



Stone and a Hard Place





DEADLANDS

STONE AND A HARD PLACE

BY MATTHEW CUTTER

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Letter From the Editor

☛ Welcome to the latest edition of the *Tombstone Epitaph*, Loyal Readers. No doubt you have followed keenly our many editions of the past few years, which illuminated some of the Weird West's darkest, most far-flung corners and brought to you news of world-shaking catastrophes, bloodsoaked battlefields teeming with steam-powered war machines, and seemingly miraculous events beyond mankind's ken.

With this edition, we return to the *Epitaph's* heartland, as it were—the silver-, gold-, and ghost-rock-rich mountains and canyons surrounding

Tombstone, in the Arizona Territory. But our Territory, and especially Cochise County itself, is threatened with destruction at the hands of homegrown Vandals and Goths, intent on tearing down laws and civilized society for their own enrichment.

Let us call it what it is—anarchy. For neither local, territorial, nor Confederate law has so far curtailed the robbery, murder, and heinous depredations against the citizens of this fair county and others like it. Nor are they likely to in the near future! Gangs of thieves ride free and clear while ordinary citizens can do naught

but pray for mercy from the Grim Reaper. Surely the honest citizens of this Territory deserve better.

We at the *Epitaph* state our opinion on the matter in a succinct and direct fashion: If the officers of the law cannot enforce the law, they should turn over the responsibility to more willing hands. Until then, Lincoln County's riffraff shall run roughshod over Cochise County's citizens, and true justice will remain tantalizingly out of reach.

—John Clum

Editor, *Tombstone Epitaph*



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THE DEATHLY DRIFTER RIDES!

■ A rash of robberies and murder has broken out across the Southwest Territories, spreading faster and meaner than a case of the Texas tummy twisters. And as Tombstone's undaunted mayor and our editor-in-chief alluded to, few are willing to take up the star and gun, and ride in the face of adversity.

As always, we here at the *Epitaph* prefer to light a flame than to impotently curse the dark...and with any luck, light your way through troubled lands.

Take care if you find yourself in the lands around Tombstone. We are in the midst of a rail, stage, and highway robbery epidemic. Outlaws ride unchecked, attacking ranches and settlements to drive off and steal livestock. Certain gangs in Cochise County and the New Mexico Bootheel—the Cowboy Gang chief offender among them—have taken to “treeing” towns. That is, they ride through a settlement firing pistols and trampling citizens until everyone still able flees indoors or even into the trees. This is how they prefer their amusement: bloody and savage.

At the proverbial head of this infernal army rides a lone killer. He's a tall man with a permanent scowl, known only as the Deathly Drifter. Some say he's from Back East, others that he came up from Mexico in the years after Gettysburg. Some believe the drifter is Death personified, an idea that ought to give one pause. It is well-established that the Deathly Drifter rides alone and should be considered armed and extremely dangerous—he kills at a whim, without mercy or remorse. The Drifter is wanted dead or alive, with a standing bounty of \$10,000!



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The past few years have seen grand events and ruinous disasters strike the Weird West, but the darkness we have so often reported on has not gone to ground. It refuses to be held at bay by any sword. So remain vigilant, and consider the true facts contained in this guidebook a torch and sextant to light your twisted trail. Most of all... good luck!

Your Chronicler,

Lacy O'Malley

Tombstone's Trials

Only five years ago, Tombstone was Ed Schieffelin's newly minted silver boomtown, as rough as they come, soon known far and wide as the "Gateway to the Maze." That's because the California ghost rock miners and their mule trains made Tombstone—and the Bayou Vermilion railhead located there—the ultimate destination of their money-making journeys. Flush with fundaments, they looked to ship their wares Back East. And once they sold off their precious cargo, they found Tombstone a rough-and-tumble, but ultimately satisfying locale in which to spend those hard-earned wages.

A lot has changed since 1876. Now Bayou Vermilion's western line runs all the way to Railhead in California, rendering the mules largely moot—although a few still make the trek. But few would describe Tombstone as any less rough and wide-open than it's ever been, and Geronimo's Apaches are still the masters of Arizona's wilds. Even so, the boomtown has burgeoned swiftly into a metropolis of the West, with most of the luxuries and amenities one would expect from larger cities.

Yet danger still lurks around every corner, in the form of the infamous Cowboy Gang and other, less-well-

known characters. The Confederate soldiers at Fort Huachuca, while willing, are powerless to stop them, as they are stretched to the limit fighting Apaches. Although Bayou Vermilion has only increased its influence in and around town, the rail company seems to turn a blind eye to all but the Cowboys' most bloodthirsty crimes.

That is, it did until the Earps arrived.

The Lawbringers

By various accounts, Wyatt Berry Stapp Earp has been a teamster, rail warrior, buffalo hunter, and stage driver. Some have accused him of less-savory occupations, such as armed robbery and running a brothel. But despite hearsay and tall tales of his early years' indiscretions, most agree that Wyatt Earp finally took a cotton to the law in 1875. That's when he joined the noble "Bat" Masterson in Dodge City, and helped him bring the wild town to heel. By late 1879, Wyatt was ready to move on. He made plans to rendezvous with his brothers in Tombstone, where they would carve a peaceful and prosperous new life from a dry, saguaro-studded wilderness.

In Tombstone, Wyatt—along with his brothers Virgil and Morgan, and their wives—set about buying up stakes in local businesses. In short order, Wyatt Earp had a half-stake in the Oriental Saloon and ran its faro table. Morgan Earp worked security, eventually settling in as shotgun man on the Wells Fargo stage from Tucson to Tombstone. Eldest brother Virgil Earp made his own wise investments, but unlike Wyatt he could not turn a blind eye to the lawlessness that so plagued the boomtown's residents. And that lawlessness, more often than not, was represented by the Cowboy Gang.

Tensions neared the boiling point in October 1880, when notorious Cowboy "Curly" Bill Brocius gunned down Marshal Fred White in the street. A lawfully appointed jury of Judge Wells Spicer's court deemed the shooting accidental for lack of evidence. But the event opened a door, and Virgil Earp stepped through—becoming town marshal and implementing the "no guns" statute that remains in force today. All visitors must check their lethal weapons at a saloon or livery, or risk a \$25 fine and jail. Soon Wyatt and Morgan joined their brother as duly appointed deputies.

In the year since they've taken the oath, the Earps have restored a modicum of order to Tombstone's streets. As we all know, Wyatt Earp even hunted down the "Accordion Fiend" who disrupted so many citizens' slumber with his cacophonous wailing!

However, Bayou Vermilion's recent hiring of the Cowboy Gang as freelance rail warriors has given the outlaws even more license for mayhem, and another excuse for the company's employees to ignore their rampages. At the time of this writing, tensions between the Cowboys and Earps are at an all-time high, and County Sheriff John Behan seems unable or unwilling to exert his influence in the matter.

Tombstone in Flames!

A blaze believed to have sparked in Alexander and Thompson's Arcade Saloon raged through Tombstone's east end on the afternoon of June 22, 1881. By several eyewitness accounts, an employee lit a cigar in the presence of several barrels of condemned whiskey—one of which exploded, killing the workers instantly. The ensuing fire spread quickly.

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Valiant citizens formed bucket brigades, with the Tombstone Hose Company's firefighters leading the charge. When dawn came, they had saved most of the town. But the flames consumed the red light district whole, taking with it many innocent souls. Industrious residents are hard at work rebuilding what was lost, but some report a cold, lurking presence that fills them with dread. Take care, Readers!

Valley of Riches

Ever since the Battle of Lost Angels ended the Rail Barons' transcontinental race, the major rail companies have consolidated their holdings and diversified within those boundaries. Bayou Vermilion is no exception. In the wake of the rolling town Railhead's destruction by saboteurs and heavy losses at Lost Angels in 1879, LaCroix's minions expanded into the San Pedro River valley north and south of

Tombstone. There they established numerous towns, mines, stamp mills, and company stores—looking to become the “only game in town.”

Bayou Vermilion's relentless march north, through Contention, Canisteo, and Benson, was finally halted in January 1881 by an alliance of concerned citizens out of Potential. Miners had found a substantial ghost rock deposit—perhaps the largest to date in the American Southwest—under Whistling Rock, just east of Potential in the Galiuro Range. When Bayou Vermilion set its sights on running a line into Potential, a small posse of guerilla fighters dynamited their trestles. LaCroix's men responded with legions of walking cadavers—as we at the *Epitaph* have previously, strenuously reported—and lethal force.

On the evening of January 21, 1881, Potential's troubleshooters crashed a nitro-laden locomotive into Bayou

Vermilion's fortified roundhouse at Benson, Arizona, killing most of its personnel in the explosion. In effect, the matter was settled; Lone Star rail workers completed their own line into Potential only a week later. But Bayou Vermilion retains control of their San Pedro line linking Tucson in the north with Bisbee in the south—one of the Weird West's most profitable rail spurs.

Meanwhile, the Potential Miners' Coalition runs things in their neck of the woods, having gratefully granted Lone Star the right of way for their new railhead. By several accounts, Lone Star has been financing most, if not all, of their company's resuscitation with the tons of ghost rock being hauled out of Potential. Besides the PMC, other major players include Mayor “Handsome” Dan Deeds, mine owner and former *Epitaph* correspondent Phineas P. Gage, and the scientists in charge of the newly established



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Hellstromme Industries research facility—Dr. Winthrop St.-John Wilkes and Dr. Troy Frampton.

Ranger Hank Ketchum—Missing!

Now, Dear Reader, we bring you frightening news of the unexplained. Captain Hank "One-Eye" Ketchum of the Texas Rangers and his posse have gone missing somewhere in the hills east of Tombstone. Worse, ranchers report unnerving encounters with what they call "insect men."

Rancher Harlan Stanton encountered the mysterious beings on a hunting expedition. "They was all black, from head to toe, with smooth, shiny black eyes as big as tea saucers," Stanton said. "They drove a swarm—more like a river—of insects and vermin before them. Spurred them on by spitting long gouts of liquid flame! Looked to me like they had hard shells, but it was hard to tell on account of all the fire and smoke. I lit out fast, mister!"

Until recently, Captain Ketchum was a stalwart protector of Tombstone and ally of the Earps in their struggles against the Cowboys. The Texas Rangers have sent another soldier to take up the banner, Sgt. Elijah Clay.

Although he is no doubt as competent as his brethren, Clay is quite a bit more reticent than the garrulous Capt. Ketchum—he declined to be interviewed for this story. At last report, Clay has been combing the Dragoon Mountains' foothills in search of his missing predecessor.

An (Un)friendly Game of Poker

An entirely different sort of conflict has been brewing for several months at Tombstone's poker tables and in its gaming rooms. The town's long-standing population of California gamblers—generally known as "Mazers"—have engaged in a sometimes-friendly but more often hostile competition with newcomers from Eastern parts, former riverboat gamblers known as "Easterners," (naturally).

For the most part, the competition has played out in the form of extremely cutthroat poker games. In a few instances, a gloating cardsharp flush with winnings has simply vanished from his room in the morning's wee hours. Although unnamed sources insist the Mazers and Easterners have, at times, resorted to murder, this reporter was unable to uncover solid evidence of such dark deeds.

Rumors abound that an organization in Shan Fan, California known as the Lady Luck Society will soon host a poker tourney—the "Tombstone Bonanza"—in our fair city. Society representatives did not respond to a request for comment by press time, but rest assured, Dear Reader, we shall report as soon as word arrives from Shan Fan!

Conquistadors on the Loose?

For several years, travelers near Tombstone have reported encounters with Spanish Conquistadors, as the *Epitaph* has reported previously. The anachronistic soldiers demanded silver. A few more hot-tempered individuals sprayed them with lead, but it didn't seem to have much effect. And in most of these cases, the strange

Conquistadors responded with lethal force of their own...charging into battle on terrifying steeds and impaling their victims on needle-sharp lances.

In those cases where folks lived to tell the tale, once the traveler got the point across that he or she had no silver, the horsemen simply turned and rode off. For all its strangeness, this is a tale that has persisted almost since Tombstone's founding, with no end to the mystery in sight. Readers with any information about the truth of the matter should contact the *Tombstone Epitaph* offices posthaste!

Around Arizona Territory

Ghost rock claims are on the rise all across Arizona and New Mexico, bringing much-needed wealth and stature to the Southwest Territories. But with new wealth comes bandits and outlaws intent on taking it, and—as the *Epitaph* has so carefully stressed in the past—living in the unbroken wilderness often puts settlers at odds with threats of a wholly different kind...the kind that lurk in the night's shadows.

Dead End Poverty

When Dixie Rails' westward push finally heaved, shuddered, and collapsed under a withering rain of Apache ambushes and all-out attacks, it did so at the aptly named Dead End. From that valley's bloodsoaked, forsaken sand the ragtag rail warriors raised a town and set about the grim

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business of survival. Meanwhile, the Rail Wars took their toll on Dixie Rails, which was dismantled and sold off to a consortium of wealthy Texas ranchers.

With Dixie Rails' reconstitution as the Lone Star Rail Co., Dead End has seen somewhat of a resurgence in fortunes—for some. In March 1881 the Southwestern Ghost Rock Co., a nascent concern out of New Orleans, set up shop in Dead End and built a large, walled compound for their employees.

Surveyors found the salt flats north of town—actually dried-up, shallow prehistoric seas, as any paleontologist can inform you—to be rich in *diatomaceous earth*, a vital ingredient in the production of dynamite. Soon SGR owned everything of note in Dead End, staked more than 20 new ghost rock claims across western Arizona, and built a massive dynamite factory. By most estimations, prosperity should have followed.

Not so, for most of Dead End's inhabitants. They say the company's wages barely cover their living expenses...those who can get jobs, that is. A high percentage of the town's citizens live outside the SGR compound walls, eking out a life patched together from odd jobs and scavenging. Although SGR is the only law in town, their marshal rarely ventures outside the compound. This makes for theft, violent crime, and rampant hunger amongst Dead End's poorest citizens.

Most frightening, some report in hushed tones that the town actively enforces its own destitution. "Paper and coin just seemed to vanish," said one witness who escaped Dead End's borders but wished to remain unnamed. "Weren't no work to be found, neither. For them what can't get a company job, like me, prospects were bleak." When this reporter suggested perhaps intemperate drink, illness, or other

stupor had facilitated the loss of ready cash, the witness insisted he'd been assiduous in his bookkeeping—"T'was that infernal town what made me poor," he said. The *Epitaph* awaits a corroborating account.

Terror in Tucson

At the northern end of Bayou Vermilion's San Pedro line sits Tucson, Tombstone's closest neighbor of note and thriving desert metropolis in its own right. The town derives its name from an Indian word, "Stjukshon," meaning "spring at the foot of a black mountain." After the Spanish took up residence, the word was bastardized into its present form of Tucson.

The first Spanish settlers were missionaries and surveyors in service to the crown. They built the mission of San Augustin del Tucson, along with a tall wall of stone and adobe. The town of Tucson became part of Mexico when the country gained its independence in 1821 from Spain, and it remained a Mexican holding until 1854. That year it was sold to the US as part of the Gadsden Purchase. It would remain as such until 1863, when Arizona was proclaimed a territory.

During the upheavals brought on by the events in 1868 and the subsequent discovery of ghost rock, miners unearthed vast deposits of mineral wealth—including gold, silver, and small veins of ghost rock—in the mountains surrounding Tucson. The discoveries attracted folks from all over, hoping to get rich.

Of course, with all the fundament being taken from the surrounding mountains, scoundrels, con men, and opportunists were not far behind. The worst kinds of folk were drawn to Tucson like flies to a corpse, and in the intervening years the fortress town of

Tucson changed. The presidio wall was dismantled, and the boundaries of the town swelled. Homes and businesses sprung up here and there, and new faces arrived by stage daily.

These days Tucson is first and foremost a Bayou Vermilion company town, meaning LaCroix's local administrator Adame LeChetelier is ultimately in charge—despite who's currently wearing the marshal's star or the mayor's hat.

It also means visitors to Tucson should take care not to wander the streets at night. Numerous eyewitnesses have described nocturnal attacks by vicious, unknown predators "far more savage and cunning than coyotes." Reports of Bayou Vermilion "soldiers"—actually the risen dead—engaged in military exercises near a certain line of buttes about 20 miles outside town have yet to be confirmed.

New Mexican Travails

➡ Southwest New Mexico—better known as the Bootheel—is as lawless a region as one can find anywhere in the Weird West. A preponderance of murdering gangs and solitary killers wander these reaches. In the interest of keeping readers safe and informed, we present here the recent exploits of just a few of these nefarious characters.

Wearers of the Red Sash

The *Epitaph* has reported on the Cowboy Gang's depredations here

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and elsewhere in bloody detail. Of most recent note: The Tucson-Bisbee stage was held up by masked men on September 8, who were later revealed to include Frank Stilwell, Pete Spence, and the Brimstone Kid, all known members the Cowboy Gang. They murdered the shotgun man and wounded the driver, and escaped with more than \$4,000 in gold dust, ghost rock nuggets, and coin.

Marshal Earp quickly raised a posse and ran Stilwell and his accomplice Pete Spence to ground. On Stilwell's testimony, Earp's posse was able to recover most of the stolen money and nearly all Stilwell's confederates—except for the elusive Brimstone Kid—over the following weeks. But Ike Clanton paid Stilwell and Spence's bail, and subsequently the evidence against them was found to be "insufficient." Ike Clanton and the Cowboy Gang remain on Bayou Vermilion's pay ledger.

Laughing Men

On September 16, eight masked men robbed the Fort Huachuca payroll train from Tombstone. They shot down the conductor and blew up the rail agent guarding the safe, and according to eyewitnesses rode away laughing their heads off. As most of our loyal readers know, they could have been none other than the nefarious Laughing Men.

A posse out of Bisbee—said to have included hero of the Battle of Lost Angels Lucas Pitt—tracked down the Laughing Men...to the searchers' regret. The outlaws got the drop on their erstwhile hunters and murdered them in a canyon near the town of Packard on September 20. The criminals remain at large.

For those of you who have been languishing in a cave far from civilization, the Laughing Men are a band of cruel, ruthless outlaws that plagues Arizona from the Grand Canyon to the Mexican border. The

bloodthirsty "Chuckles" Ryan leads them, and according to some witnesses he's got over 200 men working for him!

Red Lanterns of the Dead

More news of the morbid and unexplained! Just after midnight on September 23, the driver of the westbound Bayou Vermilion train out of Animas, New Mexico saw a red lantern swaying on the tracks up ahead—the signal to stop. He did so despite the strange time and remote location, and was shocked when the lantern-wielder turned out to be a walking corpse!

"I nearly wet myself in terror, I'm not ashamed to say," remarked BV train driver William Amargosa. "And I know what I saw, despite what anybody else tells you. Those robbers were dead men, fresh out of their graves, driven by some hellish urge to steal and kill." The thieves—now known throughout New Mexico as the Red Lantern Gang—killed a train conductor and one passenger who tried to resist. They remain at large, and are believed to be hiding out in the Bootheel.

Across the West

☛ We'd be remiss, Dear Reader, if we failed to enlighten you as to momentous events all around the West, now that we've covered the Southwest.

Rail Barons

In August 1881, the tattered remnants of the Great Rail Wars faced off east of Dodge City for one last conflagration—a clash that was dubbed the Battle of Peacetown.

In the aftermath, two new rail companies sprang into being. A number of anonymous investors in New York took control of Union Blue's faltering stock, rebranding the concern as Empire Rails. With the help of Smith & Robards and an enduring deal with the Denver-Pacific railroad, Empire Rails is nearly solvent and gaining value at the New York Stock Exchange...or so say the tin horns Back East.

Meanwhile, a consortium of Texas ranchers acquired Dixie Rails and renamed it Lone Star, and have been busily rebuilding. As noted earlier in this account, the steady stream of mineral wealth from Potential, Arizona and elsewhere in the San Pedro River Valley is fueling that renewal. Although Lone Star has already found itself in financial competition with Bayou Vermilion, for the time being neither company has initiated any military attacks on the other.

Vanishing Rock!

We close this *Epitaph* installment with one of the stranger stories that's come in over the wire in the past few weeks. The unexplained robbery in the Maze of an enormous ghost rock crystal—a "diamond" in terms of hardness and purity—has investigators utterly flummoxed.

Shannonsburg, California officials can't explain how a half-pound ghost rock diamond vanished from a sealed, locked vault in a subterranean facility guarded by a dozen hardened veterans. There were no witnesses, nor were alarms tripped.

The ghost rock diamond's value, based on weight and purity, is estimated at \$25,000. Confederate Admiral Allen Birmingham has offered a \$5,000 reward for information leading to the diamond's recovery.



Makin' Heroes

In the early 1880s, the southwest is one of the most lawless and hazardous expanses in the Weird West.

Arizona and New Mexico remain mere territories of the Confederacy, and the ability to vanish across the southern border into Mexico makes the entire region—specifically the so-called “Bootheel” of New Mexico—a ripe fruit in the eyes of outlaws, fugitives, and ne’er-do-wells of all stripes.

In this land of steely-eyed gunslingers, ruthless outlaws, and insidious evil, heroes have a tough row to hoe. We wouldn’t be so cruel as to leave them to their fate. This chapter gives characters the ammunition they need to load up, ride out, and bring justice to the gritty, sun-baked anvil of the Wild Southwest.

NEW HINDRANCES

Focus (Minor/Major)

Only characters with the Arcane Background Edge can take this Hindrance. It represents a mental dependence on a physical item to use their powers.

It could be a deck of cards for a huckster, a holy item for a blessed, or a specific weapon for a chi master.

Whatever the item, the character suffers a –1 penalty to all arcane skill rolls if he does not have it. As a Major Hindrance, he suffers a –2 without the item. Anyone who sees the item used to enact a power can tell it’s real important.

If a Focus item is lost, the hero can replace it, but it takes two game weeks for the hero to acclimate to the replacement, during which time she suffers the appropriate penalties.

Note that hexslingers (described on page 23) and mad scientists already need a chosen weapon or gizmo to enact powers—an actual dependence rather than a mental one. Therefore, hexslingers and mad scientists aren’t eligible for this Hindrance...and it’s best not to saddle your hero with such an onerous disadvantage from the get-go, amigo.

NEW EDGES

Combat Edges

Don't Get 'im Riled!

Requirements: Novice, Wild Card

The hero with this Edge can be a real curly wolf when he gets roughed up. When causing melee damage, he adds his wound penalties to the roll. A hero with a -3 wound penalty, for instance, adds +3 to his melee damage rolls!

Pistolero

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

The gunslinger with this Edge can fire two weapons with accuracy or speed. He can use Marksman against two separate targets or he can fire double-action pistols as if they had RoF 2. All Automatic Fire rules are applied (-2 to Shooting and uses two bullets per attack).

Professional Edges

Born in the Saddle

Requirements: Novice, Agility d8+, Riding d6+

Some folks have spent so much time on horseback it's become second nature to them. In fact, there's no place else they'd rather be. Heroes who were Born in the Saddle add +2 to Riding rolls. This bonus also applies to long-distance travel; see **Saddle Sore** in the *Deadlands Player's Guide*.

The caballero may also spend Bennies to make Soak rolls for any horse he happens to be riding, but only when he's in the saddle. This is a Riding roll at -2 (cancelling the usual +2). Each success and raise negates a wound to the mount.

Weird Edges

Harrowed

Requirements: Wild Card, Novice, Spirit d6+

Some shootists are just too tough to lie down and stay dead when they get beefed. The price

they pay is an eternal battle for their own soul with the demonic "manitous" that provide their unnatural vitality.

The Harrowed Edge may only be selected at character creation. To get it later requires shedding the mortal coil and a whole lot of luck (the Marshal has information on how this occurs in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*).

If you take this Edge, your character has been reborn into unlife and you can read up on the grisly details on the next page. Otherwise, vamoose and show some respect for the dead.

NO MAN'S LAND

In the *Deadlands Player's Guide*, we stipulated hucksters, hexslingers, wizards, warlocks, and spellslingers as interchangeable terms. We also restricted Harrowed to those heroes who died during the course of their adventures and had the sand—and luck o' the draw—to crawl back out of the grave.

But now, amigo, we've decided to switch up a few of those things, officially speaking.

It's true, "hexslinger" is often used as a general term for hucksters. But true hexslingers are a very specialized form of arcane caster, one we've revamped to give these Reckoning-fueled gunslingers their own Arcane Background and distinctive flavor. We also pull back the curtain on the art's origins and history...up until Doc Holliday rediscovered its secrets and unleashed them on an unsuspecting West.

Where the Harrowed are concerned, now you can choose—with your Marshal's consent—to have your hombre or chica begin play as a deader. Consider that choice carefully, though, because we've made some important changes to how Harrowed work to give undeath a fiercer bite. Then again, we also cooked up a whole passel of new Hindrances and Edges to sweeten the deal!



HARROWED

Edge: Harrowed

Requirements: Wild Card, Novice, Spirit d6+

Arcane Skill: None

Power Points: None

Starting Powers: None

Backlash: None

Special Rules:

- **Coup:** When the deader defeats an abomination with the Coup Special Ability, he can “count coup” on it and absorb its essence. Harrowed can gain bizarre powers by this means—see each abomination’s description—but some powers come with a curse as well. If more than one Harrowed is present when a beast expires in their sight, whoever’s closer has the first option to count coup.
- **Dominion:** A Harrowed’s starting Dominion score is 0. When circumstances dictate a Dominion roll (the Marshal has more information on when this occurs), roll Spirit—opposed by the manitou—in order to keep your hero in control of his mind and actions. See below for details.
- **Undeath:** Being undead grants the wily Harrowed several benefits: Toughness +2; Grit +1; +2 on Fear checks; needs only 1d6 hours of sleep per night; immune to nonlethal damage; “death” only puts the Harrowed out of commission for 1d6 days, only an Incapacitating head-shot can kill the hero for good; and immune to poison and disease.

The Unlife of a Harrowed

As we know, amigo, the dead don’t always stay dearly departed in *Deadlands*. They’re even more restless in the Wild Southwest! And some of the toughest, most fearsome, and strong-willed individuals actually return from the grave. These cowpokes are possessed by a manitou, an evil spirit who uses the host’s mind and body to affect the physical world.

The poor stiff is called Harrowed, which means, “dragged forth from the earth.”

Most of the rules for Harrowed haven’t changed (consult the *Deadlands Player’s Guide* to read up on those). But we’re replacing two important sections—Dominion and Undeath—with the versions presented below. Read on, amigos, and see what lies beyond the pale...

Dominion

When your hero first returns from the grave, she probably remembers suffering through her Worst Nightmare. Well, guess what, hombre: The manitou puts its host through her own little corner of Hell every night, hoping to weaken her resolve. We represent this struggle for control as Dominion.

Recently deceased characters who return as Harrowed, as well as those who begin the game with the Harrowed Edge, start with a Dominion of 0. This means the host and the manitou are roughly on equal footing.



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When the Marshal calls for a Dominion roll, make a Spirit roll—opposed by the manitou—to keep the demonic worm out of your hero's head. This Spirit roll is modified by current Dominion score. Dominion can never go below -4 or above +4.

Dominion Table

Success: The Harrowed retains control and gains 1 point of Dominion, or 2 points with a raise.

Failure: The manitou takes over, and no doubt gets up to some evil shenanigans. Your hero loses 1 Dominion point, or 2 if the manitou scored a raise.

Tie: The manitou doesn't get control, but the fight leaves your Harrowed Shaken.

Undeath

Harrowed are a pretty sturdy bunch. They don't suffer Fatigue from mundane sources, and nonlethal damage has about as much effect on them as a mosquito does on a steer—they just shrug it off.

Harrowed suffer wounds normally—if an attack penetrates their +2 Toughness—but they can't be killed except by destroying the brain. The only way a result on the Incapacitation Table (see *Savage Worlds*) can snuff a Harrowed is if a Called Shot to the noggin sent him there, or if a roll on the Injury Table indicates a head shot. If the brain is mush, the manitou can't control the corpse's functions and is ejected. The Harrowed is now actually dead, as in, "not getting back up again."

A Harrowed can still take a beating fierce enough to take him out of action even without a hit to the noggin. If he's Incapacitated, he rolls Vigor and consults the Incapacitation Table as normal. However, if he "dies" due to anything other than a head shot, he's only put down for 1d6 days, after which he wakes up with three wounds.

In either of the above cases, Harrowed don't really bleed out. If the hero fails (or even critically fails) his Vigor roll, just assume he's suffered enough physical punishment to put him out of

action as discussed above, with no Spirit roll required.

Although Harrowed don't feel pain—nor do they really bleed either—they still suffer wound penalties as normal. These penalties reflect damage to the Harrowed's muscles and bones, making movement and action more difficult. It's also distracting having one's stinking, rotted guts spilling all over one's boots.

But undeath isn't all posies and ice cream, hombre. First, and most important, by their very existence Harrowed are abominations and affronts to life. Any Harrowed that wants to persist in its undead state is forced to hide that status from most of the people they encounter. Ordinary folk who discover your hero's true nature aren't likely to settle in for a drawn-out explanation of how all this strangeness came to pass. Odds are they shoot first, hang second, dismember third, burn fourth—and forget to ask questions! Moreover, powerful organizations—the Agency, Texas Rangers, and the Order of St. George among them—habitually hunt down and destroy any Harrowed they learn about.

Second, although undeath makes a body resistant to damage, it also renders it fairly resistant to outside sources of healing. Provided he eats a pound of meat—cooked or otherwise—the Harrowed can make a Natural Healing roll (see *Savage Worlds*) every five days. The Stitchin' and Improved Stitchin' Edges (in the *Deadlands Player's Guide*) improve this rate to every day and every hour, respectively. But most healing magics have no effect on a Harrowed (although a mad scientist's healing gizmo might work, at the Marshal's discretion, if the Trappings are specific and appropriate).

No beneficial miracles or tribal medicine powers can affect Harrowed, only the detrimental ones. It doesn't matter whether the hero's currently in the saddle or not; neither the powers of good nor nature spirits are willing to ignore the Harrowed's demonic house guest. Chi masters, hucksters, hexslingers, and mad scientists affect Harrowed with their powers as usual—with the same limitation on healing as noted above. Regardless of the host's nature or Dominion score, Harrowed always count as supernaturally evil due to the manitou inside them.

HARROWED HINDRANCES

With the Harrowed Edge an option at character creation, there's also the potential to saddle your revenant hero with a deader-specific Hindrance. Here are a few to help chill the bones of passers-by.

Aura o' Death (Minor)

Some Harrowed characters wear their undeath like a shroud. People around them instinctively know there's something disturbing about these folks, though they can't quite put their finger on exactly what it is. It's much harder for them to form relationships, get information, and ask for help. Harrowed with an Aura o' Death suffer a Charisma penalty of -2. Worse, their presence causes living plants and flowers to wilt. Given 10 minutes or so, fruits and vegetables spoil in the deader's presence. Animals recoil at the macabre dude. The Harrowed suffers an additional -2 to Riding rolls, and must make a Riding roll to get on a horse or other mount.

Degeneration (Minor/Major)

Typically, a Harrowed's manitou provides supernatural energy to make the body resistant to damage, and to quickly regenerate any wounds. Still, undead meat can't help but stink, and every Harrowed has pale, sallow skin. In some cases, the manitou either can't or doesn't bother to keep the body from wasting away – those poor devils get the Degeneration Hindrance.

For the Minor version, the deader's flesh exudes a slimy film and his eyes are slightly milky. He also stinks to high heaven. Folks nearby receive a +2 bonus on Notice rolls to catch his stench, and even if he pickles himself with alcohol they may smell him with a Notice check (no bonus). The hero suffers a -4 on Riding rolls, or any other rolls that require an animal's cooperation, rather than the usual -2.

With the Major version, concealing the deader's true nature is near impossible. The poor sod's either bloated and distended with gas and pestilent fluids, or tattered and losing strips of ragged flesh right off the bones. Nearby people receive a +4 bonus on Notice rolls to detect the

hero's atrocious reek (+2 if pickled with alcohol), and no animal will have anything to do with him. Folks who see the deader revealed in all his undead glory must make a Fear check.

Whether Minor or Major, Degeneration's worst effect is the crushing sense of alienation the Harrowed experiences. No matter how noble or infamous they were in life, no buckaroo wants to feel his body rot away, and few can endure the horror and revulsion their appearance causes in the living. In fact, being near living people causes them physical pain. For every hour a Harrowed with this Hindrance spends among typical folks, roll his Spirit at -2; on a failure, the deader is Fatigued, and on snake eyes the hero is Exhausted.

MINDIN' THE TONE

The Reckoners' plans thrive on subtlety, so perceptibly dead Harrowed walking amongst the living have the potential to derail those plans – and your game. Using these Hindrances can greatly alter your game's tone, so make sure you talk it over with your Marshal first to make sure this is something everyone's prepared for.

These Hindrances inject a healthy dose of the macabre into your game. In the Degeneration Hindrance's case, one look at the deader is sure to whip God-fearin' townsfolk into a pitchfork-and torch-wielding mob. Agents and Texas Rangers may follow hard on their heels, causing a deader no end of consternation – and possibly another, more permanent death.

Put simply, being Harrowed is something to keep hidden if a cowpoke wants to persist in his undead state. Harrowed with Degeneration ought to at least use the Death Mask Edge (see page 16) to go among the living, or the Marshal risks having her game shift abruptly from weird horror to something more farcical.

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The presence of characters with Arcane Backgrounds doesn't cause Fatigue, nor do other Wild Cards and allied Extras who spend enough time with the deader to become accustomed to his appearance—a process that takes about two in-game weeks. This means the hero can at least get along with his posse, even if he's not welcome anywhere else.

Haunted (Minor/Major)

Every Harrowed lives through her Worst Nightmare before she drags herself from the grave. Some manitous consider the pastime too amusing to give up. The soul of a Haunted hero is dragged kicking and screaming into the Hunting Grounds every time she shuts down for the night. There the cruel parasite subjects her to horrible nightmares. Over time, this erodes the hero's will and gives the demon a better chance to gain control of its host.

For the Minor version of this Hindrance, the hero suffers a -1 penalty when rolling Spirit to check for Dominion. The Major version inflicts a -2 penalty.

Mark o' the Devil (Minor)

Some Harrowed wear their damnation like a shiny tin star—at least to people who know what they're looking for. When a Harrowed has the Mark o' the Devil, any character with the Arcane Background Edge—or d10+ in Knowledge (Occult)—has a chance to see the evil demon wriggling around inside your hero, in spite of appearances or a disguise.

Whenever a character with one of the above qualifications gets within a few feet of your hero, she can make a Notice roll opposed by the manitou's Spirit (which is always one die type higher than the hero). With a success, the viewer sees some sign of the manitou in your hero—perhaps the Harrowed's eyes glow red or the watcher can see the manitou's hideous face peeking out at her.

Eggheads with Arcane Background (Weird Science) are the exception. To be able to see the manitou, they have to have the Arcane Background *and* Knowledge (Occult) d10+. Scientific types just don't tend to see these things unless they've researched them on their own.

Unnatural Appetite (Minor/Major)

For some inexplicable reason, a rare few Harrowed develop a craving for one thing or another that—while technically edible—thoroughly disgusts most people. Your character must eat the item he craves at least once a day. Here are a few examples: rotten food, mold, grave dirt, bugs, horse manure, living flesh, animal or human blood, or a specific internal organ.

For the Minor version, a Harrowed who doesn't slake his hunger must make a Vigor check every 24 hours thereafter or suffer a level of Fatigue persisting until the deader eats what he's craving. The first failed roll makes the character Fatigued, the next Exhausted. It won't Incapacitate or kill the hero, but he'll have the -2 Fatigue penalty until he chows down. For the Major version, the Vigor roll is at -2.

HARROWED EDGES

To augment the powerful selection of Harrowed Edges in the *Deadlands Player's Guide*, here are a few more straight from Boot Hill. We've also made some important changes to the Ghost Edge, so be sure to use the version that appears in this book, Marshal.

Burrow

Requirements: Novice, Harrowed

With this Edge, a Harrowed gains the ability to *burrow* through raw earth, per the power (see *Savage Worlds*). Although this makes him a very efficient traveler underground—the earth seems almost eager to get out of his way—he always finishes such a trip covered with soil, slime, millipedes, centipedes, and such subterranean accoutrements.

The Harrowed uses a Spirit roll to activate the *burrow* power, which cannot be maintained beyond its base duration and costs no Power Points. But it isn't easy. Immediately following each use of the Burrow Edge, the deader must succeed on a Vigor roll (-2) or suffer a level of Fatigue that fades after an hour's rest. Plus, the dirt, writhing worms, and general filth covering the Harrowed gives onlookers a +2 on Notice

rolls to mark him as one of the dearly departed for an hour after he uses this Edge, or at least until he washes up.

Charnel Breath

Requirements: Seasoned, Harrowed

Charnel Breath is the ability to dredge up all the worst stench of decay in a Harrowed's body, supernaturally fester it even further, and blow it out all over an unsuspecting target within arm's reach. The corrosive gas produces watery eyes and violent retching.

The Harrowed rolls Spirit opposed by an adjacent target's Vigor. On a success the victim suffers a level of Fatigue, or two levels with a raise. Each level recovers after 1d6 rounds of breathing fresh air. This effect can't kill, but it can Incapacitate due to extreme nausea.

Beyond arm's reach, charnel breath does little more than offend. But everyone in the room likely wrinkles their noses and holds their breath until

a breeze clears the noxious fumes. Nonliving beings are immune to this particular power... although even they don't appreciate a ghastly belch in the face.

Dead Man's Hand

Requirements: Legendary, Harrowed

Harrowed with this power can continue to control their own severed body parts—usually a hand or an eye—for short periods of time, even if they're out of sight. To use the Edge, the deader rolls Spirit and either slices off his own hand—with a Bowie knife or similar implement—or plucks out an eyeball.

With a success, the body part remains active and under its owner's mental control up to a Range of the dead man's Smarts x5, or Smarts x10 on a raise. On a failure, the deader suffers an automatic wound and an Injury (either Arm or Head, Blinded, as appropriate), which persists until the deader reattaches the body part and



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passes a Spirit test at -2, or until he succeeds on his next Natural Healing roll and grows it back.

The deader can maintain the Dead Man's Hand as long as he wishes, but while it's active it commands a portion of his attention, inflicting a -2 penalty on other Trait rolls. Additionally, the hero is assumed to have the One Arm or One Eye Hindrance until the body part is reattached.

Severed hands use the Animate Hand profile (see the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*). Although they're pretty tough, severed hands are much better at opening jail cells and causing distractions than beating the Hell out of someone. Or the deader could pluck out an eyeball and give it to a compadre—so the Harrowed can spy on the scene when he's not around.

Dead Reckoning

Requirements: Novice, Harrowed

Dead Reckoning is the ability to sense the direction to the nearest human corpse. It may lead a cowpoke to the undertaker's shop, a cemetery, or the site of a recent bushwhacking—or it might lead to a *walking* corpse. It depends on whatever the Marshal decides is closest! It doesn't matter how far away that nearest corpse is, as long as it still has at least some flesh on its bones; Dead Reckoning can't lock onto a bare skeleton.

To use the Edge, the Harrowed spends a full round concentrating, and makes a Spirit roll at -2. With a success, the Edge points her toward the nearest cadaver. On a raise, the Harrowed also gains a vague sense of distance to the corpse (just around the bend, not very close, or miles away), and its general condition (buried, ambulatory).

Dead Reckoning can also recognize Harrowed posing as living, breathing folks—assuming the Harrowed is the only corpse nearby. All it takes is success on a Spirit roll (-2), as above. Picking a Harrowed out of a graveyard or similar collection of corpses, however, is very hard—apply an additional -4 penalty to the Spirit check (-6 total).

Death Mask

Requirements: Novice, Harrowed, Persuasion d6+

Use of this Edge allows a Harrowed to appear as they did while drawing breath. Folks suffer a

-4 penalty to Notice to determine the deader isn't, well, dead. Keeping this power active requires concentration, so the Harrowed suffers a -2 penalty to all other Trait rolls while maintaining a death mask.

Additionally, if the Harrowed is Shaken or suffers one or more wounds, he must make a Spirit roll (at -2) to keep the disguise active. Detect arcana automatically sees through this effect.

Improved Death Mask

Requirements: Veteran, Death Mask, Persuasion d8+

The Harrowed can now maintain Death Mask with minor concentration. He no longer suffers a -2 penalty while maintaining a death mask or to Spirit rolls if Shaken or wounded to keep the disguise active.

Devil's Touch

Requirements: Seasoned, Harrowed

The Harrowed with this Edge can disrupt the workings of any mad scientist's gizmo or Infernal Device that runs on ghost rock with a simple touch, making the device more likely to Malfunction for a short time.

First, the Harrowed has to touch the gizmo or Infernal Device in question—a Fighting roll (+2) against opponents in melee—and make a Spirit roll as a free action. With a success, for the next 1d6 rounds the device Malfunctions on a roll of 1 or 2 on the Trait die (regardless of the Wild Die). On a raise, the device Malfunctions on a 1, 2, or 3. If the Harrowed rolls a 1 on the Spirit die, the device Malfunctions as soon as he touches it (use his Wild Die to determine severity if using the Malfunction rules from *The 1880 Smith & Robards Catalog*)—catching him in any resulting effect or explosion!

Fast as Death

Requirements: Novice, Harrowed

Normally, dead bodies don't move very fast. But the Harrowed with this Edge can move with supernatural *speed*, per the power (see the *Deadlands Player's Guide*), when the need arises.

The Harrowed makes a Spirit roll to activate the *speed* power, which cannot be maintained beyond its base duration, costs no Power Points, and has a range of Self. This sort of treatment takes its toll on a corpse, though: Immediately following each use of the Fast as Death Edge, the deader must succeed on a Vigor roll (-2) or suffer a level of Fatigue that fades after an hour's rest.

Ghost

Requirements: Heroic, Harrowed

As his first action during his turn, the Harrowed can become incorporeal with a successful Spirit roll (he can perform no actions, including free actions, before using Ghost). Once incorporeal, he must remain in that state until the beginning of his action on the next round (unless he suffers damage, see below). While ghosted, the Harrowed is intangible—unaffected by the physical world and unable to affect it—though he is still visible and magical attacks affect him normally.

The deader may remain ghosted as long as he wishes, but it requires concentration and inflicts a -2 penalty to all other Trait rolls while it is maintained. With a free action, the Harrowed can become tangible again at the beginning of his turn. If he somehow suffers damage (Shaken, or one or more wounds)—say, from a magical or supernatural attack—while in this state, he must make a Spirit roll at -2 or immediately become tangible.

Mimic

Requirements: Legendary, Harrowed

Much supernatural power springs from the Hunting Grounds in one form or another. With the Mimic Edge, a Harrowed can force his manitou to duplicate a power he has just witnessed and recast it himself, as long as it's powered by another manitou. This includes hucksters' and hexslingers' hexes, other Harrowed Edges, coup powers, black magic, and even weird science gizmos—but not chi mastery, miracles, or tribal medicine.

To Mimic a supernatural ability, the Harrowed must beat the original caster—whom he has just seen employ the power—in an opposed Spirit roll. With a success, the Harrowed can

immediately cast the same power once, exactly as the original caster did. On a raise, the deader can cast the power once during the current battle or scene. But only once, pardner.

The Harrowed uses his new ability exactly as the being he stole it from. Even the Trait die used to activate the power—if there is one—is considered the same as that of the character with the original power. For example, if a cultist cast a black magic *bolt* with Spellcasting d6 and spent 3 Power Points, the Harrowed uses the same. Of course, if the ability has a chance of Backlash, such as a huckster's hex, the Harrowed may suffer Backlash as well.

Additionally, stealing someone else's thunder isn't without danger. If the deader fails the roll, the manitou channels the recoil from the Hunting Grounds directly into the Harrowed—a spiritual blast of 2d6 damage straight to the guts, ignoring armor.

One caveat: Certain powers come directly from the Reckoners—usually only granted to particular kinds of abominations—and cannot be Mimicked. The Marshal can outlaw stealing certain powers she doesn't want stolen at her discretion. Sorry, pardner!

Nightmare

Requirements: Veteran, Harrowed

One of the manitous' duties in the spirit world is to torment dreamers. A Harrowed whose brain-worm gives him this power can trouble living minds with dark dreams.

To use the Edge, the undead locks eyes with the intended victim for a bare instant, and they roll an opposed Spirit test. With a success, the nightmare works and the target gains the Bad Dreams Hindrance (see the *Deadlands Player's Guide*) for 1d6 nights or 2d6 nights on a raise. If the deader fails to beat the target's roll, the Harrowed cannot attempt to use his power on that individual again until the victim has slept. The Edge can only be used once a day.

When the Edge works, the victim doesn't realize what has happened. There is just a moment of meeting a stranger's stare, an instant of strange uneasiness, and then things return to normal—until the night terrors start, that is.



Improved Nightmare

Requirements: Heroic, Harrowed, Nightmare

As above, but the target loses a Benny immediately and gains the Bad Dreams Hindrance for 2d6+1 days on a success or 1d6+1 weeks on a raise.

Additionally, the Harrowed can deliver specific images to the victim, or appear in the sent nightmare or vision to deliver a message. The undead doesn't really join in the nightmare, though. The Marshal decides exactly how the Harrowed's message manifests in the dream and how the victim reacts, based upon the individual's personality and the image and message described.

In game terms, the Harrowed player describes to the Marshal how the undead's image appears in the dream, and explains the intended message. The message can include all sorts of special effects—certainly more than just a floating head spitting out some words. But an undead cowpoke

should be discreet with this Edge. If the locals start comparing notes and find that the same *hombre* is appearing in all their dreams, that Harrowed is liable to find a lynch mob looking for him.

Possession

Requirements: Veteran, Harrowed

If a *manitou's* good at anything, it's taking control of someone else's body. This Edge grants a Harrowed the eerie ability to twist other people's minds per the *puppet* power (see the *Deadlands Player's Guide*). This costs no Power Points, and the Harrowed makes a Spirit roll opposed by the victim to enact it.

Maintaining Possession requires the Harrowed's concentration, so he suffers a -2 penalty to all other Trait rolls for the duration. Otherwise, the Edge functions just like *puppet*.

Improved Possession

Requirements: Legendary, Harrowed, Possession

As above, but the Harrowed may use the *mind reading* power (see *Savage Worlds*) on a target under their control. The deader rolls Spirit +2 (negating the -2 from Possession) opposed by the target's Spirit as an action costing no Power Points, but otherwise working just like the power.

Rigor Mortis

Requirements: Heroic, Harrowed

With this power, a deader can inflict terrible pain on a living victim, possibly resulting in death. The Harrowed has to grasp bare skin for the power to take effect, which requires a successful Fighting roll (Touch attack at +2) and a partially exposed target. With a successful touch, the Harrowed rolls Spirit opposed by the victim. If the Harrowed succeeds, the target suffers a level of Fatigue, or two levels on a raise.

If the Harrowed succeeds or scores a raise and the victim's Spirit die is a 1 (regardless of the Wild Die), not only is the yellow-bellied hombre Incapacitated, but his ticker is also about to give out—he suffers a heart attack, per the Fright Table (see *Savage Worlds*).

Silent as a Corpse

Requirements: Seasoned, Harrowed, Stealth d8+

Moving silently is easy for a Harrowed with this Edge and as long as his feet are in contact with dirt, he can move without making a sound. This even works while he's wearing normal footwear such as boots. The Harrowed gains a +2 bonus to Stealth rolls in all situations, but if walking on bare earth the sneaky so-and-so gains a +4 Stealth bonus.

The bonus from Silent as a Corpse won't work on floors, wood, or even stone—only about an inch or more of dirt. Fortunately, in the Weird West, most everything that's not actually inside a building is covered in the stuff and even the interiors to some buildings have dirt floors, such as barns, stables, poor farmsteads, and the like.

Sleep o' the Dead

Requirements: Seasoned, Harrowed

Manitous have something of a talent for getting mortals to sleep. Harrowed with this Edge can tap into the manitous' abilities to send a victim straight to the Land o' Nod with a single touch. Even Harrowed are affected.

This works much like the *slumber* power (see *Savage Worlds*), except it costs no Power Points, has a Range of Touch, and is enacted with an opposed Spirit roll against the target as an action. If the target resists being touched, the Harrowed must first make a successful Touch attack, Fighting with a +2 bonus but a separate action for a -2 multiaction penalty to both rolls. If the Harrowed succeeds on the opposed Spirit roll, the target falls asleep for one minute, or 1d6 hours with a raise.

Speakin' With the Dead

Requirements: Seasoned, Harrowed

They say that after death a person's memories linger inside his carcass, slowly decaying along with the flesh. Harrowed with this Edge can speak with the truly dead by tapping into those residual recollections.

But questioning the dead is more like browsing through a book than actually talking with the person. The desired information may be in there somewhere, but who knows what page it's on? And considering the book is rotting away, who knows how much longer that page is going to be legible? When a Harrowed questions the dead, only another undead can hear the whispery, unimaginably melancholy replies.

Using this Edge takes considerable concentration. While questioning a corpse, a Harrowed can't take any other actions—including free actions. And in order to hear the corpse's answers, he needs silence in the area. (This means the Edge can't be used in a cemetery, because the rustling voices of the other dead make concentration impossible! The inquisitor has to dig up the body and cart it elsewhere.)

The first requirement to use this Edge is a corpse that's been dead for less than the Harrowed's Smarts die in months. The Harrowed makes an

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opposed Spirit roll against the Spirit the corpse had in life (if unknown, the Marshal decides).

Success means the questioner learns one piece of information or the answer to one specific question. Each raise on the Spirit roll garners one more piece of information. The Harrowed can try again but the maximum number of answers from any one corpse equals the deader's Spirit die type. Any failure costs the Harrowed 1d6 answers as part of the brain has rotted away.

On snake eyes, a manitou enters the body and pretends to be the person's memories. It likely lies, but then again it may tell the truth. It takes a Notice roll at -6 to avoid being fooled unless someone has a way to sense the evil worm's presence. Either way, all further answers are lost!

Improved Speakin' With the Dead

Requirements: Heroic, Harrowed, Speakin' With the Dead

As above, except the Harrowed can speak with a corpse that's been dead for less than her Smarts x5 in years. A raise on the Spirit roll increases the time limit to the Harrowed's Smarts x100 in years—useful for interrogating mummies and such, should the Harrowed encounter some.

Spider

Requirements: Seasoned, Harrowed

With this Edge, a Harrowed clings to surfaces like its namesake. This works like the *wall walker* power (see *Savage Worlds*), except the Harrowed activates the Edge with a Spirit roll, it costs no Power Points, and it cannot be used to affect additional targets.

It requires concentration to keep this Edge active, so the hero suffers a -2 penalty to all other Trait rolls while maintaining the Spider Edge.

Spirit Sight

Requirements: Seasoned, Harrowed

To use this Edge, the Harrowed sits quietly and enters a deep trance. With a success on a Spirit roll, he peeks through his manitou's eyes at the surrounding spirit world. The deader maintains Spirit Sight as long as he concentrates, so it counts as an action for each round maintained. If he somehow suffers damage—Shaken, or one or more wounds—while in the trance, the vision ends immediately.

The Harrowed can view such things as manitous swirling around a powerful huckster, how dark a general location is (representing its Fear Level), magical effects on people or objects, or even whether or not a manitou is wriggling around inside of someone. In the latter case, the manitou's demeanor might even indicate whether it currently controls its Harrowed host. Objects in the real world are somewhat visible in the Hunting Grounds—walls block one's view, for example—so the deader isn't completely blind to real-world events while in the trance.

Additionally, any creature with the Fear Special Ability leaves a dark trail through the spirit world. Up to one hour after an abomination has moved through an area, it leaves a faintly glowing spoor of pure evil. A Harrowed with Dark Vision can use Tracking to follow such trails as long as he maintains his ability.

Staring into the maddening Hunting Grounds causes the Harrowed incredible mental strain. When the vision ends, the Harrowed must roll Vigor or suffer a level of Fatigue that persists for exactly as long as the deader spent viewing the spirit world.

Spiritual Barbwire

Requirements: Veteran, Harrowed

This Edge allows a deader to create a barrier that keeps out ghosts, poltergeists, and other ethereal entities—it has no affect on physical entities. The Harrowed makes a Spirit roll and then places a Medium Burst Template centered on himself. The Spiritual Barbwire persists as long as the cowpoke concentrates on it, which inflicts a -2 penalty on other Trait rolls.

Entities wishing to enter the Template must make an opposed Spirit check against the deader's total. If they fail, they cannot pass the barrier while the Edge remains active. Spiritual Barbwire stops the entity from passing through, but does not prevent it from "normal" actions such as Intimidation or throwing physical objects. If any living creature of rat-size or larger that started inside the circle crosses to the outside, the Edge is negated and must be reactivated with another Spirit roll.

Trackin' Teeth

Requirements: Seasoned, Harrowed

When you're dead, you tend to lose body parts here and there. A character with this Edge can keep track of those parts, whether they're attached to the rest of his cadaver or not.

This Edge allows a Harrowed to plant a single, substantial piece of himself in or on a thing or person and use this ability as a crude tracking

device. By "substantial," we mean a portion of the body that includes a chunk of bone, not something comparatively insubstantial like hair or a scrap of rotten flesh. The most accessible pieces of bone available to any Harrowed are teeth—hence the Edge's name.

As long as the Harrowed's piece—tooth or otherwise—is within 10 miles, as a free action she can automatically sense the direction and approximate distance. If the piece moves out of range, the Harrowed loses track of it, but she picks it up if the piece comes within range again.

Improved Trackin' Teeth

Requirements: Heroic, Harrowed, Trackin' Teeth

As above, except the piece can be tracked as a free action as long as it remains within 1,000 miles. Additionally, the Harrowed can track a number of teeth—or other pieces—equal to his Spirit die.





Undead Contortion

Requirements: Heroic, Harrowed

Sometimes heroes get caught in tight spots. At those times, flexibility is crucial to engineer an escape. The Undead Contortion Edge allows a Harrowed to dislocate pretty much any and every bone in her body—including shoulder blades, ribs, and pelvis. In a really tight spot, a Harrowed with this power can even break and crush her own skull.

To squeeze through a gap up to about the width of the Harrowed's skull, the deader rolls Spirit. With a successful roll, as an action the undead simply pops some bones out of their sockets and slips through the gap. This causes the cowpoke two automatic wounds, or one wound with a raise on the Spirit die, which cannot be Soaked.

If the Harrowed needs to get through a tighter spot, he has to crack his own noggin. When this situation arises, the contortionist can fit through incredibly tight spaces, down to about 3 inches in diameter (small enough to ooze down a drainpipe, by the way). But this is fairly dangerous, as the Harrowed suffers two automatic wounds—or one with a raise—plus an additional 2d6 damage

applied directly to the head. Again, Bennies cannot negate this damage.

One last note: Anyone who happens to stumble upon a Harrowed in his contorted, busted-up state must make a Fear check as soon as they realize he's actually "alive."

Unholy Host

Requirements: Legendary, Harrowed

This Edge is the Harrowed's equivalent of the blessed's Flock—a group of five allied Extras that travel with the hero and aid him when he needs it. But in this case, the allies are all dead...well, *undead* to be exact.

To use the Edge, the Harrowed must have five or more corpses in the immediate vicinity, in reasonably complete shape. With a successful Spirit test (-2) the deader raises five Walkin' Dead (see the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*) to act as servants, bodyguards, or what-have-you. It takes about five minutes to get the corpses up and moving.

These walkin' dead are ruthless and unwavering allies. The hero doesn't have a mental link with his Unholy Host, but when he gives them orders, they are bound to follow them. But they're also evil incarnate, and clever in their interpretations. Give them an inch, and they'll leave a slew of bloody corpses for a mile. Think of them as devious children interpreting their orders in the most literal and harmful way possible.

Other than that, they're completely loyal, and they won't let their champion die if they can help it. They might let him suffer and may get a good laugh out of it, but if the hero ever dies, they die too—again. Only when all five members of an Unholy Host are destroyed can the Harrowed use this Edge to raise five more allies.

