



# THE SIXTH GUN

FRACTURED FRONTIERS  
A SAVAGE TALES OF DEADLANDS  
AND THE SIXTH GUN





# THE SIXTH GUN

Fractured Frontiers By Scott A. Woodard.  
Based on *The Sixth Gun*, by Cullen Bunn & Brian Hurtt.  
For use with The Sixth Gun Roleplaying Game™

"This is Not the Old West as We Know It!"

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# Fractured Frontiers: A Savage Tale of Deadlands and The Sixth Gun

*"Let your soul stand cool and composed  
before a million universes."*

- Walt Whitman

The year is 1887, and the history is... just one of many!

Welcome to the Weird West, pardner! A wild world of card-wielding sorcerous hucksters, ghost rock manipulating mad scientists, and six legendary weapons that, if combined, can rewrite the fabric of reality itself!

Confused? Well don't be. Y'see, in the universe of *The Sixth Gun*, the world is malleable and can be recreated through the power of six powerful artifacts. This means since the weapons were birthed, innumerable variations of reality have been unleashed upon this vale. On at least one occasion, the Six assumed the form of longswords and fire-breathing dragons wheeled in the skies above while magic was woven in the hands of wizards. In another time, with the Six appearing as vicious-looking lances, Earth was plagued by beasts of nightmare and the rivers ran red with the blood of the innocent. In yet another reality, the Six took the surprising form of peace pipes and tranquility at the hands of native architects reigned supreme.

Now, the world we all know resembles that of the late 19th century. The Civil War has ended, railways are cutting their way across the United States, and the battle for reality itself is being fought by forces seeking to obtain the Six Guns. However, just three steps to the left, another world resembling the late 1800s also exists. In that universe, America remains firmly divided. A powerful ore known as ghost rock, discovered in 1868, has been exploited by truly mad scientists to revolutionize both industry and warfare. Magic-wielding hucksters make sinister deals with manitous. And the Reckoners, evil, manipulative gods, strive to transform the landscape into a fear-saturated version of the Deadlands: the horrifying realm from which they operate within the Hunting Grounds.

In this adventure, mysterious forces have shredded the veil between worlds, allowing elements and abominations from both sides to cross over. It is up to the heroes to mend these fractured frontiers and restore order to chaos!

## Viene la Tormenta

Normally New England is beautiful this time of year: the falling leaves, the colors, the smell of wood smoke, and the cooler air after the long, hot summer. Today, though, something is amiss. Unseasonably warm temperatures have rolled in with the rising sun, and the sky has grown dark. Bolts of green lightning appear to fracture the firmament and claps of thunder, like booming laughter, echo through the surrounding forest.

A few superstitious locals point their fingers at the nearby Micmac burial ground. The one the town has slowly been encroaching on and threatening to cross with an expanding rail line.

A piercing roar of thunder spooks a flock of nesting ravens from the rooftops above and an object spins out of the sky and slams into the street kicking up earth and debris and leaving a crater five feet across. At the heart of the crater sits a crystalline object emitting a faint red glow. Raindrops striking the object hiss and transform into small puffs of steam.

Once the object has cooled to the touch (a few hours), it can be removed from the pit and examined. It appears to be half of a large, selenite crystal disc that would, if whole, be roughly two feet in diameter. Surrounded by concentric rings filled with a variety of unusual etchings (including surprising illustrations of six-guns and snakes), is the unmistakable image of a desert mesa (or at least half a mesa). Anyone with Knowledge (Occult) can pick out certain arcane symbols that translate to "crossroads" and "burial ground" (a possible reference to the nearby Micmac burial ground) as well as "glass" and "mountain" (specifically referencing the broken illustration at the heart of the disc). Those hailing from Oklahoma (or any of its adjacent states) may make a



Common Knowledge roll and recall a range of hills referred to as the Glass Mountains in northwestern Oklahoma, but this range lies roughly 2,000 miles from their current location.

## A Curse of Course

The Micmac burial grounds are situated in a circular clearing in the nearby woods. Successful Notice rolls spot several ravens watching silently from the surrounding trees. Near the center of the clearing are a Micmac man and a woman crouching beside a figure lying on a travois attached to a horse. If approached, the man rises and greets the posse. With tears streaming from his eyes, he speaks in broken English.

*"Greetings strangers. I am Luntook. This is my wife, and that is my son Kinap. Can you help us? Our boy has been cursed. We brought him to this sacred place to seek aid from our ancestors."*

Examination of the boy finds he is ghostly white and his breathing labored. Those with Knowledge (Medicine) are unable to determine the cause of his affliction. Upon the left half of his face, scratched into his flesh, are runes matching those from the disc. If they ask Luntook about them, they are told they manifested during the night. His left eye has also gone pale, the retina now resembling the strange crystal disc. If the heroes bring the disc near Kinap, he awakens and speaks wildly in his native tongue. Luntook can translate if none of

the heroes speak Micmac. He begs the posse to take him with them to reunite him with his "sister." Luntook informs the posse Kinap had a twin sister, but she was stillborn.

