Deadlands

The Last Sons

SAVAGE WORLDS

The Last Sons

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Savage Worlds by Shane Lacy Hensley

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Special Thanks: To the fans who've kept Deadlands undead for 16 years. We couldn't do it without you, amigos.

Personal Dedication: To Maureen, Patrick, Abigail, and Maeve. All of my love, always.

Deadlands Created by Shane Lacy Hensley

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THE TOMBSTONE EPITAPH: DISPUTED LANDS EDITION

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THE GREAT FLOOD STRIKES!

Welcome to the latest edition of the *Tombstone Epitaph*, Loyal Readers! We have witnessed in the past two weeks what will perhaps be remembered as the Disaster of the Century. We speak, of course, of the Great Flood of 1880, which tore a swath of destruction across the lower half of California and the Great Maze on August 23 of this year.

In the high plateau town of Perdition, we witnessed the colossal wave as it appeared on the horizon and surged inland. An instant later the mesas and channels of the southern Maze were engulfed, swallowed whole by the green, frothing Pacific. Still the towering wave grew. Its breakers reached toward the sky and momentarily blotted out the sun. Up in Perdition, citizens watched in awe as the rumbling wall of water began to fall, smashing squarely onto the City of Lost Angels below.

Countless lives were lost in the massive deluge. Knowledgeable folks believe the Reverend Ezekiah Grimme and most of his loyal church followers were among those killed. Many settlements were simply washed away as though they'd never been. Ships traveling the channels, and the miners working them for ghost rock, simply vanished—swallowed up by the sea. Most of the fearsome Mexican Armada was sunk at San Diego, and the ruins of Mexicali were briefly submerged under ten feet of water. It will likely be years before the full scope of the disaster is catalogued and revealed to the world.

It would seem, however, that the State of California has become what it never truly was under Grimme's watch—independent. We at the *Epitaph* watch and wait for further developments on that front from our branch office in Perdition, California. As the news breaks you may rest assured we will deliver it to you in a timely fashion!

Your Chronicler,
Lacy O'Malley

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Rail War Two

For months before disaster struck Lost Angels, the so-called Maze Wars were heating up in the ghost-rock-rich channels of California. The Rail Barons raided each others' claims, skirmished in the narrow channels and on the windswept mesas, and tried to ship out as much fundament as possible despite the Wasatch stranglehold on Lost Angels' imports and exports via rail.

After the Flood, Wasatch still enjoys its favored status with Lost Angels and the ghost rock contracts of both the Union and Confederacy—not to mention a huge head-start on competitors—but other Rail Barons are moving to establish coastal settlements now that Lost Angels no longer dominates the region. They will be forced to do battle over the shipping lanes, since only a few truly navigable channels exist. And so the next phase of the Rail Wars begins.

In the Disputed Territories—especially Colorado and Kansas—the Rail Barons jockey to consolidate their holdings. Union Blue and Black River have run the most new spurs in these areas, and have come into conflict with each other most often. Don't believe for a second the other Rail Barons' adamant claims of innocence in these affairs! Their agents are everywhere, active in the shadows.

If the Battle of Lost Angels ('79) marked the unofficial end of the first Great Rail War, then the spark

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that touched off the next phase was the battle called Broken Rails.

Battle of Broken Rails

In mid-'79 Richard Barney divested himself of his interest in the Kansas City & Little Rock Rail Co., perhaps sensing a dire future for the small rail concern. Majority ownership passed to a loose affiliation of West Coast ghost rock magnates, who figured they would take advantage of the ceasefire and their new company's idle workers by laying a profitable line from Kansas City to Lawrence. Obviously they didn't take enough time to research the area they proposed to build upon—their new line arrowed directly into Bloody Kansas.

Workers began laying rails in late July. Almost immediately they were targeted by Indians and Northern partisans in bloody raids. The Confederate States of America responded, calling upon their staunch ally Fitzhugh Lee and his company Dixie Rails, who shipped rail warriors into Kansas City and posted them all along the new line to fight back against the raiders.

Joshua Chamberlain took considerable umbrage to this development, and Union Blue's response was swift. Chamberlain ordered track laid from Topeka to Lawrence, and no sooner was the ink dry on the order than the combined forces of Union Blue and Smith & Robards commenced work. After the punishment of the transcontinental race, running a line to Lawrence was child's play for Union Blue's crews.

Upon winning the race to Lawrence, UB dispatched forces to deal with the upstart Kansas City liners. On October 30, 1879, the explosive might of Union Blue came down upon the KC and their Dixie Rails allies. For the first time the full might of a Rail Baron was turned loose upon mostly civilian rail workers, and the results were horrendous.

The presence of Union Blue steam tanks with mounted Gatlings, and former soldiers equipped with jetpacks and flame-throwers, turned the battle into a murderous rout. Casualties were high, numbering around 500. Grassfires ignited by the fighting swept east, destroying acres of farmland and causing even more civilian deaths.

Secrets Revealed!

According to informants who wish to remain anonymous, several other participants were present during the fighting—saboteurs in the service of Bayou Vermilion, Black River witches providing aid to Dixie Rails, and even a few Wasatch X-Squads on hand to throw wrenches into any gears that seemed unguarded. All at once the chaos of the Rail Wars had returned.

Even now reports of restless dead swirl around the battle site. One eyewitness described a terrible experience: "On a moonlit night we were headed back to Lawrence. We shouldn't have been on the road so late, I reckon. We saw a whole crew of railroad men laying track in the dead of night. We came close, and were horrified to see that the men were bloody and half-mangled ghosts, yet they continued to work. They even sang a working song. Then a hail of bullets tore them to shreds before our eyes, and—Lord help me—they got up and went back to their work!"

Various sources report the fighting among the Rail Barons is only getting started, so plan your travel accordingly.

Union Election Delayed!

The Democrats settled on their nominee back In June, but incredibly the fight goes on within the Republican party. Presidential incumbent Ulysses S. Grant and James A. Garfield, whose thrilling speeches made him a front-runner, continue their legal and political wrangling while the Union wrings its collective hands. Recently, the leading Republican party candidates scheduled two debates to take place in Washington DC in September. The first is open to the public and the second is slated to take place in a closed session of Congress.

Some political experts note that the gloomy outlook in the West may determine the candidates' fortunes. President Grant counts the ceasefire as one of the greatest achievements of his tenure as President, and a heck of a good reason to elect him again. But with the situation deteriorating daily in Kansas, partisan attacks on the rise, and the continuing Sioux aggression around Deadwood,

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Garfield has plenty of ammunition for use against his rival.

The unprecedented delay in nominating a candidate has brought criticism from all sides, but the experts assure us it's just a matter of time before all claims are settled and the electoral process is back on track. Anonymous sources, however, hint darkly that other forces may be to blame for delaying the Union election. Rumors of a shadowy cabal of Northeastern bankers continue to swirl, but no one's willing to name names.

As anyone who hasn't been living under a rock knows, President Grant is widely considered a sure thing to lock up the vote and return to the Oval Office next January. Few believe Democratic challenger Winfield S. Hancock to be a viable opponent, despite his honorable war record and broad base of support.

The Sioux Nations

Interest in Deadwood and the Sioux Nations has been growing Back East, as Custer's agents continue to drum up sympathy and monetary support for the rogue officer. While most admit Custer acted without proper authority in establishing a military camp on the eastern banks of the Missouri River, a growing number of US citizens are willing to put that in the past and concentrate on what benefit Lt. Colonel George Armstrong Custer can provide the Union *now*. So more and more eyes turn toward the besieged boomtown called Deadwood.

The Sioux remain willing to suffer the mining of the Black Hills, but the tribal wicasas respond with more violence every time their territory is violated. Through it all the militant Order of the Raven works among the tribes to raise support for a more extreme solution—open war with the white invaders. So far they haven't garnered any support significant enough to mention.

Ghost Rock Slaughter

In late-breaking news, almost a dozen miners were murdered in the Black Hills south of Deadwood, just two weeks ago. The remains were discovered on

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August 27 by one Ezra Smalls. By all accounts the men were killed at some point during the prior two days. According to Smalls, "That camp was in quite a state. I can't even relate what they done to those poor devils. Scalping was nothing compared to that massacre."

The bodies were found in various states of mutilation, making quick identification difficult. Marshal Seth Bullock has vowed to undertake a full investigation of the crime.

Preliminary reports on the identity of the attackers conflict. Most claim the Sioux swept in and killed the miners—eleven of them were working the claim, after all, in clear violation of the Deadwood Creek Treaty. Other sources (who wish to remain nameless) claim the Deadwood Miner's Association is not without culpability in the incident, although attempts by this reporter to find out more were strongly rebuffed. Suffice to say, head of the DMA Frank Bryant declined to comment.

But still other reports point to what might be the real culprits—*ghost miners*. Stories of the vengeful spirits of ghost rock miners who wander the Black Hills, hunting the living, have refused to die away, and perhaps with good reason.

Drumming Up Support

Presidential hopeful James A. Garfield has used the Deadwood Slaughter in recent days as a source of provocative rhetoric. Said he at a stump speech on Sept. 2:

With the ceasefire all but unraveled, I ask you again – what has my rival done to preserve the lives of the Union's citizens? For there are citizens of the Union in Deadwood, my friends, despite my august competitor's claims to the contrary. Yes, there are citizens of the Union in the middle of the so-called Sioux Nations, besieged *by bloodthirsty savages!*

Twelve of them were killed only days ago, and President Grant continues to make excuses. He continues to hold the ill-used Lt. Colonel Custer at arm's length. Meanwhile Sitting Bull holds our people hostage, and he holds out the riches of the Black Hills like a shiny lure, all because we are too timid to act. This timidity shall end when I am elected President!

Garfield's statements were answered with loud applause and cheers from his supporters. Time will tell what response, if any, the Union makes to this latest killing in the Black Hills.

Ghost Dancers

A new "medicine society" has begun to gain strength and influence among the native tribes. These Indians pay tribute to their spirit totems by means of a sacred dance that, they claim, has the ability to banish fear and resurrect the dead! Only a few shamans are said to know the deepest secrets of the Ghost Dance, and those who know typically do not admit to it.

Needless to say this reporter has not witnessed any such

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miracles, nor could contact be made with the society. In fact the leadership of the Ghost Dancers is not quite clear. By many accounts a charismatic and much-loved Paiute chief named Wovoka is responsible for keeping the Ghost Dance alive. But other Indians make claims of various great chiefs serving as the society's leader. Some say Coyote himself leads the movement.

What is most interesting about the Ghost Dance is that it crosses all borders, from the Sioux Nations to the Coyote Confederation. Observers are not sure what to make of such a widespread alliance of Indians, but few think it's a good thing for the Union or the Confederacy. Whether their accord bodes good or ill for the Disputed Territories is still up in the air.

Satan's Garden

About five miles southwest of Deadwood there's a place that can only be described as *Hell on earth*. It was once the site of the Chance Venture Mine, one of the biggest ghost rock strikes outside the Great Maze, owned and operated by Norman Chance and his younger brother William. We were able to dig up some details on what happened there—and what evil remains!

According to the local miners' legends, one night after spending some time toasting their good fortune in town the two Chance siblings decided to pay a visit to their mine. In their polluted state, it didn't occur to them to fire up the steam-powered fans they used to suck any accumulated vapors out of the shaft.

It's said that Norman lit a cigar to celebrate his newfound fortune and entered the mine. The tremendous explosion that followed shattered the earth around the mine shaft, and exposed a deposit of ghost rock larger than the crispy Chance brothers had ever dreamed possible. It also ignited it.

The fire is still burning. Fountains of flame erupt through the holes torn by the explosion, and the eerie wail of burning ghost rock echoes through the hills. When the wind is right the sound can be heard in Deadwood. There are those who claim they can hear the Chance brothers still screaming in agony, locked in a prison of flame.

It would literally take a river to put out a ghost-rock fire of such proportions. Some entrepreneurial souls have tried other methods of getting at the fortune going up in smoke, but so far all have failed. One mad scientist named Hyram Burns travels the area with his daughter and his Aetheric Vortex Generator, spouting a crazy theory about "drawing the phlogiston out of ghost rock, then dousing the essence with exotic fluids."

Miners near the eternal fires of Satan's Garden report occasional sightings of fiery, lizard-like creatures cavorting in the flames. All these eyewitnesses might be telling tall tales inspired by empty whiskey bottles, but we here at the *Epitaph* prefer to take such excuses with a grain of salt.

Colorado

Lest you receive the impression we at the *Epitaph* have switched over to purely political coverage, reports from mountainous Colorado bring more news of the odd and inexplicable…

New, New Jerusalem Blues

If you're traveling the Overland Trail headed west, be sure to stop in at the friendly little burg of New Jerusalem, which lies along the Denver-Pacific's Cheyenne spur. It's like a lot of other towns in Colorado, with folks making their living off a combination of ghost rock mining and catering to travelers headed over the Rockies. But there's one big difference with New Jerusalem—according to some knowledgeable folks, New Jerusalem *didn't exist* prior to early 1880. Impossible, you say? Read on.

Numerous authorities on the Overland Trail's way stops (both major and obscure) have refuted the existence of New Jerusalem. In support of their claims, no map prior to 1880 depicts the town of New Jerusalem at all. Skeptics might chalk this up to the generally untrustworthy nature of cartography, but even locals as close as Boulder say they never heard of New Jerusalem until recently. A few go so far as to flatly deny it ever was.

A visit to New Jerusalem confirmed that the town had long-standing roots, so to speak. Yet in

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this reporter's studied opinion there is *no possible means* by which the town could have been built early in 1880 and then aged to its present state. Buildings' foundations show several years' age, and the existence of a cemetery—with settled graves as old as 11 years—seems to put the lie to claims of spontaneous appearance.

When asked about her town's origins and the odd claims, Mayor Fidelia Plude just shrugged and remarked, "I guess we haven't made enough of a ruckus to be noticed yet. We'll be sure to fix that!"

Who Watches the Wasatch?

Word of Hellstromme's amazing Plutonian Express—which barrels through lightless tunnels coast-to-coast and thus, like its namesake, rules the underworld—has reached every part of the nation, thanks to the *Epitaph's* recent exposé and all-access interview with the esteemed Dr. Darius Hellstromme himself.

In the days before the Battle of Lost Angels, Hellstromme professed his great love for humanity and his desire to use Wasatch as a vehicle to better the lives of citizens everywhere. He punctuated those remarks by dropping three "Ghostfire Bombs" on the battlefield at Lost Angels. As a result, the collection of shanties known as Ghost Town was incinerated, resulting in a catastrophic loss of innocent life and fires that continue to burn even in the wake of the Flood.

Now Hellstromme finds himself facing more enemies than ever before, as his rival Rail Barons lick their wounds and look for opportunities to counterstrike. One likely target seems to be the eastern entrance to the Plutonian Tunnel, where an armed Wasatch

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outpost called Camp Hades guards the open tunnel into the Rocky Mountains. Hellstromme's steam-powered monstrosities patrol the foothills all around, and several squads of rail warriors armed with prototype weapons make the rounds as well.

Representatives of other Rail Barons have been sighted in the region, keeping tabs on the rolling stock going in and out of the Plutonian Tunnel. Those that haven't been sighted are assumed to be lurking in the shadows or in plain sight. This reporter noted an air of expectancy around the Wasatch camp, as though something big were in the offing.

Ghosts of Derry's Ford

In Derry's Ford, Mayor Luther Neally recently unveiled a plan to convince Denver-Pacific to run a spur from Denver to their small town, bringing untold wealth and prosperity for all. A lot of folks got behind the plan, and with good reason.

But almost immediately rumors circulated of an evil presence out at Carstairs Canyon. Then a few hunters disappeared in the area. Folks started hearing distant screams from the woods in that direction. When DP officials started to hedge on the deal, supporters of the plan blamed the rumormongers for scaring them off with pure hogwash. The rail plan for Derry's Ford remains in limbo until the situation is resolved.

Bubbling in the Cauldron

Speaking of rail plans, some say the Denver-Pacific line west of Denver is still plagued by things spawned during the Battle of the Cauldron in 1877. As you know, that battle was the absolute largest of the Great Rail Wars until the Battle of Lost Angels came along to blow away all previous death tolls. Involving forces of all the Rail Barons, it swirled through the Rocky Mountain foothills for a full month. The loss of life and materiel was considerable. Finally some decisive blow must have been struck, because all the Rail Barons abruptly gave up and withdrew their forces.

Today there is only a tiny jerkwater town known as Cauldron perched at the edge of a crater to mark the battle's occurrence. This reporter traveled through the area where the battle once raged, and from the vantage point of a rail car at the very center of the battlefield I saw nothing untoward. Denver-Pacific seems to have done a fine job of cleaning up the mess. Yet the troubling tales of killings and disappearances in the region continue.

As we have for the past three years, the *Epitaph* is offering a reward of $200 to anyone with information leading to the whereabouts of our reporter Whorley Thompson. Whorley was dispatched from the Tombstone office in '77 to cover the conflict firsthand, and both he and his *Epitaph* camera vanished in the fighting. An additional $150 is offered for the recovery of the camera's plates, whether developed or undeveloped, in the hope they might shed some light on events during the Battle of the Cauldron.

Kansas

Nowhere in the Weird West will you find more lawlessness, bloodshed, and mayhem than Bloody Kansas. The heart of the Disputed Lands, this region is balanced on a razor blade between North and South.

Though the situation improved for a brief time after the ceasefire, events following the Battle of Broken Rails led to an even more volatile mix of competing forces. Territorial Wars between rival towns flare up with ever greater frequency. These days Kansas is a rough place to live and a hazardous place to travel through. With the rise in violence has come a new surge of weirdness.

Peacetown

The Union Blue and Black River lines through Kansas converge and meet at Dodge City. Since relations soured between those companies, "Peacetown" has seen an upswing in violent crime. Even the Reb and Bluebelly partisans who'd seemingly gotten used to living amongst one another have taken to feuding again. Marshal Larry Deger is at a loss to explain the ripples of hostility moving through the populace. There have been more violations of Dodge City's no-firearms policy in the past year than in the prior three years combined.

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Visitors to Dodge City should take care not to be out alone after dark. Strangers have a distressing tendency to disappear in Peacetown, and it's not known what faction might be responsible. Most folks just point the finger at the closest enemy, but a few whisper that actual body snatchers hunt the streets in the dead of night.

Return of the Stagecoach Robber!

After a self-imposed exile of two years, the dapper swindler known as the Stagecoach Robber has returned to raid the rails around Dodge City. It's said he wears the garb of an old-time European footman, complete with tricorn hat and silver-buckled shoes, and hides his identity behind a mask. He drives a souped-up steam wagon that rides rails just as well as it does trails. Moreover, the vehicle is *fast*—no one has yet been able to outrun it by horse, steam wagon, or locomotive.

We've yet to hear a report of the stagecoach robber being discourteous, much less violent, which is a refreshing change for Kansas! If you must be robbed, you could do much worse than the Stagecoach Robber. That hasn't prevented Marshal Larry Deger from offering a $500 reward for his apprehension, dead or alive. With the recent departure of deputy Wyatt Earp for Tombstone, Arizona Territory, Marshal Deger is under even more pressure these days to keep the peace.

Night Trains

Eerie tales from all over Kansas—and indeed, other parts of the country as well—speak of "Night Trains," old broken-down locomotives pulling boarded-up passenger cars that almost look like pine coffins in the moonlight. It's said a Night Train pulls into town at midnight and its whistle shrieks like a banshee. Then hell comes home to roost.

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According to eyewitnesses the pale spirits of the dead are set loose into town to drag sinners back to the train, which departs about fifteen minutes later. Those poor souls who vanish onto the Night Train are never seen again. The true nature of these ghost trains, whether there are indeed many or just one, and where they originated, are mysteries that have never been solved. Stories have circulated since as early as 1876, when the town of Varney Flats suffered a devastating visit by a Night Train.

Today the small town of New Varney Flats stands on the same location, and no one there knows anything about the phenomenon—nothing they're willing to speak aloud, at least.

Working on the Railroads

Battles between Rail Barons always seem to accompany the laying of track, and that's what has been going on all over Kansas. Wasatch got the idea to forge a profitable "cattle spur" into Kansas back in 1878, but they were decisively annihilated at Hill City by a coalition of Union Blue rail warriors and pro-North partisans. Wasatch's designs on Kansas were rebuffed, but that didn't stop the fighting—not by a long shot!

Now that the newest phase of the Rail Wars has come, the Rail Barons are busily expanding their holdings within Kansas. Union Blue began construction on a spur south from Salina to the Santa Fe Trail, and Black River responded by laying tracks of their own toward the intersection of the Santa Fe and old Chisholm Trail. Black River already has a new Wichita Line connecting that town to the main railroad. It's a fair bet that both companies are trying to lock up the cattle trade once and for all, but the victor is yet undeclared.

Oklahoma

Though it's technically a Disputed Territory, everyone knows Oklahoma is pretty solidly Confederate. That simple fact has been leading to big troubles lately, as tensions keep rising between Oklahoma settlers and the war parties raiding along the Coyote Confederation's borders.

The Confederacy keeps promising they'll step in with some relief for the settlers, but to do so would violate the ceasefire and almost certainly cause an immediate resumption of Northern hostilities. The diplomats are still wrangling as the election approaches. Meanwhile Oklahoma has become little more than a free-for-all.

Perry Nights

The wide-open town of Perry, Oklahoma—more commonly known as "Hells' Half-Acre"—was first revealed to the nation in the *Tombstone Epitaph's 1877 Update*. The town's reputation as a hotbed of intrigue has only grown as the Indian crisis continues to intensify. With every Kiowa or Comanche raid the Oklahomans get closer to taking affairs into their own hands.

Chris Madsen, Bill Tilghman, and Heck Thomas—the "Three Guardsmen"—are still the top law dogs in Perry, and they do a fine job of keeping the place from flying apart at the seams. Representatives and agents of

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every government, rail company, and strange cult in North America can be found in Perry at one time or another…if one knows where to look. Any one of the town's 100 saloons is a fine place to start.

Most of Perry's business revolves around cattle, so the local ranchers also maintain a presence in town in the form of their rowdy cowboys. Plenty of Indians from the Coyote Confederation visit town as well, so it's not unusual to see enthusiastic brawls between cowboys and Indians when the whiskey flows freely.

On the Warpath

The Comanches, led by half-breed Chief Quanah Parker, have stepped up their raids along the Coyote Confederation border. Homesteads have recently been found put to the flame, every single inhabitant gone without a trace. Though none have actually seen the mysterious raiders and lived to tell about it, all sources agree that the signs left by the assailants point directly at the Comanches.

Coyote Confederation

The Coyote Confederation, whose unofficial "open secret" of an allegiance with the CSA we reported last year, has become more secretive and hostile. With the increase in raids across the Oklahoma border it is looking more and more certain that the mysterious leader known only as Coyote intends to return all of Oklahoma to Indian Territory. The fact that Coyote has still refrained from revealing his (or her) identity makes it a little more difficult to ascribe any certain motives.

In Search of Quivira

The lost village of Quivira, long rumored to hold clues to the location of the fabled Seven Cities of Gold, is said to lie somewhere in the northern reaches of the Indian Lands, near the Flint Hills. The Explorer's Society offers a standing reward of $350 for a reliable map to lead explorers to the ruined village. Of late, another searcher seems to be looking in that area.

We at the *Epitaph* have received an exclusive report identifying that lone searcher as Captain William D. Hamilton of the Texas Rangers. Little is known about Hamilton's past, but he is thought to be a young gun on the rise in the Rangers' organization. What precisely he is looking for in the Coyote Confederation, or whether he has found signs of Quivira, has not been confirmed.

Texas Panhandle

The Texas-Western Trail leads south into the Panhandle from Dodge City, and provides Texas ranchers with a far safer route for driving their cattle to market than the old Chisholm Trail (which runs smack dab through the Coyote Confederation). Of late the Panhandle has proven it can be just as dangerous as Indian lands.

Horror at Adobe Walls

The village of Adobe Walls has been a ruined ghost town since the last battle there in 1874. At that battle (as everyone knows) Billy Dixon fired the famous mile-long shot that killed Isatai, former leader of the Confederation tribes. Since then the town has been shunned by whites and Indians alike, all of them ascribing some evil presence to the place.

Last summer a cattle drive out of Amarillo met the horror face-to-face on their way to Dodge. Those few cowboys who could bring themselves to talk about what they saw described a pack of gaunt, rubbery things that shambled along at the edge of the shadows.

> *"First they put a fright into the beeves," said one eyewitness, "then one of them popped up with a weird howl that sent Jimmy James runnin' home to mama. I ain't seen nothin' like it in my entire life, I swear. We shot straight into them and they didn't care one bit."*

Ranchers in Amarillo and farther south have begun hiring troubleshooters and freelancers to add further protection to their cattle drives. When all the profits depend on getting a herd to the rail lines at Dodge, it's worth it to a rancher to pay a little extra dinero for "insurance."

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The Round-Up!

Our recent addition of the page 13 classified section was a smashing success. With Editor John Clum's gracious permission we have expanded the classifieds to include various snippets of weird news from across the Weird West. We baptize this new feature The Round-Up! and ask all readers with good intentions to look into these announcements and see what help they might provide to folks in need.

Colorado

» Cauldron

IRON-WILLED and stalwart hunters needed to track down and kill the source of peculiar noises. See Bill James at the DP ghost rock depository.

MISSING. Andrew Balesworth, husband and father of three. Provide information or whereabouts to Cicily Balesworth, Cauldron Town.

» Denver

GHOST-BUSTERS needed to drive out persistent haunts. See the Night Manager at the Brown Palace Hotel.

PRIME LOTS. Land parcels available at attractive rates. "An ice-cold ghost." Inquire at the Nevada Land Basin Office.

ENFORCERS needed. See Jenny Crosby at the Black River depot. Best pay available, plus free ammunition.

REFURBISHED personal Gatling sidearms and longarms for sale, cheap. Nolan Hitch on Arapaho Ave.

TIRED of TOILING for lesser railroads? Do you crave fair pay, good grub, and a place to rest your head? Interested parties look no further than Dirk Greer at the Wasatch Rail Depot.

Dakota Territory

» Bismarck

INVESTIGATORS sought by Town Council to track down wayward mail. Please inquire with Mayor Freidorf at Town Hall. Resume preferred.

HIRED GUNS. Seeking gunmen to safeguard rolling stock. Experience with natives preferred. Inquire at the Iron Dragon rail depot.

SHOTGUNNERS to guard stagecoaches bound for the Sioux Nations. Inquire at Deadwood Stage Co.

» Fargo

DISAPPEARANCES! Unexplained events in Island Park demand answers. Inquire at the Mayor's office.

Kansas

» Abilene

WANTED! Freelancers to guard cattle herds. Good pay. Inquire at McCoy Ranch.

NOW HIRING bodyguards at Lebold Mansion. See Conrad Lebold.

» Coffeyville

DEPUTIES needed to enforce the Town Council's will. Please provide resume and references to Marshal Barnaby.

» Dodge City

WANTED! Stagecoach Robber, dead or alive. $500 reward. See Marshal Larry Deger to collect.

LOOKING for a GOOD TIME, cowboy? Visit the Wild Irish Roses on Bridge Street.

NOW HIRING able-bodied rail warriors. Inquire at the Union Blue train depot. Weapons provided.

» Jayhawk Flats

REWARD! A reward of $200 is offered by the citizens of Jayhawk Flats for any information leading to the capture of known card sharp Jeremiah Bass.

» Lawrence

WANTED! Bloody Bill Quantrill, dead or alive. Reward $600, plus $50 per accomplice.

» New Varney Flats

IRON DOOR TREASURE. Local venture capitalist assembling expedition to recover Belle Starr's lost Iron Door Treasure. Skilled woodsmen and trackers only. See Phil Dunlop, Kirby Hotel.

» Topeka

MIRROR WINDOW! See the miraculous portal created by brilliant students of the College of the Sisters of Bethany! Look upon the mysterious World of Spirits! Admission 10¢.

» Wichita

FREAK SHOW! See the Head of Evil and the Hand of Fate! Only 2¢ per viewing.

THE TOMBSTONE EPITAPH: DISPUTED LANDS EDITION

Volume 5 Tombstone, Arizona – Sunday, September 5, 1880 No. 25

Oklahoma Territory

» Perry

MISSING. One Derringer .41 with mother-of-pearl handle. If found please return to J. K. Jessup, Blue Lake Hotel.

Sioux Nations

» Deadwood

FREELANCERS NEEDED. Scientific endeavor requires enforcers to look after its safety. Sioux difficulties expected. Provide your own guns and gear. See Hyram Burns, c/o Nuttal & Mann's No. 10 Saloon.

DESPERATELY SEEKING BILL. Meet me behind the Big Horn Store, 3 a.m., any night. Martha.

Texas

» Amarillo

FREELANCERS, REGULATORS, and BODYGUARDS wanted for dangerous work. Must provide own guns. GOOD PAY, inclusive of three square meals and hazard stipend. Interested parties please inquire of Daniel Prester at the Tin Lamp Hotel.

Wyoming

» Cheyenne

WANTED! Posse to hunt down nocturnal cattle killers. Inquire with Ephraim Connoly at the Double-X Ranch.

» Laramie

NOW HIRING freelancers to escort settler caravans over the Rockies. $100 per trip. Indian trouble expected, other troubles a distinct possibility.

Makin' Heroes

There's no place in the Weird West untouched by Indian history, culture, and traditions. Before the first buffalo hunters and settlers invaded the Plains, before the railroads and boomtowns laid down foundations of steel and wood, before telegraph wires crisscrossed the landscape like some giant spider's web, the Indians were here. They built great civilizations all over North America, only to see their cities fall into decline hundreds of years before the first whites set foot in the so-called "New World."

Yet their legacy lives on. The mythical lives of the ancestors are preserved in tribal customs, and the taking of the Old Ways Oath is a powerful statement of solidarity with one's forefathers. Though Indian lands remain untracked mysteries to whites, Indians know every sacred place, haunted ruin, and trace of ancient culture as well as they know their own family. They live their lives by the turn of the seasons and the rhythms of nature's spirits.

Threats of War

Whether they fight against the whites, scout for the United States or the CSA, or seek the wisdom of spirits great and small, Indians are found just about everywhere in the Weird West. Due to the ongoing War Between the States—currently stalemated but threatening to flare up again—Indians are far more populous than they might be otherwise. In the event of determined Indian Wars the tribes would suffer unimaginable losses, and this has got a lot of chiefs worried.

Many see the Sioux Nations and Coyote Confederation as the first steps of a return to the empires of the ancestors, and the best protection against any Indian Wars to come. Some actively work toward the day when whites will be driven out of their lands forever. But most just try their best to survive and adapt to the ever-changing West.

No matter what, the fate of the Indian nations may very well be determined by the North and the South. An armistice and greater concentration on pacifying the frontier would be as catastrophic as the war beginning anew. More and more Indians are throwing in their lot with warrior societies and medicine cults

The Tribes

The Sioux Nations

Lakota: The seven bands that make up the Lakota tribe—the Hunkpapa, Oglala, Burnt Thigh (Brule), Minneconjous, Sihasapa (Blackfeet), Itazipacola (Sans Arcs), and Oohenupa (Two Kettles)—together form the dominant force in the Sioux Nations. Each clan sends an elder to the tribal council of *wicasa yatapickas*.

The council is currently ruled by a four-tribe majority led by Sitting Bull (Hunkpapa), along with Red Cloud (Oglala), American Horse (Burnt Thigh), and Lame Deer (Minneconjous). These tribes follow the Old Ways, while the minority tribes wish to open the Black Hills to more mining.

The Lakota are allied with the Cheyenne and Arapaho tribes, and they seem to make war on nearly everyone else. Their two greatest enemies are the Crow and Pawnee, who were expelled from the Plains when the Sioux Nations were established.

Northern Cheyenne: This small, spiritual tribe is the bridge between the Sioux Nation and the Coyote Confederation. They are not numerous, but they hope other tribes will join in their peaceful ways.

The Northern Cheyenne are closely allied with the Lakota and Arapaho, as well as the Southern Cheyenne. The Northern Cheyenne have few direct enemies, but the Shoshoni and Crow continue to raid their people all around the Disputed Territories.

The Coyote Confederation

The Coyote Confederation is a loose affiliation of five tribes that have warred with one another in the past. They are led by a mysterious, hooded figure known only as Coyote.

Arapaho: Allied with the Southern Cheyenne, the Arapaho are the peacekeepers of the Confederation. Their enemies are the Ute, Shoshoni, and Pawnee.

Cherokee: Displaced more than any other Plains tribe and now nearly vanished, the remaining few Cherokee scout for the whites. Others are allied with the Comanche.

Comanche: Violent and adversarial, the Comanche are the most powerful tribe in the Coyote Confederation. The current chief of the Comanche is Quanah Parker. They are allied with the Kiowa and Cherokee tribes, and make war on every other tribe within their reach.

Kiowa: Like their allies the Comanche, the Kiowa are a warlike tribe and raid any other tribe they meet. Chief Satanta leads the Kiowa.

Southern Cheyenne: Like their northern brethren, this small tribe is very spiritual and diplomatic. They are allied with the Arapaho, and have no enemies save the whites.

Disputed Territories

Apaches: Found mostly in the Arizona and New Mexico territories, the many small Apache tribes are consummate raiders and scouts. For the most part the Apache and Navajo tribes are allied, and their enemies are the whites who hunt them.

Crow: This tribe is the most active enemy of the Coyote Confederation, and its members often scout for the Texas Rangers and various rail companies. They gave up the Old Ways long ago. Women tend to be the most powerful shamans among the Crow.

Navajo: Owners of vast sacred lands in the Southwest, the Navaho are protectors of all the desert tribes. They number the Apache among their allies, and have no enemies besides hostile whites.

Paiute: This small, spiritual tribe founded the Ghost Dance and continues to be the center of the movement. They are led by a charismatic and welcoming medicine man named Wovoka. They maintain a strong alliance with the Shoshoni, and have no major tribal enemies.

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like the Ghost Dancers and the Order of the Raven.

The Weird West holds nearly limitless possibilities for villainy and heroism. This chapter is for those who choose the latter—no matter the cost.

Native Heroes

If you really want to get the details of your Indian character right, there's no substitute for research. This book isn't intended to cover the sheer breadth of Indian cultures, nor could it do justice to such a diverse subject. What we give you here is some additional details and options to flesh out warriors and shamans alike.

There are also some items of interest to any ol' cowpoke, so don't go ignorin' this section just because your character isn't a native of the High Plains.

Indian Concepts

The *Deadlands Player's Guide* gives you a few Indian concepts to work with: the Shaman and the Brave. Here are a few more to get you thinking about different sorts of Indian characters.

Berdache: If a young man lacks the salt to be a warrior, has no talent for speaking with spirits, and lacks the speed and skills vital for scouts, he is no longer considered a man by his tribe. He wears women's clothes, takes a woman's name, and does a female's chores. But that doesn't mean the berdache is disrespected. Far from it. They are among the best craftspeople in a tribe, and in elder years considered as wise as priests in the ways of the world.

Chief: The chief is the leader of a village, a clan, or an entire tribe. This position is one of enormous influence and numerous responsibilities, and not to be taken lightly. A chief needs to be sure his people eat well, resolve conflicts among tribal elders and sometimes neighbors, and establish treaties

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Pawnee: Displaced from their land when the Sioux Nations were formed, the Pawnee are now the avowed enemy of the Lakota and Arapaho. They still follow the Old Ways, but number few other tribes as allies.

Shoshoni: The Shoshoni, ardent followers of the Ghost Dance, provide protection to their Paiute allies. They are also allied with the Nez Perce and sometimes the Utes. They are the avowed nemesis of both organized Indian nations.

Yaqui: A converted tribe found in northern Mexico and the southernmost end of the Arizona Territory. They have a warlike reputation among Indian tribes, and their traditional enemies are the Spanish who invaded their lands.

Zuni Pueblo: Isolated, secretive descendants of the long-vanished Anasazi, this tribe is found in New Mexico.

The Great Maze

Klamath: The central tribe of the Necessity Alliance, along with the Chumash, Miwok, Coastanoan, and Gabrielino.

Pomo: Far-scattered and nearly destroyed by the Great Quake, the Pomo are master scouts and fighters in the water.

Mojave: This tribe of farmers at the mouth of the Colorado River has only recently come into contact with whites and bears little ill will toward them.

The Northwest

Haida, Tlingit, and Tshimshian: These wealthy tribes are peaceful and very materialistic. No other tribes have ever experienced such prosperity.

with allies and enemies. Some tribes have two chiefs—one for times of peace and another for times of war. Though this concept is better suited to characters of higher Rank, even Novice heroes might end up chief in times of war, sickness, or some other great upheaval.

Priest: One kind of shaman, the priest sees to the spiritual well-being of a tribe. She speaks to the spirits on behalf of her people, and acts as the first line of defense against possession and other manifestations of manitous. Priests are responsible for the safety of tribal relics and holy places.

Medicine Man: Another variety of shaman, the medicine man holds court with spirits too. But his rituals are designed to compel favors from them—healing the sick, bringing more buffalo, and ensuring healthy crops. Medicine men sometimes undertake vision quests to discover secrets that help them solve their tribe's problems.

Scout: Young, fearless warriors often serve as scouts for their tribes, and sometimes for whoever pays best. Everyone from the Rail Barons to the Texas Rangers has Indian scouts in their employ, especially in the Disputed Lands, and they pay them handsomely for their work. Scouts need to be fast, stealthy, and wise in the ways of tracking and survival.

War Leader: Equal parts warrior and shaman, the war leader calls upon the spirits to bring him victory in war and protection against harm. War leaders ask for one thing—the ability to ruthlessly whip their foes in battle. Typically they're not the best fighters or most powerful shamans, but what they lack in each they make up for with diverse talents.

The Tribe

To an Indian the tribe is everything. It provides a foundation for his relationship with nature, the spirits, and the rest of the world. The tribe keeps its history alive through its own language, religion, and way of life. More so than in white society, an Indian has a sacred bond with his people and the land that sustains them.

A nearby sidebar briefly describes the various tribes. Choose one for your character. There are actually hundreds of tribes scattered throughout the Americas, but the ones we've presented here are the major players in the Weird West. If you'd like to play a character from one of the smaller tribes, talk it over with your Marshal.

Some characters are tribeless due to exile, war, or just being separated from their people and trying to get home. These unfortunate hombres are likely to have the Outsider Hindrance.

Allies and Enemies

Every tribe has allies and enemies, and these predispositions tend to apply to most members of the tribe. Allies welcome your hero into their village, while enemies are far more likely to shoot or scalp your hero on sight. If your character is particularly ornery around tribal enemies, you might consider taking the Intolerant Hindrance (see page 19). The "Noble Savages" sidebar (on page 20) contains more ideas for customizing *Savage Worlds* Hindrances and Edges to your Indian character.

Tribal Markings

Each tribe has distinctive ways they dress, paint themselves and their horses, identify rank, and honor their totem spirits. Unless there's a good reason to do so, Indians do not typically hide these things.

Anyone interested in identifying your Indian hero's tribe and tribal role can make a Common Knowledge roll (typically at –2, unless the identifier is an Indian or has some special knowledge of Indian ways). With a success, the hero's tribe is identified. On a raise, the observer identifies your hero's tribe, role, and totem spirit (if any).

Tribal Languages

Most Indians speak English these days, due to the old reservation system, the presence of white missionaries, or simple daily contact

with white cultures. But the tribes keep their own languages alive by teaching them to those youngsters who will listen and remember. With the rise of the Old Ways among the tribes, tribal languages have seen resurgence. See the *Deadlands Player's Guide* for the rules on Languages; knowing a tribal language requires the purchase of a Knowledge skill.

The nearby sidebar shows the six major language families of Indians in the Weird West. Tribes within the same family can communicate with each other in a rudimentary fashion—making up for missing words with sign language and Spanish—but this requires a Knowledge (Language) roll for anything more involved than basic greetings and simple statements (at the Marshal's discretion). Mistranslations have sometimes led to tribal conflicts lasting for generations.

Language Families

The six language families and the tribes that speak them are:

Algonkian: Blackfoot, Cheyenne, Arapaho, Gros Ventre, Cree, and Cherokee.

Athabaskan: Apaches, Navajo, Hupa, Haida, Tsimshian, Wakashan, Salishan, and Klamath.

Caddoan: Pawnees, Arikara, and Wichita.

Siouan: Mandans, Hidatsas, Crow, Lakota (Sioux), and other small Plains tribes.

Shoshonean: Shoshoni, Comanche, Ute, Hopi, Kiowa, Paiute, and Yaqui.

Hokan: Pomo, Mojave, Yavapai, and Cocopah.

New Hindrances

Here are some new Hindrances to diversify your hero. Anyone can saddle his hero with one of these Hindrances, although Coup Counter is typically reserved for Indian characters.

Allergy (Minor or Major)

Your cowpoke suffers an aversion to a relatively common condition or substance, such as pollen, sawdust, peanuts, horse dander, etc. Whenever he's exposed to the substance (generally getting within 5" of it, but this depends on the allergen) he must make a Vigor roll or suffer a level of Fatigue. For the Minor version, your hero makes a Vigor roll at –1, and any Fatigue lasts 1d6 hours. For the Major version, the Vigor roll is made at –2 and if it's failed the Fatigue lasts for a whole day.

Coup Counter (Minor)

Your brave always tries to count coup on an enemy before entering combat. If there is an opponent your hero can potentially reach in one round (Pace plus running die for the character, a mount, or other conveyance), the first action he takes must be to count coup by touching that foe with his coup stick. If you want your character to perform another action (such as an attack) instead, you must spend a Fate Chip (any color) to make it happen. Counting coup requires a successful Touch Attack (Fighting +2) with the stick. This "attack" must do no damage to count for coup.

On the positive side, tribes who follow the coup tradition (primarily those of the Plains) typically afford a coup seeker greater status. When the Marshal rolls for a random NPC Reaction for them (as opposed to a predetermined one), he adds +2 to the roll.

Intolerant (Minor or Major)

With all the fighting that's been tearing apart the Disputed Territories, you can be sure there are lots of folks who have developed a disliking for those who done them wrong. While racism is the province of villains in 1880, and most folks are willing to look past a person's appearance to judge them by their actions, there are some who simply dislike those from another culture and believe their own culture to be far superior.

Noble Savages

Though it might seem like we omitted some options for native characters, you can recreate them by adapting the Edges and Hindrances in *Savage Worlds*. That doesn't mean you have to rewrite the rules, it just means you should give some thought to the "Trappings" of your Indian character's various perks and drawbacks.

For example, let's look at Background and Social Edges. The Noble Edge could indicate a respected member of the tribe who also has extensive obligations to her people, such as a chief. Charisma bonuses are universal, as other tribes—even white men and enemy tribes—recognize the hero's position and respect it (though this effect is countered by the Intolerant Hindrance). The Connections and Followers Edges could be detailed as pertaining to allied tribes or warriors. Rich doesn't necessarily mean money where Indians are concerned, but it can indicate a large number of wives (or husbands), horses, or lodges.

Hindrances can also be customized to suit your hero. An Indian who cleaves to a Code of Honor may have very different ideals from your typical law dog. A warrior's Death Wish might not be mere fatalism—maybe that hero is fulfilling a tribal prophecy or playing a part in his tribe's mythic circle that reoccurs through the ages. Since many native peoples afford a great deal of respect to their elders, that Elderly Hindrance isn't quite so bad when the hero is among her own tribe. Vows can easily refer to tribes, warrior societies, or spirit pacts.

Use the Outsider Hindrance to do your heavy lifting. It can represent a whole host of conditions—a lone Indian scout among whites, a warrior exiled from her tribe, a brave raised among a tribe that is not his own, even a white who has "gone native." The list goes on. If you think the Trappings warrant a –2 to your Charisma, then shape the Outsider Hindrance to fit the circumstances and hit the trail.

Specify the target of your hombre's Intolerance. He can't help belittling this culture—and members of it—at every opportunity. A character taking the Minor version has –2 Charisma among members of that culture. The penalty increases to –4 for the Major Hindrance.

In both cases, the character may not use Leadership Edges with members of the specified culture unless he has worked with them for at least one week.

Trouble Magnet (Minor or Major)

Things never go smoothly for this hero, no matter how hard he tries. At least once per session, the Marshal should have trouble wander across the hero's path. This might be someone who recognizes him while he's trying to infiltrate a Confederate fort, some enemy reinforcements joining a battle, or a terrible storm headed straight for his campfire.

The intensity of the trouble depends on whether a character has the Minor or Major version, but is otherwise left to the Marshal's discretion. Be warned though—having multiple heroes in the posse with this Hindrance does result in multiple troublesome effects.

New Edges

Here are a few new Edges to improve the fortunes of bold heroes. You might just find yourself needing them in the Disputed Lands, stranger.

Background Edge

Gallows Humor

Requirements: Novice, Taunt d6+

It's said Georgians and Louisianans make jokes about the direst situations. They can stare the Grim Reaper himself in the face, just so long as something about him strikes them as funny. It's a skill that serves anyone well.

When a character with this Edge fails a Guts check, she may immediately re-roll using her Taunt skill with the same modifier. If the Taunt roll is also failed, the hero suffers the effects of Fear. If that effect is a roll on the Fear Effects Table, it is made at +2. It's pretty terrifying when a joke backfires!

Because it's no fun keeping a joke to oneself the ridiculing phrase must be spoken aloud by both the player and the character. Being gagged or otherwise speechless deprives a character of the benefits of this Edge. In other words, you have to actually make light of the situation—no joke, no roll.

Combat Edge

Two-Gun Kid

Requirements: Veteran, Marksman, Two-Fisted, Shooting d10+

A gun in each hand is your trademark. When they speak, folks listen—and die. During any round in which he does not move, the gunslinger with this Edge can apply his Marksman bonus to two separate targets.

Weird Edges

Knack

Requirements: Wild Card, Novice

As noted in the *Deadlands Player's Guide*, this Edge should only be taken during character creation (unless there's a good reason for the hero to "discover" her latent powers at a later date).

The Weird West is a superstitious place, and that goes double for the Indian Nations. Native peoples live in harmony with the spirits of the land and the sky, and are said to call upon them for aid. While that's more than many whites can understand, the fact is Indians live mythical lives in a mythical land.

Here are some more special events that may have coincided with the time of your birth. These new knacks aren't limited to natives only; some have been picked up by settlers or have a corollary to beliefs from other cultures. Each one gives you access to a special ability, which you can activate by using a Fate Chip (of any color). If you don't have a Fate Chip to spare, you can't use your knack.

Shooting Star: A shooting star or comet lit up the sky at the time of your hero's birth, and many believe it foretold his skills as a great leader. At the beginning of any combat, you may spend a white chip to increase the range of effect for your Leadership Edges to a distance equal to your Spirit die type. A red chip increases them to Spirit x2, and a blue chip to Spirit x4. The increased range lasts until the end of the fight.

Spirit Touched: You character was contacted by some entity from the Hunting Grounds before his birth. It has guarded him ever since. Shamans call this a guardian spirit, blessed tend to view it as a guardian angel or patron saint, and voodooists refer to the person as "favored chual" of a particular loa. Folks touched by Magic are a relatively new phenomenon, and their link to dark and destructive manitou spirits has resulted in the nickname "tempests."

Choose a single power from either the Miracles (Voodooist), Shamanism, or Magic list depending on what type of spirit guards your hero. Once per session you can spend a Fate Chip to activate the power. By spending a white chip, the character gains 5 Power Points with which to activate the power during that session. A red chip grants 1d6+5 Power Points (and does not grant the Marshal a draw from the pot), and a blue chip grants 2d6+5 Power Points. A Legend chip grants the same as a blue chip, but the character also gains a +2 bonus to activate the power. In all cases the character makes a Spirit roll to enact the power. The spirit cannot maintain the power forever, and the points are lost at a rate of 1 per hour. Any points remaining at the end of a session are lost.

Because manitous are so unpredictable, tempests with this knack take a bigger risk than other spirit-touched heroes. If a tempest rolls a 1 on his Spirit die (regardless of the Wild Die) the manitou takes control of the power. Damaging effects are directed at a random ally, while beneficial spells affect the most powerful enemy in the area.

Storm Born: You were born in the midst of a great storm. Among your people it is said that fear has no power over you. If you spend a white Fate chip to reroll Guts, you ignore any penalty other than the local Fear Level. If you spend a red Fate chip to reroll Guts, you ignore *all* penalties, including the local Fear Level. You may also spend a blue Fate chip to allow everyone within a range of your Spirit in inches to reroll a Guts check (including yourself), ignoring any penalty other than Fear Level.

Liquid Courage

Requirements: Novice, Vigor d8+

Whether it's called joy juice, tiger piss, or just good ol' whiskey, alcohol has an amazing effect on you. Down at least 8 ounces of the stuff and you're virtually unstoppable. The round after the character drinks at least 8 ounces of hard liquor (three times that in beer or twice that in wine), his Vigor increases by one die type (which also increases his Toughness), and he ignores one level of wound modifiers (which stacks with other abilities that ignore wound penalties).

The effect lasts for one hour, and has no detrimental effects on brainpower, Agility, or other functions. If the character is looking to get drunk and does so, he retains the benefits above but suffers –2 to all Smarts and Agility-based rolls for as long as he continues to drink, and the next 1d6 hours thereafter.

Patron Spirit

Requirements: Novice, Arcane Background (Miracles), Spirit d8+

A Patron Spirit might be a guardian angel, a patron saint, a helpful loa, or some other entity that fits the blessed's beliefs. By spending a Fate chip, the blessed with a Patron Spirit may call upon it at any time to aid her in maintaining miracles. A white chip

extends the duration by the base amount (i.e., a power normally active for 3 rounds lasts 3 more rounds). A red chip extends the duration by twice the base amount, and a blue chip extends the duration by three times the base amount. A Legend chip extends the duration of a power by five times the base amount.

A character may never have more than one patron spirit at a time; if a hero has both Knack (Spirit Touched) and Patron Spirit, both Edges apply to the same spirit.

Seen the Elephant

Requirements: Veteran, True Grit, Guts d8+

Soldiers are routinely exposed to carnage that's inconceivable to civilians. The rumble of cannon fire is like the chirping of crickets at night to a soldier who's seen the elephant. The memories haunt them long after a battle ends, but as compensation they no longer have quite the same reaction to terrifying events. When a hero with this Edge has to roll on the Fear Effects Table, he subtracts –4 from the roll—being numbed by trauma has its benefits.

Totem Spirit

Requirements: Novice, Arcane Background (Shamanism), Spirit d8+

The shaman with this Edge may choose one favored power linked to his totem (see sidebar for ideas). The favored power must be one that is available to shamans. If the shaman gets a raise when activating that power, the totem provides the energy and the base power point cost is halved (round down). The shaman must have the points to use the power in the first place. Should the shaman ever suffer a penalty to Tribal Medicine skill for failure to perform ritual offerings (as described in the *Deadlands Player's Guide*), he loses access to his totem spirit for 1d6 days.

A character may never have more than one totem spirit at a time; if a hero has both Knack (Spirit Touched) and Totem Spirit, both Edges apply to the same spirit.

New Power

What is known as the "Hunting Grounds" to Indians is called many things by many cultures. But all agree that it is a place beyond what most mortal eyes can see. It is a strange, twilit world populated by spirits, where emotions and their residue sometimes take on physical form. Indians have long looked to this world as a source of inspiration, guidance, and wisdom. Other cultures have done so as well, after their own fashion.

Among Indian shamans it is believed that the Hunting Grounds are sick and overrun with manitous. The sickness that infects the spirit world bleeds over into this one, causing all the troubles of the Weird West. Many shamans use the *vision quest* power to ask questions of the spirits, but others learn mystical secrets long forgotten. They learn to project their souls into the Hunting Grounds, or tear open doorways to physically step through into the twilight land.

Traveling in the Hunting Grounds, whether in spirit form or "in the flesh," is dangerous to say the very least. (That's if you even believe such things can be done, amigo.) When heroes fight an abomination in the physical world the stakes are pretty high. In the Hunting Grounds the stakes are even higher. When an hombre loses he might end up serving the dark forces forever. Tread lightly.

The following power allows characters to take an active hand in dealing with the Hunting Grounds.

Contact Spirit World

Rank: Special
Power Points: Special
Range: Special
Duration: 1 hour (1/hour)

This power is used to *contact* the Hunting Grounds in various ways. As the arcane character goes up in Rank he grows more skilled at manipulating spirits and their realm.

Nature Totems

Here's a list of common nature spirits for Indian characters who have the Totem Spirit or Knack (Spirit Touched) Edge. Others are possible—just be sure to talk it over with your Marshal first.

Bear: The bear is a healer and nurturer, the maternal beast that walks upright like a man and raises its young. Medicine men hope to see bears in their visions, for their appearance foretells powerful healing medicine. Bear's favored power is *healing*.

Buffalo: The buffalo is a central symbol of the Ghost Dance movement. The buffalo is the animal of the Creator himself, and is associated with vision seeking and blessings. Buffalo's favored power is *vision quest*.

Coyote: Coyote is the trickster and teacher, making fun of fools and educating those who need it. Sometimes his lessons are harsh, but Coyote never fails to make his point. *Shape change* is Coyote's favored power.

Crow: Crow is the mean-spirited counterpart to the better-natured Coyote. While Coyote uses trickery to teach, Crow uses it to punish the wicked. Crow's favored power is *curse*.

Eagle: The Eagle is spirit medicine incarnate, the father of all other spirits save the white buffalo. The Eagle soars high above the Hunting Grounds as it soars over our world, seeing everything. Indians guarded by the Eagle spirit see deep into the future and past, as the Eagle itself sees deep into the worlds. Eagle's favored power is *mind rider*.

Elk: The Elk foretells prosperity and peace for the tribe. It is rare to find this totem in desert lands, for life is hard where there is no water. The *protection* power is favored by Elk.

Owl: The Owl foretells death. It is a mighty hunter, but its favorite prey is much smaller and weaker than itself. Some brave Owls take on rattlesnakes or Gila monsters. Ironically, white men mistakenly associate this portent of death with wisdom. Owl's favored power is *fear*.

Raven: The Raven was once associated with knowledge and wisdom, but now it foretells war and the end days. Yet to say that Raven is evil is not entirely accurate. Wise people know war is inevitable, sometimes even necessary. Due to the activities of groups like the Order of the Raven, these days the totem is considered "bad medicine" in most parts of the Weird West. The favored power of Raven is *smite*.

Snake: Snakes are bearers of wisdom and speakers to the spirit world. It is said that a snake of stars stretches across the heavens, and that another snake wraps itself around the rim of the world. Snake's favored power is *contact spirit world* (see page 23).

Spider: The Spider is the poisonous spinner of webs. It is both creator and destroyer—consuming its mate and spawning children by the millions. Its webs are beautiful, but they exist only to snare the weak and foolhardy. The favored power of Spider is *entangle*.

Turtle: The Turtle is associated with luck and prosperity like its brother the Elk, but is much more common throughout the Plains and Southwest. Turtle favors the *deflection* power.

Wolf: The Wolf spirit carries powerful hunting medicine with it. Packs of wolves teach young Indians to travel in numbers and select only prey offered by the nature spirits. Since Wolf is the guardian spirit of powerful leaders, a character must have either the Heroic or Loyal Hindrance to claim Wolf as her totem. Wolf's favored power is *quickness*.

The Marshal has more information on all the following uses. A character may learn this spell while of Novice Rank, but cannot make use of the more powerful functions until he attains the appropriate Rank.

A shaman who possesses the crystal from an uktena's skull (see the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*) receives a +1 on Tribal Medicine rolls to use the *contact spirit world* power, due to the gemstone's intrinsic connection to the Hunting Grounds. Similar tokens may be available for other Arcane Backgrounds at the Marshal's whim.

Cost	*Rank*	*Power*
3	Novice	Summon Lesser Spirit
4	Seasoned	Summon Normal Spirit
5	Veteran	Spirit Travel
6	Heroic	Group Spirit Travel
7	Legendary	Open Portal

Summon Lesser Spirit: The caster calls forth a lesser spirit. He cannot summon manitous, and the caster can't specify the type of spirit he wants to call up unless he knows an individual spirit's true name. The Marshal has a handy table on page 66 to determine which spirit answers the call.

Once the spirit arrives the caster engages it in an opposed Spirit test. If the caster fails the spirit vanishes. On a roll of snake eyes the spirit attacks the caster in a rage, but vanishes as soon as it or the caster takes one wound.

On a success the spirit reveals its abilities and the caster can demand one service from it. This must be a single, simple, and specific act on behalf of the summoning character (e.g., "Guide me to the village of my ancestors," or "Guard me from harm until I leave the Hunting Grounds."). With a raise the caster also learns the spirit's true name, and the act can be more complicated and include a few contingency plans along the way.

Summon Normal Spirit: The caster calls forth a normal spirit. This is just like summoning a lesser spirit, except for the higher Power Point cost and Rank requirement. Oh, and the spirit is likely to be more powerful. Never call up anything you can't put down. (Greater spirits cannot be summoned with this power—they are unique beings and can only be called through specific rituals known only to the very old and very wise.)

Spirit Travel: This power allows the caster to project his soul into the Hunting Grounds for the purpose of contacting spirits, gaining insight into a thorny problem, or perhaps viewing the impressions left by past events. Once the power is activated it takes 1d6 rounds for the transfer to take place. The caster simply "wakes up" in the spirit world.

For the most part, physical objects don't go along for the ride. Relics and other enchanted items always accompany an owner for free. If the caster wishes to bring other items to the Hunting Grounds, it costs 1 additional Power Point per natural item (bow and arrows, stone tomahawk, clay pot), and 2 additional Power Points for each manufactured item (steel blade, gun, jet pack).

While the caster's soul travels the Hunting Grounds, his body remains in the physical world in a comatose state. Typically the astral traveler appoints some guardian to look after his body while he's gone. If it's not cared for, the caster's body will eventually die of Hunger or Thirst (see *Savage Worlds*).

The power lasts until the journey is complete. It is wise to have some goal in mind when traveling to the Hunting Grounds. The spirit world is dodgy, even for those who only travel there astrally! The Marshal has more information about what sorts of things might happen along the way.

Group Spirit Travel: This power is just like spirit travel except the caster can take along a maximum number of companions equal

to his Spirit die. All the companions' souls leave their bodies with the caster as described above.

Open Portal: The caster tears open a doorway into the Hunting Grounds, through which she and a number of companions equal to her Spirit die can physically travel. It takes each character 1 round to pass through the portal, after which the caster and any companions arrive in the Hunting Grounds. All the characters' personal gear travels with them to the Hunting Grounds.

Reasons for physically traveling to the spirit world include rescuing a lost soul, or retrieving a relic or medicine object that has been hidden there.

This power can also be used to open a portal from the Hunting Grounds to the physical world, but it's more difficult to do so. Apply a –2 penalty to the roll in this case. For this reason some travelers prefer to keep their portals open while they mosey about in the Hunting Grounds. This practice isn't without risks, though. You never know what's liable to step through an open portal when nobody's looking…and it usually ain't good news.

Trappings:
Blessed: Voodooists only. Houngans and mambos experience the Hunting Grounds as the dark and shadowy world of the loas.
Huckster: Not available.
Mad Scientist: Pan-dimensional lure, ectoplasmic net, astral helmet, dreamlands elixir, worldgate, ghost looking-glass.
Martial Artist: Not available.
Shaman: Chanting, dancing, incense, fire, sacrifices, peyote, sweat lodge, grueling physical exertion.

Gear & Goods

Some folks make a decent living in the Disputed Territories. Others rise every morning with two problems-how to find some dinero and how to spend it. Finding the cash is up to your hero, but here are a few suggestions on how to handle the spending part.

GEAR NOTES

Bow and Quiver Case: A bow and quiver case holds one bow and 10 arrows.

Ceremonial Object: Ceremonial masks, depicting the faces of ancestors, heroes, or spirits, are used by many tribes and cultures as part of their rituals.

Coup Stick: A practice of the Plains Indians, "counting coup" generally means showing extraordinary bravery in battle. Probably the most-respected sort of coup is when a warrior gets close enough to touch his enemy with the ornate, decorated coup stick before escaping unharmed.

Counting coup requires a successful Touch Attack (Fighting +2) with the stick. This "attack" must do no damage to count for coup. It is only considered counting coup by the tribe if the opponent is armed and dangerous, and it never works on the same enemy twice. Touching a sleeping warrior is only a coup if the stick wielder wakes him first.

Counting coup bestows upon the hero a higher status among her tribe. In the next encounter with her tribe after successfully counting coup, the Initial Reaction of NPC tribe members is automatically increased by one step. This is a one-time bonus for each successful coup, and multiple coups are not cumulative.

Peyote: Peyote buttons, a strong hallucinogen, grow on cacti and are used by some Indian mystics to spark *vision quests*. A hero who eats a peyote button gains +1 on a Tribal Medicine roll to enact the *contact spirit world* or *vision quest* power, but subsequently suffers –2 to all Smarts and Agility-based rolls for 2d6 hours.

Shields: Indian shields are made by stretching hide over a wooden frame, which is carried on the arm for protection. Most are ornately decorated with tribal and religious

Native Gear

Item	Cost	Weight
Clothes		
Buckskin shirt	$3	1
Moccasins	$2	—
War bonnet	$5	—
General Equipment		
Basket, wicker	$2	2
Blanket	$3	5
Bow and quiver case	$3	3
Ceremonial object	$5–15	3
Coup stick	$6	1
Drum	$8	6
Flute	$10	2
Peyote, 6 buttons	$5	—
Pot, clay	$1–10	8
Snowshoes	$10	4
Tipi	$15	—
Travois	$12	—
Shields		
Medicine shield (Small)	$10	6
War shield (Medium)	$20	10

symbols. A small shield grants +1 Parry. A medium shield grants +1 Parry, and provides +1 Armor against ranged shots that hit. Due to their rustic construction, small shields have Toughness 6, and medium shields Toughness 8. Both are affected by blunt and cutting damage.

Snowshoes: This footwear might look funny to hombres who've never seen them in action, but for those "in the know" they're invaluable for winter travel. A pair of snowshoes negates the effects of Heavy Snow (see page 72) on the wearer.

Tipi: A large, conical tent used for centuries by the Indians of the Great Plains. The structure consists of several poles lashed together at the top, and a large piece of cured, decorated hide stretched around them to provide shelter. A hole at the top allows the smoke of a campfire to escape. A tipi holds up to eight sleepers comfortably, but will shelter as many as 12 in a pinch.

Travois: Nomadic tribes carry their belongings on a travois, a palette of hide stretched over a wooden frame that is dragged behind a horse. A travois can carry up to 400 pounds of goods and gear, and hardly slows down a strong horse.

Infernal Devices

Steam Cart

Cost: $1,200

A steam cart is little more than a railroad handcart that's been modified to include a ghost rock boiler, armor plating, and varied weaponry. These small vehicles are used to move crews of rail warriors around the Disputed Territories quickly—sometimes for repair and other times to lay waste. Your basic steam cart includes a boiler, so you don't have to bust a sweat moving it by hand. For

an extra $500, the cart includes armor plating (Light Cover for passengers, Medium for the driver and those who crouch down).

Common Weapons: Add an additional $50 per weapon mount—a steam cart can hold up to four implements of destruction. These are typically Gatling guns, but flamethrowers aren't unheard of.

Acc/Top Speed: 5/15; **Toughness:** 12 (4); **Crew:** 1+5; **Cost:** $1,200; **Notes:** Functions only on railroad tracks; Travels approximately 60 miles on one pound of ghost rock.

Malfunction: On a roll of a 1 on the Driving die (regardless of the result of any Wild Die), the ghost rock boiler explodes, causing 3d10 damage to everyone in a Large Burst Template (including the steam cart and anyone riding it).

Steam Velocipede

Cost: $800

This steam-powered bicycle is the vehicle of choice for those who want a quick means of transportation without the hassle of feeding and watering a horse. It's only for one person (unless one opts for the sidecar), but it moves like the wind! The basic vehicle comes with two solid rubber tires, a high-efficiency ghost rock steam engine, and rugged off-road frame. A sidecar is available for an additional $100.

Common Weapons: For an extra $50, a ring mount capable of holding a Gatling gun can be fitted to the sidecar.

Acc/Top Speed: 10/20; **Toughness:** 8 (2); **Crew:** 1 (+1 with sidecar); **Cost:** $800; **Notes:** Travels approximately 100 miles on one pound of ghost rock.

Malfunction: On a roll of a 1 on the Driving die (regardless of the result of any Wild Die), the ghost rock boiler explodes, causing 2d10 damage to everyone in a Large Burst Template (including the velocipede and anyone riding it).

Secret Services Revisited

Ever since the close of the November Offensives of '76, Agency operatives and Texas Rangers have waged a clandestine war in the Disputed Territories. Like shadowy chess players they feint and maneuver, all in an attempt to discover what caused—or is still causing—what Agents refer to as "the Event," or more specifically, *Event 070363*. Rangers just call it "bad news." Whatever the name, the Agency and the Texas Rangers can agree on exactly one thing, and that's how to stop it: keep it a secret.

Now the fires of war threaten to flare out of control throughout the Disputed Territories. Already torn by 25 years of guerilla warfare, it's hard to believe the situation in Colorado, Kansas, and Oklahoma could get any worse.

Requisitions

Every Agent starts his career with a shiny new Gatling pistol, just as every Texas Ranger is issued an expurgated copy of *Fugitives from Justice in the Confederacy*. Eventually your hero might find himself between a rock and a hard place, and in need of more than just the usual tools. That's when you call in the Big Guns.

So how does your Agent or Texas Ranger get his hands on some new toys? Glad you asked, amigo. For the most part, it comes down to a Persuasion roll. But the requisition process also involves going through the proper channels and filling out the correct paperwork—in triplicate where the Agency is concerned.

Attempts to file a requisition often turn into adventures of their own. And even if you do everything right there's no guarantee of success. Better make sure you *really* need that device, hombre.

Requisition Modifiers

Agency Requisition Modifiers

Rank	*Modifier*
Grade 0	N/A
Grade 1	+0
Grade 2	+1
Grade 3	+2
Grade 4	+3
Grade 5	+4

Texas Ranger Requisition Modifiers

Rank	*Modifier*
Private	N/A
Corporal	–1
Sergeant	+0
1st Sergeant	+1
2nd Lieutenant	+1
1st Lieutenant	+2
Captain	+2
Major	+3
Lt. Colonel	+3
Colonel	+4

1. Contact HQ

To requisition anything from a length of rope to a top-secret device, an Agent or Ranger first has to get in touch with his superiors. This is often easier said than done. If there's no local branch office—which is most often the case—a modest journey may be in order. If that's not feasible there's always a telegraph, but these aren't the most reliable way of making contact in the Disputed Territories. Posting a letter is slightly more dependable, but on your typical mission there's not enough time to send a letter and wait for the eventual response. If you can't make contact, you can't requisition gear from your Secret Service.

2. What's Your Security Clearance, Tex?

Agents of Rank 0 and Texas Rangers who are mere Privates don't have the right to file requisitions yet. Sorry, friend, you're going to have to prove yourself worth the trouble first. Agents or Rangers of higher Ranks should consult the nearby table to see what sort of Requisition Modifier their Rank gives them. (Note that Texas Rangers have a slightly harder time getting their requisitions through—the Rangers' motto of "One riot, one Ranger" is taken *very* seriously.)

Classified high-tech devices also have Requisition Modifiers based on their cost, rarity, and relative danger. Some devices simply aren't available to Agents or Rangers beneath a certain Rank. When this is the case for a given item, it's listed next to the Requisition Modifier.

3. Of Course I Have a Good Reason!

Now it's time for that Persuasion roll we mentioned. Apply your hero's Requisition Modifier, as well as the Requisition Modifier listed for whatever piece of gear she's trying to secure. The Marshal might apply a further ad hoc modifier depending on the particulars of the situation (for instance, if your Agent's superior was almost blown to smithereens due to your Agent's negligence, it's probably

worth a –2 at least). Requesting multiple items incurs a –1 penalty for each additional one beyond the first.

The Agent only gets to apply his Charisma modifier, and bonuses from other Edges (such as Snakeoil Salesman), if the request is made in person. Otherwise he has to rely on his Rank to get things done. The Reputation Edge adds +1 to the roll, no matter the circumstances of the request.

Success on the roll means the Agent or Ranger gets what he wants, and a raise indicates it's available immediately (see Step Four, below). A failed Persuasion roll means your hero's request is politely but firmly denied. If the roll is snake eyes, the request is denied and the character's superior suspects him of cowardice, trying to defraud the organization, or some other unseemly behavior, resulting in a –1 on your hero's next roll on the Promotion Table (see the *Deadlands Player's Guide*). Tough break, compadre.

Agents are typically only allowed to submit one requisition every two weeks. Rangers are limited to one per month. More than that results in a –2 penalty per requisition beyond the first, which is cumulative. Just so we're clear, that means an Agent trying to file three requisitions in a two-week period would suffer no penalty on the first one, –2 on the second, and –4 on the third.

4. How Long Is This Gonna Take?

As noted above, a raise on the Persuasion roll means requisitioned goods are available immediately, plus any shipping time required. With a success the typical wait time is 1d4 days plus shipping (plus the amount listed in the device's description, if any). The Marshal is given free rein to modify wait time based on the circumstances.

For example, if the posse rides all the way to Denver, visits the Agency's Supernatural Research Facility (that's "SRF" to all you Agents), and requisitions nothing but one measly code wheel, the wait time is likely to be none. On the other hand, the Texas Ranger who sends a telegraph from Fargo requesting seven cases of Mk II Rains hand grenades is going to have to wait a long time. Maybe forever, amigo.

Secret Services Gear

Now that you have the lowdown on how to request gear, let's get to the heart of the matter: all those wonderful toys. None of these items are available for purchase. They can only be requisitioned by Agents and Texas Rangers in good standing and of sufficient Rank. In special circumstances (as decided by the Marshal) certain items might be assigned to a hero for use on a given mission—or indefinitely—but these occasions are rare.

Your hero might be able to get hold of one or another on the black market (for an astronomical price determined by the Marshal), but you can be sure whichever secret service used to own it will come looking for their property sooner or later.

Agency Devices

Automatic Key

Requisition Modifier: –2

Looking rather like a spring-loaded six-shooter with some sort of overly complicated dentist's probe protruding from the barrel, the automatic key adjusts to the tumblers of a keyed lock and opens it. The process takes only seconds.

The automatic key opens any keyed lock with a successful Smarts roll (at +2 if the user has the Lockpicking skill).

Malfunction: Failure on the Smarts roll means the automatic key has been damaged, and requires a Repair roll (–4) before it functions again. On snake eyes the automatic key is irreparably destroyed and the lock is jammed (requiring a Repair roll to fix).

Black Duster

Requisition Modifier: –1

This article of clothing is responsible for the nickname given to Agency spooks out West—"men in black." An Agency-made black duster has heavy cloth strips and light chain armor pieces sewn into the lining to provide some protection for the wearer's upper body. These strips give the spook Armor +2 on the torso and arms.

The duster is cut along the sides to allow the spook to draw her weapon easily. Furthermore, the pockets have slits so the operative can sneak her hands to a holstered weapon without them leaving her pockets. There are also numerous interior pockets where the Agent can hide small items. Any cowpoke searching the wearer without removing the duster gets a –2 to all Notice rolls to find small items hidden in the coat.

Boot Knife

Requisition Modifier: +0

No, we don't mean a holdout knife stuffed into a boot sheath—although some operatives do carry those as backup weapons. Agency boot knives are actually built into the sole of the shoe and spring-loaded so the spook can extend and retract the 2" to 3" blades with a little bit of toe dexterity or perhaps a special heel tap. A boot knife does Str+d4+1 damage (AP 2).

Code Wheel

Requisition Modifier: +0

The code wheel is a common method of encrypting and decrypting secret communications. The device consists of flat disks that turn independently of each other, with two or more alphabets inscribed on the outer rim. Two parties need only set their code wheels to the same position. A message is translated by substituting each letter in the message with the matching one on the outer wheel.

Using a code wheel requires only a Smarts roll. By the same token, breaking a code is relatively simple—it takes only a Smarts roll (–4), or a Knowledge (Cryptology) roll at –2.

Disguise Kit

Requisition Modifier: –2

A favorite of Nevada Smith, the "Man of a Thousand Faces," this collection of makeup, wigs, false beards, moustaches, and other accessories is designed to assist an operative in disguising his or her identity. It provides a +4 bonus to Persuasion rolls made to convince others of the ruse. Agents lacking the Persuasion skill may ignore the –2 penalty for unskilled rolls when using the kit.

The kit also contains a few hard-to-come-by articles of clothing, including uniforms for both Union and Confederate officers, a selection of rank and branch insignia for said uniforms, and replica badges for both Union and Confederate law men (including US Marshals). The kit is fairly large and comes in a plain, medium-sized steamer trunk.

Ectoplasmic Calcifier–Mk II

Requisition Modifier: –6 (Grade 4 and above; +2d4 weeks wait time)

This is one of the most unusual items in the Agency's arsenal. The device resembles a souped-up flamethrower with a single large tank and electrical coils wrapped around the firing nozzle. When activated it spews out what looks like flaming electricity, but is actually a colloidal suspension of ghost rock particles mixed with a saline solution and adhesives.

Against normal folks, the calcifier is fairly useless unless your goal is to slime 'em. Against non-corporeal targets (that's "ghosts" for all you superstitious types), the electrical charge, combined with the colloidal solution, can somehow render these targets temporarily corporeal—and vulnerable to normal attacks! This state wears off quickly, so the spook had best have another weapon close at hand to dispatch the abomination.

The operative makes a Shooting roll. If he hits, the entity must make a Spirit roll. If he hits with a raise, the Spirit roll is at –2. If the incorporeal enemy fails, it becomes corporeal for 1d6 rounds. The tank holds enough liquid for 10 shots, and can only be refilled at the Denver or Boston Agency facilities.

Malfunction: If snake eyes come up on the Shooting roll, the calcifier backfires and instead turns the operative incorporeal. For 1d6 rounds treat the hero as if he had the Ghost Edge for Harrowed (see the *Deadlands Player's Guide*), but he remains incorporeal for the duration.

Exploding Pocketwatch

Requisition Modifier: –1

A common timepiece packed with enough explosives to make it the equivalent of a stick of dynamite (see the *Deadlands Player's Guide*). It is activated with a Smarts roll by depressing the handle on its top several times.

Two presses turn it into the equivalent of a hand grenade (it explodes upon contact when thrown). Three presses turn it into a time bomb (the amount of time until the explosion is set with the hands of the watch).

Malfunction: If the user's Smarts roll results in snake eyes, the watch explodes in his hand for full damage.

False Coin

Requisition Modifier: +1

The two sides of a false coin screw tightly together to create a tiny interior compartment. For practical purposes only $5, $10, and $20 coins can conceal compartments of any useful size. Each coin can hold a single carefully folded note or map up to 4" square.

Anyone unaware of a false coin's true nature must succeed on a Notice roll (–4) to detect its purpose. Agents using these devices ought to exercise caution—entire operations have been botched when secret plans were mistakenly used to tip a bartender.

False Playing Cards

Requisition Modifier: +1

False playing cards are one of the most unexpected methods of concealing documents or maps. These cards are actually two-ply; the face and the back are connected by a thin, gummy adhesive, which allows information and/or map segments to be secreted between the two pieces.

Detecting a false deck is difficult, normally requiring a Notice roll at –4. However, your average card sharp seems to have an unusually good eye for catching out-of-the-ordinary decks. A Gambling roll (–2) tells a sharp-eyed card player something's up, so operatives shouldn't use these in a "friendly" game in the saloon!

Gatling Carbine

Requisition Modifier: –2

The Agency carbine rifle has four revolving barrels and a top-mounted circular magazine. The magazine contains a clockwork mechanism to rotate the barrels as each round is fired. The carbine also has a spring built into its receiver to assist in the rotation, or to operate the weapon should the magazine fail.

Malfunction: On a roll of a 1 on the Shooting die (regardless of the result of any Wild Die), the user spins about wildly, spraying bullets everywhere. Treat this as a Suppressive Fire attack against everyone in a Large Burst Template centered on the user. The weapon can't injure more victims than it has bullets remaining.

Ground Stake

Requisition Modifier: +1

A ground stakes is roughly the size of a railroad spike (and closely resembles one), but with a screw-off cap and hollow compartment inside. Operatives can place messages or maps inside and hammer the stakes into the ground at a designated location, then provide exact directions to the recipient. The top of the stake can be left exposed, or covered with a layer of dirt to further conceal its position from prying eyes.

A ground stake can hold a surprising amount of goods, including 10 rifle bullets or a single-shot derringer.

Impenetrable Vest

Requisition Modifier: +0

The so-called "impenetrable vest" is really anything but. It provides the hero's torso with Armor +2 against all attacks—which means some attacks will be deflected while others won't. However, the impenetrable vest isn't designed to be a suit of armor. It's meant to provide some protection while concealing its true nature from observer. In this it succeeds quite well. On the outside, the impenetrable vest looks exactly like a normal vest and is available in a variety of styles, from leather trail clothing to posh wool or tweed. It's also available as a girdle for female operatives.

Listening Cone

Requisition Modifier: +2

This invention is little more than a brass cone the size of a shot glass, with a pair of rubber diaphragms inserted into the narrow end. Spooks use it for listening at doors, thin walls, and other barriers behind which folks hide to discuss nefarious plots. The wide end goes on the barrier and the narrow end into the operative's ear. The device gives a +2 to Notice rolls to overhear sounds behind the barrier.

Mnemomizer

Requisition Modifier: –4 (Grade 3 and above only; +1d4 days wait time)

The mnemomizer is a small, palm-sized, silver globe that opens when certain panels are pressed in the right order (to prevent others from using it or it going off while in an Agent's pocket). See the *Deadlands Player's Guide* for all the details.

Pistol Cane

Requisition Modifier: +0

The cane has a long pistol barrel concealed in its length and a firing mechanism in the handle. The barrel is so long because it incorporates a series of sound baffles, greatly reducing the noise of the shot. Shots fired from the cane are fairly quiet, but impose a –2 on Shooting rolls. A nearby bystander must make a Notice roll (–2) to hear the report. Farther away, the sound is barely noticeable.

Malfunction: If a Shooting roll results in snake eyes, the baffles give out without reducing the noise of this shot even a smidgen. They must be replaced before the cane will fire quietly again.

Sword Cane

Requisition Modifier: +2

The sword cane consists of a rapier (see the *Deadlands Player's Guide*) concealed within the body of a cane. A twist of the handle and the operative can draw 2½ feet of sharpened steel with which to defend himself!

Telegraph Tap

Requisition Modifier: –2

A telegraph tap allows an operative to cut into a telegraph line at any point along its length. The tap consists of a set of wire cutters, a receiving coil, and a set of earphones.

A tap can receive and transmit messages. The user chooses whether to allow the

message through interrupted, alter it slightly, or stop it completely. This device is handy not only for monitoring the communications between individuals under observation, but also to aid in media control. A few changes to a pesky *Epitaph* reporter's story turn it from a dangerous exposé to a back-page fluff piece.

To make proper use of this device the character must make a Repair roll, or barring that a Smarts roll (–2). Also, it's likely the agent must climb a telegraph pole to tap into the line, so a few dice in the Climbing skill, or at least a good set of lineman's gear, are handy as well!

Malfunction: If the Repair or Smarts roll comes up snake eyes, telegraph impulses are dangerously magnified in the Agent's earphones. Since he was considerate enough to put them into his ears, the Agent takes 2d6+4 damage directly to the head.

Waterproof Drop Bags

Requisition Modifier: +2

Waterproof bags are one of the most common methods of transferring large quantities of documents or small equipment caches. These bags are about the size of a pair of saddle bags, but at an empty weight of 10 lb. are considerably heavier. The bags have a rubberized coating and a lining of lead pellets to weight them down in water. The bags come in joined pairs, and each bag can hold as much as a typical saddle bag.

Texas Ranger Devices

Bowie Survival Knife

Requisition Modifier: +0

The Bowie survival knife was developed by the mad scientists at Roswell, New Mexico—and they didn't stop at just adding a super-sharp, near indestructible blade. They decided to incorporate every conceivable survival aid into the knife, with no net weight gain compared to an ordinary Bowie, thanks to the lightness of the ghost steel used in the blade.

Inside the Knife's hollow handle are a dozen matches (with striking pad), sewing needles and thread, and fishing hooks with line and leads. The handle compartment is sealed watertight by a screw-on cap, which has a liquid-filled compass on its top. The blade itself has saw teeth, and stays shiny enough to be used as a signal mirror.

Any Ranger lucky enough to carry one of these adds +2 to Survival rolls that involve its use. Used as a weapon, the Bowie survival knife has the same stats as a regular Bowie knife (see the *Deadlands Player's Guide*).

Fugitives from Justice in the Confederacy (Special Edition)

Requisition Modifier: –4 (1st Lieutenant and above only)

Every Ranger has heard the stories about "Chapter 13"—the secret part of the Ranger's Bible that contains Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Monster-Slaying (But Were Too Low-Ranking To Read). However, it isn't until they climb all the way up to the rank of 1st Lieutenant that they actually get to see it, instead of just getting some bits and pieces sent to them over a telegraph line.

A Ranger with access to a copy enjoys all the benefits of the standard edition. He also gains a +2 bonus on Knowledge (Occult) rolls, as well as a +2 bonus to all attempts at Tracking creatures of unnatural origin.

Getting a copy of the *Special Edition* is the Brigade's ultimate show of faith in a Ranger, and no one gets to be a recipient of that level of trust without fully understanding what's expected of them should this manual ever be in danger of being lost. In short, they are expected to die if need be to keep Chapter 13 out of the public eye, and that's just for starters.

Improved Whitworth Rifle

Requisition Modifier: –2 (Corporal and above)

The Confederates and British have become fast friends in their mutual struggle to "curb Yankee arrogance." The Whitworth, which is manufactured in Britain, is a tad hard to come by in the Confederacy. Lucky the Brits are willing to share.

The weapon itself is a breech-loader constructed using ghost steel, and fires a unique hexagonal bullet propelled by an increased powder charge (like the LeMat Undertaker below). Rangers are typically issued one box of 50 special rounds with each successful requisition.

Malfunction: If a Shooting roll comes up snake eyes while using an improved Whitworth, the powder charge explodes in the barrel, deals full damage to the wielder, and destroys the weapon.

LeMat Undertaker

Requisition Modifier: +0 (Sergeant and above only)

Once a ghost-steel knife was perfected, it was only a matter of time before someone followed suit with a ghost-steel revolver. The undertaker has the same game statistics as a LeMat grapeshot pistol—unless it's loaded with special, increased-charge rounds. With the special rounds, damage is increased by one die (to 3d6). Rangers are typically issued one box of 50 special rounds with each successful requisition.

Malfunction: On a Shooting roll of snake eyes the special round explodes in the barrel, deals full damage to the wielder, and destroys the weapon.

Rains Hand Grenade–Mk II

Requisition Modifier: –3 (1st Sergeant and above only; +1d4 days wait time)

Mark II Rains hand grenades inflict damage like other explosives, but are not subject to accidental detonation like dynamite or nitro. All a Ranger has to do is pull the pin and make a Throwing roll to deliver the grenade to the target. Two grenades are issued with each successful requisition.

Malfunction: If a Ranger rolls snake eyes on the Throwing roll, the grenade detonates early and deals full damage to the thrower. Others in range can make the typical Agility roll (–2) to leap clear of the blast (see *Savage Worlds*).

Supernatural Phenomena Survival (SPS) Kit

Requisition Modifier: –2 (1st Sergeant and above only; +1d4 days wait time)

Due to the scarcity of its components, most Rangers are only ever issued an SPS kit when a supernatural threat is confirmed. Even then, it's such an odd-looking amalgamation that it shouldn't be worn at all unless the Ranger is avoiding the public and going straight to the creature's lair.

The kit consists of a black leather belt with a quick-draw holster and two cartridge-box-sized pouches. The pouches contain a set of

Agency Weapons

	Damage	Wt.	Notes
Boot Knife	Str+d4+1	—	AP 2

	Range	Damage	RoF	Wt.	Shots	Min. Str	Notes
Ectoplasmic Calcifier	—	Special	1	12	10	—	Cone Template; see notes
Gatling Carbine (.42)	20/40/80	2d8	2	9	9	d6	AP 2; see notes
Pistol Cane (.44)	12/24/48	2d6	1	2	1	—	AP 1; –2 Shooting

Texas Ranger Weapons

	Range	Damage	RoF	Wt	Shots	Min. Str	
Improved Whitworth Rifle (.45)	24/48/96	3d8	1	12	1	d8	AP 2; Reload 2
LeMat Undertaker	12/24/48	2d6	1	4	9	—	AP 1; Malfunction; see notes
Mk II Rains Hand Grenade	5/10/20	3d6	—	4	—	—	MBT

lockpicks, a silver mirror, six white candles with matches, a spool of thread with silver needles, a bag of rock salt, some wolfsbane, some bulbs of fresh garlic, a flask of holy water, and a detachable crucifix (usually mounted on the quick-draw holster).

Twenty SPS rounds in a caliber of the Ranger's choice are issued with the belt. SPS rounds represent the cutting edge of alchemical knowledge, and are made of ghost steel, jacketed in silver. These rounds do damage as appropriate to the caliber and weapon, and are AP 3. They do an additional 1d6 damage to creatures vulnerable to silver (like werewolves).

Each round is hand-engraved with a crucifix on its tip, providing the blessed of any Christian sect a +2 bonus to Faith rolls made to imbue them with a power (like *smite*).

Malfunction: If the Shooting roll is snake eyes the SPS round explodes in the barrel, deals full damage to the wielder, and destroys the weapon.

MARSHAL'S SECTION

Walk not the paths of the Hunting Grounds,
lest the spirit of Raven find you unprotected
and feast upon your soul.

War's Domain

In August of 1886 a Great Flood washed over Lost Angels, sweeping the table clean as efficiently as would the hand of God. The Reckoners suffered a massive setback and Famine lost her Servitor, the Reverend Grimme. But it isn't like the Reckoners to take defeat in stride. When life hands them lemons, they squeeze all the screaming terror they can out of 'em.

Because when you look at the big picture, that's all the Flood was to the Reckoners—a setback. The sweet fear generated by the event soon spread as far as the East Coast, and then touched off the next phase of the Great Rail Wars as the various Rail Barons rushed to grab all they could in the Disputed Territories.

Worst of all, the Reckoners' favorite son has spent the past 17 years laying the secret foundations of his evil scheme. As War's chosen Servitor, Raven intends to see Colorado and Kansas run red with blood as the Civil War resumes. The Reckoners' plan to transform the entire world into a "Deadland," a landscape soaked with dark magic that can support their otherworldly forms, may not be so far off after all.

The Last Sons focuses on War, whose blood-drenched dominion covers the Heart o' the West—from the wilds of Oklahoma and Texas up to the mysterious reaches of the Sioux Nations, and from the wide Missouri River to the Rocky Mountains standing sentinel in the west.

Might Makes Right

From the Hunting Grounds War surveys his vast empire. When he allows himself to be seen—which is almost never—War takes the form of a vast shadowy presence against the blood-red sky, presiding over a battlefield as his legions march to conquest. He is the General of Generals—even Sun Tzu could stand to learn a few things from him.

War is powerful with muscle and sinew, and always wears a suit of black, battered plate mail. He grips a massive bloodstained great sword at his left side, swinging it easily with one hand. His scarred face is hidden behind the visor of a skull-shaped helmet.

War rides into battle astride a powerful red destrier called Machimos, whose breath is ashes and hot cinders, and whose massive hooves always drip blood. In Machimos' cry is heard the collective screams of a million dying soldiers. He is covered from head to knees in heavy, black, plate barding. Large scythe blades jut from the shoulders of the armor.

Enter the Raven

Raven and the Last Sons were responsible for bringing about the Reckoning, and they're central to the Reckoners' plan for continuing it. The story of how they did their evil deed is told in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. But there are a few important details to add to that account, and then it's time to pull the hood off once and for all, revealing Raven's nefarious activities in the years since the Battle of Gettysburg. Take our word for it, hombre—we've got a *lot* of ground to cover.

Secrets o' Cibola

Three hundred and forty years ago, in the year 1540, Spanish conquistador Francisco Vásquez de Coronado traveled throughout Arizona and New Mexico in search of the fabled Seven Cities of Cibola. He led hundreds of soldiers, but he succeeded only in starving them and letting their horses escape into the barren desert. These horses were the first ones ever seen by Indians, incidentally.

According to well-heeled legends passed down by generations of Spaniards, the streets of Cibola were literally paved with gold. Riches beyond imagining were said to await the crafty explorer who could uncover their resting place. After looking for Cibola and the Fountain of Youth everywhere from Bimini to Florida, the Spaniards gave up the search for a long time. But then they came across Indians of Mexico and New Mexico who farmed the soil and dressed in cotton garments. These signs of "advanced" civilization renewed the Spaniards' interest in Cibola.

With his conquistadors in tow, Coronado traveled throughout the Southwest and Plains until 1542. Most believe he ended up at the settlement that would one day become Santa Fe, New Mexico. What they don't know is that Coronado *did* find the Seven Cities, as well as the Fountain of Youth…but the conquistadors who returned from the wilds of America were no longer of the same mind, so to speak.

What remained of Cibola was located in the dying remnants of the Anasazi civilization, which was spread throughout New Mexico. The Anasazi weren't long for this world, and they knew it. Using some forgotten combination of magic and technology, they transferred their minds into the conquistadors who stumbled upon their city. Then they used the Fountain of Youth to replenish their new bodies, in the hope they could survive long enough to see the rebirth of their people.

Shortly after, the remaining Anasazi died of an unknown illness. The few immortal Anasazi who remained in the Conquistadors' bodies returned with the rest of the soldiers to Mexico City, in the hope that no one would ever discover what they had done. One of them, named Wodziwob, had a different idea and instead traveled north—but we don't want to get ahead of ourselves, pard. We'll tell his story a little later on.

All but one of the Anasazi cities crumbled to dust. Only a small part of their last city, known as Montezuma's Castle, remained in the wilds of Arizona. It waited there for long, long years until the Reckoners again harnessed its power through their servant, Raven.

The Fountain

The child who would become Raven was born in 1745, and witnessed the destruction of everything he held dear at the tender age of 18. Raven left his former home in the colony of Virginia, and in his quest for vengeance he wandered the earth for almost 100 years. He learned the seven dances of sundering, and killed his own fear.

During that time he also learned of the Old Ones—the Indian shamans who trapped the Reckoners and their spirit hordes inside the Deadlands long ago—and their doorway to the Hunting Grounds that had lain open for all these centuries. Before long Raven resolved to find that doorway, and somehow undo all the Old Ones had achieved.

First he had another obstacle to surmount—his own mortality. Raven was planning for the long game, so he figured he might as well be around to play it to the bitter end. The shaman had heard tales of the long-dead Anasazi, the fabled Fountain of Youth, and an ancient Indian said to dwell near Mexico City. Now the vengeful one set out to find these things for himself.

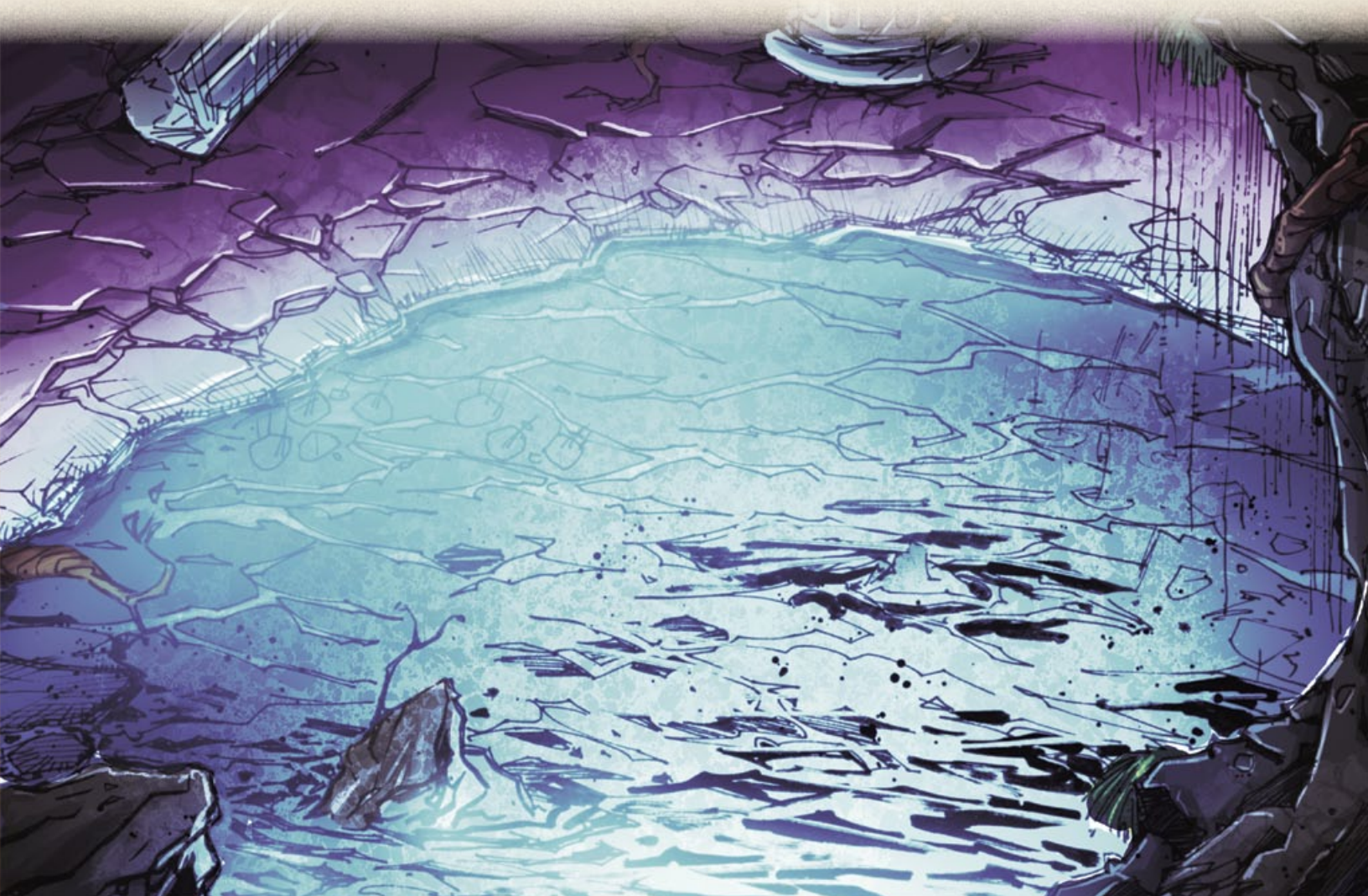
Raven tracked down Coronado himself in Mexico, where he lived as a humble farmer on the outskirts of the city. Raven captured Coronado—or rather, the eternally young body of Coronado inhabited by a centuries-old Anasazi mind—who tried to talk his way out of captivity by revealing minor secrets of his people. Soon the true depth of his plight became clear. Raven wasn't interested in scraps of knowledge, and he intended to take everything he wanted by force.

Raven bound the Anasazi to the top of a mountain, and tortured the ancient one's body and soul alike. The ordeal went on for weeks. Finally the old soul inside Coronado's frame choked out the name of Montezuma's Castle, its location in Arizona, and the precise trails one must use to reach it. He figured he'd done his part, and said as much.

Raven replied coldly, "You'll take me there yourself, Old Man."

Eternal Youth

Deep inside Montezuma's Castle, the last decaying remnant of the once-proud Anasazi empire, Raven found the Fountain of Youth.



It was more of a pool, really. But it had been a huge source of magical power when the empire of the Anasazi was at its peak, and some of that magic remained.

Raven bathed in the pool, restoring the vigor of youth to his body. In the haunted caverns of Montezuma's Castle he discovered the ghosts of the Anasazi, and a map showing the locations of the other six cities of Cibola.

Unlike most other explorers and treasure hunters, Raven had no interest in Cibola now that he'd found the Fountain of Youth. He had no use for lost gold. He was far more intrigued by the pictograms he uncovered in long-sealed tombs, and the story they told. If the records of the Anasazi were true, their civilization had descended from prehistoric cave dwellers who commanded medicine far more potent than the shamans of today.

These cliff-dwellers were said to live on the shores of a great ocean farther to the west, beyond the desert. Raven decided someday he would find that ocean, now that he had all the time in the world.

The Last Battle

Raven returned to the East from his travels in 1861, a stranger to every Indian he met. He looked hale and healthy. None guessed that the stranger who always preached vengeance, and took away the discontented when he left, was already 116 years old. Over the next two years Raven gathered the Last Sons to his side.

According to legend the Old Ones were so pure and noble they sacrificed themselves to keep evil out of the world. Raven figured they did a pretty lousy job. Given the bloody atrocities of the white man, it didn't seem like evil was gone from the world at all. It just wore another mask.

Raven had a bone to pick with the Old Ones and he was dead set on delivering his grievances in person. In a forgotten Micmac burial ground in New England, they stepped into the Hunting Grounds and began their sprit journey. Raven guided them through many trials. What seemed like weeks later, the Last Sons found themselves facing the tangled, dark, and nameless forest that grows among the roots of the Great Tree.

Here the Old Ones had built a great village deep in the ancient woods to guard the unholy gates. They agreed to stay here for eternity, so they figured they'd make the best of it. Medicine men and spirits dwelled side by side in an idyllic existence, if a little tense at times so close to the surging gates of Hell.

Spirit War

From the Old Ones' sentinels came cries of invaders in the dim forest. Despite being forewarned, nothing the Old Ones mustered could stem the tide of death. Raven and his Last Sons came on like a force of nature, unstoppable. Even when some bastion of medicine men could turn them aside, or even kill one, they always returned under cover of darkness, howling like beasts, hungry to spill more blood. As the last of their foes fell under the tomahawk, the Last Sons set fire to the great village, their hands forever stained black with the Old Ones' blood.

Using the dances of sundering he'd learned so many years earlier, Raven broke all seven seals the Old Ones had placed upon the gates. In the rising flames the gates stood outlined, glowing orange with heat. Then they cracked and burst apart, and the keening shrieks of a million damned souls washed over the bloodied Last Sons. The fires of hell scorched off their noses and eyelids in an instant, leaving them the scarred countenances they wear to this day.

In that moment War, who had been aware of Raven since his birth, reached out with his mind and touched the shaman's. Raven's thoughts were filled with unholy inspiration. He saw all the events of past and future, laid out before him for an instant like a huge wall covered with intricate pictograms. He realized

this wasn't the end of his quest. This was only the beginning, and he had many tasks to complete. He was War's chosen Servitor from that moment on.

Raven and his followers fled from that place of murder, the hounds of Hell snapping at their heels, and they didn't stop running until they returned to the Micmac burial ground on July 3, 1863. Many had fallen during the weeks-long battle and its aftermath, but Raven returned to our world supremely confident that nothing was left to stand in his way. The world belonged to him and the Reckoners now, and he intended to have some fun with his new toy.

But for all his triumphs, Raven failed to account for one thing—Jordrava.

Jordrava's Escape

While the Last Sons rampaged through the Old Ones' village, one of those ancient shamans had the good sense to vamoose. Jordrava knew a lost cause when he saw it, and he knew that it wasn't always best to go down with the canoe. Not when land was just a few yards away!

The Havasupai shaman Jordrava had long been a pragmatist. Ever since the Old Ones first went to the Hunting Grounds and learned the full extent of sacrifice that would be required of them—they had to cut out their living hearts and leave them behind in the physical world—Jordrava took a wry and cynical view of the world.

"That's what happens when you see your own bloody heart borne away by loyal disciples," he would explain. Though it didn't make him the most pleasant conversationalist, it was an attitude that served Jordrava well during the Old Ones' long exile.

Jordrava wasn't the strongest or bravest of the Old Ones, but he was perhaps the wiliest. As the other Old Ones fell in their scattered bastions, one by one, Jordrava realized what

Choices

A cardinal rule in the world of Deadlands is that evil is never forced upon a mortal soul. It must be chosen. The various powers of different monsters may make people do evil deeds (such as a vampire's *puppet* ability), but if they have no control over their actions, their souls remain intact.

Actually becoming evil—in the Biblical "you're in for a hot shower in Hell" sense—must be a conscious choice.

Ever since Raven effected the murder of the Old Ones and busted open the Deadlands, he has been a Servitor. Although it isn't easy to do so, Raven can be killed. The only problem is that his Faustian deal with War causes him to come back not only Harrowed but also invulnerable to attacks, whether magical or mundane. Killing the actual Raven is really more counterproductive than anything else, but some groups might want to do it anyway.

The best way to fight Raven is to try to undo all the evil he's unleashed upon the Weird West. That's easier said than done, since he hides behind so many masks. But if the heroes are successful in aiding the Ghost Dancers they can drive a wedge between War and his favored son that causes some serious trouble for Raven down the line.

You'll find a description of all War's Servants beginning on page 311.

he had to do. He couldn't possibly defeat Raven and his warriors, but if he was able to escape, the Hooded One's victory would not be total. Perhaps he could even save their souls.

As the great village burned, Jordrava fled to the deepest reaches of the spirit world, using all his powers to conceal himself from the Last Sons. Somehow he succeeded. Concentrating on the one link he still had with the physical world—his heart—Jordrava ripped open a hole between the worlds and stepped through.

Though Jordrava still lived to carry on its legacy, the Old Ones' pact with the spirits was forever broken. At the moment Jordrava stepped into the physical world, far away the last seal upon the gates of the Deadlands burst open. A terrible Reckoning had begun.

Not Much of a Getaway

Unfortunately for Jordrava, his freedom was short-lived. He didn't count on the immense strain of striding between the worlds, and now his soul guttered like a dying flame. Ahead he could dimly see his heart—that grisly relic—mystically preserved upon a sacred shrine by generations of followers. Only reuniting it with his fragmented soul would save him, and give him a chance to undo the evil that Raven had committed.

Jordrava collapsed in a heap, mere feet from his heart, fingers outstretched toward it. That's where he stayed, deep in the Havasupai's sacred caverns beneath the Grand Canyon, for a very long time.

Meanwhile Raven was free to get up to all kinds of wickedness.

The Sons Disband

As soon as Raven and his crew recovered from their epic battle, he called his disciples together in late 1863 to lay out a plan for the next dozen years or more. They gathered on the Serpent Mound in Oklahoma. In the firelight Raven told stories of Coyote and Spider, who were both tricksters and always fast friends. He beseeched his warrior clan to learn the tricksters' ways.

Through trickery and cunning, Raven promised the Last Sons they would bring enough war to kill every last white man in North America. Better yet, they would cause all the different varieties of white man to war upon each other, while the Last Sons sat back and admired their handiwork.

Holding council late into the night, Raven and the Last Sons agreed that they would all go their separate ways. Each of the Last Sons would hide his appearance beneath a cowl, and spread the word of Raven among all the tribes. The most loyal, ruthless, and power-hungry shamans would be elevated to the title of "Raven," and allowed to control the scattered sects of the Order as though they really were Raven. In time, some of these false Ravens would come to believe the lie of their own existence. As far as these shamans are concerned, they *are* Raven.

With the plan in place, the Last Sons shared tobacco and told stories for many hours. They celebrated dark spirits with their tales, and whispered assurances of their eventual victory to the gathering shadows. When the sun came up, Raven was gone. Only a few of the Last Sons would ever see him again, and even those couldn't be sure they spoke to the "real" Raven.

As agreed, the Last Sons lit out into the Territories, bringing their gospel of vengeance to all who would listen. To those who refused to listen, well, in those cases they still brought vengeance—enough to share with everybody.

California Dreamin'

Raven left the Serpent Mound before dawn, alone, traveling west. He had dreamt of a perfect black mineral, sparkling and faceted. Just under its surface swam the pale faces of ghosts. Then it burst alight, and Raven's ears were filled with the unholy shrieks of the damned as it burned. The possibility that this thing could be real stoked the fires of his imagination.

Order of the Raven

Cultists: These are the mortal Indian members of the Raven cult. They come from every tribe, small and large alike, but the majority comes from the Sioux Nations. Cult activity is growing quickly in the Coyote Confederation too. A cultist can always be identified by a small tattoo of a Raven ideogram somewhere on their body.

False Ravens: Raven has a number of impersonators who act and speak in his name. Some of them even believe they are the real Raven. Each is a powerful member of the Order and controls the local sect. False Ravens answer only to the Last Sons.

The Hooded One: The identity taken on by Raven when he returned to the Sioux Nations in 1873. Though Raven's name is known almost everywhere, and some even know of his deeds, no one knows the Hooded One's true identity (although Sitting Bull has finally begun to suspect the truth).

Last Sons: These are the powerful and ruthless shamans who helped Raven murder the Old Ones. They are as evil as Raven himself. The Last Sons always cover their faces, which were horribly scarred by the opening of the Deadlands. Last Sons live on the margins of Indian society, shunned by almost everyone.

Sitting Bull: This respected chief of the Sioux Nations is the loudest supporter of the Old Ways, even as he undermines them in his service to the Order of the Raven. He dominates his four-tribe majority with fear, and channels the Ravenites' guns to the three-tribe "minority" that actually does his dirty work.

The Thunder Guard: These are the elite, supernatural bodyguards that follow Raven and all the false Ravens. All are Harrowed, and most of them were bound to service by being defeated in the Hunting Grounds. These hombres have all different origins and are *bad news*.

In his quest to discover the secrets of the ancient people hinted at in Anasazi pictograms, Raven spent the better part of a year traveling the California coast. He found scant evidence of their temples, but he did discover numerous earth spirits bound by a network of ancient pictograms and stone carvings. He knew from his studies that only living sacrifices—possibly a great many of them—could break the earth spirits' bonds. *No problem*, Raven thought.

Raven allied with a weird and evil shaman known as Papa Rattlesnake. Together they hatched a plan to create a secret society known as the Rattlesnake Clan, which would be responsible for fomenting distrust and warfare between Indians and whites. From their ranks would issue warriors willing to die for Raven.

Emperor Norton I

In the city of San Francisco in 1865, Raven encountered a curious fellow. To all appearances he was just a vagrant who dressed up in outlandish clothing, made bombastic proclamations, and would only answer to the name, "Emperor Joshua Norton I." In other words, a raving madman.

But Raven noted how the other foolish white men revered this Emperor Norton, tolerated his lunacy, even gave him food and accepted his ridiculous handmade currency. After watching this go on for several days, Raven couldn't be certain the Emperor was really mad. He had quite a situation going.

If only he could put Norton in a position of *real* power, it would be child's play to take his place. Then he would control a good portion of California by proxy. Raven thought about it for a while, and decided it could be done.

The Great Quake

Visiting the many tribes of the West Coast, Raven told tales of the Reckoning that had already begun and would continue for many years. Some were lies, and some true, but Raven promised that eventually the white man would be driven off their lands forever. All they had to do was carve some pictograms into nearby rock formations, tend to them, and wait.

Most tribes were willing to do what Raven asked. Some were even more zealous in their belief, and from these Raven selected the braves who would join the ranks of the Rattlesnake Clan.

Raven appointed a young apprentice to aid him and the two set about painting runes up and down the coast of California—along the fault lines. In August of 1868, when all the symbols were finally placed, Raven cut out his apprentice's heart and left him dying—his blood being the final sacrifice needed to trigger the ritual. He set loose a surge of energy that sundered the coast into the vast labyrinth of sea-channels called the Great Maze.

