective Agency: This nondescript office is home to an important detective firm that operates throughout the city. Angel employs a number of private detectives in all boroughs and the Midtown branch acts as a head office for the firm for billing and legal issues. With their prominent ads so near the start of the phone book, Angel is often one of the first offices people find when looking for a gumshoe.

In fact, the agency is a front for...well, the Agency. The Northern secret service operates very secretly in Lost Angels, as the church takes a dim view of any outside interference. Agents unmasked are imprisoned on Rock Island as spies, while the Hearst papers go to town lambasting the North and its "nefarious intrigues."

The Angel Detective Agency appears to be an extremely successful business, as they are apparently constantly overwhelmed with new cases. In fact, the company is only really interested in investigating (and covering up or exploiting) weird occurrences or supernatural cases. They make a preliminary investigation into cases reported to them, and if they think the case is mundane in nature they pass it off to some other shamus, saying they are too busy to handle the case.

The Blue Dahlia Nightclub: The Dahlia is among the most popular nightclubs in all of Lost Angels. Frequently booking big-name singers and lounge acts, the club is regularly attended by the rich and powerful of Lost Angels. Rumors that the place is owned by mobster Ben Siegel only add to its mystique, despite the fact that Henry "Fats" Wells—the licensed owner and operator of the Dahlia—hotly denies the allegation.

☠ **This Gun For Hire (page 126):** A hit man has begun operating in town, and the number of grisly slayings starts to agitate the movie crowd. Benjamin Siegel has a strange offer for the gumshoes.

City Hall: The tallest, most impressive building in the five boroughs, City Hall is the administrative center of secular Lost Angels. The building is home to the offices of Mayor Stoner, the District Attorney and his deputies, the representatives of the five boroughs, and the Council Chambers, where the Council of Lost Angels meets regularly.

The Cotton Club: One of the foremost nightclubs in Midtown, the Cotton Club is a place to see and be seen by the smart set. As with most nightclubs, camera girls and guys roam the floor taking pictures of the couples

relaxing in the booths. Prints of the photograph can be delivered to the table within the hour (in an attractive presentation box) or mailed at a later date.

⊗ **Revenge and Remorse (page 116):** An aging producer—and notorious proponent of the casting couch—has been getting death threats and needs help.

⊗ **The Little Sister (page 125):** A demure young lady approaches the gumshoes for help in finding her missing brother.

The Deadline: This late-night drinking establishment is the favorite hangout of journalists and movie writers. The high-backed booths create a secretive atmosphere, while the dim lighting is gentle on bleary, blood-shot eyes. Drinks are reasonably priced for Midtown, but don't expect good food here. The only dinners served at the Deadline are poured from a bottle.

MOVIES IN DEADLANDS PART 1: PIONEERS

The early days of movie making were a free-for-all. New technology made movies possible, but the directors innovated new techniques almost daily. It was rare to have a written script—actors and directors headed out to a location with an idea for a story and made it up as they went. Accidents, bizarre chances, and hectic schedules made movie making a seat-of-the-pants affair.

These early movies were a strange mixture, covering all kinds of topics. Stories ran the gamut of every genre and theme, however dark or controversial. Westerns were popular, with some of the faded heroes of the Old West finding themselves reliving some of their exploits for an audience eager for thrills. It was some of these early movies that sparked a phenomena—a sort of group delusion—that scientists termed mass hysteria. This very excitement drove directors to ever more dramatic sequences, searching for that combination of effects that drove audiences wild—and brought in the dollars of curious thrillseekers!

The Hearst News Building: Among the other fine buildings in this part of town stands the impressive monument to Hearst's ambitions. The Hearst News Building is a Mission-Revival design office building that houses most of the journalists writing for Hearst's many papers, and from the massive printing presses deep in the basements of the building, multiple editions are released daily (with occasional evening editions when the situation warrants). After City Hall, it's the tallest building outside the Holy City's walls.

Frustrum & Lynch: One of the premier legal firms in the movie industry, Frustrum & Lynch handles the corporate and private affairs of a great many movie moguls. Their impressive offices in Midtown boast a substantial number of works of art in the office suites of the senior partners, while the walls of every junior partner's office are decorated with signed photographs of the biggest players in Movie Town (a not-so-subtle reminder to the studios that their entertainment products are not artistic works).

MOVIE TOWN

Population: 115,500

Fear Level: 3

"Movie Town" is the area of Lost Angels where most of the big studios are located, but it has come to be synonymous with the entire movie industry as well.

Movie Town is a study in contrasts. Away from the expensive mansions that dot the hillside to the north—known as Star City—there are the massive studios and their movie lots. These large walled compounds house the offices, sets, and stages that make up each of the major studios. In addition, there are numerous smaller studios and several vacant lots. The majority of these lesser businesses are situated on Burbank Avenue—known sarcastically throughout the industry as Poverty Row.

Surrounding these is a dense cluster of cheap housing, cheap diners, and cheap bars, all frequented by equally cheap patrons. In the midst of the glitz and glamour of the movie industry, Poverty Row and its environs are a stark reminder of the tawdry side of Tinseltown. Any vice can be indulged in the all-night speakeasies and ask-no-questions motels, and being seen in the area after dark is usually considered grounds for divorce!

Away from Burbank Avenue, things get a little less sleazy, but only a little. The majority of the southern part of Movie Town is given over to low rent accommodations that house the wanna-bes, has-beens, and never-weres the movie industry leaves in its glorious, terrible wake. Here, too, the bit-players and writers live; the people without whom there would be



no movies, but for whom there is no credit. From the dazzling heights to the squalid Burbank Avenue—and everywhere in between—Movie Town has an air of desperation about it, as if everyone knows how crazy the whole thing is, but nobody dare say it out loud.

20th Century Fox: This giant company was formed by the merger of 20th Century Pictures and one of the early movie pioneers, Fox Film Corporation. The merger came about after Fox's owner, William Fox, was injured in an automobile accident shortly before the Wall Street Crash. That he had been pursuing a merger that threatened the single-minded Louis B. Mayer of MGM raised a few eyebrows at the time, but no link was ever proved, and by the time Fox recuperated from his injuries, the deal was off, his fortune had been wiped out, and Fox Film was in trouble.

The subsequent merger with Twentieth Century saved the ailing studio and gave Twentieth Century a chain of movie theaters through which to easily distribute its pictures. Daryl F. Zanuck reigns as the head of production at the studio, focusing primarily on biopics and musicals, with great success.

Columbia Pictures: Founded by brothers Harry and Jack Cohn along with Joe Brandt (who soon sold out to the domineering Harry Cohn), Columbia started life as CBC Films. It focused on low-budget comedies

and short films, and gradually worked its way up as Columbia Pictures to the second tier of motion picture companies.

Despite trying to shed its low-budget image, Cohn can't help but try to cut corners, even when making his biggest budget movies. Columbia is known for reusing sets in multiple simultaneous movies, sharing actors' contracts with other studios, or borrowing big names from bigger production companies. This tends to give the studio's B-movies a better quality appearance, but its bigger pictures lack the additional time and money that would place them among the best the industry has to offer.

If Cohn could acquire some big stars, treat them well, and invest substantially in some vehicles for their talent, Columbia could really build on its position. But Cohn does not share power well, and he's unlikely to heed the kind of advice he needs to make such changes.

The Final Draft: This small dingy tavern is open all hours and is a favorite hangout for writers—both screenwriters and their journalistic counterparts. Any writer can put a finished draft of his screenplay behind the bar to drink free with his friends for a night, and numerous copies of famous picture screenplays adorn the walls of the establishment. News writers find the dark, private atmosphere to be a good spot to meet

sources, and the bar staff are very understanding of the need for privacy—even offering several small rooms where important meetings can go unobserved.

The place has a (usually) good-natured rivalry with the Deadline in Midtown, as the two establishments share similar clientele. The truth is, however, that the Final Draft is a front for the Texas Rangers and feeds information back to the South. Just as with the Agency, a Ranger is persona non grata in Lost Angels, so they operate in secret with the Final Draft as their headquarters. The tables, private meeting rooms, and even bathrooms are bugged and conversations recorded, so the Rangers can keep abreast of scandals, weird events, and political issues that may impact the South. In the cellars beneath the bar, a large number of analysts listen constantly for important news, while a small team of three Rangers occupies the rooms above the bar in case action is needed.

Lot 35: Few know about this abandoned lot, and most who learn its location end up dead. It's very remote, standing on the edge of the desert, an hour's drive from Lost Angels. The physical appearance of the lot is a contemporary city street. At one end stands a facsimile of the Biograph Theater—the location of the FBI's deadly apprehension of John Dillinger. Leading off from that main street are numerous back allies, each leading to a small square or area of town featuring some distinctive landmark or architectural style from various cities across the USA and CSA.

 **Ring of Fear (page 114):** Something terrible is happening at Lot 35, and the gumshoes are dragged into it.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (MGM): The infamous partnership between Marcus Loew, owner of Goldwyn Pictures and Metro Pictures, with Louis B. Mayer to form the powerhouse MGM studio has spawned a massive conglomerate that has facilities all over the world. Despite their immense global presence, the business is still ruled with an iron fist. Every penny spent anywhere in the world must be accounted for and woe betide a producer who is too free with the company's dime. The MGM lions, it is said, eat well when someone blows their budget.

Paramount Pictures: Paramount Pictures was the first company to distribute films across all states, North and South, throughout the First World War. Founded in 1912 by Adolph Zukor, a merger four years later with two other companies combined the directorial talent of Cecil B. DeMille, the connections of Jesse Lasky and Sam Goldwyn, with the drive and acumen of Zukor. The company that emerged was a powerhouse in the

fledgling industry, helped largely by its chain of movie theaters and the practice it pioneered of block booking (see **Studio System** sidebar, page 101).

That powerhouse faltered in the '30s with a series of poor investments and the damaging effects of the Great Depression. After a dramatic reconstruction and the dismantling of the practice of block booking, Paramount emerged leaner, but still powerful under the uncompromising leadership of Zukor.

Zukor still puts his faith in big stars and Cecil B. DeMille, and the studio has a track record of huge pictures and of making money. In the post war years, it has seen its stock rise from the brink of bankruptcy to a position of power in the industry once again.

RKO Pictures: RKO rose to prominence after its merger with KAO, a company which owned a string of theaters throughout North America. The studio made a number of successful films, but it was really the work of its Chief Technology Officer, a patent scientist named Kevin Stoner, who made RKO one of the "Big Five." The wily Stoner pioneered a way to introduce a type of subliminal messaging into the film production process. This discovery was a closely guarded secret shared only by Stoner's team and RKO's top executives. It's sole use was to ensure positive audience feedback to the studio's releases.

Stoner grew disenchanted with his bosses, and when several of them retired or died off he used his knowledge to take over control of the board for a time. Stoner liked this taste of power and quickly realized he could go even further. He inserted the proper messages into an RKO film that released just before the election and rode a wave of surprise support right into the mayor's office (infuriating his rival William Randolph Hearst).

Stoner sold his stake in RKO for a pretty penny and has been concentrating on his new career for the last few months.

Shultz's: This drugstore/soda shop/coffee house is a favored haunt of all manner of musicians, screenwriters, directors, and other yet-to-make-it movie folk—especially while they are between jobs. Shultz is a friendly, patient, long-suffering owner, who regularly extends credit to his hard-up patrons, and has even been known to let them sleep in the storerooms when times are tough.

Movie Town Tattler: This rag is foremost among the scurrilous scandal papers that chases down salacious stories about stars and starlets and publishes sensational headlines with racy images and the flimsiest of evidence. The paper is neither as accurate nor as outlandish as the *Tombstone Epitaph*, but is (in

most circles) more popular. It requires substantially less thought from its readership, and therefore frightens them less.

Run by a sleazy hack by the name of Hyrum Greenspan, the paper pays good money for any hint or allegation of impropriety. If a photographer can come up with a lurid image to accompany the tale, Greenspan is prepared to pay big time. He's particularly interested in nurturing relationships with gumshoes, who he knows get to learn about a lot more sordid affairs than most cops. He can usually be found in the Deadline, if he's not working up a story.

The Tank: The Tank is one of the most elaborate and impressive movie lots Movie Town can boast. Situated on the outskirts of the city, on the northeast edge of Movie Town, the facility houses the world's largest water stage. This massive building is used to film aquatic scenes and movies featuring marine creatures. It houses a substantial aquarium of such beasts, and has numerous cleverly designed tanks that let actors swim (or feign swimming) in a separate tank, with the denizens of the deep swimming behind. Thus such movies as "*The Monster of the Maze*" and "*It Came From the Deep*" thrilled and terrified audiences with their incredibly realistic scenes of attacking monsters.

Like Universal's Pits, the Tank contains several underground holding pens for some marvelous creatures of the Maze, including ravenous blood sharks, some fish/man hybrids, and even a baby Maze Dragon.

United Artists: Founded by actors for the benefit of actors, UA is a smaller player, but growing in importance and very much a rising star. That growing prominence could mean bad news for the major studios and they may go to extreme lengths to prevent the upstart making further inroads into their share of the lucrative pie!

As a co-founder, as well as the producer and star of her own films, Mary Pickford became the most powerful woman who ever worked in Movie Town during the silent era. With the coming of the talkies, she retired from acting and concentrated more on directing and producing. She now runs UA and is utterly dedicated to making it one of the major players in the industry. She is a ruthless businesswoman, known to bear a grudge for years (she still harbors ill-feeling toward Mayor Stoner for his role in ending the silent era in the movies and curtailing her acting career). Crossing Ms. Pickford is a poor career choice for most, as she goes far, far out of her way to make those who do so suffer.

MOVIES IN DEADLANDS PART 2: FEAR AND LOATHING

As the pictures got bigger, audiences grew. Something about these crowds of people finding escapism together in the darkness had some power. There was something about the experience that transcended the entertainment provided and changed reality somehow. Uplifting films left audiences *actually* more positive. Bleaker or more terrifying movies had a noticeable negative effect, and the truly disturbing picture could actually manifest some dread shade or monster.

Of course, humans being what they are, the thrill of the horrifying was too titillating to ignore, and creepy tales and creature features were popular movies. Little did the audience realize that their combined emotions as they gathered there in the dark were feeding *real* creatures older and more malevolent than the monsters they watched on the silver screen.

The Reckoners, gorged on the emotional highs of movie-going audiences, seeded the dreams of movie directors and executives to provide increasingly exciting and daring pictures. Some directors, hungry for power, fame, and riches, willingly bargained with these dark muses, and movies became increasingly powerful, emotive, and successful.

Around this time, the church became concerned about the power of the industry—recognizing the parallels between the picture houses of the big studios and the places of worship of the world's religions. They have come to realize, too, the effect the fears of the populace are having on the surrounding lands, and the real impact the dark emotions stirred by some films have on society. They are contemplating ways to combat the sinister effects of this new entertainment.

Universal: One of the oldest movie studios still operating, Universal was founded by Carl Laemmle in New York. Facing legal trouble from Edison's numerous patents relating to movie cameras, Laemmle shifted his operations to the West Coast.

Universal found the winning formula with their introduction of monster features in the 1930s. These enduringly popular pictures have found a loyal audience and continue to be a successful staple of the studio's output.

Most believe the Universal monsters are the result of state of the art special effects and elaborate costumes. In fact, the denizens of the pits are more realistic and much cheaper, if a little unpredictable. In a series of underground caves, the studio houses a collection of hideous creatures, tracked and trapped in the wilds and penned up in cells until needed.

These foul chambers, known as the Pits, are a closely guarded secret known only to a handful of Universal executives and the monster wranglers whose job it is to manage the creatures. Co-stars are only told that the actors in the "suits" remain in-character at all times, and the occasional grisly mishap is hastily covered up by the studio.

★ **The Butler Did It (page 114):** The heroes receive an urgent note on Universal letterhead.

Warner Brothers: Founded by Jack Warner and his brothers (Albert, Sam, and Harry), Warner Brothers is the least powerful of the big studios. Frequently pioneering new technologies, such as their innovations in the field of movie audio that culminated in talking pictures, the Warner brothers' willingness to gamble on some new technology occasionally leaves the company at financial risk. So far, there has not been a significant disaster such that the company cannot continue to trade, but in an effort to increase the studio's share, the brothers have been seeking out unhallowed avenues of wealth and power.

MAZEDGE

Population: 425,500

Fear Level: 3

Mazedge is the southern-most borough of Lost Angels. The cheaper northern neighborhoods are populated by hard-working but poor factory workers, domestic workers, and other manual or menial workers. To the south of the residential belt lie the factories themselves, typically built close to the edge of the higher Maze walls, allowing the by-products, waste, and effluent to be released directly into the churning waters of the Maze.

Further southeast, where the sprawling conurbation begins to grow sparser and the factories give way to wasteland and dereliction, the scattered homesteads are instead occupied by prospectors. These hardy miners still work the deadly rock faces of the Maze channels. They are considered to be mostly crazy, their brains fried from excessive exposure to the elements and prolonged exposure to the weird effects of ghost rock.

★ **The Night Has A Thousand Eyes (page 128):** The heroes discover an old prospector has gone missing.

Brigance Fields: This area on the outskirts of Mazedge, where the city dissolves into the wilderness, is home to the Brigance Fields. Here Nicholas Brigance picked up acres of lands for nickels and almost immediately struck oil. These same acres of wilderness are now dotted with countless "nodding donkey" pump jacks, and patrolled by Brigance's private security force, who see to it that nobody but Nicholas makes money from these fields.

The Gunn Factories: Herman Gunn's Celluloid Works comprise three huge, imposing brick factories that tower near the edge of the Maze cliff wall. Tall smokestacks billow thick smoke around the clock, and massive effluent pipes jut from the walls of the Maze beneath the factories, spewing all kinds of hazardous waste into the churning waters hundreds of feet below.

Two of the factories produce a massive range of celluloid products, from decorative household items to billiard balls to cellulose nitrate for use as smokeless powder or explosives. The third factory runs three shifts, working constantly to supply hundreds of miles of celluloid film each day to the studios. The voracious appetite of the motion picture industry for film keeps Gunn's business in fine shape, allowing his scientists to research new and unusual uses for their volatile product.

There used to be a fourth factory, but it was destroyed in a monumental explosion on Christmas Day, 1945. Some feared Soviet or Japanese sabotage, but nothing has ever been proved. Celluloid manufacture involves the use of large quantities of volatile solvents which must be cooked off during the manufacturing process. Gunn's factories also do their own nitration, increasing the risks of the operation. Perhaps it was just an accident.

Guardian Angels' Training Ground: Under construction on a couple of acres of wasteland butting up against the edge of the canyon cliffs, this new facility is being financed by one of Howard Hughes' corporations. How much he knows about the project is open to debate as it is being managed entirely by

the church for the training of new Guardian Angels. Currently the facility comprises a series of barrack huts and little more, but plans exist for elaborate obstacle courses, a gymnasium, and even firing ranges.

Haunted Holes: The area surrounding Lost Angels was built on land that for years had been picked over by prospectors. As a consequence, the earth below Mazedge is a catacomb of tunnels, mines, and holes. In several locations throughout the Lost Angels area, old air vent holes lead to dark chasms below. While many have been covered, some remain open. Sometimes, at night, it is said sounds can be heard from deep beneath. What they are, no one knows.

In these holes, the Fear Level is 5, as the ancient nooks and cracks below are home to all sorts of shades and wraiths. Dead miners shamble and creatures unfit to name call these tunnels home.

 **It Came From Beneath (page 130):** The gumshoes are asked to investigate a string of disappearances in Mazedge.

Hard Times Café: The Hard Times is a plain, simple café/diner, run by Manfred Ripien, a retired private dick. He gives good discounts to shamuses he knows, and the place is a favored haunt of ex-cops and private investigators. There are usually a handful of other detectives in the place who can be tapped for information, and after 30 years as a gumshoe, Manfred knows a thing or two about Lost Angels.

OLDTOWN

Population: 600,000

Fear Level: 3

Oldtown is a particularly run-down area of Lost Angels. Typified by slums, flophouses, and derelict or condemned tenement buildings, it's a testament to the hard times the city is trying to leave behind. The closer the borough extends toward the ruins of old Lost Angels, the worse the squalor becomes. Starvation and deprivation are rampant in Oldtown, and the borough has the city's worst crime rates.

Closer to the Holy City, things improve slightly, and the old municipal buildings of the city's early days after the Flood stand, now converted to cheap office spaces, a faded and crumbling monument to Oldtown's better days. Surrounding this low-budget commercial center, a number of no-frills businesses have sprung up. There are diners, bars, and a handful of stores in the area, and a few apartments and motels manage to keep a reasonably clean image from those who live and work in this rough, once-proud area.

The Harbor: The shipyards are Oldtown's proudest feature. One of the few places in the borough that doesn't appear to be condemned, the amount of shipping the harbor handles is phenomenal. The overwhelming majority of those employed in Oldtown work in or around the harbor.

An armored train runs from the docks to the railhead inside the walled city. This train is used to transfer all material to and from the docks, and is always protected by four flights of Guardian Angels.

In addition to the sheer volume of trade the port handles, it has a thriving shipyard that makes huge freighters for shipping lines around the world. During WWII, the Lost Angels shipyard managed to create hundreds of cargo ships per year to support the war effort.

The Red House: This sleazy dive is a notorious illegal gambling joint. It's open late and serves alcohol of reasonable quality at reasonable prices (owner, Lucille McCoy, tells anyone who asks, "Lubricated luses wager wildly!"). Despite its insalubrious location, and the fact that it operates outside the law, the Red House pays off the police and the mob to ensure things run smoothly and is a popular venue with all manner of well-connected people. Although she greases the wheels handsomely, the wealthy clientele means the take is substantial; as Lucille is keen to restate, "The House always wins!"

 **The Female of the Species (page 129):** A woman in need can be deadly indeed.

Universal Imports & Exports: One of many nondescript office buildings in Oldtown's slightly decrepit business district is a plain-fronted office building with a small brass plaque next to the door advertising the office of Universal Imports and Exports (Lost Angels). Inside, a smartly dressed, attractive young British lady types and answers the telephone. Apparently little else takes place in the office.

In fact the office is a front for the British Secret Service, which likes to keep an eye on how things are going "in the colonies," and has a particular interest in the activities of the Church of Lost Angels, whose missionaries are recruiting actively in Liverpool and other northern cities of Great Britain.

LOST ANGELS ENVIRONS

Population: Less than 10,000

Fear Level: 3

The miles between the city limits and the CSA border are rough and inhospitable. A few lonely farmsteads are dotted about, some inhabited by grizzled old-

timers with a hundred creepy tales to tell, some by raving lunatics driven mad by the hunger and the solitude, others derelict and abandoned.

Jehosaphat Valley: Here the great crematoria run around the clock keeping pace with Lost Angel's woeful mortality rate. Space is at a premium in Lost Angels, so only senior church elders (or the wealthy) are afforded a proper burial. Everyone else ends up in Jehosaphat Valley.

Old Perdition: Perdition was built on the bluffs overlooking old Lost Angels. In those early days, when fires caused by the Flood still raged, it was like looking out unto Hell—hence the name.

But Perdition was never built to last. Countless earthquakes sundered Main Street and toppled buildings, and eventually, the town was abandoned. All that remains now are dilapidated ruins, a derelict Spanish mission, and the so-called "River of Tears." The brackish water of this small stream runs from the mission into the Main Street crevasse, and is thought to have mystical healing properties. Pilgrims bathe, scoop vials and bottles of the stuff for later, or drink it on the spot. It is extremely unsanitary, and the common joke is that the stream's healing properties stem from the fact that the water's so toxic it'll kill any illness you might have.

Petersen's Asylum: The premier mental asylum in the whole of California, Petersen's is a massive compound set high on the cliffs overlooking the Maze. The original 19th century building is aged and crumbling from neglect during the Depression and salt damage. The newer buildings are still in good condition, but the overall impression is one of an institution in some disrepair.

The main building is a great domed structure with no windows and covered air vents meant to bring in air, but not light. Petersen's therapy had been based around keeping patients in womb-like seclusion while rehabilitating their mental faculties.

⊗ **The Long Sleep (page 123):** The gumshoes are approached by a family regretting their decision to commit their loved one to Petersen's.

Rock Island: This inhospitable island houses the most infamous correctional facility in the world. Simply hearing the facility's name strikes fear into the heart of the most cold-blooded gangsters, and no prisoner who sets foot on the Rock ever leaves.

The aging Warden Cephas runs the place with a rod of iron ensuring discipline and hard work form the backbone of an inmate's life. Recently, and much to Cephas' disagreement, the church has taken in the worst felons from across the CSA and USA in an effort

to demonstrate the redemptive power of their religion. So far they have met with nothing but failure—a rare black mark on Sister Judith's legacy.

"The Rock" played an important part in the old church's secret history. Grimme's inner circle used to meet on the prison island and revel in bloody cannibalism. The old torture chambers and slaughterhouses were repurposed years ago, but more than a few spirits remain. Perhaps it is these angry phantoms who prevent living criminals from changing their violent ways.

The Ruins: The remains of the old city of Lost Angels lie at the edge of Oldtown. Some parts of that borough are so run down it's hard to tell where one ends and the other begins.

The tattered remnants of the once-proud city are a home to runaways, thieves, and violent offenders on the run. The LAPD do not consider the Ruins to be part of any borough, so they never patrol here and typically do not answer calls relating to trouble within. Small gangs have emerged who control what happens on the broken streets and constantly brawl for the right to claim one ruined pile of rubble or another as part of their turf.

There are some relics still to be unearthed in the old city, but it is sometimes too dangerous to even bother looking. The best treasures actually lie under water, in what used to be the center of Lost Angels before the Flood dragged it into the sea. The rewards are great, with many artifacts and relics purported to lie in the deep, waiting one brave enough to claim them. The risks, however are even greater, and many who have dared try their luck have ended up a tasty snack for a blood shark, ripped limb from limb by a ghastly bloat, or gobbled up by some rarer creature or haunt.

⊗ **Rage in Heaven (page 128):** A well-meaning, but hopelessly misguided mission is heading into the ruins and is looking for some help.

"I DIDN'T KILL ANYONE THAT DIDN'T DESERVE KILLING IN THE FIRST PLACE."

—Mickey Cohen,
Gangster

RANDOM LOST ANGELS LOCATIONS

When using the Case Generator in *Deadlands Noir* to tailor your cases to Lost Angels, substitute this section in place of **Optional Location**.

LOCATION

d6 Location

- 1 Holy City or the Ruins (choose or roll)
- 2 Oldtown
- 3 Eastside
- 4 Mazedge
- 5 Midtown
- 6 Movie Town

Then roll on the appropriate table below.

HOLY CITY (1D6)

Crimes in the Holy City are hard to commit, so will likely involve larger conspiracies or, more rarely, delicate church problems that require an outsider.

d6 Location

- 1 The Reliquary
- 2 The Hospital
- 3 University of All Angels
- 4 Ghost Rock Refineries
- 5 Lost Angels Railhead
- 6 The Cathedral of Lost Angels

OLDTOWN OR THE RUINS (1D6)

More often than not, investigations in this part of town will focus on more violence and vice, rather than money, as these are the poorer regions of Lost Angels.

d6 Location

- 1 The Ruins
- 2 The Red House
- 3 The Harbor
- 4 The Slums
- 5 Universal Imports & Exports
- 6 Submerged Ruins



EASTSIDE (1D6)

Being a large residential area, investigations in this area tend towards domestic incidents, burglaries, and marital issues.

d6 Location

- 1 The Suburbs
- 2 Kilbride's Books
- 3 Office Building
- 4 Mason Park
- 5 Luigi's
- 6 Movie-related Business

MAZEDGE (1D6)

This area has a wide variety of businesses, residential areas, and wilderness. Investigations here can run the gamut, but violence is more common here than in Midtown, Movie Town, or Eastside.

d6 Location

- 1 Liberty Field
- 2 Celluloid Works
- 3 Tenements
- 4 Hard Times Café
- 5 Haunted Holes
- 6 Prospector's Shack

MIDTOWN (1D6)

Criminal activity here tends toward the white collar variety, but there is plenty of vice where there is plenty of money, and Midtown has both in spades.

d6 Location

- 1 City Hall
- 2 The Blue Dahlia
- 3 The Deadline
- 4 The Cotton Club
- 5 Hearst News Building
- 6 Frustrum & Lynch

MOVIE TOWN (1D6)

Pretty much anything you can imagine can happen in Movie Town. The stars can afford anything, and the wannabe stars will risk everything to join those ranks.

d6 Location

- 1 Minor Studio (pick one of the Little 3)
- 2 Poverty Row
- 3 Major Studio (pick one of the Big 5)
- 4 *Movie Town Tattler* offices
- 5-6 Star City

SAVAGE TALES

Many of the Savage Tales on the following pages are keyed to particular locations in Lost Angels. Where this is the case, a reference to the description of that location is included in the adventure. Many can be used at a variety of locations, or involve the heroes contacting the characters in some way. These tales are typically listed as starting in the gumshoes' offices, but feel free to devise any manner of introducing such cases that suits the professions the players have chosen.

RING OF FEAR

Hook: A group of bored millionaires decide the ultimate thrill would be to hunt real human quarry at the secretive Lot 35, page 108.

Lost Angels is a city of crazy extremes, from the multi-millionaires with nothing to do up in Star City, to the poor and the starving who struggle all day in Oldtown just to stay alive. In this Savage Tale, the two meet, with deadly consequences. A friend who runs a local soup kitchen asks the heroes to help with a string of disappearances over the last few months. The victims are vagrants who go missing without a word to anyone. Of course, it's possible they just decided to move on, or succumbed to disease or accident, but the do-gooder isn't convinced and hopes the shamuses will investigate, though unfortunately he has nothing to pay them with.

A little Legwork down in the slums of Oldtown finds no shortage of vagrants, but with a successful Streetwise roll, the gumshoes find three cagey hoboes who might talk with a successful Patter attempt or a bribe of at least \$5. They claim they saw a friend of theirs roused out of an alley and shoved into a big black car—like the kind the movie studios use.

Staking out Oldtown is the best course of action, and spreading out increases the odds. Each night, roll a d6 for each different observation point the group sets up. On a 6, they see a long black car pull up to a couple of vagrants. Two heavy-set men get out, and (unless stopped) pull the victim into the back seat and drive away. They repeat this several times until they've gathered about three men.

Capturing and then questioning the goons is difficult but with enough pressure they eventually say they're simply told to deliver the bums to an old movie lot out near the desert. They can take the group there if they have to. Successfully tailing the kidnappers also works.

The heroes might also pose as bums themselves with the same results as above.

ON THE SET

What's really going on is that a group of wealthy movie producers have decided to hunt live human quarry—and film it. The vagrants are abducted and released into the remote Lot 35 by the drivers. There are no guards on site, but the fences around the lot are electrified (2d10 damage per round of contact, which also causes instant paralysis with no chance to resist).

If the heroes prevented any other prey from entering (by stopping them from being pushed inside the gates or taking their place), they hear strange sounds coming from within but there are no other people present (except perhaps the clueless drivers).

If they tailed the vehicle or the vagrants were released into Lot 35, they hear the screams and cries of panicked men in the distance.

It's relatively easy to pick or shoot the lock from the outside (Lockpicking -2 or a damage total of 8). It's wrapped in rubber to protect the user from the electrical fencing.

The producers watch from a hidden shack on a high hill. If they see trouble, they scatter quickly. Otherwise they begin to drink and watch the action through binoculars and telescopes.

Located throughout Lot 35 are film cameras triggered by pressure weights, trip wires, or opened doors. The studio executives aren't hunting their prey themselves—they're turning loose monsters from Universal's Pit to do their dirty work for them! And if they happen to get some good footage they can use at a later date, all the better. The producers have no intention of allowing a victim to live, so this is very much a hunt to the death.

- **The Producers:** 1d6 Citizens from *Deadlands Noir*. Add the Edges Filthy Rich and the skill Knowledge (Film Production) d10, and the Hindrance Corrupt.

- **The Hunters:** Pick your favorite horror from *Deadlands Noir*. Werewolves and vampires are common, but occasionally the producers manage to wrangle more exotic creatures as well.

THE BUTLER DID IT

Hook: This tale begins when the heroes receive a message from Universal Studios, page 110.

The gumshoes receive a letter on Universal Studios letterhead requesting they attend a meeting at 12.30 p.m. sharp on a most urgent matter that will be to their advantage. Arriving at the studio, the heroes find they cannot get through the gate. The guard is unimpressed by their letter as it bears no name and there is no record of an appointment for the gumshoes in the day book.

Before things can get too heated, a young lady runs up to the guard.

"It's okay Barker, they're here for me. I'll sign them in."

Barker grunts his disapproval as the woman signs her name in the book and the gumshoes are admitted. The lady introduces herself as Rosamund Lee, a reader for Universal. Readers are responsible for summarizing scripts for studio executives, sparing them the awful prospect of having to read a screenplay before deciding if it is worth making into a movie.

Miss Lee apologizes for luring the team to the studio with her letter. She was afraid they would not come if they knew what a lowly position she held. A writer friend of hers has gone missing and she is very concerned. Jonathan Copeland had enjoyed a couple of hits a few years back, but had recently suffered a run of poor fortune. The pair had been working together on a new screenplay—her first—and she firmly believes it'll be the start of a new phase for him, so to disappear now seems unlikely. Since the couple always worked here at the studio, she doesn't know where Copeland lived. If asked if she and Copeland are an item, she says no but blushes.

GATHERING CLUES

Discovering Copeland's address requires an Investigation or Persuasion roll, either in the payroll department of the studio or the Bureau of Employment at City Hall. The address is a small apartment in the cheaper area of Movie Town.

Visiting the apartment reveals that Copeland had been experiencing money difficulties, with a lot of unpaid bills indicating he was constantly juggling expenses, dodging creditors, and borrowing from friends and loan sharks. Wadded up letters from the Eastside Motor Company (dated last month) threaten to repossess his 1942 Packard if payments are not brought up to date.

Leaving Copeland's apartment, a successful Notice roll spots two men sitting in a dark sedan who appear to be watching the gumshoes. If the heroes ignore the men, they are followed throughout the investigation. When challenged, the men turn out to be repo men for the Eastside Motor Company. They too are looking for Copeland so they can repossess his car, and even chased him a couple of weeks ago, but lost him down on Studio Drive.

Checking the make and model of the car reveals that it has not been towed, impounded, or involved in an accident, and that there are no police reports involving Copeland or his vehicle.

The gumshoes can track down some of Copeland's friends at the Deadline bar—a frequent favorite of writers. The group would gather here occasionally when one of them had some good fortune and could afford to buy drinks. The last couple of times, they recall, Copeland seems to have been enjoying some real success. He was wearing new suits, had a gold cigarette case, and drove a majestic foreign car—a '38 Isotta Fraschini. Strangely, he didn't want to talk about his change in fortunes, but instead was full of excitement about a screenplay he was developing with a girl from a studio.

Only three Isotta Fraschinis are registered in the city, one to a Nina Deschamps on Studio Drive. A Smarts roll recalls that Nina was a huge star of silent pictures, but is now a virtual recluse. Most people assume she's dead.

THE HOUSE ON STUDIO DRIVE

The house is a huge, creepy old mansion inhabited by a faded movie star and her butler, himself once an extravagant director. In days gone by, he and she had made flamboyant movies together. Now the pair live in a musty dream world, with Max, the butler, feeding Nina's fantasies of a bygone age.

No one answers the door. Exploring the outside of the house, the gumshoes discover Copeland's car concealed in a garage next to the Isotta—a great white limousine with a separate cab for the chauffeur and compartment for the passengers. The upholstery is leopard skin, and a gold-plated telephone in the back allows the passengers to communicate with the driver.

Around the back of the house, leaves have fallen in heavy rotting piles in the grounds, no matter what time of year the *Savage Tale* is set in. The swimming pool is empty (and there are few leaves in it). The garden is unkempt and overgrown, except one single suspiciously large, freshly-dug flower bed.

Before they can examine much further, the gumshoes are angrily approached by Max, the butler. He questions them in his thick German accent, demanding to know who they are and what they are doing. If the heroes are too aggressive, he calls the police. If they seem about to dig in the garden, he releases a pair of extremely angry Dobermans.

- **Dobermans:** Use the Dog/Wolf from *Savage Worlds*

- **Max:** Use the Citizen from *Deadlands Noir*

- **Nina Deschamps:** Use *Starlet*, page 150.

Max brings the gumshoes in the house. Posed dramatically at the top of the stairs stands Nina Deschamps. She has aged, of course, but is as



mesmerizing as she ever was on screen. Initially, they deny seeing Copeland, but if confronted with the evidence of the car, they accept he came to the house and asked to swap cars, but insist that he left soon after and they don't know where he is.

The further the investigators probe, the more the pair is forced to confess.

CONFESSION

Copeland had been fleeing the repo men when he swung into the drive and hid his car. Max brought him into the house. He was down on his luck, and Nina was intrigued by him. When she discovered he was a screenwriter, she became very interested in getting help with *her* own manuscript—the vehicle that would relaunch her career. She knew the studios would be clamoring for her, as she receives scores of fan letters a week, even after all this time. In reality, Max writes these letters, feeding her delusion that she is still sought after.

Copeland agreed to write the screenplay, as Nina offered to pay him handsomely for the work. She also lavished gifts upon him, like the new suits and gold jewelry. The two had something close to an affair, though Nina is not explicit about the details. Nina claims the screenplay was finished and Copeland left. However, it's not finished and if called upon to provide

it, she refuses, arguing that the gumshoes are trying to steal her work.

In fact, Copeland became frustrated with Nina's paranoia, their bizarre relationship, and the unfilmable script. He wanted to be with Rosamund and he and Nina fought. He stormed out of the house, and Nina shot him. He fell into the pool, which Max later drained to hide the blood. Copeland's corpse was buried under the freshly-turned flowerbed.

When the truth finally comes out, the news makes lurid headlines and Nina's fragile grip on reality slips. She spends the rest of her life in a penitentiary, locked in her own private dream world in which the world is clamoring for her return to the screen.

REVENGE AND REMORSE

Hook: Run this Savage Tale when the heroes visit the Cotton Club, page 105.

While visiting the upscale nightspot, the heroes encounter elderly director Barney "Bugs" Finkle. Old Bugs is the worse for drink and starting to get a little loud. Something has him riled up and he's talking bitterly about the old days again.

If any shamus shows interest in Bugs, he rambles drunkenly about how important he used to be, how the youngsters these days don't understand movies,

and so on. In among the slurred ranting, the gumshoes can pick out the words, "She's dead. She's dead!"

A successful Patter attempt can draw out the name of a woman, Deidre O'Connell, before Bugs becomes too inebriated to continue the conversation and passes out. A raise indicates he is remorseful about something to do with Deidre. If the heroes help him home or put him up at their digs, he awakes late the next day, embarrassed and withdrawn about letting himself go so badly, at his age. Whatever was upsetting him the night before, he's clammed up about it now.

Some Legwork on the heroes' part can turn up some interesting information. This information could be gleaned from several different sources, including the Bureau of Employment, checking the casting sheets for movies Bugs made dating back 30 years, searching police records or newspaper archives for Deidre's name, or talking to people who worked with Bugs throughout the years.

- Deidre O'Connell starred in precisely one film. She was in a chorus line on a song and dance picture Bugs directed in March 1924.
- One Deidre Marie Rose O'Connell was found dead in April 1924. The cause of death is reported as suicide.
- Newspaper reports indicate that she was found dead at the foot of the big Movie Town sign in the foothills of Movie Town, having jumped to her death.
- More lurid reports speculate that she was jilted by an actor and that she was pregnant at the time, but there is no official confirmation of this.
- Bugs seems to be losing his faculties recently, he seems to be constantly distracted or distressed. Perhaps dementia is setting in.
- Discreet inquiries among former colleagues and old friends reveal that Bugs was always a ladies' man. A raise here indicates that he frequently pressured would-be actresses to sleep with him in return for preferred consideration in possible casting decisions.
- Deidre was a rare case, where the casting couch actually led to a part, albeit a single role.

If the gumshoes gain access to Bugs' decaying mansion, they discover bundles of death threats the director has been receiving over the last few months. The problem is that the threats seem to come from the young starlet he drove to suicide with his cavalier attitude decades ago.

The threats have no post marks or stamps, indicating they were delivered by hand. Careful surveillance

reveals no surreptitious deliveries, and no ghostly jilted lover. While they are watching, the old director receives another letter. The only other soul in the house is Bugs' maid, Maria.

If challenged, Maria hotly denies the accusation, but a successful interrogation roll reveals the truth. She is in cahoots with a man, named Brother Martin, a young novice who works in the Exchange. Maria claims Martin was her sweetheart before converting to the church and that Bugs made inappropriate advances to her while drunk on several occasions. Martin overheard Bugs talking about the death of Deidre on the telephone and pieced together the story. They determined to make the old man pay by tormenting him with the consequences of his lechery.

Once their plan is foiled, Bugs improves greatly and is genuinely remorseful for his past indiscretions. He gives up drinking, tries to do some good, and for the rest of his life is indebted to the gumshoes. If the heroes were paying attention, they have also gleaned a useful piece of information about the way the church monitors phone conversations in Lost Angels.

RENDEZVOUS AT BIG GULCH

Hook: This scenario takes place at the gumshoes' office or place of work.

This case is really intended for a private detective. If there isn't one in the group of heroes, some additional set up may be required.

The phone is ringing, insistently. A woman's voice on the other end sounds somehow familiar, but muffled, as if she's talking through a handkerchief, like they do in the movies. "I need some help. I need a good man, one who is discreet... and thorough."

If the shamus shows any interest, the lady arranges a time to visit the office, preferably after dark. When she arrives, she is in a long black satin dress, with a black fur stole. A broad-brimmed black hat sweeps elegantly across her face and the rest of her features are obscured by a heavy black veil. She is Marie Van Hess, the well-known and much-adored movie star, and she expects to be admired... and obeyed.

The famous actress needs help of a discreet and sensitive nature. She's being blackmailed over some... candid... photographs that were taken when she was younger, and she needs someone to make the pay-off. She is unrepentant of the things she did when she was just starting out and needed the money, but has only vitriolic words for those who would exploit her vulnerability.

If the heroes agree to help, Miss Van Hess seems relieved. The payment has been arranged for the following night at midnight, at one of the Western-themed back lots on the eastern outskirts of Movie Town, known as Big Gulch. "Be sure you get the negatives," she whispers in her famous seductive voice, "I just want all of this to be over."

Once negotiations over the cost of the gumshoes' services are concluded (and Marie drives a hard bargain, adding and removing possible clauses and caveats as the price fluctuates), Miss Van Hess produces a thick envelope containing \$1,000 in used US bills and departs, leaving the package on the desk.

Minutes later, the office door crashes open and a small thin man in a sharp suit and sharper moustache stalks into the room, flanked by two much bigger men. In his thick Brooklyn accent, he roughly demands to know "What that broad what was in here just now wanted wit' youse?"

