



Dead Men Walkin'



DEADLANDS

DEAD MEN WALKIN'

BY SHANE LACY HENSLEY

Credits & Acknowledgements

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL: SCORES OF DEAD PLAYERS ALL OVER THE WORLD...

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DEADLANDS AND SAVAGE WORLDS
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High Plains Horror

Some tales weren't meant to be told. This is one of them. Every unfortunate soul who experiences this yarn of horror on the High Plains will die. That's a fact. And it will happen in the first 2¢ minutes, amigo.

Tread carefully. The dead walk here.

THE STORY SO FAR

The heroes are traveling the High Plains, somewhere in Kansas. They sit around a campfire one clear night, their horses tethered tight to a fallen tree nearby.

Each traveler has his own mount and is on his way west. There are no wagons or powered vehicles this trip.

As they sit around the fire eating the last of their beans and sipping hot coffee, let them say why they're here. Have each hombre introduce his or herself and a bit about why they're traveling west.

It's a full moon, the fire is crackling, and there's a slight breeze on the prairie. The coffee is good and it's a peaceful night.

It won't last long.

After each player has introduced his character, read the following:

You're on the High Plains somewhere on the tall grass plains of Kansas. You're traveling with others for safety. Some may be friends, some may be strangers, but there's strength in numbers.

It's a peaceful night with a bright full moon in the sky and just a few dark clouds that occasionally block its light.

The group has been talking, but now it grows quiet for a moment. Someone slurps coffee. The fire crackles and pops. A horse snorts then whinnies. You hear a rustling in the grass.

When you say the bit about the rustling grass, wad up a piece of scratch paper under the table—the louder the better. Trust us on this, partner. It works. Do it a few times in this opening scene to get your players restless. You'll be revisiting it a few more times over the course of this adventure.

DEADLANDS: A TALE OF TWO KILLERS

Some of the characters will likely stand up and draw guns or head toward the horses. Or they might just listen quietly. Either way, the horses are a few yards away from the campfire circle in the darkness—just out of easy sight. They start to stamp and snort nervously, then all Hell breaks loose.

The rustling grows closer. The horses begin to panic. Some of them try to break free of their tethers. Suddenly there's a terrible rending sound and you hear the horrendous sound of tearing flesh and cracking bone! Something growls, deep and savage and fierce behind the panicking beasts! Another horse screams as blood arcs up and glistens in the moonlight!

A mysterious two-legged, midnight black beast is killing the horses. Two die before the action starts and the rest scatter, never to be seen again. Roll for surprise and deal Action Cards to those who make their Notice rolls.

Run the fight as usual with but a few exceptions. First off, the mysterious beast can move through and disappear into the grass at will. Treat this like an instant *teleport* but with no roll and no chance of failure. Use this mostly at first before anyone gets a good look at the thing to stage hit and run attacks on anyone who separates off from the group.

The beast, a dog-like humanoid named Devil (page 8), is lightning fast and has a night-black coat that makes it near invisible until it stands up out of the grass in the full moon. When that happens, whether to individuals or the group as the scene progresses, have them make Fear tests.

The overall goal is to start the combat fast and loose. Devil hits, runs, and fades into the grass. Panic your *players* if you can. If someone takes more than a few seconds to declare her characters' actions, count down from five. Fast. If she can't decide what to do, take her card



away — her heroine panics and loses her turn. Be brutal and vicious for now. This is as much about setting the tone as anything else.

Eventually, Devil squares off against one of the posse and you can run the combat a little more reasonably. The monster is unbeatable and its attack is absolutely deadly. This is intentional and in fact the whole point of this opening scene.

Your goal is, in fact, to kill the entire party.

The first couple of brave souls to go against Devil likely use their Fate Chips to soak wounds and try to stay alive. Give them unfortunate looks but don't give the scheme away yet as you rip their cowpokes to shreds. Make it grisly, too. The creature digs its claws in under their rib cage and unzips them. It bites into someone's throat and shakes its canine head, tearing away muscle and opening up her jugular veins to spew dark blood over the campsite. The horror jumps up into the air and pounces on someone, tearing away his chest like it's digging a hole to bury a bone. Whatever horrible thing you can think of to describe the damage as you roll it, do it.

It should soon become obvious the posse can't hurt this thing. Their guns do nothing, their axes and knives bounce off its black velvet skin. Spells and flamethrowers make it angry. Whatever this is, they *don't* have the right weapons to fight it.

Some will start to get the trick and stop spending Fate Chips to save their lives. As this becomes clear, stop the tactical fight and go narrative. Ask them if they stay and fight or run for their lives. Describe a *terrible* end for those who can't bring themselves to run.

But running doesn't help either. Those who flee are tracked down by the thing. Maybe they hide in a log or try to cross a stream. After Devil has killed everyone at the campsite, it tracks down those who fled one by one. Let them try to run or hide. Then simulate sniffing sounds as Devil tracks them down and rends them to bloody bits.

Your job, Marshal, is to *terrify* your players. Kill their characters, terrify them with the countdown, and let them know this monster is an absolutely unstoppable killer.

Then close up your book and tell them thanks for playing.

But Wait

Let everyone give you that puzzled look or sly grin. Then give that "Ah, wait," look and consult the adventure again. As if you'd forgotten something.

Pick one of the characters. Doesn't really matter who. Look at her and say "Actually, you managed to survive," or something like that. Her character's eyes open to see a full moon high overhead. She's in indescribable pain, but she's alive. There's a hot breeze like Hell itself blowing in over the prairie, but otherwise, it's silent as a graveyard.

Describe the wounds she suffered as a little less serious than she thought. They're bloody and painful for sure, but turns out they weren't mortal after all.

Let the cowgirl start searching for other survivors. As she finds each of her companions, they have somehow managed to live. They're torn up and gruesome, but turns out it's mostly flesh wounds. No one has any actual wounds, though they look like they took a blood bath. That throat someone thought was torn open? It's cut and bloody, but must have just missed the windpipe or the jugular. Those ribs the thing *seemed* to tear out? They're hurt and bloody and bruised and maybe even punctured, but nothing vital was hit.

Some characters may think they've become Harrowed. Nope. If they know about such things, they've still got a pulse, still ooze blood, and don't seem to have any demons squatting in their souls.

All the horses are deader than doornails or gone and can't be found, by the way. And they're a mess.

Signs and Portents

There are a few strange signs for those who ask or might notice, such as mountain men, scouts, Native Americans, or others used to a life out of doors. That big full moon? They must not have been unconscious long because it hasn't moved a hair. If they wait for a bit, it still doesn't move. They don't know it yet, but they're in a little nightmare corner of the Hunting Grounds. Time stands stock still here till the tale is done.

PERDITION

Eventually, someone notices a few points of light on a distant ridge, a couple of miles away. There's nowhere else to go. Literally. If they try, they just wander through the night until they come back to the campsite. The only place to go is the town of Perdition.

The survivors straggle into the tiny town of Perdition. There are a number of houses, but the only lights on are in the saloon, the Dirty Dog.

The saloon is raised up off the prairie and has a front porch and two swinging doors. Darkness looms from underneath, and if someone makes a Notice roll at -2 he smells rot and ruin under there—and a hint of perfume. Something is clearly dead under the building somewhere—not uncommon on the wild prairie. But we'll come back to that in a minute, Marshal.



Inside are two people, bartender Gus Hawkins and Deputy Town Marshal Hank Dolittle. Gus and Hank look the posse over as they enter and nod a greeting. Then they go back to looking at their cups. Neither seem particularly surprised at the grisly state of the newcomers, the blood they drip across the sawdust floor, or any other gruesome injuries that might be visible.

Gus is happy to serve up a drink. "On the house. Looks like you could use it." Both men acknowledge the strangers' strange state but don't seem concerned or otherwise curious about it.

The Killings

Eventually, the posse will ask about the creature they encountered. Hank offers the following:

"Hmm. Ain't seen nothin' like that. We have had some problems with wild dogs though. That's probably what you saw."

When someone refuses this nonsensical answer, Hank shrugs and continues.

"They can be pretty deadly, y'know. Somethin' got at Frank Watkins and Denise Mullins not long ago. Killed 'em both. Ripped out their throats. Hell of a thing. They're still laid out at the undertaker."

Gus cuts in after Hank finishes.

"Them dogs mighta got my Sally May, too. She worked here. Sweet girl. Flirty, though. Been missin' a few days. Can't seem to find her. Got a feelin' she's around here somewhere though. I catch a whiff of her perfume now and then."

Clever heroes might ask for more information on the victims. Here's what Hank knows and reveals:

- Sally May was a bit of a flirt. Pretty girl with red hair. She was from Back East somewhere. All alone. All the patrons loved her.
- Frank and Denise were a young couple recently engaged. Frank was a teamster—he drove wagons hauling goods around town or back and forth to Dodge and other places. Denise was the daughter of the family that owns the general store.

Hank and Gus don't have much more to add. If someone points out that the moon isn't moving, for example, they just shrug and say "That is queer." They say much the same if someone later returns and points out that no one else in the town will wake—as they'll find out soon.

Exploring Perdition

There are numerous buildings in town, but only a few are of interest. The party can go in any of them though if they're willing to break in. People sleep in all of them and can't be awakened, no matter what's done to them. A few might look as if they have pet dogs as well—feed and water bowls, gnawed bones, and the like. But no actual dogs are *ever* spotted.

The Dirty Dog Saloon

The first place of interest is literally right under the posse's nose—which they might hear from scratching beneath the floor (scratch your own nails under the table if you like). Beneath the Dirty Dog Saloon, right smack in the middle about 20 feet in from all directions, is the corpse of Sally May McBride. That's what the heroes might have smelled earlier—she's definitely a little ripe. If someone wants to find out what's under there though, they'll have to crawl under the porch on their belly to find out. Light just doesn't seem to penetrate far under the building—maybe a few feet at best.

Play this for creeps, Marshal. If someone is curious (or Curious!), let them crawl back through there to poor Sally. Sure enough, he finds the poor girl, her throat torn out and blood stained all down her chest—as if by a large dog, but definitely not something as large as the critter they encountered on the prairie.

Sally's been dead a few days at most. She doesn't appear to have been *eaten*, however. Just bit, killed, and dragged here beneath the saloon.

If Gus and Hank are told, or even if someone hauls her corpse out for them to see, they both shake their heads and *tsk*. "Shame," they say. "She was such a pretty girl. And so friendly. We'll get her to the undertaker tomorrow."

- **Hank and Gus:** Use the Townsfolk profile in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

The Sheriff's Office

The sheriff's office is a small building across the street. It has two cells and a small office with wood-burning stove and a gun rack with a single Winchester '73 and a dozen rounds.

No one is on duty or imprisoned, so there's nothing else for the group to find here.

The Doc's House

The strangers may want to find a doctor given their wounds. Hank or Gus tell them that Doc Coates lives just down the street in the big gray house. Doc, like everyone else in town, won't wake up, however.

The posse can help themselves to his supplies though, which add to Healing rolls normally.

The Undertaker

The undertaker's office is a small building with a showroom in the front and living quarters in the back. The front door is locked but it doesn't take much to open it. A back window looks in on the undertaker, sound asleep in his long johns on a small wooden bed frame.

The undertaker has a few meager possessions—a night table with a well-worn Bible (no particular passages marked), a night stand with a wash bowl and hairbrush on a dresser with some clothes, and an armoire with a couple of black suits.

No matter what the party does, however, they can't wake him.

The real weirdness happens in the display room up front. Two coffins lean straight up against the wall opposite the front door. A book on a table nearby says:

Frank Watkins and
Denise Mullins
Killed by Devil

The coffins are closed but easy to open. Let the posse make Notice rolls after they see the book. Inside one of the coffins—Denise's—they hear scratching!



Here's the weird part though, Marshal. When the gunslingers inevitably throw open the coffins, Frank and Denise stand stock still in their death poses, but their eyes are wide open—darting back and forth to the faces of the strangers before them! They don't attack, move, or speak...they just "stand" there propped up in their coffins staring in seeming panic at the heroes.