Successful Notice (hearing) rolls detect the muffled sound of voices repeating something over and over again as if chanting. A raise on this roll determines the voices are coming from beneath their feet! Suddenly the ground erupts and desiccated corpses begin crawling out of their graves. All of the creatures are chanting the word: "mchekakaakoo" ("raven" in the Micmac tongue).

- **Shamblers (2 per hero):** Use the Shambler stats in *The Sixth Gun*.
- **Luntook & His Wife:** Use stats for Common Folk from *The Sixth Gun*. They are both armed with knives (Str+d4).

## A Road to Nowhere

Once the Shamblers are defeated (or if things are going particularly badly for the heroes), an odd-looking figure appears behind the posse. Those with Knowledge (Spirit Realm) or Knowledge (Occult) are able to identify the man as Kalfu, a notorious crossroads demon. He sports a tattered brown suit and matching top hat.

*"I am hungry and thirsty, mes amis, and you seek to put right what has been wronged. Only this way does your destiny lie, but you must hurry!"*

Kalfu indicates a circular portal of swirling darkness framed by intertwined branches. From within the opening issues hot, sage-scented desert winds. A single tumbleweed rolls out and stops at the heroes' feet. Those able to identify Kalfu (possibly with a successful Knowledge (Occult) roll) understand that gifts must be presented in order to proceed into the crossroads. Unless the posse routinely carries gunpowder-infused rum or rotten eggs, Luntook (if he survived the battle with the undead) presents them with the appropriate offerings having brought them in case they were needed to help save his son. Luntook agrees to present the items to the heroes provided they bring Kinap along. He offers his horse and the attached travois.

Kalfu accepts the gifts and wishes the posse good luck as they enter. Light from their world soon fades and blackness beckons. They move through complete darkness, feeling their way along, until they eventually exit into light, but find themselves standing on a rocky outcropping in the heart of an arid desert. Overhead, the sky is a tumultuous tapestry of boiling red clouds





illuminated by flashes of lightning. A few miles away stands a mesa with a glistening top. Suddenly an arc of electricity extends from the disc striking the distant peak with a deafening roar. Kinap awakens and miraculously climbs from the sleigh to stand alongside the heroes. He points at the mesa and speaks without accent in a language understandable by all.

*"We are standing in a gap between worlds. To heal this wound, we must journey to the Glass Mountain. There my sister waits for me."*

Kinap insists on walking from this point on and even offers to lead the group.

### Kinap

Kinap is a Micmac boy who appears to be about 8 years old. He has strange scarring across the left side of his face mirroring the writing on the crystal fragment, and a single eye that glisters like a shard of gypsum.

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

**Skills:** Climbing d6, Fighting d6, Knowledge (Spirit Realm) d6, Notice d6, Persuasion d6

**Cha:** 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 5

**Hindrances:** Anemic, Young

**Edges:** Brave

**Gear:** Knife (Str+d4)

Notice rolls spy a bevy of unfamiliar beasts including a colony of shrieking Devil Bats (human-sized bat creatures) swooping through the blood red sky, a rolling pack of Tumblebleeds (voracious predators resembling tumbleweeds) overcoming a group of fleeing skinwalkers, and a Walkin' Fossil (an animated dinosaur skeleton) lumbering away with thunderous steps that shake the earth. The heroes are clearly not in New England anymore! These various creatures pay the posse no mind and they are free to continue along the path to the Glass Mountain.

At the base of the mesa, the heroes find a dead pack mule lashed to a boulder. It appears to have perished from dehydration and starvation. The bags upon its back contain trail rations, clothes, rope, and various items normally associated with prospecting.

The lower half of the mesa is an easy climb, but the latter half does require the group to make two Climbing rolls. Use of the rope and some of the other items recovered from the mule (picks, hammers, chisels, etc.) grants +2 to these rolls. During the ascent, the posse is suddenly attacked by strange, unnatural hissing creatures known as wall crawlers.

• **Wall Crawlers (1, plus 1 per hero):** See below.

## Wall Crawlers

Wall crawlers are predators that hang on the shadowy sides of mesa, waiting for unsuspecting travelers to pass below. Before they strike, wall crawlers are almost totally silent. When fighting, they emit an evil hissing sound that sounds almost like a riled serpent.

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

**Skills:** Fighting d10, Intimidation d10, Notice d8, Stealth d12

**Pace:** 10; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 8 (2)

**Special Abilities:**

- **Armor +2:** Wall crawlers have thick, spiny hides
- **Bite:** Str+d8
- **Charge:** Wall crawlers charge on their first round of attack, gaining +2 to hit and damage as they scramble down from their high perches
- **Fleet-Footed:** Wall crawlers have a d10 running die.
- **Quick:** Wall crawlers discard Action Cards of 5 or lower.
- **Wall Crawling:** Wall crawlers can move over any moderately rough vertical surface at their normal Pace, and can even move along overhangs at half Pace.