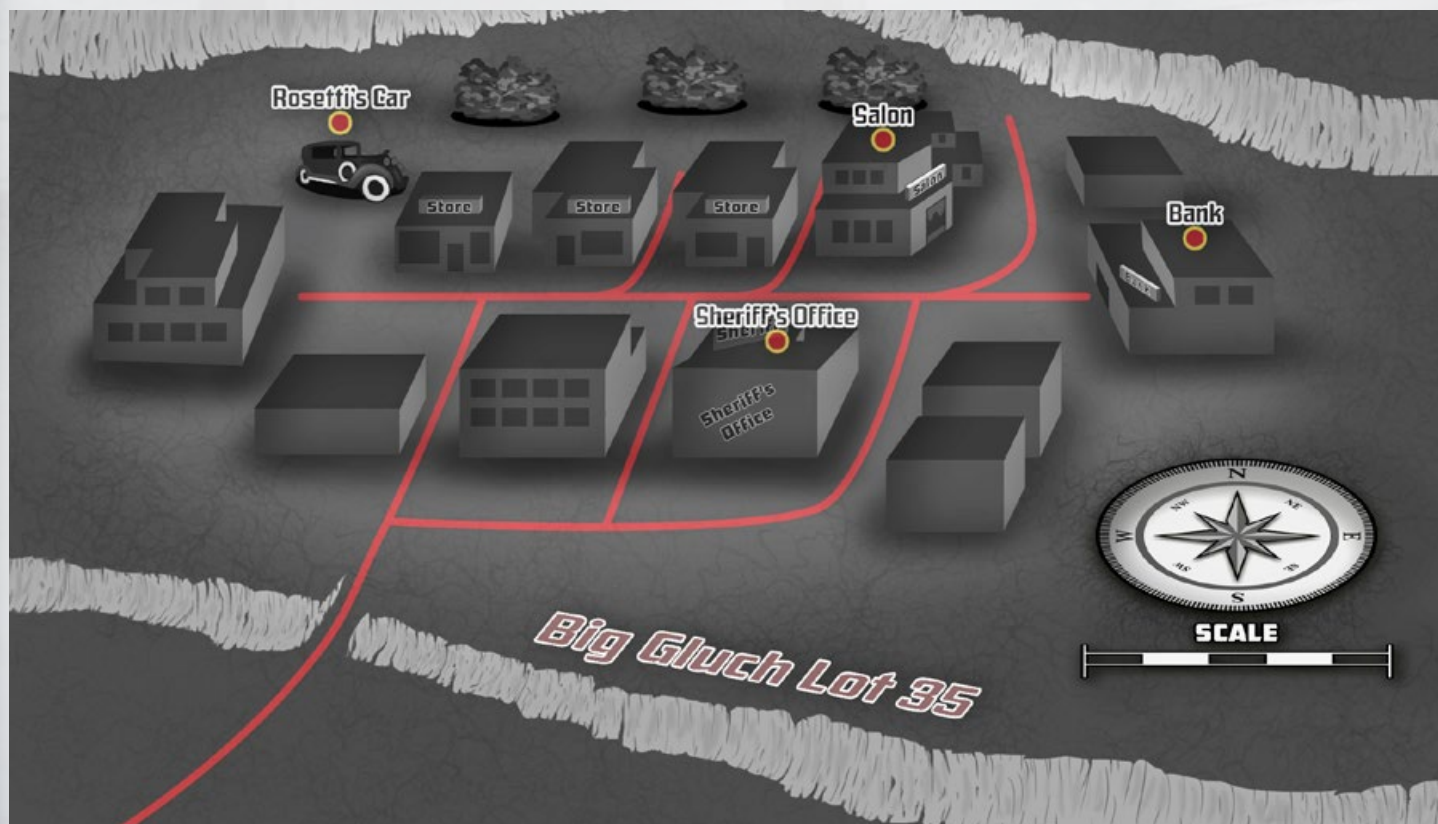
A Streetwise roll indicates this is Johnny Rosetti, a well-known hoodlum and associate of Benjamin Siegel. He's pretty determined to find out what's going on, as Marie is his girlfriend (though he won't admit that). He's asking the questions and becomes menacing if the gumshoes stall, stopping short of an outright threat or actual violence, unless the heroes instigate it.

If the investigators tell him why Marie called, he becomes incensed. Much angrier, in fact, than if they don't tell him. Either way, he leaves before things get too nasty. The heroes don't have much time to prepare before their appointment with the blackmailers the next night.

BIG GULCH

Big Gulch itself is a permanent movie lot, comprising a collection of Western buildings laid out in classic frontier town style. The wooden church is the designated meeting spot. On the stroke of midnight, the blackmailers creep down a slight embankment to the south and pick their way noiselessly toward the church. Before the handover can commence, bright spotlights burst into light from a concealed car, illuminating the heroes and the criminals they've come to meet.

One of Johnny Rosetti's men strolls into the pool of light and yells for everyone to put their hands in the air. Deal out the initiative cards and get ready for fireworks, because the blackmailers have no idea what's going on, and go on hold if they win. At the first sign of movement from either side, Rosetti's men open fire and the blackmailers bolt, so the onus is on the players to diffuse the situation somehow.



 **Johnny Rosetti:** Use the Mafia Capo stats from *Deadlands Noir*.

- **Goons (2):** Use the Mafia Soldier stats from *Deadlands Noir*.

- **The Blackmailers:** Buck Whitner and Ike Munro. Both use the Thug stats from *Deadlands Noir*.

The most important outcome is for the heroes to get away with their lives. Rosetti's goons are not discriminating in their use of Tommy guns, and if they open up, they don't care who gets hurt. Rosetti's chief goal is to get his hands on the pictures and hurt the blackmailers. These two poor saps want the money, but when they realize what they've wandered into, they just try to bail. The heroes may not realize that Rosetti and Van Hess are an item and suspect him of trying to steal the money and the images... there are plenty of opportunities for disaster here and the heroes should tread carefully, for fear of making powerful enemies.

TESTIMONY OF EVIL

Hook: Run this any time after the heroes have reached Heroic Rank.

The gumshoes are approached with a strange request by a contact on the LAPD. A former mob goon has agreed to give testimony against Benjamin Siegel, but he doesn't trust police protection. He wants the hired guns to keep him alive until Monday morning so he can show up to court.

If the heroes agree, a police cruiser draws up outside a place of their choosing within half an hour and deposits Benito Fanini, hired muscle from Back East, cuffed and covered in a blanket into their protective custody. It's clear the police are disgusted by the whole arrangement, but that Fanini refused to testify if his demands weren't met.

It's up to the heroes what they do with Fanini for the weekend, but the mob is already aware of his whereabouts when the police drop him off. Fanini's suspicions of the police were well-founded (incidentally, he is murdered in police custody, if the players refuse the mission, and the gumshoes lose any contacts they have at the LAPD).

THE OPPOSITION

The mob has sent two separate hit squads after Fanini, and the LAPD Commissioner, James McMahon, has dispatched a brute squad to kidnap him back into police custody. McMahon's plan is to feign the kidnapping and then claim the LAPD recovered the missing mobster, for maximum publicity. He doesn't want to hurt the gumshoes, but their welfare is less important

to him than the reputation of the Department. As for the mobsters, they'll stop at nothing to prevent Fanini from testifying.

If the heroes manage to make it to the courthouse with Fanini alive on Monday morning, they have made a powerful enemy in the Chief of Police, as well as potentially learning about the existence of the secret brute squads. They'll also have earned the grudging respect of Benjamin Siegel. There'll be no hard feelings, as he has the jury and most of the judges in the city in his pocket already.

- **Brute Squad (2 per hero):** See page 150.

- **Mob Hit Squad (2 per hero plus a leader):** Use the Mafia Soldier and Mafia Capo stats, respectively, from *Deadlands Noir*.

A DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENT

Hook: Run this Savage Tale once the heroes are Veteran Rank or higher.

As the reputation of the gumshoes grows, people start to seek them out with problems that require their mix of skills. The Cramm family is in just such a predicament. Herbert Cramm, the wealthy realtor, recently sealed a big land deal with Howard Hughes. The deal was mentioned in the paper, and the family's address was published by the *Lost Angels Tattler*.

Last night, Herbert was kidnapped from the family home during a bridge game. This morning, the family was given a series of written instructions. The kidnappers want \$250,000 and made it plain that if anyone involved the police, they would kill Cramm. The family is desperately concerned for Herbert's welfare, but have no experience in these matters and need assistance. They can pay double the gumshoe's usual daily rate, with a month's pay as a bonus, if Mr. Cramm is returned unharmed.

Herbert's wife, Doris, is the party who initiates the contract, and she's trouble. She maintains the family "doesn't have a bean," and compared to other millionaire socialites, robber barons, or the kings of England, perhaps she's right. In real cash terms, the family is loaded; she just doesn't want to pay the ransom. This may make the players suspect her complicity in the crime. She isn't involved; it's just that, if she had to choose between the money and her husband, Doris would have some deliberating to do.

FINDING THE KIDNAPPERS

The investigators need to take over all dealings with the kidnappers, who telephone the family at 9:00 a.m. each day to make arrangements and keep track of

progress. A successful Notice roll detects the sound of a faint horn sound in the background. Some further Legwork can narrow this down to within earshot of one of the big Mazedge celluloid factories. The distinctive horn sounds at every change of shift.

On a subsequent conversation, a Notice roll detects the sound of a knock at the door and a muffled “Housekeeping!” followed by a brief, hushed conversation. Clearly the site is a motel or hotel.

If the gumshoes have contacts who can arrange a trace, the location of the Sleepers’ Motel can be discovered easily. Typically, though, police contacts would be needed for this kind of thing, and they would almost certainly want to know why they were tracing someone’s calls.

Some further clues can be gathered with additional investigation.

The Cramm’s bridge guests can reveal a little about the intruders. There were two men, one tall, one shorter. The tall one did all the talking. Both men wore handkerchief masks, like Western bandits, but the tall one had a distinctive tattoo on the back of his hand: simply a large number 1 in red ink. A successful Knowledge roll indicates it’s a military insignia, marking a member of the 1st Infantry Division of the United States of America, nicknamed, “The Big Red 1.”

The Cramm’s neighbors, the Hodges, saw a dark 1938 Lincoln sedan speeding away around the time the kidnapping occurred. “Must’ve been the V12 Zephyr,” Mr. Hodges adds, if pressed. He knows a lot about cars, and it was the powerful roar that brought him to the curtains. The car looked pretty beat up, and was definitely the older model.

This should be all the information the heroes need to track the perpetrator down to the Mazedge area, where the description of the car and the tattoo can—with a bit of Persuasion and a well-placed bribe—lead to the identity of the kidnapper. Carl Bodine is a down-on-his-luck ex-soldier with a baby on the way. In desperation he hatched his plot when he read of the Cramm’s success with Hughes. He figured they could spare a little loose change. Carl is a combat veteran, and desperate not to go to jail. His accomplice is his girlfriend, Eloise Hardy. They have access to weapons, and threaten to kill Cramm, if they think they’re going to get caught. Bodine is prepared to carry out this threat. Hardy is not so sure.

- **Carl Bodine:** Use the Mafia Soldier stats from *Deadlands Noir*.

- **Eloise Hardy:** Use Citizen stats from *Deadlands Noir*.

If the gumshoes pay the ransom, Cramm is released unharmed and relieved. Mrs. Cramm does everything in her power to avoid paying the heroes any bonus, and certainly doesn’t refer them. If her quarter million is safe, she can’t speak highly enough of them!

THE GUILTY ALIBI

Hook: Run this Savage Tale when the heroes are working late in their office or place of work.

The gumshoes are disturbed in the dead of night by a fearful sight. A tall, heavily-muscled man shows up beaten and bloodied. He’s a prize fighter called Billy Wyatt, who fights under the name Buck Savage. Like many, he’s fallen on hard times recently, and to make ends meet he has become involved in the underground world of illegal boxing.



Now he's in real trouble. His girlfriend, Doris, has been murdered and the police want to talk with him. His knuckles are a mess, he has bruises all over him and his alibi has him in an illegal bout beating some other guy to a bloody pulp. He's had some trouble with the law before, and any further conviction will likely see him sent to the Rock.

He was a promising fighter once, but suddenly found he couldn't get a bout because he refused to throw a fight for money. Now he's pretty poor, but he'll give the gumshoes what he has if they can steer the police to the real killer. If the shamuses agree to help, Billy needs a place to lie low while they investigate. He's currently wanted for questioning, so harboring him is a risky proposition.

INVESTIGATION

Investigating the crime is relatively straightforward. The poor girl was actually murdered by a lecherous neighbor who wouldn't take no for an answer. He knew Billy would be out for the night and took the opportunity to try to get better acquainted with Doris. She told him to leave, and he got violent. The lowlife's name is Carl Hegewick, and he thinks he's going to get away with it.

Visiting the run-down apartment building in Oldtown finds that the shabby building is still crawling with LAPD. The apartment itself is off-limits and guarded by a police officer. Some fast-talking or good connections can get the gumshoes inside, where they see a scene of carnage. A fair amount of blood is soaked into the threadbare carpet and splashes of it cover portions of the peeling walls. There is little in the way of valuables in the place, but the police have noted there was no cash in the apartment.

A gumshoe who looks in the trash bin finds a half-dozen large, unmarked bottles. A Common Knowledge roll at -4 (or no penalty if the character is a heavy drinker) detects the aroma of red rum. Rumor has it red rum can transform a person into a monstrous version of himself—something like the famous story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

The people who live in the building want nothing to do with the police or the investigators, but a little Legwork can turn up three people who will talk: the building manager, a neighbor down the hallway, and a man from upstairs. These three witnesses have similar stories to tell:

- They heard the sound of a violent struggle just before midnight. Things being smashed, screaming, sobbing, are not unusual in these parts, but this sounded very aggressive.

- The woman screamed out "Billy!" and "No!" or "Don't!"
- The manager called the police and when they finally arrived, let them into the apartment. They were still there when Billy returned at 1 a.m., bruised and bloodied. He fled as soon as he saw the police, who gave chase, but lost him.
- The man upstairs recalls hearing running feet and a slamming door at midnight.
- The man up the hall says he peeked out of his door as the argument subsided and saw Billy leaving hurriedly, with blood on his hands.

This last piece of evidence is a lie, intended to incriminate Billy. If the heroes can corroborate the boxing story, they should know Carl Hegewick was lying. Searching his room turns up the bloodied clothes he was wearing the night before (he hasn't dared incinerate them, with the police in the building). The police consider Carl to be their star witness, so they'll need some strong evidence to change their minds.

The trick to corroborating Billy's story is that the fighter has been taking part in "Hyde fights." Gangster Mickey Cohen and his thugs have a few cases of a brew called "dannerjack" that used to be distilled in Chicago (see page 33). He recruits fighters who are willing to drink the stuff, turn into Hydes (*Deadlands Noir*), and fight for his gang's amusement.

Billy Wyatt took to drinking illegal red rum as well—he thinks it helps him control himself when he becomes a Hyde—which is why there are several empty bottles in Doris' apartment.

The group can clear Billy's name—there are plenty of Cohen's men who saw him fighting the night Doris was killed—but getting the gangsters to blow the whistle on the Hyde fights (and betray Cohen) is another matter. Should they want to see one of these fights for themselves, Cohen is usually present with at least 50 spectators and a dozen of his own (armed) goons.

- **Billy Wyatt:** See the Hyde stats in *Deadlands Noir*.

TERROR IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD

Hook: This tale involves Kilbride's Books (page 105), and can be run when the heroes visit, or when the owner comes to them for help.

Nathan Kilbride, the owner of an antiquarian bookstore, comes to the gumshoes in need of help. Some heavies are muscling in on his business demanding protection money and hanging about in his basement. His profits are modest, so he doesn't understand their interest, but he's afraid it might be this 'mafia' he's heard about.



In fact, the supposed mobsters are cultists looking to perform a ritual and using the store as a lending library. Rather than paying for the books they need, they have found it far more cost effective to conduct their rituals in the store.

The cultists believe they have frightened the man into doing as he's told, and expect to have the bookshop basement to themselves. Some Legwork, a little surveillance, or the more direct approach of confronting the group reveals they are not gangsters at all, but instead of bunch of misguided middle-class men with some strange ideas. Each of the cultists holds a steady job at one of the professional firms around Midtown, and lives in a comfortable home in a good suburb of Eastside. Unfortunately, they have got their hands on some powerful tomes of arcane knowledge, such that they can in fact unleash some trouble.

Even more unfortunately, the bookshop lies on top of an ancient relic. Deep in the foundations of the building, beneath the cellar, is a fragment of Grimme's altar, which once occupied the original cathedral of Lost Angels. Once used to extend the range of Grimme's illusions, such fragments are a potent arcane relic, granting a +2 to any Arcane skills used in their proximity. With the ready availability of the occult tomes, the cultists have been successful beyond their wildest imaginings.

POWER CORRUPTS

They have successfully summoned and bound a minor manitou, which is guiding their actions by giving advice on the books and spells to cast. The malevolent being has a plan. It intends to grant minor boons to the members of the group—promotions, wealth, success with women, and so on, before leading them into a ritual that will free the manitou and turn the group into mindless zombies under its control.

Each day of the investigation, the cultists become more seduced by the new power they've found. Investigating each member reveals a sudden change in their fortunes. New jobs, attractive young girlfriends, unexpected windfalls; each of the cultists is enjoying a streak of unusually good fortune. They have come to depend on the advice of the manitou, and to crave new rituals with increasing frequency.

Visiting the shop is simple enough, but getting down into the cellar is a different story. The group has paid a couple of minor hoods to hang around down there and frighten people away. If the heroes get past these goons, the storeroom door at the back of the cellar is locked. Beyond that door, the manitou waits, invisible, unless it chooses not to be. The circle of binding is marked out on the floor in chalk, with cardinal points holding bowls of dried blood. Books on the occult and magic are strewn across the room.

Disturbing the circle frees the manitou. Entering it causes the manitou to attempt to possess the hero's body. The manitou makes an opposed Spirit roll at +2 (Grimme's relic is on the side of the manitou, here). A success means the manitou enters the hero's body and hitches a ride out of the circle. A raise means the manitou likes his new digs and decides to stay for a while. This hero now has a severe problem, and it's up to the Marshal to work it out with the player how much mayhem the manitou causes when the player loses control.

After three days, the cultists begin their most ambitious (and unbeknownst to them, catastrophic) ritual. If they are not stopped before the end of the ritual, the store is destroyed, the cultists lose their faculties and the manitou is freed. Once the ritual is complete, the manitou controls all the cultists, and can possess them at will. At the conclusion of the ritual, it has the confused cultists break the binding circle, releasing it to possess them fully. Then it has them set fire to the store and leave. Whichever cultist the manitou possesses is sharp, unnaturally quick, and aggressive. The other cultists are slow, dull-witted and docile. If all the cultists are killed, the manitou is banished again... until next time!

• **Cultists (2 per hero):** Use the Cultist stats in *Deadlands Noir*

THE THING IN THE CELLAR

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d10, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d10, Notice d10, Stealth d12, Throwing d12

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 5

Special Abilities:

- **Chill of the Beyond:** The Thing in the Cellar may make a touch attack that deals 2d6 nonlethal damage. Only magic armor protects against this damage.
- **Ethereal:** The creature is immaterial and cannot be harmed by normal weapons. Magic and magical items affect them normally.
- **Invisible:** The Thing is invisible, but can become visible at will. Attacks against an invisible target—assuming someone even knows it is present—are made at -6.
- **Puppet:** Per the power with a Duration of permanent.
- **Terror:** When visible, the Thing can reveal its most heinous form, forcing those who witness it to make a Spirit roll with a -2 modifier.
- **Weakness (Dispelling):** The Thing can be dispelled by performing a banishment ritual to undo the spell

that summoned and bound it. The required rites can be found in the books in the store with a significant amount of searching and preparation. To stand a realistic chance, the heroes would need to convince some of the cultists to perform the dispelling ritual.

THE LONG SLEEP

Hook: This adventure largely takes place in Petersen's Asylum (page 112). The heroes could witness an angry scene between the Barons and the doctor to draw them into the tale while visiting Petersen's, or they could simply be approached in their offices.

Petersen's Asylum is no place for the faint of heart. When wealthy property baron, John Baron, is committed, his family pays for the very best treatment available—Petersen's Asylum. And yet the secretive nature of the place and the lack of contact with their loved one has made them suspicious and anxious to get him back at home. The doctors insist that his mental state is very fragile and he should not be disturbed. As they had the family sign a power of attorney, they claim to be able to make decisions on Baron's behalf.

The family is naturally very distressed. Mrs. Baron signed the asylum documents without realizing the implications, but their lawyer tells her that the document is binding, and they have to wait for the asylum to decide Mr. Baron is cured. Baron's two sons have decided they will do no such thing and contact the gumshoes to help kidnap their father and get him home safely.

They don't mention it, of course, but if the shamuses can pull it off, they intend to sue the asylum for losing their father, kill him, and claim their inheritance. They are both short of money and have little affection for their once-domineering parent. Their mother was a doting wife, but is more than a little browbeaten. It was the boys' who managed to land their father in the asylum in the first place, when a botched poisoning rendered him catatonic. The heroes can find out there was some suspicion about the circumstances of his affliction reported at the time, if they do a little digging. If they start to look into the history of Petersen's, they are likely to be distracted by the secretive reputation of the place.

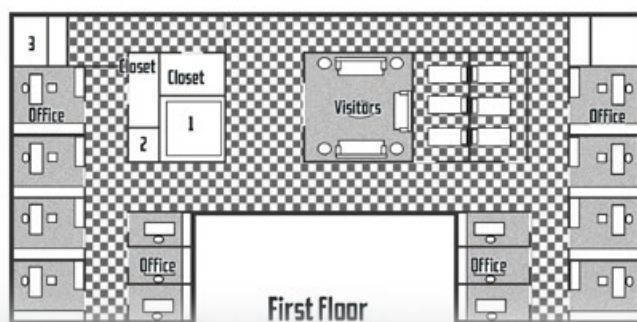
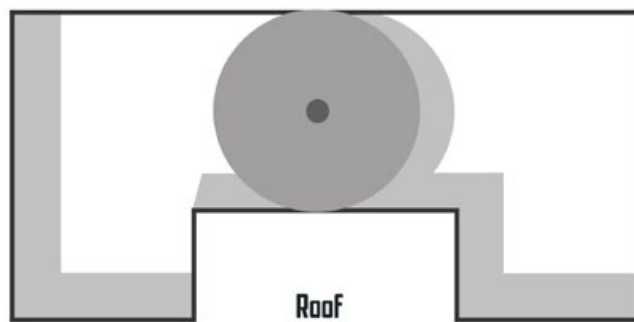
THE ASYLUM

The ancient crumbling building is a monument to mental health experiments. It was conceived with high ideals, but its imposing appearance and the peculiar methods employed by its doctors lead to rampant speculation about what goes on.

THE LONG SLEEP: PETERSEN'S ASYLUM



- 1.- Elevators
- 2.- Stairs



Getting into the hospital as a visitor is easy enough, but getting beyond the main hall, the visiting rooms, and the director's office is significantly harder. Asking to see Mr. Baron results in a polite, but firm, no. Mr. Baron is not in a fit state to receive visitors at the moment.

Baron's doctor is Harold Harman (as Mrs. Baron can attest), but he will only see the heroes if they have a letter from Mrs. Baron authorizing him to discuss the case with them. Even then, he doesn't reveal much. He suspects that someone in the family is trying to harm Mr. Baron. It was he who included the power of attorney in an effort to protect the sick man from further harm. He has no idea who the gumshoes are, but he's not about to tell them anything unless they first confide to him that they share his concerns.

BREAKING AND ENTERING

Failing that, the heroes must try to break in and kidnap the catatonic patient. Baron sleeps in a third story private room, neither moving nor making a noise. All the hospital beds have wheels, but they squeak badly and matrons patrol the highly polished

floors all night on each ward. Moving quietly requires Stealth rolls at -2.

At the end of the corridor of each ward is the matron's desk, which adjoins a wall sealing the ward. A single door, locked by a key only the matrons hold, gives access to the main lobbies on each floor, each containing the elevator and an emergency stairwell.

Descending in the elevator makes a terrible noise, and the elevator doors open opposite the night clerk's desk in the main lobby. The stairwell also opens into the lobby, but it is slightly hidden from the clerk's desk by the elevator shaft. The clerk has a telephone and duplicates of all the keys in the place in a giant cupboard filled with many hooks. After nightfall, the cupboard is locked.

AFTERMATH

If the gumshoes manage to get Baron safely back to his family, they have in fact condemned him. Very soon afterwards, the newspapers are full of stories about how the property tycoon has vanished from Petersen's. If the sheepish shamuses approach the family, Baron's sons claim they are suing the asylum as retribution for its treatment of them. If the heroes let the situation lie, Baron is murdered by his greedy offspring and his body disposed of when they throw it over the cliffs of Mazedge.

THE LITTLE SISTER

Hook: This Savage Tale begins at the gumshoes' office or place of work.

Marsha Hamilton is looking for her brother, Dale. He hasn't written home in a week and she's worried. She gives the gumshoes the last address she had for him—a rooming house in Oldtown.

The manager says he moved out a couple of days ago. The room has already been rented by someone else, and Hamilton left no forwarding address. Searching the room reveals a receipt for photographic development from Swift's Photography in Midtown dated during the time Hamilton was renting the room, but there is no other indication of his whereabouts.

In fact Dale's on the run from the mob, having tried to blackmail a mob boss. Carmine Venletto was supposed to have been in police custody at the time of the grisly murder of "Lefty" Sacco outside an Eastside barber shop. A man walked up to Sacco in broad daylight and stabbed him before mutilating his face and leaving him dead on the sidewalk. Venletto was the prime suspect, but he had been arrested the day before on a traffic ticket, and was supposedly sitting in jail at the time, so he was in the clear.

The truth, however, is that Venletto paid off the cops to release him from custody overnight. He headed to the Cotton Club with his new girlfriend, starlet Harriet Harrington, committed the gruesome murder, then returned to his cells inconspicuously where he was bailed and released the following afternoon, alibi firmly in place.

The only flaw in the plan was that Dale Hamilton was working at the Cotton Club as a camera guy and caught the pair enjoying the night—the anniversary of the club's opening. The decorations are clearly seen in the picture, so the date can be deduced. That picture could mean a lengthy jail term for Venletto, and he will stop at nothing to get it.

Some Legwork at City Hall discovers that the Cotton Club lists wages paid to a Dale Hamilton, and visiting the club confirms his employment there. They haven't seen him in a few days and have assumed he's quit. They boxed up his belongings and the gumshoes can acquire them if they claim to be working for the family and will sign for them. Inside are a series of photographs of various scenes of LA. Dale was obviously a keen photographer, and always developed his pictures at Swift's.

Visiting Swift's reveals that Dale loved to take photographs, and that he spent most of his money on film, cameras, and developing costs. If the heroes

reveal he's missing, the clerk informs them Dale had worried this might happen and left a package there, in the event of anything happening to him. Inside the package is the picture of Venletto and Harriet.

Interviewing Venletto or Harriet is only possible if they mention Dale by name. As it happens, Harriet is Dale's youngest sister, and he came to LA to share in her success. Harriet (who changed her name due to studio pressure—there were too many Hamiltons already in pictures, apparently) was not overly happy to see him. She escaped small town life to pursue a glamorous new life in Movie Town, only to find her past catching up with her. She is now in the difficult position of deciding between her very violent boyfriend and her dangerously greedy brother. She told Venletto that Dale was her brother to convince him that there would be no attempt at blackmail. Sadly, Dale is too greedy for his own good.

Venletto wants to find Dale urgently and make sure he can't jeopardize the mobster's alibi. If the heroes are asking about Dale, he reasons they may find the guy, so he has them tailed by mob goons. The gumshoes can resolve the situation by turning over the picture to Venletto, but if there is any hint the shamuses can't be trusted, the mobster would rather eliminate all the possible threats—including Harriet, if she seems like trouble.

 **Venletto:** Use Mafio Capo, *Deadlands Noir*.

• **Venletto's Thugs (1 per Hero):** Mafia Soldiers, *Deadlands Noir*.

• **Dale and Harriet:** Citizen, *Deadlands Noir*.

MOVIE TOWN CONFIDENTIAL

Hook: Run this Savage Tale when the heroes are at a club, relaxing.

As the singer croons her love song, one of the gumshoes gets a drink spilled on him or her by a nervous, weasel-faced man with shifty eyes. He apologizes profusely and offers to pay for any damages before turning and hurrying out of the bar. Unbeknown to the mark, he deposited a small envelope in the jacket pocket of the gumshoe he collided with.

THE ENVELOPE

Within the envelope is the beginning of a newspaper article. The byline lists the author as Gerald Williams, and the topic is alleged police corruption. The piece begins:

Corruption is rife throughout the city's officials. The attempts to clean up LA are constantly thwarted by venal politicians and their scheming. But what is to

become of this city when the very force entrusted with the Herculean task of cleansing the Augean stables is instead soiling the place as badly as the filthy cattle themselves?

This reporter has come into possession of some photographs so damning in their implication, so positive in their proof, that their imminent publication will spark an outcry. For this city's finest are in blood—stepped in so far that were they to wade no more, returning would be as tedious as to finish their task. Stepped in so far, that all the waters of the Alpheus and Peneus could not douse the stench of corruption, and Heracles himself would concede defeat and abandon his task.

At the foot of the paper is an address and a number, and taped to the back of the paper is a small nondescript brass key. The address is a Post Office in Movie Town and the key opens the deposit box that bears the number recorded in the letter.

Inside the deposit box is a single large manila envelope stuffed with photographs. The black and white images depict several very gory scenes. Each shows one or more dead bodies, corpses that have been shot, beaten, or both. The battered faces are almost unrecognizable, but the images appear to be photographs of the gangland slayings the heroes have read about in the papers over the recent months.

A successful Streetwise roll recognizes a couple of people in the photographs; not the corpses, but the other men standing around the bodies. Remarkably, the men are policemen. Among them, in several photographs, the gumshoes recognize Hartigan—a senior Inspector in the LAPD—responsible only to the Chief of Police, James McMahon. A closer examination shows that these are not crime scene photographs, and that several of the police men have rolled sleeves, bloodied hands, and sweaty brows, as if they have been working hard.

If the heroes think to compare the photographs with those released to the public, the scenes are familiar, though missing the policemen, of course. Some differ subtly from the ones the heroes hold—a gun has been placed here, there a body arranged to hide the extent of the beating, and so on.

The victims in the photographs are all mobsters of various ranks and notoriety. The perpetrators seem to have given no preference to anyone—the savagery of the attacks was indiscriminate regardless of how junior the mobster had been.

It seems apparent that a senior police officer is running a murder squad, but what do the gumshoes want to do with the information?

THE AGONY OF CHOICE

Soon after the heroes have discovered what's going on, they notice an article in the *Tattler* announcing the unfortunate demise of their reporter, Gerald Williams. Reading the article reveals the poor journalist was hit by a hit-and-run driver. Police are looking for a dark sedan seen leaving the scene. The picture that accompanies the story depicts the weasel-faced man who so recently dropped this information into the laps of the gumshoes. It's clear that he felt his life was in danger, and entrusted his scoop to the heroes who must now decide what to do.

The *Tattler*, for one, is very interested in the story, if the gumshoes bring it up. The police are interested in the photographs. They are very keen to kill the story. Hartigan is prepared to blackmail or rough up everyone involved in propagating the story, too. Williams' early demise was proof that the ambitious Inspector will stop at nothing to "clean up" his town. As soon as the brute squad knows the gumshoes are in possession of the photographs, they become the object of Hartigan's undivided attention.

The heroes need to figure out if it's worth holding on to the images Williams died for, or if self-preservation is more important.

THIS GUN FOR HIRE

Hook: Run this Savage Tale when the heroes are relaxing at the Blue Dahlia.

Benjamin Siegel invites the heroes to sit with him. He talks in low earnest tones, except when he wants to be seen with stars, or to shout for another drink.

He explains that, as the gumshoes have likely noticed, recent weeks have seen a number of prominent mobsters shot dead in cold blood. The guy responsible is a hit man, sent by the mob Back East, and known as the Greek. (If the heroes have completed *Movie Town Confidential*, they already know who is behind some of these slayings. In fact there is another individual at work.)

The recent wave of violence between the families has clearly been too much for the boys back home to tolerate. That's why the Greek came out West in the first place. "Too many killings is bad for business," he says.

He's heard a bit about the gumshoes and what they can do, and he wants them to handle the situation. LA needs to quiet down for a while, and he wants to make sure that happens before the Greek gets round to plugging him. He can't get his boys involved. More gangland killings will only pour gasoline on the flames, and he can't trust the police. They have a tendency to

unload on anyone, which could be more dangerous than the war he's seeking to end. What's more, if the boys Back East find out that he's siding with the police to whack the guy they sent to resolve the situation, Benjamin is going to have some explaining to do.

Siegel wants the gumshoes to stall, apprehend, or eliminate the Greek, buying him time to quiet things down, negotiate a truce with his opposite number in the rackets, and let the dust settle. He's convinced sending in a hired killer is only going to make matters worse, and that violence could easily spill over into harming the innocent population of Lost Angels. He's a powerful man with a long memory and he likes to help people who help him.

If the heroes refuse, Siegel becomes cold and mean. He stresses again that he's trying to save lives, not only his own, but the lives of ordinary people. He urges the gumshoes to reconsider.

THE GREEK

Apollo Papandreou is a Cypriot immigrant with an unusual aptitude for murder. He's careful, ruthless, and resolute. Known only as the Greek, he is a contract killer without equal who gets paid top rate for jobs nobody else could manage. In this instance, he is to stop the bloodshed between Siegel's boys and the Chicago mobsters Bugsy has antagonized. The New York and Chicago families agreed things were getting too public, and the Greek was dispatched to settle the matter.

He arrived in Lost Angels a week ago and immediately set about his work. He informed Siegel and his opposite number "as a courtesy" that he had arrived in town, and was putting an end to the public feud that was causing so much embarrassment back home. In the first four days three mobsters were found dead, shot in the head at point-blank range. He is meticulously searching newspaper archives for mentions of mobsters, then assassinating any mobster whose name has been in the press. Clearly, Bugsy's name will be on that list, but the Greek is methodical, and working through his targets in sequence.

A successful Investigation roll detects this pattern, and realizes that the order of the killings is the same sequence as a series of exposés in the *Tattler*. Failing that, an article appears in the *Tattler* soon afterwards revealing the link and using the revelation as a shameless attempt to boost circulation.

Visiting the *Tattler* to inquire about the link can reveal (with a Patter attempt with at least three successes) that there is a Greek researcher who started using the archives recently for a paper about the nature and effects of celebrity. The heroes have found the Greek.

THE BETRAYAL

As soon as the gumshoes have met with Siegel (even if they refuse to work with him), he gets in touch with the Greek through his contacts Back East and sells the heroes out. He warns the killer that a team of police have organized to get rid of him, and passes on the descriptions of the gumshoes along with photographs he had taken in the Dahlia. He's hopeful this show of good faith will spare him a visit, and he agrees with the boys in New York that he should head to Las Vegas to check on the progress of the Flamingo for a few days.

The Greek is very wary of the gumshoes henceforth and adds them to his list of problems to be resolved. He's a hardened killer and those in his sights rarely survive. He's also *very* cagey, hard to find, and tricky as they come if he thinks someone is on to him.

FINDING THE GREEK

Papandreou has taken a room in a boarding house in Mazedge. He spends most of his time researching his victims and their friends at the *Tattler* archives or tracking a target to learn his routines. His hotel room is a simple one-bedroom affair on the second floor, on the corner, with two windows. The man is a professional, and always has his exits planned. He has an array of weapons in a suitcase under his bed, and is always armed with at least two pistols and two knives (though the cut of his suits makes it difficult to detect, requiring a Notice roll at -2).

The heroes can try to negotiate with the Greek, but he has already got them pegged as targets, so it would take evidence that Bugsy hired them to kill him to convince him they are on the level. Otherwise, it is only a matter of time before their names come to the top of his list.

APOLLO PAPANDREOU, A.K.A. THE GREEK

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d10, Guts d6, Intimidation d8, Knowledge (Occult) d6, Notice d6, Riding d10, Shooting d10, Streetwise, d6, Survival d6, Tracking d8

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Overconfident, Vow (always finish a contract)

Edges: Ambidextrous, Danger Sense, Two-Fisted

Gear: The Greek has most any weapon he wants, but a favorite combo is a sawed-off shotgun (Range 5/10/20, Damage 1-3d6, RoF 1) and .45 pistol (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6, RoF 1).

RAGE IN HEAVEN

Hook: The Ruins, page 112.

The heroes are approached by an enthusiastic young man named Matthew Tamerlane. He is an Irish immigrant who made his way to Lost Angels to serve the church. On arrival, however, he was turned down. He is determined to fulfill his calling and join the church—besides, he is unable to afford a trip back to Ireland, so Lost Angels will be his home, no matter the outcome.

After his early disappointments, Tamerlane has not become discouraged. He resolves to demonstrate his piety and devotion by heading down into the Ruins and bringing back some artifact that will persuade the church elders to accept him. He hopes the heroes will escort him safely to and from his destination.

If the gumshoes refuse, he goes alone, and is killed. If they accept, he brings with him a small film crew to document the expedition.

Day 1: Leaving a car anywhere near the Oldtown/Ruins area is asking to have it vandalized, burned, stolen, or all three. As a result the party moves on foot to the edge of the Ruins proper. Camping here is advisable, as moving through the Ruins at night can be an extremely dangerous undertaking. Also, the camera can't operate in total darkness, and there are few lights and no electricity in the Ruins.

Day 2: Moving deeper into the Ruins, the heroes need to make Notice rolls to detect they are being shadowed. A violent street gang, known as the Ragers, has spotted the unlikely group and is tracking them.

- **Ragers (2 per expedition member):** Use the Thug stats in *Deadlands Noir*.

In the night, unless the heroes keep moving (in which case everyone gains a Fatigue level for pushing themselves), they are surrounded by the Ragers. The gang's leader has all their gear confiscated and demands to know what they want in the Ruins. He ironically calls the place "Heaven," but he expects to be treated with respect and gets violent if that doesn't happen.

Day 3: If the heroes kept moving, the Ragers spring their trap today instead of in the night. They surround the gumshoes and close in, until they can come in close and remove all weapons, the camera, and anything else the expedition has found.

SEARCHING THE RUINS

Members of the expedition can take an hour out of their day to search an area for clues, mundane

belongings, like food, ammunition, and so on, or more rare but more valuable relics. Each hour they search allows a Smarts roll (at -2). Characters with some related Knowledge skill—archaeology, for instance—can roll that instead (with no modifier).

A success on the roll allows the player to roll on the following table to see what was discovered. A raise grants a +2 on that roll.

RECOVERING THE PAST

1d20 Discovery

- | | |
|-------|---|
| 1-2 | Sinkhole. Make an Agility roll, or part of the ground collapses dropping the searcher into a rank water-filled chamber—filled with 1d6 channel chompers! (See page 93). |
| 3-5 | A half-buried ruin of an old house or pocket of earth and stone filled with 2d6 Walkin' Dead! |
| 6-9 | Swarm of rats (use the stats in <i>Savage Worlds</i>). |
| 10-12 | Dead body, battered and mutilated. |
| 13-14 | Satchel containing a lot of tinned food. |
| 15-16 | Old artifact of everyday life worth \$2d20. |
| 17-19 | Quality find of a non-magical relic worth \$2d100. |
| 20+ | True Relic of Grimme's time. This item may appear more nondescript, but it has magical powers. Choose a power from the <i>Savage Worlds</i> to imbue the object, which has 5 Power Points per day to use that power. Using the relic attracts a lot of attention from the church and other factions in Lost Angels. |

Whether or not they find any relics, the heroes can attempt to bargain with the Ragers to be allowed free passage. The Ragers are not swayed by items they have no use for. For the most part, they want money, food, and weapons. Everything else is of minimal value.

THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES

Hook: An old-time prospector has gone missing from his shack on the edge of the wilds of Mazedge (110).

While out on the edge of the city, the heroes come across an old prospecting shack. The door stands open, and the interior is in great disarray. A small set of scales and some old worn mining tools indicate the prospector still resides there, and even more strangely there are some small ghost rock chunks on the scales. Clearly the occupant didn't mean to leave the place open.

A thorough search of the shack discovers the man's name was Elmer Kant, and he had clearly been prospecting a very long time. Asking around the

neighboring shacks reveals Kant was one of the oldest of the old geezers trying to scrape a living from ghost rock prospecting, and that he was well-known among prospectors as a cantankerous old bastard, mean and quick-tempered as a rattler.

If any of the heroes ask the old-timers what might have happened to Elmer, they claim not to have the faintest idea. Successful Notice rolls (or some good roleplaying) can detect that they are hiding something, and a successful Patter attempt teases out that the miners are afraid of something they claim lurks in the night.

Reports vary, and none who get a good look at the thing survive, it is said. The one thing the miners do agree on, however, is that the beast is not natural, has coal-black skin, bat-like wings, and hundreds of unblinking eyes. Needless to say, the heroes may decide to take this as a sure sign the miners have been inhaling too much ghost rock vapor, but if they investigate, they discover the awful truth.

In fact, there is a creature in the night. In the time of Grimme, the reverend commanded legions of demonic beings. Some of them still survive in the distant hills and canyons surrounding Lost Angels.

FALLEN

This foul creature of the Abyss looks something like a blackened gargoyle, but its body and wings are covered with hundreds of bloodshot eyes! It is lost and confused since its master was defeated all those years ago, and knows nothing but hatred and violence.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d12, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d12, Intimidation d10, Notice d12+2, Stealth d12

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 8

Gear: None

Special Abilities:

- **A Thousand Eyes:** The demon is covered in eyes, giving it +4 to sight-based Notice rolls.
- **Armor (Scaly Skin):** +2 Toughness.
- **Cold Iron Sword:** Str+d6+4. Victims who suffer a Shaken result or more from this demonic blade must make a Vigor roll at -2 or be Incapacitated from soul-chilling cold.
- **Combat Reflexes:** +2 to recover from being Shaken.
- **Demonic:** Ignores wound modifiers; immune to disease, poison, and regular sources of Fatigue; immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- **Fear (-4):** The creature is truly horrible to behold.
- **Flight:** Flying Pace of 16" and a Climb of 2.

THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES

Hook: The gumshoes run into a very fatal femme while gambling in the Red House (page 111).

Melanie Monroe is a ravishing beauty, tall, elegant, fiery... and deadly. She approaches the gumshoes in the guise of a wronged female, seeking assistance. She is alluring and disarming; she flatters and dissembles, and preys on anyone who shows interest in her to get what she wants.

In this case, she wants a man killed. She has worked her way into the life of director Fritz Gerhardt; into his life, into his bed, and more importantly into his will. She is reluctant to continue the relationship while nature takes its course, however, and has procured some powdered ghost rock, which she has been administering to the poor man. He has consequently become extremely paranoid, and with a little prompting from Miss Monroe, is convinced that someone is trying to kill him.

Her story to the gumshoes is that she's convinced he is having an affair. She feels betrayed and humiliated and wants the heroes to find out who he's seeing. She is very persuasive.

If they agree to take the job, they need to gather some evidence on the alleged affair. Fritz frequents a couple of nightspots regularly, including the Blue Dahlia. On each occasion, he is seen there with a different woman, all very sultry, most probably professional escorts (in fact, these women were all hired by Monroe, who told Gerhardt they were friends of hers who might be good for a role).

If the heroes fail any attempts to avoid detection, Gerhardt tries to lure them down a blind alley and pulls a handgun. He attacks without warning, and (believing his life is in danger) is extremely dangerous. If they kill the poor sap, Monroe is very happy, and pays generously from the dead man's estate. If they avoid detection and present her with the evidence, she asks them to confront him, in which case, he reacts violently, as above.

• **Fritz Gerhardt:** Use the Citizen stats from *Deadlands Noir*, armed with a .25 automatic (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6, RoF 1).

If the heroes interview the escorts, they discover the women were hired by telephone. A woman's voice told them to pretend they were interested in a role, and play along from there. They had expected something exotic, but the guy just asked some questions and left, confused. Searching Monroe's perfumed apartment can yield a copy of the new will (provided for her by the director's besotted lawyer), and the vial of powdered

ghost rock she has been administering. If they manage to get her arrested, she'll walk in no time, of course, and she always has her revenge.

