

An Adventure for use with the

GHSTBUSTERSTM

International

R O L E P L A Y I N G G A M E

Ghostbusters II: The Adventure

INCLUDES
GHOSTMASTER
SCREEN!

WEST
END
GAMES[®]

The Big List of Equipment

Name	Encumbrance		Range		Bonus Dice	
(Weapons, ranged)	Hands	Muscles	Maximum	Increment	to-hit	damage
Bazooka	2	2	20	3		+6 A
Crossbow	2	1	15	3	+1	+1
Disintegrator Ray	1	1/2	5	1	na	S2
Grenade	1	1/2	4	1/2		+5 A
Machine Gun	2	2	100	15	+2	+3
Pie, Cream	1	1/2	3	1/2	na	
Pistol	1	1/2	5	1		+2
Proton Pack	2	2	5	1		+3
Reintegrator Ray	1	1/2	5	1	na	
Rifle	1-1/2	1	50	10	+2	+2
Shotgun	2	1	10	2	+1	+3 S2
Speargun	1-1/2	1	5	1	+1	+1 S2
Thrown Brick	1	1/2	4	1/2		+1
Chair	1	1/2	3	1/2		+2
Knife	1	1/2	5	1		+2 S2
Tommygun	1-1/2	1	15	2		+4
(Weapons, not ranged)						
Battle Axe	1-1/2	1			+1	+3
Blackjack	1	1/2			+1	
Brass Knuckles	0	1/2			+1	
Bullwhip	1	1/2			+1	+1 G*
Chain Saw	1-1/2	2			+1	+4 G*
Chair	1-1/2	1			+1	+1
Club	1	1/2			+2	
Frying Pan	1	1/2			+1	+1
Long Fingernails	na					+1
Power Drill	1	1/2			+1	+2
Switchblade	1	1/2				+2
Sword	1-1/2	1			+2	+1
Umbrella	1	1/2				+1

Name	Encumbrance		Name	Encumbrance	
(Other Stuff)	Hands	Muscles	(Other Stuff)	Hands	Muscles
Alpine Gear	2	1	Mega-Armor	0	2
Anti-Slime Suit	2	1	Parachute	2	1
Atmos. Ion. Analyzer	2	1	PKE Badge	0	1/2
Aura Video-Analyzer	2	2	PKE Meter	1	1/2
Beach Kit	2	1/2	Protection Grid	na	na
Bicycle (carried)	2	1	Proton Pack	2	2
Bullhorn	1	1/2	Psi-Booster	na	na
Cellular Phone	na	na	Radio, Portable	1	1
Computer, Portable	1-1/2	1	Roller Skates (carried)	1	1/2
ECTO-1 replivehicle	na	na	Scuba Gear	2	2
Ecto Visor	1(head)	1/2	Slime-Blower	2	2
Flashlight	1	1/2	Spectroscope	1-1/2	2
Flashlight, Really Big	1	1	Tomes of Occult Lore	1-1/2	1
Geiger Counter	1-1/2	1	Unicycle	1-1/2	1
Ghost Trap	1	1/2	Video Camcorder	1-1/2	1
Giga-Meter	1	1	Walkie-Talkie	1	1/2
Infrared Camera	1	1/2			

Damage bonuses for all weapons (including proton packs) affect physical beings only.

A = Damage affects people in adjacent hexes as well.

S2= This type of weapon is not very accurate. It begins at the second difficulty level and increases one level per increment hex(es) normally.

G* = This type of weapon is dangerous to use. When the Ghost is rolled while using this weapon, it could rebound on its user.

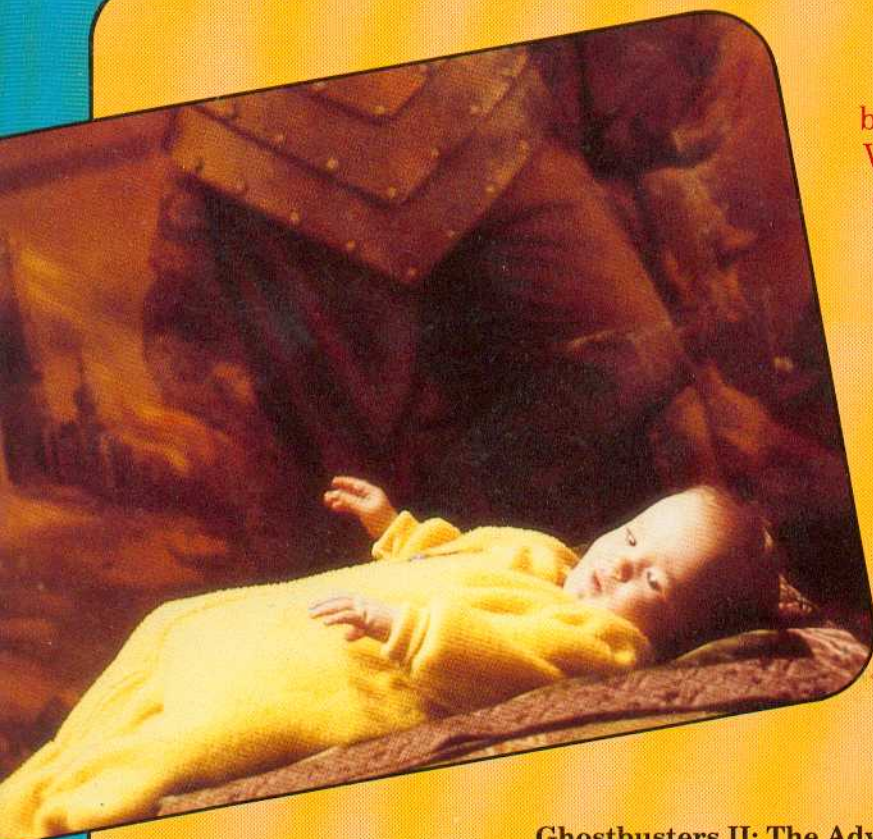
"Mr. Mayor, if we don't do something by midnight, you're going down in history as the man who let New York get sucked down into the tenth level of Hell."

GH0STBUSTERS™

International

Ghostbusters II: The Adventure

by C.J. Tramontana



But how can the original Ghostbusters Ray Stantz, Egon Spengler, Winston Zeddemore and Peter Venkman save the world when they're locked up in the psychiatric ward at Parkview?

Who are they going to call? None other than **your** out-of-town Ghostbusters International franchise! You may be out of practice, you may be ill-equipped, but the Ghostbusters know you're brimming with the spirit, enthusiasm, and sheer stupidity needed to face down the most sinister specter of all time—Vigo the Carpathian, dread sorrow of Moldavia and would-be conqueror of Manhattan Island **and the world!**

Ghostbusters II: The Adventure includes:

- ★ A Ghostmaster's Screen to conceal fiendish props and diabolical plans from Ghostbusters' sight
- ★ Creepy 3D ghost cut-outs to add an extra dimension to your gaming experience
- ★ A portrait and capsule biography of villain-supreme Vigo the Carpathian
- ★ Actual facsimile newspaper clippings detailing the fall and rise of the Ghostbusters' New York office

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A complete
Ghostbusters International
adventure for
Ghostmaster and two or more players.

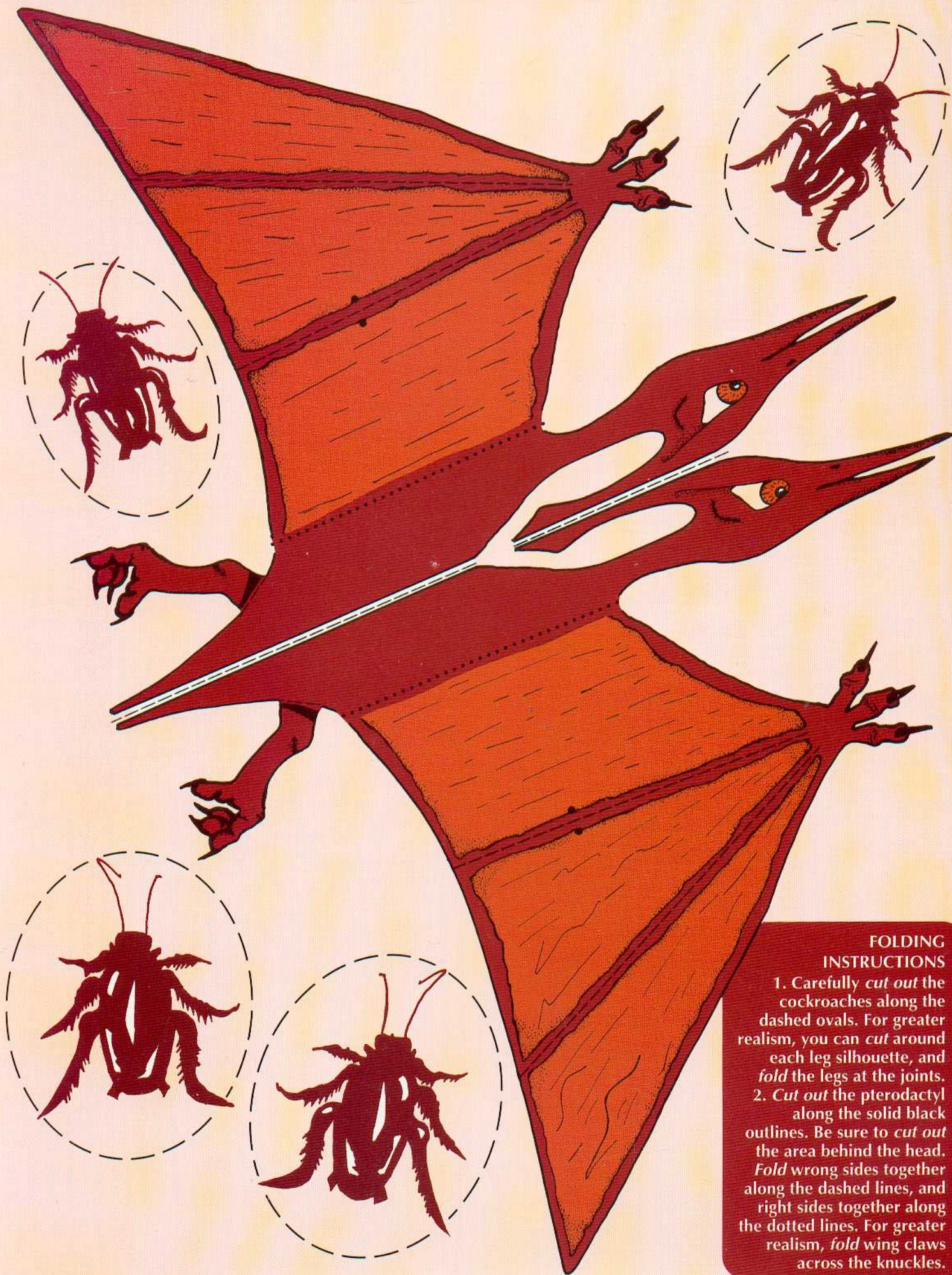
For ages 12 and up.



RD 3, Box 2345
Honesdale, PA 18431

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FOLDING INSTRUCTIONS

1. Carefully *cut out* the cockroaches along the dashed ovals. For greater realism, you can *cut* around each leg silhouette, and *fold* the legs at the joints.
2. *Cut out* the pterodactyl along the solid black outlines. Be sure to *cut out* the area behind the head. *Fold* wrong sides together along the dashed lines, and right sides together along the dotted lines. For greater realism, *fold* wing claws across the knuckles.

Creating Creepies

Ghost Abilities

Special Ability	Category
Animate	Greater
Control Mind	Greater
Creature Feature	Both
Dematerialize	Greater
Dematerialize Object	Lesser
Dimensional Transfer	Greater
Flight	Lesser
Frog 'n' Prince	Both
Growing	Greater
Invisibility	Greater
Make Illusion	Greater
Materialize	Lesser
Murphy	Both
Physical Immunity	Both
PKE Analysis	Lesser
Poltergeist	Both
Possess	Lesser
Proton Immunity	Both
Read Mind	Greater
Shrinking	Lesser
Slime	Lesser
Summon Pests	Great
Teleport	Greater
Terrorize	Lesser



Instant Trait Rate Table

Toughness	Power	Special Abilities	Ecto-Presence	Brains & Cool
Pushover	1-2	1 (L)*	1-4	1-3
Day's Work	3-4	2 (1G,1L)	5-8	4-6
Tough Nut	5-6	2 (G)*	9-12	7-9
Dangerous	7-9	3 (1G,2L)	13-16	10-12
Demon Class	10-12	4+ (2G,2L)	17-20	13-15
Superghost	13+	Lots	21+	16+

*(L)= Lesser ability; (G)= Greater ability

Mode Modifiers

Physical, Intelligent: Use the *Ectopresence* range for *Moves* and *Muscles* scores (divide up the points listed between the two Traits, in any way you see fit). *Brains* and *Cool* scores are also divided from their pool. If the ghost has no abilities (and thus no *Power*), bump it down one level on the Toughness scale. In this category are things like vampires, sorcerers, and most demons.

Physical, Mindless: Use the *Ectopresence* range for *Muscles* and *Moves* scores; ignore the *Brains/Cool* scores and bump it down one level of Toughness. Even if the entity has no *Power*, don't bump it down another level. In this category are things like zombies, alien blobs, and some werewolves.

Ectoplasmic, Intelligent: Use 'em all, just as listed on the table. In this category are all self-aware ghosts (which are a distinct minority in the legions of ghosts).

Ectoplasmic, Mindless: Use only *Power* and *Ectopresence*, ignoring *Brains/Cool*. Bump the creature down one level on the table. In this category are all the other (around 90 percent) ghosts in the world.

The UHM Scale

Roll	Difficulty Level
1-3	Very Little
4-8	Some
9-13	A Good Amount
14-18	Lots
19-29	Whole Lots
30+	More Than You Can Imagine



(Weapons, ranged)	Encumbrance	
Name	Hands	Muscles
Bazooka	2	2
Crossbow	2	1
Disintegrator Ray	1	1/2
Grenade	1	1/2
Machine Gun	2	2
Pie, Cream	1	1/2
Pistol	1	1/2
Proton Pack	2	2
Reintegrator Ray	1	1/2
Rifle	1-1/2	1
Shotgun	2	1
Speargun	1-1/2	1
Thrown Brick	1	1/2
Chair	1	1/2
Knife	1	1/2
Tommygun	1-1/2	1

Damage bonuses for all weapons (including proton packs) affect ph
S2 = This type of weapon is not very accurate. It begins at the second

The Universal How Much

Success and Failure

Amount
Roll Made/
Missed By

Translation

Damage

Amount by Which
Total Traits are Lowered

Avoiding Bad Things

Brownie Points
It Will Cost to Avoid

(0) [†] -3	Just barely made/missed it. Minor annoyance/benefit and re-rolls.
4-8	Made/missed it. Minor annoyance/benefit or re-rolls, but not both.
9-13	Solid success/failure with all that that implies, but no more.
14-18	Success/failure with a little something extra good/annoying.
19-29	As above, with hyperbole and a break/penalty on the next few rolls.
30+	As above with Brownie Point gain/loss.

1

2

3

4

5*

6*

-

2

4

6

9

13

[†]You can succeed by zero, but you cannot fail by less than one

*Victim loses consciousness as well

Luck:

Good

Brownie
Points

Exa

1-3

Gen
Only
junk

4-8

Push
turn
reach

9-13

Aver
it ha

14-18

Luck
when
stand

19-29

Char
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30+

Luck
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Goze

The Big List of Equipment

Range		Bonus Dice		(Weapons, not ranged)	Encumbrance		Range		Bo
Maximum	Increment	to-hit	damage	Name	Hands	Muscles	Maximum	Increment	to-hi
20	3		+6 A	Battle Axe	1-1/2	1			+1
15	3	+1	+1	Blackjack	1	1/2			+1
5	1	na	S2	Brass Knuckles	0	1/2			+1
4	1/2		+5 A	Bullwhip	1	1/2			+1
100	15	+2	+3	Chain Saw	1-1/2	2			+1
3	1/2	na		Chair	1-1/2	1			+1
5	1		+2	Club	1	1/2			+2
5	1		+3	Frying Pan	1	1/2			+1
5	1	na		Long Fingernails	na				
50	10	+2	+2	Power Drill	1	1/2			+1
10	2	+1	+3 S2	Switchblade	1	1/2			
5	1	+1	+1 S2	Sword	1-1/2	1			+2
4	1/2		+1	Umbrella	1	1/2			
3	1/2		+2						
5	1		+2 S2						
15	2		+4						

ysical beings only. **A** = Damage affects people in adjacent hexes as well.

d difficulty level and increases one level per increment hex(es) normally. **G*** = This type of weapon is dangerous to use. When the Ghost is rolled while using this weapon, it could rebound on i

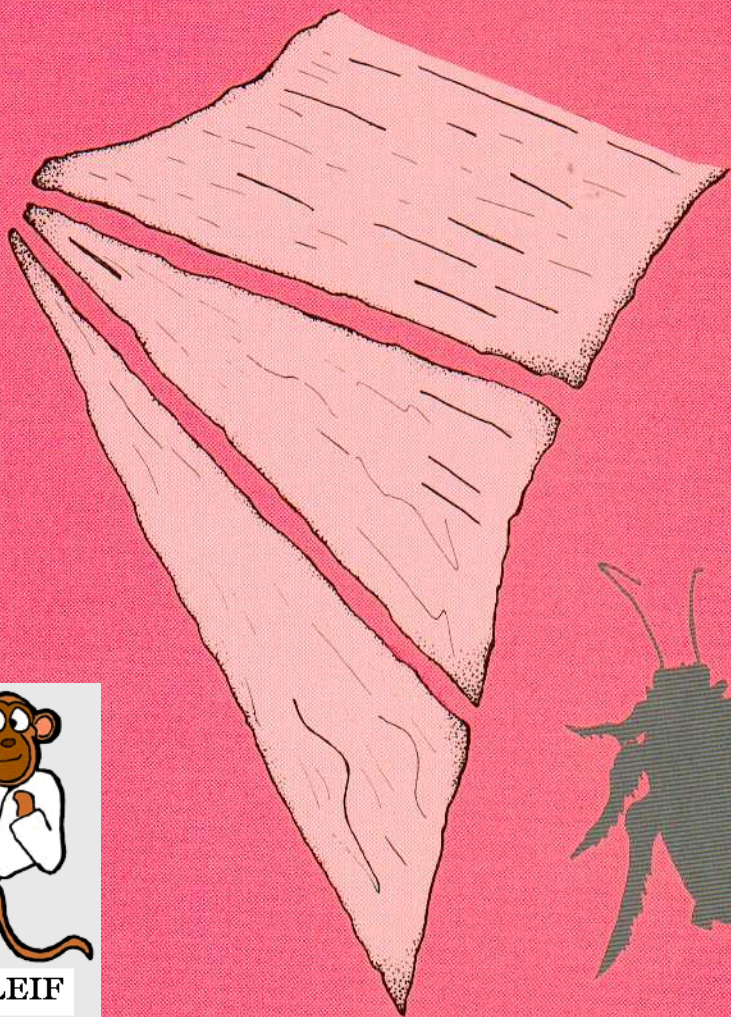
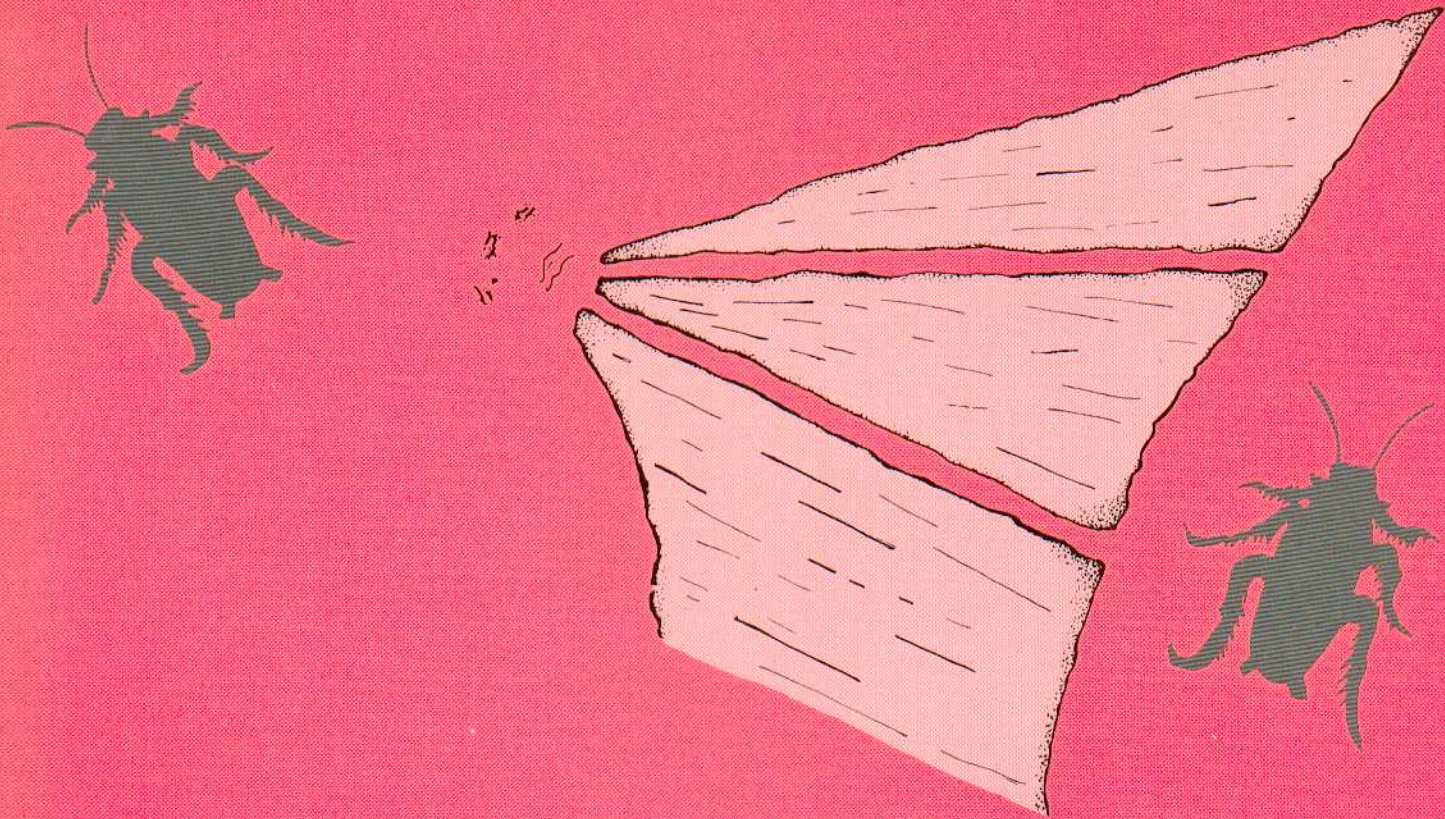
Accidental Damage

Good Events	Bad Events
Example	Example
Generally Unlucky. Always wins contests in book mailings.	Lightning strikes.
Always has Luck. Lights turn yellow as he reaches intersections.	House burns down.
Always has Luck. If it happens, it happens.	The IRS audits.
Always has Hunches. Knows where to sit in the stands to catch pop flies.	Car is hit-and-run in a parking lot.
Always has Luck. Returns to car just ahead of meter maid.	Grocery bags break.
Always has Luck. Venkman escapes marshmallow when Stay-Puft Monster blows up.	Mosquitoes bite.

