

DEAD LANDS

THE FLOOD





THE FLOOD

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The Tombstone Epitaph's Guide to California

A Letter from the Editor

LOYAL Readers,

It is with the greatest possible degree of relief that we welcome our prodigal son Lacy O'Malley back into the fold after his long absence. Rest assured, Gentle Reader, Mr. O'Malley has not been idle. As always, he has gone through the ringer to bring you the truth!

Which is not to imply we have fixed eyes upon O'Malley ourselves—rather, his contribution reached us by Wells-Fargo courier from somewhere in Nevada. In a letter attached to the manuscript Mr. O'Malley took great pains to reassure us that he was in good health, no matter what terrible rumors might spring up. His investigations would certainly continue, as he could do naught but follow wherever the story might take him. In reply we can only wish you *Godspeed*, Sir.

Without further ado we present Lacy O'Malley's most recent missive, reporting the perilous places and wide open spaces of California. Mr. O'Malley sincerely hopes it will do some good in a land that's literally starved for it.

Regards,

John Clum

Editor, *Tombstone Epitaph*

War Comes A-Clangin'

Unexpectedly, we find ourselves in the midst of an Age of Opportunity. The War Between the States has given way to nothing less than a scientific renaissance, spurred by the new "superfuel," ghost rock. The precious ore draws prospectors, miners, settlers, and land agents to California in droves, and fuels just about every one of those newfangled contraptions your Aunt Mabel's been raving about. With the cease-fire between North and South holding, everything *should* be right as rain.

Yet fear is everywhere, from the haunted channels of the northern Maze to Santa Anna's massive armies just south of the Mexican border. In my travels along the shattered

West Coast I've felt a brooding cloud of fear over the city of Shan Fan, overheard anxious muttering beside the gallows at Lynchburg, and witnessed abject starvation in all the scattered boomtowns surrounding Lost Angels.

But everyone's still in a rush to reach the West Coast, and the reason can be summed up in just two words—ghost rock, my friends. Black gold. California coffee. It's an exceedingly valuable commodity to be sure, and the Great Maze is just about busting at the seams with it—but it can't be eaten.

Therein lies the essential irony of the Maze. In a land rife with the most valuable substances known to man, you can't even rely on getting a mouthful of grub or a sip of fresh water. When mothers live in constant fear their children will sicken and die, when men have to fight for their bread on a daily basis, when the hunger and the struggle consume every breath—evil is sure to multiply in the shadows.

I've spent the past few years traveling the busted-up length and breadth of the Great Maze to bring you the guide that follows, in the hope you won't end up as so many others do—starved, alone, and afraid. If you do go to California, remember two things: first, don't ever get between a hungry man and his vittles if you enjoy life; and second, out here *every* man is hungry. Keep those words in mind, and you'll go far.

Your Chronicler

Lacy O'Malley

The War to End All Rail Wars

Every clang of hammer upon spike and every rail fastened to the earth takes us one step closer to all-out war. The armies of the rail barons are converging on Lost Angels, and who's going to win the race is still anyone's guess. Bayou Vermilion and Dixie Rails forge across the treacherous Mojave Desert, while Iron Dragon lays track from the Pacific Northwest. Union Blue and Black River, operating on Denver-Pacific lines, are also moving troops into place.

Only Wasatch seems destined to fall short of a trans-continental line. We last saw Dr. Darius Hellstromme's operation in 1877, just before their crews vanished into

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the great morass of the Rocky Mountains, laboring to blast their way through—some say *excavate under*—that most formidable barrier. Trouble is no one has seen them since. Most are in consensus that Wasatch has all but conceded its defeat, as we at the *Epitaph* have reported since last year.

Maze Wars

No matter which rail baron reaches Lost Angels first, the others won't be pleased. As the so-called "Great Rail Wars" come to a head, the West Coast will see *total war*, the ferocity of which not even our recent War Between the States can equal. When the rail barons attempt to push into Lost Angels, and Reverend Grimme endeavors to hold back the tide and enforce his Edict of '77, history will be written in letters of fire and blood.

The Confederacy and Union maintain significant military presences in the Maze, but neither has the resources to get involved in a fight for Lost Angels. After years of logistical adjustment and personnel transfers, their chains of command are in disarray. During a drawn-out conflict, expect them to hunker down and let their proxies—Union Blue and Dixie Rails—do the fighting.

Santa Anna's Revenge

None of this even begins to account for the single greatest military threat facing the Great Maze—the long-anticipated invasion by Santa Anna. Mexico's got a fleet superior to that of the bluebellies or the rebs, and an army ten times the size of anything the North or South could assemble on short notice. Most importantly, Santa Anna's been quietly moving that army into position for the past two years, eliminating California's isolated points of resistance with devastating night raids.

It's the Emperor Maximillian, through Santa Anna, who wields the power to utterly change the face of the Maze. He's still smarting over the loss of Texas, and eager for payback. With starvation and malnutrition as rampant in Mexico as they are in the Maze, pressure mounts on Santa Anna to invade.

Ominous tales persist that Santa Anna's army isn't composed exclusively of old-fashioned conscripts. Refugees fleeing Mexicali report that in addition to his conventional troops, Santa Anna commands a terrible "Army of the Night" that attacks with peerless savagery and can never be defeated. Only time will tell, but it won't be long now given recent reports of Mexican troop movements.

Hunger Strikes

It's odd, but in the Great Maze people aren't so afraid of war. "Not much a body can do 'bout gettin' shot dead, or blowed up, is there?" was how one sage ghost rock prospector put it to me. Strange as it might sound, the possibility of armed conflict on a scale never before witnessed doesn't frighten these people as much as the prospect of simple starvation. Hunger stalks this land like a lean wolf, ribs showing through her mangy pelt. Fireside tales are told of doomed miners who literally go insane with a hunger that spreads like sickness.

Salted Earth

Since the Great Quake of 1868 shattered California into a ghost-rock-laden jigsaw puzzle, crops mostly refuse to take root. It's no surprise when you consider the western half of the state is broken into a vast labyrinth of high-walled channels, all of them flooded with seawater that constantly leaches salt into the land. Farther inland one finds the occasional arable valley, but these can be as much a source of conflict as they are a source of sustenance. Banditry is so common that even rail companies have been known to raid farms when the need strikes.

The High Cost of Living

Even imported foodstuffs spoil sooner than expected nearly everywhere in the Maze. "Must be something about the climate," is what the locals say (no matter where those locals are from), usually with a nervous shrug, as if it's something they'd rather not fret about. You can tell they're fretting anyway.

For the most part fresh food needs to be imported, which makes it scarce and pricey. Provisions, meals, and most other goods cost about five times the normal price on the West Coast. Amazing, but true. That's just a general guide—you'll want to avoid buying your gear in places like H.J. Kent's of Lynchburg, where the going rate is more like eight times the suggested retail.

All you penny-pinchers might consider a trip to the Confederate port of Shannonsburg, where the CSA mandates pricing and cracks down on gougers ruthlessly. In Shannonsburg everything costs just what you'd expect it to, though friends of the Union might end up paying a higher price than they figured on.

The Weird West Coast

So are we all doomed? Probably not. But things will definitely change when war reaches the Maze. Prices of food and other goods, already inflated, will skyrocket out

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of control. Entire towns will most likely be blown off the map overnight as claims are jumped by extremely powerful and unprincipled villains.

California, Here I Come

There are an awful lot of regular folks bound to get caught in the crossfire when so many factions start shooting at one time. Yet, strangely, people continue to emigrate to the West Coast in droves. Ever since the Sixty-Niners came in search of the first veins of ghost rock, California—and the West Coast of North America in general—has been the destination of millions of immigrants from all over the world. Thousands more will arrive before these words go to print.

California is home to an amazing variety of people who come to try their hands at digging fundamentals out of the earth—*fundamentals* being anything valuable that's currently covered by dirt. Everywhere you go you'll find men and women hoping to cash in on gold or silver or ghost rock, and boomtowns springing up wherever they do. But there are just as many ghost towns left in the wake of exhausted claims, a stark reminder of how fast one's fortunes can change.

It's also a reminder that evil stalks the West Coast. You know we here at the *Epitaph* have always endeavored to the highest ideals of journalism and strive to bring you the truth in all matters. So consider yourself duly warned, Dear Reader, that the Maze is home to a myriad variety of cunning and vicious critters—*terrors*, some would say—that would just as soon kill you as scratch an itch.

California and the Great Maze

As you know, what we call the Maze was created when the Great Quake of '68 cracked the California coast from top to bottom. Thanks to a vote in which the state's residents opted to follow neither the USA nor the CSA, today much of it is lawless—except for the law that resides in the barrel of a gun, and with the man who holds the rope.

Geographically speaking, the Maze consists of miles and miles of broken outcroppings and mesas of all shapes and sizes, surrounded by water-filled canyons. In these canyons are nestled thousands of veins of ghost rock—new ones discovered every day—and atop the mesas sit the boomtowns looking to exploit them. From certain vantage points, one can see literally dozens of small towns.

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The Great Melting-Pot

Nowhere is California's diversity more in evidence than in the Great Maze. In my travels I met countless settlers and prospectors from Back East, as well as members of such diverse Indian tribes as the Cuahilla, Chumash, Costanoan, Gabrielino, Mojave, Southern Paiute, Serrano, and Tupal, among others. Add to that mix a massive influx of Chinese immigrants, Union and Confederate soldiers, the Mexican forces of Santa Anna, thousands of scientists seeking the region's ghost rock, the pirate fleet of the Warlord Kang...I could go on, but you get the picture.

With so many different folks trying to eke out a living, and no central government keeping everyone in line, only one group stands between the Maze and economic chaos—the Greater Maze Rock Miners' Association.

The Rockies

The R.M.A.—or “Rockies”—is a cartel of shipping magnates that considers itself the authority on ghost rock. It purports to be the only official validating body for new claims and the only legal means of exporting fundaments in the entirety of the Maze.

In reality that's a tall order for any one organization to maintain, especially when faced with such rivals as the rail barons, the Union and Confederate armies, the Shan Fan Triad, Grimme's Church of Lost Angels, and scheming scientists galore. An extensive salvage industry has grown on the smoking wreckage created by this conflict, sometimes referred to as the Maze Wars.

There are two big problems with the Rockies' authority, both of them causing no end of friction with the mining population. The fact that they vested the authority in themselves is first and foremost, but their refusal to buy ghost rock from anyone who won't play their game is a close second.

In past years the Rockies have used the Rail Wars as a pretense to raise the price of ghost rock (despite record levels of production), and subsequently issued a warning that any miners caught selling directly to rail companies would have their claims revoked immediately. They have serious power, resources, and influence—a true monopoly for the time being—but whether they can defeat all comers is another thing entirely.

A few years ago ships flying the colors of the railroads appeared in the Maze, steaming up and down the major channels and snapping up any ghost rock they could find. Armed clashes between railroad ships and Rockies forces were only the next logical step. There have been some attempts at negotiation in the past year, but with so many players it's impossible to get them all around the same table, much less agree to the same truce.

Needless to say, the Maze Wars continue to simmer, with recent developments threatening to blow off the lid.

The Mining Life

While the Big Bosses, wealthy industrialists, and heads of state wrangle and make war, the multitudes of the Maze go about their daily lives. They struggle for their next meal, chipping their livelihood out of the rocky channels that surround them. In this land the true measure of success is mere survival.

Some call the Maze the “Fast Country,” because living a year there is like living five anywhere else. It's a harsh and unforgiving land, where the strong prey on the weak. But it's also a place where a man can strike it rich just by staking a claim to some land. There are enough rags-to-riches stories out here to motivate many a man and woman.

Staking a Claim

The actual practice of ghost rock mining is nothing spectacular. Mostly it involves spending long days hanging from a scaffold on the sheer side of a mesa, chipping nuggets of ghost rock into a special leather harness worn over the shoulders. When the entire band is depleted, one chips down to the next layer and starts over.

Some impatient prospectors opt for a different tactic—they find a promising cliff and detonate the entire thing with dynamite from the safety of their vessel. Tons of earth and ghost rock fall into the channel, the miner cherry-picks what he wishes, and then he putters off in search of another vein. These “Boat Rats,” as honest miners call them, are universally despised for their sheer wastefulness.

Where there are large ghost rock deposits, entire towns spring up atop the mesa, with steam-powered lifts that connect the town to the docks in the channel below. Most of the time, though, the entire population of a mesa consists of one miner, and maybe his nearest and dearest.

Spirits of the Earth

All manner of weird tales circulate in mining communities, but none hits so close to home as those of rocks that come to life and kill miners. These spirits—or “hoodoo,” as the miners call them—are thought to be angry about ghost rock. Some witnesses claim they're angry about ghost rock being taken from them, while others maintain they're fuming because it's here in the first place. All agree that the hoodoos express their rage by smashing miners to bloody pulp and then vanishing back into the rocks.

Here Be Pirates

The Maze is full of folk even more hated than Boat Rats, cruel opportunists who make their living jumping other people's claims—Maze Rats. Every miner is constantly on

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the lookout for pirate ships, for their arrival can mean the loss of everything he holds dear—his livelihood, his family, and even his life.

Kang maintains an entire fleet of ships dedicated to seizing ghost rock from those too weak or poor to keep it. These ships typically make port and resupply at one of Kang's pirate cities—Dragon's Breath, Lion's Roar, or Bear's Claw. Needless to say, these mesa towns are off-limits to non-Chinese, but it's possible for anybody to sneak in if they have a good reason and are determined as all get out.

Countless independent pirates roam the Maze's channels, as well as Mexican raiders under the command of the dreaded Capitan Sangre (that's *Captain Blood*, for all you gringos). Even the Union and the CSA have been known to raid each other's towns, a problem that's been growing worse of late. With the rampant banditry inland, it all adds up to a place where you're well-served to keep a shooting iron handy.

Strange Locales

Against all odds a multitude of large towns and settlements thrive among the jagged waterways of the Great Maze, and you need to know a bit about them before you light out for your final destination. When you get to the West Coast, you'll most likely begin in one of the biggest cities—Lost Angels or Shan Fan.

Lost Angels

The Reverend Ezekiah Grimme was the first to start sorting people out after the Great Quake, and a movement grew up around him until finally it became a full-blown church. A mighty settlement was begun, and it grew into the most influential burg in the Great Maze—the city of Lost Angels.

The city was built in concentric circles according to Grimme's heavenly inspiration, and situated at the convergence of the three major channels of the Maze with the Pacific Ocean—a location of enormous strategic importance and prime real estate for a rail depot. Add to that a



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fanatically loyal population of true believers, and you've got a recipe for pure power. Grimme's never been shy about flexing his muscles.

Lost Angels is by far the Maze's most active port, shipping over half of the fundement that leaves the region annually and taxing it heavily. Yet despite its prosperity, and the fact that its inhabitants are undoubtedly better off than the rest of the Maze where sustenance is concerned, there's an aura of sin and debauchery that clings to Lost Angels like a tick to warm skin.

Church Law

Perhaps it's the odd set of laws, which allow murder and require residents to be members of the Church of Lost Angels, but what should be a beacon of hope feels more like a prison. Visitors are wise to mind their Ps and Qs, lest they receive a visit from the Guardian Angels, the city's red-robed police force.

Cross the Church of Lost Angels and you might get hauled before one of the Archangels—that's what they call judges. Make a real nuisance of yourself and you could end up in a cell in Rock Island Prison, the city's maximum security jail in Prosperity Bay. Nobody comes back from The Rock.

Some Brothers and Sisters of the Church tell tales of *actual angels* in their midst. The heavenly entities appear somewhat shabby but penitent, and are said to have joined Grimme's holy crusade in an attempt to redeem themselves. Far be it from this publication to exhibit skepticism, but no one has yet been found who will testify to having seen an angel with his own eyes.

The Angel of Death's existence, on the other hand, is a proven fact. The mysterious leader of the Guardian Angels is the only one who wears a black cowl and robes, and his presence earns immediate respect from all Brothers and Sisters of the Church—even Grimme himself. The story is often told of how the Angel of Death once sprouted black wings to carry a sinner into the night sky, and a red rain of blood fell on the believers below.

Grimme Giveth

The biggest thing Lost Angels gives its flock is sustenance. Every Sunday there's a feast at the cathedral, all the church's faithful get their bellies filled with stew, and they chalk it up to Grimme's generosity and good works. That's a pretty powerful statement in a land racked with hunger, and the people are willing to put up with a lot in return for the promise of regular meals.

The Southern Maze

The immediate vicinity of Lost Angels is one of the busiest places in the Maze. Amongst the neverending parade of freighters and ironclads steaming back and forth from the Pacific, there are a number of strange attractions within a days' travel from Lost Angels.

Progress

The city of Progress, located due north of the city, is run entirely by "new scientists." A few months back one Hiram J. McGillicuddy founded a "steamboat safari" business that allows paying customers to shoot varmints out in the Maze from the safety of an ironclad vessel.

So far there have been no casualties (except for critters), and the trip has received glowing reviews from hombres who fancy themselves big-game hunters. Flushed with success, Hiram McGillicuddy is looking for investors—and a suitable town near the Mojave Desert—for an expansion into the "steam wagon safari" business.



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Van Horn's Light

Van Horn's Light, an old lighthouse situated on a mesa top due west of Progress, has been the site of repeated odd events. Built by one Maarten Van Horn back in 1870, the lighthouse still functions erratically, as it seems to be rigged with some sort of timer. Some nights it lights up, and others not at all.

These days the mining town named for the lighthouse is the mesa's main attraction, as Van Horn died penniless in '74. Rumors persist that the lighthouse shelters a ghostly presence, but if there is one it failed to manifest for this reporter.

Serpent Cove

Make sure you charter a boat out to Serpent Cove for the day. The town of Dragonhold (formerly Pete's Perch) is where you buy tickets for one of the area's oddest attractions—a captive Maze dragon. These massive, serpentlike creatures inhabit the channels of the Maze, and are accepted as natural (if a little dangerous). At Serpent Cove they've got a real live Maze dragon on display! For \$1 a head you can sail right into the creature's lair and toss fish into the toothy maw of this "Misunderstood Leviathan of the Deep."

Sunken City

The ruins of San Diego, sunk under thirty feet of water by the Great Quake, are less than a day south of Lost Angels. Salvagers are always active there—most notably Wang Mo Salvage and Blumquist Recovery, Ltd.—dredging valuable relics out of the old city on a regular basis. Some of them hire freelancers for protection, and they pay well for those services.

Take great care when traveling this region, and take stock of the risks before you hire on with a salvage company. The Mexican Navy uses the area as a rendezvous and resupply point, so its Maze runners and gunboats are constantly on the prowl. To the south a pall of smoke stains the sky over Mexicali, where factories are hard at work manufacturing weapons for Santa Anna's army.

Worst of all, salvagers and soldiers alike have reported recent encounters with "fish men." These scaly, razor-toothed, web-footed beasts are said to swarm up from the undersides of ships, dragging hapless sailors into the churning water. The horrors give away their presence with a pungent stench like rotten fish and ammonia.

Shan Fan

Imagine what Chinatown is like wherever you live, then imagine an entire city just like that, and you've got a good picture of Shan Fan. Some people call it New Shanghai, or the Maze's City of Jade.

The trip from Lost Angels north to Shan Fan—popularly known as the China Run—takes anywhere from a day to three days, depending on your captain's navigational skills and what happens along the way. Since there's no easy access to Shan Fan from the Pacific, most steamers enter the Maze at Lost Angels, then take the North Channel to the city. The Maze being even more dangerous than the open seas, a successful landing at Shan Fan is never guaranteed.

Shan Fan is run by the Hsieh Chia Jên, which means "Family of Deliverance." Most people just call it the Shan Fan Triad.

Big Ears Tam

When old San Francisco was smashed to flinders in the Great Quake, the race was on to see who would replace it. Constructed by Chinese immigrants, Shan Fan initially served as a home for the multitudes arriving from China, but soon became a haven for miners and salvagers who craved a venue less pious than Grimme's Lost Angels. With that influx of miners came a steady stream of wealth.

The triad, run by "Big Boss" Big Ears Tam, is the only authority that has ever ruled in Shan Fan, and despite activities that would be considered illegal (at best) anywhere else, frequent bloody turf wars between kung fu tongs, and scheming and maneuvering among lieutenants, the Shan Fan Triad remains one of the most well-respected authorities in all the Maze.

Just as Lost Angels has its tales of angelic hosts, Shan Fan is lately rumored to be a den of Chinese demons. Certain sources who wish to remain anonymous report kung fu tongs accompanied by eight-foot-tall beasts possessed of paper-white skin and bulging eyes in their foreheads. The stories haven't been confirmed, but tourists ought to exercise caution regardless.

The Neighborhoods

Shan Fan is divided into several districts, and you'll want to be able to tell them apart so you don't end up in the wrong place at the wrong time. The city is spread out above Shan Fan Bay, with streets originating at the Waterfront and fanning out into the hills over town. The Waterfront is where visitors are most likely to arrive, amidst the many sampans, junks, and steam-vessels that frequent this busy harbor.

Next door is Stinktown, where the dirty work is done. Slaughterhouses abound in this meat capital of the northern Maze. To the north you'll find Red Lantern Town, a wild neighborhood of saloons and pleasure palaces, where a miner can let his hair down and throw back a few whiskies after long weeks out on some God forsaken mesa.

Taeltown is Shan Fan's financial district, and the place where most of the triad's Bosses make their homes. Splintertown is the heart of the northern Maze's lumber industry and the destination for millions of redwoods and sequoias

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from Kwan Province. Finally there is Prawn Valley, the odor of which competes with Stinktown on a hot day, where fish of all kinds are processed for food and oil. Much of the city's Chinese population dwells here as well.

Three large islands sit in Shan Fan Bay—Angelfish Island, Sweat Island, and the Isle of Ghost's Tears. Angelfish Island was the local source of ghost rock until it was completely mined out; now that industry has moved on to Sweat Island next door. Travelers are warned to give the Isle of Ghost's Tears a wide berth—according to locals in Red Lantern Town, it really is haunted!

Kwan's Triad

Shan Fan's triad isn't the only one. The Warlord Mu-T'uo Kwan runs a powerful triad of his own from his formidable base at Fort Norton. The fort is so-named for the triad's putative leader, a white man and known eccentric who calls himself Emperor Joshua Norton I. Whether he wields any real power is unknown.

No matter who he's got leading it, Kwan's organization is nothing to scoff at. Kwan Province is made up of all those towns that pay tribute to the General, and he maintains an

army of nearly 1600 Chinese immigrants, outlaws, Mexican expatriates, and Indian braves. Recently Kwan's been expanding into other cities and chafing with other triads.

New Tomorrow Triad

The communal cities of the New Tomorrow triad—New Opportunity, Harmony, and Goodwill—are models of tolerance. Here Chinese immigrants live side by side with members of displaced Indian tribes, all contributing to the welfare of their communities and attempting to trade openly with others.

Tai-Shou Ch'uan, the triad's founder and dogged leader, seeks to silence his critics with success—but his critics are many and vocal. The message of New Tomorrow is that everyone must work together to succeed, and first and foremost this means Chinese immigrants must assimilate to American ways. Tai-Shou preaches that the Chinese can succeed on American terms, and that it behooves them to do so.



THE TOMBSTONE EPITAPH

Volume 1.

Tombstone, Arizona, Sunday, September 5, 1879

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That the New Tomorrow Triad has three settlements under its banner is a testament to the resonance of its message. But they have a lot of work to do, between the hidebound Chinese traditionalists and prejudiced Americans who speak out against them.

Kang's Triad

Even the Warlord Kang has a triad of his own, competing with the others for control of vices up and down the coast. Though the leaders of Kang's Triad are probably based in Lion's Roar—even *we* don't know for sure—they do most of their business (and, it's said, spend most of their time) in the shantytown east of Lost Angels called Ghost Town. Between his pirate operations, Iron Dragon's bid to secure Lost Angels, and his triad's illegal activities, the Warlord Kang is a safe bet to take control of the Great Maze with an iron grip should other authorities fumble their power.

The Northern Maze

The coastline between Shan Fan and Lost Angels is where most of the ghost rock is concentrated, which means it's also got the largest concentration of boomtowns and mining settlements on the continent. Here's a few other locales you might visit, and what to look out for when you get there.

Fort Lincoln

This small but reasonably prosperous mining town serves as the Union naval base and main army outpost in the Maze. Union leadership maintains an uneasy truce with the Shan Fan Triad, since it's better for business. Plus, the Union's got enough trouble dealing with the ragged remains of the Confederate Navy and Kang's many pirate vessels, not to mention hiding from the Mexican Navy's raiders.

Brigadier General Malcolm Gill commands Fort Lincoln as best he can, bent on maintaining a U.S. presence in disputed California, but he's constantly at odds with Lt. Commander Locke, the head of the Union Navy. It's believed Locke would rather fight it out than hang on by the fingernails.

Fort Lincoln maintains strong allegiances with the inland cities of Sacramento and Placerville, which are exemplified by well-maintained Union Blue rail lines.

Lynchburg

No boomtown is more feared for its frontier justice than Lynchburg, located just a few days south of Shan Fan. Over the years Mariposa Lil has taken control of the local Vigilance Committee, to the point where it's she who dispenses the justice of the rope. Stay on the right side of the law!

The law isn't the only reason to walk carefully in Lynchburg. Strange tales concern one H.J. Kent, owner of Lynchburg's general store. It's said the man is in league with

the devil. While his price-gouging and penny-pinching ways have been confirmed by this reporter, no hard evidence of infernal alliances has surfaced yet.

37th Chamber

When the Chinese came to California, they brought the mysterious kung fu tradition with them. While that tradition has mostly assimilated into various communities, sometimes communities are based solely on the martial arts. Such is the case with the monastery known only as the 37th Chamber.

Or so the rumors say! This reporter never laid eyes on the fabled Shaolin monastery southeast of Lynchburg, said to lie in low hills cloaked with pine trees and fog. There celestial masters of the martial arts practice their craft, and sometimes take on new students. The proliferation of orange-garbed monks and wars between rival kung fu schools suggest that the 37th Chamber does truly exist, even if it's exceedingly elusive.

Wild Weather

We'd be remiss if we failed to mention one last piece of advice for West Coast travelers—only fools trust the weather. The specifics vary from place to place, but the one thing you can count on from the weather is that it will be rotten at some point. "Always be prepared to get caught unprepared," is what Mazers say.

The Great Maze and California are arid to semi-arid country, which means the weather is almost uniformly hot and dry. But the real trouble is in the water patterns. Since most travel through the Maze is done by plying the channels in various watercraft, sailors, travelers, and prospectors alike need to be aware of the deadly hazards that rear their heads nearly every time one sets foot on a boat.

To begin with, the tides are so extreme that a perfectly navigable channel might end up bone dry when the tide goes out. If one finds enough water to sail in, there are so-called "water dogs" that can shake a ship to pieces. Riptides sweep unpredictably through the Maze, buoying boats along or smashing them like toys against the rock walls. Powerful whirlpools, unpredictable waterspouts, and boiling sulphur pools in regions of volcanic activity—all are common perils capable of capsizing even the largest vessels.

The only rule of West Coast weather is that it doesn't follow any rules. And while the above phenomena get most of the column inches, the real day-to-day danger is from the weather that no one predicts. Squalls, sand storms, floods, mudslides—these sorts of catastrophes have been encountered all over the Maze.

Be prepared to get caught unprepared!

MAKIN' HEROES

Martial artists have a lot of options in *Deadlands Reloaded*, between specializing in the various fighting schools and harnessing the powers of their chi. This chapter gives your fu-fighting hero even more ways to cause havoc as he goes up in rank. (There are some goodies for everyone else too.)

Chances are if your hero's a martial arts master he's also Chinese. That isn't always the case, but it's likely enough that we ought to talk a little bit about how so many immigrants came to live in the Maze.

The first Chinese immigrants came to California in the wake of the gold strikes in '49. They received worse treatment than Indians at the hands of whites but that didn't do much to deter them. The Great Quake of '68 turned that trickle of immigrants into a deluge. Today there are over 35,000 Chinese people in California, all told.

Most Chinese folks live in Shan Fan and the northern half of the Maze. As their numbers grow, discrimination against them has waned. This could be due to familiarity with Chinese culture and gradual acceptance of it, but there's also a degree of hard-earned respect. After all, you never know when someone's packing a roundhouse kick with your name on it.

Some of the elders say a big chunk of the Chinese spirit accompanied them to this broken land, and they might be right. These days you might run across a mist-shrouded temple full of kung fu masters, a huge martial arts tournament held at the center of town, a deadly street fight between rival schools, or maybe even a few creatures of Chinese legend (if you're unlucky).

THE CHINESE FIGHTING ARTS

The following Hindrance and Edges are available only to "enlightened" characters—those who have both the Arcane Background (Chi Mastery) and Martial Arts Edges.

Enlightened Hindrance

The Cup Overflows (Major)

Your chi energy is potent enough to wreak havoc on your character's surroundings. Whenever your hero makes a Fighting roll to attack with bare hands or feet or uses a chi power, her internal energy manifests as external displays of chaotic energy.

If your kung fu character uses a power to land a blow, it's accompanied by the sound of a spectral gong. Spin kicks throw up dust devils, showers of sand and pebbles, or flurries of leaves. Punches sound like thunderclaps. Got a chi power listed as having "No visible effect"? You can forget about that, amiga—even an innocent *boost trait* or *aim* causes your hero's aura to glow and pulsate with arcane energies.

Normal folk flee your hero's chaotic displays like you're the abomination that devoured their Uncle Merl, and when they come back they're typically armed with pitchforks, torches, and a hangman's noose. More knowledgeable folk might target your character first in a fight, guessing that she's the most powerful of the bunch. Anywhere your hero goes, she's challenged by all manner of martial artists eager to prove their salt.

Enlightened Edges

Celestial Kung Fu

Requirements: Veteran, Superior Kung Fu, Spirit d8+, Fighting d10+

Some fighters of the Maze have the skills to knock just about anyone out of their way. Then there are the grand masters, whose blows shake the very pillars of heaven. That's what we mean by celestial—even the spirits sit up and take notice when the hombre with this Edge adopts a fightin' stance.

When you take this Edge, the martial arts style you picked for Superior Kung Fu is improved as listed below. The benefit for Celestial Kung Fu replaces Superior—it doesn't stack on top of it!

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If your character has mastered multiple styles of Superior Kung Fu, you may take this Edge multiple times to improve them.

Drunken Style: Your hombre now has +2 Parry, and his Pace is only reduced by 1.

Eagle Claw: Your Fighting attacks inflict Str+d6 damage at AP 2.

Mantis: Discard and redraw cards of 8 or lower dealt to your character in combat.

Monkey: Your peerlessly aggravating hombre now gets +4 when making Taunt rolls or performing Agility tricks.

Shaolin Temple: Your hero's devastating Fighting attacks inflict Str+d8 damage.

Shuai Chao: When your cowpoke elects to inflict damage to a Grappled foe, he now causes Str+d6 damage.

Tai Chi: Opponents are knocked back 1d6" per success and raise on your character's Fighting roll.

Tan Tui: Your hombre's kicks now cause Str+d8 damage.

Wing Chun: Your hero ignores the off-hand penalty of -2 (as though he were Ambidextrous), and gains a +1 Parry when using bare hands and feet.

Chi Focus

Requirements: Novice, Spirit d6+, Martial Arts

Chi is the inner force certain martial artists can tap into. The hero uses his Spirit for damage instead of Strength when using martial arts.

Feet of Fury

Requirements: Veteran, Agility d8+, Fighting d8+

Your hero has mastered a variety of kicks designed to engage foes quickly, knock them off-balance, or simply deal gratuitous damage. This Edge may be taken multiple times; choose a different kick each time.

Foot Sweep: Your martial artist has learned to drop into a crouch and deliver a spin kick with blinding speed. This attack does no damage, but if it hits the target is knocked off his feet and has to make a Vigor roll or be Shaken. With a raise on the Fighting roll, the Vigor roll is made at -2. A character may not move during the round a foot sweep is attempted.

Flying Kick: A flying kick is a running attack that begins with a leap, followed by the attack, and ends with the attacker running past his opponent, all in a single movement. If the hero moves at least 2" before making an attack against an adjacent opponent, he may kick and then Withdraw from Combat without his foe, or other adjacent opponents, receiving a free attack.

All movement after the attack must be in the same direction as the original movement (the character must move in a straight line). Note that the attacker is still subject to First Strike attacks from foes he moves adjacent to during a flying kick.

Spin Kick: The spin kick is feared for its quickness and the power it packs. The martial artist suffers a -2 to the attack roll but gains +4 to damage. A hero may not move in the round he spin kicks, nor can it be combined with a Wild Attack.

Lightning Strike

Requirements: Seasoned, Strength d8+, Fighting d8+

Just as lightning splits the mighty oak down its center, so this martial artist can sunder objects with his bare hands. When rolling to Break Things, make a Fighting roll at -4. If the attack succeeds, the fu fighter does double damage to whatever object he's trying to bust.

Mind of Quicksilver

Requirements: Legendary, Smarts d12+, Notice d8+

The grand masters of the Chinese fighting arts are so observant, so wise, they can learn an opponent's techniques just by observing her for a few moments in battle. Whenever a character with this Edge sees another martial artist use an Enlightened Edge or arcane chi power he can make a Smarts roll as an action. Subtract 1 from the roll for each point of Grit the target has. If your hero succeeds, he gains the use of that power for 3 rounds, or 5 with a raise.



MAKIN' HEROES

The Mind of Quicksilver can't be used to raise the level of a power or Edge that's already known, and it can't be used against a target who doesn't have Arcane Background (Chi Mastery).

Mongoose Leap

Requirements: Novice, Fighting d8+

The Mongoose Leap allows a martial artist to strike enemies who aren't adjacent by hopping and lunging toward them. The character gains +1 Reach when attacking with hands or feet. He may not combine this Edge with First Strike, Frenzy, or Sweep.

New Hindrance

Any character can take this Hindrance.

Cursed (Major)

Everybody's got skeletons in the closet, but yours are trying to claw their way out! Your hero has done somebody wrong, either through past affiliation or dark, unspoken deeds. While most folk don't know or care, the Fella Upstairs sure does—and he ain't too pleased. No beneficial miracles can ever work on the character, no matter how good his intentions are now. Miracles that harm or otherwise hinder the character work just fine.

New Edges

Any character who meets the requirements can take these Edges.

Background Edge

Captain

Requirements: Novice, Command, Boating d8+

This hombre has lived near water a long time, maybe his whole life, and he has a Maze runner (see page 21) of his own to get around in. The Maze runner may have been purchased, inherited, or stolen, but that's all in the past now (which is why this is a Background Edge).

Your hero is now in charge of maintaining and fueling the ship, hiring crew (up to 2 others), and paying their wages. Treat that vessel with care! If your ship gets busted up and sunk it's your responsibility to procure another in-game.

If a ship's cannons fire on the Captain's action (by either the gunners or the captain going on Hold), the gunners can ignore the Unstable Platform penalty as the Captain chooses the moment to fire.

Combat Edges

Blind Fighting

Requirements: Seasoned, Martial Arts, Fighting d8+, Notice d10+

HEY, WHERE'S MY TEN-FOOT PUNCH?

At a glance it might seem like some of your favorite chi powers from classic *Deadlands* didn't make the cut. But you can emulate all kinds of kung fu abilities using the Edges and powers provided in *Savage Worlds* and *Deadlands Reloaded*. It's just a matter of adjusting your Trappings.

Block, Dodge, First Strike, and Two-Fisted are all obvious choices for martial artists. Florentine seems less appropriate, but what if the two "weapons" are the martial artist's fists? Call the Edge "Discipline of the Doubled Mind" and you've got a classic kung fu image—the lone master who engages in two fights at once.

Likewise, Frenzy could be considered a rapid series of blows ("Righteous Hailstorm"). Hard to Kill and Nerves of Steel are for the martial artist who has learned mental disciplines that affect the body's processes ("Harmonious Breath"), rather than your average tough-as-nails hombre. No Mercy might mean the martial artist strikes pressure points for additional damage ("Dragon's Touch").

The powers in *Deadlands Reloaded* give you Trappings tailored to martial artists, but nothing's stopping you from making up your own. A *bolt* could be considered a "Ten-Foot Punch," *boost trait* used by a martial artist to aid his companions might be called "Lion and Her Cubs," and a strike used to *lower trait* is the dreaded "Mantis Pinch."

As long as the mechanics of the Edge or power don't change, just about any Trapping is possible. The important thing is to use your imagination, and always consider how an Edge could be tweaked for kung fu action. It's always a good idea to talk it over with your Marshal before you make a final decision, so everybody's on the same page.

Whether your cowpoke's blind as a bat, or just well-versed in night-fighting, the advantage is his in darkness. The character receives no penalties for darkness when attacking foes within 3", and can sense their movement well enough to move toward them as if he could see them. Characters with the Blind Hindrance suffer no penalties when making Fighting rolls against opponents within 3".

Cannoneer

Requirements: Seasoned, Shooting d10+

A sailor who can take out enemy ships with a well-aimed shot quickly grows in the admiration of his shipmates. It takes training and a good eye, and the Cannoneer has both.

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When dealing damage in ship combat, the character may modify his roll on the Critical Hit Table by 1 point either way, as he chooses. He does this after rolling the dice for a Critical Hit.

Counterpunch

Requirements: Seasoned, First Strike, Fighting d8+

Martial artists or bare-knuckle fighters with this Edge know how to respond instantly to an enemy's mistakes. Once per round, the character receives a free Fighting attack against one adjacent foe who failed a Fighting attack against him. This attack is made at -2. The Counterpunch must be a straight attack (no Disarm, Wild Attack, or other maneuvers) and may not be combined with Frenzy or Sweep. It may be used with the Defend maneuver (but not the Full Defense maneuver).

Improved Counterpunch

Requirements: Veteran, Counterpunch

As above, except the character may make a free attack with no penalty.

Improved Martial Arts

Requirements: Veteran, Martial Arts, Fighting d10+

Your character has truly mastered the fighting arts—either his body and his chi are one, or he's as mean as a viper after a three-day binge. By standing still and concentrating, the hero subtracts 2 points of modifiers for a Called Shot on the next Fighting attack made with hands or feet. The character cannot move during the round this Edge is used.



Martial Arts Master

Requirements: Legendary, Improved Martial Arts, Fighting d12+

As Improved Martial Arts, but now the pugilist can subtract 4 points of modifiers for a Called Shot.

Iron Parry

Requirements: Heroic, Improved Block, Martial Arts

Some pugilists can bust up an opponent pretty bad just by blocking an attack. If an adjacent opponent using an unarmed attack fails a Fighting roll against the character, the opponent suffers damage equal to the hero's Strength. If he is using a melee weapon, he suffers the weapon's damage instead.

Movement of the Serpent

Requirements: Veteran, Martial Arts, Agility d8+

Your hero's about as slippery as a greased pig. A character with this Edge can Withdraw from Combat without giving any adjacent opponents a free attack.

Ten-Tiger Punch

Requirements: Novice, First Strike, Agility d6+, Fighting d8+, Intimidation or Taunt d6+

Your hero is as threatening as a lion or as tricky as a panther—either way, he can put his catlike qualities to good use in a fight. If he succeeds in a Test of Will against an adjacent opponent, the character receives an immediate free Fighting attack against that opponent. This attack does not incur a multi-action penalty.

Professional Edge

Silver-Tongued Devil

Requirements: Novice, Snakeoil Salesman

Your fancypants character doesn't just have a way with oratory; he could talk a bird into giving up its feathers. With a successful Persuasion roll, this hero reduces a location's Price Modifier by 1, to a minimum of 1, for a whole day. On a raise he lowers the Price Modifier by 2. Only he and his allies gain the benefits of the preferential pricing.

Weird Edge

Nose for the Rock

Requirements: Novice, Spirit d8, Notice d6

Whether it's a sixth sense, deductive reasoning, or just dumb luck, your hero has a nose for ghost rock and other fundamentals (gold, silver, etc.). He's not much of a prospector, but he can almost smell it once it has been excavated. He has little trouble tracking down sellers of ghost rock in a new burg. On the minus side, those who are "in tune" with ghost rock often seem a bit odd to right-thinking folks.

Any Investigation, Notice, or Streetwise rolls used to locate ghost rock are made with a +4 bonus. Characters with this Edge also receive +2 on rolls to avoid contracting "rock fever," and to shake it if they do.

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Prices in the Great Maze are typically **five times** the listed prices here and in *Deadlands Reloaded*. Some locations offer lower prices and some charge much more. The Marshal's section has the complete lowdown. Remember, increased prices only apply to gear and goods your hero purchases during the game, not during character creation.

Minimum Agility

To simulate the risk involved in using tricky Chinese weapons, most of them have a listed Minimum Agility requirement. A character who fails to meet the minimum Agility and rolls a 1 on his Fighting die (regardless of Wild Die) has hit himself for normal damage.

Weapon Notes

Fighting Fan: Unlike your typical fan that'll keep a lady cool on a hot day, a fighting fan has a thin metal edge running along the top of the fan, which allows it to be used as a slashing weapon. The fan, when spread, can be used to distract and confuse foes. When performing the Defend maneuver, the user receives an additional +1 Parry bonus.

Flying Claw: This weapon is a wicked metal claw attached to chain. Like a whip, when the wielder scores a raise on his Fighting roll, the attack does not inflict an additional d6 damage. Instead, the victim suffers Parry -2 until his next action.

Flying Crescent: Similar to a flying claw, the flying crescent is a half-moon-shaped blade attached to a length of chain.

Flying Guillotine: This extremely uncommon weapon is used only by the most ruthlessly evil kung fu warriors. It looks like a wire mesh bag attached to a ring. Inside the ring are a series of telescoping, ultrasharp blades. The ring is attached to a long, steel chain. To use the weapon, the bag is flung through the air, landing over the target's head like a ring-toss. Then, a simple yank on the chain delivers a Called Shot to the victim's neck. All attacks with the flying guillotine are made at -4. Foes underneath eaves, low-hanging branches, or wearing large hats cannot be targeted. On a successful hit, the weapon deals Str+d6 damage, +4 for the head shot.

Nunchaku: This weapon is standard issue for tong gangs in Shan Fan and elsewhere in the Maze, and consists of two small staves (or handles, if it suits you) linked by a short length of chain. The "nunchuks," as they are commonly known among Mazers, originated from grain flails used by Chinese peasants. They may look simple, but it takes training and coordination to use them in a fight without walloping oneself.

Sai: The sai is a three-pronged pig-sticker. The central prong is the actual damage-dealing end, while the other prongs serve to catch weapons. The wielder receives a +1 bonus to make Disarm attacks when using these weapons.

Shuriken: Shuriken, or throwing stars, come in a variety of shapes. The tall tales of Mazers have turned them into lethal weapons, but in reality they're used to distract foes or deliver poison at range. That said, a lucky shot with one of these babies hurts like blazes.

Three Section Staff: The three section staff comprises three wooden poles, each around 2' long, joined by a short length of chain to form what looks like Paul Bunyan's nunchuk. The weapon can be used as a staff, nunchuks, or a whip. The wielder can make Disarm and Grapple attacks at a range of 1".

Travelin' Machines

There are plenty of ways to get a ship (or other vehicle) in the Maze. The honest ways are to buy one or charter one with a crew. Renting isn't typical—for some reason few merchants are keen on the idea of renting boats to the scum of the earth in the most dangerous waters in the world. If you're lucky you might inherit a boat, or simply come across an unwanted one in your travels. That ain't too likely. You'll probably have to save up your hard-earned cash and buy one.

Buying a boat in the Maze is *expensive*. Demand is high, and supply is limited. We've listed the prices for buying these craft outside the Maze, so you can use these vehicles in other parts of the *Deadlands* world. In the Maze, apply the local Price Modifier to get the true cost. (The Marshal has more info.)

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Chinese Weapons

Weapon	Damage	Weight	Price	Min. Ag.	Notes
Fighting Fan	Str+d4	1	\$4	d6	Parry +1 with Defend maneuver
Flying Claw	Str+d4	3	\$30	d8	Parry -1; Reach 2; see notes
Flying Crescent	Str+d6	4	\$50	d8	Parry -1; Reach 2
Flying Guillotine	Special	6	\$150	d10	Ranged: 4/8/16; see notes
Nunchaku	Str+d4	4	\$30	d8	
Sai	Str+d4	2	\$6	d6	Parry +1; see notes
Shuriken	Str+1	.5	\$3	—	Ranged: 3/6/12
Three Section Staff	Str+d4	8	\$45	d10	Parry +1; Reach 1; requires 2 hands; see notes

Used boats are available, but you get what you pay for. El cheapo boats generally have weird quirks, and are subject to the same benefits and disadvantages as any other el cheapo gear (see *Deadlands Reloaded*).

Charters

Chartering a ship complete with crew is cheaper, but it's still going to cost the heroes. Plus, they have the crew sticking their noses into the business at hand.

The normal fee is 1% of the ship's cost per day (just take away two zeroes) plus fuel costs. (So a steam launch costs \$20 a day to charter, or \$100 in most parts of the Great Maze.) Good skippers can get as much as twice this. Sleazy types may work for less, but you need to keep an eye on them 'round the clock.

Boats and Such

Most Maze-going vessels run on ghost rock. After some spectacular failures early on, boiler designs were simplified in sea-going craft. The gains in reliability and general safety were so impressive that maritime ghost rock boilers became relatively simple affairs from then on. All of which is a long-winded way of saying there's no chance of Malfunction for these vessels, even though they're technically Infernal Devices. Don't worry, amigo—the Maze is dangerous enough!

To figure out how far one of these boats can travel in a full day (eight hours), multiply the Top Speed x5 and read it as the miles traveled. For example, a trusty Maze runner can cover 150 miles in eight hours of Maze travel. Bad weather and other hazards can modify this figure, so be wary!

Barge

Cost: \$1000

Barges are used to carry large shipments of bulk cargo, such as ghost rock. Barges are unpowered and must be pushed or towed by another ship (see Tugboat). They are not very maneuverable nor particularly seaworthy, so they

are typically encountered in the relatively calm waters of the Maze's main channels. The hull acts as Armor +3. Treat all critical hits during vehicular combat as Chassis or Crew.

Common Weapons: Most barges are unarmed when carrying cargo. Empty barges can be fitted with nearly any weapon imaginable and carry the crew to man them. The Rockies have a number of "war barges" they use in areas with pirate problems. The walls have been built up to resemble a small, floating fortress, complete with firing parapets and cannon ports. Even the boldest Maze Rats think twice before tangling with one of these vessels. Heavily armed and armored barges are also used by many toll booth operators, to ensure that they actually collect the fees they're charging.

Acc/Top Speed: 0/0; **Toughness:** 13 (3); **Crew:** 2+100; **Cost:** \$1000 **Notes:** +50% to fuel consumption; -2 to Boating rolls; -1 Acc and Top Speed.

Freighter

Cost: \$30,000

These are ocean-going ships used to carry all sorts of cargo. The freighters that frequent the waters of the Maze normally arrive filled with food and merchandise and leave with a heavy load of fundaments.

Smaller freighters are maneuverable enough to leave the main channels and service many of the more remote mesa towns. Most carry a steam launch to ferry goods to towns along dangerous or extremely narrow channels.

Large freighters serve the same function as their smaller cousins, but lack the speed and maneuverability to safely leave the main channels. These ships call on Lost Angels and Shan Fan and trade with some of the major towns along the West and North channels.

Common Weapons: Most small freighters carry a Gatling or two for protection; one cannon is common.

Large freighters carry at least a pair of Gatlings. Matched pairs of port and starboard cannons are common, with another set fore and aft. Ships that spend a lot of time away

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from the main channels are better equipped—Gatlings are standard, and the larger ships may have any number of side-mounted cannons.

Small Freighter

Acc/Top Speed: 4/10; **Toughness:** 13 (3); **Crew:** 6+14; **Cost:** \$30,000
Notes: Travels 25 miles per pound of ghost rock.

Large Freighter

Acc/Top Speed: 2/5; **Toughness:** 16 (5); **Crew:** 12+28; **Cost:** \$75,000
Notes: Travels 10 miles per pound of ghost rock.

Gunboat

Cost: \$40,000

These armed patrol ships are common among the three navies fighting for control of the Maze. There are quite a few in civilian hands as well—the Rockies and the various rail barons own a whole mess of them. Though they can't match the Maze runner in speed and maneuverability, gunboats are rugged and reliable.

Common Weapons: Minimum armament for these ships is a pair of wing-mounted Gatlings and a pair of port and starboard mounted cannons. Most have an additional stern mounted Gatling and "bow chaser" cannon to boot.

Acc/Top Speed: 8/20; **Toughness:** 12 (2); **Crew:** 8+10; **Cost:** \$40,000 **Notes:** Travels 30 miles per pound of ghost rock.

Ironclad

Cost: \$100,000

These ships were designed for use in the Maze and are much smaller and more maneuverable than standard ironclads. Their heavy armor and low freeboard make them vulnerable to the currents of the Maze. The vast majority of these ships are in the service of one of the three navies in the Maze, but a few have been seen flying railroad colors.

Common Weapons: The most common weapon configuration for these ships is three muzzleloader cannons mounted port and starboard, and another two cannons mounted fore and aft. More are possible.

Acc/Top Speed: 5/15; **Toughness:** 18 (7); **Crew:** 12+20; **Cost:** \$100,000 **Notes:** Travels 10 miles per pound of ghost rock.

Knife Boat

Cost: \$5000

This is a fast and maneuverable ship capable of quickly closing with the enemy for a boarding action. It is little more than a hull and an engine; the boarding party waiting on the rear deck of the boat is fairly exposed.



Common Weapons: Most crews carry a number of pistols, a sword or knife, and the occasional scattergun, thus preparing for hand-to-hand combat. Some crews like to have a sharpshooter or two aboard to pick off any enemy gun crews they can put in their sights. The knife boats have a two-man crew that stays aboard during the fighting. One man pilots while the other mans a Gatling gun mounted on the starboard side.

Acc/Top Speed: 20/40; **Toughness:** 8 (2); **Crew:** 2+13; **Cost:** \$5000 **Notes:** Travels 50 miles per pound of ghost rock.

Maze Runner

Cost: \$15,000

The Maze runner is a ship specifically designed for use in the canyons of the Great Maze by Smith & Robards. It's a speedy number with independently geared side paddlewheels. These can rotate in opposite directions, allowing the ship to pivot in place.

The Maze Runner has an open rear deck with bench seats and a partially enclosed driver's cockpit. There's room for cargo or bunks in a small bow cargo hold.

Common Weapons: Those who can afford one of these babies usually like to protect their investment—a Gatling gun or two is the norm. A fully tricked-out Maze Runner direct from the Smith & Robards factory also mounts a cannon and a trio of steam Gatlings.

Acc/Top Speed: 10/30; **Toughness:** 10 (2); **Crew:** 3+5; **Cost:** \$15,000 **Notes:** Travels 30 miles per pound of ghost rock.

DEADLANDS: THE FLOOD



Steam Launch

Cost: \$2000

These are the most common boats encountered in the Maze, the real workhorse of the everyman. They are lifeboat-sized craft powered by a small steam engine (think *African Queen*).

Most mining towns have at least one of these boats around for supply runs and taking mined fundaments to the Rockies' collection ships. Many larger ships carry one as a lifeboat, and the majority of the ferry services also use these useful little boats.

Common Weapons: Usually only the personal weapons carried by crew and passengers. In a pinch, you could fit a Gatling in the bow.

Acc/Top Speed: 4/10; **Toughness:** 8 (2); **Crew:** 1+7; **Cost:** \$2000 **Notes:** Travels 40 miles per pound of ghost rock.

Steam Sled

Cost: \$3000

One of Smith & Robards' latest offerings, the steam sled has gained instant popularity in the Maze. The sled is a small ghost-rock boiler mounted on a large pontoon. Two high-speed screws propel the sled through the water. The crew sit on the pontoon in front of the boiler.

Common Weapons: Normally only the driver's personal weapons.

Acc/Top Speed: 20/40; **Toughness:** 5 (1); **Crew:** 1+1; **Cost:** \$3000 **Notes:** Travels 80 miles per pound of ghost rock.

Tugboat

Cost: \$10,000

Tugs are short, stubby craft with oversized engines. They're not fast, but they are powerful. They usually have a small cabin on deck for the crew and are maneuvered from a tall conning tower that allows visibility all around the ship.

Tugs are used to push ore barges through the Maze, and occasionally to help heavily-laden freighters away from the docks. Whenever a tug is encountered, roll 1d6-3. The result is the number of ore barges the tug is pushing. Each full barge subtracts 1 from the driver's Boating rolls, reduces the tug's Acceleration and Top Speed by 1, and increases fuel consumption by +50%. Halve these penalties for empty barges (rounded down).

The Rockies have a few tugs dedicated to towing the war barges mentioned earlier. No one likes to see one of these steaming toward their town. It's a sure sign that trouble is brewing.

Common Weapons: Most tugs carry some weapons to defend the barges. Gatling guns mounted on the roof are the most common, and a bow and stern cannon are typical. The crews of most tugs are well-armed too.

Acc/Top Speed: 5/10; **Toughness:** 12 (2); **Crew:** 4+10; **Cost:** \$10,000 **Notes:** Travels 25 miles per pound of ghost rock.

GOODS AND GEAR

Vehicular Weapons

Clockwork Torpedo

Costs \$2,000 (for torpedo tube)

Clockwork torpedoes allow ships to engage waterborne targets from longer distances than Gatlings or hand cannons allow. Maze runners, gunboats, and other vessels can employ torpedoes when equipped with launching tubes.

The torpedo is a long cylinder packed with explosives and propelled through the water by a precision clockwork motor. The torpedo explodes on contact with the target, usually doing tremendous damage. When launched in groups, they can be devastating.

Be warned, however. A solid grounding in geometry and physics—or at least a steady hand—is needed to employ these murderous weapons with any accuracy at longer ranges. If a Shooting die comes up 1 (regardless of any Wild Die), the torpedo has a mechanical fault and fails to function. On snake eyes, the torpedo explodes inside the tube, doing full damage to the vessel and setting off any other explosives in range.

A canny pilot can attempt a Boating roll (–4) to avoid oncoming torpedoes. A separate roll is required to evade each one.

Mines

Smith & Robards manufactures three models of aquatic mine: limpet, anchored, and depth. A simple success on a Repair roll is needed to set a mine. If the Repair die comes up 1 (regardless of any Wild Die), the mine is a dud. On snake eyes, the mine detonates while being set, dealing full damage to the technician and anything else in range.

Limpet mines are designed to be attached to the hulls of enemy ships. When pressed against the hull, spring-loaded spikes stick into the ship, firmly anchoring the mine. A timer on the mine (set before placement) allows the attacker to leave the area before it detonates.

Anchored mines are used to create a barrier against enemy ships. The mines are attached to a heavy anchor and a length of chain. The length of the chain can be adjusted to set the mine at its desired depth. The mine activates one minute after it is placed in the water. Large rods extend

from all sides of the mine. Anything that pushes on one of these rods with more than 5 pounds of force sets the mine off.

Depth mines are designed for use against underwater threats. They are equipped with a special detonator that is sensitive to water pressure. When dropped into the water, they sink to the desired depth and then explode.

Infernal Devices

Diving Suit

Cost: \$2000

Golden treasure awaits those brave enough to venture beneath the waves! For centuries the sea jealously guarded the treasures lost in her depths, but now it's possible to retrieve some of these riches from her grasp. A diving suit provides a diver with fresh air and allows him to stay submerged for long periods of time. When using the diving suit with an air pump or tanks, you can explore beneath the sea indefinitely.

For \$2000 you get the suit, metal helmet, an assortment of ballast weights, and all the fittings necessary to attach air hoses and tanks. Air tanks cost \$250 each, and a deluxe, steam-powered air pump costs \$900.

Malfunction: If a 1 is rolled on the user's Boating or Swimming die (either can be used to operate the suit), regardless of the Wild Die, the suit's air hose becomes clogged or tangled and stops functioning (but may be repaired). On a result of snake eyes, the helmet bursts, doing 2d6 damage to the wearer. In either case, consult the Drowning rules in *Savage Worlds*.

Waterproofed Dynamite

Cost: \$10/stick

This dynamite is specially sealed with wax and secret additives to make it waterproof. It functions with normal detonation wire, so charges can be placed underwater and set off from a safe distance. In desperate circumstances a special fuse that will remain lit underwater can be used, but it must be sparked above water (which doesn't leave a swimmer much time to get where he's headed). In all other respects, it's just like dynamite.

Malfunction: If a 1 is rolled on the Smarts check to place a charge, the payload fails to detonate. On a result of snake eyes, the charge detonates while it's being placed, doing full damage to the demolitionist.

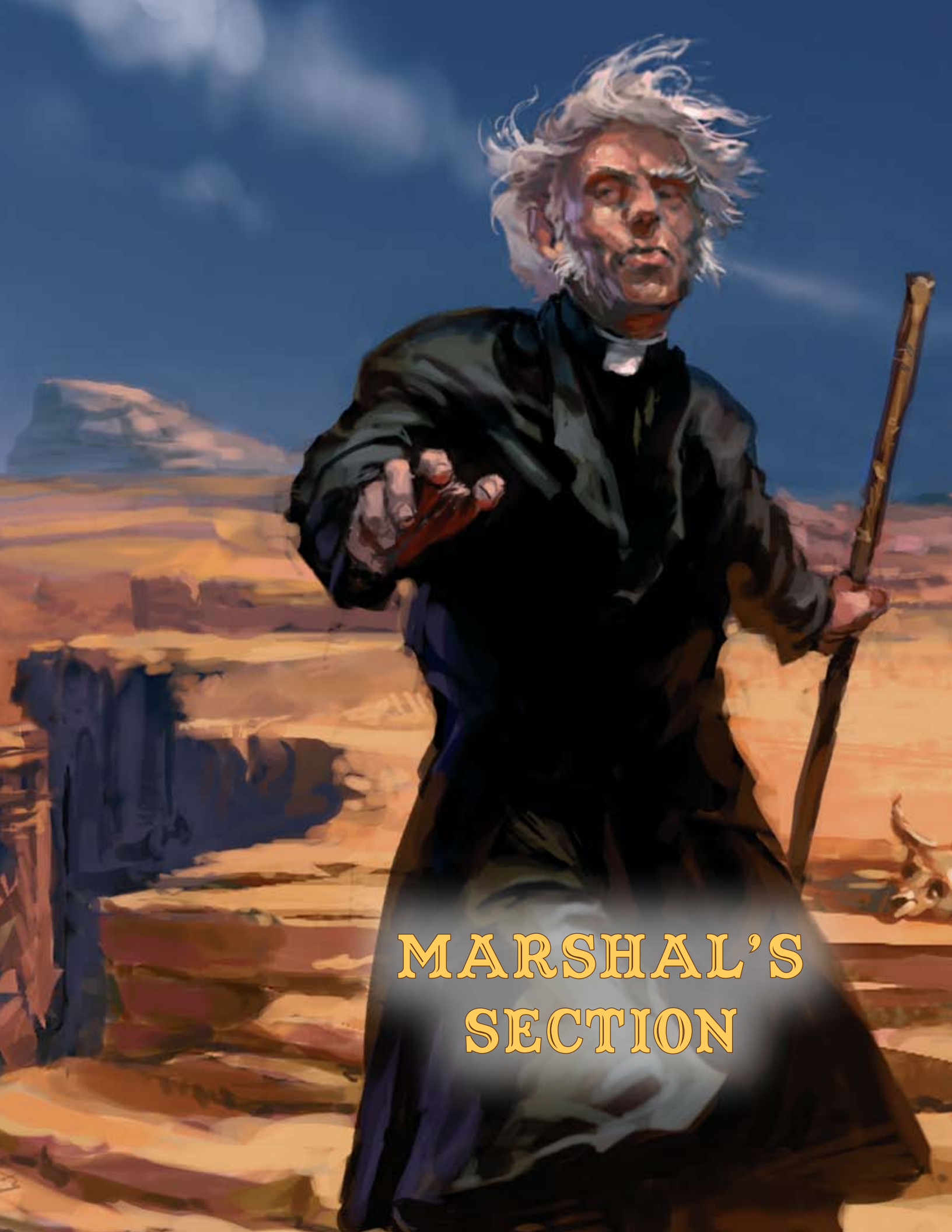
Weapon	Range	Damage	RoF	Burst?	Price	Notes
Clockwork Torpedo	30/60/90	4d8+2	4	Large	\$500	AP 10; HW
Limpet Mine	—	4d6	—	Medium	\$150	AP 15; HW
Anchored Mine	—	4d6	—	Large	\$100	AP 10; HW
Depth Mine	—	4d6	—	Large	\$200	AP 10; HW

HEED THE WORDS OF THE GOOD BOOK:

HITHERTO SHALT THOU COME, BUT NO FURTHER

JOB 38:11





MARSHAL'S
SECTION

DEADLANDS: THE FLOOD

FAMINE'S DOMAIN

The Four Horsemen, called the Reckoners by those few who know they exist, are looking to create a “Hell on Earth” so that they might leave the torturous spirit world of the Hunting Grounds and walk upon our world in the flesh.

To do this, they must transform the entire world into a “Deadland,” a landscape soaked with dark magic that can support their otherworldly forms.

The Reckoners work their havoc across the globe, but they see the most promise in the American West on account of the untamed lawlessness and unknown reaches of the frontier.

The depredations of the Reckoners respect no boundaries, but each certainly has their own concentrated domain. *The Flood* focuses on Famine, whose ravenous realm covers California and the Great Maze, from the barren borderlands of Mexico up to the piney verges of the Great Northwest.

The Hunger

Famine waits in the Hunting Grounds, salivating over the West Coast like the mortal souls starving in her domain would over a juicy steak. She’s an ugly bitch when she lets herself be seen. Her frame is withered and scrawny. Her white hair is scraggly and thin. And her mouth is full of jagged black teeth that match her long, ragged nails. Coal black eyes bulge wetly from the otherwise dry skin stretched tight across her long face.

Famine rides a swayback black mare named Blight who’s as withered and mean as Famine herself. Blight has red glaring eyes, charcoal-hot breath, bony ribs sticking through her dirty hide, and unshod, ragged hooves.

Raven's Role

Famine’s plan for the West Coast began mere days after the Reckoning started. The shaman who started this whole macabre saga, Raven, visited the native tribes of the Pacific coast and told them a day of vengeance was coming—a day of blood that would see all the white men sent back across the sea to their own homes. After Raven spun his tales—many true, some false—even those tribes who got along well with whites were eager for their blood. All the

Indians had to do was create a few symbols and totems in very specific locations throughout California, sacrifice a few enemies, and wait.

Raven appointed a young apprentice to aid him and the two set about painting runes up and down the coast of California—along the fault lines. When all the symbols were finally placed, Raven backstabbed his apprentice and left him dying—his blood being the final sacrifice needed to trigger the ritual—and set loose a massive surge of energy that sundered the coast into a maze of massive sea-canyons.

The Great Quake

The “Great Quake of ’68” caused an apocalypse up and down the West Coast. But rather than absorb the energy released by the matchless suffering of this incredible event, the Reckoners used it to sow rich veins of a new “superfuel” into the places it would cause the most trouble—sacred lands owned by the Indians along the high walls of the new “Maze” that was California, or near certain servants they knew would put it to bad use.

The new ore was discovered within hours and its true potential realized in days. Because of the eerie howl it emits when burned, miners called it “ghost rock.” The stuff was found to be nearly a hundred times more efficient than coal, and had other mysterious properties as well. It could be mixed with iron ore to forge a much stronger type of alloy called “ghost steel.” Ghost rock dust and even its vapors have found their way into many chemicals as well, with effects ranging from the incendiary to the curative (and far more exotic claims!). Barely a week goes by without some new discovery about the incredible substance or a bizarre new invention that utilizes its many properties. From industry to medicine to warfare, ghost rock has changed life in the Weird West forever.

The uses of ghost rock and its derivatives seemed endless. The “Ghost Rock Rush” of ’69 dwarfed the 1849 gold rush by a factor of four.

FAMINE'S DOMAIN

Grimme Tales

Raven played a huge role in Famine's realm, but he was War's errand boy. Famine needed her own "Servitor" to keep the bad times rolling. No single candidate stood out to her ethereal gaze, but an event among the mortals soon gave her a very strange and different kind of avatar.

The Reverend Ezekiah Grimme was a noble soul. At his ranch he took in the worst of California's sinners and offered them redemption. He knowingly took in thieves, rustlers, and killers, and offered them a chance to save their souls. Grimme had come from humble beginnings himself. "The son of a horse thief and a whore," he liked to say. But the Lord blessed all and barred none if repentance was in their hearts. Grimme was firm but kind, and many a sullied soul was cleansed under his care.

Then the quake hit.

The low-lying western half of California was sundered, literally dropping a hundred feet in places in seconds. The ocean came rushing into the vacuum, destroying dozens of boomtowns and sweeping away most traces of human habitation. The devastation was something akin to Noah's Biblical Flood.

Grimme was in the thick of the deluge when it happened, preaching to his flock. The wall of water that swept over them was filled with tumbling rocks, jagged trees and lumber, panicked livestock, and flailing bodies. A dozen were swept away, but nearly twice that number struggled through the debris and churning water up a rocky cliff to safety.

Grimme was in the middle of it, of course, fighting through the raging waters to pull his black sheep out of the path of destruction. From their vantage point the congregation began to gather up other survivors, so that there were eventually 43 souls of varying quality under Grimme's care.

The Need to Feed

When the worst of the quake was over, the flock stood on a rocky island that had once been a small, barren hill. A few of the men tried swimming out to other nearby islands for salvage, but hungry sharks quickly put a stop to further exploration. The beasts' savagery was peculiar, attacking and devouring one man in plain sight even as the flock fired their last dry bullets into the carnage. These were bad omens, and a gunslinger named Garrett Black wasn't afraid to say so.

What was Grimme going to do to get them out of this mess, he asked? The Reverend was as lost as the rest, of course, and perhaps unwisely claimed that the Lord would provide. This settled the unruly flock for a day, a night, and even on into the following week.

But words and faith could not be eaten.

CHOICES

A cardinal rule in the world of *Deadlands* is that evil is never forced upon a mortal soul. It must be chosen. The various powers of different monsters may make a person do evil deeds (such as a vampire's *puppet* ability), but if they have no control over their actions, their soul remains intact.

Actually becoming evil—in the Biblical "you're in for a hot shower in Hell" sense—must be a conscious choice.

So what gives with Grimme? He was a good man murdered by his followers. So how did he come back as a Servitor?

The answer is he didn't. The "thing" that now calls itself Grimme is actually an amalgamation of the 13 men and women who murdered him—not Grimme himself. He calls these 13 his Elders; we call them his Ghouls.

You can bet the real Reverend Grimme, no doubt looking down on all this from a comfy cloud high above while strumming a golden harp, is more than a little angry about having his good name tarnished. He'll get his revenge though, when...well...we're getting ahead of ourselves.

The current walking, talking, non-harp playing version of Grimme is a Servitor, and can't be killed by normal means. His only weakness is the hickory walking stick used by the original Grimme, which can damage his corporeal form, but even that won't put him down permanently (and it washed out into the Maze long ago).

The only way to finish the creature off for good is to kill each and every one of his Ghouls. And yes, they're damned hard to kill as well.

You'll find a description of each of the 13 Ghouls on page 181 along with details of their strengths and weaknesses. The stats for Garrett Black, who came back Harrowed and is now Grimme's "Angel of Death" are on page 180.

DEADLANDS: THE FLOOD

Grimme Tidings

Below are a few bits from Grimme's sermons that have stuck with the Angels. Most are said just before a meal. Some are actual quotes from the Bible. In those cases, Grimme's addition is in **bold**. These are subtle hints to remind the parishioners they are dependent on Grimme for food, and perhaps slowly wear away their disgust for the eating of human flesh, at least if the victim was a sinner unworthy of grace.

Is tasteless food eaten without salt, or is there flavor in the white of an egg?

—Job 6:6

They wander about for food and howl if not satisfied.

—Psalm 59:15

They will be given over to the sword and become food for jackals.

—Psalm 63:10

They have given the dead bodies of your servants as food to the birds of the air, the flesh of your saints to the beasts of the earth.

—Psalm 79:2

For I eat ashes as my food and mingle my drink with tears.

—Psalm 102:9

When he struck the rock, water gushed out, and streams flowed abundantly. But can he also give us food? Can he supply meat for his people?

—Psalm 78:20

*I provide food for those who fear **me**; yet remember **our** covenant forever.*

—Psalm 111:5

He provides food for the cattle and for the young ravens when they call.

—Psalm 147:9

Everything that lives and moves will be food for you. Just as I gave you the green plants, I now give you everything.

—Genesis 9:3

Prepare me the kind of tasty food I like and bring it to me to eat, so that I may give you my blessing before I die.

—Genesis 27:4

*And to all the beasts of the earth and all the birds of the air and all the creatures that move on the ground—everything that has the breath of life in it—I give every green plant **and living creature** for food. And it was so.*

—Genesis 1:30

*When the woman saw that the fruit of the tree was good for food and pleasing to the eye, and also desirable for gaining wisdom, she took some and ate it. She also gave some to her husband, who was with her, and ate **that too**.*

—Genesis 3:6

Go out to the flock and bring me two choice young goats, so I can prepare some tasty food for your father, just the way he likes it.

—Genesis 27:9

*There was famine in all the other lands, but in the whole land of Egypt there was food. **Just as there shall be in the City of Lost Angels.***

—Genesis 41:54

The priest shall burn them on the altar as food, an offering made to the LORD by fire.

—Leviticus 23:25

For my flesh is real food and my blood is real drink.

—John 6:55

And after taking some food, he regained his strength.

—Acts 9:19

Do not eat the meat raw or cooked in water, but roast it over the fire—head, legs, and inner parts.

—Exodus 12:9

Where can I get meat for all these people? They keep wailing to me, 'Give us meat to eat!'

—Numbers 11:13

Their meat is to be yours, just as the breast of the wave offering and the right thigh are yours.

—Numbers 18:18

Go ahead, add your burnt offerings to your other sacrifices and eat the meat yourselves!

—Jeremiah 7:21

This city is a cooking pot, and we are the meat.

—Ezekiel 11:3

Who are these people** who eat my people's flesh, strip off their skin and break their bones in pieces; who chop them up like meat for the pan, like flesh for the pot? **Have we then not the right to do the same?

—Micah 3:3

"Praise the Lord! And pass the salt."

—Grimme

FAMINE'S DOMAIN

Slowly, the flock began to turn on itself. All they could think of was food. Emotions baked. Nerves fileted. Tempers broiled. The members of Grimme's original congregation began to resent the other survivors they'd pulled from the deluge, especially when it was discovered one group of them had hoarded a small stash of dried jerky.

Garrett Black pulled his gun and fired at one of the survivors. The hammer fell on a dead round—ruined by the seawater a week before—but death was already in camp. Garrett pulled his bowie knife and rushed in, stabbing the man who'd hoarded the food in the heart and killing him on the spot.

Grimme picked up Black's gun and tried to corral him, but the gunfighter knew the weapon wouldn't fire. He took the hoarder's last scraps and shared them with a few of his closest allies in full sight of the others.

Hunger turned to ravenous hate.

Another day went by, then another. Fights were common. Finally, Black decided they'd eat the man he killed. He also decided he didn't much like eating alone, so all would partake.

Grimme refused. He pointed Black's own weapon at him once again as the gunslinger walked toward the corpse with his bowie knife.

Garrett began to cut.

Grimme closed his eyes and pulled the trigger.

The round must have dried, for it fired. The heavy slug flew out of the barrel and slammed into Garrett's back, sending him sprawling over the corpse he'd started to butcher. The killer lay in his own victim's innards, twitching and convulsing and cursing Grimme's name to the Devil himself.

He died with Ezekiah's name on his blood-stained lips.

Grimme and a few of those loyal to him gathered Black's body and threw it into the sea. To the sharks. But the beasts did not come. As far as anyone could tell, the corpse simply sank into the brine, too foul even for the fish.

Last Chance at Redemption

Grimme preached to his flock that night, telling them he would lead them to safety. That the Almighty would care for these "Lost Angels," though he knew not how.

But the smell of meat was already in the air. The next day the survivors discussed eating the flesh of Black's victim. He was dead anyway, and it might be weeks before rescue parties finally found them.

Grimme swore he'd pray on it, and he did. But the Good Lord was silent, as he always had been. Grimme refused anyway and told his flock to cast the dead man into the sea, to remove the temptation and avoid the growing smell of rot.



Some began to carry out the preacher's orders, but others picked up knives or rocks and damned the rest for their suicidal piety. Grimme tried to defuse the powderkeg but the maddening hunger of the survivors won out. A brutal fight followed, and so much blood ran from the rocks that the sea all around turned red.

It is to Grimme's credit that several of the hard men he'd tended over the years stood by his side to the end. In fact, only half gave in to their baser nature, perhaps because they were too far along the path to Hell to see redemption, or maybe just because the hunger had literally driven them mad.

Whatever the cause, when the savage battle ended, 13 remained.

Edible Evil

Reverend Ezekiah Grimme lay dead on the rocks among the bodies, the life choked out of him by a man still attached to his throat, his own head caved in by a third man who'd remained loyal to Grimme.

But the madness wasn't over yet.

DEADLANDS: THE FLOOD

What happened next was a blur. The 13 survivors devoured the dead and wounded alike in a horrid frenzy of shocking carnage and insane hunger. Hot blood flowed anew and bones lay strewn about the rocks in great heaps when the gluttonous rampage finally ended.

Bloated and blood-drunk from the shock of their own actions, the cannibals finally collapsed as the crimson moon rose in the night sky.

The morning sun rose on a shock: Grimme was once again among his flock.

But this was a new Ezekiah Grimme in the gaunt shell of the old. This was a creature born of the collective depravities of those who'd betrayed him.

The cannibals shared their own souls with the thing they'd spawned, and became an inner circle of 13 utterly loyal ghouls—and something far more.

Exodus

Amazingly, the sharks went away and allowed the survivors to pass. “Grimme” and his ghouls swam, crawled, and climbed their way out of the Maze, committing unspeakable atrocities on any unfortunate survivors they came across.

As the flock found dry land, the wolves put on their sheep's clothing. Ezekiah spoke to a group of gathered refugees and showed them a miracle. He told them to take what food they had and gather around him. They closed their

eyes, listened to Grimme's sermons of survival and hope, and gasped in astonishment when they opened their eyes and found themselves surrounded by a sumptuous feast.

Every evening for the next 40 days and nights, Grimme and his 13 “Elders” provided nourishment to the refugees gathering to their side. Eventually, these followers became the “Church of Lost Angels.”

As life returned to normal, the church began to build a town, and at its center, a massive cathedral for their savior. More refugees wandered in, the town grew, and a few meager fields began to yield crops.

The Rush Is On

Around the same time, ghost rock was discovered and its many uses deduced. Nearly a million new settlers streamed into California. Grimme was ready for them.

Only loyal followers of the church were allowed to take up residence in the city proper, so camps grew up around the outskirts. As with any boomtown, these were filled with all manner of people, from honest prospectors to desperate families to rumrunners, thieves, con men, and whores.

Liquor never seems to have any trouble finding its way into the area, but food was and still remains scarce. Crops just don't grow in volume (the church blames it on the salt water that flooded over the land during the Quake), livestock is gamey and thin, and imported foods from Back East tend to come in spoiled.

There's always just enough to fight over, though, so people will keep coming as long as there's ghost rock out in the Maze.

Grimme makes sure all these newcomers are dependent on him through his Sunday Feasts. Every “sermon day,” the masses are invited to partake in a generous buffet courtesy of the Church of Lost Angels. The only catch is that one must first listen to the sermon, which is usually a four-hour affair in which Grimme excoriates the rail barons, the Union, the Confederacy, and the “wicked societies” Back East.

Still, it's a small price to pay for free grub in a town where most get decent portions one day out of seven.

Black Comes Back

Into this growing congregation walked Garrett Black—now Harrowed and full of piss and vinegar. He came to kill Grimme, and nearly did before the Reverend and his inner circle convinced him they were serving the same dark masters. It didn't hurt that they imprisoned Black on Rock Island until he was willing to listen.

Terms were discussed, powers granted, and demands met. Garrett Black wanted to be the church's hired gun; a troubleshooter long on the “shooting” part. But Grimme had bigger ideas. He needed to prove that he was not only



FAMINE'S DOMAIN

a provider, but also the righteous vengeance of the Lord. And when someone was in need of God's Wrath, Grimme wanted to distance himself a bit from unsavory smittings that would poison him in society's growing media.

Enter the Angel of Death.

Grimme set some poor sodbuster up as a hoarder—the worst sin one can commit in Lost Angels—then publicly offered to forgive him. If the Lord did.

But lo and behold, that very night the Angel of Death appeared and proclaimed himself the chosen champion of Lost Angels. Redeemer of the Damned. Collector of Tainted Souls.

The Angel—actually Garrett making use of black magic—made sure everyone saw him chase down Grimme's hoarder, a scrappy miner named Frank Hardwick who'd done little more than poach a few worm-riddled biscuits. Hardwick was spirited up into the night sky by the Angel, a terrible scream was heard, and warm bloody rain fell onto the stunned believers below.

Despite the red rain, Frank Hardwick survived all the way to the inner sanctum of the cathedral. But he sure wished he hadn't.

The Cult of Lost Angels

Grimme and his 13 Elders had partaken of flesh before, but this night they consecrated a new haven far away from prying eyes, on a cold island a few hundred yards offshore. "Rock Island" would later be publicly known as a prison, but its first and everlasting purpose was as a larder for Grimme and his inner circle—the "Cult" of Lost Angels.

Rock Island now serves as the secret meeting place of the cult. The 13 Ghouls are rarely there together—they've scattered to bring Famine's touch to the rest of the West—but at least once a year they gather to partake of a great feast at the cathedral and renew their terrible powers.

Just before this feast, which usually takes place around the summer solstice, enforcement of the law is curiously strict, filling the prison to the brim with undesirables who are never, ever seen again.

The Circle City

Rock Island Prison was built quickly to give Grimme and the Elders the privacy they needed for their grisly depredations. The city took a bit more time and care.

Lost Angels was laid out in a very specific circular pattern, at the center of which is Grimme's Cathedral—center of both religious and political power in the region. The circular streets were far from an aesthetic choice, however. They were the components of a massive ritual.

Any magic used by Grimme or his followers within the city's bounds is disguised as pure and righteous—if it has any visible effect at all. For example, the jet black bolts of

A GLOSSARY OF WICKEDNESS

Archangels: There are only two of these guardians in gold robes—Michael Coulter and Gabriel Fannon—and they act like a cross between judge and magistrate. Each is assigned half of the city, where they are to keep law and order, judge the guilty, keep their flock educated in the ways of the Lord, and train their troops for the inevitable battle with the sinners at the gate.

Avenging Angels: These hardened soldiers represent the very best Grimme can field against his enemies. They're tougher, meaner, and more experienced than your average Guardian Angel. Avenging Angels typically command flights of fifteen or more Guardian Angels.

Guardian Angels: The foot soldiers in Grimme's crusade, these men and women delude themselves that they're doing good works. In reality they're locked in a bitter, back-stabbing struggle amongst themselves to rise to the top of Grimme's favor. Few, if any, realize what it truly means to be the Reverend's favorite. Typically clad in blood-red robes and organized into "flights," Guardian Angels keep the peace in Lost Angels and sometimes conduct missions outside the city limits.

The Angel of Death: Garrett Black, a now-Harrowed gunslinger who tried to kill the real Reverend Grimme. Publicly, he remains Garrett Black, a drifter and hired killer who hides in the crowd along with hundreds of other desperadoes waiting for the Sunday Feast. Privately, he serves as the grim Angel of Death, who enforces "God's Will" so that Grimme doesn't have to get his hands dirty. When operating as the Angel, Garrett shrouds himself in a "grim reaper"-style hooded cloak and sometimes uses his infernal powers to sprout massive black wings.

Circle City (or Celestial City): Grimme's city is laid out in a circle surrounding his cathedral. Its true purpose is to disguise the magic of his inner cult. Within the city, the cult's black magic is either hidden or disguised as benevolent and pure.

The Day of Righteousness: A day in 1876 in which the public swears genuine demons tried to destroy Grimme. The Reverend and his mysterious champion, the Angel of Death, defeated the demons. In truth, the whole ritual was designed to increase the illusions that make the Cult's black magic look pure and holy out to a 75 mile radius.

The Edict of '77: A law "passed" by Grimme in 1877 declaring Lost Angels an independent, free, and holy city under the church's rule.

DEADLANDS: THE FLOOD



evil the Elders use to blast their foes to bits appear as rays of sunshine within the city. Less dramatic miracles simply have no visible effect—such as the creation of food or laying on of hands—just like the miracles called by the true blessed of the Weird West.

The problem for Grimme was that the illusion wouldn't work beyond the boundaries of Lost Angels. That became a major problem when he needed to send off expeditionary teams for various purposes (usually to sabotage the progress of the rail barons—as we'll discuss shortly).

Grimme isn't one to sit back and dwell on a problem though. So he came up with a daring plan to expand his illusion.

The Day of Righteousness

One of the events people often talk about in the City of Lost Angels is the "Day of Righteousness." During one of Grimme's sermons in late '76—a particularly fiery speech about seeking out the devils living among us—a real live demon from the pits of Hell attacked. Right through the front doors of the cathedral came a massive, winged, red

devil complete with black horns and everything. It tore through the crowd, slaying parishioners left and right with its black talons and fiery gaze.

Grimme took the thing head-on, bathed in holy light that protected him from its infernal touch. If there was ever any doubt of the Right Reverend's righteousness, this single event was proof positive.

As Grimme wrestled with the horror, a host of lesser devils burst through the windows. They were dealt with by the congregation, which happened to include a few additional hands who proved fortunately familiar with their sidearms.

The lesser horde was gaining some ground by sheer force of numbers when Grimme, hickory stick in hand, finally gave the big demon a righteous smiting. The thing ordered its minions to retreat and hasn't been seen since.

It was a widely reported story, even in respectable papers (meaning anything but the *Tombstone Epitaph*). Many believe it—the Bible speaks of demons and devils after all. The rest believe it was some kind of mass hysteria produced by radical Bible-thumpers in the throes of a starvation-induced frenzy.

So what was it really all about? Power, of course. Grimme discovered a way to increase the range of his illusions outside his celestial city. The ritual required that he sacrifice a large number of faithful within his own cathedral, and the demons provided him with a convenient cover story.

Since that day, the Church of Lost Angels' dark mojo appears as bright and shiny as a real blessed within 75 miles of the cathedral. It does wonders for the faithful to see holy light shine out of the Guardian Angels' hands as they heal the sick. The demons who continue to serve Grimme—known as Fallen Angels—are disguised as dark but angelic figures that stick to the shadows as they do Grimme's bidding.

Even better, Grimme's altar was also imbued with the miraculous illusion. A follower who carries at least an ounce of the altar maintains the illusion anywhere on earth. Part of Grimme's grand plan involves building pieces of that altar into far-flung chapels all over the Weird West, thus spreading the church's influence—and the Reckoners' evil.

The Edict of '77

Not everyone falls for the Right Reverend's tricks. There have been and still are plenty who oppose him. Many simply vanish, but Grimme must maintain the illusion of peace and harmony, so he allows a small amount of resistance.

Except when it comes to the railroads. The rail barons are more than a potential thorn in Grimme's side, they're more like an inevitable shotgun blast to the head. Once they arrive in force and come to some sort of peaceful resolution to the Great Rail Wars, they'll make food far more accessible to the masses. More food for the people means less power for the Church of Lost Angels.

FAMINE'S DOMAIN

Grimme decided to deal with the problem in two ways. The first was to send “missionaries” out to preach the good word to towns along the railways. By “preach the good word,” we actually mean “cause trouble and sabotage tracks.” His more powerful lieutenants were even given shards of the altar smashed in the Day of Righteousness to help hide their dark powers.

The second and far more dramatic action was the “Edict of ’77,” which declared Lost Angels its own nation—much like the Vatican. The Free and Holy City of Lost Angels doesn’t fly with the Union or the Confederacy, but with the muskets on both sides of the Civil War still warm, neither nation has been able to do anything about it.

Lost Angels sits at the only natural harbor to the Maze. Those who control the city control the port, and the port controls the flow of ghost rock in and out of the claims beyond. Fighting over this harbor is guaranteed to restart the Civil War, and that’s something neither side wants. (At least not until they’ve rebuilt their armies with fresh recruits and new war machines.)

You Can’t Stop Progress

So what will Grimme do once the rail barons finally arrive? His plan is to negotiate a deal with the winner—Hellstromme, he hopes—that will at least keep him in control of the Maze’s ghost rock.

Hellstromme will almost certainly capitulate. The entire exercise is simply a way to fund the Weird West’s foremost inventor’s real research anyway (recovering his dead wife from Hell). The quicker he can get income from the rail lines coming in, the better.

What actually happens, at least in our official continuity, is the subject of the Plot Point Campaign in this very book. See *Deadlands Reloaded* for more information on the Commonwealth of California and the history of the Great Maze.

Enter Our Heroes

From the screaming wendigos of the Great Northwest to the wailing faminites of southern California and the fight for daily sustenance in-between, Famine is firmly in control of her desolate domain.

So what can our plucky heroes do about it?

The Twilight Legion

All is not lost. Brave souls from across the Weird West have started learning the truth behind the secret “Reckoning.” In the North, the government fights the Four Horsemen through the shadowy “Agency.” The South gave this task to the Texas Rangers after the Battle of Gettysburg, when the Reckoning first took hold, and they’ve stayed on the job ever since—whether in Texas or elsewhere.

With a few significant exceptions, these two organizations don’t work together. The long Civil War made them frequent and bloody enemies. But there is another organization, a “neutral” third party that doesn’t care whether one speaks with a New York accent or a Southern drawl—the Twilight Legion.

The Legion has many names, some public, some secret. Rarely do their members even know of their long and illustrious history, or the tangled web of clubs, secret societies, and brotherhoods that form their secretive association. They have been the Sons of Solomon, Mohammed’s Black Hand, the Msaka Dubwana, the Rippers, the Sons of Liberty, and even the *Légion Etrange* (a play on words by the mixed soldiers of the French Foreign Legion or *Légion Etrangère*).

Most of these societies know nothing of each other; a few maintain extensive records tracing their ancestry back almost to the beginning of written history—with oral tales stretching back even further.

The branch operating in the American West traces its roots to Roman times, when the Twilight Legion was formed to hunt down and root out the terrors spawned by the Empire’s constant wars (and sometimes summoned by those in the know against them).

A GLOSSARY OF WICKEDNESS (CONT.)

Elders: Thirteen of the real Reverend Grimme’s followers betrayed, murdered, and ate his flesh as they tried to survive the aftermath of the Great Quake. Their souls give life to the current Reverend Grimme. They are immortal, but not invulnerable (see page 181). Should they be slain, Grimme will perish too. (The Elders are also called the “Ghouls.”)

Fallen Angels: Actual demons in Grimme’s thrall, these terrible beasts appear as dark angels with tattered wings thanks to Grimme’s illusion. The fallen angels don’t make their existence known, and kill anyone who sees them undertaking one of their many tasks in service to the church.

Reverend Ezekiah Grimme: The real Ezekiah Grimme was a good and pious man murdered after the Great Quake by the very men and women he’d saved. The “current” Grimme is a quasi-living entity born of the betrayal of 13 of his followers.

Rock Island Prison: Publicly, this is where those who repeatedly break the church’s “lenient” laws are sent. Privately, the Rock hides the Cult’s very private meeting—and feasting—chambers. Details of Rock Island can be found on page 58.

DEADLANDS: THE FLOOD



The Explorer's Society

The public face of the Legion is the Explorer's Society, an international "gentleman's club" with private rooms in a few of the larger cities of the world. Being "explorers," there are also a fair number of "outposts" on the American frontier as well.

The Explorer's Society is seen as a club of rich and eccentric kooks by most, for it is (rightly) rumored that their favorite pastime is hunting creatures most don't even believe exist, such as jackalopes and hoop snakes. This is the stuff of the *Tombstone Epitaph*, which it is said "everyone reads but no one believes."

Members do hunt strange creatures, and some know these aren't just as-yet-undiscovered species but actual "monsters" of supernatural origin. But the average member does not realize their prey are minions of some vast and interdimensional conspiracy. Only the most senior members of the inner circle—the Twilight Legion—are aware of the event called the Reckoning.

Membership in the Explorer's Society comes in one of two ways. A person can buy their way in with their family's credit or cash, or they can be inducted because they have skills useful to the Legion.

Gaining membership in the Twilight Legion is far more difficult. An existing member can nominate anyone he wants, but in the American West, only Nicholas Trevalyn or Captain Roderick Pennington-Smythe can grant them final approval.

In the adventure presented in this book, the player characters are inducted into the Twilight Legion early. At least they won't have to pay. *In cash*, anyway.

Lacy O'Malley

In the last year, the inner circle of the Explorer's Society made an important contact. *Tombstone Epitaph* reporter Lacy O'Malley accompanied a group of adventurers on a search for missing Explorer Nicholas Trevalyn. The team was successful and Trevalyn was recovered unharmed. During the journey, Trevalyn revealed the existence of the society's inner circle—the Twilight Legion.

Lacy was forbidden from writing about the Legion in the *Epitaph*, but the two did come up with a unique idea that the *Epitaph* could be used to send coded messages to others who had learned just how weird the West really was.

And that's where the story of *The Flood* begins.

SETTING RULES

Your posse is in the Maze. Hunger gnaws at them constantly. Every questionable berry they see looks tasty. Every bird in the sky is a meal flying away. These cravings never leave. Even when a cowpoke finds himself with a bountiful feast all his own, the moment he finishes the last bite he starts wondering where his next meal is coming from.

Enforcing this in the game is a delicate job. On the one hand, you want to remind them where they are. Famine's domain covers the West Coast from the top of California to the border of Mexico. But you also don't want the game to turn into *Foraging for Food: the RPG*.

So we're looking at a two-pronged approach here, Marshal. The first is simple description. A frequent, verbal reminder with no game effect that something ain't cooking in the kitchen. When they enter a town, tell them they smell something cooking. Their stomach rumbles and they think it'd be a good time to eat.

When they sit down for a meal and a drink at a tavern, describe how they lick their plates clean—picking up every last morsel their hungry mouths can find. Mention how someone occasionally drops a biscuit—then dusts it off and applies an early version of the “five second rule.”

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

The second part is more mechanical, and reflects the extremely high cost of living.

Price Modifiers

Everything costs more in Famine's realm. Food is scarce, and the isolation of the West Coast means even gear and supplies cost more to ship there. The description of each Strange Locale in Chapter Six includes a Price Modifier, which is often x5 but runs lower or higher depending on the location. Multiply the cost of everything—food, gear, vehi-

cles, etc.—by the Price Modifier to figure out how much it costs an hombre to acquire it in the Maze. (Gear purchased during character creation costs the regular price.)

In practical terms, this means your heroes are going to be looking to get their hands on money and valuables—or at least a hot meal and some bullets—after nearly every job they complete. Make sure you keep offering chances to earn a buck (or even a hundred bucks), because the cowpokes will have to buy at least a little food to keep from starving to death.

When heroes are out trying to buy food, gear, ammunition, or anything else, you might allow them a Streetwise roll (with ad hoc modifiers for favorable or unfavorable circumstances) to find a vendor willing to sell at a more reasonable price. Don't let the heroes do this all the time. A Chinese kung fu practitioner trying to find a cheap, filling meal in Shan Fan is one thing, but the same character getting a cut rate in Lost Angels is simply not likely to happen. Use your judgment, and be sure to cut the heroes some slack if they're at Fatigue -2 from hunger and low on cash.

Hunger

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

Starvation

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

Starving to Death: If a cowpoke Exhausted by starvation fails another Vigor roll, he's in serious peril. The hero immediately rolls Spirit (including the penalties for his Fatigue). A critical failure means he becomes a faminite (see page 177). That's bad news and—barring a miracle—is the end of the character. A failure means he's Incapacitated—he

DEADLANDS: THE FLOOD

lapses into a coma and dies in 1d4 days if he isn't nursed back to health. Any hero who expires in this fashion becomes a faminite too.

The Spoils of War

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

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

Cannibalism

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

Those who knowingly kill and eat a human being (or partake in human flesh more than a few times) must make a Spirit roll each time they do so. Success means they linger on in their contemptuous life. Failure means they succumb to the power of the Reckoning. In cold climes, eaters of flesh become wendigos, and in warmer locales, the sinners degenerate into wretched ghouls (see *Deadlands Reloaded* for both). Other horrors exist as suits Famine's whim, Marshal, and your own.

This rule is void during Grimme's feasts, by the way. His fare never causes the spontaneous creation of a monster—that would definitely make it hard for him to keep his bloody little secrets.

Rock Fever

With prolonged exposure to ghost rock, characters may contract a malady called "rock fever." Miners are the most frequent victims, as are mad scientists who handle rock shards frequently. Only those who work with it for four hours a day or more—or those who spend much of their time in a mine filled with ghost rock vapors—have any real danger of contracting rock fever.

Fever victims feel warm and lightheaded. Some report strange burning sensations, as if their blood were on fire. The victims' high fevers cause delirium, and sometimes permanent damage.

After each week of direct, prolonged contact with ghost rock, the character makes a Vigor roll. The first week's roll is unmodified, but each successive roll is made at a -2 cumulative penalty, until it reaches -6. After that, check once per month. If a Vigor roll fails, the hero contracts rock fever. He grows lightheaded and feverish, and suffers -2 on all Trait rolls for as long as he's sick.

Once with the fever, the character must make a Vigor roll each day. Every failed roll causes a level of Fatigue. A character who succeeds on three consecutive rolls has shaken the fever. An Incapacitated character who fails another Vigor roll passes on.

Any patient Incapacitated by fever has her brain boiled a bit, and she gains a dementia. Roll on the Mad Scientist's Dementia Table (see *Deadlands Reloaded*) or make up something loco.

Should the afflicted roll snake-eyes on a Vigor roll, she spontaneously combusts and is consumed by fire from the inside out. Little remains of a cowpoke who dies in this



SETTING RULES

manner except perhaps some ashes, a few fillings, and a lump of ghost rock about the size of the victim's heart. Anyone witnessing this event should make a Guts roll (-2).

Hazards of the Maze

The Great Maze is one of the most dangerous and lawless places on earth. But if some cowpoke with a bad attitude doesn't get you, Mother Nature's bound to take a shot too. There's weather to worry about, the ever-present sharks (and worse) that dwell in the murky channels, drowning, sudden fogbanks, and raging currents that can smash a boat to toothpicks in an instant. Here's some specific game effects for when your seafaring posse bites off more Maze than they can chew.

Spouts & Sulfur Pools

Waterspouts and acidic sulfur pools are found in areas of volcanic activity. A spout occurs when superheated steam jets into the surrounding water, causing a sudden eruption of water. Some of the Maze's most famous spouts are as dependable as Old Faithful, but others occur randomly... and usually at the worst possible time for passing ships.

If the posse passes near a spout about to blow, draw a card from the Action Deck. On a Joker the spout erupts directly under the ship, flinging anything the size of a Maze runner or smaller 2d6x3" into the air. Assess falling damage normally.

On a red face card, the water is superheated and everyone on deck takes 2d6 damage as the scalding liquid showers them.

A black face card indicates the water has been turned into sulfuric acid by chemicals leaching into the channel. In this case, everyone on deck takes 2d6 damage and the ship is in danger as well. Acidic water pools are typically d6x5" across. Ships in acidic water take 2d6 damage per hour. If this causes a vessel to be wrecked, consult the Sinking rules in *Savage Worlds*.

On any other card, the spout is a narrow miss but douses everyone on deck.

Tides & Riptides

Tides in the Great Maze are unpredictable, even for those accustomed to its rugged canyons. If the posse finds themselves in a channel the tide is draining out of, the skipper can make an immediate Boating roll (-2) to ride the currents to safety. If the roll is failed, the boat runs aground and is stranded in a dry channel until the tide comes in (d4+2 hours later). A critical failure on the roll indicates the ship takes 2d6 damage; roll once on the Vehicular Combat Critical Hits table.

Bandits sometimes lurk near channels known to have unpredictable tides, hoping to bushwhack any stranded vessels.

MISERABLE MALADIES

With famine comes sickness. From one end of Famine's domain to the other, folks are ailing. These are some of the specific sicknesses characters might encounter. We don't recommend saddling your posse with any of these serious maladies unless it's a major plot point. It's just not fast, furious, or fun to die of smallpox. But if you ever need to know what happens when Extras get sick, here's all the gory details.

Cholera (-4): Acute diarrhea, dehydration, and shock, followed by death in 4d6 hours.

Montezuma's Revenge (-4): Diarrhea, nausea, vomiting, acute abdominal pain. Lasts for 1d6 days, during which the victim's Physical Attributes (Agility, Strength, and Vigor) are all reduced by one step, to a minimum of d4. The stats recover at the rate of one die per day.

Smallpox (-2): Pus-filled rash, fever, and death in 1d10+6 days.

Typhoid Fever (-3): Fever, sweating, diarrhea, followed by death in 1d4 weeks.

A riptide is a sudden change in water patterns, usually brought on by a change in the tides. But they can also be caused by earthquakes, landslides suddenly blocking another waterway, or another disruption of the Maze's typical currents. Whatever the cause, roll 2d6 to determine the riptide's duration in rounds. Roll 1d20+10 to find the riptide's Pace. Everything in the water is swept along at this Pace.

Each round, the skipper must succeed on a Boating roll to keep the craft centered in the channel. Subtract -1 from the roll for every 10 Pace of the current (rounded down). If the boat goes out of control, use the Collision rules in *Savage Worlds* to determine damage; a critical failure doubles the damage.

The skipper can also attempt to escape the riptide by piloting the vessel into a side channel, but this is even more risky. He has to make a Boating roll at -1 for every 5 Pace of current, and failure means the ship collides with the wall of the channel (use Collision rules to determine damage). If he rolls snake-eyes, the damage is doubled.

Water Dogs

Water dogs are commonly thought of as unpredictable currents, or mistaken for riptides. In truth, they are mischievous water spirits that enjoy confusion and chaos. They're attracted to any sort of conflict or competition in the waters of the Maze, and they tend to side with the underdog.

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Water dogs attack the ship that has the upper hand in any quarrel they're drawn to. Everyone on the target vessel can make a Notice roll (–2) the round the water dog makes its presence known. Anyone who succeeds feels a shudder go through the entire vessel as the water dog rises up beneath it.

On the following round it attacks, grasping the hull and shaking it like a kid with a Christmas present. Roll a d6. The craft takes this many d6s of damage, ignoring any Armor. Additionally, everyone on deck must succeed at an Agility roll (–2) or be pitched overboard. Those who succeeded on the Notice roll ignore the –2 penalty.

Once it has given the boat a good shake, the water dog usually departs.

Wind Devils

Sometimes a typical breeze gets channeled by the steep walls of the Maze, and before you know it a gale-force blast is whipping you right off your craft. These irritants are known as wind devils.

When a ship gets caught in one of these wind-tunnel-like effects, anything on deck not nailed down goes overboard. This may just include our heroes! Everyone on deck must succeed at an opposed Strength roll versus the wind's Strength (d10) to hold on. Anyone who fails is swept over the side. On a critical failure, the poor sod is torn loose and flung 2" times the result of the wind devil's Strength roll for that round. Assess falling damage if the cowpoke hits something solid (halve the damage if he lands in water).

Whirlpools

Massive maelstroms are all-too-common in the Maze. These enormous funnels are typically choked with wreckage from unlucky ships, logs, debris, and hungry sharks.

Whirlpools are divided into three areas—the outer edge, the turbulent waters, and the maelstrom. Have the lookout make a Notice roll. On a failure, the ship enters the outer edge of the whirlpool. The captain must make a Boating roll (–2). On a success, he steers the ship clear.

With a failure, the ship is pulled into the turbulent waters and takes 4d6 damage. The captain must make a second Boating roll, this time at –4. On a success, the ship is back in the outer edge (use the mechanics above to escape).

With another failure, the ship is sucked into the maelstrom at the center and takes 6d6 damage. The captain has one last chance to save his ship. He must make a Boating roll at –6. With success, the ship is back in the turbulent waters. On a failure, the ship is sucked under and torn apart. The crew take 4d6 damage and must make Swimming rolls at –6 or begin drowning.

A successful Swimming roll at –6 allows crew to escape to the turbulent water. Escaping to the outer edge requires another roll, this time at –4. Reaching still water means yet another roll, but only at –2.

Natural Disasters

Earthquakes, cave-ins, and rockslides are all too common in the Great Maze. Here's what to do if the posse gets caught in a natural (or unnatural) disaster.

Cave-In

A chunk of the ceiling in the tunnel or cavern the heroes are exploring collapses. Every cowpoke in the area must make an Agility roll (–2). A success indicates the character managed to leap out the way and has avoided taking damage. A failure means the character is struck by falling debris for 2d10 damage. A roll of 1 (regardless of the Wild Die) means the hero suffers 3d10 damage and is buried alive.

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Buried characters can't extricate themselves and must be dug out. This requires a Strength roll at -4 . Depending on the width of the tunnel, this may be a cooperative roll or a lone endeavor. Characters can repeat the attempt as many times as it takes, but each roll requires an hour of hard work. Diggers with mining tools add $+2$ to their roll.

The Marshal may decide that the cave-in has separated the party. Roll $1d6+3$ to determine how much of the area is impassable (in yards). Each success and raise on a Strength roll at -6 excavates 1 yard. Diggers with mining tools receive a $+4$ bonus to this roll. Every roll represents an hour.

Earthquake

Ever since the Great Quake of '68, the West Coast has been prone to geologic activity that can only be called temperamental, at best. Minor rumbles run up and down the fault lines almost constantly, as the earth spirits shift subtly in their deep homes. Every once in a while, a fault line doesn't just grind—it snaps. When the earth starts a-rollin' and buckin' like a mad bronco, there ain't much a body can do but ride it out.

Heroes in an earthquake must make Agility rolls or be thrown to the ground and Shaken. A roll of 1 (regardless of the Wild Die) means the character has fallen down a crack and suffers $2d6$ damage. They are also stuck, and cannot move until they recover from Shaken. Additionally, each character must succeed on a Spirit roll or suffer a level of Fatigue (that lasts for 24 hours) on account of being so unnerved by the event.

Characters underground or in a building when an earthquake strikes suffer the effects of a Cave-In instead (see above).

Rockslide

Rockslides are fairly common occurrences in the Weird West. Of course, villains might trigger these with a few well-placed sticks of dynamite or a dastardly device, such as an earthquake generator.

Each character caught in the rockslide must make an Agility roll (-2). On a success, the character has managed to leap clear or find a nook in which to hide. On a failure, the character is swept along with the rockslide for $10+2d10''$, suffering $1d6$ damage per $5''$ or part thereof. A roll of 1, regardless of the Wild Die, means the character is swept $20+2d10''$.

Stormy Weather

All manner of violent storms tear through the Great Maze on a regular basis. Sooner or later the posse is gonna get caught in one.

Blizzard/Sandstorm

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

A sandstorm causes a -4 penalty to Driving, Piloting, and Riding rolls. A roll of 1, regardless of any Wild Die, means a horse throws its rider, or a vehicle takes an Engine Critical Hit as sand clogs the intake or the engine freezes. A typical storm lasts $1d4+2$ hours, but yours can last as long as the plot requires.

Heavy Snow

Heavy snowfall is extremely uncommon in the Maze, but is more likely the closer one gets to the Great Northwest and extremely common in mountainous areas. Needless to say, it can make the ground difficult to traverse. Walking through deep snow counts as Difficult Terrain. In addition, Agility and linked skills suffer a -1 penalty because the character is kneedeep (or higher) in the snow.

Storm

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

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

Thunderstorm

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

Non-game effects include flash floods, lightning strikes, and mudslides (same as a Rockslide), possibly damaging nearby buildings, drowning creatures, and preventing flying machines taking off or landing. If you want to be cruel, you can have a hero's horse or vehicle struck by lightning for $2d10$ damage (AP 10). That should wake 'em up.



CASCADE MOUNTAINS

× CRATER LAKE

OREGON

IDAHO

COAST RANGE

× MT. SHASTA

× MEDICINE LAKE
VOLCANO

NEW OPPORTUNITY

HARMONY

GOODWILL

SIERRA NEVADAS

CALIFORNIA

THE
EVER-TRIUMPHANT
TRAIL

FT. LINCOLN

SACRAMENTO

SACRAMENTO RIVER

DEVIL'S ARMPIT

COMORRA

PLACERVILLE

SHAN FAN

SAN JOAQUIN RIVER

DRAGON'S BREATH

LYNCHBURG

DEVIL'S POSTPILES

37TH CHAMBER

FT. NORTON

SHANNONSBURG

QUARRYTOWN

LION'S ROAR

KWAN
PROVINCE

SIERRA NEVADAS

DEATH
VALLEY

CITY OF LOST ANGELS

PERDITION

MOJAVE DESERT

BEAR'S CLAW

RAYON VERMILION RIVER

SAN JACINTO
RANGE

RUINS OF SAN DIEGO

MEXICALI

0 20 40 60 80 100 MILES

CALIFORNIA AND
THE GREAT MAZE

STRANGE LOCALES

The *Epitaph* guide in Chapter One provides a brief overview of Famine's empire, but here's where we delve into the secrets behind the hearsay and rumor. Unlike in the *Epitaph* guide, here it's assumed that the Ghostfire Bombs have already fallen (see page 97), one of them razing Ghost Town.


This chapter details all the interesting places your posse might visit in California and the Great Maze, in alphabetical order. The players tell you where they're heading, and you can quickly read up on what there is to do at that location—and what evil might be lurking there for them to deal with. Also, be sure to check out the information on the Great Maze and the Commonwealth of California found in *Deadlands Reloaded*. Most of it isn't repeated here.

The first bits you'll see are the local Fear Level and Price Modifier, followed by any introduction or history the place needs. Some of these are big and complicated, like Lost Angels or Shan Fan, while others are short and sweet, like Van Horn's Light.

The overall Fear Level of California is 2, and the Price Modifier is typically x5—use these when the posse is on the open trail or in some flyspeck burg. Substitute the listed Fear Level and Price Modifier when the heroes visit a named locale. If a locale has no Price Modifier it's because they don't sell things, simple as that.

The next section under each location is "Getting There," which describes how a party might get to the locale and any hazards they might face along the way.

"Points of Interest" is a list of the notable places at the location, such as saloons, mines, general stores, and so on. For stores and such, figure they offer just what you see in *Deadlands Reloaded* and multiply by the local Price Modifier when the time comes to pay up.

After all the niceties comes a list of any Savage Tales linked to that area (each marked with a Marshal's badge, like this ). You'll find a one-line summary of each of the location's adventures, along with handy page references to help you find them quickly.

The Great Maze & California

Fear Level: 2

The people of California held a vote to see which flag they would follow—North or South—and they voted "neither." But that doesn't mean anyone's made an effort to turn the Fast Country into an organized nation. Grimme's Edict of '77 didn't bring any order to the Maze, it just announced Lost Angels' intention to go her own way. Chaos rules here more than anything else, as a multitude of factions do battle for the greatest concentration of valuable resources—gold, silver, and especially ghost rock—in the world.

The Ghost Rock Rush

To figure out whether a particular vein of fundaments has been claimed, the miner needs to seek out a licensed representative of the Greater Maze Rock Miner's Association, more commonly known as the Rockies. They're about as close as the Maze comes to an actual government, being the sole certifying, licensing, and registering body for ghost rock claims in the region.

That's a grandiose assertion, but the Rockies have the clout to back it up. The Greater Maze Rock Miner's Association is a cartel of wealthy shipping types. They buy from the miners and sell to clients throughout the world, wielding their wealth and influence to great advantage.

The richest deposits of ghost rock are found in the coastline between Lost Angels and Shan Fan, the Maze's two largest cities. There are many, many miners plying their trade in the watery channels of the Great Maze, thumbing their noses at the Maze's many hazards.

Maze miners don't typically dig tunnels or pan in streams; they get up on scaffolds and hang on the sheer face of a mesa's side, chipping off nuggets of ghost rock into leather pouches held in place by straps over the shoulders. When a surface has been cleaned out, they meticulously drill down to the next layer, knocking away the stone until more precious ghost rock is revealed. Sometimes these fellows are suspended fifty feet over the water, which is infested with the many abominations that appeared along with ghost rock after the Great Quake of '68.

DEADLANDS: THE FLOOD

Some enterprising prospectors—derisively called Boat Rats by others—never leave their vessels. They just sail up to the side of a butte studded with ghost rock and dynamite the whole thing. Once tons of rock come tumbling down, they grab what nuggets they can and skedaddle. These cherry-pickers end up sending more ghost rock into the sea than they collect, but their method is fast, dirty, and most of all, effective. It also earns them the enmity of most honest miners.

Mesa Towns

When the Great Quake hit, a lot of California plunged into the Pacific. The rest of it was shattered into pieces, and then millions of gallons of seawater flooded in to fill the channels between them. Now what land remains is broken into isolated buttes and mesas, with deep channels of Pacific ocean running between them.

Some of the mesas are big enough that you can fit a town, or what passes for a town, on the plateau on top. The problem is getting off the top of the mesa when you want to go somewhere. There are all kinds of ghost-rock-fueled steam contraptions that move people from the water below to the town above, elevators the least strange of them.



There are far, far more mesa towns in the Great Maze than are marked on the map or detailed in this book. Most of them are fairly small, home to maybe 100 or 200 miners and maybe a general store owner. We encourage you to devise your own boomtowns and mesa villages to populate the Maze.

The Maze Wars

Since Hellstromme's airships dropped their deadly payload of Ghostfire Bombs at the Battle of Lost Angels—one of which ignited Ghost Town—a desperate frenzy of greed has swept across the Maze. Like rats on a sinking ship, everyone is trying to grab what morsels they can before the whole place goes to hell.

Wasatch holds the rights to the railroad depot at Lost Angels, so the only prizes that remain are all those unstaked claims in the Maze's broken, watery canyons. The amorphous, long-simmering "Maze Wars" have exploded into full-scale hostilities on an unprecedented scale.

Though Hellstromme managed to end the Great Rail Wars in one fatal stroke, he also laid the groundwork for Santa Anna's invasion of California, touched off a war between the triads, and set all the rail barons murderously scrounging for whatever fundaments they can lay their fingers on. There's even some skirmishing between bluebellies and rebs, which doesn't bode well for the cease-fire. The Maze is a rough place to make a living these days, with people more afraid than they've been in years.

Meanwhile Famine licks her dry, cracked lips in anticipation of a feast.

Bear's Claw, Dragon's Breath, & Lion's Roar

Fear Level: 3

Price Modifier: x4

Kang's pirates are a major faction in the Maze. Anywhere the Iron Dragon rail line goes, you're sure to find rail warriors in the service of the famous Chinese warlord. But Kang's pirates don't spend all their time at sea, nor do they limit their piracy to it. Some of their most profitable activities are undertaken on land, and the three pirate fortresses of Bear's Claw, Dragon's Breath, and Lion's Roar provide staging areas for strikes against nearly any location in the Maze.

Kang's trusted lieutenant Red Petals Su (see *Deadlands Reloaded* for stats) rules over all three walled towns, dividing her time between them. When Kang is in the Maze, he spends most of his time at Dragon's Breath. A few hundred pirates inhabit each town, making them heavily-defended headquarters indeed.

Kang's pirate operations depend on the extensive spy network of Red Petals Su. When she hears that someone has staked a new ghost rock claim, her men are there hours later, waving official-looking documents and swords, shout-

STRANGE LOCALES

AFTER THE FLOOD

When all's said and done, when your valiant heroes achieve what everyone said was impossible—wipe out Grimme, his 13 ghouls, and leave the western half of the City of Lost Angels under several feet of water—there's nothing left to do on the Weird West Coast, right? Wrong!

Just because Famine is (temporarily) without a Servitor doesn't mean there's no action, horror, and adventure left. Just about anything you can imagine—and a handful of things you can't—are lurking in the many regions and climes of the west.

This section takes you through some of the major changes to the area after the Flood of 1880 hits Lost Angels. A future adventure will deal with Famine's quest to find a new Servitor—and the heroes' attempt to stop her.

NEAR LOST ANGELS

When the Flood hits, it doesn't just wipe out Lost Angels. The massive wave has to cross miles of Maze to get to the city, scouring the tops of mesas in its path completely clean.

The following changes apply to descriptions in this chapter:

Some locales are completely obliterated by the Flood of 1880. Big M Ranch, Carver's Landing, Dragonhold, Felicity Peak, Junction, Quarrytown, and Van Horn's Light are all swept away.

Ghost Town: Not even the deluge is enough to extinguish the fires burning beneath Ghost Town. The flames and smoke are quenched for a week or so, but then flare up even hotter than before.

Groaning Man Cave: The ghost rock fire in the cave is extinguished by the floodwaters, making the lost gold accessible (but solid).

Serpent Cove: Jericho and her spawn are freed and washed out into the Maze.

THE FATE OF THE CHURCH

The center of the church's power is wiped out, along with most of the Lost Angels' inner circle. All but a handful of the inner circle—those who knew

the church was really a cannibal cult—are washed away as well. There's no trace of Grimme or the 13 Elders.

Unless the heroes push for a different course of action, the mostly normal followers of Lost Angels eventually come together under a new leader named John Prosperi. Together over the course of the next few years they rebuild the city on what dry land remains.

John is basically a good man but he still believes in Grimme's public message about the taint of the outside world. He's less isolationist than Grimme—visitors can come and go as they please in the city—but he does still consider it sovereign soil (with no allegiance to either the North or the South).

Perdition's residents look down upon the city and shrug. Prosperi is much less of a problem to them than Grimme. As the weeks roll on, the church opens its ports to trade with the rail barons.

Though this trade is still heavily taxed (to rebuild Lost Angels) it brings more food to the region and drastically lessens the lingering effects of Famine's control.

FAMINE'S FEAST

Famine takes a serious hit with the loss of her servant. Her bony reach still extends throughout the region and hunger is still a problem, but the effects are drastically lessened for the next decade and beyond.

Of course, the Mistress of Starvation doesn't take this setback lightly. She pours her remaining energy into creating new monsters and slowly searches for a new servitor to take Grimme's place. The neighborhood may have gotten better, but there are still plenty of ravenous horrors crawling and lurking in the darkness. And humans still create their own evil too—the kind the Reckoners like the best—and often turn themselves into ghouls or wendigos in the process.

One more thing. Faminites aren't cured—but neither does their infection spread. For now, at least...

DEADLANDS: THE FLOOD

ing a lot, and generally being about as threatening as they can. Faced with such opposition, most prospectors have no choice but to abandon their claim, no matter whether the legalese fools them.

This has led to quite a few armed conflicts between Kang's Maze Rats and Greater Maze Rock Miners' Association forces. Put simply, the Rockies don't like Kang all that much. But it's not that hard to drive Maze Rats off a claim—they're not the most highly motivated workers, and unless Kang or Su is commanding them they tend to cut and run in the face of determined opposition.

In the past Kang's been content with an easy-come, easy-go attitude regarding his ill-gotten claims. But since the Maze Wars flared up, he's been working on consolidating claims in the areas surrounding his fortresses. With the increased levels of hostility from all factions, it makes more sense to grab claims close to home and defend them with his fleets, rather than spreading his pirate ships thinly across the Maze.

The Men of the Grid

This group of rebels has battled Grimme for years in various incarnations, and so far Grid leader Ansel Pascal has eluded the Guardian Angels by remaining hidden in Kang's walled city of Bear's Claw. His trusted lieutenant Job "Hog" Dunston disappeared recently, though, and no one's seen hide nor hair of him.

Since Hellstromme dropped the bomb on Ghost Town, Pascal and the Gridders have declared open season on Lost Angels and its church. They suddenly seem to have a lot more support, too. In fact, Ansel's materiel is coming from just about every one of the rail barons (except Hellstromme). He's playing them off each other, and getting more and more guns for his efforts. Between that and Dunston's Union connections, the Gridders find themselves remarkably well-supplied.

It's a dangerous game. Since he's declared loyalty to no one but the Gridders themselves, none of the rail barons would lose sleep if Ansel were to suddenly disappear. While he manages to keep harassing Grimme he's useful, and he can depend on surviving that long. If the posse is looking for help against the Cult of Lost Angels, there are worse places to start than the Men of the Grid.

Kang's Triad

Until recently Kang had another operation going on the side, in addition to Iron Dragon and his pirate fleet. He ran a full-fledged triad of his own—the Lion's Roar Triad—in the boomtowns and slums east of Lost Angels, commonly known as Ghost Town. This provided him with steady revenue from various illegal activities banned inside the Lost Angels city limits, and it amused Kang greatly to know that the mere presence of such vices was a constant thorn in Grimme's side.

Then Hellstromme dropped the bombs.

Seventy-five percent of Kang's triad was vaporized, and the resulting fires killed almost all the rest of his people. Suddenly Kang wasn't laughing. Not only did he lose a major piece of his empire, but his perceived weakness leads directly to the War of the Triads (see page 69).

Getting There

Bear's Claw is south of the City of Lost Angels, Dragon's Breath is south of Shan Fan, and Lion's Roar stands about midway between the two. Getting to any of them is as simple as knowing the general area from a map, and then traveling—by boat or on foot—until the brightly colored sampans and smokestacks of one of Kang's fleets are visible. Typically the pirate vessels fill the channels surrounding the mesa, atop which is constructed a fortified town.

Getting in is the real challenge—Kang's fortresses are generally closed to visitors. Anyone who walks up to the front doors is liable to get shot full of holes or skewered on a pirate's sword. If the Maze Rats are in a playful mood, maybe trespassers end up sold into slavery in China or Mexico. All in good fun, of course.

But contrary to popular opinion, admittance to Kang's towns isn't solely limited to Maze Rats if one has the right connections. As long as a fellow can blend into the crowd, isn't looking to make trouble, and has ready cash to spend, he can explore the labyrinths of opium dens, Fan Tan parlors, and brothels. It's dangerous to do so because a lot of folks never come back from such excursions. But some men are still willing to risk it for the "celestial ladies" found in those palaces of sinful pleasure.

Points of Interest

Generally speaking, the inside of Kang's fortresses are dedicated to raiding and fighting. Each of his towns provides a handy storehouse for ghost rock, weapons, gunpowder, and other materiel, as well as providing a sanctuary for Kang's men to blow off steam. An Administrator is appointed by Red Petals Su to run each of the towns in her absence, but the jobs have a high rate of turnover.

Dragon's Breath and Lion's Roar are built atop mesas among the channels of the Maze, but Bear's Claw is nestled into a massive, tiered canyon in the coastline south of Lost Angels. Besides those details, Kang's pirate towns are remarkably similar. First we'll run through the things they have in common, and then cover a few unique landmarks of each.

At the center of each town is an opulent palace in the traditional Chinese style, a rambling affair of pagodas and pavilions guarded round-the-clock by cadres of Kang's most skilled martial artists. Full-time administrative and serving staff occupy the palaces, keeping everything in perfect form in case Su or Kang should stop in for a visit. The master's occupancy might last one night, or it might last four years. The staff do not ask questions, they just stay ready for anything.

STRANGE LOCALES

Near the palaces are the arsenals. Each one represents years of hoarding firearms and heavy weapons, and is stocked with hundreds of barrels of black powder to boot. They're a gunman's dream, but getting into one of these places is a thief's nightmare. Kang's got legions—and we do mean *legions*—of tomb guardians (see page 179) looking out for his weapon stashes, which are getting depleted with undue haste by the current hostilities.

No barracks are needed for the Maze Rats and martial artists who serve Kang. Just consider the whole fortress their barracks. That's what they do. The civilians who live in Kang's towns—and enjoy the warlord's protection—know that Kang's men are entitled to whatever they want when they want it. A Maze Rat can always find a crust of bread, a bottle of rice wine, and a straw pallet to bed down on. For the most part, the pirates don't abuse the privilege. After all, even Maze Rats know not to soil their own rug, so to speak. The Maze is just full of other places to run roughshod over, pillaging and looting.

All of Kang's fortresses have ore processing stations for ghost rock, gold, and copper. They have resident shipwrights, scientists, and ghost rock boiler experts on hand to repair the vessels of Kang's fleet. Most importantly, each town is equipped with a hospital that provides medical care and a place to recover for pirates wounded in battle.

Vices of all sorts are viewed as mere commerce in Kang's towns. There's the multitude of opium dens, Fan Tan parlors, and brothels mentioned above—mostly for use by the pirates—but the towns also serve as points of distribution for the same vices. Opium and slaves from Kang's fortresses provide fuel for the black markets and red-light districts of countless boomtowns up and down the West Coast. Stolen goods and kidnapped folks constantly arrive in Kang's towns alongside the steady stream of ill-gotten fundaments.

The walls of Bear's Claw once withstood heavy shelling from Union naval forces, and the other towns are similarly fortified with thick stone walls that surround the entire place. Steam-Gatlings, cannons, and Maze Rats line the battlements, while auto-gyros and other flying machines buzz around in the air, in primo position to drop various pyrotechnic devices on intruders. Did we mention Kang's personal bomb makers? Thanks to them, the Air Rats have access to all sorts of fun, explosive toys.

Lion's Roar

Lion's Roar is located near the middle of California, meaning it provides access to most of the Maze without much trouble. Red Petals Su spends a lot of time here, both out of habit and because of the central location—if she needs to get to another town quickly Lion's Roar is the best place to start. This fortress tends to bring in the most ghost rock from Kang's many claims for the same reason. Lion's Roar is considered the base of operations for Kang's Triad, although most of its members are deceased.

Lion's Roar has its own underground prison. Kidnapped folks might get taken to one fortress or another, maybe held for a while in a dingy cell, but they all end up here in the

Lion's Belly. That's where people are sealed away in the dark until their time comes to step up onto the auction block. Monthly slave auctions take place in a huge marketplace just outside the palace gates. When she's bored, Su has been known to sit up on a balcony with her bodyguards and watch the slaves being sold. Every once in a while one catches her eye, and she only has to gesture to make the purchase.

Dragon's Breath

The most forbidding and formidable of Kang's towns is Dragon's Breath. Since it's closest to Shan Fan, it's important to display the proper status in comparison to the triads and warlords. Anything less might be taken as evidence of weakness. Kang mans his northern bastion with the most seasoned warriors and destructive weapons he can lay hand to, as well as the bulk of his navy.

While the outside of Kang's fortress radiates strength, the opulent and welcoming palace—easily the biggest, best-staffed, and most indulgent of the three—radiates generosity. Warlord Kang typically hangs his hat here when he's in the Maze and needs to host a party for his triad associates and rivals.

Bear's Claw

The southernmost of the three fortresses, Bear's Claw, is the only one actually built into solid land instead of on top of a free-standing butte. The giant canyon at the inner edge of the Maze was created during the Great Quake, and its shape—four narrow, needle-like ravines cutting into California rock, with a deep-water inlet in the middle—gave it its name. The inlet is protected by enormous “sea gates” engineered by a scientist several years back. They allow water to pass freely, but tear the hull right out of any ships that try to barrel through.

Since the bombs dropped, Bear's Claw is a less desirable destination among Maze Rats. Pirates are more likely to stay away for longer periods of time, plying the channels and chasing down new claims, and Kang and Su frequent the other towns. The Men of the Grid have nowhere else to go, so the months after Ghost Town's destruction are the best time for the posse to get ahold of them.

Bear's Claw lies within the area claimed by the Edict of '77, but Kang has ignored the declaration and Grimme has not yet been able to enforce it. Once Hellstromme has settled into his new position, it's a sure bet Grimme will turn Wasatch's rail warriors loose on Bear's Claw.

Savage Tales

★ **Spy Games (page 133):** Sent to Dragon's Breath as spies, the posse has to fight their way out.

★ **Fellheimer's Folly (page 146):** While traveling the Maze southeast of Lion's Roar, the posse comes upon an extremely tall, narrow island that looks like a spike jutting into the air.

DEADLANDS: THE FLOOD



Big M Ranch

Fear Level: 3

Price Modifier: x6

After all this time, Dwight Shelton—a cattleman from Texas—still runs the Big M with his family and hired hands. Years ago he heard about the food problems in the Maze, and figured he could make some money doing what he did best: raising cattle. He brought some good stock with him and staked out a mesa with rich grazing and a water supply. Things were rough at first, but soon he had a small herd roaming his land.

These days business is better than ever, the cattle are healthy, and Dwight drives enough head to market to post a profit every year. The only thing that troubles him is why his ranch is thriving when so many others have failed, or don't ever get through one season. Dwight figures it has to be luck because sometimes it seems like everyone is living under a dark cloud except him.

As Shelton's herd got larger over the years, the dark clouds came his way too. Grimme always saw the Big M as a challenge to his grip over the local food supply, but now he's been forced to apply stronger measures. Shelton has

had his hands full the past few months, fending off nightly attacks on his herd and finding mutilated remains the next day.

Getting There

The Big M Ranch is located out in the Maze southwest of Lost Angels, on a wide, green mesa with a shallow spring in the middle of it. A bridge connects the Shelton home with the top of the mesa, which is hemmed in with barbed wire.

Shelton's mesa is just across the channel from the ruins of Floater's Folly, which was destroyed by a freak riptide after the bombs dropped on Ghost Town. The scattered piles of driftwood and debris are frequented by all manner of varmints and terrors.

Points of Interest

Shelton's mesa is the only verdant spot for miles around. If starvation is Famine's meat and potatoes, one man envying another man's vittles would have to be her gravy. It just makes all the starving folks a little more miserable when they know somebody else's belly is full.

Savage Tales



The Creature of Archeron Bay (page 152):

Hearing rumors of rich salvage, the posse travels to an inlet just off the South Channel and faces its terrible inhabitant.



The Rancher's Life (page 148):

Word in the Maze is that Dwight Shelton's hiring protection for his herd—only serious shootists need apply.

Carver's Landing

Fear Level: 2

Price Modifier: x5

Carver's Landing is one of the more prosperous towns near Lost Angels, and one of the oldest mesa towns in the Maze. A few years ago the population was about evenly split between miners and merchants, but since the nearby ghost rock claims played out it leans heavily in the merchant direction. This hasn't affected the town's character at all; it's still a favorite place for miners to spend their hard-earned cash.

Getting There

The town is located on a high mesa about five miles down the South Channel from Lost Angels. A boat is the only practical way to get there. Ferry services from Lost Angels are available at prices ranging from .25¢ each way (keep your eyes open and your pistols handy) to \$10.00 round trip (more whiskey with your hors d'oeuvres, Sir?).

STRANGE LOCALES

Points of Interest

Carver's Landing is a collection of all sorts of shops—hatters, clothiers, shoemakers, gun shops, jewelry stores, and the like—but its main attractions are the watering holes. The town boasts seven saloons, and an eighth—the Eight Ball Billiards Hall—just opened its doors. If you need to find out what's up in the mining world, this is the place to go.

Savage Tales

★ **Groaning Man Cave (page 148):** While drinking at Carver's Landing, the posse overhears tales of lost pirate treasure.

★ **Rabid Rance Rides Again! (page 152):** A jubilant miner bursts into the Eight Ball Billiards Hall crowing about his newfound wealth, only to catch the ear of one Rabid Rance Hitchcock—an outlaw with a lucky streak.

Devil's Armpit

Fear Level: 4

Price Modifier: x7

Devil's Armpit is a small mining town that's run as a collective by T'ou-Chi Chow—the God of Bandits. Anyone is welcome to settle here as long as they're seeking redemption. To the rich and powerful, Devil's Armpit is a city of thieves run by a bandit king. To the poor and downtrodden, it's a haven from the deadly rigors of life in the Maze. It's actually a little of both.

The town survives mostly on the proceeds of T'ou-Chi Chow's bandit activities. Citizens are encouraged to join the ranks of his 108 Righteous Bandits, but the God of Bandits is famous for never requiring this of anyone. He loves to appear generous in front of his fawning subjects, but T'ou-Chi Chow is a thief at heart. He's charming, with a heart a mile wide and a smile even wider. He's also a gleeful political subversive, fond of spouting anarchistic philosophy he's picked up from European books. He has the motto "Property Is Theft" engraved on the barrel of his sixgun.

Unlike many of the Maze's warlords, the God of Bandits isn't a martial artist. He's a gunslinger—and a very accomplished one, at that.

108 Righteous Bandits

The outlaw hero is one of the most popular types in Chinese folklore. In the Great Maze, a group calling themselves the 108 Righteous Bandits seeks to uphold the time-honored tradition of robbing from the rich to give to the poor. The rich see them as a scourge on the free conduct of business in the Maze. The fearful and meek, on the other hand, see them as shining heroes. As usual in the Maze, the truth is another matter.

First, there aren't 108 of them. One hundred and eight is a lucky number in China, that's all. The numbers of the 108 fluctuate as hangers-on join the gang and are later killed or drift. In fact, the 108 isn't really a gang—more like a bunch of loosely allied gangs.

Second, some are more righteous than others. The recklessly charming T'ou-Chi Chow gives the bulk of his criminal proceeds to the poor of Devil's Armpit. Others, like Hao-Te Zui (the Mad Monk) keep most of the gold for themselves.

Raids attributed to members of the 108 have been reported throughout the Maze. They sometimes range into Oregon, Nevada, and even Mexico, keeping on the move and disguising themselves as humble mining workers. The 108 don't have a single *modus operandi*, but they tend to enjoy hitting symbols of power and authority, such as banks, Wells-Fargo steamcoaches, and armories. They strike evenhandedly at Union and Confederate targets, as well as the Rockies.

Getting There

Devil's Armpit is about 25 miles northwest of Shan Fan, on the inner edge of the Maze. A boat is the quickest and most direct way to get there, but there's also a faint trail leading out from the Sacramento area for those who are traveling overland. Visitors are generally welcome in Devil's Armpit, as long as they respect the local authority and aren't looking to arrest anyone.

Not just anyone can settle in Devil's Armpit. You need a special invite from T'ou-Chi Chow. To qualify, one has to be in need of a second chance. Maybe a soiled dove seeking an honest life. A Chinese miner who's been run off his operation by a greedy lynch mob. A native warrior thrown out of his tribe for refusing to aid the Rattlesnake Clan. You name a hard luck story, and there's someone in Devil's Armpit who's risen above it.

Points of Interest

With a name like Devil's Armpit, you know a place has got to be ugly. T'ou-Chi Chow's burg fell out of the ugly tree and hit six branches on the way down. The locals consider it charming. Two giant, sheltering pillars of stone meet directly above the town, forming a triangular crook in which the place is built. Over the years the smoke of mining equipment rising out of the place has stained the upper point black with soot, making it look exactly like what you'd imagine a devil's armpit to resemble.

If you're beaten by life and looking for a second chance, Devil's Armpit can seem like home. For hombres who just happen to drop in for a visit things appear fairly bleak. There's a saloon called the Black Ace where the whiskey is cheap, but other than that just a lot of half-starved miners kept in line by the God of Bandits' henchmen.

DEADLANDS: THE FLOOD

GRIMME'S WALKING STICK

The hickory stick (Str+d4) that belonged to the original Ezekiah Grimme is the only thing that can physically harm Famine's Servitor. It's not much to look at—just a plain walking stick, polished smooth, with a faded inscription carved into one side: *For Father Ezekiel, Your loving Flock. Los Angeles, 1867.*

Use of *detect arcana* confirms that the stick is a relic of great power, but gives no indication of its use. A Common Knowledge roll (–4) means a hero has heard tales of the legendary hickory stick Reverend Grimme carried while leading his flock out of the Great Quake. Such stories are popular among pious members of the Church of Lost Angels.

The popular tales are distortions of the truth. After the original Grimme's flock turned on him and devoured his flesh, his replacement appeared bearing a new hickory stick enveloped in evil. The old stick, imbued with Grimme's noblest intentions as well as the reverence of his flock, drifted with the rising tide into the Maze.

The hickory stick was found months later, washed up on a mesa shore. Over the years it has passed through many hands, traveling far from the Maze and returning, none of its owners ever guessing its true power. Most recently it came to Ghost Town with a family of settlers who had run short on money and hoped to get jobs working the ghost rock refineries. But the Ghostfire Bombs cut short their dreams. Fleeing the destruction they abandoned the hickory stick in the cellar of a derelict saloon—The Vestibule.

Grimme's walking stick is a vital weapon for the posse bent on depriving Famine of her Servitor. Among other things, it can mean the difference between victory and death in the final battle with Grimme and his 13 Ghouls. This item isn't something the posse should just stumble upon, and it isn't something they should flap their gums about owning unless they want all manner of bandits, Maze rats, outlaws, and varmints trying to take it from them. Getting (and keeping) Grimme's stick should be a major tale in itself, ideally one tailored to your group's history, personalities, and predilections.

Savage Tales



Flesh of the Mad Monk (page 149): The diabolic Hao-Te Zui enacts a ploy years in the making, and unless the posse stops it, innocent children will die.

Devil's Postpiles

Fear Level: 5

The Devil's Postpiles are huge, octagonal columns of blue, basaltic rock. Some of them are over 60 feet tall. Local legend says a corpse buried near the postpiles will return to life. This has led many to bury their loved ones at the feet of these awesome columns. Some also say that pleading one's case over the fallen's grave improves the chances the "spirits" will return their loved ones to life.

Getting There

The Devil's Postpiles are almost exactly 95 miles east-northeast from Shannonsburg, near Mammoth Mountain and Kwan Province. Though the location is remote, numerous trails lead to this place.

There's no shortage of people looking for an easy way out of their pain, and lately the Maze has been producing plenty of corpses.

Points of Interest

Scores of graves contain the heartwrenching tales of the bereaved. Fathers, sons, mothers, and daughters are all jammed into the hard earth here. The Apaches believe in the legend of the Devil's Postpiles, but they also claim returning from the dead in such a way taints the victim's soul.

Most of this is true.

Any dead buried in the rocky ground near these strange rock formations draws 5 extra cards to see if they come back Harrowed. The corpse must be fresh, no more than a week old, and completely buried in the stony earth, a task that takes about two man-hours.

Unfortunately, the cursed ground gives the Harrowed's manitou total Dominion when the victim returns from the grave. If you want to give a character a chance to come back with Dominion, you can, but you should definitely play out his nightmare, and you should make it harder than Hell for him to wake up holding the reins to his own cadaver.

Whenever anyone spends the night waiting for a companion, there's a chance the lost souls who didn't come back rise as walkin' dead. They don't pursue their prey more than a half-mile from the postpiles, and they return to their graves if not destroyed. Most nights, the smell of fresh brains causes 3d10 walkin' dead to rise.

STRANGE LOCALES

Dragonhold

Fear Level: 2

Price Modifier: x5

Until a few years ago, this place was a run-of-the-mill mining town known as Pete's Perch. Then they discovered their pet Maze dragon, and everyone in town got a little weird. They changed the place's name and set up their sideshow attraction. Nobody in town does much mining anymore. They just rake in dollars from tin horns who have more money than sense.

Needless to say, the town has prospered. It's run by Sutton Thacker, a man who raises most people's hackles. He never looks people in the eye when he speaks, always seeming to be staring at something six inches above their left shoulder. But Thacker's rudeness is only skin deep—his evil goes to the bone.

Getting There

Dragonhold is about 10 miles due west of Lost Angels, on a mesa between the West and South Channels. North of Dragonhold mesa is Serpent Cove—accessible via the West Channel—which is sheltered on all sides by crags of rock and towering mesa walls.

Points of Interest

The most interesting thing about Dragonhold is Serpent Cove. This inlet is the abode of one of the aforementioned Maze dragons. Unlike its brethren, this creature is peaceful, or so claim its handlers.

A group of people in Dragonhold watch out for the thing—and make a pretty penny doing it. They've strung chain barricades across the entrances to the cove and charge admission from boats wishing to enter and take a look at the "gentle giant." For \$1 a head, you can putter around inside the dragon's lair and toss fish into its gigantic maw. To the best of anyone's knowledge, this particular Maze dragon (called Jericho by its handlers) has never eaten any people.

Savage Tales



Cult o' the Dragon (page 150): The search for the glyphs leads to Sutton Thacker and the loyal cult of lackeys he's gathered around himself.

Felicity Peak

Fear Level: 4

Price Modifier: x8

This lovely chunk of real estate is claimed by Gregor Petrov, and is named for the daughter he had with his American wife. Petrov is a member of the Russian nobility who came to the Maze in '72, to make a fortune mining



ghost rock and selling it to folks back in Mother Russia. He brought a boatload of serfs with him from his estates back home to work the cliffs and mines of the mesa night and day. Many die in accidents, but this is no worry to Petrov because his ship brings a fresh load of serfs with it each time it returns from Russia.

Getting There

Felicity Peak lies about 15 miles southwest of Lost Angels, on a tall, pointed butte not far from the churning waters of the South Channel. A rope bridge connects Felicity Peak with the nearest butte, onto which Petrov is currently expanding his operations.

Points of Interest

Petrov and his family live high up on the peak with a small army of retainers, while his serfs mine tons of ghost rock from the sheer cliffs below. His manor house is a virtual fortress, and he does not like visitors. Gregor Petrov is in fact an awful minion of the Reckoners who lives off the blood of children.

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Savage Tales



The Russian Menace (page 151): An escaped serf tells tales of Gregor Petrov that would curl your hair, prompting the heroes to seek a little payback.

Fort Lincoln

Fear Level: 2

Price Modifier: x5

Small Union mining towns are scattered throughout the inland edge of the Great Maze, but the most important of them is Fort Lincoln. It's easily the biggest of the Union's settlements, but its importance is also symbolic—the fort represents the Union's continuing presence in the Maze, and its intention to keep fighting. Should the outpost fall, the rest of the Union's California holdings would no doubt follow in short order.

Fort Lincoln is a fairly sleepy little outpost, home to 300 or so infantrymen and 150 naval raiders, along with a civilian population of about 75 ghost rock miners and ore processors. Given the tenuous nature of the Union's current operations in the Maze—and the sheer number of

enemies they suddenly find themselves up against—it's no wonder tensions are high between Army and Navy staff at Fort Lincoln.

The Union Army

The base commander is Brigadier General Malcolm Gill, a stiff and standoffish man who's somewhat demoralized by the battered condition of his forces, and the lack of obedience shown by his naval counterparts. He has a wife and child Back East whom he misses terribly, though he almost never lets it show. The size of the force at Fort Lincoln warrants a Colonel at best, but the Brigadier General is here for political reasons—to assure the miners of the Maze that the Union takes its claim to the territory seriously.

Like every other faction in the Maze, the Union hires freebooters when it gets desperate for good help. But Gill almost never parleys with them directly; he certainly doesn't do so at the fort. The liaison between Union forces and the Agency (and the man who most often deals with mercenaries and freelance posses) is Major Farrell Brick, a young and energetic fellow from a blue-blood family. His exuberant determination to take the fight to the Rebs seems a little childish sometimes, as if he thinks it's all a big fox hunt or something. But don't let his tinhorn mannerisms fool you; his killer instinct is as long as your arm.

Brick is a frequent visitor to Shan Fan, where he conducts most of his business. A more cautious man would go incognito, but Brick flashes about in full dress uniform. He's been assaulted more than once while pulling this routine. So far he has always made his attackers regret their folly.

Brick offers rewards for information about the movements and plans of Confederate forces in the area. He often places bounties on the heads of particular Confederate-backed buccaneers and can provide armaments, maps, and logistical support to those who want to bag themselves a pirate or two.

Locke's Raiders

The top-ranking Navy officer in the Maze is Lt. Commander Oswald Locke. He's supposed to follow General Gill's orders, but in fact he's got his own agenda. Locke is an anti-social and unpleasant man who commands a force of similarly-inclined outcasts. His 150 sailors are culled from men who would have otherwise been court-martialed out of the Union Navy. They drink, they curse, they don't take care of their uniforms, and they live to fight. If they aren't fighting the Rebs or other Maze pirates, they start fighting with each other. Locke keeps them out in the Maze as much as possible, because they inevitably end up in the stockade if they spend more than two weeks at Fort Lincoln.

These foul-smelling brawlers may be the dumb kind of brave, but they're fearsome. They skim over the waves in 15-foot open boats driven by steam propellers. These vessels, nicknamed knife boats (see page 21), are not gunboats. They exist for one purpose and one purpose only: to quickly move dozen-man teams of cutthroats around the Maze.



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The object is to bull headlong into an enemy vessel and board it for close-quarter fighting, at which Locke's Raiders are unparalleled. Locke's men stay away from the heavily armored pirate vessels of the Confederate side, instead preying on cargo ships. By the time one of the gargantuan Rebel ironclads steams into sight, the maneuverable knifeships are long gone, their victims denuded of ghost rock and run aground.

Although they're justly feared, the average life span of Locke's men is not long. Sometimes they run out of Union Navy rejects and have to recruit local mercenaries to round out a crew. Those who stay for a short while can gain considerable wealth, as well as combat experience and bragging rights. Those who stay for a long while tend to end up as fish food.

Getting There

Fort Lincoln is located deep in the channels, sheltered from Confederate ironclads that would like nothing more than to level the place, close to the landward edge of the Maze. It's roughly halfway between Shan Fan and Goodwill, and most easily accessible by boat. There's also a Union Blue line to Sacramento (about 100 miles away), alongside a well-used trail for stage or horses.

The base commander, General Gill, is exceedingly wary of outsiders, and this attitude has been adopted by his men. You don't get past the gates if you're not a proven friend of the Union. Scratch that—proven friends of the Confederacy can get past the gate, but they go directly to the stockade!

Points of Interest

Even though the interior resembles most other mining towns, the outside of Fort Lincoln advertises its status as a military outpost. Stockade walls limit entry to a single gate, which is flanked by a pair of blockhouses armed with Gatlings and manned by Union troops. The fort's large inlet provides a safe harbor and repair services for Union ironclads and Locke's fleet of knife boats (when they're not out taking it to the Rebs). Entry to Lincoln Bay is supervised by a dozen cannons and crews arrayed along the cliffs above.

The Union outpost itself is a large structure at the center of town where all military personnel are housed and fed. The town's unofficial meeting place and source of recreation is the Chi-Town Gambling Hall, where off-duty soldiers, sailors, and miners can drink liquor, play a hand of cards, and watch the dancing ladies. Wild brawls between Gill's soldiers and Locke's raiders aren't nearly as uncommon as the General would prefer.

Savage Tales



Wanted: Dead or Alive! (page 153): After raids lay waste to a few Union towns, General Gill puts a price on Captain Blood's head so large every bounty hunter in the Maze is after him.

Fort Norton & Kwan Province

Fear Level: 2

Price Modifier: x5

General Mu-T'ou Kwan—more commonly known as Warlord Kwan—rules from his sprawling fortress in California's redwood territory. Kwan's forces number somewhere around 1600 fighting men, which is quite impressive for a California army. Most of his followers are Chinese, and unashamed to follow a powerful warlord. Just as many are disaffected miners and other losers drawn to Kwan's offer of a warm bed, regular feeding times, and the occasional spate of looting and pillaging.

Sometimes Kwan sends soldiers to fight on behalf of the Confederates or Santa Anna's Army of the Night in exchange for steam wagons or gold. Mostly, though, he concentrates on expanding the boundaries of his "province," which is what he calls the area around his fort where he collects his "taxes."

Fort Norton is in the heart of redwood territory, the portion of central California that is home to the largest trees in the world: the sequoias and redwoods. The trees are rapidly being cut down and shipped as lumber to Shan Fan. These days Kwan gets most of the money for his fancy fort from taxing the lumber industry.

The lumber barons of Shan Fan are among Kwan's great supporters; his soldiers guard lumber shipments down the San Joaquin River and protect them from other bandits. With Kwan, the lumbermen know they're going to get clipped a bit, but they aren't going to lose entire shipments and their men aren't going to be killed. They figure Kwan offers fair value for his services, even if they have little choice but to use them.

General Mu-T'ou Kwan

Kwan arrived in the Maze from Canton in '69, less than a year after the Great Quake. He found a place that was in total disarray, with charismatic leaders already exploiting the opportunity to surround themselves with loyal followers. If you could make someone's life a little better in the early days of the Great Maze, that person would likely follow you to the grave.

No problemo—Kwan's a natural at the warlord business. It must run in the family. His daddy was a warlord, too, back in China. Kwan, who is still a young and handsome man, was one precocious 13-year-old. He developed what you might call too strong an affection for one of Kwan Senior's many wives. On rather short notice, Mu-T'ou found it prudent to high-tail it away from his dear papa's fortress in western China.

Big Pul and Little Pul

Like many ambitious fellows, Kwan quickly realized that the miner's life wasn't much of a way to get rich. He became a bandit, hooking up with a pair of outcasts from the Cahuilla Indian tribe. Said outcasts were twin brothers

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called Big Pul and Little Pul. With the help of an otherwise rotating roster of scoundrels and killers, this pair of hellions harried farmers and travelers along the Nevada border from 1864 to 1865.

Like all Indian tribes, the Cahuilla hate sorcerers. On the top of their list of people suspected of congress with evil spirits were Big Pul and Little Pul. Despite their names, these two shamans are indistinguishable in appearance. Rumor has it that they share only one soul between them, and this is why they're so wretched and ornery.

Kwan's Vision Quest

Big Pul and Little Pul introduced Kwan to their spiritual doctrine. After undergoing spiritual training, Kwan went off on a vision quest, fasting and smoking God knows what to get into the right frame of mind to meet his spiritual guardian.

Kwan's totem animal—an owl—told him he was destined to rule all of “the lands beyond the mountain.” Kwan took this to mean everything north of Mexico. The totem told him, however, that he'd have to rule through a puppet leader, a white man who was destined to be Emperor. This all made sense to Kwan, having been raised in a country where the Emperor was often a figurehead, pushed around by the eunuchs and generals around him.

The totem animal even drew Kwan a picture of this Emperor. So Kwan's mission was clear. He had to find this Emperor and then get to work conquering the continent and fulfilling his spiritual destiny.

Emperor Norton I

Kwan and his posse wandered around the state for about a year. His men spread word of his vision quest and his destiny. The number of cutthroats attracted to his gang grew substantially. They robbed and raided and eluded the authorities.

Finally Kwan arrived in Shan Fan, where he encountered a bizarre and comical figure named Joshua A. Norton. Norton styled himself as the Emperor of America and Protector of Mexico. He strutted about in a bright-blue Napoleonic uniform decked out with phony medals. He wore an outlandish beaver hat decorated with feathers. Some of the good people of Shan Fan avoided him; others thought of him as a figure of fun and merriment. He made his living “taking donations” in Red Lantern Town.

Kwan was thunderstruck when he laid eyes on Norton. You guessed it: This madman was the spitting image of the Emperor he'd seen in his vision. Kwan ordered his men to ask around and learn Norton's story.

They found out that Joshua Norton had come to California back in the Gold Rush days with a fortune to invest in import brokerage and property. He did very well for himself, but in 1853, he took a phenomenal risk. Seeing the tide of Chinese immigrants to San Francisco, he decided to make a killing in rice. He invested everything he had in a big shipment from China.

Unfortunately, just as his ship was arriving, a competitor's showed up as well. The price of rice plummeted, and Norton was ruined. He disappeared for a few years and came back cracked in the head.

Whether Kwan had any doubts at this point, only he knows. What's certain is that he scooped Norton up and took him away to his hideout in the Sierra Nevada mountains.

Kwan Province

Since that day, Kwan has grown in strength. He built his hideout into a small fort and then a bigger fort. He turned his occasional raids on local farmers and ranchers into regular “taxation” visits, then expanded them into a full-blown triad operating among the lumber barons and forest towns. His army continues to grow.

In the early days, the locals hired mercenaries to fight him off, but the general gathered soldiers and equipment too fast. There was something about the legend of Kwan's vision and Emperor Norton that brought scoundrels and villains to his side.

Getting There

Kwan Province is easy to find—follow the the San Joaquin River southeast from Shan Fan for about 200 miles until you reach the majestic redwoods and sequoias. From Lost Angels it's about 175 miles north, all by trail. The woods are full of lumbermen and warriors loyal to Kwan, and they'll try to waylay anyone headed to the fort without an invitation.

Fort Norton itself is a little more difficult to get to, since there's no single path that leads to it. Over the years, loggers have created hundreds of paths criss-crossing the forests. Now these form a confusing labyrinth of overgrown tracks and trails, with Fort Norton somewhere near the middle.

If a character knows where to go (through directions from one of Kwan's followers, or by virtue of having been there before), the fort is easily found. Others might end up wandering the sequoia forest for days. Characters can find the fort by succeeding at a Tracking or Survival roll at -6.

Points of Interest

Besides the extensive territory it covers, Kwan Province has few highlights beyond the stupendously huge trees. For the most part, the province is a collection of many small logging, farming, and ranching towns that pay tribute to Kwan in return for his protection.

Fort Norton is as advanced as any on the continent, its high steel walls mounted with Gatling guns and steam-powered cannons. Kwan doesn't squander his ill-gotten gains on his own luxury. He reinvests it all in his empire-to-be.

Kwan is vicious against anyone who crosses him, but at least he's smart enough not to bleed the farmers and ranchers dry. He's a long-term thinker that way. Or perhaps it's Emperor Norton's influence.

STRANGE LOCALES

Norton was always eccentric, but never a drooling idiot. He actually had some smart things to say back when was pretending to be Emperor in Shan Fan. Over the years Norton has exercised a civilizing influence on Kwan, trying to temper his brutality and encouraging him to think more like a politician than a bandit.

Though he showed restraint for a long time, nowadays Kwan is feeling a little desperate. With the destruction of Ghost Town and the treaty between Grimme and Hellstromme, it sure looks like Kwan's opportunity to rule all of California is fading away. There was a time he could have easily overrun the City of Lost Angels, but not anymore.

For now he's biding his time, waiting to see how things fall out with the triads up in Shan Fan, and whether Santa Anna's advancing forces score any wins against the church. Like any crafty warlord, he's waiting for the opportunity to promote himself from local chieftain to ruler of the continent.

Ghost Town

Fear Level: 6

The ruins of Ghost Town are a blackened, burning hell. More importantly they're also a full-blown Deadland. Warbling howls and shrieks echo among skeletal, scorched buildings. The thick smoke that plasters the sky is burnished orange by the glow of flames. A body can hardly breathe for all the noxious fumes, which leave a bitter, acidic taste on the tongue. It's hot enough to bake a man's living flesh off his bones, and in some places tongues of flame rise from cracks in the ground. In those fires cowpokes see their Worst Nightmares flickering.

Getting There

Until recently the shantytown and tent city east of Lost Angels was a ghetto for the poor and destitute of the region. Kang's triad did much of their business there, while the majority barely eked out a living. For every noble soul toiling away in misery, it seemed like three villains were waiting to prey on it. Life in Ghost Town was nasty, brutal, and short, and persistent rumors of cannibalism surrounded its starving masses.

Dr. Hellstromme's Ghostfire Bombs changed all that in a flash, incinerating the good and evil alike. The bombs themselves—high-yield incendiaries with purified ghost rock cores—sent a shockwave through our world and the Hunting Grounds when two detonated on the battlefield and another landed on Ghost Town. Floater's Folly was destroyed by the tidal surge, Manitou Bluff up and vanished like it never was, and Ghost Town remains drenched in the frightful energies of the Reckoners.



It will stay that way—burning out of control and spewing ash into the sky—for decades. The original blast charred the earth's surface, but the powerful explosion that created Skull Crater also ignited buried veins of ghost rock that continue to smolder and channel heat to the surface.

Ghost Town is a mighty dangerous locale, Marshal, and one you shouldn't send your group into lightly. Between the hostile environment and high Fear Level, wet-behind-the-ears heroes are bound to get chewed up and spit out like wads of tobacco. Hombres with a bit more sand may find reason to visit Ghost Town when the triggering of the flood draws near.

Points of Interest

Anybody foolish enough to go to Ghost Town has to deal with a particularly hostile environment—one that's hot, smoky, and rife with horrible abominations. Even if one dodges all these perils, a fiendish boss awaits (but we'll discuss him a bit later).

The usual temperature in Ghost Town is around 100 degrees; consult the Heat rules for Fatigue in *Savage Worlds*. In some places the heat can surge to 120 degrees or hotter. These are usually clustered around the craters left by the bombs, but occur anywhere.

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The entire landscape is darkened by a pall of smoke and noxious fumes. In some places columns of black soot boil out of the flaming earth. Apply the rules for Smoke Inhalation (also in *Savage Worlds*) whenever it seems dramatically appropriate, and certainly whenever the posse enters an enclosed area.

Last but not even close to least, there are terrors to worry about. The infernal flames spread by Hellstromme's bombs left some victims unable to die. Now their ever-blazing souls are bound to this spot, spreading fear for the Reckoners' cause. These burnin' dead haunt Ghost Town's hellish landscape and prey upon unlucky visitors. Other poor souls linger on as fiery will o' the wisps, trying to lure the living to the same fate they suffered.

For every hour the posse spends in Ghost Town, draw for an encounter as usual, and roll on the nearby table to see what the heroes meet. If a Joker comes up, use the Heat Surge! result.

Skull Crater

At the center of the devastation lies a scorched, skull-shaped crater. It is not the only such scar on the landscape, but it is the largest, and a pillar of smoke and ash rises from it constantly. The otherworldly howl of burning ghost rock fills the acrid air.

Near Skull Crater the temperature hangs around 120 degrees all the time. A heat surge can send it skyrocketing to 140 degrees! Craters are good places to meet up with roving packs of burnin' dead, or will o' the wisps that try to draw victims into the craters to be boiled by the intense heat.

GHOST TOWN ENCOUNTER TABLE

2d6	Encounter
2	Heat Surge! Flames flare up around the posse, driving the temperature to 120 degrees. Roll 1d6 for each hero; on a 6, the hero's clothes ignite (see the Fire rules). If the posse remains in the area, apply Fatigue rules for Heat.
3-4	Bone Fiend. This horror uses the stats in <i>Deadlands Reloaded</i> , except that it is scorched black and immune to Fire attacks.
5-9	2d6 Burnin' Dead (see page 175).
10-11	1d6 Will o' the Wisps. These creatures use the stats in <i>Deadlands Reloaded</i> , but appear as blazing spheres of bluish flame.
12	Heat Surge! (As above.)

Lost Treasures

With so much dirty dealing and black market commerce running through Ghost Town in its heyday, you can bet its buried, forgotten root cellars are full of treasures. When a body's lucky enough to find one that hasn't been burned out or blasted to over 500 degrees, there's gold coin and bullion to be had (in small caches worth 1d6x\$100), as well as hidden weapons and other nonflammable gear for salvagers.

This burning hellscape is also the resting place of an item the Reverend Grimme lost many years ago—the hickory walking stick he used while he still lived, during his exodus from the devastation wrought by the Great Quake. Neither the current Grimme nor his 13 Ghouls know what became of that old walking stick. It could be mighty useful to a group of cowpokes trying to bring about a cleansing flood.

Grimme's hickory stick is an item of great power in the *Deadlands* story, not to be secured without a tussle. Rumors can point heroes to Ghost Town, but once the posse's in the ruins they have to track down the relic on their own.

I Am Ironman

On the outskirts of Ghost Town stands the scorched, blasted remains of a saloon called the Vestibule—one of the only buildings still standing. The sign is barely legible now. Once the place was run by Ike "Ironman" Murray, a hard man who'd lived a hard life, as evidenced by the scars lacing his forearms and face. Folks told of how he got the scars tearing apart an automaton with his bare hands out in Salt Lake City.

In actuality it was some ornery Guardian Angels that gave him the scars. While Ironman Murray never talked about it much, everyone knew he had little love for Grimme and his church. The saloon owner went out of his way to help those in need, and allowed his business to be used as a waypoint for food and other supplies headed into the Maze. Seemingly every other week Ironman was providing sanctuary to some poor sod on the run from the authorities.

In the immediate aftermath of the explosions, Ironman Murray saved as many as he could from the inferno and suffered horrible burns in the process. Ironman's hatred for Grimme and outrage at the incredible suffering caught the attention of a manitou with a particularly cruel sense of humor. When Ironman finally succumbed to his catastrophic burns, the spirit raised him up as a charred shadow of his former self.

Now Ironman Murray is known as Evil Ike—head honcho of Ghost Town—and his favorite pastime is leading mobs of burnin' dead in hunts for the living, laughing heartily as they die in flames (see page 180 for his stats). The undead abomination knows nothing of the relic in the Vestibule's cellar, but just for a laugh he tries to murder anyone who enters the old saloon. There are always 2d6 burnin' dead in the vicinity of the Vestibule.

STRANGE LOCALES

Goodwill, Harmony, & New Opportunity

Fear Level: 1

Price Modifier: x3

Not all triads are criminal gangs. Some of them hold to their original purpose to act as a club for local businessmen. They make deals and come to each other's aid in time of need. Not much different from the Masons, actually.

However, some triads don't fit either the gang or the service-club profile. The New Tomorrow Triad—led by the headstrong Tai-Shou Ch'uan—is a prime example of something completely different. The group's stated purpose is to integrate the Chinese people with the Anglos. They believe this will gain their people greater respect from the community at large.

The New Tomorrow Triad founded several fishing communities in the northern Maze. In keeping with their assimilationist outlook, the villages have English names: New Opportunity, Harmony, and Goodwill. Each is home to about 500 triad members. Some Indians have settled in these towns as well; they are treated better here than in other Maze communities.

New Tomorrow Triad

Although they're careful not to alienate the CSA, the New Tomorrow Triad's true sympathies lie with the North. They want to see California recognized as a Union state, but they want full rights and privileges for Chinese within that state.

Given the prejudice against them, this is no easy goal, and they know it. Their plan is to adopt American ways as much as possible. Unlike their countrymen in the Shan Fan Triad, they affect western dress. They work hard to speak English fluently. A fair number of them have gone so far as to adopt Christianity.

More traditional Chinese folk, especially those who still imagine they will someday return to China, regard the New Tomorrow Triad with scorn and ridicule. From the traditionalists' point of view, they're traitors discarding thousands of years of civilization in favor of the barbaric practices of the local yokels.

New Tomorrow has put itself in a spot where it's stuck between worlds, mistrusted by small-minded Americans on one side and by their own compatriots on the other. Ironically, the penny dreadfuls that use the "Yellow Peril" as a staple plot element have taken to portraying the New Tomorrow Triad as sinister invaders brimming with the "dark secrets of the mysterious Orient."

Tai-Shou Ch'uan

Criticism like that just makes Tai-Shou Ch'uan, the founder and leader of the triad, more ornery. Despite the triad's welcoming and conciliatory philosophies, its leader is anything but. Ch'uan is quite eloquent, in an endless, windbag sort of way. He spends almost as much time

denouncing his enemies as he does advancing his cause. Although he has many good ideas, he wears his pride on his sleeve, and he's a hard man to like.

His loyal followers call him determined and righteous, and they're almost fanatically devoted to him. There are those who say that he has clouded their minds with dread Oriental secrets. More likely it's because he embodies hope for people: hope that they can succeed in a new land, on the white man's terms.

Tai-Shou Ch'uan has declared it his sacred mission to fight those he calls "the false bandits." These are the Chinese who, in his opinion, are projecting a bad image of the race. That includes pretty much every other Chinese faction described in this book: warlords Kwan and Kang, the King of the Horizon, and the Shan Fan Triad.

Tai-Shou Ch'uan is a follower of the ancient Yehsheng-te Liu-shu school of martial arts. He teaches his followers the wing chun style of martial arts. The Yehsheng-te Liu-shu school has existed for over 1000 years, and bears an ancient grudge against the Mei-te Yumao school of Shan Fan, which practices the tai chi style.

Suitcase Lee

The most popular member of New Tomorrow is not its leader but one of his disciples, the martial arts hero Feichei Li, known to almost everyone as Suitcase Lee (see page 188). Like his leader Lee travels throughout the Maze, giving speeches to his countrymen, urging them to adopt to Western ways and seek the rights due to Americans. He is never seen without his tiny, battered suitcase, in which he carries his clothing and copies of Tai-Shou Ch'uan's speeches.

The suitcase also serves as an improbably effective shield and weapon when he's attacked, which happens to Suitcase Lee more often than not. He is possessed of a longing for justice that overcomes even his group's ideology—and constantly gets him into trouble. Fortunately for him, he hasn't yet found a brand of trouble he can't handle.

Getting There

All three of New Tomorrow's towns are located in northern California, beyond Fort Lincoln on the landward edge of the Maze. Populated by a mix of Chinese and Indians, Tai-Shou Ch'uan considers the towns model societies for the culture he's trying to cultivate.

Since they cling to the inner edge of the Maze, New Tomorrow's towns are accessible by land or sea.

Points of Interest

Goodwill: The southernmost of the three towns, Goodwill enjoys the best fishing. A concentration of spouts and hot water springs lies not far from the settlement, and when active they tend to drive aquatic life past the town's shores. Some days the fishermen don't need to do more than drag a net through the water once or twice, and they're left with a big pile of wriggling, silver fishies.

DEADLANDS: THE FLOOD

The bountiful food isn't without a price, though. Some not-so-righteous elements of the 108 Righteous Bandits have been conducting night raids on Goodwill, stealing food, kidnapping innocents, and giving anyone who gets in their way a sudden and fatal case of lead poisoning. Driven mad by hunger, the bandits have committed horrible atrocities when given the chance. Goodwill's sentries remain on constant alert.

Harmony: The Spiritual Society, which has its headquarters in Harmony, is an odd new alliance that has grown out of the union between the Chinese and Indians. The Spiritual Society is made up of Taoist New Tomorrow members and native elders of the Yurok, Pomo, Hupa, Karok, and Wintu tribes, all of whom consider recent history to be the result of a terrible act of sorcery. They don't know the exact nature of the Reckoning, but they struggle against it and would make good allies for heroes bent on defeating Famine.

Both groups that make up the Spiritual Society have a reverence for nature, both believe that events are caused by the actions of good and evil spirits, and both perform rituals for healing and other good works. Of course, those Americans who despise both Chinese and Indians find in the Spiritual Society a mighty object of hatred.

New Opportunity: Tai-Shou Ch'uan lives in New Opportunity, in a humble but distinctively traditional house on a rocky bluff overlooking the village. If heroes go there to talk to him, though, they're likely to find he's out touring the Maze with his entourage and giving speeches.

New Opportunity is the last sign of civilization for a vessel headed into the far reaches of the northern Maze. Not many people go there, because the ghost rock is far more scarce and people tend to disappear with distressing regularity. Last year a team of U.S. Agents passed through New Op (as the residents typically abbreviate), followed a few weeks later by a posse of Texas Rangers. Neither was ever seen again.

When drawing for encounters in the Maze north of New Opportunity, always draw three cards instead of one, and combine the results if necessary. Only the saltiest of miners and hardest of heroes go into the northern reaches.

Savage Tales



Head Full o' Nothin' (page 154): Learning of a supernatural skull that holds great knowledge, the posse's attempt to steal it puts them on a collision course with the King of the Horizon.

Gomorra

Fear Level: 5

Somewhere between Shan Fan and Devil's Armpit, there's a little ghost town called Gomorra. This town wasn't marked on any map until recently. And why bother? Tumbleweeds blow down the avenues and the buildings are empty except for the lonely wind that howls through their broken windows. It's a dusty, decaying ruin perched at the edge of the Maze—sixty dilapidated buildings in silent testament to a boomtown's lost glory.

Most people call Gomorra by its apt nickname, "Doomtown." It's apt because doom is what befell nearly every soul living here. The ironic thing is, they only put Gomorra on the map after everyone who lived there was dead.

Getting There

Hardly anybody goes to Doomtown. But if your posse are gluttons for punishment—and what posse isn't?—they can get there by boat with relative ease. The docks are located at the bottom of a sheer 50-foot cliff that forms the western edge of town.

There's also an old, overgrown trail from Shan Fan to Gomorra, as well as a disused Union Blue railroad line from Sacramento.

Points of Interest

Most of Gomorra's buildings are scorched ruins, and those that aren't burned are in the advanced stages of decay. One building that seems to have aged fairly well is the old Whateley Mansion at the eastern edge of town, the last house on Hill Street.

The dilapidated buildings give hints of the town's past. The large, brick headquarters of Sweetrock Mining Co. still radiates an aura of crushing authority. The old Pacific-

ENCOUNTERS IN GOMORRA

When your group explores Doomtown, draw for an encounter every time they enter a derelict building, or every hour if they're ambling outdoors.

d10	Encounter
1-2	2d6 Walkin' Dead
3-4	1d8 Tumblebleeds
5	'Glom
6-7	1d6 Faminites
8-9	Bone Fiend
10	Hangin' Judge

Needless to say, exploring Gomorra is a pretty perilous pastime.

STRANGE LOCALES

Maze rail depot has a door that creaks in the wind. The stagecoach office has barn swallows living inside the roof. A massive crater is all that remains of the Collegium. Fu Leng's laundry, the Old Moon Saloon, and the offices of the *Gomorrah Gazette* still stand, presided over by the town's clock tower.

The chimes sound 12 times at midnight, every night, though the clock doesn't otherwise function. To an hombre out in Doomtowntown after dark, the chiming of that infernal clock is the most terrifying sound one could endure.

Savage Tales



Night of the Caretaker (page 123): When the posse visits the blasted ruins of Doomtowntown aiming to find a glyph, they're drawn into a Whateley kind of horrorshow.

Junction

Fear Level: 3

Price Modifier: x5

This town is typically so sleepy and generally deserted one wonders why it exists at all. But every two weeks Junction turns into a veritable madhouse of frenzied miners and exporters. Junction's the site of the Rockies' biweekly collection of fundamentals—ghost rock, gold, and silver—from all the local miners. Every two weeks a Rockies' freighter anchors below the town, and the population surges from 23 to over 200. For the next day or so, the saloons and bordellos rake in enough cash to keep them going until the next fundamental collection.

Though Junction has long lain within the radius of Grimme's territory, the lack of any real Lost Angels navy forced the church to ignore the local settlements surrounded by water. Now that Wasatch has aligned itself with Grimme, the Right Reverend is hatching plans to eject the Rockies from their collection station in the near future.

Getting There

Junction sits on a mesa at the confluence of the North and West Channels, about seven or eight miles west of Lost Angels. It goes without saying that one needs a boat to get there.

Points of Interest

Junction is another town perched at the edge of a high cliff, with its docks far below. It supports what seems to be far too many saloons, dance halls, gambling rooms, and gin mills for its population. Every two weeks their purpose becomes clear, when all those establishments are packed to the gills with drunken diggers.

Savage Tales



In Search of Goldnose (page 155): A rival posse looking for the glyphs kidnaps Goldnose Slim, in the hope his legendary luck will lead them to the prize.



The Battle o' Junction (page 156): Rockies and Confederate forces face off against the ragtag fleet of Lost Angels and the might of Wasatch, and Junction's fate hangs in the balance!

Lost Angels

Fear Level: 5

Price Modifier: x6

The Free and Holy City of Lost Angels stands guard at the Great Maze's gates. The only channel deep enough to allow access from the Pacific to the interior of the Maze lies due west of Prosperity Bay, which is why the rail barons fought over it, and why Wasatch ultimately built their western terminus here. From his great cathedral at the center of town, Reverend Grimme hands down edicts and proclamations and holds the populace under his thumb.

That's made the city a target of plenty of ire over the years, a trend that isn't likely to change. Fact is, Reverend Grimme doesn't care much. As far as he's concerned, nobody on this Earth can lay a finger on him. Nor would they dare to if they could.

The Battle of Lost Angels

After Hellstromme's Ghostfire Bombs wiped out most of the rail barons' gathered might and demolished Ghost Town, Reverend Grimme agreed to a cease-fire. Over the next few days, the railroads sat around licking their wounds and preparing for what they thought would be the Second Battle of Lost Angels.

Local Mazers were left to deal with other, unforeseen consequences of the three deadly blasts—the aftermath of a tidal surge that wiped out Floater's Folly and a dozen smaller settlements, the fact that the entire town of Manitou Bluff vanished only seconds after the explosion, and that little problem with Ghost Town and its fires that won't go out.

Those itching for a fight were disappointed, for on the third day after the battle news spread that an agreement had been reached. Grimme unilaterally granted Hellstromme right-of-way and signed an alliance with Wasatch against any who would interfere—at least within the church's reach of around 75 miles.

A month after the bombs fell, the ports are now walled off and accessible only to the Wasatch company (which can sub-lease to other firms or individuals as it desires).

Inside the City

We could write a book on Lost Angels (and in fact, we did for *Deadlands Classic*, which you can find online at www.peginc.com if you want even more than we give you here). The important facts are pretty simple though.

DEADLANDS: THE FLOOD

Reverend Grimme runs the city with an iron hand. After the end of the First Great Rail War, Lost Angels is a walled city run and inhabited entirely by its adherents. Anyone who owned a home or business here before is given two choices—join the church or leave with whatever he can carry. Needless to say, most everyone stays. A few quietly packed up and moved out for Perdition when they had a little more time to organize, but most just agreed to attend church and pay Grimme his 10% tithe on all income.

Those who stayed serve Grimme's needs all too well. They get a lasting and satisfying feast at least once a week—sometimes more—and Grimme gets a population of around 30,000 who regularly eat of human flesh and bring the world just a little bit closer to Hell on Earth with every succulent bite. Only about 100 in the inner circle—and a few miserable miscreants who do the “preparation”—actually know that, but even those who believe in Grimme's word certainly have a nagging suspicion that something's not quite right in Lost Angels.

Getting There

The city rests on a “shelf” beneath the hills leading to the “high desert” eastward. On the cliffs above is Perdition (see page 63). The sole waterfront used to be a long semi-circle of docks ringing the city's seaward edge. Plenty of miners still use those docks to unload fundamentals, but new shipping wharves have also been built and leased to the Wasatch Corporation. They've all been walled off from the general public. All manner of authorized vessels sail in to sell ghost rock, and leave loaded with supplies for the many towns and camps of the Maze.

Hellstromme is wisely paying decent wages for ghost rock for the foreseeable future. He wants the locals on his side while he builds his base here. Later on, when his grip is more firm, he plans on gradually reducing the payout for ore while increasing the price of supplies and slip fees.

Entering the City

Characters can enter the port of Lost Angels easily enough—the fee is merely two-bits a head (that's \$.25, partner). For all intents and purposes, the new docks are really part of Perdition in all but geography. Wasatch rules there and uses its many employees to keep law and order.

Entering Lost Angels via one of the two main gates is slightly trickier. Only members of the church, those who profess they want to be members, guests of a member in good standing, or those with special trade permits, are allowed to enter. There is no fee in any event—just a solemn promise to abide by Grimme's laws. Enforcement is carried out by Grimme's Guardian Angels.

Points of Interest

The Celestial Circles

Lost Angels is laid out in concentric circles with the cathedral of Lost Angels at the dead center. The closer one lives to the cathedral, the higher they are on the food chain (not literally, in this rare case).

There are six circles. The numbering starts at the first ring from the plaza surrounding Grimme's immense cathedral. An address on this circle might be 108 First Circle. Spoking out from the circles are 12 avenues. So you might live at 315 Ninth Avenue, or at the corner of Third Circle and Sixth Avenue. Then there are the Streets, which are situated in the western half of the city. Each of them terminates in a pier. There are six of these as well.

Besides making it difficult to navigate, this layout also funnels the fear energy of Famine's domain directly to the Big Skinny herself (that's Famine, partner).

Rock Island Prison

Fear Level: 5

The law can be pretty draconian in Lost Angels. Those who run up against it are often sent to the most notorious prison in the Great Maze—Rock Island. The inmate population usually averages 100, but can soar to 250 or more right before a cult holiday.

“The Rock” is the one place members of the Cult's inner circle can utterly drop the veneer of civilization when they revel in bloody cannibalism. Grimme maintains a set of private chambers deep beneath the prison where he devises new methods of spreading Famine's evil influence. As for the inmates, you come back from the Rock as a reformed member of the Church of Lost Angels, or you don't come back at all.

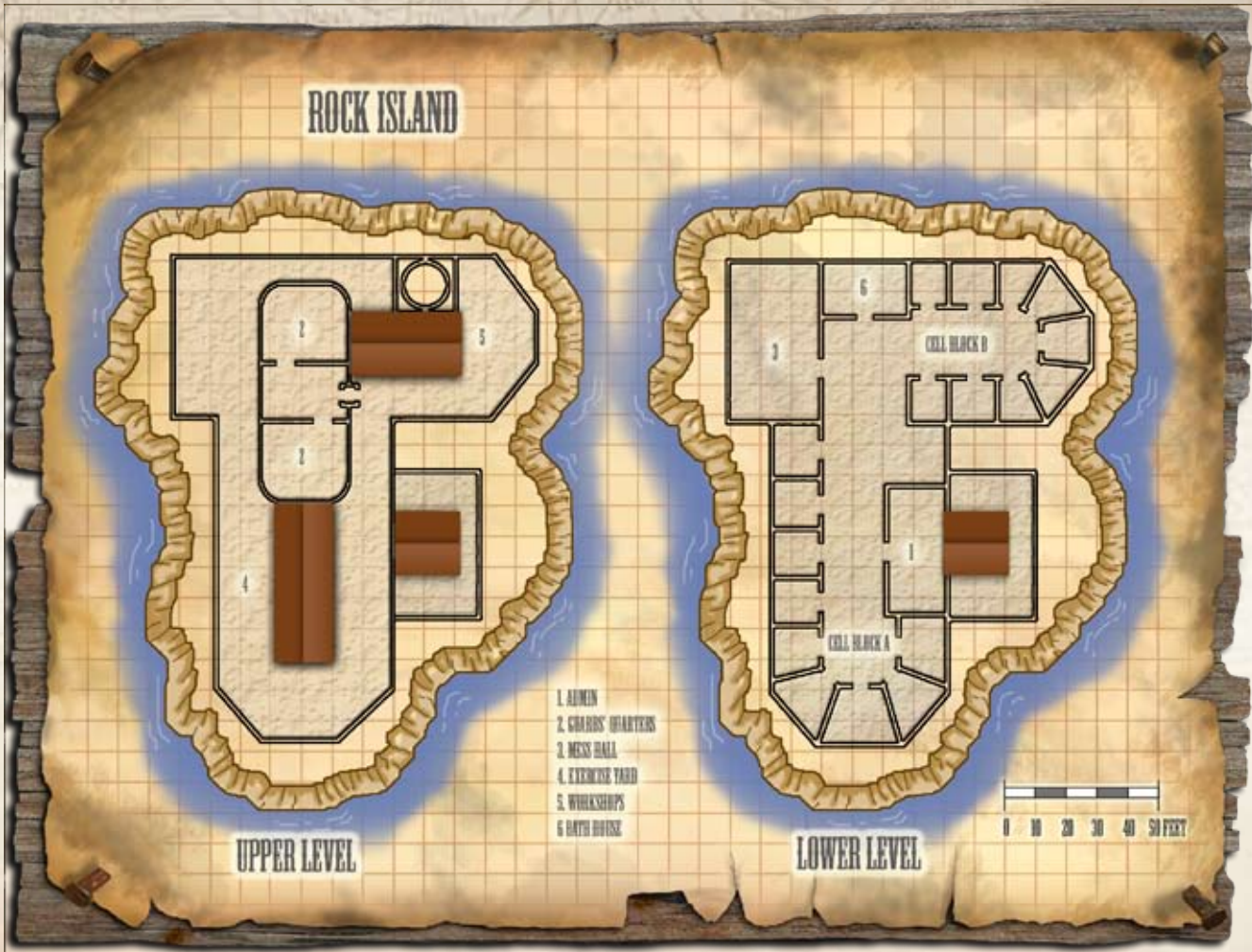
The prison's natural defenses are formidable. It's located on a island out in the middle of Prosperity Bay, and the blood that drains from the cult's horrible excesses draws all manner of aquatic varmints and predators to the waters around the prison. Giant sharks, especially blood sharks, are common, and giant saltwater crocs too, all in a constant state of near-frenzy from the blood in the water. A fleet of six Maze runners patrols the waters as well.

The walls are guarded by seven flights of Guardian Angels (35 total), led by seven Cult Leaders and 13 Avenging Angels, manning gun nests with steam Gatlings and three batteries of three cannons each. The prison roof has a Gatling gun mounted on each of the four corners, as well as another battery of three cannons, with three more flights of Angels (15 total) to man them.

The prison staff also maintains a lighthouse, which is a boon to the maritime traffic of Prosperity Bay.

Visitors—which is to say, new inmates—first see the prison's large atrium, where Grimme maintains the illusion of piety. The walls are covered with biblical mosaics depict-

STRANGE LOCALES



ing scenes of suffering, repentance, and redemption. Then prisoners are stripped of their belongings in the processing center and sent to their new digs in one of the cell blocks.

Folks who are basically worthless to Grimme go to Cell Block A. They end up in the weekly stew, barring a miracle.

If you're above the rabble you go to Cell Block B. These inmates might get offered a chance to earn redemption in the ranks of Guardian Angels. If they turn down the offer, it's off to the slaughterhouse. Or maybe Grimme wants some information from them, in which case they get tortured and then sent off to become mystery meat. Seeing a pattern here?

The second floor of the prison holds a well-stocked armory, guard barracks, civilian quarters, and a recreation/mess area for the staff. The prison warden, Carter Blackwell, lives on the third floor and keeps his office there too.

Most of the basement is detailed in Plot Point Five, "The Rock," except for the slaughterhouse and meat locker, where the butchers reduce poor souls to cold cuts and store them, alongside the interrogation center where torturer

Jake Stokes does his work, and the other kitchens where the cooks—Peter, Mary, and Paul—prepare cannibalistic delicacies.

The sub-basement properly includes the sewage chamber but that foul place is only accessible via the basement, through the power room. The sub-basement proper contains cultists' quarters, where visiting members of the inner circle can kick back and relax.

Additionally, Grimme's personal laboratory is hidden here, where he keeps four special cells made to hold only the most dangerous hombres—Stone was imprisoned in one for a spell. There's also a throne room full of bones (guarded by a bone fiend), a bizarre art gallery, and a large cult shrine.

Ps and Qs

So how does one behave in the City of Lost Angels, so as not to end up in Rock Island Prison? For the most part, Angels (they don't like to call themselves "lost") behave normally. They might throw in a little more religious speak than most in their normal conversations, and they frequently quote some new slogan of Grimme's they heard at

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the last sermon, but by and large they're just normal folks. They don't wear special clothes, but do dress a little nicer than folks outside the city.

As a rule, people are very polite. Most of this isn't because of genuine closeness—like say Mormon or Quaker communities might experience. It's more because Grimme's agents are everywhere. Blasphemy—including unflattering words about the church—is a punishable offense. Saying something bad about Grimme might get a person uninvited from the weekly feast—meaning a week or more of gnawing, maddening hunger. More serious offenses can be punishable by excommunication (getting thrown out) or worse. (Many of those who are “exiled” actually wind up joining in the Sunday feast—as a main course.)

Lost Angels even has its own actual angels watching over its flock—or so say residents who have seen strange, winged figures flying over the city from time to time. Though these beings appear as downcast angels of the Lord, they are actually diabolical demons given a virtuous sheen by Grimme's sphere of influence (use Demon stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*). Grimme claims these mysterious beings are Fallen Angels that God's inducted into his service. Many folks whisper rumors of the Fallen Angels, but few have

actually laid eyes upon the wretched things—they hunt down and kill any who witness their deeds, church member or otherwise.

The Guardian Angels

So who watches over the earthly flock? Why, Guardian Angels, of course. The Guardians' bureaucratic base is in what was once City Hall—now the Rectory. It's headed up by Andrea Baird—one of the 13 who made Grimme what he is. Literally.

Andrea is a tough cookie who is as organized as they come. She spends most of her time spying on her own citizens with the aid of her toadying assistant, Clem Norbert, and a network of spies and agents in the citizenry.

Directly below Sister Baird are the Archangels—Michael Coulter and Gabriel Fannon—Guardians in gold robes who act something like a cross between judge and magistrate. Each is assigned half of the city, where they are to keep law and order, judge the guilty, keep their flock educated in the ways of the Lord, and train their troops for the inevitable battle with the sinners at the gate.

Below the Archangels are Captains who wear red robes with gold trim. Captains have no formal structure, which encourages them to fight among themselves for their master's constant favor and attention. They are typically the meanest, most loyal, or most skilled of the Guardian Angels.

Which brings us to the lowest rung on the ladder—the Guardian Angels themselves. Angels are organized into “Flights” and wear red robes with no trim. (They wore white robes prior to 1878.) The only real requirements for becoming an Angel are an opening in the ranks (which leads to frequent assassinations), and that the applicant be a member in good standing of the Church of Lost Angels. Some skill with a gun, knife, or other implement of destruction is desirable, along with a taste for abusing power and those unfortunate enough to have none. A fanatical loyalty to Grimme is desirable, but only to a point—Captains don't like to be outdone by their subordinates. Those who attempt to advance without care for their superior find themselves always on point during the most dangerous jobs.

Guardian Angels usually prowl the streets in flights of five. In a city like Lost Angels, even the lawmen have to travel in groups to be safe. The city streets are usually pretty quiet, but when the shan hits the fan, things get ugly quickly. Each flight of Guardians reports in to a Captain at the start and end of every shift.

Maybe half of the Angels are genuinely religious. The rest are here because anyone who lives outside the walls is likely starving. It's also a nice place to live on the surface—crime is low, troublemakers are booted quickly (actually eaten, but most don't know that), the taxes aren't really any more extravagant than most places, and there is a tense but constant peace over the city.



STRANGE LOCALES

Lynchburg

Fear Level: 2

Price Modifier: x5

Lynchburg sits near the middle of the Great Maze, on one corner of a huge mesa out in the middle of the channels. For the most part it's your typical mesa town, full of miners with pockets full of fundamentals and debauchery on their minds, and the many saloons and houses of sin—referred to as “ladies’ boarding houses”—ready to serve them. But the town's only law is the noose, and the rope is held by one Mariposa Lil.

Getting There

Most visitors to Lynchburg arrive by boat, but there are a number of perilous rope bridges spanning the channels from the mainland if anybody's feeling particularly lucky. The bridges have dry, brittle boards to walk on, salt-corroded and sun-baked ropes holding them together, and they tend to look extraordinarily long when viewed from one end. It's a long way down, amigo.

If the posse chooses this route, roll a d4 to see how many bridges they need to cross to get to Lynchburg from the mainland. Then have every player draw a card from the action deck whenever his character crosses a bridge. If the card reads 2 through 10, everything's fine. On a face card, a board snaps in half underfoot and the hero needs to succeed on an Agility roll or fall sixty feet to the channel below—taking 6d6 damage.

If anyone pulls a Joker, the whole bridge snaps. Everyone on it needs to make an Agility roll to grab hold or fall. Depending who was where, the posse's now split up. The rope bridges are in addition to any regular encounters the posse might have along the way.

Points of Interest

Lynchburg's got one rutted and muddy street, two saloons, H.J. Kent's General Store, and not much besides.

Mariposa Lil is the de facto ruler of the town, she owns the biggest saloon (Mariposa Lil's), and she runs a ladies' boarding house. Most importantly, she's someone you do not mess with. Lil is fiercely protective of her girls, and she'll run a man out of town without hesitation for trying to abuse or seduce one of them. If that man ain't willing to go, he typically ends up with a fatal case of hemp fever.

Over the years Lil's influence has grown. Now she's the head of the local vigilance committee. Originally it was set up to protect the miners from thieves, bandits, and horns-wogglers, but as Lil's gotten on in years her cruel streak has combined with her mother-hen side to make her nothing more than a dictator in crinoline.

In times of war Grimme can also call upon his cadres of elite soldiers, the Avenging Angels. Considering how lousy most of his soldiers are, you wouldn't expect these folks to be anything to worry about, but they can hold their own with just about anyone. Supported by the Fallen Angels, the Avenging Angels do a damn good job of leading their scrawny recruits into battles, and they win at least as often as they lose. Overall, this is a force to be reckoned with, no matter which side God's really on.

The Angel of Death

The Guardian in black—Garrett Black being his public identity—is known only as the Angel of Death to the general populace. Despite knowing next to nothing about him, it's clear to everyone that this guy's Hell in a black cloak. Whenever he shows up on a scene, all conversation stops. Other Guardian Angels show him nothing but respect. In fact, it's almost like they're afraid to talk directly to him. Even the Archangels bow to the Angel of Death's requests. The only one who holds sway over Garrett Black is Grimme himself, and even the Reverend's control is tenuous at best.


Loyalty


Grimme knows his enemies will likely try to infiltrate his cult by pretending to be Guardian Angels. Both Archangels know the truth about the inner cult, and a few particularly rabid Captains—men who are excellent at their job but don't have the right stuff to be Archangels—are in on the secret as well. The Right Reverend knows it would be easy for a do-gooder to work his way up to Captain, or for a surly Captain to turn on him for some reason.

For that reason, Guardian Angels are fed a special feast once per week. This feast is tainted with Grimme's own blood, and encourages loyalty and subordination. Those who are hostile to Grimme's ideals become violently sick. Most often, the sickness is treated by a “specialist” who makes sure the imposter learns all about the cult's true nature—from a spit in the Rock Island kitchens.

In game terms, any hero who isn't genuinely interested in serving Grimme (and we really hope that's all of them) should make a Vigor test at -4 when partaking of Grimme's “special sauce” (given randomly about once a week). Those who pass are wracked with violent pain—but manage to disguise their discomfort long enough to get to the out-house in private later on. Those who fail erupt with nausea, and suffer two levels of Fatigue that fade in 1d4 hours as the last of the tainted chow “passes” with fire and brimstone from their saddle cushions, if you catch our drift.

Savage Tales

 **Famished! (page 156):** An outbreak of faminites leads to the source of the infection—an ancient Chinese junk washed up on the shore of a lonely channel in the Maze.

 **Off the Grid (page 157):** What better way to locate the elusive Men of the Grid than to take a bounty-hunting job from the Lost Angels Chamber of Commerce?

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The other saloon is The Rasslin' Bear, run by Rico Palma. Rico's an original Californio; his people have lived in this region for 100 years. That fact hasn't yet helped Lil warm up to the idea of competition in her own town, though.

The local general store is named for its owner, H.J. Kent. He's the local assayer, a notorious miser and skinflint, and he's got nothing kind to say about anyone. The sentiment is mutual! Following a couple incidents where bandits who'd robbed Kent had their throats torn out, few are willing to say anything unflattering about the merchant. Fewer still are leather-necked enough to rob him. While he reliably pays going rates for gold, silver, and ghost rock, Kent makes back a profit by charging astronomical prices in his store (Price Modifier x8).

Mexicali

Fear Level: 3

Price Modifier: x8

Mexicali was once a sleepy seaside town just across the border from San Diego, a popular destination for cowboys and cardsharps hankerin' for a good time. Nothing of its quaint charm remains, and the native populace huddles in fear of the growing army outside their doors.

Santa Anna has taken Mexicali as the staging point for his excursions north into California. The place is overrun with soldiers who take what they want when they want it from local farmers crippled by fear. With the invasion ramping up, reinforcements arrive daily from Mexico City. The entire region is hidden under the pall of black smoke created by its new war industry.

Outside Mexicali Santa Anna's secret weapon, his so-called "Army of the Night," is hidden. Tens of thousands of walkin' dead, kept docile by their *plantagrato* diet, are housed in a canyon complex east of Mexicali. From there Santa Anna mobilizes them for numerous night raids, destroying points of resistance between Mexicali and Lost Angels and then occupying garrisons with conventional troops. Santa Anna also keeps a hundred or so walkin' dead in a dungeon under Mexicali in case of emergency.

The Mexican Army

The military has always been one of the most, if not *the* most important institution in Mexico. Political change often starts with the military, where an ambitious officer like Santa Anna can set off a coup that overthrows a weak or unpopular government.

Santa Anna has shown a willingness to turn on his supposed masters in the past, which means everyone is just waiting for him to do it again as soon as the situation favors him. But Emperor Maximillian is no fool. He's arranged things so Santa Anna will have a difficult time pulling off any sort of power-grab with the military.

There are in fact two Mexican armies—Santa Anna's Army of Northern Mexico, composed of Mexican and French troops along with the scads of walkin' dead we just mentioned, and the Emperor's Army of Southern Mexico, comprised mainly of Frenchmen and including the infamous French Foreign Legion. The southern army is under the control of Marshal Achille Bazain, one of the Emperor's oldest and dearest friends.

Bazain and Santa Anna technically wield equal power—each reports directly to the Emperor, and commands his own men without consulting the other. The truth of the matter is that the Marshal has the Emperor's ear, and can make Santa Anna follow his orders if necessary. These days Bazain is more interested in the odd allies Ol' One-Leg has drawn—Xitlan chief among them—and their connection to a shadowy conspiracy rapidly spreading across Mexico.

Getting There

Getting to Mexicali isn't the problem. It's accessible by sea, and there's a well-marked trail south from the ruins of San Diego. A branch of the Ghost Trail goes there as well.

The trouble is getting past the zombie-haunted canyons and then avoiding the Mexican soldiers encamped throughout the town.

Points of Interest

Mexicali is nearly lifeless; all that remains is fear. There are soldiers everywhere and they act like they own the place—because basically, they do. Food is as scarce as elsewhere in the Great Maze. Santa Anna's most recent attacks have been in search of supplies to bring back to HQ.

Due to the local availability of ghost rock, two factories were constructed last year to build machines that would support the war effort. With kidnapped Smith & Robards scientists forced to oversee research and development, the locals were put to work on the assembly line. Santa Anna's forces now include a dozen steam wagons, armored with ghost steel and armed with steam Gatlings, several autogyros, and other vehicles. Now that he has the mechanized support he needs—with more on the way—Santa Anna's long-delayed invasion can finally proceed.

Mexicali is covered by a thick layer of smog that all but shuts out the sun. It's not so gloomy as Salt Lake City, but it gives that center of industry a run for its money as biggest producer of pollutants in North America.

Savage Tales



Gettin' A Leg Up (page 144): Santa Anna rediscovers his missing leg, which means big trouble for the posse.



Smash the Machines! (page 142): To cripple Santa Anna's war effort, someone needs to get into Mexicali and blow those factories sky high.

STRANGE LOCALES

Perdition

Fear Level: 2

Price Modifier: x5

The bombs have fallen, and the Battle of Lost Angels has been won.

East of the docks of Lost Angels, on the high and somewhat unstable cliffs overlooking the city, Hellstromme founded a new company town officially called “Ore Collection Station #37.” Since it overlooks the smoldering ruins of Ghost Town, which will continue to burn with ghost rock for the next several decades, people have come to call the new town Perdition, because “it’s one step up from Hell.”

If your group decided to stay in the area after the big battle (in Plot Point Three), you might want to let them in on the construction of Perdition. We don’t detail that scenario in this book, but some groups may find it fascinating to get involved with the town council, fight for certain laws, and so on. We do provide an opportunity for them to run for office (in one of the Savage Tales listed below), but that occurs after the town is already established.

If your group decides to get in on the ground floor and participate earlier, you can either jump to that Savage Tale sooner or create your own story for the founding of Perdition.

Getting There

From Lost Angels it’s easier to get to Perdition by boat than by land, due to the burning wasteland in the way. One can get to Perdition pretty easily from the east as well; just follow the Ghost Trail until it forks just north of Lost Angels, and head west. Look for the ghost rock storage facility, a huge, stern-looking building of brick and steel. You can’t miss it.

Points of Interest

Most of the people of Perdition—generally no-nonsense and hard-working folk—make their living loading and unloading ghost rock from an unending procession of trains. The ore comes from the Great Maze’s channels and the mountains above, arriving by the ton at the collection station. There it’s processed, refined, and stored, until eventually it leaves on trains headed Back East from Perdition Station or on ships departing from the Wasatch dockyards down in Lost Angels.

The ghost rock storage facility, Ore Collection Station #37, is the largest and most imposing building in town, a constant reminder that Hellstromme

is ultimately in charge here. It’s also the center of a hive of activity from the cock’s crow until after twilight. Trains go in, trains go out, men shovel ore, and then shovel some more. The place is a clanking hell of noise and smoke.

After quitting time, most rockslingers head down to the Fallen Angel Saloon for a bite of grub and a shot of whiskey (if they can afford either). The owners are fellows by the names of Tillman C. Moss and Thomas Jefferson Stein. Tillman’s the gregarious one, with waxed moustaches and a winning smile, while T.J. is usually a little melancholy, what with the tuberculosis and all.

Red’s Saloon is the competition, and though it caters to a higher class of customers many suspect that its faro and poker tables are fixed. A strip of watering holes and entertainment parlors called Sally Town provides the backdrop for an endless bitter rivalry between Red’s and the Fallen Angel.

Perdition has its own telegraph office (used mostly to contact the Wasatch HQ down in Lost Angels), a small church that doubles as a schoolhouse for the town’s youngsters, and a new rag called the *Perdition Harbinger*. There’s also a Miner’s Market gaining steam in Perdition, a place where it’s said the little man can make an honest buck under the shadow of the Wasatch Corporation. For those who prefer their shops have roofs, Perdition is home to a number of mining suppliers and general stores.

Perdition Station is located near where Hellstromme arrived on the scene after his Hellbore burst out of the San Gabriel Mountains. In fact, the rail station and collection facility were the very first foundations to be laid in town.



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Construction is complete on a town hall (with court-room), Marshal's office, and stout stone jail. By this time, there are enough folks misbehaving to warrant their use. All the town needs is someone to look after them.

On quiet nights on the outskirts of Perdition, the faint howls and gibbering of madmen locked up in Petersen Asylum can be heard, carried from afar on the lonesome breeze.

Savage Tales

★ **Ballots and Bullets (page 159):** Elections are in the works, but Perdition needs two strong leaders willing to serve as interim Mayor and Marshal...and see to it that the vote is on the level!

★ **City of Omens and Zeroes (page 162):** Hellstromme's people hire the posse to find out what happened to the old Collegium mining facility north of Perdition, once prosperous but now abandoned and empty.

★ **Hasteli's Children (page 164):** If the characters thought they'd go about completing their glyph ritual without the Reckoners having their say, they were dead wrong.

Petersen Sanitarium

Fear Level: 4

The asylum of Dr. Sanderson Petersen gives Rock Island Prison a run for its money as the worst place on earth in which an inmate can live out his life. Dr. Petersen set up the place to provide care and rehabilitation for people driven insane by the horrors of the Maze, most of whom had no family nor money to pay for their treatment. All in all, a noble cause.

Unfortunately, he hasn't actually cured anyone yet. He keeps lunatics off the streets, to be sure, but the scientific community awaits validation of Petersen's methods. In truth Dr. Petersen is pursuing a science that cannot be considered rehabilitative, or even palliative. Most of Dr. Petersen's patients—or more accurately, his subjects—die in terror with their minds completely shattered.

Getting There

The asylum is located atop a high-peaked mesa overlooking the City of Lost Angels, about 10 miles west of Perdition. A plainly-marked trail leads up to the sanitarium's front gate for anyone so unfortunate or foolish as to go there.

Points of Interest

The asylum grounds are green and well-maintained—perversely so, since a palpable sense of terror hangs over the place, and even seems to leave a foul, oily residue on the skin. Inside is more of the same: antiseptically clean surfaces that make one want to vomit. The screams, cackling, and babbling of the inmates are constant.

Several buildings stand on the grounds, which are fenced in with barbed wire—an administrative building, boarding house, several privies, and the long, two-story asylum itself.

Petersen maintains a small staff to care for the inmates, who perish with uncommon regularity. In the catacombs beneath the asylum, Dr. Petersen's most loyal servants—his cadre of patchwork men, constructed from former inmates—serve him in new experiments. The doctor has discovered what he calls “neo-flesh,” and he believes it's nothing less than the genesis of a new life form. What is certain is that his discovery is dangerous, but the doc has no clue.

Savage Tales

★ **Long Live the New Flesh! (page 166):** The posse goes to the asylum to check on a few Agents' welfare, and bears witness to Dr. Petersen's unholy experiments.



STRANGE LOCALES

Placerville

Fear Level: 3

Price Modifier: x4

Placer mining is panning—when a prospector uses a pan to sift fundaments out of a river or stream. Originally founded on gold panning, Placerville suffered a bust of epic proportions when the yellow stuff played out.

The Great Quake bestowed upon Placerville its current claim to fame—it's one of the few places in the Great Maze where ghost rock is panned out of a river rather than chipped or blasted out of a sheer rock face. It's famous for that among miners, at least.

Getting There

Placerville is located out in the foothills of the Sierra Nevadas, east-northeast from Shan Fan along a well-used mining trail. Placerville supplies the Shan Fan Triad with a good portion of their ghost rock. The job of guarding the shipments, which are sent along a rail spur that meets up with the Denver-Pacific line, is one with a very high rate of turnover. Placerville's town elders are constantly on the lookout for fresh cannon fodd—er, *valiant freelancers*, that is—to safeguard Big Ears Tam's ghost rock.

Points of Interest

Placerville is typical as far as boomtowns go. It was originally called Dry Diggins, due to the miners' method of carting loads of soil to the river to separate the precious gold. Once the ghost rock rush hit, miners were pulling the screaming rock right out of the south fork of the American River, and widening the banks to get at the deep strata beneath. Today, the river is a quarter-mile wide at Placerville—with many buildings held up on stilts above the widening waters—and only about two feet deep from all the silt and dirt.

Progress

Fear Level: 2

Price Modifier: x6

They say if one wants to know what's going on in the mining world, she should go to Carver's Landing. If one is looking for a good boat and a ghost rock boiler is crucial, Progress is the destination of choice. Unfortunately, one needs friends in high places to buy one. Progress was recently seized by the Church of Lost Angels, and their shipbuilding industry co-opted to construct ships for Grimme's growing fleet.

Progress is a small community comprised almost entirely of mad scientists. If you need a device built and don't want to pay Smith & Robards' prices, they can likely cobble it together for you in a few short days. Unfortunately, you

get what you pay for—their reliability leaves much to be desired. Infernal devices built in Progress malfunction on a trait roll of 1 or 2.

They do build quality boats, though. The master shipbuilders working for them construct hulls without the aid of "new science," so their boats float and withstand the rigors of Maze travel uncommonly well. At one time demand for these boats was so high there was a six-month waiting list.

Getting There

Progress sits at the landward edge of the Maze, about five miles north of Perdition and Lost Angels. It's easily accessible by a fork from the Ghost Trail, or by ship. There's also a new Wasatch rail spur that runs from Progress down to the Lost Angels docks, ferrying new boats to the Maze as they become available.

Points of Interest

As you might imagine with a place like Progress, "interesting" doesn't even begin to cover the amazing variety of prototypical devices and gizmos to be found in its avenues. Any wild thing you can imagine is only the half of it, Marshal. Go to town.

Scientists in Progress pioneered the use of auto-gyros that can take off from and land upon water, dubbing them "Aquatic Whirlygigs." The things are constantly buzzing in the skies over Progress (and sometimes crashing into each other). Though Smith & Robards' catchier name of "hydro-gyro" was the one that caught on, the eggheads at Progress can still claim bragging rights for inventing it. The device is in all respects like an auto-gyro (see *Deadlands Reloaded*), except it can float.

Since the shipyards were taken over by the church, it's not uncommon to see armed flights of Guardian Angels roaming around the streets of Progress. The shipyards themselves are kept under 24-hour watch.

Savage Tales



The Scientific Method (page 168): Traveling the coastline near Progress, the posse comes across Professor Vandegrift and his strange discovery.

Quarrytown

Fear Level: 3

Price Modifier: x5

Quarrytown, like Placerville, is one of the few places in the Maze where ghost rock isn't taken from sheer cliff faces. The entire town lives in caves carved into the sides of a deep canyon on top of a mesa. What makes this so strange is that the caves weren't exposed by the Great Quake, but are man-made. The walls of many of the larger chambers are hand-polished, smooth as silk.

DEADLANDS: THE FLOOD

The miners here work deposits of gold and ghost rock deep in the heart of the mesa. Many often go days without seeing the sun, walking from their living quarters to the mines through the maze of tunnels that pierce the rock. Incidents of accidental vapor ignition and rock fever are much greater here than in other mining towns.

Unlike most mesa towns, Quarrytown has no lift. It's possible to travel through the mesa tunnels to the water-level caves in which the inhabitants anchor their boats.

Getting There

Quarrytown lies on the seaward edge of the Maze, about 80 miles west of Shannonsburg. By ship is the best way to get there, although it's possible to walk. The visitor's biggest concern isn't getting there, it's getting lost once they get inside.

Points of Interest

The entire mesa is riddled with tunnels ancient and new, as thousands of miners work the rock like hungry termites in rotten wood. Few of them suspect the mesa's ancient origin, and fewer still know anything of the fierce and proud people who built it.

They were an extremely warlike people, and each village constantly feuded with the others. They were also extremely capable magicians who found ways to bend the mighty Maze dragons to their will. They used the gigantic creatures as beasts of war, driving them to tear their enemies right out of their cliff dwellings.

Their civilization was wiped out by a cataclysmic tidal wave long ago. The Maze dragons were sealed in underground caverns, and what remained of the ancient settlement was buried when the earth spirits covered the many rock paintings that once adorned the coastline.

Savage Tales



Treasure Hunters (page 169): The posse hears of a missing youth near Quarrytown, and discovers buried treasure from before the Great Quake.

Sacramento

Fear Level: 2

Price Modifier: x3

Sacramento is the largest Union mining town in California, with a population of about 1,200 miners and their families, along with 500 infantry and 150 cavalry garrisoned inside the stockade walls of nearby Fort Sacramento. Sacramento's distance inland keeps these forces from exercising much power in the Maze itself, so their presence is largely symbolic of the Union's might. They could march to aid Fort Lincoln if necessary, but President Grant honestly hopes that doesn't happen. The Union Army is already spread too thin in the Maze.

Getting There

Sacramento's nothing if not accessible. The Iron Dragon rail line from the Pacific Northwest runs right past the fort (about five miles away), and a Denver-Pacific spur links it to Shan Fan. Union Blue runs supply trains from Back East on the same line by special arrangement.

From the Maze, there's a major trail from Shan Fan as well as a Union Blue rail spur from Fort Lincoln.

Points of Interest

The commanding officer at Fort Sacramento is Captain Clement Tyson, a black soldier who enlisted during the first surges of northern support for the Union cause in the war. In the latter stages of the conflict, he was promoted rapidly, until he was given command of a "negro regiment." Years of being stationed in the California desert have left him a bitter man, but he still holds out hope for some event that will shake him from his ennui. Good, bad, it doesn't matter to Tyson.

The mining done in Sacramento is for gold and silver; no ghost rock has ever been found nearby. Compared to the rest of the Maze, this makes Sacramento a much less exciting place. Lately some of the soldiers have taken to drinking the caustic "ghost rot" on dares, even though Capt. Tyson has repeatedly forbidden its use, and flogged those found in possession of it.

Savage Tales



Ghost Rot (page 171): The Rockies offer a reward to whoever unmasks the makers of a powerful liquor—so powerful it causes hallucinations and bloody rampages.

Shan Fan

Fear Level: 3

Price Modifier: x5

It's been said that California may end up a Chinese state in the end, so great are the numbers of immigrants from across the Pacific still flooding into the Maze. The beacon that calls them from so far away, and gives them haven when they arrive, is that jade emblem of the northern Maze known as Shan Fan.

The city is an inspiration for millions of Asian immigrants to improve their own lot, while ensuring the prosperity of their eventual descendants. In the current climate of frenzied land-grabs and claim jumping, the Chinese remain the most pragmatic, long-range thinkers.

Shan Fan's success story is impressive enough to lend substance to such long-range plans. After San Francisco's total destruction in the Great Quake, they couldn't build a replacement fast enough. Lost Angels was just too far south for most miners to reach, and way too oppressive for those

STRANGE LOCALES



who like to let their hair down and sink a few shots of who-hit-John. Once the realization hit that the entire length of the Maze was rife with ghost rock deposits, the creation of a new northern port became more important than ever.

That's when the Hsieh Chia Jên stepped in, with polite flourishes not quite concealing their iron authority. Hsieh Chia Jên, which means "Family of Deliverance," is what the Chinese of Shan Fan call their mutual benefit society, or triad. The group is known to almost everyone else as the Shan Fan Triad. There are other minor triads doing business in and around Shan Fan, but they all pay tribute to the Hsieh Chia Jên.

Plenty of folks—especially government and law-enforcement agencies Back East—would consider the Shan Fan Triad a gang of criminals. Sure, they run brothels, gambling halls, and opium dens. Their "family" is sometimes torn by violent turf conflicts that typically take place in the streets. They offer a safe haven for most of the Maze's pirates and a place to fence their booty. Yet even among non-Chinese, the Shan Fan Triad might be the most popular and accepted authority in the entire Maze.

The Shan Fan Triad

The leaders of Shan Fan certainly know how to please an audience of exhausted miners desperate for entertainment. They allow a man plenty of leeway. It doesn't matter here

what you smoke or drink, or if you choose to sock one of your fellow miners in the jaw. On the other hand, when the property or person of a triad member in good standing is threatened, you can be sure that the Hsieh Chia Jên will hammer down the offending party like a crooked nail.

The triad is set up as follows. First, there's the Big Boss. Reporting to the Big Boss are a number of Big Brothers, about six or seven of them. Each of the Big Brothers runs a gang of thugs, known as "rascals." (The term loses something in translation from Cantonese.)

Each Big Brother controls a section of the city. His rascals collect the triad's cut of all activities in the area, kind of like tax collectors. They turn the dough over to Big Brother, who keeps part and gives the rest to the Big Boss.

This is where the killing comes in. If a Big Brother can't protect his turf from his neighbor's rascals, he loses face. And for a triad gangster losing face is the beginning of the end. First other men's rascals are rude to him. Then his own rascals are shot down in the street. Next thing he knows Big Brother is face-down in a plate of noodles, a blade in his back.

DEADLANDS: THE FLOOD

Ready for the Big Time

Moving up in the organization is a risky proposition. The current Big Boss knocked off the old one. He was a Big Brother at the time. He had the support of a couple other Big Brothers, and together they had enough rascals to scare the other Big Brothers into going along with him.

Likewise, sometimes a Big Brother gets knocked off by one of his own rascals seeking to take his place. Sometimes the other Big Brothers admire such a man's initiative. Other times, they have him drawn and quartered and then stick his head on a pike outside the city limits as an example to others.

It's all a matter of politics and making sure you have enough allies to back you when you show your hand. These things get pretty subtle.

The Bosses

The current Big Boss is T'Sang Po Tam, also known as Big Ears Tam. Tam lives in splendor in a big manor, guarded by more rascals than you can shake a stick at. He's a shrewd old coot with more lives than a cat. He personally assassinated the previous Big Boss and has since survived three coup attempts. The Big Brothers are all afraid to challenge him. Instead, they're concentrating their efforts on killing one another, which no doubt is precisely how Big Ears Tam likes it.

Big Ears Tam, like all other Big Bosses of the Shan Fan Triad before him, is strictly opposed to his members dabbling in the occult. By occult, they don't mean honoring their ancestors or ceremonies to the Chinese gods. That rigmarole is all considered strictly normal. "Occult" means fooling with the dark arts or consorting with abominations. Big Ears has a death sentence waiting for any triad member stupid enough to try such a thing.

The two Big Brothers that cause the most trouble in Shan Fan are Thin Noodles Ma and Rat-Skinner Hou. They're both too afraid to take on Big Ears Tam, so they're working on each other instead. The other Big Brothers are lined up on one side or the other. Big Ears Tam allows the two of them to go at it, so long as no one other than rascals gets killed. No one important, that is. So far there have been a few bystanders wounded and lots of property damage, but Big Ears' edict is mostly being obeyed.

Ma's noodles might be thin, but he isn't. He's your basic tower of flesh and fat, fueled by an appetite for food, rice wine, and women. He controls most of the brothels in town, even those located in other Big Brothers' turf. If you mistreat one of Shan Fan's professional ladies, Thin Noodles' rascals are going to want to have a not-so-gentle word with you. Ma likes to be seen in public, spending his money, but if you don't know the etiquette, he's no more approachable than any other triad leader. Ma has a secret pact going with Kang that would ruin him if it became known—the warlord is teaching him the black arts.

Rat-Skinner Hou gets his name from the way he dealt with an informant who betrayed him to the authorities. This was back when he was smuggling opium into the City of Lost Angels. Just to make it clear what kind of fellow he is, he had that informant's hide tanned and turned into a hat. He wears the thing all the time. Hou's a big, strapping man with a cue-ball bald head and a formidable mustache. He's known for his bad temper—which is saying something, considering the poor self-control of the average Big Brother.

The odd thing about Ma and Hou is that they don't really dislike one another. Their rivalry is strictly business. They treat their war like some kind of game. They are often seen gambling and laughing together in one of the town's saloons. The mere fact that one has just massacred a bunch of the other's regulators is no impediment to their jolly, collegial friendship.

Long-Haired Tony

As far as most anglos are concerned, the face of authority in Shan Fan is Wong Chau Sang, also known as Long-Haired Tony. They won't meet up with the real triad leaders unless they're doing some kind of business deal with them. But they're going to run across Tony and his deputies patrolling the streets and making sure that the only crime in Shan Fan is triad-approved crime.

Long-Haired Tony enforces Chinese justice, which is swift, brutal, and unencumbered by legal niceties. The triad has given him leave to act as judge, jury, and executioner. If he catches a criminal red-handed, he shoots the man down in cold blood. "Saves on jail cost," he says.

Fortunately, Tony's a fair-minded individual. If the guilt of a suspect is in doubt, Tony doesn't rush to judgment—he's a smart and methodical investigator. Even if the townsfolk are clamoring for a man's head, Tony refuses to do him in unless he's absolutely sure he has the guilty party.

Tony hires his own deputies, and they project a whole different attitude than the rascals and regulators directly employed by his triad bosses. He wants deputies who are loyal to him, not the Shan Fan Triad. Deputies are expected to remain above the fray of disputes between the various triads.

The Mei-te Yumao

Many of Tony's deputies are members of the Mei-te Yumao, a martial arts school headquartered in the Prawn Valley neighborhood of Shan Fan. Their teacher, or sifu, is named Chang-Tse Hung. He teaches the style of martial arts they call Tai Chi Chuan.

Chang-Tse is a cranky, old bugger with long, white hair. He takes on any student thick-skinned enough to put up with his constant insults and swats (and many folks aren't that stubborn). Most of the deputies who studied under him are pretty loyal to the old man. Other ex-students, like Rat-Skinner Hou, are less fond of him.

STRANGE LOCALES

The War of the Triads

The Shan Fan Triad has always been like any other large family—fighting like the dickens. That’s worked out pretty well for them so far. But when Ghost Town gets lit up like a torch, agreements and obligations that remained unchanged for years are suddenly in doubt. In short, when extensive damage is done to the Lion’s Roar Triad of Kang, the ensuing power vacuum inspires a little too much greed in everyone. The result is the War of the Triads.

In Chapter Nine you’ll find all the major events of the conflict detailed in a four-part tale. To sum up: when the war is over the death-blow has been dealt to Warlord Kwan’s triad, eliminating it completely; Big Ears Tam’s legendary luck carries him through once again; and the New Tomorrow Triad finds itself in a position of increased power due to the support it lends others during the war. Emperor Norton I is coronated “Emperor of California” and acts as intermediary between the triads and other North American powers, but in reality he’s a mere figurehead.

Getting There

Shan Fan is located near the middle of the northern half of the Maze. To get to it by ship, one enters the Maze near Lost Angels and takes the North Channel—a route known as the China Run—which typically takes anywhere from eighteen hours (the standing record) to two or three days, depending on how well the pilot knows the Maze.

Upon arrival by ship, one first sees the city’s islands (see below) spread out on the left, stunted evergreens here and there, all but one of them showing signs of habitation. Then the ship clears a green, tree-studded peninsula on the right, and the city appears, sprawling along the low hills of the California coastline.

By land the roads and trails leading to Shan Fan are many, as it serves as the western terminus of the Denver-Pacific rail line. It also lies upon the Iron Dragon line from Sacramento. Miners flock to it from all directions to sell off their ore and enjoy some rest and relaxation. North of Shan Fan, the Ever-Triumphant Trail runs along the cliffs of the Maze’s edge, eventually arriving at the New Tomorrow towns of Goodwill, Harmony, and New Opportunity.

Points of Interest

The streets in Shan Fan fan out, if you’ll excuse the expression, from the harbor in Shan Fan Bay. Nice of the Quake to leave a nice, sheltered harbor for shipping. Most of the roughly east-west streets are called avenues. Most of the north-south ones are called streets.

Many of the names seem on the odd side, because they were named in Chinese and translated for the benefit of us Anglos. The city divides itself up into a number of neighborhoods based on what kind of business is done there. These are often called “towns.” People in Shan Fan generally live

where they work, unless they got plenty of dough. If you work in the red light district or the abattoirs, life in Shan Fan is profoundly unpleasant.

The Neighborhoods

Red Lantern Town: Of primary interest to the average traveling cowpoke, this is where all of the hooting and hollering of out-of-towners takes place. Here you find your saloons (such as the Jade Pavilion), gambling parlors, opium dens, bordellos, and hotels (the Eight Immortals Inn being one of the most popular). Many establishments combine all of these functions into one, naturally.

This is also the favorite territory of the triad rascals. No Big Brother worthy of the name fails to own himself a piece of Red Lantern turf. This is their most lucrative neighborhood, and it’s also where the rascals want to play. The turf boundaries are worked out down to the last street corner, but they change all the time. Since this is where crime is often at its worst, Sheriff Tony’s main offices are here too.

Stinktown: Home to slaughterhouses, auction houses, tanneries, and stockyards, Stinktown is the meat capital of the northern Maze. Livestock farmers from all over the territory bring their animals here to be readied for dinner tables. And since this is a Chinese city, expect to see some unusual animals—bears, snakes, and even dogs—being slaughtered and sold alongside the beef, pork, mutton, and chicken. The meat here is no less expensive than any other place in the Maze; some of it is *more* expensive. After all, getting hold of bear is a bit riskier than regular beef.

The Waterfront: This is where the business of shipping is done. It has warehouses, packing establishments, shipyards, and shipping offices. It’s where the stevedores live. Lots of rough saloons if you want your drinks cheap and your hookers cheaper. If you’re looking to practice your brawling, this is the place to do it.



DEADLANDS: THE FLOOD

The Skids: For every person who strikes it rich in the Maze, there are a dozen who get washed out like water from a sluice mine. Sooner or later they all end up in the Skids. The people here are destitute. The only folks making money in this neighborhood are the landlords and triad tax collectors, and life is short and cheap. The saloons make Red Lantern Town look downright opulent. It isn't safe to come here alone at night, since the place is crawling with stone killers who'd drop you for the nickel in your pocket, and those are just the juveniles. The Skids are growing; they cover a large part of the southeast side of town.

Taeltown: *Tael* is Chinese for "big bucks." Taeltown is the financial district. Look here for banks and the like. This is also the place to live if you're well-off but not quite wealthy. The sheriff makes sure this place is well-patrolled, seeing as these people pay the triads good money to keep them safe. Even if you get past Tony's men, you can count on the tin horns to know how to defend themselves from a robbery attempt.

Splinterville: Everybody needs wooden things: wood for ships, shipping crates, fences, fuel, and on and on. Splinterville is the heart of the Maze's booming lumber industry. Logs are shipped in constantly from the sequoia and redwood forests to the southeast, and less frequently from logging operations out in the Maze. Wasatch and Lost Angels have been purchasing more wood lately for their growing fleet, which is slowly driving up prices.

Prawn Valley: Finally you have Prawn Valley, which comes out like a pie slice from the harbor and caps the north side of town. Fishing is just as big as farming in Shan Fan. If it's living in the sea, there's somebody harvesting

it and eating it, and those that harvest it live here. Prawn Valley is also home to factories for draining the oil out of dead whales or for salting fish. On a hot day, it's a real contest between Prawn Valley and Stinktown to see which smells worse.

The big lanes and streets that seem to lead off into nowhere are where the filthy rich live. And while they're outnumbered by the destitute, Shan Fan has no shortage of them either. Big Ears Tam's estate lies on the Ever-Triumph Trail, the one that runs along the cliffs to the north of the city (more about Tam's estate below). Rat-Skinner Hou lives on the hoity-toity Street of Auspicious Omens, which runs along the shoreline to the south. Thin Noodles Ma has a manor on the boundary of Heavenly Park, an area of quiet and greenery in the middle of the bustling city.

Islands in the Maze

In Shan Fan Bay sit three major islands—Angelfish Island, Sweat Island, and the Isle of Ghost's Tears.

Angelfish Island used to be home to the city's mining community, but that particular chunk of Maze was worked to the bone years ago. The prospectors have moved on to Sweat Island after prying every last morsel of precious ghost rock from the Angelfish, leaving several small ghost towns and abandoned mines in their wake. A number of big mining concerns had corporate headquarters on Angelfish Island, but these have migrated to Sweat Island as well.

The Isle of Ghost's Tears is home to no one but a crazy hermit. When the first members of Hsieh Chia Jên arrived in the area, they had a ceremony of thanksgiving to the gods and the spirits of their ancestors. They promised to leave this island pristine, so Big Ears Tam refuses to allow

any settlement or mining of the island. According to Tam, his decision also has something to do with the Chinese art of geomancy, called feng shui.

Big Ears Tam's Estate

As mentioned earlier, Big Ears Tam's enormous estate sits beside the Ever-Triumph Trail as it leaves the northern verges of the city. The place is huge, and built in the traditional Chinese style, which makes it quite a sight to behold. It's even more impressive on the inside.

The whole place is surrounded by what could be best described as a miniature Great Wall of China. The ring of stone towers connected by battlemented



STRANGE LOCALES

Shannonsburg

Fear Level: 2

Price Modifier: x1

The key to Admiral Allen Birmingham's effort to win the hearts and noggins of Maze residents is Shannonsburg, a town he has set up as an alternative port to Shan Fan and the City of Lost Angels. Its main attraction is cheap prices on goods. Cheap by Maze standards, that is. Prices of goods in Shannonsburg aren't inflated as they are elsewhere in the Maze. They're the same as those given in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

The Confederate government underwrites this operation. Though other factions in the Maze have attempted to disrupt Shannonsburg's supply trains and discourage folk from going there, more often than not this makes the rival look far worse than the CSA, and only hardens the resolve of Mazers tired of being price-gouged elsewhere. Low prices are a powerful statement of solidarity with the common folk.

Getting There

Shannonsburg is located about halfway between Lost Angels and Shan Fan and 80 miles due east of Quarrytown (which provides the reb town with most of its ghost rock). Ships can reach it by taking the North Channel; it's in the so-called Jefferson Davis Canyon, a narrow, high-walled channel branching off the main thoroughfare.

A desolate and little-used trail from Lost Angels allows land access to Shannonsburg (when drawing for encounters on this route, pull two cards per day; see page 77 for more information). A safer trail from the north connects Shannonsburg to Shan Fan (with the usual odds for encounters).

Points of Interest

Besides its shops (jokingly referred to as "duty free!" by regular visitors), the most noticable things in Shannonsburg are the sizable fort that overlooks the bay and the formidable Confederate leviathans that float in it. The Reb pirate fleet consists of five leviathans, enormous floating fortresses rife with weapons and clad in ghost steel.

The lead vessel is called the *C.S.S. Leviathan*; hence the name. It's manned by Confederate Navy regulars since it's too much of a showpiece to give to mere pirates. It's a big, square boat abounding with heavy artillery—huge, slow, and about as maneuverable as the circus fat lady in an outhouse. Problem is, the reach of their guns is such that you don't have to be slower than they are to get blown out of the water.

The *Leviathan* is 120 feet long and 40 feet wide. Its four sister vessels, manned by the aforementioned pirates, are the *Ourobouros*, the *Wyrn*, the *Wantley*, and the *Grendel*.

walls is visible for miles, and thick with cannon and triad soldiers (usually gangs of four martial artists overseen by a superior, enlightened master). Big Ears is also rumored to keep a few Chinese ogres on his payroll.

The many pagodas inside the compound are arranged by the precepts of feng shui, which is why the layout might seem odd to Western eyes at times. Tam had his palace, temple, and other structures built in harmony with the natural rock outcroppings and evergreen growth in the area. (Your typical miner would have blasted them out of the way with a hefty dynamite charge.) Rock gardens and small orchards of bonsai trees accent the paths and lanes that wind from building to building.


Near the center of the estate is the Temple of Mist and Rain, a massive pavilion where Big Ears Tam and his extended family venerate their ancestors in grand style. The place is filled with buddha statues on pedestals, and features an intricate altar usually festooned with fuming incense. A small lake beside the temple is stocked with ornamental koi fish.


Tam's palace sits up against the outer wall that overlooks the Maze and Shan Fan. A few of the pagoda-studded towers are high enough to allow Big Ears a view of his entire domain. He's been known to enter a nostalgic reverie after he's had enough rice wine with dinner, smiling down on his kingdom for hours in silence. His closest lieutenants fear Tam may be getting soft, and ripe for assassination, but they value their own lives too much to state such things plainly.


Tam's family, most of whom he's brought over from China since setting up shop, numbers around 200, all of them living in relative harmony in the labyrinthine halls of the palace. We say relative harmony, because Tam's folks have as much behind-the-scenes drama as any other family. But they hide it well, for the sake of saving face.


Various servants' quarters and barracks round out the estate, along with a well-stocked and guarded arsenal.

Savage Tales

 **Emperor Norton (page 134):** The War of the Triads reaches its violent crescendo, and many backs will be stabbed before all's said and done.

 **Isle of Ghost's Tears (page 137):** In order to find and mark the Shan Fan glyph, the posse first has to placate an enraged spirit.

 **Shan Fan Kumite (page 131):** The annual martial arts tournament of the Cloud Dragon Fighting Society starts off with a bang when Kang's pirates attack the arena.

 **Sink the Abysmal! (page 128):** Tasked by Big Ears Tam with sinking one of Kang's pirate ships, the heroes begin the War of the Triads.

DEADLANDS: THE FLOOD

These are a mite smaller at 70 feet long and 25 feet wide. It goes without saying that the *Leviathan* has more room for huge guns than the others.

These things are too big to leave the main channels of the Maze, but they have one unusual advantage: they're submersible. It takes time to get everyone off the deck and all the guns safely stowed in watertight housings, but speed is not an advantage these experimental vessels can rightly lay claim to. Rather than chase their prey, they simply lurk on the bottom and surface in front of them.

The Buccaneers

You never met a scurvier bunch of killers than the crews of these vessels. They make Locke's Raiders look like solid citizens (see Fort Lincoln).

Captain of the *Ourobouros* is Frances Dinan, also known as the Widow Woman. She's a former schoolmarm, believe it or not, and keeps her crew in terror of her, as if she's going to spring a surprise mathematics test on them at any moment. Most of the other senior crew members are women as well, leaning heavily towards spinsters and widows.

The *Wyrms* captain is Victor Schlitz, a gluttonous Bavarian who fancies himself some kind of Viking. He's decorated his Reb-supplied vessel with ancient Icelandic runes in hopes of summoning up the aid of Thor and Wotan. He runs his ship like a Viking chieftain, practicing his version of ancient Viking law.

The *Wantley* is helmed by one Chaim Cohen, a tailor's son who found piracy more to his liking than a lifetime sewing hems. He's not as flamboyant as the other buccaneers; this is just a business to him. Among the pirates, he's the most reliable subordinate to Admiral Birmingham. He looks up to Birmingham as a substitute father; apparently his own papa was about as warm and outgoing as a salmon.

The *Grendel* is run by Johann Viehauser, a sadistic SOB who was cashiered from the Confederate Navy for being too hard on his crew. He drives his current men relentlessly, and the *Grendel* has caused more havoc than any other two Reb raiders combined. Viehauser has been known to execute the crews of ships that resist him.

The CSA Spy Network

The Confederate spy network has a number of advantages over the Union's operatives. First, it answers directly to the Confederate government so information reaches the bosses faster (as opposed to the Agency, which keeps tabs on its own affairs). Second, it isn't at all concerned with suppressing incidents of the unexplained. Third, the Reb network sticks to the shadows and gets mixed up in as little trouble as possible.

Heading the network is Eva Beaugrand, who runs a hatmaking factory in Lost Angels' Traders' Quarter. Eva's a plain, middle-aged woman with a quiet and unassuming manner. Her sons were killed in the early battles against the North, and she has vowed to carry on their fight. She has never met Admiral Birmingham and only communicates with him by leaving messages in hat boxes she ships from

her factory to Shannonsburg. The deliveries are always hidden inside the trademark green wagons of the Wells-Fargo Company.

Sunken City (San Diego)

Fear Level: 4

Price Modifier: x6

In 1868, the ground began to quake. The rocks began to roll. The entire coastline of California dropped a hundred feet in some places, and in others it tore open into hundreds of narrow channels between newly-formed, tall mesas. What most people forget about is the flood that followed.

Once the Quake destroyed everything, and the few remaining survivors crawled out of the wreckage to stare about in mute horror, they had about 10 seconds to ponder their terrible luck. Then a massive wall of water rushed over them and wiped at least a hundred cities and towns off the map.

All over California, the Pacific flooded into the channels, inlets, and bays. In a few places, not every trace of civilization was erased. San Diego, now known as the Sunken City, is one of those lonely, forsaken places.

Getting There

As long as you've got a boat, it's fairly easy to get to the environs of Old San Diego, although it is situated at the southern edge of the Maze, very close to the ocean. What makes the trip so difficult is the presence of Santa Anna's military headquarters at Mexicali, only about 10 miles south of the Sunken City.

There's also an outlet to the sea, accessible from Lost Angels by the South Channel. Almost no one uses this route because it's just easier to take the West Channel to the Pacific. Plus, the presence of Mexican ironclads doesn't make the trip any more appealing to most Mazers.

Points of Interest

Most of the Mexican navy is made up of sailing ships, patrolling the Pacific up and down the length of the Maze. But sailing ships can't easily navigate the Maze—which is to say they end up smashed on the rocks—so the channels themselves are patrolled by a fleet of small, maneuverable ironclads. These ironclads tend to use the Sunken City as a rendezvous point and staging area for raids.

The ironclad fleet is led by Grand Admiral Rodrigo Cobo, a strutting peacock of a man well-connected to the Mexican government. Cobo patrols the southern parts of the Maze, just waiting for some fundament-heavy ship to appear on the horizon.

The ocean-going fleet, commanded by Capitan Sangre ("Captain Blood") is a pirate operation that dwarfs the fleet of all other Maze pirates put together. The ships are paid for

STRANGE LOCALES

by the French and mainly manned by Spaniards, but they are heavily salted with outcasts from every corner of the world. The Spanish pirates are undisciplined, though not as crazed as the pilots of the Confederate Leviathans.

At any rate, they're numerous enough not to need discipline. At last count, their fleet numbered 15 fast clippers. Individually, a clipper is no match for a Leviathan or even the flagship of Warlord Kang's fleet, but in formation they can muster enough guns to make even those feared vessels find a channel to hide in.

Numerous salvage companies do business in the area, searching for wrecks and other ruins resting on the murky bottom of the Maze. The Sunken City is prime territory for salvage operations, with three companies doing most of their work there: the R.T. Chestnutt Salvage Co., Wang Mo Salvage Co., and Blumquist Recovery, Ltd.

Additionally, there's a small, unassuming tent at the water's edge east of the ruins. There Professor Zedock Higgins runs a tiny stand selling various potions, unguents, elixirs, and tonics. They say one of his strange brews allows the drinker to withstand the depths without need for air. It sounds like snake oil, but it's true.

Higgins sells *environmental protection* potions that allow the drinker to travel underwater without the need for air. These potions come in different durations and work like Infernal Devices—for every \$20 spent, an explorer has 1 hour underwater, assuming he succeeds on his Vigor roll. With a failure, the potion is a dud (absolutely no refunds!); if the bones come up snake-eyes, the potion lasts for a mere 1d20 minutes before dealing the unfortunate drinker 2d6 damage.

The maximum is \$100 for a potion that gives a hero 5 solid aquatic hours to kill (or be killed). Higgins also rents weight belts for \$1.00 an hour, if any characters want to walk on the bottom instead of swim.

Savage Tales



Fort Doom (page 140): When a miner asks the posse to help him keep his claim, they witness the depredations of Santa Anna's dreaded Army of the Night.



Harriman's Legacy (page 173): Using a diving suit, William Blumquist discovers the old Harriman mansion on the sea floor and unwittingly frees a terror from the past.

37th Chamber

Fear Level: 2

The 37th Chamber is an offshoot of the Shaolin Temple of China. To Western eyes, the people who dwell here look like a bunch of strangely dressed bald folks peacefully meditating their lives away. They're much more than that.

The origins of the Shaolin Temple are shrouded in mystery. That's precisely how the orange-clad monks who run the joint like it. Their mystique is one of their chief weapons. You can learn a shaolin style almost anywhere, but those wise to the world of martial arts feel a sense of awe when they hear that a fighter has actually trained at the Shaolin Temple.

Secrets of Shaolin

The Shaolin movement started back in legendary times, when a great Buddhist holy man named Daruma (or Bodhidharma, depending on who you ask) visited a temple in Hunan. He taught the monks there the movements which became the basis of all Chinese fighting.

The monks of the Shaolin Temple traditionally held themselves apart from the world. They learned to become the world's best fighters and achieve inner peace by avoiding getting into fights, except for display purposes.

This all came to an end when the Manchu Dynasty made one of the classic blunders—"don't piss off the monk." Manchu soldiers were after a fugitive who'd been given sanctuary in the Shaolin Temple, but Chinese authorities were supposed to respect the sanctuary given in holy places.

The Manchus wanted that fugitive, so they waded right in. The monks kicked them from here to Thursday, and then the Manchus showed up in force to burn the temple. The monks were scattered to the four corners of China. After wandering around for a while, some of them decided to come to the Great Maze, where they founded the 37th Chamber.

Getting There

The 37th Chamber is located on Big Stone Lake, to the north of Shannonsburg. There are no major roads or trails leading to it, only obscure footpaths.

Visitors are welcome to ask the monks who roam this region how to get there, but the standard answer is, "When you are ready to find the 37th Chamber, *it* will find *you*." No amount of cajoling will get a monk to spill the secret. Determined heroes find it eventually, but they're never quite sure how...unless they're enlightened martial artists.

Points of Interest

The temple itself consists of a massive pavilion, under which martial arts training takes place, and a tall building with many pagodas, called the Tower of the Nine Tigers. Here the monks—sifus and students—make their homes.

The Shaolin are known to regard ghost rock as a terrible affront to everything that is balanced and whole in nature and the universe, which is why they came to the Great Maze in the first place. They are especially opposed to weird science, and send their warriors to disrupt shipments of ghost rock or to sabotage steam engines and new devices that use it. The monks remain enigmatic when questioned about their obsession with ghost rock; they prefer action to explanation.

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Heroes Of Shaolin

The 37th Chamber of Shaolin is home to a number of impressive Buddhist heroes. There's Chin-Hsueh Wong, who is so holy he bleeds liquid gold. Kuai Yao, also known as "the Goblin," is so ugly that it gives her an advantage in combat, as even her most determined opponent can't stand to look at her face. Then there is Shan Yang the Glutton, who maintains his inhuman strength and endurance by devouring a different inedible thing each day. When he runs out of distinct uneatable items, he will die.

The Shaolin known best by reputation is Ao-Sang Leung, an insufferably handsome fellow with a long, Roman nose and high cheekbones. Alone among the Shaolin, he is not required to shave his head. Back in China, he met the Monkey King in a forest. The Monkey King told him to let his hair grow, for one day he would need it in a fight with a giant snake that wants to eat the world.

Ao-Sang has a wry sense of humor, unusual in a monk. Although untempted himself, he is knowledgeable about human sins and desires. He has a way of immediately understanding what motivates a person, and he uses this

to good effect. Ao-Sang is completely devoted to his sifu, the aforementioned Chin-Hsueh Wong. He does whatever Wong asks of him, without question.

Savage Tales



Those Smug Bastards (page 174): Shaolins set out to disrupt scientific endeavors—violently—and Dr. Merrill Pond comes to the posse for help.

Van Horn's Light

Fear Level: 2

Price Modifier: x5

Maarten Van Horn was a man with a vision (aren't they all). He came to the Maze in 1870 to construct an enormous lighthouse that would serve as a beacon for travelers. This light would be such a boon to navigation, shippers would pay him to maintain the lighthouse—or so he planned.

Van Horn arrived at the Great Maze to discover that it was much larger, and the canyon walls higher, than he anticipated. He built his lighthouse anyway, hoping that those who could see it would contribute to its upkeep and he could build a taller tower in the future.

Few in the Maze were willing to pay for something they got for free, and Van Horn died a penniless old man in '74. Ironically, ghost rock was soon discovered in the cliffs beneath the light, and a mining town sprang up on the mesa below it. The miners adopted this landmark as the name of their town.

Getting There

Van Horn's Light is located about 7 miles north-northwest of Lost Angels. Like all the mesa towns in that vicinity, travelers need a boat to get to it.

Points of Interest

To Van Horn's credit, the light still works, if somewhat erratically. According to the townsfolk, it's connected to some sort of timing mechanism that turns it on automatically around dusk each night. It must have worn down over the years, because some nights the beacon doesn't light. On a clear night, you can see the beam sweeping the sky 10 miles into the Maze.

The truth is that Van Horn's spirit lingers on amid the ruins of his life's work. The mechanism that activates and rotates the light no longer works; the salty air rusted it solid years ago. The light is now powered by Van Horn's ghost. He lights it every night there is someone lost in the Maze (which is most nights), hoping to guide them home.



ADVENTURES IN THE MAZE

MAZE ADVENTURES

The Maze was a lawless, chaotic, and downright deadly place when the Great Quake created it in 1868. In the twelve years since, things have only gone downhill.

Wasatch being the proud owner of a shiny new contract with Grimme, the rest of the rail barons have gone to war with the Rockies to secure what ghost rock remains unclaimed. Bands of outlaws roam the mesas and inland mountains preying on the weak and vulnerable. Miners and settlers struggle to get by and sometimes to survive. There are frequent opportunities for heroes to show their mettle in this rough and tumble land.

This chapter gives you an expanded system for traveling and encounters that's specifically tailored to the Great Maze, along with an Adventure Generator for when you need an evening's worth of entertainment lickety-split.

Travelin' the Maze

Traveling is done a little differently in the Maze. Nine times out of ten it is done by boat. Since you typically can't see beyond the channel you're in, or navigate by the sun and stars unless they're directly overhead, it's difficult for even experienced skippers to get where they're going. Compasses occasionally go a little loco, and making matters worse is the fact that you almost never go anywhere in a straight line.

This section helps you figure out how long it takes your posse to get where they're going. Once you've figured out how long it takes, draw a card from your Action Deck

for each day, as usual. If you draw a face card, roll on the appropriate Great Maze encounter table (Land or Sea) to see what the posse meets. If you draw a Joker, the posse's in double trouble: roll twice on the appropriate encounter table and combine the results. Reshuffle the deck after every encounter.

Some folks walk the Maze, but it's not pleasant or recommended. (Nor is it feasible for very long.) Finding the occasional rock bridges and arches that span the mesas is possible, but requires an awful lot of backtracking and guesswork. For posses traveling on foot, figure the travel time as shown below, then multiply the total time by 4 (or by 3 if the posse travels on horseback). After one or two trips, the heroes will see the wisdom and utility in chartering a ship or buying one of their own.

These rules are intended for groups who travel long distances in the Maze. Don't use them if the group is just chugging around the bend from Lost Angels to get a drink at Carver's Landing, or if the posse is traveling over solid land in the eastern half of California.

How Far Is it?

As you've probably noticed, the map included in this book doesn't detail every little nook and cranny of the Maze, although it does show all the major channels and burgs. That way there are lots of unexplored places to throw in all the neat stuff you come up with on your own. Plus, if the map were any more detailed you'd never convince the posse they were truly lost.

Maze Travel

Miles	New Opportunity	Lost Angels	Shan Fan	Shannonsburg	Sunken City	Pacific Ocean
New Opportunity		700	315	475	850	760
Lost Angels	700		400	240	140	60
Shan Fan	315	400		170	525	460
Shannonsburg	475	240	170		360	300
Sunken City	850	140	525	360		10
Pacific Ocean	760	60	460	300	10	

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None of that helps you figure out how long it takes your group to get someplace. To do that, you need to determine the distance to their destination. We're talking as the crow flies, so just figure out roughly where the two places are on the map on page 10, and measure the distance between them. The actual distance the posse travels is usually much greater.

How Do We Get There?

In the Maze, there are as many routes as there are travelers. Each skipper travels the route he knows, and it's not always the best one. Once you've determined the base distance to the posse's destination, you need to figure out how far they actually travel. Have the skipper (or navigator) of the posse's boat make a Common Knowledge roll. If the skipper isn't native to the Maze, subtract -4 from the roll. Add +2 if the posse uses one of the main channels for the trip. It may not be possible, but that's up to you.

Compare the roll to the chart below and multiply the base distance by the listed multiplier. This is the actual distance traveled (really large multipliers represent making a few wrong turns and backtracking).

Route Distance

Roll	Multiplier
Less than 4	3
4-7	2
8-11	1.5
12-15	1.4
16-19	1.3
20-24	1.2
25-29	1.1
30+	1

Several locales can be reached without leaving the main channels. These are listed on the Maze Travel table. The distances listed are the actual travel distances in miles, so there's no need to roll on the Route Distance table. The North Channel is an extremely circuitous route, but the only one clear enough for large freighters.

Hazards of Nature

See Hazards of the Maze and Stormy Weather (beginning on page 37) for more information about the following water and weather patterns.

d20	Encounter
1-4	Fog
5-6	Riptide
7-9	Storm
10-11	Water Dog
12	Waterspout
13-14	Whirlpool
15	Arch
16	Wind Devil
17-18	Major Storm
19	Earthquake
20	Lost!

Fog: A thick fog rolls in for 5d20 minutes. Visibility is 5", and Pace is halved for waterborne travel. A ship may travel at normal speed if the skipper makes a Boating roll (-2) every 10 minutes to avoid a collision. A critical failure means the posse is Lost! (see below)

Riptide: The ship gets caught in a riptide.

Storm: The storm lasts 2d4 hours. Pace is quartered for waterborne travel, and the pilot must make a Boating roll at -4 each hour. If failed, the vessel takes 1d6 damage. If anchored, a simple success is needed on the Boating roll. A critical failure means the posse is Lost! (see below)



ADVENTURES IN THE MAZE

Water Dog: The posse's craft is noticed by a water dog. Roll 1d6; on a 1-3, the water dog attacks the posse's craft. On a 4-6, it follows at a distance and attacks any other vessel that threatens the posse's craft.

Waterspout: The boat passes near a waterspout as it's about to blow.

Whirlpool: A whirlpool blocks the posse's path. They can try to ride it or backtrack and go around. Backtracking requires a Smarts roll (-4 for non-natives of the Maze) and 5d20 minutes. A failed roll doubles the time. A critical failure means the posse is Lost! (see below)

Arch: The heroes' vessel passes under an unstable arch. Draw a card for each 10' of length the boat has. If a Joker comes up, the arch collapses, doing 2d20 damage to the ship. Anyone on deck takes 2d10 damage.

Wind Devil: Hold onto your hats! A gale force wind blasts the heroes' ship.

Major Storm: The storm lasts 1d4 days. Waterborne travel is nearly impossible; a pilot caught in the maelstrom must make a Boating roll at -6 each hour. If failed, the vessel takes 2d12 damage. If anchored, the Boating roll is at -2. A failure means the posse is Lost! (see below)

Earthquake: The ground begins to rumble and shake. Waterborne travelers encounter the resulting wave! (see Riptide, above)

Lost! The posse gets sidetracked by bad weather, confusing geography, or bad compass readings. Add 1d4x100 miles to distance traveled.

Adventures in the Great Maze

If you're not inclined to run a Savage Tale, the posse's not ready for the next Plot Point, or you just need a good encounter to drop in between your epic masterpieces, you'll need to come up with something quick. This section allows you to figure out what that trouble might be with just a few die rolls and a dash of ingenuity.

We ought to mention one caveat, Marshal. This system won't typically give you a plotline or a series of events. What you'll generate is an interesting situation, the people and critters participating in it, and their motivations. How it all falls out depends on how your posse tackles it.

Using the Generator

There are only four things you need to run a rip-roarin' adventure in the Weird West: heroes, a supporting cast, some variety of trouble or conflict, and the inevitable complications. The first one's easy—you've already got players taking the role of the brave heroes. The other three are found in the handy series of tables below.

This generator is designed to provide the basic elements of an adventure in just a few minutes' time. As with any random system, when you get seemingly incongruous

GREAT MAZE ENCOUNTERS (LAND)

d20	Encounter
1	Crying Ghost
2-3	1d4 Chinese Ogres (50% chance of knowing black magic)
4-6	2d6 Guardian Angels (50% chance of Lost Angel Cultist)
7-9	1d6 Iron Dragon Martial Artists
10	1d4 Gyonshee
11-13	2d6 Soldiers (d10; 1-4 = Union; 5-8 = Confederate; 9-10 = Mexican)
14	Wild Weather (Use the Hazards of Nature table)
15	1d4 Dusters
16	1d6 Hoodoo
17	Gaki
18	1d6 Wall Crawlers
19	1d6 prospectors (Use Townsfolk stats)
20	2d6 Faminites

GREAT MAZE ENCOUNTERS (SEA)

d20	Encounter
1-3	1d10+10 Devil Rays
4-5	Maze Dragon
6-7	Wild Weather (Use the Hazards of Nature table)
8	Giant Octopus
9	Giant Saltwater Crocodile
10	Giant Shark
11-12	2d8 Wave Shadows
13	1d4 Weresharks
14	Blood Shark
15	2d8 Channel Chompers
16-20	Ship (Use the Ship Encounter and Affiliations tables)

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results it can take a few minutes to figure out how they fit together (or, sometimes, whether you'll need to re-roll some of them). All the results are yours to change as you see fit. These tables should help spur your creativity, not lock you into an adventure you don't want to run.

Unlike most tables in *Deadlands Reloaded*, rolls on all of the adventure generator's tables can Ace.

Now that we got all the fine points out of the way, amigo, let's stop beatin' the Devil around the stump and get to work.

Step One: Luck o' the Draw

First, shuffle up an Action Deck and deal a spread of three cards. The first card is for People (the supporting cast), the second is for Trouble (the central conflict), and the third is for Complications (those unpredictable circumstances that make each story different).

These cards have a few important effects. First, each card modifies the die roll on its corresponding table, as shown below. For instance, if you draw a Queen for People, the d20 roll on the People table is made with a +4 modifier.

Second, each card's color has an effect on the general disposition of the People, Trouble, or Complications encountered. A red card typically indicates something good, while a black card means bad times ahead. We'll get to the specifics in just a bit.

Card Modifiers

Card	Modifier
2	-2
3-10	0
Jack	+2
Queen	+4
King	+6
Ace	+8
Joker	+10

Step Two: People

Most adventures need some kind of supporting cast. These folks might need rescuing, or they might be simple bystanders. Sometimes they're thralls of—or allied with—the Trouble! Here's where we sort out who's taking part in this little yarn besides the player characters.

Roll a d20, modified according to the Card Modifiers table (remember, this roll can Ace!), and find the result on the table below. Some results also require a roll on the Affiliations and/or Ship Encounter tables. Statistics for everything on these tables can be found elsewhere in this book or in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

d20	Result
1-10	None
11-12	Ship
13-14	Town/Encampment
15-16	Prospectors
17-18	Salvage Operation
19-20	Water Tankers
21-22	Indians
23-24	Soldiers
25-26	Martial Artists
27-28	Guardian Angels
29-30	Mad Scientists
31+	Supernatural Investigations

None: No supporting cast; whatever Trouble there is goes straight for the posse!

Ship: A ship figures prominently in this tale. Roll on the Ship Encounter Table and the Affiliations Table (using the Ship result) to determine the newcomers' affiliation and ship size.

Town/Encampment: A settlement of some sort is involved. Roll 1d6: 1-3 = mining town, 4-5 = trading town, 6 = scientist settlement. This can be a good opportunity for trade or information.

Prospectors: The heroes encounter people out looking for fundaments: gold, silver, or ghost rock. Whatever trouble there is revolves around them.

Salvage Operation: This tale involves a salvage operation, meaning a ship and its crew. They're affiliated with R.T. Chestnutt's Resupply of Lost Angels, Wang Mo's Salvage Co. in Shan Fan, or another company of your own devising.

Water Tankers: The heroes encounter a water tanker and its crew. They can stock up their fresh water supplies and maybe pick up some information. Treat as a Large Freighter.

Indians: The heroes encounter members of a native tribe. Roll d10: 1-2 = Apache, 3 = Cuahilla, 4 = Chumash, 5 = Costanoan, 6 = Gabrielino, 7-8 = Mojave, 9 = Southern Paiute, 10 = Serrano. The Indians might be local residents or travelers far from home.

Soldiers: A group of armed men crosses the posse's path. Roll on the Affiliations Table to determine the warriors' loyalties, using the Soldiers result.

Martial Artists: This tale concerns the ancient art of kung fu and its practitioners. Roll d8 to determine their affiliation: 1 = Iron Dragon, 2 = Shan Fan Triad, 3 = New

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Tomorrow Triad, 4 = Necessity Alliance, 5 = General Kwan, 6 = King of the Horizon, 7 = 108 Righteous Bandits, 8 = Monks of an independent school.

Guardian Angels: The posse runs into some missionaries out to spread the word of Grimme. Use Guardian Angel stats. There's a 50% chance that one of them is a Lost Angels Cultist, which means he's a Wild Card with a Bone of the Bloody Ones (see *Deadlands Reloaded*).

Mad Scientists: The posse runs into a scientist (or group of scientists) traveling the Maze and peddling his wares. Who knows what strange devices he has for sale? Roll on the Ship Encounter Table to determine how the scientist gets around.

Supernatural Investigations: The heroes stumble upon something mysterious, along with some folks who are interested in keeping it that way. Perhaps they encounter a team from Smith & Robards, field-testing some new equipment in the Maze. They may enlist the posse's help or shoo them away. Or an Agency or Texas Ranger Team might be the focus of this tale. For example, the posse happens upon a mysterious group of men looking over the hulk of a deserted ship or mesa town. They are told, "There's nothing to see here."

Now take another look at the card you dealt for People. Roll on the NPC Reactions table (in *Savage Worlds*) to determine how the supporting cast initially treats the heroes. If the card is red, the roll on the NPC Reactions table is made with a +2 modifier. A black card indicates a -2 modifier. If the final result is Hostile, the supporting cast may be allied with, or sympathetic to, whoever or whatever is making the Trouble (at the Marshal's discretion), but they definitely don't like the heroes one bit.

Affiliations

Use this table to determine the loyalties of soldiers or ships encountered in the Great Maze. Some results on the Trouble and Complications tables will also direct you to roll for Affiliations. Subtract -1 from rolls in the northern Maze. Add +1 to rolls in the southern Maze.

d10	Faction
1	Union
2-3	Merchants
4	Rail Barons
5	Rockies
6	Miner
7	Confederacy
8-9	Merchants
10+	Mexico

Union: On a Ship result, this indicates a U.S. Navy ship. Both the ship and crew are armed. Add +1 to the roll on the Ship Table. On a Soldiers result, a group of 2d6 Veteran Soldiers with an Officer leader is encountered.

Merchants: A Ship is just a trading vessel. Soldiers are 2d6 mercenaries (use Gunman stats) in the service of a local trading company, with a 50% chance to be escorting some kind of goods to market.

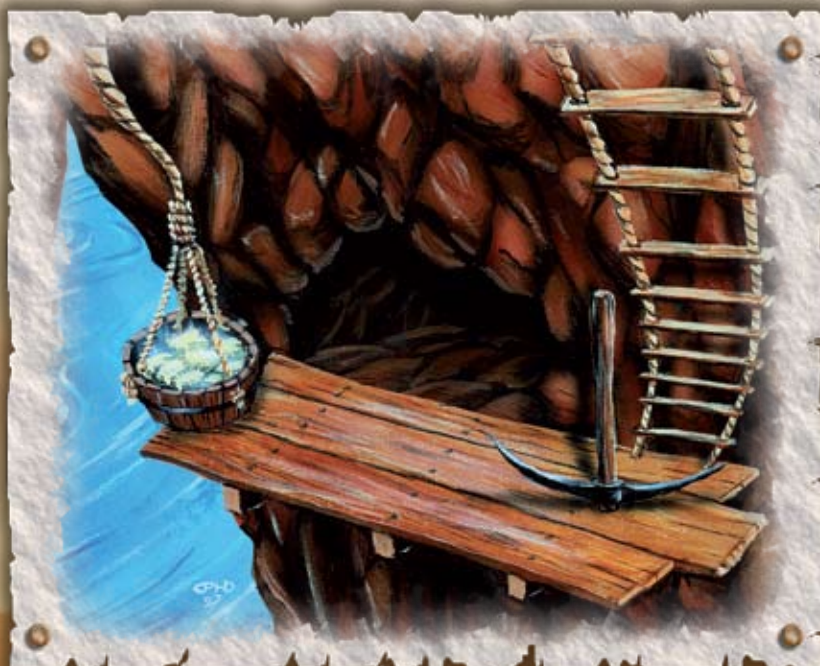
Rail Barons: A Ship belongs to a railroad other than Iron Dragon. Roll 1d10: 1-2 = Wasatch, 3-4 = Union Blue, 5-6 = Black River, 7-8 = Dixie Rails, 9-10 = Bayou Vermilion. These ships are here to buy ghost rock from whoever's selling. Add +1 to the roll on the Ship Table. Soldiers are 2d6 mercenaries in the service of one of the rail companies. Use Rail Warrior stats, and roll 1d10 on the table above to see which rail baron they serve.

Rockies: On a Ship result, the posse finds an ore barge or one if its escorts as it makes its rounds of the mining camps. Subtract -1 from the roll on the Ship Table. On a Soldiers result, the posse encounters armed men in the service of the Rockies, either escorting ghost rock or out to settle a claim dispute. There are 2d6 of them; use Veteran Soldier stats.

Miner: A ship belongs to a miner going about his business. If the ship is a tugboat and its barges, the occupants are probably Boat Rats. Subtract -2 from the roll on the Ship Table. A Soldiers result indicates 2d4 armed guards in the employ of a local mining camp; use Gunman stats.

Confederacy: A Ship result indicates a CSA Navy ship. Both the ship and crew are armed. Add 1 to the roll on the Ship Table. On a Soldiers result, a group of 2d6 Veteran Soldiers with an Officer leader is encountered.

Mexico: Ship indicates a Mexican Armada ship. Add +2 to the roll on the Ship Table. Crew and ship are heavily armed. On a Soldiers result, a group of 2d8 Veteran Soldiers with an Officer leader is encountered.



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Ship Encounter

When an encounter with a ship is indicated, use this table to determine the vessel's type.

1d12	Ship Type
1–2 or less	Steam launch
3–4	Maze runner
5–6	Tugboat/barge
7–8	Small freighter
9–10	Large freighter
11–12	Gunboat
13+	Ironclad

Step Three: Trouble

Here's the fun part, Marshal—figuring out what kind of horrible nastiness (or irritating inconvenience) is headed your posse's way. As usual, you should modify the d20 roll according to the card you dealt for Trouble.

In addition, the Trouble card's color determines whether the problem is just getting started, or if things have gotten worse over time. If the Trouble card is red, the problem is a relatively recent development—use the table results without modification.

If the card is black, it means this trouble is nothing new (the supporting cast has been living with it for quite some time), or it's just plain huge. If a roll on the Affiliations table is indicated, roll twice (or more if it pleases you). If the trouble requires a roll to determine the number of enemies or critters, throw in an additional 2d8 of them. This roll can Ace.

Some results on the Trouble table require an unnamed individual ("someone") to let the posse in on the action. This individual might be one of the People determined back in Step Two, or it could be an unrelated or recurring character (Lacy O'Malley is a good bet)—whatever works best for you, Marshal.

d20	Result
1–6	Maze Wars!
7–8	Guard Duty
9–10	Claim Jumpers
11–12	Toll Booth
13–14	Critters!
15–16	Heist
17–18	Gather a Posse
19–20	Pirates!
21–22	Diplomacy
23–24	Exploration
25–26	Shipwreck!
27–28	Ghost Ship/Town
29–30	Secret Base
31+	Ancient Place of Power

Maze Wars! Two factions are fighting over fundaments; roll twice on the Affiliations table to determine their allegiance, using Ship or Soldiers results as appropriate.

Guard Duty: Someone asks the posse to guard something (a building, a prisoner, a shipment of goods, etc.). Roll on the Affiliations table, using Soldier results, to see who's after whatever the heroes are tending.

Claim Jumpers: Somebody has discovered ghost rock on his land, and is about to be very, very rich. Someone else wants to take it away, by hook or crook. Roll on the Affiliations table, using Ship results, to see who is trying to jump the claim.

Toll Booth: Someone has blocked a channel and is charging tolls to get past. Roll on the Affiliations table to see who it is (consider Merchants to be Bandits). The rates and sophistication of the toll booth are up to you.

Critters! This ain't no mere encounter, Dude—we're talking about a whole heap, herd, swarm, or burrow full of nasty varmints. Roll on the Encounter table for Land or Sea (ignoring weather hazards), and assume there are 2d20 of 'em making a supreme nuisance of themselves. If the resulting critter is typically encountered solo, it's a freakish specimen mutated by ghost rock exposure—add Monstrous Abilities until you've created something truly awful.

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Heist: Something's been stolen, and the posse is hired to get it back. If the supporting cast is hostile toward our heroes, they might be in possession of the item. Otherwise use the Affiliations table to determine who the thieves are (consider Merchants to be Bandits).

Gather a Posse: Someone's jumped bail, been kidnapped, or simply gone missing, and the local law is rounding up a posse to hunt 'em down. If friendly, the supporting cast offers one of their own to help out. You can roll again on the People table, or use the Affiliations table, to determine the identity of the fugitive.

Pirates! Aaarr! Roll on the Ship Encounter table (with a +4 modifier) to determine the size of the pirates' ship. It's bristling with guns and packed to the gunwales with the scum of the Maze. Roll 1d6; on a 5 or 6, the posse is tangling with Kang's best men. Use Martial Artist stats instead of Maze Rats.

Diplomacy: Somebody's feathers got ruffled, and neither party wants to go to war to sort it out. That's where the heroes come in—they're asked to smooth things over before somebody gets hurt. Roll again on the People table to determine the aggrieved party's identity. Then roll for their Affiliation—if diplomacy fails, these are the troops the aggrieved party will bring to bear.

Exploration: Due to tides, rockfalls, or minor quakes, new channels are always opening up in the Maze. The posse is asked to enter one such area and take a looksee. Roll 1d6 to see what they find: 1–2 = Critters!, 3 = Shipwreck!, 4 = Ghost Ship/Town, 5 = Secret Base, 6 = Ancient Place of Power.

Shipwreck! On a red card, the posse comes upon a sinking or wrecked ship, and must work to rescue the passengers. A black card indicates the presence of a wrecked ship, with 1d4+1 factions competing to recover its valuables (use the People table to determine their identities). In either case, roll on the Great Maze Encounters (Sea) table to see what sort of varmints have been attracted by the commotion.

Ghost Ship/Town: A ghostly vessel or haunted burg features prominently in this tale. Use the People table to determine who the specters were in life, as appropriate to the current terrain. Nobody says you can't have a ghost town whose haunts go after passing ships, or a ghost ship that raids mesa settlements. It's up to you, Marshal.

Secret Base: Some faction has set up shop in a secret location and seeks to do others harm. Either the posse stumbles upon it, or they're asked to infiltrate or even destroy it. Roll on the Affiliations table, using the Ship *and* Soldiers results. Multiply the total by 4 to determine the number of Soldiers. If the Trouble card is black, multiply



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the total number of Soldiers by 6. In any case, the base is controlled by a Wild Card with the Command, Inspire, and Fervor Edges.

Ancient Place of Power: Temples built by the race that inhabited the West Coast in past ages are exposed from time to time. The posse finds one of them, or they find 1d4+1 factions fighting over one (use the Affiliations table). At the Marshal's discretion, the ancient temple contains fundaments, treasure, angry ghosts, or a clue to the location of one of Raven's glyphs.

Step Four: Motivations

Let's get something out of the way right off the bat, Marshal—this step is entirely optional, and the guidelines for using it are a little loosey-goosey, so ignore it if you like.

That said, determining motives for the major NPCs can help to make their actions more unpredictable, interesting, and entertaining. How so? Consider your typical blood-thirsty villain, acting out of greed or sheer orneriness. He's a staple of the Western, with good reason, but fresh and unpredictable he ain't. What if a foe acts out of duty rather than plain old evil urges? If he's doing things because he has to, he might not be willing to slaughter everyone who gets in his way in a fight to the death.

The same goes for an enemy motivated by love, or one who's being blackmailed. They're still enemies, but a single word describing their motives gives the Marshal insight that can make for a better tale.

Roll a d10 on the following table for any NPC whose actions are likely to affect the story in a significant way. As usual, this roll can Ace.

d10	Result
1	Survival
2	Duty
3	Greed
4	Political
5	Knowledge
6	Revenge
7	Whimsy
8	Fame
9	Love
10	Redemption
11–14	Blackmail
15+	Manitou

Survival: This character just wants to get by, and feels that whatever he's up to is essential for continued survival.

Duty: Sometimes a person acts out of a responsibility to someone or something else.

Greed: Wealth, riches, and all the perks that come along with them are the only goals that drive this character.

Political: In order to further the interests of a political or financial power, this character feels her actions are justified. Roll on the Affiliations Table to determine who she serves.

Knowledge: Some wish to gain knowledge, through study or exploration, while others wish to disseminate it, through teaching or missionary work.

Revenge: For some characters, there's nothing to do when somebody done you wrong except get even. This character is out to do just that.

Whimsy: Some people don't have any good reason for their actions. Maybe they've gone a little loony, acted out of boredom, or "just felt like it."

Fame: This character wants to see her name in lights, or ensure that her deeds live on as legends after she dies.

Love: They say a person will do anything for love. Throughout history lovers have done every single crazy thing you can name, and then some more you can't. This is one of those things.

Redemption: This character has done evil things, but is looking to atone for his sins.

Blackmail: Sometimes a character acts not for their own benefit, but because someone else is pulling the strings. The blackmailed character acts to prevent harm being done to a loved one, or perhaps to avoid embarrassing information seeing the light of day.

Manitou: Once in a blue moon the character's motive is evil, simple as that. Not only is the character in question Harrowed, but the poor sod's manitou is currently (or permanently) in control. This hombre looks to spread fear and cause mayhem, then pin the blame on someone else.

Step Five: Complications

Complications are the things that make one heist or toll booth scenario different from any other. These random circumstances or recent happenings in the region can have a significant effect on the posse's actions, the reactions of the supporting cast, and the general course of the story.

d20	Result
1–10	Wild Weather
11–12	Reversal
13–14	Shortages
15–16	Fool Me Twice...
17–18	Local Election
19–20	Wild Weather
21–22	Military Skirmish
23–24	Kung Fu Fighting
25–26	Epidemic
27–28	Esteemed Personage
29–30	Ghostly Visitation
31+	Never Trust the Weather!

ADVENTURES IN THE MAZE

If the Complications card is red, roll on the table as usual. If it's black, roll twice and combine the results. Some results ask you to roll again; do so, then combine all the results.

Wild Weather: Roll on the Hazards of Nature table. The weather condition is prevalent during the adventure.

Reversal: The “trouble” needs help, while the “supporting cast” is actually the trouble! Roll again.

Shortages: Scarcity and inflation drive up local prices. Multiply the cost of all food and gear by 8 until the adventure is over.

Fool Me Twice... Choose a random hero. People of that character's profession, ethnicity, or faith are being unfairly persecuted due to some recent bad experience.

Local Election: An election is being held locally (for sheriff, mayor, or some other post), and one or more candidates ask the heroes to provide “support” for their campaigns. The posse may or may not know that participating in an election campaign can be deadly, but if they help a candidate they could find out the hard way.

Military Skirmish: Roll twice on the Affiliations table; forces of these groups are staging a major conflict in the area. Anyone wandering around the countryside is liable to run into troops from one side or the other.

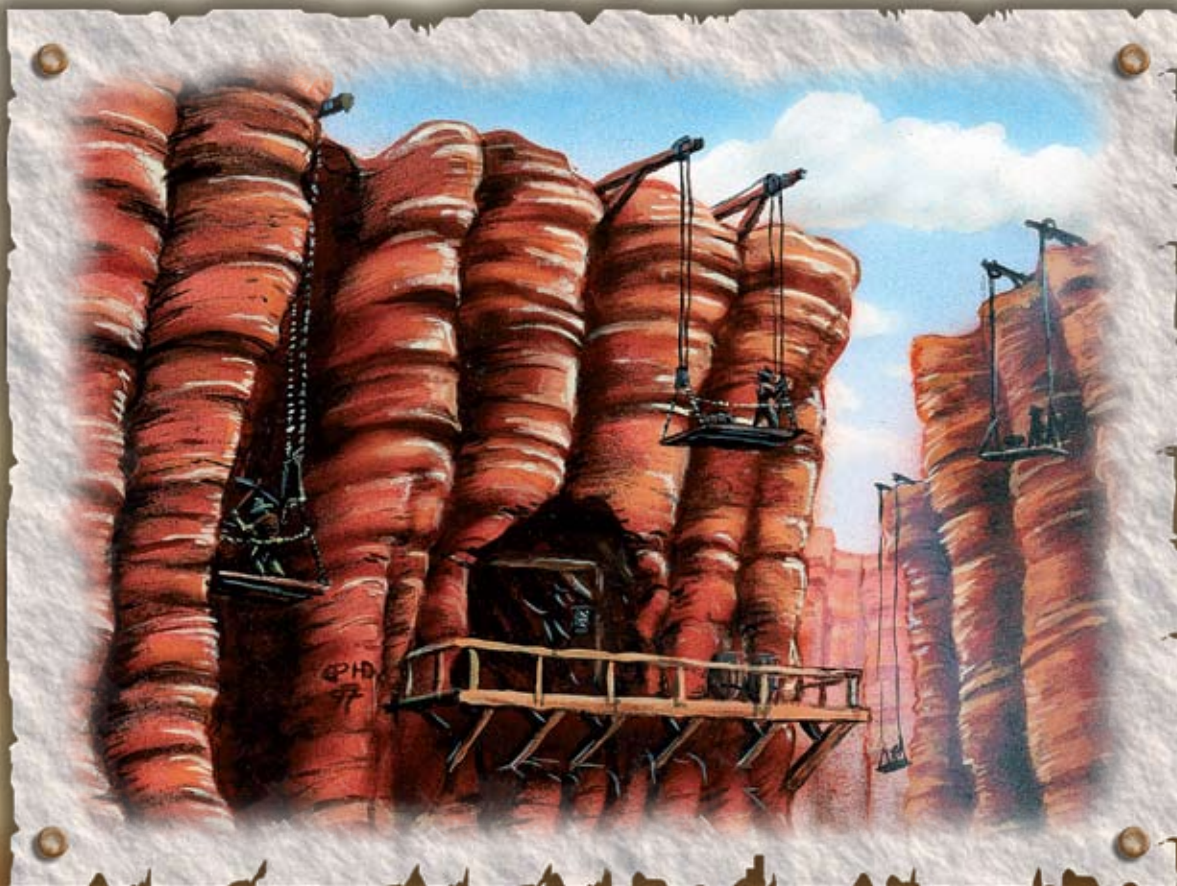
Kung Fu Fighting: Rival martial arts schools are at war in the area. Encounters with armed groups of martial artists are certain. While these hombres won't outright attack anyone who doesn't obviously support their rival, they'll hassle just about everyone.

Epidemic: The locals are ailing by the dozens. Each day they're in the area and in contact with any supporting cast, characters have a chance of contracting a disease. (Succeed on a Vigor roll each day, or suffer Fatigue -1 for 1d6 days.)

Esteemed Personage: Some famous yet controversial inventor, entertainer, or politician comes to town. Some locals are in an uproar, while others are nearly swooning. Roll again.

Ghostly Visitation: Choose a random character. The hero is haunted by the ghost of a family member or former associate for this adventure's duration. If the Marshal wants to impart some information, the ghost might provide cryptic clues or hints. If misdirection is desired, the ghost is actually a manitou taking the appearance of the deceased.

Never Trust the Weather! Roll twice on the Hazards of Nature table. Both of these weather conditions are prevalent locally during the adventure.



DEADLANDS: THE FLOOD

THE HAND OF FATE

Here's the fun part, Marshal. We're going to generate some honest-to-goodness random results and show you how they might fit together into a coherent tale. Remember we said a dash of ingenuity was required? Well, put your thinking caps on, because here's where it gets used. First we'll show you the cards and die rolls, and then put them together step-by-step.

THE BLACK GUNBOAT

People: 6 of clubs. Die rolls: 12, ship; 9, merchants; 1, steam launch.

Trouble: Ace of diamonds. Die rolls: 9, claim jumpers; 5, Rockies; 11, gunboat.

Complications: King of spades. Die rolls: 23, kung fu fighting; 13, shortages.

We start by drawing a 6 of clubs for our People. The die result indicates some merchants in a steam launch as our supporting cast. Townsfolk stats should do; maybe a Gunman or two as well. We roll a 10 for their initial reaction, but because of the black card subtract 2...meaning the merchants are neutral. They can take or leave the posse. But what are they selling? What are they up to? Better move on to the next step.

Time to draw a card for Trouble—an ace of diamonds! The trouble is likely to be significant, but at least the red card indicates a new development, rather than a long-standing dispute. Our rolls show there's claim jumping afoot, and the perpetrators are men loyal to the Rockies. Worse yet for our poor merchants, they're riding around in a gunboat armed to the teeth! This is our "black gunboat," a forbidding and mysterious craft, definitely hostile.

Now we know quite a bit about the scuffle going on at Black Rock Mesa. Some ghost rock merchants discovered a sizable vein on the mesa, but they don't have any way to mine it yet. The Rockies want to jump the claim for themselves before the merchants can legally take it. But why? It's about time we knew what makes these folks tick.

A roll on the Motivations table comes up 8 for the merchants. They're out for fame! They want to stake a claim to the ghost rock and see their names in the trade papers, but they're not necessarily willing to die for it. How about the Rockies? A 3 means they're just plain greedy (appropriately enough for this scenario), and (we decide) more than willing to knock off a few merchants who might tell the sordid tale of the Black Rock Mesa claim. Sounds like the merchants would vamoose if they could, but the Rockies have them pinned down (perhaps in a cave or inlet), and won't let them leave.

Let's see what sorts of Complications are prevalent. We draw the king of spades, so we need to roll twice for Complications and combine the results. Kung fu fighting and shortages are indicated. No wonder the Rockies want that ghost rock so badly! If it's not the high cost of living that has them on edge, it's the brawling gangs of martial artists everywhere you look (perhaps the rival schools blame each other for the shortages?).

Enter our heroes! But if they're going to sort out this trouble, they'll be dodging angry kung fu warriors, facing a gunboat full of the Rockies' mercenaries, and paying 8 times the price for any food or gear they might need. Even if they win, they might make an enemy of the Rockies. That's life in the Great Maze!

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And behold, I am bringing floodwaters on the earth, to destroy from under heaven all flesh in which is the breath of life; everything that is on the earth shall die.

—Genesis 6:17

The Lord said to Noah, there's gonna be a floody, floody...

—Popular children's song

The Flood is a Plot Point campaign for *Deadlands Reloaded* that begins with a bang and ends with a moo. (Don't worry—you'll get it later on.)

The idea behind our Plot Points is three-fold. First, it lets you tell big stories in the background of your posse's more personal interests. The tale here is the fight against Famine, but your characters might be most interested in saving a lost family member, tracking down the thing that killed his parents, or winning a kung fu tournament for his school. Plot Point campaigns allow all those stories to be told as part of one epic saga, interweaving personal quests with the main story of *Deadlands*.

The second purpose is to give your players a reason to stay together. Early on in the adventure, the group learns of Famine and her plan to bring about Hell on Earth. The heroes are never forced to save the world, but if they don't...well, let's just say they're going to eventually starve to death...if they're lucky.

The final purpose is to give you, the Marshal, a ready-made campaign that you can run more or less “on the fly.” *Savage Worlds* gives you Fast, Fun, and Furious rules, and our campaign systems aim to match that. You should never have any trouble figuring out what to do next, and you will also have plenty of space to insert your own adventures, or follow up on an adventure inspired by your player characters' own backstories.

Playing the Plot Points

To play *The Flood* as intended, start with the first Plot Point, “The Hellbore.” This adventure leads the party from the Sierra Nevada Mountains to Lost Angels, where they are inducted into the Twilight Legion by the *Tombstone Epitaph's* famous Lacy O'Malley himself.

Soon after, they're asked to find a missing member—Samuel Q. Hellman. That quest leads them to the Rock, where they learn about the Cult of Lost Angels, Grimme's true nature, and how to defeat him and his Ghouls.

So how does that work? The gunslingers have to travel Famine's realm and find the scattered caves of the Earth Spirits—the same beings Raven used to trigger the Great Quake of '68. Once they've bloodied certain symbols in seven of these, they have the ability to trigger a great and cleansing flood. Why would they want to do that? Because Grimme's 13 Ghouls are set to gather in Lost Angels and can be slain all at once—which is the only way to destroy the thing that is Grimme himself.

Maybe you're thinking, “So the heroes are going to trigger a natural disaster and wipe out the City of Lost Angels?” Well, the short answer is...yup! You gotta break a few eggs to make an omelet, Marshal. Your posse might also want to figure out if they can save the populace without tipping off the Ghouls, but that's up to them. Broken eggs and everything.

Plot Point Summaries

Here's a quick recap of the Plot Points, what happens in each, and when you should try to work them into your campaign.

Plot Point One: The Hellbore

When: At the campaign's start.

The posse begins their journey on a Smith & Robards train heading west over the Sierra Nevadas. Why they're on board is up to them. Fate decides to jump their track and the train wrecks. Surviving an attack by Old Ways Apache, the travelers discover the train wrecked because of a massive cave-in, which miraculously leads to a train tunnel going straight under the Sierra Nevadas and most of California.

At the end of the tunnel is a Wasatch railroad digging crew—complete with a wondrous digging machine called the Hellbore. They soon discover that the crew is accompanied by Lacy O'Malley, intrepid reporter for the *Tombstone*

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Epitaph. And they meet Dr. Darius Hellstromme himself! With any luck, the team bonds with the Wasatch crew when they're all attacked by ravenous tunnel critters.

Plot Point Two: Dr. Hellstromme's Wild Ride

When: Immediately after Plot Point One.

Dr. Hellstromme is successful and the crew bursts into daylight on the western side of the San Gabriel Mountains. They rally with another crew that was waiting for them, and then Hellstromme steams on ahead in his personal train, the *Good Intentions*, to Lost Angels.

Iron Dragon has no intention of seeing Wasatch win the Great Rail Wars. Kang's most trusted captain, Red Petals Su, is dispatched with a force to ambush Hellstromme himself and attacks in a running battle through the desert.

Plot Point Three: Out with a BOOM!

When: Immediately after Plot Point Two.

Dr. Hellstromme has been cuddly as a teddy bear to our heroes so far. Now his nasty side comes out.

The *Good Intentions* reaches Lost Angels. Reverend Grimme is waiting, as are the forces of Black River, Union Blue, Dixie Rails, Bayou Vermilion, and Iron Dragon. As the battle royale begins, Lacy O'Malley leads the posse into Lost Angels in search of an old friend. After witnessing dreadful evidence of Grimme's towering evil, they discover they're too late—Sam Q. Hellman's nowhere to be found.

Back on the battlefield, it looks like Wasatch doesn't stand a chance. About that time a fleet of black airships flies overhead and drops two bombs on the battlefield. A third lands on Ghost Town, the shantytown east of Lost Angels. The bombs are Ghostfire Bombs—something like high-yield incendiaries manufactured in Hell itself—and their detonation immediately brings the hostilities to a close.

Our heroes, along with Lacy O'Malley, try to save the innocents caught in Hellstromme's mad gambit.

When they've saved all they can, O'Malley thanks them for their help and tells them about the Explorer's Society, an organization dedicated to rooting out and hunting down evil in all its forms. He adds that if they travel to Shan Fan and seek out Captain Roderick Pennington-Smythe, he'll vouch for their membership as well. Besides saving the world, the club is also a sort of mutual aid society, and can be a great help to its members when it comes to dealing with trouble.

Finally, Lacy tells the group that page 13 of the Sunday Edition of the *Tombstone Epitaph* (the national edition) is essentially his private page where he tips off other Explorers to strange occurrences around the country.

Note: Of all the events in the Plot Points, this one is perhaps the most critical as it leads to a system you can use to lead your party to many of the Savage Tales described in Chapter Nine.

Plot Point Four: Big Trouble in Little Shan Fan

When: Run this one when the group arrives in Shan Fan and seeks out the Explorer's Society.

The Explorer's Society lodge in Shan Fan is a smoking ruin. A little investigation reveals that they've run afoul of the Shan Fan Triad, and Captain Pennington-Smythe has been kidnapped. By one method or another, the posse eventually discovers the captain's location and stages a rescue.

Captain Pennington-Smythe thanks his rescuers and tells them the triad now knows the location of a powerful artifact. He rushes off to stop them, hopefully with his new companions in tow.

The triad strike force has tunneled into an old cavern in search of the artifact and accidentally awakened a guardian called the Wailing Doom. After defeating this abomination and the triad gang, the adventurers discover a strange glowing sigil on the wall that looks like a lightning bolt. The petroglyph is actually one of Raven's runes, meant to keep the earth spirits along the fault line appeased (but the posse won't know this just yet).

Plot Point Five: The Rock

When: At least a few sessions after Plot Point Four, whenever the posse heads back to Lost Angels.

The posse is summoned by one of Lacy O'Malley's page 13 ads to the Fallen Angel Saloon in Perdition. There they learn that Sam Hellman—the fellow they tried to locate back in Plot Point Three—is being held in Rock Island Prison. O'Malley lays out a plan that should allow the heroes to pierce the prison's defenses and save Hellman.

After a daring rescue under cover of a pirate attack, Sam Hellman reveals Grimme's true nature and his cult's cannibalistic activities. The former Pinkerton goes on to reveal the name of an Indian shaman, Sees Far Ahead, who knows how to kill Grimme once and for all.

Plot Point Six: Tribal Warfare

When: As soon as the heroes go looking for Sees Far Ahead.

Spurred by Sam Hellman's revelations, the posse goes looking for the Necessity Alliance. They hope its founder, Sees Far Ahead, can tell them enough of Grimme's secrets to allow them to finish off the Good Reverend. Unfortunately, Sees Far Ahead was kidnapped during an attack by the evil Rattlesnake Clan. In the process, that secret society of sorcerors and corrupted shamans sparked an inter-tribal conflict that drives the survivors of the Necessity Alliance apart, threatening to destroy their fragile balance of power.

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The adventurers must navigate the treacherous waters of the Maze, hazard the political labyrinth of the civil war, and eventually root out and destroy the Rattlesnake Clan.

Plot Point Seven: Jumpin' Jehosaphat!

When: At least a few sessions after Plot Point Six, when the posse is finally led to Jehosaphat Valley by Born in a Bowl's finger.

The posse has traveled all the way from the northern Maze to Jehosaphat Valley, where the Cult of Lost Angels tosses the bones of all those they've devoured. Sees Far Ahead's remains are here, and Born in a Bowl's amputated finger eventually helps them find his skull.

When the skull is returned to Born in a Bowl, she uses it to grant the posse a vision. In it they witness firsthand the grim founding of the Cult of Lost Angels, gain deeper understanding of Grimme's true nature, and learn of the petroglyphs Raven used to trigger the Great Quake. Most importantly, they learn how the glyphs can be used to put down Grimme and his 13 Elders for good.

Plot Point Eight: The Flood

When: Run this chapter after the posse has found seven glyphs and marked them with blood.

By now the heroes have traveled to every corner of Famine's realm, from the northern Maze to the Mojave, and placed a bloody handprint on at least seven of Raven's glyphs. On August 23rd, 1880, they return to Lost Angels for one final dustup with Grimme and all his Elders. If they're successful, they will have forever changed the face of the Weird West Coast. If not, well...let's just say somebody's going to bed without any supper tonight.



1 The Hellbore

The following tale is designed to get your party together and give them a reason to stay that way. It also lets them take part in several of the pivotal moments in the *Deadlands* story, as Hellstromme reveals his secret plan to win the Great Rail Wars.

The story starts—as it often does in the Weird West—fairly innocently. The player characters are on a Denver-Pacific rail car heading west over the Sierra Nevadas toward California or parts in between. It's a cold winter's day in December of 1879 (officially). Feel free to change this date as needed, but note that in official *Deadlands* history, the ritual they need to perform at the end of this epic tale occurs on August 23rd, 1880.



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Most of the passengers have been on the train a day or more already, so ask each player to introduce his character to the group, including a quick description of what they look like, whether or not they're armed, and so on. (Smith & Robards allows its customers to carry their personal arms on this particular route.) Once the introductions are over, move on with the following.

A few minutes ago you noticed an odd rattling. The staff of the Denver-Pacific must have noticed it as well, for the conductor in your car flipped a hidden switch and lowered armored shutters over your windows. He then flipped over a seat covering a secret compartment and pulled out a Gatling rifle. With a smile and a wink, he now takes up a position at the front of the car near a gunport you hadn't noticed earlier.

You peek out the narrow slits in the armored windows. Mounted figures stand along a rise to your right. Indians!

As you ready yourself for trouble you hear a deafening screech, like nothing you've ever heard before. There's no doubt it's the locomotive's wheels grinding on the tracks—the brakes thrown so hard you smash into the seat in front of you.

There's pain, a dizzy sensation, and then the whole world tumbles around you, slamming your body up and down like beans in a maracca.

Everything goes dark for a while.

Then you hear screaming. Not the screaming of your fellow passengers though—more like the howls of the damned. Ghost rock. You'd know that sound anywhere.

As you try to clear your vision you feel the heat of the burning ore nearby. You force your eyes open and find yourself lying in the shattered debris of the rail car. In fact, you can see the entire train sprawled along the tracks like some infernal iron snake.

Surrounding you are piles of burning ghost rock and the mangled corpses of your fellow passengers. Surely this is Hell.

A man runs by, screaming and blazing with flame. He stops in front of you and three arrows slam into him from the train's right. The Indians are picking off the survivors!

What do you do?

It's time for a warm-up for the many fights the posse has coming. Marshal. Set up your battle mat and place each character around the wreckage of the train. The debris is on fire—the ghost rock boiler burst and bathed the entire train in flame. Each round a hero is adjacent to a burning pile he suffers 2d6 damage from the raw heat. Should someone wind up in a pile, he's covered in ghost rock dust and burns to a crisp over the next 1d6 rounds. During that time the victim pretty much just runs around screaming

and dying, so make sure this doesn't happen to a player character. The heroes might wind up pushing an enemy into one, however.

Characters can move as they want, but any bulky items they had on their person were dropped and are lying about. Gathering them from the debris requires a simple Notice roll (a raise indicates two items are found). This includes non-holstered firearms, suitcases, or any other personal possessions. (Ignore this if you like—it's included to let you teach newbies how to make a skill roll, and for a little drama and tense decision-making.)

If anyone thinks to look for the conductor's Gatling rifle, a Notice roll and one round means it turns up under some flaming planks. It has 12 shots remaining.

Characters who had horses will be happy to discover the livery car to the rear is intact and their horses are alive (though it takes time to get to the car, a full round to open the door, and another to mount up).

Trunks and other large containers left in storage can be found on a Notice roll as well. This takes five rounds once the car is reached, or three with a raise on the roll.

Out of the Fire, Into the Frying Pan

The heroes and a few other civilians are all that's left of the train's passengers. The other civilians won't survive—they're there for dramatic effect so pick off one or two a round. The Indians are mounted on fast ponies and armed with bows and tomahawks. There's Black Stick, the War Party leader, and eight Indian braves.

The Apache follow the Old Ways and thus do not have guns. Their primary tactic is to pick off the survivors with their bows, then ride away with their wounded if things get too hot. The Indians aren't interested in suffering too many casualties. If the War Leader or half the party are down, the rest will retreat to fight another day.

The Apache didn't cause the train to derail but they knew it was going to happen. There's a huge hole in the earth ahead caused by a partial collapse of the tunnel below (which we'll come back to in a moment).

Black Stick: Wild Card. Use Veteran Indian Brave stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

Apache War Party (1 per hero): Use Indian Brave stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

Does Anyone Speak Apache?

Should one of the Indians be captured and someone speak Indian sign language, the brave willingly spills what he knows. The white men have disturbed the earth spirits with their iron horses, so the spirits tore open a huge hole in the earth to swallow them up.

Investigating the hole reveals a man-made tunnel heading east and west—complete with railroad tracks! The tunnel east is blocked by the cave-in, but the tunnel west seems relatively clear.

THE FLOOD

Lights

There's no light in the tunnel, and it's fairly unlikely the group has any illumination of their own. Hucksters and other spell-slingers might be able to conjure up something, but that's not real bright (pun intended) in a party full of strangers.

It is fairly likely someone will have matches. That's a short-term solution, but fortunately they don't have that far to go. The "light at the end of the tunnel" is just a couple of miles ahead. A group with no light at all has to feel their way ahead. That's fine and sets a nice, creepy tone to the adventure.

After a half-hour or so, they begin to hear distant sounds of machinery and digging from the west. About this time, they also hear a faint explosion from back where the eastern passage had caved in. (A Wasatch resupply train on the underground tracks has blown the debris off the line.) A few minutes later, the resupply train is on its way down the tunnel.

Near Miss

Have everyone make Notice rolls. Those who succeed see small rocks tumble from the cave roof and feel a slight vibration in their feet. Another minute and they see dim lights approaching from the east. It's a train!

The locomotive is a small affair consisting of an armored engine and two flatcars loaded with ties and rails—resupply for the line as it churns through the Sierra Nevadas. The locomotive is going slowly to avoid more cave-ins, but even a slow train does a lot of damage to anyone caught on the tracks.

Avoiding getting run over isn't too difficult—the passage is nice and wide. Hiding is easy as well, as there are several niches and a few boulders on the side the characters can crouch behind. If you want to up the tension, have someone get their boot (or horse's hoof!) caught in the track. A simple Strength (or Riding) roll gets them free, but you can sure scare the bejeezus out of 'em in the meantime.

Aside from jumping right onto the tracks (certain death), there's no real way a hero can mess this up, so use it for dramatic tension and let the thing pass. Those who make a Notice roll can discern that the train has a Wasatch logo on it, and slows down dramatically another minute or so down the line.

Silent Guardian

About the time the sounds of work become almost too loud to shout over (the camp is still about 50 yards further down the tunnel), the explorers run smack into what at first seems like a large pot-bellied stove just to the right of the tracks. On further inspection, the stove has a Gatling gun firmly attached to its side. On the other is a claw-like pincer arm.

THE SECRET OF THE AUTOMATONS

Hellstromme's automatons are heralded as the cutting edge of the New Science. They're also a highly-guarded secret of the Wasatch Corporation.

Many mad scientists can deduce how to make a mechanical creature move, or how to "program" it with studded cylinders just like a player piano. But what they can't solve is how Hellstromme's clockwork men seem to react to the world around them. They can adjust their step to climb stairs, "hear" things sneaking up behind them, and even evaluate which target to shred with their Gatling guns, flamethrowers, or other heavy weapons.

The secret is worth millions, and is not at all a surprise to some of the less reputable scientists of the Weird West. A few have supposed that Hellstromme's amazing machines have human beings inside them. Fewer still—those who have learned other dark secrets—have guessed that what's inside was once human, but is now some sort of undead thing in direct control of its shell.

A Common Knowledge roll recognizes the thing as one of Dr. Darius Hellstromme's amazing automatons!

The clockwork man doesn't fire because it's been told only to target "creatures," not humans (though of course it can't talk, so let 'em sweat as they work their way around the deadly sentinel).

Should a curious hero get too touchy-feely with this particular automaton, it "wakes up" suddenly and haphazardly swings its claw at him as a warning. Have the character make an Agility roll or suffer a Fatigue level from the bruising that fades in an hour.

If the party gets really serious about examining the automaton, it attacks. You really don't want this to happen though, because it's very tough, and even if it loses, the head explodes like a grenade (3d6 damage in a Medium Burst Template), destroying all evidence of the zombie brain inside. You might consider "saving" the party with the timely intervention of Hellstromme's work crew in the event a fight breaks out.

Automaton (1): Use stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

The Wasatch Rail Crew

Fifty yards or so past the sentinel, the posse sees the train that passed them sitting in a cloud of settling steam. A half-dozen men are unloading supplies from its flatbeds. The steam obscures their vision, so the party can likely get very close without being seen.

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When the men finally detect the party they issue a challenge. These are veteran rail warriors, so they don't just shoot on sight. They aren't hesitant to open fire, but they know the difference between random passerbys and rival rail gangs (or worse).

Wasatch Rail Warriors (1 per hero): Use stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.



Charley Bill Buckner

Charley Bill is a true cowboy who isn't afraid of steam and steel. In the stable of Hellstromme's employees, he's one of the best. That's not to say his gun doesn't belong to Hellstromme—just that he has a reasonable amount of conscience (for the frontier) over who sees the business end of it.

Charley Bill was chosen for this job because Hellstromme wanted the press along (O'Malley) and figured his less hesitant killers wouldn't make a very good impression. Charley Bill is also his most effective foreman—not because of his knowledge of the railroads, but because he quickly earns the respect of the crews he's been put in charge of.

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

Skills: Fighting d8, Gambling d8, Knowledge (Railroads) d6, Persuasion d8, Riding d8, Shooting d8, Stealth d6, Survival d8, Tracking d6

Charisma: 0; **Grit:** 1; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 7

Hindrances: Loyal (to Hellstromme)

Edges: Brawny, Level Headed

Gear: Colt Thunderer (12/24/48; 2d6 damage; RoF 1; Shots 6; AP 1).

We Can All Just Get Along

If a firefight breaks out, Hellstromme's rail warriors are clever. They aim, use cover, and actually attempt to communicate with their targets. The enforcer in charge of this gang is Charley Bill Buckner, a level-headed veteran of many engagements. With any luck, even if a few shots are fired the posse and Hellstromme's crew make nice and eventually parley.

The gunmen aren't hesitant to kill, but they're trying very hard to avoid casualties. They have to. The press is watching. When contact is made, Buckner speaks for the crew and hesitantly welcomes the party into their expedition.

I'm afraid I have to keep you in our protective custody until we get to Lost Angels. It shouldn't take but another week with any luck. We just can't let word get out that we're almost there or we'll have every rival rail gang in the West descending on us like flies on cow patties.

Don't worry though. You're safe. We've got a couple of celebrities with us so you can bet we're well-armed. Who? Well, that fella from the Tombstone Epitaph. Lacy O'Malley. Writes all them weird tales? Let me introduce you to the other.

Beyond the resupply train is the camp itself. The adventurers see light from a dozen hanging carbide lanterns and several firepits. Several dozen men smooth the walls to either side with pick-axes while a very loud grinding noise rattles the cave from somewhere ahead.

Stacks of equipment, railroad ties, foodstuffs, water barrels, and even explosives surround a very fancy-looking caboose attached to a second train beyond the resupply locomotive.

The heroes have found Dr. 's secret tunnel running far beneath the Rocky Mountains and Sierra Nevadas—the secret railroad he believes is going to win him the Great Rail Wars.

Buckner heads west past the supply train to the stately caboose. If asked about the thunderous noise Buckner answers simply, "Diggin' machine."

Buckner nods to two grim guards at the rear of the caboose—both armed with Gatling shotguns, you notice—and one of them knocks some sort of code on the caboose door. You don't hear anything from inside for all the noise in the tunnel ahead, but someone must have answered for the guard nods you on in.

You step up onto the rear platform and into the most luxurious rail car you've ever seen. The walls are carpeted with rich red velvet panels inset into cherry wood. Brass fixtures and handrails add contrast, and a short dining table is set with what looks like more silver than came out of Virginia City.

But what really captures your attention are the two figures seated in plush chairs at the other end of the car. One is no doubt the famous Lacy O'Malley. He wears his trademark white suit and hat, though even from here and by the flickering candles you can tell it's seen better days. He smiles amiably and tips his hat.

The other figure sits back in his chair with a clipboard in his hand. He wears a scarlet smoking jacket and puffs on a pipe. His face is hidden in shadows, but as he leans forward and his piercing gray eyes emerge from the darkness, there can be no doubt this is the famous Dr. Darius Hellstromme.

The two guards outside Hellstromme's door are both Harrowed. There are other guardians in the car as well—clockwork tarantulas lie "dormant" in the hollow space above the ceiling. Should the party actually threaten Hellstromme, all these assets will come to bear in an instant. There's no reason the characters should threaten Hellstromme, so if your players know a bit more about the Weird West than their alter-egos should at this point, you might want to remind them of that.

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Harrowed Guards (2)

These two gunslingers are Hellstromme's private guards. Or so they think. In reality, the doctor is watching them and learning about this strange process called "Harrowing." When he's done with them, he plans to dissect them and figure out exactly what makes them tick.

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

Skills: Fighting d6, Gambling d8, Knowledge (Occult) d6, Riding d8, Shooting d10, Stealth d8, Survival d8

Grit: 2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 6
Hindrances: Loyal (to Hellstromme), Mean

Edges: Danger Sense, Marksman, Stitchin'

Gear: Gatling shotguns (12/24/48; 1-3d6; RoF 2; Shots 12; AP 2)

Special Abilities:

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

Lacy O'Malley: Wild Card. See page 186.

Dr. Darius Hellstromme: Wild Card. Use stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

Clockwork Tarantulas (6): Use stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

THE Dr. Hellstromme?

Dr. Hellstromme is sharing a pipe and a new press release with Lacy O'Malley, reviewing all the details to be included (and not included) in the *Epitaph*. Normally, he doesn't like to be interrupted when working, but today he's in one of his better moods. He firmly believes he's about to win the Great Rail Wars and show all those miscreants the power of his amazing intellect.

He also knows he needs good public relations to overcome some of the bad press he's been getting from his archrivals at Smith & Robards, as well as the enigmatic and troublesome "Agent Smith" back in Salt Lake City. That's why Lacy O'Malley is here, and the reason the doctor is unusually warm and friendly—excited even—to see our heroes.

Hellstromme's first question goes something like this: "Welcome, travelers. What brings you to our little expedition here?"

After someone gives any sort of explanation at all, Hellstromme looks to Buckner, who says, "We've already got a crew patching that hole."

His curiosity satisfied, the bad doctor dismisses the issue from his mind and welcomes the newcomers with a little gloating.

Perhaps you've heard Wasatch dropped out of the so-called 'Great Rail Wars?' I believe Mr. O'Malley here reported as much last year.

The truth is we've been working on a revolutionary way to avoid these treacherous mountains. After your experience with those buffoons at Smith & Robards, I assume you can see why.

Ahead of us, beneath approximately a half-mile of earth and stone, is a new machine of such staggering complexity that I alone can service it. That is why I am here.

By my estimations, we should be emerging in California in a few days' time. From there we will link with my existing line and roll into the City of Lost Angels by high noon in two days. There we will confront the Reverend Grimme with the inevitable approach of progress, and end these damnable and expensive Rail Wars forever.

You will accompany us on this historic occasion and witness an epic moment in history as our guests. Mr. Buckner, please see that our visitors are fed and shown around the camp—particularly those areas where they could be harmed.

Hellstromme dismisses the group, but answers a few questions if asked politely. Rudeness results in an abrupt but friendly dismissal to Mr. Buckner's care so that Darius



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can “get back to work.” Pestilence’s Servitor is ruthless but he’s not actually “mean.” He won’t be baited, especially with O’Malley in camp.

However the conversation goes, the party cannot be allowed to leave until after the line has reached Lost Angels for fear of tipping off the other rail barons, but Hellstromme is happy to hire them on in whatever role seems most appropriate (guards, manual labor, reporters, witnesses, etc.). He’ll treat them as guests, provide them tents and ample food, and genuinely consider them part of “his team.”

Should the party prove hostile or unwilling to abide by Wasatch’s needs, they’ll be incarcerated. If they’re particularly troublesome, Hellstromme’s two deaders won’t hesitate to plug ’em and dump ’em. How to deal with O’Malley will be figured out later.

A Word with O’Malley

O’Malley accompanies the party outside and asks them some follow-up questions about the event that brought them here. He also pries as deep as they’ll tolerate into their personal histories. Lacy pretends this is just general infor-

mation for the feature he’s writing, but really he’s already sensed there’s something special about these folks and he wants to know more about them.

Don’t be too annoying with Lacy—it’s important he and the posse respect each other later on (they don’t necessarily have to like each other though!). Just let them meet our intrepid reporter, and maybe use the interviews to let each player role-play his character and talk up his background for the rest of the group a bit.

Attack of the Tunnel Critters

The group is given a spot of earth to make their camp and some food and water (and even wine if they’d like), a good distance from the main work effort.

A few hours later (about 10 p.m. most likely), Buckner comes and rounds up the posse. He points his thumb at one of Hellstromme’s two Harrowed and says, “Dave says trouble’s coming. He has a sense about these things.”

A moment later, the group hears the distant rattle of the guardian automaton’s Gatling about 50 yards back from the camp. (No one trusts the thing’s wild aim enough to let it fight nearby.) Buckner grabs a group of guards (including the two Harrowed) and moves east to aid the automaton, instructing his guests to stay put and protect the crew and the caboose if whatever’s attacking should get by them.

About a minute after this group leaves, the heroes hear trouble coming from the west—near the digging machine. The miners run away to the middle of the camp, where the fires are, and one of them shouts, “Doc Haggerty’s trapped in the machine! Someone needs to rescue him!”

If this isn’t enough to motivate the party, Dr. Hellstromme emerges from the caboose. “My associate Dr. Haggerty is likely trapped up ahead. While I have no doubt the Hellbore is capable of protecting him from whatever is attacking us, I would rest easier if you gentlemen could see to him.” Hellstromme won’t pay for the privilege—he already feels the posse owes him their lives for allowing them to accompany Wasatch into history. Lacy stands beside him, eager to see if these strangers have heroic notions.

The Hellbore

Assuming the group moves forward to help, they do indeed find the operator trapped inside the Hellbore by a host of tunnel critter younglings. The creatures are trying to crack through the cockpit, but are having a tough time of it. They’ll eventually make it—their mandibles are designed to chew through rock, after all—but it will take a few minutes, as the Hellbore is no slouch itself.

This amazing machine wasn’t actually invented to tunnel through the Rocky Mountains and Sierra Nevadas—it was meant to tunnel straight to Hell. But the mountains are a good test of its abilities and helps Hellstromme win the Great Rail Wars while he’s at it. He’s nothing if not efficient.



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It's operated by Professor "Hap" Haggerty, a short, gruff, and wild-eyed man who could almost pass for a dwarf right out of fantasy folktales. He spends most of his time wrestling with the controls trying to keep the Hellbore on course or tinkering with its innards. Hammers are his tool of choice, even when more delicate implements might be called for.

Haggerty has no real defense—he just sits there and waits for someone to come help. When you feel the need to pressure your posse, the creatures can start making some cracks in the machine's hull.

This is one of those great opportunities to make your adventurers feel heroic. The young tunnel critters are relatively easy to gun down or fight, and with any luck, the encounter will help the posse bond. There's nothing like a little violence and mayhem to bring folks together.

Professor "Hap" Haggerty: Use Mad Scientist stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*. Hap is armed with a heavy wrench (Str+d4).

Tunnel Critters, Young 'uns (2 per hero): Use stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

Bedding Down

After the fight, the Wasatch crew sweeps up the critter parts and burns them. Wounds are treated (a sawbones is on hand) and a final cup of hot coffee is prepared for the night. Lacy makes a sketch of the bugs, and interviews each of the player characters about his or her role in the fight. The crew seems unimpressed by the creatures, as if they're nasty but perfectly natural.

Lacy is very interested in the posse's reaction to the things. Giant insects are one thing, but the truly supernatural is another, and he's curious how they might react if they saw such a thing. The tunnel critters are a good measure since they're just really big insects, but definitely on the borderline of what's right and what's obviously not.

When the discussion is over, most of the crew beds down for a few quick hours of relatively quiet sleep while Hellstromme and Haggerty work to repair the Hellbore.

The next several days pass quickly as the Wasatch crew burrows through the Sierra Nevadas and San Gabriel Mountains. Nothing truly eventful happens during this time, so fast forward unless the characters get into mischief on their own.

What's Next?

The group heads right into Plot Point Two, "Dr. Hellstromme's Wild Ride."



2 Dr. Hellstromme's Wild Ride

Our gunslingers have had a few days to rest, heal up, and talk to Dr. Hellstromme or Lacy O'Malley if they were so inclined. Now it's time to kick the stirrups and get things moving again.

You've been in the dark underworld for nearly a week. Five minutes ago the Hellbore shut down and several of the rail crew ran by the train whooping and hollering that they'd hit sunlight!

You strap on your gear and join the crowd. Ahead is a man-sized hole spilling forth blinding, piercing light. It's a beautiful sight.

Dr. Hellstromme smiles and walks toward the light, shaking the hands of his crewmen as he goes. "We did it," he says quietly. "We did it."

The rail baron smiles and says, "Break out the champagne, Mr. Buckner." The crew cheers as bottles are passed around. Foam flies everywhere as men desperate for sunlight press forward and emerge into the warm open air.

You seem to be in the arid desert foothills of a mountain range. California, according to the Wasatch crew. As you try to get your bearings, a two-man team pushes a strange, wheeled contraption out into the flat. It's a steam wagon.

"Find our crew, Mr. Shaw. Bring them to us," Hellstromme smiles. The steam wagon fires up, supplies are loaded into its bed, and a driver and three guards climb on board. With a final yell from the crew and a wave of the driver's hat the horseless carriage rumbles off into the desert.

Dr. Hellstromme walks to you, finishes off his champagne, and nods. "We couldn't know exactly where we'd come out. Pockets of bedrock and...other diversions...chose our course to some degree. But our western team is only a few miles away. They'll arrive as soon as Mr. Shaw locates them.

"We should finish our line and fight our way into Lost Angels within days. Yes, I said 'fight.' The ersatz ruler of the 'Free and Holy City of Lost Angels' has not agreed to our right of way. Yet.

"If you'll gather your belongings and climb on board, we'll steam on ahead together. Don't worry. This particular train doesn't need rails."

Hellstromme's guards and Charley Buckner load up onto the *Good Intentions* while the rail workers continue clearing the tunnel behind. The adventurers are invited to come along, and unless they want to stay in the desert and miss a major moment in history, they'd best hop aboard.

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Good Intentions

Hellstromme's amazing train lifts itself up off the track and rolls off the rails onto the raw earth. The train rumbles along loudly for several miles until a red weather balloon is spotted in the distance, marking the location of the Wasatch railhead.

Thirty minutes later, the *Good Intentions* is greeted by hundreds of cheering rail workers, mid-level executives, and guards. Even the automatons ringing the camp amble over to see what all the commotion is about.

The train rolls into the center of camp amid the cheering throng and Hellstromme rises up out of the caboose on an elevated cupola with a megaphone in hand.

Hello my loyal friends! We've done it! We're a few miles and a right of way short of completing the first transcontinental railroad!

You have been part of this effort; a part of our company. Now you are part of history!

There are but a few miles left to travel, but they are perhaps the hardest miles yet. Connect this line to our tunnel to the east and I will continue on to Lost Angels, and our inevitable showdown with the right Reverend Grimme and his fanatics.

Mr. Buckner, please extend everyone here an additional month's pay for their amazing achievement. And open a few cases of champagne while you're at it!

The camp goes wild at the boss' generosity and tears into a stack of crates holding (cheap) champagne. Hellstromme and the crew of the *Good Intentions* prepare to leave immediately. The rail baron invites his newfound guests to accompany him. Once again, there's no other way out of the desert, so they'd be wise to take him up on the offer.

Iron Dragon Attacks

Unknown to Hellstromme, one of his rail crew is a very resourceful agent of Kang and has managed to get word to Iron Dragon of Hellstromme's impending victory.

The warlord's agents have been within striking distance for weeks, waiting to see if Hellstromme's gamble paid off. The larger of Kang's teams is heading to the railhead—where they'll be defeated. The other, under his trusted lieutenant Red Petals Su, attacks the *Good Intentions* a half hour after it leaves the railhead.

The train is only three cars long—the engine, a passenger car (where the heroes are), and Hellstromme's highly customized caboose. The posse can move wherever they like during the battle except inside the armored caboose, which is locked tighter than a safe to protect the rail baron.

Let the players position their characters as they'd like in the car before you kick things off—with a bang.

You're racing along when you hear a massive explosion off to your left. The Good Intentions rocks over on its side...then settles back down on the rails with a screech. Earth and stone shower down on the roof and you hear the unmistakable sound of Gatling guns.

Flying overhead is Red Petals Su. She's trying to destroy the train and aimed her first shot at the engine itself. She has one more bomb, but don't let her destroy the train with it—have the group make Notice rolls to see it then take potshots at her auto-gyro. Her speed and size give her a -4 penalty.

If Su is hit badly, she dives out of sight, streaming smoke. She doesn't die, though. Her time is coming soon, but today is not that day. The group will run into her again in Shan Fan.

Red Petals Su: Wild Card. Use stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

Racing alongside the *Good Intentions* from concealed positions are two steam wagons full of Kang's Maze Rats and one very special minion—a Chinese ogre!

Immediately after the bomb hits, Charley Bill Buckner tells the heroes to "defend the train!" then races back to Hellstromme's personal caboose with the two Harrowed gunslingers. The three of them man the concealed Gatling guns in the roof of the caboose, while other parties are left to fire out of the armored windows in the passenger car.

The posse must deal with two steam wagons of mad martial artists who try to board and force their way into the caboose. They won't be successful—the good doctor's car is armored with ghost steel—but the heroes don't have to know that.

The first steam wagon has five martial artists, a driver, a gunner with a Gatling, and the Chinese ogre. The gunner fires at the windows to cover the rest while they board. The second steam wagon has a driver, a gunner with a flamethrower, and five more martial artists.

Martial Artists (10): Use stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

Drivers/Gunners (4): Use Maze Rat stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

Chinese Ogre (1): See page 176.

Fishing for Cowpokes

Should a cowpoke tumble from the train, he suffers 4d6 damage and must succeed on an Agility roll or drop anything in his hands. Catching up is really tricky, but Hellstromme is prepared for many emergencies. The round after a hero falls, what looks like a fan attached to the top of the caboose breaks free of its housing, rises up, and whirls into the air. It whizzes out after the fallen hero and drops a hooked line to him. The next round it races back and deposits him atop the caboose, then settles back into its socket.

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These little flying automatons work just like their bigger cousins. They're little more than a zombie brain in a small housing attached to an autogyro propeller. They can lift up to 300 pounds, and travel about twice as fast as the train. These particular units are "programmed" merely to grab a fallen passenger and return him to the train. Like all automatons, they have some intelligence so they won't return tongs or other opponents to the train should they fall. They do recognize the party as friendly.

What's Next?

The heroes ride into Plot Point Three, "Out With a BOOM!" Don't worry, we'll turn them loose to their own devices soon.



3 Out With a BOOM!

The next day at dusk, the *Good Intentions* rolls into the outskirts of Lost Angels and its date with destiny.

It's dusk the following night. That hazy time when the darkness overcomes the daylight. The moon overhead is red as roses—a blood moon.

The crew says Lost Angels is just a few minutes ahead. You've gathered on top of the locomotive to witness this historic moment. The train slows and you begin to see the city in the distance. It lies down a series of steep hills, but even from here you can see the spires of Grimme's cathedral.

Between you and Lost Angels are hundreds of campfires, illuminating dozens of flags. As you approach, you make out the banners of Dixie Rails and Bayou Vermilion to the south and Union Blue and Black River to the north. Kang and his Iron Dragon minions seem to have had their say already.

Farther beyond, between these gathered throngs and Lost Angels, are hundreds of red-robed figures illuminated by two giant bonfires. These must be Grimme's Guardian Angels. Before them stands a gaunt figure in a black tunic, his long white hair flowing out from beneath a black hat. Reverend Grimme.

The Good Intentions slows as it approaches the Wasatch railhead. The workers have piled up beams and timbers into a makeshift but sturdy fort and are armed to the teeth. You see automatons, men armed with flamethrowers and jet packs, and several men in white lab coats tinkering with a host of dog-sized clockwork spiders.

Your ride finally screeches to a stop at the barricade, surrounded by steam, its ghost rock boiler hissing and groaning. Dr. Hellstromme emerges from his caboose and climbs up onto the roof with you. "You are witnessing history, my new friends. Bloody, violent history. But even the good Reverend Grimme cannot stop progress,

and the so-called 'Great Rail Wars' are over. By thunder, they're over. Now we can all get back to more...important things.

"There is but one last bit of business to finish, and that is our 'negotiations' with Reverend Grimme. We are outnumbered and have few friends here, but I am not without resources. I suggest you vacate our camp to the rear and stay away from the coming storm. Our weapons are not particularly discriminate, and I would not repay you for your help thus far with...the violence to come.

"Gentlemen and Ladies. Godspeed on your journeys. Perhaps our paths will cross again another day."

The Battle of Lost Angels

It is worth noting that a Dixie Rails sharpshooter fires the first shot of the bloody fight that will afterward be known as "the Battle of Lost Angels." Or at least it appears that way. In truth, the sharpshooter is a mole planted in Dixie Rails months ago by Hellstromme himself. The sharpshooter's bullet is specially designed to fragment harmlessly on impact, but Hellstromme is wearing a very light armored vest beneath his suit anyway.

When the "shot heard 'round the West" rings out, all Hell breaks loose. Now the phrase "all Hell breaks loose" gets used fairly frequently in *Deadlands*, but this time we really mean it. The rail barons have brought their biggest and baddest to the climax and no longer care if they're seen cavorting with demons and monsters.

Wasatch hunkers down behind its barricades and fights a purely defensive battle for the first few minutes. The posse can hang around with them or skedaddle back towards the relative safety of the eastern hills. In either case, describe the action around the Wasatch railhead.

The Wasatch railhead explodes in fire. Cannons boom and bullets ping off the barricade. The automatons open up with Gatling guns while the rest of Hellstromme's forces hunker down and wait for the inevitable charge.

To the north you see the soldiers of Union Blue, several companies equipped with jet packs and flamethrowers. They fight alongside women dressed in black leather—the famous Wichita Witches—who call forth hexes with chanting and cracks of their cruel whips.

Across from them are Confederate sharpshooters beneath the flag of Dixie Rails, and a legion of shadowy gunmen wearing the red sashes of Bayou Vermilion. The Bayou Vermilion Band—a brass band made up of three grinning skeletons—blasts out an inspirational dirge.

Let the heroes do whatever they want for a few rounds. When you're ready to move on, describe a solitary figure making his way frantically through the smoke toward our heroes. Emerging from the fog of war, Lacy O'Malley checks to be sure no one's listening before he says:

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I need your help, plain and simple. An old friend of mine, Sam Hellman, is in Lost Angels, and I think he might be in trouble. By trouble I mean, of course, mortal danger. With Grimme and most of his flock out there fighting, it might be my only chance to get to him. But I can't do it alone. Will you help me?

Nothing like an unannounced test, Marshal, and this is Lacy's second. He was interested in seeing how the heroes reacted to strange abominations like tunnel critters, now he wants to know how big a conscience they've got.

Little Red Rooster

If O'Malley can talk the cowpokes into going with him, it's an hour-long, perilous hike down into Lost Angels. As the posse makes their way past the raging battle, describe the carnage while rolling a few random dice behind your screen, Marshal. This'll keep your players nice and alert while the lead is flying.

Lost Angels is a ghost town. Most of Grimme's followers joined him in battle, and those too old, young, or infirm to fight were ordered to stay inside their homes until the conflict ends. The streets are dark and empty save for a few dogs who trot past with their ribs sticking out. Distant booms and rumbles punctuate the distant battle, while flashes of light play upon the haze of the southern sky.

Grimme might be out fighting the wolves, but he didn't leave the hen house totally unguarded. Several flights of Guardian Angels stalk the streets. Patrols consist of five Guardian Angels (see stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*), and they are considered active guards. Have the heroes make two Stealth rolls—one to reach Sam Hellman's place, and one to get out of town. A failure on either roll indicates the group has been spotted by a patrol. They shout, "You're in violation of the right Reverend's curfew!" right before they open fire. Any fight involving gunfire draws another 10 Guardian Angels to the location in 1d6 rounds.

As the heroes sneak through Lost Angels, they stumble upon a shocking sight.

You hear voices coming your way. Looks like wounded returning from the battle. Moments later a wagon drawn by two mules emerges from the gloom, and you hear the whining of dogs. Fifteen Guardian Angels escort a wagon that's completely full of a heap of something, but under the cover it's impossible to tell what. "Whoa," murmurs the driver, and the wagon stops uncomfortably close to your hiding spot.

Two Angels leap down, leaving a woman to observe from atop the wagon. She's dressed in white, with her hair pulled back into a severely tight bun, and she says not a word. "Thank the Lord it's you, Sister Andrea," exclaims one of the walking wounded, "We thought we were goners. Can you—?"

Abruptly one of the Angels knocks the man senseless with a blow to the face. All eight of the red-robed enforcers surround the wounded like a pack of wolves, beating them with clubs. "Help!" shouts a man in terror, "Please God no! Don't take me there! Anywhere but there!!"

His pleas go silent, and there's only the sound of wood clubbing meat for a few seconds. Then the Guardian Angels drag the unmoving bodies over to the wagon, shooing away the dogs, and toss them onto a growing pile of humanity.

The woman looks around once, eyes hard as flint, satisfied the event wasn't observed. The wagon clatters off into the night, as Lacy O'Malley's mouth hangs open in stunned disbelief.

Lacy and the heroes learn the truth about Rock Island, and the butchering that's done there, a little later on. For now, let them chew on Grimme's villainy and imagine what they will. If they can't resist leaping out to start a fight, they'll quickly have one on their hands. Don't forget—if there's gunfire another 10 Guardian Angels arrive in 1d6 rounds to see what the ruckus is about.

Guardian Angels (15): Use stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

Sister Andrea Baird: Wild Card. See the 13 Ghouls on page 181.

If the heroes start this fight they'd better win it or vamoose, or else they end up bound for Rock Island Prison's basement with the rest of the wagon's contents.

At Sam Hellman's rooming house our heroes find no sign of their quarry. They'll need to persuade, threaten, or buy their way in past the timid man—Lawrence—who works the desk (if they're smart, they'll buy his silence as well). Hellman's room is neat and tidy, bed made, without a single one of its former occupant's possessions in evidence. "This isn't right," O'Malley says, seeming more nervous by the minute. "They must have gotten to him. We need to leave now." Unless the posse somehow ensured the desk clerk's loyalty, he rings the alarm bell about 20 seconds after they leave.

No matter how stealthily the posse exits Lost Angels, they are observed by one alert and conscientious Guardian Angel—Angus "Rooster" Petersen. After falling asleep on guard duty, Rooster received a whippin' and was demoted to patrolling the streets. He'd much rather be out fighting the forces of evil at Grimme's side. When he sees our heroes sneaking around, he resolves to get back into the Reverend's good graces by bringing these interlopers back dead or alive.

Rooster is in charge of two flights of Guardian Angels (10 total). Rooster and his boys ambush the hombres on their way back to the Wasatch railhead.

Guardian Angels (10): Use stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

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Rooster Petersen

Rooster Petersen is as devoted a member of the Church of Lost Angels as you're likely to find. Once a trapper in the Sierra Nevadas, he joined Grimme after reading about the events of the Day of Righteousness in the *Epitaph*. He truly believes that the Good Reverend wields the power of the Lord and all his angels, and will do whatever is necessary to regain his standing in the church.

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

Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d8, Intimidation d8, Knowledge (Great Maze) d6, Notice d8, Persuasion d6, Riding d6, Shooting d8, Stealth d6, Survival d8, Tracking d8

Grit: 2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 7

Hindrances: Loyal (to Grimme), Overconfident

Edges: Brawny, Combat Reflexes, Speed Load, Woodsman

Gear: Bone of the Bloody Ones (see Bloody Ones in *Deadlands Reloaded*), Winchester '73 (24/48/96; 2d8; RoF 1; Shots 15; AP 2), Colt peacemakers x2 (12/24/48; 2d6+1; RoF 1; Shots 6; AP 1).

I Am Become Death

When they return to the Wasatch railhead, the posse gets to see just how ruthless their generous host for the last few days can be.

You duck down as a stray round goes flying over your head. Something's buzzing in your ears. Over the groan of ghost-rock powered war wagons and the thunder of artillery, you hear what sounds like giant insects. You look up, and in the eastern sky is a fleet of massive black airships. The moonlight reveals no markings, but a quick glance at the grinning Dr. Hellstromme on the roof of the Good Intentions leaves little doubt who they serve.

Your instincts tell you something is about to happen. Something momentous that will forever change the world. Maybe even the future itself. You hunker down a little tighter and hang onto your hat as the roaring engines of the flying armada pass overhead—above the swirling melee to the west. Without stopping, the airships drop three water-barrel sized objects onto the battling



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rail warriors below. The objects must be powered by ghost rock, for they smoke and scream as they streak toward the stunned combatants below.

A second later, there is a blinding flash of light and a roar like the end of the world. The last thing you remember is a skull-shaped cloud of fire rising up out of the desert...

The posse has witnessed the explosion of the first “Ghostfire Bombs,” small prototypes of a much larger device Dr. Hellstromme has been working on for some time. The prototypes’ blasts are fairly small—a few square acres each—but their total incendiary effect covers an area nearly two miles in diameter. Two land on the battlefield while a third slams into Ghost Town.

You awake to a great ringing in your ears that obscures all other sound. In the distance, you see the black airships fading away into the western darkness.

You look down and thank God you still can’t hear. Dozens of screaming, burning figures run and flail about uselessly in the fields ahead of you. Some of the fiery figures are running toward the distant ocean—but it’s too far. The ramshackle collection of buildings on the outskirts of Lost Angels called Ghost Town is fully aflame, with screaming innocents fleeing the blaze...

The blaze is nearly impossible to put out as it’s fed by scattered patches of ghost rock particles hurled outward by the bombs. These patches are lethal to most, disfiguring to all, and burn for a solid minute before finally smoking out.

Indoctrination

What the heroes do next is up to them. They should stay off the battlefield—the fire burning in the brush there is a killer. Fatigue rolls are required every other round to beat the smoke and heat.

There are people who need saving in Ghost Town, many of whom are innocents. Lacy O’Malley is the first to rush toward Ghost Town—he can’t stand to be in Hellstromme’s company after what he just witnessed anyway. If the posse needs prodding, he says, “There are innocents in that town! We have to help them!” as he runs by into the night.

Fire, Fire, Burning Bright

Let the heroes save a few folks from the shanties of Ghost Town, making Vigor rolls to avoid smoke inhalation for dramatic effect. They might see O’Malley doing the same. In the end however, Ghost Town burns to the ground. The campaign material in the rest of this book assumes Ghost Town is destroyed and the new town of Perdition rises from its ashes.

Welcome to the Club

Now it’s time to give your posse a reason to stay together, hunt monsters, and be heroes. When they finally rest and watch Ghost Town burn, Lacy O’Malley plops down beside them. He’s covered in soot and scorched in places, but it’s obvious he’s saved quite a few lives.

That was good work out there. Good work in Hellstromme’s tunnel, too, not to mention down there in Lost Angels. You’re heroes. The lot of you. Whether you like it or not. You’ve also seen things that hint at a secret some of us have known for years.

There’s evil in the world. True evil. Evil beyond the understanding of most folks. Some of us try to fight it. I take the “pen is mightier than the sword” approach when I can help it, but you folks seem a bit more qualified to handle things directly.

I have a proposition for you. This is more than just random pockets of bad news. It’s all tied together. I can’t explain how or why just yet—Sam could have helped with that—but I’m working on it. Others are too. And they’ve come up with ways to help keep you alive while you’re doing it.

The Tombstone Epitaph’s most famous reporter holds up his hand and shows the group a ring with a crossed torch and sword.

This is a signet ring for the Explorer’s Society. It’s kind of a...Gentleman’s Club...who help those in need. The ring gets you in their lodges. It might also help you get out of trouble with certain authorities. I’m not saying you can rob a bank, flash your ring, and saunter off to Mexico with someone else’s cash, but sometimes in helping folks out you wind up taking a little law in your own hands. Or maybe taking down some local citizen who isn’t what he seems to be.

Most local lawmen have no idea what’s going on and may be as much hindrance as help, but the Agents up North and the Rangers down South are a different story. In fact, it’s their job to track down weirdness and make sure the rest of us never hear about it. Most of the time it ends with something that shouldn’t exist getting a lead shower and a quick burial. Or burning if it’s really nasty. Sometimes it’s a whole lot more complicated than that.

Sometimes when you’re saving some unfortunate’s soul you might cross paths with the authorities. Show them this ring and they might turn the other way while you scamper off.

If you want to join the society and get your ring, head up to Shan Fan and talk to a Brit by the name of Captain Roderick Pennington-Smythe. Tell him Lacy sent you and relate everything you’ve seen the last few weeks.

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I know some of you have other business out here, but trust me when I tell you this is an opportunity you don't want to pass up. You're going to see evil out here no matter what you're up to—it's better to be prepared and maybe have a little help than face it on your own.

Lacy answers any remaining questions, then wraps it up:

Finally, check the Sunday edition of the Epitaph. That's the national edition that goes all around the country. Page 13 is where my editor lets me do what I want. I use it to plant messages to the Explorer's Society about strange occurrences I've stumbled onto. When you have some down time, check the headlines and see if you can do the world a little good. Any ad that starts with the words Good Intentions! will be for you specifically. Got that?

Lacy O'Malley's missives come in the form of brief classified-style ads that highlight various Savage Tales the posse can investigate on their own. See page 104 to see this system in action.

What's Next?

How and when the heroes get to Shan Fan doesn't matter. The trip north should include several stops at locations along the way and maybe a Savage Tale or two.



4 Big Trouble in Little Shan Fan

A Streetwise roll in Shan Fan quickly nets the location of the Explorer's Society on the outskirts of Red Lantern Town, where most of the non-Chinese live. Unfortunately, the lodge is a pile of ash long gone cold.

Asking around about what happened nets nothing—in fact, the locals shy away from the subject very quickly.

If someone asks in Chinese (any dialect) and makes a Streetwise roll at –4, they run into Willy Long Tam, who quietly whispers that the Society ran afoul of the real law in Shan Fan—the Hsieh Chia Jên, or “Family of Deliverance.” Most folks would call them the “Shan Fan Triad,” a vicious gang who runs the town and every vice in it. The Explorer's Society lodge was burned and its many artifacts taken. If the posse wants more information, he says, they'll have to talk to Long-Haired Tony, the Town Marshal of Shan Fan.

Long-Haired Tony

Tony is in his office when the strangers come calling. He sits back in his chair, boots up on his desk, and whittles what looks like a duck from a piece of driftwood.

Tony smiles when asked about the Explorer's Society and answers in near-perfect English.

The Explorer's Society? Their lodge burned down, I hear. I don't know how. The Auspicious League of Fire Fighting Brethren tried to put it out, but buildings around here burn fast. I don't think anyone was killed, though. Most left town. I think some moved over to Sunrise House.

Tony knows exactly what's going on. The Shan Fan Triad forged an alliance with Warlord Kwan, who asked only that a certain pendant be taken from one of the round-eyes in Shan Fan and delivered to him. The Triad pressured the Explorers, who refused to detail the item's location, and resorted to burning down their lodge to scare them into submission.

Long-Haired Tony: Wild Card. See page 186.

The posse can find out what happened next when they visit the Sunrise House, a nice, four-story hotel overlooking the city from the north slopes.

The Sunrise House

There are only two members of the Explorer's Society in the area. One is Captain Roderick Pennington-Smythe. More on his whereabouts in a moment. The other is Rutherford Ellington Dillenger. (Long-time *Deadlands* Marshals may remember Dillenger from the *Hucksters & Hexes* adventure, “Abra Cadabra and an Arab Cadaver.”)

Dillenger has taken a suite in the hotel since the lodge burned, and has hired a group of five armed guards. The guards are former gunmen of the Great Rail Wars, so they're rough and ready for action, but they're also mostly worried about attackers of the Oriental variety and won't pose much of an obstacle to the posse. A simple Persuasion roll should suffice for most parties to move past these “gentlemen.”

Former Rail Warriors (5): Use stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

Dillenger is happy to see the group and invites them in for tea. He's a thin, elderly man wearing a black suit with a dark blue ascot. Propped up beside him is a black cane with a silver dragon head (he picked up a bad limp a few years back when he tangled with a baby Mojave rattler).

Dillenger listens intently to his guests' story, then relates one of his own.

I'm afraid Captain Pennington-Smythe is in some trouble. The triad that runs this city wants something from us. Something we absolutely cannot allow them to have. They tried to terrorize us by burning down our lodge yesterday. We moved here to the Sunrise House, but it seems to have more spies than the Agency.

This morning the captain went out to hide the object in question but didn't return. I've hired a few guards to protect me, but I honestly have little hope they could resist anyone seriously invested in attacking. And they certainly aren't of the caliber required to rescue the captain from whatever has befallen him. I'm really quite at a loss at this point. Might you be interested in helping?

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Dillenger is more than a little rattled and guilt-ridden. He would happily give the triad most anything they wanted except that which they have requested—which he knows is an object of pure evil. The treasure is the Amulet of Rahashimir, a powerful artifact from Arabia that can bring back the dead. Unfortunately, the amulet only brings back the truly evil—and then gives them an extra helping of power to boot—so Dillenger can't see it turned over to the triad.

Dillenger's plan was to destroy the vile thing, but it proved indestructible by normal means. So the collector wired Pennington-Smythe to meet him in Shan Fan and find a way to end its evil forever, but nothing they've tried thus far has worked.

Exactly what Dillenger reveals to the posse depends on how they behave. Below are some of the most common questions and his answers, assuming they are sympathetic and generally helpful.

Where should we start looking?

Big Ears Tam is the leader of the Shan Fan Triad. He's almost certainly the one who took the captain. His home is on the Ever Triumphant Trail, the main road leading north out of Shan Fan. I'm not sure you can just walk up and demand to talk to him, and I wouldn't try breaking in, either. Tam has more than just thugs guarding his grounds. It might be best to do a little legwork first and see if those in the street have heard of the captain's abduction.

Tell us about this artifact.

It is a vile thing from the deserts of Arabia called the Amulet of Rahashimir. Legends claim it can bring back the dead with incredible power, but only if the deceased had the blackest of hearts. I realize you may not believe in such things, but I assure you its powers are real. The triad must be looking to raise some fiend from the depths of Hell, and I'm afraid that's something we cannot allow.

I don't know how much you know about the Far East, but they've had some terrible wars there. Americans think their 'Civil War' is bad, but the recent Taiping Rebellion in China claimed over 20 million lives. These people do not muck about, and I have no intention of aiding them should they be intent on repeating such madness here.

Where is the amulet?

With Pennington-Smythe, I'm afraid. We were trying to destroy it. It has already brought me great pain and a bad leg. I shudder to think what harm it might cause the next time it's allowed to work its foul magic.

Tell us about the captain.

Captain Roderick Pennington-Smythe served with distinction in most of Her Majesty's wars. He battled the Russians in the Crimea and fought alongside Gordon in China—escaping the latter only at his General's behest.

Captain Pennington-Smythe knows more about the world's mysteries than any man I know, and I know a fair bit more than I care to admit. Like me, he was insistent that we not let the Amulet of Rahashimir fall into the triad's hands.

The captain is a genuine hero. As civilized men, we must do what we can to help. My disabilities make me a poor candidate for direct conflict, but my wealth and knowledge at least allow me to contribute in other ways.

(For you history nuts out there, Gordon was in the Sudan before his more famous incident in 1885.)

What happened to your leg?

Several years ago I was chased by Arabs intent on resurrecting a long-dead caliphate. My associates and I managed to escape, but not before we ran afoul of a young Mojave rattler.

Dillenger doesn't offer a reward—he believes any gentleman should volunteer to seek out the captain for the good of all. He will, however, offer to pay the group's exorbitant dues to the Explorer's Society if they bring the captain back alive.

(The posse shouldn't really demand payment here, but if they do, Dillenger is more concerned with the captain's safety than a fist full of dollars. He has \$200 in cash available to him. If truly pressured, he'll pay almost any reward for Pennington-Smythe's life, but such extortion will almost certainly blackball the group from the Explorer's Society. At least for a while.)

Rutherford Ellington Dillenger: Wild Card. See page 187.

Getting to Tam

How the posse gets to Big Ears Tam is entirely up to them. They can break in, fight their way in, or draw him out somehow. Details of his estate and its guardians can be found on page 70. This may prove somewhat fruitless, unfortunately, because Tam doesn't have Captain Pennington-Smythe.

Two of Tam's lieutenants, Thin Noodles Ma and Rat-Skinner Hou, have been eyeing Tam's throne for some time. Warlord Kwan, who resides at Fort Norton to the south, found out about the amulet and that Dillenger was in Shan Fan, and struck a deal with Ma. If Ma would recover the amulet for him, Kwan would march on Shan Fan with his army, destroy Big Ears' men, and install Ma as the new boss of the Shan Fan Triad.

Being the backstabbing bastard he is, Kwan intends to make Shan Fan a vassal state for his puppet, Emperor Norton.

Ma is no stranger to deceit himself, and has quietly made a deal with his rival Rat-Skinner Hou. Once the throne is his, they'll unite the Triads under their co-rule, slaughter Kwan's army, and control the city themselves. In perhaps

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the strangest twist of all, the two really do intend on keeping their word, running the city with Ma's brains and Hou's brawn. Partnerships like this last about as long as ice in the Mojave, but for the moment, the two old rivals and friends intend to play it straight.

It was Thin Noodles Ma's tong gang who took Captain Pennington-Smythe in his sleep. (Hou is staying out of all this until the most opportune moment, so as not to arouse Tam or Kwan's suspicions.)

How the posse finds this out is up to them. If they get to Tam, he knows enough to say Thin Noodles Ma has the captain. Tam doesn't know exactly what Ma is up to, but his survival instincts are strong and he knows he should disrupt whatever insidious plan Ma is concocting. To be clear, Tam doesn't know about the amulet, Kwan, or Hou's allegiance. He knows Ma has a safehouse in the Skids and is all too happy to point out exactly where, however. Tam believes in testing his lieutenants on occasion, and if Ma can't handle a group of tinhorns like our heroes he has no business serving in Tam's glorious army.

Working the street nets the same result. A Streetwise roll at -4 by someone who has at least a d4 in any dialect of Chinese reveals that a tong gang wearing Thin Noodles Ma's colors was seen guarding a house in the Skids.

The Safe House

Ma has Pennington-Smythe in an old, one-room stone building in the Skids. The locals know to stay well away and don't even look at the tongs standing around outside. There are four tongs outside and four more inside.

Ma's Tongs (8): Use Veteran Martial Artist stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

Captain Roderick Pennington-Smythe: Wild Card. See page 183.

A New Ally

When the captain is rescued, he pops his monocle back in place, dusts off his vest, looks the party over, and quickly surmises the situation. This is a man of refinement, but also action and adventure.

Hello, friends. Captain Roderick Pennington-Smythe. I assume you know that already, and that my good friend Rutherford sent you to find me. Doubtless he also told you that I am not the target of these ruffian's efforts. An artifact I recently had in my possession holds that distinction. I say recently because I was able to hide the device before I was captured while out scouting the hills here. It would take a lot more than these bastards can dish out to make me talk, but unfortunately I didn't have to hold out. They had one of their bloody mystics pry the secret out of my head without so much as a by-your-leave.

They are likely on their way to our treasure's respite right now. Of course I'll be mounting an expedition to stop them without delay. As it is such short notice, and Dillenger being of limited use in these situations, I could quite use your help, chaps.

Smythe demands nothing—but he certainly won't be inviting the group into the Explorer's Society if they aren't willing to help out. Neither does he volunteer the information about the Amulet of Rahashimir, but is more than willing to confirm the tales if the party reveals Dillenger already confided this information to them.

The hiding place is a hole on the cliffs a few miles north of Shan Fan. Pennington-Smythe hurriedly dropped the amulet in the odd cave when he sensed he was being followed.

The Chase

Thin Noodles Ma's most trusted lieutenant is a massive mountain of a man called simply, "The Ox." Ox isn't intelligent in the "let's discuss manifest destiny and its effects on the indigenous population" sense, but he is cunning like a fox, and as strong as his namesake. Literally. Ox is the offspring of a rather unfortunate and extremely rare pairing between a Chinese ogre and a mortal woman.

Ox knows how these expeditions often go—if there aren't rivals there are often guardians—so he's brought a small but deadly gang of killers with him.

The Wailing Hole

The hole the captain dumped the amulet in wails like damned souls—presumably from a vent elsewhere pushing air through the narrow opening. In reality, the evil of the amulet has given new life to something very old and very dangerous. The Fear Level here is 4.

Ox and his troupe have already excavated the entrance with a few sticks of dynamite. It's now four feet in diameter and drops straight down about six feet before leveling out along a short passage headed south. It's a tight squeeze for particularly large characters (like Ox), but manageable. A Notice roll reveals numerous fresh prints heading into the hole (Ox and his minions). A raise reveals one particularly large and heavy set of sandaled feet.

Spirits of the Earth

After the initial slope, the cave widens into a circular chamber roughly 40' in diameter. As soon as the posse reaches this point, have them make Guts checks—the room is covered in the smashed bodies and torn white robes of tongs!

Immediately after the Guts checks are made, the chamber shudders and a massive humanoid made of rock and dirt tears itself free from the wall, simultaneously using its special "wail" attack to stun as many of its foes as possible. This is the "Wailing Doom," one of the earth spirits Raven long ago tricked into triggering the Great Quake. The thing hates all humans now and attacks the party on sight!

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Searching the Dead: Those who decide to search the dead tongs for weapons may make a Notice roll as an action. A success finds a blade of some sort (most Str+d4 or Str+d6 damage). A raise finds the remains of a demolitionist with two intact sticks of dynamite.

Ox Strikes: The Ox is hiding in the cave behind the stalagmites to the rear. He thinks he's hiding from the earth spirit after it destroyed his minions. But the spirit knew he was there—it just couldn't quite figure out if he was human or not due to his half-ogre ancestry.

Ox can be used as a nasty surprise if the heroes have an easy time with the Wailing Doom—attacking from ambush or getting the drop on the most powerful hombre. If the posse is having a tough time with the elemental, Ox might be a hasty ally. Such an alliance ends once the creature is defeated, however, for Ox has the amulet and can't be allowed to leave with it.

The Wailing Doom is a difficult creature to defeat. Fortunately, Captain Pennington-Smythe is an expert on the bizarre creatures of the Weird West and eventually spots its weakness. Besides helping out the party, this is a great way to show them the advantages of joining the Explorer's Society. Each round, have Smythe make a free Knowledge

(Occult) roll in addition to whatever other action he takes. With a raise on the roll, he shouts "Target the stone between its eyes! I believe that is the source of its power!"



The Wailing Doom

The elemental is a humanoid-shaped blob of dirt filled with wiggly worms and crumbling stone. Its legs are like thick trunks while its fists are deadly hammers of gray stone. It has two black eyes that can morph through its earthy skull to appear on either side at will. Though this has no game effect, it's disturbing to sneak up behind the thing only to see its eyes suddenly pop open on the back of its head!

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d12+6, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d12, Notice d6, Throwing d6

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 17 (6)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +6:** Dirt and stone make up the creature's body, effectively giving it +6 armor that cannot be negated by AP attacks.
- **Size +4:** The creature stands about 11' high with a 4' diameter torso.
- **Smash:** The elemental smashes with its stony fists for Str+d6 damage.
- **Wail of Doom:** At the start of a fight, the wailing doom opens its cavernous maw and moans with all the agony of the tortured earth spirits bound to this cave. Everyone who hears it must make a Spirit test at -4 or be Shaken.
- **Weakness:** At the center of the spirit's forehead, between two eyes black as coal, is a dull red stone—an unpolished garnet. If this stone is smashed, the elemental falls apart and assimilates back into the earth for an indeterminate number of years. Targeting the small stone is done at a -6 penalty. If it suffers 10 points of damage in a single attack, it shatters.



Ox

Ox is half human, half Chinese ogre. He's been kept as a "pet" by various masters through the years and has no real education, but he's cunning, crafty, and a dirty fighter with no sense of honor.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d12+2, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d10, Guts d10, Intimidation d8, Notice d6, Stealth d8, Survival d6, Swimming d6, Throwing d6

Grit: 2; **Pace:** 7; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 9 (11 vs. arcane effects)

Gear: Spiked gloves (Str+d6).



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Special Abilities:

- **Arcane Resistance:** Ox did not get the magical abilities of his father, but is resistant to arcane effects because of his half-ogre blood.
- **Improved Frenzy:** Ox can attack twice per action at no penalty.
- **Martial Arts:** Opponents get no Gang-Up bonus to attack Ox, and he's always considered armed.
- **Size +2:** Ox stands over 7' tall and is built like a brick house.

Ox waits until he sees an opening before he attacks the heroes or, more likely, tries to rush past them and escape. Fortunately, the earth spirit's rumblings have filled the tunnel to the surface with debris, stalling Ox for a few rounds while he attempts to dig his way out. This should give the adventurers enough time to deal with him.

If Ox really gets in trouble, he throws the amulet deep into the cave toward the monster and bursts out of the tunnel. It's more dramatic if he escapes since he's a major player in Shan Fan, but it's not critical. If your gunslingers give him a dirt nap, he was certainly deserving of it. (Though a Harrowed half-ogre would sure be a nasty surprise later on as well...)

Aftermath

Once Ox and the Wailing Doom are defeated, the group can recover the amulet. As they do so, whoever makes the highest Notice roll detects glowing runes on the western wall. The runes are actually a petroglyph of what looks like a lightning bolt in some sort of weird luminescent paint. In fact, this is a symbol meaning earthquake, but most Westerners will almost certainly see it as lightning. Characters who have lived with the native Americans of California get a Common Knowledge roll to realize what it is.

Welcome to the Explorer's Society

A victorious team returns with Pennington-Smythe to Shan Fan. (In the unlikely event he dies, his Hard To Kill Edge kicks in and he returns at some point down the line.) Smythe takes the rescuers to his suite at the Sunrise House and asks the group to relate the experience to Mr. Dillenger, who joins them.

After Smythe tidies up a bit, he carefully opens a very nice wooden case containing a dozen or so silver signet rings.

The rules for joining our society are a bit rigorous in normal times, but these are, as the Chinese say, interesting times. You have more than proven yourselves, and whether you like it or not, your destiny and that of the Explorer's Society are intertwined.

This ring is a symbol of your membership in our little club. But there is an inner circle as well, and after our last adventure you deserve to know of it.

The creature you saw tonight was most certainly unique, but there are others of its ilk in the world. I've seen them. From the blood-soaked trenches of the Crimea to the hills of China, by God, I've seen monsters.

After the first few encounters I began to do research. I learned that horrors rise wherever there is fear and violence. I sought out and tracked down some of these fiends, and slew them. Eventually I attracted the attention of others of like spirit—my fellow members of the Explorer's Society.

I also discovered that the society is only the most recent face of our little fellowship. Men—and women, I might add—have been banding together to fight evil since as far back as King Solomon himself. Maybe even further. Our particular branch can trace its roots to ancient Rome and a brotherhood called the Twilight Legion. Were I to tell you what our long-dead brethren found in the Teutoberger Wald your hair would turn white.

So now I bestow upon you an honor, a privilege, and most importantly, a responsibility. Right wrongs. Defend the oppressed. Save the innocent. And slay the beasts.

Welcome to the Explorer's Society. Here there be monsters. And those who hunt them!

The initiates are almost certain to ask questions. Here are some of the most likely. Dillenger and Smythe can take turns answering them if you like (though they're written from Smythe's point of view).

Is there some way to tell a fellow member other than the ring?

Yes. On the wall of the Explorer's Society in London hangs a particular head, the head of a beast I personally tracked and shot here in the West with great difficulty—the jackalope. Only members know that the jackalope hangs above our hearth.

You mentioned a conspiracy of evil?

Some we have encountered call it the 'Reckoning,' and those behind it the 'Reckoners.' I have scarce information on that subject, but have noticed something in my years of battling evil. For the last decade or so, the number of creatures discovered—some only by the telltale signs of their handiwork—have increased a thousand-fold. Such things are still rare, mind you, but my experience and the records kept by our order show a dramatic and sustained increase in the number of incidents.

So this is worldwide?

Yes, though you Yanks seem to have the lion's share of evil out here. I don't know why the American West is such a nexus for the Reckoning. Perhaps it is the lawlessness of the frontier that allows such things a bit more freedom than in a more ordered environment. Or perhaps these Reckoners have found other things—or servants—that make it particularly attractive.

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But it's definitely world-wide. The Queen's 24th regiment was wiped out early this year in Zululand battling witchcraft. I'm told there are entire necromancer cults in Germany, and my friend Dr. Jack tells me terrible things are happening in London as well.

Tell us about the Agents and Texas Rangers.

They are at once our best allies and our most dire enemies. They are our allies in the sense that they very much believe in the Reckoning and are doing everything in their power to fight it.

They are our worst enemies in the sense that they are utterly ruthless. I once believed that the average man should know monsters walk among us, but what happened in a little town in Kansas cured me of that notion. A fellow revealed the presence of a sort of shape-changer and the paranoia tore that little village to pieces. Literally.

The Agency and the Texas Rangers are firmly committed to suppressing the truth, and on this we agree these days. But there are limits, and both parties are far too eager to incarcerate, brainwash, slander, and in extreme cases, even murder those who would tell the world the truth.

The efficiency of the Twilight Legion, and I daresay the individual efforts of fellows like myself and Mr. Dillenger, has convinced these authorities to look the other way when we are involved. Do not take this as writ, however, for what happens in a particular situation depends on how far you've had to go and the particular Agents or Rangers on the scene.

Any idea what that hole was all about?

Quite. It was obviously a place of power, and that sigil on the wall—the lightning bolt—was a rune of some sort. I suspect that a sacrifice was performed there and somehow released its energy, but what it did I've no idea.

Tell me about the monsters you've seen.

In the Crimea I watched a pile of slaughtered Russians rise as one, monstrous creature. It was slain when my sergeant, God rest his soul, lured it into our rocket stores and detonated them, sacrificing himself to save our lads.

I can barely speak of the horrors I saw in China. Gyonshees that drain a man of his blood, demon dogs straight from the pits of Oriental Hell, and even—I swear on my grave—a flying dragon. But even those horrors paled beside the pure carnage of the Taiping Rebellion. The histories will claim 20 million dead in that war, but I'd swear on my grave disease and starvation brought the count closer to twice that.

After that I followed General Charles "Chinese" Gordon to Khartoum. We defeated the slavers of the Sudan, as well as a demon wearing a man's flesh. The thing was as old as the Crusades, which I can guarantee

you gave rise to as many Hellspawn as the other God-forsaken wars I've seen. It was Gordon himself who brought me into the Explorer's Society, and I was sorry to leave him in the Dark Continent. But he insisted, and believed the American West was in dire need of the Legion's attention.

I can almost claim the frontier as relief. The monsters tend to be spread far and wide, in isolated places where the death toll rarely exceeds a dozen. That may seem horrible to you, but when you've seen cities of corpses, it's nothing beyond the pale. You'll find wendigos up north and great worms in the deserts. Don't be surprised if you see the dead walk, and don't easily discount tales of vampires, werewolves, and other creatures from the penny dreadfuls.

What's Next?

The adventurers have interfered in Shan Fan politics, so they might get their fill of action and intrigue fending off the "War of the Triads," detailed in the other *Savage Tales* in Chapter Nine.

The next Plot Point in the story of *The Flood* occurs at a time and place of your choosing. We suggest at least a few sessions between this one and the next, but otherwise it's completely up to you, Marshal.



5 The Rock

One Sunday morning when the posse opens the latest copy of the *Tombstone Epitaph*, they see a "classified ad"-style notice on page 13.

GOOD INTENTIONS! Our Fellowship of Travelers will meet at the Fallen Angel Saloon in Perdition this Saturday at high noon. Attendance is required!

Of course the posse may decide they aren't interested in attending. If so, Lacy eventually finds them through some other means, offering whatever suitable reward you need to pull them into the next Plot Point.

The Fallen Angel Saloon

Lacy is at the Fallen Angel in the town of Perdition promptly at noon, dressed in his trademark white suit and fedora. He looks around a bit, spots the party, and takes a seat with them. After appropriate small talk, the intrepid muckraker jumps right into the reason he's contacted our heroes.

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I'm sure you remember our little mission during the Battle of Lost Angels, and our failure to locate a certain friend of mine. Samuel Hellman wrote the book on Reverend Grimme. Literally. He filed a lengthy report to the Agency a few years back that was less than flattering for Grimme and his cult. How'd I see it? Well, I have my ways. Anyway, Hellman suspected Grimme and his minions were sacrificing folks for some nefarious reason, but before he could prove anything he disappeared.

I have a friend who's a stonemason. He recently went out to Grimme's prison in the bay—the Rock—and was unfortunate enough to see where they keep their prisoners. He knew Sam, and swears he saw him being hustled down a hallway just before he got to work. I can't imagine he and Grimme are having tea. I have no right to ask what I'm about to, so I won't sugar-coat it. I need you to break into the Rock and get Hellman out of there.

Before you say no, I have a plan that might help. I've persuaded a certain Maze Rat who owes me a favor to make a raid on the Rock. While he's doing that, you guys slip in through a drain my stonemason friend was hired to seal up. He left it less than sturdy, let's say, for just such an emergency.

The heroes can haggle all they want, but Lacy has no money to offer. If they're not interested, Lacy finds someone else to do it in the coming weeks and eventually passes on Hellman's information to the posse. This is crucial, because Hellman leads to the corpse of Sees Far Ahead, who can—with a little necromantic persuasion—reveal Grimme's secret, and how to destroy him.

The stonemason doesn't have a map of the entire place, but he was taken to the sewage chamber through an access ladder in the power room. Hellman was headed through a door on the same level. He's drawn a crude map the group might use to find him.

A Rock and a Hard Place

Rock Island Prison is an imposing structure, both for its natural defenses as well as the small horde of defenders who constantly patrol it. Fortunately, Lacy's large network of friends and contacts has allowed him to cheat! A few years ago, a group of heroes snuck in and rescued a prisoner named "Jasper." Grimme was more than embarrassed over the breach—he was furious. But it took him many months to finally figure out how the intruders had slipped in—through a sewage drain leading into the basement. So he hired a local stonemason of some repute to seal it up in such a way that it could never be broken into (or out of) again. That stonemason happened to be a friend of Lacy's, however, and when our intrepid reporter found out, he had his friend rig the job.

To most anyone who inspects the stonemason's work it appears the grill over the drain can resist anything short of a bundle of dynamite. And it will. But a cord cleverly hidden just a few inches below the surrounding dirt can be pulled to lift the latch on the other side. Voila!

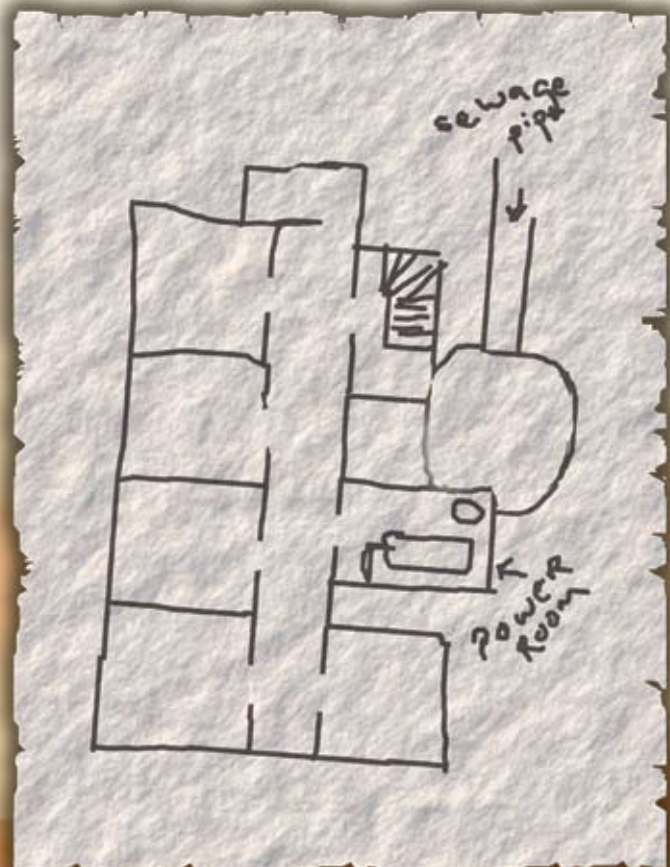
It pays to have friends.

Lacy's plan—unless the posse has other ideas—is to have another of his friends, a scurvy but honorable Maze Rat who owes him a favor, attack the Rock in force. The feint should draw all the defenders toward the south side of the island while the heroes slip in through the sewage drain on the northwest face. There will no doubt be a few guardians below who will have to be dealt with, but the ruckus on the surface ought to muffle most of the fighting if the group is careful. Still, it wouldn't hurt for everyone to plan on silent weapons such as bows and knives rather than hand-cannons in case there's a lull in the fighting.

The Best Laid Plans—Sometimes Actually Happen!

Rock Island Prison is described on page 58, just in case the rescue spreads to the upper levels, but hopefully your posse's actions will be contained to the basement.

Unless you decide otherwise, Marshal, or the posse deviates too far from the plan, things should go more or less according to design. The surface battle starts at midnight (or any other time the group decides, as long as it's dark—the pirates won't attack in broad daylight). The diversion is



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created by a small fleet of a half-dozen ships ranging from typical Maze Rat sampans to a couple of well-armed Maze runners.

The fleet is led by Captain Hong Fat, a ruthless but honorable killer. Lacy saved a young girl up in Devil's Armpit last year who just happened to be Fat's niece. The bandit sent word to Lacy that he was in his debt and now the muckraker is calling in the favor.

Fat's honor is high, but his generosity does have limits. He'll attack the Rock for 30 minutes, or until a single ship of his is sunk. When either of those conditions occurs, he's told Lacy he'll signal the retreat and whatever happens after that isn't his concern.

Our posse has 30 minutes from the time the first Chinese rocket is fired to get in, find Hellman, and escape.

Rock Island Prison: Basement

Once the battle begins, the group can row to the northwest side of the island. (Swimming is out of the question in these shark—and monster—infested waters.) This takes about 10 minutes, so the group has a scant 20 minutes left (less really, since they'll need time to make their escape as well).

The sewer entrance is easily found—it's the thing that smells like Satan's butt. The water below it is murky and thick—it's full of blood and other bodily fluids sluiced off from the victims within. Things move in the water—some with fins, some with tentacles, some with oddly protruding eyes, all feeding off the chum.

Fortunately, the rescuers can avoid these creepy swimmers by stepping onto the rock ledge next to the thickly trickling sewer drain. The hidden cord is easily found (but have the searcher make a Notice roll just for tension's sake), and does indeed lift the latch on the other side of the sewer grate.

1. Sewer Chamber

A short pipe roughly three feet in diameter leads into the sewage chamber. The chamber is slightly below sea-level, so there's barely a trickle of thick sludge in the pipe until the refuse in the chamber overflows.

At the end of the pipe is the roundish chamber itself. There's a small walkway around the edges to a ladder on the southwest side. Anyone who attempts anything more acrobatic than a careful walk should make an Agility roll, with failure resulting in a slip into the sludge at the center.

Floating in the cesspool are various pieces of unidentifiable gore—and a blubbery, squid-like thing. The last group that went through here killed the nasty critter that inhabited this cesspool. Its amorphous, be-tentacled corpse is still floating in the murky sludge.

Don't worry. The thing in the water is dead. But let the posse sweat it out a bit.

The first person to climb up the 10" ladder should pause a bit. Something above is screaming, chugging, and clanking loudly. It's a ghost rock generator, but it might sound like the Devil's locomotive to those who aren't used to such a sound.

2. Power Room

The cult has a ghost rock-powered generator that provides electricity to the island. This is quite revolutionary and "high tech" for the era. The whine, chug, and scream of the generator is incredibly disconcerting. Indians and others who fear the "New Science" should definitely feel out of sorts here. At your discretion, have such characters make Spirit rolls at -2 (or -4 for those who follow the Old Ways). Those who fail are Fatigued.

Fortunately, there are no guards or cultists here when the posse arrives.

3. Cell Block C

A lone guard was left here. He's none too happy about babysitting the decrepit souls locked securely behind him while others defend Grimme's glory above, so he's antsy and very nervous. He's also fairly trapped, so he has little choice but to stand and fight if intruders appear in a position to block him from getting to the stairs.

Guard (1): Use Avenging Angel stats on page 179.

The guard is reasonably clever, so he might lock himself in the antechamber to Cell Block C (though the lock can be picked at a -4 penalty, or shot open at Toughness 10). It might also be possible to Persuade him to give up if properly motivated (the threat of using explosives or some supernatural ability, for example).

Four of the five cells are occupied. The doors are locked, but the guard has the key. Lockpicking rolls at -4 open the locks as well, as does causing 10 points of directed damage. Each door has odd runes around the frame that completely negate magic of any sort, including weird science and even chi powers. These are the cells where Grimme keeps particularly troublesome prisoners, such as Hucksters or the Harrowed.

Each cell is completely barren. No toilet, no cot—nada. Not even a blanket. Scraps of bread and meat with origins best left unknown are occasionally shoved in through the small barred windows about head level. All the prisoners are dressed in shabby linen pants and shirts—the kind that itch constantly and are about as comfortable as barbed wire.

Cell C1: Lying on the floor is an emaciated man missing both hands. This is Job "Hogleg" Dunston, former Town Marshal of Lost Angels before the Edict of '77. The children of his former, murdered partner were taken in and indoctrinated by the church, and ended up handcuffing him to his own jail cell. Then the little brats set fire to the jail, forcing Dunston to saw off his own hand to escape. After that he slipped out of town, joined the secret anti-Lost Angels group called "The Men of the Grid," and started sabotaging Grimme's plans wherever he could. Two

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months ago, Grimme caught him red-handed, ate his other hand, and left him here to rot while they extracted more information about the Gridders from him.

Dunston is in bad shape, but he can moan for help and he can walk on his own power (at Pace 2—he's in bad shape). *Healing* or *greater healing* increases his Pace to 4, but otherwise it will take actual rest and recuperation to heal the damage to body as well as soul.

Job “Hogleg” Dunston: Wild Card. See page 186. He currently has 3 Wounds and no hands.

Cell C2: In this dark, dank cell rests Eddie Griff. Eddie was a gunman fighting in the Great Rail Wars for various railroads, including Wasatch and Iron Dragon. One night while fighting Black River he ran afoul of a genuine werewolf and got bit square on the throat but lived. Cursed with lycanthropy, he's wandered up and down the west coast for months trying to sate his neverending hunger. Grimme's Angels captured him in Ghost Town and hauled his furry butt back to the Rock for study. He's been probed, tortured, and dissected (it's hard to kill a werewolf!) and he'll do just about anything to get out—including lie.

When Eddie hears people moving around outside, he peeks out the barred window, quickly figures out what's going on, and starts talking. First he'll ask for help, claiming to be a “political prisoner” of Reverend Grimme's. He's cagey and clever, if a little desperate, and can lie like a politician.

The effects of Grimme's runes linger with Eddie for a little while—so he won't transform until a dramatically appropriate moment of your choosing, Marshal. Certainly once he gets outside into the full moon's light it won't be long before the transformation occurs. When it does, he's full-on bloodsimple and will kill anything in sight. Famine ravages this unclean soul even more than normal folks, and he'll do just about anything for fresh meat once he turns.

Eddie Griff: Wild Card. Use Veteran Gunman stats for human form; Werewolf stats when the moon is full. See *Deadlands Reloaded* for both.

Cell C3: At the Battle of Lost Angels Grimme's forces captured several Wasatch rail warriors, and this is where the poor souls are kept between torture sessions. Grimme may have made peace with Hellstromme, but he can certainly torture the Doctor's minions for forcing the deal upon him. Only one remains alive—Charley Bill Buckner. He recognizes the heroes and calls out for help.

Charley Bill Buckner: Wild Card. See page 90.

Cell C4: A very thin, unidentified corpse lies in the center of the room. It won't be obvious this prisoner is dead until someone kneels down and checks him out, however.

Cell C5: The shattered shell of a courageous Agent lies in a corner of this room. Samuel Hellman is beaten, broken, and battered. When the party peers in through the bars, they see only a humanoid form slumped against the back wall. Sam is shackled and beaten beyond recognition



(should someone happen to even know what he looked like). He's barely conscious, but if someone says his name, he'll whisper it back through parched, swollen lips. It's not a positive ID, but given the amount of time the group has, it'll have to do. The guard also knows the prisoner's name if he happens to live, as does Dunston. Griff has no idea who this lunatic is, and thinks they should leave him as he'll only slow down their escape.

Samuel Q. Hellman: Wild Card. See page 188. He currently has 3 Wounds.

The Escape

After securing Hellman, the rescuers can quickly run back to the power room, through the access panel to the sewage chamber, and back to their boat. Whether there are any further complications or not is completely up to you, Marshal. The hazards of the Maze are many, so feel free to throw in additional obstacles as you see fit.

Hellman's Tale

So what was all this fuss for? Glad you asked. Once Sam Hellman is taken somewhere he can rest up and recover for an hour or two, he'll finally sit up, ask for some water, and relate the following tale.

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Bastards got me right after I mailed off the second copy of my report to Allan Pinkerton. They intercepted the first draft. Probably ate the kid I hired to carry it as well. That's right, I said "ate." Grimme and his inner circle are cannibals, in case you hadn't figured it out. The meat they serve at those Sunday feasts is what we like to call "long pork." I wouldn't recommend partaking, no matter how hungry you get. It gets to you after a while...

Anyway. You'll probably think I'm loco, and I don't blame you, but you may have heard of this thing called the "Reckoning." It was one of the pet theories of the Pinkertons a few years back—that something had happened to the world. Magic came back somehow. Black magic. And all the horrible things it gives life to. I think Grimme is in league with it somehow.

A year ago the cult locked up an Indian shaman in the cell next to mine. Said his name was Sees Far Ahead. We'd talk when we were able and he'd tell me tall tales about this Reckoning and how it all started. I don't remember most of it, to tell the truth. I've been playing a few cards short of a full deck for the better part of two years now, best I can tell. But he said Grimme was a "servitor" of this Reckoning, and that he couldn't be stopped or killed by ordinary means. I can personally tell you that a sharpened bone fragment drove clean through his heart barely made him wince, so I believe it.

But he's got to be stopped. If he ain't, people are gonna suffer for years. Maybe forever if he's truly immortal. And it gets worse, too. Sees Far Ahead told me the Reckoning wasn't the apocalypse—it was the beginning of it. Grimme and others like him are after something big. Something that could create a literal Hell on Earth.

Sees Far Ahead knew how to kill Grimme, but I'm afraid we didn't get that far before they took him away. I don't know what happened to him, but I know another shaman who will. She goes by the name Born in a Bowl. Evidently these two were the founders of the Necessity Alliance, a collection of Indian survivors who have gathered up above Lion's Roar in the Maze. She'll know what happened to Sees Far Ahead. Hell, she may even know how to kill Grimme herself. Find that out and we'll report it to the Agency so they can handle it from there.

While he recovers from his ordeal and sorts all this out, he hopes the heroes will go find Sees Far Ahead (via Born in a Bowl). Sam truly does believe the "big boys" (i.e., the Agency) should handle Grimme once the posse figures out how to kill him. If these gunslingers are competent enough to bust him out of the Rock, Sam's pretty sure they can handle the research gig.

Sam is more than willing to acknowledge the heroes would be rewarded for their efforts, but he has no idea how much or from whom, given the change in the Pinkertons' situation.

Of course the truth is far more complicated, and you can rest assured that our trouble-finding compadres are well on their way to a confrontation with the Righteous Reverend themselves.

What's Next?

Hopefully the heroes head out in search of Born in a Bowl, and land right in the middle of some "Tribal Warfare."



6 Tribal Warfare

Run this tale when the posse acts on Sam Hellman's tip and goes looking for the Necessity Alliance.

In this chapter, the heroes seek out the Necessity Alliance and its founder, Sees Far Ahead. There is no sign of the shaman, however, for the Alliance has been attacked by the nefarious Rattlesnake Clan, a secret society of sorcerers and evil shamans. They kidnapped the shaman's successor, Born in a Bowl, and sparked an inter-tribal war that split the survivors apart.

The adventurers must navigate the treacherous waters of the Maze, hazard the political labyrinth of the civil war, and eventually root out and destroy the Rattlesnake Clan to fulfill their quest.

Anyone Got a Map?

Finding the exact home of the Necessity Alliance in the aptly-named Maze takes a little work.

Puttering around in a Maze runner or other vessel is doable, but the party must deal with the typical hazards of these waters, from strange water phenomena to pirates, blood sharks, and monsters. If this is the approach, let the group make a collective Smarts roll once a day. Once they have accumulated five total successes and/or raises, they run across someone who can direct them to the Indians' mesa-top home. The guide might be a miner trying to hide a claim from pirates, a group of pirates who attack the posse and are defeated, or a marooned Maze Rat who'll do or say anything to ingratiate himself to his rescuers. Put a little thought into this and have fun with it, Marshal! Don't be afraid to introduce a traitor, a new ally, or even a damsel in distress!

The group might also seek the location of the Necessity Alliance at Lion's Roar, one of the Chinese towns under control of Warlord Kang. It's a sizeable settlement, but it's also one of three ruled by Red Petals Su—likely the party's dire enemy if they shot her down during her raid on the *Good Intentions*. Lion's Roar is heavily defended and very isolationist. Tons of boats come and go, carrying pirated booty or stolen goods, but visitors (particularly non-Chinese visitors) are typically limited to the docks. Even there most will feel less than welcome, and may run afoul of pirates,

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drunken dockworkers, or the draconian authorities of Su's appointed Administrator. Disguises, stealth, and bribes might all net the information the adventurers are after.

Rattlesnake Strike!

Three nights ago, several members of the secret cult known as the Rattlesnake Clan kidnapped the Alliance's leader, Born in a Bowl. The existence of Rattlesnake agents living among the community had long been suspected, but now it was no longer debatable. Paranoia and suspicion raced through the village, turning families against one another until a bloody civil war broke out.

Into the mix returned the Warrior's Trail, led by a fierce brave named Stalks the Night. The warrior had been forced to leave by Sees Far Ahead long ago and saw this as his chance to reestablish control of the Alliance. Stalks the Night returned with his fighters and quickly ended the dispute by killing off the ringleaders and those most suspected of consorting with the Rattlesnake Clan. The latter were painfully impaled on high stakes facing the south rim until they finally expired (and are still there now).

Take Us To Your Leader

Unless the party approaches at night or by some other stealthy method (submersible and rappelling gear, anyone?), they will almost certainly be spotted long before they reach the solitary landing area—a strip of beach along the southern shore. The wreckage of a half-dozen canoes and several downed fish-drying lines can be seen strewn about the shore. (They were destroyed during the earlier civil war.)

There are no lifts from the ocean to mesa top. The locals instead rely on two fiercely-guarded cliff-side trails. These zig-zag up the cliff face and allow only single-file advances. At the head of the trails are palisades of sharpened stakes and a dozen warriors. Besides their bows and arrows, the braves can also drop rocks on any hostiles they see trying to force their trail (a Throwing roll, hits causing 2d6 damage and an Agility roll to avoid falling). The braves won't automatically attack small groups—they've parleyed with more than a few passersby before—but won't hesitate if they feel threatened.

Indian Braves (12): Use stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*. These braves also have Knowledge (Indian Sign Language) and Throwing d6.

Once the posse reaches the summit, negotiating their way past these barricades of stakes and a dozen braves requires a Persuasion roll at -8 (-4 for a Native American, or -6 for a person of African or Mexican descent) and a good explanation. Whoever speaks for the heroes only gets one chance, so wait until he's had a chance to have a brief conversation before rolling. At least one guard at each barricade speaks halting English. The best strategy is to talk about Sees Far Ahead—the Alliance's founder. The mention of his name grants +2 to the Persuasion roll.

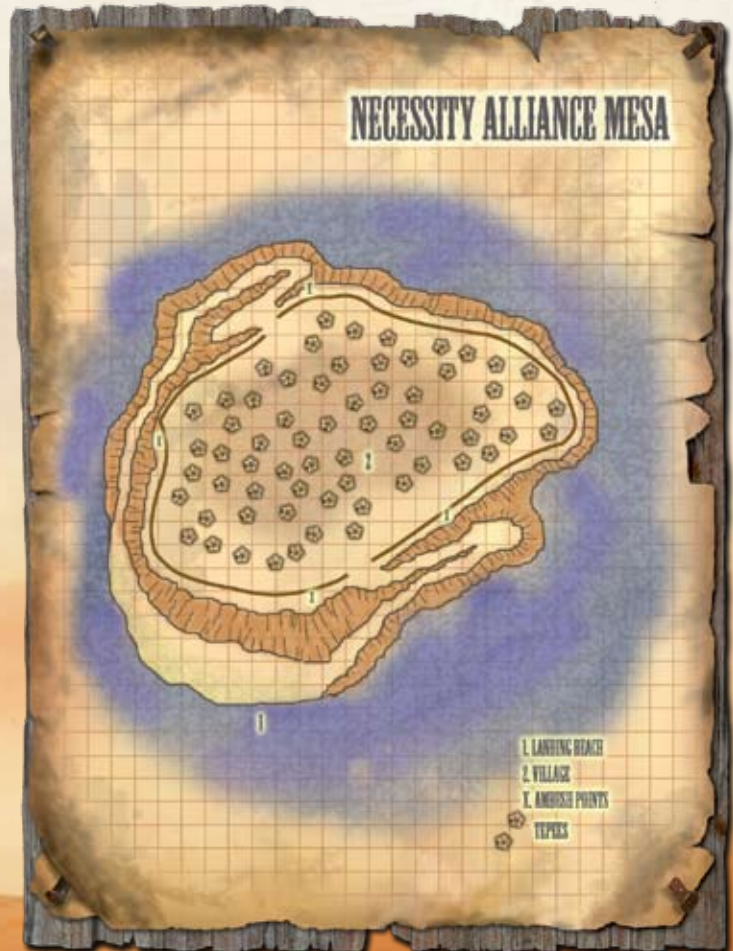
Sneaking onto the mesa via some other method is certainly possible, but difficult. Use the map to figure out what the party might see and encounter as they do so. Besides the braves at the barricades, several patrols of three younger villagers patrol the edges. Their instructions are strictly to run to the central camp should they see invaders, rather than try to fight.

One way or the other, the team should eventually get to Stalks the Night, who lives in the lodge on the western rise.

The Village

The village is spread out in rather typical fashion at the center of the mesa-top. There are enough teepees here to house about 1000 people, but there are currently only around 500 left. More than half are women and children under the age of 12, but the rest are sturdy braves of some ability.

Stalks the Night can be found in a lodge at the top of the western hill surrounded by his followers. He isn't exactly friendly, and he has little tolerance for non-Indians of any persuasion, but he's interested in what these strangers have to say and will at least grant them an audience (surrounded by well over a hundred of his warriors, of course).



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When the group mentions they are looking for Sees Far Ahead, this is what he says (in fairly good English):

Sees Far Ahead formed the Necessity Alliance. He left us many moons ago. To seek the Great Turtles, if you believe such things. We have not seen him since. But if you want to find him, you will need the help of Born in a Bowl. He made her chief of the Alliance before he left.

But if you want Born in a Bowl, you will have to find the lair of the Rattlesnake Clan.

Stalks the Night smiles a wry grin, then waits to see if his guests want more before continuing.

The Rattlesnake Clan is a secret order dedicated to destroying the white man. Not such a bad goal. But they consort with dark spirits—mad beings who kill our people just as quickly as they kill yours. The Rattlesnake Clan infiltrated the Alliance and took Born in a Bowl three nights ago. Such traitors in our midst caused...trouble. There was a fight here, but we have since taken care of those responsible.

Stalks the Night points toward the southern rim of the hill where five bodies can be seen impaled upon sharpened stakes. He then turns back and cocks his head, as if thinking.

Our scouts think they know where the Rattlesnake Clan has taken Born in a Bowl. We will attack them, but our numbers are few and I have little interest in reducing our numbers further. Help us fight these treacherous snakes and we will see about helping you find Sees Far Ahead.

Stalks the Night doesn't really know how they might find Sees Far Ahead. If asked, he shrugs and says something cryptic like "Born in a Bowl will have a way." He also knows nothing about Grimme or the Cult of Lost Angels. They're just another group of white men to chase out of "his lands" when the time comes.

If Stalks the Night is asked why the cult took Born in a Bowl, he says they are likely torturing her for her powerful medicine. There's a good chance she's still alive—but not for long.

Guides and a Double Cross

Assuming the group agrees, Stalks the Night gives them his best scout and right-hand brave—Eyes Like Fire. In this case it's not a simile—Eyes Like Fire was named so because, well, at night his eyes glow like fire! He has the blessing of a particularly powerful owl totem.

Eyes has a secret mission—to make sure Born in a Bowl doesn't make it back alive. He hopes the Rattlesnakes have already killed her. If not, Stalks the Night's instructions are to finish her as subtly as possible.



Eyes Like Fire

Eyes has devoted himself completely to a totem of the night—the owl—and now thrives in darkness and shadows.

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

Skills: Fighting d10, Guts d8, Intimidation d8, Notice d8, Riding d10, Shooting d8, Stealth d8, Survival d6, Tracking d8

Charisma: 0; **Grit:** 2; **Pace:** 8; **Parry:** 9; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Old Ways Oath, Stubborn

Edges: Fleet Footed, Improved Block, Improved Frenzy

Gear: Bow (12/24/48; 2d6; RoF 1; Shots 1), war club (Str+d6), horse.

Special Abilities:

- **Hardy:** Eyes' totem gives him supernatural resilience; further Shaken results do not cause a wound.
- **Low Light Vision:** Eyes' luminous namesakes allow him to ignore Dim and Dark penalties for lighting.
- **Regeneration (Fast):** Eyes recovers quickly from wounds. He rolls Vigor for natural healing every round.
- **Weakness (Magic):** His totem grants no special protection against magic. Eyes Like Fire takes normal damage from magic, and cannot regenerate it.



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- **Coup:** A Harrowed who feasts upon Eyes' spirit gains Low Light Vision.

Stalks the Night also gives them Weematai, an apprentice shaman who studied under Born in a Bowl and might be able to find her. She's not the tribe's most senior shaman, but she's all Stalks the Night can spare. Weematai is also a troublemaker, so sending her on a mission she might not return from is a bonus.

Weematai: Wild Card. Use Indian Shaman stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

Weematai is the Sacajawea of our tale. She's as pretty as a flower and a heck of a fighter as well. Weematai is loyal to Born in a Bowl, but after the Warrior's Trail took over she was forced to throw her lot in with Stalks the Night. She's eager to go on the rescue mission, and is well aware the tribe's new chief doesn't really want Born in a Bowl to come back alive.

Snakes in a Hole

Papa Rattlesnake was one of the black-hearted shamans who joined forces with Raven to cause the Great Quake of '68. His role ever since has been to stay in the Maze and keep trouble stirred up. Mainly, he causes bloody misunderstandings between Indians and whites to feed Raven's master among the Four Horsemen—War.

Papa's plans went awry when he tried to destroy the Necessity Alliance. Born in a Bowl saw through his tricks and illusions and confronted him in the Hunting Grounds, where her frail form wasn't the drawback it is in the mortal world. Born in a Bowl managed to put a serious hurting on Papa—but the snake had a trick of his own. His servants among her own people rose up and kidnapped Born in a Bowl's physical form, ending their spiritual struggle prematurely.

Now it's up to our dauntless heroes to rescue Born in a Bowl's body. Time is of the essence, for as her body dies her spirit form weakens as well. If she truly passes on, Papa Rattlesnake will possess her and take back the Necessity Alliance—eventually leading them into all sorts of mischief and bloodshed against the whites.

Splinters and Fangs

A short boat ride (two days distant) from the Necessity Alliance is a grotto the natives call simply "the Dark Place." It has long been a center of dark magic, and Weematai believes it is likely where Papa Rattlesnake will have holed up. She's right.

The entrance to the grotto looks like it was flooded by a shattered forest during the quake. When the water washed back out, the jumbled splinters of the trees were left in the canyon like deadly pick-up sticks. Cowpokes entering the grotto walk upon a tangled latticework of broken lumber with black water lapping and sloshing below. The Fear Level here is 4.

TREACHERY!

In the middle of the fight, Eyes Like Fire moves toward Born in a Bowl. On Weematai's next action, she hurls her spear at him. If the posse gets involved, Weematai screams that Eyes Like Fire is going to murder Born in a Bowl while the heroes are distracted. Eyes Like Fire says he was moving to protect Born in a Bowl because he suspected Weematai is yet another of the treacherous Rattlesnake Clan. These two now begin fighting, concentrating on each other while ignoring all others. Papa Rattlesnake is smart enough to realize what's going on, so they're ignored by him and the swarm of dolls as long as they continue to fight each other.

As usual, you should let the players control these two as though they were Extras during the combat. Let their players figure out what tactics they'll use—fighting as dirty as possible and giving no quarter. Don't tell the players the truth, of course, just say that both are intent on seeing the other dead and won't let up no matter what's going on around them.

1. Deadfall Entrance

Adventurers have to tether their boat here and either swim or step out onto the deadfall. It's impossible to climb to the top of the detritus but a narrow, cave-like opening among the timbers is visible. This is a single-file conga line, Marshal, and requires an Agility roll. Those who fail suffer a level of Fatigue. Make sure to describe the nasty splinters from the rotting, blackened wood getting in under their skin and leaving dark, moldy stains. There's no additional effect from this, but let 'em sweat it a little.

2. Chamber of Dolls

As the group makes their way forward, they start to hear "buzzing" over the lapping of the seawater below. In the next "chamber" are dozens of tiny little stick dolls hanging from the latticework. Most have a few scraps of burlap or leather for clothes and withered, rotting fruit as heads. They're really quite disgusting and creepy, and thousands of small biting flies swarm about, consuming the heads or laying eggs in them.

Should one of the characters touch a doll, it begins to writhe! The head moves back and forth as if it's in pain, its tiny arms and legs wave about slowly, and its wooden "skeleton" pops and cracks. Moments later, all the dolls in the ball-like chamber begin to writhe and wiggle. This causes a mad rattling among the overhanging limbs and sends the thousands of biting flies swarming. Unless the heroes are in sealed suits or protected from the insects by some amazing device, everyone automatically suffers a level of Fatigue from their buzzing, biting madness.

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3. The Larder

Moving quickly from the frantically shivering dolls and flies sends the group into another chamber-like area among the fallen timbers that is even more grotesque. Papa Rattlesnake serves Raven, who serves War, but he is well aware he lives in Famine's realm. To "honor" the spirit, he has slaughtered a half-dozen braves he's captured in the last few weeks (mostly from the Necessity Alliance) and hung them from the branches here in a sort of cannibalistic larder.

As the group stands gawking at Papa's handiwork, they hear light splashing from beneath. Looking down reveals a number of sharks slipping and sliding in the bloody water below, waiting for scraps. When they look back from up the hungry predators, the Indians' eyes are open—and they begin to emit a deep, raspy groan! Guts checks are in order here, Marshal.

The Indians are trapped between life and death. They're not zombies and they don't attack, but the groan—caused by the inrush of air rather than the exhalation of it—begins to draw the very life force from our heroes. Begin combat rounds immediately after the Guts checks. At the end of each round, everyone must make a Vigor roll or be

Fatigued. If anyone is Incapacitated by their accumulated Fatigue, they fall to the precarious latticework and start slipping through to the sharks below (likely requiring help from their comrades).

The groan can only be stopped by beheading all 13 of the unfortunate Indians. They don't fight back so their effective Parry is 2, but they have Toughness 10 and must be destroyed per the rules for Breaking Things to be beheaded. (Play the scene for horror and don't worry if your group destroys them quickly.)

4. The Den

The last part of Papa Rattlesnake's terrible lair ends in a slightly larger chamber again filled with piles of sticks and overhanging limbs. As the lead character enters the space from the previous chamber, he briefly catches a glimpse of a burly, ghost-like shaman standing in the distant shadows. Then he accidentally stabs himself on a splintered piece of wood, winces for a moment, and the figure is gone. Clearing his eyes, the hero looks around again and sees what looks like a figure buried within a bundle of jagged twigs. This is Born in a Bowl. Except she's not buried by the twigs—she's been impaled by them like a human pincushion and lies motionless, unconscious and near death on the "floor."

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The moment anyone touches her, Papa Rattlesnake attacks. He begins by phasing into reality and hurling three real, live rattlesnakes at three members of the party (see Papa Rattlesnake's description below for details on this power). He then teleports in and around the latticework—sometimes outside it—and summons the dolls. As the group battles these trapped souls he continues pelting them with rattlesnakes and blasts of vile venom.



Papa Rattlesnake

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

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d12, Notice d10, Swimming d8, Taunt d6, Throwing d10, Tribal Medicine d12

Charisma: -6; **Grit:** 4; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 9

Hindrances: Mean, Old Ways Oath, Outsider, Ugly
Edges: Arcane Background (Shamanism), New Power x2, Power Points x3, Reputation, Strong Willed

Powers: *Beast friend* (Spirit of Snakes, see below), *bolt*, *quickness*, *teleport*; **Power Points:** 30 (Trappings are connected to snakes.)

Gear: Magic rattlesnake belt (+2 Toughness)

Special Abilities:

- **Living Ghost:** Due to his intimate connection with the Reckoners, Papa Rattlesnake can phase in and out of the Hunting Grounds at will. Papa is Ethereal (immune to physical attacks), but remains able to affect the physical world with his own abilities.
- **Spirit of Snakes:** Using *beast friend*, Papa can fling forth up to three rattlesnake spirits as physical reptiles to combat his foes. This costs 3 Power Points. Only nine of these snakes can exist at one time. Use the stats for Venomous Snakes in the *Savage Worlds* rules.

Dolls (Swarm)

The evil kachina dolls swarm over enemies, splitting into two smaller groups if necessary. Unlike animal or vermin swarms, these tiny dolls exhibit a fiendishly human intelligence.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d4, Spirit d12, Strength d8, Vigor d10

Skills: Notice d6

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 7

Special Abilities:

- **Punctures:** The dolls pierce victims with hundreds of tiny twig arms and legs that are sharpened to vicious points, inflicting 2d4 damage per round to anyone inside a Medium Burst Template.
- **Split:** The dolls can split into two smaller swarms, each covering a Small Burst Template, to affect more foes, but the Toughness of each is reduced to 5.

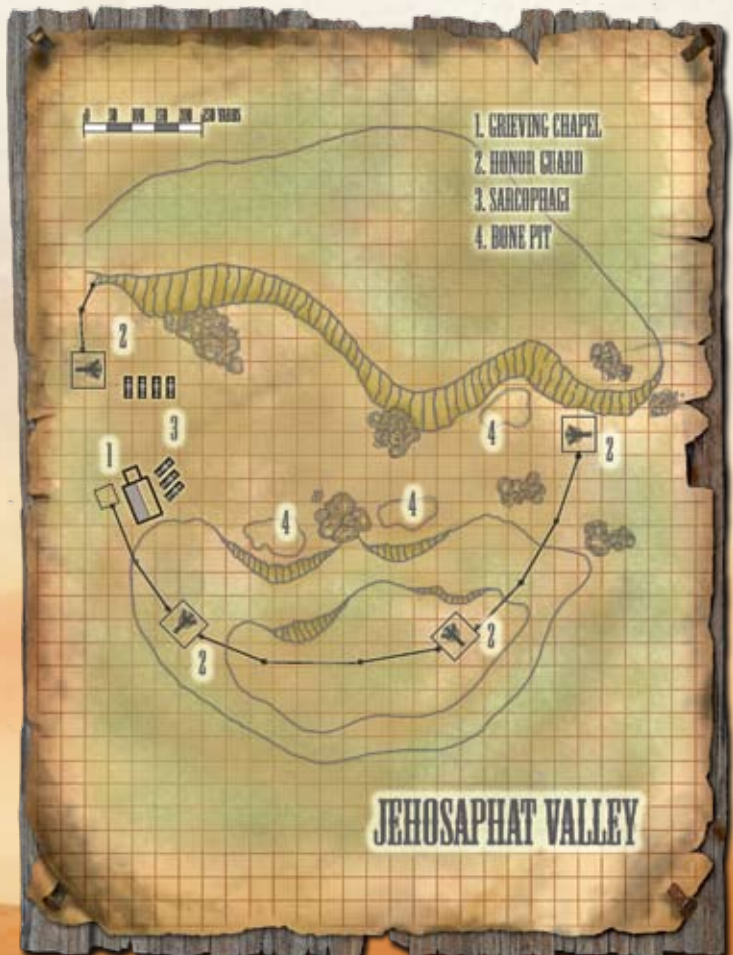
- **Swarm:** Parry +2. Cutting and piercing weapons (including firearms) do no real damage. Area-effect weapons work normally, but also inflict damage on any allies within the swarm. Neither stomping nor immersion in water deters these dogged dolls.

Born in a Bowl Takes One For the Team

Once Papa Rattlesnake and the dolls have been defeated, the heroes can tend to Born in a Bowl. She's Incapacitated but conscious and in a lot of pain. Healing, magical or otherwise, gets her talking and moving again. She doesn't know where Sees Far Ahead is, but if anyone mentions he was last seen on the Rock in Reverend Grimme's hands, she nods and relates the following.

You have done us a great favor, strangers. Sees Far Ahead left us many moons ago, and if he was taken by Those Who Eat Flesh then he is probably in the Hunting Grounds now. It is time we know. I will need your help.

With that, Born in a Bowl places her hand on a nearby log and extends her right pinky. "Chop it off," she says simply. The ritual she's performing requires mutilation. She



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won't amputate the finger herself—it must be done by the seekers. Little strength is involved so have the cutter make a Spirit roll instead. (A doctor might make a Healing roll.) With success, the cut is clean and Born in a Bowl suffers little. With a failure, Born in a Bowl screams in pain and the “surgeon” has to hack the digit off with multiple messy strokes. There's no game effect either way, but it should make for a memorable experience.

Once the finger is off, Born in a Bowl instructs the seeker to throw it on the ground. The finger hops around for a moment like a worm on a hot rock and finally stops. Born in a Bowl nods and says simply, “That way.”

The finger now acts something like a compass—pointing the party to Sees Far Ahead. It points roughly south and slightly east. “If he is dead,” Born in a Bowl adds, “bring me his skull and I will help you talk to him.”

How the group wraps this up is up to them, but at the very least they should escort Born in a Bowl and Weematai back to the Necessity Alliance. Stalks the Night is furious at this result but must act gracious—for now.

What's Next?

What happens to the characters from this point on is up to you, Marshal. The Necessity Alliance has played its role in the official tale of the Weird West for now. Following Born

in a Bowl's finger leads to Sees Far Ahead—eventually—but in the short term the digit might have other priorities, and know of other troubles that need fixing. Feel free to take the heroes on a route that runs them right through any of the other Savage Tales you've got planned, Marshal.



7 Jumpin' Jehosaphat!

The posse has used Born in a Bowl's finger to travel all the way from the northern Maze to Jehosaphat Valley, where the Cult of Lost Angels tosses the bones of all those they've devoured. Sees Far Ahead's remains are here, and fortunately, Born in a Bowl's amputated finger can eventually help them find his skull.

Jehosaphat Valley

Fear Level: 6

People of any means are buried in the Lost Angels Memorial Cemetery near town. Non-believers, unknowns, and paupers are taken to Jehosaphat Valley instead.

Many have asked why a dumping ground for the unloved needs around-the-clock guards. Publicly, the priest in charge, Father Darren Ambrose, says it is to guard the remains against those who would defile them, including “wild beasts and odd cultists who inhabit these desperate lands.” He doesn't elaborate further, even if asked. Even he is hesitant to speak of the horrors caged within this burgeoning Deadland.

1. Grieving Chapel

The small church here holds only a couple dozen people. Larger ceremonies (which are extremely rare) are held outside. Father Ambrose, a member of Grimme's inner circle, runs the chapel and the surrounding operation. Ambrose has an impeccable graveside manner. He seems sincere and sympathetic, but is in truth a cold-hearted bastard fully aware of his master's terrible secrets.

2. Honor Guard

These small palisades are unique in that they point both ways and have movable barriers that can be placed to either front. By day, the cannons face outward. By night, they rotate the guns inward and move the walls toward the bone pits. Five Guardian Angels (a “flight”) man each palisade, rotating in shifts of eight hours. Most crews serve here three times a week, then patrol three days a week in town (they get one day off).

Each mini-fort is stocked with a day's helping of dried jerky of indeterminate origin, and reasonably fresh water. The meat is just what you think it is, being the kind that once had an individual name and bad habits to go with it.

3. Sarcophagi

The sarcophagi near the entrance to the valley serve two purposes. The first is that anyone looking in sees them and assumes the dead are getting proper burials within. That's

LOST ANGELS PATROLS

There are four “flights” of Angels here, each manning a light 6-pound cannon and fully trained in its use. The cannons point inward at night—for the Angels are constantly on the lookout for bone fiends and 'gloms rising up out of the graveyard after dark.

Father Darren Ambrose is a Civil War veteran who settled in California before the Quake and was with the original Grimme, working through his own inner demons when the world turned upside down. When the group turned on Grimme, Ambrose snapped and became one of those who betrayed the good Reverend. Now Ambrose is one of the 13 Elders, and has been tasked with minding the graveyard at Jehosaphat Valley—and the cannons frequently needed to destroy the bone fiends and 'gloms. Considering Ambrose lost one arm to a 'glom at Gettysburg, he finds it cathartic to blow up his inner demons on a daily basis.

Guardian Angels (four flights of 5 each): Use stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

Father Ambrose: Wild Card. See page 181.

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pure buffalo chips, because most are dropped right into the Bone Pits (below). The second and more sinister purpose of the stone coffins is to entrap the spirits of particularly pious foes who might give Grimme more Hell in death than they did in life.

Each sarcophagus houses the body and soul of a blessed who tangled with Grimme. Some knew his secret and came gunning for him; others were close enough that the Right Reverend took preemptive action.

Anyone who gets close to a stone coffin after the sun goes down can hear weird sounds from within—almost like a faint chorus of angels singing a distant hymn on a rising wind. Should anyone be foolish enough to open the tomb, the maddened spirit animates its body and attacks any living being within 100 feet of its sarcophagi. The spirits are tortured into ravening madness, so there's no reasoning with them—even if a character guesses these were once heroes opposed to Grimme.

Blessed Wraiths

Each of the seven sarcophagi is inhabited by the tortured spirit of a former blessed. The creatures appear if their coffins are opened and it is night (they vanish instantly in sunlight but are not slain).

The wraiths are tethered to within 100 feet (16" on a battlemat) of the lid—which has their image inscribed upon it. Should their coffins be opened and no prey be present, they hover around them screeching and screaming for about a minute before finally fading away. The wraiths return if a living being approaches to within 12 feet (2") of their resting place. If Father Ambrose finds the coffins opened (but not destroyed), he simply waits until daylight to have them resealed.

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

Skills: Fighting d10, Intimidation d10

Pace: 10; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 5

Special Abilities:

- **Claws:** Str +d6. Each wraith is armed with sinister claws that ignore all but magical armor.
- **Ethereal:** The wraiths are incorporeal, and can only be harmed by magical effects and weapons.
- **Fear -2:** The sight of a blessed wraith will set almost any cowpoke's knees a-knockin'.



- **Fearless:** The wraiths are well beyond fear at this point.
- **Wail of the Damned:** The spirits can wail like a banshee, causing everyone within a Large Burst Template centered on the wraith to make a Spirit roll or be Shaken.
- **Weakness:** Carved upon the lids of each sarcophagi is the image of its occupant as he (or she, in one case) appeared in life. This is what binds the creature to the coffin. If it is shattered, the spirit is instantly and violently drawn into the Hunting Grounds in a bone-shaking display of thunder and green light.

4. The Bone Pits

Tens of thousands of gnawed bones have been carted into the rear of this rocky canyon. Unlike mass graves in the modern era, the ground here is too hard to dig large holes and there are no bulldozers to easily fill them back in anyway. So the bones are simply carted in and thrown in massive piles. Seeing the sight should give any mortal a shiver.

Born in a Bowl's finger bone points to a large pile in the back (of course). Digging through the remains takes about ten minutes. Just as a hero finds what she's looking for, a bone fiend rises from the remains and attacks.

Bone Fiend (1): Use stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

Getting In

Exactly how the adventurers circumvent the Guardian Angels is up to them, but use the map and information above to help you deal with whatever outrageous plan they come up with. The number of guards, and the desire to maintain

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some sort of secrecy lest Grimme find out the heroes are coming for him, should persuade the posse to come after dark when it's easiest to slip through the defenses.

Here's some advice on some of the most likely ruses:

Distraction: Causing a ruckus while another team slips in quietly should work just fine. The guards here are on edge from the constant things that rise from the bones, and eager to shoot at something that lies down when you put a slug in it.

Disguise: If the group can bushwhack some Guardian Angels and steal their clothes, they'll be allowed entrance into the pit with either a load of bodies or a really good story. The guards aren't particularly worried about their own kind getting in. Their main concern is keeping things from coming out.

Stealth: It is definitely possible to slip inside the cemetery around the perimeter if one can figure out how to tunnel under the iron fence. Arcane casters might be able to slip in using powers—though searching through corpses alone isn't really a brilliant idea.

Frontal Assault: Some of the Angels try to slip away and summon help if they hear the sounds of fighting. Use the map to help you figure out which groups might be involved and which might seek additional aid.

Sees Far Ahead—But Not Far Enough

The finger points to Sees Far Ahead's skull. Once it actually touches the correct skull it chars as if it's roasting in the fires of Hell itself. The rest of the skeleton is long lost amidst the rest of the debris, should anyone decide to look for it.



The skull does nothing on its own—it must be taken to Born in a Bowl. How and when the posse heads back to her is up to them. It's up to you how much effort it takes to talk to her. The struggle between the Necessity Alliance and the Warrior's Trail may be in full swing—or it may have subsided into clique politics. Or perhaps Stalks the Night went on his way with his braves to seek a new set of followers.

In any event, when they get to Born in a Bowl, read or paraphrase the following:

Born in a Bowl takes the skull and sighs heavily. You get the sense she's seen many of her friends pass on in her long life. Almost lovingly, she cups the skull in her lap and begins to chant.

After a few minutes, the posse finds themselves getting very sleepy. They sit before Born in a Bowl and drift off into a deep, deep slumber.

You awake to find yourself on a small rock island somewhere out in the Maze. All around you are great storms, and the land itself quivers and rolls. Somehow you know you are in the aftermath of the Great Quake, many years ago.

You stand before a group of people—starving, miserable wretches. But you are not yourself. You glance into a pool of standing water and are shocked to see that you are—Reverend Ezekiah Grimme. But there's something different. Instead of the stern countenance you remember you see a kindly face frozen in shock and horror.

You turn back to the others—your flock. Their hands and faces are covered in blood and bits of meat. They part as you stagger toward them. They hover over the mutilated form of a man. You hold a heavy pistol in your hand. You fire. One of the mob drops, but others rush forward. Some defend you, some stab and claw and hurl rocks at you and those loyal to you. It is a frenzy of blood and brains. A foul man—someone you think you've seen before—seethes with hatred as he wraps his single, large hand about your throat. You scream the name of the Lord as your neck cracks and darkness falls...

Eons seem to pass. From the darkness of the Pit you drag yourself through blood and brains and meat and muscle. Red dawn rises slowly. You find yourself sitting amid the thirteen survivors—those who killed you to eat your fresh, raw meat. You gaze into the same stagnant water you peered in earlier. You wear the face of Grimme, but you are not him. You are a cunning, malicious being formed from the hunger and hatred of others. And you hunger as well. For food. For meat. For life itself.

You look at your new flock. They look up at you—blood and bone crusted on their mad faces. They bow...and the Cult of Lost Angels is born.

You wake with the worst hangover of your life. Born in a Bowl continues to chant...then stops. She speaks in a voice that is not her own.

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SEVEN GLYPHS

After Plot Point Seven, “Jumpin’ Jehosaphat!” the heroes are charged with finding seven glyphs, placing a bloody handprint on each of them, and then returning to Lost Angels to complete a centuries-old prophecy in the last Plot Point, “The Flood.”

The locations of the West Coast’s seven major petroglyphs are shown on the map on page 122. These aren’t the only ones, just the ones we came up with. Others can—and should—be devised at the Marshal’s whim. You should customize these glyphs as necessary to better match your group’s individual histories, Hindrances, and nightmares. The Adventure Generator is a handy source of ideas, and we’ve given you a little taste of what abominations and guardians lurk near the glyph sites.

Though there are a lot of different themes running through these locations, remember that Famine is top dog on the Weird West Coast. Always consider ways you can subtly (and not so subtly) remind your posse of the looming threat of starvation.

1. The Dragon: The northernmost glyph lies in a sunken cavern on the seaward edge of the Maze, about halfway between New Opportunity and Harmony. The waters surrounding the mesa are prowled by uncanny numbers of blood sharks, giant sharks, and weresharks, and the surf pounding against the sea caves at high tide can rip a boat to shreds, as evidenced by several scattered wrecks. At low tide the caves are accessible on foot, but the glyph caves are completely submerged at all times. A family of six full-grown Maze Dragons lives in them, along with dozens of young ’uns. Intruders are considered food!

2. The Ghost: A glyph is hidden in the sea caves beneath Shan Fan’s Isle of Ghost’s Tears. See page 138.

3. The Witch: The ghost-rock rich Whateley Isle harbors a glyph, along with some other surprises worthy of the Whateley name. See page 123.

4. The Corpse: One of the major glyphs is actually located miles inland at the Devil’s Postpiles, where a scientist might say it forms a sort of lynchpin in the various fault lines. To shamanic sensibilities, the earth spirit inhabiting this glyph made a bargain with powerful manitous so it could hold more prestige than its peers. However you view it, it means that in addition to the usual mobs of walkin’ dead that haunt the Postpiles, the subterranean glyph itself is guarded by more bone fiends, ’gloms, and other deaders than you can shake a stick at. Fevered tales circulate regarding a veritable necropolis under the postpiles. Best drop that stick you’re shakin’ and pick up a gun, hombre.

5. The Brave: Under an isolated mesa west of Shannonsburg lies a glyph tied to a Gabrielino brave from long ago. An ancient burial ground of the tribe lies atop the windswept isle, and the caves beneath it are infused with the brave’s lust for battle, along with an unbelievable amount of ghost rock. On any given day there are four major factions (Marshal’s choice) fighting desperately for control of this place. The glyph cave is only accessible through the old Gabrielino burial ground, so heroes have to fight off, join, or outwit the warring factions to get to it.

6. The Angel: Not far from Lost Angels is an ancient tomb in the earth, one that was old when the human race was still young. In addition to hiding a major glyph, the tomb harbors a powerful demon who has been bound here for eons. The foul creature appears angelic due to Grimme’s influence, and now uses a name more in keeping with its new appearance—the Archangel Sabtabiel. In this guise it attempts to gain the sympathies of the posse, sending them into ever more dangerous death traps, all the while promising to reveal the glyph’s location.

7. The Wheel: The last glyph is hidden deep in an abandoned mine and guarded by vile tommyknockers. Above is the mechanized, industrial nightmare called Mexicali, currently engaged night and day in manufacturing gear for Santa Anna’s invasion. See page 144.

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"I know what you seek. I will aid you. The evil is rising and there are so few left to fight. The man you know as Grimme is a creature of great evil—the collective evil of the 13 who slew him. To kill Grimme, you must kill the 13 Elders. And they do not die easily. But if all 13 can be slain within one hour of each other—near their center of power at the great black building with colored lights—their power will end. They know this and so stay far apart, all over the West. But once every year on the anniversary of their feast—from sunrise to sunset on August 23rd by the white man's calendar—they must gather to eat again and renew their power.

"How you accomplish this task is up to you, but the spirits whisper of a great Flood. One that will destroy the 13 and the center of their power—the cathedral—forever. If you wish to trigger this Flood, you must control the Earth Spirits who guard this land once more. Find their signs in the caves. Someone, or several people, must shed blood on at least seven signs. When next one of these people spills his own blood on raw soil, the spirits will answer and shake the earth. Stand at Grimme's cathedral while the 13 feast and you will destroy them all.

"Trigger the Flood. Destroy the city. Kill the 13."

If the party asks Born in a Bowl about the civilian casualties such a cataclysm will cause, she shrugs and says they can warn them if they wish, but doing so will almost certainly alert Grimme's guardians and allow the 13 Elders to escape.

The "great black building with colored lights" is of course the cathedral of Lost Angels. Born in a Bowl should emphasize this at least once more for the heroes' benefit—that the Elders and their cathedral must be destroyed within one hour of each other.

The heroes are likely to have a boatload of questions at this point, but try to preserve the mystery just a bit. Born in a Bowl is able to clarify *exactly* what the posse has to do to trigger the Flood, but she won't explain every little detail about the results. For example, she doesn't come right out and say that whoever triggers the flood will have to stand underneath it as it occurs, but she does make it clear that several individuals can mark the signs and any of them can trigger the flood.

Once you're confident the posse knows exactly what they need to do, Born in a Bowl startles from her trance and stops talking in Sees Far Ahead's voice.



The Peril of Petroglyphs

The rest of the Plot Point campaign involves the posse seeking out the earth spirit's petroglyphs. When seven of these are triggered (see below), one seeker has the ability to trigger another earthquake centered on himself. Yes, himself. Remember how awful some of those Indian rituals are? Fasting, peyote, self-mutilation? And that's for relatively minor miracles like getting a little rain or healing up a nasty case of the clap. Calling up an earthquake big enough to cause a cataclysmic flood requires a little "extra credit" work—like standing at the center of it.

Finding the Glyphs

So how do our heroes find the glyphs? Technically, the heroes already found one in the Wailing Hole, way back in Plot Point Four. The rest of them are spread out all along the fault lines, and other locations that don't necessarily need to make geographic sense. These are earth spirits we're talking about, so faults, places of power, and odd geological formations are all appropriate locations for glyphs.

Officially, we've given you seven glyphs you can use as written (found on page 117), but we only detailed a few of these fully. That way, you can customize the rest based on your group and their particular character backgrounds. You can even make up a few of your own. This is especially satisfying if you can work the party's dark secrets and troubled pasts into the locale. Maybe a wanted hombre has to find a glyph in the town where he once shot a man and now has to deal with the authorities. Or maybe a glyph is guarded by a party of Apaches—and one of your party is a mixed-blood exile.

Clever players will likely try to find magical means to track down the glyphs, but you want to discourage this a bit. Why? Because the whole aim of a Plot Point campaign is to get them traveling around the campaign area at their own pace, getting into the trouble they're most interested in. Don't force them to race at break-neck pace from glyph to glyph. The best way is simply to wander, asking around with those who might know such things (guides, explorers, hunters, mountain men, and especially Indians).

Powers that grant insight or visions can help you get the group to the general area if you want them to. If you don't, feel free to imagine that the magic of the glyphs shields them somewhat from arcane scrying.

The Streetwise skill can certainly be used, but try to roleplay this out and draw the group into local scenarios rather than just letting them make the roll and show up at the petroglyph a few hours later. Most locations on the map have at least one Savage Tale connected with them.

Once again, the point of all this is to give your posse a reason to explore Famine's domain. If you need to run a short campaign, go ahead and lead them from spot to spot. Otherwise, slow down, partner. Let those adventurers wander at their own pace.

The Ritual

The mechanics for the ritual work like this. The characters must willingly smear their own blood on at least seven of the binding petroglyphs placed up and down the coast by shamans many generations ago. Each glyph can be marked with one person's blood, or everyone can bleed on them all; either way will work.

Once all seven petroglyphs have been "charged," anyone who bled on at least one of the glyphs has the ability to trigger the quake for seven weeks. To do so, he willingly spills his blood once more on a patch of earth where he wants the epicenter to strike. It doesn't matter if someone else spills his blood—that won't trigger the quake. It has to be a willing and conscious act.

Even a hero who becomes Harrowed after charging at least one glyph can complete the ritual, but it's a hair more difficult. Since deaders don't bleed, he'll have to strip off a chunk of his own bloody flesh—causing an automatic Wound that can't be soaked—and throw it down. And depending on his Dominion score the manitou might have *other* ideas...

Assuming things go like we've set up, the epicenter should be the cathedral of Lost Angels. Grimme and the 13 Elders meet there on the anniversary of Grimme's demise, August 23rd, 1868 (the quake itself began on August 8 and continued on and off through August 11th). In 1868, prophetically enough, this was a Sunday. In the year 1880, it's a bright and sunny southern California Monday.

What's Next?

See Plot Point Eight, "The Flood," for details on what happens when the posse triggers the cataclysm.

DEADLANDS: THE FLOOD



8 The Flood

By now the heroes should have found at least seven glyphs and marked them with blood from their own hands. Born in a Bowl (channeling Sees Far Ahead) has also told them that Grimme and his 13 Elders gather from sunrise to sunset on August 23rd of each year to feast.

The rest of the cult's inner circle attend the Elders during this time. There are just over 100 of these insiders in the cathedral during the ritual. They guard the doors and windows, sit in the pews upstairs to chant and pray, and fast (that's not a typo—they're not allowed to eat on feasting day, which leaves them even more surly than usual). None of the servants are allowed in the inner sanctum below where the feast takes place, though they do occasionally deliver messages, wine, and...spices.

For the record, another hundred or so of the inner circle are out on missions throughout the Weird West. Garrett Black—the Angel of Death—is elsewhere as well. That means he survives the coming tide and is around for future mischief.

MORAL DILEMMA

If the posse goes with the flow, they're going to trigger a cataclysmic flood that wipes out the 13 Elders when they're all gathered together. Of course the flood will wipe out a large part of Lost Angels as well.

The non-Angels live mostly up in the new town of Perdition—on the hills overlooking Lost Angels. It's a fairly safe guess (and true) that these folks will be safe.

The people of Lost Angels are in serious trouble. How the party feels about this is up to them, of course. On the one hand the Angels are definitely in league with evil. The rub, of course, is that most of them don't know it. They may be elitist and have bellies full of their fellow men but most aren't knowingly evil.

Of course warning the citizens of Los Angeles that some great cataclysm is coming will certainly get back to the inner cult. This results in the inner cult (including Grimme and the 13 Elders) escaping first while the slowest of the (mostly) innocent parishioners are left behind.

It may be possible to cause an evacuation by other methods. We'll leave this to your posse's imagination, but if they empty the city without tipping their hands to Grimme and his inner circle, you should definitely cut them a little slack for being true heroes.

Guess Who's Coming to Dinner?

For their special feast, the Elders like to consume someone of importance—someone who has proven particularly troublesome in the previous months. You can decide who this might be based on your campaign, Marshal. Perhaps it's a friend the heroes have made, or a loved one. It could even be someone as well known as Lacy O'Malley, but be careful there because Lacy has a continuing role to play in the official history of *Deadlands*. Sam Hellman might also fall back into Grimme's clutches and get "invited to dinner." The victim could even be one of your player characters!

In any event, word of who the victim is should get to the group to throw the posse an extra complication. The dinner is held within the inner sanctum of the cathedral—the cult's center of power. The Elders typically close the church for the day, lock the doors, and begin their rituals at sunrise. This culminates in a gluttonous feast from about noon to sunset, which occurs around 7 p.m. this time of year (remember there's no daylight savings time yet).

Blood and Earth

The complications prior to completing the ritual are the most difficult part of this whole episode. The adventurers should have decided whether or not they're going to warn people of the impending cataclysm, how they're going to do it, and how they're going to keep Grimme and the 13 Elders from catching on. They may also have to figure out how to save the cult's victim.

All that aside, the ritual itself is relatively easy. As Born in a Bowl promised, any character who bled on at least one petroglyph merely cuts himself and allows magically charged blood to fall on raw earth. The location should be within a dozen yards of the cathedral of Lost Angels to properly call down the flood upon it. If an errant hero is too far away, go ahead and give him a "feeling" that he should be closer to the church. Remember that Born in a Bowl said the cathedral needs to be destroyed along with the 13.

Rumble and Shake

Once the blood is spilled the earth begins to shake and roll. Read the following to your brave heroes. Alter it as needed to fit your particular circumstances, of course.

At first, nothing happens. You spill your blood on the earth and stand there wincing.

Now you notice a slight "roll" beneath your feet—as if you were standing on a Maze runner. It grows larger—you stagger a bit to catch your balance.

Thunder sounds from below—a curious dislocation of sound.

The ground contorts more now and you can barely stand. It shudders and shakes—as if a steam train suddenly threw on its brakes, grinding to a stuttering halt.

THE FLOOD



Debris begins to rain down from the buildings of Lost Angels. With a great crash the central glass of the cathedral of Lost Angels shatters—sending a shower of glass shards flying outward. People scream, animals panic. You’ve triggered the most powerful earthquakes this region has seen since the Great Quake.

You look toward the ocean. There are swells, but no great flood. No biblical deluge to wipe away the evil that plagues this city. Has something gone wrong? Or does it simply need more time?

Suddenly the doors of the cathedral fly open. Reverend Grimme and a scowling group of white-robed, blood-spattered individuals stagger out. Grimme looks directly at whoever unleashed this disaster. He opens his mouth and it feels like he channels the collective screams of Hell itself. “BOOOOOOYYYYY!!!!” (Or “GIIIIIIIRRRRRRLLL!!!!”) as circumstances merit.)

There’s a Catch, Right?

Of course there’s a catch. There’s *always* a catch. Once the blood is spilled, the 13 Elders instantly know about it. Even if they’ve somehow been lured far away (or left the city after catching wind of the posse’s plans), they now appear through a gateway 13 yards away from the person who performed the ritual.

Grimme and the 13 Elders now have—you guessed it—13 rounds before the flood hits. They pull no punches and use all the powers and minions at their disposal to kill the heroes. Grimme is intent upon the character who spilled his own blood—the rest of the 13 are more generous in sharing their fury.

If the cowpoke who performs the ritual can be killed (actually killed, not just bleeding out or Incapacitated), the magic is broken and the flood collapses on itself. But he’s in luck—four earth spirits rise up to aid him in the fight. These hoodoo get between the hero and attackers, act as cover, etc. Let the players control them as Extras. Additionally, the hero who triggers the ritual cannot be harmed by any Ghoul and is considered to have Improved Arcane Resistance against Grimme (for this combat only).

When gathered together for this encounter, the 13 are considered Extras (as Grimme is what passes for their soul).

Reverend Ezekiah Grimme: Wild Card. Use stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

The Elders (13): See page 181.

Fallen Angel (1): Wild Card. Use Demon stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

Avenging Angels (2): See page 179.

Guardian Angels (10): Use stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

Hoodoo (4): See page 178.

DEADLANDS: THE FLOOD

If the heroes manage to fend off Grimme and his evil bunch for 13 rounds, it's time for a massive cataclysm. Read the following at the beginning of the 14th round after the ritual was triggered.

A massive wave rises above the city, looking like the looming scowl of an angry God. It rises to an impossible height—then hovers there for a moment—as if scowling, perhaps searching for its hated target—before it comes crashing down.

Its descent seems ominous—almost slow. You run for cover, run for the high hills and the safety of Perdition up above. Yet you feel it's too late.

Behind you Grimme curses at the falling water—defiant to the end. The language is indecipherable—tongues, perhaps—but you are sure it is blasphemous and obscene.

His Elders are more cowardly. They scatter in all directions, screaming in dismay, tripping over each other in their haste to escape doom and judgment.

Now you resign yourself. The Flood will claim you, but you will have eradicated one of the greatest evils on the entire planet with your sacrifice. Come water...come wave...wash this all away...

Your last sight is of a massive finger of water smashing down into Grimme and his cowardly sycophants—spattering their pallid flesh in columns of bone and blood and brain.

Aftermath

Of course the Flood doesn't kill the heroes. What kind of story do you think we're telling here, Marshal?

But let the event sink in a bit. Close the book, smile at your players, and act like that's it. Let them think a minute about the sacrifice they made. When it feels appropriate, say something like "Wait...maybe..." and then open the book back up...and read the following:

You distinctly remember a choir of angels. Lights. Clouds. Peace. And by God—you weren't hungry any more. But that feeling passed. Now you just feel tired and wet. Soaking wet. You open your eyes. You're somewhere in the ruins of Lost Angels, lying in a field of broken bodies and scattered debris. The city is destroyed—and flooded. The cathedral is a shattered wreck.

You manage to rise up a bit and look around. One of you is atop a crushed roof, another is half-buried in sand and dirt, another is tangled in the splintered timbers of a smashed cart—but miraculously still drawing breath.

A cow—of all things—stands dazed and bewildered, still chewing sopping wet cud as it looks at you in bewilderment. It's comical—you can't help but smile and laugh as your companions study the beast as well. It looks...healthier somehow. You sense the drought and diseases that ravage the herds out here have subsided. Famine and her terrible servant are defeated. For now at least.

The cow looks at you quizzically one last time—then happily returns to grazing the wet grass at its feet. Moooooo!!!



SAVAGE TALES

In between the major events of the campaign, a posse undertakes all sorts of daring adventures, and faces down horrors fit to make a body's hair turn white. This chapter's where you find them.

First there's a Savage Tale that deals specifically with a major petroglyph. Then comes the epic War of the Triads, which concludes with the discovery of another glyph, and finally there's a three-part saga that puts your posse at the center of Santa Anna's long-awaited invasion.

We've thrown in a whole pile of adventures set in every nook and cranny of California and the Great Maze. Run 'em as written, or tinker with 'em as suits your preference.

Time to saddle up and hit the trail, or just strap into your favorite steam wagon and fire the furnace, partner. There's good work to be done all across the Weird West Coast.



Night of the Caretaker

Fear Level: 4

On a tall mesa at the seaward edge of the Maze, on a patch of land that was once perched above San Francisco, stands a rickety old mansion of the nefarious Whateley clan. The Whateleys who purchased the island are thought to be long gone, but recently ghost rock deposits turned up on "Whateley Isle." Miners began spreading tales of rich veins—and strange, lightning-like glyphs—in the sea caves beneath the isle.

The tales didn't get far. Quicker than you can say "claim jumpers," a half-dozen miners were found dead. The rest of the prospectors were chased off Whateley Isle by "dark sorcery and horrible monsters summoned from the depths of Hell," or so they say.

Kang's pirates don't seem troubled by any dark sorcery. They've taken over the entire island and its newfound riches, and have expanded mining operations significantly.

West Coast Whateleys

In case you aren't aware, the Whateleys are a family of (mostly) inbred sorcerers, mutants, and troublemakers who worship unknown elder gods. Not the sort of folks you drop in on for tea and biscuits. This particular manse served as an occasional hideout for Nicodemus Whateley,

who once caused a fair amount of trouble in a Maze town called Gomorra. That town has since been left in ruins, and Nicodemus and what was left of his clan retired to the family home, where they have lived ever since.

Return to Gomorra

At some point in the heroes' search for the glyphs, they stumble across or otherwise acquire a scrap of paper torn out of someone's diary. It's up to you exactly how and where they find it, Marshal.

couldn't even consider it further. I was too afraid. Mother had gone by then, and the whole west side of town was in flames. You could hear folks screaming. Folks we knew. Lord, I should have helped them but I was crying and so very afraid. That thing—I dare not write of it again—was still out there. The ghost rock was burning and it sounded like devils clawing their way out of Hell. And I wasn't about to let it find me and Emily. So we ran, and as we ran past the Whateley House I remembered how Billy had said once he was in the library and saw a picture of a lightning bolt in an old book. Such a strange thing to remember. But then again, there were so many strange things

Even the most cursory investigation reveals that a whole bunch of Whateleys recently dwelled in a town called Gomorra, located north of Shan Fan at the inland edge of the Great Maze. If the heroes are serious about finding a glyph, that's where they need to go.

Refer to Gomorra's listing under Strange Locales for a general description. If the cowpokes really explore the town, pull a card for an encounter every time they enter a new building and roll on the table on page 56.

Be sure to play up the desolate terror of the ruins of Doomtown—the smoke and heat rising from under the earth, the otherworldly howl of wind through broken windows, a terrible sulfurous stench that covers the whole place.

Sooner or later the posse discovers the old Whateley house, if only due to the contrast between it and the rest of town. It's good as new. There's no peeling paint, no busted

DEADLANDS: THE FLOOD



shutters. Inside, the dark hardwood floors are polished, and every surface is free of dust. Yet the place is as still as a tomb.

On a side table sits a yellowed sheet of fine stationery (monogrammed N.H.W.), with a note written on it in a small, cramped hand:

To my kin,

Our great empire in Gomorra has fallen. Those infidels went to slaying, one to the other shedding blood, until none was left but us. We depart now for our hideout in the west, where the sign of lightning sleeps within the rock. You who is Whateley know where that be.

We anxiously await your return to the bosom of your loving kith and kin.

Nicodemus Whateley

A hero who reads the letter and succeeds at a Notice roll sees that Nicodemus' note hasn't lain untouched. Both edges of the sheet bear smudges, as though the paper has been handled repeatedly, and while it isn't creased, the note's got a few crinkly spots that look like someone sprinkled a few drops of water over it at some point.

Then the front porch creaks under someone's boot.

The Boy

Outside the heroes find a brawny lad of about 18 years, holding up his hands and begging the posse not to shoot him. The kid claims he's got no name at all. He acts like a teenager who's a bit "simple" for his age, friendly enough but a little slow on the uptake. Under no circumstances will the kid tell the posse he's a Whateley—if asked that specific question he doesn't say anything at all.

After Doomtownt's destruction, Nicodemus returned and left behind one member of the Whateley clan—a tiny newborn—to watch over the family home. This particular Whateley infant didn't even have a name yet. Incredibly, he's grown into a strapping lad of an apparent 18 years in the two years since Doomtownt's final battle, due to the foul influence of his blood. (If anyone checks, yes, the kid's got green eyes.)

The boy calls himself "the Caretaker," since it fell to him to look after the family home at Doomtownt. He taught himself to read by poring over the moldering tomes in the Whateley library. He's now desperate to find his long-lost kin, he just doesn't know where to begin. The boy digested a lot of information, but it is eclectic and weird. None of it included basic map-reading skills. He has a basic sense of what "west" is, but can't comprehend how to actually travel west.

For our heroes, it's just about their only option—ride west into the Maze and see if they can figure out where the Whateleys went. If any of the heroes in your group has the Whateley Blood Edge, that hexslinger knows exactly where the hideout is located.

The Caretaker does his best to gain the posse's sympathy, begging the cowpokes to let him tag along. He shares his bloodline with sanity-shattering beings, and if he seems a bit soft in the noggin it's only because of his odd development.

Most of what the kid says is absolutely true—he's never met his parents and he really doesn't have a name.

If the posse refuses to take the boy with them, he follows in secret. If they try to kill him, he runs off, and if shot he's cunning enough to play dead, even though mundane weapons aren't going to do him a lick of real harm. What's important is that the Caretaker survive for his big scene later in the adventure.



The Caretaker

The Caretaker is much less human than he looks. His body has grown into that of a burly 18-year-old boy with sandy-blond hair and freckles in a very short time. His mind is socially very young, so most people see him as a bumbling fool or an object of pity. That's dangerous—he's actually possessed of unholy cunning and a great wealth of arcane knowledge since devouring the entire Whateley library.

SAVAGE TALES

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

Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d12, Intimidation d8, Knowledge (Occult) d12, Notice d8, Persuasion d8, Spellcasting d8, Stealth d6, Survival d8

Charisma: -2; **Grit:** 2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 10 (12 vs. magical attacks)

Hindrances: Clueless

Edges: Arcane Background (Magic), Arcane Resistance, Brawny, Combat Reflexes, Whateley Blood

Gear: Overalls.

Powers: *Armor, boost/lower trait, deflection.* **Power Points:** 10

Special Abilities:

- **Hardy:** Additional Shaken results do not cause the Caretaker a wound.
- **Immunities:** The Caretaker is immune to mundane attacks. Magical attacks that overcome its Arcane Resistance inflict normal damage.

Hunting Down the Whateleys

A successful Streetwise roll in any nearby town reveals the recent tales of ghost rock strikes, and strange, lightning-like glyphs, on Whateley Isle. Most folks agree something “powerful dark” chased them miners away. Strangely, none of the miners who left Whateley Isle stayed in the area; some headed Back East, and some lit out south o’ the border.

A successful Investigation roll (given libraries and newspaper files) finds a few items describing the recent mass exodus of terrified miners from Whateley Isle. The miners are quoted several times describing what scared them off as “dark sorcery” and “horrible monsters summoned from the depths of Hell.” That ought to catch the eye of any investigator worth his salt.

Heroes might very well have to travel from town to town if their attempts fail to turn up any information. They might have to travel quickly, with pursuers hot on their heels, should a roll come up snake-eyes. But sooner or later, in some tiny burg, they’ll ferret out the story.

Whateley Isle is about 60 miles west-southwest of Gomorra and Shan Fan. The posse arranges their own travel, on foot or by boat, out to the seaward side of the Maze. Refer to page 76 to find out how long it takes and what happens along the way.

What’s Up With Them Whateleys, Anyhow?

Nicodemus sensed the importance of Whateley Isle—directly over a sea cave powerful with the spirits of the earth—from the moment he arrived in Gomorra. Later on, he bought it.

When the first miners showed up not long ago, the scattered and nearly extinct clan ignored them. When ghost rock was discovered—along with a series of lightning-like glyphs—the Whateleys got fed up and decided they’d keep all that ghost rock for themselves. They struck down some miners with killing spells, and summoned up a few elder horrors to chase off the rest. Not bad for a few day’s work.

Kang Stakes A Claim

Unfortunately for Nicodemus, the stories of ghost rock on Whateley Isle traveled fast, and they got far enough to be overheard by a few Maze Rats. They told a few of their buddies, and soon someone whispered it into Kang’s ear.

A day later Kang’s *Reaver* staged an amphibious landing on Whateley Isle, disgorging over fifty Maze Rats and martial artists, along with three Chinese ogres, a small cadre of gunpowder experts, and a particularly fiendish Chinese sorcerer by the name of Chung Tzu. This wasn’t what Nicodemus had in mind when he threw his hat into the ring and got involved in the ghost rock business.

Undaunted, the Whateleys summoned creatures of darkness to help them fight the pirate scourge. But the superstitious miners were gone—these new enemies were fully versed in the dark arts. A few of them were even Chinese demons in earthly form! The battle raged through a few days of hit-and-run action, laying waste to much of the old Whateley house in the process.

Where Things Stand

With most of the Whateleys killed by Kang’s forces, the few survivors retreated into the cellars and through a secret tunnel down into the heart of the mesa. There they



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PAGES FROM THE NECRONOMICON

On these three pages are scribed magical effects, spelled out phonetically so any hombre with a voice box can use one—a *curse*, *environmental protection*, and *puppet incantation*. Pretty darned useful, right? Problem is, they're from the *Necronomicon*, so anyone without Arcane Background (Magic) who uses one is likely to invoke a nasty side-effect. Magic ain't for the ignorant.

When read aloud by someone with Arcane Background (Magic), the magic works as usual. When any character without Arcane Background (Magic)—or one who has some other Arcane Background—reads one of these spells, he gets to roll for the power in question using his Spirit die. With a success the power works as usual. But here's the catch—unless he scores a raise on the Spirit roll he's also affected by a *curse* that can only be removed by a blessed.

Use of these spells by blessed or shamans is considered a Mortal Sin.

called upon their dark god to give them the power to fight the Maze Rats. It gave them the power they wanted, all right—by transforming them into horrible, slug-like beings with bizarre arcane powers. Hey, manitous have a sense of humor too!

The Whateley-Things slither about in their secret cave, waiting for the Maze Rats to dig far enough to reach them. Then they will unleash true terror on the invaders. Unfortunately for our heroes, the glyphs they're trying to find are in the same cave as the Whateleys!

Whateley Isle

The Whateley pier is in ruins (and clear of Maze Rats). Kang's forces have set up camp on a beach on the far side of the island, and since the battle ended a week ago they more or less ignore the Whateley house, except for a few sentries posted there. If they are allowed to work uninterrupted, their ghost rock mines reach the Whateley-Things in another four days or so.

Whateley Pier offers a decent-enough spot for a landing, but from there it's up to the posse how they handle things. The mesa's areas of interest are described here, followed by a little guidance as to how Kang's forces respond to intruders spotted skulking about.

Whateley Manor

The old manse is wrecked, and we do mean wrecked. One of Kang's human bombs got overexuberant near the end of the battle and brought the house down. A few walls still stand, along with a staircase that goes nowhere, next to a huge pile of dusty wood and debris.

Even though Chung Tzu is pretty sure Nicodemus and his folk were killed, he posted a Chinese ogre and small tong gang here to keep an eye on things (literally, in the case of the one-eyed, seven-foot-tall ogre). The guards are hidden in a small grove of trees not far from the ruin, and are considered Inactive.

Martial Artists (3): Use stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

Superior Martial Artist (1): Wild Card. Use stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

Chinese Ogre (1): See page 176.

If a fight breaks out, a few of them try to get away and warn Chung Tzu immediately. If the posse stops them all it buys some time, but the crafty sorcerer finds out about their presence soon enough. Captured martial artists who are somehow persuaded to talk spill the whole story of the invasion and the fight with the Whateleys.

Under the broken pieces of the roof lies a destroyed library. Before they fled downstairs, the Whateleys tore through old books for spells that could be used “on the fly” against their enemies. In their haste they dropped three pages from the dreaded *Necronomicon* (see sidebar).

A successful Notice roll (–2) inside the ruins detects the presence of a hidden door in the side of the still-standing staircase. Inside it a steep flight of narrow, rickety steps descends into the mansion's cellar.

Most of the cellar is clogged with broken beams and debris from above, but along one rocky wall is the entrance to an old cave. The cave is collapsed just inside the entrance, and blocked by hundreds of pounds of rock and soil. A successful Tracking roll turns up numerous footprints—six pairs, in all—headed into the cave, likely just before it caved in. The posse may surmise that this way leads to the glyph, and resolve to clear it.

It takes one person eight full days of labor to remove the rubble (or two people four days, and so on). When it's clear, a very old stairway is revealed, carved out of the natural rock, leading into the mesa's depths.

At this point, move on to “The Sea Caves,” below.

Chung Tzu's Camp

Kang sent the wily sorcerer Chung Tzu to secure Whateley Isle, and that's exactly what he plans to do. He has well over 100 men (tongs and Maze Rats) at his beck and call, along with a trio of ogres and a gaggle of demolitionists. Two steam launches patrol the vicinity of the isle, and Kang's great ironclad pirate ship, the *Reaver*, floats in the small bay like an immovable monolith.

At any given moment, most of the Maze Rats are busily working the mines, overseen by their imposing foreman—a Chinese ogre. This operation is far more industrious than most of Kang's stolen claims, because the terror of Chung Tzu's wrath keeps everyone chipping away at their tasks. If the sorcerer has his way, the entire island will be denuded of fundaments in under a month.

If a day passes and his guards fail to report from the Whateley ruins for their shift change, Chung becomes suspicious. He sends another identical patrol to snoop around, with orders to report any trouble immediately. If the heroes tie up a vessel at the old Whateley pier across the island, one of Chung's steam launches finds it in 2d20 hours. This also prompts him to send out a patrol.

When Chung Tzu hears about a group of hostile intruders loose on the island, the vengeful sorcerer responds immediately. He sends a gang of Maze Rats and martial artists (numbering 12) to seek out and capture the heroes. They only inflict Nonlethal Damage with their attacks. If any heroes are captured, Chung Tzu has them clapped into irons and imprisoned in the depths of the *Reaver*, where he tortures and interrogates them at his leisure.

If his men fail to capture the posse, Chung is enraged and moves to crush them without mercy. The evil sorcerer personally leads a large mob of martial artists, Maze Rats, and demolitionists to hunt down and kill any intruders they can find. When they come upon the old Whateley house, Chung Tzu uses *detect arcana* to sniff out the lingering magic that hid the Whateleys' escape tunnel.

Maze Rats (2 per hero): Use stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

Martial Artists (5): Use stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

Superior Martial Artists (2): Use stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

Chinese Ogre (1): See page 176.

Demolitionists (4): Use Maze Pirate stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*. Add Knowledge (Explosives) d8, Throwing d8, and 6 sticks of dynamite (Demolitionist is a profession, while any Maze Rat will make do as a "human bomb"—just strap six sticks of dynamite to his belt and let him go!).



Chung Tzu

Chung Tzu arrived recently from the Old Country and he's already one of Kang's most trusted servants. He immediately set about justifying Kang's faith in him by moving up ruthlessly through the ranks of the Maze Rats. Nowadays, when Kang and Red Petals Su aren't around Dragon's Breath, Chung Tzu is the man to see. It's rumored that Chung Tzu bargained with devils to prolong his own life while the Great Wall was still being built. He's tall, reed-thin, and has long, twisted fingernails. His nagging cough sounds like the beginnings of consumption, but this cackling fiend isn't about to let that stop him.

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

Skills: Boating d8, Fighting d4, Guts d8, Intimidation d8, Knowledge (Occult) d6, Notice d8, Persuasion d6, Spellcasting d12, Stealth d6, Taunt d10

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

Hindrances: Ailin', Loyal (to Kang), Vengeful (Major)

Edges: Alertness, Arcane Background (Black Magic), Command, Danger Sense, Hold the Line!, Fervor, Inspire, Power Points (x6), New Power (x11), Strong Willed.

Powers: *Barrier, boost/lower trait, curse, detect/conceal arcana, dispel, fear, fly, invisibility, mind rider, puppet, shape change, speak language, teleport, zombie.* **Power Points:** 40

Gear: Traditional Chinese robes, gold jewelry, rings.

The Sea Caves

Long before the Maze pirates dig out all the isle's ghost rock, they break into the underground chamber where the glyph and the Whateleys are hiding. This is where the surviving Whateleys retreated during the battle with Kang's forces, and enacted a near-forgotten ritual. They begged their dark gods for power, and they received it along with a terrible curse. Six of them, including the former Nicodemus Whateley, lurk within the ghost-rock-studded cave. The Fear Level in the sea caves is 4.

The Caretaker

Don't worry, Marshal, we didn't forget about the hombre this tale is named for. The Caretaker followed the posse all this way, and when they first arrive in the sea caves they find that he's somehow made it here ahead of them. (He actually swam in through a submerged cave, but don't worry about explaining it, Marshal—after all, they're the Whateleys. Weirdness abounds.)

Read the following as the posse emerges into the sea caves:

Your flickering lights shine and reflect in the sea cave walls, which are almost solidly packed with ghost rock—except for a large, lightning-like glyph carved into the rock above a dark pool. There's the lapping of ocean waves, along with the nauseating odor of rotten fish.

Then you hear another sound. A sticky, slurpy, squishy sound. Someone chuckles a little bit in the dark.

Turning your lights upon the noise, you see that big simpleton from Doomtowntown, with huge, gelatinous, slug-like things crawling all around him.

His arms outstretched, a big smile on his face, the boy shouts, "They're my family, don't you see? They need me to take care of them! They need me to be their caretaker now!"

Then you notice that those slugs have awfully human-like shapes. All the slugs turn as one to regard you, and screech like rabid raccoons.

The boy hollers, "They say you gots to die!"

DEADLANDS: THE FLOOD

Deal initiative immediately. In addition to the Caretaker and the three slugs crawling on him, there are three other Whateley-Things in the sea caves. They do their very best to kill every last hero. One of the Whateley-Things—the one that used to be Nicodemus—is a Wild Card. The Caretaker fights with a club (Str+d6 damage) he found in the ruined mansion above.

The Caretaker: Wild Card. See page 124.

Whateley-Things (6)

A plea to their unknown god turned these Whateleys into horrible semi-transparent slugs. They retain their human shape to some degree—clothed and from afar they can pass for human—but up close they look semi-transparent and slug-like.

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

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d8, Spellcasting d6, Stealth d4

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 8

Special Abilities:

- **Acidic Touch:** Str+d6. The touch of a Whateley-Thing causes acid burns.
- **Dark Bolt:** 12/24/48; 2d6; RoF 1; AP Special. By concentrating and making a Spellcasting roll, a Whateley-Thing can project a bolt of deathly darkness that ignores all mundane armor.
- **Fear:** Viewing a Whateley-Thing forces an hombre to make a Guts check.
- **Gelatinous Form:** The semi-transparent forms of the Whateley-Things are difficult to harm—wounds seem to just “seal up.” All mundane attacks do half damage, and Called Shots have no additional effect.
- **Size +1:** Whateley-Things are little bigger than your average hombre.
- **Weakness (Magic):** Magical attacks affect Whateley-Things normally.

The Pirate Scourge

Even if the posse defeats all the Whateley-Things, they also have to figure out how to defeat or drive off Kang's pirates. If Chung Tzu and his men aren't breathing down the posse's neck, they'll soon break through into the sea cave. At the very least, some way must be devised to keep the pirates from marring the posse's bloody glyph handprint.

Reward

Besides the large quantities of ghost rock up for grabs, another possible reward comes in the form of the scattered pages found among the ruins of Whateley Manor. At the Marshal's discretion there might be other spells lying around. Using them is typically more trouble than it's worth for characters, but they can also be sold to the right buyer for around \$50 apiece.

The War of the Triads

The following adventures—entitled “Sink the Abysmal!” “Shan Fan Kumite,” “Spy Games,” and “Emperor Norton”—tell the story of the War of the Triads. When this epic tale ends, your group knows exactly where to find a glyph: the Isle of Ghost's Tears.



Sink the Abysmal!

Fear Level: 2

Run this adventure when the heroes are searching for the glyphs and find themselves in Shan Fan, preferably after they've joined the Twilight Legion.

By now the heroes probably take a rather dim view of the Shan Fan Triad, a feeling that is wholeheartedly mutual. But since the posse dipped their toes into the murky pond of triad politics, things have gotten a mite more complicated, and a whole hell of a lot more dangerous.

Deadly Intrigues

After the cowpokes high-tailed it away with the Amulet of Rahashimir back in Plot Point Four, Warlord Kwan was none too amused. He contemplated attacking Shan Fan despite the setback, but knew he could not take the city without the support of a strong ally—and Thin Noodles Ma was not that ally, if his failure to secure the amulet was any indication. Plus he wasn't too keen on going to war without his precious Arabian artifact.

Kang wasn't much happier. Not long after the debacle at the Wailing Hole, Kang learned from spies that his secret disciple in the black arts—Thin Noodles Ma—had been making deals with another warlord behind his back! Kang's fury was terrible to behold, and Ma begged for his life, saying he would give *anything* to avoid the rail baron's wrath. Kang agreed, with payment to be specified at a later date.

Since the bomb fell on Ghost Town—inauspiciously incinerating most of Kang's triad personnel—the rail baron has been focused on picking up the pieces. Little does he know his enemies sense weakness, and are even now maneuvering to destroy him utterly. All they require is an opportunity—one that's provided by our heroes.

Return to Shan Fan

A handwritten message is left for the posse at whatever hotel they're bedding down in, reading as follows:

My dear Gentlemen and Ladies,

Please join me for tea this afternoon at 4 p.m. at the Sunrise House if it's not a bother. There is a matter most urgent of which we must speak. See that you aren't followed, chaps.

Most sincerely yours, Cpt. Roderick Pennington-Smythe

SAVAGE TALES

Little Rascals

On the way to the Sunrise House Hotel, which overlooks Shan Fan from the northern slopes, the posse stirs up a gang of Rat-Skinner Hou's rascals. They're just young'uns, no older than 18, but they know kung fu and they're spoilin' for a fight. They Taunt mercilessly until the heroes oblige them.

Hou's Rascals (2 per hero): Use Martial Artist stats in *Deadlands Reloaded* and add Taunt d6.

Sunrise House

At the Sunrise House Captain Pennington-Smythe meets the heroes wearing his customary monocle and a stiff-upper-lip grin. Without a word he directs them upstairs to his suites. Once secured within, he offers tea and says:

So glad you could come. We're in a bit of a sticky wicket. You do remember the Amulet of Rahashamir we fought so hard to recover? Quite. As I mentioned, Mr. Dillenger and I were intent on destroying the thing. I must admit we've still not discovered a way to do so. Damn thing has a knack for resisting physical abuse, I can promise you that.

We've hidden the amulet here in Shan Fan, and we're staying until we can figure out a way to deal with it—permanently.

Now here's where you blokes come in. The amulet isn't the only reason we're staying in Shan Fan. There's a small vault of sorts under the ruins of the Explorer's Society lodge, where our most precious artifacts were kept. As far as we know, that vault remains intact despite the looting of our temple by philistines.

We would dearly like to empty that vault of its contents—some of which may be useful to you in your current endeavors—and leave Shan Fan. Therein lies the problem. You see, we haven't been able to open that vault for over three years.

One of our order's less, shall we say, circumspect members came to be in possession of the vault's key—a skeleton key made of white gold—and the fool went and lost it in a poker game. To whom? None other than Big Ears Tam.

Needless to say his society membership was instantly revoked.

The heroes might have some questions along the following lines:

So what do you want us to do?

We need that skeleton key from Big Ears Tam. You've dealt with the triad before, and prior experience proves they have little respect for Mr. Dillenger and me. So what do you say, chaps?

Who did you think would follow us here?

Lately there have been strangers about, asking questions of the help, skulking about in the pines east of the hotel. The desk clerk told me they hail from the logging towns, so they could be General Kwan's spies.

How do we get the key from Big Ears Tam?

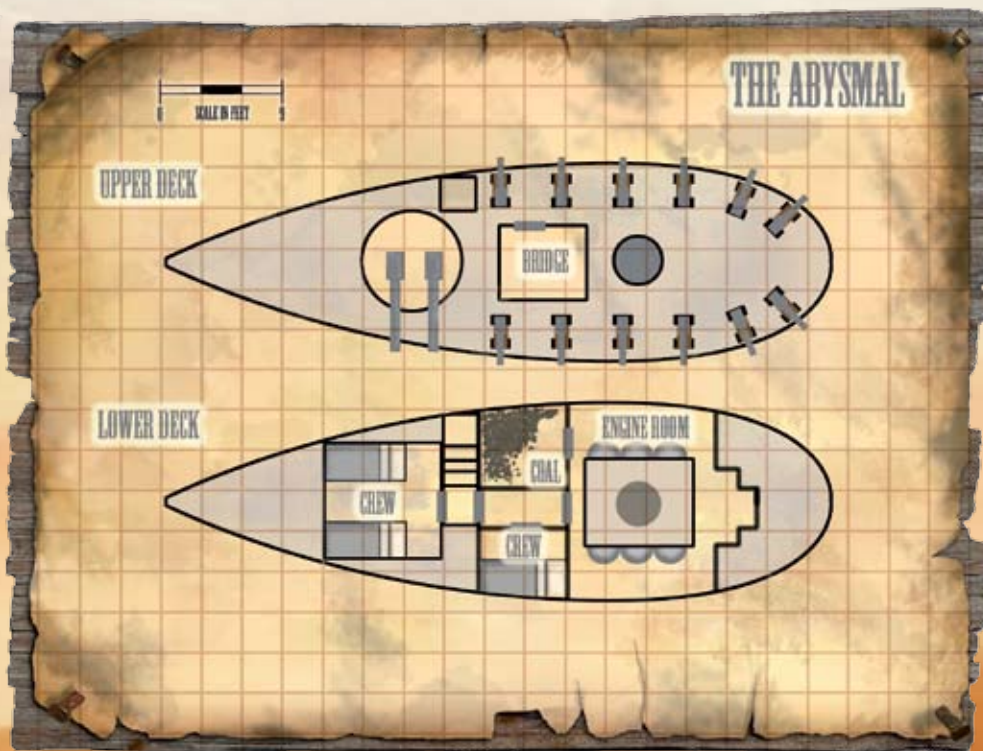
I say, explorers of your skills and stature? Surely there is some service you can offer Tam, some freelancing you can undertake, that won't upset your morals too grievously. I promise you I wouldn't ask if the situation weren't dire, but neither the amulet nor the contents of that vault can be allowed to fall into triad hands.

Where's the amulet hidden?

Tut, tut. The fewer people who know about that the better.

The posse might go looking for the skulking spies Captain Pennington-Smythe mentioned. Three of them have been watching the hotel with great interest since the heroes arrived, hidden on a nearby grassy hillside with a perfect view of Sunrise House and the trail to Shan Fan.

Kwan's Spies (3): Use Outlaw stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.



DEADLANDS: THE FLOOD

TRIAD BOSSES

Best we sort out all the major players for easy reference before the war gets started. You can find Kang's stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*, and the rest starting on page 182.

Kang: Kang runs the Iron Dragon Rail Co., commands a whole armada of pirate sampans packed to the gunwales with Maze Rats, and owns three fortified cities in the Maze—Dragon's Breath, Lion's Roar, and Bear's Claw. Until the bomb dropped on Ghost Town his Lion's Roar Triad was a force to be reckoned with, but for now they're licking their wounds.

Warlord Kwan: General Mu-T'uo Kwan owns a sizeable chunk of land in the redwood forests southeast of Shan Fan, over a dozen lumber towns, and has his fingers on the pursestrings of every lumber baron in the region. Kwan's Triad does most of its business among the loggers. Kwan also commands an army of cutthroats, outlaws, and malcontents, and he's itching to march them into Shan Fan and seize a whole bunch *more* business for his triad.

He also wants to install Joshua Norton as Emperor of California—but we'll get into that a bit later.

Big Ears Tam: Big Ears Tam runs the Shan Fan Triad, the operation that controls the city of Shan Fan. That alone lends him tremendous status, but the monumental wealth generated by the city for its "protectors" doesn't hurt either. Rat-Skinner Hou and Thin Noodles Ma are lieutenants under his command who constantly plot Tam's downfall.

New Tomorrow Triad: Led by its founder and guiding light Tai-Shou Ch'uan, the New Tomorrow Triad proves a vital ally for the Shan Fan Triad. New Tomorrow are the founders of three communal fishing villages—Goodwill, Harmony, and New Opportunity—and they have no desire to see a violent warlord take control of Shan Fan.

The 37th Chamber: Generally speaking the heroes of Shaolin stay out of triad business, and this is no exception. But one Shaolin monk is drawn into the conflict—Chin-Hsueh Wong.

Have the players make Notice rolls to catch sight of the villains, opposed by a single Stealth roll plus Wild Die for the spies. If they are seen, Kwan's men fire a few wild shots and make for the horses they have hidden a half mile or so down the trail. If they are captured and interrogated, the men admit to working for General Kwan and hoping Captain Pennington-Smythe would lead them to the amulet. If Kwan's spies escape or are released, they send word of the posse to Kwan Province by telegraph.

Dealing with Tam

Depending on how your group tackled Plot Point Four they might have met Big Ears Tam face-to-face, or maybe word of their prowess only reached the triad leader after Ox's defeat. In either case, it's up to the heroes to set up a meeting with him now. Walking up to Tam's estate and demanding to see him is surprisingly effective; it turns out Tam has heard of these round-eyes and is curious as to what they want.

See page 70 for a full description of Tam's estate. He meets with guests under the central pavilion, an interpreter at his side. He is flanked by dozens of guards in kung fu garb, should things get ugly.

When the cowpokes have said their piece the interpreter recounts it all to Big Ears Tam, who listens intently and nods.

Tam looks at you one by one, his expression unreadable. Finally he speaks a few words in Chinese and smiles happily.

The interpreter says, "I know of this key. I will get it for you, but it will take two weeks. Until then, you work for me and do what I ask. Is this acceptable?"

It better be, because it's Tam's only offer and he's not a bargaining man. If the heroes harangue or threaten Big Ears he ejects them immediately, and it takes a successful Persuasion roll (–4) and a solid bribe (Marshal's discretion as to how much) to gain admittance again. Hopefully, the scene ends with the posse begrudgingly accepting Big Ears Tam's terms.

Your Assignment, Should You Choose to Accept It...

Big Ears Tam is no idiot. He learned recently that Thin Noodles Ma has been double-dealing with the warlords Kang and Kwan, playing them for his own advantage. Oddly enough, Tam has no problem with that. He figures if his lieutenants aren't scheming they aren't doing their jobs.

What really scorches Tam's noodles is the idea that some other warlord would have the gall to tamper with his underlings. He's out to show Kang that a man in his position shouldn't be messing around in other men's houses.

SAVAGE TALES

Tam is looking to take advantage of Kang's weakened position by striking a decisive blow to his pirate operations, and he needs someone with the salt to do it. To that end he's dreamed up a challenging job for the posse—sink the *Abysmal*, the flagship of Kang's pirate fleet.

Find 'Em

The *Abysmal* is never in one place for very long, so the heroes have to use Streetwise, Investigation (of newspaper files, for example), or their Connections to pick up the *Abysmal*'s trail of pillaging and terror. The players may come up with some other ideas. As they approach a mesa called Boswell, have the group make Notice rolls. Those who succeed spy a column of thick smoke beyond the next mesa. As they get closer, read the following:

Rounding a bend in the channel, you're greeted by a gory scene of destruction. A small mining operation on the shore has been burned to the ground; a half-dozen shacks still smolder at the water's edge. Charred equipment, mine carts, and ox carcasses litter the bloody earth. You almost lose your lunch when you realize that some of those burned remains are people—men, women, and even children from the looks of them.

This tiny village was called Boswell until yesterday, when the *Abysmal* found it. After invading and killing the inhabitants, they stole every nugget of ghost rock they could find and left a small gang of Maze Rats to assess what riches remained. When the posse arrives these villains are ranging along the mesa's cliffs, but they return to Boswell within a few hours to compare notes. A successful Tracking roll (–2) in the ruined village tells a scout that someone—survivors or attackers—is still in the area.

Maze Rats (6): Use stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*. Two are armed with Smith & Robards flamethrowers.

The Maze Rats aren't too happy about being left here to hunt down stragglers, and they try to ease their frustration by driving off or killing any valiant heroes waiting for them. If any are captured and successfully interrogated, they reveal that the *Abysmal* is still in the area (they don't know exactly where), and is supposed to return in two days to pick them up.

Whatever they choose to do, the posse has two days until the *Abysmal* returns to Boswell.

Wipe 'Em Out

It's no easy feat to sink an ironclad manned by Maze pirates, martial artists, Chinese ogres, and commanded by Red Petals Su herself. The heroes might want to talk some other faction into helping them for a cut of the salvage or some other consideration.

Red Petals Su keeps an auto-gyro hidden on board the *Abysmal*, just in case she needs to make a quick exit.

Red Petals Su: Wild Card. Use stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

Maze Rats (12): Use stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

Martial Artists (8): Use stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

Superior Martial Artist (1): Wild Card. Use stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*. Add Spirit d8 and Celestial Kung Fu (Eagle Claw).

Chinese Ogres (4): See page 176.

Chinese Ogre Sorcerer (1): See page 176.

The Abysmal

The *Abysmal* is a sleek, black ironclad that bristles with gunbarrels and flies a pirate skull 'n bones beside the Iron Dragon flag. Word of the *Abysmal*'s approach tends to raise the local Fear Level by 1.

Acc/Top Speed: 5/15; **Toughness:** 18 (7); **Crew:** 12+20; **Cost:** \$100,000 **Weapons:** Six steam Gatlings, 14 cannons (six small muzzleloading cannons mounted port and starboard, and two large cannons mounted in a turret). **Notes:** Travels 10 miles per pound of ghost rock.

Aftermath

After the attack on the *Abysmal*, the heroes' identity is relayed to Warlord Kang by his disciple, Thin Noodles Ma. Kang swears revenge against Big Ears Tam and whoever did the deed.



Shan Fan Kumite

This adventure picks up where "Sink the Abysmal!" left off.

Tam is greatly impressed by the heroes' sheer audacity and skill. The next day he invites them to a sumptuous feast at his estate, and there he relates (via interpreter) what their next job will be—they will fight on his behalf in the Shan Fan Kumite tomorrow night, or at least act as his bodyguards at the event.

Showdown in Shan Fan

Every year the finest fighters in the Maze gather in a secret arena beneath Taeltown for a knock-down, drag-out competition to see who's best. It's sponsored by the Cloud Dragon Fighting Society, and attended by a who's who of triad leaders and warlords, along with hundreds of wealthy Shan Fan residents who wager on the contest. Technically the arena is declared neutral ground for all parties, who must leave their hostilities at the door.

This year's notable attendees include Big Ears Tam, his lieutenants Rat-Skinner Hou and Thin Noodles Ma, Warlord Kwan and Joshua Norton I, and Chin-Hsueh Wong (of the 37th Chamber, acting as Kwan's champion).

Kang is notably absent, but he makes an appearance later on. If she survived her previous meetings with the posse Red Petals Su is here as well in a clever disguise, awaiting her boss and lover Kang.

DEADLANDS: THE FLOOD

These sorts of tournaments have been going on for centuries in China, but are a recent phenomenon in the Maze. As a concession to the sensitivities of their new homeland—and the incessant lobbying of the assimilationist New Tomorrow Triad—the Cloud Dragons opened the competition to non-Chinese a few years ago.

The Contest

Big Ears Tam asks any kung fu fighters in the group to enter the competition under his banner. Barring that, he demands the same of any competent hand-to-hand fighters. If there's literally nobody like that in the group, he isn't pleased but he wants them to attend as his bodyguards.

Players whose characters don't enter the kumite should control the opponents as if they were Extras. That way the hombre who knows kung fu isn't the only one rolling dice!

Characters who enter the competition need to fight through three rounds to reach the quarterfinal elimination round. Each round consists of a one-on-one fight against an aspiring fu fighter. The goal is not to kill, but punches are not pulled—it is rare but not unheard-of for fighters to die in the ring.

Kung Fu Fighters (1 in each of 3 rounds): Wild Cards. Use Martial Artist stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

The quarterfinal elimination round is a one-on-one tussle with Wang Men Wu, a wily old kung fu practitioner who puts up more of a fight.

Wang Men Wu: Wild Card. Use Superior Martial Artist stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

If a hero is lucky enough to make it to the final elimination round, he's destined to meet up with Warlord Kwan's champion—none other than Chin-Hsueh Wong of the 37th Chamber. First Kwan sent Big Pul and Little Pul to spread rumors that Big Ears Tam is looking to humble the Shaolin practitioners. Then Kwan invited Wong to preserve the 37th Chamber's face among their peers. Wong gladly accepted.

This is a supremely difficult tussle, one that non-kung fu practitioners will be hard-pressed to win. If any hero defeats Wong, he earns mucho face from everyone in attendance.

Chin-Hsueh Wong: Wild Card. See page 183.

Kang's Revenge

You didn't think this would be a clean fight, did you?



SAVAGE TALES

Angered beyond belief at the sinking of his flagship, Kang retaliates with an assassination attempt on Big Ears Tam. At the end of the final elimination round, Kang's tong gang moves into position.

As the winner is declared, a strange howling echoes in the arena. Then—gunshots! A panic runs through the crowd and sends it screaming and surging toward the exits. Pretty soon the reason is apparent—a trio of terrifying Chinese ogres and a tong gang armed to the teeth. They're pretty intent on reaching Big Ears Tam's luxury box.

The triad Boss speaks hastily to you in Chinese, and his interpreter says, "If I die you'll never get the key!"

Long-Haired Tony, the sheriff of Shan Fan, is in attendance—he leaps to Big Ears' defense. Tam's lieutenants opt to "see how this plays out"—in other words, they vamoose with the crowd.

Kwan lingers, at first amused by this turn of events and still hopeful that he'll hear word of the Amulet of Rahashimir. His amusement fades when he sees that the assassins are all wearing green armbands that plainly identify them as members of Kwan's outlaw army. With Joshua Norton in tow, he flees the city with his bodyguards.

Kang's men (and demons) were handpicked for this assignment; they're among his finest warriors. If questioned they say nothing at first and then relent, "admitting" they serve in General Kwan's army. A successful Notice roll tells a character that she hasn't heard the whole truth. If put through more rigorous interrogation (a Test of Wills, with success meaning the prisoner spills the beans, and failure meaning he'd rather die than betray his boss), they finally admit that Kang is their actual employer.

Kang's Assassins (2 per hero): Use Martial Artist stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

Kang's Ogres (3): See Chinese Ogre on page 176.

Kang's Captains (2): Wild Cards. Use Superior Martial Artist stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

Long-Haired Tony: Wild Card. See page 186.

Big Ears Tam: Wild Card. See page 182.

Aftermath

Once Big Ears Tam's life is saved, he is extremely grateful to the heroes. Not grateful enough to cough up the key, but enough to throw them a tasty banquet. He is also angry and surprised that Kwan tried to murder him. (If Tam gets Incapacitated in the fight, he falls unconscious but doesn't die yet. It's not quite his time.)

The other major players get a chance to see the heroes in action, so they'll be suitably prepared whenever they end up facing the group. They're pretty sure that day is coming.



Spy Games

Run this scenario immediately after your group completes "Shan Fan Kumite."

After the attack at the kumite, Big Ears Tam is shaken. He's convinced everyone is plotting against him. He has been in secure control of Shan Fan for a long time, and this attack has demonstrated his own complacency and vulnerability. Still, Tam isn't the type to give up; he's determined to hold on to what he's got and find out more about his enemies' plans.

Into the Dragon's Maw

A day or two after the kumite, Big Ears Tam summons the posse to his estate in Shan Fan. There he speaks to them briefly via interpreter.

Greetings, my friends. I am so glad you could join me again after our recent misfortunes at the kumite. Thank you. I am an old man and I am not so prideful that I cannot admit a mistake. Underestimating my enemies was a mistake.

Now I must know what they are plotting. My sources tell me warlords Kang and Kwan will meet in four days. You will travel to Dragon's Breath in secret, sneak into Kang's palace, and spy on this meeting. Report back to me as quickly as possible, and when the task is done you will have your precious golden key.

Big Ears Tam doesn't actually have anyone else to do this—he certainly doesn't trust his lieutenants and their rascals. He'll even help the posse whip up some disguises if they're afraid of being recognized.

Tam has an ironclad of his own, the *Sturgeon*, which he puts at the posse's disposal to get them to Dragon's Breath. Calculate the distance and time using the system on page 75, and draw for encounters along the way.

Check out the Dragon's Breath entry on page 45 and play up the "forbidden pirate city" aspect. This might be the only chance your compadres have to see the inside of one of Kang's mesa towns. If it's widely known that they were responsible for the attack upon the *Abysmal*, the posse would be wise to hide their identities. If they're recognized, the visit breaks down into a screaming pirate riot faster than you can say, "You killed my brother!"

In the Palace

Let the players come up with a plan for sneaking into the palace on the day of the meeting, making whatever rolls you think are appropriate. If an alarm is raised, the posse has only a few moments to vamoose before the whole pirate city comes down on them. Once they get past the outer guards, there's pretty much no one inside but the servants (who use Townsfolk stats) and their exalted leader Kang.

DEADLANDS: THE FLOOD

At some point they stumble upon a sumptuous lounge where all sorts of delicacies await—food and drink. It's sheer heaven for hombres used to notching their belts a little tighter in Famine's realm. But they have to restrain themselves here lest they give away their presence by messing up the hors d'oeuvres. If the cowpokes haven't eaten in a while, now would be a fine time to enforce the Hunger rules (see page 35).

Soon the spies hear the fanfare of guests entering the palace and being announced in Chinese echoing in the halls. By following the sounds of the procession, and succeeding at a Stealth roll, a character can follow to a room adjacent to the meeting room. Here the spies are separated from Kang and Kwan by no more than a paper wall.

It's pretty obvious that both warlords are surrounded by their trusted advisors and lieutenants, along with an entourage of bodyguards and soldiers on each side. If the posse decides to leap out and start a fight they get one (a big one). Otherwise they do their job and listen to the warlords wrangle.

Strangely enough, Kang and Kwan conduct their meeting in English. That's for the benefit of Joshua Norton, who sits at General Kwan's side. Here's the gist of it.

After some formalities, the warlords get down to business. General Kwan first demands to know who was responsible for impersonating his soldiers at the kumite.

Kang claims ignorance on that matter. "It doesn't matter who is responsible," he says. "What matters is that Tam blames you. He will seek revenge. So you must strike him first."

There's a grumble from General Kwan. "My army cannot take Shan Fan without aid. Preferably naval aid," he adds suggestively.

There's no sound, but you can sense Kang smiling. "March on Shan Fan, General Kwan. When you enter the city, my fleet will bombard Tam's forces. You will secure Shan Fan without resistance."

"What do you gain from this?" asks Kwan, not bothering to hide the suspicion in his tone.

"Don't forget—Tam attacked my flagship. He kicked me when I was down. I'll see him suffer for that, and I'll watch his city burn."

The conversation shifts into Chinese for a while (mostly pleasantries about the logging industry), but suddenly a commotion is heard in another part of the palace, followed by shouting voices. Even hombres who don't speak a lick of Chinese can guess it's got something to do with "intruders."

Time's Up

Now would be a great time to leave—quickly. If they don't catch on, hint strongly to your group that discretion is the better part of valor. Otherwise, they might end up in Kang's prison, the Lion's Belly.

With a successful Stealth roll, characters can slip out of the palace undetected. If anyone fails, a small mob of pirates (12 total) gives chase toward the *Sturgeon* at the docks. With a successful Notice roll the heroes see General Kwan and his allies lifting off in auto-gyros from the palace roof, banking to the northeast to rendezvous with his army.

Before they're truly out of danger, the spies need to overcome the Maze Rats who discovered the *Sturgeon* where it was docked. They are positioned on the deck, alert and waiting for reinforcements, so it's difficult to surprise them. As always, Red Petals Su drops in on an auto-gyro if she's still in action.

Maze Rats (3 per hero): Use stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

Red Petals Su: Use stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

Aftermath

The posse needs to get back to Shan Fan and warn Big Ears Tam. Calculate how long their trip takes and draw for encounters along the way. Run the last episode of the War of the Triads, "Emperor Norton," as soon as the posse approaches Shan Fan Bay.



Emperor Norton

Run this tale right after "Spy Games."

If the posse makes it back to Shan Fan in three days or less, they sail into Shan Fan Bay unmolested. If the journey from Dragon's Breath takes longer than three days the heroes find a blockade consisting of a dozen of Kang's pirate vessels (including two ironclads) already patrolling the waters about 10 miles south of Shan Fan Bay. The cowpokes can either fight their way through (a tough battle), try to bluff or sneak past, or go ashore south of Shan Fan and enter the city on foot.

Kwan's Gambit

General Kwan saw no reason to wait until after the summit with Kang to mobilize his army. Columns of Kwan's soldiers are on the march, and they're already approaching Shan Fan when the summit takes place. When Kwan thinks he's secured Kang's allegiance, it's full steam ahead.

So what are Kwan's goals? Glad you asked. First of all, he wants to take the city of Shan Fan and install Joshua Norton as Emperor of California. The reasons why are complicated to say the least.

Years ago Kwan's lieutenants Big Pul and Little Pul sent the warlord on a vision quest, in which Kwan encountered his totem animal—the owl—and learned of Norton's great destiny to rule "the lands beyond the mountain." Kwan figures that must mean California, and he's sure that with Norton in place as his puppet, Kwan will enjoy more power and wealth than ever before.

SAVAGE TALES

Unfortunately for Kwan, he's just a pawn in the Reckoners' game. Years ago, Raven himself suggested to his disciple Papa Rattlesnake that Kwan should serve as their dupe. Papa contacted a pair of young sorcerors named Big Pul and Little Pul, and bade them join Kwan's army. Warlord Kwan's "vision quest" was just a sham designed to bring Joshua Norton to the general's attention.

Once an ineffectual figurehead like Emperor Norton is in control of California, Raven's task of undermining him only gets easier.

Kwan's got one ace in the hole—the Amulet of Rahashimir. If he's able to get his hands on the Arabian artifact he's no longer a patsy, he's a force to be reckoned with. Kwan's spies have learned where the amulet is now hidden—under the ruins of the Explorer's Society lodge—and during the battle the general dispatches a strike team to retrieve it.

Bad News, Tam

When they get back, the posse should go to Tam's estate right away. For all his age and wisdom, Big Ears Tam is pretty clueless right now. He's hoping to be told that he has some time to plan. Instead, the posse tells him that Warlord Kwan's entire army is on its way, and they're not coming over for a dinner party.

Not exactly joyful at this turn of events, Tam sends for the golden skeleton key and hands it over per the deal. Then the posse is escorted off the premises. The wily triad leader is not without recourse of his own—he alerts his lieutenants and telegraphs the New Tomorrow Triad (at Goodwill, Harmony, and New Opportunity) and the kung fu heroes of the 37th Chamber (who have learned of Kwan's manipulation since the kumite). This gives Tam's allies a chance to send reinforcements.

Backs to the Wall

At the Sunrise House the heroes find that Captain Pennington-Smythe is gone. The staff doesn't know what became of him, only that his quarters were found in shambles a few days ago and he hasn't been seen since. A quick survey of the suite turns up no indication of where the captain might have gone.

Hopefully the heroes are clever enough to look at that golden skeleton key in their palm, and take it to the ruins of the Explorer's Society lodge. There they find Captain Pennington-Smythe and Rutherford Ellington Dillenger holed up in the lodge's gothic tower, the only portion of the scorched ruin that still stands. The captain greets the heroes as soon as he recognizes them.

You lads are a sight for sore eyes! Kwan's spies found Mr. Dillenger's hidey-hole, so we had to beat a quick retreat. Capital show tracking us down. Now, have you got that key?

The posse should inform Smythe and Dillenger of Kwan's army on the way, Tam's scramble to fortify the city, and the alliance between Kang and Kwan. Smythe's expression turns grim.

Well that's a spot of bother, isn't it? Stiff upper lip, chaps. If they want to have a war, there's nothing we can do to stop it now. But I'll be damned if I let them ransack the Explorer's lodge. Not after all we've been through. What do you say? Will you help us secure the vault?

Not long after the heroes arrive at the Explorer's lodge, the first reports of Gatling guns are heard from east of the city. Bells and gongs begin to ring throughout Shan Fan. Warlord Kwan's army approaches.

The Battle of Heavenly Park

General Kwan marches into Shan Fan uncontested and secures the Skids, Stinktown, and the Waterfront without shedding any blood. From this base he signals Kang's ships to advance to Shan Fan Bay and bombard Big Ears Tam's estate with artillery fire. (The ironclads move into position but don't open fire quite yet—see below.)

When General Kwan mobilizes his forces to cross Heavenly Park and take the north part of the city, he finds the collected might of the Shan Fan Triad and its allies awaiting him. At the last second, Thin Noodles Ma and Rat-Skinner Hou turn on Big Ears Tam's rascals, per their deal with Kwan. But in another unexpected turn, hundreds of townsfolk turn out to fight for Shan Fan.

PLAYING OUT THE BATTLE

It's not required that you play out the Battle of Heavenly Park, but if you're a fan of Mass Combat this one's a doozy. Nearly every major player in the triads is here: Big Ears Tam, General Kwan, Emperor Norton, Rat-Skinner Hou, Thin Noodles Ma, Suitcase Lee, Chin-Hsueh Wong and Kuai Yao, along with hundreds of rascals (Martial Artists), Maze Rats, Chinese ogres, and sorcerors on either side.

Stats for named characters are found in the Famous Folks section beginning on page 182.

Shan Fan Triad: Big Ears Tam (Knowledge: Battle, d10), rascals (400), Chinese ogres (12), Chinese sorcerors (4), Superior Martial Artists (12), angry townsfolk (250), Suitcase Lee, Chin-Hsueh Wong, Kuai Yao, and the heroes. (7 tokens, 6 if they had no warning)

General Kwan's Army: General Kwan (Knowledge: Battle, d8), Big Pul and Little Pul, Rat-Skinner Hou, Thin Noodles Ma, Kwan's army (1000 soldiers), Hou's rascals (100), Ma's rascals (100), Chinese ogres (10), Superior Martial Artists (6). (10 tokens)

Morale: Shan Fan Triad +2. General Kwan has superior numbers, but Big Ears Tam knows the terrain, and has prepared the most advantageous positions from which to defend Shan Fan. Both sides have the ability to retreat if necessary.

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Thus, the Battle of Heavenly Park is joined.

Standoff at Explorer's Lodge

The ruins of the lodge afford an excellent view of the battle of Heavenly Park, but the cowpokes don't have much time to stand around admiring it. A few moments after the fighting starts, call for Notice rolls (–2). Anyone who succeeds sees a small detachment approaching the lodge under Kwan's green pennants.

Warlord Kwan dispatched a company of his best men (and ogres) led by Big Pul and Little Pul to storm the ruins of the Explorer's lodge and retrieve the Amulet of Raha-shamir. The heroes' goal is simple—hold the ruins, repulse Kwan's force, and keep the amulet safe and sound until the fighting stops.

Captain Roderick Pennington-Smythe: Wild Card. See page 183.

Rutherford Ellington Dillenger: Wild Card. See page 187. Dillenger has the Amulet of Rahashimir in his pocket.

Big Pul and Little Pul: Wild Cards. See page 182.

Kwan's Soldiers (20): Use Veteran Soldier stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

Kwan's Fu Fighters (2): Use Superior Martial Artist stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

Kwan's Ogres (2): One is a Wild Card Sorcerer. See page 176.

War's End

When the battle's done, either General Kwan or Big Ears Tam is in control of Shan Fan (either play it out or choose the outcome you prefer). Whichever is the case, Kwan is sorely wounded. Kang arrives at Heavenly Park with a large escort of Maze Rats and tong gangs. Whether Kwan is victorious or a prisoner of war the bloodied warlord shouts,

"Kang! You worthless traitor. You were supposed to join our forces and bombard the city. You were supposed to ensure our victory! But no matter, for I am destined to rule this land."

Kang approaches without speaking, flanked by his men—all of them fresh and ready for trouble should anyone here be up to giving them some.

"Kwan," says Kang with a smile. "You've done your work well. This will come as a shock."

Warlord Kang takes a sharp breath to focus his chi. There's a sound like a bullet punching through wood as he plunges his fist into Kwan's chest. General Kwan's mouth gapes in agonized shock. He looks up at Kang, then falls backward spraying blood, leaving his still-beating heart clenched in Kang's fist.

Kang turns, holding up General Mu-T'ou Kwan's dripping heart so all the battle's survivors can see it.

"Now you see how quickly misfortune can fall upon any one of us. Now you see the results of faithlessness and betrayal." He throws the heart to the ground. "Now you are all as weak as you perceived me to be. If you served Kwan before, you serve me now."

"Tell Big Ears Tam I'll need his help rebuilding the Lion's Roar Triad. In return, the Iron Dragon line will make Shan Fan prosperous again."

Without another word, Kang departs.

The Amulet

If the heroes fail to keep the amulet, Kwan returns a few months later after some of his followers use the artifact to bring him back Harrowed. He begins a new reign of terror and this time has far more incredible powers at his disposal (give him all the Harrowed Edges you fancy, Marshal), resulting in even more grievous loss of life.

A Bartered Peace

In the aftermath of the War of the Triads, a new era of cooperation between Warlord Kang and the Shan Fan Triad begins. As part of their deal, both sides agree that neither can openly rule Shan Fan any longer, putting in place a leader

who will consider the needs of all parties. At the urging of the assimilationist New Tomorrow Triad, it's finally agreed that Joshua Norton should be Emperor—even if he is a mere figurehead. Any less will harm the triads' ability to prosper.

In the end, a bewildered-looking Norton I is coronated "Emperor of California"...and somewhere, Raven smiles.

Aftermath

As the people of Shan Fan set about rebuilding their town, the heroes and their Twilight Legion allies use the golden key to open the vault. This requires some digging, as it's hidden beneath the scorched remains of the lodge. Among the treasures and relics in the vault, there is an old fragment of carved stone sealed inside a glass case. The stone has been broken, but a little of the picture carved upon it remains.

To the heroes' wonder, the stone seems to depict a portion of California. Two lightning-like symbols are carved into the stone, presumably showing the locations of two of the glyphs. A simple Common Knowledge roll is enough to determine the exact locations.

One location is wherever you want it to be, Marshal—use it to drop a clue and send the posse wherever you like. The other plainly shows a glyph on the Isle of Ghost's Tears in Shan Fan Bay. Additionally, the vault contains several precious treasures and artifacts the Twilight Legion has collected over the years; feel free to hand out a few of your own devising, or just some antique gold for the heroes' trouble.



Isle of Ghost's Tears

Fear Level: 4

Your group just survived a kung fu war for the ages to discover where the Shan Fan glyph is hidden—now they need to muster all their cunning to outsmart (or fight) a bunch of very agitated and ticked-off ghosts. This adventure is written to encourage a mood of foreboding and fear rather than gunplay and fisticuffs, but if the heroes go looking for enemies they'll find plenty.

Run this adventure after the War of the Triads is complete.

The Isle of Ghost's Tears

The island that Big Ears Tam has kept off limits for so long is inhabited by exactly one living being: a crazy old hermit called Genjia. The other forty or so inhabitants are dead—spirits of the living, to be precise. Cold, intangible specters. And they all serve a breathtakingly beautiful crying ghost by the name of Meng Chiang-nu.

Big Ears Tam tells everyone it was feng shui that motivated him to close the island to settlement, but that's not really the case. He's aware that the island has been used as an

unmarked burial ground for years. He also knows about the island's many lingering spirits, and just considers it "good business" to keep the ghosts isolated, as they prefer.

There's a problem, though. The hermit Genjia gives the impression that he's nothing but a crazy old fool, but he's actually an awful abomination known as a sin eater (see *Deadlands Reloaded*). To him, the Isle of Ghost's Tears is like a big bowl of candy. Whenever he gets hungry for another soul he just sniffs out one of the island's many unmarked (and unhallowed) graves. Genjia splits his time between the island and the mainland, where he stalks the streets of Shan Fan spreading fear among the ghosts' descendants.

The posse needs to find that glyph, but they're unlikely to do so without the spirits' consent, and the haunts are all stirred up over the sin eater that's hunting them down one by one. Initially, the heroes are likely to believe that it's the ghosts who stand in their way, but in fact the specters need help. The posse needs to figure out what's really going on, defeat Genjia, and thus convince the spirits to aid them.

But first, let's take a few minutes to bring you up to speed on Meng Chiang-nu, and why she's so respected among the life-challenged.

The Crying Ghost's Tale

It's said Meng Chiang-nu was the first Chinese immigrant killed in the Great Quake. But she died as much of a broken heart as anything else. Her lover had gone to California to put their affairs in order, and Meng was to follow later. She did, only to find that her fiancé had spent their savings on opium and women of ill-repute. He coldly said he no longer loved her.

While she confronted him the Quake began, and as if to prove his words he shoved her aside and saved himself, leaving her to die in the disaster. She perished with stinging tears of betrayal on her cheeks, but her soul persisted. Now Meng is bound to one of the glyphs that was used to trigger the Great Quake, and she and her spirits chase off or kill anyone who comes to their island.

Meeting Genjia

When the posse reaches the Isle of Ghost's Tears, read the following.

As soon as you come ashore the raucous cawing of a large crow fills your ears. Perched in a stunted tree overlooking the beach, the black bird continues its avian tirade.

Suddenly a voice with a strong Chinese accent hollers, "Don't listen to that bird—he crazy!" Startled, the crow flutters away.

A little old man approaches, making strange gestures in the air with his walking stick but smiling in a friendly-enough way.

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This is the old hermit of the island, Genjia, who is the only living man allowed to dwell here. (That's because he reminds the crying ghost of her long-lost fiancé, but no one knows that.) In fact, the old Chinese hermit isn't living at all—he's a wretched sin eater, full of damned souls and hungering for more. He's not about to reveal the truth, and he'd just as soon see the heroes leave at the soonest opportunity. For the most part his answers are disjointed and random, unless his interlocutors touch on a few subjects of note.

What's your name?

I am called Genjia. But only the ghosts call me that name.

What do you mean by 'ghosts'?

Too many of them here, stories say. The stories are right. Meng commands their obedience with her tears and her sorrow. They hate you for your warmth and your breath. You should leave if you want to remain among the living!

What are you doing here?

I dwell here a long time! Nice land. Quiet. Just how I like it. Cold whispers! Cold! Yes!

Do you know anything about a symbol that looks like a lightning bolt?

Symbols, deep below. Sacred to spirits of earth, yes. You cannot find such a thing. The ancestors will stop you! You cannot reason with the dead.

Once he's answered a few questions the old man breaks into a wide smile again, and his replies grow less and less coherent, until finally he speaks in non sequiturs and stares out toward Shan Fan across the bay.

Island of Specters

With no sane person to guide them, and nothing stopping them from wandering wherever they please, it's likely the group starts searching for the cave, structure, or other landmark that hides the glyph. Be sure to play up the island's hushed, spooky solitude. Consult the nearby map as the party explores.

1. Evergreen Groves

The island is dotted with groves of stunted evergreen trees. Inside the groves it's shady and cool, and a thick bed of brown needles makes a nice place to lay down when a body's all tuckered out. But heroes who choose to rest here soon find they're not alone. Read this passage the first time the group lingers in one of these groves:

The rising wind shivers through the pine branches, and a sudden chill plucks its way down your spine. Your teeth start to chatter, and your breath comes out in white puffs. Suddenly, a huge mound of earth and pine needles heaves up in front of you, as though something's fighting to get free from under the ground!

Then all is quiet. The wind dies. Nobody takes a breath.

From underneath the earthen mound comes a faint, terrible cry. Several other groans and hisses answer it, from just outside the grove of trees...

A grotesquely emaciated figure rises from beneath the mound, tall and gangly with long white hair that conceals its face.

Deal out initiative, and don't forget Guts checks, as a fat Chinese merchant with knife wounds forever bleeding, a Maze Rat with his throat cut, a bloated drowned sailor, a miner with one leg blown off, and a hanged man shambling from the gallows with the hemp still trailing from his neck...all these ghosts shimmer and fade into view, closing in around the posse.

Ghosts (1 per hero): Use stats in *Deadlands Reloaded* and add Throwing d6. The gangly ghost with long white hair is a Wild Card.

Their goal isn't necessarily killing anyone. They'd rather chase intruders away. If they are attacked with magic, faith, or weird science, they respond with utter hatred. Some scream obscenities and vile remarks about various *hombres'* dead relatives (Intimidation), while others just throw large rocks (Range: 4/8/16; Damage: 2d6). Two or three specters ganging up on a single victim and freezing the poor sod to death is another favorite tactic.

Let's say some smooth-talking hero wants to try to make conversation. With a successful Persuasion roll, the ghosts listen to what the snake oil salesman has to say and let the posse go their own way. If the dice score a raise, the specters become sympathetic and share their own side of the story.

What are you doing here? Who are you?

This is our island. We have always been here. It is not for the living. But you will join us if you stay.

Tell us about "Meng."

Meng Chiang-nu is the most terrible among us. Her sorrow was born of the Great Quake itself. If she decides to kill you, there is no hope for you.

Where is the lightning-shaped glyph hidden?

Ha! No earth spirit will aid you. There is no hope for you here. Even the ghosts are hunted and consumed here. The wolf runs unfettered. First you will die and then the wolf will consume what remains of you.

There's a similar amount of ghosts lurking near all the island's pine groves, so if the first encounter ends up in combat there are still more opportunities for the posse to get some information, sketchy though it may be. Mix up the ghosts' appearances—most are Chinese, but all the Maze's various walks of life are represented.

2. The Hermit's Cave

This humble cave is where Genjia dwells. A bed of pine needles is laid down for sleeping, and the walls are covered with scrawled messages, most of them illegible. Some Chinese characters can be interpreted by those who speak the language, and these say "FEAR THE WOLF," and "SET US

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FREE,” respectively. There is also a single rough message in English—detectable with a successful Notice roll—reading “GOD HELP ME.” All are written with bits of charcoal from the fire pit at the cave’s entrance.

When Genjia sleeps, the souls that have been consumed by the sin eater exercise a bit of control over their captor’s limbs. It is they who scrawl the messages, and it’s their mental influence that makes Genjia appear so scattered and incoherent. The island’s spirits refer to the sin eater as “the wolf,” but Genjia’s ability to mimic his victims has so far kept the ghosts ignorant of the hermit’s true nature.

Roll a d6 whenever the posse stops by Genjia’s cave; on a roll of 5 or 6 the sin eater is at home. Faced with an entire posse, Genjia maintains the charade that he is insane. If only one character checks out the cave while Genjia is there, the sin eater attempts to kill the loner and consume his soul. Remember that even if the sin eater is killed, it reforms the next night in one of the island’s many unhallowed graves.

Genjia: Wild Card. Use Sin Eater stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*. Genjia is armed with a double-barrel shotgun (12/24/48; 1–3d6; RoF 1–2; Shots 2; +2 Shooting) and a club (Str+d6).

3. Grave Sites

The Isle of Ghost’s Tears has been used for many years as an informal burial ground for unidentified corpses and those of insufficient means to afford a grave in Shan Fan. Most graves are unmarked, and all are considered “unhallowed ground.” The three sites marked on the map are open meadows where gravelike mounds of dirt are apparent and numerous, but bodies are actually buried all over the island.

4. Ruined Pavilion

At the middle of the island stands an open pavilion, built in the Chinese pagoda style. It has fallen into disrepair, and there’s no indication of what its function might have been. Success on a Notice roll discerns a series of Chinese symbols engraved along the inside of the pavilion’s crumbling roof. If these can be deciphered, they tell the story of Meng Chiang-nu, as recounted above in “The Crying Ghost’s Tale.” If the posse visits the pavilion at night, see “Beyond the Grave,” below.

5. The Sea Cave

On the shoreline opposite Shan Fan Bay, the violent tides of the channels fling walls of white surf against the rocks. Use the rules for riptides (see Setting Rules) if anyone attempts to bring a vessel alongside the jagged shoreline.

With a successful Notice roll, a character catches a glimpse of the sea cave obscured by raging surf. The tunnel is almost completely flooded and the current looks extremely strong. If any impulsive hero dives right in, it takes a Swimming roll at –8 to enter the cave, and another to swim back out of the thunderous riptide. Failure results in a level of Fatigue and the swimmer must try again.

Inside the cave, the posse finds rocks encrusted with barnacles and seaweed. The now-familiar shape of a lightning-like petroglyph is carved deeply into the back wall.

Beyond the Grave

When the characters have had a chance to explore the island, run the following scene.

Again there’s a raucous cawing from a nearby tree, where the large crow is perched. It flies away when approached. If the posse follows, it leads them to the ruined pavilion. Soon the heroes hear a soft voice singing in Chinese. Any character who speaks Chinese can make out the following verse:

*In Spring the trees with blossoms blessed
Songbirds, together, build their nest
Two by two they float in the sky
Forsaken, bereft—how sad am I!*

The ethereally beautiful Meng Chiang-nu lingers under the pavilion at night, weeping softly and still dressed in the clothing she wore to meet her fiancé. How the posse talks to her determines what happens next. If they whip out pistols and start shooting, her demeanor instantly turns cold. “All alike,” she mutters in Chinese, and shouts a summons to her spectral counterparts.



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The posse has a very short time to make things right before the island's ghosts fall upon them in a cold mass, ganging up and clawing them to death while the crying ghost's hair lashes out. There are a few things the heroes can do.

Showing some sympathy for Meng Chiang-nu (or at least Persuading her of such) goes a long way. Asking how she came to haunt this island might get her to tell a bit of her story, thus staving off destruction. Even if the posse just explains that they're looking for a glyph, and asks for the spirits' aid, a successful Persuasion roll causes the crying ghost to reconsider her decision to wipe them out.

Meng Chiang-nu: Wild Card. See Crying Ghost on page 177.

Ghosts (30): Use stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

Assuming the posse talks their way into Meng Chiang-nu's good graces, she tells them of a ravening creature that feasts upon the souls of the dead. They call it "the wolf," but it is not an animal. It lives somewhere on the island, but the ghosts cannot find it. If the heroes agree to destroy the creature, Meng promises to help them reach the glyph.

Needless to say, Genjia is the so-called wolf who must be killed. The sin eater uses all its guile and power to mislead the heroes. Failing that, it fights tooth and nail for

its wretched life. If none of the heroes knows much about the Occult, they might have to do research elsewhere to discover Genjia's weakness. Once the cowpokes finish it off for good, they should return to the pavilion.

Meng silently leads our heroes to the cliffs overlooking the sea cave. The ghostly crow flutters to land on her shoulder. Below, the raging tide grows calmer and calmer, until the path to the sea cave is open and dry. Once a bloody print has been placed over the symbol, the tide begins to rise. After five rounds pass, the raging riptide is back, blocking any further intrusion into the cave.

The Rise and Fall of Santa Anna

The following tales, "Fort Doom," "Smash the Machines!" and "Gettin' a Leg Up," detail Santa Anna's invasion from the initial devastating sneak attacks, through a daring raid on the Mexican weapon factories, to Santa Anna's ignoble end atop a lonely mesa.

This sequence of adventures should take place after Plot Point Seven, during the time leading up to the final episode. The best time to start is when your posse's down on their luck and just looking for enough dinero to get some grub in their bellies.



Fort Doom

Fear Level: 3

Eldon Strouth is ranging all over the Maze between the Sunken City and Lost Angels, hiring the cream of the crop with a seemingly endless petty cash fund. You can have the heroes meet up with Strouth by chance anywhere they happen to be. Perhaps the cagey miner seeks them out special. He is looking for the best hired guns in the Maze, after all.

"It's th' fabled Mother Lode, I Tells Yeh!"

Eldon Strouth discovered his lode of ghost rock about 65 miles due east of San Diego, at the extreme southeast corner of the Maze. So far he's the only one who knows about it, but he fears that staking an open claim will bring Kang's pirates or Santa Anna's pillaging forces down on him in an instant. He's intent on protecting his find before he registers it with the Rockies.

It's clear to Strouth he'll need a big operation, and harvesting the ore will take patience and time in great quantities. First he's looking to hire a crack team of freelancers—the posse—to help him figure out security matters. Once his claim is registered the job is done. He pays \$45 a day each, and shows the posse a map of the area around the claim if they hire on with him. If money doesn't interest the group,

Strouth might offer a tantalizing hint about petroglyphs and treasures—pure hogwash, of course—to sweeten the deal.

If the heroes join Strouth, he agrees to show them what it is they're supposed to protect. Give them two or three days to decide how they want to protect the claim, secure any supplies they need—e.g., barbed wire, dynamite, ammunition—and set up a reasonable defense and patrol schedule. Or maybe the heroes get a little cocky and figure they'll just take threats as they come; that's fine too.

Eldon Strouth: Use Townsfolk stats in *Deadlands Reloaded* and add the Rich Edge.

Strouth's Millions

The location of the lode is fairly unique, which accounts for why no one's discovered it before now. At the water level of the Maze's edge is a sea cave that lies about half-submerged but still accessible to the smallest vessels. Sometimes, though, the cave is completely flooded and at other times it's bone dry, depending on the tides. The ceiling of the cave is studded with thousands of pounds of solid ghost rock—difficult to tell exactly how much—but certainly enough to make Strouth and several other people very, very rich. Strouth calls it his “millions.”

When the cave's half-submerged, a man in a rowboat can chip fifty pounds of ghost rock off the ceiling inside six hours. At low tide the ceiling is ten feet above the cave floor, making mining prohibitive, and at high tide it's impossible. At all times, mining in the cave is incredibly dangerous—riptides, wind devils, and the Maze's aquatic residents could all spell doom for the operation in a moment.

For now he hauls up only the ghost rock he needs to live comfortably. He's built a ranch house on the cliff overlooking his millions so he can sketch out plans for getting at all that ghost rock before anyone figures out how much there really is.

There's a Confederate fort to the east that spells trouble by Strouth's estimation. The old miner has a lookout post, atop which he's built himself a nice little shack. Inside he keeps a table, a few chairs, a bottle of bourbon, and an old mounted spyglass trained on the eastern barrens.

Night of the Hungry Dead

On the third night the characters note an orange glow reflected on the eastern sky after midnight. A cowpoke peering through the spyglass lens sees the faint flashes of cannon fire in the distance.

If they choose to investigate it's twenty miles on horseback to the remote ridge that looks down on the Confederate Fort Rosser. When they get within a few miles they hear hundreds of gunshots, along with now-unmistakable fusillades of cannon fire. Read the following when they climb the ridge:

You crouch at the ridgeline, and look down on a clash between two armies. Fort Rosser's Confederate battle flag still flies, though it's tattered by gunfire. The stockade fort is alight with flame, a great blaze consuming one watch tower and creeping along the walls in both directions. Yet the rebs inside continue the desperate fight, shooting in all directions and firing the few cannons that remain.

Attacking legions flow around the fort in waves, sometimes mounting charges toward the walls, other times repulsed by withering cannon fire. The entire scene is hazy with the smoke of war.

Then the flag bearers of the Empire of Mexico march into view near the rear of the attacking host.

Suddenly a series of bright flashes run along the opposite ridge and a half-second later the sound reaches you—a quick series of thunderclaps. Cannonballs rain down upon Fort Rosser, killing a dozen or more men instantly and breaching the wall.

As hordes of Mexican soldiers storm the breach, forcing their way through a wall of bayonets to reach the enemy, they are illuminated by the bright flames—and your mouths get dry all of a sudden. Something about the soldiers' jerky movements, their total lack of fear, and amazing ferocity seems out of whack.

Santa Anna's soldiers start feasting on the flesh of fallen reb soldiers, and the remaining CSA troops try to mount a retreat. But they're hemmed in, shot down, burned up, and eaten alive. Moments later you're forced to turn away in disgust.

That's when you notice the Mexican skirmish parties ranging up onto the surrounding ridges, including yours!

The posse's going to need to get out quickly if they want to get out at all. As they leave the area draw two cards for encounters—a face card indicates 2d6 walkin' dead in dirty, bloodied uniforms. A Joker means 4d6 of 'em. In both cases they're armed as soldiers.

Walkin' Dead: Use stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*. Each is armed with a Winchester '73 (24/48/96; 2d8; RoF 1; Shots 15; AP 2) with bayonet (Str+d4; Reach 1; Parry +1).

In the end, Fort Rosser is completely wiped out. The next day literally nothing is left but the smoldering ruin of the stockade itself. Blood is splashed everywhere, and there are no bodies.

The Seaberry Gang

When they make it back to the claim, the posse may fear a major assault by the Mexicans. They have to deal with some hombres who heard that Strouth was hiring bodyguards, and rather than hiring on they opted to take the whole damned thing for themselves. Led by Victor Seaberry, they're about as vicious as Maze outlaws get. They show up sometime the day after the battle.

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You might consider introducing the Seaberry Gang in an earlier adventure, or even better, replacing the Seaberries with the heroes' personal enemies. The "You again!" factor helps to shift the focus away from wealth and ghost rock. Now it's personal.

Outlaws (6): Use Outlaw stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

Victor Seaberry: Wild Card. Use Veteran Gunman stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*. Vic has 4 sticks of dynamite (4/8/16; 2d6/stick; RoF 1; Shots 1; MBT, +1" radius, +1d6 damage per additional stick).

Home Alone

After the episode with the Seaberry Gang, Strouth figures he's safe enough with the heroes looking out for him to register his claim. He sets out on horseback on a five-day round trip to the Rockies' Assayers Office in Lost Angels. Until he gets back, he wants the heroes to keep an eye on things. If they can dream up a more efficient way to get at that ghost rock, he'd also be obliged.

Draw one card for each day Eldon Strouth is gone and generate encounters normally. If the card is red, roll for a Sea encounter; if it's black, use the Land table. Some encounters may just swim past, at your discretion, or be friendly visitors. The posse must defend the claim for five days, come what may.

On the fifth day, any hero manning the lookout post sees gigantic columns of soldiers moving along the Ghost Trail, headed north. Even characters at the ranch house have a chance to Notice (-2) the din of the passing Mexican Army. If a character observes the army through the spyglass, read the following:

The unbridled might of the Empire of Mexico crawls northward, unhindered by any resistance whatsoever. Tens of thousands of blue-coated troops in loose formations, a dozen armored steam wagons, fearsome cavalry, oxen pulling a supply line of wagons, and hundreds of cannons.

It takes about an hour for the army to pass. Fifteen minutes later, Eldon Strouth comes riding in like a bat out of hell, nearly scared out of his skin. "Did you see that? Well did you? An entire army just passed right by our doorstep, headed straight for Lost Angels!"

A few curious heroes might try to follow the Mexicans on the trek north to Grimme's lands. That's a dangerous activity, and one likely to get the cowpokes attacked by a squad of Mexican soldiers (numbering 3d8). If they persist, they might witness some of the titanic battle.

Grimme's Avenging Angels and all his red-robed legions, allied with the rail warriors and strange machines of Wasatch, wait at the southern verges of the Circle City. They stand against the legions of Mexico under Santa Anna's command, amassed after years of construction, months of night attacks, for this one critical strike.

Thundering guns! Massive waves of soldiers break like the ocean against the southern quadrants of Lost Angels, thousands of guns rage and rain fire upon the enemy. Shadowy, winged beings patrol the hazy skies, and the whole scene looks like nothing so much as the day of Revelation.

Pretty soon the characters need to light out lest they become part of the battle. If they choose to stay you'll need to improvise, Marshal, but the Church of Lost Angels holds the Mexican horde at bay...for now.

Once things calm down, Eldon Strouth reveals he has indeed staked his claim with the Rockies. He pays what he owes to any surviving guards, buys funerals for any dead ones, and sends them on their way.



Smash the Machines!

Run this tale after "Fort Doom." The heroes are contacted by trusted allies—the Twilight Legion via Captain Roderick Pennington-Smythe, or another faction that's more appropriate for your posse.

My friends, the situation hangs by a thread.

Lost Angels is under siege by Santa Anna's army. And as bad as Reverend Grimme is, we can't imagine it being any better with Santa Anna and the Emperor of Mexico in a position to dictate terms to the entire Maze. That's our fate if they take Lost Angels. Grimme's army of faithful is holding fast, thanks to the help they're getting from automatons with dual mounted Gatlings, but they won't hold out forever.

Santa Anna is getting his supplies sent from Mexicali, so that supply line has to be cut. We want you to go to Mexicali and cripple Santa Anna's factories. Get in and get out without stirring up trouble. Then find yourself a nice hillside so you can watch the place blow sky high.

The heroes are offered two crates of dynamite (each holds 16 sticks), along with a plunger and a spool holding a hundred yards of detonation wire. They're also given a map showing the location of an old mine shaft that angles straight below Mexicali and surfaces somewhere inside the village.

Mexicali Blues

Mexicali is only about 10 miles south o' the border, and it's a busy military town with steam wagons—and others of the traditional, horse-drawn sort—going in and out of it all the time. The once fun-loving port city has become a grim, gray industrial town. The factories—two massive brick buildings topped with three smokestacks each—are visible from a mile away. In the hills surrounding the town are a number of old abandoned mine shafts, rumored to lead directly toward Mexicali itself. Overground, the area around the town is heavily teeming with Mexican patrols.

Let the saboteurs decide how they'll get in and out. Above ground, stolen Mexican uniforms add +4 to both Stealth and Persuasion rolls if a patrol is encountered. If a general alarm is raised, as many as 200 soldiers are mustered.

Mexican Patrol (12): One is a Wild Card. Use Veteran Soldier stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

Through the Mines

If they choose to go through an old mine shaft, the posse meets no Mexican soldiers. After traveling about a mile underground, they hear far-off tapping noises. Then the sounds seem to come from another direction. If the heroes move quickly, the sounds seem to follow. Play this up for maximum spookiness as long as you can, Marshal. Once the explorers are convinced there's no real threat, a pack of murderous tommyknockers rushes from the darkness, grunting and howling!

Tommyknockers (2 per hero): Use stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

When the threat is overcome or avoided, the posse continues on their way toward Mexicali's underbelly. After trudging through the dark for hours (resourceful characters might attempt to get a mine car rolling), have the group make a Notice roll. Those who succeed hear the sound of clanking wheels from up ahead. With a successful Stealth roll, heroes can get close enough to see a strange sight.

The mine shaft opens into some kind of dungeon beneath Mexicali, faintly lit by lanterns. Out in the passage eight men—Mexican soldiers from the looks of them—stand guard around a mine cart. Two of them push the cart along a lengthy corridor lined with many cells. As they stop at each one pale, decomposing arms reach hungrily through the bars.

One soldier shovels out a healthy pile of raw, ground meat, then another uses a hoe to chop and blend some greenish-brown leaves into it. "Mas, mas," says the first, "you don't want these muertos coming after us, do you?"

Once the mixture is complete, it's shoveled through the cell bars and wolfed down by the hungry dead.

Jaded Mexican Soldiers (8): Use Veteran Soldier stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

If the soldiers are overcome and questioned, they reveal that the leafy mixture is called *plantagrato*, and it's used to keep Santa Anna's undead soldiers docile until they're loosed on the enemy. There's a constant stream of it coming up from Mexico and funneling through Mexicali to supply forces in the southern Maze.



The soldiers can also tell the posse where the plantagrato is stored on site—a large wooden shack between the two factories. They don't know precisely who grows it, but they suspect Santa Anna's advisor Xitlan is involved. Xitlan returned to Mexico weeks earlier.

The Crack in the Wall

Near where the mine shaft meets Santa Anna's secret zombie dungeon, there's a narrow crack in the wall. With a successful Agility roll (–2), a hero can wriggle safely through the tight cleft into a natural cavern beyond. Failure on the roll results in a level of Fatigue from Bumps and Bruises.

Forty years ago a score or more miners were trapped in here and smothered to death. Today it's a terrifying maze of catacombs haunted by malevolent poltergeists and hungry tommyknockers. At the center lies the southernmost glyph, as described on page 117.

Blast it All!

One of Mexicali's factories makes weapons and the other ammunition, so only the second holds a large amount of gunpowder. What both factories have in common are large stockpiles of ghost rock that fuel the machines.

Depending on how they go about their task the posse may need to make Stealth rolls. If they create some kind of diversion to empty the factories they might just be able to run in and place their dynamite in the confusion. Any number of plans are possible. Use your best judgment based on the players' actions, and fall back on Mexican patrols if their Stealth rolls fail.

Assuming the heroes set off explosions in either of the factories, the ghost rock and gunpowder make for a light show like Chinese New Year's. They'd better be far away, because moments later the entire arsenal goes up in a mas-

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RELIC: SANTA ANNA'S LEG

The leg is an embodiment of the hatred between Texans and Mexicans, and extremely powerful if its original owner gets hold of it. Santa Anna doesn't realize it, but he can feel a subconscious pull from the relic, and this has made him desperate to recover it.

POWERS

Santa Anna's leg has a number of powers. First, it melds with the body of anyone who straps it on, functioning as a normal leg. If the poor sod who put it on is not actually missing a leg (it straps on just above the knee), his original limb withers, blackens, and falls off over the course of a week. The only way to prevent this is for a blessed or shaman to perform a successful *exorcism* on the limb. Once attached, it can be removed with an *exorcism* or by a talented sawbones. Anyone wearing the leg gains the Fleet-Footed, Command, and Natural Leader Edges, and adds +2 to Intimidation and Persuasion rolls.

Second, any army carrying the leg (or commanded by a general wearing it) cannot be defeated by a force commanded by Santa Anna. In game terms, this means no one under Santa Anna's command can do any more than Shake the leg's possessor (consider Wounded results Shaken), and the army carrying the leg has a +4 bonus on Mass Battle rolls against Santa Anna's forces.

Lastly, if Santa Anna regains the leg, it grants him Immunity to physical attacks. The only weapons that can harm him are the muskets of the Illinois regiment that captured his leg in 1847.

For Santa Anna, there's no taint of evil. Anyone else who uses any of the leg's powers acquires the Vow (Invade and conquer Texas) Hindrance.

sive explosion, leaving a smoking crater where the steel heart of Santa Anna's war effort used to be. Debris scatters for miles around.

Aftermath

If Santa Anna's factories are destroyed and his supply lines severed, the army laying siege to Lost Angels will soon be forced to turn back. Mixed forces of Avenging Angels and Wasatch rail warriors harry the retreating troops all the way. Finally the Army of the Dead succumbs to the prolonged lack of plantagrato by turning on their erstwhile allies, and the once-great army of the Emperor of Mexico is no more.

But before any of that can happen, the crafty Santa Anna makes a final play for victory.



Gettin' A Leg Up

Fear Level: 2

Run this adventure after "Smash the Machines!" Though the Mexican Army still besieges Lost Angels, their time is waning. With the supply line from Mexicali cut and the plantagrato supply destroyed, it's only a matter of days before Santa Anna's grand plans fall to pieces. At this critical moment, a chance encounter with Santa Anna's cavalry leads the heroes on another chase.

Ol' One-Leg

The desperate General Santa Anna hears rumors that his leg has surfaced in the area, so he sends a column of his most fearsome cavalry to find it. Once these troops are waylaid by the heroes, Santa Anna leaves his army at Lost Angels and departs with a flying column of hand-picked soldiers to recover his long-lost leg.

Nostalgia's not the only reason Santa Anna wants his leg so bad—it's a relic. The leather-covered, cork prosthetic was made by a cabinetmaker in New York City for \$1300. At the Battle of Cerro Gordo in 1847, U.S. forces surprised the Mexicans at Veracruz. Santa Anna was forced to flee the battlefield, leaving behind \$18,000 in gold, a roasted chicken lunch, and his leg. It was captured by a regiment from Illinois and taken as a war trophy.

The leg ended up returning to Illinois with the soldiers, and now sits under glass at the Springfield Museum—or so the U.S. government would have people believe. The item on public display is only a replica. Santa Anna's leg was kept under lock and key in the Agency's Chicago headquarters while Agency-allied hucksters tried to figure out the complex arcane powers it was imbued with. At best, they felt it was a minor relic. Not long after that, the leg vanished.

Here Comes the Cavalry

During the siege of Lost Angels, the posse is returning from Mexicali along the edge of the Maze. As they're traveling down a narrow defile, call for Notice rolls to see a cloud of dust and hear the rumble of many hooves approaching. The posse can take cover or wait to see what's coming.

As you watch, a column of tough-looking Mexican hombres come riding around the bend—a dozen of them in all—dressed in the majestic uniforms of Mexican cuirassiers. They're clad in dark blue coats, red trousers with blue stripes down the side, and heavy brass helmets festooned with horsehair. All in all they're sweaty, grimy, extremely well-armed, and seem to be going somewhere in a heck of a hurry.

If the posse is out in the open, the Mexicans ride up and interrogate them at gunpoint. Their commanding officer, Lieutenant Antonio de Caldera, is a career soldier who brooks no smart talk from the heroes. In a thick accent he

demands the cowpokes tell him what they know of a place called “Stanley’s Live Bait & Curios.” Any character who succeeds on a Common Knowledge roll (at –4 if he’s not native to the Maze) has heard of the tiny shop about 20 miles north of Sunken City.

The heroes have a few options here. They might hide and let the horsemen ride on, then follow from a distance. Or they might ambush the Mexicans, give them a sound whippin’, and then conduct an interrogation of their own to learn the soldiers’ goal. This scene should end with the posse on their way to Stanley’s Live Bait & Curios, either on their own or in pursuit of the cavalry troops.

Lieutenant Antonio de Caldera: Wild Card. Use Soldier (Officer) stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*. Add Riding d10 and the Steady Hands Edge.

Mexican Cavalry (11): Use Veteran Soldier stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*. Add Riding d8.

Warhorses (12): Use Horse, War stats in *Savage Worlds*. Lt. Caldera’s horse is a Wild Card named Fuego.

Stanley’s Live Bait & Curios

About 20 miles north of the Sunken City, there’s a little shack on the seaward edge of the Maze called Stanley’s Live Bait & Curios. Stanley does most of his business selling sandworms and nightcrawlers to fishermen, but he also has numerous artifacts mounted on the walls museum-style (nearly all of them fake). There’s a mermaid’s tail, a unicorn’s horn, a button from Davy Jones’ uniform, and other mundane objects of interest like giant shark teeth and the cured tentacle of a river leviathan (which loops the whole shack five times).

Among the junk, gear, and fishing supplies, a humble item is mounted on one wall with a hand-written sign beneath it: THE LEG OF SANTA ANNA. Use of *detect arcana* shows that it’s the genuine item, or at least a clever fake imbued with potent energies.

Just then Stanley Fish, the proprietor, comes up wearing a broad grin with his thumbs hooked into his overalls. “Soooo...you folks int’rested in purchasin’ a gen-you-whine collectible?”

At that moment you hear the thundering of hooves outside. Looking out the window, a large column of cavalry in blue and red uniforms with bronze horsehair helmets—almost 50 of them—charge into view over the top of the mesa. They’re coming way too fast for you to vamoose now.

The Standoff

Impatient for word from Lieutenant Caldera—or perhaps receiving a report from troops who escape the posse—Santa Anna senses the presence of his leg as the siege goes bad. With a hand-picked column of cuirassiers he heads west into the Maze.

Fate’s a funny thing, Marshal. The heroes have likely been from one end of the Maze to the other by this point, and may very well be putting the final touches on their plan to flood Lost Angels and destroy Grimme’s servants forever. It’s somewhat tragic that they should be massacred by Santa Anna’s soldiers just weeks before they could finish their work.

The shack is surrounded by Mexican cavalry in moments. Through the windows, you can see them setting up two sheltered Gatling gun nests, covering the entire area. Soldiers await on three sides, and a sheer forty-foot drop to the Pacific ocean lies to the West.

At that moment, a Spanish-accented voice, full of authority, yells from outside: “Señor Stanley! I believe you have something that belongs to me—General Antonio de Padua María Severino López de Santa Anna y Pérez de Lebrón! GIVE ME MY LEG!”

Trapped!

Some heroes might suggest destroying the leg to keep it out of Santa Anna’s hands (or more accurately, off his knee). Stanley Fish goes bug-eyed with shock at that proposition. “That’s the only *real* relic I got!” he shouts. Stanley knows almost nothing in the way of real lore about the leg, but what he does know is that any force that holds the leg can’t ever be defeated by men commanded by Santa Anna.

Stanley seems half-crazy, but the heroes can either trust him or bust the leg and take their chances.

You Can’t Beat Us

Here’s how it works, Marshal. When the posse makes their run out of the shack into the teeth of Mexican Gatlings (imagine the end of *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*), roll Shooting and damage for the Mexican troops. No matter what happens, the heroes can only be Shaken as long as they keep hold of Santa Anna’s leg. They get grazed by bullets, the Mexicans’ guns jam, a shooter’s aim is suddenly and inexplicably off, and so on.

Most likely your players will catch on after a while that they seem to be “charmed.” That’s fine, desirable even. If they realize they’re temporarily “invincible,” they’ll be likely to rush into some stunts with wild abandon, while the Mexican soldiers are at a total loss to take them down. Let them go hog wild for a change, they’ve earned it. (Remember, the leg doesn’t really confer invincibility—plunging off the mesa still incurs Falling damage, for example.)

Running along with the heroes, Stanley Fish laughs and shouts, “I told yeh’s! I told yeh’s that leg wuz real!”

This is the final showdown with Santa Anna. He instinctively knows who has his leg, and unlike the force he commands, he alone can defeat the heroes just fine! If Santa Anna is defeated on this out-of-the-way mesa, his plans for the conquest of California and Texas are forever derailed.

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If Santa Anna somehow manages to win the day (or just escape with his leg) he high-tails it back to Mexico to enjoy a long retirement. But if the general has his leg, it's a sure bet he'll be marching against Texas in the coming years—and it's going to be pretty tough to defeat him.

Mexican Cavalry (50): Use Veteran Soldier stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*. Add Riding d8. Six dismount to man a pair of Gatling guns. None can do more than Shake the heroes as long as they have Santa Anna's leg.

Warhorses (50): Use Horse, War stats in *Savage Worlds*.

General Santa Anna: Wild Card. See page 184.

Other Savage Tales

At the beginning of each of the following Savage Tales, there's a picture of a classified ad torn out of page 13 of the *Tombstone Epitaph* (what we call an "Epitaph hook"). These messages from Lacy O'Malley to the posse aren't always needed; sometimes all it takes is the posse's arrival in town to set off a Savage Tale. But for those times you need to grab everybody's attention quick, there's a hook provided for every tale.



Fellheimer's Folly

GOOD INTENTIONS! If you are traveling in the vicinity of Lost Angels, seek out a grisly curiosity called Fellheimer's Folly. It is not for the faint of heart!

Fear Level: 3

Not too far from Lion's Roar is an extremely tall, narrow island that looks something like a spike jutting into the air. Appropriately enough, everyone used to call it "the Spike," but a few years ago it acquired a new name, "Fellheimer's Folly," after its new owner Augustus "Gus" Fellheimer.

Fellheimer was a German immigrant who came to the Great Maze seeking his fortune in 1877. No one had ever tried to mine the Spike, because its size and shape made any such activities impractical, if not downright impossible. But Gus was sweet on the property, so he staked a claim with the Rockies and got to work chipping away at it. He found barely enough ghost rock to keep himself alive, and the Spike gained its new name from snide prospectors who laughed behind Gus' back.

But Gus kept at it, stubborn as a mule, despite all hardships, until sometime on the night of October 31st. The next day Gus wasn't hard at work chipping ghost rock out of the Spike's narrow sides. Instead, he'd been crucified to the side of his island.

He remains there to this day, somehow prevented from decomposing. What prevents Gus from rotting is simple—he ain't dead.

The Agency Arrives

Ever since Gus was found pinned to the side of his claim by spikes of solid ghost rock, the Agency has maintained a small office on a nearby mesa to supervise what they think could be a volatile situation. The office started out staffed by Pinkertons, then shifted to Agency control, and nobody's ever been able to figure out what the whole thing means, or why Fellheimer's body remains perfectly preserved even though it's been hanging in the elements for going on three years now. Finally the staff was reduced to a single junior Agent, and everyone gave up hope of figuring out just what the hell was going on.

If the heroes linger near Fellheimer's body, have them make Guts checks to avoid losing their lunches. Then they can make Notice rolls (–4) to realize that Fellheimer isn't dead (not that he appears particularly alive either). Just then, a steam launch comes chugging up, with a well-dressed fellow at the wheel.

Junior Agent Call: Use Agent stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*. Add Piloting d6.

Agent Call's official duty is to shoo away onlookers before they get hurt trying to reach Fellheimer's body (see "Jinxed!" below). But he'll take the opportunity to inspect the heroes carefully. If they look to be capable he invites them to snoop around. He warns them not to try to get to Fellheimer's body, though.

The Agency is at a loss to explain how Fellheimer's killer spiked him onto a sheer cliff 30 feet above the water, or what the horrifying display is supposed to mean.

Jinxed!

Every effort made to take down, or even reach, Fellheimer's crucified body fails. Ladders inexplicably collapse, tools break, ropes fray and snap, rocks fall from above, arcane powers fail when Fellheimer is only inches out of reach. After several Agents were killed trying to retrieve him the Agency gave up trying to reach Fellheimer.

Von Stroessner's Spell

What the Agency doesn't know could prove very costly. Fellheimer's killer is Gerhardt Von Stroessner, a German sorcerer whose family's occult roots go back centuries. Fellheimer, a weaker rival of Von Stroessner's, emigrated to America to get away from him, for his powers are the darkest of the dark. But Von Stroessner, a vengeful, driven

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man, followed and found him among the twisting channels of the Maze. He performed a ritual that sucked out most of Fellheimer's life force.

Through certain arcane methods, Von Stroessner plans to combine that life force, which he has stored in a crystal vial, with the essence of ghost rock. Von Stroessner calls this new substance *silberessenz*, or "silver essence." According to Von Stroessner's studies, silver essence is an ingredient in a potent elixir he thinks will boost his powers enormously.

Fellheimer Lives!

Notice that we said "most" of Fellheimer's life force. The horrifying truth is that he's still alive! Von Stroessner's spell not only maintains Fellheimer's life, it prevents anyone from taking the unfortunate man down from the side of the Spike. Although to most outside observation he appears dead, Fellheimer's soul is actually trapped within his body, unable to speak or move. He still feels the pain of the crucifixion and carving, and it is driving him insane. Having Agents and gawkers all around him but unable to help him is only more maddening. If the vial holding his life force were retrieved from Von Stroessner and opened near Fellheimer, he would be restored to life and healed in body and mind.

Von Stroessner is currently right under the Agents' noses, in a cavern deep inside the island which can only be reached through a twisting, turning maze of tunnels that he has rigged with magical and mundane traps. There he has set up a laboratory where he performs his rituals.

Into the Tunnels

The entrance to the tunnels is a waterproofed door disguised to look like the surrounding stone, and only visible at low tide. A character must make a Notice roll (–4) to see it.

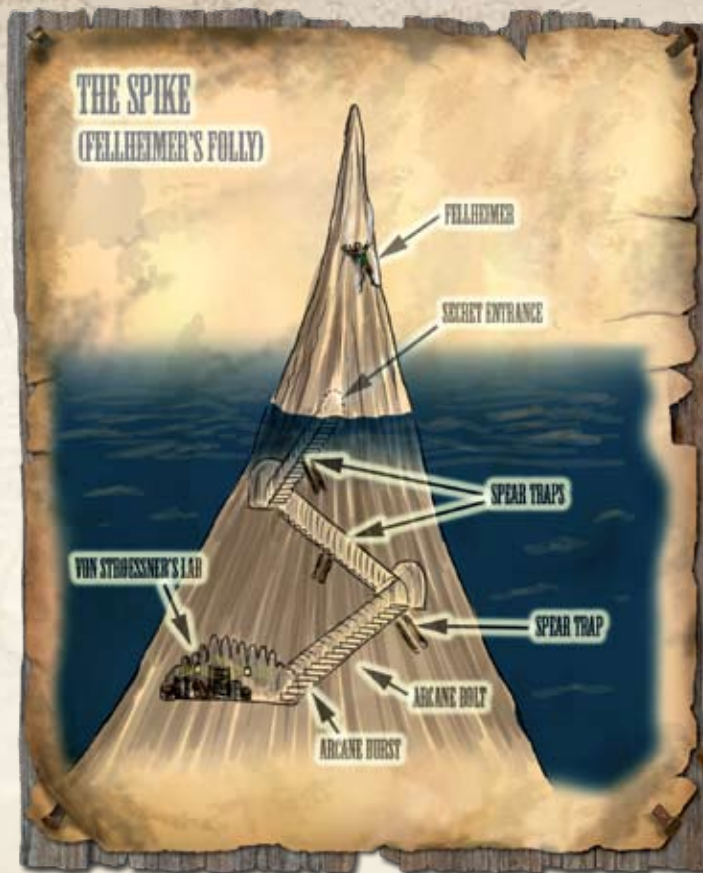
Inside, a narrow passage winds downward, making it difficult to avoid Von Stroessner's deathtraps. First up is a series of three rigged stairs, each separated by about 15 feet of tunnel. When stepped on, each one triggers a counter-weighted spear with a tip of enchanted ghost rock! Each step can be avoided with a Notice roll (–2, in addition to any penalties for light conditions).

Spear Traps (3): Agility roll at –2 or suffer 2d6+2 damage.

Next comes a pair of magical traps. Each takes the form of an arcane symbol faintly sketched on the wall in ghost rock dust. They can be seen by anyone who succeeds on a Notice roll (–2); *detect arcana* automatically reveals them. A *dispel* removes these traps, but a separate casting is required for each one.

Arcane bolt Trap (1): Agility roll at –2 or suffer 3d6 damage.

Arcane burst Trap (1): Cone Template; 2d10 damage; Agility roll at –4 to avoid the effect in the cramped passage.



Ich Bin Von Stroessner!

The evil sorcerer has plenty of time to prepare if the heroes are hollering in agony on their way down the winding staircase. In that case he's got a *deflection* hex up and running when they burst into the lab. Otherwise, use Stealth and Notice rolls to determine surprise as usual.

Von Stroessner fights ruthlessly to destroy intruders. Additionally, he has been performing his summonings for over a year, and recently succeeded in bringing something from the Hunting Grounds into our world—a demon named Matorundu. So far this otherworldly beast has been content to let Von Stroessner think he's in charge, but soon that will change.

Matorundu: Use Demon stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.



Gerhard Von Stroessner

Von Stroessner was once a large and imposing man, but his years of seclusion within the Spike have made him wiry and tough. His features are drawn and sallow, but his piercing eyes still burn fiercely with fanatical hatred.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d10, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d12

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Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d8, Intimidation d12, Knowledge (Occult) d12, Notice d8, Persuasion d12, Riding d6, Shooting d8, Spellcasting d10, Stealth d8

Charisma: 0; **Grit:** 2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 8

Hindrances: Quirk (Intolerant of blessed), Vengeful (Major), Vow (to his Dark Masters)

Edges: Arcane Background (Black Magic), New Power (x2), Power Points (x2).

Powers: *Bolt, burst, dispel, deflection, fear.* **Power Points:** 20

Gear: Mystical and alchemical equipment, athame (silver sacrificial knife, Str+d4).



The Rancher's Life

GOOD INTENTIONS! The Big M Ranch west of Lost Angels produces some of the best—let's face it, the only—decent beef in the region. But someone's been mutilating the steers!

Lately someone's been attacking Dwight Shelton's herd in the night, killing and mutilating the cattle. