



# TRAIL GUIDE: THE GREAT NORTHWEST





# Trail Guide: Great Northwest

## Credits & Acknowledgements

BY MATTHEW CUTTER

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL: SHANE LACY HENSLEY

EDITING: JOEL KINSTLE, PIOTR KORYS

TYPESETTING AND LAYOUT: JOEL KINSTLE

ARTWORK: RICHARD TIMOTHY BROADSTREET, BROM,  
PAUL CARRICK, JIM CRABTREE, TOM FOWLER,  
DAN FRAZIER, PAUL (PROF.) HERBERT,  
JEFF MENGES, WILLIAM O'CONNOR,  
JORDAN PEACOCK, ELLYM SIRAC

MAPS: JARED BLANDO

SAVAGE WORLDS BY SHANE LACY HENSLEY

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# THE TOMBSTONE EPIGRAPH

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Special Travel Edition

Vol. 1, No. 2

Sunday, June 13, 1880

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## Author's Note

Without exception, the most straightforward and perfunctory right-of-way deals I ever negotiated were closed in the vast, primordial, evergreen forests of the Pacific Northwest, oft referred to as the "Great Northwest."

Back in those days I made a living on Warlord Kang's payroll, spending my days working ramrod with the rail crews. Not that Kang's employees needed much more motivation than was already provided by Kang's tremendous reputation. I spent most of my time ensuring the next town in the line's path—whichever town that might be—was good and ready to make a lasting business arrangement with Iron Dragon.

Butte City, Montana Territory, stands out sharply in my memory. The mayor and town council saw fit to roll out the red carpet for me, complete with a variety of spirits, a finer banquet than I'd seen in a mule's age, and the company of comely women (although I did not partake of the last). The city's many miners each insisted on personally thanking me for my visit. The mayor practically begged me to let him sign an Iron Dragon contract.

What made the situation so perverse was I'd gone to Butte City expecting the opposite. They had leverage, their location being such that Kang simply had to have the right-of-way to pass through that forbidding region of the Rockies. Not to mention Kang would have been a fool to pass up the vast

riches in gold, silver, and copper thought to lie buried under that bowl-shaped, mountain valley.

I've no doubt he would have paid nearly any sum, if they'd just held out a few days. The mayor and his cronies must have known it. But they received a rock-bottom offer—one that virtually ensured they'd eventually pay for their own depot—and again thanked me vigorously for it.

At the time, as now, I wonder what malign influences could have been at work.

Some might be tempted to blame the locals' actions upon the peculiar workings of rural minds (to put it kindly). I'd say different. Throughout history, otherwise shrewd men have been forced by circumstances and politics into desperate actions, and it is no different in the Great Northwest.

Butte City is surrounded by forests that extend as far as a man can see, so it's no wonder they hold secrets that no man could ever guess. Who knows what terrors lurk there, at times emerging furtively from the shadows to prey upon men, women, and children alike...?

These are the stories we hope to uncover.

Continuing the series begun with the *Tombstone Epitaph's Trail Guide to Mexico*, we humbly present this exposé of the Great Northwest's myriad secrets and lurking dangers. Our sincere hope is that refugees fleeing the Maze Wars, westbound settlers on the Oregon Trail, and drifters of the West all find



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some truth within these pages to help preserve their lives when alone among the tall and (mostly) silent trees.

Best of luck,  
Phineas P. Gage

## Wagons West!

Oregon, Washington, and Idaho are home to many settlers, and 1880 sees more arriving than ever before, via the Oregon Trail and Iron Dragon rail line. They come for the commerce, marvel daily at the landscape, and sometimes live happily ever after. Washington's mist-shrouded mountains, the snowy evergreens of the Cascades, their green

meadows and crystal blue lakes—all are stunningly beautiful. But that beauty only deceives until winter descends, covering everything in snow and choking off hope of survival.

This fact must be made plain: in spite of the promise of this foggy, rain-drenched land, many starve to death during its cruel winters. The tales of those who've engaged in immoral feasts upon their fellow man to stave off hunger, and lost their immortal souls in the process, are told around the campfires of trappers and Indians alike. They ran off into the woods and become madmen, say the trappers. Tales of the mysterious "wild men" of the forests persist in every settlement.



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The Indians call them by an older, more sinister name—wendigos.

## Wild Men o' the Woods

In eastern Washington, Fort Walla Walla remains a major waypoint for settlers on their way to the West Coast, and a good-sized town has sprung up around its bulwarks. Recently, the soldiers fended off organized assaults from the woods by mysterious attackers. A ranking Union officer, who spoke under condition of anonymity, adamantly contradicted his government's explanation of sustained Indian aggression. No, he claims, the attackers were not Indians, they were "hairy beast-men." Mayor Yvonne Hart has expressed concern for the welfare of her constituents, and has begun a project to extend stockade walls around the entire settlement.

For years the *Epitaph* has covered numerous sightings of the bigfoot, but this constitutes the most extraordinary encounter so far, if indeed it is true. I needn't remind you, Dear Reader, that the *Epitaph* is still offering a cash reward for incontrovertible proof of the mighty bigfoot's existence—and we've upped the ante to \$500!

## Ravenous Rovers

No matter what they're called by the more superstitious among us, there's a whole heap of wild animals to be found. Bears, elk, deer, badgers,

fox, and myriad others roam the old forests, providing a bounty of food during the spring, summer, and fall. Wintry weather, however, lasts from approximately October through late April in these northern climes, making the hunting season short-lived indeed.

With winter lasting so long, food is on everyone's mind 'round these parts. Despite advances in canning technology, and the tried and true salting of meat, vittles just seem to spoil and wither away under the dry, chilled air. Some have found ways around the problem, while others are forced to tough it out.

This brings us to another tale of wintry woe...

## The Odd Case of Stillwater, Montana

The public record is rife with tales of individuals or small parties of travelers who didn't survive an alpine passage under a particularly brutal storm. But the case of Stillwater, Montana—a small settlement about 80 miles west of Helena—puts all those to shame for sheer macabre mystery. Here's what we've been able to assemble from various sources.

In the fall of 1879, Stillwater was a small but vibrant logging town not far from the Continental Divide. A few mines had opened up in the summer, with gold claims paying out in a steadily modest fashion, bringing a small influx of settlers before the first frost. It was an optimistic town that prepared to weather the winter of '79, predicted by the almanac to be frigid,

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protracted, and damn snowy. But the almanac's prediction wasn't the one that got most folks' attention.

On the night of October 30, 1879—called “Devil's Night” by mischievous scamps—a snowstorm of historic proportions was bearing down out of the Rockies like an overloaded freight train, and expected to hit Stillwater just after midnight. The locals were boarding up their windows, laying in firewood by the cord, and steeling themselves against the inevitable.

Just after dark a lone rider is thought to have entered town from the east. (He'd been seen passing through other locales earlier in the day.) Dressed all in black, he rode a dark brown appaloosa that bore no brand. Perhaps he told someone his name, but there's no one alive who might recall it now. If he had business with the people of Stillwater, it was discharged that night.

When the Helena stage made it through the snow to Stillwater a few days later, the town was deserted. All the houses lay open, snow drifting into the doorways, seemingly abandoned in the midst of preparations for the storm. The people had vanished, the storm erased their tracks, and none of them nor the dark rider was ever seen again.

But some locals in neighboring towns report hearing a great hurly-burly out in the deep woods during the storm, “...as though a hundred bears was fightin' for their lives!” When the storm was done, that remote area was found littered with large stones and spatters of blood, the turf torn up, and

the trees scarred by what appeared to be great claw marks. “Bigger than any bear known to me or mine,” said one experienced woodsman.

Further investigation of Stillwater turned up one other interesting correlation—no less than eight survivors of the ill-fated Donner-Reed Party of 1846–47 had settled in Stillwater years earlier. The abandoned homes of those residents in fact bore enormous gouges and claw marks, not unlike those found out in the woods.

Whether the case of Stillwater bears any relation to the terrible events at Walla Walla remains to be seen.

## Matters o' Commerce

Not everything is macabre and mysterious in the Great Northwest. It's also breathtakingly beautiful, and—if you happen to be enjoying the proper season—full to bursting with fundaments and food.

The Great Northwest boasts cities important for their fisheries, chiefly among them Seattle and Portland, as well as the smaller farming burgs of Tacoma, Olympia, and Salem. All of these cities lie along the Sacramento Trail, a major artery for importing food into California and the Great Maze. Just because foodstuffs spoil quickly in the Maze's climate doesn't stop anyone from importing it by the ton.



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The Iron Dragon line is the major means of travel in the region, as one can light out from Billings, Montana, and get all the way to Shan Fan, California, riding nothing but rails. Many tons of freight (mostly food) go into the Maze every day, and rolling stock filled to bursting with ghost rock and other fundaments comes back out. Between Wasatch with its so-called "Plutonian Express," the Denver-Pacific line out of Shan Fan, and the Iron Dragon Northern, the riches of the Great Maze are finally in reach.

Most fisheries of the northwest bring in sizable catches each season, and those farms that manage to survive produce goods as well. Yet neither helps to ease the threat of starvation. It's just far more profitable to export food to the Maze than to sell it locally. So despite living in one of the few areas of the West Coast able to produce its own sufficient sustenance, most people here (those who aren't running the industries, that is) are no better off than anyone else. Hunger's just as fierce here as in the Maze itself.

On the other hand, never has the business of the timber barons been more lucrative. The Great Northwest boasts miles upon miles of forest—as we've mentioned once or twice—and this constitutes a natural resource whose value is beyond accounting. Timber for railroads, construction, and use in various other industries is continually exported to the Great Maze and other locations Back East. The recent disappearances of lumberjacks

near Walla Walla has done little to dampen the general spirit of industry.

## Weather Report

The Great Northwest gets its fair share of snow during the winter, making most of that country impassable without the proper equipment. Trappers and hunters still ply their trade, seeking beaver pelts and caribou meat. There's a strange, chilled hush that falls over the land sometimes, when all you can hear is pine trees rubbing together in a stiff alpine wind. At night the howling of wolves is nearly constant.





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The rest of the year, expect a lot of rain, often in sudden cloudbursts—complete with flash floods—when the coast is lashed by violent Pacific storms. Sometimes vast fogbanks blanket the region for days at a time. The fog tends to muffle sound, and limits sight to about twenty paces. I've heard tales of many a traveler vanishing in those fogbanks, never to be seen again.

## Geography

The Great Northwest is dominated by the soaring Cascade Mountains, which extend from Canadian territory south through Washington and Oregon, their southern end jutting into California. Only a fraction of the territory has actually been explored by prospectors, settlers, and Union soldiers, leaving the vast majority of the forests and alpine reaches terra incognita.

Washington lies in the upper northwest corner of the Union, wedged between British Columbia and Oregon, and bisected neatly by the high peaks of the Cascades. To the west of the mountains, deep rainforests and green country reign. Along the Pacific coast, the Salish Sea and Puget Sound regions account for the state's many fisheries and ports. East of the Cascades lie vast, semiarid grasslands, and a few areas of high desert. Coastal tribes of Washington include the Chinook, Lummi, Makah, and Quinault, while the eastern tribes

include the Nez Percé, Okanogan, and Yakima.

Western Oregon, with its dense evergreen forests along the coast, hosts some of the tallest, most majestic peaks in North America—including Mount Hood, Mount Jefferson, and the Three Sisters (North, Middle, and South). Volcanic activity is not uncommon. Oregon also boasts one of the most distinctive geological features in the Union: Crater Lake, a massive mountaintop crater filled by a cold, deepwater lake. Southeastern Oregon is marked by semiarid to arid country, unfit for large settlements. The Bannock, Chinook, and Klamath Indian tribes—among others—are native to Oregon.

Idaho's reaches are characterized by lush evergreen forests stretching for hundreds of miles, otherworldly volcanic wastelands and hot springs, and deep river canyons. Idaho's climate is much the same as the inland Pacific Northwest—misty and rainy in the summer, snowy and frigid in winter—and starvation is even more rampant in this isolated land than on the West Coast.

Some parts of Idaho, like the aptly named the Craters of the Moon, appear as if they could be located on another planet. Bounded to the west by the winding, desolate canyon of the Snake River, and to the east by the Continental Divide, Idaho is rugged territory home to only the most stalwart settlers, trappers, and loggers, as well as the native tribes who have dwelled there

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for much longer—the Bannock and Nez Percé tribes in the southeast, and the Shoshone (or “rattlesnake men”) in the wilderness of the north.

Most of Montana is known as “Big Sky Country,” but the western, mountainous portion of the territory is, for our purposes, considered part of the Great Northwest. Dominated by the soaring peaks and deep valleys of the northern Rocky Mountains, this area of Montana hides some of the country’s most remote and inaccessible locales. Indian tribes of western Montana include the Kootenai and Salish.

## Boise

Boise is a sizable burg on the Oregon Trail, which has served as the state capital since 1865. It’s located where the Oregon Trail intersects with the road between the Boise Basin towns and the Owyhee River mining camps at Silver City, to the south.

During the War Between the States, Union soldiers reestablished a fort here to combat a sudden increase in the number of attacks along the Oregon Trail. Today, the town is focused on mining and trade, while numerous businesses provide creature comforts to weary settlers on their way to the Pacific Northwest. Due to price gouging in the remote location, travelers can expect to pay several times the going value for those comforts.

Some settlers have christened Boise the “Gateway to the Northwest,” since its wooded avenues give a taste of

what’s to come farther down the trail. At the Black Nugget Saloon, one gets a taste of just how ornery drunken miners can get, which is certainly a fact of life farther down the trail. The Black Nugget boasts a wide selection of fine whiskies at high prices, but sources inform the *Epitaph* of at least five unexplained murders there within the last six months—most of them obfuscated from the authorities.

## Butte City

Butte City, sometimes called “The Richest Hill on Earth,” didn’t start out as an Iron Dragon town. In the beginning it was a loose collection of mining camps in the hills surrounding the Summit Valley—an enormous, bowl-shaped crater high in the Rocky Mountains, not far from the Continental Divide.

In 1880, it has grown into a wide-open town, where a tuckered-out miner may indulge in nearly any vice his filthy mind can conceive. Even with all that possibility, most miners get up to the usual misdeeds—liquor, loose women, and violence. Visitors are advised to stick to the well-traveled areas of town near the rail depot. Chinatown has the very best cuisine in Butte City, but one must take care not to run afoul of the Tiger Triad’s thugs.

## Helena

What’s now the state capital of Montana was founded in 1864 by the men popularly known as the Four Georgians—John Cowan, D. J. Miller, John Crab, and Reginald Stanley. After



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long and fruitless searches throughout Montana, they finally discovered gold. They dubbed the creek Last Chance Gulch, since they'd all agreed it would be their final stab at riches. This time, it actually panned out.

Other miners settled there, and the settlement was dubbed Crabtown (after the aforementioned co-founder, John). When the real boom started, many felt it needed a more respectable

name, and after long debate Helena was selected and ratified (over other dubious suggestions, like Squashburg or Pumpkintown).

Pretty soon the entire region was full of gold prospectors and ghost rock miners plying their trades. Over the next few years, more than five hundred businesses opened their doors, and the population swelled to over 3,000.

In 1880, it continues to grow. Iron Dragon has begun laying track toward Helena from its Great Northern Line, hoping to tap into the flow of riches from the remote frontier metropolis.

## Olympia

Olympia's the capital of Washington, not by virtue of its fundamentals, but because it has always been right at the center of the action in Washington territory. A major supplier of farm goods and produce, Olympia is located at the crossroads of three major trade routes—ghost rock and gold imported from British Columbia and Alaska, lumber and copper from Seattle and the Cascades, and firearms, heavy machinery, and luxury goods from Back East (via the Iron Dragon line from Seattle). With all those fundamentals and goods passing through, some folks are getting rich off of them, and others would like to give it a whirl.

Located at the southern end of Puget Sound, Olympia was first settled by French Catholic missionaries in the 1840s (under the direction of the Hudson's Bay Company), who built the Mission St. Joseph of Newmarket for



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the purpose of converting the native Indians to Catholicism. By the 1850s, American settlers were pouring into the area, which lay upon an important north-south trade route. These days the area exports produce and dairy goods, while playing host to the steady stream of ghost rock coming south out of B.C. via Victoria.

Most of Olympia was built by the labor of Chinese immigrants, many of whom have arrived in the Puget Sound area in the past 20 years. After finding steady work with Iron Dragon, they're able to send money home to their families in China.

## Portland

Portland's the kind of place that seems perfectly innocent—until one is foolish enough to pay it a visit. It's a major port city straddling the Willamette River in northern Oregon, and home to dozens of exporters of ghost rock, gold, copper, and other fundamentals. But it's also considered the most dangerous port on the entire West Coast, earning nicknames like "The Unheavenly Gates" and "The Forbidden City" from those who have escaped its clutches.

Why the miserable reputation? Thousands of folks get *shanghaied* in Portland every year. Strangers in town are prime targets, so if you plan on staying overnight, Dear Reader, you'd be well served to take precautions against those who would sell you into servitude. Many a man has gone to bed with beautiful women, his mind bleary with rice wine, only to wake

up in chains in the crowded belly of a junk bound for China, to live out the rest of his days breaking rocks in a quarry.

## Salem

Salem has been Oregon's state capital since 1859, and is situated on the Willamette, about 50 miles upriver from Portland. The city boasts a large capitol building in the Greek revival style (modeled after the US Capitol in Washington, DC), a thriving downtown filled with hotels and shops, and an economy based on the cherry-picking industry, which lends Salem the nickname "Cherry City."

Others refer to Salem by its lesser-known appellation—Witchburg. There are persistent rumors of certain late-night activities in Salem...activities that would seem to harken back to the town's namesake in the Union state of Massachusetts. The tales are sketchy and half-formed, and mention robed figures and abductions. But none can say who, precisely, is involved, nor can anyone point to specific individuals who've disappeared. With the ongoing lack of evidence, the law is stymied and the mystery only deepens. We at the *Epitaph* shall endeavor to learn more!

## Seattle

The so-called Emerald City is a rough-and-tumble logging town on the shores of Elliott Bay. Sure, it's got newspapers, telephones, a telegraph office, and its depot serves as western terminus of the Iron Dragon line



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(Seattle beat out both Tacoma and Olympia to win that honor).

But spend a little time here, and you find that respectability is merely a sheen in Seattle. Just below the surface is a seething pit of gambling, prostitution, and liquor, barely kept in check by the lynch law that rules the day.

Schools barely operate, indoor plumbing is a rarity, and the city's location beside the mudflats means its sewage is more likely to come in with the tides than flow out to sea. Once the city had a marshal, but he was shot to pieces by outlaws years ago. Lots of people believe those "outlaws" were actually freelancers on the payroll of Seattle's current master, "Boss" Boyd. But only a few people say such things out loud.

## Silver City

Silver City stands at the epicenter of the Owyhee River mining boom. Without a doubt, it's the liveliest burg in Idaho these days. It has a population of 2,500 and about 75 businesses. It's also the most viciously cutthroat boomtown east of the Snake River, so visitors ought to watch their step.

Duels and brawls are daily occurrences in Silver City. Nobody's sure why the locals are generally so mean as to make hornets look cuddly. "Maybe it's something in the water," shrug folks the next town over. Whatever the cause, it does seem like almost everyone in the settlement is spoiling for a fight, every day, 'round the clock.

Not too long ago, a few miners reported seeing the terrible, bloody ghost of an Indian brave on the slopes of War Eagle Mountain. Independent confirmation of the story is said to be forthcoming, but until then, we recommend that the slopes of the mountain are better left untraveled.

## Tacoma

Tacoma's a city of contrasts. Commerce and industry thrive in the busy port and rail depot. The city's location on Commencement Bay, about halfway between Seattle and Olympia, and its stunning view of Mount Rainier—called simply "The Mountain" hereabouts—are nothing short of sublime. The weather is surprisingly mild year 'round, unlike the mountainous uplands. The city's history, however, is riddled with the sort of ruthlessness and hatred that tend to give land developers a bad name.

Recently, disappearances on the city's tidal flats have local authorities tied in knots. No leads have surfaced for law dogs to sniff out, and the fear keeps spreading. Some whisper that the Chinese slavers of Portland are expanding their trade—and their vile procurement methods—into Tacoma. If the Portland Triad is indeed responsible, a major clash between Iron Dragon and the tongs of Portland could be in the offing. Rest assured the valiant staff of the *Tombstone Epitaph* will keep an ear to the ground for further updates.

# Marshal's Handbook

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Look here, son. If you aim to play through the twisted tales contained in this compendium of frigid misery, you'd best stop reading now. What follows is intended for no one but the Marshal to lay his eyes upon.

Now we can get into the truth behind the hearsay, amigo. The Great Northwest is part of Famine's realm, which means a lot of things are similar to how they are in the Commonwealth of California. Other things are not what you'd expect at all.

First we'll lay out some important Setting Rules, then reveal the gory details of the Winter Wars—and how these Reckoning-spawned conflicts threaten the lives of every man, woman, and child in the region.

## SETTING RULES

### Hunger

Just like in the Great Maze, famine and starvation are rampant in the Great Northwest. Your descriptions of every scene should make players want to cinch their belts a notch tighter, by reminding them just how hungry their characters are.

When the heroes sit down for a meal and a drink at a saloon, describe how they lick their plates clean—picking

up every last morsel their hungry mouths can find. Mention how someone occasionally drops a biscuit, then dusts it off and applies an early version of the “five-second rule.”

Go ahead and be a little more vicious away from town. If they're out on the trail and stumble across a dead animal—likely being consumed by other critters in their own ravenous haste—remind them that even road kill looks tasty. Describe the campfire each night, and whatever meager vittles they rustle up to eat. Make them tell you what's on the plate. Just thinking about it—here and there—is enough to get your point across.





Description provides the right tone, but occasionally you have to enforce Famine's pain upon your unfortunate posse. If they're in town, figure they're eating here and there and gouge them on occasion to make up for all the times you forget.

### Starvation

If the heroes are on the trail, consult the Hunger rules in *Savage Worlds* and enforce them whenever you feel it's dramatically appropriate. Give them a +2 bonus to the roll if they're well-supplied. Even a wagonload of food loses its nutritional value quickly in the Great Northwest, however, so being well-supplied isn't always a guarantee of being nourished.

**Starving to Death:** If a cowpoke Exhausted by starvation fails another Vigor roll, he's in serious peril. The hero immediately rolls Spirit (including the penalties for his Fatigue). A failure means he's Incapacitated—he lapses into a coma and dies in 1d4 days if he isn't nursed back to health. Characters who die in this painful fashion become faminites (see page 97).

### Cannibalism

Eating human flesh is strangely satisfying in Famine's realm. We don't really want your party partaking, Marshal, so don't encourage it. But if it does happen, the "hero" finds himself satisfied just like he was eating "real food" Back East. If that doesn't scare the cowpoke off, move on to the next phase...

Those who knowingly kill and eat a human being (or partake in human flesh more than a few times) must make a Spirit roll each time they do so. Success means they linger on in their contemptuous life.

Failure means they succumb to the power of the Reckoning, becoming a brand-spankin'-new villain under the

Marshal's control. In the cold climes of the Great Northwest, most eaters of flesh become wendigos. A few of these sinners degenerate into wretched ghouls.

Other horrors exist as suits Famine's whim, Marshal, and your own.

### Spoils of War

Food rots at roughly five times its normal rate in Famine's domain. That's subjective though, because sometimes Famine breaks her own rules. A luscious apple tree might bear juicy fruit. Maybe even the fallen apples don't go bad. But you can bet that tree is smack in the middle of some nefarious creature's lair, or provides just enough to make everyone fight over it.

Famine might also allow the food of those who serve her (knowingly or otherwise) to retain its nutritional value a bit longer. A miser who causes strife and conflict in a town, an innkeeper who serves his unwitting customers human meat, or even a willing servant of the Reckoners all find their food items keep substantially longer than regular folks'.

### Wild Weather

Some types of precipitation and environmental hazards are common to the Pacific Northwest. Those most likely to put a thorn in your posse's side are listed here for convenience's sake.

### Avalanche

Avalanches are fairly common occurrences among the Great Northwest's wintry peaks. If they weren't already enough of a nuisance, the Winter Wars between sasquatches and their ancestral enemies have been known to set off more than a few as well.

Each character caught in the avalanche's path must make an Agility roll (-2). On a success, the character has



managed to leap clear or find a nook in which to hide. On a failure, the character is swept along with the avalanche for  $10+2d10''$ , suffering  $1d6$  damage per  $5''$  or part thereof. A roll of 1, regardless of the Wild Die, means the character is swept  $20+2d10''$  down the mountainside, and ends up buried under  $2d6$  feet of snow.

### Blizzard

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

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

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

### Earthquake

Ever since the Great Quake of '68, the West Coast has been prone to geologic activity that's temperamental, at best. Minor rumbles run up and down the fault lines almost constantly, as the earth spirits shift subtly in their deep homes. These spirits also dwell deep in the roots of the Cascade Mountains. Every once in a while, a fault line doesn't just grind—it snaps.

Heroes in an earthquake must make Agility rolls or be thrown to the ground and Shaken. A roll of 1 (regardless of the Wild Die) means the character falls into a crack and suffers  $2d6$  damage. They are also stuck, and cannot move until they recover from Shaken. Additionally, each character must succeed on a Spirit roll or



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suffer a level of Fatigue (that lasts for 24 hours) on account o' being so unnerved by the event.

### Heavy Snow

Heavy snowfall is a common sight during winter in the Great Northwest, and is even more common in mountainous areas. Needless to say, it can make the ground hard to traverse. Walking through deep snow counts as Difficult Terrain. In addition, Agility and linked skills suffer a -1 penalty because the character is knee-deep (or higher) in the snow. A good pair of snowshoes (Cost: \$5; Weight: 4 lbs.) negates these effects.

### Storm

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

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

### Thunderstorm

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

Other effects include flash floods, lightning strikes, and mudslides, possibly damaging nearby buildings, drowning creatures, and preventing flying machines from taking off or landing. If you want to be cruel, you can have a hero's horse or vehicle struck by

lightning for 2d10 damage (AP 10). That should wake 'em up.

### Winter Warriors

The wendigos aren't the only primordial creatures that claim the Cascade Mountains as home. Sasquatches and wolflings also dwell there. Sometimes it's hard for people to tell the difference between the three species (a fact you should exploit as often as you can, Marshal), but they can always tell each other apart. That's because they absolutely despise each other, and fly into a blind rage as soon as they catch their ancient enemies' scents.

For a while humans remained on the sidelines of this ancient conflict, but not any more. Now they're *everyone's* target. But let's take a minute to sort 'em all out before we go any further.

### Sasquatches

The Salish Indians around Seattle believe a race of giant, hairy humanoids resides in the vast, uncharted woodlands of the Northwest. They call these creatures by many names. "Sasquatches," "brothers of the woods," or "bigfoots" are the most common.

The sasquatches live in the hollow trunks of tremendous, living trees high in the Cascade Mountains. The Salish claim the sasquatches have an entire village and even a hierarchy of leaders, warriors, workers, and the like. They only venture down to check on their little Indian brothers and sisters or to see how these new, pale-skinned folks live.

They're right. Sasquatches are huge, primordial pre-humans who have their own simple language and use tools. They do not know the secret of fire—though they are fascinated by it. They are truly intelligent—though primitive—and crafty woodsmen. Sasquatches are also relentless trackers and elusive prey,



using tricks and simple but clever traps to throw pursuers off their trail.

### Wendigos

The mountains of the Northwest grow deathly cold in the winter. Survival is always a trial, especially the quest for food. When sustenance is scarce, folks do horrible things. Like consume human flesh.

