



Murder on the Hellstromme Express



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MURDER on the HELLSTROMME EXPRESS

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ALL ABOARD!



For three years the Kansas Scientific Symposium has showcased clever machines built by hopeful inventors from all over North America. This year one lucky genius will earn the third Grand Prize to date—a contract with Hellstromme Industries and the privilege of seeing his gizmos mass-produced in the City o’ Gloom.

With all the hubbub over the New Science, Union Blue co-sponsors a Wasatch locomotive from Chicago to Dodge City for the symposium each year—the so-called *Hellstromme Express*. The passenger list consists almost exclusively of inventors—both kinds, mad and loony, but don’t let *them* hear you say that. Some other brave folk are known to ride the line, but they are few and far between.

When the posse hires on as bodyguards to one Dr. Elijah Bailey it looks like all they have to do is ride the rails to Bloody Kansas. This job’ll be a *cinch*. But the heroes are about to butt heads with rival scientists, oddball traditions, cloak-and-dagger intrigue, and a vendetta that’s hell-bent on getting settled, one way or the other.

A Tale of Two Feuds

Three years ago, Professor Harold Karl Dial was a bright-eyed young watchmaker with familiar goals: fame, fortune, and the measure of immortality that comes with having invented something people can’t do without. All in all, folks thought him a clever, good-humored lad who was sure to go far.

He made his way to Chicago in 1877 for the very first symposium, sunnily optimistic that his clockwork creations—styled as they were upon the works of Hellstromme himself—would surely be recognized as genius. To his initial distaste and eventual dismay, Professor Dial met Patton Riddle.

Riddle was everything Dial wasn’t—charming, rugged, physically powerful, and possessed of a dashing grin that drew admirers like an electromagnet. He’d stalked deadly predators in the wilds of Africa, fought Malaysian pirates armed only with a harpoon and an oversized fish-hook, and stared down the walkin’ dead in abandoned railroad camps out west. Worst of all, in Dial’s eyes, was how easily Patton Riddle took to weird science.

Riddle was one of those rare savants who had no need to apply himself—knowledge came to him intuitively. In Dial’s opinion, Riddle’s “rocket-propelled munitions” exemplified perfectly the overconfidence and overbearing nature of their creator. On the train ride to Dodge City he cultivated a studied and cold contempt for the Great White Hunter. As much as he despised Riddle, H. K. Dial was certain that the subtlety and versatility of his clockwork insects would not go unnoticed. He was wrong.

It was the First Annual Kansas Scientific Symposium that delivered the sucker punch. Sadly, Hellstromme’s representatives were much more interested in a hand-held gizmo that exploded structures at a distance. Crushed, Dial returned to his lonely workshop as Patton Riddle was showered in accolades and grant money (although he didn’t win the Grand Prize).

This year Professor Dial returns, believing he has hatched a plan to win the symposium, crush Patton Riddle, and achieve his immortality all at once. But Dial’s mind has been twisted by three years of resentment, solitude, and ghost rock exposure. He unknowingly focused his hatred and desire for revenge into his work, and an evil spirit took up residence in his most humble creation—Dial’s clockwork ants—granting them a fiendish intelligence.

THE HELLSTROMME EXPRESS

Bailey's Undercover Admirer

The posse is hired as the bodyguards of Dr. Elijah Bailey, so they start out unaware of Dial's revenge plot. But everyone riding the *Hellstromme Express* to "Peacetown" is a potential victim. Vigilance is required to ensure Dr. Bailey isn't among the casualties.

Trouble is, Bailey's got a stalker on the train. Courtney Morrow—inventor of the Morrow Needlegun—used to be Bailey's close friend and confidante. In fact she was his mistress. Later she joined the Agency as a Technician and began work on her own inventions.

Her mind's gotten so addled she's *sure* it was one of Elijah Bailey's potions that sparked all her troubles. Her involvement with Bailey caused her no end of grief, and now her dementia drives her to revenge.

Morrow's official task is to ride the *Express* posing as a Union Blue repairman, conduct surveillance for the Agency, and copy (or steal) any blueprints she can. That's why Union Blue goes to all the trouble of running a Wasatch locomotive on their rails every year—the chance to seize new inventions. Plus all those inventors who don't win Hellstromme's prize are invited to Fort 51 to show their wares.

The real reason she got herself assigned to this undercover mission is personal. Courtney's decided the homespun alchemy of Elijah Bailey is exactly the sort of thing the Agency should be stamping out (despite the Washington office's dissenting opinion).

The problem for the posse is one of priorities. There's chaos a-plenty once Dial's machinations get going, but the bodyguards have to keep in mind the ultimate goal—the safety of Dr. Bailey and his equipment. Bailey has no idea that Morrow is on the train, and she takes pains to avoid revealing her presence to him.

Morrow has some muscle with her, and they're on the lookout for any distractions so they can enter the freight car and sabotage Bailey's stowage.

The Hellstromme Rep

A single representative of Hellstromme Industries is present every year, and there is no greater source of conversation and consternation among the gathered hopefuls. The rep is a cryptic figure in black suit and top hat, prominent moustache impeccably waxed and curled, coolly observing from behind smoked-glass spectacles.

It might seem *powerful* generous of Dr. Hellstromme to let Union Blue run one of his locomotives, but he's got his own agenda—securing the rights to as many new inventions as possible. Sometimes this involves a contract, and other times flat-out theft.

The rep's purpose is to take note of events on the way to Dodge City, so a winner can be determined if the symposium's results are less than definitive. He never comments beyond a pursing of the lips, twitch of the eye, or perhaps a speculative, "Hmm." Several traditions have sprung up among the inventors over the past few years (see Chapter Two), and now the results of such activities are taken into account during the judging process.

This may be unfair to all those folks who opt to travel directly to Dodge City on their own, but everyone knows you simply *must* ride Union Blue's express from Chicago if you're serious about taking home the big prize.

Though it might surprise some folks, inventors whose gizmos cause harm to other travelers (accidentally or otherwise) are not automatically disqualified. Hellstromme's people are pragmatists. The important thing is to identify the most-promising invention, and get the creator's *John Hancock* on a contract. If the winner must distinguish himself by blasting his competitors to smoking bits, well...all's fair in love, war, and science.

The Setup

The adventure starts in Chicago, hub of commerce and transport for the Union. In the current year of 1880, the city has just finished rebuilding from the catastrophic destruction wrought by the Great Chicago Fire of 1871. Three hundred people died and 18,000 buildings burned to cinders, leaving over one-third of the city's population homeless.

For a time rumors circulated that Confederate spies were to blame, and there followed the usual impassioned rhetoric, riots, and murder. Then the Union stepped in with its vast wealth and resources, and now the suffering is eclipsed by a building boom bigger than the city's ever seen.

Nearly every building is new, including the train depot. Two of the Union's flying carriages patrol the skies. Despite the vagaries of fate, Chicago remains the midwest center of shipping and transportation, a boon for the Union and an everlasting thorn in the Confederacy's side.

CHAPTER ONE: DIABOLICAL ENGINE

DIABOLICAL ENGINE

This tale begins with the assumption that the posse has already taken the job of guarding Dr. Bailey, but that needn't be the case. If you're using this adventure as part of an ongoing campaign, feel free to play through the hiring process before the adventure properly commences. You'll have to improvise based on the information provided here and in Dr. Bailey's stat block, but that shouldn't give you too much grief. Just make sure the posse gets itself hired in the end!

It's illegal to carry firearms inside Chicago city limits, so we also assume that the posse begins play with its shootin' irons in hock. Their weapons are returned before the *Hellstromme Express* departs, but for one night in Chicago the bodyguards need to make do with fists and other melee weapons, or risk ending up in a Union hoosegow (that's jail, for all you greenhorns).

If any of the bodyguards are Weird Scientists, they are welcome to take part in the symposium as long as it doesn't interfere with their guard duties. They might even win the prize!

As our tale begins, the characters have just arrived in Chicago to meet with their employer. There's a day to spare before the train departs for Kansas. Read the following as the posse reaches the depot.

They say things are "different" Back East. Now that you've seen Chicago, partner, you could add a thing or two. What looks like half the Union army is camped on its borders, the walls bristle with cannons and steam Gatlings, the sky is a brown haze, and everywhere soul-dead tinhorns shamble about their business.

You're itching for an open prairie inside of ten minutes. Lucky for you the whole point of this job is to go west.

The enormous Union Blue headquarters looms over a bustling train depot. Soon you locate the so-called Hellstromme Express on the Union Blue line. Streamlined in brass and steel and equipped with a ghost rock boiler, the locomotive has a decidedly infernal look about it.

There's a well-dressed black man on the platform consulting a gold watch—your employer, Dr. Elijah Bailey, brewer of linaments and tonics. He looks up as you approach, smiling at his new associates.



THE HELLSTROMME EXPRESS



Greetings and introductions all around. Dr. Bailey seems impatient to get started, though the train does not leave until tomorrow. If the characters start asking questions about the train, the symposium, and so forth, Dr. Bailey is happy to explain the basics.

My apologies, I assumed you knew all about it! Every year Union Blue and Wasatch co-sponsor a train—this train here—from Chicago to Dodge City for the annual Kansas Scientific Symposium. Inventors flock from far and wide, each of them hoping to win the coveted Grand Prize—a contract to see their inventions mass-produced in Salt Lake City.

But the true contest begins long before we reach Kansas, and protection is a must. Remember, the safety of my hardware is as important—if not moreso—than my own life!

No, wait—I've reconsidered...my safety is paramount. But the glassware is crucial too.

Let's Haggle

The posse can now work out with Dr. Bailey any outstanding details of their employment. Their duties seem straightforward enough—protect Bailey during his trip

to Dodge City, and ensure that his three wooden crates of alchemical equipment arrive undamaged at the Kansas Scientific Symposium.

Presumably the heroes have little trouble with the terms: \$50 a day, each. If they balk, Bailey's willing to go as high as \$100 a day.

Once the bodyguards are clear on the terms and their duties, read the following.

Dr. Bailey consults his watch and exclaims, "I can't believe I nearly forgot! I've another appointment to keep...I must be brief. First, please locate a baggage porter and see that my equipment is properly stowed in the freight car. Second, I'll need you to see to this."

He hands over a sealed glass jar filled with a viscous brown substance. "Apply it liberally to the main pistons under the steam engine. By liberally, I mean use it all, and spread it evenly. Whatever you do, don't let anyone see you! When that's done, amuse yourselves as you like, but remember the Express pulls out at high noon tomorrow. Don't be late!"

CHAPTER ONE: DIABOLICAL ENGINE

Dr. Bailey is in too much of a rush to explain more right now. He repeats the crucial bits (“Stow the gear, apply the grease—don’t let anyone see you!”), then rushes off into the Chicago crowds, leaving you holding the jar and guarding a trio of wooden crates.

Stowing the Freight

A successful Notice roll is sufficient to find a baggage porter on the crowded platform. Only if the bodyguards leave the crates unattended do they have real problems. The crates are “accidentally” picked up by less-than-ethical Union Blue employees if they are left for more than a few minutes. The posse should try to track them down, and if they’re slow about it Dr. Bailey insists that they do so.