Amazed by the tide of panic his actions set loose, Raven noted with amazement the discovery of ghost rock. His dream of years earlier had come true. In addition, the quake exposed those ancient temples that Raven had always been unable to find. In their forgotten halls he learned how to harness the great sea dragons to his will, and how the earth spirits were bound. But his thirst for knowledge was unquenchable—he had to know more.

South O' the Border

In his dogged quest for knowledge, Raven returned to Mexico to seek out the ruined cities of the Mayans and Aztecs. He spent a long year visiting sacred places and cenotes. In the necropolis of Teotihuacán near Mexico City he encountered an immortal sorcerer called Xitlan.

The two fought a vicious battle lasting three days and three nights. In the end the power of Raven's spirit favors won out. But Raven was so impressed by Xitlan's tenacity, he asked what drove the Aztec sorcerer to seek such

power. Xitlan spoke passionately of his hatred for white men, and Raven found it to be nearly equal to his own. In Xitlan he discovered a kindred spirit.

He also sensed an opportunity to spread war and destruction. Raven shared his strategies with Xitlan, laying the foundation for yet another malevolent secret society—the Brotherhood of the Obsidian Blade. Behind their mask Xitlan would gain power over the Mexican Emperor himself. Raven also shared his knowledge of the great earth spirits of old, and the rituals that could be used to rouse them, as in California.

In return Raven only asked one thing—that Xitlan use his growing influence to drive the Mexican army north. It was very important to the spirits, Raven said, that the Mexican army invade America. Xitlan was only too happy to comply.

Kwan's Vision

In Mexico, Raven ensured that the seeds of annihilation were planted. Soon it would be time to return to the heart of the Indian Territories and see how the Last Sons had fared in his absence. But first there was one small thing to take care of in California.

In September of 1870, Raven met with Papa Rattlesnake at the Devil's Postpiles, and gave him specific instructions concerning one General Mu-T'ou Kwan. Papa's trusted lieutenants Big Pul and Little Pul were to join Kwan's army. When they gained his trust, they would "introduce him to their religion" by sending him on a vision quest.

Deep in a peyote-fueled trance Kwan encountered an owl, which was actually Raven in disguise. The spirit owl told Kwan he was destined to rule all of "the lands beyond the mountain," which Kwan took to mean everything north of Mexico. But the totem told him that he'd have to rule through a puppet leader, a white man who called himself Emperor Norton I. It could be no one else.

General Kwan agreed, willingly, as Raven knew he would. (*Deadlands: The Flood* gives you the lowdown on how it all turned out.)

The Hooded One

Raven returned to the High Plains in the spring of 1873 to find the brand-new Sioux Nations led by Sitting Bull and in control of large swaths of territory. Even more satisfying was how resistance to the Old Ways law had swollen the ranks of the Order of the Raven with angry young braves. The following year saw the creation of the Coyote Confederation in Oklahoma after the standoff at Adobe Walls.

Through all of these momentous events Raven remained hooded and silent, telling no one his real name. He continued to wander Indian lands. He visited his far-flung sects and slowly built a trusting relationship with Sitting Bull. He quietly arranged for the ritual murder of anyone who spoke out against the Raven cult. Eventually Sitting Bull himself joined the order.

Raven spent most of his time deep in the Hunting Grounds, binding powerful spirits and Harrowed to increase his already astonishing powers. Now that the stage had been set, so to speak, Raven sensed the main event was about to begin. The Hooded One was dead set on being ready for it.

Battle of the Little Bighorn

Raven was overjoyed at the bloody conflict between the Indians and white miners, all of it caused by the discovery of ghost rock in the Black Hills. Still, the inner fire of hatred drove him to do more. In November of 1875, the Hooded One was among those Indians who answered Red Bear's call to join him on the warpath.

After the deaths of three braves at the hands of Deadwood Creek miners, nearby tribes sent warriors in droves. The Sioux *wicasas* forbade an attack, but privately the Hooded One promised Red Bear he would be successful—if he struck that very night.

True to his word, Raven called up awful spirits to ensure a victory for Red Bear. After hours of vicious fighting, the stockade at Deadwood was burned to the ground, and the miners who fled were ridden down and slaughtered like animals. Of nearly 100 miners, only 10 made it out of the Sioux Nations alive.

Little did Red Bear know it was the Hooded One who made sure Frank Bryant and his companions escaped the fury of the Sioux. *Someone* had to tell the tale of the Deadwood Creek Massacre, after all.

Custer's Folly

As Raven hoped, tales of the massacre inflamed passions in the East. Soon the Union was raising an army to wage punitive war on the Indians, and the Hooded One subtly urged the Sioux Nations to defend their ancestral lands.

In April of 1876, after the spring thaw made travel more feasible, Union troops under General Terry entered the Sioux Nations. Terry split his forces in two, hoping to catch Sitting Bull's forces in the pincer and crush them.

The southern force was the US Seventh Cavalry, under the command of the fair-haired Lieutenant Colonel George Armstrong Custer. Custer came upon a Sioux encampment, and believing his position to be compromised by enemy scouts he launched an immediate attack rather than wait for reinforcement.

Disaster ensued for Custer and his men, nearly 700 of whom were wiped out by Sitting Bull's Lakota and Northern Cheyenne warriors. Later Custer would tell a made-up story about how he fought his way to freedom with a cavalry saber and the four rounds remaining in his service revolver. In truth he was kept alive on purpose, at the Hooded One's urging.

Forked Tongue

When Custer's men lay dead around him and his last cartridges were spent, Crazy Horse, the Hooded One, and Red Bear approached the defeated officer. A hushed, lonely wind blew across the prairie.

The Hooded One uttered a raspy chuckle.

"*Yellow-Hair, now you know the folly of coming here to challenge us in our ancestral home. We have killed all your bluecoats. We have taken your horses and your weapons. And you are alive only because we allow it. At a gesture from me, you would be shot where you stand. Yellow-Hair, your fate is mine to choose.*

"*So I say to you*—go home. *Tell all the other white men what happened to you today. Keep the memory close to your heart. Remember this defeat, because you will* never *claim victory over the Sioux Nations.*"

Custer was sent galloping for the border. Crazy Horse and Red Bear believed what the Hooded One told them—that his warning would cause the whites to think twice before setting foot in their lands again. In actuality, Raven understood how prideful a man like Custer could be. After the devastating loss of troops and the added humiliation of being taunted by Indians, Custer was likely to make revenge his life's work. As usual, Raven was right.

The Big Lie

Raven always had a knack for knowin' which way the wind was blowin'. Around the middle of 1876 his knack got a kick in the pants.

The immortal shaman experienced a brief, very intense vision while traveling near Devils Tower. It lasted only a minute or so, but it shook him to the core. He saw infernos raging across all the lands of the earth, and a vision of himself in a strange, ruined place. He couldn't explain it, but knew it was the truth, and he had caused all of it to occur.

Raven snapped awake from his vision with the absolute certainty that something fundamental had changed in the earth and sky. Present and future were briefly knotted together, and now everything was different, but somehow the same. Raven left Devils Tower pretty sure that the Reckoning he started was destined to succeed, and moreover, this wasn't the first time any of it had happened. He was at a loss to explain it—when it comes to destiny, apparently the second time's the charm.

But strangely enough, Raven also knew that this destiny only increased the chances of some do-gooders coming along and putting a stop to it. It didn't make a lot of sense, but the spirit ways were often contradictory and strange. Raven was accustomed to that. He rationalized it this way: it was as if his fate stood on a hill, daring others to knock it down and replace it with something else.

There was only one thing Raven could do—make it *damn* hard for anyone to knock down his destiny. As always, his preferred method was to make things more complicated for anyone with a hero complex.

Great Serpent Mound

Early in 1877, Raven contacted one of the Last Sons in Oklahoma and told him to return to Serpent Mound. The ancient landmark had come to national prominence recently, when a cowboy's wild tale was retold in the *Tombstone Epitaph*. Raven had long known the mound was constructed by the same civilization that raised massive stone temples in California and ancient pyramids in the Yucatán.

According to the awful prophecies of various shamans in the Coyote Confederation, those who dig into the mound will uncover great riches. They don't live long enough to enjoy them, though, because the unknown horror trapped under the mound tears them to bloody ribbons and feasts on their souls. Then it starts preying on the Indians…*all* of them.

At Raven's behest, the Last Son started gathering loyal members of the Order. They guarded the Serpent Mound from any intrusion, either by Indians or whites. Officially, they told Coyote and Quanah Parker this was to prevent the serpent mound's curse from coming true. In reality, the Ravenites just wanted some privacy while they searched for a ritual to free the thing under the mound.

A Sliver of Hope

Just when everything seemed to be going Raven's way, a spring flood deep in the Grand Canyon knocked things off-kilter. The journal of long-lost explorer John Wesley Powell, sealed in a wooden box and wrapped in oilcloth, washed downriver. It was discovered by a trapper who, puzzled by the strange book, sold it to a curios dealer in Virginia City.

By chance it was purchased by Rutherford Ellington Dillenger of the Explorer's Society. He was thunderstruck by the journal's tale. If Powell's claims were true, even more ancient and terrible mysteries lay hidden beneath the Grand Canyon. In the summer of 1877 the Haskins Expedition was announced, to follow in Powell's footsteps and succeed where he had failed.

In short order Dr. Edgar Haskins and the posse he assembled found themselves facing all manner of other interested parties, from Guardian Angels to rogue martial artists. Once they discovered the sacred caverns of the Havasupai, their journey was rocked by a hefty dose of terror, death, and mayhem.

Jordrava Reborn

Most importantly, Haskins and his crew found the heartless body of Jordrava. Remember him? Pursued by terrifying subterranean creatures and feeling they had little choice, Haskins took a leap of faith and placed a mystically preserved heart back into the dead shaman's chest. Miraculously, the wound healed and Jordrava opened his eyes.

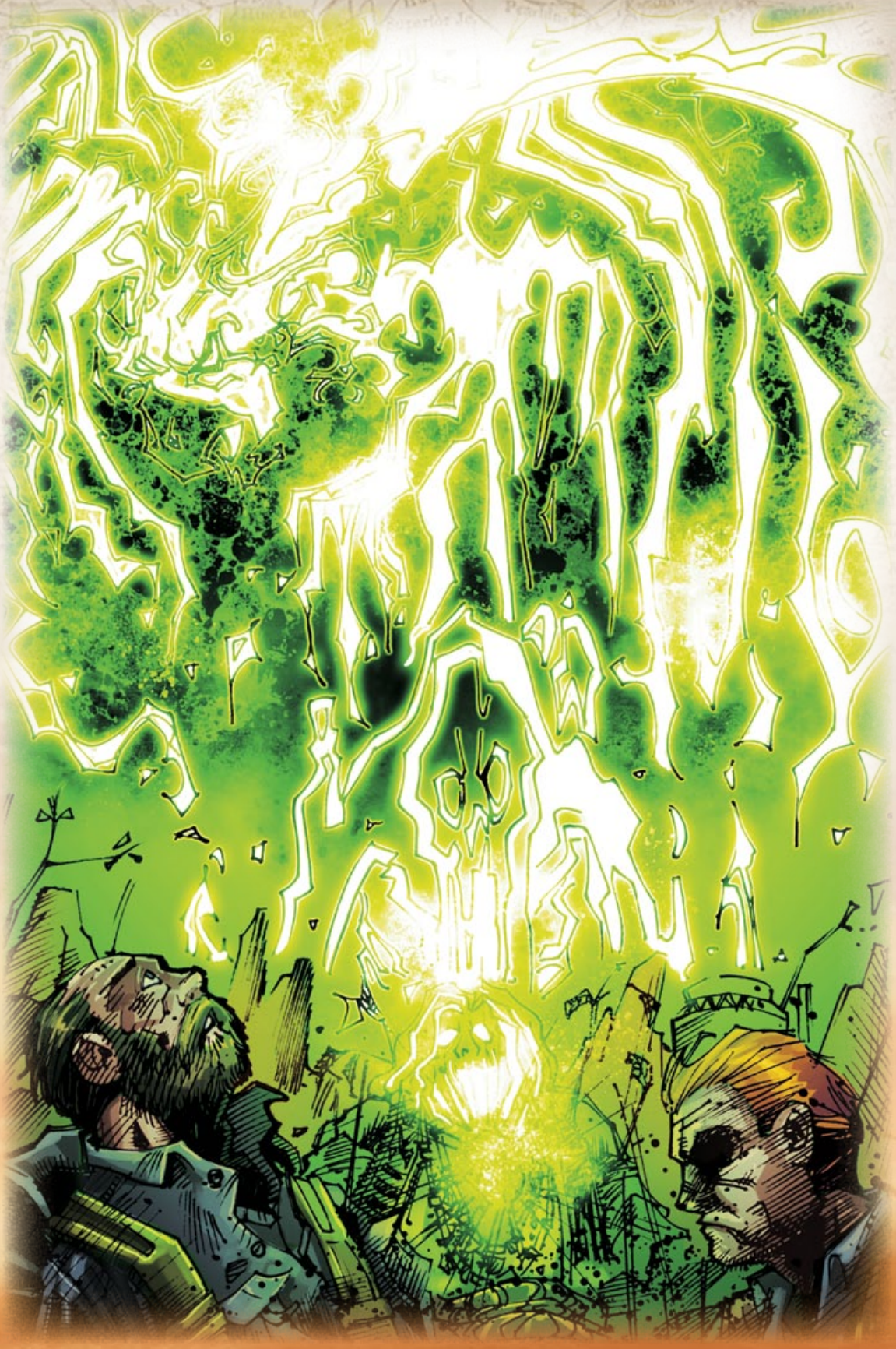
Using tremendous medicine, Jordrava destroyed the abominations and evildoers who pursued Haskins. Then the revived shaman turned to face the explorers, looking at them curiously.

> *I do not recognize you. Your clothes are strange, you do not look like my people. And yet I can see the fire in your hearts. You have awakened me, and I thank you.*
>
> *Much has changed since I have walked this world. I can feel the corruption that has entered it. I have much to learn, and much to do. But I shall never forget you. May the Great Spirit guide your path.*

Before the stunned explorers' eyes, Jordrava transformed into an eagle and soared out of the caves, vanishing into the distance.

Ghost Dancers

It didn't take Jordrava long to figure out just how bad things had gotten. Raven had been busy during the past 14 years, leaving Jordrava at a serious disadvantage. Worse yet, the Old One knew he would be hunted and



destroyed if his existence ever became known. Like the secretive Raven, he needed to find a way to get things done without his enemies catching wind of him.

Jordrava chose the Ghost Dance. In fact, he had been planning for this moment for a good many years. At least, his *spirit* had been.

The origins of the Ghost Dance go all the way back to the Anasazi, and the same lost city where Raven found his immortality. Most of the ancient beings who transferred their minds into the bodies of the Conquistadors returned to Mexico City with Coronado in 1542. But Wodziwob alone turned to the north, for he had received a revelation of the Christian apocalypse from the Spaniards. He took his vision to the primitive tribes of the mountains and plains, and finally settled with the Paiutes.

Centuries later, a Paiute chief named Tavibo was exposed to the Christian revelations by Mormons moving through his lands to settle in the Utah Territory. Tavibo prayed with the Mormon prophets and received visions that further clarified the tenets of the Ghost Dance: Indian unity, faith in the Creator, clean living, and the possibility of resurrection.

Everything came together in the early 1870s when Tavibo's son Wovoka had his own vision. In a fever sleep Wovoka heard a great noise, like all the Thunderbirds clapping their wings together at once. He soared above the Tree of Life and into the sky to visit the Creator. When he returned, he put together all that was known about the Ghost Dance and formalized certain aspects of the ritual. What Wovoka didn't know was that the "Creator" in his vision was actually the Old One, Jordrava, in spirit-form and traveling far from his heartless body.

Suddenly the ceremony began to work. When performed by a shaman who has learned its secrets, the Ghost Dance has the power to lower the Fear Level in a region, resurrect the dead, and even tear the Harrowed asunder. Wovoka also received special powers from Jordrava—five songs of weather control, invulnerability to weapons, political responsibility, and prophecies.

Wovoka's political responsibility is to spread word of the Ghost Dance among all the tribes, and he has done it fervently for many years now. As a result, the movement has spread well beyond the Paiutes, and seems to cross Old Ways/New Ways boundaries as well. The tribes with the strongest support for the Ghost Dance are the Paiute, Lakota, Cheyenne, Shoshoni, and Arapaho. With the help of the immortal Wodziwob, the Ghost Dancers stand at least a fighting chance of countering the Ravenites' plots.

Jordrava's Binding

Jordrava did a good thing when he gave Wovoka secrets to make the Ghost Dance work. But not long after he was restored to life by the members of the Haskins Expedition he made a terrible error. The Old One traveled deep into the Hunting Grounds to seek the whereabouts of a medicine rock he owned in his old life, and he spent a long time in council with his ancestors. While they talked, a very old and evil spirit crept up to their campfire and hid silently in the shadows.

As the presence of his forefathers faded away, Jordrava was left alone. That's when the fiendish old spirit, known only as Hex, sprung on Jordrava and subdued him, and dragged him away to a desolate lair somewhere in the twisted trails of the spirit world. Now it's only a matter of time before Jordrava ends up in the Reckoners' clutches.

Where Things Stand

Currently it's September of 1880 and word of the Great Flood has just appeared in every newspaper, journal, and sleazy rag from coast to coast. The next phase of the Great Rail Wars is beginning to boil in the heart of the West,

where Union Blue and Black River scramble to expand within their existing networks and maximize profits. Iron Dragon begins an illegal expansion of Kang's mining business in the Black Hills. Confederate attempts to hinder the Union's cause threaten to blow the lid off the ceasefire before it's four years old.

And then there's Custer. He maintains a large camp on the eastern banks of the Missouri River in Dakota Territory, and runs his patrols up and down the border. Custer's camp used to be located across the river in the Sioux Nations, but after Indian raids in '78 and '79 resulted in the theft of hundreds of rifles and ammunition, Custer wisely chose to absquatulate (that's military slang for "vacate the premises," hombre).

The fair-haired Union officer—though he no longer enjoys the official support of his government—is always looking for more freelancers to join his forces as irregulars. He's already in command of well over 3,000 men. For quite a while his plan has been to wait until his sympathizers drummed up enough support in Washington, then return to the Sioux Nations and wipe the tribes off the map.

As the Plot Point begins, Custer's long wait is over. The slaughter of a dozen miners near Deadwood raises a chorus of outrage, and Custer decides the time to invade is now. He crosses the Missouri River and rides toward Deadwood.

Meanwhile, Sitting Bull secretly serves as the leader of the Order of the Raven in the Sioux Nations. The Hooded One haunts the chief's dreams with dark spirits and promises of power, and plagues his waking hours with whispered advice. At this point Sitting Bull's greatest concern is not for the people of the Sioux Nations, but how to effect a bloody

slaughter of every white man on the High Plains. To be honest, the big chief has gone a little loony.

If all this weren't enough, the specter of brutal violence still hangs over the Disputed Territories and gives rise to teeming abominations. Battlefields old and new spawn horrors that lurk in the night. Just about everyone seems ready to pick up a weapon and go to war against his neighbor, and very few people can even tell you why.

War holds his realm in an iron grip, and he's just about ready to crush it to a bloody pulp.

Enter Our Heroes

When things can't get any darker, it's a sure sign dawn is about to break. This time the rising sun takes the form of a pure white buffalo calf. Indian legend claims that when the white buffalo is born, it is a sign that the Creator has returned the land to the Indians. Wovoka interpreted it, along with the Great Flood, as signals that the time of prophecies had come. It was his responsibility to bring the Ghost Dance to the leaders of the Sioux Nations, and ask them to turn aside from the path of war.

In September of 1880 he and his most trusted warriors set out to do just that. But deep in the Sioux Nations they are trapped by Ravenites with one thing on their minds—the death of every last Paiute in Wovoka's party.

Not a moment too soon, a group of travelers steps in to put a stop to the Ravenites' plans, and they end up enmeshed in an epic battle against Raven and his followers. Make sure that group of travelers is *your* group, Marshal, because that's where the story of *The Last Sons* begins.

Setting Rules

Arrogant gunfighters draw shootin' irons at the slightest provocation. Jayhawkers, Bluebellies, and Rebs murder each other over tiny plots of Kansas soil. Soldiers massacre Indians. Indians butcher miners. Sisters kill brothers, and vice versa. Everyone knows a stranger is never to be trusted. And it isn't anger that's the cause of all the fighting—it's sheer terror.

Welcome to the Heart o' the West, amigo. This is the house that War built.

Warfare is good for all the Reckoners. It tends to generate huge amounts of fear, and with telegraphs commonly available that fear can spread farther and faster than ever. It creates large numbers of corpses that might come back Harrowed, or as walkin' dead, 'gloms, or some other disgusting abomination—all of which ratchet up the Fear Level even more. Warfare spawns disease, poverty, hatred, intolerance, and a whole mess of delicious fright. The Reckoners feed on it like candy, and use the crumbs to spark more unnatural monsters.

Them's Fightin' Words!

So how do you get that tone across during a game session? Enforcing the essential orneriness of War's backyard is a prickly business, and you should handle it delicately. We don't want every single role-played conversation to begin with a "How do you do?" and end in a hail of bullets—that'd get old real quick. So what you do is balance the mood with the mechanics as needed.

When you just want to set the mood, all that's needed is description. When the group arrives at a new town, describe how the townsfolk squint and frown suspiciously. Bar brawls break out over nothing and less. Everyone's got a surly tone, and if anyone is polite people just interpret it as sarcasm. Simple intolerance seems to rule the day in some locales. Always describe the weapons carried by various characters; just about everyone goes armed.

What's important to remember is that most folks are motivated in some way by fear—of an enemy, of wild animals, of some dreadful

event, of failure. In War's realm that fear is often expressed as anger and antagonism. Everybody's got a chip on their shoulder.

Sometimes the chaotic, aggressive, and mystical nature of War's province needs mechanics to give it teeth. For those occasions we present the following Setting Rules.

Bad Impressions

This one's pretty simple. Apply a –2 modifier to rolls on the NPC Reaction Table everywhere in War's domain (unless you have some reason not to). This gives you a handy way to represent the anger and suspicion in the hearts of men—when you apply the modifier, NPCs never start out Helpful and are only rarely Friendly.

Remember, if you determine that a particular group of NPCs is likely to be well-disposed to the heroes for whatever reason, feel free to ignore the –2 modifier for that encounter. As usual, the Persuasion skill can be used to improve initial reactions (see *Savage Worlds*).

Battlefield Horrors

A whole bunch of battlefields are shown on the maps on page 74 and page 79, and described starting on page 84. We urge you to add more. Battlefields are desolate, lonely places, where gray clouds always seem to cover the sky and

creeping fog clings to the broken earth. The wreckage of conflict is strewn about, broken war-machines and pale corpses. The walkin' dead—and *far* worse—are common in these shunned places.

On and around the battlefields of War's realm, the Fear Level is automatically +1 greater than the surrounding region (to a maximum of 5). Also, any Wild Card who meets her maker on a battlefield in War's realm draws three additional cards to determine whether she comes back Harrowed.

The Ghost Dance

Followers of the Ghost Dance are told they must perform the ritual until the dead rise again. The ceremony must be performed until the dancers collapse from exhaustion, but the stories are true—the ritual can banish fear, raise the dead, and tear the Harrowed asunder.

Any Harrowed to be affected are placed at the center of the ritual space before it begins, and any dead heroes to be resurrected are laid reverently beside them.

The Ghost Dance can be performed by anyone (as a show of solidarity, for example) but it only has supernatural effects if it is led by a shaman who knows the secret, precise ritual actions. So far that's limited to the Paiutes Tavibo, Wodziwob, and Wovoka, along with the 20 or so shamans they've instructed over the past few years.

Learning the Ghost Dance

To learn the Ghost Dance, a hero must have the Arcane Background (Shamanism) Edge and a Tribal Medicine skill of d6 or better, and receive instruction for 1d6+1 days from a shaman who has Knowledge (Ghost Dance) at d6 or greater. After this is done, the hero may spend his next Advance to get Knowledge (Ghost Dance) at d4. This trait is increased like any other skill.

Performing the Ghost Dance

The dance takes five days. Everyone in the village must participate, even those traveling in war parties or hunting bands. At the end of each day's performance every participant makes a Vigor roll. Those who succeed are Exhausted (Fatigue –2, removed by a good night's sleep) and collapse until the next morning, when they start dancing again. Those who fail are Incapacitated by Fatigue for 1d4 days and cannot rejoin the dance.

Aiding the Ghost Dance

Anyone can aid the Ghost Dance by performing the ritual dance and making a Vigor roll at the end of each day. Characters with the Arcane Background (Shamanism) Edge who participate for the whole ceremony (but don't know the Ghost Dance's secrets) can make a single Tribal Medicine roll at the end of the dance. Each success and raise adds +1 to the leader's Knowledge (Ghost Dance) roll.

Enacting the Ghost Dance

At the end of five days, the leader makes a single Knowledge (Ghost Dance) roll to gauge the ritual's effectiveness, modified by the rolls of any shamans still aiding the ritual. For each success and raise on the roll, the leading shaman may do one of the following things.

Reduce the Fear Level by –1: This covers an area roughly 20 miles in radius.

Add +1 Grit to a dead hero: This bonus is only for purposes of coming back Harrowed. The dead hero is dealt cards as usual, and comes back Harrowed if dealt a Joker. If the character to be resurrected has Grit 10 or more (due to Rank and Edges, combined with the result of the Ghost Dance ceremony) and is dealt a Joker, they come back fresh as a daisy! No manitou, and no Dominion—they're just alive.

Make an opposed Spirit roll against a Harrowed's manitou: If the shaman wins, he casts the manitou out of any Harrowed character who has been held within the circle for the entire duration of the ceremony. The worm tears itself out of the body and becomes a sizzling puddle of grease on the ground, and the Harrowed character is truly and finally dead.

Just because a shaman learns the Knowledge (Ghost Dance) skill doesn't mean you have to reveal all the details of these rules. Give the player a good idea of what the ritual can do, but try to preserve a sense of mystery about the exact effects.

Local monsters and fearmongers don't like this ritual one bit, and they typically take steps to prevent it or interrupt it—in the bloodiest, most violent way possible!

Ghost Rock

A typical one-pound hunk of unprocessed ghost rock burns for about a week with a slow, steady flame plenty hot enough to cook near. Cooking *over* it would incinerate most meals in a few seconds—a burning nugget reaches about 800˚ F. The processed cores used by many mad science gizmos have been drilled and shaped to increase the exposed surface area, so they burn hotter and faster. A lit core (not being used in a device) only burns for about three days, but can hit 1,500˚ F or so.

The fireboxes of most gizmos that use ghost-rock cores are drafted so a steady flow of air continually moves over the burning fuel. This greatly increases the speed at which it burns, and it normally gets hot enough to melt normal iron and steel—we're talking 2,500˚ F, amigo. That's why ghost-rock boilers are made from ghost steel, which can withstand temperatures of well over 3,000˚ F.

Ghost rock can only be extinguished by completely cutting off its air supply. Using water for this can be dangerous because at the temperatures found in most ghost-rock fireboxes the water can flash-boil, causing a steam explosion. (The steam explosion caused by attempting to douse the fire of a one-pound piece of ghost rock inflicts 2d10 damage upon any gizmos the rock is powering and anyone within a Large Burst Template.) Instead, most ghost-rock boilers have an emergency sand canister on them. Yanking an emergency cord opens the canister and floods the firebox with sand.

Ghostfire Powder: Weaponized ghost rock—called "ghostfire powder" by those in the know—is exceedingly rare, and that's probably a lucky thing for most of the West. Made from ghost rock purified by means of a secret refinement process (known only to Dr. Darius Hellstromme and his closest advisors)

and then blended with gunpowder, ghostfire powder burns up entire battlefields—and just keeps burnin'. It's the main ingredient in Hellstromme's Ghostfire Bombs.

The stuff is pure evil any way you cut it. Anyone standing within about 4 yards (2" on a battlemat) of a barrel of ghostfire powder must make a Spirit roll (–2) each round or gain a level of Fatigue, which fades after a good night's rest. For a properly shielded Ghostfire Bomb, the range is halved to 1" but the effect is the same.

If ignited, a small barrel of ghostfire powder explodes in a Large Burst Template. Add +4" to the radius for a medium barrel, and +8" for a large one. A single Ghostfire Bomb's effect covers *two square acres*. All of these explosions are considered Heavy Weapons. Heroes caught in a ghostfire explosion (powder or bomb) are in serious trouble—the damage is cataclysmic.

Every cowpoke in range must immediately roll Vigor (–3) to avoid Incapacitation. Buildings in the blast radius are flattened or set alight. Additionally, every target in range is dusted with burning ghostfire powder. Roll a d6 for these poor souls—they ignite on anything *but* a 1, and take 2d10 damage per round until the flames are extinguished (per the guidelines above).

Hunting Grounds

Things have gotten pretty bad in the Hunting Grounds since Raven and the Last Sons unleashed all the legions of the Deadlands. The Indians once regarded the spirit world as a place of wisdom, harmony, and equal parts wonder and dread. Now the dread part has just plumb gone wild.

Manitous prey on the spirits and departed souls which inhabit the Hunting Grounds. The strong prey on the weak in the next world, and the weak become food in the Deadlands. Put simply, the Hunting Grounds ain't so happy any more.

Earlier we promised more information about the mysterious world of the spirits. Here's where we get to it. First you'll find a description of what the spirit world is like, and beginning on page 298, stats for a variety of spirits.

The Tree of Life

Indians believe that every tribe, even the white tribes and the black tribes and all the other tribes from beyond the great waters, has its own place in the Hunting Grounds. These places are in turn merely branches on a great tree that stretches from the deepest depths of evil and horror up to the celestial resting place of revered ancestors. This is the Tree of Life.

That said, the Hunting Grounds are perceived differently by different people. Different cultures have their own views of the world of spirits, but they're all variations on the same theme. For now let's explore how the Indians see it.

Indian travelers in the spirit realm describe the Tree of Life as, literally, a giant tree. Spirits on the edges of the Hunting Grounds can look up in the sky and see the faint outline of a hardwood tree taking up half the sky and stretching upward toward infinity. It incorporates several regions.

The Sky: This is the land of the gods, stretched out above the Tree of Life. It's also the final destination of those who have lived virtuous, fruitful lives. This realm is beyond the reach of all but those who truly belong there.

The Boughs: These are resting places for spirits traveling along the trunk of the tree. These are the most common destinations of traveling shamans, for here it is possible to find many of a tribe's ancestors as they ascend the tree to their final rest.

Running the Hunting Grounds

The Hunting Grounds might look like a bewildering place to try to run adventures, but they actually provide you with a whole lot more freedom than your typical Savage Tale.

For one thing, you're free to entertain any flight of fancy that enters your head and put it in your story. As long as it has a basis in myth and legend, it's likely to fit right in there. Dark forests, great spirit lords surrounded by vassal soldiers, ruined mansions, wandering ghosts, pristine mountain valleys, foul and dripping caves, forsaken moors, endless swamps, lost shipwrecks, historical battles fought again and again by spectral troops through eternity—all these things exist in the Hunting Grounds, along with everything else you can imagine.

Since characters are eventually able to open their own portals (via the *contact spirit world* power), trips into the Hunting Grounds are sometimes at the players' behest. This gives you a chance to react to what the heroes do, rather than plan everything in advance. It's perfectly appropriate for the Hunting Grounds to change based on the characters' perceptions and experiences—which is another way of saying it's a good chance to improvise. If that's not your thing, the Spirit Encounters section on page 131 can provide some support.

Finally, if your group is up against any mysteries in the real world, you can use the spirit world to hand out unique clues. Maybe the heroes catch up with the departed spirit of a miner who knows the region they're traveling through. If they're investigating a murder, perhaps they find a spirit tree that bears the faces of the victims—even those yet to die—in its twisted bark. Events in the real world can leave odd impressions on the Hunting Grounds, and vice versa.

If you're looking for more examples, Plot Point Four (see page 182) takes place entirely in the Hunting Grounds.

The Trunk: This is the home of most spirits native to the Hunting Grounds, and it is the means used to reach other boughs upon the tree. It is a shadowy place made up of endless narrow passages, ladders, vines, and pits. It is absolutely dark except for the occasional glow of spirits passing through.

Many lesser and normal spirits can be found traveling up and down the trunk, as well as manitous, snake clouds, and other evil beings. It's very easy for shamans to get lost in this region, so spirit guides are used by those who know how to ask for their help.

The Roots: These are the passages into the Deadlands, gathered at the base of the Tree of Life. Here the Old Ones made their final stand and perished against the Last Sons. Like a tree in our world, the roots are supposed to draw sustenance into the Tree of Life to keep it and all its boughs healthy. These days, the roots of the tree are sick with rot.

The roots are similar to the trunk, only much more dangerous. The Reckoners and their minions have almost completely taken over this part of the Tree of Life. Narrow passages are shrouded in darkness and fog, and evil spirits of all kinds terrorize those who dare approach the edge of the Deadlands.

The Deadlands: This is the great expanse that spreads beneath the Tree of Life, built from an eternity of fallen leaves and branches, and spirit matter incomprehensible to even ancient spirits. It is the land of the Reckoners.

The Deadlands stretch off in every direction, a wasteland shaded by the vast Tree of Life as well as its own cloud of darkness and death. Natural features are twisted into eldritch shapes barely remembered by the primitive parts of human souls, striking terror into those who view them.

Manitous march by the thousands in tight formation across the wastes, led by larger and more powerful demons. The very ground howls in pain every time someone steps on it. Souls from the boughs and trunk are dragged to the Deadlands in an endless stream. Lines

of ancestors lead down from the Tree of Life as far as anyone can see. In the Deadlands, souls are violated in ways unimaginable by any but the Reckoners.

Metaphysics and Such

All is not as it appears in the spirit world. Even though heroes might see mountains and streams and buffalo, and a tree stretching into infinity, there's no *there* in the spirit world. Space and time are meaningless. The spirits seem to find their way around just fine, but shamans and other visitors to that world can travel forever and never see the same place twice. Medicine men without spirits to guide them in the Hunting Grounds risk getting lost, and might never come back.

Different characters perceive the spirit world in different ways. Indians see the Tree of Life because that's what they expect to see. Whites traveling there see something completely different. Christians might see Mount Zion, with a gleaming celestial city at the peak and endless fire-filled chasms of hell at its base. Voodooists see the graveyards of the dead with the loas presiding over them. Others might envision a sort of purgatory.

It's up to you exactly how the spirit world presents itself to each character, but it should be a metaphor that fits the character's beliefs as well as the general structure of the place.

Nuts & Bolts

Now that you know more about the strange landscape of the Hunting Grounds, let's go through the various rules for getting there, traveling its paths, and puttin' a hurt on the inhabitants.

Getting There

There are a number of ways a hero can reach the spirit world. Some are easier than others. Some are downright unpleasant.

Vision Quest: Everybody has visions of the Hunting Grounds. Dreams, nightmares, and hallucinations are all windows into the next world. But these are not controlled journeys. The medicine man journeys to the Hunting Grounds by using the *contact spirit world* power. This transports the shaman's soul (and those of his companions) into the Hunting Grounds, where he is a ghost among ghosts.

Portals: A portal is a place where the Hunting Grounds are in direct contact with the physical world. In these places it's possible to cross from one world to the next. Portals are powerful and dangerous, haunted by malevolent spirits and often visited by wise shamans.

Every portal is different. Some require a test of faith or a ritual to pass, while others allow one to step right through. Shamans can duplicate these naturally occurring (but very rare) doorways by using the *contact spirit world* power. A person who passes through one of these portals is physically transported to the Hunting Grounds.

Dying: It ain't pretty, but it's the one sure way to pass from this world to the next. When a character dies, her soul travels to the Hunting Grounds. There it wanders for a while before being drawn to its final reward in the Sky or the Deadlands. In some cases souls have been rescued from the Hunting Grounds, and bodies restored to life. It's up to you exactly when this can happen, Marshal.

Whose Reality Is It?

When your posse enters the Hunting Grounds—every single member toting along his own unique beliefs—you'll need to decide what everyone sees.

If everyone was brought to the Hunting Grounds by the *contact spirit world* power, the entire posse sees whatever spirit world the caster believes in. If the posse steps through an existing portal together, the most spiritual character's view prevails. Have all the players make Spirit rolls. The hero with the highest total wins and imposes her view of the spirit world upon her companions.

Spirit Summonings

Use the following tables when a summoner uses the *contact spirit world* power to attempt to call forth a Lesser or Normal spirit. The only way a summoner can call a particular type of spirit is if she knows an individual spirit's true name. Otherwise there's no way to predict what sort of being answers the call. Stats for the various spirits begin on page 298.

Summon Lesser Spirit

d10	*Spirit*
1–3	Ancestor spirit
4	Nature spirit (Wolf)
5	Nature spirit (Little People)
6	Nature spirit (Eagle)
7	Nature spirit (Bear)
8	Nature spirit (Spider)
9	Nature Spirit (Buffalo)
10	Marshal's choice.

Summon Normal Spirit

d6	*Spirit*
1	Holy People (1). Roll 1d6: 1 = Thunder People, 2 = Wind People, 3 = Crooked Snake People, 4 = Failed-to-Speak People, 5 = Dark People, 6 = Marshal's choice.
2	Nature spirit (Gan)
3	Nature spirit (Shiwana)
4	Nature spirit (Uwannami)
5	Nature spirit (Wakinyan)
6	Thunderbird

Established realities in the Hunting Grounds are the exceptions to this rule. These are usually formed by bands of spirits for some purpose, or created by some earth-shaking event in the physical world. When the posse arrives at one of these places their personal view of the spirit world is superseded by local conditions.

Spirit Journeys

Here's what you need to know when your group lights a shuck for the spirit paths.

Fear: First a little good news for your group: there's no such thing as Fear Level in the Hunting Grounds. Heroes still have to roll Guts when they encounter a spirit with the Fear special ability, and they get to add their Grit to the roll, but there's no regional Fear Level to fret about. (The Deadlands are still Fear Level 6—Hell is hell, after all.)

Gear: Characters traveling to the Hunting Grounds with only their soul arrive there wearing their birthday suit and a smile (although items may accompany them by means of the *contact spirit world* power). Characters that are physically present in the Hunting Grounds have whatever gear they carried in with them. The souls of the dead have the spiritual equivalent of whatever gear they were buried with.

Totem Spirits: Being a spirit, a character's Totem Spirit is always waiting for him when he appears in the Hunting Grounds, nearby but slightly distant. An eagle spirit soars in the sky; a wolf skulks near the edge of the trees.

In the spirit world, a Totem Spirit has the same stats as its animal equivalent (see *Savage Worlds* and the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*). If it dies in combat, the Totem Spirit Edge is lost. Since this a crippling blow to any Indian, mortal combat in the Hunting Grounds often focuses on killing the enemy's Totem Spirit.

Travel: Things like time and distance are extremely flexible in the Hunting Grounds. To those who don't know any better, they're exactly the same as in the real world. These

poor saps are likely to wander off and get lost forever.

Traveling somewhere typically requires the shaman to have a specific destination in mind and make a Common Knowledge roll at –4 to find it. Medicine men sometimes secure a spirit guide using the contact spirit world power before setting off on a journey—in this case, the shaman is sure to reach the proper destination. Alternately, a spirit might be subdued in combat and forced to act as a guide. See the Spirit Travel Times table on page 132 to figure out how long the trip is.

Harrowed: Life for a Harrowed is never easy, but in the Hunting Grounds it gets a whole lot worse. Now they're on the manitou's turf. While in the Hunting Grounds the manitou makes all its Spirit rolls for Dominion at +4. Each Fate Chip you spend gives the manitou two hours of control instead of one.

Other spirits can *always* sense the manitou. The worm is plain as day to the inhabitants of the Hunting Grounds. This means just about every spirit will either refuse to deal with a Harrowed or try to destroy them on sight.

A Harrowed character can send only his soul to the Hunting Grounds and leave his body behind, but this is a bad idea. While he's away the manitou has uncontested control of his body in the real world. That sort of thing usually ends in tears.

Spirit Combat

The spirits are dangerous, capricious, and generally unpredictable. Characters are eventually going to come to blows with them, their masters, or possibly other shamans. Combat on the other side works pretty much the same as it does in the physical world, with a few caveats.

Weapons: If a character has not physically passed over into the Hunting Grounds, he has only the gear that was brought along using the *contact spirit world* power. If the posse passes through a portal, all their gear goes with them.

Damage: Damage suffered by a character's soul in the spirit world is passed on to her body in the physical world. Characters physically present in the Hunting Grounds suffer damage as usual.

When characters physically carry their weapons with them, they can blow holes in things that are normally immune to bullets in the real world. This includes critters that can only be damaged by magic. Characters present in soul only must use the items they brought along, improvise a weapon from something lying around, or fight mano-a-mano with the spirits.

Arcane Casters: First the good news. For the most part casters can work magic as usual, whether in physical or soul form. And since characters are much closer to the spirits and the source of magic, powers can be used more often in the Hunting Grounds. While in the Hunting Grounds spiritually or physically, all characters who use Power Points (including Mad Scientists) recover them at twice the normal rate.

Arcane casters whose Trappings include manufactured weapons or other industrial creations (like most Mad Scientists) always enact those powers at a –2 penalty. Additionally, heroes can't make use of the Gadgeteer Edge in the Hunting Grounds—there's just nothing solid to build with, and the inspiration soon fades.

Hucksters have it a little easier. Since they're surrounded by the energies of the Hunting Grounds there's no need to deal with a manitou. They can either use their own Power Points or deal a hand to draw them from the surroundings. There's no chance of backlash, and Jokers are merely wild cards. Done too often (say, more than once per visit to the Hunting Grounds), this attracts the attention of wandering manitous who think the hexslinger is "cheating."

Shamans, chi masters, blessed, and users of Black Magic enact their powers as usual in the Hunting Grounds (but specific Trappings

may be subject to the technological limitation noted above).

Death

Dying is never pleasant. In the Hunting Grounds it's always worse.

Completely Dead: Physically present characters that aren't lugged back to the real world are forever lost.

Souls: A dead character's soul becomes the property of the winner. This usually results in it being consumed—and utterly destroyed—by the winner, or bound into service for seven years' time. In the latter case, if an hombre's body was not physically present it remains in a coma while the soul is away. Unless someone cares for the body, it eventually dies.

This works in reverse, too—spirits vanquished by heroes can be consumed or bound into service. Any character physically present in the Hunting Grounds, Harrowed or otherwise, can Count Coup (see the *Deadlands Player's Guide*) on a spirit he defeats. This ability is the source of many of the most powerful shamans' powers.

Spirits bound into service must fulfill any command their master gives them. They don't have to fulfill orders they can't complete, and they stick to the letter of any command—not the intent. Most bound spirits go out of their way to interpret orders in the way most unfavorable to their masters.

Spirits bound into a character's service remain that way as long as the hero is in the Hunting Grounds, to a limit of seven years. When the character goes back to the physical world, the bound spirit's obligation is fulfilled. Death also releases all of a hero's bound spirits.

Harrowed: When these hombres are "killed" in the spirit world it's a special case. If the killing wound is to the head, the character's soul is released from its torment by the manitou, but both the character's soul and the manitou are now at the mercy of the spirit who defeated them.

If the final wound was not one that would kill a Harrowed, but still puts him down, the character retains his body. However, he and the manitou are both bound to serve the being that put them down (provided they don't become spirit chow). This is how the members of Raven's Thunder Guard were "recruited."

If for some reason only the Harrowed character's soul is present, then only the soul is bound to service (or consumed). While the character's soul is bound the manitou gets control of the body. If the soul ends up in some spirit's gizzard, the manitou keeps the body free and clear and you've got yourself a new villain, Marshal.

RELICS

The Indian nations and the High Plains are a mythic place. Dark magic flows through its veins, and pools in items of power carried by heroes long gone…as well as those still kickin'!

Crazy Horse's Coup Stick

The Battle of the Little Bighorn was a pivotal moment in the Reckoning. Several relics were forged in the blood of that day. One of the most significant is Crazy Horse's coup stick. As Custer fired his six-guns from amid the groaning bodies of his troopers, Crazy Horse crept right up behind him and whacked him with his coup stick. Custer lived, but Crazy Horse's action enchanted his coup stick forever.

Power: Anyone with Indian blood in his veins can use Crazy Horses' coup stick. A character officially inducted into a legitimate tribe might also be able to use the stick (that's the Marshal's call, partner). The first time the wielder touches a dangerous opponent with the stick in combat, he may draw a chip from the Fate Pot (along with the usual benefits of counting coup—see page 19).

Counting coup requires a successful Touch Attack (Fighting +2) with the stick. This

"attack" must do no damage to count for coup. It is only considered counting coup by the tribe if the opponent is armed and dangerous, and it never works on the same enemy twice. Touching a sleeping warrior is only a coup if the stick wielder wakes him first.

Taint: None.

Ghost Guns

No one knows just where these guns came from or who made them. Some say they were sent here by the Reckoners themselves. Others think that some black-hearted hexslinger loosed them on the world. But whoever—or whatever—made those evil irons didn't exactly do the world a favor.

The ghost guns are made out of an eerie, grayish metal—not ghost steel but similar to it in appearance. When one looks closely at them, their fancy engraving, which depicts sinners in torment in Hell, seems to crawl slowly over the metal's surface. When a gunfight is brewing, the guns almost seem to leap into their owner's hands and begin blazing away. At such times, they emit a terrible wailing that somehow can be heard above the sound of the gunshots. Those who have survived an attack from the ghost guns claim that the wailing was worse than the wounds they took.

Power: The ghost guns are Colt Army revolvers (12/24/48; 3d6+1; RoF 1; Shots N/A; AP 2) that never run out of ammunition and never need to be reloaded. They add +2 to all Intimidation rolls made by the owner, but the bonus only applies when the guns are drawn.

Taint: The guns give the owner the Bloodthirsty, Mean, and Vengeful (Major) Hindrances. Some claim that anyone who uses them is fated to die a violent death and spend an eternity in the depths of Hell.

Harrowed Boots

These are boots that have been worn by a gunslinger who came back Harrowed and was then sent to his demise—er, *re-demise*.

Anyone wearing them when he is killed has a greater chance to come back Harrowed.

Power: If a character is killed while wearing Harrowed boots, he draws three extra cards to determine if he comes back Harrowed.

Taint: The boots cannot be removed while the character is alive, unless a successful *exorcism* is performed on them (use the wearer's Spirit). While an hombre is wearing them, no Miracles can positively or beneficially affect him. For example, *healing* doesn't do a lick of good but *stun* works just fine.

Tom Smith's Spurs

Tom "Bear River" Smith is a mighty imposing man. Anyone who wears a pair (or even one) of the spurs he has worn in the past can call on a little bit of his menacing air.

Powers: Anyone wearing the spurs has his Intimidation die type increased by one step, to a maximum of d10. If the wearer already has Intimidation d10 or higher, the spurs add +2 to the roll. If the wearer does not have the Intimidation skill, he may ignore the –2 penalty for using it unskilled.

Taint: The wearer gains the Mean Hindrance.

Telegraphin' Woes

Message Distance

Distance	*Modifier*
Less than 100 miles	0
100–200 miles	+2
201–500 miles	+4
501+ miles	+6

Telegram Results

d20	*Result*
1–9	The message goes through fine.
10–13	There's a break in the line. The message won't be received for 2d6 hours.
14–17	The line's broken somewhere far from civilization. The message won't go through for 2d6 days.
18+	The message gets intercepted by gremlins. Roll on the Gremlins! Table.

Gremlins!

d6	*Result*
1	The message goes through, but the letters are received in reverse order.
2	Rearrange the words of the telegram to cause as much trouble as possible.
3	Make up a whole new message—something that causes trouble.
4	Make up a new message, but the gremlins echo the right confirmation.
5	The message goes to the wrong city.
6	The gremlins pretend to be a deranged operator at the other end. They block the message but send back crude taunts and cryptic responses. Feel free to do just about anything you want to cause the heroes as much trouble as possible. Think like a gremlin, pard.

Unholy Symbol

When the leaders of the world's most nefarious cults are slain, their black essences are often drawn into their unholy icons.

Power: The most powerful unholy icons allow a wielder to use a single Black Magic power. The Marshal should choose the power based on the history of the icon itself. In all cases powers are enacted using the wielder's Spirit. The symbol has 10 Power Points (which recharge at the rate of 1 per hour).

Taint: Unholy symbols are always tainted, though the particular effects vary. Sometimes, just before death at the hands of some unwelcome do-gooder, the former owner of the symbol transfers her soul into the icon. When someone takes possession of the icon, the cultist attempts to take over the new user, just like a manitou struggling with a Harrowed for Dominion. In this case, the user starts with Dominion +4, and he must check for Dominion every time he uses the relic (as described in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*).

Should a Harrowed gain possession of such an icon, he must keep track of his fight for Dominion with both his manitou and the icon's former owner.

Wild Bill's Six-Shooters

Everyone knows the story of how Wild Bill was shot in the back by Jack McCall. What most folks don't know is that while he was (temporarily) pushing daisies, someone made off with his twin, single-action Colt Navy revolvers. Since then his guns have become part of the very legend of the Weird West.

By the way, Wild Bill *is* back from the grave, and he wants his shooters back!

Power: These Colt Navy revolvers inflict damage like any other relic (12/24/48; 3d6; RoF 1; Shots 6; AP 1). Unless the hombre rolls snake eyes, a shootist firing one (or both) of Wild Bill's revolvers can reroll any 1s on the Shooting die.

Taint: Whenever anyone wearing either of Wild Bill's pistols is shot from behind, add an extra 2d6 to the damage roll.

Stampedes

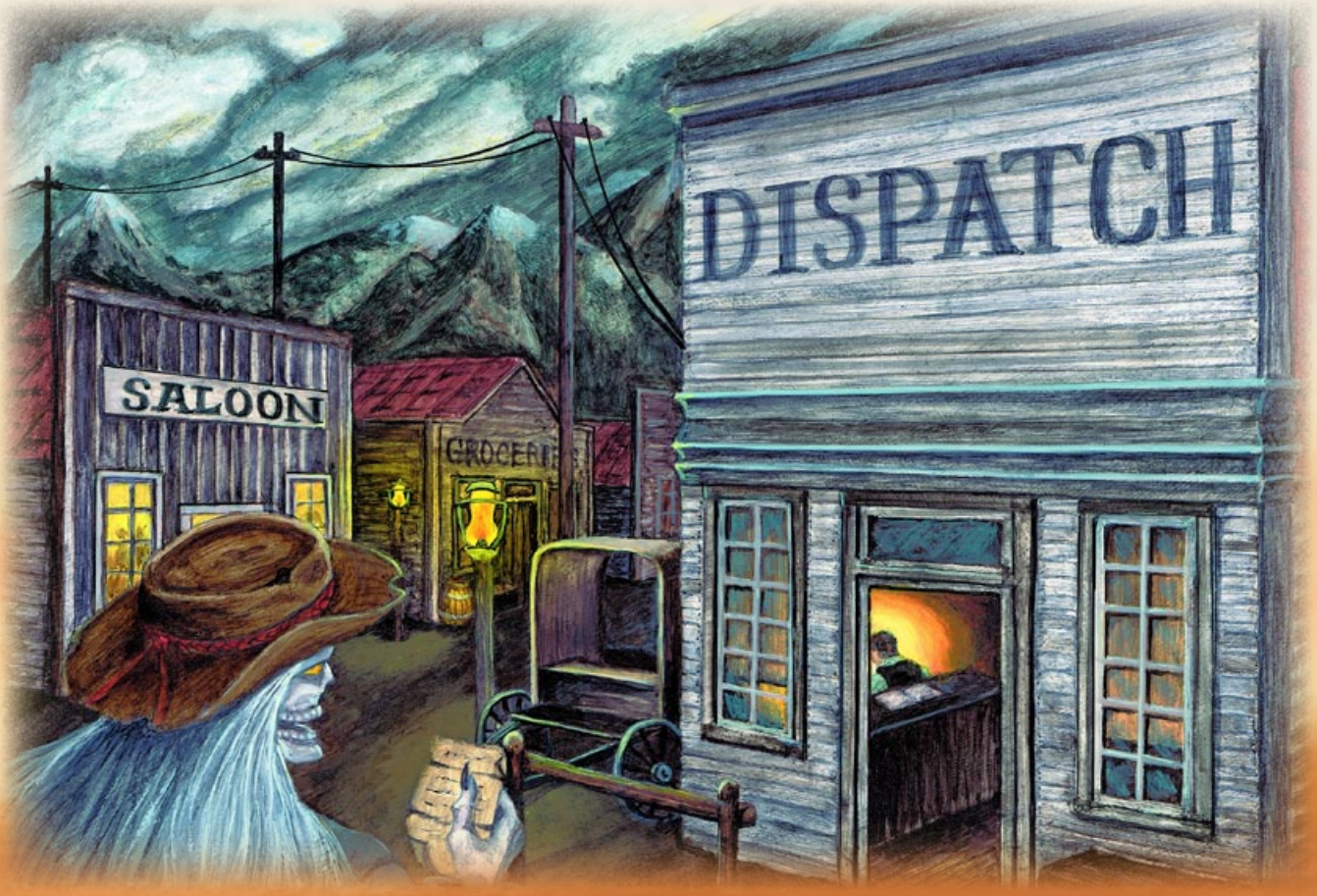
The slightest noise can cause a herd of cattle to stampede, and when it does it brings a dang sight of difficulty for any cowpokes in its path.

Characters caught in a stampede have little hope of outrunning the herd, so they have to seek cover. Finding cover in time requires an Agility roll (–2). On a failure, the character is kicked by a few cattle as they thunder past, and suffers 2d6+2 damage. If any hero rolls a 1 on his Agility die, regardless of the Wild Die, he is caught in the path of the stampede and trampled. He takes 4d6+4 damage. Two successful Agility rolls in a row (or a raise on the first one) means an hombre has skedaddled out of the herd's path.

Also, any cowboys on duty have got to round up a panicked herd. This requires a successful Riding roll (–4) to turn back the lead steers so everything calms down. A failed roll means the unlucky cowhand and his horse fall over and suffer the effects described above.

Telegraphs

Rail raiders, bandits, and storms often cause disruptions in the Weird West's telegraph service. Whenever your posse sends a telegram and you want to mess with them, first do a quick estimate of the mileage between the sender and receiver. Use the Message Distance Table to determine a modifier, then roll on the Telegram Results Table. If that roll is an 18+, the message has been intercepted by gremlins. Roll on the Gremlins! Table when that happens.



Wild Weather

The winter of 1880–1881 drops 132 inches of snow on the High Plains (that's eleven feet!) over the course of several months, halts most railroad travel, and is the very origin of the word "blizzard." It's a sure bet your group will see some weather during their travels.

Blizzard

Those caught in a blizzard must make a Fatigue roll (–2) every hour until they find shelter (Survival at –4, one roll per group). A roll of 1, regardless of any Wild Die, indicates not only failure but the wandering character falls into a crevasse or canyon as well (2d12" deep).

A blizzard causes a –4 penalty to Driving, Piloting, and Riding rolls. A roll of 1, regardless of any Wild Die, means a horse throws its rider, or a vehicle takes an Engine Critical Hit as ice clogs the intake or the engine freezes. A typical storm during the winter of 1880–1881 lasts 2d20+2 hours.

If a blizzard lasts longer than 12 hours, that's considered Heavy Snow—apply its effects for the remainder of the storm.

Heavy Snow

Heavy snowfall is a common sight during winter on the High Plains, and is even more common in mountainous areas. Needless to say, it can make the ground hard to traverse. Walking through deep snow counts as Difficult Terrain. In addition, Agility and linked skills suffer a –1 penalty because the character is knee-deep (or higher) in the snow. Snowshoes negate these effects.

Storm

Storms bring dark skies and lashing rain. The downpour reduces visibility (treat as Dark for Lighting penalties), extinguishes most normal fires within 1d10 rounds, and only volatile materials have a random chance of igniting from fire-based attacks.

Storm conditions inflict a –1 penalty to most actions due to slipping, difficulty hearing, strong winds, and so on. It's up to the Marshal to decide if other actions are affected.

Thunderstorm

Visibility is reduced to just 12" (and still subject to Dark Lighting penalties) and the ground turns into a quagmire. Any character running must make an Agility roll or fall prone and become Shaken. Most actions in this weather suffer a –2 penalty, including Driving, Piloting, and Riding rolls (due to slippery roads, poor visibility, and high winds).

Non-game effects include flash floods, lightning strikes, and mudslides, possibly damaging nearby buildings, drowning creatures, and preventing flying machines taking off or landing. If you want to be cruel, you can have a hero's horse or vehicle struck by lightning for 2d10 damage (AP 10). That should wake 'em up.

THE DISPUTED TERRITORIES (NORTH)
0 20 40 60 80 100 MILES
MONTANA
DAKOTA
THE SIOUX NATIONS
WYOMING
NEBRASKA
COLORADO
KANSAS
THE BLACK HILLS
THE BADLANDS
THE SAND HILLS
THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS
SMOKY HILLS
Bismarck
Bismarck Junction
Heart River
Cannonball River
Iron Dragon RR
Deadwood Stage
Little Missouri River
Yellowstone River
Bighorn River
Tongue River
Little Bighorn (1876)
Powder River
Grand River
Moreau River
Custer's Camp (until 1880)
Ten Thousand Arrows (1880)
Hole in the Wall
Fetterman Disaster (1866)
Devils Tower
Belle Fourche River
Little Powder River
Gehenna Station
Deadwood
Bear Butte
Cheyenne River
Missouri River
Dusky Jewel
Medicine Wheel
Dull Knife Fight (1876)
Wasatch RR (underground)
Worm Canyon
Warbonnet Creek (1876)
Niobrara River
Independence Rock
Oregon Trail
Laramie
Platte Bridge Station (1865)
North Platte River
Chimney Rock
Courthouse & Jail Rocks
Camp Hades
Overland Trail
Cheyenne
Lodgepole Creek
Crow Creek
Summit-Springs (1869)
Overland Trail
Wasatch RR
Platte River
Stinking Water Creek
Milk Creek (1879)
New Jerusalem
South Platte River
Frenchman Creek
Coffin Rock
Tallulah
Boulder
The Cauldron (1876)
Denver Pacific RR
Denver
Wasatch RR
Republican River
Beecher Island (1868)
Cauldron
Beaver Creek
Solomon River
Hill City (1878)
Derry's Ford
Union Blue RR
Sand Creek (1864)
Black River RR
Mountain Route
Dodge
Arkansas River

Strange Locales

The Epitaph guide in Chapter One provides an overview of War's empire, but here's where we delve into the truth behind the muck-raking journalism. Unlike in the Epitaph guide, here it's assumed that Custer's Forces have already invaded the Sioux Nations and are occupying Deadwood.

This chapter details all the interesting places your posse might visit in the Sioux Nations, the Disputed Territories, and the Coyote Confederation in alphabetical order. The players tell you where they're heading, and you can quickly read up on what there is to do at that location—and what lurking evil might be there for them to deal with. Be sure to check out the information in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook* too. Most of it isn't repeated here.

The first bit you'll see is the local Fear Level, followed by any introduction or history the place needs. Some of these are big and complicated, like Deadwood, while others are short and sweet, like Amarillo. Use a region's overall Fear Level when the posse is on the open trail or in some flyspeck burg, and substitute the listed Fear Level when they visit a named locale.

The next section under each location is **Getting There**, which describes how a party might get to the locale and any hazards they might face along the way.

Points of Interest is a list of the notable places at the location, such as saloons, mines, general stores, and so on. For stores and such, figure they offer what you see in the *Deadlands Player's Guide* along with any other items likely to be found in the area.

After the foregoing parts comes a list of any **Savage Tales** linked to the area. You'll find a one-line summary of each of the location's adventures along with handy page references to help you find them quickly.

In the Realm of War

The portion of the Weird West specifically watched over by War covers a lot of ground. It stretches as far north as the Canadian border and south into the Texas panhandle region. It

is bordered on the east by the Missouri River and by the Rocky Mountains in the west, and incorporates the Disputed Territories (Colorado, Kansas, and Oklahoma), the Sioux Nations, and the Coyote Confederation.

Though War tends to flex his muscles all over the Weird West (the battle-torn Great Maze comes to mind) and even Back East, the so-called Heart o' the West is where the most bellicose of the Reckoners hangs his helmet.

The Second Great Rail War

The Rail Wars are heating up again in the Disputed Territories. Here we provide an update on the Rail Barons' activities, plots, and intrigues in the ongoing Great Rail Wars.

Union Blue

With the recent losses suffered by Union Blue in California and Kansas, their financial situation is grim, to say the very least. Union Blue has been working tirelessly to consolidate its lines in Kansas and Colorado since losing the race to Lost Angels. Since Joshua Chamberlain ordered the emergency line run to Lawrence—known as the "War Spur" among his staff—to check the KC&LR at the Battle of Broken Rails, he noticed an unintended side-effect. Running a line deeper into cattle country increased shipping revenues fivefold in that part of Kansas.

Never one to ignore a good opportunity to spread the Union cause and generate wads of cash at the same time, Chamberlain has begun construction on another line south from Salina. The intent is to run at least as far south as the Santa Fe Trail and break ground on a new cowtown there. In this way Chamberlain thinks he can lock up the cattle trade in the northern three-quarters of the territory.

Black River

For now at least, the love affair between Joshua Chamberlain and Mina Devlin is over. Not that their relationship was ever anything but businesslike, but whatever it was, it's ancient history. Black River's notorious Wichita Witches are back in Bloody Kansas and spoiling for fights wherever they roam. They've gotten into plenty of skirmishes with Union Blue's rail warriors.

Mina recognizes a good idea when she sees it. She has her Black River laborers also building lines north into the Disputed Territory, strategically placed to best exploit the cattle industry. A completed line runs from the main Black River line to Wichita, while another is still under construction east of New Varney Flats, Kansas. Mina's plan is to build a line directly to the intersection of the Santa Fe and Old Chisholm Trails south of Abilene. She figures a new Black River settlement on that spot would be a wise move in the chess match against Union Blue.

Iron Dragon

Kang continues to run his trains to Deadwood, but his real focus is on the illegal mining camp at Dusky Jewel. His hope is to very quickly build a short rail line connecting the camp to his Deadwood line. Then he'll be able to ship out massive amounts of ghost rock in a shorter period of time than anyone else. Before the Sioux know what hit them, Kang intends to lock up their resources for himself. He's happy to keep providing guns to the Ravenites because he knows they'll eventually be used to turn the tribes against one another. And that only makes it easier for Kang to continue mining the Black Hills.

Dixie Rails

Dixie Rails needs to raise some capital as badly as Union Blue does; the South's official rail line teeters on the brink of insolvency. So far Fitzhugh Lee has not taken an active hand in the unfolding conflict in Kansas. The losses he suffered at Broken Rails trying to help out the KC&LR were quite enough for now. Still, a large amount of men and materiel remain stationed in western Missouri, split between Kansas City and Independence. If the circumstances were right, those forces could sweep west into Kansas and score big gains against traditionally pro-Northern lands.

After the Great Summoning

In June of 1881 the Great Summoning changes the face of the Sioux Nations for all time. The single biggest change is the easiest to relate: *modern technology no longer functions inside the borders of the Sioux Nations*. This includes all kinds of infernal devices, mad scientists' gizmos, rifles, pistols, telegraphs, locomotives, cotton gins, steam-powered elevators, ghost-rock-powered vehicles, the whole shebang. Even modern wagons and saddles tend to go to pieces when used inside the border.

Note that technology isn't necessarily harmed—it's just "on hold" until it's carried outside the border again. For example, many of Custer's troops' weapons stopped firing right after the summoning, and they assumed the bullets were duds. At least one Union officer accidentally shot himself upon leaving the Sioux Nations when those "duds" suddenly turned live again!

A few of the descriptions listed in this chapter are altered. After you finish running the Plot Point campaign, the following amendments are considered to be in effect.

Black Hills: When the cleansing wind of the Thunderbirds passes over the Black Hills, the fires under Satan's Garden (as well as any other ghost rock fires burning out of control) are instantly extinguished. Not long after the machines die, Gehenna Station is abandoned along with Hellstromme's 300-mile-long subterranean railway. "The Indian Branch," as it becomes known, is an extremely dangerous route to or from the Black Hills. Some brave souls take to using it as a way to avoid Sioux patrols, but the danger posed by abominations is too terrible for most folks to contemplate. Devils Tower exists in a sort of "bubble" that's immune to the thunderbirds' negation of technology, due to the emanations of the still-active portal.

Deadwood: After the Great Summoning, Sitting Bull (if he still lives) and most of the remaining Ravenites end up in Deadwood. Special totems are created to surround the entire city of Deadwood and run all along Kang's rail line—inside the area marked by the totem poles, technology works as it did before. Deadwood slowly returns to normal. The only difference is that the Sioux wicasas exercise almost complete control over their lands. They reassert the Deadwood Creek Treaty and enforce it to the letter.

Dusky Jewel: The end of technology means the end of Kang's illegal fun and games in the Black Hills. Dusky Jewel is soon abandoned, along with the plan for a spur linking up to the Deadwood line. Kang resumes normal train service despite his role in the Battle of Deadwood—how much the Sioux know depends on what happens in your game, but at this point the *wicasas* would rather stick with the devil they know instead of getting acquainted with a new one.

Wasatch

Dr. Darius Hellstromme's main concern in this region since he won the transcontinental race is simple—protecting Camp Hades, the spot southeast of Cheyenne where his transcontinental line disappears under the Rocky Mountains. The opening of the tunnel is a prime target for enemies looking to hinder Wasatch's rolling stock, so the "Good" Doctor had an armed camp built all around it. It's populated by X-Squads, automatons, and clockwork tarantulas all on the lookout for trouble.

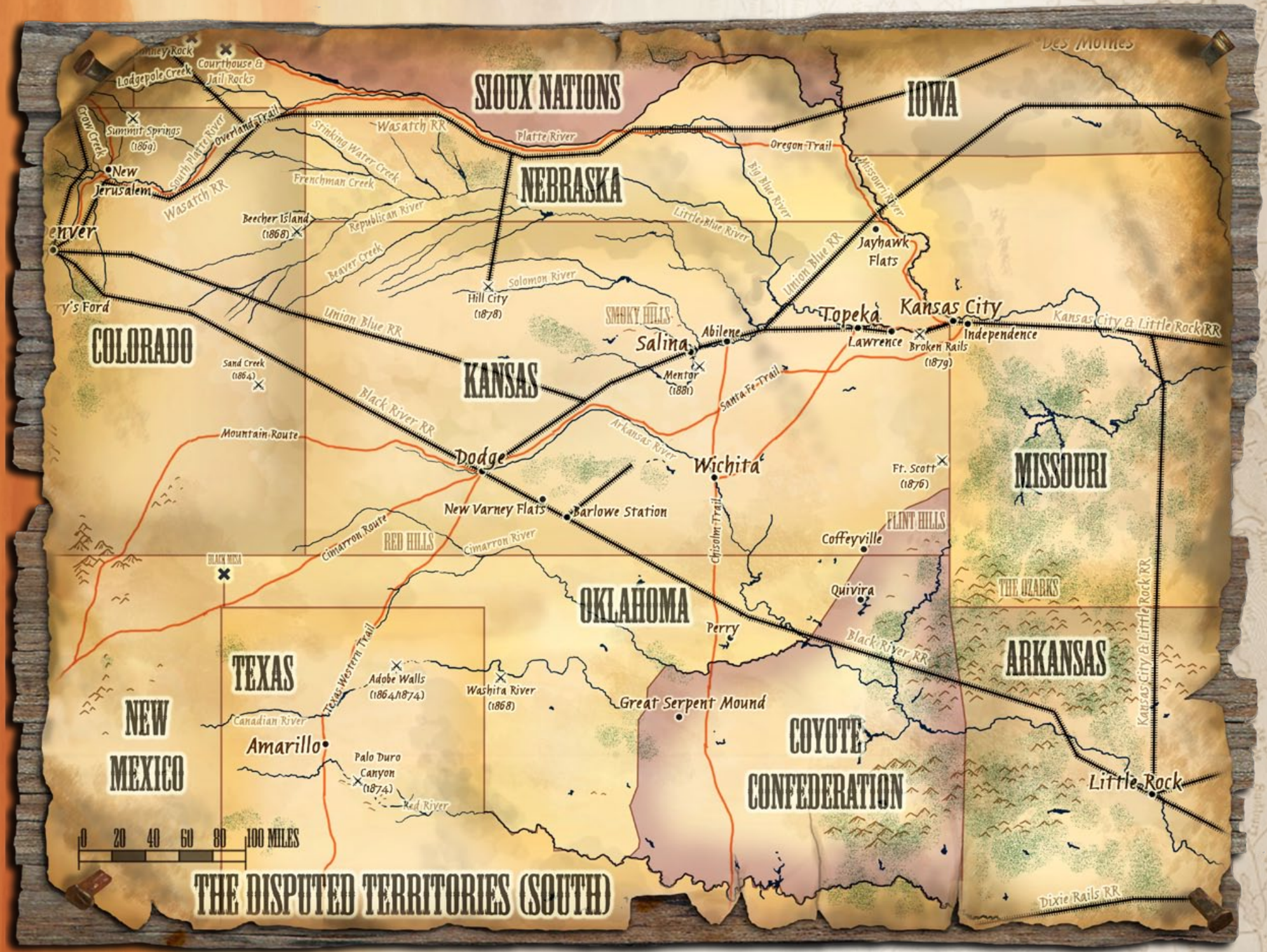
Even though they rarely get close enough to attack it, the other Rail Barons maintain surveillance on Camp Hades at all times. It's an easy way to keep track of everything coming from and going to California. It's also a good way for Hellstromme's spies to keep an eye on all his foes at once!

Wasatch made one attempt at forging a line into Kansas in 1878, but they only got as far as Hill City on the western edge of the Smoky Hills. There the Wasatch rail warriors were wiped out by a superior Union Blue force. Hellstromme turned his attentions back to the Hellbore and his quest to reach Lost Angels.

These days Hellstromme bides his time in the City o' Gloom, pursuing favorable alliances among the other Rail Barons, and hatching secret, even more devious plots. Though plenty of rumors continue to circulate regarding his political intentions, the only certainty is that he's playing his competitors against each other for now.

Bayou Vermilion

Baron LaCroix has little practical interest in the Disputed Lands. As far as his rail lines, he is far more interested in what the Southwest offers. But Kansas and Colorado do provide him the opportunity to harm his competitors, and for the Baron that's reason enough to send spies and saboteurs. He has at least half-a-dozen skinwalkers doing his bidding in Kansas alone.


SIOUX NATIONS
IOWA
NEBRASKA
COLORADO
KANSAS
MISSOURI
OKLAHOMA
TEXAS
NEW MEXICO
ARKANSAS
COYOTE CONFEDERATION
Courthouse & Jail Rocks
Lodgepole Creek
Summit Springs (1869)
Crow Creek
South Platte River
Overland Trail
Wasatch RR
Stinking Water Creek
Platte River
Oregon Trail
Missouri River
Big Blue River
Frenchman Creek
New Jerusalem
Republican River
Beecher Island (1868)
Little Blue River
Union Blue RR
Jayhawk Flats
Beaver Creek
Solomon River
Hill City (1878)
SMOKY HILLS
Topeka
Kansas City
Kansas City & Little Rock RR
Abilene
Lawrence
Broken Rails (1879)
Independence
Salina
Mentor (1881)
Sand Creek (1864)
Santa Fe Trail
Black River RR
Mountain Route
Arkansas River
Dodge
Wichita
Ft. Scott (1876)
New Varney Flats
Barlowe Station
Chisolm Trail
FLINT HILLS
Coffeyville
Cimarron Route
RED HILLS
Cimarron River
BLACK MESA
Quivira
THE OZARKS
Perry
Texas Western Trail
Adobe Walls (1864/1874)
Washita River (1868)
Great Serpent Mound
Canadian River
Amarillo
Palo Duro Canyon (1874)
Red River
Little Rock
Dixie Rails RR
0 20 40 60 80 100 MILES
THE DISPUTED TERRITORIES (SOUTH)

Additionally, the explosion of new spurs being built by Union Blue and Black River makes it easier to get trains from Bayou Vermilion rails onto the lines of his enemies. Which means more and more of Baron LaCroix's Night Trains are making the lonely trip north to bring bloodshed and terror.

Abilene

Fear Level: 3

The name Abilene means, "city of the plains," after a passage in the Bible. Since Timothy and Eliza Hersey founded the town in 1857 as a stagecoach stop, it has grown steadily from its biblical roots toward its present, more hellish state. Abilene soon became the first "cow town" in Kansas, the cattle business fueled by the arrival of the McCoy family and their extensive concerns.

Abilene is a wild place, constantly hosting cowboys, ranchers, Union Blue employees, and all the different folks a major rail line brings. Even though the US claimed Abilene as its territory before the ceasefire, there's a strong Confederate presence here, meaning it's all too common for clashes between Bluebellies and Rebs to shatter the silence of the night.

Back in '76 the black-garbed killer called the Revenant (see page 294) rode through Abilene and gunned down Marshal Fred Griggs in the street. Griggs's chief deputy Bob Reiger took over and—miraculously—still holds the position in 1880. In the world of lawmen he has far surpassed his life expectancy. The local ordinance prohibiting any man from carrying a firearm in town has a lot to do with Marshal Reiger's longevity.

As he has been for several years now, the real force of law in Abilene is Tom "Bear River" Smith (see page 329). He used to be the US Marshal for the territory, and when the Union pulled out of Kansas he was too proud to run off with his tail tucked between his legs. Smith still makes Abilene his home, helping out with the peacekeeping whenever he's called upon, and investigating the secrets of the Reckoning.

Getting There

The main Union Blue rail line runs right through Abilene. Additionally, the Old Chisholm Trail begins in Abilene and leads south through Kansas to Oklahoma and the Coyote Confederation. The Old Chisholm Trail intersects the Santa Fe Trail about 50 miles south of Abilene, bringing an even greater variety of travelers to the city of the plains, along with the cattle drivers and countless beeves driven into the McCoy stockyards from as far away as Oklahoma.

Points of Interest

The McCoy family ranch, warehouses, and cattle yards make up a goodly portion of Abilene. The rest of it is pretty much dedicated to the kinds of businesses that serve a largely transient population of cowboys and farmhands—saloons, ladies' boarding houses, gambling halls, opium dens, music halls, hotels, general stores (or "shebangs"), and the like.

Saloons: Noted watering holes in Abilene include the Alamo, the Bull's Head, the Elkhorn, the Pearl, and the Applejack Saloon. Of them all the Applejack is typically the most rowdy. Drunken fistfights are as common as drunken singing and revelry—when one stops the other begins. If a cowpoke wants a nice quiet night on the town that feels like high society, he can mosey on down to the Pearl.

Lebold Mansion: Banker and town father Conrad Lebold has just put the finishing touches on his mansion west of town, a spectacular example of architecture and praised as "the finest house west of Topeka." Out of respect to the town's founders, the original Hersey dugout was incorporated into the building's foundation. A few odd accidents befell the builders, though, so now

superstitious folk believe the house is cursed, even though they've no proof or rational reason to think so.

Savage Tales

By the Skin o' the Teeth (page 228): The heroes are called in to aid some ranchers and cowhands trying to reach Abilene, and find themselves in a whole heap of difficulty.

The Hersey Curse (page 242): Investigating the source of the whispered rumors about Conrad Lebold's new mansion leads to death in the dark, if the heroes aren't careful.

Amarillo

Fear Level: 2

Amarillo is a flyspeck of a town in the dead center of the Texas panhandle, and not far removed from its humble origins as a buffalo hunters' camp. The hunters still congregate east of town in a tent city, but the growing population consists mostly of cowboys and ranch hands now.

Getting There

Amarillo lies along the Texas-Western Trail, which is far enough removed from the Coyote Confederation to avoid most run-ins with Indian raiders. Cattle drives usually proceed north, past Adobe Walls and through the Red Hills of Kansas to Dodge City. From there cattle are shipped by rail to points east and west. The trail also leads south to San Antonio.

Points of Interest

Though Amarillo will one day grow into the unofficial capital of the Texas panhandle, today Texas longhorns take up most of the space. The majority of cattle yards are owned

by John George Adair and Charles Goodnight, who started up the JA Ranch in 1877.

Savage Tale

Hell Drive! (page 239): Gunmen and other freelancers are being hired to escort a herd of beeves to Dodge. Those who sign up are well-paid but forced to deal with a journey that goes wrong in just about every possible way.

Bear Butte

Fear Level: 4

Bear Butte is just about the most sacred place in the Sioux Nations. It is holy to both the Sioux—who call it *mato paha*, or "bear mountain"—and to the Cheyenne, who believe the mountain was where, long ago, the Great Spirit told the hero Sweet Medicine all the wisdom their tribe possesses.

Bear Butte stands on its own, rising about 1,200 feet above the surrounding plains. The sides of the mountain are covered in prayer flags and offerings from all the Indians who travel there to commune with the Creator.

Getting There

Bear Butte is easy as pie to get to—provided you're an Indian. Located deep in the Sioux Nations, northeast of Deadwood and just north of the Cheyenne River, one has to ride or hoof it overland to reach the sacred mountain. Indians don't look kindly upon whites trying to invade their holiest of landmarks; they are ejected, or killed if they put up a fight.

That said, Bear Butte lies not too far to the east of the Deadwood Stage Trail and the Iron Dragon rail line. Travelers who are determined to do so can jump off a vehicle any time they like. The trick is getting a conductor or stage driver to wait around until one comes back. Bear Butte is only about a day's ride from Deadwood.

Points of Interest

Bear Butte is a healing place, which means that spirits of nurturing and rejuvenation flock to it in the Hunting Grounds. In our world this congregation of nature spirits and holy people makes healing and other magic effects easier to do. Indians of all the Lakota tribes are found in the country around Bear Butte.

At the base of Bear Butte or anywhere on its heights, arcane casters receive a +2 bonus on rolls to enact the following powers: *exorcism*, *greater healing*, *healing*, and *succor*. Additionally, when cast on Bear Butte all of these powers cost half as many Power Points as usual (round up), but the typical amount to maintain.

Strangely, the healing powers of Bear Butte don't do anything to quell the fear running rampant across the High Plains. If anything, the connection of Bear Butte to the Hunting Grounds has increased the mystery and dread that now surrounds the place.

Savage Tale

Holy Warpath (page 247): On the lookout for a blessed who lost her faith, the posse gets caught in the middle of a clash between Ghost Dancers and Ravenites near Bear Butte.

Bismarck

Fear Level: 3

Way back when Kang was first laying track through the Sioux Nations, a courageous crew boss named Edwin M. Johnson kept the operation spinning like a top right up until his retirement at age 51. Johnson settled on a ranch north of the Iron Dragon line, on the grassy banks of the wide Missouri River, in the spot that came to be known as Edwinton. They named it in honor of that crew boss who fought off the terrors of the night so his crew always laid their quota of rails, each and every day.

A year later, not many people had settled in Edwinton; the hard winters seemed to scare a lot of them off. So some creative Iron Dragon officials stepped in and renamed the town Bismarck. Before you ask, *yes*—just like the German chancellor. The eggheads from the rail company thought the name would encourage German settlers to make the trek to Dakota Territory.

It entices a few thousand a year (mostly Scandinavian, Czech, and German) but what really kick-started the town's boiler was the discovery of gold and ghost rock in the Black Hills. When the riches started pouring out along one route—the Iron Dragon rail line and stage trail beside it—Bismarck found itself in the perfect location to prosper.

Getting There

Bismarck is in Dakota Territory at the northeast corner of the Sioux Nations, about 20 miles north of the Iron Dragon line. The Deadwood Stage trail originates in Bismarck, then winds west and south all the way to Deadwood and the Black Hills. Indians usually make the trip to Bismarck in canoes, via the Cheyenne and Missouri Rivers, but they go overland when the mood strikes them.

Points of Interest

The land all around Bismarck is either farmland or ranching territory. This often leads to range wars (or "fence wars") between the farmers and the cattle herders, each side hiring gunmen and outlaws to police their property lines and shoot down trespassers.

Bismarck itself is a relatively sedate community, almost an oasis of peace and calm at the edge of the chaotic Sioux lands. That's how the locals portray it, anyhow. In truth Bismarck is a place of frigid, bone-chilling winters and short summers, with its share of dark secrets from seasons past.

There are a few establishments of ill repute in Bismarck, one known as Sally Longhorn's and the other called the Back Row. The only real saloon in town is called the Birchmere, a smelly but not altogether unpleasant dive with a roof that sags and a one-legged bartender—they sell an eye-opening concoction called Panther Piss for 25¢ a shot. The Birchmere has six poker tables known to be frequented by card sharps and other cheatin' sons o' bitches.

There is a fairly large Chinatown in Bismarck, in which can be found all sorts of businesses, lots of good eats, and opium dens

Fields of Battle

As one would expect, War's domain is covered with the sites of terrible conflicts, massacres, and all-out hostilities—some recent, and some from long ago. On page 60 you'll find a description of the special conditions that exist in these lonely, haunted places, and on the Marshal's maps of the Disputed Territories (page 74 and page 79) the sites of many battles are marked for reference. Here we give you a few pertinent details on each one.

Adobe Walls (1864/1874): Fear Level 3. This village in the high Texas panhandle has been the site of several conflicts between Indians and whites. Most recent was the battle of 1874, in which Billy Dixon fired his famous mile-long shot that killed Isatai. Today Adobe Walls stands in ruins, populated by Ravenites and much worse (see *Lodges o' the Last Sons* on page 200).

Beecher Island (1868): Fear Level 3. This fork on the Arikaree River in Colorado was the site of a large conflict between the Colorado militia and various Plains Indian tribes. The engagement lasted 17 days. Lieutenant Fredrick Beecher, a vital militia leader, was killed during the fighting.

Broken Rails (1879): Fear Level 4. The area near the battlefield is haunted by numerous ghosts and walkin' dead, as well as a few particularly large 'gloms. Crews of ghostly KC&LR workers struggle endlessly to build the line to Lawrence, doomed to eternal failure.

The Cauldron (1876): Fear Level 5. The swirling, multisided Battle of the Cauldron took place between September and October in the Rocky Mountains west of Denver. Its claim to fame was being the largest single engagement of the Rail Barons' forces up until the Battle of Lost Angels in late 1879. Today the place is virtually a living hell. You'll find more details under *Cauldron* on page 88.

Dull Knife/Battle of Bates Creek (1876): Fear Level 3. In this clash between US Army troops and Cheyenne Indians, chiefs Dull Knife and Little Wolf called upon the spirits to aid their

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if that's what an hombre's after. Those who poke their snouts too far into Chinatown meet up with rival martial arts gangs, undying sorcerers, Chinese demons, and worse—the *blackest* magic.

Much of the town's entertainment is for a more refined taste. The Belmont Variety Theater offers the usual fare—classics and Shakespeare. There is a music hall and a dance hall (not the naughty kind), as well as a few nice hotels to choose from.

The town's businesses tend to cater to miners headed into or coming out of the Sioux Nations. That means mining supply stores, saddlery and horses, wagon makers, and gun shops. At the latest count, Bismarck was home to no less than six gun shops, the most famous of which—Larsen's Guns & Ammunition—is run by Snurre "The Swede" Larsen. There are usually about half-a-dozen stage companies running the route to and from Deadwood daily, but they go out of business as fast as enterprising young fools start them up.

Savage Tale

Meet the Achesons (page 249): For 10 years Milford Acheson has gotten the mail through on time. When the mail is inexplicably late, the town elders call on some freelancers to find their missing missives.

Black Hills

Fear Level: 3

The Black Hills were sacred to the Sioux before whites arrived, but with the discovery of extensive veins of ghost rock they were destined to be mortgaged against the future of the Indian tribes. To survive, the *wicasas* allow the whites limited mining rights even though that very mining may grow to the point where it destroys all the Sioux peoples.

Under the Deadwood Treaty of '75, miners are supposed to pay a $100 fee to stake a claim in the Black Hills. Most of them can't afford

the fee until they hit a vein of gold or ghost rock, however, so they sneak into the hills illegally until they get lucky.

The Sioux are ruthless in patrolling the sacred Black Hills. A miner who can't produce a legal claim is dragged back to Deadwood without his gear. Anyone who fights back is killed, and his corpse mounted on a pole along the trail to the Black Hills, as a warning to other miners.

Getting There

For non-Indians the surest way to get to the Black Hills is to take the Iron Dragon train from Fargo, or get on it at Bismarck Junction (a watering station south of Bismarck). There are also about six stagecoach lines out of Bismarck that service Deadwood. From there it's a short trip to the biggest center of ghost rock mining outside the Great Maze—just make sure your claims are in order, hombre.

Points of Interest

For the most part, the points of interest in the Black Hills are mining camps. Most are small, populated only by a few miners, maybe their families, and (if they can afford them) a few hired guns to keep an eye out for Sioux, bandits, and other less conventional threats.

The closest towns to the Black Hills are Deadwood and Kang's illegal mining camp, Dusky Jewel (both of which have their own entries in this chapter). For the first half of 1881, the Wasatch railhead called Gehenna Station seems poised to secure a portion of the ghost rock trade, but the Great Summoning puts an end to that line of thinking (see **After the Great Summoning** on page 77).

Satan's Garden: Satan's Garden is an area five miles southwest of Deadwood. It was the site of the Chance Venture Mine, one of the biggest ghost rock strikes outside of the Great Maze. The place was owned and operated by Norman Chance and his brother William until a blunder involving a lit cigar sent the whole place up in flames. The fires are still burning.

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warriors in a pre-dawn battle. After the earlier US defeat at Little Bighorn, this engagement essentially ended the Union's attempts to civilize the frontier—until late 1880.

Fetterman Disaster/Battle of the Hundred Slain (1866): Fear Level 4. A carefully laid ambush by Oglala warriors under Red Cloud, this battle was the Union's worst defeat until Little Bighorn 10 years later. A young warrior named Crazy Horse led the decoy party that enticed Captain William Fetterman to follow. He and his hundred troopers rode into the middle of 1,000–3,000 well-concealed Indians. There were no survivors.

Fort Scott (1876): Fear Level 3. Confederate General Stand Watie (born Degadoga of the Cherokee), enraged by his belief that the Union had purposely spread plague among the tribes, led his Cherokee Mounted Rifles against the Union's Fort Scott in eastern Kansas. First they cut the supply lines, then attacked the starving garrison a week later. No one was spared in the bloody massacre.

Hill City (1878): Fear Level 4. In the late summer of '78 Hellstromme decided to hedge his bets on Lost Angels and build a major spur into Kansas. Union Blue fought him for every rail, tie, and spike. Months of skirmishing came to a head at Hill City, where a few hundred Union Blue rail warriors took on a dozen automatons and three X-Squads. Luckily for Hellstromme he won the race to the Great Maze, because his forces at Hill City were utterly annihilated. Today Hill City is a lonely ghost town inhabited by at least two scrap 'gloms (see page 295).

Little Bighorn/Greasy Grass Creek (1876): Fear Level 4. Arguably the most famous of the various encounters between Union and Indian armies, Little Bighorn was the place where Custer's arrogance nearly led to his undoing. You'll find more details in the chapter about War's Domain (see *Battle of the Little Bighorn* on page 51).

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...Fields of Battle continued

Milk Creek (1879): Fear Level 4. This was the major clash of the short-lived White River War between Colorado Utes and the Union forces dispatched from Denver to remove them to Indian lands. The Ute forces were led by Captain Jack. After six days of bloody fighting the Utes fled north into Wyoming Territory.

Palo Duro Canyon (1874): Fear Level 3. The Confederate victory at Palo Duro Canyon (in the Texas panhandle) over combined forces of Comanches, Cheyenne, and Kiowa was a complete rout that resulted in comparatively few casualties. On the run, Chiefs Poor Buffalo and Iron Shirt led their people into Oklahoma and the newly formed Coyote Confederation.

Platte Bridge Station/Red Buttes (1865): Fear Level 4. In response to the earlier Sand Creek Massacre, several thousand Cheyenne and Lakota besieged the Platte Bridge Station over the North Platte River in Wyoming. Several hundred Union soldiers were killed, including Lt. Caspar Collins after something spooked his horse and it ran head-on into Indian forces. Fort Caspar was established at the site, but it was abandoned two years later. Today Fort Caspar is a lonely, haunted ruin visited by almost no one.

Sand Creek Massacre (1864): Fear Level 5. On November 29 nearly 700 members of the Colorado militia attacked and obliterated a village of Cheyenne and Arapahos. Around 400 men, women, and children were killed, even though Chief Black Kettle of the Cheyenne had done everything he was asked to keep the peace. This place is remembered bitterly by most Indians. You won't find a larger, or angrier, population of walkin' dead and ghosts in all the Disputed Territories. Sand Creek teeters on the edge of becoming an all-fired Deadland.

Summit Springs (1869): Fear Level 4. This battlefield marks the spot where Union soldiers fought a large party of Cheyenne Dog Soldiers not far from Sterling, Colorado. Many Cheyenne warriors—including Tall Bull and

continued...

The ground for a hundred yards around the mine shaft is hot enough to raise blisters, and the air is hot and thick with sulfurous fumes. All of the vegetation within a quarter mile of the site has died and is buried under a thick blanket of ash and cinders.

Apply the rules for Heat and Smoke Inhalation (see *Savage Worlds*) when heroes get close to the center of Satan's Garden. Anywhere else in the area of falling ash, call for Vigor rolls against Smoke Inhalation once per hour.

The Sioux claim strange, reptilian beings have emerged from the flames, but most people think they're just trying to keep curious prospectors out of the area. In this case they're very wrong—the hellscorchers prowling the area would like nothing more than to feast on some tasty human flesh.

Savage Tale

Night o' the Hellscorchers (page 253): When terrified miners corroborate the Sioux tales of reptilian beings near Satan's Garden, a posse is called in to scrutinize the evidence.

BLACK MESA

Fear Level: 5

Black Mesa is a large mountain that gets its name from the lava that cooled to form it thousands of years ago. It stands where the borders of Colorado, New Mexico, and Oklahoma meet, and portions of its area extend into all those territories. It rises about 5,000 feet above sea level.

Agents led by the intrepid Nevada Smith squared off here against a horde of dead men raised by the Baron LaCroix back in 1876. All Union personnel were believed to have been killed trying to escape from the leering dead on an overloaded auto-gyro. But that's not the reason Black Mesa is such a fright magnet today—Raven's folk are to blame.

Since they invaded it in the Hunting Grounds—and then in the physical world—in 1879, the Black Mesa is sacred to members of the Order of the Raven and powerful with the emanations of War. The many ravens that roost on its cliffs are said to be the physical forms of thousands of raven spirits that congregate in the Hunting Grounds. Those who do not venerate Raven are not welcome here, and are plagued by huge flocks of night ravens (see the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*) and roaming dark beasts (see page 288).

In the past few years, as more gatherings of Ravenites have been held on Black Mesa, the place has taken on a decidedly evil reputation with local ranchers, settlers, and travelers on the Santa Fe Trail. Most folks around these parts know not to make a campfire within a day's travel of Black Mesa.

Getting There

The Santa Fe Trail—which runs to Dodge City in the east and Santa Fe in the west—passes about 10 miles south of Black Mesa. Even though it's accessible as all get out, most riders lower their hats and trot on by.

Points of Interest

The Black Mesa lies in the middle of desolate scrubland. There's not much sightseeing to do. Ravenite shamans like to be here, because the proximity to War and the Hunting Grounds gives them an advantage when asking the spirits for certain favors.

Any character who venerates Raven (the Servitor or the spirit) receives a +2 on Tribal Medicine rolls to use the following powers on Black Mesa: *aim*, *armor*, *fear*, *healing*, and *smite*. Additionally these powers cost half as many power points to enact (round up), but the usual amount to maintain.

Visitors who don't belong to the Order of the Raven are hunted down and killed without mercy, which is what has raised the Fear Level to the roof. It's said that one of the most powerful Last Sons dwells somewhere

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Good Head Of Yellow Hair, who staked himself to the earth during the fighting—came back Harrowed or undead after this vicious combat. Wasatch rail warriors at Camp Hades have to be on the lookout for deceased Dog Soldiers at all times.

Ten Thousand Arrows (1880): Fear Level 4. Custer marched on Deadwood with his ragtag, volunteer army in September. On the banks of the Moreau River, he was confronted by a large Union detachment sent to arrest him, under the command of Colonel Brook Manning. While the arrogant Union officers parleyed, suddenly a massive Sioux war party attacked. The site's Fear Level is a result of the Sioux warriors' desperation, and eventual failure, to turn back Custer's men—despite the sheer amount of arrows expended in the fighting. After the battle, the deceased Colonel Manning's forces joined with Custer's, and moved to occupy Deadwood.

Warbonnet Creek (1876): Fear Level 3. The so-called "battle" of Warbonnet Creek took place when Union troops under Col. Wesley Merritt and guided by William "Buffalo Bill" Cody intercepted a force of about 1,000 Cheyenne soldiers. Buffalo Bill challenged a lone Cheyenne warrior called Hay-o-wei to a duel, killed him, and fell upon the body and scalped it so quickly the other Indians broke and ran. Today Hay-o-wei's vengeful corpse is driven by a particularly unforgiving manitou. Bad times are sure to come.

Washita River (1868): Fear Level 3. This November battle occurred when a young Lt. Colonel Custer's forces came upon and defeated Cheyenne warriors under Black Kettle. About 50 Cheyenne and 25 Union soldiers were killed in the fighting. The battle was most notable for the simmering rage left in its wake on both sides.

on Black Mesa, but if that's true the villain hasn't shown himself in quite some time.

Savage Tale

Trail of the Hooded One (page 279): For those posses who can't stand but to go after the real Raven, we've included this little yarn. We hope your group survives the experience!

Cauldron

Fear Level: 5

Cauldron is literally a "jerkwater town"—a water station for locomotives headed west into the Rockies. That first incline through the foothills takes a lot of steam, so the tiny burg was established in 1877 to provide water to the Denver-Pacific trains that pass through every day.

The place gets its name from the massive, multisided, swirling tornado of bloody carnage—the Battle of the Cauldron—that ripped through the area in late 1876. For an entire month between September and October the Rail Barons poured troops and machines of war into the Cauldron, until the dead started piling up in the mountain passes like cordwood.

Not long after, those dead men got up and started attacking their erstwhile allies. But the Rail Barons kept piling resources into the fight, because every one of them thought one of the others had some secret agenda. Union Blue was just looking to protect its alliance with the Denver-Pacific Rail Company. When Iron Dragon troops starting searching for something specific, the rest of the Rail Barons got suspicious and had their forces search too.

To this day few people remember what those Iron Dragon troops were really looking for, or what happened in early October to make all the Rail Barons cool their tempers in a hurry. Most people who were involved didn't survive, and those few who did never spoke of it again.

Getting There

The Denver-Pacific rail line is pretty much the only route leading to Cauldron from the east or the west. Cowpokes can board or exit trains there if they wish. It's conceivable that a posse could reach Cauldron overland, but they'd have to travel through the worst of the battlefield—see below for what that involves.

Points of Interest

The most noticeable landmark as one approaches Cauldron is the enormous, jagged caldera right next to it. The crater is about a half-mile across, and the bottom is slowly filling with slate-gray water from a nearby creek. Some locals claim it's a sinkhole, while others insist it must have been a rock quarry at some point—perhaps even a secret ghost rock quarry used by one of the Rail Barons.

Water is pumped from the bottom of the crater up to a water tower perched next to the train tracks. Engineers report that water from the Cauldron seems to boil hotter and drive their engines faster, but no one has done a scientific study to confirm the phenomenon.

The small population of Cauldron is absolutely petrified. Awful sounds issue from the darkened crater at night, and voices in the wind whisper the past sins of those who listen too close. Sometimes folks vanish only to be seen later on, appearing dead drunk from a distance. Then they disappear for good, along with anybody who investigates. No one goes out alone in the daylight, and no one goes out at all after dark.

Cauldron consists of a water station, a guarded DP ghost rock depository, and a small saloon called Bremhall's No. 10 Saloon & Billiards, which is frequented by Union Blue and Denver-Pacific employees. All the townsfolk are suspicious of outsiders and mostly unwilling to talk to them, beyond exchanging a few half-hearted pleasantries.

Back in '77 Denver-Pacific crews came through the area to clean things up along

the right-of-way. They buried some 300 bodies and disposed of an estimated 20 to 30 automaton casings. But that was just within sight of the tracks, so paying customers didn't have to look at decaying corpses.

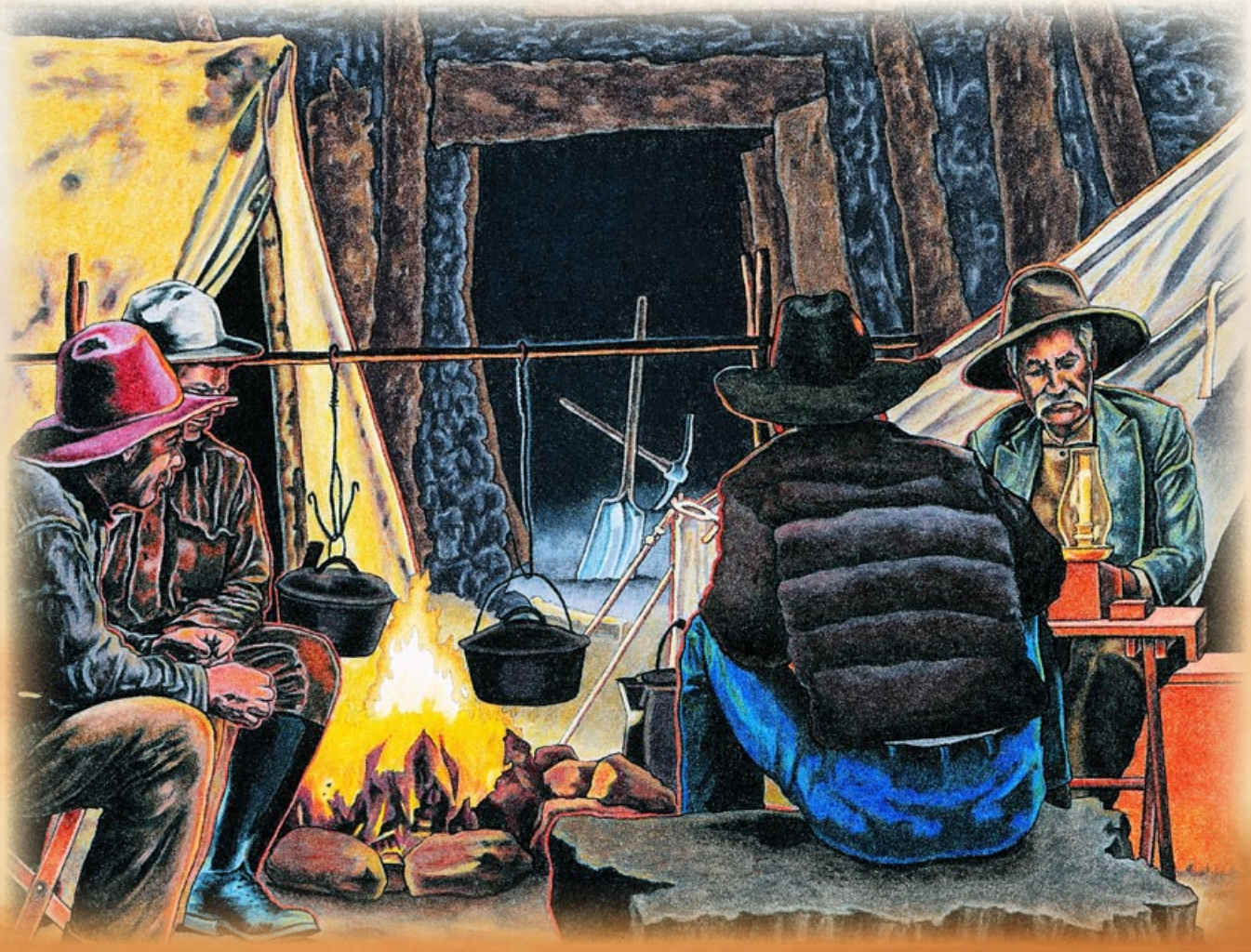
Beyond that, the entire region is still littered with skeletal remains, shattered automatons and clockwork tarantulas, burnt-out vehicles, and wrecked locomotives. The area covers a swath roughly two miles wide on either side of the Denver-Pacific line, from where it enters the Rockies right up until the Continental Divide.

The whole area has an eerie stillness to it. No birds chirp, no small animals rustle in the undergrowth, nothing. Voices sound louder than usual and every twig broken underfoot sounds like a distant rifle shot. Bone fiends, walkin' dead, ghosts, 'gloms, scrap 'gloms, and slitters are all common here, and they all want to cause fear and agony in the living.

Savage Tales

Pit Dwellers (page 261): Investigating the terrifying sounds that issue nightly from the crater turns up a few missing persons, and reveals a monstrous threat to the tiny burg.

Thompson's Plates (page 276): An Agent's crazy theory might just lead heroes to the lost *Epitaph* camera of Whorley Thompson—and the answer to the lingering mystery of the Cauldron.



Cheyenne

Fear Level: 2

Cheyenne was founded on Independence Day in 1867, and named for the Indians who had harassed its builders to no end. Largely a creation of the Denver-Pacific rail company, the town was said to have sprung up like magic overnight. Settlers from a hundred miles all around, who had found hard times trying to make a life in Wyoming, migrated to the new city to begin again.

Soon Cheyenne was a bustling cattle town. Purveyors of alcohol and soiled doves came next, bringing variety theaters and saloons. Before long, every other building on Main Street was a saloon. The inevitable thieves, opportunists, and gamblers followed. All sorts of people are common in Cheyenne's streets today—wandering railroad gangs, cowboys, Indians, Chinese, miners, bankers, and other men of means whose investments keep a town like Cheyenne running.

Getting There

Cheyenne lies just east of the Great Overland Trail, where it passes through the foothills into the Rocky Mountains, only a couple days' ride north of New Jerusalem. It is also the northern terminus for the Denver-Pacific rail line from Denver, Colorado, which makes a locomotive the fastest and most convenient way to reach this city of opportunity.

Points of Interest

Cheyenne is as wide open and chock full of saloons, burlesque houses, opium dens, gambling halls, and general stores as any other boomtown—more so, in fact. But its location on the Denver-Pacific line means the upper crust also has access to the most current fashions, traveling shows, and trends. A tourist can find as many rug stores, hat shops, and dressmakers as gun shops and gin joints. The *Cheyenne Sentinel* keeps an eye on local news.

Cheyenne Club: This sumptuously decorated mansion in town caters to the richest cattlemen, bankers, land agents, and mining barons in the region. Dues are outrageous, but members pay gladly for a sanctuary from the salt of the earth. There is an inner circle of members—including Mayor Byrne and Marshal Watley—who know about the old caves underneath the Cheyenne Club, and use them to perform bloodcurdling Masonic rituals on certain significant days. This egregious misbehavin' has been going on since 1866.

Grenville Hotel: This large, three-story building sits near the center of town and does a lively business. Travelers are welcomed and catered to with the affordable price of $3 per night for a decent room in a rather high class establishment. A bath, shave, and haircut cost extra. The proprietors are twin sisters—Beverly and Cynthia Osterman.

Pendulum Publishing House: The Agency maintains a subsidiary of their ersatz publishing house here in Cheyenne, with a permanent staff of four Agents led by Benjamin Crossett. The Agents are so busy performing surveillance missions on the nearby Camp Hades and repulsing abominations that come down from the Rockies, they're totally unaware of any wrongdoing at Cheyenne House.

Restaurant & Cigar Shop: This unassuming storefront in downtown Cheyenne sells the finest cigars and tobacco this side of the Rocky Mountains. The owner—Clifton "Chicago" Montgomery—works for Wasatch, collecting information and passing messages to undercover members of X-Squads from Camp Hades. Montgomery gets the nickname from his younger days as a card sharp in that city Back East, and he still has the gambling skills to prove it.

Savage Tales

All-Seein' Eyes (page 221): Cattle mutilations and a murdered informant lead investigators

to the depths of the Cheyenne Club and a Masonic conspiracy that predates the town's founding.

X.O.X. (page 282): When a missing X-Squad from Camp Hades sends up a distress signal, several very interested and extremely dangerous parties scope things out.

Coffeyville

Fear Level: 3

Living in Coffeyville has always been a risky venture. It was established in 1869 as an Indian trading post on the border of the lands that would later become the Coyote Confederation. The town was founded by Colonel James Coffey, who ran the trading post and put his wartime skills to use by mobilizing the local settlers into a militia to repulse Kiowa and Comanche raids.

It's said that Coffeyville was named when Colonel Coffey won a coin toss with the surveyor who had laid out the town plan. In reality the two of them got into a violent fistfight after drinking together at the saloon. Coffey won the fight and threatened to kill the surveyor, Captain Blanton, if he didn't put Coffey's name on the plan. The town has been ruled by violence, one way or another, ever since.

Getting There

Coffeyville is located on the new, eastern fork of the Chisholm Trail, which connects Wichita to Kansas City, so it's easily accessible by horse and stage. The town lies just north of the Kansas-Oklahoma border, on the Coyote Confederation border near the Flint Hills of Kansas.

Black River's new Wichita spur runs within a few miles of Coffeyville, bringing a level of prosperity not seen in years around these parts. It has also brought the Great Rail Wars to the town's front door. More and more often, agents of the southern Rail Barons arrive in Coffeyville looking for new alliances and Northern weaknesses to exploit. Marshal Barnaby's got his hands full keeping the peace.

Points of Interest

From its humble beginnings, Coffeyville was a quiet town at the edge of a relatively prosperous farming region. Rail exports have turned the town into one of the most crucial points in the West for grain and flour milling. The quiet town of yesteryear was replaced by warehouses and freight yards, with trains coming and going at all hours.

Free trade and open commerce rule in Coffeyville, so much so that even Indians from across the border are welcomed if they come in peace. Then they're offered a job tossing gunny sacks onto a freight train, like everybody else. Most of the local population's livelihood depends on farming, or the export of farm goods by Black River rail.

The Trading Post: Coffey's original trading post has expanded into a huge, rambling general store. The Trading Post has just about anything a body could want, including those new-fangled devices out of Smith & Robards' catalog. Not only do they have extensive stock in gear, weapons, and ammunition, they also accept trade just as readily as cash (typically trading at half a received item's value when new).

Black River Railroad Office: Black River maintains a fairly extensive operation here in Coffeyville, ostensibly to keep an eye on their rolling stock as it passes through Coyote Confederation lands. That's true, but the local office is also used as a home-away-from-home by the Wichita Witches. The entire top floor of the building is a private sanctuary warded against spirits and guarded at all times by a dozen armed rail warriors.

Savage Tales

Little Brother (page 247): The heroes are called in to track down a farmer who's gone missing.

Don't I Know You? (page 234): A new craze for conformity sweeps through Coffeyville, and individualistic heroes are the prime targets.

DEADWOOD

Fear Level: 4

Deadwood has always been a wild place, and with the arrival of nearly 4,000 troops under Lt. Colonel Custer in September, 1880, it gets even wilder. Be sure to read up on Deadwood in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. What's presented here is meant to add on to that thoroughly entertaining introduction.

More than ever Deadwood is a town under siege. It sits smack dab in the middle of the Sioux Nations, at the northeastern edge of the Black Hills. Large groups of Sioux patrol the area around the town, launching raids against Custer's entrenched forces every few days.

They consider his presence an affront to the Deadwood Creek Treaty, and are none too happy with the Union either. Both the Old Ways tribes and the Ravenites have launched their own raids, finally fighting on the same side (although not exactly side by side).