Folks who give in to the urge to consume human flesh to survive pay a terrible price for their sin—they transform into one of the dreaded wendigo. They are huge, hairy beasts with oversized mouthfuls of jagged teeth, huge claws, and white, pupiless eyes. Their fur can be white or black, but never brown like a sasquatch. Though they're extremely rare, some have whispered campfire tales of wendigos that *fly*, a blood-chilling thought if ever there was one.

When people tell tales of strange and horrifying creatures wandering the deep woods, emerging only to prey upon men, most often they're talking

about the wendigos (whether they know it or not). Wendigos are the most cunning, evil, and cruel inhabitants of the Great Northwest, and they delight in spreading all the misery and fear they can.

### Wolflings

The settlers and Indians of eastern Washington agree the many wild wolves that roam there are dangerous predators. The locals have more to say about the beasts, but they say it only in whispers. Their legends tell of half-human, half-wolves with coats of pure white. These feral creatures supposedly live in the lost valleys of the Cascade Mountains and venture out only to prey on mankind.

Wolflings are not lycanthropes or shape changers. They are simply intelligent wolves with long, oddly jointed legs that allow them to walk on two legs or four. They prefer four for running and hunting and two for fighting.

The wolf people have fingers and opposable thumbs and use crude tools and weapons. They occasionally wear





jewelry, scarves, or other clothing they've taken from their victims.

Wolflings and sasquatches are not good neighbors. Since sasquatches tend to wander alone, the wolflings have preyed on their kind for generations. This is why the sasquatches became so elusive and learned to set such remarkable traps. On the wolflings' part, they have honed pack tactics to a fine, bloody point.

## The Winter Wars

For centuries the sasquatches made their lairs in the huge, hollowed-out trees of the Old Glade, living a primordial existence untouched by the influence of the outside world, or the Reckoners. But that all changed after the Great Quake.

First the wolflings returned from the lost valleys of the Cascade Mountains to prey on mankind. These creatures were known to the Indians through stories passed down over the generations, but the naïve settlers and pioneers considered them devils set loose from some icy hell.

The sasquatches, in turn, warred against the wolflings, banding together to strike their hidden valleys. Even though a few sasquatches lost their lives in bloody battles with the wolflings, the sasquatches were willing to pay the price to protect their "little brothers."

Then came the rise of the wendigos, who had lain dormant since before the Great Spirit War, and the sasquatches' patience with humans was sorely tested. But they still tried their best to keep new wendigos from coming into being. Whenever they saw a starving human, they provided him with sustenance. Sasquatches don't like to let themselves be seen, so they left their gifts of food along trails where hungry humans were most likely to find them.

That was then, this is now.

## Tooth and Claw

All types of wendigos retreat into the snowy mountains during the warmer months. There they turn their savage attentions to the villages of the peaceful sasquatches. The wolflings side with the wendigos, though the latter are cruel masters who basically chase the wolflings into the sasquatch villages more than they actually command them.



This epic struggle has lasted for centuries. Until recently, neither side was able to gain a clear advantage, and so the war went on without end, a rising and falling tide of blood to drench the snow. Then, in a late 1879 clash, the wendigos and wolflings struck a dire blow to the gentle sasquatches—they killed the Big Chief.

The greatest of the sasquatches' hunters and warriors, the Big Chief had ruled since before the Reckoning began. His reign was troubled, to say the very least, but he always kept the loyalty and love of his primordial people. His bravery in the Winter Wars was unmatched, and he was a kind and just leader. When his corpse was laid out for funeral in the deep woods, it just about broke them sasquatches' hearts.

But just a few days later, to everyone's surprise, the Big Chief came walking back into the Old Glade, still bearing the many bites and claw wounds that had killed him. He seemed as hale and healthy as ever, claiming the spirits had given him a new life. This was true from a certain point of view, but when the Big Chief said "spirits" he should have said *manitou*, and by "a new life" he actually meant *made him Harrowed*.

Not just any manitou, this, but a grizzled ol' veteran of the Great Spirit Wars that knew a good carcass when he wore it, and wasn't about to give up his prize. The elder terror made damned sure to give the Big Chief's soul a lickin' up one side of his skull and down the other, putting himself firmly in the driver's seat before he returned.

### Preemptive Strikes

The sasquatches were ignorant of all that soul-drama. What they knew was their beloved leader had come back from the dead, a phenomenon they'd never

experienced before. They considered it miraculous, and terrifying, and the mixture of awe and dread left them willing to do anything he said. Manitous typically have a field day when that sort of opportunity presents itself, and this one was no slouch.

The Big Chief proclaimed that the time of helping humans—meaning the policy that led to his being torn apart by wolflings—was over. Now the sasquatches would help themselves. The cunning manitou, speaking the sasquatches' language, beguiled them with a cruel new point of view. Here they were risking their lives to protect humans, and those same humans feasting on each others' legs in the dead of winter was swelling the wendigos' ranks. Who, then, were they really helping? The Big Chief coined a new word for humans: *Oo-taga-rok*. Literally translated, it means "That which turns to evil."

The sasquatches didn't need to be told twice. In addition to fighting the wendigos and wolflings in bloody battles of attrition, the sasquatches have begun killing humans in danger of starvation, sometimes wiping out whole settlements. People are the source of new wendigos, so by their primal logic they're just cutting off a supply line.

Now remote settlements in the Great Northwest, already plagued by wendigo and wolfling attacks, are becoming ghost towns one by one, all their inhabitants killed by formerly peaceful sasquatches. The fear continues to grow, even as icy starvation grips the region. And that's just about where our main event, **The Winter War**, begins (see page 37).





# Strange Locales

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At first glance it's hard to believe the Great Northwest, a region full to bursting with nature's bounty, could lie within *Famine's* realm. Wildlife teems, and the breathtaking beauty of the Cascade Mountains is almost without peer in the Union. Overall, the region's Fear Level remains a sunny-with-little-chance-of-panic 1.

But for every settler who keeps his family fed through the winter on subsistence crops, hunting, and fishing, two other pioneers starve to death in the brutal blizzards that descend from the Cascade Mountains, and their kin die with them. Others meet even darker fates.

The area popularly known as The Great Northwest—often called simply the Pacific Northwest—covers the states of Washington, Oregon, and Idaho, and for our purposes includes western Montana too. Politically speaking, the Pacific Northwest states belong to the Union, even if all their residents don't necessarily see it that way. Some settlers consider themselves and their little plot of land autonomous from any nation, and until someone comes along to tell them different, that's the way it stays.

## Fear Effects

The overall Fear Level remains low in the Great Northwest, but in “hot spots” it spikes as high as 4. This means folks just up and disappear from time to time—sometimes they're found the next morning, frozen solid halfway to the outhouse, or gnawed to pieces by somethin' hungry. Or maybe there's no trace of the poor sap at all.

The sound of boots crunching in snow and ice recalls the sound of bones snapping in half. The wind causes the trees to creak and groan, rasping against each other in the phenomenon known as “whisperin' pines”—they seem to speak in the voices of those who've starved to death or disappeared into snowy oblivion. Depending where a body's at in the Great Northwest, the distant howling of wolves might sound like a choir of demons.

## Encounters

Each day the posse spends traveling in the Great Northwest, draw a card from your Action Deck. If you draw a face card, roll on the encounter table below to see what the posse stumbles into. If you draw a Joker, the posse's in double trouble: roll twice on the encounter table and combine the results. Reshuffle the deck after every encounter.



## Great Northwest Encounters

d20	Encounter
1-2	Catamount
3-4	Chinook
5	Sasquatch
6	Wendigo
7-8	1d6 Wolfings
9-14	2d6 Settlers (Use Townsfolk)
15	2d20 Settlers (Use Townsfolk)
16-19	2d6 Braves
20	Prospector (Use Townsfolk)

## BOISE

*Fear Level:* 2

Boise is a sizable burg on the Oregon Trail, which has served as the state capital since 1865. It's located where the trail intersects with the road between the Boise Basin towns to the north, and the Owyhee River mining camps near Silver City, to the south. The original Fort Boise—still occupied by Union troops—lies 40 or so miles to the west, while the current town's origins lie with the Hudson's Bay Company. By the 1850s it was largely deserted.

Union soldiers reestablished a fort here during the war to combat a sudden increase in the number of Indian attacks along the Oregon Trail. Soon after, gold, silver, and ghost rock were discovered in the hills. Then the trickle of settlers and prospectors became a veritable deluge, and modern-day Boise was born.

Today the town is focused on mining and trade, while numerous businesses provide creature comforts to weary settlers on their way to the Pacific Northwest. Some settlers have christened Boise the "Gateway to the Northwest," since its wooded avenues give a taste of what's to come farther down the trail.

## Getting There

Boise is located in a green, wooded river valley in the midst of otherwise arid scrubland. The Oregon Trail is really the only way to reach it from the east or the west, as it doesn't sit upon any railroad line.

## Points of Interest

Boise features more than its fair share of saloons, casinos, dance halls, and junk emporiums—all those glitzy establishments that appeal most to miners down from Owyhee, and to exhausted pioneers yearning for a thrill to quicken the blood. The Black Nugget Saloon is popular with ghost rock miners for its selection of whiskies, but Sadie Closkins' draws more visitors with its burlesque dance acts.

Mining and general supply stores are legion in Boise, and the Greater Maze Rock Miners' Association (a.k.a., "The Rockies") maintains an export company here too. Prices are high from gouging, though, typically running six to eight times what's listed in the *Deadlands Player's Guide*.

## BUTTE CITY

*Fear Level:* 3

Butte City, sometimes called "The Richest Hill on Earth," didn't start out as an Iron Dragon town. In the beginning it was a loose collection of mining camps in the hills surrounding the Summit Valley—an enormous, bowl-shaped crater high in the Rocky Mountains, not far from the Continental Divide. By the late 1870s it has grown into a wide-open town, where a tuckered-out miner may indulge in any vice his filthy mind can conceive.

With the securing of the Iron Dragon right-of-way by one Phineas P. Gage in 1875, Kang enjoyed a revitalizing effect upon his efforts to reach the West Coast. Not only did the town provide a convenient, easily defensible way stop near the Continental Divide, it also provided its own supply of ghost rock, along with plentiful veins of copper. More than anything else, Butte City's sudden infusion of wealth was the factor that allowed Iron Dragon to complete its Great Northern Line to Seattle.

Butte City's population is one of the most diverse in the Weird West. Though a large percentage hail from Ireland, miners and laborers come from as far afield as Canada, England, Mexico, all over Europe, Italy, Russia, and even Lebanon in the fabled lands of Araby. Chinese workers and rail warriors are, of course, plentiful due to Kang's presence.

Murder, brawling, and public intoxication are commonplace, but little if any

of the violence is racially motivated. Geographic isolation makes everyone a little stir-crazy, and it only gets worse when the Fear Level rises. Put simply, everything in Butte City revolves around ghost rock (to fuel Iron Dragon's interests) and copper (most of which is exported to the Smith & Robards and Hellstromme Industries factories in the City o' Gloom). The Tiger Triad says what goes, but if there's no significant amount of wealth involved, the triad usually ain't interested.

## Getting There

Travelers from points east should hop on a westbound Iron Dragon passenger train in Billings, Montana. That'll get a body to Butte City in about a days' time, provided nothing untoward occurs along the way. Steaming from Seattle, a locomotive takes a little over two days to reach Butte City.





## BATTLE SITES

### BIRCH CREEK (1878): FEAR LEVEL 3.

In this extended skirmish, General Howard's troops fought a sizable band of Bannock-Paiutes, pushing them back from one defensive point to the next, until they ended up on a crest of lava rock. Some Indians and Union soldiers remain to this day, in the form of walkin' dead, 'gloms, and the restless ghosts of braves who were blown apart by howitzer fire on the volcanic ridge.

### CLEARWATER (1877): FEAR LEVEL 4.

This pitched battle was fought by US soldiers under the command of General Howard, who attacked the united forces of the Nez Percé under Chiefs Joseph and Looking Glass. All along the stretch of the Clearwater River where the bloody battle took place, the vegetation remains scraggly and thin. The area is frequently shrouded by cold, clammy veils of fog. At night, mourning mists (see the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*) rise from the brackish mud to hunt the living.

### LAVA BEDS (1872-73): FEAR LEVEL 5.

This was the last of the Indian Wars fought in Oregon and California, between Union forces and the Modoc tribe. It ended with the capture and execution of several Indian leaders, including Captain Jack, but the rest of the tribe escaped and resettled in eastern Oregon. Captain Jack and his undead forces still wander this area, eagerly searching for vict—er, new conscripts to bolster his forces.

A posse can also reach the town on horseback or by other means, as the old trails follow right alongside the railroad tracks (sometimes deviating to avoid natural features the rail crews simply blasted in half). But the trails are steep, at times downright treacherous, on account of the rugged Rockies all around.

## Points of Interest

As we mentioned earlier, Butte City is a wide-open town. That means exactly what it sounds like, pard. Anything goes, as long as one's willing to part with some cash or nuggets of ghost rock. Though the Union pretends to hold final authority over Butte City, in practical fact the settlement belongs to Warlord Kang and the so-called Tiger Triad he set up to govern and police it.

The miners don't mind this set-up at all, since Kang pays just as fairly (some say even more fairly) than the Union assayers sent West to man the forts. The miners' oft-repeated motto is "Work hard, live hard, die hard!" followed by a fortifying slug of whiskey. They work 'round the clock, and are happy to have Kang's aid in holding back whatever weird critters roam the hills at night.

Main Street and environs, at the center of town, lie upon the flat part of the valley. On all sides, residential areas rise on precipitous slopes. At more than a mile above sea level, the air is on the thin and dry side, which takes a little getting used to. Players whose heroes are unaccustomed to life at high altitudes should roll Vigor upon arrival, with a failure resulting in 1 level of Fatigue that lasts 24+1d12 hours. On snake eyes, an hombre's really huffin' and puffin'—he takes 2 levels of Fatigue for the same duration.

**The Cabbage Patch:** This neighborhood of shanties and shotgun shacks isn't

much more than a slum, but it houses a large percentage of local residents at one time or another. The overwhelming majority of miners have no permanent residence (until they strike it rich, at least) so they're forced to make do with what they can scavenge in the Cabbage Patch. A gang of bad-tempered young 'uns, just kids really, are known to prowl these streets looking for lone drunks whom they rob, and then beat bloody with sticks.

**Clark's Mansion:** The residence of William A. Clark, owner of the Clark Mining concern, and his family of fourteen. Clark's money backed the offers made to Iron Dragon to sweeten the deal for their rail line. What seemed like a desperate move paid handsomely, as Clark is now one of the richest men in all of Montana. He owns a fair number of copper mines, and several ghost rock claims as well. Clark's competitors are Marcus Daly and F. Augustus Heinze, each of whom runs his own local mining company.

**Copper Creek Saloon:** This ramshackle, rambling, two-story building near the center of town doesn't offer much in the way of opulence, but what it lacks in décor it makes up for with sheer charm. Owned by "Slim Tim" Travers and run by eight employees, most of the building is constructed from logs, with numerous boarded additions, roof dormers, back- and side-rooms, and so forth. There are several secret passages used by the staff (Notice roll at -4 to find), a few of them known only to Tim (they're so narrow, only Slim Tim can negotiate them). Upstairs rooms are plentiful, going for only 50¢ a night, if one doesn't mind sharing a bed with as many as three other drunks.

**The Line:** Centered on Mercury Street, "The Line" is the name given to Butte City's extensive red light district.

It's said any vice—from alcohol, to companionship, to opium, to still other pastimes—can be purchased on The Line if one knows whom to talk to. Tiger Triad tongs are happy to point curious pleasure seekers in the right direction.

**Monastery of the Four Tigers:** This is one of Kang's most secret refuges, built into a rocky butte overlooking town. Most of its polished stone chambers are underground. It includes a genuine Chinese temple, constructed by engineers imported specifically for the task. Here Kang is served by a score of his most loyal and tenacious kung fu warriors, and a few talented disciples are trained in the ways of chi mastery.

**Venus Alley:** If a saddletramp or miner is looking for a friend with whom to spend the night (or just a few hours), Venus Alley is the place to go. It ain't cheap, but the miners all say it's worth it!

**Wa Chong Company:** Located on China Alley, this large mercantile owned by Chin Chun Hock sells fine porcelain, Chinese and Japanese clothing for all purposes, herbs and spices, and various other items of interest to miners and railroaders alike. Chin is a loyal and respected associate of the Tiger Triad and Iron Dragon Rail Co., and therefore has access to nearly anything a hero could want, for a price (that price usually being ten times the value of said item).

## HELENA

*Fear Level: 3*

Montana's state capital, Helena was founded on July 14, 1864, by the men popularly known as The Four Georgians—John Cowan, D. J. Miller, John Crab, and Reginald Stanley. After long and fruitless searches throughout Montana, they dubbed this creek Last Chance Gulch, since they'd all agreed it



would be their final stab at riches. This time, the chance panned out.

Other miners began to settle in the place and dubbed it Crabtown (after the aforementioned co-founder, John). With the town booming, many felt it needed a more respectable name, and after long debate Helena was selected and ratified. Pretty soon the area was full of gold prospectors and ghost rock miners plying their trades. Over the next few years, more than 500 businesses opened their doors, and the population swelled to over 3,000. In 1880, it's still growing.

### Getting There

For the time being, the most expeditious way to light out for Helena is to first attain Butte City. From there, a battered but reliable locomotive snakes north through the mountains to the state capital. To Helena's west lie the peaks of the Rockies, and to the east the most remote reaches of the High Plains.

An Iron Dragon spur from Butte City is currently under construction, but its workers have been harried by a forbidding, malevolent presence in the woods that they can't explain. A few even turned up dead, torn to shreds and mostly eaten. Work continues, but progress is slow. The attacks were perpetrated by a pack of wendigos, living in four individual lairs but laying claim to the same, overlapping territory.

### Points of Interest

Helena's Main Street is located deep within a gulch in the shadow of Mount Helena. Much of the town is, by necessity, perched on the rocky slopes that comprise either side of the valley. Much of the town is devoted to mining-related structures—suppliers, refineries, warehouses, and exporters. The rest of the city is filled with a heap of rowdy

saloons, dance halls, a theater, various clothiers, a newspaper (*The Helena Independent*), and a surprising amount of extremely specialized services for a town so remote from the rail line. Somehow, despite the isolation, the locals get along just fine.

**Coliseum Variety Theater:** Run by the divine Miss Josephine T. Hensley (or "Chicago Joe," as her close friends call her), this combination theater, saloon, and dance hall is one-stop shopping for the miner looking to purchase human amusements at hourly rates.

**Kiyus Saloon:** The Kiyus is known for stocking only the purest of spirits and the finest vintage wines. The proprietor, Colonel Amon Shed, prides himself on selling only the best. Yet he keeps his prices low—only 12¢ a shot—while maintaining his signature quality. Some say the Colonel's got powerful friends.

**Payne's Hotel:** A two-story, false front building with a balcony above the front porch, C. L. Payne's Hotel is a popular place for out-of-towners to hang their hats. Rooms are priced at \$3.50 per night for a single-occupancy that's cozy, clean, and quiet. The nearby shed is a popular spot for picnics.

**St. Louis Hotel:** For those who prefer the finer things in life, and have the cash to pay for them, the St. Louis Hotel offers upscale lodging. Rooms run \$12 a night and up (meals not included), but most find the price reasonable for the sheer opulence alone.

## OLYMPIA

*Fear Level: 2*

Olympia's the capital of Washington, not by virtue of its fundamentals, but because it has always been right at the center of the action in Washington territory. A major supplier of farm

goods and produce, Olympia is located at the crossroads of three major trade routes—ghost rock and gold imported from British Columbia and Alaska, lumber and copper from Seattle and the Cascades, and firearms, heavy machinery, and luxury goods from Back East (headed into the Maze via the Iron Dragon line from Seattle).

Located on the southern end of Puget Sound, Olympia was first settled by French Catholic missionaries in the 1840s (under the direction of the Hudson's Bay Company). By the 1850s, American settlers were pouring into the area, which lay upon an important north-south trade route. These days the area exports produce and dairy goods, while playing host to the steady stream of ghost rock coming south out of British Columbia.

Most of Olympia was built by the labor of Chinese immigrants, many of whom arrived in the Puget Sound area in the past 20 years. Most found work with Iron Dragon, sending money home to their families in China. But others opened laundries in Olympia, worked as cooks for affluent households, or grew vegetables to sell door-to-door. The commercial produce market, now a major industry in Olympia, was begun by the Chinese. Unfortunately for the locals, most of those vegetables are exported to the Great Maze for astronomical returns.

Olympia is dependent upon artesian groundwater for its water. Artesian springs dot the town, acting as gathering places for townsfolk, and the massive Olympia Brewery is fed by no less than 26 artesian wells.

## Getting There

Since they built the rail spur, Olympia's a relatively easy place to get to. The Iron Dragon line brings visitors from

Portland to the south, and Tacoma to the north, and both arrive at the local depot.

If you happen to be arriving by boat, from the Great Maze or points north, Puget Sound provides another point of access. Ships arrive at the Olympia wharfs, known hereabouts as Percival Landing.

## Points of Interest

**Olympia Hardware:** Olympia Hardware is the premier source for dry goods and gear, and the huge stone building is located on Main Street at the dead center of town. Not far away, Sylvester Square features a blockhouse constructed during the Indian War—now it's the city jail.

**Sheriff's Office:** Across the street is office of Sheriff Edna McKenzie. You read that right—the county sheriff's a woman. But considering she used to serve as a rail warrior for the Kansas City & Little Rock Co., and she's earned the respect of everyone in Olympia—man or woman—strangers are wise not to underestimate her competence.

**Masonic Temple:** A large Masonic temple also stands near the center of town, serving as a weekly gathering spot for a distinguished selection of the city's elder males. It's probably no coincidence that Mayor Blake lives only a few houses down the block.

**Hotel Olympian:** "Lighted throughout by electricity, heated throughout by steam," promise newspaper advertisements for the Hotel Olympian. This ritzy hotel serves travelers and passers-through, and features a saloon, full-service steakhouse, billiard hall, and cigar shop.

**Falcott Jewelers:** Falcott Jewelers was founded in '72 by Lucius Falcott and his son, Charles. The pair arrived on an Iron Dragon locomotive from Chicago with a



satchel full of jewelry and watches. Their shop prospered, but only after rumors swirling around exactly how the father and son acquired their initial capital finally dispersed.

**Priest Point Woods:** Priest Point, a wooded tract about two miles from Olympia's town center, is where the French Catholic missionaries established their school in the '40s. The woods here have somehow retained their primordial feel, with a thick evergreen canopy that blocks sunlight, and growths of moss that blanket every rock and trunk.

### Savage Tale

- **Falcott's Debt (page 79):** Lucius Falcott has avoided paying the price for his ill-gotten riches...until now.

## PORTLAND

*Fear Level: 4*

Portland rose from humble beginnings. It was originally no more than a stopover for travelers headed to Oregon City or Fort Vancouver, commonly called "The Clearing." Once it was discovered that the waters near The Clearing were deeper—and thus more suitable for shipping—than those upriver at Oregon City, a land claim was filed and the city of Portland founded. Portland dwelled in the shadow of Oregon City for many years, until its superior location on the river and access to the Iron Dragon rail line made it the port of choice.

Despite the steady shipping and trading, Portland remains a frontier town. Stumps and fallen trees lie strewn about, the roads are muddy mires, and during spring floods one might need a rowboat to reach the nearest saloon. Some snooty outsiders refer to Portland as "Stumptown" or even "Mudville."

Portland's location near the coast means that the Winter Wars remain a distant threat. Folks in Stumptown are much more afraid of getting shanghaied than torn apart by wild beasts. You see, there used to be a mayor, and even a Union fort, but then Kang's people moved in at the invitation of the local timber barons. Within six months they'd seized control of the government, turning the mayor and marshal into mere puppets. After that, the number of annual disappearances kept rising.

### Getting There

Seems the worst destinations are always the easiest to get to. Portland is nothing if not accessible. From California, the primary land route is the Iron Dragon line via Sacramento. From Back East, Kang's line runs from Illinois to Seattle, and then south through Portland.

The Willamette River offers easy access by water, whether from the Pacific or from the Cascade Mountains upriver. The Sacramento Trail remains a well-used land route for those hombres who prefer to travel by stage, steam wagon, or horse.

### Points of Interest

Portland's the kind of place that seems perfectly innocent—until one is foolish enough to pay it a visit. It's a major port city straddling the Willamette River in northern Oregon, and home to dozens of exporters of ghost rock, gold, copper, and other fundaments. But it's considered by some the most dangerous port on the West Coast, earning nicknames like "The Unheavenly Gates" and "The Forbidden City" from those who have escaped its clutches.

Why the miserable reputation? Thousands of folks get shanghaied in Portland every year—they're either drugged, or

get busted upside the head, and wake up in chains in the belly of a ship headed for China, Mexico, or worse. Most people don't realize that a network of hidden passageways—known as the Portland Underground—connects many of the city's hotel and saloon basements to the waterfront. Once a victim is subdued, he's dropped through a deadfall into the passage below, and carted off in a gunny sack to the waiting sampans.

Portland seems to have a hotel or saloon on every street corner. This paints the picture of a very welcoming place—unfortunately, Portland welcomes you with her right hand, while the left hides a pair of nunchaku behind her back. Tourists who drop their guard are likely to have their sightseeing ended real quick.

If one manages to avoid getting herself bagged, there's plenty to do in the Forbidden City. Portland has its own rag—the *Weekly Oregonian*—as well as a telegraph office, Iron Dragon rail depot, an R.M.A. land claims office, and all sorts of useful suppliers and stockists.

**Barrelbelly Saloon:** So named for the massive, carved wooden Indian standing on the front porch, this place is popular with miners and ghost rock exporters, as well as woodsmen down from the Cascades for a taste of rotgut.

**Chinatown:** The neighborhood is clenched in the steely grip of Warlord Kang, and particularly hostile to outsiders, especially *gweilo*—"white devils." (Despite the literal meaning of that vile slur, the Chinese apply it equally to whites, Indians, Mexicans, and anybody else who isn't Asian.) Despite the rough conditions, Chinatown's laundries, restaurants, and public baths (fed by a hot spring) continue to draw brave (or foolhardy) customers.

**Good Goat Alehouse:** This medium-to-upscale establishment is widely thought to offer the best selection of wines, spirits, and brewed-on-the-premises beers. It also has live music and dancing, billiard tables, and the tender company of the opposite sex, for those so inclined.

## Savage Tales

- **Chief Barrelbelly's Revenge (page 77):** The wooden Indian in the saloon has a tale of his own, and a score to settle.
- **Flashpoint (page 82):** There's armed conflict between rival tongs in Portland, and the heroes get caught in the middle.
- **Shanghaied! (page 84):** The posse faces down a gang of kidnappers and explores their unique, subterranean "export company."

## SALEM

*Fear Level: 3*

Salem has been Oregon's state capital since 1859, and is situated on the Willamette, about 50 miles upriver from Portland. The city boasts a large capitol building in the Greek revival style (modeled after the Capitol Building in Washington, DC), a thriving downtown filled with hotels and shops, and an economy based on the cherry-picking industry, which lends Salem the nickname, "Cherry City." Others refer to Salem by whispering a lesser-known name—Witchburg.

