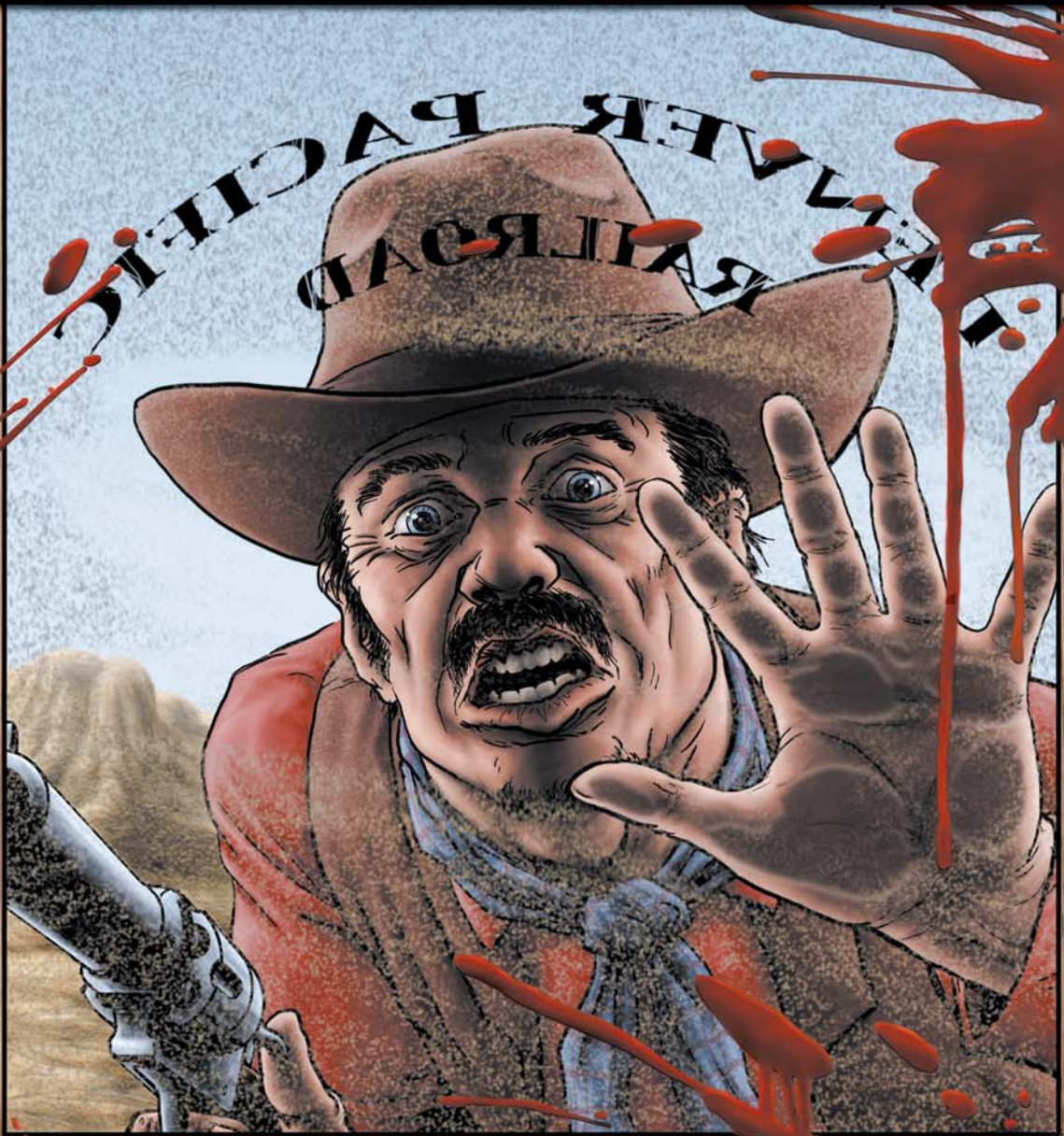


GHOST BUSTERS



LUCIEN SOULBAN

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GHOST BUSTERS

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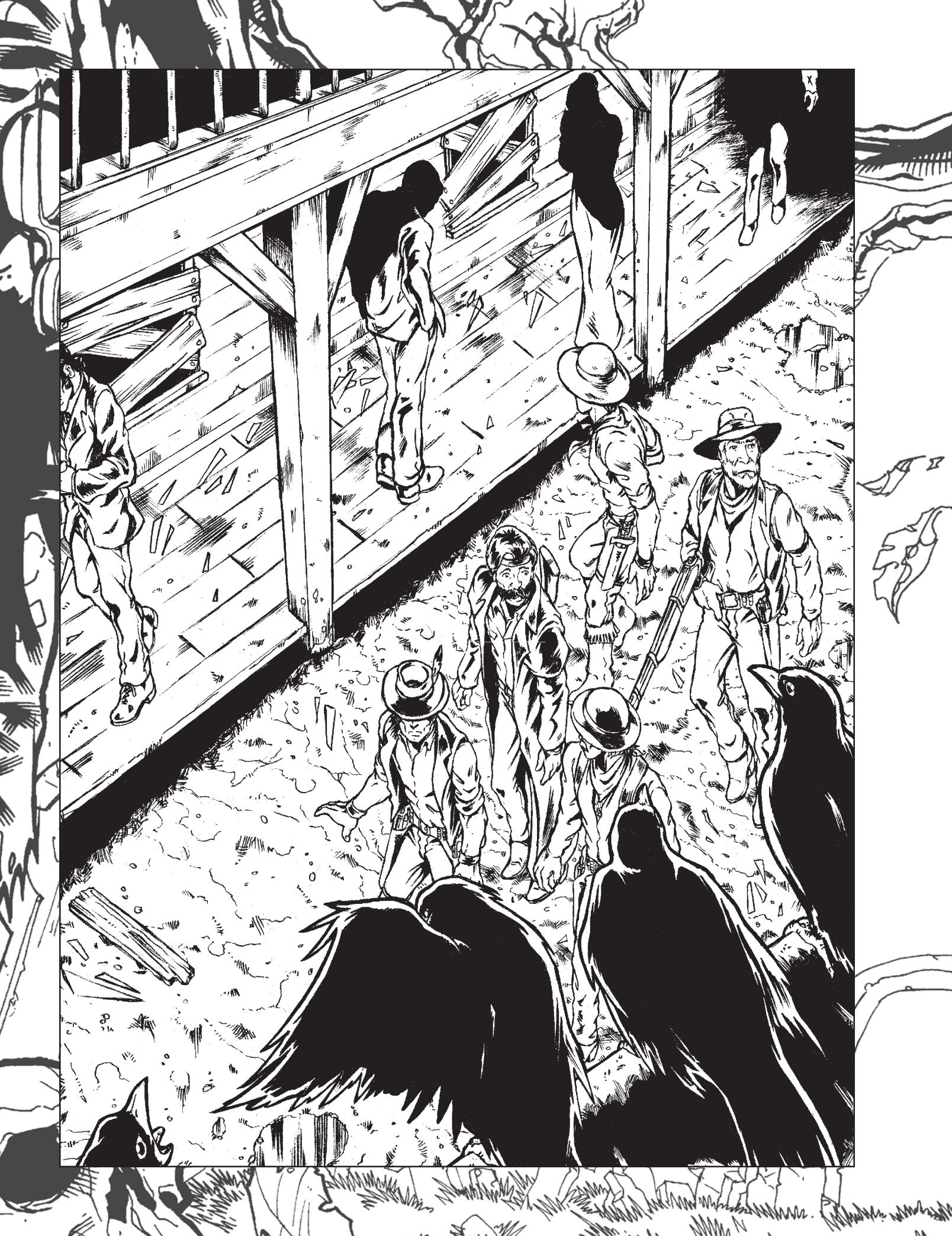
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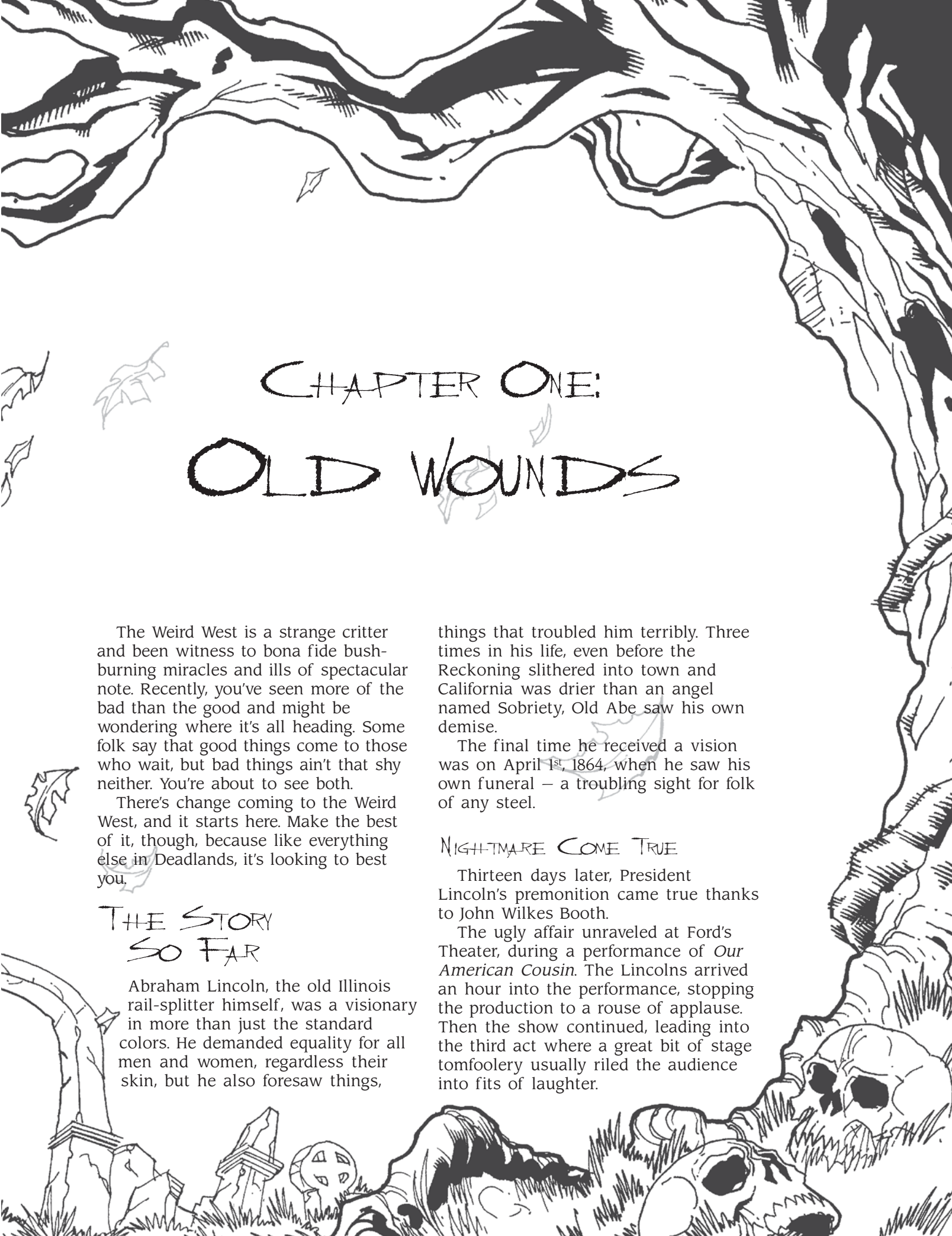
Dedicated to: Mom, for thinking the stretched phone cord across the kitchen was a strangle wire. Thank you for your imagination.

And Dad, for hiding a cadaver in the bed just to scare the maid. Thank you for your perverse sense of humor.

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CHAPTER ONE: OLD WOUNDS

The Weird West is a strange critter and been witness to bona fide bush-burning miracles and ills of spectacular note. Recently, you've seen more of the bad than the good and might be wondering where it's all heading. Some folk say that good things come to those who wait, but bad things ain't that shy neither. You're about to see both.

There's change coming to the Weird West, and it starts here. Make the best of it, though, because like everything else in Deadlands, it's looking to best you.

THE STORY SO FAR

Abraham Lincoln, the old Illinois rail-splitter himself, was a visionary in more than just the standard colors. He demanded equality for all men and women, regardless their skin, but he also foresaw things,

things that troubled him terribly. Three times in his life, even before the Reckoning slithered into town and California was drier than an angel named Sobriety, Old Abe saw his own demise.

The final time he received a vision was on April 1st, 1864, when he saw his own funeral – a troubling sight for folk of any steel.

NIGHTMARE COME TRUE

Thirteen days later, President Lincoln's premonition came true thanks to John Wilkes Booth.

The ugly affair unraveled at Ford's Theater, during a performance of *Our American Cousin*. The Lincolns arrived an hour into the performance, stopping the production to a rouse of applause. Then the show continued, leading into the third act where a great bit of stage tomfoolery usually riled the audience into fits of laughter.

Booth, however, timed his assassination for this moment. The young actor, lost in his brother's and father's gifted shadows, stared through a little peephole in the door. Just when the play hit its funniest moment, Booth strode through the unlocked door, raised his brass derringer and...

...the audience hollered out in laughter. They never heard the shot, but they did hear Booth shout "*Sic semper tyrannis*" ("Thus be it ever to tyrants"). After a quick tussle with Major Rathbone, Booth leapt to the stage and made his getaway of a broken leg. Army surgeon Charles A. Leale, who was present at the show, tended to Lincoln's head wound until the President's personal physician, Dr. Robert King Stone, arrived. Lincoln died nine hours later.

HONEST ABE'S GHOST

Leale and Dr. Stone tended to the president during his last nine hours on this world, cleaning and draining his

wound, and removing the lead ball from just behind his left ear. Nonetheless, blood loss and other complications did him in eventually.

However, when Abe returned, at least he was none the worse for wear!

Lincoln spent the next few years mastering his manitou before pulling a Lazarus. When he was good and ready, he drifted into the White House in February of '73 like a lazy Virginia breeze and sat down with President Grant. The meeting wasn't civil at first, mind you, with Lincoln nearly frightening his successor into a premature grave. Eventually, after a good dose spirits—the liquid sort this time!—Grant finally settled down to a state of jittery and made a go at settling the Reckoners' dilemma.

It took a few years, but Lincoln, now under the habit of cultured cowboy Andrew Lane, A.K.A. the Ghost, took over the Western Bureau, the Agency's operation out west. Only a three-fingered handful of folk knew it was Lincoln, mind you, including Allan Pinkerton himself and President Grant.

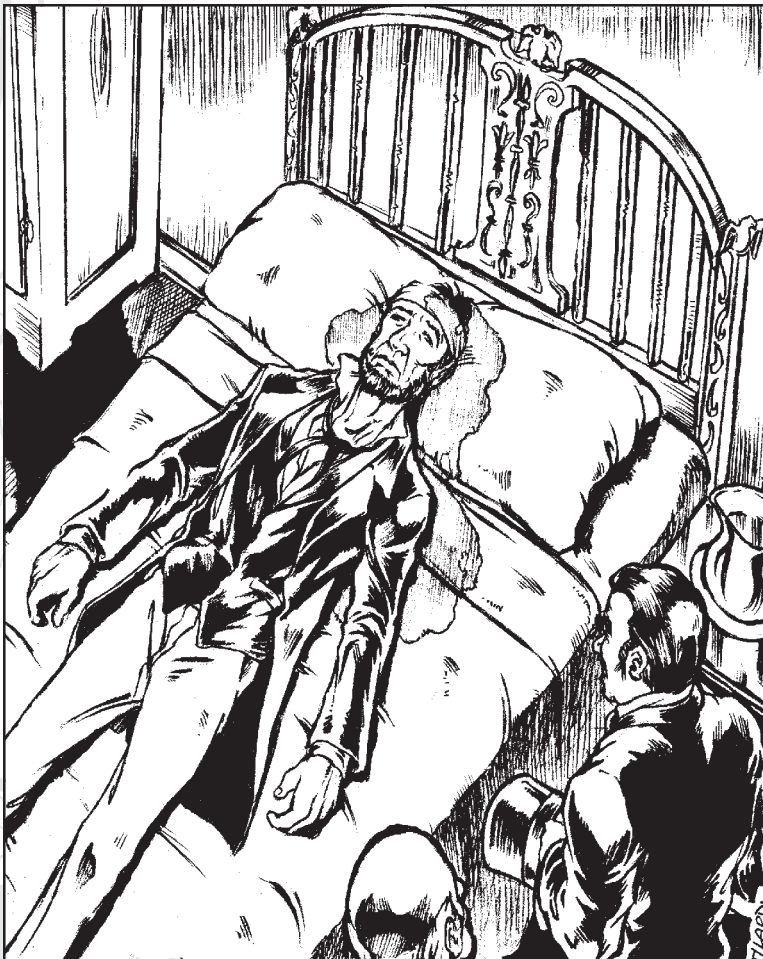
BACK TO THE BULLET

Over the years, misfortune touched those who had been at Ford's Theater on April 14, 1864. Mary Todd fell into lunacy after surviving her husband and three of her four children. Major Rathbone went insane over his beloved president's death. He married Clara Harris, who was also present at the assassination, and eventually butchered her. Rathbone is currently rotting away in an asylum, waiting to answer to Saint Peter.

But even many folks who weren't present felt the effects of the great man's murder.

When Lincoln was shot, Leale and Dr. Stone moved Lincoln to the home of tailor William Petersen, who lived across from the Ford Theater. After Lincoln died, Petersen was left to clean the blood and tracked-in mud with nothing to show for it except one tiny lead ball accidentally left on his nightstand by the distraught surgeons.

After a suitable period of mourning, Petersen sold the bullet to a collector for a tidy catch.



Over the years, the lead bullet made its rounds among collectors and idle rich looking for some conversation knickknack for their socials. Each owner, however, earned a strong dose of *night terrors* and eventually dementia.

Eventually, the bullet passed away from reputable circles like a sinking rock, into the hands of spiritualists and mediums trying to make their reputation by conjuring Lincoln's ghost. It failed, of course, because the ex-president was very much around and unwilling to make appearances, thank you kindly!

THE GRIMME DETAILS

Now despite the good most folk have heard of Reverend Grimme, the lies don't hold a candle to the truth. Grimme has turned Christianity into a snake-oil pitch complete with the snakes still in the bottle! Reverend Grimme, founder of the church—or cult, depending on who's talking—of Lost Angels is an abomination of the Reckoners.

His pulpit is drenched in blood and he even reads his bible upside down half the time.

The Reverend Grimme gets around these days, but you can't expect otherwise from a power-hungry monster bent of spreading discord and fear. Needless to say, some folk—including the Agency and Texas Rangers—don't trust Grimme as far as they can toss him with one hand. That governmental scrutiny has proven a thorn in his side for years and he's ready to do something about it.

Grimme claims it's a struggle between church and state, of course. He spurs rabid anti-government rhetoric against both the US and CS of A, and his faithful toadies, believing they're doing right by the Lord, repeat his words like spiteful little parrots.

THE REVEREND'S PLAN

Lately, Grimme's been looking to unburden one cross from his back by way of eliminating the Agency and Andrew Lane. Grimme knew Andrew Lane was in fact Abraham Lincoln, and that provided him with more ammunition than any worldly army could ever muster.

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By giving the spirit control of the Ghost, Grimme knew it would sooner or later reveal the ex-president's true fate. At best, the scandal would shatter the Union's faith in its own government and eliminate Lane as the chief of the Agency's Western Bureau. At worst, it would destroy the Agency itself and splinter the Union.

Either way, Lincoln's revenant would disrupt the very alliance he swore to uphold and protect in life. And Grimme would move in to fill the vacuum left by the Agency in the Maze.

BOOMERANG BULLET

Grimme's got more connection with the Reckoners than Pope Leo XIII has priests. Well a little graveyard bird whispered in Grimme's ear and told him all about Lincoln's real fate. Like a true confederate of Hell, Grimme plotted and schemed a hundred ways to turn this morsel to his advantage.

Finally, he heard about Lincoln's cursed bullet making its rounds through the Eastern seaboard, felling owners with its curse.

Grimme sent an Avenging Angel to Chicago, where a spiritualist named Aaron Hennessy was foolishly loose-tongued with the local papers about his recent acquisition: Lincoln's bullet. Aaron claimed he was going to channel Lincoln's spirit at his next seance and invited the press to attend.

He earned the local headlines, all right, but with his brutal murder at the hands of Grimme's minion instead.

A month later, another of Grimme's henchman handed the bullet over to a Southern deserter named Austin Stoker. Stoker was to deliver the bullet to Andrew Lane through the six-chamber pony express. Grimme never told Stoker the significance behind the artifact, merely that it would unleash Lane's manitou—which Stoker needed to defeat his own otherworldly nemesis, the renegade manitou Knicknevin.

Grimme was hoping the bullet would do the trick, sending Lane's manitou on a rampage. Of course, the Reverend didn't count on Abe Lincoln's tenacity—nor his visions.

GOMORRA

Andrew Lane and his cronies were shackled up in Gomorra, a viper's nest bordering the Great Maze. The entire town was built atop a mother lode of ghost rock that served as a funnel to the Hunting Grounds for the manitou Knicknevin. The Agency kept a fierce

eye on the town, as did the Texas Rangers, the diabolical and inbred Whateley family, and a hearty helping of other major players. The Agency had itself a situation just ready to explode into the next big war...and it very nearly did!

Thanks to the Whateleys, Knicknevin appeared over Gomorra and violence erupted like a lanced boil. You were either partnered with Knicknevin or you faced off against him. Fortunately the latter forces, consisting of the Agency, Texas Rangers, and their allies, whooped the demon's keister so hard all that was left was its skull. The bad news was they lost many brave men and women that night, and only managed to give the Whateleys a bloody nose.

During the big showdown, though, Lane "lost control" of his manitou, mostly thanks to Stoker plugging him with his old friend, John Wilkes' bullet. While the manitou and Knicknevin went at it over an ancient feud, Lane—prisoner in his own subconscious—suffered visions like the ones in April of '64.

FOREWARNED

After the battle with Knicknevin, Lane surprisingly reigned his manitou under control, despite Grimme's little gift. Nonetheless, his demon had taken its toll. It was stronger thanks to the bullet now buried deep in Lane's gizzards, and wily enough to cloud Lane's memories as to what was inside him.

The Ghost, meanwhile, saw himself losing control again, and this time harming both innocent folk and the Union as a whole. He wasn't sure when or why it would happen, but he knew it was soon. Rather than surrender to his fate and ignore his visions like the last time, Lane took steps to prevent them.

Lane wrote a letter to President Grant and dispatched it by train. It explained the dreams and that, should his manitou escape again, it would certainly head for the East raising Hell along the way. In either case, the Agency should be ready to put him out to pasture if he jeopardized the security of the Agency or the Union. Unfortunately, Lane didn't have the opportunity to implement the plan.



ANGEL OF MISERY

Almost immediately, Grimme knew his gambit was only a partial success. He needed some extra ingredient to give Lane's manitou full reign. The Reverend's solution was to use a rock chip from his altar, enhanced by the Heart o' Darkness earlier this year, to tip the scales.

Two days later, an Avenging Angel rode into town with an altar-chip hidden in a crucifix, and Andrew Lane in her sights.

Grimme's angel of misery, Regina Coleport, arrived in Gomorra at its worst. Buildings still smoldered from the big brawl, glass covered Main street from the rioting, while a nest o' families loaded up their possessions to leave town. Nobody paid the young woman with two horses any mind, even after she hitched her mares in an alley.

FRAMED!

She emerged looking like the prodigal Whateley boy, Nicodemus – with the help of black magic. Regina entered the Red Hill, signed the guest registry under Nic's name and asked for Lane's room. Of course the desk clerk was more frightened of Nicodemus, given the boy's reputation, and spinelessly did as told.

Regina was framing Nicodemus Whateley by edict of Reverend Grimme. By helping Knicknevin cross into this world, the Whateleys proved themselves a threat to Grimme's future plans as well. He couldn't have individuals of that strength running amuck in *his* Maze!

Regina arrived at Lane's room and assumed a different mask before knocking. Lane opened the door to find a pretty nun waiting. She graciously thanked Lane for helping save the town from the Whateleys, and presented Grimme's homemade crucifix as a personal token of esteem and appreciation. The double dose of Grimme's altar chip and assassination bullet slammed through Lane like a randy bull and set his manitou free.

Worse yet, the bullet and charged altar fragment together gave the manitou greater powers than normal. That's when all Hell broke loose.

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A GHOST OF A CHANCE

Lane, under the manitou's control, drifted into his operatives' rooms (he is called the *Ghost* for a reason!). By virtue of Regina's black magic, he now looked like Nicodemus Whateley, and he continued the ruse by attacking the other members of the Agency. Lane's fierce will stopped the manitou short of killing, but that didn't make the spooks' injuries any less severe.

Meanwhile, Regina ransacked Lane's room. She made it appear as though a scuffle had ensued, to put a few more nails in Nicodemus' coffin.

