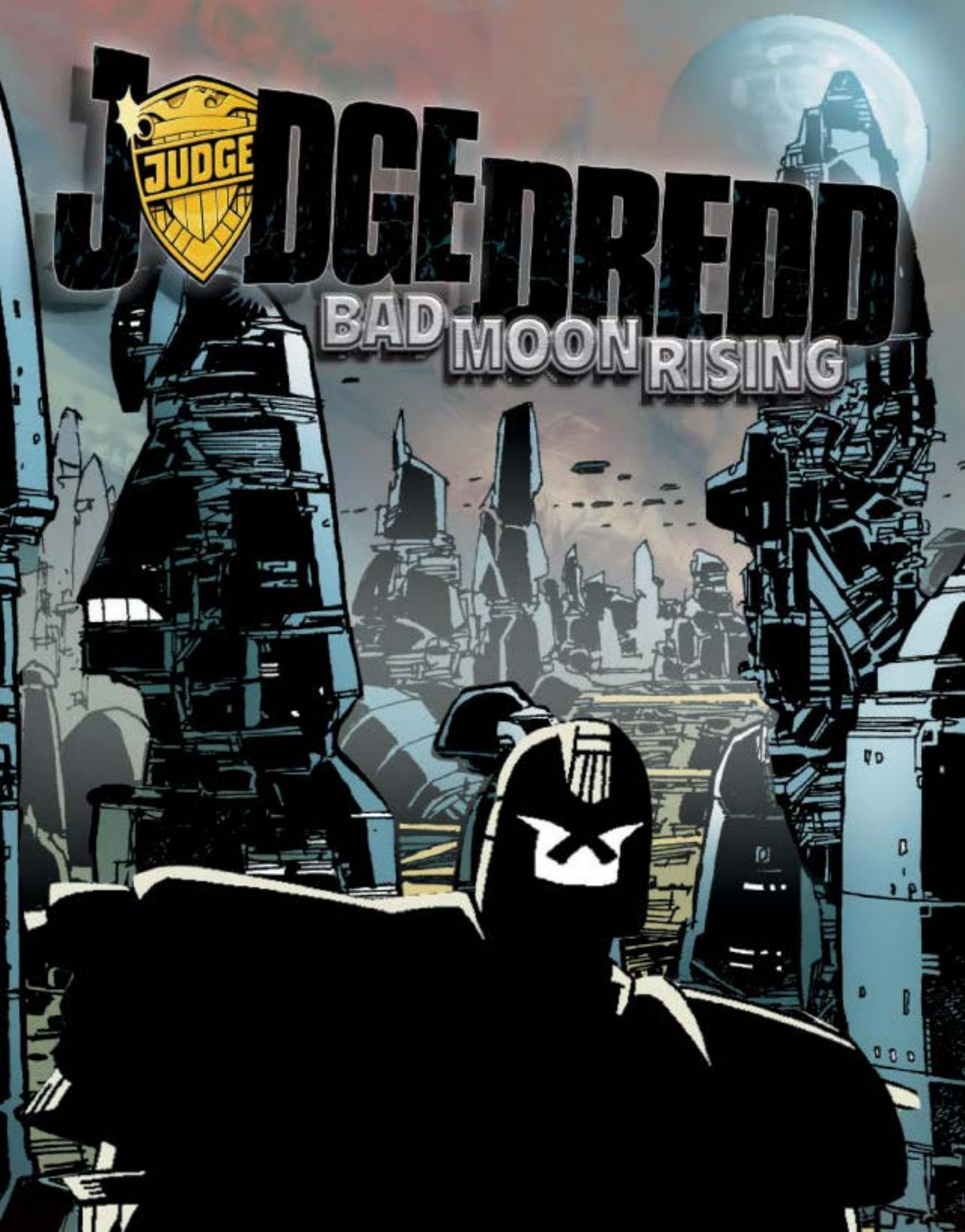


The background of the cover is a detailed comic book illustration. In the foreground, Judge Dredd is shown from the chest up, wearing his iconic black uniform and helmet with a white 'X' and a small American flag on the side. He is looking towards the right. The background depicts a futuristic, dystopian city with tall, jagged buildings and a large, full moon in the sky. The title 'JUDGE DREDD' is written in large, bold, black letters with a yellow outline. The subtitle 'BAD MOON RISING' is in smaller, white letters with a black outline. A yellow shield with the word 'JUDGE' is positioned to the left of the main title.

JUDGE DREDD

BAD MOON RISING

JUDGE DREDD

BAD MOON RISING

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Judge Dredd Created by John Wagner and Carlos Ezquerro



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BAD MOON RISING

Bad Moon Rising is a campaign book for *Judge Dredd*. Over the course of the adventures presented in these pages, the Judges will find themselves pitted against the grand revenge schemes of one Aiken Moon, a former Judge and Titan prisoner, who has returned to Mega City One to settle the scores leading to his incarceration.

The *Bad Moon Rising* campaign can be played straight through, from one session to the next, although it is intended that episodes from the campaign will be slotted into an ongoing Judge Dredd campaign, thereby forming a meta-plot: or the *Bad Moon Rising* campaign is threaded with the Referee's own scenarios. Whichever way it happens, the events described in this book take place over the course of several months – although the final resolution could take longer.

Each chapter details a different part of Aiken Moon's revenge plan, which reflects some of the great, convoluted story-arcs found in the Judge Dredd saga. It can be viewed as an epic Judge Dredd story, with the Character Judges as the leads and Aiken Moon a shadowy, seemingly omniscient figure who is not fully revealed until the Judges are knee-deep into their investigation.

Playing through the campaign the Judges will find themselves investigating murders, missing persons cases, taking a trip into the Cursed Earth in a rescue bid, becoming involved in mob feuds, facing aliens and mutants and finally travelling out of Mega City One to confront Aiken Moon on an orbital space station. The *Bad Moon Rising* campaign is grand in scope, darkly humorous, features an uber-villain in the traditional, Judge Dredd style, femme-fatales, wily mobsters and twisted minds.

The campaign story unfolds piece-by-piece across five, detailed chapters. A sixth chapter contains a series of one shot scenarios, set in Sector 13, that are designed to both complement the *Bad Moon Rising* story arc and offer stories and cases for the Judges that can be interspersed with the main plot.

PREPARING THE CAMPAIGN

Referees should read through the campaign thoroughly before play begins and decide what key elements will be included and how (and when) they will be introduced. Aiken Moon's schemes happen regardless of the Judges, but the Judges' involvement determines to a very great extent how his schemes' elements will progress. Referees will have



to be prepared to improvise, adapt and perhaps reshape elements of the story to fit with the way the Judges conduct their investigations. Some elements of the campaign may be difficult to work-in in the way they are written, whilst others will flow logically. Some tips for Referee preparation:

- Suspend disbelief. This is an epic tale in the traditional Judge Dredd mould. This means crimes that are outlandish and seemingly impossible to commit. Remember that all things are possible in Mega City One.
- Aiken Moon is a true arch-villain. Possessed of unlimited financial resources (seemingly) and the force of will to commit a series of increasingly audacious crimes, it may seem impossible to the Players that he is able to draw his plans in the way that he does. This is deliberate: any good, epic Judge Dredd story from the pages of 2000AD has precisely the same characteristics. This is not traditional Science Fiction but comic-book heroics presented in a way unique to Judge Dredd.
- Understand and develop the Non-Player Characters. There are several major Non-Player Characters in the campaign who will aid, hinder and thwart the Judges. Make good use of them. Each major Non-Player Character receives a detailed treatment in the Dramatis Personae chapter, along with the obvious character developments in the individual campaign chapters. Tooley Mju, in particular, is a useful cipher and could be, if Referees wish, used to help assist the Judges (or as a Character if a Judge dies during the course of the campaign).
- Be prepared for casualties. Some of the adversaries in *Bad Moon Rising* are very tough and do not take prisoners. Expect Judges to be wounded and even killed. If this happens, remember that Sector 13 has dozens of Judges working its precinct and so it should be relatively easy for a Player to roll a new Judge and slot him or her into the action (having had a full briefing from Chief DiMaggio first!).
- Take your time. Good, epic Judge Dredd plots are rarely rushed, so do take the time to consider how *Bad Moon Rising* will unfold and take the opportunity to weave unrelated stories into the main themes of the campaign. This is, again, a good way of developing the major Non-Player Characters, like Tooley Mju, Max Contralto and others.
- Watch some films! *Bad Moon Rising* draws inspiration from a whole range of movies and TV shows and we especially recommend the following: 'Blade Runner', 'The Usual Suspects', 'Heat', 'The Godfather (I and II)', 'The Sopranos', 'Murder One' and 'Se7en'.
- Develop your Mega City One sector. *Bad Moon Rising* uses Sector 13, which is detailed in the Judge

Dredd rulebook but, with a little work, Referees can develop it for use in home-designed sectors.

- Throw the Players plot hints. It may be necessary for the Players/Characters to be given a little guidance now and again to help them progress through the campaign. Use the Non-Player Characters as much as possible but do not shy away from having the Judges being briefed by Sector House Control or their watch commander on elements that might have escaped them and been resolved in the background. This happens all the time in the Judge Dredd stories and Referees should not penalise the Players for missing clues or obvious plot signposts because a skill roll was missed or attention was diverted by something else.
- Feel free to change, adapt and overcome. If you feel a particular theme in *Bad Moon Rising* needs to be changed – change it. If you feel a story development should be extended – extend it. If you believe that a certain Non-Player Character should not die, then let them live. *Bad Moon Rising* is intended to be a complete, self-contained story but no pre-produced campaign can cater for all tastes, styles and plot developments. It should thus be viewed as a detailed framework for an epic story with elements that can and will, change depending on the actions of the Judges. This is *your Bad Moon Rising* – so make it rise in the way you need it to.
- Most of all, have fun!

WHAT ELSE DO I NEED?

The *Traveller Core Rulebook* and Judge Dredd rulebook are the only additional material needed for *Bad Moon Rising*.

BAD MOON RISING, CHAPTER BY CHAPTER

CHAPTER 1: BACKGROUND

For Referees, this is the history of Aiken Moon and frames his back-story in preparation for the campaign.

CHAPTER 2: BACK FROM A VERY LONG WALK

A routine shift takes an interesting direction when the Judges find a car careering towards the Sector House with a dead man glued to its steering wheel. The campaign begins here,

with this event but the other scenario incidents presented in this chapter also set the scene for Aiken Moon's master plan.

CHAPTER 3: GET KARTER!

More deaths follow in the wake of the Konstant Cup massacre and the Judges find themselves on the trail of a mob accountant's murderer and a gangster's widow. The action moves away from Sector 13 and into the Bethany Beach enclave of Sector 119 – where aging, wealthy dilettantes wile away their days in opulent surroundings. And then the aliens show-up...

CHAPTER 4: THE DARK SIDE OF THE MOON

Aiken Moon's plans escalate rapidly as he starts to take his revenge against those responsible for his incarceration. The Judges find themselves heading into the Cursed Earth and the region known as Scrub County in a bid to save one of Moon's victims. Meanwhile, in Mega City One, the Contralto family finds itself being manipulated into a gang war with the neighbouring Van Zandt syndicate. Is Moon behind this too?

CHAPTER 5: A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC

Moon strikes closer to home and the Judges find themselves dealing with him on a personal level. What does Moon have

against Chief DiMaggio? Why is a Justice Academy tutor found in a city block apartment with a gun in his hand and a body peppered with bullets? Aiken Moon starts to pull the strands of his plan together and the Judges are faced with some stark choices.

CHAPTER 6: SHOOTING THE MOON

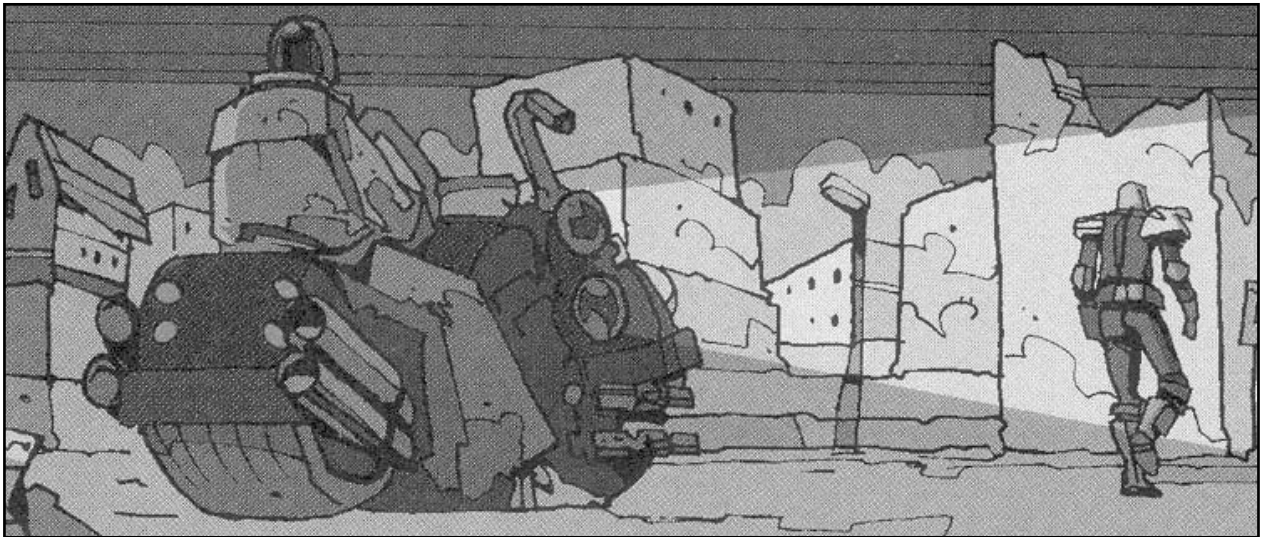
The Judges find themselves en-route to Forge Valley, a space station in geosynchronous orbit above Mega-City One, led there by Aiken Moon. Is this the last stand? The Judges have to deal with the arch-villain directly – but does the Sector Chief of Forge Valley have other ideas?

CHAPTER 7: ONE SHOTS

A series of individual incidents to slot into the *Bad Moon Rising* campaign. Corrupt politicians! Dimension-hopping demons! New crazes! Mutant hunting! All manner of short scenarios for one or two sessions of play that can be extended into larger adventures.

CHAPTER 8: DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Detailed descriptions, statistics, backgrounds and motivations for the major Non-Player Characters appearing throughout *Bad Moon Rising*. The chapter also contains a digest of pre-generated perps, hoods and muties for use anywhere in the game.



WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

2092: FULL EAGLE DAY

Judges Hal DiMaggio and Aiken Moon graduated from the Academy of Justice in September, 2092. Assigned to Sector 13, they worked the tough streets and excelled as Street Judges: smart, effective and focused on the application of justice. Together they tackled the Lower West End juve gangs, which had plagued that part of the sector for over two years, and made in-roads into bringing to justice the heads of the infamous Contralto family.

The Apocalypse War of 2104 changed all that. In an instant Mega City One became a war-zone as the Sov Bloc's Strato-Vs strafed the streets and East-Meg Judges cut down the slightest opposition. Following Judge Dredd's lead, the Sector 13 Judges went underground, organising themselves, and those citizens willing and able to fight back, into guerrilla units using hit-and-run tactics. DiMaggio and Moon led those guerrilla units and even formed an alliance with members of the Contralto family. It turned out that Block Mania had not affected Jimmy Gandolfini block, the Contralto's base of operations, because for years the block had used a private water supply (in order to charge block residents an extortionate rate for water usage). Judges and perps fought side by side in those bleak, snow-swept days and the Contraltos even saved Judge DiMaggio's life when a robot execution squad located the guerrillas' base of operations close to Sector 13 city bottom.

After the war the serious rebuilding started. Naturally enough, the Contralto family pitched for, and won, many of the lucrative rebuilding contacts for Sector 13. DiMaggio then saw the ruse: the Contraltos had fought with the Judges so they would reap the benefits of the inevitable reconstruction of the city: a risky but clever, gamble. Judge Moon reminded his partner that, even though the Contraltos had their eyes on a prize, they had still fought bravely, unflinchingly and had saved the lives of maybe a dozen Judges – DiMaggio included. DiMaggio agreed, grudgingly and the work he and Moon had begun before the war, aimed at taking down the Contralto crime empire, was quietly dropped as other matters became more urgent.

2106: TURNING POINT

It was then, around 2106, that Judge Aiken Moon, turned. He did not go rotten overnight; his corruption was long and subtle. At first he began by simply turning a blind eye to the Contralto's practises. The Contraltos rewarded that with tip-offs and information about other crimes that Moon could easily follow up. Some major busts were made and Moon received two citations for meritorious conduct. Then,



WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE



the Contraltos started to become sociable, inviting Judge Moon to family get-togethers at Jimmy Gandolfini block. Moon was beginning to rely too heavily on this alliance with the Contraltos and allowed his judgement to slip. Casual acquaintance and information led to easy familiarity and a serious compromising of ethics. By the end of 2106 Judge Aiken Moon was firmly in the pocket of the Contraltos. Money was flowing as the reconstruction contracts came thick and fast. Moon used his influence subtly to get more business pushed the Contralto way – and he was richly rewarded for it. By mid 2107 Judge Moon had earned MCr. 3 in back-handers, ‘bonus payments’, ‘finders fees’ and other highly illegal Contralto subsidies.

Moon, though, was clever. He knew that getting this deep with the Contraltos would be discovered sooner or later. He took every cent of the money he had earned and transferred it off-world, investing it in a series of high-risk colonial development opportunities which, if they paid-off, would turn that three million credits into 30 million. In 2108, working on a tip-off from someone within the Contralto family, the SJS launched an investigation into both DiMaggio and Moon. DiMaggio confronted his old partner over the allegations and knew, without having to reach for his lie detector, that Moon was in things up to his neck. DiMaggio arrested Moon on the spot and Moon did not resist. The SJS interrogated him for eight days solid, using incredible brutality, to try to find the money he had earned through his association with the Contraltos. Truth serums were employed to unlock what secrets he had about the crime family. Somehow, Aiken Moon did not bend; did not break. Even though someone in the Contralto family had squealed on him, he refused to squeal on them.

When the SJS had finished with Moon, he was sentenced to twenty years on Titan. On the shuttle out to Saturn, surgeons altered Moon’s respiratory system so that he could breathe freely throughout his sentence. The operation wrecked his face and, coupled with the injuries inflicted by the SJS during his interrogation, Moon would spend the next ten years in constant pain. He held onto that pain, revelled in it. It was something to overcome; something to drive him on. Moon resolved, as he worked the rocks of Titan, every fibre of his being roaring with pain, that he would return to Sector 13 and show them just how far a man can be pushed – and what the consequences of that would be.

2128: TWENTY YEARS LATER

Aiken Moon completes his sentence on Titan, one of the lucky 20% who survive such a long stretch, and makes his way not back to Earth but out of the solar system and onto the Marellen subsystem where he has an appointment with a colonial investment company. In the twenty years Moon

has been incarcerated, his three million credits has grown to fifty million; the result of brave speculation, some extremely good luck and a shrewd personal finance officer. Moon uses a fraction of his money to establish a string of new identities, shell companies and so forth, to create for himself a history as a property developer who struck it big on Marellen Prime, before the planet dissolved into civil war. He spent some more on getting himself a new face, employing the very best plastic surgeons in the galaxy to make him look like someone other than Aiken Moon. He told them to leave-in the oxygen filters when they started work on his respiratory system; that way he would never need to worry about poison gasses or air pollution ever again.

It took MCr. 2 to put Moon back together but it was worth it: when he walked out of the clinic he was a completely different man. Good looking, chiselled but with twenty years of fire burning bright behind his eyes: no amount of surgery could ever cut away that cancer.

Moon took a ship, travelling first class, back to Earth where he docked not in Mega-City One but in Texas City. His fortune was transferred and distributed across several banks and finance houses in Texas City and Moon, now calling himself Lenny Hemlock, started to conduct his research, catching-up on Mega-City One, everything he had missed whilst on Titan. He tracked careers and events, stock market profiles and share options; and Moon focused on Sector 13. He took special interest in the career of Senior Judge Hal DiMaggio who was now Sector Chief. Moon was pleased, Hal deserved to do well, but that would not stop him from doing what he needed to do.

Moon tracked some other careers and discovered, almost by accident, that Judge Bellhouse of the SJS, lead (and most brutal) of his interrogators, had recently taken the Long Walk as his days as a Judge came to an end. Bellhouse had left Mega-City One by the South Central Gate and, using the extensive maps of the Cursed Earth Texas City maintains, Moon extrapolated Bellhouse’s likely course. Then, he went to meet him...

2130: ONE YEAR AGO

Lenny Hemlock, CEO of Hemlock Equity and Investments, arrives in Mega-City One and takes office and residential space on level AD of Buzz Aldrin block in Sector 13. The transactions are carried out by Hemlock’s lawyers and no one sees Mister Hemlock arrive to make his home in Sector 13. His apartments and offices in Buzz Aldrin block are guarded by licensed security droids and no one in the block knows what he looks like. What communication people have with him is done by video-phone but even then, his video stream is always blacked out.

Word about this mysterious stranger spreads around the sector thanks to a series of constant newsfeeds on the popular 'One-Three News Grab' broadcast on S-13VBC. Speculation mounts: Hemlock is an alien; a mutant; a reclusive entrepreneur from Brit-Cit or the Ruhr Conurb; an artificial intelligence; a figment of someone's imagination to stir-up a little local interest. Whatever he is doing, Mister Hemlock is staying very, very quiet about it.

AIKEN MOON'S PLAN

Moon has a number of objectives now he has returned to Mega City One:

- Root-out the snitch in the Contralto crime family and make him pay
- Track down and take revenge on the SJS interrogators

- Move-in on, and take over, the Contralto crime empire
- Take revenge on Chief DiMaggio in some form
- Wreak controlled havoc in Sector 13

He has the wealth to do all these things plus, most importantly, the will. Moon intends to take his time and always ensure his tracks are covered. He is certain that no one on Earth knows his true identity and he has no intention of ever revealing it – save when he finally confronts those he wants revenge upon.

The major scenarios, incidents and crimes in this book are therefore related, in some way, to Moon's master plan. Some incidents are simply routine and have no immediate connection with anything Moon is doing, but coincidence is a strange thing and the Judges may pick-up clues from routine cases that draw them into the wider plot.



WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE



BACK FROM A LONG WALK

Friday, 22nd August 2131

06:00

Briefing Room D16

Briefing Officer: Watch Commander Grice

'Heads-up Judges.

'A busy one today. Annual Mopad Park-In Festival at the Synibar Mopark off Bob Mould Mega Circular. Estimated 300 vehicles expected and the usual litany of arguments, score-settling, traffic hold-ups on the arterial megways and petty perps looking for some easy scores amongst the unattended mopads. Ten Judges to be in attendance, so I'm assigning Patrols 13-1 and 13-2. Get over there as soon as the briefing's finished. You'll have Pat, H and Meat Wagon support if you need it.

'Item two: shooting at the 'Konstant Cup' synthicaf bar on Hilton and LeGrange. Three John Does dead. No robbery. Looks like a hit. Patrol 13-3 – you're on this one: ID on the stiff is in from control and pick those up at the end. These were low-level Contralto Crew runners; nothing to link the creeps with the Big Brains in Gandolfini, so may not indicate anything we need to worry about too much. But I want the usual list: witness statements, evidence, possibly perps. Were there any known contracts out on the victims? If so, who called them in? Who did they tick-off recently? Is this internal Contralto business? Shakedown anyone at Gandolfini that you have to but I guarantee you'll get zip.

'Last up for today, robbery at Guzman Sanctity Investments, an investment brokerage firm on Eustace Fargo East Approach sked. The perps took 6 million in Bearer-Bonds and ignored the loose change. No casualties and forensics are reporting a high-class professional job. The bonds will most likely vanish and the company has insurance; but all the same, we need statements and a team on the street checking known perps who operate to the same MO and a shakedown of the local fences. Wild goosechase if you ask me but hey, it's a crime. Patrol 13-4; you've got this one.

'Oh and Chief DiMaggio wants to see Kowalski in his office five minutes ago. Someone's made a complaint about Judge brutality. Again.

'That's it. Other minor assignments will be beamed to your bike computers. Look sharp, stay safe.'

Senior Judge Grice delivers the standard watch briefing in his usual monotone, his helmet perched in the wing of the lectern. Behind him the display screen runs through the latest crime stats, flashes-up the mug-shots of arrested perps, wanted perps and suspects. The Judges sit in rows, listening patiently; Grice tolerates no flippancy when he is presenting a briefing and any sniggers or cute comments attract a flinty glare and fast rebuke from the seasoned watch commander. At the end, Judges file-out in their Patrol groups and into the Rapid Briefing Room where bursts of information relating directly to the above incidents and more, are fed straight into the Judges' audio data stream. The Judges are now ready for their day ahead.

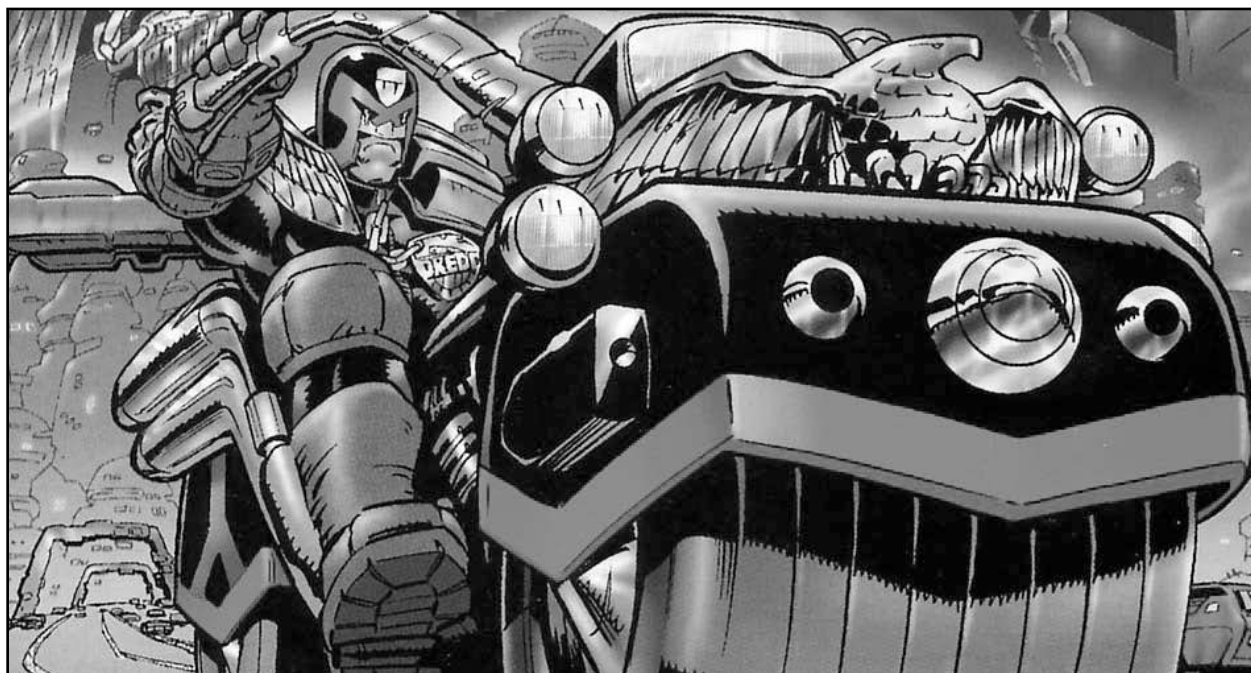
RUNNING THE INCIDENTS

Each incident has been assigned to a particular Patrol team and as Referee you should decide which incident your team of Judges receives: each is detailed in this chapter. If preferred, the Characters can be assigned to more than one of these incidents, so adjust the briefing notes, above, to fit the circumstances.

Once an incident has been completed, the Judges are assigned to a standard patrol detail, working an area of Sector 13. This is routine stuff and a series of random incidents is provided at the end of this chapter to determine what activities the Judges undertake after they have completed the assignment(s) Grice has given.

A JUDGE RETURNS

As the Judges saddle-up and head out of the underlevel garage, to turn onto the approach sked, they see a Foord Slabster heading towards the Sector House. Ordinarily, there is nothing wrong with this; civilian traffic comes up to the Sector House all the time but, on successful Int 6+ rolls, it is obvious that the Slabster is not going to stop – and it is on a direct collision course with the stairs leading up to the Sector House public entrance.



BACK FROM A LONG WALK

The Judges have 3 rounds (18 seconds) to act. Here are the local conditions:

- Three citizens walking down the stairs from the entrance, having just reported a burglary: they are directly in the path of the Slabster and have not yet registered that it poses a threat.
- The Slabster is travelling at 60kph and its engine whines loudly: the Judges can see a driver, hands on the wheel but the driver pays no attention to warnings of any kind.
- Stopping the Slabster dead in its tracks requires one of several courses of action:
 - Shoot-out the front wheels and cause it to veer off to the left. This will swerve the vehicle onto the main skedway and this will certainly cause a traffic pile-up. Shooting out the wheels requires Gun Combat 8+, given the size of the target.
 - Blast the driver through the windshield. This requires Gun Combat 6+ as the driver is clearly visible and head-on to the Judges. However, for reasons that will become obvious, killing the driver will be completely ineffective.
 - Get a Lawmaster alongside the vehicle, blast-out a side window and forcibly veer the car to one side. This takes all three Combat Rounds and requires Ride (Lawmaster) 10+, then Gun Combat (Lawgiver) 8+. It is, however, the safest option; the Judge, if he makes the roll, chooses where the slabster goes but must make a further Lawmaster 8+ roll to get clear of the wreckage – otherwise he sustains 2d6 damage.

- The citizens on the stairs may be hit, depending on what the Judges do. When they see the vehicle ploughing towards them, they freeze in disbelief. Getting them clear requires Dex 9+ or Athletics (co-ordination) 8+ and takes a Combat Round – but if successful, means they are cleared out of the Slabster's path.

If the Judges do nothing, the Slabster ploughs into the stairs, mounts them, strikes the two civilians, killing them out-right and grinds to a halt a metre in front of the main doors to the Sector House. To avoid injury themselves, the Judges need to throw themselves clear with Dex and/or Athletics (co-ordination) 8+ rolls. If the roll is failed, then the Judges sustain 3d6 damage as the Slabster strikes them a glancing blow. If the roll is a natural 2, then the damage is 4d6.

DEAD MAN DRIVING

The Slabster is on autopilot. Once a Tek Squad has had time to analyse the vehicle it is discovered that a sophisticated override program has been set into the autodrive computer with a collision course set for the Sector House. More interesting is the driver.

The driver is a corpse. The body is IC1 male, dressed in black rags. Cause of death needs to be determined by an autopsy but his hands have been superglued to the steering wheel and his ass to the seat. The corpse has been dead some time but rigour mortis has not encumbered the body's positioning. The body stinks but clearly this was a tall, strong, physically active man.



The Slabster is bereft of forensics – save the DNA of the corpse. No prints, no hair, no fibres. The obvious conclusion is that a robot placed the corpse into position. The glue used to secure it is a common brand (Uboxistik) and thus far too common to trace a sale.

A Med team takes the body away for an autopsy and Chief DiMaggio himself comes down to witness the aftermath. If the Judges have done well – saving the citizens, at the very least, and avoiding a multi-vehicle pile-up on the skedway – he congratulates them. ‘Now, get to your assignment. Come back here when you’re done and pick up on this case,’ he barks.

So, the Judges should go to the assignment given at their briefing: see the appropriate incident or incidents in this chapter. Once finished, return to this section of the chapter to pick-up on the Foord Slabster Case.

CRIME SCENE EVIDENCE

Whilst the Judges go to their assignment, a clean-up team gets onto the situation, taking the dead driver to the med bay and handling any casualties from the crash. A Tek Squad gets onto the vehicle. The results of all this activity, waiting for the Judges when they return from the Sector House, is as follows:

- The Slabster was running on pre-programmed collision co-ordinates: the Sector House was most definitely the target.
- The inside of the Slabster has been thoroughly swabbed with alcohol to eliminate prints. There is not a scrap of DNA to be found in the vehicle, save for the vehicle’s owners’ (see below). Chances are robots did the loading and gluing of the corpse.
- The Slabster was stolen from Sector 242 a week ago. It belonged to the Rutsey family of Heston Blumenthal block. The family has no previous history with Justice Department; Rory Rutsey is a munce-chef at a diner in the block; his wife, Rita, is unemployed. Two kids, both under six years old, in the block school. The car’s autodrive system has been reprogrammed from the ground-up with the co-ordinates, speed and trajectory for hitting the Sector House. This was a custom, professional job. Had the vehicle been packed with explosives, it could have caused a *lot* of damage.
- The stiff glued to the steering wheel is one Arlitch Ekhardt. Ekhardt is known to Justice Department: he was a Judge for 25 years, ten of which were with SJS. He took the Long Walk two years ago. Ekhardt was already dead when he was glued into the Slabster and an

autopsy reveals that every bone in his body was broken over a prolonged period of time. In short, Ekhardt was captured and tortured. It is impossible to tell the cause of death but as Ekhardt was a strong man, it took a great deal to kill him. Whoever did this had both privacy and time. *NOTE: No one in Sector 13 Psi Division has the Dead Zone Special Technique; so, unless one of the Characters has it, then it cannot be used on Ekhardt’s corpse. If a Character has the technique and employs it, Ekhardt’s residual psyche has been so tortured and mutilated at the hands of Aiken Moon that all it can do is shriek in psychic agony; it cannot reveal anything about the killer.*

- There is nothing else in the vehicle linking it to Ekhardt. There is no message, no vid-slug, nothing. Judges making a Street Perception or Investigate 8+ roll recognises that the MO for this crime is reminiscent of Total War (the pro-democracy terrorists who managed to activate nuclear warheads within Mega City One). If this is Total War, then the absence of explosives in the vehicle is a mystery; it is usual for Total War to deliver as much havoc as it can through the grandest gesture it can find.

As for Ekhardt: his record as a Judge is exemplary and precisely what one would expect for a member of SJS: over 300 investigations against Judges, resulting in 40 successful prosecutions – 10 resulting in Titan sentences. He was a hardliner who even had a shot at interrogating Dredd. Any one of the 600 Justice Department officers Ekhardt investigated or interrogated might have motive for wanting him dead; but there is one curious fact. Ekhardt took the Long Walk and there are no MAC records for his return, which indicates that he was most likely killed – or at least captured – in the Cursed Earth. If another Judge who held a grudge against Ekhardt killed him in the Cursed Earth, then he is, technically, beyond Mega-City One jurisdiction and cannot be tried for the act. Only if Ekhardt was killed within the city walls could charges be brought.

Sifting the archives for every Judge who crossed paths with Ekhardt takes 1d6x10 hours of continuous graft, researching MAC, SJS archives, gate archives, immigration and exodus checks and so on. Once complete, it draws a blank: two Judges who were interrogated by Ekhardt and subsequently took the Long Walk are known to have died before Ekhardt took his. Of the convictions to Titan, 23 died during their sentence; 6 never returned to Earth and the remainder who came back to Mega-City One are under PSU 24-hour surveillance. Their records show they now live blameless lives and not one of them has ventured out of the city.

TOTAL WAR SHAKEDOWNS

If the Judges seek it or choose to pursue the Total War angle, permission is given by Watch Commander Grice for Sector 13's known Total War suspects to be shaken down. The suspects are as follows:

NEHRU HARRIS, APT. D4461, WOLFIE SMITH CON-APTS

Nehru Harris spent six months in the juve cubes for distributing pro-democracy literature five years ago and has been under sporadic PSU surveillance since then. Although he has no further convictions he has been known to associate with the other names in this section of the scenario. A Total War sympathiser, rather than an activist, Harris lives alone in his apartment at the Wolfie Smith Conapts, a reasonably smart block in the west side of Sector 13. He is genuinely surprised when the Judges arrive; and although uncooperative (unless threatened with cube time), he does not obstruct the course of justice. In his apartment the Judges find:

- Pro-democracy leaflets: low-level agitation stuff but still banned literature warranting 6 months in the cubes.
- Pictures of Total War heroes like America Jara; another 6 months cube time.
- Wrappers indicating sugar-use.
- An overdue vid slug for a porn movie.

Harris genuinely knows nothing about any planned TW attack on the Sector House and claims, honestly, that he has had no associations with TW activists for at least a year. The Judges have evidence to bust him on at least four charges and if threatened in this way he dissolves into a near panic attack. He has a job in the robot maintenance department at Wolfie Smith Conapts and is desperate not to lose it ('I beat 1,200 other applicants, man!'). He can be persuaded to act as an informer for the Judges, although he can offer little that will be of help to this case.

Nehru Harris: Str 6 (+0), Dex 8 (+0), End 6 (+0), Int 9 (+1), Edu 10 (+1), Soc 7 (+0)

DESPERATION 0

Skills: Mechanic 1, Engineer (robotics) 1, Comms 1

RODRIGUEZ ESTANZA, APT. E772, JON BON JOVI BLOCK

Estanza has never served time, being a cunning and manipulative operator who always manages to keep one step away from the Total War hardliners who laid-down their lives for their cause. He knows this, feels guilty about it and wants to compensate – even if acting alone. Estanza used to run with the Slippery 'n' Wets, years ago, before 'getting politics': his ruthless streak was developed then, in the battles with

the E Street juves; but even so, he always operated in the shadows, just to one side of the real action and so saved his skin. He feels guilty about that, too.

Estanza is planning to kill a Judge. He has no weapons but a thorough shakedown of his apartment (a grubby two roomer) reveals detailed records of Justice Department patrols across Sector 13: known routes, habitual stops, watch-change patterns and so forth. In his address book, hidden in a none-too-subtle code is the vidphone number for 'Frenchie' Chablis, a dealer in illegal arms who operates out of Bruce Robinson Underblock, a slum-class facility on the southern edge of Sector 13. This is where Estanza planned to buy an illegal gun and then take out a Judge. His escape was due to be on a Luna-1 shuttle: he has an open ticket for 'Looney Tours Shuttles' operating out of Eustace Fargo and a fake passport ID in the name of Willy D. Wyler.

All this evidence earns Estanza 25 years in the cubes. It takes a little while to piece it all together and he lies through his back teeth when confronted with the evidence. Under interrogation at Sector House he rapidly caves in though and admits his plan is to murder a Judge 'Ya know what? I wish to grud I'd known someone was gonna drive a Slabster into Sector House, cuz I wudda got me some Hi Ex and ridden shotgun just to make sure I took out as many of you bastards as I coulda.' That little speech alone should earn Estanza a further five.

Rodriguez Estanza: Str 9 (+1), Dex 8 (+0), End 7 (+0), Int 7 (+0), Edu 6 (+0), Soc 4 (-1)

DESPERATION -1

Skills: Stealth 2, Melee (unarmed combat) 1, Gun Combat (slug pistol) 1, Athletics (co-ordination) 1

ALLEGRA GURVITZ, APT. T379, NIGE TUFNELL LO-PADS

Allegra Gurvitz considers herself a Total War member, although she was never officially recruited by the group. Her hatred for the Justice Department knows no bounds and she is just the sort to perpetrate the kind of crime the Judges are investigating; but not today. Today, her grimy lo-pad in Nige Tufnell block (a low-rent, low-rise block for those with welfare problems) is home to a small bomb-making factory where home-brewed explosives are concocted on the stove unit before being packed into plasteen containers. She has twenty stockpiled. There is no target for these bombs yet but doubtless some Judge on patrol, a Sector House or other Justice Department installation would be the destination.

Allegra is happy to fight. She has a sawn-off stump gun near to her bed which she dives for as soon as the Judges burst in and she is only too happy to loose-off a couple of

blasts at the first Judge through the door. If given the chance she attempts an escape by blasting out the window of her apartment and jumping through it. The drop on the other side is only five metres and her apartment is handily above the garage where her Oostin Macro is parked. Making the jump requires an Athletics (co-ordination) roll of 8+. If she makes it, she jumps clear and sprints to her car, shooting back at the Judges if they give chase. If she fails the jump she sustains 2d6 damage and suffers -2 to all skills as she tries to escape through the pain. Should she make it to her Oostin, she tries to make a getaway onto Vicky Silvestedt skedway, driving erratically into the busy traffic and necessitating a vehicle chase along the sked. Back-up units and other patrol Judges can be called upon for assistance. Her driving skills are unexceptional and so she relies on her stump gun, fired at -3 through the open side window of her car, to try to take down any pursuing Judges. She should be given a Drive (wheeled) roll at 10+ success; if she makes it, she manages to get about a kilometre from Nige Tufnell block before a two-laner forces her onto an intersect and towards a dead-end that provides the best means of the Judges cornering her. Here, she makes a stand, screaming 'Total War! Democracy or Death!' and blasting wildly at whatever Justice Department forces are after her.

If Referees are feeling especially brutal, let Allegra escape with 3 of her homemade bombs. These are on crude 6-second timers and cause 6d6 damage within a 20-metre radius, diminishing to 3d6 at 30 metres and 1d6 at 40.

If taken alive, a whole raft of charges can be brought to bear, warranting life in the cubes. If interrogated, she freely admits to bomb making but does not reveal the names of any co-conspirators (for now, she genuinely does work alone); neither does she know of the dead man in the assault on Sector House 13. All through her interrogation, she is defiant, insulting the Judges at every opportunity and in every conceivable way. Her apartment, aside from the bomb making equipment and stashed explosives (in a service hatch under her bed), has no links with the Sector House 13 assault. But the Judges have, in the least, foiled a Total War fanatic's lone intentions to bring havoc to the city.

Allegra Gurvitz: Str 6 (+0), Dex 8 (+0), End 8 (+0), Int 11 (+1), Edu 9 (+1), Soc 6 (+0)

Desperation -5

Skills: Athletics (co-ordination) 1, Drive (wheeled) 0, Gun Combat (slug rifle) 1, Explosives 2, Streetwise 1

CLOSING DOWN LEADS

This particular case leads to a whole series of dead ends for the investigating Judges. Tracing all those who came

under Ekhardt's scrutiny whilst in the SJS will take too much time to follow up and the pro-democracy activists have no knowledge of the Sector House assault (but plenty to convict them in other ways). For now, the Dead Man Driving case remains unsolved but other leads, from other cases, will help shed light on who the perpetrator is.

The perp is, of course, Aiken Moon. He has done this to send a highly coded message to his old comrade, Chief DiMaggio, that he is back in his old territory, although at this stage no one in Justice Department will be able to make that connection. For now, Moon's tracks are covered and he is happy simply to have made a (somewhat obscure) point. Sector House 13 will be hearing more from Aiken Moon in the weeks and months to come.

ANNUAL MOPAD PARK-IN FESTIVAL

Located at the Synibar Mopark off Bob Mould Mega Circular, this annual get-together of mopad residents attracts mobile citizens from all across the city. The intention is for mopad owners to get together, meet in person, share experiences, compare pads and generally spend two days more-or-less stationery before hitting the megways again.

Synibar Mopark is an enormous expanse of plascrete beneath Bob Mould Mega Circular. The massive ring road looms above the park, casting it in perpetual shadow and the traffic noise is constant, day and night. Surrounding the mopark are all manner of low-rent hotels and motels but the festival attendees prefer to stay in their mopads – which offer far greater comfort than the nearby accommodation. Around twenty marquees have been erected in the mopark, offering seminars, sing-alongs, bars and fast-food restaurants. A children's play area, with a bouncy city, has been erected at one end of the park and around 300 vehicles are expected to fill the parking spaces in between the marquees.

Chaos is already getting a grip as the Judges arrive. A convoy of some 60 mopads coming off the Bob Mould Mega Circular is causing a logjam during rush-hour traffic. The mopadders are nonplussed but the local and domestic traffic caught in the gridlock behind them is getting fretful and angry. Horns and sirens blare, voices are raised and the mopadders are coming under a verbal assault. Weaving through the traffic the Judges immediately note that it is the pure weight of traffic causing the hold-ups and, if the mopads are not moved soon, there is a real likelihood of violence.

The root cause of the problem is the entrance to the Synibar Mopark. Mopads are being admitted one at a time, with only one festival organiser being in attendance to check registration papers and direct mopads to their designated parking space. Matters are not helped by his cheery attitude which involves having lengthy, friendly, chats with mopad drivers – all in the name of customer service. He seems oblivious to the chaos he is causing. The attendant, Alfie Watkins, is one of those irritatingly cheery people who think everyone wants to stop and talk; he has form for this. Two years ago he caused a similar hold-up and was sentenced to a month in the cubes for causing a public nuisance. When challenged by the Judges he is unrepentant.

'I mean, jeez. Can't a man talk to his friends? And I got a lot of stuff to, like, do. I gotta give directions – have you *seen the size* of this place – and make sure folks know about all the amenities. That kiddie-park's great ain't it? Wish my nippers were still young enough to enjoy a bouncy city but my youngest, Frida, is pushing eighteen now and doing a

spell in Sector 58 Juve Cubes for scrawling – bad girl – so *no* bouncing for her for a while. And, say, isn't that old Frankie DiVallio in that Princess-deluxe four pads down? Hey, I wonder how his wife's doing! She had some sorta *eye infection* last time they was here. Eye swelled bigger than one o' them bouncy buildings. Couldn't see for, like, a week. Hope its cleared...'

And so on.

The solution to the logjam is simple: get Alfie Watkins either working properly or replaced; and get more people on registration duty (another two staff will significantly ease the flow). Also, getting mopad drivers to stack in parallel rather than single-file will cut-down the logjam's length.

But, whatever the Judges do, it is too little, too late. Roll 1d6 to determine the number of incidents that break out in the traffic logjam and then roll on the table below to determine the specific incidents.