HEXSLINGER

Edge: Arcane Background (Hexslinger)

Requirements: Wild Card, Novice, Shooting d8+

Arcane Skill: Hexslinging (Smarts)

Power Points: 10

Starting Powers: 3

Backlash: When a hexslinger rolls a 1 on his Hexslinging die (regardless of his Wild Die), he is automatically Shaken.

Available Powers: *Aim, armor, barrier, beast friend, blast, blind, boost/lower Trait, burst, confusion, deflection, detect/conceal arcana, dispel, elemental manipulation, entangle, environmental protection, fear, havoc, hunch, invisibility, light, mind rider, numb, obscure, pummel, puppet, quickness, shootist, slow, slumber, smite, speak language, speed, stun, telekinesis, teleport, trinkets, wilderness walk, windstorm.*

Special Rules:

- **Deadeye:** Whenever the hexslinger rolls a raise to activate a power, the cost is reduced by one Power Point. Additional raises have no effect; the cost can only be reduced by 1.
- **Fancy Irons:** Hexslingers gussy up their chosen weapon with silver inlays, intricate designs, pearl handles, and other such accoutrements—and they crackle with weird energies when used to activate powers. This is bound to garner unwanted attention. For onlookers, a Notice roll at -2 reveals something “odd” about the gun, though a Persuasion roll may explain it away as New Science or some other mundane effect. With a raise on the Notice roll, an observer becomes convinced that the hexslinger’s guns run on black magic.
- **Hexslinging:** A hexslinger can cast certain powers as a free action if they directly affect the chosen item and its normal use. Those powers are *aim, boost Shooting, and smite*.
- **Magic:** Hexslingers may use Edges that require Arcane Background (Magic), except Wizard (see *Savage Worlds*).

- **Mystical Bond:** Every hexslinger has a single mystical item to which she’s tied, and depends on it to help channel the manitous’ mojo in an orderly fashion. The character must have the mystically engraved item—typically a pistol—in hand to activate powers. If the item is ever lost, it takes 2d6 days to engrave and bond to a new item. In a pinch, a hexslinger can enact powers with a substitute item, but this is extremely risky; see below.

History

Hexslinging’s enigmatic origins lie in the runecasting traditions of Northern Europe, whose practitioners used intricate, carved symbols to channel magical energy from the Hunting Grounds into rituals and spells more than 2,000 years ago.



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The most ferocious warriors of one tribe—its name lost in the icy mists of time—enchanted their weapons permanently by carving runes of power into the hilts and blades. They wielded these weapons according to the shaman Vigmund's instructions, in a complex dance that mimicked a sorcerer's hand movements. Thus was a rune's war-magic unleashed upon unsuspecting foes.

After the Old Ones sealed the Hunting Grounds—and cut off magic's flow into the world—runecasting tribes lost influence and favor. Their enemies, formerly cowed by the runecasters' arcane might, now hunted and exterminated their rivals with impunity. Long, bloody years passed.

By the time the Reckoning began, the last runecaster was hiding out in a flyspeck New Mexico burg called Hangman's Flats. He was a Swedish gent in his late 60s, tall and broad-shouldered, with a head of wispy blond hair that long ago went white. He made a decent living as the town blacksmith, and everyone in town called him "Swede"—although his real name, shared with a certain ancestor, was Vigmund.

One day in 1878, John Henry "Doc" Holliday rode in to get his mount re-shod. Doc was well along the lonely, winding trail to his destination of Tombstone, Arizona Territory, and keen to begin the journey's final leg.

But sitting by as the Swede worked, Holliday—who for several years had delved into rumors of hucksterism and black magic's various applications—happened to notice a battered copy of *Hoyle's Book of Games* on the smithy's shelf.

"Interesting volume, that *Hoyle's*," said Holliday, staring blandly at his fingernails. "More to it than meets the eye. Or so I heard."

The Swede paused in his work for a long beat. "Hokum," he grunted. "Worse—evil hokum. Rot a man's mind, sure, he ain't careful." He started in to hammering again, the clangs drowning out Holliday's pointed, then heated, questions.

Doc lingered for several days after his horse was shod, splitting his time between gambling at the town's only saloon and making a royal pain in the ass of himself pestering the old Swede to explain his comments. Through it all the blacksmith refused to spill the beans.

Thoroughly frustrated and disgusted, at last Doc readied his mount for the ride to Tombstone. First he trotted over to the Swede's shack to tell him off one last time, only to find the situation considerably altered before he could raise his fist to knock. In the sun's rising rays, the silhouettes of gunmen lurked on the rise overlooking Hangman's Flats.

Before Doc could hail them, a bullet whizzed past and smacked into the doorjamb. Lead *vipped* on earth and *spanged* from an iron skillet, as Doc did a jig and kicked in the Swede's front door. The erstwhile dentist landed in a heap; Vigmund slammed the door behind him.

The old Swede's enemies had found him at last. Trapped together, Vigmund and Doc Holliday were pinned down by more than 20 professional killers—but willing to make a last stand, if need be.

Pretty soon the assassins sent in a half-dozen men to raid the place and put an end to the standoff. "Let them come," whispered the Swede. As they burst in guns blazing, Vigmund pulled a six-shooter and from its muzzle loosed a gout of hellfire 20 yards long. Three of the gunmen, shrieking and wreathed in flames, staggered off the porch to die.

Awed, Doc beat out the flames rising along the doorway's sides. The Swede leaned out the window, firing another round that passed clear through a pair of fleeing assassins—killing both as sure as it knocked them flat. The sixth killer high-tailed it up and over the rise. All through the display, the Swede's gun crackled with eldritch energies.

Doc started crowing about he just knew something was up...as old Vigmund fell back against the wall, slid to the floor, and left a dark blood smear on the wooden boards. The killers had been deadly accurate too.

"There's only one way we're gettin' out o' this alive," Doc hissed. "And that's for you to show me the trick of that...hexslingin' I just saw you do, old timer."

So it was that Doc Holliday got a crash course in runecasting—customized for modern firearms—and he and the old Swede shot their way out of Hangman's Flats, New Mexico. But

Vigmund's wounds had put him within Death's reach, and that most morbid Reckoner had no intention of letting go.

In his dying days in New Mexico's remote hills, the Swede taught Holliday everything he knew—the runes of power, how to choose a weapon suitable for slingin' hexes, and other tricks, like how to get along *without* the tools o' the trade. It was almost like the old Swede had kept on living only to pass on his secrets...and when he'd revealed the last, he smiled and let go of the ghost.

For his part, Doc Holliday continued on to Tombstone and took up residence. Hucksters tend to think him a part of their "club," due to his gambling proclivities, and Holliday does nothing to disabuse them of the notion. Secretly, Doc has taught several young hexslingers the trade, but by 1881 it yet remains largely a Southwestern phenomenon.

During 1879 and 1880, Doc Holliday wrote several dime novels about his exploits—and dictated dozens more to various authors and muckrakers—ostensibly to lampoon the Cowboy Gang and their Bayou Vermilion masters. In truth, these dime novels are encoded with the various runes of power and instructions for their use—if one knows precisely how to read between the lines.

Playing a Hexslinger

Although it's understandable some people would use the terms "huckster" and "hexslinger" interchangeably, in truth these arcane styles are diametric opposites. For as much as the huckster depends on bluff, bravado, and sheer luck...the hexslinger instead relies on pragmatism and sheer preparedness to carry the day. (Hexslingers can't Deal With the Devil, for instance.)

As a practitioner of "triggernometry," if you will, the hexslinger must designate one shootin' iron (or other weapon) as her chosen weapon by inscribing it with a rune for every power she knows. These runes help the shooter to focus her spells and avoid manitou-spawned mishaps. The hero could conceivably use a rifle, shotgun, or other magazine-fed weapon.

Typically, the hexslinger has to have her mystical pistol or other item in hand to enact powers (although a caster who knows the *shootist* power could prepare bullets to skirt this restriction). But let's face it, hombre—sooner or later a gunman's going to lose his chosen item, temporarily or permanently. She can use a substitute, but this gives the manitous a greater chance to cause havoc. If she is forced to use a substitute weapon, she suffers a -2 Hexslinging penalty per Rank of the power, and a roll of 1 or less indicates **Backfire** (see the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*). The devil always gets his due, amigo.

You might consider hexslingers as gunmen who beef up their trade with a splash of arcane flair. In line with that thinking, they tend toward firearm-friendly Edges, such as Duelist, Hip Shootin', Quick Draw, Marksman, Steady Hands, and the like. And a wise hexslinger might carry a weapon in each holster: one smokewagon for typical shooting, and another for firing hexed bullets.

Finally, remember that even though hexslinging stems from the very old, established and reliable magic tradition of runecasting...the effects are still provided by manitous and the dark magic of the Reckoning. Townsfolk who clue in to a hexslinger's unnatural tendencies usually do their best to lynch the poor devil.

NEW POWERS

Numb

Rank: Novice

Power Points: 1

Range: Touch

Duration: 10 minutes

Numb alleviates pain caused by injury. With a success on the Hexslinging roll, the power removes one point of wound penalties. With a raise, numb removes two points of penalties. The effect lasts for the duration, so it may shield a character from wound penalties acquired after the initial casting as well as those already suffered.

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Numb also nullifies any temporary Injury Table results for its duration. A character made *Lame* by a hit to the leg, for example, can move normally while *numbed*. It has no effect on permanent Injuries.

Shootist

Rank: Special

Power Points: Special

Range: By weapon

Duration: Special

When a hexslinger takes the *shootist* power, he learns 13 secret runes. With this knowledge, he can prepare bullets that deliver effects few powers can duplicate. Moreover, these rounds can be fired by anyone, not just the creator! The downside to using these effects is they must be prepared ahead of time.

The caster can divide a maximum of half her normal Power Points among as many bullets as she wishes—see the costs below. But these Power Points are “tied up” in the bullets until they’re fired. A single bullet can hold only one rune.

Accurately carving the proper rune into a bullet typically requires 1 minute. A rushed

hexslinger can carve one as an action for double the Power Point cost—the bullet still has to be loaded into a weapon. When the bullet’s carved, the gunman must make a Hexslinging roll (at –2 if the hexslinger is carving on the fly). Failure means the bullet is ruined, and will misfire if used, and the Power Points expended.

Success means the bullet works as described when fired, in addition to inflicting the weapon’s usual damage. Attack powers require a Shooting roll to hit, as usual. Because only a Shooting roll is needed to activate these bullets, the hero can hand them off to others for use without penalty (except for those “tied up” Power Points).

The *shootist* power can be used to engrave any of the 13 effects listed below, as long as the hero meets the Rank requirement.

Ammo Whammy (Veteran, 3 Power Points):

The bullet bearing this rune is considered a Heavy Weapon.

Argent Agony (Veteran, 3 Power Points): The bullet etched with this rune affects a being as though it were composed of its Weakness. The hexslinger must know the specific Weakness he wants to mimic when she etches the rune. If a creature can only be harmed by magic, the bullet



also counts as magical. But this power doesn't work against Servitors' Weaknesses—no rune can match the Reckoners' power.

Bullet With Your Name on It (Seasoned, 2 Power Points): This rune allows the shootist to ignore 2 points of Cover. The bullet ricochets or simply travels "around" the obstacle.

Ghost Bullet (Novice, 1 Power Point): The bullet with this rune carved into it inflicts nonlethal damage.

Guidin' Light (Seasoned, 2 Power Points): Firing this "flare" bullet into the night sky removes Illumination penalties in the immediate area for 1 minute. If fired indoors, roll a d6: On a 4–6, the bullet ignites any flammable materials it strikes.

Kentucky Windage (Heroic, 4 Power Points): This rune doubles the Range of a bullet and allows the shooter to ignore 2 points of penalties from any source.

Knife Through Butter (Novice, 1 Power Point): This rune grants a bullet +4 AP.

Loaded for Bear (Novice, 1 Power Point): This rune adds +1 die type to the weapon's damage.

Longbarrel Special (Seasoned, 2 Power Points): The bullet carved with this rune ignores 2 points of Range penalties.

Sacramento Surprise (Seasoned, 2 Power Points): This rune adds +1 die of energy damage—acid, cold, electricity, fire, or sound—to a bullet. The hexslinger determines the effect when the rune is carved.

Segmented Shell (Veteran, 3 Power Points): This rune causes the bullet to explode when it strikes a target, inflicting its damage in a Medium Burst Template.

Shrapnel Storm (Heroic, 4 Power Points): This rune causes the bullet to spray shrapnel in all directions when it strikes a target, inflicting its damage in a Large Burst Template. It is a Heavy Weapon.

Spherical Shell (Seasoned, 2 Power Points): This rune causes the bullet to fragment when it strikes a target, inflicting its damage in a Small Burst Template.

NEW EDGE

This Edge is available only to hexslingers.

Born to Kill

Requirements: Novice, Arcane Background (Hexslinger), Hexslinging d6+

When a hexslinger takes the Born to Kill Edge, it allows her to maintain the *aim*, *boost Shooting*, and *smite* powers on her chosen item with no penalty to other Spellcasting rolls, although she still must pay Power Point costs.

Hexslinger Trappings

Following are some suggested pistol-based Trappings for a selection of hexslingers' available powers. Others are possible with the Marshal's consent, but note that they must derive in some way from the hexslinger's chosen item.

Aim: The shootist performs a complex pistol spin to activate the hex. Known as *bullseye*.

Blast: The hexslinger fires an exploding bullet. Called *hand cannon*.

Blind: After performing some complex pistol work, the shootist's weapon reflects available light in a blinding prism. Called *blinded by the glare*.

Boost/Lower Trait: No visible effect, beyond the shootist's awe-inspiring pistol spins. Called *gun wise*.

Burst: The hexslinger's muzzle flash looses a cone of flame. Called *hellfire*.

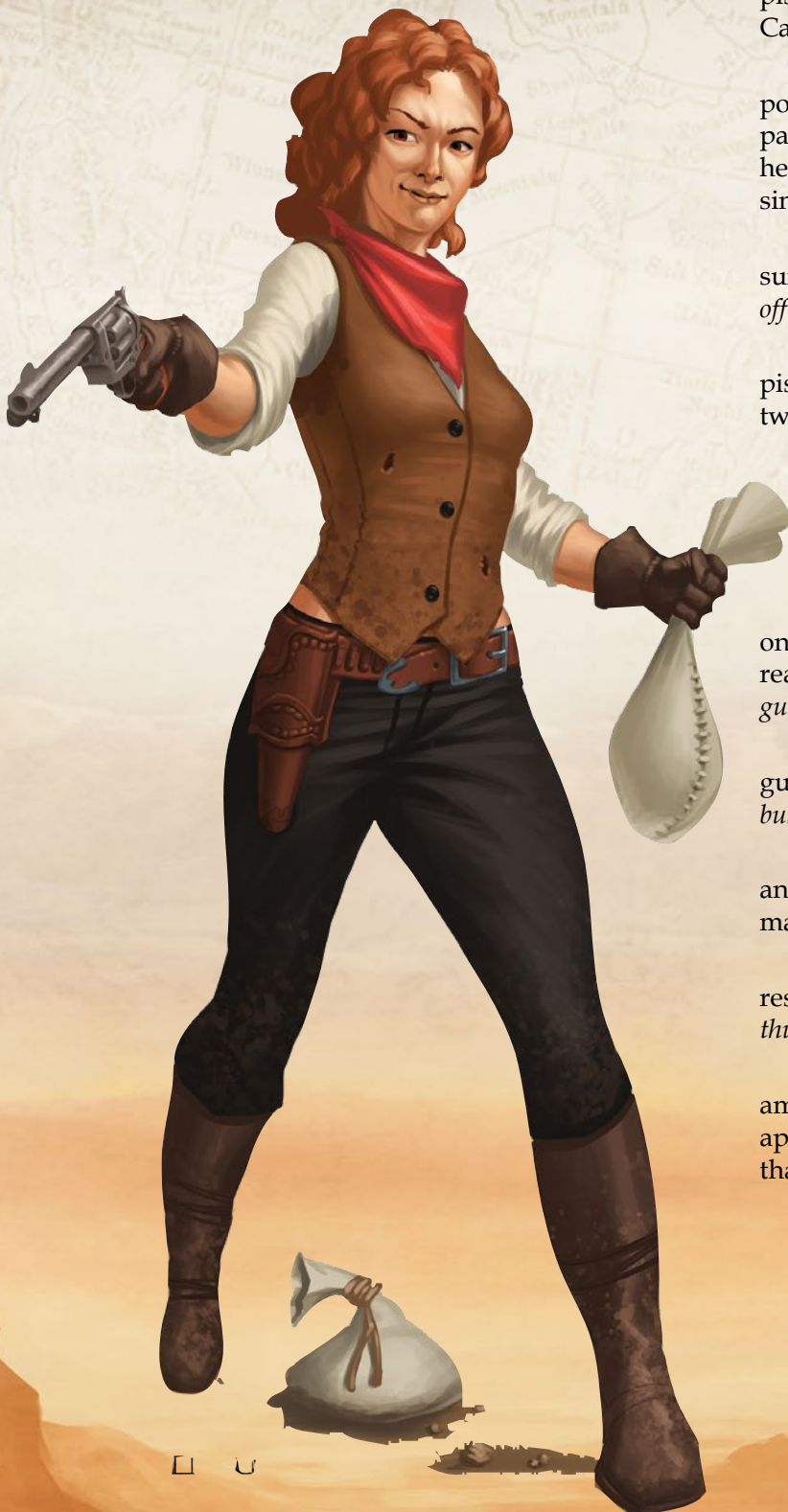
Confusion: The shootist performs rapid and dazzling pistol spins, leaving observers dumbfounded. Called *Albuquerque circus*.

Deflection: The shootist spins her pistol to activate the hex, which causes attacks to simply miss. Called *skin o' the teeth*.

Dispel: The shootist performs an intricate, multipart pistol spin, but the power has no other visible effect. Called *hex repellent*.

Fear: The shootist's pistol spins seem so reckless as to result in wild shots any second. Called *hit the deck!*

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Havoc: The hexslinger fires a bullet that unleashes a shockwave when it strikes the target. Called *eatin' gravel*.

Numb: The shootist performs a few elaborate pistol spins to loosen up stiff and sore joints. Called *hale n' hearty*.

Obscure: Before the advent of smokeless powder, gunfights soon rendered their participants nearly blind. With this power, the hexslinger can create a blinding cloud with a single shot. Called *gunsmoke*.

Pummel: The hexslinger fires a cone-shaped surge of magical force from his gun. Called *back off!*.

Quickness: The shootist cuts loose with a few pistol spins, and seems to move as fast as those twirling six-shooters. Called *fast as lightning*.

Shootist: Trappings vary by effect; see *shootist* on page 26.

Slow: The hexslinger fires a shot in the air, distracting targets. Called *molasses in January*.

Slumber: The hexslinger seems to gun down one or more targets with a single shot—in reality, they've fallen asleep. Called *sandman's gunpowder*.

Smite: This power can only affect a hexslinger's gun. It's activated by cocking the hammer. Called *bushwhacker*.

Speed: The shootist's pistol spins blur faster and faster, until the hexslinger's legs seem to match. Called *jackrabbit*.

Stun: The hexslinger fires a shockingly loud, resounding shot from her weapon. Called *rollin' thunder*.

Trinkets: A shootist can only summon ammunition with this power, but the rounds appear loaded in the character's weapon rather than in her hand. Called *load 'em up*.

🔫 **1 Power Point:** 1 pistol round.

🔫 **2 Power Points:** 1 rifle/shotgun round or 3 pistol rounds.

🔫 **3 Power Points:** 3 rifle/shotgun rounds or 6 pistol rounds.

🔫 **4 Power Points:** 15 rifle/shotgun rounds or 30 pistol rounds.



MARSHAL TERRITORY

Anybody don't want to get killed
best not go gunnin' for Stone.
That way lies a fool's end...
and a locomotive to Hell for
the poor sucker's eternal soul.



Death's Domain

The Four Horsemen, called the Reckoners by those few souls who know they exist, have bent all their energies toward "terrorforming" our world into a veritable Hell on Earth. When their work is done, and the earth remade in the Deadlands' image, the Reckoners will be able to leave behind their tortured spiritual existence and stride our world in the flesh.

Although the Reckoners work their havoc across the globe, in the 1880s they're focused on the American West, a lawless frontier that's especially promising for transformation into a vast Deadland.

The Reckoners' depredations know no boundaries, but each enjoys its own concentrated domain. *Stone and a Hard Place* showcases Death, whose morbid kingdom covers an awful lot of ground. It runs from the plains of west Texas all the way to its dark heart in Death Valley, California, covers New Mexico and Arizona, and stretches its skeletal grasp a good many miles across the Mexican border. Much of Nevada lies under Death's sway as well.

Lord of the Underworld

Death dwells deep in the Hunting Grounds, patiently collecting souls and working to spark Judgment Day's cleansing fire. When he allows himself to be seen, Death's visage is terrifying in

a primal way: He appears as a tall, skeletal figure in tattered black robes, carrying an ancient, battered scythe in his bony right hand.

Death rides a pale, off-white horse called Thanatos. It has flaming hooves, and snorts burning embers and choking brimstone from its nostrils.

The Dyin' and the Dead

Most folks living in the Wild Southwest are good-hearted, upstanding members of their communities. But the law's arm is not so long when compared to the Southwest's vast deserts and plains. Those who would prey on others—for remuneration or the simple, vicious joy of killing—run feral and unchecked.

These are Death's minions, whether they know it or not...the ones who make sure Boot Hill never runs low on cadavers. In 1881, a whole passel of them plague the New Mexico Bootheel and east Arizona.

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At the top of their rotten, no-good heap, his dusty, grave-brown coat a-whippin' in the wind, stands Death's red right hand. The Hero Killer. Stone.

A MAN NAMED STONE

Although Jasper Stone adorned the cover of the first-ever *Deadlands* book, we've never revealed his full backstory—until now. Grab the reins tight and hold onto your hat, amigo, because this mustang was born for speed.

Alabama Youth

Jasper Stone was born in 1833, the youngest of five siblings. His mother died in childbirth, leaving baby Jasper to be raised by his father and four brothers. His sister Jasmine was stillborn years earlier, and now they'd lost Ma. Though burdened by sadness, for a time the Stone family got along fine on their Alabama farm.

But as soon as Jasper began to toddle about and speak his first words, his family started to suspect the lad wasn't quite right. He was a little too precocious, a little too good at subtly needling adults about their grown-up foibles... and sometimes they'd catch Jasper staring at them. Later, they'd remember a cold, almost unholy light that gleamed in the two-year-old's eyes.

Having thoroughly spooked all his relations, little Jasper got the worst abuse from everyone on the farm. When Old Man Stone's fortunes dried up and he turned to drink, he was vicious as a mad dog to all his sons, who in turn redirected the aggression onto Jasper, the runt o' the litter. Which is not to imply the lad was undeserving of their brutality.

On the contrary—Jasper was always a cruel turd of a boy. He took considerable glee from animals' suffering. Once he mail-ordered a magnifying lens with money he'd stolen from his father's overalls during one of his two-day drunks, because he heard he could incinerate ants with it. Having had his fiery way with all sorts of insect life, he moved on to larger animals like raccoons and cats.

After a while animal cruelty lost its shine and Jasper moved on to people. Even though his brothers beat him mercilessly whenever they got the chance, Jasper soon learned how to take revenge. After all, Old Man Stone worked the boys like plough horses from dawn until dusk—they had to sleep sometime. That's when little Jasper would creep from bed in bare feet and make them pay.

Sometimes the offending brother woke up to find Jasper perched on the foot of the bed, staring...and maybe pointing a loaded scattergun at his face. More often, Jasper inflicted some other cruel retribution. It wasn't uncommon for a Stone boy to arrive at breakfast covered in painful welts from the wasp's nest dropped into his bed, or with bruised or broken toes from the rat traps he'd stepped in upon waking. When Jasper got big enough to fight back, he dealt his brothers a few savage beatings.

At the end of one such licking, Jasper hissed, "Don't you forget, you son of a bitch—I killed Ma. God damn it if I won't kill you next."

None of Jasper's brothers ever laid a hand on him again.

The War Years

When the War Between the States broke out, Jasper—now a tall man, sinewy and tough as a bullwhip—joined the Confederate Army and discovered what would become his life's work: killing. And he was good at it, too. Far faster and more accurate than any other soldier in the 13th Alabama, when his twin Colt Walkers roared Jasper could put holes through a Confederate gold eagle at a hundred paces. He was pure Hell with a rifle. And with his fellow soldier and loyal ally "Marshal" Rex Tremendae fighting at his side, Stone harbored no compunction whatsoever against using his skills to end men's lives.

Quite the opposite, really—he took great pleasure in putting a man underground, putting an end to all he's done and obliterating anything he would *ever* do. Stone relished nothing so much as holding that power in his hands.

So Captain Jasper Stone's rapid rise wasn't much of a surprise to his superior officers. But by the time the 13th Alabama reached the battle

of Gettysburg on July 1, 1863, his men recognized him for the ornery, homicidal tyrant he'd become. Little did Stone know the Reckoning was about to slap the world in the face—and in the process, elevate him above the third-rate cusses that surrounded him.

On July 3, heavy Union fire near Cemetery Ridge was ripping the 13th to shreds, although their colors still flew. Worse, rumors spread through the troops of revenant dead roaming the battlefield, attacking former allies and feasting on the screaming wounded. Capt. Stone did not truck with such hearsay—he raged at his men to fight, to charge alongside him. He tore his sidearm from its holster and threatened to shoot any man who didn't follow him.

His soldiers decided they'd rather risk a court martial for murder than follow Stone's suicidal orders. When he turned to lead the charge, they figured nobody would miss another Confederate officer in the disastrous Battle of Gettysburg. Thus Stone's body was riddled with 13 lead balls fired by his own men, Union soldiers captured the regimental colors, and the 13th lost over half of its 308 souls to the war's meat grinder.

Harrowed at First Sight

Soon after, battlefield medics hauled Stone into a surgeon's tent, where Dr. Isaiah Ingoldsby worked frantically in a bloody apron to save as many lives as he could. Faced with a captain suffering multiple bullet wounds but somehow clinging to life, the sawbones wiped his brow and soon warmed to the grisly task.

One by one, Ingoldsby dug 13 misshapen lead balls from Stone's back, gritting his teeth as each one landed in the bloody pan with a dull *clang*. Although Doc Ingoldsby would never again be certain of much in his life, he knew one thing: Capt. Stone's spirit fled that table. A twitch of the spine, a final exhalation, and by the time the surgeon pulled out the last ball wrapped in a bloody patch of uniform that had been carried into the wound...the body was stone-cold.



But inside Stone's unquiet—and quite intact—brain, a dark drama unfolded. A manitou freshly freed from the Deadlands grabbed Stone's soul by the scruff of its neck as it was drawn toward Hell's eternal damnation. The worm slammed Stone back into his head and jumped in beside him. In life it had been a vicious pirate. Almost salivating over the evil acts it was about to commit, the manitou started weaving a nightmare for Stone the likes of which he'd never experienced.

But Stone merely stifled a yawn. Witnessing the worst depravities, violations, and massacres a manitou could dream up wasn't all that impressive to him. He had to admit it *amused* him a touch; something to pass those last few ticks of the clock before he expired. But he didn't expire. His gaze pierced the smokescreen, and he saw

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what had created it. In a flash, Stone snapped his vice like grip onto that manitou's icy throat. The worm squirmed, whined, pleaded.

Stone grinned like a demon with hellfire eyes and hissed, "Maybe you ain't *heard* o' me. Name's Stone. I will let you reside here, you filthy maggot, and I will make use of whatever power I can wring out of your wretched hide. But *I* am in charge. You'd do well to remember that." He proceeded to lick the tar out of his very own manitou. That demon didn't even realize it *had* a worst nightmare until it met Jasper Stone.

Meanwhile, Doc Ingoldsby looked up from his shaking, bloody hands to see Stone sit up on the table and heave his ravaged legs over the side. The surgeon's jaw dropped open.

Stone caught him staring, and in one smooth motion he stood up from the table, whipped a Colt Walker from its holster, and cocked the hammer. Ingoldsby gulped and stared into the barrel's yawning black void.

Stone's eyes flicked to the pan full of bloody lead. "I see you got you some *souvenirs*, sawbones." A tiny smile tugged at the corner of his mouth, showing red-stained teeth. "You done good. *Real* good."

He uncocked his Colt, spun it nimbly into a holster, turned abruptly, and left the sawbones quaking in his shoes.

But Stone didn't get far. See, that foul spirit in his noggin had recoiled in horror when faced with the desolate landscape of Stone's thoughts. Right away, it sent word to its masters about the dark soul it had found. For Stone's part, he thought the manitou's terrors and whispering voices were just delirium brought on by blood loss. But as he staggered from the still-raging battlefield, another voice entered his head, far more sinister than the last—Death himself. His mind overwhelmed, his body wrung out, Stone fell face-first in the bloodstained grass.

Death Makes an Offer

Death spoke in Stone's head, giving him a choice, a way to go on. *You could be my vengeful right hand.* Stone already had eternal life. Now the Reckoner offered near-limitless power to deal death to others. *You only have to do one thing.*

But Stone held up one finger to silence the Reckoner. "You just wait a minute, hoss. Got somethin' o' my own needs doin' first."

Stone woke up to the sound of buzzing flies, sweltering heat, and crushing weight on his back. He was in a barn outside Gettysburg under scores of stacked Confederate dead, some of whom were his former comrades—but not all of them. He dragged himself free and headed south, driven by a new purpose.

After Gettysburg, the battered 13th Alabama had retreated to Virginia, where they spent most of the winter of 1863–1864 encamped. Stone hunted down each and every one of the men who murdered him. All went down with bullets in their brains, leaving blood-spattered snow among the tents.

Next, Stone returned home to Alabama. He shot down his brothers one by one, killed their families and all their livestock, put fire to their houses and barns. Whether they faced him like men or cowered under their beds, all got the gun. Old Man Stone was last, the rheumatoid farmer nearly confined to his rocking chair.

"Go ahead," the old man said, defiant. "Shoot me. What more do I got to live for, anyhow? You always were a rotten little cuss."

"Too easy for you," Stone whispered. He remembered every single stroke of every lickin' he ever got, whether from a callused hand, a hickory switch, or a leather belt. He counted every one as he gave them back to Old Man Stone. It took all night.

Finally dawn filled the shack with merciful light. Old Man Stone groaned through split, bloody lips, "You done your work, boy. And I must admit you done it well. Now kill me."

"Suit yourself," said Stone. He casually tossed his father's withered, broken frame onto the bed and handcuffed his wrist to the rail. He lit a cigarillo, dropped the flaring match onto the bed, and sauntered out the front door. Smoke poured from the windows, flames began to lick at the timbers. Stone lingered for a while near the front yard, until his father's ragged shrieks gave out.

"Now," Stone said to Death, "I believe you wanted something?"

For the first time in its long existence, the Reckoner was taken aback, almost amused. *Stone, my boy – you just did it.*

Hero Killer

As Death's red right hand, Stone went about his work with grim competence and savage glee. Death warned him that do-gooders would always rise to do battle with the Reckoners' servants, and those pesky so-and-sos were to remain at the top of the Deathly Drifter's dead-list.

Over time, as he refined and tempered his powers, Stone became a killing machine. But he was never especially cruel or vicious about it. To him, killing a person was as matter-of-fact as swatting a fly. You don't do it because you're afraid of the fly, or angry at it, or jealous of it. You do it because the fly's a nuisance, just asking to be swatted. Then again, Stone enjoyed pulling the wings off particularly troublesome or irritating flies from time to time too. A man's got to have hobbies.

Joining up with his old pal "Marshal" Rex Tremendae, who'd deserted the 13th Alabama after Gettysburg, Stone rounded up a gang and spent several years terrorizing wide swaths of Missouri and Kansas, robbing trains and banks and generally raising Hell. Not because he needed the money—a dead man has few earthly needs—but because it entertained him. For a while.

During these years Stone picked up his habit of shooting lawmen through their badges, and started amassing his collection of "keepsakes"—his victims' pierced, bloodstained tin stars. Stone and Tremendae eventually had a falling out that ended their exploits, one that would take years to mend. But left to his own devices, Stone kept on blazing a trail of death across the Weird West.

His depredations came to a sudden end in 1876. With Rex Tremendae's help, Stone acquired a pure black, ghost rock diamond from South America that had caught the Reckoners' interest. But a run-in with another Servitor—the Reverend Ezekiah Grimme—laid Stone low. He lost the diamond and spent the next 23 years chained up in Rock Island Prison as Reverend Grimme's prisoner.

FATEFUL CHOICES

A cardinal rule in the world of *Deadlands* is that evil is never forced upon a mortal soul. A person has to choose it. The various powers monsters wield 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.

After Stone's own men shot him in the back and left him for dead at Gettysburg, the ornery bastard crawled out from under a stack of Confederate corpses and willingly became Death's Servitor—and *all* the Reckoners' personal assassin.

Now Stone's job is killing heroes who get too big for their britches, and he's damn good at it.

When Stone finally busted out in 1899, he vanished into legends and tall tales. Law and society civilized the frontier, and roving gunslingers faded into memory. But Stone didn't stop killing; he just did it more subtly. There were still heroes fighting the Reckoners' machinations, and it was up to Stone to end them. He slew them in New Orleans, and he stalked prey in Shan Fan, Chicago, New York, Lost Angels, and the City o' Gloom. He killed so many heroes, he'd lost count by the 1980s. Hell, if he'd notched his guns for every kill he'd have no handles left.

But despite all Stone's efforts...the heroes won. They hunted abominations into the depths of the Hunting Grounds and lit up the shadows menacing the world. By the late 21st Century, the Reckoners were nearly beaten, their dark magic expended, their spirit hordes banished to the Deadlands once more, all the Servitors but Stone annihilated, imprisoned, or reformed.

In 2094, in a dark vault deep in the heart of Devils Tower, the Reckoners shared a secret with their last remaining servant, Stone.

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We are dying, they whispered as one. Maybe never to rise again. Only a tiny sliver of our power remains. But you, Stone. Loyal Stone. If you are willing to help us, you can continue the fight. We promise you this. In fact, you can ensure our eternal victory. All you have to do...is step through the door.

Stone nodded.

Giving precise instructions regarding a certain South American diamond called the “Heart of Darkness”—Stone still remembered it—the Reckoners expended their last reserves of dark magic to tear open a ragged, flickering portal in midair.

We can only do this once, they warned. They were already violating cosmic forces even they didn’t fully understand. But it was their last chance. No do-overs.

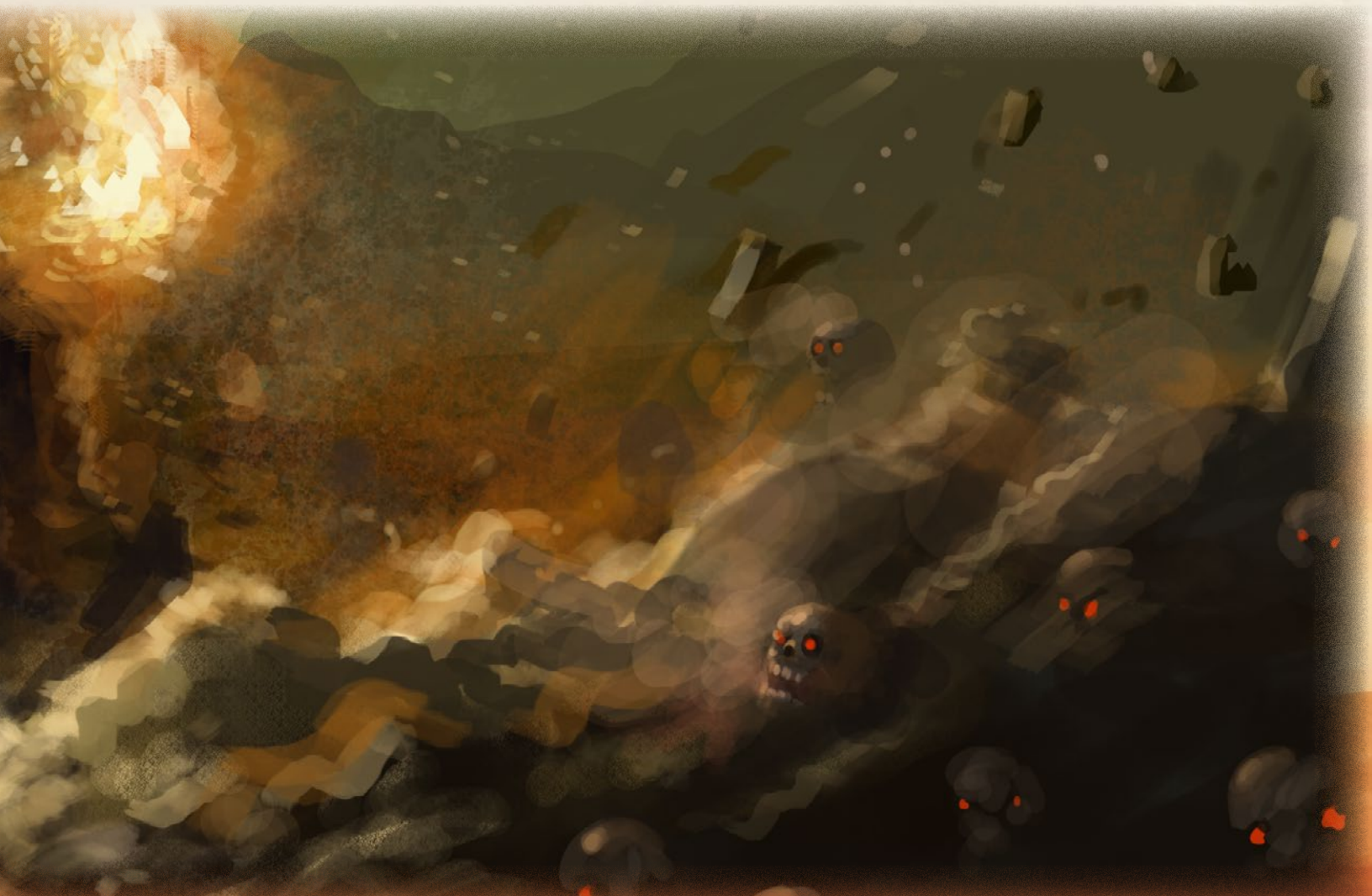
It was all up to Stone. He was the last chance to bring about the Hell on Earth they’d sought for so very long. With a tip of his battered hat and a tiny smile tugging the corner of his mouth, Stone stepped through and vanished into the past.

Here’s the problem with cheating though: You can always get caught. The hole didn’t close behind Stone like the Reckoners thought it would. It stayed open, and a secret military installation replaced the dark tunnels at the heart of Devils Tower. And someone else came after Stone...

The Two Stones

Astounded at how his life had looped back upon itself, the 261-year-old Stone appeared in 1876 knowing exactly where to find his younger counterpart, and what he had to do. He remembered his first encounter with the Heart of Darkness, the mystical 150-carat ghost rock diamond he’d hired his old friend Rex Tremendae to steal from a Hellstromme Industries laboratory in the City o’ Gloom.

He remembered all right. He recalled that sniveling weasel Doc Snead delivering the diamond to him at a Lost Angels hotel. Worst of all was the memory of sitting in his room, staring into that wonderful gem and contemplating its dark mysteries, only to have the Reverend Ezekiah



Grimme crash the party. Grimme buffeted Stone with Hellfire and melted his Colt Walkers into slag, took away the diamond, and clapped Stone into manacles at Rock Island Prison. He'd go on to spend 23 long years chained in that dark dungeon.

Stone figured it was high time to make a few changes.

First he shot and *ghosted* his way out of Devils Tower. Then Stone traveled to California and adopted the guise of "Old Pete," a masked, disfigured ex-burglar. He hired a posse of easily duped hero-types to bust his younger counterpart out of Grimme's inner sanctum. They succeeded only because Grimme and all his servants were occupied in using the Heart of Darkness for their own foul "Bloody Sunday" ritual – the reason the Reckoners wanted the gem in Lost Angels in the first place.

Grimme used the gem to unleash demonic carnage at the cathedral. Blasting their way through the mayhem, Stone, his younger self, and their heroic dupes snatched the Heart of Darkness and got away clean. Grimme succeeded in his plan to create a 75-mile-radius "safe zone" for black magic around Lost Angels, a feat Stone approved of but didn't truly admire. After all, he knew what that rock could *really* do.

Young Stone, although pleased as punch to be free of Grimme's prison, had no patience for chin music from random gunmen or this Old Pete character. At the warehouse rendezvous, Stone slapped leather and demanded the black diamond at gunpoint.

"Well, folks," he hissed as he pocketed the gem, "I think it's time I said good-bye to y'all – but first ..." Stone's eyes turned to Old Pete, still seated, and he barked angrily, "Who the *Hell* are you, and how do you know so much about me?"

"That's a complex question, but I'll try to keep it simple for you," the masked man said. Old Pete stood up and took off his mask. "Actually, I'm you."

His face emerged into the light, the spittin' image of Stone's. He went on, "I'm you, you're me, and the two of us have many things to talk about." Old Pete gestured to the warehouse's back door. "Shall we? The future awaits."

FIGHT FOR THE FUTURE

Fighting Stone means the posse gets duped by Old Stone's machinations, travels Back East and uses Stone's Weakness against him, and must eventually reach Death Valley in time to stop the older, time-traveling Stone from making the potential "Hell on Earth" a hellish certainty.

Even as the heroes fight for their lives, they're also fighting for the human race's future...even if they don't know it. And they get some help from a few unlikely sources along the way, including Old Stone's long-suffering manitou.

But that doesn't mean it'll be easy, Marshal. When you're fighting Stone, it never is. The Deathly Drifter's got a whole gang of killers on his side.

They left Old Stone's patsies to be eaten by a ravenous pack of walkin' dead, a move that provided them plenty of jollies over the next few days.

No Shortage o' Heroes

Unfortunately for the two Stones, their hired gunmen managed to escape the warehouse deathtrap no worse for wear. And proving that Old Stone's time had its own share of do-gooders, a gritty shootist named Jackie Wells had followed Stone back from the future, and she was Hell-bent on putting a stop to his evil plans. Pretty soon those folks all linked up in Lost Angels and set out on the Stones' trail.

For Old Stone, breaking his younger self out of the hoosegow was only the first step. With the Heart of Darkness in hand, he would return to Devils Tower and perform his own ritual, turning the region into a massive Deadland – surging outward with the Reckoning's dark magic. Then he and his younger self would range out across the Weird West, killing every hero who survived Stone's original 23-year stretch at Rock Island and creating Deadlands all over the map.



Together, they would rain the Reckoners' ruin over the entire world.

Only things didn't turn out that way. Through a series of switchbacks, double-crosses, bluffs, and machinations, Jackie Wells—the do-gooder who followed Stone back from the future—and her allies got hold of the Heart of Darkness. They took the dire gem back to Devils Tower, eluding both Stones and a heap of weird critters, and skedaddled back through the Reckoners' portal—using their own arcane knowledge to destroy the portal's time-bending qualities.

Young Stone shrugged, letting the defeat roll off his back. He didn't care much about that gem anyhow, nor about his future counterpart. "Thank you kindly for busting me out of that dungeon," said Stone at the campfire that night, "But I reckon I'll be on my way, old timer."

"On your way?" Old Stone raised an eyebrow. "To do what?"

Young Stone narrowed his murderous gaze. "Oh, I don't know. Most likely you'll kill your

way...and I'll kill mine. Just stay out of my way, Old Pete."

Stone's younger self left him in the prairie's yawning darkness, a man out of time, with no future to return to. He hadn't realized this would be a one-way trip. And for the first time in as long as he could remember, no voices whispered in Old Stone's head. He was on his own.

Heart o' Darkness, Redux

For the next five years the two Stones did exactly what the younger predicted they would—they killed in their own ways. The younger Stone went out and—with Death's help—found himself a pair of relic Colt Dragoons, all the better to slay his prey. Without a doubt, they slaughtered more heroes between 1876 and 1881 than the Reckoning would have claimed if Stone still languished in Rock Island Prison.

But without the Heart of Darkness, fears that this was all for naught nagged at Old Stone every day. After all, his history was off the rails now, and he didn't have many familiar memories to

draw on—his past had dried up along with his future. His head was filled with recollections of things that would never happen, and every new event surprised him.

In 1880, when the Great Flood washed over Lost Angels and put an end to Grimme's reign of starvation, Old Stone began to wonder...could *these* be the events that bring about the Reckoners' victory? The following year, as the Great Summoning quenched the Black Hills' ghost rock rush forever, Stone began to experience a long-dormant emotion...fear.

Well, maybe it was concern more than real fear. Old Stone always was a paranoid bugger. But he started to imagine that any day now, with no real past for a foundation and no future to return to, he'd just fade away. Or maybe his younger self would put him down with a bullet from his own gun—the only thing that could kill him. Like we said, he was a paranoid son of a bitch, and prone to flights of imagination in his later years.

That's when Death's voice, silent for so long, spoke in Stone's head. Like so many times before, it offered him a way to go on and complete his task. There was a way to create another Heart of Darkness, Death said, but Stone would have to double-cross Death's other Servitor, and he'd have to perform a greater ritual than ever before. And once these things were done, Death promised, the diamond's infernal magic would merge Old Stone with his counterpart—making him the one and only Jasper Stone—and he would set the world aflame.

You alone can make certain, Death whispered, that we win. That we always win.

The Deathly Drifter Returns

Old Stone rode hard for the Great Maze to set the new plan in motion. In Shannonsburg, California, a newly discovered ghost rock nugget was making news for its diamond-like qualities and huge size. In a daring midnight heist, the old deader used his Ghost Edge to walk into the vault where it was stored and snatch it with none the wiser. But despite its arcane potential, the dark gem wasn't truly a Heart of Darkness...not yet.

Stone set out for the Wild Southwest. He tracked down his counterpart and beguiled him

with an intricate web of alluring lies. Young Stone didn't trust anyone, least of all himself, but he had to admit Old Stone's plan—to rile up some outlaw gangs just like in the old days, and incite them to ever more heinous acts of murder and larceny—seemed easy enough and, more important, sounded like a whole heap of fun.

So Young Stone rode to Cochise County, Arizona Territory, where trouble was already brewing between Bayou Vermilion and their Cowboy allies on one side, and the Earp brothers and Texas Rangers on the other. Stone soon made friends with the Clantons and McLaurys, and brought the Laughing Men Gang to heel.

Meanwhile, Old Stone waited for the other half of his plan to materialize on the scene—heroes. Do-gooders. Patsies. He knew they were never in short supply, no matter what time period he was trapped in.

What happens in our official *Deadlands* continuity when he finds them is the subject of the Plot Point Campaign found later in this book (see page 89). But let's not get too hung up on Stone, yet, pard—he's only the pinnacle of Death's hierarchy of horror.

BADMEN & KILLERS

Plenty of folks in the Southwest are doing Death's lonely business, whether they know it or not. Some do his grisly work in pursuit of a greater goal—riches, power, land, influence—and other revel in the simple act of killing. Here we cover those that are most likely to be burrs in your posse's saddle.

Rail Barons

The Bayou Vermilion and Lone Star rail companies are most active in this region, although Empire Rails tracks also run across Nevada and south to Fort 51.

Bayou Vermilion: Just as other Rail Barons have diversified their holdings in the Disputed Lands, Baron LaCroix has his sights set squarely on the Southwest. In the rail corridor between Tombstone and Railhead, California, he sees

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a “ghost rock express” whose assets will far outstrip what the Ghost Trail offered.

Despite a stinging rebuke of his undead forces by the Apaches in 1879, devastating losses suffered at the battle of Lost Angels later that year, and a minor yet sound defeat in Potential, Arizona (see page 61), Bayou Vermilion has managed to salvage quite a few treasures from the Great Rail Wars’ smoking debris. After all — (un)dead workers are easy to replace!

From mid- to late 1881, Bayou Vermilion staked numerous mining claims along its main rail line through New Mexico, Arizona, and California, and engaged in a monumental track-laying campaign. By October 1881, short spurs run to a great many of these destinations, including a major corridor linking Tombstone to Tucson as well as silver concerns all along the San Pedro River valley. But BV’s *secret* activities are far more insidious and reprehensible.

Adame LeChetelier oversees LaCroix’s Southwestern interests from his headquarters in Tucson. Early in 1880, he completed work on LaCroix’s sanctum—a secret roundhouse outside Tucson (see page 70)—and now his undead construction force has a new goal.

A second hidden facility is in the works, located on the site of one of Ed Schieffelin’s abandoned claims called Graveyard (see page 141). This one is located just east of Tombstone. Bayou Vermilion employs various tactics to keep prying eyes away from their new project, including mobs of feral dead “herded” by walkin’ dead bosses, siccing the Cowboys on rivals, and “scourge teams” armed with flamethrowers to rid the area of unnatural vermin and pesky heroes.

Lone Star: Back when it was called Dixie Rails, the company never went farther west than the appropriately named Dead End. Despite their best efforts, the concern went under in the dark times following the Battle of Lost Angels. For all their misfortunes, as Lone Star the company’s forces have resumed laying spurs to likely sources of fundamentals and other resources.

Most authorities credit Bayou Vermilion’s defeat at Fort Benson, Arizona, in January 1881 as the event that turned Lone Star’s fortunes around. Although the attack was organized and

undertaken by concerned locals from Potential, Arizona, it allowed Lone Star to win the race and complete a spur to what’s possibly the Southwest’s richest source of ghost rock. Unfortunately for Lone Star, this means the company’s fortunes now hinge upon the whims of former railroad man and *Epitaph* correspondent Phineas P. Gage—a singularly dangerous man.

Rumors have persisted for months that Lone Star hopes to leverage their newfound success into another push for the Maze. But despite such rumors’ heated insistence, the company hasn’t started laying track west from Dead End, Arizona just yet.

Empire Rails: Empire Rails has had an easier time of it since the Battle of Lost Angels, but that’s largely due to the cabal of bankers, industrialists, and tycoons on its Board of Directors pouring unbelievable sums of money into its operation. Moreover, the company’s leaders have restored most of its US Government contracts, meaning the trains still run to Fort 51 in southern Nevada’s wilds, and Smith & Robards’ wares are still exported Back East and west to Shan Fan. It also means that nothing happens on an Empire Rails locomotive without agents of the Masonic Conspiracy hearing about it. Whether they take action depends on how famous—and troublesome—they believe a posse to be. See the *Deadlands Marshal’s Handbook* for more about the Masons.

Outlaw Gangs

Scores of independent gangs and impromptu posses are active all across Arizona and New Mexico at any given time. A few have grown big and notorious enough to be included here.

Cowboy Gang: Mexican troops killed Old Man Clanton in Guadalupe Pass during a rustling operation in August 1881. Now his son Ike leads the Cowboy Gang, which is composed mainly of his two brothers—Phineas and Billy—Curly Bill Brocius, Johnny Ringo, and the McLauray Brothers. The Cowboys are the biggest, baddest bunch of outlaws in Tombstone, Arizona. As Bayou Vermilion’s official hired guns, they control the town, especially now that Ranger Hank Ketchum’s gone missing. Although they sometimes raid the Ghost Trail, their main

criminal occupation is cattle rustling in Mexico. You can always tell a member of the Cowboy Gang by his red sash.

Any campaign that's run in Tombstone or follows a path that leads there (whether you're using the Plot Point or not) must incorporate the Cowboy Gang to some degree. The Cowboys permeate every level of life in Cochise County, and very little happens without them knowing about it or having a hand in the situation. They control many of the businesses in the area—including most of Charleston, Arizona, about 10 miles from Tombstone—whether the business is legal or not.

No one's offering a reward for the Clantons—yet. But Curly Bill Brocius has \$500 on his head, and Johnny Ringo's worth \$600.

Devil's Stepsons: "Even the Devil himself won't admit to fatherin' 'em," said Deputy United States Marshal Arturo Rackham after his first run-in with this gang, and the name "Devil's Stepsons" has stuck with them ever since. For the past half-dozen years, the gang has terrorized Nevada, Utah, Arizona, and New Mexico, robbing trains and banks, rustling cattle, raping women, and killing anyone who gets in their way.

The Stepsons' leader is a cruel, redheaded fellow who calls himself Steven Satan. The rest of the Stepsons are a motley crew of desperadoes, banditos, deserters, and men with nothing left to lose. They like mayhem, drinking, loud music, and pretty girls (even if the girls don't necessarily like them).

The United States government is offering rewards for the Stepsons: \$1,000 for Steven Satan and \$300 apiece for the other members of the gang.

Laughing Men: This band of cruel, ruthless outlaws holes up somewhere in the vast Grand Canyon, and plagues Indian and white settlements from Arizona to Colorado. The gang used to work for Black River railroad, but these days they're in cahoots with the Deathly Drifter, Jasper Stone.

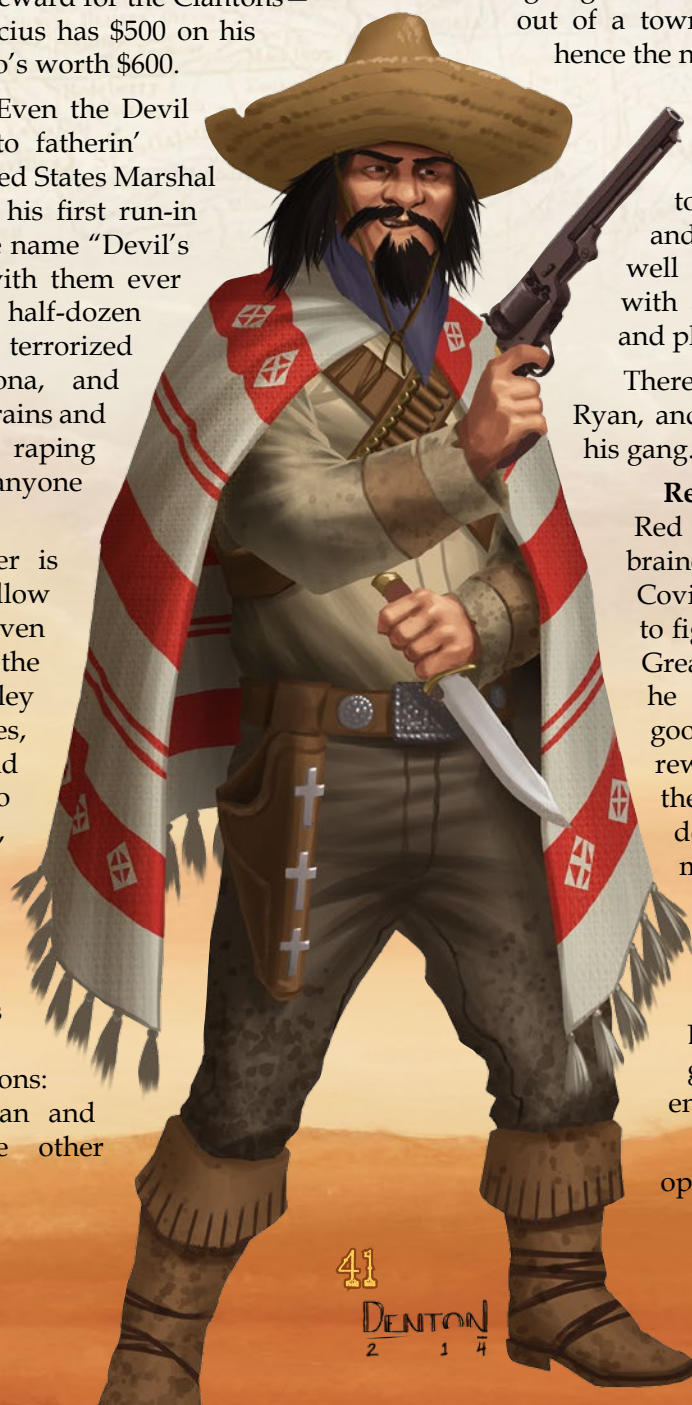
The gang is led by "Chuckles" Ryan, a bloodthirsty villain wanted in every state and territory in North America. Little is known of Ryan except that he's a cautious planner with a raspy, constant laugh and a passion for cheap cigars. It's true he's got more than 200 men working for him. Many of them have taken to laughing their heads off when they ride out of a town they've just robbed—hence the name.

Even though he's cruel to his men at times, they would follow him to the ends of the earth and back. He rewards them well when things work out, with a fair share of the take and plenty of cigars.

There's a \$1,000 reward for Ryan, and \$300 for every man in his gang.

Red Lantern Gang: The Red Lantern Gang is the brainchild of Robert "Red" Covington, whose gang used to fight for Dixie Rails in the Great Rail Wars. Although he and his gang were good, they never felt the rewards were quite worth the danger involved. They decided they could make more money on their own than they could by risking their necks for a Rail Baron, so they formed the Red Lantern Gang—a title given to them by the enthusiastic press.

The gang's modus operandi is simple: Take



REWARDS

These are the rewards currently offered for the most-wanted outlaws of the Wild Southwest. Rewards marked with an asterisk are "dead or alive."

<i>Outlaw</i>	<i>Reward</i>
Black Bart	\$300
Clay Allison	\$500*
Deathly Drifter (Stone)	\$10,000*
"Deacon" Jim Miller	\$800*
Dave Rudabaugh	\$2,000*
John Wesley Hardin	\$4,000*
Doc Holliday	\$300
The Cowboy Gang	
Ike Clanton	None
Phineas Clanton	None
Billy Clanton	None
Curly Bill Brocius	\$500
Johnny Ringo	\$600
Devil's Stepsons	
Steven Satan	\$1,000*
Others	\$300 each*
Laughing Men Gang	
"Chuckles" Ryan	\$1,000*
Others	\$300 each
Red Lantern Gang	
Any	\$500*

advantage of the weirdness in the West to make people think the gang is composed of walkin' dead rather than living men. Using a gang member's talent for make-up, Covington has all his gang members dress up like "deaders" before robberies. They also play the popular conception to the hilt, taking slow, shuffling steps, and speaking in deep, slurred voices. They also make sure the only light they're ever seen in is the dim red glow of railroad hazard lanterns. In this manner, they've maintained the illusion for over four years and three dozen robberies.

They're careful to hide their tracks, and they never steal anything that's too heavy or bulky to carry on a single horse. The Red Lantern Gang numbers about two dozen men, each of whom has a \$500 price on his head.

Solitary Killers: More terrifying than outlaw gangs—whose murders often take place during robberies or other crimes—are the solitary murderers. These are the wild dogs and the badmen, the steel-eyed slayers who end lives without provocation, pity, or remorse. There's nothing supernatural about them, but they're some of Death's most loyal servants all the same.

Several historical killers—including Clay Allison, Black Bart, John Wesley Hardin, "Deacon" Jim Miller, and Dave Rudabaugh—are active in the Wild Southwest in 1881.

FEARMONGERS

Death's lands are rife with more varmints, critters, and monsters than most folks would care to shake a stick at. Most of them have no idea they're working to keep the Reckoners' bellies stuffed full of delicious fear. A few, however, truly rise to the level of Fearmonger.

Black Riders: Death's black riders are minions of the Reckoners, one of the first wave of "scouts" they have sent to Earth. They were hurtled out of the Hunting Grounds to see if they could survive on Death Valley's ambient fear. They have, although their powers are greatly diminished until Death Valley becomes a Deadland—which will happen soon, if Old Stone has his say.

Still, the black riders are not happy about their fate. They despise all life and kill any living beings they find. See page 147 for their profile.

El Diablo Rojo & El Diablo Negro: El Diablo Rojo was once a powerful Apache shaman in northern Mexico. After Mexican soldiers hunted down and killed his entire tribe, he forswore his humanity and sought the power he'd need for vengeance. The Reckoners were all too glad to oblige. As El Diablo Rojo, the powerful black magician stalks the mountains of northern Mexico and the southwestern Confederacy.

Recently, he forged a mystical bond with the monster horse El Diablo Negro, and the two are now among the Reckoners' favorite troubleshooters. Fortunately for most normal folks in the area, the two are so tied to the Reckoners' whims that they have little time anymore for simple slaughter and depredation. See more on pages 149–150.

Harrowed and the Undead

Any discussion of Death's domain and its hazards from beyond the grave would be incomplete without a few words concerning the undead—specifically the various types and how they differ.

Walkin' Dead: Your garden-variety walkin' dead—cunning though they may be—are occupied only by minor demons (demons, manitous, evil spirits, call 'em what you will—they're all the same thing). When the corpse is destroyed, the evil worm just floats back to the Hunting Grounds and might come back after a time. But they don't really have “memory,” so to speak, so they don't come back for revenge. On the other hand, while inhabiting a corpse they're fairly clever, and can use weapons, set traps, and the like. Some can even speak...all the better to cause terror in their victims.

Some walkin' dead dig deep to access memories of the corpses they inhabit, but they can't usually use any powers or abilities the corpse might have had in life. That's because the original host isn't really in there—the spirit's long since gone on to its eternal reward or damnation. A manitou might lie and *say* it's in there, and there might be some tenuous spiritual link to its distant soul...

but for all intents and purposes, the demon is alone in the body.

Harrowed: These deaders are a very special case. A true Harrowed's body is occupied by a much more powerful manitou *and* the original host's soul. Only very powerful, strong-willed individuals become Harrowed. The two wrestle for control—what we call Dominion—constantly.

Most Harrowed “wake up” in the grave, ignorant that they're sharing space with an evil spirit. But then they start manifesting odd powers that make townsfolk scream “Witchcraft!” Sometimes they black out, only to wake up and learn they've done horrible things—things they can't rightly recall. They've also got a powerful hankerin' for raw meat (or other revolting substances). Slowly, they learn about what's inside them and tap its power to develop new supernatural abilities.

When the demon takes over, it just tickles the ivories and plays the hero like a piano. In most cases, it has all the host's memories and arcane powers. The host does whatever the manitou wants, which is to cause mischief (see page 50 for specifics). This is temporary, but occasionally results in complete Dominion—where the host goes dormant and the manitou goes on a tear.

The manitou in a Harrowed is *permanently* destroyed if the host dies. Its primary mission is to sow fear and terror for the Reckoners via the tainted hero; thus the manitou has a vested interest in keeping him “alive” as long as possible.

Other Undead: Other undead also lurk in the Southwest's shadows. There are true zombies—the voodoo kind that can only be killed by sewing their mouths full of salt and facing them toward the sea—plus dessicated dead, nosferatu, vampires, liches, and others. Most are given direct power by the Reckoners without any sort of demonic catalyst or helper, like any other abomination. Their power is intrinsic.

On the subject of shamans, blessed, and chi masters: Because they channel energy from “good” spirits, when the Harrowed's demon takes control it can't use the host's powers. The powers of good simply won't give them up. On the other hand, hucksters, hexslingers, mad scientists, Harrowed, black magicians, and the

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like bargain for power with manitous in the Hunting Grounds whether they know it or not. Harrowed versions of these characters therefore have access to their full powers.

ALLIES & COMPANIONS

They say the only people alive in Death's realm are rich, because everyone who didn't get rich is dead. They also say the only man who can be absolutely sure of a steady flow of business is the undertaker, building his coffins day and night. From west Texas to California, and from Mexico up through barren Nevada, Death grips his lands tightly with skeletal fingers...and allows no life to escape.

So if your heroes have the sand to face off against Death's minions, what can they hope to achieve? One thing's for sure, Marshal—they don't have to hoe that row alone.

The Order of St. George

In 1869, the Catholic church convened a special Vatican Council. Its purpose was to address the strange happenings occurring since the summer of 1863—the Reckoning.

Lack of evidence prevented any official church stance on the issue. But the council decided to invest a special order of clergy to further study the variety of disturbing phenomena. This group was named the Order of Saint George, after a hero of the early church who is reputed to have killed an actual dragon.

The Order is a small one, composed of only about 100 clergy members. They are often called "Georgians" for short, and they report directly to the Vatican. About 20 members are active on the North American continent in 1881.

Due to the lack of an official church endorsement, the Order tries to operate as subtly as possible. Their primary mission is to research supernatural occurrences. Despite this, the members of the Order are sometimes drawn into direct conflict with the forces of evil.

Those members of the Order of St. George who operate in the Weird West often work in

cooperation with the Agency, a friendship dating back to when the Agency was still the Pinkerton Detective Agency. The two organizations often exchange information or work in conjunction on cases dealing with particularly nasty abominations.

Members of the North American branch of this organization tends to have more liberal views on many things than their Old World cousins, but most still refuse to have anything to do with the Agency's notorious "Cleaner Crews."

All Georgians have Knowledge (Religion) d8+, and either the Connections (Vatican) or (Agency) Edge. Early in the Plot Point, Padre Ernesto de Díaz contacts the posse—see page 153 for his profile. He is aware of the threat Stone poses, offers the Georgians' aid against the Deathly Drifter, and serves as an information source.

The Prospector

Better known as Coot Jenkins, the Prospector might be the Weird West's best-informed individual regarding the habits, qualities, and peculiarities of the Harrowed and other undead. He also knows quite a lot about the Reckoning, its origin, and its perpetrators.

Coot was born Back East, but not *too* far Back East. By most accounts he came up in rural Illinois in the 1820s, and set out for western climes when community life proved to disagree with his temperament. Young Jenkins yearned for wide-open spaces and hardly any other faces—so he headed for the Southwest, and looked forward to a life of solitary mining and eventual riches.

After the Reckoning began, however, Coot's fate was forever altered. One day in Arizona's southern Galiuro Range—not far from where Potential would be founded—Coot was poking around in search of a silver vein rumored to lie among the rugged peaks. There he came across a dying Last Son, one of Raven's compadres.

The Indian, a disfigured warrior by the name of Running Wolf, was consumed with guilt over his part in Raven's Reckoning. In remorse, he spilled the beans about the whole thing to Jenkins. Coot didn't really understand it all, but it was clear something terrible had been released upon the world.

Another man might have ignored the dying Last Son, or at least refused to believe his tale, but Jenkins was already something of a philosopher of the style only a self-educated, lone-wolf sort of individual can be. No...when old Coot heard Wolf's story, it set him to some serious thinking.

In time the Prospector took Wolf's tale to heart, and as horrific changes started taking place across North America, his belief in its truth was confirmed. So he decided to do something about the situation.

To safeguard himself somewhat and to protect his friends and family, Coot took to calling himself the "Prospector." For day-to-day business like buying beans and chaw, he still goes by Coot or Jenkins with the live folks he meets. But in his work to foil the Reckoning's agents, he calls himself the Prospector—just in case of prying eyes.

Somewhere along the line, the Prospector learned about the nature of the Harrowed. He's never revealed where he got the information, but it's safe to assume the Prospector knows nearly everything there is to know about these undead buckaroos. At some point he also met the grandfather of all hucksters, Edmund Hoyle, and together they hatched plans to work in secret against the Reckoners.

Coot's gathered a motley crew of Harrowed, some of them too disfigured or decayed to go among live folks, to serve as his private army—for what purpose, he's not yet told them.

What's more, the Prospector has an elixir that can bring back even those Harrowed who have succumbed to total Dominion (see page 102 for details). Now, Coot wanders around the Weird West, tracking down Harrowed, pouring the elixir down their gullets, and then either impressing them into his secret army or putting them down for a dirt nap.

Coot provides invaluable aid to heroes hunting Stone early on in their exploits, and returns later in the Plot Point with his secret army of Harrowed to kick some serious *tuchus*. Along the way, he can serve in myriad roles: commentator, patron, parole officer, rescuer, information source, external conscience, even executioner. Coot's profile is on page 155.

Law & Order

The law is also a staunch ally to the posse. Here are a few factions that might stand by the heroes in a tight spot.

The Earps: Because the heroes' adventures begin in Tombstone, their first friends are likely to be the Earps and their partner Doc Holliday. The Earps can act as patrons—sending the posse on various missions in and around Tombstone proper—but they're also ready to take up shootin' irons if a situation calls for it.

Alexander Graves: Another possible ally is bounty hunter and hexslinger Alexander Graves (page 154), a man who usually works alone but could be convinced to join a like-minded posse for a time.

Sgt. Elijah Clay: After Hank Ketchum and his posse's disappearance, the senior Ranger brass in Richmond decided to assign a specialist to the case. Elijah Clay is a newcomer to Tombstone, but he's devoted to rootin' out unnatural critters—and killin' 'em good. Sgt. Clay might end up as an ally, information source, or rival, depending on whether he cottons to the posse and what they think of him. Clay's got a few secrets of his own, which might account for why he was assigned to Cochise County—see page 153 for his profile.

Agents & Rangers: In the Plot Point, the posse has ample opportunities to meet envoys of the Agency and Texas Rangers, both of which have had Stone in their sights for a few years—even if they don't know much about him beyond his real name, sketchy facts about his "death" at Gettysburg, and his lack of any weak spot.

Members of either the Rangers or Agency might be recruited (or insinuate themselves) as allies. This is especially true of the Agency, given their frequent association with the Order of St. George. Whether the heroes choose to associate with them, merely tolerate their presence, or actively avoid them, all the law dogs come home to roost in Plot Point episode five, **Showdown at Diablo Crater** (page 112).

Speaking of your posse, Marshal —whenever the group arrives in Tombstone to fill the heroes' role is when the story of *Stone and a Hard Place* begins.



Setting Rules

Death rules this land. From the white-hot sun baking the earth into a barren, cracked expanse to the empty noose swaying in the skeletal branches of the hangman's tree—just waiting for a scrawny neck to squeeze the life from—to bloodstained buzzards circling overhead, the southwest seems to thirst for souls.

With the Reckoning's dark magic suffusing it, and Death's skeletal touch visible everywhere the Fear rises, it's a wonder any decent souls still dwell there. But they do. And they're just waiting for heroes to ride into town, bravely assess and dispatch the evil, and clear that Fear from the air.

It's your job, Marshal, to put a few Fearmongers in their way. See, every hero's got to wade through a rising tide of horror to arrive on victory's shore...if Death has anything to say about it.

I Got the Fear!

The main idea is to show your posse the pall of Fear that hangs over Death's demesne, and give their heroes a reason—plenty of reasons, preferably—to be afraid of the dark, and of the mortal end that lies in wait within it. For the most part, you can convey this with desolate, morbid descriptions and by the way Extras act—for the most part sullen, melancholy, and fearful.

But sometimes you need a mechanic to really embody the setting. The trick is keeping such activity within acceptable limits of lethality. We're sending your posse after the one and only Stone, after all—*twice*.

This chapter gives you plenty of Setting Rules designed to underscore Death's influence, besides tilting the odds toward a hero shufflin' off the mortal coil every few game sessions. Of course, we give you a few rules like that too; it's always fun when a cowpoke buys the farm in spectacular fashion.

However, there are other ways to demonstrate Death's sway as searchers trail Stone along the twisted trail to perdition. Here are a few.

BATTLEFIELD HORRORS

Several battlefields' locations are marked on the map on page 55, and described on pages

DEADLANDS: STONE AND A HARD PLACE

62–63. Add more as is your wont, Marshal. Battlefields are desolate, lonely places, where gray clouds always cover the sky and creeping fog pools in craters and 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 Death'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 Death's dominion draws additional cards equal to the battlefield's Fear Level to determine whether she comes back Harrowed.

DEADLY WEATHER

Weather patterns vary greatly across the wide swath of land Death calls home. But a few meteorological manifestations are bound to cause no end of trouble to a posse exposed to the elements. Here's the skinny, Marshal.

Heavy Snow

Heavy snowfall is uncommon in the Wild Southwest, but can spell trouble in mountainous areas during winter. Needless to say, it makes the ground difficult 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 more) in the snow.

Sandstorm

Travelers caught in a sandstorm 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 sandstorm 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 sand clogs the intake or the engine freezes. A typical storm lasts 1d4+2 hours, but yours can last as long as the plot requires.

Storm

Storms, typified by dark skies and lashing rain, are similarly uncommon in the region. But when there is a sudden downpour, the potential for flash floods, drownings, and widespread destruction is significant.

A storm reduces visibility—treat as Dark for Illumination 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

In a 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 (same as a Rockslide), possibly damaging nearby buildings, drowning creatures, and preventing flying machines taking off or landing. When a character's Action Card is a black Joker, that cowpoke's horse or vehicle is struck by lightning for 2d10 damage (AP 10).

FAME & NOTORIETY

Word gets around. When heroes start making names for themselves—by jawing about how they gunned down Johnny Ringo or tellin' tales about slaying the Buckley Mine Creeper—they become targets. That's when rivals look to add the heroes as notches on their gunbelts.

When a hero of Veteran or higher Rank rides into a new town, have that shootist draw a card from the Action Deck. At Heroic Rank she can draw two cards from the Action Deck, or three at Legendary Rank. At *any* Rank, a hero with the Duelist Edge draws one additional card.

On a face card, some young gun challenges the hero to slap leather (see **Duels** in the *Deadlands Player's Guide*) during that game session, either by accident or by plan. On a Joker, either the threat is doubled or there's a Savage Tale brewing—as the Marshal likes.

Ignore this rule whenever it suits you, Marshal, or if the posse's got other business and some random hothead spoiling for a fight would ruin your narrative flow.

KILLIN' HEAT

In Death's deserts, the heat and lack of water on the open trail are the cause of many a posse's disappearance and demise. Ignore this rule in towns, forts, on trains, and in other types of terrain. But in the desert outside a town or conveyance, all bets are off.

Due to unnatural evaporation, a posse's store of water depletes at twice the expected rate. A successful Survival roll at -2 each day provides enough water—and food—for one person, or enough for five with a raise (a horse counts as two adults).

When the temperature reaches 90 degrees or more—it routinely tops 100 degrees in the Southwest—pay attention to how much water characters are able to drink. Even if they drink the required four quarts of water a day (or more), they're tired and sunburned, and each hero has to make a Vigor roll versus Fatigue each day.

If that amount of water isn't available, characters instead make Vigor rolls every 12 hours. Subtract -2 from the roll if the hero has half the water he needs, and subtract -4 if he has less than half. Failure means the character gains one level of Fatigue.

- Subtract -1 from the roll for each additional 5 degrees above 90 degrees Fahrenheit.
- Add +1 if the hero stops all physical activity.
- Add +1 if the character has substantial shade.

Recovery: A victim who receives sufficient water recovers one Fatigue level every hour.

Incapacitation Effects: An Incapacitated character suffers heat stroke and brain damage.

OPTIONAL SETTING RULES

We recommend using the following rules to maximize Death's hold over his dessicated realm, but be sure to talk them over with your players first—especially if a player chooses one of the affected Hindrances!

DEATH WISH—GRANTED!

In the Wild Southwest—under Death's hollow-eyed gaze—having a Death Wish ain't a threat... it's a promise, amigo.

For this setting, Death Wish is a Major Hindrance. As usual, the hero wants to die after completing some important goal. But this version of the Hindrance eventually kills anyone who doesn't take steps *toward* that goal.

Each day the hero doesn't work at fulfilling his goal—at the Marshal's discretion—he must roll Spirit. On a failure he gains a level of Fatigue. On the next failed roll the hero is Exhausted, and then Incapacitated—this Fatigue can kill. The Fatigue fades at a rate of one level per day as soon as the hero again sets his mind on the labor that keeps him alive.

GRIMMER SERVANT O' DEATH

The Grim Servant o' Death Hindrance works exactly like the version in the *Deadlands Player's Guide*—except for one difference.

In the Wild Southwest a Grim Servant o' Death draws three extra cards to determine whether she comes back Harrowed. When a shootist's that good at killin', Death wants to keep her around for a little while longer!

GRITTY DAMAGE

Use this rule cautiously, Marshal. It underlines Death's influence with a bloody red line, but it can be disastrous for posses whose go-to plan is "Get 'em." See *Savage Worlds* for the details.

MANITOU MISCHIEF!

When the host has a negative Dominion score, roll on this table to determine what sort of mayhem the manitou causes while in control.

d20 Result

- | | |
|-------|---|
| 1-4 | Object o' Ridicule: The manitou gets up to something that, while not necessarily illegal, is definitely embarrassing for the Harrowed. Most demons have a depraved sense of humor. |
| 5-6 | Brawlin': The Harrowed heads to the nearest saloon or other gathering and sparks a fist fight. Accidental injuries or deaths aren't out of the question. |
| 7-8 | Vandalism: Spurred by the worm, the Harrowed goes on a spree—shooting up private property, killing (and eating) livestock, and leaving obscene graffiti in his wake. |
| 9-12 | Minor Theft: The demon drives the Harrowed to steal items or goods worth roughly \$300 or less. This may involve breaking and entering. |
| 13-16 | Secret Task: The demon receives orders from a local Fearmonger via the Hunting Grounds. |
| 17-18 | Grand Larceny: The manitou commits a major act of larceny: horse theft, cattle rustling, or a bank, stagecoach, or train robbery. Loss of life is highly probable. |
| 19-20 | Evil Deeds: The demon thirsts for innocent blood...and fear. Arson, murder, and similarly heinous offenses are the manitou's priority. |
| 21+ | Wolf in the Henhouse: The manitou takes steps to commit cold-blooded murder—primarily targeting the Harrowed's immediate allies. It shows no mercy whatsoever. |

Make a Vigor roll. If the roll is failed, the victim's Smarts and Strength decrease by one step permanently (to a minimum of d4).

If an Incapacitated character fails a second Vigor roll, death occurs in 2d6 hours. Cowpokes that die from dehydration in Death's domain return as dessicated dead (see page 149) unless they come back Harrowed instead.

To generate a random temperature, roll 1d20 and add it to 90 degrees Fahrenheit.

HARROWED REVISITED

Sometimes it's hard to pull the rug out from under a posse at the worst time—even if it makes perfect sense from the manitou's point of view.

Here we remedy that, Marshal, by firming up the rules on when and where Dominion checks happen. Besides these effects, the Marshal still has the option of spending a Benny at any time to force a Dominion check, as usual.

Important note: The manitou is a Wild Card just like its host, so it rolls a Wild Die with its Spirit checks for Dominion. The effect, however, depends on whether the Harrowed's current Dominion score is positive or negative.

Positive Dominion

As long as his Dominion score is 0 or higher, a Harrowed is more or less in the catbird seat. In the heat and stress of combat, though, the demon sometimes tries to grab the reins. Whenever the hero's Action Card is a Joker, the manitou rises up—call for an immediate Dominion check.

Consult the Dominion table (on page 12), as usual. Additionally, if the manitou wins the creature gets to control the Harrowed's actions for one round in whatever way best serves its interests. If the player drew a red Joker, the manitou's action is more capricious (for example, dashing a Relic upon the floor or shooting at a nearby steam wagon's boiler). If the player drew a black Joker, the manitou's action is decidedly malicious (for example, shoving an ally off a cliff or "accidentally" plugging a friend).

Negative Dominion

When the Harrowed's Dominion dips to -1 or lower, things get worse. In addition to the effects of positive Dominion, the player draws an Action Card at the beginning of each session. A face card or higher means the manitou will attempt to seize Dominion for a longer duration and cause some serious trouble that session.

Choose the best (read: cruelest) time for the Dominion check. If the demon wins, it has control for a full hour—and you can spend Bennies to extend that time as needed, one Benny per hour.

Roll on the Manitou Mischief table to determine the spirit's general actions. If the player drew a red Joker, subtract -4 from the d20 roll; for a black Joker, add $+4$ to the roll.

Manitous are evil and ornery, but not geniuses—given sudden control of their host, they don't always take the most logical actions. Whatever their evil acts, they commit them in such a way as to sully the host's good name.

NATURAL DISASTERS

Cave-ins and rockslides are all too common in the Wild Southwest.

Cave-In

Part of the ceiling in the cave the heroes are exploring collapses. Every cowpoke in the area

must make an Agility roll (-2). Success indicates the character managed to leap out the way and avoided taking damage. Failure means the character is struck by falling debris for $2d10$ damage. A roll of 1 (regardless of the Wild Die) means the hero suffers $3d10$ damage and is buried alive.

Buried characters can't extricate themselves and must be dug out. This requires a Strength roll at -4 . Depending on the width of the tunnel, this may be a cooperative roll or a lone endeavor. Characters can repeat the attempt as many times as it takes, but each roll requires an hour of hard work. Diggers with mining tools add $+2$ to their roll.

The Marshal may decide that the cave-in has separated the party. Roll $1d6+3$ to determine how much of the area is impassable (in yards). Each success and raise on a Strength roll at -6 excavates 1 yard. Diggers with mining tools receive a $+4$ bonus to this roll. Every roll represents an hour's work.

Rockslide

Each character caught in the rockslide must make an Agility roll (-2). On a success, the character has managed to leap clear or find a nook in which to hide. On a failure, the character is swept along with the rockslide for $10+2d10''$, suffering $1d6$ damage per $5''$ or part thereof. A roll of 1, regardless of the Wild Die, means the character is swept $20+2d10''$.





Strange Locales

Howdy, Marshal. In this chapter you'll find a passel o' spooky places your posse might visit in the wild southwest, in alphabetical order, grouped by state or territory. 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.

Take a gander at *The Wild Southwest* in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook* too—most of that information isn't repeated here.

For each entry, we first note the local **Fear Level**—before a posse of heroes works on lowering it!

This is followed by any introduction or history the place needs. Some of these are big and complicated, like Tombstone, while others are short and sweet, like Elko, Nevada. Use the region's overall Fear Level of 2 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 **Gettin' There**, which describes the routes leading to the locale and any hazards a group 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 (numerically keyed to maps). 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. A few locales have interesting sites nearby, which are described in an **Environs** section.

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

ARIZONA TERRITORY

Arizona—the Confederate States of America's westernmost Territory in 1881—is almost bursting at the seams with prospectors, miners, gold-seekers, and other would-be magnates. With ghost rock claims on the rise, the trickle of fortune hunters headed for Arizona has grown into a stream. And wherever riches abound, there are outlaws.

DEADLANDS: STONE AND A HARD PLACE

Arizona Territory is best known for its barren deserts and stark mountains, scrub- and cactus-studded expanses, abundant wildlife, and generally arid climes. But the territory's northern half is dominated by the Colorado Plateau, upon which grow sprawling and trackless Ponderosa pine forests, and where such awe-inspiring geological wonders like the Grand Canyon, Painted Desert, and Petrified Forest are found.

Arizona's wilds are notoriously difficult to police, as the Confederate Army and Texas Rangers have discovered to their detriment. Geronimo's Apache warriors attack LaCroix's and the Army's holdings with impunity, and are whisked away into the wilderness' safety so surely you'd think spirits were involved—and they probably are.

Then you have a whole passel of outlaw gangs and lone duelists, and they aren't making the situation any easier for would-be lawbringers. In the wake of Ranger Hank Ketchum's murder at Jasper Stone's hands (see the Savage Tale **A Lonely Place to Die** on page 133), that situation is poised to get a whole lot worse.

DEAD END

Fear Level: 4

In the last days of the first Great Rail War, Dixie Rails' forces made it as far as this elevated, cactus-stubbed plateau in scorched western Arizona before their operation shuddered and collapsed. The violence they brought with them created a playground for the Reckoning's evil—one that doesn't loosen its grip once it sinks its claws into a body.

Now Dead End is dominated by the Southwestern Ghost Rock dynamite factory, the success of which is helping to fuel Lone Star's revitalization efforts. Most of the locals, however, have yet to benefit from their patrons' good fortune.

Gettin' There

Given that traveling the Southwest's sun-baked expanses is so often deadly, for most folks the Lone Star rail line represents their sole lifeline

to the outside world. Which is a shame, because most folks living in and around Dead End are far too poor to even dream of buying expensive train tickets (see the sidebar on page 56). Most of Dead End's residents found it fairly easy to get there—and nigh impossible to leave.

Points of Interest

This town hasn't got much to recommend it. Most of it is taken up by a walled factory compound, and the few remaining pueblos—no more than a dozen—house the town's poverty-stricken inhabitants. Those who are "lucky" enough to get a factory job live in a barracks in the compound, and still earn barely enough money to survive.

Dynamite Factory: Owned by the growing concern Southwestern Ghost Rock, the dynamite factory's walled compound dwarfs the actual town. This is a sadly appropriate metaphor for SGR's hold on Dead End: The company pays its workers a pittance, owns the local law, and colludes with Lone Star to keep train fares prohibitively high. On the salt flats northwest of town, workers extract diatomaceous earth—soil rich with the fossils of long-extinct undersea life—to be used as a critical ingredient in dynamite production.

General Supply: This store is poorly stocked, because even the owner can't afford to renew his dry goods. "Buckshot" Pancho Moon, as the proprietor calls himself, used to sell goods on credit but had to abandon the practice. However, his good-hearted wife Olivia can't say no to a soul in need. For any specific item the heroes seek, draw a card from the Action Deck; on a face card or higher, the item is in stock.

La Piedra Oscura: This is the local cantina, where locals drink away their sorrows and soak up low-grade tequila. It's owned by the Conchita Sisters, Eva and Carla. The name translates as "Dark Stone," for the ghost rock claims out near Death's Dunes.

Rail Depot: The small Lone Star depot sits at the town's east end. A third-class ticket to Phoenix runs \$35, second-class \$50, and first-class \$70—and it costs the equivalent of a third-class fare to ship a horse as freight. The rails run past the depot and into the dynamite factory compound,



DOWN AND OUT IN DEAD END

When Dixie Rails went broke and ceased operations, waves of fear and uncertainty spread among now-unemployed workers and rail warriors. Now the Reckoning's dark magic suffuses the area in and around Dead End, and visits a perverse curse on nearly every newcomer: the Poverty Hindrance (see *Savage Worlds*).

In terms of your cowpokes, this means every hero halves his or her total funds upon arrival in Dead End, and keeps halving them every week until they devise a way out of town. Chalk the losses up to poor gambling, heavy intoxication, petty theft, or sheer negligence on the heroes' part—but once that dinero's gone, it ain't coming back.

If a character has the Rich or Filthy Rich Edge, apply the Hindrance only to the cash she has on hand. But as long as she's in Dead End, she's mysteriously unable to access any part of her fortune—telegraph wires break, couriers take the wrong trail, Wells Fargo shipments are robbed en route.

A character who already has the Poverty Hindrance is in big trouble—he loses three-quarters of his total funds on arrival, and another three-quarters every week.

As soon as a character leaves Dead End, she removes the Poverty Hindrance (unless she had it already).

where trainloads of special imports and exports are handled per a deal between SGR and Lone Star's board of directors.

Dead End Environs

Death's Dunes: Located northeast of what has become Dead End proper, this was the site of a cataclysmic three-sided battle between Dixie

Rails, Bayou Vermilion, and Apache warriors. Dixie Rails' rail warriors—upon discovering the true nature of their erstwhile BV allies—fired upon collaborators and enemies alike. In the ensuing bloodbath, few DR rail warriors were spared. Rail surveyors discovered a number of ghost rock mines west of the dunes in the battle's aftermath. The area in and around Death's Dunes is subject to the **Battlefield Horrors** Setting Rule (see page 47).

Rock Lizard Gulch: A flyspeck burg begun as a company town to service workers of the Death's Dunes claims, Rock Lizard Gulch has grown to include a livery, boarding house, trading post, canvas-tent saloon, and even a marshal named Tom Riley. It lies about 10 miles due north of Dead End, only a quarter-mile or so from the ghost rock mines.

Savage Tale

🔪 **Wages o' Death (page 145):** The ghost rock mines east of Potential, Arizona are burning out of control. Only an emergency shipment of nitro can snuff the flames.

DESPAIR

Fear Level: 3

This tiny, jerkwater town east of Phoenix got its name from a wandering gunslinger who saved it in its earliest days—and got himself pretty well killed in the process. But in taking back the settlement's natural spring from nesting Sonoran rattlers, the man known only as Despair helped establish a vital watering hole for thirsty locomotives and travelers alike. But the lingering patina of fear has never quite faded, and recent train hold-ups have only strengthened it.

Gettin' There

Despair's an easy place to find, provided one's traveling along the Lone Star line out of Phoenix. Several trails intersect here as well, as Navajo and Apache have long known of and used this oasis for water and shelter. The sudden riot of greenery—lush willows and cottonwoods, primarily—in otherwise harsh desert, and the series of eight

large water tanks are dead giveaways a traveler's reached the point of Despair.

Points of Interest

Diamond Spring: This large ground spring furnishes Despair and nearly all the locomotives that pass through it with life-giving water.

Single-Star Roundhouse: A sidetrack leads into this Lone Star repair yard. It employs some two dozen repairmen to service trains, and another dozen rail warriors to guard it from attack.

Chandler's Spring House: Amos Chandler owns and runs the Spring House, a small saloon servicing the town's rail workers and other inhabitants. No one knows Amos has a cousin—"Ghost Steel" Lum Chandler—who rides with the notorious Laughing Men Gang.

Water Tanks: The Lone Star watering tanks have been the site of several armed robberies in recent months. During a few, rail workers and passengers were shot to death. The outlaws have neither been identified nor caught, but Lone Star is offering a \$200 bounty on any gang member—dead or alive.

GRAND CANYON

Fear Level: 3

Truly one of the Seven Wonders of the World, the Grand Canyon is the largest crevasse on earth. The Navajos call it the "House of Stone and Light." It's an apt name, for the dramatic shadows and sun-baked canyon walls are startling to behold, whether from the top or from the banks of the Colorado River far below.

Long ago, the Grand Canyon made a wonderful campsite for travelers. Whites and Indians got along, the view was breathtaking, and the only dangerous critters were the occasional snakes and spiders. These days, the shadowy floor of the canyon seems a shade darker, and the echo of a cowpoke's voice rings with an unearthly cackle.

Humans have lived in the Grand Canyon region for more than 4,000 years. The oldest evidence of their presence is tiny split twig figurines—animal figures a few inches in height—made from twigs

of willow or cottonwood and found in caves below the rim. Not much is known about the people who left these little trinkets behind—they predate even the Anasazi.

The Anasazi were the next people to inhabit the canyon, from about 200 BC to the middle 1100s, when they abruptly abandoned their home. Remnants of their culture are scattered throughout the canyon. Small caves hold pots and other trinkets. The ruins of ancient dwellings can sometimes be picked out from the broken landscape, along with pot shards and discarded stone tools.

Although the natives knew of the Grand Canyon for thousands of years, the first European visit was a lot more recent—Captain Garcia Lopez de Cardenas in 1540. Cardenas was sent north from Mexico by Francisco Vasquez de Coronado in search of the fabled Seven Cities of Cibola (Gold). Cardenas and his party spent three days on the canyon's south rim trying to descend to the river, until depleted supplies forced them to give up.

Europeans didn't reach the north rim until 236 years later, when in 1776 a Spanish missionary named Father Escalante became the first European to visit it. Some three centuries passed before Europeans would return to the Grand Canyon. In 1869 Major John Wesley Powell became the first person to explore the entire length of the canyon. Powell mounted a second expedition in 1871, and a third one in 1873—which ended with the mysterious disappearance of Powell's entire party, and the explorer's death of exposure on the canyon floor.

Gettin' There

The Grand Canyon's out-of-the-way location makes it largely inaccessible to any but large, well-equipped parties of explorers. Even these folks don't make it back sometimes. But for those who choose to make the trek, there are a few convenient jumping-off points in Arizona, Nevada, and Deseret.

From Cedar City, Nevada travelers can take a southbound barge on the Great Meadow Wash, to reach the Virgin River and finally the mighty Colorado. From Deseret, the town of Kanab provides fairly easy access to the canyon's North

GRAND CANYON ENCOUNTERS

Use the table below to generate encounters for a posse wandering the Grand Canyon's reaches. As your heroes are bound to discover, the region is home to a few unique, carnivorous species.

d12	Encounter
1	Ghoul Hunting Party
2-3	Laughing Men Gang
4-5	Critters
6-7	Indians
8-9	Canyon Crawlers
10-11	Sickle Beetles
12	Scythe Beetles

Ghoul Hunting Party: In daylight hours, this is "no encounter." At night or underground, it's 3d6+2 ghouls (see the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*) prowling for meat.

Laughing Men Gang: The heroes encounter 1d20+10 Laughing Men (use Outlaw stats) on their way to or returning from a robbery.

Critters: Roll 1d6 to determine type: 1-2=2d6 coyotes, 3=mountain lion, 4=1d6 rattlesnakes, 5=2d6 scorpions, or 6=1d6 desert bighorn sheep (use Buffalo profile in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*).

Indians: 2d6+2 braves (see the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*) hunting or fishing. Select their tribe based on location.

Canyon Crawlers: This is a regional variation on the wall crawler. Use the standard profile (see the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*) for these 2d6 beasts, but canyon crawlers have a chameleon-like ability. They gain +4 on Stealth checks when they don't move.

Sickle Beetles: 1d6 sickle beetle swarms (see page 152) descend on the travelers.

Scythe Beetles: Approaching with a droning buzz similar to that of their younger cousins—but one that just keeps getting louder—2d6 scythe beetles (page 152) on the hunt for prey find the cowpokes instead.

Rim. And in Arizona, Prescott provides the most logical starting point for posses bound for the Grand Canyon.

Points of Interest

How big is the Grand Canyon? Measured in river miles, along the course of the Colorado River that runs through the bottom of it, the Grand Canyon is well over 250 miles long. Width and depth of the canyon vary from place to place. On the south rim it's a vertical mile—about 5,000 feet—from rim to river in some places. At its deepest, it is 6,000 vertical feet from rim to river. The north rim of the Grand Canyon rises about 1,200 feet higher than the south rim. The highest points on the rim are about 9,000 feet above sea level. The width of the canyon varies widely—from as little as four miles to as much as 18 miles in places.

So how big is the Grand Canyon? *Real* big.

Laughing Men's Camp: The Rangers know the gang operates out of the Grand Canyon, but they have yet to find the secret camp in the area's scarred landscape. That's because Chuckles moves it every month or so.

Traitors and trespassers to the Laughing Men's camp are dealt with in the most entertaining way possible. Victims are put through a gauntlet of traps, critters, and hand-to-hand combat with his own men. He promises his victims their freedom if they can survive the gauntlet, but no one has yet to live to see if the bandit would keep his word.

On a robbery, the Laughing Men usually have 10-30 gunmen, though more may be waiting nearby to persuade pursuing posses that they'd be better off tending beeves than following a marshal into certain death. See page 156 for "Chuckles" Ryan's profile, and page 152 for the typical Laughing Man.

Native Inhabitants: The canyon and its immediate environs provide game and shelter for three Indian tribes. Navajo live throughout the region to the east of the canyon, where they hunt and farm.

The Southern Paiute Indians occupy land north of the Colorado River in what is known as the Arizona Strip and traditionally used the

canyon for hundreds of years. The Southern Paiutes hunt throughout the Grand Canyon and the Kaibab Forest. They are ardent followers of the Old Ways.

The Havasupai people actually make their homes down in the depths of the House of Stone and Light. The Havasupai lifestyle has remained almost completely unchanged since their ancestors originally settled the Havasu Creek area in the 1300s. Their name, Havasupai, means “People of the blue-green water.” The small tribe has two semi-permanent settlements: Indian Garden (a farming village, obviously), and the village of Supai, located about 10 miles up Havasu Creek from the Colorado River.

Caves Beneath: Since an ill-fated expedition returned from the Grand Canyon in 1877, rumors have persisted about extensive catacombs riddling the earth beneath the canyon. Their contents supposedly vary from eternally dark necropoli populated by flesh-eating ghouls, to vast forests of bizarre, giant fungi. No one has yet verified the gruesome rumors, but the *Epitaph* continues to solicit verification by hard evidence.

PETRIFIED FOREST

Fear Level: 4

The so-called Petrified Forest is a dry, windy expanse in northeast Arizona Territory, named for the many fossilized tree fragments found in the area. Native tribes – most recently the Navajo and Apache – dwell near the region, and they patrol its borders vigorously. Any non-Indians caught in the area are relieved of their worldly goods and deposited 20 or so miles away. And that’s if the Navajo catch you. The Apaches aren’t nearly as forgiving.

Indian tribes have lived in and around the Petrified Forest for even longer than they have in the Grand Canyon – the first arrived up to 8,000 years ago, and built extensive farming communities. Few outsiders know the secret of why they stayed, or what they were hunting when they got there. But the fossilized trees still bear evidence of those peoples’ lives and deeds... most notably in the thousands of petroglyphs etched into the stones’ surfaces.

Since the Reckoning began, the Petrified Forest has grown darker and a Hell of a lot more foreboding. The dry winds seem to moan in some forgotten language, and the Indian patrols are more hostile and unforgiving to intruders. A few travelers report seeing mysterious prospecting parties amongst the toppled stones...accompanied by shambling, groaning bodyguards who stink to high heaven.

Gettin’ There

The Petrified Forest lies just south of the Painted Desert, in a largely inaccessible area of the Arizona Territory. Frequent Navajo and Apache patrols – more like warbands – make going there an even more prickly proposition. A determined traveler can certainly reach it on foot or horseback, but she’d better be ready for adverse conditions and determined enemies.

Points of Interest

We may as well tell you, Marshal, why the tribes are so ornery about intruders on their sacred land. It’s because that land is the resting place of the incalculably old alien entity they chased there – and imprisoned – nearly 8,000 years ago.

Long before the Old Ones made their sacrifice to seal the Hunting Grounds, a large meteorite struck the northern Arizona desert about 75 miles from the spot that would become Petrified Forest. It made a crater close to 4,000 feet across and almost 600 feet deep.

And that meteor carried a passenger. Freed from its rocky prison, a sentient, viscous substance that could assume numerous shapes – which the Navajo called Yei Tso – began to hunt people and animals and corrupt them into its puppetlike servants.

According to Navajo legend, the petrified trees are the scattered bones of Yei Tso, who was tracked to this spot and killed. In reality, the petroglyphs carved into the fossils form a mystic bond that keeps Yei Tso imprisoned beneath the earth. That’s why the Navajo and Apaches work so hard to keep everything just so.

In recent years, though, the Reckoning has made that task far more difficult. Manitous and

DEADLANDS: STONE AND A HARD PLACE

MINOR RELIC: LAS PIEDRAS MALAS

Fossilized bits of wood—especially the ones with petroglyphs carved into them—might seem like nice souvenirs to have. In fact, some arcane casters covet the bits of stone found in the Petrified Forest, for their special ability to help channel arcane energy. Others know bad mojo when they feel it!

Power: In the hands of a hexslinger, huckster, or mad scientist, even the tiniest fragment of Petrified Forest stone grants the caster a +1 to all arcane skill checks.

Taint: In anyone's hands, a fossil fragment saddles its owner with the Bad Luck Hindrance. This effect goes away as soon as the owner returns the fossil to the Petrified Forest.

other spirits tend to slip into our world from Hunting Grounds more frequently, and the area is rife with abominations—especially desert things (see the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*).

Moreover, veins of pure ghost rock have begun popping up in the region, and they're drawing interested parties like a pile of dung draws horseflies. It's bound to cause problems for the Petrified Forest's caretakers...just the way the Reckoners like it.

Savage Tale

🔪 **The Ones Who Kill Everybody (page 144):** Near the Petrified Forest, an old Navajo asks for the heroes' help in tracking down intruders.

PHOENIX

Fear Level: 2

The roots of Phoenix were sunk back in 1867, when former Confederate soldier, now prospector, teamster, saloon owner, and

businessman Jack Swilling—an “entrepreneur,” as he liked to call himself—noted the Salt River Valley's rich soil and pleasant climate. All it needed was water, which was likely why the Hohokam tribe had abandoned the place almost 400 years earlier.

By the time the Swilling Irrigation Canal Co. finished its work, the Salt River Valley had grown into a farming and ranching community called Phoenix—risen from the ashes of its former owners' civilization. In 1881 Phoenix is an incorporated city, a bustling center of commerce with a population of almost 2,500. Cotton and citrus farms, coupled with an explosion in copper mining, have made the town quite prosperous.

Gettin' There

The Lone Star rail line links the city with all points east—and with Dead End, for anyone unfortunate enough to be headed west. A recently finished spur connects the main LS line with Potential, and from there it's only a day-long stage ride to the Bayou Vermilion depot at Benson, providing access to the BV line, California, and points Back East.

Points of Interest

Phoenix's streets teem with miners, cowboys, and drovers, steam engines chug and howl, and whirlygigs buzz overhead. For people-watchers, no place offers a more stunning cross-section of humanity than the Lone Star rail depot. Take in a play, enjoy some ice cream, visit the courthouse and witness a hangin' or two—Phoenix has it all!

Phoenix provides all the amenities to be found in such a metropolis of the desert. Hotels, saloons—the Tiger Saloon being a favorite with out-of-towners—and dance halls abound for those seeking refreshment and entertainment. Faro rooms and tents dot every street. The *Phoenix Herald* and *Arizona Gazette* provide local news, and a host of dry goods, specialty shops—even a Smith & Robards outlet store—provide every type of gear a cowpoke could need.

Being a center of commerce and the Maricopa county seat, Phoenix is also well-stocked with civic stand-bys such as schools, churches, courthouse, marshal's office and jail, ice factory,



national bank, and various assayers, importers, and exporters. Hellfire and bombast preachers have been on the rise, warning of devils that stalk the wild, uncivilized lands seeking human prey. Some believe they refer to Indians; other more-shrewd onlookers aren't so sure.

Savage Tales

🦋 **House o' the Beast (page 142):** Trapped in a derelict saloon just outside Phoenix is the real reason the Hohokam tribe left the valley — and it ain't nice, amigo.

🦋 **No Humps Is Good Humps (page 144):** The feral descendants of an abandoned Army project come back to haunt Phoenix's ranchers.

POTENTIAL

Fear Level: 3

Potential is situated in the northwest corner of Cochise County, Arizona—a bone-dry and punishing locale. Nestled in the western foothills of the Galiuro Mountains, at the mouth of Nugent's Pass, the settlement was laid down in November 1879 following the discovery of a 3.68-lb. nugget of ghost rock somewhere northwest of the pass. A whole mess o' folks thought there was a mother lode of "California coffee" to be found, and there was, all right—up on the slopes of Whistling Rock. From that moment the rush was on...and it hasn't stopped yet!

Which isn't to say the town's early days were free of misery, death, and terror—there were plenty of them to go around. The town's founding

FIELDS O' BATTLE

Death's domain is covered with the sites of terrible conflicts, massacres, and all-out hostilities—some recent, and some from long ago. See **Battlefield Horrors** on page 47 for the special conditions that rule these lonely, blasted places.

Battle sites are marked on the Wild Southwest map (page 55) for reference. Here we give you a few pertinent details about each battle and its outcome.

Apache Pass (1862): *Fear Level 3.* About 500 Apache warriors led by Cochise attacked a Union column marching through Apache Pass in Cochise County, Arizona, to bolster Union forces. Only two Union soldiers and about 10 Apaches were killed, but their angry ghosts still haunt the pass.

Canyon de Chelly (1864): *Fear Level 4.* This was the final engagement in Colonel Kit Carson's war against the Navajo. Although the battle was a mere skirmish, the Navajo's fall and their settlements' destruction took their toll. Now this canyon in Northern Arizona is haunted by walkin' dead, 'gloms, and ghosts.

Glorieta Pass (March 26–28, 1862): *Fear Level 3.* A watershed battle between Union and Confederate forces for control of New Mexico Territory, Glorieta Pass was called by some historians the "Gettysburg of the West."

Palmito Ranch (May 12–13, 1865): *Fear Level 3.* Fought along the bloody banks of the Rio Grande east of Brownsville, Texas, this Civil War clash resulted in numerous CSA troops' captures. Abominations called serpiente sangrientas teem in these muddy waters.

continued...

fathers—Dr. Emmett Tate, newsman Nathaniel Braddock, miner and mayor "Handsome" Dan Deeds, and a foreign agent of the Mitsubishi Corporation, Jinrai—went up against Bayou Vermilion's fearsome might, and their local man Malachi Moss.

Rallying their political power in Potential while simultaneously harrying BV rail warriors in a series of guerilla actions, they finally led a key attack against the fortified BV rail depot at Benson, Arizona—thus ending the railroad's bid to lay track into the fledgling town. Back in Potential, the final clash with Malachi Moss and his dozen angry miners blew up half of Whistling Rock...and killed Boss Moss to boot.

Spring 1881 saw Lone Star swoop in to secure the right-of-way and establish critical ties to local ghost rock mining interests. And the technological might of Hellstromme Industries followed, along with new, powerful commercial interests like the Gage Export Co. These days, the Potential Miners' Coalition—as locals say, "The PMC"—also takes a strong hand in swaying town policies to meet their needs.

Gettin' There

Overland, Potential is more accessible than most places due to its proximity to the northern-flowing San Pedro River's green, growing banks. For those not in the habit of traveling overland—whether following a river's bends or a trail's curves—the Lone Star rail line runs directly into Potential.

One can reach the town from Tombstone and points south as well, but the journey is more involved. One takes the Bayou Vermilion line north as far as Fort Benson, then hires a stage for the day-long journey to Potential. Most folks making this trip invite scrutiny from BV agents surveilling the Benson depot, whether they want it or not. Most hombres who take the trouble to go to Potential simply ride their horses.

Points of Interest

Blacksmith (2): Loud clanging and acrid smoke surround this place, courtesy of Marvin Boot. He shoes horses on retainer for the Muleshoe Ranch, and smiths other cast-iron items to order, with

the help of wife Petunia and children Dirk, Hal, Tilt, and Jane.

Doctor's Office (6): The town's original physician, Doc Tate, perished tragically in an expedition to the mountains near Tucson, but his former apprentice Xiao Yu continues to ply the healing trade in Potential.

Earhart's Saloon & Dance Hall (5): Owned by Paden Earhart, formerly of Dodge City, this establishment incorporates a saloon, brothel, and "gambling hall" – more like a narrow, stiflingly hot back room. "Poker" Alice Gallagher runs the ladies' boarding house, overseeing a staff of four soiled doves, while Nathan DeLoach is doing his best to increase business in the gambling hall.

Gage Export Co. (8): Exporting ghost rock and importing valuable cuisine has made Phineas P. Gage a very rich and powerful man. A former railroad agent who's worked for every Rail Baron, and even wrote as a correspondent for the *Epitaph* for a short time, Gage can be a powerful ally...or a dogged and ruthless rival. (He also happens to be Harrowed.) He keeps two dozen ruthless gunmen on his payroll.

Hellstromme R&D Subfacility (10): This partially walled, fully fenced compound is a recent addition to Potential's landscape. Someone in the City o' Gloom hit on the idea of establishing research sites near ready sources of ghost rock, and thus the "R&D subfacility" was born. Dr. Winthrop St.-John Wilkes and Dr. Troy Frampton run this one, with the help of 26 scientists and hired laborers.

Jinrai Exports (12): Takahashi Jinrai runs this prosperous exporting firm with about 12 employees, serving Lewis Mining Supply and several ghost rock claims via exclusive contracts.

Leatherwood Fashions (11): A boutique specializing in clothing and gear fashioned from Mojave rattler hides. Owned by Eli Leatherwood, the famed Canadian hunter.

Lewis Mining Supply (3): Owned and run by Fine Lewis, who hails from Missouri, this establishment provides gear and equipment to local miners. Fine's wife Miranda runs the store, aided by their children Julia and James (whom everyone knows as "Heck").

...continued

Palo Duro Canyon (1874): Fear Level 4. The last major battle in the Red River War between Confederate forces and Lone Wolf's Comanche, Southern Cheyenne, Arapaho, and Kiowa warriors. With their shamans' aid, the Plains tribes held off the CSA attackers and effectively ended hostilities – at the cost of many lives. Unquiet ghosts roam the canyon now, haunting the living, and manitou swarms teem in the Hunting Grounds.

Pyramid Lake (1860): Fear Level 3. The site of two battles between Nevada settlers – organized into a vigilante militia – and Paiute Indians, north of Virginia City, Nevada. Today, whispered tales speak of vengeful revenant Paiute that drag folks into the lake to drown.

Salt River Canyon (1872): Fear Level 5. Also known as the Skeleton Cave Massacre, in this skirmish CSA forces attacked a group of Yavapai Indians hiding out in Skeleton Cave. When they refused to come out, troops fired at the roof and caused a cave-in that killed over 80 Yavapai men, women, and children. Their dead, dessicated remains still haunt the cave and its surroundings.

Valverde (1862): Fear Level 3. A major New Mexican engagement between Col. Canby's Union troops and Gen. Sibley's CSA forces. The clash, which took place near Fort Craig, caused numerous casualties but yielded no clear winner. Fort Craig is now an abomination-haunted ruin and source of apprehensive rumors.



Livery Stable (4): Run by former apprentice Corydon Thorp, with young Clem McSween's help, since his father Lucky McSween's untimely demise on Whistling Rock.

Lone Star Rail Depot (1): Lone Star's depot provides food and other supplies, and sends out a near-continuous stream of ghost rock taken from Whistling Rock and the surrounding claims.

Potential Post (7): Editor-in-Chief Nathaniel Braddock wields the red ink. The *Potential Post* employs three reporters.

Tent City (9): Most of Potential's population dwells in a sprawling tent city southeast of town.

Environs

Ghost Rock Claims: Most of the smaller claims are clustered in Nugent's Pass, on the slopes of Whistling Rock, but larger claims—and attendant homesteads—have sprung up in the foothills east and northeast of town. These are the Deeds, O'Grady, Mulligan, Cashel, Killian, McTeague, Lee, and Peeler claims. Each is run by a family and their hired help.

Muleshoe Ranch: The ranch, which sits comfortably astride the San Pedro River about 10 miles west of Potential, is owned by Garrett Falk and his three sons: Elihu, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel. Falk is rumored to have been in dire financial straits recently, when a large number of his cattle perished from some awful disease. Folks says Falk would welcome a partner, but no one's foolish enough to take that risk.

Whistling Rock: Towering among the peaks about five miles southwest of Potential, this tall, bulbous rock formation—known in local parlance as a "hoodoo"—emits a high-pitched warbling when the wind blows just right. Some nights it's audible in town. Most folks chalk it up to the wind, but the Apaches say an old spirit sleeps there, and the sound is its breathing in deep slumber.

Savage Tale

Fangs o' the Range (page 140): Garrett Falk's herds have been under nocturnal assault out at the Muleshoe Ranch, so Falk looks to hire troubleshooters.

PRESCOTT

Fear Level: 3

Prescott is a thriving boomtown and Arizona's Territorial Capital. Prospectors from New England founded it in 1864, and the number of gold mines around town has grown steadily over the years. By 1881, despite its relatively small size Prescott is an economic and political powerhouse of the Southwest, fueled by gold nuggets, ghost rock, and cattle.

Gettin' There

A spur and depot were just completed in early 1881 to link Prescott to the Lone Star line. Taking a train is far easier than getting oneself to Prescott on horseback or via stage, but all these methods are still in common use.

Points of Interest

Prescott's star is rising as it gains more clout in the territory. Despite being the Territorial Capital, its civic buildings are makeshift structures and its layout is still largely a chaotic tangle of tents and meandering streets.

As with any boomtown whose mines are paying out huge sums, Prescott is a wild, wide-open town. It is home to more than a dozen saloons, several bordellos, gambling halls, theaters, and back-alley opium dens—as well as a rotating cast of reprobates to staff them. Ranch hands and miners comprise most of the paying customers.

Fort Whipple: This CSA fort stands not far from Prescott, its soldiers providing protection for the town and the placer miners encamped along Granite Creek. They've fended off no less than four Apache attacks in the past year.

Palace Saloon: Prescott's most popular drinking establishment is also where elections are held, and where ranchers post notices when they need cowboys for an upcoming cattle drive.

Whiskey Row: Most of Prescott's watering holes line this notorious avenue. Several grisly, unexplained murders along its length in recent years have residents on their guard.

TOMBSTONE

Fear Level: 3

They say Tombstone eats a man for breakfast each morning. That ain't too far from the truth, amigo, and it's getting worse with every meal. When last we visited the boomtown, it served as Bayou Vermilion's western railhead—as well as a prime destination for ghost-rock-laden mule trains from the Great Maze. The Cowboys were a persistent nuisance, but Hank Ketchum and his Texas Ranger posse held them at bay, and Marshal Fred White was able to keep the peace with his deputies' help.

Things started going bad in 1880, in the wake of the Battle of Lost Angels. The Bayou Vermilion line already ran as far as Railhead, California, where LaCroix's bid to win the Rail Wars ended—violently. That's when BV upped the ante and started laying track all up and down the San Pedro River valley, linking all the towns and gold, silver, copper, and ghost rock mines north and south of Tombstone.

They brought the Cowboys to heel by officially hiring them as rail enforcers. In October, Curly Bill Brocius shot Marshal Fred White to death...a killing that Wells Spicer's court ruled accidental. Ketchum rode in with his posse, as always, and kept the peace, but he couldn't arrest the Cowboys—especially not with them on the BV payroll. When Wyatt Earp and his brothers arrived in town, Virgil Earp was soon appointed Marshal.

Ketchum's disappearance and the Earps' smoldering feud with the Cowboys have set the stage for an epic conflagration. Everyone in Tombstone waits for the other shoe to drop.

Gettin' There

Tombstone is perched on a plateau four miles east of the San Pedro River, flanked by the Whetstone and Dragoon Mountains. The Bayou Vermilion line runs right through it, providing ready access to points east and west, as well as most towns in the San Pedro Valley. Tombstone's no longer a destination for many mule trains in 1881, but more than a dozen stage lines operate in and out of it.

DEADLANDS: STONE AND A HARD PLACE

Points of Interest

Fire destroyed a goodly part of Tombstone in June 1881, so about a third of the buildings are new, or carpenters are in the process of clearing the lots and rebuilding. That said, neither the fire nor the new construction has thinned the veritable horde of vermin, snakes, and scorpions that scurry about the town's floorboards.

Marshal Earp enforces a "no firearms" policy within the town limits: All visitors have to check their lethal weapons at a saloon or livery or risk a fine and jail. The ordinance has already led to several clashes between Marshal Earp's deputies and the Cowboys.

In Tombstone's gambling halls a different rivalry simmers. What seems to most a friendly – although sometimes barbed – gambler contention between West coast "Mazers" and the high-toned "Easterners" is actually far more. They're members of the Lady Luck Society and the nefarious Royal Court. The Mazers associate with Lady Luck, a group Hoyle himself created to serve as a clearinghouse of information on hexes and the Reckoning's abominations. The Easterners serve the Court...a cabal of hucksters who have willingly sold their souls to the Reckoners for earthly riches and power. Their goal is nothing less than to scour all life from the American Southwest.

Bayou Vermilion Depot: Conductors, stewards, ticket agents, and rail warriors in BV's employ all work busily here. Sometimes a few Cowboys loiter on the porch and leer at passers-by.

Bird Cage Theater (1): Owned by Billy and Lottie Hutchinson, the Bird Cage often has some splendid entertainment. The comedian Eddie Foy has graced the establishment a number of times. Aspiring thespians be warned, however – Tombstone crowds can be hard on acts that aren't up to snuff!

Boot Hill: The epitaphs on some of the tombstones demonstrate the grim humor of the citizenry of Tombstone...

Cochise County Courthouse (2): This is where Justice of the Peace Wells Spicer passes judgment on the miscreants law dogs manage to round up.

Spicer has no love for the Cowboys, but he is powerless to do anything until someone is finally able to arrest them.

Crystal Palace Saloon (3): Lunch is free here – provided it's washed down with the expensive house beer. The place was originally called the Fredericksburg Lager Beer Depot, but the owners decided to spruce the place up with some crystal stemware and big mirrors.

Doc Goodfellow's Office (17): Doctor George Goodfellow provides solid medical care and advice at reasonable prices.

Episcopal Church (4): The divine truth is explained here every Sunday by the Reverend Endicott Peabody. Revered Peabody also serves as umpire for the town's baseball club, the Tombstone Tigers.

Explorer's Society Hall (18): The local headquarters of the Explorer's Society is cramped and shabby by Back East standards, but for weary desert travelers it's a true oasis and home away from home. *Epitaph* reporter Lacy O'Malley sometimes drops in for a cold beer.

Fifth & Allen Streets (13): Tombstone's deadliest address. So many killings have been committed in anger on or near this spot, the barrier between this world and the Hunting Grounds has thinned. Manitous sometimes slip through this location to haunt the locals. At the intersection, apply a +2 bonus to all damage rolls, and any heroes killed there draw two additional cards to determine whether they come back Harrowed.

Fly's Gallery (5): Camillus S. Fly immortalizes a person's likeness for posterity for the pittance of a mere \$2.

Grand Hotel (6): A fine establishment with comfortable rooms. Doc Holliday stays here with his paramour, Big Nose Kate.

Ike's Place (7): This is Ike Clanton's restaurant, so it's a favorite hangout of the Cowboys. The food is mediocre but cheap. Rest assured that all the steaks in the place were mooing *en Español* a few days previous.

OK Corral (8): This is the place to go for a wagon or horse. Of course, prices are two to three times what they would be Back East.

The vast majority of Tombstone's population live in tents set up within and around the city. Due to their inherently transient nature, most of these structures are not shown on this map.



NORTH



Boot Hill



Bayou Vermilion
Train Depot

TOMBSTONE

DEADLANDS: STONE AND A HARD PLACE

Lee & Hitchcock General Merchandise (15):

This shebang offers just about anything a fellow could need with the motto, "Good Goods Cheap!"

Oriental Saloon (9): A good place for a game of faro or poker. The place has gained some notoriety as the favorite haunt of the deadly dentist, Doc Holliday. It's also gained some respectability since owners Milt Joyce and Lou Rickabaugh traded Wyatt Earp one-fourth of the faro tables' proceeds in return for his prodigious skills at keeping the peace—by getting rid of troublemakers!

Schieffelin Hall (10): A fine theater erected by Ed Schieffelin. This is the largest adobe building in North America.

Tombstone City Hall (11): John Clum's office. He's mayor of Tombstone.

Tombstone Epitaph Office (12): Headquarters of the most controversial paper in North America, and John Clum's other office—he's also the *Epitaph's* editor.

Tombstone Hose Co. (14): The local fire company's volunteers are ready to charge to the town's defense in case of a blaze.

Tombstone Nugget Office (16): Tombstone's first newspaper, the *Nugget* is far more beholden to county than city concerns...and far less controversial than the *Epitaph*. Its editor is Harry Woods, who's also an undersheriff of John Behan. Bayou Vermilion's Adame LeChetelier recently purchased the paper in secret.

Tombstone Environs

Tombstone mining district has become a hotbed of commercial and political activity—legal and illegal—with a number of small but important locales situated outside the city proper. All are within a day or two's ride; see the Cochise County map below.

Benson: Called Fort Benson by the rail warriors who populate it, Benson is a Bayou Vermilion town through and through. The depot is a walled



frontier fort, its watchtowers armed with steam-powered Gatling guns.

Bisbee: Founded in 1880, Bisbee's a small mining boomtown for the gold, silver, copper, and ghost rock claims located all around it. It's also the southern railhead for Bayou Vermilion's Tucson-Bisbee Line.

Brookline: A jerkwater town located alongside the BV line headed west from Fairbank. The spring is its only redeeming feature, but there is also a Bayou Vermilion rail station—and a secret underground armory.

Canisteo: This tiny burg got its start as a semi-permanent Bayou Vermilion rail camp, and grew from there. BV maintains a storage facility near town where they keep vast workforce reserves—that is, hordes of walkin' dead locked in a dungeon.

Contention City: Named for Ed Schieffelin's nearby Contention mine. Located on the banks of the San Pedro, this mill town processes silver ore from local claims. It has a few saloons and a hotel, but not much else to recommend it. The stamping mills' incessant noise can be unbearable to those who aren't accustomed to it.

Charleston: This town is largely the Cowboys' property; several of them run establishments here, including Ike Clanton and the McLaurys. A hay yard owned by Cowboy Frank Stilwell and County Sheriff John Behan sits at the east end of town.

Don Luis: Situated only about six miles from the Mexican border, this railroad station on BV's Bisbee Line is named for Lewis Williams. Williams staked the nearby Copper Queen claim, and is called "Don Luis" by the local Mexicans.

Dragoon Summit: A stop on the Butterfield-Overland stage line, this tiny station is located high in the Dragoon Mountains—Apache country. The stop allows passengers to use the jakes, stretch their legs, and perhaps have a drink.

Fairbank: This rail stop has become a major local hub with Bayou Vermilion's diversification in the region. From the large, roundhouse-style depot, one can board a train headed Back East, south on the Bisbee line, west to Railhead in California, or north to Tucson.

Fort Huachuca: The fort has a garrison of roughly 150 cavalymen. The garrison patrols along the rail line and the area around Tombstone, protecting against marauding bands of Apaches and Mexicans. Colonel Jacob Smythe, a dedicated soldier who takes his duties seriously, commands the garrison.

Graveyard: Under Adame LeChetelier's direction, BV started construction on another of LaCroix's secret roundhouse-sanctums. This one is 10 miles east of Tombstone, located on one of Ed Schieffelin's original claims and named for it: Graveyard. Once both sanctums are up and running—that is, churning out undead labor—Tombstone will be under Baron LaCroix's thumb.

Packard: This boomtown is a center for the various fundament claims—silver, gold, and ghost rock—located to its east and northeast. But its miners also have a problem, and his name is Jubel Hollingsworth. Hollingsworth is the new marshal, and he tends to lord it up any time he can. He also gets drunk and shoots folks.

Pick 'Em Up: Centered on the First Chance Saloon, this speck of a mining town between Tombstone and Charleston is comprised mostly of saloons and "ladies' boarding houses"—if you catch our drift.

Stock Yard: This ranch raises cattle for sale all along the San Pedro valley...and sometimes falls prey to rustlers from south o' the border.

Watertank: This tiny town is named for its enormous water tank beside the tracks, continuously fed by spring water. Well-armed Bayou Vermilion rail warriors guard this place at all times, given how scarce water can be.

Savage Tales

🔪 **A Lonely Place to Die (page 133):** When Texas Ranger Hank Ketchum goes missing, the local authorities gather a posse to divine his whereabouts.

🔪 **Aces Low (page 134):** Heroes who get embroiled in the local gambling scene soon discover they have to choose sides—or die!

🔪 **Conquistadors! (page 139):** Folks say Conquistador ghosts haunt the trails north of Tombstone, accosting travelers for their silver.

➤ **Graveyard Nights (page 141):** For the posse that's rarin' to take the fight to Bayou Vermilion's door, only an assault on LaCroix's fortified voodoo sanctum will do.

➤ **The Insect People (page 143):** Rumors of black-clad "insect men" draw heroes into the hills east of Tombstone.

TUCSON

Fear Level: 3

To most folks, the town of Tucson is a Johnny-come-lately boomtown stuck out in the middle of a barren desert, peopled with the dregs of the West. They might just be right. And with a rash of vicious, unexplained attacks threatening the life and limb of every warm-blooded person or critter in the vicinity, the locals' nerves are on edge like never before.

Tucson is older than what many consider true boomtowns, but until recently it was little more than a Spanish missionary outpost. The Tucson valley was peopled, long before the coming of the Spanish, by an ancient race of Indians calling themselves the Hohokam. The Hohokam built their villages along the shores of the Santa Cruz river thousands of years ago.

Gettin' There

Several stage lines provide ready access to Tucson, not to mention the northern railhead of Bayou Vermilion's profitable Tucson-Bisbee line. By stagecoach, it's approximately 11 hours from Tombstone to Tucson. The trip takes about six hours by train.

Points of Interest

The Sonoran Desert valley surrounds the busy town of Tucson. Unlike most deserts, the Sonoran is relatively lush and green from the many agave, saguaro, and other cactuses growing in the muddy soil. Native Tahoma herbalists make use of the many plants for medicines and balms, a practice that has been adopted by the many Anglo Tucsonites.

The Santa Cruz, a muddy, slow-moving river, winds through the valley north to south, like a

great, brown snake. The river spawns numerous seasonal tributaries which spring up when the rains come in late fall and early spring. Many of these waterways conceal precious stores of silver and copper washed down from the mountains.

Also, the valley floor is crisscrossed with ancient canals dug by the long-dead people known as the Hohokam, who also dwelled near Phoenix. The canal system is unusually complex but has survived the millennia more or less intact. Some of the small farms in the outlying areas still use these ancient waterways for irrigation. The valley is rich in local wildlife. Antelope, mule deer, coyotes, and a host of native birds make the Tucson valley their home.

Apothecary (13): Dr. Stanton Emerson II's small shop sells nearly every balm, syrup, lozenge, and pill known to humanity. As a side business, the place grinds and sells spectacles.

Barber & Toothyank (21): This shop caters to Tucson's dental and tonsorial needs. Haircuts cost between 15¢-25¢, depending on the amount of hair, and a shave averages around 10¢.

Bayou Vermilion Offices (20): This small office serves as the Bayou Vermilion administrative headquarters in Tucson, as well as home base for the eight BV railhounds that "assist" Marshal Thompson with the local law enforcement. This is supposedly Adame LeChetelier's office (see page 155 for his profile), but he's found over at the Painted Lady most of the time.

Blacksmith (1): This is a simple blacksmithy with all the trappings appropriate for the craft. Russian immigrant brothers Pyter and Alexei run this place. An overhead loft is where the smith and his brother live in modest comfort.

Butcher (27): Joshua "Big Hank" Martin runs this place, along with three assistants. Even at his advanced age of 62, Hank still works. He's known for his terrible temper and his ability to throw half a steer carcass six paces.

Brass Tack Saloon (22): Smitty McGillis runs this establishment with three bartenders and two bouncers. Performer Lilly Storm—secretly an Agency operative and informer—puts on nightly, bawdy shows on the saloon's stage.



Claims Office (17): A handful of clerks labor here, determining the futures of the countless droves of fortune seekers. A large, topographical map of the Tucson valley hangs on the wall, peppered with thumbtacks and additions in ink.

Confederate Barracks (12): The 20 Confederate soldiers stationed here while away their days by playing cards, talking tough, and carousing in town. Their superior is a Back-East tinhorn named Captain Nelson B. Turnbuckle.

Dr. Augustine's Office (23): The good doctor lives above his offices and is available day or night.

Dry Goods (16): This store's dusty interior is filled with barrels and sacks of grain, seed, and other essential dry goods.

Dusty Trails Hotel (7): Linens are changed weekly, and rooms run \$1 a day. Baths cost 50¢, and laundry services \$1 for a shirt and breeches.

Five Aces Gambling Hall (6): The Five Aces is a run-down den of thieves, card sharps, and

others down on their luck and looking to crawl into a bottle of rye whiskey and stay there.

Folsen's General Store (11): Well-ordered rows of goods ranging from saddles to rock candy to firearms are on display.

The Gilded Lyre (25): This plantation-style manor and house of ill-repute is the best place in Tucson to find company for the evening.

Graveyard (31): Because of the unusual amount of supernatural energies focused on the town, a luminescent fog rises up from the ground on cold mornings and evenings and settles over the town below.

Lyonns' Clothiers (14): This shop sells bolts of cloth, buttons, bows, and finished clothing and hats for both men and women.

McFarland's Hides (24): Clancy McFarland makes some of the finest leather goods in the state. He's especially adept at making saddles and horse tack.



Marshal's Office & Jail (18): Marshal Wrath Thompson and deputies Lance Makins and Dan Jericho can usually be found here during the day. Wrath is known to be honest, straightforward, and dependable.

Mayor's Office & Home (10): This three-story house—home of mayor and Bayou Vermilion stooge T. Barton Essex—has plenty of windows, a wide front porch, and numerous entrances with oval, frosted-glass windows. The interior is just as opulent.

Nine Lives Stagecoach Co. (4): Nine Lives offers weekly transport to every city in Arizona.

Painted Lady Saloon (26): You'd be hard-pressed to find a den of worse repute within 100 miles. Cockfights, arm wrestling over knives, and bare-knuckle boxing matches are popular here. Adame LeChetelier is the owner and manager.

San Augustin Church (9): This is a mission-style church with a high ceiling, stained-glass windows, and a stone altar on a raised dais, cared for by Padre Andrizzi Hidalgo Romero.

Standish Boarding House (28): This is a tall-spired, two-story house with narrow windows, ornate fixtures, and a pleasant rock wall around the entire structure. Rooms cost \$10 per week, which includes dinners.

Tucson Citizen (19): The *Tucson Citizen* is as notorious as any small, yellow rag popular in the Weird West, although the editor and head reporter—Jonah Berk—is trying to establish a reputation for reliable and responsible journalism.

Tucson Theater (15): The Tucson Theater is a surprisingly well-appointed structure, considering Tucson does not as of yet have a performing arts company.

Train Depot, Mail, and Telegraph Office (8): Amid the bustle, Bayou Vermilion porters and conductors go about with dollies loading and unloading luggage, parcels, and mail.

Tucson Bank & Trust (3): For a town as prosperous as Tucson, the bank looks shabby. But the proprietor refuses to spend the money to fix the place up. The back room houses the vault.

Tucson Fundament Exchange (2): Folks line up on Fridays to have their fundamentals weighed and evaluated by the tellers, who sit behind an armored wall (Armor 4). The tellers pay standard rates for any fundamentals brought to them, less a 5% fee for “processing.”

Undertaker (5): Head undertaker Truman Sweet uses the front of his shop to display coffins of various makes and manufactures.

Woodwright (29): This dusty shop is a converted carriage house, that now houses Tuscon’s only carpenter, Alexandre Goodeson.

Wheelwright (30): Oslo Kestler is the master wheelwright, and he’s assisted by five apprentices. Kestler does a lot of work for the Nine Lives Stagecoach Company.

Tucson Environs

LaCroix’s Sanctum: This hidden base sits about 20 miles south of Tuscon. LaCroix ran a spur off the main line to a hollowed-out butte. There he established a sanctum for lightning strikes against rivals and marauding Apaches. The facility includes a train repair yard, zombie laboratories for creating his labor force, and a voodoo temple venerating LaCroix’s evil masters.

Table Rock Canyon: About a day’s ride southeast of Tucson stands Table Rock, in the Catalina range foothills. The blunt feature juts above the surrounding peaks, granting its name to a wide valley below. Travelers have used Table Rock as a reliable landmark for ages. Some say real, live dinosaurs dwell in the valley...and are responsible for Tucson’s recent nocturnal attacks!

YUMA

Fear Level: 3

Yuma sprawls on the eastern bank of the Colorado River in southwest Arizona, baking in the sun. For years it was best known for its ferry, which crosses a particularly narrow and shallow stretch of the Colorado. Since the Bayou Vermilion line spanned the river with a fancy new trestle, the prison brings most visitors to town involuntarily. A good chunk of Yuma’s population consists of prison guards, soldiers,

and convicts. Prospectors from nearby mining districts pad out the census.

Gettin’ There

Although located in territory that’s punishing even for Death’s domain, there are plenty of ways to get there. The BV line runs through town on its way to California, numerous stage lines run routes there, and it’s a major stop for cargo and military steamboats on the Colorado River.

Points of Interest

A shipping waystop, Yuma has a transient population (except for the prisoners). The town offers some services and establishments—general stores, saloons, gambling halls, and the like—and there are several hotels, but the high number of lawmen keep locals from tipping over to a boomtown mentality.

Fort Yuma: This CSA fort sits across the river from Yuma, its bored soldiers scanning the barren horizon for any trace of trouble.

Quartermaster Depot: The depot is located on Yuma’s side of the river. It’s probably the most important and well-stocked in the entire Territory. It should be—it’s responsible for supplying all Arizona’s and New Mexico’s military posts.

Territorial Prison: Yuma Territorial Prison is home to more than 1,000 convicted criminals, male and female—the single biggest concentration of vile thieves, rapists, and murderers in all Death’s lands. The prison is under continuous construction by the inmates; the first thing a new arrival does is begin building his cell.

Savage Tale

🔪 **Line Walkers (page 144):** Army engineers trekking to repair downed telegraph wires in the desert require armed guards—the heroes.

CALIFORNIA COMMONWEALTH

We covered most of California in *Deadlands: the Flood*, but we saved a few locations that more properly fall under Death’s sway...given their inhospitable desert surroundings.

DEATH VALLEY

Fear Level: 5

Death Valley is one of the hottest, driest places on earth. It might even be the hottest. A few local prospectors who somehow survive in the region call it “Hell on Earth.” They don’t even realize how ironic that term is, given how close Death Valley is to becoming a full-blown Deadland – and a foothold in the Reckoners’ terrifying invasion of earth.

Gettin’ There

Death Valley is possibly the Weird West’s most remote and forbidding destination. No stage lines or railroads go there, and only the bravest – or most foolhardy – miners and prospectors seek fundaments there. Travelers headed into the blast oven that is Death Valley should take good care of their horses and bring plenty of water – because they’ll find very little when they arrive.

Points of Interest

The volcanic mountains surrounding Death Valley, particularly the Funeral range, are bare and colored in brilliant reds and yellows dotted only by an occasional stunted mesquite or lone cactus. The lower portions of the valley are covered in salt flats, left there from the occasional wash from the Amargosa River, which they say actually contains a few inches of water about three times a year.

Freedom Camp: This prospectors’ camp sits near the entrance to Death Valley. It’s nothing more than a sprawling tent city full of filthy miners, but it provides much-needed shelter and water from a tiny spring at its center.

Hotter Than Hell: Due to unnatural evaporation in Death Valley, a posse’s store of water depletes at four times the expected rate. A successful Survival roll at –4 each day provides enough water – and food – for one person, or enough for five with a raise. A horse counts as two adults. When rolling a random temperature in Death Valley, add +8 to the result.

RAILHEAD

Fear Level: 4

The town called Railhead began as an enormous, ghost-rock-powered locomotive. Attached to a half-mile-long string of flat cars, it had all the amenities of any good company town, including a casino, hotel, store, and even a barber shop. The engine stood two stories tall and sported five smokestacks. All in all, it was a wonder of modern science and represented a tremendous investment on the part of Bayou Vermilion.

The train followed closely behind the Bayou Vermilion rail crew that forged track through the loneliest reaches of the Mojave Desert through late 1876. Along with its other amenities it carried a standing army of rail warriors, which was exactly what Baron LaCroix needed to get his line past those pesky Apaches.

They only got as far as California before Wichita Witches blew Railhead sky-high in ‘77. The engine turned out to be as explosive as it was big; the blast destroyed the front half of the train, ripped up almost a quarter mile of track, and killed a couple dozen workers. Operations at the west end of the line stalled completely as Bayou Vermilion staggered from the damage.

Over the next year, Bayou Vermilion simply put down stakes and rebuilt an entire town around the ruins of its investment. Over time, the town called Railhead has overshadowed and absorbed the original locomotive and train, and become an important trade center for ghost rock miners of the southern Maze – those who seek an alternative to Wasatch, at least!

Gettin’ There

All westbound Bayou Vermilion trains reach the Railhead depot eventually, and from there stagecoach lines are available to Bear’s Claw, Perdition, and Lost Angels. A few stage lines still traverse the Ghost Trail via Yuma and Tombstone, parallel to BV’s tracks. And of course, a good horse can get a body to Railhead – but the trip across the burning Mojave ain’t an easy one.

Points of Interest

Railhead is a sprawling sea of tents planted without rhyme or reason, more of a mining camp than a proper city, and truly a wide-open town. It provides all the finest amenities, provided one can find them. At the town's center sits a massive, brick ghost rock refinery, constantly chugging out columns of swirling, unearthly looking smoke.

Around the refinery, the streets are laid out in a grid to accommodate various civic buildings—a bank, courthouse, jail, and legislative hall. Of course LaCroix's agents rule Railhead with ghost-steel fists, but democracy makes for a convenient illusion. The rest of town is a seething cesspool of brothels, saloons, gambling halls, and opium dens, all designed to separate miners from their money.

Bayou Vermilion Depot: This huge depot accommodates several locomotives at once, and has several trains set to arrive or depart at any given time. The trains come in full of bright-eyed Easterners, and leave packed to the gills with refined ghost rock.

Courthouse: Criminals are tried here, but the judges are all owned by Bayou Vermilion. The local land office is also located here, for those who wish to file mining claims or purchase a lot.

Exchange House: Bayou Vermilion runs the only official exchange house for fundamentals in town, allowing them to fix the rates wherever they like them. Typically, BV tries to undercut just slightly the Wasatch outfits around Perdix. A few black market exchanges operate in Railhead, but when they're found out LaCroix has everyone involved hanged—as examples to others.

Ghost Rock Refinery: LaCroix's engineers built the brick refinery over the remains of the massive locomotive. Then they repaired what remained of the train's massive ghost rock boilers to power it. The awe-inspiring five-stack engine has been running all these years, readying ghost rock for its trip Back East.

Jail: At the marshal's office and jail—a stout stone building near the town center—Marshal Pope Jennison administers the law. “Administers” is an accurate term, since Jennison spends most of his time behind his desk while an army of deputies maintain order. Ultimately, Jennison takes his orders from Adame LeChetelier (see page 155).



DEADLANDS: STONE AND A HARD PLACE

Legislative Hall: Here the “town council” holds its weekly meetings. In Railhead, town council members are the ones whose loyalty Bayou Vermilion has purchased. Mayor Helga Deloach has an office here; she also kowtows to Mr. LeChetelier.

Roundhouse Abattoir: Off a sidetrack to the north of town, BV trains rumble to this enormous, fortified brick roundhouse for service. Steam Gatling nests dot the walls, and armed guards man all the entrances. And with good reason: Inside, LaCroix keeps a legion of walkin’ dead and undead rail warriors at the ready.

Savage Tale

🔪 **Deaders’ Delight (page 139):** A mishap at the roundhouse abattoir leads to a zombie apocalypse in Railhead.

NEVADA

Nevada is one of the few places in the Wild Southwest where the Union holds sway...although “holds sway” may be too strong a phrase where Nevada’s barren reaches are concerned. Most of the state lies in the Great Basin, with its southern regions in the Mojave Desert.

CEDAR CITY

Fear Level: 3

Cedar City’s bustling streets lie along a shallow excuse for a river called the Meadow Valley Wash. Cedar City is the largest town in southern Nevada, which isn’t saying much.

Gettin’ There

The Denver Pacific spur that runs through town on its way to Fort 51 is Cedar City’s lifeline, and without it the town would likely dry up and blow away. Getting to Cedar City other than by train probably isn’t worth the trouble—the Mojave rattlers alone can ruin one’s day—but there is a stage line to Cedar City from St. George, which lies just across the national border in Deseret.

Points of Interest

As the closest town to Fort 51, Cedar City is a popular watering hole for soldiers on leave. Without the soldiers from Fort 51, the place could hardly support one saloon, much less the three it has.

Built on the banks of the Great Meadow Wash, Cedar City is also a busy place for shipping cargo by barge down to the Virgin River, and from there into the Colorado River and on to parts south. It’s a hot, dry, dusty town, and chock full of Union soldiers. (That should make any Texas Rangers or Confederate spies a mite nervous.)

Savage Tale

🔪 **Blood Beach (page 138):** When a few Union soldiers on furlough go missing along the banks of the Great Meadow Wash, locals hire freelancers to find them.

ELKO

Fear Level: 2

Elko was once the eastern terminus of the Central Pacific railroad. When the Great Quake put that company out of business, Denver Pacific built a spur to Elko. These days it’s a nearly forgotten place, used as a mining freight and supply center by Denver Pacific and Empire Rails. The only permanent residents are rail workers, with a population of 42.

Gettin’ There

The Denver Pacific rail spur is really the only way to find Elko, so isolated is its northern Nevada location. Seasoned trackers might be able to find the place overland, but it’s no sure thing.

Points of Interest

There’s not much to Elko besides sprawling railyards, dozens of warehouses lined up in the sweltering heat, and a few buildings for the workers—barracks, mess hall, privies, and so forth.

Though the warehouses might contain hundreds of pounds of ghost rock and mining

supplies at any one time, they aren't even guarded. It's hard enough to get to Elko, much less get back out with enough fundamentals to make any difference.

FORT 51

Fear Level: 2

Fort 51 is one of the biggest secrets hatched by the United States government. These days, the *Epitaph's* constant nosing around has left little doubt the place exists, so the government merely acknowledges they have a fort there, and it is manned by the now-famous Flying Buffaloes. But recent, bloody clashes with the Apaches have threatened Fort 51 with ruin.

The fort sits near Muddy River in southern Nevada, about 30 miles from Cedar City. On a hot June day in 1872, a caravan of wagons containing Army surveyors, engineers and soldiers, drove the first wooden stakes into the hard desert ground. A month later, Fort 51 was up and running. In those days, the fort consisted of blockhouses, 15-foot high wooden walls and a few lean-tos and tents.

By 1877, Fort 51 fashioned itself into a fearsome military compound where the latest and greatest Smith & Robards inventions are tested by the Union's best and brightest soldiers and scientists.

But things are far from rosy at Fort 51. Since Mr. Eddington's attacks on the Apaches have roused them to war, Capt. Jay Kyle has, in turn, become suspicious of the Agent. Kyle has even begun to wonder at his superiors' motives. Does he pursue scientific knowledge or some darker goal? Meanwhile, the conflict rages on.

Gettin' There

The area around the fort and testing grounds is either restricted by a tall barbed wire fence or patrolled by the Flying Buffaloes. Soldiers atop 30-foot watchtowers armed with Gatling guns guard the only rail line into the fort. In short, you're either invited to Fort 51, taken there by force, or just plain trespassing. Trespassers tempting fate are arrested by mounted patrols who ride both day and night. The basic chance to

encounter a patrol is a face card on a single draw from the Action Deck; draw a card for every 30 minutes that pass in-game.

Points of Interest

Fort 51 is bigger than most military outposts. The whole fort is surrounded by a 20-foot high wooden fence complete with ramparts running around its perimeter. At each corner are blockhouses, enclosed fortifications armed with steam-Gatling guns. Two massive gates, one north and the other south, each complete with guard posts, break the fort's walls.

Inside the compound, visitors discover no less than a fully-functioning military town. There's a large command headquarters, telegraph office, two barracks, parade ground, guest barracks, mess hall, quartermaster's stores, hospital, chapel, arsenal, garage/stables, kennel (for guard dogs), library, and apartments for the 17 scientists in residence, and their families.

They moved the actual laboratories—designated A, B, and C—underground when the recent hostilities commenced. These are referred to collectively as the “Brain Trust.” To support their operation, the compound contains an iron foundry, assembly plant, numerous warehouses, and a hangar for various prototypical and proven flying machines.

The shadowy Union scientist known as “Mr. Eddington” is really Thomas Alva Edison, one of the world's most accomplished, inventive geniuses. But given his test attacks on the Apaches, things may soon come to a head between him and Capt. Jay Kyle.

VIRGINIA CITY

Fear Level: 2

Forget about oases of civilization where Virginia City is concerned. This boomtown is a full-scale desert metropolis of nearly 30,000 residents, built literally overnight and funded by seemingly limitless veins of gold, silver, and ghost rock.

Lincoln declared Nevada a state back in 1864—even though Nevada didn't have enough folk



living in it to do so constitutionally—primarily so he could lay claim to Virginia City's riches for the Union. Since then, Virginia City has tended to bring out that kind of selfish behavior in people.

Consider the city's origins in what's come to be known as Comstock's Lode. The first miners to settle in the area were a couple of tinhorns named Pat McLaughlin and Peter O'Reilly. They weren't all that bright, but it didn't take a genius to find riches near Six-Mile Canyon. The earth was just *full* of gold, mixed with gooey, bluish-gray mud that turned out to be silver ore.

A cagey miner named Henry Comstock stumbled upon the operation a few weeks later. In short order Comstock convinced McLaughlin and O'Reilly that he owned the land they were mining, and had them sign a contract that generously entitled them to 1 percent of the proceeds as long as they kept working. When word of Comstock's Lode got out, "Virginny Town" sprang up in a day and a night, as dozens of prospectors, miners, treasure-seekers, and

boomtown-builders descended on the place. Not like vultures, but more like beavers. They built a town from nothing but the promise of gold.

Henry Comstock died a rich man in New York City years later, while McLaughlin and O'Reilly labored in anonymity until the unpredictable nature of the boomtown caught up with each of them—McLaughlin was knifed in a saloon fight, and O'Reilly died months later, penniless, in a boarding house fire.

Since the city's humble beginnings, other miners who settled here became millionaires. Their mansions stand on the hills of Virginia City, and their ore funded the War Between the States. Virginia City combines all the rambunctiousness of a boomtown with the size, sensibilities, and business establishments of a major burg.

Gettin' There

The Denver Pacific line runs through Virginia City on its way from Shan Fan on the West Coast to Salt Lake City in the Republic of Deseret. There are also several stage lines, as well as a trail that follows the railroad tracks and telegraph lines.

Points of Interest

The region supports six mining companies, mostly dealing in gold and silver, along with the nation's first miners' union. Since the Great Quake ghost rock has turned up near Virginia City too, which led to a new influx of miners. A few of these exporters serve other Rail Barons besides Empire Rails, though the Union would prefer it to be otherwise. This has led to more than a few bloody street fights between rail warriors serving opposing masters.

Three fire-fighting companies, and a Marshal thought to be the laziest in all of Nevada—Calvin "Slouch" Hartz—protect the city from various hazards, natural and man-made.

Nearly every kind of business establishment is located in Virginia City, if a body looks hard enough. Following are few specific locales.

Fool's Players: The city plays host to this resident Shakespearean theater company, which is run by the stately Percival Root, a British émigré with a booming, Falstaffian manner.

Hotel International: This is the tallest and most noticeable building in town. The six-story hotel includes a saloon in the lobby—Pierre's Parisian Lounge—a full-service barber and laundry, and features the first steam-powered elevator in the state of Nevada, called the "Rising Room."

News: Virginia City has no less than three newspapers—*The Virginian*, the *Virginia City Gazette*, and a local office of the *Tombstone Epitaph*.

Old Washoe Club: Also known as the "Billionaire Boys' Club," this opulent manse serves as a gathering place for the richest of the rich. Why would anyone pay 30 times the listed cost for food and drink? Because they can. Long after midnight in the mansion's most secret chambers, members of the Masonic Conspiracy enact bloodcurdling rituals.

NEW MEXICO TERRITORY

New Mexico ranges from dry-as-bone deserts in the south, to rugged, arid mesa and canyon lands, to forested, snow-cruised Rocky Mountains in the territory's northern half. There, the Sangre de Cristo mountains jut south from Colorado. Between the Santa Fe Trail, the Lone Star and Bayou Vermilion lines, and several stage routes, most of the state is fairly accessible. Yet some forgotten spots remain unseen by anyone.

Outside its cities and towns, New Mexico Territory is unforgiving. One's as likely to meet friendly travelers as Apaches, Mexican soldiers, French Legionnaires, or outlaws. No place in the Wild Southwest is more outlaw-plagued than New Mexico's southwest corner, the Bootheel.

Beyond all that mayhem, there's also the Reckoning's dark magic to endure. Texas Rangers claim almost every bit of weirdness in New Mexico was brought West by Bayou Vermilion. Among Rangers the saying goes, "If you're going to New Mexico, bring ammo and plenty of it."

ALBUQUERQUE

Fear Level: 3

Spain founded Albuquerque as a colony in 1706, and named it after one of New Spain's former viceroys. Settlers prized it for its fertile farmland and the strategic value of its location on the *Camino Real*, the Spaniards' "Royal Road" into Mexico. The town center was built in the style of a Spanish village, and retains its traditional flavor.

The territory opened to American settlers in 1848, after the Mexican-American War left New Mexico part of the United States. In 1862, Confederate soldiers occupied the town, and used it as a staging point for the minor Battle of Albuquerque to follow.

Gettin' There

Albuquerque lies in central New Mexico Territory along the Old Chihuahua trail, an extension of the Santa Fe Trail, about 4,900 feet above sea level. The Lone Star rail line runs just

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past town, goes south as far as El Paso, and north to Santa Fe. The city sits astride the Rio Grande River, making it eminently accessible.

Points of Interest

The Lone Star line's arrival in 1880 has helped Albuquerque bloom into a major commercial center. Mountain men, miners, cowboys, and soldiers mingle in rowdy mobs near the exchange houses and cattle markets. The upper crust maintain estates on the city's outskirts, amidst an incredibly diverse population. The occasional auto-gyro or ornithopter can be sighted as it buzzes overhead.

Albuquerque Daily Times: The town's newspaper is ably handled by Isaac Alvord, a wisp of a Swede with a retiring disposition. Only a few people, Doc Holliday among them, know Alvord is also an accomplished hexslinger.

Casa de Muñoz: One of New Mexico's oldest buildings, this hacienda dates back to 1709. The Muñoz family run it as a hotel.

Confederate Army Fort: A company of 100 soldiers are garrisoned in town, under Captain Jesse Lee Burroughs' command.

Hancock Hill: Wiley Hancock owns this foothill east of town, and the ghost rock vein under it. He's a pleasant enough miner by day, but night brings out the worst in Wiley. That's when he lures a saloon girl or lone traveler back to his claim and murders the victim with a shovel.

Lone Star Rail Depot: Located about two miles east of the town plaza, the depot's establishment has given rise to a new commercial area near it.

Marshal's Office: To deal with the burgeoning population of backwoods trappers, miners, and ranchers, the town hired former outlaw Milt Yarberry as marshal.

San Felipe de Neri Church: Constructed in 1793, this huge Catholic church is situated on the town plaza's north side. Members of the Order of St. George use it as a safe haven.

The Arroyo: Locals tell traditional stories of *La Llorona*, the crying widow who wanders the old drainage ditch seeking her lost children...even though she drowned them all. The Reckoning gave the legend evil life as a weeping widow.

EL PASO

Fear Level: 4

We're cheating a bit, Marshal; This border town on the Rio Grande is really in Texas. But its location makes it important both to New Mexico Territory and Death's lands, so we're including it here.

El Paso—"The Gateway" in Spanish—was settled by Franciscan friars who used it as a route north to civilize *Nueva Mexico* for the Spanish crown. Although Spain is long-gone from El Paso in 1881, its influence on the town's appearance and culture remain.

Unfortunately, Death took up residence in El Paso too...and these days the Reckoner's influence is just as apparent as the Spanish to a casual observer.

El Paso is even more violent than Dodge City. Folks have taken to calling it the "Six-Shooter Capital." Although the town's been growing with the arrival of commercial concerns hoping to benefit from the Mexico Free Trade Zone—Juarez lies directly across the river—El Paso's growth has also brought gamblers, rustlers, outlaws, ex-rail warriors, and other ne'er-do-wells. More than ever, El Paso serves as the gateway to Death's domain.

Gettin' There

El Paso's located at a crossroads that's been in use for centuries. Travelers from Mexico can take the Royal Road north to Juarez, and cross the Rio Grande into El Paso and the Confederacy. From points east and west, the Bayou Vermilion rail line services El Paso. A Lone Star spur links up with Albuquerque and Santa Fe in the north, as well as all points along Lone Star's main line.

Points of Interest

In many ways, El Paso has become a cultural and commercial center—and quite cosmopolitan for a dusty border town. It is home to diverse, long-standing nationalities and cultures—the most prominent being Latinos—and some parts of town feel quite civilized. El Paso's seedy underbelly, however, is a den of murderers and

thieves, all trying to outdo one another. Saloons, gambling halls, and brothels teem in certain neighborhoods.

Bayou Vermilion Depot: The ornate BV depot lies just west of the Rio Grande ferry crossing, providing easy access to the town center as well as river-borne cargo.

Central Hotel: Irish immigrants John and Annie Dougher own and run this hotel, a former rooming house they've transformed into the city's best lodgings.

Concordia Cemetery: El Paso's Boot Hill is home to numerous stiffs, which serve as a ready food source for the hideous sin eaters that infest the tunnels beneath it.

El Paso & San Antonio Streets: This intersection is the town's dead center. It's also been the site of numerous killings, including the famous "Four Dead in Five Seconds" duel in which Marshal Dallas Stoudenmire notched the fatal tally. The Reckoning's evil is strong at the intersection: Apply a +2 bonus to all damage rolls, and any heroes killed there draw two additional cards to see whether they come back Harrowed.

Keating's Saloon: Located near the town center, this watering hole is popular among men and women of a rougher sort.

Lone Star Depot: Lone Star's depot lies about a mile north of town, an arrangement the railroads worked out after prodigious expenditures of ammunition.

Marshals' Office: Dallas Stoudenmire, a Confederate veteran, former Texas Ranger, and notorious hothead, is Town Marshal. The council voted to dismiss him once, but he disallowed it—with an angry display of his spinning pistols.


Newspapers: El Paso has two rags. The more reputable of them, *The El Paso Times*, is run by editor Marcellus Carrico. S. H. Newman's *The Lone Star* is less well-regarded, but covers stories of a weird or unexplained bent.

Parker's Photos: Francis Parker provides portraits for 5 cents each.

Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe Church: This large mission church is constructed in the Spanish style, and is one of El Paso's oldest foundations.

Ranger Outpost: The Texas Rangers maintain an armed camp at El Paso's west edge, bounded by stockade walls and armed guards. It has a special underground bunker for secret testing of all the gadgets the eggheads at Roswell devise.

Savage Tale

 **The Bloodwire Man (page 138):** Heroes investigate a miner's disappearance.

ROSWELL

Fear Level: 3

Roswell, New Mexico has always had a history of strange occurrences. But the town is a backwater—a trading post, tiny freshwater spring, and the Lone Star depot are its only claims to fame. To outsiders, it's a flyspeck town that spends most its time baking in the Southwest's oven. The ruins of old Fort Roswell stand a few miles away in mute testimony to the 1876 battle that left it ransacked.

Back in mid-1876, rumors flew about odd "flying disks" in the night skies near town. The Confederate government maintains to this day the sightings were just observation balloons or a story concocted by the *Tombstone Epitaph*, depending on whom one speaks to. But some whispered that the CSA had contacted "space critters," and were harboring them at Fort Roswell. Others believed the so-called flying disks were a terrible New Science weapon.

Among those others were the Rail Barons. On October 31, 1876 their worst fears were confirmed. That night, a flying disk—code named "Eagle"—crashed near the small town of Dry Gulch, less than 50 miles from Roswell. Word spread quickly of the unusual craft that fell from the sky, and prying ears listened attentively. The muckrakers had a field day. The Rail Barons' spies confirmed their suspicions of a new Confederate weapon. In a fortnight's time, the multi-sided Battle of Roswell had laid waste to the Confederate fort. All the CSA's New Science designs were looted in the chaotic fighting.

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Gettin' There

Roswell's easy to get to; the Lone Star line runs right through it. A side track near town allows a dry locomotive to pull aside and take on water from a complex pumping system at the spring. And for certain Confederate military trains, another little-used spur arrows north from Roswell to the CSA's still-secret installation!

Points of Interest

Roswell's a spot where dusty saddletramps can wet their whistles, water their horses, and bed down with a roof overhead. For the rugged New Mexico Territory, that's saying a lot.

Confederate Barracks: Capt. Melissa Ayuso runs the company headquarters, which is located in an old Spanish church just outside Roswell. Ayuso seems to know where every town, watering hole and cactus in the territory is located, making her well-suited to administer the local law. Most of her job involves getting in the middle of skirmishes between Bayou Vermilion and Lone Star.

Roswell Science Facility: Officially, Roswell's been destroyed twice: once by Jacob Smith back in 1871, and in 1876 by the Rail Barons' forces. But the rebuilt, secret underground base north of Roswell remains home to virtually all the South's official explorations of the New Science.

Eccentric European emigre Dr. Erik Yaple—father of the “flying disk”—is Director of Operations for the base's variegated scientists. Other mad scientists hard at work here include the Rains Brothers, developers of the South's infamous chlorine gas weapons. They remain engaged in research in spite of the cease-fire.

When trespassers are caught snooping around the base's entrance—a rail tunnel leading into an otherwise

unremarkable bluff—Yaple calls in the Texas Rangers. They ensure the trespasser spills his guts...or they spill his guts for him!

Spotswood Trading Post: Earle Spotswood runs this tiny trading post with the help of his wife Courtney, teenage sons Earle Jr. and Eli, and four hired hands. The post deals in the usual wares and gear for such a remote location. Although he claims not to know about any flying disks or a secret base, Earle is actually a paid informer for the Texas Rangers. He files a report on just about everyone who passes through.

SANTA FE

Fear Level: 2

Santa Fe is New Mexico's Territorial Capital, the focus of its Confederate military activities, and an important center of business, religion, politics, and education.

Gettin' There

Santa Fe sits at the foothills of the Sangre de Cristo mountains, 7,000 feet above sea level. From the south, the Lone Star line accesses Santa Fe via Albuquerque, and to the northeast the Santa Fe Trail leads to the Disputed Territories.

Lone Star has plans to run a new spur from Santa Fe to Dodge City, but the company has yet to recover from recent setbacks.

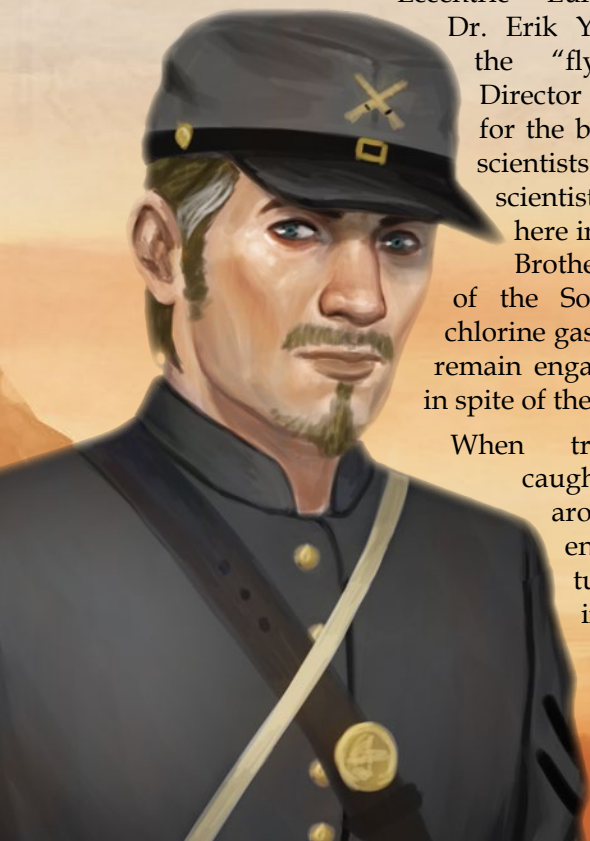
Points of Interest

At the intersection of the Santa Fe Trail and Lone Star line sits Santa Fe. From its perch it rules over all of New Mexico, rarely touched by the Territory's lawlessness and murder.

Fort Santa Fe: Three full companies of Confederate troops are stationed here.

Old Government House: Erected in 1605, this building features a many-pillared portico along its front, and is known to locals as the “Adobe Palace.”

San Miguel Mission: This ancient structure's foundation dates to 1610. Few know about the secret vault deep beneath it, where Franciscan friars long ago hid six Aztec mummies' coffins.



Adventures in the Wild Southwest

In 1881, the wild southwest is rife with adventure. Fear is at an all-time high and death always seems to lurk around the next bend in the trail. In this land perilous situations are a dime-a-dozen-but don't let 'em catch you unawares, Marshal.

When you're not running a Plot Point, Savage Tale, or scenario of your own design, sometimes you need a few random encounters.

Let the group decide on its goal for the session—be it critter-hunting, exploring, chasing outlaws, or just moseying from one backwater to another—and use this chapter to generate a few novel events that occur along the way.

Inject your own ideas into these encounters too, and incorporate details of the heroes' pasts... and nightmares. That undead outlaw terrorizing the stage line might not be just any old deader—maybe it's a rival the heroes thought long-dead. Could the creature that stalks the posse be the same one that put out a hero's eye years ago? Personalize the results for your group. It'll pay off in spades.

Using the Encounter Generator

To generate simple encounters in the Wild Southwest, use the expanded encounter table

below instead of the one found in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

For more involved tales, draw one Action Card per Wild Card in the posse, and roll for each face card. Record the results, and either combine them into a scenario, or interject them individually into the game session at any point you choose, Marshal, to best heighten the tension or complicate a posse's efforts.

WILD SOUTHWEST ENCOUNTERS

Draw a card from the Action Deck for each day cowpokes spend exploring the Wild Southwest's sun-baked reaches. On a face card or Joker, check the suit and roll on the corresponding encounter table below.

For encounters in the Grand Canyon region, use the table on page 58.

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CLUBS—OBSTACLE

d6 Obstacle

- 1 **Wild Weather:** Pick a weather type from those listed in the Setting Rules (see page 48) that's appropriate to the place and season. The weather condition prevails during the adventure.
- 2 **Epidemic:** The heroes' current location—or the town over the next rise—is stricken by disease. Consider it a Long-Term Chronic, Minorly Debilitating disease (see *Savage Worlds*). A medicine is available...but not locally.

- 3 **Drought:** The locals aren't getting nearly enough water. Unless the posse brought their own, consult the **Killin' Heat** Setting Rule (page 49).
- 4 **Tainted Water:** Travelers discover a watering hole, but its contents are tainted with Texas tummy twister (see the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*).
- 5 **Heat:** The temperature skyrockets. Roll 1d20+5 and add half the result to 90 degrees Fahrenheit to determine the temperature each day.
- 6 **Detour:** Either a bridge is out, a sudden downpour washes out the road, or a landslide blocks the trail. The posse loses 1d4 days' travel finding a route around it.



HEARTS—NON-PLAYER
CHARACTERS

d10 NPC

- 1 **Spies:** A group of 1d6 undercover US Agents on a mission. Roll again to determine their cover story.
- 2 **Miners:** These 1d4 miners 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.
- 3 **Rail Warriors:** The heroes encounter 2d8 Rail Warriors scouting a new line. Roll 1d10 to see which company they serve: 1 = Empire Rails, 2-5 = Bayou Vermilion, 6-9 = Lone Star, 10 = Black River.
- 4-5 **Outlaws:** A gang of 3d6 ruthless Outlaws roam the area, preying on the unwary. They are led by a Veteran Gunman Wild Card.
- 6-7 **Indians:** The heroes encounter 2d12 members of a native tribe. Roll 1d6 to determine which one: 1-2 = Apache, 3-4 = Navajo, 5 = Southern Paiute, 6 = Havasupai. The Indians might be local residents or travelers far from home.
- 8 **Law Dogs:** The heroes encounter a representative 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.
- 9 **Merchants:** The heroes encounter wagons containing 2d6 cattlemen, farmers, importers, or exporters and their wares, along with 2d6 mercenaries (use Gunman stats) on horseback.
- 10 **Confederate Cavalry:** A group of 2d8 Veteran Soldiers with an Officer leader, all on horseback.

DIAMONDS—FORTUNE

d6 Item

- 1 **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 outlaw loot, a ghost rock or gold vein, or a Relic. Roll again on the Varmints table to see what guards the loot.
- 2 **Brush With Greatness:** The posse meets a famous person such as Doc Holliday or Samuel Clemens. How and why are up to you; what happens next is up to the posse.
- 3 **Mysterious Trader:** A junk seller has a cart full of odds and ends. Maybe his junk is only disguised by illusions to appear valuable. Or maybe a Relic of some sort is hidden among his rusted lanterns and half-smoked cigars...
- 4 **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, which of course leads to another encounter or a Savage Tale.
- 5 **Fundaments:** The heroes stumble across a vein of some precious fundament: ghost rock, gold, silver, or copper. It's worth a fortune, but mining it and keeping it safe from bandits form a campaign all their own! The claim is worth 1d6 x \$1,000 to a buyer.
- 6 **Lost in Transit:** The group finds a crashed Smith & Robards auto-gyro with a grinning skeleton crushed inside. The whirlygig is beyond repair, but it contains an intact crate: a shipment of Infernal Devices. The contents are up to the Marshal, as well as whether other interested parties may still be in search of the lost cargo.

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SPADES—VARMINTS

d20	Varmint
1	Rattler, Mojave
2	2d6 Rattler Young 'Uns
3	2d6 Dessicated Dead (see page 149)
4	Desert Thing
5	Mexican Dragon (see page 150)
6	1d6 Wall Crawlers
7	1d4 Bloodwires
8	Dust Devil
9	Bloodwire Man (see page 148)
10	2d6 Cemetery Wolves
11	Duster
12	'Glom (includes 1d6 corpses)
13	Critters. Roll 1d4 to determine type: 1 = 2d6 coyotes, 2 = mountain lion, 3 = 1d6 rattlesnakes, 4 = 2d6 scorpions.
14	2d6 Tumblebleeds
15	2d4 Saddle Burrs
16	Braincrawler
17	2d8 Walkin' Dead
18	Doom Locust swarm (page 149)
19	Jackalope
20	Hangin' Judge

RED JOKER—SPECIAL

- d8 *Encounter*
- 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 the con man's wares are castor oil, turpentine, and the like.
 - Good Samaritans:** A settler family or some other relatively defenseless group is surrounded by hostile Indians, bandits, or abominations. The defenders might be in circled wagons or a homestead, but they're in a heap of trouble if the posse doesn't help.
 - Ghostly Visitation:** Choose a random character. 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 a manitou impostor.
 - Local Election:** The locals are electing a marshal, mayor, or some other post—and one or more candidates ask the heroes to provide "support" for their campaigns.
 - Ghost Town:** A haunted burg features prominently in this tale. Use the Non-Player Characters table to determine who the specters were in life, or choose them as appropriate to the surrounding terrain.
 - Guard Duty:** The posse is asked to guard something: a building, prisoner, shipment of goods, newly discovered ghost rock mine, or the like. If the posse agrees, roll on the Non-Player Characters table to see who's after whatever they are tending, or on the Varmints table to see what horrors threaten it—or both!.



- 7 **A Friend in Need:** Riding in roughly the same direction is a tough but friendly shootist, down on his or her luck. If someone befriends the character he or she becomes a capable and stalwart friend to the posse.
- 8 **Posse:** A posse of deputized citizens on horseback, led by a Texas Ranger. Maybe they ask for help catching a band of notorious desperadoes. Or maybe they mistake the heroes for the felons they're chasing.

BLACK JOKER—TROUBLE

d6 *Trouble*

- 1 **Monsters in Them Thar Hills!** This ain't no mere encounter — we're talking about a whole heap, herd, swarm, or burrow full of nasty abominations. Roll on the Varmints table; there are 2d20 of 'em makin' a supreme nuisance of themselves. If the resulting critter is a mundane varmint or typically encountered solo, it's a freakish specimen mutated by ghost rock exposure — add Monstrous Abilities to create something truly awful.
- 2 **Intolerance:** Choose a random character. People of that character's profession, ethnicity, or faith are being unfairly persecuted locally due to some recent bad experience or simple prejudice.
- 3 **Shortages:** Scarcity, inflation, or marauding outlaws drive up local prices. Multiply the cost of all food and gear x4 until the adventure is over.
- 4 **Diplomacy:** Somebody's feathers got ruffled, and neither party wants to draw blood to sort it out. A silver-tongued talker needs to smooth things over before somebody gets hurt. Roll on the Non-Player Characters table to determine the aggrieved party's identity — if diplomacy fails, these are the troops they will bring to bear.

- 5 **Secret Base:** Some faction has set up shop in a secret location and seeks to do others harm. The posse stumbles upon it, and it's up to them to solve the problem. Roll on the Non-Player Characters table to see who owns the outpost. Multiply the total enemies encountered x5. The base is controlled by a Wild Card (Marshal's choice of stats) with the Command, Inspire, and Fervor Edges.
- 6 **Savage Tale:** The posse gets caught up in something really big and really bad. Maybe the heroes ride smack into the middle of a battle between 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 a skirmish with some rival Rail Baron.





Stone and a Hard Place

And when he had opened the fourth seal, I heard the voice of the fourth beast say, come and see. And I looked, and behold a pale horse: And his name that sat on him was death, and Hell followed with him.

-Revelation 6:7-8

In this world there's two kinds of people, my friend. Those with loaded guns and those who dig. You dig.

-The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly (1966)

Stone and a Hard Place, the third Plot Point campaign for *Deadlands*, tells the tale of Old Stone and his attempts to ensure an eventual Hell on Earth for his unholy masters, the Reckoners. Of course, the Plot Point also needs a posse brave enough to intercede between Old Stone and his younger self – that's where your group comes in, Marshal.

The idea behind a Plot Point is threefold. First, it lets you tell big stories in the background of your posse's more personal interests. The tale here is the fight against the two Stones, but your characters might be most interested in hunting down outlaws in New Mexico Territory, struggling against a rival Apache tribe, raiding French Foreign Legion border forts, or setting back Bayou Vermilion's business plan a few years. 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 becomes tight with the Earps – and sees with their own eyes the diabolical threat Stone represents. Nobody's forcing the heroes to go after him. But if they don't, Old Stone's just about guaranteed to succeed. Then the Reckoners' goal of Hell on Earth becomes the *only* future, instead of a possible fate.

The third purpose, Marshal, is to give you a ready-made campaign that you can run more or less on the fly. *Savage Worlds* gives you Fast, Fun, and Furious rules, and our campaign systems aim to match that. You should never have any trouble

TIGHT WITH THE EARPS

Stone and a Hard Place depends on the heroes—or at least one of them—being sympathetic to the Earp brothers and their attempts to bring law and order to Tombstone. Take a few minutes with each player before the campaign starts to discuss his or her character's connection to the Earps.

Are they friends, acquaintances, or even distant relatives? If the character doesn't know them personally, how does she view their activities with regard to the Cowboys? Has the character had any run-ins with the dreaded Cowboy Gang? Establishing these details helps deepen the emotional impact of the violence to follow, and fuels the heroes' fire to bring down Stone.

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' backstories.

Playin' the Plot Points

To play *Stone and a Hard Place* as intended, start with the first Plot Point, **Shot Down at the OK Corral**. If you prefer to run a few preliminary adventures to set the tone and bring the posse together—plenty of Marshals do—several Savage Tales are keyed to Tombstone. **A Lonely Place to Die** (page 133) and **The Insect People** (page 143) are especially good places to start, and Marshal Virgil Earp makes a fine patron.

Following is a quick summary of all the Plot Points and what happens in each. After the official starting date of October 25, 1881, all the episodes are designed to take place whenever you choose—or whenever your willful and opinionated players decide to get 'em done. There are no setting-changing events or natural disasters...just the tale of one posse pitted against Death's red right hand. This gives you all the flexibility you need to work in various Savage Tales and your own scenarios.

Additionally, near the end of every Plot Point but the last you'll find a sidebar called a **Side Track**. These contain narrative threads, themes, and minor events with which to season your own scenarios until the next Plot Point takes place. That way, no matter how long you go between episodes your players still get a sense of the overarching tale.

As a general guide to Rank, a posse ought to be composed mostly of Veterans by the time they get to Plot Point Five, and they'll certainly want a few Legendary heroes among their ranks—or a lot of allied Extras—when they reach the last chapter.

PLOT POINT SUMMARIES

Shot Down at the OK Corral brings the party together in Tombstone, Arizona, and introduces them to the town and the local lawmen, the Earps. Wyatt Earp and his brothers have been mixing it up with the Cowboys for months, and things come to a head on October 26, 1881. Buckaroos can accompany the Earps and Doc Holliday for their fateful shootout with the Cowboys.

A few months pass, as confrontations and skirmishes between the Earps and the Cowboys bring their hatred to a boil. When Morgan Earp is murdered, Wyatt Earp swears revenge on anyone wearing the Cowboys' signature red sash. The heroes again join forces with the Earps and Doc Holliday for their **Vengeance Ride!** They hunt down all the Cowboys, and finally pin down the last few at Clanton Ranch. But Stone himself emerges, calmly guns down Wyatt, Virgil, and Doc—and moseys into the sunset.

Padre Ernesto de Díaz contacts the heroes in **These Hills Run Red**, eager to meet those who survived an encounter with the Deathly Drifter. If the heroes want to learn more about Stone, the padre sends them to Dead End, Arizona, to find a gent by the name of Coot Jenkins. There they help the Prospector put a Harrowed marshal back in control of his carcass, and Coot spills the beans on Stone's weakness—the bullets that killed him.

The next episode, **Somethin' About Some Bullets**, takes place over the course of several months and encompasses an epic journey Back

East. There's plenty of room for the Marshal to add encounters and *Savage Tales* along the way. The posse breaks into Gettysburg, shuttles from there to Washington DC in Union custody, and ultimately travels deep into the Louisiana bayou in search of a reclusive Confederate surgeon. With the bullets o' betrayal safely in hand, the heroes must make the long trek to Arizona.

Back in the Weird West, the heroes and their allies gather for a **Showdown at Diablo Crater**. Stone waits at the meteor crater's center with his unholy host of walkin' dead, tricked by Old Stone into believing the posse's bullets can't harm him. In a cave below, Old Stone intones an arcane ritual. At the moment the cowpokes and their friends gun down Stone, Old Stone creates a new Heart of Darkness—and Diablo Crater becomes a Deadland.

After two or three months pass, **If Stone Finds You, Pray for Death** occurs. One pistoleer receives ominous telegraphs and sees crude missives carved into random surfaces. Soon the cowpokes learn that the messages came from Stone's manitou! They also learn that Old Stone still walks the earth, and the bastard is about to turn the Petrified Forest into *another* Deadland. With any luck the party interrupts Old Stone's ritual just in time, but the Deathly Drifter escapes with the Heart of Darkness.

Old Stone goes on a rampage, slaying 12 of the West's greatest heroes and drawing their souls into the Heart of Darkness. In **Face to Face**, Coot Jenkins seeks out the posse. He takes the heroes to speak with Stone's old partner Rex Tremendae, who reveals the location of one of Stone's hideouts. Surviving a perilous trek to Stone's bolthole, they learn of his plan and gain the Heart of Light—a powerful artifact that might be used against him.

Meanwhile, Old Stone discovers his manitou's betrayal and forces the worm to send another telegraph. In **God Forgives, Stone Kills**, the posse rides hard to Roswell, New Mexico, where Ronan Lynch is due to be hanged for a crime he didn't commit—unless Stone gets to him first! The compadres have to break Lynch out of jail while dodging the marauding Stone's bullets. But the duplicitous manitou provides help along the way.

Cowpokes who survive Stone's Roswell trap are caught **Between Stone and a Hard Place**. They might be legendary heroes of the Weird West, but all the Reckoners' most powerful servants are gunning for them. Coot tips off the posse to head for Death Valley, California. The searchers must elude dark riders and battle the fiery heat to reach Stone's secret ritual spot, where he's about to make himself more powerful than ever before. Can the heroes perform an exorcism with the Heart of Light to destroy the Heart of Darkness before Stone's ritual is complete?

1. SHOT DOWN AT THE OK CORRAL

When: At the campaign's start.

This tale kicks off the epic storyline of *Stone and Hard Place* in Tombstone, Arizona Territory, and brings your posse together. Officially speaking, the Plot Point begins on October 25, 1881. Kick things off earlier if your group plans to poke around Tombstone before the big events get rolling.

The Story So Far

Tombstone in late 1881 is a city divided. Following a rash of stage hold-ups, false accusations, and outright threats over the past several months, tensions between the Earps and the Cowboys are at an all-time high.

There's also a general mistrust between the "city folk"—folks who've been arriving from Back East in ever-greater numbers—and the rural ranchers and miners who've been around a dang sight longer. Most locals flat-out fear Bayou Vermilion and its growing dominance of Tombstone. Even the muckrakers are divided: The *Tombstone Nugget* favors the Cowboys' cause in its reportage, and the *Epitaph* favors the Earps' attempts to bring order to the rowdy boomtown.

The Setup

Go around the table, Marshal, and give each of your players a chance to describe his or her character's appearance and demeanor. Ask them to explain why their characters have come to

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Tombstone, and in what capacity—if any—they know the Earps (see sidebar on page 90). Finally, remind them they’ve all left their firearms at a saloon or livery for “safe keeping,” per the local ordinance.

Read this to open the ball, Marshal:

It’s October 1881 in Arizona Territory. With all the trouble from outlaws lately, most folks agree it’s safer to be in a town—like Tombstone.

So here you sit on October 25, in the Oriental Saloon—located at the corner of Fifth and Allen—warming yourself with a quick refreshment as the afternoon gets on. Outside it’s chilly, a crust of snow on the ground. In here the air is stale but the temperature comfortable. Several other patrons, miners mostly, hunch over drinks or play poker in small groups. One table of rowdy ranch hands has been drinking for hours.

The unflappable Wyatt Earp runs the faro table. Marshal Virgil Earp leans on the bar, his whiskey untouched. He stares at the pale light coming through the front windows. “They’re back,” he says.

Wyatt glances over. “Who?”

“Ike Clanton,” says Marshal Earp. “Tom McLaury. Spring wagon just passed. They’re both heeled, I’ll wager.”

Wyatt Earp excuses himself from the faro table, and his assistant steps in. Virgil downs his whiskey. The Earps barge through the Oriental’s batwing doors and leave them swinging.

The Earps move with far too much purpose for the cowpokes to catch up, should any lawmen feel the need to pursue. But that’s all

right—they get their chance soon enough. For now, give the players a minute or two to discuss their next move.

Before anyone acts, read the following:

A drunken ranch hand, thin but wiry, sways up from his chair. “Them Earps is a bunch o’ high-toned city-slicker bastards!” he shouts. “And takin’ our guns is a load o’ horse shit! Am I wrong?” His friends laugh.

The bartender, Ned Boyle, shakes his head. “Calm down, Bixler. Lower your voice.”

“No, I will not curtail my speech. It’s too much, is all...all these tinhorns!” He points right at you, sneering in contempt. “Ain’t there no way to be shut of them?”

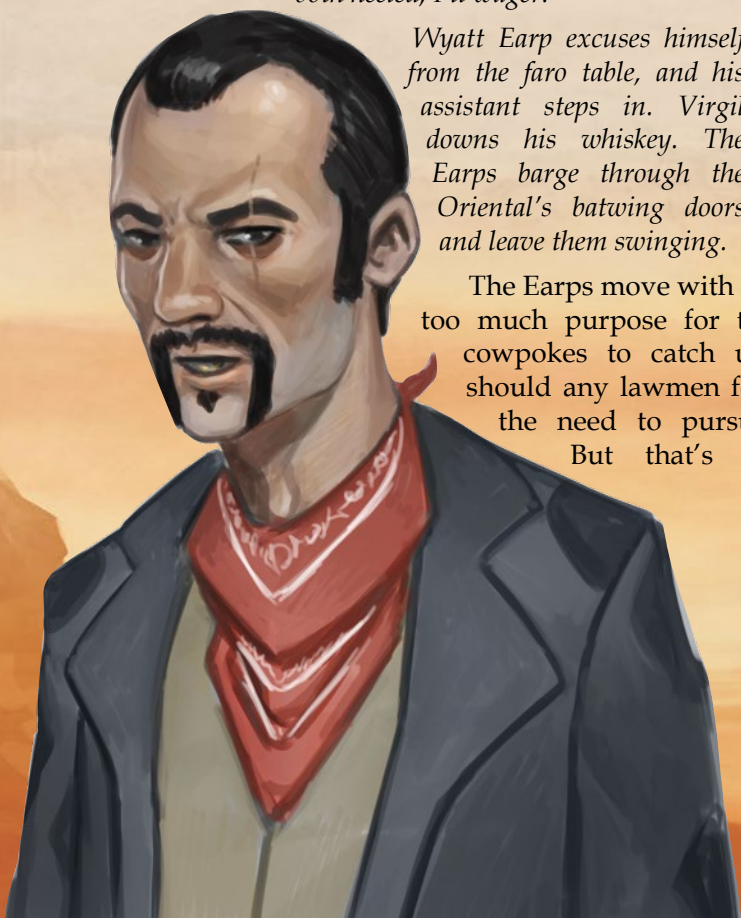
Young Bixler launches into a personal tirade against any character who remotely fits the description of “tinhorn,” and once he gets going tears into the rest of the group as well. He’s sick of all these city folk telling Arizona-bred people how to run their affairs, and he wants everyone to know it. More to the point, Bixler wants to provoke a fight and won’t be happy until he gets one. He uses Intimidation and Taunt to that end.

- **Bixler Tate:** Use the Outlaw profile on page 152, but add Intimidation d8, Taunt d8, and the Strong Willed Edge. He likes being a bully.
- **Ranch Hands (2 per hero):** Use the Outlaw profile on page 152.

Saloon Brawl!

It’s not a matter of *whether* there’s a fight, Marshal—it’s *when*. Even if your posse is composed entirely of pacifists, they’re either provoked into throwing the first punch or Bixler Tate and his boys simply attack anyone they don’t like with wild haymakers. They’re pretty good pugilists for being so drunk. But soon a table overturns, a miner’s beer spills, and the entire bar devolves into hurtling fists.

Brawlin’: Once the fighting starts, rather than run a traditional combat consider it a **Dramatic Task** (see *Savage Worlds*). Characters can fight alone to try to gather five successes on their own, or they can band together to pool their successes. Each round for five “actions,” all the heroes involved in the brawl make a Fighting



roll at -2. (Compadres fighting in a group make Cooperative Fighting rolls to aid the “leader.”)

Complications include having a chair smashed over one’s head, being grappled by an opponent, boots slipping in whiskey or blood, or suffering an eye-gouge.

If an individual hero or group of them accumulates five successes, that hombre’s won the fight – and the ranch hands are whupped. Any hero or fighting group that fails to accumulate five successes is battered severely, and left with a level of Fatigue due to Bumps and Bruises (see *Savage Worlds*). Any character or group with no successes is left bleeding on the saloon floor, Exhausted with two Fatigue levels from Bumps and Bruises.

They Wore Red

After the fight—whether the heroes win or not—they learn that Bixler Tate and his associates have connections to the Cowboy Gang. In fact, Bixler wears a pale red bandanna around his neck. It’s visible when the beaten ranch hands stagger out, muttering threats. In Bixler Tate, the characters have made a minor enemy...but one with powerful friends.

Soon after, Wyatt returns and Ned Boyle tells him about the brawl. He’s appreciative of anyone who spoke up in his favor or helped thrash Bixler Tate and his malcontents; that kind of buckaroo rises in Wyatt Earp’s estimation. Wyatt offers free cigars at the Oriental in perpetuity to any such individual. If he hasn’t met the posse before, he adds:

“We could use your help. You look to have suitable skills to keep the peace. And things may come to a head soon. Very soon.”

Earp discusses the situation no further, and after a spell he retires for the evening. Success on a Streetwise roll allows a gossip to ferret out what Wyatt is so concerned about. Seems Ike Clanton—leader of the Cowboy Gang—exchanged heated words with Doc Holliday at the Alhambra Saloon. Ike promised he’d be coming for them all tomorrow, that he’d be “ready come morning.”


Day of Rage

Next morning the sun is pale and the air frosty. Heroes who return to the Oriental Saloon note the situation beginning to heat up around noon. That’s when all three Earps—Virgil, Wyatt, and Morgan—arrive at the Oriental and begin to formulate a plan. Virgil turns to any characters present and says,

“Ike Clanton’s wandering the streets, all roostered up on cheap whiskey and armed with a rifle. He says he’s looking for Holliday – or an Earp. We need to disarm him without a gunfight. Are you in?”

Virgil swears in any hero who says yes as a deputy. Then he sends the deputized characters out on their own to find and subdue Ike Clanton. Morgan suggests the searchers might want to “buffalo” Ike—that is, pistol-whip him unconscious—before he kills somebody or hurts himself. Consult **Nonlethal Damage** in *Savage Worlds* if the deputies go that route.

After a cursory search and 20 minutes’ time, it’s almost 1 p.m. Success on a Notice roll spots Ike on Fourth Street, near the center of town, brandishing a Winchester and demanding to know where Doc Holliday’s gotten to.

 **Ike Clanton:** Use the Outlaw (Veteran) profile on page 152. He’s armed with a Winchester ’76 (Range 24/48/96, Damage 2d8, RoF 1, AP 2).

Back at the Oriental

Once the heroes return Ike to the Oriental, Virgil and Morgan drag him to the courthouse for a hearing with Judge Spicer. Outside the courthouse, Wyatt Earp confronts Tom McLaury, asking if he’s heeled. When young McLaury refuses to answer, Wyatt pistol-whips him twice in the street, driving the Cowboy to his knees.

Any heroes who accompanied Virgil and Morgan to the courthouse witness the scene. After the encounter, all the Earps return to the Oriental Saloon to regroup, where they are soon joined by Doc Holliday. The whole town is abuzz with word of today’s events.

DEADLANDS: STONE AND A HARD PLACE

At about 2:30 p.m., County Sheriff John Behan storms in, looking extremely perturbed. He says to the heroes and the Earps,

"Are you aware that a sizeable gang of Cowboys is gathering near the OK Corral? I've been down there to disarm them."

"Perhaps you asked too nicely," quips Doc.

Behan ignores the gambler, speaking instead to Virgil: "We have to be careful how we handle this, Marshal. The Cowboys are Bayou Vermilion's employees. You know what kind of pull BV has in this town. For God's sake, marshal – they'll kill you."

"They might have pull," says Virgil. "But Tombstone don't belong to Bayou Vermilion. It's about time the Baron realized that."

Ignoring the dapper Sheriff Behan's protests, the Earps retrieve their firearms from Ned Boyle behind the bar and load them. Any deputized heroes are asked to join in, along with other friendly player characters on the scene who look to be useful in a fight.

Death Visits the OK Corral

The heroes, Virgil, Morgan, and Wyatt Earp, and Doc Holliday advance slowly down Fremont street, like angels o' death. As they approach C.S. Fly's Photography Studio, read the following:

Behan was right – a whole herd o' Cowboys is gathered in the lot beside C.S. Fly's studio. Among them are some familiar faces: Ike Clanton, his 19-year-old brother Billy Clanton, and the brothers Tom and Frank McLaury.

A quick scan of the Cowboys—and success on a Notice roll—tells a hero that most of the Cowboys have revolvers shoved in their belts, and some have Winchesters in rifle scabbards on their horses. With a raise, the observer notes that Ike Clanton and Tom McLaury are not armed—their weaponry remains impounded at the courthouse.

Doc Holliday and the Earps step into plain sight, guns aimed, expecting any deputies present to follow their lead. Virgil calls out in a clear voice,

"Throw up your hands! I want those guns!"

Time to deal out the Action Cards, Marshal. When their cards come up, the Cowboys draw their pistols and fire at the heroes. Tom McLaury lunges toward one of the horses for a rifle, which he also fires at the heroes. Ike Clanton flees the scene at top speed as soon as his Action Card comes up.

The Earps and Holliday hold their actions if they go first. Once any of them has been fired upon, the Earps and Doc Holliday return fire and shoot to kill.

- **Morgan Earp:** Use the Gunman (Veteran) profile in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. He's armed with a single-action Colt Peacemaker (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, RoF 1, AP 1).

- **Cowboys (5 per hero):** Use the Outlaw profile on page 152.

🔍 **Ike Clanton:** Use the Outlaw (Veteran) profile on page 152. Ike is unarmed.

🔍 **Billy Clanton, Frank McLaury, and Tom McLaury:** Use the Outlaw profile on page 152. Billy and Frank are each armed with a double-action Colt Peacemaker (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, RoF 1, AP 1), and Tom has a Winchester '73 (Range 24/48/96, Damage 2d8, RoF 1, Min. Str d6, AP 2) in his saddle scabbard.

🔍 **Virgil Earp:** See page 154.

🔍 **Wyatt Earp:** See page 154.

🔍 **Doc Holliday:** See page 154.

Blood in the Dust

History's long gone off the rails, so let your players' actions and dice rolls determine the shootout's results. When the smoke clears, odds are quite a few Cowboys lie dead in the street. But this war ain't over, Marshal—it's only just begun.

Within a few hours, members of the Clanton and McLaury clans—accompanied by two dozen other Cowboys—arrive in town to claim their dead. There are no further confrontations today (unless your group goes looking for one), but the furious Cowboys ride out of town at sunset firing their guns in the air...an ominous salute to the ones who wronged them.

2. VENGEANCE RIDE!

When: Morgan Earp is assassinated.

Run this tale whenever the bad blood between Tombstone's defenders and the Cowboy Gang seems about to reach the boiling point. Unknown to the posse, Stone himself has joined up with the Cowboy Gang—and he aims to incite a bloodbath.

Morgan Earp has been moonlighting as a shotgun messenger on the Wells Fargo stage from Tucson to Tombstone. On this particular day, the heroes receive a shock when the stage arrives.

Cut Down in His Prime

When at least one or two posse members are at the Oriental Saloon, read the following:

As you're enjoying a light repast – or perhaps a whiskey – at the Oriental Saloon, the batwing doors burst inward and a Wells Fargo messenger barges in out of breath.

"Wyatt Earp! Marshal!" he shouts. "Are the Earps in here?"

"They're not in just now," says Ned the bartender. "But those folks are their duly-appointed deputies." He points at your table. "What's the trouble, Newt?"

Clutching is dusty hat, face twisted in agony, the stocky messenger can't meet your eyes. "They done killed Morgan Earp," he says.

Let the cowpokes ask their questions and exclaim their disbelief. The messenger, Newt Sippy, repeats that they need to find the Earps, and leads the posse outside.

A Wells Fargo armored stage is parked in front of the Oriental, its team sweaty and exhausted from a fierce run. A crowd has already begun to gather in Allen Street.

Morgan Earp's pale, lifeless body sprawls upon the driver's box. He has a single bullet hole in his lapel – near his heart – and another dark red hole just between his staring eyes. Morgan's mouth hangs open, as if he's terrified of something only he can see.

SIDE TRACK: COLD WAR WITH COWBOYS

The following events take place after the first Plot Point.

A few days after the gunfight, the families of any slain Cowboys roll their corpses through Tombstone's streets in a solemn procession to Ike's Place. At the open-casket viewing, a hand-lettered sign reads **MURDERED IN TOMBSTONE**.

The Tombstone Nugget excoriates the Earps and their companions, while the *Epitaph* reports the plain facts of the firefight. Tension between the Earps and the Cowboys ratchets up daily.

While your sodbusters poke their deputized noses into a few *Savage Tales* or pursue their own goals, make sure they have tense run-ins with spiteful Cowboys – Curly Bill Brocius or Johnny Ringo, for example – from time to time. If your players know their history, you might throw in a billiards game with Morgan Earp...just to see 'em sweat. (That's not how Morgan perishes in the *Deadlands* version of events.)

Meanwhile, the Cowboys and their Bayou Vermilion allies flex their muscles near Tombstone. The Cowboys always check their weapons when in town, but pull off a number of daring robberies close by, including an armored payroll stage.

Rail warriors serve as bouncers at Ike's Place, and shield official BV properties from any law but the County's—that is, Sheriff John Behan. The state declines to prosecute the Earps or the heroes for their roles in the shooting, so Bayou Vermilion sends in a team of attorneys to aid Ike Clanton in a civil suit against Wyatt Earp. Judge Spicer hears the case—the heroes may be called as witnesses, or asked to give testimony—but Spicer exonerates the Earps and their allies.

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Success on a Healing roll determines that Morgan is in fact stone dead, and two bullet wounds were the only insults he suffered. An investigator who searches Morgan's clothing and belongings—and succeeds on a Notice roll—finds that none of his belongings are missing except his deputy's badge. With a raise, an observer surmises that the bullet hole in Morgan's lapel pierces the precise spot his badge once rode.

It Ain't Revenge...

Presumably, one or two heroes set out to find Virgil and Wyatt (or pay some young scamps a few coins to do it). If they delay, the distraught Newt Sippy insists the Earps be found. He's hesitant to tell what happened without an Earp present, but success on an Intimidation or Persuasion roll nudges him to spill the beans:

"We was about six hours out of Tucson, on the road between Mescal and Benson Town. I come around a bend and have to pull up right quick. They'd rolled a big ol' boulder onto the road from the embankment on the left. Morgan had the shotgun ready. He was always ready for trouble.

"That's when he come a walkin' up over the embankment, casual as all get-out, shadowed by the sun over his shoulder. He was tall, lanky. I couldn't see his face none, but his laugh...God, that cackle oozed right up out o' Hell.

"He drew down on Morgan but Morgan gave him both barrels, dead-on. I coulda swore it was dead-on. That fella must've been faster. He shot twice, real quick, and Morgan dropped.

"I thought for sure I was a goner. I begged him not to kill me. But when I looked up again, he was gone. He didn't even rob the stage. One thing I can tell you, he wore the red sash. He def—Wyatt! My God, Wyatt—they done killed Morgan."

Wyatt and Virgil Earp arrive just in time to hear Newt Sippy's last few words. Wyatt utters a wounded howl and rushes to Morgan's side. Virgil grits his teeth and fights back tears. The crowd presses in, clamoring for a better view of the unfolding drama—then gasps and recoils as Wyatt Earp leaps to his feet with pistol drawn.

Face red and tears streaming his cheeks, Wyatt hollers,

"He wore the red sash. The man who killed my brother wore the RED SASH!"

Wyatt scans the teeming crowd and settles on some hombres all wearing red scarves or sashes of some kind—Cowboys. Before Virgil or anyone else can stop him...you'll need to deal out the Action Cards, Marshal. Wyatt's hell-bent on slaying each and every Cowboy where he stands. When more than half their number fall, the rest try to run away.

Virgil's still too shocked to act—consider him Shaken. How the heroes react is up to them. The crowd panics and flees in all directions at maximum Pace.

🌀 **Virgil Earp:** See page 154.

🌀 **Wyatt Earp:** See page 154.

- **Cowboys (2 per hero):** Use the Outlaw profile on page 152.
- **Townsfolk:** See *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

...It's a Reckoning!

When the shootout in the street is done and the smoke begins to clear, Wyatt bellows after any fleeing Cowboys—or just yells if they're all down:

"You Cowboys are finished in this town, Bayou Vermilion be damned! You tell Ike Clanton and the rest of 'em! Your time is done. If I see a Cowboy he's dead—you hear me?!"

Virgil Earp manages to calm Wyatt, and everyone lends a hand to get Morgan's body indoors. Doc Holliday arrives, and soon talk turns back to the Cowboy Gang. Marshal Earp decides that he, Wyatt, and Doc will raise a posse to hunt down the Cowboys ranging the country around Tombstone. Virgil says,

"That leaves Ike's Place, over on the corner of Tough-Nut and Fourth. I need you to clear it out, and arrest all the Cowboys. Kill anyone who won't come peaceably. Then track down any others loitering in town and get them too. We'll handle the ones who run off.


"Tomorrow, ride out to the San Pedro and go south. Meet us at the Clanton Ranch, about five

miles south of Charleston along the river. All the rest will be holed up in that viper's nest. When you arrive...we'll finish this."

The Nefarious Nine

Word has already reached the Cowboys at Ike's Place that the law is gunning for them. Upon hearing the news, Ike Clanton fled town on horseback—Curly Bill Brocius and Johnny Ringo flanking him—headed for the family ranch south of Charleston. Ike left behind nine of the gang's most ruthless members to watch over his restaurant, along with some Bayou Vermilion rail warriors! They're all led by a mad dog known as Harry "the Kid" Head.

They've barricaded the doors and taken up positions in the ground floor and upper-story windows with rifles, on the lookout for trouble. The building's set off from the lots around it, giving the outlaws a clear view of all approaches. They shoot first and ask questions la—actually, they don't ask any questions. They just kill.

 **Harry "the Kid" Head:** Use the Outlaw Profile on page 152. Harry has a bundle of six dynamite sticks (see the *Deadlands Player's Guide*), a lit cigarillo, a Gatling shotgun (Range 12/24/48, Damage 1-3d6, RoF 2), and 12 extra shells.

- **Cowboys (8):** Use the Outlaw profile on page 152. These Cowboys are armed with a variety of pistols, rifles, shotguns, and knives.
- **BV Rail Warriors (1 per hero):** Use the Rail Warrior profile in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*, without the Faction Special Ability.

If this encounter turns into a standoff that lasts past nightfall, Adame LeChetelier wires a message from Tucson ordering his BV rail agents at the depot to "Set loose reinforcements from their cages and destroy the lawmen."

Call for Notice rolls. On a success, the sentry hears many far-off voices, hoarse and muffled. With a raise, she sees the voices' source—a small mob marching down Tough-Nut Street toward Ike's Place, led by a tall buckaroo whose chest is as big around as a barrel.

- **Matt Riggs:** Use the Rail Warrior (Faction: Bayou Vermilion) profile in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*, but add the Brawny Edge—his Toughness is 9.

- **Walkin' Dead (2 per hero):** See the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

Paid Back in Blood

Next day, the heroes ride for the Clanton Ranch. It's roughly a 10-mile ride out to the San Pedro River and then south to Charleston (Fear Level 4). Roll Common Knowledge for any heroes familiar with the area around Tombstone to recall that Charleston is a mill town, and a known haven for Cowboys. With a raise, the hero knows that the Clantons and McLaurys own several buildings and lots in town.

The posse might opt to go around Charleston rather than risk going through, depending on how smooth or rough things went at Ike's Place. If they follow the road through town, they're fired upon by Cowboys lying in ambush.

Smack dab in the middle of Charleston, the Cowboys are perched in the upper-story windows and on the rooftops on either side of Main Street. They spring up and fire on the



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posse without warning. Call for Notice rolls; those who fail receive no Action card the first round of combat (see Surprise in *Savage Worlds*). The outlaws' superior position provides Heavy Cover and a -4 penalty to attacks against them.

- **Cowboys (1 per hero):** Use the Outlaw profile on page 152. Half these assassins are armed with Winchester '76 rifles (Range 24/48/96, Damage 2d8, RoF 1, AP 2) and the other half with double-barrel shotguns (Range 12/24/48, Damage 1-3d6, RoF 1-2).

If the adventurers choose to search the Cowboy-owned establishments and lots in town, the process takes 2d4 hours and reveals the gang is gone—all the other Cowboys already high-tailed it out of Charleston.

Gunfight at Clanton Ranch

It's another five miles past Charleston to the Clanton Ranch. There the heroes find Wyatt Earp, City Marshal Virgil Earp, Doc Holliday, and a half-dozen rugged shootists waiting for

them, about a half-mile from the ranch proper. After asking how the posse fared, Virgil says,

"The Clanton Ranch is fortified on a good day. By now they've got that place penned up tighter than beads on a string. We need a solid plan to get them out o' there without gettin' ourselves killed."

Now it's up to the players to concoct that plan—because it's time to hand them the heroes, Marshal. That's right, go ahead and give them the full profiles for Wyatt Earp, Virgil Earp, and Doc Holliday (all found in this book), along with six Gunmen (see the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*) to divide among themselves and run as allied Wild Cards and Extras for the raid on Clanton Ranch.

You can role-play the Earps or Doc Holliday as needed, Marshal, but it's important that the players control them in combat. That way they get a look at a few epic heroes' statistics, and experience firsthand what such hombres can do when they're set loose in combat. And when the Deathly Drifter appears, it makes what *he* can do seem even more epic.

See the nearby map for the ranch's layout. Ike Clanton, Curly Bill, Johnny Ringo, and a host of Cowboys are hiding out in the main ranch house, which they've locked up tight. All the windows are shuttered and have firing slits that provide Near Total Cover (-6 to attack rolls).

And the Cowboys aren't alone. They gained a new member not too long ago, one who's full of useful advice, Hell in a gunfight, and the scariest individual they ever met—Stone! As the heroes move in around the ranch, Stone leans back in a chair with his boots up on a table, sipping whiskey to mask his stench.

🔗 **Curly Bill Brocius:** See page 153.

🔗 **Ike Clanton:** Use the Outlaw (Veteran) profile on page 152.

🔗 **Johnny Ringo:** See page 156.

- **Cowboys (2 per hero):** Use the Outlaw profile on page 152. These Cowboys are armed with a variety of pistols, rifles, shotguns, and knives.



A Time to Kill

Stone waits until at least half the Cowboys have been killed, in any case—he ain't in no all-fired rush. That said, he wouldn't mind if Curly Bill or Johnny Ringo escaped to kill another day. Ike Clanton, on the other hand, Stone finds abrasive and weak: He can go. Stone does the deed himself if he has to.


Read the following when the time's right:

From out of the ranch house a pale, lanky figure saunters – more apparition than man. His ancient brown coat whips in the desert wind. His hatbrim is pulled low to shade his eyes.

A crimson feather pokes from his hatband. A tasseled red sash sits on his hips, which also hold a pair of vintage Colt Dragoons in well-oiled holsters. The figure's waistcoat is studded with a collection of lawman's badges...each pierced by a single bullet hole.

*"You like 'em?" he asks. His voice sounds like gravel and burning brimstone. He touches a badge that reads **DEPUTY MARSHAL**. It's still blood-spattered. "I reckon this newest one might be my favorite."*

Deal out Action Cards. Stone goes to work on the Earps, Doc Holliday, and their deputies with his Dragoons, aiming for the lawmen's badges. If he's challenged to a Duel (see the *Deadlands Player's Guide*), Stone gleefully accepts the challenge. It may take several rounds, but the outcome isn't really in doubt considering no one can do more than cause Stone to become Shaken. The Deathly Drifter methodically murders the Earps and their allies—except the player characters.

 **Stone:** See the sidebar **When Stone Gets Rollin'** on page 116 for quick-reference combat notes, or the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

Aftermath

When the ground is soaked with heroes' blood, Stone turns his smoking guns on the characters. He stalks closer, his clearly decomposing face twisted in rage. Then his lips split into a grotesque rictus. Stone spins his Dragoons back into their holsters and scoffs,

"You ain't even worth the lead."

Stone reaches down to collect the dead marshals' badges, but as he touches Wyatt's badge his flesh sizzles, acrid smoke rising from his flesh. Stone jerks his hand back in shock and stalks away, leaving the characters among the corpses. If anyone attacks Stone he looks to his still twitching hand, scowls, and goes ghostly—vanishing into the Arizona desert.

SIDE TRACK: THE DRIFTER'S DEPREDACTIONS

After episode two, the heroes are hounded by reminders of their failure to stop Stone from killing all the Earps.

The *Epitaph* reports on the Clanton Ranch shootout and Stone's other killings, referring to him only as the Deathly Drifter. From his description as a "tall, gaunt man in a brown coat with a red feather in his hatbrim," to his signature Colt Dragoons, to witness descriptions—his identity is plain.

Tracking Stone's paper trail, should any heroes attempt it, ends in frustration. For one thing, newspaper accounts in the Weird West are notoriously inaccurate, and for another the trail itself is tangled. The *Epitaph* might report a killing in Santa Fe, New Mexico, only to run a story describing how the Deathly Drifter shot a prison guard to death in Yuma the following day. (This is because Stone and Old Stone, though far apart, are each up to their own badness!)

In Cochise County, Adame LeChetelier uses his pull with the Arizona governor to make sure John Behan remains Sheriff. Back in Tombstone, they stuff ballot boxes to install a former Cowboy or other puppet as Marshal—maybe even Curly Bill Brocius, if he survived the Clanton Ranch! The newly arrived Texas Ranger Elijah Clay (see page 153) doesn't like it, but he's in no position to turn the tide all by his lonesome.

3. THESE HILLS RUN RED

When: The heroes meet Padre de Díaz.

Run this episode when Padre Ernesto de Díaz contacts the heroes, eager to meet the pistoleros who survived an encounter with the Deathly Drifter. Secretly, he represents the Order of St. George in the American Southwest. See page 44 for more about that venerable association.

Unknown to the heroes, Old Stone has ears and eyes everywhere. As soon as he caught wind of a Georgian in the Southwest setting do-gooders on Coot's trail, he figured he'd settle the issue first. Through "Chuckles" Ryan, Old Stone makes certain some Laughing Men are dispatched to Dead End to locate The Prospector first...

They Call Me Padre

When the posse's back in Tombstone, one overcast afternoon a priest approaches the heroes. Read the following:

While you're going about your business, a middle-aged Catholic padre in white collar and black frock approaches you. He wears a crucifix on a silver chain. His long black beard is salted with gray.

"Buenos días, señores y señoras. I am Padre Ernesto de Díaz, recently arrived in Tombstone." He shakes each of your hands with a firm grip, and you can tell he's still got some sand for an old padre. He says, "And you, if I am not mistaken, are the ones who met the Deathly Drifter face to face – and survived!"

Padre Díaz invites the cowpokes to join him for a drink or other refreshment, so they might discuss the matter further. The priest knows exactly who the heroes are, so there's little point trying to put him off.

 **Padre Ernesto de Díaz:** See page 153.

Once they're someplace more private, the Padre's less pushy. He orders one whiskey, which he does not drink. Success on a Notice roll lets a hero detect that the priest seems nervous and slightly distracted – his pupils keep subtly flicking toward the entrance of whatever establishment he's in. He says,

"Señores y señoras, thank you for humoring an old man. But the things I wish to tell you... they are not for the faint of heart. And they are to be whispered only among those you trust absolutely. Comprende?"

"The one the newspapers call 'The Deathly Drifter' – he is not a man. Perhaps he once was, but no longer. His name is...Jasper Stone.

"They say he is Death personified, that he cannot ever die. You have seen this. But what if I told you there might be a way to kill Stone? To slay Death itself?"

The Padre's cautious, so he only gives out a trickle of information. When the heroes convince Padre de Díaz they're actually interested in hunting down Stone, he gets to the gist of what he's been jawing about all afternoon.

"I do not know how to kill Stone. But there is a man named Coot Jenkins – most call him The Prospector – and if anyone knows, it is he. Most recently, he lived in a shack just north of the town of Dead End, Arizona. That would be the best place to seek him.

"One more thing: Find yourself some friends along this dangerous road. Everyone needs allies, mis amigos. Buena suerte, and may God watch over you and shield you."

The Padre downs his whiskey shot in one swallow, moves his hand over the posse in the shape of a cross, and departs alone. He goes directly to his room at the Grand Hotel, and stays there for the rest of the evening.

Have Guns, Will Travel

It's up to the travelers to plot their route to Dead End, Arizona. Make use of the expanded Wild Southwest encounter tables in the previous chapter (page 83) as needed to spice things up along the way.

Unless the group plans to reach Dead End on horseback, a relatively easy route involves going to Potential, about 50 miles from Tombstone. A hard ride, but doable in one day if the riders are determined. At Lone Star's railhead in Potential the heroes can board a train to Dead End. Assuming no complications along the route, the trip takes only a day.

See page 54 for a full description of Dead End, the Southern Ghost Rock dynamite factory, and why the town visits the Poverty Hindrance on every cowpoke who arrives there. For our purposes, success on a Streetwise roll allows a hero to learn which trail to take out of town to reach old Coot Jenkins's shack.

Life's Rough, Eh Coot?

Coot's place—a tiny, one-room shack furnished with a pot-bellied stove, a narrow cot, and a table with two chairs—sits between the salt flats and Death's Dunes, about five miles north of Dead End. Coot's not around. There's a game of checkers on a table, abandoned in progress (black is winning), and a small stack of firewood, but not much else.


Not long after the searchers arrive, they hear an echoing gunshot from over the rise. It's followed up by two more shots. With a success on a Notice roll, a pistolero pegs the first shot as that of a rifle, the last two as pistol shots. The shots go on, almost deliberately, with pauses in between.

Following the rifle reports leads to the following scene:

As you crest a rocky ridge, below you see a small group of men armed with various rifles and revolvers. They're taking turns shooting at a stocky old man with a shock of white hair and a bushy white beard that's stained yellow by tobacco juice. He's lashed to a black, almost skeletal tree. Empty bottles hang in the branches around him.

Another shot rings out. One of the bottles explodes, the old man flinches, and the men cheer. What do you do?

The shooters are all members of the Laughing Men Gang, and the old man is The Prospector—Coot Jenkins. They're trying to force ol' Coot to divulge the secret of making his special green elixir (see sidebar on page 102), or even to tell where he stashed his satchel case full of the stuff. So far, Coot's been a steel trap. Needless to say, the Laughing Men don't take kindly to interlopers.

 **Coot Jenkins:** See page 155.

- **Laughing Men (1, plus 1 per hero):** Use the Outlaw profile on page 152. They're armed with a variety of rifles and revolvers.

Reasons to Live...

The Prospector's very grateful if the heroes intercede on his behalf and drive off or kill the Laughing Men. He invites them back to his shack to take a load off and join him for a slug of fine Back East whiskey. When everyone's settled with a drink in hand (Coot's whiskey is actually bottom-of-the-barrel rotgut), Coot says,

"Now then, youngsters. Why don't you tell me what brings you so far out? Surely you weren't lookin' for lil' ol' me?" He explodes into bombastic laughter, then gets serious all of a sudden. "Or—maybe you were lookin' for me."

Coot eyeballs the party up and down, a critical look on his dirt-crustured features; roll on the Reaction Table now, Marshal (see *Savage Worlds*). Take the posse's net Charisma modifier into account, but if any smooth-talkin' dude succeeds on a Persuasion roll pleading the group's sincerity, add +2 to the result. (Coot's not stupid, though—if someone tries to lie to him, he still rolls Notice versus the liar's Persuasion roll.)

Once the cowpokes put him at ease, The Prospector settles into a chair and pours himself another whiskey, making idle chatter with the manner of one who's usually starved for human company. When the group gets around to asking about Stone, Coot's manner turns grave:

"So, it's finally time. I got to admit, I speculated it might've been you when you showed up. Hell of a thang, that gunfight at the Clanton Ranch. You got my sympathies.

"But if you're after ol' Jasper Stone, I reckon you've all experienced some weird occurrences in your time. I ain't talkin' about natural weirdness like Mojave rattlers or Maze dragons.

"Maybe it's an odd shadow that writhes in the corner o' the eye, then vanishes...or a voice in the wind that whispers your name...or fingernails scratchin' at the door. Or maybe you seen darker horrors. Well, youngsters—them horrors is all too real. And it all started at Gettysburg, when the dead got up off the ground and kept on fightin'.

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"There are things out there in the dark – far removed from us, thankfully – that want to remake the whole world in the image of your most awful fears. They want to make life a nightmare you never wake up from. And they just might be strong enough to do it.

"Nobody knows why they're so danged ornery. Maybe somebody wronged them too, way back when. It's a mystery. But we do know it ain't simple revenge they're after – it's a Reckonin'.

RELIC: PROSPECTOR'S ELIXIR

No one is sure just where the Prospector got his recipe for making the glowing green elixir he uses on the Harrowed. What is certain, however, is he never has much of it at a time. He can make about one application's worth per week.

To use the elixir, Jenkins has to pour it down the throat of a Harrowed. This usually requires the undead to be unconscious. In the case of more degenerated Harrowed, whose flesh has decayed too much to swallow it, the elixir need merely be poured over the corpse's appropriate part.

Power: When the elixir is applied, the human mind within the Harrowed gains an immediate chance at a Dominion test. The Harrowed character also gains a Benny to be used exclusively for the purpose of improving her roll on this test. This Benny cannot be used for anything else, but it can be a great help in besting the manitou and seizing multiple Dominion points. Harrowed heroes can spend their own Bennies on the roll as well. There may never be a better time to regain control, so they'd better take advantage of it. Control can be regained even if the manitou has total Dominion.

Taint: None.

"Now – these ancient entities o' darkness with a hankerin' to turn our world into a Hell on earth? They got a killer on their side. He's called Stone.

"You sure you got the sand to face down the Reckoners' chosen assassin...again?"

Don't be surprised if your players say "No," Marshal. Most sensible folks would say the same thing. But if they're hard-headed enough to insist on getting this thing done, Coot nods solemnly and says,

"Well, all right then. I know for sure Stone's got a weakness – an Achilles heel, like the man said – and I know a fella who knows exactly what it is. I'll take you to 'im...but first you got to help me with somethin'.

"There's a lil' town not far from here – Rock Lizard Gulch. Marshal's a man by the name o' Tom Riley. You might say he's gone a little loco."

Coot pulls up a few loose floorboards, and reaches under the shack to grab the worn black satchel bag hidden there. He pulls it out and glass bottles clink inside.

"But I intend to put him back in possession of his noggin, with the help o' this special elixir here. And I need your help. So what do you say?"

When the heroes agree to his deal, Coot nods smartly and moves to replace the floorboards. Should any hero peer into the space beneath Coot's shack, read the following:

A stomach-turning stench hits your nose. You're see a decomposing corpse lying supine in the crawlspace under Coot's home, tattered hat still on its head. Its face is nearly skeletal. Before you can say anything, the carcass raises one bony hand and chokes out, "Howdy."

Coot replaces the floorboards, then looks up at you. "Don't fret about him none. That's just Randy. He cain't go among polite company no more."

...Reasons to Die

It's only a five-mile trek to Rock Lizard Gulch (Fear Level 4), which is situated alongside the salt flats, not far from several rocky crags that contain a number of active ghost rock claims.

The town is tiny, containing only a Southern Ghost Rock-owned trading post, a livery offering unhealthy looking horses for sale, a shabby two-story boarding house called Rickabaugh's, and a canvas-tent saloon that seems to be where the action is. A number of miners' tents are pitched here and there.

Coot knows everything there is to know about the Harrowed and their ways, and he's happy to explain it along the way to anyone who asks. He whispers as the group enters town,

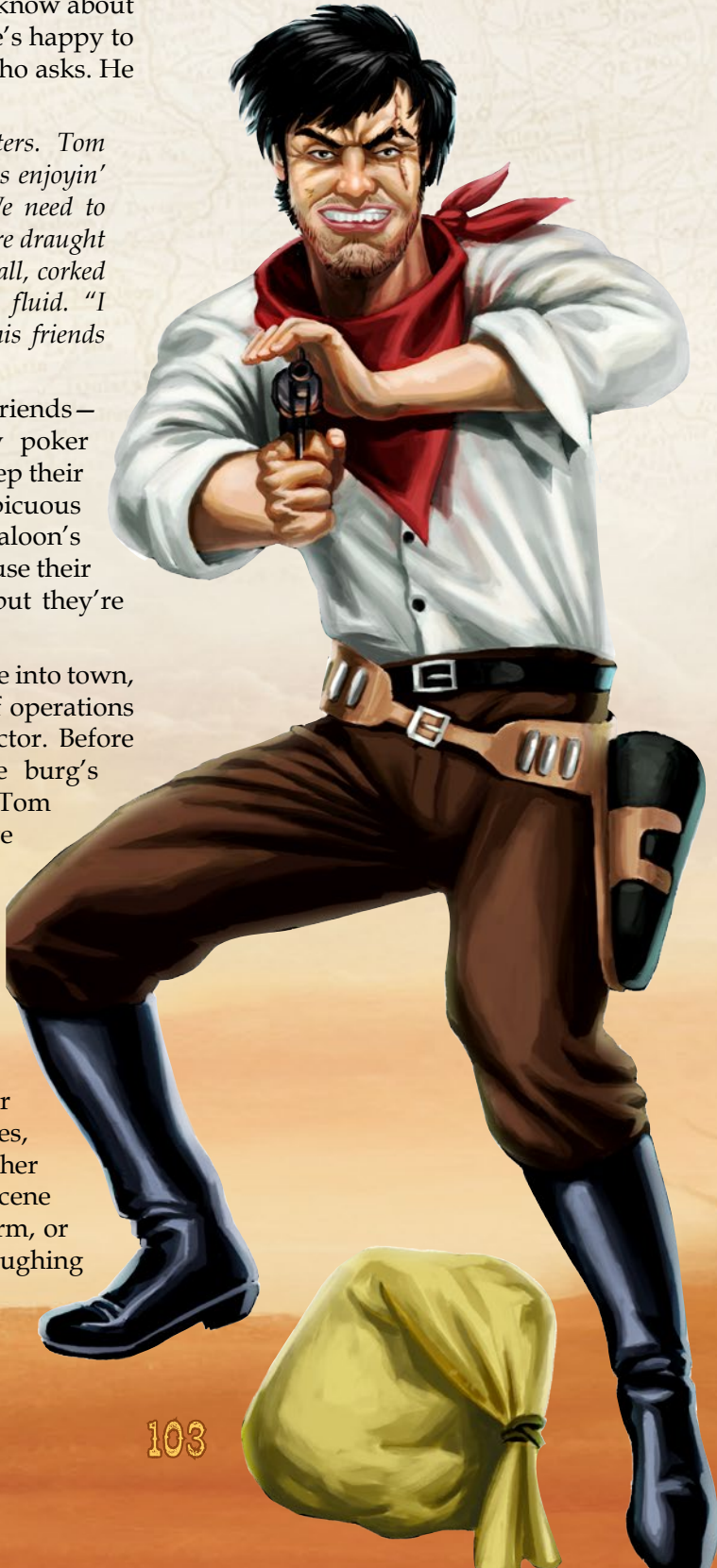
"Now let's be cautious, youngsters. Tom Riley ain't in his right mind, and he's enjoyin' the company o' some real vipers. We need to hold him down so I can pour this-a here draught down his throat." Coot holds up a small, corked bottle of some viscous, bright-green fluid. "I ain't lookin' to harm the man...but his friends ain't my concern. Comprene?"

In the saloon, Tom Riley and his friends—the Laughing Men—play a rowdy poker game while the rest of the patrons keep their heads down and try to be inconspicuous until their drinks are done. The saloon's owners, Crockett and Polly Chisum, use their charm to keep the outlaws happy, but they're running out of liquor and patience.

About a week ago, the outlaws rode into town, and decided to use it as their base of operations while they searched for The Prospector. Before the day was out they'd killed the burg's beloved Marshal Tom Riley. But Tom suffered through his Worst Nightmare and clawed his way out of the grave Harrowed. Unfortunately for Tom, his manitou has had total Dominion ever since. Suffice to say Marshal Tom ain't so beloved anymore.

Let the posse come up with a plan for dealing with the Laughing Men. They're on the lookout for trouble; consider them active sentries, even during the poker game. Whether a few outlaws escaped the earlier scene near Coot's shack and raised the alarm, or none came back at all, it's got the Laughing Men twitchy.

Coot reminds the buckaroos they need to grapple Marshal Tom and hold him down securely. When they do and Coot pours his concoction into Tom Riley's throat, consult the sidebar to resolve the situation. Until Tom regains Dominion, his manitou does everything in its power to foil Coot's plan. It cusses a lot,



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too. If the elixir fails, only then does Coot pull his Gatling shotgun and aim for Tom's skull.

☉ **Coot Jenkins:** See page 155.

☉ **Tom Riley:** Use the Harrowed profile on page 152. His death wound was a gunshot to the guts.

- **Laughing Men (2 per hero):** Use the Outlaw profile on page 152.
- **Crockett and Polly Chisum:** Use the Townsfolk profile in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.
- **Miners (8):** Use the Townsfolk profile in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

Stone's Secrets

After a grateful Tom Riley is back in his right mind—or put back in his grave—Coot holds up his end of the bargain. He takes the posse back to his shack, replaces his satchel under the floorboards (with a possibly enigmatic tip of his hat and soft, “Evenin’ Randy”), and pours a stiff drink for himself and anyone else who wants one. He says,

“You youngsters done real good. I vowed I’d take you to a man who knows Stone’s weakness, and so I have – me. I’m sure you can find it in your hearts to forgive me for makin’ sure o’ your motives first.

“So here’s the story. Jasper Stone was a Captain in the Confederate Army, and a right bastard by all accounts. At Gettysburg he ordered his men into the meat grinder, but they’d had enough o’ him. Rather than follow Captain Stone into battle, they shot him in the back 13 times. Yep – them boys killed ‘im pretty damn good.

“But you see...some surgeon dug all that lead out o’ Stone’s back. And then, young ones, Stone became the very first Harrowed. He just got up off the operatin’ table and moseyed out o’ the tent, and he was gone.

“I don’t know what became o’ the surgeon, or the lead. But them 13 lead shots – recast into new cartridges – are the only thing that can kill Jasper Stone. Everything else rolls off ‘im like water off a duck’s back.

“You want to find them 13 bullets? Git yourselves to Gettysburg, Pennsylvania – posthaste.”

First the posse needs to make its way out of Rock Lizard Gulch and Dead End. Only when the cowpokes achieve that can the long ride Back East begin.

4. SOMETHIN’ ABOUT SOME BULLETS

When: The posse heads Back East.

Now your heroes know they have to go to Gettysburg—scene of the Reckoning’s commencement—to find the only ammunition with the power to kill Death’s right-hand man. They don’t have to leave right away, nor do they have to follow any particular path. The journey’s intended to take months in-game, with as many tangents, distractions, and fiendish scenarios as it takes to complete the trek—an epic journey Back East. Once the group reaches Gettysburg, this Plot Point truly starts to gallop.

The Agency is aware of Ernesto de Díaz’s efforts to put a posse on the Deathly Drifter’s trail, due to the Padre’s Agency connections. What they don’t know is that the heroes are going to Gettysburg or what they hope to find there. The heroes and the Agency share the same goal—kill Stone—but the Agency isn’t wired to leave the job for civilians to finish on their own. The spy organization just wants to help...in its own way.

Border Crossin’

The border between the Union and the Confederacy is a long one—a *very* long one. There are far too many options to cover them all here, so you’ll likely have to think on your feet at times, Marshal.

One option for the group is to ride a train or otherwise travel through the Disputed Territories—Colorado, Deseret, Kansas, or Oklahoma. This sort of “soft” border crossing invites less scrutiny than, say, taking Bayou Vermilion Back East and trying to cross the Mason-Dixon Line overland. That’s an approach that can result in trouble with the locals, which

soon escalates into police, military, or even Agency involvement.

Gettysburg

Fear Level: 6

The town of Gettysburg, the battlefield, and the surrounding five miles are that most fearsome of places—a Deadland. The Agency has the entire area blocked off with high fences and barbed wire, and a special detachment of 50 Union cavalry patrol the perimeter of the place. Only Agency operatives are allowed inside, and even they don't go in very often.

Signs mark this place as the **GETTYSBURG NATIONAL MILITARY PRESERVE**. If the heroes decide to break into Gettysburg, they may not make it out again. First they must cut through, dig under, or otherwise bypass the 20-foot-high barbed-wire-topped fence.

Within, the entire region is a twisted nightmare landscape, populated by the ghosts of soldiers who died during the battle—and the ones who died, but still shamble around. Some of the sodbusters' Worst Nightmares might even be waiting for them. The posse should endure a few Fear tests to check their resolve before they go too far.

Assuming the group presses on into the military preserve, read the following:

You emerge from oily black pines. A jaundiced moon hangs above, spilling its decaying light on a lonely field of tall grass. The air tastes like iron, absolutely still, clammy and cold.

Across the field sits a derelict barn, roof sagging, overgrown with crawling ivy that looks like great claws grasping up from the earth. The barn's doors and windows hang open on darkness, making the sun-bleached structure look like a crushed skull.

Now the heroes might choose to high-tail it out of this God-forsaken place. But if they cross the field, searching in vain for the place some surgeon pulled 13 bullets out of Stone's back...a small pond beside the barn, black as pitch, comes into view. There are also at least 20 skeletal corpses strewn in the grass near the barn, their tattered uniforms and rusting weapons and gear scattered all about—victims of the legendary

SIDE TRACK: ENTER TH' DAWG

As the heroes undertake their dangerous journey Back East, this Side Track provides something benevolent: a new ally. Th' Dawg can come upon the scene any time you like, Marshal, but the earlier in the heroes' journey the better. It shouldn't be too long before travelers recognize the hound's usefulness as a sentry and bodyguard.

Give your players Th' Dawg's profile, as you would any other allied Extra.

TH' DAWG

This faithful hound is a cut above your usual mutt. Th' Dawg is always alert, loyal, and first at his masters' side when troubles arise. Good dawg!

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8 (A), Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d10, Tracking d10

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

Special Abilities:

- **Alert:** Th' Dawg's sharp nose adds +2 to Notice and Tracking rolls.
- **Bite:** Str+d4.
- **Fleet-Footed:** Rolls a d10 when running instead of a d6.
- **Go for the Throat:** With a raise on its attack roll, the dawg hits the target's most weakly armored location.
- **Size -1:** Dawgs are relatively small.

battle. As the group searches the area, read the following:

In the stillness, you hear a twig snap inside the barn. A furtive scraping. What do you do?

This is the last chance, Marshal: The heroes can still vamoose. If they dig in, draw weapons, or otherwise delay, deal out Action Cards for the horde of walkin' dead in the barn and the massive, waterlogged 'glom lying in wait at

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the bottom of the pond. On their cards, these abominations surge from hiding and try their best to tear the searchers limb from limb.