The Indians who originally inhabited the Willamette Valley called their home Chemeketa, which means "resting place." Once trustees Barnabas Leslie and W. W. Willson had filed claims to settle upon the land in 1850, Mr. Leslie named it after the place he was born—Salem, Massachusetts. What no one



knew was that the Leslie family had harbored an evil secret since the Puritan days. Barnabas Leslie came to Oregon to make a fresh start, where few suspected the evil taint he carried in his blood. He brought his coven with him.

The Leslie and Willson families remain pillars of the community, along with local businessman and publisher, Asahel Bush. Bush is respected well enough, but widely seen as something of a troublemaker. He regularly uses his publication, the *Oregon Statesman*, as a vehicle for scathing editorials deriding the corruption that infects the capitol building, as well as regularly demanding that the city's name be officially changed back to Chemeketa.

### Getting There

Salem is upriver from Portland, smack in the middle of the Sacramento Trail, and a major stop along the Iron Dragon line. With the Cascade Mountains like a wall in the east, it's difficult to get through Oregon without running into the Cherry City along the way.

### Points of Interest

**Cherry Orchards:** The first thing new arrivals notice are the huge cherry orchards that surround the city, spilling out onto the open plains to the east. Thousands of workers make their living picking cherries, most of them Chinese. But there are almost as many of other origins, too. A lot of them started out as pioneers, hoping to own land of their own. But after a couple hard winters, and a foreclosure, they ended up laboring on someone else's land, driven by surly overseers, to pick cherries for export to richer markets. The cherry orchards may sound like a bright and jolly pastime, compadre, but they're as hopeless and desolate a place as anyone could end up.

**Kalapuya Burial Ground:** This old Indian burial ground is hidden in a small copse of trees a few miles outside Salem. It hasn't yet been discovered by the Whateley coven, and that's a good thing. The Kalapuya called this area Chemeketa, or "resting place," because a powerful, evil spirit is bound under the earth—coincidentally, the same one ol' Barnabas Whateley aims to unbind through his coven's efforts.

**Marion County Fairgrounds:** Located just south of town, this is the site of the annual Oregon State Fair, held every year in late August or September. Besides viewing prizes for the biggest and the best livestock, produce, and fundaments, visitors to the fairgrounds can test their strength, enjoy cherry-flavored beers and liqueurs, and watch bare-knuckled boxing matches.

**The Oregon Institute:** Established in 1842 by missionaries, the Institute has grown into a cutting-edge school for learning the New Science. Experiments are performed on ghost rock in attempts to better understand the fuel's properties, and mechanical prototypes for various infernal devices are cobbled together on a seemingly daily basis by the student body (currently numbering 18). The Institute matriculates, on average, six scientists each year. A few of these accept teaching positions at the Institute, but most go on to work for Smith & Robards or Hellstromme Industries, or seek their fortunes in the Great Maze.

### Savage Tale

- **Witches' Brew (page 90):** Supported by a member of the Twilight Legion, the posse opposes the Leslie Coven—a long-forgotten branch of the despised Whateleys.

## SEATTLE

*Fear Level: 3*

Seattle got its start when the settlers of the Denny Party arrived in 1851. Arthur Denny settled the land where Seattle's downtown stands today, while his rival David "Doc" Maynard staked a claim of his own just south of Denny's. Following a decisive battle with local Indian tribes in 1856, the settlers enjoyed full control of the land and built a logging industry that would eventually dominate the Pacific Northwest.

Since then the city has gone through cycles of boom and bust. First the town's lumber fortunes swelled with exports that built San Francisco, but that trend slowed. After the Great Quake of '68, loggers enjoyed another boom as the entire West Coast—especially Shan Fan—attempted to rebuild. In spite of Denny's Methodist influence, Seattle gained a reputation as a wide-open, freebooting place (most blame the decline on the dissolute and permissive tendencies of Doc Maynard).

Arthur Denny served as mayor until his death of natural causes in 1878. The election that followed was manipulated shamelessly by one Mr. Kenneth Boyd, a powerful logging baron with extensive holdings inland. After winning the election, he took the moniker of Boss Boyd and declared himself mayor for life. These days, the noose is the only law in Seattle, and it tightens at Boyd's whim.

## Getting There

Seattle is easily accessible by rail, land, or sea. The only thing stopping most cowpokes from going there is the distance—when you're in Seattle, you might as well be in Canada. The weather's just as bad, and Seattle is typically full of Brits down from Victoria

to see how their "American brothers" live. If they're basing their opinions on Seattle, then Lord help anybody trying to stop another war from breaking out.

## Points of Interest

The so-called Emerald City is a rough-and-tumble logging town on the shores of Elliott Bay. Sure, it's got newspapers, telephones, a telegraph office, and its huge railroad depot serves as western terminus for Iron Dragon's Great Northern Line. Seattle beat out both Tacoma and Olympia to win that honor, and few locals will let a visitor forget about it for more than a minute or two.

But spend a little time here, and you find that respectability is merely a sheen in Seattle. Just below the surface is a seething pit of gambling, prostitution, and liquor, barely kept in check by the lynch law that rules the day.

Schools barely operate, indoor plumbing is a rarity, and the city's location beside tidal mudflats means its sewage is more likely to come in with the tides than flow out to sea. Once the city had a marshal, but he was shot to pieces by outlaws years ago. Lots of people believe those "outlaws" were actually freelancers on the payroll of Seattle's current master, Boss Boyd. But only a few people say such things out loud.

Seattle is full of saloons, gambling dens, and brothels, as well as the typical warehouses, lumberyards, and shipping companies found in a Northwest logging town.

**Yesner's Steam-Powered Lumber Mill:** One of the most noticeable buildings in town—due to its central location, as well as the plumes of black smoke constantly churning from its stacks—is Yesner's Mill. Established back in the late '50s, Yesner's is the only mill powered by ghost rock boilers, which means it is able



to process more logs in a day than other mills cut in a week.

On the downside, Peter Yesner's technological domination requires scientists to keep the gears turning, and the general rapidity of work results in a lot of accidents. Yesner's staff is missing quite a few fingers, and missing hands and arms aren't as uncommon as one might think.

### SILVER CITY

*Fear Level: 3*

Silver City stands at the epicenter of the Owyhee River mining boom. Without a doubt, it's the liveliest burg in Idaho these days, with a population of 2,500 and about 75 businesses. It's also the most cutthroat boomtown east of the Snake River, so visitors ought to watch their step. Duels and brawls are daily occurrences in Silver City. Nobody's sure why the locals are generally so mean as to make hornets look cuddly.

"Maybe it's something in the water," outsiders shrug. They're right. Silver City's drinking water percolates through the solid layer of ghost rock that makes the town so prosperous before it reaches cups and lips. Over time, those who drink the water get a mite ornery.

In game terms, a character who drinks the water regularly—and anyone who intends on living is assumed to be drinking it regularly—needs to succeed on a Spirit roll every week or get saddled with the Mean Hindrance. Also, apply a -4 penalty to all NPC Reaction Table rolls in Silver City.

Despite the hostile climate, Silver City stays busy, mostly due to the steady stream of silver dug out of War Eagle Mountain, and the tons of ghost rock coming down the Owyhee River.

### Getting There

Silver City is an oasis in the wilderness. It's big and lively, but damned hard to get to at times. The most direct route is the Oregon Trail to Boise, and then the





Owyhee Trail south the Silver City, by horse or stage. As with other places this remote, blazing a new trail to Silver City is possible, but not advised except in an emergency.

In winter, blizzards make the Oregon and Owyhee Trails impassable. Travelers usually need to find someplace to hole up for the winter, then continue their trek when the spring melt hits.

## Points of Interest

Being the Owyhee County seat, Silver City is home to Sheriff Barney Blackwell McGee. He's meaner than anybody else in town, which is the likeliest reason voters are afraid to elect anyone else. Sheriff McGee's in his fourth consecutive term, and has an office next the Idaho Hotel on Main Street.

Silver City has a schoolhouse, butcher shop, and Methodist church. Among the town's dozen streets are nestled 300 homes, and over a dozen ore-processing mills.

**The Avalanche:** Idaho's oldest newspaper, *The Avalanche*, is still going strong. Most of the articles are fiery polemics against some practice or other, designed to light a fire in the reader's belly.

**Heidelberger Store:** Housed in a large granite building downtown, this shebang sells standard gear and supplies at three times the listed price.

**Masonic Hall:** This old stone building serves as a gathering place for the upper crust—Mayor Ned DeLamar, Sheriff McGee, and members of the town's business community. Every year the Masons hold a masked ball for all the townfolk.

**Sommercamp Saloon:** This dark and dismal shack is a popular watering hole for local miners, especially those trying to keep a low profile.

## Savage Tale

- **War Eagle's Wisdom (page 88):** The story of an Indian brave's failure contains clues to the location of the Old Glade.

## TACOMA

*Fear Level: 4*

Tacoma's a city of contrasts. Commerce and industry thrive in the busy port and rail depot. The city's location on Commencement Bay, about halfway between Seattle and Olympia, and its stunning view of Mount Rainier—called simply "The Mountain" hereabouts—are nothing short of sublime. The weather is surprisingly mild year-round, unlike the mountainous uplands.

But the city's history is riddled with the sort of ruthlessness and hatred that tend to give land developers a bad name. If one considers that the taint of the Reckoning has been in Tacoma since its inception, the present-day climate of fear and suspicion shouldn't come as a surprise. But we need to go back a few years to explain how it came about.

In 1864, Job Carr came to the region. Carr was a veteran of the War Between the States, and fought under Gen. Meade at Gettysburg, where he saw things that changed him forever. Job never spoke of them, but he resolved that he'd never let those things get near him again. He'd do anything to keep the evil at bay. He would kill, he would maim, he would drive off the Devil's servants. But Old Job tried so hard to keep the evil out, he ended up inviting the Reckoners right into his heart.

Serving as Postmaster General until his death during the Great Quake of '68, Job decided that gamblers and prostitutes were servants of evil, and whipped up





frenzied mobs to drive them away or string them up. Old Job was powerful suspicious of outsiders, right up until his demise. He was spying on a group of Chinese gravediggers when the Great Quake hit—a massive headstone toppled and crushed him to death. Rumors persist to this day that Old Job's body was stolen, but his gravesite stands as a mute contradiction to those tales.

In fact, Old Job was never missing. He didn't even die, at least not for long. Recognizing his singular talent for spreading fear and mistrust, the Reckoners rewarded Job for his long suffering by bringing him back as one of the walkin' dead. He gleefully continued to exert his political views upon former partner and willing disciple Morton McCarver. He could whisper poison like nobody's business. Death by headstone left him ugly as sin, though, so he keeps to the shadows of the Old City Hall's cellars most of the time.

McCarver took over shepherding the small town, and began a campaign

in the mid-'70s to secure a West Coast depot on the Iron Dragon line. McCarver cast Tacoma as the "City of Destiny," and Commencement Bay the point "where rails meet sails." The movement lost steam when Seattle was chosen as Kang's destination, but McCarver saved face when the Iron Dragon line from Seattle to Portland ran smack dab through Tacoma.

Old Job continued his xenophobic ways. At his malevolent prompting, McCarver declared in '75—with the support of local church leaders—that the Chinese in Tacoma were a source of sickness and dissolution. He put to use what came to be known as "The Tacoma Method" (Old Job's proudest achievement). Several thousand innocent Chinese living in the city were evicted from their homes by Mayor McCarver, a few priests, and several hundred armed local residents. The Chinese were herded into railroad cars destined for Portland and run out of town on the rails. Hours later their houses were burned to the ground.

Even in 1880, just because the local authorities are happy to have the Iron Dragon line doesn't mean they welcome Chinese settlement. No one seems to recognize the hypocrisy. Chinese residents are only barely tolerated in Tacoma, and Asians of all kinds are mistrusted and feared. The more prosperous the city becomes, the more its soul seems rotted from within by hate.

George Francis Train, the shipping magnate and noted eccentric, recently set Tacoma as the start/finish line for a race around the world. It remains to be seen whether anyone reaches the finish line.

## Getting There

Tacoma's as easy to get to as any of the Pacific Northwest's coastal cities, provided a body is willing to go that far north. If that's the case, the Sacramento Trail and Iron Dragon line run right through Tacoma on their way to Seattle. Hombres with boats can dock their vessels at Tacoma's port or anchor them in Commencement Bay.

## Points of Interest

Major landmarks in Tacoma include the rail depot and the steam-powered cranes of the wharf district. Hundreds of tons of ghost rock pass through the city every week, by rail and ship. Numerous hotels, dance halls, and saloons serve the downtown area, but the only establishment to offer all those services—along with gambling—is Begbie's Casino.

**Old City Hall:** This place doubles as a post office, and offers telegraph service as well. The venerable old building is said to be haunted by the ghost of Job Carr, a tale that Mayor McCarver does little to dispel.

**Tidal Flats:** The tidal flats northeast of town are a constant source of worry to residents. It's commonly thought that something dangerous stalks the area near the rail depot, and is responsible for folks disappearing right into the mud at low tide. Others blame sinkholes and chuckle at their more superstitious fellows.

## Savage Tale

- **Tacoma Creepers (page 86):** An expedition onto the tidal flats in search of a missing attorney leads to more than legal troubles.

## WALLA WALLA

*Fear Level: 4*

Originally a Union fort and major stop along the Oregon Trail, Walla Walla was named for the Indian tribes who originally dwelled in the area. It was incorporated as a city in 1862. During the subsequent gold rush it swelled so large that, for a time, it was slated to become the state capital. The Great Quake squashed those plans, but the subsequent discovery of ghost rock in the nearby mountains revitalized the town. Today Walla Walla is the easternmost boomtown in Washington, and fairly prosperous, except for the fact that it's under siege.

To explain, we need to go back to when Walla Walla was an isolated Union fort. Turns out Walla Walla is only about 90 miles from the Old Glade of the sasquatches, and the hairy cousins of the woods have been watching closely. As the town grew larger and larger, the sasquatches asked the nature spirits to send them a sign—was the coming of these hairless beings a blessing or a curse?





The spirits answered in '68, when the earth snapped and rolled like the Pacific surf. Not long after that, the wendigos—long believed by the sasquatches to be extinct—returned to the Great Northwest, along with the wolflings. Still the numbers of people continued to grow, despite the dangers, despite the near-constant threat of starvation. The elders of the sasquatches didn't know enough to attribute the return of the abominations with the Reckoning. As far as they were concerned, the more people arrived in their lands, the worse things got.

About a year ago they decided to do something about it.

As described on page 16, the sasquatches continue their battles against the wendigos and wolflings every winter, and obliterate human settlements on the verge of starvation. But Walla Walla is a special case—the sasquatches have come to believe that wiping it out would turn the tide of the Reckoning and send all the evil spirits back to the Hunting Grounds.

Colonel Byron Jones commands the Union troops stationed at Walla Walla, and he has been unable to convince his remote superiors of the city's desperate plight, or the true nature of the threat. It's plain—and plainly horrifying—to everyone who lives in Walla Walla that something not human has been attacking them on a massive scale in

the dead of winter. Col. Jones can't get his story printed anywhere but the *Epitaph*. Little does he know his second-in-command, Lt. Col. Henry Chance, is working undercover for the Agency and censors all his outgoing letters and telegraphs.

## Getting There

Walla Walla isn't far from the beaten path, as long as the Oregon Trail is your idea of a beaten path. From the coastal cities one would travel to Portland, and then up the Columbia River. Steam wagons run daily routes from the river town of Little Goose to the north, courtesy of the W. G. Cox Taxi Co. Or one could travel along the Oregon Trail, which runs right through the city gates.

## Points of Interest

Much of the city is surrounded by a new wooden stockade that harkens back to Walla Walla's origins as a

Union fort. This was constructed in a mass civic project begun last summer, in response to the previous winter's relentless sasquatch attacks. The local complement of Union troops is woefully undermanned for the task of defending Walla Walla against a determined foe.

Within the stockade lies a boomtown much like any other, with saloons and dance halls aplenty, but perhaps a bit more well-behaved than most due to the constant military presence. The local marshal, Dean "Bull" Freeman, is a massive and imposing influence, who maintains order with a soft voice and a big stick.

Mayor Yvonne Hart is a wise woman, and she suspects her town might not survive another winter. Since Colonel Jones and Marshal Freeman can't give her any answers and won't make any promises, she's begun looking elsewhere—which means freelancers, mostly.





# The Winter War

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The linked adventures in this chapter form a short campaign—a *mini-Plot Point*, if you will—but they’re more linear than you’d find in other Plot Point books. That’s intentional, so a posse that wants a quick tour of northern regions can head into the woods, take care of business, and vamoose for warmer climes.

Stretch things out a bit if your group wants to extend their explorations. Pepper your plots with mundane stories of outlaws and killer grizzlies, so the abominations stand out in contrast. Give the posse some extra time between adventures to wander, so they can run into some of the Savage Tales provided in the next chapter, and your own creations to boot.

Finally, be sure to give each of your players a copy of the *Tombstone Epitaph’s Guide to the Great Northwest*, so they’re all caught up on current events.

## The Setup

The Winter Wars rage on, causing death, destruction, disappearances, and no small amount of fright for the brave settlers of the Great Northwest. With the Harrowing of the sasquatches’ leader, the whole blow-up took a turn for the worse, leaving the human population without any allies whatsoever. (See page 16 for the whole sordid tale, Marshal.) Suffice to say the region is a damn sight more perilous in recent months than usual.

There is, however, a silver lining to those storm clouds looming on the horizon. A few sasquatches, led by an old shaman who smelled the rotten stench behind the Big Chief’s new plan, have lit out on their own. They’re not willing to toe the line and commit acts they consider evil, but they’re also not numerous enough to stand up to their people. What they’re looking for (even if they don’t know it yet) is a posse of heroes to deliver ‘em from evil.

The campaign begins in Seattle, Washington. Following are a few suggestions to get your posse interested in exploring the little-used footpaths of the Pacific Northwest. The best hook, of course, is one that has to do with the characters’ particular backgrounds and motives, but any of these will do to get your heroes on the right trail.

**Explorers:** The cowpokes might be employed by the Explorer’s Society or a museum Back East to act as *crypto-zoologists*—collectors of heretofore undiscovered (and preferably weird) species, alive or dead. Such heroes would find a valuable patron in Asahel Bush of Salem, Oregon (see page 92).

**Freelancers:** Heroes might act in the Agency’s or Texas Rangers’ employ to put a stop to the tales of monsters and other weird varmints coming out of the Northwest. If “puttin’ a stop to it” means fillin’ the trouble full of lead, so be it—neither organization wastes any time handwringing about details like that.



## CAMPAIGN SUMMARY

Here's a rough outline of what happens in the essential chapters of *The Winter War*. The heroes have as much time as you like, Marshal, to do some travelin' and get in all sorts of trouble in between chapters.

### 1. BROTHERS O' THE WOODS

Investigating a bigfoot sighting near Seattle, the posse meets a local moonshiner having a brush with fame, tangles with sasquatches who aren't nearly as friendly as they're rumored to be, and meets an Indian sympathetic to their cause.

### 2. DIES WITH WOLVES

To discover the meaning of a symbol carved on a primitive weapon, the group seeks out a lost tribe of Klickitat Indians. After the heroes seek out an exiled shaman and learn the story of Hells Canyon, ravenous wolflings descend upon the village and a bloody melee ensues.

### 3. SEVEN DEVILS

Seeking the truth behind a legend, the posse heads for Hells Canyon. They have to deal with a crooked mining operation and its enslaved workforce before doing battle with an ancient cadre of screamin' spirit warriors. If they come out on top, the posse gains the attention of those few sasquatches still dedicated to protecting humans.

**Heroes:** Sometimes a posse just feels the need to do the right thing. In this case the local Indians (or some other trusted informant) might warn them of an imbalance among the "brothers of the woods," and a dire change in the sasquatches' behavior. The Indians say the only way to repair whatever has gone wrong is to seek out the bigfoots where they live.

**Rail Agents:** With the completion of the Great Northern Line to Seattle, Iron Dragon is looking to tap into revenue sources all along its length. That means new rights-of-way must be secured, and threats to rail crews must be swept aside so the tracks can go through unhindered. Such a posse might be drawn first of all to the difficulties north of Butte City (see page 20).

**Reward Seekers:** Sometimes hunters only need to know two things—how much the job pays, and where the target's at. A posse looking to cash in on the *Tombstone Epitaph's* reward for proof of the bigfoot's existence could do worse than to begin their search in Seattle.

### 1. BROTHERS O' THE WOODS

Loyal readers of the *Tombstone Epitaph* know they've long offered a reward for conclusive proof of the mysterious Bigfoot's existence. Recent sightings have been reported near Seattle, Washington, and the Weird West's most famous purveyors of weird news have upped their ante to \$500!

## The Story So Far

There's no doubt the sasquatches took their Big Chief's words seriously, since they've taken to killing starving humans rather than allow them to become wendigos, ghouls, or the like. Now a

few of the furry critters have taken the initiative to come up with a whole new use for people—bait!

On the trail of a wendigo known to haunt these parts, two sasquatches arrived near Seattle about a week ago and poked around a bit. During their initial foray was when Gus encountered them on Cinnamon Ridge (he only saw one).

Unable to flush out the wendigo, the sasquatches came upon a pair of ranch hands shirking their duties. The big brothers o' the woods quickly subdued the men and kidnapped them, hoping to use their tasty scent to lure the wendigo out of hiding. The ranch hands' survival isn't really a big concern for the misguided bigfoots.

### In Search Of...

Asking about the bigfoot in any of Seattle's saloons (or other establishments where folks gather to share gossip, such as the general store or barber shop) brings a bevy of responses. Provided the townsfolk react to the posse all friendly-like, everyone's eager to share his or her own tale of the famous creature. Many of them mention the same name in connection with the bigfoot, and go something like this:

*Well, well! Huntin' the mighty bigfoot, are ya? Got a good chance o' runnin' into him 'round these parts. My Aunt Matilda saw one when she was just a girl, and after that she always pronounced 'em friends to man and guardians of our collective path.*

*That's the honest to goodness truth, Mister! If you don't believe me, go ask Moonshine Gus—they say he feeds 'em scraps from the back porch of his cabin, up in the foothills.*

It seems like just about everyone around Seattle has heard the story of Gus' encounter with the bigfoot, and

## CAMPAIGN SUMMARY (CONTINUED)

### 4. THE ELUSIVE PREY

The heroes are hired by the mayor of Walla Walla to end the attacks on that remote settlement by hunting down the home of the elusive bigfoots. Little do they know, they're providing unwitting reconnaissance for a surprise Union Army attack.

### 5. A COLD TIME IN THE OL' GLADE

Reaching the Old Glade of the sasquatches at last, the heroes encounter a primordial world never before viewed by human eyes. Once they take stock of the situation—and realize that something's gone rotten—they're challenged to prove their mettle as hunters and warriors. After that, they're challenged to unravel one Hell of a knotted situation!



they can all direct interested parties to his shack without much difficulty.

### Recent Disappearances

With a successful Streetwise roll (apply ad hoc modifiers based on your group's efforts—if any—to make friends), gossipers tell another story in passing, freely admitting it's of interest primarily to locals.

*A pair of hands vanished from the Double-S Ranch a few nights ago. Bill Parker and Junebug McFee is what they're called. Everybody knows they were out long after they had any business bein' there, gettin' up to some kind of mischief. Likely tippin' back a bottle o' rye, if y'ask me! But in the mornin' their beds wasn't slept in. They was just gone. Ain't been seen since.*

An industrious hombre poking around for any history of disappearances around Seattle finds, with a successful Investigation or Streetwise roll (-2), at least one person has gone missing every month for the past year or so, triple that number during the winter months. Though the incidents appear connected, they're not. All but the most recent are the work of a wendigo that claims the territory east of Seattle as its own.

### Double-S Ranch

A diligent posse can ride out to the Double-S Ranch, about a mile northwest of Seattle, if they want. Provided they arrive politely, it's a fairly direct matter to have a conversation with the ranch's owner, Esteban Santo Sanchez. Neither he nor his men have any more to add to the story, but they'd welcome any news of the ranch hands' whereabouts. They laugh in the face of anyone who suggests they offer a bounty for the missing men.

*Bill and Junebug ought to exercise a little more caution, I reckon!*

- **Esteban Santo Sanchez:** Use Veteran Cowboy stats on page 102.
- **Ranch Hands (4):** Use Cowboy stats on page 101.

A successful Tracking roll near the Double-S pastures reveals the tracks of many cattle, horses, and herding dogs, boot prints, and a few barefoot prints left behind by children playing. It also reveals the spot where the missing cowboys were loitering.

The tracker who scores a raise on the roll discovers a single footprint in the woods near the pasture's edge, left in the soft mud (or snow) of a creek bed. The print is similar to that of a human, but almost 16 inches in length. With a successful Smarts roll, an egghead surmises that the creature who left this very deep footprint must have weighed at least 400 lbs. Assuming a character has a background in some germane science (anthropology, biology, or the like), the player can make a Common Knowledge roll to determine that the footprint is not quite that of an ape, and yet not exactly human, either.

### On the Trail

When the posse's done interviewing the good people of Seattle, the next step is to track down Gus Mueller. Gus' cabin is perched on a rocky bluff on Mount Si, in the foothills of the Cascade Mountains, not far from the town of North Bend.

### North Bend

*Fear Level: 3*

North Bend is a tiny settlement lying about 30 miles east of Seattle. There's not much to the place except the Borst Farm, which raises all sorts of livestock, vegetables, fruits, nuts, strapping sons and fetching daughters—you name it. They also run a full-service general store, where local hunters and trappers

are always willing to share a bigfoot tale or two, tongue-in-cheek though they may be. Also, the town has suffered terrifying attacks by an unidentified beast over the past two winters, resulting in the elevated Fear Level—no one laughs when those stories are told.

From North Bend, the Snoqualmie Trail leads north toward the slopes of Mount Si and Gus' place. The trip takes about two hours on horseback, or six painful ones on foot—requiring a Vigor roll (-2) to avoid a level of Fatigue that fades after a good night's rest.

## Rakin' the Muck

The Snoqualmie Trail is lousy with newspaper reporters, skulking among the pines or loitering on the roadside smoking tobacco, all of them seeking an angle, a lead, or some new development regarding Gus' bigfoot sighting. There are perhaps half a dozen in the area. One of them, a lad of 12 years' age named Meriwether Anderson, Jr., latches onto the posse, viewing them as his best chance to get an exclusive interview with "The Bigfoot Man."

### Meriwether Anderson, Jr.

Wet behind the ears and not yet old enough to shave, Meriwether is looking for his big scoop. He's curious, tenacious, and spins a good yarn, so he should go far (if he survives). Meriwether's father was a reporter with the *Seattle Times*, and the son hopes to follow in his pater's footsteps. Shooed away by the posse, Meriwether just follows them from a safe distance. He figures he might as well try to get a photograph of them with The Bigfoot Man. If he can snap a picture of the actual bigfoot, so much the better!

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

**Skills:** Guts d4, Investigation d8, Notice d4, Persuasion d4, Stealth d4, Streetwise d8, Taunt d4

**Charisma:** +2; **Pace:** 8; **Parry:** 2;

**Toughness:** 5

**Hindrances:** Curious, Code of Honor ("Freedom of the press"), Young

**Edges:** Charismatic, Fleet-Footed, Investigator

**Gear:** His father's *Epitaph* camera, pad, pencils.

## Moonshine Gus

Gus Mueller lives alone on Mount Si, at the edge of a vast mountain wilderness, for one reason: he doesn't want to be bothered by human beings, no matter who they are or who they represent. He's especially had it up to here with muckrakers, reporters, writers, and their ilk.