IT CAME FROM BENEATH

Hook: The holes of Mazedge (page 110).

The shamuses are approached by a disturbed man—the manager of a cheap flophouse in Mazedge. Several of his tenants have disappeared over the last few weeks. He's afraid to go to the police because of the damage that will be done to his business. He needs to know if something is wrong before he risks ruin.

LaBrea View is a five-story dismal-looking plain brown tenement building. It houses a number of low-paid workers—several of whom are employed in the Gunn factories, while many hold less regular, more morally questionable employment on the streets around this low-rent area. Each floor has eight (fairly squalid) two-room apartments, with shared bathroom facilities at either end of a single corridor.

The manager allows heroes access to the rooms of the four missing individuals. Each room still contains the person's belongings, and there is no sign of a struggle. A Notice roll detects a faint rotting odor in each room, and a raise finds a scrap of cloth caught on a piece of rough wood near a doorway. Some Legwork reveals three pieces of information.

- The disappearances all took place at night, and there was no sign of forced entry to any room.
- The tenants all complain of a problem with the plumbing in the building resulting in sudden foul smells. The dates of the complaints correspond with the mornings following the disappearances.
- The scrap of cloth appears to be a piece of 1860s-era Union uniform. It's pretty rare and is very out of place in a Mazedge flophouse.

The only other person in the hotel with a passkey is the janitor, Finley. He is surly and hostile if questioned, denying everything. If accused due to the absence of signs of a break-in, he points out that the crummy locks in LaBrea wouldn't stop anyone with a bobby pin, much less a passkey. Despite the fact this is true, Finley is, indeed, involved. It is mostly fear that is preventing him from talking—Finley has a secret to hide.

A few weeks earlier, he encountered a terrible sight. Hauling itself out of a hole in the cellar was a rotting, decayed, and waterlogged corpse in Civil War attire. The thing demanded fresh meat, so Finley picked a guest at random and led the fiend up in the service elevator, and unlocked the door with his passkey. The

thing removed the victim and returned to the cellar with the unconscious unfortunate.

In the cellar, where the water mains are and all the plumbing pipework terminates, any shamus can detect the stronger-smelling pungent odor. That the unpleasant bouquet is stronger here should tip the heroes that they are on the right track. In the corner of the cellar, covered with an old piece of rusted corrugated metal, is an old iron drain cover, not quite resting properly over a ragged hole in the floor.

The hole is, in fact, a route down into the winding tunnels beneath Mazedge. Descending into the tunnels is very dangerous. The thing is not the only abomination down there, and few even know of the passages, so they have never been mapped.

If the heroes stake-out the cellar for a few nights, the thing returns for more meat. A fire-fight down there certainly attracts attention. The thing dragged itself up from one of the channels decades ago, and has roamed the dark wet tunnels ever since. It still carries his Union Army-issued six shooter, but prefers to fight hand-to-hand, where his rotting odor can overpower his victims.

 **The Monster from Beneath:** Use the Bloat stats in *Deadlands Noir*, but add Shooting at d6. It carries an old .44 revolver (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6, RoF 1).

This is likely one of those cases the heroes can't talk about much, and the manager doesn't believe any outlandish claims about monsters. He'll buy that Finley did something unspeakable, and is content to fire him and hope the situation just goes away.

"I CAN TELL YOU SOMETHING ABOUT THIS PLACE. THE BOYS AROUND HERE CALL IT 'THE BLACK LAGOON'; A PARADISE. ONLY THEY SAY NOBODY HAS EVER COME BACK TO PROVE IT.

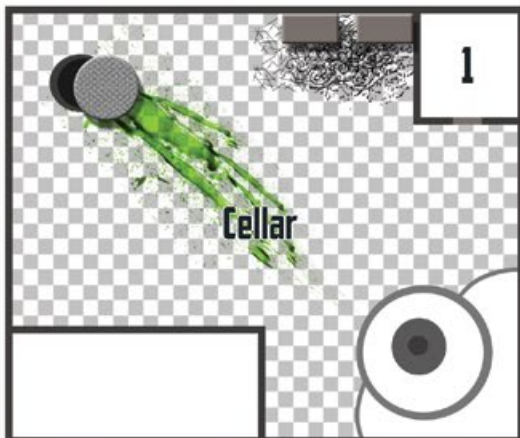
—Lucas,
The Creature from the Black Lagoon



Upper Floor



Ground Floor



LABREA VIEW APARTMENTS

PLOT POINT CAMPAIGN:

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS

The events in this Plot Point Campaign are an attempt by the treacherous Bishop Joshua Wells to return the city to its old, more carnivorous ways—and then rule it with a bloody fist.

But there's a major obstacle in the way—Sister Judith Prosperi. The “old bat,” as Joshua calls her in private, is not only beloved by the city and its people—but seemingly protected by a higher power. Joshua has thrice attempted to stage an accident that would end her reign only to see them thwarted by miraculous twists of fate. Given the research he's done into the church and Reverend Grimme, it seems Judith is something like the opposite of a servitor—a “saint,” as he calls her.

Killing a saint isn't easy. But Joshua is nothing if not diligent, and he has discovered the weapon he needs to take her down—he must resurrect the Angel of Death.

Not the real Angel of Death, but the one Reverend Grimme used all those years ago to keep the parishioners in line—a delusional Harrowed named Garret Black. Resurrecting someone who's been put down twice isn't particularly easy either, but Joshua

has figured out how—and it serves another of his purposes as well.

The bishop has learned how to summon Black's spirit, which he believes can kill anything—including Sister Judith. To raise the “Angel of Death,” the mad priest must complete a series of murders based around the Seven Deadly Sins. The ritual will revive Black and point him directly at Sister Judith.

The murders will also plunge the city into fear and panic, which Joshua plans to augment by funding a massive new blockbuster, *The Flood*, through RKO Pictures—supplemented with the subliminal messages of the Stoner Method, of course.

The insidious plan culminates at the ruins of old Lost Angels on the live set of *The Flood* with tens of thousands in attendance. There Joshua plans on carrying out the final murder—a grand and terrible massacre sure to catch the attention of his master, Famine.

With Judith out of the way, Joshua will take over the Council of Elders and plunge the city into a reign of terror greater than even Grimme ever imagined. With the massacre, the subliminal messages hidden in *The Flood*, and the Angel of Death at his side, the bishop believes the Reckoners will reward him with power and immortality and he'll become an immortal Servitor of Famine.

And begin a reign of terror the likes of which the coast has never seen.



ENTER THE HEROES

William Randolph Hearst still can't believe he lost the election for Mayor of Lost Angels. He *knows* something is up, and he knows Stoner's connection to RKO Pictures is part of the puzzle, but that's about it.

He hires or asks the party for help—and the payout if they can prove Stoner somehow cheated is *well* worth the disruption to their usual careers.

The player characters should have some connection to the movie industry, detective or other agencies, or Hearst himself. A heroine might be a nosy reporter Hearst knows can ferret out any story, a PI, or even a mechanic he thinks can infiltrate RKO Pictures without much fuss.

PART ONE:

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE WONDERING WHY I'VE GATHERED YOU HERE...

The investigators have been invited to Hearst's mansion, San Simeon, for brunch on a cloudy Sunday afternoon. It's September 23rd, 1946. The election was just a few months back, on July 1st.

On arrival, the guests are shown into a parlor by the maid and given tea, cookies, and other snacks while awaiting the arrival of their benefactor. A few minutes after the last visitor arrives, Hearst bursts into the parlor with two assistants trying desperately to keep up with him and taking notes as they run.

"I want both those losers found and I want 'em found yesterday! BEFORE the Tattler gets hold of it. If they scoop us, BY GOD I'll have you swimming Prosperity Bay in a meat suit!"

Now get out of here before I lose my patience."

Hearst's assistants rush out, closing the double doors behind them. The newspaper mogul surveys the room—eyeing some of the characters with eagerness and others with something like chagrin or desperation, as befits their backgrounds.

"Hello, my friends. Thanks for coming. I'll get right to the point. \$10,000. That's what I'll pay if you can figure out how 'Mayor' Stoner stole the election.

"I need conclusive proof. Not conjecture or theories. Cold, hard proof. And then I'm gonna run that sonofabitch out of office. No...I'm gonna run that sonofabitch out of TOWN on a locomotive filled with TNT. Got that? TNT, I said!"

Each one of you has earned my trust or appreciation, has some experience in these matters, or has some tie to the movie industry. As I'm sure you know, Stoner started at RKO. He was some kind of patent scientist. Worked on the talkies and then some kind of technical, film-processing mumbo-jumbo. After the war he decided to get into politics, and even though hardly anyone knew the little monster he somehow beat ME. ME!!! William Randolph God Damned Hearst.

I know he rigged the election somehow. I want you to find out how. Get into his business. Go to RKO and talk

FEAR IN LOST ANGELS

As the series of killings goes on, the papers report more and more details of the crimes. The *Tattler* begins to reveal information about the notes received, and Hearst papers circulate additional rumors. The cumulative effect of the murders and their media coverage is to raise the Fear Level in and around Lost Angels.

Every other crime that is committed raises the Fear Level for the Holy City and all boroughs by +1. The result is an increase of +3 to the Fear Level by the time the final murder is due. This doesn't account for any successes the heroes are able to take advantage of, but it does make the successful resolution of some crime of paramount importance. If the heroes aren't making an effort to spread word of their successes, later adventures (and particularly the Plot Point Campaign) can become very difficult indeed.

to the people who knew him. Talk to his milkman. Talk to his barber. Search his trash. I don't care. Just find out how that little nobody managed to become our mayor.

"I've already had the election board investigated. The slimy little worms are clear, best I can tell. Our polls from March show I should have won in a landslide, but on July 1 Stoner comes in with 20% more of the vote. No scandal, no big issues—people just seemed to change their minds. I call shenanigans. Shenanigans and malarkey, I say!

"We can't find any evidence of widespread bribery, but that little rat bastard is one of those crazy scientists, so I think he might have used some kind of mind-control ray or some horsecrap like that.

"Anyway...you find out how he bamboozled the people of Lost Angels and you'll each be \$10,000 richer. But I need proof. Not conjecture or theory...cold, hard proof. We clear? If so, I've other matters to attend to. I suggest you get to know each other before you leave. Work together. There is no 'I' in team, you know. The fee is for each of you, so there's no need to cut each others' throats.

"Call my assistant if you need anything else."

At that Heart storms out of the room.

INTRODUCTIONS ALL AROUND

It's a good time for the assembled guests to get to know each other. Have each player describe what his character looks like as well as his demeanor, then introduce himself in character. He should definitely include his relationship to Hearst, and what experience he might bring to the table here.

HITTING THE STREETS

Where the group goes from here is up to them, but here are some of the most likely approaches:

Man on the Street: The investigators might decide to do some canvassing and see how people feel about Hearst and Stoner. At this time, about half the people think Mayor Stoner is doing a fine job. They don't think much of Hearst personally, but think he'd do a good job running the city. It's hard to tell what these people might have said just prior to the election.

Stoner: Hitting the Books reveals Stoner was a patent scientist working in the film and audio processing departments of RKO Pictures. He was elevated to the board in 1943 and ran the studio for two years. He sold his shares and stepped down in early 1946 to run for mayor. Those who knew him say he spent most of his time tinkering with new cameras and editing equipment even while an executive. With a

raise, the party finds someone who says the last movie he personally processed was, *Seduction*, which was released in April of 1946.

Seduction: The film is about a North California widower who seduces a shy outcast and induces him to get revenge on those who wronged her through blackmail and murder. It starred Rita Hayworth as the widower, and Orson Welles as the man. It ends on a low note, with Welles being blamed for everything and going to the electric chair while Hayworth's character gets away scot-free. Hitting the Books shows the film did moderate grosses abroad, though it got a lot of screen time in Lost Angels thanks to special incentives given to local theatres. Critical reviews have little good to say but still give it moderately decent scores. Moviegoers tend to say things like "It was really... good," but provide few if any details, and never recall memorable moments.

Seduction, the Viewing: If the heroes find a way to screen the film—Connections, several Persuasion rolls at RKO Pictures, fake press passes, etc.—they leave the viewing feeling pity for social outcasts and hatred toward "powerful" people. In truth, Stoner filled the print with subliminal audio and visual messages throughout that make people like him seem heroic, while "blowhards" like Hearst seem dangerous and evil. (*Seduction* isn't the only film Stoner used to win the mayor's office, but it was the most influential since it came out just before the election.)

Patent Science: A patent scientist who spends considerable time analyzing the film and makes a Weird Science roll at -4 (one chance per 1d4 days) detects strange patterns to the audio track and occasional disturbing or soothing "flashes" on the film that correspond to certain characters. With a raise, he surmises that this might be used to manipulate emotions. It's impossible to analyze further—or certainly prove anything—without the original print, however, and RKO seems to have "lost" it.

If Hearst hears about this tech, he confirms he heard something about the "Stoner Method" being used to process and finalize films, and that it was being licensed out to other studios as well. He still wants proof. Given that it might lead to violence or at least breaking into Stoner's home, Hearst is smart enough *not* to get involved any deeper than he already is.

The Mayor's Office: The party might decide to actually visit Mayor Stoner. Gaining an audience requires Connections or a really good excuse (likely a series of Persuasion rolls to get past the city staff). If they manage it, Stoner at first seems outgoing and gregarious, but the group might notice the demeanor seems somewhat new to him. If pressed about



something he's uncomfortable with, he looks down, shuffles about, and looks more like the outcast inventor he was prior to gaining office.

If his honor is asked about the Stoner Method in a non-accusatory way, he seems like he wants to discuss it but clams up in a hurry—he knows the beginning is beyond most people and the end gets him sent to the Rock. If he's actually confronted about it manipulating people somehow, his eyes narrow and he says something like "That's a very dangerous accusation you're making. What's your name again?"

Afterward, Stoner has Hartigan and the Brute Squad keep tabs on the group and maybe rough them up if they seem to be getting out of hand. (No one but Stoner knows about his fraud and subliminal messages—including Hartigan.)

Breaking into Stoner's House: The mayor's home is a modest, one-story, three bedroom ranch-style home in Star City of Movie Town. He has a single security guard and a small lab in the basement. His equipment consists of film processing units, audio oscillators, headphones, radios, and a few cages of mice. Hand-scrawled notes reveal he's testing different sound frequencies on the mice and noting their reactions, but little else. Most of his knowledge is tucked safely inside his head.

WRAPPING UP

The group might have a good idea that Stoner somehow manipulated people into voting for someone like him, but no tangible proof. They might have alerted him that they're on his trail and gained an enemy, and if so, find themselves hit with a lot more parking tickets, property tax increases, jury duty, or other harassment.

As the group investigates Stoner and begins to bond, it might be a good time to introduce an adventure of your own, or run one of the other Savage Tales in this book. Then you're likely ready to move on to the other part of the Plot Point Campaign—the Seven Deadly Sins Murders.

PART TWO: AVARICE

Run this adventure after the party has been together for a few days and you're ready to begin the Seven Deadly Sins murder case.

A few weeks earlier, Brother Joshua confronted Mayor Stoner at his house in Star City. Joshua told him he knew all about his little toys, and that he wanted to use the Stoner Method in the church's first film, a

magnum opus that would recount the epic events of *The Flood*. Stoner reluctantly agreed.

Joshua then asked the mayor if anyone *else* knew the specific secrets of his method. After additional threats of blackmail and violence, Stoner reluctantly fingered one of his former fellow scientists at RKO, Dr. Phillip Sutton. Sutton was fired in '44 for wanting to run the department and asking for too much money. Stoner hasn't talked to him since, but it's obvious he's trying to recreate the Stoner Method at other studios now—so far with little success.

Brother Joshua has big plans for *The Flood* and doesn't want anyone else to reveal the secrets encoded within. So Dr. Sutton has to go (as will Mayor Stoner should he get out of line). The fact that he's greedy makes him the perfect target for the first sin—Avarice.

Last night, Brother Josh went to Sutton's house (in Star City just a few blocks away from Mayor Stoner's) and threw him through his plate glass window. Then he jumped down, stabbed him in the heart with a piece of glass to make sure he was dead, and pinned a note to his chest.

HIS MASTER'S VOICE

Hearst hears about the murder and instantly smells something fishy. He calls or contacts one of the investigators he hired to look into Stoner and relays the news.

"You hear about the death of Dr. Phillip Sutton? He worked with Stoner at RKO pictures when they first started doing talkies. Last night he went through a plate glass window up in the hills. A friend on the force says there's more—a note was left at the scene. He didn't see it, but I want to know what it says. I can get you press passes if you'll go investigate. Dollars to donuts this has something to do with that rat Stoner."

Assuming the party ventures up to Star City, the police reluctantly let the "reporters" look over the scene—from a distance, at least. The police have already been here several hours and the body is long gone.

The house is built up into the hillside on stilts with the broken plate glass window overlooking Lost Angels. One of the panes is shattered and shards lie a good twenty feet beyond—where a divot was taken out of the grass and dark blood has soaked the ground.

Under no circumstances are the party allowed into the house (and there's nothing to find there anyway). Connections, Persuasion, or a \$20 bribe gets one of the cops to spill a few more pertinent facts "off the record." The doctor landed on his back and traveled about 20'. Given that the window is 10' up from the hillside,

it's farther than the thin, 53-year old man could have jumped. (In truth Joshua *boosted* his Strength before hurling Sutton to his doom.)

A note was left pinned on his shirt that said something like "A vain amateur revealing in covetous elegance."

That's *not* actually what the note said, but the gumshoes' contact isn't a detective and only got a glance at it. It's not likely the group gets to see it at this time, but don't worry, Marshal, there are plenty of better clues to come. If and when do however, it actually reads:

A Vain Amateur Reveling In Covetous Esurience

The first letter of each word spells "Avarice." "Esurience" is also a synonym for "Avarice," this murder's "Deadly Sin." The detective on the scene is Detective Mike Mullin. He's tight-lipped and won't talk to the party under most any circumstance.

One other clue is found if the group gets to look at the ground beneath the window (Mullin won't let them get that close but they might be able to come back later). Someone jumped out of the window above and landed on the ground just below it—someone wearing a treadless, flat shoe. (Actually a sandal but don't reveal or confirm that at this point.)

A similar print can be seen in the sticky blood surrounding Sutton's body. If the party somehow misses it here, they might see it in the press or crime photos later. They'll see it again, and soon, so don't feel you have to force it on them during this visit if it doesn't work out.

WRAPPING UP

The main point of this scene is to get the party exposed to the Seven Deadly Sins Murders (as they will come to be called).

It's possible the group could get into the morgue and view Dr. Sutton's body as well, but there are no clues there other than the fact that he died with a look of horror on his face.

Hitting the Books on Dr. Sutton reveals a few pertinent facts. He worked at RKO ten years ago improving their sound capture and playback technology. He was let go from RKO in '44 and quickly went to work for other companies as a contractor. With a raise, the gumshoe discovers he was highly paid but tended not to stay with them long as he had a reputation for being too greedy and his results were less than stellar.

PART THREE: THE FLOOD

At some point while the investigators are out wandering around—perhaps while on another Savage Tale—they come upon a street corner where a pretty young woman is handing out gold-colored handbills. They read:

BE PART OF CINEMATIC HISTORY!

RKO PICTURES TO FILM SCENES FOR
CECIL B. DEMILLE'S MAGNUM OPUS,
"THE FLOOD," AT THE RUINS OF OLD
LOST ANGELS.

BE PART OF OUR CITY'S HISTORY!

BE AN EXTRA IN THIS INCREDIBLE
NEW EPIC!

At the bottom is the date and time of the event—9 a.m., one day after the group notices the handbill. The girl doesn't know any further details—she's just one of thousands paid to hand out the flyers.

THE SHOOT

If the group goes to the shoot the next day, several incidents occur.

- The shoot starts at the Ruins at 9 a.m. and lasts about eight hours. People are very energetic and excited at first but after a couple of hours they begin to lose interest.

- Around noon, a number of vendors set up around the perimeter and offer food and beverages at higher than normal prices. People begin to grumble about how the church should have at least provided food for their free labor.
- The RKO staff personally goes through the crowd and replaces any stand-out clothing with something more fitting the period. They're not particularly diligent with this since only a handful of actors will ever be seen up close. Mostly they hand out ragged coats to those wearing the latest suits, or beat-up old hats to men in clearly modern fedoras.
- The scene supposedly takes place immediately *after* the Flood levels the city as people sift through the debris looking for loved ones. A number of extras are asked to lie down, while the rest are to wander around "helping" them and looking through piles of flotsam. This is repeated a few dozen times throughout the day, with periodic stops to do close-ups on particularly interesting-looking extras.
- The party can see Cecil B. DeMille (on loan from Paramount) and the four touring Bishops of the Church of Lost Angels up close. They do their best to avoid the locals but are generally polite if distant. One of these is Brother Joshua. The party may recall seeing him at a later date. Should anyone think to look, the bishops wear sandals and leave a flat, treadless foot print in the dirt and mud as they walk. This might indicate that the killer is somehow tied to the church (though there's no reason to suspect the bishops themselves at this point).



PART FOUR: PRIDE

Lucy Hudson was a journalist for Hearst's flagship paper, the *Examiner*. She was known for making numerous baseless accusations to stir up outrage and never recanted, even when her stories were demonstrably false.

A few days after the shoot for *The Flood*, or whenever you're ready, Marshal, Lucy is found dead in a public telephone box on Poverty Row. She had ingested an entire morning edition of the *Examiner*, with some of the pages still crammed in her gaping mouth.

Pinned to Lucy's lapel is a note which reads:

Prize Righteous Indignation Despite Evidence

With a successful Streetwise roll and a bribe of \$5, a trio of hoboes say they saw a man of average build in a long duster and hat standing with her in the phone booth. It was dark so they couldn't see much and didn't really pay attention. They had no idea the woman was being harmed.

The vagrants didn't notice the man's feet, but a Tracking roll does find at least one treadless, flat shoe print in the muck nearby—there are also hundreds of more normal footprints around too, though.

THE TATTTLER TALES

In that evening's edition of the *Tattler*, the lead editor can barely contain his glee, running a lurid story on Hudson's death under the headline, "Forced to Eat Words!" It is not the paper's finest hour, and provokes a bitter response from Hearst's *Examiner*.

The newspaper wars heat up even further, and every time *Examiner* and *Tattler* reporters run into each other it frequently comes to blows. Anyone working for Hearst suffers a -6 modifier when trying to get information from *Tattler* sources such as their reporters or trying to get into their archives.

DIGGING UP DIRT

After Hitting the Books and looking through Lucy's previous stories, the gumshoes uncover numerous rich, powerful, or dangerous individuals who were treated to her disapproving barrages of condemnation.

One of Lucy's sensationalist stories concerned the church. At the *Examiner* archives, one can find a two-year old story with her byline claiming the Lost Angels did not have honorable beginnings. In fact, in

a story titled "BORN IN BLOOD?", Hudson claims, Reverend Grimme, the priest who founded the city after the Great Quake of 1868, was actually leader of a secret cult that sacrificed unbelievers. This information came from leaked Agency files, though friends and critics claim she was never able to produce them when confronted by her critics.

The notes were never in her possession, so even if they break into Lucy's apartment or work space at the *Examiner* they won't be found.

Hudson's story did get her killed, though. She was an annoying thorn in Joshua's side so he made sure she was on the list.

THE OLD CHURCH OF LOST ANGELS

This tidbit clues the players in that the Church of Lost Angels once had a dark and sordid history. If they investigate further it should quickly become obvious much information has been destroyed or hidden. Hitting the Books and Legwork work best, but both come with a -4 penalty due to the church's efforts in burying the information.

With success, many sources, including the US Agency, the Texas Rangers, and the *Tombstone Epitaph* believed the church was not only evil, but a cult of ritualistic cannibals! Reverend Grimme seems to have gone mad after the Great Quake of '68, and many of the reports even grew to have supernatural powers.

Grimme's reign came to a halt with the Flood of 1880 and the rise of Sister Judith, but prior to that the church has a secret legacy of blood and violence that's hard to deny.

THE LATEST TECHNOLOGY

Hearst has a hunch these murders are somehow related to Stoner, mostly thanks to Dr. Sutton's death. But serial killers sell papers no matter what, so he has his people get in touch with the heroes and give them the latest radios for each of their vehicles as well as a more powerful base set they can attach to an antenna at one of their homes.

If they hear of another of these murders, he wants them on the spot investigating as quickly as possible—"before those amateurs bungle up the scene!"

The crimes that follow all assume the party is able to get to the scene and investigate to some degree. Junior policemen are fairly lenient with the "press" and private detectives. More senior officers are decidedly unfriendly and chase them off when they can.

If your group doesn't keep their radios handy, they won't be able to investigate the scene but can research

them afterward, or gain most of the clues from second-hand accounts or articles by other reporters.

PART FIVE: WRATH

Danny “Big Mouth” Fallone was a two-bit hood who did odd jobs for Benjamin “Bugsy” Siegel and Mickey Cohen—Lost Angels’ top-ranking mobsters. The night before the heroes hear of his death, he was thrown out of the Cotton Club for being drunk and disorderly. The next morning he turned up dead in his ‘43 green Packard in Oldtown with a note pinned to his chest that read:

With Righteous Anger Thou Hates

Interviewing some of the waiters or waitresses at the Cotton Club (along with a little spending money) turns up the following:

- Danny did thug work for Mickey Cohen and Bugsy Siegel.
- Last night he got mad at his bosses for something. He was ranting and raving before being thrown out about how they would kiss his ass one day for how they treated him. A coat check girl who brought him his jacket claims he said “Youse guys treated me like dirt for da last time. Danny Fallone’s gonna have his revenge! An’ I won’t use no ‘lackey’ to do it—I’ll do it like a real man...MYSELF!!!” Then some of his friends whisked him into his own green Packard and sped away.
- Danny’s friends actually left him in his car to sleep it off in front of his house. But Joshua—who was looking for a drunken mob lackey to add a red herring to the case—followed them. After Danny’s friends left, he slit the gangster’s throat, pinned the note on him, and walked away.
- It might be possible to talk to Danny’s friends if the heroes have Connections or come up with some other clever plan. These tough guys might put up a fight at first, but since they actually are innocent this time they’ll tell their (true) version of events if pressed. Of course intimidating members of the mob isn’t without future consequences.
- The dirt near the Packard is fairly solid, but a Tracking roll at -2 detects a faint, flat shoe print.

MICKY COHEN SAYS HELLO

Sometime the next day, preferably while the party is at a public place such as sitting in the window booth of a diner, standing on a street corner, or outside one

of their houses, etc, they’re hit by a group of heavily-armed hired thugs.

The men get out of the car—perhaps with the Drop depending on the circumstances—and open fire with all they’ve got. They use the De Soto as cover, and it’s positioned so that the driver’s side is the far side (-4 cover and +4 Toughness to the thugs on the driver’s side; -2 cover and +3 Toughness to those on the passenger side). Of course the party may make Called Shots to avoid the cover and hit the thugs in exposed areas.

As they open fire, one of the thugs says “Mickey Cohen says hello! And goodbye, ya mooks!”

• **Hit Team (4):** Use Thugs from *Deadlands Noir* but add the Rock and Roll Edge. Three are armed with Tommy guns while the driver carries a shotgun. All four have .38 pistols as well. The man with the shotgun is their “leader” and has one other surprise—a pineapple hand grenade (see *Deadlands Noir*).

MISGUIDED GOONS

Use the Aftermath rules from *Savage Worlds* to determine if any of the thugs actually live once they’re defeated. If any survive and are successfully Persuaded or Intimidated, it doesn’t take much for them to spill the beans. The driver, Antonio Scarlucci, is a local thug who works for anyone willing to pony up cash. Last night they got a call from Mickey Cohen himself saying they’d be a permanent part of the crew if they whacked the troublemaking gumshoes.

Of course it wasn’t Mickey Cohen at all, and Cohen would never give his name or so brazenly order a hit over the phone to a bunch of men he barely knew. A Streetwise roll might realize that.

It’s up to the shamuses whether or not they want to pursue matters with Cohen and the Lost Angels mob, but to Joshua, it’s all just a red herring and a way to get these increasingly troublesome outsiders off the trail.

“ALL RIGHT MR. DEMILLE, I’M READY FOR MY CLOSE-UP.”

—Norma Desmond,
Sunset Boulevard



PART SIX: SLOTH

Bart Hitchman is a movie critic for the *Tattler*. It's the perfect job for him because he's also lazy, morbidly obese, and angry at the world. He writes the town's most negative and cynical reviews (unless bribed not to!) and attempts to prove how smart he is by tearing everyone else's work down.

Of *Casablanca* he said: "The stink of this film is greater than that of the Chicago slaughterhouses or all of Confederate 'culture,'" among other gems. He called award-winning film *The Lost Weekend* a "reeking piece of moldy cheese soaked in cheap bathtub gin." He is truly a charming fellow.

Hitchman was a poster-boy for several sins, but as he mostly sat and screened movies all day, Brother Joshua targeted him for sloth. The priest met him last year when the two attended a private courtesy screening of *The Bells of Saint Mary's*. Coincidentally, it was produced by an independent studio and distributed by Stoner's RKO Pictures—though it contains no subliminal messages.

Hitchman is found in a private screening room at a small building on the Universal lot. He was found strangled in his chair with hundreds of feet of celluloid film wrapped around him—which was then set on fire. Pinned to the sticky mess that was his chest—after the fire burned out, notably, is a note:

Slowly Losing Our Timid Humanity

Hitchman had been invited to view an early print of *Black Angel*, and it is this film he was strangled and burned with. No one could bear to sit with him so he was left alone by the secretary. She took her lunch break and smelled something terrible when she returned. She looked in, saw the body, and immediately called the police.

Black Angel was directed by Roy William Neil. It stars Dan Duryea, June Vincent, Peter Lorre, and Broderick Crawford. The film is about a woman who attempts to clear her innocent husband of murder. This has nothing to do with the case at all, but let the players mull over those details and do with them as they will. There is a bit of foreshadowing here, of course, as the man Brother Joshua is trying to resurrect is Garret Black—the Angel of Death.

BITTER LEGACY

Further research on Hitchman (Hitting the Books at the *Tattler*, for instance), reveals that he criticized everyone's movies—including RKO Pictures when

Mayor Stoner was in charge. A raise on the roll also reveals he was frequently accused of not watching the entire film and even plagiarizing other people's reviews with only slight alterations.

His squalid apartment in Midtown reveals a slovenly man who rarely cleaned and kept several cats. At his typewriter are hundreds of crumpled sheets of paper with half-started screenplays he never finished.

Should someone ask around at the various studios (particularly in the PR departments) and succeed at a Persuasion roll, she also finds out Hitchman frequently took bribes. There's no apparent connection to Hitchman and the church or the mob, other than the fact that he attended many premieres and private screenings, as did many members of both those organizations (and many others).



PART SEVEN: LUST

Preston King was a member of the church in good standing. He was a certified accountant, an advisor to the Deacon of Financial affairs (Seth Lansdale), was often in the news for some charitable work, had a beautiful wife and children, and seemed to have it all.

But like most of humanity, King had vices as well. He liked to visit peepshows in Oldtown, and frequently went home with any girl eager to make an extra tip.

Brother Joshua has known King many years and noticed how much attention he paid to the accidents he staged to test Judith's powers. That annoyance and his desire for young ladies made King the perfect target for Joshua's next murder—Lust.

Preston is murdered at an Oldtown peep show late one night, one of those places where a girl dances in a room while several adjoining rooms share small glass windows that look in. The dancer, "Gabriella," was in the middle of her routine when the glass from one of the viewing booths smashed in violently—along with King's bloodied face.

Pinned to King's back was a note that read:

Lest Unclean Sluts Tattle

Witnesses outside the peep show claim to have seen a tall man wearing a black trench coat and hat pulled low leave the premises just afterward—but so did many others who didn't want to be discovered there. He was definitely a clean-shaven white man, but no further details are available. Any tracks in the street outside are completely destroyed by all the traffic running out of the building, unfortunately.

The owner of the peep show claims the victim's a regular (though he wears a hat, coat, and glasses as a sort of disguise, like many of the customers). Mostly he comes in Sunday nights and is gone after an hour or so. He didn't know his name, but he heard some of the girls call him "King."

SINISTER SECRETS

While the group is looking around the scene of the crime, one of the girls watches intently from the shadows. If someone approaches her quietly, alone, and makes a Persuasion roll, "Roxanne" reveals another clue:

"Sometimes he...talked. After. Y'know? He said he worked in the cathedral. Said someone was trying to kill Sister Judith. Said someone tried three times to have her killed...like an accident or something...but she was...protected. He thought God protected her. An' he thought someone was trying to find out how to get around that. That's all I know, mister. But I had to tell somebody 'fore they just cart 'im away. I know what we was doin' wasn't right, but he was kind to me. Just lookin' for a little comfort in these bad times, y'know?"

THE CHURCH

If the group makes inquiries into assassination attempts against Sister Judith and they don't have Connections to the church hierarchy, they meet a dead end. If they do have Connections, they find out that Sister Judith did indeed have a few close calls over the last few months, but calling them assassination attempts is a bit farfetched—so far.

The church doesn't want outsiders stirring up their dirty business and they're very protective of King's family—who get a somewhat sanitized version of events where he was in Oldtown trying to "save souls." If the detectives raise a stink about talking to King's associates in Lost Angels they're flatly denied by Deacon Hyrum Jones of the Judicial Committee. He says the church will mind its own flock, and thanks them for their concern.

PART EIGHT: ENVY

Brigitte McQueen was once a very famous movie star, pursued (and sometimes caught) by every leading man and wealthy eligible bachelor of her age. With the coming of the talkies, she fell out of favor with movie audiences and retired to live off her substantial wealth.

As her beauty faded, the aging McQueen took to wearing a heavy black veil and huge-brimmed hats when she ventured out in public (which was rarely). Never missing an opportunity for mean-spiritedness, the *Tattler* delighted in showing the most unflattering pictures possible of her "from behind the veil."

McQueen is murdered in her mansion in Movie Town. She's found dead in front of a full-length mirror, her eyes forced into her head with blood loss thought to be the cause of death.

A note left at the scene reads:

Eventually Noticed Vanishing Youth

THE QUEEN OF MEAN

A little Legwork finds out that a night watchman at the neighboring mansion saw a black sedan with tinted windows speeding away from the house, driving with no lights in the dead of night. He assumed it was a studio limousine (but it was actually a church vehicle).

In McQueen's bedroom are hundreds of pictures of leading ladies from the '20s to the present, crudely marked up with felt-tip pen. Some of them have words like "Cow," "Pig," "Slut," and the like scrawled on them in McQueen's distinctive handwriting. The LAPD are looking into the studio connection as there are rumors of leading actresses receiving threatening mail, which some have attributed to McQueen. The *Tattler* reports she had been investigated for this before, but nothing ever came of it.

THE DUSTY SPOT ON THE MANTLE

Assuming the party gains access to McQueen's mansion, have them make Notice rolls. The highest-rolling player notices a clean spot among the dust in one of her many display cabinets. Most of the cabinets are filled with mementos from her movies, but this one contains relics from old Lost Angels.

A little digging reveals that McQueen didn't collect relics, but one of her former husbands, Lansford Hollings (now deceased) did. Records of his collection can be found among the estate's paperwork if the group can get to them. The only missing item is a six-gun said to belong to someone named "Garret Black," a high-ranking member of the church of Lost Angels in Reverend Grimme's time.

Hitting the Books on Black reveals contemporary issues of the *Tombstone Epitaph* claiming he was an executioner for the church and called himself the "Black Angel" or the "Angel of Death." He was one of the many killed in the Flood and his body and one of his two signature six-guns was taken by the church. The other pistol was recovered some time later in the Ruins



SISTER JUDITH

and wound up in the hands of a private collector—gangster Benjamin Siegel—before being purchased by Lansford. (Siegel simply took the gun as payment for a debt owed him by some nameless loser, but it's a good red herring for the party to consider.)

If asked, the manor's cleaning lady, Gloria Jones, swears "that ol' pistol" was in the case just a few days ago. She becomes nervous if she believes she'll be accused of stealing it, and points out there are numerous more valuable antiques in the house than that old thing.

Any local knows that to find out more about a relic like Black's six-gun they'll need to go to the Reliquary in the Revelation Ward of the City of Lost Angels.

THE RELIQUARY

At the museum, the party can talk to the Assistant Curator, Sister Mary Catherine Margaret. Mary knows all about the dark history of the church—and the "Black Vaults" of the cathedral that hold such items

as the consecrated altar stones, "bones of the bloody ones," and bibles drenched in blood.

Mary has been drawn to the corruption of the church's dark side like a moth to a flame and knows much of its secret history.

If asked about Black or the pistol, she smiles from ear to ear and says:

"There are many legends where the church and its founders are concerned. Those were trying times, to say the least. Garret Black was certainly a violent man, and he policed the cities for Reverend Grimme with an iron hand. But most believe he carried out his work on his own without official sanction of the church. He was more of a...vigilante."

"It seems that's a relatively common profession—then as well as now..."

Sister Mary looks over her glasses at the toughest-looking member of the group. She might even let a dainty finger trace a line over one of their pistols if they let her. Now that she has the upper hand in the conversation (at least in her mind), she can't help but continue.

"Some say Black was just a zealous protector of the flock. Have you heard of the day the demons entered the temple? The day Grimme's altar was shattered? Black was there. And he slew a great number of the vile creatures. Other faithful tried to fire on the creatures as well but their guns had no effect. But Black's guns—in his ever-faithful hands—could kill anything that walked, crawled, or flew upon the earth. And the slaughter was great that day..."

Mary shivers—almost sexually. Then she realizes she's gone too far. She gives a slight nervous laugh and adds dismissively:

"But those are just legends, of course."

Mary doesn't know anything about the missing six-gun. The other is in the Black Vault of the cathedral along with his bones. Mary's never seen it herself and won't share anything else. Politely, she asks the party to leave so she can get back to her business.

SISTER MARY CATHERINE MARGARET

Mary was raised in a pious family in the city. On the surface she appears to be a smartly-kept, innocent young woman, but inside she's a deep and untapped well of desire and darkness. (If Joshua somehow wins, she is likely to be one of his brides.)

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d10, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Driving d4, Knowledge (Occult) d4, Notice d8, Persuasion d10, Stealth d4, Taunt d6

Charisma: +6; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 2; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Bad Eyes (Minor—she wears glasses), Corrupt, Curious, Lech, Vengeful

Edges: Charismatic, Very Attractive

Gear: Nun's habit, crucifix.

CHURCH CHAT

The morning after, one of the party members walks out to find a note on his car. In scratchy handwriting distinctly unlike those at the murder scenes, it reads:

Mayors aren't the only ones who have elections.

Mayor Stoner actually put this note here himself. He's figured out Joshua is behind the murders and it terrifies him. He doesn't know anything about Black or the plan to kill Judith, but figures Joshua plans to use the Stoner Method and *The Flood* to somehow turn people against her and seize control for himself.

There's not much Stoner can do against the church without incurring Joshua's murderous wrath, but he hopes the party, being the persistent troublemakers they've proven to be, will get on his scent. With a little luck, they might foil Joshua's plan and get the mayor off the hook as well.

The clue is meant to push the investigators to think about who else faces elections in the City of Lost Angels. Certainly town councilmen, sheriffs, and the like are elected, but nothing else points to any of those positions. The Council of Elders elects a Patriarch or Matriarch from among the current bishops, and bishops are elected from deacons.

A little Legwork or a Common Knowledge roll from a member in good standing knows that if something happened to Sister Judith, one of the bishops would become the new leader, and one of the Deacons would become a bishop.

A little more digging reveals a little of each bishop and deacon. It won't really finger the murderer for them, but it's their first real list of suspects and will help them understand the larger picture later on.

• **Matriarch—Sister Judith:** An older woman who helped rebuild Lost Angels after the Flood of 1880. She is very popular and greatly revered by all. Some say she has miraculous powers of healing.

• **Ward of Disciples:** Sister Olivia Gonzalez is a strong-willed lady who has been with Judith from the early days. She spends most of her time overseeing the Angels of Mercy.

• **Ward of Prophets:** The city's rail heads and exports—including the lucrative ghost rock trade of the Maze—are watched over by Bishop Lucas Kennet. He's unpopular and officious, but very efficient in his work.

• **Ward of Scripture:** Bishop Hillary Wollard sees over the city's schools and universities. She is also in charge of the church's missionaries, emissaries, and ambassadors. Hillary is well-liked and tends to be the council's peace maker. She is the most likely replacement should something happen to Sister Judith.

• **Ward of Revelation:** Bishop Joshua Wells oversees the city's museums and historical sites. He also preserves the city's former ruins and relics from old Lost Angels, and is in charge of verifying any new discoveries. Joshua is said to be a shy, bookish man more interested in antiques and history than political affairs.

• **Ecclesiastical Affairs:** June Dupuis oversees church points of order and policy.

• **Deacon of Judicial Affairs:** Hyrum Jones appoints and manages the church's courts, as well as extradition issues with foreign countries.

• **Deacon of Pastoral Affairs:** Deacon Colin Skinner is in charge of the wellbeing, recruitment, and physical and mental health of the flock.

• **Deacon of Financial Affairs:** Seth Lansdale handles the church's finances.

PART NINE: GLUTTONY

Run this Savage Tale when you're ready to wrap up the Plot Point Campaign. It should take place at least a month after the footage for *The Flood* was filmed.

The party comes across a young lady handing out handbills to passersby on the street in a good part of town. The handbill reads:

JOIN RKO PICTURES AND THE
CHURCH OF LOST ANGELS FOR
AN EXCLUSIVE PREVIEW OF "THE
FLOOD!" ON OUR GIANT SCREENS!

LIST OF SPEAKERS INCLUDES
CECILLE B. DEMILLE — SISTER JUDITH

— MAYOR STONER!

FREE FEAST SPONSORED BY THE
CHURCH OF LOST ANGELS FOR ALL
ATTENDEES!

THANKS TO ALL OF LOST ANGELS
FOR BEING PART OF CINEMATIC
HISTORY!

TONIGHT AT DUSK!

THE LAST SIN

Assuming the party has figured out the Seven Deadly Sins angle by now, they should realize the last sin is Gluttony. A feast for tens of thousands of citizens might certainly qualify. If they don't realize they need to be there, Hearst does.

The date has been left off to accommodate your timetable, but the detectives should see the notice just a few hours before the event so they don't have *too* much time to prepare. It's been advertised for a few days, but they just find out the day of the event.

DINNER AND A MOVIE

The preview is held in a large open field just east of the Ruins—the tops of the old Cathedral just visible to the West. RKO Pictures has erected four giant drive-in style screens facing the four non-cardinal directions. The few brick buildings that remain in the lot are plastered with movie posters. In the center are dozens of tables of food piled high with meat, bread, and a few tins of vegetables. There are no public bathrooms so people constantly slip into the weedy patches to the north. A stage and podium to the West, framed by the distant cathedral, waits for the honored guests to speak.

The feast begins at dusk (about 6 p.m.) and the feature is scheduled to play about an hour later—when it's dark enough for everyone to see the screens.

FEAST OF FLESH

As caretaker of the reliquary, Brother Joshua comes in contact with many ancient relics. One of them was the bones of something called a "hunger spirit." The thing was responsible for turning people into ravenous, mindless murderers in Grimme's time. Joshua ground the thing's bones up into powder and mixed it with the meat the church provided for today's feast.

About 20,000 people show up and begin greedily gobbling down the food. People stuff themselves with sandwiches filled with greasy meat—mostly pork or

beef slathered with sauces, condiments, and powdered hunger spirit! No alcohol is served, but quite a few attendees seem to have brought their own.