Type of Accident	Number of Dice Rolled
Cars bump in traffic Ghostbuster falls off porch Empty bookcase falls on Ghostbuster	0
Car hits light pole Ghostbuster falls one story Full bookcase falls on Ghostbuster	1
Car hits telephone pole Ghostbuster falls two stories Small wall falls on Ghostbuster	2
Car hits wall while moving fast Ghostbuster falls three or four stories Brick wall falls on Ghostbuster	4
Car hits another car head-on Ghostbuster falls five or more stories Abandoned mine collapses on Ghostbuster	7
Ghostbuster falls five or more stories into an auto junkyard Big building collapses on Ghostbuster	12

Bonus Dice	(Other Stuff)	Encumbrance		Encumbrance	
Damage	Name	Hands	Muscles	Name	Hands Muscles
+3	Alpine Gear	2	1	PKE Badge	0 1/2
	Anti-Slime Suit	2	1	PKE Meter	1 1/2
	Atmos. Ion. Analyzer	2	1	Protection Grid	na na
+1 G*	Aura Video-Analyzer	2	2	Proton Pack	2 2
+4 G*	Beach Kit	2	1/2	Psi-Booster	na na
+1	Bicycle (carried)	2	1	Radio, Portable	1 1
	Bullhorn	1	1/2	Roller Skates (carried)	1 1/2
+1	Cellular Phone	na	na	Scuba Gear	2 2
+1	Computer, Portable	1-1/2	1	Slime-Blower	2 2
+2	ECTO-1 replivehicle	na	na	Spectroscope	1-1/2 2
+2	Ecto Visor	1(head)	1/2	Tomes of Occult Lore	1-1/2 1
+1	Flashlight	1	1/2	Unicycle	1-1/2 1
+1	Flashlight, Really Big	1	1	Video Camcorder	1-1/2 1
	Geiger Counter	1-1/2	1	Walkie-Talkie	1 1/2
	Ghost Trap	1	1/2		
	Giga-Meter	1	1		
	Infrared Camera	1	1/2		
	Mega-Armor	0	2		
	Parachute	2	1		





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International

A N A D V E N T U R E

Ghostbusters II: The Adventure

by C.J. Tramontana



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RD 3, Box 2345
Honesdale, PA 18431

Introduction

This is no ordinary book. This is an *adventure*—an adventure designed for use with *Ghostbusters International*. If you are a Ghostmaster, assemble your cast of two to six players, prepare your props, set your scenes, learn your lines, and prepare to join in the pleasure of a few hours on the silver screen—hours that will seem brief in their flights of fancy and wondrous in their deeds of daring.

Be Warned: If you are not a Ghostmaster, read no further in this adventure.

Slam shut the covers, gather your wits (and this adventure) and make all haste to your franchise headquarters (if applicable, pay for this adventure package on your way out of the store—haste is one thing, theft is quite another). On bended knee and with bowed head, proffer to your honored Ghostmaster this package, this key to adventure. He or she alone is authorized to read further. Dire consequences may befall you if this warning is not heeded. Unlicensed nuclear accelerators may suddenly need to be licensed, at some preposterously high fee (not to mention the exorbitant bribes that may need to be slipped to the officials who will issue that license). Franchise documents may need to be reviewed under the new parent company, and you may be found lacking in both your performance and in your franchise payments. The ghost of taxes past may rear its hideous head once more.... **You have been warned.**

The Pullout Section

In the pullout section of this adventure, you will find:

- a Manhattan Museum of Art exhibit program with portrait and a biography of Vigo the Carpathian
- a Ghostmaster's map of Manhattan
- a folding pterodactyl
- numerous cardboard cockroaches
- six Job Descriptions for the stars
- a star Subcity Transit Underground Connections map

- a floor plan of the Manhattan Museum of Art
- two newspaper clippings detailing the fall and rise of the parent corporation

You may photocopy any or all of these items for distribution to the stars or for Ghostmaster use.

Adventure Background

If the mighty someday must fall, can the measly (or at least the not-so-mighty) be far behind? Actually, no. Unfortunately for Ghostbusters, Inc. (the parent corporation), Ghostbusters International (the franchising body), and for each Small Town, USA franchise, both that someday and that fall came all too quickly. Several years ago, with their victory over Gozer the Gozerian still fresh in their minds, and tiny gobbets of the Stay-Puft Marshmallow Man still fresh in their hair, the original, newly incorporated, Ghostbusters started to cash in on their fame and success by selling franchises in Ghostbusters International.

But fame and fortune are often fleeting—as is gratitude. For damages done, for misfortunes suffered and for injuries caused to person and especially to pride, the parent corporation was sued six ways from Sunday and two ways from Tuesday by a not-so-grateful city of New York. GBI was slapped with summonses and injunctions, cutting a once happily burbling licensing operation into ribbons soon unlicensed and inoperative.

So much for the mighty, for now. Let us shift our attention to the measly, or the not-so-mighty, or as Joe Shleeb of Anywhere, USA might refer to them, “those weirdly dressed goofballs down the street, with the funny-looking sign over their dilapidated building and the even funnier-looking vehicle parked out front.”

Several years ago (yup, the same several years), after money changed pockets and hands changed sweat and dotted lines became superscripted, our *local* bunch of would-be adventurers not only took up the mantle of the local GBI franchise, but they also took delivery of *the complete franchise package*—proton packs with particle throwers; containment grid; ghost traps; jumpsuits; stationery; two-color, molded, plastic sign; official ECTO-1 replivEHICLE; and of course one of those nifty espresso machines with the gold eagle on top.

But before long, our wide-eyed innocents were also given the works when the parent corporation legally

ceased to exist (no longer providing any parental support, so to speak). As things in the big city went to Hell in a handbasket in a big way, things in our small town traveled the same road, in the same sort of conveyance, but in a small way. No lawsuits were brought, no summonses delivered, no injunctions slapped. Rather, business just sort of quickly became mostly non-business. Hauntings and dehauntings just weren't the "in" thing anymore. Yuppies turned their attention and their checkbooks to other diversions. Beemers became more important than slimers. But then, ("gasp") maybe they've always been.

unearthly motel moanings (nope, I'm not gonna explain that one) just doesn't get our stars' blood boiling or their hearts pumping. What it does do is make them yearn for an archfiend to ooze, howling and demonically maniacal, out of the woodwork. It makes them ache for the bright lights and the big city, for sophisticated clients and blood-curdling, beastial conundrums **(sigh)**.

It makes them desperate.

So when faced with a problem that cries out (in flashing neon, no less) **WANTED: DESPERATE MEN...** you know who to call.



It's not that clientele have stopped calling completely, but their calls are very few and almost unbearably far between. In comparison to our local Ghostbusters' schedule, that certain appliance repairman in those television ads leads a life of wild pandemonium. And in those rare cases where our ghostbusting guys and gals are called, it's not exactly for deeds of derring-do or die, like damsel rescuing, or like damsel rescuing, or like... (Sorry about that, but in their boredom, our stars' minds are becoming a bit one-tracked.)

The chores that these small-town Ghostbusters are lately called upon to perform are much more mundane, and often damaging to their self-image as gentlemen adventurers or heroes for hire. Chasing after supposedly possessed cows (really, it's just that the farmer's wife has cold hands), or tracking down the source of

Ghostmaster Background Notes —

Ever been to New York City and been taken for a ride by a cab driver—"What the #*%+&@#% kinda tip duz ya call dat?"; or tried to get directions from one of the accommodating natives—"Yeah, I'll tell youse where ta go..."; or had to find a restroom—"Sorry, our restrooms are reserved for patrons only." You tense your muscles tighter still and say, "Okay, okay, gimme one of those \$30 egg salad sandwiches—to go!"

Great place to visit, but you wouldn't want to live there, right? Well, a lot of people do live there, under those same awful conditions you experienced for only a short time. Take all of life's little annoyances, add a spoonful of disregard, two scoops of rudeness and pinch of genuine animosity, mix well and stick it all in a microwave of over-population and what do you get?

The materialization of a viciously viscous, semi-liquid, living psycho-reactive plasm with explosive supranormal potential.

In other words, all the frustrations, all the hate, all the anger, and all the violence of the crooked city is manifesting itself in a malevolent sludge flowing deep beneath Manhattan Island. This psycho-reactive substance, affectionately dubbed "mood slime" by Peter Venkman, is building up in immense proportions. It was first physically encountered by the operatives of the parent corporation when they lowered Ray Stantz down a manhole, deep into the lowest, no-longer-used levels of the city; into the deserted, slimy splendor of Van Horne Station. Further explorations and contact with the slime revealed its ability, if touched or ingested, to transfer its negative emotions to people.

Working with a sample of the slime, Spengler and Stantz soon discovered that it reacts to the positive emanations of human emotions as well as to the negative emanations. With this in mind they have developed a new weapon, a "slime-blower," which they feel may be useful against certain types of manifestations.

Verever Vigo

For over 300 years the spirit of Prince Vigo, (see the Museum flyer in the pullout section) the scourge of Carpathia, the sorrow of Moldavia, has sat ensconced in a rather grim-looking oil painting. From there he watched as the world wound its way along the coils of

time, waiting for the proper moment and the proper forces to coincide, when the overwhelming tide of the sins of men would bring him forth again. Now is that time. Now is that season of evil, when a foaming, unholy river of slime feeds upon the evils of men and grows apace beneath the city and beneath the Manhattan Museum of Art, where Vigo's portrait currently resides in the Department of Restorations.

With the evil psycho-reactive power of the slime to aid him, and with the semi-possessed assistance of Janosz Poha, head of the restorations department at the museum, Vigo readies an earthly receptacle for his being when he leaves the painting. Dana Barrett, whose pregnancy bumped her temporarily out of the world of cello playing, has delivered her baby, but is still working part-time under Poha, in the restorations department of the museum. It is Dana's baby, Oscar, whom Vigo decides to occupy on the birth of the new year and the beginning of his season of evil as Vigo the Madman of Manhattan.

The Ghostbusters

If you are still using the stars of the two hit movies, or if you have never before played *Ghostbusters International*, then you must have your players roll up some new stars. The original Ghostbusters and company (Peter Venkman, Egon Spengler, Ray Stantz, Winston Zeddemore, Louis Tully, Dana Barrett, and Janine Melnitz) make guest appearances in this adventure and, therefore, cannot be used as stars by your players.

REEL ONE

Work Is a Four Letter Word

Summary

Their wills are iron, their resolve unyielding; their goal is just, their honor unsullied. But the jobs the stars have found pay diddly. They are hard-pressed each week to end up with enough cash to fill the tank of their ECTO-1 replivehicle. To eke out the misfortunes of the Ghostbusting business, they have taken jobs as: a used car salesman; a bartender; a clerk in a fast food restaurant; a school bus driver; a plumber's helper; and a packer in a fish-processing plant. Their combined, meager salaries from these positions added to the fees they receive from occasional ghostbusting assignments have allowed them to squeak by, financially. But working at jobs that are alien to their natural bent as gentlemen adventurers and heroes for hire has just about driven the morale of our stars into the ground.

But before backs are incurably bent, eyes are eternally dulled by thankless labor and all hope is lost, our stars learn that all is not well, spiritually speaking, in New York City and that the home office is again generating newsworthy news.

Start the Adventure

From the pullout section, give your players the newspaper page detailing the precipitous fall of GBI, and also give each of them one of the Job Descriptions. Have them read the handouts and take a few moments to adjust to this rather severe shock to their delicately-balanced Ghostbuster nervous systems. When you've seen enough head shaking and heard enough hollow sighs, read the following:

For the past few years, the only bright spots in your existences have been your ghostbusting jobs. Unfortunately these have been coming fewer and farther between and, even when they happen, engendering less and less fulfillment since you haven't been meeting the caliber of ghost that you had hoped to grow used to in the heyday of your franchise. So, each day you carefully make your bunks in your rooms at your combination headquarters, laboratory, and living area. You don your regular-job clothes and plod your wearying way into the world of regular jobs, hoping every minute for some emergency involving some sort of ghost, an emergency that will, even for only one briefly shining moment, release you from the mind-numbing and psyche-crushing routine of daily, nine-to-five WORK.

Then you got the call.

Imitate a telephone ring, here. Don't say anything else, just **Brrrring, Brrringgg** until one of your stars gets the picture and answers. Then, in your best laconic farmer accent, read:

"Ghostbusters? Sam Miliwicki here. Got a job for you. Wife Mildred's being menaced by a witch—black cat, the works. She's holed up in the barn. Just take Long Pine Road out of town, all the way to the end. Big red barn, registered Holsteins—can't miss it." He hangs up before you have a chance to get a word in edgewise.

Down on the Farm

When our gentlemen adventurers arrive at the farm at the end of Long Pine Road, they find acres of fenced-in fields lying barren under the winter's snow, and a dirt road leading a twisting path to a clutter of buildings near a stand of tall pine trees. As they drive down the dirt road, the clutter of buildings resolves itself into a farmhouse; a large, brownish-red barn; and a number of smaller outbuildings. There is no one in sight, nor is there any sign of activity near any of the buildings. As the Ghostbusters get out of the car and head toward the farmhouse, stormclouds seem to gather quickly overhead. A distant thunderclap rolls ominously over the hills. The door to the barn opens with a creak and a sturdy-looking, older man comes out of the barn and heads toward the stars.

Sam Miliwicki

laconic farmer

Brains	3	Outsmart Cat	6
Muscles	5	Work Farm	8
Moves	2	Milk Cows	5
Cool	5	Take Care of Mildred	8

Goal: Sell Farm to Big City Boob For Outlandish Price

Tags: Checked shirt and faded overalls, weathered face, crew cut; calm and unsurprised

In his calm, level voice, Sam Miliwicki says:

"Mildred's out in the barn with the Witch. Wretched creature of blackness has had Mildred cornered out there since she went out to milk

this mornin'. Haven't even had breakfast. You boys eaten or had coffee yet? Look kinda starved around the ribs. Well, after the Witch is taken care of, we'll all sit down to a real farmer's breakfast. How's that sound? C'mon, I'll introduce you to Mildred and the Witch, and you can take care of business." Having said that, the old man yawns, turns and heads back toward the barn.

Barn Dance

The stars can hear a low pitched moaning emanating from somewhere within the dark recesses of the barn. Once inside it is hard to tell the direction to or cause of the moaning because of all the cud chewing, hoof shuffling, and soft lowing going on in the stalls of the bovine milk makers—not to mention the difficulty of pinpointing one low, moaning sound above the humming, sucking, squishing sound of the milking machine. If the stars are wary and power-up their proton packs and particle throwers, the cows become slightly agitated at the electronic whine, shuffling nervously in their stalls. The PKE meter, if used, registers only normal background psychokinetic energy. The stars' noses register the pungent odor of cow-processed hay.

Old Sam suddenly appears from behind a wooden beam. A coincidental thunderclap is timed perfectly with his sudden appearance, and the slashing blue flash of a lightning bolt fills the dark crags and crevices of his weathered visage.

If the stars don't react poorly to the shock and accidentally proton-toast the old man, read:

"She's up here, fellas" says the old man, as he motions for you to follow him deeper into the shadows and cow-lined corridors of the barn.

If the stars don't choose to follow the old man, have them hear gasps of terror coming from the hayloft. Keep it up until they decide to follow the sound, then continue:

You climb up a rickety, rough-carpentered flight of wooden stairs to the hay loft. A frightened old woman is huddled in a corner. Her face is wrinkled with age and contorted by an expression of terror as she sits, squirming uncomfortably. The distinctly sinister-looking shadow of a giant cat blankets the old woman. She makes a feeble shooing motion at something unseen behind the large partition to your right. In response, the giant cat shadow arches its back, bares its fangs, and hisses.

As soon as one of the Ghostbusters peeks his or her head around to see what is on the other side of the partition, a slender black cat pounces on it. If the stars decide to start blasting away before taking a look at what they're up against, the cat leaps out at them before they have a chance to fire, pouncing on the nearest star.

Overly trigger-happy Ghostbusters are going to lose

some Brownie Points here (firing the particle throwers at the helpless cat costs each offending star a fine of one Brownie Point per shot taken). Not only that, but blasting away with nuclear accelerators at an innocent cat is going to get our stars in the dog house with the local chapter of the SPCA. And of course firing at the cat is going to prove totally unsuccessful, as the agile feline can easily use its *dodge* talent to avoid being hit.

If the stars remember to use their PKE meters before putting fingers to triggers and attempting to vaporize the animal, they will see that the meters are still reading well within normal levels. As far as cats go, this one appears to be average.

Mildred, however, as far as old women go, is not normal. It seems she has milked one cow too many, faced the udder absurdity of life one too many times. Her world sense is slightly warped and she thinks the black cat is a were-cat, the alter ego of a witch with designs on her (Mildred's) soul. Regardless of what happens, the old woman continues with a constant repetition of "Hail Marys" and "Our Fathers."

Witch

black cat

Brains	1	Know Which Way To Jump	4
Muscles	1	Jump	4
Moves	10	Dodge	13
Cool	9	Look Smarter Than A Ghostbuster	12

Goal: Chase Mice and Find Warm Spot for Sleeping

Tags: sleek, black feline; orange eyes

Smart Ghostbusters, after one look at their PKE meters, at the cat, and at Mildred, should realize the truth of the situation. Now they should understand why Sam was concerned for Mildred, but not worried about what the witch would do to her. The cat continues its attack until the Ghostbusters either stop it somehow or fall back in retreat. As soon as the fight is over, the cat begins to calmly groom its paws and tail, as if nothing had happened.

As Sam noddingly indicates the black cat, read out loud:

"Mildred insisted we call you. Seen that newspaper article and figured you were back open fer business. She didn't think I could handle the Witch. That's what we've called that ornery black cat all these years. Maybe we should have called her something different? Well boys, take her away."

Wise guy stars will ask whom the farmer wants taken away, Mildred or the cat. Polite stars will lay down their deadly weapons and become, for a time, cat catchers. A fee is a fee, after all. And every little bit of income helps to pay the bills.

Of course, the cat does not want to be captured, at least not by these weirdly dressed bozos, even if one of them does have about him a faint, attractive odor of fish. The cat leads our stars a merry feline chase, up and down posts, over and under rafters, across the backs and between the legs of cows, through piles of empty milk cans, and through some piles of milk cans that weren't empty, but are now. If the stars approach Mildred, she does the same.