When they reach the top of the mesa, they spy another group of figures approaching from ahead. The other party is made up of the same number of people as there are in the posse: icons from the *Deadlands* universe such as a Harrowed, a mad scientist, and a shaman. (The Tombstone Seven, available at [www.peginc.com](http://www.peginc.com), are a nice shortcut here, Gun Master!) The group of strangers also appears to be carrying the other half of the crystal disc.

In place of Kinap, there is a young native girl. Closer examination reveals the right side of her face is encrusted with the same strange runes (versus Kinap's left), however both groups soon discover a curtain of invisible energy hangs between them. Touching this barrier requires a Vigor roll or the individual is Shaken and falls prone. The barrier cannot be penetrated or crossed.

The characters are free to communicate with one another.

At the center of the gypsum-capped mesa, bisected by the mystical barrier, stands a crystal plinth carved out of the same material as the disc. Lying across this pedestal are the blasted remains of a man gripping a hammer and chisel in his hands. All signs point to the man being the owner of the dead mule below.



The disc was shattered by greed. Nothing more. When the prospector attempted to break the disc free from the plinth, it blew apart sending each half spinning away into parallel realities.

Now, the two halves must be restored in order to repair the damage. As both groups move to replace the disc, Notice rolls reveal a figure falling from the sky above. He lands upon the plinth with a heavy thud. At first glance, the figure appears to be a middle-aged native, however closer examination reveals he is made up of two distinct halves. He straddles the strange barrier of energy and it divides him straight down the middle. When one side moves, it is precisely mirrored on the opposite side. He addresses the two groups with an echoing and strangely harmonized voice.

*"You will leave this place! These two worlds must be allowed to become one!"*

Kinap and the young girl speak in unison.

*"It is the two faced one! Do not listen to him. Restore the disc! Now!"*

While the Two Faced One is only able to move along the barrier between worlds, he does possess powers that allow him to summon allies to his defense.

### The Two Faced One

The legend of the Two Faced One is known by numerous tribes across the frontier and his names and powers are many, but the being now standing before the heroes is not actually that malevolent creature. This monstrosity is the result of the bonding of two fanatical shamans from two distinct realities. In one world, he is "Eater of Dreams;" In another, he is "Shadow Elk." Now trapped upon the barrier between worlds, he acts as a guardian to ensure the restorative disc is never returned in order for the two realities to fully unify.

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

**Skills:** Fighting d8, Intimidation d10, Knowledge (Occult) d10, Notice d8, Persuasion d10, Tribal Medicine d12+1

**Cha:** -4; **Pace:** -; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 7

**Hindrances:** Mean, One Arm, Short Temper, Ugly

**Edges:** Arcane Background (Shamanism), Hard to Kill, Level Headed, New Powers, Power Points, Professional (Tribal Medicine)

**Powers:** *Armor, boost/lower Trait, elemental manipulation, entangle, fear, summon ally;*

**Power Points:** 25

**Special Abilities:**

- **Flight:** The Two Faced One can zip up and along the reality curtain with a Flying Pace of 16" and a Climb of 4.

The Two Faced One's *summon ally* power creates armed warriors from the earth of the mesa (use the stats for husks from *The Sixth Gun*, adding a Str+d6 weapon made from the gypsum/selenite crystal shards on the mesa top). He can summon one warrior for 3 PPs plus one for each +1 PP up to five maximum for 7 PPs.

Whatever events the heroes perform or experience are mirrored on the other side of the barrier by their *Deadlands* counterparts throughout the battle. If the posse damages The Two Faced One, the group on the other side does as well, and if on their side The Two Faced One casts a spell against them, the other side casts the same spell against the *Deadlands* heroes. These effects are purely cosmetic and have no impact on running the combat, Gun Master.

When the heroes place the disc fragment, a representative from the *Deadlands* group does the same. The two halves fuse with a flash of intense blue-white light like that of an arc welder and there is a massive explosion!

*The impact knocks you all back and off the mesa and you're blinded by the flash and deafened by the roar of the blast. Your senses are overwhelmed and you feel yourselves falling... falling...*

### Back to Reality

...New England is beautiful this time of year: the falling leaves, the colors, the smell of wood smoke, and the cooler air after the long, hot summer. A single raven leaps from a nearby branch, flies in a circle overhead and then glides away into the nearby forest.

The sound of children laughing can be heard and a Micmac man, his wife, and their young son and daughter move through the center of town on their way home. The two children glance back at the heroes revealing pale, crystalline eyes.