Lane's manitou knew about the letter to Grant and snuck out to the dispatch office just up the road from the Red Hill. He wired telegrams to operatives in Sacramento and Virginia City trying to stop the letter.

The telegram was coded, but the dispatch operator saw Lane around the time he was supposedly shanghaied. He couldn't very well sign the telegram as Lane looking while like Nicodemus! Afterward, he returned to Red Hill to gather up Regina.

The two crept out of the hotel and hoofed it off to Sacramento to pick up the letter. Along the way, the pair took care to knock down telegraph poles and wires so word of Lane's "kidnaping" didn't get ahead of them.

RECOMMENDED READING

We've released this at the same time as the sourcebook *The Agency: Men in Black Dusters*, for a reason: the two go together like whiskey and a shot glass. You don't have to *have* either to make use of the other, but they complement each other nicely!

To get the most use of the Ghost's powers, Marshal, you should have *The Book o' the Dead*. Also, *Doomtown or Bust!* can provide all the details on the

build-up to the battle with Knicknevin and the *City o' Gloom* boxed set provides a lot of information on Salt Lake City, but you don't have to have either to enjoy this adventure.

In fact, you can run *Ghost Busters* with just the *Player's Guide to the Weird West* and the *Marshal's Handbook*. Those are just the supplements that can add the most to your game for this hoedown

THE SETUP

Ghost Busters takes place three days after the Ghost and Regina slipped out of Gomorra.

Obviously, this adventure was written with Agency characters in mind, but it easily can involve heroes from both the North and the South. With recent events in Gomorra, the local representatives of the Agency and Texas Rangers have temporarily mended fences—especially where the Whateleys are concerned. Or at least seem to be as the case is here.

Good and bad folk alike died in the battle of Knicknevin, with the forces of evil getting hit the hardest. Doesn't mean the forces of good didn't get knocked about; they just pulled through with a smaller casualty list. The fight heavily taxed the resources and manpower of the Agency (under the guise of US Marshals) and the Texas Rangers in the area.

Regardless, with groups like the Whateleys still running about and the increasing stream of religious fanatics from Lost Angels itself, the Agency and Texas Rangers need reinforcements badly. Neither side is strong enough to prevent a coup should some Evil-with-a-capital-E come to roost in Gomorra.

THE OFFER

In a perfect world, Marshal, you have an Agency character in your posse already. If so, it's a simple matter to detail him to raise a few troubleshooters

and head to Gomorra to reinforce the spooks there. The same holds true for a Texas Ranger hero.

Failing that, if at least one posse member has earned the trust of either the Agency or the Texas Rangers, she's approached by a representative from one of those groups.

If none of those is the case, a member of one of the appropriate organization makes a "cold" contact with the heroes. Both organizations are in need of extra guns as soon as possible!

The Agency (or Texas Ranger) hero is authorized to make the following arrangements with his troubleshooters. Coincidentally, these are the same terms offered a posse hired by a non-player representative.

Following a confrontation in Gomorra, our forces there are a little short-handed. While the larger threat was successfully eliminated, the situation remains volatile. We need fresh guns — namely you—in the area to help keep a lid on matters until we can properly reinforce our folks.

In return, we can reimburse you \$25 a week, plus a \$250 dollar bonus at the end of the job. In addition, arrangements have been made for room and board during your stay there.

Agency members or Rangers are *not* eligible for this payment; this is just part of the job for which they' already draw monthly salaries!

The troubleshooters are given instructions on how to find their respective supervisors: Cort Williams at the Red Hill Hotel for the Agency, and Captain Katie Karl camped outside of town for the Rangers.

KICKIN' OFF THIS SHINDIG

Before starting, there are a few things about Gomorra you should know. First, much has changed since *Doomtown* or *Bust* came out (with Knicknevin rearing his ugly head and all). Here's a quick breakdown on Gomorra, enough to run this adventure, though we'd recommend looking through *Doomtown* or *Bust* for more information.

THE TOWN

When the heroes arrive in Gomorra, they'll notice several buildings burnt to the ground, or completely razed. The Collegium to the north is a bigger pile of rubble than the adjacent scrap yard. To the southeast lies the burnt down Whateley estate surrounded by a small nest of tents. Just east of that are the ruins of Lord Grimley's Manor with debris strewn about like a Civil War battle. This is where the fight with Knicknevin was heaviest.

The remainder of town doesn't look the worse for wear. Shops along Cross and Main Street, Gomorra's two major thoroughfares, are boarded up from the rioting. Broken glass and wood are strewn across the boardwalks. The First Bank of Gomorra, One-Eyed Ike's Weapons Locker, Sam's General Store and Perry's Pawnshop were the hardest hit by the mobs.

Everywhere else, there are telltale signs of death and strife, from pools of dried blood caked into the earth to the hourly train of the bereaved pulling into Elephant Hill Cemetary.

THE FACTIONS

Now, there's a whole passel of groups vying for control in Gomorra and not a one escaped the battle with the forces of Knicknevin's unscathed. However, we're just going to focus on the three factions with whom the heroes are most likely to become involved: the Agency, the Rangers, and the Whateleys.

THE AGENCY

The battle against Knicknevin cost many good agents their lives. Among the roster of dead or missing are Josef Rocescu, Mr. Slate, Johnny Quaid, Boom-Boom O' Bannon, The Pennsylvania Kid and Melissa Thomas. To add insult to injury, the Ghost's recent attacks knocked out the remaining Spooks at the Red Hill, leaving only Sister Mary Jebediah unharmed.

Sister Mary moved the hurt agents to St. Martin's Chapel, now abandoned following the death of Reverend Simon MacPherson at the hands of Flim and Flam. Sister Mary hopes the sanctified



ground will keep evil folk like the Whateleys at bay. Dr. Reginald Branson is tending to the badly injured Spooks—which means the Sweetrock Mining company is well informed about the state of the "U.S. Marshals!"

Only Cort Williams recovered thus far, thanks to Sister Mary's *lay on hands*, but he saw Nicodemus Whateley attack him. Unfortunately, Sister Mary failed her next attempt at miraculous healing and was seriously injured as a result. She's under orders from Cort to not try any further healing until she recovers.

THE TEXAS RANGERS

The Texas Rangers are saddled with their own set of troubles. Among the dead and missing are Zeke Beauchamp, Tombstone Frank, Danny Hamilton and Bartholomew Prospectus. Katie Karl, the presiding captain, is short on manpower and desperate for help.

On the other hand, Captain Karl made some important friends in the Sioux Union when she had Joseph Eyes-Like-Rain's body returned to the Indians following his death in battle.

She also knows the Ghost is Harrowed after seeing his manitou emerge in the fight against Knicknevin, but she keeps this tidbit to herself. She wants to end the friction between the Union and Confederacy, and knows her knowledge could do more harm than good. She trusts Andrew Lane, however, despite his Harrowed state.

She'd like the opportunity to extend the olive branch, but her hands are tied by her loyalties to the Confederacy.

THE WHATELEYS

Some folks are just plain sinners; others, like the Whateleys, give sinners a bad name. The Whateleys are an inbred household who kept their wealthy estates and black arts strictly within the family.

Centuries of a stagnant gene pool has taken its toll. Each progressive generation furthered its understanding of the maleficent disciplines of the manitou, but at cost to physical and mental well-being. There isn't one Whateley who isn't touched by an infirmity in some capacity or another.

The Whateleys served Hell for centuries, most recently through a bargain with Knicknevin. They fulfilled their part of the deal, but the manitou who failed.

His defeat nearly broke the family's strength in Gomorra with the deaths of eleven members (including the matriarch Wilhelmina) and the destruction of their estate. Like cockroaches, though, they're still scurrying around, plying their evil trade.

Everyone in Gomorra knows the Whateleys are cursed, but few have the power to confront them. The fight with Knicknevin took the wind out of a lot of folks; destroying the rest of the Whateleys would take far more effort than what good people could muster.

Fortunately, the Whateleys aren't making many public appearances these days. They're staying hidden in a mine-shaft—protected by the walkin' dead. Only Nicodemus visits town with any regularity, spouting silver-tongued claims of his family's innocence and slander on the part of the governments of both North and South.

In spite of their absence, the Whateleys are quite up on events in Gomorra, thanks to their newest member, Gabriel.

AN ODD BIRD

Well-versed in ornithology, Gabriel researched any legend dealing with the reputed supernatural significance behind birds. Gabriel eventually entered a pact with a manitou who promised him power over birds if Gabriel served as the manitou's host. He poisoned



himself with cyanide and arose a few days later, surprisingly in control of his manitou and with dominion over birds.

Gabriel spent the next few years wandering the Maze before stumbling onto Gomorra and Nicodemus. Nicodemus immediately recognized the potential of Gabriel's talents and kept him hidden until Wilhelmina and Knicknevin's recent demise.

Gabriel controls a murder of thirty or so crows. They hover around Gomorra, though most folk figure these carrion came to feast on the aftermath of the Knicknevin fight. Nobody's gotten close enough to realize the crows are dead themselves and in various states of decomposition. Through his crow minions Gabriel keeps an eye on Gomorra for Nicodemus.

Gabriel doesn't make a personal appearance in this adventure, but he's out there watching the posse. He's one of Nicodemus' aces-in-the-hole for the time being.

THE CAVALRY ARRIVES

Gomorra sits on the edge of the Great Maze, a short detour from the middle nowhere. Getting there's simple, whether through the southern trail coming up from Shan Fan, or the Pacific Maze rail to Sacramento. For those loco enough to sail in through the Great Maze, the Gomorra Docks are also open. Needless to say, the journey alone has enough adventure to kill the thrill seekers and entertain the fools.

When the posse reaches Gomorra, the townsfolk greet its arrival with fatigued indifference. They're too tired to look suspicious—or even concerned; the fight with Knicknevin drained their spirit. Whatever happened in Gomorra involved many deaths and scores of crows perched on roof ledges waiting for more to die.

Townfolk answer most questions with a head nod, grunt, or dumb-founded blink. Nobody's talking about the fight with Knicknevin; you were either there or you weren't, and, obviously, the heroes weren't.

CHAPTER ONE ROUNDUP

Near the beginning of each chapter, you'll find a **Chapter Roundup** like this one, Marshal. In it, we'll give you a quick down-and-dirty on the action that takes place in the chapter.

The Cavalry Arrives. Here the posse arrives in Gomorra and learns the reason they've been summoned. The rest of the chapter is pretty free-form, allowing the posse to wander the town and gather clues.

About Town. This section is dedicated to various locations and folks the posse may visit in their investigation.

Somethin' Ain't Right... At some point, the posse meets with Nicodemus Whateley, leader of the Gomorra Whateleys. He's the prime suspect, but innocent—of these charges anyway. Nicodemus is as interested to the heroes' motives and information as they are to him. Anything that hurts the Agency is good for the Whateleys!

The open saloons are also doing brisk business, but most wakes seem lively compared to these mausoleums. Nobody's in the Fat Chance or New Moon saloons to socialize. They're there to pickle their brains and forget.

UNION INTRODUCTIONS

The heroes are already booked at the Red Hill Hotel. When they arrive, the skittish desk clerk, John Paytonson, informs them that Cort Williams and the other "US Marshals" are currently at St. Martin's Chapel, recovering from their wounds. John doesn't reveal much more, saying that Sister Mary Jebediah already warned him to keep his mouth shut until the US Marshals concluded their investigation.

Unless the heroes prove they're U.S. Marshals themselves, John only tells them somebody bushwhacked Cort Williams and the others "real ugly like." He adds Sister Mary Jebediah has more information, and she's holed up at St. Martin's Chapel.

The clerk is nervous because he told Nicodemus (Regina) where to find Lane's room. John thinks he's in a world of trouble with the Marshals and that's enough incentive for the little weasel to keep his trap shut.

Once at the chapel, Cort Williams immediately tasks the heroes with finding the Ghost. He can't risk chasing down the matter himself—things in Gomorra are too dicey right now. He also wants the posse to build a solid case against the kidnappers (presumably, the Whateleys) so it doesn't stink of a grudge match should the law become involved in the matter.

For more information on what the Agency knows, see the entry on **St. Martin's Chapel** in **About Town**.

CONFEDERATE INTRODUCTIONS

Although not as dandy as the Red Hill, the Texas Rangers have a nice camp well away from the horse and human stink of Gomorra. Just north of the Rangers is the Sioux Nation, but Katie's first warning is to leave the natives to their own affairs. With the loss of their leader, Joseph Eyes-Like-Rain, the Sioux Nation has been testy these past few days.

Only Captain Karl has sanction to walk among the Indians, seeing as how she consoled Joseph in his final hours and delivered his body to the Sioux for proper burial.

Captain Karl gets right to the point. Two days ago, somebody ambushed Agency members posing as US Marshals at the Red Hill Hotel. Missing is Andrew Lane, the head of the Agency's Western Bureau.

The heroes have time to shake the sand from their boots and grab some grub from the chuck wagon. After that Katie wants them investigating the matter. She wants Lane alive.

For more on what Captain Karl knows, see the **Ranger Encampment** entry under **About Town**, below.

ABOUT TOWN

Now that they've received their assignments, the posse is going to need to roam about town a bit and gather information. Below are the locations where they find important clues, but if you're using *Doomtown* or *Bust!*, feel free to tap into any of the town's locales.

DISPATCH OFFICE

Although we've listed it first alphabetically, this is likely to be a posse's last stop in town. The chief operator is Sandra Harris, a woman with photographic recollection and the ability to communicate in eight languages including French, German, Sioux and Mandarin Chinese. Sandra is a plain woman with blond hair and a book by her side. She's currently improving her Sioux.

With the lines down around Gomorra, Sandra is waiting for news of repairs that have yet to come. She has the record of Lane's transaction as well as the time it was requested and sent.

The following clues can be obtained with the listed roll. A hero can only attempt each roll once, but get all the listed information for TNs equal to or less than his roll. In other words, if a cowpoke rolls a 9 on his *overawe*, he gets both tidbits.

Overawe or *persuasion*: Fair (5) TN. Lane came in three days ago and dispatched a message. Lane arrived at 3:42 PM. The message was promptly sent two minutes afterwards at Lane's aggressive insistence. Sandra sent it personally. Lane seemed anxious and was short with the dispatch operator. He barely kept his temper in check. When he finished, he tore out of the office in a rush.

Overawe or *persuasion*: Hard (9) TN. The message was sent to a Faisal ibn Simkir ibn Shatar Muhammad in Sacramento and to Virgil Constance in Virginia City. Although Lane took the copy of the message, Sandra's memory has a perfect copy stored. It read:

*willow of arrive virginia the
package city in grandpas urgent
stop gift sacramento to peaches
rind reclaim or will transport*



Sandra admits it doesn't make much sense. It's actually a Stager cipher, detailed on page 62 of *The Agency: Men in Black Dusters* sourcebook. Operatives who have access to *Government Pamphlet 28-51A* detailed in that book can use that knowledge to translate it. Other cowpokes have to make an Incredible (II) *professional: cryptology* (based on *Smarts*) roll to crack the code.

When translated, it reads:

Urgent. Stop transport of grandpas gift. Will arrive in Sacramento or Virginia City to reclaim the package.

THE FAT CHANCE SALOON

Charlie Landers is the mouth and ears of Gomorra, and a good friend to many folks. Nothing happens in town without him eventually sniffing it out. He isn't nosey. He's just a trustworthy fellow.

Regardless, Charlie can keep his secrets bottled if need be, and if he doesn't want to share them, he won't. Anyone forcing the issue will find themselves facing a mob of Charlie's supporters—namely most of Gomorra.

Charlie heard about the attacks at Red Hill. He knows folks suspect Nicodemus on account of what John

Paytonson said (John spoke to a friend, and wouldn't you know it, it spread from there), but Charlie isn't so sure Nicodemus was responsible. The following tips cost two drinks apiece, by the way—no rolls necessary.

● Nicodemus is too slippery a son-a-bitch to sign his innocence away in some hotel registry. He's too smart for something that stupid, no matter how cocky he gets. (*This one only comes up should the posse mention the ledger.*)

● At the time of the attacks, Wendy Cheng at Fu Leng's Laundry (facing the Red Hill) saw Andrew Lane hightailing it out of the hotel. Lane went to the Dispatch Office and ran back to the Red Hill ten minutes later.

RANGER ENCAMPMENT

A posse working for the Rangers has free access to the information Captain Karl has; no rolls are necessary. Other heroes have to arrange to meet with her, which isn't terribly difficult if they let the Rangers know they're working for Cort Williams.

Years of working with the Rangers have given her a pair of naturally tight lips. Even though she's interested in helping Lane, the posse has to work to get the following information from her.

Note that only friendly *persuasion* attempts work on Captain Karl; not only does she have guts of tempered steel, she's as stubborn as a mule.

Persuasion: Foolproof (3) TN. There was a ruckus at the Red Hill Hotel. Somebody ambushed the five agents in their rooms and kidnaped Andrew Lane. The "Marshals" are at St. Martin's Chapel. Rumors around town say Nicodemus Whateley was in the area around the time of the attacks. That snake is probably involved somehow.

Persuasion: Fair (5) TN. One day before the kidnapping, the telegraph lines to Shan Fan went down. Later, the lines to Sacramento broke down as well. Nobody knows why, but the Dispatch Office sent out riders to inspect the poles. They haven't returned yet. (*Regina dropped the Shan Fan line on her way into town.*)

Persuasion: Onerous (7) TN. John Paytonson, the desk clerk at the Red Hill Hotel was on duty when the kidnapping happened.

THE RED HILL HOTEL

Marshal, before the posse enters this location, see **Somethin' Ain't Right With That Whateley Boy...**below.

The closest thing Gomorra has to "fancy" is the Red Hill Hotel. With over one hundred rooms, it sees more travelers than the local rail station.

After the recent attacks on its guests, the hotel management is eager to please any investigators. They've kept the six rooms sealed and untouched until the "US Marshals" concluded their investigation. According to public perception, Andrew Lane, Cort Williams, and the others were good friends of the two Marshals (Raymond Armstrong and Nelson Roberts).

ANDREW LANE'S ROOM

Lane's room is a simple affair with a comfortable bed, washbasin, writing desk and dresser. The bed is disheveled and the washbasin is tipped over. The desk, which normally rests against the wall, is askew, with its cargo of quills, inks and papers spilt on the floor.

Heroes scouring the room for evidence can make *search* and *trackin'* rolls

Trackin': Fair (5) TN. There's ink on the floor, but it looks like someone set the bottle down and let it empty. There are no splatter marks from the ink or blood. Nobody tracked through the ink nor across the papers. It's too clean.

Search: Onerous (7) TN. Lane's traveling bags are missing, as are some clothing and his Stetson if the empty hooks and drawers are a clue. His guns, ammunition, and holster are also gone.

WALKS-IN-FOOTPRINTS

When the posse leaves Lane's room, it finds Walks-in-Footprints, the Tsimshian intermediary between the Sioux Union and Gomorra, waiting with interest in the hallway. Wearing a mix



of Western and Indian clothing, he speaks with excellent diction and cultured bearing.

His room is two down from Lane's. He heard the heroes and wonders if they had any news concerning Lane. If any hero is a Texas Ranger, he's especially helpful; reduce the *persuasion* TNs below by one level.

Walks-in-Footprints was present when Lane vanished. On successful *overawe* or *persuasion* rolls as listed below, the heroes learn the following:

Fair (5) TN: On the day of the kidnapping, Walks-in-Footprints looked out from his room to see a young nun—not Sister Mary—speaking to Lane. Footprints minded his own business, but heard Lane's door close followed by muffled noises.

Onerous (7) TN: Walks-in-Footprints didn't hear sounds of struggle or falling furniture that would account for the condition of Lane's room.

Hard (9) TN: He never heard the young woman leave Lane's room considering she would have gone past his door on her way out. He did hear movement from two people leaving thirty minutes later, though.

OTHER AGENT ROOMS

The same situation played itself out with each attack. Lane drifted into the rooms and surprised each agent. The hotel was mostly empty at the time, so few heard the ruckus. Those who did knew Gomorra well enough to mind their own affairs.

Lane tore into each person with his claws, leaving them a bleeding mess on the floor or in bed. The rooms don't hold much aside from the dried pools of blood or tipped furniture.

If the heroes make a Fair (5) *search* rolls in the rooms, they find terrible claw marks tearing into furniture and wood. Whatever it was had five claws on each hand—or paw.

THE DESK CLERK

John Paytonson is a nervous little runt caught in the middle of a bad situation. Sister Mary gave him the verbal thrashing of a lifetime while waving a shotgun in his face. Lying

when she initially confronted him didn't help his case, but Nicodemus is a frightening man.

Frightening enough that John almost preferred making an enemy of the Lord rather than crossing paths with the Whateley offspring.

Now that the damage is done, John is a walking case of the jitters. He jumps at every noise and hurries past shadows. Following Sister Mary's threats, he keeps what he knows to himself. With a bit of cajoling, though, he opens his mouth faster than the posse can blink.

When questioned about Nicodemus, John tells his version of the truth. John isn't deceitful, but Regina's disguise was good. It wasn't flawless, however, because Regina was relying on a photo to form her spell (detailed in Chapter 4.).

There were some imperfections to the disguise that John remembers, if the heroes encourage rather than frighten the young clerk. The heroes learn the listed information according to their rolls.

Overawe or *persuasion*: Onerous (7) TN. Two days ago, at 3:20 PM, Nicodemus entered the Red Hill Hotel, signed in and asked for Andrew Lane's room. John knows the specific time because Nicodemus signed it in the registry under "visitor."

Overawe: Hard (9) TN. Nicodemus went to Lane's room unescorted because he scared John. John never saw either man leave, though they could have exited from the rear of the hotel.

Persuasion: Onerous (7) TN. There was something odd about Nicodemus. He seemed dour, not his usual cheery self. John's never seen Nicodemus *not* smiling.

Persuasion: Hard (9) TN. Nicodemus felt all wrong somehow. He seemed taller and his hair was too red. He tried sharing that bit of information with Sister Mary, but she wasn't listening. It was Nicodemus as far as she was concerned.

Persuasion: Incredible (11) TN. Nicodemus wasn't shuffling his cards. He didn't have his trademark deck in hand. John has never seen Nicodemus without his cards.

Any hero examining the ledger should make a Hard (9) TN *Cognition* or Fair (5) *trade: forgery* roll. If she succeeds, she notes Nicodemus' signature is a forgery. People have a flair and style when signing. Whoever penned "Nicodemus Whateley" was slow and hesitant like they were unfamiliar with their own name. If the heroes have Nicodemus' signature to crosscheck against the name in the registry, the *Cognition* roll becomes Fair (5).

ST. MARTIN'S CHAPEL

St. Martin's Chapel is a small, reserved house of God nestled between Gomorra's dens of inequity. It served as fiery Simon MacPherson's pulpit before his demise; until a replacement is found, St. Martin's is closed. She and the remaining agents are resting in back.

Cort Williams screens all visitors, turning the majority away. He attends Sister Mary when she needs to enter the chapel to speak with important visitors like the posse.

Sister Mary is badly hurt. Her torso and arms are bandaged tightly, and she walks with the help of Cort Williams. If asked about her condition, she'll merely say it's the "hazards of healin' the unfaithful," at which point Williams looks flustered and embarrassed.

If the heroes are affiliated with the Agency, Sister Mary and Williams reveal the following information freely.

Heroes get the best results from polite conversation with the two. Both Williams and Sister Mary are pretty sure they've seen the worst Hell has to throw against them recently, so bluster and threats have little effect on them.

Persuasion: Fair (5) TN. The Ghost is missing and must be found. The

telegraph lines out of town are down, so Cort Williams hasn't been able to warn the Agency of the events.

Persuasion: Onerous (7). The Ted Hill's desk clerk, John Paytonson, said Nicodemus Whateley came to visit Andrew Lane just before the attacks. The heroes should keep an eye out for Nicodemus, even question him if they can. They shouldn't attack or arrest him until the remaining Agents are up to full strength—he's obviously a handful!

Persuasion: Hard (9) TN. Two days ago, Nicodemus Whateley ambushed the agents in their rooms. Thankfully, none died despite the brutality of the attacks. The normally prim and proper Nicodemus used his hands with savage frenzy. He tore through furniture and agents like they were soft bread. That's why Cort is advising caution!

SISTER MARY JEBEDIAH

Because of the foul hocus-pocus at play, Sister Mary and Williams both believe it was Nicodemus who committed the attacks and kidnapped Lane. With the remaining spooks bedridden and Sister Mary injured herself, neither can confront Nicodemus directly. They need reinforcements, but it might take some convincing to trust the heroes given the events of the past few weeks.

On a final note, Sister Mary doesn't know Lane is Harrowed.