There are scratch marks inside each coffin, but neither of the corpses move or even have broken fingernails.

What the party does next is entirely up to them. It's probably a kindness to put bullets in their brains, which does indeed stop their frantic gazes.

Howling at the Moon

Once Frank and Denise have been discovered and dealt with, the group hears a dog baying at the moon from farther down the street. Something about it sends chills down their spines. There's nothing left to see though. Gus and Hank don't react to any news they're given. Even if they're hauled down to the undertakers to look at Frank and Denise they just rub their whiskers and say "That is peculiar."

Eventually, the posse must go see Devil.

THE DEVIL WEARS A SPIKED COLLAR

At the end of the street, oddly stationed at the dead center, is a little white house. The gunslingers don't remember seeing it before, but now the moon shines down on it and reflects a ghostly glow.

Closer inspection reveals peeling paint, overgrown grass among patches of dirt and mud, and the biggest dog tracks the party has ever seen. To the left of the screen door is a small dog house. The word "DEVIL" has been written in red paint above the entrance, and a heavy iron chain coils lazily from a spike in the ground into the dog house. The occupant is hidden by a burlap flap, but anyone who cares to listen can hear the thing breathing heavily—as if asleep..

Before they can mess with the dog, however, a little girl in a white night gown appears at the screen door. She's maybe six or seven with shoulder-length dark brown hair that hides her eyes, mussed as if she just got out of bed. She rubs her eyes and stares at the strangers through the mesh of the screen door.

What are you doing here? she says.

The girl is Lindsay Todd. She has deep brown hair and pale skin that almost glows in what little starlight penetrates the clouds overhead. She's the reason all this is happening. Lindsay lies sleeping in her home in Perdition, a slightly better version of the home the party sees here. Her mother died a few months back and her father, Harvey, who was never much of a man to begin

with, started drinking. Some of his neighbors and the town priest came around, worried that the drunk wasn't taking care of his young daughter, and Harvey got tired of running them off. So he bought a dog. A big mean dog he named Devil. Harv beat the dog with a stick to make it mean—and of course to vent his own frustrations on the unfortunate animal.

The dog bit Frank Watkins and Denise Mullins, who had come around to check on Lindsay out of respect for her mother, and later Sally May McBride who had foolishly taken up with Harvey briefly in the romantic sense.

Devil bit Lindsay too, and her terror of the beast is so great it opened a portal to the Hunting Grounds. The posse, sleeping on the plain nearby in the real world, has been drawn into her nightmare. They shouldn't figure that out yet, but you can tell them after. We've got a few more twists to pull on them before we get there.

Devil sleeps in the dog house now. If someone foolishly opens the flap to take a look, all he sees is darkness. Devil isn't there, though the party still hears heavy, slow breathing somewhere deep within.

Lindsay won't let the party inside. "Pa says never to open the door to strangers." If they push past her, they find Harvey asleep on a bed inside, surrounded by empty liquor bottles, sound asleep and unwakeable.

An inspection of Lindsay finds sunken black eyes and a large dog bite on her arm just above the elbow.

Lindsay's Tale

You need to do your best slow, sleepy, creepy, little girl voice here, Marshal. Here are the likely questions the posse asks and examples of Lindsay's responses. Make them your own, and make them distant and spooky if you can.

Q: What happened to Sally May / Frank Watkins / Denise Mullins?

A: Devil got 'em. He didn't like 'em.

Q: Do you know anything about a bigger dog? A monster version of Devil?

A: No.

Q: Where's your mommy?

A: She died. Some kinda fever.

Q: Were Sally May and your father boyfriend and girlfriend?

A: I think so. They kissed and stuff. But Devil didn't like her. He bit her.

The Whackin' Stick

Once the party seems stumped as to what to do next, Lindsay looks at the dog house and says "Devil is comin'."

A heartbeat later, the posse hears the baying of dozens of hounds on the distant prairie. Lindsay looks up at them with wide eyes: "They're all comin'! I don't like dogs!"

The little girl then reaches to the side of the door and picks up a hickory stick about the size of an axe handle. She pushes the door open and hands it to whoever has been nicest to her.

"This is what daddy uses to beat Devil. It's the only thing he's afraid of. Daddy calls it the Whackin' Stick. You'd best get out of town now. Devil's comin'."

RELIC: THE WHACKIN' STICK

The Whackin' Stick causes STR+2d6 to Devil or *any* of the dogs. It causes Str+d4 to anyone or anything else. Devil ignores everyone but whoever holds the stick. The devil hound fears it, but also hates it.

It also has one other special property for this adventure.

A Gift for the Dying: Any time the wielder of the Whackin' Stick is slain, allow him to throw it to the next character of his choice. A simple Agility roll allows that hero to catch it and act normally on his next action. If he fails, the stick falls to the ground and he has to pick it up—causing a -2 penalty that round. Neither Devil nor the dogs will touch the stick no matter what, even if it falls at their feet.

Of course whoever gets the weapon is Devil's next target, and possible chew toy...

THE BAYING OF HOUNDS

Lindsay still won't let the party inside her house so they should head back up the street to the saloon or some other cover. About halfway there, while they're still in the street, read the following:

The barking dogs sound closer and closer. A wave of hounds of all sizes, from sheep dogs to wolves to terriers, rush down the street.

Somewhere behind the baying horde you hear something larger, something that howls at the moon like the devil himself.

Draw cards and get to fighting. There's an endless wave of dogs that must be held off, but of course the real threat is the return of Devil. This time the party has a weapon that can hurt him though—the Whackin' Stick.

The dogs attack in waves of around eight on the first round and another d4+1 each round thereafter. Deal Devil in on the third round. He goes after whoever holds the Whackin' Stick.

Using the Whackin' Stick to kill Devil is the only way for the heroes to survive. The other dogs are endless; they keep coming every round until Devil is put down.

Once Devil is in the fight, the dogs attack all the other characters; not the one holding the Whackin' Stick. That unfortunate soul is Devil's chew toy. See the sidebar on page 7 for more information on this weird relic.

Dogs

The dogs are a various mix of breeds. Those that attack are at least two feet high at the shoulder and equivalent to wolves in this nightmare world.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6(A), Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d6, Guts d6, Notice d10, Stealth d8, Tracking d12

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 4

Special Abilities

- **Bite:** Str+4.

- **Fleet Footed:** Dogs roll a d10 when running instead of a d6.
- **Go for the Throat:** Dogs instinctively go for an opponent's soft spots. With a raise on its attack roll, it hits the target's most weakly armored location.
- **Size -1:** Most of the dogs are about crotch-height at the shoulder.



Devil

Devil is a nine foot tall, humanoid dog-man with short black fur like velvet. His snarling face is that of a mastiff with human intelligence and sharp teeth. He wears a spiked collar around his thick neck.

Devil's hind legs are bent like a dog's, but his arms are more human, though longer and ending in massive razor-sharp claws.

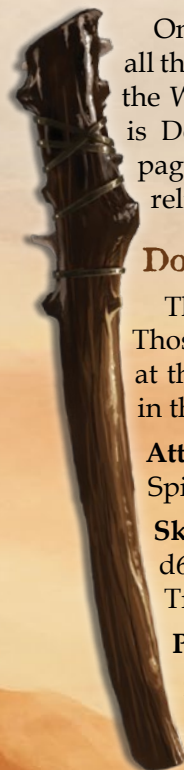
Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d8 (A), Spirit d10, Strength d12+4, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d12, Intimidation d6, Guts d6, Notice d10, Stealth d8, Tracking d12

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 7

Special Abilities

- **Bite / Claw:** Str+d12.
- **Fear (-2):** Devil is a horror straight out of Hell.
- **Fleet-Footed:** Devil rolls a d10 when running instead of a d6.
- **Immunity:** Devil is totally immune to any sort of attack except one—the Whackin' Stick. In Lindsay's mind, this is the only weapon that can harm him, so that's how it works. The Whackin' Stick causes Str+2d6 to Devil or *any* of the dogs. It causes Str+d4 to anyone or anything else.
- **Improved Frenzy:** Devil can make two attacks a round at no penalty.
- **Improved Level Headed:** Devil draws three cards and acts on the best of them.
- **Go for the Throat:** Dogs instinctively go for an opponent's soft spots. With a raise on its attack roll, it hits the target's most weakly armored location.
- **Size +1:** Devil stands about 9 feet tall.