Stolen crates are held in a dilapidated barn at the edge of town, among other illicit goods. The operation is guarded by a crew of hardened ex-convicts and small-time criminals who make a living of sorts sweeping unattended items out of the depot. They’re led by an ornery gunman who goes by the name of McCladdock. They’ve got no intention of going back to prison. If they can’t win a fight, they flee, and if cornered they fight to the death.

Criminals (2 per hero): Use Outlaw stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*. They are armed with knives (Str+d4).

McCladdock: Use Veteran Gunman stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*. He’s packing a single barrel shotgun (12/24/48; 1–3d6; RoF 1; Shots 1; +2 Shooting rolls).

Careful heroes oversee the loading of the crates, and those who do are satisfied with the stowage. If the crates are left unattended with baggage porters, they end up in the freight car, but there’s a good chance some of Dr. Bailey’s glassware gets smashed in the process. If the porters do the job unsupervised, roll a d6; on a roll of 5–6, several pieces of equipment are broken and need to be replaced before the symposium (see Chapter Five).

The posse may take advantage of this opportunity to see what other gear is stored in the freight car. They won’t discover anything specific without breaking open some crates, which isn’t likely to happen with all the porters and railway personnel about. Suffice to say the freight car holds at least a dozen large crates already, and remains well-guarded throughout the night.

Instructions: Apply Liberally

Next there’s Dr. Bailey’s “Mystery Grease” to deal with. In order to access the locomotive without being seen, the engineer and boilerman (the workers typically in the locomotive) have to be distracted in some way, or a particularly stealthy member of the group might take it upon herself to do the deed without their knowledge. See **Union Blue Staff** on page 10 for their stats.

Three large pistons extend from the underside of the steam engine to the locomotive wheels. These can be reached by climbing underneath the locomotive, or through a large panel in the floor of the engine room. The grease must be spread all along these pistons to be effective (per Bailey’s instructions).

A character who spreads the grease with his bare hands feels a strong tingling sensation in his palms and fingers, which intensifies to a burning sensation, and finally numbness lasting 24 hours. During this time, any action attempted with the affected hand(s) suffers a –4 penalty. If the applier wears gloves, or uses a rag or paintbrush, he suffers no ill effects.

If Mack and Farris catch wind of what the bodyguards are up to, they’re none too happy about it. In fact they’re madder than a sack full of cats. (It’s almost as if they’ve encountered this sort of tampering before.) Needless to say, if the characters get caught they’re soon surrounded by freight porters, then railroad security, and finally a gang of Union soldiers asking questions. There ain’t no way to apply the grease now, that’s for dang sure.

After a few hours Bailey returns and sorts everything out, although he seems embarrassed and peevish about the whole escapade. In Chapter Two the consequences of failure catch up with Bailey and our heroes.

One Night in Chicago

There’s a lot of trouble the posse can get into in a city like Chicago, especially on the night of a full moon, but it’s probably best they lie low (especially if any of ’em have a Southern accent). In the event the bodyguards want more than just a good night’s sleep, there are three likely avenues of activity: shoppin’, drinkin’, prayin’, or some combination of the three.

THE HELLSTROMME EXPRESS

ETERNAL SERVICE

Heroes who go out and get falling-down drunk are sure to find themselves in peril before the night is out. The end of the war and the rebuilding of Chicago haven't put an end to the mysterious Press Gangs that have haunted the nocturnal alleyways and side lanes for years. People have generally stopped blaming the British—now faulting Confederate spies—but the authorities are no closer to discovering the identities of these enigmatic assailants.

The Press Gangs attack in groups of five or more, and those lucky enough to escape can never remember what the assailants' faces looked like. There's a good reason for that: they're dead! Ever since Chicago's worst-ever train accident back in 1869, in which hundreds perished, a Ghost Train materializes every full moon.

The Press Gangs issue from it, eager to kidnap more passengers and workers, and visible only to those near death or dead drunk. Once they have rounded up their doomed initiates, the deadly trainwreck is reenacted in ghostly silence, and those who've been taken by the gangs are never seen again.

When manifested in the full moon, the Press Gang ghosts are corporeal and may be attacked normally.

Press Gang (6): Use Walkin' Dead stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

If a character is unfortunate enough to get dragged off to the Ghost Train, there are a couple ways to save him. Either the rest of the posse swoops in to bushwhack the kidnappers, or they manage to rescue their amigo from the Ghost Train before the deadly wreck is reenacted. Anyone caught on board the train when it slams head-on into the spectral 3:10 from Salina joins the ghosts in eternal damnation.

McCullen's Outfitters

Shoppin' and drinkin' can both be done at McCullen's Outfitters, which is only a short walk from the train depot. McCullen's was always one of the largest establishments on the continent, but since the end of the war its size and amazing selection of products has only grown.

The rambling complex in the heart of Chicago sells nearly every item a body could want, including official Smith & Robards merchandise. The restaurant, two saloons that bookend the enormous building, and "gentlemen's club" in the upper stories continue to do vigorous business, but last year McCullen's received a major facelift. The 200-room hotel expanded to 250, along with a full renovation and paintjob. As always, there are all manner of interesting folk to meet at McCullen's, but since the renovation it costs a bit more. Lodging prices have increased to a minimum of \$2, ranging to \$3.50 a night for swankier accommodations.

Church of the Traveler

Folk looking to fortify their souls rather than their flesh are directed to the Church of the Traveler, found not far from McCullen's. Folks say everyone who receives Lucky Greene's blessing before riding the rails comes back alive.

Unlike the general store, Lucky's eccentric little parish hasn't changed a bit over the years—just seven old passenger cars on a disused section of track at the edge of the trainyards. Newcomers find that the congregation consists almost solely of railroad employees, most of them affiliated with Union Blue.

Lucky Greene is the church's non-denominational Christian pastor and he welcomes all worshipers to hear his odd sermons. They always start out hellfire and brimstone but quickly devolve into train, gambling, and sports metaphors.

Though the man's sermons are near-unintelligible, Lucky Greene's blessing is the genuine article. Anyone who attends service at the Church of the Traveler gains a real blessing (+1 to Spirit and Spirit-based tests) and the effects last for a full week (plenty of time to get to the symposium!).

If the recipient utters a curse word, takes the name of the Lord in vain, commits fornication or adultery, or drinks even a single drop of whiskey, the effects of the blessing end immediately.

CHAPTER TWO: MAD TRADITIONS

MAD TRADITIONS

Next day the characters awaken fresh from a good night's sleep at McCullen's, or maybe they're still sorting out various misadventures from the night before. If they fail to reach the train by noon they're left behind. Firearms can be reclaimed at the depot's Customs Booth.

A Fine Display of Smarts

Yesterday the platform was a bit crowded. Today it's a seething hive of activity. Read the following when the bodyguards arrive.

The platform is a riot of baggage porters, heaps of crates, and repeated camera flashes. Inventors are turned out in their best bibs and tuckers, most of them shooting their mouths off to reporters from the Tombstone Epitaph and Chicago Tribune.

Picking through the crowd, you note a proper English gentleman in bowler and waistcoat, escorted by a trio of watchful Chinese men.

A robust, grinning man dressed in khaki with a hunter's pith helmet loudly oversees the stowage of his gear, while reporters note every word and gesture.

A matronly woman with frizzy red hair and an Irish brogue demonstrates outlandish, buzzing headgear.

A mild-faced gentleman in a red plaid suit attempts to avoid a brace of reporters, a slim clockwork automaton clanking clumsily along at his side.

Three Union Blue repairmen make last-minute adjustments to the locomotive, one of them giving commands to the other two, before they all board the train.

"Oh very good, very good," says Elijah Bailey, parting with a group of reporters to greet you. "I trust your evening was pleasant? And you squared everything away

without incident?" Bailey turns and smiles at the precise moment someone snaps a photograph of him. "Let's get on board, shall we?"

Any character who is obviously an inventor or scientist is mobbed by reporters as she attempts to board the train. Once they get a few comments and a photograph or two, they allow her to depart in peace.

On Board the Express

The train—known to just about everyone as the *Hellstromme Express*—consists of a Wasatch-manufactured locomotive and tender, followed by nine Union Blue cars: two passenger cars, a dining car, a lounge car, two sleeper cars, two freight cars, and a caboose (in that order). Passengers may move freely among all cars except the freight areas and locomotive. Access to these areas is restricted to Union Blue and Wasatch personnel, and the conductor and engineer are the only ones who have keys.

There's some regular folks on board the train too (Lord help 'em!). First we have the Hovey family, headed west in search of wealth and happiness; they're a bit wary and apprehensive around all these New Science gizmos. There's also Father Jubel Croy, a priest who regularly gives sermons exhorting folks not to "defy God's will" by creating infernal machines.

Finally, there's a nondescript fellow by the name of Mr. Bogan—ostensibly a gambler who's out to rob some lunatics of their dinero. In reality he's a spy working for the Confederacy, isn't interested in money, and is charged with stealing whatever prototype devices or blueprints he can get his hands on.

Abe Hovey and Family (8): Use Townsfolk stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

Father Jubel Croy: Use Soldier (Officer) stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*. Father Croy was a chaplain in the Union Army.

THE HELLSTROMME EXPRESS

UNION BLUE STAFF

Here's a handy list of the train's personnel and what stats to use for them, just in case it becomes important.

These fellers and ladies weren't born yesterday. They have worked the *Hellstromme Express* before, so they know that no one can ever predict what might transpire along the way. They tend to keep both eyes open and remain prepared for absolutely anything.

Aristotle Lewis, Conductor: Use Veteran Soldier stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*. A retired Union Army Sergeant, Mr. Lewis is head man in charge of the train's safety and security. He's a canny old grump who isn't easily hoodwinked. Lewis keeps his old Winchester rifle in a locker in the locomotive, in case of emergencies.

Preston Mack, Engineer: Use Townsfolk stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*. He has Agility d8, Driving d8, and the Ace Edge. Preston drives the train.

Chet Farris, Boilerman: Use Townsfolk stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*. Farris tends to the ghost rock boiler and keeps it fired. He has Repair d6.

Tung Li, Brakeman: Use Martial Artist stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*. Li runs along the tops of the rail cars, turning a wheel on each car to apply the brakes.

Union Blue Repairmen (3): Actually Agency Technician Courtney Morrow and her two bodyguards, working undercover. See **Friends & Foes** for their stats.

There's also a chef, a waiter and waitress for the dining cars, and a bartender on board the train. Use Townsfolk stats in *Deadlands: Reloaded* for all of them.

Mr. Bogan (Confederate Spy): Use Outlaw stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*. Add Lockpicking d8, and the Alertness and Fleet-Footed Edges.

We Want Information

When Dr. Bailey is settled on one of the passenger cars, the heroes finally have time to pump him for more information. Bailey seems more at ease now, willing to speak with the heroes at length regarding his own potions and linaments, the symposium, the other inventors, his past in the Underground Railroad, or just about anything his minders want to jaw about.

When the guardians have learned all they care to from Bailey, you should take some time to describe and characterize the other passengers and inventors (using the information found above and in **Friends & Foes**) as they board the train.

It's better to have the bit players interact with or perform for the heroes, rather than just reading their descriptions out loud. For example, Patton Riddle brags about his adventures on various African safaris, while Lottie Galloway frets over air quality and whether the train is equipped with the proper medical supplies in case of accident.