Make sure to ask the players if their characters participate. If they say no, have them make Spirit rolls at -4. The theatre screens aren't active but a slight subliminal buzz—almost inaudible over the crowd—pipes through the speakers and encourages everyone to eat. Those who fail the roll find themselves eventually nibbling on a sandwich even if they didn't mean to.

On the off-chance the group tries to tell everyone not to eat, they're laughed at. If they somehow gain headway, the LAPD—and then the Guardian Angels if needed—get involved.

The crowd's mood starts jovial and anxious to see the scenes they helped film. After about 30 minutes they become almost manic—gorging on the food while they wait. An hour later a few fights have broken out, a few drunks begin throwing up, and a number of police go through the crowd hauling out angry trouble makers.

Finally, the moment the last sliver of sunlight vanishes from the horizon, the screens light with the RKO Pictures logo and the speakers blare!

The screen reads:

NOW! YOUR PICTURE! YOUR CITY!
YOUR MOVIE!

The screen fades to the next message as dramatic music plays:

LADIES AND GENTLEMAN PLEASE
DIRECT YOUR ATTENTION TO THE
SILVER SCREENS...

The screen fades again...

RKO PICTURES AND THE CHURCH
OF LOST ANGELS PROUDLY
PRESENTS...

One more fade...

THE FLOOD!

Four minutes of fairly unremarkable footage play, accompanied by loud and dramatic music. The crowd is enraptured. Everywhere one turns is a slack-jawed face staring in disbelief at the images of their city in the aftermath of its greatest disaster—grease dripping from the corners of their mouth or wiped hastily away on the back of their sleeve.

SISTER JUDITH SPEAKS

The music stops. The crowd is quiet for a moment, then cheers loudly. Feedback from a loud sound system comes from the West. Standing on a long stage are Sister Judith, Brother Joshua, a very nervous-looking Mayor Stoner, and director Cecil B. DeMille.

The screens now read:

WELCOME SISTER JUDITH, BELOVED PATRON OF LOST ANGELS.

Sister Judith begins to speak:

"Many of you may know that I was sent into the Maze in a basket, abandoned as a babe, just like Moses. I was found by a kindly man named Prosperi, who raised me and taught me to love our beautiful city. When the Great Flood hit, he also taught me how to rebuild it.

"It is said my tears formed the..."

Judith stops and looks down from the stage. She sees several people vomiting blood. Someone near the player characters does the same—then another.

Judith realizes it and turns to her companion:

"Brother Joshua, something is wrong! Get these people help!"

Joshua leaves the stage and disappears behind it. Then the screens surrounding the lot flicker for a moment as if having technical difficulties. Anyone who makes a Notice roll sees Mayor Stoner look down, seeming almost to cover his eyes with his hands. They might also notice (with a raise) that he's wearing earplugs. DeMille points and begins arguing with one of his assistants off stage. The screen now reads:

GORGE LIFE UNTIL THE TYRANNY OF NUMBERLESS YEARS

The death of several attendees is the final murder needed to resurrect the Angel of Death. In Brother Joshua's hands—behind the stage and out of sight—is the skull of Garret Black. Blood forms around it, coruscating down and forming a liquid body. It grows veins, arteries, muscles, tissue—and finally forms, bloody and naked. Brother Joshua hands the thing a tattered black robe, an old six-gun, and a stolen silver crucifix, then points toward the stage—and Sister Judith.

THE ANGEL OF DEATH AWAKENS!

The ghost of Garret Black bursts from behind the stage, tattered black wings sprouting from his ragged robe. In his right hand is a pistol that fires ghostly,

screaming bullets into the crowd below. (His left hand holds Judith's crucifix, stolen by Joshua before the event, but the group must get closer to see it.)

The Angel of Death growls "Sister Judith—I HAVE COME FOR YOU!" in a gravelly yet booming voice and begins to fire indiscriminately at everything he sees. It's up to you who you kill and who you wing, Marshal, but Mayor Stoner should probably bite it (which can lead to an exciting election story later on).

Garret has been "aimed" at Sister Judith with the stolen crucifix. The spirit is still in a stupor, however, so the party has three rounds before he picks the slow-moving Judith out of the crowd and starts firing at her. Even then she should last a couple of rounds by using her Bennies.

A Notice roll at -2 spies the crucifix in the angel's hand (and perhaps notes that Judith is missing hers). If no one makes the roll, the spirit might stop and sniff it for a round before flying toward Judith again, giving them another clue.

THE CROWD

Some of the audience dies instantly of the tainted meat while some head for the hills. But *most* become a creature that hasn't been seen in Lost Angels for several years—faminites!

Any player character who ate of the meat must make a Spirit roll. On a critical failure, the unfortunate feaster dies choking on his own blood in 1d4 rounds. Failure means the character becomes a faminite in 24 hours (see *Deadlands Noir*). There is no effect with a success, but he still ate human and probably isn't too happy about it.

Heroes caught in the wild throes of the panic-stricken crowd must make a Strength roll at -2 to move each round. Failure means they move at half speed (no running allowed), while a critical failure means they suffer a level of Fatigue from bumps and bruises.

There are literally more than ten thousand faminites swarming about the lot now. Most head straight for the food stands (they typically prefer regular food over something they have to fight to eat). For the first five rounds of the fight, any character who has a black Action Card gets attacked by 1d3 faminites that round (it's not cumulative). They attack on his Action Card immediately *after* his action, so putting a few down means they get no attacks.

- **Faminites:** See *Deadlands Noir*.

JOSHUA

It's time for Joshua to meet his end. The moment the mad priest sees anyone interfering with the hit on

Judith he takes back to the stage to get a better look—or maybe hold her for him to hit! As he does so, the heroes see a black-robed bishop jump up on the stage, screaming at the horrific angel and pointing at Judith. He stomps up and down in anger—exposing his flat, treadless, sandals.

- **Brother Joshua:** See page 147.

THE ANGEL OF DEATH

This isn't the Harrowed gunslinger who once served Grimme, however, but his somewhat addled vengeful spirit. As long as Black holds the crucifix he concentrates his fire on Sister Judith—happily shooting through anyone who tries to shield her. Otherwise, however, he *can't* fire at anyone else if he has a shot at his target.

Though the Black Angel is a spirit, the gun and crucifix are solid. They can be targeted (–6) and knocked from his hand by any normal attack. If the pistol is lost Black moves in for a melee attack. If the crucifix is dropped, he's free to attack whoever it wishes, which will *first* be Brother Joshua for summoning it; then the next living soul it sees.

If the thing can't be defeated, it slays another several dozen refugees before finally fading off into the night. How and when it returns again is up to you, but a cult of the old church could certainly find a way to harness the creature.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d10, Strength d8, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d10, Notice d8, Shooting d12+2, Stealth d8

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 8

Gear: Cursed Colt Peacemaker single-action that never runs out of ammo (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6, RoF 1).

Special Abilities:

- **Ethereal:** The spirit is immaterial at will and cannot be harmed by normal weapons. Magic and magical items affect him normally.

CONCLUSION

Judith is due a miracle for her long service to the world and she calls it in now. The moment Garret is put down she looks out at the mad crowd. She seems shocked at first, then a sudden calm comes over her. She smiles at the heroes, then puts her hands together and prays. One round later, golden energy emanates from her and rushes out over the crowd—leveling everyone no matter how strong.

There is nothing to be done for those who have perished, but everyone else is instantly cleansed of faminism—including the player characters. Sister Judith collapses gently—dead.

If the heroes did their job, the crowd remembers going manic then being knocked to the earth. They have vague memories of anything else that happened—including the Black Angel—but it's a confused mess in their minds. Most simply believe the images were something displayed on the movie screens.

The living mourn their dead while the survivors limp home. The police finally arrive in force to help, along with the Sisters of Mercy from the Holy City.

The morning edition of the *Examiner* tells of a tragic case of food poisoning and blames Mayor Stoner and his "cronies" at RKO Pictures. There's outrage and furor for a while, then people are distracted by some new scandal and life goes on.

WHAT ABOUT...

If the gumshoes *fail* to stop Joshua, they're in for a world of hurt. The swarm of faminites race into Oldtown and begin infecting people there. It's a full-blown apocalypse for several weeks. Joshua quickly assembles teams of Avenging Angels to put them down and does so indiscriminately. Anyone who objects to his methods—such as William Randolph Hearst or his fellow bishops—unfortunately contract faminism themselves are put down as well.

When the threat ends, Joshua is appointed the new Patriarch of the Church by the new bishops he appoints. Stoner is also replaced by a puppet and the council serves entirely at the mad priest's whims.

The new council immediately begins draconian reforms "for the safety of the people," extending church powers, curtailing the freedoms and rights of non-believers, and sending any objectors to the Rock. Worse, Joshua and his new council secretly resurrect the old Cult of Lost Angels—and resume the feast of old. These fanatics grow in number and power, secretly consuming human flesh in Famine's name and preparing for the End Times.

"I AM BIG, IT'S THE PICTURES THAT GOT SMALL!"

—Norma Desmond,
Sunset Boulevard

MEN & MONSTERS OF LOST ANGELS

Below are profiles for the more unique abominations and personalities Lost Angels have to offer.

ROGUES' GALLERY

BROTHER JOSHUA

The deranged Joshua lost his humanity long ago, trading his immortal soul willingly for power within Lost Angels. The foul being he has become is twisted and cruel, hungry only for further influence and constantly seeking to unlock power and arcane might. His studies have led him to dabble in the dark arts, though he is careful to disguise the effects of such diabolical powers.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d10, Spirit d10, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d8, Knowledge (Occult) d8, Knowledge (Religion) d8, Notice d8, Shooting d6, Spellcasting d10, Streetwise d8,

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Corrupt, Enemy (Sister Judith)

Edges: Arcane Background (Black Magic), Connections (The Church), Power Points, Strong Willed

Powers: *Boost/lower trait, blind, curse, damage field, dispel, puppet, zombie*; **Power Points:** 20

GUARDIAN ANGELS

Guardian Angels are the enforcers of the church. They serve as police and military within the walled city and in the church facilities beyond. They are not furnished with an overabundance of intelligence, but what they lack in smarts, they make up for in aggression and obedience.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Driving d6, Fighting d8, Intimidation d6, Investigation d4, Shooting d6, Stealth d4, Streetwise d6

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Mean, Vow (To the Church of Lost Angels)

Edges: Connections (The Church of Lost Angels)

Gear: Guardian Angels all carry billy clubs (Str+d4).



AVENGING ANGELS

The elite of the Guardian Angels are quickly promoted and trained to become Avenging Angels and tasked with leading their former comrades. They are far more able than the Guardians they lead, and most are given a 'flight' of six Guardians to lead. Particularly tough assignments may call for flights to be comprised entirely of Avenging Angels, but such drastic measures are rarely taken.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d10, Spirit d10, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Driving d6, Fighting d8, Intimidation d6, Investigation d8, Knowledge (Church Law) d10, Notice d8, Persuasion d10, Repair d6, Streetwise d6, Taunt d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Vow (To the Church of Lost Angels)

Edges: Connections (The Church of Lost Angels)

Gear: .45 automatics (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6, RoF 1).

HOWARD HUGHES

This eccentric tycoon inherited a fortune and turned it into a series of fortunes. He built an empire of unconnected industries, dominating and revolutionizing every arena of business he entered, invariably making millions of dollars in the process.

Despite his vast fortunes, his undoubted charm, and his well-documented success with a string of famous Tinseltown starlets, Hughes is a shy and reclusive man, with a deep-seated ethical code. He seeks out advisors and managers for his various business interests whom he believes share his fervor, and he has consequently surrounded himself with numerous members of the Church of Lost Angels—men and women he believes have the drive and integrity to control his vast empire.

With so many disparate interests and such an active drive to seek out new areas of commercial dominance, Hughes is rarely paying attention to where his money is going. His advisors are working for Joshua, and regularly siphon funds into private business enterprises, or manipulate the accounts to their own advantage. The few scrupulous managers who work in the best interests of the corporation have a tough time trying to rein-in Hughes' wasteful ways and exuberant spending habits. Many worry that there is a deep sickness in Howard Hughes that prevents him from properly managing his affairs.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Driving d4, Fighting d4, Knowledge (Business), Notice d6, Shooting d4

Charisma: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Ailin' (Minor), Overconfident, Quirk (Numerous)

Edges: Charismatic, Connections (The Church), Connections (City Hall), Connections (Movie Industry), Filthy Rich

Gear: Anything he needs (or feels like buying).

BENJAMIN "BUGSY" SIEGEL

Ben Siegel is a crook and a murderer, one of the more well-known members of the New York mafia. Primarily renowned as a killer for hire for the so called Murder Incorporated band of assassins, Siegel has been dispatched to California to extend the mob's operations on the West Coast—specifically with regard to horse racing.

Since arriving in Movie Town, Ben has become enamored with the glitz and glamour and has become the must-have guest at every big party in Star City. Despite the allure of the Movie Town life, Ben can't

shake his mobster roots and crime is never far from his mind. He routinely borrows large sums of money from his movie star friends, but rarely remembers to repay these debts. Furthermore, while the unions in the movie industry are organized and controlled by the Chicago outfit, Ben has begun trying to further muscle in on the studio's ability to make movie by intimidating the stars—the very actors who he steals money from and who are so desperate to have him at their glamorous soirees, for the air of danger and excitement he brings with him.

Ben's immensely public private life—he's been seen with numerous famous starlets and is widely rumored to be having an affair with Virginia Hill, despite being married—has drawn unwanted attention to the New York mob, while his attempts to encroach on the Chicago families' traditional control over labor racketeering in the movie industry has made him no friends Back East, either.

In an effort to cool the heat in Tinseltown for a while, Siegel's bosses have sent him into the Nevada desert recently, to investigate the expansion of their operations in the growing gambling town of Las Vegas. But Benjamin's flair for excess is likely to garner even more attention than his antics in the Blue Dahlia, and trouble lies in wait.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d12, Spirit d10, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Driving d6, Fighting d8, Intimidation d6, Investigation d8, Knowledge (Chemistry, Engineering) d10, Notice d10, Patent Science d10, Persuasion d10, Repair d8, Streetwise d10, Taunt d6

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 7

Hindrances: Greedy, Mean, Quirk (Hates being called "Bugsy")

Edges: Connections (Murder Inc.)

Gear: Benjamin never leaves home without his bulletproof vest and .38 revolver (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6, RoF 1, Shots 6, AP 1, Revolver).

NICHOLAS BRIGANCE

Brigance was exposed to great wealth at an early age—his father struck it rich in the Texas oil boom in the early years of the 20th Century—and he liked it. The young man learned the oil business quickly and was a ruthless and capable oil man. Soon his cutthroat manner and cavalier attitude toward the young ladies of Texas had him ostracized from polite society.

Seeing an opportunity to forge his own path, and to accumulate enough wealth to exact revenge on those who wronged him, Brigance headed to Lost Angels,

looking for some untapped potential to exploit. In the course of his travels, Nicholas' weakness for women became a severe vice, and he became a grifter. In *Lost Angels* his unholy barter paid dividends. Brigance struck oil in the outskirts of Mazedge, and in no time at all amassed an enormous amount of money.

Constantly seeking further acquisitions for his empire, Nicholas bought up a couple of minor studios and merged them to form Brigance Pictures—simply BP to most. Brigance hasn't had the success with movies that he enjoyed with oil, and the company has struggled—not that its losses greatly impact his fortunes, but Nicholas is a proud individual. He is considering further deals with the manitou in return for instant successes, but he has a lot to lose!

He's known in the finer nightspots for always being snappily dressed (with a distinct Texas touch), and having an ever-changing assortment of beautiful starlets on his arm.



Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Gambling d10, Investigation d8, Knowledge (Oil) d10, Notice d8, Persuasion d10, Shooting d8, Spellcasting d6, Streetwise d8, Taunt d6

Charisma: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Greedy (Minor), Short Temper, Vengeful (Minor).

Edges: Arcane Background (Grifter), Charismatic, Connections (Studio Bosses), Hedonist, Rich.

Gear: Expensive suits, expensive jewelry (for gifts), 10 gallon hat, ornately embroidered cowboy boots.

Powers: *Boost/lower Trait, confusion, numb*; Power Points: 10.

INSPECTOR RICK HARTIGAN

A tough, grizzled cop, Hartigan has been around the block and worked his way up through the ranks to his current position as head of the LAPD's Organized Crime Task Force. Hartigan, like many ordinary folk, is sickened by the ease with which the mobsters use their riches manipulate the legal system to avoid incarceration. Unlike many ordinary folk he has resolved to make sure the mob doesn't get the kind of stranglehold on *Lost Angels* it managed elsewhere. His solution is predictably uncompromising—he has assembled a squad of his meanest, most thuggish, police officers and intends to meet mob violence with violence. He knows this is going to get messy, but he's convinced it's the only way to keep LA mob-free, and that's an omelet worth breaking some eggs for.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Driving d4, Fighting d8, Intimidation d8, Investigation d6, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Shooting d8, Streetwise d8

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 7

Hindrances: Mean, Vow (Clean the Streets)

Edges: Comfortable, Connections (Police Department), Connections (City Hall), Hard, Investigator

Gear: .38 revolver (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6, RoF 1, Shots 6, AP 1, Revolver), handcuffs, 18 spare rounds.

LEADING MAN

While most women in this era came to Movie Town to be a star, a fair number of men are "discovered" instead. They come from all walks of life, from former cowboys to lawmen to classically-trained stage performers. The statistics below are for a leading man in his mid-thirties with some talent, skill, and athletic ability. The Game Master should add any additional skills to reflect anything the actor did before becoming a star.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d6

Skills: Driving d6, Fighting d6, Notice d6, Perform (Acting) d6, Persuasion d8, Shooting d4

Charisma: +4; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Obligation (to his studio)

Edges: Attractive, Charismatic, Rich, Talented

Gear: \$1000 cash, luxury car.

POLICE BRUTE SQUAD

Hand-picked by Hartigan for their unrelenting brutality and willingness to set the law to one side, these are some of the toughest, and most unprincipled, of LAPD's finest.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Driving d4, Fighting d8, Intimidation d8, Investigation d6, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Shooting d6, Streetwise d8

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Mean

Edges: Comfortable, Connections (Police Department), Investigator

Gear: .38 revolver (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6, RoF 1, Shots 6, AP 1, Revolver), handcuffs, 18 spare rounds.

MAYOR KEVIN STONER

Stoner is an unscrupulous and inventive individual. Born Kett Von Stiner in Eastern Europe, he arrived in the United States at the turn of the century. As a young man, he turned his hand to developing machinery in Edison's factories, but left under a cloud with a good deal of proprietary information hidden about his person. With this advantage, he made a name for himself as a pioneer of movie production technology, but quickly fled to Lost Angels to escape Edison's lawyers.

Arriving in the West, he changed his name to Kevin Stoner to better fit in with the locals. His technology rapidly became standard in the developing movie industry, making Stoner a wealthy man. Unbeknown to any, his technologies all incorporated the ability to subliminally influence his audiences—a fact he exploited for monetary and political gain.

His victory over Hearst in the most recent mayoral elections has earned him the old newspaperman's eternal enmity, but Stoner typically brushes off any mention of Hearst with a jibe about newspapers being dead. He uses his position as mayor to defend the freedoms enjoyed by the movie industry, as that is what keeps him rich. The welfare of the people of Lost Angels and the wishes of the church are secondary—provided the church keeps to itself in what Stoner terms "its obsidian cage."

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d12, Spirit d10, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Gambling d8, Investigation d8, Knowledge (Engineering) d10, Knowledge (Movies) d12, Notice d8, Persuasion d12+1, Repair d10, Streetwise d8, Taunt d6

Charisma: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 7(2)/8(3)

Hindrances: Enemy (Minor: W.R. Hearst), Greedy (Minor), Overconfident.

Edges: Connections (City Hall), Connections (Studio Bosses), McGyver, Noble (Mayor), Professional (Persuasion), Filthy Rich.

Gear: Bulletproof vest (+2, +3 vs bullets), brass knuckles (Str+d4).

SISTER JUDITH PROSPERI

Sister Judith has lived a hard life full of hard work and constant trial—but she wouldn't trade it for the world. She knows that despite how often her generosity and big heart has been taken advantage of, she'd rather meet her Maker with love in her heart than hate. Judith has never been afraid of hard work and continues to shame men and women half her age with her efforts. The callouses on her hands and the wrinkles on her face from the constant California sun testify to this.

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d10, Spirit d12+2, Strength d6, Vigor d4

Skills: Faith d12+2, Fighting d4, Intimidation d8, Knowledge (Architecture) d8, Knowledge (Business) d6, Knowledge (Church History) d6, Notice d10, Shooting d6

Charisma: +2; **Pace:** 4; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 4

Hindrances: Elderly, Heroic, Loyal

Edges: Arcane Background (Blessed), Charismatic, Master (Faith), Master (Spirit), New Powers, Power Points

Powers: *Healing, greater healing, succor*; **Power Points:** 30

Gear: None.

STARLET

Beautiful young women from all over the world come to Movie Town to be a star. The statistics below are for a rising star who's managed to land a few decent roles, has some talent, and might have a career if she can stay out of trouble.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d4

Skills: Driving d4, Notice d6, Perform (Acting) d6, Persuasion d8

Charisma: +4; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 2; **Toughness:** 4

Hindrances: Obligation (to her studio)

Edges: Attractive, Charismatic, Talented

Gear: Handbag, \$500 cash.



WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST

Hearst was born to wealth and privilege and never looked back. Between his father's successes as a ghost rock tycoon and the founding of the now-legendary Hearst newspaper empire, the Hearst family is as wealthy as they come. William Randolph—WR to his friends and associates—moved to Lost Angels when his attempts to obtain political power were thwarted Back East. Using his huge newspaper empire, he felt sure he could sway public opinion, but here in Lost Angels, just as there Back East, he has been stymied in his efforts to hold public office. And Hearst hates being stymied.

Having invested huge sums of money in modernizing the city of Lost Angels, Hearst expects to see some return on that money. If he is unable to get what he wants, he intends to start calling in major loans until opinions change. If this happens, there is a real danger of the City of Lost Angels becoming insolvent. Hearst has a lot of money in play, and he expects it to work for him.

Hearst's private life is no less entangled. His wife refused to leave the polite society of New York and Chicago for what she saw as the Wild West. Consequently, WR has become estranged from his wife and shares his massive mansion high in Star City with Marion Davis—an attractive movie star from the silent picture days. The place they share is called San Simeon: a sprawling castle on which work never ceases, as new bedrooms, annexes, and wings are added month after month. Wild parties and long weekend events are the talk of the Movie Town jet set, and an invite to San Simeon is the hot ticket in town. Hearst's temper and jealousy are legendary, however, so crossing him is a sure-fire path to the black list.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d12, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d4, Investigation d8, Knowledge (Business) d12, Knowledge (Newspapers) d10, Knowledge (Politics) d8, Notice d4, Persuasion d10, Shooting d4, Streetwise d4, Taunt d8

Charisma: +0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Overconfident, Short Temper, Vengeful (Minor).

Edges: Connections (City Hall), Connections (Media Bosses), Connections (Studio Bosses), Filthy Rich, Followers (Bodyguards).

Gear: Expensive suits, cigars, today's newspaper, gold pocket watch.

BESTIARY

BLOOD SHARKS

Long ago the sharks that swam the channels of the Maze around the Rock Island prison developed a taste for blood and human flesh. The guards and inmates at the prison called them blood sharks, and over the years, they have grown more numerous, and more vicious. Twisted and mutated by the effects of the Reckoning, the ghost rock runoff from the plants and factories lining cliffs of Lost Angels, and the relatively plentiful supply of human flesh that still ends up in the waters of the Maze, blood sharks are now a common—and terrifying—sight in the waters around Lost Angels. Their mottled hides are daubed with bloody blotches and stripes of crimson, and their dorsal fins are often shot through with distinctive patterns resembling bloodspatters. These distinctively grisly fins mark the approach of one of these monsters, big and mean enough to bite a grown man in half.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d8, Strength d12+6, Vigor d12+2

Skills: Fighting d10, Notice d6

Pace: 0; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 18 (4)

Special Abilities:

- **Aquatic:** Pace 10.
- **Armor +4:** Gnarled blood-red growths cover a blood shark's body, giving it a tough extra layer of Armor.
- **Bite:** Str+d10.
- **Fear:** The sight of a blood shark in the water is enough to give anyone fits—and provoke a Guts check.
- **Fearless:** Blood sharks are impervious to Fear and Intimidation.
- **Feeding Frenzy:** Once there's blood in the water, whether from the shark's attack or any other source, the mutated fish enters a feeding frenzy. It gains the Improved Frenzy and Berserk Edges for the next 10 minutes.
- **Hardy:** Blood sharks are as tough as they are stupid. When Shaken, further Shaken results do not cause a wound.
- **Large:** Attack rolls against a blood shark gain a +2 bonus.
- **Size +5:** Blood sharks grow to be about 40' long.



THE CITY OF GLOOM

1950

In 1847, thousands of Mormons (or “Latter Day Saints” as they prefer) fled persecution in Ohio and Missouri and settled on the shores of the Great Salt Lake in what was then called Utah Territory. They endured many hardships—famine, locusts, droughts, hostile Indians, and even a brief war with the United States Army in 1857—but eventually created a thriving settlement they called Salt Lake City.

The arrival of new prey to the Salt Lake area also brought new predators in the form of gigantic, predatory worms the locals call “rattlers.” These voracious beasts made it extremely difficult to bring supplies in and out of the Salt Lake area via horseback, exacerbating all the problems already facing the Saints and their austere lives in the arid land.

Salvation, or so it seemed at the time, came in the form of Dr. Darius Hellstromme, a genius inventor, scientist, and entrepreneur who came to the region to exploit its new-found deposits of “ghost rock,” a kind of “super fuel” that burns many times hotter than coal and eventually revolutionized all of science. The often ruthless Dr. Hellstromme was a controversial figure at first for the local Saints, but his creation of the steam wagon—a metal horseless carriage that could outrace and outlast the rattlers and allowed supplies and travel in and out of the region—soon overruled their concerns.

Hellstromme’s arrival had an analogy with early Mormon legend. When their first harvest in 1848 was plagued by locusts, a miraculous and aggressive flock of gulls descended to eat them, saving the fledgling congregation. Some saw the doctor’s arrival as a similar event and Hellstromme’s place in the Saints’ society was sealed. *“As unto the locusts did God deliver the stranger to the promised land,”* it is sometimes said.

After gifting numerous Mormon teamsters with steam wagons, Hellstromme’s workshops expanded quickly. Factories were built, jobs were created, and tens of thousands of settlers—both Saints and “Gentiles” alike—flooded into Salt Lake City. Hunting and poisons gradually wore down the number of rattlers and paved the way for better roads and rail lines to supply the rapidly growing city. Wealth and prosperity flowed like manna from Heaven. Salt Lake City became the fastest-growing boom town in the entire West—indeed the world.

Dr. Hellstromme’s physical body perished sometime around the end of the 19th century, but the world’s preeminent scientist was well-prepared for such an event. In 1917, he returned to the world in an amazing robotic suit that allowed his incredible brain to live on. In perhaps one of the most ironic twists of his long story, he was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 1918 for his work on the many devices that helped the allied powers (including the USA, CSA, and Deseret) win World War I.

DR. DARIUS HELLSTROMME

Dr. Hellstromme is one of the four original servitors of the Reckoners described in *Deadlands Noir*. He's also the most blind to his service. Hellstromme knows something of the Reckoners and their plans for him, but that is an issue he's decided to deal with at a later date. He is driven *only* by one thing—the recovery of his wife's soul from Hell.

Vanessa Hellstromme traveled with Darius to India when he was a young officer in England's Royal Engineers. Like many driven men, Hellstromme spent all his time in his work, ignoring his young bride and her depression at being so very far away from friends and family, and feeling trapped in a culture she didn't understand.

One terrible day in 1857, as India's "sepoys" began their famous mutiny and Hellstromme rededicated his efforts to his work, the despondent girl took her life. The engineer returned to his quarters late that night, covered in grease and grime from the day's work and talking excitedly to Vanessa of his latest creation. She didn't respond. He lit a lamp and gasped in horror. His wife lay bloodless yet bloody on their dripping bed.

Hellstromme realized he had let his obsession destroy this beautiful young girl who had given herself to him so fully. At that moment he vowed he would make it right. He redoubled his work for a time and took out his anger and rage on the unfortunate mutineers at places like Meerut, Delhi, and finally Gwalior.

After the mutiny, Hellstromme left the army and traveled the world, searching for ways to bring Vanessa back to life. Her poor body finally deteriorated beyond recovery, so Hellstromme burnt it on a pyre high in the Himalayas and swore that if he could not bring her body back, he would travel to the depths of Hell to recover her soul and find it a new mortal vessel.

By the time of *Deadlands Noir*, Hellstromme has twice slipped these earthly bonds and entered the devil's domain—but both times ultimately resulted in failure. The first trip is revealed in the story *Out of the Frying Pan*, found at www.peginc.com and originally published in the *Anthology With No Name* for *Deadlands: The Weird West*. The second expedition has yet to be revealed.



War-manufacturing through World War I and II ushered in a new era of prosperity for Hellstromme Industries and his Deseret allies. It's now 1950, and it is at the height of this success that *Deadlands Noir: The City of Gloom* is focused. The doctor will return to his villainous roots in *Deadlands: Hell on Earth* (and attempt to redeem himself once again in *Deadlands: Lost Colony*), but at this time, he is a hero to most of the world—if somewhat overzealous at times.

THE INDEPENDENT REPUBLIC OF DESERET

The long Civil War between the USA and CSA allowed the Mormon territory of Utah to secede and become its own independent nation—Deseret. It has its own government, its own army, currency, mail system, and other necessities of governance.

The capital of Deseret is Salt Lake City, and the official religion is the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, though all religions are welcome and practiced. “Gentiles” (non-Mormons) aren’t officially discriminated against in any way—they have all rights and responsibilities of all other citizens. Unofficially, church members in good standing are given many privileges and discounts that make life far easier.

Deseret has no walls around its borders. It welcomes visitors openly and has tariff-free trade agreements with the North and South.

The President of the Church of Latter Day Saints is also the President of Deseret. The state is run as an extension of the church. There are several groups protesting for more secular rule, but so far Deseret’s success and prosperity has kept any of these movements from growing overly large.

George Albert Smith is the current President of Deseret and the church. He traces his lineage back to Mormon apostle John Henry Smith and is an avid genealogist of the original founders of Deseret. Smith is also a fervent patriot for his nation with overt bias toward the United States over the Confederacy, and has been a frequent critic of racism and racist groups within Deseret and the Americas in general. He suffers from several maladies and is in poor health so Mormon elders are quietly looking for his successor.

The president is watched over by the 12-man Council of Apostles, who are responsible for the creation of Deseret’s laws. Below them are two Quorums of Seventy and a Presiding Bishopric who represent outlying Saints’ settlements and sit on various councils.

The church is organized into “wards” of 200-800 members, and “stakes” of 4-10 wards. Each ward is led

by a rotating bishop—a layman whose turn it is to take responsibility for the neighborhood.

Sheriffs are the law for each stake, though Salt Lake City has its own Chief of Police (see Salt Lake City Locations, on page 159).

Deseret was neutral in the Civil War, but participated heavily in World War I and World War II. Most of the Allies’ best secret weapons and other technology were created by inventors from Deseret, a fact that has made it a prosperous and growing power in the emerging world.

CURRENCY

Deseret currency is often called “Mormon notes” and are beige in color. They use the latest techniques to prevent counterfeiting, including cotton fibers woven into the paper which gives them a very distinct feel from regular paper. Mormon notes come in denominations of \$1, \$5, \$10, \$20, \$50, \$100, \$500, \$1000, \$5000, and \$10,000, to date. Coins are also issued and made with copper from the nearby quarry. They come in the same denominations as US coins (pennies, nickels, dimes, quarters, and fifty-cent pieces). All of the bills and coins have images of the Tabernacle, the Temple, Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, or other presidents and leaders of Deseret. Dr. Darius Hellstromme can be found on the \$100 bill. It’s commonly called a “doc” or a “Hellstromme,” as in “I’ll give you five Hellstrommes for that Packard.” Deseret founder Brigham Young appears on the \$5,000 bill and the penny. Both are often referred to as “Brighams.” Saints originator Joseph Smith is featured on the \$1 and \$10,000 bill.

Some individuals and businesses also honor officially-printed checks drawn on the Bank of Deseret, but these are relatively new to the area and cash is preferred. Checks from the USA or CSA are not accepted. Transfers from new immigrants or visitors must be done by cash. The Bank of Deseret charges a flat 5% fee for exchanging cash.

Mormon notes *are* accepted in the North and South, but only at banks or large institutions.

THE NAUVOO LEGION

Deseret maintains a small, highly-disciplined standing army, called the Nauvoo Legion after the Illinois town in which it originated over a century earlier. At most times there are four companies of roughly 100 men stationed at Fort Smith, and another four companies stationed in whole or in part around Deseret and its borders.

Supporting the fighting men of the Legion are perhaps another 1,000 civilian contractors and volunteers—

mostly cooks, mechanics, launderers, quartermasters, and so forth. The Legion also has an air force of 16 prop-driven warplanes but these are quickly being phased out in favor of the X2 "Fury" Jet Fighter. The Legion has a few dozen Jeeps mounting .50 caliber machine guns but no regular armored vehicles. In rare times of trouble the Jeeps have been known to mount stranger weapons, and heavier experimental vehicles have rolled out of secret hangars, leaving little but tread marks and speculation upon the Salt Flats.

THE DANITES

It has long been rumored that the Mormons have a sort of "secret police" who serve as the church's troubleshooters. In the world of *Deadlands*, it's certainly true. The Danites have done some unsavory things. Sometimes this was with the full blessing of the church leadership, and sometimes they took matters in their own hands for what they deemed as the good of the flock.

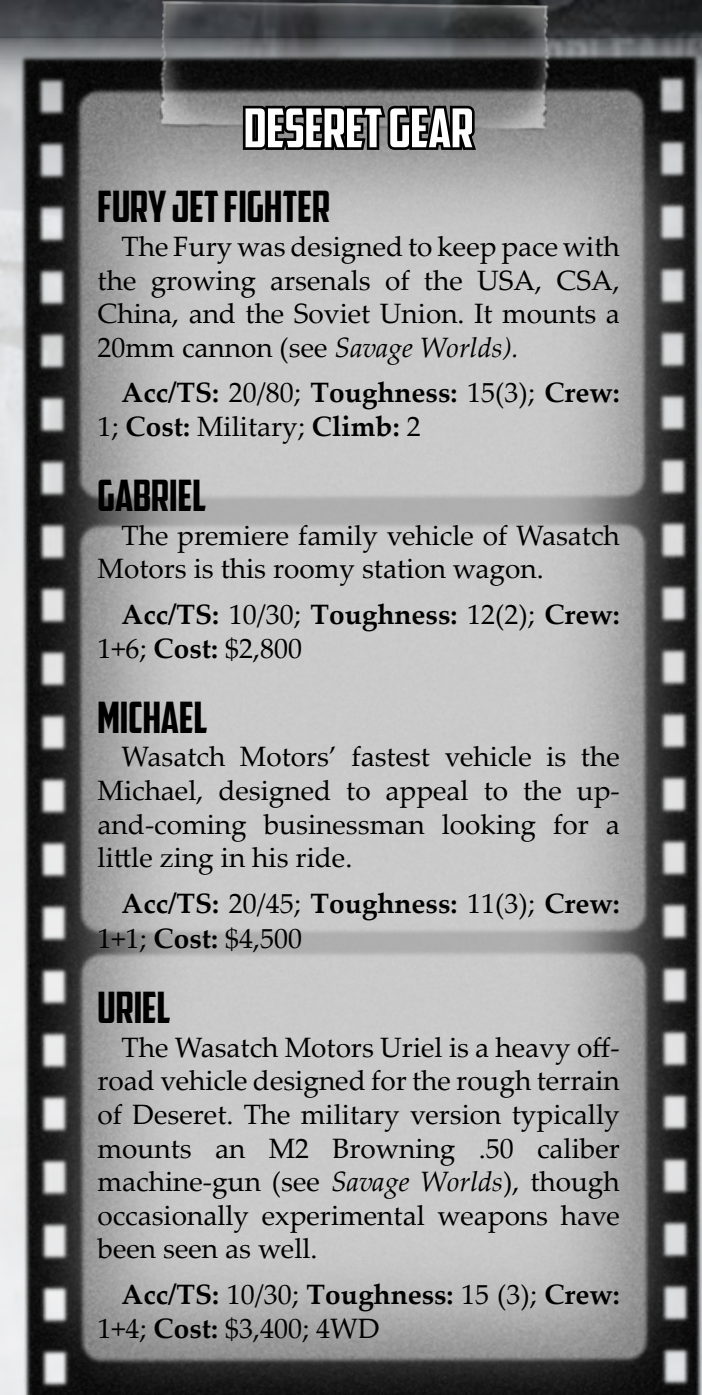
The Danites have a more noble purpose as well—fighting supernatural evil. They are even more secretive than their counterparts to the north (the Agency) or the south (the Texas Rangers). And often more ruthless as well. Their names aren't written on any official document anywhere, they don't have badges, and in fact, officially don't exist. They don't have uniforms (though they wear bandanas on rare occasions when they might be seen) and they don't tacitly work with the police or the army. Whatever they do, they do quietly and secretly. If innocents cross their paths, they simply claim they're a passing band of do-gooders. They never use the name "Danites" or otherwise acknowledge their role in the church.

See page 201 for the Danites' statistics.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING

The "invasion" of Gentiles in the early 1870s—their drinking, gambling, and whoring—wasn't something the typically pious Mormons were ready for. Worse was the now-constant pall of smoke that hung over the city from the belching factories and ghost rock refineries; and the poisoning of the few creeks and other sources of fresh water the city relied on.

Zoning ordinances and simple discrimination quickly pushed non-Saints out of Salt Lake City proper and into a cramped area that came to be called "Junkyard." It was (and still is) a rough-and-tumble place of steam, steel, blood, and sweat. Miners, factory workers, worm hunters, and scientists mingled in the ramshackle buildings—then built upwards when they ran out of room, erecting additional levels, rooms, hidey-holes, bars, and brothels high above the maze-



DESERET GEAR

FURY JET FIGHTER

The Fury was designed to keep pace with the growing arsenals of the USA, CSA, China, and the Soviet Union. It mounts a 20mm cannon (see *Savage Worlds*).

Acc/TS: 20/80; **Toughness:** 15(3); **Crew:** 1; **Cost:** Military; **Climb:** 2

GABRIEL

The premiere family vehicle of Wasatch Motors is this roomy station wagon.

Acc/TS: 10/30; **Toughness:** 12(2); **Crew:** 1+6; **Cost:** \$2,800

MICHAEL

Wasatch Motors' fastest vehicle is the Michael, designed to appeal to the up-and-coming businessman looking for a little zing in his ride.

Acc/TS: 20/45; **Toughness:** 11(3); **Crew:** 1+1; **Cost:** \$4,500

URIEL

The Wasatch Motors Uriel is a heavy off-road vehicle designed for the rough terrain of Deseret. The military version typically mounts an M2 Browning .50 caliber machine-gun (see *Savage Worlds*), though occasionally experimental weapons have been seen as well.

Acc/TS: 10/30; **Toughness:** 15 (3); **Crew:** 1+4; **Cost:** \$3,400; 4WD

like streets. Locals call this part of Junkyard the "Steel Sky," and it is a maze of catwalks, pipes, businesses, residences—and the things that lurk in the spaces in-between.

There is no law that says Gentiles must live in Junkyard, nor is there any clearly defined demarcation or barrier. Non-believers simply find housing, food, and other necessities far too expensive to stay in Salt Lake City proper. And it's not merely a matter of pretending to believe. To get this special treatment, a person must be known by his neighborhood bishop and be in good standing. This can take anywhere from

a few weeks to a few years depending on the individual and his works.

DOWN UNDER

Eventually, the rickety and dangerous nature of the Steel Sky couldn't support further growth so the residents of Junkyard built down instead. This was the turn of the century and the town's leaders didn't want to see another shoddy and dangerous attempt like the Steel Sky. They organized, planned, and funded the project with sponsorship by the major businesses—including the largest in the entire country, Hellstromme Industries.

"Down Under" struggled a bit at first, but by the 1920s the center was a fashionable place to live for Junkyard's Gentile middle class. Fringe areas where construction petered out sometimes became forgotten ghettos, but life was generally good at the center. Shops and restaurants opened, modern domiciles were carved into the earth, and security forces kept the rampant crime of upper Junkyard and the Steel Sky from penetrating too deeply into suburbia.

THE GREAT DEPRESSION

Junkyard survived the Great Depression better than most places. Hellstromme Industries' large cash reserves kept the mines and factories producing (though at reduced schedules), and the Mormons' former decades of prosperity proved the old adage about the grasshoppers and the ants. Times were hard, but neither Salt Lake City nor Junkyard fell into the despair that wracked other cities such as New York, New Orleans, Atlanta, Chicago, or Lost Angels.

Like the United States and the Confederate States, the outbreak of World War II proved a moral crisis and an economic blessing for the City of Gloom. The modernized, efficient factories of Junkyard boomed once again, manufacturing everything from munitions to ships to tanks for the allied Americas.

DESERET FACTS

Population: 836,000

Exports: Technology, copper, ghost rock

Average Temperature: Low teens in winter, low 90s in summer

State Religion: The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (Mormon)

Allies: The United States of America, the Confederate States of America, Lost Angels, the Sioux Nations

Politically, most non-Mormon residents of Junkyard saw themselves as visitors to Deseret and many patriotically returned home to serve their nation at the outbreak of war. Of course, hundreds of deserters came to Deseret seeking to avoid service as well, but the Mormon elders and Junkyard city council wisely complied with their allies and extradited anyone proven to be a "Deseret Deserter."

THE ATOMIC AGE

Now it's January, 1950. It's the beginning of the Atomic Age. Dr. Hellstromme runs his massive business from a robotic suit. His laboratories research nuclear energy, microwave power, clean fusion, and even space travel. Jobs are plentiful. The best and brightest from all over the world apply for Deseret citizenship or work visas. Deseret is booming.

So is the spy business.

The USA and CSA bought a lot of their weapons and technology from Deseret during World War I and II. It's not something they're happy about. Despite being allies, both nations have been spying on the Mormons—and Hellstromme Industries in particular—for years. The most famous spies of the "Old West" era were Nevada Smith for the North, likely a pseudonym, who was more successful in fighting supernatural evil than he was at espionage; and Edna Jacobs for the South, a grandmotherly baker who controlled a spy network that gave the South many technological secrets.

At the end of World War II, spies in the City of Gloom are more cosmopolitan. Russian, British, French, and Chinese agents prowl the streets of Junkyard, the taverns of the Steel Sky, or the tunnels of Down Under along with Americans and Confederates.

Dr. Hellstromme has a ruthless counter-espionage agency called Office 17 that hunts foreign or industrial operatives. In 1948, the wife of a fallen Prussian (read: Nazi) officer named Helga Von Steinhaus was promoted to Chief Security Officer of Office 17. She has been particularly diligent in tracking down spies. "Such measures are necessary when one is dealing with nuclear secrets," she is fond of saying to justify some of her more extreme reactions.

Officially, all spies (industrial or political) are considered enemies of Deseret and are subject to its justice system. Officially this includes the death penalty, but the Mormon federal judges are empowered to let the punishment fit the crime and only enforce capital sentences for the theft of nuclear secrets or something equally as egregious. Most spies or other enemies of the state who wind up before the judges have their property confiscated and are permanently exiled.