GRIDLOCK INCIDENTS

1d6	Incident
1	Road-Rage 1. An angry citizen driving a Nizzan Muskrat slabster is incandescent with anger. He climbs out of his car and takes a tyre-iron to the driver's cockpit of the nearest mopad, trying to smash the windows and lever the door open so he can murder the driver. Inside, the terrified mopad family cowers, children screaming, while the slabster driver, Mo Gently, becomes increasingly aggressive towards the occupants. Other drivers goad him on. The Judges need to intervene quickly so save the poor, innocent mopad family from Gently's wrath. Gently, now uncontrollable, turns on anyone who tries to stop him, lashing out with his tyre-iron: Mo Gently: Str 8 (+0), Dex 6 (+0), End 5 (–1), Int 7 (+0), Soc 6 (+0) DESPERATION –1 Skills: Melee (bludgeon) 0, Streetwise 0 To get to Gently, the Judges have to work their way through the traffic or stop him from a distance. Getting to him on foot or by Lawmaster takes 1d3 Combat Rounds. Shooting the lunatic is a faster option but at a –2 DM due to the congestion. Any Gun Combat roll that scores a natural 2 hits an innocent citizen. If the Judges do not get to Gently within 3 Combat Rounds, he manages to lever open the mopad door and starts to haul out the stricken driver. Then he starts to beat him with the tyre-iron. The driver, Bud Spezky, just covers his head as blows rain-down. Other drivers cheer and whoop. Mopadders behind Bud's mopad watch in fear as Gently continues to rain blows, too scared to get involved.
2	Road Rage 2. Further up the line, on the meg-circular intersect with the Synibar skedway, a truck driver decides to make some space by ramming a mopad off the intersect ramp. If he succeeds, the mopad will plummet down into the park below (a good 30 metre drop) and cause untold injuries. The truck driver starts to ram the mopad from behind, pushing it forward and at an angle, each time, every collision inching the mopad towards certain doom. The Judges have to stop the truck driver before he causes mayhem. The truck is a massive DAV juggler-laner, with a bulletproof (though not immune to AP rounds) glass and an armoured cockpit (6 point of plastisteel). Each round it takes the Judges to disable the driver, make the trucker's Drive roll 8+ and note the Effect. When the Effect reaches 6, the mopad is pushed over the barrier to tumble down to the mopark below. This results in 1d6x10 deaths – including the four occupants of the mopad. Crazy Trucker: Str 5 (–1), Dex 9 (+1), End 6 (+0), Int 6 (+0), Edu 5 (–1), Soc 6 (+0) DESPERATION 0 Skills: Drive (wheeled) 2

3	Road Rage 3. An argument over queue jumping starts between two mopads in the line to the park entrance. Hatches open in the roofs of each mopad and figures pop-up, hurling missiles and obscenities at each other. Then, one of the mopadders appears with a stump gun (unlicensed) and starts blasting at his opponent. Roll the assailant's Gun Combat 8+ to see if a hit is scored for each of the 1d3 Combat Rounds it takes before the Judges can intervene. No need to roll for damage for the stump gun; two successful hits kills the opponent. When the Judges get involved the mopadder with the stump gun turns it on them, not realising who he is up against. Crazy Mopadder: Str 7 (+0), Dex 7 (+0), End 5 (-1), Int 7 (+0), Edu 8 (+0), Soc 6 (+0) Desperation -1 Skills: Gun Combat (slug rifle) 1
4	Car Collision. A Foord Slabster, impatient to jump the logjam, swerves into the path of an oncoming Muzda 19. Tyres shriek and the air is filled with the sound of grinding metal as the vehicles collide. The Slabster is shunted sideways along the intersect and into an Oudi C10 sportster, which smashes into the median strip. The driver of the Muzda is thrown through the windscreen and suffers appalling injuries; he will die unless medical assistance can be given within 1d3+1 rounds. The Oudi driver is unconscious and has a badly broken left leg. The Slabster driver is shaken but otherwise unhurt. He clammers out of the wreck of his car and tries to flee, on foot, hoping to escape the Judges. If not tracked and apprehended, he manages to make it onto the Adrian Chiles Pedway that leads towards Jimmy Gandolfini block (about half a kilometre distant). He runs, limping, pushing citizens out of the way as he dashes for sanctuary. He is a Gandolfini resident and (very) low-ranking member of the Contralto family. If he reaches Jimmy Gandolfini, there are plenty of Contralto Crew members who can hide him and give him a decent alibi.
5	Mopad picnic. Stuck in the traffic jam, several sets of mopadders decide to start the festival early and leave their vehicles to set-up an impromptu BBQ in the spaces between their pads. Twelve mopadders are involved, cracking-open bottles of synthi-lager and tossing munce-burgers onto the barbie. Frustrated motorists blare their horns and scream obscenities at the oblivious mopadders. The Judges need to break-up the party, calm the angered motorists and do so within 3 Combat Rounds. If they do not, a band of six angry citizens get out of their cars armed with a variety of impromptu weapons and set about the mopadders with vigour. The mopadders retaliate with broken bottles and BBQ implements. Someone may even use the blazing BBQ as a weapon against the motorists.
6	Missing Child. Bored with waiting, the four year old daughter of one of the mopad families sneaks out of the stationary vehicle and goes wandering through the grid-locked traffic looking for the promised Bouncy City. Most of the motorists in the gridlock pay little attention but one motorist, the vile child-killer Marty Goulash, spots the girl, Anji and takes the opportunity to lure her back to his Foord Transitor hover van with a promise of a fast ride to the fairground. Anji's parents raise the alarm when they spot the open hatch at the back of the mopad and realise their daughter has gone. The Judges need to commence the hunt immediately as Marty Goulash pounces on the hapless Anji. The Judges need to spend 1d6x10 minutes scouting the area of the logjam around Anji's family's mopad. A whole series of skills and Special Techniques can be used here and the time taken to find Anji is reduced by 1 minute for each point of Effect. Similarly, Marty Goulash has 1d6x10 minutes in which to lure Anji into his van and then steadily weave his way out of the gridlock, through a gap in the median strip and return to his apartment in the Dotty Parker block, about 1 kilometre distant. Goulash has Persuade 2; make an 8+ roll for him and reduce the amount of time he has by its Effect. If his time limit is lower than the Judges' then he whisks poor Anji away to a nasty fate (unless the Referee wants to offer more clues that lead to a pursuit). If the Judges' time limit is lower than that of Marty Goulash, the perp is spotted bundling Anji into the back of his van and preparing to manoeuvre out of the traffic: the Judges can then apprehend, brutalise and convict the creep. Anji is unhurt and not traumatised by the incident: all she wants is to play in the Bouncy City and get some synthi-kandy-floss. Marty Goulash: Str 4 (-1), Dex 6 (+0), End 8 (+0), Int 10 (+1), Edu 9 (+1), Soc 8 (+0) Desperation -1 Skills: Drive (grav) 1, Persuade 2, Mega City One Geography 1, Streetwise 1 Goulash has no previous convictions but if his apartment in Dotty Parker is raided it is full of enough ghastly evidence to put him away for life several times over.

FESTIVAL INCIDENTS

Eventually, the logjam clears, the mopads get into Synibar Park and the festival gets underway. This is two days' worth of hardcore, dedicated, mopad conventioneering. Various manufacturers have brought prototypes of their latest models which are on display in the Vendors' Marquee. Seminars on the mopad way of life are underway in the Seminars Marquee. In the Eyeball to Eyeball marquee mopadders get to sit down, face to face, with other mopadders who have been just a voice over the comm-link or a blurred face on a vid-screen. Mopadders in this marquee all wear brightly coloured name-badges displaying their mopadder handle

and mopad call sign. Friendships are renewed, new ones struck and old enmities are settled...

Over the course of the next two days the Judges have to police the festival. For the most part it is routine, dull work. The usual squabbles turn into punch-ups that result in a month or so of cube time and pickpockets attracted to large social gatherings are quickly spotted, daysticked and despatched to the cubes.

The following are major incidents within the Mopad Festival that require detailed resolution. The number of incidents over the course of the two-day festival is 1d6; roll 1d6 on the Festival Incidents table below to determine the incident type.

FESTIVAL INCIDENTS

1d6	Incident
1	'Happy' Harry Nervosa, dunker extraordinaire, pays the Festival a visit. He is a sharp operator; to spot him a Judge needs either Perp Sense, Street Perception or Streetwise (rolled on 9+). If spotted, he can be followed as he makes his way through the crowds. His hands never appear to go anywhere near purses, wallets or bags and Harry does not seem to be doing anything perp-like (although Perp Sense, if a Judge has it, still sets all the alarm bells ringing). Neither is his accomplice, 'Arty' Dodgem, anywhere to be seen. Could Happy Harry be a genuine mopad enthusiast? Don't bet on it. Plenty of mopadders complain that they have had wallets, purses, cards and other belongings dunked... If apprehended Harry pleads innocence. Lie detectors show that he is telling the truth. But, if searched, Judges find the following: Harry's coat is voluminous. It has a secret lining filled with pockets and pockets within pockets. There is a good haul of stolen effects in there. The reason why Harry can beat a lie detector and not appear to go near personal belongings is because the actual dunking is being performed by two, tiny, aliens that live in the lining of Harry's coat. The aliens are of the Zzlotti race: tiny, six-armed, smooth-skinned, monkey-like creatures with squinty eyes, flat noses and wide mouths filled with tiny, tiny, razor-like teeth. These teeth can gnaw through the thickest synthi-leather in 1d6 seconds. They move fast, too; scooting around at 12 metres per combat round. They are semi-intelligent, like apes, and can be taught to obey simple commands. As they are naturally acquisitive as a species, make perfect petty thieves. Harry bought his two Zzlotti a year ago from someone in a bar near Eustace Fargo spaceport and spent the intervening time training them. Zzlotti are a banned species, so Harry's clearly looking at a five-year stretch just for harbouring them. The Zzlotti, if given half a chance, try to escape and, if they do escape into the mass of people in the park, they vanish from view. The dunking and petty theft rate in Sector 13 will increase by some 5% if they are not recovered... Zzlotti: Str 2 (-2), Dex 15 (+3), End 1 (-2), Int 2 (-2) Desperation -2 Skills: Athletics (co-ordination) 4, Stealth 4, Survival 2 Weapons: Bite 2, 1d6-1
2	In the Eyeball to Eyeball marquee, violence erupts between several extended mopad families following earlier altercations and fallings-out on the highways. The meet-up at the Eyeball to Eyeball was deliberate: the score was always to be settled here and the two clans (numbering 6+3d6 family members each) have brought with them melee weapons for the settling: hammers, screwdrivers, clubs, knives and so on. As the Judges arrive the combatants have been fighting for 2d6 combat rounds and the casualties are as follows: 1d6 dead; 1d6+3 seriously injured. The remaining combatants are oblivious to the Judges unless shots are fired, too intent are they on murdering their enemies. The combatants need to be brought under control within 1d6+1 rounds or others, at the rate of 1d6 per round, join in the affray just for the sheer hell of it. The Judges may need back up to deal with the incident, employing riot foam to quell the mob and assist with sentencing and arrests. Special techniques like Formidable Presence may be enough to bring the combatants to their senses. Typical Combatants: Str 7 (+0), Dex 8 (+0), End 7 (+0), Int 6 (+0), Edu 7 (+0), Soc 7 (+0) Desperation -1 Skills: Athletics (strength) 1, Melee (blade) 1, Melee (bludgeon) 1, Melee (unarmed combat) 1, Survival 1



3	Rolfy McSpeed of Dotty Parker block has a particular talent for electronics and computers. He is also a member of the Carrey Beaners, a particularly nasty group of highway pirates who specialise in holding-up mopads and robbing them down to the last wheel-nut. McSpeed's part in the gang is to target mopads and infect their autodrive systems with a Trojan program that overrides the inbuilt security of the autodrive and supplants legitimate co-ordinates and routes with a destination code leading into the no man's land of city bottom between Sectors 13 and 12 – where the Carrey Beaners lie in wait for their prey to come to them. McSpeed is at the festival watching mopads that are left completely unattended. Finding a discreet place from which to operate, he hacks wirelessly into the unattended autodrive system and infects it with his homing virus – an operation that takes 1d6+6 minutes and a Computers roll of 8+. McSpeed is cunning and quick – but not quick enough for someone to spot him and report his suspicious lurking to the Judges. If seen, he tries to dump his backpack, containing his computing gear, into the nearest garbage grinder and then makes a break for it. His Stealth 1 skill can be used to try to make a safe getaway. However, if caught and subjected a mild interrogation – either in situ or at the Sector House – the extent of his activities becomes known. In return for a reduction in his sentence he is prepared to offer the names of the other members of the Carrey Beaners. If his computer kit is retrieved and inspected by Tek Division, it becomes clear that McSpeed has successfully infected at least eight mopads, although their specific details cannot be determined; it will require a deep analysis of the autodrive systems of every mopad at the festival to find out which. Perhaps most interesting is the technology McSpeed uses. He claims it is all self-developed (it is) – and it is precisely the kind of technology that would allow the autodrive on a slabster to be routed to follow a collision course with a Sector House. Indeed, McSpeed is behind that particular escapade – although the Judges will need to make the connection for themselves: McSpeed certainly does not admit it (although it may come out during interrogation). A week ago he was approached by two people he believed worked for the Contralto crew (he has no names and if told to pick faces out of any MAC-held mugshots of Contraalto family members he draws a blank – verified by lie detector) who wanted him to run a similar hijack program on a Foord Slabster with the co-ordinates set for Sector House 13 and on override on the auto-braking system for the car. He was paid Cr.10,000 for the job and, not wanting to cross the Contraltos, he agreed. This story checks out and if his apartment in Dotty Parker is searched the money (along with a lot of other money and valuables taken from mopad hijackings) is found in a specially constructed floor-safe with a computerised protection system (Computers 9+) worked into the code. Rolfy McSpeed is the first break the Judges get in the Dead Man Driving case. He cannot give them much, and further questioning of him will be needed to discover who hired him to rig the Slabster.
4	Some 20 festival attendees are struck-down with food poisoning: vomiting, diarrhoea and sever stomach cramps are complained of. An angry mob descends on 'Mik's Munce Burger Emporium' which is blamed for the outbreak. Judges need to save Mik and his serving staff from the angry mob and somehow calm the angry citizens (most of whom are unaffected but fancy the chance to cause trouble). A Tek Squad rapidly determines that Mik's Munce Burger Emporium is not the source of the poisoning: most likely it is one of the mobile service centres that all the mopadders stopped at between 24 and 48 hours previously. Mik is relieved, of course but if the Judges investigate his premises (a tawdry fast-food van), they do find evidence of illegal, appetite-inducing chemicals that, whilst harmless, compel the imbiber to return for additional helpings. Poor old Mik might be saved from Ye Olde Angry Mob but he faces 3 years in the cubes...

5	One of the seminars, 'Modern Mopadding Today' has a distinctly anti-Justice Department bent to it. The main speaker, Tyrone J Gilhooly, condemns the Judges for doing too little to reduce the number of hijackings and pirate raids on mopads on the southern reaches of the Superslab and heavily criticises the attitude of certain Sector Houses to mopads in general. As the audience warms to his tirades, he becomes braver and, towards the end of the seminar, declares that every attendee should stage a deliberate Go Slow on the Sector 13 megways in protest, causing gridlock and general rush-hour mayhem. The Judges have a clear case for arresting Gilhooly for incitement to commit traffic violations and, if they arrest him, he does not come quietly, screaming about Justice Department repression and the violence inherent in the system. A lot of the assembled attendees voice agreement and it requires some tough talking (and perhaps a few more arrests) to disperse the attendees. If the Judges do not intervene, a go-slow is, indeed, staged as the mopadders leave the festival on the final day, causing scenes of aggravation reminiscent of those experienced earlier in this scenario.
6	The highlight of the first day of the festival is a concert staged by the famed combo 'Whyte Noizz', fresh from their (almost successful) tour of Luna-1. For some reason, someone in the Festival organising committee has decided that a hardcore, thrash anarchy band will be a good choice for a family-orientated mopadding festival. Famously cynical of all aspects of Mega-City One life, Whyte Noizz have a track called 'Mobile Skum Unitz' which denigrates, not celebrates, mopad life. The rest of the set is similarly provocative with tracks such as 'Mega Class Dirt', 'Mutie Luv/Mutie Rule' and 'Megway Piracy Rock'. The band's set causes a mass riot, exacerbated by gate crashing juves from Bruce Springsteen and Jon Bon Jovi blocks – both of which see the chance for a fight on neutral territory with an ear-splitting soundtrack. Around a hundred and fifty enraged mopadders storm the stage when Mobile Skum Unitz is played, eager to tear the lead singer, Freddi Noizz, limb from limb. The band defend themselves by using their instruments as weapons and the mob retaliates with any weapons they can lay their hands on. Meanwhile, in the audience, Springsteen and Bonjovite gang members lay into each other and drag-in innocent civilians, causing all manner of injuries. Warning shots above the heads of the rioting mopadders, gang members and musicians comes to nought: the Judges definitely need H Wagon and Pat Wagon back-up. The gang will, at some point, turn on the Judges: each Judge finds himself facing 1d6 rioters with the following (identical) statistics and must defend himself in the most appropriate way, before back-up arrives. Typical Combatants: Str 7 (+0), Dex 8 (+0), End 7 (+0), Int 6 (+0), Edu 7 (+0). Soc 7 (+0) Desperation –1 Skills: Athletics (Strength) 1, Melee (blade) 1, Melee (bludgeon) 1, Melee (unarmed combat) 1, Survival 1

SYNTHI-CAF TO GO

'Item two: shooting at the 'Konstant Cup' synthi-caf bar on Hilton and LeGrange. Three John Does dead. No robbery. Looks like a hit. Patrol 13-3 – you're on this one: ID on the stiff is in from control and pick those up at the end. But these were low-level Contralto Crew runners; nothing to link the creeps with the Big Brains in Gandolfini, so may not indicate anything we need to worry about too much. But I want the usual list: witness statements, evidence, possibly perps. Were there any known contracts out on the victims? If so, who called them in? Who did they tick-off recently? Is this internal Contralto business? Shakedown anyone at Gandolfini that you have to but I guarantee you'll get zip.

The Konstant Cup is a typical, Mega-City One franchise synthi-caf bar on the corner of Hilton and LeGrange pedways. From the outside, a squat, wide building fashioned into the semblance of a coffee mug with a welcoming holographic sign of a buxom waitress refilling a mug with steaming synthi-caf. Inside the bar is stark white, with coffee mug-shaped booths, high, floor-fixed tables, glaring lighting and a very sterile ambience. The place is completely robotised: three multi-armed robot servers dispense coffee with unerring proficiency as they scoot around the booths on single ball-wheels, cheery messages displayed on their face-screens.

Except for today...



At some stage during the night (all Konstant Cups are open twenty-four seven) a group of men arrived at this Konstant Cup, took a booth at the back of the establishment and settled down to talk. Perhaps two gunmen walked into the bar, ignored the one or two casual synthi drinkers, marched up to the booth at the rear, drew .408 hand-cannons and blew the heads off the group of drinkers. Next they turned their attention to each serving droid, blowing out the face-screens and shooting the central CPU and record system built into the main casing of the robot, ensuring that no video of the incident is available. One of the casual diners got up and ran; perhaps the second said or did something but the killers showed no mercy: the poor citizen was executed where he sat, a single shot to the side of his head.

When the Judges arrive Tek Squad has been here for two hours and has cordoned-off the bar. Typically in these kinds of shootings, no one saw anything – and even if they did no one will say. The circumstances for the crime scene are as follows:

- Four dead in total. Three of the men, sitting together, are low-level hoodlums in the Contralto Crew:
 - Ridgy 'Knuckles' Dean, age 48; ran zziz supply rackets in the lower levels of the sector. Pulled five years cube time for GBH around seven years ago. Very low-weight in the Contralto Crew but known to be loyal and keen to go on up in the world.
 - Georgi diBesti, age 51; thug-for-rent who specialised in terrorising alien visitors fresh from Eustace Fargo Spaceport. Several convictions for assaults and facing a mandatory lobotomy if he offended again. Looks like someone got there first: the entire front of his brain has been shot away with almost surgical precision.
 - Toni Durante, age 49: slightly better connected in the Crew and in charge of one of the corrupt portering rackets at the spaceport. No convictions but plenty of suspicions.
- The dead citizen is Willy-Billy Schultz, a resident of Buzz Aldrin block. He had a job as a trainee sub-assistant cleaner at a Sector 13 public convenience. No Justice Department history.
- The three Contralto Crew, whilst known to each other, were not common associates. Each was packing a weapon of some kind; a spit-gun of varying calibres. Whoever shot them worked fast. Only Knuckles managed to get a hand to his weapon. Tek believes two shooters may have been involved simply because of the speed needed to gun down all three. Forensics have dug bullets out of the remains of each man's head and will run the usual ballistics. Results should be available within the hour and beamed to the Judges' bike computers.

- There was no robbery: the serving robots accepted only card payments anyway, so the Konstant Cup has no cash. None of the victims have been robbed either; each one has wallets and ID still in place.
- Tek believes that there was a second witness to the shooting. The table where Willy-Billy Schultz was sitting had two synthi-caff mugs and the second mug has traces of lipstick on the rim. Schultz's girlfriend perhaps? Records show he was not married but PSU have no records for any known female liaisons.
- This branch of Konstant Cup is in a PSU dead-zone. The street cameras do not quite cover the entrance to the bar and when video records are pulled for the likely period of the crime (between 3am and 6am), only the Contralto Crew are seen entering. Customers coming in from the Hilton Street side of the bar can be picked-up on camera; from the LaGrange side, the images are fuzzy. Someone knowing the camera positioning could walk up to the doors in a diagonal and completely avoid being picked-up on any PSU scanners. No internal cameras save for the memory banks of the serving droids and all three of them have been blasted.
- This has all the hallmarks of a professional hit. The gunmen knew who they would hit and when and how to get in without being detected. The Konstant Cup may have been chosen precisely because it is in a PSU dead zone. Whoever did this was ruthless enough to leave no living witnesses: Willy-Billy was cleanly executed and judging by his slim build and typical, block-resident dress, was no threat to anyone save, perhaps, the germs in the public toilets he cleaned for his job.

BACKSTORY

Aiken Moon carried out the hit alone. Tek is right: it would ordinarily take two shooters to work at the speed needed to carry out a hit of this kind without giving any of the Contralto Crew members a chance to get to their guns. But a Judge – and one with Combat Acuity – could get the drop on three hoodlums without any trouble. Moon summoned all three men to this Konstant Cup because he knew it was in a PSU dead zone and chose such an early time because he wanted to avoid witnesses. Willy-Billy and his girlfriend, Daphne DiLacey, had been in the bar for maybe twenty minutes before the Contraltos arrived.

The Contraltos came here because each had information concerning the identity of the informant within the Contralto organisation who ratted Moon to the SJS. Although it all happened over twenty years ago, the men were, at the time, working in various rackets in Jimmy Gandolfini block and knew Aiken Moon, acting as informants and go-betweens with the bribes Moon took. Moon, on his return to Mega-City One, tracked-down and contacted the three men independently using intermediaries. They gathered at the Konstant Cup

unaware of why they had been summoned, thinking that one of the Contralto *capo regimes* had called them together to discuss a scam or heist. They did not recognise Moon when he walked in and Moon was terse in his questioning; to the point and getting the answers he wanted. One thing Tek has overlooked is the audio processors in each droid. The droid that served Willy-Billy, recording to catch his order, has captured part of that conversation. Any Judge on an Int 8+ roll might suggest or ask if the audio has been captured. If so, Tek can pull the recording drives and, within about an hour, retrieve the following dialogue:

Gravel-Voiced Man: '... I know you all got names. You had connections. I want to know who did the fingering. Was it The Raft? Was it Palazzo? Someone higher?'

Durante: 'Spug-off man; why should we tell you nothin'? Who are you anyway, pokin' your face in stuff that don't got nothin' to do with you?'

Knuckles: 'Yeah, like, hit the pedway, man.'

Gravel-Voiced Man: 'The name...'

DiBesti: 'Was a long time ago. Take a hike. We don't remember.'

Gravel Voiced Man: 'Perhaps I can help your powers of recall.'

(A single gunshot. A woman's scream. Sharp intakes of breath)

Durante: 'Shit man... he was a civilian...'

Gravel Voiced Man: 'Now he's a valued contributor to the Resyk programme. Shall I include the girl?'

Knuckles: 'Shit...'

Gravel Voiced Man: 'The name...'

Durante: 'Okay... okay... you gonna bring the Judges down on us like a pile of 'crete, man. Listen, man who squealed... I can't be sure. I heard it was Bennetti.'

Gravel Voiced Man: 'The accountant?'

Durante: 'Yeah...'

Gravel Voiced Man: 'He still walking?'



DiBesti: 'Sure, man. He's retired now, got himself a luxi-pad in...'

Durante: 'Shut the spug-up DiBesti!'

Gravel Voiced Man: 'That'll do...'

Durante: 'Wait!'

Gunshots, very close together. End of audio.

The conversation seems to indicate a single murderer. Tek can identify the fact that the Gravel Voiced Man speaks via a speech synthesiser: the vocal pattern is very good but the various tics are there which, to the trained ear, indicate a voice synthesiser – and a good one – at work.

INVESTIGATING THE MURDERS

Investigating the murders is a full-on job for the Judges. Clearly the victims, with the exception of Willy-Billy, are criminals belonging to the Contralto Crew and that means that the net for a motive can be cast far and wide. If the audio is retrieved from the serving droid then the Judges should realise that the murder of Willy-Billy was an incentive to get the Contralto crew members to talk, pure and simple; but it indicates that the assassin had no compunctions about killing an innocent citizen and his ruthlessness shocked even the Contralto crew.

How the Judges go about investigating these murders is up to them and depends on who they see, what questions they ask and how they go about the investigation. The answers to most of the likely questions are presented below:

WHY WERE THE CONTRALTOS HIT?

Using informants or shaking down Contralto contacts on the street or in the city blocks draws a blank. None of the victims had any serious enemies and none were seemingly involved in any rackets that would provoke a calculated, professional assassination. Their pasts are not spotless – some Judges might conclude that the assassin did Mega-City One a favour – but all inquiries centred around why someone would want to hit this particular group of perps draw nothing that leads to any sensible conclusions. Although the Contralto crew members knew each other, they did not operate together and even PSU records show that they had no current associations. The only conclusion that Judges can draw from this is that:

- They shared some knowledge from the past that allowed them to be drawn into the same place.
- They did not believe their knowledge placed them in any kind of danger.

THE PLACE OF EXECUTION

The Konstant Cup on Hilton and LeGrange is a good spot: excellent escape routes and a PSU blind spot. A brightly lit, public area, it would probably have felt safe to the victims. The Konstant Cup is in Contralto turf and the victims probably did not expect any form of confrontation from whoever summoned them there. Clearly they did not meet by chance – any meeting at that early in the morning was obviously pre-arranged.

METHOD OF EXECUTION

A high-calibre gun that, fired at very close range, guarantees death. The victims were shot very quickly in succession: either more than one gunman or someone with very fast reflexes. The weapon also used case-less ammunition – a feature of the .408 Hand Cannon. However, any Judge making an appropriate roll – such as Streetwise, Street Perception, Investigate or something else – knows that a .408 Hand Cannon is not necessarily the choice of weapon for a professional hitman of the kind mobsters usually employ. It is costly and difficult to obtain. What is evident is that whoever pulled the trigger knew what he was doing – the murders were fast and effective.

GANG WAR

The Contralto crime family has plenty of enemies amongst the other crime families but there is no intelligence in MAC or any other source that suggests this murder was retaliation for anything the Contraltos have done. If any other crime syndicates are pressed or favours called in to provide information, there is a flat denial that anyone had anything to do with this hit. Even the most ardent enemies of the Contraltos deny any responsibility at all. This was *not* a revenge killing.

HOMES AND ASSOCIATES OF THE DECEASED

Investigating the homes of the dead men produces little. There is plenty of evidence linking each Contralto victim with dozens of crimes ranging in severity but nothing that would suggest a bloodbath of the kind seen at the Konstant Cup. If full Tek or Forensic squad shakedown of the victims' apartments are ordered, a vid-phone, voice-only message is found on the message system for Toni Durante. A robotic voice, imitating a female, says the following:

'You know we need to meet. I have what I promised you and more besides. If you want it, bring Knuckles and diBesti, just like we agreed. Konstant Cup, Hilton and LeGrange, 3.15am.'

The call can be traced to a public payphone in a shopping mall in Sector 14 and it was made the day before the assassination. There are no other messages in the system

and no other evidence indicating why the three men should meet. PSU recordings for the phone booth show a blurred image of a tall man, wearing a large brimmed hat, entering the booth at the time the call was made. On leaving the booth he moves rapidly out of camera shot, indicating that he understands the PSU camera system and knows how to use the inevitable blind spots. The PSU camera footage is not good enough to give a visual ID of the caller, and the caller is lost on subsequent camera footage for the area. The voice synthesization could have come from any form of robot. There is no trace of any previous communication in Durante's possessions or records.

PSU RECORDINGS

If PSU is contacted, it can pull records of movements in and around Sector 13 and use face-recognition technology to find and record the movements of the three victims. However getting such information takes 1d6+6 days and so will not provide an instantaneous lead. Once available, though, it shows that the three Contralto members, as well as going around their somewhat mundane business (and any Judge making a Law roll while reviewing the surveillance tapes can spot each man committing at least half a dozen crimes) meet together in a fast-food dive on one of the restaurant levels of Jimmy Gandolini block on the afternoon of 22nd August. They eat muncie burgers, talk in a huddle, seem to disagree, seem to resolve the disagreement and then part after about an hour. There is no audio and nothing to suggest what their meeting and discussion was about.

THE ACCOUNTANT

If the Judges retrieved the audio from the serving druid, the accountant – Bennetti – is mentioned by the mobsters and the Gravel Voiced Man. Streetwise rolls or checking through informants/MAC/Sector Control identifies Bennetti easily enough: the senior partner in the accountancy firm Almodovar, Bennetti and Crebbs – ABC Finance. Bennetti is considered a financial genius; his work for his clients has made many of them very rich, including his most high profile client, Max Contralto. Bennetti is clever though: ABC Finance has always managed to avoid any implications in money-laundering, tax evasion or other financial crimes that would lead to disaster for men like Contralto. Instead ABC has specialised in high-risk, legitimate, off-world portfolios that effectively land outside Mega-City One jurisdiction. Pauley Bennetti has advised Max Contralto personally for many years and, much to the surprise of most, lived a frugal, unpretentious life. He lived in the same, modest conapt for most of his days, drove a simple, unostentatious car and never flaunted his money. The word is that he is uninterested in money himself: what he enjoys most is the mathematical challenge of making money and the analysis and pursuit of

risk. The rewards he does not care for – it is the intellectual challenge that stimulates him.

Furthermore, Bennetti has never had any connections with Justice Department as an informer. Too clever and too sensible, he is not known as an informant. So, the references in the Konstant Cup audio to him having 'squealed' on someone does not fit with any Justice Department records.

Bennetti has since retired from accountancy, selling his stake in ABC to a group of shareholders who continue to maintain the client portfolio and represent the likes of Contralto. Bennetti still maintains an interest in what ABC does and offers advice on strategy and risk; he also offers advice to his old accounts, like Max Contralto, as and when needed.

He lives in Apartment G444, Warren Buffet Luxi-Pads, in northwest Sector 13. Warren Buffet Luxi-Pads are very comfortable penthouses in a high security conapt block in the affluent district of Sector 13. To retire here is not an unusual thing for someone in Bennetti's position to do; the luxi-pads are not mansions or the ostentatious dwellings of the rich and arrogant; simply well-protected, nicely appointed, spacious conapts for those who can afford a comfortable retirement.

Did Bennetti inform on Judge Aiken Moon, leading to his Titan incarceration? The answer is no, he did not. Bennetti is no snitch. But he does know who did – and he is therefore Moon's next target in his bid for revenge. Moon is now going to take his time; it will be some days before he pays Bennetti a visit and he will be watching the Warren Buffet Luxi-Pads to assess security, how to get in and whether or not Judges or any Contralto goons are also watching the place. The next chapter, **Get Karter!**, covers what happens next.

THE CITIZEN

Willy-Billy Schultz, the poor simp executed at the Konstant Cup, was simply in the wrong place at the wrong time. A meek, mild-mannered Mega-City One citizen, he was proud of his toilet attendant job and had just finished his shift. He called into Konstant Cup for a mug of synthi-caf and to canoodle with his girlfriend, Daphne DiLacey, before going back to Buzz Aldrin block to sleep. When a gunman confronted the Contraltos, he tried to keep his head down and protect Daphne. He had no idea the gunman would paste his brains across the gleaming white of the plasteen table, just so Moon could prove a point. Checking out his apartment yields nothing; the usual, inadvertent petty crimes every citizen commits without knowing it, warranting no more than a caution. His employer at the Public Conveniences ('Best and Cleanest Crappers in the Big Meg!'), a robot supervisor called 'Call Me Sebastian', says that Willy-Billy was just an

BACK FROM A LONG WALK



ordinary guy who was seeing the sub-attendant of the female conveniences just next door to the one where he worked on Mickey Douglas Boulevard.

After Willy-Billy was murdered, Daphne fled for her life. Moon paid her no heed; he executed the Contraltos and walked calmly out of the Konstant Cup, made sure he evaded the PSU network and made an effective escape. Daphne, traumatised, hid in a rubbish skip at the rear of the building. Terrified, she is still there, huddled amongst the disposable cups and other detritus of the synthi-caf bar, shaking and too scared to move. The Judges may find her.

It takes time and a gentle touch to get Daphne to talk. A harsh approach just scares her more and gets precisely nowhere. Psi Judges can probe her mind to get information but in her traumatised state, any Psi Judge knows that attempting any form of psionic extraction risks causing permanent emotional trauma to the poor girl. Better to wait for her to calm down and go in gently than making things worse.

Daphne can be coaxed into talking after 2d6+6 hours and on a successful Social Sciences (psychology) roll or a similar communication skill where the Judges are sympathetic rather than heavy handed. She responds better to female Judges. Reduce the amount of time needed for Daphne to talk by 1d6 hours if the Judge who performs the questioning is female and a further 1-hour for each level of an appropriate communication skill.

Daphne does not recall much. She and Willy-Billy were ordering synthi-caf and synthi-sweet donuts. Three men were already in the bar, sitting at a table at the back. The big man (Knuckles) kept staring at her and winking; she did not like him. Then another man came in. He wore a big coat and one of those broad-brimmed hats. The hat had a red band above the brim and looked new. She could not see his eyes. The Hat Man went up to the table where the three were sitting and started asking questions. His hands were by his side. She and Willy-Billy were just talking but Willy-Billy was getting nervous and said to Daphne they should leave. Then it all happened. The Hat Man turned and a gun just appeared in his hand. A big gun. He pointed it at Willy-Billy but did not even look in his direction. He pulled the trigger and Willy-Billy was blown backwards. Daphne was covered in his blood (and she still is; forensics checks-out). The Hat Man carried on talking to the three men who were scared now. Then he started to shoot, very fast but single shots. Daphne was running now – out of the Konstant Cup and round the corner to find someplace to hide. She did not see what the man did or where he went.

Would she recognise him again? She does not know. She would recognise the hat. All she can think about is the hat

and the way it hid his eyes and that red band around the top. She hopes Willy-Billy did not suffer. He was going to propose marriage. She was sure of it. She would have said 'yes'...

Daphne may provide the best lead for the Judges. If mind probed in any way, then snatches of the conversation given earlier are in her residual memories and can be extracted with an appropriate psionic power. Her visual memories of the men are hazy but distinct enough to support the known evidence of the crime scene. Most vivid is the hat man: huge, menacing, looming and almost superhumanly fast. That red hatband burns like an inferno, seared into Daphne's consciousness...

OTHER FACES TO QUESTION

The list of people the Judges can question is endless: it is easy enough to track-down associates of the murdered Contralto crew members but every lead the Judges follow-up draws a blank. Lie detector tests check out: no one knows anything behind the hit.

Should the Judges turn to the big guns in the Contralto organisation, they have the following options:

MAX CONTRALTO

Head of the family and an incredibly difficult man to get to see, Max Contralto lives in the penthouse level of Jimmy Gandolfini block but hangs-out in the Badaboom Bar and Grill, in Gandolfini's entertainment level. This seedy bar, actually owned and operated by Max's associate and chief adviser, Sil Matrix, offers continual lap dancing, karaoke, shuggy and all manner of low-rent pastimes whilst just remaining within the law. A fuller description of Max Contralto is found on page 100; but when approached by the Judges for the first time he is affable, if sarcastic.

'Yeah, hi Justices. Have a beer. No? Too bad, its good right now but I guess you're on official duties so I understand....'

And, when it comes down to questioning about the Konstant Cup...

'Listen, whoever put my friends in the Resyk line-up, I wanna know about 'em. Sure, I got people don't like me; you got people don't like you. But what happened in that synthi-caf bar was a dreadful, dreadful thing and none of my enemies have any reason to go pullin' stunts like that. Am I gonna do anythin' stupid? Come on... I'm a legitimate businessman. But I got contacts, Justices and I got my contacts contacting their contacts and I wanna find the creep who murdered not only my friends but also that poor sap who got in the way. Hey, let me know if you find he's got family. I wanna make sure his family

gets by, y'know? Sorta like a charitable donation of Good Citizenship.

Seriously Justices... You do your jobs. Find who killed my boys.'

STEEVEE RAY MONETTI

Steevee Ray is Max Contralto's cousin (Max has hundreds of them) and in charge of the portering franchises that operate at Eustace Fargo spaceport. Toni Durante answered directly to Steevee and Steevee answers directly to Max. Steevee is known to be a favourite of the Contralto boss even though he is hot headed, arrogant and ambitious. He is also a loyal mobster, neck deep in the criminal mire but, like his boss, smart enough to be distanced from it through people like the deceased Tony Durante.

Steevee rarely goes to the Eustace Fargo spaceport, instead meeting those who run his operations at a clothing and kneepad store down a wide alley not far from the Willy Vanderbilt Ped-Plaza, a shopping area between Jimmy Gandolfini block and the main skedway. This is where Steevee can be found most afternoons, if he is not with Max Contralto.

Steevee is incandescent with rage over the death of the three mobsters and does not attempt to hide it.

'You Judges better be bringing these spuggin' losers kickin' and screamin' into the Sector House or doling out some Standard Execution sentencing, because, these guys was doin' nothin' and they got blasted by some creep who needs to know better. I'm not sayin' I'm takin' nothin' into my own hands here but I want whoever did this turned into cat meat, you get me? And if this was anyone who feels they can start pushing me around, they're gonna discover what its like shovin' at a twenty ton rock.'

Steevee cannot and does not, offer much else. Durante was working as he should, did not have any enemies to speak of and never mentioned anything to Steevee about any meeting. The Judges will get the impression, however, that Max Contralto has given Steevee the go ahead to run his own investigation and deliver Contralto-style justice, to whoever pulled the trigger at the Konstant Cup. And Steevee is hot headed enough to carry out that plan.

LUIGI BENNETTI

The retired accountant, Bennetti only comes to light as someone who can help if the audio is retrieved from the serving droids or if snatches of conversation are retrieved from Daphne DiLacey. His apartment in Warren Buffet conapts is secure and comfortable but Bennetti, a small,

stooped, balding man in his late 60s is happy to talk with the Judges.

He did not know the men who were killed. He has no professional ties with the Contraltos anymore, having retired from accountancy several years ago. This is a terrible tragedy and if he can think of anything that will help he will contact the Justice Department.

Bennetti does not see himself as any kind of potential target for a hitman and waves away any warning or suggestions that he go into hiding. He is comfortable where he is and 'too old for this kind of stuff'. The Judges cannot force him to find somewhere safe to hide but, if he is placed under any form of covert surveillance, he does make a call to Max Contralto, speaking in veiled phrases. The conversation provides no evidence in itself but clearly Bennetti is rattled and Contralto promises to ensure his safety, remarking that 'this whole things stinks, Luigi and I got to get some kind of air freshener. Leave this with me and don't worry.'

GUZMAN SANCTITY INVESTMENTS

Guzman Sanctity Investments is a front company for the Van Zandt crime family that operates in neighbouring Sector 11. Specialising in the brokerage of off-world property deals, Guzman Sanctity regularly trades in large amounts of money legitimately, meaning it is easy to launder smaller amounts run through its books by the Van Zandt syndicate. Bearer bonds are high-value, insured, cash securities. They differ from the more common types of investment securities in that they are unregistered – no records are kept of the owner or the transactions involving ownership. Whoever physically holds the paper on which the bond is issued owns the instrument. This is useful for investors who wish to retain anonymity. The downside is that in the event of loss or theft, bearer bonds are extremely difficult to recover – hence, dealers using them insure against loss or theft through legitimate insurance companies.

The details of the crime scene are as follows; Tek Division has a forensic team in situ to assess the details of the crime.

- Security cameras were hacked the night before, diverting video recordings to a nearby Laundromat. Whoever did the hacking was very good and knew precisely how to re-route the various security procedures.
- The rear entrance was blown-open with a hi-ex shape charge. The door is 5cm, reinforced security-grade plastisteel: the charge was such that the blast would wreck just the door and not cause internal structural

damage. Someone with very good knowledge of explosives did the work.

- Alarms on the door were disabled for precisely four minutes before the private security company Guzman, used for its alarm systems, was alerted. In that time the perps got in, blew the main safe and got out. A highly confident and skilful entry.
- The main safe was simply a holding point for the bearer bonds which were due to be collected by an off-world investor the following day. The safe contained around half a million in cash but the thieves ignored the money, focusing only on the bonds. Again, a shape charge was used to blast the safe door without damaging the contents.
- The thieves were not quite as careful as they thought. Tek has managed to pull a fingerprint from a corner of the safe. For some reason one of the thieves removed his gloves momentarily: the print is a tented arch from a thumb. Running it through the Single Print Index on MAC shows it belongs to one Tony Durante, a member of the Contralto crew.
- The main problem here is that the robbery was committed at 04.16 hours: the time at which Tony Durante was shot and killed in the Konstant Cup shootings. Tony Durante was not the perp... but someone wants to send a message to the Van Zandt family that the Contraltos were involved.
- The entire robbery took four minutes to execute. It would need at least three people and at least one of them needed to be an explosives expert. Physical evidence is negligible; only the thumbprint offers any form of clue and the fact that Durante was dead at the time of the robbery means it is a red herring.
- The location of the Guzman offices, on Eustace Fargo East Approach sked means there are plenty of escape routes either deeper into the city or out towards the spaceport. There are no witnesses and the hacking of the security systems means there is no way of identifying getaway vehicles. This was a professional theft: well organised, well planned and well executed.
- The MCr. 6 in bearer bonds belonged to a Brit-Cit property investor called Raydon West. They represented profits

from a sale of a condominium on the Ceres Habitat in the asteroid belt. MAC checks show that Raydon West has criminal connections in Brit-Cit but all that is outside of the Judges' jurisdiction. Needless to say, Raydon West would likely hold Van Zandt responsible for not looking after his money; and Van Zandt will want to find out who committed the robbery. The insurance on the bonds means Raydon West will get his MCr. 6 but at some delay and Van Zandt's claim will injure its premiums.

THE BACKSTORY

Aiken Moon is behind the robbery. People working for him have followed Tony Durante for several weeks and had ample opportunity to collect a fingerprint from a drinking glass or elsewhere. Moon had the fingerprint duplicated into gloves worn by the team he assembled for the robbery deliberately to confuse the hell out of the Judges and to set the Contralto and Van Zandt crime families against each other. Moon does not need the money; but he has his own financial sources to liquidate the money quickly and untraceably.

The team he picked to do the job are off-world mercenaries recruited from the seedy areas surrounding Eustace Fargo spaceport. He recruited an explosives expert, a security expert and a skilled thief to run the heist, paying each man MCr. 1 for the task. Each member of the gang had an off-world ticket bought for them in advance and, as soon as the bonds were stolen, they headed for the spaceport, deposited the bonds in a safety deposit box in the main terminal and boarded separate shuttles for off-world destinations. The thieves are, by the time the Judges investigate, long gone.

Moon's plan is simply to cause chaos in the criminal underworld that he can later exploit. The fact that Tony Durante is dead (and therefore could not have committed the robbery) will not stop Van Zandt levelling blame at the Contraltos and taking revenge. Similarly, the theft of the bearer bonds will bring down the wrath of Raydon West on the Van Zandts and the possibility that the theft is an insurance scam will leave the Van Zandts feeling exposed and vengeful. Moon has sown the seeds for reprisals and now intends to sit back and watch the fallout.



INVESTIGATING THE CRIME

The Chief Operating Executive of Guzman Sanctity Investments, Orlando Guzman, is present at the crime scene and being held back by the forensics officers. He is furious at the audacity of the robbery and busy making all kinds of demands for the investigation, even going as far as wanting the Sector Chief to take personal charge of the case. He is a thin, angry man, well dressed and with a thin, pencil moustache worn above an equally thin lip. Used to getting his own way and used to dealing with the Van Zandt mobsters, he veers perilously close to insulting the Judges, which would warrant his own arrest.

He readily identifies who owned the bearer bonds that have been stolen and warns the Judges that 'In Brit-Cit, men like Raydon West don't like being fleeced. That man has connections, see? Bad connections. He comes calling in Mega-City One and it'll be murders you guys are investigating – not robberies.' If it is pointed out that Guzman himself has similarly murderous connections, he just leers and falls silent.

Clearly someone knew about the MCr. 6 stored in the Guzman safe. Guzman Sanctity Investments has only three employees: Guzman, his nephew Waldo Van Zandt, who runs the day-to-day operation and Shania Monks, the office secretary. Several accounting robots provide the additional staff needed to manage all the financial complexities for the operation.

WALDO VAN ZANDT

Waldo is a slick, wannabe tycoon who likes to dress expensively, live expensively and drive expensive cars. As the son of Ludo Van Zandt, he is well connected within the Sector 11 crime family but essentially a very low operator. He has been conducting an affair with Shania Monks for just under a year, something which, if it came out, would cause all kinds of problems. Shania's husband is one of the Van Zandt family's enforcement thugs for hire and he would enjoy delivering all manner of brutality on someone like Waldo. Waldo was in charge of handing over the bearer bonds to Raydon West's representatives and so knew all about the transaction. His problem is his indiscretion when it comes to money. Aiken Moon has had Waldo's car – a top-

of-the-range Aldi Vektor – bugged for weeks and has been listening to the loud, indiscrete, conversations Waldo holds with Guzman clients whilst driving. It was not hard for Moon to work out how much money was coming through Guzman Sanctity Investments, how and when it was to be moved. If Waldo's car is searched, then the bug will be found, located behind the steering column. It is impossible to track the transmission frequency but this is a long-range device, capable of transmitting at least 100km. Once removed from its hiding place an integral self-destruct charge operates, causing the bug to fizzle and die in a cloud of acrid smoke. Realising that his indiscretions have compromised his uncle's operation, Waldo pleads with the Judges to help him. The wrath of Orlando Guzman, his own family and Raydon West, is too much for him to bear. Waldo Guzman could prove to be useful to the Judges at a later date.

Waldo Van Zandt: Str 8 (+0), Dex 8 (+0), End 7 (+0), Int 10 (+1), Edu 9 (+1), Soc 8 (+0)

Desperation +1

Skills: Admin 2, Broker 1, Computers 1, Streetwise 1

SHANIA MONKS

A slim, stunningly attractive brunette, Shania is the office manager for Guzman Sanctity but spends no time working and all her time watching her favourite vid shows (she is addicted to the output of Dotty Parker block's studios) and canoodling with Waldo. She knew all about the bearer bonds in the safe (but not the amount) because, Waldo (being Waldo) had told her. Shania is married to the thuggish Spiro Monks, a Van Zandt enforcer and goon-for-hire and is terrified of her husband discovering her affair with Waldo – something that could happen given the state of things at Guzman Sanctity. Under questioning she admits that she knew about the bearer bonds but not their value and attests that Waldo was always bragging about the money he was making and how easy it would be to scam his uncle. Shania is uninterested in saving her lover – just her own neck, both from Orlando Guzman and her vengeful husband. If she can incriminate Waldo and get away with it, she will but under questioning is constantly asking the Judges if her husband needs to know anything about what has happened for fear of how he will act.

If pressed, Shania could be turned into a Justice Department informant, which would be a useful inside track on the more violent aspects of Van Zandt business methods.

Shania Monks: Str 5 (-1), Dex 9 (+1), End 7 (+0), Int 8 (+0), Edu 7 (+0), Soc 8 (+0)

Desperation 0

Skills: Admin 1, Art (Popular Vid Shows) 3, Broker 0

The two robots Guzman uses are standard humanoid accounting and reconciliation units equipped with supercilious, pedantic personality units. They offer no insights into this particular crime but if their memory units are accessed and

subjected to Tek Division scrutiny have enough evidence of money laundering to put Orlando Guzman and Waldo Van Zandt away for at least 10 years each and seriously hamper certain Van Zandt financial interests both in Mega-City One and off-world.

Other than these areas, the Guzman robbery leads the Judges nowhere. The thieves are long gone; the bearer bonds are securely hidden and Moon has done what he wanted to do: start sowing the seeds of conflict between the Contralto and Van Zandt families.



GET KARTER!

The previous chapter has, in roundabout ways, exposed the Judges to the beginning of Aiken Moon's complicated plan for revenge across Sector 13. This chapter delves deeper into this scheme and concerns the revenge Moon intends to take against the man who informed on him to the SJS.

As a Judge, in the aftermath of the Apocalypse War, Moon came into contact with many of the high-ranking family members in the Contralto syndicate. Any crime family knows that having a corrupt Judge in their pocket can be extremely useful and thus, when Moon was caught, the Contraltos were every bit as eager to discover who had stripped them of this asset as Moon himself.

The person responsible was Anji Karter. Not an active mobster but the wife of Santino Karter, one of the main lieutenants in the Contralto family. Santino died in the resistance against the Sov Bloc and Anji blamed the Contralto family for failing to protect him. Aiken Moon developed a friendship with her as he became more involved in the Contralto's schemes after the war and Anji fell in love – something Moon could not and would not, reciprocate. Spurned and hateful – both of the wider Contralto organisation, which she blamed for Santino's death, and Aiken Moon, for rejecting her advances, Anji Karter planned her revenge. It was she that informed on Moon, hoping that his arrest and interrogation would damage both him and the Contralto family. In the end, her plan failed because the Contraltos prevailed and Moon became obsessed with revenge of his own. In the past twenty one years or so, she has distanced herself from the Contraltos but that has never stopped the family wanting to know who exposed them by informing on Moon.

Only one man knows the truth – or came close to discovering it. Pauley Bennetti was never inclined to pry too much into Contralto affairs, simply doing what was required to manage their financial assets. Whilst conducting a clean-up audit on the accounts of various Contralto associates, including Anji Karter, Bennetti stumbled across communications between Anji and the Grand Hall of Justice. The communications were with the SJS and matched with the dates leading up to Aiken Moon's arrest. Bennetti put two and two together and realised that Anji Karter was the mole.