When anyone approaches the cabin, or walks up the front steps onto the porch, there's a roar from behind the front door. A burly, bearded man in overalls, blatantly drunk and stinking of moonshine, reels out the front door brandishing a double barrel shotgun. He fires one barrel into the air to begin the conversation—the closest hero feels buckshot whiz past her ear.

*Git offa my land, yeh bottom-feeders!  
I done answered enough questions 'n  
I ain't fixin' to answer no more! You  
unnerstand me now? Git outta here or  
I'll ventilate you, boy!*

To emphasize his point, the drunkard fires the other barrel of his shotgun into the air. Too drunk to realize the gun's now empty, he shouts,

*Now git off my land or I'll kill yeh!*

A successful Intimidation or Persuasion roll (with a -2 penalty due to Gus' state) coaxes the angry briar into calming down. Gus is far too intoxicated





to be affected by Taunts—he just “doesn’t get it.” It’s also pathetically simple to just lick the tar out of Gus for being so ornery. He’s drunk, so he suffers -2 to all Smarts and Agility-based rolls for this scene, plus an additional 1d6 hours.

## Gus Mueller

Use Townsfolk stats in the *Deadlands Marshal’s Handbook*. Gus has Smarts d8 and Knowledge (Distilling) d10. He also has a double barrel shotgun (12/24/48; 1-3d6; RoF 1-2; Shots 2; Shooting +2), and three additional shells in his pocket (which he’s plumb forgotten about for the moment).

## Gus’ Tale

Once he settles down and has a few more sips of moonshine, Gus is willing to answer any questions the heroes pose. He makes his living producing and selling moonshine, so he’s naturally wary of anyone who might have a problem with his activities. When asked about bigfoot, he trembles a bit, then tells the following story:

*T’was five nights ago, yeh unnerstand, so I dunno if that big fella’s been ‘round again. I was out to the still, out near The*

*Haystack in the partic’lar patch of blue spruces where I ply my chosen trade.*

*So I’s sayin’, I was brewin’ up a batch o’ Double-Special Smokestack Lightnin’—there’s a whole jug of it right there, boy, with the five Xs on it...pass it ‘round—so I’s sayin’, I was checkin’ on the still and havin’ a taste.*

*Then I heard a cracklin’ sort of a footstep, and there he was! Loomin’ in front of me, larger than life. A big ol’ hairy wild man, musta been eight or 10 feet tall. Never in my life, I tells yeh. Never in my life. Pass me that jug, quick now.*

The story about Gus feeding the bigfoots from his back porch is pure fantasy, and Gus says as much if he’s asked. If he’s along, Meriwether tries to pose some follow-up questions, but Gus replies angrily,

*He run off when I saw him. And so did I. End o’ story!*

## The Haystack

Gus’ still is exactly where he said it would be, about two miles from his shack in a distinctive stand of blue spruces just below the round summit of Mt. Si, which is called “The Haystack” due to its distinctive shape. The climb is steep, through dense forest that affords only a few panoramic views of the Snoqualmie Valley. There are no sasquatches around right now, and they haven’t been back since the encounter with Gus.

Three jugs of Gus’ Double-Special Smokestack Lightning sit in the tall grass near the still. The potent concoction is potable (causing the effects listed above if consumed in excess), but also combustible. An exploding jug deals 2d6 damage in a Small Burst Template and sets the area aflame.

## Trail o' the Bigfoot

A successful Tracking roll (at -2 due to the tracks' age) allows a hero to discover enormous human-like foot prints in the mud—matching the one at the Double-S—headed east into the Cascades. Trackers who succeed with a raise note that the footprints were made by a pair of travelers, not just one.

To the east, a high, tree-studded saddle of rock connects Mount Si to the nearby peaks, and then to the high Cascades beyond. The tracks lead across it into the mountains. If the posse follows, apply appropriate Tracking modifiers for the passage of time and weather conditions (especially if this tale occurs in winter), along with a +2 to account for the heavy step of the running sasquatches.

The trail winds across 60 miles of mountainous wilderness, farther and farther into the Cascades. Draw for encounters as usual for this trip, using the Great Northwest Encounters Table on page 20.

## A Lure and a Trap

Read the following when the posse reaches the end of the line.

*After two days of following the bigfoot's trail, you climb into a high mountain valley nestled among the peaks of the Cascades, sloping upward. It's small—about a half-mile long, and a quarter-mile wide. The moon hangs low on the horizon, ghostly white.*

*Many great piles of stone stand here and there, almost like cairns, blanketed with green moss and ferns. Hearty pines grow along the slopes above, shading the valley and shielding it from view. The cold air feels pure and invigorating in your lungs.*

Call for a Notice roll. Characters that succeed see an odd sight, and probably

not what they were expecting. No matter what else they might see, a raise means the hero senses something isn't quite right in this valley.

*Beyond the stone cairns, near the valley's center, three stripped pine trunks are lashed together at their tops to form a large tripod. Hanging from the trees by his ankles, arms lashed with strips of hide, is one sorry-looking cowpoke. He's got no hat, as far as you can tell he's barely conscious, and his mouth's gagged. From the looks of his soiled, rough clothing, you'd peg him as a cattle rancher.*

Halfway up the valley's northern slope, two beings are hidden in the pines, about 40 yards apart. They're massive, manlike creatures, covered with brown fur and brandishing long, sharpened sticks—sasquatches. Roll Stealth for each of them (adding +6 for the heavy cover of the pines, and the fact that they are crouched almost flat on their bellies), opposed by the Notice rolls the heroes just made. Only those whose rolls exceed the sasquatches' see one or both of them hiding in the pines.

- **Sasquatches (2):** See page 97.

## Death from Above!

Give the players a few minutes to discuss a possible plan, but read the following passage just as they're putting it into motion. If your group's the type to rush right in, then get right to reading it, Marshal.

*An eerie, warbling howl echoes across the valley. A shadow—hard to tell what it is, exactly, but not a bird—passes in front of the moon at tremendous speed. Suddenly, what looks like a gaping, fanged mouth with black wings comes shrieking out of the sky!*

Call for Guts checks as the black-furred, flying wendigo attacks from above, then



deal initiative. The beast followed the scent of the trussed-up cowboy to get here, but it's happy to kill everyone in the valley if it can. It's famished, after all.

- **Flying Wendigo (1):** See page 99.

If the heroes are able to force the awful critter to land (or it descends to consume a freshly killed victim), the sasquatches join the fight, bellowing angrily and rushing to skewer their ancient enemy with spears. If the heroes want to fight on the side of the sasquatches, they don't try to stop them (but they don't show any gratitude either).

## Thanks for Nothin'

When the fight is over, the sasquatches make sure the flying wendigo is dead by stabbing the corpse repeatedly. Then they give the humans a cursory inspection, snuffling softly.

*The largest of the sasquatches faces you. He's not human, but there's a human expression in his eyes—rage. The huge critter bares its teeth, and unleashes a thundering bellow that makes your stomach shrivel up and your mouth go dry. Then it turns and lopes off into the trees.*

Pursuing the sasquatches now doesn't achieve any positive results. They take reasonable precautions to cover their trail, and even if the posse is able to track them, they exhibit prodigious stamina in running through the night and day. If that doesn't work, the creatures try splitting up, doubling back, or any other tactic they can think of to shake pursuit. In the worst case, they'll lead pursuers all the way over the Continental Divide into Montana. Cornered sasquatches fight to the death.

The only evidence left by the sasquatches is a carved wooden spear. A successful Notice roll reveals a series of symbols carved into the spear's haft.

The carvings confound all attempts to decode them—they are not in any known language. The sasquatches' proto-language is considered animalistic, so the *speak language* power won't allow an arcane caster to read it either.

If he's still around, young Meriwether is completely flabbergasted that he forgot to take any pictures.

## The Prisoners

Rescued from where he hangs on the makeshift scaffold, the cowboy turns out to be one Bill Parker, of late gone missing from the Double-S. He eagerly directs rescuers to where his partner, Junebug McFee, is being held.

Just over the northern lip of the valley, the sasquatches created a makeshift cage by laying branches across a hole in the ground and weighing them down with rocks. Inside is Junebug, along with an emaciated Indian who calls himself Hunting Hawk.

- **Bill Parker & Junebug McFee:** Use Cowboystatsonpage101. They're pretty banged up, and therefore considered Walking Wounded until they get some bed rest.
- **Hunting Hawk:** Use Indian Shaman stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. He currently has 2 levels of Fatigue from hunger.

## The Hawk's Tale

Hunting Hawk has been the sasquatches' prisoner for a few weeks now. They fed him only occasionally. If the posse seems intent on giving chase, the Indian advises against following the sasquatches. He says,

*That roar was a warning. If you follow, they will kill you.*

When Hunting Hawk has had a chance to recover his wits, he says,

*Thank you for helping me, and our brothers of the woods. That's right, I said brothers! My people have known of them for many moons, but they have known about us for even longer. And they were always our friends and protectors...until now.*

*The winter war has gone on since humans first arrived in these lands. In recent years it has grown worse, as our big brothers tried to defeat the wendigos. Then something changed, and the men of the woods were no longer our friends. Once, our brothers aided the starving people. Now they kill us, or use us as meat to lure monsters out of hiding. Something must be done.*

*You are driven by headstrong spirits, to have tracked the sasquatch so far. Maybe those spirits have chosen you to repair the conflict with our brothers. If you can find my tribe, the Klickitat, my father's brother can tell you about the creatures you call bigfoots. He is called Walks-Alone-At-Dawn.*

Hunting Hawk is reasonably sure the symbols carved into the sasquatches' spear mean something of importance, and he's certain his uncle can translate them. He doesn't know his tribe's current location, but last he heard they were dwelling in the mountains southeast of Salem, Oregon.

Bill and Junebug need an escort back to Seattle, because there's no way they can make it back on their own. Without supplies, horses, or any inkling of where they are, the forest would make short work of them. Draw encounters for the return trip as usual, using the **Great Northwest Encounters Table** on page 20.

## 15 Days of Fame

The morning after their return to Seattle, the heroes wake to find their picture splashed all over the

*Seattle Times*, along with the headline, "BIGFOOT MAN HIRES RUTHLESS FREELANCERS!" The story is mostly fabrications, but the gist—concerning the rescue of the missing ranch hands—is correct. (The byline on the tale, oddly enough, belongs to one Meriwether Anderson, Jr.) For the next two weeks, posse members have to endure mobs of gawkers and admirers wherever they go in Seattle.

## 2. DIES WITH WOLVES

Run this chapter when your posse decides to track down the Klickitat Indians in Oregon. If the heroes need a little more motivation to seek out the meaning of the symbols on the sasquatches' spear, an employer or ally might provide it. Alternately, a few more encounters featuring sasquatches gone bad might convince your saddletramps of the need to act like heroes. A trip to Salem gives the posse plenty of chance to get involved in *Savage Tales* along the way.

## The Story So Far

Hunting Hawk's tribe, the Klickitat Indians, ceded their lands to the Union by treaty back in the 1850s. In 1880, the remaining members of the tribe are either scattered far and wide across the Weird West (like Hunting Hawk), or they're dwelling on the lands set aside for them in Washington by the Union government. But one tribe never went to the reservation. They set out on their own, and they remain in the Cascade Mountains of Oregon to this day—Hunting Hawk's people.

Few tribes retain as close a connection to the land and the spirits—despite the Reckoning's terrible depredations—as



## STALKERS

When the posse's out in the woods searching for the Klickitats, and again when they're off to find Walks-Alone-At-Dawn's new digs, wolflings stalk and observe the travelers. Have the travelers make Notice rolls, and with success get a distinct feeling they're being watched. A raise on a Notice roll means the hero catches a glimpse of movement through the trees, about 10-20 yards away.

Use these brief encounters to instill a sense of foreboding in the heroes, and let them know they're not alone in the woods. Under no circumstances do the wolflings attack at this time. They are only out to gather information. Once they've gone, a tracker might find the wolf prints they leave behind in the mud or snow.

Once you've got them jumping at shadows, use simple description of cold wind rustling tree branches, or travels through eerily silent pine groves, to make the players even more nervous. Whatever you do, don't reveal the wolflings until they ultimately attack.

the Klickitat Indians. They value their seclusion highly; visitors are rare. The tribe's shamans maintain connections with the Spiritual Society in the town of Harmony, California, however. What's lost in secrecy is gained in help fighting against the manitous, as far as they're concerned.

Little do the Klickitat know, but their idyllic home is about to become an abattoir. A tribe of wolflings recently moved into the region and claimed it as their territory. After they've had a chance to get the lay of the land, their plan is to fall upon the Klickitat in the night and slaughter every man, woman, and child.

## The Setup

Run this adventure when the posse goes looking for the Klickitat shaman named Walks-Alone-At-Dawn, at Hunting Hawk's suggestion. Problem is, not too long ago the rest of his tribe decided the shaman should live up to his name—and get the hell out. By the time the heroes catch up with Walks-Alone-At-Dawn, he's gotten himself into a bit of a pickle. Before any of that can happen, the posse needs to find the Klickitat.

Let the players come up with their own ideas on how to locate the tribe. If they're stumped, a successful Streetwise roll among hunters and trappers in the settlements east of Salem might turn up a clue. Native characters in the posse might have sources of useful information, and trackers might gladly take the challenge of ferreting out the Klickitat onto their own shoulders.

In any case, assume each skill roll made in searching for the tribe takes roughly a day's time, and apply a -2 penalty due to the onerous nature of the task. If the posse's searching is done in the wilderness, draw for encounters as usual.



## Klickitat Village

*Fear Level: 2*

The Klickitat live in a secluded mountain valley bisected by an alpine stream. Screened by dense trees, the area provides a natural shelter to complement the tribe's lodges. Five large totem poles stand around the village. Several spots along the high ridgeline provide ample cover and a view of the entire valley.

As the posse approaches the area, draw one card for each character in the group (including any Extras who might be accompanying the Wild Cards). If any of them is a face card, the posse comes upon a lone Klickitat brave hunting deer. If a joker comes up, the posse meets a small band of Klickitat braves on the hunt. If none of the cards are higher than 10, the posse doesn't encounter anyone before they reach the valley.

If the posse acts in a hostile fashion, the Indians respond in kind. In fact, they

probably get even more hostile. They didn't go their own way all those years ago just to get pushed around by some strange hombres with chips on their shoulders.

Approached with open hands and weapons sheathed, the Klickitat prove friendly, if a little wary of strangers. A successful Persuasion roll (at +2 for a speaker of the Klickitats' language, or +1 if the speaker has a translator) convinces them to take the newcomers before their chief.

- **Klickitat Hunters (1, or 2 per hero):**

Use Indian Brave stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

The Indians' village is watched over by several large, colorfully painted totem poles. A hero who succeeds on a Notice roll while passing by sees furry, humanoid faces among the familiar bears, eagles, and mask-like visages. They vaguely resemble apes, but look a little more like humans. Heroes with



a background in Indian lore can roll Common Knowledge to identify the carvings as representations of the sasquatch.

### Sharin' the Peace Pipe

The posse is escorted directly to the longhouse at the center of the village. Inside, most of the tribe is gathered for warmth and company—about 40 families live communally. At the center, near a warm fire, sits the tribe's chief—Storm Eagle. A retinue of warriors flanks him. Smiling, the chief offers a pipe of tobacco to the heroes and indicates they should join him and take seats by the fire.

- **Storm Eagle:** Wild Card. Use Veteran Indian Brave stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*, but add the Command, Inspire, and Natural Leader Edges.
- **The Chief's Warriors (6):** Use Indian Brave stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*, but increase their Strength to d10.

Storm Eagle is friendly if the heroes have come to his village without incident, and he is a man of knowledge. He discusses nearly any subject the visitors wish, from his tribe's history to the current political situations in the Great Maze and Deseret. If he is asked about Walks-Alone-At-Dawn, he frowns deeply. At length, though, he smiles again, and says,

*Even in his exile, that man is a thorn in my heel. Wasn't his wrongdoing enough? Now his agents travel many miles just to speak to me of him. We might never be free of his memory.*

*He is not here. That is all I can tell you.*

A successful Persuasion roll convinces Chief Storm Eagle to reveal the shaman's current residence—a mountain lake about 10 miles south of the village. A

successful Intimidation or Taunt Test of Will also goads the chief into answering, but it also offends him greatly. He orders the posse to get the Hell out of his village, and don't let the totem pole hit 'em in the rear on their way. (Well, not in so many words, but you get the gist of it, Marshal.)

Neither Storm Eagle nor the other Klickitats can translate the symbols carved into the bigfoot's spear. They are awed by its existence, and refuse to even touch it. Storm Eagle says of the sasquatches,

*Our brothers of the woods are called many names—The Big Elders, Wild Man, Stone Giant, Tall Burnt Hair, The Frightener. Some tribes even call him Cannibal Demon. White men call him Bigfoot. We call him by the name we have always known—sasquatch.*

*Those who cower in fear of our brothers are wrong. The sasquatch is a friend to man. It is the wendigo—the evil, cannibal spirit—that is to be feared. The wendigo is the spirit that enters a man's heart and causes him to eat the flesh of his kin. He becomes one with the spirit...and turns into a monster, driven by hunger, exhaling terror.*

The Klickitats happily provide shelter and food for the posse if they request it, and point them toward Walks-Alone-At-Dawn the next day. The sky is gray as the heroes leave the village.

### Sudden Storms Are Normal

The 10-mile journey to the lake is short and direct, but not without its own thrills and chills (literally). Use the **Stalkers** sidebar (on page 46) to sprinkle in a few close encounters with curious wolflings. Again, the creatures do not reveal themselves, but they take time to mark the scents of newcomers to the woods. Later,

they seek out these individuals during their ambush (see **Terror in the Trees!** on page 50).

When the posse gets within a mile of the lake, read the following:

*Ominous gray clouds have scudded across the sky all morning. Now they gather against the slopes above, blotting out the pale sun. The woods get noticeably darker, and fat, wet flakes of snow start to fall. In minutes, a rising wind turns the green forest into a whiteout. What do you do?*

The heroes' most obvious choices are to push on, or seek shelter immediately. But the storm is a full-fledged blizzard (see page 13), so the prospect of travel might be daunting, to say the least. The swirling snow also reduces visibility to a maximum of 10" (20 yards). If the heroes opt to travel on, they only have to make one Fatigue roll versus cold before reaching the lake.

## Walk Alone, Die Alone

Read the following when the heroes push through the gathering snowdrifts to reach the lake:

*Climbing over a final rise in the rocky trail, you pass a short stretch of conifers on your right, while on your left the peaks soar to heights permanently encased in ice. Then you see the lake up ahead, tucked into a notch in the rugged peaks, barely visible through the swirling snow. The water is a dark mirror reflecting sky, not yet frozen white, its surface rippled by the wind.*

*At the far end of the lake, about a hundred yards away and hidden in the trees, stands a small shelter, with a flickering light inside. Fitful puffs of smoke ooze from a hole in the roof.*

In case you haven't guessed it by now, Marshal, this blizzard ain't normal. In fact, it's the creation of a fearful abomi-

nation—a chinook—that came upon the shaman's shelter a few days ago and decided he'd make a tasty meal. As the heroes come upon the scene, the beast is hiding in the pine forest on their right. If they approach more than a quarter of the way to the shelter (10–12" or so), the chinook charges out of the trees and attacks.

Inside the small shelter (which isn't much more than a skillfully fashioned lean-to), Walks-Alone-At-Dawn prays to the spirits and prepares for his conflict with the great beast of winter lurking outside. He knows that he must pass this test of the spirits before he can save his people, and he has come to terms with the fact. What he doesn't know is that the spirits have sent him aid—in the form of the posse!

If the chinook attacks the heroes, Walks-Alone-At-Dawn emerges from his shelter immediately to help them.

- **Walks-Alone-At-Dawn:** Use Indian Shaman stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*, but Walks-Alone-At-Dawn has Vigor d8 and Toughness 6. As the encounter begins, he has just finished enacting the *armor* power—roll as usual to determine the exact effect.
- **Chinook (1):** Use stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

## Tale o' the Totems

After the chinook is deceased, Walks-Alone invites surviving heroes into his shelter (or offers to help bury the dead). He is a little surprised—astounded, really—that the posse has followed him so far at a relative's suggestion. If he is told about the events that transpired in *Brothers o' the Woods*, Walks-Alone seems equally confused and concerned, agreeing with his nephew's assessment that something's horribly out of balance with the bigfoots.



If he's shown the sasquatch's spear, he takes it reverently and says,

*This weapon belonged to a great fighter. These symbols carved into the haft, they are markers of status and accomplishment. They say the sasquatch who wielded this weapon was a warrior of the Old Glade.*

*My people tell stories of the Old Glade—a forest home where the sasquatches dwell in perfect balance with nature. The Big Chief of the sasquatches is there, protecting his people and ours. Their home is so well-hidden that no man has ever laid eyes upon it. At least, no one has ever spoken of it.*

*If the spirits have chosen you to right whatever has gone wrong with our forest brothers, you must find the Old Glade. You can do this. You found me, didn't you?*

*I have long suspected a place far east from here of being the sasquatches' ancestral home. This place is called Hells Canyon by white men. It is a difficult journey to get there, but if you can reach the cliffs at the canyon's center you'll find hundreds of symbols—just like the ones on this spear—telling the story of the sasquatches. If Hells Canyon doesn't hide the Old Glade, it must hide the secret of finding it.*

Walks-Alone offers the heroes some of his dinner (a pair of spitted rabbits roasting over the fire) if they're hungry, and of course allows them to share his shelter against the raging blizzard. Even after the chinook is dead or driven away, the blizzard lasts an additional 1d4 days. This means the heroes must travel through Heavy Snow (see page 14) when they set out again.

### Mercy Mission

The next day, posse members awaken to see Walks-Alone preparing his

weapons, and wrapping himself in buckskin blankets. Outside, it's still snowing. When the shaman sees the heroes stirring, he says,

*I have business in my village that cannot wait. Did they tell you why I was exiled? It was because I dared to lie with the chief's wife. I was weak, and for that I accepted the tribe's judgment. Now, for the love I still feel for her, and because I will always love my people, I must return. I must save them.*

We sure hope someone in your group is hero enough to ask Walks-Alone just what the heck he's talkin' about. If so, he replies,

*The wolves. The ones who walk like men. The ones who kill our young and feast upon their hearts by the light of the winter moon. The devils of the forest, that arrive with the winter and leave corpses for the spring to thaw.*

*They have come, and I have to stop them. If I don't, my people die. My love dies.*

If the heroes want to be of help, Walks-Alone-At-Dawn welcomes them aboard. He certainly doesn't beg for help, nor offer any reward. But if they insist on riding at his side, the shaman doesn't turn them away.

### Terror in the Trees!

A return to the Klickitat village isn't without its own risks, especially with Walks-Alone leading the way. As they approach, they're confronted by a small Indian warband. Without a successful Persuasion roll from one of the heroes (at +2 if the speaker had good relations with the tribe earlier), the Klickitats won't let the exiled shaman get anywhere near the chief, or the village. A Test of Will, even a successful one, starts a fight.

- **Klickitat Warriors (2 per hero):** Use Indian Brave stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

Once they've gained access to the tribe's central longhouse, Walks-Alone takes advantage of the general surprise to warn his people of the approaching danger. If necessary, the heroes can throw their two bits into the hat (in the form of a Persuasion roll), providing corroborating evidence of the wolflings' presence in the area.

There are only a few hours to prepare a defense. Walks-Alone says that they come in waves, and they fight ferociously. Heroes' advice on tactics is gratefully accepted and followed by the tribe, if it seems to make good sense. When the players have had a chance to organize their defense, and night has fallen, read the following:

*An ear-splitting howl rips through the winter night. It sounds terrifyingly close, keening from the pines just west of the village. Then the trees all around*

*burst into a frenzy of movement. Loping canine figures spring into the moonlight, razor-sharp teeth glinting in moonlight.*

The wolflings attack in large numbers, hitting the village from all sides at once. Rather than detail the entire battle, focus on the heroes' attempts to repel the waves that attack their position. If they have success, so do the rest of the Klickitats. If the heroes are driven back or forced to flee, so goes the rest of the conflict. A rout results in nearly all the Klickitats' slaughter at the paws of ravenous wolflings.

- **Wolflings (2perhero):** See page 100. The wolflings attack the heroes' position in three separate waves, each of them composed of a pair of wolflings per hero. About three rounds transpire between each attack.

## The Day After

With a decent plan, a sound defense, and a good amount of luck, the heroes are instrumental in saving the Klickitats





from a horrible fate. Moreover, the searchers now know the difference between sasquatches and wendigos, understand that all sorts of (hungry) critters inhabit the northern woods, and realize exactly where they might find more information about the fabled Old Glade of the sasquatches—Hells Canyon.

### 3. SEVEN DEVILS

Run this adventure when the heroes follow Walks-Alone's advice and go looking for Hells Canyon, and the old stone carvings of the sasquatches. Chances are good they get a lot more than they bargained for.

#### The Story So Far

The earliest known settlers in this area were Nez Percé Indians. According to their legends, Coyote long ago punished seven evil giants here. The giants ate children, and so were feared throughout the region. With the help of all animals with paws (including the sasquatches), Coyote dug huge holes and filled them with a boiling, reddish-yellow liquid. The proud, marching giants never suspected attack, and fell headlong into the trap. Coyote turned the giants into mountains, and made them tall enough so all could see them, and remember the price of evil. Those giants, it's said, became the Seven Devils Mountains.

The Nez Percé left the area, followed by the Shoshone and Paiute later on. They all migrated away, finding the canyon not to their liking. There just wasn't enough food, and evil spirits were said to roam the woods. Evil spirits that sometimes stole into shelters and took children in the night, never to be seen again...

In 1806, three members of Lewis & Clark's expedition attempted to blaze a

trail through the canyon. Rough terrain forced them to turn back without ever seeing the canyon itself. In fact, the upper reaches of the canyon that lie just below Big Bar Falls remain inaccessible to, and unseen by, mankind until the present day.

#### The Setup

The Dunlevy Mining Co. set up shop just south of Hells Canyon, where its hydraulic mining company is pulling a fortune in fundaments out of the soil every week. They haven't penetrated too far into the canyon, but the truth is they haven't really bothered because the ghost rock is plenty rich where they are. Dunlevy Mining Co. turns away all trespassers on their claim, and they purport to own to the entire region. Repeat offenders are strung up on the spot.

When Dunlevy's hydraulic mining operation started eroding the canyon, the spirits of those legendary giants we mentioned earlier—given awful existence by the Reckoning—were set free from their long imprisonment under the mountains. Now the Seven Devils roam the canyon as half-corporeal entities, sometimes preying on miners, sometimes taking children from Indian villages in the region.

And they want revenge. Having long resented the sasquatches' role in their imprisonment, the Seven Devils spend most of their time near the old holy place of the bigfoots. There they work in vain to decipher the symbols that will lead them to where their hated enemies fled to. If they had the posse's spear, they might succeed at long last...

There's yet another complication. A small gang of escapees from the Dunlevy camp, led by a mambo with a heart o' gold, roams the woods and remains in

hiding for now. The posse's motives might jibe nicely with theirs. They're awaiting an opportunity to bust their families and friends out of servitude, so they'd be keen to join a posse hell-bent on opposing the Dunlevy concern. They can be encountered whenever the heroes are traversing the forests around the canyon, and the sidebar on page 56 describes their motives and capabilities in detail.

## Hells Canyon

*Fear Level: 4*

Hells Canyon straddles the border between Oregon and Idaho, surrounded by hundreds of miles of untamed wilderness. The closest settlement is Walla Walla, in Washington, about 100 miles northwest. Roughly 150 miles to the southeast is Boise, Idaho, on the Oregon Trail. Overlooked by the Seven Devils Mountains, Hells Canyon is one of the roughest and most inaccessible locales in the Great Northwest.