PROFILE: SISTER MARY

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:1d8, Q:4d6, S:3d6, V:3d8

Climbin' 1d8, fightin': brawlin' 3d6, shootin': shotgun 5d8, sneak 2d8, speed-load 2d8

Mental: C:3d10, K:3d8, M:2d6, Sm:2d8, Sp:3d12

Academia: occult 4d8, academia: theology 5d8, faith: Catholicism 5d12, guts 2d12, medicine: general 3d8, overawe 3d6, search 3d10, tale-tellin' 2d6

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 20

Edges: Arcane background 3: blessed, nerves o' steel 1

Hindrances: Intolerance -2 (those who stand by and do nothing), loyal -

3 (the Agency), one-armed bandit -3
(lost to Flim and Flam), self righteous
-3

Special Abilities:

Grit: 3

Blessed: Miracles: Consecrate
armament, protection, lay on
hands, smite, spiritual backhand.

Gear: Double barreled shotgun (w/fifty
shells), a bible, a rosary and a
canteen of holy water.

Description: Sister Mary looks like
your typical, eye-brow raising, no-
nonsense nun. Doesn't help her
attitude that she cradles a shotgun
like the Baby Jesus.

CORT WILLIAMS

As the only conscious witness to the
attacks, Williams has little information.

He was working at his desk when
Nicodemus ambushed him, and was
caught off guard by the savagery of the
attack. He remembers only a great deal
of pain, and immediately falling
unconscious afterwards.

Once he's convinced the posse is on
the up-and-up, he may provide the
following information Agency posses
get these clues without rolls as well.

Persuasion: Fair (5) TN. Anyone
visiting the hotel rooms had to sign the
registry. The Agency needs that to
prove Nicodemus Whateley was in the
hotel at the time of the attacks. The
heroes should secure that as a clue.

Persuasion: Hard (9) TN. Williams has
a small nagging doubt lingering in the
back of his head. Why didn't Nicodemus
kill him or the other agents? He knows
Cort got a good look at him, so why
spare his victims?

**SOMETHIN' AIN'T
RIGHT WITH THAT
WHATELEY BOY...**

Marshal, this encounter should take
place just before the posse enters the
Red Hill Hotel to investigate the attacks.
Because Nicodemus is keeping a low
profile, the heroes won't find him
wandering around Gomorra. He does
intercept them, however, before they get
into the meat of the investigation.



When Nicodemus appears, any nearby
townsfolk pull away from him. He
continues smiling, however, with no
evident malice or hostility in his stance.
A deck of cards blur between his fingers
all the while

Nicodemus offers his services to the
heroes. He knows the posse is in town
concerning some attacks at the Red Hill,
and hopes to clear his family name. Like
most townsfolk Nicodemus doesn't know
about the kidnapping, and is unsure of
the specific details of the attacks. His
chief (and unspoken) goal is to gather
more information about the assaults.

At no time will Nicodemus act
belligerent or otherwise provoke the
heroes. He's here to "help."

He maintains unwavering eye contact
like he can read the hero's thoughts
before they even reach her tongue. A
perpetual smile carves his face, and his
hands are always in motion while
shuffling his cards.

Nicodemus knows little about the
incidents. He wants to learn more, but
he's never be obvious. By allowing the

heroes to question him, he may gain more information through their interrogation of him than he would quizzing them.

Nicodemus also knows how to keep a poker face, so heroes shouldn't realize they are helping him out.

Nicodemus knows the following clues and the posse can weasel them out of him with *bluff*, *persuasion*, *overawe*, or *ridicule*, or any combination thereof, since he's "cooperating."

Foolproof (3) TN: Two days ago, he supposedly ambushed five guests at the Red Hill Hotel. However, he has an alibi to account for his whereabouts two days ago during the attacks. He spent the afternoon with Silas Peacock at the Funeral Home, making proper arrangements for family members. *(If the heroes follow up, Silas confirms this.)*

Fair (5) TN: If he (Nicodemus) were actually guilty of the attacks, why wouldn't he kill the victims as the only witnesses to the crime if he was going to so brutally attack them? *(Yeah, we know this is technically a question, but you know what we mean, Marshal.)*

Onerous (7) TN: The brutal attacks obviously hint at some element of the supernatural. Not too many folks sport claws of the sort he's heard the attacker must have had.

NICODEMUS WHATELEY

People in the know joke that when folks die, they return manitou, and when manitou die, they come back as Nicodemus. This red-haired devil is scion of the Whateley clan, and their most visible and potent hex-slinger. He's always a perfect gentleman in word and deed serving as intermediary between Gomorra and his family. He socializes and maneuvers with the best politician.

Now that Wilhelmina is out the way, Nicodemus has the run of the family, and is pursuing agendas his great grandmother would never have approved.

He's already attracted a number of rebellious elements from the Deseret Whateley branch, including his avian spymaster, Gabriel.

With the recent uproar, Nicodemus is trying to smooth over relations with Gomorra since he plans on spending many years here. There's still much in town to hold his interest.

He's also heard allegations that he kidnapped Andrew Lane—a delightful turn of events were it true. It's in Nicodemus' best interests to prove himself innocent, however, and the heroes might be the tools he needs to accomplish just that.

PROFILE:

NICODEMUS WHATELEY

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:2d8, Q:3d10, S:2d6, V:2d6

Climbin' 1d8, dodge 2d8, filchin' 2d8, quick draw 3d10, sleight of hand 4d8, sneak 3d8

Mental: C:2d12, K:2d10, M:4d12, Sm:4d10, Sp:2d8

Academia: occult 5d10, bluff 3d12, disguise 2d10, guts 3d8, language: Latin 2d10, overawe 4d12, performin': card tricks 5d12, ridicule 4d10, scrutinize 3d12, search 2d12

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Edges: Arcane background 3: huckster, big ears 1, dinero 3, fleet-footed 2, gift of gab 1, nerves o' steel 1, renown 2: notoriety, "the stare" 1

Hindrances: Big britches -3, big mouth -3, mean as a rattler -2

Special Abilities:

Grit: 4

Huckster: Hexes: Bash 5, beast master 3, black lightnin' 4, brimstone 4, corporeal twist 5, disrupt 3, earshot 5, looking glass 4, mind twist 5, nightmare realm 5, phantasm 5, poltergeist 4, power struggle 3, shadow walk 6, soul blast 6, soul burst 3, texas twister 5

Gear: Well-pressed suit, bowler derby, tinted glasses, a walking cane and Nicodemus Whateley's Deck (see below)

Description: Nicodemus is a dapper young man and sure the catch the eye of many women if he didn't have

the Devil's grin. His red long hair, falling from his bowler, and rose-tinted glasses only enhance his diabolical cast.

NICODEMUS' DECK

Nicodemus employs a special card deck that's been empowered with a portion of the Hunting Grounds. As you might suspect, there are noticeable differences for any hucksters casting hexes with this deck:

Powers: When hex-slinging, a huckster draws an additional free card over the standard five (not including raises). If one of the draws is a face card, the user can abort the current hex and unleash a demon to attack any visible opponents. The demon varies according to the Marshal or hero's imagination. For quick and easy reference, use the *gremlins* from the *Deadlands* main rulebook, substituting jinx for claw attack (1d12+2d6 damage), and raising their Terror from 7 to 9.

Taint: Nicodemus is immune to any backlash from his own deck, but other people using it receive backlash on either Joker. If a hexslinger draws backlash with the deck, he must roll at +4 on the Backlash Table and, in addition, must fend off an immediate attack from a manifested demon.

THE AFTERMATH

Regardless of the posse's loyalty, both Captain Karl and Cort Williams say the same thing after reviewing the heroes' findings: Go after Lane, there's something greater afoot. The posse's objective is finding Lane and bringing him back to Gomorra.

Meanwhile, Nicodemus Whateley has enough information to know Lane was responsible for the attacks and is causing a heap o' troubles for the Agency out east. Gabriel has dispatched a crow to Virginia City with a message to a cousin there to kill or delay the posse. Nicodemus may not be involved in Lane's condition, but anything that hurts the Agency is a good thing in his book.

Regina Coleport and the Ghost left town about three days before the heroes arrive, so they've got a decent lead on

OLD WOUNDS

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them. Even if the posse has some mad science contraption to rocket them to Sacramento once they determine their destination, they're likely to be running about two days behind the pair.

By the way, it's certainly possible the heroes may find a way to short-circuit the Ghost's plans before the last chapter of this adventure. If that's so, they've earned congratulations; however, we're going to present you with a few options later to help keep them on course as much as possible.

TYIN' UP LOOSE ENDS

If they follow all the leads we've presented, the posse should have enough clues to get them on their way to Sacramento. Of course, it's always possible the heroes miss a few or have trouble getting their investigation rolling.

Just about any Gomorra resident can direct the posse to Charlie Landers at the Fat Chance as the clearinghouse for gossip in town. Feel free to use him to keep the heroes pointed the right way.

Nate Hunter, the local sheriff, is another good source. Right now, he's got his hands full trying to keep what fragments of piece remain in town and is more than happy for a little help with the attacks on the "U.S. Marshals." Hunter knows something's up with Lane—he was at the last battle, after all—but not exactly what.

On the other hand, if you're using *Doomtown or Bust!*, Marshal, you should find all sorts of opportunities for sidetracking the posse in that book if they're moving *too* quickly.

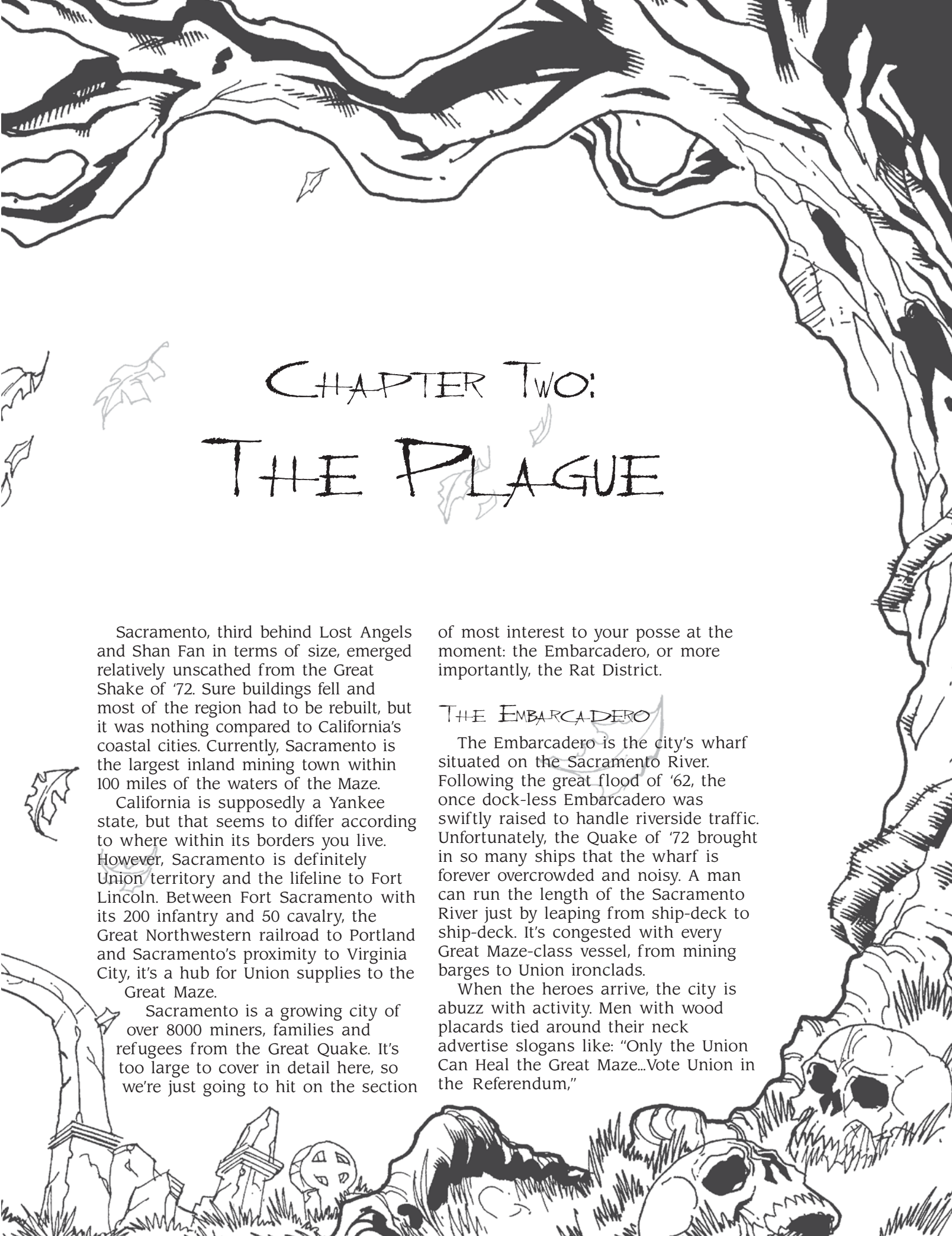
BOUNTY

Getting Katie Karl or Cort Williams to trust non-affiliated posses: 1 white chip

Getting John Paytonson to reveal everything: 1 red chip

Discovering the Ghost wasn't kidnapped by Nicodemus: 1 red chip.





CHAPTER TWO: THE PLAGUE

Sacramento, third behind Lost Angels and Shan Fan in terms of size, emerged relatively unscathed from the Great Shake of '72. Sure buildings fell and most of the region had to be rebuilt, but it was nothing compared to California's coastal cities. Currently, Sacramento is the largest inland mining town within 100 miles of the waters of the Maze.

California is supposedly a Yankee state, but that seems to differ according to where within its borders you live. However, Sacramento is definitely Union territory and the lifeline to Fort Lincoln. Between Fort Sacramento with its 200 infantry and 50 cavalry, the Great Northwestern railroad to Portland and Sacramento's proximity to Virginia City, it's a hub for Union supplies to the Great Maze.

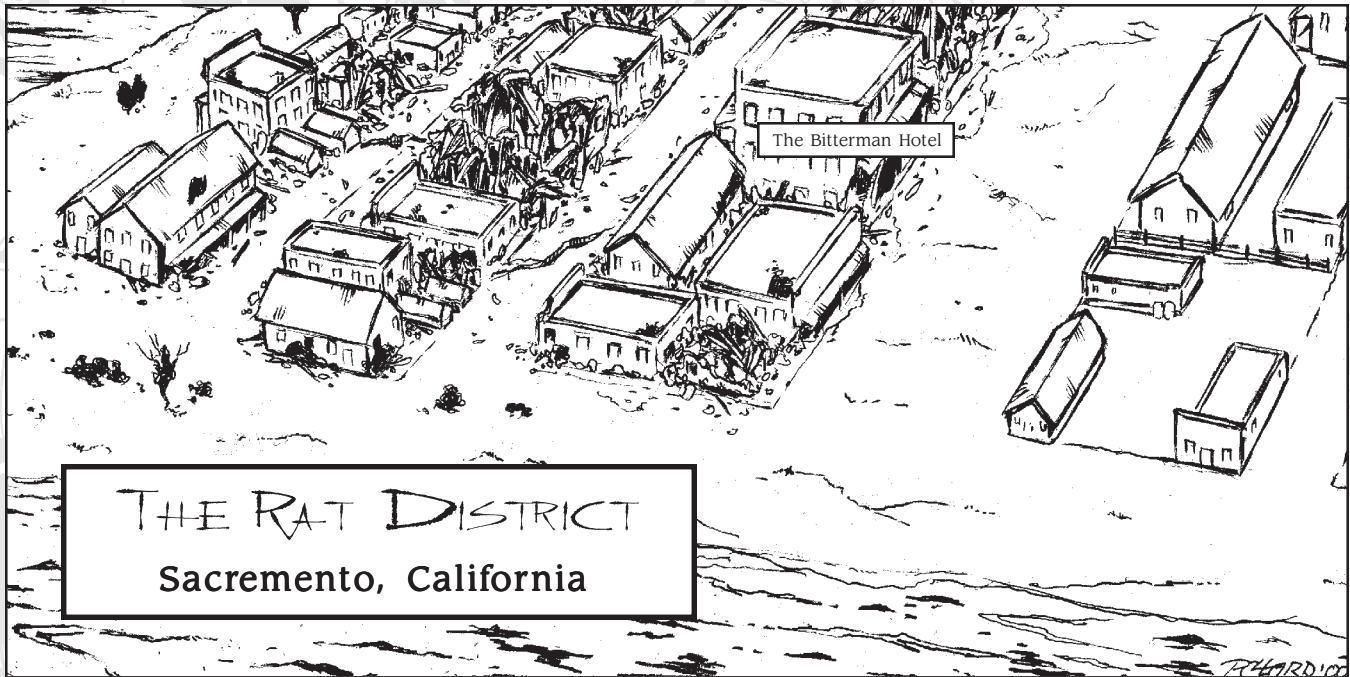
Sacramento is a growing city of over 8000 miners, families and refugees from the Great Quake. It's too large to cover in detail here, so we're just going to hit on the section

of most interest to your posse at the moment: the Embarcadero, or more importantly, the Rat District.

THE EMBARCADERO

The Embarcadero is the city's wharf situated on the Sacramento River. Following the great flood of '62, the once dock-less Embarcadero was swiftly raised to handle riverside traffic. Unfortunately, the Quake of '72 brought in so many ships that the wharf is forever overcrowded and noisy. A man can run the length of the Sacramento River just by leaping from ship-deck to ship-deck. It's congested with every Great Maze-class vessel, from mining barges to Union ironclads.

When the heroes arrive, the city is abuzz with activity. Men with wood placards tied around their neck advertise slogans like: "Only the Union Can Heal the Great Maze...Vote Union in the Referendum,"



THE RAT DISTRICT

Sacramento, California

"Fathers, Sons, Brothers, Uncles, Confederates...Vote California into the C.S.A." and "Free! As America Was Meant To Be! Vote Independent!"

Bar fights break out with increasing frequency over political debates, while soapbox rhetoricians speak to vocal crowds about the Maze's fate. The short of the matter is, California's holding a referendum to decide its political future. The arguments, as the posse can see, are heating up, and the local Union boys aren't tolerant of certain stances.

We'll get into vote this in more detail in *Rain o' Terror*, another adventure coming shortly.

THE RAT DISTRICT

The Rat District lies a mile from the Pacific Maze and Great Northwestern rail terminals. It also holds the Bittermann Hotel where Faisal ibn Simkir ibn Shatar Muhammad lives.

Rat District is the poorest section of Sacramento, with an estimated ratio of three rats per person living in the area. And that's with an extermination

program firmly in place. (We call it famine, but Sacramento likes to call it pest control.)

Most Rat District buildings are pre-Quake, and on the verge of collapse. Several fall each winter, but the cheap accommodations are worth the risk. Ironically, this was the richer side of town at one point, with impressive brownstones, theaters and in-city mansions built by miners who struck it rich during the gold rush.

When the Quake damaged the buildings just enough to make them unsafe, the city claimed it couldn't afford to bring down the remaining district. The city left the fractured, lopsided buildings be, and ignored the huge cracks in the streets and the rubble-strewn lots. The rich folks moved elsewhere and the smart folks rented out former mansions and hotels as "affordable" housing.

Mechanical things, from simple carts to six-shooters broke down more easily in Rat District. Nobody knows why, but it's like everything's been jinxed, and it's getting worse. Now buildings are collapsing for no apparent reason. Four alone fell in the last two days.

Now you can walk into a Rat District hotel lobby and find squatter tents on the marble floor, or venture into former staterooms and discover five families living under conditions that might even cause an outhouse rat might turn its nose up.

THE BITTERMANN

The Bittermann is a four-story hotel built of cracked stone, with chipped marble ornamentation, tall, arched windows of jagged glass and Doric columns that have since collapsed into rubble stacks. Painted on the doorway in red paint is a crescent moon surmounted by a star. This identifies the Bittermann as a place of hospitality for those of Islamic faith.

The Bittermann holds Muslim families, though codes of hospitality prevent the squatters from refusing anybody. Many elderly folks forced to live in Rat District have found a kind home there as well, religions notwithstanding. All the Muslim occupants are Chinese of the *Hanafi* Islamic sect, a segment of the millions still living in China. All came to Shan Fan hoping to escape militant Chinese Muslims. A tiny handful made it to Sacramento, escaping persecution at the hands of the Shan Fan triads. Their expertise in familial and interpretive law has made Hanafi Chinese favored among the legal office of Sacramento, and even pushed a few further east, into Washington.

The Bittermann was run by Faisal ibn Simkir ibn Shatar Muhammad, a Muslim of mysterious motives and unknown past. We say "was" because Lane and Regina killed the man recently.

FAISAL IBN SIMKIR IBN SHATAR MUHAMMAD

Faisal was one of few Agency spooks in the region, and the only one currently in Sacramento, thanks to the drain Gomorra placed on the field office.

The Chinese claim Faisal practices a mixture of Taoism and Islam based on what they've seen. That's almost true. He was a scientist mixing ghost rock with Sufist Muslim philosophy and mathematical principles dating back to the cult of Hermes Trismegistus from ancient Egypt.

Faisal, however, missed his own people after living in the Bittermann. He slowly converted it into an Islamic hospice. He turned the top two floors into his personal laboratory and guarded it with some nasty traps of his own devising.

CHAPTER TWO ROUNDUP

After piecing together information they gathered in Gomorra, the posse sets out for a hotel in Sacramento.

Murphy's Martial Law. The posse is faced with the dangers of Sacramento's Rat District. Specifically, the poorly-repaired buildings damaged in the Great Quake and a plague of gremlin-induced jinxes.

No Vacancies! After hopefully averting a lynch mob, the posse must win the confidence of Bun Hzhou, caretaker of the Bitterman hotel.

The Not-So-Grand Tour. The posse gets a tour of the Bitterman Hotel—and some traps left by a late resident. After negotiating the pitfalls, they find the next clue in their search.

Gremlin Mayhem. Before they get out of the Bitterman, the posse must face a parting gift left by the Ghost—a gremlin lure left running at full steam. And a room full of the annoyed little buggers.

Faisal occupied the top two floors of the hotel. None of the other tenants pried into his business; the few bandits who stole into his sanctum never returned. Old Faisal soon developed a nasty reputation in Rat District.

Faisal discovered the District's jinx was actually a gremlin plague of Biblical proportions. In response, he used a unique blend of Eastern philosophy and Western mechanics to create a gremlin catching device.

The gizmo worked like a charm. In no time, he'd trimmed the numbers of gremlins in the Bittermann to an acceptable level. After dealing with the mischievous critters in his home, he sold his gremlin catcher gizmo to Fort Sacramento, now noticeably free of the mishaps plaguing the rest of the city.

That's how the Agency noticed him and eventually got Faisal on their payroll. As the other local agents had headed west to deal with problems in the Maze or to help in Gomorra, Faisal was the only Spook left in Sacramento when the Ghost arrived.

THE GHOST'S LEGACY

The Ghost and his unholy missionary rode hard out of Gomorra and reached Sacramento in two long, saddle-sore days. Their horses were dried up from the trip, but the two have since acquired new mounts.

As soon as he reached Sacramento, Lane hightailed it for the Bittermann to meet up with Faisal. The letter to Grant was already gone, but Faisal kindly showed him the gremlin catcher, which had already snared a dozen of the little critters. The Ghost was appreciative enough to maul Faisal an inch short of his life. This time Regina finished the job, then impersonated Faisal to the other hotel occupants, leaving word he was not to be disturbed.

On the way out, Lane activated the gremlin catcher's lure and deactivated its trapping mechanism. Gremlins from all over Rat District are currently converging on the device like trout to the spawning fields, and causing no small mess of troubles along the way. They're working on the Bittermann, but since it was virtually untouched in the Quake, it's taking much longer.

Lane and Coleport skedaddled off to Virginia City to intercept the letter to Grant two days before the posse arrives. The Ghost would like to be moving quicker, but for all her crazed fanaticism, Coleport is only human.

MURPHY'S MARTIAL LAW

When the Great Quake hit, something odd happened. It loosed a nest of gremlins from beneath Rat District, allowing them to run amok. There's a good four dozen working their evil juju on mechanical artifacts or anything else that's been built to serve. From gadgets to simple appliances like guns, wheels, and pianos, everything eventually breaks down in Rat District.

On a 1 on 1d10, a normal item attracts a gremlin's attention; check each week. Gadgets are a tastier meal and earn their attention on a 1 on 1d6, checked each day. Unfortunately, once a gremlin inhabits an artifact, it attracts more kin on 1-3 on 1d6 into the device over the following day.

Furthermore, Lane forced 12 gremlins to manifest when he released them from Faisal's contraption. The machine is keeping them materialized, and they won't leave the Bittermann hotel. It's driving them crazy, and they attack anything that comes near them.

The lure also attracts more gremlins into the region. They're attacking building braces and trusses, collapsing the already weakened structures. In the past two days, four buildings have fallen down and more are sure to follow. Unless the heroes act quickly, the Bittermann may be next.

GETTIN' TO BITTERMANN'S

Getting to the Bittermann Hotel is fairly easy. Most folks around the train station and wharf can point the posse in the right direction. No street names are given, and people laugh when the heroes ask for one. There are no more street signs left in Rat District. Folks will tell heroes "just drop a peso in somebody's lap and they'll give you the guided tour. Just make sure they don't guide you into a trap."