Bennetti could not keep the information to himself but also did not want to get his friend, Anji, into the kind of trouble she would face if the Contralto family ever discovered her treachery. Bennetti fabricated evidence to show that

a middle-ranking member of the Contralto Crew, Jonny 'Bones' Bugatti, had been the mole. Bugatti died in a car accident shortly after Moon was arrested and the Contraltos were satisfied. Anji Karter was in the clear and life went on as before. Bennetti only revealed the fabricated evidence to the family heads and they never discussed it with the rank and file, but rumours inevitably leaked out that the accountant had done a great service for the family. Tony Durante, working higher in the organisation at that time, heard the rumours and understood Bennetti's role. He pretty much forgot all about it after that – until someone, nearly fifteen years later, came back and started digging around for who had informed on a corrupt Judge. That secret cost Durante his life and may now cost Bennetti his.

Now that Moon has returned and got Bennetti's name, he wants to explore the connection. Moon is doubtful that Bennetti himself did the squealing but he is also the best lead he has, outside of the upper echelons of the Contralto Crew: and Moon has a special plan for them.

Thus, this chapter focuses on Pauley Bennetti and Anji Karter. How the scenario develops depends on what the Judges discovered in their investigations from the previous chapter, but they become involved in Moon's plans nonetheless...

TOOLEY MJU, PI

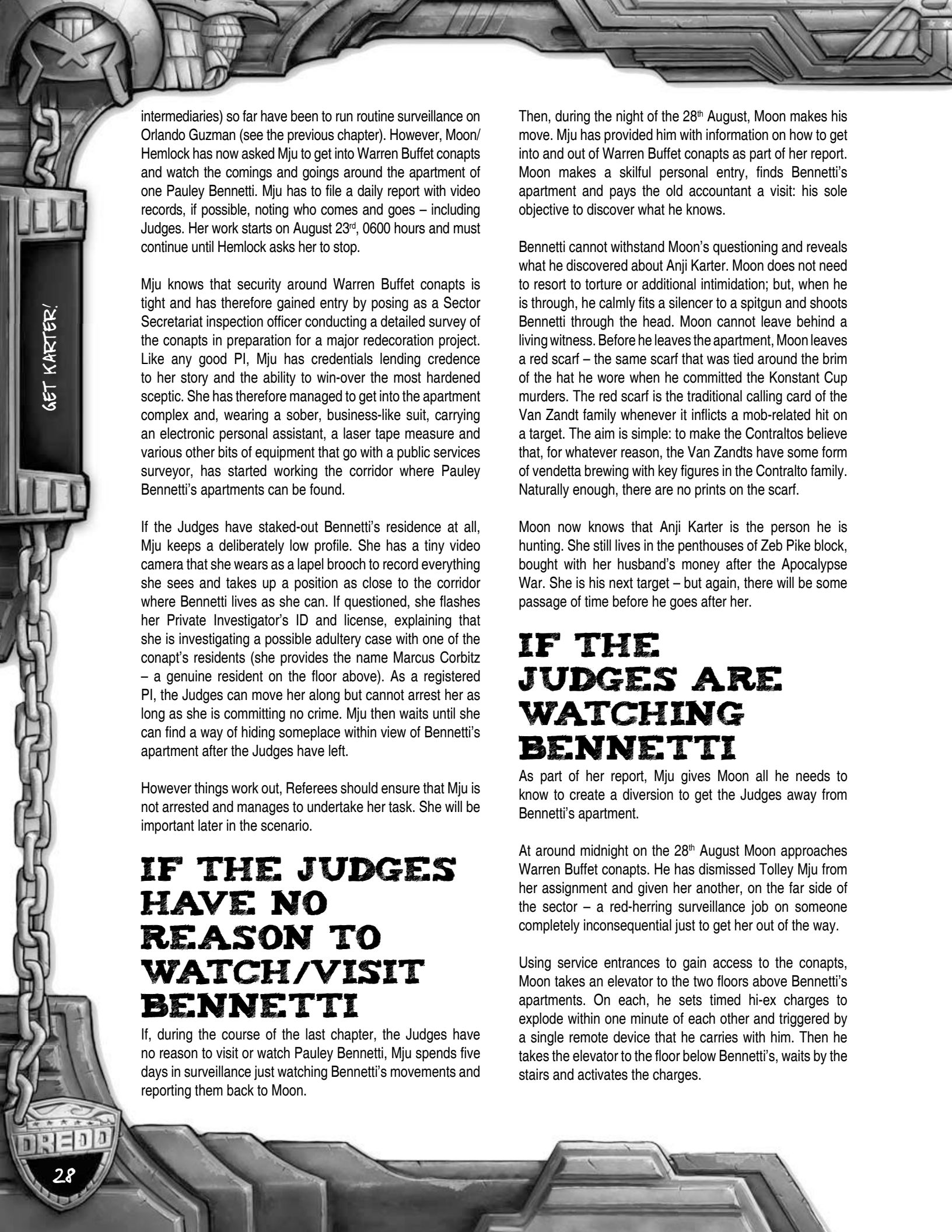
Having set himself up as a legitimate investment consultant under the name Lenny Hemlock, Moon has hired a private investigator to work on his behalf. There is nothing unusual in such an arrangement; PIs are often hired by wealthy finance companies to undertake surveillance and investigative work. Such a PI is Tooley Mju, a registered, reasonably successful, PI working in Sector 13.

Tooley Mju, like many PIs, was once a Rookie Judge. She failed her Full Eagle Day and instead went into the private investigation business working for a reputable firm hiring failed cadets like herself. After five years, Mju went independent and built up a decent reputation as a discreet, tenacious investigator specialising in missing persons, divorce cases and welfare fraud. She is registered with the Grand Hall of Justice and licensed to carry a firearm. More detail on Tooley Mju can be found on page 102.

Mju's assignments for Moon/Hemlock (who she has not met in person, only via vid phone audio contact and through robot

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intermediaries) so far have been to run routine surveillance on Orlando Guzman (see the previous chapter). However, Moon/Hemlock has now asked Mju to get into Warren Buffet conapts and watch the comings and goings around the apartment of one Pauley Bennetti. Mju has to file a daily report with video records, if possible, noting who comes and goes – including Judges. Her work starts on August 23rd, 0600 hours and must continue until Hemlock asks her to stop.

Mju knows that security around Warren Buffet conapts is tight and has therefore gained entry by posing as a Sector Secretariat inspection officer conducting a detailed survey of the conapts in preparation for a major redecoration project. Like any good PI, Mju has credentials lending credence to her story and the ability to win-over the most hardened sceptic. She has therefore managed to get into the apartment complex and, wearing a sober, business-like suit, carrying an electronic personal assistant, a laser tape measure and various other bits of equipment that go with a public services surveyor, has started working the corridor where Pauley Bennetti's apartments can be found.

If the Judges have staked-out Bennetti's residence at all, Mju keeps a deliberately low profile. She has a tiny video camera that she wears as a lapel brooch to record everything she sees and takes up a position as close to the corridor where Bennetti lives as she can. If questioned, she flashes her Private Investigator's ID and license, explaining that she is investigating a possible adultery case with one of the conapt's residents (she provides the name Marcus Corbitz – a genuine resident on the floor above). As a registered PI, the Judges can move her along but cannot arrest her as long as she is committing no crime. Mju then waits until she can find a way of hiding someplace within view of Bennetti's apartment after the Judges have left.

However things work out, Referees should ensure that Mju is not arrested and manages to undertake her task. She will be important later in the scenario.

IF THE JUDGES HAVE NO REASON TO WATCH/VISIT BENNETTI

If, during the course of the last chapter, the Judges have no reason to visit or watch Pauley Bennetti, Mju spends five days in surveillance just watching Bennetti's movements and reporting them back to Moon.

Then, during the night of the 28th August, Moon makes his move. Mju has provided him with information on how to get into and out of Warren Buffet conapts as part of her report. Moon makes a skilful personal entry, finds Bennetti's apartment and pays the old accountant a visit: his sole objective to discover what he knows.

Bennetti cannot withstand Moon's questioning and reveals what he discovered about Anji Karter. Moon does not need to resort to torture or additional intimidation; but, when he is through, he calmly fits a silencer to a spitgun and shoots Bennetti through the head. Moon cannot leave behind a living witness. Before he leaves the apartment, Moon leaves a red scarf – the same scarf that was tied around the brim of the hat he wore when he committed the Konstant Cup murders. The red scarf is the traditional calling card of the Van Zandt family whenever it inflicts a mob-related hit on a target. The aim is simple: to make the Contraltos believe that, for whatever reason, the Van Zandts have some form of vendetta brewing with key figures in the Contralto family. Naturally enough, there are no prints on the scarf.

Moon now knows that Anji Karter is the person he is hunting. She still lives in the penthouses of Zeb Pike block, bought with her husband's money after the Apocalypse War. She is his next target – but again, there will be some passage of time before he goes after her.

IF THE JUDGES ARE WATCHING BENNETTI

As part of her report, Mju gives Moon all he needs to know to create a diversion to get the Judges away from Bennetti's apartment.

At around midnight on the 28th August Moon approaches Warren Buffet conapts. He has dismissed Tolley Mju from her assignment and given her another, on the far side of the sector – a red-herring surveillance job on someone completely inconsequential just to get her out of the way.

Using service entrances to gain access to the conapts, Moon takes an elevator to the two floors above Bennetti's apartments. On each, he sets timed hi-ex charges to explode within one minute of each other and triggered by a single remote device that he carries with him. Then he takes the elevator to the floor below Bennetti's, waits by the stairs and activates the charges.

The resulting explosions rock the building and should send the Judges to investigate. On both floors is complete chaos as residents spill out into the corridors, panicked. The charges are placed to do only property damage but sprinklers are activated and automated warning sirens echo into life. Moon watches Bennetti's floor and, as residents on that floor begin to leave their apartments, Moon calmly walks into Bennetti's, apprehending the accountant and dragging him back indoors. In the confusion no one sees this happen. It then takes Moon no more than two minutes to extract Anji Karter's name from Bennetti before shooting him through the head. Moon leaves the red scarf, reverses his jacket and strolls out of the apartment, joining the throng of evacuees escaping into the night.

If any Judges remain to watch Bennetti's apartment during the confusion, Moon deals with them by rolling two canisters of stumm gas into the corridor. While the Judges are reacting to get respirators down, he takes the opportunity to knock the Judges unconscious or, if necessary, shoot to kill (using his silenced spitgun). He should get a reasonable chance of succeeding in incapacitating the Judges to get to Bennetti, using the confusion from the hi-ex charges, his stumm gas and his own wits. If tangling with the Judges in this way, Moon wears a scarf across the lower half of his face, making it impossible for the Judges to get any idea of his appearance – although they will note the powerful physique and speed with which he moves.

If the Judges are in a position to give chase to Moon, they find themselves tracking a fast and cunning foe. Moon uses cover well: he seems to know the layout of the conapts well and he deploys a variety of obstacles for the Judges to handle as he makes-good his escape: stumm gas, fire doors and using the fleeing citizens as cover. If the Judges fire on him, he returns fire when possible but concentrates completely on evasion – and he should evade the fleeing Judges.

Moon *needs* to escape – Referees should engineer it that he does but the Judges should also appear to be allowed a good chance of apprehending him, even though they will fail. Eventually Moon disappears into the night and, for the Judges, the trail goes cold.

DEAD RECKONER

The aim of this opening part of the chapter is for Pauley Bennetti to wind-up dead, having given his information to Aiken Moon first. From here on, the Judges are investigating a murder case specifically.

If the Judges were not staking out Bennetti's apartment in Warren Buffet, they are assigned to the case at the briefing for 29th August. They arrive on the scene when the apartment's cleaning droid puts-in a distress call to Sector House as it discovers Bennetti's body. However, also see the *Monetti* section, boxed text.

If they were on stake out, then the Judges find Bennetti, in his conapts, with a bullet through his forehead. The red scarf mentioned earlier is left at the crime scene and this may be the only piece of evidence to link this killing with that at the Konstant Cup.

There are no signs of a struggle: Bennetti is sitting in a chair and forensics show this is where he was shot. He is unrestrained and from all the evidence, the accountant may have known his attacker. Forensics is unable to produce any DNA although there are hair and fibre traces: both draw blanks against MAC's database.

MONETTI...

If the Judges, as part of any investigation into the Konstant Cup, visited Max Contralto and mentioned Bennetti, this triggered conversations between the accountant and the head of the Contralto family. The conversations were veiled and careful but Contralto promised to look after Bennetti.

Max sends Steeve Ray Monetti, one of his most trusted lieutenants, along with three of Monetti's goons, down to watch Bennetti's apartment and make sure nothing happens to the accountant. As Moon also has Mju watching the apartment, she knows Monetti and his team are there and reports back.

Monetti and his team make no attempt to intervene if Judges are there – and make a quick escape when Moon makes his assault; but, if Judges are not present, Moon kills the three goons whilst Monetti is distracted by something else (it does not matter what) and Steeve Ray Monetti finds Bennetti's body – along with the red scarf. This leads the Contraltos to conclude that the Van Zandts are behind the killing, which will precipitate violence between the two families.

Although the accountant was retired he still has personal computer records relating to various clients he advised on an ad-hoc basis. These include Max Contralto and Steeve

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Ray Monetti, although the records have been constructed cleverly enough to hide real evidence of financial crime or money laundering.

Bennetti's bank accounts show that he was affluent enough but frugal with it: the luxi-pad in the Warren Buffet conapts was his only extravagance. The apartment is tastefully – but not ostentatiously – furnished. Records of what he watched on the vid channels of the massive television show he enjoyed the news and financial reports.

Essentially there is little in the apartment to suggest a motive other than a mob slaying. Bennetti was connected to the mob and there is no evidence of theft. The red scarf left behind by Moon is a Van Zandt trademark and this should trigger the Judges into investigating known Van Zandt mobsters (see below). Facts that can be gleaned:

- The murder was fast. Bennetti may have known his murderer; there are no signs of a struggle.
- The murderer knew the layout of the building and easily bypassed security.
- If the Judges were present on their own stakeout, the murderer came prepared – he knew the Judges were watching. And, as the Judges will be investigating the Konstant Cup killings, it is not difficult to establish that the same person committed both crimes.

BENNETTI'S DIARY

If the Referee wants to offer the Judges help or a clue, Bennetti's diary is an option to use. Bennetti kept a daily diary for over thirty years and it is stored on a memory slug that is found in his personal possessions. It is password protected and encrypted but anyone with Computers 2 or better who makes an 8+ roll (or has the Data Access Special Technique – no roll necessary) is able to break the security.

The diary contains personal recollections and observations. Real names for people are not used, so, although the diary contains information that might incriminate members of the Contralto crew in all manner of crimes, there is no hard evidence to use the diary to trigger direct investigations. Much of the diary is humdrum. But, to assist the plot, the following entry may prove useful.

'15th March 2106

I don't like what I've discovered about Jani. She's definitely talked to the heat and I've seen the conversations. She really has it in for the for Drum and what she's told them will really beat down on the Drum just like the Sovs beat down on us not that long ago. If the top of the food chain learns what she said – hell, if the Drum learns what she said – that's it: curtains for poor Jani.

So, here I am, a man who never knowingly took a stupid breath, about to take the biggest, most stupid breath I can. Top of the food chain wants answers about the Drum so I'm gonna feed 'em in. Jonny-Boy getting killed like that makes it the easiest and best way – I pin it all on Jonny-Boy and Jani stays in the clear. She never needs to know. There's lots she never needs to know. Like how I've loved her every day since the day I first saw her. She won't look at a schlep like me so I'm not fooling myself here but I can do things for her that prove all that love to myself.

Thanks for dying Jonny-Boy – you saved a life.'

The entry refers to Bennetti covering-up Anji Karter's informing on Aiken Moon. The names provide the clues:



- 'Jani' – anagram of Anji
- Drum – refers to Aiken Drum, the man who lived in the moon, according to an ancient folk song (and, hence, to Aiken Moon).
- Jonny-Boy – Jonny 'Bones' Bugatti – killed in a skedway pile-up in Sector 9, 4th January 2106.

Library searches on Anji and Drum return nothing, but a search in the name Jonny for 2106 brings back a Justice Department report of a pile-up on the Ralph Little skedway in Sector 9 on October 5th, 2106. Weather Control was out of action following the Apocalypse War and the road was wet. Some jerk changed lane too rapidly and caused a major pile-up that killed thirteen. One of the deceased was Jonathan Bugatti, also known as Bones, a middle-ranking racketeer for the Contralto crime family.

Bennetti's reference to the heat clearly means Justice Department but there are no records of Jonny Bugatti acting as an informant in any capacity.

If the Judges decide to look specifically into the records for SJS for around 2106, it will prove difficult to gain access. SJS is notoriously secretive and protective and it requires a successful roll of 10+, with DMs for Influence and Admin. If any of the Judges have an Ally in SJS then they gain a further +1 DM. Retrieving this information takes 1d6+1 days, owing to the various permissions required and it also needs the assent of Sector Chief DiMaggio.

SJS RECORDS

The SJS records for 2106 show that, in June of that year, an investigation was launched into Judge Aiken Moon, following information supplied by one Anji Karter. The investigating SJS Judges were Cripps and Eckhardt, with assistance by street Judge DiMaggio – the current Sector Chief. Moon was arrested in July 2106, interrogated (the records do not mention the brutality of the interrogation but it can be guessed at) and sentenced to twenty years on Titan.

Judge Aiken Moon was taking bribes from members of the Contralto family although the money was never retrieved and Moon did not reveal under interrogation who had made the payments. Some low-level arrests resulted but nothing that would ever injure the syndicate. Video recordings of some of the interrogation sessions are available and they show Cripps and Eckhardt subjecting Moon to an incredible amount of physical punishment in a bid to make him talk. Moon does not break once, despite the amount of brutality inflicted upon him. One memorable clip from the video shows a barely recognisable Moon, face a bloody pulp, fingers broken, spitting-out a mouthful of teeth and grinning slyly to the camera.

Further records from the Titan Penal Archives show that Moon was amongst that rare group to survive the full term on Titan. He was released in September 2126 with a travel permit for Earth but there the trail ends: Aiken Moon disappears.

Eckhardt, of course, was the dead Judge found glued to the wheel of the Foord Slabster aimed at the Sector House on the 22nd August. This is the strongest clue yet that the Judges are dealing with an ex-Judge who, even before being shipped to Titan, was a man of exceptional physical endurance. It also suggests that Moon has returned to get his revenge on Eckhardt, Cripps and Anji Karter, the woman who informed on him. They do, indeed, have a paper trail – all they have to do is find Aiken Moon...

ANJI KARTER

Moon does not go immediately for Anji Karter; he bides his time. He also uses Tooley Mju to establish visual contact with Anji Karter and follow her over the course of three weeks, charting where she goes, who she sees and so on.

During this time the Judges should be given some of the One Shot Incidents found in the One Shots chapter, starting on page 88. These small cases may or may not be related to the Bad Moon campaign and are designed to act as fillers and break points in the general story arc.

Moon does not intend on going for Anji Karter personally; instead he intends to use a snatch-squad to kidnap Anji and take her to a hiding place he has planned, where he can take his time in his revenge.

The snatch squad Moon has in mind is not even human. In his off-world travels in the Marellen system he came across the mercenary species known as the K'datch. Naturally psionic, the K'datchi also have chameleon-like capabilities making them excellent insurgents and guerrilla warfare specialists. Whilst Tooley Mju performs her surveillance, Moon is making arrangements for a team of four k'datchi to arrive on Earth. K'datchi are one of many races banned by law from visiting Mega-City One owing to their capabilities and also owing to the fact that they have fought against human colonists in some of the off-world colony wars. However, with the right permits in place and bribes made to interstellar shipping companies, any race can find its way into Mega-City One and so, one week before Moon intends to have Anji Karter snatched, the k'datchi snatch-squad arrives on planet, landing at the Gil Gerard Space Freight Yards in south-east Mega-City One and head north to meet with Moon.

BETHANY BEACH

In 2112 Anji Karter left Sector 13 to live in seclusion in the well-heeled area known as Bethany Beach, one of the

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districts of Sector 119, bordering the Black Atlantic. The Bethany Beach district is one of luxury mansions surrounded by spacious grounds and owned by the very wealthy. Anji got rich through her husband's criminal activities and then through clever investments managed by Pauley Bennetti. Tiring of life in Sector 13 and harbouring a complete dislike for Max Contralto, she decided to get right away from her old life.

Max Contralto disliked Anji too. He disliked her disloyalty and always suspected something was not quite right with the woman. Whenever a Contralto wife is made into a widow, it is customary for her to remain close to the family so it can take care of her: Anji Karter was having none of that and that made Max suspicious. But, it is a matter of family honour that wives are classed as civilians and be allowed to go their own ways and so he let her go – but she is not held in high regard by the Contraltos.

Bethany Beach consists of some fifty or so sprawling mansions, served by a series of private skedways and close to the ground level – away from the poverty and grime of the rest of Sector 119. The community is mostly retired business people and they spend their days attending rounds of parties and organising charitable events to give themselves something to do and make lip-service contributions to the Sector 119 community at large. Anji Karter has slotted into this community and managed to keep her mob connections (even though many of the other Bethany Beach residents are no better) secret from her neighbours.

Anji resides in a villa named Xanaatu, a sprawling, five bedroomed ranch-style house surrounded by 3 acres of synthetic trees and shrubs. Anji lives here alone but a steady procession of toy-boy lovers crosses her threshold to keep her occupied, several times per week. Her only other companions are her two robot servants: Salammbo (personal maid) and Marko (chef).

The villa has a standard automated security system that locks-down the house with all doors and windows being blast shielded with 12 point armour as soon as the alarm system is activated. Anji has a direct comm-link to a private security firm that notifies Sector House 119 when the alarms are activated: the nearest patrol will be ordered to investigate. The grounds of the house are strung with motion- sensors that activate whenever the beam is broken by someone not wearing one of the Xanaatu security system tags (worn as a discreet brooch). Avoiding the sensors whilst not wearing a brooch and travelling through the gardens requires some form of light-amplification vision (such as IR) or a Dex 11+ roll.

The villa is everything one would expect of a luxury house bought with illegally gained funds. A massive, two metre vid screen dominates the main wall of the lounge; the kitchen is cutting edge 22nd Century technology and the bedrooms are stocked with every nocturnal luxury most Mega-City One citizens only dream of affording. The garage area contains Anji's Luxus Pallas – a large, sleek, black sedan that Salammbo pilots in chauffer-mode – and the recharging/rest units for the two robots. At most times Marko, the robot chef, is in the kitchen, preparing food or cleaning, whilst Salammbo, the maid droid, follows Anji at a discreet distance waiting for her next command before zipping-off to do her bidding.

Anji entertains frequently; a dinner party is held once a week when selected acquaintances from Bethany Beach are invited to try the latest fashionable dishes and, on other nights, Anji entertains one of the wealthy younger lovers who help keep the boredom at bay.

MJU AGAIN

Tooley Mju has been sent to watch and report. She is driving a rented Oordi Vega – a two-seater sports coupe – and is posing as a reporter for the Mega-City One charity magazine 'Altruism in Focus'. She has taken a hotel room in a Sector 119 mid-priced hotel and, for the duration of her three week tenure at Bethany Beach spends her time watching Xanaatu from a discreet distance and arranging mock interviews with the dilettantes and residents of the community. Her reports feed back to Moon and he is compiling detailed notes for his k'datchi snatch squad.

Mju is bored with the assignment but, being a professional, maintains her interest levels no matter what. Things will get a lot more exciting for her when the k'datchi snatch squad strikes – and especially so if the Judges are heading to try to save Anji's hide (or arrest her). Whatever the circumstances Mju is in the vicinity when the k'datchi arrive and, if the Judges show-up too, she acts to support them, letting them know her credentials at an opportune moment.

QUESTIONING ANJI

Anji wants little to do with the Judges. She is middle-aged, bored but still despises the Justice Department as any hardened ex-mobster's wife worth her salt would do. The money funding her lavish lifestyle was cleanly laundered long ago, so it will take a great deal of effort to arrest her on charges relating to financial impropriety and she was never fully involved with her husband's criminal activities before he died. She can be made to provide all manner of information about the Contraltos if subjected to interrogation, of course, but under standard scrutiny remains tight-lipped.

Her reactions to the Judges depend on the questions they ask and how they pose them. She responds best to direct, straight-talking approaches; politeness cuts little ice with her as she knows that Judges acting politely or sympathetically usually have an ulterior motive. If handled in a sympathetic way her response is 'Look, cut the BS, okay? I wasn't born yesterday.'

ON HEARING OF BENNETTI'S MURDER

Anji is genuinely shocked. 'Nice guy, Pauley. Had a thing for me a long time ago but he wasn't my type. Listen, I hope you get the creep. Man like Pauley Bennetti didn't deserve to go like that. He never harmed no one.'

WHEN QUESTIONED ABOUT JUDGE AIKEN MOON

Anji falls silent for a while and takes her time formulating an answer. 'What do you want me to say? He was a Judge who turned and he paid the price. Never trust a Judge – that's what my husband always told me and he fought alongside you guys to save the spuggin' city from the Reds. Did I rat Moon out? You bet your shiny ass I did. He was getting' cocky and wise with me, trying to move in on my dead husband's

assets. Like he wasn't getting enough from elsewhere... Man like Aiken Moon needed teaching a lesson.

'But listen, okay? I made sure that no one in the Family ever knew who ratted Moon out. I opened wounds, you understand? My life is over if word ever leaks out. You reveal this to anyone in the Contralto family and you'll be accessories to murder. Listen, I done nothing wrong. My house and money is clean. I do good, charitable works. I left that old life behind a long, long time ago. Why not leave a woman to grow old and die in peace, huh?'

WHEN TOLD SHE MIGHT BE MOON'S NEXT TARGET

For the first time Anji looks scared but she hardens herself almost immediately. 'So, he comes for me. Someone looks set to get me whatever I do. You Judges do what you have to do but I'm not leaving my house and my life. I'm safer here than in your custody. That's a free choice; we don't have much choice left in this goddam city but I still got that right.'

The Judges cannot force Anji to leave her home. Arresting her on some minor charge is possible but any Judge making a Law 6+ roll knows there is little on Anji Karter they could pull her for that would get her out of the house for any length of time. And, as Mju is also watching the house, she knows the Judges are there and, if they arrest Anji or get her out of Xanaatu, she reports back on the situation to Moon, who naturally relays the information to his k'datchi snatch squad.

NIGHT OF THE K'DATCHI

Moon orders the k'datchi snatch squad to move-in on the night of the 21st September. The k'datchi drive at a steady, sedate speed into the Bethany Beach area just after 1am. The four members of the squad drive a stolen DEV cargo truck, dark blue in colour, with side and rear opening doors. The driver remains in the vehicle and drops the three active members of the team about four hundred metres from Anji's villa. The k'datchi steal through neighbouring gardens, moving rapidly, silently and with just about perfect stealth, to get themselves into position in the Xanaatu gardens. At all times the k'datchi use maximum cover available. The driver then draws steadily away from the kerb and continues up the skedway for another 1,000 metres – the agreed rendezvous point for the active snatch squad.

All the k'datchi are armed with the k'datch multi-purpose armament system (see page 35). Their intention is to seize and incapacitate Anji, haul her to the waiting cargo truck and then exit Bethany Beach at speed and head for the Sector 120 Inter-Air terminal where Moon has an auto-pilot jet waiting to bring the k'datchi and Anji back to the hideout (see page 54).



AN EVENING SOIREE...?

To complicate matters, if so desired, Anji could be holding one of her charity soirees in aid of the 'Mega-City One Orphans and Potential Orphans – Sector 119' trust. It is being attended by 3d6+6 guests, all wealthy and worthy donors, who are enjoying an evening of cocktails, good food, social discourse and a charity karaoke session held in Anji's lounge. Guests mill around the house oblivious to what might be happening in the gardens and, to ease matters, the security system has been turned off.

Once the k'datchi launch their assault, the guests do their utmost to panic, fleeing hither and thither and cause distractions left, right and centre for the Judges, if they do not want to incur collateral damage. The k'datchi care little for such concerns, despatching any citizens who get in their way as they prowl the house for Anji. Anyone attempting to shield Anji or offer any resistance, is subjected a barrage of flechettes or, if really unlucky, a blast from a scorch bore.

Such is the commotion that Judges suffer –2 to Gun Combat rolls if they studiously avoid hitting innocents. Any Judge may ignore the –2 DM but if so, he hits a citizen if his attack roll misses by an effect of –4 or higher. If a Judge has Formidable Presence, he automatically negates the –2 DM as his barked commands ('Get out of my line of fire, creep or serve 5 for obstructing the course of justice') cause the panicking masses to melt away.

K'DATCHI

Hailing from the Datch continent on Marellen VII, k'datch are a genetically uplifted rodent-like species. They are hairless but have rat-like faces and short tails which they normally keep covered. Their skin is dark grey but has the ability to assume the colourations of surroundings within one metre. This ability lends them the equivalent of Stealth 4. Fast and agile, k'datchi have four arms. The top pair of arms are long, stretching almost the full length of the body and can be used to propel the k'datchi, in an ape-like motion. The lower set of arms are shorter but every bit as strong as the upper pair.

K'datchi speak in human languages with a shrill, rasping accent that is unpleasant to listen to. Their own language is muted and supplemented with rapid bursts of colour change across the skin to signify different emotions and emphasis.

Bred as soldiers by the prevailing race of Marellen VII, the k'datchi is fearless, ruthless and highly effective in their work. They do not take prisoners and, when commissioned to perform a job, do their utmost to complete it.

K'datchi wear only light armour (3 points of protection) to maintain agility.

Typical k'datch: Strength 2d6+2 (9), Dexterity 3d6+2 (13), Endurance 2d6–1 (6), Intelligence 2d6–1 (6), Education 2d6–1 (6), Social 1d6 (3)

Speed: 8 metres per round

Camouflage skin: Gives Stealth 4

Four arms: Gives enhanced Strength and Dexterity

K'datch	Str	Dex	End	Int	Edu	Soc	Skills
Leader	11 (+1)	14 (+2)	3 (–1)	7 (+0)	5 (–1)	6 (+0)	Deception 3, Gun Combat (slug rifle) 3, Melee (unarmed combat) 2, Stealth 4
Snatcher 1	10 (+1)	11 (+1)	6 (+0)	4 (–1)	4 (–1)	4 (–1)	Deception 1, Gun Combat (slug rifle) 2, Melee (unarmed combat) 2, Stealth 5
Snatcher 2	6 (+0)	16 (+3)	9 (+0)	5 (–1)	2 (–2)	4 (–1)	Deception 0, Gun Combat (slug rifle) 2, Melee (unarmed combat) 3, Stealth 4
Driver	6 (+0)	14 (+2)	10 (+1)	6 (+0)	4 (–1)	4 (–1)	Deception 0, Drive (wheeled) 4, Gun Combat (slug rifle) 2, Melee (unarmed combat) 1, Stealth 4

K'DATCH MULTI-PURPOSE ARMAMENT SYSTEM

A complex array of barrels and nozzles arranged into a cylindrical housing, the k'datchi multi-purpose armament system has four separate offensive functions, as follows:

FLECHETTE RIFLE

The flechette rifle fires a burst of 12 explosive darts, each dart inflicting 2 points of damage. If an attack is successful, 2d6 darts strike the target for 2 points of damage each, plus Effect added to the total. The flechette is gas-powered and thus relatively silent, emitting no more than a dull thud when fired.

NET CASTER

A lower, funnel-shaped barrel, fires a circular, micropore net, weighted along its 2 metre diameter. The net causes no damage but the target is entangled until it can make a successful Dex 10+ roll to free itself. Whilst entangled, all physical skills suffer a -6 DM. Attempting an escape from the net takes one full Combat Round.

SCORCH BORE

On the top of the barrel array is the scorch bore – a plasma weapon that emits a blast of super-heated hydrogen. The scorch bore is only effective at Close range and the weapon has only enough power for three scorch bore uses.

STANK GAS PROJECTOR

Stank gas is a thick, choking, vile-smelling gas that the k'datchi can breathe without any ill effects. The gas cloud covers a 3 metre area and imposes a -6 DM to incoming attacks. Additionally, anyone breathing stank gas must roll End 10+ or be incapacitated for 1d6 rounds as they retch with the smell.

The k'datchi are under orders to capture Anji Karter alive and so their efforts are concentrated on doing so. Once she is netted, two of the k'datchi hustle her out of the villa whilst the remaining k'datchi lay down a suppressing fire against anyone following. The k'datchi then flee with their captive up to the waiting cargo van, fling her into the back and take-off at high speed and into the nearest roadway.

THE CHASE IS ON

Giving chase is a distinct possibility. The cargo van has a top speed of 200kph and an acceleration of 20m per round. If all four of the k'datchi are alive the backdoors and side door of the van are kicked open and the three k'datchi return fire at any pursuing Lawmasters, clinging onto handholds with one set of hands whilst the other set blasts away with weapons. The driver weaves the vehicle expertly through the lanes of fast moving traffic, accelerating and braking randomly in the hope of shaking-off the Judges.

The chase takes place over a series of 6 Combat Rounds. Each round, roll on the Hazards table, below, to determine what hazards are encountered in that round; each hazard has a DM that is applied to the Drive skill of both the Judges and the k'datchi.

Both sides make skill rolls aiming to score 8+, taking into account DMs for Drive skill and hazards.

Total and compare the Effects of the skill rolls at the end of the six rounds. As there may be multiple Judges taking part in the chase, use the Effect from the highest scoring Judge to contribute towards the overall score.

- If the Judges score highest – the k'datchi are forced into a collision with a dead-end, median strip barrier or other obstacle and can then be handled by the Judges as appropriate.
- If the k'datchi score higher – the k'datchi, having planned their escape route, execute a cunning manoeuvre that foxes the Judges completely: they make a clean get away and reach their rendezvous at the private airstrip. The Judges have lost the chase.
- Both sides score equally – continue the chase for a further 3 rounds until a winner is decided.

Each round both sides can fire upon the opponent – unless a Hazard prevents it. The k'datchi suffer a -3 DM to their attacks owing to the movement of the vehicle. Judges, if using bike cannon, suffer a -1 DM or a -3 DM if using Lawgivers.

MULTI-PURPOSE ARMAMENT SYSTEM

Mode	Range	Damage	Auto	Recoil	Mass (kg)	Magazine
Flechette	Ranged (rifle)	2d6 x2	No	-1	8kg	240
Net Caster	Ranged (pistol)	—	No	0		4
Scorch Bore	Ranged (pistol with a maximum of Close)	6d6+3	No	0		3
Stank Gas	Ranged (pistol)	—	No	0		8

GET KARTER!



CHASE HAZARDS

1d6	Hazard	Effect/DM
1	Traffic is too dense to fire on the k'datchi	Judges cannot fire this round
2	The k'datchi swerve forcing a series of vehicles to swerve into the path of the Judges	-4 to Drive (Lawmaster)
3	A single vehicle has to brake hard forcing the Judges to swerve.	-3 to Drive (Lawmaster)
4	The k'datchi brake hard then accelerate; the Judges have to respond swiftly to the manoeuvre	-2 to Drive (Lawmaster)
5	The k'datchi execute a bootlegger reverse causing all vehicles behind to screech to a halt	-2 to Drive (Lawmaster), Judges cannot fire this round
6	Traffic is light at this point	No penalties to Drive (Lawmaster) or firing

If the k'datchi driver is killed during any point of the chase, then the k'datchi automatically lose. Judges can employ any techniques they wish to try to gain control of the k'datchi vehicle or bring it to a halt.

IF THE K'DATCHI ARE CAUGHT

The k'datchi, if given any opportunity, take hostages in an attempt to make their own getaway. There are plenty of citizens milling around, on-foot or in cars even this late at night to make this a possibility. Note that they do not threaten Anji Karter: their contract stipulates she is not to be harmed and they obey it to the letter – but have no problem in taking other innocents hostage.

If all the k'datchi are killed, then the Judges have no means of tracing their involvement back to Moon. If any are taken alive and subjected to rigorous questioning, the k'datchi manage to grate-out, in their hideously mangled English, that:

- They were hired through a mercenary contracting service in the Marellen system.
- Their transportation to Earth was all pre-arranged. They never met their employer.
- Payment was made through the agency. They received MCr. 1 upfront, with the promise of a further MCr. 1 on returning Karter to the destination point.
- The destination point is an area outside the city somewhere – the k'datchi do not know where: a private jet was to take them.

Saving Anji Karter does nothing to reduce her belligerence but she accepts that her life is in serious danger and she grudgingly accepts that Justice Department needs to find her a safe house: she can be placed out of Moon's way and his plot for revenge is foiled.

IF THE K'DATCHI ESCAPE

Of the k'datchi successfully evade the Judges they make it to the aero-pad where a privately commissioned jet waits for them. Moon has hired the jet through various front companies so it cannot be traced to Hemlock Investments. The jet is a robot-piloted VTOL aircraft and is pre-programmed to head into the Cursed Earth, landing at the remote base, between a variety of Cursed Earth hazards, which Aiken Moon used when he caught and tortured SJS Judge Eckhardt. See the next chapter: **The Dark Side of the Moon.**

The jet has stealth technology and can evade the Justice Department's wall defences: if the Judges cannot stop the k'datchi from boarding it with Anji Karter, then their getaway to the Cursed Earth is assured. Once out of city limits, tracking the jet will be very difficult to do (but still possible, if Referees want the Judges to have a chance of recovering Anji at this stage in the scenario). The Judges will need to notify the Grand Hall of Justice, via the nearest Sector House, that a priority trace on the jet, leaving Sector 119's Davey Gorman aero-pad, needs to be instituted. The trace will be available after 1d3 hours, although the co-ordinates for its likely route (taking into account fuel reserves for both outward and return flights) place it some 300km into the southwest Cursed Earth, around the region known as the Lynchburg Crater.

If the Judges want to go and rescue Anji Karter, they need permission from Sector Chief DiMaggio. A session in his office is going to be nigh-on impossible to avoid: as soon as he learns that Aiken Moon is behind the Konstant Cup and Bennetti killings, he wants to see the Judges – and this will be the most opportune moment for the Judges to broach a rescue mission into the Cursed Earth (see 'Judges Good and True', below).

MJU'S VIEWS

Tooley Mju has been operating in the Bethany Beach vicinity in the lead-up to the k'datchi snatch gang. As soon as the k'datchi make their move, she realises that she has been set-up by whoever it is that has been employing her for these 'routine surveillance' episodes. Not only will she help the Judges in fighting and chasing the k'datchi, she makes it known that she can perhaps offer help in catching whatever scum is behind these murders.

Mju is a proud private eye; she is not offering to help the Judges out of civic interest but because she does not like being played by her clients – no matter what they pay. This is a chance for the Judges to gain an ally that will help them get to Moon and assist in later parts of the campaign. Here is what Mju can tell the Judges – either voluntarily or under interrogation.

'So here's how it is. Listen carefully because I don't like repeating myself.'

'Around a year ago some office runner comes to my office and says he wants to hire me on behalf of a corporate client – some finance outfit. No problem there; I get jobs like that all the time, y'know, corporations wanting to check-out investors to make sure they're not money launderers or swindlers. I agree to take the job on my usual retainer of 800 credits a day plus expenses. Then I hear precisely zip until three months ago when I get a call to my personal number – audio only – from some guy with a really smooth voice. He uses my name and is very familiar. He calls himself 'Lenny' and says he heads the investment portfolio I was contracted to serve. Says he has the first job: surveillance on some guy called Pauley Bennetti living in the Warren Buffet conapts. Lenny claims this Bennetti is a retired accountant who wants to move some money through Lenny's investment connections. Lenny says he suspects Bennetti is connected with the mob, so I do some digging and, yeah, he's the ex-accountant to the Contralto family.'

'That doesn't bother me much. I've traced mobsters before and at higher levels in the food chain than Pauley Bennetti, so I stake out Warren Buffet and watch the comings and goings. Bennetti rarely leaves the place. I report back and Lenny seems fine with it all and stands me down on the job. I

get paid – plus a bonus – and then Lenny tells me to come down to Bethany Beach to do more surveillance on some broad called Anji Karter. Lenny says she works in charity and wants to invest charity money in off-world accounts Lenny operates and he wants to make sure she isn't fiddling the charities she collects for. That checks-out too: I hang around Bethany Beach and yeah, she's kosher.'

'Yesterday I get a call from Lenny telling me to stand-down. But by this time I've heard that someone put a bullet through Pauley Bennetti's forehead. Could be mob; could be not. But I have a bad feeling. So I stick around Bethany Beach watching Anji Karter's pad and then the rat-finks show up and all hell starts poppin'. No way is this right: I check with some friends of mine and Anji Karter's ex-Contralto too. Someone – Lenny – has it in for ex-Contralto employees and molls. He's played me for a simp and I don't like that. No one takes Tooley Mju for a ride.'

'So here's the deal. I can play dumb and wait for Lenny to show his hand maybe. If I act cool, I can jump on his next move and tip you off. I can dig into our mysterious Lenny and see what turns-up. I'd like to see that creep pull cube time just for getting me involved in watch-jobs that turn into murders and kidnapping with violence. Let me help you. Just realise that I'm innocent in all this, okay? I'm just a PI doing her job. I'm ex-Academy, so I want to see justice served like you do.'

Note that Mju is persuasive. If her speech (which she does not repeat!) above fails to impress the Judges, allow her an Advocate+Influence 8+ roll to convince them she can help. If the Judges agree, Tooley Mju becomes an immediate Ally for the Judges and a valuable source of insight for the campaign.

JUDGES GOOD AND TRUE

It is inevitable that Sector Chief DiMaggio learns about the killing of Pauley Bennetti. When he hears about the abduction attempt on Anji Karter, his interest is heightened: once connections are made between Judge Eckhardt, glued to the wheel of that Foord Slabster, he knows that Aiken Moon is the man behind all this.

GET KARTER!





The Judges are summoned to his office at Sector House 13. With him is Deputy Chief Abi Dryden (see 'Sector 13' in the Judge Dredd rules). Chief DiMaggio comes straight to the point.

'I served with Judge Aiken Moon since we left the Academy. We fought the Sovs together, so I know the man well. He was an exceptional Judge. Smart, fast but the war took something out of him. He fell from the path of justice and had his head turned by the kind of money that was floating around this sector in the aftermath of the carnage. I lost a good colleague and Justice Department lost a good Judge. It was a sorry day when Moon went into SJS custody.'

'My guess is Moon is back for revenge, pure and simple. He always had that vengeful streak in him and I guess he's come back to Mega-City One to take it out on those who put him away. Anji Karter ratted him out; Pauley Bennetti covered for her. There were plenty of people in the Contralto organisation that could have helped Aiken get away but none stepped forward. They saved their own skins. Aiken wouldn't have liked that; understood it but hated it all the same.'

'You need to know this. I pulled Aiken Moon's Titan reports. Most Titan prisoners don't make it through their sentence. The surgery is radical and the punishment routines intense. But Aiken Moon rose through all of that. He stayed strong and got stronger. Only one other Judge did anything like that before and that was Rico Dredd. If anything, Aiken Moon surpassed him.'

'So what we have here is an ex-Judge who was exceptional before going to Titan and, possibly, has been rendered stronger by the system meant to break him. Aiken's had twenty years to plan and he must have money. He knows the city intimately, especially this sector and he's out for revenge on all those who turned Sector 13 against him.'

'We know what he looked like before Titan and we know what he looked like after. What we don't know is what he looks like now. Medicine's advanced heaps since Aiken went down and a lot of the Titan surgery can be reversed. Chances are Aiken Moon has a new face and a string of

identities to hide behind. You may have passed him on the streets half a dozen times and you wouldn't know him from Uncle Tom Cobbleleigh.'

'Treat Aiken Moon as exceptionally dangerous. As a Judge and a guerrilla fighter, he was superb. Grud only knows what he's like now.'

'At some point, Moon may come for me. That stunt with Eckhardt, the car and the superglue was a calling card meant for me. That's my problem. But Aiken won't rush where I'm concerned, so we can focus on his larger plan. That's your job. I want you out there finding Aiken Moon.'

Get to it.'

DiMaggio approves any request to go in search of Anji Karter, if she has been successfully kidnapped. Sector House stores provide rad-cloaks and supplies for a Cursed Earth trek. Bike computers are loaded with Aiken Moon's case notes and a route along the projected trajectory of the jet that was used to take the k'datchi.

If the Judges go to rescue Anji, then the next chapter, **The Dark Side of the Moon**, is where to go next.

If Anji has been rescued, continue with this chapter: A Mob Opera.

A MOB OPERA

The Konstant Cup murders; the Guzman heist; Bennetti's slaying; an abduction attempt on Anji Karter; all this gets back to both the Van Zandt and Contralto families. Max Contralto is seething. There has been relative peace between the crime families in the neighbouring sectors for years but now the Van Zandts seem to be making a move on Contralto interests. Max Contralto is ready for revenge.

He intends to hit like-for-like. The Konstant Cup murders involved men running Max's spaceport rackets. The Van Zandts run a Smokatorium and a Boingarama on the Sector 13 and Sector 11 borders: both are places where low to mid-level Van Zandt goons hang-out. Max Contralto puts Steevee Ray Monetti in charge of arranging a revenge hit.

If the Judges have any Allies, Contacts or Informers within the Contralto organisation, then they may hear that Max Contralto is planning a revenge attack on the Van Zandts. If not, then they will become involved in the aftermath.

UP IN SMOKE

Al's Smokatorium just off the Gershwin Oversked is controlled by the Van Zandt family. It is a favourite hangout for the nicotine-addicted Van Zandt hoods and a perfect place to discuss 'business' without fear of being overheard.

Like all smokatoriums, Al's consists of a vast central arena where helmet-clad smokers congregate to enjoy their addiction and, for an additional Cr. 10 charge, helmet comms can be hired so that smokers can also join conversations with selected other smokers.

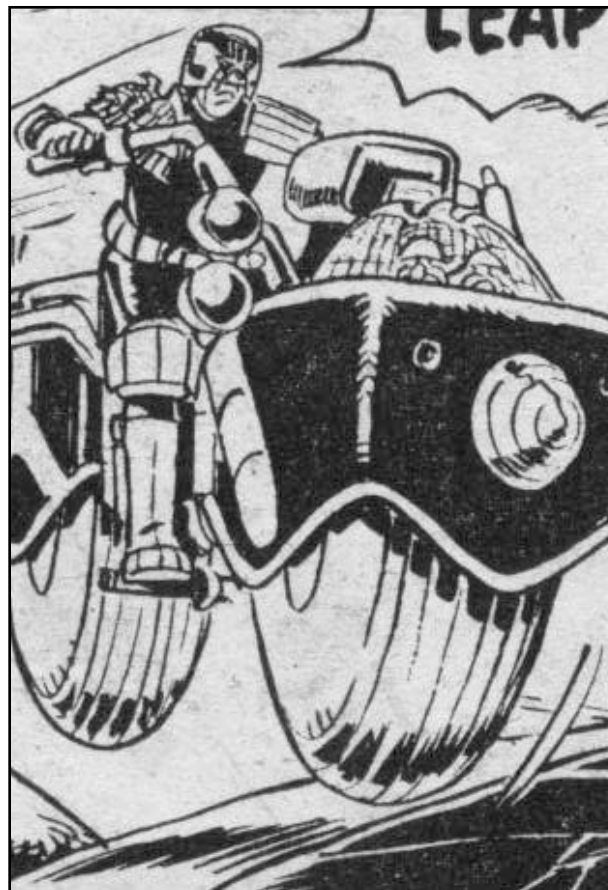
On the 30th September, Zeb Zebedee, Duggie Syn and Fitzcorraldo 'Fitz' Bertoli – three Van Zandt middle-ranking collectors – pay their daily visit to Al's Smokatorium. They do this everyday; there are plenty of civilians in there; they suspect nothing.

At 10:00 hours, Steeve Ray Monetti meets with four of his foot-soldiers: Pugh, Pugh, Barney and McGrew, and issues them with respirators, a concussion grenade each and a Walther Mitsubishi LPK I laser pistol apiece. They are to take a stolen Foord Slabster and drive to Al's Smokatorium, walk in there, find Zebedee, Duggie and Fitz and make them pay for what happened to the guys at the Konstant Cup.

If the Judges are on patrol, then they may note the Foord Slabster which, through Bike Computer number plate recognition, shows as being either suspicious or stolen. Alternatively, they may see the Slabster parked in the parkarama next to the smokatorium and decide to check-up on the lead. If the former happens and the Judges try to pull over the moving Slabster, Pugh, Pugh, Barney and McGrew panic and try to escape the Judges, opening fire on them as they try to get away into Sector 11 using a variety of sked and megways, driving dangerously and endangering life as they blast away at the Judges. The Chase section from earlier in this chapter can be used to manage the pursuit through the busy Mega-City One streets.