YOU KNEW THIS WAS COMIN', RIGHT?

When Devil finally goes down, read the following aloud:

You grimace as the Whackin' Stick smashes bones beneath the horror's black pelt. It makes one last vain attempt to rake you with its Hellish claws then whimpers and collapses to the ground with a heavy thud. All of the other dogs instantly put their tails between their legs and run for it. You look around at your battered companions and catch your breath. You've survived.

Then the street starts to dissolve before your eyes! The moon turns red and a fierce and Hellish wind races over the prairie. Everything burns orange and red – then fades to black.

Let that sink in for a moment, then continue.

You see a pinprick of light in the darkness. It grows...flickering. You feel its warmth. It's a campfire, right in front of you. You're back around the campfire where this whole horrible nightmare began. You look around and see your friends as confused as you. The horses are still there, grazing silently just beyond the campfire. The full moon still leers down at you from above. Everything is as it was. There isn't a mark on you or any of your friends.

Pause a moment.

You sit back in your bedroll, sweat dripping from your brow. This was all just some terrible nightmare.

Then you hear it. A tingle runs down your spine. From somewhere behind the horses something stirs. You hear a rustling in the grass...

Crumple that paper one last time, Marshal and call it a night.

SHANE'S AFTERWORD

I've run this adventure all over the world, including dozens of conventions in the United States and as far afield as Poland, France, and Australia. And I've run it scary. One poor gal—who shall remain nameless, but you know who you are, M—even peed her pants. I call that a win, partner.

The tale comes with a little danger though. You're going to wipe the party out in the first scene. Make sure you've hinted that this is a "killer" adventure ahead of time and get everyone to look you in the eye and tell you they can handle it. It's okay to even brag about getting a TPK (Total Posse Kill). While it may seem like you're giving the trick away, it actually helps prepare them a bit for the unwinnable fight in the opening scene. Everything after that is fair. Mostly.

The real fun of the adventure for you, Marshal, comes in a couple of spots. First, trust me on the crumpled paper trick. It sounds kinda like rustling grass, but it also makes your players quiet down a heartbeat and listen. Most importantly, it's a trigger for the two re-occurrences of Devil—once after they get the Whackin' Stick and once at the end of the adventure as they wake up from Lindsay's nightmare.



Don't forget the Fear tests in the first scene either. I've had more than one gunslinger keel over from a heart attack in this scene. Look at them for a second, say something like "Oh man. A heart attack...that's no way to go..." Make it look like you might cheat for them. Then shrug and move on to the next character. It's cruel, but once they "get it," you'll see the grins come out.

Play Devil's initial attack up gory and grisly. Rip those horses to shreds—there should be nothing left but tack and harness. That attack should come from behind the horses where the characters can't see either—that means they just see (and hear) something horribly tearing the spines out of their screaming, rearing, terrified, and sadly *tied up* mounts.

Stay with the graphic gore when Devil bursts into the campfire. Describe the massive claws and teeth and the way his velvet skin seems to almost absorb the lead, arrows, flame, or hoodoo they hurl his way. Then tear into 'em. I always tell one of the characters that Devil "digs his claws in under your rib cage and unzips you, sending gizzards and guts in a gory shower all around!"

And make *damn sure* you use the countdown on them. No long tactical decisions here.

Another part of the fun is just how *creepy* you can play things after the initial bloodbath. The players may assume they're all Harrowed when they come to after Devil slaughters them the first time. They're not, but they kinda look it. The deputy and bartender's lack of interest in their condition is also weird and helps set the scene.

Too, someone inevitably asks if the moon and stars have changed since they "died." They haven't, but answer with just a hint of doubt. "It doesn't look like they have to you."