Rat District is a sorry place, more neglected than poor. The buildings were once beautiful, but the Great Quake changed that. The streets curve and buckle like soft waves; buildings are cracked and partially collapsed, or they're a sitting pile of rubble. Human scavengers fish through the ruins for loose wood to warm the night or a rat morsel to fricassee. In other words, the sightseeing is less than spectacular.

Citizens of Rat District are dirty-faced and black-palmed from working long hours in the regional ghost rock mines. For a drop of dinero or even a morsel of real food, they'll take the heroes to the Bittermann while sharing the latest regional gossip.

Asking around, the heroes get the following information, one tidbit per success and raise, on a Fair (5)

Streetwise roll. A hero can roll every 10 minutes until all the listed information is garnered.

Everybody's got an opinion on the Referendum. No matter how the vote swings, however, there's sure to be blood in the air. *(At which point the guide will ask the heroes their opinion in the matter.)*

Items break down in Rat District. That's how come few people own guns or even wagons. The only things folks can rely on are horses, family and rats--and it's getting worse. Now entire buildings are collapsing and claiming lives by the bushel load.

Some Persian named Faisal who takes in Chinese Muslims and old folks runs the Bittermann. They're peaceful, quiet and keep to themselves. Faisal protects the hotel like he owned the property. Nobody has ever broken into the Bittermann and lived to tell the tale.

The last four collapsed buildings are all within a stone's throw of the Bittermann hotel. Folks suspect foul play, and are blaming Faisal. If anymore buildings collapse, then there's sure to be a lynch mob.

PLAYIN' HEROES

When the posse is within eyeshot of the Bittermann, an adjacent two-story building creaks and moans the way old folks do when getting out of bed. Dozens of rats suddenly scamper out into the streets, squeaking up a storm and wide-eyed in terror. The building collapses, folding in on itself like a house of cards. A cloud of dust and debris blossoms outward, choking the air and blinding everyone gathered in the street. The posse hears screams from inside the rubble.

Gremlins caused this nuisance in case you hadn't figured, killing 12 squatters and trapping 30. If the heroes



don't help clear the debris, only eight people are going to survive. If the posse helps, they can up that number considerably.

Whether the heroes work in tandem or alone, they must displace 300 lbs worth of debris to rescue just one soul. A hero can move up to 10 x her *Strength* every 5 minutes. After the heroes rescue the first 16 squatters (not including the other eight), they must then displace 400 lbs to rescue the next 10 people.

Unfortunately, the last five victims are seriously injured. Each bears 1d4 wounds ranging between *Serious* and *Maimed* and dies without some sort of attention, either *medicine* or some arcane healing like *lay on hands*.

THE GATHERIN' MOB

Once the rescue is done, the posse has a bigger problem. The locals were already suspicious of the Bittermann squatters, but a mob is gathering with torches, and the posse can see more than one pair of eyes looking over at

the hotel. One of the rescuers, a man named of Simon Dickers, jumps atop a pile of rubble. He hollers about the going-ons at the Bittermann and how all the collapsed buildings were within eyeshot of those “yellow-skinned devils.”

Simon's speech is obviously taking a racist slant, and the mob's falling for every line like it was prime-cut rat flank. They're in the mood for a killing, and got their sights set on the Bittermann. Within minutes, they march to the hotel, set it ablaze, and lynch anyone who escapes, unless the heroes step in.

If the posse helped rescue folks in the collapsed building, then they've got a chance of reasoning with the crowd. This takes an Onerous (7) *overawe* or *persuasion* check. An impassioned speech on the part of a player may give her character a bonus to this roll, if you'd like, Marshal.

The crowd is more scared than anything else and wants answers. Even if the posse is successful in calming the mob, the citizens still want the heroes to enter the Bittermann and uncover what's happening. They agree to wait until then, though the situation obviously remains tense.

If the heroes fail to appeal to the mob, or the posse never helped the injured from the collapse, then only a Hard (9) *overawe* check—using not-too-subtle threats—stops them. Even if the heroes promise to uncover the mystery, the mob remains, grumbling and waiting for any excuse to rush the hotel.

Use the **Typical Bandit** profile on page 82 of the *Marshal's Handbook* for mob members, but drop *bloodthirsty*, and substitute *area knowledge: Rat District* 2d6 for *survival* and *throwin': unbalanced* 2d6 (bricks) for *horse ridin'*.

There are 20 folks riled up enough to tussle in the mob. However, they're not seasoned fighters and scatter back into the city after half their number is wounded or put down. Luckily, even the Sacramento law dogs avoid the District nowadays, so the posse doesn't have to worry about legal entanglements!

NO VACANCIES!

The squatters inside the Bittermann are obviously frightened. There are six Chinese men women and children along with another 14 elderly folk. Many peer through cracks in the walls and doors. The young, non-Chinese residents fled when tensions began to grow in the area. The Chinese and elderly are an obvious minority, though, and given the local fears, not welcome anywhere now.

As the heroes approach, the tenants quickly seal everything up and bar the doors. They're not armed and certainly can't handle a well-equipped posse. The only one among them who isn't shy is Bun Hzhou, a young man working as an assistant to a local law firm. He acts as translator and intermediary, only allowing the heroes in after they win his trust.

BUN HZHOU

Bun is an intelligent young man and quite savvy when it comes to the streets of Sacramento. He helps the Bittermann tenants, including his old grandmother and serves as their only contact to the outside world. He teaches them English on a daily basis after work, cares for bed-ridden elderly, and shows his countrymen how to handle local currency. He's even helped several get jobs at the Embarcadero Fish Markets. He is a lifeline for his people.

Bun is a devout Muslim and often prayed with Faisal. Faisal even taught the young man Persian to help lessen his own homesickness.

Bun also knew—and respected—Andrew Lane who visited Faisal on a number of occasions. Lane, apparently a student of law himself, was impressed with Bun's knowledge, and sponsored Bun's application to a university back East.

Because of his upbringing, Bun is polite and friendly, though he isn't afraid to speak his mind. His grandmother would admonish him for his impertinence—but she doesn't understand English, and Bun is smart enough to confront English-speaking folks with a smile on his face.

Bun doesn't know the heroes, and so won't let them into the Bittermann immediately. He isn't unreasonable, however, and the quickest way to gain entry is by mentioning Andrew Lane or Faisal by name.

However, unless the posse resorts to threats of violence, Bun eventually yields, either because he wants to help or because he fears the mob more.

Bun was present when Lane blew into town two days ago and met with Faisal. Since then Faisal has remained alone with instructions not to be disturbed.

He often does that when he's inventing new gadgets, but rarely for this long without making noise or at least coming down for food. Bun wanted to go into Faisal's fourth-floor laboratory, but knows the third floor is trapped.

Bun's pretty concerned, and any cowpoke making a Fair (5) *overawe* or *persuasion* roll can convince him to let them check on Faisal.

The posse can coax further information from him as follows:

Overawe or *persuasion*: Fair (5) TN. Lane arrived two days ago and was accompanied by a strange woman with short black hair and men's clothing. The woman was exceedingly rude and derogatory about the Chinese. Lane did nothing to stop her ignorant tirade.

Overawe or *persuasion*: Onerous (7) TN. The normally congenial Lane was curt and obviously rushed. Something must have been troubling Lane, for Faisal, the woman and he met privately. Faisal came down and announced he'd be working on an urgent project. He was not to be disturbed. He sounded haggard and looked angry. Lane and the rude woman left shortly thereafter. The woman covered herself up this time, as though ashamed. Bun thinks perhaps Lane had chastised her. (*This was actually Regina disguised as Faisal. Regina covered herself upon leaving because she was covered with the murdered man's blood.*)

Overawe or *persuasion*: Hard (9) TN: A few hours after Lane left, the first building collapsed. Perhaps Faisal's important experiment is somehow related to this.

THE NOT-SO-GRAND TOUR

Forget the old adage about not judging a book by its cover. It doesn't apply here.

The Bittermann is dilapidated inside and out. The floorboards show through thin carpeting while the walls alternate between faded wallpaper and holes. Wood fixtures like doors, doorframes, banisters and chair leggings are missing from one too many cold nights. The smell of human stink pervades the building. These folks live in squalor and there's little they can do about it.

Still Bun and the others make the best of it. They keep the floors clean and open rooms are separated by





curtains. There is also a nursery for the little ones, an impromptu schoolroom, a prayer room, and a dining room. If you're using our *Boomtowns* set, Marshal, you can use the **Large Hotel, First Floor** tiles to represent the bottom of the Bittermann hotel.

When the heroes enter, the Bittermann squatters keep their distance. They stand in different rooms, staring. The children, however, are more brazen and follow the posse around with giggles and whispers on their lips. They can't stop marveling at the guns and anything else the heroes might carry.

While Bun offers the grand tour, the posse can hear the building creak and moan something fierce. It doesn't sound healthy at all. The hotel will collapse soon and the plague of gremlins isn't helping.

If the posse points this out, Bun sighs and says he feels the same way. Unfortunately, his kin aren't willing to leave the Bittermann since they have nowhere else to go. No place can take them all in, and they've become family to each other. Bun's trying to convince them of the dangers, but to no avail; they're too afraid to move elsewhere.

FAIR WARNING

To reach Faisal's laboratory, the heroes must take the west wing stairwell, cross the third floor and take the east wing stairs for the fourth floor. The east wing stairwell is choked with debris from the first level through to the third, while the western stairs are completely blocked off between the third and fourth.

Before taking the posse up the west wing stairwell, Bun warns the heroes that the third floor is a nest of traps. Faisal trapped the upper floors to protect his secrets from bandits and looters.

Bun has never been upstairs, but insists on coming to check up on Faisal. If the posse balks, Bun asks who among them are actually faithful in the eyes of Faisal? Who else is Muslim? If they still refuse, Bun waits until the heroes return, which should be pretty soon.

RIDDLE ME THIS...

True to his Sufi nature, Faisal couldn't resist leaving behind riddles.

The riddles are in Persian and, unless someone in the posse knows this language or has some magical way to interpret them, only Bun can read them.

To illustrate the point, the third floor door bears the following in Persian:

*The real truth of existence is
sealed,
after many twists and turns of
the road.*

Once translated, any posse member making an Incredible (11) *professional: theology* recognizes it as the writings of Rumi, a 13th century Sufi poet; a Muslim hero gets a +4 to this roll. In fact, all quotes are Rumi's. Bun, if he's with the posse, realizes the same; Faisal quoted him often and even taught Bun some of Rumi's lessons.

THE THIRD FLOOR

The third floor is a buffer zone between downstairs and Faisal's laboratory upstairs. The only way to reach the fourth floor is through stairs at the end of the hallway. Faisal remodeled the third floor to his liking.

Like most simple hotels, the third floor was one corridor stretching the length of the building with rooms on each side. Faisal barricaded the hallway at intervals – with debris, sandbags, broken glass, barb wire and anything else he could find – and knocked down walls between some rooms.

This forces the heroes to enter adjacent rooms before reentering the hallway behind the obstructions. They can't be broken down safely; thanks to the hotel's weakened structure any heavy moving may trigger a collapse.

The hallway and rooms have several traps in them. Unlike most other devices in the Rat District, the gremlins have left these alone. The possibility for mischief in them was just too great to destroy!

THE FIRST TRAP

The heroes exit the stairwell to find themselves in a corridor. A barricade blocks the way ten feet into the passage, but there are two doors to the left and right. The door on the left has no numbers while the door on the right has 60-1-1. It's obvious the numbers were taken from other doors. Against the barricade itself is a piece of wood with Persian script.

*For sixty years I have been
forgetful,
every minute, but not for a
second
has this flowing toward me
stopped or slowed.
I deserve nothing.*

The door to the left is the exit since its value is "nothing." It leads into two consecutive rooms before entering back into the hallway.

The door on the right has several hundred pounds of debris weighted against it. It is also unhinged, but kept in place by a hydraulic bar set against the frame from the inside. Turning the

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door knob moves the hydraulic bar away from the frame. The resulting weight crashes the door into the corridor, crushing anyone beneath.

Heroes who make a Onerous (7) *Cognition* check notice that the right door is buckled slightly into the corridor. Any cowpoke in front of the door when it's opened suffers 1d12 damage rolled 1d4 different times. Roll a hit location for each 1d12; a hit location can be struck more than once. If three or four body parts are struck, then the hero is pinned beneath the rubble.

THE SECOND TRAP

The door exits into a section of corridor with an open door directly across and a partly toppled hallway barricade to the left that the heroes can crawl over. On the wall in Persian is:

Who makes these changes?

I shoot an arrow right.

It lands left...

*I dig pits to trap others
and fall in.*

*I should be suspicious of what I
want.*

The open room across the hallway is the way out, not the toppled barricade that appears more direct. Like the last obstacle, the room leads around the trap.

The toppled barricade exits into a short corridor and a dead-end trap. The four doors on either side of this section are nailed shut and impossible to open. Scattered on the ground halfway into the corridor, however, is a length of nails, glass and strips of barbed wire all sticking up. It looks like a poorly hidden foot trap, but anyone venturing within two feet has a nasty surprise coming.

A hero making a Hard (9) *Cognition* check notices the real nature of the trap by blood splatters at the beginning of the board. The nails, glass and barbed wire rest at the back edge of a floorboard that Faisal mounted on a

crude swivel. The board's effectively a seesaw. When the hero gets within two feet, he steps on the balanced floorboard, which then drops under the weight. The swiveled floorboard rushes up and pops the hero in shins. The nails and glass do 2d6 damage to each leg.

THE THIRD TRAP

There are six rooms in this corridor, three on each side, and another heavy barricade at the end. The doors are locked, however, all but one have keys (the last door to the left).

Above each of the five remaining doors is the following Persian inscription:

Fasting
Daily Prayer
Pilgrimage
Almsgiving
The Creed

These are Islam's five pillars of faith required of each Muslim.

The heroes must turn the keys in sequence from the first pillar to the last, to open the sixth door. Pillar one is *The Creed* "There is no god but Allah." Two is *Daily Prayer* (at dawn, noon, mid-afternoon, dusk and nighttime). Three is *Almsgiving*, four is *Fasting* during the Islamic month Ramadan (celebrated earlier each Christian year by eleven days) and five is *Pilgrimage* (see the *Fire and Brimstone* sourcebook or visit your local library for more information).

If anyone asks, Bun, a Muslim, can recall the order of the faith's pillars. Anyone that makes a Hard (9) *professional: theology* roll can as well.

If the posse turns a key out of sequence or attempts to break down the sixth door, the traps activate at once. Crude pumps in five rooms jet out a volley of poison fumes into the corridor.

Anyone in the corridor must make an immediate Hard (9) *Vigor* check. Those who succeed suffer 3d6 Wind. Any who fail suffer 6d6 Wind each round they remain in the corridor. In

either case, the heroes suffer from headaches, blurred vision and stomach cramps for the next hour. Any actions during that time carries a -2 penalty.

If the heroes turn the keys properly, the unmarked door opens into a room that detours around the rubble. This is the only room without a poison pump. The stairwell lies at the end of the hall.

THE FOURTH FLOOR

This floor holds four apartment-sized suites occupying the hotel's four corners, and one central corridor. Faisal took this floor for his living space, laboratory, test rooms and "blast proof" chambers.

Faisal only used one room in the left-hand apartment as his living quarters. The decor is miserly, with no personal touches. Faisal lived as a Sufi, with few luxuries. In the corner of the room (east where Mecca lies) is a prayer carpet.

At the foot of his floor mattress is a box with two telegrams on top. The first is a translated version of Lane's telegram from Gomorra stating:

*Urgent. Stop transport of
grandpas gift. Will arrive in
Sacramento or Virginia City to
reclaim the package.*

The second telegram is from Virgil Constance in Virginia City. It reads:

*willow virgil will father
received grandpas not await
twelve sycamore his to gift advise
panic arrival street.*

This is the same Stager cipher used by Lane in **Chapter One**; it's an Agency standard. If the posse got a transcript of Lane's first telegram from Sandra Harris, they may be able to use it to assist in cracking the code. If that's the case, the heroes only need succeed at a Hard (9) *professional: cryptology* roll. Otherwise, it remains an Incredible (11) TN.

When translated it reads:

*Received grandpa's gift. Advise
father not to panic. Will await his
arrival. Virgil, 12 Sycamore Street.*

The telegram was sent from Virginia City, Nevada.

GRAND GREMLIN STATION

The fourth floor is a gremlin repository not including the dozen who already manifested. The spirit gremlins are jumping into different objects, causing doors to fall off hinges with just a pull, weakening ceiling support struts and infesting the posse's possessions.

The gremlins reduce reliability of *any* posse-owned item with moving parts by -4—gizmo or not! Assume normal devices have a base reliability of 20.

Heroes with otherworldly sight like the Knack *Bastich* (for example) see a storm of gremlin spirits whipping around them, fighting each other like jackals at a kill.

The key concern, however, is the twelve materialized gremlins running around unhitched. They can be wherever the Marshal needs them—under beds and grabbing at legs, or behind doors that they slam them shut, and so on. The gremlin catcher is driving them crazy, and they're meaner than Hell. As result, they take greater risks when confronting the heroes.

Use the gremlins liberally before the heroes find Faisal's body. Just remember to save one for the final scene with the gremlin catcher.

PROFILE: GREMLINS

Corporeal: D:3d10, N:3d10, Q:4d10, S:1d6, V:1d6

Climbin' 5d10, dodge 6d10, fightin' brawlin' 3d10, filchin' 4d10, lockpickin' 3d10, sneak 6d10, swimmin' 3d10

Mental: C:2d10, K:3d8, M:3d8, Sm:2d8, Sp:2d10

Ridicule 4d8

Pace: 10

Size: 4

Wind: 16

Terror: 8

Gear: None

Special Abilities:

Damage: Claws (STR+1d4)

Jinx: A gremlin causes a mechanical item's Reliability to drop by 1. Even items without a Reliability score are affected. Make a Reliability check whenever these items are used. On a 20, the device malfunctions.

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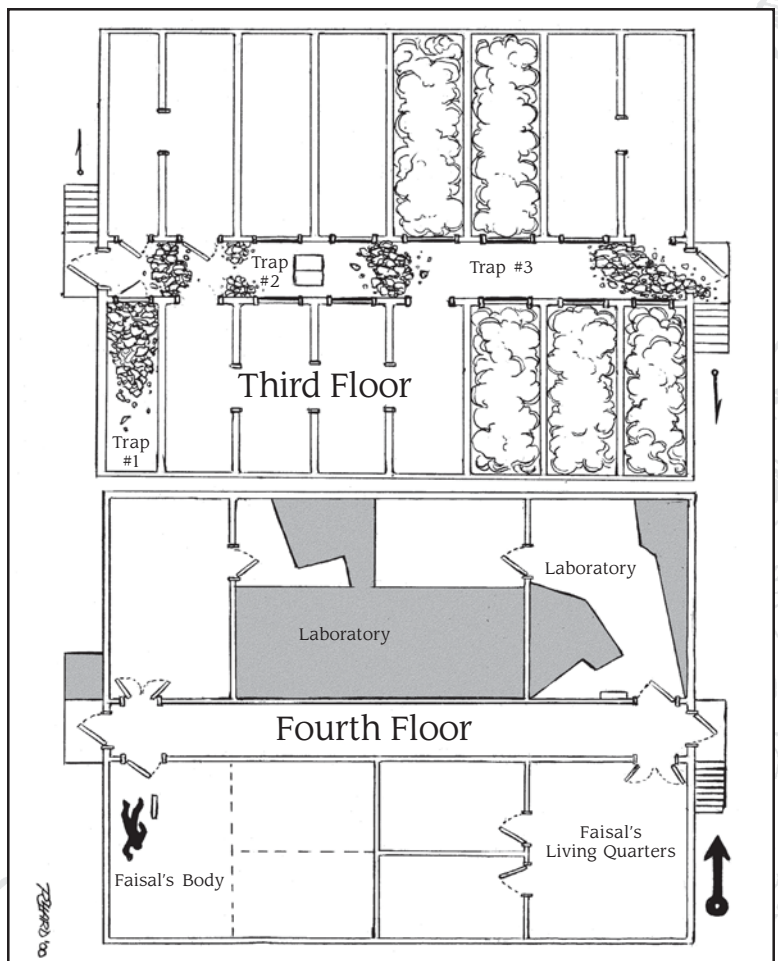
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Description: When manifested, gremlins are little green humanoids with comically large ears, and not-so-comically large claws.

BLASTPROOF CHAMBERS & LABORATORY

The blast proof chambers are just debris-filled rooms of two apartments surrounding a living room and adjoining bedroom that have been converted into laboratories. Faisal deliberately collapsed the ceilings here, hoping the debris would absorb and blunt any explosions from his adjoining work areas.

Faisal's laboratories are unlike any work-space the heroes have ever seen. In addition to standard mad scientist fare are detailed charts on human anatomy and Persian Islamic calligraphy





bordering on the arcane. Bottles and beakers of alchemical catalysts and solvents line the shelves, while a crude forge lies cold in the corner.

Beakers, heating pads and glass corkscrew pipes of unparalleled craftsmanship also crowd several tables.

On one work table are weathered copies of the *Emerald Tablet* and *The Goal of the Wise* – written in ancient Greek and Persian – and the diagrams and schematics for Faisal's gremlin catcher.

Heroes not versed in Faisal's unique methods of coupling alchemical formulae with Sufi philosophy and mechanical sciences (in other words, all of them) have a difficult time understanding the device unless they pool their skills.

Academia: occult: Onerous (7) TN. The device (read the upcoming section for more information) somehow relates to the duality of gremlins and their existence in the ethereal and physical worlds. Faisal's script speaks of reversing the process of transmutation from spiritual gold to physical lead.

Science: biology: Onerous (7). The device uses a chemical formula to attract gremlins like flies to a corpse. One ingredient is crushed gremlin glands.

Science: chemistry: Onerous (7). The film and flash powder are treated with a black dust that Faisal refers to as crushed spirit coal (ghost rock).

Tinkerin': Onerous (7) TN. One gadget resting between the two cameras has no function. It's an elaborate moving gear-works encased in glass. The gears have been treated with some gooey substance (the gremlin gland-chemical).

Tinkerin': Hard (9) TN. The device are two interconnected cameras facing each other. Manually operated, they take pictures that are offset from each other by a second.

Other diagrams include crude mechanical men, underwater spheres and incomprehensible formulas for airborne firebombs. Also pressed into the tomes are Persian and English news articles concerning Dr.

Hellstromme's achievements and the new inventions of the west. The articles correspond to certain pages in the *Emerald Tablet* showing devices of similar function, with Faisal's notes.

In the second room, on another desk, is a dead gremlin. Faisal pinned the critter to the table like a butterfly and split it open. From the number of specimen bottles and skulls, Faisal caught and killed a number of gremlins.

GREMLIN MAYHEM

The last apartment has no interior walls, but is broken up by support beams. Before the heroes reach the doorway, however, they see a flash of light coming from inside the apartment.

Just beyond the door frame is Faisal himself, half-gutted and eaten. If Bun is there, he runs to the body, but stops at the doorway. There's a large pool of

dried blood around Faisal and the smell is rank. Flies have already made a meal of him and maggots are soon to follow.

In the center of this forgotten ruin is Faisal's gremlin catcher. It's an odd-looking and rather unwieldy device, consisting of a glass disk resting on a podium directly between two tripod-mounted cameras.

At the moment, there's a gremlin sitting on the left camera and the six gremlins charging the posse? The critter snaps another shot and, in a flash, three more gremlins appear, upping the number to ten in the room!

WHY DON'T YOU TAKE A PICTURE?

The two cameras and podium are linked together through tubes and pipes. Sealed inside the glass disk are dozens of gears like an overly complex pocket watch, forever moving and clicking.

The gears and disk are smeared with a clear liquid that smells worse than a hermit's armpit in Nevada. It's an alchemical paste of gremlin glands that drives the critters mad and keeps them near the disk. The gears do nothing more than turn as part of the lure.

The glass casing and cameras are treated with Faisal's special catalysts and immune to jinxes. Unfortunately, the formulas for these catalysts died with Faisal.

The cameras are the actual traps. The films and flash powder have been treated with pulverized ghost rock. When the left camera takes a picture, it forces the gremlin to materialize, and the right camera snaps another picture and literally traps the critter.

Looking through either lens allows the viewer to see the spirit gremlins, but heroes can't carry either camera without pulling out the tubes. Once they do that, the machine's permanently busted. They can, however, swivel the cameras around, trapping gremlins within eyeshot.

Lane turned both cameras off, but left the lure active. A dozen gremlins in spirit form are flitting about the room now, hovering around the disk. The last gremlin figured how to turn the left one on and is materializing 1d4 new gremlins every two rounds.

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If the posse doesn't figure out how the device works, the Marshal can allow them an Onerous (7) *tinkerin'* check. Unfortunately the device's built with Sufist alchemies and concepts, rendering the design nearly impossible for the hero to copy.