If the Judges come across the Slabster at the smokatorium, then they have a good chance of walking-in as the gunfight commences. They will need respirators and the smog in the main smoking arena provides an automatic -1 DM to attack rolls unless they are performed at Close range.

The four Contralto goons don respirators, walk calmly into the smokatorium and shoot the serving robot that protests that these new entrants have not paid and cannot bring in their own respirators. Then they enter the main arena and



start walking through the ranks of smokers (there are over a hundred, idly puffing away), until they find Zebedee, Duggie and Fitz: it takes them 1d6+2 rounds to do so. Then they pull their lasers and start shooting.

Fitz dies instantly, head vaporised inside his helmet. Zebedee and Duggie – the more alert of the trio – see the Contralto assassins coming through the smog, pull their own spitguns and try to make a break for it, returning fire. Al's Smokatorium turns into a bloodbath: the dense smog makes accurate aiming difficult and both sides hit innocent smokers who try to flee for their lives. Helmets get ruptured in the chaos and some asphyxiate on the lethally concentrated cigar and cigarette smoke.

If the Judges are intervening (and, let's face facts: a mob shootout in a smokatorium is not to be missed), then this is a three-way gunfight between Contralto, Van Zandt and Justice Department. The Contraltos concentrate on taking out the Van Zandts; the Van Zandts concentrate on trying to save their skins; and the Judges can concentrate on whomever they like.

GET KARTER!



Pugh: Str 8 (+0), Dex 6 (+0), End 7 (+0), Int 9 (+1), Edu 10 (+1), Soc 5 (-1)

Desperation -2

Skills: Mechanics 1, Gun Combat (energy pistol) 0, Melee (unarmed combat) 1

Weapons: Laser Pistol (3d6+3), Flak Jacket (4)

Pugh: Str 8 (+0), Dex 7 (+0), End 9 (+1), Int 5 (-1), Edu 6 (+0), Soc 7 (+0)

Desperation -2

Skills: Athletics (co-ordination) 1, Gun Combat (energy pistol) 1, Recon 1, Melee (blade) 2, Streetwise 1

Weapons: Laser Pistol (3d6+3), Dagger (1d6+2), Flak Jacket (4)

Barney: Str 6 (+0), Dex 10 (+1), End 9 (+1), Int 9 (+1), Edu 8 (+0), Soc 7 (+0)

Desperation -1

Skills: Gun Combat (energy pistol) 1, Melee (blade) 1, Streetwise 1, Stealth 1

Weapons: Laser Pistol (3d6+3), Dagger (1d6+2), Cloth Armour (5)

McGrew: Str 11 (+1), Dex 5 (-1), End 6 (+0), Int 7 (+0), Edu 8 (+0), Soc 6 (+0)

Desperation -3

Skills: Gun Combat (energy pistol) 1, Gun Combat (slug pistol) 0, Melee (blade) 3, Streetwise 1

Weapons: Laser Pistol (3d6+3), Dagger (1d6+2), Flak Jacket (4)

Zebedee: Str 7 (+0), Dex 12 (+2), End 7 (+0), Int 8 (+0), Edu 5 (-1), Soc 6 (+0)

Desperation -3

Skills: Gun Combat (slug pistol) 3, Streetwise 2, Stealth 1, Deception 2

Weapons: Spit Pistol (3d6-3), Flak Jacket (4)

Duggie: Str 9 (+1), Dex 7 (+0), End 10 (+1), Int 8 (+0), Edu 8 (+0), Soc 5 (-1)

Desperation -2

Skills: Athletics 1, Gun Combat (slug pistol) 2, Melee (unarmed) 1, Leadership 2

Weapons: Spit Pistol (3d6-3), Cloth Armour (5)

Fitz: Str 5 (-1), Dex 7 (+0), End 6 (+0), Int 11 (+1), Edu 9 (+0), Soc 6 (+0)

Desperation 0

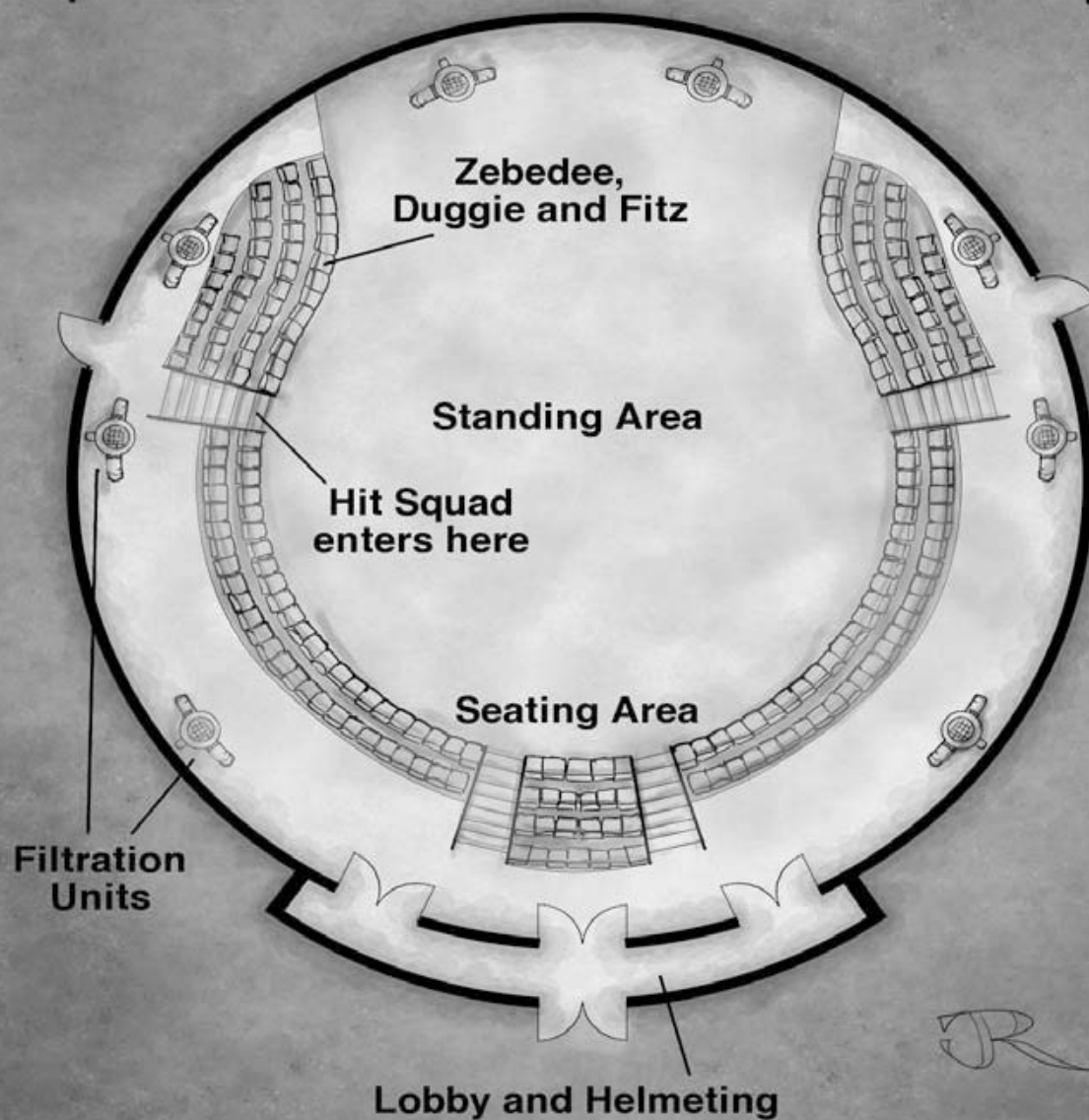
Skills: Gun Combat (slug pistol) 1, Survival 1

Weapons: Spit Pistol (3d6-3), Cloth Armour (5)

GET KARTER!

The Smokatorium

22m



GET KARTER!

DREDD

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BOUNCING BOMBS

Al's Boingerama, on Plantagenet Plaza, on the spaceport approach border between Sectors 11 and 13, is also owned by the Van Zandts. Here, Mickey Nunzio, Georgie Georgio and Luca Canneoli, meet on a weekly basis to talk business and enjoy some Boing® action in the tubes and pinball circuits.

At the same time that he equips Pugh, Pugh, Barney and McGrew, Steeve Ray Monetti also equips Cuthbert, Dibble and Grubb with canisters of Boing®, Hi-Ex charges and Spit Guns and despatches them, in a stolen Oostin Goliath, to go and rub-out the ricocheting mobsters in a way that will 'stand out'. The plan is to haul the Van Zandt mobsters to the top of one of the Boing® chutes, attach a Hi-Ex charge to each one and encase them in Boing®. Then, let them bounce around in the chutes until the Hi-Ex charge explodes (the timers will be set to five minutes – enough time for the bouncing mobsters to 'enjoy' the ride down the chutes.

Again, the Judges may be tipped-off that someone is going to hit Al's Boingerama or may spot the stolen Oostin en-route to or parked at, the establishment.

Inside, Mickey Nunzio, Georgie Georgio and Luca Canneoli sit in the synthi-caf bar sipping fake frappuccinos and discussing the latest business, when Cuthbert, Dibble and Grubb, who have been sitting at a nearby table quietly waiting, make their move. Ignoring the other customers in the bar, they rise, stroll innocently past the Van Zandt mobsters and, in one choreographed action, pull out Spit Guns and place them at the heads of the Van Zandt crew. Chortling and goading their prisoners, they force them, at gunpoint, out of the bar and into the auditorium/bouncing arena where they are marched to the top of the highest chute. The regular Boing® application staff are told to take a hike and Cuthbert, Dibble and Grubb strap Mickey Nunzio, Georgie Georgio and Luca Canneoli with Hi-Ex charges, set the timers for five minutes and spray them with the miracle plastic. Then, with a final guffaw, the three mobsters are kicked into the bounce tubes and left to their fate.

If the Judges do not intervene – either to stop Cuthbert, Dibble and Grubb or to save Mickey Nunzio, Georgie Georgio and Luca Canneoli – then the Van Zandt mobsters complete their Boing® run just as the charges go off, localising the explosion so no one else is hurt but the inside of the bubbles becomes extremely messy. If the Judges attempt to arrest the Contralto mobsters, they attempt to make a run for it, taking hostages of the waiting citizens – many of them youngsters – as they go, and blasting away at the Judges with their Spit Guns.

Cuthbert: Str 11 (+1), Dex 5 (–1), End 6 (+0), Int 7 (+0), Edu 8 (+0), Soc 6 (+0)

Desperation –2

Skills: Gun Combat (slug pistol) 3, Streetwise 2, Stealth 1, Deception 2

Weapons: Spit Pistol (3d6–3), Flak Jacket (4)

Dibble: Str 7 (+0), Dex 12 (+2), End 7 (+0), Int 8 (+0), Edu 5 (–1), Soc 6 (+0)

Desperation –3

Skills: Gun Combat (energy pistol) 1, Gun Combat (slug pistol) 0, Melee (blade) 3, Streetwise 1

Weapons: Spit Pistol (3d6–3), Dagger (1d6+2), Flak Jacket (4)

Grubb: Str 9 (+1), Dex 7 (+0), End 10 (+1), Int 8 (+0), Edu 8 (+0), Soc 5 (–1)

Desperation –2

Skills: Athletics 0, Gun Combat (slug pistol) 2, Melee (unarmed combat) 1, Leadership 2

Weapons: Spit Pistol (3d6–3), Cloth armour (5)

FAMILIES AT WAR

These two hits by the Contraltos, whether they succeed or not, trigger the start of tit-for-tat killings across Sector 13 and 11. The city blocks are insulated from the war: they are too well protected for hits; but isolated business interests belonging to both sides become targets, plus there is a litany of drive-by shootings and tit-for-tat street assassinations. At first, low-level foot soldiers are the targets but soon higher

profile gang members are targeted. The senior Contralto and Van Zandt family members stay in their city blocks, directing the war via intermediaries.

Soon, sense will prevail, though for a period of two weeks the killings, stabbings and bombings continue. The Judges of Sector 13 have their hands full dealing with the aftermath of the war. As soon as hits are made, the perpetrators go to ground. Witnesses are too scared to testify to Judges and it becomes increasingly clear that the Sector cannot control the escalating violence. What is equally frustrating is the threat of other families from Sectors 10 and 14 getting sucked into the fray as they are forced to take sides and defend their interests.

All this is Aiken Moon's doing. This is all part of the plan. The Contraltos are manoeuvring themselves into precisely the place he wants them to be. The next chapter, **Dark Side of the Moon**, shows how.

The escalating war between the Contraltos and Van Zandts is an opportunity for Referees to develop ad-hoc adventures within the framework of this campaign: random shootings, street-level gun battles and so forth. None of the major names in either family are involved at this stage, as they are well protected and insulated from the violence. This is a war fought via loyal foot soldiers for no other reason than an engineered grudge. These foot soldiers are simply mob pawns unaware of the overall schemes of their masters or the wider, grander scheme Aiken Moon has set in motion.



THE DARK SIDE OF THE MOON

This chapter concerns the rescue of Anji Karter, an exploration of Aiken Moon's Cursed Earth lair, further exposure to the extraordinary extent of his resources, exposure to the hazards of the Cursed Earth and a further twist in the manipulation of the Contralto and Van Zandt families.

In using this chapter, the intention is that the Judges become either embroiled in the search for Anji Karter out in the Cursed Earth or in the events of the Sit-Down (see page 57). Much depends on the choices made in earlier chapters. So, if Anji Karter has been captured by the K'datchi, the Judges move straight into the Lynchburg Crater section. If she has not, then they move into the Sit Down, Shut Up! Section. However there is no reason why Judges cannot be involved in both parts, if Referees want to engineer it that way.

If so, then Referees may need to adjust the timings, as indicated in this chapter, to suit the Judges' actions, but that should not pose too great a hardship.

LYNCHBURG CRATER

In the shadow of the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia – perhaps even in the shadow of the lonesome pine – stood the free city of Lynchburg. In the Atomic War it, like everywhere else, suffered but something went even more catastrophically wrong with Lynchburg. Of the old cities, something remains, even if only a cairn of rubble and a few, twisted, wind-blasted signposts. Of Lynchburg, there is nothing. The city was wiped, completely, from the face of the Earth. All that remains is the deep, steep-sided crater that now bears the Lynchburg name and, surrounding it but hidden in the blasted, petrified, forests of the Blue Ridge foothills, are inbred, sullen, murderous communities of mutants.

The crater is a source of superstition and fear for the local mutants. They call it 'The Eye of Great Grud' and have varying sets of beliefs about what the crater represents and – worse – contains. These differences in belief have led the mutant settlements into conflict meaning that few of the settlements surrounding the crater are friendly with each other. The crater is worshipped, abhorred, revered and disdained in equal measure.

The Lynchburg crater is some 300km southwest of Mega-City One. The Blue Ridge Mountains loom over it as a sullen backdrop and around it for many kilometres are strange

rock formations, twisted trees and clumps of foliage and the occasional lump of stone that indicates something larger once stood in this vicinity.

Although the crater is steep-sided, it can be scaled and about halfway down the eastern arc of its circumference is a cave and entry point, leading into a series of tunnels and chambers that Aiken Moon discovered when he came to the Cursed Earth in search of Judge Eckhardt. Moon found other things in these caves and these have proved useful to him. This is where the K'datchi, if they successfully abducted Anji Karter, will bring her – to wait for Aiken Moon's instructions.

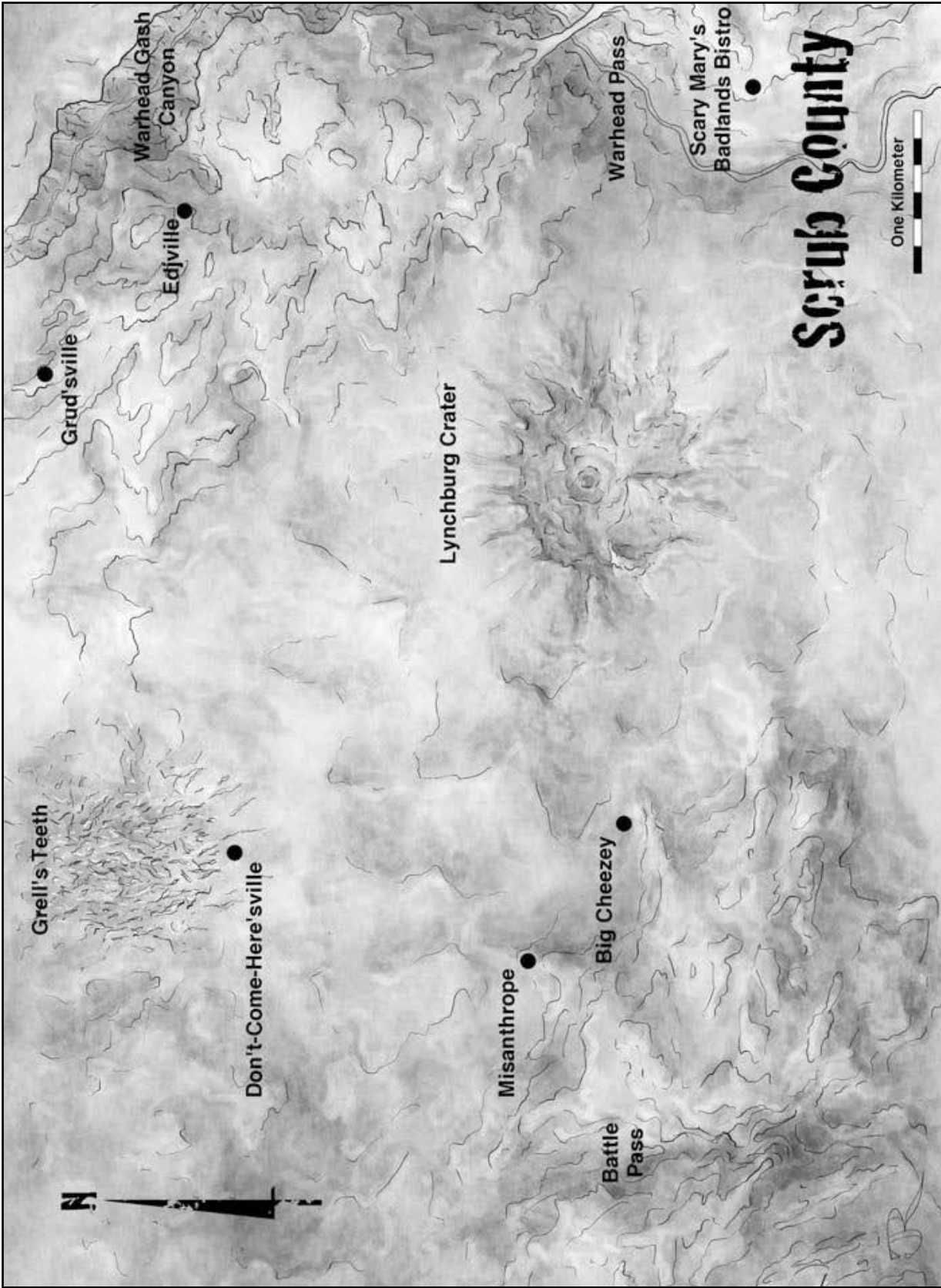
SCRUB COUNTY

The area around Lynchburg Crater is called Scrub County. In the olden days it was a lush, verdant place, with fine trees, clear, sweet rivers and birdsong in the air. Now it is a classic, blasted scrubland: red soils (save those around the crater, which are black) with outcrops of shale; long-dead river valleys and large, flat areas that are blasted by the winds channelled up through Rust Valley to the south and between the foothills of the mountains. The landscape is breathtaking, especially at sunset when the very soil seems to turn blood-red and at dawn when the purples and deep crimson hues of the rock are at their most vivid. Days are hot and dry, with temperatures climbing into the high 80s but freezing at night as the open skies allow the heat to dissipate quickly, chilling the air.

The area is dominated by several physical features: Warhead Gash Canyon, Warhead Pass, Battle Pass, Grell's Teeth and Lynchburg Crater.

Warhead Gash Canyon is a deep, steep-sided gorge plunging some 900m in depth and a kilometre wide at its widest point. The Warwound River runs through the canyon and has its origins in the high peaks of the Blue Ridge Mountains. In the autumn and winter months the Warwound is a white-blue torrent of surging water that batters away at the sides of the gorge mercilessly. In the spring and summer months the river is calm and peaceful and can even be navigated by riverboats.

Warhead Pass is a natural bridge of rock under which the Warwound River flows and marks the edge of Scrub County. It is banked to north and south by steep, rugged hills but is relatively flat and unhindered by surface rocks, save for the scree that falls from the upper parts of the



valley sides. Warhead Pass is perfect ambush territory: quiet and with many places for hiding and watching the natural passageway beneath.

Battle Pass is dangerous terrain; steeply sloped with sheer drops all around and lots of loose, crumbling rock to catch the unwary. Battle Pass was the scene of a vicious battle during the Atomic Wars. The screams of the wounded and dying lasted for two days and two nights and to this day, Battle Pass is said to be haunted by the tortured souls who met their grisly death in this blasted place.

Grell's Teeth is a kilometre-wide forest of sharp, needle-like rocks jutting out of the ground at strange angles. The area is home to the Raggedy Clan – mutants so rotten in their hearts that even the settlements of Scrub County refuse to have them in their communities.

FLORA AND FAUNA

The flora and fauna of Scrub County is richer than one might expect. **Scrubwolves** prowl the passes and Grell's teeth, feeding on whatever they can catch. Resembling a cross between a cougar and hyena, Scrubwolves are scavengers, preferring to pick on the injured and dying than tackle anything faster, smarter, bigger or with more teeth than themselves. They are essentially nocturnal but when driven by hunger or enticed by a fresh corpse, they are active in the daylight too.

SCRUBWOLVES

Carrion-eater (Recon, Instinct +2)

Average Characteristics: Size 6, Strength 2d6, Dexterity 4d6, Endurance 2d6, Intelligence 1

Skills: Athletics (co-ordination) 1, Athletics (endurance) 0, Melee (claw) 2, Recon 1, Survival 2

Weapons: Claws and Teeth +2; Damage (average) 1d6

Armour: Tough Hide (1)

Number Encountered: Pack 7 (2d6)

The primary rodent of the region is the **Rust Rat**. Resembling a tailless black or brown rat, this creature grows to a third of a metre in length and feeds on insects, smaller creatures and carrion. Rust Rats have sandy coloured fur allowing them to blend seamlessly with their environment. They emit a foul mucus from their anal glands with which they paralyse their prey and this makes an excellent defence against larger creatures. If a rust rat turns its back on you and squats, it is a sure-sign that it intends to fire mucus.

RUST RAT

Eater (End +4, Pack +2)

Average Characteristics: Size 2, Strength 2, Dexterity 1d6, Endurance 6, Intelligence 0



Skills: Athletics (co-ordination) 3, Melee (bite) 2, Melee (mucus) 4, Survival 4

Weapons: Teeth; Damage (average) 1d6

Number Encountered: Pack 9 (3d6)

Rust Rats always attempt to paralyse their prey with a burst of mucus before attacking with teeth. If a mucus squirt hits, the target must roll Endurance 9+. If the roll succeeds, then mucus has no effect beyond its vile stench. If the roll fails, Strength is reduced by half and Dexterity is reduced to zero. The paralysis takes effect in 1d6–1 Combat Rounds and lasts for 1d6 hours.

Countless varieties of small lizard scuttle across the rocks and through the windbushes, ranging from tiny gecko-like lizards, through to the large, slow, basking **Rasp Gill**. These creatures are as big as a human and prefer the high ground where they laze and bask in the sun before crawling into their nearby burrow at night. But the slow moving nature of the Rasp Gill masks its aggressive nature. It rasps the gill-like protuberances on either side of its neck before it strikes and then shoots forth with a neck that extends several times its own length to seize its victim with several rows of tiny, razor-sharp teeth.

RASP GILL

Carrion-eater (Recon, Instinct +2)

Average Characteristics: Size 9, Strength 4d6, Dexterity 2d6, Endurance 4d6, Intelligence 0

Skills: Recon 1, Athletics (strength) 2, Melee (bite) 2, Survival 1

Weapons: Teeth +2; Damage (average) 2d6

Armour: Leathery Skim (4)

Number Encountered: Pack 0 (1)

Another fierce creature is the **Gharl**, a vicious, bipedal lizard that can, with some skill and determination, be trained and used as a mount. The Gharl is an adept and cunning pack hunter, which seems to prefer family groups to the isolated life of the lone predator. Over a short distance they are fast and agile but tire easily if pushed and so do not make for decent long-distance mounts. They require little water and need feeding every two to three days. Sporadic feeding keeps them mean, which is how the mutants – especially the Raggedy Clan of Grell's Teeth, prefer it.

The average Gharl is about 3 metres in length, including the tail, with a narrow, angular head, a long, wide-hinged mouth and two rows of small, razor-like teeth. The forelegs are short and three-fingered whilst the legs are thick, with powerful, spring-like haunches and long, narrow feet with widely spaced toes ending in a curved talon. The spur on each leg bears a similar talon and is used to stab at prey rather than to slice or rip. A saddled and mounted Gharl can reach 60 to 70 kilometres an hour over short distances (a kilometre or so) but otherwise has a loping speed of about 8 to 9 kilometres per hour.

GHARL

Killer (Melee, Dexterity +4, Instinct +4, Pack -2)

Average Characteristics: Size 11, Strength 5d6, Dexterity 2d6+4, Endurance 5d6, Intelligence 0

Skills: Athletics (co-ordination) 3, Athletics (stamina) 2, Melee (claw) 2, Melee (teeth) 1, Survival 1

Weapons: Claws and Teeth +2; Damage (average) 2d6

Armour: Leathery Hide (4)

Number Encountered: Pack 1 (1d3)

Plant life is surprisingly bountiful. Tough, hardy grasses, short, spine-leaved trees and bushes and many species of cacti, tumbleweed, moss and dusty-red lichens are found throughout Scrub County. The plants in Scrub County obtain their moisture from the condensation in the air that occurs as the temperature drops and others are able to extract the nutrients they need from the parched soils and store them internally. One such example is cactus called **Thirst Bulbs** by the locals. These fist-sized cacti are covered in needle-like spines and have a thick orange flesh. If the spines are removed and the flesh pierced, a thin, sweet, succulent juice can be squeezed from the plant, with an average sized specimen providing a couple of decent mouthfuls. Thirst Bulbs are not common and tend to cling to the upper reaches of steep or sheer rock faces, such as the sides of Lynchburg Crater, but are highly prized by those who know the area.

Other plants include the thorny, bush-like **windweed** that allows itself to be blown freely around the plains during the day but at night, takes root and flowers even though there is no sunlight. At dawn, its roots appear to retract and the plant becomes free roaming again.

THE MUTANT SETTLEMENTS

There are five settlements, each of them located in the foothills of the mountains that stretch, like a band, to the north west of the crater. Each settlement occupies the remains of an old village or town from before the Atomic War and each has its own, peculiar, characteristics.

BIG CHEEZEY

Largest of the townships and closest to the crater, Big Cheezey consists of a wide, central street flanked by ramshackle houses made from petrified timbers, scraps of corrugated iron and lumps of rubble scavenged from around the region. It occupies a plateau that looks down towards the crater from the west and is surrounded on three sides by low, grey-green scrub.

Big Cheezey is known for its cheese. The cheese does not come from the milk of cows; oh no. It comes from the sap of the Cheese Tree, a mutated bush that only grows around the outskirts of Big Cheezey. The sap is white, viscous and has a sickly-sweet smell. When fermented, curdled and allowed to fester in big wooden barrels for a few months, it forms the gloopy, smelly, big cheezey that the good folk of Big Cheezey eat in copious quantities. They eat it with everything and on everything: nothing is palatable without a good helping of big cheezey.

To anyone not familiar with texture, taste and, particularly, the smell of big cheezey, the foodstuff comes across as a rancid, off-white mess, reminiscent of baby-vomit (and tastes kind of similar). But the Big Cheezey residents love it and the various families all have their own particular variations and recipes for unique big cheezey concoctions.

The people of Big Cheezey believe that the Lynchburg Crater is the spiritual home of The Big Cheese. During the war (they are not sure which one), the Big Cheese came down from the moon and took-up residence in the crater, at its very bottom. The crater is his eye, which stares back at the moon, his old home and wonders if he should ever return. The Cheese Tree is his gift to those who worship him (which the people of Big Cheezey do, vehemently) and any low-down scum-cakes who either do not a) worship The Big Cheese and/or b) like big cheezey, need to be taught a lesson. That lesson is to be dragged, kicking and screaming to the lip of the crater,

staked-out in the baking sun and force-fed big cheezey until they DO like it and DO worship The Big Cheese. This process tends to kill the miserable sinners but the good folk of Big Cheezey care little for the outcome because the souls of the miserable sinners will be taken into the bosom of The Big Cheese and be resurrected as Cheese Trees.

Naturally enough, *all* the other settlements of Scrub County are miserable sinners and need a good staking and cheese-feeding. So do most strangers.

Leader of Big Cheezey is Papa Cheddar. Papa Cheddar has a wide, flat head, a bit like an old American football; and three arms. His eyes are wide and flat, like his head and his wide, gash-like mouth is filled with rotten, stumpy teeth. His breath reeks of big cheezey and his tattered clothes (ancient denim overalls) are caked with the muck. As head-honcho of Big Cheezey and master cheese-maker, he is the High Priest of The Big Cheese. Visions come to Papa Cheddar nightly and at dawn, before the serious business of cheese-making or miserable sinner staking begins and relates his latest vision to the community. Papa Cheddar is, of course, stark-staring crazy; he knows it is his destiny to ascend to the Great Cheese Heaven (the Moon) after being consumed by The Big Cheese himself. More importantly, several years ago, a particularly vivid vision promised that a Prophet would come from out of the Cursed Earth to lead the people of Big Cheezey to their salvation. And lo! Three years ago that Prophet came. A big, tall, blond-haired man came out of the wilderness and into Big Cheezey. He consumed the cheese with relish and gave his name as Moon. He had come from the stars and so, Papa Cheddar knew, The Big Cheese had sent his Divine Son to the area to deliver the whole community unto Big Cheese Heaven. The Prophet brought with him a miserable sinner; one of them Judges from the Big City and there was a good old staking before the Prophet declared that he would take the sinner with him into the Eye of the Big Cheese and make him repent, personally.

Papa Cheddar (Radical Mutation): Str 4 (-1), Dex 11 (+1), End 13 (+2), Int 4 (-1), Edu 2 (-2), Soc 5 (-1)

Skills: Advocate 2, Deception 2, Melee 0, Stealth 1, Survival 2

Traits: Mournful – Papa Cheddar's appearance is so sad and pathetic, and his religious piety so moving, that observers must succeed in an Intelligence 8+ or be so filled with compassion that they cannot possibly harm him or allow him to come to harm.

The Big Cheezey township consists of some 100 fellow mutants, with the males marginally outnumbering the

females; there are sixteen children, with ten boys and six girls. All have head mutations, with a wide variety of severities and all are beholden to Papa Cheddar and his deranged visions. Devout worshippers of the Big Cheese, they initially appear welcoming and always enquire if visitors are hungry. As the usual answer is 'yes', big cheezey is called for and townspeople gather around as a huge bowl of the stuff is placed before the honoured guest. As the usual reaction is utter disgust, the welcome turns to despondency and so Papa Cheddar is called for and he then asks the less-honoured visitor if he believes in The Big Cheese. As the answer is usually 'no', then the visitor is branded a miserable sinner, seized and dragged across the landscape to the lip of the crater where the staking and force-feeding occurs, whilst Papa Cheddar stands over the choking wretch intoning ghastly, cheese-inspired prayers to The Big Cheese.

DON'T COME HERE'SVILLE

On the edge of Grell's Teeth is the dreadful town of Don't Come Here'sville. It is aptly named. The inhabitants are an extended family of inbred mutants who enthusiastically pursue cannibalism. The town itself is little more than tumbledown huts gathered around a massive, black-iron cauldron suspended on a scaffold gantry over a fire-pit that burns morning, noon and night. The cauldron is kept filled with water, to which are added bones, root vegetables (scavenged from around Scrub County) and herbs (likewise). Every week, the Hunt takes off, with the men-folk of the township riding out on their gharls to track down lone travellers and, occasionally, raid one of the other townships, to bring-back food for the pot. As they are cannibals, the food is always human. Young men and women are preferred because the flesh is more sweet and tender; but, really, anything will do. The victims are brought back, preferably alive (but there is no clear preference) and cast into the great cauldron where they are braised to death – if not already dead. While dinner cooks, the Don't Come Here'sville mutants perform the Cooking Dance (an obscene, loping, whooping ritual) around the cauldron, banging their knives against their dinner plates.

The whole township is surrounded by stakes and each stake is topped with a human skull. This is the Ghost Fence and meant to keep trespassers at bay. Although the people are cannibals, they do not like trespassers: anyone approaching the Ghost Fence is told to scram and given a five minute head-start whilst the men folk saddle-up their gharls and then commence the Hunt.

Part of the hunt includes skirting the Lynchburg Crater. There are two reasons for this: first, to check to see if the idiots in Big Cheezey have staked anyone out to die recently. If so,

the cannibals untie the victim and take him back for the pot. The cheese, they find, helps improve the flavour of the meat. Second, the cannibals of Don't Come Here'sville believe that the crater is the Great Cooking Pot of Wum, the cannibal god who sleeps beneath the mountains. The hunt deposits the bones of its victims into the crater as a token of their worship. Their belief is that once the Great Cooking Pot of Wum is filled with bones Wum himself will awaken and descend from the mountains to eat the cannibals of Don't Come Here'sville and hence take them to their version of heaven (which, when described, seems like a distinct version of hell).

Leader of Don't Come Here'sville is Her Wumness Mistress Skarlatina. Rake-thin, tall and with a long, slightly elongated head, Skarlatina is considered the Daughter of Wum and finest warrior-huntress in the whole of the Cursed Earth. Her brain – which is massively over-developed – spills out from her cranium and is visible through the hair (which is copper-coloured and crawling with lice). Her hands are long, elegant and three-fingered and she wears dozens of rings, carved from the bones of especially delicious meals, on each digit. Mistress Skarlatina is a psion, to boot. Blessed with Telekinesis, she uses her talents on meals that refuse to be cooked and to keep her ever-hungry populace in check. As the Wumness of the township, she does not hunt herself, leaving that to the men folk. She spends her day being attended by the other women of Don't Come Here'sville who tend to her every need and keep her looking beautiful. Those who fail to please Mistress Skarlatina are psionically lobbed into the cooking pot to provide that day's supper.

Mistress Skarlatina (Radical Mutation): Str 8 (+0), Dex 4 (-1), End 8 (+0), Int 13 (+2), Edu 6 (+0), Soc 4 (+0), Psi 7 (+0)

Skills: Art (cooking) 2, Broker 1, Leadership 3, Social Sciences (psychology) 1, Stealth 1, Survival 2

Traits: Mistress Skarlatina has an additional 1d3 Int.

Talents: Telekinesis 2

Although the men of Don't Come Here'sville hunt, the women rule. The men do as they are told or face being hurled into the pot. That said, just about everyone in the township is a vicious, cannibalistic killer. The women obey Mistress Skarlatina out of fear and love in equal measure; the men obey the women because they know what is good for them.

The town consists of 90 mutants with differing types and severities of mutation. Any child born that is only mildly mutated becomes a meal, so the populace veers towards Radical, Severe and Shambolic mutations.

All the men folk are hunters and skilled gharl riders. Use the sample Hunter statistics below for all males and the Hunt in general. The Hunt always consists of 10+2d6 hunters.

Don't Come Here'sville Hunter (Severe Mutation): Str 11 (+1), Dex 14 (+2), End 3 (-1), Int 5 (-1), Edu 3 (-1), Soc 1 (-2)

Skills: Animals (riding) 3, Athletics (co-ordination) 4 (leaping only), Melee (claws) 2, Melee (blade) 2, Recon 2

Weapons: Clawed feet, 1d6; Hunting Spear, 2d6

Armour: Thickened Skin (4)

Traits: Agile (+1d3 Dex), Armoured (4 points), Clawed Feet (natural weapons), Leaper (Athletics (co-ordination) 4)

For gharl statistics see page 47.

EDJVILLE

Built on the edge of Warhead Gash, Edjville gazes down into the canyon and the churning waters of the Warhead River. The town is built entirely from ruined vehicles salvaged from the Cursed Earth and then welded together to form an armoured, if rusting, shanty town that sprawls along the lip of the cliff. The vehicles are welded into a continuous seam: buses, cars, trucks and even part of an aircraft fuselage. Edjville's unique nature makes it very well defended against the sporadic raids from the Don't Come Here'sville hunters and against any other varmints who might wish the mutants of Edjville harm.

The Edjvillians are naturals with mechanics. Vehicles are prized. If a vehicle cannot be made to work, it gets added to the structure of the town. If it can be made to work, it has spikes, rams and other lethal projections welded to it and then used either in the vehicular gladiatorial combats that the Edjvillians delight in or to wage road-war against the Grud'svillians or the Misanthropes. The Edjville vehicles are not fast and nor do they handle especially well but, in a land where traditional mounts are the usual form of transport, they have a distinct advantage over the rest.

The biggest prize, of course, would be to capture a Lawmaster or other Justice Department vehicle. In fact, the Chief of Edjville, The Gimungous, has offered a substantial prize to whichever of his loyal followers will find and capture such a prize. Thus, any Judges who happen to wander into Scrub County may well find themselves the attention of the Edjvillians.

The town of Edjville numbers some eighty souls, split equally between men and women. Mutations are either Light or Moderate and the Edjvillians are proud of this apparent blessing when so many of Scrub County are so hideously

afflicted. The mutants of Edjville favour punk-like, functional clothes, with lots of spikes, bondage straps, buckles and so on, coupled with chunks of armour on shoulders, elbows and knees.

In the centre of the string of vehicles that make up Edjville is the Garage: a massive container truck that has been converted to hold the twenty or so working Edjville vehicles. When necessary the huge cargo doors can be sprung open and vehicles surge out, their deranged drivers whooping and baying for blood as they roar out into Scrub County. The vehicles are typically covered in 8 points of rusty, battered armour and equipped with spikes and rams that inflict 2d6 and 3d6+3 damage respectfully. Every Edjville mutant can drive at Drive (wheeled) 1 and the most exceptional drivers have an additional +1d3 in their Drive skill.

The Edjvillians enjoy gladiatorial combat between their vehicles. The idea is that two vehicles circle each other on an oval track and launch attacks upon each other, attempting to force the opponent over the precipice and into Warhead Gash. If the loser can leap clear of his vehicle – so much the better. The wreckage of the vehicles that plummet over the side is hauled back up the slope by a massive, steam-powered crane that is fixed to the settlement and repaired in order to fight again.

Ruling over Edjville is The Gimungous. His face is so hideously mutated that he keeps it hidden behind a mask of black iron. The Gimungous is a tyrant, advocating a state of perpetual war against all the other settlements of Scrub Valley. In addition, he has scouts located all over the region watching for new vehicles entering the area. Once spotted, the scouts send back a signal and The Gimungous sends-out a squadron of drivers to intercept and steal the vehicle, killing or leaving for dead, the occupants. His cruelty is notorious: crossing The Gimungous results in the most painful punishments, inflicted by his own fair hand using his toolkit. Gimungous always refers to himself in the third person; he also believes he is destined to become a god of sorts, once he has gained a Lawmaster.

The Gimungous (Moderate Mutation): Str 11 (+1), Dex 7 (+0), End 14 (+2), Int 10 (+1), Edu 6 (+0), Soc 6 (+0)

Skills: Athletics (strength) 3, Broker 1, Drive (wheeled) 3, Gun Combat (slug pistol) 1, Engineer 1, Leadership 3, Mechanic 1, Stealth 1, Survival 2

Traits: None

Weapons: Spit Gun, 3d6–3

Armour: 2 Thick Hide

SAMPLE EDJVILLE VEHICLE

The vehicles of Edjville are jerry-rigged monstrosities cobbled together out of whatever chassis and parts the Edjvillians can lay their hands on. Most of the vehicles no longer resemble their original design, although certain elements (a fender here, a side panel there, a headlamp) are recognisable.

The Edjvillians customise the vehicles to handle the rough terrain of Scrub County – so suspension systems are jacked-up to the point of being ridiculous – and a variety of plates and other welded-on lumps of metal help deflect stones and debris kicked-up by the appalling ride.

But of crucial importance are the weapons. Edjvillians bedeck their vehicles with spikes, rams, saw-blades and other nasties that are used to gouge chunks out of the opposition, ripping through armour and flesh with equal ease. In vehicular combat the Edjvillians do not hold back, going all-out to ram and shunt the opposition off the road or into an obstacle, all the while gunning their engines and attempting to slice as much off the opposing vehicle as possible.

A typical vehicle is also equipped with crossbows made from coach springs and large thongs of metal, with cable or thick, rope drawstrings. The whole apparatus is winched back with a crank handle and it takes a full Combat Round to prepare a crossbow for firing. The weapons launch metal or wooden bolts, tipped with barbed shards, which are devastating at close ranges. Mounted on a gimble or pintle, a crossbow can swing through either 180 or 270 degrees, allowing a passenger gunner, riding standing up in the rear of the vehicle, a large arc of fire against the opposition.



Dimensions	
Height	1,400mm
Width	1,665mm
Length	4,000mm
Wheelbase	2,370mm
Weight	1,200kg
Fuel Capacity	95 litres
Powerplant	Turbo-Charged, salvaged, V8 omni-fuel hybrid
Full Speed	250kph
Max Speed	196m per round
Acceleration	32m per round
Deceleration	28m per round
Cost	Irrelevant
Statistics	
Skill	Drive (wheeled)
Agility	-1
Crew	2 (1 driver, 1 passenger)
Open/Closed	Open
Armour	8
Hull/Structure	2/2
Cargo	160kg
Weapons	Home-made crossbow x2 (damage 4d6, range Ranged – shotgun) Side and front spikes (damage 4d6+6 when ramming)

GRUD'SVILLE

North of Edjville is Grud'sville, nestled in the tree line of the petrified forest that climbs up the Blue Ridge foothills. The town of Grud'sville is simple enough to look upon: log cabins, a smallholding here and there and mutant families who do not appear to be badly afflicted by their mutations. The people seem friendly enough and do not eat or stake out visitors to their town; they keep themselves to themselves and hope that neither Edjville nor Don't Come Here'sville will come around causing trouble.

But appearances can be deceptive; and indeed they are. If anyone pays any real attention to the mutants of Grud'sville, they will see they are blank behind the eyes: there is no real intelligence to be seen. They go about their activities automatically, almost robotically – although they are definitely flesh and blood.

The people of Grud'sville are under the control – and have been for decades – of the Cats. The observant might notice that there are an awful lot of cats in Grud'sville: lounging in gardens, on porches, on windowsills, in trees and by the side of the road. The cats watch everything, as cats are wont to

do, and they control everything too. All the cats in Grud'sville are intelligent and their intelligence congregates into a hive-mind that manifests itself in King Cat.

King Cat is a massively fat moggy the size of a large cow. Its shaggy ginger fur is pocked with mange and its malevolent green eyes blink out from beneath a hooded ginger brow. Its thick, naked tail swishes at the flies that swarm around and tiny, useless limbs poke-out from the vast immovable body. King Cat controls all the cats of Grud'sville psionically and they, in turn, control the humans. Everything the cats see, King Cat sees. Everything King Cat wants done, the cats get the humans to do. When raiders come, a handful of humans are offered-up as a sacrifice and the raiders go away again. Grud'sville remains at peace and works exactly as it should – all thanks to King Cat.

King Cat knows a great deal of what is going on across Scrub County. His psionic abilities are highly refined and the psionic link with his brethren means that little happens that goes unseen by King Cat. He knows that a man with a shady past and dangerous future has a lair within the Lynchburg Crater; he knows how to get into the lair; he has visited it in his mind. However, as this intruder offers no threat to King Cat, he sees no reason to threaten the intruder. And, besides, the intruder rarely visits, so where is the problem?

Although he controls everything in Grud'sville, King Cat is no tyrant or despot. He is merely a mutant cat doing what a mutant cat with significant psionic abilities can do. If questioned on his motives, King Cat purrs that he is only doing what all cats have done since time immemorial; manipulate humans. He can simply do it better and on a wider scale.

It goes without saying that King Cat can command all the cats of Grud'sville (some 1,000 of them) to immediately attack anyone posing a threat.

Grud'sville Cats: Str 2 (-1), Dex 5 (+0), End 4 (-1), Int 1 (-1)

Skills: Athletics (co-ordination) 5, Melee (claws) 2, Recon 1, Survival 1

Weapons: Claws, 1d6-2

The cats are small, agile and fast. They gain two claw attacks and +2 to Initiative.

King Cat (Radical Mutation): Str 4 (-1), Dex 1 (-2), End 8 (+0), Int 12 (+2), Psi 10 (+1)

Skills: Advocate 2, Broker 1, Deception 1, Leadership 4

Traits: Huge, mutated cat; Psionics; Intelligence

Talents: Telepathy 3, Clairvoyance 2

King Cat resides in the largest of the shacks of Grud'sville, which stands at the far end of the community and is reached via a series of shallow wooden stairs. He uses telepathy to attract mice and other rodents which he feeds upon at leisure from the huge bank of cushions that holds his swollen, ginger form.

MISANTHROPE

The township of Misanthrope is a community of some twenty families spread out of a selection of ugly, forbidding huts and shacks nestling in the hills north of Battle Pass. Hanging from the withered trees that mark the edge of Misanthrope's border are nooses – some filled with bodies and some not; those who came to Misanthrope, displeased the residents and were lynched for their temerity.

Causing offence in Misanthrope is easily done: breathing Misanthrope air; disturbing Misanthrope soil; causing general offence by looking at people the wrong way; not speaking in a Misanthrope dialect; not being mutated; not being mutated in the right way... the list is endless. The punishment for causing offence is singular: lynching. Misanthropes love a good lynching. Every Misanthrope carries a noose around his or her waist, like a belt, just in case an impromptu lynching can be held. Anything and everything that can be lynched gets lynched. Even vegetation gets lynched for not growing properly or cropping up in the wrong place. Hell, if water could be lynched, they would lynch that too but it is too darn watery to get a noose around.

Presiding over this murderous town of misanthropes is Mayor Bob Bean. Bean is an arch-misanthrope and he makes Pa Angel (whom he knew and wanted to lynch) look like a charity worker. Short, raggedy but packed with misanthropic venom, Bean had his own mother and father lynched because they forgot his birthday. Bean has four eyes and four ears – all the better for spotting offences and hearing about them. His hands have eight fingers each – all the better for tying slipknots and rigging nooses. Everyone is terrified of Mayor Bean and that is the way it should be: *not* being scared of Mayor Bean is an offence – and that means a lynching.

The residents of Misanthrope simply do not leave their township because the world outside is so offensive – so they do not pose much of a threat unless one stumbles into Misanthrope by accident. The other residents, all related to each other somehow, run the range of mutations but all have either multiple eyes or multiple ears. Not having multiple eyes or ears is an offence and that means... but you get the drift.

Misanthrope also has a secret. A secret that only Mayor Bean knows. In the tunnels that riddle the hills behind Misanthrope is an old weapons dump left over from the war. Stashed in there are guns of all descriptions and sizes, plus ammunition to go with them. If anyone – say Edjville – decided to come and take Misanthrope by force, Mayor Bean would have no hesitation in breaking open that arsenal and using it to repel the offenders. Misanthrope can arm itself with rocket launchers, laser cannons, machine guns light and heavy and even a baby tactical nuke. Mayor Bean would be loath to expose his secret but if any Scrub County varmints attempted any rough stuff, it would delight him to meet any attack with the force of a small army.

Mayor Bob Bean (Radical Mutation): Str 7 (+0), Dex 10 (+1), End 7 (+0), Int 8 (+0), Edu 6 (+0), Soc 7 (+0)

Skills: Advocate 1, Broker 1, Deception 2, Gun Combat (slug pistol and slug rifle) 1, Leadership 2, Melee (bludgeon) 1, Stealth 1, Survival 1.

Weapons: Double-Barrelled Stump Gun 4d6

Traits: Quick – Bean gains an additional Significant Action every Combat round and +2 to Initiative rolls.