Mildred Miliwicki

farmer's wife

Brains	1	Help Run Farm	4
Muscles	1	Milk Cows	4
Moves	1	Cook Breakfast	4
Cool	1	Love Sam	4

Goal: Retire and Never Have to Milk Another Cow

Tags: Sixtyish, thin, wiry; nervous and querulous now, but generally gracious

After our friends have been run sufficiently ragged, read the following aloud:

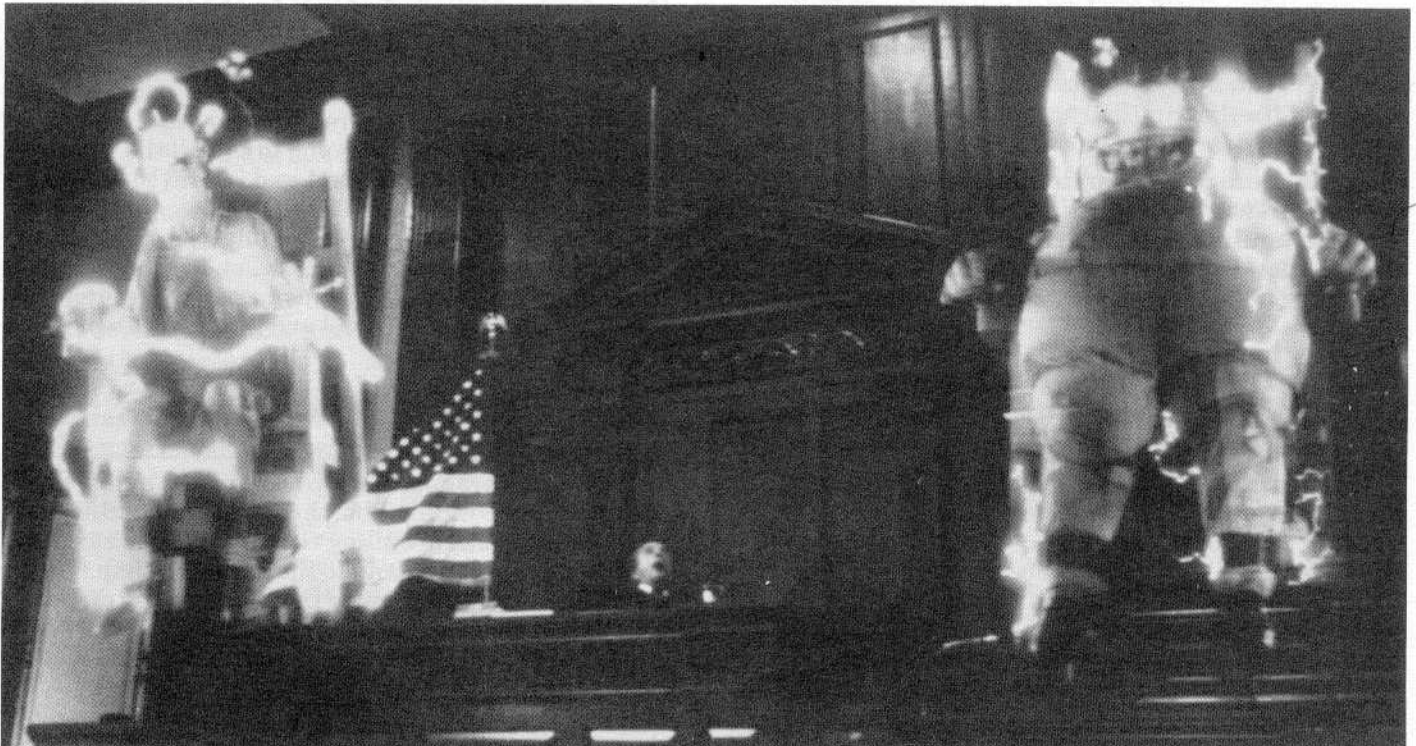
Eventually, even complacent as he is, old Sam gets tired of watching you and the cat run rampant through his barn and over and under his cattle. He moseys out of the barn, across the

yard, and to the house. He comes back out of the house, opens a door on the ECTO-1 replivehicle, and tosses an opened can of tuna fish into the car.

The cat, smelling the tuna, heads out of the barn and into the car. Sam closes the door, trapping the cat in the car, and wipes his hands together as at a job well done. He calmly turns to you: "Thanks for your help, boys. Go on into the house and make yourselves comfortable. I'll go collect Mildred. She'll make you a nice breakfast while I make out a check to cover the cost of your services." He opens another can of tuna as he enters the barn, whistling "Here Mildred."

If anyone asks old Sam about the newspaper headlines he mentioned, the old farmer shows them the latest morning edition of the *Smalltown USA Gazette*. The article is a front-page story giving an account of the New York City superior court decision to allow the original Ghostbusters back into the ghostbusting business. Hand the players newspaper handout #1 from the pullout section.

Witch enjoyed the chase and meal so much that she has become quite attached to the stars. No matter what they do, she will not leave them now. Whether they try to leave her with an animal shelter, give her to the Krazners down the block, or whatever, she manages somehow to stay with them. Have her continue to reappear until the Ghostbusters get tired of trying to get rid of her.



Puhlease Hold

At the end of the newspaper article there is a short paragraph asking franchisee Ghostbusters to contact Louis Tully at the New York office, with regard to contract renewal and case referral. Our local Ghostbusters should be eager to return to their office and make that call to the reinstated parent company.

The stars will probably try to give the home office a buzz, and when they do, read this aloud:

You hear three rings before someone answers the phone at the other end of the connection. The voice you recognize as Janine Melnitz says, "Ghostbusters International. Puhlease hold."



Janine's voice is replaced by a recording of Peter Venkman singing his rendition of Frank Sinatra's "I Did It My Way." The song as sung by Venkman is kind of funny, once. But as it begins its third playback, you hear a click and the line goes dead.

Should the disgruntled stars choose to try again, read:

Again, before you can identify yourselves, Janine answers and puts you on hold. The tape kicks in again, and you are once more serenaded by the adenoidal, monotonously monotonal crooning of Venkman.

Backed into the Saddle Again

While the stars are sitting around, waiting for their call to go through, read out loud:

Interrupting Venkman's fourth chorus of "I Feel Pretty," a siren dopplers up the street outside and comes to a stop, apparently behind the parked ECTO-1 replivheicle. Alternating flashes of blue and red lights reflect on the front windows of the office. You hear the slamming of a car door and the paced sound of footsteps approaching the entrance to your headquarters. The front door opens and Sheriff Billy Bob Jackson walks in.

"Saddle up, boys!" Billy Bob says (he has been greatly influenced by John Wayne movies and by

his own service in the U.S. Cavalry). "We got trouble out by Cajaw Pond. Seems like one or two of them 'pair of normal poster ghosts' are setting fires in the garbage dump out that way." (We never said Billy Bob was real bright, or that he even knows what "paranormal" and "poltergeist" mean. But he can shoot straight, and he always keeps his word. What more can you ask of a man?) "Let's ride!" says Billy Bob and turns and heads out the door, like all true leaders, without a backward look to see if he is being followed.

Sheriff Billy Bob Jackson

small town law

Brains	2	Spout Western Cliches	5
Muscles	6	Police Brutality	9
Moves	4	Draw Pistol, Shoot Straight	7
Cool	3	Command	6

Goal: Be just like the "Duke"

Tags: Mirror shades; round, massive body; chews tobacco

If the stars decide to ignore Billy Bob and wait for the call to New York to go through, have their private, non-business, phone ring. When one of the Ghostbusters answers that phone, he is verbally confronted by his immediate supervisor at his everyday job. Have the supervisor tell the star that he and the other Ghostbusters were seen galivanting around the countryside in that strange vehicle of theirs when they were supposed to be sick at home. The supervisor tells the star that his services are no longer required and that he, the supervisor, is going to call all the Ghostbusters' places of employment and inform their respective employers of the star's truancy.

If after being faced with losing their jobs, the stars still don't head out toward Cajaw Pond in the wake (so to speak) of Billy Bob and toward a paying assignment, then skip the rest of this reel and go to Reel Two.

Things That Go Dump In The Night

If the stars are good little Ghostbusters and head out on the trail of Billy Bob, they are treated to a wild, light-flashing, siren-wailing ride through the streets, out the country lanes, and to the garbage dump near Cajaw Pond. Let them enjoy the ride, turning on the ECTO-1's own set of flashing replilights and repli-sirens. Let them slide around a few corners on the dirt roads, startle a few farmers on their slow-moving tractors, and scare a few cows into milklessness—all the while trying to keep in sight the tail lights of Billy Bob's pursuit-engined squad car arrowing at the head of a comet's tail of dust and tire-thrown pebbles.

No matter what the stars decide to do, the cat stays in the office. Her large, light-gathering eyes watch the retreating backs of the Ghostbusters as they leave by the front door and head toward the replivehicle.

As Billy Bob and the stars get to Cajaw Pond, read out loud:

When you pull up the replivehicle in a nose-diving, pebble-grating slide behind the stopped squad car, the sirens from both autos fade into an almost total silence made eerie by the rhythmic click, click of the revolving lights. The scene is made even more eerie by the bright pink, translucent glow emanating from five or six of the many large piles of garbage scattered haphazardly about the dump. Other than yourselves and Sheriff Billy Bob, there is no one in sight and no movement anywhere except for the measured flashes of the emergency lights... and the almost living glow. The snow-covered field surrounding the garbage is smooth and undisturbed by footprints, or by any other signs of passage. "Well boys," the Sheriff croaks between tobacco spit-tings, "Up an' at them poster-ghosts!"

At this point, there are no ghosts, nor any other paranormal manifestations at which the Ghostbusters can shoot. But they can, if they wish, wander about the dump with their proton packs slung jauntily on their heroesque backs and providing them with a sense of security, at least. The PKE meters, if employed by the stars, do read abnormally high levels of psychokinetic energy.

In The Mood

Should the stars choose to examine the piles of glowing refuse (and they should), they find that the heaps consist of program leaflets from an exhibit at the Manhattan Museum of Art in New York City. Take this moment to hand them the art exhibit program from the pullout section.

Not only are the leaflets the cause of the high PKE readings and the strange glow, but they seem to be covered in a thin coating of viscous liquid. Just as the Ghostbusters notice the slime, they begin to feel odd. You see, this is no ordinary slime, this is psychomagnetic or "mood" slime. And one of the peculiar properties of this paranormal pudding is that it makes people begin to feel animosity toward each other. Naturally, the stars are not exempt from this effect. Have each of them make a *Cool* roll. Those not achieving a Good Amount of difficulty or better start to become angry with their colleagues.

To run this, try the subtle approach; alter the dialogue. Have the stars who fail the roll hear different dialogue than what the other players actually speak. For example, say Jo failed her *Cool* roll. When Ned turns to her and says "Take a PKE reading," interrupt the action and tell Jo "What you actually heard Ned say was 'listen you lazy slob, why don't you try doing

something useful for a change, like taking a PKE reading, instead of sitting on your can all day'."

In addition to this, tell the affected stars that they feel a strong urge to punch each others' lights out. Try not to actually tell them what to do, rather plant the idea in their brains and let it take root. Even if the players refuse to go along with this and their stars don't wind up in a fist fight, the dialogue changes should be enough to tell them that something strange is going on.

After each combat round, give the Ghostbusters still affected by the mood slime a chance to come to their senses by making the same *Cool* roll as before. If anyone has seen the movie, or gets a Good Amount of difficulty on a *Brains* roll, they may come up with the idea of taking off their clothes to stop the mood slime effect. In order for this to work, the stars must be outside the confines of the dump and away from any residual slime. In effect, they must be slime-free.

Dumping Flat Trash (It's a gas, gas, gas)

In the midst of the mood slime melee, or thereabouts, a large garbage truck pulls up to the edge of the dump. Dingy grey letters on the side of the truck read "City of New York—Department of Sanitation." Without hesitation the truck's operator begins to dump his load into the endless sea of refuse. This particular load of garbage, if examined, seems to consist primarily of the very same leaflets, covered in the very same mood slime that the Ghostbusters have already discovered.

Naturally, this load of garbage glows just like the rest. Actually, so does the garbage man, who is pretty well coated with the stuff. If anyone inquires about why a New York City garbage truck is dumping its load way out here in Small Town U.S.A., the garbage man reacts with extreme hostility: "Youse got a problem wit dat?" Of course if anyone has a problem with it it's Billy Bob, who chooses to take matters into his own hands. Read:

Sheriff Billy Bob purposefully strides up to the garbage man, adjusting his gunbelt confidently. "Listen fella," he starts, "Ahm the local law 'round here, and ahd like ta' see a permit (put the accent on the "mit")." The garbage man begins to roll his sleeve up, revealing an armful of tatoos. "I got your permit. Right here!" With that, the garbage man takes a wild swing at Billy Bob, who manages to avoid being hit, while at the same time losing his balance and falling clumsily into his assailant. The two men begin to wrestle around in the muck and refuse, bits of garbage and slime flying everywhere.

It is, of course, up to the Ghostbusters to break up this wrestling match. If they choose not to get involved, the two men continue to go at it until finally they both become exhausted, and just lie down in the muck, feebly muttering obscenities at each other. In order to

really stop this fight, both men must strip, and it may be a tad difficult for the Ghostbusters to convince them that this is the proper solution. Judicious use of *charm* or some similar talent may be called for here. Success on a Some difficulty roll should do the trick.

Once his senses are regained, the garbage man cooperates with the stars answering, to the best of his limited knowledge, every question they ask. It seems that the city of New York has begun a program of "cooperative dumping," paying small towns across the country to take their garbage.¹ The garbage man can produce papers signed and authorized by the Mayor's principal aide, Jack Hardemeyer. It seems that this is a special plan of his.

¹Remember the garbage scow that toured the Atlantic and Gulf coasts last summer? We'll bet that even if you live in Nevada or Guam, you could make this plausible. Truth can be stranger than fiction.

Just What Is This Stuff and Why Am I So Ticked Off?

Why its psychomagnetheric slime, of course. It is a manifestation of peoples' negative emotions, and consequently affects the emotions of people who come into contact with it—in a pretty hostile way. Of course, our stars don't have the equipment or general brain-power to come to this conclusion, although they'll probably want a sample to take back to H.Q.

Keeping a sample is okay, but anyone or anything that comes into physical contact with the mood slime will have an attack of the P.O.s as described above. (Except the container they keep the stuff in—give the poor slob a break for a change!) The stars' best bet is to try contacting the home office in New York again and asking the original Ghostbusters about it, since it seems to have originated from their turf.

While the players are wining at the thought of another 15 choruses of "I Feel Pretty" and "My Way," go on to Reel Two.



REEL TWO

In the Course of Inhuman Events...

Summary

The stars are asked to come to the Lincoln Log Inn to stop some mysterious motel moanings (the word order is correct—these are mysterious moanings made by a motel, not mysterious moanings at a motel). They find that this bizarre paranormal occurrence is linked to the incident at the dump, and to the mood slime.

Pleased with their success, but tired after chasing focused, full torso Class IV manifestations and a couple of Native American spirits for half of the night and all of the next morning, the stars realize that this is the afternoon they are scheduled to speak about the joys and rewards of ghostbusting at the monthly combined meeting of the local Cub Scout Pack and Campfire Girls.

More Phone Follies

At this point in the adventure, our intrepid stars should be greatly enticed to pick up the phone once again and try to get a hold of the folks back at the home office. Regardless of where they attempt this, whether it be back at their headquarters or in their repliv-hicle's cellular phone (if they are wealthy enough to own one, which is doubtful), they are once again unable to make contact. This time, before they can so much as pick up the receiver and dial, a call comes in. Read:

"Hello," says the voice on the phone. "This is Uther Samson Grant, the owner and manager of the Lincoln Log Inn just off Interstate 7, at Sunset Beach. We got a @*/\$#! ghost and some %&*/#! moans out here that are chasing all my *&%/#! guests away. I'll pay extra if you come out tonight."

Once More Out to the Beach, Dear Friends

If at this point the Ghostbusters don't immediately go screeching off toward Interstate 7 and the prospect of some serious ghostbusting and a nice healthy fee, you can skip the motel encounter entirely and pick up the action with "Speaking Engagement," below. If they keep trying to reach the home office in New York, they meet with the same interminable crooning and the same eventual disconnection until they grow tired of it and quit.

Following the trail of glory and the almighty buck, the Ghostbusters should decide to take Mr. Grant up on

his offer and head out to do some paranormal, ectoplastic butt-kicking. The Lincoln Log Inn is situated on the outskirts of the tiny town of Sunset Beach. The town is on the opposite shore of Cajaw Pond, and has a beach locally famous for its view of the sunset—and the sunset reflecting off the water. The Inn is not actually an inn, but a motel comprised of 20 log cabins. Most of the cabins are small and can accommodate only two guests. A few of the cabins are larger and can sleep four to six, and an additional, larger cabin contains the office of the motel and a small coffee shop.

As the stars drive up, they see some of the cabins already empty, their doors left carelessly open. In front of the remaining cabins, guests are loading suitcases and kids into cars and driving off. They all seem to be arguing furiously with each other and in some cases even pushing and shoving each other. In the parking lot in front of the office building, below the large sign displaying the Inn's name, a small neon sign blinks and changes from "NO VACANCY" to "VACANCY." Read:

As you pull up in front of the motel office the last guest family drives away, the tires of their car squealing slightly as the driver turns sharply out of the parking lot and onto the two-lane road that will take him to the entrance ramp of Highway 7. When the noise of the engine and tires has faded into the distance, you hear a low-pitched moaning that seems to be coming from the cabin farthest to your right. As you listen, the moaning moves to the next log house, and the next, sequentially across the broad crescent of cabins that follows the gentle arc of the pond shore. When the moaning gets to the structure farthest to your left, it reverses direction and starts recrossing the line of buildings. This time, you can see a manifestation. It is a full torso, cadaverous image of a rail-thin man wearing a dark frock coat and stovepipe hat. His black beard does nothing to hide the hollowness of his face, the size of his nose, or the large mole on his cheek.

Uther Samson Grant, a full-bearded man of medium height and stocky build, comes out of the office and greets you. "I knew something was up as soon as that %#2&/@! glowing sludge started washing up on the shore. That's when that *#/@%! moaning started and my @\$%/#! guests started cutting out on me. You get rid of that *%/#@! spook and that *#?@&! moaning, and I'll pay anything you ask."

The stars should be immediately suspicious of the "Glowing sludge" mentioned by Uther. Both the description of the sludge and the close proximity of the motel to the dump seem to indicate that the motel has been mood-slimed. If taken, PKE readings will bear this out. If the stars head for the beach to inspect the "sludge" right away, go to "On the Beach," below.

If the stars ask about Uther Samson Grant's name, have him explain that his parents, while a little odd, meant well and named Uther Samson after two of their favorite heroic figures—three heroic figures, if you count his surname, Grant. Uther is a descendant of Ulysses Simpson Grant, a general in the Union Army and the eighteenth President of the United States of America, which lineage may be part of the reason Uther Samson and his motel are in this spectral predicament.

Yes, Mr. President

If the stars take a closer look at the manifestation, they should realize (if they haven't already done so) that this Class IV is the ghost of Abraham Lincoln. And as he is making his spectral way from cabin to cabin, he seems to be speaking. If the Ghostbusters move in closer, they hear Lincoln's ghost saying:

"For the love of our country, Ulysses, I ask you—no, I order you to give up the evil spirits of Demon Rum and Were-whiskey. Give up your war against the Red Devils in the West and help us in our civil struggle against Lee. Repent, I say. Turn from those creatures of darkness to the life-giving strength of temperance and sobriety."

Great Lincoln's Ghost

noble debater

Brains	6	Write On Backs Of Shovels	9
Cool	2	Debate Douglas	5
Power	3	Proton Immunity Flight Materialize	
Ecto- presence	7		

Goal: Preserve the Union

Tags: Stovepipe hat, black frock coat, sad and serious expression

If the Ghostbusters attempt to blast Lincoln before ascertaining all the facts of the situation, their proton streams have no effect, due to the ghost's Proton Immunity. Lincoln commands the stars to stop, in the name of the Presidency of the United States of America. To attack the President is treason. Besides, he makes it plain that he could use their help in freeing General Grant from his possession by Demon Rum. He needs Grant to command the Union Armies and help defeat Robert E. Lee.

After Lincoln finishes his plea for the Ghostbusters' help, he enters one of the cabins. If the Ghostbusters follow, read this out loud:

Nothing is visible within the cabin, but the PKE meter is giving high and multiple readings. The moaning seems to be coming from all around you. Being within the source of the moan, you can here it more distinctly as, "NNN000000000!" Then the moan seems to slip away, out of the cabin you are in and to the next cabin in line.

Home Team: 1—Visitors: 0

Lincoln needs Grant to command the Union Armies in the Civil War, and normally Grant, trained soldier that he is, would readily comply with the orders of the Commander in Chief of the United States of America. But Grant is in trouble. While in the West, fighting what he calls the "Red Devils," the medicine men of his enemies painted their faces, shook some bone rattles, waved some feathers, blew some tobacco smoke to the four corners of the world, and called upon the nether worlds of the Native Americans to send some devastating visitation upon Grant. The gods of those worlds complied, turning the task over to the powerful deity Coyote the Trickster.

Coyote narrowed his canine eyes, grinned his fang-flashing, tongue-hanging, panting grin, and trailed the white man, seeking his weakness and a fun way (to Coyote) to take advantage of it. Coyote looked at Grant, tested his mettle, chuckled, and sent "Demon Rum" and "Were-whiskey" to take over the body and spirit of the frightened general.

The Sins of the Fathers

Grant's ghost, controlled by its possessors, fled the nagging ghost of Lincoln, seeking refuge in the motel of one of his descendants, Uther Samson Grant. Ironically and drunkenly, under the influence of Whiskey and Rum, Grant's ghost possessed Uther's cabins. Unfortunately, word of the hiding place of Grant's ghost got back to Lincoln's ghost, since Uther Samson's motel is called "The Lincoln Log Inn," and maintains a small, but significant in this case, link to the ghost of Lincoln.

But this supernatural soap-opera has gone on for decades without any real contact with the material plane. It is only the proximity of the motel to a certain heavily ecto-active garbage dump, and a subsequent sharp increase in paranormal activity in the area, which has granted (excuse the pun) these ghosts passage to the material earth plane.

The Dispossessed

If the stars show no patriotism nor loyalty to a passed-on past president and begin blasting every spirit in sight, then the only difference in the ensuing ectoplasmic battle is the added difficulty of dealing with Lincoln's ghost. No matter how they deal with Lincoln,

they still have to deal with Grant and his possessors. Agreeing to help Lincoln will give them the assistance of whatever help he can provide against Grant, Demon Rum, and Were-whiskey.

If the stars have agreed to help Lincoln, he addresses them:

"Quickly! Lee is on the march. I need Grant!" says Lincoln. "Grant is possessing the cabins. If I could command the energy to expel him, the energy to face his demons..."

The stars have all the energy they need in their proton packs. They can try to time the movement of the moaning until they can pinpoint a specific cabin and start blasting from there, but falling beams and boards can become a hazard to them. (Destroying a building while inside of it is not the best way to reach a healthy old age untroubled by old aches from broken bones.)

They can also try surrounding the cabin containing Grant and blasting away at it from the outside. Grant's ghost can Dodge this toasting, but once he's reduced to 5 points total Traits, he abandons the cabin or cabins.

The Ghost of Ulysses S. Grant

gin-filled general

Brains	5	Strategy and Tactics	8
Cool	7	Command	10
Power	3	Flight Materialize Poltergeist	
Ecto-presence	6		

Goal: Be Left Alone to Get Stinking Drunk

Tags: Grimy unkempt uniform, ghostly moan, bloodshot eyes

As the proton streams stop streaming and the smoke and debris settle, Grant's ghost gives up possession of the structure and appears as a stocky, bearded man in the blue uniform of the Union Army. However, Grant's ghost is still possessed by Demon Rum and Were-whiskey. He stands with a half-empty bottle in each hand.

"You will obey me, your Commander in Chief!" commands Lincoln.

"NNNOOOOO OooooOOOOOO!" says Grant and swigs from each bottle, in turn.

"Yes!" says Lincoln and sails bodily, or more appropriately, spiritually into Grant. A wild, ghostly wrestling match ensues, with the full complement and panoply of grunts, growls, grimaces, hair pullings, and full torso slams. Eventually, Lincoln tosses Grant to the ground and jumps soundly on his abdomen. "OOOF!" explodes Grant, forcibly evicting the materialized forms of Demon Rum and Were-whiskey.

Lincoln, ever the opportunist, seizes Grant by his beard, and both of them spiral away, seemingly becoming smaller and smaller until they disappear into some ghostly plane where the Civil War is still being fought. Faintly, you hear bugles and drums, the sounds of gunfire, the roar of cannons, and the screams of the dying.

Demon Rum and Were-whiskey turn and face you. They are red-skinned, half-naked, savage-looking creatures having men's bodies and the heads of beasts. Demon Rum has the visage of a wild boar with gleaming, curved tusks. Were-whiskey's facial appearance is beastly, but somehow amorphous, almost as if it were continually bleary and out of focus. With bloodcurdling war cries, they attack you.

Demon Rum

spirited spirit

Brains	2	Distract White-Eyes With Alcohol	5
Cool	3	War Cry	6
Power	4	Flight Materialize Possess Terrorize	
Ecto-presence	6		

Goal: Befuddle the White Man

Tags: nearly naked, red-skinned, boar-headed

Were-whiskey

antic alcohol

Brains	1	Raise Spirits of White-eyes	4
Cool	3	Unfocus Face	6
Power	4	Flight Possess Materialize Terrorize	
Ecto-presence	5		

Goal: Can't Remember What His Goal Might Be

Tags: nearly naked, red-skinned, blurry, not-quite-substantial head

However the Ghostbusters go about it, they should be able to eventually contain the evil spirits and force them into ghost traps. (After a long, hotly contested battle filled with flying tomahawks, sizzling proton beams, and demolished cabins, of course.)



The Aftermath

After the din of battle has subsided, and the Ghostbusters become aware of the damage they have caused, Uther Samson Grant comes charging out at them from what's left of his office. He screams and yells at the stars, calling them charlatans and refusing to pay their fee due to the destruction of his motel, claiming that a "possessed motel is better than a wrecked motel."

If the Ghostbusters try the usual "Well, I guess we'll just have to put the ghosts back, then" routine, Uther tells them to go right ahead. There is nothing left for him now, and he stalks off angrily into the night.

On the Beach

Picking up on the "sludge" comment made earlier by Uther, the stars should head down to the beach to see what the former motel owner meant. Once there, the Ghostbusters find that a good amount of mood slime has washed up on the shore, along with many of the Manhattan Museum of Art leaflets that they found at the dump.

This obviously accounts for the apparent rudeness of both Uther and the motel guests, as well as the increased paranormal activity. If they hang around on the

beach for more than 10 minutes, the stars become subject to the effects of the mood slime themselves. If this is the case, refer back to the rules presented in the garbage dump scene in Reel One, and run this scene exactly the same way.

Speaking Engagement

The evening's excitement will doubtless leave our stars with a number of unanswered questions. Foremost on their minds at this point should be the fact that the ecto-toxic mood slime from the dump is apparently seeping out into the pond. Try as they might however, the Ghostbusters are powerless to do anything more than report their findings to Sheriff Billy Bob. If they choose to return to the dump, they do indeed find quite a bit of seepage into Cajaw Pond, but any "authorities" that they inform about the problem respond with something like "Yeah, thanks. We'll take care of it. No problem. Nothing for you to worry about," etc.

In any event, there is nothing more the Ghostbusters can do tonight. Upon returning to H.Q., the stars find a giant greeting card taped to the front door. It is signed by all of the members of Campfire Girls troop 54. The card reads "Thank you sooo much for agreeing to speak

to us tomorrow. We've all been looking forward to this 'cause we really think you're the greatest." This guilt-inducing reminder is followed by the multi-colored crayon signatures of every girl in the troop.

Checking their not-so-busy business calendar, the Ghostbusters find that they are scheduled to appear before a collective group of Cub Scouts and Campfire Girls at the American Legion Post at 1:00 tomorrow. If the guilt-ridden card left by the Campfire Girls is not enough to induce the stars to keep their appointment, have them each find a felt-covered box with honorary Cub Scout merit badges inside waiting for them on each of their desks, with tiny notes attached that read "You're the neatest, thanks. Troop 16."

If they still absolutely refuse to keep the appointment, skip the next encounter and go right to "Go East Young Ghostbusters, Go East," below.

Cub Scouts From Hell

Having parked the ECTO-1 replivEHICLE in front of Small Town, USA, American Legion Post 987, the stars must gather their equipment for the demonstration, and enter the building. The cat, Witch, not invited on this trip, but cleverly hidden beneath the passenger's seat, hops out of the replivEHICLE and heads into the building. If the stars follow suit, they are greeted by Scoutmaster Herbert Jenkins and by the Campfire Girl Troop Leader, Nancy Malinson. The two are pleasant, polite people who show an interest in the Ghostbusters and in their work as they escort the stars through the halls and to the front of the meeting hall. As the stars unpack their gear, set up their slides in the slide projector, and check their microphones, they get a look at the sea of apparently attentive faces beaming angelic innocence at them. To the back of the room, behind the audience of tots, there is a long table laden with many cakes and a few coolers filled with ice and bottles of soda. The table is decorated with balloons for the occasion, and the cakes are all different from each other and were probably baked and donated by the doting mothers of this assemblage of children.

Out of the Mouths of Babes

These creatures are neither angelic nor innocent. They have set up, unbeknownst to Scoutmaster Jenkins or to Troop Leader Malinson, a practical joke timed to go off at the moment when the Ghostbusters are explaining and demonstrating their particle throwers. So, have the Ghostbusters go into their performances. Each should demonstrate and explain some aspect of the ghostbusting business.

You, the Ghostmaster, get to play representative Cub Scouts and Campfire Girls. Be nasty. Be childish, intuitively snide. Bring up many of the Ghostbusters' less glorious accomplishments. Remind them that until very recently they were working at the same sort of jobs which can be had by recent high school graduates who have absolutely no training whatsoever. It's a small

town, and everybody knows everybody else's business. Parents talk. "Little pitchers have big ears" and all that.

Typical Cub Scout

manic monster

Brains	2	Ask Esoteric Questions	5
Muscles	1	Paint Fake Metaspector	4
Moves	3	Spritz Soda	6
Cool	3	Look Innocent	6

Goal: Be Just Like Oliver North or Adolph Eichman; You Know, Follow Orders

Tags: blue uniforms, vicious grins

Typical Campfire Girl

manic monster

Brains	3	Do Research For Questions	6
Muscles	1	Build Fak Metaspector	4
Moves	3	Throw Cake	6
Cool	2	Look Innocent	5

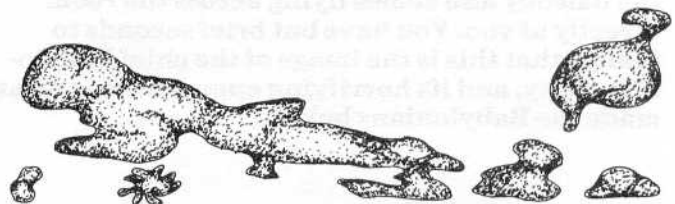
Goal: End Sexist Differentiation and Become a Campfire Person

Tags: Blue uniforms, superior expressions

As the stars are explaining the ghostbusting business, have the children raise their hands and, with sweet smiles on their well-scrubbed and squeaky clean faces, ask questions such as these:

Please, Mr. Ghostbuster, explain in full detail the differences between the seven classes of manifestations, with recommendations for the best method of handling and trapping each class, in an order descending from that method which is most effective to that method which is least effective.

Discuss the Inkalia islanders' curious worship of steel washers, after the white man introduced these so-called trade objects to the islanders' society, of course—which worship is partially detailed in Roylance's *Guide to Secret Societies and Sects*.



In Spates' *Dialectical Immaterialism*, a work previous to and preparatory for, in the sense of paving a way through unknown territory for a major event to follow, his *Catalogue of Nameless Horrors and What to Do About Them*, he mentions the phototropic propensities, when propinquitous to polarized photonic particulate pencils of quanta, of certain classes of dipsomaniacal ectoplasm. Comment please.

Hey, bozo, where can I get my hands on some of Maxwell's demons?

So, tell me, in no uncertain or ambiguous terms, is Schrodinger's cat alive, or what?

If you use that last question have the black cat hiss at the lovable tyke who asked such a tactless question.

And you should also, of course, ask some questions which will make the Ghostbusters squirm on a more personal level:

My dad says you guys blew the Belle Starr Gun Emporium and Donut Shop into smithereens when you were chasing a mouse you thought was a ghost.

How come you work at other jobs if it's so great being a Ghostbuster?

Yeah. My uncle Leroy says if you guys are so smart, why ain't you rich?

Pull!

The decorum of the meeting and the Ghostbusters' presentation is rapidly deteriorating. As the stars prepare to explain the uses and operation of their proton packs and particle throwers, voices from the back of the audience start softly singing, in their Vienna-Boys-Choir style, "Flying Phantoms From the Air." This song is, of course, sung to the tune of "The Ballad of the Green Berets."

The voices get deeper and more masculine as they start humming the parts of the song to which they have not yet made up the words. When the martial humming reaches its height, the figure of a Class VII metaspecter comes flying from over the balcony railing at the back of the room. It sails, screaming and moaning, high above the heads of the children, angling downward in a dive bomber attack at the Ghostbusters. This is the practical joke that the kids set up, but the Ghostbusters don't know that.

When the stars start to demonstrate their proton packs, read out loud:

Just as you click on the accelerators in your proton packs, a Class VII metaspecter leaps over the balcony and comes flying across the room directly at you. You have but brief seconds to realize that this is the image of the chief Babylonian deity, and its horrifying appearance is what made the Babylonians babble.

If the Ghostbusters decide to blast the apparent spook, read the following passage aloud:

The metaspecter disintegrates into streamers of rags, bits of *papier mache*, and knots of connective wire. The kids explode into raucous laughter, all at your expense. Boos and jeers issue from the rows and rows of guffawing children. The black cat shakes its head and walks out of the hall, heading for the ECTO-1 replivehicle. From the back of the room, you hear the sound of a balloon popping, and then you are hit by the first flying piece of cake.

It's all downhill from here. More cake is thrown. Bottle caps are popped; orange-colored, cherry-colored, and cola-colored carbonated streams arc and splash against you. Sticky wads of bubble-gum smack wetly against your once-clean jumpsuit, and some other sticky, goopy substance that looks and smells awfully familiar.

This familiar goopy substance is none other than your favorite and ours—mood slime. You see, these kids have just come from a canoeing trip down at Cajaw Pond which, as the Ghostbusters should know by now, has become mood slime-infested waters. That is why these ordinarily angelic children have become the campfire kids from hell.

Their normal methods of neutralizing and trapping opponents are of little use here, so the stars will have to get creative in a hurry. Since they have little hope of containing this juvenile throng, the Ghostbusters will undoubtedly decide to go to plan B; getting the heck out of there. If they elect to do this, they all make it off of the stage with little damage other than to their collective egos. If they choose to stay and try to calm the kids, a bellowing cry rises up from the riotous children and they charge the stage and the Ghostbusters. A Lots of difficulty *Moves* roll allows a star to evade any major damage and make it off of the stage and out of the building relatively unscathed.

Anything less than a Lots of difficulty roll and the victim is swarmed by the juvenile throng, covered head-to-toe in "goofy string," brow beaten by an interesting flavor variety of "Goody-Pop" lollipops, made to swallow several live goldfish, used as the "commie" in an impromptu game of "Rambo," and finally dumped into a large garbage bin and rolled out the front door of the American Legion Post.

He Who Laughs Last

Once outside the building, the Ghostbusters are relatively safe. Nancy Malinson is waiting for them out there, and she quickly blocks off the exit, before any of the little monsters can get out. With laughter lurking in the corners of her eyes and in her barely suppressed grin, Nancy Malinson says:

"I'm terribly sorry about this. I suppose I shouldn't have taken the kids out to Cajaw Pond

this morning, they seem to be a bit riled up. It's too bad this had to happen, what with your parent corporation doing so well and all.

If the Ghostbusters ask her what she means by that comment, have her reply:

"Oh, I meant that it's a shame you guys are doing so poorly when the New York Ghostbusters are operating again and doing a booming business. It was all over the news this morning. Haven't you heard?"

Go East Young Ghostbusters, Go East

Our stars will probably want to travel back to H.Q. to try contacting the home office again and finding out about all of this new and exciting news. Upon returning to H.Q., the stars might want to flip on the radio or the T.V. in case they might hear something about this. If they do, have them hear the following:

...the town council to approve the legislation which will officially switch the water supply from the independent wells under which we now operate, to the Cajaw Pond reservoir starting on Thursday. In other news, those original Ghostbusters are at it again. The New York Supreme Court has ruled that the New York branch and parent company of Ghostbusters International be allowed to commence business once again effective immediately. Since the re-instatement, the Ghostbusters office has reportedly been

flooded with calls, due to an abnormally high level of paranormal activity in the city. When we come back, Pete will have the sports, and we'll go to Yolanda Motts live at the opening of a new exhibit at the Manhattan Museum of Art."

The stars will undoubtedly want to see the live art exhibit report, but the live hook-up is cancelled due to an apparent "outbreak of violence" at the museum.

If the Ghostbusters, with their curiosity justifiably even more aroused than before, place another call to the New York office, have them finally get through to Louis Tully:

"Hello? Hello? Hey, Janine, how do you work this phone? You know if you go to Phones-R-Us, you can buy two phones like this for less than you paid for this one. Those are the kind of phones I use in my office. Hello? Hello? Louis Tully here."

The stars may or may not explain their own peculiar problems to Louis. If they ask for someone else, Louis explains that they're all out. Regardless of how the conversation goes, Louis asks them to come to New York.

"Listen, I don't have time to talk right now. Time is money. Hell's a poppin' as they say in the movies. Come to New York and give us a hand with some problems. All your expenses will be refunded—as long as you keep receipts. See you soon. Hey, Janine, how do I hang up this phone? Hello? Hello? Oh."

The phone clicks and you hear the drone of the carrier frequency.

REEL THREE

Bright Lights, Bigger City

Summary

After a hard drive in the ECTO-1 replivehicle, our Ghostbusters arrive in the big city. When they get to the firehouse that is the headquarters of Ghostbusters International, they find that Venkman, Spengler, Stantz, and Zeddemore have just left to deal with the countless paranormal occurrences caused by the mysterious mood slime as it grows and infects the city.

Louis Tully is at the headquarters, and he gives our stars the task of helping the original Ghostbusters by handling some of their case overload. Just some little things, like a pterodactyl and some giant cockroaches, for which our Ghostbusters will be amply remunerated.

Island in the Stream

After crossing one of the bridges or going through one of the tunnels leading to Manhattan Island, the stars slowly and not at all surely find their way to the GBI firehouse, through rivers of rushing yellow cabs and through streams of people flowing across intersections and through the slow-moving traffic. They even pass through an area densely packed with trucks and handcarts loaded with hanging dresses and rolls of fabric. You may want to use the handy Ghostmaster map of Manhattan, which you should find in the handy pullout section positioned in the center of this handy adventure. Make sure not to show the map to the players however; we wouldn't want to make this too easy on them.

As the Ghostbusters reach the section of 30th Street between 7th and 8th Avenues, the friendly red and white "No Ghosts" logo looms out from where it hangs on the front of that firehouse so dear to the hearts and souls of all Ghostbusters. But there's something different about this logo. The ghost is holding up his left hand, with two fingers raised.

As they park the replivehicle in the parking space just past the garage doors of the firehouse, read out loud:

The doors of the firehouse roll noisily upwards. You see and hear a new and obviously improved Ectomobile come roaring out of the building and onto the street. The front license plate reads "ECTO-1A." You watch as the shiny-new vehicle hurtles past your dilapidated ECTO-1. Inside the ECTO-1A you can see the tired-looking huddled forms of the original Ghostbusters. One of them turns to look at you. It's

Venkman! He points at your replivehicle and sadly shakes his head as the ECTO-1A guns out of sight, with its lights flashing and its ghostly siren wailing.

If the stars choose to follow ECTO-1A, they will not be able to keep up with its powerful new engine. Quite quickly, they lose sight of it as it seemingly gets swallowed in traffic and in the narrow, cavernous streets between the tall buildings of Manhattan. Now they have to figure out the way back to the firehouse, through the maddening maze of one-way streets. Don't make it too easy on them. Driving in Manhattan for the first time isn't easy for anybody. Besides, you can bet your bottom ghost that each of them will have his own idea of which way to turn at each intersection.

When the stars get back to the firehouse, or if they've not left at all, they may enter the firehouse through the regular door since the garage door is now closed against the winter weather. Upon entering, they walk past the Ectomobile parking area to a barrier-like desk. (See the floor plan on page 12 of *Bride of/Son of Ghostbusters International*.) Behind that desk is the diminutive in stature but powerful in presence, Janine Melnitz. She gives the stars a brief glance and goes back to chewing her gum. Read out loud:

"I taüt you guys left," Janine Melnitz says without looking up from her nails. When she does finally look up at you, with her head lowered and her eyes peering at you from over the top of her glasses, she says, "Oh, you're not them." She stares at you and points her nail file in your direction. "You know. It's those coveralls. They fooled me for a minute. "What ken I do for you?"

As the stars are speaking with Janine, Louis Tully comes spiraling down one of the brass fire poles and lands with collapsed legs and a bruised ego on the concrete floor of the firehouse. When he gets up and walks over to Janine's desk, you can see he is dressed in a Ghostbuster coverall three or four sizes too large for his short frame. Hung from web belts tightly cinched about his waist is all the normal paraphernalia of a Ghostbuster. Strapped to his back is the standard Ghostbuster-issue proton pack with holstered particle thrower. He looks at the stars and says:

"Hi guys. I'm glad you came. You wouldn't have your replivehicle with you, would you? I hate waiting for buses even if they do save money that would be spent for gasoline and parking and oil and repairs. The company's back in business

SMALL TOWN GAZETTE

Pullout Section

Volume 32

"We Print All The News"
•Perfect day for the beach: sunny, high 83 •

GHOSTBUSTERS BUSTED

NEW YORK CITY—After a bitterly prosecuted suit against Ghostbusters, Inc. and Ghostbusters International (a subsidiary company), Supreme Court Judge D. W. Malachi delivered his decision this morning, issuing an order of complete restraint of trade against the Ghostbusters and dismissing their countersuit in which they demanded to be reimbursed for services rendered. The court case followed closely on the heels of an inexplicable incident in which Ghostbuster Dr. Peter Venkman claims he and his partners "saved the city, even the world, maybe."

The City of New York, the Environmental Protection Agency, the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, and the Farbsilver Corporation (the holding company showing title to an uptown highrise) separately and collectively brought numerous civil and criminal suits against the famous, or infamous, spirit catchers. Included among these suits were four counts of unlicensed use of atomic accelerators; two counts of environmental contamination

through the unlawful release of toxic and radioactive substances; one count of vandalism and willful destruction pertaining to the top three floors of an uptown condominium owned by the

Farbsilver Corporation; and numerous counts of willful destruction of city property, including causing the subdence of a complete city block of pavement in the (Cont. on page 3)

(Cont. from Pg. 1)
and littering three city blocks with tons of bubbling marshmallow-like goo. When asked to comment on the court decision, Venkman stated, "Hey, doesn't that judge know that if you want to make an omelette, you gotta bust some marshmallows?"

SMALL TOWN GAZETTE

Volume 37

"We Print All The News"
•Hot cocoa weather: cloudy, snow, high 35 degrees • Dec

GHOSTBUSTERS BACK TO BUSTING

NEW YORK CITY—A judicial restraint of trade order initially issued by Supreme Court Judge D. W. Malachi was rescinded late yesterday afternoon by Judge Stephen Wexler. The reversal took place at the New York City Courthouse, during a trial in which Dr. Peter Venkman, Dr. Egon Spengler, Dr. Ray Stantz, and Winston Zeddemore were charged with breaking an order of restraint of trade with the willful destruction of city property.

The defendants, sometimes collectively known as Ghostbusters International,

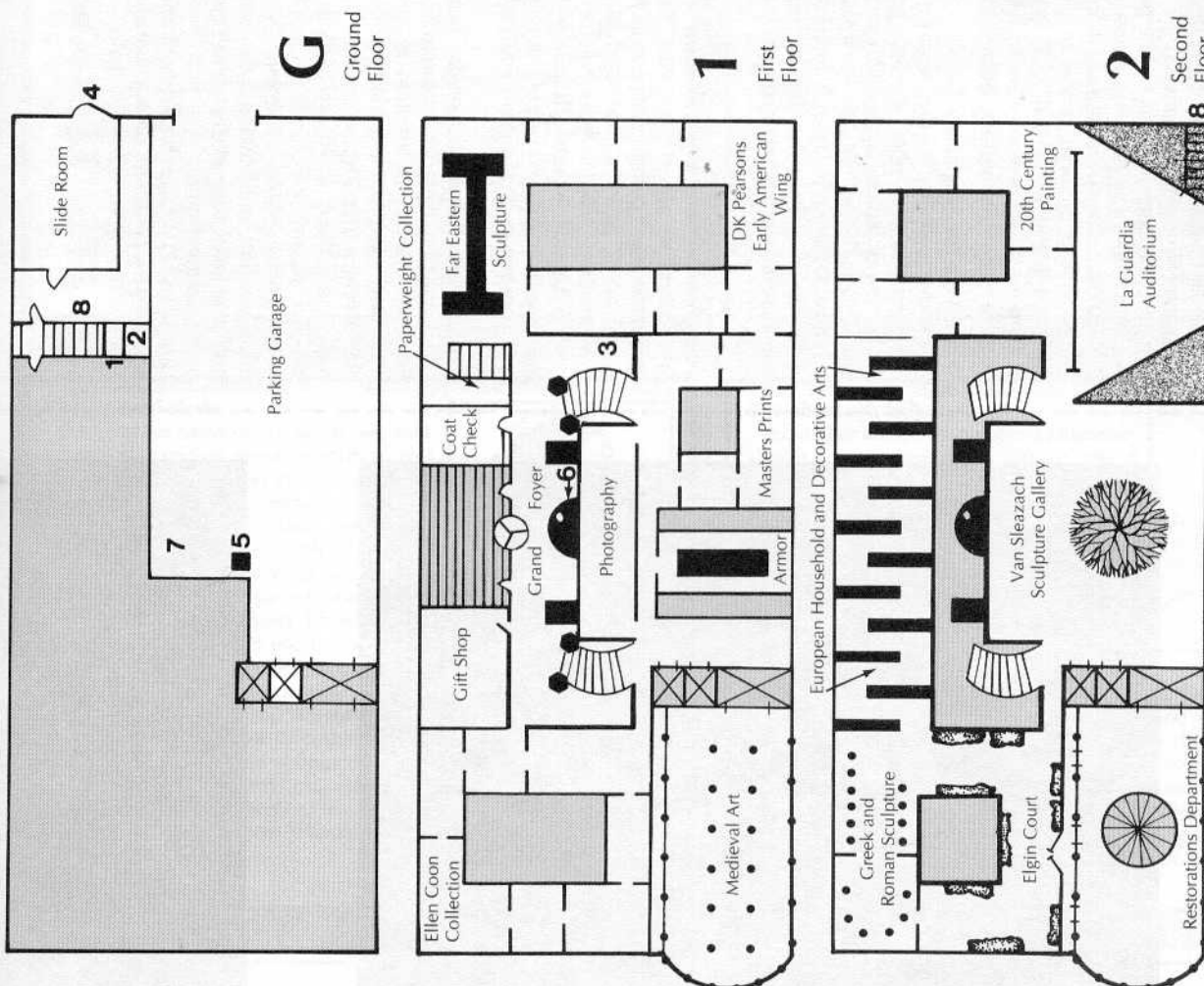
the corporation under restraint, were defended by attorney Louis Tully, whose most decisive tactic was to state in his summation, "I don't blame them because once I turned into a dog and they helped me. Thank you."

The precipitous end to the trial and the unexpected reversal were due to the appearance of the ghostly apparitions of the Scoleri brothers, who in 1948 had been sentenced by Judge Wexler to death by electrocution. The sentence was carried out. For unknown reasons, the convicted and dead murderers chose to return yesterday morning to the Ghost-

busters' case to exact retribution from Judge Wexler.

The timely intervention of the Ghostbusters saved the Judge, the prosecuting attorney, and the court audience, and won for GBI the right to once again trade as **Ghostbusters International**.

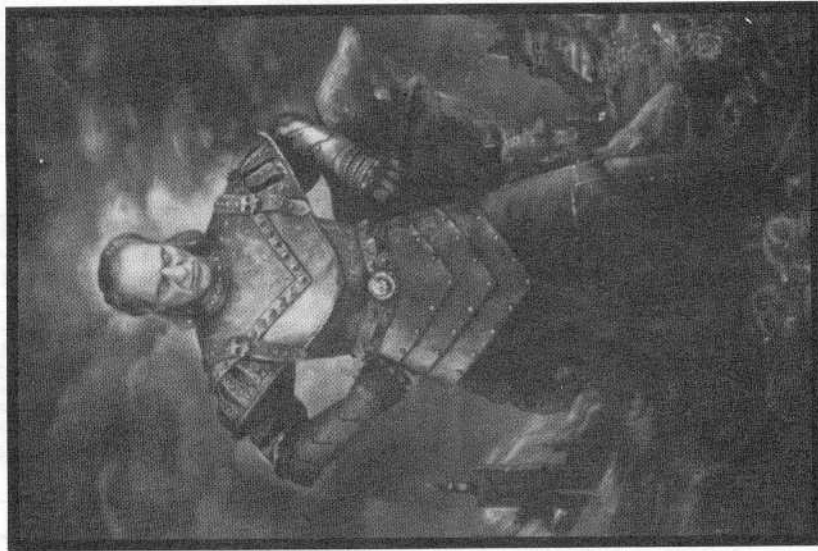
When asked to comment, Louis Tully stated, "Uh, if any of the franchises out there are still in business and operating, they should get in touch with me because we're reactivating and papers need to be signed, and uhh, you know who to call? Uh, Ghostbusters!"



Manhattan Museum of Art Key:

- 1. Ladies' Room
 - 2. Men's Room
 - 3. Audioguides
 - 4. Handicapped Access
 - 5. Phone
 - 6. Information
 - 7. Bicycle Parking
 - 8. Emergency Exit Only
- ☐ Museum Use Only
☒ Elevator

Romantic Excesses:
Power and Pleasure in the
Portraits of the Times
 • January 18th - February 6th •



Prince Vîșoie of Carpathia

*"Death is but a door,
 time is but a window.
 I'll be back."*

self-portrait, oil on canvas,
 79" X 132",
 circa 1598

Romantic Excesses

The Romantic Era is known for its great poets—William Wordsworth, Lord Byron, Samuel Taylor Coleridge—and for the birth, essentially, of horror fiction. Emotions were everything to the Romantics.

Wordsworth's definition of poetry, "emotion recollected in tranquility," applies equally well to the visual arts. The Romantic Era in painting features more personal visions, with an emphasis on contemporary clothing, passionate poses, and strong lighting effects.

Romantic Excesses focuses on the portrait paintings of the Romantics—the paintings whose daring aspects or sublime executions stirred a generation of drawing rooms. We provide a pictorial survey from the precociously Romance-tinged self-portrait of Prince Vîșoie of Carpathia to the full-blown gothic of John Henry Fuseli to the precursor of Impressionism, Eduard Manet.

Prince Vîșoie the Magician

Also known as Vîșoie the Cruel, Vîșoie the Torturer, Vîșoie the Despised, Vîșoie the Unholy, the Scourge of Carpathia, and the Sorrow of Moldavia, this 16th century despot is said (probably with the Romantic Era's passionate hyperbole of horror) to have ruled from "a throne of blood in a castle of pain on a mountain of skulls." Indeed, legends of Prince Vîșoie may have provided impetus to Mary Shelley and her circle.

Leon Zundinger states in his *Magicians, Martyrs and Madmen* that Prince Vîșoie was born in 1505 and lived to the remarkable age of 110 years. Besides his obvious competence as a painter, not unusual for a member of the aristocracy, Prince Vîșoie was also reputed to be an expert in all the Black Arts. His letters to other nobles of the time contain fantastical claims of torture and murder—"experiments resulted in the death of twenty thousand peasants and... corpses swung from my walls and parapets and the rivers ran with tears."

His self-portrait demonstrates the Romantic passion for strong emotion. Noted art historian H.W. Jansen says the Romantic worship of emotion as an end in itself "has motivated some of the noblest—and vilest—acts of our era." If Prince Vîșoie's letters are not exaggeration, he must rank among the great villains of modern times.

He died, according to Zundinger, not from old age but of poisoning, stabbing, shooting, hanging, stretching, disembowling, and drawing and quartering. It is then that his dying head purportedly uttered the prophecy quoted on his portrait frame:

Legend and Zundinger have it that somewhere Vîșoie waits, watching the centuries, biding time until the tide of men's sins swells to bring him forth again.

—Dr. Janosz Pólya, Curator

Museum Information

Admission: \$5.00 for adults, \$2.50 for students and senior citizens, members and children under twelve free. Special fees may be charged for traveling exhibitions: call the ticket office for specific schedules (212) 555-6662.

Museum Hours: Open Monday-Wednesday 9:30-5:00, Friday-Sunday 9:30-8:30. Closed Thursdays and New Year's Day, the day after Thanksgiving, and Christmas Day.

Information: The Information Desk is located in the center of the Grand Foyer and is staffed by volunteers. In addition to providing information about MMA's current exhibits and coming attractions, the volunteers are also knowledgeable about exhibitions featured at other cultural institutions in the metropolitan area.

Group Tours: All groups must make reservations in advance. Call (212) 555-6663.

Recorded Tours: Recorded tours of MMA's collections and special exhibitions are available for rent. Audioguide desks are located in the West Stairwell of the Grand Foyer and near special exhibitions.

Wheelchairs: Wheelchairs are available upon request at the Coat Check area. All galleries and exhibitions are accessible by wheelchair.

Strollers: Strollers are permitted only on weekdays in all galleries except Medieval Art and special exhibitions.

Concerts and Lectures: For subscription tickets, call the ticket office at (212) 555-6662. In the (212) area code, call 976-2376 for recorded event information. Sold-out concerts and lectures are not listed in the daily calendar.

Parking: The Parking Garage is open from one half hour before to one half hour after the museum hours. There is a fee.

Coat Check Area: The Coat Check area is located just off the Grand Foyer. All parcels and umbrellas must be checked before entering the galleries.

Lost and Found: Inquire at the Information Desk.

First Aid: Ask the nearest guard, who will call for medical aid.

MANHATTAN MUSEUM OF ART

The used car salesman:

The birds are singing and the sun is shining, but there is no joy in your soul as you push open the fingerprinted glass doors to Smilin' Eli's Used Car Dealership and Live Bait Emporium. New Years is only a week away, a bad time for car sales. As you dawdle over a cup of bitter, luke warm, machine-made coffee, Smilin' Eli comes over to you and says without flashing his name-sake, "Liven up, you miserable excuse for a salesman. We got a customer, you're 'up.' Let this one get away, and I won't wait until the end of the month to fire you."



You look toward the door, and what do your wondrous eyes behold but a monster of a man with tiny little eyes and a mean set to his bearded mouth. His overalls look as if they haven't been washed in months, as do the wife and six kids who trail him into the showroom. They have wandered over to the smallest, most compact car in the place. The man looks at you and says, "We want to take this one for a test drive. Me and the missus'll sit up front, you sit in the back with the kids."

The school bus driver:

As you move in your seat, trying to become more comfortable for the long ride ahead of you, the fabric of your pants adheres and pulls at the sticky spots made from melted bits of lollipop and bubble gum.

Twice a day, you climb into this moving asylum, peopled with all those little people. At each stop, you wait as some terrible tyke runs toward the bus, runs back to its mother, drops its books, picks up its books (one by slowly picked up one), runs back toward the bus, stops, turns and waves to its mother, climbs the high steps (with horrendously stretched exertions of its tiny, little, legs) into the bus, ambles down the aisle (greeting all its little friends and exchanging last night's homework or last night's TV plots), finally takes a seat, and gives you what it thinks is a little person's angelic grin as you watch in the large rear view mirror above the windshield. Twenty more stops to go. And you have to do it all over again this afternoon.

**The bartender:**

Your back aches from bending over the sink, which stands at just the wrong height. The hot water in the basin burns your hands steam rises into your face, practically blinding you and saturating your tie and shirt collar. On your right sits a drunk with his elbows planted firmly in the puddle of his spilled Old Fashioned and with his wall-eyed gaze pointed, to the best of its ability, directly at you. He is telling you a raunchy joke for the umpteenth time. It wasn't funny the first time you heard it, and it's even less funny now.



A woman slouches directly in front of you, and only a foot and a half of faded and cigarette-burned formica bar-top that separates you her obviously booze-enhanced ardor. Eye-battingly she mutters, "Gimme anudder Shampaane Cocktail and a cupla packages of Cheeze Chompiez woodja, lover boy?" She makes a magnificent short-armed effort and reaches across the bar to stroke your chest. "Say, when do ya get off work tonight? Cuz I'm gunna sit right here and wait fur ya, lover."

The fish packer:

Ever open the lid on a garbage can that has been sitting out in the sun? That's what the packing plant smells like. Everywhere. And that's what you smell like after a couple of minutes on the job. Inside your rubber apron and your rubber boots, your body sweats, starving for fresh air. Your lungs pull in shallower and shallower draughts in a futile attempt to avoid the fetid miasma. You achieve a transcendental state that you call "autopilot." Your body goes into a rocking, rhythmic motion as you stand at your station on "The Line."



You sway, grab a can with your left hand, use your right hand to fill the can with fillets, grab the brine hose with your left and cover the fillets with brine, then use your right to shove the can on the conveyor belt. Sway, grab, fill, brine, shove, sway, grab, fill, brine, shove, sway... At first, you could use the auto pilot to fantasize about writing a Ghostbusters' movie. Soon, though, your brain flat-lined and you began living little chunks of life spaced between large chunks of nothingness.

The fast food clerk:

Your clothes smell of rancid grease; your shoes skid in spilled grease; everything you touch is greasy, and you know if you died and went to Hell, Satan would give you a greasy handshake. You stand behind the puny defense of the low-profile cash register. "Will this be for here, or to go?" you ask in your best how-to-speak-to-a-customer voice learned during your fifteen-minute and seventy-eight lesson training period.



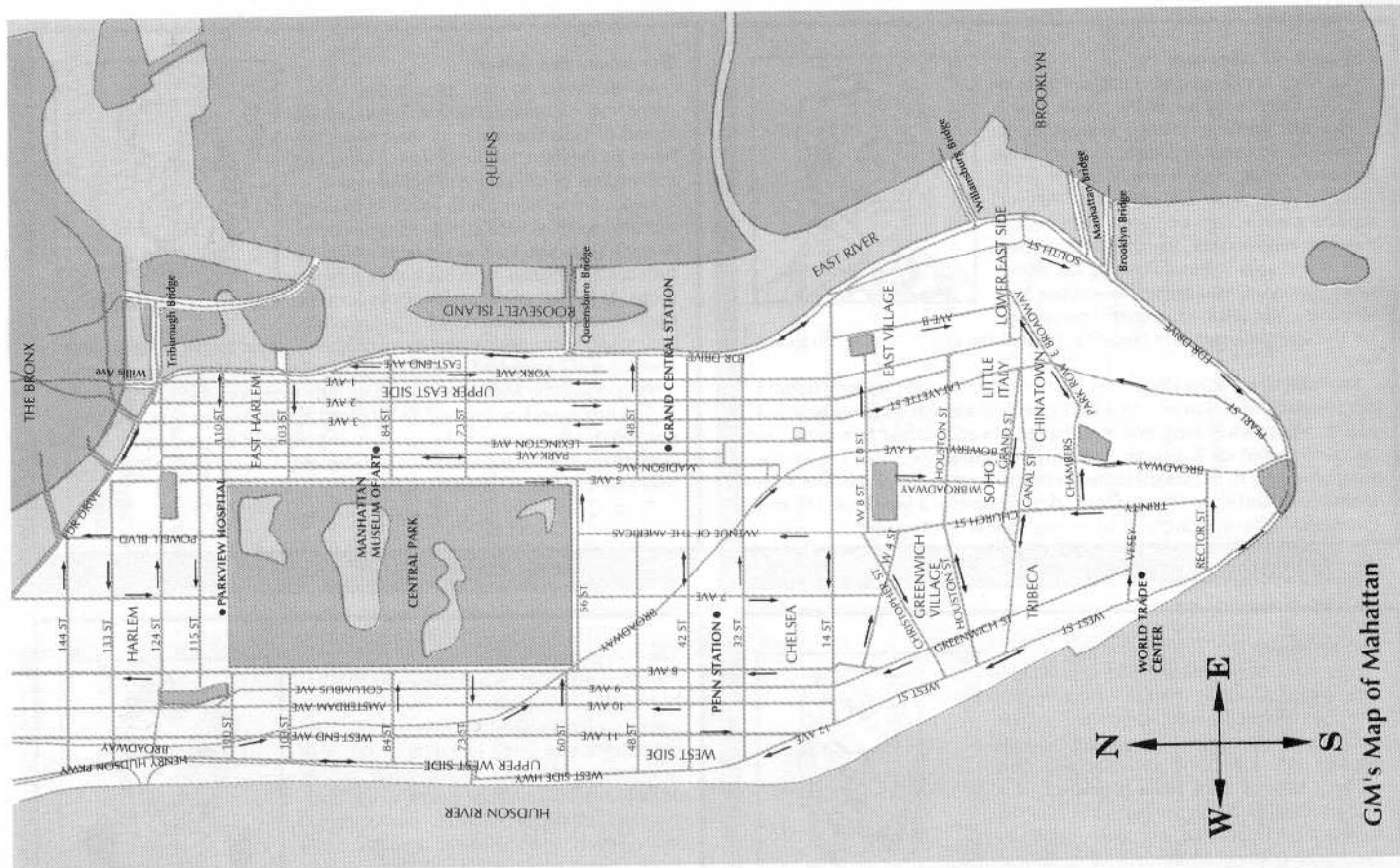
"Heregimmeeahotdogmustardonionspicklekrouthcoffee." "I'm sorry," you say. "We don't have hot dogs." "Wellwhathaveyougot?" You point to the menu behind you. "Iforgotmyglassescouldyoureadthatforme?" You look at the long line of customers behind this nearsighted boob. You can see that they are wondering why you are giving the customer in front of you such a hard time, and why you are eating up their lunch hour with your incompetence. You remember lesson ten, the customer is always right, and recite, "Hamburger, Cheeseburger, Deluxe Hamburger, Deluxe ..."

The plumber's helper:

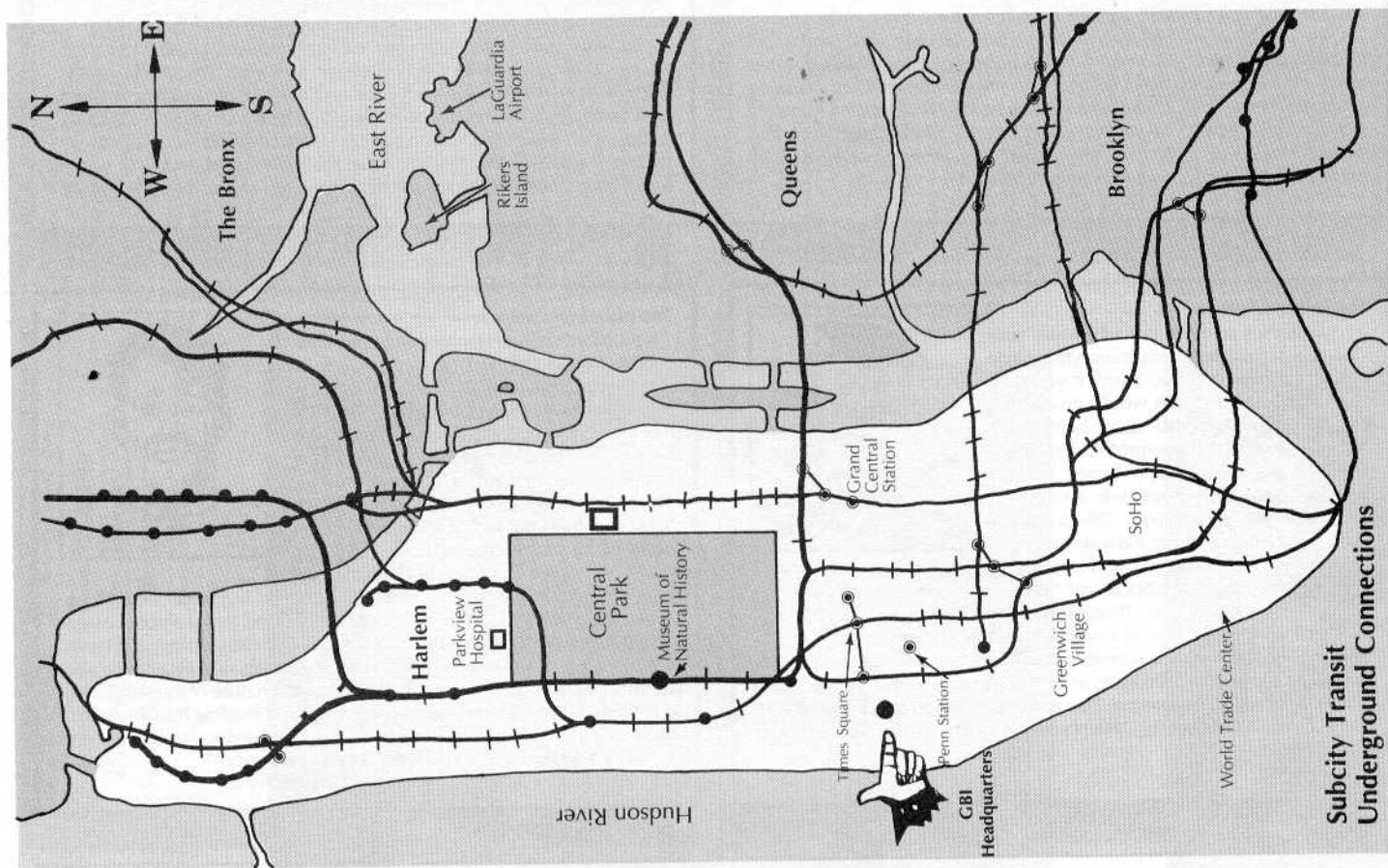
A plumber's helper is something a plumber shoves into a stopped up sink or into a blocked toilet to push the clog through the pipes and make the water flow again. That just about sums up your job, except for the hard parts. The plumber sits, chats with the housewife and figures the bill while you fish plastic-coated diapers out of the toilet or soapy hairballs out of the shower drain.



Your arms are at least an inch longer than they used to be, the result of dragging old, non-functioning, immensely heavy boilers and hot water heaters up seemingly endless flights of basement stairs—and replacement boilers and heaters back down again. Your back is developing a distinct resemblance to a question mark. Your fingernails will never be clean again, and you don't even want to guess at the nature of the substance discoloring them. The plumber points at a door leading into the men's room of a local bar. Brackish water seeps over the doorjamb. He gives a nod of his head and a smirk that says, "You're on!"



GM's Map of Manhattan



Subcity Transit Underground Connections

again, and there's more than enough work for every Ghostbuster." He beams at Janine, proud of himself in his official coveralls. "There's so much work that our guys can't do it all. If you want to help out, I can arrange payment or a reduction in fees to the new corporation or a protected territory for your franchise."

slime and how it's being generated deep below the city in the old, long-abandoned Van Horne Station of the ancient New York Pneumatic Railroad line.

Louis also tells our Ghostbusters that the slime has continued to grow, and now it is appearing on the surface of the city, affecting the average New Yorker's life in a great many awesome and horrible ways. The



Whatever form of payment the stars choose to take, or if they decide to put off making that decision to a later time, they should be eager to get back into official action again.

Louis grabs a slip of paper from Janine's desk and heads for the door, motioning for the PCs to follow him. As he heads out the door to the street, Janine's voice floats stridently after him, "You be careful, Louis!"

Louis climbs into the front seat of your replivehicle and says, "Head for the Bowery! C'mon! C'mon!" If the stars question Louis about the mood slime or the Vigo exhibit, he says "Yeah, yeah, I'll tell you all about it on the way. We've got a job to do, let's burn rubber!"

From inside, the PCs hear Janine continue, "My, what a pretty black cat. Where did you come from? You just make yourself comfortable here on the desk, and I'll get you a nice can of tuna fish."

Witch has managed to tag along no matter what the stars tried to do to stop her. Have her pop-up from beneath one of the ECTO-1's seats and run out into the building.

He Ain't Heavy; He's My Breeder

Once the stars have joined him in the replivehicle, Louis explains just what and where the Bowery is. He also fills the stars in on the facts about psycho-reactive

slime is being found inside water coolers, coming out of hoses, faucets and fountains. And the Giga-meter is giving magnetheric readings so high that Dr. Spengler has predicted a tremendous breeding surge in the cockroach population. Then Louis says:

"And now it's happened! Down in the Bowery. The slime got into the food supply and now the cockroaches are not only surging but they got big, real big!"

If the stars ask what a Giga-meter and magnetheric readings are, have Louis explain that Spengler and Stantz have developed a gauge to measure the psycho-reactive slime's psychomagnetheric energy in GEVs—giga electron volts. He shows them the Giga-meter he has hanging from his equipment belt.

As Louis guides the stars downtown, he says:

"C'mon! C'mon! Use the lights! Use the siren! That'll get us through the traffic much more efficiently, and we'll look cool doing it!"

The Roach Hotel

When the Louis and the stars get down to the Bowery, policemen recognize the Ectomobile and make way for it through the traffic jam. Louis checks the address on the paper he took from Janine's desk. He

has the stars park the replivEHICLE in front of a run down building somewhere past the point where the Bowery intersects Houston Street. (See the Ghostmaster's map of Manhattan in the pullout section.) There is a dilapidated sign on the front of the building that reads simply "Rooms."

Peering out of the windows and doors of the hotel are the cockroaches. You might want to make this moment more effective by menacing the players with the fold-out cockroaches from the pullout section. It might help to create the image you want, because the bugs our intrepid exterminators are facing are not normal, everyday roaches. These are about the size of a large dog, say about the size of a full grown Saint Bernard, with an appetite proportional to their size. Since they have been infected and generated by the slime, Louis' Giga-meter will give positive readings if the stars think to use it.

Mutant Cockroach

the bug too big to squash

Brains	0	Find Food	3
Muscles	6	Climb Walls	9
Moves	8	Scuttle	11
Cool	6	Gnash Mandibles	9

Goal: Eat and Breed

Tags: oily brown carapace, makes high-pitched squeeks and clicks, waves antennae menacingly

If the Ghostbusters take a quick look around to identify what they might possibly be able to use against the mutant insects, they see the following: A road paving crew has abandoned the job and their equipment, seeking safety behind the police lines cordoning the infested area. Among the pieces of equipment are five or six tar-heaters containing gallons and gallons of hot, sticky tar. Next to the tar-heaters is a bright pink tractor trailer. The side of the truck reads "Aunt Emma's Baked Goods—Lots of Cake, Lots of Icing, Lots of Fun."

If the stars decide to start blasting away with their particle throwers, they will have some success destroying the roaches. The overgrown bugs cannot be caught in ghost traps, because these are physical creatures made even more physical by the psycho-reactive qualities of the slime. On the other hand, they can be physically destroyed by the particle throwers. However, for each roach destroyed, more hungry beasties come out of the building.

If the stars choose this strategy, read out loud:

Your aim is good, and the cockroach explodes with pieces of chitin and interior goo flying everywhere. In the dead beast's sticky wake, you notice two more roaches crawling out of the windows and down the side of the brick building.

One of them leaps and lands just before you, with slavering insect jaws aimed directly at you. The other roach leaps from the building, aimed directly at your head.

You Can't Have Your Cakes and Beat 'Em, Too

A fire-fight with the roaches will keep driving the stars back, hard fought yard by hard fought yard.

If one of the stars makes A Good Amount of difficulty *Brains* roll, he will realize that the tools necessary for defeating these monsters are at hand. He will recall that roaches love to eat grease and that cake icing is chiefly made from grease. So, the "Aunt Emma's" tractor load of goodies can be used as bait to lure the roaches to a trap. The most successful trap, in this situation, can use the hot, sticky tar from the paving site.

If our Ghostbusters don't figure this out for themselves, have one of the good-intentioned but misguided derelicts in the crowd hand them a used paper cockroach trap. Did you ever look inside one of those cardboard roach traps? They contain a food bait and a sticky substance to trap the roaches once they have been drawn inside.

The trap can be set in any number of ways, but a simple pool of tar surrounding a mound of cake in the street is enough to do the trick. The cockroaches cooperate whole-heartedly, taking the bait, and becoming stuck fast in the gooey tar. Read out loud:

So, after the heavily iced cakes are piled and surrounded by a wide moat of tar, and after the giant roaches are all stuck in the black glue, with madly waving antennae and furiously struggling bodies, one of the policemen says, "Thanks boys, we can handle it from here." The crowd of on-lookers cheers wildly and waves excitedly.

The Hero Returns

When Louis and the stars get back to the firehouse, Louis starts taking off all his Ghostbusting gear and his coveralls. If the stars ask if he is going out with them on the next assignment, he shakes his lowered head, not looking them in the eyes, utters a very negative, "Uh, uh," takes a piece of paper from Janine's desk, and hands it to them. Louis fought bravely against the cockroaches, but his accountant's psyche cannot handle any more paranormal adventure. He walks to the stairs and, with drooping shoulders and lowly held head, shuffles his way upwards, muttering about some urgent paper work needing to be handled. Janine, concerned about Louis, starts after him. The cat, who has been sitting and toying with a ball of yarn on Janine's desk, leaps to the floor and rubs against the legs of the stars, apparently glad that they are back and, if one didn't know better, showing them that she is proud of their handling of the incident in the Bowery.

The paper that Louis handed to the stars is a note in Janine's secretarial scrawl, detailing the sightings of a pterodactyl and its attacks on sheep and children in the Central Park region of the city. If the stars read the note, Janine waves vaguely at her desk and informs them that there is a map there someplace. All of her concern at this moment is for Louis.

If the stars search the desk they will find a map of the Subcity Transit Underground Connections; the subway. It has no street information at all, except for the names of some of the stops, but with some effort the PCs can puzzle out general directions. Hand them the appropriate map from the pullout section. If they complain that this is not a road map, Janine has gone upstairs and doesn't reply. If Louis hears them at all, he is far too busy with his own problems to care where the stars go.

If they don't ask for a map, but just read the note and head for the replivEHICLE, they can always ask for directions from the Ghostbuster-loving natives of New York:

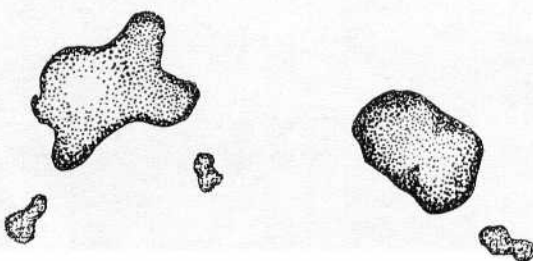
"Hey, look, it's the Ghostbusters! ... Naw, it ain't them. They're just dressed like them. Get lost, you joiks! Live your own lives! ... Yah! You belong in the zoo."

Gritty in Mink

While you are using the Ghostmaster's map of Manhattan to follow the stars uptown to the zoo, detour them past the Plaza Hotel.

As they are stopped at an intersection near the Plaza, read out loud:

A woman comes running through the maze of stopped vehicles and up to the driver's side of the replivEHICLE. She is tastefully and expensively dressed, except that she is not wearing a coat. Shivering in the frigid air, she frantically pounds on the window of the replivEHICLE and screams, "Help me! Help me!" She turns, looks over her shoulder, becomes even more terrified, and runs away. Chasing her is what appears to be a mink coat come alive with dozens of viciously fanged mink heads slaving and snapping at the legs of the fleeing woman. As she runs from the animated attire, you can see that the back of her dress and stockings are shredded and torn from hundreds of mink bites.



The Mink Coat

snapping fur

Brains	0	Find Mate	3
Muscles	1	Bite and Claw	4
Moves	5	Dodge	8
Cool	3	Snarl Ferociously	6

Goal: Get Away From Captivity and Breed — not necessarily in that order, which is why mink ranches are so successful

Tags: many-legged, many-headed critter: snarls and snaps

If the stars do nothing to help the woman, go to the section entitled "At the Zoo," below.

If they try to help the woman by chasing and attacking the mink coat, the mink ceases chasing the woman and flees from the Ghostbusters. It leads them a merry chase through alleys and under trucks, and just when the stars are getting winded and about to give up the chase, they corner the mink in an alley that ends in a dead end. The mink coat turns and attacks. Snarling savagely, the coat leaps at the stars like a flying, furry, many-toothed, wickedly-clawed blanket.

If the stars run from the mink, they eventually make it back to the safety of the replivEHICLE, panting and gasping all the way, with a number of bites taken out of the fabric of the backsides of their coveralls and maybe some bits and pieces missing from their dignity.

If they choose to fight the paranormal mink, the first shot from a particle thrower blasts the coat into its component minks, and the stars now have to face dozens of frenzied individual minks who fight tooth and nail, literally, to the finish. Each uncannily animated mink has to be blasted to burnt-fur-smelling ash to stop the attacks.

When the stars finish this harried hunt, they may continue their trek to the zoo, and move on to the next scene.

At the Zoo

When the stars drive onto one of the roads into Central Park and arrive at the Zoo, they are met by the zookeeper who first saw the pterodactyl. He explains:

"I was just hosin' down the bear cage when all of a sudden I looked up and there was this huge, leathery, winged thing starin' back at me. It screeched horribly and flew off. I ran for help. Since then, it's been back a coupla times swooping and snatching at the sheep in the Children's Petting Zoo, and at the children."

If the stars ask the zookeeper where the pterodactyl is now, he points to the domed top of the Manhattan Museum of Art, which is located in the park, south and west from the zoo. Then, even if they don't ask, use the fold-out pterodactyl from the pullout section and read:

Hearing a blood-curdling screech, you turn and look up at the top of the museum and see a hunched, incredibly long-beaked form. The pterodactyl gives another of its horrible, high-pitched cries and leaps from the top of the museum and out of your line of sight. It glides just over tree top height and with ominously silent wings flashes by just over your heads. Its huge shadow momentarily darkens the day, and its tiny foreclaws wriggle grotesquely. It turns a cold coffee-cup-sized eye at you while its immense beak opens, revealing long rows of cruelly pointed teeth. The long, dangling, heavily muscled hind legs open their taloned claws and grasp at you as this reborn fossil flies past you.

The Pterodactyl

flying anachronism

Brains	0	Find High Spots For Perching	3
Muscles	10	Grasp Prey	13
Moves	3	Glide	6
Cool	4	Screech	7

Goal: Eat Slow-Moving Ground Creatures

Tags: leathery wings, raucous screech

Come Fly With Me

This grasping fly-by happens very quickly and without much warning. The stars have time to get some shots off, but if they miss, they're in trouble. What they need to do in this case is make some *Moves* rolls, but even that won't help all of them. The star with the lowest roll is grasped and taken by the pterodactyl as it zooms away, struggling with the weight of the struggling star. Now, the other stars shouldn't fire their particle throwers for fear of hitting their captive friend.

A Lots of difficulty *Brains* roll will remind the stars that pterodactyls may not have been the best of flyers and that the captured star is probably much heavier than the standard prey of the pterodactyl. So, the pterodactyl and its potential dinner will probably not land too far away.

If the captured star's partners don't give chase, when the pterodactyl does land, the captive star is going to need some good *Muscles* and *Moves* rolls to succeed in escaping and fighting off the pterodactyl. But since this is *Ghostbusters* and nobody dies, eventually the captive will escape this particular dinner date, because the pterodactyl is a worse runner than it is a flyer. Nevertheless, the creature follows the star back to his friends, and the decisive battle with the pterodactyl takes place.

If the stars do give chase, they pursue the gliding form over the hills and through the dales of Central Park until they come to the lake, which is southwest of the zoo.

The Farthest Shore

When the stars get to the lake, read out loud:

You have to stop running after your captured comrade when your feet splash in the shallows of the lake. Ahead of you, you see the pterodactyl holding your captive friend and gliding lower and lower over the surface of the water. The reptilian-like flyer beats its wings valiantly, but gains little altitude. The creature seems to realize that it can't make it to the farther shore and turns back at this nearer shore, and at you.

If the stars don't move, the flying dino slams into the waiting group. Amidst a tangle of beak, legs, claws, wings, and stars, the battle takes place. If they do move away, the pterodactyl slams into the shore, knocking the captured star free of the vicious talons, and unconscious in the process. In this case, the battle still takes place. This is a particle thrower versus tooth and claw skirmish. And, in this case, modern technology will likely triumph over prehistoric nature.

REEL FOUR

Waiter, There's a Ghostbuster in My Soup

Summary

In this Reel, the stars search for the original Ghostbusters. Eventually they meet Venkman and Dana for dinner, sort of, and find that Stantz, Zeddemore, and Spengler have been invited to spend some time beating on the bars in a cell at the police precinct nearest to the Manhattan Museum of Art. Our boys from out of town learn about Vigo and the slime.

Hey! Where'd Everybody Go?

By the time the stars get back to the firehouse, the sun is setting on the granite, brick and steel canyons of Manhattan. When the stars enter the unlocked door of the firehouse, they find that ECTO-1A is still not there

(actually, it has been there and is gone again, but they don't know that) and that Janine is not at her desk.

If they decide to search the firehouse, use the floorplans from the *Bride of/Son of Ghostbusters International* booklet to direct them in their search. They find no other people besides themselves in the building. However, the black cat is upstairs, curled up and sleeping on one of the unmade beds in the sleeping quarters. The rest of the rooms are in their normal state of Ghostbusterish disarray, particularly Venkman's office. There is no evidence anywhere to indicate where the original Ghostbusters or Janine and Louis are. On Janine's desk there is a telephone index roller which has the home addresses and phone numbers of each of the New York Ghostbusters, if the stars should think to look there.



The Waiting Game

If the stars decide to wait for anyone from the parent corporation to come back to the firehouse, they are in for a long wait. There is food in the refrigerator and freezer, along with some slimy looking stuff in plastic containers. This is mood slime, and the stars recognize it as such with a Very Little difficulty *Brains* roll. There is not enough of the stuff to do much harm; at the most, it might make one of the stars slightly irritable.

Regardless of how the stars choose to pass the time, no one else comes back to the firehouse. If they decide to use the beds in the sleeping quarters, they get a wonderful night's rest and wake up on the following day refreshed and ready for action. However, even though all the clocks in the place indicate that it is late in the morning of December 31st, there is no sunlight. In fact, if they look out the window they can see that some sort of blanket of blackness has fallen over the city and that the sun itself seems to be eclipsed by that blackness. Still, no one has come back to headquarters.

But if the stars turn on the television or the radio, they hear:

"...and so policemen and firemen are confounded by this enigma of impenetrable slime which has flowed up the sides and completely encased the Manhattan Museum of Art. Museum security officer Rudy Hanrahan barely escaped being trapped in the foul upsurge, but he reports that at least three adults and a baby are still inside the building. Restorations Director Dr. Janosz Poha returned to the museum late last night, carrying a baby. Shortly after, he was followed by his assistant, a Miss Dana Barrett in the company of the famous Ghostbuster, Dr. Peter Venkman. All appeared to be in states of extreme apprehension. Just what is happening on the outside of the building, or what is going on in the building, is still anyone's guess. This is Lester Pawling on the spot with Eyewitness News. Back to you, Wanda."

Naturally, after hearing this, the stars will be gung-ho to solve the museum quandary. If so, skip the rest of this reel and go directly to Reel Five.

The Searchers

If, however, instead of waiting and sleeping through the night, the stars become impatient and try to find the original Ghostbusters right away, you'll need to run the rest of this reel. Examining the telephone index on Janine's desk is the easiest way of finding the phone numbers and addresses of the original Ghostbusters. If the stars fail to think of this, have Witch climb up on Janine's desk and draw attention to the Rolodex until the stars wise up and take a look.

If the stars decide to call the Ghostbusters, the only answers they receive are recorded messages on their telephone answering machines.

For example, when Venkman's phone stops ringing, the stars hear:

"If I owe you money, I'm not home—in fact, I've moved. If you owe me money, leave your message at the sound of the beep, and I'll get ba..." You hear the sound of the receiver being picked up, and a different voice stammers, **"Hello? Uh, Dr. Venkman's not home, but I am. Um, I mean I'm not home, but I'm here. This is Louis Tully, who's this?"**

Louis and Janine are at Venkman's apartment, babysitting Oscar, Dana Barrett's baby. When asked where everyone is, Louis responds:

Gosh, that's really weird. You'd better go find Dr. Venkman, he's having dinner with Dana up at the Armand on 90th street. Normally, I would tell you to take the West Side Highway, but with the construction on the 56th street underpass it'll be murder this time of night. You'd be much better off heading up midtown, past Columbus Circle, but avoid the Lincoln Center area if you can, they're having a benefit performance of Don Giovanni, the tickets are a little on the expensive side, but the free refreshments make up for it.

There is a possibility that the Ghostbusters won't want to take the replivEHICLE. It is important to the next scene that they do take ECTO-1, however. Have cabs continually pass them by and subway cars have power outages as you see fit, only make sure the stars decide to take the replivEHICLE.

Good-bye Columbus

As the stars are driving in the replivEHICLE on their way uptown to the Armand Restaurant, read out loud:

You come to Columbus Circle. It is a maze of traffic accidents. Police cars with flashing lights and ambulances with more flashing lights illuminate the area. As you get halfway around the circle, you are forced to drive through a puddle spanning the roadway. You can hear the underside of the vehicle being splashed. One drop of the liquid splashes against the passenger window, and, in the illumination from the street lights, you can see that the fluid is somewhat viscous and has a pinkish cast to it.

Unknown (so far) to the stars, that puddle of slime-infected water that they drove through in Columbus Circle vigorously (or should we say Vigo-rously) splashed the underside of the replivEHICLE. With the slime exerting its nasty influence on the car, Vigo (with an enthusiastic urging by Janosz Poha) plans to use it as the instrument of Peter Venkman's death.

If the stars try to stop, get out of, or even slow the vehicle, they find that they no longer have control of the car. The doors automatically lock, and the car begins to drive on its own.

Vehicular Homicide

As the stars drive closer to the Armand Restaurant, read:

As you attempt to slow the vehicle, you encounter a bit of trouble. No matter how hard you press on the brake pedal, nothing happens. The replivehicle continues on at its current speed. Just as you reach the intersection at 90th street, the steering wheel turns by itself, sending the replivehicle across the flow of traffic, narrowly missing other cars and trucks. Unfortunately, you are now heading directly at the floor-to-ceiling windows of the dining area of the Armand Restaurant. The faces of the diners turn and look wide-eyed at you as you and the replivehicle career and careen toward them. The people directly in your path leap away as the replivehicle shatters through the glass wall.