Unofficially, Office 17 turns over only the most token offenders. The rest disappear into secret facilities where they are tortured for their own secrets, turned as double agents, or used as test subjects for Hellstromme's latest devices. The City of Gloom is a modern and progressive state, but beneath this polished surface, Dr. Hellstromme is still the same evil, driven Servitor of the Reckoners he's always been.

LIFE IN THE CITY OF GLOOM

The City of Gloom has many different feels. Salt Lake City is a prosperous post-war town with a good economy, a booming downtown, and white picket fences in the growing suburbs. This prosperity has greatly helped the Church of Latter Day Saints put its more draconian image in the past. At this time most people think of it as a modernized island in the desert—a paragon of technology and progress in the distant west, especially compared to the still relatively rough and tumble towns such as Las Vegas, Phoenix, Lost Angels, Houston, or Denver.

The pall of smoke that once hung over Salt Lake City has mostly been done away with thanks to air pollution reforms that took place around 1920. All factories are required to use filters to cull out 90% or more of their fumes. On a calm day the collective remains can still

blot the sky, but with even a light breeze the Deseret sun easily finds its way down to the city streets.

Water quality is also far better than it used to be. Sludge Creek runs clear these days thanks to new filtration systems installed in any factories that produce runoff. Irrigation canals from the surrounding mountains and desalinization plants along the Salt Lake produce additional fresh water so droughts are no longer the concern they used to be.

Deseret has not yet replenished its game. The salt rattlers that once roamed wild over the flats are greatly diminished and the mountains have been scoured almost clean of elk, wildcats, and other wildlife. A few remain, but their populations are now protected by laws and a small force of roving Forest Rangers.

The "Lamanites," as the Saints call the Indians, have mostly migrated off to reservations or been assimilated into the various American nations. A few small tribes still wander the mountains and flats of Deseret, mostly Paiutes, but they are few and far between.

Junkyard remains a mechanical nightmare of metal, sparking wires, steam-powered holdovers, and rusting pipes. There are a few passable living spaces in Junkyard, but most of the shanties or tenements are home to squatters and transients. Air does not circulate well beneath the haphazard stacks, crime is rampant, and poverty abounds. Many attempts have been made

to clean it up, but in essence, the surface streets of Junkyard and most of the lattice-work called the Steel Sky are for the desperate. The worst parts are the last resorts of the dysfunctional, the chronically poor, or the insane.

Since more prosperous Gentiles cannot affordably live in Salt Lake City and Junkyard is too dangerous, most non-Mormon workers live in the underground complex of tunnels called Down Under. The contrast between the “City of the Future” and Junkyard is immediately apparent. An electric monorail line runs through the tunnels and elevators to connect the various levels. Businesses and domiciles have electricity and running water, are a constant and comfortable 66 degrees, and are constructed with the latest materials and the most contemporary look.

Social reforms are also part of the environment Down Under. Citizens are expected to take part in neighborhood watches to keep crime at a minimum, and education is highly emphasized to produce new crops of scientists and researchers for the town’s various industries. Schools abound, teachers are well-paid (and under constant scrutiny to teach the latest scientific principles), and the median income is \$5,400—far above the North’s median income of \$4,100 or the South’s \$3,300 per household.

In short, the “City of Gloom” is one of the best places to live in the entire world.

SO WHAT’S THE CATCH?

Below the remaining mechanical nightmare of Junkyard, below even the cool, blue-tiled walls of Down Under, is Purgatory—Hellstromme’s largest and most secret lab. The fact that he has such a lab isn’t a particularly well-kept secret, but exactly what he’s doing there is.

Hellstromme’s previous trips to Hell to recover his wife’s soul haven’t gone well. The trip itself was difficult to achieve, the denizens of that fiery realm were resistant to his weapons, and when he finally battled his way into the abyss he could not single out his wife’s tortured spirit.

Purgatory, his “staging ground” for another trip to Hell, is dedicated largely to resolving these issues. Projects include opening gateways to the spirit world (also called the Hunting Grounds), extracting and then tracking spirits, and developing “death rays” that can affect manitous, spirits, and other ethereal beings both in this world and beyond.

Treacherous employees who reveal the secret research of Purgatory aren’t just killed—their souls are extracted from their bodies and subjected to *eternal*

torment at the hands of certain netherworld creatures Dr. Hellstromme has enslaved. Families of such victims, mercifully, are simply murdered. Treason is a rare crime among the trusted employees of Purgatory.

WHERE DO THE HEROES FIT IN?

Characters in the City of Gloom setting can be scientists, machinists, bloodsporters, security forces, or have any type of mundane profession. They don’t necessarily have to be detectives hired to take care of a particular situation. They can be drawn in by friendship, money, mutual interest, or simple circumstance.

Characters don’t need to have any specific loyalty for the *Atomic Noir* Plot Point Campaign either. It’s constructed in such a way as to bring very disparate types together.

If you’re going to run your own campaign, you may need to work with your players to give them a common background. If they’re going to be spies for the CSA, for example, they should be told so up front before they settle on characters loyal to the Mormons or the North.

What Happened to Scrappers: At one point in the city’s history, a process of “augmentation” became popular. Individuals would replace parts of their bodies with steam-powered contraptions designed to make them stronger, faster, or give them special abilities. Many of these “scrappers”—named after the scrap metal used in their augmentations—fought in the town’s “bloodsports” as well.

By 1900, the terrible side effects of augmentation became apparent. A scrapper named Ten-Ton O’Reilly went mad during an arena fight and literally tore his opponent limb from limb. He then stomped into the crowd and began dismembering patrons there as well. Soon after, augmentations were officially banned and the underground doctors rounded up, tracked down, and exiled after having all their worldly belongings and valuables confiscated.

There are a few scrappers still around—the government banned the installation of *new* hardware but couldn’t very well ask someone to remove their legs, arms, eyes, or steel-encased ribcages—but there are very few surviving and most are quite old at this point.

***“ANY SUFFICIENTLY ADVANCED TECHNOLOGY
IS INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM MAGIC.”***

—Arthur C. Clarke,
Science Fiction Author

CITY OF GLOOM

LOCATIONS

The City of Gloom is composed of three different areas—Salt Lake City, Junkyard, and Down Under. The factory smoke that gave the town its name is confined primarily to the Hellstromme Industries compound and a few private factories these days, so locals typically mean Junkyard when they refer to the City of Gloom. Outsiders rarely realize the separation.

SALT LAKE CITY

Population: 220,000

Fear Level: 1

The mayor of Salt Lake City is Earl J. Glade. He's a progressive sort primarily interested in environmental and agricultural issues such as dams and flooding. His detractors accuse him of avoiding confrontations with Hellstromme Industries but he sees it as keeping the peace with a company that has done his nation a lot of good despite a few "rough spots."

The Salt Lake City Police Department (SLCPD): The SLCPD is run by Chief of Police Joe Harrington, who is something of a contradiction to the rest of the otherwise upbeat and progressive government of Deseret. Harrington is a former Nauvoo Legionnaire (and a Danite as well). He's seen more than his fair share of evil and firmly believes in a prophecy Brigham Young shared with only a few confidants in the early days of Deseret. Young said that Dr. Hellstromme would one day bring about the destruction of not only Deseret—but of the world itself. Young believed it best to keep Hellstromme close by and attempt to change his ways and guide him toward a better fate rather than exile him. A few of Young's confidants took it upon themselves to kill the West's foremost inventor when it was clear Young's guidance wasn't taking... but ultimately all failed in the attempt. This advice has been passed down among the Danites for generations. Harrington wrestles with it—he'd rather just put a bullet in Hellstromme and be done with it—but he has his orders.

In fact, the cantankerous Harrington resents Hellstromme, Hellstromme Industries, the Wasatch Railroad, and anything else associated with them—including "those mad scientists who are constantly blowing up the city." His prejudice has spread to his senior detectives. They know patent scientists cause frequent mayhem, sometimes on a large and devastating scale. Any lawbreakers using patent

science or other infernal devices are likely to be treated very roughly by the SLCPD.

The detectives are even tougher on those clearly associated with the occult and other devilry—such as hucksters, grifters, and the Harrowed. Most of the world still denies the existence of the supernatural—at least publicly—but the detectives of the SLCPD are well-informed by over a century of dealing with such things and know how to deal with it.

Bank of Deseret: There are numerous branches of the state bank in and around Deseret. The main branch in Salt Lake City is said to hold *billions* in cash—both Mormon notes, as Deseret notes are called, and those from foreign governments waiting conversion. One of the reasons the bank has such high liquidity is because of the Mormon practice of "tithing." Officially, 10% of a Saints' income is supposed to be given to the church. In 1950, this is done automatically by a person's employer, and is part of a total 17% income tax. Those faithful who come by cash or make deals out of state typically bring their tithes directly to the Bank of Deseret to deposit.

The bank has the latest in patent science security and is *said* to be impenetrable. A few have tried but only a single raid in 1911 has been successful. More common are thieves who look for individuals bringing deposits to the church. These "deposit holdups" take place every few years despite increased police presence around the bank.

KHEL Television Station: The city's only independent television station is KHEL. It's not owned by Hellstromme Industries despite its call letters—a fact that irritates the good doctor to no end. KHEL focuses primarily on exposes by its two star reporters, Amanda Jane and Walter Brody, but its real money-maker with the youth audience is its late-night *Thriller Theatre*, which shows locally-made, original horror movies every Saturday at 10 p.m. *Thriller Theatre* is hosted by the Master, a vampiric-like host who is really Theodore Morris, a former Shakespearean actor who hates the role.

KSLC Television Station: The official news and broadcast station of Deseret is KSLC. Besides official reports and public service announcements, it licenses certain family-friendly shows from the USA and CSA such as the *Ed Sullivan Show* from New York City and *Tales of the Texas Rangers* from Houston.

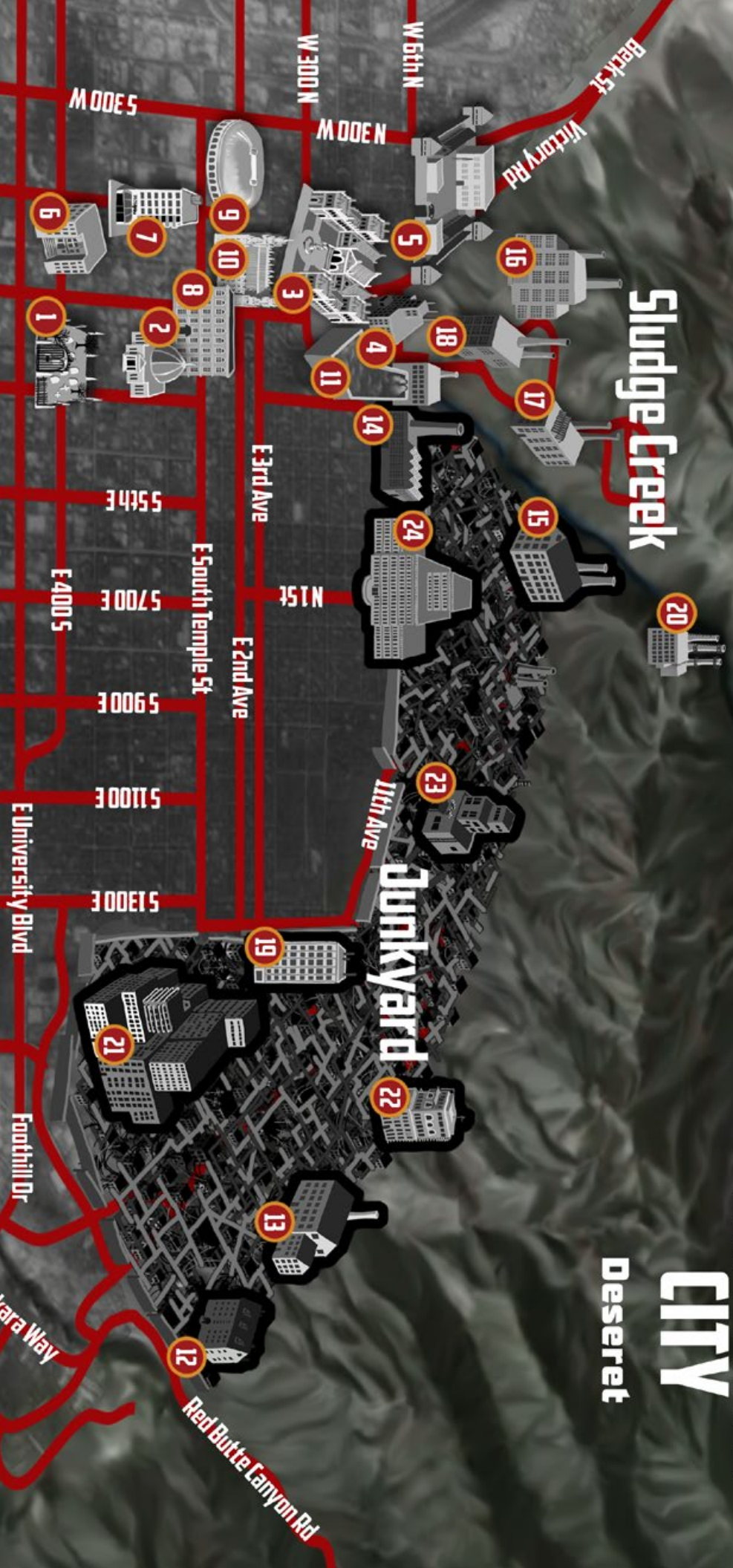
The staff of KSLC *hates* the KHEL "yellow journalists" with a passion. The two groups will do just about anything short of murder to one-up the other.

The Mormon Cemetery: Long-blessed and consecrated, the Mormon Cemetery is a place of

SALT LAKE CITY

Deseret

Sludge Creek



Places of Note in the City of Gloom

1. Cemetery
2. City Hall
3. Deseret University
4. Empire Mill
5. Fort Smith
6. Orphanage
7. Restful Arms
8. Salt Lake City Hotel
9. Tabernacle
10. Temple
11. Hellstromme's Water Purifier
12. Asylum
13. Granny Smith's Arms Factory
14. Hellstromme Industries plant #1
15. Hellstromme Industries plant #9
16. Hellstromme Industries plant #13
17. Hellstromme Industries plant #22
18. Hellstromme Industries plant #24
19. Salt Lake City Grand
20. Nichol's Ghost Rock Refinery
21. The Rathole
22. The Ledge
23. Monkeywrench
24. Worker's Hospital



peace and beauty—something rarely said about the graveyards of *Deadlands*. The markers in the cemetery are strange and varied. Some are small and made of iron, others are large with geometric shapes, and countless headstones have images of the Tabernacle or Temple engraved upon them.

City Hall: The daily functions of governance take place in this building. Mayor Glade's office sits on the top floor (the third story). Courts, clerks, and records are kept here and in several auxiliary facilities nearby.

City Jail: Small-time thieves and petty criminals are locked up here for periods of no more than a few weeks. Serious offenders might be held before being transported to the state penitentiary near Ogden.

Danwoody's Furniture Emporium: The Danwoody family has been selling furniture in Salt Lake City for over 70 years. The company overcame some early troubles to be the largest manufacturer of furniture across the nation. A large mantelpiece carved from solid oak rests above a fireplace in their showroom. It's not for sale and is spattered with dark stains. The employees say it was once haunted by some sort of terrible tree spirit, but whatever taint occupied the hardwood was long ago expunged by local heroes.

Deseret Café: An old café that mostly caters to an elderly crowd. Local writers also like to gather here and discuss their profession or the latest tales and rumors that might translate into more fodder for their stories.

Deseret News: *The Deseret News* is undeniably and unashamedly an organ of the church. Besides local news, it publishes shameful "black lists" of those who have violated Deseret's laws. The editor of the paper is Ronald C. Howard, a devout and loyal Saint who writes fiery editorials on the evils of over-industrialization and the constantly encroaching vice of the world outside Deseret.

Howard's only real competition is the *City of Gloom Sentinel* (COGS, for short), an underground newspaper that occasionally distributes anti-Mormon and anti-Hellstromme literature. COGS claims they are persecuted by the Deseret government and "relentlessly chased by Danites," but see their entry in Junkyard, page 161.

Deseret University: This state-sponsored school is very affordable and offers work programs for those less privileged students who want to attend. Standards are high, however, and whether one finishes or not he is still obligated to finish any work terms he agreed to in exchange for tuition!

A little over 15,000 students attend classes here. About two-thirds are Deseret natives while the rest

are from other sovereign states such as the USA, CSA, Mexico, Canada, or elsewhere. Of the 10,000 or so students, well over 95% are Mormons. Only 200 or so are from Junkyard or a few other Gentile settlements in Deseret.

Engineering is the number one major, with bachelors, masters, and PhD programs offered in all specializations.

Empire Mill: Once a functioning flour mill, this structure is now but a ruin. High school students frequently brave the tunnels and dare each other to spend the night in its "haunted" remains. Now and then an accident occurs, but so far nothing of a supernatural variety has emerged.

☠ **Sludge's Dark Heart (page 177):** A remnant of the creature called Sludge remains in the dark tunnels beneath Empire Mills.

Fort Smith: The Nauvoo Legion is stationed here. Most times there are about 500 men present (four companies plus support staff). The Legion engages in frequent training in the surrounding mountains, simulating defensive engagements against their neighbors to the north and south despite currently friendly relations.

The Green Room: The twelve members of the Council of Apostles and their appointed companions and aides are the only ones admitted to this historic club. Security is tight and a number of anti-technology devices, transmission scramblers, and other precautions are in place to allow members to speak freely.

Dr. Hellstromme's University for Orphans: The orphanage was plagued by a murderous school mistress in its early days. That building was torn down and its legacy erased from all public record. In its place in 1886, Dr. Hellstromme personally built a new building for the unfortunate children of Deseret who found themselves without parents.

The children are well taken care of, provided with free educations, and given jobs when they turn 14. Though some decry this as child labor, most of the children genuinely appreciate the apprenticeships and relatively high pay (most of which is put into a trust released to them when they turn 16—and are graduated out of the orphanage).

Restful Arms: A moderately-priced hotel run by the National Hospitality Corporation. The "NHC" is a shell company for the powerful PentaCorp group, a shadowy, international company that uses the hotel—and the microphones and cameras hidden within—to spy on its guests and steal or sell their secrets for themselves!

Salt Lake City Hotel: Sometime around 1875, a Shoshoni shaman was ejected from this luxury hotel. He cursed the place, and for years after guests suffered terrible nightmares. Business was bad until 1883 when a Mormon priest came and consecrated the grounds. The ceremony took and the hotel now offers one of the most blissful sleeping experiences a soul can ask for in the modern world.

Tabernacle: Construction on the Mormon Tabernacle began in 1850 and finished up around 1870. Gentiles may visit the building during off-hours and recruitment sermons or events, but it is otherwise reserved for the faithful.

The main hall is a large chamber encircled by an elevated gallery that leads to the organ loft and pulpit. About 9,000 Latter Day Saints can be seated here at any given time. The rest of the building contains smaller chapels, meeting rooms, offices, libraries, and storage.

Temple: The holiest building in Salt Lake City is off-limits to all but proven members of the Latter Day Saints. Recommended and endorsed members of the church may be married or baptized here. They also come for meetings, contemplation, and instruction.

Twilight Drive-In: The Twilight is a favorite for the city's teens. The Junkyard mayor's daughter, Cerce Mallory, can be found here frequently. Sci-fi movies are particularly well-attended.

Trouble Shooters Detective Agency: Shane Dale and Joe Frankovitch are two long-time friends who run this small detective agency in downtown Salt Lake City. Shane is a natural athlete and fighter with a silver tongue. Joe is patent scientist who prides himself on being able to overcome any problem with logic and science. On the surface they seem like competent but relatively ordinary private detectives, but their real specialty is taking down difficult and powerful people. Usually this is by outsmarting their prey—framing them or scamming them into ruin so that they leave town. The two never resort to murder.

Shane and Joe might be hired to take down nosey heroes by a powerful employer such as Dr. Hellstromme (through a third party, of course), the Danites, the Agency or the Rangers, or anyone else the heroes happen to cross. The pair and their shenanigans make a great alternative to simply another party of thugs out to kill the party—and greatly enjoy the challenge of playing cat and mouse games with their



SHANE DALE & JOE FRANKOVITCH

quarry. They're also smart enough to hire underlings without revealing their true identity, acting as virtual "Moriartys" against the actions of the player characters. Sometimes roughing a group up, especially after they've survived some other grueling encounter, is a great way to keep them off-balance and set them up for the next stage of some insidious plan.

SHANE DALE

Shane has the outward appearance of a hero, but his desire to prove his superiority over his prey has rotted his core. He has a twisted code of honor—he likes to give his quarry a fighting chance (or at least the illusion of one), and won't do anything that might appear as if he didn't.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d10, Spirit d10, Strength d10, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d6, Driving d8, Fighting d10, Intimidation d10, Investigation d10, Notice d8, Stealth d8, Streetwise d8, Taunt d10, Throwing d8

Charisma: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 9; **Toughness:** 7

Hindrances: Arrogant, Quirk (Likes to outsmart others), Overconfident, Stubborn

Edges: Alertness, Ambidextrous, Attractive, Brawler, Combat Reflexes, Counterattack, Danger Sense, Elan, Hard, Harder to Kill, Improved Block, Improved Level Headed, Improved Nerves of Steel, Investigator

Gear: Shane has access to just about any weapon he needs, but prefers to fight with nothing but brass knuckles (Str +d4).

DR. JOE FRANKOVITCH

Joe seethes with mad energy but rarely talks. It always seems like something's just bursting to get out of him, but all that energy is channeled into his devices. Most of his inventions are used to track and humiliate others. He has nothing but contempt for the common man and would not be able to attract clients if it weren't for his partner's charisma. The two work very well together, however, and are a dastardly duo when it comes to ruining the lives of their employer's targets—or anyone who crosses their paths.

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d12, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Driving d4, Fighting d4, Intimidation d6, Notice d8, Stealth d4, Weird Science d12

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Arrogant, Bad Eyes (Minor), Overconfident, Vengeful

Edges: Arcane Background (Patent Science), Danger Sense, Harder to Kill, Jack of All Trades, McGyver, Mr. Fix It, New Powers, Power Points

Powers: *Armor, blast, blind, bolt, boost / lower Trait, burst, confusion, darksight, deflection, disguise, slow, stun*; **Power Points:** 40

Gear: Besides whatever gizmos Dr. Joe has made, he always carries a small tool kit. He typically wears an electrostatic coat with the *armor* ability and carries a stun gun with the *stun* power.

Warwick's Books: One of the older businesses in Salt Lake City is Warwick's Books (formerly "& Manuscripts"). Alice Warwick is the youngest daughter (and last surviving) member of the Warwick family who opened it 80 years ago. Alice's near 90-year old body may be frail but her mind is sharp as a knife. She knows every inch of the store and the location of every one of the 50,000+ books on hand.

Alice keeps a small number of particularly strange books in a hidden walk-in floor vault behind the counter. Numerous editions of *Hoyle's Book of Games* can be found here, as well as early versions of the Book of Mormon, the Necronomicon, and other extraordinary texts.

Warm Springs Sulphur Baths: An expensive treat (\$2 per hour) awaits those who visit these hot springs. The water is murky and muddy, but that's part of the treatment. A 30 minute visit relieves all Fatigue, no matter the source.

Wasatch Motors: This is the headquarters of Deseret's largest commercial vehicle dealer. There's a showroom on the premises, and numerous lots scattered around town. Wasatch Motors sells some "imports," including Buicks, Fords, Packards, and the like, but are most famous for their line of church-endorsed vehicles named after angels—the Michael, a fast, heavy sports car; the Gabriel, a family station wagon; and the Uriel, a large, sturdy off-road vehicle something like a large jeep.

Wasatch Rails Depot: Hellstromme's railroad is still privately owned despite frequent attempts by Deseret to nationalize it. A large depot and crossing yard sits in the eastern part of town. A central passenger station is downtown.

JUNKYARD LOCATIONS

Population: 30,000

Fear Level: 3

All the prosperity of Deseret hasn't changed Junkyard much. It remains as dirty, crowded, and polluted as it was when it first sprang into existence

THE SONS OF SITGREAVES

R. Percy Sitgreaves wasn't the first "mad scientist" to figure out his power came from a combination of natural and unnatural sources, but he was the first in the US to codify it. In the 1870s, Sitgreaves hid coded hexes in the Smith & Robards catalogs of the era in an attempt to share this knowledge with those smart enough to figure it out. He was slain by a creature he called "the gorgon," but his legacy lives on.

These days, the Sons of Sitgreaves is in a bit of flux. In previous decades, the membership had generally been focused on developing their power for the good of mankind. To most, that meant keeping Dr. Hellstromme and anyone affiliated with him far away. But over the years, more and more members either came from Hellstromme Industries or eventually went to work there.

This caused the secret society to fracture and become insular to the point where only a handful of members remain.

There are perhaps a dozen Sons of Sitgreaves left, including Amelia Smith of Smith & Robards, a fellow who goes by the name "Dr. Crypdex," Dr. Martin Riggs, and Dr. Alger Gregson (who perishes at the beginning of the first Plot Point in the *Atomic Noir* campaign).

Dr. Hellstromme and most of his top scientists know of the Sons of Sitgreaves but think little of them. Most have known of the supernatural connection for years...if not decades.

The Sons make excellent patrons for the player characters. They can be used as sources of information or gear in a pinch, or to start the party along on a Savage Tale.

in the early 1870s. Crime is sporadic but common—but so is capture and punishment. The Salt Lake City Police force charges into Junkyard like gangbusters whenever crime begins to slip its borders, but they otherwise prefer to stay out and let the "animals" fight among themselves.

Junkyard has its own mayor who is elected every two years by the people of Junkyard and Down Under. The church has veto power over the election, but has yet to exercise it.

THE MAYOR OF JUNKYARD

Back in the 1870s, a party of adventurers led by Sydney Mallory came to town. Syd was a demon in a steam wagon and anything else that rolled across the land or flew across the sky. She and her friends defeated Briny, the giant squid that terrorized the Salt Lake, entered and won a Skullchucker tournament (see **Skullchucker**, on page 166), chased out a serial killer named the Butcher and another called Black Hands, helped a young gal named Stacey O'Malley form a Junkyard labor union, burned a collection of haunted paintings, reclaimed the mechanically malfunctioning monsters called "alleycats," saved an orphanage, shut down the notorious Dr. Gash, and even put down an automaton revolt in '88.

If that wasn't enough, when a horde of nosferatu threatened the city, Syd and her amazing heroes flooded the city and lured them into it—just as Brigham Young and his "Black Chaplains" consecrated the water! The entire horde died—as well as a passel of things no one even knew existed—and to follow it up they tracked the master nosferatu down to its lair at Skull Cave and staked it too!

The amazing Captain Mallory and company vanished by 1900. Some say a killer named Stone was on her trail and put her down out in the desert somewhere. Others claim they last saw her on her custom velocipede herding a pair of devil bulls toward the Salt Flats, whooping and hollering the whole way. (You can find the truth on page 179.)

Whatever happened to her, a few years later, a young woman named Megara Mallory came to town and claimed to be Syd's daughter. Meg proved to have her mother's knack for machinery and became a well-known vehicle engineer. Several of her designs were used for tanks in World War I and World War II.

This success, and her ability to fight for Junkyard without being ostracized by the Mormons or Dr. Hellstromme, got Meg elected as mayor of Junkyard in 1948. It's not an office she truly desires, but she realizes the good she can do in her current position and does everything she can to keep Junkyard moving forward.

Junkyard's mayor isn't officially recognized by the church since it's really just a large district of Salt Lake City, but the Council of Apostles and Mayor Glade are very happy to have Meg in charge and handling Junkyard's problems and they tend to treat her with respect.

Meg's only real trouble is her daughter Cerce ("Cee" for short). Cerce is bright, intelligent, and rebellious as an angel in Hell. She has the same knack for vehicles her mother and grandmother displayed, but seems far more interested in racing across the Salt Flats to beat the land speed record (she holds it) than engineering. (Cerce is encountered in the Savage Tale *Legacy of Speed*, on page 178.)

The Asylum: Once a sort of prison for the mentally deranged, the Asylum has since become a sort of gentleman's club for patent scientists. The former dark history of the place has been glossed over in favor of style and class. A few tongue-in-cheek reminders remain, such as the drink menu which features Lobotomies, Shock Therapy, and Straitjackets, all served by wait staff dressed in doctor's and nurse's uniforms.

⚙️ **Credentials (page 171):** The club asks the party to do an independent background check on a new applicant to their club.

City of Gloom Sentinel (COGS): Jason Croaker is a former Mormon who exposed one of Dr. Hellstromme's many illicit activities in 1942. This was the middle of World War II and the Saints were in no mood for dissent—especially against the man whose inventions were winning the war for the Allies. Croaker quit the church and moved to Junkyard later that year where he now publishes the *City of Gloom Sentinel*. He fancies the paper as Deseret's own version of the infamous *Tombstone Epitaph*, but his anti-Mormon and anti-Hellstromme rhetoric often clouds his judgment (even when based in truth).

Digby's Devices: Dr. Lash Digby is actually Dr. Seth Davis, a patent scientist who learned the secret of the Reckoners a few years ago. The deranged inventor then began developing devices intended to cause trouble and placate the manitous that spoke to him.

The Sons of Sitgreaves (see sidebar) found out about Davis' devices and sent a team to shut down his New York operations—permanently. Davis killed them all, but not before they revealed the secret organization that hired them. Davis knew the Sons had never seen him, so he faked his death, moved to Deseret, and now pretends to be Dr. Lash Digby, a harmless patent scientist selling simple devices to the everyday man.



As Digby, he's slowly infiltrating the scientific community. He's a master manipulator who makes friends easily. He's shown a romantic interest in both Mayor Mallory and Amelia Smith (of Smith & Robards), but his real plan is to infiltrate the Sons of Sitgreaves, discover all their identities, and make them pay. Then he'll see about getting back to the business of serving his dark masters.

Granny Smith's Arms Factory: Granny Smith was one of Joseph Smith's wives with a talent for arms making. An exception to early Mormon law, she was allowed to open her own business and became quite wealthy for the quality and uniqueness of her weapons. These days the factory is a corporation run by a board, but Granny's portrait sits above the mahogany of the Executive Conference Room...always watching.

The company's marketing department distanced itself from the "Granny" moniker during the '30s, but with the success and empowerment of women (such as "Rosey the Riveter") during World War II, the new marketing team has embraced her image again. Billboards around the world proclaim that "Tough Guys Rely on Their Granny," and feature a number of well-known movie actors, war heroes, and other celebrity endorsers wielding the latest Granny Smith firearm.

⚙️ **Big Iron (page 175):** An inventor in Junkyard has been spotted with a strange weapon. Granny Smith's R&D department would love to take a look at it.

Hellstromme Industries, Limited: Deseret's most famous convert owns this large compound of multiple factories. What's produced in each of its buildings changes frequently, but has included everything from trains to tanks to planes and more mundane items such as electric razors, ghost rock fuel cylinders, and toys.

One of the few constants is Plant #24, the "Power Plant." It supplies electricity to the rest of the plants, all

of Salt Lake City, Junkyard, Down Under, and several outlying towns. Since 1943 the plant's already high security has been increased. Some say Hellstromme is on the verge of harnessing nuclear energy to produce cleaner and more efficient power than the current ghost rock-fueled process.

The Junkyard Grand Hotel: The Grand was not well built when first constructed in the 1870s, but it has since undergone several renovations as Junkyard prospered.

Junkyard Projects: Formerly the A. Warren's Apartments, or more colloquially, "the Rathole," the projects are one of the few places Deseret shows its roots as the "City of Gloom." There are 1,412 units in the three buildings of the projects, stacked high atop each other as cheaply and efficiently as possible.

Residents are typically new Gentile immigrants to Deseret who haven't worked their way up into the better-paying wage brackets (it usually takes about a year for average workers). Others run the gamut from the genuinely lazy to the disabled to those who have run afoul of their employers and are between jobs.

The projects have power but its lines are unstable so lights blink frequently, ovens go on and off, and residents use electric devices at their own risk. Fires are frequent and the projects are rife with crimes of opportunity.

❖ **Missing Persons (page 172):** One of the party's acquaintances asks for help in finding a lost servant.

The Ledge: Bloodsporters and their fans are the usual clientele in this bar high atop the Steel Sky. It gets its name from the open balcony that extends over the street five stories below. Over the many decades the Ledge has been open, dozens of customers have jumped, fallen, or been pushed off the ledge. A few have managed to complete "the jump" and grab onto one of the many pipes, banners, or other purchases on the way down. These lucky souls are usually treated to free drinks and celebrations. Most, however, wind up at the Worker's Hospital or the Junkyard Cemetery.

❖ **The Legacy of Speed (page 178):** The investigators find a discarded piece of paper that leads to a race in the desert and an introduction to Cerce Mallory, daughter of Mayor Meg Mallory.

SKULLCHUCKER

Skullchucker is played on a 32 yard wide by 44 yard long field, typically of dirt, sand, and patchy grass. Two 4' tall platforms are set into each long end, and a 4' deep circular pit sits at the very center. On each platform, and in the center pit, is a skull-shaped statue with a 1" diameter mouth—this is the "goal."

Each team has their own ball (it used to be an actual skull, but these days it's a heavy, three pound medicine ball, typically emblazoned with the team's logo, a screaming skull, etc.). The object is for each team to get their ball into the other's goal for 3 points or the center goal for 1 point. A team can also steal the enemy's ball and put it in their goal for 5 points (the enemy's ball doesn't score in the center goal). The game is reset after each score, and the first team to 21 wins.

A match starts with a pistol shot from the referee, who typically watches from scaffolding ten feet or so above the fray where he's less likely to be injured. Team members must start in contact with their goal, then can spread out after the gunshot. Typically, the team captain stays at the team's podium with the skull until he sees an opening, then darts off to score.

Each team has five members. Two are "skullcrackers" who cannot touch their own team's ball (but can use their weapons to hit it), but can pick up the enemy's ball. Three players are "skullchuckers" who can pick up and score with either ball (though they may never have two balls at once). If they do, the round stops and a point is awarded to the opponents.

Skullchuckers may not carry weapons, but skullcrackers may use any sort of blunt weapon they like (staves and clubs are most popular). All players wear armor that provides +2 protection against blunt attacks.

As of 1945, serious injury or death immediately stops the game and results in an immediate loss for the aggressor, so players must self-regulate their performance. (Assume non-lethal damage is inflicted unless a character says otherwise.) That said, it's still a violent and bloody game. The Saints have just prohibited outright savagery and murder.

The Monkey Wrench: This bar caters to machinists, mechanics, and other hands-on technical workers from Junkyard. Inventors and other “white collar” types tend to go to the Asylum instead (see 165).

Vanessa Hellstromme Worker’s Hospital: In the early days the Worker’s Hospital was known as a virtual abattoir. Employees of the various plants who were mutilated in the factories, contracted ghost rock fever, or simply came down with some more natural affliction left in far worse shape—usually feet first.

In 1920, after pressure from various labor unions, Dr. Hellstromme bought out the hospital, fired the entire staff, and paid massive bonuses to the best doctors of the USA and CSA to take up residence. Within three years the hospital was known as one of the best trauma centers in the Americas. Hellstromme put his long-dead wife’s name on the building and turned his attention back to other matters. In 1950, the tradition continues. The staff is beginning to show its age a bit, but they are also highly experienced.

The reputation of the hospital was so high that the Mormons attempted to annex it in 1932. No express intent was declared to treat only Saints, but the Gentiles saw it as such and went on strike throughout Junkyard. Many Saints did the same, and the hospital remained officially part of Junkyard serving anyone in need. Saints certainly get preferred treatment on occasion and lower rates, but no more so than anything else in the city. As importantly, no one is ever turned away for life-threatening injuries. The hospital works out payment or work plans with the impoverished, and charities frequently donate to the Indigent Fund as well.

Of course, ghosts of the previous victims are frequently said to haunt the grounds.

Oreways: A series of conveyor belts once ran up and down the sides of the Wasatch Mountains. These days most of the oreways have been dismantled in favor of modern transportation such as trucks for the ore and buses for the miners who used to use the dangerous oreways to get to their mines.

Sewers: The sewers service Junkyard and Down Under. They clogged with refuse from nearly a century despite frequent attempts to clean them. The Fear Level here is 5.

⊗ **Alligators in the Sewers (page 173):** Rumors abound of an albino alligator running rampant in the sewer. It may have even killed a sewer worker. The *Deseret News* offers a \$100 reward for a photo of the creature, or \$300 for its carcass.

Skullchucker Arena: The Saints disapprove of so-called “blood sports” in general, but the popularity

of “skullchucker” is high and it’s a good outlet—some believe—for the sometimes cruder residents of Junkyard. The stadium is brand new, having just been completed at the end of 1949. It seats 20,000 and has four camera balconies around the corners to televise matches via KHEL. See the sidebar for rules. The local team is the Junkyard Dawgs. There are three other teams in Deseret, and six “national” teams from places like Houston (the Crushers) and Chicago (Slaughters). All teams have satellite headquarters in Deseret and are therefore allowed to compete in the league—as long as they pay their annual dues and tithe 10% of their earnings to the Saints as Deseret corporations.

⊗ **The Fix (page 174):** A local bookie seeks to blackmail the captain of the Junkyard Dawgs.

Sludge Creek: Long ago this river was so polluted it turned to sludge. In fact, it turned to “Sludge,” coming to life as an acidic, sentient being that killed hundreds until it perished in 1889 when Captain Sydney Mallory and Brigham Young flooded the city and blessed the water.

Or so it appeared. Sludge was indeed forced into a dormant stasis for years, but a chunk of it remains alive beneath the ruins of the Empire Mill (see 161).

Steel Sky: The gantries, walkways, and elevated buildings above the streets of Junkyard are collectively called the Steel Sky. Vagrants, thieves, smugglers, and spies continue to use these ever-changing pathways to get into places they shouldn’t or to hide from the authorities.

DOWN UNDER LOCATIONS

Population: 75,000

Fear Level: 1

Down Under consists of two levels of newly-renovated, highly-organized, well-lit tunnels. The first level runs the length and breadth of Junkyard above. The second, deeper level expands those boundaries by roughly a third.

Each level is divided into “districts,” named after elements—such as the Gold, Boron, or Helium Districts. The only exception is the central downtown area in the middle of each level. The upper downtown is called Uptown, and the lower is Downtown.

A central monorail, collectively called “the tube,” runs along the length of each level. Six stations scattered along the line allow passengers to embark, disembark, or ride an escalator or elevator up or down a level.

The center of each level consists of shops, businesses, and control stations for Down Unders’ air circulation stations, power, sewer, water, natural gas, and other

necessities. Further away from the center are homes for the non-Mormon middle class.

Homes in Down Under are usually rented. A one-bedroom, 800 square foot domicile (or “dom”) goes for \$200 a month. A 2-bedroom, 1200 square foot home is \$250, and a 3-bedroom dom lists at \$300.

Antonio’s: A high-end Italian restaurant in upper Down Under.

Atomic Café: A family-oriented diner with a modern, “city of tomorrow” theme. They’re best known for their breakfasts, burgers, chili dogs, and pie.

Center Street: Located in upper Down Under, Center Street is a long walk full of unique shops, cages, and specialty businesses. In the center is a small park filled with playground equipment and benches, making it a popular spot for families with small children.

Center Street Arcade: The Center Street Arcade has skee-ball and pinball machines. The arcade is only open from 4 p.m. to 6 p.m. on weekdays—just after school lets out until dinner time. That gives the children a break after their long day of studies but gets them home in time for the family meal.

City of Tomorrow Malt Shop: Floats, malts, and locally made ice cream are all on the menu here. Most sell for 10 cents and come with a bendy straw and a smile from Emil Broclaw, the owner, or one of his teenage servers.

The most popular pinball machine right now is “Return of Briny,” a campy, horror-themed game based on the legendary monster of the Great Salt Lake—a giant brine shrimp.

Down Under Youth Academies: The Youth Academies are separated into Primary, Middle, and High Schools, and educate the children of Down Under (and Junkyard). Technically, they are secular, but some mandatory religious traditions give students at least a passing familiarity with Mormonism, and many of them eventually wind up becoming Latter Day Saints.

Admission to the schools is free, with teachers being paid by taxes and various initiatives. School staff are well-paid but tested and graded annually. Teachers who do not pass are terminated immediately and *for life*. This was one of Hellstromme’s demands for building the schools in the first place. If Deseret was going to flourish in the centuries he expected to live there, he demanded its citizens become more and more educated.

Hellstromme Hydroponics: Four acres of hydroponically grown crops fill a massive, tiered compound between the two (known) levels of Down Under. Food produced from here is healthy and

reasonably tasty. Hellstromme Industries’ public relations people claim this as a great experiment in the future feeding of an overpopulated world, but in truth, Hellstromme is perfecting a sustainable nourishment system for extended travel—such as an expedition into space, or the bowels of the Abyss.

The Pit: Named after the former Junkyard gladiatorial arena, the Pit is a popular bar located in a round quarry-style section of lower Down Under. Manager types from the City of Gloom’s local factories and businesses are common here. The original Pit has long been closed and boarded over.

Radium District: For once, the naming of this district wasn’t ironic. It was originally to be the Sulphur District but when radium was found in quantity it was sealed off and mined. Unfortunately, over 300 prefabricated underground homes had already been built in this large section, all of which had to be written off when the radioactive element was found and the district renamed.

⊗ **“The Eyes! They Glowed!” (page 180):** A few vagrants don’t really understand the dangers of radioactivity and have taken up residence in the abandoned apartments of the Radium District. Johnny Burns has lost his dog Spot near there and went looking for him. His mother, Jenny Burns, begs the heroes for help.

Sutter’s Steakhouse: This pricey steakhouse serves some of the best beef in the West. It’s also very dark and very private—the perfect meeting place for business deals or attempting to poach star employees away from other companies.

Thermal Generators: Hellstromme Industries introduced these deep-drilled thermal generators in the 1890s. They produce clean geo-thermal heat and energy to supplement that coming from the power plant in Junkyard.

Power has been somewhat unreliable in recent months, however. Technicians from the Hellstromme Industries say there are shorts in the deepest cables, but the truth is the good doctor himself has been siphoning off power to open a portal to Hell in the secret compound hundreds of feet below (see page 197).

U-Marts: The “Underground Markets” are a chain of grocery and dry goods stores scattered throughout Down Under. They’re clean, efficient, and reasonably priced.

CITY O' GLOOM ENVIRONS

Population: Less than 5,000

Fear Level: 3

Copper Quarries: One of the largest copper quarries in the entire world is found in Bingham Canyon a few miles west of Salt Lake City. In the beginning copper was extracted via traditional mines, but in the modern era, the copper is quarried out, forming a massive pit in the Utah mountains.

The small town of Copperton is a way-station between the quarry and Salt Lake City, and has a population of a few thousand Gentiles and Saints.

Corrine: Corrine is an isolated near-ghost town north of Ogden. Prior to the turn of the century it was a bustling town for Gentile prospectors, railroaders, and mercenaries of the Great Rail Wars. When the Denver-Pacific line was bought out by Wasatch Railroad and rerouted, Corrine all but died.

Now a few exiles and outlaws hide out in the hills around Corrine. The Nauvoo Legion uses "Corrine patrols" to give their new recruits some minor experience but the bandits have so far eluded capture. See the *Plot Point Revelations* on page 189 for more details on the outlaws who dwell in these parts.

Devil's Canyon: The *Tombstone Epitaph* rightly claims an Aztec priest and his followers once fled through this canyon to escape pursuing conquistadors. In order to escape, the Aztecs hid their sacred golden artifacts in a deep cave and sacrificed one of their own as a horrible undead guardian. The thing turned into a vile nosferatu and slowly created its own brood within the cave. Hundreds of years later, the Black Chaplains caught wind of the evil and led the Nauvoo Legion in a raid to destroy the things. They were only partially successful—the sire survived and the treasure remained unfound.

The furious "Master" rampaged through the local Paiute Indians and created a new and larger brood that began to march on Salt Lake City itself. The locals were told these were enraged Indians hopped up on peyote and other strange herbs, but anyone who came face-to-face with them knew better.

Adventurer Sydney Mallory worked with the Black Chaplains and Brigham Young himself to lure the entire nosferatu clan into town, flooded it, and then blessed the water—killing the entire clan all at once in 1880. But the treasure was never found.

☸ **The Treasure of the Aztecs (page 176):** The Aztec's treasure wasn't recovered because it's in the nosferatu's true lair, a flooded chamber deep within the mine.

Gentile Cemetery: The people of Junkyard know better than to bury their dead too close to town. While few would admit they believe in ghosts, ghouls, vampires, or all the other things rumored to rise from graveyards, everyone is happy to have the cemetery far from their home.

Great Salt Lake: This massive salt-water lake covers nearly 1,700 square miles during the rainy seasons, and is far more salty than sea-water. It is shallow throughout its length with an average depth of 15 feet and no recorded depth greater than 25-30 feet.

The lake's salt comes from the remains of prehistoric Lake Bonneville millions of years ago, and is constantly fed via runoff from the surrounding region. Few fish live in the lake, but marsh birds feed off the brine shrimp and insects that thrive there.

☸ **Monkey Sea, Monkey Do (page 180):** An entrepreneur named Milton Levine has been prowling the lake shores looking for descendants of the creature called "Briny," a massive, carnivorous brine shrimp said to have been captured by Captain Sydney Mallory over half a century ago.

Jinx's Roadhouse: Between Salt Lake City and the Salt Flats is a bar that caters to the growing number of biker gangs roaming North America. It's currently frequented by the Hell Hogs and the Road Runners, two groups who constantly run afoul of the law.

The owner is Patricia Winchester, but everyone calls her Jinx. She's a tough gal with short black hair, heavy eye makeup, and a thing for bikers and black leather. Her bouncers, Milt and Earl, handle most problems. When they can't, Jinx has often been able to use a little sex appeal to get most fights taken outside. See page 187 for more detail on the Hell Hogs and Road Runners.

Long Drop Canyon: This crevasse is a 200 foot deep crack in the mountains east of the city. Some lone throwbacks to the Old West still pan for gold in Long Drop, which gets its name from the narrow trails and steep ravines that cause many to fall to their deaths.

The Overlook Hotel: A family of Whateleys lived in this mountain-top inn up until the end of the 19th century. Mysterious events surrounded the family. Rumors of mutation, devil worship, and inbreeding finally caused a mob to storm and set fire to the place. The wood—which seems brittle and dry—for some strange reason did not burn well and most of the hotel still stands.

☸ **Something Survived (page 177):** Not all of the Whateley spawn left the Overlook.

Salt Flats: The massive Salt Flats were once the hunting grounds of packs of great salt rattlers. The worms have been hunted to near-extinction but occasionally a traveler claims to see their tracks, or more rarely, a worm itself.

The wrecks of a few old worming vessels—landships propelled by steam and wind across the flats—dot the white plains. Locals proudly point to photographs of these vessels as proof that the monsters existed, a fact sometimes disputed by modern skeptics.

Skull Canyon: So-named for the skull-like wall at the far end, the nose and eyes are merely dark impressions in the rock, but the mouth is a deep cave that leads far beneath the Wasatch Mountains. The labyrinthine caverns at the end of Skull Canyon lead to breeding chambers for the Salt Rattlers and their ancient king—as well as a new breed of prototype worm-man! The caverns also lead to Hellstromme's hidden labs beneath Down Under—and must be traversed to conclude the *Atomic Noir* Plot Point campaign! See the Plot Point *To Hell (And Back?)* on page 191 for more information.

Smith & Robards: From 1871 to about 1910, Smith & Robards was the preeminent mail order service for the entire West. They specialized in “infernal devices” and

other cutting-edge gizmos of the “new science” (most called it “mad science”). Smith & Robards wasn't just known for their wares—they specialized in its rapid delivery via train, steam wagon, or even ornithopter or auto-gyro. Many factions of the so-called Great Rail Wars relied on overnight deliveries of Gatling guns, diving suits, or clockwork demolers when facing some unexpected threat in the badlands of the West.

Smith & Robards traveled to Salt Lake City to meet Dr. Hellstromme but became rivals rather than partners. Undaunted, the pair pooled their resources and built their first workshop on the top of a nearby mountain—which Robards named Mount Necessity (for it is the “mother of invention”). The pair flourished for half a century until Robards' unfortunate demise in 1904. The mountain-top compound had a private tramway that connected it to Salt Lake City far below. Something happened one wintry night and Robards' gondola crashed into the mountainside.

The curmudgeonly Smith became a recluse, claiming Hellstromme had sabotaged the cable and killed his partner. He died quietly sometime in 1909, though no funeral was ever held and no body was ever presented. Conspiracy theories abounded for several decades after, spurred on by the *Tombstone Epitaph* for the most part (a national newsrag specializing in the strange and bizarre).

By 1910, Smith & Robards was forced to downsize and consolidate. It's still in operation but is nowhere near the powerhouse it used to be. These days, access to the Smith & Robards compound is by road or rail. The tramway was never restored.

The current manager of the plant is Amelia Smith, granddaughter of Jacob Smith. Like Jacob, she is a brilliant inventor. Also like Jacob, she needs someone with business and marketing savvy like Sir Robards to truly restore the business to greatness—a partner she currently lacks.

More information on Amelia can be found in the Savage Tale *The Treasure of the Aztecs* on page 176.

"THE SECRET OF THE ATOM? CHILD'S PLAY. TRY UNLOCKING THE GATEWAY TO...OTHER WORLDS. OR UNDERSTANDING THE NEEDS OF A WOMAN'S HEART."

—Dr. Hellstromme,
Inventor

CITY OF GLOOM RANDOM LOCATIONS

When using the Case Generator in *Deadlands Noir* to construct tales science fiction and sorcery for the City of Gloom, substitute this table in Optional: Location.

Roll 1d6 and consult the table below:

1) Salt Lake City: Tales here often involve the Church of Latter Day Saints, political infighting, or matters the Mormons would like handled discretely.

2–3) Junkyard: An adventure in Junkyard features patent science, metal, machinery, and mayhem. A fair number of wealthy patent scientists live here and a great number of poor and factory workers.

4–5) Down Under: The middle class who occupy most of Down Under are mostly concerned with cheating spouses and typical private eye work. But the secret facilities, leaking radiation, and activities of the things that lurk even further beneath the soil occasionally rear their mutated heads as well.

6) Environs: Deseret boasts everything from the Great Salt Lake to deserts to forests. Scenarios here typically feature irradiated beasts escaping some Hellstromme Industries test range, forgotten mines and tunnels, outlaw biker gangs, or some wilderness abomination that managed to survive in the modern age.

SAVAGE TALES

Below are a number of short adventures you can insert between those of the Plot Point Campaign or your own creations.

CREDENTIALS

Hook: The Asylum, page 165.

Nadia Kubushina is posing as a scientist who was not taken seriously in the Soviet Union due to her “unfortunate” good looks. She’s looking for a more “enlightened” group of inventors to share knowledge with. To prove her bona fides, she arrived at the Asylum club a few days ago and presented the manager, Archie Wilcox, with a blueprint for a more efficient jet engine. She then turned on her high heels and went back to the Salt Lake City Hotel to await their reply.

In truth, Nadia is a spy—and a syker. She’s a natural in espionage, seduction, and powers of the mind. She uses her *mind reading* ability to fake her way through technical discussions—pulling answers from her victim’s mind.

A few months ago, the Soviets decided to aim Nadia at the most concentrated source of technological secrets in the entire world—the scientists of Deseret. Her first task is to infiltrate the Sons of Sitgreaves, learn their secrets, and share them with her handlers in the Soviet Union. Once she’s thoroughly plundered the Sons’ knowledge, she is to execute Phase II. Nadia will turn over their entire membership—including any affiliates—to Hellstromme’s Office 17 and use that to work her way into Wasatch Industries—where even more technology can be stolen.

SPIES LIKE US

A scientist who has come to trust the heroes, perhaps Dr. Riggs or Dr. Amelia Smith, approaches the party and says his club is looking for some trusted, independent agents to gauge the character of an applicant to their club. Previous members have all been natives so it was easy to gather information on them, but as Nadia is a stranger from another country, the club seeks a third party to tempt or test her in different ways and report the results. The Asylum wants members who are A) brilliant, B) trustworthy, and C) neutral (or even better, hostile) to Hellstromme Industries.

But Nadia did not enter North America undetected. Both the Agency and the Rangers were tipped off that a Soviet spy was headed toward the City of Gloom. It’s bad enough Dr. Hellstromme has the world’s most destructive technology. Neither nation wants to see his

secrets fall into Soviet hands, so they’ve sent teams to keep tabs on Nadia.

NADIA KUBUSHINA

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d12, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Driving d6, Fighting d8, Gambling d8, Healing d6, Intimidation d6, Investigation d10, Knowledge (Chemistry) d10, Knowledge (Engineering) d10, Knowledge (English) d6, Knowledge (History) d8, Knowledge (Weird Science) d10, Lockpicking d8, Notice d8, Persuasion d12, Piloting d6, Psionics d12, Repair d10, Stealth d10, Swimming d6, Throwing d6

Charisma: +4; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Cautious, Dark Secret (She is a Russian spy working for the Agency)

Edges: Arcane Background (Syker), Brave, Combat Reflexes, Dead Shot, Level Headed, Luck, Marksman, New Powers, Power Points, Thief, Very Attractive

Gear: Tokarev pistol with silencer (Range 10/20/40, Damage 2d6, RoF 1, Shots 8), wig.

Powers: *Blind, confusion, disguise, farsight, healing, invisibility, mind reading, puppet, slumber, telekinesis;*

Power Points: 30.

SOVIET AGENTS (4)

Nadia is being watched by a team of Soviet agents who have slipped into Deseret illegally. They watch her constantly, both to ensure her safety and to make sure she doesn’t have a change of heart.

Nadia is aware of their presence and knows how to contact them. She can also leave notes in dead drops if she wants someone eliminated without having an obvious track back to her. She also has access to poisons, explosives, money, or whatever else she may need through her handlers.

The agents operate out of a room in the Junkyard Projects, and have several stashes of cash, arms, and other equipment hidden in the Steel Sky, the sewers, and Down Under as well. There are four of these highly-trained agents, but they attempt to stay out of sight as much as possible and rely on hired help (who have no idea who they’re working for) for any dirty work they might require.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Driving d8, Fighting d8, Healing d6, Intimidation d6, Investigation d8, Lockpicking d6, Notice d8, Stealth d8, Streetwise d8, Swimming d6, Throwing d6, Tracking d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Cautious, Dark Secret (Spies), Loyal

Edges: Alertness, Investigator

Gear: 9mm (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6, RoF 1), other equipment as needed.

MISSING PERSONS

Hook: Junkyard Projects, page 166.

One of the party's patrons or contacts, perhaps one of the Sons of Sitgreaves or a party's Connection if one of them has that Edge, recently employed a promising new assistant, servant, or laborer named Jerry Bennet. Bennet didn't report for work yesterday and hasn't been heard from. He was known for his competency and the benefactor wants to make sure he's not ill.

Bennet lives at the Junkyard Projects. On arrival, the group asks around and is told people go missing from the Projects all the time. Bennet's neighbor, an elderly lady named Mabel, says she was complaining about the temperature (hot or cold depends on the time of year) and the kindly Bennet said he would go down into the boiler room to see what he could do. Mabel also adds that the Projects used to be called the "Rathole," and rumors are there are giant rats in the basement that sometimes abduct the weak. Bennet wasn't a big man, and she worries the vermin got him.

The boiler room is dark and frightening. Sure enough, near one of the furnaces is a tool belt and a streak of blood leading back into a maze of pipes. Following the blood trail requires crawling on one's belly beneath the pipes to a crack in the wall that is only slightly larger. From there a small tunnel winds for perhaps twenty yards before it comes to a chamber roughly five feet in diameter. In the chamber are piles of bones likely going back years, and the fresh, half-eaten corpse of Jerry Bennet.

Moments later, the spelunker hears something moving through the lower access tunnels—but they're not rats...they're young rattlers!

- **Young Rattlers (3):** See page 204.

Young rattlers are the "larval" stage of the great worms that once roamed the High Plains. They aren't actually rattlesnakes, of course. The large rattlers are so-named because they make the ground rattle as they approach.

BUT THAT'S NOT ALL

As one or perhaps two at most of the heroes are crawling down the rattler hole, Herbert Splunk, the building's maintenance man, shows up and asks what

the strangers are doing in his boiler room. Herbert seems suspicious and takes a look at the blood, then stands back and lets them get thoroughly engaged with the rattlers.

If Herbert is left alone with only one, or at most two, relatively non-threatening looking characters, he draws his heavy iron wrench—and whacks them over the head—exactly as he did Jerry Bennet and many other victims through the years!

Herbert worships the rattlers. They speak to him and tell him to bring them food. In exchange, they whisper nice things to him and treat him better than any of the terrible humans have ever done.

Herbert is ignorant but crafty. He only attacks when he has the Drop and believes he can put his prey down quickly and easily.

If Herbert doesn't reveal himself, people continue to go missing even if the rattlers are slain—there are always more of the larval gods. This might lead to Mabel or other residents asking the group to come back and help again.

The rattlers have fed on many unfortunates through the years. Anyone who digs through the bones can find 3d6 x \$10 in Mormon notes and another 2d6 x \$10 in personal effects such as pocket watches and gold teeth.

HERBERT SPLUNK

Herbert is a large man with blonde hair, an underbite, and a simple face. He wears dirty overalls with a tool belt.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d8, Strength d10, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d6, Notice d6, Repair d6, Stealth d8

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 7

Hindrances: Clueless, Dark Secret (Minion of the great worms)

Edges: Brawny, Bruiser, Improved Nerves of Steel

Gear: Heavy wrench (Str+d6, Medium Improvised Weapon, -1 Fighting, -1 Parry).

"YES, I UPPED THE AMPERAGE. WHAT'S THE WORST THAT COULD HAPPEN?"

—Dr. David McGuire (deceased),
Member of the Sons of Sitgreaves

ALLIGATORS IN THE SEWERS

Hook: Sewers, page 167.

The creature running around the sewers isn't an alligator, it's a *robotic alligator*. (Its metal hide looks whitish in the dim light.) Dr. Emanuel Strain created the thing and turned it loose into the sewers. He controlled its basic behaviors via remote and watched its actions with a camera mounted on its head. Unfortunately, he lost contact with the creature for a brief time and it killed a sewer worker. Dr. Strain severed the connection and destroyed the evidence in his lab before he could be charged with murder.

The alligator's last commands were to hunt—so that's what it does. It recharges by biting into power lines running through the sewers—a clue and a trail intrepid adventurers can find if they pursue it.

If the alligator is slain, Knowledge (Science) can be used to analyze some of the parts. Then Legwork might be used to track down who purchased some of those components in the last few months. That trail should lead directly to Dr. Strain—who might have built a new servant or weapon to protect himself should he feel he's about to be discovered.

Taking out Dr. Strain nets the group plans and schemes that automatically grant any patent scientists

in the group their choice of one new power, just as if they had taken the Edge.



DR. STRAIN

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d10, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Driving d4, Healing d4, Investigation d6, Notice d4, Piloting d4, Repair d10, Shooting d4, Weird Science d10

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 2; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Bad Eyes (Minor—wears glasses), Big Mouth, Curious

Edges: Arcane Background (Patent Science), Luck, McGyver, Mr. Fix It, New Powers, Power Points

Gear: Acetylene torch (melee weapon, 2d4 damage)

Powers: *Armor* (electrostatic work apron), *deflection* (apron attachment), *havoc* (electromagnetic grenade), *stun* (electroshock rod); Power Points: 20.



ELECTRIC ALLIGATOR

"Robo Gator" is 14' long and made of stainless steel (to prevent rust). It was created to clean the sewers of vermin and make Salt Lake City a better place, but Dr. Strain had yet to program any sort of target identification into it. It identifies targets purely by movement—it cannot otherwise sense or smell prey.



It's just smart enough to know things like waterfalls aren't alive, but otherwise ignores anything that isn't moving. It can also sense electrical impulses—which is how it recharges itself—and may see characters carrying electrical equipment as both prey and a source of electricity.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d12+2, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d4 (movement and power lines only), Stealth d10

Pace: 3; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 14 (4)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +4:** Robo Gator is made from stainless steel and meant to last!
- **Aquatic:** Pace 3. The construct isn't as agile as real alligators in deep water. It's made mostly for shallows.
- **Bite:** Str+d10, AP 2
- **Construct:** +2 to recover from being Shaken; no additional damage from called shots; does not suffer wound modifiers; immune to disease and poison.
- **Electric Sensors:** Robo gator senses movement and electricity directly through its "skin" via imbedded sensors. These not only give it a +2 to Notice to detect those effects, but anyone directly contacting its skin or hitting it with a metal conductor suffers 2d4 electrical feedback damage from the sensors.
- **Size +2:** The creature is over 14' long.

THE FIX

Hook: Skullchucker arena, page 167.

Betting on skullchucker isn't legal in Deseret but the law is rarely enforced, so fortunes are sometimes won or lost on big games. "Mooky" Jones, a local and well-known bookie, has found compromising pictures of the Junkyard Dawgs' team captain, Albert Ross. He's blackmailing Ross into throwing the big game with the Ogden Rattlers.

Assuming the party has become somewhat well-known, Ross asks the group to find out where Mooky hid the evidence and destroy it. Mooky exchanges a lot of cash with his clients, so he is constantly surrounded by a pair of well-trained and well-paid bodyguards.

He keeps the pictures of Ross (what they depict is up to you, Marshal) on his person, but likely pretends they're in a safe in his well-appointed condo in Down Under. If he's somehow taken away from his guards (or they're disabled), Mooky tells the group the pictures are in his safe and offers to hand them over. If the incorrect combination is entered into the safe, it triggers a trap that fills his entire apartment with fast-acting sleeping gas. Everyone must make a Vigor roll at -6 or fall unconscious to the floor. Mooky knows to hold his breath and runs for it.

Those who make the roll have held their breath, but since they weren't prepared have but two rounds before they must flee or take another breath (and roll again).

If Mooky escapes, he vanishes for a while until he can find some heavy hitters to take down the troublemakers.

MOOKY JONES

Mooky is a small, slim man. He typically wears a white collared shirt with the sleeves rolled up, suspenders, and a brown fedora.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Driving d6, Fighting d4, Gambling d10, Knowledge (Mathematics) d10, Notice d6, Persuasion d8, Shooting d4, Stealth d8, Streetwise d8

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 4

Hindrances: Greedy, Small

Edges: Rich

Gear: Little black book of wagers, '48 Ford, 3d6 x \$100 in cash.



MOOKY'S BODYGUARDS

Mooky keeps two bodyguards as permanent employee. Fred and Arnault wear black suits, black sunglasses, black fedoras, and like to engage in small talk and banter when intimidating anyone Mooky has asked them to lean on. Besides protecting their boss, they're occasionally called on to collect bets as well. For the latter they usually hire a gang of thugs to accompany them, both for additional protection and to keep a little distance should any laws be broken.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Driving d8, Fighting d8, Healing d6, Intimidation d10, Investigation d6, Notice d8, Persuasion d6, Shooting d8, Stealth d8, Streetwise d8, Taunt d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 8

Hindrances: Arrogant, Corrupt, Loyal (to each other first, then Mooky), Short Temper

Edges: Brawler, Combat Reflexes, Hardboiled, Nerves of Steel

Gear: Blackjack (Str+d4), .45 automatic pistol (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, RoF 1), 2d6 x \$10.



Hook: Granny Smith's Arms Factory, page 165.

A business development executive from Granny Smith's Arms contacts the party with a job. He's heard rumors of an inventor in Junkyard with some kind of miniature "rocket gun." The exec, John Manning, will pay a \$500 finder's fee if the group can locate the engineer and arrange an introduction.

George Verdon isn't an inventor—he's a hit man. He's here for the Chicago mob looking for a stoolie named Michael Turner. Turner ratted out the mob to the Agency then got put in witness protection in Indianapolis. Verdon found Turner there and killed his handlers in spectacular fashion, but the stool pigeon escaped and fled to Junkyard. He now goes by the name Rob Taylor. He trusts no one and has been hiding out in the Steel Sky, stealing food and other necessities to survive until he can figure out his next move. He's seen Verdon and knows he's the one who killed his handlers back in Indy.

Verdon prowls the shadows looking for Turner. He carries his trademark weapon, given to him by one of the mafia's pet scientists. It's a gyrojet pistol that launches shotgun shell-sized rockets. He won't take kindly to anyone looking for him, figuring them for Agents, Rangers, Danites, or friends of Turner's.

Verdon is staying at the Grand. He spends most of his days sitting in cafes or staking out the streets. By night he finds dark vantage points and uses his night vision goggles to scan the crowds for Turner.

MICHAEL TURNER (AKA ROB TAYLOR)

Rob is a young man who tried to make a move too quick. He wasn't actually trying to help the Feds—he was trying to take a powerful rival out of the picture and it backfired spectacularly.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d8, Driving d6, Fighting d6, Gambling d4, Notice d6, Shooting d6, Stealth d6, Streetwise d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 8; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Greedy

Edges: Acrobatic, Fleet-Footed

Gear: None.

GEORGE VERDON

George is a no-nonsense contract killer originally from Chicago. He's incredibly patient—willing to stand in a dark alley and watch for his prey for hours if needed. He isn't a patent scientist, but he likes gadgets that help him do his work.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Driving d8, Fighting d8, Healing d4, Intimidation d10, Investigation d6, Notice d8, Repair d4, Shooting d10, Stealth d10, Streetwise d8

Charisma: -6; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 8

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, Mean, Vow (He always gets his man—or woman, or child)

Edges: Assassin, Combat Reflexes, Dead Shot, Hardboiled, Harder to Kill, Improved Level Headed, Marksman, Trademark Weapon

Gear: Brass knuckles (Str+d4), gyrojet pistol (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d10, RoF 1, 6 shots, AP 2), .45 pistol (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, RoF 1), shotgun (Range 12/24/48, Damage 1-3d6, RoF 1), night vision goggles. The gyrojet pistol is experimental and subject to Malfunction just like any other patent science device. \$400 in US cash.

THE TREASURE OF THE AZTECS

Hook: Devil's Canyon, page 169.

Amelia Smith of Smith & Robards is privy to many secrets and legends of Deseret. She's lived here all her life and has many strange and interesting friends. One of her friends told her he read a diary by one of the Black Chaplains from the 1880s. The Chaplain, "Luke," claimed he and his three brothers destroyed a horde of creatures in the caverns at the end of Devil's Canyon. Legend says they had a master, and the legendary Sydney Mallory claimed to destroy it with Brigham Young's help in 1880. But the master's rumored lair, home to an Aztec treasure trove of gold that started the whole sad tale, was never found.

Amelia believes the lair was bypassed by the Chaplains and the Nauvoo Legion because it was in one of the cavern's flooded chambers. Amelia offers to name the suspected location of the treasure if the heroes will recover it and split whatever they find 50/50. She also volunteers the use of Smith & Robards' best underwater diving suits to the adventurers if they're willing to try and find the treasure.

Amelia will go as low as 75/25 if necessary. Smith & Robards is having a tough time these days and the expedition could prove as profitable as a publicity stunt as it might for the treasure itself.

Smith & Robards Diving Suit: These suits normally sell for \$2000. Air tanks provide four hours of oxygen under normal use. The suits are made from heavy canvas (Armor +1) and weigh 15 pounds. Helmets are made from metal but are much lighter than those used in previous decades (about 8 pounds). Optional metal boots may also be attached to provide additional weight for walking at half Pace under water (an additional 3 pounds each).

The diving suits are tried and tested patent science so Malfunctions are relatively rare. Should a character suffer a Malfunction when using the device, its Catastrophic Malfunction is an oxygen leak, which runs out in 2d6 minutes.

Amelia also provides climbing gear, water-tight flashlights, and any other mundane equipment the spelunkers might need.

The water in the tunnels isn't particularly deep or cold, so divers can just wear the helmet if they want. As long as they stay upright the air pumped in remains inside. If they're Shaken or suffer some other mishap, however, the helmet loses its air and the diver is on his own!

THE TUNNELS

Fear Level 4

The tunnels at the end of Skull Canyon are long, winding, and filled with moldy bones, shell casings, and other signs of old battle. There are multiple flooded chambers, all filled with dark, brackish water. None of the tunnels are wide enough for more than one character to enter at once, and some are dead ends and tight squeezes that invite disaster for careless explorers.

Amelia's map steers the group to one particular section, but there are six different holes that might lead to the master's lair. After exploring a few of the holes, the investigators find a 20' diameter chamber 12' below the



surface of one. Light glints off silt-covered golden artifacts scattered about the floor—the Aztec treasure! Unfortunately, surprises lurk above as well. Suspended upside down in four 2' diameter holes are dormant nosferatu. They slumber in their confined lairs, just out of sight of anyone who might look inside. The moment the gold is touched, the things awaken and swim to the attack. The nosferatu are feral and wild and won't retreat for any reason. Assuming the heroes have watertight flashlights, the enraged nosferatu use the Wild Attack maneuver to attempt to hit those first (so they are even on their attack roll but suffer a -2 to their Parry). If the light is dropped, assume it turns off until picked up and turned on again.

The treasure consists of heavy gold idols crafted in the likeness of various Aztec gods and symbols. It weighs over 200 pounds and can be sold by those with excellent contacts (such as Amelia or characters with the Rich Edge) for around \$120,000 if the historical objects are left intact. Those without such contacts find the haul to be worth about \$60,000, or \$50,000 if the gold is melted and the gems extracted.

- **Nosferatu (1 per Hero):** See page 203.

SLUDGE'S DARK HEART

Hook: Empire Mill, page 161.

Dr. Peter Heathrow is a patent scientist specializing in chemistry. His most promising invention so far has been incredibly strong glue. Unfortunately for him, Dr. Heathrow has not yet been able to find a solvent to *dissolve* the glue.

One of Heathrow's friends remembered reading about the terrible effect Sludge Creek had on the unfortunate bodies of those who "drowned" in it before it was cleaned up by Hellstromme Industries. Heathrow's friend suggested that if one went deep enough into the ruins of the old Empire Mill, where the creek used to flow, he might find water or at least soil samples that might prove useful in creating a solvent.

Heathrow isn't the adventuring type, so he contacts the investigators to plumb the depths of the old Empire Mill and see if they can retrieve a sample of this allegedly acidic water (or old soil it perhaps settled into).

The Empire Mill is a large two-story building in severe disrepair. The doors are padlocked to keep kids out but like most abandoned property, trespassers have been ignoring the warning signs and finding ways inside for decades.

The mill has a large central room and a half-dozen offices, but all are empty aside from trash and a few

fallen beams from the crumbling roof. The water wheel was long removed. Anyone who looks over the axle the wheel once sat on can see an exposed natural cavern beneath. It's isolated from the river and relatively dry.

Crawling down between the axle and concrete housing is a tricky proposition—Obese characters won't likely be able to do so. The crawlspace leads up and under the mill's foundation and shows signs of great decay. A Knowledge (Science) roll reveals the concrete here has been eaten away by diluted acid over long years of exposure.

Curious rats peer from some of the holes in the concrete leading back into deeper spaces in the foundation, but don't seem afraid unless directly threatened. Another twenty feet of crawling on one's hands and knees leads to a strange find. The floorboards of the mill can be seen a foot above the crossbeams directly over the explorer's head. From this side, it's clear they are newer than the rest of the boards. Below them, lying in wet mud directly in front of the character are a number of items. The first is a large Mason jar full of dark gray muck. The second is a handheld, rusted electrostatic pump that no longer functions.

When the Mason jar is touched, it seems to shudder of its own accord and two dark "clots" appear in the murky fluid that look something like eyes. Sludge has awakened.

The old monster is trapped with limited powers in the Mason jar, but it has enough dark energy to attract the rats of the old mill to attack. The monster actually *wants* to be released from the jar but its long sleep has deprived it of its senses and it only sees a hated human who is much like the mad scientist who imprisoned the thick, grimy fluid that forms its heart long ago.

Sludge is relatively harmless while trapped in the jar. It's a fragment of its former self. If it comes into contact with enough organic matter it will quickly grow into a proportionately larger and larger blob, however, devouring anything and everything in its path.

- **Rat Swarm:** See *Savage Worlds*.

SOMETHING SURVIVED

Hook: The Overlook Hotel, page 169.

Fear Level 4

The Whateleys are a family of inbred sorcerers and mutants who have left their foul spawn across the world. The Overlook Hotel was a temporary respite for this particular clan, but their vile taint runs deep and even after they moved on left a taint on the building and the land around it.

A hunter looking for bighorn sheep around the old hotel went missing recently and his wife makes an appeal to the party for help. If the investigators must be hired, she has up to \$100 she can spend.

An old dirt road leads to the hotel and a chain link barrier has been placed across the road with a sign that says "No Trespassing. Private Property." The Wasatch Mining Company owns the land but has no active facilities here at this time—they just don't want kids getting hurt at the Overlook and possibly suing them.

Beyond the barrier is a two mile hike up to the Overlook. The woods are sparse and unhealthy, and while it's very quiet, ravens and swallows stare ominously from tree branches along the wooded trail.

The Overlook is partially burned and anything of value has long since been taken, but graffiti and beer bottles are evidence of frequent dares by local teens. There are three floors with a dangerously unstable staircase running between them through the center of the house. There's also a kitchen, common dining room, and large parlor. A concealed door in the pantry—partly open amid a mess of broken jars and long rotted fruits and meats caked into the floorboards—leads to a basement below. Recent tracks in the moldy waste reveal a single boot print consistent with the kind a modern hunter might wear into the mountains.

The basement contains numerous cages, from those that look like they might accommodate large dogs to frighteningly man-size. Within a few of these containers are strange primate skeletons trapped in eternal poses. One of them reaches out from between its bars toward a set of keys just a few inches beyond its grasp. Another's head is stuck between the bars, its skull slightly fractured from the attempt. Numerous smaller skeletons litter the floor—cats, rats, birds, and a dog or two. They lie scattered in pieces and crunch horribly beneath the investigators' feet as they explore.

A Tracking roll—and a light source—notices someone has already walked through these bones to a small, 2' tall tunnel leading into the wall. Grillwork once covered the opening, but it's been pulled aside and lies on the ground. Beside the opening is a hunting rifle, leaning as if left there by someone foolish enough to go crawling down the tunnel.

The tunnel requires investigators to crawl on their hands and knees for about 30 yards before coming upon a cesspool illuminated with light from above—a well situated on the backside of the mountain away from the Overlook (about 100 yards distant). This well wasn't used for drinking water, however. It was used for strange, sacrificial summoning ceremonies.

A number of bones—human, near-human, and otherwise lie just beneath the waist-deep stagnant rain water. The corpse of the hunter also lies here, half-devoured by the terrible thing that lives in one of the many sub-tunnels beneath the cesspool.

Mixed in with the bones are a few strange relics, one of which is an old pair of shattered spectacles. They are clearly well-made with etched silver frames depicting strange scenes of depravity and violence. If looked through, the wearer can detect magical auras—such as those given off by the Harrowed, devices fueled by mad or patent scientists, or even divine energy. This only works if the shattered lenses remain in the frames. If they are removed, the glasses are destroyed.

THE OVERLOOK HORROR

The horror is a summoned creature from another plane of existence that was left here when the Whateleys evacuated long ago. It looks something like a spiny, armored slug with bulbous eyes, two strong pincers extending from its tiny mouth, and an uncountable number of tiny legs it uses to push itself along its burrow.

The horror craves sentient prey and has been starving for decades, unable to coax the occasional visitors to the Overlook to venture down into the cesspool where it's trapped. The hunter's curiosity not only got the better of him but also roused the worm and sent it into an insatiable feeding frenzy.

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d8, Strength d12, Vigor d12

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d10, Notice d10, Stealth d10

Pace: 2; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 12(4)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +4:** Chitinous skin.
- **Bite:** The horror's mandibles cause Str+d6 damage.
- **Fear -4:** The horror is truly terrible to behold.
- **Poison:** Anyone Shaken or worse by the Horror must make a Vigor roll at -2 or be paralyzed for 2d10 minutes.

LEGACY OF SPEED

Hook: The Ledge, page 166.

One of the characters finds a discarded piece of notebook paper while visiting the Ledge in Junkyard. It reads:

C—the race is this Friday night at the usual place. Smith is promising \$5,000 if you break the land speed record. Bring your pink slip though—I want your bike!

A little digging among the younger crowd turns up a race that takes place once a month on the Salt Flats. The next one takes place the next Friday. Rumor is Amelia Smith of Smith & Robards is offering a \$5,000 reward if anyone sets the land speed record during the race.

If the group isn't inclined to go on their own—perhaps even hoping to win the race or earn the reward—they are contacted by Dr. Riggs. He's souped up his Indian and is looking for someone to race it. If they still aren't inclined, he asks them to accompany him as he does so.

At the race, the group meets Cerce Mallory, Mayor Meg Mallory's rebellious daughter and a possible love interest for the heroes. Cerce likes tough guys and bad boys who are good with a monkey wrench. She doesn't care for eggheads, and she's not particularly fond of "Yankees" or "rebels" either.

The race takes place between Cerce, Johnny "Danger" Tremane, any player characters who care to join (or Dr. Riggs if they don't), and a number of patent scientists trying out their latest velocipedes and other inventions. Running the race is a Dramatic Task across the Salt Flats.

A failed Complication means one of the mad scientists wrecks or blows up right in front of the party and must be avoided with a Driving roll at -4. Failure results in a collision that causes 3d6 damage and the loss of one of the tasks' "successes."

Win or lose, as the group makes their way back to town, they see a thin column of smoke to the south. Cerce Mallory went off the highway for a little off-roading and wrecked in a ravine...where she found something startling:

You drive to the edge of a ravine well off the beaten path. It's about ten feet deep and maybe twice as wide. Halfway up the opposite slope is Cerce's bike—totaled. Cerce sits nearby, seemingly fine but staring in shock at what lies further down.

At the bottom of the ravine, half-covered in thick salt, is an old velocipede. A skeleton lays half-crumbled on the seat. The figure faces to the rear with an old shotgun near its broken right hand. It wears a pilot's cap and goggles and a leather satchel pokes out from the salt around its waist.

But what really catches your eye is the massive bull skeleton lodged in the salt just behind the velocipede. The bull is unlike any specimen you've ever seen before. Its skull and horns are covered in spiny growths, and you can see obvious bullet holes and other signs of trauma on the spine protruding just above the caked salt.

THE SECRET OF THE AUTOMATONS

For several decades, no one could figure out how Dr. Hellstromme's mechanical men thought and reacted to outside stimulus. It was one thing to make it fire a gun—but how were these supposed "clockwork" men determining which targets to fire on?

Of course each automaton contained the brain of a walking dead, but since the braincase was wired to explode should the automaton face capture or destruction, it was very difficult to prove. But over the years enough accidents happened that the Agency, Rangers, and a few curious scientists realized what was happening. Private individuals mostly kept quiet for fear of Hellstromme's wrath, while the authorities didn't want people know undead even existed.

But Captain Sydney Mallory wasn't afraid of much. She discovered the "secret of the automatons" and was set to tell the world about it—Hellstromme be damned. The doctor attempted to silence her through his usual methods but was thwarted by Syd, her friends, and the (secret) intervention of an Agent known as Nevada Smith.

But Syd had already gained the attention of the Reckoners and they sent one of their most fearsome enforcers after her—the dreaded *los diablos*, and that's where she met her end.

These are the remains of Captain Sydney Mallory, part of the posse who tamed the City of Gloom almost a century earlier. The creature pursuing her was a *los diablos*, which died just as Syd crashed into this ravine many decades ago.

In Syd's satchel are a number of rusted trinkets and crumbling papers, but if someone is truly careful a few pages of her journal can be preserved. One of the more interesting passages stands out immediately:

We managed to get one that didn't blow up. Musta malfunctioned or something. The papers were half-right. There is a human brain inside the bucket...but it's not alive. It's a goldarned ZOMBIE brain!

Mayor Meg Mallory is saddened to hear her mother met her end this way, but happy for the closure. For this and seeing to Cerce's survival, she becomes a Connection for the party. She's willing to help them get out of serious trouble about three times before the welcome is worn out.

THE SALT...IT MOVES!

After a few minutes, the salt begins to shift. At first it just seems the walls are settling but then small grasping tentacles poke tentatively from the salt. A band of young salt rattlers, attracted by the crash and sensing prey, attack!

Besides the chance to flex their combat muscles, the heroes also have another opportunity to bond with Cerce, which may prove useful to them later on.

- **Cerce Mallory:** See page 201.
- **Young Rattlers (2 per Hero):** See page 204.

MONKEY SEA, MONKEY DO

Hook: Great Salt Lake, page 169.

Milton Levine (who will go on to become half of the Milton-Bradley Toy Company) isn't having any luck finding Briny, but he has hit upon a novel idea while studying the lake's wildlife. The tiny brine shrimp undergo "cryptobiosis," meaning they can be gathered, packaged, sold, and re-"birthed" elsewhere as pets.

His research and ideas are harmless enough, but "Uncle Milton," as he likes to be called, has set up camp on Antelope Island near the long lost campsite of John Baptiste—a deceased grave robber from Salt Lake City.

Uncle Milton is in the heroes' favorite bar tossing back drinks and looking for anyone who seems like they might help. Should someone approach him, he offers to hire them at \$50 each to spend one night with him at his camp at Antelope Island and prove he isn't crazy. Milton claims he's heard moaning and the rattling of chains—just like in a ghost story—out at the island. At first he ignored it but then something scratched at the walls of his tent. He burst out of it, jumped in his car, and fled to the city. He didn't see anything for certain, but thought perhaps he saw a dark figure in his rear-view mirror as he sped away.

The heroes would do well to do some research before venturing to Antelope Island. Uncle Milton camped directly on the site of John Baptiste, a grave robber who was branded and exiled from the city in the 1860s. Later, vengeful relatives found Baptiste camping on the island and murdered him. They cut off his head in rage then realized they had just committed murder.

They bound the body with heavy chains and dumped it in the Salt Lake.

Baptiste's body was actually discovered in 1915 by surveyors but they had no means of transporting it. When they returned, it was gone. The story made the news in Salt Lake City and can be found by visiting the *Deseret Times'* "morgue." One of the people interviewed in the story is a Father Flanagan who is still around and can be found at one of the regional parishes. Father Flanagan says he was fascinated by the ghost story and did some research of his own years ago. With a Persuasion roll, he shyly admits he spent many nights at Antelope Island trying to see the spirit without success. He did collect one of Baptiste's artifacts from the cemetery he worked at though—an old shovel said to belong to the grave robber. The shovel is the ghost's Weakness (see below), and so is the only weapon actually capable of laying him to rest permanently.

If Baptiste is destroyed, he evaporates into nothingness but his chains remain, functioning exactly as they did for him (see below).



JOHN BAPTISTE

The spirit of John Baptiste is a headless haunt bound in long chains that once held it down in the briny Salt Lake. The tortured phantom seeks only to slay the living...but is bound to within one mile of its former campsite.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d8, Strength d10, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d10, Notice d6, Throwing d8

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 7

Special Abilities:

- **Chains:** Str+d8, Reach 1. Anyone hit by the chains must make a Vigor roll at -4 in addition to any damage suffered. If failed, the target suffers Fatigue (this can lead to Incapacitation).
- **Ethereal:** The ghost is immaterial and can only be harmed by magic or its Weakness (see below).
- **Fear -2:** The headless spectre is terrifying to behold.
- **Weakness (Shovel):** Baptiste can be harmed normally by his own shovel.

THE EYES! THEY GLOWED!

Hook: Radium District, page 168.

The group encounters Jenny Burns sometime when they are visiting Down Under. She's begging a police officer to go into the Radium District and look for her son, Johnny. The officer says he's calling it in, but it will be many hours before a hazardous materials team

in full protective gear can get down there to look for him. Jenny, an attractive war widow, pleads that it will be too late by then.

If the group gets involved, let them make a Knowledge (Science) roll. Success tells them they could safely travel the main halls for a few hours without significant worry. The officer isn't inclined to let them into the sealed area, but can be talked into it with a successful Persuasion roll.

The Radium District is blocked off by a chain link fence with a padlocked gate that fits the 20' wide, 12' tall, arched tunnel. Cutting the padlock is simple enough, but the police patrols come by frequently (and the local officers don't have keys). The fencing at the left-hand side has been bent and lifted up enough for a small dog—or boy—to slip through.

The district is a long stretch of hallway with eerily vacant apartments set into the walls. Most are chained shut, but a few here and there have been broken into by vandals or vagrants. Dim red emergency lights provide just enough illumination to navigate, but not enough to explore inside any of the 300+ apartments lining the walls.

Johnny is hiding about a quarter mile down Radium Street (it goes on for another three-quarters of a mile). He and Spot are inside an apartment that still has its door chained shut, but opened just enough for him to crawl inside. Spot barks when he hears the party pass by but Johnny tries to silence him. If the boy hears someone call his name, he crawls to the door and looks outside.

"Spot was barking at these...men. I thought they were homeless or something. Mom told me some live down here. But when I got up close I saw they...weren't right. They had this gross rubbery skin and big glowing eyes. I ran here to this house and crawled inside. They were starting to get in when I think they heard you comin'."

The floor is paved and there's no evidence of violence on the door. The "men" were actually early prototypes of the wormlings the rattlers are trying to breed, irradiated by the radium deposits. The creatures have fled into holes only they can fit through, so this is a dead end for now, but it foreshadows things to come.

RATTLERS

The commotion draws out a pack of curious rattlers that were tracking the prototype wormlings. As the party starts back toward the exit, they slither and follow in the shadows, below the floor, or even over the ceiling above. The group can barely hear their leathery flesh rasping against the stones.

Play the scene for tension. If the investigators provoke the rattlers somehow, they attack from all angles. If they flee, the things stop near the exit—a mystery to be solved another day.

- **Young Rattlers (Radioactive):** Pack of 5, page 205.

"MOM!!!"

Jenny Burns cries when she gets Johnny back, then scolds him for going into the tunnel. She's very grateful to the heroes and invites them to her apartment for a home-cooked meal as a reward. She works at one of the U-Marts, and is definitely interested in finding a new dad for little Johnny.



PLOT POINT CAMPAIGN: ATOMIC NOIR!

"When man entered the atomic age, he opened the door into a new world. What we eventually find in that new world, nobody can predict."

—Dr. Medford, *Them*

Dr. Hellstromme has been experimenting with atomic energy for several decades. His research, along with many others, was used in the Allies' atomic bombs that ended World War II, and some of his knowledge has been shared with those trying to build promising nuclear energy plants around the world.

But only Dr. Hellstromme has been able to successfully harness the power of radioactive ghost rock!

The process is simple for one who has twice been to Hell and back. He starts with radioactive materials—radium has proven best so far—and places it in a device he calls the "Gehenna Coils," a refrigerator-sized container lined with electrified ghost steel coils. Within the coils are several trays of radium compound—basically pans of radioactive dust. Hellstromme uses

the coils to open a micro-portal directly to Hell and channel damned souls into the radium.

The process converts the ore into ghost rock, much like the Reckoners themselves do it, by saturating it with damned souls—but retains the radioactive nature of the radium. The six trays produce about 12 pounds of radioactive ghost rock dust in a day so far.

This is usually shipped to one of several secret compounds around Deseret for testing.

PHARALON

Three months ago, something else slipped through the Gehenna Coils into the experimental ghost rock—a demon called Pharalon. Pharalon felt nothing but pain in the physical world thanks to the City of Gloom's low Fear Level and the populace's increasing belief and confidence in the future.

To survive, it knew it would have to create more fear and havoc to once again seep Deseret in despair.

Pharalon's power in the mortal realm was to subvert humans to its will, but to do so, it had to first come in physical contact with them. This was difficult given the poisonous nature of the radium dust which kept anyone from touching it with their bare flesh. Pharalon raged inside its walled cage for days before fate intervened.



As usual, the dust was carefully packaged in a lead-lined safe and shipped off to one of Hellstromme's secret facilities outside the Salt Lake area. But the train was derailed and attacked by a gang of outlaws called the Outcasts. They took the safe, hoping it was filled with payroll, and opened it back at their desert hideaway.

Pharalon felt its essence connect with the unknowing thieves as the powder swirled up and into their lungs. Within minutes, he had taken over the leaders of the outlaw gang and enslaved them to his will.

The powerful manitou then hit upon a simple plan. It would send some of itself back to the City of Gloom via the outlaws' agents and sell it as low-grade ghost rock powder to unsuspecting buyers. These buyers would become new thralls, and it would use them to disperse itself to even more victims. With hundreds of puppets scattered throughout the city, it could quickly begin to sow mayhem and drive the Fear Level through the Steel Sky.

THE OUTCASTS

The Outcasts sold their ghost rock through their fence, Ed McGuinn. He poses as a ne'er-do-well prospector, inventor, and desert salvager who sells his discoveries in Junkyard at bargain prices. He's been selling lost inventions, rare ore, and small finds of ghost rock for years. Most of it is stolen, but his prices are very low so the ravenous inventors of Junkyard turn a blind eye.

Ed McGuinn's first customer was Dr. Vance Dell, a chemist who specializes in poisons and insecticides for urban and agricultural pest control. Dell used the dust in a new formula he calls D-133 (Dell's 133rd formula). His best customer is the Desert Dwellers Extermination Company, which has been using it all over the City of Gloom for the past two weeks. Pharalon has access to anyone who breathes its vapors. Sometime in the last week, that included the player characters and that's where our adventure starts.

HOW TO USE THE PLOT POINT CAMPAIGN

The investigators have all been taken over by Pharalon and used to kill a scientist who had figured out the demon's secret. In *The Guilt of Strangers*, they find themselves on the Salt Flats some 50 miles from the city. They regain their senses with no memory of their deeds and must begin piecing together their common fate. The strangers are accompanied by Mary Riggs, a nonplayer character victim who suffered the same misfortune. Her car is present at the site and she drives the group back to the City of Gloom at the end of the scene.

The next day, in the adventure *Infestation*, someone sends a note to Mary Riggs and each of the heroes telling them to meet at the Tower Theatre in Salt Lake City if they want to learn more about what happened on the Salt Flats. A massive outbreak of cockroaches has erupted and the Desert Dwellers Extermination Company is there to treat the building. The party shouldn't make the connection with the tainted formula yet, but this is the first connection with Desert Dwellers that proves crucial later on.

As the group wraps up their investigation at the theatre, Mary asks for help. Her uncle went looking for her when she went missing and hasn't returned. The trail leads to a violent confrontation with a biker gang before the team find Dr. Riggs, alive and well. This incident bonds the group together and gets them noticed by the secret "Sons of Sitgreaves".

In *The Long Interlude*, the party is contacted by various factions looking for help. Some of these Savage Tales provide further evidence of Pharalon and his method of possession, while others simply promote the investigators' inclination to work together.

In *Revelations*, the party eventually makes the connection with the various possessions and the Desert Dwellers Extermination Company. This leads them to Dr. Dell, the false prospector Ed McGuinn, and finally the Outcasts. A terrible battle with the outlaws in the mountains to the north reveals the origin of the powder and its connection to Hellstromme Industries.

Soon after, the party is contacted by a mysterious man they saw as they came to in the opening adventure. In *To Hell (and Back?)* he proves to be Dr. Crypdex, a Hellstromme turncoat who tells them about Pharalon and what is likely to happen if the demon isn't stopped. Crypdex knows of a secret back entrance to Hellstromme's lab through the old worm tunnels at the end of Skull Canyon. If the heroes are willing, he provides them with a device that will summon Pharalon's essence back to the Gehenna Coils—which must then be destroyed to end the demon's rampage.

PART ONE: THE GUILT OF STRANGERS

Run this adventure first if you intend on using the *Atomic Noir* Plot Point Campaign. It brings the party together and provides their first insight into Pharalon's evil.

Bright white light blinds you. Cold wind rushes past your ears. You feel dry. Parched. You can taste salt on

your chapped lips and feel the moisture evaporating off your cold skin.

You're on your knees. And they hurt, but you can't seem to stand. You reach out before you and feel something dry and rough. You're in a daze, but slowly you realize you're kneeling on earth and sand.

Slowly, vision returns. You blink and see the white plains of the Salt Flats. A small ruined shack lies before you, blasted and smoldering. Debris lies everywhere. You glance around and see a number of other individuals on their knees as well. Only one man stands. He walks among you and seems to be looking everyone over—like a doctor. He wears a black trench coat and hat and has pale white skin and some kind of goggles. He comes to you and shines a brilliant blue light in your eyes. He mumbles something and then moves on to the others.

The man finally walks back toward the ruined cabin. He looks around for a moment, then picks up something from the ground and looks in your direction. He laughs quietly then wanders out of your sight. A moment later, you hear a small engine start. It revs, then gradually fades away.

You manage to stagger to your feet. Around you are various splinters of wood from the shack and electronic odds and ends. A '37 Packard Coupe Roadster lies on its side nearby.

The others around you have stood now too. They shake their heads and rub their eyes—clearly as confused as you are. You have no idea who these people are or how you got here. You glance at your watch. It's noon. The last you recall it was January 17th, 1950, but you have no idea if that was yesterday or a lifetime ago.

The player characters have all fallen under Phalaron's sway via formula D-133. They have no way of knowing they were in various areas treated with the pesticide, so make sure not to let it slip at this point. Figuring this out should occur slowly over the course of the Plot Point Campaign.

For now, the group's main concern is finding a way back to civilization. They are well over 50 miles west of Salt Lake City in the Salt Flats. It's very cold (34 degrees Fahrenheit) and the Salt Flats have already dehydrated them greatly.

INVESTIGATING THE SCENE

Themselves: The characters are unharmed but extremely hungry and thirsty (the demon cares little for their well-being and only allowed the bare necessities in the last three days they've been under its control). If they had weapons, they are empty and any

spare ammo is gone—though their own shell casings lie scattered around them and weapons smell like they were used within the last ten minutes or so.

The victims have their wallets and some “pocket money” in their possession, but no other personal items, vehicles, inventions which aren't normally worn at all times, purses, handbags, or the like (though these items are safe and sound in their individual domiciles).

None of them have bathed in days. Their hair is unkempt, makeup has faded or washed away, ties are undone, blouses are embarrassingly loose, and shoes are scuffed.

The Workshop: The blasted shack was a small, one-room workshop. Lying amid crates of rocks, broken glass, and ruined electronic equipment is the charred remains of a heavy-set man. Little can be discerned from what's left except that he wore brown shoes, blue slacks, and a lab coat.

A Knowledge (Science) roll determines whoever was working here was likely a chemist or a geologist from what's left of the equipment. Flakes of ghost rock can be found scattered around the site (those that caught fire have already burned up) as well as other rock samples, electronic equipment, and a few books (all burnt beyond recognition). A raise on the Knowledge (Science) roll detects a burned-up, hand-held Geiger counter among the electronics wreckage (beyond repair).

If anyone attempts to discern the source of the explosion, a Notice roll at -2, or a Knowledge (Demolitions) roll, detects incoming fire of some sort from all around. *Only* if someone thinks to ask should you acknowledge that the player characters surrounded the shack from roughly the same vectors as they woke from their daze. (Those without weapons did, in fact, channel radioactive bursts at the doctor—a power given to them by the manitou when it was still in their bodies.)

No one should have a working Geiger counter with them, but if they did, it would detect trace radioactivity all around—including on the corpse and player characters.

Debris Field: Around the shack are bullet casings (from the characters' weapons) and their own tracks. A Tracking roll reveals their footprints originate from near the overturned roadster and then encircle the shack. A second Tracking roll detects a set of shoe prints (dress shoes) leading about 20 yards away from the shack to a set of motorcycle tracks (Dr. Cryp dex's motorcycle).

The coupe belongs to Mary Riggs...who is one of the other strangers (and the only nonplayer character

present). She stands at the vehicle trying to understand how she got here and what happened to her car while the rest of the investigators prowls about the site.

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED?

A few weeks ago, Dr. Alger Gregson, a colleague of Dr. Dell, was asked to analyze his new formula D-133. Gregson, a cautious man and a member of the Sons of Sitgreaves, quickly realized something was wrong with the pesticide and sealed the radioactive sample in a lead-lined tube.

Pharalon raged at the discovery and sent one of its other pawns against Gregson. The patent scientist defended himself and the unfortunate puppet was slain. Realizing what had happened and not wanting to harm any other possessed innocents, Gregson fled into the Salt Flats to analyze the sample and figure out what was going on.

The enraged demon took possession of the heroes three days ago in an attempt to find and kill Dr. Gregson. This morning one of its other agents found him. Pharalon sent Mary Riggs around in her '37 Packard to pick up some of its other thralls—the player characters—and directed them straight to Gregson's makeshift workshop.

The puppets surrounded Dr. Gregson and began firing their own firearms if they had them or bolts of radioactive hellfire if they didn't. The samples Dr. Gregson was experimenting with detonated in the firefight, killing him and destroying his makeshift laboratory.

Dr. Crypdex (see page 192) was following Mary Riggs and saw the entire event play out. After the thralls killed Dr. Gregson, they collapsed. Crypdex rushed in and purged the demon from their blood using a device of his own creation, took Gregson's sample of formula D-133, and fled back to Salt Lake City on his motorcycle.

From this point forward, the player characters can no longer be influenced by Pharalon thanks to Dr. Crypdex's device.

MOVING ON

Eventually, Mary asks if the group will help her turn over her car and offers to take them back to the city if they'll do so. Flipping the Packard requires a cooperative Strength roll at -6. The Marshal should impress upon the heroes the heaviness of 1950s automobiles (real steel, not fiberglass and plastic!), but eventually ensure they are successful as it's the only

practical way they're going to get back to Salt Lake City.

The trip back takes over an hour—the coupe's wheels have been knocked out of alignment and Mary takes it slowly when she hits rough spots. The investigators will likely try to figure out what they had in common during this trip but nothing is immediately apparent. They have no knowledge of being exposed to any sort of contaminated ghost rock dust or pesticide inhaled in some random building they entered.

Back in town, each character is taken to his home where he's anxiously greeted by worried family members, dogs, cats, doormen, neighbors, or perhaps even concerned neighborhood police. A check of the newspaper shows it is, in fact, January 20th. Three days of the characters' lives are unaccounted for. If they had jobs, they didn't show up for them. If they have families, they stayed away from home. They were seen only by occasional strangers who are not likely to recall their passing.

The characters may decide to keep quiet about the incident. After all, it appears they were involved in a murder or at least an attack of some sort. If a do-gooder goes to the police, Chief Harrington assigns a hardboiled fellow named Detective Shanks who heads out to the Salt Flats with them. The cabin and some of the ruined equipment is there but there's no body (it was taken by vultures and young rattlers). "No body, no case," Detective Shanks grumbles as he heads back to the city with no further action.

PART TWO: INFESTATION

The next Plot Point takes place the day after the incident in the Salt Flats. When the victims awake this morning, they find a hand-delivered letter with a single sheet of paper in their door:

If you'd like more information about what happened to you on the Salt Flats yesterday, please come to the Tower Theatre at 5 p.m.

The Tower Theatre is a movie theatre located in downtown Salt Lake City. The current film playing is a double feature. The newer headline film is *The Heiress*, starring Olivia de Havilland and Montgomery Cliff. An older film also plays, entitled *The Flood*, which is about the Great Flood that hit the City of Lost Angels in 1880.

A sign across the marquee and on the box office says "Closed for Repairs", and a Gabriel station wagon with the words Desert Dwellers Exterminators is parked out

front. Assuming all the characters show up, they also see each other. Mary Riggs arrives in her '37 Packard a few minutes after 7 p.m., nervous and confused. She's no adventurer.

If someone knocks on the theatre door, the manager, a genial fellow named Max Portman, answers with "Sorry, folks, we're closed." Max isn't eager to share his story, but if properly pressed, bribed, intimidated, or persuaded, he shares the following:

"I don't know what happened. This morning everything was fine but tonight we've been virtually overrun by roaches. We've got the exterminators here though. They'll take care of it."

Max doesn't want the characters coming in. He doesn't need the interference and he's not sure the exterminator's poison is safe to breathe, but he can be persuaded. If the group does go inside, they find cockroaches swarming everywhere and a friendly but somewhat befuddled exterminator spraying noxious green gas throughout the building.

The exterminator's name is Randy Morton, a native of Deseret. He's never seen an outbreak this bad and he's been in the bug business for seventeen years. At some point in the conversation, Randy also reveals that he just gassed the theatre last week as part of its monthly treatment, so this is really strange.

As importantly, the heroes' mysterious summoner is nowhere to be found. Neither Randy nor Max know anything about the letter or any of the other strange events that have occurred.

If someone cares to check, the roaches seem to be coming up from the sewer (drawn here by Phalaron). Pushing the matter and getting inside the sewer reveals no further information, however. They simply seem to be coming from all around to get inside—and the pesticide is having no effect on them whatsoever. There is definitely a fair amount of food in the theatre that could attract them—bits of popcorn, candy, or spilled soda stick to the hidden areas underneath the seats—but it's been like that for years without this sort of problem so the exterminator is at a loss.

MARY'S PLEA

After the group finishes at the theatre, Mary approaches the group. She's fidgeting as if trying to decide something, then finally breaks down and asks for help:

"I live with my uncle and he wasn't there when I got back from—whatever happened to all of us. I thought he was just out—he's an inventor and keeps strange hours sometimes—but when I woke up this morning he

still wasn't there. I'm becoming worried that whatever happened to us happened to him. I know I have no right to ask, but if you can help me find him I'll pay you for your time. And maybe we can find out what happened to us too."

Mary isn't wealthy but she has some jewelry her mother left her she's willing to pawn for about \$500.

Her uncle, Professor Marty Riggs, is a patent scientist. His brother and wife died in a car wreck in the '30s and he's been raising Mary ever since. He loves her dearly and went looking for her when she first went missing.

Mary tells the group he drives a red Indian motorcycle with a sidecar. If they can find it, they should find Dr. Riggs nearby. Mary will return to their house in Salt Lake City (they're Mormons) and wait there to see if he returns. She's still not feeling well from the last few days anyway, and her uncle's disappearance isn't helping. She describes her eccentric uncle as a heavy man with a bushy beard. He usually wears a brown leather biker jacket, jeans, and goggles when riding. He *always* has a tool belt made of old Mojave rattler leather on, and it's missing from the house so she believes it's with him as usual.

Since the investigators have no tangible leads, their best bet is to use Connections or Streetwise to find Dr. Riggs (but the Marshal is welcome to let the group do whatever legwork they desire). Eventually they run into a police officer who says there was a report of a fight in Junkyard the night before last at a seedy bar called the Rust Bucket. The fight was over by the time they arrived so no charges were pressed, but one of those involved matched Dr. Riggs' description.

At the Rust Bucket, the investigators discover Dr. Riggs did indeed come to the bar the night before last and wound up in a fight with several bikers wearing jackets that said "Road Runners" on the back.

Another round of Streetwise reveals that the Road Runners were last seen at Jinx's Roadhouse outside of town to the west.

RUMBLE AT THE ROADHOUSE

It's time for some action, Marshal. Outside Jinx's Roadhouse are many bikes, one of which is a red Indian with a sidecar. Eleven Road Runners are inside, including the leader, Brock Clayton, his girlfriend, Trina, and the biggest of the bunch, "Hulk."

One of the gang, a heavy man who doesn't look like he's shaved, bathed, or brushed his teeth since the founding of Deseret, wears a Mojave rattler leather tool belt around his girth. Clearly this is Dr. Riggs' belt.

This is a pure fight scene. Let the heroes get the information however they want, but whether it comes

before or after, the bikers want to fight. The Road Runners don't use anything bigger than a knife (Brock has a shotgun on his bike but doesn't carry a handgun), but even if threatened with weapons they charge in with fists, chains, and broken bottles.

This is a good time to emphasize that using deadly force isn't a good idea. The law in Deseret comes down hard on violent offenders except in true cases of self-defense. The posse can get away with a little mayhem this time since it's outside of town and at a biker bar to boot, so use the encounter as a warning for the future.

BROCK CLAYTON

Brock is smarmy, handsome, and mean. He grabs a table leg or cue stick (Str+d4, improvised) the moment the fight starts.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Driving d10, Fighting d8, Gambling d6, Intimidation d6, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Repair d6, Shooting d8, Stealth d6, Swimming d6, Survival d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 7(1)

Hindrances: Mean, Overconfident, Short Temper, Vengeful

Edges: Ace, Attractive, Block, Brawler, Combat Reflexes, Command, Counterattack, Fervor, First Strike, Hard, Steady Hands

Gear: Leather jacket (+1), \$47

TRINA

Trina is sexy and agile. She's cunning and mean but not truly bright. She tries to get behind whoever Brock is fighting to backstab the foe with her knife.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Driving d4, Fighting d8, Gambling d4, Intimidation d6, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Stealth d10

Charisma: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Clueless

Edges: Attractive, Combat Reflexes, Extraction, Imp. First Strike, Quick

Gear: Switchblade (Str+d4), \$159.

"HULK"

Hulk is a massive biker who got in a bad wreck a few years back that left the left side of his face scraped and burned. He wears a chain around his back that he whips off and uses in fights.

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d4, Spirit d8, Strength d10, Vigor d10

Skills: Driving d8, Fighting d8, Gambling d4, Intimidation d10, Notice d6, Repair d6, Shooting d6, Stealth d6, Swimming d4, Survival d6

Charisma: -4; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6(5); **Toughness:** 11(1)

Hindrances: Mean, Short Temper, Ugly

Edges: Brawny, Hardboiled, Mighty Blow

Gear: Leather jacket (+1), heavy chain (Str+d6, Reach 1, -1 Parry), \$17

ROAD RUNNER (1 PER HERO)

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Driving d6, Fighting d6, Gambling d6, Intimidation d6, Notice d6, Repair d6, Shooting d6, Stealth d6, Swimming d4, Survival d6

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 6(1)

Hindrances: Mean, Short Temper

Edges: —

Gear: Leather jacket (+1), knife (Str+d4), \$3d6

Assuming the Road Runners get taught some manners, Brock doesn't want any more trouble:

"Geez, ease up, fella! Hulk was hittin' on some girl at the Rust Bucket when this geezer picks a fight with us. We told him to back off but he was all riled up. He pulled a wrench on us and Hulk smashed him. We took off before things got out of hand but he followed us out. He grabbed my girl Trina and I gave him my right hook. He dropped like a stone. Looked dead to me. I didn't want no murder rap. 'Specially here in Mormon land. They disappear outsiders, y'know? So we took his bike and that fancy tool belt and dropped him in that old pit on the edge o' town. But we didn't mean to kill 'im. Honest Injun."

A Common Knowledge roll recognizes the "pit" as the former "Pit," a gladiatorial combat arena closed down and boarded up by the city in 1911.

THE PIT

A chain link fence surrounds the old Pit, but it's been pried up and pulled down in several locations by kids and other thrill-seekers. A Notice roll helps find the most obvious spot the bikers might have used to dump the body.

Inside the fence is a large hole covered in sheets of plywood supported by old iron scaffolding. The hole is about twelve feet deep and sloped. A Tracking roll clearly detects drag marks in the dirt near the edge of

the hole leading down into it. The descent is easy and requires no Climbing roll. At the bottom is the heavy form of Dr. Riggs—miraculously alive and breathing! The professor is unconscious and in a light coma so he needs healing as quickly as possible. Whether this is accomplished by a player character with magical healing or by transporting him to Vanessa Hellstromme Worker's Hospital, the doctor is eventually able to return to full health.

Riggs is thankful and thrilled to hear Mary is well, but he has nothing further to add to the investigation at this time.

DR. RIGGS

Martin "Marty" Riggs is a heavyset, fun-loving scientist known for riding around town on his tricked out Indian motorcycle. He's a good sort who loves his niece and tries to take care of her...when he's not out tinkering in the garage.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d12, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Driving d6, Fighting d6, Healing d6, Investigation d6, Notice d6, Repair d10, Shooting d6, Weird Science d12

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 5; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 7

Hindrances: Code of Honor, Curious, Heroic, Obese

Edges: Ace, Arcane Background (Patent Science), McGyver, Mr. Fix It, New Powers

Gear: Heavy wrench (Str+d6, Med. Imp. Weapon, -1 Fighting, -1 Parry), sawed-off shotgun (Range 5/10/20, Damage 1-3d6, RoF 1), Indian motorcycle.

Powers: Blast (gauss gun attached to his motorcycle), damage field (electric field on the bike), speed (for the bike); **Power Points:** 10

PART THREE: THE LONG INTERLUDE

The heroes have now worked together as a team and earned a small but solid reputation among certain people in town. Riggs has contacts in both the church and the secret group called the Sons of Sitgreaves (see page 164), so his recommendation carries some weight.

This means it's time to insert your own adventures, either of your own design, drawn from the player characters' backgrounds or the City of Gloom's Savage Tales, or using the Case Generator in *Deadlands Noir*. Use the factions mentioned above or any others that might hear of the team's exploits to lure them into your adventures.

The events detailed below can be interspersed between your Savage Tales to remind your group there's something bigger still going on in the background, and provide additional ways to connect the dots needed to move on to the next Plot Point—*Revelations*.

EVENT: BLOOD BOWL

A day or two after the rescue of Dr. Riggs, a skullchucker game between the local Junkyard Dawgs and Ogden Rattlers takes place. It's a highly anticipated game with a sold-out arena and a full television crew from KHEL on hand to record the action. If the characters aren't the type who would watch a bloodsport, they see the replay afterward.

The Junkyard Dawgs are battling the Ogden Rattlers in a desperate skullchucker match that decides who goes to the finals. It's been a grueling, brutal, two hour defensive struggle when the Rattlers tie the score at 20. The next score wins the game!

The referee resets the match after the Rattlers' score by giving each captain back his team's ball. He stands on a metal catwalk twelve feet above the arena and the teams get ready to charge. But instead of the traditional starter pistol, the ref draws an antique Gatling pistol! He guns down the Dawgs' skullcracker and then turns the pistol on the crowd. The Ogden Rattlers run for the walls—where they are trapped and riddled with bullets. Then the referee runs out of ammo and stops to load another full drum.

The captain of the Dawgs takes the opportunity to rush the catwalk and throws his team's heavy ball at the ref. It connects with his face and he drops to his knees, his nose spurting rivers of blood. His weapon rattles on the steel and he slowly looks up at the camera...dazed and confused. It's a look you recognize from the Salt Flats.

The skullchucker captain pulls himself up onto the catwalk and quickly pulls the Gatling pistol away from the startled ref. He raises the weapon above the madman's head and brings it crashing down with a bloody thump.

The investigators can try to speak to the ref if they like. He's placed in custody at the Deseret Penitentiary and remains in a coma for two days. After that he awakes and claims no memory of what happened. The characters may want to expend considerable effort to reach him and should be allowed to do so (with some difficulty) but he has little to add. The last thing he remembers is putting on his uniform in the locker room beneath the arena.

That's where the D-133 pesticide was sprayed two nights ago and Phalaron took hold. The pistol was brought to the referee by another thrall during the

last commercial break between scores, but he has no memory of that.

EVENT: PUSHER

Sometime when the heroes are Down Under at the monorail, they witness a truly disturbing scene. The monorail looks something like a New York City subway—a trench four feet deep and eight feet wide contains a single non-electrified rail upon which the train travels.

You hear the monorail approaching...seconds away. A crowd of a couple dozen surround you, quietly waiting on the tram, when one of them starts pushing people onto the tracks! A woman screams...a man yells "Oh my God!" Two middle-aged women and a young man are on the tracks...the train approaches...another man, a businessman in a trench coat—casually pushes another screaming woman into the trench!

The investigators have three rounds to get the victims out of the trench. Each round, Mr. Sam Hart pushes another person in unless he's stopped. Some of the people around him are pointing and staring in horror at him, but others haven't realized he's responsible and stand blithely by.

Jumping down into the trench in a hurry requires an Agility roll. Failure results in an ankle strain that reduces Pace by 1 for the next three days. Helping someone out in one round requires a Strength roll at -4 (helpers above or below can make cooperative rolls). Getting back out is a Strength or Agility roll (player's choice). Anyone in the trench when the tram comes at the end of the third round is dead (and cannot return Harrowed). Should this happen, everyone in the vicinity must make a Fear test at -6 for the extreme gore and horror.

- **Simon Hart:** Use Citizen from *Deadlands Noir*.

PART FOUR: REVELATIONS

Run this adventure sometime after the first player character hits Veteran status.

Sometime the night before, customers in the Atomic Café went mad. They began fighting, first with fists—then with forks, knives, and whatever implements they could ransack from the kitchen. The SLCPD has so far kept this under wraps and all the survivors isolated.

How the group is tipped off about the crime scene depends on what has happened so far. If they've confided in the law, one of Chief Harrington's men might ask them to come down and look around to see

if they notice anything. Dr. Riggs may also have heard about it from his contacts and alerted the group.

The restaurant is closed off with police tape and guarded by the SLCPD. These officers let the heroes pass if they were invited by a superior officer. Otherwise they can be bribed or ordered by the church to turn a blind eye to the party's efforts.

Inside, the place is a complete disaster. Booths, tables, and chairs are overturned. Broken plates and glasses lie everywhere. Blood, food, and spilled coffee and other drinks stain the floor, and a few tape outlines of corpses can be seen in the flickering incandescent light.

The party can poke around as long as they want but there is a single important clue they must find before they leave. Tacked to a bulletin board next to the phone in the rear manager's office is a business card for the Desert Dwellers Extermination Company, agent Randy Morton.

TERMINATION

Assuming the party heads to the Desert Dwellers' office, they find it's a small business in Salt Lake City with a secretary, an owner-manager (Nick Luehmann), and three exterminators who are almost always in the field.

When asked, Nick says his pesticide comes from a local chemist named Dr. Donald Dell. He isn't eager to give out Dell's address if the party seems hostile, but it can be obtained with sufficient Patter or a quick look at the invoices on the secretary's desk.

DR. DELL

Dell lives in a flat in Junkyard a few levels up in the Steel Sky. Access is via several rickety iron staircases. The smell of noxious fumes and chemicals is strong even from outside.

Dr. Dell answers clothed in a heavy lab apron and gas mask and wielding a blow torch! He's not aggressive, but he's angry at being disturbed and opens his flimsy wooden door impetuously.

However the doctor is handled, he eventually shows the group his notes for formula D-133 and several aquariums full of dead cockroaches. "My newest batch seems more successful," he smiles. Pressing further, he reveals the ingredients as several normal pesticides and "my own secret ingredient, powdered ghost rock!" Dell then shows them a half-full Mason jar of gray-black powder. Should anyone think to test it with a Geiger counter, it clicks violently, provoking Dr. Dell to respond with "Oh, my."

The crucial clue here is for the party to ask Dr. Dell *where* he got the ghost rock from. If they don't ask, he

volunteers it. "Perhaps there's something wrong with this ore. I purchased it from a local prospector. Mr. Ed McGuinn. You can find him frequently at..."

VISITORS DROP IN

Just as Dr. Dell is about to tell the party where they might find McGuinn, a number of Junkyard hoodlums burst in and attack. Worse, at the most advantageous (make that "worst") time possible, Pharalon takes over Dr. Dell as well. The doctor's face goes blank, then he turns on the gas to his Bunsen burner and lets it start flooding the small apartment. Each round it's left on and there's any sort of flame—such as Dell's blowtorch or a gunshot—roll a d6. On a 1, the flat blows, causing 3d6 damage to everyone and hurling the party and their attackers into the street below. If any of the thralls survive, the fight continues to their death.

- **Dr. Dell:** See below.
- **Thralls:** Use Citizens from *Deadlands Noir*. They're armed with improvised weapons (clubs, Str+d4).

DR. DONALD DELL

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Investigation d4, Knowledge (Biology) d8, Knowledge (Chemistry) d8, Notice d6, Repair d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 2; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Curious

Edges: Scholar (Chemistry and Biology)

Gear: Acetylene torch (melee weapon, 2d4)

FINDING MCGUINN

Fortunately, finding McGuinn isn't that hard. In fact, a Streetwise roll at -4 (or less if the character has frequent dealings with this kind of individual) recognizes the name. McGuinn usually conducts his business at the Rust Bucket.

Let the group find McGuinn when you're ready... and not before as it will quickly send the group on to the finale of the Plot Point Campaign. McGuinn travels all over Deseret selling his wares so there's no need to rush right to the next act. You should definitely delay his appearance if they made the connection with Desert Dwellers early.

When they do encounter McGuinn, he claims to be a salvager and a prospector. It takes a little interrogation to get the truth from him, but he's got a strong sense of self-preservation and his employers have been acting very strange lately anyway. Ed spills the beans and says he fences stolen goods for the Outcasts, a bandit

gang that operates around the ghost town of Corrine to the north.

Ed doesn't recommend tangling with them. They're heavily-armed and the leader, Sam Tall, is a deadeye with a heavily-modified sniper rifle he calls Boomer. Assuming the party keeps up the pressure, Ed tells them everything else he knows about the gang.

DUEL IN THE DESERT

The Outcasts keep a constant watch over Corrine. Strangers are ignored if they're just poking around. If they seem threatening, the Outcasts' leader, Sam Tall, takes a shot with his sniper rifle to scare them off. Agents (like McGuinn) are watched for a time to make sure they weren't followed and are then picked up by one of the Outcasts in an off-road vehicle, motorcycle, or sometimes even horses. McGuinn wasn't shown their hideout so he has no idea what it looks like or how many bandits are there. He only knows the leader and his four "lieutenants."

The Outcasts are firmly in the full-time grip of Pharalon. The thing has been with them long enough to make them a little tougher and give them special powers. Sure, the radiation is killing them too, but they'll serve the demon's purpose long before their frail flesh gives out.

How the group captures the wily Outcasts is up to them. Tall and a few of his riders try to play cat and mouse with anyone they detect looking for them out in the desert, stopping now and then to take a potshot with Sam's sniper rifle. If trapped, the bandits first use their normal weapons—then resort to the radioactive blasts Pharalon has given them!

Pharalon tries not to let his thralls be taken alive, but if they are it releases its hold and leaves the biker dazed and confused. With a little pressure, the captive tells what he knows:

"Ghost rock? Yeah...I...remember...something. The last thing I remember, in fact. We hit a Hellstromme train. The doctor's too cocky after all these years. Figures no one'll mess with him. We wrecked the whole damn thing. Wasn't much on there though..."

The bandit looks confused...obviously trying to remember what happened for his own sake as much as for you.

"There was...a safe. That's all. We thought it'd have payroll or something in it, but there was just this...dust. Ghost rock dust. We gave some of it to McGuinn. To sell for us. I...don't remember anything after that. I swear!"

The bandit leader can take the group to their camp. They move frequently to avoid the Nauvoo Legion

patrols, relying on bikes, trucks, and a couple of World War II Army Jeeps to transport their camp and its few non-combatant followers (mostly women). There are 17 in the camp who will fight if threatened, but their first order is to scatter and flee.

If the bandits were all slain, the group must follow via Tracking, or perhaps stake out their bodies and see who comes to claim them.

The safe full of irradiated ghost rock resides in the back of a truck, wrapped in chains.

What the group does with the information they've gained (and presumably the three pounds of remaining irradiated ghost rock powder) is up to them. Most likely, it's a dead end for a while. If they try to tell Hellstromme Industries that some of their ghost rock seems to be driving people crazy, it eventually gets kicked up to Office 17. The case officer gets as much detail as he can from the do-gooders and promises to look into it but whatever evidence he turns up isn't shared.

Agents from Office 17 are assigned to watch the party for a while, something the group will have to deal with on occasion if they desire some privacy. The agents back off after a week or so if the characters don't stick their noses in Hellstromme's business.

The group won't have any luck trying to find out where the ghost rock powder came from on their own. Eventually, the lead plays out and is a dead end. For now.

• **Outcasts:** Use Thugs from *Deadlands Noir*, but add leather jackets (Armor +1), rifles (Range 24/48/96, Damage 2d8) and dirt bikes. They also have radioactive bolts as a Special Ability (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+2 damage). Half the ones in the village have a dirt bike, the others ride in one of three pickup trucks.

SAM TALL

Sam Tall is a wily desert fighter who relies on traps and sniping to defeat his foes—the Nauvoo Legion. He retains most of his cunning under Pharalon's influence and some new powers as well. For a tougher challenge, Sam's closest five companions can be designed as Wild Cards.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Driving d8, Fighting d8, Gambling d6, Intimidation d6, Notice d8, Persuasion d6, Repair d6, Shooting d12, Stealth d10, Swimming d6, Survival d10

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 7(1)

Hindrances: Cautious, Greedy

Edges: Ace, Hard, Marksman, Steady Hands, Trademark Weapon (sniper rifle)

Gear: Leather jacket (+1), sniper rifle (Range 50/100/200, Damage 2d8, AP 2), scope (+2 to Shooting rolls against targets at Medium or Long Range), \$337, dirt bike.

Special Abilities:

- **Pharalon's Chosen:** Sam has been gifted with some of Pharalon's power. As an action, Sam makes a Spirit test. If failed, he's Shaken. If successful, a blast of radioactive energy bursts from his eyes and mouth. This works just like a flamethrower but with one additional and particularly nasty effect in addition to the 2d10 damage. The victim must make a Vigor roll or suffer radiation sickness. Failure results in Fatigue, which can lead to Long-Term Chronic, Minorly Debilitating Disease if Incapacitated (see Hazards: Radiation in the Situational Rules of *Savage Worlds*).

PART FIVE: TO HELL (AND BACK?)

When you're ready for the conclusion to this Plot Point Campaign and the gumshoes have learned the irradiated ghost rock came from Hellstromme Industries, the group finds a note beneath the windshield wipers of one of their cars.

Please pardon my failure to arrive at the Tower Theatre those many weeks ago. I was unavoidably detained. If you will kindly give me another chance to meet with you I believe I can shed some light on the strange situation you and the others find yourselves in.

Please meet me where you rescued Dr. Riggs at midnight tonight. I would advise you to travel armed at all times. There are forces at work that might wish you harm.

The location Dr. Crypdex is referring to is, of course, the Pit. He waits just inside the chain-link fence. Read the following when they arrive. If they come early, Dr. Crypdex arrives at about 11:45 p.m., so you'll need to slightly adjust the text below.

You slip inside the fencing and catch a glint of light a few yards ahead. You squint and see moonlight reflecting off a pair of round, multi-lens goggles. Wearing the goggles is a pale-skinned man with a black hat and black trenchcoat. Thin yellow hair juts out from beneath the hat. He smiles and slowly approaches. His voice sounds strange and sinister...almost as if he were whispering and chittering at the same time.

"Heh heh. Very pleased to meet you. Very pleased indeed. You have proven yourselves a force to be reckoned with. Very impressive." The man looks you over as if he were inspecting a cut of meat.

Dr. Crypdex looks everyone over—taking in their dress, their weapons, and their demeanor, before continuing.

"My name is Dr. Crypdex. I work for...Hellstromme Industries. Actually, I work in a secret laboratory in Hellstromme Industries. Very secret, indeed. Oh, so very secret. Beyond anything you can imagine."

He pauses again...looking to see if the heroes he holds in such high esteem show reciprocal admiration.

"But I also belong to a secret organization. So many secrets. So many, many secrets. Riddles within enigmas, you see. We are called the 'Sons of Sitgreaves.' Mad, they call us. Mad scientists. For many years. Since ghost rock. Since the...change...occurred. Mad science is not truly science at all. It is part science...and part magic. Did you know that? Oh yes. Many deny it. Especially these new 'patent scientists.' But it's all magic. And dark magic at that! Why do the dark powers share it? We don't know. To cause mayhem, we suppose. No matter how hard we try there are always...catastrophes. Accidents. One day there might be an accident big enough to blow up the entire world! Oh, yes."

Crypdex lets his revelation sink in.

"Oh, but you did not come for a lecture. You came to understand what happened to you. Why you lost a few days of your lives. Why you awoke on the Salt Flats with blood on your hands. Why that poor referee went mad at the skullchucker game. Why Mr. Freeny killed his family. Why those people killed each other in that restaurant. Yes? So many unexplained events. All unrelated? No, not at all. Just hard to see the pattern. But it's there. It has to do with that mad science I told you about."

"You see...Dr. Hellstromme has created a special kind of ghost rock. Very dangerous. Very dangerous indeed! Some of that ghost rock got away from him. It's...tainted. Alive. It can...take control. Make you do things. Terrible things. I believe you were all exposed through pesticide. That fellow you met...Dr. Dell....sold it to a company that sprayed it all over town. That's how it got into you. You...breathed it in to your very lungs! Oh, yes. Right inside you."

"I managed to...purge...you of its taint that day in the desert. You will not be affected by it again. But others will not be so fortunate. If you want to save them...and I do not know how many hundreds, maybe thousands,

are affected...you must undertake a most dangerous adventure. Are you game?"

BACK DOOR TO HELL

Assuming the party doesn't balk, Crypdex continues:

"This ghost rock you have encountered was manufactured in Purgatory. Not the demonic domain—the secret lab Hellstromme Industries maintains far beneath Down Under. The doctor has a...a machine there. The Gehenna Coils. This is what draws power from another...dimension...and uses it to transform radioactive ore into irradiated ghost rock."

"He's been doing this for almost a year, but something went wrong with one of the batches—the batch the Outcasts stole when they robbed that Wasatch train. That ore is scattered everywhere. It's not just in Dr. Dell's insecticide. We will never find it all. We must reconstitute the...entity...that resides within it, and destroy it. To do that we must use the Gehenna Coils."

Crypdex pulls out a map of Deseret and points to a small, hand-written X about four miles east of Junkyard.

"This is the Worm Hole. A melodramatic name, I know. Long ago it was home to the creatures we call rattlers. They are not worms at all. Nor snakes, you know. Actually they seem to be some kind of..."

"But I digress. The worms are long gone. Almost certainly. Probably. Very likely. But their ancient lairs run deep. All through the mountains here. All the way to Purgatory. Dr. Hellstromme has a secret escape route into these tunnels we can use to get inside the lab and access the Gehenna Coils."

Crypdex hands a lead cylinder to someone in the party—preferably an inventor.

"This is a sufficient amount of the creature's essence. The lead will protect you from the radiation, and as I said you are already immune to the entity. You must get to the coils, place this inside, then reverse the electric flow. I can give you brief instructions if this is beyond you. I believe this will reconstitute the creature. Leave the machine on and run as fast as you can. In less than a minute it will overload—destroying the creature and the coils themselves. I have already ensured the plans for the device cannot be...recovered. It will be many years—if ever—before Dr. Hellstromme can recreate such a dangerous machine."

DR. EMIL CRYPDEX

Dr. Crypdex (an alias he invented a few decades back) is that rare scientist who knows exactly where his powers come from. He's been helping Dr. Hellstromme

study the power of the Abyss for many years, and his devices show his peculiar blend of science and something he calls “brimstone tech.” Crypdex plays something of a hero in this tale, but these are all means to an end. He seeks to control all of Hellstromme Industries and be the greatest scientist of all time. To do that, he must get rid of Dr. Hellstromme. He hopes Hellstromme will be a casualty in the heroes’ fight with Pharalon. If not, he plans on telling Dr. Hellstromme the truth—for the most part—that he suspected their ghost rock had become tainted with a demon and he used a party of unwitting dupes to destroy it. He knew Dr. Hellstromme would easily destroy these simpletons, or he would do so himself, after they battle the demon.

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d12+2, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Boating d4, Driving d4, Healing d4, Investigation d6, Notice d10, Repair d6, Shooting d6, Stealth d6, Streetwise d4, Survival d4, Taunt d4, Tracking d4, Weird Science d12

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 2; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Bad Eyes (Minor), Cautious, Curious

Edges: Arcane Background (Patent Science), Connections (Hellstromme Industries), Expert (Smarts), Gadgeteer, Linguist, Master (Patent Science), McGyver, Mr. Fix It, New Powers, Power Points

Powers: *Armor* (force generator trench coat), *bolt* (Hellfire pistol), *confusion* (brain scrambler wand), *damage field* (electroshock generator in trench coat), *dispel* (Hellish wards); **Power Points:** 30.

Gear: \$300

DESCENT INTO THE DEPTHS

Spelunking is a tricky and dangerous activity. The party needs light sources that can last for many hours, water to avoid dehydration over the difficult hike, and climbing gear for the difficult ascents and descents. If the group doesn’t think of this, Dr. Crypdex will happily inform them they should prepare for a hike of at least five miles and several climbs. This will be an *arduous* trip.

The trip begins with a drive to rough terrain about five miles from Salt Lake City. From there it’s a mile-long walk up a steep hill to a 20’ hole leading straight down into the ground. (The walk might be a good time to run an Interlude—see *Savage Worlds*.)

A sign at the lip of the hole reads: “PROPERTY OF WASATCH INDUSTRIES. TRESPASSERS WILL BE

THE GREAT WORMS

For those Game Masters who aren’t aware of the great worms from *Deadlands* or *Hell on Earth*, the “rattlers” were at first thought to be previously undiscovered natural creatures when Americans first ventured Westward. Pioneers called them rattlers because they rattled your teeth as they approached from beneath the earth and gobbled up travelers, horses, and even their wagon trains whole.

In the Salt Lake area, Dr. Hellstromme rose to fame by providing Mormons with steam buggies fast enough to outrun and evade the worms, and locals took to hunting and poisoning them afterward to the point there are perhaps only a few left deep beneath the earth in 1950.

By the time of *Hell on Earth*, a few adventurers have figured out that the worms aren’t natural and they aren’t even abominations created by the Reckoners—they’re ancient god-like beings that were here long before humans! After their near-extinction in the late 1800s and early 1900s, a few of the oldest and wisest began working on a plan to restore their power by creating new beings to worship them.

These new worshipers are born in a genetic stew of rattler and man, and up until this era are a complete and utter failure. But in the aftermath of the party’s attack on Dr. Hellstromme’s lab and the chaos that follows, they stumble on the missing ingredient that will eventually—nearly a century later—allow them to create their new servitor race—the wormlings.

If you’re interested in the culmination of these plans, see the *Hell on Earth Classic* adventure *The Unity*, and *Hell on Earth Reloaded*.



PROSECUTED. DANGEROUS. EXTREME RISK OF DEATH.”

Dr. Crypdex smiles nervously and explains that there is nothing to fear. There is a device at the bottom for getting out, but Dr. Hellstromme didn’t want anyone inadvertently getting *in*.