SCARY MARY'S CURSED EARTH BISTRO

This general store/watering hole/inn/refuge/occasional warehouse is on the edge of Scrub County, about one kilometre west of Warhead Pass.

The Bistro is a collection of stone, wood and scavenged metal buildings gathered around a natural spring offering cool, crisp, fresh water. The Bistro provides short-term lodging, a blacksmith, a kitchen/tavern, a general store selling a basic variety of provisions and, of course, fresh water.

It is owned and run by Scary Mary, a huge, imposing woman hailing from Mega-City One (meaning she is not a mutant). Mary is vast: a whale of a woman with broad shoulders, an enormous bust and a thick, greasy mane of grey-black hair that she wears loose all the time. Aside from her size and gruff demeanour, Scary Mary is so-called on account of her astonishing, unblinking stare. New faces are drilled by that stare for several minutes and it is said to feel as though she is boring into your soul and taking its worth. When angry, her eyes become visibly darker, her face redder and a vein in her neck twitches noticeably. This is a signal to run.

The Bistro offers food and lodging to those travelling the Badlands as long as they can pay. Scary Mary's prices

are steep but not extortionate and the Bistro offers a level of comfort that is not available for many, many kilometres. She never asks questions, does not tolerate questions being asked and treats people fairly as long as they act fairly, pay and do not make trouble.

There are several permanent residents of the Bistro:

- Glorvel, the cook (a four-armed mutant with an arrogant disposition).
- Rank, the blacksmith (an enormous bulk of flesh, with no head but facial features in the top of his chest and arms the size of tree-trunks).
- Druelsa and Darvula, the entertainment staff (twin sisters, each with four breasts).
- Wedge, the bouncer (Rank's brother and built similarly, although his facial features are concentrated into a stump of a neck).
- Peak, another bouncer (Wedge and Rank's sister – but indistinguishable from Rank).
- Mara-Lo, Mary's daughter (head-strong, petite and normal-looking in every respect).

Together they keep the Bistro running and form a loose-knit but somewhat argumentative family. Glorvel is a temperamental, arrogant chef who maintains the most appalling hygiene standards but manages to produce edible, wholesome food from seemingly unappetising ingredients. He and Mary often argue over the slightest things and their clashes are legendary, involving thrown pots, pans and, sometimes, knives. It is not unknown for guests at the Bistro to become involved in such ugly scenes – or instigate them in order to wager on the outcome.

Rank the blacksmith is large and jovial, content to get on with his job of repairing what needs mending and attending to whatever metalwork might need attention. He likes to chat whilst working and prefers it even more if people buy him a drink from the Bistro when he is done.

Wedge and Peak are burly bouncers, skilled with their fists and not so much with their wits. They are fearless and enjoy a fight but do not go out of their way looking for trouble. They also brew the Bistro's celebrated ale from a closely guarded recipe that they refuse to divulge.

Druelsa and Darvula are twin sisters: reasonably attractive and able to sing, dance and play several instruments to a reasonable degree of competence. If offered enough, they are happy to provide personal services, either singly or together, according to price. Neither is the marrying type.

Typical services at the Bistro include:

- Hot meal
- Bath or cold scrub
- Mount attendance (shoddy, harness and tack repair)
- Accommodation for several nights (long stays actively discouraged)
- Games of chance – frequent and sometimes violent
- Fence goods of dubious origin
- Buy goods of dubious origin
- Meet with clandestine contacts
- 'Personal Services' courtesy of Druelsa and/or Darvula
- Learn the latest gossip

THE RAGGEDY CLAN

Infesting the petrified uplands known as Grell's Teeth, the Raggedy Clan is a 100-strong band of mutants and norms who have no liking for settlements and prefer to roam the Blue Ridge mountains in search of innocents to rob from, torture and murder. They stray down into Scrub County from time to time but their forays are infrequent and only when they need to mount a raid on one of the five settlements or Scary Mary's Bistro.

Around a quarter of the band ride gharls, goading them into combat with their spurred boots; a phalanx of charging gharl riders makes for a fearsome sight and, when the rest of the Raggedy Clan hoves into view behind, fanning out like some cloak of mayhem, even the strongest will be sapped.

The current leader (leaders come and go as challenges are made, lost and won) is Nige Absentia, a thickset mutant covered head to foot in porcupine-like quills. Attempts to grapple or seize hold of Nige are subject to a –4 DM owing to the sharpness of the spines. Nige leads the Raggedy Clan by example, always heading-up an assault and goading his men to greater glory for the whole of mutant kind. The atrocities he has committed are too numerous to mention and no depravity is beyond both him and his kind.

Nige Absentia (Radical Mutation): Str 9 (+1), Dex 8 (+0), End 10 (+1), Int 8 (+0), Edu 6 (+0), Soc 5 (–1)

Skills: Animals (ride) 2, Gun Combat (slug rifle) 1, Melee (blade) 1, Melee (unarmed combat) 1, Leadership 2, Stealth 1, Survival 1

Weapons: Heavy Spit Gun (3d6)

Armour: Spines (2)

Traits: Spine-covered. This gives Nige 2 points of natural armour and –4 DM against unarmed melee attacks. In addition, Nige can hurl 1d6 quills at up to Close range, each spine causing 1d6 damage, using his Melee (unarmed combat) skill.

THE LYNCHBURG CRATER

The crater is 1,500 metres in diameter and 800 metres deep. Its sides are steep but not sheer and the earth in and around it is black and thick. It centres on the old southern edge of Lynchburg City and was caused when a tactical nuke exploded and triggered a further blast from something stored beneath the ground. The shockwave levelled the city and the heat wave petrified the vegetation for many kilometres around it. From the air, the crater does indeed resemble a great, dark, baleful eye staring up to heaven, as though the resting place of some ancient, slumbering god has been disturbed and it has turned to look at the source of the torment.

From the lip of the crater, looking down, it is possible to see the remnants of pipes, conduits, building foundations and other, old metal structures, poking through the sides of the crater. There are numerous caves littering the sides and most are simply too dangerous to enter, being the result of structural collapses that are still far too unstable. The mutants of the region know this to their cost.

However, the eastern arc of the circumference has the largest cave opening which is regular in formation, as though the remains of a reinforced tunnel – and that is precisely what it is. The tunnel leads into what is left of a subterranean, pre-Atomic War research facility. The facility was protected from direct strikes and the rooms within it are intact, more or less.

It is these rooms that form Aiken Moon's Cursed Earth lair. He learned of the possible existence of the old bunker during his time in Texas City and, when he trekked into the Cursed Earth in search of Judge Eckhardt, he made a point of seeking out Lynchburg Crater and delving into it to find out more. In the process of this expedition he came across Big Cheezey and, through guile and the ability to consume any foodstuff (through the physical augmentations necessary for life on Titan), convinced the insane Papa Cheddar that he was a prophet from the Big Cheese. This has worked to Moon's distinct advantage since he can now call upon the Big Cheezey mutants to act as aid when the need arises.

ACCESSING THE BUNKER COMPLEX

A hundred metres down the eastern arc of the precipice is a narrow, rectangular, cave entrance. It is only wide enough for one person at a time to squeeze through and must be reached by a winch, rope or other climbing mechanism. Inside, the dark passageway slopes downwards for 10 metres before one comes to a large, steel, blast-door. The door is made of 10cm thick steel and can only be opened by bypassing the control mechanism set into the door itself. This

requires an Engineer (electronics) 8+ roll and 3d6 minutes of concentration. Once bypassed, the door slides back to reveal a man-made, concrete-lined passageway leading into the complex.

The complex is little more than a series of connecting rooms, as the map indicates.

LIVING QUARTERS

The quarters contain twenty metal-framed bunks, a (non-functioning) kitchen with stove, oven, larder and refrigerator. None of the devices work and rats and decay destroyed the perishables long ago. There are several cans of produce left on the shelf, still sealed: some peaches, beef stew, baked beans and chopped tomatoes. The labels, whilst yellowed, indicate the contents and, if opened, they are found to be still edible. The living quarters also contains a block of shower units, washbasins and a general sink for food preparation. Taps provide water which is held in a large storage tank set into the ceiling of the laboratory. The purification systems failed long ago and, whilst the tank still contains water, it is foul, stagnant stuff that, if drunk without first being rigorously boiled, causes acute stomach aches, nausea and general incapacitation within 1d6 hours.

EXPERIMENT ROOM 1

This is a typical physics testing laboratory equipped with workbenches, wrecked or useless electrical equipment (oscilloscopes and so forth) and general debris. The workbench in the centre of the room has had sets of handcuffs welded at both ends to restrain hands and ankle; there is dried blood on the workbench which, if analysed, can be shown to match that of Judge Eckhardt.

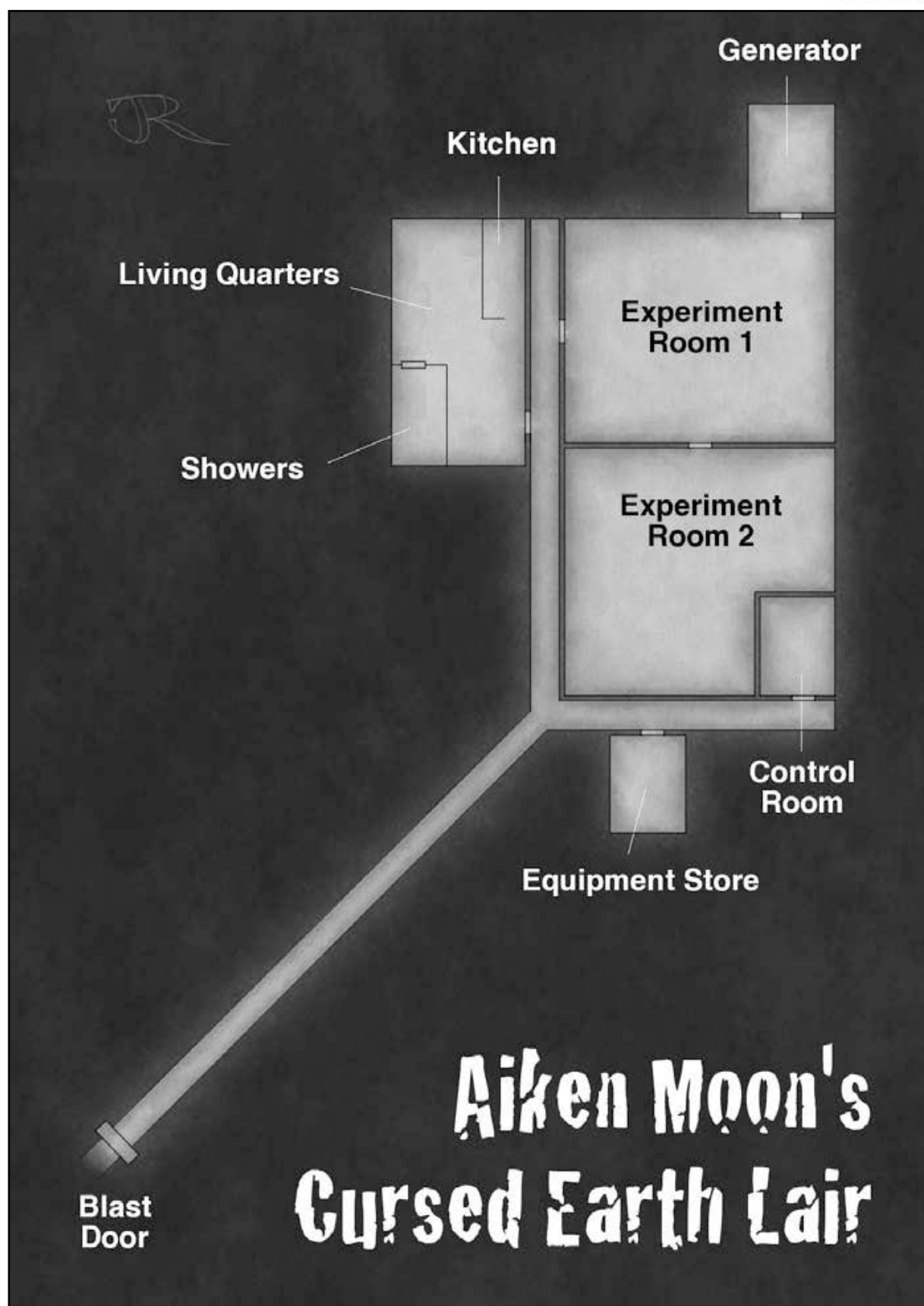
GENERATOR

A petrol-powered generator capable of providing about 1,000 hours of power (enough for lighting, air filters and so on). Moon has made sure the petrol tank is full.

EXPERIMENT ROOM 2

Workbenches piled with monitoring equipment line the walls of this area, connected to the device in Experiment Room 1. Some are functional once power is restored from the generator but most are non-functional.

In the centre of the room is a chair similar to that used by dentists. The chair is equipped with wrist and ankle shackles and is bolted to the floor. If the Judges are searching for Anji Karter, they find her here, shackled into the chair and awaiting whatever fate will befall her when Aiken Moon comes to inflict it.



Aiken Moon's Cursed Earth Lair

THE DARK SIDE OF THE MOON



CONTROL ROOM

More instrument panels that control heat, light, air conditioning, security systems, fire prevention systems and the helipad. None of the controls' functions are obvious but, as bad fortune would have it, one of the buttons activates the War Droid which is waiting, inert, in the Equipment Store.

EQUIPMENT STORE

Most of the useful equipment from this store (weapons and so on) has been removed. Pairs of overalls and lab coats still hang from wall hooks and several sets of rubber boots sit beneath them. Personal lockers still have ancient pictures of loved ones, scantily clad models and a few odds and ends still within their metal shells but little of value or usefulness.

One of Moon's little toys is located in here. The War Droid was designed to protect the facility from invasion but never got its chance. It eventually lost power and went into hibernation mode until Moon found it, erased its memory and reprogrammed it to obey Moon's instructions. The War Droid activates either when the switch in the Control Room is thrown or if the outer blast door is electrically bypassed or blown in.

The robot has been programmed to recognise the code phrase 'Dark Side of the Moon' and not to fire on anyone who utters it. All others – it shoots to kill.

WAR DROID

Size M; Config Humanoid: Str 12 (+2), Dex 12 (+2), End 10 (+1), Will 6 (+8 Lawbreaker Chip)

Weapons: 2 x Heavy Spit Gun, 3d6; 1 x Laser Rifle 5d6+3,

Armour: 7

Programming: Melee (unarmed combat) 2, Gun Combat (all weapon types) 3, Tactics 1, Survival 0

Modifications: Lawbreaker Chip

Personality Traits: Ruthless, Cruel

RESIDENTS OF THE COMPLEX

If the k'datchi have kidnapped Anji Karter and brought her here (and assuming all four are alive), then they will be found, waiting for Moon to arrive, in either Experiment Room 2 or the Living Quarters. They wait patiently, passing the time playing cards or k'datchi word games but with weapons close at hand. If they need to, they know how to activate the War Droid.

Their task is to prevent Anji Karter from being killed but also to preserve their own lives – so they fight mercilessly if confronted by the Judges.

The jet used by the k'datchi to come to the crater from Mega-City One landed at the very bottom of the crater and away from prying eyes. The k'datchi used the aircraft's VTOL abilities to transfer to the complex and let the jet land itself on automatic. The k'datchi leader has a comms unit that can be used to summon the jet for a rescue, if one is needed. The jet takes 1d6+4 rounds to reach the entranceway to the complex.

A VENGEFUL MOON

Even with Anji Karter's capture and the possibility of the Judges freeing her, Moon is in no rush to take his revenge on her. If the Judges make no intervention in the Cursed Earth, and if Anji is captured, it is almost a further three weeks before Moon makes the journey to Scrub County to deliver the payback for his betrayal. The events described in Sit-Down, Shut-Up, starting on page 57, take place first.

When Moon does pay Anji a visit, his revenge is convoluted. He does not torture Anji as he tortured Eckhardt; instead, Anji is handed over to either the folk of Big Cheezey or the cannibals of Don't Come Here'sville so that they can do with her what they will. Moon taunts her of course and explains why he is doing what he is doing before leaving her to her fate:

'When a Judge emerges from the Academy, he's had every ounce of sentiment replaced with steel but there's still some humanity there; the capability for compassion. When a Judge goes to Titan, they rip out the humanity and replace it with respirators and digesters and inhibitors: twenty years of constant pain that drives every last part of humanity into oblivion, no matter how much it tries to hide. They degrade you for Titan. That's what you sentenced me to, Anji. That's what you did for me.'

'So here's how it is for you: degradation. I'm giving you to the Cursed Earth. If you're strong, you might make it and emerge stronger on the other side. Just like me.'

There is therefore the opportunity for the Judges to still find Anji alive, having been shunted around the various mutant settlements of Scrub County. Her fate will start in Big Cheezey and from there she will be taken and staked at Lynchburg Crater – but one of the other townships ‘rescues’ her and takes her to their community for further ‘treatment’ according to the ways of that community. If the Judges are looking for Anji, this offers them the opportunity to go from settlement to settlement in search of her and dealing with the mutant scum along the way.

The Judges may find Anji alive or they may find her dead; what is certain is that her ordeal at the hands of the Scrub County mutants is every bit as horrific as Aiken Moon has promised. How Anji emerges at the other side is for Referees to decide according to how they wish this campaign to unfold.

SIT-DOWN, SHUT-UP

When mobsters go to war, carnage ensues as points are made, scores settled and feuds concluded. Things end in one of two ways: the heads of one family are hit, resulting in outright victory for one side or the other; or, the heads of both families come together to negotiate some form of ceasefire and, perhaps, peace.

The heads of the Contralto and Van Zandt families have reached the stage where a Sit Down is necessary. Tit for tat killings on the street are getting the families nowhere and, more to the point, Max Contralto is beginning to smell a rat.

Following the Konstant Cup and Bennetti slayings and the Anji Karter incident, Max Contralto has had his best men on the street hunting for signs of implication. The Van Zandts *could* be behind the activity but – and Max is reaching this conclusion – this could be an elaborate set-up. Max meets with

the heads of several other crime families from neighbouring sectors at a variety of ‘safe’ locations: each says the same thing – the Van Zandts have had no real reason to make a move against the Contraltos. Someone is manoeuvring things to get the two crime families at loggerheads.

So, Max is ready to proffer the olive branch to the Van Zandts. He asks Dante Cavalli, the head of the Cavalli family from Sector 10, to broker a Sit Down between Contraltos and Van Zandts. The Cavalli’s will choose a neutral location and provide security for both sides. At the Sit Down, Max Contralto and Serano Van Zandt will sit down, talk, drink some wine and hopefully emerge as allies rather than enemies.

The heads of three major crime families will be present in one place at one time. This is just what Aiken Moon wants. His intention is to decapitate all three families in one fell swoop. Leaderless, the remains of the Contralto, Van Zandt and Cavalli crime families will be in chaos; Moon, in the guise of Lenny Hemlock, intends to step-in and take control of all three families’ assets and rackets, making himself the undisputed crime lord of central Mega-City One.

MJU’S WATCH

Tooley Mju, fresh from surveillance at Bethany Beach, receives a message from her employer to watch the movements of Dante Cavalli and his key lieutenants. She is to follow them, note addresses and then run an assessment on the buildings they look at. Moon wants to find out where the neutral location will be for the Sit Down and then prepare for his own assault.

If Tooley Mju has already struck a deal with the Judges, then she feeds them the information of this current assignment. If not, she goes through with it but, as it becomes clear to her that her mysterious employer is intending to hit the heads of three crime families in one go, she contacts the Judges anyway. One way or another, Tooley Mju becomes the Judges’ conduit into Moon’s plans.

THE NEUTRAL LOCATIONS

The Cavalli family scouts several locations in Sector 10 – its own base of operations. Referees should choose which of the locations is selected for the Sit-Down. Moon's plan (see below) happens irrespective of the location chosen.

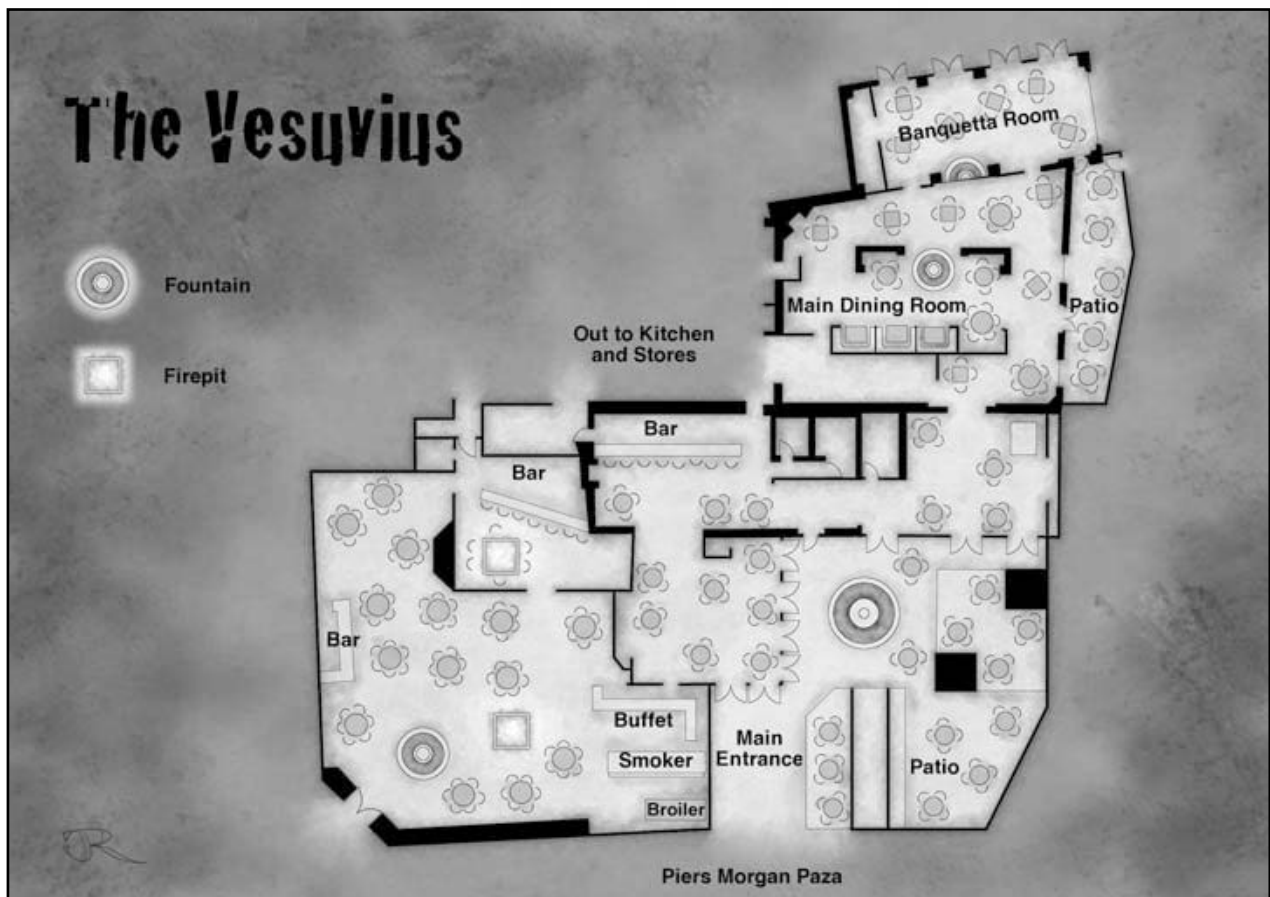
THE VESUVIUS

A Cavalli-run restaurant in the Piers Morgan block. The Vesuvius is an ancient Rome-themed restaurant serving Italian-American food. It is traditional for diners to wear togas (supplied at the door, with changing rooms and lockers) and to eat their food in the traditional Roman style, reclining on couches arranged around a central table whilst serving robots bring course after course of anti-pasti, pizza, pasta, muncie-based meat dishes and synthetic fish dishes. Synthi-skinned 'slaves' offer entertainment (stories, songs played

on lyres and other traditional Roman musical instruments) whilst the diners gorge themselves. The restaurant has its own vomitorium for diners to use so that they can indulge their gluttony to the full.

The Vesuvius offers a relatively public forum for the Sit-Down (although the Cavallis will guarantee that civilians are banned for the night) and the insistence on wearing togas means that both Contraltos and Van Zandt will not be in a position to carry concealed weapons into the meeting. Cavalli security goons can take-up discreet positions around the restaurant to ensure that no trouble breaks out.

If the restaurant is the chosen location for the Sit-Down, the families meet in the Banquetta Room for their discussions. Moon's Blitzers enter through the Main Entrance, forcing their way through the restaurant, shooting as they go.



THE WAREHOUSE

The next location is a warehouse in the commercial district of Sector 10. The Cavallis use the place to store stolen and hijacked goods: there are enough items in here to convict the Cavallis of all manner of crimes, not least handling stolen property.

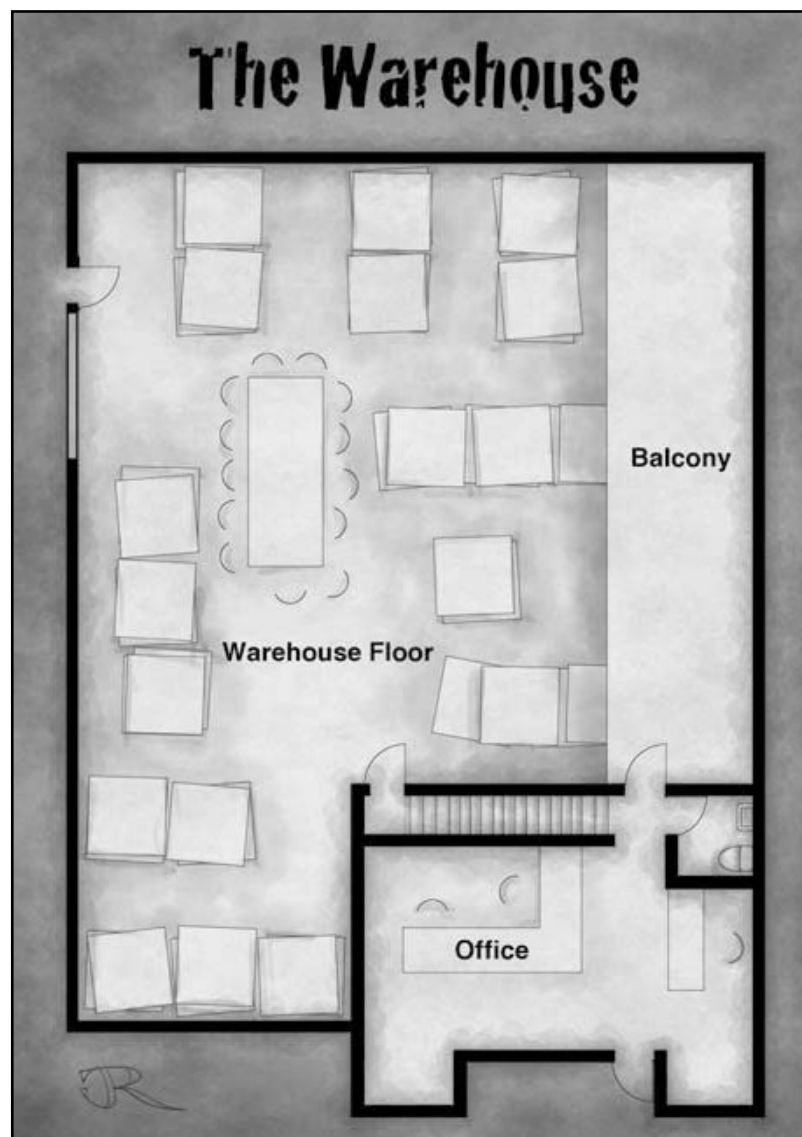
If chosen, the warehouse's main area is equipped with a long table, set with modest food, to accommodate the Contralto and Van Zandt families. Cavalli goons watch the proceedings from discreet positions around the warehouse area and from the balcony.

The warehouse area is filled with storage crates, boxes and all manner of containers. A robot lifter is parked in an alcove

below the balcony, awaiting instructions for moving, storing or retrieving goods. From the roof is a robotic crane used for heavy lifting up to the balcony, which is 4 metres above the ground level – as is the office.

The main door opens onto a loading/unloading area that leads down to the Mandy Holden inter-sked, which itself connects via a series of service megways to the Superslab.

The meeting area is roughly in the centre of the warehouse area floorplan. If chosen, Moon's hit squad blows-open the main door with Hi-Ex charges and comes in shooting, aiming at the goons on the balcony as well as the families arranged around the seating area.



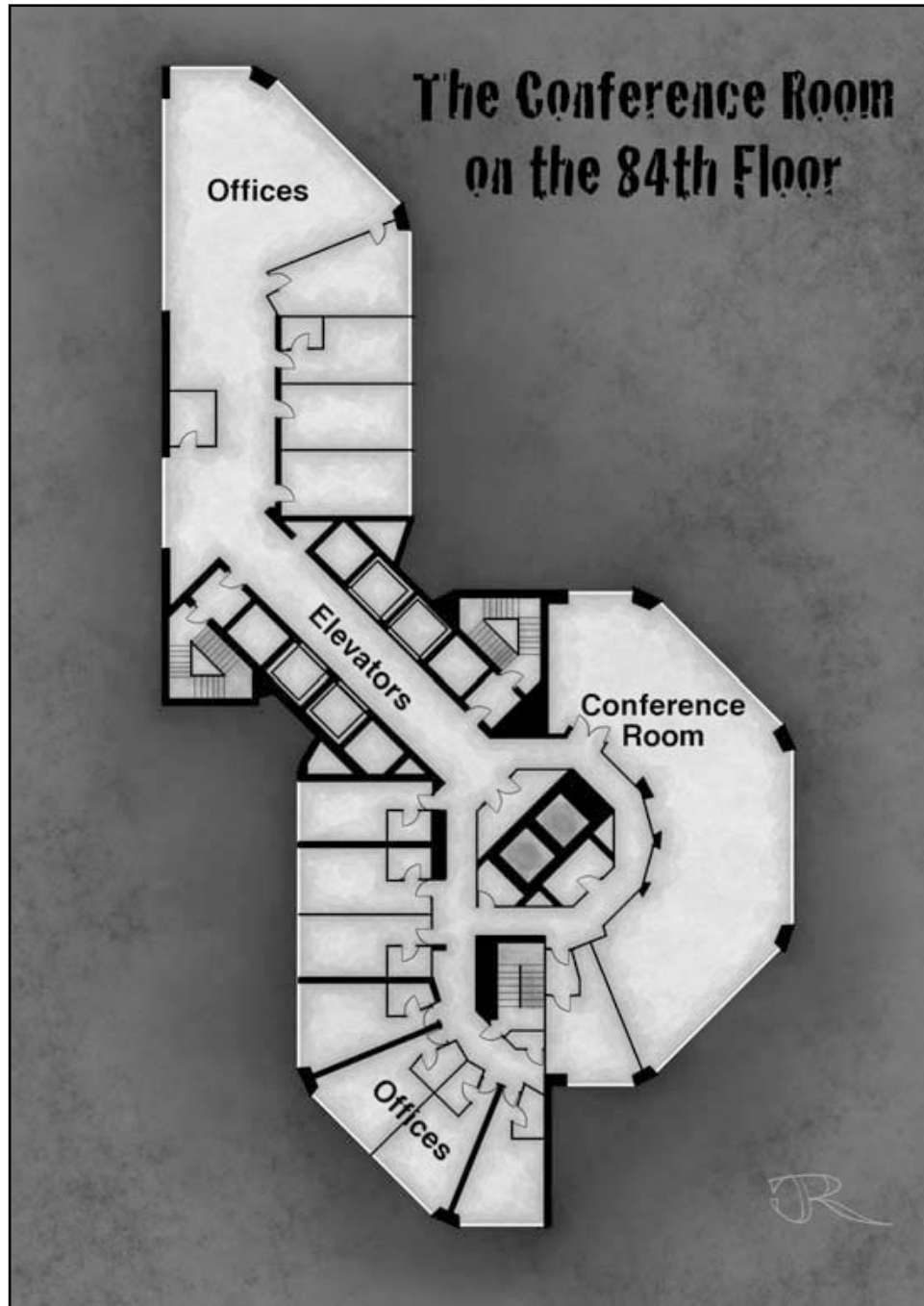
THE CONFERENCE ROOM

Piers Morgan block has extensive conference facilities on its 84th floor. As Piers Morgan block is Cavalli-controlled territory, it is considered a viable location.

The conference room, if chosen, has a panorama plexiglass wall overlooking the eastern side of Mega-City One: the views are stunning. Cavalli goons are stationed on the main entrance,

outside and a couple of goons watch proceedings from the inside, standing in discreet parts of the conference room.

When Moon's Hit Squad attacks, it does so from the air. Using a Sirroco Citi-Def gunship (see Judge Dredd, page 127). The Blitzers fly-in from the southeast, bring the gunship to a hover in front of the conference room windows and strafe the entire room with Lazooka fire (to blow-out the panorama window) and then Stump Guns to take-out everyone around the table.



DAY OF THE SIT-DOWN

The Sit-Down takes place on 15th October at 7pm. The following people arrive at the rendezvous, driven in limousines arranged by the Cavalli family.

CONTRALTOS

- Max Contralto – Head of the Contralto Family
- Paulie Contralto – Cousin to Max and captain of the south Sector 13 rackets
- Steeve Ray Monetti – Second Cousin to Max and captain of the Eustace Fargo spaceport rackets
- Gus Contralto – Cousin to Max and captain of the north Sector 13 rackets
- Kris Larondo – Half Cousin to Max and his *consiglieri* – trusted adviser

In addition, the Contraltos are accompanied by six standard goons who are forced to surrender their weapons (Spit Guns and Hand Cannons) to the Cavalli security staff.

VAN ZANDTS

- Vito Van Zandt – Aging Head of the Van Zandt family
- Santino 'Sonny' Van Zandt – Eldest son of Sylvester and in over-all control of Sector 14 rackets
- Hagen Duvall – Vito Van Zandt's *consiglieri*
- Freddy Van Zandt – Younger son and in control of the rackets bordering Sector 13

And, like the Contraltos, the Van Zandts are accompanied by six of their own goons who are forced to surrender their weapons (Spit Guns and Hand Cannons) to the Cavalli security staff.

CAVALLIS

- Dante Cavalli – Head of the Cavalli family; a man known for his fair play and respect
- Roberto Cavalli – Dante's *consiglieri*
- Lucretia Cavalli – Dante's daughter and heir to the Cavalli crime empire

Dante Cavalli has fifteen of his goons stationed around the meeting place. Each is armed with a West and Smithson .408 assault carbine, a Spit Gun and a knife. Their job is to watch everyone at the table, especially the Contraltos and the Van Zandts, and ensure that no secreted weapons are pulled or devices activated that might activate bombs, drones, robots or other instruments that would disrupt the meeting. The Cavalli goons keep their weapons discreetly hidden but it is obvious that they are armed and they make no attempt to disguise the fact.

The Contralto and Van Zandt goons are forced to wait outside the meeting area. They have had to surrender their weapons and they keep a distance between themselves but

they offer glowering glances and trade the occasional insult. Even though the Sit-Down is happening, the two families are still at war.

THE SIT-DOWN BEGINS...

Dante Cavalli opens proceedings.

'Gentlemen. Introductions are irrelevant. Max Contralto asked me to arrange this sit-down so that differences can be discussed and a way out of this situation – unpleasant for everybody – agreed. You know the etiquette but I'll go through it anyways.'

'You speak in turn and say your piece without interrupting. If I have to intervene, you listen to me and back-down. But everyone gets to say what needs saying.'

'Anything said here is not a basis for recriminations and action. This is business, not personal. When everyone has said their piece, I shall sum-up and terms will be agreed. We seal those terms with words of friendship, drink on it and it becomes binding on all parties.'

'Let us get down to business. So, how did all this bullshit start in the first place?'

The discussion commences and, quickly enough, descends into bickering, despite Dante's efforts to keep things civil. Blame is pointed every which-way. The meeting has been going on for only twenty minutes when the Blitzers strike.

THE BLITZERS

Aiken Moon is not foolish enough to attempt a mob hit on this scale alone: he has hired a Blitzer team to do the job.

The Blitzers are six-strong in number. They carry a small arsenal of weapons: Lazookas, Stump Guns, silenced Hand Cannons, Hi-Ex packs and Hand Bombs. They have been paid well for this hit and do not belong to any of the mafia families. Their intention is to wipe out, completely and with extreme prejudice, all attendees at this meeting, including the unarmed goons waiting patiently for their bosses.

The Blitzers attack in the most suitable way for the venue. If the venue is the restaurant, they walk calmly in through the plaza of Piers Morgan block and split into two groups: one goes in through the front, shooting the waiting goons with silenced Spit Guns. The second group goes in through the kitchen and heads for the Banquetta room. The two groups converge at once and open fire with everything they have got. If the venue is the warehouse, the Blitzers strafe the

cars of the goons as they wait outside in the loading bay with Lazookas and then blast the door with Hi-Ex before charging in with Stump Gun and Hand Cannon fire. If the venue is the conference hall, the Scirocco gunship is used to blast out the windows of the 84th floor, showering everyone with plexiglass (resulting in serious injuries) and then using Stump Guns to finish the job.

When everyone is dead, the Blitzers depart as calmly as they came. If the Judges pursue them and are capable of catching them, the Blitzers activate the Hi-Ex packs strapped to their waists, killing themselves and whoever else is nearby.

SUCCESS OF THE HIT

Is the hit a success? Everything depends on the intervention of the Judges. If they do not intervene, then the Blitzers murder everyone at the sit-down and three crime families are paralysed in a single stroke.

If the Judges do intervene, the Blitzers' success depends entirely on what point the Judges show-up. Tooley Mju feeds-back to the Judges when and where the meeting is to take place: the point of intervention is down to the Judges. If they leave it too long, then the Blitzers stand a chance of killing some or all of the attendees. If the Judges intervene too soon, then they will put themselves in the firing line for the Blitzers. If they intervene just as the Blitzers begin their attack, then the Judges stand a chance of taking out the Blitzers and saving some of the crime heads into the bargain.

Note, though, that Mju does not know that Moon has hired a Blitzer squad to perform this hit. However, aside from Moon, she is the only person (outside the crime families) who knows where the sit-down is to take place. If the Judges foil the Blitzers' plot, Moon immediately knows that Mju is the mole – and he will take revenge on her.

MOB AND BLITZER STATISTICS

The Mob Goon statistics should be used for Contralto, Van Zandt and Cavalli mob goons. The Blitzers have their own set of statistics.

MOB GOONS

Mob Goon 1: Str 8 (+0), Dex 6 (+0), End 7 (+0), Int 9 (+1), Edu 10 (+1), Soc 5 (–1)

Desperation –3

Skills: Gun Combat (slug pistol) 0, Melee (unarmed combat) 1

Weapons: Spit Gun (3d6–3), Flak Jacket (4)

Mob Goon 2: Str 8 (+0), Dex 7 (+0), End 9 (+1), Int 5 (–1), Edu 6 (+0), Soc 7 (+0)

Desperation –2

Skills: Gun Combat (energy pistol) 1, Melee (blade) 2, Streetwise 1

Weapons: Laser Pistol (3d6+3), Dagger (1d6+2), Flak Jacket (4)

Mob Goon 3: Str 6 (+0), Dex 10 (+1), End 9 (+1), Int 9 (+1), Edu 8 (+0), Soc 7 (+0)

Desperation –3

Skills: Gun Combat (energy pistol) 1, Melee (blade) 1, Streetwise 1, Stealth 1

Weapons: Laser Pistol (3d6+3), Dagger (1d6+2), Cloth Armour (5)

Mob Goon 4: Str 11 (+1), Dex 5 (–1), End 6 (+0), Int 7 (+0), Edu 8 (+0), Soc 6 (+0)

Desperation –3

Skills: Gun Combat (slug pistol) 1, Melee (blade) 3, Streetwise 1

Weapons: Hand Cannon (3d6), Dagger (1d6+2), Flak Jacket (4)

Mob Goon 5: Str 9 (+1), Dex 7 (+0), End 10 (+1), Int 8 (+0), Edu 8 (+0), Soc 5 (–1)

Desperation –2

Skills: Athletics 1, Gun Combat (slug pistol) 2, Melee (unarmed combat) 1, Leadership 2

Weapons: Hand Cannon (3d6), Cloth Armour (5)

Mob Goon 6: Str 5 (–1), Dex 7 (+0), End 6 (+0), Int 11 (+1), Edu 9 (+0), Soc 6 (+0)

Desperation 0

Skills: Gun Combat (slug rifle) 1, Survival 1

Weapons: Assault Carbine (3d6), Cloth Armour (5)

BLITZERS

Blitzer 1: Str 11 (+1), Dex 5 (–1), End 6 (+0), Int 9 (+1), Edu 10 (+1), Soc 5 (–1)

Desperation –6

Skills: Gun Combat (slug pistol) 2, Gun Combat (energy rifle) 2, Gun Combat (slug rifle) 2, Heavy Weapons (launchers) 2, Melee (unarmed combat) 1

Weapons: Hand Cannon (3d6), Stump Gun (4d6), Lazooka (16d6), Flak Jacket (4)

Blitzer 2: Str 8 (+0), Dex 7 (+0), End 9 (+1), Int 9 (+1), Edu 8 (+0), Soc 7 (+0)

Desperation –6

Skills: Athletics (co ordination) 1, Gun Combat (slug pistol) 1, Gun Combat (slug rifle) 1, Gun Combat (slug rifle) 2, Heavy Weapons (launchers) 1, Melee (unarmed combat) 1

Weapons: Hand Cannon (3d6), Stump Gun (4d6) Lazooka (16d6), Dagger (1d6+2), Flak Jacket (4)

Blitzer 3: Str 11 (+1), Dex 5 (-1), End 6 (+0), Int 9 (+1), Edu 8 (+0), Soc 7 (+0)

Desperation -6

Skills: Gun Combat (slug pistol) 1, Gun Combat (energy rifle) 1, Gun Combat (slug rifle) 1, Heavy Weapons (launchers) 2, Stealth 1

Weapons: Hand Cannon (3d6), Stump Gun (4d6), Lazooka (16d6), Flak Jacket (4)

Blitzer 4: Str 9 (+1), Dex 7 (+0), End 10 (+1), Int 11 (+1), Edu 9 (+0), Soc 6 (+0)

Desperation -6

Skills: Gun Combat (slug pistol) 2, Gun Combat (slug rifle) 2, Heavy Weapons (launchers) 2, Stealth 1

Weapons: Hand Cannon (3d6), Stump Gun (4d6), Lazooka (16d6), Flak Jacket (4)

MOB CHIEFS

Max Contralto: Str 8 (+0), Dex 5 (-1), End 9 (+1), Int 10 (+1), Edu 8 (+0), Soc 8 (+0)

Desperation -4

Skills: Admin 1, Advocate 1, Broker 2, Deception 4, Gun Combat (slug pistol) 1, Gun Combat (slug rifle) 2, Melee (blade) 1, Stealth 2, Survival 2

Weapons: Hand Gun (3d6-3), Knife (2d6)

Paulie Contralto: Str 9 (+1), Dex 10 (+1), End 6 (+0), Int 7 (+0), Edu 5 (-1), Soc 6 (+0)

Desperation -5

Skills: Broker 2, Deception 2, Gun Combat (slug pistol) 1

Weapons: Spit Pistol (3d6-3)

Steevee Ray Monetti: Str 7 (+0), Dex 11 (+1), End 8 (+0), Int 8 (+0), Edu 5 (-1), Soc 6 (+0)

Desperation -4

Skills: Admin 1, Advocate 1, Broker 3, Deception 1, Gun Combat (slug pistol) 2, Melee (unarmed combat and blade) 2, Survival 1

Weapons: Hand Cannon (3d6)

Gus Contralto: Str 6 (+0), Dex 5 (-1), End 5 (-1), Int 9 (+1), Edu 7 (+0), Soc 6 (+0)

Desperation -2

Skills: Broker 2, Deception 2, Gun Combat (slug pistol) 1

Weapons: Hand Gun (3d6-3)

Kris Larondo: Str 6 (+0), Dex 8 (+0), End 7 (+0), Int 11 (+1), Edu 10 (+1), Soc 7 (+0)

Desperation -2

Skills: Advocate 3, Broker 1, Gun Combat (slug pistol) 0

Weapons: Hand Gun (3d6-3)

Vito Van Zandt: Str 8 (+0), Dex 5 (-1), End 9 (+1), Int 11 (+1), Edu 10 (+1), Soc 7 (+0)

Desperation -3

Skills: Admin 1, Broker 3, Deception 1, Gun Combat (slug pistol) 1, Melee (blade) 1, Survival 1

Santino 'Sonny' Van Zandt: Str 7 (+0), Dex 11 (+1), End 8 (+0), Int 8 (+0), Edu 5 (-1), Soc 6 (+0)

Desperation -4

Skills: Advocate 0, Athletics (strength) 1, Broker 1, Deception 1, Gun Combat (slug pistol) 2, Melee (unarmed combat and blade) 2, Survival 1

Weapons: Hand Cannon (3d6)

Hagen Duvall: Str 6 (+0), Dex 5 (-1), End 5 (-1), Int 11 (+1), Edu 10 (+1), Soc 7 (+0)

Desperation 0

Skills: Admin 1, Advocate 3, Broker 2, Gun Combat (slug pistol) 0

Weapons: Hand Gun (3d6-3)

Freddy Van Zandt: Str 7 (+0), Dex 12 (+2), End 7 (+0), Int 7 (+0), Edu 5 (-1), Soc 6 (+0)

Desperation 0

Skills: Advocate 0, Athletics (stamina) 1, Broker 1, Deception 1, Gun Combat (slug pistol) 0

Weapons: Hand Gun (3d6-3)

Dante Cavalli: Str 9 (+1), Dex 10 (+1), End 6 (+0), Int 10 (+1), Edu 9 (+1), Soc 8 (+0)

Desperation -4

Skills: Advocate 1, Deception 2, Diplomat 2, Gun Combat (slug pistol) 1, Survival 1

Weapons: Spit Pistol (3d6-3)

Roberto Cavalli: Str 5 (-1), Dex 7 (+0), End 6 (+0), Int 11 (+1), Edu 9 (+0), Soc 6 (+0)

Desperation -1

Skills: Broker 2, Deception 1, Diplomat 2

Lucretia Cavalli: Str 5 (-1), Dex 10 (+1), End 7 (+0), Int 12 (+2), Edu 8 (+0), Soc 7 (+0)

Desperation -2

Skills: Admin 1, Broker 1, Deception 3, Survival 2

AFTERMATH

Moon's plan is motivated by revenge on several levels and the events in this chapter cover two of those: revenge on a personal level, against the woman who sold him to SJS; and revenge on a business level against the crime family that has ruled Sector 13 since the Apocalypse War and was complicit in Moon's arrest. Both forms of revenge are grand gestures: to show that he has not forgotten personal treachery and to show Justice Department that one man, with the right

resources, can manipulate a crime syndicate and destroy it. The message to Justice Department is: 'I could do it; why didn't you?'

If Max Contralto and his head honchos are wiped out in the Blitzers' attack, Moon acts quickly. A message is sent to all the remaining Contralto and Van Zandt hoodlums still running rackets: accept a new ruler and there will be no more killing. Those who accept remain in their positions, make payments to the new regime and receive a generous cash payment in return. Those who refuse to accept the regime change will be stamped-out with the same ruthless efficiency displayed already.

Moon does not make himself known in any shape or form. He has drafted-in paid heavies from Texas City to deliver these messages and assume the day-to-day responsibilities. The money made from the old Contralto rackets is funnelled back to Moon's accounts in Texas City via a complex web of front companies that handle the money laundering. A few Contralto and Van Zandt-loyal hoodlums refuse to accept the new terms and, within a week, their bodies crop-up in various

locations around Sector 13 displaying many inventive ways of dying.

If Max Contralto survived the attack, the Judges may have arrested him and he is facing the rest of his life in the cubes. If Max is not arrested or escapes the Judges, he goes to ground rapidly, finding refuge with friends in a sector distant from Sector 13. He will not be beaten. The word goes onto the street that there is a MCr. 5 reward for the scum who organised the Contralto/Van Zandt hit. He wants the man's head, literally. With such a high bounty, Contralto's mobsters and all manner of Mega-City One bounty hunters are attracted and they start turning over any leads they can to locate the person behind the attacks. Inevitably, they may locate Tooley Mju.

In any event, Aiken Moon – whether his plans have worked or been thwarted – goes quiet for several months. Using a false identity he goes to Texas City and continues to watch his interests in Mega-City One from afar.

But he is not finished with Sector 13 yet. He still has much to do...



A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC

This chapter begins in December 2131. It is three months since Aiken Moon's attack on the three crime families and, if it was successful, Sector 13 has noticed a 2% fall in the crime areas usually associated with the mob rackets. This is good news for Sector House; resources are always strained and this means Chief DiMaggio can concentrate on other areas.

But Aiken Moon has not forgotten all about Sector 13. He still has certain scores to settle. Two take priority: revenge against SJS Judge Cripps, the Judge who assisted SJS Judge Eckhardt; and Sector Chief DiMaggio. This chapter concerns the moves Moon makes against both men.

There is scope for a third act of revenge. If Tooley Mju's help to the Judges has been noticed by Aiken Moon, he moves against her, too and so the Judges may find themselves acting to save the private eye who has helped them in the past few months.

JEREMIAH CRIPPS

Jeremiah Cripps stood down from SJS duties the year after his colleague, Judge Eckhardt. Having been wounded in the course of duty, Cripps opted to take up a position at the Academy of Justice, becoming a tutor in Basic Applied Violence. All the Player Character Judges are likely to remember him. Cripps is a specialist in interrogation techniques with applied violence and always seemed to enjoy his work.

Like all Academy Tutors, Cripps boards at the Academy. At 23:00 hours on the night of 15th December, he gets a message from his sister who is a Sector 13 resident:

Jerry. Need help. Been an accident. Please come.

Sandy.

Being cautious, Cripps verifies the message source and it does, indeed, come from Sandy Bartholemew (her married name), apartment 226V, Lloyd H Conover block, Sector 13. Cripps books out of the Academy, informs his principal where he is going and takes a Lawmaster down to the sector. En-route he radios Sector 13 Sector House control to inform them that an Academy Judge is attending an incident at Lloyd H Conover and medical assistance may be needed. Control acknowledges the message but has no immediate need to notify units on patrol in that area.

00:37 HOURS, DECEMBER 16

Sector 13 Sector Control receives reports of gunshots and screaming from Lloyd H Conover block. The Player Character Judges are on duty that night and are instructed to investigate. The call has come from apartment 224V. No one at Control has yet made the connection between the report and Cripps' notification.

THE APPLICATION OF VIOLENCE

When the Judges arrive at Conover block and make their way to V level, citizens are crowded into the corridor. Gunshots were heard, followed by a scream – two sets of screams, in fact; male and female. The sounds came from apartment 226V which is home to Randolph and Sandy Bartholemew and their daughter Kirsty. Initial checks on MAC show that Randolph Bartholemew has a couple of parking violations against his name but otherwise nothing. At this stage, there is no known linkage with Cripps.

The door to 226V swings open easily. It is dark and cool inside. The narrow passage leads to the bedroom to the left, the kitchen ahead and the living room to the right. As the Judges enter the living room, they encounter a scene from hell.

Two adults, one male and one female, are tied to chairs dragged in from the kitchen. The man has been shot through the head. The woman sobs uncontrollably. Also tied and lying nearby is a teenage girl, in a similar state. Slumped against the wall opposite the bound adults is a Judge dressed in the uniform of an Academy tutor. His left arm is a cybernetic prosthesis. In his right hand he clutches his Lawgiver; his left leg has been shot through the thigh and blood seeps out around him. The Judge has a shocked and sorrowful expression on his face, tears streaking it; without medical attention in the next few minutes, he may die from blood-loss.

The Judge checks out as Strachan Cripps, tutor in Applied Violence at the Academy; the others in the apartment are his family members: sister Sandy, niece Kirsty and brother-in-law Randolph. The women are in shock. Randolph has been shot several times through the chest, neck and head. Judge Cripps is, after being calmed with Med Division sedatives, able to talk.

He reveals that Sandy, his sister, called him at the Academy to tell him there was an accident and asked him to come quickly. As Cripps walked into the apartment, he could see the three of them bound, much as they are now. Cripps was ready for trouble and when someone stepped from the

shadows behind him he already had his Lawgiver drawn, but the assailant was faster: he gun-whipped Cripps and then shot him in the thigh at close range. Cripps remarks that the creep used a Hand Cannon. Disarmed, Cripps had to listen to his assailant. He recalls exactly what was said to him.

'Judge Cripps, tutor in Applied Violence. Let's have a little practical, shall we? Here we have a hostage situation. Violence of some kind needs to be applied, because the perpetrator is a desperate man with scant regard for life.'

The perp then placed the barrel of the Hand Cannon against Kirsty's head. 'One person dies, Cripps. Just one. Let me tell you now that this Hand Cannon has a hair trigger and so, if you shoot me, your pretty young niece here, dies. I guarantee it. And the rule is, only *one* person dies. If you kill yourself, I'll kill the rest of them. *Only one person dies.* Believe me when I tell you I am faster than you. So, Cripps, you have a choice: you have to kill one member of your family to save the others. They, by the way, are allowed to beg... you have ten seconds to make your decision or Kirsty becomes a valued contributor to the Resyk programme.'

Cripps had no choice. Randolph begged to be the one shot: Sandy begged for the same thing. Kirsty begged for all their lives. Cripps shot Randolph. His Academy training kicked-in and he weighed-up the options. He shot on rapid fire.

Once he had killed Randolph, the assailant stepped smartly over to Cripps and took the Lawgiver away from him. 'Very good, tutor. You graduate with an A plus. But I guess you feel sick right now; sick to your stomach and something a little less than human. I wouldn't worry, they won't convict you. You were coerced. No Titan for you. But you'll live with this moment for the rest of your life and no matter how much your sister and niece say they forgive you, they won't – not in their hearts. You were the one who killed their *daddy*.'

Then the assailant pushed something into one of Cripps' glove pockets and calmly left the building.

The description of the assailant is good. A big, stocky man with a wide chest. He wore a wide-brimmed hat and Cripps is certain that he spoke through a voice synthesiser, although it was a very good model. 'But, I know this guy. His eyes... I know his eyes. The face meant nothing but I've seen his hate-filled, arrogant eyes before. Eyes of the Devil himself.'

Aiken Moon.

JUSTICE, DISPASSIONATELY

Moon is long gone. Trying to track him down yields nothing: again, he has melted away into the night.

The item Moon slipped into Cripps' glove pocket is a standard vid slug playable on any video machine. DNA evidence on the slug links directly with Aiken Moon's on-file DNA records.

The vid slug is a dossier, with a voice over from Moon himself. It is clearly intended for the Judges.

Opening shot: a man in silhouette – clearly a big, strong man, with close-cropped hair. He is seated. The background is a plain wall and he is seated in a comfortable, high-backed chair.

Moon: 'Good evening. Watching this means that you have dealt with the unfortunate Judge Cripps and clearly you want to know more. I'm here to provide some answers.'

Picture changes to show a montage of photographs of the young Aiken Moon. A handsome, powerfully built Judge posing proudly beside his Lawmaster; another outside Sector House 13. The photographs are pre-Apocalypse War.

Moon (Voiceover): 'You know my history. I went bad. It happens. I'm not the first and I won't be the last. When I was caught, I was handed to SJS. Standard procedure. No surprises.'

Montage of photographs showing SJS Judges Eckhardt and Cripps.

Moon (Voiceover): Eckhardt and Cripps enjoyed their job and offered me a thorough interrogation. It wasn't the interrogation that upset me; it was the way SJS enjoyed their job so much. Aren't Judges meant to be *dispassionate*? That's how we're taught at the Academy. Well, Eckhardt and Cripps were filled with passion. They used every painful technique in the book to try to break me and they relished every moment of it. Finally, they threatened to find my parents and siblings, wherever they were in the city, and have them arrested on whatever charges, real or fabricated, they could muster. Still I wouldn't talk. They carried out their threats. My brother, just sixteen, sentenced to ten. My mother, not in good health, sentenced to eight. My father... he died in custody. What happened to them was unjust. Aren't we taught at the Academy to be *just*? Well, Cripps and Eckhardt's plan didn't work. I didn't talk and I got my twenty on Titan. C'est la vie.

A montage of pictures of Judge Eckhardt, wearing a ragged Judge's uniform, strapped, spread-eagled to a filthy workbench in a dimly lit room somewhere. His body is broken. The next set of pictures show Eckhardt glued into the seat of a Foord Slabster.

Moon (Voiceover): Eckhardt I caught up with in the Cursed Earth after I got back from Titan. We had a heart-to-heart. You know the rest. But here's something you *don't* know.

A picture of someone the Judges recognise: Sector Chief DiMaggio. A series of montage pictures showing him as a young man, working with Moon, posing with him: colleagues and friends.

Moon (Voiceover): Hal DiMaggio and I gained our Full Eagles together; patrolled together. When the war came, we fought together too. We led the Sector 13 resistance and we pulled together the sane remnants of the district into a fighting unit. That saw us working together with the Contralto family. They didn't succumb to Block Mania. They hated the Sovs as much as we did. The people we should have arrested became our allies. Good fighters, too. We prevailed.

The pictures change to show various members of the Contralto family.

Moon (Voiceover). So, after the war, we waited for recognition. The likes of Dredd got all the credit of course; they went into the Sov bunker and destroyed East-Meg One. But what about us? What about the rank and file who put their lives on the line for the city? We didn't want rewards or commendations; we just wanted Justice Department to recognise the sacrifice. Grud, there isn't even a memorial to the street Judges who fell. Did you know that?

'And, after the war, some of us remembered the part played by the citizens. The Contraltos, criminals though they are, helped free this city. They played their part. I recognised that. I shouldn't have, of course; that led to my downfall. But in those days after the war, in the rubble, amongst the corpses, avoiding the rad pits, we had to cut the likes of the Contraltos some *slack*. Without doing that, the city would never have gotten rebuilt as quickly as it did. The Contraltos controlled the looters and the chancers. There weren't enough Judges. We couldn't be everywhere. We had to continue working together.'

The picture changes back to Moon in silhouette.

'I wasn't the only one who turned. I got involved and got involved deep but Hal DiMaggio – a good Judge, Sector Chief material – he turned a blind eye too. Rackets that he

could have stamped out blindfolded he let run. Bad seeds in the Contralto family, he let them go. All part of that Debt of Honour.'

A montage of pictures. Chief DiMaggio as he is now, coming to and from Sector House.

'Have you ever wondered why the Contraltos – and others, like the Van Zandts and the Cavallis and the Rossinis and the Grapellis – have continued to operate? It's because we – the Judges – let them. They fill a niche. They serve a purpose. They have their own codes and their own ethics. They keep certain elements in check, elements which, if unchecked, would make Mega-City One even *worse* than it is. It serves our purpose to let the mob have their turf.

'Have you ever wondered why DiMaggio never ordered any major clampdowns on the Contraltos? Ever wondered *why* so many crimes they committed went overlooked? Ever wondered what the Grud DiMaggio was *doing*?

'He never went the way I did. No, Hal never took a bribe or a pay-off in his life. What Hal did was worse. He was a hypocrite. He's spent twenty or more years claiming to uphold the law in Sector 13 and had countless opportunities to apply *justice, dispassionately*, to the Contraltos. But he never has. He's let them continue to operate because, just like Justice Department, it served a *purpose*.

'Me? I served a purpose. I was hung-out to dry as a corrupt Judge and it made DiMaggio look good. Made it look like a tough stand was being taken against the mob. A fallen Judge is an easy target. It restores public confidence in the system. But is that *justice*?

'On this slug are files I've obtained from a variety of sources that show instances, records, of Contralto crimes – heists, robberies, extortions and murders – that DiMaggio choose to leave off the Patrol Details and Case Assignment sheets. It's a long list. A lot longer than the list of crimes I committed, way back when.'

The picture returns to Moon.

'So I'm giving this to you. Fine, upstanding Judges. You have a choice. You can bury this evidence and leave DiMaggio – who is a good man and a good Chief – until he decides to take the Long Walk. But if you do, then you're complicit. You're part of the grand Justice Department selectivity programme. You'll be perpetuating the system. The same system that created me and will go on creating copies like me until something is done.





'Or, you can challenge it. You can challenge DiMaggio. You can call in SJS. You can do whatever the Grud you like. You can come after me; I'm back in the Big Meg – but you'll have to find me. If you do the right thing, I'll make finding me easier. If you do the wrong thing... I'm going to continue playing my little game.

'You have until midnight on 24th December to make your choices. Be seeing you.'

And the screen goes blank.

BODY OF EVIDENCE

The files on the vid slug are, as Moon said, records that show how Chief DiMaggio has exercised leniency when it comes to the Contraltos. The records include:

- PSU intelligence reports of likely Contralto criminal activity that was never acted upon.
- Instructions from DiMaggio to the Iso-Cube sentencing division to reduce sentences handed down to Contralto gang members, claiming additional evidence justified a change in sentencing.
- Details of DiMaggio's own arrest record that show the law was applied inconsistently where Contralto members were involved.
- A note of thanks, sent to Anji Karter, from DiMaggio, for her part in exposing Moon's activities, prior to his incarceration on Titan, and promising a blind-eye would be turned to certain of her own illegal activities.
- Details concerning Moon's case where DiMaggio gave inaccurate evidence that would protect high-ranking Contralto family members.

None of the evidence points to out-and-out corruption on DiMaggio's part but, at best, it displays clear errors of

judgement and a definite inconsistency in the way he has applied the law. At worst, it shows DiMaggio was prepared to ignore Contralto activity in order to focus on crime areas that were easier to target, easier to police and easier to judge. Any Judge making a Law 8+ roll can see that there is a substantial case against Chief DiMaggio.

The question for the Judges is; what do they do?

HANDING THE EVIDENCE TO SJS

This is the logical course and would trigger an SJS investigation into DiMaggio's record and activities. Knowing the SJS's reputation for uneven justice and having seen the video evidence Moon has presented, the Judges will need to decide if this is the best course of action. Moon's claims that the SJS arrested and sentenced members of his family on fabricated charges bears-out. Moon's family suffered in a bid to break Moon. Would DiMaggio fare any better and does he deserve similar treatment?

INVESTIGATING THE EVIDENCE PERSONALLY

There is the distinct possibility that Moon has fabricated the evidence on the vid slug simply as an act of revenge. The Judges can, therefore, investigate for themselves. This involves trawling Sector House archives, interviewing those mentioned in records and generally getting involved in a lot of detailed, complex investigative work. Inquiries of this nature will raise eyebrows within Sector House and the Judges may be called in by Chief DiMaggio to explain their activities. This presents an opportunity to confront DiMaggio personally; if the Judges do not, DiMaggio has them moved to a series of routine sector details that keep them away from Sector House, giving DiMaggio time to get records removed, transferred or modified.

DO NOTHING

Doing nothing is always an option. The Judges are well aware that Justice Department resources are stretched to the limit and, sometimes, compromises have to be made in order to provide the fairest, most expedient law enforcement they can. Organised crime is organised and that makes it difficult to effectively crack. Take down one family and another rises to take its place. Disrupt the power structures and something worse inevitably creeps into the power vacuum. Targeting the chief players in a crime syndicates means ignoring the worst offenders further down the food chain. Arresting the high rollers means robbing Justice Department of potential informants or sources of information that will be of benefit later. It could be interpreted that DiMaggio is doing what every Sector Chief has to do: look at the bigger picture rather than get entrenched in short-term results. Organised crime in Sector 13 has been relatively controlled; no gang wars have broken out because the Contraltos power helped maintain a certain kind of peace. Maintaining the status quo, whilst never a perfect solution and certainly never the fairest way of implementing justice, certainly helps maintain control. And, in a place like Mega-City One, control is sometimes the most important thing.

If the Judges decide to do nothing, Moon gives them until midnight on 24th December and then engages the final part of his plan: see 'The Whole of the Moon' later in this chapter.

Essentially, the Judges are in charge of what happens next. Everything hangs on their decision.

HAL DIMAGGIO

If the Judges decide to confront DiMaggio, it is easy to gain an audience with him by telling him that they have evidence pertaining to the Moon case. He agrees to meet the Judges in his office, alone.

He watches the vid-slug without displaying any emotion. Shown the files, he looks them over carefully. When done, he has the following to say.

'I guess it comes down to this. Do you, can you, trust the word of a corrupt ex-Judge who is capable of cold-blooded murder? Who is capable of assembling a long and elaborate revenge plan like this? Why didn't Moon just mail this vid slug to SJS or the Chief Judge? Why go about all this in such an obtuse way? Let me tell you why.'

'Moon is sick. Psycho. I feel for him. Titan warped his brain but it was warped before that. Looking back, the signs were always there, even at the

Academy. He should never have graduated. But after all this city's been through, when you get a man like Moon, as fast as he was, you want him on the streets and you hope to Grud he won't go rotten. It was a bad call. We all paid a price for that.'

'And sure; in all that evidence I have no doubt you can find flaws on my part and errors of judgement. We all make 'em. Show me a Judge who hasn't. It's easy when you're fresh out of the Academy and everything is black and white. But after a few years on the street, dealing with the detritus this Grud-awful city spews out of the sewers, you soon realise that applying the black and the white ain't so easy to do. Even Senior Judges like Dredd know that. We ain't perfect; I ain't perfect. But I never took a bribe or a pay-off and I've policed this sector according to my judgement, which is what I'm charged with doing.'

'I got three years left. Three years before I hang-up my Eagle and Lawgiver. Three years to continue keeping this sector as clean as I can. If you want to arrest me, go ahead. You want to go to SJS, do that too.'

'Your call, Judges.'

DiMaggio should be allowed an Influence roll. The Judges may also make Law rolls. Note the Effect of the various rolls made: the Judge with the highest Effect out of the party of Judges is used as the basis for determining the outcome.

DIMAGGIO WINS

If DiMaggio has the highest Effect, his speech makes sense and the Judges can see what he means. They may still arrest him or pass the case onto SJS but the seeds of doubt are sown in their minds. That doubt may lead to them agreeing to not pursue the matter any further, in which case DiMaggio hits the Erase function on the vid slug Moon provided. The events described in 'The Whole of the Moon' take place.

DIMAGGIO TIES

If the Judges and DiMaggio tie, re-roll the Influence and Law rolls but DiMaggio gains +1 to his Influence.

DIMAGGIO LOSES

If DiMaggio loses, through having the lower Effect, it is clear that he cannot evade an investigation and cannot sway the Judges towards the kind of leniency he has displayed. The Judges can arrest him and DiMaggio does not resist. The protocol to follow is to summon the Deputy Sector Chief, which is Aby Dryden of Psi Division. She listens to the Judges,

conducts a little psionic investigation of her own and agrees that there is a case to answer. She also has a solution.

'I'm not keen on getting SJS involved in this. Those bastards do enough damage. My solution is this: Chief DiMaggio offers his resignation with immediate effect and opts for the Long Walk. He's retiring on the grounds of ill-health. No good will come of hauling DiMaggio over the coals and Moon gets his revenge. Chances are, the evidence Moon's presented will trigger all kinds of crap in the Grand Hall of Justice and the city can't afford that sort of heat. DiMaggio takes the Long Walk instead and we minimise the collateral damage. I take command of Sector 13 until a new Chief is appointed and I make sure we start clamping down. First priority is to find Aiken Moon – and I give that job to you.'

PREPARING FOR A LONG WALK

If the Judges agree to DiMaggio taking the Long Walk, a press conference is called. DiMaggio, with Dryden at his side, announces his resignation on health grounds and announces that, at noon the next day, he will take the Long Walk through Gate 10, the traditional route out of the city for this area of Mega-City One. The usual parade is organised, with Sector 13 Judges acting as an honour guard as Hal DiMaggio, carrying a scattergun and basic provisions, walks solemnly and proudly, out of the city and into the Cursed Earth.

That evening, the Judges get a message from Sector Control; someone wants to speak with them over bike com-links. Moon's voice.

'So you did the right thing. I took no pleasure in watching Hal go but it was the right move. If it gives you any comfort, I won't be going after him. I liked Hal too much for that and the Cursed Earth needs men like him. I've had my revenge.'

'I said that if you did the right thing, I'd make it easier for you to find me. And I will. But you don't get it easy. Watch for the signs. Play the game.'

'Be seeing you.'

THE WHOLE OF THE MOON

If the Judges do nothing regarding DiMaggio or DiMaggio convinces them into doing no action, Moon waits until the early hours of 25th December, Christmas Day, to take matters into his own hands.

Chief DiMaggio has a room in the Sector House but, like many Senior Judges, he also has an approved apartment in a Justice Department owned block. DiMaggio's apartment is in the Vincent Hanna block, a small city block by Mega-City One standards, that is less than half a kilometre from the Sector House. DiMaggio finishes his watch at midnight, hands over to Deputy Chief Dryden and heads home for some much-needed rest.

If the Judges are being proactive, they may have DiMaggio's apartment under surveillance in the event that Moon tries something. His previous hits have all focused on personal residences to some degree or other. If the Judges have DiMaggio's apartment staked out, they do not encounter anything out of the ordinary.

In the atrium of Vincent Hanna block is a massive, decorated Christmas tree. The climate control settings have been set to create a delicate, interior snowfall. At the base of the Christmas tree a group of carol singers, conducted by a man in a Santa Clause suit, serenade the passers-by. The carol singers have a collection tin for the poor of Mega-City One and they wave cheerily as the more community spirited citizens deposit a credit or two into the proffered charity box.

The carol singers are a choral group for hire from Jimmy Gandolfini. Aiken Moon has hired them. A Moon-hired Blitzter is conducting them.

As Chief DiMaggio walks past the carol singers, on his way up from the secure parking lot where his Lawmaster is berthed, one of the carol singers – an attractive brunette woman – calls out to him if he has a favourite carol: DiMaggio's reply is 'Yeah. Silent Night. Keep the noise below sixty decibels or I'll have you on a Noise Pollution charge...'

And it is at this point that the Blitzter turns to look at DiMaggio, throws-back his hood, smiles, says 'Merry Christmas, Hal', draws his Hand Cannon and shoots the Sector Chief.

DiMaggio is not anticipating an attack here, in this way, so he fails to react in time and is hit at close range by the Blitzter's Hand Cannon, sustaining 3d6+6 damage. The shot is enough to incapacitate DiMaggio, if not kill him outright.

If the Judges are in the vicinity, they have the opportunity to return fire or give chase. If staked out at DiMaggio's department, they are alerted by Sector Control that a Judge – the Chief – is down; they can respond, although it takes around five minutes to get down to the atrium.

The Blitzter returns fire for one round and then makes a break for the atrium entrance. People scatter before him but he barges through them all the same. He also knows where he is going: he sprints down a ramp towards a motorcycle parkarama and leaps onto an Otomo K-9000 street bike. Those Judges giving chase can make Dexterity+Athletics (co-ordination) 8+ rolls to keep-up with the Blitzter; however, if they fail, he gains one complete Combat Round of distance on them for every Effect point of failure the lowest-scoring Judge has.

If he reaches his bike, the Blitzter roars off into the night. The Judges, if in a position to give chase, need to make successful Drive (Lawmaster) rolls with an Effect of at least 2 to keep on his tail – otherwise the Blitzter shakes off the pursuing Judges as he executes some daring and dangerous manoeuvre.

If the Judges do continue to follow him, the Blitzter returns fire from his bike with his Hand Cannon, suffering a –3 DM to his attack rolls. How long the chase continues depends on what the Judges do and how well they perform; but there is the chance that the Blitzter will be caught. If he is, here is what happens:

No matter what condition the Blitzter is in when caught – injured or not – he pulls open the Santa Clause outfit he is still wearing to display half a dozen Hi-Ex charges strapped to his body. 'The trigger for these charges is brainwave activated,' the Blitzter declares. 'If my brain patterns stop or get scrambled, then boom!'

The Blitzter has enough Hi-Ex strapped to his body to take-out the Judges and any passers-by (there is always a crowd whenever Judges are apprehending a perp). If the Judges take matters seriously and have no quick means of taking out the Blitzter without the Hi-Ex exploding, he makes his escape, making sure he is in public places to cause maximum damage to citizens if the Judges take action against him.

If the Blitzter is disabled somehow and the Hi-Ex does not go off, he says to the Judges: 'Heard from Tooley Mju lately? No? Shame, that. She has a hell of a Christmas present coming her way...'

Christmas Blitzter: Str 9 (+1), Dex 6 (+0), End 8 (+0), Int 10 (+1), Edu 5 (–1), Soc 5 (–1)

Desperation –6

Skills: Drive (wheeled) 2, Explosives 2, Gun Combat (slug pistol) 2, Survival 1

Weapons: Hand Cannon 3d6; six packs of Hi-Ex strapped to waist

If DiMaggio survives the attempted assassination, he announces his decision to take the Long Walk two days later, as he recovers in Sector House med-bay.

MERRY CHRISTMAS, MS MJU

Revenge against Tooley Mju is optional, depending on campaign circumstances. Mju is resourceful and headstrong, believing she can look after herself. But, even though she has such qualities, resisting someone like Aiken Moon when he sets his mind to revenge, is going to be a difficult thing.

Mju does not answer any radio or visual communications the Judges make.

Mju has several regular haunts: the Varsity Bar, a bar that borders on the right side of seediness, not far from the Walt Whitman Megway; Rowdy Joe Lo's, a noodle bar close to Buzz Aldrin block; and Frazetta's, a café bar in the Lloyd H Conover block atrium. No one has seen Mju there for days – maybe even weeks.

Mju's apartment/office is in Lloyd H Conover block, level G, apartment 413. There is no answer from behind the locked door.

The apartment is deserted. The living and dining area are a mess; not ransacked, just in the general dishevelled state left by someone more concerned with their work than household chores. Noodle and fast food containers spill out of a full trash canister and the sink has a stack of unwashed pots piled on the draining board.



In the corner of the living room is a Christmas tree, sparsely decorated. Beneath it is a single Christmas present, carefully wrapped in candy-striped paper and fixed with a big, blue bow. The gift-tag in the package reads: 'To Whom It May Concern. Merry Christmas.'

The package is booby-trapped. A Hi-Ex charge is rigged to the box inside and it will trigger if the bow is untied; moving the package has the same effect. Disarming the bomb requires either an Explosives 8+ roll or Engineer (electronics)/Mechanic 10+ roll. Tek Division can disarm the bomb and Tek Judges remark on the precision with which the device has been armed.

Inside is a recently taken photograph. It shows Tooley Mju, strapped into what appears to be an interrogation chair, her mouth screwed into a grimace, defiance in her eyes. A large, livid bruise across her right jaw and cheek shows she was not strapped into the chair without a fight.

On the back of the photograph is a hand-written message:

'Congratulations on avoiding my little Christmas gift! Now, had Tooley been the kind of loyal employee I wanted her to be, she would not be in the situation she is now – which is very dire. At 8pm, Christmas Day, poor Miss Mju will be getting a present she won't forget in a hurry. If you can find her, you can spare her the embarrassment of being smeared all across Sector 13. You'll also find a little clue about how to find me.'

'Aren't Christmas Party games fun?'

The note is signed with a crescent moon.

The photograph has no indication as to where Mju is being held: the room in the picture appears to be an office of some kind but there are no other distinguishing marks or features.

However, there are clues in Mju's apartment.

The office contains Mju's case files and personal computer. The computer is voice activated and can only be accessed by Mju's specific voiceprint; however, a Tek Squad Judge can break this protection with a Computers roll of 9+ within 1d6x10 minutes. The computer contains hundreds of case files from Mju's various cases over the years but all are date ordered. The second most recent is a file called 'Lenny'.

This file details all the communications Moon, in his Lenny guise, has had with Tooley Mju. It includes the instructions given to her on who to place under surveillance, for how long, critical addresses and so forth. It contains Mju's observations and notes in the surveillance targets with detailed records on movements, meetings and habits.

Amongst these files is the dossier Mju has been compiling about Moon. The pertinent details are:

- Guy uses a voice synth to scramble his voice.
- Promised payments made on time but always through a different payment source. Must be front companies. Two front companies in Texas City; one off-world; rest in Mega-City One.
- The front companies are fronts for other companies. This guy has around a hundred separate outfits channelling and masking payments.
- Two common company names behind the various mask companies: Hemlock Associates and Hemlock Equities. Formerly registered in Marellen system and more recently registered in Mega-City One.
- Hemlock Equities business directory entry: Theo Paphitis Office conapts, Sector 15. Business registered March 2131 by remote file from Texas City.

Also in Mju's office and amongst her computer records, are the false IDs she routinely uses as part of investigations, plus receipts for the Mark Green Private Clinic. Mju is making regular payments to the clinic for the treatment of her mother, who is suffering from a rare blood disorder.

The Hemlock Equities address is the only clear lead the Judges find that might hold clues as to where Mju is being held. The Judges need approval from Sector Control to operate in Sector 15 but that permission is easily gained.

HEMLOCK EQUITIES

Hemlock Equities is a dedicated office unit in Theo Paphitis business conapts. This is a low-rise block of business apartments dedicated to office facilities. The other businesses in the building are a mixture of operations, ranging from a high-class escort service, a mail-order catalogue scam and through to well-known Mega-City One brands that use the conapts for administrative offices.

The conapts are staffed by robots who conduct all administration for the buildings. The robots demand the appropriate access and authority codes to gain access to

any of the 150 office suites located in Theo Paphitis but, of course, in the face of determined Judges are in no position to issue denials.

Hemlock Equities is located on the 20th floor and looks south, out towards Eustace Fargo spaceport in the west and the sprawl of Sector 13 in the east. Jimmy Gandolini block is just visible in the distance.

The suite consists of three offices: a waiting room/ante chamber, a small reception office and, behind it, the main office. It is sumptuously furnished with high quality synthi-leather furniture and tasteful artworks adorning the walls. In the reception office two Call-Me-Tina office administration robots are busy filing and refilling documents, buffing metal fingernails and gossiping idly about the other robots that work in the building. This is what they can reveal, if questioned:

- Mister Hemlock hired this office in March 2131. March 26th, to be exact.
- He has only been into the office twice since then. Mister Hemlock is *very* busy, often travelling on long business trips. He keeps in contact by audio.
- No, we do *not* have a home address for Mister Hemlock.
- Mister Hemlock gets many visitors. We show them into the main office and establish a com-link through to wherever Mister Hemlock is working. Yes, we have that com-link ID. Would you care to be connected? We can always make an exception for the Justice Department, even though you do not have an appointment. Please, come through to the main office.

If shown pictures of any of the Blitzers Moon has used or Tooley Mju, the Call-Me-Tinas verify that these people have visited the offices. Miss Mju, they report, came a week ago but did not have an appointment. 'She claimed to be from City Secretariat Office Inspection and showed us her credentials but they did not check out with City Secretariat when we checked. Still, she wanted to see Mister Hemlock and so we took her into the main office and established a com-link.'

If asked to display pictures of Mister Hemlock, the Call-Me-Tinas can generate a holographic image of Aiken Moon: a big, rugged, blond-haired man with a stern face and piercing blue eyes.

The Call-Me-Tinas can also replay the conference call Hemlock had with Mju, although the Judges need to override the Confidentiality programming the Call-Me-Tinas are fitted with. A successful Influence 8+ roll accomplishes that.

Hemlock/Moon: Good afternoon Miss Mju. I trust you are well?

Mju: You're a confident Drokker, Moon, I'll give you that.

Moon: No keeping secrets from you, is there, Tooley?

Mju: Not really. I'm coming for you, Moon.

Moon: Have you not been paid? I will see to that immediately.

Mju: Oh, you've paid well. That isn't the point. The work I've done for you has led to murder. That was never part of the contract. Never is with me. I just find stuff. Like scumbags.

Moon: I'm sorry you feel that way.

Mju: You're not sorry. You don't know the meaning of the word.

Moon: You won't find me. I may not even be in the city. I may not even be on the planet.

Mju: I'll get you somehow, you sonofabitch.

Moon: I doubt it. But, I am impressed with the work you've carried out for me – even though going to the Justice Department was somewhat disloyal. I've left you a bonus. In front of you is my desk. If you check the second drawer down, on the left hand plinth, there's an envelope. 1.5 million credits, all legit. You've earned it.

Mju: I don't want your blood money. I just want your blood.

Moon: Oh, come now Tooley. A million and a half? In ready cash? Just think of the difference that can make to your life. Your mother is ill, is she not? Most of your earnings go on her medical bills...

Silence as Mju hesitates. Then, sounds as Mju checks the drawer.

Moon: I knew you'd see reason.

Mju: Well, here's the envelope... but don't think you can buy me off, Moon. I'm still coming for you.

Moon: I look forward to meeting you face to face.

Sound of an envelope being opened. A gasp and then the sound of Mju hitting the ground.

Moon: The money is coated with a fast-acting Marellen paralysis serum the k'datchi use all the time. I know you're not unconscious but no force on earth can help you move a muscle or call for help. We'll be meeting very soon, Miss Mju. The robots will facilitate it.

Ends.

Checking behind the desk, the Judges find the second drawer in the left plinth is open. Inside is a large, opaque, plasteen envelope. The money inside – MCr. 1.5 in large denominations – is, as Moon says, treated with a k'datchi paralysis serum. Handling the money without gloves transfers the serum to the skin, which acts within 1d6 seconds, reducing Dex and Str to zero for 1d6+2 hours. If sifted for further forensic evidence by a Tek Squad, hair and fibre relating to Tooley Mju is found on the carpet and the desk.

Questioning the Call-Me-Tinas reveals that they did, indeed, 'facilitate' Miss Mju's exit from the building.

'Mr Hemlock gave us the number for a private ambulance service. We were ordered to call it and have the ambulance crew deliver Miss Mju to one of the cargo centres at Eustace Fargo spaceport. We did think it strange that Mr Hemlock did not want her taken to hospital. Miss Mju could not move but she was conscious. Perhaps Mr Hemlock has a private doctor.'

The private ambulance service is of the seedy, no-questions-asked kind that mob families frequently use to avoid having to involve the authorities when they need to deal with injuries. No questions asked and the destination, hospital or not, unimportant. The Call-Me-Tinas provide the Judges with the Eustace Fargo Spaceport address.

EUSTACE FARGO SPACEPORT

The Cargo Centre address is on the west side of the spaceport, within the Sector 13 administrative boundary and accessible by the Fargo Megway, which cuts through the central hub for the terminals. The Fargo Megway is busy at all hours, with both passenger and cargo traffic entering and leaving the spaceport area.

The Cargo Centre has dozens of warehouses – the vast bulk Contralto controlled – located in its precinct. Cargo robots and drones work studiously, loading and unloading,



checking inventories and so forth. Human supervisors and maintenance crews loiter around letting the robots do all the hard work; the humans blanch and become fidgety as the Judges arrive in the cargo compound: all manner of scams and rackets are being run from here and perhaps the Judges will have time, later, to deal with them. But, for now, they need to find Tooley Mju.

If any of the cargo staff are questioned about a private ambulance most draw a blank. Mju disappeared a good week before Christmas, so no one really paid much attention. However, there are loading and unloading manifest records that, on an Admin or Computers 8+ roll, reveal a private ambulance unit did enter the compound a week before, allegedly carrying 'Live Export Cargo'. It was sent to warehouse unit 401 where someone was already waiting to take delivery. As one of the scams operating through the cargo centre is Perp Running, the Contralto-controlled human crews did not question the nature of the cargo: it was not an *infrequent* occurrence.

If the Judges decide, or are forced, to search the warehouses one by one, it takes 2d6+3 hours to find Tooley Mju.

WAREHOUSE 401

Warehouse unit 401 is located on the side of the cargo compound facing the spaceport, at the rear of the complex. It is a small clearing warehouse, rarely used. The only access is via the loading doors, which are electronically sealed but can be opened by the cargo central control station by the

main compound entrance (or by sustained Cyclops or bike-cannon fire).

Inside are the expected mountains of crates. Working through them, an area in the centre of the warehouse has been cleared. There, in the clearing, is the interrogation chair seen in the photograph and Mju is strapped into it. An intravenous drip is hooked to her arm, delivering liquid food to sustain her. She is shackled at wrists and ankles. Tape seals her mouth. Mju is not in a good state but is conscious. As the Judges approach, she starts to make frantic signals with her eyes, making them wide and trying to tell the Judges to approach carefully. A Street Perception 8+ roll indicates to the Judges to approach with extreme caution. If they check the vicinity of the chair, they can see a variety of switches, relays and transmitters hooked-up to it.

The tape across Mju's mouth can be removed: Mju gasps and fights from clean air. 'Chair's wired... tons of explosive... blow this whole place and half the airport to Mars and back...'

Mju is right. The chair is wired to sensors so that, if Mju is removed without the circuits being disarmed, the detonators will activate. The system is also on a timer, set to trigger at 20:00 hours. The Judges need a full Tek Squad to tackle the disarmament of the explosives. Any Judge with the Explosives skill can determine that the explosive packed into the crates and rigged to the chair is Compound 666E – a demolition-grade explosive that, in this quantity, will affect the closest spaceport landing and take-off areas, including the passenger terminals. Even at Christmas the spaceport is packed and thousands of lives are at risk if the explosives are not disarmed safely.

The spaceport therefore needs to be closed and evacuated. The Judges need to put these arrangements into place in a way that will limit panic and disorder. Access roads need to be sealed, to prevent further people from entering the area and those in the spaceport need to be guided to the furthest runway point which Tek Squad assures the Judges will escape the effects of the blast if the explosives go up.

NOTE FOR REFEREES

Co-ordinating the evacuation whilst Tek Squad handles the explosives that Tooley Mju is sitting on is an opportunity for an exercise in tension and mayhem. Consider the following situations:

Spaceflights are cancelled. Passengers grow angry. Check-in droids and service robots are attacked in fits of spaceport

rage. Tempers flare in the terminals as passengers fight to board the last shuttles to leave or to get out of the terminal buildings.

Someone spreads a rumour (Moon, as it happens), that Total War has planted a nuclear device somewhere in the spaceport. Mass hysteria ensues. The various terminals have some 6,000 passengers – arrivals, departures and ground staff – that suddenly become bent on getting out any way they can. A mass surge of bodies breaks windows, crushes dozens and tramples others underfoot. Riot foam cannot be used to lock people down, because there would be no way of cutting everyone free before the bomb goes off.

Crime levels surge: petty crime addicts take advantage of the chaos to loot the shops in the departure area, placing personal gain before safety. Muggings go through the roof as the wealthy passengers are openly assaulted and robbed by opportunist tappers. The ATM machines are ripped from the walls by thieves using spaceport buggies with harnesses attached. At least a dozen people go futsie as the sheer, impending horror and mass panic takes its mental toll. Impromptu weapons are used against passengers as these futsie-gripped people go on a last-gasp violence spree.

At the cargo centre the Tek Squad sweats its way through the disarming process. It requires skill, concentration and sheer willpower to deactivate the trap before the 20:00 deadline. But the Tek Squad should succeed. The Judges should also be involved, at least in communication with the Tek Squad as they try to deal with the rioters and panicking passengers in the spaceport terminals. How much time is left? How is Mju? Does anyone know which wire to cut: red or blue (red – R-E-D – red!)?

This part of the scenario should be about heightened tension and the chaos of mass hysteria. Encounters can be created and roleplayed through as Referees see fit or the handling of the evacuation of the spaceport can be abstracted as follows.

- The Judges have thirty minutes to get the terminal building closest to the cargo compound clear and everyone to the airstrip on the far side of the spaceport. People will not act calmly, no matter what the Judges do to try to maintain control.
- Each Judge suffers 1d6 assaults. Make an Endurance+Survival 8+ roll for each assault. If the roll is successful, the Judge sustains no injuries. Each unsuccessful roll results in 1d6 damage as a result of punches, kicks, thrown missiles, stampeding passengers, and so on.

Have each Judge be involved in one daring rescue. Examples are:

- A child stumbles and falls as the stampeding mob bears down on her, threatening to crush her underfoot. The Judge must make an Athletics (either strength or co-ordination) 8+ roll (or any appropriate skill the Judge can think of) to save the girl from the crowd, executing a diving roll and snatch to get her clear of the mob.
- A hapless spaceport employee is cornered by a murderous mob of angry passengers who all want to get to the same shuttle, about to depart. He bravely guards the exit gates. The Judge needs to use Melee (bludgeon) to beat a path through with his daystick to save the employee before he is fatally assaulted. A single Melee (bludgeon) roll gets the message across: the Judges are the Law.
- A group of fleeing passengers are caught between two plate glass doors that seal shut as emergency lock-down systems are activated. The Judge needs to make a Gun Combat (Lawgiver roll) 8+ roll on HE setting to shatter the doors and set the group free. Failure of the roll results in 1d6+2 casualties, with at least one fatality.
- Some lunatic grabs a baggage buggy and attempts to ram one of the exit doors to get it open. The buggy goes out of the control and starts to hurtle around the terminal concourse. 1d6 citizens are run-over. The Judge must use one of his skills to bring the buggy to a halt – shooting out the motor, perhaps or leaping aboard it and using a Special Technique to bring it under control. If the Judge's roll fails, a further 1d6 citizens go under the buggy's wheels.

Each Judge gets to make 1d6 arrests and must find somewhere to cuff the perps so that they can be dealt with once the situation is under control. The Judges need to make rapid judgements on sentencing, being as harsh as they can given the circumstances.

ALL PART OF THE PLAN...?

If the chair is disarmed before the 20:00 deadline, then Moon's plot is foiled. However, it is entirely at the Referee's discretion if the device can be disabled or not. Consider the following:

If the bomb goes off, everyone in the cargo compound is injured. Those inside Warehouse 401 are killed instantly. Everyone in the cargo compound suffers 3d6+6 wounds. Everyone in the nearest terminal suffers 2d6+3 wounds.

The Tek Judges fail to disarm the device before the deadline: but, as 20:00 hours strikes, the device disarms itself. A voice unit strapped to the chair Tooley Mju is shackled into activates and Moon, using his gravelly voice, in a pre-recorded announcement, booms-out 'Merry Christmas, Mega-City One.'

Choose the situation to suit the mood of your own campaign.

Moon's whole intention here is to punish Tooley Mju for aiding Justice Department and to send a further grand message out to Justice Department that, if he so wishes, Moon can cause utter chaos however he sees fit.

But, Moon has promised the Judges a clue on how to find him and, if the bomb does not go off, he makes good on his promise.

Mju is the cipher: released from the chair, she recounts her ordeal.

'Bastard paralysed me and had me brought here. He was waiting. Had me strapped into that chair and started connecting-up the devices and that drip, explaining exactly what he was doing as he was working. "Nothing personal," he said; "just all part of the plan." But you know what? I got the impression his plan's almost through. Things he said and the way he said them. Moon's done what he wanted. He's exacted revenge and caused chaos. He's taken on the mob and Justice Department and beaten both of them. Titan didn't break him but he came back and broke you.'

'I think Moon wants to be caught. He told me as much. He told me he was boarding a shuttle and leaving Earth for good; he'd done what he wanted. He looked me in the eye when he said that and I could see he had a truth-telling style.'

A TRUTH-TELLING STYLE

By this point, what Mju has concluded is true. Moon has taken all the revenge he wanted to. He has no long-term desire to control the Sector 13 mob (although, if Referees want to keep him as a shadowy, semi-mythical, underworld king-pin, then Moon could escape completely and continue to act in the background as an arch-, uber-villain) or destroy Sector 13's Justice Department.

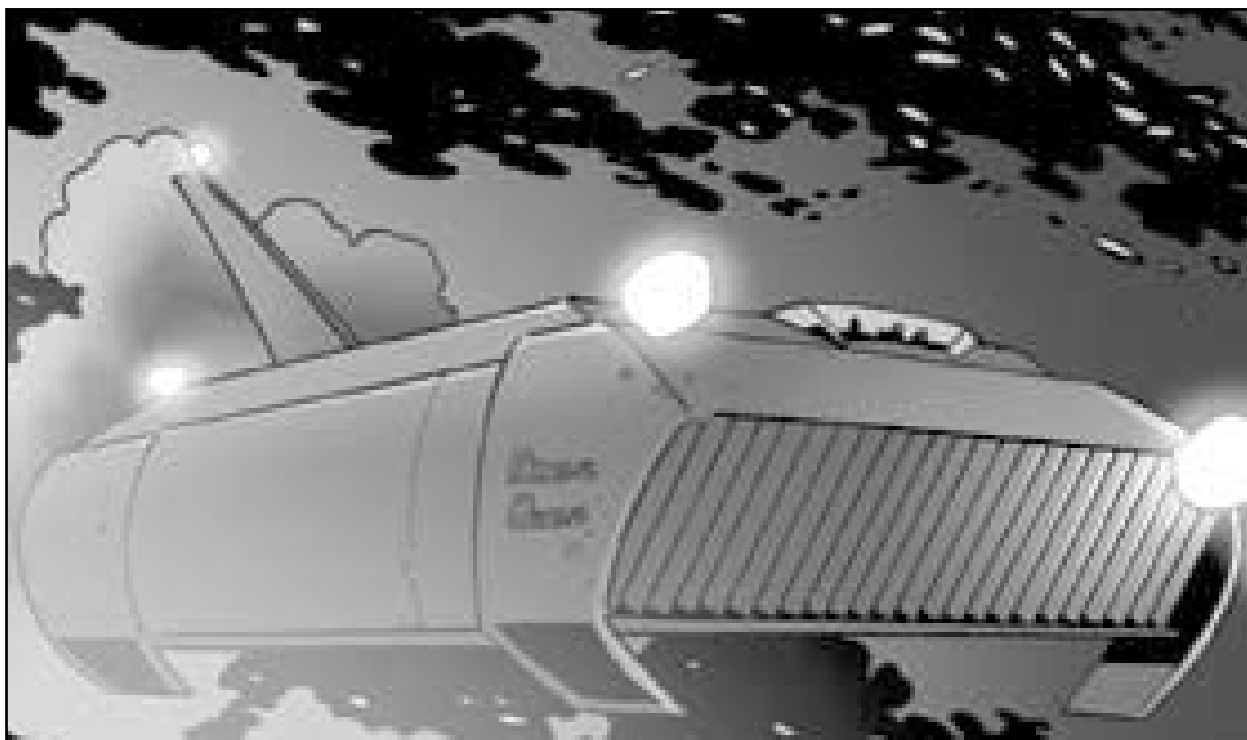
Aiken Moon has boarded a shuttle bound for the orbital space station 'Forge Valley', a spaceport capable of docking the long-range, Jump-capable spaceships that head out of the solar system and to the outer colonies across the galaxy. Moon's destination is Marellen IV, the planet where he had his face changed and where he banked the money that made him as rich as Creosus. Mju, in her research into the Hemlock front companies, found that one of the companies

operates out of Marellen IV. Checking the flight inventories for the orbital space stations, the next passenger ship out of the solar system, bound for Marellen IV is on December 27th, leaving from Forge Valley.

Checking video records for passengers leaving Eustace Fargo spaceport over the past week shows a man of Moon's build, wearing a wide-brimmed hat, boarding a Forge Valley-bound shuttle.

The Judges have two days to get to Forge Valley and embark on the final showdown with Aiken Moon. He is giving them this last opportunity before he leaves the solar system for good. If the Judges do not get him before midnight on the 27th, when the next ship leaves for Marellen, then Aiken Moon will disappear for good.

The next chapter details Forge Valley and the climax of Aiken Moon's saga...



SHOOTING THE MOON

Forge Valley is a spaceport in geo-synchronous orbit with Mega-City One. It is a major gateway to the city, with its own complement of Judges who act as immigration control and station law enforcement. The Judges are given clearance to fly to Forge Valley to arrest Aiken Moon but will come under the jurisdiction of Forge Valley's Chief, Senior Judge O'Neill.

DETAILING FORGE VALLEY

Although it is a thriving spaceport, Forge Valley is not explored in forensic detail on a deck-by-deck level. It should be treated as a backdrop and, in essence, like any sector of Mega-City One – save for the fact that it is an enclosed area in a fixed orbit 4,000 kilometres above the city. It has both fixed and transient populations (more of the latter than the former), accommodation areas, leisure areas, slum areas (the Boondocks) and its own 'Sector House'.

Some areas are detailed – those that serve the Bad Moon Rising campaign – but otherwise Forge Valley is a backdrop and setting – an extension of the city.

REPORTING FOR DUTY

The Judges are flown to Forge Valley aboard a Justice Department shuttle that leaves from the dedicated Justice Department terminal at Eustace Fargo spaceport. It takes little over an hour for the shuttle to reach high orbit and then commence its docking trajectory with the space station.

Forge Valley resembles a loofah, floating against a backdrop of stars; a lumpy, cigar-shaped edifice, peppered with thousands of tiny lights. Interstellar craft, including several large passenger liners, are visible, attached to the various docking platforms scattered haphazardly around the station. A Justice Department briefing plays through the passenger cabin of the shuttle as its pilot swings the craft around for the final approach.

'Forge Valley. Orbital Launch Habitat designation Mike Golf Papa One Four Three Eight Seven. Central control operated by Virago Industries but with full Justice Department jurisdiction under the command of Sector Chief Malachi O'Neill. All Justice Department personnel to report to Sector

Control on arrival. Warning: use of Armour Piercing and Hi-Ex Lawgiver rounds expressly forbidden on Forge Valley. Your sidearms will have these ammunition settings automatically disabled once aboard the facility.

'Have a Nice Day.'

The shuttle docks at the Justice Department docking pad and an embarkation airlock tube slides silently into place, locking the shuttle in position. The Judges are instructed to report immediately to Chief O'Neill to offer both a briefing and receive a debrief.

O'NEILL

Chief O'Neill loves and loathes Forge Valley. As a street Judge, he is mediocre at best but as a politician with ambitions for high office in Justice Department, he is a consummate professional. Forge Valley keeps him away from the sectors, where he would probably cause more problems than he solves, but also acts as a steppingstone for a senior position at the Grand Hall of Justice. Everything in O'Neill's demeanour indicates contempt: for being stuck on Forge Valley and for the Judges who have had the temerity to come aboard his space station.

'Frankly,' he says, without any other form of greeting, 'I do not see the point in your being here. If whomever you're chasing is aboard Forge Valley, my Judges are more than able to deal with him. It is only because I am friends with Acting Chief Dryden that I am bothering to entertain your presence at all.'

O'Neill does not wait for any reply to this statement and if any is offered, he greets it with a withering glare.

'This is not Mega-City One. This is not a sector of the kind you are used to. We do things differently, here on Forge Valley. We have to. Run around shooting things and you're liable to puncture a bulkhead and condemn all of us to vacuum. Forge Valley is a closed environment: the people who live and work here are close-knit and tolerate each other, so do not go around with your high-handed 'I am the Law,' attitude here. Forge Valley relies on the full co-operation of its staff and works well because of it. I will not tolerate disruption or

intimidation. Finally, I am your commander whilst you are here. I demand daily, if not more frequent, reports on your activities. I will direct your actions and, if necessary, I will assign my own Judges to supplement your investigation: they will take precedence over you.

'Is that all clear? Yes? Good. Now, tell me about this Moon fellow.'

As the Judges brief O'Neill on Aiken Moon, it becomes apparent from his distracted manner that he has either not been fully briefed by Acting Chief Dryden (highly unlikely) or has simply failed to read or listen to any briefing she has provided (which is the truth of it). O'Neill half listens to what the Judges have to tell him but soon grows impatient, especially if any Judge goes into great detail.

'Yes, yes. So, we have an ex-Judge aboard my space station and you have been unable to control him planet-side. Well, he won't be going anywhere. I've had all interstellar traffic bound for Marellen redirected to the Serenity Valley station, which is in geo-synch above south central Mega-City One. This Moon chap is a captive of ours and can be picked-up at our leisure. I dare say that your stay aboard Forge Valley will be a short one.'

And with that, O'Neill dismisses the Judges from his office, leaving them in the hands of his deputy, Judge Ellie Wylde. Wylde is world-weary and offers the Judges a sympathetic smile as they emerge from O'Neill's office. *'Idiot, isn't he? No, don't say it; I'd have to arrest you for insubordination and I'd rather not do that. Come with me and I'll tell you what we have – or rather don't have – on your mysterious Aiken Moon.'*

Wylde is the opposite of O'Neill; conscientious and committed. She explains, in a tired voice, what has been happening since Forge Valley got word that Moon may be aboard.

'The guy you're after never disembarked from the shuttle we were alerted to. He might have jumped it before take off and boarded another, or fooled security somehow. We've run full checks on all arrivals through the six main shuttle docks serving Eustace Fargo. Negative on every single one. No one matching the scant physical description we've been given has come through immigration – but that means jack. Three or four service shuttles from Fargo a day dock at the cargo points separate to the main passenger terminals, and



they are not manned by immigration officers; spot-checks, when Judges can be bothered, are the norm. Your man could easily have come aboard unnoticed. All station cameras and face/speech recognition systems have been slotted to Moon's general description and so far we've picked-up five separate people who fit the profile: all of them check-out just fine, with legit passage papers and PSU reports for their planet-side movements prior to coming aboard. Moon is not one of them.

'So, if he's here, he's gone straight to ground. Forge Valley is a big place; it's easy to hide on here and there are plenty of low lives who, for the right price, will keep you hidden. Strikes me that this Moon guy is organised and clever. If so, then he'll have had arrangements in place already.

'Forge Valley has twenty Judges to police the entire station: the rotation is five on active patrol, five on surveillance, five on what O'Neill calls 'community liaison' and five resting. O'Neill doesn't believe in sleep machines and has banned their use. So we're not exactly flush with staff here and the staff we do have, have had it far too easy for far too long. They're complacent. But that's why they were sent to Forge Valley in the first place; couldn't cut it street-side but too expensive a resource to sack. Me? I'm the lone voice of sanity on this tub.

I was posted here four years ago when I took a bullet to my lower back. I didn't want to lecture at Academy and I didn't want to take the Long Walk. Forge Valley was the option: that or a desk job. Wish I'd taken the desk job.

'Listen, I did my second term in Sector 13. I served under DiMaggio. Tough old boot but good with it. I was sorry to hear about him. Nice to have you aboard: some real Judges for a change.'

WALKING THE WYLDE SIDE

Judge Ellie Wylde is telling the truth when she says that Moon may have prepared help ahead of coming to Forge Valley: she is the one helping him (see Ellie Wylde's background on page 110). In fact, Ellie has been helping Moon for some time; she arranged for the team of thieves who raided the Guzman premises (see 'Back from a Long Walk', page 23) and helped the k'datchi snatch squad to make it through to Mega-City One unhindered. Wylde, like Moon, is disillusioned with her role and is on the take – only the person paying her is Aiken Moon and not the mob. Wylde admires the way Moon took on the Contraltos and her position on Forge Valley means she can discreetly channel the money Moon has paid her without attracting suspicion – not that O'Neill pays much attention anyway. Wylde does all the administration for the space station, leaving O'Neill to swan around like a little emperor.

In dealing with the Judges, Ellie Wylde always comes across as being efficient, conscientious and diligent; but she is working against them whilst helping Moon make his getaway – even though Moon himself is prepared for a final stand-off with the Judges.

Wylde has mentioned that five passengers have been found to fit Moon's description: Moon is one of those five – and she is hoping that, by mentioning that she has personally checked on these five, Moon can remain outside of suspicion.

If the Judges state that they want to see the five Wylde has vetted, she calls-up a series of photographs on a nearby terminal, running the five men in sequence. Each of them could be Moon (tall, powerfully built men) – unless the Judges have come face to face with him it is impossible to say – but the PSU and passenger records that scroll beneath the mug shots show that, as Wylde said, each one checks out. The names are:

- Talbot Bryans
- Kevin Sprint
- Mike McManus
- Bobby Bolland
- Ronnie Smyth

Mike McManus is the odd-one out, as this is the identity Moon is travelling under. He wears a high-collared shirt, tightly buttoned over his neck, to hide the slight but noticeable bulge, of the voice synthesiser built into his throat. If any of the Judges show the slightest interest in directly interviewing any of the men, Wylde shakes her head. *'Bryans, Sprint and Bolland – no problem. McManus and Smith left Forge Valley yesterday. McManus en-route to Io and Smith for the Calicos system. Like I said, all legit records so no reason to detain them.'*

And, to back-up her story she happily arranges for interviews with the remaining men: and all check out, precisely as Wylde has said. Moon, in his McManus guise, is still very much onboard the station however: he has no plans to go anywhere but Marellen IV and is deliberately playing his risky game to see if he can beat Justice Department one last time.

Of course, if the Judges are being exceedingly diligent they will check the flight manifests/arrival records for both the Io and Calicos flights: Smith is certainly aboard the Calicos ship but, strangely, there is no McManus onboard the Io shuttle...

As part of this game, Moon/McManus makes sporadic trips out of the private hotel room he is booked into and keeps a discreet watch on the progress the Judges are making. At some stage – to be determined at a good, dramatic point for the Judges – an observant Judge should spot McManus in the crowds, put two and two together and set in motion the chase that will lead to the climax of the scenario.

INVESTIGATING FORGE VALLEY

Forge Valley is the size of a space-born city block. It has some eighteen decks, seventy passenger docking points, twenty cargo and freight docking points and eighty hotels. Bars and restaurants are too numerous to count and the public areas are crammed full of tourists, businessmen and others waiting for their out-system and in-system bound flights.

Aliens of all descriptions mingle with humans. Four of the station's eighteen decks are dedicated to alien accommodation and other facilities – not because a segregation policy operates on Forge Valley but because these decks support specific environmental conditions for the variety of methane-breathers, carbon monoxide exhalers and so forth. Savvy Judges may realise that Moon, as someone with exotic atmosphere augmentations from his time on Titan, would have no trouble in frequenting and thus hiding in, any of these habitats, since non-Earth atmospheres pose little problem for him. Environments that are corrosive to the

human outer metabolism (there are several such habitats on Forge Valley) would be difficult for even Moon to endure; but if asked, Wylde can organise environment suits and the appropriate breathing apparatus for the Judges so that investigations can reach even into alien quarters.

Throughout the Judges' hunt for Moon, Wylde acts the chief point of liaison – facilitating interviews, providing helpful information regarding local customs and so on – but all the while shielding Moon and diverting, where possible, the Judges from searching the areas where his presence could come to light. If the Judges continually place their trust in Wylde to direct them, then their search will be fruitless until Moon himself decides to put-in an appearance. However, if they decide to follow their own instincts, the Judges do stand a chance of stumbling on leads that may assist the investigation considerably.

The following are places worthy of investigation and suggested either by Wylde or are natural areas any decent Judge would go to:

SECURITY

Standard Mega-City One spaceport security screening is based on a personal biometric passport. All users of spaceport facilities, regardless of race, must provide a DNA sample that is coded to the security mainframe. All travellers, when purchasing any form of commercial transit ticket, are allocated a unique identifier that is coded to their passport or equivalent identity documents. The identifier is a complex coding sequence, based on Justice Department ciphers, that contains full personal records (cross-referenced and screened against MAC's identity matrix system), travel itinerary, boarding clearance and a range of additional information including travel history, criminal record and so forth.

Entering any Mega-City One spaceport building initiates a security scan against these biometrics, either permitting or denying, access to various facilities or areas of the spaceport. Personal movements are tracked constantly and detailed files maintained. Those who have a criminal record, or other sensitive files, are flagged on the security system and monitored accordingly. Any breach or attempted breach of an area unauthorised by the biometric passport immediately alerts the Judges, bringing a swift response – the level of which depends on the nature of the transgression and the alert level of the individual.

Moon has not activated any of the security systems, despite the fact that his biometrics are on MAC. As part of his overall plan, Moon has obtained illegally manufactured DNA that has been used to mask his true identity: in addition, the Forge Valley security systems have been tampered with to ensure that Moon's DNA, if it finds its way into the security system, will not trigger the alerts. This latter is Wylde's doing and if the Judges scrutinise long enough and hard enough (and stipulate they are doing so), then will come across this falsification on a Computers 10+ roll.

CARGO AND COMMERCE

Twenty separate cargo-docking areas handle all cargo and trade flights into and out of Forge Valley. The Cargo and Commerce Services hangar attached to Cargo Dock One provides full manifest reporting and checking facilities, with several teams of docking crews responsible for monitoring the cargo coming through the facility and getting it loaded and unloaded. Docking crews have the authority to open and check all cargo, irrespective of owner and destination. Most checks are performed with the latest scanning and detection apparatus but physical checks are conducted randomly or if suspicions are aroused. Justice Department presence here is lax – despite assertions O'Neill makes about running a secure operation. All manifest checking is handled by the Docking teams.

Forge Valley does not provide anything other than very short-term storage for inbound and outbound cargo; there is simply too much of it, so the facility is a constant through-flow of a bewildering array of goods and equipment. Where cargo storage is necessary, a short-term storage facility is available but all cargo stored is subject to spot checks (or should be) before being stored and as it emerges from storage.

When checking any of the Cargo facilities, the Judges notice how lacklustre the Forge Valley Judges are in making spot checks. Elementary errors are common and whilst nothing the Forge Valley Judges do could be considered negligent, it is clear that procedures are sloppy: a major dressing down and helmet denting would be handed out if such laxity was found planet-side. If reprimanded by the Judges, the Forge Valley Judges are somewhat taken aback: have the Judges make Influence rolls: the higher the Effect, the more stunned and suddenly attentive the Forge Valley Judges become.

Questioning Cargo and Commerce staff yields no results, even with lie detectors, about Moon or anyone meeting his description. However, in the course of searching through the cargo areas the Judges do unearth stowaways. Roll on the Stowaway table, below, to determine their nature:

1d6	Stowaway Type
1	Illegal Aliens
2	Perps being perp-runned
3	Fare-dodging passengers
4	Stookies
5	Bodies being body-snatched
6	A mysterious corpse

ILLEGAL ALIENS

A packing crate stamped with all kinds of alien symbols and symbols for biohazards, mysteriously does not bleep when the security scanners (which would bleep if biohazards were contained) are passed over it. Further checks (Computers, Engineer or Street Perception) of 8+ signal something amiss. Further scans indicate life forms within the crate.

The crate contains 1d6 aliens intent of getting to Mega-City One despite having no paperwork, permits to the city or money. Determine the nature of the aliens by rolling 1d6:

1-3: Passive and extremely sorry they have been caught. The aliens speak no human languages and have a pathetic, nasally, whining voice that clearly shows their contrition. The aliens have a Survival skill of 2, which can be rolled against the Judges' Law skill. If the aliens score a higher Effect, then the Judges are persuaded to be lenient, arranging to have the aliens shipped-back to whence they came. If the Judges score the higher Effect, the plaintive pleas cut no ice (the Judges have heard it all before) and 3 years cube time, followed by deportation, is fully in order.

4-5: The aliens are aggressive and act in a completely menacing manner, having never seen Judges before and thus unaware of the mistake they are making. The aliens have a Survival skill of 2, which can be rolled against the Judges' Influence skill. If the aliens score a higher Effect,

then the Judges feel threatened enough to employ force to significantly overwhelm the aliens. If the Judges score the highest Effect, the aliens back-down immediately and turn into terrified wrecks that whimper and plead, as per the 1-3 encounter. Threatening a Judge carries a minimum of 8 years...

6: The alien (or aliens) is genuinely aggressive and launches itself at the nearest Judge. The alien has the following characteristics:

Alien: Str 10 (+1), Dex 11 (+1), End 6 (+0), Int 4 (-1), Edu 4 (-1), Soc 4 (-1)

Skills: Deception 1, Melee (unarmed combat) 2, Stealth 2, Survival 1

Weapons: Claws and teeth, 2d6+2

PERPS BEING PERP-RUNNED

A packing crate stamped with all kinds of alien symbols and symbols for biohazards, mysteriously does not bleep when the security scanners (which would bleep if biohazards were contained) are passed over it. Further checks (Computers, Engineer or Street Perception) of 8+ signal something amiss. Further scans indicate life forms within the crate.

The crate contains three Mega-City One perps who are being perp-runned off world by none other than the Contralto crew. Roll 2d6 to determine the perp's Desperation:

The perps have the following characteristics:

Perp 1: Str 6 (+0), Dex 10 (+1), End 9 (+1), Int 9 (+1), Edu 8 (+0), Soc 7 (+0)

Skills: Gun Combat (energy pistol) 1, Melee (blade) 1, Streetwise 1, Stealth 1

Weapons: Laser Pistol (3d6+3), Dagger (1d6+2), Cloth Armour (5)

2d6	Desperation	Reaction
2-3	0	Surrender on a successful Law or Influence roll by the Judges
4-5	-1	Try to make an escape first but surrender on a successful Law or Influence roll by the Judges
6-7	-2	Try to assault the Judges with concealed melee weapons
8-9	-3	Try to assault the Judges with concealed guns
10-11	-4	Attempt to take hostages and escape via an escape pod or shuttle
12	-6	Come out, guns blazing, heedless of life and limb. In danger of compromising the hull or other safety feature if not dealt with appropriately

Perp 2: Str 11 (+1), Dex 5 (-1), End 6 (+0), Int 7 (+0), Edu 8 (+0), Soc 6 (+0)

Skills: Gun Combat (slug pistol) 1, Melee (blade) 3, Streetwise 1

Weapons: Hand Cannon (3d6), Dagger (1d6+2), Flak Jacket (4)

Perp 3: Str 7 (+0), Dex 12 (+2), End 7 (+0), Int 8 (+0), Edu 5 (-1), Soc 6 (+0)

Skills: Gun Combat (slug pistol) 3, Streetwise 2, Stealth 1

Weapons: Spit Pistol (3d6-3), Flak Jacket (4)

FARE-DODGING PASSENGERS

A crate originating in Mega-City One lights up scanners like a Christmas tree, indicating oxygen-breathing life inside. The crate contains 1d6+1 fare-dodging passengers. The stowaways are not aggressive and the Judges can quite rightly hand out 2-4 years of cube time. However, if MAC is checked, it transpires these fare-dodgers are petty crime addicts with a fixation on fare dodging (and all of them met at a PCA Anonymous meeting, where their shared obsession came to light). At least one of the perps is on a '3 Strikes and Out' warning, meaning a frontal lobotomy to cure his addiction, whilst the rest can expect 4-8 years for repeat offences.

STOOKIES

An innocuous looking crate contains legal foodstuffs; bandy-fruit, cudge-grapes and so on – costly fruits for the wealthy of Mega-City One. As the lid is being closed, the bandy-fruits sneeze. The crate contains 1d6+3 drugged Stookies, en-route to a private clinic in Sector 6 where they will be glanded. The cargo manifest records show the point of origin and the recipient address: given that the clinic specialises in geriatrics, it is inconceivable that the proprietors are unaware of the smuggled Stookies. The Judges should be radioing ahead for arrests to be made.

BODIES BEING BODY-SNATCHED

A refrigerated crate malfunctions when scanners are zapped over it. It contains 1d6 bodies, in suspended animation, clearly destined for Body Snatchers off world. Checking identities, these are all missing persons from various Mega-City One sectors. The manifest records will, if fully explored, lead to a cunning Body Snatching ring that is making millions of credits from this disgusting practice.

A MYSTERIOUS CORPSE

Bundled into a crate and none-too well disguised, is a corpse. Identity checks draw a blank, so it is impossible to discover

who the victim is. The cause of death is fully apparent however: the throat has been slashed open and the eyeballs gouged out (they are found stuffed inside the neck wound). Carved deep into the man's chest are the words 'Greetings Universe. I AM THE GASTORAX!' Who – or what – the Gastorax is, is left to Referee's imaginations...

ARRIVALS/DEPARTURES AREAS

The A/D Areas are the main facilities centre of the spaceport. Forge Valley has seventy such areas, accommodating just about every facility necessary to passenger comfort.

Each A/D Area is arranged in a concentric ring around a central, open area that stretches up to a plexiglass observation dome, allowing passengers to gaze out to space, watch incoming craft or stare at the Earth. Holographic and two-dimensional screens present constant news on arrivals and departures, security and safety information, spaceport procedures and so forth. Chief O'Neill appears frequently, offering a beaming 'I-may-be-the-law-but-I'm-your-friend-too' smile and issuing polite safety and security instructions.

With so many A/D areas to search, the Judges may need to rely on Wylde's word and guidance here. Certainly face-to-face enquiries can be made and Wylde has put out a written/verbal description of how Moon may look (and four of the five names already flagged-up came as a result of diligent citizens, staff and shopkeepers) but nothing additional is forthcoming. If the Judges decide to conduct a series of personal searches, question staff or shopkeepers and so on, they find it a fruitless task. Answers range from the 'Might have seen someone like that' through to the 'It's me! Me! I'm your man!' from the inevitable arch-confessors.

In the process of enquiries, the Judges are bound to come across crimes being committed: roll 1d6 to determine what they are:

1d6	Crime
1	Mugging
2	Pickpocketing
3	Shop-lifting
4	ID theft
5	Assault
6	Umpty Bagging

For the crime, roll 2d6 for the Desperation of the perp. None of the perps are armed, so the higher the Desperation, the greater the propensity to flee and hide, rather than try to assault the Judges.



2d6	Desperation
2-3	0
4-5	-1
6-7	-2
8-9	-3
10-11	-4
12	-6

It is when the Judges are in large, public areas like the A/D zones that Moon is most likely to mingle with the crowd, watching the Judges. If the Judges have stipulated vigilance and if a successful Street Perception roll is made, then the Judges may catch sight of Moon and, instinctively, know that they have their man. The Street Perception roll is subject to a negative DM depending on the level of the crowd in the area the Judges are investigating; roll 1d6:

1d6	DM
1	0
2	-1
3	-2
4	-3
5	-4
6	-6

If Moon is seen, he knows the Judges are onto him and pauses, allowing the Judges to verify that they have their man. An exchange of looks – a frisson – confirms that, at last, Moon is within their sights. Moon swiftly turns and melts into the crowd; if the Judges give chase, go to the Standoff section below.

HOTELS, RESTAURANTS AND BARS

The Judges get the same, negative response when going through hotel, restaurant and bar records or visit some of the many establishments aboard Forge Valley.

However, Moon has based himself at a hotel, on Wylde's suggestion. The hotel is the Onyx Grande; an opulent suite of executive-class rooms, staffed by robots of gleaming chrome, silver and gold. The wealthy stay in the Onyx Grande and parade their status in the main foyer whilst waiting for their flights to arrive. Wylde, as part of her general guidance to the Judges says that the Onyx Grande has excellent relations with the Justice Department presence on Forge Valley and there is little need to intrude. If the Judges insist on making a house call, Wylde gets a message to Moon that the Judges are coming and that he is to remain absolutely incognito. Moon will not and there is the chance that, whilst mingling with the wealthy staying at the hotel, the Judges have the opportunity to catch sight of their man. Use the table from the A/D Area, earlier, to determine the DM applied to Street Perception rolls.

THE STAND-OFF

Moon never intended to board a ship to Marellen IV. If not pursued, he would have remained incognito at Forge Valley and eventually slipped away, with Wylde's help, to some other destination. Perhaps he still will, if Referees want to use Aiken Moon as a recurring villain from time to time in campaigns of their own. Otherwise, Moon lets the Judges run around Forge Valley on a wild goose-chase, watching them, satisfying himself that they are doing their best to apprehend him: to be the kinds of Judges Mega-City One deserves – the kind *he* once was.

But, once spotted, Moon is ready to bring down the final curtain on his grand scheme. The Judges will have to work for it though and Moon intends to make them work.

Moon weaves through the crowds, using the cover of innocent citizens to supplement his getaway. For this pursuit, make an Athletics (co-ordination) roll for Moon and note the Effect; apply the Effect as a negative DM to any attacks the Judges make against him and, additionally, apply the Crowd Concentration DM as determined by rolling 1d6, below:

CROWD CONCENTRATION

1d6	DM
1	0
2-3	-1
4-5	-2
6	-3

For example, Moon rolls 7 for his Athletics (co-ordination) which, with his skill DM, takes him to 10 – so an Effect of 2. The Crowd Concentration roll on 1d6 is 5, resulting in a further DM to the Judges of -2. The Judges therefore have a cumulative negative DM of -4.

The Judges are allowed to roll either Athletics (co-ordination) or Tactics skills with their Effect mitigating any negative DM Moon achieves.

The aim is to make the chase tense and fraught with hazard. Every now and again, Moon swivels and produces a Hand Cannon, taking a shot at the pursuing Judges. Doing so is at a -2 DM for attempting two skills at once, as per the *Traveller Core Rulebook* (page 50). If Moon is hit, he does not stop running until two physical characteristics are reduced to zero and he is incapacitated – however, he sustains a -1 DM to all skill rolls for every 6 points of damage he sustains – such is his augmented strength and physique from his Titan operations.



Moon maintains the chase until he is either:

- Incapacitated
- Dead
- 12 Combat Rounds have elapsed
- The Referee decides to reach a suitable end-point

Assuming Moon manages to keep going for as long as possible, the chase takes the Judges up levels, with Moon pushing people aside, vaulting railings, leaping over obstacles and so forth. The Judges are sure they can hear him laughing as he does so, seemingly enjoying the pursuit.

If the Judges call Wylde for back up, she promises assistance but, for some reason, it is slow coming. Wylde is still doing what she can to aid Moon although she needs to be careful not to betray her own motives. If the Judges become suspicious, allow Wylde a Deception 8+ roll to come up with a plausible excuse.

If O'Neill is summoned, he actually contributes to the pursuit effectively, bringing with him five duty Judges summoned from elsewhere in the station. O'Neill gets wind of the pursuit anyway through other channels and converges on the place where Moon intends to make his final stand: the Upper Observation deck.

THE FINAL STAND OF AIKEN MOON

Moon reaches the Upper Observation deck – a plexiglass domed garden area that gazes out onto the stars around. The garden is filled with synthetic foliage that provides plenty of cover, shelter and handholds. A few families are enjoying the relative peace when Moon, followed by the Judges, bursts in from one direction and O'Neill and his Judges from the

other. 'Run,' Moon growls at the families, turning his voice synthesiser to its deepest, loudest growl.

He comes to a halt directly beneath the dome and takes from his pocket a grenade launcher that he swiftly snaps onto his Hand Cannon. He raises his arm and points the weapon up at the dome.

'A good game!' He calls, voice filled with elation. 'Good chase! You did well.'

He allows the Judges to issue whatever threats orders or commands they want to issue but remains poised with his weapon pointing domeward.

'A funny thing, revenge. When you plan it, it feels good – makes you feel alive. The thought of revenge kept me going through twenty years of hell on Titan. When you execute that revenge, it feels good to see the ones who wronged you realise what is happening to them. It makes all that planning worthwhile.'

'And then, when its over, there's nothing. Emptiness. You've done what you set out to do and that's it. What more have you got to live for?'

'I did what I set out to do. I settled my scores. Sector 13 trembled through my actions. Now, there is nothing left.'

'Goodbye.'

Moon prepares to pull the trigger. This is the moment for final heroics. If Moon succeeds in firing his Hand Cannon, the grenade within contains enough Hi Ex to rupture the plexiglass dome. The decompression will be rapid and Moon will be sucked-out, into the void, where he will meet his end.

The Judges should be allowed to decide what skills or techniques or plans they will use to try to prevent Moon from blowing the Observation Dome. O'Neill dithers ordering his Judges to take cover and trying, in a trembling voice, to reason with Moon (who studiously ignores him).

Initiative rolls should be made for Moon and each Judge. Moon, with Combat Acuity, rolls his Initiative on 3d6 and +1 for his Dex DM; Judges may act individually or as a unit, allowing them to use Tactics to augment their Initiative roll, as per page 60 of the *Traveller Core Rulebook*. Whoever wins acts first. If Moon wins, he fires at the dome. The grenade explodes with a deafening boom, amplified by the natural acoustics of the dome and then the plexiglass starts to crack. The air hisses slowly at first but rapidly reaches a crescendo. Foliage is whipped upwards as the air is sucked out of the dome.

The Judges need to make Dexterity 8+ rolls (with a DM for Athletics (co-ordination)) to grab hold of some of the firm, bedded foliage and clamp down respirators. It is impossible to seal the dome and, within 2 rounds, it erupts outwards. Moon, grinning, has dropped his weapon and lets the depressurisation take him upwards to his death.

If the Judges win the Initiative contest, what happens to Moon depends on their actions – but they have the chance to kill him where he stands, before he can pull the trigger of his Hand Cannon. He staggers under a hail of bullets – O'Neill orders his own men to fire – and eventually Moon slumps to his knees, blood-soaked, dying but with defiance on his face. He has one last thing to say:

'If only the bastards had shot me, like you just have, instead of sending me to Titan, none of this would ever have happened.'

And so Aiken Moon dies.

AFTERMATH

If Moon has shattered the Observation Dome, internal blast doors eventually close automatically, sealing the Observation area. Pressure is rapidly restored.

If Ellie Wylde has not been uncovered as Moon's conspirator on Forge Valley, she does not reveal her part in the plot but resigns from the space station within a few days and informs the Grand Hall of Justice that she intends to take the Long Walk.

O'Neill, arrogant to the last, submits his official report of events. The Judges are described as being secondary to tracking-down Moon and he uses consummate skill to ensure that he and his own team of Judges are promoted as the key movers in the case. The Judges can challenge this view of events using Influence and Advocate but will need to present their case to the Deputy Chief Judge successfully for it to carry any weight. If successful, O'Neill is cast in a bad light – something that he will hold against the Judges for years. The Judges gain him as an Enemy, to be brought into play at some stage in the future.

As to Sector 13 – much depends on how successful Moon's master plan has been. The Contraltos may or may not have been wiped out. Even if they have, another crime family will rise to take its place. If it has survived, Max Contralto is forced to reign-in his family's activities for a while but will, eventually, return to his old habits.

The Judges go back to their usual routines. A new Sector Chief is appointed – the hardliner Senior Judge Drucker, a Judge known for her absolute hatred for organised crime. She brings with her a mandate to stamp it out completely – and the Judges may find themselves at the forefront of that fight.

Life returns to normal – such as it can ever be normal in Mega-City One. Aiken Moon made his mark for a short time but even so, memory of him will fade, just as the real moon fades with the dawn sunlight.

REFEREE NOTES FOR THE FINAL CHAPTER

Referees have several options open to them with the Moon's final stand. These notes are for consideration and possible inclusion as alternatives.

MOB COMPLICATIONS

If Max Contralto is still alive, he has made it his business to discover who is behind the assaults on his family's activities. Through all manner of sources Max learns that Moon is behind the attacks and is now holed-up on Forge Valley awaiting transportation out of the Solar System.

Max duly hires a group of his own Blitzers to hunt-down Aiken Moon and kill him. The Blitzers, arriving incognito and managing, somehow, to smuggle weapons onto the station, join in the hunt for Moon in parallel with the Judges. Of course, the Blitzers have no idea who they are looking for precisely and so it proves necessary for them to shadow the Judges as they conduct their own investigations. This could lend an interesting frisson to the final chapter, especially in the final showdown, as Blitzers and Judges compete for bringing Moon down. The Blitzers are not about to let the Judges steal their contract and, in the inevitable shoot-out between Blitzers and Judges, Moon could make an escape, enabling him to return at some point in the future.

SENIOR INTERFERENCE

Chief O'Neill makes extraordinary demands on the Judges, wanting frequent progress reports, sending them in wild directions and even commandeering the Judges to deal with incidents that his own team of Judges should be handling. O'Neill becomes a pain in the neck – forever interfering, always levelling the blame and generally attempting to hog the investigation.

Ellie Wylde uses such interference to her advantage, perhaps even encouraging it from behind the scenes. However this option plays-out, O'Neill becomes a character that will plague the Judges lives in the future – no matter how hard they work or how restrained they are in dealing with the Forge Valley Chief.

ALTERNATIVE ENDINGS

Aiken Moon may well escape (or attempt to). Aboard a space station with shuttles coming and going all the time, he is resourceful enough to find a way of mingling with a crowd of passengers or causing a diversion, to enable safe transit. Of course the Judges have several mechanisms for ensuring he does not escape easily: all shuttle traffic can be halted until Moon is found; or Judges can restrict shuttle traffic so that detailed, face-by-face checks are made. Sooner or later Moon will be spotted.

Should Moon manage to find his way off Forge Valley, then he may escape for ever – which would be frustrating for the Judges but affords the opportunity for Moon to be brought back as a recurring arch-villain. Alternatively, Moon could be pursued through the solar system and out into the wider galaxy – although such an extended campaign arc would require significant development and remove the Judges from Mega-City One – something that may pose significant challenges for campaign play (but be no less fun than Mega-City One scenarios!).

ONE SHOTS

Bad Moon Rising is a campaign arc. It is not designed to be played as a straight-line series of adventures but for the campaign to unfold as part of an ongoing campaign, with routine, unrelated, assignments interspersed with the *Bad Moon Rising* story.

This chapter provides a series of One Shot incidents for Judges to become involved with – the sorts of incidents experienced on patrol or picked-up from daily watch briefings. Use these One Shots to punctuate the *Bad Moon Rising* story-arc or to act as the foundations for parallel story arcs in their own right.

All these One Shot incidents are set in Sector 13 but can be readily transposed to anywhere else in Mega-City One.

SNOUTS IN THE TROUGH

Buzz Aldrin block is controlled by the BABS – Buzz Aldrin Block Syndicate, a bunch of semi-insane petty power brokers who self-righteously believe they understand the will of the block's 35,000 citizens although, if truth be told, they don't even understand how to secure their own kneepads. The BABS are all wealthy (occupying floors AD to AA), patronising and hopelessly misguided. They believe that the citizens of Buzz Aldrin offer unconditional respect and this is largely true of the majority of the soporific citizens: but not all of them.

WANDA ROWLEY, WHISTLEBLOWER

Wanda Rowley has never done anything reckless in her life before. Fortunate to be trained as an accountant and therefore fortunate to have a job, she works diligently in the BABS account office as an auditing clerk, bossed around by accountancy robots and generally patronised by the BABS members who contact her office with expenses claims.

For years Wanda Rowley has been in charge of checking and approving expenses submissions. She has seen the way that the BABS members regularly fleece the block of the city grants supposedly intended for the upkeep of the building. The expenses claims are frequently outrageous; always overblown and, frankly, corrupt to the n^{th} degree. But Wanda has always turned a blind eye: without the expenses claims she would be out of a job. And dealing with the arrogant BABS members is far better than festering in front of the television all day, going quietly mad.

Last month, Call-Me-Douglas, the senior accounting droid, malfunctioned quite, quite badly. Two offices were trashed and it took Citi-Def in full riot-gear to disable the frenzied, thrashing robot. It took a whole day to put out the fire too. True to form, two thirds of the BABS members submitted claims for the replacement of luxuries 'damaged' in Call-Me-Douglas's rampage when they were nowhere near the poor, tormented robot.

Wanda did some quick financial assessments. With the level of expenditure going out of Buzz Aldrin, there was no way the block could afford a new, state of the art, accounting droid. But, if BABS promoted Wanda – and she would be prepared to work for only a very modest pay-rise, one the block could easily afford – then there would be no need to buy a new robot. 'Good idea,' said Spiral J Ague, the silver-tongued spokesman for BABS and all-round creep; 'BABS will consider it.'

And BABS did. And BABS realised that here was a job that could be funded via Sector Secretariat. And so it was that BABS did not promote Wanda but appointed Lucius Meerkat, the dim-but-malleable nephew of Spiral J Ague to the position instead. He would have to do nothing but his salary would go to Ague and supplement his own, outrageous, expense claims. Naturally, this made Wanda very, very angry.

So, Wanda secretly made contact with Lester Lentil, chief block politics editor of the popular SB-13VB politics show 'As Elected By You'. She turned the expenses claims of all the BABS members to him. Lester Lentil has now plunged Dotty Parker and Buzz Aldrin blocks into their most dangerous situation for five years. Buzz Aldrin, humiliated and exposed, intends waging block war on Dotty Parker. Dotty Parker, enjoying every minute of Buzz Aldrin's humiliation, cannot wait for them to take the first shot. But, just to see what will happen, it has been let-slip to Spiral J Ague that the whistleblower is Wanda Rowley.

INVOLVING THE JUDGES

Sector House gets a call from a terrified resident of Buzz Aldrin. Citizen Rowley fears for her life. Her pleas are relayed to the Judge's Lawmaster comms systems.

'They're going to kill me!' comes the impassioned shriek. 'Tear me limb from limb!' It takes Influence or similar rolls to get Wanda to calm down and talk rationally. Sector House IDs the call as coming from apartment D2020, Buzz Aldrin block.

In the background, the Judges can hear screams, shouts and crashes; there is a buzzing that sounds suspiciously like a chainsaw.

When the Judges arrive at Buzz Aldrin, there is turmoil. Angry citizens are out in force with homemade 'Annihilate Dotty Parker' banners. A rabid, proselytizing BABS rabble-rouser has a megaphone and is inciting all-out block war against Dotty Parker block. Citizens are wound-up and murderous; things are looking dangerous.

Given the levels of aggravation, calling in a riot squad is an easy matter and both H and Pat Wagons are despatched to Buzz Aldrin, equipped for containing a potential block war.

On level D, a 300-strong crowd, led and incited by some of the expenses-grubbing BABS members, are steadily battering down the door of Wanda Rowley's modest apartment. Someone does, indeed, have a chainsaw. The crowd has succumbed to a mob-mentality and turns on the Judges, attempting to attack them with homemade clubs and cudgels. At the back of the mob, someone has a Spit Gun and starts firing.

YOURS TRULY, ANGRY MOB

The Angry Mob is treated as a single foe for the Judges. A combat ensues and runs just as any combat. The Angry Mob rolls initiative on 2d6 and sustains damage against its characteristics below, using the indicated skills and inflicting damage on the Judges when successful. The mob can attack each Judge once every Combat Round but, being a mob, it aims its attacks at the weakest opponent: the Judge who has sustained the highest wounds has two attacks directed at him. Otherwise, attacks are spread evenly.

As the Judges battle the mob, some citizens continue to focus their attacks on Wanda's door. They break it down in precisely 6 rounds.

Angry Mob: Str 25, Dex 10, End 20

Skills: Melee (unarmed combat) 1, Gun Combat (slug pistol) 1

Weapons: Club, 2d6; Spit Gun, 3d6-1

Reducing one of the characteristics to zero imposes a -4 DM to the mob's attacks. Reducing two characteristics to zero disperses the mob as they panic and flee. The Judges can then round up the d66 stragglers who are wounded, trampled or panicked into a surrender.

Unfortunately, the Judges will be too late to save Wanda. Not that the mob has got her: Wanda, terrified of being torn apart by the mob, regardless or not of whether they break through the door before the Judges disperse the rabble, opens the window and hurls herself to a messy death.

CLEANING UP POLITICS

The riot squad brings the war-crazy Buzz Aldrin block to heel with daysticks, riot foam and water cannon. The ground level atrium is crammed with would-be block warriors encased in riot foam, unable to move. Judges can interrogate and make arrests at leisure.

Captured citizens, eager to save their own skins, freely explain how BABS members have been exposed making outrageous and fraudulent expenses claims and that it was the worst offenders who decided to assault Wanda Rowley's apartment and tear her limb from limb. It does not take the Judges long to get the names of the 116 BABS members who have been exposed and to realise that this is wide scale corruption with numerous Code 11 violations, meaning a minimum of 8 years cube time for most of the offenders. Six of the BABS members are also facing charges of Incitement to Riot, Damaging Private Property, Assaulting a Judge and Attempted Murder. The Judges have a busy day handing out cube-time.

It also comes to light that someone from Dotty Parker block leaked Wanda Rowley's name to Buzz Aldrin. The Judges ought to speak to Lester Lentil.

SPLITTING LENTILS

Lester Lentil, smug and self-satisfied, lounges in his office at SB-13VB's production offices in Dotty Parker block. Yes, he has heard the name Wanda Rowley; a very publicly minded citizen who exposed the dirty laundry of a corrupt administration. Mega-City One needs more people like her. Did he mention her name to anyone in Buzz Aldrin? Well, it might have slipped-out in conversation – but those corrupt scumbags in BABS need to know that the little people are angry! Did he know that Wanda Rowley committed suicide as a result? Gulp. No. He didn't. Did he know that he is now being charged with Incitement to Riot and Complicity in an Illegal Suicide? Lentil goes very pale. Did he know that he faces twenty years for these offences?

He does now.

ONE SHOTS



Q, THE CHIMERA

Referee note: this incident is especially suited to Psi Division Judges.

In the (relatively) quiet streets of Sector 13, late-night revellers make their way home from the clubs, bars and restaurants. Some will be mugged; some will be run over; some will have had a good time.

Some will be eaten.

A massive, winged shape swoops between the silhouettes of the city blocks. The shadow of its ten-metre wingspan falls across a small group of revellers. Silent above them, the shape circles and then dives, bringing sudden death to a hapless citizen. It grabs the victim in its vile, toothed beak and, with wings beating, soars rapidly into the air and disappears into the inky blackness...

Reports reach Sector House of several mysterious deaths caused by some form of creature swooping down from the night and taking people away in its maw. Descriptions of the creature vary: from a giant bat to a shrieking, howling, snake-like creature. No two sightings are the same.

The snatchings are scattered around Sector 13 but if the points for each snatching are plotted on a map and then lines drawn inwards, to form a central point, the single source is Dotty Parker block.

When Mega-City One was subjected to Necropolis, the barriers between the dimensions were lowered to allow the ghastly creatures from the Deadworld to spill into our own. Although the barriers were restored, they are weakened significantly and someone with the right psionic powers – someone such as Letitia Lamprey (see *Judge Dredd*, page 262) of Dotty Parker block – can call through the dimensions to the fiends that circle and prowl, out of sight and out of mind.

Letitia Lamprey is an unregistered psion. Her powers were awoken during the Necropolis and ever since, she has been able to see into the dread dimensions that are perilously close



to our own. The monster that has started to plague Sector 13 is a chimera – a creature from a parallel dimension that gorges on human flesh and relishes the chance to feed on the citizens of Mega-City One. Letitia, has unwittingly created a breach in the fabric of reality that allows the chimera through. It hunts, strikes and then returns to its home dimension until it is time to feed again. Letitia has no idea that she is the source of the dimensional breach – although, if she were, she would relish the knowledge: she helps control the demoness Gorgonessa, which is a direct result of the Necropolis and benefits both Letitia and her aunt, Agnes, media-mogul of Dotty Parker block.

THE CHIMERA

The chimera's appearance shifts with every appearance. To determine what it looks like whenever it appears, roll three times on the Chimera Appearance table: the first roll determines the nature of the head, the second the body and the third the limbs. Its characteristics and skills do not alter.

CHIMERA APPEARANCE

4d6	Body Type	Nature
4	Arachnine	Spider
5	Canine	Dog
6	Caprine	Goat
7	Cervine	Stag
8	Cancrine	Crab
9	Crocodilian	Crocodile
10	Feline	Cat
11	Glirine	Rodent
12	Hirudinal	Leech
13	Insectile	Insect
14	Lupine	Wolf
15	Noctillionine	Bat
16	Octopine	Octopus
17	Pyridine	Butterfly
18	Porcine	Boar
19	Ranine	Frog
20	Saurian	Lizard
21	Taurine	Bull
22	Ursine	Bear
23	Vermian	Worm
24	Vespine	Wasp

Chimera: Str 21 (+5), Dex 18 (+4), End 11 (+2)

Skills: Athletics 1, Melee (natural weapons) 3, Survival 1

Weapons: Claws/Talons/Teeth/Tentacles/Stinger: 3d6+2

Armour: Thick Hide (4)

The chimera is always winged and flies at 8 metres per Combat Round. If attacking from a dive, it doubles its speed.

After seizing its prey, the chimera climbs back into the sky and begins to feed on the wing; as it starts to feed, its physiology starts to change again. Whilst it changes all attacks against it are at a -4 DM, although neither can it attack. It takes 1d6+1 rounds for the change to complete. Once it has eaten, it remains in the air for a further 1d3 Combat Rounds and then, with an ear-splitting crack, vanishes as it removes itself through the fractured dimensional barriers.

If the chimera is killed, then attacks cease for a few weeks but begin again just when it is thought the city is safe, as another monster is lured by the scent of human meat.

STOPPING THE CHIMERA

The only way to stop the chimera is to close the dimensional barrier. If Psi Division is called-in, it is possible, after a few hours of intense study (or a successful Psi 10+ roll, if one of the Judges is a psion), to determine that the correct

dimensional network must be understood before the barrier can be closed: that means finding the source of the breach. As the appearances of the chimera centre on Dotty Parker block, it is reasonable to assume that someone in that city block is the source of the breach.

Psi Division records have no listing for registered psions in Dotty Parker block: if this is a dimensionally aware psion, then clearly they are unregistered (and therefore breaking the law). Unfortunately Letitia is especially effective at masking her abilities from the authorities: more to the point, she is unaware that her powers are causing the breach.

Letitia Lamprey: Str 4 (-1), Dex 7 (+0), End 9 (+1), Int 6 (+0), Edu 8 (+0), Soc 7 (+0), Psi 10 (+1)

Desperation -4

Skills: Admin 1, Broker 1, Deception 1, Life Sciences (psioncology), Streetwise 1

Talents: Telepathy 1 (Letitia gets +2 to her Telepathy roll when using the Shield power), Telekinesis 1, Dimensional Manipulation 2

Finding Letitia is going to rely on questioning Dotty Parker citizens, perhaps with a Psi Division telepath or clairvoyant in tow, or steadily, patiently, monitoring psionic activity in the vicinity of Dotty Parker block waiting for the chimera to show again. Whenever a chimera does appear, a Psi Judge can make a Psi 10+ roll (with DMs for Telepathy, Clairvoyance or Dimensional Manipulation) and, if successful, pinpoint a surge in psionic activity from the apartment occupied by Letitia Lamprey.

CONFRONTING LETITIA

Letitia is a bespectacled, fair-haired woman in her mid-30s. Wealthy through her connections with Agnes Lamprey, her aunt and benefactor, Letitia is cunning and manipulative. She believes she is a witch and is deeply interested in the occult. Her bookshelves and e-book reader is filled with esoteric works by people like Crowley, Sandford, Petersen and other, so-called sorcerers. None of this is a crime, but being an unregistered psion is, and when confronted with the fact that she faces between 6 and 16 years for Code 16 Psi Violations, Letitia gets nasty.

Using her Create Portal power (Dimensional Manipulation – see *Judge Dredd*, page 185), Letitia opens-up a rift between her apartment and a dimension shown to her by Gorgonessa, the demoness. Letitia can then either escape into it herself or, if Referees prefer, attempt to force one or more Judges through it using her Telekinesis (it depends on how many Judges there are, and the most expedient means of escape).

If Letitia disappears, or is killed, the chimera attacks stop. However, if Letitia is captured and imprisoned, she does not remain in the psycho cubes for long: her patron demoness, Gorgonessa, misses her favourite mortal servant and comes to rescue her. Gorgonessa manifests first as a chill wind accompanied by the faint whiff of lavender. The lavender scent grows in intensity until it is almost overpowering. The breeze becomes a column of smoke, whirling, dust devil like, as the lavender scent intensifies. The smoke column begins to take form: within 2d6 seconds Gorgonessa, in her full form, manifests. Her lower body and legs are those of spider crab; her upper body is voluptuous, with pendulous breasts (five of them) and two pairs of arms terminating in talons that would be better suited to a bird of prey. Her shoulders are bony, and her head is that of an emaciated hag, eyeless (but not blind), her mouth filled with rows of tiny, sharp teeth.

In liberating Letitia, Gorgonessa manifests and sets to work on any guards, dismembering each with her talons whilst scuttling hither and thither on her spider-crab legs. Letitia watches from her cube, goading her patroness on and shrieking with glee. Gorgonessa snaps and chops limbs, disembowels, decapitates and leaves the area smeared with blood and gore. The bodies she leaves behind are unrecognisable. If the Judges rush in to confront the demon, they find her impervious to Standard Execution rounds: incendiaries cause normal damage and when reduced to zero in two characteristics, Gorgonessa transforms back into her whirlwind form and departs with an angry hiss. If she has freed Letitia, she takes her servant with her, returning the alternate plane of existence in the Dead World. If the Judges want to hunt for her, then a trip to that damnable plane is needed – and that is beyond the scope of this scenario.

Gorgonessa: Str 15 (+3), Dex 12 (+2), End 9 (+1), Int 9 (+1)

Deception 2, Melee (unarmed) 4, Survival 3

Armour: 6 points for scaled, unearthly skin. Impervious to Standard Execution rounds.

Weapons: Four clawed talons, 3d6+1. Gorgonessa attacks up to four times each round.

AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN MEGA-CITY ONE

What sort of a book would *Bad Moon Rising* be without a mention of werewolves? Here is a vignette to tantalise those Judges who may be expecting this campaign to focus on lycanthropes, rather than ex-Judges.

The walls of Mega-City One have many small gaps, caused by any of the catastrophes that have befallen the city, and have never been filled-in. Some of these holes are unknown to the Judges but are very much known to the wily mutants who live outside the city and who are desperate to get in. One such mutant is Jack Kessler; a mutant who appears perfectly normal on the outside and so can pass as a normal human with no effort required. His mutation, however, becomes apparent when certain hormones in his body drop below a required level. When this happens, Kessler's mutated DNA reconfigures and the poor creature transmutes into a wolf-like beast.

The trigger for the fluctuations in Kessler's internal chemistry is the phase of the moon. When the moon is closest to the Earth, the hormone production is raised and Kessler is fine; so, during full moon periods, the werewolf remains dormant. When the moon sinks from view, the werewolf is unleashed – and, in the classic werewolf style, it needs to hunt.

Kessler has found his way into the city through one of the holes in the wall and has somehow made his way into Sector 13. As Aiken Moon's revenge drama begins, the moon's phases change and Kessler undergoes his transformation. Sector 13 becomes a werewolf's playground.

BY THE SCRUFF OF THE NECK

The Judges are summoned to the scene of a murder. In a rancid alley in the lower levels of the city, some juves have found a body in a gruesome condition. The throat has been ripped out, the entrails torn from the abdomen and devoured and the limbs are covered in bites and scratches. When Tek and Med Division have finished with the corpse, they reach the same conclusion: definitely an *animal*. A *big* animal. A *frenzied* animal. Someone either has a pet klegghound or there is an awfully big, real-life dog wandering Sector 13.

Checking the crime scene for evidence reveals the following:

- Massive paw-like prints left in the blood-spill from the victim.
- Some shreds of fur, possibly pulled out of the creature's hide by the victim during the struggle.
- Some clothing fibres which, when analysed, prove to be of a type of coarse cotton usually found in the Cursed Earth.
- A strand of scarlet silk – high quality fabric – that does not belong to the deceased.

Running checks on similar crimes committed in other sectors shows that there have been six similar murders in the past few weeks originating in Sector 166, which borders the Wall



and following a more or less straight-line up to Sector 13. Bodies, both male and female, have been found in identical conditions.

If the Judges check the cycle of the moon, they find that it is not a full moon season yet. Checks on instances of lycanthropy return only a handful of similar instances in Mega-City One's history, each with a plausible explanation.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOODLUM

Morrigan Malone is one of the Contralto family's best hitmen (or, rather, hitwomen). She is small and petite, appearing to be no more than 13 or 14 years old. Her eyes are wide and innocent and she has a singsong voice. But she is, in reality, 28 years of age and has that same number of murders under her belt. Her looks are incredibly deceiving: Morrigan is a cold-hearted killer who genuinely enjoys her job.

But she is loved by her family, especially Max Contralto. So pleased was Max with Morrigan's last assassination, he bought her a gorgeous, Varsecci cloak of the deepest scarlet.

Morrigan, being something of a clotheshorse, adores the cloak (she should: Varsecci designs costs tens of thousands) and likes to wear it on special occasions – like hits. It all adds to the impact.

Morrigan's latest hit is on the far side of Sector 13, beyond the Eustace Fargo spaceport. 'Grandma' Aggie Parker has been a thorn in Max Contralto's side for years, publicly ridiculing his image and, in the wake of what has been happening recently (i.e. the *Bad Moon Rising* main plot), Max intends to silence Grandma Parker forever. Morrigan is assigned to the job and so off she skips, wearing her best Varsecci cloak and carrying a wicker basket filled with goodies for Grandma: a Hand Cannon, a combat knife and several Hand Bombs. Grandma *will* be surprised.

And, as she is skipping along the pedways en-route to the Griffin Dunne block, where Grandma Parker lives, Morrigan takes a short-cut through some dark, dingy alleys in the lower levels of the sector and finds, to her astonishment, a wolf.

The wolf is Kessler and he is in mid transformation from wolf to man and so incapacitated. His latest kill (found by the Judges) is nearby. Morrigan puts two and two together and likes the answer. She waits for Kessler's transformation to complete and helps get him to a good hiding place she knows. And there, somewhat aroused by this fascinating man-wolf, seduces him.

Morrigan and Kessler are now deeply in love. Or, rather, Kessler is deeply in love with Morrigan; she is a stone-cold psychopath who now has a new way of killing people in a way they will not expect. Strangely, Kessler remains under Morrigan's alluring spell whilst in wolf form, and he will not harm her. Little Red Riding Hoodlum is his only friend in all the world.

So, Morrigan and Kessler make their way across sector to see Grandma Parker, killing as they go. The Judges can follow the trail of bodies but Morrigan is crafty and very good at hiding evidence. They will remain one step ahead of the Judges until they reach Griffin Dunne block.

MY, WHAT BIG TEETH YOU HAVE, MY DEAR

The last victims of Morrigan and Kessler, before the Judges catch-up with them, are Grandma Parker's bodyguards: her notorious 'Grandsons'. These punks dress in synthi-leathers in the style of the old 20th Century punks and believe that Spikes Harvey Rotten was a saint. They guard Grandma Parker out of sense and duty but mostly because she pays well.

ONE SHOTS



Kessler picks-off the Grandsons one-by-one, resulting in a spate of disappearances in Griffin Dunne which, naturally enough, are reported to the Judges by the concerned parents of the Grandsons. When two of the punks turn-up disembowelled with ripped out throats, hidden in a garbage compactor, the Judges investigating the animal killings are summoned. The two dead juves are known to be petty hoodlums working for Grandma Parker.

Having put the fear of Grud into the Grandsons, Morrigan and Kessler are able to approach Parker's apartment as night falls and as Kessler slides into his wolf form. To make him less conspicuous as they move through the city block, Morrigan dresses Kessler in some clothes stolen from a Laundromat – all women's, unfortunately but at least the bonnet hides Kessler's conspicuous ears and muzzle.

Morrigan knocks at the door of Grandma Parker's flat and, posing as a member of 'Assist the OACS', tells Grandma Parker she is here to do any odd-jobs Griffin Dunne's OACS need doing. 'Look, I even brought my Aunt Edna along from D level. She's very happy with my work.'

Stupidly, Grandma Parker opens the door...

ALL THE BETTER TO BITE YOU WITH

The Judges reach Grandma Parker's apartment minutes after she has admitted Morrigan and Kessler. Kessler is busy tearing pieces out of the terrified Parker whilst Morrigan sits in the rocking chair, watching and enjoying every second of the carnage.

When the Judges burst in and do whatever they do, Morrigan plays the helpless victim, pretending to be Grandma Parker's granddaughter from Sector 61 (the lie detector shows this is an outright lie). Kessler-wolf attacks the Judges – either out of self-defence or because they are trying to hurt his beloved Morrigan. Morrigan does not care what happens to poor Kessler; she has had her fun and it was marvellous to see Grandma Parker's face as the wolf revealed its true nature.

If Morrigan survives and is not questioned by the Judges, she sobs like the little girl she resembles. If she looks like being uncovered, she pulls the Hand Cannon from her basket and does her level best to shoot her way out. If Kessler is able to, he protects Morrigan and together they try to effect a brutal escape from the law.

Do they all live happily ever after? Probably not. Kessler may be shot to ribbons by the Judges – he is quite susceptible to standard bullets – but if he does survive, he is subject to Med and Tek division analysis; they are very intrigued by what causes his wolf transformation.

Morrigan may escape but if arrested, may be a useful source of information about Max Contralto's gang. Perhaps the toughest decision is where to imprison her: juve cubes or iso cubes? Either way, a murderess of her calibre is looking at a very long stretch.

STATISTICS

Jack Kessler (human): Str 6 (+0), Dex 6 (+0), End 5 (–1), Int 6 (+0), Edu 3 (–2), Soc 1 (–2)

Jack Kessler (wolf): Str 13 (+2), Dex 10 (+1), End 10 (+1), Int 6 (+0), Edu 3 (–2), Soc 1 (–2)

Desperation –5

Skills: Athletics (strength) 1, Melee (natural weapons) 2, Stealth 2, Survival 2

Weapons: Bite, 2d6, Claw 1d6+2

Armour: Tough Hide (1)

Kessler is in full command of his faculties when in wolf form. The transformation occurs as soon as it grows dark and lasts until dawn.

Morrigan: Str: 4 (–1), Dex 9 (+1), End 4 (–1), Int 10 (+1), Edu 8 (+0), Soc 5(–1)

Desperation –6

Skills: Deception 3, Gun Combat (slug pistol) 3, Recon 1, Stealth 2, Tactics 1

Weapons: Hand Cannon, 3d6, Hand Bomb (variable damage)

PIRATES OF THE CARREY BEAN

The Carrey Beaners are a particularly nasty group of highway pirates who specialise in holding-up mopads and robbing them down to the last wheel-nut. The gang targets mopads remotely with specially designed electronics which infect mopad autodrive systems with a Trojan program that overrides the inbuilt security and supplants legitimate co-ordinates and routes with a destination code leading into the no man's land of city bottom between Sectors 13 and 12 – where the Carrey Beaners lie in wait for their prey to come to them. The Carrey Beaners have a whole series of different hijack locations but all on city bottom and all close enough to main highway arteries to make a fast getaway.

Their getaway vehicle is an ingenious frame that allows twelve powerboards to be connected together to form a flying raft. As each Carrey Beaneer is an experienced powerboarder, the pirate group can execute some dazzling manoeuvres with their powerboard raft, which is large enough to carry the loot

raided from a hijacked mopad. If necessary the powerboards can be split almost instantly so that the five pirates can go their separate ways. The mopad hijack victims have all reported that their assailants disappeared from sight quickly after the raid but that no getaway vehicle was evident.

EXECUTING THE HIJACK

The Trojan programme the pirates use kicks in at a pre-determined time, automatically overriding a mopad's autodriven facility and bringing it to the pirates. All the hijackings take place at night, so that the mopadders are not usually aware of their diversion until they are awoken by the assault. The Carry Beans use six separate hijacking locations but do not follow any particular pattern to where they attack. Roll 1d6 to determine a location (all are in city bottom).

1d6	Location
1	Douglas Fairbanks Undersked (condemned and rubble-strewn)
2	Johnny Depp Low-Level Parkarama (disused parkarama)
3	Blackbeard Nethersked (disused skedway, badly damaged in the Apocalypse War)
4	Henry Morgan Subway (dark, barely-used tunnel beneath a megway)
5	Sparrow's Drive-In (a disused drive-in movie theatre)
6	Calico Jack Sidings (a series of narrow streets just wide enough to accept a mopad)

The mopad slows as it reaches the specified co-ordinates and the Trojan deactivates the security systems (door locks and so forth), to let the gang board easily. They follow a set routine:

- Pancho Naches climbs onto the roof and starts to strip it of all electronics and easily removable items.
- Charley Tamm and Gatso Manners bust into the main cab and hold the residents at gunpoint. One of the residents is usually ordered to open and empty any safes.
- Pea-brain Rokerfeller and Nancy Clancy ransack the rest of the mopad.

If residents do not co-operate, the gang threatens to shoot one of the them, which usually does the trick or a straightforward pistol whipping helps to gain some respect. So far, the gang has not killed anyone but there is always a first time and Charley Tamm is certainly becoming more aggressive in his approach. He has hospitalised the last two mopadders who did not act quickly enough and his violence levels shocked the others.

In all, the pirates can strip a mopad of everything they want inside five minutes, before escaping on their powerboard raft, flying out to a more remote area, where loot is divided, fenced and the gang go their separate ways until next time.

Pancho Naches: Str 7 (+0), Dex 11 (+1), End 6 (+0), Int 8 (+0), Edu 4 (-1), Soc 4 (-1)

Desperation -2

Skills: Athletics (co-ordination) 2, Flyer (personal) 2, Gun Combat (slug pistol) 0

Weapons: Spit Pistol (3d6-3)

Charley Tamm: Str 11 (+1), Dex 11 (+1), End 5 (-1), Int 9 (+1), Edu 5 (-1), Soc 5 (-1)

Desperation -3

Skills: Athletics (co-ordination) 1, Flyer (personal) 2, Gun Combat (slug pistol) 0, Stealth 1

Weapons: Auto Pistol (3d6-3)

Gatso Manners: Str 6 (+0), Dex 10 (+1), End 8 (+1), Int 5 (-1), Edu 5 (-1), Soc 5 (-1)

Desperation -1

Skills: Athletics (co-ordination) 2, Flyer (personal) 1, Gun Combat (slug pistol) 0, Stealth 0, Survival 0

Weapons: Spit Pistol (3d6-3)

Pea-brain Rokerfeller: Str 7 (+0), Dex 9 (+1), End 8 (+1), Int 6 (+0), Edu 5 (-1), Soc 4 (-1)

Desperation -4

Skills: Athletics (co-ordination) 0, Flyer (personal) 1, Gun Combat (slug pistol) 1, Stealth 1

Weapons: Auto Pistol (3d6-3)

Nancy Clancy: Str 6 (+0), Dex 10 (+1), End 8 (+1), Int 9 (+1), Edu 5 (-1), Soc 5 (-1)

Desperation -2

Skills: Athletics (co-ordination) 1, Flyer (personal) 2, Gun Combat (slug pistol) 0, Stealth 1

Weapons: Spit Pistol (3d6-3)

The gang use a variety of different powerboards but all are roughly equivalent to the McKenzie Extreme (*Judge Dredd*, page 136). All dress in gaudy colours with bandanas pulled across their mouths and noses to help avoid recognition.

THE DOZER FAMILY TRAGEDY

Cunard Dozer has a family of five. He is proud of his Excelsior luxury mopad and has had heard of the hijackings whilst at the Sector 13 mopad festival. To be on the safe side, he bought an illegal Stump Gun from a friend of a friend and has it by his bunk at all times. He was sure he would never get held up.

ONE SHOTS





When the auto drive suddenly started to take his pad off course, circling the Sector 10 and 12 megways, he knew something was amiss. He should have called the Judges but believed he could tackle any no-good punks who tried it on.

The Carry Beaners brought the Dozer mopad down to Sparrow's Drive-In. Cunard was waiting. When Charley Tamm and Gatso Manners stormed in waving their guns, Cunard did not hesitate: he fired. Tamm took pellets to the leg and Manners pellets to the arm but the Stump Gun was old and not the best weapon for a novice.

Tamm started firing. The family started to fall. Cunard took a bullet in his chest and is fading fast. The Carry Beaners, now panicked, have fled the mopad with no loot and two injured crewmembers; they have left behind them two dead and one dying.

Judges get the call about twenty minutes after the hijack and are directed to investigate. They find the aftermath of a gunfight in a plush, two-year old Excelsior and the bodies of Cunard's brother and eldest son. Cunard is dying but gives a good description. If the Judges can apply Medic with an effect of 1 or greater, then Cunard will make it.

In making their escape, the Carry Beaners have to follow the narrow lanes and canyons of the old buildings up to the main levels of the sector. Charley Tamm is losing control. The others want to get Gatso to hospital; he wants to lie-low. As the powerboard rig levels off above the Jack Black Megway, witnesses report the strange rig as flying erratically and a man waving a gun around, dressed in surfer gear.

The Judges can give pursuit. The Carry Beaners attempt to evade but Charley Tamm is now so crazed that he hits the release system that splits the boards. Unprepared, the pirates tumble away and Nancy Clancy falls towards an approaching juggler. She is unable to pull-up in time and the juggler ploughs over her. It swerves and collides with the median strip: vehicles behind plough into it. Within 6 seconds there is a fifteen vehicle pile-up, a dead pirate and around thirty injured – some seriously.

The remaining four borders surrender soon enough, if pursued and especially if an H Wagon is called-in to intercept. Charley Tamm, injured and losing blood, tries to manoeuvre towards Zeb Pike block, where he hopes to hide out. He has friends there who will get rid of the board and perhaps steal some med supplies from the Zeb Pike hospital.

The Judges should be able to round up Tamm soon enough. His friend is not as loyal as Tamm thought and informs Sector House that he suspects some form of trouble. If confronted, Charley Tamm attempts an escape on his board, using his

Spit Gun to fire back at Judges. Will he escape? Perhaps – but certainly the Pirates of the Carry Bean have pulled their last megway heist.

BLESSED ARE THE CHEEZE MAKERS

Out in the Cursed Earth's Scrub County, the township of Big Cheezey worships the Big Cheese, who fell to Earth from the Moon (see page 47). Driven by the dreams of Papa Cheddar, the mutants of Big Cheezey seek to ascend to the moon heaven where the cheese is always green and plentiful. The Big Cheese sent his prophet, a man called Moon, to visit Big Cheezey and that prophet spoke of the vastness of Mega-City One, filled with miserable sinners who probably needed converting. Papa Cheddar sees the truth of this and so has despatched two loyal disciples, Brother Bree and the Stinking Bishop, to travel to the city and to find the one, single, worthwhile sacrifice that will fully appease the Big Cheese and speed his resurrection.

Brother Bree and the Stinking Bishop have entered Mega-City One via one of the wall holes. They have with them supplies of the fetid cheese the Big Cheezey township makes and eats exclusively. They need to find one who understands cheese as they do but the disciples are disappointed to find that the miserable sinners of Mega-City One eat something that they call cheese but more resembles slivers of yellow plastic. They are not amused, especially the Stinking Bishop, who had thought that the Prophet Moon would bring them to a truly Promised Land.

On a hoarding overlooking a megway, near Sector 13, is a holographic advertisement for Dairymaid Synthi-Cheese. The Dairymaid herself, Bonny Furlong, smiles down, her plaited hair and freckled face a homely advertisement for the synthi-cheese product. Brother Bree and the Stinking Bishop have found the One who must be taken back to Big Cheezey and thence to the Lynchburg Crater, to be sacrificed.

BONNY FURLONG IS MISSING

Making a public appearance at the S13-VBC studios, Bonny Furlong, star of the synthi-cheese commercials and all-round dairy goods-based pin-up, is ready to meet her fans. Two of them storm her dressing room and she is overpowered by the sheer stench of the aptly named Stinking Bishop. They bundle her into a sack and make a fleet escape to take her back to Big Cheezey. They leave a sample of their own cheese behind inadvertently – so the Judges, when they arrive to investigate Bonny's disappearance, have some forensics to work with.

Brother Bree and the Stinking Bishop manage to haul Bonny to the hole in the wall and steal away into the Cursed Earth. They take her back to Big Cheezey where Papa Cheddar declares they have done well. Such is Bonny's beauty Papa Cheddar can only conclude that she is the Bride of the Big Cheeze. Marriage should commence ASAP.

Bonny, when she regains consciousness, is not so thrilled to learn she will be the bride of a god. In fact, she is more than outraged. The people of Big Cheezey have to restrain her with ropes and dollops of big cheezey: that shuts her up.

FINDING BONNY

The Judges have three days to locate Bonny before she ends-up being staked out at the lip of the Lynchburg Crater and force-fed big cheezey until she bursts, with Papa Cheddar conducting the wedding vows as all this happens. The cheese sample left behind in Bonny's dressing room shows high rad-levels, indicating the Cursed Earth and when various units have been alerted, it is discovered that big cheese traces have been found at irregular intervals, all the way across to the West Wall.

The Judges may have come across Big Cheezey before and so have an inkling of where to go. If not, then a trip into the Cursed Earth to find the poor, beleaguered Bonny is sanctioned by the Sector Chief.

The people of Big Cheezey do not want to relinquish their reluctant goddess. Any interlopers will be sacrificed along with her, to the Big Cheeze – if the mutants of Big Cheezey can overwhelm the Judges.

And Bonny proves not to be the cute poppet portrayed in her commercials but a spoilt, vindictive harridan who, in all honesty, deserves a lesson in humility. If rescued she offers no thanks and no gratitude. She complains about how long it has taken for the Judges to rescue her, bemoans the lack of replacement clothes and demands that the township of Big Cheezey be wiped from the face of the Earth.

Of course, Brother Bree and the Stinking Bishop did not traipse all that way just to see their beloved goddess snatched at the last minute. They trail the Judges and, as soon as the opportunity presents itself, attempt to steal Bonny back showing no mercy to the Judges in the process.

STATISTICS

BROTHER BREE (RADICAL MUTATION)

Brother Bree's skin looks like it is made from molten wax that has been poured over his skeleton and left to set. His

features are pulled down into a ghastly, doleful expression. He fights with a pair of knives and his loose rolls of flesh offer 2 points or armour protection.

Brother Bree: Str 5 (–1), Dex 6 (+0), End 8 (+0), Int 6 (+0), Edu 0 (–3), Soc 0 (–3)

Desperation –3

Skills: Art (cheese making), Deception 0, Melee (blade) 1

Traits: Molten skin for 2 points of armour.

Weapons: Knives, 2d6

Armour: 2 points

THE STINKING BISHOP (SHAMBOLIC MUTATION)

Clad in a parody of a bishop's robes and carrying a crosier fashioned from human bones, the Stinking Bishop lives-up to his name. His stench is that of rotting flesh and, beneath his robes, his internal organs are on display, exuding the dreadful smell that hangs over him like a cloud. His beard is mange-ridden and crawling with lice; his robes cling to him in an uneasy, unhealthy way. As one of Papa Cheddar's favoured disciples he is full of fire and brimstone, raging against miserable sinners whenever he can. He carries with him, in a hide bag, samples of big cheezey at all times – a constant connection with his god.

The Stinking Bishop: Str 7 (+0), Dex 9 (+1), End 2 (–2), Int 6 (+0), Edu 0 (–3), Soc 0 (–3)

Desperation –5

Skills: Advocate 2, Art (cheese making) 1, Deception 0, Melee (bludgeon) 1

Traits: Overwhelming stench; roll Endurance 8+ or suffer a –2 DM to all skills when within 3 metres of the Stinking Bishop

Weapons: Human Bone Crosier, 2d6+1

BONNY FURLONG

Hair worn in blond ringlets and with a pretty, freckled-face, Bonny Furlong is the Face of Dairymaid Synthi-Cheese. She is rich as a result of her adored advertisements and makes even more money where she promotes synthi-cheese in personal appearances. Vain, unpleasant and rude, she is every centimetre the archetypal spoiled celeb. And, unknown to the Dairymaid company, Bonny is lactose-intolerant. Eating real cheese could kill her.

Bonny Furlong: Str 4 (+0), Dex 9 (+1), End 5 (–1), Int 7 (+0), Edu 7 (+0), Soc 8 (+0)

Skills: Advocate 1, Art (acting) 2, Mega-City One Geography 0

ONE SHOTS



DRAMATIS PERSONAE

This chapter provides detail on the major Non-Player Characters found throughout *Bad Moon Rising*. Although game statistics for minor NPCs are found in their relevant places in the various chapters, the Big Players warrant more background and so are presented here, along with notes on how to use them in the *Bad Moon Rising* campaign.

AIKEN MOON (AKA LENNY HEMLOCK, AKA MIKE MCMANUS)

DESCRIPTION

A big (191cm), broad-chested man of 56 years, Moon is powerfully built, with strong arms and legs and a thick neck. Having undergone radical surgery twice (first, to convert his physiology to cope with life on Titan and again to create a new, human face), Moon does not look like his original self. His skin is smooth, young looking and unwrinkled for a man of his years. His hair is blond and worn in a crew cut.

Moon speaks through a voice synthesiser that has been implanted in his throat and replaces his voicebox. The sound is routed through his mouth and so sounds almost natural but, despite the fact that the synthesiser creates a realistic human voice, it is still subject to tics, warbles and crackles that betray its true nature. Moon can mentally change the timbre of the voice, ranging from a natural, neutrally inflected American accent, through a deep, gruff, gravel-like growl.

For dress, Moon favours smart, neatly tailored business suits in dark colours. When out on the streets, he wears an ankle-length dark coat with a high collar and a dark, wide-brimmed hat that masks his eyes. The hat has a red band above the brim.

Statistics: Str 12 (+2), Dex 10 (+1), End 15 (+3), Int 10 (+1), Edu 10 (+1), Inf 10 (+1)

Skills: Admin 1, Advocate 1, Athletics (co-ordination, strength and endurance) 3, Broker 1, Computers 1, Deception 1, Drive (Lawmaster) 3, Explosives 1, Gun Combat (Lawgiver) 4, Gun Combat (slug rifle) 2, Investigate 2, Jack of All Trades 1, Law 2, Leadership 1, Melee (bludgeon) 2, Melee (unarmed combat) 1, Recon 1, Stealth 2, Survival 1, Tactics 1, Street Perception 1, Streetwise 1

Special Techniques: Combat Acuity, Formidable Presence

Augments: Physical Augmentation (Endurance) +3: Moon can breathe tainted atmospheres, suffers no ill effects from radiation and can process potentially noxious foodstuffs.

Weapons: Hand Cannon (3d6), Stump Gun (4d6)

Moon's characteristics and skills reflect his career as a Judge and twenty years labouring on Titan

CHARACTER

There is no question that Moon is psychologically damaged and sociopathic. He has lost all empathy for others and is driven by the need for revenge against those he considers disloyal – even though he was disloyal himself. A highly cunning adversary, Moon plans and prepares meticulously but his training as a Judge and his experiences on Titan, mean that he can rapidly improvise and quickly think through circumstances to achieve a tactical advantage.

Moon has no compunctions when it comes to killing citizens: he considers all life expendable if it gets in the way of executing his master plan. He enjoys intrigues, games and grand gestures and relishes the ability to manipulate others. However, once he has executed a particular revenge, he loses part of what drives him. Once his overall scheme has been accomplished, there is little left for him. At this point, he becomes fatalistic, caring little for his own fate. Ultimately, Moon is prepared to die because he has, in his own mind, prevailed and triumphed.

Curiously, and despite having betrayed it throughout his life, Moon still believes in justice. His sense of justice has been twisted by experience and bitterness but he still believes that systems put in place to ensure justice should be applied in the ways they were intended. This is why part of his revenge plan is geared towards making an example of Chief DiMaggio: a man that Moon once considered a friend.

MOTIVATIONS

Aiken Moon is intended to be a classic Judge Dredd uber-villain or archenemy in the grand, 2000AD tradition. He is Keyser Soze, Orlok the Assassin and any number of Bond villains. He is ruthless, resourceful, capable of executing grand schemes and possesses something close to omniscience. Moon should be treated more as a cipher and plot dynamo than a credible, mundane perpetrator. He is wealthy and capable of procuring resources that would beggar most standard perps. He spent twenty years on Titan meticulously plotting and refining his plans; every scheme he operates has been rehearsed mentally until Moon is sure of its success. He is a four-colour, larger than life nemesis that is capable of facing-off against Judge Dredd himself. He sees the Player Character Judges as pawns in his great game and wants to test their mettle, just as his own has been tested.

In bringing Moon into play in the *Bad Moon Rising* adventures, he should remain in the shadows for the most part and only show himself as part of the final reveal – but his influence should be everywhere in telling ways. Perhaps Moon even meets with the Judges (unknown to them) simply to check them out or throw them a hint that keeps them in the game. Perhaps he always remains in the shadows, taunting and guiding.

Ultimately, Aiken Moon should grow into a mythical presence that, in the end, displays an almost noble, if tragically flawed, persona. Aiken Moon is a demonstration of what can go wrong when a Judge falls from grace yet prevails against the punishments Justice Department heaps upon its fallen sons.



MAX CONTRALTO

DESCRIPTION

A massive, imposing man in his mid-40s, Max Contralto is dark haired (he wears it slicked-back), brooding and blessed with a sharp mind that his shambling presence masks. He is frequently charming and affable and likes to portray himself as a family man and legitimate businessman who operates several franchises at the Eustace Fargo spaceport. He cracks jokes and uses sarcasm liberally, referring to Judges as 'Justices' and 'Your Honour' but always with the right kind of tone to keep things civil.

Max favours loud shirts and sharp jackets worn together in a riotous offence to good grooming. He walks with a bow-legged, flat-footed swagger and exudes charisma in front of his people. He can speak softly or boom with rage. Crossing Max Contralto earns his fury but pleasing him earns his gratitude, expressed sincerely and backed-up with impressive (usually stolen but occasionally bought legitimately) gifts.

Statistics: Str 8 (+0), Dex 5 (-1), End 9 (+1), Int 10 (+1), Edu 8 (+0), Soc 8 (+0)

Desperation: -4

Skills: Admin 1, Advocate 1, Broker 2, Deception 4, Gun Combat (slug pistol) 1, Gun Combat (slug rifle) 2, Melee (blade) 1, Stealth 2, Survival 2

Weapons: Hand Gun (3d6-3), Knife (2d6)

As an optional characteristic, if necessary, Max Contralto can be given Influence 10 (+1), reflecting his status as a mob boss.

CHARACTER

As the head of a large crime syndicate, Max Contralto is a ruthless mobster and killer. He controls upwards of fifty separate rackets through a labyrinthine web of front companies, ghost assets, twisted contracts, proxies and other, cleverly devised systems to ensure he can never be personally linked to criminal activity but reaps the rewards nonetheless. Like most mobsters he can call-in an

assassination or a beating as easily as ordering a sandwich although, with a state of relative peace existing between the gangs operating in this region of Mega-City One, that kind of violence has not been seen for over five years.

Max is also a patriot. He is intensely proud of how his family stood by the Judges during the Apocalypse War and helped free the sector from the Sov Bloc. He is equally proud that Jimmy Gandolfini block did not succumb to Block Mania: he despises block war and feels that all those who sink into it are 'Weak as mutie-piss'.

Max is married to Charlottina, a childhood sweetheart who is fully wise to her husband's criminal ways but tries to lead as blameless a life as she can. Charlottina runs the Sector 13 Sisters, a charitable organisation that helps those who have welfare problems. She and her other Sisters operate soup kitchens, collect used clothes and organise other fund-raising activities that genuinely assist the poor and needy of the sector. Unknown to her, Max has used the Sector 13 Sisters as a way of laundering money and stolen goods for years but otherwise Charlottina's activities are wholesome and above-board.

MOTIVATION

Max is motivated by two things: money and loyalty to 'The Old Ways' – the mafia rackets of the 20th Century. His heroes are the gangsters of old, such a John 'The Teflon Don' Gotti. He is also a great believer in the traditions espoused by the old America and is patriotic when it comes to Mega-City One. He has no desires to wield power beyond Sector 13 but does not want to see his control of the crime in that sector diminish.

Max Contralto is therefore a cipher for the archetypal, parochial, mafia hoodlum: more Tony Soprano than Michael Corleone. He is the kind of mob boss who will happily chat in a synthi-caf bar about the latest sports news and then calmly order the knee-capping of someone who has upset him straight afterwards. Max believes he is just a businessman and his modus operandi a necessary way of keeping his various business interests profitable.



DRAMATIS PERSONAE



TOOLEY MJU

DESCRIPTION

Of Japanese-American ancestry, Tooley Mju is 28 years old and a failed Judge who has been operating as a PI for eight years in Sector 13. Street-smart, sassy, patient and seemingly not scared of anything, she has a nose for a good case and the ability to blend into the background, making her good for covert surveillance – her speciality.

She wears her sleek, dark hair in a ponytail with a baseball cap restraining it. She favours muted, casual clothes that do not stand out and wears scuffed but well made kneepads. Any Judge looking at her can tell, from the way she walks and carries herself, that she has been through the Academy of Justice. Her self-assurance and sassiness confirms it. She failed her Full Eagle because she made an error in judgement under the assessment of a hard-nosed Senior Judge. Otherwise, she would have made an excellent street Judge or Wally Squad officer (and some Judges may even assume she is Wally Squad).

Mju loves her job and operates from her apartment/office in Lloyd H Conover block.

Statistics: Str 7 (+0), Dex 10 (+1), End 6 (+0), Int 10 (+1), Edu 10 (+1), Soc 8 (+0), Inf 8 (+0)

Skills: Athletics (endurance), Computers 1, Deception 2, Drive (Lawmaster) 3, Gun Combat (Lawgiver) 3, Investigate 2, Law 2, Mega-City One Geography 1, Melee (unarmed combat), Melee (bludgeon) 1, Stealth 1, Street Perception 2, Survival 2

Special Techniques: Data Access, Track Perp

Weapons: Spit Pistol, 3d6-3 (licensed)

Armour: Flak Jacket (4)

CHARACTER

Tooley is charismatic and brimful with chutzpah. She knows precisely what she can get away with and precisely when to keep her mouth shut. However, she is naturally inquisitive and adores a mental challenge – something being a Mega-City One private eye affords.

She is also tenacious and highly professional: her job allows her to exercise her training as a Judge and delight in an intellectual challenge. Even though she comes across as a smart-arse or overly flippant, Tooley Mju is committed to her

job and offering her clients the best service she can provide. However, she is no soft touch or easy ride. If her clients are taking her for a fool, she lets them know without holding back. If her clients have ulterior motives and think that Tooley Mju will play the patsy – they have another thing coming. Tooley maintains a distance from the Justice Department because too great a familiarity would injure her cases; but when Justice Department needs to be involved, she has no hesitation in doing so. Friends from the Academy are now Judges in Sector 13 and so she may well be a Contact or Ally for any of the Player Character Judges.

Tooley works from her apartment/office in Lloyd H Conover block. Here she meets prospective clients and maintains her records in her office. She has acquired, in the course of her career, a wide variety of city IDs and has one available for just about every opportunity, enabling her to pass herself off as a city official in some capacity. Of course, this is illegal but without using a certain amount of guile, her job would be impossible to complete to the standard Tooley completes it. She takes great pride in her ability to successfully impersonate any form of petty officialdom to a convincing degree.

MOTIVATION

Tooley Mju is the eyes on the street. She is the tenacious 'tec with the smart mouth and glint in her eye. She is dogged, slightly shabby but the right kind of friend to have in a tough spot. More livewire than hardboiled, she is a necessary adjunct to the stony-faced officialdom of Justice Department, being able to get results (and sometimes justice) without having to obey the restrictions of Justice Department training.

However, money is a motivator for Tooley. Her mother is sick, suffering from a serious blood disorder which has left her bed-ridden at the private Mark Green clinic. Tooley works to support her mother's condition, with as much going to the clinic as she can afford whilst retaining enough to support herself. Tooley is not sentimental about her mother's condition but is a dutiful daughter and, because she can help, she does.

Tooley can and should be a recurring ally during the *Bad Moon Rising* campaign. Aside from her specific role in certain sections she should be a valuable contact the Judges can go to for information and possible breaks. Tooley knows just enough to help advance the plot but never too much to make bringing Moon to justice an early possibility.



DRAMATIS PERSONAE



ANJI KARTER

DESCRIPTION

In her mid-40s, attractive but weary, Anji Karter is the dutiful mob widow. She does not suffer fools and is selfish enough to ignore wrongdoing as long as she gains the rewards to live a comfortable life. Her looks are fading now and her long, auburn hair is tinged with grey but photographs of her younger days show a real beauty: a trophy wife who enjoyed sparkle, bling and the trappings only organised crime can bring.

She dresses expensively but not necessarily tastefully. Tight-fitting trouser suits and garish tops that display too much cleavage to be dignified in a woman of her age.

Statistics: Str 5 (-1), Dex 5 (-1), End 6 (+0), Int 8 (+0), Edu 7 (+0), Soc 7 (+0)

Skills: Admin 1, Broker 1, Computers 1, Social Sciences (psychology) 1, Streetwise 1

CHARACTER

As a mob wife, Anji had prestige and respect. That was lost when her husband was killed in a car accident, leaving her rich but with diminishing influence. When Judge Aiken Moon inveigled his way into the Contralto organisation, Anji saw the chance for a liaison that would be the envy of the other mob wives; twenty two years ago, Anji was extremely beautiful and assumed that her physical charms would easily woo a Judge who seemed all too ready to accept monetary bribes. However, she had not reckoned on the steely resolve of Aiken Moon who, although corrupt, knew better than to become romantically involved with anyone.

Moon's rejection angered Anji. It was neither subtle nor even a pretence at being kind. It embarrassed and belittled her status still further and she decided to have her revenge on Moon by informing Justice Department of his activities. She knew precisely what she was doing; she knew what would happen to Moon when he was caught. But that peevish,

sadistic streak to her personality led her to do it anyway. If she could not have Moon, and if Moon did not want her, she would make sure he realised what he was missing.

What Anji did not realise was the anger displayed in the Contralto family when Moon was arrested. Not only had they lost a very valuable asset, if Moon divulged information on the Contralto crew, the damage could be widespread. It was made known that the informant would face a dire punishment and Anji would have paid in blood had Pauley Bennetti not covered-up for her – an act of kindness of the sort Anji never displayed for anyone else.

Over time Anji has mellowed and taken to salving her conscience with charitable acts away from the Contralto theatre. Her position in Bethany Beach is secure and she has managed to attain some status once again. None know of her past but a few suspect it. Anji does not care: Aiken Moon is in the past.

MOTIVATION

Anji Karter is the jaded, embittered femme fatale. Her spitefulness created what Moon has become and, although she could not know it and would never admit it, She cares almost exclusively about herself but pretends to exhibit a social conscience through supporting a host of charities in a bid at respectability.

She is still headstrong though – as all mob wives inevitably are. When she realises she is the focus for Moon's revenge, she is determined to face the consequences brazenly rather than accept outside help.

What would truly scare her, however, is if Max Contralto learned of the depth of her duplicity. Max's family loyalties do not prevent him from punishing the widow. Her actions could have exposed the entire syndicate in ways the family could not have easily defended. Anji knows this and, it is the one threat of vengeance that would see her steely resolve crumble.



DRAMATIS PERSONAE



SECTOR CHIEF HAL DIMAGGIO

DESCRIPTION

Swarthy and dark-haired, DiMaggio is typical of a highly seasoned, highly experienced Senior Judge who has seen everything the streets of Mega-City One can throw at a person. He does not suffer fools to any degree. He runs the Sector 13 Sector House with an iron will; but he is still supportive of his Judges when they do good work – and equally quick to make them aware of their failings.

The most remarkable thing about DiMaggio is his eyes: deep, dark and filled with the wisdom of 38 years on the streets, his experience is evident in every glance and glower. He rarely smiles: Senior Judges seldom do; and his voice is the low rumble of a man who knows how to exercise his authority.

Statistics: Str 8 (+0), Dex 9 (+1), End 9 (+1), Int 10 (+1), Inf 12 (+2)

Skills: Admin 1, Advocate 1, Athletics (endurance) 1, Broker 1, Deception 1, Drive (Lawmaster) 3, Gun Combat (Lawgiver) 2, Gun Combat (slug rifle) 2, Investigate 2, Jack of All Trades 1, Law 2, Mega-City One Geography 1, Mega-City One History 1, Melee (bludgeon) 1, Melee (unarmed combat) 1, Street Perception 2

Special Techniques: Dead Halt, Formidable Presence

Weapons: Lawgiver, Daystick

Armour: Judge's uniform (6)

DiMaggio's statistics and skills represent a full career as a Senior Judge.

CHARACTER

The gruff man-in-charge, DiMaggio is a highly competent Sector Chief. He likes running Sector 13 and considers it his life's work. He has no intentions of retiring until he has to and wants to keep policing the sector until it simply is not viable any longer.

DiMaggio keeps a professional distance from his Judges but looks upon his units with reserved pride. As the Player Character Judge's ultimate boss, he watches their careers with interest – especially as they delve into the Moon case. He watches from the background, having a thousand things to attend to each day but is always in-tune with what is happening in his sector. He can recall the records of every one of the Judges and, if they give cause for a reprimand, he does not flinch from it. During the course of the campaign at least one of the Judges should be on the receiving end of

one DiMaggio's famous 'helmet dentings', where the force of his withering discipline is said to leave a noticeable dent in a Judge's helmet. If a Judge incurs his wrath; he will know about it.

However, DiMaggio is a pragmatist. He has served too hard and too long at the street level to not have become affected by the practical needs of bringing justice to the masses. As a young, idealistic Judge, DiMaggio would never have contemplated turning a blind eye to the likes of the Contraltos but, when it comes to running a Sector House, dealing with finite resources and a thousand crimes a day, one is forced to become *realistic*. He is not proud of turning a blind eye to the Contraltos or tackling them head-on but he also knows that dedicating all his resources in the ways needed to do such a thing would leave his Sector House exposed and his teams vulnerable. DiMaggio knows that, sometimes, the law needs to be bent if it is to be effective. He does not expect others to take his side or understand his point of view, because it is only when one is in his position that such truths become evident.

He is, nevertheless, an effective and honourable Judge. Mega-City One Sector Houses are full of men like DiMaggio. Even Dredd, as he ages, sees the necessity for a man like DiMaggio to behave in the way that he does.

MOTIVATION

DiMaggio is the untouchable boss that all the Judges are aware of and respect. The revelations Moon eventually makes should come as a surprise, if not a shock, to the players. The aim is to place them outside of their comfort zone; to force them into a hard decision – the kind of decisions that DiMaggio has been forced to make time and again in his career. DiMaggio is the flip-side to Moon: the Judge who stayed on the straight and narrow, worked his way up, knows his limitations and, in order to preserve justice and work with what he has, bend it in what he perceives to be the right ways.

DiMaggio's situation should affect all the Judges – especially when an attempt is made on his life. If DiMaggio lives through that, he takes the honourable course of the Long Walk and may even return in some other capacity in future scenarios.

For all his failings, Chief DiMaggio is a man of principle and dignity. He is, ultimately, the symbol of how Judges really do have to act in order to maintain order on Mega-City One's streets.



DRAMATIS PERSONAE



CHIEF O'NEILL

DESCRIPTION

In his mid-30s with a shock of red hair worn short at the sides, Malachi O'Neill conducts himself with an arrogance that will, in the right circles, get him far. His ambitious nature marks him out as a politician with the desire to make the Council of Five and, at some point, Chief Judge. That arrogance is visible in his smooth, silky voice and dismissive nature. He swaggers around Forge Valley like an emperor through his dominion. Had he been in this position when Cal was in power, he would have been one of the lackeys ready to appease the mad Chief Judge.

Statistics: Str 7 (+0), Dex 7 (+0), End 8 (+0), Int 9 (+1), Inf 9 (+1)

Skills: Admin 2, Advocate 2, Athletics (co-ordination) 1, Broker 2, Drive (Lawmaster) 1, Gun Combat (Lawgiver) 2, Investigate 1, Jack of All Trades 2, Law 2, Mega-City One Geography 1, Mega-City One History 1, Melee (bludgeon) 1, Melee (unarmed combat) 1, Street Perception 1

Special Techniques: Combat Acuity

Weapons: Lawgiver, Daystick

Armour: Judge's Uniform (6)

CHARACTER

Chief O'Neill is a prime example of an ambitious Judge who rises through the ranks without the appropriate checks and balances. He has never embraced life on the streets and has his sights set on attaining high office. Being Chief of

Forge Valley frustrates him, since he knows he is destined for better things and so he wields his power sullenly and arrogantly, treating Forge Valley as a personal fiefdom and steppingstone to something better.

He is not popular with the Judges of Forge Valley, who recognise this kind of arrogance only too well, but his position makes it difficult to challenge him. With the prospect of a major criminal at large on his space station, O'Neill is intent on making the arrest and taking full credit for it. He believes Moon can be outwitted and is arrogant enough to think he is the one with all the wits. This may be his undoing. He does not realise that Moon has chosen Forge Valley as the stage for the last stand; he foolishly thinks this will be stage for his own career to truly blossom – to escape Forge Valley and gain a much desired transfer to the Grand Hall of Justice – a place where he can become the politician he so desperately wants to be.

MOTIVATION

O'Neill is here to get in the way; to confound and annoy. He represents the sort of officiousness that is present in some sections of Justice Department and the tainting of justice with politics.

O'Neill is resentful of intrusion and interference. He knows best. He will make the players abundantly aware of his position and, when it comes to the take down of Moon, try to place himself in the best light.



DRAMATIS PERSONAE



JUDGE ELLIE WYLDE

DESCRIPTION

Medium height, with soft brown hair worn in a bob, not unlike Judge Hershey's, Ellie Wylde has a confident, mischievous gleam in her eye, a ready smile and an easy manner with people. She walks with a slight limp – the result of a shooting which caught her in the base of the spine; she narrowly avoided complete paralysis – but this does not seem to unduly bother her.

Statistics: Str 5 (–1), Dex 5 (–1), End 6 (+0), Int 9 (+1), Inf 9 (+1)

Skills: Admin 2, Advocate 1, Athletics (co-ordination) 0, Broker 1, Deception 2, Drive (Lawmaster) 1, Gun Combat (Lawgiver) 2, Investigate 1, Jack of All Trades 1, Law 2, Mega-City One Geography 2, Melee (bludgeon) 1, Melee (unarmed combat) 1, Street Perception 2

Special Techniques: Combat Acuity, Track Perp

Weapons: Lawgiver, Daystick

Armour: Judge's Uniform (6)

CHARACTER

Wylde is a street Judge of 18 years. Overlooked for promotion to Senior Judge on several occasions, she had hoped to be made Chief of Forge Valley and was exceedingly hurt when Malachi O'Neill was appointed to the post instead of her – despite Wylde's excellent record and knowledge of the space station.

In fact, this latest blow has set Ellie thinking: at every turn she has been thwarted in her ambitions. The bullet she took in her spine – gained during a foiling of a major security truck heist in Sector 228 – is partially to blame but only partially. Plenty of other injured Judges have made it to senior rank and gone on to greater things despite being far more seriously injured. Ellie just cannot explain why she is continually overlooked. But the more Wylde has thought about it, turning situations over and over in her mind, the more convinced she is that someone, somewhere, in the Grand Hall of Justice has it in for her somehow.

Being denied what she wants the most, coupled with the rigours of the Forge Valley assignment (chiefly boredom) has made Ellie Wylde bitter and thus vulnerable. It started by turning a blind eye to certain, harmless contraband that found its way through Forge Valley security; then it became turning a blind eye to incomplete passage permits or paperwork. Then it became turning a blind eye to certain criminal activities that, stamped out in one place, just sprang up again

in another. Wylde sees the futility of it; and because she sees that futility, it was easy for Moon to turn her.

Moon met Ellie as he first returned to Earth, passing through Forge Valley. She checked his travel documents and spotted an irregularity that Moon had overlooked. Moon waited for the worst but Wylde winked a smile and ushered him through. Moon knew then that he had someone who could be manipulated.

Moon remained on Forge Valley for a couple of weeks, despite having free passage to Earth with his false documentation. He watched Ellie Wylde and saw for himself that she was prepared to bend the law when it suited her. When the time was right, Moon made his move.

Ellie was not easy to beguile but Moon was persuasive. He played on every bitterness she foolishly displayed and won her over. He did not reveal his real identity and claimed to be Mike McManus, an asteroid mining tycoon with interests all over the galaxy. Wylde never checked him out with a lie detector and fell for his easy charm.

Later, when Moon needed safe passage for his team of mercenary thieves and his incoming k'datchi, he played on Wylde's weakness again and backed-up his promises with money – which Wylde accepted. The trap was now snapped-shut. If she does not assist Moon he has ample evidence to sell her out to SJS. Moon has no intention of doing so; Ellie Wylde is far more valuable to him as a serving Judge but if she crosses him, he will not hesitate in taking swift revenge.

MOTIVATION

Ellie Wylde is a Judge on the turn. Vulnerable, embittered; she could be a carbon copy of Aiken Moon. She has deduced who he is and hates herself for becoming involved but, at the same time, is enjoying the excitement of the game Moon has constructed. She admires his sense of theatre but loathes the fact that Moon has power over her.

Wylde is the final obstruction and obfuscation for the Judges. She can save or condemn Moon but has chosen the easiest path and shields him. Few would ever suspect that she is corruptible but that is the sad and sorry truth. Few Judges are completely above temptation or without weakness, no matter what the Academy drums into them. Human frailties, no matter how repressed by 15 years of Academy training, can never be fully quashed and, in Judges like Ellie Wylde, they can bubble back to the surface for the most trivial of reasons.



DRAMATIS PERSONAE

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JUDGE DREDD

BAD MOON RISING

It's a bad day in Sector 13...

Mob War and Block War is brewing. Innocent people are being murdered in Synthi-Caff bars. Mo-pad Piracy is on the rise. Someone says they spotted a monster on the roof of Dotty Parker Block.

And, to cap it all, a dead guy at the wheel of a slabster just tried to ram-raid the main foyer of Sector House 13.

Just what the Crudd is going on? Sector 13 used to be such a... nice neighbourhood.

Join the beleaguered Judges of Sector 13 as they try to get to grips with an array of crimes that may or may not be linked. From the slums, up through the skedways, past the City Blocks, and out to Forge Valley, in orbit above Mega-City One, there is certainly one heck of a Bad Moon Rising.

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