As long as the lure is active, more gremlins will infest the Bittermann until it topples. The posse's best bet is to trap the gremlins in the camera, and throw the lure into the deepest darkest hole. That cures many Rat District problems.

Besides, the cameras can materialize and capture another thirty gremlins before breaking down completely.

THE AFTERMATH

Surprise, surprise, the lines between Sacramento and Virginia City went down a day ago. The posse's got another long ride ahead of them. Assuming all goes as planned, the heroes gain some ground on the Ghost cutting his lead to barely a day or so.

Of course, the heroes may have access to a mad science contraption to hurry them along. That's fine. Remember how infested Sacramento is with Gremlins. Well, they just love gizmos, and it sure would be a shame if that rapid transit failed for a few days thanks to gremlin highjinks!

If the gremlins are still a threat, the hotel isn't going to last beyond a day. The collapse destroys the lure and kills six people. The gremlins disperse leaving Rat District in the same condition before Faisal developed his gizmo.

BOUNTY

Taking the "Lynch" out of Lynch

Mob: 1 white chip

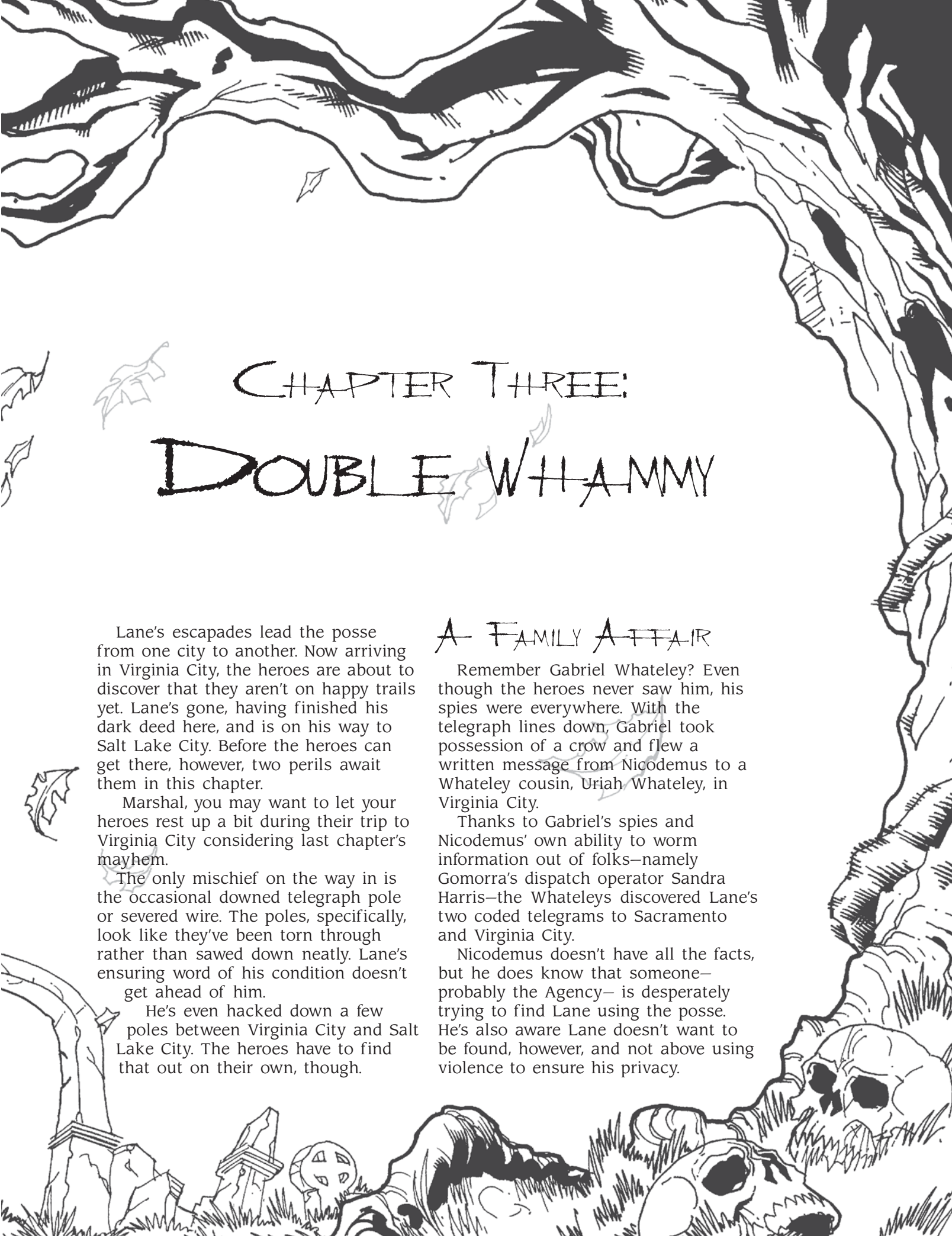
Each of Faisal's traps avoided: 1

white chip to the responsible hero.

Rescuing collapse victims: 1 red chip to each hero participating.

Ridding the Bittermann of gremlins: 1 Blue Chip





CHAPTER THREE: DOUBLE WHAMMY

Lane's escapades lead the posse from one city to another. Now arriving in Virginia City, the heroes are about to discover that they aren't on happy trails yet. Lane's gone, having finished his dark deed here, and is on his way to Salt Lake City. Before the heroes can get there, however, two perils await them in this chapter.

Marshal, you may want to let your heroes rest up a bit during their trip to Virginia City considering last chapter's mayhem.

The only mischief on the way in is the occasional downed telegraph pole or severed wire. The poles, specifically, look like they've been torn through rather than sawed down neatly. Lane's ensuring word of his condition doesn't get ahead of him.

He's even hacked down a few poles between Virginia City and Salt Lake City. The heroes have to find that out on their own, though.

A FAMILY AFFAIR

Remember Gabriel Whateley? Even though the heroes never saw him, his spies were everywhere. With the telegraph lines down, Gabriel took possession of a crow and flew a written message from Nicodemus to a Whateley cousin, Uriah Whateley, in Virginia City.

Thanks to Gabriel's spies and Nicodemus' own ability to worm information out of folks—namely Gomorra's dispatch operator Sandra Harris—the Whateleys discovered Lane's two coded telegrams to Sacramento and Virginia City.

Nicodemus doesn't have all the facts, but he does know that someone—probably the Agency—is desperately trying to find Lane using the posse. He's also aware Lane doesn't want to be found, however, and not above using violence to ensure his privacy.

CHAPTER THREE ROUNDUP

After deciphering a message left in the Bitterman, the posse heads for Virginia City, Nevada.

Virginia City. Closing the gap with the Ghost, the posse rushes to Virginia City. There, they find another Agency safehouse-turned-abattoir. Virgil Constance, the lone survivor provides an important lead.

Whateley Ambush. Tipped off by his cousin Nicodemus, Uriah Whateley has scraped up a band of bushwhackers to waylay the posse outside of Virgil's home.

Last Train to Salt Lake. In the aftermath of the ambush, the posse must make its way to the City o' Gloom.

Regina's Wrath. Grimme's flunky proves too nuts for even a manitou and the Ghost ditches her—and half a train in the middle of the Nevada desert. Guess who happens to stumble across the now madder-than-a-hornet and her new undead friends?

Nicodemus is an accommodating devil and wants to help Lane continue his rampage. As such he's taken it upon his family to impede the posse as much as possible.

Following the instructions received through Gabriel's crow, Uriah Whateley has already seen the Ghost enter Virgil Constance's home and kill everyone within (we'll get to that in a moment). He followed Lane and Regina to the train station afterwards and watched them depart on a train bound for Salt Lake City just the other day.

Uriah is now waiting for the posse to appear at Virgil's home. And the surprise he's got planned doesn't exactly involve a cake or party hats—although there are going to be noisemakers!

Earlier, we mentioned Regina and Lane disposing of Virgil's household. Well that's half-accurate. Twelve Sycamore Street is both Virgil's home and the Agency's safe house for local operatives. That figures to be a whole three operatives.

When the Ghost blew into town, he called an Agency meeting at Virgil's house. That's when both Regina and Lane ambushed the unsuspecting agents. Same as before, though, Lane reigned in his manitou, stopping the demon from killing the other agents outright.

Unfortunately, Regina again followed like a faithful lapdog, finishing off the injured while Lane searched for his letter to Grant. He didn't know it was with Virgil. He hadn't given Virgil the opportunity to hand it over before attacking him.

Regina dispatched the first two agents using *bolts o' doom*. When it came to Virgil, though, Regina hadn't figured she'd be facing a man with stronger faith than hers. She advanced on Virgil, eager to devour his "sins" when he pulled out a cross and invoked God's name against *her*.

Infuriated by the blasphemy, Regina tried to blast Virgil straight to St. Peter but realized she couldn't. It wasn't a man who thwarted her at that moment, it was the power of Heaven itself.

Regina faltered and left the near-crippled Virgil behind. She stumbled from his home and waited for the Ghost outside. Lane's manitou, still looking for the letter, went to search Virgil when the wounded spook invoked his *protection* miracle. The possessed Lane couldn't go near Virgil, much less hurt him.

Enraged, he doused the carpets and paintings in lantern oil and alcohol. He figured if he couldn't hurt touch the blessed directly, he'd finish him by causing a fire and destroying all evidence including the letter.

The Ghost's better self wouldn't allow it, however. He still couldn't kill folks he once considered a friend, and left Virgil's home with out torching it.

The terrible two departed, but the experience left Regina morally drained and doubting her faith. Lane knew that he couldn't make it much further before word of his condition finally slipped ahead him. As such, he decided that Salt Lake City was where he'd make his stand and reveal himself—and the Union's deceit— to the world.

VIRGINIA CITY

Fear Level 1

The only real concern in the city is Virgil Constance's address at 12 Sycamore Street. So, since we're short on space, just treat Virginia City like any other booming mining town sitting atop hundreds of millions of dollars in gold and silver. The Comstock Lode sits a stone's throw away and nearly 25,000 people reside in Virginia City and it's near neighbor Gold Hill.

If the heroes want to set up for the night, there are a number of hotels. Virginia City has over 100 saloons; contrast that to its three undertakers and four churches and you get a good feel for the town, Marshal.

Given the circumstances of their last encounter, however, the posse may want to find out what's happened to Virgil and hightail it to Sycamore street. It's easy enough to find.

Virgil's district is in the prosperous part of town. Folks here can still afford to tip their bowlers and nod a good morning as they pass by. The ladies possess a fashion sense better geared for a New York soiree, and love parading their latest mail-order acquisitions. The men drink brandy instead of beer, and enjoy piano recitals over a saloon kick-line. In a word: Class.

VIRGIL'S HOME

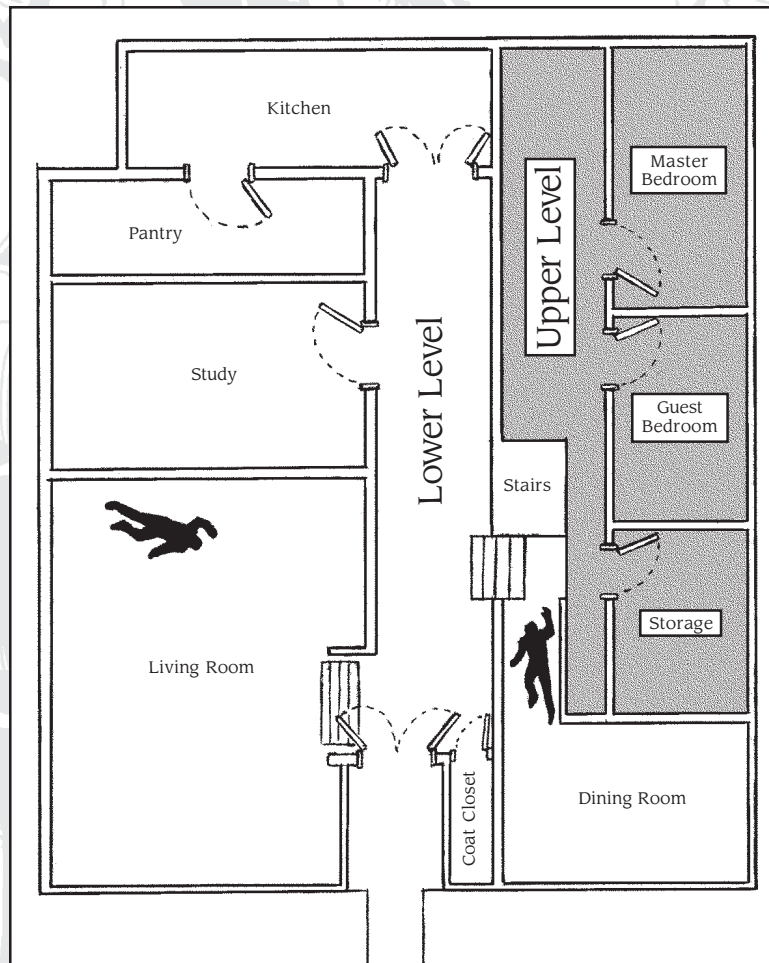
Virgil Constance maintains a nice and rather reputable front. His building is a two-and-a-half story brownstone located in an upper-middle income street. The half-basement, which extrudes above ground, is taken up by Virgil's cover business, *Virgil's Fabric Emporium*. The shop is closed and has

been since yesterday and no one in the neighborhood knows why.

The remaining floors are Virgil's home, which is accessible through outside stairs leading to double doors. The doors are also locked, but that's nothing that a Fair (5) *lockpickin'* roll won't fix. Mind you, Marshal, the street's full of pedestrians during the day, and you should point out that folks are likely notice strangers — especially the "I-just-rode-in-from-Sacramento-'scuse-me-while-I-pick-this-lock" kind-of-strangers.

Unless the heroes flash a Union-authorized badge like a US Marshal's, the residents report the attempted break-in to local authorities and they have some fast talking to do. They'd be better advised to try this route at night.





Of course, the heroes aren't the only folks interested in Virgil's home. Across the street, in another home is Uriah Whateley and his cronies.

They confiscated the house by force and gutted the owners for their troubles. Uriah is keeping watch and notices anybody walking up to the door, especially if they don't look local. Once the heroes enter the house (whether now or later) Uriah sets up his ambush.

THE INTERIOR

There's a corridor directly in front of the door, leading to the kitchen at the rear of the house. To the immediate left and right are two arches into the living room and dining room respectively. Straight ahead, thin stairs lead up to two bedrooms and a storage room. On

the left corridor wall, between the archway and kitchen is the door to the study. The smell of oil and alcohol poisons the air.

Virgil is fairly well-to-do, and his home reflects his prosperity. Although the furniture is imitation, they are superb duplicates of French furnishings from the court of Louis XIV. European paintings that would normally brighten several walls are kept dark from the heavily laced curtains blocking all light out. The only outward signs of Virgil's faith are a handful of small crosses that decorate a wall here or table surface there.

Unfortunately, the house is currently in some disarray. Lane and Regina did a fair amount of damage, toppling furniture, spilling flammable liquid everywhere, shredding cloth and breaking nick-knacks during their intrusion. The agents never got a chance to fire their guns, and the heavy curtains kept the *bolts o' doom* hidden from the outside.

Marshal, if you're making use of our *Boomtowns* supplement, the **Small House** tiles work great for Virgil's house. You'll need to modify the layout of the rooms below just a tad, but no major changes are necessary.

THE MUNDANE AREAS

The master and guest bedroom, dining room, pantry, kitchen and storage room hold no pertinent clues to the adventure. The only information heroes can discern from these areas is that Virgil was widowed by a few years, and came away childless. Pictures of his wife on a mantle above the cold hearth testify she was once a very beautiful woman. He stored all her possessions in the attic.

THE LIVING ROOM

This is the first place the heroes will likely enter since it's open to the entrance. Virgil entertained his guests here, including Lane and Regina.

When Lane arrived with Regina, Virgil was serving everyone drinks. Lane's manitou, fighting for control, attacked quickly before anything happened. He gutted the agent sitting

on the couch and quickly turned on surprised Virgil. Regina blasted the second fleeing agent in the back, and shot him again on the floor.

By that time Virgil was able to throw Lane off him and stumble towards the kitchen. Knowing his host body couldn't kill Constance, the manitou told Regina to finish the job while he went for the letter. Regina blasted the agent on the couch, then went after Virgil who made it into the kitchen before collapsing.

The fight displaced furniture and shattered a glass display case filled with American Revolutionary figurines. Portions of the wall have been blasted by heat, burning away the golden floral wallpaper and revealing the solid brick behind. The carpet, furniture and walls are also painted with a spray of blood, thanks to Lane's claws, while bottles of brandy and whisky have been emptied on the floor and furniture.

The main couch is half burnt as well. There's one corpse sitting dead center where the couch was hit, with his front baked and his blackened innards exposed. A Fair (5) *medicine* roll reveals he suffered from claw rakes across the stomach.

On the coffee table is a spilt bottle of brandy that congealed into a sticky film on the table, and five drinking glasses on their side. Virgil was serving his five guests just before he was attacked.

Another corpse lies in the dining room. The dead Spook is on his stomach, his spine and ribs exposed through blackened and burnt wounds, the immediate carpet scorched as though blasted by a gout of flame.

THE STUDY

This was Virgil's office and the heart of the Agency's operations in the region. Fortunately, Virgil kept all his Agency related documents and material coded, scribbling his notes in "gibberish." It requires an Incredible (11) *professional: cryptology* roll (it's not in a standard Agency code) in order to decipher Virgil's intelligence.

Essentially, it contains records on Agency operations in and around Virginia City, including local dead drops, code names, and passwords. However, since everyone in the Virginia City

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office is now out of action, it's of limited value.

Agency operatives should confiscate the coded ledgers, while Confederates like Texas Rangers should hand their evidence over to Katie Karl at the end of the adventure. As a show of good faith, she then hands the material back to the Agency to improve relations.

In Virgil's office is the family bible enclosed in a glass display case, a map of continental North America and a cross adorning the wall. A secret compartment at the base of the display case has been torn open and an odd set of goggles (photo-reactive goggles, to be exact) lay half-dangling out of it.

The desk drawers are pulled out and the table's contents scattered all over the floor. Lane tore through the office looking for his letter to Grant. He then poured oil over everything, but didn't set it on fire.

There are no clues to indicate Lane's next target.

THE KITCHEN

The kitchen is likely to be the last stop for any investigators. It's like any other kitchen with a wood stove, pantry and pot rack. Virgil sits propped up against the pantry door, one hand clenching his cross like it was the archangel Michael's blazing sword, the other holding a rag to stem the blood. He heard the heroes enter but was too weak to call out or even move.

A handsome man under normal circumstances, Virgil maintains a well-groomed handlebar mustache and has a broad-shouldered physique with an obvious healthy love of food. Virgil is badly injured and near death. His wounds are severely infected, killing him through fever and gangrene. Only an Incredible (11) *lay on hands* or Onerous (7) *panacea* roll can save him now. Even then, he'll need time to recover, and slips in and out of consciousness easily.

TALKIN' TO VIRGIL

Virgil's can only answer a couple of questions regardless his condition, as he has little information to share. However, what he does know is very important!

Whatever the hero asks, Virgil's answers essentially come to these tidbits. He won't waste his time with other irrelevant chitchat:

Who did this? Lane and... black-haired woman.

What happened? Woman tried to kill me...but the Lord protected me. She ran... Lane couldn't kill me either.

Do you know where they went? Overheard...City o' Gloom. Think they're after Nevada Smith. (Now this should sound queer to folks, considering Nevada Smith is a fictional character in some dime novel. The author, Ignatius Martin Hymme, lives in Salt Lake City).

Do you know why? No...Don't think Lane's responsible for this...saw remorse...Tried to set my home on fire. Couldn't. He seemed conflicted.

LANE'S LETTER

U,

Know that this is harder for you to bear than I to suffer. Since the fight in Gomorra, my visions have returned, seemingly with a vengeance following 13 years of neglect. My friends are in danger, seemingly by my own hands. I find no solace in that.

I pray my visions deceive me by mirroring my fears rather than my destiny. Still I cannot chance either. I implore you to stop me by any means necessary. My inner demons will drive me to undo all we strove to accomplish in the decade following the Reckoning.

I can only impart what I remember, but I remember these horrors well enough.

1) I see the mark of our Savior, Jesus Christ, burdening my shoulders as though I were the one walking the path to the Crucifixion. The cross weighs on me and I know not why.

2) I see the salt flats of Deseret.

3) I see darkness...

Whatever is to happen, I'm unsure. My final fate was foretold once and I ignored it. Fate denies me a second chance at seeing the culmination of my existence.

I'm uncertain to whom the duty of intercepting me falls. I can only console you with this...Stop me, for I would do the same for you were the situation reversed. I bear you no animosity, as I pray you bear me none.

Yours Faithfully,

AL

THE LETTER

By this point Virgil is near dead (or utterly fatigued) and knows he's drifting out of consciousness. Unable to speak any longer, he pulls Lane's sealed letter from his breast pocket. His last act is to motion to his crucifix and whisper "...beware this..."

The reason Virgil points to the cross is he saw Lane's crucifix when the Ghost first arrived. Later, Regina tested her faith against his using an identical cross. He surmised the shared crucifix had something to do with Lane's condition, but not what. Virgil is trying to point the heroes in the right direction.

As he knew his control was slipping fast, Lane did not encode his letter to President Grant. However, he did use the Agency's invisible ink to pen it. Fortunately, there's a pair of photo-reactive goggles in Virgil's study, exposed from their hiding place during Lane's rampage.

WHATELEY AMBUSH

There's no rest for the wicked, and this is especially true of Uriah Whateley and his posse of miscreants. While the heroes gathered their information and tended to Virgil, Uriah had sufficient time to muster his forces. He and his ambush party have taken their positions on Sycamore Street,

hiding in neighboring staircases and in the well of a half-basement shop across the street.

Thanks to information from cousins Nicodemus and Gabriel, Uriah has a pretty good idea of the number of heroes in the posse. Since he never lets himself be in the underdog position if he can help it, Uriah has hired one gunman for each member of the posse.

BUSHWHACK BY THE NUMBERS

Two gunmen are hidden behind the solid stone walls of the stairs to the left and right of Virgil's home. They have cover for both legs and lower guts. Another bushwhacker is in the house facing Virgil's. He's the most difficult to hit given his cover is guts and both legs, and he's cloaked in darkness (-2 penalty to the posse's *shootin'* attempts).

The rest of the gunmen, including Uriah, are across the street, in the stairwell of a basement store. Their cover only includes both legs. Uriah told his boys to open fire once the posse is in the street and away from cover.

This kind of ambush can easily kill the posse, so Marshal, you may want to help the heroes out. Each cowpoke rolls against an Hard (9) *Cognition* check when stepping out the door; if successful, she notices the reflection of the desperadoes in the window across the street. Also, if any hero peeks out the front window when they were still up in Virgil's home he notices Uriah setting up his welcome wagon.

If they miss all these warning signs and you're still feeling forgiving, Marshal, you can have a desperado jump the gun, so to speak, and shoot when the lead hero is walking down the stairs. The other ambushers and the posse all have to roll *Cognition* against an Incredible (11) TN to avoid surprise. This might give the posse that one round it needs to find cover.

Just remember to give the heroes the benefit of any cover against the ambush party as well—if they think to use it! If anyone jumps into the half-basement stairwell on the right, then he's also got the same cover as Uriah across the street, while the left side gunman can't see him at all.

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If three or more gunmen go down, then the remaining two bolt. No matter what, though, give the posse a good shot to either kill or capture Uriah. If he escapes, a valuable clue vanishes as well

URIAH WHATELEY

Uriah never displayed his family's knack for black magic, and always proved the brunt of their jokes. Sadly deformed with a painful hunchback that swallowed his neck, two six-fingered grips, teeth that would shame piranha and a set of eyes sunk further down on his face than normal, Uriah proudly displays the Whateley's penchant for centuries of inbreeding.

Unlike other Whateley monstrosities left back East, however, Uriah can



URIAH'S LETTER

Greetings Cousin,

I hope this letter finds you in good health and eager disposition. There's a man by the name of Andrew Lane, the head of the Agency's Western Bureau and a thorn in our side, who's passing through Virginia City. He'll be at 12 Sycamore Street over the next few days. Leave him be. He appears to be on a rampage of sorts and I do so want him to continue. Let him have his fun.

Your concern is a posse who's been sent after Lane. They'll probably visit 12 Sycamore Street as well, so if you can "delay" them, I'd be most appreciative. I'm curious to what Lane's up too, and I wouldn't want anyone spoiling his fun. Do this and we're even. Ignore me and I'll see your precious playmates brought back to life and howling for your blood.

Your Faithful Cousin

function in normal society without displaying his ghoulish habits. Sure he stares at children a minute too long, but at least he knows to kidnap them at night and not snatch them in the middle of the street at high noon.

Despite appearances, Uriah has friends in low places. He's got money to spend and appreciates any depraved vice whether he shares them or not. Uriah's even marked himself as a mover and shaker in Virginia City's prostitution and opium trade.