If the heroes are in danger of being overwhelmed and you're feeling kind, Marshal, you might have the 50 Union cavalry that patrol Gettysburg's perimeter sweep in to rescue them (see below). They might at least hold back the deader horde long enough to facilitate an escape. Even if the searchers somehow prevail, the noise of a battle draws hundreds of walkin' dead – and far worse – from all sides.

- **Walkin' Dead (8 per hero):** See the *Deadlands Marshals Handbook*.

🌀 **Bloated 'Glom:** This nasty specimen has been pickling in the black pond for years. Use the profile in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*, but it's as big as a 'glom can get – 10 fused corpses – and thus has Strength and Vigor d12+6, Size +9, and Toughness 22. Foes add +4 to attack rolls against the beast due to its massive size. Due to being bloated the 'glom is puncture resistant – it takes half damage from most firearms and piercing weapons. Shotguns and cutting or slashing weapons do full damage. Splashing alcohol of any sort on this 'glom inflicts 2d6 damage.



Outmanned, Outgunned

If the group decides to circumnavigate the Gettysburg preserve rather than break in (or must be rescued), they see a large group of blue-coated Union cavalry approaching,

flying US and Pennsylvania flags. Unless the heroes rush for cover, the cavalymen quickly ride to surround the posse and aim rifles at them.

🌀 **Col. Woodson Geppert:** Use the Soldier (Officer) profile in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*, but add Riding d8. He's mounted on a War Horse (see *Savage Worlds*).

- **Union Cavalymen (50):** Use the Soldier (Veteran) profile in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*, but add Riding d8. They also ride War Horses.

The Union's Troops

The Union riders are led by the brash but good-hearted Colonel Woodson Geppert. He reprimands the heroes:

"You are trespassing on United States government property, ladies and gentlemen. Officially speaking – and these are actual regulations – any non-Agency personnel found within or exiting Gettysburg Military Preserve are to be shot on sight. No exceptions! Can any of you provide some reason I shouldn't have you all shot right now?"

Heroes who plead the cause – whether they tell lies or truths about their mission – can make a Persuasion roll. With a success Col. Geppert is mollified, and on a raise he's downright impressed. But even if the Persuasion roll fails, the Colonel doesn't have the compadres killed. No matter the roll's result, he's more interested in seeing what a full interrogation might reveal.

"Luckily for you, I am a merciful fellow. Throw down your guns. You are under arrest, by the authority vested in me by the United States of America. We will convey you to Washington, DC with all due haste."

Wrists and ankles chained, the heroes are taken to an Empire Rails depot 10 miles away and shipped to the Agency's headquarters in Washington. Read the following:

After several hours on the rattling train, you approach the fortified United States capital. Massive airships and ominous blue balloons float above the distant skyline. As you watch, an airship docks at the George Washington Memorial Air Spire. Soldiers place burlap sacks over your heads, and you see no more.

Under the Castle

The locomotive carrying the posse enters a tunnel outside the city limits and arrives for the Castle's subterranean interrogation complex. There prisoners are stripped of all gear and hidden weapons (if it's important, assume Notice d12 for the Agency's thorough search techniques). The prisoners are taken to separate stone-walled cells, where they can't see or hear each other. Although the jailers remove the hoods, the prisoners stay chained.

After about four hours in the federal hoosegow, each hero gets a personal visit from an Agent and a vigorous round of 20 questions. Visiting every hero individually is optimal, Marshal, but if you're under a real-world time constraint assume the Agency puts them all in one room for the following scene. The Agency intends to find out everything eventually, but first they want to see what the group is willing to divulge on its own.

Read the following to each player, or to the group if the heroes are gathered:

Finally, a key clinks in the iron door's lock, and a nondescript gentleman of medium height enters the room. The door clangs shut and locks behind him. The man wears a coal-black suit and waistcoat with silver fob and chain, and a black derby. He limps across the stone room on his cane to the empty chair, seats himself, and removes his hat. He narrows his eyes and looks at you for a few seconds.

"All right, no bull pucky! Here's how things stand. We know about the Padre and we know all about you. What we don't quite understand is why you'd do something so insane as go to Gettysburg. Hadn't you heard the stories? Don't you read the papers? That's where this whole blasted mess got started! What did you hope to achieve at the military preserve?"

If anyone asks his name, who he is, or really any question at all, the Agent replies with some variation of, "That information is on a need-to-know basis, and you don't need to know." He's a shrewd judge of character, can smell collusion a mile away, and demands answers.

Telling the truth now doesn't help the posse avoid a more in-depth "interview" later, but the questioners go a little easier on the subjects. If the heroes' individual stories don't match up, or if they together seem to be lying or telling only a portion of the truth, the Agency doesn't spare the whip—so to speak. If the heroes up and admit they're looking for the bullets that killed Stone so they can kill him again, the Agent says,

"So that's it – the bullets. Well, we are going to help you find your bullets. Fact is, we want

AGENCY HQ: THE CASTLE

The Agency Head Office in Washington DC (Fear Level 2) is located in a red limestone castle near the Capitol building. And we do mean "castle"—there's a central tower with parapets on top, and two wings. Rumors persist that some people who are taken to the Castle never come back.

An Englishman named Smithson built the Castle to house his museum. After the Union Army finally drove out the Confederate occupiers in late 1871, the Agency took over the building and settled in.


Several subterranean levels are stacked beneath the Castle, some accessible by direct rail tunnel. Here the Agency has, among other things, its own maximum-security jail, a holding facility for possibly dangerous arcane relics, an underground hangar with several dozen black auto-gyros and ornithopters, an armory stocked with weapons of mundane and New Science design, and extensive files on anyone and everyone the Agency has encountered.

An entire floor is devoted to the art and science of interrogation. Here is where Agents bring their most valuable targets and question them until there is nothing left to learn. They have never failed to break a subject, because they use any means they deem necessary. Then, a combination of hypnosis, drugs, and Mnemomizer treatments blanks the subject's mind of all memories about their time in the Castle's "dungeon."

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that miserable bastard dead just as much as you do. So it's simple really. We tell you exactly where to find Doctor Ingoldsby—the sawbones who worked on Stone at Gettysburg—and you get the lead and kill Stone with it. Deal?"

Whether the prisoners agree or not, the Agent thanks them kindly for their time and leaves the cell. Soon soldiers come back and replace the burlap sacks on the prisoners' heads.

 **The Agent With No Name:** Use the Agent profile in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. Add the Lame Hindrance, Persuasion d8, and the Snakeoil Salesman Edge. His cane is actually a rifle cane (Range 24/48/96, Damage 2d8, RoF 1, AP 2).

Three Days Gone

Following their conversation with the Agent, the buckaroos undergo two days of rigorous interrogation followed by a day of "reconditioning"—that is, wiping the memories from their minds with hypnosis, drugs, and Mnemomizer treatments.

The next day a cadre of Agents smuggles the unconscious heroes across the Mason-Dixon line and places them in a private berth on a southbound Lone Star passenger car. The heroes cross the Confederacy by rail in a post-hypnotic state—their actions seemingly normal to everyone around them—and then board a stage out of New Orleans. Finally a trigger event snaps them from their collective trance.

To simulate the resulting amnesia, read this passage just after the guards return the heroes to their cells at the Castle:

It's hot. Not the dry, baking heat you're accustomed to, but a heavy, steam heat—like inhaling warm, wet cotton. Someone's shouting. Sweat trickles down your cheeks, seeps down the back of your damp shirt. Only the slight breeze through the stagecoach window provides relief. Your body's sore all over.

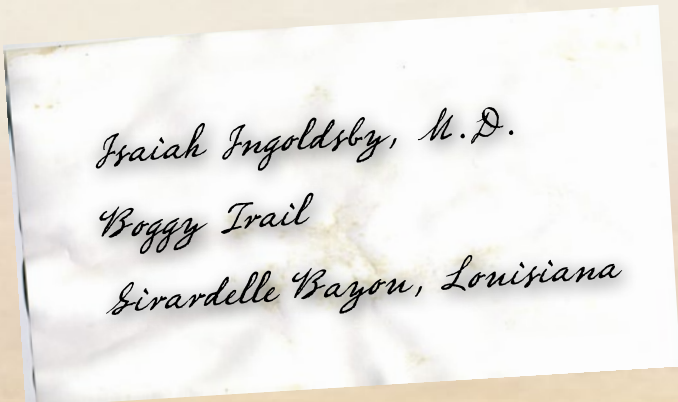
Outside's a riot of green, studded here and there with brilliant white and purple blooms: a vast, shaded land of gnarled old trees draped with Spanish moss. Even over the rattle of the stagecoach down the muddy trail, you hear the

drone of insects and hundreds of birds' songs. Everything's alive here.

"I said—we've reached Girardelle Bayou Village!" the driver yells.

No doubt the sodbusters are confused. You would be too, Marshal, if you woke abruptly from a daydream to find yourself in the bayou. Each hero has one level of Fatigue that fades in about an hour, after they shake off the cobwebs. If the cowpokes check themselves over, they find all their gear, weapons, and cash, as well as their larger items and extra clothing packed in luggage atop the stage. Any hero who owned a horse when she was taken into custody by the Union cavalry finds an extra \$300 in Confederate scrip in her belongings—about twice the cost of a replacement.

One character—Marshal's choice—finds a slip of paper stuck in a pocket, wallet, purse, or similar spot. This is what's written on it in a neat, nondescript hand:



*Isaiah Ingoldsby, M.D.
Boggy Trail
Girardelle Bayou, Louisiana*

Stage driver Gabe Flint repeats that the posse's in Girardelle Bayou Village, in St. Charles Parish west of New Orleans. If someone thinks to ask the driver the date, they quickly surmise that three days of their lives are missing. None of the muchachos remembers anything after the Agent offered his "deal." Straining to recall requires a Smarts roll at -8 to remember some disjointed scraps. Success recalls hours of questioning under hot lights, torture designed not to leave marks, injections, flashes of dizzying light. But nothing concrete comes back; the Agency was thorough.

If they're asked, Gabe Flint and his shotgun rider Diamond June Rafferty are willing to wait around in Girardelle Bayou until the heroes'

business is concluded. Gabe politely reminds the searchers that their fare was paid to this point, but they would of course be responsible for any future expenses incurred. Otherwise, he and Diamond June stay for a while to refresh their horses and have lunch, and depart Girardelle in 2d6 hours.

- **Gabe Flint:** Use the Townsfolk profile in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*, but add Driving d8.
- **Diamond June Rafferty:** Use the Gunman (Veteran) profile in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. She's armed with a double-barrel shotgun (Range 12/24/48, Damage 1-3d6, RoF 1-2).

Girardelle Bayou

Fear Level: 4

Girardelle is a tiny town surrounded by dense forests, swamplands, and bayous on all sides, with only one narrow mud track leading in or out. The town consists of a school, Jacques Duchesne's dry dock, a church, Camille Girardelle's general store—for which the town is named—and about 15 homes.

Despite Girardelle's fairly close proximity to New Orleans, it's extremely remote and isolated... its people largely at the mercy of abominations that prowl the bayou at night. As if the alligators, cottonmouths, coral snakes, and copperheads weren't enough, they've also got bog monsters, loup garou, and will o' the wisps to terrify them. Locals tend to gather at Girardelle's for company, but they mistrust strangers and are reticent about answering questions.

- **Girardelle Locals (5):** Use the Townsfolk profile in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

Success on a Persuasion or Streetwise roll—at +2 if the silver-tongued devil buys his new friend a drink or a cigar—loosens up a Girardellian enough for him or her to advise in a thick cajun patois,

"You gon' need a boat to git to Doc Ingoldsby's place out on Boggy Trail, m'friend. Hire you a flatboat at Jacques' place, git you out there. Elsewise, you gon' have to swim wit' 'gators an' snakes, you want to see the Doc. He don' like comp'ny much."

The posse can rent a flatboat for \$10 per day—and Jacques himself as a guide—at Jacques Duchesne's dry dock. Once the dour and thin Jacques poles out onto the opaque brown bayou waters toward Boggy Trail, the trip only takes about an hour—but day or night it's equally eerie.

The oppressive humidity and crushing heat, incessant whine of insects, and snake- and alligator-infested waters are only distractions. Vast primeval forests—silent, brooding, almost malevolent—surround the posse for 100 miles in all directions...and heroes can't shake the feeling they're being watched. Any shootist with the Danger Sense Edge is certain of it. But no watcher shows him or herself.

- **Jacques Duchesne:** Use the Townsfolk profile in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*, but add Boating d10 and Knowledge (Occult) d8.
- **Alligator:** See *Savage Worlds*.
- **Cottonmouth, Coral, and Copperhead Snakes:** Use the Snake (Venomous) profile in *Savage Worlds*.

Boggy Trail Hermit

When the travelers arrive at Boggy Trail, read the following:

Without speaking, Jacques poles through a low-hanging fog that clings to the water's surface. You reach a rotting dock by a grassy bank. Another flatboat is capsized here, the end jutting up from the water surrounded by lily pads. The rickety dock is overgrown with moss and flowering vines.

Just up the slope about 20 yards, nestled in the trees and fringed with Spanish moss, is a tiny one-room shack with a covered porch. Dim lantern light shines in the window. What do you do?

The dock collapses if any weight is put upon it, spilling its contents into the bayou—which is infested with snakes...and *much* worse (see below).


In the shack lives the old bayou hermit, Dr. Isaiah Ingoldsby. After the war he was haunted by memories of the carnage he'd witnessed, the young men torn to bloody shreds on the battlefield. But most of all, he was haunted by

DEADLANDS: STONE AND A HARD PLACE

visions of Capt. Jasper Stone, who—after dying on his operating table—got up and absquatulated the premises (see page 32 for a more detailed account).

Doc Ingoldsby put the 13 bullets he'd pulled from Stone in a mason jar and carried them with him ever after. The doctor has no idea that the bullets' unique origin has caused them to become charged with the Reckoning's dark energies—making them, in effect, Relics. A side-effect of these energies is the bullets' tendency to attract manitous over time, the way fresh molasses attracts flies.

The evil spirits infect the doctor's dreams, whisper in his mind, and have haunted his lonely island for years. Truth is, they've driven him a mite loony. He looks the part: Ingoldsby has long, unkempt gray hair and a beard, a shabby suit, and long, cracked fingernails.

 **Dr. Isaiah Ingoldsby:** Use the Townsfolk profile in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*, but add Healing d10, Knowledge (Medicine) d12, and the Delusional Hindrance (Major, Imaginary bunkmate named Charles).

Get the Bullets, Mon Ami—or Die Trying!

When the visiting cowpokes draw Doc Ingoldsby out of his shack, roll on the Reaction Table (see *Savage Worlds*) and apply a -4 modifier—Ingoldsby doesn't like visitors one bit!

From his starting attitude (which can't begin better than Neutral), smooth-talking heroes can roll Persuasion to shift Ingoldsby's attitude to a more favorable one. Lucky for the group, the doctor's feeble mental state means his attitude can be shifted as many steps as the characters care to keep convincing him—and his imaginary companion "Charles"—that they don't mean any harm.

When he's asked about the bullets, a look of combined shock and sadness crosses Doc

Ingoldsby's face. His jaw trembles, then he asks incredulously,

"You came for the bullets?"

"All these years I wanted so badly to be rid of that accursed lead. But I could never bring myself to leave it behind. It came from him, you see—yes Charles, be patient, I'm getting to that part—it came from Captain Jasper Stone. He died...and then he lived again. I didn't know what good that lead would do anyone, but I kept it in a Mason jar, and I kept it close.

"And now I can't even get rid of it. The voices, you see...the voices came from the bullets. Speaking to us night and day. Whispering terrible things. I wanted to silence them, so I...I threw the jar in the bayou. Sank it to the bottom, just out from my dock. But the voices didn't go away! They still plague me now!

"If only I could give you the bullets to take away from here...I would...but it's too late."

Doc Ingoldsby breaks down in sobs and falls to his knees. After a few minutes he composes himself, apologizes to his visitors and to Charles. If he's asked, Doc points out the general area he threw the jar of lead balls. However, he warns, the jar has been on the bayou's muddy bottom for more than a year, and, "...There might be varmints down there."

The jar still rests where Doc Ingoldsby sank it over a year ago, half-buried in silt and mud. Let the heroes devise their own method of retrieving it, whether it's by diving into the muddy waters, ordering a diving suit from Smith & Robards, or using an arcane power to ask a spirit or animal's help. Down in the bayou, a Notice roll at -4 reveals the slime-crusted Mason jar.

Whatever method the heroes choose, the main threat is a terrible abomination that's taken up residence in the waters around Boggy Trail: a massive alligator once known as "Old Al." It attacks as soon as anyone tries to snatch the bullets.





Dead Al

“Old Al” was a giant alligator that once haunted the swamps and lower stretches of the Mississippi. Unfortunately for Old Al, a pesky posse of cajuns breezed through and killed the great beast—but not before Old Al swallowed a few of them.

They killed the gator not too far from Girardelle Bayou. Before long, a few of the manitous that swarm the Hunting Grounds near the bullets o’ betrayal found Old Al’s carcass. It was too fearsome to go to waste, so they brought Al back to stand guard over the lead.

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Strength d12+2, Vigor d12+2

Skills: Fighting d10, Intimidation d10, Notice d8, Swimming d10

Pace: 3; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 19 (2)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +2:** Thick skin.
- **Aquatic:** Pace 5.
- **Bite:** Str+d8.
- **Coup (Gator Skin):** The deader who absorbs Dead Al’s mojo gains scaly skin and Armor +2.
- **Fear -2:** Coming face to face with Dead Al provokes a Fear test.
- **Fearless:** Dead Al is immune to fear and Intimidation.
- **Hardy:** Once Dead Al is Shaken, further Shaken results don’t cause a wound.
- **Huge:** Foes add +4 to attack rolls.
- **Rollover:** Gators are notorious for grasping their prey in their vice-like jaws and rolling over and over. If Dead Al hits with a raise, it causes an extra 2d6 rollover damage to its prey in addition to its regular Bite damage.
- **Size +8:** At about 35 feet long, Dead Al is a truly massive alligator.
- **Undead:** +2 Toughness. +2 to recover from being Shaken. Called shots do no extra damage (except to the head). Does not suffer wound modifiers.
- **Weakness (Head):** Shots to Dead Al’s head (–4 Called Shot) do +2 damage, for a total of +6.

SIDE TRACK: Go West!

With the bullets o’ betrayal safely in hand, the heroes have to make the long trek back to Arizona. Use this leg of the journey to introduce *Savage Tales* or scenarios of your own creation as the travelers make their way across Louisiana, Texas, and New Mexico to Tombstone.

The bullets o’ betrayal don’t draw manitous to haunt the travelers in the time it takes them to reach Arizona. But that doesn’t make everything right as rain. Any posse member who carries the lead on his person or even sleeps near it gains the *Bad Dreams Hindrance*. The *Hindrance* goes away when the bullets are all gone.

If you plan to run the *Savage Tale Aces Low* (page 134) when the group is back in Tombstone, a long Bayou Vermilion train ride is a great opportunity to introduce your players to the Royal Court and Lady Luck Society.

One last event, *Marshal*: When the weary group reaches El Paso, Texas—or another locale about two days out from Tombstone—they receive a telegraph:

**MEET ME AT CANYON DIABLO
CRATER IN SIX DAYS AT HIGH NOON
STOP YOU WILL NOT GET ANOTHER
CHANCE STOP BRING ALL YOUR
FRIENDS STOP
STONE**

Peace at Last

With Dead Al re-dispatched, the shootists have finally accomplished their mission. Doc Ingoldsby is grateful to the group for retrieving the lead—and taking it far away! He believes now he can finally know peace and let go of the past.

Meanwhile, the heroes still have a hard row to hoe, and it starts with high-tailin’ it back Out West to find the Deathly Drifter.

5. SHOWDOWN AT DIABLO CRATER

When: The heroes go to Canyon Diablo Crater.

Run this episode when the heroes return to Arizona, hopefully having picked up some allies along the way. The more the merrier, Marshal, because this is Jasper Stone we're talking about, the Deathly Drifter, the bloody right hand of Death. He fears no man – not even a whole bunch of 'em – so he's ready and willing to meet his foes face-to-face at Canyon Diablo Crater. *Confident*, even.

But that overconfidence is Stone's undoing in the end. You see, Old Stone is the one who really engineered this showdown...and it's all for his benefit.

Head 'Em Off at the Double-Cross

Old Stone promised his younger self he'd be nearby, performing a special ritual to protect

the youngster from all harm. That way Stone could slaughter these fools despite their damned Gettysburg bullets, and in the process collect the charmed ammunition – ensuring no one else would ever try the same trick again.

But as usual, Old Stone lied. In reality his ritual is designed to create another Heart of Darkness as soon as Stone bites the dust, leaving the heroes seemingly victorious – but all of Canyon Diablo Crater a twisted and horrifying Deadland.

Armed Forces

This bloodsoaked tale gets chugging when the posse's on a train, stage, or other conveyance headed west through New Mexico. It doesn't matter what rail or stage line they ride, Marshal – customize the details as necessary. Read the following:

As your vehicle tools across the barren New Mexico badlands, you preminisce arrival in Tombstone can't be more than a day off. Best to just get comfortable and enjoy the rest of this ride, even though the eerie cargo you've brought from the bayou gives you nightmares.

Right about the time you're thinking to yourselves, "Boy, sure are a lot of folks wearin' black 'round these parts..." all the other passengers turn on you, revealing a small arsenal of personal Gatling weapons – with the business ends pointed in your direction.

"Now, now," says a familiar voice. "Let's not do anything hasty, friends."

Assuming the heroes don't start a fight, they soon discover it's their old "friend" from Washington, DC doing the talking – the Agent With No Name. The other passengers are a Cleaner crew assigned to him. Using his cane, the Agent pushes himself up from his seat and approaches a few steps, a rueful smile weighing down his features. He says,

"Surprised to see me? Surely you realized we'd be watching you like eagles from the moment you left Washington. Can't have people who know what you know running around all willy-nilly.

"And now, what do I find but a Triple-A bulletin sent all over the Southwest, calling us to White Sands of all places. That's three As for

OLD STONE'S BLUFF

Thanks to his "direct line" to the Reckoners, Old Stone knows the moment the heroes set their hands to the bullets o' betrayal. He also finds out the posse spent a few days in Agency custody, and that the US spy service has plans to back the cowpokes' play in a major way.

Several days before the face-off at Canyon Diablo Crater, Old Stone uses his considerable talents and influence to send what's known as a "Triple-A Bulletin" in Agency-speak – all available Agents report for duty. There is no more desperate call for aid. Old Stone sends it on every telegraph line out of Tombstone.

The message draws scores of Agents to White Sands, New Mexico. Unfortunately, Old Stone is waiting for them...and so is their death. Stone guns them all down, staining the sands with their blood, then lights out for Canyon Diablo Crater.

‘All Available Agents’ – not exactly the kind of thing one ignores. Would you happen to know anything about that? And more important – did you find what you were looking for down in the bayou?”

Let the cowpokes chat with the Agent, whether to share information, or simply indulge in bravado, posturing, and verbal sparring. If they’re wise, the posse asks the Agent for his help against Stone! He’s prepared to lend it. Meanwhile, the conveyance continues on toward Tombstone.

The Agent With No Name: Use the Agent profile in the *Deadlands Marshal’s Handbook*. Add the *Lame Hindrance*, *Persuasion d8*, and the *Snakeoil Salesman Edge*. His cane is actually a rifle cane (Range 24/48/96, Damage 2d8, RoF 1, AP 2).

- **Agency Cleaners (4):** Use Veteran Soldier stats in the *Deadlands Marshal’s Handbook*, but add *Driving d8* and the *Rock and Roll! Edge*. They are armed with Gatling shotguns (Range 12/24/48, Damage 1-3d6, RoF 2) and knives (Str+d4).
- **Agency Card Sharp:** Use the Huckster profile in the *Deadlands Marshal’s Handbook*.

Gunmen and the Holy Ghost

At Tombstone, Padre Ernesto de Díaz meets the posse at the BV rail depot, or as soon as he can after their arrival. Even if the heroes don’t send word, Padre Ernesto knows. He’s a blessed, after all—in this instance, in his dreams he had a vision of angels telling him the heroes were coming back soon. The Padre arrives with his flock: a quintet of pious gunslingers, willing to lay down their lives for the cause. The Padre’s not at all pleased to be paired up with a Cleaner crew—and he’s vociferous about it—but in the end he accepts that even a huckster’s help is better than no help at all.

Padre Ernesto de Díaz: See page 153.

- **Devout Gunmen (5):** Use Gunman stats in the *Deadlands Marshal’s Handbook*.

Washington’s Guns

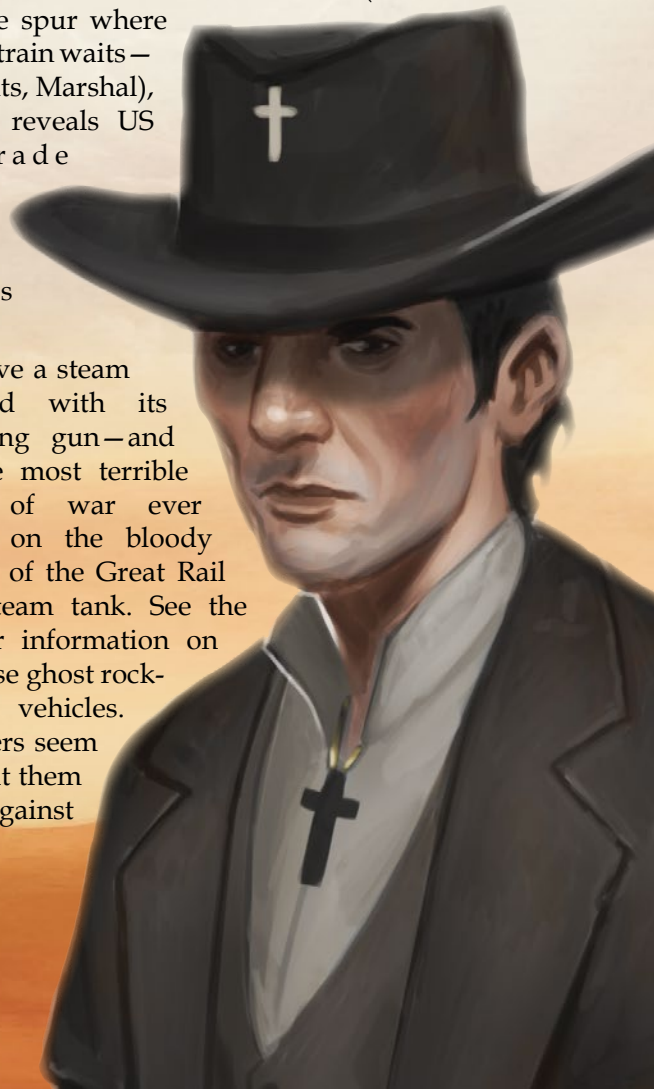
The Padre and the Agent are acquainted, although this is their first meeting in-person.

Sooner or later—preferably sooner—the talk should turn to Canyon Diablo Crater and the looming “appointment” with Stone. First and foremost, the shootists need to have their antique lead recast into new rounds. There’s enough to make 13 cartridges in any combination of calibers they choose. Also, be sure to give your players profiles for their allied Extras, so they can decide how to mobilize them in the climactic battle with Stone.

The Texas Rangers and Agency have been hunting the Deathly Drifter for a few years now, and they welcome the unique opportunity to catch him out in the open. If the heroes have a previous association with Sgt. Elijah Clay (see page 153) and invite him along, the Ranger is glad to join the party—although he isn’t too pleased with the Agency’s involvement. It’s a peg you can hang some role-play on but don’t let it derail the tale, Marshal.

And anyhow, the Agent proves his worth. In addition to a Cleaner crew, he brought along a few useful toys of the sort that run on ghost rock. In a cargo car farther back on the train (or on a nearby side spur where an Agency train waits—whatever fits, Marshal), the Agent reveals US Army-grade vehicles hidden under canvas tarps.

They have a steam cart—armed with its own Gatling gun—and one of the most terrible machines of war ever unleashed on the bloody battlefields of the Great Rail Wars: a steam tank. See the sidebar for information on both of these ghost rock-powered vehicles. The Cleaners seem eager to put them to use against Stone.



STEAM TANK

The steam tank is a fully armored, enclosed battlefield vehicle. 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 approx. 40 miles on 1 lb. of ghost rock.

Weapons:

- **Six-pound Cannon:** Range: 24" path; Dmg: 2d6; RoF: 1; Notes: Hull-mounted.
- **Steam Gatling:** Range: 24/48/96; Dmg: 2d8; RoF: 4; Notes: AP 2.

Malfunction: On a roll of 1 on a Driving die (regardless of the Wild Die), roll on the Critical Hit table in *Savage Worlds*. On snake eyes, the tank's ghost rock boiler explodes for 4d10 damage in a LBT.

When firing the tank's weapons, a 1 on the Shooting die indicates a malfunction requiring 1d6 hours' Repair work.

ARMORED STEAM WAGON

An enclosed body surrounds the driver and passengers in a sturdy, ghost steel-armored cabin.

Acc/Top Speed: 5/15; **Toughness:** 13 (6); **Crew:** 1+3; **Cost:** Military; **Notes:** Armor +6 (Ghost steel). Driving -2 in rough terrain. Travels approximately 60 miles on one pound of ghost rock. Enclosed wagon provides total cover for the driver and all passengers.

Malfunction: If a Driving roll results in snake eyes, the ghost rock boiler explodes, causing 3d10 damage to everyone in a Large Burst Template (including those aboard, and the vehicle).

Canyon Diablo Crater

Fear Level: 3

Canyon Diablo Crater lies approximately 370 miles north of Tombstone, a massive pockmark in the northern Arizona desert. The crater's roughly three-quarters of a mile across, and it's almost completely surrounded by a rocky rim that soars almost 150 feet above the dry, sun-baked plains. On the crater's north side, a great crack in the rim allows access to a wide but precipitous trail that makes its tortuous way down to the crater bed, about 575 feet deep.

Stone arrives on the appointed day, just like he said he would – but long before High Noon. He gets there in the pitch-black night before dawn, and brings some friends from the Laughing Men Gang. He also rouses an unholy host of walkin' dead on the spot to help out with all the carnage he's got planned.

This is all according to Old Stone's plan, too, because Young Stone's death isn't the only requirement for the ritual to succeed. A whole mess of other folks dying beforehand – contributing their blood, fear, and souls – is also a crucial part of Old Stone's plans to create another Heart of Darkness.

See the map for where everyone's situated when the heroes and their allies arrive on the scene, probably from the north. Half of the Laughing Men are hiding behind cover on top of the biggest outcropping, waiting to set off the dynamite charges before opening fire. The other half hides in the crags below. Stone's revenant dead bury themselves all over the valley floor, waiting to spring out when an enemy is near.

Stone himself uses the Ghost Edge to stand inside the center hoodoo, as marked on the map. He sticks only the front of his face out of the rock to watch what transpires, springing into action after he's had a chance to assess the threat. He left his trusty steed – Inferno, a Wild Card – hitched some ways away at Old Stone's recommendation (mostly so Old Stone can steal the coal-black stallion when his work is done!).

Speaking of Old Stone, he's sequestered about six yards beneath the earth's surface, smack dab in the middle of a vast, undiscovered ghost rock

deposit. Stone used his Ghost Edge to get inside a vug, a sealed underground cavity whose walls are studded with pure ghost rock. That's where he performs his ancient ritual while blood soaks the earth above.

Death's Pale Soldiers

On arrival at the ragged gap in the crater's rim, if anyone produces a spyglass and inspects the distant site below, read the following passage:

About 600 feet below, and close to a half-mile away, seven rugged stone outcroppings stand at the crater's dead center. One is much larger than the others. They are the only landmarks. There's no activity, but you see freshly dug graves among the rocks.

Neither Stone nor his unholy host are visible; they have total cover. It's possible to eyeball the Laughing Men hidden among the rocks, however. Roll Notice for the observer, opposed by the Laughing Men's Stealth (at +4 for Heavy Cover). With a success the viewer sees a few scoundrels crouched among the rocks, but it's difficult to gauge how many there are in total.

The trail is wide enough to admit the steam tank and armored steam wagon, but a driver needs to succeed on a Driving roll (at -2) to get a vehicle safely onto the crater bottom. If the Driving roll fails, roll on the Out of Control table (see *Savage Worlds*). On snake eyes, roll on the Critical Hits table (if a damage roll is required, roll 3d6).

It's almost a half-mile to crater's center. When the heroes and their allies come upon the scene, read the following:

The rocky trail arrives at the center of the deep, bowl-shaped Canyon Diablo Crater. Besides the seven large, jagged outcroppings of stone, the first thing that's apparent to you are several fresh graves – one for each posse member – about 50 yards ahead. All's silent but for the wind's forlorn moan.

Everyone scanning the landscape can make a Notice roll now, opposed by the risen dead's and outlaws' Stealth rolls (at +4 due to Heavy Cover). Regardless of the bad guys' rolls, a simple raise on the Notice roll means a hero spies the location where dynamite is buried under the trail (see

map). If the posse attacks, the outlaws respond in kind.

As soon as the heroes or their allies pass over the dynamite cache, the Laughing Men detonate it (three near-simultaneous explosions, 6d6 damage each, LBT, AP 4, HW). At that point deal the Action Cards: Sharpshooters fire from the crags, the risen dead spring up from their shallow graves and attack, and the Laughing Men pop up to gun down the law in a blaze of glory.

This is it, Marshal – the heroes and their gang versus Stone and his! Stone knows full well who among his foes has the bullets from Gettysburg. That doesn't mean he's afraid of them, though. On the contrary, when the battle begins Stone's under the impression he's clad in an arcane "cloak o' evil" that will repel the lead.

During the battle, Stone might take a round to Ghost inside the steam tank and slaughter the crew, or gun down the Padre and his flock. If he's cornered Stone challenges his opponent to a duel. He revels in the bloodbath until he figures out the heroes can hurt him. Then he tries to vamoose!



WHEN STONE GETS ROLLIN'

Here are some notes providing exactly what you need to know on the fly about Stone's combat prowess.

Cha: -8; **Grit:** 7; **Pace:** 8; **Parry:** 11; **Toughness:** 11

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, Mean, Stubborn, Ugly, Overconfident, Vengeful (Major), Vow (Major, serve the Reckoners)

Attributes: d12+2 across the board.

Duelin' the Devil: Stone gets an extra seven hole cards in Duels (see the *Deadlands Player's Guide*). He's immune to Intimidation, and uses his Intimidation (see below) during the Face Off.

Intimidatin' the Locals: The Deathly Drifter rolls Intimidation d12+12. He can use the Rebel Yell Edge to affect an adjacent Large Burst Template. When he scores a raise over a Wild Card, that hombre's got to roll on the Fright Table; Extras are panicked. Stone gets +2 on Tests of Will, and to resist them too.

Takin' the Initiative: Stone gets three Action Cards per round. Anything lower than a Ten is considered a Ten of the same suit; any cards lower than Five are redrawn.

Shootin' 'Em Full o' Lead: Stone fires each Trademark Colt Dragoon every round, as a separate action, at Shooting d12+6 (or d12+4 if he moves his Fleet-Footed Pace of 8) and rolls a d10 for each Wild Die. Stone's guns deal 2d10 damage, AP 4.

Stone adds +2 damage when attacking supernaturally good creatures. And when Stone is dealt a Joker in combat, his shots deal double damage.

Tough Bastard: Stone can't be wounded—only Shaken—by anything but his Weaknesses, and he has Armor 4 versus magic (and +4 on rolls to resist it). He gets +2 on Spirit rolls to recover from Shaken, and +2 Toughness against damage from supernaturally good sources. Stone doesn't suffer wound penalties.

☉ **"Chuckles" Ryan:** See page 156.

- **Laughing Men (4, plus 2 per hero):** Use the Outlaw profile on page 152. The Laughing Men on top of the biggest crag fire Winchester '76s (Range 24/48/96, Damage 2d8, RoF 1, AP 2) from heavy cover. Each one on the ground is armed with a single-action Colt Peacemaker (12/24/48, 2d6+1, RoF 1, AP 1) or a double-barrel shotgun (Range 12/24/48, Damage 1-3d6, RoF 1-2), with six extra rounds.

☉ **Old Stone:** See page 156.

☉ **Stone:** See the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. The sidebar at left, **When Stone Gets Rollin'**, helps you run Stone on the fly.

- **Unholy Host (5):** Use the Risen Dead profile on page 151 for Stone's allies.

Death Victorious!

Whenever anyone dies in this fight, those nearby see his or her shrieking soul get sucked down into the earth—presumably to Hell. The scene provokes a Fear test the first time a dude sees it. The same thing happens to Stone when he gets it, except his body also crumbles to dust and disappears. (For any enterprising hombres hoping to get their hands on a few Relics, Stone's Colt Dragoons are nowhere to be found.)

The round after Stone goes down, read the following:

The Deathly Drifter staggers a few steps, starts to raise his gun, but falls to his knees instead. As Stone topples face-first into the sand, a shadow fills the sky over Diablo Crater. Black clouds blot out the sun. Stone's corpse flakes away to ash in the howling wind.

Suddenly, a thunderbolt like an exploding powder keg splits the sky. The landscape itself begins to morph before your eyes from rugged desert to twisted Hellscape. The rocks look like skulls and piled bones, and the wailing winds sounds like a million screaming souls.

Old Stone just succeeded—with the heroes' unwitting help—in creating another Heart of Darkness. He also turned Canyon Diablo Crater into a full-blown Deadland (Fear Level 6) with a diameter of roughly a mile, centered on and affecting the entire crater.

That means abominations and manitous are about to run rampant in the blasted nightmare landscape, which makes it a challenge for heroes to escape the vicinity. Until the posse leaves the area, roll on the Wild Southwest Encounters (Varmints) table every half-hour that passes in-game to see what evil critters they meet.

6. IF STONE FINDS YOU, PRAY FOR DEATH

When: Old Stone's manitou reveals his plan.

Old Stone is overjoyed with his victory, and keen to keep his winning streak alive. His next evil act is to attempt a ritual that will liberate the entity imprisoned under Petrified Forest—and absorb its evil spirit energy to power the Heart of Darkness. Coincidentally, doing so would also create a massive Deadland covering the region, only about 75 miles from the one at Diablo Crater—see a pattern forming, Marshal?

But Stone has been betrayed by his own manitou, who was once actually the great-great-grandfather of one of the heroes. Little does the Deathly Drifter know, but the demon in his head has sent the posse four secret messages. The fifth kicks off this Plot Point.

Can It Be Done, Amigo?

This tale begins when the great-great-grandchild of Capt. Edmund Harkness receives a now-familiar sealed telegraph via courier. It's the longest one yet, and it reads as follows:

**STONE HEADED FOR PETRIFIED
FOREST STOP HE HAS HEART OF
DARKNESS STOP HELL BENT ON
RELEASING YEI TSO STOP SAME AS
METEOR CRATER STOP DO NOT LET
HIM FINISH RITUAL STOP**

Although the group doesn't know exactly where Old Stone is in the Petrified Forest, they have little choice but to set out for it right away. After all, everyone else believes Stone died at the gunfight at Diablo Crater. Few are willing to believe the Deathly Drifter still roams the earth.

For the posse's journey to Petrified Forest—about 240 miles from Tombstone—use the Wild

SIDE TRACK: TH' DESCENDANT

After episode five, choose one hero to receive the telegraphs and missives below. Eventually, the sender reveals itself as Old Stone's long-suffering manitou. But the spirit's a little loony after 266 years in Old Stone's noggin. It believes it can only be redeemed with the help of its family.

That's right, Marshal, the hero you choose is descended from a murderous buccaneer whose soul went to Hell and later became Stone's manitou. Now the demon fears this could be its only chance to save its family and maybe even be redeemed.

When it can, the manitou stealthily sends the posse helpful messages—knowing full well what'll happen should Old Stone find out. The first is a telegraph delivered by courier:

**THERE WERE TWO OF ME STOP YOU
SHOT THE WRONG STONE STOP**

Next, the manitou uses Etchin' to send a note; the words are carved into a wood, stone, or plaster surface:

Always back your family's play. That's why you have to help me, amigo.

Next, another Etchin'-sent missive:

I was Edmund James Harkness.

An Investigation or Knowledge (History) roll at -4 reveals that Edmund James Harkness was a bloodthirsty pirate captain in the Caribbean Sea during the 1790s. After his murder in 1802, Harkness' extended family settled where the hero is from. Further probing confirms the hero is Capt. Harkness' great-great-grandchild. A few weeks later, another telegraph arrives:

**IF HE FINDS OUT WE ARE ALL DEAD
STOP IT IS HELL IN HERE STOP YOU
ARE THE ONLY ONES WHO CAN
BREAK THE CIRCLE STOP DETAILS
SOON STOP**

The fifth message begins Plot Point episode six.

Southwest encounter tables (page 83) to generate events along the trail. When the posse gets within spitting distance of the Petrified Forest (detailed on page 59), move to the next scene.


Sacred Guardians...

As the heroes ride along, the silhouettes of Indians on horseback emerge to line a ridge to the party's left. After a few tense seconds the band charges down the long, grassy slope at top speed to intercept the posse.

This Navajo war party patrols the fringes of Petrified Forest, turning back travelers and tracking anyone who sneaks into the area. They know an intruder entered the region in the past few days, but for some reason they can't track him—and they're nervous.

The Navajos don't initiate combat, but if someone else does they join in enthusiastically. They hope the heroes have some answers. Roll on the Reaction Table and apply a -2 modifier if there are no Indians among the sodbusters. There's probably a language barrier, but the Navajos' shaman and leader, Yiska, speaks just enough English to convey ideas back and forth with a few words, gestures, maybe even pictures drawn in the sand with a twig.

The group's diplomat can roll Persuasion to improve the Navajos' attitude a few steps. Give the player a +2 on the roll if the hero describes Stone. Bring up "Yei Tso" by name and the braves nearly break into a panic—add another +2 to the Persuasion roll. Raising the Indians' attitude to Friendly or better means they allow the group into Petrified Forest—but only as long as it takes to find Stone.

 **Yiska ("Night Has Passed"):** Use the Indian Shaman profile in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. He rides a horse (see *Savage Worlds*).

- **Klah ("Left-Handed"):** Use the Indian Brave (Veteran) profile in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*, but add the Ambidextrous and Two-Fisted Edges. He rides a horse.
- **Indian Braves (3 per hero):** See the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. They all ride horses.

...On Sacred Ground

Riding with the Navajo warband, some hero might think to ask Yiska who this Yei Tso is, and why he's such a big deal. In lieu of a translator, Yiska gives a lengthy explanation in his own language, complete with expansive hand gestures. Success on a Smarts roll tells a listener that Yiska speaks of something that happened long ago, and the terrible Yei Tso apparently came out of the sky. Yiska points to his own skull while saying "Yei Tso," then makes horrified facial expressions and signals of revulsion. Bottom line: this Yei Tso's apparently a real curly wolf.

Assuming one of the travelers can understand even a little Navajo, what Yiska says is this:

"Yei Tso is not of this place. It is a terrible enemy to our people. Long ago, Yei Tso rode a flaming boulder through the skies. It crashed into the earth, and made a great hole in the ground. Yei Tso came out, and took away the peoples' minds and bodies. So we hunted it, and imprisoned it beneath the Stone Forest. We cannot allow it to be free...or we all die."

The Navajos take the posse to the route they think Stone used to enter Petrified Forest. Give any heroes with the Tracking skill a chance to pick up Old Stone's trail, and if they fail the Indians join in. (Let the players roll the Navajos' Tracking, as they would for allied Extras.) Tracking rolls to find Stone are at -2, due to the crafty bugger using his Ghost Edge to move without leaving any trace.

After a few hours of riding, the Navajo pull up suddenly. About 20 yards ahead, several Indians on horseback—both Navajo and Apache, from their looks—block the trail. With a successful Notice roll, a cowpoke notices something powerful strange about these Indians: Their eyes are all completely white, lacking any pupils at all. A raise on the Notice roll makes plain the transparent strands that course weblike over their skin. Yiska whispers in a frightened voice, "Yei Tso."

- **Corrupted Horses (2 per hero):** The Indians' mounts are pawns of Yei Tso. Use the Horse profile in *Savage Worlds*, with the modifications listed under Infection below.



Corrupted Braves (2 per hero)

These Indians' minds have been corrupted by Yei Tso, the malevolent alien entity trapped under Petrified Forest. Their eyes lack pupils and are completely white. Instead of blood a thick, milky substance like sap runs in their veins. No trace of their identities remain; now they live to bring more living creatures under Yei Tso's sway.

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

Skills: Fighting d8, Guts d8, Intimidation d6, Riding d8, Shooting d6, Stealth d6, Survival d6, Tracking d6

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 9 (2)

Edges: Block, Fleet-Footed

Gear: Bow (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6), tomahawk (Str+d6).

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +2:** Yei Tso's minions have rubbery skin that resists damage.

- **Fear:** Seeing one of Yei Tso's mindless drones provokes a Fear test.
- **Fearless:** Corrupted braves are immune to fear and Intimidation.
- **Infection:** After Grappling a foe, each round a corrupted brave can make an opposed Spirit roll to spread Yei Tso's influence to the target. On a success the target gains a level of Fatigue, or two levels with a raise. This Fatigue can Incapacitate and kill. Anyone slain in this way rises as one of Yei Tso's pawns in 1d6 rounds (victims have Smarts d8, gain one die type in Vigor and Strength, lose one die type of Agility, gain the four Special Abilities listed here, and retain all other Attributes and Skills).

The Brute and the Beast

Stone's trail leads to a region known as Jasper Forest. As the searchers continue the chase, roiling, purplish-black storm clouds gather above, and it starts to rain. Read the following as the posse approaches:

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Topping the rise, you see a vast tumble of broken, petrified logs scattered over rolling ridges. Vaguely cylindrical blocks of red stone perch on weird sandstone pedestals. Stone's trail leads down the slope.

Call for Notice rolls at -2, Marshal, to pick out the rising and falling cadence of Stone's words over the rain and wind. With a raise, a listener can tell the sound's coming from a natural stone amphitheater below and to the left.

Now the rain is a downpour. Thunderstorm conditions (page 48) prevail throughout the battle. When the posse arrives in the natural amphitheater, read the following:

Stone stands on top of a chunk of petrified wood, shouting his ritual into the wind and rain, a fist-sized black diamond clutched in one hand. Beneath him the ground trembles, then heaves as if something massive pushed from below.

Stone grins...then his eyes flick toward you and he does a double-take. The Deathly Drifter doesn't pause or slow his words, but he studies you in astonishment.

Deal out the Action Cards, Marshal. Old Stone needs to continue his ritual—with Heart

of Darkness in hand—for another 13 rounds to succeed in freeing the evil spirit Yei Tso.

There are several ways the posse can stop him: succeed on a Disarm attempt to knock the diamond out of Stone's hand, blow up or otherwise collapse the sandstone pillar he's perched on (Toughness 12), deal enough damage to Shake him, or some similar ploy. If Stone's interrupted or loses contact with the diamond, his ritual is ruined.

This might be the first time in 100 years Stone's been surprised. But he wasn't caught *completely* off-guard. Stone took the time to drive a Mexican dragon into a nearby cave, and rigged a wooden deadfall to trap the creature until he fires a well-placed shot to sever the rope and free the beast.

On his action Stone draws one of his Colt Dragoons. He fires off a round to activate his "insurance policy"—which is out of sight due to the downpour. Shooting the rope is a multi-action Called Shot with a -8 penalty; Stone shoots each round until he succeeds. At that point, the angry Mexican dragon rushes out to attack the heroes and their allies—it can't reach Stone on his perch.



Old Stone: See page 156.

• **Mexican Dragon:** See page 150.

In the Nick o' Time

With any luck the party stops Old Stone's ritual and prevents Yei Tso from running roughshod over Arizona Territory. If so, the Deathly Drifter grabs the Heart of Darkness and makes a run for it, using the Ghost Edge to disappear through sheer rock faces until he reaches his mount, Inferno.

If, on the other hand, everything goes off the rails and Stone completes his blasphemous ritual, the ground tears open and Yei Tso's horrifying protoplasmic mass surges from under Petrified Forest (Fear test at -4). Most of its spirit energy is drawn into the Heart of Darkness, but corrupted servants like the ones described on page 119 become common in the region, and they spread quickly...it's a brand-new Deadland (Fear Level 6), after all.

The quest to return what remains of Yei Tso to its prison likely requires its own campaign, or at least a short series of Savage Tales.



7. FACE TO FACE

When: Coot Jenkins tracks down the posse.

This installment takes place when the posse meets up with The Prospector, whether they seek him out or he finds them. In the latter case, the tale begins with Coot's arrival in town, accompanied by members of the Association for the Prevention of Premature Burials.

The Specialist

Read the following when the heroes are in a town between exploits:


*When you mosey out into Main Street, you hear a prairie schooner rattle loudly into town, pots and pans clanking inside. It has a large, hand-lettered banner along its side that reads **HELP PREVENT PREMATURE BURIALS!** The folks driving it are dressed in black, and share an altogether dour countenance. It ain't a party, that's for sure.*

Suddenly a filthy, grinning face surrounded by a white hair and beard pokes out from under the wagon cover – The Prospector! He squashes a flop-brim hat onto his head and thanks the driver while pumping his hand up and down. "This'll do, friend. I see my associates just up ahead."

Coot hops off the wagon and approaches, trademark black satchel firmly in hand. He jerks a thumb toward the wagon. "Association fer the Prevention o' Premature Burials. It's a London-based outfit. They ain't too bad, 'cept for the teetotalers among 'em."

Coot draws you all closer and lowers his voice. "Youngsters, I know about Petrified Forest. And I know our...mutual friend...ain't dead an' gone, like we thought. I've got someone you need to talk to – and pronto."

Coot tells the heroes they need to go to a little spot in the northwest reaches of New Mexico – not far from the Four Corners – called Aztec Trading Post. Coot prefers to set out immediately, but he can be persuaded to have a drink first.

 **Coot Jenkins:** See page 155.

SIDE TRACK: DEATH MARK

Old Stone's not yet sure how those pesky *compañeros* managed to overtake him at Petrified Forest and hobble his plan in episode six, but he's Hell-bent on getting to the bottom of it. Meanwhile, his long-suffering manitou – fully aware of Stone's strong opinion on the matter – is forced to lie low for a while lest his betrayal be uncovered.

In the meantime, Death takes note of recent events and sets a trusted duo on the posse's trail. Through several *Savage Tales* and your own adventures, Marshal, El Diablo Rojo and El Diablo Negro (see pages 149–150) stalk the heroes unerringly. Whether it comes down to a conflict depends on if the travelers can elude pursuit or choose to ambush their pursuers, or if Death's minions catch them unawares.

Other eerie events occur once the posse members are "marked by Death," so to speak. If the group ever passes by a graveyard, it contains a number of freshly dug graves only they can see. Maybe Apaches waylay the pistoleers, only to set them free after the native shaman declares, "They belong to Death already."

Or if a vicious outlaw gang gets the upper hand, could be their leader suddenly loses her nerve and mutters, "Got a feelin' someone else is gunnin' for these saddletramps. We best let 'em be."

When the fearsome abomination that's poised to tear out a hero's throat stops abruptly, sniffs him, and runs away – that's going to give any adventurer pause, Marshal.

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Aztec Trail

It may be a short jaunt or a lengthy haul to Aztec Trading Post, New Mexico Territory. Coot's tight-lipped about who exactly he's taking the saddletramps to meet. "Ol' friend o' mine," is pretty much all he says.

If anyone succeeds on a Persuasion roll or Test of Will to convince Coot to speak, he replies,

"Well, ain't you persistent! Let's just say he used to be acquainted with our mutual friend. And I calculate he may know some information that's useful to us in this most dire o' times. Does that quench yer blasted curiosity some, so y'all can give me some peace and quiet?"

Use the expanded Wild Southwest encounter tables (page 83) to spice up the journey — or run a twisted tale of your own along the way.

At the Post

The so-called Aztec Trading Post (Fear Level 3) is a small, fortified ranch house on the Animas River's banks, with a square stone tower on the building's front left corner. As the posse nears, they see a Gatling-gun nest in the tower, awaiting hostile invaders.

Owned and run by the hard-nosed Edna Cruger and her family, the trading post is fairly well-stocked with common items and mundane gear — as well as water and food.

Cruger Family (6): Use the Townsfolk profile in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. For Edna, add Spirit d10, the Stubborn Hindrance, the Strong Willed Edge, Intimidation d8, Shooting d8, Throwing d12, and Taunt d6.

Caput Rex

The trading post is named for the extensive "Aztec" ruins that lie across the river, about a mile north. The original Spanish settlers, led by Padres Dominquez and Escalante, mistook the ancient Anasazi city for an Aztec ruin back in 1776, and the misnomer stuck. Read the following when Coot takes the heroes there:

What the locals call "Aztec" ruins are well-preserved and cover roughly two acres. Coot says there's also a subterranean labyrinth of passages and chambers. Above ground, the crumbling

remains of palaces and temples surround a large, central plaza from which several avenues radiate. The river flows past the walls, which bake in the New Mexican desert.

Coot heads into the silent-as-death ruins, leading the posse to a dark, open doorway off the main plaza. Inside, a carved staircase slants into the earth. Coot lights a lantern and leads the way, whistling a slightly off-key version of "Oh! Susanna." He makes several turns in the dark. Explorers who don't mark the trail need a Smarts roll (-2) to get out again without Coot's aid.

Finally Coot arrives at the destination. Read the following:

Coot shines his lantern into a chamber, revealing a complex array of welded copper pipes hooked up to rubber bladders, which are plugged into a large bellows on the chamber floor.

Coot yanks a cloth off the wall to reveal a dry, gray human head stuck on top of the copper pipes. Long dark locks dangle from its scalp. Its dusty, sunken features are frozen in agony.

Coot roots in his satchel for a small parcel wrapped in bloodsoaked brown paper, and a vial of his green elixir. He unwraps a dead lizard, and rests it against the decapitated head's mouth. Its eyes snap open! It chews the bloody meat, eyes darting wildly in their sockets.

Any hero witnessing the scene needs to succeed at a Fear test. Coot follows up the raw reptile meat with a long pour of his glowing green elixir (which drains from the neck), and reason seems to return to the head's eyes. Coot says,

"This is Marshal Rex Tremendae. Used to be Stone's trail partner and fellow murderer. Now he's Harrowed. He wouldn't confide in me, so I had to...reduce him to a more compliant state.

"Hey, Rex! Need to ask you some questions, hoss." Coot stomps on the bellows to fill the bladders, which in turn blow air into Tremendae's windpipe.

"Damn you, Coot Jenkins!" gasps Tremendae. "I will burn you down, old timer!"

"You'll do no such thang," Coot snaps. "Fer the love o' Pete, you're only a head! Now — we need to know where Jasper Stone's hideout is. I reckon you're the man to ask."

Just because Marshal Rex Tremendae's been reduced to this supernaturally wretched state and returned to Dominion doesn't mean he's helpful. The Harrowed hates Coot with every fiber. He's unwilling to speak, and even attempts to use his Nightmare and Possession Edges to wreak chaos with the posse. Success on a Persuasion roll or Test of Will against Tremendae motivates him to spill the beans:

"All right, you rancid ol' parallelogram!" Tremendae curses. "It's yer funeral. Stone's got a hideout in Canyon del Muerto, over the dividin' line in Arizona Terri'try. Way down in the Massacre Cave." Tremendae chuckles, a harsh rattle.

"That's close," Coot muses. "Canyon del Muerto ain't but 120, 130 miles away."

Tremendae laughs. "Of course it's close, you dang fool! Stone knows all about this little hideout o' yourn and he knows about me too. Comes to visit sometimes. That sonuvabitch wouldn't set me loose neither."

It's up to the cowpokes to decide what to do with Rex, especially since Old Stone might return and find out about their visit. Coot would prefer to shoot him and have an end to it. For his part, Tremendae begs and pleads for the heroes to bring him along. In the end, it's up to them how to handle Rex—but remember, the Harrowed is a villain through and through, nearly as homicidal as Stone himself.



Marshal Rex Tremendae

Rex doesn't have many capabilities, on account of him being only a head. (Coot long ago burned his body, and doesn't feed him near enough meat to regenerate a new one.) Even so, Rex can make a real nuisance of himself if given the chance.

Attributes: Agility N/A, Smarts d10, Spirit d12, Strength d10, Vigor d10

Skills: Guts d12 (+2), Intimidation d12, Persuasion d10, Taunt d10, Tracking d12+2

Cha: -8; **Grit:** 5; **Pace:** 0; **Parry:** 0; **Toughness:** 9

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, Mean, Ugly

Edges: Danger Sense, Reputation, Strong Willed

Special Abilities:

- **Bite:** Str+d4. If anyone's hand gets close enough, Rex might take a chunk out of it.
- **Harrowed:** Grit +1, Toughness +2, needs 1d6 hours of sleep per night, only a head-shot can kill, "death" only puts Rex down for 1d6 days.
- **Harrowed Edges:** Implacable, Improved Possession, Nightmare, Stitchin'.

Canyon del Muerto

Fear Level: 4

As Coot pointed out, it's roughly 130 miles southwest to Canyon de Chelly (pronounced d'shay), whose northern arm is known as Canyon del Muerto. The vast, three-armed canyon complex used to be a major center of Navajo civilization, until Lt. Antonio Narbona's Spanish forces invaded it in 1805. They herded 115

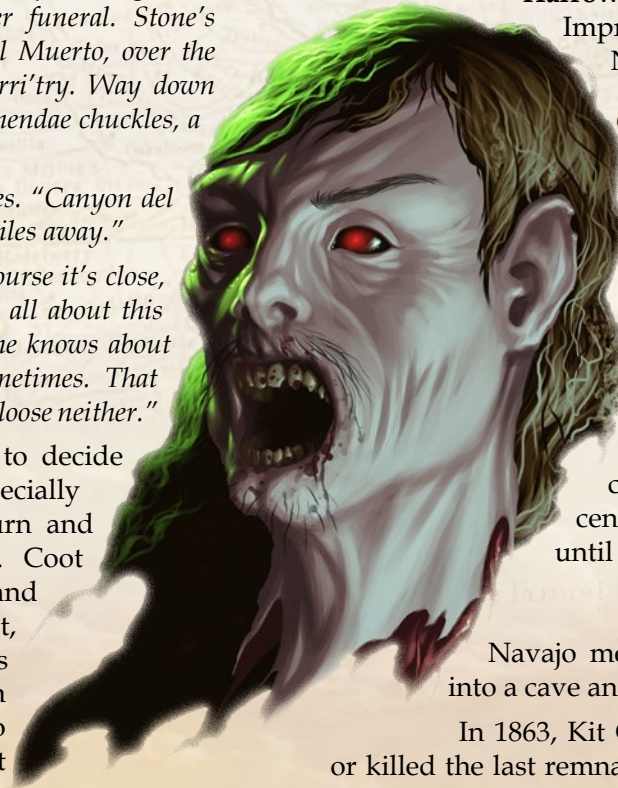
Navajo men, women and children into a cave and slaughtered everyone.

In 1863, Kit Carson's forces drove off or killed the last remnants of the Navajo people in Canyon de Chelly. Although the United States and Confederacy largely abandoned their Indian Wars with the Reckoning's advent, the settlements at Canyon de Chelly never recovered.

Canyon del Muerto is blanketed with pregnant silence. No animals stir, the wind barely blows. The posse makes its way along little-used trails, deeper into the canyons, until finally they reach the infamous Massacre Cave.

Massacre Cave

The cave has a low, wide opening. Inside, it widens into a series of pitch-dark galleries and cataracts. As the light from the entrance recedes, spelunkers should roll Notice. With a success, a listener hears the click of a pebble echo softly



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somewhere in the dark. On a raise, a hero catches the fleeting sound of a dry, rattling groan. Keep this going for a few minutes, Marshal, to heighten the suspense.

Unfortunately for the heroes, the Reckoning gave new “life” to the slaughtered Navajos of Massacre Cave. Now they seek revenge for their deaths, and they’re willing to carry it out on anyone who invades their resting place. Read the following:

You stop short as your light illuminates a pale shape in front of you – skin stretched taut over a skeleton. It’s white with dust, with ragged, black pits of eyes, and wasted lips pulled back from its teeth. A few strands still cling to its dry scalp. It stands stock still, eye sockets staring at you.

At first, the dead stand still, staring at the heroes with empty, accusing eyes. Then they move to block anyone who tries to leave. They do not attack until they are attacked, at which point they loose a keening shriek as one and rush to overwhelm the group. They do not pursue anyone who leaves the cave entrance.

- **Dessicated Dead (3 per hero):** See page 149. These are only the beginning; during each combat round another two dessicated dead per hero emerge from the cave’s recesses. This goes on until all 115 of them swarm the posse or the heroes escape.

The Price o’ Power

At the back of the Massacre Cave lies the entrance to Stone’s hideout, but it might be difficult to find with hordes of undead breathing down the sodbusters’ necks. Then again, that’s why Stone picked this spot. Figuring out how to gain safe entrance is the posse’s challenge.

Beyond the thick sandstone door—which will keep out the dessicated dead only if it is wedged shut in some fashion—a rough-hewn staircase corkscrews down into solid stone. Read the following when heroes reach the bottom:

At the bottom of the stairs is a small chamber dominated by a massive, jet-black gargoyle. It has cloudy white streaks running through its mass – almost like ghost rock.

Its savage, clawed hands stretch across the ceiling, sunk into the stone. Under one of its

arms is another carved sandstone door, this one bearing a number of strange pictograms and petroglyphs. The black gargoyle’s eyes seem to follow you as you cross the chamber.

Through this sandstone door is Old Stone’s hideout—more like his sanctum—where he stores priceless arcane texts stolen from rare-book libraries around the world. Dust-covered wooden shelves line the walls. A chair, table, and lantern sit at the room’s center. If all the ancient tomes, scrolls, and folios stored here are carted out and sold to a collector in a major city Back East, each seller gains the Rich Edge (a lone seller gains the Filthy Rich Edge).

Worm-eaten tomes lie open on the tabletop, amid scraps of parchment. A scholar who peruses the scribbled notes, parchment leaves, and books and succeeds on a Knowledge (Occult) roll at –2 realizes that Stone is up to something big—a ritual that can bind 13 souls into one. The tome mentions the “Heart of Darkness” as a crucial component, and warns against something called a “Heart of Light.”

If there are no occult scholars in the posse, Coot scans the materials and provides the lowdown. It’s not clear where or when Stone plans to complete the ritual—or what exactly will happen if he does—but everyone agrees it can’t be good. Before they finish with the book, Coot tears out one page, folds it neatly, and puts it in his breast pocket—“Research,” he explains.

Success on a Notice roll (–2) locates a loose stone in the floor under the wooden chair. Under the stone is a hollowed-out area containing a quart of whiskey and three burlap sacks.

One sack is full of raw, salted beef. Another holds five pounds of ghost rock (worth roughly \$500). A third sack holds \$4,500 in Confederate gold, and \$3,200 in paper Union currency. Beneath the sacks lies the largest, most stunningly clear diamond any of the heroes has laid eyes upon—the Heart of Light (see sidebar).

But when the posse tries to leave, they find the ghost rock gargoyle a little more than subtly menacing. It peels itself from the wall and blocks their exit, advancing upon the compadres in a decidedly menacing fashion. The white streaks beneath its surface now writhe and swirl.



Rock Devil

Old Stone carved the rock devil from a single, huge chunk of ghost rock, and made an amulet from the same chunk. Then he sacrificed a victim over the statue – his old acquaintance Doc Snead. Poor Snead's soul was absorbed into the rock. His life force now animates the statue – and he's forever bound to Stone, the amulet's owner.

The creature is smart, tough, and mean. It has an insatiable appetite for human souls, due to the purified ghost rock from which it's constructed. Anyone who falls to its claws spends eternity in its rock-hard belly. The devil obeys two things, the wearer of the amulet and its thirst for human souls. Ol' Doc Snead ain't much for conversation.

The rock devil looks like a statue of a large, wingless gargoyle. When first animated, it was jet black. As it claimed victims and fed upon their souls, the tormented spirits appeared as white, swirling images just below the thing's skin.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d12+2, Vigor d10

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

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 9 (2)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +2:** A rock devil is made of ghost rock.
- **Claws:** Str+d8.
- **Coup (Soul Strength):** A Harrowed can inhale burning ghost rock vapors to gain the strength of the damned. There must be at least one pound of the stuff on fire, and the undead hero must be adjacent to it. For the next hour, the Harrowed adds two die types to Strength. During this time, however, if the Harrowed sustains even a single wound from a fire-based attack, he combusts and is consumed by fire.
- **Fear (-2):** Encountering the rock devil sparks a Fear test at -2.
- **Soul Absorption:** The rock devil eats its victims' souls – that means no coming back Harrowed. It has access to their memories and can even speak in their voices.
- **Shadow Walk:** With a successful Spirit roll, the rock devil can move instantly from one

RELIC: HEART OF LIGHT

Besides being a priceless, flawless diamond as big as a man's fist, the Heart of Light is the mystical counterpart to Stone's Heart of Darkness. It's the one thing he fears.

If the proper ritual is performed at the right time, the diamond can counter any black magic the Heart of Darkness gets up to. It also has a beneficial effect for healers with noble hearts.

Power: The heart adds +2 to its owner's Healing rolls, whether mundane or arcane. Additionally, with a successful Knowledge (Occult) roll and incantation of an ancient ritual, the Heart of Light cancels a ritual currently being enacted by the Heart of Darkness (it has no effect on rituals that are already completed).

Taint: None.

shadow to another within its line of sight. The shadow must be large enough to cover the creature.

- **Weakness (Fire):** The creature is sensitive to flame. Fire-based damage that penetrates its armor is doubled.

Out o' the Desert

The heroes return from Canyon de Chelly armed with a relic to turn the tide against Old Stone. By this point the cowpokes should realize the Heart of Darkness was the black diamond Old Stone brandished at Petrified Forest, and that this new diamond from Stone's hideout is probably the Heart of Light. If the characters fail to make these connections, Coot clears things up.

The Prospector takes his leave of the posse, pledging to figure out where Stone plans to complete his unholy ceremony.

In the meantime, Coot warns,

"You had better keep that Heart o' Light in a very safe place."

SIDE TRACK: SHOOTIN' SPREE

At this point, Old Stone is a mite ornery. So he speeds up his plans.

He needs to slay 13 of the Weird West's greatest heroes and draw their souls into the Heart of Darkness. Over the next month he goes on a rampage. Who exactly Stone slays is up to you, Marshal, but he's ultimately successful. We'll leave it up to you if you want Stone's targets to fall or be saved—perhaps in your own *Savage Tales*—but here are a few likely targets.

To fill out his quota, the Deathly Drifter might proceed to the City o' Gloom to hunt Nevada Smith and Smith & Robards courier Sally Manners (aka "Six-Hundred-Pound Sally")—although Smith's mastery of disguises makes that a dicey prospect! In a canyon near Denver, Stone may encounter the Explorer's Society's Nicholas Trevalyn. Stone could stop briefly in Dodge City to challenge Bat Masterson in a public duel before going after Andrew Lane (aka "The Ghost," aka Abraham Lincoln). In Oklahoma, he might go up against the Three Guardsmen of Hell's Half-Acre—Bill Tilghman, Chris Madsen, and Heck Thomas.

Back in Arizona, the right hand of Death could go head-to-head with the warrior Geronimo and a score of Apaches. And on a Bayou Vermilion train outside Tucson, Stone traps Lacy O'Malley—but the reporter miraculously leaps from the train to elude fate and Stone's bullets!

In Albuquerque, Stone ambushes "Bad Luck" Betty McGrew and "Velvet" Van Helder in a midnight shootout—and frames Ronan Lynch for the crimes.

Meanwhile, Stone's manitou keeps a low profile to avoid discovery. But when it breaks cover in an attempt to send the posse another telegraph, Stone catches it in the act. Now he knows how the heroes were able to interrupt his ritual at Petrified Forest...and he has an idea of how to ambush them.

8. GOD FORGIVES, STONE KILLS

When: Old Stone discovers his manitou's betrayal.

News spreads like wildfire across the Southwest about the "Midnight Murders" in Albuquerque and the gunman who's alleged to have committed them—the infamous Ronan Lynch. A posse bolstered with Confederate cavalry pursues Lynch across half the territory, finally overtaking him near Roswell. Unwilling to kill honest men and women who think they're doing right, Lynch surrenders.

Ronan Lynch's imminent trial before a military tribunal in Roswell, New Mexico is soon common knowledge across the Southwest. Meanwhile, Old Stone makes his play...

Don't Forget to Write!

It's been a while since they've received a mysterious telegraph by courier, but when the heroes are resting between exploits a uniformed lad tracks them down. The telegraph reads:

**RONAN LYNCH IS INNOCENT STOP
STONE SET HIM UP STOP LYNCH
CANNOT DIE IN ROSWELL STOP YOU
NEED TO BUST HIM LOOSE STOP**

If the cowpokes take stock of all Old Stone's recent murders, it's simple to figure out that—including Stone himself—Ronan Lynch makes number 13. Heroes worth their salt should be on the trail to Roswell in two shakes of a calico's tail.

The Road to Roswell

Depending on where in the West your posse happens to be when they receive the telegraph, getting the heroes to Roswell might require a few encounters (see page 83), or it might take a *Savage Tale* as well.

No matter what travails they endure along the way, the sodbusters should arrive only a day or two before Ronan Lynch is due to be hanged. See page 81 for a description of Roswell.

With a Neutral or better result on the Reaction Table (see *Savage Worlds*), at the trading post

the heroes learn some information from Earle Spotswood. He says Capt. Ayuso and her soldiers are holding Lynch prisoner at their HQ, an abandoned Spanish church about two miles from town proper. Spotswood explains,

"The military tribunal done found Ronan Lynch guilty as charged o' the murders o' his erstwhile companions—Mr. Van Helter and Ms. McGrew. Won't be no last-second pardon from the Gov'nor. Cap'n Ayuso's Hell-bent on seein' Lynch hang high for what he done."

- **Earle Spotswood:** Use the Townsfolk profile in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*, but add the Connections (Texas Rangers) Edge and Persuasion d8.

Invitation to a Hangin'

At the old Spanish church, ragged and sweaty Confederate sentries confront the heroes upon arrival at the iron gates. Assuming the shootists are reasonably neighborly about explaining themselves, they're escorted inside to meet Captain Ayuso.

Ayuso's a no-nonsense sort with little patience for Northerners or "Peculiars," as she refers to folks who seem to believe in spiritual weirdness and the supernatural. And she brooks no debate about Ronan Lynch's fate. She intends to see him dance the hemp-jig at dawn.

With a successful Persuasion roll, Ayuso allows the heroes to speak with Lynch. Once they greet the ex-soldier in his cell and explain their purpose in coming to Roswell, Lynch replies,

"I'm much obliged to you for coming all this way, but I'm afraid it was a fool's errand. I'm a condemned man, and nothing's going to change that now. But it was Stone who killed Velvet and Betty. Murdered them where they stood, and set me up to shoulder the charges. I don't know what cards he's got up his sleeve in all this, but they can't be good."

Should the posse attempt a jailbreak, there are a little more than 50 Confederate troops to elude or fight, plus Captain Ayuso. Given his Harrowed state, Lynch isn't too concerned about the hanging; he's far more worried about Stone.

- **Capt. Melissa Ayuso:** Use the Soldier (Officer) profile in the *Deadlands Marshal's*

Handbook, but add the Doubting Thomas Hindrance and Knowledge (New Mexico) d12.

- **Confederate Soldiers (53):** Use the Soldier (Veteran) profile in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

• **Ronan Lynch:** See page 155.

The Drifter Returns

It's up to the posse how they handle the situation: by busting Lynch out of jail or lying in wait in the hours before the hanging takes place.

No matter what they do, Old Stone appears just before dawn. Read the following:

All the air exits your lungs as Stone moseys into view—tall, whip-thin, hat and duster silhouetted by the rising sun. His grayish fingers flick back his hat's brim, and through squinted eyes he scans the scene.

Stone's voice creaks as low and dangerous as an old barn door at midnight. "Looke who it is," he says. "You must've got my telegraph. Well, here's how it's gonna go. Give me the gemstone you stole...and I'll consider sparin' your lives."

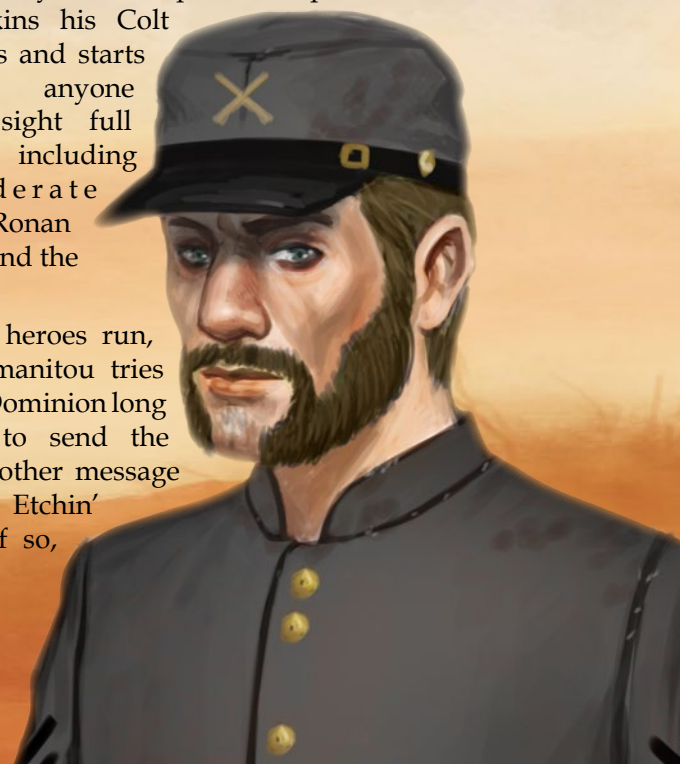
Read this to whichever of the heroes has been receiving missives from Stone's manitou:

*Spying movement, you glance down to see words appearing in the dirt at your feet: **YOU BETTER RUN, AMIGO.***

Stone shouts, "I told you to stop that, worm!"

Deal out the Action Cards now, Marshal. The Deathly Drifter pulls no punches—Old Stone skins his Colt Dragoons and starts plugging anyone in his sight full of lead, including Confederate troops, Ronan Lynch...and the heroes!

If the heroes run, Stone's manitou tries to seize Dominion long enough to send the posse another message with his Etchin' power. If so,



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he provides some pointed warning that allows the shootist to elude Stone's rampage for another round.

🌀 **Old Stone:** See page 156.

End o' the Line

Escaping Old Stone requires a sacrifice. The Deathly Drifter is tireless, needs hardly any sleep each night, and once he's on a quarry's trail almost nothing shakes him loose. Only by challenging Stone to a duel can the heroes buy enough time to hightail it to safer regions—preferably *sanctified* ones—and shake his pursuit.

If none of the heroes think of it, Lynch mutters,

"No way we're getting out of here alive... unless I buy you some time. As soon as you hear me start talking to that wrinkly old bastard, run. You hear me? Run as hard as you can and don't look back. And keep that gemstone safe, if having it bothers Stone so damned much."

Some noble cowpoke might volunteer to duel Stone. In that case, Ronan Lynch insists

on sticking around to help out. Either way, let a player control Lynch; it's much more fun than dueling yourself, Marshal.

If a hero steps up to duel Stone, she most likely dies—and Old Stone kills Lynch with a bullet to the noggin, anyway. As the posse makes a narrow escape, one of the Weird West's last heroes falls dead in the Roswell dust. Just as at Canyon Diablo Crater (see page 114), the shrieking souls of cowpokes killed by Old Stone are drawn into the glittering black diamond in his duster's pocket.

Weeks later, agents of the Order of St. George rob Lynch's grave site, and they spirit his corpse to Fort 51. From there, it's a long and twisted trail that ends up with Ronan's skull in the cathedral of Lost Angels...but that's another story, amigo.

9. BETWEEN STONE AND A HARD PLACE

When: Coot tips off the posse to head for Death Valley, California.

The epic culmination of the heroes' struggle against Old Stone begins when Coot Jenkins rides into whatever town the posse's in to deliver a message: He knows where Old Stone's headed to complete his master plan.

No Time to Die

The Prospector is just back from a poker tournament in Virginia City, Nevada, where he rendezvoused with his old friend Enoch Shaw—a huckster of prodigious skill (see page 135 for more about the long-lived Shaw).

When Coot catches up to the saddletramps, he interrupts whatever they're doing and insists they accompany him to a private place, without delay. He's even more frantic than usual. Beyond prying eyes and ears, Coot spills it:

"Yea, though I walk through th' valley o' the shadow o' death, I will fear no evil. We're goin' to Californ-eye-ay, youngsters. Death Valley."

"Accordin' to a friend o' mine, the Heart o' Darkness and all Stone's killin's are bound up in this-a here incantation. When Stone's done,

SIDE TRACK: LOS DIABLOS

Stone's old trailmate Death tells him not to fret too much if any heroes escaped in episode eight. After all, the Heart of Darkness is fully charged and it's time for Stone to ride to Death Valley, California, and seal the Reckoners' destiny...

Meanwhile, the cowpokes might be Heroic or Legendary heroes of the Weird West, but some of the Reckoners' most fearsome servants are gunning for them—Los Diablos. After their flight from Roswell, Death sets the Devil's own herd on the buckaroos' tail.

Stretch the pursuit over several days or even weeks of game time, Marshal, to maximize the suspense. But in the end Los Diablos *always* find their prey.

🌟 **Los Diablos (1 per hero):** See the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

all them souls he's collected smelt right into 'im like dusted ghost rock into steel. And then – jest like ghost steel – Stone'll be nigh invulnerable.

"Conversely, my ol' acquaintance also gave me this-a here counter-ritual. It works with the Heart o' Light – which I hope you still possess!


"You might also want a padre along, youngsters – Death Valley's a wicked place."

Coot pulls out an ancient piece of parchment and gives it to the group. If the cowpunchers need to go somewhere to retrieve the Heart of Light, now's the time to do it. If there are no blessed among the Wild Cards, they also might want to collect Padre Ernesto de Díaz.

Coot explains the basics of his counter-ritual:

"Listen here. Here's what you do. One o' you – or even a couple o' you – read those words on the paper. Whoever's readin', hold the Heart o' Light in yore hand and don't let go of it. It's sort o' like an exorcism, but faster, and it'll work on Stone. Whatever you do, don't stop repeatin' them words, no matter what happens. You hear me? No matter what. And hold tight to that rock.

"Meanwhile, the rest o' you have an important job – keepin' ever'body alive. If I know ol' Stone, he's bound to have friends along to back his play. Don't let 'em stop yer exorcism, and fer God's sake don't let 'em kill nobody."

 **Coot Jenkins:** See page 155.

Walkin' the Valley o' Death

Coot says to the sodbusters,

"Ride hard for Death Valley. Head for the lowest point – Badwater Basin. An' don't drink 'at water, eejits. I need to round up a few friends, and we will meet you at Badwater directly."

Coot thunders out into the desert on his trusty mule. Meanwhile, the searchers may resupply if they wish before setting out for Death Valley. Use the Wild Southwest encounter tables (see page 83), Marshal, and consult page 74 for Death Valley's details. The explorers might want to stop in at Freedom Camp for water...or return there when it runs out!

Deadly Heat: Death uses the sun as a hammer and the desert for an anvil, trying his best to crush travelers in between. Use the **Killin' Heat**

(page 49) and **Hotter Than Hell** (page 74) rules liberally.

Pogo Man: Borax miner Pogo Joe—made famous by the *Epitaph* years ago—hops into view on his ghost-rock-powered drill. It looks like a jackhammer, except the operator rides it like a giant, shrieking pogo stick. As Joe rides closer, his skeletal face resolves. Now it's clear that the pogo contraption isn't screaming—it's Joe! The apparition pogo past without taking notice of the group, but seeing it provokes a Fear check (at -5 for the location).

Your Worst Nightmare: At Fear Level 5, Death Valley is close to becoming a Deadland. The landscape's been twisted into eerie shapes, clouds spell out messages of doom in the sky, rustling dry grass sounds like varmints hungry for flesh. Use your pistoleers' Worst Nightmares to confront them with terrifying apparitions. Like Pogo Joe, these can't harm the heroes but they provoke Fear tests at -5.


Doom Riders

As they approach Badwater Basin, read the following:

Up ahead, you see dark riders on the ridge, about a hundred yards off. Their ragged cloaks snap in the wind. None of them moves, but you can feel their cold gaze on you. The hiss of wind over sand is the only sound.

Let the suspense build, Marshal—the black riders don't move at all, nor do they respond to challenges or greetings. Let the characters take full stock of these beings' otherworldly silence before you deal out Action Cards.

Suddenly, the riders charge down the slope to destroy intruders. If the group isn't able to figure out the riders' Weakness through trial-and-error or a Knowledge (Occult) roll at -4, they may be forced to retreat and return later. The black riders give chase for several miles before giving up.

 **Black Riders (1 per hero):** See page 147.

Bad Day at Badwater

Badwater Basin is a massive scar in the earth, and its bottom is the lowest point in all the Weird West—282 feet below sea level. Probably as close to Hell as a body can get. The basin is filled with



pools of non-potable rainwater, glittering salt deposits in strange honeycomb patterns, and salt flats that stretch as far as the eye can see. The sun's glare is nearly blinding, causing the same illumination penalty as if it were Dark (-2 to attacks, and targets can't be seen beyond 10").

From the midst of the salt flats—about a half-mile away—a tall, rough crag of stone juts like a skeletal hand thrust up from Hell. Standing on it is a lone figure: Old Stone! An observer who uses a magnifier of some kind, or succeeds on a Notice roll at -2, sees that Stone has erected a circle of 13 standing stones, and built a crude stone altar in their midst. Something sits on the altar, but it's covered by a gunny sack.

Watch Your Step!: In spots, the salt flats are just a thin crust over deep mud. Make a Notice roll for the lead character to detect them. Failure means she plunges into the mud to her waist and sinks completely in three rounds unless extracted. With a successful Agility roll (-2) she stops sinking and floats on the soupy liquid. With a raise she reaches the edge and crawls out. On snake eyes, the character is sucked under and begins to drown (see *Savage Worlds*).

Heroes who aid their comrade need a successful Strength roll to drag the dude from the mud. On snake eyes they're pulled in and begin to sink too, as above. A character under the surface cannot

extricate herself and must be dragged out by allies. Finding the character requires a Notice roll (-2). Extricating a submerged character requires a Strength roll (-2).


Against Death

Consult the map of Stone's ritual spot to see where he and his unholy host are located. When the heroes arrive, Old Stone crows down from his perch in glee,

"So y'all decided to grow backbones! I'm impressed, amigos. Y'all got sand, no doubt about it. But you're too goddam late."

Stone tears the gunny sack off the altar, revealing the Heart of Darkness. The most intense sunlight in the West hits the gemstone and refracts into a rainbow of crawling, sickly evil. Waves of nausea seize you. Black clouds congeal in the sky from nowhere. Lightning illuminates Stone as he begins to chant in some forgotten tongue...

Everyone who witnesses this scene must succeed on a Fear test (-5). Deal out the Action Cards now, Marshal—on their card, Stone's dead allies hidden all over the crag burst from their hidey-holes to attack heroes.

 **Old Stone:** See page 156.

- **Dessicated Dead (4 per hero):** See page 149.
- **Unholy Host (5):** Use the Risen Dead profile on page 151 for Stone's closest allies.

Stone o' Dark, Stone o' Light

Driving rain imposes Thunderstorm conditions (see page 48) on the area. Although the heroes don't know it, Old Stone's about to make the Reckoners' Hell on Earth a virtual certainty.

The Ritual: To counter Stone's plan, the exorcism ritual's leader begins a **Dramatic Task** (see *Savage Worlds*). Each round for five rounds, on her Action Card the ritual leader makes a Smarts roll at -2 to intone the mystic chant, which must continue uninterrupted for its duration. Others can aid the attempt, as usual, adding their voices and providing a continuous chant if someone has to stop. Complications include garbling the words momentarily, or being distracted by thunder, rain, or a deader's attacks.

Everyone who's not performing the ritual needs to protect their friends! Resolve attacks each round as usual, taking the foul weather into account. Heroes speaking the ritual have Parry 2 unless they stop to defend themselves. As long as the chant is uninterrupted, individuals can leave the ritual and join in again later.


After one round, read the following:

Up on Stone's altar, ghostly forms fade into view, floating all around him – all the heroes he's slain. Then someone familiar appears...Stone himself! The Deathly Drifter tumbles down the slope, entirely solid but seemingly lifeless.

After the Dramatic Task's next round, read:

A blast mightier than thunder tears through the storm – two shotgun barrels. Looking back, you see Coot at the crag's base, lit up by lightning flashes. And he's flanked by a small army of dead men! Coot hollers, "I told you youngsters we'd be along directly! Now finish this thang!"

In the third round, Coot and his Harrowed army rush in to fight Stone's deaders, and provide a protective line around any heroes still chanting.

 **Coot Jenkins:** See page 155.

- **Harrowed (3 per hero):** See page 152.

Darkness Repelled

When the third round ends, read the following:

Behind Old Stone reality splits open like an old shirt tearing in half. A swirling vortex appears. Weird tendrils of energy emerge from the Heart of Darkness and coil down the slope to wrap around Stone's unmoving form.

When the heroes collect five successes, read:

The Heart of Light in your hand flares, meets the night head-on, and drives it back. The raging storm calms. And the heroes' souls wrench loose from Old Stone's control to pass through the rift instead – toward redemption.

The Heart of Light's rays fall upon the Heart of Darkness. The black gemstone detonates like a bomb, flinging Old Stone onto his back. Ghost rock slivers fall all around. A dull report echoes away across the salt flats.

In the ensuing silence, Old Stone screams in rage, "I'm gonna KILL you ALL!"

Death's Last Stand


When heroes approach Young Stone's prone form, read the following:

As you approach the Deathly Drifter, his eyes snap open and his guns are in his hands in a flash – pointed at you. But then he falters and seems feeble, drained by the Heart of Darkness.

"That sorry bastard can only die by his own hand," Stone grates. "And I'm plumb tuckered out. So it's up to you now, amigos."

Stone turns a pistol toward his left wrist – BLAM! One Colt Dragoon falls at your feet, with Stone's stone-cold left hand blown clean off and still gripping the handle.

Before the gunsmoke clears, Young Stone is gone – ghosted through the rocks to escape. The heroes have to finish the job with the relic Colt Dragoon (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d10, RoF 1, AP 4) Stone leaves behind, which never needs reloading and can kill Old Stone permanently. Needless to say, Old Stone tries to plumb them first!

 **Old Stone:** See page 156.

Endings and Farewells

The consequences of failure are dire: Death Valley is a Deadland, Old Stone roams the earth, and Hell on Earth is virtually ensured.

With victory, Captain Harkness' descendant has a bittersweet moment when he sees Old Stone's manitou pass into the rift, waver slightly, and rise toward the light and redemption.

Any hero can keep one or more of Stone's relic Colt Dragoons – three remain – but for as long as she does she gains the Grim Servant o' Death and Bloodthirsty Hindrances. (Stone's hand scuttles back to him the first chance it gets.)

Coot hands his satchel of Prospector's Elixir to the heroes and says,

"You youngsters done real good. As for us, we've got a date with the Reckoners. And time's a-wastin'." Coot and his Harrowed army climb the rocks to the swirling rip in reality. One by one they step through, until only Coot remains. He raises his shotgun in salute, then steps into the rift. It closes as though it were never there, and silence falls over Death Valley.



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 14 Savage Tales ready to be unleashed on your group. They take place in every corner of Death'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 many tales take the heroes somewhere else in the course of their telling.

Some of these tales set up an interesting situation with enough complications to sustain a few hours' play, while others get more in-depth. Run them as written or change the details around to suit your group.

A LONELY PLACE TO DIE

Location: Tombstone, Arizona

Run this short tale when your posse looks into rumors of Hank Ketchum's disappearance.

The West Is Tough

Firming up the details surrounding Ketchum's disappearance requires success on a Streetwise roll. Use the Reaction Table (see *Savage Worlds*) and grant a situational bonus (+2) when appropriate. Back East tinhorns seeking information at Ike's Place might be in for a penalty (-2).

Success on the Streetwise check reveals Hank Ketchum was last seen headed toward the Stanton Ranch, in the Dragoon Mountain foothills about 15 miles southeast of Tombstone.

On the Trail

Use the Wild Southwest encounter tables (on page 83) for the trip to the ranch. Harlan Stanton and his family run the place. Roll on the Reaction Table; with a success on a Persuasion or Streetwise roll, Harlan informs them he spoke with Capt. Ketchum several days ago:

"The Cap'n headed up the old Fallin' Rock Trail, over yonder. Said he was after a killer."

Adiós, Hank

Falling Rock Trail winds southeast into the Dragoons' rugged canyons. During this day's travel, assume any encounter is a **Rockslide** (see page 51). Scouts need to pick out spoor that's

THE LADY LUCK SOCIETY

In 1870, Enoch Shaw—the oldest living huckster—created the Lady Luck Society. On the surface, it appears to be a California-based association of professional gamblers. In the Southwest most folks refer to its members as “Mazers.”

The Society boasts about 300 members. Most have no clue as to its real purpose. They're only affiliated with the Society so they can take part in the annual poker tournament held in Denver every June. The winner walks away with \$50,000 in cash.

Clyde Paxton is the Society's public face. He's a gambler with big britches, a dearth of common sense, and no knowledge of the Society's hidden agenda. All he knows is in return for running the outfit, a mysterious gent named Shaw squared all his gambling debts and pays him a generous stipend.

In fact, “Enoch Shaw” is the famous Edmund Hoyle! In the late 1700s, Hoyle faked his death in New Orleans and used ancient hexes to extend his lifespan. Then he vanished into the American wilderness to learn about its native peoples. But the Reckoning brought Hoyle back in the guise of Enoch Shaw.

In 1870 he created the Lady Luck Society to recruit reliable hucksters. The Society has an inner circle of 20 or so members dedicated to fighting the Reckoning, and keeping wayward hucksters in line. These folks also act as a clearinghouse for new hexes and catalog the Reckoners' abominations. Each inner circle member carries a pamphlet where this information is encoded—a trail guide that's updated and reprinted annually—titled *Shaw's Guide for Gamblers*.

Hoyle is also in league with Coot, since he learned of The Prospector's talents with the Harrowed and sought him out. The two came to a decision: Jenkins would raise a band of Harrowed capable of replacing the Old Ones. Meanwhile, Hoyle would work to slow the Reckoners' progress.

several days old in dusty conditions, resulting in a net -1 penalty to Tracking rolls. Success picks out the trail of Ketchum's horse.

The tracks lead to a box canyon, where vultures and clouds of black flies feast on a horse's rotting carcass. Nearby, slumped against the canyon wall, is Texas Ranger Hank Ketchum. He's been shot through the heart and through his formerly good eye. Ketchum's badge is missing. Success on a Tracking roll (-2) picks out the killer's tracks, but they lead directly into a solid wall of rock.

If the posse turns north after the killer, move to the Stanton Ranch section of **The Insect People** (page 143).

ACES LOW

Location: Tombstone, Arizona

The gambling scene in Tombstone is increasingly defined by a bloody rivalry between the “Easterners”—recently arrived riverboat gamblers—and the West-coast “Mazers.” Most folks don't realize these loosely affiliated groups are masks for shadowy and powerful forces. When a high-stakes poker tourney hits Tombstone, the lid threatens to blow.

This scenario works best if one or more of the characters are hucksters, but other heroes can get involved as spectators or hired guards.

Ante Up, Amigo!

In Tombstone, a saddletramp notices a broadsheet nailed to a post. It reads:

ALL GAMBLERS WELCOME!

To try their hands at the first annual TOMBSTONE BONANZA poker tourney at the Grand Hotel!

For the admission fee of \$10, every chance-taker competes for the \$5,000 jackpot.

No personal decks allowed. Sponsored by the Lady Luck Society, Shan Fan, Calif.

Hucksters and card sharps can sign up. Spectators note the tourney takes place the next day. If any of the posse members are affiliated with the Earps, Virgil asks them to keep an eye on things during the tourney.

At the Grand Hotel, the cowpokes find everything more or less in order, with various staff members scurrying about. They can hire on as Bonanza guards for a \$20-per-day wage.

If guards or card players make conversation with an employee and succeed on a Persuasion or Streetwise roll, they learn that preparations are just about done—save one problem:

"Oh, sure, we're ready. Lots o' work to be done. But Mr. Billington's furious about them condemned whiskey barrels in the storeroom. They was s'posed to have been carted out last week. Oh, he's hot about that, he is. I better get along before he finds me loafin'. Good day."

Success on a Common Knowledge roll or asking the employee reveals that "condemned whiskey" is extremely volatile. Whole towns have been lost to fires sparked when some durn fool tapped a condemned whiskey barrel.

Cards Up Every Sleeve

Nearly 20 gamblers—a few of them dyed-in-the-wool hucksters—sign up to compete in the Tombstone Bonanza. If one of your buckaroos does too, the cost is \$10 up front, no refunds. Assuming the second Plot Point hasn't yet taken place, Doc Holliday signs up as well!

Armed sentries on the Lady Luck Society's payroll search each participant thoroughly for hidden cards or other cheating mechanisms with Notice d12. Discovery of such contraband may warrant immediate disqualification, at head judge Clyde Paxton's discretion. Then again, Clyde's not the sharpest tool in the shed.

The tourney starts with a qualifying round, which washes out about a fourth of the participants. To survive the round requires success on a simple Gambling check.

For the hero who survives the qualifying round, the actual Bonanza is a pair of **Dramatic Tasks** (see *Savage Worlds*). Each task represents about five hours' time in-game—a single day of the tournament. Thus, on each of the tourney's two days the card player makes five Gambling rolls (–2) to cover five hours of poker. Cooperative rolls are not allowed in this task...that's cheatin', amigo!

THE COURT

In the Wild Southwest, representatives of the hucksters' secret society known as The Court are called "Easterners." That's appropriate, given that The Court is run by New Orleans sugar tycoon Solomon Thayer, whose headquarters is a Mississippi riverboat. What few folks know is that The Court is dedicated to furthering the Reckoners' goals, and its leader Solomon Thayer is none other than Edmund Hoyle's immortal arch-nemesis Ernst Johann Biren!

The Court's membership is spread across the United States and Confederacy. The largest numbers are found along the Mississippi, but significant numbers are active in Deadwood, Denver, and Lost Angels, and small enclaves persist in Reno and Las Vegas, Nevada. The Court's lower members are ranked according to a traditional deck of cards, with Deuces being the lowest rank and Tens the highest. The bulk of the Court's members hold these ranks, and are unaware of the group's true goals.

There are 13 members of the inner circle, known as The Royal Court. All of them have willingly sold their souls in return for the Reckoners' black magic. Their goal is to turn the American Southwest into a charnel house of plague and fear.

The Royal Court's true power is the Joker—sugar magnate Solomon Thayer. Thanks to black magic and forgotten hexes, Ernst Biren has prolonged his life and altered his looks so that he looks to be a middle-aged man in good health; actually he's 181 years old. He rules the Court with an iron fist, and the aid of his four secret enforcers, the Aces.

Biren—in his guise of Solomon Thayer—maintains good relations with LaCroix and the Bayou Vermilion railroad, sometimes aiding their schemes. And although Hoyle has no idea Ernst Biren still lives, the opposite isn't true—Biren is aware of and actively seeks his old rival.

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Complications include a weak hand that requires a strong bluff, a lucky streak by some other player, or suffering the back-end of someone else cheating. Failing at the Dramatic Task on

either day means the hero is eliminated—\$10 spent and nothing to show.


If the gambler accumulates five or more successes on the first day, he or she has made it to the next round along with four others. If your player's card sharp accumulates five successes on the second day as well—that's a win! The gambler takes away \$5,000 for her trouble.


The Price to Play

As with most things involving the Court and the Lady Luck Society, what's really going on looks a mite different from the surface veneer.

Everyone's aware of Doc Holliday's presence if he signs on. Success on a Notice roll picks out Lady Evangeline Boyet—a well-dressed lady in a crowd of flannel-suit-wearing charlatans—late of England. She's known as a shrewd and inscrutable card player on both continents. Actually, she's a true huckster and member of the Lady Luck Society's inner circle.

A raise on the Notice roll reveals a tall, thin man in a black suit, so nondescript he almost blends into the woodwork. He wears smoked-glass spectacles and a derby hat, and has pale silver hair. No one knows his name, and he's not enrolled in the Bonanza. If some dude tries to push through the crowd and question him, the cipher slips away and isn't seen again.

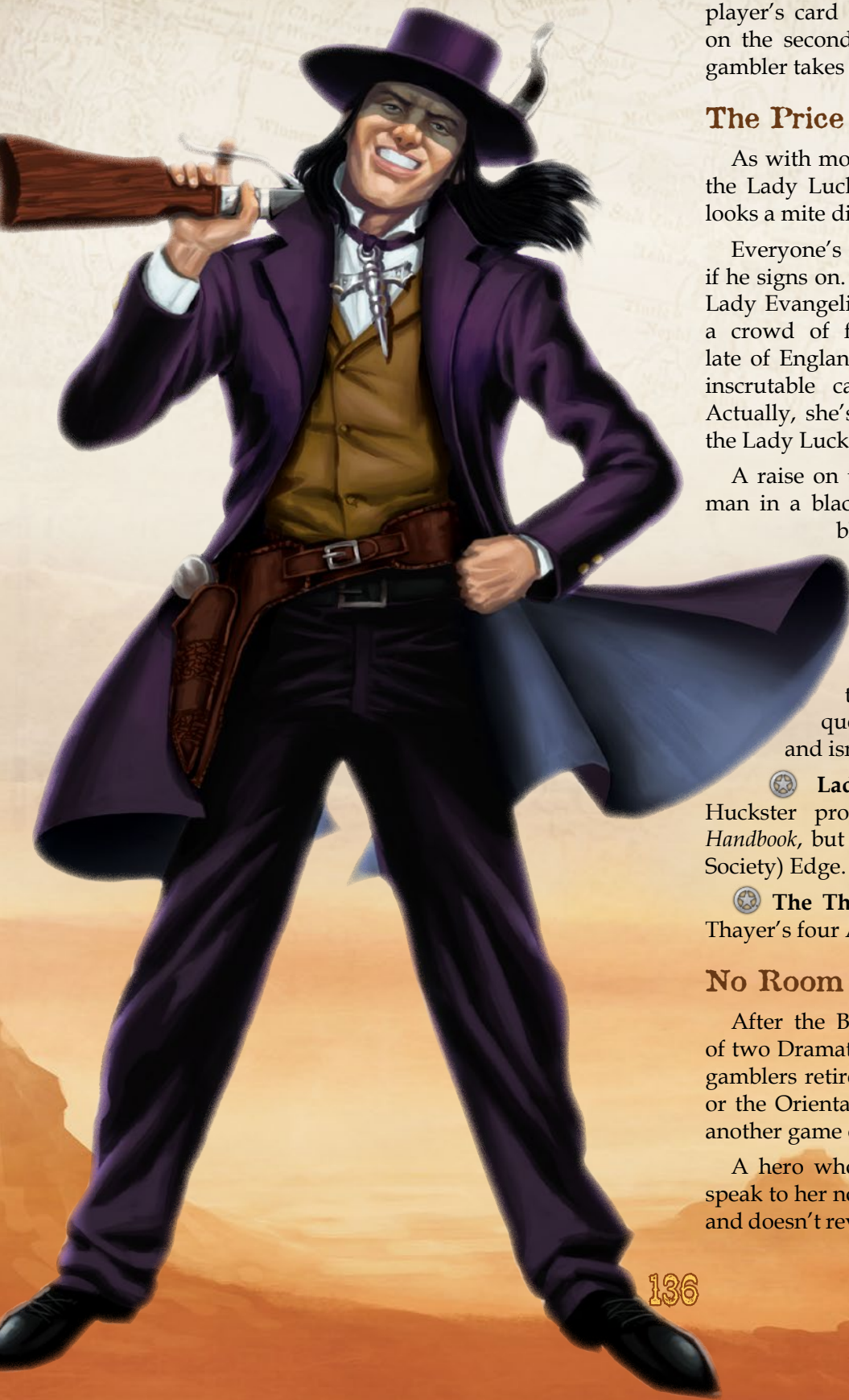
 **Lady Evangeline Boyet:** Use the Huckster profile in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*, but add the Connections (Lady Luck Society) Edge.

 **The Thin Man:** This is one of Solomon Thayer's four Aces. See his profile on page 137.

No Room to Die

After the Bonanza's first day—and the first of two Dramatic Tasks, as described above—the gamblers retire to the Grand Hotel's back room or the Oriental Saloon for a drink and perhaps another game of chance.

A hero who wants to meet Lady Boyet can speak to her now; she's witty, urbane, charming, and doesn't reveal a shred of arcane knowledge...



unless she meets a true huckster who might merit an invitation to join the Lady Luck Society.

After midnight, the Ace slips into the Grand Hotel to complete his mission. He and his masters know of Lady Boyet's status in the Lady Luck Society. They want her dead.

On the Bonanza's first night, the Ace aims to sneak to Ms. Boyet's room, pick the lock, and assassinate her while she sleeps. Make Lockpicking and Stealth rolls for the Ace opposed by Lady Boyet's Notice (-2) to see how this turns out, Marshal, keeping in mind that if Lady Boyet wakes up in time and raises a ruckus, the Ace skedaddles in a flash. If the Ace gets in quietly, he kills her with a single Derringer shot to the head and skips town on a New Orleans-bound train.

If a cowpoke happens to be nearby Lady Boyet, the scene might run a little differently! No matter how the first night turns out, afterward no eyewitness can place a suspect at the scene.

If the Ace fails the first night but slips away clean, he returns after the Bonanza's second day to finish Lady Boyet. With prior warning the heroes might plan an ambush or otherwise interfere with the Ace's plans. Or if Ace succeeded in killing Lady Boyet they might want to bring him to justice.

If any clever muchachos recall the two barrels of condemned whiskey in the Grand Hotel's storeroom and hanker to use them on their enemy, a single barrel has the same destructive power as eight bundled dynamite sticks (Damage 5d6, LBT, AP 4, HW), but typically can't be thrown or launched. Then again, the Ace might use them!



The Ace

The four beings known as the Aces are Ernst Biren's secret enforcers. No one besides Biren can claim to have seen the Aces and lived; to most folks they might as well be invisible. Sometimes the Aces are used as a threat to keep order in the Royal Court, and sometimes they pay visits to heroes who foil too many of the Reckoners' plots—and "Ace" them.

Due to their unique properties, anyone killed by an Ace draws an extra five cards to determine whether they come back Harrowed. That's why

the Aces take pains to finish their prey with a head shot, or burn the victim's body completely.

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

Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d8, Gambling d10, Guts d12, Intimidation d10, Knowledge (Demolitions) d10, Knowledge (Occult) d12, Notice d6, Persuasion d8, Shooting d10, Spellcasting d10, Stealth d10, Taunt d8, Tracking d8

Cha: -4; **Grit:** 6; **Pace:** 8; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 8

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, Loyal (Royal Court)

Edges: Arcane Background (Black Magic), Block, Connections (Royal Court), Fleet-Footed, Harder to Kill, Improved Dodge, New Powers, Power Points, Strong Willed

Powers: Bolt, boost/lower Trait, deflection, obscure, smite, teleport, trinkets. **Power Points:** 25.

Gear: Single-action Colt Peacemaker (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, RoF 1, AP 1), Winchester '73 (Range 24/48/96, Damage 2d8, RoF 1, AP 2), Bowie knife (Str+d4+1, AP 1) deck of cards, 2x eight-stick bundle of dynamite (see *Deadlands Player's Guide*), riding horse.

Special Abilities:

- **Hide in Plain Sight:** Most Extras don't even notice when an Ace is around. Wild Cards hone in on the Ace's presence with a Notice roll at -4.
- **Manitou Pact:** Using ancient rituals, the Aces have made pacts with manitous. Each Ace has a manitou within them, much like a Harrowed. But the Aces are living, breathing people and therefore don't have to fight for Dominion—the manitous serve them. This means Aces take damage like Harrowed and share their physical resistances (Grit +1, Toughness +2, only a head-shot can kill, "death" only puts the Ace down for 1d6 days, immune to mundane Fatigue), but they cast hexes as though their manitous were in charge—that is, any time they Deal With the Devil, the minimum result is a Pair.

BLOOD BEACH

Location: Cedar City, Nevada

Union soldiers on furlough go missing along the banks of the Great Meadow Wash. The locals call in freelancers—your group—to find them. Fees are negotiable.

Scene o' the Crime


It takes a day to reach the spot on the riverbank where the soldiers camped, intending to fish and blow off steam. Use the Wild Southwest encounter tables (page 83) on the way.

A half-hour's poking around and success on a Tracking roll (-1) reveals the soldiers abandoned their camp and absquatulated to another spot downriver. A raise on the Tracking check turns up small snail shells scattered on the trail. The sun shining on them creates kaleidoscopic sparkles.

Where Death Dwells

Soon the trail enters swampy lowlands along the riverbank. Have the heroes roll Notice opposed by a group Stealth roll for the huge colony of sand vipers they just wandered into—much like those poor soldiers did! If the posse manages to wipe out the abominations, they find the soldiers' tattered uniforms in the shallows. Digging in the riverbed silt turns up 2d6 x \$100 in Confederate gold coins.

- **Sand Vipers (4 per hero):** See the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

 **The Big 'Un:** This specimen is the size of a grizzly bear. It sits at the center of the colony, giving birth to new vipers whenever it feeds on tasty Fear. Use the Sand Viper profile in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*, but it has Armor +4, Size +3, Toughness 12 (4), and its Sting inflicts Str+d6 damage.

THE BLOODWIRE MAN

Location: El Paso, Texas

Gus Nolan was a simple prospector until the fateful day he struck ghost rock in Blood Creek Canyon, north of El Paso. The discovery wasn't

so bad...it was being bushwhacked by a gang of claim jumpers that really stung.

A withered length of bloodwire growing near the claim seized poor Gus' murdered corpse, and with his dying rage created a servant to tend its growth. Now Gus haunts Blood Creek Canyon with a large wood axe, feeding blood to the wire...

Bring 'im Back Alive!

Elsa Nolan offers the posse \$100 each to investigate the recent disappearance of a miner named Gus Nolan—her brother.

Blood Creek Canyon lies about 80 miles northwest of El Paso, in the New Mexico desert. Use the Wild Southwest encounter tables (page 83) along the way, or add a meeting of your own devising on the lonely trail.

The canyon is infested with bloodwires. If the cowpokes ride in, they and their horses are almost certain to be attacked by the carnivorous vine. Draw a card for an encounter each day; a face card indicates a run-in with 1d6 bloodwires. On a Joker, double the amount.

- **Bloodwires (1d6):** See the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

Canyon o' Blood

Neither the miner nor the claim-jumpers are at Gus Nolan's ghost rock mine, which is cordoned off with barbed wire. Success on a Tracking roll (-2) shows that at least six riders were at Nolan's claim, and they headed north into the canyon. Success on a Notice roll turns up a drawstring pouch in the sand, containing 10 Confederate gold eagles worth \$10 each. Shrewd heroes surmise somebody left in an all-fired hurry.

Wire Gauntlet: If the posse lingers, or fails to follow the trail, the Bloodwire Man (see below) stalks them. Traveling farther into the canyon, a posse that isn't careful wanders into a deadly gauntlet of bloodwire. Have the riders make Notice rolls opposed by the bloodwires' Stealth to see whether they see all that fencing just ain't right...if they succeed, the bloodwires attack.


- **Bloodwires (1 per hero):** See the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

Feedin' Pool

Dead bloodwire hardens into dry, brown husks. Success on a Notice roll (-2) while inspecting the remains detects minute suckers and roots leading to the canyon wall. They join other roots, and others, until the vines lead to a dark cave a half-mile away. The roots of every bloodwire in the canyon lead into the cave.

A repetitive metallic splotching sound echoes deep inside. A successful Common Knowledge roll recognizes the sound of a butcher at work.

The cave is about five feet wide and six feet tall. In a chamber 20 yards deep, the Bloodwire Man (formerly Gus Nolan) hacks up the claim jumpers with an axe. Rough grooves carved into the cave floor channel streams of sluggish blood into a three-foot wide hole in the floor. The blood flows into a pool below. All the thick, barbwire-like roots descend into the blood pool—realizing it feeds them all provokes a Guts check at -2.

 **The Bloodwire Man:** See page 148.

CONQUISTADORS!

Location: Tombstone, Arizona

Folks keep meeting hostile Spanish conquistadors near Tombstone. With some effort, a posse can set things right.

Stop, Thief!

On a trail near Tombstone, three horsemen in old-style Spanish armor approach the posse. At lance-point, they demand the travelers hand over their “stolen” silver. They are actually conquistador ghosts.

- **Conquistador Ghosts (3):** See page 148.

A Little Knowledge

2d6 hours' research and success on an Investigation roll (-2) in a library or newspaper's

files reveals the ghosts' true story, as related in their profile. Success on a Knowledge (Occult) roll reveals the ghosts' Weakness.

A day-long search of the San Pedro Valley and a successful Survival or Tracking roll at -2 finds the cave with the conquistadors' remains. Draw for an encounter (page 83) each day the search lasts. If they cremate the bodies, the sodbusters find a bag of pure silver ore worth \$850 among the cooling ashes.

DEADERS' DELIGHT

Location: Railhead, California

Late one night in Railhead, a roundhouse mishap leads to a bloody zombie roundup.


Hordes o' Dead...It's the End

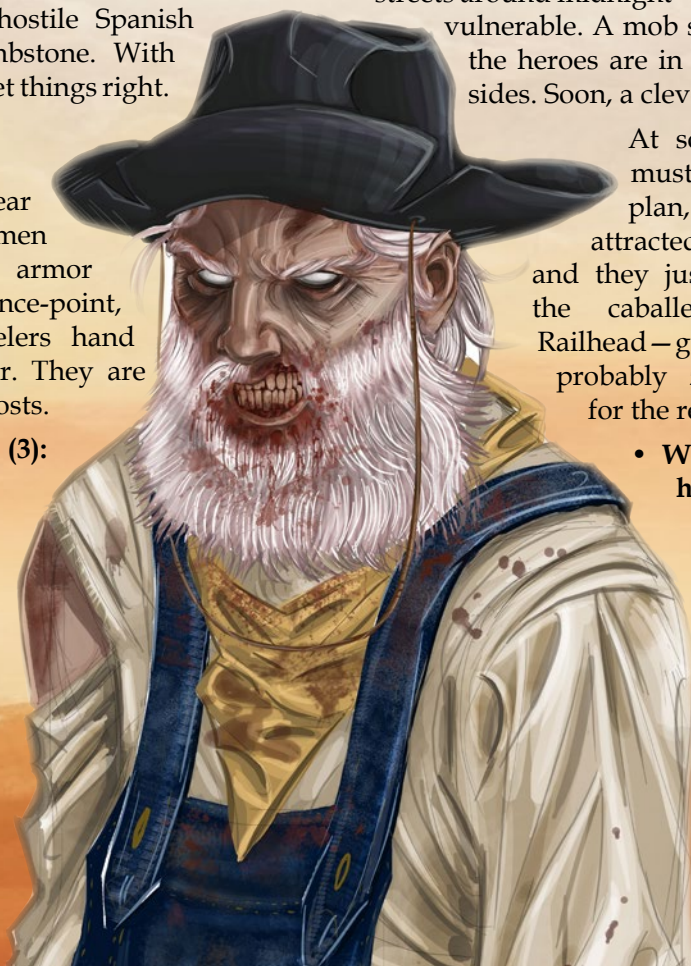
Whether the explosion is accidental, caused by saboteurs, or just sheer negligence by the rail warriors in charge of the walkin' dead pens, on this particular night all Hell breaks loose at the Bayou Vermilion roundhouse.

More than 300 walkin' dead overrun the roundhouse and shuffle out into Railhead's streets around midnight—when the town is most vulnerable. A mob surrounds the building the heroes are in and attacks it from all sides. Soon, a clever deader joins them.

At some point the heroes must devise an escape plan, because the dead are attracted to noise and gunfire, and they just keep coming. How the caballeros vamoose from Railhead—given their horses are probably zombie chow—makes for the rest of this adventure.

- **Walkin' Dead (4 per hero):** See the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

 **Risen Dead (1):** See page 151.



TANGS O' THE RANGE

Location: Potential, Arizona

With Garrett Falk's herds under nocturnal assault, the rancher looks to hire troubleshooters. A broadsheet posted in Potential directs interested parties to Muleshoe Ranch.

Unwilling Abominations

A month ago, two of Garrett Falk's employees discovered a cave near the Muleshoe's boundary line. They dug their way in seeking lost treasure, but instead discovered a voracious abomination—a vampire! It turned them into undead. Later the trio kidnapped and killed another employee, Jake Shanes.

The experience was horrifying for the ranch hands, Elsie and Big Irish. They ambushed and slew their vampire master. Now they sleep in the cave all day, and creep out at night to subsist on cattle blood...so they don't have to kill people!

Home on the Range

It takes a day's ride west—and a San Pedro River bridge crossing—to get to the Muleshoe Ranch from Potential. Use the Wild Southwest encounter tables (page 83) to fire things up along the way. At the ranch, an employee directs visitors to the main corral near the ranch house, where Garrett Falk oversees some work.

When the cowpokes introduce themselves and state their business, Falk replies,

"It's our beeves: Something's attacking 'em at night. We hear 'em lowin' after midnight. Sometimes they's still there come morning, all bitten up, other times they's just gone. I'll pay you each \$50 to get to the bottom o' this."

If investigators ask follow-up questions about problems at the ranch, or the like, Falk replies,

"We had a few ranch hands go missin' a few weeks ago – Elsie and Big Irish – and then Jake Shanes skedaddled too. Help comes and goes. What's attackin' my herd is here to stay."

Falk offers the heroes room and board, and fulfills any other reasonable requests to help them complete the job at hand.

Red Eyes

The posse can ride out to inspect the site of the last attack. In daylight, success on a Tracking roll (–2) at the last attack spot reveals two sets of boot tracks headed northeast, one set bigger than the other. They lead to the edge of Falk's land and a dry wash headed down to the San Pedro. A small cave entrance is hidden in the rocky bank.

Heroes might wait in the fields until after dark to ambush attackers. After midnight, read this:

Under a starry sky, you spot two points of red light, appearing and disappearing behind cacti and fence posts, getting closer. Then two more join them. You realize the terrible truth – those glowing red lights are eyes!

Call for a Fear check. The eyes belong to Elsie Kingman and Paddy "Big Irish" O'Donohue. They're vampires who retain human sensibilities. They want cow's blood to drink; if confronted, they flee to the cave.

- **Elsie Kingman:** Use the Vampire (Young) profile in *Savage Worlds*.
- **"Big Irish" O'Donohue:** Use the Vampire (Young) profile in *Savage Worlds*, but add the Brawny Edge, Vigor d12, and Toughness 11.

Down in the Hole

The narrow cave is set into the dry creek bank. An adult has to wiggle in flat on her belly. Inside, the cave opens into a chamber with crude petroglyphs carved on the walls. Two corpses lie on the floor. One is ancient, wrapped in crumbling shrouds, mostly bones and dust—with a fresh wooden stake through its rib cage. The other, Jake Shanes, looks fresher but is also a husk.

Digging in the cave turns up a wooden coffer, brittle and easily busted open. Inside is the treasure Elsie and Big Irish hoped for—antique Spanish doubloons worth \$5,000, or \$12,000 if sold to a reputable numismatist Back East.

Elsie and Big Irish beg for their (un)lives, claiming they only killed Jake because the "Master" forced them to. They killed the Master with a wooden stake the next day. It's up to the heroes how to handle this dilemma; the Marshal must decide whether there's any way to restore the vampires' humanity.

GRAVEYARD NIGHTS

Location: Tombstone, Arizona

Run this tale when your posse takes the fight to Bayou Vermilion with an assault on LaCroix's fortified voodoo sanctum. There are several ways a posse might come upon this tale—only one of them actually located in Tombstone!

Workin' on the Railroad

Several months ago, Baron LaCroix ordered Adame LeChetelier to quietly purchase one of Ed Schieffelin's abandoned claims, called Graveyard, about 10 miles east of Tombstone. Since then, they've laid a rail spur to it and begun construction of a secret underground facility to rival the one outside Tucson. When it's complete, Bayou Vermilion's hold on Cochise County may be unbreakable.

Enter the Shootists

This tale has several possible entry points for your heroes. On the Bayou Vermilion tracks 10 miles east of Tombstone, success on a Notice roll (-2) picks out a switch camouflaged by brush, and beyond it an unmarked spur running north into the rugged Dragoon Mountain foothills.

Heroes might also hear rumors of the secret construction site in Tombstone. Alternately, **A Lonely Place to Die** (page 133) or **The Insect People** (page 143) could lead to this Savage Tale.

Kill Everyone, Amigo!

Bayou Vermilion is dead serious about keeping prying eyes away from their project. When the posse pokes its nose near Graveyard, draw an Action Card for every two hours they spend in the vicinity. On an Eight or higher, roll d6 on the nearby table to see what guards they encounter.

The secret rail spur runs for 12 miles north into the Dragoons' foothills to a quarry. Stunted trees and cacti shield the rim. The map on page 142 shows Graveyard's layout.

Near 100 chained, undead laborers toil day and night in the quarry. Rail warriors man watch towers armed with Gatling guns and patrol the vicinity. Supply trains arrive every few hours.

GRAVEYARD ENCOUNTERS

d6 *Sentries*

- 1-2 **Feral Dead:** A mob of 2d8 feral dead "herded" by their Walkin' Dead boss, a Wild Card. Feral dead use the same profile as Walkin' Dead (see the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*), but they're of the mindless, groanin', brain-eatin' persuasion.
- 3-4 **Cowboys:** A pack of 2d8 Outlaws (see page 152) from the Cowboy Gang in BV's employ. They're led by a Veteran Outlaw Wild Card.
- 5-6 **Scourge Crew:** A gang of 2d6 Rail Warriors (see the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*), armed with flamethrowers and charged with ridding the area of unnatural infestations. They wear gas masks and flame-retardant coats (half-damage from fire-based attacks).

- **Laborers (90):** Use the Walkin' Dead profile in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.
- **Rail Warriors (28):** Use the profile in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*, without the Faction Special Ability. Four Rail Warriors man each watch tower, which is armed with a Gatling gun (Range 24/48/96, Damage 2d8, RoF 3, AP 2). The other 16 patrol the grounds in groups of four, each armed with a Gatling shotgun (Range 12/24/48, Damage 1-3d6, RoF 2, AP 2).

Death's Deeps

The tracks run through the quarry and into a tunnel that corkscrews down into the earth. At the bottom is LaCroix's newest sanctum.

Holding Facility: What LeChetelier calls a "holding facility" is actually a labyrinthine catacomb in the base's lowest level. Hundreds of walkin' dead shuffle about, many created from folks who trespassed on the work site!

DEADLANDS: STONE AND A HARD PLACE

Railroad Table: At the corkscrew ramp's base, this huge disk spins arriving locomotives to face an array of repair bays. A dozen engineers and repairmen (Townsfolk profile, with Repair d8) are on duty at all times, as well as 12 more BV rail warriors (with the Faction Special Ability).

Voodoo Temple: This temple purports to venerate evil loas, but they are masks for LaCroix's true masters, the Reckoners. Mambo Auntie Sinister (Voodooist profile) runs things when LeChetelier isn't around.

Zombie Factory: Here, trusted BV employees create new labor. A corpse is fed into one of several oiled metal chutes. As it slides down, it passes over a series of switches, where the artifice delivers precise doses of LaCroix's reanimation fluid. By the time the newly revived deader gets feisty, it hits a trapdoor and falls into the holding facility below.

If You Still Live, Shoot!

How the posse handles this particular hornet's nest is up to them. There are plenty of ways to crack a few eggs while making that omelette. Leaving and returning later may be the wisest choice. One thing's for sure—if BV finishes work on Graveyard, there'll be no prying Tombstone from Baron LaCroix's grasp.

HOUSE O' THE BEAST

Location: Phoenix, Arizona

Folks say the Hohokam tribe left the Phoenix area 400 years ago because they had no water. That's true, but it omits the demon responsible for drying up the valley. Run this encounter whenever a posse traveling near Phoenix comes upon a tiny, abandoned sandstone saloon.

Swilling's Con

With a success on a Streetwise roll, locals happily recount the tale of Swilling's Con:

"Jack Swilling arrived near Phoenix in 1867 and set in to irrigating it. Turned out Jack wasn't the first – the Devil already staked his claim. But Ol' Jack wasn't about to lose his big find.

"Outside Phoenix proper, Jack set to work erecting a small sandstone building. He hung a sign on his makeshift saloon, stocked the shelves with hooch, and hiked back to the valley.

"When Jack returned, the Devil appeared to slay him. But Jack, he challenged the Devil to a drinkin' contest. If Ol' Scratch could drink more, Jack would give up his soul. But if Jack drank the most, the Devil had to obey one command.

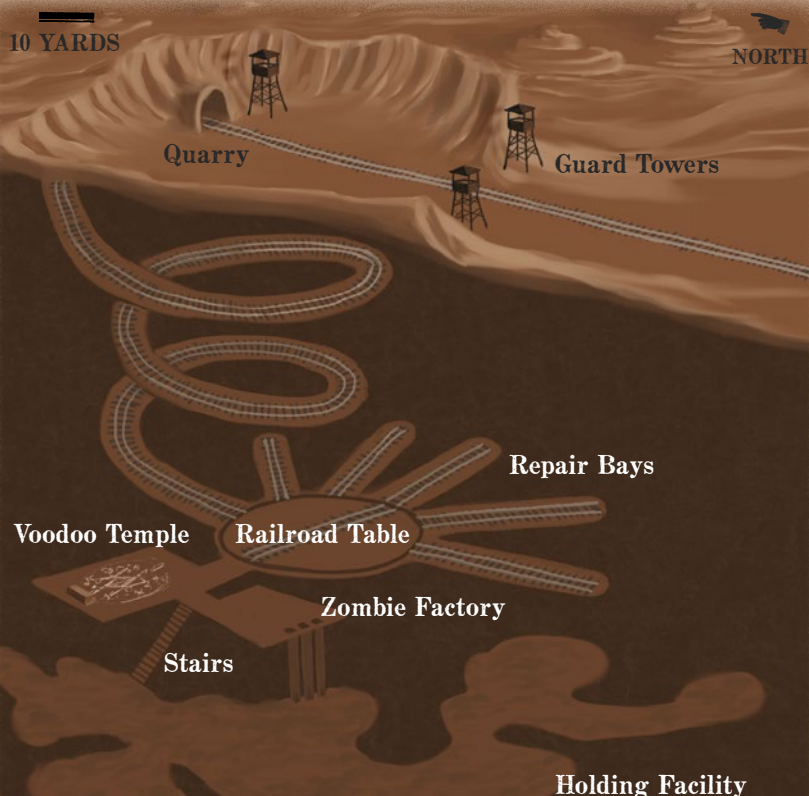
"The Devil agreed, so they went to Jack's saloon. One fiery sip of Swilling's hooch and the Devil knew he'd been duped. Jack spiked the whiskey with holy water! The demon couldn't sniff the stuff, much less swallow it.

"Jack told the Devil he couldn't leave the saloon again until he won a drinking contest. Some folks say the Phoenix Devil is still there, waitin'..."

Waterin' Hole

Still trapped in the saloon, the demon makes use of its *disguise* power to trick anyone who wanders past, trying desperately to goad them into a content of spirits.


Should trickery fail, the demon might try to hold a posse member hostage in the saloon until someone meets its demand for a contest. It can't leave the building, but it can use its powers to do whatever it damn well pleases while inside!



GRAVEYARD



The Phoenix devil is much like other demons, but older, more cunning, and a far sight more evil. Being trapped in a 12-by-12 space for 14 years is bound to make anybody a mite ornery.

 **The Phoenix Devil:** Use the Demon profile in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*, but add the Black Magic Special Ability. The Phoenix devil has 30 Power Points, and knows the *bolt*, *blast*, *boost/lower Trait*, *curse*, and *disguise* powers.

THE INSECT PEOPLE

Location: Tombstone, Arizona

In Tombstone, heroes learn Harlan Stanton's been scarce lately. Actually, a Bayou Vermilion "scourge team" drove terrantula swarms onto the Stanton's land, causing the rancher to vamoose with his family in tow.

If the buckaroos are deputies, Marshal Earp sends them to look in at the Stanton Ranch, a mere 15 miles southeast of Tombstone in the Dragoon Mountain foothills.

Missin' Persons

Before the heroes leave Tombstone, livery employee Lester Holmes tells them,

"The Stanton clan ain't been seen in town in nigh on a week. An' here's the real kicker, amigos. Last time Harlan was here he was talkin' about... insect people! Pokin' around his land, says he. Well, it just ain't usual."

If asked, Lester says the family consists of Harlan Stanton, his wife Susie, and children Martha, Melody, Amy, Hosiah, Jefferson, and baby Gideon (Townsfolk profile).

Stanton Ranch

The Stanton Ranch consists of a house, barn, and outhouse. The house is empty, a rotting meal still on the table. Clothes were hastily gathered from chests. Even the barn is empty; all the horses and saddles are gone.

One Stanton family member remains on the property. When the spiders came, Harlan's wife Susie hid in the outhouse. They found her. Now she's wrapped in a cocoon, and a terrantula

clings to the outhouse ceiling watching over her. It jumps at anyone who opens the outhouse door!

If the heroes sleep in the house, camp in the barn, or spend more than an hour or two on the property, terrantula swarms boil up from the ground or through the floorboards to attack.

- **Large Terrantula (1):** See the *Deadlands Marshal's Guide*.
- **Small Terrantula Swarms (1 per hero):** See the *Deadlands Marshal's Guide*.

The Huntin' Cave

When she's cut from the silk cocoon, Susie Stanton takes 10 minutes to get her wits about her. If she had to think of one place Harlan would run off to with the children, it would be the "Huntin' Cave"—a spot Harlan uses for excursions in the Dragoons, about eight miles away. As for the "insect people," Susie says,

"They were horrible—gray faces with strange probosces, and flat black eyes. They wore gray metal caps and overcoats. And they had hoses that splashed liquid flame. I hope I never see them insect men again."

Susie Stanton is much obliged if the heroes take her to the Huntin' Cave to reunite with her family. If they do, Patriarch Harlan Stanton expresses gratitude and backs his wife's story of the insect men, adding,

"They're from somewhere north o' my ranch, that much is sure."

The Ugly Ones

North of the Stanton Ranch, buckaroos see smoke on the horizon. Soon they find the Bayou Vermilion scourge team that's causing all the trouble. These rail warriors' unenviable task is to exterminate fauna and vermin—mundane *and* supernatural—so LaCroix's laborers can build Graveyard in peace (see page 141). For this job, flamethrowers are the tool of choice.

Bored with crisping jackrabbits, coyotes, and terrantulas, the scourge crew welcomes the chance to burn out some *real* vermin...your posse. If the heroes win out and follow the crew's trail to the source, move to **Graveyard Nights** (page 141).

DEADLANDS: STONE AND A HARD PLACE

- **Scourge Crew (1 per hero):** Use the Rail Warrior (Bayou Vermilion) profile in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*, with the Faction Special Ability. They wield flamethrowers (see the *Deadlands Player's Guide*) and Bowie knives (Str+d4+1, AP 1), and wear ghost steel helmets (Armor +4), gas masks, and flame-retardant coats (half-damage from fire-based attacks).

LINE WALKERS

Location: Yuma, Arizona

A Confederate Army broadsheet calls for gunmen willing to provide escort to telegraph line repairmen in dangerous territory. The wage is \$15 per day in gold coin.

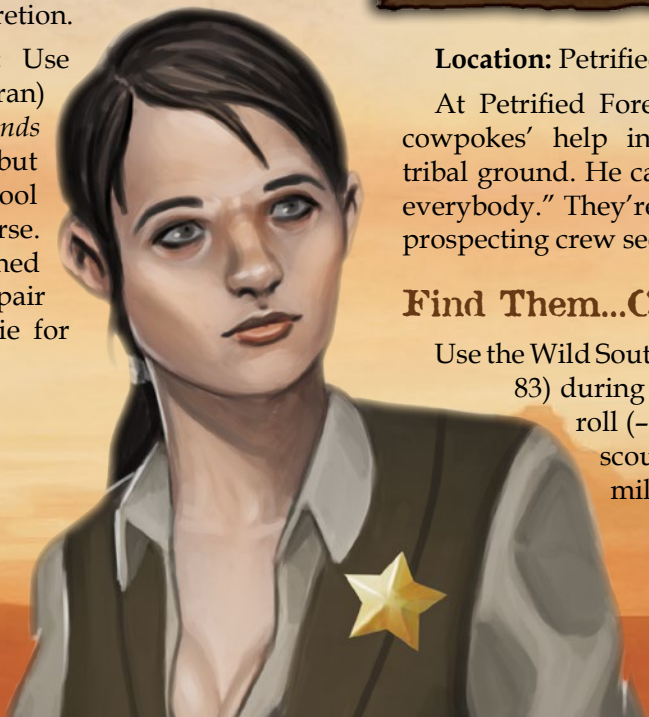
Dead Air

Telegraph lines often fail in Arizona's untamed wilderness. Players may suspect a nefarious plot behind the downed lines—don't dissuade them, Marshal—but in fact, lines are damaged due to all sorts of causes, supernatural and mundane.

Each day, the heroes ride out about 20 miles along the telegraph lines with a repair crew, break for an hour at midday, and ride 20 miles back. Draw for encounters using the expanded tables beginning on page 83.

If you draw a Two, Six, Ten, Queen, or Ace, that day the repairmen also discover a downed line that needs fixing—a process that requires a Repair roll and 2d6 hours. Whether the damaged wire is related to the encounter depends on the draw and the Marshal's discretion.

- **CSA Linemen (4):** Use the Soldier (Veteran) profile in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*, but add Repair d8, a tool kit, and a riding horse. When they fix downed lines, make one Repair roll with a Wild Die for the group.



NO HUMPS IS GOOD HUMPS

Location: Phoenix, Arizona

Before the War, the U.S. Army experimented with camels in place of horses to withstand the Southwest's extreme climes. The result was the short-lived "United States Camel Corps."

With the outbreak of war the project was abandoned, and the camels released into the desert. But folks kept on telling tall tales about them. The Reckoning's foul magic twisted those tales into a varmint that feeds on flesh and blood.

On the Hunt

In Phoenix, heroes hear tell of cattle mutilations out at the McClease Ranch. McClease will pay whomever hunts down the culprits \$500.

At the ranch 15 miles from Phoenix, Kirby McClease confirms the reward, explaining that an animal—"Big 'un, from the look of it"—is killing and eating his bees.

Hunters can roll Tracking (-2) to pick up the trail and follow it to the predators' isolated canyon six miles away. There the feral camels dwell...and feed. They attack any warm-blooded intruders on their territory.

- **Feral Camels (2 per hero):** See page 150.

THE ONES WHO KILL EVERYBODY

Location: Petrified Forest, Arizona


At Petrified Forest, an old Navajo asks the cowpokes' help in rooting out intruders on tribal ground. He calls them "The ones who kill everybody." They're actually a Bayou Vermilion prospecting crew seeking new ghost rock claims.

Find Them...Come Back Alone

Use the Wild Southwest encounter tables (page 83) during the search. Make a Tracking roll (-2) each day. Success means a scout picks up the trail. It leads 25 miles to an abandoned campsite

in the hills. The trampled earth indicates a group of 15 or more, and tracks lead even farther off into the hills of Petrified Forest.

Another Tracking check marks the new trail, which leads another 20 miles to the prospectors' camp. LaCroix's people don't take kindly to strangers, nor do they cotton to be being told they should leave. They keep a pack of hungry walkin' dead chained up to deal with folks who say such foolish things.

 **Papa Marais:** Use the Voodooist profile in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

- **Bayou Vermilion Rail Warriors (1 per hero):** Use the profile in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*, with the Faction Special Ability.
- **Walkin' Dead (3 per hero):** See the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

WAGES O' DEATH

Location: Dead End, Arizona

A ghost rock fire rages at the Potential mine, and Southwestern Ghost Rock hires drivers to deliver nitro – paying \$1,000 each!

Dead End Blues

At the cantina, *La Piedra Oscura*, news breaks that the Potential, Arizona mine is burning out of control. They say a dozen miners died in the initial blast. The only way to cap the mine and extinguish the blaze – on short notice and without proper equipment – is with a nitroglycerin blast to snuff out the flames.

Southwestern Ghost Rock plans to ship the explosives in two steam wagons. Each wagon has a ton of nitro cans mounted on a rubber pallet to absorb shock. The factory is hiring four drivers for \$1,000 each.

Everyone wants the job. Prospective employees must pass a driving test (success on a Driving roll). If heroes pass, they're offered the job. But that night, a dude named Mario who was shut out tries to kill a driver and take his place.

- **Mario:** Use the Outlaw profile on page 152.

The Perilous Road

It's 260 miles from Dead End to Potential. Per day, a steam wagon travels 120 miles, and uses 2 lbs. of ghost rock and 20 gallons of water. Each steam wagon carries enough water and ghost rock to travel about 300 miles (5 lbs. of ghost rock and an 80-gallon water tank). Draw each day on the Wild Southwest encounter tables (page 83). Outlaws and Indians try to steal the water.

Many Rivers to Cross

The first day, drivers hit "The Washin' Board." The endless wind blows ruts into a lonely stretch of trail. To cross the washboard at just the right speed to avoid an explosion takes a Driving roll at -2. Failure indicates a catastrophic detonation (Damage 6d10, 25" radius, HW, AP 20).

Next morning, in the hills the road hits a precarious switchback. Steam wagons have to gather enough speed to ascend the steep grade while making a sharp turn. It takes a Driving roll at -2 to maneuver up the slope and avoid an explosion. That afternoon, torrential rains batter the convoy. The heroes can risk a blast (Driving roll -2) to continue, or stop and lose eight hours.

On the third day, the convoy must cross the San Pedro River bridge, a **Dramatic Task** (see *Savage Worlds*) for each vehicle. The river is swollen with rising floodwaters, so the steam wagons have mere moments to cross before the bridge is overwhelmed. Each round for five rounds, each driver makes a Driving roll at -2. Cooperative rolls are allowed. Complications include slippery wheels, a broken plank on the bridge, a burst steam pipe, etc. When a driver collects five successes, she's made it across. Failure indicates a detonation, as above.

Welcome to Potential!

When the steam wagons pull in, the Potential Miners' Coalition representatives meet the posse with cheers. Even Phineas P. Gage makes an appearance for photographs.


Duly appointed agents of Southwestern Ghost Rock provide payment in Confederate gold as promised – \$4,000 divided among the survivors.



Encounters

stalwart heroes traveling the weird west are likely to meet wily rascals, voracious varmints, and creepy critters anywhere along the twisted trail, but death's bone-dry domain is probably home to the majority of them. After all, if death's going to receive his due, he needs the proper tools to get it.

This chapter presents a sampling of monsters loose in the Wild Southwest, scarin' the bejeesus out of folks...and unwittingly channeling all that sweet, tasty Fear back to their masters, the Reckoners. We also present some of the region's most Famous Folks—several of them updated from their appearances in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

Throughout this book, Wild Cards are marked with a Marshal's badge before the creature's name, not unlike this one right here: .

ABOMINATIONS

Well lookee what we have here, Marshal! A passel of slaving, supernatural beasts to creep up on your posse in the night. Mind you build up some suspense before these fiends leap out and go for the throat.



Black Rider

The black riders are the first wave of “scouts” the Reckoners have sent to Earth. They wear tattered black shrouds with a single holster at their waists. Beneath their black cowls are skulls with two glowing red sparks for eyes.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Strength d12+2, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d10, Notice d10, Riding d10, Shooting d12+1

Parry: 6; **Pace:** 10; **Toughness:** 8

Special Abilities:

- **Coup (Deadeye):** A deader who takes a rider's essence detects other Harrowed on sight.
- **Fear -2:** A rider provokes a Fear check at -2.
- **Fearless:** Black riders are immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- **Fleet-Footed:** A black rider's shadowy mount rolls d8 when running instead of a d6.

SOUTHWESTERN HORRORS

A great many of the creatures detailed in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook* have been sighted all across Death's realm.

These are: animate hand, aztec mummy, bloodwire, bogie man, bone fiend, braincrawler, canker, catamount, cemetery wolf, chupakabara, desert thing, dread wolf, dust devil, duster, flesh jacket, gabriel hound, ghost, ghoul, 'glom, gremlin, hangin' judge, horned serpent, humbug, jackalope, mourning mist, night haunt, night horror, night raven, nosferatu, pit wasp, pox walker, rattler, rattler young 'un, saddle burr, sand viper, skinwalker, terrantula, Texas skeeter, Texas tummy twister, tommyknocker, tumblebleed, tunnel critter, walkin' dead, walkin' fossil, wall crawler, weeping widow, werewolf, and will o' the wisp.

- **Ghostly Six-Gun:** Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d10+2, RoF 1, Never needs reloading.
- **Invulnerability:** A rider can be Shaken but not wounded by anything other than its Weakness.
- **Spirit Rider:** A black rider's mount is vaguely horse-shaped but insubstantial, and immune to all attacks, mundane or magical.
- **Undead:** +2 Toughness. +2 to recover from being Shaken. Called shots do no extra damage. Does not suffer wound penalties.
- **Weakness (Blessed Weapons):** Only *blessed* weapons can destroy the riders. Their cloaks and mounts are insubstantial, so the horrors' skulls must be shattered with an Incapacitating head shot to send them back to Hell.

Bloodwire Man

A bloodwire man is created when a withered bloodwire (see the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*) growing near a ghost rock vein feeds on a murdered corpse. A bloodwire man looks like a lean, muscled human about eight feet tall, its bloody flesh wrapped in coils of bloodwire and barbwire, carrying a large wood axe.

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

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d8

Parry: 7; **Pace:** 6; **Toughness:** 12 (2)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor (+2):** The Bloodwire Man's barbwire provides protection.
- **Bloodwire:** Bloodwire grows in the thing's flesh; it attacks an adjacent target each round as a free action with Fighting d6 (Damage 2d4).
- **Fear (-2):** The howlin' Bloodwire Man causes a Fear test at -2.
- **Hardy:** A second Shaken result on the Bloodwire Man doesn't cause a wound.
- **Hell With an Axe:** Str+d6. The Bloodwire Man has the Block, First Strike, Improved Frenzy, and Improved Sweep Edges.
- **Size +1:** The Bloodwire Man is eight feet tall.
- **Undead:** +2 Toughness. +2 to recover from being Shaken. Called shots do no extra damage. Does not suffer wound penalties.

Conquistador Ghost

The three conquistadors that have terrorized the Tombstone area for years arrived in the San Pedro Valley in 1540 with Francisco Coronado's expedition. They opened a mine and captured Indians for slave labor, putting to death any who stole silver. Finally, neighboring Indians freed the slaves and buried the conquistadors alive inside their mine. A shaman cursed their spirits to walk the earth until they gather silver equal to that mined by the Indians.

Now the conquistadors seek the "thieves" who took their silver. When they encounter anyone, they demand their ill-gotten wealth, although they can't harm anyone who has no silver.

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

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d8

Parry: 6; **Pace:** 6; **Toughness:** 8 (2)

Gear: Sword (Str+d6), lance (Str+d8, Reach 1).

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +2:** The conquistadors wear armor.

- **Fear:** The conquistadors provoke a Fear check.
- **Invulnerability:** Conquistadors can be Shaken and wounded by attacks, but not killed by anything but their Weakness. A wound that would kill one only disperses its soul. It returns in 24 hours to hunt other prey.
- **Silver Seekers:** The conquistadors can only harm those who have silver.
- **Spirit Rider:** A conquistador's mount looks like a horse but is insubstantial, and immune to all attacks, mundane or magical.
- **Weakness (Cremation):** The only way to destroy the conquistadors permanently is to unearth their remains and burn them to ashes.

Dessicated Dead

In Death's sun-baked realm, a manitou often has to make due with a dried-out body. Cowpokes bleaching in the desert and bodies from Indian aboveground burial sites both fall into this category. Dessicated dead are little more than leathery skin stretched over a skeleton.

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

Skills: Climbing d10, Fighting d8, Intimidation d6, Notice d4, Shooting d8, Stealth d10, Swimming d10

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

Special Abilities:

- **Claws:** Str+d4.
- **Fearless:** Dessicated dead are immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- **Undead:** +2 Toughness. +2 to recover from being Shaken. Called shots do no extra damage (except to the head).
- **Weakness (Fire):** Dessicated dead are flammable; any fire-based attack that inflicts a wound causes them to automatically catch fire and burn for an extra 1d6 damage per round.
- **Weakness (Head):** Shots to a dessicated dead's head do +2 damage, for a total of +6.

Doom Locust (Swarm)

These critters are feared all across the Southwest, but luckily they're rarely sighted.

Garden-variety locusts devour food; doom locusts gulp down living flesh, leaving picked-clean skeletons. To help them do so, their tiny mandibles drip flesh-corroding enzymes.

Use the **Swarm** profile in *Savage Worlds*, but their bites inflict 2d4+2 damage, and the locusts have the Flight Special Ability (Pace 12").



El Diablo Negro

According to legend, El Diablo Negro is a huge, coal-black, carnivorous horse that roams the Southwest. But he's one of the more powerful servants of the Reckoners, a monster wearing the shape of a horse. The legends are true about one thing—El Diablo Negro is carnivorous. Anything that moves is fair game, but it favors horse meat and human flesh.

El Diablo Negro's eyes gleam with a faint red light in twilight or darker. Its mouth is like that of a wolf, stretching the length of his jaw and filled with large canine fangs. His hooves are as hard as iron and as sharp as axe blades.

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d12+2, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d12, Intimidation d10, Notice d10, Stealth d12, Swimming d12, Tracking d10

Pace: 20; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 10 (2)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +2:** El Diablo Negro has a thick hide.
- **Bite:** Str+d6.
- **Coup (Demon Horse):** Any horse ridden by the Harrowed who absorbs El Diablo Negro's essence gains Pace 20. However, it also acquires a permanent taste for meat!
- **Fear -4:** Seeing El Diablo Negro provokes a Fear check at -4.
- **Keen Senses:** El Diablo Negro receives a +2 on Notice rolls and ignores illumination penalties.
- **Kick:** Str+d8, AP 1, Heavy Weapon.
- **Size +3:** El Diablo is as big as a Clydesdale.
- **Whinny:** As an action, El Diablo Negro can loose a shrieking whinny that causes all normal animals in an adjacent Large Burst Template to automatically fail Fear checks. Horses are Shaken and rooted to the spot for 1d6 rounds.

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El Diablo Rojo

El Diablo Rojo is one of the Reckoners' most fearsome "troubleshooters." The dark-tanned and aging Apache sorcerer has long white hair, and a hatred for humanity that's obvious from the permanent scowl on his wrinkled face. He keeps a string of scalps on his belt. El Diablo Rojo rides the devil horse, El Diablo Negro (see above), and he's picked up his monstrous companion's taste for human meat.

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

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d8, Knowledge (Occult) d8, Notice d8, Riding d8, Shooting d10, Spellcasting d12+2, Stealth d10, Survival d8, Swimming d8, Throwing d10, Tracking d8

Cha: -6; **Grit:** 6; **Pace:** 8; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 10 (2)

Hindrances: Vengeful (Major), Vow (Serve the Reckoners)

Edges: Alertness, Block, Expert (Spellcasting), Fleet-Footed, Improved Level Headed, Improved Tough as Nails, New Powers, Power Points, Reputation, True Grit

Gear: Ceremonial chest armor (+2), big knife (Str+d6), stone tomahawk (Str+2d6), Winchester '76 (Range 24/48/96, Damage 2d8, RoF 1, AP 2), 25 bullets, scalps.

Special Abilities:

- **Black Magic:** El Diablo Rojo has 30 Power Points and knows the *armor*, *bolt*, *deflection*, *entangle*, *vision quest*, and *windstorm* powers.
- **Pact:** El Diablo Rojo communicates with El Diablo Negro telepathically.

Feral Camel

The U.S. Army imported camels to Arizona before the Civil War, figuring they're better suited than horses for travel in arid regions. They abandoned the program when war broke out, but folks never stopped telling tall tales about those lost camels. The Reckoning made the stories real...and gave them *teeth*.

Feral camels look like their normal counterparts from a distance, but up close their fang-filled,

salivating mouths are apparent. They kill and eat any prey they can catch.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d8, Strength d12, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d6, Tracking d8

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 9

Special Abilities:

- **Bite:** Str+d6, AP 2.
- **Camel:** Feral camels do not make Vigor rolls for dehydration until the eighth day after water runs out, and they suffer no penalties.
- **Kick:** Str+d4.
- **Sand Walker:** Feral camels treat desert travel as normal terrain.
- **Size +2:** Camels are only slightly larger than riding horses.

Mexican Dragon

This creature is a 12-foot-long iguana that can breathe fire. A dragon is pale orange, with black stripes on the tail and belly, and gray and white patches on the head and neck. Although native to Mexico, a few of these creatures have crossed the border into New Mexico and Arizona. Mexican dragons are extremely territorial. And unlike their smaller, vegetarian cousins these beasts have a taste for meat.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8 (A), Spirit d8, Strength d10, Vigor d12

Skills: Climbing d10, Fighting d10, Intimidation d10, Notice d6

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 12 (1)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +1:** A Mexican dragon's thick hide affords some protection.
- **Bite:** Str+d6. When the dragon hits with a raise it clamps on, jerking back and forth. The victim is Grappled, and the dragon inflicts automatic bite damage each round until he breaks loose.
- **Fear -2:** A dragon provokes a Fear check at -2.
- **Fearless:** Mexican dragons are stubborn as Hell, and immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- **Fiery Breath:** As an action, a Mexican dragon can roll Agility to exhale flames from its gullet

in a Cone Template. Anyone caught in the effect must succeed on an opposed Agility roll or suffer 2d10 damage. This is a Heavy Weapon, and sets the target on fire on a roll of 1-2 on a d6. The creature recharges its ability by eating meat and a variety of desert minerals.

- **Hardy:** If the creature is Shaken, further Shaken results don't cause a wound.
- **Immunity:** A Mexican dragon suffers no damage from fire or fire-based attacks.
- **Size +3:** Mexican dragons are about six feet long, with a six-foot tail.
- **Tail Slap:** Str+2d6. As an action, the Mexican dragon can lash out with its thick, powerful tail. It makes a single Fighting attack—with no penalty—and applies it against all adjacent targets. Resolve each damage roll separately.
- **Too Stubborn to Die:** A Mexican dragon ignores wound modifiers when rolling to resist Incapacitation or death, and receives a +2 on the Vigor roll to boot!
- **Warning Display:** A startled Mexican dragon bobs and shakes its head in a warning display and stares with its baleful orange eyes. This eerie, silent dance is an Intimidation attempt with a +2 bonus.

Risen Dead

These deaders are like most of their walkin' dead ilk, but they're quicker, tougher, and powerful cunning. Use this profile for the walkin' dead Stone creates using his Unholy Host Edge.

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

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

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

Gear: Risen dead wield various firearms.

Special Abilities:

- **Claws:** Str+d4.
- **Fearless:** Risen dead are immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- **Marksman:** Any round a risen dead doesn't move, it gains the benefit of the Aim maneuver.
- **Undead:** +2 Toughness. +2 to recover from being Shaken. Called shots do no extra damage (except to the head).
- **Weakness (Head):** Shots to a risen dead's head do +2 damage, for a total of +6.



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Scythe Beetle

Scythe beetles are monstrous insects native to the Grand Canyon and its environs. They are vicious meat-eaters, and they've lately acquired a taste for human flesh. A scythe beetle looks like a shiny black bug the size of a small dog, with retractable wings, jagged mandibles, and a nasty pair of pincer legs.

Attributes: Agility d12+2, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d4, Strength d12, Vigor d10

Skills: Climbing d12+2, Fighting d12, Notice d4

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 9; **Toughness:** 6 (1)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +1:** A beetle's carapace protects it.
- **Fear -2:** Beetles provoke a Fear check at -2.
- **Flight:** Pace 30".
- **Oblivious:** Beetles suffer -4 to Notice checks.
- **Pincer Legs:** Str+d6. With a raise on the attack roll, the beetle tries to yank its opponent off balance. The beetle makes an opposed Strength check against the target (at +4 if it is flying). If the hero wins, she takes damage as normal. If she loses, she takes half damage, but is dragged 1d6 yards in the direction of the beetle's choice and falls prone.
- **Size -2:** A scythe beetle is the size of a dog.

Sickle Beetle (Swarm)

Sickle beetles are a younger life-stage of the scythe beetle, and also native to the Grand canyon and environs. Sickle beetles are voracious insects about four inches long.

Use the **Swarm** profile in *Savage Worlds*, but their bites inflict 2d6 damage, and the beetles have the Flight Special Ability (Pace 14").

HUMANS

Not all the foes your heroes face are supernatural creatures, hungry critters, or famous folks. Here we provide you a few of the most common adversaries in the lawless Southwest.



Harrowed

Use this profile for your typical Harrowed gunslinger, such as those in Coot's company.

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

Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d8 (+2), Knowledge (Occult) d6, Riding d8, Shooting d10, Stealth d8

Cha: -2; **Grit:** 2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 8

Hindrances: Mean

Edges: Danger Sense, Marksman, Stitchin'

Gear: Harrowed use various weaponry.

Special Abilities:

- **Harrowed:** Grit +1, Toughness +2, needs 1d6 hours of sleep per night, only a head-shot can kill, "death" only lasts 1d6 days.

Outlaw

Use this profile for gangs, whether Cowboys, Laughing Men, or some other hooligans.

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

Skills: Fighting d6, Gambling d6, Notice d6, Shooting d6, Stealth d6, Survival d6

Cha: -4; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, Wanted

Edges: Quick Draw

Gear: Outlaws carry a variety of weapons.

Outlaw, Veteran

Old outlaws a rare breed, given how lethal the profession is in Death's realm. If a veteran outlaw has her own gang, consider her a Wild Card.

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

Skills: Fighting d6, Gambling d6, Intimidation d6, Notice d6, Riding d8, Shooting d8, Stealth d6, Survival d6

Cha: -4; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, Wanted

Edges: Combat Reflexes, Quick Draw, Marksman, Reputation

Gear: Outlaws carry all sorts of weapons.

FAMOUS FOLKS

The Weird West keeps spawning new legends, while others grow in the telling! Note that several of these Southwestern luminaries are updated from their original appearances in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. Be sure to use these versions with this book's Plot Point Campaign, Marshal.



Curly Bill Brocius

Bill has kinky black hair, a vicious gleam in his eyes, and a gap-toothed grin. He's one of the Cowboy Gang's most infamous ringleaders. In May 1881, the *Epitaph* reported Curly Bill was shot and killed by his partner, Jim Wallace. Four days later the paper backtracked, declaring that the Cowboy wasn't dead after all. Now Bill has a neck wound...one that never fully heals.

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

Skills: Fighting d8, Gambling d8, Guts d6 (+2), Intimidation d8, Notice d8, Persuasion d8, Riding d8, Shooting d8, Stealth d8

Cha: -3; **Grit:** 6; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 10

Hindrances: Habit (Minor, opium), Mean, Vengeful (Major)

Edges: Brawny, Command, Quick Draw, Marksman, Reputation, Speed Load

Gear: Double-action Peacemaker (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, RoF 1, AP 1).

Special Abilities:

- **Harrowed:** Grit +1. Toughness +2. 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.
- **Harrowed Edges:** Improved Claws, Speakin' With the Dead, Spook, Spider, Supernatural Attribute (Spirit, Vigor), Trackin' Teeth.



Elijah Clay

Sgt. Elijah Clay is the latest Texas Ranger assigned to Cochise County. He's a no-nonsense sort with little love for Bayou Vermilion or its designs on Tombstone.

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

Skills: Fighting d10, Guts d6 (+2), Knowledge (Occult) d6, Notice d4, Riding d6, Shooting d10, Streetwise d6, Survival d6, Tracking d6

Cha: 0; **Grit:** 3; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 8

Hindrances: Loyal, Vengeful (Minor)

Edges: Improved Hip Shooting, Improved Level Headed, Quick Draw, Speed Load, Texas Ranger

Gear: 2x single-action Colt Peacemakers (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, RoF 1, AP 1), Winchester '76 (Range 24/48/96, Damage 2d8, RoF 1, AP 2), Bowie knife (Str+d4+1, AP 1), riding horse, Bible, *Fugitives of Justice From the Confederacy*.

Special Abilities:

- **Harrowed:** Elijah Clay was shot in the back; the wound never quite heals. Grit +1. Toughness +2. 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.
- **Harrowed Edges:** Ghost, Supernatural Attribute (Spirit).



Padre Ernesto de Díaz

Padre Díaz is the Order of St. George's representative in the American Southwest. He maintains a low profile: Death's minions might hunt him down if his activities were well-known.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d10, Spirit d12, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Faith d12, Fighting d8, Guts d8, Healing d6, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (English) d8, Knowledge (Occult) d8, Knowledge (Latin) d10, Knowledge (Religion) d12, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Riding d6, Taunt d6

Cha: +2; **Grit:** 1; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Cautious, Heroic, Pacifist (Minor)

Edges: Arcane Background (Miracles), Brave, Champion, Charismatic, Connections (Agency), Conviction, Flock, Strong Willed

Gear: Double-barrel shotgun (Range 12/24/48, Damage 1-3d6, RoF 1-2), Bible, cross.

Wyatt Earp

Wyatt Berry Stapp Earp has lived a colorful life as a teamster, rail worker, buffalo hunter, and stagecoach driver. He recently joined his brothers in Tombstone, where Virgil and Morgan both serve as local law. Earp is a no-nonsense type with dusty brown hair, moustache, solid features, and a stare that can cut right to the soul.

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

Skills: Fighting d12, Gambling d8, Guts d10, Intimidation d12, Knowledge (Law) d6, Notice d8, Persuasion d10, Riding d10, Shooting d8, Stealth d10, Survival d8, Tracking d8

Cha: 0; **Grit:** 5; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Heroic, Loyal, Pacifist (Minor), Stubborn, Vengeful (Major)

Edges: Brave, Command, Duelist, Elan, Improved Dodge, Hard to Kill, Improved Level Headed, Inspire, Luck, Quick Draw, Speed Load, Reputation, Strong Willed

Gear: Buntline special (Range 15/30/60, Damage 2d6+1, RoF 1, AP 1, Relic: Damage Str+d6+2 as an Improvised Weapon), Winchester '73 (Range 24/48/96, Damage 2d8, RoF 1, AP 2), Earp's Badge (Earp's Badge is a Relic: Attackers suffer a -4 to hit him, not counting Improved Dodge).

Virgil Earp

Tombstone's City Marshal, Virgil has a well-developed sense of what's right and what's wrong – and never the twain shall meet.

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

Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d8, Intimidation d8, Notice d8, Shooting d10

Cha: 0; **Grit:** 3; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Heroic, Loyal, Vengeful (Minor)

Edges: Brave, Improved Hip-Shooting, Marksman, Quick Draw, Speed Load

Gear: Single-Action Colt Peacemaker (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, RoF 1, AP 1), double-barrel shotgun (Range 12/24/48, Damage 1-3d6, RoF 1-2), Bowie knife (Str+d4+1, AP 1).

Alexander Graves

Graves is a hexslinger – perhaps the most powerful one yet. He learned the art from Doc Holliday himself, but he has surpassed his former teacher. He uses his arcane powers to further his success as a bounty hunter.

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

Skills: Climbing d12, Fighting d12, Gambling d4, Guts d12, Hexslinging d12+1, Intimidation d12, Knowledge (Occult) d6, Notice d8, Riding d12, Shooting d12, Streetwise d10, Taunt d6

Cha: 0; **Grit:** 6; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 8

Hindrances: Heroic, Loyal

Edges: Arcane Background (Hexslinger), Behold a Pale Horse... (Brimstone), Born to Kill, Improved Dodge, Improved Nerves of Steel, Marksman, New Powers, Power Points, Professional (Hexslinging), Quick Draw, Speed Load, Strong Willed, Tough as Nails, True Grit

Powers: Boost/lower Trait, burst, numb, quickness, shootist, smite, trinkets. **Power Points:** 30

Gear: 2x double-action Colt Peacemakers (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, RoF 1, AP 1), 1x single-action Colt Peacemaker (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, RoF 1, AP 1), 3x Bowie knives (Str+d4+1, AP 1), horse.

John Henry "Doc" Holliday

Born in Georgia to a rich Southern family, "Doc" Holliday has been doomed to a short life. He came down with consumption in 1872, and it's only been getting worse. But it hasn't stopped him from making a pretty good living at card-playing. Eventually he made his way to Tombstone, where he makes money gambling, and makes enemies too – especially the Cowboys.

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

Skills: Fighting d8, Gambling d10, Guts d8, Healing d10, Hexslinging d12, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (Latin) d10, Notice d8, Persuasion d6, Riding d8, Shooting d12

Cha: +3; **Grit:** 6; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Ailin' (Major, consumption), Death Wish, Habit (Minor, alcohol), Loyal

Edges: Ambidextrous, Arcane Background (Hexslinger), Attractive, Born to Kill, Charismatic, Combat Reflexes, Dead Shot, Duelist, Improved Nerves of Steel, Level Headed, Marksman, New Powers, Power Points, Rapid Recharge, Reputation, Speed Load, Strong Willed, Quick Draw, True Grit, Two-Fisted

Powers: *Burst, deflection, shootist, smite, telekinesis.*
Power Points: 25

Gear: 2x double-action Colt Peacemakers (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, RoF 1, AP 1), playing cards, whiskey.



Coot Jenkins

Coot Jenkins may have started out as a prospector, but learning about the Reckoning and the Harrowed changed that. Coot has several Harrowed bodyguards looking after his safety.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d10, Spirit d12, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Driving d6, Fighting d6, Guts d12, Healing d8, Intimidation d6, Investigation d6, Knowledge (Mining) d6, Knowledge (Occult) d12, Notice d12, Persuasion d12+2, Riding d6, Shooting d8, Survival d6, Taunt d8

Cha: +2; **Grit:** 6; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Loyal, Vow (Defeat the Reckoners)

Edges: Alertness, Brave, Charismatic, Expert (Persuasion), Followers (Harrowed), Marksman, No Mercy, Rock and Roll!, Snakeoil Salesman, Strong Willed, Tale Teller, True Grit

Gear: Gatling shotgun (Range 12/24/48, Damage 1-3d6, RoF 2, AP 2), satchel, 12x vials of The Prospector's Elixir (see page 102), playing cards, whiskey, mule, \$65.



Adame LeChetelier

Adame LeChetelier manages Baron LaCroix and Bayou Vermilion's interests in Cochise County, Arizona, from his headquarters in Tucson. LeChetelier is a thin, handsome fellow with black hair and piercing, blue eyes.

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

Skills: Faith d10, Fighting d8, Gambling d6, Guts d10, Knowledge (Journalism) d8, Knowledge (Occult) d8, Notice d10, Persuasion d8, Shooting d6, Stealth d8, Streetwise d8

Cha: 0; **Grit:** 3; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Mean, Stubborn

Edges: Arcane Background (Miracles), Connections (Bayou Vermilion), Conviction, Improved Dodge, Tale Teller, Voodoo

Gear: Pen and stylus, camera (with flash and powder), photographic plates, Derringer (Range 5/10/20, Damage 2d6, RoF 1, AP 1).



Ronan Lynch

Ronan Lynch was a Lieutenant in the Union Army during the War Between the States. After his discharge in 1869, Ronan headed Out West looking for something better than killing, but his reputation always preceded him. He met his death by hanging on Christmas Eve 1876, but came back Harrowed to take revenge on those who wronged him.

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

Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d12, Gambling d6, Guts d8 (+2), Intimidation d8, Knowledge (Occult) d8, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Riding d10, Shooting d12+2, Stealth d6, Streetwise d6

Cha: 0; **Grit:** 7; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 10; **Toughness:** 9

Hindrances: Bad Dreams

Edges: Combat Reflexes, Duelist, Harder to Kill, Improved Block, Improved Hip-Shooting, Improved Level Headed, Improved Nerves of Steel, Marksman, Master (Shooting), Quick Draw, Reputation, Rock and Roll!, True Grit

Gear: Single-action Colt Army (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, RoF 1, AP 1), cavalry saber (Str+d6), Bowie knife (Str+d4+1, AP 1).

Special Abilities:

- **Harrowed:** Grit +1. Toughness +2. Needs 1d6 hours of sleep per night. Only a head-shot can kill. "Death" only puts Ronan down for 1d6 days. Immune to poison and disease.
- **Harrowed Edges:** Implacable, Improved Stitchin', Spiritual Barbwire, Supernatural Traits (Spirit, Strength).

DEADLANDS: STONE AND A HARD PLACE

Johnny Ringo

Also known as John Ringold, Ringo's a good-looking hombre, with slicked-back hair and a bushy black moustache. For such a violent man, Ringo is well-educated—he attended college in Missouri—and is given to quoting poetry, Latin phrases, and Shakespeare.

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

Skills: Fighting d8, Gambling d8, Guts d8, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (Latin) d8, Notice d8, Persuasion d6, Riding d8, Shooting d12+1, Stealth d8, Tracking d8

Cha: -5; **Grit:** 4; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, Habit (Minor, opium), Mean, Vengeful (Major)

Edges: Attractive, Dead Shot, Duelist, Professional (Shooting), Improved Hip-Shooting, Quick Draw, Reputation, Steady Hands, Two-Fisted

Gear: Twin single-action Peacemakers (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, RoF 1, AP 1), 2x speed-load cylinders, deck of cards.

"Chuckles" Ryan

Ryan leads the infamous Laughing Men Gang. These days "Chuckles" does Stone's bidding, an arrangement that's worked out well for him and his boys so far.

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

Skills: Fighting d6, Gambling d8, Guts d6 (+2), Riding d10, Shooting d10, Stealth d8, Survival d8, Taunt d6

Cha: -2; **Grit:** 4; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 9

Hindrances: Mean, Quirk (Giggles incessantly), Wanted (Major)

Edges: Danger Sense, Followers (Laughing Men), Marksman, Quick Draw, Rock and Roll!

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

Special Abilities:

- **Harrowed:** Grit +1. Toughness +2. Needs 1d6 hours of sleep per night. Only a head-shot can

kill. "Death" only puts Chuckles down for 1d6 days. Immune to poison and disease.

- **Harrowed Edges:** Stitchin', Supernatural Attribute (Vigor).

Steven Satan

Satan's the redheaded man at the head of the Devil's Stepsons gang, his maniacal grin spattered with freckles. Steven took his surname after a robbery victim called him "the Devil's own son" right before Steven shot him down. Over time, he has come to labor under the delusion it's true!

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

Skills: Fighting d8, Gambling d6, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (Occult) d4, Notice d6, Riding d8, Shooting d8, Stealth d6, Survival d6

Cha: -6; **Grit:** 4; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, Delusional (Major, believes he's Satan's son), Wanted (Major)

Edges: Combat Reflexes, Duelist, Hard to Kill, Hip-Shooting, Marksman, Quick, Quick Draw

Gear: Single-action Colt Peacemaker (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, RoF 1, AP 1), 2x speed-load cylinders, riding horse.

Old Stone

Old Stone—the version of him that lived through the Reckoners' initial defeat and traveled back in time to alter that outcome—has been around for 266 years. This makes him a powerful adversary, and much more of a schemer than his younger self. He's also developed some unique tricks over the centuries.

Attributes: Agility d12+2, Smarts d12+4, Spirit d12+4, Strength d12+2, Vigor d12+2

Skills: Boating d10, Climbing d12, Driving d12+2, Fighting d12+2, Gambling d12, Guts d12+2, Intimidation d12+2, Knowledge (Battle) d12+2, Knowledge (Occult) d12+2, Lockpicking d12, Notice d12+2, Persuasion d12, Piloting d12, Repair d12, Riding d12+2, Shooting d12+2, Stealth d12+2, Streetwise d12+2, Survival d12+2, Swimming d12, Taunt d12+2, Throwing d12, Tracking d12+2

Cha: -8; **Grit:** 7; **Pace:** 8; **Parry:** 11; **Toughness:** 13

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, Mean, Stubborn, Ugly, Vengeful (Major), Vow (Major, serve the Reckoners)

Edges: Alertness, Ambidextrous, Behold A Pale Horse..., Champion, Combat Reflexes, Command, Danger Sense, Dead Shot, Duelist, Fast As Lightning, Fleet-Footed, Giant Killer, Hard to Kill, Improved Arcane Resistance, Improved Block, Improved Dodge, Improved Hip-Shooting, Improved Level Headed, Improved Tough as Nails, Improved Trademark Weapon (Colt Dragoons), Marksman, Master (Shooting), Nerves of Steel, Quick, Quick Draw, Rebel Yell, Reputation, Speed Load, Steady Hands, Strong Willed, Tactician, True Grit, Two-Fisted

Gear: Relic Colt Dragoons (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d10, RoF 1, AP 4, Heavy Weapon), rock devil amulet, handsomely worked leather wallet (with one molar sewn into it), \$500 in US and CSA currency.

Special Abilities:

- **End of the Line:** Wounds inflicted by Stone cannot be healed by supernatural means, and Stone's victims cannot return to life by any means—including Harrowed.
- **Etchin':** With this ability, Old Stone can send written messages over a great distance, provided he's previously seen the destination. As an action, he concentrates and can etch a hand-lettered message onto any surface that he's seen and knows the current location of. The surface to be etched upon must be within 1,000 miles. The message looks scratched, carved, or etched into the material on which it appears. Once sent, the message is permanent until someone obliterates it.
- **Fear:** Old Stone is obviously Harrowed, and inflicts a Guts check on anyone who gets a good look at his desiccated mug when he's not using his Death Mask abilities.
- **Fearless:** Old Stone's manitou is afraid of him, but Stone himself fears nothing and no one. He is immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- **Greater Death Mask:** Over the years, Old Stone has mastered the ability to hide his undead state. This works almost exactly like the Death Mask Edge, except Old Stone can also assume the appearance—but none of the abilities—of another living person. Stone can't emulate someone more than 2 Size levels different from himself. If Stone mimics a specific individual, viewers familiar with that person roll Notice at -2 to see through the mask. Otherwise, the typical -4 penalty applies.
- **Harrowed:** Grit +1. Toughness +2. 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.
- **Harrowed Edges:** Burrow, Charnel Breath, Chill o' the Grave, Dead Man's Hand, Dead Reckoning, Devil's Touch, Fast as Death, Ghost, Hell Fire, Implacable, Improved Cat Eyes, Improved Claws, Improved Death Mask, Improved Nightmare, Improved Possession, Improved Speakin' With the Dead, Improved Stitchin', Improved Trackin' Teeth, Infest, Mimic, Rigor Mortis, Silent as a Corpse, Sleep o' the Dead, Soul Eater, Spider, Spirit Sight, Spiritual Barbwire, Spook, Supernatural Trait (Agility, Smarts, Spirit, Strength, Vigor), Undead Contortion, Unholy Host, Wither.
- **Invulnerability:** Though Stone can be Shaken, he takes no wounds from magic or mundane attacks.
- **Weakness (By His Own Hand):** Old Stone can only be killed by an Incapacitating head shot fired by his own stone-cold hands.



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