The sound of falling shards of glass tinkle into silence. Looking out the right hand windows of the replivehicle, you can see Peter Venkman and Dana Barret seated at a table not three feet away. As the posessed vehicle finally comes to an abrupt halt, resting neatly across the length of the salad bar, Venkman motions you to roll down your window. He picks a sliver of glass from his plate and says, "Hi guys. Forget to make reservations?"

Pull Up a Seat

Venkman explains to the stars that he is taking some well-earned time off and entertaining Dana, who now works in the Restorations Department at the Manhattan Museum of Art (by his speaking glance he tries to point out what *class* this is), at dinner. The last he saw of the rest of the New York Ghostbusters, they were dressed for stormy weather, so to speak, and headed for a manhole on 77th street. They were heading down into the subterranean Van Horne Station to check out some theories concerning the

slime. He suggests that the stars catch up with the other Ghostbusters. If they want to speak further with Venkman, he tells them that he will be available for business discussions tomorrow morning, at the firehouse.

By this time, the maitre d', along with two mean-looking policemen are headed for the replivehicle parked in the dining room. If the stars choose to stay and deal with the police, a great deal of *Cool* is going to be necessary on their parts. If things start to look like the stars are headed for a night in the slammer, have Venkman speak up for them. The policemen, recognizing Venkman from his picture in the newspapers and from his show on television, gives the stars the benefit of the doubt and belives their story about the slime possessing their replivehicle. The policemen stop traffic and help guide the replivehicle as it backs crunchingly out into the avenue and heads for 77th Street.

If the stars choose to avoid a confrontation with the police, they back hurriedly out into the avenue, causing traffic to screech to a stop, and then they head for 77th Street.

A Station to Station Call

When the stars get to 77th Street, which is only a few blocks long, they find no sign of the Ghostbusters, but ECTO-1A is parked and locked at the curb. There is a power company crew set up and working near an open manhole. There is a police car parked near the crew. The policemen are having a coffee break and talking with the workmen. If asked, the crew chief tells the stars:

"There was a report of three men going down this airshaft into the deserted subway station, but there's been no sign of them here. But you know, there was another incident down near the museum. Heard it from headquarters on the truck radio. Three men, covered with some kind of glop, came out of a manhole down there and assaulted a team of cops. The lunatics are being held at the precinct house. Maybe those are the guys you are looking for?"

If politely asked (*Cool* rolls are called for), the policemen will corroborate this story and use their radio to find out the names of the men arrested in front of the museum. Yes, their names are Spengler, Stantz, and Zeddemore.

Iron Bars and Stone Walls

When the stars get to the Precinct House on West 37th Street, they are allowed to speak with the original Ghostbusters, who are being held for assaulting two police officers. The Ghostbusters have been stripped of their equipment and exterior clothing, which (investigation and *Brains* rolls discover), was covered with a serious coating of the evil, mood-altering slime. It was



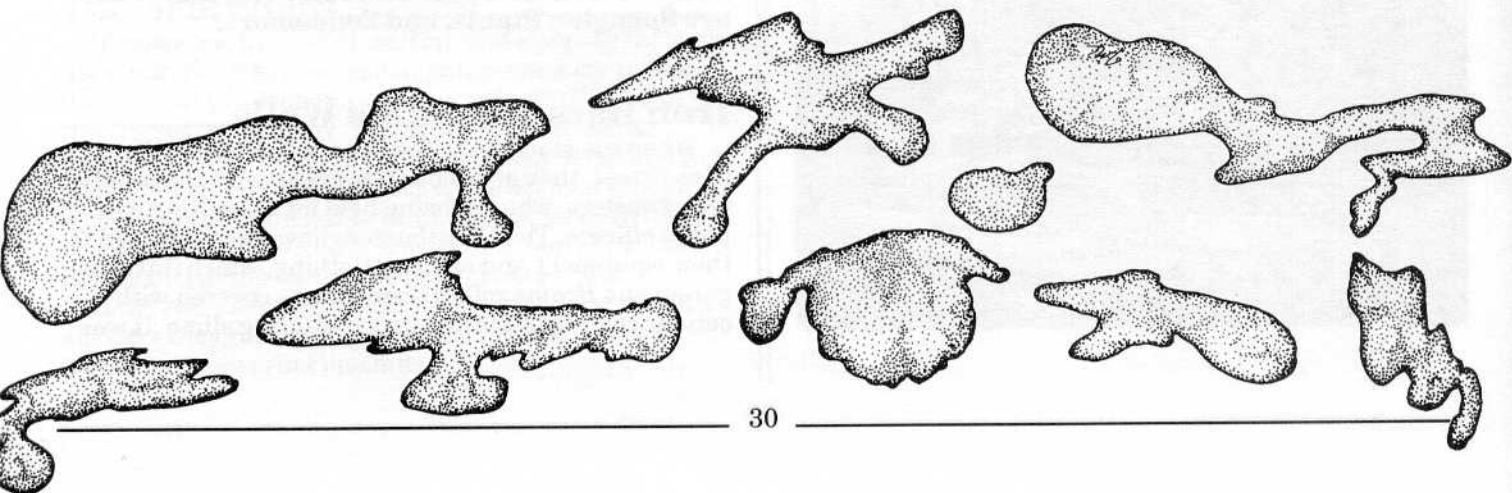
the slime that affected the Ghostbusters, causing them to run amuck and attack the policemen.

The New York team explains that the slime seems to be heading for the Manhattan Museum of Art—where Dana works, using that toxic solvent stuff to clean paintings?—and that PKE readings taken in the museum's restorations department earlier in the day, indicated that some paranormal event of great proportions may be about to take place. The Ghostbusters feel that the portrait of Vigo the Carpathian probably has some connection with the migration of the psychomagnetic slime.

If they need any more nudges—"It might be a good idea," Stantz says, "if you guys would check things out at the museum for us."

When the stars leave the police station, they should realize that they have spent all night and a good part of the morning doing nothing more than chasing down the Ghostbusters.

As you look up into the sky at the wintry, mid-morning sun, a blanket of blackness moves across the sky, eclipsing the sun.



REEL FIVE

Should Odd Acquaintances Be Forgotten?

Summary

The stars arrive at the slime-covered museum. They learn that Dana, Venkman, the baby, and Poha are trapped inside. The police and the fire crews are stymied by the adamantine wall of slime. Nothing the stars can do with the standard Ghostbuster equipment allows them entrance to the museum, no matter how many "Libertys" they take. Louis and Janine show up with the slime-blower, and the black cat takes a tour of the museum, leaving behind a rather entrancing enigma.

But, perhaps, after a short trip up the river, the stars are on the right road, at last.

The Darkness After Dawn

The day of New Year's Eve dawned as a normal winter's day in New York City. However, sometime during the mid-morning a curtain of blackness moved across the sky, darkening the day and eclipsing the sun. A sense of the coming of some vast evil accompanied the darkness.

If in Reel Four the stars slept through the night and woke to hear the news broadcast about the slime, then they should head for the museum. If instead, they choose to attempt to find the Ghostbusters they know

(from the news broadcast) that Venkman is trapped in the museum. If they go to Venkman's apartment, they find no one there, not even the baby or the babysitters.

The stars should also learn that the other three Ghostbusters who went down into Van Horne Station have been arrested for assaulting police officers, and are currently under observation at an uptown mental hospital. This can be accomplished by having the report of the arrest added to the news broadcast, or through any other means suitable to the situation. A Good Amount of difficulty *Brains* roll allows them to pinpoint the Parkview. If the stars visit the Ghostbusters at Parkview during the morning, the matter of the eclipse can be discussed and its occurrence attributed to Vigo and his preparations for reanimation. If the stars visited the Ghostbusters' cell during the previous night and early morning, then when they leave the police station and the eclipse occurs, A Good Amount of difficulty *Brains* roll allows them to figure out the connection between the darkness and Vigo's preparations.

Whatever the case, the eclipse occurs and the stars head for the slime-covered museum. If they have been searching all night and have just finished dealing with the incarcerated Ghostbusters, then they learn of the entrapment of Peter, Dana, Oscar and Poha while they are examining the mounded museum.



Oscar

Early in the morning of December thirty-first, Janosz Poha, under the possession of Vigo and given the ability to defy gravity, kidnapped Oscar, Dana Barrett's baby. Poha, from outside the building, lured the baby onto a fifth story ledge outside Venkman's apartment and strolled away with the baby in a ghostly English pram. Dana, recognizing Poha despite his disguise as a nanny, awakened Venkman for help, and they both rushed to the museum, where they are now both trapped.

Closed for Restoration

As the stars arrive at the museum, read out loud:

When you double-park across the street from the Manhattan Museum of Art, there are already hundreds of people gawking at the spectacle. News crews and cameramen are everywhere, trailing electrical cords and spouting streams of uninformed speculation about the slime, the museum, and the people inside. City workmen and crews from the fire department are trying to cut through the slime. But not one of their tools—jackhammers, blowtorches, “jaws of life,” etc.—makes even the slightest dent in the slimy shield. The entire scene is made eerie by the shadowy daylight brought about by the eclipse. You get out of the replivehicle and look up at the building that is totally covered in a shell of hardened psycho-reactive slime.

If, by now, the stars haven't learned that Venkman and the others are trapped inside the museum, have them overhear the television and radio reporters as they record their stories. Or Rudy, the security guard who escaped from the museum just before it was engulfed, recognizes the star's uniforms and approaches them with the news.

No matter what the stars do, they can not break through the shell of slime coating the museum. Particle throwers have no effect on the gelatinous substance, regardless of which setting on the throwers is used. No form of tool can pierce the slime's surface. And if the stars attempt to make the psycho-reactive slime react to good vibrations by having everyone sing a song like “Cumbaya,” only the tiniest of dime-sized holes will appear in the coating of slime.

Lenny

As the stars are working futilely at the shell of slime covering the museum, the Mayor of New York arrives on the scene. Noticing the stars in their Ghostbuster coveralls and equipment, he approaches them and says:

“Where are the regular guys? Never mind—we have a crisis situation here, and I'm not going to the Mayor who let this city get sucked down into the tenth level of hell! I'm counting on your organization to come through like you did last time. Let's not argue in public—we'll straighten everything out with a press conference tomorrow. Right now, I want this cleaned up, and fast. The media's having a field day at my expense!”

The Mayor strides off, followed by the toadies of City Hall.

Torch Song

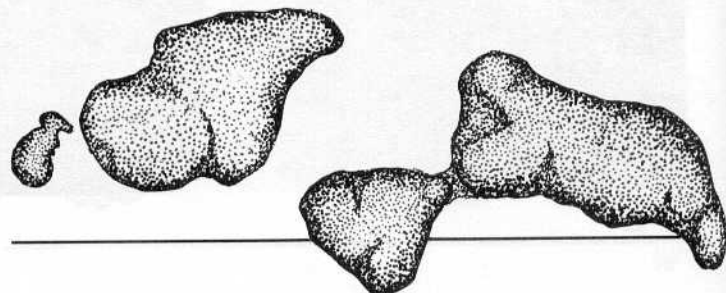
It may occur to players who have seen the movie to use the same method of entering the museum as was used in *Ghostbusters II*. However, they should also know that to attempt to animate the Statue of Liberty through the use of psycho-reactive slime, they are going to need the “slime-blower” developed by Stantz and Venkman, as well as some high-fidelity stereo equipment and some serious chutzpah. However, no one has yet told the stars about the slime-blower, so Louis must make a timely entrance. Have this scene occur regardless of whether or not the stars have thought of the Statue of Liberty idea:

As you are standing before the immovable mountain, trying to figure out a way to burst into this bubble of evil, ECTO-1A pulls up in front of the museum, with lights flashing and siren wailing.

Janine gets out of the passenger side of the Ectomobile. She cradles the black cat in her arms; it is looking around, apparently very interested in the situation. Louis climbs out from behind the wheel. He is dressed in his accountant's clothes, not as a Ghostbuster. He goes to the back of the vehicle, unloads some equipment, brings it over to you, and says, “I just came from the psycho ward. Ray and Egon have a plan, but they're stuck in a padded cell, so I guess it's up to you.”

Louis has brought the slime-blower and an audio tape, and he explains their use to the stars.

The audio tape brought by Louis is labelled “Jackie Wilson—version 3.552,” and Louis explains that the song “Higher and Higher” has had the most positive effect on the slime, and can be used to control the animated Statue of Liberty. Getting the high-fi stereo system they need is no problem if the stars merely ask the Mayor for it.



The Slime-blower

During their research into the properties of the slime, Spengler and Stantz determined that it was psycho-reactive. They believed that very quality might come in handy against certain types of manifestations. A system of slime application was found to be necessary, so they developed a prototype for a pressure-forced, neutronically metered, fully portable delivery system.

It looks like a nozzle-ended cylinder attached by hose to a set of compressed air tanks and shoots a stream of slime around a disk that looks like it was borrowed from a high-rise sprinkler system. Once the slime has been applied, good feelings or positive, upbeat music can be used to cause the slime to react in positive, beneficial ways. Spraying the Statue of Liberty with the stuff will bring the copper-clad icon to life, and give the people of this city something to cheer about. The good feeling generated by such a miraculous sight should be enough to penetrate the slime covering the museum.

Dance to the Music

Armed with the slime-blower, and with truck loads of electronic equipment provided by Lenny, the Mayor, the stars will undoubtedly head for the Statue of Liberty. If for some reason they choose not to go with this plan, and come up with something of their own, you can skip the next scene and go directly to "The Cat That Walks Through Walls," below.

If they do decide to animate the statue, they must string wire, hang speakers, hook up the stereo system and the joystick, spray the interior of the statue with slime, and put the tape of the highly upbeat 1967 Jackie Wilson hit "Higher and Higher" into the tape deck. All of this is accomplished with relative ease, requiring a Very Little difficulty *Brains* roll. Make sure that the tape used is the tape that Louis gave the stars. If they try to find a backup tape, discourage them by reminding them of how little time they have, and if all else fails, have the backup tape break. (It's a cheap trick, but necessary for the success of the next scene.)

With the music blaring from the observation ports in her crown, and with the stars cheering her on, Libby sways slowly to the beat of the song, climbs laboriously off her pedestal, wades into the river and heads for the tip of Mnahattan Island as the eclipsed light of day fades into true night.

The Best Laid Plans

There is a serious hitch in the statue animating plan, which unfortunately only becomes apparent after the statue has entered the water and is chest-deep in New York harbor. The hitch comes in the form of a Louis Tully faux-pas. In his haste, Louis did not grab

the right tape from Ray Stanz's tape box back at the firehouse. The tape that they are now playing is a special tape which Ray and Egon specifically edited to test the mood slime's reaction to radical mood shifts, back when they were first experimenting on the stuff.

Without warning, Jackie Wilson's upbeat song "Higher and Higher" changes to the nasty heavy metal tune "Welcome to the Jungle" by Guns'N' Roses. The slime-coated statue reacts to this violent shift in mood. It stops striding through the harbor and starts trying to forcibly remove the stars from its crown. The stars will probably try to rewind the tape, but because of the statue's violent convulsions, they are thrown around the observation deck like ragdolls. Getting to the tape machine and rewinding or stopping it requires a Very Difficult *Moves* roll. If the tape is stopped, the statue stops—dead in the water.

If the tape is not stopped or rewound, the heavy metal music soon changes to the traitional Irish ballad "Mother McCree." Upon hearing this, the statue drops to its knees and begin weeping to the sound of the sorrowful tune. Liberty dropping to its knees just about drops the stars into the drink, and they must make Moderate *Moves* rolls to keep from being flushed out of the observation deck and into the harbor. Dropping to its knees also soaks the broadcasting equipment controls and stops the music, and hence the statue, entirely. Those not flushed from the statue's crown are safe but stranded in the middle of the harbor. Those who are flushed into the water must be rescued by those who are not, and if all of the stars hit the drink, then they must help each other to safety, using the floating debris of a once-state-of-the-art stereo system. A series of *Moves* rolls should do the trick.

Marooned

If the stars manage to rewind the tape and play "Higher and Higher" again, they regain control of the statue. But there is simply not enough of the upbeat tune for the statue to make it all the way to the Manhattan Museum of Art by midnight. You should make this apparent to the stars so that they can start making other plans to break into the slime-coated museum.

If the stars are stranded on the statue in the middle of the harbor, let them sweat it out for awhile and then have a police helicopter arrive on the scene.

The Cat That Walks Through Walls

If the stars tried to use the Statue of Liberty plan, the police helicopter deposits the stars on the docks nearest to Battery Park at the southern tip of Manhattan Island. A police car takes them back to the museum. If the stars do not attempt to use the Statue of Liberty, Louis and Janine still arrive at the museum, bringing the cat and the slime-blower with them. The stars may attempt to use the slime-blower on the engulfed museum. The only effect of this action is that

the museum gets a deeper coating of hardened slime. The powerful and evil influence of Vigo on the slime cannot be overcome in this manner.

At this point, Louis either sees the stars using the slime-blower on the building, decides that they are going about it the wrong way, or he simply decides to do it himself. In any event, he attempts to show everyone the proper technique of slime-blowing by grabbing the silver nozzle of the device. The tube slips in his hands and slime sprays from the sprinkler wheel, missing the building but completely coating Janine and the black cat.

The cat yowls and leaps from Janine's arms, running directly toward the slime-covered museum. Janine is hit by the flow of slime from the blower and falls to the sidewalk. Louis drops the blower and runs to Janine's side. He kneels by her, takes her hands in his and starts singing "Cumbaya," hoping to use the positive aspects of the psycho-reactive quality of the slime to keep her from being overcome by its evil nature.

As the cat bolts toward the museum, read:

You watch as the black cat runs up the granite steps leading to the museum. She gets within four feet of the slime-covered wall and leaps strongly. You expect to see her slight form bounce off the hardened slime, but that doesn't happen. Instead, the black cat passes through

the wall of slime, completely disappearing from view. But something is left behind; something doesn't pass through the wall with the cat. A glowing form is left sprawled against the wall. As it begins to solidify, it slides down the wall and onto the large, granite paving blocks at the foot of the museum's main entrance. A deep indentation is left in the wall at the point where the form was first in contact with it. The slime has been softened and pushed away. It almost looks as if the slime is trying to avoid contact with the form.

The form takes on the definite shape of a large pink bubble, which daintily "pops" with a chime-like "ping," revealing a small, seated woman. She sits upright and gracefully climbs to her feet. A pure white gown flows softly over her diminutive, female frame. Her hair is a rich red and hangs over her shoulders in heavy ringlets. She is wearing silver slippers on her feet. And her clear, blue eyes look kindly at you as she straightens her dress, dusts off her hands, and says, "Are you good witches or bad witches?" Turning to glance at the hole made by the cat's entrance through and her collision with the wall of slime, she says "Well, I guess that's one way of doing it. But that's not how we do it in the South, in Quadling Country."

REEL SIX

We're Off to Seize the Wizard

Summary

Glinda the Good Witch of the South¹ helps the stars into the slime-covered museum. On their way to the Department of Restorations, the party is joined by the Scarecrow, the Tin woodsman, and the Cowardly Lion, who respectively help the stars through encounters with stone ravens, an oak tree, and a couple of hippogriffs.

The stars and their augmented party arrive in the restorations department and must face the portrait of Vigo while the others handle problems of their own. The stars must save the baby and the day just before Vigo makes his final approach to reanimation at the stroke of midnight—or at the first stroke of the evil reign of Vigo the Potential Sorrow of Manhattan, depending on your point of view.

Glinda the Good

visiting superwitch

Brains	5	Give Good Advice	8
Muscles	2	Click Heels	5
Moves	3	Transform Into Bubble	6
Cool	4	Walk Through Evil Slime	7
Power	5	Animate Dimensional Transfer Teleport	

Goal: Rule with Goodness

Tags: red hair, dimples, musical voice, magic wand

The Hole in the Wall Gang

Observant stars will have noted the impression (literally) Glinda made on the wall of slime when she came up against it at the end of Reel Five. Even if the stars don't realize who Glinda is and where she comes from, they should still realize that she can open a passage into the museum. If the stars haven't figured out that this red-haired woman can get them into the

¹You did guess who we were talking about, didn't you? We hope you're familiar with the movie, and the book, and all the other books that came after that first classic—Handy Mandy and Tick-Tock and Ozma and the rest of the crew. They're great books, and they offer a world of great characters... *Ghostbusters in Oz? The possibilities boggle.*

The Witch of the South

The red-haired woman who made her appearance at the end of Reel Five is, of course, Glinda the Good Witch of the South. (See L. Frank Baum's *The Wizard of Oz* if you need further particulars.) She had been on her way to visit Dorothy in Kansas, but the witch found a glitch in her travel arrangements. Her awareness made the magical transition from her palace in the Quadling Country of Oz to the land of USA. However, due to some atmospheric disturbances encountered while crossing over the Impassable Desert, she didn't make it to Kansas, but to Small Town, USA. Because of the travel difficulties, her awareness slipped into the body of the black cat on the Miliwicki farm, and her body was left back in her palace. Glinda's awareness didn't register on the star's PKE meter if they used it on the cat because her psychokinetic energy was left back in her body. She was able to exert some influence over the cat, but unfortunately her early attempts to communicate with Mildred Miliwicki brought about some disastrous results and frightened the old woman. Nevertheless, the incident did put Glinda in touch with the stars. She used her power over the black cat to continue her association with them, hoping that somewhere in their arcane lore and in their odd equipment would be a method for reuniting her awareness with her body.