Moreover, it is a place ruled by Fear, with a capital F. Between the cruel depredations the mining company inflicts on its workers, the white wendigo lurking in the forested reaches of Oregon to the west, and the Seven Devils preying upon man and beast alike, the chilling aura of fright blankets this land as completely as the ever-present, roiling gray clouds cover the sky.

## Fear Effects

Miners routinely go missing, but no one in the organization cares too much, since all the labor is basically enslaved (though the company claims otherwise). Days after such a disappearance, the waters of the Snake River run red with blood for an hour or so, then flow cleanly again. In the light of the moon on some nights, the Seven Devils Mountains look

## STONE CARVINGS

Long ago, Hells Canyon was a holy place of the sasquatches. They covered the walls of the canyon with pictograms and petroglyphs numbering in the hundreds, some on sheer cliff faces fifty feet off the ground with no apparent trail leading to them. The problem with Hells Canyon isn't finding the carvings, but avoiding the Dunlevy patrols long enough to find the right one. Hence, we lay out the area for your posse to tackle as they see fit.

This adventure is set up as a more-or-less static situation, to be upset by the heroes' arrival on the scene. A map of the Hells Canyon region is provided on page 55, and the various locations are described, along with some tips on how inhabitants might react to the posse's actions.

There's no script, or preferred sequence of actions per se, so you might have to do a little improvisin', Marshal, depending on where your group goes first and what they achieve. Best familiarize yourself with the whole shebang before you get started.



## THE FLESH-EATER

Approaching Hells Canyon overland from the west gets a mite tricky.

The hilly, alpine forest west of the Imnaha River is the domain of a white wendigo. Any humans traveling through the area are hounded and tormented by the evil creature, and finally torn to pieces if they can't escape. Skilled trackers might be able to lead the posse to the wendigo's lair, a barren clearing on a high hill roughly 15 miles west of Hells Canyon, were they so inclined. A successful Tracking roll (-2) is required to find it. No native guides will go there.

The white wendigo doesn't have the slightest notion of the petroglyphs' importance, the imbalance among the sasquatches, or the Reckoning's progress. The white wendigo is the pure desire to rend and consume flesh, manifested as an albino terror with luminous orange eyes. What it wants is more meat. Period.

- Hoary Ol' Wendigo: Use White Wendigo stats on page 100.

like clawed, skeletal hands clutching skyward. In the rushing of the river and the hydraulic spouts, one can hear terrible secrets whispered in a mocking tone. Personal secrets.

## Dunlevy's Misdeeds

Dunlevy Mining Co. is run by a cold-hearted capitalist named J. P. Dunlevy. He hires regulators to maim and kill anyone who sets foot on his land uninvited. He sells his ghost rock to the highest bidders, regardless of prior business dealings or courtesy. And in Hells Canyon, far from the oversight of any legal authority, he maintains a workforce of over 100 brutally mistreated slaves—most of them Indian, some of them Chinese, black, and white as well.

Dunlevy doesn't treat his regulators much better. When food is scarce—which is often—the slaves are the first to go without. The regulators are next, and they take their frustrations out on the already famished slaves. In the past five years several incidents of cannibalism among the regulators have been reported. Those they caught were put to death, but a few escaped into the deep woods surrounding Hells Canyon.

By now, Marshal, you're probably thinking J. P. Dunlevy is Harrowed, or an abomination wearing a human's skin, or maybe some kind of Junior Servitor in charge of minin' and whippin'. Nope, it's worse than any of those.

J. P. Dunlevy just doesn't give a damn about anyone but himself. In fact, making other folks miserable makes him happy. He's got no arcane powers or evil spells up his sleeves, no walkin' dead ready to shamle out of the closet. He's got tons of money and manpower, though, and doing wrong gives him a chuckle after a hard day. He's one of the Reckoners'



WASHINGTON

IDAHO

# HELLS CANYON

OREGON

Snake River

The Wendigo's Lair

Big Bar Falls

Hells Canyon

Stone Carvings

The Narrow Way

Seven Devils Mountains

Dunlevy Mining Camp

OREGON

IDAHO

To Boise →

5 MILES



## MAMA'S BOYS

Mama Ayida is a mambo—a female practitioner of voodoo—who takes her name from the loa of motherhood. This is apt, as Ayida's temperament is all about protection and nurturing, rather than fighting and bloodshed. Still, she understands the need to put a stop to Dunlevy's operation and free her people. If she lacks the conviction to lead the boys to victory on her own, she surely has the wisdom to seek the help of a posse of heroes.

If they're encountered in the woods near Hells Canyon, Mama Ayida and the escapees are wary at first, but soon realize the heroes aren't on the Dunlevy payroll. Once they've warmed to the heroes, it isn't long before they describe their plight: living by their wits in the forest, hunted by terrible flying shadows with glowing eyes, and narrowly avoiding the patrols at every turn.

Mama Ayida tells the posse the old Indian tale of Coyote and the Seven Devils (see page 52) as explanation for the cannibal spirits that haunt the canyon. They are half-spirits, she insists, so voodoo won't hurt them. But they are also half-flesh, which means they can be harmed by weapons—or so she says.

favorite people in the Weird West, and he doesn't even know it.

## The Approach

Most posses arrive at Hells Canyon by way of Walla Walla or Boise. In either case, their first encounter with duly appointed representatives of the Dunlevy Co. is on the trail about 10 miles away from the canyon. Dunlevy's patrols watch all the major trails into the area, and a few of the old Indian paths too.

Dunlevy's regulators are mostly outlaws and gunmen-for-hire, types who prefer to be gainfully employed as far from civilization (and its many courthouses) as they can manage. Most of them are bullies. They turn away anyone who can't prove he works for "The Company," and they try to kill anyone who gives them a serious hassle. If they're losing a fight and faced with an implacable posse, the last few try to vamoose on horseback to warn their bosses back at the mining compound.

If the characters try to approach Hells Canyon through the trackless wilderness, a successful Survival roll (–4) is necessary to find the canyon without the aid of trails. Failure means they pass close to one of the paths, and might be seen through the trees by a patrol. They'll need to succeed on a Stealth roll to get past unnoticed.

- **Dunlevy Co. Patrol (1 per hero):** One is a Wild Card leader. Use Outlaw stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. Each has a good riding horse with saddle, bit, and bridle.

Searching any captured or dead gunmen turns up a few Union dollars (2d6 total from all of them), and a unique sort of coin in each of their pockets. It's a large, round silver dollar with a smooth, embedded center of pure ghost rock,

stamped J. P. DUNLEVY MINING CO. on both sides. Every one of Dunlevy's employees is given one, so they can identify themselves easily—the company employs about 60 regulators, so it's tough for everyone to remember everyone else's face.

Flashing these doesn't mean the characters can come and go like they're employees. While it's tough to remember everyone's face, it's often easier to notice people who absolutely don't belong. At best, using one of these coins gains a hero +2 on a Persuasion roll to get past a Dunlevy patrol (although other factors, such as a clever disguise, might be weighed as well). A failure or snake eyes means the jig is up.

## Weird Woods

There's more to worry about in these woods than regulators. The evil spirits spoken of by the Indians are real—the Seven Devils roam the region, hunting the living to feast on their flesh and blood. There are also Dunlevy patrols (shakin' in their boots, if it's after dark) to worry about, and a gang of escapees from the camp spoiling for justice.

Whenever the posse travels through the roughly 10 miles of dense, old growth forest surrounding Hells Canyon (whether looking for petroglyphs, hunting spirits, or for some other aim), draw one card for each Wild Card present. If one or more black face cards are dealt, the posse encounters another Dunlevy patrol (but without the Wild Card leader this time). If one or more red face cards comes up, the heroes encounter Mama Ayida and her freedom fighters (see sidebar). If a Joker is dealt, the posse encounters one of the Seven Devils (pick one, or determine its name randomly). Multiple encounters are possible on a single trip.

## MAMA'S BOYS (CONTINUED)

Mama's freedom fighters are of all colors and creeds. To a man, they just want to free their families and get as far from here as they can. If the posse's willing to help, let the players run Mama's Boys as allied Extras. You get to control the mambo, Marshal—she sticks to her preferred role of healer and helper, rather than combatant.

- **Mama Ayida:** Use Voodooist stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.
- **Mama's Boys (6):** Use Townsfolk stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. One is armed with a double barrel shotgun (loaded, with two additional shells). One of them has a Bowie knife. The rest wield clubs.



- **Dunlevy Co. Patrol (1 per hero):** Use Outlaw stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. Each has a good riding horse with saddle, bit, and bridle.
- **Seven Devils (1):** See page 61.

### The Mining Camp

Located at the southern end of Hells Canyon, the Dunlevy mining operation employs the labor of over 100 slaves and 60 regulators. Using long hydraulic spouts to spray water pumped out of the Snake River, they erode the canyon walls to reveal lodes of ghost rock and gold, under the ever-watchful eye of J. P. Dunlevy, Jr., and his lieutenant, the hated Buford Dean. The camp proper is fenced off with barbed wire.

The trouble this presents for the posse relates primarily to right-of-way. Unless they feel like climbing down a sheer cliff face, going through the Dunlevy claim is the only way to seek out the petroglyphs. But the Dunlevy Co. doesn't want any trespassers on their land at all, and they certainly don't want anyone who's seen their slave labor to go telling others. Depending on the conscience and morals of the heroes, they may feel a burning need to eliminate the Dunlevy operation

just for peace of mind. Good for them. But it won't necessarily be easy.

### Headquarters

This big building of stone and timber sits beside the Snake River, where it overlooks the whole compound. J. P. Dunlevy is typically found here, smoking cigars and observing the mining areas through a spyglass, making sure the quotas he set for whippings are being met.

Beside the HQ building is a large warehouse—with piers at one entrance and loading docks at the other—used for storing ghost rock until it's shipped out to Boise and points Back East. Twelve guards are on duty in and around the HQ building at all times.

Three flimsy barracks made of planks and corrugated tin provide what passes for shelter for the enslaved miners. One is on the eastern shore of the Snake River, while the other two are on the western side. A raft made of logs and planks, with a guide rope, is used to ferry men and horses across the Snake.

- **Guards (12):** One of them is a Wild Card leader. Use Gunman stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.



### J. P. Dunlevy

James Parnassus Dunlevy is a shallow, petulant man with a taste for fine cigars and human suffering. He serves the Reckoners well without even knowing it. He once had a young daughter who lived with him at the camp, but she was taken one night and consumed by the Seven Devils. Dunlevy has always blamed the laborers for his loss, believing an escaped slave killed his child. His misguided hatred causes more suffering every day.

**Attributes:** Agility d6, Smarts d12, Spirit d12, Strength d6, Vigor d6



**Skills:** Fighting d6, Gambling d10, Guts d10, Intimidation d10, Knowledge (Mining) d12, Intimidation d8, Investigation d8, Notice d6, Persuasion d10, Shooting d8, Taunt d8

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

**Hindrances:** Obese

**Edges:** Charismatic, Connections (Greater Maze Rock Miners' Association), Snakeoil Salesman, Strong-Willed

**Gear:** Derringer .41 (5/10/20, 2d6, RoF 1, Shots 2, AP 1), impeccable suit, spyglass, matches, cigars.

## The Four Lodes

There are four areas being mined—two on each side of the Snake River—with about 25 slaves working each one. Mine cars full of ghost rock continuously roll from the lodes back to HQ, and the overseers plainly abuse the workers, whose ankles are chained together in groups of five.

Each mining area is watched carefully by a team of six guards, with a boss watching them. Those four bosses report to Buford Bean, the camp foreman.

- **Guards (6):** Use Outlaw stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.
- **Boss (1):** Use Veteran Gunman stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.
- **Slaves (25):** Use Townsfolk stats in *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. Add any character types—or specific characters—you like, Marshal.



### Buford Dean

Buford Dean is a cruel and stupid thug who works for J. P. Dunlevy because the job affords him ample opportunities to “whup up on folk,” as he puts it.

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



**Skills:** Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Guts d6, Intimidation d8, Notice d6, Shooting d10, Swimming d6, Throwing d8, Tracking d4

**Charisma:** -2; **Grit:** 3; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 7

**Hindrances:** Clueless, Mean

**Edges:** Brawny, Combat Reflexes, Harder to Kill, Improved Nerves of Steel, Two-Fisted

**Gear:** Colt Frontier double-action (12/24/48, 2d6, RoF 1, Shots 6, AP 1), Winchester '76 (24/48/96, 2d8, RoF 1, Shots 15, AP 2), two Bowie knives (Str+d6), whip (Parry -1, Reach +2, If the wielder scores a raise on his attack roll, the attack does not inflict an additional d6 damage. Instead, the victim suffers a -2 to his Parry until his next action.), dusty clothes, Stetson hat, chewing tobacco.

## In the Dark o' Night

At night the slaves are herded into the three barracks, where they are fed thin gruel and crusts of wormy bread. Then they are made to sleep three across, in cramped bunks stuffed with lice-ridden straw.

Guards watch over the camp at night, posted outside the barbed wire, on either side of the river north and south of the camp. Each of the four guard posts is



manned by five hired guns. They are considered Active sentries.

- **Guards (5):** Use the Gunman stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. One is a Veteran Gunman leader.

### The Sasquatch Holy Place

The stone carvings lie roughly at the midpoint of the canyon, a difficult spot to reach from either direction—even more so if the cowpokes have slavering wendigo or a few of the seven angry devils on their tail. Whether the posse tries coming downriver, or opts for going upriver past (or through) the mining camp, there's a major hazard to avoid or endure.

If the posse goes looking for a way to descend straight into the center of Hells Canyon, it takes at least four days to explore the entire area surrounding the steep-walled gorge (draw once each day for encounters, as described on page 57 under weird woods). The canyon walls are probably too steep to traverse safely. If the posse tries to climb anyway, attempts are made at -4 (this penalty can be mitigated with climbing equipment). The canyon's walls at its center are 100 feet tall.

Searchers unwilling to climb find only two ways in—from upriver, or from downriver.

### Big Bar Falls

Maybe the heroes get the brilliant idea to take a raft or rowboat down the Snake River into the canyon, since the southern approach is blocked by evil miners, and the woods are haunted by a wendigo and evil spirits. Not a bad idea on its face—it avoids the critters—but Big Bar Falls constitutes a major hitch in the plan.

The water speeds up considerably as the falls approach, not quite white water

but churning dangerously. A Notice roll (-2) correctly identifies the sound of the falls ahead. At this point, an alert sailor can still steer his vessel to shore with a successful Boating roll. A failure means the vessel moves on to the river's next, more dangerous, stage.

If the warnings aren't heeded, the boat is one step closer to total destruction—soon the roar of the falls is unmistakable to everyone in earshot. The watery precipice appears, with a wall of mist rising beyond it! Now a successful Boating roll (at -4) is required to land the vessel safely.

A failure on this Boating roll means the vessel is going over. Passengers can abandon ship and swim for shore, but the water is rough with a powerful current—heroes in the water need to make Swimming rolls (-2) to reach shore. Otherwise, they go over with the boat.

The falls drop 50 feet into a deep pool. Anyone who goes over takes 3d6 damage, from the fall and the violently churning water at the bottom. A successful Agility roll means the character dives and takes no damage at all. The vessel, as one might guess, is smashed beyond repair.

Characters who manage to land their vessel and avoid the falls can descend past them with successful Climbing rolls (-2), but the boat has to be left behind unless the posse can find a portage around the 50-foot cliff. A character who succeeds on a Common Knowledge roll (-2) figures out a way to do so, provided there's enough muscle to haul the boat.

### The Narrow Way

From the south, there's a clear path to follow into the canyon, along the western shore of the Snake River. But the heroes find this route as difficult as any other. The first obstacle, of course, is the mining camp smack dab in the southern

mouth of the canyon, blocking it end to end with barbed wire fence and bad-tempered guardsmen.

About 10 miles north of the mining camp, the canyon walls grow narrow and slant inward. The water is channeled through what the Shoshone call the "narrow way" at great speeds, shooting down the canyon at a tremendous rate. Most pertinently, there is simply no foot trail that traverses this dangerous section of the canyon.

Scaling the narrow ledges is a possibility, but Climbing rolls suffer a -4 penalty due to the steep, crumbling walls. A single successful roll gets a hero past the narrow way. A failure means that hombre plunges into the white-water flume below and gets shot downriver for 1d8 rounds, or until he manages to swim free (whichever comes first), tumbling and slamming into rocks for 3d6 damage per round. A successful Swimming roll (-2) gets the poor hombre to shore.

## Lair o' Devils

At the middle of Hells Canyon, the heroes find a massive wall of carvings holding something like a few hundred petroglyphs. The ancient sasquatches of Hells Canyon used its nearly inaccessible walls to record their histories, inscribing pictograms, runes, and strange symbols wherever they could find space to do so, a practice taken up by the Indians who dwelled here in later years.

When the heroes arrive, their first problem isn't deciphering stone carvings. It's defending themselves against the foul spirits that make the place their lair. Roll a d8 when the heroes arrive on the scene to determine how many of the Seven Devils are present. On an 8 they are all at home, and fully aware of the characters' imminent arrival!

No matter how many of the Seven Devils are present, they immediately sense the importance of the bigfoots' spear, and gang up to murder whoever's holding it. If they get hold of the weapon, they fly off into the woods howling their victory. In any event, three rounds after a fight breaks out, another of the evil spirits arrives. Each round thereafter, another devil arrives until all seven screamin' devils are on the scene.

## The Seven Devils

The Seven Devils are called giants in myth, but in truth they were manitous. They just happened to be big 'uns. And being burned in a lava pit and trapped inside a mountain for centuries tends to leave even a manitou ugly as sin, not to mention angry as a bag full o' rattlers.

Freed from the mountains by the collective suffering of the Dunlevy mine's enslaved workforce, the Seven Devils pick off lone miners and hired guns from time to time. Mostly they're content to bolster their reputation with the occasional abduction, and feast on





## DEADLANDS TRAIL GUIDES

the juicy Fear it produces, all the while looking for a way to destroy their ancient enemies—the sasquatch.

The devils are remembered by the peaks that bear their names: Black Imp, Goblin, He Devil, She Devil, Ogre, and the Twin Imps. With a mite of variation, they mostly look like large, grayish humans, eyes and mouths glowing eerily from within, bodies trailing away into tattered flesh below the waist. The faces of the Seven Devils are always contorted in rage or agonizing hunger, as they glide among the pines seeking human prey, howlin' their ever-burnin' rage.

**Attributes:** Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d12+1, Vigor d12

**Skills:** Fighting d10, Intimidation d8, Notice d8

**Pace:** 2; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 10

### Special Abilities:

- **Arcane Resistance:** The Seven Devils act as if they had 4 points of Armor when hit by damage-causing arcane powers, and add +4 to their Trait rolls when resisting opposed powers.
- **Claws:** Str+d6.
- **Fear (0/-2):** Facing down one of the Seven Devils provokes a Guts check. Two or more devils means the roll is made at -2.
- **Fearless:** None of the Seven Devils are affected by Fear or Intimidation.
- **Flight:** Pace 10.
- **Size +2:** The Seven Devils were once called giants, and retain those enlarged proportions despite their missing legs.
- **Soulblaze:** When a devil's claw attack hits with a raise, it also seizes the prey in a grapple. Then it literally burns out the victim's soul with the searing heat of its grasp, leaving a lifeless husk. As an action, the devil makes an opposed Spirit roll against a grappled

foe. On a success the victim suffers a level of Fatigue, or two with a raise. A victim who dies in this fashion is permanently deceased, their spirit incinerated, leaving no chance for Harrowing, much less a shot at the blessed hereafter. A Harrowed hero "killed" by this ability is likewise forever dead, but then the manitou takes over and gets its own shot at survival (with its own Spirit die).

- **Weakness (Sasquatch Spear):** The Seven Devils are susceptible to the weapon of the ones who helped imprison them—the sasquatch. The bigfoot's weapon inflicts +4 damage when used against the devils.
- **Coup:** A Harrowed who dines on the essence of all Seven Devils—and it has to be all of them—gains the Hell Fire Edge, regardless of whether he meets the Rank requirement.

## Stories in Stone

After all's said and done, the posse's goal in Hells Canyon is to figure out where the sasquatches' Old Glade is located, plain and simple. The answer to that question is hidden in the 100-foot-tall cliff wall at the spot marked Stone Carvings on the map (see page 55).

Unfortunately, the wall contains hundreds, maybe even thousands, of ancient petroglyphs. Finding the oldest ones, and then matching them to those on the bigfoot's spear, takes time. It simply can't be done while the Seven Devils are still lurkin' about.

Once the heroes clear themselves a little time and space, they need to make Common Knowledge rolls (-2) to decipher the crude stories told by the symbols and pictures. A character with a native background or related Knowledge gains a +2 bonus on the roll. Success means a hero thinks the sasquatches traveled

roughly northwest when they migrated out of Hells Canyon. With a raise, the thinker goes so far as to pinpoint the destination—the Old Glade—as located somewhere due north of Walla Walla, in Washington.

Native characters, or any hero with an interest in ancient languages and cultures, might want to study the pictograms to learn whatever facts they can. This is a prime source of information to lead players to adventures of your design, or to other Savage Tales set in the Great Northwest.

## Rewards

Putting the Dunlevy Mining Co. out of business might be reward enough for some characters, but others like to hear the sound of coins jingling in their pockets. If local authorities are called in (Union soldiers from Walla Walla, or the county sheriff from Boise), they dutifully pay out the rewards for any outlaws the posse captured or killed. This averages out to \$25 per outlaw, for each hero.

The Fear Level in Hells Canyon automatically drops by 1 if the Dunlevy Mining Company is put out of business or the Seven Devils are destroyed. If both goals are achieved, and a Persuasion roll to tell the tale is successful, the Fear Level drops by 2.

## 4. THE ELUSIVE PREY

Word is spreading through the mining towns and logging camps, and running like wildfire all along the Oregon Trail—Mayor Yvonne Hart of Walla Walla, Washington, is seeking freelancers and trackers for a mission of great importance. Walla Walla's very survival is at stake!

## THE EXILES

Not all the sasquatches of the Old Glade were willing to follow the Big Chief after he rose from the dead. The overwhelming majority were too stunned by the chief's return to question his commands. A few, however, knew the smell of death all too well. Led by an aged shaman of the sasquatches, they slipped away from the Old Glade at their soonest opportunity and haven't gone back.

Since then, they've spent much of their time communing with nature spirits, hoping to discover some clue or bit of lore explaining what's happened to their Big Chief, how to reverse it, and barring that—how the chief can be removed from power. No sasquatch has even considered such an act of treachery, ever, but these are desperate times.

If the heroes manage to put J. P. Dunlevy out of business, lay the Seven Devils to rest, or both, the exiled sasquatches soon become aware of the deed. Even if the posse gives it their best shot and fails, the exiles award them an A for effort. This could go a long way toward saving the heroes' lives later, when the chips are down.

- Sasquatch Shaman (1): See page 98.
- Sasquatches (4): See page 97.



## The Story So Far

At some point after the heroes appear in the *Seattle Times* (in **Brothers o' the Woods**, on page 38), a copy of the issue finds its way onto the desk of Yvonne Hart, Mayor of Walla Walla. Being quite at the end of her rope, so to speak, she's very much interested in hiring these so-called "ruthless freelancers" to take care of Walla Walla's troubles once and for all.

Recent attacks on Walla Walla have made the folks there mighty suspicious of bigfoots. Mayor Hart is looking to find the home of the beasts, and she has a hunch it's somewhere north of Walla Walla. When she sees the posse on the front page of the *Seattle Times*, she figures they'd be the perfect ones to track it down.

## The Setup

The posse hears about Mayor Hart's call for freelancers in the course of their travels. That's because she seeks them out personally, by Western Union messenger, carrying a telegraph that was sent to their last known whereabouts.

The flustered agent presents his message when he finally tracks the heroes down. That can happen just about wherever you'd like, Marshal. When it does, read the contents of the telegraph to the players:

HAVE READ OF YOUR EXPLOITS  
RE BIGFOOT STOP PLEASE BE  
OUR GUESTS IN WALLA WALLA  
STOP WE WANT TO FIND THEM  
AND MAKE PEACE STOP NEED  
YOUR HELP STOP YOURS TRULY  
YVONNE HART MAYOR

It goes without saying the heroes need to get to Walla Walla from their current location, so the trip might involve draw-

ing for encounters, one or more Savage Tales, or both.

## Forest Fortress

At Walla Walla (see page 33 for more information about the locale), the posse's likely to be impressed by the huge stockade ringing most of the settlement and linking it to the Union fort. Though it's all the way out in the middle of vast forests and idyllic wilderness, Walla Walla looks like it's expecting an attack any second now.

At the large log building that serves as town hall, the posse finds Mayor Hart. According to the mayor, the job is simple. All the heroes need to do is track down the place the sasquatches call home, so the mayor and her people can figure out how to make peace with them. Her offer certainly pays well—\$50 a day, each. To sum up, the mayor says,

*The bigfoot used to be a legend, a friendly curiosity of the woods. Now they've turned vicious for no reason we can see, and I can't just leave this town at risk. The Union Army is pressuring me to take certain steps...steps which I deem overly drastic at this time. First, I think, we ought to sue for peace. But we need you to find their home first. What else can I say? We just want these attacks to stop.*

Ideally, the heroes figure they're getting a great deal—they can track down the sasquatches, figure out how to fix whatever's wrong with them, and get paid for doing it.

Little does the posse know, Yvonne Hart is working closely with Colonel Byron Jones of the Union Army to make a permanent end to the sasquatch attacks. When they find the sasquatches' home, they plan to launch a military strike and destroy it, killing all the brothers of the woods in the process.

Mayor Hart tells the heroes the sasquatches are believed to live a few days' travel north of Walla Walla, in the Rocky Mountains. Their tracks, she suggests, are sure to be plentiful in the woods around town.

## On the Trail

The Old Glade lies approximately 90 miles north-northeast of Walla Walla, a distance that takes a little over three days to traverse on horseback (on account of the extremely rugged and mountainous terrain). Draw for encounters along the way, as usual.

Outside Walla Walla, the tracks of the sasquatch are indeed plentiful and easy to follow. A simple Tracking roll means a hero finds a series of them leading north. When the heroes set out on the trail, they are followed by Col. Jones' Indian tracker, Tall Snake, accompanied by six veteran Union troops.

Colonel Jones and the rest of the Union soldiers—nearly 70 of them, with four cannons—are too far back to be detected unless the posse backtracks. Roll Stealth once a day for Tall Snake and the few Union soldiers with him to avoid being seen by the characters, but the heroes are considered Inactive observers unless they state they're on the lookout for pursuit.

If Tall Snake and the soldiers are caught following the heroes, the Indian brave shrugs. He says,

*We are ambassadors of peace, from Colonel Jones. We will help keep you safe.*

Tall Snake hopes the cowpokes think he's here to keep an eye on them, and not discover the larger Union company traveling a few miles behind them.

- **Tall Snake:** Use Veteran Indian Brave stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.



- **Union Soldiers (6):** Use Veteran Soldier stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

## The Mire

Pessimists on the journey soon find themselves vindicated by misfortune. A day north of Walla Walla, the way is blocked by a muddy mire a few miles across. No tracks remain of anything that has crossed it. It takes several hours to slog through the mud, and on the other side a woodsman needs to succeed at another Tracking roll (-2) to pick up the sasquatches' trail again.