Miners are still tolerated in the region around Deadwood. Many think the *wicasas* realize they can't fight everyone at once, and as soon as Custer is driven out, the Deadwood Miners' Alliance will be next. In point of fact, mining brings in too much dinero for the tribes to turn it away. For the most part, the Sioux don't bother miners working on legal claims.

Custer's soldiers are a different story. The corpses of those killed by the Sioux hang from poles along the trail to the Black Hills, a warning to the rest of Custer's men. In the first few months of Custer's occupation the number of pole men tripled, and it continues to grow.

Getting There

These days Iron Dragon's Deadwood Express is the surest way to get to the boomtown, and even that has its risks. Old Ways braves sabotage the tracks and the telegraph lines whenever they can, and since the occupation began, an hombre never knows when he'll run into a war party three hundred strong.

Running beside the rail line is a trail, used by those who are too cheap to pay Kang's price and try to hoof it in on horseback instead. Stagecoaches making the trip between Deadwood and Bismarck use it too, but the stage business dies off as the Sioux presence intensifies. War parties attack just about anyone on the Deadwood Stage Trail, Union Army or not. Way stops every 15 miles or so provide fresh horses from fortified stockades.

The majority of the soldiers in Deadwood man extensive earthworks, hastily built all around the boomtown to guard the likeliest approaches. Iron Dragon trains pass through the cordon freely, but all arriving passengers are noted by Union spies at the depot. Indians can still enter Deadwood, but they tend to raise the suspicions of any sentries, and get scrutinized a little more closely as a result.

Points of Interest

Everywhere one looks in Deadwood there are Union soldiers. Patrols of armed soldiers, off-duty troops whooping it up in the bars and gambling dens, even Agents and spies plying their craft—you'll find 'em all if you look hard enough. After Sioux raids, the wounded and dead flood in. On those nights the howls and bestial shrieks from the sawbones' tents echo macabrely in the streets. The graveyard on Mount Moriah is getting pretty crowded these days.

Many saloons in Deadwood are open around the clock and the whiskey flows like water. Travelers to Deadwood are advised to

DEADWOOD, SIOUX NATIONS
The vast majority of Deadwood's population lives in tents in and around the city. Due to their inherently transient nature, most of these structures are not shown here.
Chinatown
Iron Dragon RR
Iron Dragon Depot
Bella Union Theater
Nuttal & Mann's Saloon
WALL STREET
Gem Theater
Nye's Opera House
Mint Gambling Saloon
Ayres & Wardman Hardware
GOLD STREET
Office of Indian Affairs
Grand Central Hotel
Stebbins & Post Bank
Langrishe Theater
Whitewood Creek
SHERMAN STREET
BROADWAY STREET
Big Horn Store
MAIN STREET
City Creek
Carmichael's Livery
Empire Bakery
LEE STREET
Mt. Moriah
Wooly Buffalo
Black Hills Miner's Supply
Dingler's Whirligigs
DEADWOOD STREET
Green Front
Deadwood Creek
Whitewood Creek

use their best manners. The combination of whiskey, gambling, and guns is a lethal one; the tiniest insult (real or perceived) can result in an acute case of lead poisoning.

Lest we forget, visitors to Deadwood may want to invest in a good pair of boots. Despite town ordinances, folks persist in throwing their garbage out their front doors. This, combined with the manure from horses and oxen, makes a thick, sticky mud that reeks worse than a garlic-eating skunk.

Ayres & Wardman Hardware: This fine and well-stocked store specializes in building materials and heavy mining equipment.

Bella Union Theater: This establishment is owned by Bill Nuttal. If you're looking for a night on the town, you can find a variety of drinks, games, and bawdy stage performances here.

Big Horn Store: This store is owned and operated by P. A. Gushurst and William Connors. This is the place to go for basic gear and mining equipment.

Black Hills Miner's Supply: This store offers a wide selection of mining supplies at reasonable prices, but it's actually a front for Agency operations in and around Deadwood. The owner, Richard Speakman, is the head of the Agency's Deadwood Ward. Speakman supervises three other Agents—one at the store and two undercover around town.

Carmichael's Livery: While in town, you can board your trail partner here for $1.50 a day.

Dingler's Whirligigs: Austrian inventor Arthur Dingler runs this aircraft rental service. An auto-gyro (with pilot) costs $200 a day.

Empire Bakery: Mrs. Ellsner's cakes and pastries can't be beat.

Gem Theater: Another good place for a night's diversion, the Gem is known more for the hospitality of its "hostesses" than the quality of its entertainment. The Gem features prize fights (although to date, no prizes have been awarded), plenty of liquor, and stage shows as well. On the upper level is a full-service saloon. The owner, Al Swearengen (see page 317), has ties to the Chinatown opium trade.

Grand Central Hotel (Union HQ): The Grand Central has always been *the* place to stay if you're just passing through. The grub is excellent; Aunt Lou Marchbanks runs a hell of a kitchen. But rooms aren't currently available, on account of some folks who took up residence and don't plan on leaving any time soon.

Lt. Colonel Custer has commandeered the Grand Central and made it the headquarters of the Union Army. The place is well-guarded—night and day—by veteran soldiers. A private meeting room on the first floor is used for planning and logistics, while most the hotel's rooms are occupied by Union officers.

Aunt Lou Marchbanks wasn't too happy at first about taking on permanent guests, but has since come to find out that Custer's coffers are quite full. Ol' Goldilocks pays handsomely for the accommodations, and Aunt Lou keeps her mouth shut regarding any classified information she overhears.

Green Front: If you're looking for a lady to spend time with, you're in the right place.

Langrishe Theater: A respectable theater with solid performances featuring Jack Langrishe and his wife. The Episcopalian congregation meets here on Sundays promptly at 9 a.m.

Mint Gambling Saloon: This rowdy establishment is run by Kitty Leroy, a trick shooter, gambler, and prostitute, and her German husband.

Nuttal & Mann's No. 10 Saloon: The site of Wild Bill's unfortunate demise. The owner has roped off the area with curtains and charges folks a dollar to take a gander at the "spot where Wild Bill met his end."

Nye's Opera House: A place to go for those interested in increasing their appreciation of the finer things. It doesn't get much business, but its few patrons are rich enough to keep it going.

Office of Indian Affairs: Miners are required to register their claims here with the clerk, Joseph Bearclaw (see page 314). Prospecting permits are available for a fee of $100.

Custer considered shutting the office down, but an advisor wisely pointed out that putting thousands of miners out of work did the Union little good. It would be akin to ceding to the Sioux any stake in the Black Hills' riches. These days a Union officer and half-a-dozen troops keep a close eye on things at the OIA, but they don't interfere.

Stebbins & Post Bank: The premier bank of Deadwood. It's been rumored that the bank may do as much as a hundred thousand dollars a day in business.

Wooly Buffalo: This saloon and gambling hall does the lion's share of its business with Deadwood's population of black miners. It's owned and run by Nat Love, aka Deadwood Dick (see page 326).

Savage Tales

Cult of Worms (page 231): Ursula's minions sneak into Deadwood and get up to no good. The posse has to put a stop to it, and maybe even follow the cultists' trail back to Worm Canyon.

Hickok's Revenge (page 244): After years of evading his fate, Hell finally comes home to roost for Jack McCall—and then it gets worse for just about everyone else.

Somethin' About Some Files (page 263): In '71 Allan Pinkerton staged a fire in his company's central archives to cover the transfer of all his files. A misplaced crate turns up in Deadwood.

The Deadwood Creek Treaty

Since Custer took it upon himself to violate the very first provision of the treaty between the Union and the Sioux Nations, the whole thing should be null and void. The Hooded One has secretly advised Sitting Bull to let the miners keep working, so the money they provide actually buys more weapons to prolong the war. Likewise, Custer has allowed the Office of Indian Affairs in Deadwood to continue doing business.

Following are the original provisions of the Deadwood Creek Treaty:

1. **The US government recognized the borders of the Sioux Nations as we know them today. No US troops are allowed within these borders.**
2. **The settlement on Deadwood Creek could be rebuilt under Sioux supervision. All non-Indians residing in the Sioux Nations must live there unless given special permission by the Council to live elsewhere.**
3. **The only access to the settlement from outside the Sioux Nations is by rail or trail. White folks found straying shouldn't bother claiming they're on their way to Deadwood—they'll be ejected from the Sioux Nations no matter what.**
4. **Mining is limited to the Black Hills themselves. Miners must pay a $100 fee for a prospecting permit and a $200 fee to stake a claim. Finds must be assayed in Deadwood, and 5% of the cash value must be given to the Sioux Nations.**
5. **Mines may only be registered by individuals, not companies.**
6. **No single mine may be worked by more than five people at a time.**
7. **Mines found in violation of these rules are shut down. Anyone violating these rules is immediately ejected from the Sioux Nations.**

The Star Chamber

A huckster working for the Agency constructed the Star Chamber to sort the good from the bad and the ugly. The Star Chamber is hidden deep inside a warehouse in the Denver stockyards. On its floor is a circle enclosing a five-pointed star. A Harrowed is bound with rope or handcuffs and placed at the center of the star. Then the huckster engages the thing in a spiritual test of wills and tries to bind the manitou's soul.

Binding a manitou isn't a sure thing. When an Agent fails, they usually apply a flamethrower to the unfortunate Harrowed, killing him and his malignant parasite forever.

Only a few senior Agents know of the Star Chamber. Other full-time agents are told to capture Harrowed whenever they can and bring them to Denver by rail. They are met by senior Agents or their duly appointed representatives, and the Harrowed prisoner is immediately whisked away to a secret warehouse.

Binding a Manitou

Once the Harrowed is inside the Star Chamber, it cannot leave the pentagram or use its powers on anything outside the confines of the circle's borders. It can fire a weapon, throw things, or do anything else a normal mortal could do, but it cannot cast spells, use powers, or otherwise supernaturally affect anything outside the pentagram. The manitou gains instant but temporary Dominion while inside the pentagram. The mortal soul is repressed and cannot later remember the incident.

Once the manitou is trapped in this way, the interrogator starts to work. His role is to win a contest of wills with the creature. If he wins, he

continued...

Denver

Fear Level: 2

Denver grew from a large boomtown into a proper city during the Pike's Peak Gold Rush of 1858. Since then it has only gotten bigger. Nowadays there's a saying that goes, "all rails lead to Denver."

The Queen City of the Desert lies nestled in a valley in the foothills of the Front Range of the Rockies. It's just about the largest city between Dodge and the City of Lost Angels (except for the City o' Gloom), and between Texas and Seattle, making it the perfect place to run a rail to.

Colorado was only made a state in '76, with Denver as its capital, and the people are prouder than peacocks. Both the North and the South were supposed to cede ownership of the state after the ceasefire, but this far from the battle lines it doesn't seem like most people care much about allegiances. As always, there are exceptions.

Northern and Southern patriots, as well as employees of all the Rail Barons, make their home and their living in the "cowtown metropolis." It's an open secret that the Denver-Pacific Rail Co. owns most of the city, but Union Blue and Black River claim big chunks of it too. Even Bayou Vermilion, Dixie Rails, Iron Dragon, and Wasatch maintain offices here, ostensibly to see to rail business in the region, but really just so they can keep a closer eye on their rivals.

Despite the presence of an Agency undercover office, a duly elected marshal, and a law against carrying firearms within the city limits, Denver's locals get up to plenty of backstabbing. Come to think of it, they do plenty of frontstabbing too. No one's shy about being ornery in the Queen City. Wasatch, Black River, and Union Blue crews have all faced off in recent years, causing plenty of property damage and several deaths. Like everywhere else in the Disputed Territories,

the simmering tensions between North and South often boil over like blood in a cauldron, leading to renewed hostilities every spring.

Half the City Council is corrupt (though Mayor Caleb Hornsby remains virtuous), accepting bribes from various sources to see that the Rail Barons' wrongdoing is consistently overlooked. Despite that, plenty of folks live good and peaceful lives in Denver—when they're not being abducted and killed by the terrible abominations that lurk in the shadows, that is.

Getting There

If a body is west of Denver, the best way to reach it is by the Denver-Pacific railroad. There one can connect with any of three major lines in the Disputed Lands—Wasatch, Union Blue, or Black River—making it eminently accessible to the East.

Denver is also a gateway to the west. The Denver-Pacific line wends its way northwest from Denver to Salt Lake City, where its owners Smith & Robards use the rolling stock to ship their incredible wares.

Points of Interest

Denver contains railheads and major train stations for Wasatch, Union Blue, and Black River, through which thousands of passengers and tons of freight move every day. Additionally, Denver-Pacific maintains a large terminal on the west side of town. DP lines go north to Cheyenne, and west over the Rocky Mountains to Deseret and Salt Lake City, before arrowing across the desert to California. Also, both the North and South maintain provisional government offices here, neither willing to cede Colorado to the other.

Agency Supernatural Research Facility (SRF): Behind an innocent-looking front establishment—the Nevada Land Basin Office—the Agency runs tests on some of the most dangerous things ever to be spawned by Event 070363. Known as the "Tank" by former Pinkerton agents—or the "SRF" (pronounced

...continued

can bind the spirit for a while. If he loses, the manitou gains total Dominion over its host. Dominion may be regained naturally if the Harrowed somehow escapes, but the Agents always break out a flamethrower and the marshmallows if they can't succeed at this point.

To begin the binding ritual, the interrogator asks the spirit questions. The nature of the questions doesn't really matter, as such. The banter is really only symbolic of an incredible battle of wills.

After two hours of this, the manitou and the Agent must each make a Spirit roll. The manitou's Spirit, as always, is one die type higher than the Harrowed character. Now the participants each draw five cards, plus one for every success and raise on their Spirit rolls. Whoever can make the best poker hand using five cards wins (see the Poker Hands chart in the *Deadlands Player's Guide*).

If the manitou wins, the interrogator suffers 3d6 damage and can't ever attempt to bind this manitou again. If the manitou loses, it is bound and the Harrowed character gains complete Dominion (i.e., +4). The undead can lose Dominion normally once the host is released, but the mortal soul is given relief from his parasitic tormentor for at least a while. Agents use the Star Chamber only when they have a worthy subject. It's a dangerous process, and unless the Harrowed is strong-willed he would likely just lose control to his manitou a few months later.

"Surf") by new operatives—the Supernatural Research Facility is responsible for the examination and exploitation of all items of advanced technological or supernatural origin.

Most of the facility is underground, but the Agency also owns a dozen warehouses surrounding the Land Basin Office. In the Ghost's continued absence, Hattie Lawton administers the Denver Regional office and handles the day-to-day duties of running the Western Bureau. See **The Ghost Returns** on page 193 for more information about Hattie and the Western Bureau.

Brown Palace Hotel: This luxurious hotel's Romanesque architecture is lauded far and wide. Made of red granite and sandstone, the ten-story, triangular building is truly unique. Rooms cost $10 per night, and baths and refreshments cost extra. The Brown Palace is said to be home to at least a dozen ghosts.

Denver-Pacific Railyards: Twenty square acres of land north of Denver are dedicated to Smith & Robards' rolling stock. The whole area is guarded around the clock by roving bands of gunmen (some of them armed with Gatling weapons imported from Smith & Robards).

Gahan's Saloon: This popular establishment is run by City Councilman William Gahan, and is located directly across the street from City Hall. With the amount of corruption and graft currently running rampant in Denver's halls of government, it's convenient for the lawmakers to have a meeting place so close to work.

Marshal's Office: Arthur LeGrande used to be the duly-elected town marshal of the Queen City. He got his position through political connections, though, and saw it more as a stepping-stone to a judge-ship than anything else. He'd never been in a gunfight and knew little about law enforcement, instead relying on his experienced chief deputy, Treyburne Hayes, to keep the force working properly and the city under control.

In '79 the Revenant finally seemed to be heading to Denver. Terrified, LeGrande called in some favors and got that judge-ship he wanted, leaving Treyburne Hayes in charge. In effect he hung his deputy out to dry. To everyone's surprise the Revenant rode slowly into town, looked the steely Marshal Hayes up and down, then turned around and rode back out. No one can explain it, but it has led to a simmering hatred between LeGrande and Hayes.

Slaughterhouse Saloon: The rough-and-tumble establishment really lives up to its name. With all the rival rail companies kicking around town, this has become the accepted spot to meet your enemies for a drink…when you're spoiling for a fight!

The Elephant Corral (Union Hall): A body can certainly "see the elephant" here, in the sense of witnessing something striking, a little odd, and maybe a bit frightening too, but she won't see a single elephant. An early stock show of sorts, the Elephant Corral has all kinds of live, four-legged animals on display—buffalo, prairie oxen, mountain mules, mountain goats, and the finest specimens of horses and cows.

Union Hall is the second structure built on this site. The first was destroyed by fire in 1863, and the three-story Union Hall was built on top of the ruins. In addition to the Elephant Corral, the building currently holds a ground-floor saloon, and the offices of the *Denver Daily Gazette* are upstairs.

Tivoli Club: This crooked faro club is run by Jefferson Randolph "Soapy" Smith II, the bunko artist behind organized crime in Denver. He and his so-called Soap Gang control local vice with an iron fist, and they don't tend to sit still while do-gooders meddle with their livelihood. No, they strike back like rattlesnakes. "Soapy" Smith is an according-to-Hoyle huckster and an old hand in that very risky business, and his gang consists of violent outlaws and gunmen. A few of them are Harrowed.

Savage Tales

SlaughterhouseSpecial(page264): Hombres who aren't too careful in the Slaughterhouse find out that it lives up to its name in *all sorts* of ways.

This Hotel Ain't Big Enough (page 274): Called in to investigate the presence of restless spirits in the brand-new Brown Palace, the heroes find more than your usual haunted hotel.

DERRY'S FORD

Fear Level: 2

Derry's Ford is a Colorado town of less than 300 souls. It was founded in the early 1800s by the first settlers starting to forge their way out West. The ford crossing the Big Sandy River was an obvious place for a settlement. As travel and trade between the West and the East increased, the town prospered.

Though there are only about 250 residents in town, the trail keeps a constant flow of people and goods flowing through. The town caters to travelers and shippers and makes good money doing it. A committee led by Mayor Neally and his wife are currently campaigning the Denver-Pacific Rail Co. for a line linking Derry's Ford to Denver.

Getting There

Derry's Ford is situated about two days' ride south of Denver, on the banks of the Big Sandy River. It's easily accessible by trail from east or west, and no great difficulty at all to reach from Denver.

Points of Interest

Despite seeing some trouble with a local cult back in '76, these days Derry's Ford is a relatively quiet place. The constant flow of travelers, along with the terrors wandering the foothills of the Rockies, keep things interesting enough. The posse looking for a place to call home could certainly do worse than Derry's Ford.

The residents dwell in homes scattered throughout town. These are wooden structures of varying sizes, inhabited by one or two adults and 1d4–1 children.

Bank: The Bank of Derry's Ford is a two-story, flat-roofed, wooden building with a large, steel safe. This is where the townsfolk keep their hard-earned cash. The place is run by Mike Washter, a middle-aged man with thin glasses and a real attitude about outsiders, with the help of guard and teller Bill Gonstead, a handsome young man who adds better than he handles a gun.

Barber Shop/Doctor's Office: This is a tiny, frame building with a barber pole out front

and a doctor's shingle on the door. Dr. John Taylor is a thin, ancient man with palsied hands who's as likely to hurt as help any patients. Even his haircuts are downright dangerous.

Blacksmith: A small, brick building with double doors opening out from the front and a constant clanging inside serves as the blacksmith's abode. It's the only place in town to get a horse shod or metal worked. Proprietor Fyodor Klablinski is a hulking man of Russian birth. His accent is nearly as thick as his curly, black beard. He employs two young, local men as assistants.

Carlton Hotel: A run-down building with faded whitewash, the Carlton is a fleabag hotel in the most literal sense of the phrase. Philip Bassinger couldn't care less. The weathered ex-miner won the place in a poker game several years back. Apparently the loser folded a great hand just to ditch the place on "Fleabag" Phil. There are typically a few sorry guests hanging around the parlor.

Church: The Derry's Ford Church is a large, wooden building with a brick façade and a cross atop a low bell tower. After the difficulty of '76 the church saw a revival of sorts. An actual blessed named Edward Owen Sachs took over the town's doxology works and assumed responsibility for folks' spiritual guidance. Pastor E. O. (as he's called by his flock) doesn't stand for any "fringe religions" setting up shop in Derry's Ford.

Derry's Ford Hotel: This three-story, wooden building with 15 guest rooms ($1.50 per night, including dinner) has a well-appointed parlor and dining room. Patrons get 20% off when stabling their horses at Kelso's.

Josiah and Selma Falkworth, a black couple in their mid-forties and as pleasant and courteous as can be, are the proprietors. Sallie Mae Westhall is a pretty, young lady of 24; she works as a maid and occasional desk clerk, and likes to flirt with the guests. Typically there are around half-a-dozen guests gathered in the parlor, most going to or coming from Denver.

Edwards Tailoring: The Edwardses live upstairs in this pretty little two-story house. Samuel and Emma Edwards have lived and worked in town for several years, and all their children have been raised here. They're both fit, happy, and in their early fifties. Their three children are aged 7, 10, and 17.

Ethel's Rooming House: A large, wooden building with an extra house added on serves as the rooming house in Derry's Ford. The four rooms ($25 per month, including breakfast) are almost always full. Proprietor Ethel Tubbs is a middle-aged, steel-haired, solid woman who has a mean way with a rolling pin.

The Ford: This is the safest crossing spot on the Big Sandy River. Three sturdy ropes slung from posts span the water to help with crossing. A raft is available on both sides of the river to ferry delicate items across. The river's about 5 feet deep here, and it runs slowly.

Kelso's Trail Post: This large, weather-beaten building has a corral out back and also serves as the post office. There's lots of space for horse and wagon storage. Jim Kelso, the proprietor and postmaster, is a wiry man in his early forties, with thinning brown hair and small, round glasses. He has a staff of three locals who help with the shipping and receiving.

Marshal's Office: A low building houses the marshal's office and five small jail cells. Marshal Leland Turner is in charge, and Turner's nephews Zeke and Ezra Pintz serve as deputies. Both brothers have brown hair and blue eyes. Zeke has a mustache, and Ezra a goatee, and they're both in their late twenties. If they weren't Marshal Turner's nephews he'd have fired them years ago for their constant bickering.

Marshal Turner's House: Turner lives with his hound Bella in a small, wooden home with a tin star tacked to the front door.

Mayor's House: The mayor's house is a handsome, two-story, wooden home at the south end of town that shows off brass fixtures and a fresh coat of paint. Mayor Luther Neally and his wife Beverly live here. She's a sweet, middle-aged woman with the most pleasant disposition in town, and incidentally the real reason everyone votes for her sour-faced husband.

The New Moon: A real nice bar, the New Moon is generally kept calm by its owner/enforcer, Tim Olsen. He's a burly man with long, blond hair kept back in a ponytail. Tim sports a handlebar mustache. He stops most fights before they start—with the business end of his scattergun if need be. Tim is a melancholy fellow since his brother John was killed by outlaws in '78. The saloon usually hosts a good number of well-mannered customers.

Reverend Owlsley's House: A small, wooden house, once well-kept, now standing in disrepair. The former Reverend Owlsley never put aside the guilt from his failure to help stop the evil back in '76, so he continues to drink away his sorrows. Pastor E. O. Sachs keeps a firm hold on the hope that Owlsley will recover his optimism.

Ruins of the Church of the Holy Flame: The cult compound run by Lady Cynthia Carstairs back in '76 consisted of a two-story farmhouse, a church, a dormitory, and a barn, all penned in by rail fences. Today the buildings are scorched ruins, destroyed three years ago during the awfulness that transpired. Unsubstantiated rumors of vengeful haunts circulate among the locals.

Swenson's Hardware: The local hardware store is a small, wooden shack, kept up nicely and crammed with dry goods. Proprietor Jöck Swenson is a Norwegian immigrant in his mid-thirties with short, blond hair and blue eyes. He works hard to house, clothe, and feed his wife Catherine and their seven adolescent children.

Town Hall: This long building houses the office of the mayor, the land assayer, and the town clerk (the embittered Luther Neally in all cases). Court is held here when the local circuit judge comes to town. Luther Neally is really the whole town government, and it has worn on him over the years. He's a reedy man with bright red hair going white at the temples.

Storage Warehouses: These places are of all shapes and sizes, with no amenities. The warehouses are rented out to passing wagon trains, and so forth, by Jim Kelso. He keeps them tightly locked and lets one of his large dogs loose in each of them at night.

Savage Tales

The Soulflame (page 268): If the reports of various townsfolk are to be believed, the threat of Lady Cynthia isn't quite gone. Or is this just a hoax designed to torpedo plans for a new rail line?

They Call Me The Kid (page 274): A young gunslinger looks to prove his worth in a duel or two, or three, or four…

Devils Tower

Fear Level: 4

The Sioux call it *mateo tepee*, or "Lodge of the Grizzly." Devils Tower suits the place just fine. If you've never heard of this geological wonder, Devils Tower is a massive column of rock over 850 feet high with a base around 1,000 feet in diameter. The tower gets its Indian name from the vertical grooves that cover its sides. The legend goes that a gigantic grizzly chased several Indians to the top of the tower and tried to climb up, making the grooves with its horrible claws.

Don't buy into all that hullabaloo. There's something much worse than angry grizzlies going on at Devils Tower. A few years ago the Sioux in the area began speaking in hushed

tones of the *paha wakansica*, or "mountain devils."

These things were reputed to wear skins as hard as stone, and wielded strange, magical artifacts that could melt the flesh off a brave's bones or freeze the blood in his veins. There were also a variety of odd guardian creatures prowling the area, some of which remain to this day. At least one of the Sioux shamans believed these creatures were friendly nature spirits come to save them from the *wakansica*. He probably kept believing that right up until the beasts tore him limb from limb.

Then the warlord Kang arrived on the scene, and when he returned from Devils Tower he claimed to have defeated the *wakansica*. The Sioux believed him, and in return they allowed Kang to build his rail line to Deadwood. But Kang didn't defeat the creatures—he made a deal with them. The mountain devils are still very much in control of Devils Tower, even if their society is a mere shadow of what it once was.

The creatures called *paha wakansica* are the mutated descendants of ancient visitors from the stars. Little green beasties from outer space. Their entire warped society—debased and devolved as it has become—lives inside the mountain.

Kang maintains a guard around the tower that keeps strangers out and the little green men in. The weird grizzlies that used to wander the surrounding plains have long since been put down by Kang's hired guns, but the piranha dogs and barrasentries remain.

Getting There

The Sioux don't go anywhere near Devils Tower, even after Kang's supposed victory over the *paha wakansica*. As far as they're concerned the whole area is bad medicine and best avoided. Ravenites travel to Devils Tower to accept shipments of guns and ammunition from Kang's people.

For whites, the easiest way to reach Devils Tower is via Deadwood. On the trails, one just has to avoid the Sioux patrols long enough to reach the area around the mountain, and after that they won't bother you none. Dingler's Whirligigs in Deadwood is a good option for cowpokes who want to fly to Devils Tower.

Points of Interest

The full details of Devils Tower and its surroundings are revealed in Plot Point Three, **In the Fortress o' Fright**, on page 158.

DODGE CITY

Fear Level: 3

For years Dodge has been a city divided, and nothing has happened yet to change that. If anything the situation has gotten worse since Wasatch won the race to Lost Angels. As the Rail Barons fight over the rights-of-way in Kansas, Dodge City is once again standing at the middle of a battleground.

As a result of Custer's rash invasion of the Sioux Nations, there have been rumblings in the South over the possibility of making a similar incursion—one that puts the Confederate Army in control of Dodge City. Few believe such a move is imminent, but with all the bickering and shooting between the Rail Barons it seems like any catastrophe is possible.

After two years the rumors of Joshua Chamberlain and Mina Devlin's sordid affair have ceased once and for all. And to think it only took a few bloody skirmishes between Union Blue and Black River—with high body counts—to finally put them to rest. In the wake of the Great Flood of 1880 the alliance between Mina Devlin and Joshua Chamberlain was fraying at the edges, and has finally blown apart at the seams. While they might not do their fighting in the streets of Dodge, Union Blue and Black River agents are looking for ways to hit the other where it hurts the most.

All this new fighting hasn't done any good for the residents of Dodge. Long-simmering

resentments between Northern and Southern loyalists have begun boiling over into bloody murders. The depredations of night riders have produced incidents of appalling cruelty—innocent men, women, and children murdered, and worse—in the name of patriotism. Indian raids have grown more common and more violent, and in response the buffalo hunters have armed themselves with rifles, shotguns, and dynamite. Behind the scenes, Ravenites work to tip the scales toward all-out war.

Though it remains a prosperous center for cattle shipping, Dodge City is a powder keg about to blow. For more information on the city and its inhabitants see the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

Getting There

The average traveler has plenty of choices when deciding how to reach Peacetown. The Black River and Union Blue lines converge at Dodge, so each company maintains a depot there.

Union Blue does most of its shipping business with Kansas and Colorado ranchers, via the Santa Fe Trail that runs right through Dodge. Since Dodge also serves as trailhead of the busy Texas-Western Trail to Amarillo and San Antonio, there are plenty of Texas longhorns to keep Black River busy too.

Points of Interest

Alamo Saloon: The Alamo, owned and operated by Henry Cook, is one of the classier saloons in town. The bar is in the front room of the saloon. A good meal and cigar can be had in the parlor in back.

Alhambra Saloon: The Alhambra is popular with the buffalo hunting crowd. It's a rough place, but good for rumors about the Sioux or Coyotes.

City Jail: The new address of troublemakers in Dodge. Most don't stay here for more than a spell, usually just long enough to be hauled in front of Judge Moreland. When Marshal Larry Deger (see page 325) has trouble keeping things in line, he has assistant marshal Ed Masterson and a rotating cast of deputies to help him out.

When things get truly bad Ed can call upon the county sheriff, his kid brother "Bat" Masterson (see the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*), though truth be told "Bat" doesn't like Marshal Deger all that much. Things have just been tougher all around since Wyatt Earp left for Tombstone, Arizona—putting an end to talk of him running for Marshal—and the situation looks to get a whole lot worse.

Courthouse: Judge Wells Moreland presides here when there are cases to be heard (which is most days). Moreland is a buddy of Mayor Robert Wright's and does his best to keep things in town quiet. He's gained a reputation as a "hanging judge" for having had a good number of people strung up. Jail space in Dodge is limited, so most sentences are either a hefty fine or hanging.

Cowtown Saloon: This run-down place is so popular with cowpokes that it occupies two adjacent storefronts. The western one is a saloon, while the eastern side houses a number of poker and faro games and billiard tables. The joint is run by Sally Darsten, a former soiled dove who has become one tough old bird.

Doc Smith's Office: Dr. Zachary Smith practices medicine in this low frame building. Doc Smith is a weathered man in his early sixties with a shock of white hair. He served with the Confederate Army before moving West. His daughter Wilma Smith is a pretty redhead who, at age 15, is wise beyond her years. She longs to attend the College of the Sisters of Bethany in Topeka, Kansas.

Dodge City Times: If you want to know who's who in Dodge and what they've being doing to each other, read the *Times*. Editor Alec T. Fielding is a gangly scarecrow of a man with a nose for news, but a tin ear when it comes to the unnatural. His wife Sandra, a handsome woman in her late 30s,

is his secretary. If you want to know what's happening in the world at large, you still have to rely on the ever-truthful *Tombstone Epitaph*.

Dodge House: One of the finer hotels in town. Rooms can be had here for $2 a day, and they're worth it.

Dog Eye Saloon: This solid, frame building is a rough place that caters to tough crowds who prefer to be away from the watchful eyes of town deputies. Hank "Dog Eye" McNary is the proprietor and bartender. He's a balding born-again Yankee, his political furor reawakened by the grand spectacle of the Great California Flood. Hank has a lazy eye that some cowpokes might find distracting. Suzy Winger, one of the soiled doves who works here, is the most sought-after girl in town. She's also a Union spy.

First Bank of Dodge: The bank is a low stone building, a type rare in this town. Its façade is as solid as its vault, making it a bank respected by those thinking about unauthorized withdrawals. Both times it has been robbed, the bank put such a high bounty on the thieves' heads that they were hung within the week. Jesse Carlton is the bank president. She's a stunning woman in her late forties with a no-nonsense attitude toward banking.

Great Western Hotel: Dodge House's major competitor. Rooms go for $1.50 a day. The Great Western's kitchen specializes in wild game, mostly buffalo, venison, and turkey. No liquor is sold on the premises; the owner's wife is a member of the local Temperance League.

Ham Bell's Livery: This is one of the few reputable businesses on Chestnut Street. Horses left here are always well cared for.

Hoover's Liquors & Saloon: For those who aren't content to buy their rotgut by the glass. George Hoover's store carries foreign and domestic wines, liquor, cigars, and lots of good Kentucky Bourbon.

Kennely's Restaurant: This is a small place packed with tables, chairs, and extremely satisfied customers. The kitchen is in the eastern side-building. The decor is like the food, tasteful but plain. John Kennely is co-proprietor and cook. He's a burly, curly-haired Irishman, and he's hell with a frying pan (both inside the kitchen and out). John is friendly until he's crossed, and he doesn't tolerate fighting on the premises. John's wife Sinéad Kennely is co-proprietor and hostess—she's a tough Irishwoman who rules the main room with an iron hand. They have a two-year-old daughter named Siobhan.

Kelley's Opera House: Seamus Kelley runs the only spot for fine culture in the entire state. But he's not above featuring lowbrow entertainment when a cattle drive's in town.

Ladies' Temperance Movement Booth: This booth is well-made and covered with handmade crafts depicting various Bible scenes. Several signs decry the use of alcohol for any but medicinal purposes. Ida Mae Hobart is group leader, a steel-haired prohibitionist with a razor-sharp tongue and a thorough knowledge of the Good Book. Several other women—of varying ages but all devoted to their cause—and an occasional husband or suitor join Ida at the booth most days.

Lady Gay Dance Hall: While not quite as popular as the Varieties, the Lady Gay is filled with hombres ready for 50¢ dances.

Lone Star Saloon: Not as fancy as some saloons on the north side of the tracks, the Lone Star is popular with Confederate guerrillas and Texas cowboys. Those going in here had best be able to whistle "Dixie" with enthusiasm.

Long Branch Saloon: The Long Branch is probably the nicest saloon in town. The main room has a full bar and a billiards table. During the summer months a five-piece orchestra plays. Off the front room is another for private gambling—no professionals allowed (this is strictly enforced). There is also a small room

DODGE CITY, KANSAS (DISPUTED TERRITORIES)
← Boot Hill
SPRUCE STREET
Union Church
THIRD AVENUE
BRIDGE STREET
FIRST AVENUE
RAILROAD AVENUE
Courthouse
WALNUT STREET
Wild Irish Roses
Schoolhouse
CHESTNUT STREET
Dodge City Times
Dog Eye Saloon
Swemburgh & Begley's Buffalo Emporium
Kennely's Restaurant
Cowtown Saloon
Doc Smith's Office
First Bank of Dodge
Hoover's Liquor & Saloon
Ham Bell's Livery
Alamo Saloon
FRONT STREET
McCarty's Drugstore
Ladies' Temperance Booth
Wright, Beverly & Co.
Long Branch Saloon
Zimmerman's Hardware
Lone Star Saloon
Alhambra Saloon
Kelly's Opera House
Occident Saloon
Mueller's Boot Shop
Dodge House
Union Blue Tracks
Railroad Depot
← Bull Ring
City Jail
Black River Tracks
Cattle Pens →
Varieties Dance Hall
Lady Gay Dance Hall
Great Western Hotel
LOCUST STREET
Arkansas River and Toll Bridge (5¢)

in the back equipped with a number of cots where drunks can sleep it off.

McCarty's City Drug Store: This establishment is owned by Dr. T. L. McCarty. The bottom floor serves as both a drugstore and the city post office. Upstairs, the doctor has an office where he sees patients.

Dr. McCarty is a physician and druggist, a happy and portly man who keeps his list of patients short. He actually makes more money off the store. His wife, Janice McCarty, is a sweet-natured brunette who runs the shop, and his son, William McCarty, is postmaster. Bill's a chatty youngster with an ear for gossip.

Mueller's Boot Shop: Owned and run by Jim Mueller, there are no better boots around these parts than his.

Occident Saloon: The Occident is run by Henry Sturm, an immigrant from Germany; the house specialty is sausage and cheese with Rhine wine. Those with nasal problems can try the Limburger cheese. This is a favorite haunt of Northern partisans.

Railroad Depot: This depot serves both the Union Blue and Black River railroads. A constant procession of trains passes through here daily on both sides of the station (Union Blue's to the north, of course). Union Blue has a daily westbound passenger train scheduled to arrive at 10 a.m. Depending on what side of their beds the local rail gangs woke up on, the train usually rolls in around noon—if it shows up at all. The eastbound express is more trustworthy, typically showing up at 3:30 p.m. or later.

Black River's passenger service is a bit more regular because Union Blue refuses to attack civilians. The BR's eastbound passenger express arrives at quarter-to-nine in the morning, and the westbound usually chugs in around 4 p.m.

Schoolhouse: This small building was built by volunteers. Ms. Margaret Walker teaches the children of Dodge here.

Swemburgh & Begley's Buffalo Emporium: One of the largest buffalo buyers. A hunter can usually get about $30 for a large bull with an unblemished hide.

The Globe: The *Globe* occasionally has some real news in it. Unfortunately the editor, Dan Frost, is close-minded when it comes to anything out of the ordinary.

Union Church: Where the faithful hold service. This building is used by a number of denominations and congregations.

Varieties Dance Hall: The Varieties introduced the cancan to Dodge. Lonesome cowboys can dance with the hostesses here—75¢ for 10 minutes of (vertical) dancing. Other services can be had, but prices vary. Be careful what you say to the soiled doves who work here or across the street at the Lady Gay; many supplement their income by selling information to the spies skulking around Dodge.

Wild Irish Roses: This house of ill-repute opened quite recently, and is distinguished from the average brothel by one simple fact—all of the "employees" are fabulously beautiful Irish women. The girls run this place themselves.

Wright, Beverly, & Co.: As the sign on the storefront says, "Dealers in everything." Just about anything can be found here. The store even serves as a shipping point for Smith & Robards deliveries.

Zimmerman's Hardware: Hammers and nails can be purchased here, but Fred Zimmerman's specialty is hardware of a more lethal variety. He's a gunsmith from Prussia, and he knows his business.

Savage Tales

The Stagecoach Robber Rides Again! (page 272): The dapper and courteous Stagecoach Robber returns from self-imposed exile to raid the rails. This time the local authorities aim to put a stop to it!

Thorn o' the Rose (page 278): The discovery that the fiery lasses of the Wild Irish Roses are far more than just soiled doves pales in comparison to what they're hiding from.

Dusky Jewel

Fear Level: 4

After making secret agreements with the Sioux *wicasas* and the Ravenites, Kang eventually realized he could break at least two covenants of the Deadwood Creek Treaty—the part about mines only being registered by individuals, and worked by no more than five people at a time—without suffering any consequences whatsoever. He built Dusky Jewel, a fortified, illegal mining town in the Black Hills, in early 1880 without even bothering to register it. Right now nobody has the power to put a stop to it.

Sitting Bull doesn't dare send a large war party against the camp, because Kang might reveal his secret weapon shipments to the other *wicasas*. The *wicasas* can't raise the Old Ways banner and attack either, because Kang might release his hold on the *paha wakansica* of Devils Tower. And even if someone got it in their heads to remove Dusky Jewel's population by force, the outcome isn't a sure thing. Kang's rail warriors are dug in, well-supplied, and have a handy means of retreat. They won't leave without one hell of a fight.

Getting There

Dusky Jewel is about a half-day's ride south of Deadwood in the Black Hills. Currently only one trail leads to it.

Kang secretly imported rails, ties, spikes and work crews to Dusky Jewel, and with these he has begun work on a railhead that will arrow directly to the north, linking up with the existing Deadwood line and allowing Kang to export massive amounts of ghost rock quickly.

Points of Interest

Dusky Jewel is more of a fortress than a camp. Built into the back of a canyon, sheer cliffs rise from it on three sides. The fourth is walled off and plated with ghost steel armor. Kang's rail warriors patrol the walls and man several steam Gatlings on the battlements. The top of the canyon is cordoned off with barbed wire.

In total the camp holds around 20 martial artists and close to 100 miners, not to mention the samurai warriors known as the Seven (see below). Most of the workers live in an extensive tent city close to the mines, and the barracks and ghost rock storage buildings are also centers of activity.

Soo's General Supply: Under Kang's system, each miner is considered an independent contractor. They buy their supplies from Soo (and by extension, Kang) on credit,

and pay him back by working the mines. The supplies always seem to wear out right around the time they're paid off, meaning most miners never get ahead. They just keep toilin'.

Dusky Jewel Mine: The rear of the canyon has several large cave openings with train tracks disappearing into the dark tunnels. Steam carts stand in rows outside, and miners continually go in and out with carts of their own. Only a few of the camp's higher-ups know that it's possible to enter the mines at Dusky Jewel and exit at any one of several isolated mines some five miles away.

Last year Kang's mining operation made a breakthrough. His rockslingers were able to link up several mines under the same large hill. After his rail crews fortified one end of the rocky bluff and took control of all the other claims through bribery, intimidation, or murder, Dusky Jewel was born.

The ghost rock mines are extensive now, their tunnels covering twenty-five square miles underground. Massive steam-powered fans in the camp draw ghost rock vapors out of the mines, keeping them relatively safe for the workers. Steam carts loaded with miners and gangs of enforcers enter the mines at Dusky Jewel and make their rounds of the various claims, then return home in time for supper and rice wine.

A large, ghost-rock-powered locomotive stands in the center of the camp, pointed into the rail-equipped mines. The engine was smuggled into the Sioux Nations piece by piece over the course of several months, and then painstakingly rebuilt by Kang's engineers. Now it waits to be useful. Once a hastily-built line links Dusky Jewel to Deadwood, Kang believes nothing will stand in the way of his exports.

The Seven: This group of samurai joined Kang's forces in '77. When Kang needed an airtight defense for Dusky Jewel, he finally found a job for the Seven that wouldn't upset their morals too badly. All they have to do is secure the walls against attackers, and apprehend anyone who breaks in. He even gave them steam velocipedes to get around on.

So far the Seven have not had to violate their Bushido code…and they tend to be ruthlessly efficient when they're unconflicted. Stats for the Seven are on page 311.

FARGO

Fear Level: 3

In 1871, settlers staked out the first land claims at the spot where the Northern Pacific Railroad would cross the Red River. Soon the Northern Pacific's right-of-way was bought out by Iron Dragon, and William G. Fargo was among those company men whose job was eliminated in the transfer. Luckily he was also a co-founder of Wells-Fargo & Co. shipping. In 1872 the town of Fargo was incorporated with his name.

In the following year, the settlers learned that Fargo was situated upon rich wheat-growing land. There was a fortune waiting to be raised out of the earth. As soon as Kang got his rail to Deadwood up and running in 1876, Fargo began exporting grain and flour for the inhabitants of Deadwood, and in return they received a large portion of the ghost rock riches pouring out of the Black Hills. In the last four years Fargo has prospered.

Fargo is known for its harsh winters. The winter of 1880 is sure to be one of the worst ever. In the weeks of starvation, several residents turn to feasting upon their friends and loved ones. As a result the Reckoners spawn ravenous wendigos to terrorize the snowbound townsfolk, and the Fear Level climbs to 4 or more until the spring thaw.

Getting There

Fargo is located way up north in the sliver of Dakota Territory that still belongs to the Union, not far from the Minnesota border.

Fargo is a major stop on the Iron Dragon rail line. As long as it's not the dead of winter, a cowpoke can reach Fargo on horseback or by stagecoach as well.

Points of Interest

Fargo is a major port for steam vessels on the Red River. The town actually owns a steam launch, a pair of knife boats, and six steam sleds (stats for all these vessels are found in *Deadlands: The Flood*) for the purpose of allowing Fargo's deputies to patrol the Red River quickly and in relative safety. The Red River is spanned by a railroad trestle and a lower bridge for foot and wagon traffic.

One of the tallest and most imposing structures in town is the Union grain elevator on the corner of First Avenue and Second Street. It is positioned so as to allow both rail access for freight trains, and river access for barges and steam ships. The roller mills that grind wheat into flour are located a few blocks away.

At the north end of town is a circular forested area called Island Park, which has a carriage track running around the outer edge. Several people have disappeared in Island Park over the past few years, only to turn up a few days later with no memory of where the time went.

Savage Tale

Frozen Nightmares (page 236): A secret thawed out of 15-year-old ice reveals a terrible chapter in Fargo's history…and awakens it again.

Jayhawk Flats

Fear Level: 3

Jayhawk Flats is a decidedly pro-Union place. It's been said that there's not a single Rebel sympathizer in the whole population of 2,000, but that's probably an exaggeration. Still, the "JFers," as they sometimes call themselves, have been active in defending Kansas against the border ruffians, and they're still at it in 1880. Unless you happen to visit during a Southern raid, or you happen to say something nice about the Confederacy, Jayhawk Flats ain't a bad little town—even if they have more than their share of bad luck.

Getting There

Jayhawk Flats lies on the Union Blue rail line in northern Kansas. The Oregon Trail lies only about 50 miles to the east, and Topeka is about 60 miles west. Its proximity to the Missouri border makes it favorite target of border ruffians out of Kansas City and Independence.

Points of Interest

For the most part, Jayhawk Flats is like every other small railroad town in the Disputed Territories. It handles the shipping of grain and cattle for the region, provides plenty of saloons and brothels for tired ranch hands and cowboys, and fends off the attacks of guerillas whenever they transpire.

One thing Jayhawk Flats hasn't got a single one of is mirrors. Three years ago on All Hallow's Eve (as the locals tell the tale) every single mirror in town turned jet black and shattered at the same time. The resulting *crack!* was heard a mile away. Within days a bunch of men in black dusters led by a Colonel Abbington arrived, gathered up all the shards in town, and arrested one suspect for interrogation in Denver. Then they all left. Ever since, mirrors brought into town turn as black as a window into the void and become useless. Incidentally, any Trait roll that could conceivably be affected by luck or random chance is made with a –1 penalty in Jayhawk Flats.

Northern Lights Saloon: This rambling two-story establishment is the biggest and rowdiest bar in Jayhawk Flats. The proprietor has the unlikely name of Pleasant Canary. He's a sedate, pudgy fellow who is always smiling

(like the cat that swallowed his namesake) no matter what sort of mayhem is consuming the barroom. He employs Amos Fowles as his bartender, along with four serving girls and a cook.

Laramie

Fear Level: 3

Deadwood gets all the press for being a city under siege, but Laramie is in just as much danger of being wiped out at any moment.

When Denver-Pacific field boss Grenville Dodge, a retired general, founded what was to become the town of Laramie in 1867, he chose the site over the protests of one of his Indian scouts, who tried to tell Dodge that this was an Arapaho sacred site. Many would come to regret Dodge's choice over the years.

The town's early days were characterized by uncertainty, as it was nothing more than a way stop along the Oregon Trail that grew up near Fort Sanders. Laramie suffered from lawlessness, and the town fathers hoped a transcontinental railroad would bring more commerce—and a greater interest in justice. The Denver-Pacific line brought more of the former than the latter.

When the Sioux Nations established their borders in 1872, Laramie's city council figured the Union would negotiate on their behalf to make sure the border of Indian Country followed the Oregon Trail at least as far west as the other side of the Medicine Bow Mountains. After the treaties were signed the Laramites were shocked to find themselves located well inside Sioux lands.

For the most part the Sioux have bigger fish to fry—namely Deadwood and Dusky Jewel. Though they intend to deal with Laramie at some point, for now they are content to allow the town to remain as it is.

Getting There

Now that the Oregon Trail passes through the southwestern corner of the Sioux Nations, most settlers opt for the southern route—the Overland Trail to New Jerusalem, then north past Cheyenne and on into the west with less risk of violent skirmishes with Indians.

For those wagon trains that take the Oregon Trail, Laramie has become an essential way marker. When the prairie schooners reach Laramie they know they've made it halfway through Indian country.

The Denver-Pacific line from Cheyenne ends at Laramie. Every so often there's talk of trying to push a line through to Deadwood—with or without a treaty with the *wicasas*—but so far no progress has been made. Trains still run to and from Laramie, but they're infrequent and unreliable.

Points of Interest

Laramie sports all the establishments desired by a wagon train just off the trail. The Wyoming Stock Growers Association (WSGA), an alliance of rich cattlemen, was once the true power in Laramie, but their influence has faded with the rise of the Sioux Nations.

Cassandrell House: This is the residence of Wallace Cassandrell, reporter for the local *Hue & Cry*. He is known to carry a Colt Navy revolver loaded with silver bullets, and likes to think he knows a thing or two about the weirdness in the West.

Cattlemen's Club: This is home to Laramie's elite, the ranchers who remain, trying to make a living under the constant threat of Sioux raids. With all that stress, ranchers need a place with plush carpets, meeting rooms, a well-stocked wine cellar, and full-service saloon to blow off some steam. This is it. Hugo Wedgeworth and Anders Nelson are the valets, and buxom Marie West is the cook.

Denver-Pacific Station: A simple wooden building with a ticket office, waiting room, and baggage room. A platform of rough planks out front serves as a stopping point for the freight and passenger trains that still make it out this far. Beverly Forrest runs the station. Jake Reston and Nolan Kelly work as porters, and Hector Billings is the mechanic.

Fort Sanders: Though the Union Army abandoned Fort Sanders eight years ago when the Sioux Nations were formed, Laramie's Vigilance Committee took it upon themselves to make sure the fort remains in a passable state of repair. They also installed a large bell in one of the towers and station a sentry there every single night. When Sioux appear from the Badlands to raid the town, the sentry rings the alarm bell and the townsfolk all run and hide inside the old stockade.

Graveyard: The cemetery was once a sacred Arapaho burial ground. Strangely, it's one of the few places in town where the Reckoning hasn't caused some horror to rise.

Hue & Cry: This wooden building contains jumbled piles of paper covered with Wallace Cassandrell's chicken-scratch, a printing press, and incredibly disorganized clippings files (Investigation rolls using them are made at –2). A storage room contains reams of paper, ink, and frames for composing type. The front office is occupied by Editor Silas B. Milford, who handles advertising sales and contract printing jobs.

Laramie Hotel & Sawgrass Restaurant: The hotel and restaurant provides rooms and grub at the lowest price in town: 25¢ a night. It is run by a weasel-faced recidivist named Truck Bellamy, who is thought to be wanted for crimes committed in the Disputed Territories.

Laramie Theater: The Laramie Theater has stood empty for years. Professor James McDaniel owns it, and was renovating it a few years back, but abandoned the work under odd circumstances, after a laborer was found dead. One of McDaniel's creations was rumored to be to blame, but no charges were ever filed (see **McDaniel's Saloon**, below).

Law Office: Sheriff Pearl DeGranville is the law in Laramie and the rest of the county too. She's a steely eyed woman who looks as old as a mined-out mountain. There's still a lot of spring in her step—as long as she's got her spectacles, she can shoot out a snake's eye at 50 paces. With her deputy Samuel Meyers (who is secretly Harrowed), she keeps order and takes no guff.

In fact Sheriff DeGranville has Agency connections. She has a smaller version of the Star Chamber (see page 96) in the back room of the law office, and she uses it to put Harrowed back in control of their skins when they're worth redeeming. DeGranville is as secretive about her affiliations as any Agent.

McDaniel House: Professor McDaniel keeps the windows of his house tightly shaded at all times. The man likes his privacy. He's also paranoid some other inventor will come along and steal his ideas. McDaniel has the Weird Science Arcane Background, although he used to work in traveling carnivals.

McDaniel's Saloon: This watering hole is known throughout the Weird West as a place of marvels. Professor McDaniel has populated his saloon with a series of so-called "mechanimals." The creatures are animated by a system of clockworks and bellows, not unlike the work of deceased mad scientist H. K. Dial, late of Chicago. There is a back room full of stereoscope machines, through which an hombre can watch newsreels and other entertainments.

Milford House: This cheaply appointed dwelling is the home of Silas B. Milford, editor of the *Hue & Cry*. Milford is actually quite wealthy, but prefers to hoard his money and live well within his means.

Mueller's Livery: Wolfgang Mueller is a large, jolly German who owns and runs the local stables. The place is clean, and Mueller takes excellent care of animals left with him.

Parish House: This is home of Pastor Rufus Hawson (an actual blessed), who is a dark-skinned black man with eyes like pieces of jet. He is known for his entertaining sermons, filled with colorful reinterpretations of Biblical events set in Western locales.

Third Baptist Church of Freedom: Pastor Hawson preaches to his flock in this *sanctified* location. This is the third church to have been built on this location since the founding of Laramie. For reasons that remain unknown—actually the result of Grenville Dodge's ill-advised choice—the church burns down every few years. Pastor Hawson once suspected the arsonists to have connections to the WSGA, but now knows the fires are actually the work of the Reckoners.

Every 13th night, at 13 minutes after midnight, the church and the area immediately surrounding it pass briefly into the Hunting Grounds—a particularly fiery and hellish region of the Hunting Grounds. Hellscorchers (see page 254) leap to attack the building and anyone inside it. The ordeal ends 13 minutes later. So far Pastor Hawson has been able to hold back the fiends, but recently the long struggle has begun to take a toll on his health.

Thos.' Tonsorial Parlor: This barber shop offers shaves, haircuts, and hot baths. It's run by Thomas Littleton, an impeccably groomed Easterner with waxed moustaches and tonic-slicked hair.

Verdad Photography: Originally an undertaker's shop, this building was purchased by Consuela DeSilva in 1877 and turned into a photographic darkroom. Consuela sells portraits for $3.50 a piece.

The Wholesale Shebang: This general store is run by W. O. Guthrie. He proudly claims his dry goods store has "any item a man, woman, or child could want—all at wholesale prices." The store carries an unbelievably wide range of goods, from the everyday to the exotic, as well as Infernal Devices from Smith & Robards. Guthrie runs the place with the help of his stock boy, William Wright. A massive wooden Indian stands just inside the front door; when Indians demand justice, it comes to life at night to provide it (see page 298 for its stats).

Lawrence

Fear Level: 4

Lawrence, Kansas has come close to being obliterated by warfare on a few recent occasions. In 1863, "Bloody" Bill Quantrill and his boys burned the town and killed over 150 men, women, and children. As recently as 1879, Lawrence was at the center of the epic clash known as the Battle of Broken Rails, fought by the forces of Union Blue, Black River, Dixie Rails, and the relatively minor Kansas City & Little Rock Railroad Co.

Union Blue delivered their munitions on time and in the process pushed a new spur through to Lawrence. The town was half-destroyed by the portions of the battle that raged there, but at least there was a rail line to deliver the supplies for much-needed repairs. Union Blue tried to make up for their role—and shore up their reputation a little—by rebuilding demolished structures, plus a few new ones to boot.

Getting There

Lawrence lies about 10 miles north of the Santa Fe Trail, which gives easy access to points east and west for riders. Those who stick to the rails can take a Union Blue locomotive to Lawrence—the daily express steams in from Topeka at 2:30 p.m. or later.

Points of Interest

Lawrence is a place where hatred over the wrongs suffered by its people burns brightly in the hearts of many townsfolk. They tend to be short, maybe even a little rude, with strangers. Apply an additional –1 to NPC Reaction Table rolls in Lawrence, above and beyond any other modifiers.

Anti-slavery sentiments have always run deep in Lawrence. It's said that Lawrence was about the only town ever founded purely for political reasons, and it was once a vital stop on the Underground Railroad. There is a sizeable black community as well as a good number of Chinese immigrants. Though they're suspicious of newcomers, the folk of Lawrence are tolerant and loyal to a fault when it comes to their friends and neighbors.

Eldridge Hotel: This establishment would be much more profitable and popular if it weren't for one fact: it's haunted. Room 523 is said to contain a portal to the world of spirits. Visitors have reported hearing labored breathing in the dark when no one was there, seeing footprints appear on carpets with nothing to make them, and frenzied scratching outside doors in the dead of night.

Medicine Wheel

Fear Level: 3

Located in north central Wyoming, Medicine Wheel is a sacred site to many Plains tribes. The Cheyenne have taken it upon themselves to act as stewards for the holy wheel. The medicine wheel, also called a "sacred hoop," is created by laying stones in precise patterns on the earth at a place that is very important to the nature spirits. Cheyenne tend to the wheel, making sure stones knocked loose by water or weather are promptly replaced.

Medicine Wheel lies outside the Sioux Nations proper, but the *wicasas* lay claim to it anyhow. It is the only place in the Sioux Nations where expelled and enemy tribes are allowed passage (as long as the trip is cleared with the wicasas first).

Getting There

Of all the sacred sites of the Indians, Medicine Wheel might be the most remote and hard to reach. No railroad lines even go close. At best one could take an Iron Dragon train and exit it in the wild Rocky Mountains of Montana, then trek south over mountain trails to reach the site.

The Oregon Trail passes within 150 miles of it to the south. From there riders could follow the Bighorn River upstream until its fork with the Powder River, then head due west until Medicine Wheel comes into sight. As we said—it's not that easy to get to.

Points of Interest

Medicine Wheel has long been associated with healing, comfort, nurturing, and vision seeking. At the base of Medicine Wheel or anywhere on its heights, arcane casters receive a +2 bonus on rolls to enact the following powers: *contact spirit world* (see page 23), *exorcism*, *greater healing*, *healing*, *sanctify*, *succor*, and *vision quest*. Additionally, when cast on Medicine Wheel all of these powers cost half

as many Power Points as usual (round up), but the typical amount to maintain.

Also, Medicine Wheel itself is an inactive portal to the Hunting Grounds. Once a shaman is told how to do so by a nature spirit or elder medicine man, he can spend the required Power Points at any time to automatically open the portal (see *contact spirit world* on page 23) without actually knowing the power.

New Jerusalem

Fear Level: 2

New Jerusalem, Colorado could be any small town in the Weird West, but it's one that just happened to get knocked adrift into another dimension and briefly enslaved by the cruel beings who dwell there. The town teetered on the edge of destruction, and it was only the actions of a few brave investigators that turned the tide.

These days there are a few subtle but persistent reminders of the hell the town was plunged into back in '76. For one thing the settlement and surrounding area are strangely silent. There are no bird calls or echoes, even from loud shouts or gunshots. Notice rolls based on hearing are made with a –2 penalty. Some of the locals still display a bit of the strangeness they encountered, and tend to act a little odd. Finally, the townsfolk never quite seemed to regain the knack for keeping things trim and tidy.

New Jerusalem makes a living from ghost rock mining and trade with travelers on the Overland Trail.

Getting There

When New Jerusalem returned from skipping through dimensions it reappeared hundreds of miles from where it started, on the Overland Trail at the Denver/Cheyenne fork. New Jerusalem is located directly across the Crow River from the Denver-Pacific line, so they quickly built a ferry to get their ghost rock across the water, onto freight cars, and then to market faster.

Points of Interest

Bank: By far the most impressive building in town, the New Jerusalem Bank has seen better days. Security is lax to say the least, and the closet-sized vault is open at all times of the day and night. It contains about $250 in gold, five pounds of ghost rock, and $500 in US currency. Amos Leech, a wizened husk of a man, runs the bank with the help of a large bruiser named Clem.

Jail: The jail is a one-story, mud-brick building with barely enough room for two cells inside, let alone the cramped marshal's office. Bill Parsley, formerly an itinerant miner, claims to have taken over the duties of marshal. All he really does is swagger around town and leer at people.

Barber Shop: This is a small, dilapidated storefront with a faded barber's pole out front. It looks even worse off than other structures in town. The proprietor, Oliver Pickman, was brutalized during the town's ordeal and is now thought to be a little bit crazy. But only a little bit.

General Store: This is a wood-frame structure with a large front porch. The shelves are well-stocked with all manner of supplies. Leopold Stankowski was once a traveling salesman but settled in New Jerusalem to run the local store. He is incredibly unhelpful, seeming to have little knowledge of his own stock.

Post Office: The post office is run by Fidelia Plude, a driven woman in her thirties who was disgraced in Denver and wants to prove her worth. So far she has gotten herself elected mayor.

Dusty Trail Saloon: This stereotypical watering hole looks like it has seen better days. The place is run by Octavius Heldt, a large jolly German with a walrus moustache and round spectacles, who bought it after the incidents of '76.

New Jerusalem Hotel: Calling this place a hotel is a bit grandiose. The wooden building has only four rooms for rent on the second floor, and they're pretty small. There is a lobby and sitting area downstairs, and the proprietor's quarters are in the back. Joel Champine, originally from Rockville, Maryland, currently owns the hotel.

Blacksmith: This building is little more than a small barn. The front is open and the forge lies just inside. Clinton Akerley plies his trade here, shoeing horses and banging out various tools.

Livery Stable: This low barn and fenced yard serve as the local livery, charging 50¢ a day to stable your ride. The place is run by Horace Marley, a former drifter and occasional horse thief who experienced a return to his faith during the terrors of '76. Now he is a kind and humble man, never without his Bible, and easily the most pious of New Jerusalem's flock.

Church: The church is located just to the north of town, and the cemetery is right beside it. A low wrought-iron fence encloses about 30 graves. All the plots here seem somewhat recent, but none have been disturbed in the past four years. The new Reverend Elijah Johnson is driven by his faith and means to put New Jerusalem back on the path of righteousness.

Houses: The houses scattered around New Jerusalem are simple wooden structures housing a variety of settlers. Most of them have put down roots in the past three years, deciding to remain instead of pushing on into the Far West (where massive cataclysms seem to occur every few years or so).

Mine Entrance: This roughly rectangular entrance to the ghost rock mine is situated on a ledge about 20 feet below the edge of the cliff. The mine is typically manned by 2d6 local workers who haul out "California coffee" to earn their daily bread.

Savage Tale

Pickman's Book (page 257): An old, worm-eaten tome stirs odd memories for Oliver Pickman, and summons the lingering evil of '76.

New Varney Flats

Fear Level: 2

Founded in 1874, Varney Flats was originally little more than a water stop for Black River locomotives traveling westward—yet another jerkwater burg. In 1876 a terrible catastrophe befell the town. Some say it was a large Kiowa war party that slaughtered most of the townsfolk, but a few old timers whisper darker rumors. They speak of a "night train" that pulled into the depot, blasted its whistle, and set loose a tide of vengeful ghosts upon

the town. The poor souls dragged screaming onto that train were never seen again.

Most respectable folk who lived through the ordeal have long since moved on to greener pastures. Others eventually came and settled in their place, rebuilding the ghost town and making it new again (hence the name).

With the continued Indian attacks against buffalo hunters, the hunters still use the town as a base for launching their hunting raids into Coyote Confederation lands. This practice is frowned on by North, South, and Indian governments alike, but the revenue from the hunters has always been too great for the community to afford to put a stop to it.

Getting There

New Varney Flats lies on the Black River line in Kansas, maybe 20 miles north of the Oklahoma border. Despite its rather good location, there just isn't anything in New Varney Flats to entice most passers-through to stop.

Black River has recently started work on a new spur north to Abilene, which has so far gone undetected by the other Rail Barons (as far as the witches know). New Varney Flats has enjoyed a little bit of activity with the various B.R. rail crews moving through on steam carts, delivering ties and rails to work camps to the northeast.

Points of Interest

Barber/Dentist: This is a small wood-frame building with an office in the front and living quarters to the rear. Owner Roman Stein is a gregarious and nosy sort who has removed his fair share of bullets and arrows, just as his predecessor did.

Blacksmith/Livery: The smithy has an open-front, wood building attached to a corral and barn. A wagon sits to the east of the barn. The blacksmith is Grady Eigner, a blonde Swede with slabs of muscle and a heart of gold. He's also mostly clueless and about as smart as a box of rocks.

Buffalo Hunters' Camp: A collection of ramshackle shanties and tents surrounded by piles of buffalo hides and wagons sits outside of town. Mayor Patrick Pryde tolerates and even panders to the boorish hunters because the local merchants love them. Their gold spends just like anyone else's. Over 20 uncouth and dirty buffalo hunters, their mules, and their wagons occupy this rough shantytown.

Church: The church is a steepled, wooden building with fresh coat of whitewash and brand-new windows. Parson Cole Kindley served as a chaplain in the Confederate Army and headed out West after the ceasefire. He's extremely protective of his small flock, and willing to use a shotgun in their defense.

Kirby's Hotel: Kirby's is a two-story wood building with 10 rooms. They are available at a rate of $1 per night. Meals are also served, but they cost extra. The owners' names are Jason and Edna Bellwether, but they chose to keep the hotel's original name of Kirby's. Jason is a Virginian whose farm was destroyed in the war, and Edna is his doting and faithful wife. They have six children. Upwards of eight guests stay here, usually the most successful buffalo hunters tired of sleeping out in the shantytown.

Leverson's General Store: The front of this two-story frame building bears a new, hand-painted sign. Business is conducted exclusively on the first floor, and owner Rufus Leverson lives on the second with his wife. At the request of Mayor Pryde, Leverson sells all sorts of gear and dry goods, but he makes most of his profit selling guns and ammunition to the buffalo hunters and Black River rail warriors who resupply here.

Marshal's Office: Marshal Newton "Newt" McTee works out of this one-story stone building, and never was there a more cowardly law dog. His only deputy, Bill Fellows, is far more brave. There is a one-room office at the front which contains a desk, two chairs, and a bunk to one side. A rack on the wall beside the front door holds three rifles and two double-barrel shotguns. A barred door to the rear of the office leads to a short hall with three jail cells.

Palace Saloon and Hotel: The Palace is a tall, three-story frame building, and it was the first saloon to be built in New Varney Flats. Its original elegance and splendor has been restored by recent renovations. Upstairs 12 rooms are available at $2 each, per night. Meals are available at lunch and dinner for an extra $1. New owners Abel and Lucy Connolly are recent emigrants from Dublin, Ireland.

Surveyor's Saloon: The former land office is another two-story frame building with a newly-hung sign that reads "Surveyor's Saloon." The erstwhile seedy, makeshift saloon has been fully converted into a genuine watering hole, but it's still frequented by the same clientele—a rough-and-tumble crowd of buffalo hunters. Byron Sledd is the owner and bartender. The serving girl is Kelly Pryde, daughter of Mayor Pryde. After dinner there are usually several buffalo hunters in here, along with a few locals.

Telegraph Office: This small, two-room, frame building serves as New Varney Flats' telegraph and post office. The operator, Sam Revere, lives in the back room. He is a former slave in his late fifties who likes to keep abreast of happenings around town. He always has a recent copy of the *Tombstone Epitaph* on hand.

Train Station: A one-room office building, water tower, and a covered bench make up the town's station. The station master is young Philip Drew, a gentleman with Southern leanings and nephew of the former station agent. He arrived in town hoping to join his uncle, only to find that he had been taken in the massacre. Philip has been on the lookout for night trains since he first heard the old timers' story.

Trading Post: Stacks of buffalo hides sit on this one-story frame building's porch. Originally it was a tailor's shop, but at some point it became a trading post for the buffalo hunters and never went back. Dick Hotchner is the proprietor. He's a widower in his late forties who latched onto the hide trade to make a living. The only remaining survivor of the night train's visit in 1876, he never speaks of that horrible night to anyone if he can avoid it.

Wolfe's Mercantile: This two-story, wood building is the best-kept in town. Inside is a wide selection of goods, although the prices are inflated (double the typical price). The owner is Tobias Wolfe, a suspicious and guarded individual who always wears overalls and a flannel shirt.

Savage Tale

The Ancient One (page 225): Many folks in Kansas can testify to the fact that the scourge of the night trains has continued. What no one knows is that the nosferatu who helped start it all still dwells in New Varney Flats.

Perry

Fear Level: 3

Located in north-central Oklahoma near the Coyote Confederation border, Perry is better known as "Hell's Half-Acre," even by its longtime residents. The reason is simple. It's a town with over a hundred saloons! And that doesn't even take into account the dance halls, cathouses, gambling dens, and other businesses tailoring to some of the worst sides of humanity. Perry's 100-plus saloons form the economic backbone of the town, and their owners are among the most influential men who live there.

Just about everyone in the Half-Acre is dirty, and most of them actually seem to like it. One wag recently suggested renaming the place "New Sodom," but after the dismal fate that befell Gomorra in the Great Maze, most folks thought better of it.

Getting There

Although Perry sits on the northern edge of the untamed wilds of Oklahoma, it's also conveniently located on the Black River line just south of the Kansas border. That puts the town about 40 miles west of the Chisholm Trail, meaning it brings lots of customers… and it's not quite far enough that you can put hangin' judges out of your head for too long.

Points of Interest

The Half-Acre is a lively, rollicking place, especially after dark. It's a gathering point for cowboys, miners from the western part of the state, Indians from the Coyote Confederation who like the white man's town, and more thieves, confidence men, and two-bit operators than you can shake a stick at. To top it all off, it's second only to Dodge City as a center of espionage.

Although the Confederacy is stronger in Oklahoma than the Union, Perry offers a good starting point for Union agents seeking to penetrate the Deep South. Ride the Black River line east and before you know it you're in Little Rock—with access to a Dixie Rails line—or just take the regular stagecoach service in that direction. Confederate counterspies work hard to identify US Marshals and Agents before they get that far. They say there aren't nearly as many bodies in Perry's cemetery as there are scattered in shallow graves near town.

Law and Governance: The thankless job of governing the Half-Acre falls to Philip Cromwell, who was appointed by Confederate Governor Stephen Drummond. Cromwell is an older fellow who isn't very effective as a mayor. Most people laugh at the laws he and his Town Council pass.

But they don't laugh at the man who enforces those laws. Chris Madsen has been a lawman around these parts for years (see page 320 for his stats). He, Bill Tilghman, and Heck Thomas used to be called the "Three Guardsmen." Between them they just about tamed early Oklahoma. Before his career as a lawman in the Weird West, Madsen fought in some of the wars back in his homeland of Europe. When he walks down the street, Oklahomans who'd cuss a saint stop and tip their hats with respect. They know Madsen can outride, outshoot, and outfight them all. And he's as honest as a man can be, to boot.

Silver Star Saloon: Run by a one-armed Union veteran named Norman Karns, the Silver Star features one of the wickedest poker games in Perry. Karns' partner Bill Daggett is the dealer, and the cheating that goes on at his games is notorious. Still, there are many who can't resist the urge to cheat a cheat.

Mustang Palace: Catering to cowboys, this place offers cheap drinks and cheap women. It has never won any awards for the food or service, but it doesn't have any trouble bringing in business.

Vance's No. 12 Saloon: This is the largest and fanciest of the 15 drinking establishments owned by George Vance, one of the wealthiest men in town. If a cowpoke has the money to spend, that's where he goes. It has got, by far, the best liquor in town.

The Spur: A rundown place in one of the poorest parts of town, the Spur is said to be a meeting place for Union spies. The proprietor, Gilbert Suggs, was reputedly a very active Jayhawk in Kansas a few years back.

QUIVIRA

Fear Level: 4

The Wichita, a vanished tribe, were a farming people who built their homes all throughout the Coyote Confederation. They were decimated by smallpox, and the few remaining survivors were finished off by the Comanches. Most Wichita settlements have vanished, but one large settlement called Quivira—built atop one of the ruins Coronado looked for all those years ago—remains to this day.

If only Coronado had known that his guide, the monk Marcos de Niza, was actually one of the ancient Anasazi in a younger, ageless body. The crafty monk had plenty of information about Quivira (he once lived there), but he had no intention of leading Coronado to the real site even though he knew exactly where it was. The inability of most whites to discover the medicine of Quivira is part of what lends it its mystique today.

Getting There

If a cowpoke doesn't make a habit of traveling with Quanah Parker and the Comanches or sharing smoke with Satanta of the Kiowa, finding Quivira is going to be one hell of a task. Because if you don't call those men, or maybe Black Kettle, your allies, it's highly unlikely for a body to remain alive long enough to find the ruined town.

No marked trails or roads lead to the place, just old Indian footpaths that are about as hard to discern as deer trails. Most Indians of the Coyote Confederation could find it in their sleep.

Points of Interest

Many tribes gather at Quivira during the winter—almost *all* of them during the Long Winter of 1880 to 1881—both for shelter and because the village is still attuned to the medicine of the Wichita tribe.

Within the shelter of Quivira's ancient stone ruins, arcane casters receive a +4 bonus on rolls to enact any power whose ritual Trappings involve dancing, songs, or music (at the Marshal's discretion). Additionally, when cast at Quivira these powers cost half as many Power Points as usual (round up), but the typical amount to maintain.

Savage Tale

One of Our Own (page 255): A lone Ranger deputizes the posse on the spot, and leads them on a hunt for one of their own who joined the enemy years ago.

SALINA

Fear Level: 3

Salina was originally a staging point for prospectors traveling to Pike's Peak, as well as a trading post where local Indian tribes could barter goods with troops from Fort Leavenworth. Then Union Blue extended a line to Salina and the town prospered.

Getting There

Salina is a major city on the Union Blue line in central Kansas, as well as the westernmost point on the old Smoky Hill Trail. Cattlemen, farmers, and would-be mining tycoons prospecting the Smoky Hills all do business here.

Points of Interest

In the last ten years wheat became the dominant crop of a burgeoning economy, leading to the construction of a steam-powered flour mill, as well as refrigerated freight cars for exporting beef. Local businesses include the typical general stores, saloons, barber shop, and a newspaper, the *Salina Journal*.

Union Blue has recently begun construction on a spur headed south from Salina in the direction of New Varney Flats. Black River is secretly opposed to linking up their line with Union Blue, while Mina Devlin publically applauds the idea. In fact she's seething with anger due to the activities of some mysterious do-gooder who keeps foiling her plots to hamper Union Blue's progress.

The truth is that Bayou Vermilion agents are to blame. Baron LaCroix would love nothing more than another link between Union Blue and Black River, so he can introduce more of his legendary Night Trains into the North. He keeps checking the Black River agents' attempts at sabotage.

What it all boils down to is that the wild hills south of Salina are ablaze with covert fighting between Union Blue, Black River, undercover Bayou Vermilion agents, and the inevitable pro-North and pro-South guerillas (some of them funded by Dixie Rails) who just had to get involved in a fight that wasn't theirs to begin with. It is now!

Savage Tale

The Battle of Mentor (page 227): When the fighting south of Salina goes public, able-bodied freelancers are called in from as far off as Dodge City.

TALLULAH

Fear Level: 2

In the battle for hearts and minds in the Disputed Territories, Colorado is anyone's for the taking. You won't find Rebs singing "Bonnie Blue Flag" in Tallulah, Colorado, but they've got no special love for Bluebellies, either. The Texas Rangers took advantage of that fact to make Tallulah a stronghold and point of access for activities in the North.

The Rangers first got a foothold in Tallulah back in 1877, when reports of a phantom stalking the miners and snatching them away started circulating in the area. After some quick thinking by a Ranger named Jim Pinto the mine wasn't haunted anymore. The people of Tallulah were much obliged as a result, and this gave the Rangers the foot in Colorado's door they had long been looking for.

Getting There

Tallulah lies on the Denver-Pacific rail line, in the Rocky Mountains a few days west of Denver. The town is wide open and the Rangers don't advertise their presence, so few people know they use it as a major headquarters in the Disputed Territories.

Points of Interest

Tallulah, Colorado, is a mining boomtown where just about everyone is involved in yanking as much gold out of the ground as they can. They make a pretty good living at it too. Most of the population lives in tents.

Red Rock Mine: Owned by Avery Pelton, this large gold mining concern was the site of Jim Pinto's heroism back in '77. The mine has been prosperous and busy ever since.

Pinto's Good Time Saloon: You might say Jim Pinto has become something of a folk hero around these parts—truly a hero in his own time. It didn't take the locals long to name a saloon after him. There's always a catchy tune playing on the piano here. The saloon is run by Peggy Noonan, no relation to Jim Pinto but quite canny when it comes to cashing in on a good thing.

San Antonio Importers: This imports company on the south end of town is a false front for the real operation—Captain Jim Pinto's growing Confederate army, designed to strike at supernatural elements in Colorado. He has command of the company the Rangers have been sending piece by piece into the state for over a year. The extensive warehouses of San Antonio Importers provide a place to hide all that manpower and materiel. Pinto plans to start by cleansing Cauldron and then moving east from there.

Savage Tale

The Spook Juice Massacre (page 268): A lost shipment of spook juice ended up buried in Ulysses Tripp's root cellar years ago, and when it's found it spurs a killing spree.

TOPEKA

Fear Level: 3

Topeka's population is largely pro-Union, but that's no surprise given how active Quantrill's Raiders have been in this region. What began in the 1840s as a minor ferry to help travelers cross the Kansas River has grown into a boomtown to rival the biggest in the Disputed Territories.

Getting There

As a major stop along the Union Blue railroad, Topeka's location makes it perfect for both steam boat traffic and the shipping of railway freight. The city is only a few days' ride west of the Oregon Trail, and the same distance north of the Santa Fe Trail.

Points of Interest

A large railroad trestle dominates the river crossing at Topeka. During last year's push to Lawrence, Union Blue rail warriors established extensive, fortified train yards to the southeast of town. They have shown no signs of abandoning them, especially not after the violence that erupted in the Battle of Broken Rails (and their suspicion that envoys sent by Dixie Rails played a part in inciting it).

Lincoln College: Even in lawless Kansas education manages to flourish, partly in the form of this small college named after the fallen president. President of the college is the

steely and headstrong Peter McVicar, whose development plan is resulting in modern limestone architecture built to stand the tests of time.

The college maintains an extensive library of historical records and rare books for those scholars and eggheads who have an interest in such things. Investigation rolls are made at +4 while referencing this comprehensive and slightly eccentric collection of tomes.

College of the Sisters of Bethany: This small institute of learning is for women only. It was established back in 1860 by the Episcopal Church for the purpose of teaching young women how to survive in a man's urbanized, mechanical world. Rumors of witchcraft have always swirled around the place, and to any shrewd observer they would seem to be true!

The real story, however, is that the very intelligent students of Sisters of Bethany don't much like being called witches. But they play along, and continue to create the sorts of weird phenomena that people like to think of as witch-related. Most of the students prefer to be thought of as scientists (just don't call them "mad").

Jayhawk Hotel & Variety Theater: This downtown establishment is rather large and caters to a wide variety of clientele—riverboat traders, sailors, Union Blue personnel, railroad travelers, ranchers, land speculators, grifters, drifters, gamblers, partisans, trail bosses—you name it, they're probably staying at the Jayhawk. Rooms cost $5 a night but they're well worth it, and the beefsteaks are truly something to write home about.

Savage Tale

The Union Pride (page 281): The plaintive wailing of the ghost train is on the rise, heading directly toward Topeka. When it arrives there's *hell to pay*—plucky heroes might end up payin' with their own blood.

Wichita

Fear Level: 3

Wichita is one of many burgs in Kansas with the nickname "Cowtown." Incorporated in 1870, Wichita grew into a busy railhead destination for various Kansas cattle drives once Black River moved in. For the most part the Bluebellies drive their beeves north to Abilene, while the Rebs send their stock to Wichita. Some loyalties run very deep.

During his doomed expedition, the great explorer Coronado visited the area that would one day become Wichita, searching for the legendary Quivira that he never found. Considering he was expecting to find streets literally paved with gold, he might not have recognized the real Quivira if he did find it.

Getting There

Wichita lies along the newer, eastern fork of the Chisholm Trail, so accessibility isn't a problem, but one always runs the risk of being attacked by Comanches or Kiowas patrolling the Coyote border. There are also the hangin' judges to worry about, and those wretched specters have been busy as of late.

Wichita sports a fancy new Black River depot to go along with their rail spur. Rail access makes it a snap to reach points east, west, or Down South. Wichita has all the conveniences of a modern city—saloons, restaurants, stores, telegraph office, newspaper, and various shops to take a lady's mind off the pervasive stink of cattle.

Points of Interest

The Law: The city where Wyatt Earp once served as lawman is now served by Mike Meagher. Meagher is widely known throughout Kansas and Oklahoma as a no-nonsense lawman who gets the job done with the most sincere determination. He is

relentless and he will pursue outlaws into Oklahoma and even the Coyote Confederation if need be. He commands a peacekeeping force of five deputies.

Hope's Saloon: A small saloon whose only claim to fame is a gunfight that took place at the outhouse out back, between Marshal Meagher and murderous stage driver Sylvester Powell. Their pot-shots were traded back in '77. Nowadays the saloon is owned by the opportunistic Charity Phelps, who plays up the gunfight as much as possible to draw in business.

The Witches of Wichita: Black River's most feared gang of enforcers, the "Wichita Witches," hang their hats in town. And their name is no coincidence. They are the brightest students of Mina Devlin's evil ways. The beautiful but deadly witches are led by a whip-cracking beauty from south o' the border named Violet Esperanza (see page 330 for her stats). Violet and her girls are as fast on the draw as any gunslinger, and can hit a man smack in the privates with a bullet at 50 yards.

Savage Tale

Head of Evil, Hand of Fate (page 237): When the pickled head and hand of outlaws Joaquin Murieta and Three-Finger Jack are put on display in Wichita, the promoters suffer bizarre, fatal "accidents."

WORM CANYON

Fear Level: 5

The twisted, sharply eroded ridges and valleys of gray and brown stone known as the Badlands are among the most lonely and forbidding places in the Weird West. Few travelers dare to go there, fearing—with good reason—the Sioux war parties and enormous swarms of devil bats that take to the night skies (typically numbering 5d20 or even more).

Those who search long enough, or get hopelessly lost, find themselves at the entrance to the dreaded Worm Canyon.

Getting There

No maps exist showing the way to Worm Canyon. The best a cowpoke can do is follow the Cheyenne River into the heart of the Badlands and start looking for concentrations of rattler young 'uns. It's said they tend to hunt in the vicinity of their parents at Worm Canyon.

A single trail runs through the region near Worm Canyon, and it's constantly patrolled by cultists looking for fresh meat in the form of lone travelers or wayward miners. See the Savage Tale **Cult of Worms** on page 231 for details.

Points of Interest

Some trappers who have been there claim a local cult worships the creatures called "rattlers." The misguided pagans have dyed their skin a deep purple hue in honor of the worms and even make human sacrifices to the creatures. Stranger yet, the images of those who have fallen victim to the cult turn up in the eerie rock formations of the canyon, making the jagged cliffs resemble twisted human corpses.

Of course the rumors are true. The Cult of Worms is led by "Queen" Ursula, a maniacal sorceress. She and her "coven" of witches were up to no good out Reno way when they were captured by Nevada Smith, a famous spy for the Agency. Smith's superiors ordered him to take the prisoners back to Washington for study. He took the northern route back, but halfway along the Oregon Trail the coven overwhelmed Smith and his hired freelancers and fled into the Badlands.

After escaping, Ursula and her twisted coven found themselves trapped in the Badlands by giant worms. Ursula used her powers to talk to the critters and the evil horrors surprised her with their intelligence.

But the things demanded she sacrifice one of her companions if she wanted to live.

Ursula blinked in disbelief for a moment, then quickly hurled one of her surprised coven forward. She cackled with glee as the monsters gobbled up her sacrifice. Since then, the worms have made Ursula both their prisoner and their Queen. If the sorceress and her cult don't make a human sacrifice once a week, the worms eat one of the coven.

Ursula accepted her fate warmly. (Or perhaps, "wormly.") She dyed her skin purple, stopped taking baths in the local watering hole, and started making up chants, prayers, and songs in honor of the worms. Her followers decided to go along with it after she fed those who didn't to her huge friends. It didn't hurt when they discovered that the excrement of the worms was slightly narcotic (don't ask how this was discovered). Fear and an addiction to the drug keep her followers in check.

Ursula's greatest challenge is finding new sacrifices. There aren't many visitors to Worm Canyon (the Sioux give it a wide berth), but the clever witch soon hit upon a plan. Ursula let a few travelers pass through her lands safely, but only after telling them she was there with her "fellow prospectors" hauling out wagonloads of gold. Needless to say, Ursula has had little trouble finding sacrifices since then.

The Altar of Worms (Fear Level 6): The cult makes its sacrifices at a bizarre altar high on a twisted peak overlooking the Badlands. The unfortunate victims are placed on the altar,

stunned or bound, while the cultists chant and stamp their feet to alert the rattlers below. In five minutes, giant rattlers gather in a great circle at the base of the cliff. In their midst are hundreds of their young.

The sacrifice is pushed off the altar and into the squirming mass of worms 50 feet below. The victim is cushioned by the bodies of the worms and then torn to pieces by the young's mouths. When the grisly rite is finished, the rattlers and their larvae burrow back into the ground.

The soul of the victim is consumed in the process. He cannot return as a Harrowed, nor be resurrected by any means. Proof of his eternal damnation can be found in the hills and cliffs of Worm Canyon—the image of the victim's corpse appears there over the next few hours. Exactly what purpose this serves is unknown, but it causes everyone who knew the poor devil to make a Guts check when they see it.

Adventures in the Disputed Lands

The Disputed Territories in 1886 are rife with adventure. Fear is at an all-time high and war always seems to be just over the next horizon. In this chaotic land perilous situations spring up willy-nilly–don't let 'em catch you unawares, Marshal.

When you're not running a Plot Point, or a Savage Tale, or a scenario of your own design…sometimes you want to let your players drive the action. Just decide what sort of mayhem the group wants to get up to and this chapter gives you a handy way to quickly generate the appropriate details.

Make sure to insert your own ideas into these scenarios, and incorporate details of the heroes' pasts…and nightmares. That varmint terrorizing the locals might not be just any old werewolf—maybe it's a hero's long-lost brother. Maybe when the heroes hire on to protect an armored stage bound for Dodge City they have no idea their archenemy is planning to rob it. Take some time to personalize the results for your group. It'll pay off in spades.

This system gives you a nice balance between letting your players mosey around randomly and having every adventure be a desperate mission against the Ravenites. The Order of the Raven is a persistent threat but it's also far-flung and decentralized. Use this to your advantage by giving the compadres plenty of chances to light out for new lands and blaze their own trails.

Using the Adventure Generator

First you need to find out what your players want to do, or decide what the storyline demands of them (for instance, travel). Let them choose a general type of activity from the list below (which includes a few examples), then consult the appropriate section to find out all the gory details. Following that we provide all the tables you'll need to mix and match some action-packed tales.

For simple encounters, check out the system and encounter tables provided in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. If you own *Deadlands: The Flood* you can use the method detailed in that book, but substitute the Affiliations, Trouble, and Complications tables presented here in *The Last Sons*.

Critter-Hunting: There's one sure way to ease the fears of a cowering populace. Put down a few varmints of the night and folks are bound to start smiling again.

Exploration: The posse rides off into the Badlands looking for ancient ruins, or joins the Explorer's Society on an expedition into the Rocky Mountains.

Freelancing: The heroes offer their services to the highest (acceptable) bidder, or perhaps try to make some money riding shotgun on Wells-Fargo stagecoaches.

Hunting Grounds: Whether they go through an existing portal or create one of their own, the posse takes a jaunt in the world of spirits.

Peacekeeping: Many towns hungry for justice pay men to keep the peace. Some heroes just wander the countryside looking for wrongs to right.

Traveling: When getting from point A to point B provides the whole impetus for a game session, these sidetracks are a quick way to add some variety to your encounters.

Critter-Hunting

Evil stalks the night. There's nary a posse that can resist hunting it down and filling it with lead. It's a whole lot easier to get a good night's sleep at Miss Jessamine's boarding house when there's not so much all-fired screaming and carrying-on about monsters at midnight. It's also the sort of thing heroes *do*.

In the event your posse decides to go critter-hunting, they either know of a specific quarry or they try to find one (in which case you can draw cards until they do). In either case there's one simple rule to remember—when the posse goes *looking* for monsters, they *find* monsters.

Roll on the local encounter table and assume the worst. That is, if the encounter calls for devil bats that's just the initial encounter—assume a nest of a dozen or more have made their roost on a nearby hilltop. If it's prairie ticks there's a massive nest. As many as half-a-dozen rattlers might be raisin' Cain on the High Plains. In the case of abominations that typically work alone, 1d4 of them have joined in a sinister alliance to generate more fear.

Exploration

Let's say your group wants to find something specific—the resting place of a lost relic, or an ancient, crumbling ruin in the Badlands said to be powerful with the spirits. First decide where exactly the item or place is located (if it is truly located there at all). Then let the players show you on a map where they travel, and have them make a Survival or Tracking roll (at –4) each day. Success means the posse finds a place of interest. Maybe not the one they're after, but a place of interest nonetheless.

As with traveling, draw once per day for an encounter, with a sidetrack (from the Traveling section below) thrown in every few days to spice things up. Roll once on the Complications table. The encounters you generate are the same evil abominations that are guarding the treasures or mysterious places hidden in the region.

Freelancing

Opportunities abound for employment in the Disputed Territories. Whether they're called freelancers, troubleshooters, or just plain mercenaries, the men and women who stand up and take these jobs are sure to find

Affiliations

Use this table to determine who the posse encounters in the Disputed Territories and where their loyalties lie. Some results on the Trouble and Complications tables also direct you to roll for Affiliations.

d10	*Faction*
1	Union
2	Miners
3	Bandits
4–5	Rail Barons
6–7	Indians
8	Law Dogs
9	Merchants
10	Confederacy

Union: A group of 2d8 Veteran Soldiers with an Officer leader is encountered. In the Disputed Territories use the same stats but the encounter is with Bluebelly guerillas.

Miners: There is a 75% chance these are 1d4 independent miners going about their business. They have a small camp and 2d4 armed guards in their employ (use Gunman stats). The other 25% of the time the encounter is with 2d8 mercenaries (use Gunman stats) escorting some kind of fundaments to market. They are in the service of a large mining concern with a major operation located nearby.

Bandits: A band of 2d12 ruthless Outlaws roaming the area and preying on the unwary. They are led by a Veteran Gunman who is a Wild Card.

Rail Barons: The heroes encounter 2d8 mercenaries in the service of one of the rail companies. Use Rail Warrior stats, and roll 1d10 to see which Rail Baron they serve: 1 = Iron Dragon, 2–3 = Wasatch, 4–5 = Union Blue, 6–7 = Black River, 8–9 = Dixie Rails, 10 = Bayou Vermilion.

Indians: The heroes encounter 2d12 members of a native tribe. Roll 1d12 to determine which one: 1–2 = Lakota, 3 = Northern Cheyenne, 4 = Arapaho, 5 = Cherokee, 6 = Comanche, 7 = Kiowa, 8 = Southern Cheyenne, 9 = Crow, 10 = Paiute, 11 = Pawnee, 12 = Shoshoni. The Indians might be local residents or travelers far from home.

Law Dogs: The heroes encounter representatives of whatever passes for justice in these parts. Typically that's a Veteran Gunman marshal wearing the tin star and 1d6 deputies (half Gunmen and half Townsfolk), all on horseback.

Merchants: The heroes encounter 2d6 cattlemen, farmers, importers, or exporters, along with 2d4 mercenaries (use Gunman stats), in the service of a local trading company. There's a 50% chance they are escorting some kind of goods to market.

Confederacy: A group of 2d8 Veteran Soldiers with an Officer leader is encountered. In the Disputed Territories use the same stats but the encounter is with Reb guerillas.

Trouble

When your posse hires themselves out to be troubleshooters, roll on this table to see just what trouble they'll be aimin' at!

d20	*Result*
1–4	Plains Wars!
5–6	Guard Duty
7–8	Claim Jumpers
9–10	Starvation
11–12	Critters!
13–14	Hold-Up
15–16	Gather a Posse!
17–18	Diplomacy
19	Ghost Town
20	Secret Base

Plains Wars! Two factions are fighting over fundaments, turf, or some other dispute. Roll twice on the Affiliations table to determine their allegiance. The heroes are fighting on one side or the other, or hired to bring a halt to the conflict entirely.

Guard Duty: The posse is asked to guard something (a building, a prisoner, a shipment of goods, etc.). Roll on the Affiliations table to see who's after whatever the heroes are tending.

Claim Jumpers: Somebody has discovered ghost rock or some other valuable fundament on his land, and is about to be very, very rich. Someone else wants to take it away, by hook or crook. Roll on the Affiliations table to see who is trying to jump the claim.

Starvation: Whether due to a blizzard or some other catastrophe, the local population is not getting enough vittles. Use the Affiliations table to determine who or what is responsible, but treat Miners and Merchants as Critters (and roll on the appropriate encounter table).

Critters! This ain't no mere encounter, Dude—we're talking about a whole heap, herd, swarm, or burrow full of nasty varmints. Roll on the local encounter table and assume there are 2d20 of 'em making a supreme nuisance of themselves. If the resulting critter is typically encountered solo, it's a freakish specimen mutated by ghost rock exposure—add Monstrous Abilities until you've created something truly awful.

Hold-Up: Something's been stolen by someone, and someone else wants it back. Use the Affiliations table to determine who the thieves are (consider Miners and Merchants to be Bandits).

Gather a Posse! Someone's jumped bail, been kidnapped, or simply gone missing, and the local law is rounding up a posse to hunt 'em down. Roll on the Affiliations table to determine the loyalty and origins of the fugitive, as well as who's helping him escape.

Diplomacy: Somebody's feathers got ruffled, and neither party wants to go to war to sort it out. A diplomat needs to smooth things over before somebody gets hurt. Roll on the Affiliations table to determine the aggrieved party's identity—if diplomacy fails, these are the troops they will bring to bear. Multiply the total foes encountered by 5.

Ghost Town: A haunted burg features prominently in this tale. Use the Affiliations table to determine who the specters were in life, as appropriate to the current terrain.

Secret Base: Some faction has set up shop in a secret location and seeks to do others harm. Either the posse stumbles upon it, or they're asked to infiltrate or even destroy it. Roll on the Affiliations table to see who owns the outpost. Multiply the total enemies encountered by 5. The base is controlled by a Wild Card (Marshal's choice of stats) with the Command, Inspire, and Fervor Edges.

plenty of risk and a whole heap of reward—if they survive!

When your heroes want to hire out their services, first decide what factions are "doing business" locally. If you're in a Strange Locale, take a look at that place's entry in this book to figure out what nations, groups, companies, and factions are active there. For other locales just roll on the Affiliations Table—typically there are 1d4 factions active in any one place at one time. Feel free to adjust this number up or down for specific circumstances.

With a successful Streetwise roll, the heroes learn what factions are active. Then the posse decides who they'd like to contract with. The average daily rate for a skilled (i.e., Seasoned) freelancer in the Disputed Territories is $25. Some jobs pay more and others less; experience plays a part. Mostly the quoted figure provides a place to begin negotiations.

Use the Trouble table to determine what the cowpokes are being hired to achieve—it's up to you whether the result is what the heroes are supposed to be doing, or what they're putting a stop to! Add a roll on the Complications table to twist up your tale.

Sometimes a posse-for-hire is expected to do terrible things…things that just weren't part of the deal. These cases are the true test of a hero's mettle and can make for some of the best stories.

Hunting Grounds

The Hunting Grounds section in the Setting Rules chapter (see page 63) contains a wealth of information on running spiritual adventures. When the heroes travel through the Hunting Grounds, draw for an encounter each "day" as usual (the Marshal decides what constitutes one day in that odd realm), and roll on the following table when one is indicated. Stats for the following spirits are found in the section beginning on page 298.

Spirit Encounters

d20	*Encounter*
1–2	Nature Spirit
3–6	Ancestor Spirits
7–10	Kachinas
11–13	Holy People
14	Ancestor Village
15	Thunderbird
16–18	Manitou
19	Snake Cloud
20	Double Danger!

Nature Spirit: The posse encounters a luminous natural spirit. Roll 1d12: 1 = Little People, 2 = Gan, 3 = Uwannami, 4 = Wakinyan, 5 = Shiwana, 6–12 = Animal.

Ancestor Spirits: The party runs into 1d6 dead souls, of any race and from any prior time period. Some might be acquaintances of the posse members.

Kachinas: The heroes encounter a group of these potentially dangerous spirits. See each type to determine how many appear. Roll 1d6: 1 = Nature (1d6), 2 = Masau'u (1), 3 = Soyoko (1d4), 4 = Wawaru (1d4), 5 = Koyemshi (2d6), 6 = Pautiwa.

Holy People: The posse runs into 1d4 of these mysterious beings. Roll 1d6: 1 = Thunder People, 2 = Wind People, 3 = Crooked Snake People, 4 = Failed-to-Speak People, 5 = Dark People, 6 = Marshal's choice.

Ancestor Village: The posse happens upon a spirit village containing 2d20 ancestor spirits of any race and from any prior time period. Roll again on this table to see what malevolent spirits are plaguing it, ignoring this result.

Thunderbird: The posse encounters a single young thunderbird, fiery and proud.

Manitou: The posse runs afoul of the Reckoners' dark servants. Roll 1d6: 1–2 = Lesser manitou swarms (1d4), 3–4 = Normal manitous (1d6+2), 5–6 = Greater manitou (1).

Snake Cloud: The heroes run into these dangerous spirits. Roll 1d6: 1–5 = Lesser snake clouds (1d6), 6 = Greater snake cloud (1).

Double Danger! Roll twice more on the table, ignoring this result.

Spirit Travel Times

We recommend you decide how long a given journey is going to take based on what dramatic scenes need to happen along the way. If you prefer to determine travel time randomly, roll on the following table.

For each success and raise on a Knowledge (Occult) roll, subtract 1 from the roll on the Travel Time table. Subtract 4 from the roll if the heroes have a spirit guide. Heroes who wander aimlessly apply a +2 modifier. The Marshal is free to impose other modifiers based on the circumstances.

d20	*Result*
1–4	1d20 minutes
5–8	1d6 hours
9–12	1d20 hours
13–16	1d6 days
17–20	1d20 days
20+	1d6 weeks

PEACEKEEPING

Though they sometimes get paid for their work, the tin stars of the Disputed Territories have it rough. With no central authority to hand down the law, might makes right and the strong tend to lord it over the weak.

Colorado, Kansas, and Oklahoma are starving for men and women with the salt to provide local law. It's a rough line of work, and more often than not it leaves a body shot full o' holes. Some do it for the modest pay, others for the glory, and some just because that's the way they were raised. All of them risk death daily.

Peacekeeping works just like freelancing—determine the local factions using the Affiliations table, then add some Trouble and a Complication or two. The main difference is that the Trouble is almost always something the heroes are interested in stopping, because it's usually a threat to the peace they're trying to keep.

TRAVELING

A draw to determine encounters each day is usually enough to keep your compadres on their toes during a journey. But sometimes you want to mix it up a little bit. In that case, when an encounter is indicated by the cards use the following tables instead of the encounter table for the region you're in.

Location

d20	*Location*
1–11	Encounter takes place on the trail.
12–15	Encounter takes place in or near a town, village, or city along the way.
16–18	Encounter takes place while the posse stops to water the horses, or breaks to water the local bushes.
19–20	Encounter takes place once camp is made. Roll a d8 to determine how many hours after camp is made the encounter takes place.

Sidetracks

d20	*Encounter*
1–4	Bandits
5–10	Varmint
11–13	Critter
14–18	Environment
19–20	Special

Complications

Complications are the things that make one hold-up or Plains War scenario different from any other. These random circumstances or recent happenings in the region can have a significant effect on the posse's actions and the general course of the story.

d20	*Result*
1–8	Wild Weather
9–10	Reversal
11–12	Shortages
13–14	Fool Me Twice…
15–16	Local Election
17–18	Military Skirmish
19	Epidemic
20	Ghostly Visitation

Wild Weather: Pick a weather condition from those listed in the Setting Rules (see page 72) that's appropriate to the place and season. The weather condition is prevalent locally during the adventure.

Reversal: The "trouble" is actually in need of help, while the real threat is from another source. Roll again on the Affiliations table to determine who the real enemy is.

Shortages: Scarcity, inflation, and the threat of war drive up local prices. Multiply the cost of all food and gear by 4 until the adventure is over.

Fool Me Twice… Choose a random hero. People of that character's profession, ethnicity, or faith are being unfairly persecuted locally due to some recent bad experience.

Local Election: An election is being held locally (for sheriff, mayor, or some other post), and one or more candidates ask the heroes to provide "support" for their campaigns. The posse may or may not know that participating in an election campaign can be deadly, but if they provide manpower for a candidate they could find out the hard way.

Military Skirmish: Roll twice on the Affiliations table—significant forces of these groups are staging a major military operation in the area. Anyone wandering around the countryside is liable to run into troops from one side or the other.

Epidemic: The locals are ailin' by the dozens. Each day they're in the area and in contact with any supporting cast, characters have a chance of contracting a disease. Each hero must succeed on a Vigor roll each day, or get sick and suffer Fatigue –1 for 1d6 days.

Ghostly Visitation: Choose a random cowpoke. The hero is haunted by the ghost of a relative, former associate, or deceased enemy for the adventure's duration. Maybe the ghost provides cryptic clues or hints. Or maybe the ghost is actually a lying manitou taking the appearance of the deceased.

Bandits: 2d6 highwaymen accost the heroes. The ambush site is most likely a pass, a watering hole, or some other moderately traveled locale. Use the Outlaw stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*, and arm them however you see fit.

Varmint: Some dangerous but mundane varmint (snakes, bears, cougars, scorpions, wolves, etc.) native to the area makes an appearance. The encounter depends on the nature of the varmint. A cowpoke might find a den of rattlesnakes while he's taking care of his personals. Or a scorpion might be waiting in his boot when he wakes up.

Critter: The posse crosses paths with a full-blown abomination. Use the encounter table for whatever region you're in.

Environment: An obstacle gets in the way. Maybe the bridge is out, a sudden downpour washes out the road, or a landslide blocks a trail. A battle has broken out up ahead. Maybe a blizzard has fallen over the region, or a village is stricken by disease. Maybe the posse's favorite watering hole has a taint of Texas tummy twister.

Special: The posse comes upon someone or something special. You can devise your own sidetrack, use a Savage Tale, or roll on the Special Encounters table below.

Special Encounters

d10	*Encounter*
1	Snakeoil Salesman
2	Fortune Teller
3	Lost Treasure
4	A Friend in Need
5	War Party/Cavalry Patrol
6	Brush with Greatness
7	Good Samaritans
8	Mysterious Trader
9	Posse
10	Bad News

Snakeoil Salesman: The heroes meet a traveling salesman hawking elixirs from a brightly painted wagon. The elixirs may or may not have magical qualities. If they do, refer to the elixirs listed in the *Deadlands Player's Guide*. Otherwise you should make up a single elixir—based on a single power—that confers its effect to whoever drinks it. The rest of the con man's wares are castor oil, turpentine, and the like. Perhaps the vendor isn't just trying to make a few bucks. Maybe he's a twisted soul or abomination selling potions of a far more sinister nature.

Fortune Teller: The fortune teller might be a gypsy, a huckster dealing cards, or a shaman staring oddly at the posse from a tall boulder. She asks a favor of the group in exchange for a reading. No matter if it's true or false, the reading leads to adventure.

Lost Treasure: The posse finds a moldering skeleton somewhere along their route. If they search it they find a tattered map, letter, or telegram leading to a treasure of some sort and incredible danger. The treasure is very valuable, such as the location of a ghost rock or gold vein, or a relic.

A Friend in Need: Riding in roughly the same direction is a tough but friendly cowboy/cowgirl, down on his or her luck. If someone befriends the character he or she becomes a capable and stalwart friend to the posse.

War Party/Cavalry Patrol: The posse crosses paths with a war party. If the local Indians are friendly, the war party may tell the group of a shortcut that cuts a day off their travel. If the party is hostile or the posse is trespassing, the warriors attack. In the Union or the CSA the war party is a cavalry patrol. Outlaws and Indians of tribes hostile to the local soldiers had better beware. In the Disputed Territories the war party could also be a band of partisan raiders, fighting for either the North or the South.

Brush with Greatness: The posse meets a famous person such as Doc Holliday or Samuel Clemens. How and why are up to you; you can also roll on the Trouble table. What happens next is up to the posse.

Good Samaritans: A family of settlers or some other relatively defenseless group is surrounded by hostile Indians, bandits, or supernatural creatures. The defenders might be in circled wagons or a besieged homestead, but they're in a heap of big trouble if the posse doesn't help them.

Mysterious Trader: A junk seller has a cart full of odds and ends. Maybe his junk is disguised by illusions to appear valuable. Or maybe a relic of some sort is hidden among his rusted lanterns and half-smoked cigars.

Posse: A posse of lawmen and deputized citizens runs into the heroes. Maybe they ask for help catching a band of notorious desperadoes. Or maybe they mistake the heroes for the felons they're chasing.

Bad News: The posse gets caught up in something really big and really bad. Maybe the heroes ride smack into the middle of a battle between Union or Confederate forces and Indians. Or maybe they stumble onto a farmhouse besieged by a zombie horde, a town ravaged by rattlers, or some other nefarious evil. If the group is on a train, they might get caught up in the Great Rail Wars now being fought in the Disputed Territories.

The Last Sons

Our land is everything to us. I will tell you one of the things we remember on our land. We remember that our grandfathers paid for it with their lives.

-Wovoka

There is many a boy here today who looks on war as all glory, but boys, it is all Hell. You can bear this warning voice to generations yet to come. I look upon war with horror.

-William Tecumseh Sherman

The Last Sons, a Plot Point campaign for *Deadlands*, concerns itself with the secret war waged against Raven's vast conspiracy of evil in 1880–1881. The journey takes a posse of heroes to every corner of the Heart o' the West, and in the process—one way or another—it alters the Weird West forever.

The idea behind a Plot Point is three-fold. First, it lets you tell big stories in the background of your posse's more personal interests. The tale here is the fight against War's evil plot, but your characters might be most interested in bringing law to Dodge City, struggling against rivals in another Indian tribe, or fighting in the next phase of the Great Rail Wars. Plot Point campaigns allow all those stories to be told as part of one epic saga, interweaving personal quests with the main story of *Deadlands: The Weird West*.

The second purpose is to give your players a reason to stay together. Early on in the adventure, the group learns of the Ghost Dancers and a prophecy whose outcome is still very much in doubt. The heroes are never forced to help the Ghost Dancers save the world. But if they don't, things are just about guaranteed to get blown all to hell in War's realm…and the Reckoners' goal of Hell on Earth is that much closer to becoming a horrible reality.

The final purpose is to give you, the Marshal, a ready-made campaign that you can run more or less "on the fly." Savage Worlds

A Friend to the Indians

The Last Sons depends on the heroes—or at least one of them—being sympathetic to the Indians' cause. If one or more heroes are Indian shamans or warriors, all the better! We've given players all sorts of new incentives to make Indian characters in the Makin' Heroes chapter (see page 15). If those don't work, you'll have to have a chat with your group.

Most players are pretty reasonable about working some small details into their characters' backgrounds. Just ask them if they see any way their characters might have had previous, positive dealings with Indians. Maybe a gunfighter's life was saved by an old Indian shaman, or a Louisiana voodooist has some Indian blood in his family a few generations back. A blessed who ran a congregation at some point might have done so with the help of local, Christianized Indians. Perhaps that huckster was once a High Plains settler, and she was saved by Indians when the rest of her family was slaughtered by abominations. The possibilities are endless.

Keep an eye out for characters with the Intolerant Hindrance (see page 19) applied to Indians. This isn't a deal breaker by any stretch, but a good question to ask is whether the character might eventually learn to see past his Intolerance—that's a great personal story arc. On the other hand, the player might just be looking to throw a wrench in the works—and you can't have that, Marshal. Best to have the chat before the game starts.