Another creep factor is the zombie victims at the undertakers. They don't attack but just glare at the heroes with shifting glances and nervous wide eyes. Act this out. It's a winner *every* time for me.

Let's face it. Little girls are creepy in horror stories, and Lindsay should be no exception. Tell them how her hair covers her dark eyes. Emphasize her pale skin and ghostly white dress. They're all actually reasonably normal, but this

is a nightmare and you can play them up as you need to.

And whatever you do, don't forget to hint at the MASSIVE chain that leads into Devil's dog house. If some enterprising young buck decides to yank Devil's chain, let him. Mime him slowly pulling out the chain; build the tension. He pulls out a nasty spiked collar with no dog—which should be just as worrisome.

The finale in *Perdition*—before they wake up on the prairie—should be about half tactical and half manic action. The dogs come fast when they come, so even a party who wants to do something smart—like hole up in one of the buildings—may not make it. Even if they do, the dogs start jumping through windows or popping up under floorboards. If that doesn't work, Devil comes and starts smashing through the wall.

Devil's arrival makes things really interesting. Only the character with the Whackin' Stick can hurt him, which means the rest of the party should either buff the lone hombre Devil is after or fight off the dogs. If the latter are ignored, that Gang Up bonus and eventual lucky strike (with Go for the Throat) will almost certainly claim a few victims.

Most importantly, make sure that when a character with the Whackin' Stick *does* die, he passes it on to someone else—describe it flying through the air in slow motion. That person probably doesn't want it—cause that's who Devil comes after next. That dog is relentless.

I find the adventure feels best if the first two to three characters with the Whackin' Stick fall before Devil's claws. That makes whoever gets the final licks in desperate—she'll know full well there's no pansy fudging by the Marshal here.

And of course if you wind up killing the whole party again, they still wake up on the plains afterward just as if they'd won. But don't tell *them* that till it's time.



—Shane Hensley
September, 2015

THOSE WHO BORE THE WHACKIN' STICK

I was in the game at Con on the Cob 2006 with Kali and Matt Cutter. You had handed out some Adventure Cards - and snickered when you handed Matt "Let's Finish This".. the card that stops anybody from soaking wounds until a Joker is played.

During the big battle in the church, Matt dropped that card. We beat the tar out of that monster. I had played the priest so my *smite* spell (Jesus' Little Helper) had lent a big hand!

—Yuri Zahn

I have a lot of great memories for this game. The best for me is your face when I rolled for the damage with the famous stick — 34 something if I remember well... You had to cheat to keep your monster alive! That was priceless.

—Sabine Abbonato

For us, it was our first experience playing Deadlands, and it was memorable. I always have a little fear about dogs when I was child, so before playing this adventure I didn't like them. After that I hate them ;)

As for Emily, she enjoyed a lot and bought the core book three days after playing (the first RPG she ever bought). For her, one of the most memorable moments was this creeping dead under the saloon, making this horrible noise with his teeth.

—Romano Garnier

I remember spending all my Bennies trying to survive the opening back at GenCon UK all those years ago...

—Shane McLean

The Intro: Everyone dead silent when you rustled some paper under the table - representing the big dog moving through the grass.

Hiding under a fallen log at -3 wounds, only to hear the beast stalk up and finish the job.

Whenever someone died you said something like "Wow sorry, sometimes that happens." Only to do the same thing action after action. :)

The Town: Will never forget the creepy bar (with something scratching under the floor) and the strange little girl telling us about Devil.

Norm Hensley then actually crawling underneath the bar only to find a zombie (I believe this was the barkeeps wife).

Hearing the pack of dogs howling, and the mad dash to the church to board up the windows.

The look on your face was priceless when A. Bohannon's priest (or it might have been Cutter) played an action card to one shot Devil with the whackin stick!

The Ending: Of course the ending was the best part - waking up around the campfire again only to hear you rustle the paper again - "Thanks for playing."

This was one of my favorite games I've ever played in! Very happy to see you unleash it on the masses.

—Joe Salitt



An Italian posse during my trip with our partners at Jolly Troll.