If Tall Snake is still trailing behind, make the same Tracking roll for him to keep following the posse. Assuming he finds their trail again, Tall Snake keeps following the heroes with four soldiers. Two of the soldiers stay behind, at the southern edge of the mire, to wait for the main force and apprise the Colonel of what's happened.



## SNARES O' THE SASQUATCHES

Whenever the mood strikes you, Marshal, have the sasquatch hunters run across one of the bigfoots' remarkable traps. Pick a trap, roll on the encounter table, or just toss one in if the going gets slow.

The forested slopes below the Old Glade (where the heroes spend all their time searching for a way in) are thick with traps, snares, deadfalls, and other obstacles. The player of whichever hero is in the lead rolls Notice (-4) to find out whether she senses the trap before it's sprung.

On a success, she sees the snare and is able to avoid it (and hopefully warns others, too). Everyone who walks past a sasquatch trap unaware draws a single card. On a Jack or higher, they're safe. On a draw of two through 10, the trap is sprung. On a Joker, the trap is sprung and the poor hombre who did it has no chance to avoid the effects.

When a sasquatch trap is encountered, roll a d6 to determine the type:

d6	Trap
1	Ground Snare
2	Spring Spear Trap
3	Deadfall
4	Spring Snare
5	Rolling Logs
6	Pit

- **Ground Snare.** These traps are designed to catch small mammals for food, and thus are less likely to bother the heroes. Constructed of a looped vine held up by sticks, it's only about waist-high to an adult. Still, an Agility roll is required to avoid getting one's leg caught (an annoyance, unless other threats are present).

Colonel Jones' main force, with their cannons, loses a full day in pursuit as it is forced to detour around the mire.

## The Highlands

The sasquatches' tracks go on into the high peaks. Once they reach the rocky highlands, the posse might realize why the Old Glade of the sasquatches has never been found, and is only rumored to exist. The sasquatches take great pains to hide the trails that lead to their home, and even destroy the easiest routes for humans to traverse. If that ain't enough, there are the traps to worry about (see sidebar).

Read the following when the heroes near the Old Glade:

*High above, cloaked by green pines and clinging gray mist, is a cluster of jagged, rocky peaks. The crags seem to surround some high, alpine valley, a couple thousand feet above you, but there don't appear to be any trails leading up to it. All you see are sheer walls of rock.*

The sasquatch tribe has caused a number of rockslides, wiping out switchbacks that previously accessed their valley. The posse's resident woodsman needs to succeed on a Tracking roll (-6) to find one of the few remaining, passable routes into the sasquatches' secret home.

If he's accompanying the heroes, Tall Snake helps on a cooperative roll. Each Tracking roll represents a full day of wandering the rocky slopes, seeking a way into the sheltered crags above, and what the posse hopes is the Old Glade.

Two days later, the rest of the Colonel's soldiers catch up, arriving in the dense forests below the highlands and making camp in a series of small meadows. When Tall Snake finds the way into the Old Glade, he plans to alert Col. Jones and the Union force as soon as he can slip away.



If a player succeeds on that oh-so-onerous Tracking roll, skip to **Into the Old Glade**, below.

## Catastrophe in the Trees

The very first night after they arrive, Colonel Jones and his soldiers discover that they're not the only ones looking for the ancient home of the sasquatches. A pack of wendigos is roaming the region. When they come upon the Union camp they enter a frenzy of bloodlust.

The heroes are probably several miles away when this happens. Maybe one or more are awakened in the chill, pre-dawn hours by a distant gunshot. Then read the following:

*The entire camp is roused by the clap of a cannon firing. Then another, a third, and finally a fourth loud report, echoing all along the rocky highlands. A few rifles fire, scattershot and disorganized. The last report echoes away.*

*At length another, fainter sound drifts to your ears. It keeps on. You strain to listen, and you're horrified to realize it sounds like many men...all of them shrieking like animals in pain. The screaming goes on and on.*

*Finally, the awful noise dies away.*

After the incident is over, Tall Snake is so shaken he comes clean about what the Union troops intend—to utterly destroy the sasquatches' Old Glade with artillery fire—whether the heroes ask him about it or not. If Tall Snake managed to stay hidden from the group all this time, he tracks them down when the sun rises and tells them the whole story.

Anyone who goes to investigate the Union camp while it's still dark risks a meeting with one of the wendigo, still lurking and feasting upon fresh bodies.

- **Wendigo (1):** See page 98.

## (CONTINUED)

- **Spring Spear Trap.** This trap is made by affixing stone spear points to a long branch, which is then bent back and held that way until the trigger is struck. A hero who sets it off must roll Agility (-2) to avoid its arc, and if he fails suffers 2d6+2 damage.
- **Deadfall.** This simple but deadly trap consists of a few sizable boulders, set to tumble onto a passer-by when the trigger is stepped upon. Unless she succeeds on an Agility roll to get out of the way, the victim suffers 3d10 damage. On snake eyes, the victim remains trapped under a 200-lb. boulder.
- **Spring Snare.** A vine snare attached to a large sapling that's bent over and attached to the trigger, this trap is designed to catch the prey's leg and hold it aloft. Roll Agility (-4) to avoid the trap, or end up hanging upside down by one leg. This causes no damage, but it is near impossible for a lone victim to escape if no knife is handy. A hero hanging in the snare must roll Vigor each hour or take a level of Fatigue.
- **Rolling Logs.** Stepping on the trigger causes several large tree trunks to roll down a slope onto the victim and anyone else adjacent. Roll Agility (-2) to avoid the logjam, or suffer 2d10 damage. On snake eyes, the victim remains trapped under a 200-lb. log.
- **Pit.** This is exactly what it sounds like: deep, dark, and obscured by branches and leaves. Roll Agility (-2) to catch hold of the edge, or fall in for 2d6 damage.



## JONES' LAST STAND

If the heroes are with the main Union force for some reason, they are witness to the massacre. The pickets are overtaken, but get off a few shots. As the horrible wendigo come loping toward the camp, the artillerymen panic and fire cannons at them. One wendigo is cut in half by grapeshot, but the others leap onto the makeshift earthworks and shred the cannon crews to bloody ribbons. The heroes have to make Guts checks (-1) like everyone else.

If the heroes are wise enough to flee what looks like Custer's Last Stand, allow them to escape (but have them make a few Stealth rolls to keep it interesting). Those who stay have to fight at least one wendigo. The next morning, not a single Union soldier remains alive.

## Cold Light o' Day

Morning comes, cold and gray. The heroes might want to investigate the scene of the earlier screaming and carrying on. There they find a scene of overwhelming horror—scores of mutilated, half-eaten bodies, with wolves and other forest critters gnawing at the cold remains. Everything's drenched in blood. The sheer scope and horror of the atrocity provokes a Guts check versus Fear/Nausea in all who view it. If the posse hasn't met up with Tall Snake yet, they meet up with him here.

Meanwhile, the sasquatches above hear all the gunfire, and the Big Chief decides to do something about it. He

gathers some of his most skilled warriors, and orders them to descend from the Old Glade and kill any humans they find in the area. The first place they go is the scene of last night's massacre, where they arrive about a half-hour after the heroes do.

• **Sasquatches (1 per hero):** See page 97.

These warriors aren't interested in conversation. Frankly, they're terrified of what Big Chief has become, and therefore follow his orders to the letter. When they find the heroes (tracking them if they're not at the massacre site), they sneak up close, then charge in and attack as a group, ganging up on the closest hero and stabbing him to death with their spears. Then they move on to the next victim, with ruthless efficiency.

## Resolution

Your group might be ready to push on into the Old Glade immediately, or they might want to turn back due to any number of reasons—lack of food or ammunition, debilitating wounds, or maybe even to settle the score with Mayor Hart for lying to them about her true purposes. If you'd rather have a break between adventures, Marshal, the Old Glade isn't going anywhere.

If the heroes opt to push forward, now would be a great time to have them meet up with the banished sasquatches that have been watching them from afar (see **The Exiles** sidebar on page 63). It requires a Smarts roll (+2 if a stick is used to draw helpful symbols in the dirt) for either a human or sasquatch to understand a single utterance or concept of the other.

The exiles can help heroes find a way into the Old Glade if they're stumped, or jump in to save them from the Big Chief's warriors if they're in real trouble.

## 5. A COLD TIME IN THE OL' GLADE

Run this adventure immediately after **The Elusive Prey** if you're so inclined. On the other hand, a break between episodes won't harm the storyline at all, as the Harrowed Big Chief plans to be around for quite some time. Now that the heroes know the general location of the Old Glade, they have no problem finding it again.

A few interesting side stories might arise from other nosy folks (for instance, muckrakers or Iron Dragon enforcers) trying to find out the characters' big secret. If other factions find it out, the area near the Old Glade is soon crawling with their agents. The pistoleros have to deal with them first.

### The Setup

See page 16 for the background on the Winter Wars, and how the Big Chief of the sasquatches became Harrowed. Once the posse learns his secret, the question of how to knock off the biggest of the bigfoots, without provoking the tribe to murder, forms the central dilemma of this tale. It all comes down to one (big) deader, and finding a solution to the quandary. Every group's answer is different.

### Captives o' the Wild Men

Either the posse's tracker has succeeded on the very difficult task (a Tracking roll at -6) of finding the Old Glade's entrance, they've been captured by sasquatches and taken there, or the exiled bigfoots are leading them in. No matter the means, read the following as the heroes scale the cliffs into the misty realm above:

*As you're making your way cautiously up a narrow, uneven trail between towering crags, your band rounds a corner to find a mob of sasquatches facing you head-on, with pointy sticks at the ready. At a glance, there are at least 20 warriors facing you.*

The wise choice of action here is to go along quietly. Bad-tempered hombres spoiling for a fight are certain to get one. The sasquatches won't take no for an answer. They chase down anyone who flees, subduing him with nonlethal attacks and grapples. Anyone who truly puts up a fight and refuses to be taken is unceremoniously killed by the primordial men.

- **Sasquatches (21):** One is a Wild Card leader. See page 97.

The sasquatch that leads them, a head taller than all the rest, walks through their ranks to the front. With success on a Smarts roll, a sharp-eyed searcher recognizes him as the same sasquatch they encountered back in **Brothers o' the Woods**. First the beast-man goes to whoever holds his spear, and gestures for it back. He won't give up until he gets it. If he finds that it's stained with the Seven Devils' blood, he seems to approve.

### Into the Forest Home

The lead sasquatch grunts, points at the characters and anybody who's with them, and gestures for them to follow. If the exiles are around, they're growled at and menaced a lot, but allowed to follow along too.

The posse—and possibly Tall Snake and his four veteran Union soldiers—is escorted up an impossibly steep and rocky path, herded along by the sasquatches, who have no trouble navigating it. Have each player make an Agility roll on the climb. On a failure the



hero suffers a fall or a sprained ankle, and a level of Fatigue from bumps and bruises.

### The Old Glade

*Fear Level: 3*

The sasquatches' hidden home used to be a sanctuary of hope and security, but fear has infected it over the years. With the Harrowing of the Big Chief, the Fear Level is higher than it has ever been.

For miles the heroes trudge on, among the huge furry creatures. Finally they enter a rocky, mountaintop valley sheltered all around by high peaks. It's filled with old growth sequoias, tall and stately, presiding over a dense forest of conifers.

*What looked like a forest of redwoods from below is actually the sasquatches' Old Glade. The gigantic redwood pines are partly hollowed, yet still very much*

*alive, providing an extensive network of shelters for the noble beings.*

*The entire place, sheltered and shady, smelling of moss, exudes mystery and nature at its most primordial. What's most striking to you is how the bigfoots live in complete harmony with nature.*

The entire tribe—males, females, children, and elders—comes out to look at the strange new arrivals. They've all seen human beings before, but seldom so close, and never in their home. It seems like they aren't quite sure what to do.

A few tense moments pass, as the characters watch nearly a hundred sasquatches gather to observe them in silence. If they were human, one might be tempted to think there's suspicion and reproach in their gazes. Since they're bigfoots, it's hard to say for sure.

- **Sasquatches (60):** See page 97. These are the adults of the tribe. The rest are youngsters and elders.



## Glad to Know Ya

As we mentioned earlier, the *speaking language* power doesn't work with sasquatches, on account of their speech is still on the cusp between animal grunts and advanced expression. But a successful Smarts roll (+2 if a stick is used to draw helpful symbols in the dirt) allows a human or sasquatch to understand one simple phrase or concept of the other. Any communicators (or snakeoil salesmen) in the group might take this time to start making friends (or trying to, at least).

## You Again!

After the heroes have a few minutes to attempt communication, or just when the tension is about to boil over into a life-or-death confrontation, the mob of sasquatches parts. An old acquaintance is shoved roughly to the middle of the impromptu town meeting—Hunting Hawk.

### Hunting Hawk:

Use Indian Shaman stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. Hunting Hawk has a fetish belt that allows him to communicate with sasquatches (and only sasquatches), using a specialized version of the *speaking language* power. The hide belt is decorated with colored beads, has 5 Power Points, and is activated with a Spirit roll. The belt recovers 1 Power Point per hour.

The shaman emerges from the throng, seeming not much worse for wear, though he's a prisoner of the bigfoots again. He gestures and grunts to the sasquatches in a placating fashion, setting off a flurry of communication among the wild people. Hunting Hawk greets the posse warmly, as the bigfoots keep debating.

*Welcome, my old friends. As you see, my path brought me here, just as the headstrong spirits guided you. I am glad to see you again.*

If anyone asks Hunting Hawk what the sasquatches are talking about, he replies,

*They are deciding whether to kill you. What may I say on your behalf?*

Let your group come up with some reasons why the sasquatches don't really want to kill them. (This should be entertaining, at the very least.) Hunting Hawk relates the cowpokes' comments to the gathered mob, revising as necessary so as to cause the least offense.

If anyone suggests to the sasquatches that the humans can help them with their Winter War (Hunting Hawk says it, if no one else does), there's an immediate reaction. A great clamor and roaring breaks out among the sasquatches. It grows louder and louder, finally drowning out any attempt at conversation, until the heroes see some other bigfoots approaching through the crowd.

## Long Live Big Chief...

A gang of the biggest, meanest-looking sasquatches the heroes have ever seen emerges from the mob. They're all armed with large, sharp spears. Finally they stand aside to reveal their Big Chief—truly a terrible image to behold for hombres who know their way around the Weird West. Read the following:

*The Big Chief o' the bigfoots stands well over eight feet tall, as big around as a California redwood. He's draped with skins and furs, and all sorts of primitive jewelry and necklaces, but it isn't the accoutrements that get your attention.*

*The massive bigfoot glares down at you with golden cat's eyes. His torso bears terrible claw wounds, only partly healed, but they don't seem to interfere*





*with the workings of those impressive slabs of muscle. The chief's gray lips peel back from a mouthful of huge teeth, and it starts to speak in a clotted voice that chills your blood, even if you don't understand the words.*

Now that they're up close and personal with him, give the posse a chance to see how much they can deduce from the Big Chief's appearance and also—not to get too personal—his stench. With a successful Notice roll, a hero catches a whiff of the Big Chief's rotten odor, which wafts freely since there's no alcohol in the Old Glade to mask it. An observer who also succeeds on a Knowledge (Occult) roll recognizes the stench as a sign of Harrowing, not to mention the cat's eyes, and the grievous death wounds that never fully healed.

Opening fire on the Big Chief isn't really advisable, at least not yet. For one thing, the chief is flanked by eight bigfoot warriors. For another, the whole tribe is present, and since the heroes aren't exactly their friends right now, they won't side with them in a fight. Even if they manage to gun down the chief by surprise, the tribe attacks in a rage and kills as many cowpokes as they can.

- **Sasquatch Warriors (8):** See page 97. These impressive specimens have Strength d12+2.



## Big Chief

The leader o' the bigfoots is over eight feet tall and draped with hides, along with slabs of muscle. The Big Chief's eyes are slitted like a cat's. His torso still bears the terrible scars of the wendigo-inflicted wounds that killed him. The manitou has been firmly in control for a very long time, and no trace of the sasquatch's former personality remains.

**Attributes:** Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Strength d12+4, Vigor d12+2

**Skills:** Climbing d8, Fighting d10, Guts d10, Healing d6, Intimidation d8, Knowledge (Cascades) d12, Notice d10, Stealth d10, Survival d8, Swimming d8, Throwing d8, Tracking d10

**Charisma:** 0; **Grit:** 5; **Pace:** 8; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 11

**Special Abilities:**

- **Claws:** Str+d6.
- **Harrowed:** Grit +1. Big Chief needs 1d6 hours of sleep per night. Only a head-shot can kill him, and “death” only puts the Harrowed down for 1d6 days. Big Chief is immune to diseases and poison.
- **Harrowed Edges:** Chill o’ the Grave, Implacable, Improved Cat Eyes, Improved Claws, Infest, Soul Eater, Supernatural Attributes (Strength, Vigor)
- **Size +2:** The Big Chief is even bigger than most sasquatches.

## ...Big Chief Is Dead!

When the Big Chief finishes his protracted series of grunts and growls, he narrows his eyes and hisses at Hunting Hawk. The shaman swallows, and says to the posse,

*I am to tell you of what happened, and what will happen.*

*For thousands of years our brothers of the woods have fought tirelessly against the wendigos, those tortured spirits of hunger. Each side kept the other in check. A balance was sustained.*

*Then the earth heaved and shook, as though it were dying. And it did not die, but was infected with poisonous veins of screaming black rock. And ever since that day, the wendigo have spread out of control.*

*Our brothers of the woods asked the spirits of nature for a sign. The spirits*

*were silent, and the ranks of wendigos increased.*

*Finally the chief of the sasquatches went to fight the wendigo. After a year, the warrior returned. He bore terrible wounds that would never heal. His skin was always cold to the touch. He had killed many wolflings and wendigos, but he did not succeed. The ranks of the evil ones continued to grow.*

*That was when our brothers of the woods turned against Walla Walla and other human settlements. If there is no way to stop the wendigos, they will stop the source of the wendigos—people.*

*Now, the Big Chief says you have to prove you stand as allies to the tribe, and not those soldiers who came to invade their home. To prove this, you must hunt and kill the wendigo.*

All eyes turn to the posse. At this point, after they’ve followed the trail of the sasquatches through just about every battlefield of the Winter Wars, across the whole Great Northwest...the trail ends, Marshal.

The mystery of what drove the friendly sasquatches to murder men, women, and children has been solved, or is at least strongly suspected by the shrewd cowpokes in your group. So now it’s on the heroes’ shoulders to figure out how to make it right, and maybe even survive the process.

## Sortin’ Out the Mess

Everything the Big Chief’s manitou does is motivated by its goal of causing the troublesome posse to get itself killed, while leaving the Harrowed in control of his tribe. After the first, face-to-face, encounter, the heroes won’t see the Big Chief again unless they go looking for him.

It’s impossible to predict every course of action a resourceful posse might



take, so making sure the tale comes to a satisfying conclusion requires a little improvisation on your part, Marshal. There are a few likely tactics we can cover in summary.

### You're Darn Tootin' We Will!

Let's say the posse is game, and decides to go along with the Big Chief's commands. The tribe seems appreciative of that; it's an honorable move, in their eyes. Trouble is, the manitou is smart, and it knows how to use the tribe's sense of honor against it. Assuming the posse lives through the first mission, Big Chief's got a laundry list of tasks that need doing before the heroes are accepted as members of the tribe. As long as the heroes say yes, there's more to do, and it just gets more dangerous.

**Wendigo Hunt:** The heroes are first sent east into the Rockies to hunt down a wendigo whose territory overlaps with that of the sasquatches. The hunt requires Tracking rolls (-2), and possibly Survival rolls to find food and shelter as well. Each Tracking roll represents a full day, so draw for encounters as usual. Use the wendigo stats on page 98 when the heroes track down the tainted beast.

**Catacomb Cleaners:** Big Chief wasn't the first sasquatch to rise from the dead in all the years since the Reckoning began, he was just the first to come back with a shred of intelligence. Other sasquatches that shamble around groanin' and huntin' brains are tossed into the catacombs under the Old Glade (since the bigfoots can't bring themselves to "kill" their own kind). The posse's told to go down into the caves—which are capped by a flat, 500-lb. boulder—and wipe out all the walkin' dead bigfoots down there. Use the sasquatch stats on page 97, but add the Undead Special Ability. There are a total of  $2d10+2$  walkin' dead bigfoots in the caves.

**Wolflings at the Gates:** The posse is dispatched to discover the location of a small band of wolflings that's been sighted in the area. This is hogwash. The Big Chief knows full well there's an entire tribe of wolflings. Rather than find out anything useful, the scouts stumble upon a secluded valley sheltering upwards of 30 of the vicious creatures. They won't likely have to fight the whole tribe, but 12 or more wolflings give pursuit if they discover heroes prowlin' about.

As we said earlier, Marshal, the tests don't stop until the posse does. You can roll on the encounter table to generate more missions, run a tale of your own design, or bring in a Savage Tale from this book to keep the horror coming fast and furious.

### You've Got Another Thing Comin'

On the other side of the coin, there's the posse that ain't about to go along with any darn fool thing a dead sasquatch tells 'em to do. Contrary is what we call those folks, in the parlance of our times. As mentioned above, it's not such a great idea to skin smokewagons on the Big Chief right away. He's still got the whole



tribe on his side, after all, so if anyone summarily executes him, the assassin is torn limb from limb by an angry mob of bigfoots.

Discretion being the better part of valor, the heroes might pretend to go along with the wendigo hunt, then sneak back into the Old Glade and find the Big Chief's hollow tree—the biggest, oldest one, at the center of the valley. In that case, they'd be doing battle (ideally) only with Big Chief and his eight warriors, who are always nearby. But even if they're successful in killing off the chief with a shot to his big ol' sasquatch noggin, there's still an outraged tribe to deal with.

Barring stealth or fleetness of foot, the posse's got some public relations difficulties at this point in time.

### Let's Talk About This, Shall We?

Grifters, snakeoil salesmen, and other silver-tongued devils in your group may prefer to trot out their oratorical skills. A clever hero asks Hunting Hawk to borrow his special belt, if he knows about it, or at least asks the shaman to translate. Then the heroes can really present their case to the tribe and change some minds. To begin with, the sasquatches are firmly on the Big Chief's side, but that's more from fear than loyalty (that smell really isn't helping none). At the very least, Persuasion rolls are made at a -4 penalty, and success only plants the first seeds of real doubt in the bigfoots' minds.

Another tactic might involve goading the Big Chief into doing something truly horrendous, or just tricking him into revealing his nature to the tribe. The exiles could be of help in setting up such a ruse. If the sasquatches see exactly

what their Big Chief is like when the manitou shows its face, the tide begins to turn pretty quickly.

### Scariest Story Ever Told

After the heroes eliminate Big Chief, and some or all of his bodyguards, they either need to slip away or explain what transpired to the tribe, or risk being killed. This is where any success on an earlier Persuasion roll turns into a serious benefit. If the "seeds of doubt" were successfully planted earlier, the speaker gets a +2 on a single Persuasion roll now.

Hunting Hawk lends a speaker his fetish belt, and also contributes a cooperative Persuasion roll as he speaks on the heroes' behalf. Finally, the old bigfoot shaman and his exiles step forward, giving their own account of the posse's deeds, adding an additional cooperative Persuasion roll.

This is considered Tale Tellin' for all intents and purposes (see the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*). Due to the Fear Level in the Old Glade, the Persuasion roll suffers a -3 penalty. If the roll's successful, the Fear Level in the Old Glade goes down by 1, per the usual rules. If the heroes completed one or more of the Big Chief's suicide missions, the Fear Level goes down by 2 on a successful roll. Heroism has its benefits!

There's a general feeling of sadness, but also renewed vigor, among the brothers o' the woods. It's as though they've finally been reminded that humans aren't all bad. The heroes are welcome to stay among the sasquatches until they recuperate from their wounds. They depart knowing they'll always be welcome at the Old Glade.







# Savage Tales

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The following Savage Tales are all intended to take place in the Pacific Northwest states—Washington, Oregon, and Idaho—but they're easily transplanted to other sundry locations of your choosing. Use them as the heroes travel from place to place, stumbling onto adventures and perilous situations, or put 'em exactly where you want 'em, Marshal.

## CHIEF BARREL- BELLY'S REVENGE

**Location:** Portland

At the Barrelbelly Saloon, a wooden Indian stands guard over the establishment. The Indian's a minor landmark in the city—townsfolk tip their hats or curtsy as they pass, and "For the love o' Chief Barrelbelly!" is an epithet sometimes heard up on the bluffs, among the miners. Few can look at the carved block without feeling a twinge of unease, sometimes outright fear, but none can explain why. Legends say the Indian will come to life when his people need him, and exact vengeance on wrongdoers.

In this case, the stories are true.

## The Story So Far

Chief Barrelbelly was carved over 10 years ago by an Indian shaman with a mind for revenge. When he was finished creating the huge totem, he used his own blood to make decorative pigments. But before he finished painting his greatest creation, he was killed by a white man's bullet. The Reckoners bound his fading soul into the wooden creation, along with all the rage he carried.

The murderers hauled the totem out of the wilderness to Portland, in the hopes of making a fast buck, but in the end settled for leaving it on the saloon's porch without being charged a disposal fee. They probably shouldn't have gone to the trouble, since Chief Barrelbelly came to life for the first time that night and hacked the assassins to pieces. It returned to the saloon, and there it stayed until the present day.

The wooden Indian is just a spirit of death and bloody vengeance now, lacking any of its creator's positive qualities (he did have a few). It doesn't come to life when called, or act to protect anyone from harm. Chief Barrelbelly only comes to life after an Indian is unjustly murdered, to settle the score on behalf of the deceased.



## The Miners' Return

When the posse stops in at the Barrelbelly Saloon to wet their whistles, they see a group of five miners come in, just back from the hills. It's Samuel Landry and his team, regulars whenever they're in town. The heroes observe an exchange between Sam and the bartender, Lenora.

*"Just back in town, eh, Sam?" Lenora says. "What kin I get you and your boys?"*

*"Just whiskey," Sam says. "The bottle."*

*"Well, you ain't as talkative as usual, Sam. Say, you boys heard about them Bannock Indians got kilt up on Powder Ridge?"*

*"No, we ain't heard. Ain't been to Powder Ridge lately." Sam takes the bottle, and goes back to a table in the corner to join his friends. Lenora shrugs.*

A successful Notice roll tells any cowpoke in the room that Samuel Landry got awful nervous when Lenora mentioned those Bannock. That's because he and his men were surprised by the Indians while drunk, and killed six of them. The Bannock were just trying to offer them food for barter. Sam and his boys ran off, hoping no one would care about a few Bannock. But Chief Barrelbelly cares.

- **Sam Landry & the Boys (5):** Use Townsfolk stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. Sam and the boys' Trade skill is Knowledge (Mining) d6.

## The Chief's Revenge

Each night for the next six nights, Chief Barrelbelly comes to life and hunts down one of Sam Landry's boys. They're found dead the next morning, literally hacked to pieces and those pieces scattered all over the places they're found. On the last

night Barrelbelly kills Sam Landry and leaves his head on the front porch of the saloon.

Now, that's all assuming the heroes don't get involved after the first murder, or even right after they overhear the conversation in the saloon. In the end, the nature of your group's beliefs determines how they react, or if they get involved at all. It doesn't matter to Chief Barrelbelly who the cowpokes are. The wooden statue goes right through them, fighting if need be, to unerringly find its targets.

Law-minded individuals might want to get to the bottom of Sam's involvement, if any, in the Bannocks' murder. This also involves protecting him and his boys long enough for them to stand trial. On the other hand, a posse of Indians who've taken the Old Ways Oath might be satisfied to let the Chief do his bloody work.