Naturally, he didn't appreciate it when Gabriel's crow showed up with orders from Nicodemus. Uriah would have ignored them were he not deathly afraid of the scion from Gomorra. He hopes to do this little favor for his cousin and go back to being a big fish.

Uriah still has Nicodemus' letter in his breast pocket, even though the letter isn't signed. Uriah knows who its from though.

Under no circumstance does Uriah betray Nicodemus. He shares the contents of the letter, but he won't name the sender. Nicodemus is far too powerful and nasty to betray, especially when he can get to you even after you're dead.

PROFILE:

URIAH WHATELEY

Corporeal: D:3d6, N:3d6, Q:4d6, S:4d6, V:2d10

Dodge 3d6, fightin' 2d6, filchin' 2d6, horse ridin' 1d6, lockpickin' 3d6, shootin': pistol 3d6, sleight of hand 1d6, sneak 2d6

Mental: C:4d6, K:4d8, M:4d6, Sm:1d8, Sp:1d8

Area Knowledge: Virginia City 3d8, bluff 2d8, gamblin' 2d8, guts 3d8, medicine 3d8, overawe 3d6, persuasion 2d6, scrutinize 2d6, streetwise 3d8

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 18

Edges: Dinero 3, keen 3, "the stare" 1, thick-skinned 3, tough as nails 4

Hindrances: Ailin' -3: Chronic pain, bad eyes -3, loco -3: (cannibal), double ugly as sin -2

Gear: Double-action Colt Peacemaker (w/50 rounds), Nicodemus' letter

Description: See text.

SLIME FROM THE BOTTOM OF SOME SALOON

In every gunfight there are some folks who do the killin', and some folks who gets the killin' done to 'em. Let's meet that second group, shall we?

These lowlifes are the dregs of the Weird West. Their version of a showdown means plugging their opponent in the back—preferably while he's tied up or sleeping. For the right price, they'll even defile the corpse as well. That's why Uriah likes them. They've got no morals and every one of them's got a Wanted poster with their crimes listed front and back.

PROFILE: BUSHWHACKERS

Corporeal: D:3d6, N:2d6, Q:2d6, S:3d6, V:3d6

Dodge 2d6, fightin': brawlin' 3d6, shootin': pistol (rifle for the thug upstairs) 4d6, sneak 3d6

Mental: C:2d6, K:2d6, M:3d6, Sm:2d4, Sp:3d8

Gamblin' 2d4, guts 2d8, overawe 2d6, ridicule 2d6, streetwise 3d4

Hindrances: Outlaw -3, wanted -3

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Gear: Double-action Colt .45 (w/50 rounds), Winchester '73, Bowie knife

AFTER THE DUST CLEARS...

When the gunfight's in full swing, the authorities are slow in arriving. The posse has plenty of time to vamoose once the gunplay's over, though the local sheriff combs the streets for the culprits involved in the fracas. Of course, given the reputations of the thugs the posse sent to Boot Hill, he's not going to look too hard for their killers.

If Virgil survives, then the posse has itself another Agency ally. If Uriah Whateley survives, then the heroes have a nasty enemy willing to cause them no end of trouble whenever they return to Virginia City.

If the heroes wait around, they can certainly convince the sheriff that the matter was self-defense, though explaining the dead bodies in Virgil's home is going to be trickier. With communication to Sacramento and Salt Lake City down, the local department has no way to verify the posse's claims. On the other hand, if Virgil's still alive, somebody's going to have to look after him, and the authorities are the only ones who can help.

The heroes' best bet is to flash a badge, a writ of authority from President Grant or to hightail it out of there – especially if they're Confederates.

In any case, the heroes have narrowed the gap between Lane and themselves by no more than a day. If they wait, all their efforts might be for naught. Be sure to stress the urgency of the situation and the fact that more lives are at stake in Salt Lake City.

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LAST TRAIN TO SALT LAKE

The posse has two options for reaching Salt Lake City. The first is through the Denver Pacific Line; the second involves hoofing it. Fortunately, both the railway and horse trail run parallel through most of Nevada, until they near Deseret. After that the train line splits north around the Great Salt Lake and stops in Corrine, Ogden and Salt Lake City. The horse trail cuts south across a thin stretch of land between the Utah Salt Flats and the Great Salt Lake.

Both routes are equal in length, but the journey would be quicker if the posse crossed the Salt Flats. We wouldn't recommend it though. That's a different set of problems—Rattlers problems, to be exact. Travelling by horse the trip is nearly a week and a half; by train, it's barely two days.

This portion of the adventure takes place in Nevada, where the trail and rail lines still run parallel. Along the way, telegraph lines are down, as are the occasional pole. Lane's still spreading discord in his wake and ensuring the region's bogged under repairs.

A PARTING OF WAYS

On his last outing in Virginia City, Lane spotted Uriah Whateley following him. He figured someone was on his trail and decided to sabotage the train to keep the rail lines tied up. Meanwhile Regina wasn't proving the best of company.

Annoying to begin with, she turned more zealous in proving her faith after the debacle at Virgil's house. She started "judgin' sinners" on the train, shouting at them and nearly revealing their identities on more than one occasion. The conductor was going to throw Regina off the train at the next

switch stop. Lane realized his traveling companion was a liability and decided to part ways.

Lane left Regina in the caboose on the pretense that he had to stretch his legs. He moved forward four cars, just before the engine, and cut the train's rear half loose. Lane then forced the conductor to go straight through to Salt Lake City. Along the way, he made a few unscheduled stops to knock down telegraph poles.

Regina went plumb loco. Already abandoned by the Lord, the only thing she had left was fulfilling Reverend Grimme's orders. When Lane left her behind, she believed she had failed in her mission to God and Grimme. She went on a bona fide rampage, beginning in the caboose, killing passengers with *bolts o' doom* and animating burning zombies to send into the adjoining compartments. The last car held her off for a while, but eventually the zombies overran the living.

Regina is still on the marooned train, growing crazier than an outhouse rat under the hot Nevada sun. She's taken to feeding off bodies and talking to the zombies.

Now, the train is a blood-soaked abattoir, little more than a putrid food locker for a madwoman.

NEXT STOP...HELL!

About 200 miles into the journey, the heroes encounter the second ambush. Whether they posse's riding hard under the desert sun, or watching the scenery slip idly by the train, it encounters an odd sight. Lying still on the tracks is the caboose and three passenger cars for a Denver Pacific train. A handful of corpses are scattered about with some even hanging out the windows.

On horseback, the heroes are free to investigate or ignore the cars as they choose—although you should mock them mercilessly if they pass up such an obvious mystery, Marshal!

If aboard the train, the engineers stop some distance back from the cars and bicker about what to do next. Give the posse ample time to remember they're supposed to be the *heroes* in the story.

If they don't go forward, eventually a lineman does. Minutes later a horrible tortured scream comes from the cars, but nothing else. The railroad man never returns. Should they continue to shirk in the train, the engineers, fearing bandits or worse, reverse the engine and head back down the line.

REGINA'S WRATH

Hope the heroes are healed up, because they're in for a nasty fight. Regina may be straight out crazy, but she's still got tricks up her sleeve, including a few dead bodies and the bones to raise bloody ones.

The zombies spotted the heroes riding in and warned Regina. She immediately animated more walkin' dead, then used her black magic spell, *judas*, to alter her appearance. She currently looks like a typical traveling belle with a one piece green calico dress that stretches from the ground past the bodice, up to the embroidered v-neck collar. She's also wearing a bonnet from which hang strands of blond hair, and a rosary with her crucifix around her wrist. Her dress balloons at the shoulders and wrist.

Should this disguise fail for any reason, then she appears in plain traveling clothes with a wooden crucifix hanging around her neck like some unholy noose. Her fingers are all bloodied from feeding on corpses and her face is a mess of gore like a clumsy child who planted his face in mud.

Regina is currently in the car furthest from the caboose. Before the heroes arrive, she drops a pair of bloody ones' bones between the first and second cars, just under the connecting platform where they'd have time to grow.

There are two bloody ones waiting between the first and second car, and another pair under the third compartment. The first two remain patient and quiet until somebody walks above them. Then they spring up

between the footplates and drag their victims under the train. Also playing possum are several walkin' dead scattered among the honest corpses.

HELL ON WHEELS

Fear Level 3

Coming up on the still train, the heroes can already see it's a slaughterhouse. The windows are washed in blood, and more than one corpse leans gape-mouthed and hollow-eyed against the window. A murder of crows sits on the roof or gathered around the three corpses cooking under the hot sun. Buzzards circle, waiting for their turn at the feast. The air is rancid with the stench of rotting flesh and blood.

Suddenly, there's a gunshot and a woman's scream from inside the train (Regina's playing the damsel in distress). The crows take flight, filling the air with their beating wings. Everything draws silent again.

Treat the exploration like combat, Marshal, and have the heroes to roll initiative and act on their turn. Before them is a train, from which they just heard a scream and gunfire. They don't know which car it came from.

Let em' have at it.

CABOOSE

From the outside, the caboose appears to be the least damaged portion of the train. Inside is another matter. Regina began her "cleansing" here, raining down *bolts o' doom* and gun fire against her fellow passengers. She then animated the burnt corpses and sent them all Hell-bent into the adjoining cars. The passengers didn't have a chance.

The caboose has no bodies simply because Regina pressed the corpses into service. Heroes find blown off hands and feet—enough to warrant a Fair (5) *guts* check—but nothing to make a formal identification. The caboose is a mess of broken glass, scorched paneling, torn up seating, pools of blood and spilt personal effects. There are also bullet casings on the floor. The door to the next car is open. That's where the body count begins.



FIRST CAR

The real tragedy of the situation confronts the heroes here. A wall of stench hits the posse.

A dozen corpses are scattered across the floor, burnt to a crisp or shot dead, with their skulls broken open and leaking what's left of their brains. Some even died trying to escape through the windows. Their bodies dangle outside now, food for the crows. Any hero entering this butcher shop has to make a Hard (9) *guts* check.

This car is in similar distress to the caboose. The upholstery's torn up and there's a spray of blood on the walls and ceiling. The floor's thick with bodies and gore. Whoever did this showed no mercy, slaughtering men, women and children with equal savagery.

Of the twelve corpses, a scattered four are re-animated, but playing "dead." If the heroes start capping off corpses in the head just for good measure, then the zombies spring into action when a hero approaches. Otherwise, they lie still even if a hero takes their pulse.

The zombies won't react unless threatened or when a bloody one grabs a hero moving between the first and second car. Once the first two bloody ones attack, the zombie nearest the door grabs an adjacent hero. The three remaining zombies scramble behind seats and open fire.

In any combat on the train, the benches act as cover for the guts and legs. Unfortunately, each shot has a 1-3 chance on 1d6 of punching through the thin wood and seat stuffing. The benches provide protection equal to AV 1.

SECOND CAR

The scene of carnage and slaughter repeats itself. Another five corpses are scattered about here, with three zombies hidden in different rows. When one attacks, it jumps one hero while the other two open fire. If, however, the zombies in either the first or second train hear the posse waiting outside and playing timid, then two of them open fire from the windows. The remainder sneak out the windows on the otherside of the train and crawl on the roof. Anyone who makes a Fair (5) *Cognition* check notices the zombies just before they jump on anyone below them.

To add further drama, just as the combat finishes, Regina screams and fires again. This time a zombie goes flying out the window, trailing skull bits, grey ooze and broken glass before it hits the ground like a sack of wet

sand. Regina killed this zombie for show. She's got two bloody ones beneath the last car, and several more zombies to send the posse's way.

THIRD CAR

If the train had any survivors, they holed up in the last car before being overrun. There are 20 corpses scattered on the ground, with another three zombies who were crawling through the window before having their heads aired with buckshot.

In fact, the entire train looks like someone filled it with buckshot. During their final assault, the zombies riddled the car with bullets. Now a hundred needles of light pierce the interior like a pincushion. Not a soul stirs from the mess, except for Regina playing the scared lone survivor. Any cowpoke who makes a Fair (5) *Cognition* check sees her bonnet just above the second to last seat.

Regina acts scared and frightened to draw the heroes in closer. She wants to gauge how they've fared against her critters. She then focuses on the least injured hero and waits to strike. Meanwhile, Regina answers any questions the posse asks her.

She claims the train was recently separated, after which they heard gunfire from the caboose. Within a minute, walkin' dead appeared and stampeded through the first two cars. The survivors holed themselves up in the last car and waited for help. The walkin' dead, however, continued to attack and eventually whittled the survivors down to her. She's been holding them off, but only barely.

While Regina's talking, her two bloody ones are crawling out from beneath the car. If the posse is on horseback, one hides under a window while the other goes after the horses; the animals' panicked whinnies should bring the heroes running. Otherwise, they both wait outside and one slams the door to the second car to draw the posse's attention back outside.

As soon as they react to the bloody ones' distractions, Regina shoots the closest or healthiest hero with a *bolt o' doom*. That signals the three other

zombies on the ground to attack. The bloody ones bushwhack any hero emerging from the train. If the heroes are mounted, one of the two runs for their horses.

Of course, all this is preempted if the heroes spot the bloody ones emerging from under train or if the posse shoots corpses on their way to Regina. In the latter case, Regina screams "*Look out!*" when a zombie is about to attack a hero. She then uses the distraction to fire off a *bolt o' doom*.

PROFILE: BLOODY ONES

Corporeal: D:3d6, N:3d10, Q:3d10, S:3d8, V:3d8

Dodge 2d10, fightin': brawlin 4d6, sneak 4d10

Mental: C:4d8, K:1d4, M:2d8, Sm:2d8, Sp:3d6

Overawe 4d8, ridicule 4d8, search 4d8, trackin': scent 3d8

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Undead

Claws: STR+1d6

Bite: STR+1d6

Description: Bloody Ones look like corpses with their flesh gnawed off—which is exactly what happened.

PROFILE: WALKIN' DEAD

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d8, Q:2d10, S:3d8, V:2d8

Climbin': 1d8, dodge 2d10, fightin': brawlin' 3d8, shootin': pistol, rifle, shotgun 2d6, sneak 3d8, swimmin' 1d8

Mental: C:2d10, K:1d6, M:1d6, Sm:1d6, Sp:1d4

Overawe 5d6, ridicule 1d6, search 3d10

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 12

Terror: 7

Special Abilities:

Damage: Bite (STR)

Fearless

Guns: These zombies are packing all manner of smokewagons.

Undead: Focus (Head).

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Gear: Pistol, rifle, or shotgun (Marshal's choice).

Description: These walkin' dead look like Western travelers and tinhorns who've seen better days—much better days!

SPOTTIN' THE VARMINT

Now, Marshal, you know your posse better than anyone else, and you know whether this ambush could spell its end. If you feel some forewarning's in order, you can allow the following clues on with a successful *Cognition* check:

Onerous (7) TN: The fair damsel's dress and appearance are in excellent condition considering she spent the last day battling the walkin' dead and living among wounded.

Hard (9) TN: Many of the bodies in the train look chewed on. If she fought off the zombies, who ate the corpses?

If the heroes suddenly realize Regina's involved, let her make a Fair (5) *Cognition* roll to deduce she's been smoked out, unless the posse is *really* sneaky about it. In any case, once the combat begins, her disguise drops, revealing her as the local cannibal. Regina will fight to the end. She's a little more than a wounded or rabid animal that must be put down.

When you describe her, be sure to make mention of the awkward crucifix around her neck. It's pretty important that the posse figure out the similarity between her cross and that on the Ghost's neck. If they don't, they're going to have to kill the Ghost in the next chapter to stop him!

REGINA COLEPORT

Regina Coleport was always partial to any scripture that justified murder and looting as long as it was righteous. When Regina stabbed her cheating husband to death, she had a hymn on her lips. When she stole from her heathen neighbors, she donated a lion's share of the loot to Grimme's church.

Regina earned Grimme's attention following the proclamation of the 22:18 Bounty which rewarded the good citizens of Lost Angels for turning in suspected witches and warlocks. Regina made quite a living as a professional accuser—similar to a 17th century Salem witch hunter, but with even less scruples. Often, she played the role of the possessed victim to validate her claims of heresy against those she betrayed to the Guardian Angels.

Having sent 11 neighbors to the gallows, Regina profited from the 11 weeks of meals she earned at the Rectory, and developed a hankering for human flesh. With her almost daily worship at the Cathedral of Lost Angels, it was only natural Grimme indoctrinate her into the fold and train her to defend the word of God—as spoken by the good Reverend, of course.

She moved through the ranks like a bullet through a gun barrel, learning the ways of the church and cult. Each horror she uncovered, however, was just another tool of the righteous. It didn't

hurt any that her black magic, thanks to Grimme's altar, came up looking like holy deeds. She even justified their cannibalism as consumption of mortal sins so the person's soul was free to enter Heaven. Needless to say, she even spooked most Guardian Angels with her persistent faith.

When the time came to dispatch an Avenging Angel to Gomorra, Grimme assigned Regina. Few folk were more loyal than her, and it delighted Grimme that she fully believed she was doing right by the Lord. Eager to please the good Reverend, Regina pursued her duties admirably. She's followed Lane, killing off folks when the manitou can't, and eating their "sins" to sustain her.

PROFILE: REGINA COLEPORT

Corporeal: D:4d8, N:4d6, Q:3d10, S:4d4, V:2d10

Dodge 3d6, filchin' 2d8, horse ridin' 1d6, lockpickin' 2d8, shootin': pistol 3d8, sneak 2d6, throwin': bolts o' doom 4d8

Mental: C:4d8, K:2d10, M:2d8, Sm:3d10, Sp:2d8

Area knowledge: Lost Angels 2d10, bluff 2d10, disguise 2d10, faith: Church of the Lost Angels 3d8, guts 2d8, overawe 3d8, performin': acting 3d8, persuasion 2d8, scroungin' 2d10, scrutinize 2d8, search 2d8, streetwise 2d10, survival: desert 2d10

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 24

Edges: Brave 2, keen 3, "the stare" 1, tough as nails 3, "the voice" (threatening) 1

Hindrances: Hankerin' -4: human flesh, loco -4 (fanatical devotion to Grimme and Lost Angels), self-righteous -3

Gear: Colt peacemaker (w/50 rounds), 4 sets of bloody bones, chip of stone from Grimme's altar imbedded in cross.

Special Abilities:

Black Magic: Bolts o' Doom 2, dark protection 2, judas 3, zombie 3

Description: Regina Coleport wears clothing like a man, with a simple shirt tied up to her neck. Her hair is black and short, but her eyes are intense and hungry. Her mouth is twisted in a sneer and she holds a crucifix against her chest.



NEW BLACK MAGIC SPELL

Here's a new Black Magic spell for you to trouble your posse with, Marshal.

JUDAS

Speed: 1

Duration: Special

Trappings: A dripping candle, a pinch of dust, a veil

This spell allows cultists to alter their appearance right down to their clothing. Cultists primarily use *judas* to hide their own identities while committing crimes or unholy acts in public. The effect is illusory, however, and does not affect Traits or Aptitudes.

The spell slips an illusionary "glove" over the cultist, adding, at best, six inches or so in either height or girth. With *judas*, the cultist alters gender, voice, eye color, hair length and most any other physical characteristic. Likewise, clothing runs the gamut from miner's work cloths to a jaunty socialite's evening gown. The cultist can never look smaller or thinner, or gain Edges like "*the stare*" or "*the voice*."

He can even look Harrowed, though he cannot impersonate as a non-human Abomination. His general appearance must remain human.

Of course manufactured illusions designed to impersonate another person require either a photograph, a well-rendered drawing or a visual cue to work from. Obviously, studying the subject allows the cultist to prepare a better-looking illusion, while those crafted from photographs and drawings don't appear exactly right.

If the cultist is trying to deceive a hero using *judas*, the cowpoke can penetrate the disguise making a *scrutinize* roll against a TN based on the cultist's basis for his disguise.

Of course, the Marshal can assign bonuses or penalties according to a hero's familiarity with the impersonated individual.

If the disguise isn't based on a real person, but simply a fictitious one created by the cultist to mask his own identity, the TN for the *scrutinize* roll is Incredible (11).

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JUDAS

Level	Duration
1	1 round
2	1 minute
3	1 hour
4	1 day
5	1 week

Knowledge of Subject

TN

Based on quick study	9
Based on detailed study	7
Based on photograph	5
Based on drawing	3

THE AFTERMATH

Unfortunately there is little to do for the dead save burning the train, making sure none of the other victims return Harrowed, or leaving the train for Denver Pacific to handle. Any hero trying to protect the common citizen from the Reckoning (like an Agency spook or Ranger) already knows this slaughter is evidence. It has to go.

If the posse missed any vital clues to the Ghost's destination in Virginia City, Marshal, you can leave telltale evidence on Regina's person. Perhaps a dime novel written by I.M. Hymme about Nevada Smith's adventures.

Meanwhile, if the heroes came by train, then they'll have to take their horses from the livestock car. It's going to take several days just to clear the tracks, and the posse has itself an appointment in Salt Lake City.

BOUNTY

Getting a look at Nicodemus' letter:

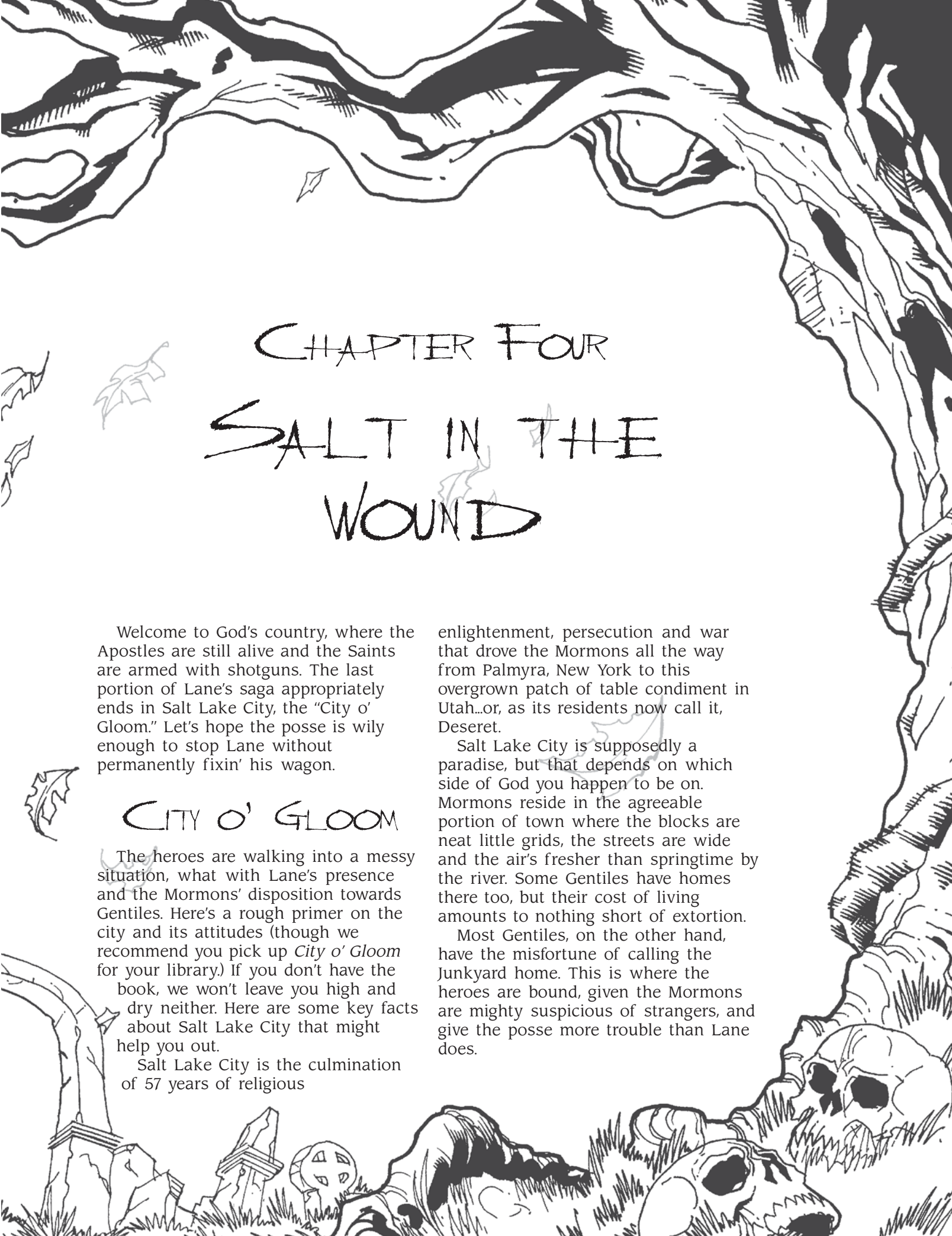
1 white chip

Saving Virgil: 1 white chip

Figuring out the Ghost's crucifix is significant: 1 red chip

Defeating Regina: 1 blue chip





CHAPTER FOUR

SALT IN THE WOUND

Welcome to God's country, where the Apostles are still alive and the Saints are armed with shotguns. The last portion of Lane's saga appropriately ends in Salt Lake City, the "City o' Gloom." Let's hope the posse is wily enough to stop Lane without permanently fixin' his wagon.