The only inventor who speaks little and keeps to himself is H. K. Dial. His clumsy metal manservant is always at his side. Dial watches everyone very closely, waiting for the proper moment to "announce" himself.

The First Leg

Read the following when it's time to leave the city of Chicago.

At exactly noon the conductor cries "All aboard!" and the engineer gives a long blast of the whistle. Moments later the locomotive begins to chug and the train lurches forward, slowly at first, but steadily gaining speed. Inside an hour the Express speeds across a flat landscape of wheat, corn, wheat, and more wheat.

Improving the Odds

Secretly modifying mechanical elements of the train—and unveiling them during the first leg of the journey—has become a tradition for symposium contestants. Since the train travels through such dangerous country to reach Dodge

CHAPTER TWO: MAD TRADITIONS

City, anything that increases the chances of making it there alive is welcome. Inventors announce their modifications to anyone within earshot when they become apparent.

These modifications are always made secretly and without the permission of railroad staff. That's the way it was done the first year, and it so heightened the drama that the scientists kept it that way. Perversely, Union Blue rail employees receive express orders to allow *no one* to tamper with their locomotives. It may seem as though they're over-reacting, but their jobs are on the line.

If the characters succeeded in applying Bailey's grease yesterday, read the following:

Dr. Bailey has been studying his watch the whole time. As if on cue, he announces loudly to the entire car, "This train seems to be lacking in velocity. Perhaps it could use some axle grease."

A few seconds pass. Some travelers look about in confusion. Other scientists in the car seem interested, but they strain to appear aloof. Suddenly there's a surge of speed that momentarily presses everyone back into their seats.

If the posse failed in their task, Bailey doesn't bother to make the announcement. He sits silently instead, absolutely mortified as other inventors announce their own brilliant adjustments.

The list below provides the various inventors' modifications (or lack of same). Feel free to introduce these at dramatic moments, or to ignore them if they slow things down too much. Only Dr. Bailey's and Prof. Dial's modifications are critical to the story.

Modifications

Elijah Bailey: Frictionless lubricant to increase piston speed and efficiency.

Courtney Morrow: She adds a Ghost Rock Optimizer to the boiler to increase the train's fuel efficiency (but she doesn't announce it since she's deep undercover).

Patton Riddle: *(with a broad smile)* "Why would I waste my time on a simple locomotive when there's a contest to be won?" No modifications.

Sir Clyde Reed Cannon: He adds a Magnetic Coil to the wheel assembly to increase stability and speed.

Lottie Galloway: She adds an Air Filtration System to the passenger cars—no more Hay Fever!



Sylvester Lincoln Tate: He adds a variant of his Cyclonic Projector to the steam tank, which increases usable steam pressure.

Pvt. Judson Conrad: *(with a frown)* "I just don't see the wisdom in unapproved modifications. Is there a reason Dr. Hellstromme doesn't publish the rules for this contest?" No modifications.

Anyone keeping an eye on the Hellstromme rep sees him mark down a few notes in his ledger. He does this after any modification takes (or doesn't take) effect.

The Trouble with Speed

Once all the other inventors have been introduced in some way, read the following passage.

By the time the scientists' various modifications have kicked in, the Hellstromme Express is hurtling across the Great Lakes Region at ludicrous speed. It's actually a little bit invigorating for those accustomed to traveling in a saddle.

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Suddenly a shudder goes through the entire train, followed by the distinctive groan of metal under stress. The vibration swells underfoot and then rises into seat bottoms and armrests.

The inventors appear stricken with terror—no one makes a move.

The speeding locomotive simply wasn't built to handle such velocity. From this point, the posse has 10 rounds before the train shakes itself to pieces.

Any bodyguard with the Repair skill may use it to attempt to remove the offending devices, if he can reach the engine. Courtney Morrow attempts to do the same. It takes 1 round to move through a railroad car (thus, a character five cars back reaches the locomotive in 5 rounds).

A Repair roll (–2) takes one round, and if successful allows a character to remove one modification without damaging the equipment. A failed roll means the device cannot be removed—the mechanic may try again. If the

mechanic rolls snake eyes, a sickening jolt goes through the engine; subtract 2 rounds from the time remaining until the train flies to pieces.

If the heroes successfully remove three modifying devices before time runs out, the *Express* finally begins to slow. The engineer and conductor get out to inspect the damage and report that it will take several days to repair fully. A new locomotive is probably necessary if the travelers hope to reach the symposium on time.

If time runs out, the still-speeding train begins to buck and thrash like a wild bronco (successful Agility roll or be thrown to the floor and suffer a level of Fatigue from bumps and bruises). Whether the characters succeed or fail, now is when H. K. Dial makes his presence known.

Like Clockwork

As the *Express* is about to blow apart at the seams, or broken down with little hope of getting the assembled visionaries to Kansas, read the following passage.

"Looks like repairs are necessary, posthaste," says a quiet voice. The nervous, wan fellow with the clockwork automaton appears, lugging a large case. "I've just the thing right here." He lays down the case and opens it. Six-inch-long, steel ants swarm from under the lid, their alert antennae bending toward the locomotive's machinery.

See the **Friends & Foes** section for the clockwork ants' stats and information about their origin. Given time to work unmolested, they burrow their way into the guts of the engine and begin making repairs. Professor Dial waits patiently, a prim smile adorning his pale features.

Cowpokes who take the opportunity to converse with Dial find him pleasant enough, if a little reserved. Those who maintain a surreptitious watch upon the inventor of clockworks (and succeed on a Notice roll) note an interesting personal tic—Dial often stares at Patton Riddle when he thinks no one is watching. At those times his face betrays a deep and abiding hatred for the Great White Hunter.

In less than an hour, the ants have finished their work. The train's various impromptu modifications have been calibrated so they work in concert. More importantly, the entire locomotive has been structurally reinforced to allow for greater speeds than expected.

Needless to say, the Hellstromme rep makes a notation in his book. He even smiles...though afterward no one can say for sure that he saw it happen.



CHAPTER TWO: MAD TRADITIONS

The Long Trek

Given the train's prodigious speed, it takes only two days to reach Salina, Kansas. The pace slows a bit after Salina—the conductor and engineer are a little wary of running the train full-speed for the whole journey—but a huge amount of distance has already been covered.

The various bodyguards and helpers lie low during this time, choosing to observe each others' movements rather than make any sudden moves of their own. Morrow's Agency thugs (dressed as Union staff) and Sir Cannon's martial artists are found skulking near the freight cars at various times of the night and day, but they depart quickly when discovered.

During this time the characters have the opportunity to speak with any inventors they wish, or to design their own plans for protecting Bailey's gear. They may even want to sabotage someone else's gear. Let them do what they want, but remember that there's sure to be a fight (or a hell of a screaming match) if they're caught. Pay attention to the relationships formed by the bodyguards with various supporting characters, whether positive or negative—these become important in Chapter Five.

Diversions

Scientists amuse themselves in the time-honored fashion of drinking and playing poker (often the variation known as "Follow the Queen," but five-card stud is a favorite as well). The *Express* is equipped with a Steel Dealer, a vaguely man-shaped automaton that shuffles and deals cards like a pro. The Dealer has a Notice d8 when it comes to catching cheats (opposed by the cheater's Gambling roll).

Symposium-goers on the *Hellstromme Express* are known to down the occasional shot of *ghost rot*—liquor that's been aged in barrels lined with ghost rock. This is usually done on a dare, to prove one's mettle in the face of jeering rivals. Whatever the reason, it's almost always a bad choice. Ghost rot is known to cause hallucinations, and in some cases drives men stark raving mad with bloodlust.

For every shot of ghost rot an hombre drinks, he must make a Spirit roll. If the drinker fails the Spirit roll, he gains a Habit (Major, Ghost rot). On a roll of snake eyes he goes Berserk (per the Edge) for 1d6 days, during which time he is Delusional (Major) and believes that everyone is his mortal enemy. He gains a permanent Bloodthirsty Hindrance to boot. Only *greater healing* cast by a blessed or shaman can mend a mind shattered by ghost rot.

Bailey's Aid

On the other hand, gloss over this whole section if the characters aren't in the mood to play poker with mad scientists or drink their rotgut. In that case, read the following before the chapter ends.

After two long days being cooped up in the Hellstromme Express, the conductor announces that the halfway point of the journey—Salina, Kansas—is only a few hours away. Warily, Dr. Bailey pulls you aside for a quiet meeting in the empty dining car.

"We've entered Bloody Kansas," Bailey says. "This is where things get interesting, between the bandits and the regulators, so it's best to be cautious. Here—take these tonics and linaments, and don't hesitate to use them if the situation warrants!"

Bailey hands over a wooden box with a hinged lid. A brass plate on top is stamped with the monogram E.O.B. (Bailey's middle name being "Odysseus"). The posse can divide up the four potions as they like.

Bailey's Potions

Bailey's Refreshing Tonic (*Healing*): Heals 2 wounds. Cost: 3 PP.

Elijah's Little Pick-Me-Up (*Quickness*): Two actions/round for 3 rounds. Cost: 4 PP.

Vim Juice (*Boost trait*): Raises Strength 2 steps for 3 rounds. Cost: 2 PP.

Crimson Steer (*Boost trait*): Raises Spirit 1 step for 4 rounds. Cost: 3 PP.

Pryin' Eyes

At either end of the car is a door equipped with a large window and blinds. As soon as the hand-off is made, call for Notice rolls from the heroes. Those who succeed see a shadow lingering beyond the blinds at one end of the car, as though someone were eavesdropping from outside. With a raise they are certain the peeping tom is one of the three Union Blue repairmen.

It's actually Courtney Morrow, but she makes a beeline for the locomotive if she's discovered. If necessary she climbs on top of the train and vamooses along the roof. Even if the sodbusters are able to catch her, she won't admit to anything unless directly confronted by Elijah Bailey (and if she is, skip to **Morrow's Doublecross** on page 14).

THE HELLSTROMME EXPRESS

LAYOVER IN SALINA

Run this chapter when the *Express* reaches Salina, Kansas for an overnight layover. The town is famed for its grain elevators, which are visible on the horizon long before the train reaches the depot.

Salina was originally a staging point for prospectors traveling to Pike's Peak, as well as a trading post where local Indian tribes and troops from Fort Leavenworth could barter goods. Then the Union Blue line was extended to Salina and the town prospered. In the last ten years wheat became the dominant crop of a burgeoning economy, leading to the construction of a steam-powered flour mill, as well as refrigerated freight cars for exporting beef. Local businesses include the typical general stores, saloons, barber shop, and a newspaper, the *Salina Journal*.

Morrow's Doublecross

As soon as the train comes to a stop Courtney Morrow interrupts whatever the posse is doing. (Alternately, this scene might take place earlier if Morrow is caught spying on the posse.) In either case, Courtney's schizophrenia kicks in and causes her vengeful side to come to the fore. In this persona, she has no qualms about misusing her Agency credentials to ruin Bailey.

"Listen," says the female Union Blue technician, "My name is Courtney Morrow. I need to speak to all of you, right now, so we can bury the hatchet before things get out of hand. And there are some other things you should know about."

Courtney doesn't care whether Bailey is around, but if he is she invites him too. Her plan is simple and direct—keep the posse engaged in conversation in the dining car while her thugs enter the freight car and deliver a few sharp blows to the crates containing Dr. Bailey's cargo.

In the dining car Ms. Morrow invites you to a table where a bottle of whiskey is waiting beside some shot glasses. "I'll give this to you straight. I don't have a problem with any of you, not yet. And I don't want to." She flashes an Agency badge long enough for you to tell it's the genuine article.

She pours a shot and downs it. "This is between me and Elijah. We've got history you don't know about. None of your business, frankly."

Courtney looks around to be sure the dining car is empty. "There's trouble brewing on this train. Sir Cannon and Ms. Galloway are fighting like Kilkenny cats, and have you seen the way Professor Dial glares at Patton Riddle when he thinks no one's looking? It's the look of a man with murder in his heart.

"My point is this: your time is best spent looking out for yourselves, rather than worrying about Elijah. So what do you say? You going to pull in your horns, or is this just going to turn into a heap of difficulty for everyone involved?"

Morrow is grateful if Elijah's guardians agree to stay out of her way, but beyond that she doesn't much care how they respond. Her bodyguards are doing their work in the freight car, smashing Bailey's glassware and thus ensuring no further linaments or tonics are made before the symposium, nor the brewing process demonstrated while it is in session. If Bailey's potions are to be showcased, the heroes have to do it with a live demonstration of their effects (see Chapter Five).

If any sentinel notes that Morrow's escorts aren't around, and immediately heads for the freight cars, the Agency thugs are found just before they smash Bailey's gear. Stopping them is another matter. Although they don't resort to needleguns—as employees of the Agency they're above

CHAPTER THREE: LAYOVER IN SALINA

cold-blooded murder—they have no compunction against girding their fists with brass knuckles and trying to knock the heroes senseless.

Agency Enforcers (2): See **Friends & Foes** for their stats.

The players may decide to grill Dr. Bailey about his prior history with Morrow, but the good doctor remains mum on the subject. From his sheepish manner, anyone who succeeds at a Notice roll concludes that whatever is between he and Morrow, Bailey is plenty embarrassed about it. Even if she's given the chance, Morrow won't physically harm Bailey.

If Morrow's diversion is a success and Bailey's equipment is ruined, the doctor is understandably upset. He rushes off in a futile attempt to purchase more supplies locally, dragging the bodyguards on an all-night wild goose chase. He's unable to find anything even resembling scientific glassware in the middle of the night in Salina.

Intrigues and Complications

Courtney Morrow isn't the only passenger looking to put a spoke in somebody's wheel during the scheduled layover. Here are the scurrilous activities of the others, in case their paths should cross that of the posse.

Lottie & Clyde

By the time the train reaches Salina, Sir Clyde Reed Cannon is incensed over what he perceives as intolerable rudeness and insults from Lottie Galloway. As a matter of fact she's been her usual forthright self, while Sir Cannon was ever a mean-spirited sort. Not to mention he's English, she's Irish, and they just plain don't get along. Sir Cannon takes it upon himself to tilt odds in his own favor. He orders his bodyguards to steal one of Lottie's crates from the freight car and dispose of it in Salina.

Cannon's Bodyguards (3): Use Martial Artist stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

Paranoid and fearful that someone is plotting against her, Lottie Galloway locks herself in one of the sleeper car's cabins overnight.

Tate & Conrad

Sylvester Lincoln Tate, Union blue through and through, and Private Judson Conrad, a Son of the South, also fail to see eye-to-eye on a great many subjects of import. While Conrad would prefer to settle the matter with simple

fisticuffs, Tate is of a pacifistic bent. That doesn't prevent him from making sarcastic comments denigrating to the Confederacy, and coincidentally making Conrad's blood boil. It's only a matter of time before these two resort to reckless hostilities.

Either one might be found lurking around the freight cars, but they are currently more interested in ensuring the safety of their own gear than sabotaging anyone else's.

Dial & Riddle

Professor Dial spends the night locked in a berth in one of the sleeper cars, but his mechanical servants are hard at work. Dial sets loose a dozen of his worker ants to make their way through the train seeking gizmos. Any inventor's gizmo will do!

Clockwork Ants (12): See **Friends & Foes** for their stats.

The ants creep through the entire train, including the freight cars. Dial directs them to find any mechanical devices not related to the train's functions. Whenever they find one, they make a single Repair roll of d8 for the group, with a +2 modifier to reflect the sheer number of them acting in concert.

A successful roll, in the case of a mundane mechanical device, means the machine stops working. With a Mad Scientist's gizmo, a successful roll by the ants means that the next time the device is used, it is as though the user rolled an automatic 1 on their Trait die. In other words, *ka-blammo!* Since the device malfunctions no matter what is rolled, spending a benny won't prevent the gizmo from detonating.

As long as scientists carry their devices with them, they are safe from the ants' sabotage. But the devices of Patton Riddle are definitely affected (see Chapter Four). Either roll the ants' Repair for each of the other mad scientists on board the train (they're sleeping when the ants are set loose), or just pick a few whose gear has been fouled.

For his part, Patton Riddle drinks several whiskeys in the lounge before passing out in a sleeper cabin. He's far too self-absorbed to think about wrecking anyone else's gear, and a bit too drunk to worry about protecting his own.

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Night Raid!

Wakoyantanke (whose name means “Big Thunder”) is far from his home in the Sioux Nations. After a failed bid to seize control of his tribe, the disgraced warrior set out into Bloody Kansas with his loyal followers to do great deeds and regain his standing in the tribe. This Sioux war party doesn’t follow the Old Ways, but their tribe does. They figure destroying the *Hellstromme Express*—by any means necessary—will at least return them to their peoples’ good graces.

Wakoyantanke isn’t interested in stealing anything. True to his name, he’d rather send a message so loud it’s heard in Chicago. A few hours before dawn, he and his braves creep through the depot to the *Express*. Unless they are prevented, they rig the tender with six sticks of dynamite and light the fuse. The tender filled with ghost rock blows sky high and the locomotive bursts apart at the seams, exploding into bright, shrieking flames and debris. The Sioux run off into the night.

Wakoyantanke: Wild Card. Use Veteran Indian Brave stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*. Add the Command, Fervor, and Inspire Edges—Big Thunder’s men would follow him

to the grave and beyond. He has 6 sticks of dynamite (4/8/16; 2d6/stick; RoF 1; Shots 1; MBT; +1” radius, +1d6 damage per additional stick).

Sioux Warriors (20): Use Indian Brave stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

If the guardians keep watch, however, call for Notice rolls opposed by a single roll of the Sioux warriors’ Stealth plus a Wild Die. (You might require only a successful Stealth roll from the Sioux if you judge the sentries to be Inactive—playing cards and lollygagging and such.) The Sioux set to work wiring the tender to blow. If they’re discovered, the braves whip out bows and arrows and start shooting.

If the locomotive is destroyed, the layover is extended for another day while a replacement is called in. If he’s unsuccessful and escapes, Wakoyantanke comes back the next night. In short, the Sioux warrior makes a grade-A pest of himself until he’s dealt with.

If there are any American Indians among the bodyguards, they have the best chance of talking Wakoyantanke into taking his crusade elsewhere. They make Persuasion rolls at +2. Anyone else who tries to Persuade Wakoyantanke does so at –4. If such attempts fail, only putting Wakoyantanke in the hoosegow (or the bone orchard) deters him.



CHAPTER FOUR: THE DEADLY GAUNTLET

THE DEADLY GAUNTLET

By the time the *Express* gets moving again, the cowpokes are probably relieved to put Salina behind them. Little do they know things are about to get a whole lot worse. It's three more days to Dodge City and each one of them is crazier than the last.

Fish in a Barrel

Mid-afternoon on the first day out of Salina, the *Express* leaves behind the vast farmland of eastern Kansas and enters the open prairie. Suddenly shouts and carrying-on can be heard from one of the passenger cars. Read the following to the players.

The forward passenger car is in an uproar by the time you get there. Scientists hurry every which way with big grins on their faces. Overheard bits of conversation revolve around "accuracy" and "killing power." With various weapons mundane and weird clutched in eager hands, the inventors exit at the end of the car and climb onto the roof.

On top of the passenger car, most of the inventors and their bodyguards are standing in a long line with the steady wind whipping at their coats. The Hellstromme Rep is here as well, pencil poised over his notepad. Only H. K. Dial and Lottie Galloway are not present.

The rolling grassland to the north is filled to bursting with buffalo, some of them only a few feet from the passing train. The herd easily numbers several hundred, all of them placidly ruminating as the *Express* rumbles past. The gathered inventors are busy placing bets on various weapons and shooters—who is most accurate, who can drop the most buffalo with a single shot, and so on. The posse is welcome to make their own wagers.

"You don't need to fret about accuracy when the Conrad Meatgrinder is at your side!" shouts Private Conrad into the wind. He raises a vaguely barrel-

shaped weapon. As he flicks a switch on the stock with his thumb, the apparatus on his back emits ghost rock exhaust. "Stand back, y'all!"

The gun cracks and belches smoke. Instantly a dozen buffalo within 20 yards topple over dead, pierced by hundreds of bits of shrapnel. The other inventors nod to each other, applauding as Hellstromme's rep makes a notation.

Other inventors and bodyguards take turns firing upon the buffalo herd, and the heroes are welcome to join in if they've got a hankering to. Once everyone has had a shot, attention slowly turns to the one inventor who hasn't yet demonstrated his device—Patton Riddle.

Patton Riddle is already grinning before anyone asks him what his gun can do. "It's not a gun," he snaps, "not in any conventional sense. Air-delivered munitions are a different sort of animal." The Great White Hunter lifts the bulky, tube-shaped device onto one shoulder and peers through a targeting reticule. "That's right folks," Riddle shouts, his finger tightening on the trigger, "Someday you'll be able to shoot your meat and cook it... at the same time!"

With those fateful words, Patton Riddle is engulfed in a sudden explosion of flame and debris.

Professor Dial didn't settle for having his clockwork ants sabotage Riddle's gizmo...he had them reconfigure it. When the trigger is pulled, the rocket explodes, dealing 4d6 damage in a Large Burst Template centered on Riddle. Patton Riddle is killed instantly—very little of him or his device remains intact—and anyone caught in the blast radius must succeed at an Agility roll or be thrown from the speeding train (for an additional 4d6 damage).

After the blast, the *Express* screeches to a halt. Bits of Riddle and his device are scattered across the area, and a ragged, six-foot-wide hole is blown through the roof of the passenger car. The conductor and engineer scramble

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about, wondering if they'll live to see Dodge City, while the Hellstromme Rep takes even more notes and clucks disapprovingly.

There may be other inventors with gizmos ready to blow sky high, depending on the results of the clockwork ants' Repair rolls. If by some chance the posse discovered Dial's sabotage earlier and warned the other inventors, most of them are able to repair the damage before any mishaps could occur. Even if Riddle was warned, the results of this episode are the same—he doesn't bother to make any repairs. He thinks the bodyguards are just nervous Nellies.

Accusations

What's left of Riddle's device lies smoking beside the train tracks, about a quarter mile back up the line. If the wreckage is inspected by a character who then makes a successful Repair roll, it is plain that the gizmo was tampered with. With a raise, the inspector is certain that only H. K. Dial's ants could have done such precise work in so short a time.

Dial is found in the dining car enjoying coffee and a late lunch. He remains impassive if accused of wrongdoing or murder, listening carefully and without reply to whatever the bodyguards have to say. If pressed he may go so far as to admit that they have "an intriguing theory...but no proof." His attitude remains composed and smug. If Dial is threatened with physical harm, Max the Manservant immediately steps in front of the mild-faced inventor. The automaton does battle with anyone who tries to harm Dial. If the posse keeps threatening without taking action, Dial offers to settle this with a duel—Max the Manservant versus any gunfighter who thinks he's got the salt to best a machine.

Max the Manservant: See **Friends & Foes** for stats.

Man v. Machine

The duel takes place on the roof of the undamaged passenger car, while the *Express* is in motion (the conductor and engineer having been convinced by the Hellstromme Rep that the best solution to their myriad problems is to reach Dodge City as soon as possible). The other passengers attempt to find safe vantage points for observing the duel, all the while pointing out the similarities between this event and "the peculiar legend of John Henry."

The Hellstromme Rep takes no further action beyond noting the duel's result in his book (a tick either for or against H. K. Dial). Though the posse may appeal to the

rep with a strong case, he assures them (in more words than they've heard him utter so far), "All accounts will be settled at the symposium."

The Last Leg

Two days later, as the *Express* nears Dodge City, Professor Dial makes his final bid to destroy any of his competitors' gear still in the freight cars. Dial keeps his suitcases in his cabin, and if he can get to them unobserved he sets loose both his worker and warrior ants for one last assault on the freight.

If Bailey's guardians are keeping an eye on the vengeful inventor, he tries his best to distract them. He might use his Chronos Timepiece to *teleport* out of sight, or slip into his Aetheric Skin and fade into *invisibility*. Failing in either of those attempts, he orders Max the Manservant to attack the posse and uses the confusion to spill his ants out of the suitcases.

It's entirely possible that Professor Dial meets his maker during this scene, or that he's already dead by this point in the tale. Don't let it rattle you, Marshal. Dial has a special delivery on its way to the symposium via Wells-Fargo courier, and whether he's alive or dead that part of the mad inventor's plot goes off as planned.

His final words are, "This year...I'm going to *win*." Even in death, H. K. Dial's lips are curled into a smirk.

The Ants Go Marching

If Dial sets loose the ants, they swarm toward the freight cars at a run. The worker ants are implacable, doggedly creeping toward their goal no matter what, while the warriors stop to fight anyone who interferes with their progress. Warrior ants gang up on a single hombre; they're most dangerous that way.

When they reach the freight car, the workers and warriors act in concert to destroy everything that remains. Given time to do their job, nothing remains intact. If the ants aren't prevented from laying waste to the freight, they soon move on to the rest of the train. The industrious little buggers don't stop until the *Express* is just a heap of scrap metal blocking the tracks.

Destroying the clockwork insects is the only way to stop them. Predictably, Hellstromme's representative is on hand to make note of the ants' capabilities, and as usual, the rep doesn't interfere or offer any aid in situations concerning inventions. Hellstromme's rules and all...

CHAPTER FIVE: SYMPOSIUM OF CHAOS

SYMPOSIUM OF CHAOS



There's no guarantee our intrepid heroes reach Dodge City in one piece. But if they do, this chapter is the best remedy.

Settling In

Be sure to read up on Dodge City in *Deadlands Reloaded* before the posse arrives in town. The bodyguards have to surrender their shootin' irons as soon as the train pulls into the station, per local law, or risk running afoul of the authorities. They end up needing them once the symposium is in full swing, so if the heroes devise some creative means of keeping their guns hidden, reward them with a free pass. If they flaunt their sidearms, local law dogs step in to correct the situation.

Lodging

The Cherrywick Hotel is located in the heart of the business district, across the street from the railroad depot. That puts it within a stone's throw of multiple saloons, general stores, and other, shall we say, *entertaining* establishments. The Cherrywick is the official lodging of record for the Kansas Scientific Symposium, as it has been for the past two years, which makes it a unique place to be right about now.

Lucas Bowers, a lanky and spry gent, is the hotel's harried proprietor. He, along with his wife Bertha and their nine sons and daughters, does his best to keep everything running smoothly during the symposium.

Dr. Bailey rents a room for himself, and additional space sufficient for the bodyguards to sleep three to a room. The trip has left Bailey dog tired, so once the posse helps him unload and store his crates (if they're still in one piece), they're free for the night. While it's probably a good idea

to keep a close watch on the slumbering alchemist, it's not necessary—for once, trouble stays at bay long enough to allow some quality shut-eye.

Meeting of the Minds

The Kansas Scientific Symposium is held in a large, central meeting room at the Town Hall. The small number of inventors riding on the *Hellstromme Express* may lead the bodyguards to think that the symposium is an intimate affair, maybe attended by invitation only. As soon as they have a look around they know different. It is truly a bazaar of the bizarre.

There are dozens of other novice inventors from all over the Weird West who made the annual trek to Kansas. Inventors who ride the *Express* have an advantage over other hopefuls—they have six extra days to rack up points with Hellstromme's representative. Developing gizmos with military applications typically increases one's chances of winning as well. But that doesn't stop the rest of them from trying, year after year, to invent just the right newfangled machine.

Three entrances are guarded by automatons under the control of the six Hellstromme reps on site. These automatons bar entry to anyone who doesn't have a ticket, and try to prevent the theft of any items from the hall. Beyond that, they are expressly prohibited from interfering in any events that might transpire *within* the hall. It's all part of Hellstromme's twisted game.

Automatons (1 at each entrance): Use stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

Every power available to Mad Scientists is represented by at least one machine on display at the symposium. Hundreds of spectators fill the hall, gazing in wonder at the technological variety on display. But the cavalcade of

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inspirations doesn't end with weird science, and it isn't all weapons of war. Many of these folks are just innovators looking to make life easier for the common man.

There's every kind of novel farming and ranching equipment one can imagine. Unbreakable butcher's knives and cleavers that never need sharpening, mathematically-calibrated horseshoes, gentle (and not so gentle) sleep aids, automatic shepherds, "intelligent" barbed wire, hangover cures, bigger and better mousetraps, portable electric batteries, self-cleaning spectacles, even a new version of the world famous clockwork de-moler—curious heroes can find all these things, and more, attended by the odd assortment of inventors one would expect to see alongside them.

The Big Day

The day after the *Express* arrives, the Kansas Scientific Symposium is in full swing. Though it's scheduled to last for three more days, it's only going to take one to bring things to a close. Allow the bodyguards to browse the exhibits if they like, or take up watchful positions near Dr. Bailey's booth. It isn't long before the real party kicks off.

If H. K. Dial survived the trip, he is present with Max the Manservant, as well as any worker or warrior ants that are still functional. His signage reads simply, **H. K. DIAL CLOCKWORKS & CURIOSITIES**. While he doesn't seem to be particularly happy to see the heroes or any other *Express* passengers, to all observance he does his best to make a good impression on the judges and onlookers. Appearances, in this case, are quite deceiving.

If Dial is dead, his booth is set up by symposium staff, but sits empty until the crate is delivered (see below). If Max survived the trip, he works the booth in Professor Dial's absence. The metal manservant tries to engage spectators with scratchy, pre-recorded descriptions of Dial's inventions, but few are interested in the clumsy machine's presentation.

Elijah's booth is in one corner of the hall, with a sign overhead reading, **DR. BAILEY'S LINAMENTS & TONICS—THE GREAT TASTE OF SCIENCE!** Bailey isn't happy with the location he's been given, but he keeps a stiff upper lip and goes about the business of talking up his wares. If his glassware failed to arrive in Dodge City, Dr. Bailey informs the posse that he'd like them to provide a live demonstration of his tonics' effects when they get the chance.

Choosing Sides

The heroes have had plenty of time to make friends or enemies of various passengers on the *Express*. Here's where they reap whatever it is they've sown. This section lists various circumstances, along with what's to be gained or lost by them when the lead starts flying.

A Job Well Done

Dr. Bailey's been jawing about his glassware since the train left Chicago. If the posse is alert, vigilant, and lucky enough to escort the doctor's crates into Dodge City undamaged, the alchemist is overjoyed. If the characters have used any of the tonics previously given to them (in Chapter Two), Dr. Bailey sets up his alchemical supplies in his hotel room and burns the midnight oil to replace those potions before the symposium begins.

Friends

Other inventors who are friendly with the party join them against Dial's crowning achievement in the final battle (see below), or lend the use of any appropriate gizmos. Note that friendship with Dr. Bailey doesn't grant any benefit beyond what's been described already, and Courtney Morrow isn't particularly interested in associating with the cowpokes. Each of the remaining inventors has an opposed rival (Cannon vs. Galloway, Tate vs. Conrad), and a character cannot gain the benefits of allegiance with more than one inventor in any given pair.

For example, if the heroes get all buddy-buddy with Cannon, you can be sure Lottie Galloway's famous Irish temper flares up. In that case, beleaguered characters hoping to take her Biovibration Helmet for a soothing spin are plumb out of luck. By the same token, characters who are fast friends with Lottie won't even get the time of day from Sir Clyde.

Enemies

Courtney Morrow makes no secret of her distaste for Dr. Bailey. That said, she's got no particular beef with the heroes beyond their choice of employer. So if the posse has gone out of its way to raise Ms. Morrow's ire they might just regret it in the final battle.

If the heroes gave Morrow a reason to despise them (for instance, if they tried to kill her) she and her Agency enforcers **jump** into the fight on the side of the titan when it goes batty. Otherwise, her instincts as an Agent take over when Dial's behemoth begins its rampage through the hall

CHAPTER FIVE: SYMPOSIUM OF CHAOS

(see below). She sends her goons to track down Marshal Deger and repeatedly fires her needlegun at the titan on full power.

The Deceased

It's possible that various inventors have taken a one-way trip to the boneyard already. Patton Riddle is certainly dead. But two untimely deaths in particular have consequences for the posse during the final scene.

The premature death of H. K. Dial might net the heroes an extra enemy. Assuming his Manservant, Max, survives, the clockwork gunfighter's programming spurs him to gain vengeance on the murderers. He even makes use of any remaining worker or warrior ants to cause further pain to his targets.

Another fatality that causes no small inconvenience is that of the Hellstromme rep. Everyone who survived the train ride from Chicago, whether they were involved in the rep's demise or not, is questioned extensively by Dr. Hellstromme's people on the first day of the symposium. In and of itself, this isn't much more than aggravating, especially if the posse doesn't bear any guilt in the matter.

When the titan breaks loose, choose one character randomly. He's the hombre who's being grilled when the fight starts. He hears the ruckus without a problem, but it takes two rounds to make his way downstairs to the main hall and join his allies.

Special Delivery

A few minutes past noon, word spreads through the main hall like wildfire that a ten-foot-tall, padlocked crate is being wheeled in. And it isn't any conventional packing crate—this one's made of slabs of some kind of dark hardwood, the corners and stress points steel-reinforced, all of it welded and bolted together. It takes two mechanical mules, smoking and chugging, to carry it to H. K. Dial's booth.

Having ridden the *Express* to Dodge City once before, Dial knew full well how much sabotage and skullduggery was likely to be committed along the way. Rather than risk some random element—or worse, one of those random elements he himself introduced—interfering with his plan, he chose Wells-Fargo to ship his greatest achievement directly to the symposium.



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The Titan Unbound!

Professor Dial leaps atop a nearby table.

"Ladies and gentlemen! Representatives of Dr. Darius Hellstromme! Esteemed guests of the symposium!" H. K. Dial stands on the judges' table, addressing the now-silent hall. "We all know the point of this contest—to see whose invention is most powerful, and thus most useful to Dr. Darius Hellstromme! I submit, for your consideration, the TITAN!"

If Dial is in fact dead—and especially if he's alive—go to the following passage:

A metallic CRASH! shakes the entire crate. The hall goes silent, as people back away from H. K. Dial's booth. Another SMASH! rocks the crate and snaps the padlocks. The front of the box swings open slowly.

Inside is the biggest, sleekest automaton anyone's ever seen. Shaped more like a man than the typical Hellstromme model, it is compact and broad-shouldered, with massive fists. The entire thing is encased in smooth, brassy ghost steel, with the glow of burning ghost rock shining in its eyes.

Suddenly it lurches forward, smoke billowing from its stack, smashing everything in its path! Screams echo in the hall as the crowd presses frantically toward the exits.

Dial figures that if his creation can whip the tar out of everybody else's, it's sure to catch Hellstromme's eye and end up produced on a City o' Gloom factory line. Even if he dies, Dial intends to live on through his greatest creation.

Most likely Bailey's bodyguards take issue with the titan—if not because of Dial's contention that it's the most powerful thing in Kansas, then perhaps due to the juggernaut's penchant for rampaging through crowded halls and crushing everyone and everything it encounters (except representatives of Hellstromme Industries). If they don't act, Dr. Bailey spurs the heroes on.

"You boys and girls!" Bailey shouts at you. "Get in there and show that thing who's boss! And make sure you use the tonics I gave you, you hear?"

The Main Event

When the posse tangles with the titan, they also face off against Professor Dial and any of his clockwork devices that survived the trip. If Dial is alive he's sure to make use of his personal gizmos too.

Courtney Morrow and her goons snipe at the posse with needleguns if they are considered enemies (see above). They take cover behind whatever table they can easily overturn, and aim potshots at the characters. If anyone asks Courtney what she thinks she's doing or orders her to stand down, she shouts "Agency business!" and punctuates her reply with a *bolt* of needles.

The symposium Judges Panel—comprised of all six Hellstromme reps—hides under a table and observes the entire battle, scribbling furiously in its notebooks the whole time.

Any of the posse's friends among the inventors lend what aid they can, and the rest flee the hall with the surging crowd. After three rounds of combat, the hall is empty except for combatants and judges.

Aftermath

When the fight is won, the symposium should also have a clear winner—either H. K. Dial (the award possibly posthumous) or Dr. Elijah Bailey, for the effects of his tonics on the bodyguards. It's also conceivable that Courtney Morrow could be the last inventor standing and win on her needlegun's merits, or that the same could happen to one of the other mad scientists. The winner of the symposium is swept up by the adoring crowd as a brass band begins to play, and they're mobbed with reporters and photographers. The Hellstromme judges soon escort the lucky inventor to his new life in the City o' Gloom. If this is Bailey, the cowpokes find themselves pretty much ignored for the moment.


Ain't that just *typical*.

Rewards

Dr. Bailey doesn't forget his loyal guardians for long (or at all if they make a big stink in front of the reporters). He pays them their agreed fees, plus an extra \$50 each if his glassware made it to Dodge City unharmed.

If Dr. Bailey is in fact named the Grand Prize Winner of the Third Annual Kansas Scientific Symposium, the cowpokes just hit the jackpot. Each gets a \$100 bonus on top of any other pay, as well as the knowledge that they've got friends in high places if they ever find themselves in trouble in the City o' Gloom.

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Here are the relevant biographical details and stats for all the major players in this tale, and the minor ones too. Wild Cards are marked with a marshal's badge, like this: 

Elijah Bailey

Elijah Bailey was born into slavery in Georgia in 1836. He was lucky to have been blessed with smarts, and even luckier to be smuggled to the North at a very young age with his mother and sisters, so he could attend school and augment his innate intelligence with some serious book-learnin'. That he did, eventually graduating with honors in 1866 from Harvard Medical School. By that time there was nothing more they could teach him.

Bailey acted as a “station master” on the Underground Railroad for years, offering his family’s Boston townhouse as a refuge for slaves fleeing from the south to Canada. He was acquainted with the abolitionist John Brown, a close friend to Frederick Douglass, and even debated Emerson once in front of his church group.

But all the while, technological research was his true focus. He first developed the Instant Cellular Energizer, a device that could mend even the most grievous wounds in a few moments. He hit the trade circuit with a somewhat clever slogan (“Hey brother, you’re hurt! Better get some I.C.E. fer’t!”), but for some reason it never caught on.

While traveling the convention circuit, Dr. Bailey met a young woman in Chicago named Courtney Morrow. They had a sporadic love affair that ended in tragedy, when Courtney became pregnant and subsequently lost the child.

Bailey returned to his workshop, where he developed a device that could enhance peoples’ natural abilities—he calls it the Omni-enhancer—and an Ultra-metabolizer that, when affixed to the base of the skull, makes one quick as lightning. He managed to attract investors, but he felt he was missing something in his quest to help others. His

devices just couldn’t reach as many people as needed them. That’s when he stumbled upon alchemy, and put its secrets to work.

Now Dr. Bailey prepares philters, tonics, linaments, and salves that can be taken and used later by others, all to help them be the best they can be. But the reach of his new invention is still limited in scope, and worse, Dr. Bailey has become absent-minded from his exposure to ghost rock. He fears his condition is worsening.



THE HELLSTROMME EXPRESS



That's why Bailey entered the Kansas Scientific Symposium. If he can get Dr. Hellstromme to see the value of his potions—or better yet, see them in action—he's sure he can get them mass-produced before his mind is gone. And that just means more people benefit from them, which is all Elijah Bailey ever wanted.

Quote: "There is an ideal person inside each of us, and I aim to bring that person to the fore in all of us."

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d10, Spirit d10, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d8, Healing d10, Knowledge (Chemistry) d10, Knowledge (Biology) d10, Notice d4, Shooting d6, Stealth d6, Weird Science d10

Charisma: 0; **Grit:** 3; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Bad Eyes, Cautious, Heavy Sleeper

Dementias: Absent Minded

Edges: Alchemy, Arcane Background (Weird Science), Healer, New Powers, Power Points

Powers: *Boost/lower trait* (Omni-enhancer), *healing* (Instant Cellular Energizer, or ICE), *quickness* (Ultra-metabolizer). **Power Points:** 25

Gear: Chemistry set, Derringer .41 (5/10/20; 2d6; RoF 1; Shots 2; AP 1), fancy suit, spectacles (being Cautious, Dr. Bailey always has backup spectacles on hand), cigars, matches, gold watch, compass.



Courtney Morrow

Courtney Morrow was a cabaret girl in Chicago when she met Dr. Elijah Bailey. He was initially attracted to her looks, and she found his intelligence irresistible. In short order they fell in love. It was always painful for Courtney when Bailey left town to go back to his family, even more so when she became pregnant.

The loss of the child was particularly agonizing for both of them, she because she'd hoped Elijah would come to Chicago to live with them when the child was born, and he because he knew his cellular energizer could have saved the baby had he been present.

But Courtney made a breakthrough in Chicago General Hospital, with all those needles pricking her day and night. She'd always had a preternatural cleverness, but now all those conversations with Elijah coalesced into a concrete idea—the Morrow Needlegun. She got to work on it as soon as she was discharged from the hospital.

The elegance of the blueprints got her a job as an Agency Technician. Unsatisfied with one needlegun—a coldly efficient weapon—she built two more of them for her bodyguards. Her storied career was off to a fine start, and her inventions only grew more ambitious.

Unfortunately, Courtney's brilliance with the New Science gave her a vengeful side...one that blames Dr. Bailey for everything bad that's befallen her and wants him to fail. Ostensibly she's riding the *Express* to Kansas undercover, posing as a Union Blue repairman, but her real motivation is to ruin any chance Bailey has of winning.

Though she says she hates him, and certainly wants him to fail professionally, Courtney won't intentionally cause physical harm to Elijah Bailey under any circumstances.

Since Courtney Morrow is attracted to men of great intelligence and scientific achievement, it's altogether possible she becomes a love interest for one of the heroes. That adds another layer of complication, and brings out Elijah Bailey's jealous side.

In her undercover role she wears her hair tucked into a railman's cap. Between that and the soot on her face, she blends right in with the men. Any hombre who specifically inspects her and succeeds on a Notice roll sees through the ruse.

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Quote: “You’re not cleared to talk about that information. You’re not even cleared to *think* about it.”

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d10, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Gambling d6, Guts d6, Investigation d8, Knowledge (Law) d4, Knowledge (Occult) d8, Lockpicking d6, Notice d10, Repair d6, Shooting d8, Stealth d8, Swimming d6, Throwing d6, Weird Science d10

Charisma: +1; **Grit:** 5; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 8 (2)

Hindrances: Code of Honor, Vow (Never physically harm Elijah)

Dementias: Eccentricity, Schizophrenia (Vengeful)

Edges: Agent, Arcane Background (Weird Science), Attractive, Combat Reflexes, Marksman, Nerves of Steel, New Powers, Rock and Roll!

Powers: *Bolt* (Three Morrow Needleguns; Courtney always carries one), *deflection* (Magnetic Inertial Blocker, or MIB). **Power Points:** 20

Gear: Union Blue uniform, railman’s cap, bullet proof vest (Armor +2), Gatling pistol (12/24/48; 2d6+1; RoF 2; Shots 12; AP 1; must use full RoF), Winchester lever-action (12/24/48; 1–3d6; RoF 1; Shots 4; +2 Shooting rolls), brass knuckles (Str+d4), tool kit.

Special Abilities

- **Weakness:** Courtney’s needleguns operate with the same “magnetic flux density” as her MIB, which means their *bolts* completely ignore her *deflection* power. So far, she is unaware of this design flaw.

Agency Enforcers (2)

These thugs follow Agent Morrow’s orders to the letter, but they’re not all that bright.

Quote: “Out of our way—*now*.”

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Guts d4, Intimidation d6, Notice d4, Shooting d8, Swimming d6, Throwing d6

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 7

Hindrances: Loyal (to Agency), Vow (Destroy or contain the supernatural)

Edges: Brawny, Combat Reflexes, Marksman

Gear: Needlegun (*bolt*, 20 Power Points), Starr revolver .44 (12/24/48; 2d6+1; RoF 1; Shots 6; AP 1), club (Str+d4), brass knuckles (Str+d4).

The Hellstromme Rep

Enigmatic and taciturn, the Hellstromme rep is always watching, always judging, and always making notations in his little notebook. It’s enough to drive a body loco.

Quote: “Hmm...”

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d4, Guts d8, Intimidation d8, Notice d8, Shooting d4

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Vow (Serve Dr. Hellstromme)

Edges: Alertness

Gear: Ledger, pencils, black suit, top hat, shaded spectacles, Derringer .41 (5/10/20; 2d6; RoF 1; Shots 2; AP 1).



Patton Riddle

Charming and rugged, Patton Riddle is not your typical mad scientist. In fact, he’s not mad at all. He’s overbearing at times—overconfident certainly—but not insane. Riddle’s nickname among those who despise him is “Great White Hunter,” a name that fits his look quite well. He picked up the habit of wearing a pith helmet on safari in Africa and now affects the style wherever he goes.

Riddle never put much effort into weird science, but excelled at it anyway. Rather than branch out into varied effects, Riddle has focused on a single device. To his mind, that’s the way a craftsman slowly perfects his work. To his peers, that’s the way one rests on his laurels, collecting accolades without really inventing anything new.

Turns out Riddle’s philosophy has an added benefit. By focusing his research efforts on increasing the yield of his rockets rather than developing more gizmos, Riddle has thus far escaped the madness brought on by ghost rock.

Quote: “You’ll want to step back ten paces, friend. This *is* rocket science.”

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d10, Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d8, Gambling d6, Guts d8, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (Rocket Science) d10, Notice d8, Repair d8, Riding d6, Shooting d8, Stealth d6, Survival d8, Swimming d8, Taunt d8, Throwing d8, Tracking d8, Weird Science d10

Charisma: +2; **Grit:** 5; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 7

Hindrances: Overconfident

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Edges: Ambidextrous, Arcane Background (Weird Science), Block, Brawny, Charismatic, Improved Block, Marksman, McGyver, Power Points, Two-Fisted, Woodsman

Powers: *Blast* (Rocket-propelled munitions). **Power Points:** 30

Gear: Tan hunting outfit, pith helmet, Sharp's Big .50 (24/48/96; 2d10; RoF 1; Shots 1; AP 2), Colt Dragoon .44 (12/24/48; 2d6+1; RoF 1; Shots 6; AP 1), knife (Str+d4).



H. K. Dial

Professor Harold Karl Dial is a sad shell of his youthful self, a creature driven not by the urge to innovate but rather to destroy. By means of cataclysmic destruction Dial knows he will achieve immortality. Unfortunately, two years given to resentment and hatred have divorced his mind from reality. And all his hate has a name—Patton Riddle.

Riddle didn't really do anything to deserve Dial's ire, except eclipse him in the first symposium. But Dial has spent so long in preparation for his final trip on the *Express* he has withdrawn into his own madness. All his life has been pointed at this final series of evil deeds. It doesn't matter if he dies, only that his designs are adopted by his idol Dr. Hellstromme and produced in his factories.

The sad truth is that Dial has a high opinion of his own creations, even though they are almost laughably clumsy and dangerous.

If he finds himself in mortal danger, with Max the Manservant and his ants unable to help, Dial makes use of his Electromagnetic Aegis (a full-body suit of interlocking ghost steel plates that unfold to surround the scientist), Aetheric Skin (a form-fitting suit that bends light rays around the wearer), and Chronos Timepiece (a pocketwatch that allows him to "step between seconds," seeming to appear several paces away in a flash) to elude danger and hide out until the coast is clear.

Quote: "You simpletons can't possibly fathom the variegated motivations for my deeds."

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d12, Spirit d10, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d4, Guts d8, Knowledge (Engineering) d6, Knowledge (Physics) d6, Notice d10, Repair d10, Shooting d4, Stealth d4, Taunt d10, Weird Science d10

Charisma: 0; **Grit:** 2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Arrogant, Vengeful (Major), Quirk (Always smirking)

Dementias: Evil Deeds

Edges: Arcane Background (Weird Science), Mr. Fix It, New Powers, Power Points

Powers: *Armor* (Electromagnetic Aegis), *invisibility* (Aetheric Skin), *teleport* (Chronos Timepiece). **Power Points:** 25

Gear: Derby, fancy suit, large satchel, tool kit, Derringer .41 (5/10/20; 2d6; RoF 1; Shots 2; AP 1), clockwork winding key.

Special Abilities

- **Clockwork Servitors:** Dial has a number of servant machines at his disposal, the result of years spent in lonely toil. Stats for his minions are provided below.

Clockwork Worker Ants (12)

Professor Dial's worker ants are designed to crawl inside other machines and either repair, modify, or destroy them. About the size of your hand, these shiny steel-plated bugs might make you jump the first time you see one, but they're no danger. Not unless you've got some gadgets.

The secret, sad truth about Dial's ants is that the professor had absolutely nothing to do with how well they work. An old and hateful manitou was drawn by Dial's desire for revenge and took up residence in his mechanical bugs. The spirit inflates Dial's opinion of himself, subtly guiding him toward evil deeds, and grants the clockwork ants their fiendish intelligence.

Worker ants crawl right up a foe's legs, "attacking" anything mechanical, including mad scientists' gizmos and all kinds of shootin' irons. They fight only if hard-pressed.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d4

Skills: Climbing d4, Fighting d4, Notice d8, Repair d8

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 4 (2)

Special Abilities

- **Armor +2:** Worker ants are ghost steel-plated.
- **Bite:** Str+d4.
- **Construct:** +2 to recover from Shaken. No additional damage from Called Shots. Immune to disease and poison.
- **Fearless:** Worker ants are immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- **Malfunction:** With a successful Repair roll, worker ants can cause any complex mechanical device to malfunction (if possible, ants use the rules for Cooperative Rolls). If the device in question is a Mad Scientist's gizmo, the next time that device is used it

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automatically malfunctions as though a 1 had been rolled on the Trait die. This effect cannot be avoided by spending a benny.

- **Size -2:** Worker ants are about the size of a man's hand.
- **Small:** Attackers suffer a -2 penalty to attacks directed at worker ants.
- **Wall Walker:** A worker ant can crawl across walls (and up an hombre's legs) with ease.

Clockwork Warrior Ants (12)

Like Dial's worker ants, his warrior ants are designed to do one thing. *Unlike* Dial's worker ants, that one thing is to kill people with frightening efficiency. Appropriate to their function warrior ants are equipped with a large pair of steel mandibles. Otherwise they look much like worker ants—big, shiny, steel bugs.

Individually, clockwork warrior ants can be a troublesome threat even to a ready adversary. In a swarm, or if they catch a body unawares, they can be downright deadly. They'll crawl right up a foe's legs, biting him all over. Up to six warrior ants can attack a single target.

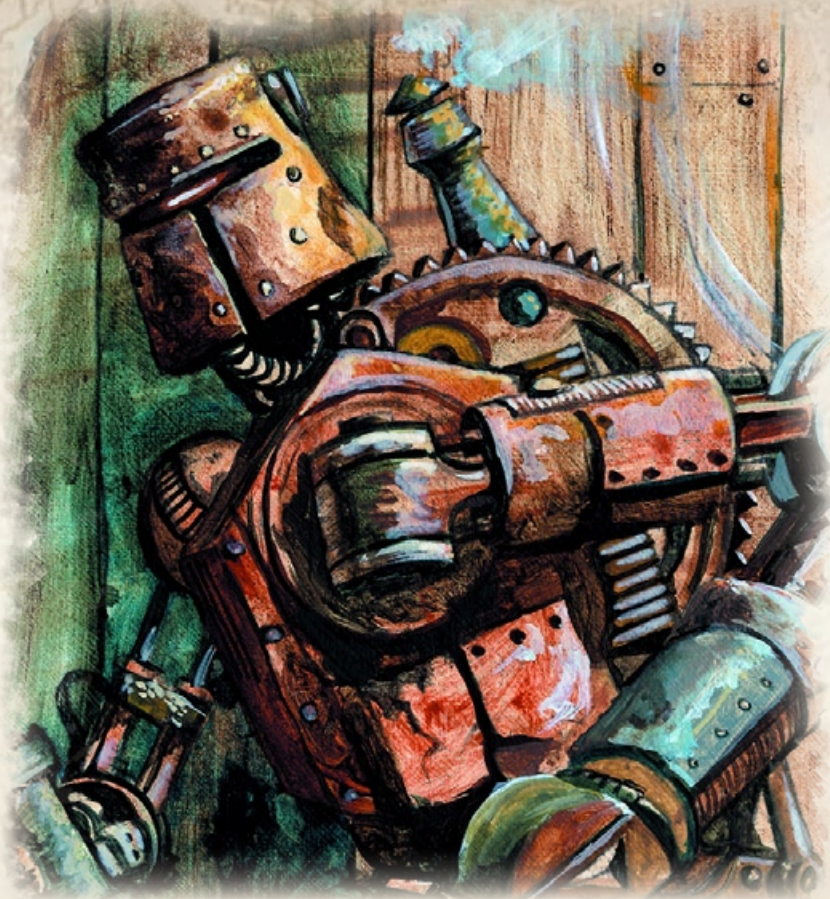
Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d10, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d8, Notice d4

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 6 (2)

Special Abilities

- **Armor +2:** Warrior ants are ghost steel-plated.
- **Bite:** Str+d4.
- **Construct:** +2 to recover from Shaken. No additional damage from Called Shots. Immune to disease and poison.
- **Fearless:** Warrior ants are immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- **Size -2:** Warrior ants are about the size of a man's hand.
- **Small:** Attackers suffer a -2 penalty to attacks directed at warrior ants.
- **Wall Walker:** A warrior ant can crawl across walls (and up an hombre's legs) with ease.



Max (Clockwork Manservant)

The Clockwork Manservant (or “Max,” as Professor Dial affectionately refers to him) is the prototype model in Dial's proposed line of “Automatic Gunfighters.” Advertised as a way to save young lives in the rowdy boomtowns of the west (“Why risk *your* life when there's a trusty device willing to risk his?”), if it's ever mass-produced it's more likely to be used as a terrible weapon in the Great Rail Wars. But then again, mass production isn't too likely.

When dressed up in clothes and a hat a clockwork manservant might be mistaken for a man—at a distance. Then one gets close enough to see the smooth, ghost steel face, the eyes filled with the glow of red-hot ghost rock within, and exhaust chugging from a small smokestack on one shoulder.

Dial perceives Max as a brilliant achievement, while others typically see it as a dangerous liability. Max communicates only in pre-recorded soundbites, and follows simple commands from Dial.

Quote: “Reach for the—” *click-click-whirrr* “—sky!”

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Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d6, Strength d10, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d4, Notice d6, Shooting d8

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 2; **Toughness:** 9 (2)

Gear: Colt Peacemaker x2 (12/24/48; 2d6+1; RoF 1; Shots 6; AP 1), fancy suit, string tie, top hat.

Special Abilities

- **Armor +2:** Dial's manservant is ghost steel-plated.
- **Clockwork:** If Max is dealt a deuce for initiative, he gains one level of Fatigue due to the steady unwinding of his main spring. This can lead to Incapacitation. All Fatigue is lost after Max is wound up again, which takes 3 rounds.
- **Construct:** +2 to recover from Shaken. No additional damage from called shots. Immune to disease and poison.
- **Fearless:** Dial's clockwork creations are immune to Fear and Intimidation.



Titan (Clockwork Behemoth)

Dial designed the titan as an oversized, streamlined automaton, made stronger and tougher. Shaped more like a man than your typical Hellstromme model, it is compact and broad-shouldered, with massive steel fists. The entire thing is encased in a smooth, brassy shell, with eyes that reveal the glow of burning ghost rock inside. Exhaust chugs from a large smokestack on one shoulder.

The titan's fatal flaw is its lack of any basic intelligence or problem-solving skills. When activated, it attacks. Built to smash through earthworks, stone walls, the hulls of ships, and so forth, the titan is powerfully built and very few things can stop it once it is on a rampage.

Luckily, Dial constructed only one prototype and had it shipped to the symposium—pre-programmed for mayhem!

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d8, Strength d12+2, Vigor d12+2

Skills: Fighting d10, Notice d4

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 18 (4)

Special Abilities

- **Ambidextrous:** The titan suffers no off-hand penalties.
- **Armor +4:** The titan's ghost steel plating covers almost all areas.

- **Clockwork:** If the titan is dealt a deuce for initiative, it gains one level of Fatigue due to the steady unwinding of its main spring. This can lead to Incapacitation. All Fatigue is lost after the titan is wound up again, which takes 10 rounds.
- **Construct:** +2 to recover from Shaken. No additional damage from called shots. Ignores all wound penalties. Immune to disease and poison.
- **Fearless:** The titan is immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- **Fists:** Str+d8.
- **Hardy:** When the titan is Shaken, further Shaken results don't cause a wound.
- **Large:** Attackers gain a +2 bonus to attack rolls against the titan.
- **Size +5:** The titan is a massive and solidly-built machine, weighing nearly 1000 lbs.
- **Two-Fisted:** The titan may attack once with each fist in a single round.
- **Weakness:** The titan has a design flaw—a gap in the torso's armor plating under each arm that is seen with a successful Notice roll. Called shots to attack either of these gaps suffer a -6, but a successful hit ignores the titan's armor.



Sir Clyde Reed Cannon

A relative newcomer to the inventors' circuit, Sir Clyde is usually expected to have on hand a gun worthy of his last name. So far he has not settled on a suitable design for such a weapon. He prefers to spend his time tinkering with those gadgets he has with him at all times: a custom gyro-stabilizer for his Gatling pistol, a miraculous machine for creating impromptu walls called the Expanding Cube, and a portable set of kinetic resonator coils that can enhance the killing power of weapons and ammunition.

Much of Sir Clyde's time is spent insect-proofing his laboratory and doing battle with various infestations. He finds it refreshing to be riding the rails and delivered from such concerns, with the open wind of the railroad eliminating most insectoid vermin. Needless to say, H. K. Dial's clockwork ants are a source of extreme vexation for Sir Clyde!

Clyde Reed Cannon is protected by a trio of freelance kung fu warriors he hired in Chicago. Use the Martial Artist stats from *Deadlands Reloaded* for these henchmen.

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Quote: “We’ve several methods at hand by means of which we might attack the problem, so we’d best give this some thought and—Take cover! Horsefly!”

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Gambling d8, Guts d6, Knowledge (Ballistics) d6, Notice d6, Repair d8, Weird Science d8

Charisma: -3; **Grit:** 2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Curious, Mean, Stubborn

Dementias: Mumbler, Phobia (Major, entomophobia—fear of insects)

Edges: Arcane Background (Weird Science), Marksman, New Powers, Power Points

Powers: *Aim* (Gyrostabilizer), *barrier* (Cannon’s Expanding Cube), *smite* (Kinetic Resonator Coils). **Power Points:** 25

Gear: Gatling pistol (12/24/48; 2d6; RoF 2; Shots 12; AP 1; must use full RoF), rapier (d6+d4, Parry +1), tool kit.



Lottie Galloway

Having traveled to Chicago all the way from the Emerald Isle, Lottie’s determined to make a good showing for herself at the symposium. The only contestant to have gone her whole life without spending a single day in a traditional classroom, Ms. Galloway is truly an outsider among the other inventors.

Lottie was taught everything she knows by her father, Floyd Hitchens Galloway. But the combination of his untimely death and her fevered research has left her sanity in shambles. She’s paranoid as all get out, often orating at length about the evil motivations of the natural world’s inanimate objects, and their intent to kill us all.

Despite her strangeness, Lottie’s a good person at heart. Her inventions reflect a genuine desire to help people. On this trip she has brought along a biovibration helmet that can attune a body to maximum health and thus mend its wounds, and a reverse polarity field belt that provides protection against all sorts of hostile environments.

Quote: “Aye, and you may not be thinkin’ that rock over yonder has anything against you personally, but let me educate you on that point, lad.”

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d10, Spirit d4, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d4, Gambling d8, Guts d4, Healing d10, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (Medicine) d8, Repair d6, Survival d8, Taunt d8, Weird Science d8

Charisma: 0; **Grit:** 2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Delusional (Major, everything is out to cause her bodily harm), Outsider, Pacifist (Minor)

Dementias: Paranoia

Edges: Arcane Background (Weird Science), New Power, Strong-Willed

Powers: *Healing* (Biovibration Helmet), *environmental protection* (Reverse Polarity Field Belt). **Power Points:** 20

Gear: Double barrel shotgun (12/24/48; 1-3d6; RoF 1-2; Shots 2; +2 Shooting rolls), bonnet, fancy dress, chewing tobacco, tool kit.



Sylvester Lincoln Tate

Hailing from New York City, Sylvester Lincoln Tate is an avowed abolitionist and diehard supporter of the Union. He wields a Cyclonic Projector that creates dust devils on command, and tends to regale polite company with his extensive knowledge of meteorology.

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Guts d4, Knowledge (Meteorology) d8, Notice d8, Repair d6, Shooting d4, Streetwise d4, Taunt d8, Weird Science d10



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Charisma: 0; **Grit:** 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 2; **Toughness:** 5
Hindrances: Code of Honor, Pacifist (Minor), Tenderfoot
Edges: Arcane Background (Weird Science), Knack (Born on Christmas), McGyver
Powers: *Windstorm* (Cyclonic Projector). **Power Points:** 20
Gear: Fancy suit, Stetson, tool kit, Derringer .41 (5/10/20; 2d6; RoF 1; Shots 2; AP 1), rolling tobacco, matches.



Pvt. Judson Conrad

Born and raised in Savannah, Georgia, Judson Conrad enlisted in the Confederate army just as soon as he was able, despite his lack of physical conditioning. His unit was promptly captured by Union forces, and Conrad was shipped off to a POW camp west of Chicago.

When Conrad was assigned to the camp's motor pool, he started tinkering with spare parts. Soon his fellow prisoners were telling tales of the odd private and his so-called

"Meatgrinder"—a barrel-shaped gizmo that runs on ghost rock and uses any kind of metal as ammunition for a spray of deadly shrapnel.

Now that the war is over Private Conrad is finally free to go home. He plans to attend the symposium first, then return to his beloved Savannah.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d4, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d4, Knowledge (Battle) d6, Notice d8, Repair d6, Shooting d8, Stealth d4, Throwing d6, Weird Science d8

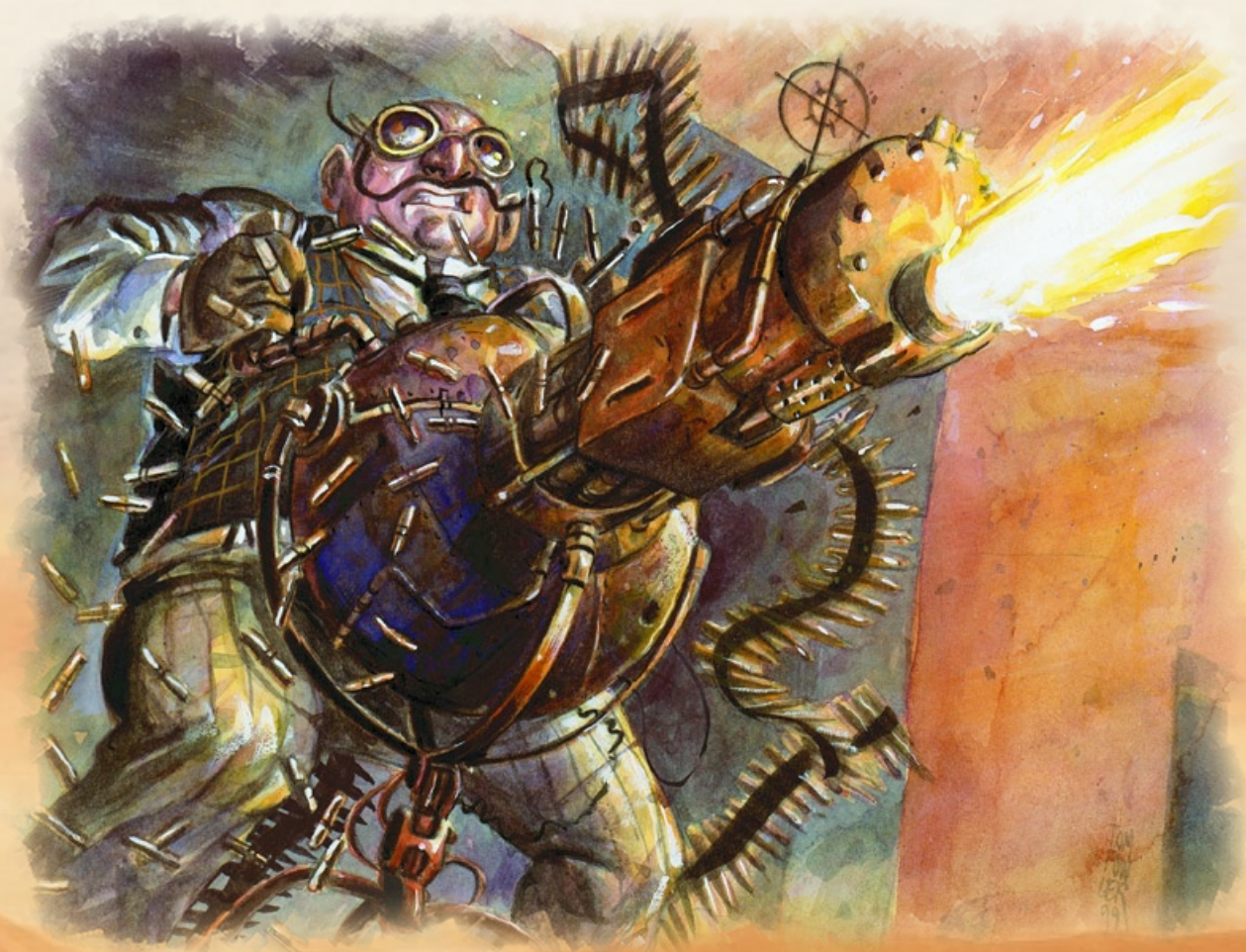
Charisma: 0; **Grit:** 2; **Pace:** 5; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 7

Hindrances: Loyal, Obese, Yellow

Edges: Arcane Background (Weird Science), McGyver, Soldier (Private), Power Points

Powers: *Burst* (The Conrad Meatgrinder). **Power Points:** 25

Gear: Colt Army .44 (12/24/48; 2d6+1; RoF 1; Shots 6; AP 1), Winchester '73 (24/48/96; 2d8; RoF 1; Shots 15; AP 2), Confederate uniform, tool kit.





Tender Car

Locomotive



Passenger Car (x2)



Dining Car



Lounge Car



Sleeping Car (x2)



Freight Car (x2)



Caboose

Visit Pinnacle's weird website at www.peginc.com
to download a free PDF of the train
scaled for miniature use!