No matter their beliefs, heroes look upon the wooden Indian like any other abomination—something to be destroyed.



### Chief Barrelbelly

The chief looks like your typical wooden Indian—eight feet tall and as big around as a good-sized tree. He's well-carved, wears a war bonnet, and holds a bundle of cigars in one hand and a tomahawk in the other. Use of *detect arcana* to scrutinize the chief reveals a powerful spirit bound within.

**Attributes:** Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d10, Strength d12+4, Vigor d12+2

**Skills:** Fighting d10, Notice d8

**Pace:** 4; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 15 (4)

**Special Abilities:**

- **Armor +4:** Chief Barrelbelly is carved from solid oak.
- **Construct:** +2 to recover from being Shaken; no additional damage from

Called Shots; immune to disease and poison; ignores all wound penalties.

- **Fear:** Seeing Chief Barrelbelly in motion provokes a Guts check.
- **Fearless:** Chief Barrelbelly is unaffected by Fear or Intimidation.
- **Hardy:** A second Shaken result doesn't cause Chief Barrelbelly a wound.
- **Improved Sweep:** Chief Barrelbelly may attack all adjacent enemies with a single Fighting roll, at no penalty.
- **Size +2:** Chief Barrelbelly is eight feet tall and weighs nearly 800 lbs.
- **Tomahawk:** Str+d8.

## FALCOTT'S DEBT

**Location:** Olympia

Falcott Jewelers is making a killing. They're so successful they've begun hiring armed guards, at the unheard-of rate of \$5 a day in gold coin. Heroes passing by are sure to see the hand-lettered sign in the window, which displays quite a bit of skill involved in its making.

## The Story So Far

It was a classic sting. Lucius Falcott and his son Charles were consummate grifters in Chicago, out to make one last score and then light out for the West. There they would start a new life, like every other pioneer and expatriate from Eastern society. But Lucius and Charles failed to account for one hitch in their nearly foolproof plan: Dorsey Fred Webster.

In a plan painstakingly formulated and put into play or the course of eight months, the father and son team engineered a complex scenario to make themselves rich. To sum it up, they had an inside man at the museum steal a

King's ransom in jewelry. A substantial cut of those riches was promised to the dirty Agent and his crew who provided the information, but the Falcotts also—on the sly—promised the same cut to a band of CSA spies. Then they informed each group about the other one.

Fred—no one calls the man “Dorsey” unless he wants to die right then and there—a guard at the museum, was set up to be the fall guy in this little caper. He would steal the jewelry and be the last man to die, satchel clutched in one hand, after the marks had all killed each other. For his trouble, Lucius promised Fred one thing: a gold pocket watch.

The plan was straight aces. The Falcotts fled Chicago on a westbound express and never looked back. But that turned out to be a mistake.

See, the plan had gone off *almost* perfectly. Although the crooked Agents and CSA spies on either side had shot each other to pieces, one person's wounds were not enough to kill him. Actually, they were, but as so often happens in the Weird West, Fred's death wasn't enough to finish him. He pulled himself out of the grave, fighting through his ultimate nightmare—that he'd never regain the heirloom gold watch his penniless father had pawned back in '65.

Now Dorsey Fred Webster is on the trail again with a gang of ruthless killers, headed toward Olympia. When they arrive, there's going to be one Hell of a hoedown.

## The Setup

When the heroes are kicking around Olympia, they either come across a HELP WANTED sign in the window of Falcott Jewelers, or a classified ad in the *Olympia Register* seeking armed guards. If they go looking for work, Lucius Falcott hires them on the spot at \$5 per guard, per



day. If hired, the posse is to guard the jewelers' shop—and their apartments upstairs—from intrusion, thieves, fire, and so forth.

Lucius is a friendly and smooth-talking tinhorn. Maybe the heroes are curious as to Falcott's motives for hiring guards. He replies,

*Well! In my line of work one must be certain all angles are covered. Olympia might seem a genteel and serene community, but this is the American West, my friends. One's fortunes can go south in an instant. Am I wrong? Of course not. I'm sure you yourselves have seen reversals of fortune, once or twice. Best to ensure against such things, I say.*

Lucius tries his best to hide his discomfort. Make a Persuasion roll for Lucius opposed by Notice rolls from the posse. Those who beat the jeweler are certain the man is very afraid, but of what he won't say.

Lucius' son Charles bears a striking resemblance to his father, but where the elder Falcott is gregarious and outgoing, Charles hardly speaks at all. In fact he's very observant (at trait he picked up from inspecting precious stones for flaws), and keeps an eye on the posse's movements once they're hired. If they get up to something, Charles wants to know about it.

## Lucius Falcott

A thin, sweaty fellow with a receding hairline, the elder Lucius Falcott is fond of plaid-patterned suits and derby hats. He wears wire spectacles. The man is always unfailingly polite, and never at a loss for words—a consummate con-artist. Both he and his son are wanted for questioning in connection to the theft of the jewelry, but the authorities in Chicago don't have any leads whatsoever on their suspects.

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

**Skills:** Gambling d10, Guts d4, Knowledge (Jeweler) d6, Lockpicking d8, Notice d6, Persuasion d10, Shooting d6, Stealth d6, Streetwise d10

**Charisma:** +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 2;

**Toughness:** 5

**Hindrances:** Bad Eyes, Wanted (Major), Yellow

**Edges:** Charismatic, Snakeoil Salesman

**Gear:** Plaid suit, derby, eyeglasses, Derringer .41 (5/10/20, 2d6, RoF 1, Shots 2, AP 1), lockpicks.

## Charles Falcott

Pale and taciturn, Charles Falcott sweats profusely in the tailored wool suits he prefers. Unlike the elder Falcott (who does all the talking), Charles keeps a close watch on everything that happens. As the doer of the duo, Charles is accustomed to burglary and rough stuff. He's never been fully convinced that their past wouldn't catch up with them, so he's just waiting for the other shoe to drop.

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

**Skills:** Climbing d6, Fighting d6, Gambling d8, Guts d6, Knowledge (Calligraphy) d8, Knowledge (Jeweler) d6, Lockpicking d8, Notice d10, Persuasion d6, Shooting d8, Stealth d8, Streetwise d6

**Charisma:** 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5;

**Toughness:** 6

**Hindrances:** Wanted (Major), Yellow

**Edges:** Alertness, Thief

**Gear:** Dark wool suit, Derringer .41 (5/10/20, 2d6, RoF 1, Shots 2, AP 1), knife (Str+d4), lockpicks.

## On the Job

After the heroes get hired, they start work immediately. Lucius insists the shop and upstairs apartments be under guard 24 hours a day. However the posse wants to achieve that is up to them. They get paid their wages every Saturday.

With so much time hanging around the jewelry shop unsupervised, nosy cowpokes might snoop around. Disappointingly, everything seems to be on the up-and-up. But in a search of the Falcotts' business office (which is normally kept locked, with the only two keys in the possession of the senior and junior Falcotts), a successful Notice roll (-2) turns up a telegraph tucked under some ledgers.

The paper is creased and stained, as though it has been read quite a few times, even though it's only dated four days ago.

RECEIVED: OLYMPIA OFFICE

TO: LUCIUS FALCOTT

LUCIUS AND CHARLIE STOP I AM  
COMING FOR YOU STOP FRED

Confronted with the telegram, the Falcotts are outraged that employees broke into their office. They change their tune pretty quick under pressure from no-nonsense cowpokes, admitting that Fred is most likely coming to kill them both.

Neither Falcott is particularly brave. A successful Persuasion or Test of Will compels them to spill the entire truth of the matter. Once they do, they throw themselves on the heroes' mercies, begging for protection.

Cagey hombres (or those who're just plain greedy) may look to renegotiate their deal. Falcott pays them up to \$100 each for their protection now, with very little arm-twisting necessary. This is

good news, but it's also a clue that the opposition is greatly feared.

## Fred Rides In

Two nights later, Dorsey Fred Webster and his crew ride into Olympia at midnight. They ask directions at the Hotel Olympian, then head straight for Falcott Jewelers. First they try to break in through the front door, but if they're stymied (and they know for certain the Falcotts are inside), they set the building on fire (see the section on **Fire** in the *Savage Worlds* rules).

Fred Dorsey shouts in a hoarse, croaking voice,

*I want that watch, you sons o' bitches!*

If he's given the gold pocket watch that belonged to his father, Fred Webster leaves Olympia without giving the posse any more grief (assuming the posse allows him to). Nothing, however, stops Fred from trying to kill Lucius and Charles Falcott.

A few days later, Fred's manitou takes the reins and drives his carcass back to Olympia for a second attempt at murder and mayhem. This time finds Fred alone, much more sneaky, and fully 75% more evil. He uses the Ghost Edge to really get the drop on hapless hombres.





- **The Webster Gang (8):** Use Outlaw stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.



## Dorsey Fred Webster

Rangy and mean, Dorsey Fred Webster was the night watchman at a Chicago museum before he got wrapped up in the Falcotts' sting and took a fatal bullet to the throat. He came back from death hungering for revenge, and nothing can sate it but the Falcotts' blood. Since his "rebirth" as a Harrowed, Fred has become quite the gunslinger. He wears a checked bandanna around his throat to cover the grievous deathwound that marks him as Harrowed.

**Attributes:** Agility d12, Smarts d4, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d12

**Skills:** Fighting d6, Guts d6, Notice d4, Shooting d12, Stealth d8, Streetwise d6, Taunt d4

**Charisma:** 0; **Grit:** 6; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 8

**Hindrances:** Vengeful (Major)

**Edges:** Duelist, Ghost, Improved Hip-Shooting, No Mercy (Shooting), Quick, Quick Draw, Speed Load, Supernatural Attributes (Agility, Vigor)

**Gear:** Single-action Colt Peacemaker (12/24/48, 2d6+1, RoF 1, Shots 6, AP 1), Stetson, knife (Str+d4), rollin' tobacco, matches.

### Special Abilities:

- **Harrowed:** +1 Grit; needs 1d6 hours of sleep per night; only a head-shot can kill, "death" only puts the Harrowed down for 1d6 days; immune to disease and poison.

## FLASHPOINT

**Location:** Portland

Everybody was kung fu fighting, and those tongs were fast as lightning!

Portland has been plagued by recent street fights between rival schools of kung fu tongs. Seems like someone's got a score to settle. This short episode can be used to draw heroes into a campaign featuring Iron Dragon, and Kang's rivalries with various smaller triads.

## Kang's Might

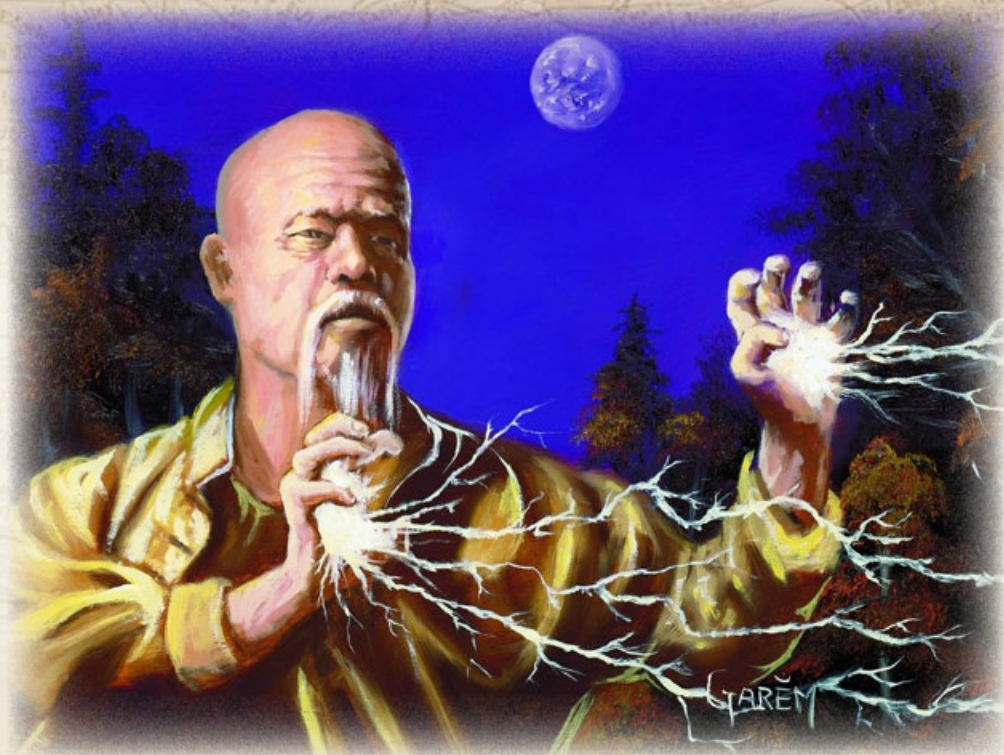
Kang has tightened his grip on the Pacific Northwest, consolidating his holdings and bringing various smaller triads under his thumb. Kang's Lion's Roar Triad gets a lot of press, as does the Shan Fan Triad, but the fact is nearly every town on the coast has its own Chinese inhabitants, and they all claim ownership of some portion of their city's activities. Needless to say, this causes some friction with Kang.

Recently the Portland Triad, led by a decadent and ruthless old bird called Xu Lieh, made a beneficial arrangement with a new pair of allies—Chinese ogre brothers with a penchant for sorcery. Puffed up with the infusion of power, Xu Lieh is looking to cause a stir with Warlord Kang. At best, he might seize control of the Portland rail depot. At worst, he'll fall into line, and save face by negotiating a deal with Kang to manage local affairs as his proxy (keeping a portion of the proceeds as his own).

## Street Fighters

While moseying around Portland's Chinese district near the rail depot, the heroes hear a sudden commotion and screaming, and then 20 or 30 people come running out of a nearby side street in mortal terror.

Suddenly an inhuman howl rings out, followed by a lot of shouting in Chinese. Anyone who understands the language can relate that it's all posturing and threats, ending with,



*Xu Lieh sends his regards, you unskilled pigs. You're finished in this town!*

If the posse hightails it over there to get involved, the heroes find two tongs of kung fu fighters squaring off in the now-empty street. Among the pugilists on one side is an eight-foot-tall creature with paper-white skin and protruding fangs—a Chinese ogre! Now's a good time for Guts checks from the heroes, Marshal.

A hero who has knowledge of the triads identifies both sides' colors with a successful Common Knowledge roll. Apply a -2 penalty to the roll for those hombres who don't know a tong from a broken nunchuck.

## Lion's Roar Triad

In one corner (so to speak) is a sizable tong made up of Kang's enforcers, led by a samurai in full armor. They're on

Kang's payroll, and the Iron Dragon railroad owns the right of way through Portland, so by their logic they can do whatever they damn well please inside the city limits. Naturally, the locals don't always share that perspective.

- **Iron Dragon Enforcers (5):** Use Martial Artist stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.
- **"The Ramrod":** That's what they call the foreman of a rail crew, except this one's an enlightened kung fu master, and a Wild Card. Use Martial Artist (Superior) stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.
- **Samurai (1):** The Iron Dragon overseer. Use Rail Warrior (Iron Dragon) stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

## Portland Triad

Across the street are the local boys (and girls) who pay their fealty to Xu Lieh, the



fella who controls Portland's Chinatown, Underground, and lucrative slave trade with an iron grip. The fact that they've got an actual Chinese demon on their side—one who knows the dark arts, to boot—probably makes them a little overconfident.

- **Portland Triad Tong (12):** Use Martial Artist stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.
- **Xu Lih's Ogre (1):** Wild Card. Use Chinese Ogre Sorcerer stats on page 96.

## Choosing Sides

Screaming "Kiii-yaiiiii!!!" both sides hurtle towards each other and duke it out.

As we say so often you're probably tired of hearing it, Marshal, throwing a hat into the ring for one side or the other (if at all) is matter of personal preference for each group. All things being equal, the ogre's presence might drive a neutral party toward Kang's corner. If the characters jump in on either side, their new allies certainly appreciate the help.

## After the Battle

If the posse jumps in at all, it's going to affect the way they're perceived in Portland from now on. In all conflicts and disagreements, they're automatically assumed to be on the side of their allies from the street fight.

Jumping in on Xu Lih's side gains the posse plenty of respect around Portland's Chinatown. They're even invited to meet with Xu, and offered positions on the payroll. No matter their response, Xu makes it clear he's going to expect their help in all matters involving Kang from now on. Given Xu Lih's connections with Chinese ogres and other purveyors of the dark arts, this arrangement is liable to get interesting real fast.

The other side of the coin involves heroes who are already contracted by Iron Dragon to secure rights-of-way, or those who simply join up with their rail warriors against the scarier threat of the Chinese ogre. If they don't already work for Kang, they soon get the chance. Agents of the railroad contact the posse within days, offering them exclusive contracts as railroad enforcers, with the stated goal of compelling the Portland Triad to toe the line.

Where the tale goes from there—north toward other Iron Dragon conflicts, or maybe south into the Great Maze—is up to you, Marshal.

## SHANGHAIED!

**Location:** Portland

Portland is commonly known as the Forbidden City, so dangerous are its streets for inhabitants and visitors alike. Hundreds of folks are shanghaied every year—make sure you aren't next!

## The Setup

You can run this scenario if the heroes go to Portland with the goal of hunting down some kidnapers, or even if they're just walking the streets. Here are a few possible set-ups:

**Not Quite Dead!:** If the posse gets taken down a peg anywhere in the Great Northwest, you can opt for capture instead of death (as long as the foes aren't hungry animals or other critters). The posse ends up in the Portland Underground, and must escape before it's shipped off to a life of hard labor in China.

**Rescuers:** A posse prowling for bodysnatchers is liable to find plenty to do. Call for Streetwise rolls to find an area secluded enough for an abduction. Sure enough, the posse sees a small



group of men in dark clothing grab a woman on the street and hustle her into an alley. By the time the posse rounds the corner, the alley is completely empty. A successful Notice roll (-2) discovers a concealed panel. Opening the trapdoor, the heroes find an entrance to the tunnels of the fabled Portland Underground.

**Victims:** Maybe the posse is the target of a kidnapping attempt. In this scenario, they are given drugged food and spirits at a saloon. The player of each hero who partakes has to make a Vigor roll (-4). A failed roll means the drinker falls unconscious. Those who succeed suffer -2 on all Agility and Agility-based skill rolls for 2d6 rounds. With a raise the drinker suffers no ill effects. But anybody who doesn't fall asleep is attacked by eight of Xu Lieh's men (see below), who attempt to beat the poor cowpoke unconscious.

### A 3x3 Cell

Read the following to the group if the heroes begin play as prisoners in the Portland Underground (or read it whenever they get to that point):

*There's an excruciating pain in your skull. Your eyesight and your thoughts are blurry. Slowly, sight swims back into focus.*

*You're in a tiny, three-foot by three-foot cell, slumped and in agony. The space isn't big enough to allow you lay down, or even crouch, really. One wall is a stout wooden door with a tiny, barred window at eye level. From somewhere beyond the window comes a faint lantern's light, and the muffled laughter of a group of men.*

All the characters are imprisoned close by. Weapons and gear, unless specifically noted as hidden on an hombre's person,



are taken by the kidnappers. There's a total of 30 cells here, and besides the heroes, 11 of them are filled with wretched folks awaiting the next boat to Shanghai.

- **Prisoners (11):** Use Townsfolk stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

Lockpicking rolls to escape the cells are made at -2 if using improvised tools. The relatively flimsy locks are Toughness 8, so powerful hombres might be able to beat that on a Strength roll to bust open the door.

If picking locks or forcing open doors is beyond your group's capabilities, reward the players' creativity with their characters' freedom, Marshal. The best part of this tale is when they're all out of their cells, desperate prisoners on the loose in the Underground.

### Set My People Free!

In a nearby room, the guards are engaged in a rousing game of Fan Tan. Xu Lieh's men aren't expecting any trouble from their drugged charges, so the heroes have a chance to achieve total surprise. Once the fight is joined, though, Xu Lieh's soldiers turn out to be tough cookies.

- **Head Honcho:** Use Superior Martial Artist stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.
- **Guards (6):** Use Martial Artist stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.
- **Xu Lieh's Other Ogre (1):** Use Chinese Ogre Sorcerer stats on page 96.

The heroes find all their gear stashed in a wooden chest in the guard room (or in the possession of the guards, if it's eye-catching and something they can use). A posse that escapes the Portland Underground can look forward to being the target of multiple attacks by Xu Lieh's men until it leaves town.

## TACOMA CREEPERS

**Location:** Tacoma

The tidal flats north of the city are a constant source of anxiety for the city's residents. People keep vanishing in the rising tide, and when it goes out again... they're gone.

### The Story So Far

Last year a group of prospectors had a little too much whiskey, and got the idea in their heads to go out onto the tide flats looking for ghost rock nuggets. They all agreed it was a terrible idea, then figured they'd do it anyway, because they were drunk and bored. Just goes to show that greed and liquor don't mix.

Once they were way out on the mucky flats, the prospectors sank to their knees. At first, the slurping sounds when they tried to pull free were a source of great amusement. Then exhaustion set in, and the tide began to rise, and the prospectors began to sober up. Cold realization of their predicament set in. They shouted for help, but they were too far from town to be heard.

By the time the tide finally covered their heads, the men were completely lucid and terrified. In their gurgling dismay, they angrily cursed Tacoma, their former friends and family, and everyone who hadn't been close enough to rescue them. They pleaded to anyone who could hear, they'd do anything for a little more life. The rising waters drowned their outrage, but the Reckoners were listening...

### The Setup

A Tacoma lawyer named Caleb Stubbs contacts the heroes when they're around town. Perhaps he's heard of them (after their appearance in the *Seattle Times*,



as described in **Brothers o' the Woods** on page 38), or maybe a partner at the firm of Huffman, Sprout, & Stubbs recommended them in passing. He tells investigators the following tale in summary:

*I've been authorized by the firm to hire you to look into the disappearance of one Maxwell Halverson, Esquire, if you find you are willing to serve in that capacity. Max was a young lawyer, a talented one, who just joined the office recently. We had high hopes.*

*Max won his first case two days ago, and we took him out to celebrate with a few shots of bark juice. He didn't drink much, but said he needed to take a walk to clear his head. The last anyone saw of him, he was headed in the direction of the tidal flats. But he wasn't so ossified that he would wander out onto a muddy riverbed.*

*Frankly, gentlemen, we are perplexed.*

The legal firm has plenty of cash to play around with, so they're willing to negotiate to a figure the heroes consider fair.

### **'Creepin' by the Bay**

The Reckoners heard the miners' death-curses and gave them new "life." Unfortunately, it was a malevolent form of life designed to sow fear among Tacoma's residents. The creepers lurk on the flats at night when the tide is low. They try to lure lone people onto the flats with their mimicking ability. There they pull them down into the muck, drown them, and feast on their flesh. They don't catch all that many victims, but they make up for it by spreading sheer terror among those who've heard their uncanny calls. And as we all know, fear is like candy to the terrible Reckoners.



The mystery of Maxwell Halverson has a simple and sad end: he was lured onto the flats by the voice of his long-lost sister, and killed by the creepers. If the posse heads out in the direction of the flats looking for the young lawyer, it runs into some creepers too.

- **Tacoma Creepers (2 per hero):** See page 98.

## WAR EAGLE'S WISDOM

**Location:** Silver City

Silver City is the surliest place on the map, but don't let the locals hear you say that. Despite the universally dour mood, there are people there who know the *Epitaph's* kind of truths—the Weird ones!

This adventure is perfect for a posse involved in The Winter War (see page 37).

## The Setup

While passing the time in Silver City—most likely trying to keep out of the way of bad-tempered locals—the posse comes across an old Indian man sitting in the city park. He nibbles at a crust of bread, and throws crumbs to the birds that gather near him. That alone is enough to catch the posse's eye. Nobody voluntarily feeds the birds in *Famine's* realm. There just aren't that many crumbs to spare.

## Angry, Rowdy, and Drunk

The old man's name is Dull Knife, and he's happy to talk with anyone who introduces herself courteously. Before the heroes can ask any questions, a voice shouts,

*Hey! You strangers there. Leave that old Injun alone, you bullies!*

It's a group of local menfolk—drunk and ornery miners—thinking they're doing Dull Knife a favor. Nothing's going to convince them otherwise. Typically these same ruffians would be drubbing Dull Knife instead of acting like they've got his welfare in mind. If their inebriated posturing isn't enough to drive off the heroes, they attack with their fists.

- **Drunken Rowdies (8):** Use Townsfolk stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*, but each has Strength d8.
- **Dull Knife:** Use Indian Shaman stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*. Dull Knife knows the *entangle*, *healing*, *wilderness walk*, and *vision quest* powers.

When the well-meaning but misguided ruffians have been given the bum's rush, Dull Knife takes the heroes to a watering hole he frequents called the Sommercamp Saloon. He is also curious to know more about the heroes—most people in Silver City wouldn't lift a finger to help him.

## Drinkin' with Dull Knife

If the heroes mention their goal of finding the sasquatches, or some other subject of mystic import, Dull Knife nods sagely and thinks for a few moments. Then he says,

*War Eagle is the one you seek.*

*Many moons ago, when Raven walked these lands, a brave of the Shoshone tribe followed in the dark one's footsteps. He was called War Eagle, and his quest was simple—to stop Raven from enacting the terrible disasters he sought. But everywhere War Eagle went, he was a step behind Raven. He failed to catch Raven in emerald jungles far to the south, and again Raven eluded him on the icy slopes of a mountain in the north.*

Finally War Eagle caught Raven. Do you see that mountain out the window, beyond the hills, with the reddish peak? That is War Eagle Mountain, where Raven and War Eagle fought for seven days.

When their battle ended, Raven was victorious again. War Eagle lay dying on the mountaintop, and his blood created a stain that would never be removed. Raven wove a ritual to bind War Eagle's spirit to the rock, so he could never go on to live with his ancestors and the Great Spirit in the sky.

Long has he suffered. But he is there still. And he knows much.

## War Eagle Mountain

*Fear Level: 2*

It takes about a day to reach the mountain, and another one to scale its steep slopes. Have the players roll Climbing once. On a failure, the hero suffers a level of Fatigue from bumps and bruises during the climb.

When the posse reaches the summit, a successful Notice roll reveals the presence of a skull and bleached white bones embedded in the ice. Beneath the ice, the rocks have a distinctly reddish tinge. It seems Dull Knife's story was correct.

*You abruptly realize you're not alone. An Indian brave, dressed in ceremonial warrior's garb, stands among you, staring at you in wide-eyed outrage. His skull is split nearly in half. A stream of blood and brains runs down his chest, with maggots squirming in the gore.*

Call for Guts checks right away (at -2, since this represents the ghost's Terror Special Ability). Then the apparition fades from sight, and a disembodied voice cries out in the Shoshone language,



*Have you come to gloat over my failed deeds? To steal what little honor I have left? You will regret coming here!*

The shade begins Throwing large rocks at the heroes (Str+d6 damage), trying to drive them off, shouting insults and Taunts in the Shoshone language between volleys.

Any character who speaks Shoshone or another Indian dialect (or has the ability to do so) can communicate with War Eagle. Short of convincing the spirit to listen to reason, there's not much the heroes can do besides destroy it with magical attacks.

A successful Persuasion roll (-4) calms the shade, and any mention of being enemies of Raven and his ilk adds a +2 bonus to the roll. Tests of Will can also shake the spirit from his undying rage, but they don't gain any bonus for specific content (if the ghost is Shaken, he calms down and reassesses the visitors).