That reunification came about accidentally when the cat was startled enough for Glinda to lose control over it. As the slime-sprayed cat panicked and leaped at the wall in an effort to escape imagined danger, the psycho-reactive resistance of the evilly induced slime would not let the pure nature of Glinda the Good Witch pass. Her awareness was knocked out of its imprisonment in the cat, and that incident caused her separate parts to come together by allowing her awareness to draw her body from Oz to the steps of the Manhattan Museum of Art. The cat, in the psycho-reactive confusion, slipped through the wall and into the museum.

museum, that's okay too, because Glinda has been in the cat and has seen and heard most of what has happened so far. The fact that people, including an innocent baby, are trapped inside the evil slime and that a creature so vile as Vigo may be using them for his own psychotic ends leaves Glinda the Good no choice. By her very nature, she must do what she can to help. So, whether they ask Glinda for help or she takes the initiative:

Glinda turns and walks confidently toward the wall. As she approaches the slime, it oozes away from her, leaving a hole large enough for her to walk through. She stands in the middle of the tunnel her goodness has created, holding back the evil slime with her very presence and waiting for you to enter the maw of this mound of evil.

At this point, the stars are free to pack up and go home. However, if they want to save Venkman, the baby, Dana, all of Manhattan, and maybe the whole world, they're going to have to go into the slime-covered museum.

Unfortunately for everyone's nerves, after they hunch over and scrunch through the Glinda-sized tunnel and stop in the marbled Great Foyer of the museum, and after Glinda leaves the tunnel to join the party of stars, the evil slime—no longer having Glinda's goodness to repulse it—flows back into place and seals the passageway to the outside. If tested, the slime proves to be as adamant from the inside as it was from the outside, but this doesn't seem to deter Glinda, who gracefully glides in the direction of her original entrance. Read:

With a dimpled smile, Glinda reaches into a small pouch tied at her dainty waist. From it, she produces five tiny silver figurines and hands them to you. The miniatures are sculpted images of the Scarecrow, Tin Woodsman, and the Cowardly Lion, all from *The Wizard of Oz*. "Use these magical figurines with care," Glinda says with a hint of seriousness. "They will aid you in your quest, but only if used properly." With a whirl and a delicate leap, she passes once more through the wall of slime, which slurpily closes up behind her. As it does so, you can hear Glinda's voice echoing through the marbled halls of the vacant museum, "Just click your heels together three times and say 'Heeeeeeeelp!'"

Nevermore

On either end of the Foyer, across the tiled floor, a massive flight of marble stairs leads upwards in a sweeping curve. On the granite newel posts, seemingly guarding the base of the stairs, are mounted a pair of huge, carved black basalt ravens. With rumblings of stone grinding against stone, the ravens come croakingly and cawingly to life and fly at the stars, their great beaks gaping.

Basalt Raven

rocky rook

Muscles	12	Grasp With Talons	15
Moves	2	Fly	5
Power	3	Proton Immunity Flight	

Goal: Keep Stars From Vigo

Tags: Physical, mindless; gravelly caw, flinty talons

Aside from nicking some small chips from the basalt ravens, the particle throwers have little effect on these animated statues. The slime-blower, if used, will serve only to heighten the battle frenzy of the evilly maddened ravens. The only quick and easy way of dealing with these basalt birds is to use one of Glinda's figurines. The stars probably won't know exactly how they work though, and should try a number of different experiments in their attempts to summon the miniatures' magic. If they haven't made the connection with the ravens to the Scarecrow figurine, Glinda's voice echoes out of nowhere: "Use the Scarecrow."

The correct method of calling on the figurines' power, as Glinda had hinted, is to hold in your hand the figure you wish to use, and click your heels three times while saying "Heeeeeeeelp!" If the stars follow this procedure, read the following aloud:

With a whoosh and a pop, the figurine transforms into a man-sized figure in a patched and faded blue suit of clothes. Its head appears to be an old feedsack over-stuffed with straw and painted with human features. Without hesitation, the figure doffs and waves its pointed blue hat, yells, "Shoo! Shoo!" and runs awkwardly at the cawing ravens. The ravens squawk frightenedly and flap up the stairs, disappearing in the upper story of the museum. Before the scarecrow-like figure replaces its hat, you see what appear to be the sharp ends of pins and needles sticking out of the top of its head.

The Scarecrow

floppy humanitarian

Brains	10	Try to be Smarter	13
Muscles	1	Flap Arms	4
Moves	7	Scare Crows	10
Cool	1	Fearless	4

Goal: Rule in the Emerald City

Tags: cheerful, unselfconsciously intelligent, constantly loses stuffing

"Hello to you, Fellas," says the Scarecrow. "Sometimes even with my new brains, I'm not sure what to do. Did I do right by chasing those big crows away?"

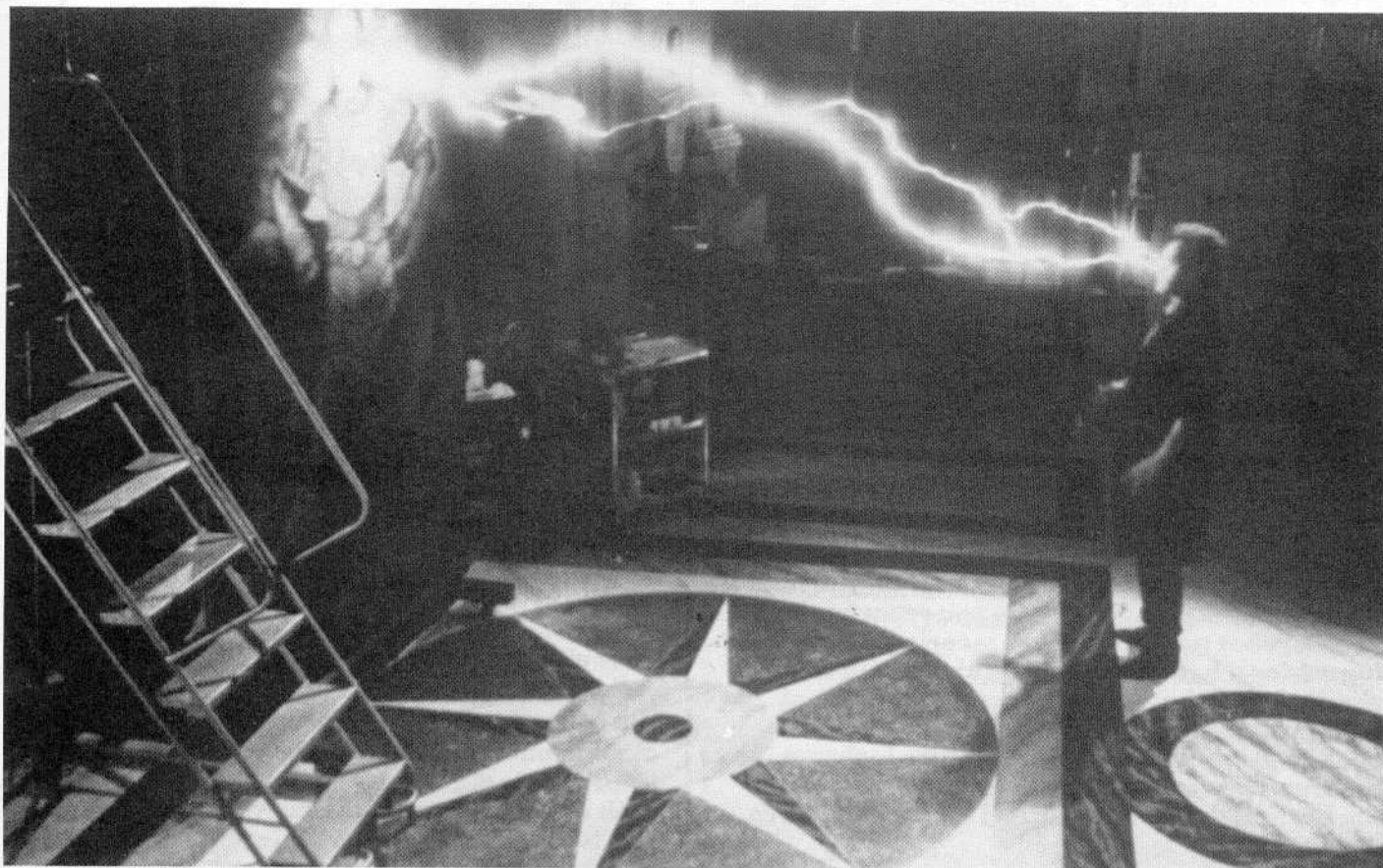
The Scarecrow stays with the stars for the duration of the adventure, helping out whenever he can. If, by some chance, the stars didn't bring him to life, or they brought a different figurine to life, they will have to deal with the crows in some other way. It isn't going to be easy, and you should encourage the use of the Scarecrow figurine for this reason.

and the occasional mouse droppings), they should head out of the Foyer and up one of the Grand Staircases. The elevators are locked down for the night.

The second floor of the museum is primarily dedicated to modern sculpture. Aside from smaller pieces in the various wings on this floor, there are large pieces displayed in the Van Sleazach Gallery.

As the party enters the Van Sleazach Gallery on the second floor, read out loud:

You pass through a high, arched entrance and see before you many large pieces of sculpture.



To Fell a Tree

If the stars choose to search this floor, lead them through lots and lots of rooms and alcoves filled floor to ceiling with paintings, sculpture, and other pieces of art. The Manhattan Museum of Art has a rather eclectic scope, and you can use any of the rooms or collections identified on the map to the greater fun and frustration of your players. Nevertheless, even though a search of the first floor could prove educational, the stars and the Scarecrow, who has floppily joined the party, will find no trace of the captives or of the cat.

If the stars follow after the retreating ravens, or after they have had a leisurely tour of the first floor (there are stairs leading down to a basement, but it is used only for storage and is quite full of dusty crates

The largest and most central of these pieces is what appears to be a huge oak tree. It looks exactly like a real oak tree, but as you get closer, you can see that the plaque at its base describes it as a neo-realistic, life-size sculpture carved from a single piece of living oak. Before you even have a chance to wonder if maybe the artist wasn't exercising a puckish sense of humor and putting one over on the art world by planting a real tree here, the branches of the oak suddenly swoop down and coil about you. You are lifted off the floor and up into the foliage of the tree. The oak pulls its mighty, gnarled, neo-realistic roots free from where they are embedded in the floor and starts stumping its way to one of the exits.

The Neo-realistic Oak

rip-off artist

Muscles	13	Lumber Around	16
Moves	1	Grasp	4

Goal: Take Stars to Vigo

Tags: Physical, mindless; menaces with branches, stumps a lot

At that the stars can do at the moment is struggle fruitlessly, so to speak. Their arms are firmly clenched in the wooden embrace of the branches. If they manage to free their arms long enough to get at their particle throwers or the slime-blower, the tree waves its branches with enough vigor to keep the stars from aiming accurately at the trunk of the tree without fear of hitting each other or the Scarecrow, which has also been captured by the animated arboreal.

As the tree is lumbering toward the exit, but before it can pull in its branches and bend over far enough to get through the doorway, the stars have a chance to get to the Tin Woodsman miniature and click their heels together even in their currently awkward position. This requires A Good Amount of difficulty *Muscles* roll, and if it is failed, a Some difficulty *Moves* roll must be made, to keep the figurine from dropping to the floor of the museum. Omce again, if the stars don't make the connection between the animated oak and the Tin Woodsman, Glinda should give them another echoing reminder. When the Woodsman is properly activated, read:

Below you, near the base of the tree, you hear a whoosh and a pop. Suddenly, you see what looks to be a robot made out of tin, wearing an inverted funnel for a hat, and carrying an axe. On the chest of the robot you see a section of tin that looks as if it had been removed and soldered back in place. The metallic creature looks up into the tree, sees you and the Scarecrow trapped in the branches, and says, "Hang on. I'll soon have you out of all this."

The Tin Woodsman

silver softie

Brains	3	Not Stand Out In The Rain	6
Muscles	4	Wield Axe	7
Moves	5	Chop Trees	8
Cool	5	Trust Heart More Than Brains	8

Goal: Rule Well Over the Country of the Winkies

Tags: Compassionate and caring, sensitive soul, rusts easily

With that, he hefts his axe and starts swinging strongly at the trunk of the tree. At the first bite of the axe, the tree shudders, quits trying to get through the door, and begins running about the Van Sleazach Gallery, trying to get away from the Tin Woodsman and his axe. The Tin Woodsman gives chase, swinging all the while. Irreplaceable pieces of sculpture are toppled and smashed as the tree hurls itself madly about the Gallery. But the Tin Woodsman never ceases his chopping, and eventually the mighty oak is chopped through and also topples to the littered floor of the Gallery, releasing its captives as it shakes and quivers in its death throes.

The Tin Woodsman is introduced all around and joins the party as it sets out to find Vigo and his captives.

How Do You Quell Reliefs?

If the stars turn left and search the second floor before or after their encounter with the tree, they find no other sign of Vigo or the captives.

If they turn right, they come to the Elgin Gallery of Antiquities. The wooden door to the Restorations Department—marked as such, and admonishing "Museum Employees Only"—is located in the middle of the North Gallery Wall. The walls of the galleries are lined with friezes, low reliefs, and high reliefs, carved from stone or wood. The larger pieces are great squares of stone, showing, in low relief, some of the creatures from the legends and mythologies of ancient cultures.

Some of the stone reliefs are supposedly life-size carvings of hippogriffs. As the stars move into the corridor in the direction of the "Restorations" door, two of the stone hippogriffs raspingly separate from the stone pieces in which they are carved.

Read out loud:

Ahead of you two stone hippogriffs step three-dimensionally out from the carvings on the side walls. Their eagle's wings beat strongly as they rush at you with scimitar-curved beaks agape and issuing the eagle's ear-piercing hunting cry. Their sharp-clawed lion's forelegs hurl their lion's bodies toward you as their equine-hooved hind legs scrabble for purchase on the slick marble floor.

The Hippogriff

antic attacker

A hippogriff is a creature that has the head and wings of an eagle, and whose body is that of a lion in front and a horse in back. This particular arrangement might sound comical—indeed it has been the origin of some derogatory remarks used in a person to person situation and based on the part of the horse's anatomy incorporated in this conglomerate creature—but it is a fearsome, carnivorous beast graced with the weapons and the in-

instincts of a feline predator combined with those of an avian raptor. The advantages or disadvantages of having an equine posterior are still being debated in mythologically oriented circles.

Muscles	15	Horsefly	18
Moves	5	Attack With Beak	8

Goal: Satisfy its Varied Appetites

Tags: Physical, mindless; eagle-eyed stare, preen feathers, twitch tail

The Lion, the Witch, and the Ghostbusters

Brainy stars will bow to the power inherent in the heel clicks of their official Ghostbusting work boots. Not-so-brainy stars, or perhaps those more inclined to react first and think later, will use their proton packs and/or the slime-blower on these creatures. Neither weapon will conquer the stone hippogriffs. But they can be used to hold back the beasts, giving the Ghostbusters time to ready a figurine and click their heels together. This time, the choice of figurines may not be quite as apparent, although the Lion is the most correct choice. If they decide to bring the Cowardly Lion to life here, read:

With another whoosh and another pop, a lion appears beside you and instantly attacks the hippogriffs. Roaring and delivering staggering buffets with its mighty paws, the lion shatters one of the stone hippogriffs and drives the other down the corridor and through that wooden "Restorations" door, smashing that door to splinters. Chasing after the fleeing hippogriff, the lion bounds into the room on the other side of the door. Just before the lion passes out of sight through the doorway, you hear him say, "G-G-G-Get away wh-wh-while you c-c-can!"

The Cowardly Lion

quailing conqueror

Brains	3	Know When to Run Away	6
Muscles	11	Rend With Claw And Fang	14
Moves	10	Pounce	13
Cool	7	Roar Fiercely	10

Goal: Be a Good King of the Beasts

Tags: blustery, unprepossessing, comes through in the pinch

The Gloom Between the Columns

What the lion has bounded into is the Department of Restorations of the Manhattan Museum of Art. It is located on the top (second) floor of the museum and is an open, a cathedral-like room lined with immense columns. Carved sections of wooden screen between the columns wall off the south side of the room. Usually, daylight-balanced fluorescent bulbs and a huge, oval skylight in the high ceiling brighten the room. Since the outer world is darkened both by true night and the eclipse-like darkness of Vigo's gathering evil, the lights now provide the only illumination. The area has been cleared of its usual clutter of many canvasses and is marked by circles of burning candles following the stone designs tiled into the floor. All of the restorations-in-progress and supplies, including gallon-sized jugs marked "Flammable" with masking tape, are tucked behind the carved screens.

The portrait of Vigo dominates the alcove at the far end of the studio. Janosz Poha kneels in front of it like a supplicant.

Pictures at an Exhibition

If the stars, the Scarecrow, and the Tin Man charge into the Restorations Department, just behind the tufted tail of the lion, they come upon a rather complex, bizarre, and frightening sight:

The Cowardly Lion is squared off, snout to beak with the cornered hippogriff, both ready to battle to the death. The two basalt ravens from the newel posts on the first floor come flapping forward, and the Scarecrow steps out to meet them. Paintings and canvasses are thrown every which way as the easels removed to behind the screen become animated and clatter across the floor, attacking you. The Tin Woodsman hefts his well-worn axe and wades choppingly into their ranks.

To one side of the alcove with the portrait, Peter Venkman and Dana Barrett sit slumped in straight-backed wooden chairs, looking vacant-eyed. In front of the portrait a baby is magically hanging in mid-air.

Vigo's deep, powerful tones roll out at you. "You have arrived to witness my triumph! Watch, worms, while the Master of the World appears!"

It's up to the stars to stop Vigo, save the baby, and save just about everybody else in the world, maybe even everybody in Oz.

Vigo's tactics are to busy the stars with his minions—or if they get too pesky, zap them (one at a time) with eye-lightning and possess them. His hidden weapon is *proton reflection*, which allows him to reflect proton streams back at their users, freezing them for the standard duration of five minutes times Power.

The Ghostbusters have three broad options: mood slime, fire, and solvent. Mood slime works beautifully on Vigo's minions, including Janosz, much like it did in the movie. But because our stars are out-of-towners,

even if they tried the Liberty gig, they haven't generated nearly as much good feeling as the New York team did in the movie, so mood slime will only weaken Vigo; it is not a permanent solution. In fact, we recommend that the stars *run out* at some dramatically appropriate time. Used it all. Now what?

Well those jugs marked "Flammable" might have given the stars a clue². If they try to burn the portrait, be sure to mention that the solvent makes the paint run and puddle on the portrait before or as the canvas catches fire. Vigo's spirit is unharmed by the flames—it is simply released into the atmosphere like any ectoplasmic spook—and it's still *proton reflective*. But you know how we've used the *Wizard of Oz* motif? That's a clue for your stars.

If they throw the solvent "cocktail" on Vigo's manifested form (A Good Amount of difficulty) or spirit (Whole Lots—unless wearing Ecto Visor, in which case, just Lots), The Scourge of Carpathia screams "I'm melting!" and dissolves into an alchemical soup on the stone floor. The tinkling laughter of Munchkins would be perfectly appropriate applause.

Janosz Poha

possessed artist

Brains	5	Restore Paintings	8
Muscles	2	Stretch Canvas	5
Moves	2	Delicate Brushwork	5
Cool	1	Act Superior	4

Goal: Get Dana Barrett to Marry Him

Tags: effeminate gestures, stilted English, toothy smile

Vigo the Carpathian

hideously unpopular sorcerer despot

Brains	8	Learn Magic Spells	11
Muscles	5	Impale	8
Moves	5	Live After Death	8
Cool	7	Flash Lightning From Eyes	10
Power	17	Control Mind Make Illusion Materialize Possession Proton Reflection Telekinesis	

Goal: Re-awaken in an Infant Child and Rule the World

Tags: studded leather clothes, evil laugh, short temper

Palimpsest

No matter what method is used, once Vigo is captured or destroyed, all trace of his portrait disappears from the canvas. If the stars look at that canvas, read:

Looking closely, you notice that Vigo had painted his portrait over another painting. That painting depicts four archangels hovering benignly over the figure of a giggling baby being ticklingly licked by a black cat. One of the archangels is wearing a pair of silver slippers; another is wearing a pointed, blue hat; a third has a woodsman's axe resting on his shoulder; and the fourth has a veritable mane of hair.

All's Swell that Ends Swell

With the menace of Vigo gone and the baby safely in Dana's arms, (and Dana safely in Venkman's arms) Glinda the Good Witch reappears from her characteristic pink bubble. Smiling at the stars, she gathers her countrymen around her. They all nod a farewell, and as Glinda clicks the heels of her slippers together three times, the black cat leaps into her arms, turning to give a feline smile at the stars before Glinda, the Scarecrow, the Tin Woodsman, the Cowardly Lion, and the cat disappear with a whoosh and a pop.

Perhaps it's time for the stars to turn to Venkman to discuss the terms of their franchise under the new parent corporation for the coming year. If they figured out the solvent-tossing all by themselves, give 'em double Brownie Points for a job well done. If they caught Vigo some other way, they probably deserve all their points back, plus four or five. And if they needed Glinda's hints to figure out the figurines—well, some days are like that, and it's a good thing the stars had back-up on this one: give 'em about half their Brownie Points back. And tell them to study.

²This is a clue for you movie buffs—Janosz gave Dana a special solvent concoction for the painting she was restoring. "I make good cocktails?" he smirked.