CITY O' GLOOM

The heroes are walking into a messy situation, what with Lane's presence and the Mormons' disposition towards Gentiles. Here's a rough primer on the city and its attitudes (though we recommend you pick up *City o' Gloom* for your library.) If you don't have the book, we won't leave you high and dry neither. Here are some key facts about Salt Lake City that might help you out.

Salt Lake City is the culmination of 57 years of religious

enlightenment, persecution and war that drove the Mormons all the way from Palmyra, New York to this overgrown patch of table condiment in Utah...or, as its residents now call it, Deseret.

Salt Lake City is supposedly a paradise, but that depends on which side of God you happen to be on. Mormons reside in the agreeable portion of town where the blocks are neat little grids, the streets are wide and the air's fresher than springtime by the river. Some Gentiles have homes there too, but their cost of living amounts to nothing short of extortion.

Most Gentiles, on the other hand, have the misfortune of calling the Junkyard home. This is where the heroes are bound, given the Mormons are mighty suspicious of strangers, and give the posse more trouble than Lane does.

One other matter of importance: Church and law are one in the same, so if the hero breaks a Commandment, he's broken a law. In Salt Lake City there's also the unspoken Commandment: *Though shall not bear arms in Salt Lake City*. This is a minor crime, and not enforced in the Junkyard unless the hero is flagrant about his possessions.

JUNKYARD

The Junkyard isn't a bad place to live if you're soot. Originally this region was a nest of factories, steam and water pipes, smoke stacks, power lines, valves, massive pumps and anything else one would expect to find in the belly of a ship's engine room. This was the truth of Dr. Hellstromme's mechanical paradise, an industrial sector that painted the air black with ghost rock soot. Leave it to the City o' Gloom to turn it into affordable housing.

The Junkyard is now a labyrinth of black-brick streets, alleys and tight corridors beneath a sky of steel pipes and girders. Although the street lamps are electrically powered, soot coats the bulbs and dims their nimbus to a few feet. Everything else falls into shadow.

Most homes are the basements of reconverted factories, with few windows touching the clear sky. Those

that do are also coated with soot. If you couldn't tell, soot is a way of life and a major health risk in the Junkyard. Folks walk around with smudged masks to protect their face and spit black sludge on bad days. Life expectancy isn't high.

THE GHOST'S VISIT

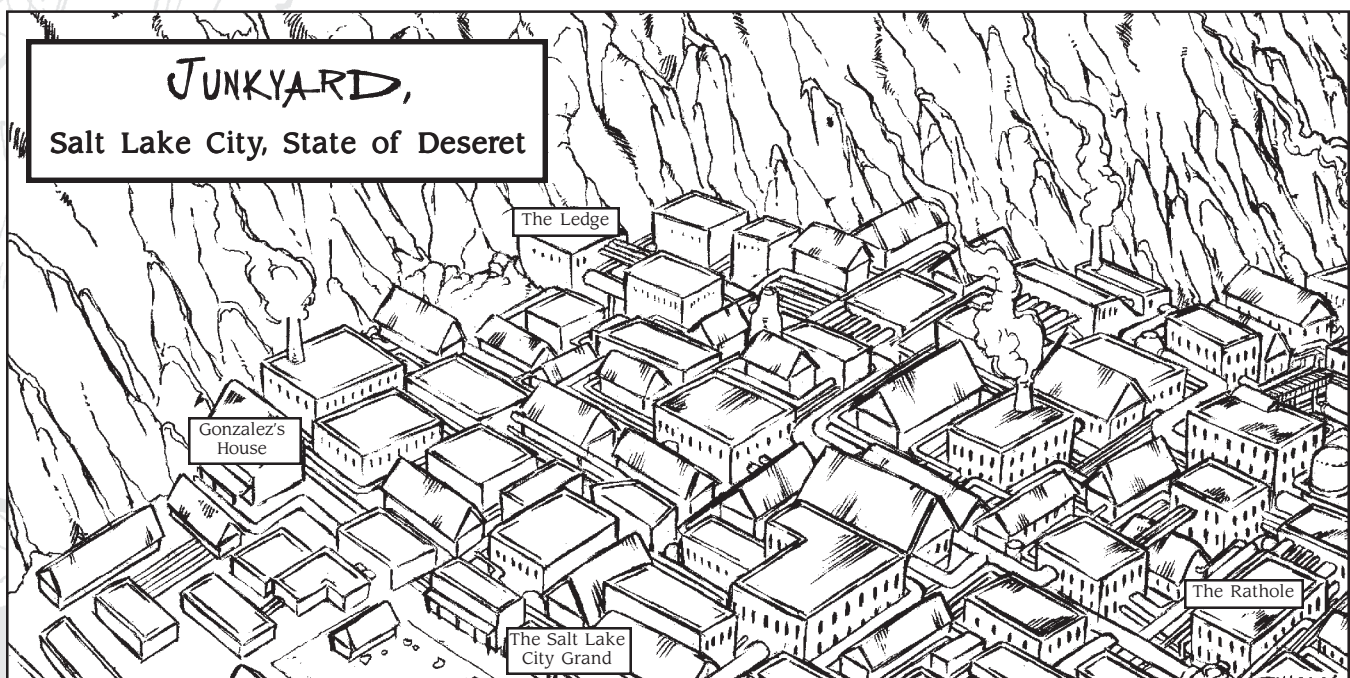
Like Gomorra, this portion of the trip might seem civil compared to the whirlwind events in Sacramento and Virginia City. They aren't.

The Ghost didn't exactly arrive quietly, given his train blew past several forts in Nevada as well as the towns of Corrine and Ogden. Lane killed the conductor and leapt off the train just before it reached Salt Lake City. Of course the runaway engine badly damaged the Denver-Pacific Depot when it reached end terminal, attracting a heap of attention.

Everyone suspects sabotage of some sort, including the Union, Confederacy, and just about every rail baron of note. The city is electrified by rumors.

The Ghost's in town, meeting with various Spooks. Fortunately, he can't kill them for the moment. He remembers Lane's vision extended to Deseret, whereupon there was only darkness. Whatever happens, he knows, happens here.

Instead of killing off spooks, he informed local agents that there are



infiltrators trying to discredit the Union in Salt Lake City. The train crash at the Denver-Pacific Depot and the felled lines to Virginia City were two in a series of plots to kill Lane and disrupt the Agency's lines of communication which are now compromised. According to Lane, outsiders can't be trusted, neither can any incoming or outgoing messages, at least until the infiltrators are uncovered and stopped. As in checked in with the local undertaker—with extreme prejudice.

The Ghost is currently holed up, appropriately enough, in a place called the Rathole Apartments. He hides here, coordinating the efforts of the other spies. They're currently patrolling the hotels and saloons, watching for any stranger asking the wrong questions.

WHERE TO BEGIN?

We hope the posse had time to rest, cause matters can get nasty depending on how the heroes make their way through the City o' Gloom. To start off, Marshal, you should warn the heroes about the local do's and don'ts, such as the strict gun laws. Mormons get twitchy when Gentiles walk around armed.

The best accommodations in Salt Lake City are the Restful Arms (\$4.00 a night + \$2.00 for meals) and the Salt Lake City Hotel (\$12.00 a night, food included). However, since the heroes probably don't want to attract attention, they're better off in the Junkyard, at Gonzalez's House (.50¢ a night) or Salt Lake City Grand (.75¢ an evening). All four offer a bed and a proper roof.

Virgil Constance didn't leave the posse much to go on save the name Nevada Smith, a dime novel character supposedly based on a real agent. Only the local author Ignatius Martin or I.M. Hymme knows for sure. Only President Grant, Andrew Lane and a handful of others know Nevada Smith is really an Agency operative who writes about his exploits, while crediting I.M. Hymme, who's played by Michael Mullwood. Mullwood acts as Nevada's front man by pretending he is I.M. Hymme.

CHAPTER FOUR ROUNDUP

After sending Regina off to a dirt nap, the posse trails the Ghost to the City o' Gloom. Unfortunately, he's beaten them there and planted suspicion in the minds of the spooks in town.

Where to Begin? Realizing they're strangers in a strange land, the heroes have to locate the Agency's most famous operative—Nevada Smith for assistance against the Ghost.

Visitin' Nevada. Rumors lead the posse to the Ledge in Junkyard. There, they meet Bo Buchanon, Nevada's current assistant. He screens them before leading them to his boss.

Ode to a Hymme. Convinced of their honesty, Bo sets up a meet with Nevada. He arrives disguised as the Ghost to ascertain their intent. If they convince him, he helps against the renegade Lane.

Showdown. Lane snatches a member of the city's ruling council. If the heroes don't stop him, he kills the man, exposing himself and straining Union relations with Deseret.

The local Mormons know very little about Hymme or Nevada Smith, and are likely to be offended by the questions. Nevada Smith's nemesis is Dr. Hellstromme himself, a virtual saint among the Mormons. He introduced electrical power, clean water and steam engines to Salt Lake City. Hellstromme all but built the city with his hands.

The posse might get away with offending one or maybe two Mormons, but if it persists in asking folks the wrong questions, it likely attracts the Nauvoo Legion — the local militia and policing force.

How the heroes handle the situation is entirely in their hands, but if they're carrying guns, at the very least they go to jail for a day, suffer stiff fines (\$100.00) and lose their weapons. At worst, they start a gun battle with the Nauvoo Legion in the heart of Salt Lake City!

The Legion patrols in groups of 10, nine soldiers and a sergeant. Regardless of rank, though, the profile is the same.

PROFILE: NAUVOO LEGIONNAIRE

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:2d8, Q:2d8, S:3d8, V:4d8

Climbin' 2d8, dodge 3d8, drivin': steam engine 2d8, fightin': brawlin' 3d8, horse ridin' 5d8, shootin': pistol, rifle 3d8, sneak 3d8, teamster 4d8

Mental: C:2d6, K:2d6, M:2d8, Sm:2d6, Sp:3d6

Area knowledge: Salt Lake City 4d6, faith: Mormonism 3d6, guts 4d6, leadership (officers' skill) 3d8, overawe 2d8, scrutinize 2d6, search 3d6, survival: desert 3d6, trackin' 3d6

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Gear: Horse, double-action Colt .45 Peacemaker, Winchester '73, Bowie knife.

The posse should have better luck questioning Gentiles, especially folks living in the Junkyard who aren't above charging .25¢ for their help. Regardless, the answers come up the same:

"Don't know Hymme, but Nevada Smith's always drinkin' and meetin' folks at the Deseret Café in his books."

WHAT IF...

Now there's always the risk that the posse has its own list of Agency contacts in the cities mentioned thus far we haven't factored into the adventure.

If the Marshal wants to keep things simple, spook extras unique to campaigns can simply be out of town during the incidents or they can be one of Lane's victims.

If the Marshal doesn't want to use contrivances, then agents in Sacramento or Virginia City might simply have missed certain appointments. The Ghost was so concerned with retrieving the letter to Grant that he didn't stay behind to

eliminate all Agency resources. He did as much damage as possible and left before communication between the different communities were reestablished.

The only operatives "officially" in the City o' Gloom are Nevada Smith and Bo Buchanan. However, Marshal, if you have other agents in your campaign in Salt Lake City, the heroes can certainly approach that individual for help—provided they're acquainted. Remember though, Andrew Lane, *the* head of the Western Bureau and third in direct line back to President Grant, is in town talking about traitors in the Agency's midst.

The posse's ally is going to be skeptical of any accusations levied against the Ghost, and might even lead the heroes into a trap. At the very least, he doesn't spill the beans about Lane being in town until he's certain of the facts.

If the heroes know Nevada Smith by any chance, and know how to reach him, the super-spook isn't a willing participant in the posse's plans. He listens, but he reports back to the Ghost for further orders. Lane sanctions an ambush at *The Ledge*, however, which doesn't sit well with Nevada. He carries out his duty with some trepidation as elaborated upon in the subsequent sections, using Bo to test the posse's loyalties.

By the way, in this adventure, only the Ghost and Bo Buchanan know the particulars of Nevada's double life.

VISITIN' NEVADA

With nothing but "Nevada Smith" and "I.M. Hymme" as clues, the posse sets out for the Deseret Café, a locale made famous by such dime novels as *Nevada Smith and the Locomotive o' Doom* and *Nevada Smith and the Black Mesa Showdown*.

The Deseret Café is two blocks southeast of the Junkyard on First South Street and Fifth Street East. The establishment is polite and clean, without a hint of caffeinated beverages or alcohol. Flavored water and sarsaparilla are the local poisons. Six tables occupy the center of the

establishment and another six booths line the walls. The clientele are mostly Mormons, though the odd Gentile sits quietly, minding their thoughts.

Even the rare non-Mormon is conservatively dressed and the posse likely stands out like a Confederate in New York. Everyone stares at the heroes with some consternation before returning to their drinks. It's obvious that they not only don't fit in, no one here really wants them to either.

It only takes a few minutes for the posse to determine that if I.M. Hymme is a patron of this place, he isn't in today.

The heroes' questions are met with blank stares and the same response: *"I.M. Hymme just writes about this place, he rarely visits."* While the posse is getting nowhere, it is noticed by a man sitting in the café's darkest corner. The customer is Bo Buchanan, a spook on the lookout for infiltrators; Bo believes he's found them.

Before the heroes can leave the Deseret Café, Bo walks by and deliberately drops a piece of paper. Written on it is: *The Ledge- The Junkyard. 7:00PM.* If the heroes try and follow Bo, he loses them in the Junkyard sprawl.

BO BUCHANON

Folks say Mother Buchanan weaned Bo on rattler poison instead of milk when he was born. It must have worked, cause he's got the ugliest scowl this side of the horizon. Bo's built like a side of beef hanging in a butcher's window, and he's tall to boot. Don't let that fool you, though, Bo's a quick man for someone his size.

Bo can't say he's impressed with the state of affairs between the Mormons and Gentiles, but he's got bigger concerns right now with Dr. Hellstromme; Bo's one of many agents trying to get his hands on Hellstromme's technology for the Union.

Lane's presence in town has thrown Bo and Nevada for a loop, especially with allegations of infiltrators. He's under orders to kill, which Bo doesn't take lightly. He's suspicious of Lane's sudden bloodthirstiness. Bo will carry out his duties, but he's on the lookout for actions that might prove the heroes innocent.



PROFILE: BO BUCHANON

Corporeal: D:3d6, N:3d8, Q:2d8, S:3d10, V:3d12

Climbin' 3d8, dodge 2d8, fightin': wrasslin' 3d8, lockpickin' 2d6, shootin': pistol & shotgun 5d6, sneak 4d8, swimmin' 2d8

Mental: C:3d8, K:2d6, M:4d8, Sm:2d8, Sp:3d8

Academia: occult 2d6, area knowledge: the Junkyard 4d6, bluff 2d8, gamblin' 2d8, guts 2d8, overawe 2d8, persuasion 3d8, scrutinize 3d8, search 3d8, streetwise 3d8, trackin' 2d8

Pace: 8

Size: 7

Wind: 22

Edges: Brave 2, rank 1 (Agency), tough as nails 1

Hindrances: Big 'un -1, obligation -3 (Agency)

Special Abilities:

Grit: 2

Gear: Army pistol (w/ 30 rounds), scattergun (w/ 20 rounds)

Description: Bo's a big man, square at every angle, with a beard, mustache and all the fixings to look like a grizzly. He scowls at everything.

OUT ON A LEDGE

The Ledge is a saloon in the Junkyard situated on the sixth floor of an abandoned apartment building. That should tell you something about its quality of clientele. The ledges are wooden platforms running along the outside walls of the saloon. They overlook a sea of overhanging pipes and girders and occasionally, a patron can catch a glimpse of polluted sky through the tangle.

The Ledge is notorious for thrill seekers who leap to adjoining pipes and walkways, scurrying around like monkeys for the sake of a bet or to impress the opposite sex. When the heroes arrive, any number of death

games are in play here, much to the delight of the drunken patrons.

Bo is already in the Ledge, having arrived a half-hour early. His plan is simple. He talks to the heroes, but he plays conservative. Bo's not here to exchange information, he's here to test the posse and determine its real goals. He's not about to kill a group of Nevada Smith fans just because the Ghost's being paranoid.

BO KNOWS...

To help him gauge the heroes, Bo set up some tests including an encounter with a bar patron and another with a Nauvoo patrol searching for the culprits of the Denver-Pacific train crash. It doesn't help that it was Bo who anonymously tipped them off, but again, it's all part of the plan. The posse, in turn, has the evening to prove their innocence, even though they don't know they're on trial.

When the heroes arrive at the Ledge, the evening's festivities are already in full swing. Truthfully, the Ledge is like this most of the day, but nighttime is particularly lively. Moving past the drunken masses, the heroes eventually find Bo sitting at one of the few open tables with a nice view of the outside ledge through a broken down wall.

During the conversation, Bo is wary and evasive with his answers. If the heroes ask about I.M. Hymme, Bo bluffs and say the author frequents the bar towards the latter part of the evening. To deflect suspicions, he even demands a \$10.00 fee for arranging the meeting with Hymme.

Bo is fishing for information on the heroes. Having read Nevada Smith's dime novels, Bo's in a position to determine whether the heroes are merely avid Nevada fans or if they're looking for a backdoor into the Agency's operation in Salt Lake City.

Once the conversation putters out, a bar patron playing at drunk bumps into a random hero, spilling beer on them. The patron (hired by Bo to play this part) accuses the hero of tripping him; it's obvious he's looking to fight, and nothing the hero says satisfies the drunkard. In fact it enrages him to see "a grown man grovel like some big city



Mary." Bo is impressed with diplomatic attempts to settle the problem.

The patron challenges the hero to a monkey bar race across a set of adjoining pipes. If the hero refuses, then the braggart settles it the old fashioned way and starts a knock-down-drag-out bar brawl.

Should the hero agree to the challenge, however, then the crowd cheers and makes way for the two men.

SWING SHIFT

The monkey shimmy is a simple race. The contestants leap from the ledge to a set of overhanging pipes and race to a rust-covered girder some fifteen feet away. Once there, they break a beer bottle over the girder and race back. Sound easy? Not entirely, some pipes are hot and others are slicked with grease.

The hero needs one Fair (5) *climbin'* roll to determine whether he makes it across or not. If he fails, he falls six stories (4d6+20 massive damage).

Each contestant moves at a Pace equal to his *climbin'* Aptitude level. Every 5', however, the Marshal rolls 1d6 to determine whether the hero (don't worry about the opponent) hit a hot pipe (on a 1) or a greased pipe (on a 2). The hero can see and avoid the greased pipes, on a Fair (5) *Cognition* roll. If he doesn't see them, he's got problems.

Hot pipes a Fair (5) *Vigor* check to ensure the hero hangs on despite the pain. Greased pipes require another Fair *climbin'* roll to avoid a slip and fall.

The real drama occurs on the way back when the hero's opponent accidentally grabs a greased pipe and loses his grip. Hanging by one arm, he screams for help because he can't use his hand anymore; it's covered in grease. Worse, his good hand is losing strength. He will fall and die if no one saves him.

Eventually other bar patrons do, but only if the hero doesn't react.

Allowing the man to suffer figures heavily against the heroes in Bo's eyes. They were willing to watch a man die and that isn't right. By equal measure, if the heroes save him, Bo hears their story without immediately dismissing them—unless they've really gone out of their way to put him off.

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PROFILE: SALOON PATRONS

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:2d8, Q:2d6, S:2d8, V:2d6

Climbin' 3d8, dodge 4d8, fightin' brawlin' 3d8, filchin' 3d8, sneak 3d8

Mental: C:2d6, K:2d6, M:2d8, Sm:2d6, Sp:2d10

Area knowledge 5d6: Rat District, guts 2d10, overawe 3d8, ridicule 2d6, scroungin' 3d6, search 4d6, streetwise 4d6, survival 4d6

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 16

Gear: Bottles (small club), chair (large club)

THE RAID

After the incident on the ledge (or during the bar fight), the heroes barely have time to recover before a Nauvoo patrol bursts into the saloon. Several patrons decide they aren't sticking around to find out why the Nauvoo are here and escape on connecting walkways and pipes. Bo whispers: that the Nauvoo never visit the ledge.

Almost on cue, the sergeant yells:

"We're searching for the individuals responsible for the train sabotage at the Denver-Pacific Depot. Two hundred dollars to the person who turns them in now!"

If they want to escape, Bo takes to the pipes, and, despite his size, deftly maneuvers to the walkway. The Nauvoo are still inside and haven't seen the escapees yet. Should the heroes stay, however, Bo remains as well; he's got nothing to hide.

SHOULD I STAY?

The posse is in for a long wait. The Nauvoo search through the crowd, examining everybody. Several patrons point out the heroes as strangers, but Bo vouches for them.

The Nauvoo block the exits and begin interviewing each remaining patron (including the heroes) separately. Pull each player aside and ask her character the following:

Where are you from?

Where are you staying?

How long have you been in town?

What's the purpose of your visit?

What is your relationship to one another?

If the heroes are carrying weapons, the Nauvoo arrest them and continue their interrogation in jail. The same happens if the Nauvoo catch the heroes lying or contradicting one another. If the heroes manage to sweet talk their way out of the situation, Bo takes them to the meeting and potential trap.

OR SHOULD I GO?

Should the posse escape, Bo leads it through the winding streets of the Junkyard, taking the time to question the heroes further. If Bo likes them, he's more open with the posse, trying to ascertain its allegiance. He doesn't like deceiving folks, and honestly responds to their suspicions by saying he's ensuring the posse isn't out to cause trouble. That's as elaborate as he'll get.

Meanwhile, Bo slowly leads the heroes to meet with I.M. Hymme. Whether it's an ambush or not depends on the posse's earlier performance.

ODE TO A HYMME

True to his word, Bo "arranged" a rendezvous with I.M. Hymme, but it isn't the meeting the heroes expect. Nevada, who's present but hidden, allows Michael to speak for him. Nevada trusts Bo's judgement.

If the big man gives any indication that the posse isn't to be trusted, Nevada won't hesitate to open fire. Bo, Nevada and Mullwood worked out their codes in advance, and know what certain gestures mean. They know when to open fire and when to talk. Hopefully the heroes convinced Bo they deserve the latter and not the former. Nevada's hoping for a reason to spare the posse; he's not an executioner, but he isn't stupid either.

The meeting place is a maintenance corridor filled with machinery and piping. Mullwood stands at the far end of the wide alley, a step from a hidden access way leading to a labyrinth of work corridors. Nevada hides in this niche, covering Michael. This is their cover and escape route if necessary. Mullwood keeps his back to a bright light. The heroes can't make out his face no matter what tricks they employ.

There are two hired riflemen cradled in pipes some fifty feet up. It requires an Incredible (II) attempt to spot them—and then only if a hero is specifically looking for ambushers—given their cover and the thick shadows. Nevada chose this spot well.

The two bushwhackers only fire when Nevada gives the signal, even if a gunfight ensues. Use the Nauvoo Legionnaire stats as the profile for these two riflemen.

COME INTO THE LIGHT

When the posse finally arrives at their destination, Bo takes lead. He draws his gun and taps it against a neighboring pipe. After a few moments, Mullwood steps out from the passage at the end of the alley. Bo gives the appropriate signal to either shoot or hear the posse out.

In either cases, Bo moves away from the posse by pretending to grab a smoke by the side. He doesn't want to be caught on the killing end of a gunfight. Regardless, Mullwood still questions the posse, however, allowing Nevada to make the final decision himself.

Mullwood stands directly before the light and keeps his distance so the heroes don't hear Nevada coaching him. He apologizes for the cloak and dagger routine but far too many Mormons are

out for his blood given his penchant for "besmirching" Hellstromme's name. Mullwood plays the mysterious writer, claiming Nevada's just a character, but he keeps up the double speak.

If the posse mentions names like Lane or Virgil Constance, Nevada prompts Mullwood with a few questions of his own such as: *"What is your profession?"* and *"Why are you looking for Nevada Smith?"* Nevada's looking for to draw more information out from the heroes. If the posse keeps mentioning Lane or the conversation is getting nowhere, Mullwood says *"All right folks, you got your wish."*

Mullwood exits the alleyway while Nevada steps into the light. Like Mullwood, he is backlit and impossible to identify. Nevada won't reveal much, but drops enough clues for the posse to know he's the real deal.

Again, Nevada listens, weighing each answer carefully. He's already suspicious of the Ghost, but won't betray him. At least, not until he reveals his hidden ace. Nevada's final test to ascertain the posse's intentions is to step away from the light, and reveal his disguise as...Andrew Lane!

Although this is at great personal risk, he knows this is the moment of truth. If the heroes believe he's Lane, they'll drop any pretense. Nevada fully expects a gunfight to ensue, for which he's ready to dive for cover.

Nevada won't go for his guns unless the posse draws first. Even then, during the firefight, he goads his opponents with questions that seem more like taunts:

"Tell me gentlemen, what I have done to deserve such treatment?"

"Killing me won't solve your troubles."

"Can't we can negotiate?"

If the heroes respond by leveling accusations against Lane for the murders of agents out west, or otherwise prove they aren't trying to kill Lane, Nevada calls a cease-fire. He reopens dialogue, but without the pretense. He wants to know why the heroes are after Lane.

If the heroes prove they're out to kill Lane, however, Nevada signals his shooters to open fire from above.

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PROFILE: NEVADA SMITH

Corporeal: D:4d10, N:4d10, Q:4d8, S:3d8, V:3d8

Bow 1d10, climbin' 4d10, dodge 8d10, drivin': jet pack 2d10, drivin': ornithopter 2d10, drivin': steam wagons 5d10, fightin': brawlin' 6d10, filchin' 2d10, horse ridin' 5d10, lockpickin' 4d10, quick draw 6d8, shootin': automatics 6d10, sleight of hand 2d10, sneak 6d10, swimmin' 3d10, teamster 3d10, throwin' 3d10

Mental: C:4d10, K:3d8, M:2d8, Sm:3d10, Sp:4d8

Academia: occult 4d8, area knowledge: Deseret 4d8, artillery 4d10, arts 2d10, bluff 8d10, demolition 4d8, disguise 10d8, faith: Christianity 3d8, gamblin' 7d10, guts 6d8, language: French 4d8, language: Indian sign language 4d8, language: Mormon alphabet (written only) 3d8, language: Spanish 5d8, leadership 3d8, medicine: 3d8, overawe 3d8, performin' 6d8, persuasion 4d8, professional: law 4d8, ridicule 5d10, science: chemistry 2d8, science: engineering 2d8, scroungin' 5d10, scrutinize 6d10, search 4d10, streetwise 8d10, survival: desert 4d10, tale tellin' 3d8, tinkerin' 3d10, trackin' 3d10, trade: blacksmith 1d8

Edges: Friends in high places 3, level headed 5, luck o' the Irish 3, rank 3 (Agency), veteran o' the Weird West

Hindrances: Enemy -5 (Hellstromme), heroic -3, loyal -3

Gear: Excellent disguise kit (+4 to *disguise*), Gatling pistol, other weird gizmos

Description: Currently, he looks like Andrew Lane.

COMMON GROUND

The meeting can either end peacefully, or with a shootout. In either case, Nevada's now more suspicious of Lane's presence in Salt Lake City than before. If the heroes brought along Lane's letter as evidence, that's all the

proof Nevada needs to validate his suspicions. He's read enough of Lane's correspondences to recognize the writing-style and signature.

If the meeting between the posse and Nevada ended badly, however, Marshal, you can allow the posse to capture Bo during the firefight if need be, and allow the posse to question him. Whether they use compassion or threats to gain this information, their next stop should be the Rathole Apartments.

SHOWDOWN

An aptly named den of squalor, the Rathole complex has 200 apartments, three times as many tenants and three times *that* number in rodents. It's the Junkyard's largest building and where Nevada hid Lane for protection.

What Nevada failed to mention, however, was he also assigned a henchman to keep an eye on the Lane and reporting on his activities. He's harbored suspicions about the Ghost ever since he arrived.

Tired of running like a hunted animal, the Ghost decided to turn and fight. He's smart enough to know Nevada suspects him and even assigned someone to keep track of his movement. Why not, then, use that to his advantage?

Since the telegraph lines back west would be repaired soon, Lane's little charade was almost up anyway. He wouldn't make East without running into an Agency welcome wagon in Denver, Cheyenne or somewhere else. Salt Lake City, was as good a place as any to reveal his existence.

With a little planning, the Ghost realized he could stack the deck in his favor. He plans to put Nevada and the posse in a situation where they meet him on his terms. That way, he's relatively confident he can defeat them. If they don't, he can shatter relations between Deseret and the Union.

DIRTY LAUNDRY

Over the years, Nevada has kept records on members of Deseret's leadership. The Ghost, through Nevada's surveillance reports, learned Joseph Strauss, one of the city's current ruling 12-man Council of Apostles, has a secret affection for a young man living in the Junkyard. Now, folks—particularly religious ones—weren't quite as open-minded about such things back then, so this represented a powerful lever for the Agency to use on Strauss should it prove necessary.

However, it also gave the Ghost a pretty good idea of where he could find Strauss unwatched. Lane left the Rathole complex and paid Joseph's lover a visit. There, he waited for Joseph to appear and kidnapped him at gunpoint. Leaving the apartment with Joseph his prisoner, Lane confronted the agent following him, and delivered an ultimatum. If Nevada and the other Spooks were not at the Steel Tree in Iron Cave Avenue within two hours, Joseph would die, soon followed by every other member on the Council.

Unfortunately, while Lane escorted Joseph through the Junkyard, a Nauvoo patrol recognized the Apostle. Before they could react, however, Lincoln savaged them, deliberately leaving one alive to spread the tale. Lane, with Joseph, proceeded to Iron Cave Avenue.

STATE OF EMERGENCY

Regardless what happens at the meeting, Nevada Smith heads straight for the Rathole Apartments—hopefully with the heroes in tow. Upon arriving, he finds his spy who reports on Lane's abduction of Joseph Strauss, and the attack on the Nauvoo patrol. The spy goes on to deliver Lane's ultimatum. He mentions the Nauvoo survivor reported that the attacker had horrible claws.

The Nauvoo are already scouring the streets for this mysterious attacker.

If the heroes are with Nevada, he resumes his disguise as Lane and tells the posse to stop the Ghost before he undermines the Agency by killing Joseph. The posse should capture Lane alive, however. Nevada is emphatic on the point (he suspects Lane is in fact

Abraham Lincoln, which means Lane was Harrowed well before this incident and in control of his manitou).

Meanwhile, Nevada plays decoy for the Nauvoo patrols, distracting them long enough for the heroes to do their jobs.

If the heroes learn of the Rathole Apartments through Bo, they arrive while Nevada is speaking with his spy. Nevada, convinced of the posse's sincerity now. He tries to avoid further gunplay and puts forth the plan above.

CONFRONTIN' LANE

Iron Cave Avenue is actually a wide service corridor, rarely used for travel and secluded. It's crammed with pipes crisscrossing from wall to wall, and from ceiling to floor. . Over half the steam pipes running through the Junkyard come through here, a fact Lane uses to his advantage. He's already bled a dozen valves and cracked open pipes, filling the corridor with steam and broken light fixtures in the area.

In the middle of Iron Cave is the Steel Tree, a collection of pipes thicker than a train engine, branching from the ground into the ceiling. It looks like a metal tree with pipes for branches. Joseph Strauss dangles from the pipes on a chain, gagged and bound. He's unharmed for now, but it is difficult for the heroes to get a good look at him with all the steam.

The level's hot as hell and it's difficult to see. Lane stalks the heroes in this environment, using the darkness, labyrinth of pipes, steam, and his *ghost* power to tremendous advantage in hit and run tactics. His manitou loves using his claws, by the way.

Identifying targets in this steam-filled space requires a Fair (5) *Cognition* check; Lane doesn't suffer this thanks to his *cat eyes* power. If a target uses moves further than a few feet, then the hero loses track of his quarry between the pipes and must roll again.

It's difficult to move around freely and whenever a ranged attack is made there's a chance it strikes an intervening steam pipe instead. Marshal, on each such attack, roll an extra d20 to determine which hit location on the target is covered by a pipe, and thus protected from most normal damage.



Additionally, because of the metal surfaces and enclosed spaces, sounds echo easily. It's difficult to gauge distances. When the heroes are still and hearing nothing but the hiss of escaping steam or the static bursts of broken lights, you should play up the odd echoes.

We didn't map this area because it's too complicated, Marshal. Besides, there is too much steam for the posse to get a good look at the layout anyway. Just mark off an area about 20 yards across by 50 yards long with a 15 yard-diameter circle in the center representing the Steel Tree and follow the quick rules we detailed above to complicate your heroes' lives.

SIX-BULLET EXORCISM

The fight with Lane should be a nasty affair given the circumstances. At one point, however, when a hero and Lane tussle, Lane's shirt rips open and Grimme's crucifix comes out. Succeeding in a Fair (5) *Cognition* check

allows the hero to see Lane's momentary panic when he thinks he's lost the crucifix. With an Onerous (7) *Cognition* roll, the hero should recognize the crucifix as similar to Regina's.

Because Lane spent the last week growing his beard and hair longer, he looks more like Lincoln than ever. Heroes who fight Lane hand-to-hand can make a Hard (9) *Cognition* check to note Lane's resemblance to Lincoln.

Hopefully the heroes stop Lane without using a head wound to kill him. Once he's down, then they can remove the crucifix and discover the altar fragment within. Removing the cross during combat also work, but the hero must succeed in an Hard (9) *Deftness* check after grappling with Lane. Grabbing the crucifix, however, opens the hero to Lane's claws. That may not be a great idea.

Once the crucifix is off Lane, the manitou loses dominion. It takes a round, but the real Lane finally returns.

THE GHOST

The last few weeks have been trying for Lane. The fight with Knicknevin brought out the manitou in him, but also reawakened his precognitive abilities. He saw himself hurting good folk. "Why" or "how" remained a mystery, however.

Currently, Lane's manitou is stronger thanks Grimme's interference. It has access to a wider array of abilities (marked with a *) due to the altar fragment and bullet, though it still fights with Lane for control.

PROFILE: THE GHOST

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:3d6, Q:3d10, S:4d6, V:2d8

Climbin' 3d6, dodge 3d6, drivin' steamwagon 3d6, fightin': brawlin' 5d6, horse ridin' 4d6, shootin': automatics, pistol, rifle 4d8, sneak 5d6, swimmin' 3d6, teamster 3d6

Mental: C:4d10, K:3d8, M:5d12, Sm:5d12, Sp:4d10

Academia: occult 5d8, area knowledge: Gomorra 3d8, area knowledge: Illinois 5d8, bluff 3d12, disguise 5d8, faith: Christianity 4d10, guts 5d10, language: Sioux 2d8, Latin 3d8, leadership 4d12, overawe 7d12, persuasion 3d12, professional: cryptology 2d8, professional: law 6d8, politics 6d8, scroungin' 1d12, scrutinize 6d10, search 4d10, streetwise 2d12, tale-tellin' 3d12, trackin' 2d10

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 18

Edges: Friends in high places 5: US government, keen 3, rank (Agency) 6, "the stare" 1, "the voice" (soothing and grating) 1

Hindrances: Curious, enemy -5: many (but most immediate are Reverend Grimme and the Whateleys), oath -5: to restore the United States.

Special Abilities:

Grit: 5

Harrowed: Dominion: Harrowed 8, Manitou 3, Powers: Arcane protection 3*, bad mojo 4*, berserker 2*, cat eyes 4*, claws 4*, ghost 5, stitchin' 2, unholy reflexes 3*

Gear: Colt Peacemakers (2 w/100 rounds), Gatling pistol, 1 spare Gatling pistol cylinder, Agency badge & credentials, manitou cruciform

Description: It's a wonder nobody's picked up on Lane's uncanny resemblance to President Lincoln. Put some more hair on the clean-shaven, short-cropped Lane and you'd have a dead-on (full pun intended) look-alike. Currently, Lane's manitou is allowing his beard and hair to grow out again, if only to facilitate his recognition as Abraham Lincoln.

AFTERMATH

If the heroes save Lane, the Agency is grateful. The Ghost can't remove the bullet, not without a surgeon's help, but it eventually comes out. If the heroes are Confederates, the Ghost is even more determined to mend the great nation.

However, the Ghost is going to be out of action for some time. He voluntarily has himself sent to Denver and the Star Chamber to make sure. Following that, he plans to stay incarcerated

there until he's certain he poses no threat of the same sort of rampage in the future.

If Lane died during the fight, the heroes allow Grimme to further cement his power in the Maze. Another flower of hope just died, and the heroes were the ones to stamp it into the ground. Worse yet, they may have exposed one of the Union's deepest and darkest secrets.

Regardless the outcome, Lane's presence in Salt Lake City created a huge stink. Fortunately, Nevada blackmails Joseph Strauss over his indiscretion, securing the Apostle's promise he will stay quiet in the matter.

Eventually the attempted kidnapping and attacks are attributed to the resident serial killer, Black Hands.

BOUNTY

Saving the bar patron during the

race: 1 white chip

Making peace with Nevada Smith: 1

red chip

Saving Joseph Strauss: 1 red chip.

Stopping Lane without killing him:

1 blue chip.

Stopping the Ghost from public

revelation by killing him: 1 Merit*

(Agency members only).

Stopping the Ghost without putting

him down: 3 Merits* (Agency only).

*Merits and their importance are covered in *The Agency: Men in Black Dusters*.

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from (i.e. Rangers or Agency), whether or not the Ghost succeeded in revealing himself to the public, and if he survived the final confrontation.

Mail (no email please!) the coupon and your submission (along with the names of the posse members—real and character) if you're sending one and Marshal to the address noted above.

By the way, if you're not partial to the idea of cutting pages from this fine adventure, you've got our permission to photocopy the coupon instead.

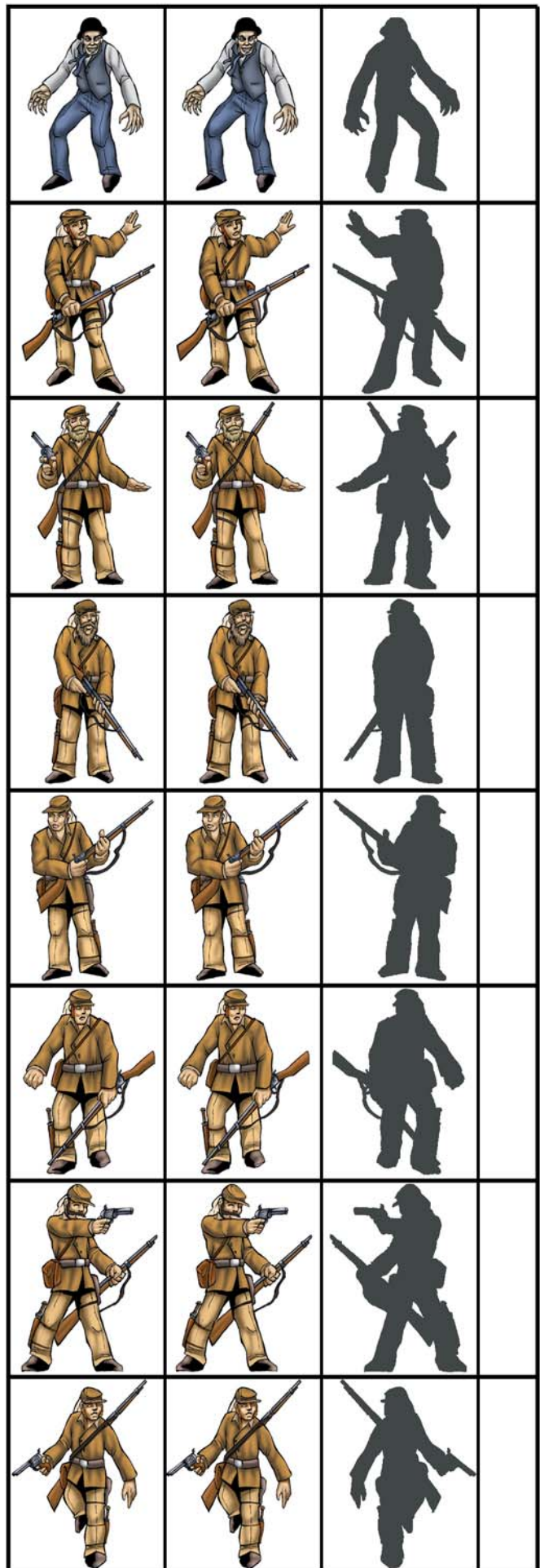
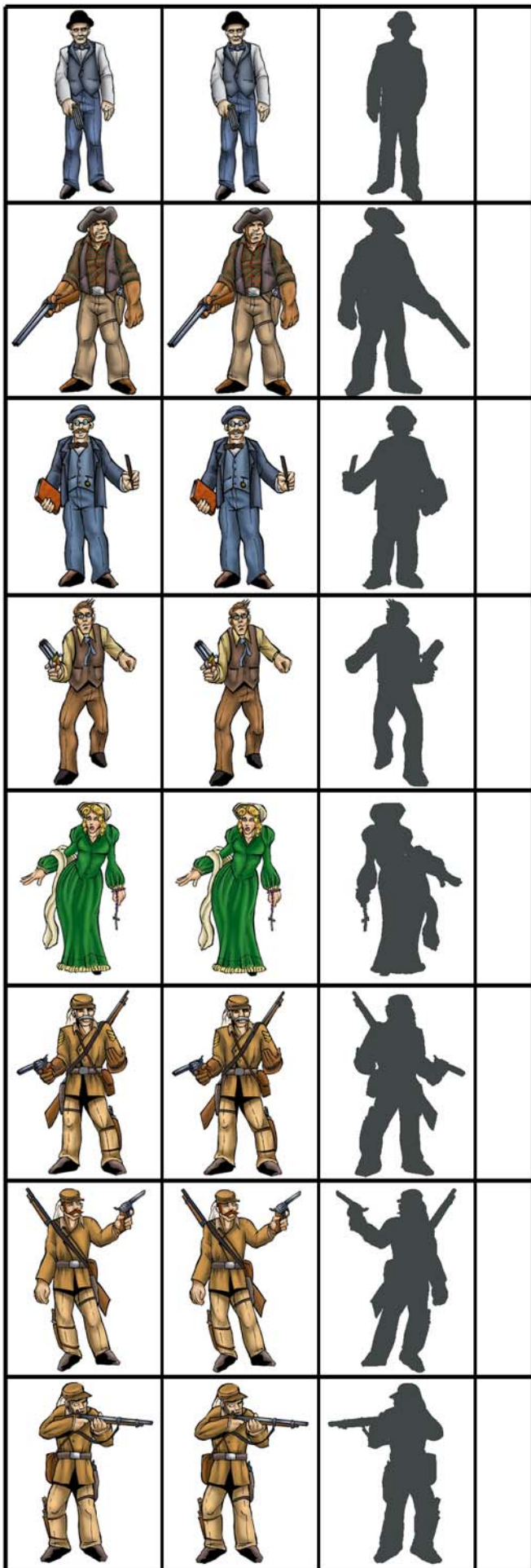
On July 17, 2000, we'll tally the votes up to determine the outcome on the *Deadlands* setting. Then, we'll pull one entry at random from those entries matching the final solution and publish it in an upcoming *Epitaph* and incorporate the results in the world of the Weird West!

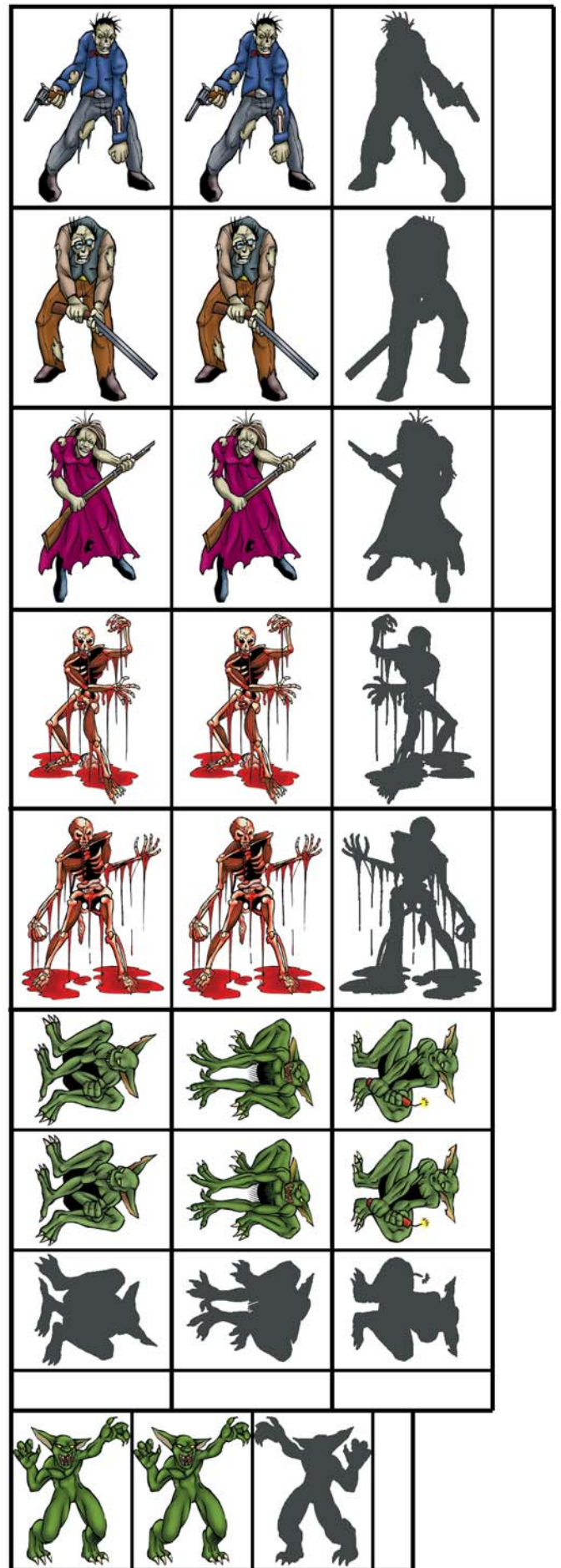
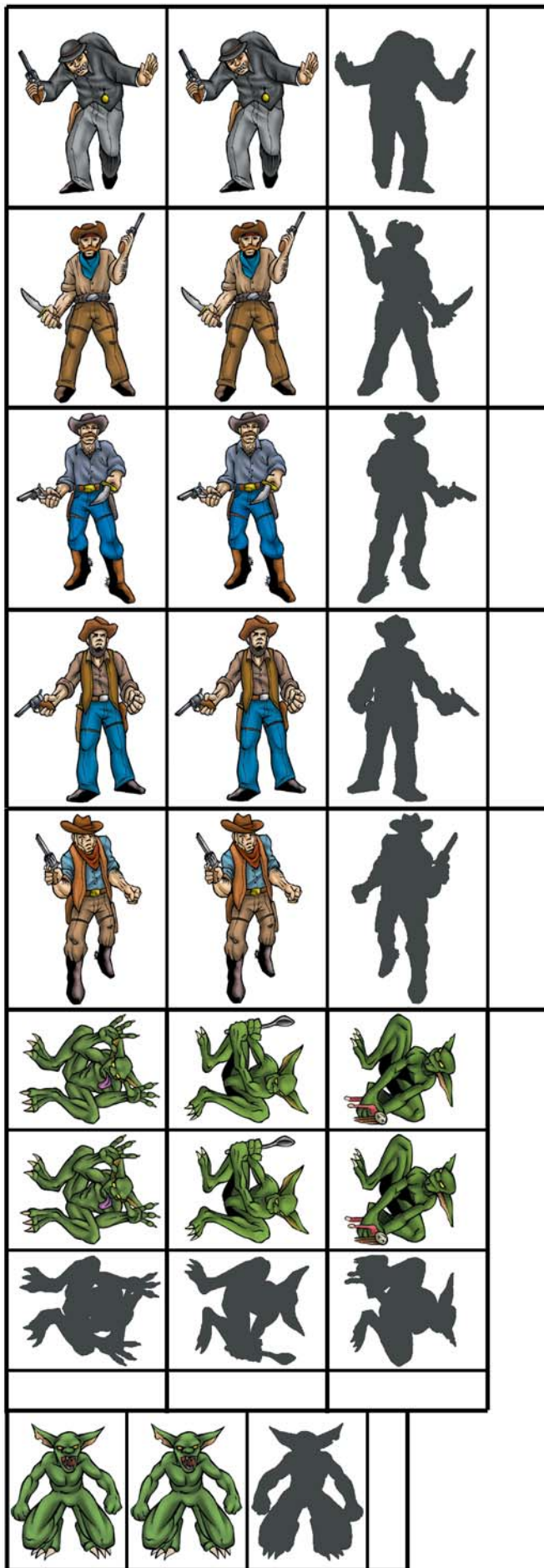
TALE-TELLIN' TIME

Okay pardner, here's your chance to speak your peace and tell us how your posse handled *Ghost Busters*. Better yet, we're going to pick one posse's exploits at random and make it a part of the official *Deadlands*' storyline!

Here's how it works: Fill out the coupon on this page. Then, if you want to write a short tale (no more than 500 words) of how you heroes solved the adventure include it with the coupon. You don't have to send a story with the coupon; we'll still count your posse's vote regardless.

If you do, make sure you cover which side of the Mason-Dixon they hailed





"YOU SAW NOTHING."

"YOU HEARD
NOTHING."

"WE WERE NEVER
HERE."

THE AGENCY

WHO SAYS THE GOOD
GUYS WEAR WHITE HATS?



JV
2000