### War Eagle's Ghost

War Eagle's shade is tied to the top of the mountain that bears his name, and his anchor is his skeleton, still frozen in the summit ice.



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

**Skills:** Fighting d6, Guts d10, Intimidation d10, Notice d10, Stealth d12, Taunt d8, Throwing d12

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

### Special Abilities:

- **Anchor:** War Eagle's skull and bones bind him to the world of the living. War Eagle may not travel more than a mile from the anchor, though if it moves, the shade goes with it.
- **Chill o' the Grave:** War Eagle's ghost may make a touch attack that deals 2d6 nonlethal damage. Only magic armor protects against this damage.
- **Ethereal:** The creature is immaterial and cannot be harmed by normal weapons. Magic and magical items affect it normally.
- **Fear:** Anyone who sees War Eagle must make a Guts roll.
- **Invisible:** War Eagle is invisible, but can become visible at will (usually to cause Fear). Attacks against an invisible target—assuming someone even knows the spirit is present—are made at -6.
- **Nightmares:** Although War Eagle cannot affect its anchor directly, it can affect the dreams of all those within its "domain." This has the same effect as the Night Terrors Hindrance, and the range is anywhere on War Eagle mountain.
- **Terror:** War Eagle can reveal its most heinous form, forcing those who witness it to make a second Guts roll with a -2 modifier.
- **Weakness (Exorcism):** Exorcism releases War Eagle from its torment, and the shade can also be permanently laid to rest if a hero manages to destroy Raven and bring the remains here. (Good luck, amigo!)

## Mountaintop Pow-Wow

Assuming the posse gets War Eagle settled down and talking, the ghost reveals himself again and joins the group. He is particularly grateful for tobacco, and turns himself half-solid to partake of it (or at least pretend like he's partaking).

War Eagle doesn't know the precise location of the Old Glade, but he is a fount of knowledge about sasquatches, and other topics with mystic leanings. The spirit knows that Raven was somehow responsible for summoning spirits of eternal winter in the far north, and for releasing a terrible earth monster in the jungles of the south, as well as the Great Quake. The ghost can also relate any other clues, information, or hidden knowledge you'd like the posse to know, Marshal.

## WITCHES' BREW

### Location: Salem

Witchburg has seen its share of troubles recently. Run this tale when heroes with an eye for the occult come to Witchburg. Hucksters with Whateley blood flowing in their veins might find themselves especially motivated to confront their kin.

## The Story So Far

Barnabas Leslie, formerly of Salem, Massachusetts, was one of the original trustees of Salem, Oregon. In 1850, he named it after his birthplace, and ever since he's lent his name to many great works on the city's behalf. But he hides a dark secret—Leslie's grandmother on his mother's side was a Whateley by birth, and that feared bloodline has descended with the Leslies ever since.



In addition to his great works, Barnabas Leslie is a practitioner of the dark arts who leads a coven of witches. Many of Salem's townsfolk are cultists under cover of darkness, while maintaining perfectly normal lives during the day. They perform kidnappings, human sacrifices, and even more nefarious acts in blind servitude to their masters, the Whateley-Leslies.

Little do the cultists know, the ultimate goal of their rituals is the summoning of a real, live demon. Barnabas is convinced he can keep things from spinning out of control, as they did in Gomorra. Unless a determined bunch of heroes steps in to halt the coven, the people of Salem might find out whether Barnabas is right.

## The Setup

Every posse's going to chafe up against the Whateleys of Salem in a different way. They've got their fingers in so many

local enterprises, not to mention the coven, it's only a matter of time before the heroes start seeing evidence of witchy activities. Aside from any other encounters, you might also include a few odd, random events in and around Salem—weird strangers staring at the heroes, scarily precocious children, etc.

As mentioned earlier, hucksters of the Whateley bloodline are almost certain to recognize their kin in the Leslie's of Salem (see below). How they feel about their erstwhile family goes a long way in determining that reaction. Even if a huckster isn't of the bloodline, if he favors cheating—or just tends to win a lot—he'll soon run afoul of the Leslie's, as they own almost every gambling den in town.

If the posse stays in town any length of time, and it's out and about after dark, the heroes might see coven members on the move from afar...or run smack



into them! That frightened inn owner or bartender, so friendly the night before, might just up and vanish without a trace. If they make a big stink about anything they see, the heroes could end up the next targets of kidnapping and sacrifice.

Characters working as railroad agents, or serving the Agency or Texas Rangers, have plenty of motivation to wipe out the Whateleys. Nearly anyone would gladly help string up the town founder and his progeny, were they confronted with hard and fast evidence of his associations with the dark arts. Problem is, the authorities who could act against Barnabas—the mayor, marshal, and his deputies—are all brainwashed, bloodthirsty members of the coven.

### A Moment o' Your Time

When the heroes start asking around about what's troubling Salem, have them make Streetwise rolls. On a failure, the questioners come to the attention of the Portland coven, and that means Barnabas Whateley-Leslie is soon aware of them and their prying. On a success, the heroes are told of one Asahel Bush, a local businessman, publisher, and explorer. With a raise, the cowpokes meet an hombre who can put them in direct contact with Mr. Bush.

Asahel Bush is a pillar of Salem's community, an accomplished author and editor, and longtime member of the Explorer's Society (and the Twilight Legion too). Getting a meeting with him is automatically successful if the earlier Streetwise roll resulted in a raise—that was one powerful well-placed contact.

Otherwise, it takes a successful Persuasion roll (-2) for a character to convince Mr. Bush's underlings of the importance of her request. Multiple attempts are possible, but no more than once per day, and every try after the first suffers

a cumulative -1 penalty. The Bush staff gets tired of the heroes' attempts real quick.

When the posse finally goes to visit Asahel Bush, they are treated to a meal unlike anything they've had in years. Truly sumptuous. It more than makes up for any trouble the posse had in setting up the meeting. Bush is a worldly and well-spoken fellow who makes stimulating dinner company, to say the very least.

### Witches' Tale

Over after-dinner cognacs and cigars, Asahel Bush tells the posse a story:

*Barnabas Leslie, originally of Salem, Massachusetts, is one of the original trustees of Salem, Oregon. Back in 1850, he chose to name it after his birthplace, and ever since he's lent his name to many great works on the city's behalf.*

*But...I am a suspicious man, I suppose. Something about Mr. Leslie's demeanor and bearing has never rung quite true with me. There's a certain coldness about him. When he thinks no one is looking, he sometimes stares off into the distance with the most frightful expression...*



*But I digress. Being suspicious—and thorough—I did a little research into Leslie and his family. That's when I found something truly chilling in his genealogy—Leslie's maternal grandmother was named Sophronia Whateley-Leslie. As you can imagine, I nearly swallowed my cigar.*

*Everything fell into place. Years of disappearances. Strange people lurking at the edges of town. Various "accidents" out at the Leslie Estate, including the death of Barnabas Leslie's wife, Lucinda.*

*I tell you, the Leslies are the witches that give Salem its disgusting nickname. We need to see them dealt with, in an expedient manner. Whatever you need to achieve this—as long as it's within my means—is yours.*

Bush provides whatever aid he can to the posse while they're in Oregon. He is a man of means, so can fulfill almost any material request they make, within reason. It's up to you to decide exactly what's "within reason," Marshal, so feel free to shoot down requests for auto-gyros, Gatling guns, or automaton armies.

## The Leslie Estate

*Fear Level: 4*

North of town is the Leslie Estate, a sprawling mansion on grounds covering 30 acres of rolling land. Leslie employs a number of bloodthirsty outlaws to guard the grounds. They're always about, but at night they're considered Inactive guards.

- **Guards (8):** Use Outlaw stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

The mansion is large and richly appointed, as one would expect. Its cellars and backrooms contain the sorts of grotesque horrors and incredible cruelty one would also expect from a despicable coven of witches and branch

of the Whateley family. We won't get into the details of the depravity, Marshal, but you're welcome to, if you think it'll give your players a scare.

The mansion is populated by Barnabas Leslie and the twisted kin he's been hiding all these years. Once the posse enters their den of horror, the baddies have the advantage. They know every nook and cranny of the old house, and use secret passages to ambush their foes. It takes a Notice roll (-2) for heroes to find a concealed passage.

On the night of a coven gathering, anywhere between 13 and 24 cultists are on hand to perform various blasphemous rituals to the dark lords. They're found in the coven's holy chambers in the cellar.

- **Cultists (12+1d12):** Use stats in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*.

Although it's more the action of anti-heroes, a ruthless posse might light the mansion on fire and shoot the witches when they run out. Again, it ain't strictly heroic, but it gets the job done.

If the heroes explore the Leslie Mansion, they find a mysterious locked room in the upper story of the east wing. The inside is large; it needs to be to handle the enormous size of Timotheus, Barnabas Leslie's youngest son (see below). He bursts free and attacks anyone who gets in his way if the door is opened. If the mansion is torched, Timotheus breaks out of the blazing building and flees into the woods.



### Barnabas Whateley-Leslie

Barnabas Leslie is still well-respected by most of the community, which knows nothing of his infernal activities. He's a slight, thin man with a sallow complexion. He has a nervous demeanor, and a disquieting laugh.

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



## DEADLANDS TRAIL GUIDES

**Skills:** Fighting d6, Guts d4, Intimidation d8, Notice d8, Shooting d6, Spellcasting d10, Stealth d6, Taunt d8

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

**Hindrances:** Bloodthirsty (Major), Delusion (Major, believes he's Satan's son)

**Edges:** Arcane Background (Black Magic), Power Points, Whateley Blood

**Powers:** *Beast friend, bolt, boost/lower trait, fear, mind rider, puppet.* **Power Points:** 20

**Gear:** Colt Navy .36 (12/24/48, 2d6, RoF 1, Shots 6, AP 1), ritual dagger (Str+d4), pentagram necklace.

### Fidelia Whateley-Leslie

The daughter of Barnabas Leslie has an uncanny allure that clouds men's minds. It's actually the animal pull of her Whateley blood. She's used it to put

many an hombre on the sacrificial altar, and she might just pretend to be an unwilling prisoner named "Muhulda" to gain the sympathy of any male heroes.

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

**Skills:** Guts d6, Notice d8, Shooting d6, Spellcasting d8, Stealth d8, Taunt d8

**Charisma:** +4; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 2; **Toughness:** 5

**Hindrances:** Greedy (Minor), Loyal (to her father)

**Edges:** Arcane Background (Black Magic), Attractive, Whateley Blood (Exotic)

**Powers:** *Dispel, fly, stun.* **Power Points:** 10

**Gear:** Ritual dagger (Str+d4), Derringer .41 (5/10/20, 2d6, RoF 1, Shots 2, AP 1), pentagram necklace.



### Horam Whateley-Leslie

Horam is Barnabas Leslie's pride and joy. You've got to admit he's tall, regal, athletic, and handsome. The patriarch is blind to the fact that most people are a little repulsed by Horam's cold-fish attitude, clammy handshake, and shark-dead gaze.

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

**Skills:** Climbing d8, Fighting d8, Guts d4, Intimidation d8, Notice d6, Shooting d8, Spellcasting d8, Stealth d8, Swimming d8

**Charisma:** -4; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 7;

**Toughness:** 7

**Hindrances:** Mean, Overconfident

**Edges:** Ambidextrous, Arcane Background (Black Magic), Block, First Strike, Nerves of Steel, Two-Fisted, Whateley Blood

**Powers:** *Armor, boost/lower trait, smite.*

**Power Points:** 10

**Gear:** Colt Lightning .38 (12/24/48, 2d6, RoF 1, Shots 6, AP 1), tomahawk (Str+d6), knife (Str+d4).

### Timotheus Whateley

Timotheus was a brilliant young lad, precocious and creative. He was a sponge for knowledge, making his father and mother proud. But when he turned 12, he started to change. First it was his eyes—purple-pupiled eyes opening all over the boy's body, that he could see through! Then his skin turned a sallow, greenish-gray color, and his limbs turned into thin tentacles, soon to be joined by hundreds more. The boy seemed to lose all trace of his previous intelligence while he grew as big as a bear, and bigger. Mortified, Barnabas killed his wife and made it look like an accident, feeding the remains to Timotheus. Then his other children helped him imprison Tim upstairs, where he's fed a cow every few weeks and otherwise ignored.

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

**Skills:** Fighting d10, Guts d8, Notice d4

**Pace:** 8; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 14

**Special Abilities:**

- **Fear -2:** Seeing Timotheus' unnatural form provokes a Guts check (-2).
- **Hardy:** Additional Shaken results don't cause a wound on Timotheus.
- **Large:** Foes receive a +2 bonus to attack Timotheus.
- **Size +5:** Timotheus is a massive pile of flesh and tentacles as big as a full-grown grizzly.
- **Tentacles:** Str+d6. Timotheus can attack all adjacent enemies with his many tentacles, without a multi-action penalty. He can attack each foe only once per round.



# Encounters

The Great Northwest is home to some of the most ferocious and terrifying varmints in the Weird West. A few of the following critters are reprinted from other *Deadlands* books for your convenience, and a few appear here for the first time.

The old truism about horror movies applies equally to role-playing games, Marshal—the monster stops being scary as soon as the audience gets a good look at it. When your tale revolves around an abomination, try to keep it out of sight as long as you can. If the players are uncertain of the exact threat their heroes face, they're far more likely to feel some real anxiety. Eventually, you can let the spring-loaded cat out of the bag, but until then keep 'em guessing.

## CREEPY CRITTERS

### Chinese Ogre

In the bureaucracy of Chinese Hell, greater demons jockey for power and influence in an eternal, byzantine game of murder and lies. The pawns in this battle are the ogres—the foot soldiers, grunts, and enforcers of the underworld.

Ogres are massive creatures with bizarre facial features, including hair that's usually green, red, or blue. Their skin is most often deathly white, but might be some other bright color. Most of them have eyes on their foreheads; for some ogres, that single eye is their

only eye. They have large mouths full of sharp teeth.

**Attributes:** Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d12+2, Vigor d12

**Skills:** Fighting d8, Intimidation d8, Notice d4, Throwing d6

**Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 11

**Gear:** Massive pole-arm (Str+d8, Reach 1)

#### Special Abilities:

- **Fear:** Chinese ogres are profoundly strange and otherworldly beings, causing Guts checks for those who see them.
- **Size +3:** Chinese ogres stand eight to 12 feet tall, with round pot-bellies and slabs of muscle on their massive limbs.
- **Sweep:** Chinese ogres may attack all adjacent foes at -2.



### Chinese Ogre Sorcerer

Some ogres are crafty enough to remain free—and smart enough to practice the black arts—and these jealously guard their independence. These terrors are every bit as tough as your typical Chinese ogre, but they're crafty as rattlesnakes and wield infernal magic to boot.

**Attributes:** Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d12+2, Vigor d12

**Skills:** Fighting d8, Intimidation d8, Notice d4, Spellcasting d8, Throwing d6

**Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 11

**Gear:** Massive sword (Str+d8)

**Special Abilities:**

- **Black Magic:** An ogre sorcerer has 15 Power Points, and knows the *bolt*, *boost/lower trait*, *invisibility*, and *smite* powers.
- **Fear:** Chinese ogres are profoundly strange and terrifying, causing Guts checks for those who see them.
- **Size +3:** Chinese ogres stand eight to twelve feet tall, with round pot-bellies and slabs of muscle on their massive limbs.
- **Sweep:** Chinese ogres may attack all adjacent foes at -2.

**Faminite**

When the ship that carried the Hunger Spirit over from China dashed itself upon the rocky shore of shattered California, it didn't take long for a bunch of prospectors to find the wreck and get themselves infected by the spirit's touch. The victims staggered away into a nearby mining camp, and an evil plague began to spread.

The victims of the plague become "faminites." These piteous creations eat anything. They will eat human flesh, but most prefer regular food if given a choice. Unfortunately, no matter how much they wolf down, their hunger is sated for only a very short while. Under no circumstances will faminites eat another of their kind, though they'll chow down on someone they've infected (before that person becomes a full faminite).

Faminites are at least partially under the control of the Hunger Spirit, but the spirit rarely exercises any outright control. The mayhem and chaos faminites cause on their own seems to suit it just fine.

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

**Skills:** Fighting d6, Notice d4, Shooting d6, Stealth d6

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

**Gear:** Most have clubs (Str+d4), but a few carry firearms.

**Special Abilities:**

- **Bite:** Str+d4.
- **Claws:** Str+d6.
- **Fear:** The very unsettling sight of a faminite causes a Guts check.
- **Infection:** Anyone so much as nicked (Shaken or wounded by bite or claw) by a faminite joins their ranks in 24 hours. Wild Cards can avoid this fate with a successful Vigor roll (-2), but Extras are doomed to become faminites. During this time, the victim becomes increasingly hungry and thin. Her fingernails lengthen and turn into sharp, infectious claws. Only death, or the miracle *greater healing* can stop the disease's progress. If the blessed laying on hands fails the roll, she has to make her own Vigor roll (-2) or become infected as well.
- **Size -1:** Faminites are much thinner than your average Joe.
- **Weakness (Evil Taint):** Faminites cannot enter an area that's been properly sanctified.

**Sasquatch**

Sasquatch generally range between seven and eight feet tall, and are covered with thick fur coats. Otherwise, they closely resemble primitive humans.

**Attributes:** Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Strength d12+1, Vigor d12

**Skills:** Climbing d8, Fighting d8, Guts d10, Healing d6, Intimidation d8, Knowledge

**(Cascades) d12, Notice d10, Stealth d10, Survival d8, Swimming d8, Throwing d6, Tracking d10**

**Pace:** 8; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 9

**Gear:** Sasquatches sometimes use sharp sticks (Str+d4, Reach 1, Parry +1) to



## DEADLANDS TRAIL GUIDES

catch fish (or defend themselves), and can hurl large stones in a pinch (3/6/12, 2d6).

### Special Abilities:

- **Size +1:** They're called "bigfoots" for a reason.

### Sasquatch Shaman

Sasquatch shamans tend to be older (and wiser) than their kin. They have dealings with primal spirits of nature, and understand an inkling of the sasquatches' place in the Reckoning, and their role in fighting the Reckoners. They closely resemble other sasquatches, except they wear fetish items, necklaces, and other ceremonial objects.

**Attributes:** Agility d8, Smarts d10, Spirit d12, Strength d12+1, Vigor d12

**Skills:** Climbing d8, Fighting d8, Guts d10, Healing d6, Intimidation d8, Knowledge (Cascades) d12, Notice d10, Persuasion d8, Stealth d10, Survival d8, Swimming d8, Throwing d6, Tracking d10, Tribal Medicine d12

**Pace:** 8; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 9

**Gear:** Sasquatches sometimes use sharp sticks (Str+d4, Reach 1, Parry +1) to catch fish (or defend themselves), and can hurl large stones in a pinch (3/6/12, 2d6).

### Special Abilities:

- **Shamanism:** A sasquatch shaman has 15 Power Points, and knows the *beast friend*, *entangle*, and *wilderness walk* powers.
- **Size +1:** Shamans are just as large as any other sasquatch.

### Tacoma Creeper

Tacoma creepers look like vaguely human-shaped piles of muck, festooned with algae, marsh grass, and aquatic vines. They ooze and slouch along in search of prey, long tongues squirming

in the air. Creepers are found nowhere else but the Tacoma tide flats...for now.

**Attributes:** Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d12, Vigor d10

**Skills:** Fighting d8, Guts d6, Notice d6, Persuasion d8

**Pace:** 4; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 7

### Special Abilities:

- **Claws:** Str+d6.
- **Fear:** The sight of a creeper forces a Guts check.
- **Drowning:** After a creeper succeeds on a standard Grapple attack, it attempts to drag an hombre down into the mud on its next action, with a successful opposed Strength roll. Victims dragged into the mud in this manner are subject to the rules for Drowning, and thereafter suffer a -2 penalty on attempts to get free of the grapple. The victim cannot get to oxygen until he breaks the grapple.
- **Mimic:** The creeper can lure prey close with its uncanny mimic ability. Roll Persuasion for the creeper. In its compelling tone, each person hears what they most want to hear. A cowpoke that beats the creeper's Persuasion with a Notice roll recognizes that something isn't quite right.



### Wendigo

Winters can be tough in the northwestern reaches of America. The cold is so savage, it can drive men and women to resort to the unthinkable to survive: cannibalism. There is a price to be paid for the feast, however, and it's a high one.

Wendigos are the twisted spirits of those who consumed their fellows to survive. Their eerie howls can be heard in just about any cold climate, particularly in the Cascade Mountains. They might also appear in more southern areas

during harsh winters, but return north as it grows warmer.

Wendigos crave one simple thing: human flesh to feed their gnawing hunger.

**Attributes:** Agility d10, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d12+2, Vigor d12

**Skills:** Climbing d12, Fighting d12, Intimidation d12, Notice d10, Swimming d10, Stealth d10, Throwing d10, Tracking d10

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

**Special Abilities:**

- **Claws:** Str+d6.
- **Fear (-1):** Anyone encountering a wendigo must make a Guts roll (-1).
- **Fearless:** Wendigos are immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- **Immunity (Cold):** Wendigos are immune to cold and cold-based attacks or effects.
- **Night Vision:** A wendigo can see in all but complete darkness as if daylight.
- **Weakness (Hot Tallow):** A wendigo is instantly killed if someone manages to pour hot tallow down its throat. Good luck with that one, hombre.
- **Coup:** A Harrowed who feasts on a wendigo's essence gains immunity to cold and cold-based attacks.



### Flying Wendigo

A rare few wendigos even have wings. These abominations swoop down from the sky and drag their victims into the frigid air. Once they have done so, they fly at such extreme speeds that the victim literally begins to burn up from the friction. Flying wendigos prey on misers who hoard their food from their companions, forcing them to starve to death during harsh winters...and become flying wendigos.



This kind of wendigo is white and has two huge wings in place of its arms. Its legs are lanky but strong and end in two terrible talons. Its head is that of a regular wendigo, though its teeth are longer and more jagged.

**Attributes:** Agility d10, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d12+2, Vigor d12

**Skills:** Climbing d12, Fighting d12, Intimidation d12, Notice d10, Stealth d10, Swimming d10, Throwing d10, Tracking d10

**Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 8

**Special Abilities:**

- **Claws:** Str+d6.



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- **Fear (-1):** Anyone encountering a white wendigo must make a Guts roll at -1.
- **Fearless:** Wendigos are immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- **Flight:** Pace 30.
- **Grapple:** Flying wendigos kill by grasping their victims from above and then dragging them through the wintry air at incredible speeds. With a raise on a Fighting roll, the wendigo grapples and picks up a man-sized character, in addition to dealing claw damage.
- **Immunity (Cold):** Wendigos are immune to cold and cold-based attacks or effects.
- **Night Vision:** A wendigo can see in all but complete darkness as though it were daylight.
- **Wind Burn:** Once the prey is airborne, he begins to literally burn up. He must make a Vigor roll (-2) each round or suffer a Wound, until he dies or breaks free of the grapple. Note that the wendigo doesn't actually move this fast—it's purely a supernatural effect. Breaking free can be painful—a cowpoke takes 6d6 damage when he hits the ground from 60 feet up. Still, it's better than dying from a friction burn.
- **Weakness (Hot Tallow):** A wendigo is instantly killed if someone manages to pour hot tallow down its throat.
- **Coup:** Flying wendigos grant Harrowed souls the ability to levitate a few feet off the ground. For each 3 rounds the Harrowed performs this feat, he must make a Vigor roll or suffer a level of Fatigue lasting 1d6 hours.



### White Wendigo

Folks who eat the flesh of close friends or relatives become white wen-

digos. These creatures are even bigger and meaner than the black variety.

**Attributes:** Agility d10, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d12+4, Vigor d12+2

**Skills:** Climbing d12, Fighting d12, Intimidation d12, Notice d10, Stealth d10, Swimming d10, Throwing d10, Tracking d10

**Pace:** 8; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 11 (2)

### Special Abilities:

- **Armor +2:** The thick hide of the white wendigo protects it from harm.
- **Claws:** Str+d6.
- **Fear (-2):** Anyone encountering a white wendigo must make a Guts roll at -2.
- **Fearless:** Wendigos are immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- **Immunity (Cold):** Wendigos are immune to cold and cold-based attacks or effects.
- **Night Vision:** A wendigo can see in all but complete darkness as though it were daylight.
- **Weakness (Hot Tallow):** A wendigo is instantly killed if someone manages to pour hot tallow down its throat.
- **Coup:** A Harrowed who sups on a white wendigo's essence gains the Stitchin' Edge. If he already has the Edge, he gains the Improved version, and if he already has that he adds +1 to his natural healing rolls.

## Wolfling

Indian tribes of the Cascade Mountains tell of the wolflings, predatory half-man, half-wolf beasts with pure white coats. These feral creatures live in the lost valleys of the Cascade Range and venture out only to prey upon mankind. The wolflings have honed their pack hunting tactics to a fine, bloody point.

These pack creatures differ from werewolves in that they do not change



from human to animal form. They remain savage beasts regardless of the phase of the moon.

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

**Skills:** Climbing d10, Fighting d10, Guts d10, Intimidation d8, Notice d10, Stealth d12,

**Survival d8, Swimming d10, Tracking d12**

**Pace:** 10; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 6

**Special Abilities:**

- **Bite:** Str+d6.
- **Go for the Throat:** Like wolves, wolflings instinctively go for an opponent's soft spots. With a raise on its attack roll, a wolfling hits its target's least-armored location.
- **Improved Frenzy:** The wolfling may make two Fighting attacks each round at no penalty.

- **Pack Tactics:** Wolflings gain a damage bonus on their attack roll equal to their gang-up bonus.

## HUMANS

A lot of the most common Weird Western archetypes are covered in the *Deadlands Marshal's Handbook*, but here's a pretty important one we overlooked until now.

### Cowboy

The cowboy is the quintessential symbol of the American West. Even though the West is weirder than it has ever been, cowboys still ride the range and drive their cattle to market. The typical cowtown is full of cowboys blowing off steam.

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



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**Skills:** Fighting d8, Gambling d4, Guts d6, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (Lassos) d8, Notice d6, Riding d10, Shooting d6, Survival d4, Taunt d6, Throwing d6, Tracking d4

**Charisma:** 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6;

**Toughness:** 6

**Hindrances:** Poverty, Quirk

**Edges:** Steady Hands

**Gear:** Double-action Colt Peacemaker (12/24/48, 2d6+1, RoF 1, Shots 6, AP 1), 20 extra rounds, lariat (Parry -1, Reach +2, Can be used to perform an Agility Trick using the wielder's Fighting skill. Success means the opponent suffers -2 Parry until his next action. With a raise the opponent falls prone, suffers -2 Parry, and is Shaken), horse, chaps, saddle.

### Cowboy, Veteran

Some old salts have been working the open range for years, and they've got the experience to prove it.

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

**Skills:** Fighting d10, Gambling d6, Guts d6, Intimidation d8, Notice d8, Riding d10, Shooting d8, Survival d6, Taunt d6, Throwing d8, Tracking d6

**Charisma:** 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 7;

**Toughness:** 6

**Hindrances:** Poverty, Quirk

**Edges:** Nerves of Steel, Steady Hands, True Grit, Wilderness Man

**Gear:** Double-action Colt Peacemaker (12/24/48, 2d6+1, RoF 1, Shots 6, AP 1), 20 extra rounds, lariat (Parry -1, Reach +2, Can be used to perform an Agility Trick using the wielder's Fighting skill. Success means the opponent suffers -2 Parry until his next action. With a raise the opponent falls prone, suffers -2 Parry, and is Shaken), horse, chaps, saddle.