The very first Plot Point gives the posse a heaping helping of Ravenite hospitality, which sets the stage for everything that comes after. Most heroes worth their salt are going to have a healthy dislike of Raven's crew after that fateful meeting in the Sioux Nations. Your job is to give them a good reason to answer the call to adventure!

gives you Fast, Fun, and Furious rules, and our campaign systems aim to match that. You should never have any trouble figuring out what to do next, and you also have plenty of space to insert your own adventures, or follow up on an adventure inspired by your player characters' own back stories.

Playing the Plot Points

To play *The Last Sons* as intended, start with the first Plot Point, **The White Calf**. This adventure brings the party into the Sioux Nations and introduces them to the newly occupied Deadwood. There they become embroiled in the secret war between the Ghost Dancers and the Order of the Raven.

Soon after, they meet the last surviving Old One—Jordrava—within Devils Tower. Once they rescue him from his manitou captor deep in the Hunting Grounds, he fills them in on most of the terrible deeds Raven has committed all across the Weird West. Most importantly, he asks for the heroes' help in foiling Raven's plans.

If you've read Raven's write-up in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook* (and if you haven't, pard, you want to take care of that now), you know there's not much point in taking the fight to Raven himself. First one has to sort through heaps of imposters, and if by some stroke of luck the real, *true* Raven is found, the heroes are in for one Hell of a fight. Raven is never without members of his Thunder Guard (see page 313) and his powers are impressive, to say the least. Even if the heroes manage to put Raven down, his Faustian Deal with the Reckoners brings him back Harrowed and immune to just about anything the heroes can throw at him. Checkmate, amigo.

Jordrava gives the heroes a way to undermine Raven by foiling the plots he set in motion. If your pistoleros help the Paiutes and

their allies complete the Great Summoning, the four ancient thunderbirds of Indian myth awaken and ensure technology doesn't function in the Sioux Nations ever again. This is far more helpful than killing one man. If they're successful, the posse effectively drives a big enough wedge between War and his right-hand man that relative peace comes to the Sioux Nations—for now. That ain't too shabby a result.

Plot Point Summaries

Here's a quick summary of the Plot Points, what happens in each, and when you should try to work them into your campaign. In the latter two-thirds of the story, more episodes are designed to take place whenever you choose (or whenever your willful and opinionated players decide to get 'em done). This gives you flexibility to work in more of your own Savage Tales as the characters' own twisted tales develop over time.

As a general guide to Rank, a posse ought to be composed mostly of Veterans around the time they get to Plot Point Six, and they'll certainly want a few Legendary heroes among their ranks by the time they reach the last chapter.

Plot Point One: The White Calf

When: At the campaign's start.

On a stagecoach headed for Deadwood through the Sioux Nations, the characters meet. The stage is waylaid by bandits in the middle of the night, and observant hombres notice a mysterious Iron Dragon train stopped on the distant tracks. Before they can investigate too thoroughly, a wounded Indian emerges from the darkness and begs someone to help him.

Our heroes rescue a band of Paiutes from the Ravenite assailants who have them trapped in a narrow ravine. From the Paiute chief, Wovoka, the posse learns of the Ghost Dance, Raven and his cult, and the birth of a white buffalo calf said to presage world-shaking events. Wovoka declares the posse friends of the Ghost Dancers, and asks them to help root the Ravenites out of the Sioux Nations. He tells them to talk to an Indian called Charley Bull in Deadwood. When the posse returns to the stage, the mysterious train is gone.

Plot Point Two: Dark Doings in Dusky Jewel

When: Just after Plot Point One, as the posse's stage approaches Deadwood.

Near Deadwood our heroes encounter Union soldiers and irregulars from a force led by Custer. Turns out Ol' Goldilocks is invading the Sioux Nations to reclaim Deadwood for the Union. The heroes' stagecoach barely beats Custer's army into Deadwood.

Charley Bull sets the posse on the trail of a missing ghost rock miner, hoping it leads to the Ravenites. The heroes talk to Joseph Bearclaw and perhaps learn more about the mysterious Iron Dragon cargo. They run afoul of pole men, discover the Ghost Miners' handiwork, and meet a Sioux patrol before the missing miner's trail leads to Dusky Jewel—a secret, illegal mining town owned by Kang in the Black Hills.

The posse finds the lost miner's corpse in Dusky Jewel. From his journal they learn about meetings between Kang's people and the Sioux in the middle of the night out at Devils Tower. They also get their faces rearranged by the Seven Samurai if they're not careful. A desperate chase through Kang's ghost rock mines caps off this episode.

Plot Point Three: In the Fortress o' Fright

When: Our heroes are dead set on solving the mystery of Devils Tower.

The heroes go looking for the meeting place described in the journal, and end up finding another of Kang's armed camps. This one stands watch over a pair of doors leading

Timeline: 1880–1881

Late July, 1880: Kang establishes Dusky Jewel in the Black Hills south of Deadwood.

August 23, 1880: The Great Flood ravages Lost Angels and the southern Great Maze of California.

Late August, 1880: A new phase of the Great Rail Wars begins as the Rail Barons step up attempts to consolidate their holdings in the Disputed Territories.

August 27, 1880: The killing of a dozen miners near Deadwood serves as a pretense for Custer's invasion of the Sioux Nations with 3,000 men marching beside him.

Early September, 1880: The Plot Point campaign begins. News of the Great Flood and the disappearance of Reverend Ezekiah Grimme makes headlines across the continent.

September 10, 1880: Custer's invasion force is met by the Sioux in the Battle of 10,000 Arrows. After the battle, Custer's forces join with those of the deceased Colonel Brook Manning and move to occupy Deadwood.

November, 1880: The Long Winter begins. By the end of November it is snowing every day and there are five feet of snow on the ground. The word "blizzard" is coined to describe the severe—and seemingly endless—storm.

November 24, 1880: Sitting Bull signs a secret treaty with Dr. Darius Hellstromme allowing Wasatch to deliver munitions to Deadwood—provided no track is laid upon Sioux lands. Hellstromme fires up his Hellbore for another run.

December, 1880: Virtually all rail travel is halted by deep snow throughout the Dakota Territory and Disputed Lands. Starvation is rampant and wendigos run wild. Only Wasatch trains run along the new subterranean line to the Black Hills.

December 21, 1880: In the long-delayed Union Presidential election, Republican James A. Garfield defeats Democrat Winfield S. Hancock in a landslide.

January–March, 1881: The Long Winter drops a total of 132 inches of snow on the High Plains. It snows nearly every day. Countless people freeze and starve to death. The Reckoners take in a bumper crop of Fear.

February 26, 1881: Wasatch rail crews establish a railhead at Gehenna Station, west of Satan's Garden in the Black Hills.

March 4, 1881: James A. Garfield officially takes the office of President of the Union. His first action is to answer the growing public demand that aid be sent to Lt. Colonel Custer. He promises to relieve US forces at Deadwood.

April, 1881: Rail service resumes throughout the Disputed Territories and Sioux Nations. Union soldiers mobilize and march toward the Sioux Nations.

May–June, 1881, The Black Hills War: Custer marches from Deadwood and clashes with Ravenite braves armed with Iron Dragon rifles. The Sioux *wicasas* divide over Sitting Bull's betrayal when he reveals his plans to them. At Sitting Bull's request, Kang fights on the side of the Indian tribes. Hellstromme switches sides at the last moment, aiding the Union against the Sioux to preserve his ghost rock contract. War ravages the Sioux Nations.

June 14, 1881: The Great Summoning begins on Medicine Wheel.

June 21, 1881 (Summer solstice): The Great Summoning ends. Technology stops functioning inside the borders of the Sioux Nations forever.

July 2, 1881: President James A. Garfield is shot by an assassin's bullet in Washington, DC, and dies a month later. Vice President Chester A. Arthur takes over the White House.

July 4, 1881: Under intense pressure, Union President Chester A. Arthur officially recognizes the Confederate States of America as a free and independent nation.

right into the side of Devils Tower, guarded by a passel of kung fu misfits. Just then, one or more compadres have waking visions of an Indian shaman who beseeches them to find a way into the mountain.

The inside of Devils Tower has become weirder, wilder, scarier, and more dangerous over the years. The crossbreeds devolved into a bestial shadow of their former society, thanks to the influence of a portal to the Hunting Grounds. There the posse finds Jordrava's spirit awaiting them. As a swarm of manitous descends, the portal draws our heroes bodily into the Hunting Grounds.

Plot Point Four: Vision Quest

When: Immediately after Plot Point Three.

Now trapped in the Hunting Grounds, the posse sets out on a quest to find the last Old One. A series of weird scenes and encounters follows, shedding light on some aspects of the story but complicating others. Eventually our heroes rescue Jordrava from his manitou captor, and he tells them the story of Raven's evil acts before and after he started the Reckoning.

The white calf's birth, Jordrava says, heralds two prophecies—a light one and a dark one—and the outcome is still in doubt. He asks the heroes for their help. If they accept, he explains that he came to the Hunting Grounds seeking a few relics that belonged to him in life. One of them—a medicine rock in the shape of a white buffalo—he knows to be located at the modern-day site of Dodge City in the Disputed Lands.

Plot Point Five: Prime Cuts

When: Upon the posse's arrival in Dodge City.

The Ravenites are also looking for Jordrava's medicine rock. Some poking around in Dodge City reveals that Boot Hill was originally located on the site of an Indian burial ground. The posse hunts down Jordrava's ceremonial "resting place," but discovers a warren of tunnels beneath the now-empty graves.

Buffalo hunters have been stalking the heroes since their arrival, and they attempt a graveyard bushwhackin'. The fight draws the attention of an Agent and Texas Ranger working together to quell the recent unrest in the Disputed Lands. One good turn deserves another, so the posse aids them against the Ravenites, and they find a partial map of the ghoul warrens under Boot Hill.

After a hair-raising journey into the tunnels and a confrontation with the Ghoul King, our heroes emerge in possession of the Old One's medicine rock. From the Agent they learn that another artifact—a tomahawk—was recently seized from the Ravenites and sent to the Agency's Supernatural Research Facility (SRF) in Denver.

Plot Point Six: The Ghost Returns

When: The posse is looking for a way into the Agency SRF in Denver.

On the outskirts of Denver, our heroes are stopped and questioned by Agents. An opportunity presents itself when a locomotive hauling a single cargo car is hijacked on its way to the SRF. If the posse retrieves it, the Agency will release the tomahawk into their custody.

Turns out the train was swiped by the nefarious gambler Mordecai Malignatus Whateley and his band of murdering outlaws. After a battle on the speeding train, the prize is revealed to be the Ghost himself. Ol' Coot Jenkins, the Prospector—also captured by Mordecai—is keen to get his hands on the cargo. Coot puts Andrew Lane back in control of his carcass, and the grateful Lane tells the posse the location of one of the Ravenites' most secret hideouts—Adobe Walls.

Plot Point Seven: Lodges o' the Last Sons

When: The posse is ready to take the fight to Raven's doorstep.

A warrior society has long guarded Adobe Walls from intrusion, but it's been steadily infiltrated by Ravenites over the years. The earth spirits have been mostly displaced by manitous. Instead of the stiff resistance the posse expects to find, they easily subdue a skeleton crew. The captives spill the beans about Raven's plot to release the thing that sleeps under Serpent Mound in the Coyote Confederation.

Journeying to the Serpent Mound, our heroes get the fight they've been searching for against a Last Son and his Ravenite cronies. Jordrava chooses this time to take an active hand, but he only steps into Raven's trap. When Jordrava arrives and joins the fight, the creature emerges from the mound and strikes down the last Old One.

After the posse is victorious they find written messages from none other than Sitting Bull. The leader of the Sioux is a disciple of Raven! The dying Jordrava tells the posse to go back to the Sioux Nations and warn Crazy Horse.

Plot Point Eight: Last Stand on Bear Butte

When: Late May, 1881.

Traveling back to Deadwood, our heroes track down Crazy Horse and must convince the warrior of Sitting Bull's betrayal. The heroes find themselves in the eye of a gathering storm. Thousands of Sioux warriors armed with guns approach from the northwest. Union troops are on the march. Wasatch sends its own army of war machines to Deadwood to "preserve Native sovereignty." As the warring armies clash around Deadwood, the heroes join Crazy Horse on a quest to track down Sitting Bull atop Bear Butte.

They have to fight their way through a false Raven and his Thunder Guard to get to Sitting Bull. Though the chief is unmasked and his power broken, a lot of the damage is already done. Wovoka tells the heroes more about the "Great Medicine Dance" Jordrava mentioned before he died—a ritual even more potent than the Ghost Dance. It will take place atop Medicine Wheel in Wyoming during the week leading up to the summer solstice.

Plot Point Nine: The Great Summoning

When: June 21, 1881 (Summer solstice)

The white man's armies march upon the Sioux Nations. The Indians' leadership is in turmoil. Wasatch war machines steam toward Deadwood from Gehenna Station. Kang leaps to the Ravenites' defense, and all hell breaks loose again as the combatants entrench themselves around Deadwood. The only clear losers are the Sioux.

Wovoka and his disciples have circulated the word among the tribes for months now, and many noble shamans are gathered at Medicine Wheel to call up spirits of nature great enough to save their people. The ritual involves opening a pretty big doorway into the Hunting Grounds, and someone has to make sure nothing tampers with it from the other side.

Guess who's charged with seeing it done? Our Heroes, that's who. In the Hunting Grounds the posse must delay War's forces from reaching the portal and closing it. This is the epic battle that ends the campaign and makes the summoning possible…even if few people in the years ahead will ever know it happened.

As the Great Summoning is completed, the four ancient thunderbirds of legend awaken and drive back War's legions in the Hunting Grounds. When they enter the physical world a smoky, purifying wind blows across every mile of the Sioux Nations. Wherever it touches,

every last machine, device, gizmo, tool, conveyance, and other piece of technology sputters and dies. The fighting across the Sioux Nations grinds to a halt.

War is so infuriated at Raven's failure to prevent this outcome that he severs much of his bond with the Hooded One. With the exception of Deadwood and the Iron Dragon line connecting it to the outside world, technology never functions within the borders of the Sioux Nations again.

1. The White Calf

This tale kicks off the epic storyline of *The Last Sons* in the Sioux Nations, along the busy road to Deadwood. It introduces all the characters to each other, gives them a reason to stay together, and foreshadows a lot of the mysteries to come.

The story begins on the Deadwood Stage out of Bismarck, Dakota, as it makes its way through the Sioux Nations toward Deadwood. It is a brisk afternoon in early September of 1880 (officially). You can change that to almost any time you like, but remember that in the official *Deadlands* timeline the Great Summoning that ends the campaign happens on June 21, 1881. Your group has a lot to do before then.

The characters are just a few random travelers on their way toward one of the most prosperous—and dangerous—places in the West. Since the group has been confined in close quarters on an armored stagecoach for a few days, start with introductions all around.

Ask the players to describe how their characters are dressed, how they are armed (it's considered a death sentence to send travelers into the Sioux Nations unarmed, so the Deadwood Stage allows travelers to carry personal protection), and any other details they want to share. Then read the following.

The rattling and clattering of the armor-plated Deadwood Stage is almost unbearable after three long days on the trail, but somehow you try to sleep away the long, dark hours before sunrise. Your whole body is powerful sore. The thought that you'll soon be arriving in Deadwood comforts you a bit, but you're apprehensive too. Deadwood has a rough and tumble reputation, and not everybody survives their first visit.

Your reverie is broken by a loud SNAP! The horses whinny in a panic. The entire coach lurches forward, overturns, and comes to sudden stop—spilling all the passengers into a bruised heap!

All the characters have to make an immediate Agility roll. Failure on the roll results in a level of Fatigue from bumps and bruises.

From outside the unmoving coach, you hear the fading sound of a whole team of horses running off into the dark. The coach driver shouts, "Whoa! Whoa, Bessie! Whoa, Pete!"

Another voice cuts through the night like a bullet. "Shut your piehole, boy! Ever'body in that coach who can hear my voice, listen close now! This here's Sam Bass—maybe you heard o' me. Me an' my boys got you surrounded and dead to rights. If you come out real peaceful-like and surrender all your valuables, we'll see what we can do about not harmin' you none.

"If you put up a fuss, well…that ain't gonna end well for you. Take my word for it." You hear low grunts and laughter from several men.

What do you do?

It's time for the first of many armed conflicts the heroes endure in War's domain. Let the players describe their actions in the disabled stagecoach. Give them one round of activity before you deal out initiative cards.

The Bass Gang

After years of robbing their way across the Weird West, the purty Sam Bass and his loyal accomplices finally returned to the place they first made a name for themselves—robbing the Deadwood Stage. Incidentally, since it's in the Sioux Nations it is also about the only place left in the Disputed Territories where the various law enforcement agencies on his trail can't find him. So far he's made a decent living. Only a desperado as lucky as Sam Bass could pull that off in the Sioux Nations.

This time he and his boys dug a four-foot-deep ditch bisecting the road. They took cover on the surrounding hills and waited for the next stage run to come through. Both front wheels of the stagecoach are now damaged from going into the ditch, and the team of four horses galloped off into the dark.

Sam doesn't intend to hurt anyone who doesn't resist, but at the same time he has no compunction against taking shots at would-be heroes. If the passengers refuse to get out of the ghost-steel-armored stagecoach (which has a Toughness of 14 should anyone try to shoot through it), Bass threatens to kill the stage driver and shotgunner (Jeb McKeever and his younger brother Danny). If he's pushed far enough he'll actually do it.

- **Jeb McKeever, Driver:** Use Townsfolk stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. Add Gambling d4 and Repair d8.
- **Big Danny McKeever, Riding Shotgun:** Use Townsfolk stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*, but add Strength d8 and the Brawny Edge. He is armed with a Gatling shotgun (12/24/48; 1–3d6; RoF 2; Shots 12; Min. Str d8).
- **Sam Bass:** Wild Card. See page 328.
- **The Bass Gang (1 per hero):** Use Outlaw stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. The gang members are armed with a mixture of six-shooters, Winchesters, and shotguns. All of them have knives for hand-to-hand scuffles.

If their leader or more than half of the outlaws go down, the rest of them high-tail it back to their horses, which are hidden just over the rise. If they're prevented from running away, the outlaws throw down their guns and surrender.

In Need of Repairs

By shank's mare—that's walking, for all you tenderfoots—it would take two to three days to get to Deadwood from the stage's current location. Jeb McKeever (if he's still breathing) thinks he can repair the front wheels in a few hours. In reality the job takes 3d6 hours, or 2d6 with a raise on the Repair roll. Still, it's better than walking. Characters with the Repair skill are welcome to help out or take over the job.

Retrieving the horses is as simple as succeeding on a Riding, Survival, or Tracking roll (at –2 on account of the darkness). Heroes who wait until dawn, or come up with a light source besides the stagecoach's smashed lantern, ignore the penalty.

Mystery Train

That night, while they wait for repairs to be completed, the heroes see a strange sight. Read the following passage to the group.

The High Plains of Dakota are covered in darkness, and the sky looks like a black and purple river filled with twinkling diamonds. There are sparks and flashes from within distant clouds, and faint throbs of thunder echo across the distance. You feel tiny and adrift in the vastness of the Plains.

Then you hear it—a single, distant train whistle from the north. And a moment later, the thin shriek of a locomotive's brakes on the Iron Dragon tracks. On the horizon there's a faint glow, but if there's a train it isn't close enough to see.

There are a few hills nearby. If cowpokes think quickly and get to higher ground, they see the train's tiny red lantern about a mile and a half distant, on the Iron Dragon line. The light blinks insistently in a steady pattern.

Characters who succeed on a Notice roll can also see the dark silhouette of a train—locomotive, tender, and two freight cars, nothing more.

A hero who scores a raise on the Notice roll sees a distinctive Chinese logo in the distant glow of the lantern, and knows the train belongs to Iron Dragon. Even if the Notice rolls are failed, a successful Common Knowledge roll tells characters that a train on this line could *only* belong to Iron Dragon.

A Plea for Help

Most heroes should be ready to investigate the mysterious locomotive immediately. There's nothing wrong with a little enthusiasm! Before they go charging off into the night, read this paragraph to the group.

> *There's a slow clop-clopping of hooves in the dark nearby. An exhausted appaloosa emerges from the murk. The horse drags itself right up next to you, and a bloody, battered Indian falls off the horse's neck and lands in the dust. It's clear he's been shot several times.*

Amazingly, the young warrior isn't dead. He struggles to crawl, and mutters something over and over.

Any character who speaks the Shoshonean language group (see page 19), or one who uses the *speak language* power, understands the delirious Indian's words:

> *Please help us…Wovoka is in danger… white calf.*

The Indian, a Paiute whose name is Sky Hawk, is a personal servant and bodyguard to Wovoka, the leader of the Ghost Dance movement. But he can't explain any of this at present since he is both gravely wounded and sorely fatigued.

- **Sky Hawk:** Use Indian Brave stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. Add Knowledge (English) d6. Sky Hawk is currently considered Walking Wounded.

If his wounds are treated Sky Hawk is grateful to the posse, but he is still desperate for aid. If necessary he explains the trouble in English.

> *I am called Sky Hawk by my people. I represent Wovoka, chief of the Paiutes and bringer of the Ghost Dance. He is in great danger. He will die if I do not bring help quickly. We were ambushed as we slept… they mean to slaughter everyone. Will you help me?*

If you've done your homework, Marshal, at least a few characters are keenly interested in helping out however they can. Go on to **Night Hunters**, below, when they ride off at Sky Hawk's side, leaving Jeb to fix the stage.

Train Fixations

Face it, Marshal—some characters are just plain bull-headed. If one or more hombres head off for a look at that Iron Dragon train with a brash, "I'll catch up with you dudes a little farther on down the trail," then here's what happens.

The Iron Dragon train is guarded by a formidable bunch of cutthroats who are utterly loyal to Kang. When the cowpokes approach, Kang's folk are considered Active guards. If the heroes successfully use Stealth to get close enough, read the following to them.

> *Iron Dragon workers busily unload crates and barrels from the cargo cars. Keeping vigilant watch over their efforts are a tong of four kung fu fighters, a few swordsmen in strange ceremonial armor, and another pair of men armed with Winchesters. Not one of them looks the least bit happy.*

In accordance with the deal between Kang and Sitting Bull, a shipment of rifles, ammunition, and gunpowder is on its way into the Sioux Nations. This is the first stop. From here the barrels and crates are transported by wagon to Devils Tower, where they are handed over to representatives of Sitting Bull and the Raven cult. Then the wagons continue on to Dusky Jewel, smuggling other

contraband items and collecting ghost rock from allied miners along the way.

Four wagons are scheduled to arrive here in about an hour. If the heroes interrupt the shipment, Kang catches wind of the affair and dispatches more ruthless and sadistic minions to find and kill those responsible.

The guards have been instructed to quietly dispose of anyone who witnesses the delivery. The operation is overseen by a wily old salt known as Chu Fong.

- **Chu Fong:** Wild Card. Use Superior Martial Artist stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.
- **Kung Fu Fighters (4):** Use Martial Artist stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.
- **Samurai (2):** Use Iron Dragon Rail Warrior stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.
- **Riflemen (2):** Use Gunman stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. They are armed with Winchester '73s (24/48/96; 2d8; RoF 1; Shots 15; Min. Str d6, AP 2).

Night Hunters

Sky Hawk leads the rescuers west, out onto the Plains. Read the following.

> *Darkness closes in around you. The distant storm has passed, and the only light is from the pale gleam of millions of stars spread out across the heavens. The only sounds you hear are the hushed breeze and the rustling of prairie grass.*

Call for Notice rolls from the group. Those who succeed hear an odd, high-pitched cry from somewhere behind them, and then another. A cowpoke who scores a raise looks up and sees the black silhouette of what looks like a huge bird pass in front of the stars. Take your time, and don't reveal the creatures quite yet—let the players feel a little bit of uncertainty and apprehension. Were they real?

Just when the heroes begin to think it was their imagination, several devil bats descend from the sky and attack, trying to carry off one of the rescuers for a meal. Don't give the players too clear a description. Huge black wings, snapping teeth, and luminous red eyes are enough. Monsters are always scarier when you have to imagine them! (The local Fear Level is 2.)

- **Devil Bats (1 per hero):** See the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

These abominations aren't starving, and they're most interested in easy prey. Unless they carry a hero away on their first pass, they retreat. Gunshots are sure to drive them away, especially if a few are shot down, but this also alerts the Ravenites that someone's coming—see below.

Valley of the Shadow of Death

Wovoka and his entourage are pinned down in a narrow defile about five miles west of the Deadwood Trail. As the posse gets closer the land becomes more rocky and rugged. Sky Hawk finally stops, slides quietly from his horse, and points at a pair of dark rock formations up ahead. "They are trapped between those bluffs," he says, clutching his war club.

It's up to the group how they handle this difficulty. Consult the map for starting positions of Ghost Dancers, Ravenites, and heroes. It's almost completely dark in and around the valley, so hombres without a light source suffer –2 on their attack rolls and can't target anyone beyond 10" (see *Savage Worlds*).

On the other hand, the Ravenites are considered Inactive guards as long as the encounter with the devil bats lacked terrified screaming or shots fired. Heroes who use Stealth to approach quietly get the +2 bonus for darkness—combine that with crawling and some Cover, and even clumsy cowpokes have a real decent chance of sneaking up on the Ravenites.

Anybody who approaches the valley with an open light source is sure to be seen from a good distance by the Ravenites. If guns were

discharged during the encounter with the devil bats, the Ravenites are considered Active sentries and are waiting for the heroes when they arrive. They still might not see them, but they're on the lookout and get to make Notice rolls.

Carrion Crows

The Ravenites are led by a particularly bloodthirsty cuss, who goes by the name of Hoarse From Roaring, of the Sihasapa (Blackfeet) tribe. He's Sihasapa in name alone; at the end of the day he pays his dues to the Order of the Raven.

The Ravenites know all about the shipment from Iron Dragon. In fact, they planned on shadowing it all the way to Devils Tower to ensure its safety. The Ghost Dancers' camp was too tasty an opportunity to ignore, so Hoarse From Roaring sent a few of his braves to follow the delivery wagons while he led the ambush.

The initial attack killed half a dozen Paiutes and most of the horses before they could douse their fire and get under cover. Now the Ravenites are planning a slaughter, complete with dynamite. Hoarse From Roaring is full of pent-up anger, and he intends to unleash it on his victims. Anyone who interferes—and by "anyone" we mean the heroes—gets the same treatment. *Boom!*

- **Ravenite Braves (2 per hero):** See page 315.

Hoarse From Roaring

Hoarse From Roaring is completely devoted to the Order of the Raven, as he has been since the Battle of the Little Bighorn. His father and brothers were killed there, and the one responsible—Yellow Hair, or Custer to the whites—was allowed to go free. Roaring can never forgive the *wicasas* of the Sioux for this outrage, and the Raven cult provided him with a secret way to focus his rage.

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

Skills: Fighting d8, Guts d8, Intimidation d8, Riding d10, Shooting d8, Stealth d8, Survival d6, Tracking d8

Charisma: –2; **Grit:** 2; **Pace:** 8; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Mean, Vengeful (Major)

Edges: Ambidextrous, Block, Fleet-Footed, Frenzy, Two-Fisted

Gear: Winchester '76 (24/48/96, 2d8, RoF 1, Shots 15, AP 2), two double-action Colt Peacemakers (12/24/48, 2d6+1, RoF 1, Shots 6, AP 1), two tomahawks (Str+d6), three sticks dynamite, coal box (with hot coals).

Ghost Dancers

Wovoka and his small entourage are on their way to visit the *wicasas* of the Sioux Nations and bring news of the birth of a white buffalo calf—a miracle that signals the beginning of events long foretold. Stories handed down

The Future's Shadow

Now is a great time to sprinkle a little foreshadowing on your tale. Look ahead to Plot Point Three, In the Fortress o' Fright, and the description of Jordrava's first spiritual appearances (see page 160). During the difficulty with the Ravenites, and just afterward, maybe a few heroes experience a fleeting glimpse of the enigmatic shaman. The vision says nothing, and is gone in an instant, but it plants the seed for future mysteries. If Wovoka is asked about the apparition, he says that he cannot explain it, but it sounds like a good omen to him.

from generation to generation have finally come full circle, and myths are about to come alive…or so the medicine men say.

Their other purpose is to invite members of all the tribes to join them in following the way of the Ghost Dance. The Old Ways Oath is a good beginning, but Wovoka and his people feel there's much more to be done to stop and even reverse the terrible events of the past 17 years.

The Paiutes were ambushed while they camped about six hours ago. In the blink of an eye seven of them died under gunfire from the darkness. The survivors hunkered down, afraid to move. Sky Hawk volunteered to go for help. As he rode clear of the valley, the Ravenites shot him a few times in the back and figured he'd give out and die before too long.

Wovoka and his people are holding out hope that Sky Hawk brings someone back to save them. Let the players run the Ghost Dancers and Paiutes as allied Extras in the battle.

- **Wovoka:** Wild Card. See page 331.
- **Ghost Dancers (2):** Extras. Use Indian Shaman stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.
- **Paiute Braves (2):** Use Indian Brave stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

Aftermath

When the fight goes against Hoarse From Roaring and his braves, they try to run off to where their horses are hidden. If he survives, the Ravenite tells Sitting Bull everything he knows about the heroes. Then he makes it his personal mission to hunt and harass the posse at every turn as long as they remain in the Sioux Nations.

Captured braves are surly and refuse to speak. They would rather die than reveal their true motives, but the black tattoo of a Raven ideogram on every one of them is enough to at least prove their loyalties.

Around the Campfire

When the Ravenites have been dealt with, those allies who need medical attention tended to, and the dead counted and shrouded, read the following passages to the group.

A young shaman approaches and his smile puts you at ease. He's a striking fellow, with twinkling eyes and long black hair. "Friends," he says. "I am called Wovoka. You have our thanks for what you have done. Now and always, you will be friends of the Ghost Dancers. Please share our fire and our smoke, brothers."

As you are welcomed to the campfire and handed a tobacco pipe, you get a better look at the Paiutes. They've been on the trail for many days, and they seem like they've seen hard times. Harder than tonight, even.

Wovoka holds up one hand and conversation falls silent around the fire.

"By the will of the Great Spirit, our paths have crossed. The Order of the Raven – these evil ones who tried to kill us tonight – they

would rather we die, and word of the Ghost Dance die with us.

"Do you know of the Ghost Dance? I will tell you. This dance brings powerful medicine into our world from the unseen world of spirits…cleansing medicine. Medicine to burn out the worm that makes a dead man walk, and to lift this unnatural dread that hangs everywhere.

"You have noticed it, or you already know of it – I can see it in your eyes. You know of dark things that roam the shadows, and the bitter taste of pure fear. This is the Reckoning in all its forms, my friends. This is what we Ghost Dancers struggle against.

"We bring very big news for the Sioux chiefs, and we are eager to reach our destination and share it!

"An old prophecy has come to pass. A white buffalo calf was born just weeks ago, and this is the sign that great events are about to unfold. They will end with the white man driven off Indian lands forever. This I have seen."

Wovoka smiles. "But these are just prophecies. We seek braves to join the way of the Ghost Dance, to help in a way that is real. If you could see the power of the Ghost Dance, you would understand.

"Whether you believe or not, I think the Great Spirit sent you for a reason. If you want to understand more about our cause, talk to a man in Deadwood. He is called Bull All The Time, but among the whites he is known as Charley Bull. Tell him Wovoka sent you. If you are willing to assist our cause he has a task for you.

"At the very least, he can help you find shelter in Deadwood."

Wovoka answers any further questions the heroes might have as best he can. A few comments in particular are important enough to warrant planned responses.

- **What's this Reckoning you mentioned? Who started it?**

  The Reckoning is a tremendous upheaval of the spirits. The Hunting Grounds – a world of spirits just beyond man's sight – are overrun with evil beings called manitous. They seek only to spread fear, death, and destruction in the next world and in ours. Sometimes they get into a dead person…and bring him back. Perhaps you have seen this with your own eyes.

  We think the trouble was started by a young brave named Raven. He saw his whole family killed by whites, and in his quest for revenge he broke open doors that should have stayed closed. Evil that had slept for centuries swarmed out toward the light.

- **Tell us more about the Order of the Raven.**

  The Order of the Raven says it is a militant arm of the Ghost Dancers, but this is a lie. The Indians we fought tonight take up Raven's cause and follow in his footsteps. Even worse, they pretend to be loyal members of their tribes while doing evil deeds in secret. If they aren't stopped, they will destroy what remains of our way of life and then move on to destroy the white man's society too.

  Ravenites take the quick and easy way to power, rejecting the Old Ways. They are the bringers of darkness, terror, and war.

- **Can you teach us the Ghost Dance?**

  Eager, aren't you! It would take more time than we have right now to teach you the dance. The Ghost Dance is a test of the mind, the spirit, and the flesh. Help us against the Ravenites, and when we meet again I think you will be ready to learn this medicine.

When the talking and tobacco are done, Wovoka and the Paiutes round up the horses that still live. They load their dead onto travois for their trip to the burial grounds. Then Wovoka bids the heroes farewell, and reminds them to look after Charley Bull in Deadwood. The Ghost Dancers vanish into the night like spirits.

What's Next?

The heroes return to the stagecoach to find that good ol' Jeb McKeever has gotten the front wheels repaired, and the stage is ready to go. If he's asked, Jeb says the Iron Dragon train left not long after the heroes did, headed south toward Deadwood. (Unfortunately, since Iron Dragon owns the rail line the arrival of one of their locomotives in Deadwood—at any hour—doesn't raise any eyebrows. This trail of inquiry soon goes cold.)

2. Dark Doings in Dusky Jewel

Run this tale when the heroes' stagecoach arrives in Deadwood. Before they go looking for Charley Bull they witness the first act of what will turn into the Black Hills War—Custer's occupation of Deadwood. If you're not ready to continue the Plot Points and your group wants to kick around in Deadwood, just run the first scene and then move on to other concerns for a while. Charley Bull can wait.

Custer on the March

Anyone who has read a newspaper lately knows of the recent massacre southwest of Deadwood. Almost a dozen miners were stabbed to death and hacked to pieces, then scalped. Naturally the Sioux were blamed when the real culprits were Frank Bryant's ghost miners. Lt. Colonel Custer used the crime as a pretense to invade the Sioux Nations.

As the stagecoach rumbles over a rise you hear Jeb McKeever's voice spouting various exclamations and expletives. He's pretty worked up. "Well I'll be a suck-egg mule!" he shouts over the thundering of the coach's wheels.

You look out the narrow slits that pass for windows on the armored coach. To the south the trail winds across several miles of open prairie to Deadwood. Off to the east you see marching columns of troops in blue coats—seemingly thousands of them—moving in to surround Deadwood.

"We're gettin' in there before they do!" Jeb promises, snapping the reins to drive the horses harder.

Jeb McKeever drives his limping stagecoach safely into Deadwood ahead of most of the Union Army. A sizeable band of soldiers by the road waves for the stagecoach to stop, but they're mostly interested in food or water. A few of them could use medical aid. If the stagecoach rumbles on by, there's not much they can do about it. Heroes who stop to help out hear the whole story of the invasion and subsequent Sioux attack, now known as the Battle of 10,000 Arrows.

- **Union Soldiers (18):** Use Soldier stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

Custer's troops met up with a Union Army force under Colonel Brook Manning, who had been sent to apprehend Custer and return him to a military prison. Before Col. Manning could carry out his orders they were attacked by hundreds of Sioux warriors. During the fighting Manning had a change of heart—which is to say he caught a Sioux arrow in the chest. His impressionable forces joined the charismatic Custer instead of arresting him.

The posse arrives in Deadwood at roughly the same time as Custer's forces—now numbering close to 4,000. The army soon dominates almost every facet of life in Deadwood, and they begin to build earthworks and trenches all around the town within a few days.

The Missing Miner

A ghost rock miner named Wallace Blount vanished during the recent massacres, but it wasn't Ghost Miners—or *ghostly miners*, for that matter—that did him in. Blount happened upon a few wagonloads of Iron Dragon weapons bound for Devils Tower, and followed them to an illegal mining town

in the Black Hills. Curious, Blount relayed his suspicions to Charley Bull and began to look into the matter. He got caught poking around Dusky Jewel by a party of Sioux Ravenites, who turned him over to Kang's enforcers. They hung him for trespassing.

Now Charley Bull is in need of some help locating Blount. To find Charley all the searchers have to do is spend some time asking around and succeed on a Streetwise roll. Retries are allowed, but each one requires a conversation with a different NPC and takes about an hour.

Eventually the heroes learn that Bull All The Time—known as Charley Bull to the locals—spends a lot of his time at the Langrishe Theater on Main Street. And that's easily found by any hombre who looks for it. Check the description of Deadwood (starting on page 92) to see exactly where it's situated.

The Critic

The marquee outside the Langrishe Theater says that "a selection of scenes from *King Lear*" are currently playing for the modest fee of 5¢ admission. Every ten or fifteen seconds a pistol shot is heard inside, along with frequent outbursts of applause and carrying-on. Anyone who pays a nickel to the bored-looking girl in the box office booth is free to mosey on in and take a load off.

Read the following as soon as heroes enter the dim theater.

> *A man in kingly robes stands at center stage with a demented-looking jester rolling around at his feet. From the catwalks someone showers rain onto the stage from a watering can. "And thou, all-shaking thunder!" bellows the King, "Smite flat the thick rotundity o' the world!" On cue, stage hands rattle a sheet of corrugated tin behind the curtains, simulating thunder. Several members of the audience, which is composed mostly of miners, fire guns in the air, stamp their feet, and hoot in clear appreciation of the finer things.*

With a successful Notice roll, heroes can make out one spectator who is clearly not enjoying himself—an Indian seated in the forward balcony to the right of the stage. (A

hero who scores a raise on the Notice roll also spies hundreds of bullet holes in the theater's ceiling.)

Bull All The Time is Lakota Sioux but he was educated Back East, and the experience taught him a lot of things—mostly that the Old Ways are best. But when he returned to the Sioux Nations, Charley Bull found he'd acquired a soft spot for the white man's dramatic renditions of old poems and stories. Problem is, when you've seen plays and visited opera houses Back East the thespians of the West lose a lot of their charm.

A narrow flight of steps leads up to the balconies, where Charley Bull is muttering to himself in his native language. (Folks who understand the Siouan language family overhear him saying, "Foolish white men. No respect for the source material.") As soon as a character clears her throat or taps Charley Bull on the shoulder, read the following.

The Indian spins to face you and steps back against the wall, brandishing a hand-made obsidian blade. "What in the hell do you want? The nickel wasn't wooden this time. Leave me alone!"

- **Charley Bull (Bull All The Time):** See page 320.

A successful Persuasion roll is necessary to prove to Charley that the heroes don't work for Jack Langrishe, and that they mean him no harm. Add +2 to the roll if the orator specifically mentions Wovoka. If the roll fails, Charley wants nothing to do with the posse, and if it goes bust the Indian tries to escape at a dead run. (In that case the heroes have to devise another way to get on Charley's good side.)

Gone Missing

When Charley is a little more comfortable with the group, he asks them to have a seat. Read the following passage.

Don't worry…no one will hear us over the shooting.

So you were the ones who came to Wovoka's rescue? Friends, you have the thanks of all Ghost Dancers for that. I'm told Wovoka brought news of the white calf to the wicasas. *It wasn't well-received by all of them... but they needed to hear it. There is much debate now among the tribes. They wonder what is to be done. Meanwhile the ravens are gathering.*

I think the ravens are here in Deadwood, too, but I haven't been able to find any proof yet. One of the miners—a man called Wallace Blount—confided to me that he witnessed dealings between the Chinese and my people in the dead of night. Four days ago he told me he was looking into the matter, and then he left town to see to his claim. He has not returned yet, and it is not like him to be away for so long. I am concerned for his safety.

Wovoka spoke very highly of you to the council. If you are willing, I could very much use your help now. Find Blount, and learn whatever he knows about these secret dealings between Kang and my people.

Charley Bull doesn't have any dinero to offer, but he's been all over the Weird West and knows just about everyone in Deadwood. He's willing to share whatever he knows if it'll help the compadres out with any other difficulties. If the "heroes" won't help out for anything but cash, Charley Bull just shakes his head in disgust and walks out. The next day he looks into Blount's disappearance on his own, and might be willing to share what he learns with the posse if they come back around and ask nicely.

As for the missing Wallace Blount, Charley Bull doesn't have much more information. He knows the location of Blount's claim—about 12 miles south-southwest of Deadwood in the Black Hills—and provides a crude map leading to it. According to Charley, Wallace Blount spent most of the time working his claim, and when he came into town his only dealings were with the claims clerk at the

Office of Indian Affairs, and his bartender at Nuttal & Mann's No. 10 Saloon.

Just a Few Questions

With map in hand, the heroes are off to find Wallace Blount. They may want to make a few stops before they leave town. Then again they may not.

The Office of Indian Affairs

Clerks wearing visors are busily working at their desks when the heroes enter. Joseph Bearclaw, a Sioux Indian who wears the fine black suit of a tinhorn, runs this office and makes sure every miner who works the Black Hills has his claims in order and pays the monthly operating fee of $100. Secretly, he's also a Ravenite and close ally of Sitting Bull.

Bearclaw is courteous but terse when asked about Wallace Blount. He looks inside the top drawer of a file cabinet.

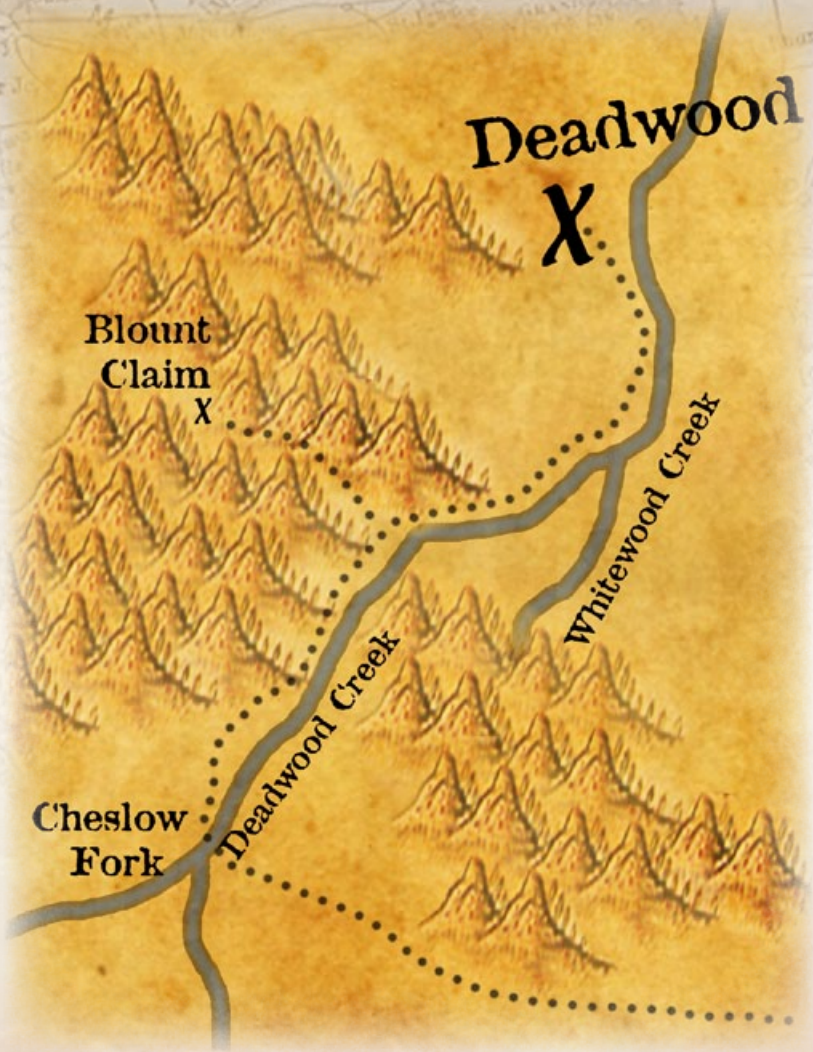
> *Let's see here…Blount...Blount…here we are! Wallace Blount. Ah yes, he was here four days ago. Monthly operating fee paid in full, account in good standing with the Sioux Nations. What's the problem? Has he done something wrong?*

Bearclaw is as slick as any other Back East lawyer, so he's subtle. He fishes for any details he can get on what exactly the heroes are looking for and who sent them, without asking any direct questions to that effect. He knows full well what happened to Blount, though he'd never admit it, and he reports anything he learns about the heroes to Sitting Bull.

Nuttal & Mann's No. 10 Saloon

At Nuttal & Mann's the investigators can find Wallace Blount's favorite bartender—Tom Nuttal. The portly, silver-haired gent clearly remembers Blount.

> *Wallace Blount! Now there's a good customer. And a good man! What's he done this time?*



When he's told that Blount has disappeared, Nuttal frowns.

> *I can't thank you for that bad news, Mister. I surely hope he's all right, and neither the Sioux nor the bloody ghost miners got their hands on him. Ain't you heard o' the ghost miners? There's an old chestnut. Some folks around these parts claim so many men have died trying to work their mines, well, their angry ghosts are still out there… seekin' vengeance, they say. According to Frank Bryant and his crew, it's the honest-to-goodness truth.*

Tom Nuttal is willing to talk about such subjects for hours. Consult the entries for the Black Hills (page 84) and Deadwood (page 92) in the **Strange Locales** chapter—they provide some fodder for idle conversation.

The Searchers

According to Charley Bull's map (which is provided nearby; give a copy to the players) the posse needs to take the southern trail out of Deadwood and into the Black Hills. Read the following when the posse departs in that direction.

About an hour ago you set out onto the muddy trail, headed south from Deadwood. Cold rain falls from a grim, gray sky. The desolate Black Hills rise around you, and up ahead you see grisly warning signs posted along the trail by the Sioux – the bodies of soldiers and miners who trespassed on Indian land, lashed to poles and left to rot.

There are over 20 decomposing corpses by the side of the trail, and none of them are Wallace Blount (not that the heroes could tell). Have the cowpokes roll Guts against Fear/Nausea. Two of the cadavers are pole men, their gray skin loosened by the rain, who descend from their poles to murder travelers. Try to keep it subtle and creepy—hey, did you hear something? Must've been the pitter-patter of the rain, amigo.

- **Pole Men (2):** See the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

Blount's Claim

Wallace Blount's claim is fairly unremarkable at first glance—just several shallow caves dug into the side of a deep gully with a creek trickling through it. A shed and various pieces of mining equipment complete the picture. When the heroes get closer they see more.

As you descend into the gully, you get a closer look at Blount's claim. The mining equipment is tacky with old blood—large amounts, from the looks of it. On one side of the shed a large splatter of dark brown stains the shingles, as though some poor devil met his maker right about where you're standing.

Heroes who succeed on a Notice roll are pretty sure that no actual shots were fired here—there are no bullet holes or discarded shell casings anywhere. Tracking rolls find tracks aplenty, but there are so many boot-prints on the site that identifying them is impossible.

The blood was splashed by Frank Bryant and his cronies (posing as the "ghost miners"), but they had nothing to do with Wallace Blount's disappearance. They just came upon the abandoned site and decided to use it for their own purposes. The same goes for the miner currently sleeping in the shed.

Gideon's Tale

When the posse arrives at Blount's claim, Gideon Gorrell is napping in the shed. Gideon's own claim is only a few miles away. He came to gather some water from Blount's creek, but ended up poking around the deserted gulley in search of unattended ghost rock or a shovel to replace the one he'd recently busted. Frightened by the blood, Gideon decided to leave…but then the tasty, half-full bottle of rotgut beside the hammock caught his eye. Any hombre who looks in the shed finds Gideon snoozing there, having polished off the whiskey.

- **Gideon Gorrell:** Use Townsfolk stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. Gideon is armed with a double-barrel shotgun (12/24/48; 1–3d6; RoF 1–2; Shots 2; Shooting +2) and a knife (Str+d4), but he is hesitant to use them.

Once awakened, the white-bearded Gideon is suitably alarmed and terrified, and still a little drunk. When he settles down he tells the compadres what brought him here. If he's asked about Blount's whereabouts he sheds a little more light.

Well that ain't Wallace's blood, I kin promise you that much. I don't know how that got there, but t'weren't like that 'fore Wallace left. Prob'ly them ghost miners what's always lurkin' about.

Wallace, he said somethin' ain't quite right and he was off to find out the truth of it. You should stick to your claim, says I. But no, he says he's off to a minin' town what's called Dusky Jewel. There ain't no towns but Deadwood in the Black Hills, I says to him. Go east at the Cheslow Fork, he said. Laughin'. Ha! No thanks!

Gideon confirms where Cheslow Fork is located on the searchers' map, but he won't accompany them under any circumstances. After they leave, Gideon helps himself to a few pounds of Blount's ghost rock and a shovel before he returns to his own claim.

The Scouting Party

The Sioux are fully—not to mention angrily—aware of Kang's mining operation. The only thing keeping them from going on the warpath is Kang's deal with Sitting Bull. For the time being they're keeping an eye on the situation.

When the heroes approach within about a mile of Dusky Jewel, they catch the attention of a small band of Hunkpapa (Lakota) led by a shrewd shaman named Sharp Horned Buffalo. The Indians are hiding on a ridge above the trail, lying down among the brush and almost completely obscured (+4 on Stealth rolls). If they aren't confronted, they just watch the posse go past.

Blount's Journal, Sept. 2, 1880.

Saw something powerful strange by the light of last night's full moon. Was out prospecting in the northwest of the Black Hills, searching for that big rockslide Gideon talked about. If a new strike was exposed I figured I'd get to it first.

Out south of Devils Tower was where I saw it, just about in the shadow of that hexed monument. The moon passed behind some clouds and I lost my way in the dark. Then I saw a flickering lantern light in the pitch darkness of the Plains, and I made for it with all due haste.

I climbed toward some pine trees on a ridge. Would have blundered right through them if not for the dumb luck of a burr in my boot. Good thing. On the other side, to my left, was a whole bunch of Chinese fellas, armed to the teeth. To my right, a whole war party of Sioux sat on horseback. I hunkered down in those pine trees.

Far as I can tell it was a trade of some kind. The Chinese fella in charge started talking in Sioux, then his people handed over a wagonload of crates and barrels. After that the Sioux didn't say much, just took their booty and left the scene. I stayed down and waited until I could get away. I reckon it was just west of the Belle Fourche, when the Tower Trail turns north toward the mountain, where that odd stand of twisted pines overlooks the trail.

Should be digging right now, but I can't shake the memory. Gideon always says there's no evil in the world but what men do. It's things like this that make me wonder...

That cuts it - I'm headed south to that Iron Dragon mining camp to have a look around and see if I can make sense of it. The claim can wait another day.

If the two parties meet, use the NPC Reaction Table (in *Savage Worlds*) and subtract the usual –2 like anywhere else in War's domain. An Indian among the heroes, in and of itself, isn't enough to favorably dispose anybody. These Hunkpapa are accustomed to being shot at, so they take no stranger for granted.

- **Sharp Horned Buffalo:** Wild Card. Use Indian Shaman stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.
- **Hunkpapa Warriors (2 per hero):** Use Indian Brave stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

If the heroes can gain the Indians' trust, Sharp Horned Buffalo tells them about the secret entrance in the creek bed, and also clues them in to the fact that the camp's ghost rock mines actually come out the other side of the hill, about five miles away (see below). He is not willing to go any closer to Kang's camp.

A Glitterin', Dusky Jewel

"Dusky jewel" is the literal English translation of what the Chinese call ghost rock. It's also the name Kang gave to his secret, illegal mining camp in the Black Hills. Secret to most whites, that is. As noted, the Sioux know all about it and they aren't pleased.

You'll find the lowdown on Dusky Jewel on page 107.

Getting In

If they're going to fulfill their pledge to Charley Bull, the heroes need to get into Dusky Jewel—that's the only way to find Blount. How they do that is up to them. They might try sneaking in through the hole in the base of the wall (where the creek runs out through a drainage ditch), slipping past the barbed wire fence and climbing down one side of the canyon, blasting right through the front gate, or even going over the wall in full view of the guards. Alerted guards shoot first and ask questions later.

When the heroes are on their way in, call for a Notice roll. Any hombre who succeeds observes the Iron Dragon locomotive pointed straight *into the mines* rather than the other way around. A hero who succeeds with a raise also makes out several steam carts (see page 28) on the tracks near the mines.

Finding Blount

Inside the camp the infiltrators need to make Stealth rolls to move about unseen. Outside combat, each roll allows an hombre to creep five times his Pace. The camp is full of miners, rail warriors, and kung fu tongs. When first encountered, miners are typically Inactive guards, while rail warriors and tongs are Active sentries—always on the alert for Indian raiders and other intruders.

Locating the errant miner isn't all that hard. After they hung him up on the gallows, Kang's enforcers put his corpse on display in front of Soo's General Supply—a warning to anyone who would defy the mighty Warlord Kang. It remains there now, black tongue hanging out, blue-gray and shot full of holes, with a noose still around its neck. Call for a Guts check for Fear/Nausea from anyone who gets up close and personal with Blount's ill-used corpse.

Although Blount is obviously unable to answer any questions, his small, leather-bound journal is poking out of one breast pocket. Kang's people didn't even bother to look at it. A copy of the last page is provided nearby.

Getting Caught

There's a good chance someone raises the alarm while the corpse is being inspected. Every round the heroes spend on the doorstep of Soo's General Supply, make a Notice roll for the samurai who patrol the camp. They travel in small groups, but they raise the alarm as soon as they see intruders.

- **Samurai (1 per hero):** Use the Seven's stats on page 311.

An extremely skilled and lucky group will be in and out in a trifle, and that's fine (if a little anticlimactic). A group that gets caught needs to think of something fast, before the whole camp comes down on their backs. The heroes have to fight a tough battle in order to climb up the walls or go back through the entrance—that's immediately apparent from the hordes of angry Chinese.

If the heroes didn't hear it from Sharp Horned Buffalo and don't think of it themselves, call for a Smarts check to remember the oddly-directed locomotive. Success means an egghead figures there might be a way out the other side.

Mine Chase!

Most heroes will jump into a steam cart as soon as they see them idling outside the mines. If they take one, the rail warriors on their tail take two of their own (dividing the force between them). The Seven ride their steam velocipedes. A high-speed chase through the mines ensues—use the Chase rules in *Savage Worlds*. After the heroes elude their pursuers, they still need to find their way to one of the other nearby claims.

If the Chase is on foot or vehicular—or a combination of both—consider it an Extended pursuit. This is due to the extensive, winding nature of the mine's dark tunnels. All Driving rolls in this chase are made at –1 due to the twisting and turning mine tunnels. Complications are obstacles—miners, low-hanging rocks, sudden turns—which can result in further penalties.

Whether the chase is vehicular or on foot, the posse has a sizable force of enforcers on their tail. They don't give up until the heroes get away or are defeated. (If the posse chooses to go toe-to-toe in Dusky Jewel, they face twice as many foes.)

- **Kung Fu Fighters (4):** Use Martial Artist stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.
- **The Seven (7):** See page 311.

- **Iron Dragon Enforcers (4):** Use Gunman stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. They are armed with Winchester '73s (24/48/96; 2d8; RoF 1; Shots 15; Min. Str d6, AP 2).

What's Next?

When the heroes return to Charley Bull with Wallace Blount's journal in hand, the Indian is sad to hear of Blount's fate but satisfied with their find. Charley reacts to the news of Dusky Jewel's existence with surprise, saying, "Things have gotten worse than I thought."

Charley wonders about the meeting Blount describes, and he urges the heroes to check it out. He points out that it could be the Ravenites making secret deals with Kang, and if so he needs to know more.

3. In the Fortress O' Fright

Run this adventure when the posse investigates the meeting place described in Blount's journal. That shouldn't happen too soon after Plot Point Two. Devils Tower has waited for thousands of years. It can wait another month while the heroes look for trouble in and around Deadwood—and maybe gain themselves another valuable point of Grit.

For the most part, this tale presents Devils Tower as a static situation—which is to say, if no one interferes it'll just go on that way for a good long time. There's a scene that begins the adventure, and another one that ends it, but in between the posse is pretty much free to handle things how they see fit. Be prepared for this tale to take as many as two or three sessions to complete if the players are left to their own devices; it can be shortened considerably if you want to lead players by the nose.

The Story So Far

The beginnings of this tale are shrouded in the mists of time. And we don't mean the days of Coronado. We're talking prehistory here, Marshal, when the Aztecs, Mayans, and Incas ruled the green jungles of the Yucatán from massive cities that ran red with the blood of human sacrifices. It was back in those days when the visitors fell to earth in a shiny metal craft. That's right, Marshal—visitors from outer space.

These visitors were odd creatures, but they were mostly friendly. Only *occasionally* did they scorch away entire fields or disintegrate upstarts with their crimson beams. The locals took them for gods, and they ruled for a long, long time. The "gods" used these years to solidify a hold on their new empire and to crossbreed human hybrids in bizarre laboratories.

The hybrids were fierce, terrifying creatures. And when the visitors suddenly and inexplicably departed the earth thousands of years ago, they left the crossbreeds in charge.

The crossbreeds were just supposed to keep things in line until their pure-blooded masters returned. But soon their warlike instincts got the better of them, and they waged a war of conquest that spanned all of Mexico and a good part of North America. Winning it didn't require much fighting. For centuries they held humanity under their clawed thumb, ruling from scattered outposts and enclaves.

Isolated from its otherworldly origins the crossbreeds' society eventually declined. The inevitable human uprisings followed, and the crossbreeds—who had never encountered determined human resistance before—were taken completely by surprise. Native armies outnumbering the crossbreeds 100 to one swooped down upon their outposts, slaughtering all they could find. The creatures were scattered and hunted down over the years, until almost none of them remained.

In 1880 there's only one enclave of crossbreeds left on earth—Devils Tower—and those poor devils have seen better days.

Recent Happenings

In 1876 the inhabitants of Devils Tower, which are called *paha wakansica* ("mountain devils") by the Sioux, were doing pretty well. They still had the use of a lot of their race's technology, even if they couldn't exactly remember how it worked, or how to fix it when it broke. They preserved their society's basic hive hierarchy—warriors, techpriests, and workers—even as their culture devolved into superstition. And they had a nice, hollowed-out mountain to call home.

All they wanted was to be left alone, and for the most part that's what transpired. When they needed meat they raided a Sioux camp, and a variety of genetically altered beasts roamed the wilderness around their mountain to keep intruders away.

In the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook* you can read the story of how Warlord Kang traveled to Devils Tower with a hand-picked cadre of kung fu masters, samurai, and Chinese sorcerers. When he came back—along with the few others who survived—he told the *wicasas* that the *paha wakansica* would trouble them no more, and he was right. Thus Kang was granted the right of way to build a rail line to Deadwood, and the rest, as they say, is history.

Except that's only part of the story. Kang led the Sioux to believe he'd wiped out the mountain devils in a titanic dust-up. On the contrary—after seeing what their wonderful technological toys could do, Kang made a deal with the crossbreeds. If they would agree to stay inside their mountain and stop raiding the Sioux, he would provide them with the human meat they crave. The chance to trade for incredibly advanced gizmos was the cherry on top.

For a while everybody got what they wanted. Kang had his right of way to the heart of the High Plains ghost rock trade, the Sioux didn't have to worry about the *paha wakansica* raiding their camps anymore, and the crossbreeds got their human bodies from Kang without any interference. You could almost hear the Reckoners chuckling.

Stone and a Hard Place

The crossbreeds had access to a portal into the Hunting Grounds, located deep inside Devils Tower. By building an advanced generator around the portal, they were able to harness the energies of the spirit world to power their devices. They were a superstitious folk with no small amount of infighting, but they did all right.

In late 1876 things started going downhill for the crossbreeds in a big way. A grim stranger came through their portal—from *another time* altogether—and killed a bunch of crossbreeds before he broke out of Devils Tower. When he later returned with an artifact called the Heart of Darkness, all Hell broke loose. The generator was destroyed, a whole lot of invading heroes got killed or disappeared into the portal, and the crossbreeds got the very worst of it. Many of them expired.

It was a blow from which they didn't recover. Without the generator sucking power from the portal, it started to exert the Reckoners' foul influence like never before. Civil war ripped through Devils Tower. The crossbreeds' gradual decline turned into a mudslide and now it's a mess of savagery and horror.

To find what they're after, the posse has to go to the very heart of it.

The Set Up

The adventure begins when the posse arrives near Devils Tower hoping to see a meeting between Kang's people and the Sioux. Consult the map of the environs of Devils Tower to see where the spot described in Wallace Blount's journal is located.

First we give you the opening scene, then go into all the details of Devils Tower—including how a bunch of spelunkers might get in and out, and what terrors they find inside. After all the details on the crossbreeds' strange realm there's a final, cliffhanger scene that takes place when the posse reaches the portal. That's an awful lot to cover, so let's get to it, Marshal.

Meetin' Place

Blount's journal is very specific about where the meeting took place, but it doesn't go into much detail about the time, other than it being the middle of the night. The spot lies to the west of the Tower Trail that runs between Deadwood and Devils Tower, on a lonely ridge just west of the Belle Fourche River (location X on the map).

Scouts must succeed on a Notice roll to locate the particular stand of pines mentioned in Blount's journal. A successful Tracking roll turns up numerous tracks coming and going on both sides of the ridge, as well as hoof prints and the tracks of wagon wheels. Large numbers of people met here several times in the recent past. The place is deserted now, and the next hand-off of weapons isn't scheduled to take place for several days at least.

Any character who succeeds on a Notice roll at the meeting place finds a few half-smoked cigarillos lying in the dirt. A raise on the roll turns up a small ideogram carved into the bark of one of the pines—a raven.

Waking Dreams

Around this time the investigators start seeing visions of an Indian. The visions keep getting more intense until the posse is compelled to investigate. Pick the most likely hero—an Indian if there's one in your group—to be the first, and take that player aside for a moment to read the following in private.

> *You look toward Devils Tower looming in the distance, and you're surprised to see an Indian standing in the pines not too far away. He wears many white feathers. He stares at you intensely, then speaks. "Find the doorway to the mirror realm. Grant me my freedom." You blink and he's gone.*

Whether they set out to explore the region around Devils Tower (see below if they do) or post a watch for the next meeting between Kang and the Ravenites, each of the heroes has the previous vision if they stick around long enough. An Indian character who succeeds on a Common Knowledge roll (at –2 if the hero isn't from Arizona) identifies the Indian as being of the Havasupai tribe, which is native to the Grand Canyon region of Arizona. A raise identifies the Indian as a shaman, whose totem spirit is Eagle.

As the visions get more intense, or if the characters make camp and go to sleep in the

vicinity of Devils Tower, read the following as a waking vision or nightmare.

> *You're standing on the ridgeline. The screaming wind whips your clothing. You stare at Devils Tower. It's like a black monolith against the red sky. The Indian is standing beside you now. He says, "The ravens are everywhere. Find the doorway and free me." Lightning and thunder crash through the clouds, and the wind howls. "The river, the front entrance, the chimney. They all lead into the devils' lodge. The doorway lies within." Rain starts to fall, and you wake up.*

The posse needs to get to the portal inside Devils Tower (area L5) in order to figure out how to help the shaman. Anywhere inside the mountain, the *detect/conceal arcana* power can be used to get a general sense of where the portal lies in relation to the caster's current position. It is the biggest source of weird energies in the area, after all. Barring that, a group of persistent heroes will just have to poke around in the dark until they find it.

Feel free to drop hints if the mood strikes. Have someone experience another vision of the shaman saying, for example, "Descend. The doorway is below you." You can even give exact directions when, for example, a wounded group is about to blunder into an especially dangerous area of the mountain. ("Not down there, you foolish people—you'll get yourselves killed!")

Then again, you might leave it to your posse to decide where they go and deal with whatever trouble they stir up. Depends what your style is, Marshal.

Tower Trail

The trail leading to Devils Tower crosses the Belle Fourche River east of the meeting place. From there it winds through an extensive prairie dog town, loops north, and finally east again to end at Kang's gate on the western slope of the mountain (location K on the Environs map). All these places are pure trouble, though a few allow access to the mountain's hollow innards. The Fear Level is 4 all around and inside Devils Tower.

The Belle Fourche

There's a way into Devils Tower via the Belle Fourche, but it isn't easy to find and it's even harder to navigate. A character who explores the vicinity and succeeds on a Survival roll realizes that upriver the water is fresh and clean, while downriver it seems to be polluted with filth. That's because part of the flow is diverted underground to provide fresh water for the crossbreeds, and then to flush away their waste.

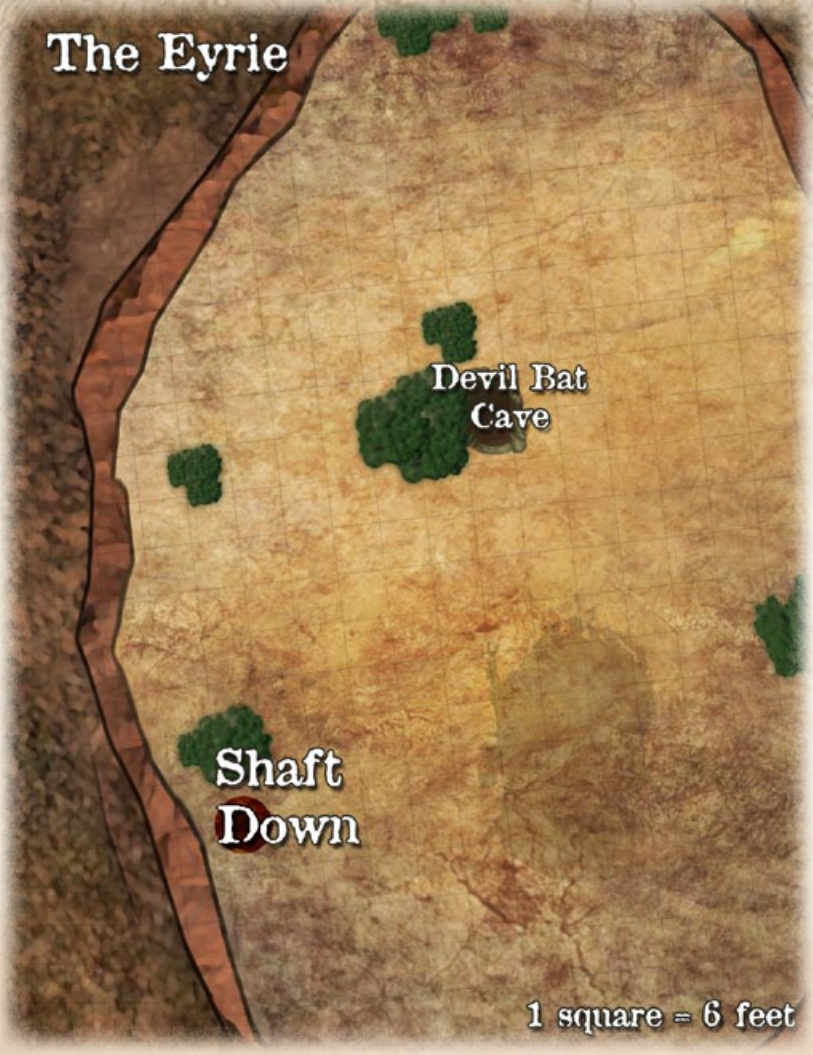
The river is diverted into the mountain at location A on the Devils Tower Environs map. The mouth of the underground river is only about six feet below the surface, so it's easy enough to swim for it. Then the current just sucks a body right in. The problem is that the Belle Fourche and the underground waterway are infested with barrasentries, one of the crossbreeds' genetic experiments.

Draw one card for each player who enters the water; one or more face cards indicates a barrasentry attack. If a Joker comes up they only attack once the swimmers have entered the underground waterway (they "see" in the dark just fine!).

- **Barrasentries (2 per hero):** See page 287.

The waterway actually extends all the way to a dark, underground lake at the base of Devils Tower (see **The Underground Lake** on page 180). There are pockets of air along the way, but it takes a successful Swimming roll (at –2 for pitch darkness unless the hero has a waterproof light) to reach each one. An hombre who succeeds three times has reached the lake. If a swimmer fails a roll, consult the Drowning rules in *Savage Worlds*.

Foul, brackish, toxic waste water is expelled from Devils Tower into the Belle Fourche at location B on the Environs map. Swimming rolls to traverse the stinking and acidic length of this subterranean waterway are made at



–4 (the additional –2 reflects the difficulty of trying to swim against the current through raw sewage). At least there are no barrasentries to worry about.

Prairie Dog Town

The enforcers stationed out at Kang's gate know there's only one way to cross the prairie dog town the Tower Trail runs through the middle of—and that's hanging on to a steam wagon barreling at full speed! They're well aware that the town's inhabitants aren't your typical furry critters.

This large burrow is infested with *piranha dogs*, genetic abominations created long ago by the crossbreeds to guard their lair. These horrors are always hungry. They chirp and bark signals back and forth to each other when intruders approach, then swarm out to attack as soon as someone reaches the dead center of their territory.

- **Piranha Dog Swarms (2):** See page 292.

The Eyrie

The top of Devils Tower isn't easy to reach, but a determined bunch of climbers could get to it with a little luck and a lot of rope. The addition of an auto-gyro makes the prospect a little less daunting (they can rent one in Deadwood—pilot included—for $200 a day). In any case, here's what they find should they reach the summit.

The top of Devils Tower is flat and open, with only a bit of scrub to block the view. Sheer cliffs drop away on all sides. At the center of the peak is a wide bowl-shaped depression that leads down to a series of caves. These are the lairs of a large colony of devil bats.

- **Devil Bats (12):** See the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

The creatures only come out at night, but when they do they come in force. Anyone on top of Devils Tower just after sunset and just before sunrise is sure to encounter the abominations as they're leaving or returning. The varmints try to kill and eat intruders.

Anyone who comes within 30 feet of the southwest corner of the tower and succeeds on a Notice roll hears an eerie moaning. A raise means the character sees the bushes moving as though a breeze is coming up from below, and discovers the shaft. This hole descends directly into the mountain, and is covered by a secure metal grate (Toughness 10, 250 lbs.).

It's odd, but the gentle current in and out of the shaft makes it almost seem like the mountain is *breathing*. It's impossible to see the bottom without lowering a light source—one that won't be extinguished by a steady, moist wind that keeps reversing directions.

If the grate is removed, spelunkers can climb down the shaft with enough rope. It's easily four feet across at the narrowest

Crossbreed Gizmos

Back in 1876 the mountain devils didn't have all that many gizmos left over from their glory days. In 1880, the high-tech toys are as scarce as hen's teeth, and the crossbreeds have pretty much quit using them. My, how the frightful have fallen.

But that doesn't mean there's no treasure to be found in the chaotic caverns of the crossbreeds. The following devices are scattered about Devils Tower, waiting for some explorer to uncover them.

Crossbreed Armor: A tunic of crossbreed armor is amazing stuff. It's light, flexible, and can be worn under a duster without attracting any attention. Best of all, it provides Armor +2 to the torso.

Handtorch: A metallic hemisphere that fits comfortably into the palm, when clicked a handtorch puts out a powerful, bluish-tinted beam of light in a Cone Template. A handtorch needs no powercell to function, but is relatively fragile—if it's dropped or struck it stops working. With careful handling, a handtorch runs for 1d6 years of frequent use.

Medikit: A medikit looks like a medicine ball cut in half. Simply slap the flat side onto a wound and press the button, and the device automatically wraps itself around the damaged area, assesses the trouble, and fixes it like magic. Roll the Medikit's Healing die of d10 and a Wild Die—a success means 1 wound is healed, and a raise heals 2. Each wound healed drains 10 charges from the powercell. A medikit needs a powercell to function, and cannot be used in combat. **Malfunction:** If a 1 is rolled on the Healing die (regardless of the Wild Die), the medikit inflicts 1 wound.

Powercell: A powercell is a battery, more or less, and looks like a small metallic cylinder about 3 inches long. It only comes in one size, and one size fits all the crossbreeds' various doodads. A powercell can hold up to 30 charges. A randomly-discovered powercell has 1d20+5 charges remaining. Powercells can't be recharged.

Raygun: You knew there would be rayguns, amigo. This was once the standard weapon of the crossbreeds, used to scorch their enemies from a distance. It looks like an odd sort of pistol the size of a sawed-off shotgun. When the trigger is pulled a coruscating red beam springs out of the business end. A raygun needs a powercell to work; there's a dial on the side to set the amount of charges used for each shot (to a maximum of 6), and a switch to toggle between Lethal and Nonlethal damage. Note that these settings are written in the crossbreeds' hieroglyphics, so getting the gun to do what you want requires a Smarts roll (–2). **Range:** 12/24/48; **Damage:** 1d6/charge; **RoF:** 1; **Weight:** 2; **Notes:** Lethal or nonlethal damage, up to 6 charges per shot; **Malfunction:** On a roll of 1 or 2 on the Shooting die (regardless of the result of any Wild Die) the gun explodes, causing 1d8 damage per charge expended to everyone in a Medium Burst Template.

Stunstick: This weapon looks something like a short staff, with thick, rounded pads on each end. A stunstick runs on the juice from a powercell, and the user can set the dial to expend 1, 2, or 3 charges per strike. When a charged stunstick strikes an opponent (a Touch Attack), the target must succeed on a Vigor roll (with a penalty equal to the amount of charges used) or be Shaken. Using a stunstick requires two hands. **Malfunction:** If the user's Fighting roll is a 1 (regardless of the Wild Die), the stunstick discharges a lethal jolt of electricity into the user for 1d10 damage per charge expended.

Translator: A translator looks like a small metallic tile stamped with a single crossbreed letter. When worn around the neck, it spits out a canned translation of the user's speech for anyone in the immediate area who doesn't speak the user's language. (Don't ask us how, it just knows.) Kang's men have one of these devices in their possession, as does General Nor (see page 175).

point, and eight feet at the widest. The tube descends about 100 feet through solid rock before turning sharply to the northeast, where it enters the Garden (area G1).

About halfway down the shaft is a nest of mantabats. These fliers swarm out and attempt to sting anyone who climbs past. It is almost impossible to use Stealth to bypass them on a rope, but heroes can try—the mantabats are always considered Active sentries. That's what the crossbreeds made them for, after all. The mantabats never leave the shaft, not even to pursue intruders.

Mantabat (13)

These flying creatures were specifically created by the crossbreeds to guard this entrance to their fortress—they look like tiny manta rays that glide batlike through the air. For the most part they survive by eating bugs and small animals. They are found nowhere else on earth. The beasts make an angry hissing noise when they're riled, and then rush in to sting intruders to death with their tails. Harrowed are completely immune to their venom, as usual!

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

Skills: Fighting d10, Stealth d10

Pace: 0; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 3

Special Abilities:

- **Bite:** Str+d4.
- **Fear:** The hissing of an angry mantabat gives any hombre pause and results in a Guts check.
- **Flight:** Pace 6. Mantabats are somewhat clumsy fliers.
- **Size –2:** Mantabats are only as large as a small bird.
- **Small:** Attackers subtract 2 from any attempt to hit a mantabat.
- **Stinger:** Str+d4. On a Shaken result the stinger injects poison. The target must make a Vigor roll at –2 or fall violently ill for 2 hours. During this time she's at –2 to all Trait rolls.
- **Weakness (Fire):** Mantabats are extremely susceptible to fire. Fire-based attacks do double damage.

Kang's Entrance

The most straightforward method of getting into Devils Tower is the front door. Literally. There is an entrance carved into the solid rock of Devils Tower, which bores through the rubble at the base of the monolith and then into the core of the mountain itself. The mouth of this cave is fitted with a massive, steel-bound, oak door about a foot thick. It's barred from the *outside* with a massive beam of hardwood that's a full foot thick itself.

Unfortunately the door is guarded by Kang's crew. Now don't get too excited, amigo. Even though Kang promised the crossbreeds they'd get the cream-of-the-crop, elite troops to protect their front door, he didn't quite follow through. These dudes got caught sleeping on the job, or some other offense not punishable by summary execution, so Kang banished them to guard duty at Devils Tower.

Turnover is high among the guards. Every so often one gets carried off by the devil bats or other weird things that stalk the High Plains at night. Others simply desert once they figure out Kang isn't ever going to recall them to duty on the railroad. The ones who are left are typically pretty sore-tempered and don't take kindly to trespassers.

Thing is, they're focused on the door—and what might come out of it—most of the time. Compadres who sneak up on the camp receive +2 to Stealth rolls (cumulative with any benefits of cover, darkness, and so forth). In the face of violence, most of these guards fight for exactly as long as the battle is going their way. The second it turns, so do they—at a dead run!

There are eight people on guard here at all times. Six of them are the various Iron Dragon workers currently in exile. They are led by

the ever-capable Joe Liu and his lieutenant and lover Minnie Chung. Joe met Minnie after assuming his post here in '76, and he's fought to keep her from the other guards once or twice. After four long years, Joe Liu still respects his duty but is about ready to abandon that respect and hightail it out of here with Minnie at his side.

The guards don't have much of a plan in the event that something big and evil breaks through the door. Mostly the plan consists of running. Four horses and a steam wagon loaded with ghost rock (20 lbs.) wait at the camp's edge. In their off-hours the guards sometimes ride around the area, but they don't go far for fear of being bushwhacked by a Sioux patrol.

Kang's entrance leads into the Middle Caverns (see page 178).

- **Guards (4):** These are Chinese rail workers who would welcome any excuse to leave this forsaken place. Use Townsfolk stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. They are armed with flamethrowers (Cone Template; 2d10; RoF 1; Shots 30; Min. Str d6, Shooting +2, Opposed Agility roll to avoid).
- **Disgraced Tong (1):** This kung fu warrior did his very best, but failed to win a battle. Kang thanked him for his efforts by sending him here. Use Martial Artist stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.
- **Ronin (1):** This samurai was one of Kang's rail warriors who failed to live up to his master's code. He has this one chance to redeem himself, and he will not give up as long as he is able to stand. Use Rail Warrior (Iron Dragon) stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.
- **Minnie Chung:** Minnie's an old hand at guarding these doors, but she isn't willing to die for them—or Joe. When push comes to shove she'll act to save herself. Use Superior Martial Artist stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*, but make her an Extra.

Joe Liu

Joe's a likable fellow who managed to really annoy Kang at the wrong time. Once he was a top-level administrator in the Iron Dragon hierarchy, until he innocently suggested that the workers might be more productive if they were treated better. Kang decided to show Joe just how much worse the workers could have it. He's been here keeping watch over the gate ever since.

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

Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d10, Knowledge (English) d6, Notice d12, Persuasion d10, Riding d8, Shooting d12, Stealth d8, Survival d8, Swimming d8

Charisma: 0; **Grit:** 3; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 6

Edges: Arcane Background (Chi Mastery), Command, Dodge, Martial Arts, Quick Draw, Superior Kung Fu (Drunken)

Powers: *Aim* d8, *armor* d8, *smite* d10. **Power Points:** 20

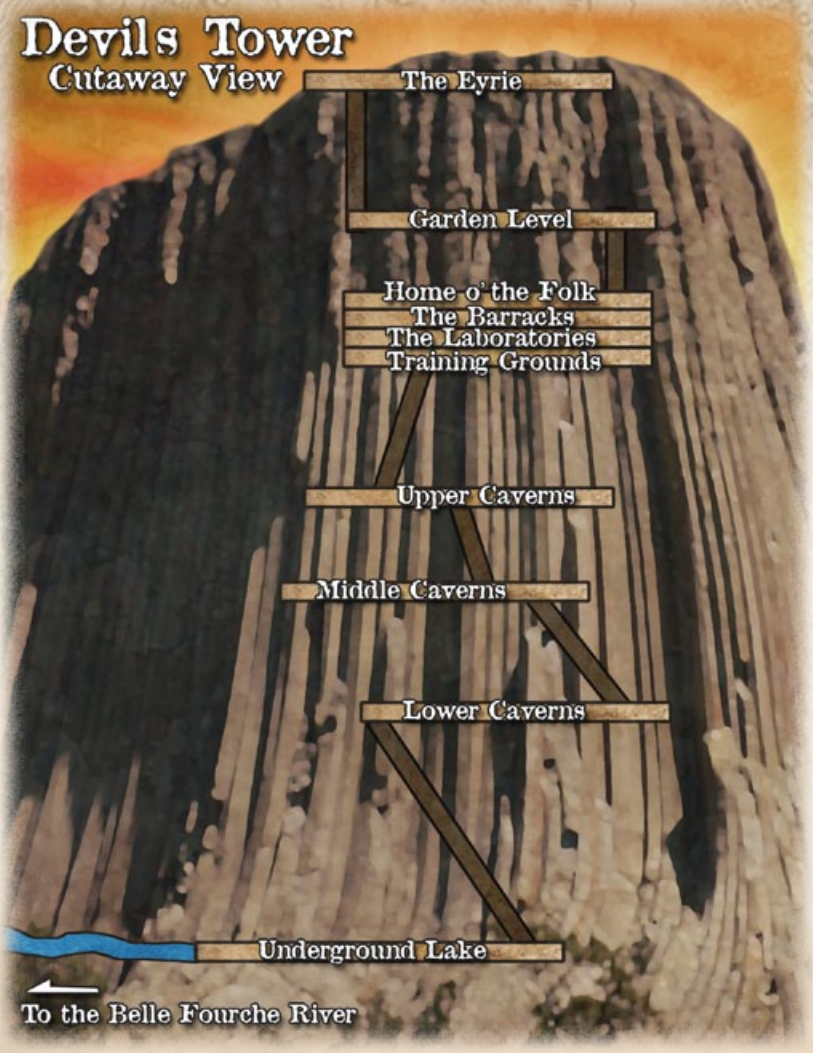
Gear: Gatling shotgun (12/24/48, 1–3d6, RoF 2, Shots 12, Min. Str d8), raygun (12/24/48, 1d6/charge, RoF 1, Lethal or nonlethal damage, up to 6 charges per shot, malfunction), three powercells (20 charges each), crossbreed translator, two horses, Iron Dragon amulet.

Inside Devils Tower

The inside of Devils Tower is hollowed out of the heart of an ancient volcano, a rocky fortress created by the last crossbreeds fleeing human uprisings. Over the years they altered the interior to suit their needs, and it became more and more alien and strange. Now that the long, slow decline of the creatures' society has ended in ruin, the interior is like no other place on earth.

Fightin' Mad!

What the interior currently lacks is any sort of organization. Most of the crossbreeds



have succumbed to the emanations of the Reckoners, some of them twisting into new, more terrible forms. Others doggedly defend the last vestiges of their catacombs against their more bestial brethren. One faction, inspired by War, is planning to resume strikes against the outside world, starting with an attack on Kang's entrance. The desperation of years past has given way to unbridled rage.

Only a few humans have ever set foot inside Devils Tower before. Where it might have shocked a crossbreed to see a human back then, now they're not so impressed by any kind of intruder. One thing they remember how to do is sound the alarm (located in area B4 of the Old Barracks), and once that's done they'll have a good ol' time slaughtering any fresh meat they see. The stink of fear is spreading around Devils Tower again, and if the crossbreeds resume their raids it will only get worse.

The Living Areas

The carved-out parts of Devils Tower share a few important features. The levels where the crossbreeds live (from the Garden down to the old Training Grounds) were originally created as single large caverns, which were then divided into rooms by adding the walls. The walls were melted out of the surrounding stone and reconstituted to look like natural caverns. The ceilings are only about seven feet high, so most heroes won't need to duck their heads but they also don't have much clearance.

Each level has a fountain that used to be refreshed by pump from the Underground Lake (see page 180) far below. The water in these fountains has been stagnant since the pump finally stopped working last year, and it isn't potable to anyone but the mountain devils.

Each level is connected to the ones above and below it by a wide, spiraling ramp of stone. These ramps are upwards of 75 feet long, and they tend to muffle sounds between levels. Even gunshots aren't likely to be audible between one level and the next. So if the heroes manage to stir up an entire level's worth of angry crossbreeds, at least they'll only have to worry about that one level for the time being.

Air used to be pumped through the interior by a large fan at the very top of the ramp on the Garden level, which in turn aided the air flow through the exhaust shaft. The fan has long since broken down. The air inside the tower is somewhat stale (with a strong odor of decomposition), but natural currents provide a bit of air recycling through the shaft, and the overgrown plants of the Garden level provide a fair amount of oxygen as well.

Large hemispherical light sconces are built into the walls of all the crossbreed living areas. Once upon a time they turned on

automatically and clicked off 16 hours later, creating artificial night and day. Most of the grid that powered them is burned out now—the Garden being the single exception—so most of the interior is in complete darkness. If a compadre has no light, or his lantern gets busted, he's subject to all the penalties of Pitch Darkness. The crossbreeds don't sweat it quite so much with their infravision.

The interior is split into several distinct levels, which are depicted in cross-section nearby (see the Devil's Tower Cutaway View Map). Let's cover all the details from top to bottom.

The Garden Level

The Garden Level consists primarily of a single large chamber. A ramp descends to the Home o' the Folk. This level is also accessible via the shaft from the Eyrie (see page 162).

G1. Overgrown Gardens

The light sconces set into the walls around this level are the only ones still functioning in the tower. Without anyone to tend it, the once-orderly garden has run riot and made this room into a huge terrarium. Read the following when the heroes enter.

> *The air is muggy and warm here, and you're a little surprised to hear the soft patter of rain falling on leaves. The chamber seems huge, but you can't tell exactly how big due to the vibrant green growth that literally fills it from top to bottom. You see huge specimens of corn, peas, wheat, and barley, along with an orchard of massive apple trees that spread great limbs across the chamber's heights. Many of the plants and trees are varieties you don't even recognize!*

The falling water isn't actually rain, but it follows the same principle. Humidity condenses onto the cool rocks of the stalactite-covered ceiling and steadily drips back onto the garden. The lights are on for twelve hours each day, and dark for the other twelve (roughly corresponding to the exterior night and day). It's a remarkably self-sustaining system.

The shaft (from the Eyrie) opens into one corner of the garden at ceiling level, about 40 feet above the floor. There is a ledge there upon which a climber can perch, but more rope is needed to get down to the floor of the garden. Alternately, one could attempt to scramble down through the boughs of a giant apple tree, but this maneuver requires a Climbing roll (–2).

Hombres wandering around in here quickly find that the garden isn't without defenders of its own. Specially created breeds of worm and wasp provide essential aeration of the soil and pollination of the flowering plants. They also viciously attack any intruders!

Rockworm (12)

Rockworms look exactly like earthworms, except they're over a half-inch around and a foot long—enough to give any entomophobic the fits! They can burrow through rock as easily as soil, and in fact soil is what's left behind when they do so. An observer who knows what she's looking for can spot an oncoming rockworm by its telltale furrow in the dirt (Notice –2).

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

Skills: Fighting d6, Stealth d6

Pace: 2; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 2

Special Abilities:

- **Acid Touch:** 2d6. The front tip of a rockworm secretes acid, allowing it to burrow through rock, wood, or the bottom of an hombre's boot. Rockworms are pretty slow, so they can only use this attack on a foe who did not move during the round.
- **Burrow:** Pace 4.
- **Size –2:** Rockworms are only a foot long and pretty thin.
- **Small:** Attackers subtract 2 from rolls to hit a rockworm.

Rockwasp Swarms (2)

Rockwasps look like regular wasps or hornets, except they're two or three inches long with a mottled gray coloration. Your Aunt Clara doesn't want one of *these* bees in her bonnet! The rockwasps efficiently pollinate all the garden's plants, and they also viciously attack intruders—mice, rats, bats, and especially people. Rockwasps' sense of smell is finely attuned, so they are able to sense and attack intruders within a minute or two of them entering the area.

The rockwasps *cannot* smell intruders crouching in the opening of the shaft. Rockwasps are repelled by the stench of crossbreeds, so they won't approach or attack them under any circumstances. They do not pursue intruders beyond the Garden level.

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

Skills: Fighting d4, Notice d8

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

Special Abilities:

- **Sting:** Rockwasp swarms inflict painful stings every round to their victims, hitting automatically and causing 2d6 poison damage to everyone in the template (victims in completely sealed suits are immune).
- **Split:** Rockwasps are clever enough to split into two smaller swarms (Small Burst Templates) should their foes split up. The Toughness of these smaller swarms is lowered by –2 (to 5 each).
- **Swarm:** Parry +2, Medium Burst Template. Because a swarm is composed of scores of rockwasps, cutting and piercing weapons do no real damage. Area-effect weapons (including flamethrowers) work normally, and a character can stomp to inflict his damage in Strength each round.

G2. Storage Room

This large chamber at one end of the gardens was once used to store various farming implements for the crossbreeds' use, much like your typical barn. Now it has fallen into disrepair, and worse, it's home to a creature grown by the portal's weird emanations—the bloodsuckle rose.

Bloodsuckle Rose

The bloodsuckle rose looks like a tangled rose bush, with blood-red flowers and long thorny vines that grow all over the chamber's floor, walls, and ceiling. In actuality it's a vicious blood-sucking abomination. Every once in a while a crossbreed wanders in here and gets eaten, but the bloodsuckle hasn't had any food in quite a while so it has basically gone into hibernation. Any sounds or vibrations awaken it almost immediately and cause it to exude its sweet odor.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d8 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d10, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d12, Notice d10

Pace: 0; **Parry:** 10; **Toughness:** 10

Special Abilities:

- **Improved Block:** The vines of a bloodsuckle rose are whiplike and quick, providing Parry +2.
- **Fear:** When the bloodsuckle rose's true nature is revealed, anybody who sees it in action must make a Guts check.
- **Fearless:** The bloodsuckle rose is immune to Fear.
- **Flurry of Thorns:** Str+d6. The bloodsuckle rose may attack with up to six thorn-covered vines each round without suffering a multi-action penalty.
- **Grabbing Vines:** The bloodsuckle rose can use a vine to Grapple a foe. After grappling, the thorny vines automatically suck blood from the victim on subsequent rounds. An entangled victim must make a Vigor roll (–2) or suffer a level of Fatigue from blood loss. A hero Incapacitated by this attack dies if any more blood is sucked out.
- **Hardy:** If the bloodsuckle rose is Shaken, further Shaken results do not cause a wound.
- **Plant:** Plants are not subject to Tests of Will.
- **Size +3:** The bloodsuckle rose grows large enough to fill the chamber it lives in.
- **Sweet Lure:** The bloodsuckle rose gives off a sweet, heady odor that's like ambrosia to humans. Anyone who smells it must make a Spirit roll (–2) or be compelled to investigate more closely.
- **Weakness (Vinegar):** If vinegar, or any other strong acidic liquid, is splashed onto the bloodsuckle rose it takes 2d6 damage per splash. Larger amounts inflict up to 3d10 damage.
- **Coup:** A Harrowed who absorbs the essence of the bloodsuckle never has to worry about her foul, rotten odor again—she always smells fresh and sweet as a bouquet of roses.

Home o' the Folk

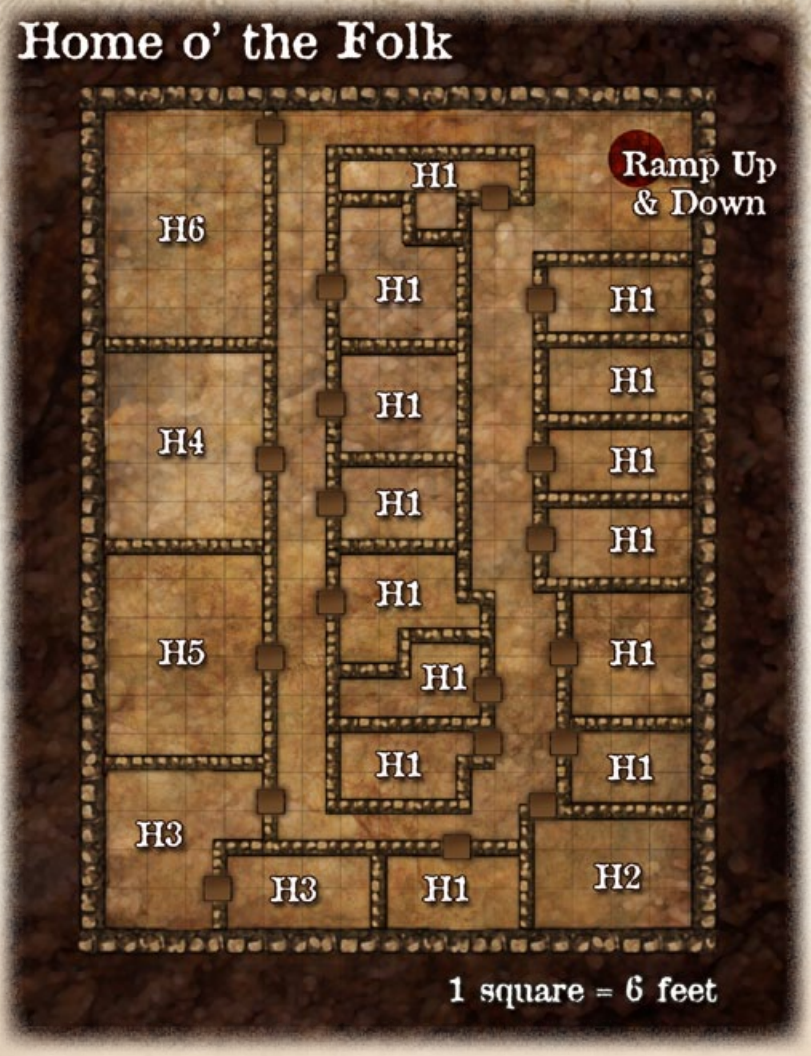
This level is separated into many smaller chambers which were once the dwellings of citizens. The level is accessed by a single ramp at one corner that leads up to the Garden level and down to the Barracks. Read the following when the posse reaches the entrance to this level.

> *An arched doorway leads off the ramp into a stone chamber. The walls in here are surprisingly square and regular, but the air is clammy and stale. A few hallways, just as plumb perfect as the room, lead off into pitch darkness. From somewhere way off in the murk comes an odd chittering noise…and occasionally a squawk or yelp echoes through the catacomb.*

Four years ago there were as many as 400 crossbreeds living in Devils Tower. That number has been cut to about 150, as the creatures' society gave way to savagery and they began to fight gory wars among themselves. At the same time they experienced a sudden drop in birthrate. At present the situation has calmed somewhat, and for the most part the remaining crossbreeds do not bother each other, although they sometimes engage in bloody skirmishes. Crossbreeds from all levels make regular trips to the Garden level to gather food.

This level is populated by the "folk" of the crossbreeds—the average citizens that make up most of the population. Not too long ago they still bothered to keep a record of their race's history, and carefully preserved the artifacts of their long-lost technological prowess. Now they're illiterate and driven by instinct, although they do still worship their runes as symbols of divine power.

Folk crossbreeds wander this level individually and in packs of 2d8. A total of 110 crossbreeds dwell here in close quarters. The lights do not function any more, meaning this level is always pitch black.



Folk Crossbreed

A folk crossbreed has green, scaly skin like a lizard's, black eyes, needle-like teeth, and long, sharp talons on its hands. All in all, these buggers look like a cross between an alligator and a hairless ape. They stink to high heaven too. While this might give them away in polite company, inside Devils Tower *everything* stinks to high heaven.

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

Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d8, Stealth d8

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 6 (1)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +1:** The tough reptilian skin of a crossbreed protects it from damage.
- **Claws:** Str+d6.
- **Fear:** The sight of a crossbreed provokes a Guts check.
- **Infravision:** Crossbreeds halve the penalties for darkness.
- **Size –1:** A folk crossbreed stands three to five feet tall and weighs about 150 pounds.

H1. Living Quarters

The majority of rooms on this level are living quarters for the many crossbreeds who lair here. Whenever the heroes enter one of these rooms, roll 1d6. On a 1–2, no one's there. On a 3–4, there are 2d4 crossbreeds in the room either taking care of daily business or sleeping (50/50 chance). On a roll of 5–6, there are 2d8 crossbreeds—all awake and alert.

For the most part these rooms are in disarray. The old sleeping pallets have been torn to shreds and piled into crude nests. Fruit and vegetable husks, as well as the bones of small animals and birds, are scattered everywhere.

The most amazing thing about these rooms is the fact that intricate hieroglyphics nearly cover the walls. These runes tell the story of every crossbreed who lived in the room over the years. The records go back for centuries, as anyone who uses the *speak language* power or makes a successful Knowledge (Linguistics) roll can discern. Reading one entire room takes an hour, but by doing so a scholar learns just about everything included under **The Story So Far** for this tale (see page 158).

H2. Folk Pleader's Home

This was once the home of the leader of all the folk, who was known as the "Folk Pleader." The main duty of the position was to plead the folks' case to the Prime Leader—the last one was named Serba, but she's long dead.

H3. Prime Leader's Home

The Prime Leader—the supreme crossbreed who controlled Devils Tower—made his home among the folk and took multiple mates. His

chambers are twice as big as the other living quarters on this level. Bereft of their former grandeur, they are used as communal living spaces like all the rest.

Scavengers who poke around in the rubbish and scraps can make Notice rolls. A character who succeeds finds a single crossbreed raygun (see page 163), which contains a powercell with 4 charges left. Another successful Notice roll turns up a stunstick with a fully charged powercell.

H4. Workshop

This is where the folk used to gather during the day to craft the devices and items they needed to maintain their lifestyle in Devils Tower. The creatures have long since forgotten how to use tools, or that they had any need of comfortable furniture or manufactured weapons.

However, the creatures are curious about this place, likely due to some rudimentary memories of their former duties. There are usually 10–20 crossbreeds poking around this room in curiosity.

H5. Schoolhouse

Here the crossbreed females used to instruct youngsters in the ways of the folk. Since the birthrate has declined so significantly, the room is used as a nursery for the few children still born to the creatures. Most of the time 20–30 female crossbreeds, and about 15 young ones, can be found here.

H6. Meeting Hall

This large chamber is where the entire crossbreed population used to meet when they were called together by the Prime Leader. Now it is used to keep the cleaner contained, since the device went nuts a few years ago and started trying to "clean" the crossbreeds. The crafty buggers lured it in here and barred the doors from the outside.

The cleaner is a strange gizmo created in the distant past. No one knows how it works exactly, but for a long time it used its rayguns to scour all the crossbreeds' caverns. If it's freed, it attempts to "clean" every being it encounters—clean them into a blackened cinder, that is.

Cleaner

The cleaner is a floating, silvery, metallic globe, about 18 inches in diameter, that used to roam about keeping things tidy with focused blasts of energy. Now it waits patiently to be released so it can scorch everything it encounters to death. There might be more cleaners drifting around the interior of Devils Tower—it's up to you, Marshal.

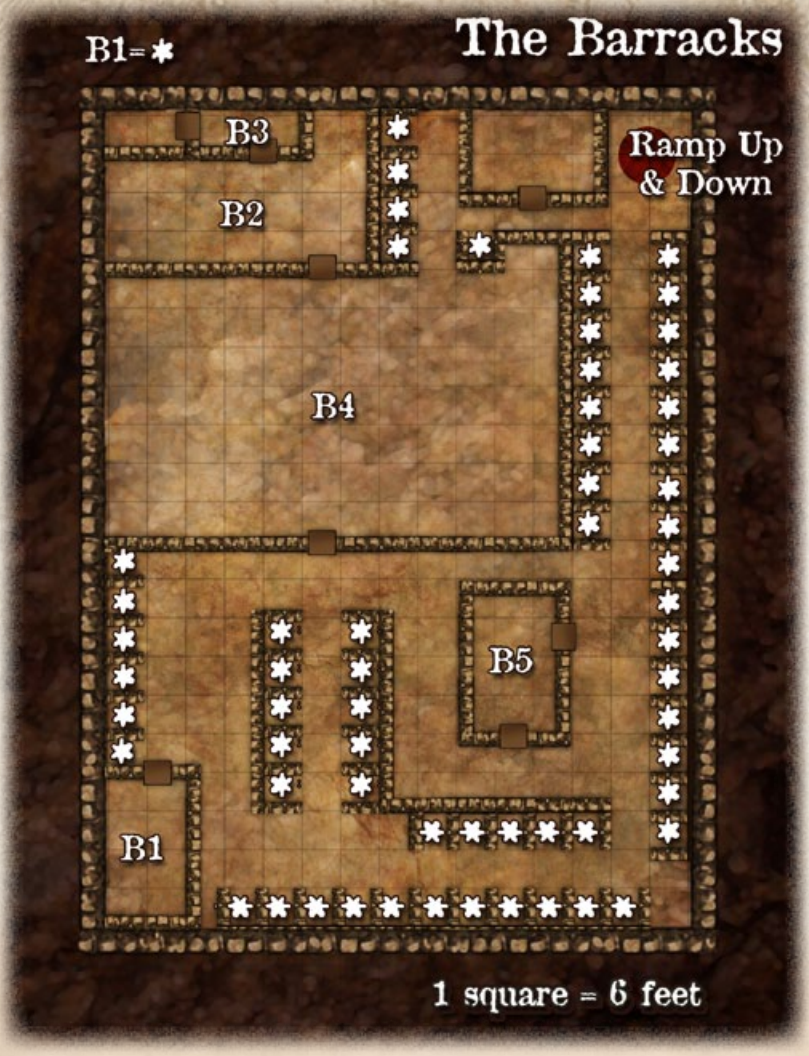
Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d8, Shooting d8, Stealth d6

Pace: 0; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 8 (2)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +2:** The metallic shell of the cleaner protects it from harm.
- **Construct:** +2 to recover from Shaken; no additional damage from Called Shots; immune to disease and poison.
- **Energy Sheet:** 2d6, Cone Template. The cleaner can project a flat, low-grade energy beam that scours entire walls and floors clean.
- **Flight:** Pace 8. The cleaner hovers and bobs in the air.
- **Hardy:** If the cleaner is Shaken, further Shaken results do not cause a wound.
- **Improved Dodge:** Due to the cleaner's rapid movements in the air, enemies subtract 2 from their attack rolls. The cleaner receives +2 to avoid area effect weapons (when allowed).
- **Indomitable:** The cleaner is immune to Fear and Tests of Will.
- **Raygun Blast:** 12/24/48; 2d10; RoF 1; Shots 10.



The Barracks

This level once housed the elite fighting forces of the crossbreeds. The soldiers who remain live in fear of the strange creatures that dwell in the Laboratories, and often have to defend against raids by the savage warriors of the Training Grounds. A single ramp accesses the level at one corner, leading up to the Home of the Folk and down to the Laboratories. Read the following passage when the heroes reach this level.

Beyond the archway that opens onto this level, a single opening leads to two passages going in different directions. The whole place is filled with the same eye-watering stench. From somewhere off in the darkness comes the echo of hoarse voices joined in a strange, rhythmic chanting. You don't like the sound of it one bit. Right about then you see a pair of luminous red eyes in the dark – just before they cut and run!

A crossbreed sentry is always posted at the entrance to this level. When it sees intruders of any stripe it immediately dashes to the dining hall to warn the others. Heroes who move past the entrance using Stealth don't necessarily get noticed, but those who poke their heads in or shine a light definitely do! If the whole level is alerted by sounding the siren in the dining hall, all the soldiers gather to eliminate the invaders with tooth and claw (but they don't pursue beyond the confines of their own level).

The Barracks level is separated into even more rooms than the Home o' the Folk. Most are tiny chambers where the crossbreeds' warrior caste once dwelled. Those who remain spend their time together in the dining hall, training for combat and mindlessly repeating the chants of the warrior caste over and over.

Warrior crossbreeds wander this level individually and in packs of 2d6. A total of 30 soldier crossbreeds dwell here. The lights do not function any more, meaning this level is always pitch black.

Soldier Crossbreed

A soldier crossbreed stands about five-and-a-half feet tall and weighs 200 pounds. Like others of their race, they are reptilian creatures with taloned hands and needle-like teeth.

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

Skills: Climbing d10, Fighting d8, Guts d6, Intimidation d8, Stealth d10

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 9 (2)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +2:** The tough reptilian skin of a crossbreed protects it from damage.
- **Block:** Soldiers add +1 to Parry.
- **Dodge:** Attackers subtract 1 from Shooting or Throwing rolls against a soldier.

- **Claws:** Str+d8.
- **Fear:** The sight of a crossbreed provokes a Guts check.
- **Infravision:** Crossbreeds halve the penalties for darkness.

B1. Cells

These tiny, spartan chambers once housed a single warrior each. Now the majority of them remain empty most of the time. However, many hold forgotten technological relics among the scattered trash and debris. When a character searches one of these rooms, roll on the following table to see what's found.

Cell Contents

d20	*Item*
1	A medikit
2–11	Nothing
12–13	A handtorch
14–15	1d4 powercells (1d20+5 charges each)
16–17	A tunic of crossbreed armor
18–19	A stunstick
20	A raygun

B2. Kitchens

Folk crossbreed used to toil here, preparing food for the rest of their kind. A massive stove and oven sit at one end of the room, dark and cold. The chamber is filled with old items that would make good weapons: pots, pans, knives, and so forth. Much of it is rusted or broken. Roll 1d6 when heroes enter this room. On 1–4, the room is empty except for the scattered trash. On 5–6, there is a single soldier crossbreed scavenging among the leavings.

B3. Cooler

In the back corner of the kitchen stands a walk-in cooler. The outer room is just cool, what we would think of as a refrigerator. The back area is a true freezer that goes as low as 10° F. Like the lights on the Garden level, it's one of the few machines hooked up to the old power grid that still functions. That's partly due to the fact that a manitou got in here a few years back and infused itself into the inner door.

Trapping just one sentient creature inside the cooler—crossbreed, human, what have you—generates an awful lot of fear for this manitou. Maybe not enough to satisfy a Reckoner, but plenty to justify inhabiting an old door!

When living things poke around in here, the inner door stands open invitingly with a few wisps of chilled air leaking out. As soon as anyone steps inside, the door slams shut and locks. It is made of thick, solid wood (Toughness 14) and has a small window made of some clear, unbreakable substance set into the middle of it (also Toughness 14). Characters trapped inside the cooler must deal with the freezing Cold (see *Savage Worlds*).

- **Manitou:** This spirit is infused in the inner door, but if the door is destroyed it is set free into the physical world, in tangible form. See page 302 for Normal Manitou stats. The beast has a mocking demeanor, and an appearance straight out of one of your heroes' Worst Nightmare. That particular hombre takes an extra –2 on the Guts check!

B4. Dining Hall

This massive hall is where all the crossbreeds once shared their meals at long, rough-hewn, wooden tables. Now the tables are pushed aside, and the soldiers use this room as their crude training hall. There are 3d8 soldier crossbreeds here at any given time.

The main siren is here as well, set into the middle of the west wall. It is a simple hand-crank; when turned a warbling wail (very much like a klaxon horn) sounds from multiple sirens throughout all the crossbreed levels—from the Garden down to the Training Grounds.

- **Soldier Crossbreeds (3d8):** See page 172.

B5. Armory

This place was once paydirt for heroes looking to cash in on the mountain devils' advanced technology. Certainly Kang would have loved to have seen this place. Now, however, it's been ransacked but good. When humans rampaged through this place back in '76 they didn't leave any of the super-powered goodies behind, and most of them were taken into the portal and never came back. Roll 1d6 when heroes enter this room. On 1–5, the room is empty except for the wreckage strewn about. On a 6, 1d6 soldier crossbreeds scavenge among the leavings.

The Laboratories

A few years ago the Laboratories were solely the domain of the crossbreeds called "techpriests," the caste that preserved as much scientific knowledge as they could about their ancestors' technological creations. Unfortunately it was more religion than science, and the techpriests didn't do much more than pore over and grapple with hieroglyphic instructions passed down over countless generations.

Read the following when the heroes reach this level.