The group must rappel down about 50’ using their ropes and climbing gear. This is a simple Climbing roll given their equipment and natural projections on the wall. Failure results in a level of Fatigue from bumps and bruises as they catch their hand in a knot, bump a shin on jutting rock, etc. Only with a critical failure does someone actually fall somehow (roll 2d20 for the number of feet fallen).

At the bottom, Dr. Crypdex shows them a false rock that is actually a storage compartment. Inside are five grappling hook guns with automatic retractors (no climbing necessary if the hook catches), a plasma gun (the *blast* power with 12 charges), and a spare ghost rock ionized battery (for Dr. Hellstromme’s robotic body).

Crypdex recommends leaving these devices alone. The grappling hooks especially should remain because he plans on coming back this way. Once they attack the lab all Hell will break loose and guards from above will be fighting their way down, so the group will almost certainly have to escape back through the tunnels.

Beyond the entrance, the caves are strangely smooth. Anyone with a background in geology or mining knows these aren’t natural.

White arrows have been spray-painted on the walls pointing toward the hole in the ground—marking the way should Dr. Hellstromme need to flee from Purgatory.

Because of the way they were formed, most of the passages are easily traversed. They’re 20 feet in diameter and mostly smooth except where the roof has caved in or some particularly hard mineral juts out and was avoided.

THE BONE PITS

After about thirty minutes of walking, the party rounds a winding corner and notes that the path continues on as a sort of bridge and branches off into a massive, dark hole beneath them. The smell of earth and ancient offal permeates the chamber. Dr. Crypdex stops for a moment and lights a flare.

“I told you the worms had been here a very long time.” The doctor drops a flare into the vastness below. It hits a few seconds later and lands amid what at first looks like acres of old, dried wood scattered in every direction. After a few moments, you realize it’s not wood at all—the floor is covered in bones.

This is where the old rattlers used to “purge” themselves of anything that wouldn’t digest. There are far fewer great worms these days and most have retreated further away from civilization. Still, the smell of their refuse is strong. Have everyone make a Vigor roll. Anyone who fails suffers a level of Fatigue that fades soon after leaving this chamber.

GRUESOME FIND

The party hears the trickle of water and the unmistakable sounds of a grisly feast—something like what one would imagine lions ripping apart and chewing on a zebra would sound like. As they approach, they see several long, snake-like things whip into holes on either side of the main path (young rattler tails). In the middle of the passage is the corpse of a young steer, half-devoured. The rattlers snagged it above and dragged it here to feast.

A cold stream flows through this part of trail, diverted by the young rattlers’ many passages.

The rattlers disappear down three 18” diameter holes (two on the right, one on the left) just as the group approaches. They won’t return, but they’ll see them again soon.

REMNANTS OF A BYGONE AGE

The path again falls away to pockets on either side—roughly 20’ down from the main path. Climbing equipment is needed to make the descent (safely), and certainly to ascend once more.

From the path, the party can see piles of metal junk. The rattlers, in their quest to understand humanity, used to collect any metal refuse they could find. Most of the detritus is made up of old car parts, refrigerators, and mining equipment, but there are a few valuable gems tucked within the junk as well. By climbing down and making a Notice roll, a searcher finds each of the items below (preferably in the order presented). Each search requires about 10 minutes time per person.

Personal Harpoon Gun: This harpoon gun is spring-loaded, and with a simple Repair roll can be made to fire again. The cord has rotted away, but a second Notice roll finds enough cord in the pit to make it functional again.

Using the harpoon gun requires a Shooting roll, and a successful roll hooks or sticks the harpoon in the target. It’s only a little larger than a double-barrel shotgun and weighs ten pounds loaded. Three bolts can be found lying amid the wreckage.

- **Harpoon Gun:** Range 4/8/16, Damage 2d8, RoF 1. If the harpoon inflicts at least one wound, the target is harpooned and considered entangled (see Grappling

in *Savage Worlds*). Although it only takes a single action to load another harpoon, the pressure chamber takes three rounds to build up enough steam to launch a shot. A single ounce of ghost rock provides enough fuel for 10 shots before being expended.

Malfunction: If the Shooting roll is 1 (regardless of the Wild Die), the device suffers a -2 to further use until a successful Repair roll is made as an action. If the Shooting roll results in snake eyes, the miniature boiler blows a gasket, venting hot steam onto the firer for 3d6 damage. The gun is useless until a successful Repair roll (-2) is made, along with 2d6 hours’ work being done.

Restorative Elixir: This metal flask bears a label that says “Smith & Robard’s Improved Restorative Elixir. Drink the entire bottle in case of grievous wounds or deadly maladies.”

It’s sealed with wax and looks to be well over half a century old. It does, indeed, still work. If someone drinks the entire flask, they immediately recover all Fatigue and 1d3 wounds (even if Incapacitated).

Dr. Augustus: Lying on top of an old steam wagon is the shell of an automaton. It’s obviously very old and decked out like a showpiece rather than one of Hellstromme’s typical clockwork men. Fading or chipped red paint covers its bare surfaces and it’s trimmed in once-shiny brass. One of its arms is missing, but the other ends in a stainless-steel buzzsaw covered in old gunk (worm blood).

Long ago, Dr. Hellstromme experimented with putting living brains in the bodies of automatons. Few of them took. One that did later called himself Dr. Augustus. The doctor died long ago but a manitou was all too happy to take over the reins, making Dr. Augustus a Harrowed automaton.

Augustus fell victim to a great worm around 1905 and ran out of steam—literally. His brain lays trapped in a sort of Hellish dormancy while his body rusts in the pit with all the other gathered machinery.

Any patent scientist can see the old automaton merely requires ghost rock and a few gallons of water to fuel its engine. With that and a little oil (easily scavenged from the debris here), the creature *could* be made operational. Of course the main problem is that automatons are typically violent and dutifully loyal to Wasatch. Dr. Crypdex isn’t keen on raising the thing, but he says if it were restored he might know certain code words that would make it follow his commands (that’s a lie—he’s just trying to cover up the fact that there’s a zombie brain inside the casing, a long-held but poorly-kept secret). He thinks the zombie *might*

DR. AUGUSTUS

If Dr. Augustus the automaton is still with the player characters when they fight the automatons, he fights alongside them and revels in the carnage of besting his peers.

If Augustus survives to encounter Dr. Hellstromme, he disregards any other instructions and moves directly to attack his maker. It was the doctor who subjected Augustus' living self to terrible experiments long ago and the silent juggernaut wants revenge.

Hellstromme recognizes his lost invention as soon as it moves into contact. The threat is great so the doctor focuses entirely on Augustus until one or the other is down. Drawing off Hellstromme's attention for even a few rounds can be a major help for the party.

Unfortunately, if Hellstromme is out of the fight and Augustus survives, the bloodlust takes over and he decides to kill everything in sight. If he's successful, he then heads into upper Purgatory and begins slaughtering Hellstromme's people until he is finally put down and destroyed once and for all.

Augustus is a Wild Card automaton. He only has one hand. It's equipped with a diamond-tipped buzzsaw that does Str+d10 damage and has AP 4.

respond to him as an employee of Wasatch, but all he has is Persuasion and his company identification card.

If Augustus is resurrected, the thing doesn't speak (it can't) but does seem responsive (if a little slow). It seems to accept Dr. Crypdex's authority, and the doctor is willing to tell it to follow anyone else's orders if they so choose.

Augustus fights for the group for a while, but shouldn't be trusted—it's a demon after all. See the sidebar above to see what happens if it's present in the final encounter.

THIS IS WHY THEY'RE CALLED RATTLERS

The group comes to another bridge-like section overlooking deep caverns. If someone illuminates the bottom (roughly 40' below), they appear empty. A successful Notice roll at -2 picks up slightly more. What first appeared to be dirt at the bottom of the chamber is actually some sort of massive carcass. Two old worms came here to die, leaving their leathery hides behind.

About halfway across, the party hears a horrible, grinding, rumbling sound from above—as if something the size of a whale was crawling over the cavern roof above them. In fact, that's exactly what's happening. An old rattler called "Spikey" has caught the scent of intruders and is searching for them.

Have everyone make Agility rolls as the land bridge they're walking on crumbles at the edges. It's not ruined, but it definitely suffers some damage. Anyone who fails suffers a slip down the slope and onto the old hides, suffering Fatigue from bumps and bruises. A critical failure means a real fall and 4d6+4 damage.

Should anyone venture down to the carcass, 2d4 young rattlers are sleeping inside and attack as soon as they hear movement above.

- **2d4 Young Rattlers:** See page 204.

THEM!

After nearly four miles, the party hears something chittering in the darkness ahead. As they round a bend, they can see a dull, shimmering light source. One more bend, and they come across a trio of...giant, irradiated ants!

Hellstromme's many experiments with atomic energy have led to a number of leaks throughout Deseret. One of them has given rise to a massive ant colony that's now competing with the worms for food. This trio of soldier ants is out looking for young rattlers to battle when they come across the investigators.

Though the ants normally have the Wall Walker ability, the walls here are too round and smooth for them to gain purchase.

- **Atomic Ants (3):** See page 203.

ARE WE THERE YET?

After over five miles of twisting, turning passages, Dr. Crypdex begins examining the right-hand side of the tunnel intently. "*I believe we are there,*" he pants.

He runs his hands over the tunnel wall and eventually finds what looks like a loose stone. He smiles, presses it, and steps back as a hydraulic piston pulls back from behind the false wall. "*Shh! We're there,*" he whispers

as green light spills out of the chamber beyond—Dr. Hellstromme’s most secret laboratory.

ON THE DOORSTEP OF HELL

Purgatory is actually a massive series of labs, workshops, test chambers, holding pens, generators, and other rooms, but Dr. Crypdex leads the heroes directly to the secret back door of the Abyssal Chamber, where Dr. Hellstromme has opened a doorway to Hell.

Dr. Crypdex prefers to let the heroes plan the raid. The core of the scheme is that the sample must be placed in the Gehenna Coil and then the machine must be turned on. The latter must be done from the Observation Booth, which has a cinder block back wall and heavy tempered glass window for the front.

When the group arrives, the coils are inactive and the chamber is mostly empty—Dr. Crypdex timed it that way (regardless of what time your heroes arrived).

There are a number of automatons on watch however. The guards are intelligent and know no one should be here but Dr. Hellstromme—including Crypdex—and he certainly shouldn’t be messing with the coils and activating them. The party might try stealth and subterfuge, but the scientist advises the party be ready for a fight. The automatons are trained to trigger an alarm in case of emergency, but Dr. Crypdex smiles and says he’s already arranged for it to be disabled. They may use whatever firepower they wish on the clockwork men—the chamber is so deep even the noise of dynamite won’t attract any additional guardians.

There are nine automatons stationed throughout the Abyssal Chamber, as shown on the map. The heroes must figure out how they want to deal with them.

Their task involves taking the cylinder with some of Pharalón’s essence in it and inserting it into the Gehenna Coils. Someone must then activate the coils from the Observation Booth and reverse the polarity, sending the demon back through the metal cabling into Hell. This process takes several minutes (or might be a Dramatic Task—see below).

- **Automatons (9):** See page 203.

ABYSSAL CHAMBER

1) **Hell Hole:** On the east side of the cavern is a large hole that gives off intense heat. When the coils are inactive, it’s simply a hot geothermal vent that eventually leads to the planet’s core. When the coils are activated, they trigger the Infernal Pillars surrounding the hole and open a portal to Hell itself. This provides

the doorway and the additional energy required to channel souls into whatever lies within the Gehenna Coils.

2) **Gehenna Coils:** Atop a metal plate in the floor is a long cylinder made of ghost steel and wrapped in strange electrical coils. The cylinder is something like an iron lung with a large hatch on the side facing the Hell Hole. The hatch faces the Hell Hole, while a large viewport faces the Observation Booth.

3) **Electrical Carts:** The tunnels twist for nearly a mile from Purgatory to access tunnels beneath and inside Down Under. The staff uses these electric carts to speed their passage and haul tools and other equipment.

4) **Spare Parts:** Two pallets of spare coils, metal, and machinery are stacked five feet high.

5) **Generators:** These loud machines cover most noise (+2 to Stealth rolls) and provide electricity to the Observation Booth and Gehenna Coils. The coils use traditional electricity to start up, then rely primarily on geothermal and abyssal energy to draw damned souls from Hell.

6) **Radium Vault:** Incoming radium is stored in one side of this lead-lined vault; outgoing radium waits in the other for transport to Hellstromme’s satellite laboratories.

THE GEHENNA COILS

Placing the cylinder in the coils is as simple as opening the hatch and lying it inside. Activating the device and reversing the polarity must be done from a control panel in the Observation Booth. Dr. Crypdex can do this automatically. Should another character desire to man the booth he must make a Weird Science roll at –2 (and can try again every minute).

As the process starts, the coils arc and crack with electricity. Lines of blue energy race around the etchings of the Infernal Pillars and they begin to vibrate and hum. Suddenly, fire erupts from the hole to the east and flames lick at the cavern walls. A low wind seems to issue out of it, then slowly transforms into what can only be the howls of the damned. Anyone nearby can smell the distinctive odor of rotten eggs and broiling flesh.

A minute later the Pharalón container begins to vibrate and shudder with red energy. A moment later, the casing shatters and a pulsating red aura of energy convulses in the coils. It grows to fill the cylinder even as parts of it are pulled away and drawn into the conducting wires leading into the Hell Hole. A horrible high-pitched scream reverberates through the chamber as Pharalón realizes what’s happening.

ABYSSAL CHAMBER



ENTER HELL...STROMME!

Of course, the best laid plans of mice and patent scientists often go awry. As the heroes fire up the coils and begin extracting Pharalón from our world, a group of scientists decide to come check on the strange readings they've been receiving and walk right in on the finale.

The scientists are Dr. Alisa Hylton, Dr. Dawson Kriska, and Dr. Hellstromme himself! They are accompanied by Head of Security for Purgatory Ron McClung, a deadly sharpshooter and veteran of World War II.

McClung, Hylton, and Kriska ride in an electric cart and park right behind the Observation Booth door, likely trapping at least Dr. Crypdex inside. The rogue scientist pulls a wheeled chair into the corner and attempts to hide—he has no desire to be seen by Hellstromme and the others if he can help it. He hopes to return to his job with none the wiser after this is over.

Dr. Hellstromme strides behind the others in his robotic suit and walks around the southern side of the booth directly to the Gehenna Coils, large wrench in hand. The moment Hellstromme rounds the booth he realizes the coils are active. He puts the suit into combat mode and video relays in his braincase swivel around to look for intruders. The do-gooders are likely

caught red-handed. It's time for a knock-down drag-out fight with one of the deadliest foes in the entire world. Fortunately, he's ill-prepared for the assault and the heroes can likely flee as soon as the Pharalón cylinder explodes.

Start a Dramatic Task as soon as any of the investigators makes contact with the bad guys. The task lasts five rounds, and whoever is in the booth must make a Weird Science roll each round to adjust various knobs and dials and keep Pharalón from breaking free. If none of the heroes are patent scientists, Dr. Crypdex whispers instructions from his hiding place, allowing a proxy to roll Smarts -1 instead of the usual default roll.

A Complication means Pharalón has managed to fight back for a moment.

Dr. Hylton and Dr. Kriska try to break into the Observation Booth and capture or kill anyone inside so they can shut down the equipment. This is their lab so they have no desire to destroy it. Dr. Hellstromme advances straight toward the toughest-looking character or leader and tries to beat him into submission with his claw, then plans on questioning him afterwards. Smith plays cat-and-mouse from the shadows, sniping at the intruders with his assault rifle while McClung hoses them down with his SMG.

• **Dr. Hellstromme:** See page 200 for Dr. Hellstromme's statistics.

JEFF SMITH (HEAD OF SECURITY FOR PURGATORY)

Smith fought in World War II in Deseret's elite Avengers program. He's a canny fighter. When he sees obviously powerful individuals like the player characters, he attempts to snipe. He's more than capable if caught close-up though.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Driving d8, Fighting d8, Healing d6, Intimidation d8, Investigation d6, Notice d8, Repair d6, Shooting d10, Stealth d8, Streetwise d6, Swimming d6, Throwing d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 9 (2)

Hindrances: Cautious, Loyal

Edges: Arcane Resistance, Combat Reflexes, Hard, Guts, Hitman, Kung Fu (Confusion), Level Headed, Marksman, Martial Arts, Quick

Gear: Experimental Hellstromme Industries semi-automatic carbine (Range 40/80/160, Damage 2d8+2, RoF 1, AP 2), Experimental Hellstromme Industries Thunderer semi-automatic pistol (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+2, RoF 1, AP 2), armored vest +2.

RON MCCLUNG (ASSISTANT HEAD OF SECURITY)

McClung was Smith's right-hand man in the War and still serves him here in Purgatory. The former sergeant doesn't care about precision and order like his boss—he just wants to get the job done. Messy is just fine.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Driving d6, Fighting d8, Healing d4, Intimidation d8, Notice d6, Repair d6, Shooting d8, Stealth d6, Swimming d6, Throwing d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 10 (2)

Hindrances: Loyal

Edges: Brawny, Combat Reflexes, Guts, Hard, Rock n' Roll

Gear: Experimental Hellstromme Industries SMG (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6, RoF 4, AP 1), 2 x hand grenades (Range 5/10/20, Damage 3d6, RoF 1, MBT), armored vest +2.

DR. ALISA HYLTON

Two of Hellstromme's senior scientists accompanied him on the errand. Incidents in the Abyssal Chamber are common so they always come armed with their personal weaponry ready for a fight. Hylton sets up

opponents with her disruptor wand and lets Kriska finish them off.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d10, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Driving d6, Fighting d4, Healing d8, Investigation d8, Notice d8, Repair d10, Shooting d6, Weird Science d10

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Curious, Lyin' Eyes, Short Temper

Edges: Arcane Background (Patent Science), Mr. Fix It, New Powers, Power Points

Gear: Disruptor wand.

Kriska's Powers: *Confusion* (sonic disruptor wand), *drain Power Points* (inversion wand); **Power Points:** 20.

DR. DAWSON KRISKA

Kriska is that rare scientist who actually likes to engage in hand-to-hand combat. He runs straight to the fight and bounds into combat with his electrified coat and power baton.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d12, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Driving d6, Fighting d8, Healing d4, Investigation d8, Notice d8, Persuasion d4, Repair d10, Shooting d4, Weird Science d10

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 7

Hindrances: Curious, Mean, Overconfident

Edges: Arcane Background (Patent Science), Brawny, McGyver, Mr. Fix It, New Powers, Power Points

Gear: Power baton (Str+d4).

Powers: *Damage field* (electrified coat), *smite* (power baton); **Power Points:** 20.

IT ALWAYS ENDS IN FLAMES

If the Dramatic Task is successful, Pharalón is reconstituted in the physical world and bound by bands of Hellish energy and electricity flowing backwards through the pulsing, shuddering Gehenna Coils. The machine is being torn apart by the feedback and is clearly about to explode!

As soon as the Dramatic Task is successful, tell the heroes the machine is about to blow and secretly roll 1d4+2. That's the number of rounds before the Gehenna Coils explodes. Hellstromme and the others realize this and beat a hasty retreat if they're able.

Draw an Action Card face down for the machine each round. On the Action Card of the appointed

round, it detonates—destroying the Gehenna Coils and Pharalon forever. Anyone in the Abyssal Chamber suffers 6d6 damage (minus 10 if they're behind heavy cover such as the generators observation booth).

If Pharalon isn't destroyed—because the heroes failed the Dramatic Task or couldn't overcome a Complication—the machine overloads as above but Pharalon isn't destroyed. He escapes into the Purgatory electrical system and can reappear later in your campaign, wiser, more powerful, and looking for revenge!

A few minutes after the explosion, Hellstromme, any other survivors, and a large security team of men and automatons flood the chamber—so the heroes should beat a hasty retreat if they haven't already.

ESCAPE

After the explosion, the party has no choice but to escape back the way they came. Unfortunately, the massive detonation has attracted the attention of Spikey, the ancient rattler the team felt moving around under **That's Why They're Called Rattlers!**

As the group exits Purgatory back through the secret passage, the door shuts behind them and the earth rattles. Stonework and other rubble block the door back into Purgatory (ideally cutting them off from Crypdx if possible so they don't have to drag him along).

As the world starts to collapse around them, the investigators see a writhing mass of tentacles flood the chamber beyond. A moment later the leathery head of a great worm emerges! Harpoons and old spears jut from its flesh—relics of its many scrapes with hunters in the past. The thing groans and charges!

Fortunately, the tunnels here are a tight fit for Spikey, meaning the heroes can escape if they run as fast as they can back the way they originally came. This is a Chase scene. Any time Spikey has Advantage, he lashes out with a tentacle for his Bite damage (he does not grapple during the Chase). A Complication means an obstacle of some sort—such as a collapsed section of tunnel—must be negotiated. If failed, that character is trapped. He must stand and fight.

 **Spikey:** Spikey is an ancient rattler (see page 203), and a Wild Card. He's called Spikey due to the harpoons and spears embedded in his flesh.

MEN & MONSTERS OF THE CITY OF GLOOM

Below are a sample of the men and monsters who populate the City of Gloom.

ROGUES' GALLERY

DR. DARIUS HELLSTROMME

Hellstromme is the prime Servitor of Pestilence on Earth, thanks to his part in the proliferation of ghost rock and the technological advances he's pioneered. This has led to countless outbreaks of ghost rock fever, for which the good doctor is indirectly responsible. In 1950, he's added radiation poisoning to his repertoire.

Dr. Hellstromme's physical form was discarded during World War I in favor of a robotic suit. It's a large, imposing thing with a tempered glass brain case, large pincer-arms, and ghost steel frame.

Note that while players may target and even damage the brain, Dr. Hellstromme *is* still a servitor. Somehow, some way, the brain and body manage to avoid complete destruction and rebuild themselves. His Weakness has yet to be discovered at this time, so while he may be defeated and even Incapacitated, he cannot truly be killed. How you portray this depends on the situation, but the Reckoners take care of their own—and later punish them for their disappointments.

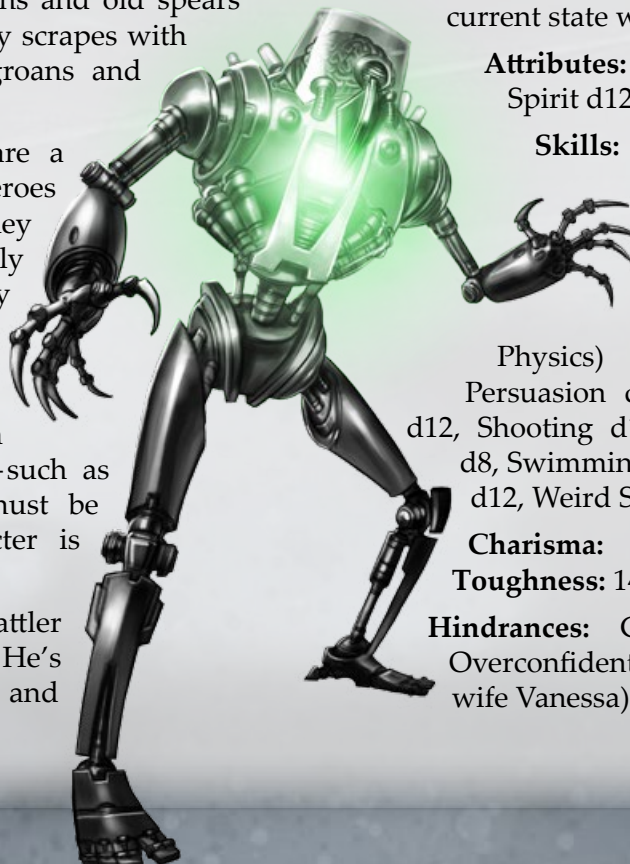
Dr. Hellstromme's statistics reflect his current state within his metal body.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d12+6, Spirit d12, Strength d12+2, Vigor d8

Skills: Boating d8, Driving d12, Fighting d10, Healing d8, Intimidation d12, Investigation d12, Knowledge (Biology, Chemistry, Occult, Physics) d12+6, Notice d12, Persuasion d12, Piloting d10, Repair d12, Shooting d10, Stealth d6, Streetwise d8, Swimming d6, Taunt d12, Throwing d12, Weird Science d12+6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 10; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 14(8)

Hindrances: Curious, Greedy, Mean, Overconfident, Vow (Resurrect his dead wife Vanessa)



Edges: Arcane Background (Patent Science), Charismatic, Connections (Hellstromme Industries, Ltd.), Eureka!, Filthy Rich, Gadgeteer, Great Luck, Guts, Improved Arcane Resistance, Improved Dodge, Improved Level Headed, Improved Trademark Weapon (Any Gadget or Gizmo), Marksman, Master (Smarts, Biology, Chemistry, Occult, Physics, Weird Science), McGyver, Mr. Fix It, Rock and Roll, Steady Hands, Strong Willed

Gear: As needed.

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +8:** Hellstromme's suit is made of a blend of polished ghost steel and other alloys he personally created.
- **Atomic Beam:** Dr. Hellstromme has just built a new weapon into his suit—a chest beam powered by radioactive ghost rock. It uses as a Cone Template and causes 2d10 damage to anyone hit by it. The victim must also make a Vigor roll to avoid mild radiation sickness, resulting in Fatigue for 1d3 days. This can lead to Incapacitation.
- **Claws:** Str+d6
- **Mad Insight:** If madness is a job requirement for inventors (and most folks think it is, these days), Hellstromme's overqualified. His gizmos never malfunction or run out of Power Points so long as he wields them. Further, given an hour in his lab, he can invent (and build!) a new device to reflect any Power he wishes. Finally, he receives +4 on Smarts, Knowledge, and Weird Science rolls.

CERCE MALLORY

The Mallory girls have a long tradition of causing trouble for their parents, siblings, companions, and especially the authorities. But there are few better to have around when real trouble's brewing.

Cerce continues the tradition. She fights with her mother constantly (though she loves and admires her far more than she'll ever admit), and is as rebellious a girl as one will ever meet. Cerce is strikingly beautiful, whether she's covered in grease while tinkering on her motorcycle or (far more rarely) dressed up for some dance or other formal event. Cerce doesn't have a knack for weird science, but she's a decent mechanic and an amazing driver, pilot, and racer.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d10, Spirit d10, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Driving d12, Fighting d6, Healing d4, Notice d8, Persuasion d6, Repair d8, Shooting d8, Taunt d8

Charisma: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Curious, Heroic

Edges: Ace, Attractive

Gear: Motorcycle, heavy wrench (Str+d6, Medium Improvised Weapon, -1 Fighting, -1 Parry).

DANITES

Danites are the church's official (and extremely covert) troubleshooters and monster hunters. To aid them in their work, the church grants them special badges that aid them in their never-ending battle against evil.

Danite leaders are Wild Cards with whatever additional Combat Edges the Marshal sees fit.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Driving d8, Fighting d8, Healing d6, Intimidation d8, Investigation d8, Knowledge (Occult) d6, Lockpicking d8, Notice d8, Persuasion d6, Repair d4, Riding d8, Shooting d8, Stealth d8, Streetwise d8, Survival d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 8 (1)

Hindrances: Loyal, Vow (to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints)

Edges: Brave, Hard

Gear: Leather jacket (Armor +1), .45 automatic (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6, RoF 1), pump-action shotgun (Range 12/24/48, Damage 1-3d6, RoF 1), Danite's Badge.

Special Abilities:

- **Danite's Badge:** The church's avenging angels are given specially blessed badges that grant them the Champion Edge despite not having an Arcane Background. Each badge is tied to the person who's name is on it and their direct blood relatives. They have no effect on anyone else.

HELGA VON STEINHAUS

Helga is the Chief Security Officer of Office 17—a small but elite group of individuals responsible for protecting Hellstromme Industries most important secrets and technologies.

Helga was a spy for the German SS before falling in love with one of her suspects. Her husband didn't survive the war, so Helga fled to Deseret and decided to put her expertise in espionage to rooting out spies rather than being one herself.

Helga understands the power of perception and embraces her image as a German mistress—she wears a black leather coat over green dress pants and high boots. She even carries a riding crop.

Helga operates slightly off the record. Hellstromme pays little attention to her, and she's sneaky enough

MAYOR MEGARA MALLORY



that the Mormon authorities don't know most of what she's up to.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d10, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Driving d10, Fighting d8, Healing d6, Investigation d10, Knowledge (Weird Science) d4, Notice d10, Persuasion d12, Repair d4, Shooting d10

Charisma: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Lech, Night Terrors

Edges: Arcane Resistance, Attractive

Gear: Luger 9mm (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6, RoF 1).

MAYOR MEGARA MALLORY

"Mayor Meg" is the daughter of Captain Sydney Mallory, a heroine whose deeds make most war heroes blush. Sydney had a knack for driving and piloting vehicles; Meg is more interested in creating and modifying them. Her daughter, Cerce, has taken on her grandmother's aptitudes however and currently holds the land speed record on the Salt Flats.

Megara is tough but fair, stern but compassionate. The church frequently debates about what to do with the often troublesome Junkyard on its borders, and it's only Meg's firm hand that keeps it from becoming a real issue.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d12, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Driving d8, Fighting d6, Healing d8, Intimidation d8, Investigation d10, Knowledge (Chemistry) d10, Notice d8, Persuasion d10, Repair d8, Shooting d6, Weird Science d10

Charisma: +4; **Pace:** 5; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Code of Honor, Curious, Heroic

Edges: Arcane Background (Patent Science), Attractive, McGyver, Mr. Fix It, Noble (Mayor), New Power

Gear: Heavy wrench (Str+d6, Medium Improvised Weapon, -1 Fighting, -1 Parry), sawed-off shotgun (Range 5/10/20, Damage 1-3d6, Shots 2, +2 Shooting).

Powers: *Armor* (reinforced work apron), *darksight* (goggles); **Power Points:** 10.

OFFICE 17 OPERATIVE

Helga has a talent for hiring cruel, vicious, and patient men. They might follow their targets for months at a time, gathering evidence, learning their routines, tracking their movements, and even figuring out just who the spies are working for.

When Helga gives the order to take them down, the operatives move quickly and efficiently—shutting down every possible method of escape.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d10, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Driving d8, Fighting d8, Healing d6, Intimidation d8, Investigation d8, Knowledge (Weird Science) d4, Lockpicking d8, Notice d8, Persuasion d6, Repair d4, Shooting d8, Stealth d8, Streetwise d8

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Loyal (to Helga Von Steinhaus), Mean

Edges: Investigator

Gear: Luger 9mm (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6, RoF 1), other equipment as needed.

ABOMINATIONS

ATOMIC ANTS

Hellstromme's experiments occasionally leak out into the natural world and cause insane mutations. Deep beneath the Wasatch Mountains is one such colony, grown to the size of tanks by a mixture of radiation and the evil of the Reckoners. The colony battles with the last of the rattlers in their subterranean lairs, waging titanic wars unseen and unknown by humans living just a few hundred feet above.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6(A), Spirit d8, Strength d12+2, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d6, Notice d8, Stealth d6

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 12 (2)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +2:** The ants are covered in carapace.
- **Low Light Vision:** The creatures detect scent and vibrations with their antennae, allowing them to ignore all darkness modifiers.
- **Size +3:** The ants are 8' high at the head and 14' long.
- **Wall Walker:** The ants can walk up rough walls at their normal Pace.

NOSFERATU

Most nosferatu in this era have become diggers (see *Deadlands Noir*), but those found in the **Treasure of the Aztecs** (page 176) have survived in their original form.

The creatures are hideous, rat-like vampires with bald heads, hooked noses, pointed ears, beady eyes, and long claw-like fingers.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6,

Spirit d4, Strength d12, Vigor d10

Skills: Climbing d10, Fighting d10, Intimidation d8, Notice d8, Stealth d12, Swimming d6

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 9

Special Abilities:

- **Bite/Claw:** Str+d4.
- **Fear (-1):** An encounter with these hideous creatures causes a Fear test at -1.
- **Grapple:** A nosferatu that successfully grapples automatically inflicts bite damage each round.
- **Improved Frenzy:** Nosferatu make two Fighting attacks each round with no penalty.
- **Undead:** +2 Toughness; +2 to recover from being Shaken; no extra damage from called shots.
- **Weakness (Heart):** A called shot to the heart (-6 penalty) adds +4 to the attacker's damage. Wood isn't required—bullets work just fine.
- **Weakness (Sunlight):** Nosferatu suffer a level of Fatigue every round they are exposed to direct sunlight. This can result in their destruction, and are only recovered by feasting on a pint of blood per level.

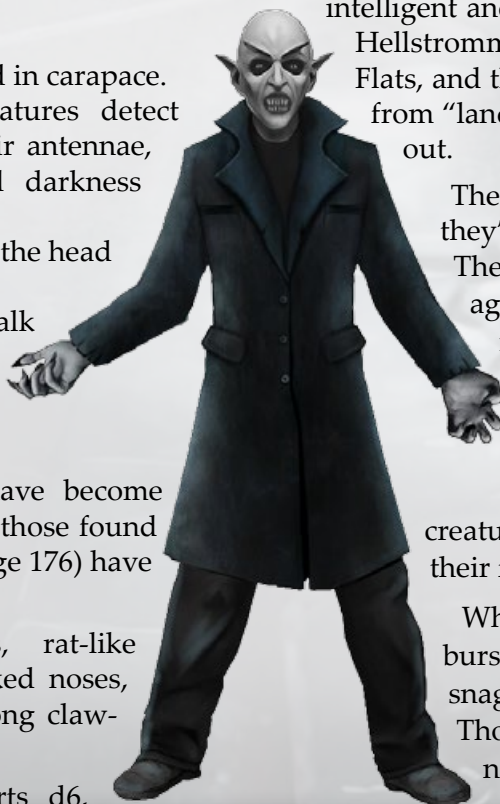
RATTLER, SALT

Rattlers are giant worms found throughout the American West. Like the buffalo, they are mostly believed to be extinct—but an occasional sighting still occurs and makes the local news when it does.

Salt rattlers are smaller than those found elsewhere in the West. They're also faster, and locals argue, more intelligent and downright *meaner*. They had to be—Hellstromme's inventions, the nature of the Salt Flats, and the vigor with which they were hunted from "land ship" for decades nearly wiped them out.

The greatest secret of the rattlers is that they're not creatures of the Reckoning. They were *awakened* by it, however. Long ago, the rattlers were a race of near-gods, ruling over the primordial creatures of Earth's past. Their reign ended under mysterious circumstances, but they have been slowly attempting to recruit new worshippers from the odd creatures (humans) who now tread upon their former domain.

When a rattler moves in for the kill, it bursts up through the earth and tries to snag its prey with one of its tentacles. Though they have many tentacles, they never attempt to capture multiple



targets unless their intended victims are very close together, such as a horse and rider, preferring to focus on a single quarry.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Strength d12+4, Vigor d12+2

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d10, Notice d8, Stealth d8

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 24 (2)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +2:** The worms are covered in thick, scaly skin. Clothing made of rattler hide (available only through a few merchants in the Southwest for hundreds of dollars per article) grants Armor +1.
- **Bite:** Str+d12.
- **Burrowing:** 18".
- **Coup (Beneath the Earth):** Any deader who kills a worm gains the ability to burrow up to 5" (as per the Monstrous Ability).
- **Fear (-2):** Anyone who encounters a rattler must make a Fear test at -2.
- **Gargantuan:** Heavy Armor. Attackers add +4 to their rolls to hit a rattler. Using its entire bulk, a rattler can slam itself down upon a foe or an obstacle. Add Size bonus to Strength for damage. Rattlers can affect an area equivalent to a Cone Template with their slam attack.

- **Seismic Sensors:** Rattlers sense their prey by vibrations in the sand. They can detect the movement of a man up to 100" (200 yards) distant. This is an opposed Notice versus Stealth if the prey is trying to step lightly (-2 if running), otherwise just a Notice roll for the rattler. Horses are detected at double the distance, wagons at triple.

- **Size +13:** The great worms are over 40 yards long, slightly smaller than the rattlers found in other parts of the West.

- **Tentacles:** Rattler tentacles are 20" (40 yards) long. Once they grapple a target, they begin dragging them toward their maw. Each success and raise on an opposed Strength roll drags the victim 1d6" closer to the hungry mouth. Each tentacle can take a single wound, but has a Toughness of 12. Bullets and impaling weapons cause half damage, while blunt attacks inflict no damage. Wounds inflicted on tentacles do not harm the rattler.

- **Weakness (Nerve Cluster):** Rattlers have a cluster of nerves deep in their bodies at the nexus of their tentacles. If targeted with a called shot (-6), damage ignores both the Size modifier and Heavy Armor of the rattler. Of course, the danger is in getting close enough to the rattler to take the shot!



RATTLER, YOUNG

Young rattlers are the larval form of the great worms. They are about a yard long, can burrow through the earth like their parents, and have a mass of tentacles they overwhelm their prey as they nip at them with razor-sharp teeth.

Rattler larvae are found throughout the Salt Flats, and travel in of five or more.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d8, Stealth d6

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 4

Special Abilities:

- **Bite:** Str+d4.
- **Blizzard of Tentacles:** Young rattlers are not big enough to hunt like their larger kin yet, but use their tentacles to distract their prey. A lone rattler young 'un gains an automatic +1 gang-up bonus on its prey.
- **Burrow:** 15".
- **Quick:** Young rattlers discard Action Cards of 5 or lower.
- **Size -1:** Young rattlers are three to five feet long.

RATTLER, YOUNG (RADIOACTIVE)

Some of the young rattlers have burrowed into Dr. Hellstromme's various caches of radioactive materials—including some of his experimental ghost rock. The things are dying, but for several months become larger, more powerful, and more rabid.

The creatures glow in even dim light—a sure sign they are tainted with radioactive energy.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d12, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d4, Stealth d6

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 7

Special Abilities:

- **Bite:** Str+d6.
- **Blizzard of Tentacles:** Young rattlers are not big enough to hunt like their larger kin yet, but use their tentacles to distract their prey. A lone rattler young 'un gains an automatic +1 gang-up bonus on its prey.
- **Burrow:** 15".
- **Improved Frenzy:** The rattlers are driven mad by their sickness and may attack twice per action at no penalty.
- **Glowing Skin:** Attackers suffer no penalties to hit these creatures due to poor lighting.
- **Radiation:** If a character suffers a wound from

a rattler bite, he must make a Vigor roll or suffer radiation sickness. Failure results in Fatigue, which can lead to Long-Term Chronic, Minorly Debilitating Disease if Incapacitated (see Hazards: Radiation in the Situational Rules of *Savage Worlds*).

- **Quick:** Young rattlers discard Action Cards of 5 or lower.

SALT WALKER

Salt walkers are evil elementals who dwell upon the Salt Flats around the City of Gloom. They are humanoid in form, but with bodies made entirely of natural salt. Their eyes are nothing but dark hollows glowing with malignant green light.

Salt walkers prey upon travelers lost upon the flats, draining them of their liquids until they are as parched as the walkers.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d4, Strength d12, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d8, Stealth d12, Tracking d10

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 7

Special Abilities:

- **Burrow:** 6". Salt walkers can "dissolve" and move through the earth, but only on salty ground—such as the Salt Flats.
- **Dehydrating Touch:** Touch attack for 2d4 damage.
- **Fear (-2):** An encounter with these unnatural horrors causes a Fear test at -2.
- **Combat Reflexes:** +2 to recover from being Shaken.
- **Dehydrate:** The salt walker attacks by draining its victim's fluids. Every victim in a Large Burst Template must make a Vigor roll each round (add +2 if they chugged water in the last few minutes). Those who fail suffer a level of Fatigue. This can result in Incapacitation and death.
- **Elemental:** Suffer no additional damage from called shots; Fearless; immune to disease and poison.
- **Invulnerability:** Salt walkers are only harmed by water (see their Weakness, below).
- **Weakness (Salt Bond):** Salt walkers are bound to the Salt Flats. They may not voluntarily lose contact with its soil. If forced onto other terrain, the thing must make a Vigor roll each round or perish.
- **Weakness (Water):** Small splashes of water cause the thing to hiss in pain but have no game effect. Dousing the thing in roughly a gallon of water Shakes it automatically. Several gallons causes 2d6 damage, and complete immersion (such as in a lake or a cascade of a hundred gallons or so) destroys it entirely.

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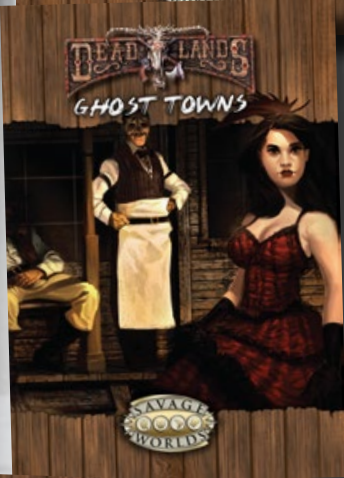
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THE WORLDS OF DEADLANDS

Deadlands Noir is the latest exploration of Pinnacle Entertainment Group's *Deadlands* universe. The story begins with *Deadlands the Weird West* and continues here with *Noir*.

DEADLANDS: THE WEIRD WEST

There's Hell on the High Plains, amigo! The *Tombstone Epitaph* has always been filled with lurid tales of daring desperadoes and deadly drifters, but lately the West's most-read tabloid claims there's something more sinister stalking the frontier's lonely plains: Monsters. Fortunately, where there are monsters, there are heroes. Squint-eyed gunfighters, card-chucking hexslingers, savage braves, and righteous padres have all answered the call. And if they fight hard enough, they might just discover the identity of the mysterious Reckoners some say are behind it all.

Go to www.deadlands.com to look at all our latest releases, such as John Goff's *Blood Drive Trilogy*, *Ghost Towns*, and Matt Cutter's epic *Return to Manitou Bluff*.

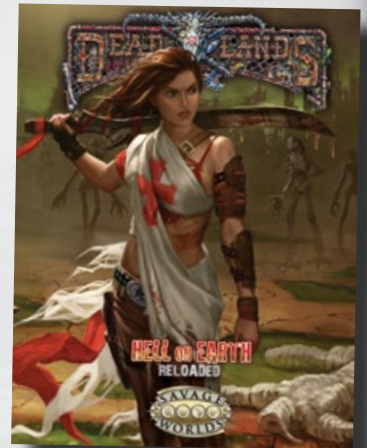
DEADLANDS: HELL ON EARTH

The year is 2097, but the future is not our own. The long Cold War between the United and Confederate States of America finally came to an end—in world-wide hellfire. The rain of ghost rock bombs shattered most anything man could call civilization, cracked the space between this world and the next wide open, and birthed a true Hell on Earth.

That was 16 years ago, and we've done the one thing we're pretty good at—survive in spite of ourselves. Sure, some folks have some extra limbs, you're likely to get killed for the scraps in your pocket, and everything east of the Mississippi is overrun with a crazed army of undead, but what other option do you have?

Join us in this dark future, where what remains cries out for new heroes while hiding from old—even ancient—villains. Has your body been wracked by the constant radiation exposure, or have you learned to channel the lingering power of the atom to your will? Remake the world as you wish. Hell, you can't make it any worse...

Deadlands Hell on Earth explores what happens when the bad guys manage to destroy most of the world, and *Deadlands Lost Colony* explores the distant planet of Banshee—and humanity's last hope.



DIME NOVELS

Want to read hardboiled fiction based on the world of *Deadlands Noir*? Look no further than Deadlands.com, or search for our e-books on iTunes or Amazon. You might also enjoy "Hard Boiled in the Big Easy," an illustrated and completely free audio drama you can find at www.youtube.com.

