

Hazardous Materials

"Shotguns are not the preferred weapons for criminal activity, since criminals prefer weapons which are more easily concealed." - National Crime Victimization Survey

PHASE ONE: You've Got Hate Mail!

"In the wrong hands, hazardous materials pose a significant security threat..." - US Department of Transportation.

One day in New York, while checking their supposedly impenetrable securely-served Delta Green email, all members of the cell receive a message from a mysterious figure using the handle "PARIAH". This electronic enigma has an offer for them: something they simply cannot refuse (a much needed tome, hand delivery of a hated foe, etc) in exchange for a simple chemical sample. There is some moderately convincing evidence accompanying the email, perhaps grainy video or blurry digital photographs. It should be just enough to get the cell members to bite.

The catch is that PARIAH wants a sample from a shipment of stolen chemicals. Their anonymous "deep throat" contact even offers to deliver a high-end chemical sampling kit (which will arrive via private courier). Even trace amounts will be sufficient to fulfill their end of the deal, or so PARIAH assures the cell. Seems like someone has hijacked something highly unusual from a corporation called Frontier Bio-Logic, and PARIAH wants to muscle in on the action.

To begin the scenario, industrious Case Officers may wish to provide a customized email in the form of a handout. It is possible that some cell members will receive customized or personalized emails. PARIAH will respond very briefly to emails accepting his offer with instructions to contact via email once the sample has been obtained. There will be no further responses until the sample has been obtained.

According to PARIAH, the chemicals are being hauled in a 9000 gallon tank trailer by a black Kenworth 1982 K-100 with the vanity license plate "MAGIC-1". This vehicle is registered to Frontier Bio-Logic and is listed in their shipping database as hauling a proprietary liquid fertilizer sold under the trademark "Madros" (a Class 6.3 Hazardous Material).

The GPS locator unit for the truck has been disabled. It last transmitted GPS coordinates three hours before the cell receives PARIAH's email. The location was a truck stop in Trenton, New Jersey, some fifteen miles from Frontier Bio-Logic's refinery.

The above information can be obtained via unauthorized access of Frontier Bio-Logic's computer network, contacting Delta Green Friendly characters in the Department of Transportation, or may even be provided by PARIAH if the Cell requires spoon feeding.

Astute Agents will quickly realize that MAGIC-1 is a timebomb counting down towards an explosive finale. Not only are they very likely racing against the original owners, but the Agents must sample the truck's cargo before the hijacker perpetrates some sort of catastrophic paranormal clusterfuck.

Getting all this past A-Cell may be more than most cells can handle. If they are up front about the mysterious email, A-Cell will likely advise them to proceed with caution in whatever manner they deem appropriate. However, A-Cell will keep close tabs on their activity with an eye towards suspicious or egregious behavior. If the Cell attempts to conceal this activity from A-Cell, the Case Officer should devise whatever response seems appropriate for A-Cell.

WHAT THE HELL IS REALLY GOING ON HERE?

"Ignoring the laws of nature can ruin your day."

Hazmat 101

Frontier Bio-Logic is a March Technologies company devoted to transferring Grey biotechnology into the marketplace of human ideas. It also conducts the last remnants of Project RECOIL human augmentation research. One of the RECOIL test subjects, US ARMY SSGT Hamilton Sinclair, has been diagnosed by RECOIL scientists with hallucinations leading to delusions of persecution by unknown spiritual forces. This is because the Greys have reconnected his optic nerve to his pineal gland and Staff Sergeant Sinclair is seeing into many other dimensions. Some of these dimensions are looking right back at him.

While caged to a laboratory table within elaborate restraints devised with an interlocking series of three inch thick steel bars, SSGT Sinclair began screaming about his soul being torn out and tore his body out of the framework of heavy metal. This furious physical explosion crushed the bones and flesh of two RECOIL scientists and a Grey visitor. Subsequently, he fought his way out to the loading dock past his fellow NRO DELTA guards and hijacked MAGIC-1; a tanker truck filled with protomatter.

Before a significant response could be marshalled, Sinclair and MAGIC-1 crashed through the electrified inner fence, peeled out onto the New Jersey turnpike and are now at large. For the first time in over five years, Sinclair is now without the many drugs used to keep RECOIL subjects from completely freaking out. He is also extremely paranoid that he is being hunted by some sort of extradimensional horror.

PHASE TWO: Keep on Truckin'

"Both acids and bases can be hazardous to humans and living organisms because of their corrosive properties." - Wes Adams, Chemist

Clever characters will tap into every trucking and traffic information network they can bluff, threaten or extort their way into. Such investigations will reveal that MAGIC-1 has passed through a drive-thru exit tollbooth on the turnpike within the past hour. It's also possible to use exotic methods such as psychic remote viewing or viewers to locate the fleeing Sinclair.

Whatever method they use, it's likely the cell will be too late to stop a New Jersey State patrolman curious about the bullet holes left by NRO marksmen from pulling over the truck and having his limbs ripped off by an increasingly desperate Sinclair. This gruesome act will attract the attention of a veritable horde of legitimate law enforcement within a few hours. Especially well prepared characters might have police-band radios where they can hear the imminent roar of the oncoming tsunami of serving and protecting heading their way.

If the cell acts quickly, they can catch up to MAGIC-1 before NRO DELTA in their "WHISPER" Advanced Helicopter Prototype can use their extra-terrestrial sensors to zero in on SSGT Sinclairs peculiar molecular resonance. Speeding recklessly along the New Jersey turnpike in privately owned vehicles is one option. Although some cells may have the resources to commandeer a helicopter or squadron of helicopters. No matter how they get there, the showdown will occur in the New Jersey Pine Barrens.

Sinclair will not normally be speeding, as he irrationally hopes to keep a low profile despite the fear of extradimensional pursuit and his recent murder of a state patrolman. However, he will try his best to

sideswipe or ram any pursuing or obstructing vehicles off the road. If he's chased via air or gets desperate to evade pursuit, he'll deliberately jackknife the truck.

This will result in unthinkable consequences, 9000 gallons of pressurized protomatter will spill all over the roadway and many spawn of UBBO-SOTHLA will begin to spontaneously generate from the resulting HAZMAT tsunami. Witnessing this nightmarish incident will be worth *1d6/1d20 SAN*. If he survives the crash, Sinclair will flee into the woods on foot.

Quick thinking Agents will try their best to ignite the diesel fuel and burn as much of the protomatter flood as possible. Unfortunately, the flames and smoke will attract unwanted attention. In particular, it will attract the attention of NRO DELTA. Characters will have very little time to decide what to do. They could give pursuit to Sinclair, who is firing at **something** in the woods. They could take the chemical sample and abscond with it back to PARIAH, or they could choose some other unguessable path known only to the minds of player characters.

Staff Sergeant Hamilton Sinclair, US Army (Deceased)

STR 30
CON 65
SIZ 15
DEX 25
INT 12
EDU 17
POW 12
APP 12

HP: 40
SAN: 0

Damage Bonus +4d6
DISORDERS: Paranoia, Delusions, Hallucinations, Criminal Psychosis

RECOIL ENHANCEMENTS:

Crystal Matrix Diamond Bones (4 Armor vs Blunt Force Trauma)
Night Vision
Dimensional Vision
Enhanced Smell
Super Oxygenated Lungs (Water-Breathing)

SKILLS:

Climb 66%, Dodge 52%, Drive Auto 63%, Hide 67%, Jump 68%, Listen 66%, Locksmith 46%, Martial Arts 52%, Sneak 66%, Spot Hidden 72%

Fist/Punch	50%, 2d3 + 4d6
Kick	50%, 2d6 + 4d6
Head Butt	10%, 2d4 + 4d6
Glock Model 18 Auto	72%, 1d10
HK MP5 SSD (silenced)	44%, 1d10

PHASE THREE: Black Helicopters Can Rotate Your Brain!

"Black Helicopters have a sort of protosentience, but are primarily guided by programmed instincts..." - zapatopi.com

NRO DELTA Agents (use any of the stats given in the Delta Green core book) will have a squad of three to six agents in a March Technologies "WHISPER" Advanced Helicopter Prototype. This silent chopper is equipped with a Project GABRIEL Sonic Resonator which can render human targets unconscious within seconds of exposure and a Project ZEUS Electro-Magnetic Pulse Generator which is capable of frying the electronics or avionics of most vehicles.

NRO DELTA's first priority will be sterilizing the protomatter flood with incendiary rockets. However, they will then target any other helicopters in the area with their EMP. This will manifest as cascading sheets of iridescent aurora borealis type effects. The light show will short out electronic systems, fry most car engines and force aircraft down immediately. A helicopter crash into trees from low altitude should be more or less survivable. However, NRO will open fire on any survivors with sniper rifles guided by thermographic sensors. Jumping into a nearby creek or behind large rock formations would seem to be prudent for characters wishing to survive.

If the characters give chase to SSGT Sinclair, they will be racing against NRO DELTA. In any case, after chasing around in the woods for a time, they will hear Sinclair screaming incoherently in the Aklo language. He will be struggling near a sheer drop with something invisible. Witnesses will then see him dragged into the air and ended quite horribly. Great red cracks appear in his head and skull before his brains pop out with a sickening wet gush. His floating corpse quickly fades away in a shimmering wash of obscenely colourless light. This is worth *1d3/1d8 SAN*.

Characters will then have to evade NRO DELTA who are still eagerly searching for SSGT Sinclair. As this is not possible, they will seek to take meddlesome Agents prisoner, hoping to extract information back at Project OUTLOOK.

PHASE FOUR: Pariah

"The being is spoken of as holding all knowledge, and demanding monstrous sacrifices." - H.P. Lovecraft, "The Haunter of the Dark"

If the Agents fail to obtain the chemical sample, they have no further contact with PARIAN (for now). But if they do have a sample of the protomatter, a middle-eastern looking man named Stephen Alzis will be waiting for them at whatever location seems most surreal or frightening. This could be either at the first place the Agents stop to recover, back at their safehouse, in the apartment of the person holding the chemical sample, or at their Green Box. He will make the exchange with a minimum of fuss or explanation, disappearing behind a corner if the Agents get too nosy or irritating.