> *The archway in front of you is as dark as the rest of this hellish place. Beyond it a single hallway goes south for about five feet before turning sharply to the right and out of sight. The stench of rot is thick here.*

The civil war that tore the hybrids' society apart over the past two years was started by the leader of the techpriests, a cunning and ruthless crossbreed called Norbando. After the power generator was destroyed, he led the others to believe he was working to fix it. Actually Norbando had been inspired by whispering manitous that slipped through the unguarded portal, and his goal was something else entirely. By the time Norbando got done experimenting on himself and others, all the other techpriests were dead and crossbreed society was collapsing around their scaly green ears.

Shunned by every other creature that dwells inside Devils Tower, the Laboratory level is now Norbando's lair. He calls himself "General Nor," and is busily building an army of savage, mutated crossbreeds in the Training Grounds one level below. When his legions are ready, General Nor plans a triumphant and bloody return to the outside world.

For now he's content to perfect his own "augmentations," and to capture crossbreeds from the levels above to bolster his growing army below. Nor maintains contact with Kang and his men, and accepts occasional deliveries of humans captured in and around Deadwood's Chinatown.

L1. Labs

These rooms were formerly populated by the techpriests, who spent day in and day out trying to unravel the mysteries of manufacturing their own technology. General Nor conducted his secret experiments on humans in one of these chambers, and still does so whenever he receives a shipment of living cargo from Kang's men. The General spends most of his time moving between these rooms in feverish labor.

Currently there are bloody, decomposing remains of humans and crossbreeds on the examination tables in all these rooms, as well as one living subject—Mortimer Johns. An elderly miner who got himself abducted in Deadwood, Mortimer is strapped down to a table, with his innards sliced open and ready for dissection. He can still be saved, but only by a posse with Healing skills of some kind. His mind is already half gone from the terrors he's endured.

- **Mortimer Johns:** Use Townsfolk stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. Johns is considered Walking Wounded until he is patched up.

General Nor

General Nor's surgical self-augmentation has resulted in a terror truly awful to look at. Like others of his race, he is a vaguely reptilian creature with taloned hands and needle-like teeth. That's where the resemblance ends. Now he's got six arms, armor plates sewn up under his skin, and steam-powered mechanical legs. Hundreds of rubber tubes all over his bulk protrude from one oozing wound and disappear into some other orifice, carrying weird liquids for who-knows-what purpose. Put simply, General Nor's one *ugly* so-and-so.

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

Skills: Fighting d12, Guts d10, Healing d6, Intimidation d12, Knowledge (Medicine) d8, Repair d8, Shooting d10

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 13 (4)

Gear: Raygun (12/24/48, 1d6/charge, RoF 1, Lethal or nonlethal damage, up to 6 charges per shot, malfunction), two powercells (12 charges each), translator.

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +4:** General Nor has pads of crossbreed armor surgically implanted under his already tough hide.
- **Claws:** Str+d8.
- **Fear (–2):** The sight of General Nor's awfulness provokes a Guts check (–2).
- **Improved Frenzy:** Due to his many flailin' arms, General Nor makes two Fighting attacks per round without penalty.
- **Infravision:** Crossbreeds halve the penalties for darkness.
- **Piston Legs:** General Nor's clanking ghost-rock-powered legs allow him to race around at Pace 8.
- **Size +2:** General Nor stands about seven-and-a-half feet tall and weighs 400 pounds.

L2. Novitiary

This is where the young techpriests used to learn arcane bits of knowledge to help them tend the crossbreeds' technology. Writing desks and chairs are scattered all over the room. This place hasn't been used in years.

L3. Reliquary

Like the armory upstairs, this was once a jackpot for tech-minded explorers. Now its treasures have all been plundered, or cannibalized for parts that General Nor could implant in himself.

L4. Hospital

Sick and injured crossbreeds used to come here for aid. Now it is empty and the cots are thick with dust. A hero who searches the room and succeeds on a Notice roll finds two functioning medikits (see page 163) and two fully-charged powercells in a small cabinet built into the wall.

L5. Portal Room

This chamber holds the shattered remnants of the crossbreeds' power generator, as well as a rip in space that leads to the Hunting Grounds. The portal has stood open in this chamber for centuries, since long before the crossbreeds arrived to harness its energies.

Go to **At the Portal** on page 181 when the heroes enter this room.

Training Grounds

The mutated exiles of the old warrior caste have taken up residence in the battle maze they once used for training, awaiting General Nor's order to go to war. At one corner of this level, a ramp goes up to the Laboratories. At the opposite corner of the level, a gated ramp descends about 200 feet to the Upper Caverns.

There are a total of 10 mutant soldiers dwelling here. They wander freely about the maze and kill any intruders they come across…after playing with them for a while. The mutants know where the remaining unsprung traps are, and avoid them.

Mutated Soldier Crossbreed

Like others of their race, mutated soldiers are reptilian creatures with taloned hands and needle-like teeth. General Nor's experiments and injections of "dark extracts" have turned them into nearly mindless killing machines. They obey the General's every order without hesitation.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d8, Strength d12, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d10, Intimidation d8, Stealth d6

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 13 (3)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +3:** The tough reptilian skin of a crossbreed protects it from damage.
- **Claws:** Str+d8. Mutant soldiers' claws are extra-long and razor sharp.
- **Fear:** The sight of a crossbreed provokes a Guts check.
- **Fearless:** Mutant soldiers are immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- **Improved Frenzy:** Mutant soldiers make two Fighting attacks each round without penalty.
- **Infravision:** Crossbreeds halve the penalties for darkness.
- **Size +2:** A mutated soldier crossbreed stands about seven feet tall and weighs 300 pounds.

T1. Pit Trap

This is a false floor that gives way if more than 200 pounds of pressure is placed on top of it. Heroes standing on it when it exceeds its weight limit must succeed on an Agility roll (–2) or drop 10 feet into a pool of icy

water. The water is about eight feet deep and contains two barrasentries.

- **Barrasentries (2):** See page 287.

T2. Tripwire

A wire is strung across the hall here at ankle height. It takes a Notice roll (–2) to see the wire. Don't forget to apply any Darkness penalties, and if a cowpoke is running that's worth a –2 penalty too. If the wire is tripped, a small but powerful explosive charge falls out of a hidden compartment and blows up for 3d6 damage in a Medium Burst Template.

T3. Ceiling Blade

The floor here is a large pressure plate. When stepped on, there's an audible click right before a massive pendulum-like blade swings down to chop the stepper in two. It takes a successful Agility roll (–2) to dodge the falling razor. Failure means an unfortunate hombre gets cut for 3d6 damage.

T4. Slamming Walls

The floor gives way when trod upon, but not all the way. It bends on a center hinge and causes the walls (which are mounted on rails) to slam together, causing 4d6 damage to anyone unlucky enough to be standing there. A successful Agility roll gets a hero out of the way. Each wall section is about two yards wide.

If an explorer gets slammed between the walls, she's trapped unless she succeeds on another Agility roll to wriggle free. If the Agility roll comes up snake eyes, the poor sod takes another 2d6 damage trying to get loose, and is still stuck.

T5. Lower Gate

At the top of this ramp there's a metal gate that blocks access to the lower levels. The gate is made of iron strips cast together into a giant grate of squares, each about one foot wide. It's nearly impossible for an adult to fit through one of these holes, and it does a real fine job of keeping out all the nasties that live down below.

There is a large lever on the inside wall, beside the gate, that opens and closes it (and is still connected to the power grid). The gate is currently locked. From the outside, it's impossible to reach the lever by stretching an arm, but a walking stick, lasso, or rifle could be used to trip the lever from the outside. Let your group find their own solution, should they find themselves locked out.

The Caverns

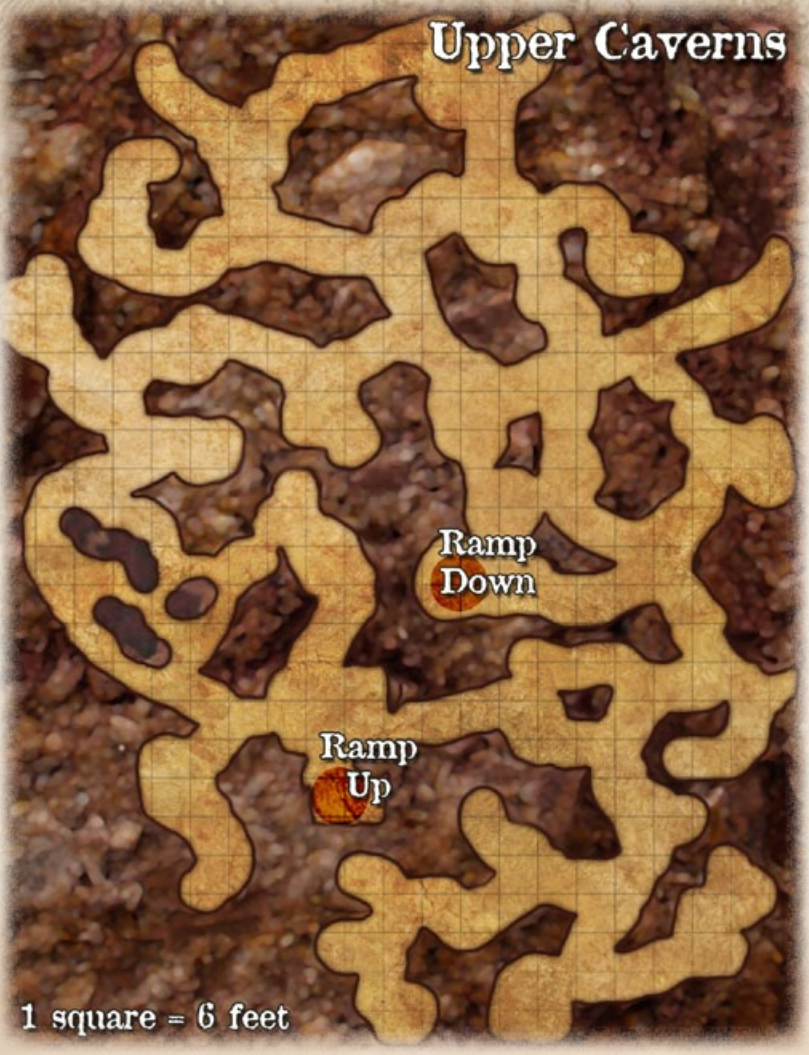
The Caverns are the domain of numerous terrifying creatures. They prefer to dwell in the dark and feed upon anything unfortunate enough to wander down here. Winding tunnels and lonely passages make up the majority of these levels, with a dank, dripping chamber here and there.

Besides the obvious passages and tunnels marked on the maps, there are numerous other cracks, crevices, crawlspaces, and grottoes that fork from the beaten paths. If you're letting your explorers find their own way, remember that these levels can be extremely dangerous—it's easy for a posse to get lost, separated, and attacked by enough hazards to make sure they wind up riding the midnight train to memorial park.

Upper Caverns

One ramp accesses this level from the Training Grounds above, and another descends to the Middle Caverns. The Upper Caverns are the domain of the stingers, genetically engineered "guard dogs" created to be domesticated critters and companions. That relationship ended centuries ago, when the stingers rebelled against their masters and were banished from the living areas to the caverns below.

The stingers still fulfill the role of guard dogs, but they don't discriminate between targets. Anything entering the Upper Canyons—human, crossbreed, or otherwise—



is considered food. The hunt is on! Around 40 of them dwell here now, prowling in packs of 2d8.

Stinger

Time was when a stinger was about the most cuddly, affectionate, protective pet a crossbreed could have. Times have changed. The stingers were cast out from their masters' affections a long time ago, and maybe that's why they're so damn ornery now. Stingers are vaguely insectoid creatures covered in red and black chitinous shells. When they come rushing out of the dark there's not much to see but razor-sharp teeth and stinging tails whipping about.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8 (A), Spirit d8, Strength d10, Vigor d8

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

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 7 (2)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +2:** The armored shell of a stinger provides armor.
- **Bite:** Str+d6. A stinger may use its vicelike jaws to Grapple on any successful Fighting roll (whether damage is inflicted or not).
- **Fear:** Stingers are terrifying creatures. It takes a Guts check to stand up to one.
- **Mottled Carapace:** A stinger's mottled coloration makes it hard to see in the dark. Attackers take an additional –1 penalty to target a stinger in Dim and Dark conditions.
- **Size –1:** Stingers are about as big as your average hound dog.
- **Stinging Tail:** Str+d4. A stinger uses its venom on Grappled foes. Anyone Shaken or wounded by the creature's stinging tail must make a Vigor roll or be paralyzed for 1d6+4 rounds.

Middle Caverns

The Middle Caverns are accessible by three routes, even though most smart folks wouldn't be caught dead here. A ramp descends to this level from the Upper Caverns above, and another descends to the Lower Caverns below. Kang's entrance (see page 164) also leads into this level, but fear of the thing that dwells here was what inspired Kang to install a massive door over it. None of the tower's inhabitants come here if they can avoid it, and if they can't avoid it they usually run through this level at top speed.

The Darkblob

The creature referred to as the "darkblob" by Kang's people is actually an intelligent colony of microscopic bits of slime mold that haunts the eternally dark catacombs of the Middle Caverns. When it shows itself, it resembles a shiny, black blob of tar. The colony is controlled by a nebulous hive mind

that has no physical location. Since the cells communicate with each other psychically, they don't need to be in contact at all times—and they almost never are. This means it's almost impossible to completely destroy the darkblob.

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

Skills: Fighting d8, Stealth d6

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 12

Special Abilities:

- **Acidic Secretions:** A victim Grappled by the darkblob takes 2d6 acid damage each round, in addition to any damage that results from the Grapple.
- **Divide:** The darkblob can split itself into as many as 3 portions, each of which has the same abilities as the whole. Divided darkblobs have Toughness 8 and are roughly human-sized (ignore Size +4).
- **Fear (–2):** The darkblob is supremely alien and terrifying, provoking a Guts check (–2) from anybody who eyeballs it.
- **Flurry of Tentacles:** The darkblob forms as many tentacles as it needs to attack all adjacent foes, and suffers no multi-action penalties. Each tentacle Grapples, and on the following round attempts to drag a foe into its bulk with an opposed Strength roll. If the darkblob wins, the victim is plunged into its acidic bulk and takes 2d10 damage each round until dissolved. To pull himself free, a victim must win an opposed Strength roll.
- **Hardy:** If the darkblob is Shaken, further Shaken results do not cause a wound.
- **Immunity:** The darkblob is immune to most physical attacks. A tentacle can be hacked off with a sharp blade by inflicting a single wound (Toughness 6), but this does not actually harm the darkblob. Severed tentacles are absorbed back into the thing's bulk and it may form replacements as a free action.

- **Invulnerability:** Though it can be Shaken, short of completely disintegrating the middle caverns, there is no way to truly kill the darkblob. It can regenerate its mass from even one cell, and it always leaves small parts of itself secreted throughout the middle caverns for this purpose.
- **Size +4:** The darkblob is a tremendous, plastic mass of pulsating slime.
- **Weakness:** The darkblob can be harmed by fire, electricity, explosives, and magical attacks.

Lower Caverns

Unless the heroes enter Devils Tower by means of the Underground Lake (or they're curious to a fault) there's not much reason for

them to poke around this forsaken level. If they do, there's a heap of danger to be found.

A single ramp descends to this level from the Middle Caverns. At the other end of the level a passage descends steeply to the Underground Lake. These caverns are even more dank and humid than the others.

LC1. The Dead Rattler: This part of the caverns looks like the body of a massive worm winding its way through the earth. Heroes who traverse this passage find themselves standing inside the corpse of a Badlands rattler. The massive corpse is well-preserved and a bit calcified, making it look a lot like the rocky walls. Any character who's actually seen the inside of a rattler before and makes a Notice roll (–2) realizes what the group is walking through. Characters who've never seen a rattler make their Notice rolls at –4. Anybody who realizes the truth must make an immediate Guts check.

Of course, the dead rattler is just a set-up for an encounter with some live young 'uns. There are upwards of 100 of them wriggling throughout this level. If possible, make sure the posse encounters the dead one first. The rattler young 'uns swarm out of the earth all around the posse and attack.

- **Rattler Young 'Uns (2 per hero):** See the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

Underground Lake

This area houses the crossbreeds' only source of clean water, as well as the means by which they rid themselves of garbage and waste. Like the rest of the tower, this whole area is pitch black. The Underground Lake is accessed by a sloping tunnel from the Lower Caverns, and can also be reached via tunnel from the Belle Fourche River (see page 161).

The Water Pump: This huge piece of machinery (it stands 10 feet tall, with a 12 foot x 10 foot footprint) broke down late in 1879, but it still receives power from what remains of the grid. A successful Repair roll (–2) and 2d6 hours' time gets it running again, causing the fountains on each level above to be refreshed with clean water. The crossbreeds won't know how it happened, but they'll be grateful—General Nor might even organize a search party to find out who got it running again!

The Lake: This deep, freshwater lake is cold and clean. Any sensible hombre probably gives it a wide berth, although there's no danger in it besides the possibility of drowning.

The Sewage Pond: This foul pool is where the waste of the entire crossbreed community accumulates before being flushed out into the Belle Fourche. Since the waste is flushed by the river's current, the system continued to work even after the generator failed. Unfortunately, this stinking morass of filth

poses more danger than infection—it's the home of a sewage leviathan.

That's more or less the same thing as a river leviathan, except it lives in sludge. The creature keeps a close watch on anyone who passes through its domain, and attacks anyone careless enough to get close to it.

- **Sewage Leviathan (1):** Use River Leviathan stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

At the Portal

Read the following when the posse enters the portal room.

> *As you enter the room, you're forced to squint against a painfully bright light. As your eyes adjust, you see what looks like a ragged tear in the fabric of reality. For just a second, the shaman you're searching for stands in front of it with a look of profound gratitude on his face. Then he fades into the light and vanishes.*
>
> *The remnants of a shattered machine lie all about the flickering rip. Once a glassy cylinder enclosed it, mounted on a huge metal disk with countless cables and wires snaking out of it. Now the whole thing is a charred ruin.*
>
> *At the center of the room, a shriveled gray corpse in tattered clothing is sprawled face-down on the floor, one arm outstretched toward the portal. Beside it rests a bloody old Stetson full of bullet holes, and a moldering Pony Express satchel.*

Most likely the resolution to this tale depends on how many angry crossbreeds are chasing the posse by the time they reach this place. With a sizable force on their tail, the heroes might opt to leap right through the rift. If they've sneaked in carefully and quietly, they have more time to inspect the wreckage and decide what to do. Regardless, any sodbuster who gets within about five feet of the portal is drawn through—he just fades from sight like the shaman, and ends up in the Hunting Grounds.

The corpse belongs to a former Pony Express rider (and Harrowed) named Ethan, who was killed here a few years back. His skull looks to have been blown apart by multiple shots. The cadaver still wears a fine pair of boots (which are now relics—Harrowed Boots; see page 69). In his satchel is $250 in Confederate coin.

A terrible masau'u kachina spirit loiters near the portal, searching for living beings to possess. The first hero to step within about 10 feet of the portal risks the kachina taking over her body. If the kachina succeeds, take the possessed player aside for a moment and explain what happened. The player can act as though nothing is wrong while actually role-playing the kachina—and looking for a suitable time to betray the posse!

- **Masau'u Kachina (1):** See page 300.

What's Next?

The heroes have reached the Hunting Grounds. Now they need to find the shaman who led them there. Unless you've got other plans for your group in the world of spirits, go directly to Plot Point Four.

4. Vision Quest

As this tale begins, the heroes have just stepped through a portal into the Hunting Grounds, not knowing what they'll find on the other side. Chances are the crossbreeds are pretty riled back in the real world, so the posse should be at least a little uncertain about returning the way they came.

Arrival

As the story begins, read the following out loud.

Slowly your eyes adjust from the white glare of the portal, and you find yourselves in a dim, cool place that reminds you of a root cellar. A tingle runs through your entire body. It's as though you're suddenly aware of your own soul, and you feel the weight of bones and skin hanging on it, and the pulsing of your own organs inside.

In front of you is an awe-inspiring sight. The entire sky is filled with a massive tree that seems to stretch up into infinity, spreading thousands of boughs and millions of leaves above you. The shadowy, vine-tangled trunk of the great tree reaches downward too, until the roots seem to vanish into inky blackness. Every so often luminous, drifting beings that defy description weave among the landscape and pass from sight.

Behind you the rip in reality remains, flickering in the murky shadows. Then the shadows start to move around you, rustling like dead leaves. What do you do?

The heroes have exactly one round to act before the shadows reveal themselves to be toothy manitous swarming to attack. The unsavory things whisper demoralizing phrases and sacrilege in an attempt to shake the heroes' confidence. As the last spirit is destroyed or driven off, they hiss,

The medicine man is ours. You can't have him!

- **Lesser Manitou Swarms (2):** See page 302.

Land o' the Dead

Consult the rules for traveling the Hunting Grounds on page 63. The heroes either need to impress a manitou into service (a risky proposition as manitous are notorious liars), find some other spirit guide, or rely on their shaman to lead the way. The Hunting Grounds are a dark and tangled maze that isn't easy to navigate.

You can use the Spirit Encounters table (page 131) to spice up the journey a bit. Additionally, the seekers might experience visions and see apparitions from their backgrounds and Worst Nightmares. Give each player a shot at confronting some element of his past or present.

Use or ignore the following vignettes as you see fit.

Soul Drivers: The travelers come upon a long train of ancestor spirits, chained together and being mercilessly whipped with brutal, barbed lashes by a pair of manitous (use Normal Manitou stats on page 302). The group is trudging toward the Deadlands, where these souls will be tormented for eternity. If the manitous are driven off, they return later with two more of their kind.

A Murder of Ravens: The branches of a nearby tree—old, huge, and gnarled—are filled with a hundred or more raven spirits. The birds stare balefully at the heroes, but they don't do anything except croak softly unless they are attacked. In that case they all flutter into the sky, leaving behind black feathers. Anyone who touches even one of the feathers has the stink of evil on him as far as

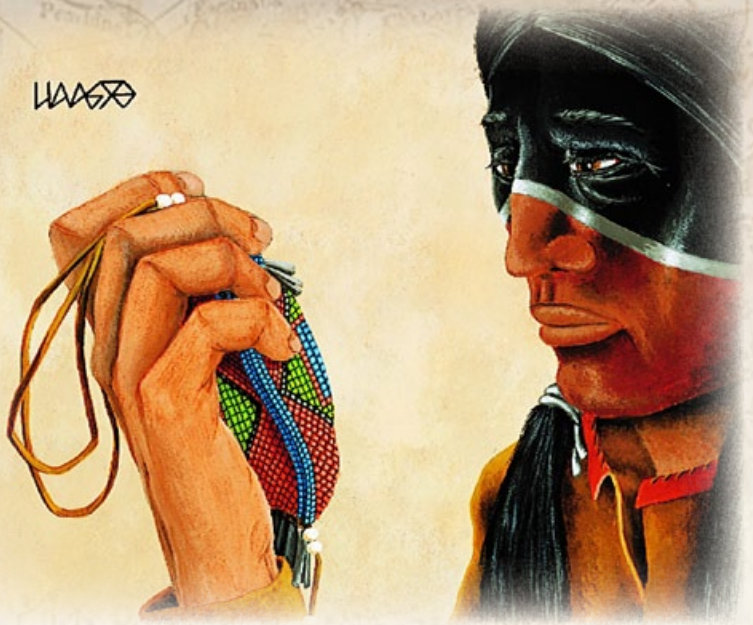
spirits are concerned. The taint fades as soon as the hero next leaves the Hunting Grounds.

Eternal War: The heroes enter a fixed reality in the Hunting Grounds where the Battle of the Cauldron (see page 84) is replayed over and over again. The posse has to pick their way through the flying lead, explosions, and multiple factions to reach the other side, where the journey can continue. Encounters with the spirits of rail warriors (see the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*) are possible, and they're completely real as far as the traveling heroes are concerned.

Spirits of Nature: The heroes wander into a howling rainstorm and find the earth shaking and buckling underfoot. Warring spirits of earth and water (see Nature Spirits on page 303) have turned the immediate area into a quagmire. Heroes who stumble upon the fight might be asked for aid by one side or the other, or they might be attacked by all of them. The entire area is considered Difficult Ground.

I See Dead People: This is another fixed reality, in which a little town called Harmony sits. It's an ancestor village, filled with the spirits of dead folks that haven't yet gone on to their eternal reward. For all intents and purposes Harmony is like a boomtown in the real world, except the spirit inhabitants tend not to notice physical travelers at first glance. To interact with a spirit in Harmony, a hero needs to get its attention first by winning a Test of Wills. What information the spirits provide is up to you.

Cathedral of Pines: The travelers enter a stand of massive pine trees and find what appears to be a cavernous, hushed chamber. The "roof" is made of pine boughs, and the ground is covered by a thick blanket of brown pine needles. Little people (see page 304) abound here, tending to the trees and flowers. A feeling of peace and well-being permeates this place. Characters who rest here can make a Natural Healing roll every hour.



The Crossing

When the heroes' journey nears its end, read the following passage.

The path, such as it is, emerges from the gloom and stops at the edge of a precipice. Down below there's nothing but a black void yawning like an open mouth. It goes as far as the eye can see in both directions. But an odd rope bridge – seemingly made from still-living vines and plants – hangs over the crevasse. Everything is quiet and still.

The canyon is about 10" (20 yards) across, and it's impossible to go around. Hombres who try walk for what seems like days until they come upon the same rope bridge again. Pretty soon they'll realize that it's the only way to get to the other side. Unfortunately the bridge has an owner, and he doesn't let just anyone walk on him. When somebody starts to cross the bridge, read the following.

The second your foot lands on the knotted, twisty vines, a loud grumbling emanates from beneath it. At the center of the span, the vines start squirmin' and writhin' like a knot of snakes. Then they all tighten and rise up into a vaguely man-shaped form.

"Mighty rude to step on somebody without askin' permission," it says, "You might want to learn some manners before you get taught *some. Now—either you entertain me, or you turn around and don't come back."*

The bridge itself is a spirit called Wakanda, which means "possesses magical powers" in Sioux. He has had extensive contact with travelers and dreaming souls from the physical world—yawning chasms are common with dreamers. That's why Wakanda has such a good handle on the vernacular of the Weird West. When it comes to attitude and motivations, though, the bridge is a spirit through and through.

Wakanda won't let anyone across until they "entertain" him. Let your group decide what might entertain a spirit, whether it's target shooting, a well-told tale, or a rousing rendition of "Oh! Susanna." Whatever act they put on, have heroes make the appropriate roll (Shooting, Persuasion, and so forth) with a –2 penalty. They're not just trying to succeed—they're trying to dazzle.

Wakanda is duly impressed by those who score a raise on the roll, and lets them pass. Those who succeed are begrudgingly allowed to cross. Failure brings a steady stream of derisive criticism, but the performer can try again. Any roll of snake eyes means Wakanda is so disgusted he won't let the performer, or anyone else remaining for that matter, cross his span.

If worse comes to worst and the searchers try to cross by force, Wakanda does his best to thwart them. Hombres who fall off the bridge plunge into the darkness below and are never seen again (unless the rest of the group decides to go all the way to the Deadlands to rescue them, but that's up to you, Marshal).

Wakanda

This nature spirit appears to be a rope bridge made of vines, but can take almost any form he wishes as long as he keeps himself firmly attached to both sides of the chasm. Spirits are creatures of habit and purpose, and this one is partial to both.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d10, Spirit d10, Strength d12+2, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d10, Intimidation d8, Taunt d12

Pace: 0; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 12

Special Abilities:

- **Creeping Vines:** Wakanda uses hundreds of vines to Grapple opponents standing on his length. Once a foe is entangled, Wakanda can toss him into the chasm by winning an opposed Strength roll. An hombre who gets tossed can make an Agility roll (–2) to try to grab hold of something; otherwise he plunges into the Deadlands.
- **Immunity:** Bullets and bludgeoning weapons don't do any appreciable damage to Wakanda (although shotguns do normal damage).
- **Large:** Attack rolls against Wakanda receive a +2 bonus.
- **Size +5:** Wakanda is able to span a 60-foot chasm, no sweat.
- **Weakness (Edged Weapons):** Since a sharp blade can slice through a dozen of Wakanda's vines at once, the spirit takes double damage from such weapons. If Wakanda is killed by an edged weapon, it snaps in half—any heroes standing on the span when that happens need to make an Agility roll (–2) or plunge into the chasm.

Haunter of the Dark

Beyond the chasm the heroes find a barren, rocky trail through twisted brambles and burrs. When they emerge they see an unsettling rock formation.

Tangled vines and thorns pull at your clothing and leave long bloody scratches on your arms and hands. When you come out the other side of the foliage you see a low hill with rocky crags at the top, not too far ahead. In the unnatural twilight of the Hunting

Grounds, you could swear the entire side of the hill resembles a man's face twisted in unbelievable agony. This must be the place.

A narrow trail winds up the steep side of a 50-foot-tall hill. Each character needs to make a single Climbing roll (+2) to reach the top; if anyone fails consult the Falling rules in *Savage Worlds*. Read the following when the posse gets to the summit.

Coming up the trail you hear the distinctive sound of a man groaning in pain. When you peek over the top you see him plainly – the very same medicine man who appeared to you at Devils Tower – suspended underneath a huge dead oak tree.

The shaman hangs from a branch, bound from head to toe in dead, thorny vines, and he bleeds from scores of wounds. Small shadows – almost like rabid spirit weasels – swarm all over the medicine man, who opens his mouth and wails whenever their fangs rip his flesh.

Other than that, the hilltop seems deserted.

The prisoner is Jordrava, and he is being tortured by a swarm of lesser manitous. Moseying right out into the open isn't the best idea, though, because what looks like an old dead oak is actually a greater manitou called Hex. The foul thing is having so much fun tormenting Jordrava it didn't bother to tell its masters that it captured the shaman. The heroes still have time to get Jordrava out of here, but not much.

Hex isn't interested in talking. The evil specter would rather kill or capture as many humans as it can.

- **Lesser Manitou Swarm (1):** See page 302.
- **Hex:** Wild Card. Use Greater Manitou stats on page 302.

Jordrava's Wisdom

When the manitous are defeated or driven off, the rescuers find Jordrava sprawled on the hilltop. The shaman is sorely wounded (3 Wounds and 2 levels of Fatigue), but after some healing (magical or mundane) he's able to speak.

You found me. The Great Spirit was wise to choose you as friends of the Ghost Dancers – few would be able make such a journey. Even fewer would be willing. Thank you. I am called Jordrava.

You have come this far, so you must know of the blight that began here in the spirit realm... and now threatens our world too. Perhaps you have even heard the name of the one who caused it all – Raven. I will share what I know with you, in the hope it might help you along your path.

What you have done today has made you all enemies of Raven and his kin, whether you like it or not. Once Raven was a mere shaman seeking revenge, but not anymore. Now he is a willing servant to the great spirits of evil that herald the Reckoning. His people are many, and they keep to the shadows, and they are everywhere. No matter where you go, they will find you.

The question is – will you run, or will you fight?

At this point Jordrava pauses, looking for some sign that the heroes are willing to continue the fight against Raven. Even if they aren't, out of gratitude he answers any questions they might have, but the disappointment is visible on his face.

- **How did you end up here?**

That is... a very long story. Let me sum it up. A long time ago, evil walked the earth just as it does today. When called upon, I pledged my life, my heart, and my soul to imprison those evil spirits so they would trouble mankind no more.

We succeeded. After much sacrifice, and with the help of the greatest nature spirits, we sealed the gates. As long as we agreed never to leave the spirit world, the bringers of fear remained bottled up. Things stayed that way for many, many years.

But then Raven came to the gates, and he brought with him the avenging warriors who call themselves the Last Sons. We fought them, but our powers had waned over the years, and Raven's flame of vengeance burned bright. The battle lasted for weeks, and when it ended Raven and the Last Sons had slaughtered every one of my brothers. I was the only one to escape.

I awakened in the living world years later, only to find that Raven had been very busy drawing a curtain of fear over the land. He has undone nearly everything we worked so hard to achieve, and still he is not satisfied. He will not stop until destruction and bloodshed reign supreme.

I traveled deep into the Hunting Grounds to commune with ancestor spirits, to learn of medicine secrets and lost wisdom. When I was alone a shadow fell upon me... and I woke up on this cursed hill. It took all the strength I had to go spirit walking and seek you out—you who are friends to the Ghost Dancers.

- **What do you know about the white calf and the prophecy?**

These visions were experienced long ago by a Paiute named Wodziwob—Wovoka's grandfather. My people believe that the white calf symbolizes their freedom, and that when it is born the exile of the white man from our land cannot be far behind. All the tribes live together in peace, our people and the white man respect each other's borders, and the buffalo return to the Plains. This is the bright future that the white calf symbolizes.

But this is only half of the story.

Wodziwob also saw a dark future in which the whites invade our borders, and my people forget their connection to the land. In this future evil spirits walk the earth clad in gray flesh, and my people are forsaken by their totems. The land is scoured by fire and the rivers run red with blood, as all the people clash in a war without end. That is the future we seek to prevent, even as Raven and his followers attempt to bring it about.

- **Can you tell us more about Raven and his crew?**

They are everywhere! Wherever anger and discontent have taken root you find the Order of the Raven. And Raven himself still walks the earth, unaging and immortal, hiding behind a hundred masks as he spreads his masters' evil.

He has done much in the 17 years since he unleashed the Reckoning... so much that there is just no good to be had from tracking him down. He walks like a shadow among shadows. Even if you could find him, you would be hard-pressed to harm him. Were you to kill him, his masters would raise him up again, more powerful than ever. No... this way leads to failure.

There is another way: to seek out the Ravenites where they commit their evil deeds, and stop them by whatever means are required. Yes, this road leads to peril... and perhaps as much death as would come from fighting Raven himself. But I believe it is our best hope. Our only hope.

- **Will you help us?**

I cannot aid you openly. If Raven and his followers find out I am still alive, they will stop at nothing to capture and kill me. They might know already.

I will tell you of tools to help you as you walk this path. When I was a young man I carried in my left hand a medicine rock in the shape of a buffalo, and in my right hand a tomahawk sharper than any other. I had to leave these things behind when we departed for the world of spirits.

I do not know what has become of my weapon. You may still be able to track it down. You found me, after all.

From an old friend I have learned more of the buffalo rock I carried so long ago. It aids anyone who is strong with the spirits' medicine. It was laid to rest by my people a long time ago in a sacred burial ground, in

the hope its power would aid me in the next world.

The sacred lands don't belong to the tribes anymore, but the grave remains. Look for it where the white man has built a town called Dodge.

What's Next?

When the cowpokes are finished questioning him, and he's had a chance to rest, Jordrava uses his powers to heal any injured hombres or chicas. Then he uses the *contact spirit world* power (page 23) to tear open a doorway back to the physical world.

The portal doesn't have to go back to Deadwood, or Devils Tower, or even the Sioux Nations. Have the posse emerge in any part of War's domain that strikes your fancy, Marshal, the farther away the better. Make a journey out of it. When the heroes travel to Dodge City in search of Jordrava's medicine rock, mosey on over to Plot Point Five.

5. Prime Cuts

Run this tale when the posse arrives in Dodge City and starts looking for Jordrava's medicine rock. Make sure you read up on Dodge before running this adventure (see page 102 and the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*).

The Set-Up

So how do the heroes go about finding an ancient Indian burial ground that has a whole town built on top of it? Most likely you'll want to leave that dilemma for your posse to solve using their own particular talents. As a rule of thumb, the group needs at least one successful skill check to locate the burial ground (some possible examples are listed below).

If the cowpokes are just plain stumped have them make Smarts rolls to hit upon any of the following methods. These aren't the *only* methods, but any of them will do in a pinch.

Assayer's Office: A Persuasion roll is required to gain access to the land records unless it's a lawfully appointed peace officer (with jurisdiction) who's asking. Once the heroes have access to the files, a successful Investigation or Smarts roll (–4) turns up a surveyor's account of an Indian burial ground from about 20 years ago, noting that Boot Hill is to be located on the same spot.

Dodge City Times: Any law-abiding citizen is free to look through the back-issue files of the *Times* but these papers are in complete disarray. A successful Investigation roll (–2) turns up the printed account of a prospector who claimed to have found several old arrowheads on Boot Hill in 1875. The prospector, one Willie DeLinz, is long gone.

Local Indians: There isn't much of a native population left around Dodge City but a few Indians still live and work here. A successful Streetwise roll leads the investigators to an old man called Michael Two-Trees, who helps out at Ham Bell's Livery. Michael is happy to discuss with Indians the sacred land that became Boot Hill, but folks of other origins need to succeed on a Persuasion roll to get the old man to spill the beans.

Town Hall: Unless the requester wears a tin star, it takes a Persuasion roll to gain access to the original town plans and land grant records. Once they're in the files a mere Smarts roll reveals that the large plot on the original plan marked "Indian Burial Ground" lies under the present-day Boot Hill.

While the group makes their way around town, have each member make a Notice roll (–2). Those who succeed get the strangest feeling they're being watched, but it's hard to tell by whom in a town as populous as Dodge.

Cemetery Blues

Once they've figured out that the old graveyard is right under the new one, the heroes need to find Jordrava's gravesite. This is easier said than done. Over the years hundreds of graves have been dug on Boot

Hill, many of them right on top of some other cadaver. Few signs of the original Indian burial ground remain.

If a searching hero succeeds on a tough Notice roll (–4), she finds some artifact of the Indians—an arrowhead, or a chip of obsidian used to scrape buffalo hides—or finds a very old stone marker. This is enough to prove they're in the right place, but finding Jordrava's particular grave is next to impossible.

A gang of all-too-sober buffalo hunters has been keeping an eye on the heroes since they arrived in town. While they poke around amongst the graves, the no-good villains creep up slowly. They've got nothing on their mind besides waylaying the posse and stealing whatever cash they've got, so they can buy more booze.

Make a Stealth roll for the buffalo hunters as they approach. The heroes are considered Inactive guards unless they think to post a sentry during their search.

- **Buffalo Hunters (1 per hero):** Use Outlaw stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. The varmints are armed with Sharps Big 50s (24/48/96; 2d10; RoF 1; Shots 1; Min. Str d8; AP 2).

Here Comes the Cavalry!

If the posse has an easy time with this tussle, let them handle it themselves. But if the assailants give them more trouble than they can handle, another pair of watchers reveal themselves—an Agent and a Texas Ranger. This unlikely pair has teamed up to get to the bottom of Dodge City's many supernatural phenomena.

They've got no trouble with jumping in on the heroes' side if things go wrong. Actually it's the bullheaded William "Bigfoot" Wallace who jumps in, dragging the hapless tinhorn Haywood Pedersen behind him! It's not the first time Wallace's motto of "Shoot it or recruit it" has clashed with Pedersen's maxim of "Tell no one anything, ever."

- **Haywood Pedersen:** Wild Card. Use Agent stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. Add Persuasion d8 and the Snakeoil Salesman Edge.
- **Maj. William "Bigfoot" Wallace:** Wild Card. See page 318.

When the shootout is done Bigfoot Wallace introduces himself, making no bones about the fact he's a Ranger. Mr. Pedersen—in a high-toned plaid suit and bowler hat—portrays himself as a cattle drover for the time being. After taking stock of the heroes, Bigfoot rubs his whiskered chin and says,

> *Y'know…we might just be able to help each other out, amigos. You ain't the only folks been pokin' around Boot Hill lately. Least you've got the good sense to do your searchin' in the daylight. These other boys, well…they tend to stick to the shadows. So what say we all go somewhere a little more private to chat?*

Ignoring the whispered protests of Haywood Pedersen, Bigfoot Wallace escorts the posse to the local subsidiary of Pendulum Publishing House on the northeast corner of Walnut and Bridge Street.

Pendulum Publishing House

To most scrutiny, the Pendulum office on Bridge Street appears to be nothing more than a publisher of lurid dime novels and, when Marshal Larry Deger requests them, wanted posters. In the front room a man and a woman sit at their desks typing, and a large printing press dominates the opposite wall.

As soon as everyone's inside, Haywood Pedersen exclaims:

> *This has gone quite far enough, Major Wallace! We can't have you bringing civilians in here on a whim, no matter how capable they might seem. If we're going to work together you have to respect the fact that some things must remain secret! How do you know we can trust these people?*

Bigfoot Wallace brushes off the tinhorn and says to the posse,

I know a trustworthy posse when I see 'em. And my gut tells me these folks ain't up to no misdemeanors. In fact, I got a hunch they're looking for the very same thing those Injuns was looking for. The major difference bein' you won't find a single raven tattoo on these people, I reckon. Is that right?

By now the heroes' interest should be piqued. If they are willing to say a few words on behalf of their own trustworthiness, Bigfoot Wallace is satisfied. It takes a Persuasion roll to do the same for Agent Pedersen, but if the heroes succeed the Agent just sighs heavily and nods in agreement. (If they fail, Bigfoot cajoles the Agent mercilessly until he gives in.) Pedersen says,

For about a month, a group of natives has been working its way through Boot Hill by moonlight. What they're looking for we don't know, but they've been making some careful notations on sheepskin as they search. Major Wallace and I managed to subdue and capture one of them and we found a small tattoo of a raven on his back.

*The brave resisted all our attempts to compel him to talk, which was surprising considering how…*persuasive *Major Wallace can be. The next night he was gone… vanished without a trace right out of a locked jail cell.*

We still don't know what they're up to, but we do know where their hideout is. If you can tell us what they're doing—and whether it poses any threat to Dodge City—we'll tell you where you can find them. That map they're working on might be of some help to you.

If it were up to Major Wallace, we would have stormed into the place weeks ago. But I can't help thinking the natives are just waiting for us to reveal our hand. They want to know who they're up against, just like us. What we're doing here in Dodge—and in the Disputed Territories—is too important for our cover to be blown. So will you help us out?

If the heroes spill the beans about Jordrava's medicine rock, both Agent Pedersen and Bigfoot Wallace are aghast. They can't allow the Order of the Raven to take some ancient, magical rock out of Boot Hill—who knows what trouble they'd cause? Bigfoot tells them the Ravenites are hiding out in a root cellar under one of P. J. Arkenbaum's slaughterhouses on the east end of town—building five.

On the off chance the heroes also mention their search for Jordrava's tomahawk, Agent Pedersen reacts subtly. Observers who succeed on a Notice roll (opposed by the Agent's Persuasion) can tell he knows more about the tomahawk than he lets on. He won't say anything more about it right now, though.

Slaughterhouse Five

The Ravenites are Pawnees and they're hiding out under Arkenbaum's Slaughterhouse No. 5, just as Bigfoot said. The dour Peter Julius Arkenbaum and his three sons have no idea rogue Indians are holed up in their cellar. That doesn't mean they allow a posse to barge in and ransack the place.

- **Julius Arkenbaum & Sons (3):** Use Townsfolk stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. Julius has Smarts d10, Knowledge (Butcher) d10, and the Mean Hindrance.

The Ravenites stay indoors during the day and sneak out on moonlit nights to prowl between the headstones of Boot Hill. Their leader, a Pawnee shaman called Wicked Bear, believes he knows where Jordrava's grave lies, but he is waiting until the next full moon—which takes place in one week—to dig it up.

Wicked Bear believes that Raven himself sent them on their mission, so he is determined to succeed and utterly unwilling to reveal any secrets, even under threat of death. In truth, Wicked Bear's master is one of the many false Ravens, but this hardly makes a difference.

The Ravenites plan on committing all sorts of atrocities once they get their hands on the lost medicine rock.

There is always a sentry posted on the cellar steps (see the Slaughterhouse No. 5 map), but the Ravenites have become somewhat lax in the belief no one will find them. The sentry is considered an Inactive guard until something attracts his notice.

- **Ravenite Braves (2 per hero):** See page 315.
- **Wicked Bear:** Wild Card. Use Ravenite Shaman stats on page 316.

If the fight turns against the Pawnee, they attempt to flee through the trap door to the icehouse above. If any of them escape, they return to the false Raven who sent them to Dodge and tell him all about the posse.

Wicked Bear has a rolled-up piece of tattered sheepskin tucked into his clothing. There is a crude map of Boot Hill drawn on it in blood, with a conspicuous X marking one particular spot.

Tasty Morsels

The spot that's marked on Wicked Bear's map is a massive stone, weighing over 300 pounds. Up to four characters may Cooperate on a Strength roll to move it, and the use of some kind of lever grants a +2 bonus.

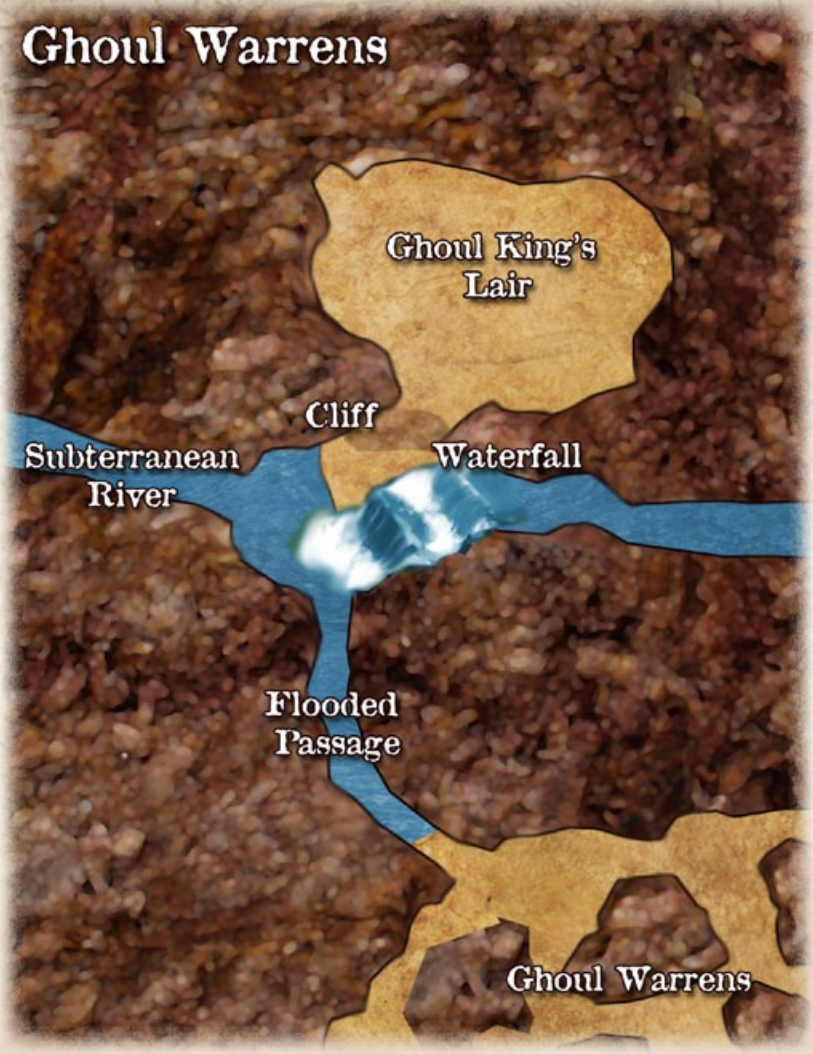
Success on the Strength roll grants access to the hive-like, subterranean warren that riddles the graveyard earth. Though headstones are packed closely inside the cast-iron fence, underground there are no more remains—every last corpse has been dragged away to sate the ghouls' hunger.

Into the Warrens

When the posse enters the warrens, be sure to note the light sources being used, effective radii, and who's carrying them. No complete map of the warrens is provided. Once they're underground the only way for the heroes to get out is a successful Survival or Tracking roll, or a Notice roll (–2). Barring that, one hopes the spelunkers remember to spool out some yarn behind them.

The tunnels that make up the warrens lie about 10–15 feet beneath the surface. This allows the ghouls to dig upward and ransack new graves, but leaves the warren deep enough so that new graves don't reveal its existence. Busted-up caskets, shattered coffins, and gnawed bones litter the warrens.

The ghoul tunnels spread for a half-mile in all directions, and a few hundred feet straight down. Let the players sweat a little bit as you describe the sound of their explorers' footsteps echoing off into the silence, the bitter odor that fills the place, and a harsh muttering that seems close sometimes—perhaps just on the other side of a thin wall—and at other times far away.



Eyes in the Dark!

Abruptly the luminous red eyes of ghouls swarm in from all sides, ganging up and attacking wildly, concentrating Disarm attempts on anyone holding a lantern, torch, or other light source. Woe betide the posse if the ghouls are successful—now they're in a pitch black world of pain (–4 to Fighting, Shooting, Throwing, and any other skill that relies on sight), and the clamoring ghouls can see just fine!

- **Ghouls (3 per hero):** See the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

The Underground River

After the heroes defeat the ghouls, any remaining creatures flee toward the lair of their liege, the Ghoul King. To find him, the posse needs to make a successful Tracking roll to follow the freshest trail.

At one end of the ghoul warrens is a single winding tunnel, coated with black slime and reeking of death, into which many tracks lead. It angles downward into a dark, rippling pool of scummy water.

Any hombres who want to go on had better be able to hold their breath and swim, because the tunnel is flooded for a length of 10" (20 yards). In the passage beyond, read the following to players who made the swim (or were pulled through by some other means).

You break the surface under a torrent of roaring, rushing water that smells strongly of sulphur. Somehow you're able to gasp a breath. Everything is pitch black, and the falling water echoes loudly in the cave.

If the characters get some kind of light going, they see a waterfall plunging nearly 50 feet from above, into the dark pool they just surfaced in. Wet slime covers everything. After swimming to the narrow shore, another successful Notice roll reveals only one way to go—up.

It's an 8" climb with lots of handholds, but the surface is coated with slippery black slime. A single successful Climbing roll (–2) gets a cowpoke to the top. Any hero who falls and plunges into the roiling pool takes 2d6 damage unless he succeeds on an Agility roll to dive in.

Heroes in the water have to make a Swimming roll (–2) each round or be held underwater by the churning action of the waterfall. A character may attempt to swim out each round; refer to the Drowning rules in *Savage Worlds*.

A character who rolls snake eyes on a Swimming attempt in the pool is swept down the subterranean river into darkness and almost certain death.

Relic: Jordrava's Medicine Rock

This is the buffalo-shaped medicine rock carried by Jordrava during his lifetime. When he and the other Old Ones departed to seal the Deadlands, they left behind their most treasured items of power along with their still-beating hearts. All of these items were interred in sacred lands should the day ever come when the Old Ones returned.

Jordrava's medicine rock is a chunk of white quartz, about the size of a man's fist. It weighs 1/2 lb.

Power: When the rock is carried by a character with the Arcane Background (Shaman) Edge, it acts as a battery for Power Points. The medicine rock holds 10 Power Points, and is recharged independently by a buffalo spirit. The stone recharges 1 point per hour in civilized lands, and 1 per 30 minutes in natural settings. These times are halved if the shaman carrying the stone has the Totem Spirit (Buffalo) Edge.

As an action, the owner of the medicine rock may ask the spirits to recharge the medicine rock faster. He makes a Tribal Medicine roll (with a +2 bonus if he has the Totem Spirit: Buffalo Edge), and the rock gains +1 Power Point per success and raise, up to its maximum. This request strains the shaman, who gains a level of Fatigue that requires an hour of rest to recover.

Additionally, any owner is considered to have the Arcane Resistance Edge as long as the medicine rock is on his person.

Taint: None.

The Bloated One

Beyond the top of the waterfall a crack in the rock opens into the Ghoul King's lair. Fat with the foul meat of a thousand corpses, the Ghoul King dwells deep beneath the cemetery. In fact, he has grown so large that he hasn't left his lair in over a year. When the explorers arrive, read the following:

The claustrophobic tunnel opens into a larger catacomb. The ceiling is obscured beyond shadowy layers of cobwebs, and the air is heavy with floating dust that leaves the taste of spoiled cheese in your mouth.

Something shifts in the dark—it looks like a bloated and corpse-pale slug. But then it sits up, revealing flabby arms and legs, and a malevolent human-like face among rolls of putrid flesh. It grunts, "Meat!"

The repulsive King of the Ghouls shambles toward any intruders in an attempt to rend and consume them. His Ghoulish Majesty has a few of his retinue here as well.

- **Ghouls (1 per hero):** See the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

Ghoul King

The Ghoul King was once a rancher named George McAndrew who suffered a complete mental breakdown back in 1872 and was locked up. One night he broke loose and was never seen again. Most assumed he'd gone mad and run off into the hills, where starvation or wild animals (or both) were the end of him. Little did they know starvation was the least of his problems, and he'd become more wild than any animal feasting on Boot Hill's cadaverous bounty. Now there is nothing left of George's sanity.

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

Skills: Fighting d10, Guts d4, Notice d8, Stealth d8

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 9

Special Abilities

- **Claw/Bite:** Str+d4.

- **Fear:** Anyone seeing a ghoul must make a Guts roll.
- **Night Vision:** Ghouls ignore all darkness penalties; their eyes have a slight red glow about them.
- **Poison:** Anyone bitten by a ghoul and who is at least Shaken must make a Vigor roll. If the roll is failed, the victim gains a Fatigue level.
- **Size +2:** The Ghoul King is massively obese.
- **Weakness (Bright Light):** All actions taken by a ghoul exposed to light brighter than a lantern suffer a –2 penalty.

Under the Boneyard

In this chamber are piled the bones of countless corpses, all dragged here to be eaten by the king and his wretched cannibal servants. Most of them are cracked open with the marrow sucked out.

A hero who wants to search this grisly pile must first make a Guts check to avoid Fear/Nausea. The searcher finds a distinctive chunk of quartz that's shaped kind of like a white buffalo.

Epilogue

If the heroes return to speak with Agent Pedersen and Major Wallace, after their battle with the Ravenites or when they return from the ghoul warrens, they find Mr. Pedersen far more forthcoming. He stops short of identifying himself as an Agent, but does admit—grudgingly—that he is "employed by the Union." If he has to, Agent Pedersen takes the time to track down the posse before they get the hell outta Dodge. He tells them the following:

I apologize for my lack of trust, but as you know, trust has to be earned. You have certainly earned mine. So I'm going to tell you something. But remember—you didn't hear it from me. If anyone asks I'll deny it, so don't bother mentioning my name.

The Ravenite we captured was in possession of a tomahawk. A very old tomahawk, as far as I could tell, but it worked just like new. I saw that brave split a man's skull in twain with a single blow. The blade was razor sharp but still hard enough to hack through a metal lock. To be sure there was something unnatural about it.

Unfortunately for you, we shipped it off to the research facility just outside Denver, Colorado Territory. I don't imagine they're even going to let you in the front door, but you're welcome to give it a try. The Nevada Basin Land Office is what they use for a front.

Like I said, you didn't hear any of this from me. In fact—pretend you never met me.

If the posse plans to stay in Dodge for a while, Bigfoot Wallace and Agent Pedersen are eager to contract them for various troubleshooting assignments.

What's Next?

Now that the posse knows how to find Jordrava's lost tomahawk, they can light out for Colorado Territory whenever they please. Move on to Plot Point Six when they reach the Agency facility outside Denver.

6. The Ghost Returns

Run this tale when your group gets to Denver, heads for the east end of town, and starts snooping around the Nevada Land Basin Office. Keep in mind that the facility is just about airtight, and guarded round-the-clock by Agents and their subordinates.

As this tale begins, Union Blue and Black River forces are engaged in a large battle southeast of Denver. The Agency was forced to send most of its SRF personnel to help out and monitor the fighting (since bloody battles give rise to so many abominations). At the worst possible time, the Interim Bureau Chief finds herself facing a new crisis.

SRFin' USA

As far as most people know, the Nevada Land Basin Office is exactly what it appears to be—a clearinghouse for land grants frequented by all sorts of settlers and miners. It's a small and unassuming building. Yet anyone who spends a few hours watching the place and succeeds on a Streetwise roll can see plainly that not many folks frequent this office at all. It's not uncommon for a few hours to pass without anyone going in or out.

On any given day, there are three employees at work here: Theodore Sandell, who is the head clerk, and two land assayers. The head clerk is polite but doesn't say much to visitors. In the traditional Agency manner, he asks lots of leading questions while revealing very little about himself. In fact, Ted Sandell is a low-grade Agent and his "assayers" are actually freelancers hired to keep strangers out of the back room.

- **Agent Theodore Sandell:** Use Agent stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. Add the Quirk (Lazy eye) Hindrance and the Rock and Roll! Edge.
- **Agency Freelancers (2):** Use Gunman stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. Each of them keeps a double-barrel shotgun (12/24/48; 1–3d6; RoF 1–2; Shots 2; Shooting +2) hidden under his desk.

The small office's back room is locked and Ted Sandell has the key. The room looks like a storage area at first glance; there's nothing there but a few crates of office supplies. Success on a Notice roll means somebody sees the scrape marks on the floor from sliding crates, while the cowpoke who scores a raise finds a concealed lever.

In fact the tall stack of crates is a façade. When the hidden lever is pulled, the false crates swing away to reveal a 12 foot by 12 foot, reinforced steel door. Behind it is a ghost-rock-powered steam lift that descends a couple hundred feet into the bowels of the Supernatural Research Facility, or SRF. A successful Lockpicking or Repair roll (either at –2) opens the door and a successful Smarts roll operates the lift, but the heroes are confronted by *very* unhappy Agents and Cleaners before they get too far.

Who Goes There?

We did mention that the false front for the SRF is kept under constant watch night and day. That's true—the proprietors of a few other shops along this street, along with roughly half of the passers-by, are all Agents or paid informants. If the posse loiters anywhere near the SRF, the Agency knows about it within minutes.

At that point a Special Threat Team—more commonly known in the Agency as "cleaners"—is sent to confront the posse. Cleaners are called in to take care of situations that get out of hand, or to provide muscle when it's needed. Most of them are former soldiers or gunmen. These hombres aren't especially subtle, but since they dress like typical citizens they're unlikely to be noticed until they've got the posse surrounded.

The cleaners don't want to start a fight, but they've got no problems with finishing one if the heroes are so inclined. Read the following when they arrive.

> *It seems a few townsfolk have taken an interest in you. You look around and see that it's more like a half dozen men and women staring you down. One of them draws aside his duster to reveal a Gatling shotgun and says in a Back East accent, "Let's just take it easy, friends. Why so interested in the land office?"*

Unless there's an Agent in the group, there's about zero chance the posse gains admittance to the actual, subterranean SRF (which covers about a square acre of subterranean real estate). But if they 'fess up about their desire to make contact with the Agency, the leader of the team asks them to wait while he goes to "check up on something" in the office. While he does that, the other five cleaners keep an eye on the heroes.

- **Agency Cleaners (6):** Use Agency Special Threat Team statistics on page 309. They are armed with Gatling shotguns (12/24/48; 1–3d6; RoF 2; Shots 12; Min. Str d8) and knives (Str+d4). One of them has a flamethrower (Cone Template; 2d10; RoF 1; Shots 30; Min. Str d6, Shooting +2, Opposed Agility roll to avoid), and a fuel tank strapped to his back.

The Bureau Chief

Hattie Lawton, Administrator for the Western Bureau and Agent-in-charge of the SRF, is in one Hell of a bind. The Great Rail Wars have flared up again, this time between Union Blue and Black River forces to the southeast of Denver. With most of Hattie's staff assigned to the fighting, she's desperate for aid to arrive—in the form of the Ghost.

When last we saw the Ghost (aka Andrew Lane, former chief of the Western Bureau) he was helping Joshua Chamberlain win the Great Rail Wars (see the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook* for the whole story). After Union Blue's devastating losses at the Battle of Lost Angels in 1879, Lane's manitou took dominion again and the Ghost dropped off the map…until two weeks ago. A team of Agency cleaners managed to track down and subdue the Ghost at Fort Shaw in Montana.

With the Ghost back in Agency custody, things were looking up. Andrew Lane was packed into a shipping crate and sent off to the SRF on an unmarked train. Hattie reckons it's time for the measure of last resort—the Star Chamber (see page 96).

Just a few hours ago, Hattie learned that the train was hijacked from a coaling station north of Denver. According to the report it proceeded to a junction, turned around, and is rocketing toward Cheyenne just as the posse is hauled in for questioning. Sensing an opportunity (and having read of the posse's exploits in reports filed by the Dodge City branch), Hattie decides to bargain with the heroes.

When their leader returns, the cleaners invite the compadres into the Nevada Basin Land Office to have a chat. There they find Hattie Lawton waiting for them. (As we mentioned earlier, the existence of a steam lift isn't revealed unless absolutely necessary—the Agency dearly loves its secrets.)

- **Hattie Lawton:** See page 322.

The Bureau chief is calm and businesslike, although she tends to be a bit terse—bordering on rude—with anyone who originated south of the Mason-Dixon line. Read the following when the group arrives to talk with her.

> *Good day. Name's Hattie Lawton, and I run this office. Were I a suspicious woman, I might think you folks were snooping around here. We don't typically appreciate that sort of activity, but right now I've got other things on my mind. So if you can tell me what it is you want here, maybe we can come to some kind of agreement.*

Honesty's the best policy, especially in light of the fact that Hattie knows all about the cowpokes already. When they admit they came looking for a tomahawk—a very old, very special tomahawk—Hattie thinks for a moment, looks over the group, and nods.

> *I know the exact item you're describing. Came in from Dodge City just a few weeks ago. I'd even be willing to give it to you, free and clear…but first you have to do something for me. Something important. And it needs to be done fast.*

Hattie won't reveal any details until everyone agrees to the deal. The only reason she's making herself trust the posse is because she has no other available Agents to deal with this situation. Then she goes on.

> *Earlier today a train was hijacked from a coaling station north of Denver. The train's unmarked but it still sticks out like a sore thumb—in total it's got a locomotive, tender, and only one cargo car. Doesn't sound like much, I know, but the cargo on that train is extremely important to a lot of people. I want*

Relic: Jordrava's Tomahawk

What Jordrava called his "tomahawk" is what modern Indian warriors would call a bladed war club. It is a thick, stout length of hardwood carved with nature spirit totems. At the business end a sharp wedge of obsidian is lashed to the club with strips of leather, and feathers decorate the join.

Power: The weapon inflicts Str+2d8 damage (AP 3), weighs 5 lbs., requires two hands to be used effectively, and subtracts –1 from the wielder's Parry. Jordrava's weapon is warded by spirits so as to be virtually unbreakable (consider it to have Toughness 20 if someone tries), and can hack through most lesser substances.

In addition, whenever the owner makes a Fighting roll against anything directly empowered by the Reckoners, he receives +2 on the roll (whether wielding the tomahawk or not). The Marshal may use his discretion whether a given foe counts as directly empowered by the Reckoners, but in general, anyone who gains their supernatural power from the Reckoners counts. Most Black Magicians get their power directly from the Reckoners (unless the source is specifically listed as another supernatural entity, like the rattlers), but hucksters and Harrowed do not. Manitous and most abominations gain their powers indirectly from the Hunting Grounds, and so wouldn't be considered directly empowered by the Reckoners, except in special cases. This bonus applies against all four Servitors.

Taint: None.

you to chase it down and take it back from whoever stole it. Then bring it here.

Do that, and the tomahawk is yours. What do you say?

If they want to leave Denver with the item they came for, the posse doesn't have much choice in the matter. Literally the next second after the heroes agree to the terms, Hattie exclaims that time's a-wasting. She lends them an Agency "super-gyro" so they can catch up to the locomotive before it reaches Cheyenne. If there's no one among the heroes with the Piloting skill (or the arcane ability to grant it), Hattie loans them a pilot as well.

- **Super-Gyro:** This contraption is a larger version of the auto-gyro (see the *Deadlands Player's Guide*). It has the same stats as its smaller cousin, except what's noted here: it can carry up to 6 passengers along with the Crew of 2, costs $16,000, and travels approximately 25 miles on one pound of ghost rock.
- **Agency Pilot:** Extra. Use Mad Scientist stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*, and add Piloting d8.

Race for the Prize

Considering how slowly a locomotive ascends uphill grades in the Rocky Mountains, it's child's play to catch the stolen train in a flying whirligig. The heroes have about four hours to plan, pray, or be alone with their thoughts while soaring high above the eastern foothills of the Rockies. Then read the following.

As the chugging super-gyro rounds a rocky bluff, you spot the telltale puffs of steam and smoke rising from an iron horse below. The craft swoops a bit lower, just as the train crests a rise and begins to regain speed on the downhill slope. Sure enough, the locomotive isn't marked as the property of any rail company, and it pulls only two cars—a coal tender and a freight car. What do you do?

The train is traveling at Pace 20" by the time the heroes catch it. With the locomotive's considerable speed, landing isn't an option (unless someone's crazy enough to try to put the bird down on top of the moving train, a feat that requires a Piloting roll at –4; failure results in a Collision, and the super-gyro goes Out of Control). There are two likely courses of action—fly a few miles ahead and destroy or block the tracks, or jump from the flying super-gyro onto the speeding train.

Jumping requires an Agility roll (–2), but as soon as at least one hombre is waiting atop the train to catch a jumper, a Cooperative roll is possible. Those who fall from the speeding train suffer 4d6 damage and must succeed on an Agility roll or drop anything held in the hands.

The hijackers aren't particularly observant, thinking they're free and in the clear, but give them each a Notice roll (–4) to hear the buzzing of the super-gyro as it approaches. The sound of people jumping onto the top of the train grants another Notice roll, this time without penalty.

Mordecai Whateley and his bunch were watching the coal station for a few days, looking for a likely target. They don't have any idea what's in the crate—and they haven't bothered to check yet—but they figure it must be valuable if it's the sole cargo. Plus, the fact that some old fool was also after the cargo gave him hope for great value. If he only knew!

As soon as Mordecai's gang is aware of interlopers they try to kill 'em dead, plain and simple. They're a colorful bunch of unrepentant murderers and thieves. When the battle begins, Mordecai and Flint Jack are in the locomotive, while the rest of the gang is riding in the freight car with the cargo.

- **Ex-Rail Warriors (1 per hero):** Use Rail Warrior stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*, but they lack a Special Ability.
- **Outlaws (1 per hero):** See the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.
- **Flint Jack:** Use Veteran Gunman stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.
- **Zho Choi:** Extra. Use Superior Martial Artist stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

Mordecai Malignatus Whateley

Mordecai Malignatus Whateley, the bastard son of Uriah Whateley, is just as perverse and loony and the rest of his magic-wielding kin—if not more so. He's a card sharp who's wanted throughout Colorado and Kansas for various thefts and bloody atrocities, all of them committed "just to have a little fun." Mordecai's got the telltale jade eyes of a Whateley, along with a jawful of teeth filed down to sharp fangs. Or maybe he didn't file them at all…?

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

Skills: Fighting d6, Gambling d8, Intimidation d8, Persuasion d8, Shooting d10, Spellcasting d10, Stealth d6, Taunt d12

Charisma: –6; **Grit:** 4; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, Wanted (Major)

Edges: Arcane Background (Magic), Card Sharp, Improved Hip Shooting, Marksman, New Power, Power Points, Reputation, Whateley Blood

Powers: *Aim*, *boost/lower trait*, *fear*, *teleport*. **Power Points:** 20

Gear: Fancy suit, fedora, single-action Colt Peacemaker (12/24/48, 2d6+1, RoF 1, Shots 6, AP 1), double-barrel shotgun (12/24/48, 1–3d6, RoF 1–2, Shots 2, Shooting +2), 20 rounds of ammunition for each gun, knife (Str+d4), playing cards, *Hoyle's Book of Games*, $60 in gold coin.

The Prospector and the Prisoner

Unbeknownst to the Agency, the heroes aren't the only folks who tried to take back the train when it was hijacked. The other is an old cuss by the name of Coot Jenkins—better

known as the Prospector—and he's currently bound up and gagged in the cargo car (see the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook* for the whole story on Coot).

In the middle of the cargo car rests a long wooden crate marked FRAGILE–HANDLE WITH CARE. After the fight's end the Prospector introduces himself in a curt fashion—"Coot Jenkins. Glad to know ya."—and retrieves his satchel from the corner the outlaws tossed it into. Then he says,

I reckon I'm much obliged to you folks for the rescue. But this whole shebang won't be worth a dime unless we get that crate open and fix what's ailin' our cargo. Now if one of you would be so kind as to help me with this crowbar…

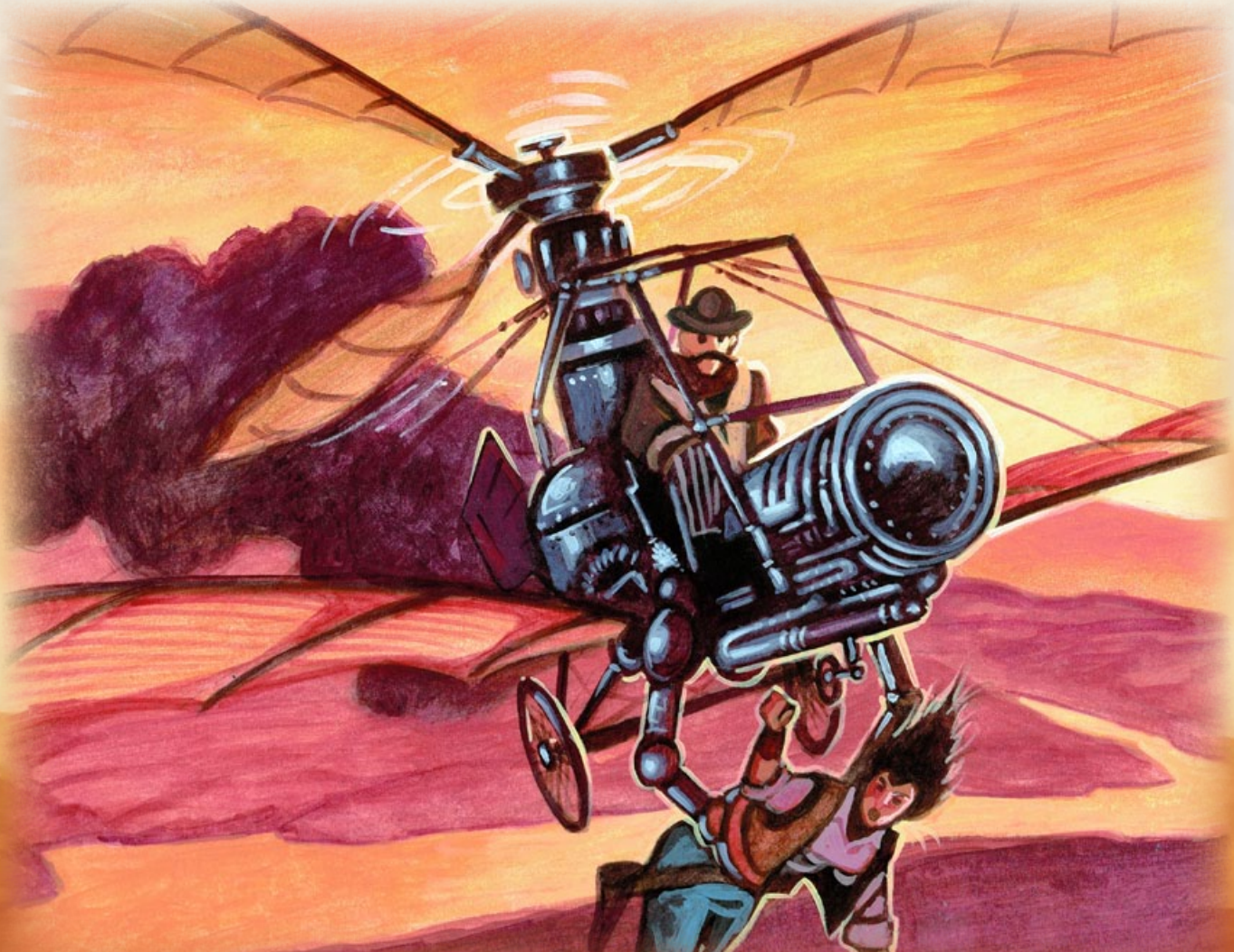
Coot doesn't answer any questions unless they're asked at gunpoint, and even then he's no less insistent that they open the crate before it goes back to the SRF in Denver. Coot is very persuasive and gives the posse no reason to think he's lying. He's not!

Read the following when the lid comes off the mysterious crate.

The lid hits the floor and you're a little taken aback by what you see inside the wooden box. This is no crate—it's a coffin! There's a tall, sallow-cheeked corpse lying on its back in there, and oddly enough it's gagged, handcuffed, and bound up with enough hemp rope to hang all the outlaws you just whipped.

His face screwed up in determination, Coot pulls a small corked bottle out of his satchel. It's filled with some black, viscous liquid that doesn't look like it tastes too good. "Let's get that gag off," Coot says as he uncorks the bottle.

As soon as he pulls off the gag, the corpse's eyes pop open!



"You yellow bastards!" it hollers. "Let me outta this corpse box! Fight me like men!!" Thrashing and squirming, the dude tries his damnedest to get free.

If anyone in the posse has the Yellow Hindrance, that coward needs to make an immediate Guts check versus Fear/Nausea. The rest of the posse can make Common Knowledge rolls (–2) to identify the erstwhile corpse. With success a hero thinks he's seen this fella before. The hero who scores a raise *knows* he's seen him—in the newspapers. The man in the crate is none other than Andrew Lane, one of the head honchos of Union Blue! And he looks an awful lot like ex-President Abraham Lincoln without a beard...

"Not until you drink this!" Coot yells, and just about jams the bottle down the thrashing corpse's throat. As the liquid drains away, the sallow man's eyes go wide and he lets out a wail of agony like you never heard in your whole life.

Then he goes still. For a few seconds there's silence. Then the bound man's eyes open again, and sense seems to have returned, along with curiosity and compassion. It's as though he's a different man entirely.

"Where am I?" he asks. "Who are you people?"

When he's cut loose, the man introduces himself as Andrew Lane and thanks the whole party profusely. If some hombre has the guts to ask about his resemblance to President Lincoln, Lane chuckles softly and says, "I get that a lot. But I don't believe I bear *that* much resemblance to the man."

- **Andrew Lane, aka "The Ghost":** See page 317.

Once the train is turned around and headed back toward Denver, Lane asks the posse if there's anything he can do to repay them for their efforts. Of course he's willing to bring the Agency's resources to bear. But if the heroes mention the Order of the Raven and their quest to stop them, Lane perks up.

I think I might be able to help you with that. I'm a man who makes it his business to know as much as possible about the… Event *that has cast its shadow over the West. By the same token, I like to know where my enemies hang their hats. Without exception the Ravenites are some of the most heinous, wicked foes we've ever faced. You want to take the fight to them? Hit them where they live? Go to Adobe Walls, down south in the Texas panhandle. That's where the ravens were roosting last time I checked.*

What's Next?

When the train is returned to Denver, Hattie Lawton makes good on her promise and turns over Jordrava's tomahawk to the posse. Everyone at the Nevada Basin Land Office is happy as a clam to see Mr. Lane again. Coot Jenkins makes a cryptic remark to Hattie, "We'll need to get Stoker's bullet out of him to be on the safe side, but he's right as rain for now."

It's a long way from Denver to the Texas panhandle and Adobe Walls, so there's plenty of opportunity to run your own tales as the heroes travel there. When they finally reach the site of the famous battle, blaze yourself a trail to Plot Point Seven.

7. Lodges O' the Last Sons

The Ravenites have heard quite a bit about the heroes and their exploits by now. Moreover, the tales have reached Raven himself. The Hooded One suspects the heroes are working with the Old One who escaped his wrath 17 years ago, and decides it's high time he eliminated them.

When Raven learns that the posse is traveling to Adobe Walls on the Ghost's advice, he orders one of the Last Sons to finish off the cowpokes and their ancient benefactor in one fell swoop. In fact, Raven has been waiting for this day—and planning for it—for quite a few years now.

Adobe Walls

Fear Level: 3

This village in the Texas panhandle has been a deserted ruin since the Battle of Adobe Walls in 1874. Most folks believe Adobe Walls is haunted, due to the fact that any whites who camp in or near the place tend to end up murdered. Chief Quanah Parker and his roving Comanches have done little to disabuse people of this notion—until 1879 they were the ones killing buffalo poachers in the Coyote Confederation and dumping them there!

In the past year even the Comanches have given Adobe Walls a wide berth. Slowly the stories of hauntings and evil spirits began to come true, as the earth spirits who made the region their home were driven out by manitous. Where the manitous walk freely the Ravenites aren't far behind. These days the small village is an actual ghost town, inhabited only by Raven's followers and the unforgiving spirits—and carcasses—of the dead.

Adobe Walls is a battle site twice over, so consult the Setting Rules for Battlefields (page 60) before running this tale.

Encounters in Adobe Walls

d6	*Encounter*
1–3	No encounter
4	1d4 Walkin' Dead
5	1d6 Normal Manitou in physical form
6	Kachina (Soyoko) in spirit form

Raven's Roost

The map of Adobe Walls shows the general layout of the ghost town. This place is thick with the auras of war and death. Hot, dry wind moans through broken windows. Each time the heroes poke around an abandoned building in Adobe Walls, roll once on the encounter table.

The Ravenites who dwell here are holed up in what was once Hanrahan's Saloon. Though they fight intruders with furious vengeance and great anger, these poor saps don't realize that one of the Last Sons (on Raven's orders) set them up as sacrificial lambs. Raven wants them to fight the posse all right, but only so the heroes are led to Serpent Mound in the Coyote Confederation. They've been ordered to defend this place to the death.

- **Ravenite Braves (3 per hero):** See page 315.

After the battle, a character who searches Hanrahan's Saloon discovers a creased and dirty piece of paper hidden in an old chest of drawers. There's a note written on it in Spanish:

> *My children: defend our lodge at Adobe Walls with every ounce of breath and blood and spirit you possess. But return to Serpent*

Mound before the moon is full again. Our preparations are almost complete. May Raven's wings enfold you in shadow and confound your enemies. —Esteemed Son

If a hero succeeds on a Common Knowledge roll he knows that Serpent Mound is located deep within the Coyote Confederation, roughly 200 miles to the east. That's a pretty long journey—roughly five days on horseback—so you'll want to insert some encounters or even another Savage Tale along the way.

Coyote's Own

Run this encounter when the posse's trail brings them close to the Coyote Confederation. Quanah Parker and his Comanche warriors patrol the border tirelessly, and they have no trouble killing intruders who displease them in some way. Read the following when the heroes come upon Parker's group.

Rounding a bend in the trail you see you've got company. Arrayed along the ridge about 100 yards off are a band of Indian braves on horseback. They wear buckskins and feathers, and their hair is twisted into distinctive braids, one on either side of their heads. The Indian at the center—the one with the thickest, most ornate braids—raises his hand and shouts a whole bunch of words in his own language.

Then (if no one answers) he adds sternly in English, "Why have you come to Coyote's lands? Answer quickly!"

Characters who speak Comanche (or have some other way of comprehending it) know that the chief's first comment was, "I am Quanah Parker, chief of the Comanche tribes! Why have you come to Coyote's lands?" Characters who know a language in the Shoshonean language group can figure it out with a successful Knowledge check.

- **Comanche braves (16):** Use Indian Brave stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. Each is mounted on a War Horse (see *Savage Worlds*).

- **Quanah Parker:** See page 327. The chief rides a War Horse of his own (see *Savage Worlds*).

The initial distance between the posse and Quanah Parker's warband (50" on a battlemat) is easily shouted across, and it makes a fight a little less likely to break out by accident. That's just fine with Parker—he wants to talk, obviously. An Indian character in the group adds +2 to the initial roll on the Reaction Table. Mention of Ravenites being hunted or killed grabs Parker's interest right away, and proof of the same (the note they found at Adobe Walls, for instance) puts the hunters in Parker's good graces. He answers the characters truthfully.

The Face of Fear

Serpent Mound entered the public consciousness back in 1877, when the *Tombstone Epitaph* ran a story about a cowboy named Pete Brunner who stumbled upon the Serpent Mound and even witnessed real live Ravenites performing snake rituals under the full moon. Since then, the Ravenites haven't stopped their rituals but they have killed a lot of fools who came along looking to prove or disprove that *Epitaph* story.

As a result the Fear Level has shot up all around this forsaken place. The Indians of the Coyote Confederation are terrified of it, and try to stop any outsiders from going there. The whites along the border have heard the tales of Pete Brunner, and those who followed him and were never seen again. Their own whispered tales and fearful prayers add to the mystique.

The branches of the ancient trees seem to creak, groan, and bend even when there is no breeze. Thorny vines grab at travelers' ankles, drawing blood. Out of the corner of one's eye the old trees look like evil, grinning faces. At all times travelers hear a maddeningly faint hissing noise at the edge of their perception, but there are no snakes to be found.

- **Tell us about Great Serpent Mound. How do we get there?**

  We can take you to the Serpent Mound if it's Ravenites you seek. But you should know that it was built long ago to imprison an evil thing, and now that evil has infected every bit of it. The legends of my people say lost riches and gold lie beneath the snake mound… but whoever takes them is fated to die in agony, his body torn to shreds and his spirit consumed. Then the beast will be free, and it will slither across the Plains and consume all the people – yours and mine.

Quanah Parker has never heard of an Indian named Esteemed Son. If the posse befriends his warband, they are escorted most of the way to Serpent Mound. The Comanches stop about three miles distant from the mound and refuse to go any closer.

Quanah Parker warns the heroes, "Do not dig on the Serpent Mound after the Ravenites are stopped. The lost treasure of the Ancients isn't worth your lives—or your spirits!"

Great Serpent Mound

Fear Level: 4

The Great Serpent Mound lies in a low valley in the deep southwestern wilds of the Coyote Confederation—real Oklahoma back country. The whole area is choked with old growth forest. Narrow Indian trails and winding deer tracks are the only ways in. It takes a Survival roll (–2) to find a way into the tangled heart of the valley.

The mound itself is nearly a mile long, its serpentlike body following the lay of the land. It is twelve feet tall in most spots and as much as thirty feet across at the base. No one knows who built it, but most shamans agree that it holds something evil in check. They assume it is a serpent or snake of some kind with glittering scales and venomous, daggerlike fangs.

The assumption that a serpent sleeps under the mound is dead wrong. Snakes being the spirits that bridge the physical world and

spirit world, naturally the snake totem was critical in the binding of the beast. But there's a ravenous beast under there all right—the first carcajou ever to walk the wilds of North America, a vicious, gluttonous abomination they called the Thing That Devours Tribes. The backwoods trappers and mountain men who know the tales call it "Hungry Annie."

The Ancients bound Hungry Annie under the Serpent Mound hundreds of years ago. But the rituals of the Ravenites have been weakening the bonds slowly over the years, until such a time as they could draw Jordrava into their trap. That time has come. Hungry Annie is hungrier than ever, thanks to the Ravenites' sacrifices. Her newfound power is designed to be used against a specific target—the last Old One.

During the day the mound is deserted. On any given night there are about eight Ravenites from various local tribes on the mound. Five of them perform rituals to strengthen the abomination under their feet, and the other three keep watch over the surrounding terrain. They are always considered Active guards. They are led by a mysterious, hooded shaman who typically emerges from the shadows after they arrive—the cryptic figure known only as Esteemed Son.

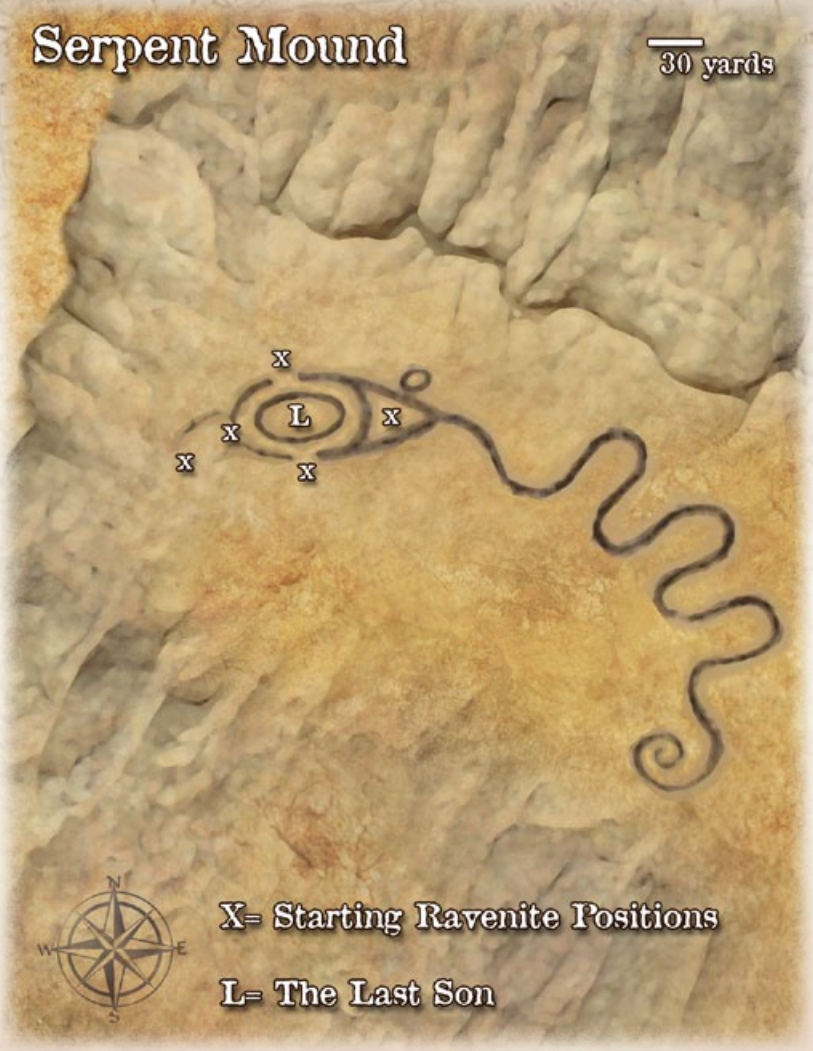
- **Ravenite Shamans (8):** Extras. See page 316.
- **Esteemed Son:** Use Last Son stats on page 312.

Raven Springs a Trap

As soon as the heroes engage Esteemed Son and his followers in combat, Jordrava decides the time is right to reveal himself to his old foes. It's the worst mistake he has ever made—and the last.

At the beginning of the third round of combat, read the following.

A piercing screech rings from the night sky, and everyone looks up to see a large, powerful eagle flapping its wings and descending out of the darkness. The bird settles onto the mound and in the blink of an eye assumes its true form—Jordrava. With a single movement of the Old One's hand, one of the Ravenites clutches his chest, struggles to breathe, and falls dead. "Your work is finished here," says Jordrava.



The hooded figure twitches and hisses laughter, "That's right, Old One. It was finished long ago. The only thing missing… was you."

Jordrava's eyes widen. "Oh. No…"

Before the Old One can react the earth cracks open at his feet and swallows him to the waist. A thunderous rumble rolls through the earth—the groan of some primordial creature awakening. An angry hissing rises from beneath the Old One, who struggles to free himself.

Then the Old One starts to yell, and then to scream, and then to shriek like any animal does when it's being torn to shreds. Blood thick as a geyser sprays all over the Serpent Mound as the beast enjoys its first meal in a very long time.

The Ravenites have spent years endowing Hungry Annie with the rage, hunger, and viciousness of a variety of spirits, all chosen especially for their ability to kill Jordrava and his Eagle totem. During the Old One's recent captivity even more information was collected. What we're saying, Marshal, is that Jordrava has reached the end of his long strange trip in the jaws of an unnaturally savage carcajou—he has no chance to live through this chapter.

What he does is keep Annie busy until the heroes can finish off the Last Son and his angry minions. Once that's done, they'll have to face Hungry Annie on their own. Luckily for them, much of her power has been spent in killing the Old One. She's still the biggest, meanest carcajou that ever lived.

Hungry Annie

The thing known to grizzled mountain men as Hungry Annie is an ancient carcajou—a nightmarish wolverine-like creature roughly eight feet tall at the shoulder. Her muzzle holds two rows of triangular, serrated teeth and her paws are tipped by three-inch long claws capable of scoring stone. The monster's fur is dark brown, shot through with lighter coloring around its muzzle. Its eyes are large, with oddly shaped and disturbingly human irises. Annie is ferocious and ravenously hungry at all times, enough to wipe out a large herd of cattle or buffalo. She is fiendishly intelligent, and prefers human flesh to all others.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d8, Spirit d12, Strength d12+2, Vigor d12

Skills: Climbing d10, Fighting d12+2, Intimidation d12, Notice d8, Stealth d12, Tracking d8

Pace: 10; **Parry:** 9; **Toughness:** 18 (2)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +2:** Thick fur gives the carcajou additional protection.
- **Bite:** Str+d10.
- **Claws:** Str+d8, AP 2.
- **Dense Body:** +2 Toughness.
- **Daunting:** A carcajou's frenzied behavior allows it to make a free Intimidation Test of Wills at the beginning of a combat.
- **Fearless:** Carcajou are immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- **Hardy:** When Shaken a second time, carcajou do not suffer a wound.
- **Immunity:** Due to the Ravenites' rituals, Hungry Annie cannot be harmed by any of Jordrava's attacks. As a side-effect, she also takes half damage from any other magical attacks directed at her.
- **Large:** Attackers gain a +2 bonus on attacks against Hungry Annie.
- **Quick:** Carcajou discard action cards of 5 or lower.
- **Improved Frenzy:** The creature makes two Fighting attacks at no penalty.
- **Size +6:** Hungry Annie is about the size of an African bull elephant.
- **Soul Devourer:** Any hombre who gets eaten by Annie is gone for good; there's no coming back Harrowed.
- **Weakness (Snakes):** The bite of a normal snake, or a power that uses snakes for trappings, does double damage to Hungry Annie.

The Bull Revealed

The heroes have their hands full putting down the beast from under Serpent Mound, but success in this adventure depends on capturing or killing the Last Son. If Esteemed Son escapes them at Serpent Mound they'll have to keep trying until they catch the wily son of a gun.

Esteemed Son has in his possession a message (written in Sioux) which reads as follows:

We have received word from the Hooded One. Draw them to Serpent Mound and Jordrava will follow. Then the Thing That Devours Tribes will see to it that no one stands in our way.

The attack on Deadwood is imminent. We will cause bloodshed such as neither the whites nor the tribes have ever seen. If we must, we will expend a million arrows to get our revenge. Raven wills it. Return to us when your business in the Confederation is finished. – Sitting Bull

Jordrava's Fate

Jordrava lives for a little while longer, though he's horribly wounded, certainly beyond the ability of any healing power or skill to save him. In a hoarse whisper he admits to any hero who comes close,

I was a fool – an arrogant old fool – to show myself here. Now I depart for the village of the Great Spirit. The journey will be long, if I make it there at all. You…are the only ones… who can save them. The Sioux. The whites. All the tribes. You must warn them. Find Crazy Horse and warn him of Sitting Bull's treachery. Crazy Horse will believe you.

Then…join the shamans at Medicine Wheel. Summer solstice. There will be a Great Medicine Dance like nothing the tribes have seen…

With that Jordrava drifts off into death. His eyes go blank and glassy, but he dies with a smile on his face.

What's Next?

Heroes who go digging for treasure spend 2d6 hours excavating the mound, and must succeed on a Vigor roll or gain a level of Fatigue that fades after a good night's rest. But they are rewarded with a cache of ancient Anasazi gold, and if Hungry Annie is dead there's no curse to worry about! The gold is worth $1,500 in hard currency, or $4,500 if sold to a collector of antiquities in a large city. If Hungry Annie still lives, she hunts and kills anyone who even laid a finger on the Serpent Mound Treasure.

As the only people on the side of right who know Sitting Bull is a Ravenite and planning a massive assault on Custer's forces at Deadwood, the posse would be well advised to high-tail it back to the Sioux nations at a fairly good clip. That doesn't mean they can't get into some other adventures along the way—the trail from the Coyote Confederation to Deadwood is long and winding, and it goes right through the heart of Kansas. All sorts of scrapes are possible.

8. Last Stand on Bear Butte

Run this adventure whenever you want to send your group back into the maelstrom that the Sioux Nations have become. When they go, they bear witness to historical events and participate in some of their own.

The Set-Up

In the spring of 1881, Custer's volunteer army is entrenched in Deadwood, packed in behind a quarter mile of earthworks and cannons. Despite Sioux warbands constantly circling the region, rushing in on horseback in violent lightning raids and then vanishing back onto the Plains, Custer's forces continue to grow. Iron Dragon trains publically bring in Custer's recruits while secretly delivering more and more munitions to the Ravenites. Currently Custer's army numbers around 5,000.

In a startling development, Sitting Bull signs a treaty with the ever-present Dr. Darius Hellstromme without the other *wicasas'* knowledge. When Wasatch officials promise Sitting Bull they can deliver the doctor's impressive forces to Deadwood without

Encounters Near Deadwood

d12	*Encounter*
1	**Earth Warriors:** A warband of 2d8 of Raven's Earth Warriors (see page 314) summoned up by Ravenites. They murder anyone they meet, and move on to the next victim.
2–3	**Iron Dragon:** A band of 1d20 Martial Artists armed with Winchesters and Chinese swords. They are led by a Samurai (Iron Dragon Rail Warrior). See the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook* for stats.
4–6	**Miners:** A band of 2d20 ghost rock miners trying to get back to Deadwood safely. Use Townsfolk stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. They are armed but not hostile. 1d4 of the miners are in league with Frank Bryant and his Ghost Miners, and looking to stir up trouble.
7–9	**Sioux Warband:** A group of 2d20 armed Sioux Indian Braves on horseback. They are led by an Indian Shaman. See the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook* for stats.
10–11	**Ravenites:** A band of 1d20 Indians on horseback who appear to be Lakota Sioux but are armed with Winchesters, Colt Peacemakers, and shotguns. They kill anyone they meet, and dump the bodies wherever it will cause the most trouble. Use the Ravenite Brave stats on page 315.
12	**Wasatch X-Squad:** A cadre of six Wasatch Rail Warriors. Four have Gatling shotguns, one has a flamethrower, and the last is armed with an experimental *blast* gun. They are escorted by an automaton (a Wild Card) under their command. See the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook* for stats.

laying a single rail upon Indian lands, Sitting Bull is so curious he can't help but agree. The Hooded One approves.

Hellstromme immediately mobilizes his refurbished Hellbore—instrumental in winning the First Great Rail War—to burrow under Sioux lands until it reaches the south end of the Black Hills. While everything else grinds to a halt under eight feet of snow, Wasatch steadily lays track toward Deadwood while keeping their promise to lay no tracks on Sioux land. They didn't make any promises about under it.

Gehenna Station

By the time the Long Winter of 1880 ends (in April of 1881), Wasatch trains are rolling into the newly built Gehenna Station. Due to its location west of Satan's Garden (page 85) the wind patterns drop constant "snowstorms" of ash onto the desolate railhead. The tough Wasatch X-Squads who live and work here have taken to calling it "South Satan Central." Every day freight trains haul in dozens of automatons, clockwork tarantulas, and troops to prepare for the battle to come, and leave laden with ghost rock. In the national press, Hellstromme talks about the moral imperative to "preserve native sovereignty in the Sioux Nations," but no one's sure whether the mad doctor has two fingers crossed behind his back.

For years Custer's agents and mouthpieces in Washington have been unable to generate any sympathy for his cause. Now the politicians start looking at Deadwood and the Sioux Nations in a different light. Sympathy for "those poor boys under siege by the Sioux menace" begins to spread, through the efforts of tireless muckrakers. The Union and Confederacy alike sit up and take notice that the native powers are making treaties with private citizens. All the Rail Barons note with disgust that Hellstromme's deal not only allows him to deliver machines of war—it also provides direct access to the ghost rock of the Black Hills.

Hell Comes to Deadwood

All Hell breaks loose as the heroes are making their way north across the Badlands toward Deadwood. Desperate to reassert the Union's authority, President Garfield brokers a last-minute deal with Kang. Within a day Union Blue freight trains rumble into Deadwood on the Iron Dragon line carrying nothing but Union troops, materiel, and rations for the teeming forces of Custer.

When the Confederacy gets wind of this bold move they answer with one of their own. CSA forces muster in Kansas City and cross the Missouri River into Kansas, where they are joined by the Cherokee Mounted Rifles under Gen. Stand Watie. Together the forces occupy Topeka and Lawrence, and Watie's men blow up the Union Blue line to Salina. Partisan warfare flares out of control across the Disputed Territories. Union mechanized forces—well replenished since the worst of the fighting in '76—mobilize and prepare to roll into Colorado. Once again North and South stand defiant, at the brink of war.

Word spreads like wildfire across the Plains to all the tribes of the Sioux Nations that the whites have once again sent soldiers to their lands. All the Union promises that Custer had gone rogue, that he was acting on his own authority—*all lies*. Several thousand Indian warriors gather from all the corners of their territories. Tribes that have warred for centuries put aside their conflicts to ride toward Deadwood. In mid-May Custer marches north with a column of 4,000 troops.

Then the Battle of Deadwood officially begins.

Somewhere in the Black Hills

There are all sorts of encounters a posse might have on its way into the eye of the hurricane. Make up your own, roll on the table, or use a combination of both. You might need to make adjustments depending on the method the group uses to get to where the action is. For instance, they're far less likely to meet up with a Sioux warband should they enter the Sioux Nations using Hellstromme's subterranean rail line. The war is on, even if the biggest battle hasn't started yet.

Return to Deadwood

The imminent battle has caused the Fear Level to shoot up to 4 all around Deadwood. Your group might decide to go back there, either to recover from wounds or enlist Charley Bull's help in finding Crazy Horse.

Run this encounter when the travelers' path reaches the very edge of town. Custer is currently mustering his forces in Deadwood to march north upon the Sioux tribes, ignorant of the fact that the Indian tribes are already preparing a welcome for him. They're challenged by Custer's pickets in the usual manner.

Who goes there? Friend or foe?

These men are stationed among the earthworks under the command of one Capt. Breslow, armed with their own weapons plus Gatling guns and cannons, and they're pretty much terrified for their lives. They are newly arrived on one of Kang's relief trains. Few of them have any illusions about their fate should the collected might of the Sioux Nations fall upon their heads.

- **Custer's Irregulars (14):** Use Soldier stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.
- **Custer's Loyalists (4):** Use Veteran Soldier stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.
- **Captain Emmett Breslow:** Wild Card. Use Officer stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

The heroes can talk or fight their way into Deadwood, or maybe even sneak past the pickets. Most residents are hiding behind locked doors, with all their weapons poised and ready for an Indian invasion.

Bullock's Deputies

Marshal Seth Bullock is out in the streets with a band of riders, trying to round up as many able-bodied men as he can and deputize them. He's terrified of what's about to happen, and he wants to be as ready for it as he can.

- **Deputies (8):** Use Gunman stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.
- **Marshal Seth Bullock:** See the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

The Critic Revisited

If they're trying to find Charley Bull, the heroes should start at the Langrishe Theater—their erstwhile contact is hiding out there until the storms of war blow over, and he suggests they do the same. With a successful Persuasion roll, the heroes convince Charley Bull to tell them where to find Crazy Horse.

Listen to me and try to understand. Custer's men are mustering in the streets. Thousands of my people are gathering. When they are finished there won't be a single white man left alive in Deadwood. The clanking, screaming machines of Wasatch march across the Black Hills, eager to fight for the Sioux and help themselves to a share of ghost rock. My friends…even the spirits are in hiding. It is too late to turn back this tide.

You want Crazy Horse? You are crazy to try to find him now. But if your minds are made up, ride northeast toward Bear Butte. And pray to the Great Spirit Crazy Horse is the first of my people you meet.

Charley Bull won't voluntarily leave the theater under any circumstances. When the heroes depart from Deadwood, they have to make their way out through Custer's forces again—earthworks and trenches surround the entire town. Roll for another encounter in the vicinity of town as the posse departs.

At a high point on the trail, the heroes are afforded a perfect view of Deadwood, the bluffs to the north, and the Black Hills to the southwest. Read the following.

Down below you can see Deadwood on the banks of the creek, surrounded by complex earthworks and trenches. Long columns of Custer's troops file out between them and march north. You estimate somewhere in the vicinity of 4,000 soldiers on the move, and the Great Spirit help any Indians who might find themselves in the way.

Parley with Crazy Horse

Run this encounter when the heroes set out onto the Dakota Plains looking for Crazy Horse, or when Charley Bull sends them to Bear Butte.

Heroes riding over the Plains toward Bear Butte are almost certain to meet Crazy Horse and his band of warriors. Sitting Bull and the Hooded One are perched up on Bear Butte with their followers to watch the battle unfold. Crazy Horse was ordered to patrol the vicinity and keep intruders out, something he isn't very happy about given the enormity of the battle a few miles away.

If they don't attack him or his men, Crazy Horse gives intruders one chance to explain themselves. He responds to answers he doesn't like by ordering his warriors to attack. But after all these years of suspicion Crazy Horse is ready to believe that Sitting Bull is a traitor. He has never trusted the Hooded One at all, so with this new information everything finally adds up.

Assuming the encounter doesn't turn into a shootout, the heroes need to make a successful Persuasion roll to convince Crazy Horse of their sincerity. If an Indian character assists on this roll he automatically contributes a +1 bonus, in addition to any bonus granted by his Cooperative roll. Showing Crazy Horse the note from Sitting Bull to the Ravenites (see page 205) grants an additional +2 on the Persuasion roll.

- **Crazy Horse:** See page 321.
- **Crazy Horse's Warriors (6):** See page 321.

When Crazy Horse realizes the truth—that Sitting Bull has been leading the Ravenites

all this time—he lets out a war cry and rides toward Bear Butte at full speed, with his warriors trailing behind. The heroes are welcome to tag along if they're able to keep up.

Gathering Clouds

A path wide enough for two horses to ride abreast winds toward the top of Bear Butte (see page 82 for a full description). About halfway up the mountain there's another clear view of Deadwood. Read the following passage.

Again you get a good view of Deadwood and Custer's columns on the march. Your gaze is drawn out onto the Plains, where the sunlight falls bright upon the bluffs, and what you see there steals away your next breath.

From one end of the horizon to the other, the feathered warriors of the Sioux Nations, and all their allies and enemies, are lined up along the tops of the bluffs. Those of you who take the most stock in mathematics are able to figure a quick estimate—just like Charley Bull said, thousands of his people. Somewhere on the order of 8,000 in fact.

The southwest sky is smudged with soot from Satan's Garden. From under that pall of gray the forces of Wasatch come rolling—close to fifty chugging steam wagons and steam tanks, columns of marching X-Squads decked out with new-fangled weaponry, and a legion of clanking automatons ambling along over the rocky ground. A commander raises his arm and they rumble to a halt.

You reckon you don't have much time.

Crazy Horse is determined to fight. He won't win on his own, but that doesn't slow him down one bit. He insists that everyone ride for the summit of Bear Butte as fast as their mounts will go.

As the heroes approach the summit of Bear Butte, anyone who succeeds on a Notice roll hears cannon fire out on the plains, but the mountain currently blocks the view.

The Fall of Sitting Bull

Hours ago, Sitting Bull gathered the *wicasas* atop Bear Butte and revealed to them what he'd been up to all this time—secretly arming the warriors of the tribes with the white man's guns. He told them the Gatling guns and rifles were already being passed around, and Custer would soon pay a final price for his arrogance.

Instead of hailing him as a savior, the elders were horrified by what Sitting Bull had done. After hours of debate, the council fragmented and dissolved. Those loyal to Sitting Bull remained, while the Old Ways elders and their warriors fled north to buy more time to prepare for their fight against Custer.

Unknown to all, Sitting Bull just contacted Kang via telegraph and promised him a virtual monopoly on the Black Hills ghost rock trade if he were to fight beside the Sioux. Kang agreed.

Now Sitting Bull watches the imminent battle from Bear Butte's summit, with the Hooded One at his side. Bloody Marty Coltrane, a member of the Thunder Guard, lurks nearby. Sitting Bull's most loyal Ravenite warriors range around the butte keeping watch for intruders. They attack nosy interlopers immediately.

Before any fighting begins, native characters in the posse recognize the Hooded One as Raven himself, and characters of other persuasions realize it with a successful Common Knowledge roll. The Hooded One doesn't do anything to advertise his identity, because in fact he's a decoy. The real Raven is far, far away. A false Raven pulls no punches—he's mightily ticked off, and Hell-bent on killin' up some do-gooders as ruthlessly and efficiently as possible. After all, in his mind he really *is* Raven. When the battle breaks out, have Crazy Horse and his band go after the Thunder Guard and about half of the Ravenite braves, while the heroes are left to take on the rest.

- **Ravenite Braves (3 per hero):** See page 315.

- **Sitting Bull:** See page 313.
- **The Hooded One:** Use False Raven stats on page 311.
- **"Bloody" Marty Coltrane:** See Thunder Guard stats on page 313.

As soon as the fighting stops, read the following passage.

The last enemy drops, and the gunsmoke hangs thick in the air. But strangely the sound of gunfire doesn't stop at all. It's faint but persistent. You go to the edge of the butte and look out over the High Plains.

The fields north of Deadwood are torn by bloody combat. Sioux warriors fire rifles into the massed Union troops, who return fire with rattling Gatling runs. Cannons near Deadwood unleash constant fusillades into the massed Indians to the northwest. Wasatch steam tanks rumble toward the earthworks among crowds of automatons.

Thousands of Sioux warriors circle on horseback like angry hornets, preventing Custer's troops from retreating behind their lines. Everywhere the dead are scattered on the ground. An ammunition dump near the edge of town goes up in a bright explosion of flame. Night is coming on fast, but the battle shows no signs of stopping.

Should they have reason to do, so the heroes can ride hard back to Deadwood and join in the festivities. The encounter table on page 206 is a good guide to the sorts of foes the posse meets among the chaos of war (ignore results of Miners). On the other hand, they might just want to keep an eye on things from up here where the *healing* magic flows freely.

Ghost Dancers

Not long after Sitting Bull is defeated, Wovoka and his band of riders arrive at Bear Butte. The Paiute shaman is pleased to see the heroes safe after all this time. Read the following as he approaches.

My friends—we came as soon as we heard the news. All this time the leader of the tribes has been a thrall to Raven. He has betrayed his own people and he has betrayed the spirits by turning his back on the Old Ways. He caused that slaughter down on the Plains. I fear it will not stop today. It will not stop until the irrational rage that consumes them is spent.

We have a plan to ask the greatest of the spirits to help us stop this war. Join us at Medicine Wheel. Your help, and the help of these potent medicine items you carry, will be needed for the Great Medicine Dance.

What's Next?

If any heroes still want to learn the Ghost Dance, Wovoka is more than willing to teach them now. See page 61 to find out exactly how that's done.

Though Sitting Bull is unmasked and the Ravenites' hidden source of power among the *wicasas* eliminated, a cloud of doom hangs over everything. The war shows no signs of stopping. Soon the shamans gather atop Medicine Wheel.

9. The Great Summoning

This is it, Marshal—the epic culmination of the heroes' battle against the Ravenites. In the weeks after the Battle of Deadwood the Sioux Nations become a slaughterhouse referred to as the Black Hills War. As soon as Kang fights openly beside the Sioux, Hellstromme abruptly switches sides and aids Custer's troops (hoping President Garfield is grateful enough to grant Wasatch exclusive rights to the ghost rock of the Black Hills, once the Sioux are pacified).

Ranks of automatons and steam tanks clash against massed ranks of Chinese spearmen, kamikaze bombers, and ogres summoned from the depths of Hell. Gehenna Station and Dusky Jewel launch constant attacks on each other. Custer's outriders scour the countryside, destroying Sioux camps and

torching stored food. The night sky glows red with the fires of burning villages and shattered ghost-rock vehicles.

Neither side is able to gain a clear advantage, but one thing is obvious—the Sioux are the big losers. As the death toll rises so does the Fear Level, going up to 5 near any of the Sioux Nation's active battlegrounds, including the Black Hills and Deadwood.

Pow-Wow at Medicine Wheel

After the Battle of Deadwood, the warriors who remained loyal to the *wicasas* and the Old Ways retreated north across the Grand River. These braves, backed by powerful medicine from their shamans, were able to turn back any force that tried to cross the river, but they lacked the strength to move south and help the Sioux trapped in the middle of fighting. Any force that headed south would have to fight both Custer's troops and Sitting Bull's Ravenite braves.

Word came that US troops were massing on the eastern border of the Sioux Nations, and that Confederate raiders had slipped across the border from Colorado and were headed north. The *wicasas* knew something had to be done to end this fighting before it escalated even further, and everything they had worked for was destroyed. That's when

Wovoka arrived, bringing word of the Great Medicine Dance.

The *wicasas* were unmoved at first, but Wovoka spoke passionately. He had been inspired by Jordrava, and now he inspired the *wicasas* with the Old One's words. When he finished his speech they agreed to his plan. They would gather hundreds of medicine men to perform a ritual unlike any the world had seen in centuries. The spirits would put an end to this war.

The Great Medicine Dance

The posse should arrive at Medicine Wheel (see page 114) any time during the week of the ritual, but no later than the solstice on June 21. Any shamans or medicine men the cowpokes met up with on their many journeys might be here, so make sure to arrange reunions and such.

As the many shamans of the tribes gather on Medicine Wheel, some of your players might feel compelled to take part as well. Wovoka assures the heroes he has other, more important duties for them, and that the situation is well in hand. Take this time to fill your heroes in on recent developments in the Black Hills War if they've been out of touch.

Word of the Great Medicine Dance spreads to more than just allies. As the ritual goes on, Custer's army rides up to the foothills of Medicine Wheel in the company of hundreds of newly allied Wasatch war machines. Steam tanks and Gatling-armed steam wagons, X-Squads by the score, and hundreds of automatons and clockwork tarantulas surround Medicine Wheel. They make preparations to kill the gathered shamans under some pretense, and thus crush the spiritual backbone of the Sioux Nations. In the Hunting Grounds, another threat looms.

The ritual begins on the evening of June 14 and continues for a week. More and more medicine men, priests, and shamans arrive via the Hunting Grounds and join the dance as it goes on. They chant, they pray, they fast, they give burnt offerings. They cut themselves with ceremonial knives and offer their blood.

On the night of the solstice they plan to contact the spirits—the spirits of the sky, the water, the earth, and the animals. These messengers will seek the powerful ancient thunderbirds, who shamans have feared to contact for centuries. The mere sight of their radiance could drive a man insane, or even kill him.

At the end of a long week of nonstop chanting and praying the summer solstice arrives. Read the following when evening falls.

The shamans continue to chant and dance, even though many have fallen to the earth in total exhaustion. Some lie dead, watched over by only their guardian spirits. Of the 200 who began the dance a week ago, only a dozen remain. Wovoka is among them.

Suddenly the Paiute chief falters. He stares at something far away, something you can't see. The color drains out of his face and his eyes widen. He breaks from the medicine circle and staggers toward you.

"I told you…I had other duties for you," Wovoka pants. "The legions of the manitous approach in the Hunting Grounds. They will kill our guardian spirits and drive away the spirits friendly to our cause. If they aren't delayed or turned back—the entire ritual will be worthless. The evil ones will win."

If the heroes don't have the ability to open a portal into the Hunting Grounds, Wovoka opens one for them. He also rounds up a force of over 100 Indian braves to accompany the posse and fight for the Ghost Dancers. Before the posse departs for the other side, Wovoka adds a final cryptic remark.

One last thing—every army needs a general. I have called to one of your most illustrious ancestor spirits... and he has answered. He awaits you now. Good luck.

Dead Generals

Crossing over into the Hunting Grounds, the heroes find themselves on top of a reasonable approximation of Medicine Wheel itself. A place this strong with arcane energy makes an impression on the mirror world, so it appears as an idealized version of the sacred site.

A large spoked wheel made of carefully arranged quartz stones seems to glow in the moonlight. Hundreds of nature spirits – totem animals of all kinds as well as hovering, luminous beings – flit around the area.

The eastern sky is red as blood. From your vantage point on top of the mountain you see the many minions of the Reckoners getting closer. Most of them are black things that squirm and ooze across the landscape, swarming terrors the size of crows.

A horde of hulking, eight-foot tall apparitions are driven onward by the whips of their masters – three massive, multi-armed, and many-eyed horrors that flow and warp and defy description. Other evil things move among the ranks, including squirming serpents made out of smoke.

Then the crowning horror reveals itself, rising slowly into the sky. The titanic and indistinct form of a massive warrior astride his horse, like the shadow cast by a god. With utter certainty you know it's the spirit of War himself. You know it just as surely as you know you're about to wet yourself.

Call for a Guts check (at –6 due to the presence of a Reckoner, even if it's only spiritual in nature) from anyone who witnesses this horrifying scene. As soon as the heroes get a grip on their fear (or it gets a grip on them), read the following.

The translucent, bloodied ghost of a white man approaches from among the nearby nature spirits, wearing the scorched remains of a Confederate uniform. The apparition salutes you... and strangely, you feel no fright.

In a proud Southern accent the ghost intones, "Ah say, you all must be the illustrious soldiers we've been waiting for. General Robert E. Lee, at your service.

"For a while ah thought my entire brigade would consist of–" he gestures toward the bizarre congeries of spirits "–these odd things, and the loyal boys who accompanied me. With a little flesh and blood on our side my optimism has returned, Sirs and Madams. It is well that war is so terrible, lest we should grow too fond of it.

"Now, as you see, our time is short. We must ready ourselves! The enemy is on the march."

War on War

Robert E. Lee is an accomplished military leader, but War is the ultimate general. He plans for every contingency—of course he knows there are defenders lying in wait for his forces. His manitou soldiers are expecting determined resistance. In fact, War wouldn't have it any other way.

Give your group free rein to design their defense of Medicine Wheel and then carry it out. They have about an hour before the enemy arrives. True to predictions, War's legions are interested in only one thing—killing every spirit and living thing they find on top of Medicine Wheel. Then they turn their attentions to the shamans in the physical world.

Before the battle starts, the immediate area around Medicine Wheel takes a form most appropriate to Gen. Lee's worldview, as Lee prepares a strategy with a ghostly aide-de-camp at his side. Read the following just before all hell breaks loose.

As you look out across the battlefield, it skews slightly and resolves into an awful scene most of you recognize – the bloody fields of Gettysburg on July 3rd of '63. Now the places are reversed, with General Lee and his staunchest Confederate allies atop Cemetery Ridge, and the Union's legions approaching

with bloodlust in their eyes. The ghosts of the past prepare to clash all around you, while the slavering minions of War hunger for your souls…

As the battle begins, the sky overhead fills with thousands of lesser raven spirits that loop, soar, and scream. Lesser manitous lead the charge, swarming toward the defenders. Normal manitous follow, targeting foes who seem too strong to be bothered by their smaller cousins. In moments the slopes of Medicine Wheel become a savage, bloody war zone.

Be sure to familiarize yourself with the Mass Battle rules in *Savage Worlds* before running this conflict. If the heroes come up with a good plan for defending Medicine Wheel, grant them a +2 Battle Plan modifier in the first round. The heroes and their forces enjoy a minor Terrain advantage for being on higher ground, and they do *not* have the option to retreat—this battle is do-or-die.

Each round the heroes get a chance to sway the battle's outcome, just as Kills Alone does (and the Last Son is, of course, considered Legendary Rank). See **Characters in Mass Battles** in *Savage Worlds* for all the details.

- **Ghost Dancers (7 tokens):** Gen. Robert E. Lee (Knowledge: Battle d12); ghostly Confederate soldiers (100); Indian braves (100); nature spirits (100); the posse.
- **War's Legions (10 tokens):** Groch, Hyergas, and Jurgal—Greater Manitous (Knowledge: Battle d10); Kills Alone, Last Son (1); normal manitous (300); lesser manitous (20 swarms); snake clouds (10); greater snake cloud (1).

The Last Defense

After five rounds of Mass Battle (whether the winner is decided or not), the Last Son known as Kills Alone, a party of Ravenite braves, and several evil spirits break off from War's forces and make for the top of Medicine Wheel. This does not go unnoticed by the good guys—General Lee shouts a warning to the heroes to stop them.

If the Mass Battle is still on, continue it each round but do not count the heroes, the Last Son, or the greater snake cloud as participants. They've got their own battle to fight now! As a result, War's legions immediately lose one token.

- **Ravenite Braves (1 per hero):** See page 315.
- **Normal Manitous (1 per hero):** See page 302.
- **Greater Snake Cloud:** See page 308.
- **Kills Alone:** See Last Son stats on page 312.

Broken Wings

The heroes need to defeat Kills Alone, or at least hold him off for another 10 rounds. As the battle grinds on, the sound of drums grows louder and louder. When the fighting stops—or at the end of the tenth round—read the following:

Suddenly the drums go silent. A bright flash illuminates the entire battlefield, followed almost instantly by a great peal of thunder. All the raven spirits fall smoking from the sky, leaving black feathers in their wake. The ground beneath your feet begins to buckle and shake.

A wheel of fire turns in the sky, and from it fly four massive thunderbirds that circle about. A hot, driving wind funnels down from the heavens and scours the sides of the mountain. The manitous and snake spirits are dispelled like smoke. Everyone else is driven to their knees. The searing wind raises blisters on your exposed skin.

As you watch in awe, the giant thunderbirds soar off into the sky—one in each direction. The wind seems to follow them, sweeping over all the land the Indians call home, burning it clean with ribbons of flame. The light grows brighter and brighter, until it's all around you, it's all you can see. The scorching heat is the very last thing you feel.

Pause—a very dramatic pause. Let that sink in for a few seconds, Marshal.

…for a little while, at least. When your vision clears you're still on your knees, but you're back in the world you know best, on top of ol' Medicine Wheel.

The wind picks up, and the enemies of the Sioux tremble in fear. Where the wind blows, machines die. Steam tanks at the base of the mountain clank to a halt as the ghost rock fires in their bellies go out. Clockwork spiders skitter around in a manic frenzy and then explode in a hail of gears and springs. Automatons sputter and fall over, and X-Squads find that their Gatling guns no longer fire.

And everyone—from Custer, to the lowliest soldier, to you cowpokes on top of the mountain—discovers that his shootin' irons …just won't. The rounds are all duds. Silence falls over Medicine Wheel.

A second later, war whoops of Indian braves ring out as they charge down into the midst of the enemy, break Custer's ranks, and chase fleeing Union soldiers across the Plains. Something tells you Ol' Yellow-Hair won't be escaping this time.

Less than 20 of the shamans who started the ritual still live. Many died of exhaustion, and still more dropped dead in awe of the thunderbirds. But the medicine men were successful. A driving wind blows outward in all directions from Medicine Wheel.

You're all tuckered out, so you gaze over the wreckage left in War's wake. This was the sacrifice it took to break Raven's hold on these people, but somehow that sentiment rings hollow. War might be banished from this wasted, blood-soaked land, but it will rise up somewhere else—meaner and more ornery than ever before.

Best get your guns reloaded before then, pards. But sharpen your knives first. The road out of the Sioux Nations is bound to be a bloody one.

Epilogue: Busted Arrow

First of all, we should point out that this Epilogue isn't crucial to the events of the Plot Point campaign. It's an entirely optional post-script, to be used or ignored as you see fit. That said, it provides Legendary heroes a chance to truly shine, playing a central role in sending one or more Rail Barons to the top of the heap (or the bottom of the barrel) in the Disputed Territories. Best of all, how they do it is entirely up to them.

The Story So Far

The Black Hills War touched off a firestorm across the border in Kansas. In the chaos east of Dodge City, a Union Blue passenger train was attacked by Black River witches and gunmen riding in armored steam carts. As a result, a massive derailment killed nearly half the passengers. The Wichita Witches killed the rest.

Enraged, Joshua Chamberlain gathered men and materiel and marched on Dodge City. With aid from Wasatch—Hellstromme's recent concord with the Union government had resulted in a new "understanding" between the two rivals—Chamberlain hoped to take Peacetown by storm and choke off Black River's rail access to Denver.

It was a bold and risky scheme, one that Black River countered immediately with a huge force of their own. What's more, Dixie Rails joined the fray. Fitzhugh Lee wasn't going to sit by as Union Blue made a play for the Kansas Territory. He immediately offered aid to Mina Devlin, promising that if the War Between the States flared up again, her rolling stock would receive preferential treatment by the CSA.

Now the two armies—UB and Wasatch to the north, BR and DR to the south—are dug in just east of Dodge City and waiting for the order to go to war. Each army's lines extend

1881 and Ever After

After June 21, 1881, technology stops working inside the boundaries of the Sioux Nations (except for the immediate area around Devils Tower). It never functions there again. This includes all sorts of gizmos and infernal devices, rifles, pistols, shotguns, Gatling weapons, anything powered by ghost rock—even good old-fashioned, coal-fired, steam locomotives. It all just stops.

See the Strange Locales chapter (on page 75) for more information about the Sioux Nations, Deadwood, and the Iron Dragon line after the Great Summoning. If your campaign goes on beyond the last Plot Point, just getting out of the Sioux Nations alive provides a stiff challenge to even a Legendary posse. If they survive that, we've got one more little tussle for willing heroes.

for about five miles, following the Union Blue and Black River rails respectively, and encompass a bizarre array of ghost-rock-fueled war machines on either side. Where the tracks converge upon Dodge City, opposing troops stare at each other across a No Man's Land of only a hundred yards' width.

Midnight Meetin'

Both sides realize that a battle here would almost certainly lay waste to Dodge. Neither wants to see that happen. A secret, midnight meeting between representatives of the Rail Barons is arranged, to take place at the Alamo Saloon in Dodge City. Meanwhile the armies continue trying to stare each other down.

Here's where the heroes get involved. Maybe they hear about the secret meeting from a group of Rail Warriors, capture a spy, are sent to observe the meeting due to their connections with some Rail Baron or other, or they just happen upon the Saloon while looking to buy a drink. The scenario makes no assumptions about your group's motivations or allegiances, so it's up to you to decide why they've arrived on the scene.

Read the following when the sodbusters enter the Alamo Saloon.

Not much business this time o' night, not with thousands of rail warriors about to start shootin' just east of town. Most folks have packed up and lit out temporarily, and most of those who remain are home behind locked doors, with loaded weapons close at hand. More liquor for you, amigo.

The back parlor of the Alamo—where signs promise a good meal and a fine cigar—is closed up tight, and guarded by an odd crew. A woman in black with a whip coiled on her belt, a man in a tattered Confederate field jacket clutching a shotgun, a square-jawed fellow toting an odd pistol hooked up to the device strapped onto his back, and a salty gunman wearing the old blue cap of a Union soldier are posted near the parlor door.

The guards seem tense, out of sorts, and far more focused on each other than they are on you.

In the back parlor, Violet Esperanza (see page 330) and William Henry Lee (cousin of Fitzhugh) represent the Southern forces, while Andrew Lane (see page 317) and Hanuman (one of Dr. Hellstromme's most trusted lieutenants) negotiate for the Northern powers. Each is allowed one bodyguard—the ornery quartet guarding the parlor doors, naturally. These guards attempt to stop any hero from entering the back room with a gruff, "Parlor's closed."

When the posse enters the saloon, spirited debate and argument is heard issuing from the back room. With a successful Notice roll, an hombre can piece together enough words and names to figure out roughly who's back there. Any alert pisolero who scores a raise hears faint scratching noises from outside. The rail warriors don't pick up on it.

The only other person here is Joe Bean, the bartender. A hero who inspects Joe and succeeds on a Notice roll (–4) realizes something is amiss. There's no other way to say it, but the man's skin seems to hang a little too loose and wrinkly on his bones. That's because Joe's not Joe—he's a skinwalker.

- **Rail Warriors (4):** One each of Black River, Dixie Rails, Wasatch, and Union Blue. Use the stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.
- **Skinwalker (1):** See the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

Mad Bombers

Even now, two assassins are creeping around outside the Alamo Saloon. Baron Simone LaCroix also heard about the meeting from his spies, so he sent three skinwalkers with several crates of dynamite to hit his enemies where it hurts. The creatures have already placed three crates under the floorboards of the Alamo's parlor.

Two of them are positioning three more crates around the foundation's perimeter, and linking them all with detonation wire. The third skinwalker—who took the skin of the Alamo's bartender, Joe Bean—tends bar until the charges are set, then flees out the side door.

- **Skinwalkers (2):** See the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. One creature—the leader, a Wild Card—wears a white man's skin, while the other walks in the skin of a 12-year-old, Chinese girl.

It takes the skinwalkers about five more minutes to finish their work. If they aren't prevented from doing so, they detonate the charges as soon as possible, using a plunger, and disappear into the Kansas night. Anybody inside the Alamo Saloon when that happens is in a world of hurt. Hopefully the heroes intervene before that happens.

An explosion levels the building and deals catastrophic damage to everybody in it. Extras are killed instantly, and Wild Cards are immediately Incapacitated with 3 wounds. Survivors are left standing in a building that's engulfed in flames (see the **Fire** rules in *Savage Worlds*). Any heroes within a Large Burst Template's width of the Alamo when it explodes take 4d6 damage.

No matter how the scene turns out, or who survives, each side blames the other for the intolerable outrage. Surviving reps of the Rail Barons retreat into the night, shouting angry recriminations. The fighting's about to begin.

The Battle of Peacetown

Out along the rail lines, shooting erupts from both sides only minutes after the incident at the Alamo Saloon. Not long after, the epic nature of the clash becomes clear to any heroes still watching.

As far as you can see, there's nothing but the chaos of war.

Auto-gyros, steam tanks, steam carts, steam wagons, all of them bristling with weapons, roar and howl and clash on the Kansas prairie. Cannons crackle and flare along the Union Blue lines, lighting up the gloom and pouring explosive might onto Black River's fortifications.

Dixie Rails steam Gatlings spray the opposing force with enough lead to kill them all, three times over. Wasatch X-Squads soar over the battlefield with jetpacks and long-range rifles, and the Black River witches pick them off with hexes and conjurations.

If they're not already occupied by an existing allegiance, let the heroes do as they please—join the fighting or hunker down and take cover. After several rounds (about half a minute) have passed, read the following.

Send in the Tank

If you're feeling especially ornery, Marshal, one side or the other might send in a steam tank—one of the most feared weapons on the battlefields of the Great Rail Wars—to aid the rail warriors in retrieving unexploded ordnance. On the other hand, you might see to it that the posse stumbles across a wrecked tank, beached like a dead whale upon some earthworks and barbed wire (and requiring a Repair roll to get running). Yet another possibility lies with a sneaky posse attempting to hijack a steam tank in order to spirit the bomb to safety.

Steam Tank

Cost: Military only

The steam tank is a fully armored, enclosed battlefield vehicle, designed and manufactured by Smith & Robards. Never a common sight on the battlefield, steam tanks have become rare as more and more are destroyed in battle. Now only a handful of these metal monstrosities remain in service, and they are jealously guarded by their owners. Steam tanks are not available for purchase by the general public.

The vehicle has a four-man crew. Two act as gunners on the cannon, one drives, and the last is the commander.

Acc/Top Speed: 5/10; **Toughness:** 20/18/18 (8/3/3); **Crew:** 4; **Cost:** Military only; **Notes:** Heavy Armor; Tracked; Travels approximately 40 miles on one pound of ghost rock. Built-in ammo bins hold 25 rounds of canister ammo for the cannon (along with 5 rounds of regular shot in case of encounters with enemy steam tanks).

Weapons:

- **Six-pound Cannon:** Range: 24″ path; Damage: 2d6; RoF: 1; Notes: Hull-mounted. Requires one action to reload with a crew of three, or two actions with less crewmen. The cannon has a limited traverse and can only target objects within 30 degrees of the vehicle's front. These stats assume the cannon is firing canister ammo; see notes in *Savage Worlds*.
- **Steam Gatling:** Range: 24/48/96; Damage: 2d8; RoF: 4; Shots: 120; Notes: AP 2. Gatling weapons cannot fire single shots and must use their full Rate of Fire. This weapon has a 360 degree arc of fire. The operator of a steam Gatling in a confined space must make a Vigor roll (–2) each round or suffer a level of heat-induced Fatigue (see *Savage Worlds*).

Malfunction: On a roll of 1 on the Driving die (regardless of the Wild Die), the steam tank suffers a mechanical failure. Roll on the Critical Hit table in *Savage Worlds* to determine the result (on a Crew result, everyone inside the tank is scalded by steam for 2d10 damage). On snake eyes, the tank's ghost rock boiler explodes, causing 4d10 damage to everyone in a Large Burst Template (including the steam tank and everyone inside it).

When firing the 6-pounder, a roll of 1 on the Shooting die (regardless of the Wild Die) means the cannon recoils violently and bursts free of its mount, dealing 3d6 damage to crew behind it. The cannon must be repaired before it can fire again.

When firing the steam Gatling, if a Shooting die results in a 1 (regardless of the Wild Die), the steam Gatling's ghost rock boiler ruptures, filling a Large Burst Template with a blast of searing steam for 2d10 damage. Multiple results of 1 (or snake eyes) means there's a blast of burnin' steam and the Gatling's usual Suppressive Fire attack!

Over the groan of ghost-rock powered war wagons and the thunder of artillery, you hear what sounds like the buzzing of huge insects. You look up, and in the northern sky you see three black aeroplanes approaching fast. You know all about the Battle of Lost Angels – how Hellstromme's airships dropped Ghostfire Bombs on the battlefield, burning thousands of people alive, and the fires that continue to burn to this day…

You flinch as a shell explodes nearby. As the black airships begin their dive toward the battlefield, the buzzing grows so loud it's all you can hear. Suddenly another sound cuts through the din – whirligigs. Whirring loudly, a half-dozen oversized auto-gyros lift off from behind Black River lines, rising quickly into the night sky and loosing a fusillade of anti-aircraft fire from steam Gatlings.

The black airships' wings wobble under the withering fire, until one of them rolls sharply to the left and explodes in mid-air – a bright, orange flash in the night. A resounding cheer goes up from the forces of Black River and Dixie Rails. Another dives nose-first into the prairie and belches a fiery, vaguely skull-shaped cloud high into the air. Seconds later you hear the dull boom and feel a quivering beneath your boots.

The last airship keeps coming, straight into the teeth of the Gatlings, thick black smoke trailing from both engines. Somehow the pilot manages to keep the nose up as the massive airship descends toward the battlefield. You watch in awe as it glides mere yards over the Union Blue lines, crashes into the prairie, and slides along for fifty yards – before slamming to a halt in a cloud of dust.

The plane lies broken at the middle of the battlefield, completely shot to hell. And it's only about twenty-five feet away.

The Payload

Only the airship's pilot is still alive, though only barely. The rest of the X-Squad that manned the plane was shot to pieces by Gatling fire. Against all odds, the aeroplane's payload of one Ghostfire Bomb remains intact, still suspended in a complex apparatus in the bomb bay.

- **Pilot (1):** Wild Card. Use Wasatch Rail Warrior stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. He has Agility d8, Piloting d10, and the Ace Edge. He is currently Shaken with 3 wounds.

The Ghostfire Bomb is about the size of a barrel, but made out of riveted ghost steel. It weighs 350 lbs., which means the heroes probably need a vehicle of some kind if they want to transport it. When it explodes, a Ghostfire Bomb's blast area covers about four square acres. Nearly everything inside that area is dusted with burning ghost rock and incinerated (unless extinguished somehow), and the fires continue to burn for months or even years after the detonation.

All of the factions on hand immediately dispatch their own forces (each one numbering 3d10, divided between two vehicles) to reconnoiter the crashed aeroplane—UB and Wasatch to retrieve their bomb, the Southern forces to steal it. It's an understatement to say whoever gets their hands on the bomb immediately has the upper hand. He who seizes the bomb might just win the Great Rail Wars here and now. The Rail Barons' forces arrive about twenty minutes after the plane crash-lands, and start right in to fightin' over the prize.

- **Rail Warriors:** 3d10 each of Union Blue, Wasatch, Dixie Rails, and Black River Rail Warriors in auto-gyros, steam wagons, and velocipedes, armed with a variety of firearms and melee weapons. See the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook* for stats.

Their Fates Are In Your Hands

Depending on who they serve and what they do with the bomb, your group could change the course of the Great Rail Wars—whoever wins the Battle of Peacetown is pretty

well positioned to take all of Kansas. On the other hand, well-intentioned heroes might opt to get rid of the Ghostfire Bomb, and try to take it far away so it can do less harm. In either case, they have another factor to worry about—the Gal With No Name.

The Drifter (as she's sometimes called) is on hand to cause problems for any and all Rail Barons—she despises all of them equally. Your heroes might end up fighting against her or at her side, depending on their disposition (and your whim).

- **The Gal With No Name:** See page 322.

The Day After

No matter who "wins" the Battle of Peacetown—and inherits control of a good portion of Kansas' rails—a few of the major players just don't survive the survive the conflict and its fallout. Even if their forces aren't incinerated by the Ghostfire Bomb, they're done. *Expired*. No matter how you slice it, the Battle of Peacetown marks a major milestone in the Great Rail Wars.

For one thing, it ends what's popularly known as "Rail War Two" (1880–1881), as the Rail Barons settle into their respective spheres of influence in the Disputed Territories. They're no longer able to bankroll the massive battles (or even most of the small ones, for that matter, though skirmishes continue) and their men and materiel are just plumb played out. Unable to fight the big fight, the Rail Barons turn to commerce, money-makin', and cloak-and-dagger intrigue as the next logical option.

Empire Rails

Union Blue soon goes completely bankrupt, unable to maintain operating costs and beset by rioting workers who want their promised pay. The Dodge City depot famously becomes a site of solidarity between mistreated Union Blue and Black River employees. Empire Rails, a relatively small but lucrative railroad operating mainly in New York, quickly steps in and offers to buy out Union Blue's assets, lock, stock, and barrel.

The company generously honors the contracts of any former Union Blue employees, and even convinces Joshua Chamberlain to sign on as the chairman of their board of directors. The more things change…and yet some shrewd and skeptical observers see the shadowy hand of the Masonic Conspiracy at work behind New York's new Rail Barons.

Lone Star

In the south, the official recognition of the CSA by Washington has a dramatic effect on Dixie Rails. As wartime lenders come calling for repayment, the mountain of debt racked up by Fitzhugh Lee is revealed. It's said that "Ol' Fitzhugh Lee's so far in debt he'd have to take out a loan to go broke."

A bunch of cattlemen out of Austin get together and buy up what's left of Dixie Rails stock, using it to found the Lone Star Rail Company. Their first goal is pushing on with a rail line through Death Valley to reach the Great Maze and its vast reserves of ghost rock. After that, they believe the sky's the limit.

Wasatch

Even with new rail companies emerging onto the scene, now more than ever Dr. Darius Hellstromme is calling the shots. After toying with the Union's ghost rock contract in 1879, in the wake of the Black Hills War (1881) and his last-minute alliance with the Union, Hellstromme and Washington, DC are more closely allied than ever.

Of course he also holds the Confederacy contract, so until either Empire Rails or Lone Star can reach the west coast he and Kang's Iron Dragon are the only transcontinental suppliers. As Hellstromme exerts ever greater and subtler control over North America, his own, dark experiments with pure Fear persist unabated in secluded roundhouses scattered all over the Weird West…

Savage Tales

For those times when you're not running a Plot Point and you've got no tale of your own to spin, this chapter provides over 30 Savage Tales ready to be unleashed on your group. They take place in every corner of War's realm, giving you a good reason to draw the posse to the various weird locales described earlier. Each tale includes the location where it begins, but most tales take the heroes somewhere else in the course of their telling.

Some of these tales just set up an interesting situation with enough complications to sustain an evening's play, while others get a bit more in-depth. Run them as written, change the details around to suit your group, or mix two or more of them together to create a truly byzantine epic. It's your call, Marshal.

One thing to remember about War's prairie home is that the blood-soaked aura of the General of Generals pervades every acre of it. The High Plains and the Disputed Territories are a savage, lawless place, where authority often rests in the barrel of a warm gun, and justice is obscured by a haze of gunsmoke. Heroes are called upon to prove their salt with pistols, blades, and arcane skills, and it seems like there's always someone else waiting to join the fight when a foe goes down.

ALL-SEEIN' EYES

Location: Cheyenne, Wyoming (Fear Level 2)

Run this tale whenever the posse rides into Cheyenne looking for a hot bath and a stiff drink. The story on the tip of everyone's tongue recounts strange and terrifying cattle mutilations in the wide valley northwest of town.

It ain't like other times, when cattle get taken by mountain cats…or worse. No, them Double-X animals were slaughtered by people. Twelve of 'em in the last three months! Hung up from tree branches by the hind legs, throats slashed open, and almost all the blood gone. Must be collecting it in buckets, the twisted bastards. I hear the mayor offered a

$100 bounty for whoever captures the guilty party.

If the posse decides to look into the crimes themselves, a good place to start is by riding out to the scene of the crime—the Double-X Ranch.

How Bloody Was My Valley

The Double-X's wide, grassy valley is perfect for grazing cattle, with steep walls of rock on either side to prevent a herd from straying away. Typically there's no one around except some cowboys on horseback and a whole lot of beeves.

At the scene of the latest cattle killing, bloody ropes still hang from an old tree where the victim was strung up, but the carcass has been disposed of. There are only a few drops of blood on the earth under the ropes. A successful Tracking roll detects numerous boot prints—at least eight, maybe more—around the area, all headed back toward a nearby cart track. From there, deep wheel ruts in the mud (detectable with a Notice roll) head back toward Cheyenne. As they get closer to town they get harder and harder to discern, until finally they blend into the rest of the traffic.

At this point a skin-and-bones cowboy comes riding up slowly on a roan gelding. He looks as brown, lined, and weathered as his old leather saddle. He clamps his teeth onto a cigar, lights it, flicks back the brim of his hat, and says,

Howdy, strangers. Name's Silas Reeger. I take it you're lookin' into them cattle murders. Well…that ain't nothin' to mess with. Take an old cowhand's word for it. You start pokin' your nose into that mystery you never know where it might lead. Maybe places you don't really want to go.

If the heroes insist that Silas tell them more, he frowns, thinks for a minute, and replies,

All right, don't have a conniption fit. But not here. I can't be seen talkin' to you. Meet me in town tomorrow night at 9:30 in the p.m., on the side porch of the Grenville Hotel.

- **Silas Reeger:** Use Veteran Cowboy stats on page 311.

Murder Most Foul

The next night at 9:30 p.m., Silas Reeger is just where he said he would be, sitting in a high-backed chair in the shadows. Unfortunately he's stone dead, having been killed at about 8:15. His throat is cut, his tongue torn out, and his torso slashed open diagonally. The whole gory scene provokes a Guts check against Fear/Nausea from anyone who sees it.

A Notice roll detects a few tiny splashes of blood on the deck, leading off into the street. Another successful Notice or Tracking roll allows an investigator to follow the blood trail all the way to the side door of the Cheyenne House.

Even if none of the heroes are able to detect the blood, they are watched constantly as long as they stay in Cheyenne. A successful Notice roll detects someone watching from afar, and as above, another successful Notice roll allows one to follow the watcher to the Cheyenne House. However you get them there, make sure the clues or the suspects point toward the ritziest place in town.

Secrets of Cheyenne House

Being a private club and the finest building in Cheyenne, it's unlikely the entire posse is able to gain admittance to Cheyenne House by conventional means. Sure, a smooth-talking, snakeoil-selling huckster glides right in and starts mingling with powerful ranchers and railroad men over top-shelf whiskey and cigars, but few others can do the same.

Lawmen, Indians, scientists, chi masters, and other dusty trail buddies get the door slammed in their faces—bet on it. If they want information about Cheyenne House they have to look for it elsewhere.

Law Dogs

Given the existence of a trail of blood leading to Cheyenne House (or at least the posse's testimony that it was there until the rain washed it away), the heroes might want to alert the local authorities. Good-natured Marshal Amon Watley listens patiently to such stories, promises to look into them, and promptly warns the rest of the Masonic cabal to which he belongs.

- **Marshal Amon Watley:** Use Cultist stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.
- **Deputies (3):** Use Gunman stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

Cheyenne House

If a curious hombre gets the urge to inspect the outside of the building, he soon detects a pattern in the architecture. Wherever a corner angle comes together—at the peak of the roof, for instance—the wood is subtly etched to resemble a triangle with an eye in the middle of it. A Common Knowledge roll (–2) identifies the symbol as common among the Order of the Freemasons.

The entrances to Cheyenne House are guarded by Lew Esquilin, who holds the Masonic title of "Tyler." It's his job to see that the Freemasons' secrets never get out. He supervises a band of toughs who help him achieve his goals.

All the local cultists gather late Friday evenings to enact their dark rituals. If the posse arrives when one of these parties is in session, go to **Crashing the Party**, below.

- **Lew Esquilin, Tyler of the Lodge:** Use Cultist stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.
- **Cheyenne House Guards (6):** Use Outlaw stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

Local Records

Several good sources of local history exist. With a simple Persuasion test to gain access, and then a successful Investigation roll, the heroes can gain information from records stored at Town Hall, the clippings files at the *Cheyenne Sentinel*, or another source as you prefer. Two items are of particular interest.

One news story describes the founding of Cheyenne in 1867 by the Denver-Pacific railroad, mostly thanks to a railroad man named J. L. Hasterson. Hasterson preferred to keep a low profile, but according to the article (which dates from 1868, just before the Great Quake) he was instrumental in organizing the men, material, and resources that allowed Cheyenne to "spring up like magic overnight." He was also a founding member of the Cheyenne House.

The second item is the wrinkled, decaying field journal of the surveyor who originally laid out the town—General Grenville M. Dodge. Most of the book is either illegible or irrelevant. With a successful Smarts roll, the following passage can be discerned.

> *12 Jun 1867. Met an odd fellow at the surveying site; a rich man by the cut of his jacket. Introduced himself as Hastursson, DP agent. With entourage in tow, he ranged all over the site…pointed out various spots… regaled them all with tales of who-knows-what. Then he indicated—to me—the spot where he intended to build a fine gentleman's club. I thought it an odd choice, given the jagged caves and ravine that marred the spot, but it's best not to argue with one's employer.*

Oral History

Several old men and women sit around the front porch of the Grenville Hotel during the day, smoking pipes and jawing about the old days. A successful Streetwise roll ingratiates an hombre to the oldsters. They share their own versions of the items described above, under **Local Records**, if asked about Cheyenne House. (Begin with the phrase, "The way I hear it told…")

With regard to the members of the Cheyenne Club, the old men are mostly dismissive of such "big bugs." But they do comment on one specific thing:

They must have got 'emselves a new member, I reckon. Ohh…he's an odd, swarthy fellow with a crazy look in his eye. Got a Van Dyke beard. Don't look nearly rich enough to be a member, and I ain't seen him 'round town before, but I'll be damned if that fella doesn't go in and out of Cheyenne House every Friday night when they have their meetings.

- **Old Gossips (4):** Use Townsfolk stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

Crashing the Party

On Friday nights, the inner circle of local Freemasons gathers at Cheyenne House with their newest associate—a subdued fellow of grayish cast named Alferd Packer. Packer has displayed an uncanny talent for collecting the large amounts of blood necessary for the cult's weekly rituals of consecration. He also eliminates anyone who pokes his nose where it doesn't belong (like Silas Reeger).

The Ritual

The current members of the Masonic conspiracy, in accordance with J. L. Hasterson's original plan, gather to perform their rituals on Friday nights in the caves beneath Cheyenne House. There in the dank catacomb they built a full-on Masonic temple to hide their deeds. They are led by Mayor Alfred Bryne—the local Worshipful Master—who oversees his inner circle, along with a gallery full of clueless initiates. These locals are just pawns, but they think they're in on all the big secrets. In reality, the secrets here don't have anything to do with true Masonic practice—the inner circle has devoted itself to the Reckoners' service, one and all, in return for a measure of dark magic. They hide behind a Masonic façade, but their activities are known to few.

Lew Esquilin and his boys stay just outside the door during rituals. Alferd Packer typically lurks in the house above, keeping an eye out for intruders. All night, passages are read aloud from an arcane tome, while the whole assembly chants in some forgotten language. At the culmination of the ritual, six buckets of blood are overturned onto the cave floor. The thick, red liquid forms a large pool, and then slowly vanishes, draining slowly into the solid stone floor—and into the world of spirits. When the blood is gone (a process that takes 1d6 minutes), the ritual ends.

The Freemasons' ultimate goal is to open a permanent portal between the caves and the Hunting Grounds, and they are close to doing so—after 1d4 more rituals the portal tears open for good. If they succeed, evil kachinas and manitous squirm through the growing rift to possess all the waiting cultists and initiates. That's when a big problem gets much worse—spirit-ridden cultists murder two or three townsfolk every night until they're stopped.

- **Mayor Alfred Bryne:** Extra. Use Cult Leader stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.
- **Inner Circle Freemasons (6):** Use Cultist stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.
- **Clueless Initiates (12):** Use Townsfolk stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

Alferd Packer

Packer is a notorious cannibal from Colorado. A few years ago—before he could "go wendigo"—he was shot down by his victims' kin. Unfortunately for them, he crawled out of his shallow grave with a manitou riding his gray carcass. After helping himself to a heapin' helpin' of gory, delicious revenge, he lit out for Wyoming Territory and landed in Cheyenne. Working as an enforcer for the cult seemed like a perfect fit.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d10, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d8, Knowledge (Occult) d6, Riding d8, Shooting d10, Stealth d8, Survival d8

Grit: 4; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 8

Hindrances: Dementia (Cannibalism), Wanted (Major)

Edges: Combat Reflexes, Hard to Kill, Marksman, Stitchin', Supernatural Attributes (Strength, Vigor)

Gear: Gatling shotgun (12/24/48, 1–3d6, RoF 2, Shots 12, AP 2), Colt Thunderer (12/24/48, 2d6, RoF 1, Shots 6, AP 1), 12 extra rounds for each weapon, Bowie knife (Str+d4+1, AP 1).

Special Abilities:

- **Harrowed:** Grit +1. Needs 1d6 hours of sleep per night. Only a head-shot can kill. "Death" only puts the Harrowed down for 1d6 days. Immune to poison and disease.

The Ancient One

Location: New Varney Flats, Kansas (Fear Level 2)

Run the posse through an encounter with the ancient nosferatu of New Varney Flats whenever they're passing through town.

Origin of the Night Trains

In early '76 the Baron Simone LaCroix had been using walkin' dead in his rail crews for years, both for their ability to work tirelessly and their tendency to frighten away the competition. When he heard tell that a new kind of abomination had been discovered in a remote New Mexico cave, he immediately summoned the drunken miners who originated the story. With their help the Baron was able to capture several of the creatures—one of which was very old and extremely cunning.

At first LaCroix believed the creatures, called nosferatu, were useless to him; their extreme susceptibility to sunlight made them unable to hunt Apache raiders. But he was intrigued by the extreme ferocity of the things, and their wonderful (LaCroix thought) ability to spawn more of their kind from their victims.

Then LaCroix hit upon a novel idea. Why not outfit a special train and release the creatures onto his rivals' rail lines? He immediately set about building a train powered by the most modern ghost rock engine, but disguised to resemble an old wreck of a train so as not to arouse suspicions. An adjustable carriage allowed the train to run on any of the various rail companies' gauges.

Finally, LaCroix realized that he needed some other type of abomination to drive the Night Train during the long sunlit hours. No mortal man could do such a job. LaCroix chose the most talented and cruel of his mortal rail warriors to become walkin' dead—and serve as the engineers for his Night Trains.

The Stowaway Who Stayed

The Disputed Territories are currently crisscrossed with hundreds of railroad tracks. The fighting between Black River and Union

Anatomy of a Night Train

In 1880 a Night Train might be encountered anywhere the various rail lines reach. With the growing number of spurs crisscrossing the Heart o' the West, it's possible for them to reach all the Rail Barons' lines.

The train has the overall appearance of being a dilapidated wreck, but this is a cultivated deception. A Night Train carries its own Fear Level with it. When the whistle blows the Fear Level of the town rises by +2 (to a maximum of 5) until the Night Train departs.

Locomotive & Tender

The locomotive is a huge iron behemoth. Its black iron seems somehow darker than the night, and its jagged cow catcher resembles the blood tipped fangs of some enormous monster. Ghost rock vapor streams from its stack, wailing in agony as it pushes the iron monster forward. A black tender holds enough ghost rock to fuel the Night Train for its journey.

The Engineer

The engineer drives the locomotive, ever vigilant for trouble. These things are often mistaken for walkin' dead, but they are actually true zombies created by Baron LaCroix and completely under his control. Their mouths are sewn shut during creation to take away their free will.

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

Skills: Fighting d8

Pace: 4; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 10

Special Abilities:

- **Claws:** Str+d4.
- **Fearless:** Zombies are immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- **Invulnerability:** A zombie can be Shaken and wounded, but cannot be Incapacitated until completely destroyed (usually by fire). Even if it is hacked to pieces, individual parts continue to act to the best of their ability. For example, if the engineer's hands are cut off, they act as animate hands (see the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*).
- **Undead:** +2 Toughness. +2 to recover from being Shaken. Called shots do no extra damage. Does not suffer wound penalties.
- **Weakness (Fire):** A zombie takes damage normally from fire, and if killed in this way is dead forever.
- **Weakness (Salt):** A zombie can be killed by filling its mouth full of salt and sewing it shut again. Turning a zombie toward the sea (if there happens to be one nearby) also destroys it instantly.

Sleeper Cars

All boarded up, the two sleeper cars almost resemble great pine coffins. The image is not far from the truth. Doors at each end of the cars let into a smaller room with other interior doors. The smell of death and decay inside is overwhelming. Often, the vampires bring "food" to the sleepers to eat, and over time such cars become quite foul.

Along the walls are sleeping berths covered by heavy canvas tarps. There are 24 berths in each car. They're stacked two high, with 12 on each wall. Your typical Night Train carries about 30 nosferatu.

- **Nosferatu (30):** See the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

Freight Car

The nosferatu store their victims inside the freight car. Those too seriously wounded to escape are simply dropped on the floor in a heap. Others are hung from hooks embedded deep in their backs and up under their collar bones. Like the sleeping cars, this one stinks of death.

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Blue alone has spawned dozens of spurs leading from one railroad to the other. In the past year the number of these spurs has doubled.

When the first of the Night Trains passed through Varney Flats back in 1876, many townsfolk lost their lives. Folks all across Kansas can testify to the fact that the scourge of the Night Trains has continued along the Black River and Union Blue lines. What no one knows is that the nosferatu who helped to start it all still dwells in New Varney Flats.

Remember that old and cunning specimen we mentioned? He was the eldest of the New Mexico nosferatu that were hiding out in the cave. In fact he was the ancient nosferatu that had spawned all the rest. In his shrunken, emaciated state he resembled the others, so he decided to play dumb and got himself shipped off with the rest of them.

As the Night Train stopped at Varney Flats and the bloodshed began, the ancient one crept off to find his own prey—quietly—and then found a place to hide in the cellar of Kirby's Hotel. The location affords the ancient one plenty of opportunity to pick off strangers. Needless to say the ancient vampire has returned to its usual bloated state.

That's One Big Blood-Sucker

If the heroes are in New Varney Flats for more than a couple of hours they hear about the recent disappearances. The locals seem quick to warn them that strangers in town are always the first to go. With a successful Streetwise roll a local can be convinced to tell the tale of the first Night Train, and the carnage that ensued after its arrival back in '76, but the citizen is quick to point out that the things were driven off by some brave cowpokes and haven't troubled them since.

The ancient nosferatu creeps out of the hotel cellar every night in search of blood. If the posse is staying at Kirby's Hotel it's easy for them to track down the creature—it visits a random hero's room the very first night.

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Right On Time...

Here's what happens when a Night Train rolls into town. It appears old and weather-beaten from a distance. Behind the locomotive and tender are three other cars. The first two in line are the boarded-up sleeper cars, and the last is the freight car.

The train sits for a moment in the depot, the locomotive softly huffing. Then a whistle splits the night air. The shadows grow a bit darker and the night air chills as the Fear Level jumps by 2. Suddenly doors at both ends of the sleeper cars burst open. A horde of frenzied, starving vampires pour out of the train and into town, looking for blood.

An attack lasts less than 10 minutes, at which time the engineer sounds the whistle again. All creatures still hunting stop and quickly scuttle back to the train with one townsfolk for every two nosferatu. In moments, the train rolls out and those unfortunate souls are never seen again.

Otherwise let the investigators decide how to find the vampire and carry out their plan.

A few of the creature's victims have risen as "nose ferrets" themselves, and they stay in the hotel cellar most of the time.

- **Nosferatu (1 per hero):** See the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.
- **Nosferatu Ancient One:** See page 292.

The Battle of Mentor

Location: Salina, Kansas (Fear Level 3)

Run this battle any time the heroes are near Salina, after the spring thaw of 1881. As the

trains start running again, the Great Rail Wars heat up too. This tale gives you the set-up for one of the pivotal battles.

Whether the heroes choose to join the fight or just watch the fireworks from a far-off ridgeline—a far safer prospect—the Mass Combat rules allow the players to have a stake in this fight. We recommend the Marshal run one side and the players the other. Who runs who is up to you, pard.

Bloody Kansas

The fighting south of Salina has finally exploded into all-out war. Able-bodied freelancers are being called in from as far off as Dodge City. Your posse might be here fighting on one side or the other, or they might be mere spectators to the carnage.

Union Blue's forces are under the command of none other than Joshua Lawrence Chamberlain, the hero of Gettysburg. The Black River forces are commanded by retired Confederate General Braxton Bragg (who has been Harrowed since he keeled over dead in Texas in '76, then got up off the cooling board ranting about demons under his skin). Violet Esperanza and several of her Wichita Witches keep a close watch on the general and his staff. Both sides have the option of retreat.

The forces converge near the flyspeck town of Mentor, located along the Santa Fe Trail, in the hours before dawn. A Bayou Vermilion saboteur sets off a bomb amidst Black River's forces as the sun comes up, and soon the battle is joined.

- **Union Blue (9 tokens):** Joshua Chamberlain (Knowledge: Battle d12); Rail warriors (200); Pro-North guerillas on horseback (50); armor-plated war locomotive (1); steam wagons (4); auto-gyros (2); Gatling guns (6); Bayou Vermilion saboteurs (skinwalkers, 4).
- **Black River (10 tokens):** Gen. Braxton Bragg (Harrowed, Knowledge: Battle d10); Violet Esperanza (see page 330); Wichita Witches (4); Rail warriors (150); Dixie Rails rail warriors (50); Pro-South guerillas on horseback (50); armor-plated war locomotive (1); steam wagons (2); auto-gyros (2); Gatling guns (8).

By the Skin o' the Teeth

Location: Abilene, Kansas (Fear Level 2)

It's been raining steadily for a few hours. As the protagonists of this tale mosey around Abilene minding their own business, a youth comes riding into the middle of town at breakneck speed on an exhausted mare.

Out of the rainstorm a hard-ridden mare gallops down Main Street in a lather. There's a young lad—12 years old at the most—hanging on to her mane for dear life. They both look played out.

The youth gets a wild look in his eyes as soon as he sees people. "Please, Mister!" he hollers. "You gotta help my Paw and Uncle Eli!"

A successful Persuasion roll gets the kid to calm down and spill the beans. His name is Bertram Rawlings, and he's working a cattle drive with his father and uncle, bringing the herd into Abilene to roll out on the next Union Blue freight train.

During the Solomon River crossing, south of Abilene, they got caught in a real bad downpour, such as they could barely see each other, much less the beeves. Young Bert isn't too sure what happened, but it must have been bad. "They told me run and get help," Bert says solemnly.

If the boy is pressed for any other details he can recall, he apologizes but repeats that they couldn't see much of anything. But his brow furrows as he recalls,

There was this whine—like angry hornets when you done stepped on their nest. I couldn't see nothin', Mister.

In the Pourin' Rain

The old northwest fork of the Chisholm Trail out of Abilene is a muddy mire, and Difficult Ground, thanks to the rain. A steady downpour darkens the sky and obscures vision, so apply the conditions for a Storm (see page 72). It's roughly a six-mile ride out to the Solomon River. Considering the conditions, if any of the heroes have personal foes gunning for them, now would be a perfect time for them to lay in ambush and bushwhack the heroes. (Alternatively, draw once for an encounter along the way.)

When they arrive, the rescuers find the Solomon swollen up in its banks and threatening to flood. With a successful Notice roll, a good portion of the herd turns up—about 100 head—frightened and huddled under the shelter of an evergreen stand. They made it across the river, all right, but their herders are nowhere to be seen. Would-be cowboys (or actual ones) on horseback can round up the cattle with a successful Riding roll.

Searchers must make a Tracking roll (or a Notice roll at –2) to find the missing Gus and Eli Rawlings. Success means the heroes find two sets of hoof prints, headed in opposite directions.

The first trail of hoof prints was made by a sizeable group—100 or more cattle and six horses—and headed west following the river. When the heroes follow this trail go on to **Kansas Grangers**, below.

The second set of hoof prints—made by a pair of horses—heads east along the riverbank for about 40 yards. These tracks stop at the river's edge. A heavily wooded island sits in the river directly across from that point, but the rising waters are quickly erasing the real estate.

Actually Gus and Eli are hiding in the low branches of a tree on the island, and they don't want to be found. Have the group make Notice rolls against Gus and Eli's Stealth (unskilled). A cowpoke who succeeds sees Gus and Eli in the trees desperately waving at her to go away—and be quiet!

At first you wonder why the fools would wave you off when their island is about to flood, but then an odd buzzing catches your ear. Looking over the top of some tall river grass, you see a twitching, brown heap. Actually it's the skin of a horse hanging on a pile of its bones, with enormous six-inch-long skeeters all over it pulsing in unison as they draw out every last drop of fluid. That's when the buzzing becomes a furious whine…

Now the posse's really in for it, because swarms of Texas skeeters descend on them right away. Heavy rain makes the skeeters' Weakness of fire difficult to produce (unless one has a flamethrower or some power with a fiery Trapping), so the rescuers need to be creative in wiping out the deadly bloodsuckers.

- **Texas Skeeter Swarms (1 per hero):** See the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.
- **Gus and Eli Rawlings:** Use Gunman stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

Once the skeeters are dead or driven off, the Rawlings brothers are much obliged for the help. Gus relates the following in a grim tone:

We ran into some shady customers crossing the Solomon. Hard to say what they looked like on account of all this rain, but they made off with over half my herd. Me and my brother, we've got a job to do here…and it looks like it requires us hunting down some cattle thieves.

If you were to help us get the herd back, I'd be grateful enough to cut you all in for an equal share, God's honest truth. The only problem is these beeves need to be in Abilene by dawn tomorrow or I get nothing for them.

Kansas Grangers

Run this scene when the posse rides off following the first trail, or does so at Gus Rawlings' behest.

The men who ambushed the Rawlings at the river and stole their cattle are led by Walter Higby, a cold-blooded killer and son of the South. He and his boys are fed up with Union exporters and middlemen sending valuable livestock Back East to the Union, and they aim to put a stop to it.

About four miles upriver, Higby's gang has the herd hemmed in near the riverbank. They plan to shoot them all and let predators and scavengers dispose of the carcasses. They put up a pretty good fight if confronted. But these Southern patriots are family men too—they aren't looking to die on a muddy riverbank if they can possibly avoid it. In the face of a clearly superior force they raise the white flag.

- **Higby's Gang (5):** Use Outlaw stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*; add Riding d6. They are all mounted on riding horses (see *Savage Worlds*).
- **Walter Higby:** Wild Card. Use Veteran Gunman stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*; add Riding d10 and the Rebel Yell Edge. He is mounted on a riding horse (see *Savage Worlds*).

Mud, You Suckers!

By this time night is falling fast. Read the following as the heroes get Higby and his crew under control.

Suddenly one of the cattle bellows, a high-pitched and desperate sound. You see it clearly at the edge of the herd closest to the river. It whips its head back and forth then sinks down, still writhing, and vanishes into the flood. The rest of the herd, eyes rolling, shuffle and low nervously. Then another cow falls over screeching—your breath catches in your throat when you see dark, slimy shapes as big as men squirming all over it.

Call for Guts checks and then deal initiative immediately. A swarm of mudsuckers was flushed up from their underwater dens by the rising river, and they're not happy about it. Assume there are enough of them to decimate the herd in short order unless someone does something about it (Riding rolls to herd the cattle to safety would be a good place to start).

Remember to apply the combined effects of the Storm and gathering Darkness as the combat begins. A pack of evil leeches squirms over to attack the heroes and any Extras still hanging around.

- **Mudsuckers (2 per hero):** See the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

Blood Hunt

Since the goal is to get the cattle to market, and there looks to be more mudsuckers than the heroes can kill right away, it's a good idea for the posse to high-tail it out of there when the first wave of mudsuckers is dead. If they don't, feel free to keep increasing the amount of awful leeches oozing up out of the river.

The only way back is along the Solomon River the way they came. All through the four-mile return trip to the old Chisholm Trail, the heroes and Extras are ambushed by mudsuckers. They leap up out of the muddy river water, drop from overhanging branches, and generally make a colossal nuisance of themselves.

- **Mudsuckers (As many as you like, Marshal):** See the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

Back in Abilene

If the posse can get Rawlings' cattle back to Abilene by morning—try to make sure they make it just minutes before dawn if they make it at all, Marshal—they are loaded onto the 5:45 a.m. UB Express to Topeka and points Back East. Each hero who helped retrieve the cattle receives a share of $100 cash.

"Made it by the skin o' the teeth," says Eli Rawlings with a grin, as he tousles Bert's hair.

Cult of Worms

Location: Deadwood, Sioux Nations (Fear Level 4)

Run this tale when the posse is in Deadwood. Take care if you use this tale with a group of lesser Rank—greenhorns can easily get in over their heads at Worm Canyon.

The tale starts with word of kidnappings in Chinatown and other parts of Deadwood, all occurring in the dead of night. A trusted contact, ally, or family member of one of the missing contacts the posse for help.

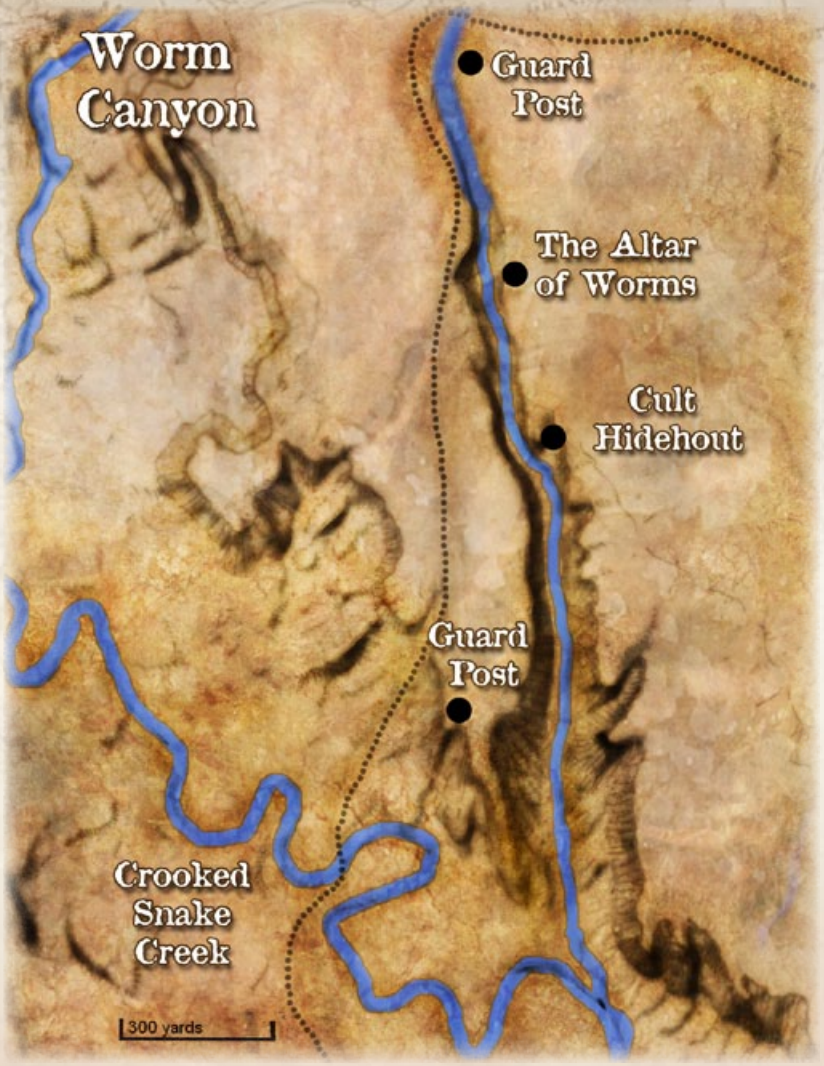
The Story So Far

Ursula (see **Worm Canyon** on page 124) sent her trusted minion, Alonzo, to Deadwood last year to recruit a few new members. Now that deranged sod has convinced more than a few residents to paint their skin purple and venerate the Worm. They meet every week in the storeroom of Ayres & Wardman Hardware—which has been much easier since Fred Ayres joined the cult.

During meetings the worm cultists stamp their feet rhythmically, and kill a sacrifice abducted from the tent city or Chinatown if they've got one handy. They all dye their skin purple with some weird ichor from a bucket. To make it more interesting, you might have the kidnapped victim be some acquaintance or kin of one of the heroes.

At the center of the storeroom floor is a wooden trap door. When open, it reveals a twelve-foot-deep, earthen pit filled with writhing rattler young 'uns. At the height of the ceremony the victim is tossed into the pit to be consumed (in a rough approximation of the ceremony performed at the unholy Altar of Worms).

- **Alonzo:** Wild Card. Use Cult Leader stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.



- **Worm Cultists:** Use Cultist stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.
- **Rattler Young 'Uns (8):** See the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

Trail of the Worm

If Alonzo is taken alive, a successful Persuasion roll or Test of Wills (either one of them at –2) compels him to reveal the exact location of Worm Canyon in the Badlands. With one or more raises, Alonzo might reveal the locations and numbers of sentries posted along the trails near Worm Canyon, the name of his leader, etc., at the Marshal's whim. If snake eyes are rolled, it means Alonzo would rather die than betray the cult.

Escape from Worm Canyon

Rather than run this tale for a group in Deadwood, you can also keep it in your back pocket until your Heroic or Legendary group suffers the kind of calamitous defeat that leaves them all dead or captured by the enemy. This scenario is not a "get out of jail free" card by any means, but it does give an experienced posse one more shot at life.

Thrown Down the Well

For all their fearsome powers, the Reckoners have little control over which individuals come back Harrowed and which ones just die. The Ravenites know better than anyone else that the foe one kills today might just return tomorrow hankering for revenge. A shot through the head is good insurance but it's still no guarantee.

There's a simple reason why the Ravenites bring the posse to Worm Canyon—so when they die they don't come back. Even if it's not the Ravenites who take down the heroes, they are ordered to retrieve the posse (or their remains) and deposit them at Worm Canyon in the Badlands. They know that sacrifices made at the mysterious Altar of Worms are a sure thing.

No one ever comes back from Worm Canyon—not alive, not Harrowed, not as a ghost. The canyon swallows prey whole. It's one of the most dangerous and frightful places on the continent; the area immediately surrounding the Altar of Worms is actually a Deadland in its own right.

Belly o' the Beast

Presumably the last session ended with the ignoble defeat of the posse by their hated enemies, and possibly even what looked like their total obliteration. Everything went black for a cliffhanger ending. Read the following passage to begin the tale.

Consciousness creeps in around the corners of your eyes, and with it comes a throbbing pain in your skull and your limbs. Your mouth feels like the inside of an old leather sack. Memories flood your head. You push them aside. The current conundrum—namely, why are you still alive?—is a little more pressing.

Once you manage to open your eyes and get your bearings, you find yourself in a dimly lit cave of red sandstone. A locked iron gate stands between you and freedom. The light is actually dim sunshine, but it seems to be issuing from pretty far off.

You've been stripped to your skivvies, so if an item wasn't hidden in your union suit... it isn't here now, amigos. Outside the gate you can see the rest of your associates in locked caves of their own, just now coming around. What do you do?

The heroes are deep within Worm Canyon, smack dab in the middle of the Badlands, locked in the Worm Cult's jail. In just under 24 hours they'll be dragged out at gunpoint and marched about 1,000 feet up the trail to the Altar of Worms—there to be sacrificed to the waiting swarms of rattlers!

Escape!

Heroes who escape the clutches of Ursula and her band of wormy maniacs are only just beginning to face troubles. They're lost in the Badlands, on foot, with little or no food to speak of. The Worm Cult pursues escapees for a day or two before giving up, but then there are the massive nocturnal flocks of devil bats (numbering 5d20) to contend with. Where the posse goes and how they get there is up to them. What happens along the way, Marshal, is up to you.

If Alonzo is killed or cannot be compelled to talk, he does have an old map in his pocket showing the general location of Worm Canyon in the Badlands, on the north bank of Crooked Snake Creek. It provides no other information.

Home Slithery Home

The steep-walled box canyon the cult calls home is nestled deep inside Worm Canyon. A long staircase carved into the rock winds precariously up the northern cliffs until it reaches the back end of the canyon. At that point the stairs rise steeply in three switchbacks. At the landings dark caves open into the cliff face. From a distance, the entire construction looks almost like a skeletal figure being pulled down into a maw full of tentacles.

The Long Staircase

There's a reason the cultists prefer to take these stairs rather than walk along the floor of the canyon—it's infested with rattler young 'uns. When the posse travels up and down the stairs roll a d6. On a 5 or 6 the escapees run into some cultists in a hurry.

- **Worm Cultists (1 per hero):** Use Cultist stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. Add Survival d6 and Loyal (Worm Cult). They are armed with knives (Str+d4), and one of them has a double-barrel shotgun (12/24/48; 1–3d6; RoF 1–2; Shots 2; Shooting +2) and 6 extra shotgun shells.

Heroes who opt to sneak across the canyon floor better be as lucky as they are quiet. First a Climbing roll is needed to reach the bottom in one piece. Then roll a d6. On a 3–6, the heroes encounter a whole heap o' hungry worms.

- **Rattler Young 'Uns (2d20+10):** See the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

Lower Level: Cultist Quarters

These two chambers are the living and sleeping area for the majority of the cultists. There's not much to do when you're in the Worm Cult besides hunt the nearby trails for unfortunate travelers and wayward miners to use as sacrifices. When they're not doing that, about half of these deranged thralls sway from side to side, chanting softly, forever damaged by what they've seen (and the weird, mind-controlling narcotics dispensed by Ursula). The other half doesn't mind so much, so they play poker and drink stolen whiskey to pass the time.

Most of the posse's mundane weapons and gear are here, minus any perishables (which have been consumed). There are plenty of hooded robes and purple dye for skin-painting here, too, should the heroes have a hankerin' to disguise themselves. Those who do dye their skin have a hell of a time getting it off again. Assume it takes an entire month of fairly frequent baths and scrubbing before a cowpoke loses that purplish cast.

The cultists have very little in the way of foodstuffs. They seem to subsist on what they steal from captives and what they can hunt themselves. A hungry hombre can scrape together 1d4 days' worth of dried rabbit jerky for the road, if the cultists aren't around and he is so inclined.

- **Worm Cultists (2d10+10):** Use Cultist stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. Add Survival d6 and Vow (Worm Cult). All are armed with knives (Str+d4), four of them have double-barrel shotguns (12/24/48; 1–3d6; RoF 1–2; Shots 2; Shooting +2), and one packs a Colt Peacemaker (12/24/48; 2d6+1; RoF 1; Shots 6; AP 1). Those with firearms have enough ammunition for three reloads.

Middle Level: Jail

Here's the jail where the cultists keep their fresh meat—including the posse, if they end up prisoners of the cult. The outer chamber is always guarded by three cultists. They can be Tricked, overpowered, perhaps even rendered unconscious by magic—that's up to the heroes. But if they're given a chance, they run to warn their fellows about any escape attempts. (If the heroes are still in their cells come sacrifice time, check out the **Altar of Worms** on page 125 to see how things go down.)

- **Worm Cultists (3):** Use Cultist stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. Add Survival d6 and Vow (Worm Cult). All are armed with knives (Str+d4), and one of them has a double-barrel shotgun (12/24/48; 1–3d6; RoF 1–2; Shots 2; Shooting +2), 8 extra shotgun shells, and the keys to the cells.

The inner chamber holds five small, rough, sandstone chambers locked up with stout iron gates (Toughness 10). If there are five or less heroes in the posse, each is in his or her own cell. If there are more than five heroes, determine randomly who doubles up. Each cell can hold up to four inmates in a pinch.

Top Level: Ursula's Lair

The chambers at the very top of the canyon's switchback staircase are occupied by Ursula and her pets—whichever members of the cult are currently most novel and pleasing to her. Ursula's chamber is opulent by cult standards. There's a bearskin rug, a cot to sleep on, and even a cracked looking glass, all stolen from dead miners. If the posse had any relics, unique weapons, or other items of magical power, Ursula has them now.

- **Ursula:** Wild Card. See page 329.

The other chamber currently houses eight cultists. These tend to change frequently, as Ursula is a fickle sort where her followers are concerned. At the north end of the chamber a crude ladder is carved into the wall. At the top, a trap door opens onto the path that leads to the Altar of Worms, about 1,000 feet away (see page 125 for details).

- **Worm Cultists (8):** Use Cultist stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. Add Survival d6 and Vow (Worm Cult). All are armed with knives (Str+d4).

Don't I Know You?

Location: Coffeyville, Kansas (Fear Level 3)

This sidetrack might end up being nothing more than a quick encounter, or it might turn into something much bigger. Here's how it begins. The town council of Coffeyville has been passing some mighty particular laws lately, governing what sorts of clothing are acceptable to wear around town, how many drinks one can have in a sitting, and even a list of curse words that shan't be uttered in public.

Along with the head-scratchers above are some other more conventional laws prohibiting folk from carrying firearms within the city limits, and setting a curfew of 10 p.m. on all residents and transients. Marshal Barnaby and his deputies enforce the letter of

the laws as often as they can, which has led to rampant paranoia—and the heightened Fear Level—among the people of Coffeyville. They're unaware of the terrifying truth.

Replicants—*pod people* to you and me—have infiltrated the town of Coffeyville at its highest level of government. They'll keep adding innocent folk to their homogenized army until someone puts an end to their all-fired absorptions. Their typical method of reproduction is by arresting someone for violating some law or other, then growing a pod next to the poor sod's jail cell.

Incarcerated!

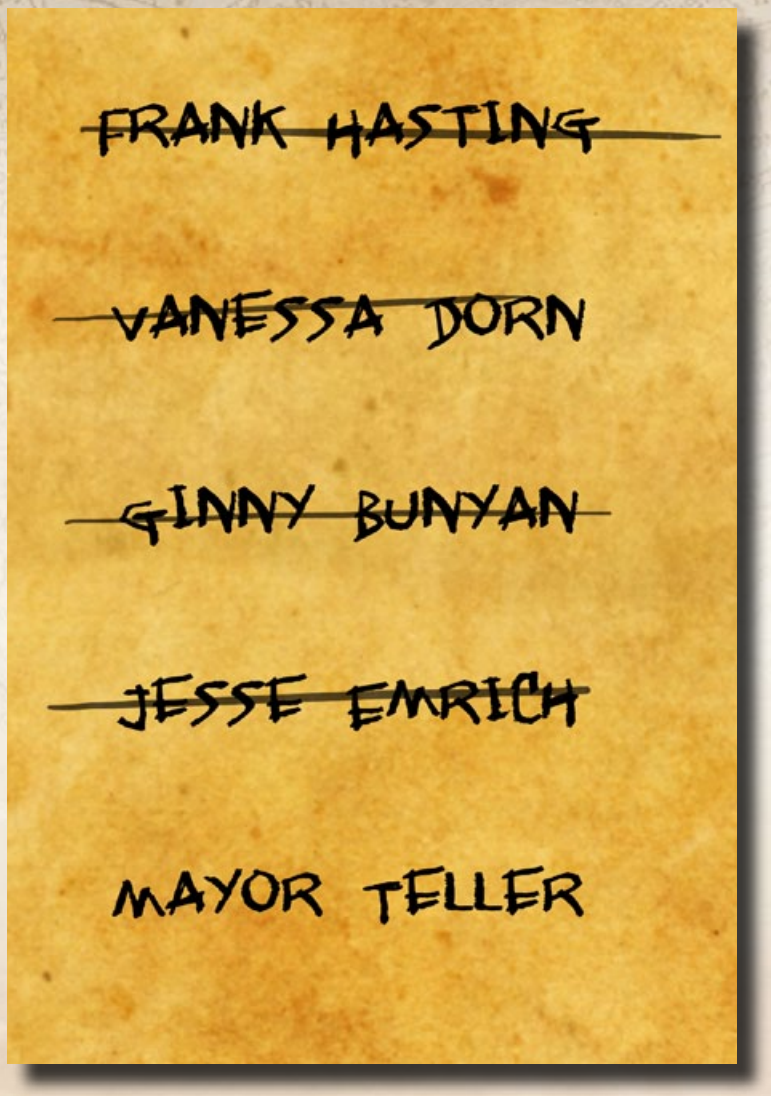
The tale begins with one or more members of the posse arrested for breaking one of Coffeyville's many new statutes. If the heroes don't violate one of the laws we listed, feel free to make one up that prohibits whatever it is they're currently doing.

Marshal Barnaby and his deputies seem reasonable enough about the whole situation. They just need the heroes to come with them and consent to being locked up while they work out the details of the fine, and then they can be on their way. No more than two heroes are taken in.

Once the heroes are locked away, the charges become more serious, trumped up by Marshal Barnaby to justify keeping the heroes in cells until the county judge arrives on his usual circuit. Then they grow pods next to the cells of imprisoned heroes, a process that takes 1d8 hours while the victims are asleep (see the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook* for details).

- **Marshal Zed Barnaby:** Use Replicant and Veteran Gunman stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.
- **Deputies (4):** Use Gunman stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

Marshal Barnaby has a sheet of paper in the breast pocket of his suit. A list is printed on it in pencil. The crossed-out names are town council members who have already become replicants. Only the mayor hasn't been turned yet, because an excuse hasn't yet been concocted to arrest him. If one or more posse members can be "replicated," they get the rest of the group into trouble, which is then blamed on the mayor.



- **Town Councilors (4):** Use Replicant and Townsfolk stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.
- **Mayor Buford Teller:** Use Townsfolk stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

In total the replicants have five "pods" to use for copying more victims. After those are gone, they have to wait another month to excrete five more.

Frozen Nightmares

Location: Fargo, Dakota (Fear Level 3)

Run this tale when the posse visits Fargo any time during the Long Winter of 1880–1881.

The Story So Far

In 1865 the Dakota Territory suffered one of the most brutally cold winters ever. As the evil of the Reckoning crept across the land, the horrors of starvation, fuel shortages, and sub-freezing temperatures only added to the general feeling of dread.

Julian Tiggs knew that feeling better than anyone. His brother Fred succumbed to the hunger in deep winter and ate his wife and children, after the cold snuffed out their lives. Fred Tiggs suffered an excruciating transformation into one of the first wendigos to walk North America in a long, long time.

Julian tried to hunt down his brother, despite his terrible state, and managed to track the hoary ol' wendigo to its icy lair: a stinking cave burrowed into the riverbank. There Julian realized his mistake—both barrels of a shotgun failed to dent the thing's hide. He thought he was done for.

Then the growl of the abomination was drowned out by a louder rumbling, one that shook the earth. Suddenly an avalanche of snow and ice—set off by the shotgun's report—slammed into the creature and drove it down onto the frozen river. The ice cracked apart and icy water flooded over the stunned creature, while the pressure of tons of snow caused it to refreeze almost as quickly. Within an hour the thing was suspended in a block of solid ice.

It took Julian a week to excavate enough snow to discover the thing that had once been his brother. He figured if a shotgun didn't hurt it nothing would, so he'd better not let it thaw out. Now, 15 years later, he's still got that block of ice frozen in one of his cold cellars at Tiggs Exporters, Ltd.

A Quick Thaw

The tale begins with a terrible accident during the Long Winter. The stage for the mishap was set a few summers earlier, when the intense heat had almost melted through every ice block Julian could carry in. He decided never to take that risk again. Tiggs rigged up a ghost-rock-fueled cooling system that would always keep his "brother's" cold cellar below freezing.

Unfortunately, we all know ghost-rock-fueled gizmos have a distressing tendency to malfunction. Spectacularly. This one waited until now to backfire and burst open, spraying red-hot bolts, fragments of metal, and burning chunks of ghost rock onto the block of ice trapping the hoary ol' wendigo. Within a few hours, the thing wriggled free and stretched its legs, then ran off into the snowswept night.

Julian Tiggs heard a single ragged, distinctive yawp that shook him from his sleep. When he got to the ice cellar the thing was gone, having broken down several doors to escape.

Long Winter's Night

The hoary ol' wendigo that used to be Fred Tiggs immediately begins prowling the area around town for warm flesh to sate its massive hunger. After being frozen in ice for so long, the thing might consume half-a-dozen people before taking a break.

Julian Tiggs rides into town in a panic and starts canvassing all the usual locations—saloons, hotels, theaters, and gambling halls—for upstanding citizens willing to help him hunt down the creature. Most townsfolk laugh him down (some of them nervously), thinking his story is pure hogwash. Once folks start disappearing a few townsfolk join in, but most are too terrified to do anything but barricade themselves in their houses.

With the railroads shut down by snowfall, no help is forthcoming. The heroes have to

take care of this terror on their own…or suffer the consequences.

Hoary Ol' Wendigo

This creature is the simple desire to rip flesh and chew bones, manifested as an albino terror—pure white from head-to-toe, with luminous orange eyes like red-hot coals. Its teeth and claws are as long as daggers.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d12+4, Vigor d12

Skills: Climbing d12, Fighting d12, Intimidation d12, Notice d10, Stealth d10, Swimming d10, Throwing d10, Tracking d10

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 13 (2)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +2:** The hoary ol' wendigo's tough skin and thick fur grant some protection from harm.
- **Bite:** Str+d8.
- **Claws:** Str+d6.
- **Fear (–2):** Anyone who encounters the hoary ol' wendigo must make a Guts roll (–2).
- **Fearless:** Wendigos are immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- **Immunities:** Wendigos are immune to cold and cold-based attacks or effects.
- **Night Vision:** A wendigo can see in all but complete darkness as though it were daylight.
- **Size +3:** The hoary ol' wendigo is as big as a kodiak bear on its hind legs.
- **Weakness (Hot Wax):** A wendigo is instantly killed if someone manages to pour hot tallow down its throat.
- **Coup:** A Harrowed who feasts on the hoary ol' wendigo's essence gains the Stitchin' Edge. If he already has Stitchin', he gains the Improved version. A Harrowed with Improved Stitchin' who sups on the wendigo's essence now makes his Natural Healing roll every half hour.

Head of Evil, Hand of Fate

Location: Wichita, Kansas (Fear Level 3)

Run this tale whenever the heroes ride into the border town of Wichita. A freak show provides respite from the terrors of the trail by displaying curiosities of a more benevolent stripe.

The Legend of Joaquin Murieta

Joaquin Murieta was once the most feared of all the banditos. He struck across the border into California with seeming impunity to rustle cattle and horses, rob trains, raid isolated ranches, and kill. Murieta was easily recognized by the large scar on the left side of his face, which he was said to have gotten in a knife fight in Juarez.

No one knows where or when Murieta was born, or what turned him into an outlaw. More to the point, no one ever found his hideout or figured out how many compadres he had with him. His gang never had less than a dozen men when it pulled off a robbery or other criminal offense. The most famous and constant of Murieta's revolving band of sidekicks was Three-Finger Jack.

The Confederacy gave the task of tracking down Murieta and bringing him to justice to a military unit under the command of Major Frederick Stiles. For a while Murieta's men just avoided the soldiers, but one time they ambushed them and killed six. After that incident the Confederacy placed a $6,000 bounty on Murieta's head. Before long every bounty hunter, assassin, and freelancer from Lost Angels to San Antonio was on Murieta's trail.

One of those freelancers was a ruthless former Texas Ranger named Harry Love. In 1878 he and his men ambushed the most feared of all the banditos in a camp in Arizona and shot him. Harry Love hacked off Murieta's head and Three-Finger Jack's distinctive right

hand as proof of the deed. He had these grisly trophies preserved in jars of formaldehyde and shipped back to Shan Fan, where they were eventually sold to a traveling freak show.

Nowadays the mutilated remains of Murieta and Jack tour the Weird West in Dr. Gideon Chestnutt's Carnival of Wonderment. They are displayed beside Murieta's pistol for gawkers to gape at for 5¢ a head.

Something Wicked This Way, Chums

When the posse are out and about in Wichita they hear the high-pitched, nasal tone of Doc Chestnutt acting as barker for his carnival of the bizarre. For 5¢ curious cowpokes can wander through the tight confines inside the tent. There's Albion the dog-faced boy, the bearded lady, a juggling midget, an albino lady with long fingernails and weird eyes, and finally the newest attraction—the Head of Evil and the Hand of Fate, displayed in the original jars of formaldehyde.

- **Gideon Chestnutt:** Use Townsfolk stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. Add Persuasion d8 and the Snakeoil Salesman Edge.
- **Carnival Freaks (4):** Use Townsfolk stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

Fallen Chestnutt

That night Gideon Chestnutt is accidentally killed when Joaquin Murieta's gun discharges and shoots him through the heart. The next morning word of his death is all over town. If the heroes are available, the freaks contact them and ask that they get to the bottom of Chestnutt's death. The oddball crew has saved up $200 with which to pay for the freelancers' services, if they need to.

On each of the four following nights, one more member of the Carnival of Wonderment dies under mysterious circumstances. One falls and breaks her neck, another simply dies of fright. The heroes need to act fast to prevent the whole troupe from being murdered.

The only clue common to all the deaths is found with a successful Notice roll while searching Chestnutt's freak tent—every time there's a death, a faint smell of formaldehyde is detected near the body.

Murieta's Curse

The last purveyors of the weird to display Murieta's and Three-Finger Jack's remains also met with untimely deaths. As did the ones before them. And it's all because of Murieta's Curse, which prevented the spirits of Joaquin Murieta and Three-Finger Jack from ever really leaving their remains. The combination of the emanations of the Reckoning with the dread inspired by the display of the gory trophies resulted in the creation of a new abomination.

Each night the head and hand are animated to become part of a spectral killer—the merged souls of Murieta and Jack. The resulting entity is angry, conflicted, and absolutely without morals or compunctions. Anyone who has a part in the freak show that's displaying the head and hand is killed by various creative means, which are then made to look like accidents.

Head of Evil, Hand of Fate

The bloated, scarred head of Joaquin Murieta and the mutilated hand of Three-Finger Jack are solid, while the rest of this being seems to be composed of shadows. Still, the shadows are solid enough to hold up that awful head and gun-toting hand.

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

Skills: Fighting d8, Guts d10, Intimidation d10, Notice d10, Shooting d12, Stealth d12

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 7

Special Abilities:

- **Anchor:** The preserved head and hand are anchors that tie this spirit to the world of the living. The spirit may not travel more than a mile from the anchors, though if they move, the spirit goes with them. A

successful exorcism cast upon the anchors destroys the spirit.

- **Ethereal:** Most of this creature is immaterial and cannot be harmed by normal weapons. Magic and magical items affect it normally.
- **Fear (–2):** Anyone who sees Murieta's shade must make a Guts roll (–2).
- **Murieta's Pistol:** 12/24/48; 2d6+1; RoF 1; Shots 6; AP 1. The ghost wields the Colt Peacemaker Murieta carried in life.
- **Undead:** +2 Toughness. +2 to recover from being Shaken. Called shots do no extra damage. Does not suffer wound penalties.
- **Weakness (Head and Hand):** The head and hand are vulnerable to mundane weapons, but it takes a Called Shot (–4) to hit either of them. If the creature is Incapacitated by wounds to its solid parts, the spirit dissipates for 24 hours. If the head and hand are burned during this time the specter is forever destroyed.

HELL DRIVE!

Location: Amarillo, Texas (Fear Level 2)

This is a great tale to run when the posse is in Amarillo and fixing on traveling back to Kansas. Someone has tacked up a bunch of handbills all over Amarillo, and they read as follows.

FREELANCERS, REGULATORS, and BODYGUARDS wanted for dangerous work. Must provide own guns. GOOD PAY, inclusive of three square meals and hazard stipend. Interested parties please inquire of Daniel Prester at the Tin Lamp Hotel.

Daniel Prester is the drover—the cattle entrepreneur whose money is on the line in this little venture. He's done this a few times before, so he knows the Weird West can throw some, well…*weird* things at the cowboys on a drive. Now he always hires specialized freelancers to look out for his boys and his beeves.

Those who inquire with Mr. Prester find an eager, down-to-earth, optimistic fellow who sweats a lot and drinks from a flask. He hurriedly looks over the posse, then offers them $200 each, with trail rations (plus $50 hazard pay *in advance*), to escort a cattle drive to the Black River depot in Dodge City. They are also to watch out for any "unnatural threats."

The trip takes three weeks, and when the job is done Prester says he'll purchase a train ticket for each bodyguard to anywhere they want to go.

The Trail Crew

This tale dramatizes a fairly long journey, so it's worth it to introduce and characterize the major players for the posse. They spend an awful lot of time together on the trail to Dodge, after all, and making them come alive at the beginning makes the last act a lot more satisfying. Let the players run everyone but Bob Epps as Allies, and use the Personalities table in *Savage Worlds* to determine the dispositions of anyone not described here.

Bob "White River" Epps serves as the trail boss, or "ramrod" for this drive. He's an unforgiving veteran of the cattle circuit who knows his business like no other. On this particular run, he's been placed in charge of about 1,200 Texas longhorns, so even this seasoned hand is a little nervous this time out.

- **Bob "White River" Epps:** Wild Card. Use Veteran Cowboy stats on page 311. Add the Hardy and Hard to Kill Edges.

The six hands are unofficially led by a trio of cowboys who have worked together before—a guitar-playing smart-aleck in a derby name of Colt Light, a drunk, mean son of a bitch named Tall Murph, and a former chemistry professor from Back East whom they call "The Scientist." They are true professionals, while the other three are fairly green.

- **Cowhands (6):** Use Cowboy stats on page 310.

The many spare horses brought along on a cattle drive have to be looked after by somebody—the cowboys are busy looking after the cattle, after all. That's where the wranglers come in. These two no-nonsense hombres lead, feed, water, and care for all the spare ponies. They even bring along a few extras for the posse so they can keep up.

- **Wranglers (2):** Use Cowboy stats on page 310.

The trusty cook for this outfit is a cheerful old cuss by the name of Smilin' Pete. He makes a mean pot of beans—complete with "spices"—but the rest of his food sits like a brick in the gut. Any of the heroes who don't ride a horse have to ride in Cookie's wagon and listen to his outlandish stories all day long.

- **Smilin' Pete (aka Cookie):** Use Townsfolk stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

The trail crew's job is to get the cattle to Dodge City safely, so they look after the business aspects and the resource management, as it were. The posse's job is to look after the trail crew's safety and well-being in the face of whatever they might meet. If three or more cowhands are lost (with no hope of getting any more) before the heroes reach the halfway point, the cattle drive goes bust and has to turn back.

On the Trail Again

At dawn the cattle drive sets out from Amarillo, across the Red River and into the Texas panhandle. The cowhands run the cattle hard for the first three or four days to make them a little more tractable for the rest of the journey, so a cattle drive always starts out a little hectic.

Draw for encounters each day as you would with any other journey. That way the cattle drive has an unpredictable aspect in addition to the setpiece scenes we describe below.

First Week: The Usual Threats

Roll on the Wild Southwest encounter table (see the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*) during the first week.

As mentioned earlier, the first few days are run at a quick pace. Bob Epps rides out ahead, looking for likely trails, while four of the cowhands ride flank—two on each side of the herd. Whatever two cowhands are currently in Epps' dog-house "ride drag" in the choking dust cloud that drifts behind the herd, wearing bandannas over their faces and cursing the day they were born. Run the following encounters whenever the mood strikes you.

- **Tummy Twisters:** Drinking from a stagnant pool alongside the trail causes an infection of Texas tummy twisters (see the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*) in a small portion of the herd. No wonder those grangers up in Kansas are so prickly about imported cattle! The nasty condition affects 2d20 animals, which must be treated or put down.
- **Stampede:** The slightest noise at night—a match being struck, lightning, a gun shot, some idiot tooting on his harmonica—can cause the herd to stampede. Use the Stampede rules (page 71) if you decide a noise would be loud enough to startle the beeves.
- **Ravenite Braves (2 per hero):** Near the end of the first week, the cattle drive passes close to the ruined village of Adobe Walls. A murderous party of Ravenite braves (see page 315) rides out to spy on the trail crew and decides to kill one or two and scalp them. They're not looking to engage in a battle, so they flee back to the ruins if determined resistance is mounted.

Second Week: The Hangin' Judge

Use the Coyote Confederation encounter table (see the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*) during this part of the tale.

The next seven days of the drive see a steady change in terrain from the dry desert of the panhandle to the green valleys of Oklahoma Territory. It also brings the greatest threat the heroes are likely to face on their journey.

The mysterious hangin' judges of the Chisholm Trail are nothing if not unpredictable. One of them decided to expand the operations of their little fearmongerin' cabal, and moreover he's laid down the law that no more cattle drives are permissible on the Western Trail out of Texas due to the threat of exotic infections. And wouldn't you just know it? Our little trail crew are the first bunch of cowpokes the hangin' judge comes across in his misguided quest to dole out justice and raise up some fear.

Draw for an encounter each day, but combine any that occur with the ever-lurking hangin' judge. He begins as an apparition stalking the posse and the trail crew, then maybe while some other critter is attacking he grabs a cowboy and makes off with him. Later the cowboy is found dead, hanging from a tree. You can make the heroes roll Guts a few times before they even fight the foul thing, and it gives them a chance to do some research (via Streetwise or Investigation) into the judges' weaknesses, if they're so inclined.

At the end of this week, as the cattle drive is nearing the Kansas border, the judge appears for a final showdown to the death.

- **Hangin' Judge:** See the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

Third Week: Betrayed!

Use the Disputed Territories encounter table (see the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*) during this section.

On Wednesday, as the cattle drive is headed into the Red Hills of Kansas, the posse finds out they've been hornswoggled. Bob "White River" Epps and his entire trail crew plan to sell out Daniel Prester for a different drover—namely one who works for Union Blue instead of Black River!

Without warning or explanation, they turn off the trail at the Red Hills and ride east overland toward New Varney Flats. If nothing is done to prevent Bob Epps from making off with the herd, the detour adds an extra four days to the journey. Epps sells off the herd to a Bluebelly drover near New Varney Flats (who intends to run the herd north to Salina), and the heroes get nothing but the $50 hazard pay they received in advance.

But our plucky bodyguards won't let that happen! Bob Epps and his crew do their best to run off the posse but they won't fight to the death. Besides, if the entire trail crew is killed there's not likely to be anyone who can herd up all the beeves.

Paid in Full

When the longhorns are delivered to the Black River cattle yards at Dodge City, the heroes get paid their $200 fee personally by Daniel Prester (who went ahead by stage to await the herd's arrival), and he also buys them each a train ticket, just as promised. Union Blue or Black River—it's their choice!

The Hersey Curse

Location: Abilene, Kansas (Fear Level 2)

Some have called the Lebold Mansion the "finest house west of Topeka," but that covers an *awful* lot of ground. To be sure, Conrad Lebold's new residence is the most splendid one ever constructed inside the Abilene city limits.

Maybe a few of the more affluent townsfolk are a little jealous. But that doesn't explain the whispered tales among saloon workers, the gossip of working girls, and the wry conversation going around poker tables at the Bull's Head—all of it hinting that a few of the workers who built the Lebold Mansion met an untimely end, and that Mr. Lebold is having a hard time employing staff.

Some folks swear up and down that Lebold's new house has a curse on it. They avoid going inside it or even walking under its shadow, and they advise all good people to do the same. Whether they're right or wrong, their fear is real.

Conrad Lebold

Mr. Lebold is a gangly Kentucky gentleman who favors well-tailored suits and cigars. The combination of his very round head, long neck, and hawklike snout give Lebold a vulturous look. But once a body gets past that, they find him to be a warm and welcoming man who's not shy about doling out the good bourbon.

Once he warms up, Conrad suggests a tour of the property. A successful Persuasion roll convinces him to open up and discuss the "curse" upon his house. He then leads the posse down to the cellar.

Oh, I wouldn't exactly call it a curse. To be honest—and I realize this is going to make me sound a little batty—they're ghosts. Two of them, at least. I'm convinced they are Tim and Eliza Hersey, the founders of Abilene.

Here I thought I was doing a service in their memory, when really I just angered their ghosts terribly. They killed one of the builders, you know. Made it look like an accident. Nail bucket dropped on his head—blammo! Dead before he hit the ground. It was them. I'm positive of it.

He throws open the door to the cellar and leads the way down a recently built flight of wooden steps. There in the dirt, filling most of the cellar, is the stone foundation of the Herseys' original stagecoach stop—preserved and untouched beneath the Lebold Mansion's foundations.

Hersey Haunts

Lebold is absolutely right about the identity of the ghosts; they are the spirits of Timothy and Eliza Hersey. But he's not quite on the money about why they decided to vent their rage upon the living. Turns out they were just as scared as the builders were.

Until not too long ago the Herseys were simply ancestor spirits that never moved on to an eternal reward in the Hunting Grounds. They just remained, as some spirits do, at the place they loved so well in life—tending it, looking over the folks who came to dwell there, and placidly enjoying the "better place" in which they languished.

All that changed during the construction. A laborer working after hours descended into the cellar and was shocked to find the ghost of Eliza Hersey standing upon the original foundation. Poor Eliza was just as flustered—the haunt had never seen a man descend a staircase in her front yard before! The builder fled screaming, and his story spread like wildfire.

The story took hold in peoples' imaginations and their fear began to grow. When they retold the tale, the fear spread. Soon the Reckoners saw a tasty little meal developing and did their part to help it along. A manitou crept into the cellar and gave back the Herseys some of what they'd lost—their memory of

what it was like to be alive. This knowledge was the real curse.

When the Herseys started thinking only of what they'd lost, they became enraged and started assaulting the living. Now they are active at night, wandering the mansion's halls and muttering angrily. It's only a matter of time before they kill Conrad Lebold in his sleep.

Dealing with the Herseys

There are a few ways to deal with the threat the Herseys pose. The first, most obvious way is to kill them using magic. Some posses won't have that option. If all the stones of the original Hersey foundation are broken apart and carted away, the ghosts follow them to wherever they're dumped. However, they appear in the night to try to prevent such activities. If one of them is killed, the other flees immediately and waits until the next night to attack again.

If a smooth-tongued operator in your group wants to try to talk to the Herseys, he finds it an onerous task. A successful Persuasion roll is required to get the Hersey ghosts to talk about their motives. If another Persuasion roll is made (–4), the ghosts can be convinced to give up their rampage. This is a temporary solution, as the ghosts come back even more angry seven nights later.

The Hersey Ghosts

Timothy and Eliza Hersey's love preserved their spirits, but the Reckoning twisted them into awful haunts with nothing but contempt for the living.

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

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

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

Special Abilities:

- **Anchor:** The foundation of their former home is the anchor which ties them to the world of the living. The Herseys may not travel more than a mile from the anchor, though if it moves they go with it.
- **Chill of the Grave:** Tim or Eliza may make a touch attack that deals 2d6 nonlethal damage. Only magic armor protects against this damage.
- **Ethereal:** The Herseys are immaterial and cannot be harmed by normal weapons. Magic and magical items affect them normally.
- **Fear:** Anyone who sees either of the Herseys must make a Guts roll.
- **Invisible:** The Hersey ghosts are invisible, but can become visible at will (usually to cause Fear). Attacks against an invisible target—assuming someone even knows the spirit is present—are made at –6.

- **Soul Bond:** Tim and Eliza's souls are bound throughout eternity, and neither can be forever destroyed unless both of them are. When first encountered Timothy's ghost is a Wild Card, and Eliza is an Extra. If only Tim is destroyed, Eliza becomes the Wild Card and Tim reforms the next night as an Extra. If either ghost is destroyed as an Extra, it reforms the next night (still an Extra). If both ghosts are destroyed, they stay that way.
- **Terror:** Tim and Eliza can reveal their most heinous form, forcing those who witness it to make a second Guts roll with a –2 modifier.
- **Weakness (Exorcism):** Only *exorcism* or destruction by other magic releases a Hersey ghost from its torment.

Hickok's Revenge

Location: Deadwood, Sioux Nations (Fear Level 4)

Run this tale to get your posse involved in Hickok's quest for revenge on his killers. If your group is a little more mercenary in personality, you might have them enter the story as bodyguards hired by Al Swearengen.

The Story So Far

With Calamity Jane's help, it didn't take Wild Bill long to murder all the businessmen who were in cahoots to have him killed. Last year Bill finally tracked down Jack McCall in Kansas and confronted him with his unholy, Harrowed state.

Babbling in terror, McCall spilled the beans—it was Al Swearengen who was behind the whole thing. In the drunken, smoky haze of a poker table, Bill had made an offhand remark about how he would "… finally flush the opium dens outta this town!" Al Swearengen, being a major investor in said opium trade, took it personally and gathered a band of concerned business leaders to ensure Wild Bill didn't hurt their profits none. They hired McCall to do the killing.

The revelation unhinged Bill—he thought Swearengen was on his side—and his manitou seized control of his carcass. The evil spirit decided to spare McCall's life, just for fun. All Jack McCall knows is that Wild Bill's whole manner seemed to change all of a sudden, and a slow, evil grin crept onto his gray features. Then he turned and vanished into the night.

Now Wild Bill is back in Deadwood preparing his final revenge on Al Swearengen. Jack McCall, haunted by Wild Bill's strange act of mercy, has also returned to Deadwood to get to the bottom of things. The first thing he did was warn Al Swearengen that hell was a-comin'.

The Set Up

In one of Deadwood's saloons the posse encounters a plain, brown-haired woman in the dusty shirt and dungarees of a trail hand—Calamity Jane. She has a half-empty bottle of rotgut in front of her, and rambles drunkenly to anyone who'll listen. Most folks think Jane is just plain loony.

> *I told 'em! I told 'em all, Bill would be back! He came back once, you know, with a big ol' hole innis' head. You don't look so good, I says to him, and he told me to shut my mouth. And he's back again, oh yes indeed he is. Whoever hired Jack McCall is about to die, I reckon, because 'ol Bill ain't hisself these days.*

Jane doesn't know much more. If the heroes are able to sober her up, she relates the following in a haughty tone:

> *Wild Bill Hickok didn't die the first time, mister. You can put that in the bank. I'm tellin' you he didn't stay put in Mt. Moriah Cemetery. But now…he's different. He ain't the Wild Bill I knew. Blood's gonna be shed if he gets what he wants. And the only man who knows what Bill came back for…is Bill.*

Jane had a recent run-in with Wild Bill near Mt. Moriah. Bill's manitou revealed he was

out for revenge but wouldn't say more. If the heroes ask, Jane relates the whole tale of Wild Bill's murder and return from the grave (see the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook* for all the gory details). She also points out that Jack McCall returned to Deadwood two days ago, though she doesn't know why.

- **Calamity Jane:** See the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

The Prodigal Killer

Successful Streetwise rolls allow a cowpoke to confirm three facts (one for each roll)—Jack McCall is back in town, he was seen at the Gem Theater talking with Al Swearengen last night, and since then he has been languishing in Chinatown's opium dens. If he didn't smoke his opium, McCall would be a nervous wreck. He's developed quite a little habit for himself.

When confronted, McCall mumbles he's back in town, "to figger a few things out." McCall is a hard case—if it took Wild Bill Hickok three years to get the truth out of him, the posse hasn't got much chance. Fact is, McCall is haunted by nightmares of the undead Wild Bill sparing his life. He came back to warn Al Swearengen and stand at his side against the revenant lawman. Jack has no idea that his pistol is the only shootin' iron that can ever put Wild Bill Hickok down for good.

- **Jack McCall:** See page 323.

On Mount Moriah

The posse might get the idea to ride out to Mt. Moriah and track down Wild Bill before he can do whatever it is he's planning. The Harrowed lawman spends most of his time lurking in the rocky crags around Mt. Moriah Cemetery. A successful Tracking roll puts the posse in Wild Bill's vicinity, but it takes a successful Notice roll opposed by Wild Bill's Stealth to pinpoint the wily sucker.

- **Wild Bill Hickok:** See the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

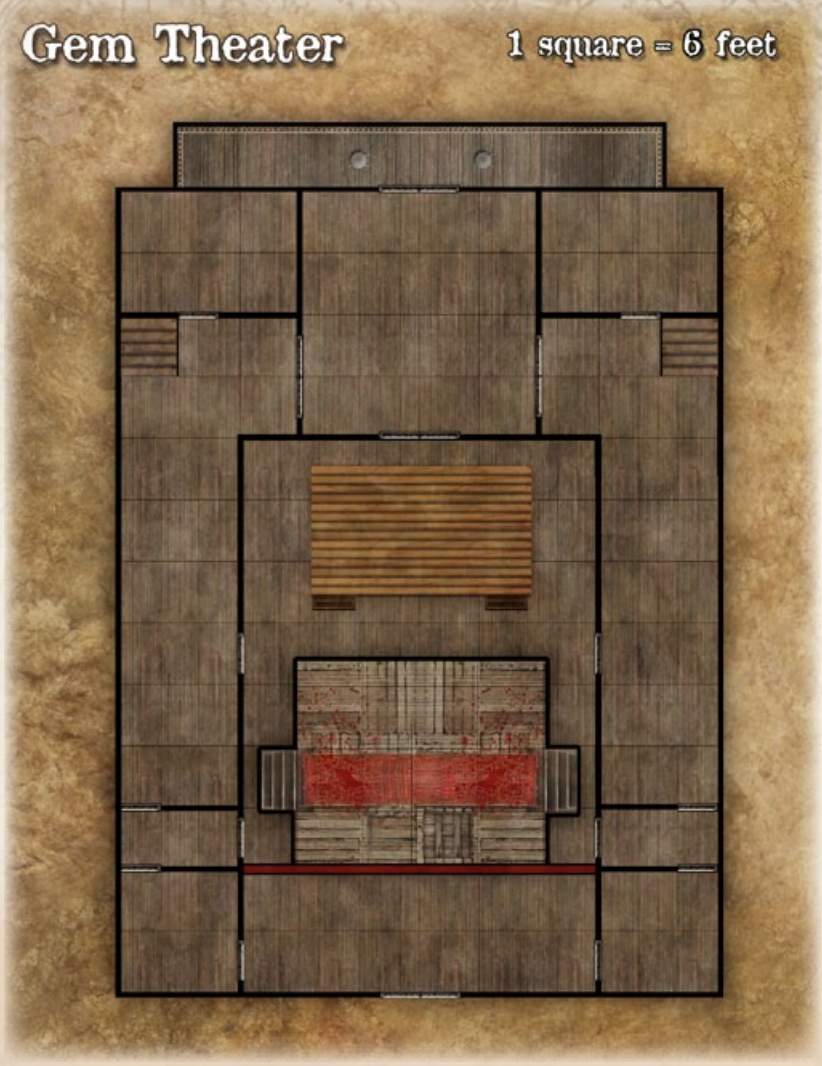
As noted in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*, Bill's manitou achieved total Dominion some time ago, when Bill was rocked by the news that Al Swearengen had ordered his death. If the posse just opens fire, Hickok gives as good as he gets. Likely better, considering the heroes don't have weapons that can finish him off. Wild Bill's manitou is happy to slaughter every one of them, but if the fight isn't an easy one and he gets a chance, he runs off.

Confronted by a posse of do-gooders Hell bent on figuring out what's going on, Bill's manitou does the only sensible thing—it lies through his decaying teeth.

Roll Wild Bill's Persuasion versus the heroes' Notice rolls, and give Bill a +2 due to the facts that he's dead and stiff, and the heroes shouldn't have any reason to think he's lying. Heroes who succeed think Bill is mostly being truthful, but there's something he's holding back—and it's not just the identity of the man who hired McCall.

> *It's simple, really. I've always been a lawman, and some things don't change no matter what side of the grave a body's on. I got unfinished business with Mr. Jack McCall, the yellow son of a bitch who shot me in the head. Maybe a jury found him innocent, but I don't put much stock in that jury's morals—if you know what I mean.*
>
> *Once I'm done with McCall, I'm going after the man who hired him. A lot of people are going to try to stop me. It's time I settled this account. I could use a good posse riding shotgun, if you're of a mind to help me. Otherwise I'd be much obliged if you stay the Hell out of my way.*

What the manitou fails to mention is that after killing Jack McCall and Al Swearengen (and anybody else he has a mind to), it intends to go on a bloody rampage in Deadwood. After pinning the crimes on McCall, the manitou hopes to leave town cackling with glee.



Carnage at the Gem Theater

Two nights after the heroes encounter Calamity Jane, Wild Bill Hickok comes creeping into town just as the clock strikes midnight. The wily manitou sneaks through Custer's pickets with ease. He knows that Jack McCall has been bunking at the Gem Theater, so he heads directly for it.

First he sets fire to one side of the structure, telling anyone he's with that it's "to cause a distraction." Actually it's to cause a panic and kill as many of the Gem's employees as possible. Then the vengeful Harrowed kicks in the back door and starts shooting everyone in sight—guilty, innocent, and in between—working his way to Jack McCall and Al Swearengen.

As flames spread through the Gem Theater, apply the rules for Smoke Inhalation and Fire (see *Savage Worlds*). Swearengen has a dozen hired guns posted at the Gem Theater's entrances in groups of four, but they all converge on any alarm or disturbance in three rounds' time.

- **Soiled Doves (6):** Use Townsfolk stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.
- **Bartender:** Use Gunman stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.
- **Patrons (8):** Use Townsfolk stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.
- **Hired Guns (12):** Use Outlaw stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.
- **Al Swearengen:** See page 317.

Settling the Issue

Heroes who have been helping Wild Bill ought to begin questioning his methods, if they haven't already. Hickok brooks no disobedience from his allies—as soon as anyone backtalks the undead lawman, he plugs them full of lead!

A hero using the *detect arcana* power notes that Jack McCall's pistol seems to pulse with spiritual forces whenever Wild Bill steps closer to it, and fades when he steps away. Alternately, if Jack McCall manages to shoot Wild Bill during the encounter, call for Notice rolls from the group. Those who succeed catch a brief expression of agony on Wild Bill's features after the bullet hits, whereas the Harrowed doesn't seem to feel any pain at all from other wounds.

If Wild Bill isn't killed for good, his manitou-ridden carcass flees Deadwood (murdering several more victims in cold blood on the way) and lights out for the Disputed Territories. There his rampage continues until he regains control, or someone wielding Jack McCall's weapon hunts him down.

Holy Warpath

Location: Bear Butte (Fear Level 4), sometime after the invasion of Deadwood in Plot Point Two

On the trail near Deadwood, the posse meets a small search party of obviously pious, religious folk. A few of them have recently bandaged wounds. Their leader, Saul, tells the following tale to anyone who asks.

> *Gettin' chased by angry Sioux is what we're doin' out here, Mister. That and lookin' for the leader of our flock, Sister Belinda. She never could stomach the evil that men do to one another, so she tried to step between some soldiers and an old Sioux. She tried to call down a miracle. I—I was lookin' at her face, and I saw somethin' break. I saw the sadness in her eyes when it fled. Then she went off screamin' like a bat out o' hell, rode north out of Deadwood, and no one's seen her since!*

If the heroes fail to offer up their aid, the faithful flock is not bashful about asking for it, saying, "The Lord put you in our path for a reason, I reckon!" and, "We'd be much obliged for your help."

Tracking, Survival, or other means—such as talking to some local Sioux—can all be used to follow Sister Belinda Maye Carlin's trail. After suffering a Crisis of Faith, she rode north as far as the northern fork of the Cheyenne River, then turned east and headed toward a holy place of the Sioux, Bear Butte. Unfortunately she walked right into a roost of ravens. Check the full description of Bear Butte on page 82.

To the Death

A group of newly recruited Ghost Dancers were on their way to Bear Butte to seek guidance from the spirits, and to learn the basics of the ritual from a Paiute holy man. On the trail they were attacked by a war party of Ravenites led by a fanatical shaman called No Flesh; the two sides fought and withdrew after a few losses. Now the enemy war parties are encamped near the base of the mountain, knowing that another battle must take place where neither side gives quarter nor asks for it.

Before that battle could happen, Sister Belinda wandered up on the Ravenite sentries without even noticing them. They knocked her off her horse and hog-tied her in moments. Now they're trying to decide what to do with her. Scouts from the Ghost Dancers' camp saw the abduction, but they don't know who the white woman is and they're at a loss as to what their next move should be. Arriving at the height of the standoff, it's up to the posse to lead the way in resolving it.

- **Ravenite Braves (2 per hero):** See page 315.
- **No Flesh:** Wild Card. Use Ravenite Shaman stats on page 316.
- **Paiute Braves (5):** Use Indian Brave stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. Let the players run them as Extras.
- **Sister Belinda Maye Carlin:** Use Blessed stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. She currently has 2 levels of Fatigue from Bumps and Bruises, and since her Crisis of Faith, her Faith die is lowered to d6. She has not yet performed the successful miracle that restores her Faith.

Little Brother

Location: Coffeyville, Kansas (Fear Level 3)

Run this grim little tale when the posse passes by the marshal's office. The wailings of a distraught farm wife catch the heroes' attention. Edwina Zane is seeking help for her husband Ned and sobbing because no one's willing to step up.

Please, Marshal Barnaby, please help me! He's not lost in the corn, he's gone into the Flint Hills, into Indian land! We all know Ned ain't been the same since his brother August died, wearin' that preposterous muffler all the time. But now he's lost on his own and he just needs help. Won't you help me? Won't you help my poor Ned?

Marshal Barnaby assures her Ned'll be back just as soon as he sleeps it off. Trouble is, Ned Zane has a bad reputation around town and among other farmers for his orneriness, drunken fits, and generally odd behavior (most recently the wearing of a knitted, red, winter scarf around his neck day and night, even in the height of summer). Few are willing to risk their necks for him.

Whisperin' Gus

Ned's younger brother August Zane—Gus to his friends—was a no-good, murdering dog. Not that his family knew it. He committed all his heinous crimes far from home, during the travels he made every summer down the Chisholm Trail. This past summer Gus never came home. A Yankee laid him in his grave near Kansas City.

At home in Coffeyville, few besides his brother Ned mourned his loss. The townsfolk knew Gus as a loner and certainly a man with secrets, but no one ever suspected him of cold-blooded murder. They couldn't have imagined that Gus Zane promised his soul to a manitou in return for the powers of darkness…and a second chance at life. Sort of.

After his brother failed to come home, and was finally presumed dead, Ned's intense grief and drunken rages grew worse. Next thing Ned knew, his rage took physical shape—a fist-sized, purplish-red boil on his neck, which he took to wearing a scarf to cover.

To Ned's unbelief, two days ago the boil erupted into several pulsing, wet holes—which turned out to be tiny eyes, two miniature ears, a nose with delicate nostrils, and a minute mouth. Ned stared at it in the mirror. It was a dead ringer for his dead brother Gus! When it started whispering in Gus's voice, Ned's mind snapped in half. He ran off into Indian country in a state of insanity.

A successful Tracking roll (–2) is all it takes to locate Ned's trail beyond the cornfield, but it takes 1d4+2 hours to run him down on horseback, and 2d4+4 hours on foot. Draw for an encounter every hour the posse spends searching for Ned Zane in the Flint Hills, and roll on the Coyote Confederation encounter table when some kind of fuss is indicated.

Ned Zane

Ned is just a simple farmer, in over his head. A small, evil face grows like a tumor from one side of Ned's neck, constantly cursing and spitting in rage. Ned has got control of his own body for now, but in a pinch Whisperin' Gus tries to take hold of the reins.

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

Skills: Fighting d4, Knowledge (Farming) d8, Notice d6, Shooting d6

Charisma: –2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Ugly

Special Abilities:

- **Fear:** The horrible, gibbering face on Ned's neck provokes a Guts check.
- **Whisperin' Gus:** Gus has Smarts d10, Spirit d8, Intimidation d8, Taunt d8, Arcane Background (Black Magic), the *bolt*, *deflection*, *entangle*, and *fear* powers, and 15 Power Points. With an opposed Spirit roll, Gus can take control of Ned's body for 1d6 hours, but he doesn't need to exercise control to cast spells. A successful *exorcism* cast upon Ned Zane drives Gus out forever.

Meet the Achesons

Location: Bismarck, Dakota Territory (Fear Level 2)

Run this tale whenever the heroes are kicking around Bismarck looking for a way to kill some time, make some dinero, right some wrongs, or all three.

Deadly Dysfunction

Among his kin Milford Acheson was what you might call a Renaissance Man. Which is to say he knew his grammar and his arithmetic and had a fine mind for remembering things. He could quote you the Bible chapter and verse, and he'd been known to recite whole plays' worth of Shakespeare when in his cups. He's been just about the best postmaster Bismarck could hope for.

As for the rest of the Achesons, the townsfolk just thought they were odd and rude, but they didn't know the half of it. When the Reckoning began, the Achesons were just your average, run-o'-the-mill, backwoods, psychotic cannibal family, abducting the occasional child or other helpless victim. It wasn't like the Achesons looked like carnival freaks either. They maintained their (somewhat) respected place in the Bismarck community. But over time they withdrew from sight one by one, until only Milford Acheson showed his face in town any more.

Milford was steadfastly loyal to his family… even though they were all dead. Dead and walkin', that is! And now the reason the mail hasn't been delivered is because Milford Acheson is dead too. One week ago, with a phlegm-clotted roar of, "It's time you acted like yer a part o' this family, Milford!" his brother Maxwell brained him with a ball-peen hammer.

A Generous Offer

The mayor and town council wait until the posse is settled at a saloon or restaurant before they approach. If no one shoos them away, the portly man with the walrus moustache and German accent says,

> *Gut afternoon, herren und damen. Allow me to introduce myself. I am Mayor Freidorf, and these are esteemed members of the town council. We are so sorry to disturb your repast, but we have a problem and we hope you can help.*
>
> *For 10 years Mr. Milford Acheson has been our postmaster, and he has always gotten the mail through on time. His family…err, it's best we don't speak of the other Achesons. Milford is a fine gentleman, but we want to know where our mail has gone. A certain item from Chicago – the deed to our gold mine, in fact – has been misplaced. Milford has never been late before. Can you help us? We can pay you in gold dust.*

Mayor Freidorf and his flunkies offer the heroes $65 each to ride out to the Acheson place and see what's doing with the postmaster. If asked what is it exactly they're avoiding saying about Milford's family, the mayor glances nervously at his colleagues before muttering,

> *It's not Christian to speak ill of one's neighbors. Milford's a fine fellow, but his family's a little on the odd side, that's all. Keep to themselves, mostly. And there's also the matter of – ahem – that is, the last two men we sent haven't come back yet. It has been a whole week now. Gentlemen… something is wrong at the Acheson place.*

The mayor didn't know too much about the last freelancers he hired, Michael "Kel" Hoffs and Cooper "Hoop" Mann. A successful Common Knowledge roll means the hero who made it either knows of the duo or tangled with them once before. They were not amateurs by any means.

Achesons' Web

The misdeeds of the Achesons draw manitous like flies, which is why members of the family started coming back as smelly as blocks of limburger. When there was nobody left who could go out and abduct victims without raising a stink (so to speak), the depraved family set up their property so anyone who wanders in is trapped in the spider's web, so to speak. Then the Achesons start killin'—and they know how to work together with cold precision.

Tactics o' the Dead

You hear a lot of talk about "walkin' dead" these days. The Achesons aren't your typical brain-hungry, groaning fiends. These suckers are crafty and mean, and they've developed some effective techniques for bluffing the living.

- **Playin' Possum:** When the Achesons play dead, they mean it. They give no sign whatsoever of being alive—because they're not. It takes a successful Notice roll (–6) or Healing roll to discern some errant twitch or groan that gives away the ploy. Of course, a Healing roll requires a character to get right down next to the body. Whenever one of the Achesons is accepted to be dead (i.e., you rule that everyone's standing around the cadaver with their guard down), the walkin' dead can suddenly lunge at an adjacent foe. If the target fails a Notice roll (–4), the Acheson gets one surprise attack with The Drop.
- **Breathin'? Whuzzat?** The Achesons don't breathe, and they don't need to eat either (but they persist for the sheer deliciousness of human brains and flesh). Take advantage of this, Marshal. For example, closing the flue on the pot-bellied stove floods the shack with smoke in a few rounds' time—heroes need to roll versus Smoke Inhalation (see *Savage Worlds*) while the Achesons aren't bothered much. As you'll see below, a full rain barrel is a favorite hiding spot for Parthena, and the whole family knows to use the well as an escape route if things go bad.

Lucas' Bridge

This rickety old footbridge lies about five miles north of Bismarck along a little-used trail. It crosses an eight-foot-deep ravine, with a sluggish creek running through it, that marks the boundary of Acheson land.

Under the bridge lurks Lucas Acheson (see below for his stats), who used to be the telegraph operator in Bismarck. He has rigged up a telegraph wire from his hiding spot to the family's shack, which he uses to warn Maxwell whenever potential victims are on the way. When they reach the bridge, have

each hero make a Notice roll to smell Lucas under the bridge.

Since he doesn't need to eat or sleep, Lucas lies in the mud and brackish water under the bridge nearly all the time. His skin has turned a sickly greenish color, and mold and fungus run rampant on his rotten body. If he is discovered Lucas plays possum until the nosey dudes go away. Only if he's about to be shot in the head does he reveal his true nature. When the heroes are gone he uses his jury-rigged telegraph to warn the family.

At this point, any hero close to the footbridge can make a Notice roll (–4) to hear the soft clicking of the telegraph. The hero who scores a raise on this roll also sees a concealed telegraph wire running into the thick underbrush toward Acheson property.

Footpath

This narrow, overgrown path winds through a few dense stands of trees before it reaches the shack. Consult the map; the entire area is overgrown with thick brambles, thorny vines, and dense undergrowth that limits sight and mostly confines travel to the path.

Additionally, the whole area is swarming with big, nasty blackflies and stinks like rotten meat. Past the bridge, the foul stench of the Achesons no longer gives them away.

Hunting Blind

About halfway to the shack, a hunting blind overlooks the trail from a height of about four yards. Make a secret Notice roll (–6) for every hombre who walks past it. Even if they're actively searching for it, it's so well concealed in the treetops that the Notice roll is made at –4.

Hugh and Simeon Acheson (see below for their stats), spend their time in the hunting blind armed with Winchester '73s (24/48/96; 2d8; RoF 1; Shots 15; Min. Str d6, AP 2). They kill any wildlife they see, but prefer to allow human intruders to walk past them unawares. Like Lucas, if they're found they play dead. As soon as they hear the sounds of fighting at the shack they come running. *Shambling*, at least.

Befouled Well

The water in this well is poisoned from years of refuse and human waste being poured into it. Any hombre who drinks from it is in for a hell of a time—unless the fool makes a Vigor roll (–4) he suffers acute diarrhea, dehydration, and shock, followed by death in 4d10 hours if he's not successfully treated. Just being submerged in the foul depths requires a Vigor roll to avoid the same fate, but it's made at +2.

The Achesons are a different story. They jump right into the well if a fight is going against them, plunging about 15 feet down into the sludge. A submerged and pitch black tunnel leads about 10 yards until it comes up into the shack's root cellar (see below).

Open Grave

This ten-foot-deep pit behind the shack is where the stench comes from. The bony remains of many corpses—as many as 20, at a glance—lie rotting in the pit, which is surrounded by a thick cloud of flies and stinks to high heaven. Any hero who gets close to the pit needs to make a Guts check (versus Fear/Nausea). If anyone's pig-headed enough to climb down into the hole, he awakens a slumbering abomination.

- **'Glom:** See the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. The 'glom begins with five corpses in its mass.

Acheson Shack

This tiny, one-room shack is surrounded by a clearing of tall grass and overgrown with leafy vines. Smoke oozes sluggishly from a stove flue sticking out of the roof. A rain barrel sits at one end of the front porch, beneath a crude rainspout. On the front porch a solitary man sits in a rocking chair, smoking his pipe, with a double-barrel shotgun across his knees.

This is Milford Acheson, pale and bloody with one side of his skull staved in. He doesn't have much to say to visitors besides inviting them to go inside. Once a fight starts he joins it gladly.

Inside is where Maxwell, the patriarch of the Acheson clan and onetime blacksmith of Bismarck, works on his various "projects." The awfulness of the stench inside the shack is incredible, requiring another Guts check (versus Fear/Nausea) by anyone who enters. When intruders enter, Maxwell uses Stealth to hide by one side of the door, ready to smash any head that pokes in with his hammer.

Parthena Acheson, bluish, bloated, and waterlogged, typically hides in the rain barrel. If she's found, she uses the usual technique of playing dead until she can lunge and attack. Otherwise she creeps out and attacks once a battle has started. (See below for Maxwell, Milford, and Parthena's stats.)

In one corner of the shack is a small pot-bellied stove with hot coals inside. On top of it is a rendering pot filled with fatty gruel—"human stock," as Max calls it. The Achesons slurp this concoction down when they can't get fresh vittles. Beside the stove is a small table with a telegraph on it.

Against the far wall is a workbench with lots of tools, and hung all around it are various items made out of cured hide—lampshades, hats, journal covers, even a parasol. It goes without saying that people provided the hides. Several of the items integrate various bits of precision metalwork, which accounts for the scrap metal strewn about the work surface.

Near the back of the shack is a trapdoor in the floor that leads down to the root cellar. See **The Deed and More**, below, for the root cellar's contents. A ten-yard-long tunnel, flooded with filthy water, leads from the root cellar to the well.

The Achesons

Here's a single stat block that covers the whole Acheson clan. Each individual has his or her own unique abilities, as listed below.

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

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d6, Notice d4, Shooting d6, Stealth d6

Pace: 4; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 8

Special Abilities:

- **Claws:** Str+d4.
- **Fearless:** The Achesons are immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- **Playin' Possum:** The Achesons can pretend to be dead then suddenly lunge at an adjacent foe. If the target fails a Notice roll (–4) the walkin' dead gets one surprise attack with The Drop.
- **Undead:** +2 Toughness. +2 to recover from being Shaken. Called shots do no extra damage.
- **Hugh:** No legs. Hugh's body ends where his grizzled spine hangs out of his torso. He has Pace 1 (crawling), but has enough blankets and crates piled in the hunting blind to allow him to shoot accurately.
- **Lucas:** Corrosive vomit (1/2/4; 2d6; RoF 1; AP 5). The mildew growing on Lucas has turned his insides into yellowish, acidic pus that he spews onto foes.

- **Maxwell (Wild Card):** Strength. Though his skin is cheesy and pockmarked, Max retains his burly physique. He has Strength d10 and wields a silver ball-peen hammer (Str+d6). He ignores wound penalties.
- **Milford:** Smarts. Always a cerebral sort, Milford retains his Smarts d10 and has Taunt d12 to go along with it.
- **Parthena:** Toughness 10. Parthena's pale, waterlogged body has become rubbery and resistant to damage.
- **Simeon:** Fear (–1). Rotted and skeletal Simeon is so awful, the sight of him provokes a Guts check (–1).
- **Weakness (Head):** Shots to a walkin' dead's head add +2 damage, for a total of +6.

The Deed and More

In the root cellar the Achesons store gear and goods stolen from their victims over the years. Since that includes a hell of a lot of weaponry, this is where the fiendish dead retreat if a fight turns against them. You can bet they come out with guns blazin'!

The cache includes various and sundry items of clothing, about a dozen shootin' irons, rifles, shotguns, and ammunition, a crate containing 14 sticks of dynamite, and any other random items or gear you decide to drop here, Marshal. Maps or other clues leading to your next adventure are always a good bet.

Hidden at the bottom of a box is a large drawstring pouch containing $300 in Confederate gold coins. These were stolen a year ago in a Kansas heist during which a Texas Ranger was gunned down in cold blood—using them in the wrong place summons the wrath of the law, right quick.

In one corner of the root cellar sits a burlap sack marked with the Iron Dragon logo—the latest batch of mail from Chicago. Along with all the other mail bound for Bismarck, the deed to the town elders' mine is here as well.

Night O' the Hellscorchers

Location: Black Hills, Sioux Nations (Fear Level 3)

Run this tale when the heroes are traveling through the Black Hills, or at any of the locations in the vicinity (Deadwood works just fine).

A few years have passed since the Sioux began spreading tales of fiery reptilian beings emerging from Satan's Gardens to hunt for human prey. Now terrified miners have begun to corroborate those tales in hushed tones, lest the dreaded "hellscorchers" hear and come seeking burnt flesh and blood.

It's up to you how the heroes come across the story, but it goes something like this when told by the average Black Hills miner.

Listen here, friends—you wanna hear somethin' really scary? About, ohh…three years ago the Sioux braves started talkin' about red lizards dancing in the fiery hell of Satan's Gardens. You be quiet, Virgil—you believed it then, as I recall!

Where was I? Right, the fire lizards. The Sioux said these beasts were hungry for men's flesh that was roasted to death in their pits o' hellfire. Nearly everybody laughed 'em down (except Virgil).

But now…now those stories are coming true. Maybe they were always true. But I've seen those hellscorchers with my own eyes, and I hope I never see 'em again. They were horrible, cruel, cunning. We barely got out alive, me and Phil Squire, thank the Lord above. If they had it their way, we'd be roasted on a spit.

We've Got the Fear!

When the posse travels out to Satan's Garden to look into the rumors they're provided an opportunity to affect the local Fear Level—for better or worse—but they can also stop one of Reckoners' newest threats before it even gets started.

The hellscorchers are a case of the Reckoners turning terrible rumors into awful reality, feeding the local Fear right back into the fiery landscape to give rise to a whole new kind of abomination. Killing off the hellscorchers and successfully telling the tale of victory puts their threat to rest forever.

On the other hand, if a posse gets killed or run off by the fire lizards the tale spreads even faster. Soon hellscorchers begin to appear all over the Black Hills, and eventually throughout the Weird West. A major campaign to drive them back might ensue before the rising Fear Levels return to normal.

Check the full description of Satan's Garden (on page 85) before running this encounter. Hellscorchers are always found near the center of Satan's Garden (roll 2d10 to determine how many at a given time), but lately they have taken to roaming throughout the ash and cinder-covered region in packs of 2d4, hunting for prey. When the posse starts gunning them down, they gather in greater numbers and try to hunt *them* down. At most, 23 hellscorchers can be gathered.

Hellscorcher

These four-foot-tall creatures bear a passing resemblance to the Hellbender salamander. The likeness ends with the hellscorcher's scaly red skin and drooling maw filled with needle-like teeth. They move with preternatural quickness, sliding over the red-hot landscape without care, while tongues of fire course all over their bodies.

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

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

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 5

Special Abilities:

- **Claws:** Str+d6.
- **Fear:** Hellscorchers are unnatural things that provoke an immediate Guts check.
- **Fiery Bite:** Str+d8. When the bite of a hellscorcher results in a Shaken result (or worse) on something flammable, roll 1d6. On a 5 or 6 the target catches fire.
- **Hellfire:** Hellscorchers are surrounded by a corona of radiant heat. Foes adjacent to the hellscorcher on its action take 2d6 damage per round.
- **Improved Frenzy:** Hellscorchers make two Fighting attacks per action at no penalty.
- **Immunity:** Hellscorchers are impervious to fire and heat-based attacks, including most explosions.
- **Night Vision:** Hellscorchers ignore all Darkness penalties.
- **Size –1:** Hellscorchers stand about four feet tall.
- **Weakness (Water):** A bucket of water splashed over a hellscorcher does 2d10 damage and douses its flame until it can limp back to the center of Satan's Garden. A hellscorcher submerged in water is killed instantly.

One of Our Own

Location: Near Quivira, Coyote Confederation (Fear Level 4)

Run this tale when the posse is traveling in the Coyote Confederation. The heroes ought to be of Heroic Rank or greater to best handle this scenario.

The Story So Far

Just after the Reckoning, a small cadre of Texas Rangers employing Tonkawa scouts came upon and attacked a Comanche settlement. An entire village of 200 men, women, and children was slaughtered that night. Even more shocking, when the Tonkawa sat down to consume the flesh of their hated enemies the Comanche, those Texas Rangers joined right in. The Tonkawa claimed to gain strength from such practices. No one knows why the Rangers went along with it, but those who did were never quite the same again.

Several of these corrupt Rangers are still around, scattered throughout the organization, hampering attempts to hunt down the last vestiges of the cannibalistic Tonkawa tribe. Recent Comanche raids all along the Coyote Confederation border have led to increased scrutiny, but the lone Ranger placed on the case—Captain William D. Hamilton—has been stonewalled in his attempts to get to the truth.

The supposed Comanche raids are actually Tonkawa secret society members who have disguised themselves as their hated enemies to obtain "long pig" for their feasts, while throwing the whites off their trail.

Walks In Two Worlds, a fallen Texas Ranger who leads the cannibalistic Tonkawa secret warriors, has been orchestrating the raids for a few years now to keep his followers' larders stocked. Framing the Comanches is just an added bonus.

The Set-Up

When the posse awakens at their campsite in the morning dew, read the following.

Morning arrives pale and damp, and the gray sky turns to blue. You set to boiling some coffee over the fire. Just after dawn you hear the sudden crack-crack! of a few distant gunshots, carried on the wind from beyond the ridgeline.

As the heroes reach the ridgeline to observe, read the following.

You see a lone figure on the prairie below. He stands beside a campfire, not too far from a body flat on its back. A horse grazes nearby.

If the heroes are just standing atop the ridge, or on horseback, the distant figure catches sight of them automatically, then waits to see what they do. If the heroes decide to be casual about it, have them roll Stealth and consider the lone shootist an Inactive sentry. When the heroes approach, move on to the next scene.

The Lone Ranger

The man at the campsite is Capt. William D. Hamilton, the Texas Ranger assigned to hunt down the Tonkawa secret warriors and the fallen Ranger who leads them. So far he has been stymied in his every attempt by his superior officer, Major Gerald Coppington.

After he read the news that the latest Comanche raid had claimed the lives of 10 Oklahoma settlers, Capt. Hamilton frowned deeply, set his jaw, and made a decision—he would ride into Indian territory and find those sons o' bitches come hell or high water. So he rode into the Coyote Confederation alone, looking for some sign of the war party.

The man who's still standing is tall and barrel-chested, holding a Winchester ready but not aimed in your direction. His eyes are calm and observant, noting each of you in turn.

He wears a wide-brimmed Stetson and a battered duster, and a spit-polished Texas Ranger's star gleams on his vest. He's a little on the young side—his moustache and whiskers haven't gone gray yet—and he holds a plug of tobacco in his lower lip.

As far as you can tell, the corpse on the grass is an Indian, and he was felled by a shot to the head and another to the chest. A tomahawk is still clutched in one stiff hand.

The Ranger spits tobacco juice on the ground. "Assassin," he says. "They know I'm after 'em. Take a closer look if you like. He's dressed like a Comanche but the marks, the ritual scarring—that's all Tonkawa. They're the ones who've been murderin' all those farmers out in Oklahoma."

Captain Hamilton introduces himself and takes some time to appraise the heroes based on their appearance and reactions. He's got no problem with purveyors of the dark arts, Indian shamans, or any other arcane caster. He's a bit wary of mad scientists—the "Mads" tend to give him the willies—but what really matters to Hamilton is whether an hombre's heart is in the right place. The mind part is optional.

- **Capt. William Diomedes Hamilton:** Wild Card. Use Texas Ranger stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

Hamilton's a pretty good judge of character, so if the posse seems capable he asks them for their help hunting down the Tonkawa who've been raiding along the border. If they agree, he makes them swear a brief oath to serve the Texas Rangers loyally and truthfully, and deputizes them on the spot. Then he says,

All right, now that yer all deputies I can be a little more frank and forthcoming. What we got here, I'm ashamed to say, is a case of one of our own gettin' up to mischief. He used to be a Texas Ranger, before he went native. Now he calls himself Walks In Two Worlds, and he enjoys killin' innocent women and children. I aim to put a stop to that.

The Hunt

Each day they spend searching for signs of the Tonkawa raiding party, have the posse's scout make a Tracking roll and draw a card from the Action Deck. If a face card comes up on the day of a *failed* Tracking roll, roll on the Coyote Confederation encounter table. If the scout succeeds on her Tracking roll the same day a face card appears, the posse finds the Tonkawas' lodge. A successful roll with no face card means the tracker finds some evidence of the tribe's passage (e.g., tracks, an old campsite, discarded items, etc.).

Tonkawa Lodge

Walks In Two Worlds and his cannibal warriors have set up shop in a shady, narrow valley hidden deep in a swampy region. Consult the map for the camp's layout. Small teams of Tonkawa warriors constantly patrol the swamps and forest around the lodge; they are always Active sentries. Any sort of ruckus near the Tonkawa lodge quickly draws the ire of the entire camp.

- **Tonkawa Patrol (2d6):** Use Veteran Indian Brave stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. These braves do not follow the Old Ways; they have the Vow (Serve the Tonkawa tribe) Hindrance. Like their leader, they can benefit from the *Power o' the Flesh*—after eating human flesh, increase the braves' Strength, Vigor, and Notice by 2 steps for four hours.

Captain Hamilton advises stealth and caution, but he's willing to entertain other proposals from his deputies to best utilize their particular skills. His goal is to take down the leader, dead or alive, but he'd also love to disperse the entire war party once and for all.

Unless the heroes are looking to fight a pitched battle against a legion of cannibal warriors, they'll need a plan of some sort and a whole lot of luck. Any captured heroes are "on the menu," so to speak, making it even more crucial to mount a swift rescue.

- **Tonkawa Warriors (100):** Use Indian Brave stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. These braves do not follow the Old Ways; they have the Vow (serve the Tonkawa tribe) Hindrance. Like their leader, they can benefit from the *Power o' the Flesh*—after eating human flesh, increase the braves' Strength, Vigor, and Notice by 2 steps for four hours.
- **Walks In Two Worlds:** See page 330.

Pickman's Book

Location: New Jerusalem, Colorado (Fear Level 2)

Run this slime-covered scenario when the heroes pass through New Jerusalem. It's such a nice little burg, they might just decide to stay for a while.

A History of Weirdness

Four years ago, during the ordeal that cut New Jerusalem loose in space and time, an alien intelligence took up residence in barber Oliver Pickman's head. It ran him to and fro like a marionette, achieving certain tasks and trying to convince a posse of salty freelancers to enter the ghost rock mine and fix what was wrong.

Pickman—or at least the spirit possessing him—succeeded. The cowpokes braved the mines and they spit in the devil's eye, guns blazing and black magic crackling. Then they all died screaming, sucked into the void. But they drove out the evil creatures that had held New Jerusalem in their grip.

The next morning Oliver Pickman awoke at the entrance to the ghost rock mine, terrified by a few vague memories of what had happened. All through these four long years he's been tormented by nightmares, and always when he wakes up he's drawn to the strange, worm-eaten tome that appeared on his shelf sometime during the whole ordeal—*Wyrmus Mysteriis*.

The book is a remnant of the town's interdimensional travel, and does not in fact belong in the Weird West. It festers like an infection on Oliver Pickman's bookshelf. When he finally breaks down and opens it, what he sees drives him a little bit loony. The book compels him to take it back to the mines, to the place it came from. And that turns out to be a very bad idea.

When Oliver Pickman takes the book back into the mines, and crawls into what's left of the creatures' hideout after the cave-in, the book tears open a new rift into the Hunting Grounds and *somewhere beyond*. Through it, the interdimensional fungal travelers come back, and they want more human brains.

The Set-Up

For the heroes, the tale begins with a piercing scream in the night, from the easternmost house on the New Jerusalem town map (see page 115): the Henderson home. Most of the town is awake and curious, on their front porches with shotguns and lanterns, as the posse moves to investigate.

The house is empty, but there are signs of a struggle. Furniture is in disarray, and there are a couple of large scorch-marks on the walls. A successful Tracking roll turns up the tracks of several people—the Henderson family, no doubt—being dragged off toward the entrance to the ghost rock mine.

Trouble in Town

At that moment there's hollering, gunshots, and an odd sizzling noise from back toward town. This time they're coming from the Livery Stable, where Horace Marley is fending off a small group of horrible things that are roving about looking for victims.

Fungus-Things (1 per hero)

These terrible things look like weird crustaceans with several pairs of slimy wings and large, pulsing, brain-like heads covered with tiny waving cilia. If the book doesn't belong in this world, these creatures are the very definition of aberration. They consider humans little more than raw materials for their unholy experiments.

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

Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d8, Notice d10, Repair d10, Shooting d10, Stealth d8

Pace: 4; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 9 (3)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +3:** A fungus wears strange slimy armor that wards off damage.
- **Electric Gun:** This device generates strokes of electricity per the *bolt* power, and has 25 Power Points. It cannot be operated by humans.
- **Fear (–2):** Seeing a fungus-thing provokes a Guts roll (–2).
- **Flight:** Pace 8.

To the Mines!

Only a few of the old chambers used by the extradimensional beings remain; a cave-in destroyed most of them back in 1876. The heroes can get to them by means of the ghost rock mine, but they meet a few awful things along the way.

Silver Canister Chamber

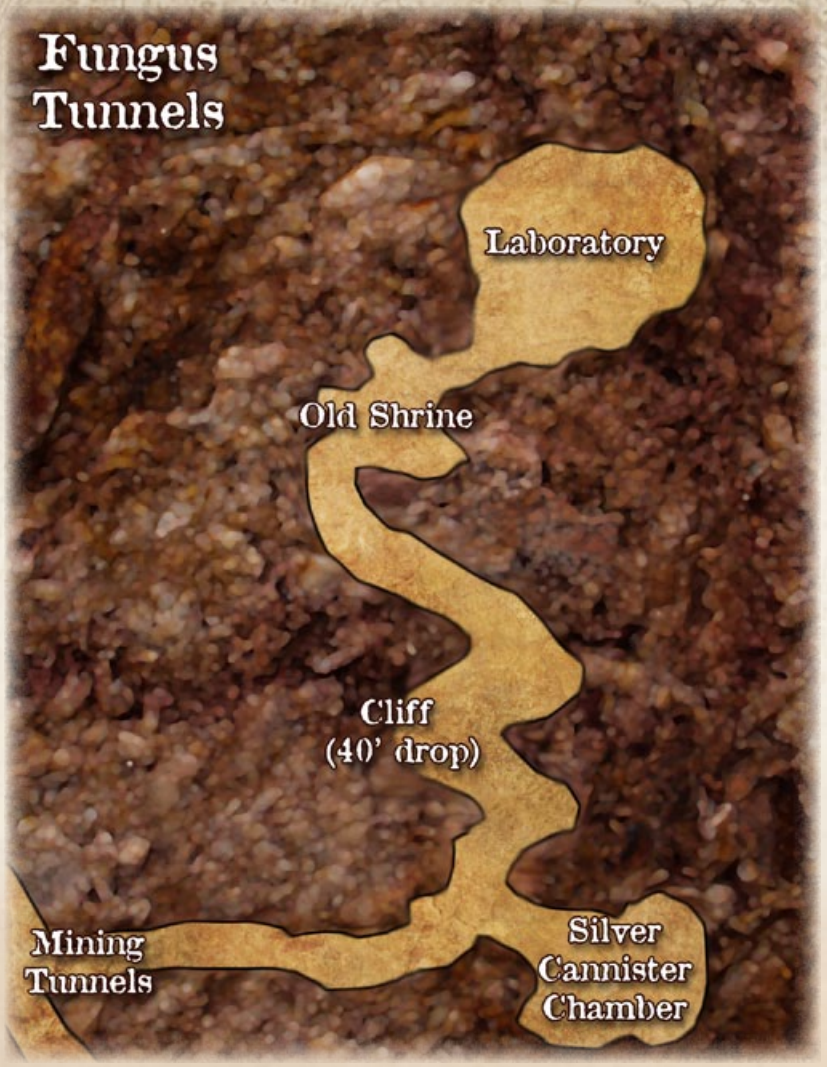
Three of the fungus-things lurk in this chamber, the floor of which is covered with overturned canisters made of a strange silvery metal. The canisters are destroyed, scorched, and full of bullet holes. There's also a flaky, dried-up material scattered all over the place. A successful Healing check identifies it as gray matter—brains. The fungus-things make buzzing and clicking noises, and attack any intruders they see.

- **Fungus-Things (3):** See stats above.

The Shrine

In the former shrine to some dark and evil god, *Wyrmus Mysteriis* lies open upon the floor. Above it a ragged, luminous rift into the Hunting Grounds wavers and shimmers in the air. Oliver Pickman lies unconscious on his back next to the book, seemingly unharmed.

Any hero who moves within 1" (2 yards) of the rift risks being pulled into it. Have the player roll Spirit, opposed by the rift's Spirit d10. If the rift wins, the hero seems to stretch and distort as she's pulled into the opening, then she disappears. If the hero wins, she



stays put, and can never be drawn into this rift unless she steps through voluntarily.

This isn't your typical portal into the Hunting Grounds—this is a direct link to some other dimension. Literally anything could lie on the other side. It's up to you to decide what heroes find, should they cross over. It could be another time period, a whole different earth, or just another location in the Weird West. Maybe the posse arrives there after a lapse of time with no memory of what happened since—giving you the chance to introduce all manner of enemies and tribulations.

If anyone wants to wake up Oliver Pickman, success on a simple Healing test does the trick. Read the following passage:

The fat, balding gentleman sits up and you recognize him as the town barber, Oliver Pickman. His black hair is mussed and his moustache is in disarray.

"Quick!" he cries, "That book doesn't belong here. It's evil! It needs to go into that weird fissure."

Anyone who tries to cast the *Wyrmus Mysteriis* out of the Weird West first has to overcome the rift's Spirit d10 in an opposed test. If the hero fails, he's drawn through the rift as described above, along with the book. With a success, the hero can cast away the tome and remain in the Weird West. After either of these things happen, the portal inverts itself and vanishes with a pop! If none of the heroes is willing, Pickman tries.

- **Oliver Pickman:** Use Townsfolk stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

Laboratory

Down the tunnel that leads to this room, the walls of the mine change. They take on a pinkish hue and seem to pulse and twitch with a life their own. Veins line the walls, pumping some unknown fluid to an invisible but audible heart. Any hombre who witnesses this needs to make a Guts check the prevent Fear/Nausea.

The tunnel opens into a vaulted chamber that's half-collapsed by an old cave-in. In the portion of the chamber that remains, a series of tables seemingly grow out of the floor, and these are covered with dusty piles of ghost rock and strange, silvery tools of alien manufacture.

There are more fungus-things here, hard at work on a naked man who is strapped to one of the tables. They are just removing his brain and transferring it to an empty canister. The rest of the Henderson family—Ma and three young 'uns—cowers against the far wall. The whole gruesome scene is worth another Guts check versus Fear/Nausea.

- **Fungus-Things (1 per hero):** See stats above.

- **The Hendersons (4):** Use Townsfolk stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

Aftermath

If *Wyrmus Mysteriis* is successfully cast into the rift, the link to the other dimension is severed forever. Any fungus-things trapped in the Weird West when that happens stick around, but they have to get past the heroes. If any manage to fly the coop, they lurk in the hills around New Jerusalem, trying to figure out a way to get back to where they came from.

Pit Dwellers

Location: Cauldron, Colorado (Fear Level 5)

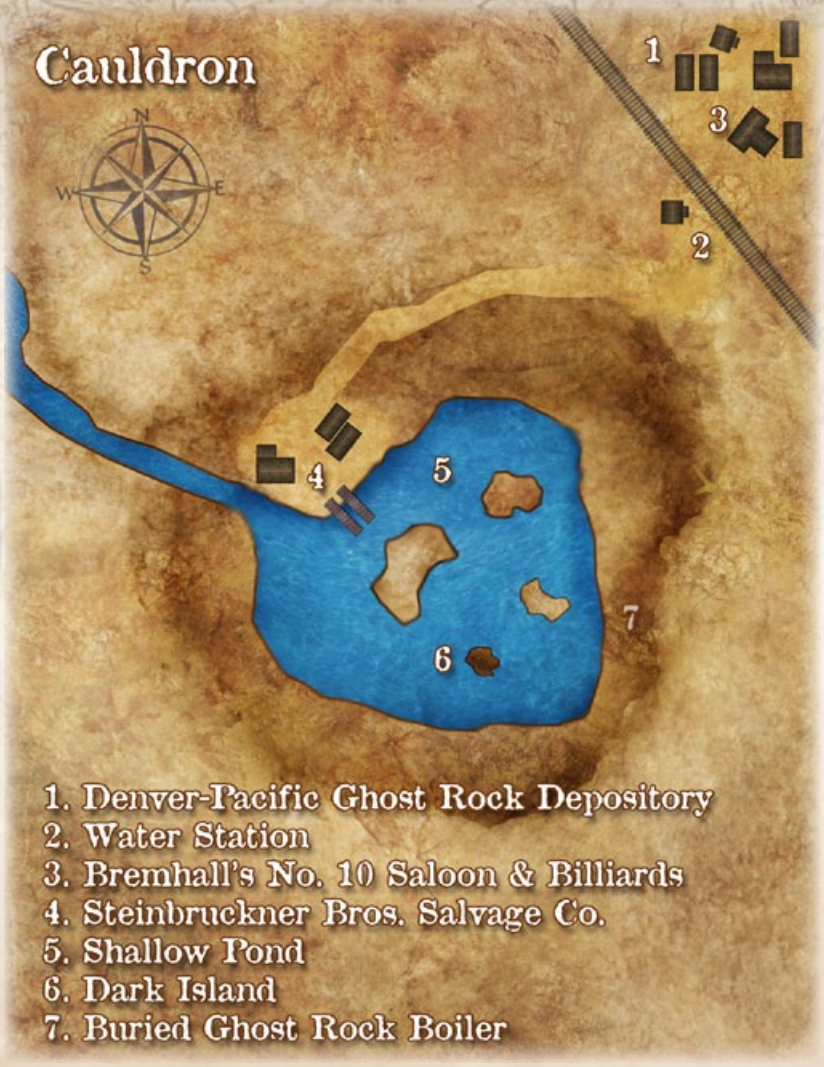
A posse can't be in Cauldron more than a day or so without hearing someone talk about the terrifying sounds that issue nightly from the crater. Between them and the recent rash of missing persons, the Fear Level is at an all-time high. The townsfolk keep their doors and windows barred at night and never go out. Cauldron is like a delicious, all-you-can-eat buffet for the Reckoners.

The heroes can hear parts of the story from multiple townsfolk, or all from one NPC if you're looking for a quicker adventure. Either way, here's the gist of it:

Folks don't go out at night no more. Too dangerous. Might not come back. So don't be offended if everyone's actin' all suspicious-like. Nobody trusts nobody else around here.

Some nights there's the far-off cry of a baby. Other times a frenzied sort of gibberish. One night I heared a lone voice beggin' for help from the dark depths o' the crater. It was a young man's voice and it sounded heartbreakingly sad. I wanted to help so bad, but I had to think of my family. I ran home. I still hear that voice beggin' in my nightmares.

I've seen Billie Joe and Van Steinbruckner once after they vanished…wandering the streets after dark, staggering like they were dead drunk. Black shadows clung to 'em like oil. It's all because of that crater, I tell ya.



So far half-a-dozen residents of Cauldron have gone missing. The first were Billie Joe and Van Steinbruckner, who operated a flatboat salvage company—which meant they dredged junk out of the crater's lake. The next three were Denver-Pacific employees who are assumed to have wandered into the crater while in their cups and fell to their deaths. Finally there was the infant Millicent LaPlace, taken from her home just two weeks ago.

The first abomination to take root here was a night horror, stalking the crater and the streets of Cauldron after dark. Its victims—all the disappearances listed above—became wretched night haunts who now seek their

own victims. As the Fear Level continued to rise, a new horror was spawned in the pit—a dark beast. This aberration has fed its own power by consuming some of the night haunts. It continues to feed upon the fear generated by its existence.

Into the Crater

The temperature at the bottom of the crater is about 10° lower than the surrounding landscape. Anyone particularly sensitive to arcane energies (i.e., has an Arcane Background or the Danger Sense Edge) gets a dull headache after being in the crater for more than five minutes or so. All such heroes need to make a Vigor roll or gain a single level of Fatigue that fades 1d6 hours after leaving the crater.

In the daytime, the night horror and remaining night haunts are naturally nowhere to be found. (Or should that be *unnaturally*?) At night the terrors of the crater are active, using all their dark powers to lure heroes to their doom.

- **Night Haunts (3):** See the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.
- **Night Horror:** See the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

Steinbruckner Bros. Salvage Co.

Steinbruckner Bros. Salvage maintained a junkyard and small dock here until Billie Joe and Van's recent disappearance. Two flatboats—which must be poled through the water—remain tied to the dock. Six long wooden poles lie nearby.

The junkyard contains all sorts of scrap metal and junk dredged out of the crater's watery bottom, most of it wreckage from the Battle of the Cauldron. Plates of ghost steel are a common find. Beyond that, it's up to you and the creativity of the players what use the junk is.

The workshop is a large barn containing all sorts of tools, two fully stocked workbenches, and some choice finds from the lake (including a wooden box containing 4 lbs. of ghost rock fragments). All the components of a disassembled steam wagon (see the *Deadlands Player's Guide*) are scattered about, but it takes a successful Repair roll (–4) and 2d20 hours to restore the vehicle to working order.

Shallow Pond

The bottom of the crater is filled to a depth of about five feet with stagnant, murky, greenish-gray water. A small creek trickles into the crater's northern end, and the water hasn't yet risen high enough to find an outflow.

Anyone who poles a flatboat across the lake and succeeds on a Notice roll (–2) discovers the decomposing, dismembered bodies of a few vanished townsfolk submerged in the pond. This grisly revelation provokes a Guts check versus Fear/Nausea. With enough searching, all of the lost townsfolk are found here.

Dark Island

The bleak outcropping of stone at the far end of the lake has spawned an even greater evil than the night horror. Like the crater's other inhabitants, the thing remains hidden in the daylight, but has taken to sliding out of its lair at night to swim around the lake and seek prey. Soon its hunger for blood will drive it up the crater walls and into the town of Cauldron.

The entrance to the dark beast's cave lies at the bottom of the lake. A submerged tunnel leads up into a hollow, stinking crevice inside the dark shale island. This is where the dark beast hides, and where it drags its victims to feast. The dark beast's foul black heart is hidden in an old ghost rock boiler buried at the eastern end of the lake (see map).

- **Dark Beast:** See page 288.

Somethin' About Some Files

Location: Deadwood, Sioux Nations (Fear Level 4)

This is another one of those tales with a simple hook that has the potential to bloom into something far more intricate. Run it when the heroes are out in Deadwood at night, any time during Custer's occupation.

Operation Eucher

Back in 1871 Allan Pinkerton staged a fire in his company's central archives to cover the transfer of all his files. Operation No. 06-B23—or "Operation Eucher," as the Agents closest to Allan called it—saw to it that the fire was set and all the Pinkerton case files transferred safely to the Agency's Chicago regional office.

A little-known fact is that one crate of case files was misplaced on that journey and ended up on a baggage car headed west. It languished in a Bismarck warehouse for several years before being accidentally loaded onto an Iron Dragon freight train. Finally it ended up in Deadwood Depot, marked as unclaimed freight. Now it sits there collecting dust.

Richard Speakman, the head of the Agency's Deadwood ward, knows all about the crate. One of his men was picking up a shipment of various supplies at the depot and noticed the Agency's particular manner of sealing and labeling all over that crate. He reported it to Agent Speakman and they've been hatching a plan to extract it under cover of darkness.

Murder at the Depot

One night when the heroes are out in the streets of Deadwood near the train depot, read the following passages.

Up ahead of you, in the half-light of the lanterns hung on front porches, a shadowy figure leaps out of the train depot at a dead run. Suddenly a quick series of shots ring out—it sounds like a Gatling weapon—and the runner does the herky-jerky and falls face-down in the muck. Immediately you think you hear someone fleeing the scene, but when you get to the corner and look…there's no one there.

Several townspeople gather around the dead body, but none of them touch it.

The man is Chinese—an employee of Iron Dragon named Chen Wa—and quite dead. He clutches a single heavy file folder stained red with his blood. Quick inspection of the file, and a Common Knowledge roll by someone who can read, reveals that it's a Pinkerton Detective Agency case file on Sam Bass. Chen Wa meant to take it to his bosses, but Speakman killed him and then ran off to avoid being identified.

If the heroes look around inside the depot, a successful Notice roll turns up Chen Wa's bloody knife on the floor, and a recently-opened crate. The shipping labels on it are about nine years old, and indicate its original destination of Chicago. It's filled with Pinkerton case files—about 50 in all—covering a wide variety of subjects and operations. Use these files as a means to place various clues, leads, or other information in the posse's hands.

Heroes might take responsibility for getting these files to their proper owners, whether due to Agency ties or just a sense of duty. Unfortunately none of the bad hombres hunting the files count that in the heroes' favor. The townsfolk who gather in the street immediately begin telling tales of the Chinese man killed for his top secret file, and those tales rapidly spread through the boomtown.

Mixing it Up

Here's where things get interesting. Whether the posse leaves the files where they

are or takes them, several interested parties join in the hunt. Sooner or later they'll figure out the posse's involvement (if there is any) by talking to the townspeople who witnessed the shooting and anything the heroes did afterward.

The Deadwood Ward

The Agency's Deadwood Ward, headed up by Richard Speakman, operates under cover of the Black Hills Miner's Supply. Speakman and two of his men work at the store, but Agent Speakman can call upon two other undercover Agents if the need is truly dire.

- **Richard Speakman:** See page 327.
- **Agents (4):** Extras. See the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

Iron Dragon

Word soon reaches Kang's man in Chinatown, Huang Li, about Chen Wa's demise. He sees to it that a team of Iron Dragon enforcers start looking for Chen Wa's killers. They start by canvassing the witnesses, which leads them to the posse.

- **Iron Dragon Enforcers (5):** Use Martial Artist stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

Other Troublesome Cusses

Roll 1d4 times on the Affiliations Table (see page 129) to determine what other parties become interested in the tales spreading through Deadwood of top secret files. Assume each faction that gets involved has 1d6 members; if only one member is indicated, that NPC is a Wild Card.

Consequences

From here on out, only you and your group can determine what happens. If they manage to get the crate into Agency hands Richard Speakman is extremely grateful. He offers a $100 reward to each surviving posse member, as well as any other aid he can provide whenever the group is in Deadwood proper.

Slaughterhouse Special

Location: Denver, Colorado (Fear Level 2)

Run this grisly little tale when the compadres stop in at the Slaughterhouse Saloon for a drink. The place is as rowdy as ever, with fights breaking out every hour or so between employees of various Rail Barons. While the heroes wet their whistles with some liquor or beer, call for Notice rolls.

Mostly the Slaughterhouse smells like stale piss, beer, and the beef stew special they're serving for 25¢ a cup. An hombre who succeeds on the roll notes a distinct charnel undercurrent, which he recognizes as the pungent odor one might find around a butcher shop…or an *actual* slaughterhouse.

That Scalpel Just Ain't Right

At the Battle of Gettysburg in '63, a psychotic serial killer known as the Butcher wreaked havoc in a Rebel hospital. The killer was never caught. Thirteen years later, the Butcher was at the center of the horrific events that marred Dodge City's Independence Day festivities. Several folks lost their lives, the killer was hunted down and executed, and most people thought the trouble was over.

What few people know is that an evil relic—the killer's scalpel—was secured by Texas Ranger Hank Ketchum. He tried to return it to Ranger HQ in Austin, Texas, but lost it in a dust-up with some tumblebleeds. A ghost rock miner named Dick Swink found it, and his hatred of the mormons drove him west to Deseret. In the City o' Gloom the awful relic transformed Dick Swink into a soulless murderer capable of horrific cruelty.

Unfortunately for Dick, he stumbled across Morris Steinhouse. The hulking, heroic Steinhouse quickly realized that the scalpel was giving the monstrous killer his

Relic: The Butcher's Scalpel

The scalpel (Str+d8) is a cursed relic of terrible power. It transforms its wielder into a murderer capable of the most horrific deeds.

When the scalpel is in control, it demands midnight killings for three days in a row before letting the host resume control of his body. If possible, the user is to make off with the victim's head and extremities, to be fashioned into walkin' heads. The current Butcher keeps these creatures in his basement slaughterhouse to help guard it and cover his tracks.

Once done with a killing spree, the scalpel often does not demand another for a month or more. It knows that it's not an invulnerable device. Its usual tactic has been to keep on the move and not attract too much attention in one place, but Morris Steinhouse is a very special host.

Powers: While transformed into the Butcher (which happens only at night) the user has a Pace of 10 and rolls a d8 for Running. He gains two steps to each of his Attribute dice, as well as 3 steps to Fighting and Stealth. Plus, he can only be harmed by bladed weapons. Additionally the user gains the Fear (–2), Fearless, Improved Frenzy, Size (+1), and Wall Walker (Pace 6) Special Abilities.

The scalpel can create and give orders to up to 10 sets of walkin' heads (see page 267) at a time. If the wielder loses the scalpel, the scalpel can control them on its own.

Taint: Each night the scalpel psychically compels its owner to pick it up. To resist, the owner must roll Spirit opposed by the scalpel's Spirit d10. On a success the owner resists the pull. On a failure he picks up the blade. Each time a target holds the blade's bare handle at night, he gains all the powers of the scalpel and falls under the scalpel's control. If he wins, nothing happens.

Each time the wielder loses the struggle with the scalpel, he's at –1 for any future attempts to fend off the scalpel's attempts at control, up to a maximum penalty of –6. (Morris Steinhouse is currently at –5.)

If the scalpel is picked up by a Harrowed, it struggles for control with whoever is in control of the Harrowed's body at the time: the human mind or the manitou.

The scalpel is dormant in the daytime, but not powerless. Once picked up, it cannot be put down voluntarily or disposed of without succeeding on an opposed Spirit roll. When night falls, it tries for dominance again.

If the scalpel is taken from its owner, its power quickly fades (for now). This isn't as easy as it might sound. The scalpel is small and the Butcher is strong. Disarm attempts work as usual. The scalpel itself has a Toughness of 12—anything that snaps the scalpel's blade destroys it forever.

power, so he hacked off Swink's hand with a Bowie knife, killing him without much of a fuss. Eventually Steinhouse left Salt Lake City, traveled to Denver, and opened the Slaughterhouse Saloon.

He kept the scalpel for himself. Morris thought he'd keep the blade safe and sound, and out of the hands of anyone who would use it for truly evil ends. Over time the relic corrupted him too.

Morris Steinhouse already had a talent for violence, having worked as a freelancer in the Great Rail Wars for a few years. But now he has a wondrous little knife that turns him into a fearsome killing machine. He goes on murder sprees whenever the scalpel calls for them, and serves up the victims as various meat specials in his saloon.

The entire basement of the Slaughterhouse has been remodeled into a real slaughterhouse. There are four steel tables, rows of hooks on the wooden beams holding up the ceiling, and a wide variety of knives and cleavers. Usually the scalpel is all Morris Steinhouse needs. He's not at all pleased if heroes poke their noses into his little den of death and mutilation. The walkin' heads scurry from under the tables to attack.

- **Morris Steinhouse:** Extra. Use the Rail Warrior stats (with no Special Ability) in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook* when Morris is in human form. Add the Brawny and Hard to Kill Edges.

Walkin' Heads (2 per hero)

These horrors are a special kind of walkin' dead created by the Butcher. He harvests the heads and limbs from his victims and stitches them into strange configurations, each with a single, mostly intact cranium. These things crawl along on their patchwork hands and feet, attacking victims with tooth and nail.

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

Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d8, Intimidation d6, Stealth d8

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

Special Abilities:

- **Bite/Claw:** Str+d4.
- **Size –2:** A walkin' head isn't much bigger than a human skull.
- **Small:** Due to its small size attackers subtract 2 from attempts to hit a walkin' head.
- **Undead:** +2 Toughness. +2 to recover from being Shaken. Called shots do no extra damage (except to the head). Immune to disease and poison.
- **Weakness (Head):** Called Shots to a walkin' head's cranium are +2 damage, for a total of +6.

The Butcher

When Morris Steinhouse is under the influence of the scalpel he turns into a hulking brute with unholy abilities. He is a ruthless, efficient, and willing killer.

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

Skills: Fighting d12+2, Guts d8, Notice d6, Shooting d8, Stealth d12

Pace: 10; **Parry:** 9; **Toughness:** 9

Special Abilities:

- **Fear (–2):** The Butcher's yellow eyes, and wide smile filled with sharp teeth, provoke a Guts check (–2) from all who see them.
- **Fearless:** The Butcher is immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- **Immunity:** The Butcher is harmed only by edged weapons.
- **Improved Frenzy:** The Butcher makes two Fighting attacks per round without suffering a multi-action penalty.
- **Scalpel:** Str+d8.
- **Size +1:** The Butcher stands a head taller than a man.
- **Wall Walker:** Pace 6. The Butcher scales even sheer surfaces like a loathsome spider.

- **Weakness (Scalpel):** If the scalpel is somehow removed from Morris' hand—or his hand removed from his body—he transforms back into human form.

The Soulflame

Location: Derry's Ford, Colorado (Fear Level 2)

This tale takes place any time the posse is killing time in Derry's Ford.

The woman who called herself Lady Cynthia Carstairs walked the world before the birth of Christ. Then she made a pact with the Devil for eternal life—but with some strings attached. Her life force was contained in a soulflame, a fire that granted her invulnerability as long as it burned.

By 1876 Lady Carstairs' soulflame was guttering and dim. She set up a religious compound outside Derry's Ford called the Church of the Holy Flame. Of course it was actually the sanctuary of a cult, with the beautiful Cynthia as its charismatic leader, which led many an impressionable cowpoke astray.

Cynthia planned to perform a ritual on Christmas Eve allowing her to drink the souls of all her followers, but a timely avalanche set off by a clever posse snuffed Cynthia's soulflame and crushed her to death under a couple tons of ice and snow. The gunfight that followed left the church compound a burnt-out ruin. And just like that—no more Church of the Holy Flame.

A Soulflame Rekindled?

If the reports of some townsfolk are to be believed, the threat of Lady Cynthia isn't quite gone. Her body was never recovered in the spring melt, and some folks say they've felt an eerie presence out at Carstairs Canyon, the place where she was killed in the avalanche.

Others claim to have heard distant screams from that direction in the midnight hour. None of the stories have been proven in any way, and some are obviously the fanciful recollections of drunkards.

Townsfolk campaigning for the Denver-Pacific line believe it's all just a hoax designed to torpedo plans for the new rail spur. They can't understand why some people want to sacrifice the prosperity a rail line would bring.

Carstairs Canyon

The canyon lies northwest of Derry's Ford, about a day's travel from the small burg—close enough to have an influence, but far enough away to make it a fuss to get to. A posse that rides out there expecting to see a ghost or Lady Carstairs' walkin' corpse are disappointed, but they still get their share of mortal danger. It comes from a far simpler source than they imagined.

The legend surrounding Lady Carstairs' cult and her demise has made the canyon a place that resonates with evil. A small pack of catamounts, drawn by the fiendishly delicious vibes, has taken up residence in the canyon and prowls the region searching for prey.

Draw out the hunt a bit, as the catamounts try to split up the posse by using their incredible Stealth, Caterwauling, and Mimicry abilities to trick and deceive. These big cats are as smart as people, and cunning too. It should take the heroes a while to realize they're not dealing with an angry spirit, but rather a pack of fiendish critters!

- **Catamounts (1 per hero):** See the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

The Spook Juice Massacre

Location: Tallulah, Colorado (Fear Level 5)

Run this gory romp when your posse spends some time west of the Rockies in Tallulah. They ought to be at least Heroic Rank, but Legendary cowpokes would be far better off.

Hazards of Spook Juice

Union General Sherman's 1876 Kentucky Offensive was to be a brutal first step in winning the War in the West, perhaps best described as his disastrous "March Through Georgia" magnified to the *nth* degree. Not content simply to burn whole cities to ash, or destroy farms and crops, Sherman wanted the wells poisoned and the ground salted. Yankee mad science gave him the tools he needed to do exactly that, and more terribly than even Sherman could have imagined.

The prime instrument of destruction was a new concoction dubbed "spook juice," due to its heavy (and unmistakable) ghost-rock alchemical base. Not only does "spook juice" render fertile ground utterly barren (perhaps irrevocably so), it also carries enough bad supernatural mojo to just about create a Deadland.

Some of spook juice's effects are not immediately obvious. For instance, anyone buried in ground it has contaminated draws an extra four cards to return Harrowed, but after being basted in pure liquid evil, the poor sod begins his undead existence with total Dominion belonging to the manitou.

The Story So Far

Ulysses Tripp owned a feed store on the outskirts of Tallulah. He always rode the edge of solvency, but somehow managed to bring in enough revenue to feed his family. In early '77 he accepted receipt of a shipment of supplies from Back East only to find three extra parcels—a trio of black metal drums, filled with some sloshing liquid, and marked: **PROPERTY OF US ARMY. DANGER! CAUSTIC POISONS!**

Ulysses had no idea what "caustic" meant, but he knew he didn't want to have any truck with metal drums full of poisons. Little did he know they were filled with deadly spook juice. To make sure they never troubled him

again, he buried them in the root cellar under his kitchen. Then, brushing the dirt off his hands, he went back to work.

By 1880 the Tripps' business has long failed, and most people believe the family suffered some horrible loss, then pulled up stakes and headed for greener pastures. Their house and barn have fallen into disrepair and become a haunted place. No one knows that Ulysses Tripp and his family still dwell on their old property.

The Set-Up

The heroes hear about a number of recent disappearances in and around Tallulah. Perhaps one of the vanished folks is an acquaintance, lover, or relative of one of the characters. Several locals suspect the old Tripp place of playing some role—and are willing to tell what they know about old Ulysses Tripp if a Streetwise roll is successful—but most folks just consider the place haunted and avoid it like the plague.

Seeping Evil

Over the years the barrels of spook juice corroded and leaked out into the soil and groundwater, causing the area surrounding the Tripp house to turn into an extremely localized den of terror and evil covering two square acres. From the outside it doesn't look much different from the rest of the bleak, arid land west of the Rocky Mountains.

Inside the realm of the Tripps it's a different story. The sky is always dark, and everything else seems drained of color. Trees look like dark, skeletal hands grasping out of the fallow earth. No other vegetation or wildlife is apparent. The wind sounds like whispering voices or groans of pain, and a cowpoke's dead relatives are likely as not to appear as apparitions only she can see. There's a constant feeling of being watched by hostile eyes.

The Tripp property has drawn a great number of abominations. The earth is seething with rattler young 'uns, but these little beasts don't surface until after the heroes are inside the Tripp house. Then they run down and consume anyone who tries to depart. In other words, heroes check in but they don't leave unless they want to check out—permanently.

- **Rattler Young 'Uns (5 per hero):** See the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

House of Tripps

The nearby map shows the Tripp house's layout. Besides the house, there's only a dilapidated barn and a decaying outhouse on the two-square-acre property.

When a nosy posse comes wandering onto their land, the Tripps hide out in the barn—they've got a secret room dug out under the floorboards (Notice –4 to find it). There they wait for the posse to discover the hungry worms waiting for them should they try to leave. Any horses left outside are attacked by the rattler young 'uns, and probably devoured.

Heroes who bed down in the Tripp house discover the worst aspect of an area affected by spook juice. Everyone who sleeps there experiences horrible dreams—and sometimes those dreams are waiting for them when they wake up!

For each hero who gets her nightly shut eye within the area, roll 1d6 and compare it to the number of hours spent asleep. For each roll that comes up less, the free-floating nastiness of the zone coalesces into one wakin' nightmare (see below). Any person with the Bad Dreams Hindrance automatically creates one of these abominations every time she goes to sleep in the area.

Even if the heroes don't go to sleep, there are already 1d8 of these horrible abominations in the Tripp house, waiting for night to fall. During the day they take the form of palm-sized masses resembling flawless chunks of obsidian. They hide themselves carefully before entering this dormant state, and prefer dark spaces. When darkness falls, the nightmares creep out to kill.

Wakin' Nightmare

These creatures have no predetermined form. Spawned from the most vile essences of the Hunting Grounds, wakin' nightmares are given physical shape by the imaginations of dreamers. Sometimes they appear as a figure from some hombre's nightmare, other times they form inky black, asymmetrical forms—sometimes spidery and sometimes serpentine.

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

Skills: Climbing d12, Fighting d12+1, Intimidation d12+1, Notice d10, Stealth d12, Swimming d12, Tracking d10

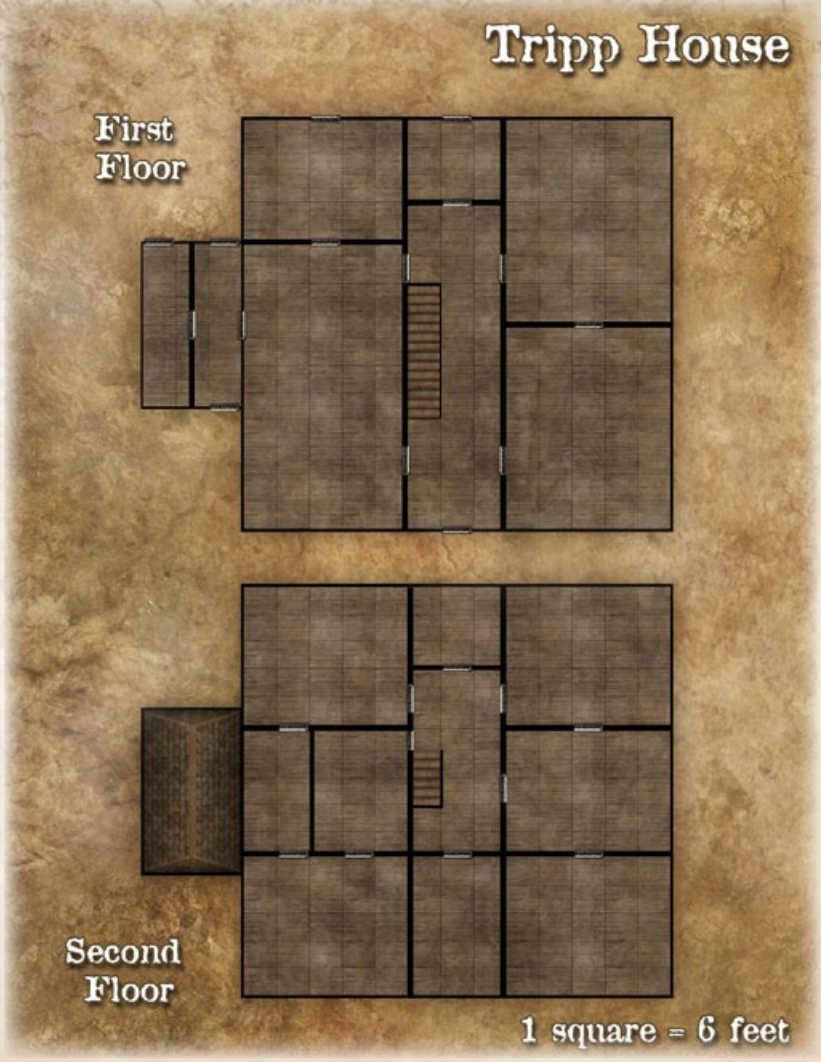
Pace: 8; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 8

Special Abilities:

- **Bite:** Str+d8.
- **Claws:** Str+d6. A wakin' nightmare may attack with all 6 of its claws each round, with no multi-action penalty.
- **Fear (–2):** Anyone who sees a wakin' nightmare must make a Guts check (–2). Whoever's bad dream spawned the wakin' nightmare makes the roll at –4!
- **Fearless:** Fear and Intimidation just don't have any effect against a wakin' nightmare.
- **Immunity:** Wakin' nightmares aren't harmed by mundane weapons of any kind. Arcane powers and weapons work just fine.
- **Weakness (Light):** Close contact with a light source the brightness of a torch inflicts 1d6 damage per round. A lantern's light inflicts 2d6 damage. Direct sunlight inflicts 3d6 damage per round.
- **Coup:** A Harrowed who absorbs the essence of a wakin' nightmare gains the Spook Edge.

Rude Awakenings

After spending the night being terrorized by creatures from their nightmares, the posse is visited by the Tripp clan just before dawn. Let's just say they're not bringing biscuits and gravy for breakfast.



Most of the Tripps died years ago and came back Harrowed, while Ulysses himself has slowly gone insane from drinking water tainted with spook juice and turned into a hulking, hump-backed killing machine. Ulysses has no qualms about hunting down townsfolk or anyone else who sets foot on his property. After all, a man's family has got to eat…even if what they eat is raw, fresh meat.

- **Tripp Family (6):** Use Townsfolk stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. They are all Harrowed, and each has Intimidation d6 and the Spook Edge. Three are armed with Winchester '73s (24/48/96; 2d8; RoF 1; Shots 15; Min. Str d6, AP 2), and the other three wield double-barrel shotguns (12/24/48; 1–3d6; RoF 1–2; Shots 2; Shooting +2). All are armed with knives (Str+d4).

Ulysses Tripp, Spooked-Out Psycho

Ulysses Tripp has been deformed and driven insane by a couple years of drinking water tainted with spook juice. He is hunched over, with gray skin, and his mouth hangs open in a crooked grin that reveals teeth filed to sharp points. His eyes are nothing but pupil—cold, dead, and black.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Strength d12+2, Vigor d12+2

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

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 11

Gear: Double-barrel shotgun (12/24/48, 1–3d6, RoF 1–2, Shots 2, Shooting +2), axe (Str+d6).

Special Abilities:

- **Bite:** Str+d6.
- **Fear:** Ulysses likes to pop out and frighten folks with his high-pitched, shrieking laugh.
- **Fearless:** Ulysses is immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- **Fleet-Footed:** Pace 8. Ulysses rolls a d10 Running die.
- **Hardy:** Additional Shaken results do not cause Ulysses a wound.
- **Improved Frenzy:** Ulysses makes two Fighting attacks per action at no penalty.
- **Size +2:** Ulysses is a towering block of flesh and muscle.

Aftermath

Heroes who defeat the Tripps can tell the tale of their victory to the locals as usual. Successfully doing so reduces the Fear Level enough so it ceases to be a such a locus of dread, which is good news for all involved.

The area right around the Tripp house remains a Fear Level 5 nightmare, though, so no one ever goes there. It won't be long before some other abomination picks up where the Tripps left off…

The Stagecoach Robber Rides Again!

Location: Dodge City, Kansas (Fear Level 3)

This thrilling tale transpires when the heroes are in Dodge City looking for some way to pass the time or drum up some cash. Word is going around of the return of the dapper and courteous Stagecoach Robber, who is again raiding the rails around Dodge City. A wanted poster outside Marshal Larry Deger's office offers $500 for the Stagecoach Robber's apprehension—dead or alive.

Tales Around Town

A successful Streetwise roll means the heroes can get some local wag to tell them about the so-called Stagecoach Robber's exploits.

Way I hear it? He comes ridin' up in one o' them new-fangled steam wagons, a-chuggin' and a-clankin', 'cept his contraption is designed more like an armor-plated stage-coach. There's a sort of a driver's box up top, with a glass windscreen, big enough for only one man—where the Robber sits.

Oh, you better believe his stage is faster than other steam wagons. It can run on railroad tracks just as well as it can roads, too. Nobody outruns the Stagecoach Robber! But fools keep on tryin'. Ha!

With a raise on the Streetwise roll, the heroes find an actual eyewitness to one of the robberies—a victim.

He was waiting in ambush for our stage. He sped out from cover to run us down. Got us all out onto the trail, and took everything we had, quite honestly. What he couldn't lift up himself, he forced the men to load into his coach. Then he tipped his hat with a smile, jumped into the driver's box, and sped away in a cloud of dust.

I'll give him one thing—he was courteous the whole time, especially to the women.

Seemed like he didn't want to use violence if he could avoid it.

Oh, and one more thing. His clothes and his manners might be old-fashioned, but his weaponry isn't—he had a shiny new Colt Frontier trained on us the whole time.

A Stylish Thief

The Robber himself is a man of style if not honor. He dresses like an old-time European footman, with an elaborate coat, waistcoat, stockings, and buckled shoes. His colors are bright red and royal blue, and he somehow manages to stay clean and neat despite the cloud of dust that his vehicle throws up. He completes his costume with a fancy tricorn hat, and a black domino mask to conceal his identity.

Tracking the Robber

If the heroes decide to run around Dodge City following rumors of Stagecoach Robber sightings, they need to make a daily Streetwise roll. Searching the hills and rail lines around Dodge requires a Tracking roll. Also draw a card from the Action Deck for each day they search.

If a face card comes up on the day of a failed Streetwise or Tracking roll, roll on the Disputed Territories encounter table. If the heroes succeed on their Streetwise or Tracking roll the same day the face card appears, they locate the Stagecoach Robber. If the heroes succeed on a day there is no face card, they find some trace of the Robber's presence—perhaps a spat-out tobacco plug near oddly formed steam wagon tracks, or discarded .32–20 shell casings from a Colt Frontier.

Of course the posse might have a better idea of how to find or draw out the elusive Stagecoach Robber. If that's the case, best let 'em try out their plan, Marshal. It could be that catching up to the Robber only leads into bigger trouble, and a greater adventure.

Stiles' Custom Steam Wagon

Stiles' steam wagon is enclosed with ghost steel armor plating, armored wheels, and a special "driver's box." It is equipped with a set of retractable "inner wheels" like those on a train so it can ride the rails.

Because of its weight and speed, it uses about 30% more ghost rock than a standard steam wagon, so Stiles watches his fuel carefully and breaks off a chase if he doesn't think he can catch his target in time.

Acc/Top Speed: 10/20 (Top Speed 40 on rails); Toughness: 14 (6); Crew: 1+2; Cost: Unique.* Notes: Travels 20 miles per pound of ghost rock.

Malfunction: On snake eyes, the ghost rock boiler explodes, causing 3d10 damage to everyone in a Large Burst Template (including those aboard and the vehicle itself).

*** Henry Stiles' steam wagon is a one-of-a-kind item, which Stiles won't sell willingly under any circumstances. In some other cowpoke's greedy hands, the steam wagon fetches whatever price the seller can get from a buyer who's willing to pay (requiring Streetwise, Persuasion, Tests of Will, a Social Conflict, or other rolls as the Marshal decides). Some parties might choose to take what they can't afford to buy…**

The Industrious Henry Stiles

The Stagecoach Robber is a former rancher named Henry Stiles. After his cattle all died of Texas fever, he decided to try to make his living another way. He spent his life savings on the specially designed steam wagon he uses to commit his highway robberies, and he called upon his love of history to design a distinctive set of clothes to set him apart from all the other, "more common" robbers raiding across the Weird West.

Henry Stiles, the Stagecoach Robber

The Stagecoach Robber's courtesy is not an act. Stiles is a friendly and likable person who'd rather not hurt anyone (especially ladies). However, he's fully aware of the path he's chosen and knows that sometimes he's going to have to get a little rough.

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

Skills: Climbing d10, Driving d10, Fighting d10, Guts d8, Intimidation d8, Knowledge (History) d6, Notice d8, Repair d10, Riding d10, Shooting d10, Stealth d10

Charisma: +4; **Grit:** 3; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Pacifist (Minor), Wanted (Major)

Edges: Ace, Attractive, Charismatic, Luck, Quick Draw, Rich

Gear: Colt Frontier (12/24/48, 2d6, RoF 1, Shots 6, AP 1), double-barrel shotgun (12/24/48, 1–3d6, RoF 1–2, Shots 2, Shooting +2), 50 rounds of ammunition for each gun, knife (Str+d4), tool kit, spare wheel, 10 pounds of ghost rock, $250.

They Call Me the Kid

Location: Derry's Ford, Colorado (Fear Level 2)

Run this sidetrack when the posse moseys through Derry's Ford.

The Kid is one arrogant young gunslinger whose fondest desire is to prove his skills in a real, live duel. His four elder brothers—Barnabas, Ethan, Tim, and Zebulon—ride not far behind him, their hard stares promising vengeance on anyone who bests the Kid. They also kill anyone who won't duel their little brother.

It's the sort of attitude that really puts a lawman like Marshal Turner in a bind, because he and his deputies are ill-equipped to handle the troublemakers on their own. Marshal Leland Turner seeks out the heroes for help not long after the Kid and his brothers arrive, hoping the posse can resolve the situation without any bloodshed (or at least no shedding of the residents' blood).

Assume any NPC who's shot down in this scenario is avenged by their next of kin. Thus the web of revenge grows, blood keeps flowing, and the Fear Level rises. There's nothing supernatural about it, but sometimes that's the kind of violence and terror War likes best—the kind that people inflict on each other without using up a single manitou.

If the heroes refuse to step in, the Kid starts dueling anyone he can goad into skinning their smokewagon. Soon half the town is involved in the shooting, while War just licks his lips and chuckles heartily. For every three people who die, the Fear Level goes up by 1. The voices of the dead carry on the wind, begging the living to avenge them.

- **Orville "The Kid" Jensen:** Use Gunman stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. He is armed with a single-action Colt Peacemaker (12/24/48; 2d6+1; RoF 1; Shots 6; AP 1), and has 20 extra rounds of ammunition.
- **Barnabas, Ethan, Tim, and Zebulon Jensen:** Use Outlaw stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. They are armed with Winchester '73 rifles (24/48/96; 2d8; RoF 1; Shots 15; Min. Str d6, AP 2), double-barrel shotguns (12/24/48; 1–3d6; RoF 1–2; Shots 2; Shooting +2), and Bowie knives (Str+d4+1; AP 1). They have 20 extra rounds of ammunition for each gun.

This Hotel Ain't Big Enough

Location: Denver, Colorado (Fear Level 2)

For this little tale of ghostly vengeance, the heroes might be called in to act as "ghost busters" by the owner of the Brown Palace Hotel, Henry Brown. The owner is rich and extremely desperate, so the heroes should

be able to negotiate a price they can live with. Alternately, the posse could simply be tenants at the hotel caught in the middle of the phantoms' conflict.

Feudin' Spirits

The Brown Palace hotel is literally the first of its kind—a ten-story, triangular hotel constructed with a red stone façade and huge atrium. In 1880 it's the height of luxury. Unfortunately it's also filled to the top floor with spirits seeking vengeance.

The hotel is built over its own artesian well, which supplies running water to nearly all the rooms. Fact is, the well originally belonged to the Wilks Family back in the early 1850s. Elmer Wilks and his family were killed for the water rights in '53, and their spirits never moved on into the Hunting Grounds.

A small watering hole called the Sundown Saloon sprung up on the spot, but it wasn't long for this world. Turns out the well feeding water to the saloon's pump was over 700 feet deep—enough to serve a far larger property. In '76 the owners of the Sundown—Rolf Schoeller and Matthew Blesh—were offered a generous payout that they refused to accept. So they too were paid in lead and laid to rest.

The new Brown Palace hotel is haunted by two rival groups of spirits, one led by the ghostly patriarch Elmer Wilks, and the other headed up by entrepreneurs Schoeller and Blesh. Each believes themselves to be the rightful owners of the property and wants the opposing spirits destroyed—but a ghost can't kill a ghost.

Battle Lines

Both sides have begun trying to recruit the living to help them. Some living folks wield magic and *exorcisms*, they figure, so only they can wipe out the rival spirits. For the most part, the ghosts terrify hotel guests just by trying to communicate with them—typical folks just don't have the Grit to withstand a ghost's horrible appearance. That's likely to change when the posse comes along.

The heroes are contacted either by Elmer Wilks' ghost, or by the shades of Schoeller and Blesh, or both. According to each side, they are the true owners of the hotel, and they ask for help in driving out the other ghosts (whom they consider evil). It's not uncommon for the hotel's spirit population to engage in spectral shootouts at midnight, even though they can only wound each other. There are six ghosts on each side.

It's up to the heroes whether they jump in on one side or the other, or just declare open season on every haunt and spook on the premises. If they do the latter, the suddenly pragmatic ghosts band together and help each other out.

Brown Palace Ghosts (12)

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

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

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

Special Abilities:

- **Anchor:** The foundation of the Brown Palace Hotel is the anchor which ties the ghosts to the world of the living. They may not travel more than a mile from the anchor, though if it moves they go with it.
- **Ethereal:** The ghosts are immaterial and cannot be harmed by normal weapons. Magic and magical items affect them normally.
- **Fear:** Anyone who sees a Brown Palace ghost must make a Guts roll.
- **Invisible:** The ghosts are invisible, but can become visible at will (usually to cause Fear). Attacks against an invisible target—assuming someone even knows the spirit is present—are made at –6.
- **Nightmares:** Although a ghost cannot affect its anchor directly, it can affect the dreams of all those within its "domain." This has the same effect as the Bad Dreams Hindrance.

- **Poltergeist:** Once a day, each of the ghosts can create a storm of small objects in an area the size of a Large Burst Template. The storm may move up to 2d6" per round. Anyone inside suffers 2d4 damage per round. The storm lasts 2d6 rounds. Make sure to keep the duration secret from the posse.
- **Weakness (Magic):** Only *exorcism* or destruction by other magic releases a ghost from its torment.

Thompson's Plates

Location: Cauldron, Colorado (Fear Level 5)

While drinking or playing billiards at Bremhall's No. 10 Saloon, the heroes are approached by an extremely sweaty and high-strung fellow. Wearing the high-falutin', pin-striped suit of a Back East tinhorn, he appears painfully out of place in Cauldron's only saloon.

With as much politeness as he can muster, he invites the heroes to join him for a round of drinks, and assures them he will make it worth their time. When everyone's settled he spins the following tale.

My name is Hector Bartnick. I've come all the way from Chicago…to this place. Hard to believe, but true!

Do any of you read the Tombstone Epitaph*, by chance? I see. In 1877 they ran a story concerning the camera of one Whorley Thompson. He was a reporter for the* Epitaph *who vanished during the worst of the fighting at the Battle of the Cauldron…right before the end. A $200 reward was offered to anyone who could find his whereabouts, or recover his special* Epitaph *camera.*

After all this time I believe I have found a way to do so, based on scientific principles. I have here, in this small glass vial, a sample of powdered ghost rock. It came from the same source as the powder Whorley Thompson took with him when he left, the powder he would have used to expose his plates. If the Identity Field Theory is correct, this ghost rock retains an…undefined connection to the powder Whorley Thompson took to the Battle of the Cauldron.

Put simply, using this tiny vial of ghost rock I can find Whorley Thompson—if he still exists. But the Cauldron is dangerous country at the best of times. I can't go it alone. I'll pay for your services as bodyguards if you're willing to travel with me—$25 a day, each—and you can split the Epitaph *reward amongst yourselves if we find Thompson.*

Most of what Bartnick says is true—he is actually from Chicago (no surprise there), he is looking for Whorley Thompson (or at least his camera), and he has a strange homing device that works on the principle of "Identity Field Theory." He doesn't deny being a mad scientist but he doesn't confirm it either.

What "Bartnick" leaves out is that his name is really Nat Drago, an Agent whose theory was rejected by the Denver SRF. Now he's hiring freelancers to take the place of the team of Cleaners he hoped for. He is convinced the camera will reveal what happened in the last moments of the Battle of the Cauldron. If his superiors find out he is doing unsanctioned work he'll be stripped of all rank, court-martialed, and probably sent to prison for the rest of his life.

- **Nat Drago (aka Hector Bartnick):** Use Agent stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. Agent Drago suffers from the Paranoia Dementia, and has Repair d8.

Hector's Homing Device

Bartnick's device has a built-in compass. The user faces true north, then places the ghost rock sample inside a small compartment. Arrow-shaped red lights flash in the direction to travel, and a blue bulb flashes faster the closer one gets to the "connected" pieces of ghost rock. Bartnick refuses to let anyone else operate it, or even inspect it for more than a minute or so.

Hector (or any other user) must succeed on a Smarts roll (–4) to discover the location of Whorley Thompson's corpse. Each roll takes four hours, and failure means the posse must continue to travel through ravines clogged with wreckage, and hike mountain trails strewn with skeletal remains. If the roll comes up snake eyes, the device breaks. It requires a successful Repair roll (–2) and 2d6 hours to get it working again.

Cauldron o' Death

The Battle of the Cauldron was, by far, the bloodiest battle of the Great Rail Wars until the appalling loss of life at the Battle of Lost Angels exceeded it. Cauldron lasted nearly a month and involved all the Rail Barons, plus Denver-Pacific to boot. Take a look at the full description of Cauldron (on page XX) and the **Battlefield Horrors** Setting Rule (page XX)..

Heading off into the corpse-clogged Rocky Mountains, following the clicking and buzzing of his device, Hector Bartnick relies on the posse to keep him safe. Perhaps nothing can keep him safe from the combination of terrible abominations and Fear Level of 5, but the heroes have to give it their best shot.

Every four hours the group spends wandering the mist-shrouded battlefield, draw a card for an encounter. If one is indicated, roll on the Cauldron Encounter Table.

Whorley's End

Eventually the heroes locate the final resting place of Whorley Thompson—on the opposite side of the valley, about four miles from the present-day town of Cauldron. Whorley Thompson's desiccated corpse is crouched inside a small cave, still clutching his camera case with both arms. From the looks of the holes punched through his faded suit, he was shot to death in his hidey hole by a very large caliber weapon. His camera and two plates are intact.

Cauldron Encounter Table

d6	*Encounter*
1	Bone fiend
2	2d6 walkin' dead
3	Ghost
4	1d6 slitters (see page 296)
5	'Glom
6	Scrap 'glom (see page 295)

Hector Bartnick can hardly wait to get a look at the two remaining plates. Through the magic of Epitaph *camera technology, each one captures a short sequence of moving images in faded sepia tones. As Bartnick views what he has found, his mouth drops open in amazement.*

The first plate shows an alpine ridge about four miles distant, dotted with evergreens. An armored Denver-Pacific locomotive chugs up the rails toward extensive earthworks and battlements built around a stout water tower. You realize you're looking at the location of Cauldron before the town was built. Both sides erupt into gunfire as it dawns on you—there's no crater. The plate ends, goes black, then starts over at the beginning.

The second plate seems to continue the same scene. Then the view jolts wildly, turns left to glimpse an oncoming automaton, Gatling blazing. The plate returns to the distant battle at the water station just in time for a brilliant flash to white out the entire scene. Then the plate turns a muddy sepia. Finally an image returns—the combatants are gone, and in their place a massive cloud of fire and smoke shaped vaguely like a skull rises into the sky.

There is a new crater beneath it. Debris rains down for miles around. The plate ends.

"Do you know what this means?" Hector asks no one in particular. "Hellstromme ended the Battle of the Cauldron with one of his Ghostfire Bombs…a prototype of the weapons used at Lost Angels, no doubt. He didn't give a damn about the right of way—the bastard just wanted a proving ground for his weapon! He made sure no one got wind of it. Do you know what it would do to Wasatch's contracts in the Disputed Lands if this got out?"

Another voice speaks loud and clear. "Wonderful detective work. But it's not gonna get out, is it Hector? Or should I say Agent Drago*? Get 'em, boys!"*

A team sent by Hellstromme followed Drago all the way from Chicago, and noted that his superiors turned him away in Denver. Now they're looking to make sure any inconvenient evidence found by the heroes is destroyed—and the heroes along with it! Their loyal automaton hangs back so as not to give them away with its clanking; it is delayed by three rounds in joining the combat.

- **Automaton:** See the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

Hellstromme Recovery Squad (6)

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

Skills: Fighting d8, Guts d8, Notice d6, Shooting d10, Stealth d6

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

Hindrances: Loyal (to Hellstromme)

Edges: Rock and Roll!

Gear: Gatling pistol (12/24/48, 2d6+1, RoF 2, Shots 12, AP 1), 2 spare magazines.

Thorn O' the Rose

Location: Dodge City, Kansas (Fear Level 3)

The Wild Irish Roses is a well-known spot in Dodge City, so you can run this sidetrack whenever the heroes decide to visit it. A group of freelancers steeped in arcane knowledge won't take long to catch on to the fact that there's more to the establishment's fire-haired lasses than meets the eye.

In fact they're all *baobhan sith*—vampires straight from ol' Ireland. They're not your typical malevolent blood-suckers, preferring to take only what they can get away with from a clientele eager to keep coming back and giving more.

Deathly Revelations

Confronted with their blood-stealing ways, the soiled doves beg for mercy. They claim they're only just trying to get by, don't do any lasting harm, and they give back far more pleasure than the suffering they might cause. (Female heroes may find this last claim a bit much to swallow.)

- **Baobhan Sith (12):** See page 286.

According to the soiled doves, they're hiding out in Dodge City from the monster that created them long ago, hoping he never finds them. In fact he's already here, and will arrive on the premises in a few short hours. He intends to teach his children a lesson and end the lives of any human beings who get in his way.

Colin Cashel is a hard-drinking vampire in a very bad mood. He came a long way to track down his wayward lasses and he isn't about to be dissuaded by gun-toting mortals. If the heroes destroy the ancient vampire they are regarded as folk heroes by the baobhan sith forevermore—they can thereafter always find aid and support at the Wild Irish Roses.

- **Colin Heaney Cashel:** Use Ancient Vampire stats in *Savage Worlds*. Cashel's Sire Special Ability causes his victims to rise as *baobhan sith*. He has Knowledge (Gaelic) d10.

Trail of the Hooded One

Location: Black Mesa (Fear Level 5)

Keep this scenario up your sleeve until after the last Plot Point is done, Marshal. Up until now every rumor of Raven has turned up only his cult's activities, the Last Sons, and false Ravens. If your group is still gunning for the real Raven after all this time—and we're willing to bet they are—here's what they find. Could be we're just giving them enough rope to hang themselves, but when the heroes are Legendary they ought to be able to take care of themselves.

How the posse learns that Raven is suspected to be hiding out on Black Mesa is up to you. After their many adventures your group has no doubt amassed its own lists of friends and enemies. The following information should come from a trusted friend, because it's absolutely true.

> *We have reason to believe the one you've hunted for so long—the real, live Raven—is hiding out on Black Mesa. It has always been a sacred place to the Indians, but in the past few years the shamans tell me it has gone over to darkness. Enormous flocks of ravens gather there, and the tribes shun it. A few of our people have gone missing there too. If it's not him, the real Raven, it's something just as bad.*

Fortress Raven

What follows are the details of Raven's secret sanctum atop Black Mesa. Let the heroes plan their own approach and assault on Raven's lodge. Any of Raven's servants that escape an encounter with the posse warn their master of danger as soon as they are able.

Earth Warriors

The slopes and the region all around the base of Black Mesa are patrolled by roaming bands of earth warriors. These beings can sense the presence of a raven-shaped tattoo on a human's body. Anyone who comes near Black Mesa not adorned with one is attacked and killed, then hacked to pieces and strewn about for the ravens to consume. Needless to say, a body don't come back Harrowed after such mistreatment.

- **Earth Warriors (2d6):** See page 314.

The Trails

The skies over Black Mesa are darkened by ever-circling flocks of crows and ravens. Most of these birds are natural and corrupted by the emanations of Fear radiating from the mesa, but many of them are actually night ravens. The local Fear Level causes the landscape to appear dark and malevolent, and attracts uncannily large numbers of birds. A tree full of baleful night ravens is enough to scare off most intruders—or kill them in their tracks from fright. Folks who take the trails and switchbacks that lead onto Black Mesa encounter these terrors at least once or twice, and anyone foolish enough to make camp and go to sleep on the slopes of this foul place suffers their Nightmares ability as well.

- **Night Ravens (2d20+10):** See the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

The Hunting Grounds

It is possible, using the *contact spirit world* power, to enter the Hunting Grounds at some faraway location, travel to Black Mesa, then re-emerge into the physical realm. Black Mesa is a location powerful enough with the spirits to exist in their world. Despite it being possible, it's likely a bad idea for any but the most spiritual of posses.

Relic: Raven's War Club

This fearsome weapon is almost 100 years old and stained black with blood. It is the bladed war club Raven used to murder the Old Ones all those years ago, and it is imbued with the suffering of a legion of souls—everyone who has ever been struck down by it, in fact.

Damage: Str+d8+2. Notes: Raven's war club grants the wielder +2 on Fighting rolls and +2 on damage rolls. Requires two hands; Parry –1; AP 4.

Taint: The weapon inflicts the Bloodthirsty, Mean, Overconfident, and Vengeful (Major) Hindrances on its owner.

No mortal who owns the weapon willingly parts with it, even for a short time. If it is ever stolen, the owner is consumed with the desire to regain it. Assume he now has a Major Vow Hindrance to regain Raven's war club. If a trusted friend of the owner makes a successful Persuasion roll (–6) the owner may choose to make a Spirit roll (–4). If he succeeds he can lay the weapon aside. If he fails, he tries to keep it until the end of his days.

Legions of manitous and raven spirits circle the skies over Black Mesa in the Hunting Grounds. At least one greater manitou dwells somewhere on the bluff, and will investigate any sort of fighting near its home. Additionally, as soon as spiritual intruders are discovered, a manitou flies off to whisper it into Raven's ear.

- **Raven Spirits (2d20):** Use Night Raven stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.
- **Lesser Manitou Swarms (1 per hero):** See page 302.
- **Normal Manitous (2 per hero):** See page 302.
- **Greater Manitou:** See page 302.

Raven's Lodge

After the Great Summoning (and assuming no do-gooders interfere) Raven lives in a humble longhouse, in a small village of the most fanatically loyal of the Ravenites. For a while he was in a catatonic state, tended by his followers as his spirit traveled deep into the Hunting Grounds seeking a way to mend fences with War.

Though the Reckoner himself was silent, Raven thinks killing Coyote/Isatai and taking his place might be the proper way to regain his status as War's Servitor. Then he would again wield enough influence to plunge the Weird West into armed conflict again. When the posse arrives, Raven is putting the final touches on his plan.

Be sure to take a look at the entry for Black Mesa (on page 86); Raven and his followers gain some very special benefits from the local conditions.

- **Fanatical Braves (10):** Use Veteran Ravenite Brave stats on page 315.
- **Ravenite Shamans (3):** See page 316.
- **Owl Moon:** Use Last Son stats on page 312.
- **Raven:** See the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

Aftermath

If this encounter ends with Raven's destruction, the Reckoners' fair-haired boy returns Harrowed and Invulnerable 13 days later, per his Faustian Deal with the powers of evil. At that point, the only way to harm Raven is with the antique weapons of the very first white men to invade North America—the *conquistadors*.

If the heroes go looking for these weapons, it's up to you how they find them. Needless to say, the posse that kills Raven has a hell of a time finding him ever again, and they have to fend off random attacks from Ravenites for the foreseeable future.

It's not too outlandish to think a posse might meet their doom on Black Mesa. Certainly they're all coming back as walkin' dead if this happens, but any who come back Harrowed have a special fate in store. These poor manitou-ridden hombres are dragged physically into the Hunting Grounds to engage in single combat with Raven. Those who are defeated join Raven's Thunder Guard forever (see the **Hunting Grounds** rules on page 63 for all the details).

The Union Pride

Location: Topeka, Kansas (Fear Level 3)

Run this encounter whenever the heroes find themselves in Topeka, Kansas, on the night of a new moon.

This set up is simple for you, Marshal. A pitch black blanket of night hangs over Topeka. A plaintive wailing in the distance wakes the heroes and most of the town. When the Union Pride arrives there's *Hell to pay*—unlucky heroes might end up payin' it in their very own blood.

The Wreck o' the Union Pride

Back in the early days of the Great Rail Wars, the Blue Pride was the newest and fastest train that the North had manufactured. On its maiden trip through Kansas it was bushwhacked by a band of Confederate raiders led by "Ornery" Will Jenkins. The raiders moved through the train, slaughtering everyone in a frenzy of bloodlust. As Will and his men reached the locomotive, the Blue Pride reached the end of the line in a spectacular crash. The ghost rock boiler exploded into flames that burned Will and his boys alive. To this day, folks all across Kansas tell tales of the terrible wreck of the Union Pride.

Fiery Terror

The Union Pride now makes its bloody run over and over again as a ghost train. The train is no longer tied to the site of its horrible crash, and roams freely on lines owned by Union Blue. Sometimes scorched bodies are found beside the tracks with no evidence of what killed them. Travelers report hearing a distant chugging, and seeing ghost rock smoke above the trees, as though a train were just around the bend—only to find that there's no train at all.

Every new moon, the train manifests itself somewhere in Kansas, racing along a stretch of tracks with fire streaming from its boiler and frenzied screaming from inside the locomotive. Anything on the tracks had better watch out. The spectral Union Pride derailed three trains in 1879 alone.

The only thing that halts the train's deadly journey is the appearance of a town in its path. On these occasions the ghost train comes to a halt in a blast of ghost rock smoke and steam, and Ornery Will and his boys leap out to terrorize the town, looting, pillaging, and murdering with reckless abandon. By sunrise the ghost train has vanished.

- **Jenkins' Boys (12):** Use Walkin' Dead stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

"Ornery" Will Jenkins

Ornery Will still suffers from the crash. He is still on fire, in fact, and screams almost constantly from his epic agony. His skin and Confederate uniform are still visible, but the closer it gets to sunrise the more they burn away. Just before Will and the ghost train vanish, he is little more than a skeleton with a burning chunk of ghost rock in his ribcage.

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

Skills: Fighting d10, Intimidation d8, Shooting d12+1

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 8

Special Abilities:

- **Fear (–2):** Ornery Will's horrifying appearance causes Guts checks (–2) for all who see him.
- **Invulnerability:** If Ornery Will is destroyed, the Union Pride reappears again on the next new moon, with Will and any killed gang members restored to unlife.
- **Spirit Weapons:** Ornery Will's twin Colt peacemakers never need to be reloaded, because they fire cracklin' black death (*bolt*, 25 Power Points each).
- **Undead:** +2 Toughness. +2 to recover from being Shaken. Called shots do no extra damage. Does not suffer wound penalties.
- **Weakness (All For One):** The only way to put the apparition of the Union Pride to rest is to kill Ornery Will and all of his men in one night. When the sunlight hits the bodies they vanish forever.

XOX

Location: Cheyenne, Wyoming (Fear Level 2)

Run this adventure when the posse is in Cheyenne. The hook is simple, but the encounter has the potential to get complex real fast.

Just after twilight, as you're moseying toward your evening's business, you see a few townsfolk gasp in surprise and point east. They're looking at a bright point of greenish light hanging beyond the rugged ridgelines of the Rocky Mountain foothills. It descends slowly in the eastern sky like some unholy star.

Any veteran of the Great Rail Wars knows the flare is a Wasatch distress signal (and others know it with a Common Knowledge roll). A successful Streetwise roll and a short conversation with the locals reveals that the Wasatch Rail Co. maintains a large, armed camp on the other side of the foothills, about 30 miles distant, affectionately called "Camp Hades" by its guardians (see **Cheyenne** on page 90 for more information).

Camp Hades guards the spot where the transcontinental Wasatch line disappears under the Rockies—not to emerge again until it reaches the Sierra Nevada Mountains of California! Hellstromme keeps this location well-guarded since it provides such an easy target for his enemies. Likewise, his enemies keep a close eye on everything that happens there—the posse wasn't the only interested party to notice the flare, not by a long shot.

The Doom of an X-Squad

The hombres who fired the flare are all dead now, killed by the same tunnel critters (see the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*) that have been plaguing the underground line. Wasatch rail warriors have scoured the ridge for weeks, searching for another entry point into the loathsome bugs' warrens. They found one, all right, hidden in an abandoned ghost rock mine. Then they were discovered by the tunnel critters and torn to bloody shreds.

Interested Parties

When the posse makes the ride up into the rocky, semi-arid foothills looking for whoever fired the flare, they meet up with some other groups ranging around looking for the lost Wasatch crew.

X-Squad No. 2

Another X-Squad from Camp Hades is quick to move in after the flare is fired; they arrive first on the scene. They are led by Lucius Cole Edmont, a sullen and bloodthirsty killer saddled with an experimental Gatling pistol. When they don't find the missing squad, they hole up in the old mining shack.

- **Lucius Cole Edmont:** Use Wasatch Rail Warrior stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. Lucius has *bolt* (prototype Gatling pistol; PP: 20), Shooting d10, and Repair d6. He also carries a knife (Str+d4) and a double-barrel shotgun (12/24/48; 1–3d6; RoF 1–2; Shots 2; Shooting +2).

- **Wasatch Rail Warriors (4):** See the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. These toughs have Shooting d10 and Strength d8. Two wield Gatling shotguns (12/24/48; 1–3d6; RoF 2; Shots 12; AP 2) and the other two carry flamethrowers (Cone Template; 2d10; RoF 1; Shots 30; Min. Str d6, Shooting +2, Opposed Agility roll to avoid). All of them have knives (Str+d4).

Union Blue

With the Denver-Pacific line running so close, both they and Union Blue are keen to keep up on Wasatch activities—the rolling stock going into the tunnel, as well as whatever's coming out! A small cadre of Union Blue troopers move in to investigate, arriving just before the posse does. They set up on the ridge overlooking the old mine and adopt a watchful stance.

- **Lt. Roderick Keeley:** Use Officer stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.
- **Union Blue Rail Warriors (5):** Use Veteran Soldier stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

Black River

Though they're a long way from home, this small group of Wichita Witches led by Katherine Seawell has been camped out on the ridge for weeks, avoiding Wasatch patrols and waiting for something interesting to happen. They arrive not long after the posse does, from a southerly direction. Roll Stealth for the group and call for Notice rolls from the heroes.

- **Black River Coven (5):** Use Black River Rail Warrior stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

Ravenites

A small warband of Ravenite braves riding along the North Platte River spied the signal, and chose to investigate. They arrive on horseback last of all, at least three hours after the posse gets there.

They ride up behind the spot Union Blue staked out as their turf—hopefully the Union Blue boys have moved by then! These Ravenites are looking to collect some scalps.

- **Ravenite Braves (10):** See page 315.

Army Ants

As soon as combat breaks out around the old ghost rock mine, keep track of the passing rounds. At the beginning of the fifth round, a swarm of tunnel critters—drawn by the sounds of gunfire—scuttle out of the mine to attack.

The tunnel critters bite anyone and everyone trespassing on their domain. Assume each discrete group of NPCs faces 2d8 of the foul things. Of course they come after the heroes as well. Paralyzed victims are quickly dragged into the depths of the mine to be consumed by larva and critter young 'uns.

- **Tunnel Critters (2 per hero):** Use Adult Tunnel Critter stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

Deep inside the old mine is an entrance to the critters' extensive burrows, which in turn provide access to the underground Wasatch line. In that way this abandoned mine might immediately become an area of huge strategic importance in the Great Rail Wars—provided somebody gets out alive to report it!

Almost 100 tunnel critters dwell in this huge nest, presided over by a single bloated, elder tunnel critter. Additionally, about 75 young tunnel critters dwell in the "nurseries."

- **Tunnel Critters (100):** See the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.
- **Tunnel Critter Elder:** See the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

Encounters

The abominations of the Weird West are legion, but War's domain has given rise to some of its own particular terrors. Here's a sampling of some of the weird rascals, varmints, and critters loose on the High Plains, spreading terror and unknowingly reaping the bounty for their hidden masters, the Reckoners.

One thing worth remembering is that a Wild Card creature is significantly more deadly than a non-Wild Card version. Wild Cards are marked throughout the chapter with the Marshal badge icon before the creature's name, like this:

ABOMINATIONS

Agent Provocateur

These abominations look like immaculately dressed men in fine black clothes, including a stovepipe hat and walking stick, and they appear anywhere a crowd might be moved to violence. They address the crowd and use their abilities to urge normally peaceful folk to commit the most violent acts possible. Then the abomination slips away to cause trouble elsewhere. An agent provocateur may be found anywhere a cauldron of hate and resentment is about to boil over, and is always eager to stir the pot.

An agent provocateur might be encountered at random, but such an encounter should lead to an adventure rather than a simple combat. Use the **Adventure Generator** (beginning on page 127) to devise some unique circumstances for the encounter. Agent provocateurs are always surrounded by fanatically loyal rabble-rousers and thugs, all of whom are eager to crack some skulls in unknowing service to War. These are typically gunmen and outlaws, but any character type might look to raise Hell given the right circumstances.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d12, Spirit d10, Strength d4, Vigor d4

Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d8, Intimidation d12, Knowledge (Area) d10, Knowledge (Disguise) d12, Notice d12, Persuasion d12+2, Riding d6, Shooting d6, Stealth d8, Taunt d12

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 4

Gear: Derringer .41 (5/10/20, 2d6, RoF 1, Shots 2, AP 1), walking stick (Str+d4)

Special Abilities:

- **Demagoguery:** If it is able to address a crowd, an agent provocateur may sap the wills of listeners and persuade them to commit a violent act. This works like the *puppet* power, except it costs no Power Points and the agent can affect every Extra in a radius equal to his Smarts die x2 (24") who can both see and hear him. The agent provocateur makes a Persuasion roll, opposed by a single group Spirit roll (plus Wild Die) for the crowd. On a success, the listeners are compelled to commit a single act as suggested by the agent provocateur.
- **Master of Persuasion:** An agent provocateur has Persuasion d12+2, and rolls a d10 Wild Die when using the skill.
- **Oily as Hell:** An agent provocateur can initiate a Persuasion Test of Will, opposed by the target's Smarts.
- **Puppet:** An agent provocateur can control a single person's will with a successful Persuasion roll. This works like the *puppet* power, but costs no Power Points to use and cannot be maintained beyond its base duration of 3 rounds.

- **Strong-Willed:** Agent provocateurs get a +2 bonus on Tests of Will, and to Spirit and Smarts rolls when resisting them.

Baobhan Sith

Baobhan sith (pronounced *bavan-shee*) look like beautiful young women, but they're actually vampiric monsters that live on human blood. They use their good looks to lure young men into their clutches, then drink their blood and sometimes steal their gear too. *Baobhan sith* need blood to survive, but they can get by on a little bit. Since they don't need to kill their victims, many find ways to blend into human society.

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

Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d8, Knowledge (Gaelic) d6, Notice d6, Stealth d8, Taunt d6

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 10

Special Abilities:

- **Drain Blood:** *Baobhan sith* can drain blood by touch. Each round of continuous skin-to-skin contact drains about a pint of blood, which causes the victim a level of Fatigue unless he succeeds on a Vigor roll. Victims who are Incapacitated by this attack fall unconscious, and die if one more pint is drained. The victim cannot feel the drain, and there is no sucker mark or puncture wound left behind. A keen observer might Notice (–2) blood dripping from the victim.
- **Fear:** A *baobhan sith* provokes a Guts check when its true nature is revealed.
- **Undead:** +2 Toughness. +2 to recover from being Shaken. Called shots do no extra damage.
- **Weakness (Sunlight):** *Baobhan sith* can actually survive in sunlight, but they sure don't like it. In direct sunlight they take a –2 penalty to all Trait rolls. In indirect sunlight the penalty is only –1.
- **Weakness (Iron/Salt):** *Baobhan sith* cannot stand the presence of iron or salt. Touching

either of these substances causes 2d10 damage per touch.

Barrasentries

Originally created by the inhabitants of Devils Tower to guard the watery entrances to their domain, this abomination has made its way as far east as the Missouri River, and from there spread all over the Weird West. They vaguely resemble long, silvery barracuda, and swim in large schools. They use thin, whip-like tentacles to disorient large prey before messily devouring it with mouthfuls of razor-sharp teeth. They swim along dark riverbeds and seem to come out of nowhere.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d8, Stealth d8

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

Special Abilities:

- **Aquatic:** Pace 8.
- **Bite:** Str+d4.
- **Fear:** When the barrasentry's true nature is revealed, those witnessing the effects must make a Guts check for Fear/Nausea.
- **Poison Tentacles:** Victims touched by the barrasentry's tentacles must succeed on a Vigor roll or be Shaken. This counts as a damaging attack. Consult the Drowning rules in *Savage Worlds*.

Buffalo Man

The Buffalo Man appears as a hulking figure with the head of a buffalo and terrible clawed hands capable of rending a man limb from limb. It is the Indians' guardian spirit of the buffalo. Needless and widespread slaughter of the buffalo herds has caused the spirit to assume corporeal—and vengeful—form in the Weird West. Luckily, for now there is only one Buffalo Man, but he continues to gain strength as more buffalo are killed. Buffalo hunters beware!

High Plains Frighteners

A great many of the creatures detailed in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook* have been sighted all across War's realm.

These are: animate hand, the Black Regiment, bloodwire, bogie man, bone fiend, braincrawler, canker, carcajou, catamount, cemetery wolf, devil bat, dread wolf, flesh jacket, gabriel hound, ghost, ghoul, 'glom, gremlin, hangin' judge, humbug, jackalope, mourning mist, mudsucker, nibbler swarm, night haunt, night horror, night raven, nosferatu, patchwork man, pit wasp, poison woman, pole man, pox walker, prairie ticks, rattler, replicant, saddle burr, scarecrow, sin eater, skinwalker, Texas skeeter, Texas tummy twister, tommyknocker, tumble-bleed, tunnel critter, uktena, walkin' dead, walkin' fossil, weeping widow, wendigo, werewolf, and will o' the wisp.

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d6, Spirit d10, Strength d12+1, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d12+1, Intimidation d12, Notice d6

Pace: 10; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 11 (1)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +1:** The Buffalo Man's shaggy hide grants a level of Armor.
- **Claws:** Str+d8.
- **Hardy:** Additional Shaken results don't cause the Buffalo Man a wound.
- **Harvest of Slaughter:** For every 1,000 buffalo killed by anyone within a 300-mile radius of his current location, the Buffalo

Man gains an additional Strength die, Size +1, and an additional –1 penalty to Guts checks caused by its Fear ability.

- **Fear (–1):** The sight of the Buffalo Man provokes a Guts check (–1).
- **Improved Sweep:** The Buffalo Man can make a single Fighting attack and apply it to all adjacent targets.
- **Size +2:** The Buffalo Man stands about eight feet tall and weighs over 300 lbs.
- **Trample:** Like a herd of buffalo, the Buffalo Man can run down foes with his massive hooves. Each round as part of its movement, the Buffalo Man can move directly over a foe. This is a free action. The target must succeed on an Agility roll (–4) or take 2d12 damage.

Dark Beast

These fiends are said to be spider spirits that somehow crept into our world seeking nourishment from darkness and human blood. Because dark beasts are always hidden in shadows or twilight and their corpses turn into oily smoke when struck by bright light, no precise description of them can be given. They have a vaguely humanoid form with about a dozen clawed arms and legs, which gives them a vaguely spider-like appearance. Dark beasts have limited intelligence, and can speak in simple sentences.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d8 (A), Spirit d10, Strength d10, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d12, Notice d8, Shooting d10, Sneak d12+1

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 13 (2)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +2:** Dark beasts have cold, rubbery skin that repels blows.
- **Bite:** Str+d8.
- **Blood Drain:** When a dark beast bites a victim and hits with a raise, it also Grapples the victim. As long as it maintains the Grapple, it drains about a pint of blood each round, which causes the victim a level of Fatigue unless he succeeds on a Vigor roll. Victims who are Incapacitated by this attack

fall unconscious, and die if one more pint is drained. Helpless victims are sometimes dragged back to the dark beast's lair and kept alive to serve as further grisly meals.

- **Fear (–1):** Dark beasts cause Guts checks (–1) for any who view them or hear their distorted, unsettling voices.
- **Ice Dart:** 4/8/16; 2d6; RoF 1; AP 1. Dark beasts have the ability to spit deadly darts of black ice with a Shooting roll.
- **Invulnerability:** A dark beast can be wounded, but it can never be killed until its heart is destroyed (see below). If it suffers wounds that would Incapacitate it, it drags itself back to its lair and inserts its heart. After a full day's rest it is fully healed.
- **Removable Heart:** The foul dark beast can pull out its icy black heart and store it in its lair for safety while it goes out to hunt prey. Only by destroying the heart can a dark beast be killed.
- **Size +3:** Dark beasts stand taller and much wider than a man.
- **Weakness (Light):** Dark beasts cannot stand strong light. They never go out in the daytime, and torches and lanterns keep them at bay. A dark beast suddenly exposed to bright light flees its full Pace in the opposite direction, and is then Shaken.

Husker

Huskers are crustaceous, insect-like creatures that lay their eggs inside a human host. The eggs quickly hatch and grow inside the body of a dead animal or human. The creature itself is a large silverfish-like insect with large compound eyes, a pale white carapace, and six spiked limbs.

Young huskers look a lot like the walkin' dead. The creature gains control of the host body by inserting its limbs into the corpse's arms and legs. Because the hatchling doesn't control the head, it lolls lifelessly to one side, dead eyes staring at nothing. As the beast is wounded, the corpse falls away to reveal the clicking, twitching horror within.

Hatchling

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

Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d8, Notice d8, Shooting d8, Stealth d8, Tracking d8

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 5 (1)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +1:** The corpse shell affords enough protection to grant Armor 1.
- **Bite:** Str+d6. This attack is only possible when the husker is outside its corpse shell.
- **Corpse Shell:** The hatchling husker is usually still encased in a cadaver when encountered. The body absorbs 1 wound before falling away like a ghoulish cloak.
- **Fear:** Huskers are alien and repulsive things that provoke an immediate Guts check.
- **Poison Spit:** 2/4/8; Special; ROF 1. Huskers spit poison at an opponent by making a Shooting roll (at +4 if they do not move). They always make a Called Shot to the head (–4). If the gob of poison hits, the target must make a Vigor roll or be blinded for 2d20 minutes.
- **Small:** Attackers subtract –2 from attack rolls against a husker. This only applies when the thing is outside its corpse shell.
- **Size –2:** An immature husker is only about as big as a house cat.

Mature Husker

Once it sheds its corpse, the creature's dark carapace requires a few days to harden, during which time the creature also grows larger. The mature husker resembles a cross between a huge silverfish and a cricket. Its legs are 3 to 4 feet long, holding up a bulbous head, abdomen, and thorax covered with twitching hairs and antennae. Large pincers protrude from its mouth. It moves with a smooth and repulsive speed.

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

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

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 9 (2)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +2:** The mature husker's carapace affords enough protection to grant Armor 2.
- **Bite:** Str+d6.
- **Fear (–1):** Huskers are alien and repulsive things that provoke an immediate Guts check (–1).
- **Inject Egg:** When a husker successfully Grapples a victim, it injects an egg sac into the foe's guts (Str+d6 damage). In 1d6 hours the egg hatches, releasing a hatchling husker that does automatic damage with its bite each round until the host is dead. The egg can be cut out before it hatches with a successful application of the Healing skill.
- **Poison Spit:** 2/4/8; Special; ROF 1. Huskers spit poison at an opponent by making a Shooting roll (at +4 if they do not move). They always make a Called Shot to the Head (–4). If the gob of poison hits, the target must make a Vigor roll or be blinded for 2d20 minutes.

Living House

On the outskirts of towns, a strange creature sometimes comes into being. This abomination is a living entity that resembles a house in all respects—it even has furniture, carpet, books, you name it. But the truth is it's an enormous servant of the Reckoners.

Each time a family takes up residence within, the house begins to produce effects that resemble those of a haunting. As tales of the haunted house spread, the local Fear Level increases by 1.

The usual methods used to cleanse a haunted house have no effect. The living house often gives investigators false clues and red herrings to distract them from its nature. It even secrets bodies away in hidden rooms, leading ghost hunters to believe the corpse might be a spiritual anchor.

The house has near complete control of its internal areas, able to modify humidity and temperature by as much as 20°. It can move furnishings about and even alter its inner structure at will, creating dead-end rooms, false doors, and so on, to foil investigators—or even trap them to starve.

There are a couple of clues that all is not as it seems with the living house. Since the house has a limited psychic ability to alter nearby folks' memories, no official records exist of its building or purchase. The house has very little ability to alter the surrounding landscape, so there is no yard, walkway, or landscaping around the old manse.

A living house typically resembles a large, three-story American Gothic house. A large turret occupies the right corner of the front of the house, and a covered porch runs from the turret around the left. The paint is always a dreary gray with shingles to match. A sense of brooding malevolence oozes from the edifice, and its windows almost seem like eyes that glow from within.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d12, Strength d12+6, Vigor d12+2

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d12+1, Notice d10, Throwing d10

Pace: 0; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 20 (2)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +2:** This applies only to the house, not the furnishings and such inside it.
- **Climate Control:** In addition to controlling temperature and humidity, the house can alter air flow. It can combine these abilities to create wavering heat waves that a cowpoke may mistake for a ghost unless he succeeds on a Smarts roll (–2). It also uses this control to create "cold spots" to further mislead investigators.
- **Damage:** The house can throw its own furnishings at heroes (Str+d4). Furniture does Nonlethal damage, while knives,

broken glass, and other edged missiles do Str+d6 lethal damage. The house can make up to five such attacks per round without suffering a multi-action penalty.

- **Fear (–2):** When its true nature is revealed, the living house provokes a Guts check (–2).
- **Foggy Memories:** This power affects the minds of neighbors. Everyone within five miles of the house has vague memories of the house "always being there." These memories even include former occupants, etc.
- **Gargantuan:** The living house is as big as…well, you know. Attackers get +4 on attempts to hit it. Additionally, the house has Heavy Armor and its exterior attacks are considered Heavy Weapons. A living house can only crush enemies under its weight (Str+9 damage) if they are in the cellar.
- **Lord of Its Domain:** The house has complete control over doors, windows, furniture, and even the books that are a part of its interior. Nothing happens to these items that the house does not allow. However, only attacks against the structure of the house itself actually damage the thing. Breaking up the furniture and bric-a-brac only makes the house mad.
- **Night Terrors:** The house can inflict night terrors on anyone sleeping within its walls. It usually picks a single target for this and presents them with misleading visions. This works exactly like the Bad Dreams Hindrance, except the hero gives up a Fate Chip after spending a night in the house and experiencing the terrible nightmares.
- **Size +9:** A living house is a three-story Gothic mansion.

Nosferatu Ancient One

"Ancient ones" are those nosferatu who were powerful or wily enough to survive the defeat of the manitous during the Great Spirit War. Not surprisingly, only a few ancient ones lasted through that long dry spell, hiding deep in caves or forgotten ruins for centuries.

Ancient ones look like others of their kind, except they're particularly fat and bloated specimens. They seldom wear more than a simple loincloth, move with frightening speed, and give off a charnel stench. See the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook* for more information on nosferatu.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d10, Spirit d8, Strength d12+2, Vigor d12

Skills: Climbing d12, Fighting d12, Intimidation d10, Notice d8, Spellcasting d12, Stealth d12+1

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 12 (2)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +2:** Ancient ones have skin that has hardened to a tough, barklike consistency and provides protection.
- **Bite/Claws:** Str+d4.
- **Black Magic:** An ancient one has 20 Power Points, and knows the *boost/lower trait*, *puppet*, *speed*, and *telekinesis* powers.
- **Charnel Stench:** Ancient ones give off such a horrible odor that all adjacent foes must make a Vigor roll each round or be Shaken.
- **Fear (–2):** Ancient ones are terrifying creatures, and those who meet them must make Guts rolls (–2).
- **Fearless:** Ancient ones are immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- **Grapple:** An ancient one may attempt to grapple as normal. While a grapple is maintained, it automatically inflicts bite damage each round.
- **Improved Frenzy:** Ancient ones make two Fighting attacks per action at no penalty.
- **Infection:** Anyone slain by an ancient one's bite rises as a nosferatu (see the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*) under the Marshal's control in 1d4 hours.
- **Invulnerability:** Ancient ones can be Shaken by normal weapons, but they can't be wounded (or truly destroyed) by anything but their Weaknesses.
- **Undead:** +2 Toughness. +2 to recover from being Shaken. Called shots do no extra damage. Does not suffer wound penalties.
- **Weakness (Heart):** A called shot to the heart (–6) ignores the usual rule about no extra damage, adding +4. Best of all, no wooden stake is required. Bullets work just fine—though a stake will do the job admirably as well!
- **Weakness (Sunlight):** Ancient ones suffer a Fatigue level every round they are exposed to sunlight. Once Incapacitated, further exposure (about 10 seconds) kills them. These Fatigue levels recover only if the creature is able to feast on fresh blood. Even one pint is enough for an ancient one to be fully restored.

Piranha Dog (Swarm)

These little varmints look exactly like prairie dogs from a distance, living in extensive subterranean "towns" dug into the open range. Like their namesake, they communicate with each other through chirps, yelps, and barks. That's where the resemblances end, pard. These vicious bastards aren't much more than fur, teeth, and appetite. One of them is just a painful nuisance—but you never find just one. Where piranha dogs have dug in, you'll find dozens or even hundreds. (Just to give you an idea of scale, it only takes about 12 piranha dogs to make up one Medium Burst Template swarm.)

Like barrasentries, piranha dogs were bred long ago by the inhabitants of Devils Tower to guard the area around their home. Once released into the wild they spread all over the High Plains looking for more grub. In remote

areas, piranha dog towns grow to enormous size, holding 300 or more hungry terrors. Any living thing that wanders in is stripped of flesh in minutes.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8 (A), Spirit d12, Strength d8, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d10, Notice d8

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 9; **Toughness:** 7

Special Abilities:

- **Bite:** Piranha dogs inflict dozens of bites every round, hitting automatically and causing 2d6 damage to everyone in the template. Damage is applied to the least armored location.
- **Fear:** The sight of a piranha dog swarm feeding provokes a Guts check for Fear/Nausea.
- **Persistent Buggers:** If the swarm takes a wound, it does not scatter, but instead shrinks to a Small Burst Template (as though using the Split ability). Once the smaller swarm takes a wound, the critters are dead.
- **Split:** Piranha dogs are cunning enough to split into two smaller swarms (Small Burst Templates) should their foes split up. The Toughness of these smaller swarms is reduced by –2 (to 5 each).

- **Swarm:** Parry +2, Medium Burst Template. Cutting and piercing weapons do no real damage. Area-effect weapons work normally. An hombre can inflict his Strength in damage each round by stomping on the toothy varmints.

Revenant

Tales are told of a tall cowboy dressed in black, mounted atop a pale horse, his face always shadowed by the wide brim of his hat. The papers have named this grim figure who rides from town to town in the Disputed Lands "the Revenant." The Revenant rides into towns searching for lawmen. Then he shoots them dead, simple as that.

At High Noon on the thirteenth of each month, the Revenant rides ominously into a town and silently challenges the most senior lawman to a duel. The only words it ever utters are the names of its victims, and these are hoarse whispers that only lawmen can hear.

The Revenant is an amalgamation of all the dead outlaws of the West. It is the spirit of criminal hatred and disregard for the law given corporeal form. Considering how lawless the Disputed Lands already are, the Revenant is one of the Reckoners' most insidious and destructive creations. The rule of law dies where the Revenant rides.

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d8, Guts d12+1, Intimidation d12+2, Notice d12, Riding d10, Shooting d12+2, Tracking d12

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

Special Abilities:

- **Colt Army .44:** 12/24/48, 2d6+1, RoF 1, Shots 6, AP 1. When the weapon is empty, the Revenant spends one round spinning the well-oiled cylinder, which counts as an Intimidation Test of Will. When the cylinder stops, the gun is reloaded.

- **Gunslinger:** The Revenant has the following Edges: Duelist (Grit 5), Improved Hip Shooting, Marksman, No Mercy, Quick Draw, Steady Hands.
- **Fear (–2):** The Revenant's appearance forces everyone in sight to make a Guts check (–2).
- **Indomitable:** The Revenant is immune to Fear and unaffected by Tests of Will (including those that take place during a Duel).
- **Invulnerability:** The Revenant can be Shaken but can't be wounded by any attack—magical or mundane—except for one made by its Weakness.
- **Weakness (Lawmen):** The Revenant can only be harmed by a Called Shot to the heart (–4) made by a duly authorized lawman.
- **Coup:** Any deader who eats the Revenant's essence takes half damage from lawmen's bullets thereafter.

Scrap 'Glom

The scrap 'glom (short for conglomerate) is unique to the battlefields of the Great Rail Wars. This monstrosity is made not only of corpses but also bits and pieces of mechanical devices, all of it animated by an especially strong manitou. Scrap 'gloms in the Cauldron have absorbed bits of Hellstromme's automatons and clockwork spiders, along with parts from wrecked steam wagons, velocipedes, and auto-gyros. They constantly add machines and corpses to their seething mass, increasing their power proportionately.

'Gloms use their limbs and whatever weapons are handy to kill any living person in sight. Scrap 'gloms can make use of any weapons and contraptions they absorb, but attacks are made at –2 since they aren't too coordinated.

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

Skills: Fighting d10, Intimidation d8, Notice d10, Shooting d8

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 13 (2)

Gear: Scrap 'gloms may carry weapons according to the number of hands they have, and what machines or devices they have absorbed.

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +2:** A scrap 'glom is covered with bits of metal and ghost steel plates, giving it considerable protection.
- **Claws:** Str+d4. Strength depends on the number of corpses and machines in the creature.
- **Fear (–2):** Anyone viewing a scrap 'glom has to make a Guts check (–2).
- **Fearless:** 'Gloms are immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- **Gatling Gun:** 24/48/96, 2d8, ROF 3, AP 2. A scrap 'glom begins with one weapon fused into its mass. It has 20 rounds of ammunition.
- **'Glom:** A scrap 'glom takes a full round to add a corpse or device to its mass. For every corpse after the second, the 'glom gains one die each in Strength and Vigor. It also gains +1 Size. When a device is added, the 'glom gains the ability to use the device if it is still functional. Adding a wrecked vehicle takes 10 minutes and adds +1 Armor and +1 Pace. A scrap 'glom suffers no multi-action penalties until it takes more actions in a turn than it has corpses in its mass. A scrap 'glom may grow as large as ten corpses (Strength and Vigor d12+7, Size +10), with six vehicles (Armor +6) and three devices incorporated.
- **Size +2:** A scrap 'glom begins with two corpses and two vehicles fused into its mass.
- **Undead:** +2 Toughness. +2 to recover from being Shaken. Called shots do no extra damage. Does not suffer wound penalties.
- **Weakness (Head):** Shots to the scrap 'glom's primary head do +2 damage, for a total of +6. A Notice roll (at a –1 cumulative penalty for each 'glommed) reveals which of a 'glom's many heads is primary.

Slitter

Troops who move quietly and kill quickly are an asset in War's realm. The Great Rail Wars spawned some titanic battles, but they also caused no end of stealthy killings resulting in some poor hombre with his throat cut, drowning in his own blood.

The abominations known as slitters are the reanimated corpses of these victims. They are easily identified by the bloody ear-to-ear slash across their throat. Slitters always carry a large, razor-sharp knife to help them achieve their only goal—to kill others in the same way they were killed. They're stealthy bastards and they prefer to attack from behind.

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

Skills: Fighting d12, Notice d6, Stealth d12

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

Special Abilities:

- **Knife:** Str+d8. A slitter's knife is unnaturally sharp and never loses its edge. When a slitter is put down its knife disappears.
- **Fear:** The sight of a grinning slitter provokes a Guts check.
- **Supernatural Stealth:** A slitter never suffers any negative modifiers to its Stealth rolls, regardless of the terrain.
- **Undead:** +2 Toughness. +2 to recover from being Shaken. Called shots do no extra damage.

Two-Faces

Once they were just a story to frighten Cheyenne children into obeying their elders, but the Reckoning has given the two-faces physical form. A two-faces looks like an Indian brave, but with a face on the front as well as the back of its head. A two-faces has no ears. It is lean and wiry, with long fingers that end in sharp, black claws.

Two-faces prey only on children, eating their ears and drinking their blood. If a two-faces doesn't feed on a child's ears once every two weeks, it starves and wastes away. It spends most of its time hunting, and lurking in dark places.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d12, Vigor d10

Skills: Climbing d10, Fighting d10, Intimidation d8, Notice d12, Shooting d8, Stealth d12, Tracking d12

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 9 (1)

Gear: Bow (12/24/48, 2d6, RoF 1, Shots 1), 20 arrows.

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +1:** Two-faces have tough, leathery skin.
- **Bite:** Str+d4. A two-faces can bite two adjacent opponents and ignore the multi-action penalty.
- **Claws:** Str+d6.
- **Fear (–1):** The two-face's terrible visage prompts a Guts check (–1).
- **Freezing Gaze:** As an action, a two-faces that is able to meet an opponent's gaze can initiate an opposed Spirit test. With a success, the target is Shaken. On a raise, the foe is paralyzed and incapable of any action—even speech—for 2d6 hours.
- **Invulnerability:** Two-faces cannot be permanently destroyed by anything but their Weakness, salt. If it is put down by any other method, it returns the very next night to wreak havoc on its attacker.
- **Size +1:** A two-faces stands at least a head taller than the average cowpoke.
- **Weakness (Light):** When a two-faces is in the presence of any light source other than the moon or stars, it suffers a –2 penalty on all Trait rolls.
- **Weakness (Salt):** Two-faces cannot abide the touch of salt. A handful thrown at the creature ignores Armor and does

1d8 damage. A wooden barrel full of salt dumped over it does 3d10 damage.

- **Coup:** The Harrowed who consumes a two-faces' essence gains the Danger Sense Edge—as though she had eyes in the back of her noggin.

Wooden Indian

Your typical wooden Indian is eight feet tall and as big around as a good-sized tree. It is well-carved, wearing a war bonnet and holding a bundle of cigars in one hand and a tomahawk in the other. Its face is grim, with squinting eyes that seem to be always watching some imaginary horizon. Use of *detect arcana* to scrutinize a wooden Indian reveals a powerful spirit bound within it. Wooden Indians come alive to avenge wrongdoing against Indians, but they only do so at night.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d10, Strength d12+4, Vigor d12+2

Skills: Fighting d10, Notice d8

Pace: 4; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 15 (4)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +4:** A wooden Indian is carved from solid oak.
- **Construct:** +2 to recover from being Shaken; no additional damage from Called Shots; immune to disease and poison.
- **Fear:** Seeing a wooden Indian in motion provokes a Guts check.
- **Fearless:** A wooden Indian is unaffected by Fear or Intimidation.
- **Hardy:** A second Shaken result doesn't cause the wooden Indian a wound.
- **Improved Sweep:** A wooden Indian may attack all adjacent enemies with a single Fighting roll, at no penalty.
- **Size +2:** Your typical wooden Indian is eight feet tall and weighs nearly 800 lbs.
- **Tomahawk:** Str+d8.

The Spirits

Travelers to the Hunting Grounds may be surprised to find the locals don't live the same kind of lives we do in this world. Everything has a humanlike intelligence. Most beings are smarter than we realize anyway—it's just that in the Hunting Grounds everyone speaks the same language.

The posse might go days or weeks without bumping into a spirit, or there might be one waiting for the heroes the moment they enter the Hunting Grounds. It's really up to the Marshal to use spirits as he sees fit. Use the Spirit Encounter Tables (on page 131) if you prefer to let chance decide what your group will face.

The following stats are provided for adventures in the Hunting Grounds. When a shaman summons up a spirit, use the tables on page 66 to determine which one answers the call.

Spirits that somehow stumble into the physical world can remain that way for a number of days equal to their Spirit die, after which they fade back into the Hunting Grounds. This only applies to spirits who actually go through a portal or otherwise enter the real world in their spirit form—not those who somehow possess a corporeal being!

Ancestor

Ancestors are spirits of the dead who are still on their way to their eternal reward in the sky or in the Deadlands. Some of them dwell in various places in the Hunting Grounds, while others stay on to haunt some area of the physical world that was important to them in life. Ancestors can be found individually, in groups of various sizes, or in spirit villages.

Ever since the Reckoning, the Hunting Grounds have been under siege by manitous and other evil spirits. Life among the ancestors isn't always peaceful anymore. In fact, they may think traveling heroes are evil spirits

since they still have the stink of the world on them.

Special Abilities: Since these are basically people, use the stats for various types of humans provided in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*, *Deadlands: The Flood*, and starting on page 309 of this book. Most groups of ancestor spirits are from the same race and/or tribe.

Ancestors don't possess any knowledge they didn't have in life. If a shaman calls up an ancestor spirit, he can ask about that particular ancestor's history and knowledge, but the spirit is not able to provide other information.

Holy People

When Father Sky and Mother Earth created our world, they created holy people to teach humans the sacred ways, how to hunt, and how to live off the earth. When humans learned all they could and were ready to live on their own, the holy people retreated to the Hunting Grounds.

There are several clans of holy people—some good and kind, others ruthless and cruel. There are the Thunder People, the Wind People, the Crooked Snake People, the Failed-to-Speak People, and the Dark People, who serve the Reckoners. These clans do not truck with one another. Sometimes they even wage war, raising armies of ancestor spirits to do battle in the Hunting Grounds.

Holy people look like very large, physically perfect humans with deep bronze skin. They dress in the finest clothes and wear tattoos indicating their clan. Thunder people have lightning bolts tattooed on their arms and backs, for example.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d12+1, Strength d12+1, Vigor d12+1

Skills: Fighting d12, Guts d12+1, Intimidation d12, Throwing d10, Tribal Medicine d12

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 10

Gear: Bow (12/24/48, 2d6, RoF 1, Shots 1), 20 arrows, tomahawk (Str+d6).

Special Abilities:

- **Shamanism:** All holy people have the Arcane Background (Shamanism) Edge and 20 Power Points. Their powers are listed by clan below.
- **Size +2:** Holy people stand eight feet or taller.
- **Thunder People:** Thunder people know the *armor*, *boost/lower trait*, and *smite* powers.
- **Wind People:** Wind people know the *deflection*, *dispel*, and *windstorm* powers.
- **Crooked Snake People:** Crooked snake people know the *burrow*, *entangle*, *environmental manipulation (earth)*, and *environmental protection* powers.
- **Failed-to-Speak People:** Failed-to-speak people know the *detect/conceal arcana*, *invisibility*, and *speed* powers.

- **Dark People:** Dark people know the *fear*, *shape change*, and *contact spirit world* powers.
- **Coup:** Anyone who consumes a holy person's essence in the Hunting Grounds gains the Knack (Spirit Touched) Edge, but must choose from among those powers available to the particular type of spirit eaten.

Kachina

These spirits have no form of their own, so they steal someone else's. Kachinas have the power to possess the bodies of others in either the Hunting Grounds or the physical world, but they have no physical Attributes of their own; these are determined by the being they've possessed.

You can't normally tell by sight whether you're dealing with a kachina or not. A sudden display of arcane power tends to be the first clue. An Indian shaman who succeeds on a Tribal Medicine roll can see a faint, sparkling aura around the possessed. Even then it's difficult to be certain which type of kachina you're dealing with—there are several.

A kachina can be chased out of a body using the *exorcism* power, or beaten out of one by killing it. Either way, it's back to the Hunting Grounds for the kachina. Without the right medicine at hand, it's tough to kill a kachina outright.

Kachinas prefer to possess humans because they're the most versatile animals in the world. In a pinch, though, nearly any animal will do—sparrows, lizards, turtles, even ducks. Like nature spirits, kachinas are capricious and unpredictable.

Kachinas tend to lurk around portals, sacred places, and other concentrations of strong medicine, waiting for likely candidates to possess. Each type of kachina has its own special abilities, which are listed below.

Attributes: Agility N/A, Smarts d8, Spirit d12, Strength N/A, Vigor N/A

Skills: Notice d10, Intimidation d8, Tribal Medicine d10

Pace: Varies; **Parry:** Varies; **Toughness:** Varies

Special Abilities:

- **Possession:** With an opposed Spirit roll, all kachinas have the ability to possess a target within a range equal to its Smarts die in inches. If the kachina succeeds, it remains in control of a victim's body—and its Physical Attributes and linked skills—for 1d6 hours, and then vanishes. While it is in control, the target's soul is cast into the Hunting Grounds. If the target instead scores a raise on the Spirit roll, he gains all the kachina's special abilities for 1d6 hours and retains control of his body.
- **Shamanism:** All kachinas have the Arcane Background (Shamanism) Edge.
- **Koyemshi:** Koyemshi, or "mudheads," are the clowns and tricksters of the kachinas. Koyemshi have 15 Power Points, and know the *bolt* (stroke of lightning), *burrow*, and *windstorm* powers.
- **Masau'u:** Masau'u are skeletal spirits of death, fire, darkness, and war. They guard the gates to the Deadlands, and are bad news. Masau'u have 25 Power Points, and know the *burst*, *curse*, *obscure*, and *smite* powers.
- **Pautiwa:** Pautiwa is the chief of all kachina spirits, and a Wild Card. He typically travels in the body of a duck, looking to protect kachinas everywhere. Pautiwa has 40 Power Points, and knows every power available to shamans. When Pautiwa possesses someone, he stays as long as he likes!
- **Soyoko:** The soyoko are disciplinary ogres who enforce order among the kachina tribes. They look like hulking bear-men to those who can see them. Soyoko have 25 Power Points, and know the *armor*, *boost/lower trait*, *blast*, and *smite* powers.
- **Wawaru:** Wawaru are the kachinas of motion, wind, and speed—the force that makes horses run fast and arrows fly straight. They have no form except a whirling wind. Wawaru have 25 Power Points, and know the *boost/lower trait*, *quickness*, *speed*, and *teleport* powers.
- **Coup:** A living consumer of a kachina gains a permanent +2 bonus on rolls to resist possession or unnatural compulsion (e.g., *puppet*). When a Harrowed consumes a kachina, however, the deader only gains 1d4 points of Dominion (to a maximum Dominion of +4).

Manitou

The manitous are the elite troopers of the Reckoners. Culled from the millions of damned souls imprisoned in the Deadlands, they are given a shot at freedom in return for serving the Reckoners' desires. Some ride a soul back into its dead corpse and become Harrowed, while others remain in the Hunting Grounds to drive wandering ancestor spirits into the Deadlands.

Manitous are invisible in the physical world. In the Hunting Grounds they look like whatever they want, and subtle fear is out, hombre. They're off duty and ready to rip a traveler limb from limb in the spirit world. They tend to target the weakest of a group first, forming out of shadow-stuff, dust, even the surrounding landscape. They can look like whatever they want, and it's always horrifying.

As soon as a manitou defeats a person or spirit in combat in the Hunting Grounds, it attempts to flee back to the Deadlands with the soul in tow. On the other hand, while a defeated manitou might be compelled to service, they can't be consumed. For one thing, a manitou would rot a person's soul from the inside out (or take possession of the body), and for another, they already belong to the Reckoners.

Manitous come in three sizes, each described separately below.

Lesser Manitou (Swarm)

These are the lowliest of the manitous—small predators and bullies with vicious tempers. They travel in packs.

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

Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d6, Intimidation d6, Stealth d6, Taunt d4

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 6

Special Abilities:

- **Bite/Claws:** Manitou swarms are like hordes of angry spirit weasels. Each round they hit automatically and cause 2d4 damage to everyone in a Medium Burst Template. Apply damage to the least-armored location.
- **Camouflage:** Manitou have the ability to blend into their surroundings—literally. Anyone encountering a manitou must succeed on a Notice roll opposed by the manitou's Stealth or be surprised (see *Savage Worlds*).
- **Fear:** A manitou swarm is cause for a Guts check.
- **Split:** Lesser manitous have enough sense to split into two smaller swarms (Small Burst Templates, Toughness –2) when their foes split up.
- **Swarm:** Parry +2. Cutting and piercing weapons do no appreciable damage. Area-effect weapons work normally, and a character can stomp to inflict his Strength in damage each round.

Normal Manitou

These are the shocktroops used by the Reckoners when they go to war in the Hunting Grounds. They are extremely creative in their cruelty.

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

Skills: Fighting d8, Guts d10, Intimidation d10, Persuasion d10, Stealth d8, Taunt d6

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

Special Abilities:

- **Bite:** Str+d6.
- **Camouflage:** Manitou have the ability to blend into their surroundings—literally. Anyone encountering a manitou must succeed on a Smarts roll opposed by the manitou's Stealth or be surprised (see *Savage Worlds*).
- **Fear (–1):** The sight of a manitou provokes a Guts check (–1).
- **Rend:** A manitou's favorite tactic is to literally rip its foes in half. If two manitous successfully Grapple a single foe, they can act in concert to tear him apart. The manitous make a single cooperative Strength roll, opposed by the victim's Strength. If they're successful the manitous do Str+2d6, or Str+3d6 with a raise. An Incapacitating wound delivered in this fashion tears a limb from its socket.
- **Size +2:** Manitous stand about eight feet tall when in humanoid shape.

Greater Manitou

These elder beasts usually travel alone, unless they are leading a force in battle, when three of them command the hordes. Greater manitous exist only to sow dread and hatred wherever they go.

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

Skills: Fighting d12+1, Guts d12+1, Intimidation d12+1, Persuasion d12, Stealth d12, Taunt d10

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 14 (1)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +1:** Greater manitous are old, tough, and gnarled.
- **Camouflage:** Manitou have the ability to blend into their surroundings—literally. Anyone encountering a manitou must

succeed on a Smarts roll opposed by the manitou's Stealth or be surprised (see *Savage Worlds*).

- **Fear (–2):** The sight of a greater manitou melting out of the landscape provokes a Guts check (–2).
- **Large:** Attack rolls against a greater manitou gain a +2 bonus.
- **Razor Claws:** Str+2d6. The claws of a greater manitou ignore all armor, including the *armor* power.
- **Size +6:** A greater manitou is the size of a bull elephant.
- **Warp Perceptions:** Greater manitous can warp the very landscape of the Hunting Grounds to deceive their victims. For example, a manitou might create an area that looks like the ancestral village the heroes are seeking, and then populate it with disguised and camouflaged lesser manitous. Success on an opposed Spirit roll means a character sees through the ruse. Hucksters—familiar with the deceptions of manitous—gain a +4 bonus on the Spirit roll. The manitou cannot change anything about the characters themselves.

Nature Spirits

There are spirits in the Hunting Grounds that represent every force in nature, from smoldering prairie fires to animals, from the wind to the eagles that soar in the sky. These spirits protect and support their given aspect or area of nature.

Most shamans consider nature spirits unpredictable. They're actually fairly consistent in their actions, even if they don't always make sense to humans. Nature spirits are absolutely ruthless about protecting and expanding their aspect of nature. They attack other nature spirits or their servants just to gain some turf. Water wears down mountains and quenches fires, mountains redirect the winds and starve people living on their heights. Anything goes in the constant struggle that is Mother Earth.

Animal Spirit

Any animal that can become a totem spirit starts out as an animal spirit in the Hunting Grounds. They act and appear much like they do in the physical realm, except they can talk. They travel individually and are commonly used as spirit guides.

- **Special Abilities:** Animal spirits can invoke their favored powers, as listed in the **Nature Totems** sidebar (see page 24). Instead of spending a Fate Chip, the spirit merely makes a Spirit roll to activate the power as an action. Powers enacted by animal spirits last for the base duration, and cannot be maintained beyond it.

Little People

The most common and numerous nature spirits are known as little people. Little people serve all the forces of nature: fire, earth, wind, water, and animals. They are generally helpful to those who ask nicely, but they are also easily distracted and scared.

Little people look like small, delicate humans. Sometimes they're hairy, or ivory white, or fiery red, depending on the aspect of nature they serve. They are rarely armed, but have the ability to vanish deep into the Hunting Grounds when frightened.

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

Skills: Fighting d12, Intimidation d6, Stealth d12, Taunt d10

Pace: 4; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 3

Special Abilities:

- **Natural Aspect:** All little people have the same Special Abilities as their larger nature spirit counterparts. For example, little people who serve fire have the same Special Abilities as wakinyan (see below).
- **Size –2:** Little people are only about as big as a bird.
- **Small:** Due to their tininess, attackers subtract –2 from attempts to hit little people.
- **Vanish:** When little people are startled, they have the ability (as a free action) to vanish into even the smallest bit of their particular natural aspect. For example, a little person linked to water could vanish into a teardrop. Vanished little people reemerge whenever and wherever they choose.
- **Coup:** The consumer of a little person gains the Knack (Spirit Touched) Edge, and also a Quirk Hindrance related to the specific type of natural forces the little person serves.

Gan

Gan are spirits of the mountains and soil. In the Hunting Grounds they look like rough-hewn stone statues. Gan protect rocks and soil and everything between gold and sand. Seven incredibly ancient gan were responsible for the Great Quake of '68, after Raven's rituals prodded them to anger.

Gan are slow, methodical creatures. They seem downright ponderous to others. They represent the world at rest—eternal and unchanging.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d10, Spirit d10, Strength d12+1, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d10, Intimidation d10, Stealth d10, Taunt d10

Pace: 4; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 16 (4)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +4:** Gan are composed of rocks, pebbles, and earth, which makes them hard to hurt.

- **Large:** Attack rolls against a gan receive a +2 bonus.
- **Outcropping:** 3d6. With a Fighting roll, a gan can create a sudden, sharp outcropping of rock anywhere in sight to injure foes.
- **Quicksand:** Gan can automatically create a pool of quicksand anywhere in sight as an action. The quicksand covers a Medium Burst Template, and foes must succeed on an Agility roll to leap clear. Those who fail are sucked under—consult the Drowning rules (see *Savage Worlds*).
- **Size +4:** Gan are huge, rocky spirits standing almost ten feet tall.
- **Weakness (Water):** Gan take double damage from any water-based attack.
- **Coup:** Anyone who consumes the essence of a gan gains Armor +2 as his skin grows rocky and tough. He also receives a –2 to Charisma for his startlingly stone-faced appearance.

Shiwana

Shiwana are spirits of the gusting wind, angry creatures of weather who were once holy people. They create drought instead of rain, due to their resentment of all living things. At will, a shiwana can stop a rainstorm or make standing snow vanish in moments.

Shiwana are usually invisible, but they can also appear as swirling clouds of dust if they choose. Sometimes they help a few living things if this gives them a chance to harm more creatures later on.

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

Skills: Intimidation d6, Stealth d8, Taunt d10

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 2; **Toughness:** 5

Special Abilities:

- **Drought:** A shiwana can dry out anything, even living beings. Roll the shiwana's Smarts, opposed by the victim's Vigor. Each success and raise on the Smarts roll causes 1 level of Fatigue. Victims Incapacitated by this attack die in 1d4 rounds unless they receive water, and there's no coming back—all that's left is a pile of dust!
- **Gale:** Shiwana can call up a wind so powerful it can flatten houses or derail trains. To call a gale, the shiwana makes a Spirit roll. Those in the area need to succeed at an opposed Strength roll versus the shiwana's Spirit roll or be thrown Prone for 1d6 damage. On a critical failure, a foe is flung 2" times the result of the shiwana's Spirit roll. Assess falling damage as usual. The gale lasts for 3 rounds.
- **Invulnerability:** Shiwana suffer no damage from anything but magical attacks.
- **Weakness (Magic):** Shiwana take full damage from magic attacks, or weapons enchanted with an arcane power.
- **Coup:** A body who consumes the shiwana's soul gains the Knack (Spirit Touched) Edge, with the power *windstorm*.

Uwannami

The uwannami are spirit rainmakers—beings of water that live in lakes, and cloud-wrapped giants that hide beyond the

horizon. Uwannami are nurturing beings that bring rain to crops, fill rivers and lakes, and cleanse the earth of illness. They are slow to anger.

Uwannami appear as blobs of water, and their voices sound deep and hollow, as though they were speaking underwater (which, technically, they are). Uwannami exist only to make things wet. They try to help, but sometimes drown living things by accident. They are also lazy, always taking the easiest route when traveling, and dissipating when confronted by wind or fire.

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

Skills: Fighting d10, Intimidation d10, Stealth d8, Taunt d12

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 8

Special Abilities:

- **Call Weather:** Uwannami can call almost any kind of weather as a free action. It takes a minute to whip up a light rain, two or three minutes for the rain to become a full-blown storm (see page 72), and five minutes for the storm to become a flooding torrent. If they don't climb to higher ground, those caught in the torrent must succeed on a Swimming roll (–2) to escape; if this roll fails, consult the Drowning rules (in *Savage Worlds*).
- **Mold Water:** At will, uwannami can mold their own bodies or any nearby water source into solid shapes. A club, a bubble, or anything else can be formed from water, and it's treated as solid for five rounds. Weapons formed from water inflict Nonlethal Damage.
- **Size +2:** Uwannami are about the size of a bear.
- **Weakness (Fire):** Uwannami take double damage from fire-based attacks.
- **Coup:** Anyone who consumes the uwannami's essence improves two die types in his Swimming skill. A hero who doesn't know how to swim gains Swimming d4.

Wakinyan

The wakinyan are the thunder spirits, beings of pure light and fire. Wakinyan carry the sun across the sky and make campfires flicker with life. After the Creator himself, wakinyan are considered the most holy of spirits.

Wakinyan don't show themselves to living beings, appearing only as seemingly distant storm clouds rumbling with thunder and lit from within by lightning. They seem too far away to touch, but can always hear a speaker talking to them. Their voices resound like thunderclaps—when they bother to answer.

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d10, Spirit d12, Strength d10, Vigor d12+1

Skills: Fighting d12, Intimidation d12, Shooting d12, Taunt d12, Tribal Medicine d12

Pace: 0; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 28

Special Abilities:

- **Fire Portal:** If there is a fire anywhere in a wakinyan's sight, the spirit can use it to automatically fuel the Open Portal use of the *contact spirit world* power. Through this portal can pass any spirit (except uwannami) or living being. The portal lasts as long as the fire burns and is closed if the fire is quenched. Anyone passing through a fire portal must succeed on an Agility roll (–2) or be scorched for 2d6 damage.
- **Flight:** Pace 14. The wakinyan speed across the sky like storm clouds.
- **Gargantuan:** Heavy Armor. Man-sized attackers gain a +4 bonus on ranged attacks against a wakinyan.
- **Lightning Bolt:** Wakinyan can use the *bolt* power at will to create strokes of lightning, with limitless Power Points. A target must leave the Hunting Grounds to get out of range. If they are attacked in the physical world, targets must protect themselves under cover or somehow escape the spirit's view.

- **Size +20:** Wakinyan are massive, cloudlike forms up to 75 yards across.
- **Coup:** In the unlikely circumstance some tough hombre slurps down a wakinyan's essence, he gains the spirit's Fire Portal ability as described above, but enacted by rolling Spirit.

Snake Cloud

Snake clouds are spawned in the Deadlands. They are created every time another root of the Tree of Life is rotted away by the Reckoners. Although they can be found in the Deadlands, they prefer to hunt for prey in the spirit world. Ancestor spirits are a favorite catch.

A snake cloud is a poisonous creature made of cloud-stuff. At first glance, it looks like a very large, dark snake. On closer inspection, it's obvious the spirit's skin shifts and flows like a nasty, polluted fog. Unfortunately, close inspection usually leads to being enveloped by the poisonous vapors, and that almost always leads to death.

Snake clouds can be of the lesser or greater variety, each described below.

Lesser Snake Cloud

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

Skills: Fighting d10, Intimidation d8

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 6

Special Abilities:

- **Fear:** The sight of a snake cloud provokes a Guts check.
- **Flight:** Pace 8. A snake cloud can fly, float, and dive toward its targets.
- **Invulnerability:** Snake clouds suffer no damage from anything but magical attacks.
- **Malleable Form:** Snake clouds can wrap themselves around trees and slip into

cracks. They can fit into a space as small as an arrow quiver.

- **Poison:** A snake cloud tries to Grapple a victim by wrapping itself around the poor sod. If successful, it has enveloped the victim. Each round the snake cloud and the victim make opposed Spirit rolls. If the spirit gets a raise, the victim's Spirit die is reduced by one step. If the victim wins, he slips free of the cloud. This goes on as long as the snake cloud can maintain the Grapple. A victim reduced to less than Spirit d4 dies, and is consumed by the snake cloud. Victims who escape regain their Spirit die steps at the rate of one per day.
- **Size +1:** A snake cloud is slightly larger than a man.
- **Weakness (Magic):** Snake clouds take full damage from magic attacks or weapons.
- **Weakness (Wind):** Snake clouds are instantly dispersed by a gust of wind. It takes the spirit a full 24 hours to regain its form.
- **Coup:** Anyone who consumes the essence of a snake cloud gains +1 to Vigor rolls to resist naturally occurring poisons.

Greater Snake Cloud

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d10, Spirit d10, Strength d6, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d12+1, Intimidation d12

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 13

Special Abilities:

- **Fear (–2):** The sight of a snake cloud provokes a Guts check (–2).
- **Flight:** Pace 8. A snake cloud can fly, float, and dive toward its targets.
- **Invulnerability:** Snake clouds suffer no damage from anything but magical attacks.
- **Large:** Attack rolls against a greater snake cloud gain a +2 bonus.
- **Malleable Form:** Greater snake clouds can wrap themselves around trees and slip into cracks. They can fit into a space as small as a barrel.
- **Poison:** A snake cloud tries to Grapple a victim by wrapping itself around the poor sod. If successful, it has enveloped the victim. Each round the Grapple is maintained, the snake cloud and the victim make opposed Spirit rolls. If the spirit gets a raise, the victim's Spirit die is reduced by one step. If the victim wins, he slips free of the cloud. A victim reduced to less than Spirit d4 dies, and is consumed by the snake cloud. Victims who escape regain their Spirit die steps at the rate of one per day.
- **Size +6:** A greater snake cloud is more of a dragon than a snake, large enough to envelop a horse.
- **Weakness (Magic):** Snake clouds take full damage from magic attacks or weapons.
- **Weakness (Wind):** Snake clouds are instantly dispersed by a gust of wind. It takes the spirit a full 24 hours to regain its form.
- **Coup:** Anyone who consumes the essence of a snake cloud gains immunity to all forms of naturally occurring poisons.

Thunderbird

The thunderbirds are the guardians of the Hunting Grounds. They are as close to omniscient as you can get without being the Creator himself. Four large, old thunderbirds dwell somewhere in the Hunting Grounds, but these greater spirits are never encountered unless they want to be. The stats given here are for all the younger thunderbirds that soar through the skies of the Hunting Grounds.

Young thunderbirds appear to be huge, powerful birds of prey, but they are absolutely terrifying in their majesty. Still, these guardians are the only reason the manitous haven't completely overrun the Hunting Grounds. Thunderbirds tend to be volatile and unpredictable.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d10, Spirit d12+1, Strength d12+1, Vigor d12+1

Skills: Fighting d12, Intimidation d12+1

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 13

Special Abilities:

- **Beak:** Str+2d6.
- **Carry:** Thunderbirds can carry anything up to the size of a large horse in their claws while flying. This does not harm the passenger.
- **Claw:** Str+d8.
- **Fear:** The sight of a thunderbird provokes a Guts check.
- **Flight:** Pace 14. Thunderbirds streak through the sky at a tremendous clip.
- **Large:** Attack rolls against a thunderbird gain a +2 bonus.
- **Size +5:** Thunderbirds are massive beasts, standing about 12 feet tall.
- **Thunder:** A thunderbird can create an enormous clap of thunder by beating its wings. Everyone in a Large Burst Template centered on the spirit must make a Vigor roll (–2) or be Shaken.
- **Coup:** The hero who defeats a thunderbird gains the ability to *shape change* into any large bird of prey. The hero can do this once per game session, and remain in bird form for one hour.

Humans

The Weird West has plenty of rip-roarin' abominations intent on putting the fear of War into a body, but it's even more full of *people*. Sometimes plain folks and their terrible acts are responsible for the Fear Level going up. Other times you might throw some red herrings in your group's path to make them think they're after a monster, when really it's just people who are guilty of wrongdoing.

Agency Special Threat Team, aka "Cleaners"

Some situations go beyond an Agent's ability to handle them alone. In those instances, a field operative can request support from the supervising field office. Special Threat Teams—more commonly known in the Agency as "Cleaners"—are assigned to each region for exactly this sort of contingency. The Western Bureau maintains one team each in the Denver and Deadwood regions, with an extra team attached directly to the Denver SRF. A typical team has five members, but that number may vary.

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

Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d8, Guts d8, Intimidation d8, Investigation d6, Knowledge (Law) d6, Knowledge (Occult) d6, Notice d10, Shooting d12, Stealth d8, Streetwise d6, Taunt d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 8; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 7 (2)

Hindrances: Arrogant, Vow (Serve the Agency)

Edges: Agent (Rank 1), Dodge, Fleet-Footed, Level Headed, Quick Draw, Rock and Roll!, Speed Load

Gear: Black duster (Armor +2), boot knife (Str+d4), Gatling pistol (12/24/48, 2d6+1, RoF 2, Shots 12, AP 1), 1 spare magazine, Agency badge, exploding pocketwatch, quick-draw holster, 3 boxes of 50 rounds, $175.

Agency Technician

Field Agents might get all the glory, but the technicians hard at work on new gadgets in the Denver facility deserve a lot of the credit. These brave souls work day in and day out to research, develop, build, and test the various toys used by Agents in their work (see page 32 for a sizable list of their technological achievements). Technicians get out every so often to field-test their inventions, but this is a rare occurrence—most "testing" is done by Agents on the job!

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

Skills: Climbing d6, Driving d6, Guts d8, Knowledge (Chemistry) d10, Knowledge (Cryptology) d10, Knowledge (Demolitions) d10, Knowledge (Engineering) d10, Knowledge (Law) d10, Knowledge (Occult) d10, Notice d10, Repair d12, Stealth d6, Streetwise d12, Weird Science d10

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 2; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Curious, Vow (Serve the Agency)

Edges: Arcane Background (Weird Science), Gadgeteer, Mr. Fix It

Gear: Gatling pistol (12/24/48, 2d6+1, RoF 2, Shots 12, AP 1), spare magazine, Agency badge & credentials, tool kit, box of 50 rounds, $100.

Cowboy

The cowboy is the quintessential symbol of the American West. Even though the West is weirder than it has ever been, cowboys still ride the range and drive their cattle to market. Your typical cowtown is full of cowboys blowing off steam.

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

Skills: Fighting d8, Gambling d4, Guts d6, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (Lassos) d8, Notice d6, Riding d10, Shooting d6, Survival d4, Taunt d6, Throwing d6, Tracking d4

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

Hindrances: Poverty, Quirk

Edges: Steady Hands

Gear: Double-action Colt Peacemaker (12/24/48, 2d6+1, RoF 1, Shots 6, AP 1), 20 extra rounds, lariat (Parry –1, Reach +2, Can be used to perform an Agility Trick using the wielder's Fighting skill. Success means the opponent suffers –2 Parry until his next action. With a raise the opponent falls prone, suffers –2 Parry, and is Shaken), horse, chaps, saddle.

Cowboy, Veteran

Some old salts have been working the open range for years, and they've got the experience to prove it.

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

Skills: Fighting d10, Gambling d6, Guts d6, Intimidation d8, Notice d8, Riding d10, Shooting d8, Survival d6, Taunt d6, Throwing d8, Tracking d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Poverty, Quirk

Edges: Nerves of Steel, Steady Hands, True Grit, Wilderness Man

Gear: Double-action Colt Peacemaker (12/24/48, 2d6+1, RoF 1, Shots 6, AP 1), 20 extra rounds, lariat (Parry –1, Reach +2, Can be used to perform an Agility Trick using the wielder's Fighting skill. Success means the opponent suffers –2 Parry until his next action. With a raise the opponent falls prone, suffers –2 Parry, and is Shaken), horse, chaps, saddle.

The Seven

A new group of samurai joined Kang's forces back in '77. Seven ronin appeared at Kang's fortress of Dragon's Breath, in the Great Maze, and pledged themselves to his service. They told a tale of rescuing a small Japanese village from a band of desperate brigands, then being forced to flee their homeland.

Unfortunately these warriors are not entirely happy with their boss, and they haven't been for a few years now. Once they realized that Kang and his men weren't much better than the brigands they had fought back in Japan they became disillusioned. They refuse to dishonor themselves by breaking their vow to Kang, but they also cannot take part in his more underhanded schemes.

The Seven fight in battle for Kang, but they have made it clear to him they will not do anything to violate their Bushido code or bring dishonor upon themselves. Kang assigned the Seven to guard his illegal mining camp of Dusky Jewel, which hasn't yet led to any moral quandaries. In fact, they quite enjoy roaring around on their steam velocipedes—a gift from Kang.

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d10, Vigor d10

Skills: Driving d8, Fighting d12+1, Guts d10, Intimidation d8, Knowledge (English) d6, Notice d8, Riding d12, Shooting d10

Charisma: –2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 10; **Toughness:** 10 (2)

Hindrances: Code of Honor, Outsider, Vow (Serve Kang)

Edges: Combat Reflexes, Command, Improved Block, Improved Sweep, Level Headed, Nerves of Steel, Professional (Fighting), Reputation, Tough as Nails

Gear: Katana (Str+d10), samurai armor (+2), bow (12/24/48, 2d6, RoF 1, Shots 1), 20 arrows, steam velocipede.

War's Servants

The servants of War are legion, but his first and foremost soldier and Servitor is Raven. Raven's stats are in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*, and his fanatical followers are detailed below.

Ravenites use the black magic equivalent of Arcane Background (Shamanism). This means they don't get their powers directly from nature spirits. Instead Ravenites call upon manitous, and those evil beings force nature spirits to power the shaman's medicine. Nature spirits used in this way are usually corrupted into new manitous or destroyed. Since their powers are (indirectly) provided by nature spirits, Ravenites may only use powers to which shamans normally have access.

False Raven

Shamans who climb the ranks of the cult eventually come to be called Raven. Because the whole cult relies on the true Raven's

charisma and supernatural power, he confuses his enemies by flooding the Great Plains with other shamans who pretend to be the real Raven.

All Ravens wear the hooded garb for which Raven is known in the Sioux Nations. Their abilities vary; feel free to alter the following stats however you like. Since nobody has seen Raven's face for 100 years, it's impossible to confirm if a dead Raven is the real Raven. When the heroes think they've taken down the real one, chances are they've actually just defeated one of his cronies.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d10, Spirit d12+1, Strength d10, Vigor d10

Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d12, Guts d10, Healing d8, Intimidation d10, Knowledge (Occult) d12, Notice d10, Persuasion d10, Riding d10, Shooting d10, Stealth d10, Survival d10, Swimming d8, Taunt d8, Throwing d10, Tracking d10, Tribal Medicine d12

Charisma: –2; **Grit:** 5; **Pace:** 8; **Parry:** 10; **Toughness:** 7

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty (Charisma –6 when known), Cursed, Mean, Overconfident, Stubborn, Vengeful (Major), Vow (Major, Serve the Reckoners)

Edges: Arcane Background (Shamanism), Charismatic, Combat Reflexes, Command, Fervor, Fleet-Footed, Followers (Order of the Raven), Harder to Kill, Hold the Line!, Improved Block, Improved Dodge, Improved First Strike, Improved Frenzy, Improved Nerves of Steel, Improved Sweep, Inspire, Mighty Blow, Nerves of Steel, New Powers, Power Points, Reputation, Quick, Strong Willed, Totem Spirit (Raven), Very Attractive

Powers: *Armor*, *boost/lower trait*, *dispel*, *healing*, *shape change*. **Power Points:** 25

Gear: Bladed war club (Str+d8, AP 2, Parry –1, Requires 2 hands), bow (12/24/48, 2d6, RoF 1, Shots 1), tomahawk (Str+d6), knife (Str+d4), raven feathers, medicine bag.

Last Son

The hooded figures known only as the Last Sons are often mistaken for Raven himself. They only ever speak in a tight whisper, and have never shown their faces to followers. That's because they are horribly scarred. When the seals of the Deadlands were broken all those years ago, the resulting energy seared the Last Sons. Their faces are shiny and covered by a spidery network of blue veins, as though burned and frozen at the same time. Their hands are forever stained black by the blood of the Old Ones, an indelible reminder of atrocities they willingly committed.

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d10, Spirit d12+1, Strength d12, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d12+1, Guts d12, Intimidation d12+1, Knowledge (Iroquois) d12, Knowledge (Tribal Language) d8, Notice d10, Persuasion d12, Riding d12, Shooting d6, Stealth d10, Survival d12, Tracking d12, Tribal Medicine d12+2

Charisma: –6; **Grit:** 5; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 12; **Toughness:** 10 (14 vs. magic)

Hindrances: Arrogant, Bloodthirsty, Cursed, Ugly, Vengeful (Major), Vow (Serve Raven)

Edges: Arcane Background (Shamanism), Combat Reflexes, Expert (Tribal Medicine), Fate's Favored, Followers, Harder to Kill, Improved Arcane Resistance, Improved Block, Improved Dodge, Improved Frenzy, Improved Level Headed, Improved Tough as Nails, Knack (Seventh Son), Master of Arms, New Powers, No Mercy, Power Points, Professional (Fighting, Intimidation, Spirit), Reputation, Right Hand of the Devil, Totem Spirit (Raven)

Powers: *Aim*, *boost/lower trait*, *contact spirit world* (all Ranks), *healing*, *mind rider*, *shape change* (all Ranks), *protection*, *teleport*, *vision quest*. **Power Points:** 35

Gear: Bow (12/24/48, 2d6), bladed war club (Str+2d8, AP 2, Parry –1, Requires 2 hands).

Special Abilities:

- **Fear (–2):** A Last Son's terribly scarred face forces a Guts check (–2).

The Thunder Guard

These are the elite, supernatural bodyguards that serve Raven and all the false Ravens. A contingent of the Thunder Guard usually numbers two to four powerful Harrowed. Most have been bound to serve Raven by being defeated in the Hunting Grounds. These people are white, Indian, Chinese—whoever Raven feels best protects his interests. Don't bother to worry about Dominion with these formidable dudes—while bound to Raven the manitou is always in charge, but surprisingly well-mannered.

What follows is just one example of a famous personage of the Weird West who ended up as one of Raven's bodyguards.

"Bloody" Marty Coltrane

It took Marty a long time to work his way up to the rank of enforcer in the Great Rail Wars. He never listened to orders, pursued the enemy even when it endangered his own forces, and generally made the public hate the railroad he worked for. Still, there were uses for a man of Coltrane's ruthlessness in the Great Rail Wars. There's nothing Bloody Marty likes better than chasing down wounded prey and stomping it under his heels. As his Rail Baron once said, "Cry havoc, and let loose Bloody Marty Coltrane into their fleeing ranks!"

After his death in the Battle of Lost Angels and subsequent return as a Harrowed, Marty's luck took a turn for the worse. He returned to Kansas looking for work as a rail warrior, only to run afoul of the Ravenites. They dragged him into the Hunting Grounds, where Raven put one Hell of a hurtin' on the former enforcer.

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

Skills: Driving d6, Fighting d8, Guts d10, Intimidation d8, Notice d6, Riding d8, Shooting d8, Stealth d6, Taunt d8, Throwing d6

Charisma: –4; **Grit:** 3; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 8

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty

Edges: Block, Combat Reflexes, No Mercy, Strong Willed, Supernatural Attributes (Strength, Vigor)

Gear: Double-barrel shotgun (12/24/48, 1–3d6, RoF 1–2, Shots 2, Shooting +2), cavalry saber (Str+d6), 20 extra shells, horse.

Special Abilities:

- **Harrowed:** Grit +1. Needs 1d6 hours of sleep per night. Only a head-shot can kill. "Death" only puts the Harrowed down for 1d6 days. Immune to poison and disease.

Sitting Bull

In addition to leading his tribe, Sitting Bull is secretly the leader of the Order of the Raven in the Sioux Nations. He's also the loudest supporter of the Old Ways. Actually Sitting Bull doesn't care for the Old Ways because they weaken his people against the white man's guns and newfangled machines.

Because (or maybe in spite of) this confusing stance on the Old Ways, most people have been flummoxed into believing Sitting Bull cares about his people. His foremost concern is not for the Sioux Nations, but for killing—butchering, when possible—whites. The old Sioux chief is charismatic, powerful, and quite loony.

Sitting Bull dominates his four-tribe majority with fear and channels the Raven cult's guns into the three-tribe "minority" that actually does his dirty work. None of the other chiefs dare move against him, because they don't want to be kicked out of the nation like the Pawnee and Crow were. Better the devil they know.

Most of Sitting Bull's madness can be traced back to Raven, who haunts Sitting Bull's dreams with dark spirits and promises of power.

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

Skills: Fighting d8, Guts d10, Intimidation d12+1, Knowledge (English) d8, Notice d12, Persuasion d12+1, Riding d8, Shooting d10, Stealth d6, Survival d8, Taunt d6, Throwing d8, Tracking d4, Tribal Medicine d10

Charisma: +2; **Grit:** 5; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 7

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, Intolerant (Major, Whites), Vengeful (Major), Vow (Serve Raven)

Edges: Arcane Background (Shamanism), Charismatic, Command, Connections (Raven cult, Sioux tribes), Fervor, Followers, Harder to Kill, Improved Block, Inspire, Marksman, New Powers, No Mercy, Power Points, Professional (Intimidation, Persuasion), Reputation, Snakeoil Salesman, Strong Willed, Totem Spirit (Buffalo)

Powers: *Armor*, *aim*, *boost/lower trait*, *dispel*, *entangle*, *fear*, *healing*, *mind rider*, *quickness*, *smite*, *speak language*, *speed*, *wilderness walk*.
Power Points: 30

Gear: Bullard Express (24/48/96, 2d10, RoF 1, Shots 11, Min. Str d8, AP 2), tomahawk (Str+d6), medicine bag.

Joseph Bearclaw

The Office of Indian Affairs in Deadwood is run by a man named Joseph Bearclaw. He's a slick-talking lawyer educated Back East, but his parentage is Lakota Sioux. Most of the Sioux tolerate Joseph Bearclaw because his knowledge of the white man's laws keeps the mining money rolling in from the Black Hills. Many still don't trust the man as far as they could throw him.

Sitting Bull trusts Bearclaw implicitly, but not for the reason everybody thinks. Joseph Bearclaw is a Ravenite. He funnels information about who's feudin' with who to the Ravenites, so they can focus their attacks where they'll do the most damage to folks' reputations.

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

Skills: Guts d10, Intimidation d10, Investigation d10, Knowledge (Law) d12, Notice d12, Persuasion d12, Shooting d6, Streetwise d8, Taunt d10

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

Hindrances: Tenderfoot, Vow (Serve the Raven cult)

Edges: Alertness, Charismatic, Connections (Raven cult), Level Headed, Snakeoil Salesman, Strong Willed

Gear: Derringer .41 (5/10/20, 2d6, RoF 1, Shots 2, AP 1), spectacles, fancy suit, hair tonic.

Earth Warrior

In the hope of stirring up trouble between the Sioux Nations and the United States, Raven hand-picked the Order's most loyal braves and sent them out to plunder, destroy, and wreak havoc. To make them a more terrifying force, he bonded each one with an angry stone spirit. As a result of this bonding their skin was turned to stone.

The earth warriors are stronger and tougher than normal human beings, but they also become a lot heavier—any horse they ride travels at Pace –2. Earth warriors lose their ability to swim, and if they fall in any water deeper than their heads they immediately begin to drown. When an earth warrior dies, his stoniness immediately fades away, leaving him looking like a normal human being.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d12, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d10, Guts d8, Intimidation d8, Riding d10, Shooting d10, Stealth d8, Survival d8, Tracking d8

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 8; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 11 (4)

Hindrances: Vengeful (Major), Vow (Serve the Raven cult)

Edges: Block, Fleet-Footed, Improved Frenzy, Marksman

Gear: Winchester '76 (24/48/96, 2d8, RoF 1, Shots 15, AP 2), double-action Colt Peacemaker (12/24/48, 2d6+1, RoF 1, Shots 6, AP 1), 30 rounds ammunition, tomahawk (Str+d6), horse.

Special Abilities:

- **Fear:** An earth warrior's stony visage is strange and terrifying, forcing a Guts check for those who see one.
- **Stone Skin:** Armor +4. An earth warrior has coarse, rocky skin strong enough to turn aside blades and bullets.

Ravenite Brave

The Order of the Raven recruits new members from all the tribes. These braves are primarily young warriors frustrated with the Old Ways and the elders' inability to stand up to the whites' demands. When a brave joins the Raven cult, he vows to follow the word of Raven without question, to serve the Order before all others (including family, tribe, and self), and to grow the Order with new and worthy recruits.

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

Skills: Fighting d8, Guts d8, Intimidation d6, Riding d8, Shooting d8, Stealth d6, Survival d6, Tracking d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 8; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Vengeful (Major), Vow (Serve the Raven cult)

Edges: Fleet-Footed, Marksman

Gear: Winchester '76 (24/48/96, 2d8, RoF 1, Shots 15, AP 2), double-action Colt Peacemaker (12/24/48, 2d6+1, RoF 1, Shots 6, AP 1), 30 rounds ammunition, tomahawk (Str+d6), horse.

Ravenite Brave, Veteran

Life is typically short and brutal for Ravenites, but some survive to rise through the ranks and make life even harder for stalwart heroes.

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

Skills: Fighting d10, Guts d8, Intimidation d8, Riding d10, Shooting d10, Stealth d8, Survival d8, Tracking d8

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 8; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 7

Hindrances: Vengeful (Major), Vow (Serve the Raven cult)

Edges: Block, Fleet-Footed, Improved Frenzy, Marksman

Gear: Winchester '76 (24/48/96, 2d8, RoF 1, Shots 15, AP 2), double-action Colt Peacemaker (12/24/48, 2d6+1, RoF 1, Shots 6, AP 1), 30 rounds ammunition, tomahawk (Str+d6), horse.

Ravenite Shaman

These vengeful servants of the Order of the Raven have forsaken their tribes and the Old Ways Oath. The fact that the spirits still grant them powers is a source of great pride and motivation.

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

Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d8, Persuasion d8, Riding d8, Shooting d6, Stealth d6, Survival d8, Tracking d8, Tribal Medicine d10

Charisma: –4; **Grit:** 3; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, Vengeful (Major), Vow (Serve the Raven cult)

Edges: Arcane Background (Shamanism), Fetish Creator, New Powers, Power Points, Totem Spirit (Raven)

Powers: *Armor*, *beast friend*, *boost/lower trait*, *fear*, *shape change*. **Power Points:** 20

Gear: Winchester '76 (24/48/96, 2d8, RoF 1, Shots 15, AP 2), double-action Colt Peacemaker (12/24/48, 2d6+1, RoF 1, Shots 6, AP 1), 30 rounds ammunition, tomahawk (Str+d6), medicine bag.

Famous Folks

Here are some of the most infamous inhabitants of the Heart o' the West. A few others are found in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*—notably "Bat" Masterson, Calamity Jane, Seth Bullock, and Wild Bill Hickok. (By 1880, Wyatt Earp has quit Dodge City and relocated to Tombstone, Arizona. We'll catch up with him a little farther on down the trail, amigos, in the third *Deadlands* Plot Point book)

Al Swearengen

Al Swearengen was one of the first folks who arrived in Deadwood without the slightest intention of being a miner. Swearengen came to make money off miners, so he opened the Cricket Saloon and Gem Theater in Deadwood. He makes most of his money from his prostitutes, and he also has extensive ties to Chinatown's opium trade via Huang Li. Combining utter ruthlessness with a knack for having the right friends, Al Swearengen is as dangerous as a viper to someone on his bad side. He typically has anywhere from 10–20 hired outlaws on his payroll.

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

Skills: Fighting d6, Gambling d10, Guts d10, Intimidation d10, Lockpicking d6, Knowledge (Business) d8, Notice d12, Persuasion d10, Riding d6, Shooting d6, Survival d4, Taunt d10

Charisma: 0; **Grit:** 4; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Greedy (Major), Stubborn, Vengeful (Minor)

Edges: Connections, No Mercy, Reputation, Rich, Snakeoil Salesman, Strong Willed, True Grit

Gear: Derringer .41 (5/10/20, 2d6, RoF 1, Shots 2, AP 1), knife (Str+d4), fancy suit, $350.

Andrew Lane, aka The Ghost

For a while the Ghost was in charge of the Agency's Western Bureau, until his manitou cut loose and sent him on a destructive spree. When Andrew Lane again took control, he joined Joshua Chamberlain and took over security for Union Blue. But the manitou crept back into Lane's thoughts and bent them toward evil, like it always seems to do, and Lane fled into the wilds of Montana.

What only a handful of people know—and these include Chamberlain—is that Andrew Lane is none other than former President Abraham Lincoln. After he was gunned down at Ford's Theater, Lincoln came back Harrowed, and he took the alias of "The Ghost" since most of the populace went on thinking he was dead. The Ghost looks like Abraham Lincoln, if perhaps a bit paler.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d12+1, Spirit d10, Strength d6, Vigor d12

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Guts d12, Intimidation d12+1, Investigation d8, Knowledge (Latin) d8, Knowledge (Law) d10, Knowledge (Occult) d12, Knowledge (Lakota) d8, Notice d12, Persuasion d12, Riding d6, Shooting d10, Stealth d8, Streetwise d12, Survival d4, Swimming d6, Tracking d10

Charisma: +2; **Grit:** 6; **Pace:** 8; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 8

Hindrances: Curious, Enemy (Major), Vow (To heal the nation)

Edges: Agent (Rank 5), Charismatic, Connections, Fate's Favored, Fleet-Footed, Ghost, Improved Block, Improved Level Headed, Improved Stitchin', Marksman, Professional (Intimidation), Quick Draw, Reputation, Snakeoil Salesman, Spook, Steady Hands, Strong Willed, Supernatural Attribute (Smarts, Vigor), Tale Teller, Two-Fisted, Two-Gun Kid

Gear: Two double-action Colt Peacemakers (12/24/48, 2d6+1, RoF 1, Shots 6, AP 1), Winchester '73 (24/48/96, 2d8, RoF 1,

Shots 15, Min. Str d6, AP 2), 100 rounds of ammunition, letter of authority from President Grant.

Special Abilities:

- **Harrowed:** Grit +1. Needs 1d6 hours of sleep per night. Only a head-shot can kill. "Death" only puts the Harrowed down for 1d6 days. Immune to poison and disease.

Belle Starr

Born Myra Belle Shirley to a prominent Missouri businessman and his wife, Belle Starr was never content with a woman's traditional place in society. Young Belle met the notorious Cole Younger and promptly became his mistress. He left her behind when he rode away with the James Gang, but he sees her and their daughter Pearl whenever he can.

From Cole, Belle went on to have affairs with plenty of other outlaws. She finally married outlaw Sam Starr. Belle frequently went along with him, helping to rob banks and trains, rustle horses and cattle, and commit other nefarious acts. Back East the papers call her "The Bandit Queen," and she lives up to that name.

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

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Lockpicking d6, Persuasion d8, Riding d8, Shooting d8, Stealth d8, Throwing d8

Charisma: +4; **Grit:** 3; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Quirk (Randy), Wanted (Major)

Edges: Attractive, Charismatic, Connections (Former lovers), Dodge, Reputation, Thief

Gear: Whip (Parry –1, Reach +2, If the wielder scores a raise on his attack roll, the attack does not inflict an additional d6 damage. Instead, the victim suffers a –2 to his Parry until his next action). Belle lets whoever she's working with supply her with gear.

"Bigfoot" Wallace

Wallace's nickname, Bigfoot, comes from the fact that he wears size 12 boots. He stands six-foot-two and is immensely strong. They say that Wallace was captured by the Mexicans during the Mexican-American War and put to work pulling a plow on a Mexican farm. Not plowing, mind you—*pulling* a plow. He was so strong they turned the oxen loose and put the yoke on him!

William Alexander Wallace was born in Virginia in 1817. He moved to Texas in the 1840s and joined the Texas Rangers, then fought in the Mexican-American War. He also fought in the War Between the States before returning to Texas. Despite the fact he's over 60, he continues to serve in the field as a Ranger. Age doesn't seem to have diminished his strength or vigor. He still likes to mix it up with outlaws and bust heads with his big fists.

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

Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d10, Guts d6, Intimidation d6, Investigation d8, Knowledge (Spanish) d6, Notice d8, Riding d10, Shooting d8, Streetwise d8, Survival d8, Tracking d8

Charisma: 0; **Grit:** 3; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 8

Hindrances: Intolerant (Minor, Northerners), Overconfident, Vow (Shoot or recruit the supernatural)

Edges: Brawny, Dodge, Investigator, Marksman, Quick Draw, Texas Ranger

Gear: Two Colt Dragoons (12/24/48, 2d6+1, RoF 1, Shots 6, AP 1), Colt-Paterson model '36 (24/48/96, 2d10, RoF 1, Shots 7, Min. Str d8, AP 2, Reload 2), single-barrel shotgun (12/24/48, 1–3d6, RoF 1, Shots 1, Shooting +2), 50 rounds of ammunition for all his guns, Bowie knife (Str+d4+1, AP 1), rope, horse, rations, bedroll, $55.

Black Kettle

Black Kettle is the spiritual focus of both the Northern and Southern Cheyenne, the tribe's most important Old Man Chief, and leader of the Council of Forty-Four. He is a powerful shaman and spends most of his days wandering the Hunting Grounds. He is also a peace chief and spends many days reigning in warrior societies like the Dog Men.

The Sun Dance time and location is always revealed to Black Kettle first, and through him to the rest of the tribes. Any tribe that follows the Old Ways respects Black Kettle, for he is the leader of the movement. Many chiefs would like to see him dead so they can stop the Old Ways movement once and for all.

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

Skills: Fighting d4, Guts d12, Knowledge (English) d10, Notice d8, Persuasion d10, Riding d6, Survival d8, Tracking d6, Tribal Medicine d12

Charisma: +2; **Grit:** 4; **Pace:** 5; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Bad Dreams, Elderly, Old Ways Oath (Major), Pacifist (Major)

Edges: Arcane Background (Shamanism), Charismatic, Fetish Creator, New Powers, Power Points, Spirits' Favor, Tale Teller, Totem Spirit (Snake)

Powers: *Beast friend*, *contact spirit world*, *entangle*, *healing*, *shape change*, *vision quest*.
Power Points: 25

Gear: Horse, medicine bag.

"Bloody" Bill Quantrill

Once upon a time, Bloody Bill Quantrill was the leader of a group of Southern guerillas known for their bloodthirstiness. In 1863 he and his men burned the town of Lawrence, Kansas, and killed over 150 men, women, and children. Later the same year he defeated a small unit of Union cavalry and executed 17 noncombatants. Some Union boys finally caught up with him in Kentucky and put him six feet under.

Unfortunately he didn't stay planted. Quantrill returned Harrowed, with the power to create walkin' dead under his control. Bloody Bill's manitou was running the show when he first dug his way out of the grave. It put together an unholy host of undead raiders and set about terrorizing the innocent civilians of Missouri and Kansas. For a while Quantrill fought for Dominion, taking control now and again and lighting out for Missouri. The manitou has total control now, so while Bill's madness is a thing of the past, his evil has grown exponentially.

Quantrill was an ugly man in life, and death hasn't done a thing to improve his appearance.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d12, Vigor d12

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d10, Gambling d4, Guts d6, Intimidation d8, Notice d6, Riding d10, Shooting d10, Stealth d8, Survival d6, Taunt d8, Tracking d6

Charisma: –8; **Grit:** 5; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 9; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, Dementia (Evil Deeds, Paranoia), Grim Servant o' Death, Ugly, Wanted (Major)

Edges: Ambidextrous, Command, Duelist, Implacable, Improved Block, Improved Frenzy, Improved Hip-Shooting, Marksman, Martial Arts, Nerves of Steel, No Mercy, Quick Draw, Reputation, Soldier (NCO), Supernatural Attribute (Strength, Vigor), Two-Fisted, Wither

Gear: Two Colt Dragoons (12/24/48, 2d6+1, RoF 1, Shots 6, AP 1), two bowie knives (Str+d4+1, AP 1), Winchester '73 (24/48/96, 2d8, RoF 1, Shots 15, Min. Str d6, AP 2), four sticks dynamite, matches, $90.

Special Abilities:

- **Band o' Deaders:** Quantrill is accompanied by a band of 2d20 walkin' dead who obey his manitou's every command. When these are destroyed, more rise to replace them.

- **Harrowed:** Grit +1. Needs 1d6 hours of sleep per night. Only a head-shot can kill. "Death" only puts the Harrowed down for 1d6 days. Immune to poison and disease.

Charley Bull, aka Bull All The Time

Bull All The Time, or "Charley Bull," as the folks in Deadwood call him, is a humble fellow who might just be the tribes' best hope. He often works with Wovoka and agents of the Ghost Dancers to curb the Ravenites' plots in the Sioux Nations. Bull All The Time is a crucial ally for posses working against Raven.

When Charley was young, his entire village was wiped out in a raid by another tribe. He was taken by white scouts and educated in England, but Charley Bull never forgot the skills he learned among his people, the Lakota. Charley Bull has never said which tribe raided his village—he prefers to look toward a peaceful future rather than dwell upon the bloodshed of the past.

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

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d6, Intimidation d8, Knowledge (English) d8, Knowledge (History) d6, Knowledge (Lakota Sioux) d8, Knowledge (Law) d6, Knowledge (Latin) d6, Knowledge (Theater) d10, Persuasion d10, Riding d6, Shooting d6, Survival d8, Taunt d10, Throwing d6, Tracking d6

Charisma: +2; **Grit:** 3; **Pace:** 8; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Big Mouth, Old Ways Oath (Minor)

Edges: Charismatic, Combat Reflexes, Fleet-Footed, Knack (Spirit Touched, Coyote), Snakeoil Salesman, Strong Willed, Tale Teller

Gear: Bow (12/24/48, 2d6, RoF 1, Shots 1), 20 arrows, tomahawk (Str+d6), buckskin shirt and leggings, moccasins.

Chris Madsen

Chris Madsen is the quintessential no-nonsense, tough lawman. But he's a fair and just man all the same. Only the worst lawbreakers see his really bad side. If he needs help, he can call on Bill Tilghman and Heck Thomas, and they come running. (Use the Veteran Gunman stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook* for Bill and Heck.)

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

Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d12, Guts d6, Intimidation d8, Notice d8, Riding d12, Shooting d12, Streetwise d8, Tracking d8

Charisma: 0; **Grit:** 2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 9; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Enemy (Outlaws), Vow (Uphold the law in Perry)

Edges: Block, Command, Nerves of Steel, Quick Draw, Strong Willed

Gear: Double-action Colt Peacemaker (12/24/48, 2d6+1, RoF 1, Shots 6, AP 1), Winchester '73 (24/48/96, 2d8, RoF 1, Shots 15, Min. Str d6, AP 2), 50 extra rounds for each weapon, quick-draw holster, rope, horse, gold badge.

Coyote/Isatai

Isatai was gunned down at Adobe Walls by Billy Dixon's miraculous shot at a range of more than a mile, and when he rose from the dead as "Coyote," he brought earth spirits back with him that haunted the place for a long time. Thus began Isatai's rule of the Coyote Confederation in 1874, and he still rules it in 1881.

The trickster spirit Coyote visited Isatai many times during his life, acting as his guardian and guide to unlocking many secrets. The last one was the trick of almost dying, and then coming back. Once Isatai achieved that feat he was truly ready to take command of all the Southern Plains tribes, and cast out those who would not join him.

As long as he stays alive, Isatai keeps the Coyote Confederation unified. His adherence to the Old Ways, while remaining tolerant of those who don't, has bridged disagreements between many tribes. Should Raven ever succeed in his plan to kill Coyote, the ensuing chaos would result in bloody war among all the tribes.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d12+1, Strength d4, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d4, Guts d12, Notice d10, Riding d4, Tribal Medicine d12+1

Charisma: +2; **Grit:** 5; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 6

- **Hindrances:** Ailin' (Minor), Old Ways Oath (Minor), Tenderfoot, Vow (Unite all the Indian tribes)
- **Edges:** Arcane Background (Shamanism), Charismatic, Command, Connections, Fervor, Fetish Creator, Followers (Indian braves), Natural Leader, New Powers, Power Points, Professional (Spirit, Tribal Medicine), Reputation, Totem Spirit (Coyote)
- **Powers:** *Armor*, *beast friend*, *dispel*, *entangle*, *exorcism*, *healing*, *speed*. **Power Points:** 25
- **Gear:** Medicine bag.

Special Abilities:

- **Coyote's Trick:** If Isatai is ever killed, he may spend a Fate Chip to instead be Incapacitated with 3 wounds. He awakens 1d8 days later. If he is killed and has no bennies to spend, Isatai truly departs to join the Great Spirit.

Crazy Horse

The legendary war chief Crazy Horse is the Sioux Nations' best troubleshooter. He and his permanent war party of about 20 braves prowl the Sioux Nations looking for trespassers and supernatural critters. Crazy Horse loves to fight, going so far as to taunt otherwise innocent foes into combat. Nobody has ever beaten Crazy Horse.

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d10, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d12, Guts d8, Intimidation d12, Knowledge (English) d6, Riding d12, Shooting d10, Stealth d12, Taunt d8, Throwing d10, Tracking d8

Charisma: +4; **Grit:** 5; **Pace:** 8; **Parry:** 10; **Toughness:** 8

Hindrances: Intolerant (Minor, whites), Old Ways Oath (Major), Overconfident

Edges: Arcane Background (Shamanism), Attractive, Charismatic, Command, Dodge, Fleet-Footed, Improved Block, Improved Frenzy, Improved Tough as Nails, Inspire, Knack (Shooting Star), Level Headed, Marksman, Natural Leader, New Powers, Power Points, Reputation, Steady Hands, Strong Willed, Totem Spirit (Owl)

Powers: *Aim*, *armor*, *boost/lower trait*, *deflection*, *healing*, *smite*. **Power Points:** 25

Gear: Bow (12/24/48, 2d6, RoF 1, Shots 1), 20 arrows, bladed war club (Str+d8, AP 2, Parry –1, 2 hands), knife (Str+d4), Crazy Horse's coup stick (see page 68), medicine bag, horse.

Crazy Horse's Warriors

Crazy Horse's elite war party is comprised of tough and extremely competent warriors. Crazy Horse selects only the very best men and women from among all seven of the Lakota bands. He has at least four of these warriors with him at all times.

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

Skills: Fighting d10, Guts d8, Intimidation d8, Riding d10, Shooting d10, Stealth d8, Survival d6, Tracking d8

Charisma: 0; **Grit:** 2; **Pace:** 8; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 7

Hindrances: Old Ways Oath (Major), Stubborn

Edges: Block, Fleet-Footed, Improved Frenzy, Totem Spirit (Varies)

Gear: Bow (12/24/48, 2d6, RoF 1, Shots 1), 20 arrows, bladed war club (Str+d8, AP 2, Parry –1, 2 hands), horse.

Gal With No Name

She is known by aliases too numerous to mention—among them Montana Michelle, The Drifter, Junkyard Jo, Long Island Mo, Maryland Mary, Red, Jackpot Justine, Deadwood Deb, Virginia City Vern, Toothsome Abby, and Hurricane Mae—but in truth she has no name. At least not one that anyone still living knows. The Gal With No Name wages a neverending war of vengeance on those who work the railroads. No one knows where she comes from or why she practices her malicious trade against the Rail Barons. Whatever grudge she bears them must run deep.

In 1880, the Gal With No Name still roams the Disputed Territories. These days there are more opportunities than ever to ply her chosen trade. As the Great Rail Wars heat up again, the Gal With No Name lashes out at any rail warriors she encounters, and she joins up with like-minded individuals from time to time. Until something *bad* happens to her new friends, that is…

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

Skills: Fighting d8, Gambling d8, Guts d10, Intimidation d10, Notice d8, Shooting d12, Taunt d8, Tracking d6

Charisma: +4; **Grit:** 7; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 7

Hindrances: Grim Servant o' Death, Vengeful (Major), Vow (Destroy the Rail Barons)

Edges: Attractive, Charismatic, Combat Reflexes, Duelist, Fast As Lightning, Harder to Kill, Implacable, Improved Hip-Shooting, Marksman, Quick Draw, Reputation, Right Hand of the Devil, Soul Eater, Steady Hands, Strong Willed, Supernatural Attribute (Agility), True Grit

Gear: Single-action Colt Peacemaker (12/24/48, 3d6+1, RoF 1, Shots 6, AP 1), 50 extra rounds, Stetson, poncho, cigarillos, matches.

Special Abilities:

- **Harrowed:** Grit +1. Needs 1d6 hours of sleep per night. Only a head-shot can kill. "Death" only puts the Harrowed down for 1d6 days. Immune to poison and disease.

Hattie Lawton

In the Ghost's absence, one of Allan Pinkerton's most experienced field agents, Hattie Lawton, has assumed administration of the Denver Regional office and day-to-day duties running the Western Bureau. Back in Gomorra, Hattie deferred all crucial decision making to Lane, but now that he's gone missing yet again she's risen to the challenge—with the approval of the Agency Director himself.

Hattie spent time in Confederate custody in the early years of the War and still carries a grudge. Under her direction the Bureau took a decidedly anti-South turn. Despite her prejudices, Hattie is level-headed in her decisions and has a solid understanding of the Agency's mission and authority.

Like most successful spooks, Hattie cultivates a nondescript appearance. She looks to be anywhere from her late thirties to early fifties, with brown hair lightly streaked with gray. She usually wears nice dresses, only a year or so behind the latest fashion.

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

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d6, Guts d8, Intimidation d12, Investigation d10, Knowledge (Administration) d10, Knowledge (Occult) d12, Knowledge (Law) d10, Lockpicking d8, Notice d12, Persuasion d12+1, Shooting d10, Stealth d6, Streetwise d10, Taunt d6

Charisma: +2; **Grit:** 5; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 8 (2)

Hindrances: Intolerant (Major, Confederate citizens), Vow (Serve the Agency)

Edges: Agent (Rank 4), Charismatic, Command, Connections (Agency), Fervor, Followers (Agents), Hold the Line!, Inspire, Investigator, Professional (Persuasion), Rock and Roll!, Strong Willed

Gear: Gatling pistol (12/24/48, 2d6+1, RoF 2, Shots 12, AP 1), lockpicks, impenetrable vest (Armor +2). As head of the Western Bureau, Hattie can get just about any gear she needs.

Hyram Burns

Hyram Burns is a mad scientist who has long had dreams—most call them "delusions"—of putting out the fires of Satan's Garden near Deadwood. The existence of his "Aetheric Vortex Generator" is no secret. It's what Burns has never told anyone that counts.

Somehow he got it into his head (maybe a little manitou whispered in his ear) that only human blood can douse the phlogiston his device sucks out of ghost rock. For years he and his daughter have roamed the Black Hills, killing Sioux and miners and harvesting their blood, then storing it in refrigerated tanks at the Burns' place in Deadwood.

Burns is—not to put too fine a point on it—stark raving mad, and his madness has affected his daughter as well. Together the two of them are totally obsessed with the desire to prove Burns' theories, and get rich in the process. Secretly the Reckoners support him and egg him on, ever hopeful he'll provide them with a (literal) bloodbath.

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

Skills: Driving d8, Fighting d4, Knowledge (Chemistry) d12, Knowledge (Demolitions) d12, Knowledge (Engineering) d12, Notice d8, Repair d10, Shooting d6, Stealth d8, Weird Science d10

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

Hindrances: Curious, Delusional (Major), Dementia (Evil Deeds), Stubborn

Edges: Arcane Background (Weird Science), McGyver, Mr. Fix It, Rich

Powers: *Armor* (Charged Ghost-Steel Plates), *boost/lower trait* (Phlogiston Injector Array).
Power Points: 20

Gear: Aetheric Vortex Generator, flamethrower (Cone Template, 2d10, RoF 1, Shots 30, Min. Str d6, Shooting +2, Opposed Agility roll to avoid), tool kit, steam wagon (with hidden refrigerated tank).

Jack McCall

After he murdered Wild Bill Hickok in Deadwood in 1876, Jack McCall was captured and tried by a miner's court. The cowardly bushwhacker explained that he shot Hickok over a poker debt, and he also claimed to be the brother of Samuel Strawhim, a man killed by Hickok in 1869. The jury believed McCall's story and acquitted him. Rumors abound that McCall was hired to kill Hickok to prevent him from becoming marshal, and that some of his employers may have even been on the jury.

The haunted shell of a two-bit killer is all that remains of Jack McCall. Once he was a mercenary, proud of his own cruelty, who'd been hired by some Deadwood businessmen to deal with a little "problem" they were having. Things have gone downhill since then.

Opium addiction has eaten away at Jack's mind and his body, but he continues to slowly poison himself anyway. He's beyond help. Until Wild Bill Hickok tracks him down in Abilene, Kansas, McCall desires only to obliterate the past with rotgut and smoke. After that fateful encounter, Jack is hell-bent on figuring out why Hickok ain't dead—even though the sickly McCall looks like he himself might keel over any second.

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

Skills: Fighting d6, Gambling d6, Guts d8, Notice d8, Shooting d10

Charisma: 0; **Grit:** 2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Ailin' (Major), Grim Servant o' Death, Habit (Major, opium)

Edges: Quick Draw, Hip-Shooting, Marksman, Speed Load

Gear: McCall's Colt Peacemaker (12/24/48, 2d6+1, RoF 1, Shots 6, AP 1) is the only weapon that can permanently put down Wild Bill Hickok (see the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*). He carries a knife (Str+d4) and wears a battered, dusty Stetson.

Jesse James

The James Gang is a bunch of Missourians who frequent the banks, stagecoach trails, and rails of Kansas. Jesse and Frank James—along with frequent cohorts James, Cole, and Jim Younger—are notorious bandits and thieves. Some believe the dime novels' tales of their "daring" exploits, but in truth these men are little more than killers. Jesse James was once beaten nearly to death by Yankees and lives for revenge, simple as that.

Ever since an incident in which overzealous Pinkertons (are there any other kind?) laid siege to the James homestead and maimed Jesse's mother, opinions in the Disputed Lands have been split over whether the James Gang is made up of legitimate Confederate raiders or greedy, cold-blooded killers. These heartless murderers are even considered heroes across the border in Missouri.

For a while the James brothers sold their services to a minor Rail Baron named Richard Barney, who operated the Kansas City & Little Rock Rail Co. until mid-1879. The Battle of Broken Rails in October forced the James boys to reassess their place in the Great Rail Wars. These days they wander Kansas, engaging in robberies and senseless acts of violence.

Jesse James is an unassuming man with short, neatly-combed hair and a few days' growth on his scruffy chin.

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

Skills: Climbing d10, Fighting d10, Intimidation d10, Riding d10, Shooting d12, Stealth d10, Survival d8

Charisma: +2; **Grit:** 5; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Ailin' (Minor), Enemy (Major, Agency), Intolerant (Major, Yankees), Wanted (Major)

Edges: Alertness, Charismatic, Common Bond, Connections (KC&LR), Dodge, Duelist, Improved Hip-Shooting, Improved Level Headed, Luck, Marksman, Quick Draw, Reputation, Steady Hands

Gear: Two Colt Army revolvers (12/24/48, 2d6+1, RoF 1, Shots 6, AP 1), 50 extra rounds, Bowie knife (Str+d4+1, AP 1), Sharps Big .50 (24/48/96, 2d10, RoF 1, Shots 1, Min. Str d8, AP 2), horse.

The James Gang

The usual gang consists of Frank James, along with James, Cole, and Jim Younger. In addition they typically have 1d8 Outlaws (see the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*) along for the ride.

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

Skills: Fighting d8, Gambling d6, Guts d6, Intimidation d8, Notice d6, Riding d8, Shooting d8, Stealth d6, Survival d6

Charisma: –2; **Grit:** 3; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Mean, Wanted (Major)

Edges: Combat Reflexes, Hip-Shooting, Marksman, Quick Draw, Reputation, Steady Hands

Gear: Colt Peacemaker (12/24/48, 2d6+1, RoF 1, Shots 6, AP 1), Winchester '73 (24/48/96, 2d8, RoF 1, Shots 15, Min. Str d6, AP 2), double-barrel shotgun (12/24/48, 1–3d6, RoF 1–2, Shots 2, Shooting +2), 20 extra rounds for each weapon, knife (Str+d4), quick-draw holster, duster, horse.

Jordrava, the Last Old One

A member of the Havasupai tribe of the Grand Canyon region, technically Jordrava is over 1,000 years old. Because most of that time was spent in the Hunting Grounds, and under the effect of a powerful ritual that left his still-living heart secreted away in the physical world, Jordrava appears to be much younger than his chronological age would suggest. As far as anyone can tell he's an Indian in his late forties with long black hair just beginning to gray. He's the very last surviving Old One.

Despite Jordrava's formidable power with the spirits, he is still just one shaman, and since his "rebirth" he's mortal to boot. Going toe-to-toe with the Last Sons isn't his desire or his style. If his existence were known, the news would spread like a prairie fire through the Ravenites, and the remaining Last Sons would be on him in no time. Thus he's got to keep a low profile and help out the Ghost Dancers as best he can.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d10, Spirit d12+2, Strength d8, Vigor d10

Skills: Boating d8, Climbing d8, Fighting d10, Guts d12, Healing d12, Intimidation d12, Knowledge (Hunting Grounds) d12, Knowledge (Occult) d12, Notice d10, Persuasion d12, Riding d12, Shooting d10, Stealth d12, Survival d12, Taunt d8, Throwing d10, Tracking d10, Tribal Medicine d12+2

Charisma: +4; **Grit:** 6; **Pace:** 8; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 7

Hindrances: Enemy (Major, Raven), Heroic, Old Ways Oath (Major)

Edges: Arcane Background (Shamanism), Attractive, Charismatic, Danger Sense, Expert (Spirit), Fetish Creator, Fleet-Footed, Great Luck, Healer, Improved Frenzy, Improved Level Headed, Master (Tribal Medicine), New Powers, Power Points, Quick, Strong Willed, True Grit, Woodsman, Totem Spirit (Eagle)

Powers: *Aim, armor, beast friend, boost/lower trait, burrow, contact spirit world, deflection, detect/conceal arcana, dispel, elemental manipulation, entangle, environmental protection, exorcism, fear, greater healing, healing, mind rider, protection, quickness, sanctify, shape change, smite, speak language, speed, succor, teleport, vision quest, wilderness walk, windstorm.* **Power Points:** 40

Gear: Bow (12/24/48, 2d6, RoF 1, Shots 1), 20 arrows, tomahawk (Str+d6), medicine bag.

Larry Deger

Larry Deger credits much of his success as Marshal of Dodge City to the strict prohibition against firearms within the city limits. Though several of his deputies have been dismissed over the years, and even his own job has been at risk from time to time, Larry Deger remains in control of the cowtown—if only tenuously. Marshal Deger is a bearded mountain of a man, weighing close to 300 pounds.

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

Skills: Fighting d8, Guts d6, Intimidation d6, Investigation d8, Knowledge (Law) d6, Lockpicking d6, Notice d8, Shooting d8, Stealth d8, Streetwise d8, Taunt d8

Charisma: 0; **Grit:** 5; **Pace:** 5; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 7

Hindrances: Enemy (Major, partisans), Obese, Vow (Keep the peace in Dodge City)

Edges: Combat Reflexes, First Strike, Harder to Kill, Improved Block, Improved Nerves of Steel, Investigator, Level Headed, Marksman, No Mercy, Steady Hands

Gear: Colt Lightning (12/24/48, 2d6, RoF 1, Shots 6, AP 1), double-barrel shotgun (12/24/48, 1–3d6, RoF 1–2, Shots 2, Shooting +2), 20 extra rounds for each weapon, knife (Str+d4), Marshal's badge.

Lt. Colonel George Armstrong Custer

Custer remains the same arrogant and headstrong commander he always was, willing to do anything he asks of his troops—which usually means leading the charge into battle. Since his defeat and humiliation at the Battle of the Little Bighorn in '76, Custer has desired nothing more than to give the Sioux wicasas their comeuppance. After maintaining an armed camp on the eastern banks of the Missouri River for four years, that time has finally come.

Custer is typically found at the Grand Central Hotel in Deadwood, mapping out strategies with his staff. Truth is, they haven't much of an idea where to go from here. If the Union Army marches out of Deadwood, it's only a matter of time before the Sioux—with their far superior numbers—surround and make short work of them. For now, they're content to hold Deadwood and grow fat on the riches flowing out of the Black Hills, but they're hoping Washington renews its support sooner rather than later.

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

Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d12, Gambling d6, Guts d10, Intimidation d10, Knowledge (Battle) d12, Notice d8, Persuasion d6, Riding d12+2, Shooting d12, Stealth d6, Streetwise d6, Survival d8, Taunt d8, Tracking d8

Charisma: +4; **Grit:** 6; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 10; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Arrogant, Vengeful (Major), Vow (Conquer the Sioux Nations)

Edges: Attractive, Charismatic, Combat Reflexes, Command, Connections (Union government), Damned, Expert (Riding), Fate's Favored, Fervor, Fleet-Footed, Followers, Hold the Line!, Improved Block, Improved First Strike, Improved Nerves of Steel, Inspire, Marksman, No Mercy, Reputation, Soldier (Officer), Steady Hands, Strong Willed, True Grit, Two-Fisted, Two-Gun Kid

Gear: A pair of double-action Colt Peacemakers (12/24/48, 2d6+1, RoF 1, Shots 6, AP 1), 50 extra rounds for each, cavalry saber (Str+d6), Union Cavalry uniform, anything else he orders his troops to bring him.

Nat Love, aka Deadwood Dick

Deadwood Dick is the nickname of Nat Love, a famous black cowboy who has made Deadwood his home. He acquired the moniker after winning the roping, shooting, and wild horse riding competition at the Centennial celebration.

Nat runs a saloon frequented by many of the black miners in town, the Wooly Buffalo. Though folks in the West have mostly put aside such prejudices these days, Nat is the de facto leader of the black community on the rare occasions when someone forgets their manners. Nat is a moderately handsome black man who wears his hair long. He dresses almost exclusively in trail clothes, except when attending church.

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d10, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d12, Fighting d12, Gambling d10, Guts d6, Notice d8, Persuasion d8, Riding d12, Shooting d8, Stealth d12, Tracking d6

Charisma: +2; **Grit:** 2; **Pace:** 8; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Curious, Heroic, Lyin' Eyes

Edges: Charismatic, Dodge, Fleet-Footed, Marksman, Steady Hands

Gear: Double-action Colt Peacemaker (12/24/48, 2d6+1, RoF 1, Shots 6, AP 1), scattergun (6/12/24, 1–3d6, RoF 1–2, Shots 2, Shooting +2), 15 extra rounds for each, horse.

Quanah Parker

The fact that Quanah Parker is half-white has always kept him from earning the full respect of the Comanche people. Instead he rules by fear and force. Quanah is not a bad man, he is just insecure.

Parker doesn't put much stock in tribal politics. He spends most of his time with a war party patrolling the Coyote Confederation's southern and northwestern borders. He is worried less about the Texans than he is about the Crow raiders to the north.

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

Skills: Fighting d10, Guts d6, Intimidation d10, Knowledge (English) d6, Riding d10, Shooting d12, Stealth d12, Taunt d4, Throwing d10, Tracking d8

Charisma: –2; **Grit:** 2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 8

Hindrances: Arrogant, Outsider

Edges: Brawny, Command, Knack (Spirit Touched, Owl), Marksman, Steady Hands

Gear: Winchester '73 (24/48/96, 2d8, RoF 1, Shots 15, Min. Str d6, AP 2), spear (Str+d6, Parry +1, Reach 1, 2 hands), horse, medicine bag, 50 rounds of ammunition.

Richard Speakman

Richard Speakman, head of the Agency's Deadwood Ward, finds himself in a personal and professional dilemma. Normally the Agency doesn't involve itself with mundane events, and that policy was maintained through recent years. But much of the current trouble in Deadwood is the action of purely human culprits, as it has been since the town's birth. Speakman simply can't act upon it.

Thus, Agent Speakman had a pretty good idea that Custer's invasion was coming, but he failed to act on the information. He also had a line on Frank Bryant's misdeeds with the Deadwood Miner's Association, but neglected to step in before they committed the slaughter that led to the occupation of Deadwood. All so he could preserve the Deadwood Ward's ability to fight supernatural menaces—but he hasn't done so well on that score either. The Sioux keep hindering Speakman's Agents when they undertake missions outside town.

Speakman's job is on the line, given the Deadwood Ward's recent downward slide into chaos. If he can't get things under control, the Agency may be forced to send in help.

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

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d6, Investigation d8, Knowledge (Law) d8, Knowledge (Occult) d10, Notice d12, Persuasion d6, Shooting d6, Stealth d6, Streetwise d8

Charisma: 0; **Grit:** 2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Cautious, Vow (Serve the Agency)

Edges: Agent (Rank 3), Alertness, Investigator, Rock and Roll!

Gear: Gatling pistol (12/24/48, 2d6+1, RoF 2, Shots 12, AP 1), 2 spare magazines.

Redbeard

Redbeard is an old logger and mountain man who's spent most of his life in the Rockies. He was born to a white father and an Indian mother, and he follows a curious mix of Christianity and the Old Ways. He believes in God, but also in many of the spirits worshipped by the Indians. Somehow he is able to reconcile the two religions and come up with a synthesis that makes sense to him.

Maybe it's that flexibility of thought that gave rise to his ability to relate to animals. He's had a "touch" for animals most of his life. He can handle the toughest stud as if it were a gentle mare, and make the most stubborn mule cooperative and friendly. But since the night a couple of years ago when he was hit by lightning, he's actually be able to talk to them, too. Even fierce or skittish creatures (such as bears, cougars, and rabbits) stop and

pass the time of day with him. Many of them even roughhouse with him, or take food from his hand. If he were threatened, they'd defend him, and he them.

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

Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d10, Guts d6, Intimidation d8, Notice d8, Knowledge (Animal Husbandry) d10, Knowledge (English) d8, Shooting d8, Survival d8, Tracking d8

Charisma: 0; **Grit:** 1; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 8

Hindrances: Outsider

Edges: Knack (Spirit Touched, *beast friend*), Nerves of Steel, Tough as Nails, Wilderness Man

Gear: Colt Dragoon (12/24/48, 2d6+1, RoF 1, Shots 6, AP 1), Colt-Paterson Model '36 (24/48/96, 2d10, RoF 1, Shots 7, Min. Str d8, AP 2, Reload 2), 20 extra rounds for each.

Satanta

Satanta and the Kiowa are the weak link in the Coyote Confederation's unified front. Satanta regularly trades the services of his warriors to whites in need of Indian expertise. As a result, the Kiowa tribe has the best-armed warriors in the Confederation. Satanta is a bully, and this carries over to the rest of his tribe. He seeks out worthy opponents and hates stealthy raids.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d12, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d10, Guts d8, Intimidation d8, Knowledge (English) d4, Riding d10, Shooting d10, Stealth d10, Taunt d6

Charisma: –4; **Grit:** 4; **Pace:** 8; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Arrogant, Bloodthirsty, Heroic, Overconfident, Stubborn

Edges: Dodge, Fleet-Footed, Improved Frenzy, Knack (Spirit Touched, Wolf), Quick Draw, Speed Load, Strong Willed

Gear: Colt-Paterson Model '36 (24/48/96, 2d10, RoF 1, Shots 7, Min. Str d8, AP 2, Reload 2), Colt Army (12/24/48, 2d6+1, RoF 1, Shots 6, AP 1), 30 extra rounds for each, tomahawk (Str+d6), horse.

Sam Bass

Over the last several years Bass and his gang have robbed their way across the West. The Texas Rangers, Agency, US Marshals, and a handful of bounty hunters are all after him. After years on the run, Sam Bass is back in Deadwood, where he hopes none of them can find him. His capture or killing brings a $500 reward.

Despite his notoriety, Bass is not a very violent outlaw. He shoots back if shot at, and he's killed his fair share of lawmen, but he prefers to threaten his victims into giving him what he wants. He is especially sympathetic to women, cripples, and old folks, and (out of sheer kindness) he usually doesn't search them or steal from them during robberies.

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

Skills: Gambling d8, Intimidation d10, Knowledge (Weird West) d6, Persuasion d8, Riding d8, Shooting d10, Stealth d10, Survival d12, Taunt d6

Charisma: +2; **Grit:** 2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 2; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Wanted (Major)

Edges: Attractive, Great Luck, Quick Draw, Reputation, Strong Willed

Gear: Double-action Colt Peacemaker (12/24/48, 2d6+1, RoF 1, Shots 6, AP 1), Winchester '73 (24/48/96, 2d8, RoF 1, Shots 15, Min. Str d6, AP 2), double-barrel shotgun (12/24/48, 1–3d6, RoF 1–2, Shots 2, Shooting +2), 50 rounds of ammunition for each gun, Bowie knife (Str+d4+1, AP 1), rope, horse, $150.

Tavibo

Tavibo is the eldest chief of the Paiutes, ruling in secret because most people believe he is dead. Years ago, Tavibo traveled to the Rocky Mountains with Mormon prophets to share prayers. There he had a vision that contained the seeds of what would become the Ghost Dance.

What few people know is that Tavibo allied his Paiute nation with the Mormons to fight non-Mormon settlers in the area. Together, Tavibo's Paiutes and the Mormons slaughtered about 120 men, women, and children about 40 miles west of Cedar City. Both parties have kept each other's secret about the event.

Since he participated with the Mormons in the Mountain Meadows Massacre, Tavibo has experienced a real change of heart. He now insists the Paiutes live in peace and honor. Tavibo is Wovoka's father and still holds some sway over his son.

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

Skills: Fighting d8, Guts d10, Knowledge (Ghost Dance) d8, Knowledge (Hunting Grounds) d8, Knowledge (Occult) d8, Shooting d10, Riding d8, Tribal Medicine d10

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

Hindrances: Ailin' (Major), Old Ways Oath (Major), Pacifist (Major), Vow (Preserve the Ghost Dance)

Edges: Arcane Background (Shamanism), Command, Fervor, New Powers, Noble, Power Points, Totem Spirit (Snake)

Powers: *Beast friend*, *boost/lower trait*, *burrow*, *contact spirit world*, *deflection*, *healing*, *shape change*, *smite*, *vision quest*. **Power Points:** 25

Gear: Medicine bag.

Tom "Bear River" Smith

Deputy US Marshal Tom Smith is one of the strongest forces for law and order in the Disputed Lands. He has remained a solid bulwark of Union authority in the still-unaffiliated "state" of Kansas. Smith is a huge bear of a man—six-and-a-half feet tall, shoulders like an ox, and hands big enough to grab a man by the head and sling him around. He carries two pearl-handled Colt Peacemakers given to him by the grateful citizens of Abilene.

Smith is well aware of the weirdness creeping over the West, and has looked into it several times. He'd be a potent ally to a posse fighting against the servants of evil.

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d6, Spirit d10, Strength d12, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d12+1, Guts d10, Intimidation d12+2, Notice d8, Riding d10, Shooting d10, Streetwise d6, Survival d6, Tracking d6

Charisma: 0; **Grit:** 4; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 9

Hindrances: Code of Honor, Enemy (Major), Vow (Uphold federal law)

Edges: Brawny, Dodge, Improved Hip-Shooting, Master (Intimidation), Professional (Fighting), Quick Draw, Steady Hands, Tough as Nails

Gear: Single-action Colt Peacemaker (12/24/48, 2d6+1, RoF 1, Shots 6, AP 1), Winchester '76 (24/48/96, 2d8, RoF 1, Shots 15, AP 2), 50 rounds of ammunition for each, rope, horse, rations, bedroll, $155.

Ursula

Ursula, the self-styled Queen of the Cult of Worms, used to be quite pretty. Her dyed purple skin and current lack of hygiene make her pretty repulsive right now. See the entry on Worm Canyon on page 124 for information about Ursula and her cult.

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

Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d8, Healing d10, Intimidation d10, Knowledge (Occult) d10, Knowledge (Worm Canyon) d10, Notice d8, Spellcasting d12+1, Stealth d8, Survival d8, Taunt d8, Throwing d6

Charisma: –2; **Grit:** 5; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Delusional (Major, megalomaniac), Ugly

Edges: Arcane Background (Black Magic), Command, Dodge, Fervor, Inspire, New Powers, Power Points, Professional (Spellcasting), Strong Willed

Powers: *Armor*, *bolt*, *burrow*, *dispel*, *invisibility*, *stun*. **Power Points:** 20.

Gear: Knife (Str+d4).

Violet Esperanza

Violet is Mina Devlin's right-hand woman, and the leader of Black River's Wichita Witches. She's a merciless killer who never takes prisoners. When she and her gang rampaged through the south on their fund-raising tour, they left only two witnesses to their crimes—only because Violet didn't see them.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d12, Spirit d10, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d8, Guts d10, Intimidation d10, Notice d8, Shooting d8, Spellcasting d12, Stealth d8, Taunt d10

Charisma: –4; **Grit:** 5; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, Cursed, Mean, Enemy (Major, Union Blue)

Edges: Arcane Background (Black Magic), Attractive, New Powers, Power Points, Reputation, Strong Willed

Powers: *Aim*, *bolt*, *boost/lower trait*, *dispel*, *healing*, *invisibility*, *mind rider*, *teleport*. **Power Points:** 30

Gear: Whip (Parry –1, Reach +2, If the wielder scores a raise on his attack roll, the attack does not inflict an additional d6 damage. Instead, the victim suffers a –2 to his Parry until his next action), double-action Colt Peacemaker (12/24/48, 2d6+1, RoF 1, Shots 6, AP 1), 30 extra rounds.

Walks In Two Worlds

Nobody knows who Walks In Two Worlds was before he set up shop with the cannibalistic Tonkawa tribe in the Coyote Confederation, beyond the fact that he was a Texas Ranger. Today he surrounds himself with almost 100 zealous, cannibal warriors. Walks In Two Worlds has a vision of a unified Indian nation with the will to strike back at the whites—much like the Raven cult, but without the mystical overtones. The Ravenites don't yet know of the Tonkawa tribe's existence.

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

Skills: Fighting d10, Guts d6, Intimidation d8, Notice d8, Shooting d10, Taunt d6, Tracking d12

Charisma: –2; **Grit:** 5; **Pace:** 8; **Parry:** 9; **Toughness:** 7

Hindrances: Arrogant, Delusional (Major), Outsider

Edges: Ambidextrous, Combat Reflexes, Command, Danger Sense, Dodge, Duelist, Fleet-Footed, Hold the Line!, Improved Block, Improved First Strike, Improved Frenzy, Improved Hip-Shooting, Inspire, Marksman, Quick Draw, Strong Willed, Totem Spirit (Wolf), Two-Fisted, Two-Gun Kid

Gear: Two Colt Army .44s (12/24/48, 2d6+1, RoF 1, Shots 6, AP 1), 30 extra rounds, bladed war club (Str+d8, AP 2, Parry –1, Requires 2 hands), Bowie knife (Str+d4+1, AP 1), horse.

Special Abilities:

- **Power o' the Flesh:** After Walks In Two Worlds—or any other fallen Ranger or Tonkawa follower—eats human flesh, increase his Strength, Vigor, and Notice by 2 steps for four hours.

Wodziwob

Wodziwob is an ancient Anasazi who possessed one of Coronado's conquistadors 300 years ago. In that time he's traveled a lot and seen many things, but he always returns to the Heart o' the West. Christianity had a strong impact on him, and when combined with his Anasazi beliefs, he started having the first revelations about the Ghost Dance.

Unlike other surviving Anasazi, Wodziwob is not interested in a return to power. These days he just wants to spread messages of unity and peace. Despite this lofty goal, the old man is not pleasant company. Everyone he knows is long dead and forgotten, and anyone less than a century old is far, far too young for him to relate to. Wodziwob is still the Paiutes' most compelling representative. He spends most of his time traveling the Weird West, spreading the word of the Ghost Dance.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d12, Spirit d12+1, Strength d4, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d8, Guts d12+1, Healing d12, Intimidation d12, Notice d12, Persuasion d12, Riding d8, Knowledge (Ghost Dance) d10, Knowledge (Hunting Grounds) d10, Knowledge (Languages) d12, Knowledge (North America) d12, Knowledge (Occult) d10, Tribal Medicine d12

Charisma: –2; **Grit:** 5; **Pace:** 5; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 7

Hindrances: Arrogant, Elderly, Mean, Old Ways Oath (Major), Slowpoke, Vow (Spread word of the Ghost Dance)

Edges: Arcane Background (Shamanism), Fetish Creator, Knack (Breech Birth), New Powers, Noble, Power Points, Professional (Spirit, Guts), Totem Spirit (Eagle)

Powers: *Boost/lower trait*, *contact spirit world*, *deflection*, *entangle*, *healing*, *mind rider*, *protection*, *sanctify*, *smite*, *vision quest*, *wilderness walk*, *windstorm*. **Power Points:** 40

Gear: Medicine bag, traveling clothes, ancient Anasazi medallion.

Wovoka

Wovoka is young, charismatic, and well-loved by all the Ghost Dancers who have ever met him. Whites get along well with him too. Wovoka is intelligent, understanding, and sensitive to everyone he meets. Even enemies of the Paiutes with long-standing grudges refuse to raise their hands in anger toward Wovoka.

As the Ghost Dance movement gains steam, word has begun to spread that Wovoka may be some kind of Messiah reborn. For some this signals prosperity and good times to come. For others it signals the end times, and brings with it a heaping helping of fear.

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d10, Spirit d12+1, Strength d6, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d12+1, Healing d10, Knowledge (Ghost Dance) d10, Knowledge (Hunting Grounds) d10, Knowledge (Occult) d10, Notice d10, Persuasion d12, Riding d12, Tribal Medicine d12

Charisma: +6; **Grit:** 5; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 8

Hindrances: Loyal, Old Ways Oath (Major), Pacifist (Major), Vow (Spread word of the Ghost Dance)

Edges: Arcane Background (Shamanism), Charismatic, Command, Common Bond, Connections, Fervor, Hold the Line!, Inspire, Healer, Natural Leader, New Powers, Noble, Power Points, Professional (Spirit, Guts), Totem Spirit (Buffalo), Very Attractive

Powers: *Armor*, *burrow*, *contact spirit world* (all Ranks), *entangle*, *fear*, *greater healing*, *healing*, *shape change* (all Ranks), *speed*. **Power Points:** 35

Gear: Medicine bag.

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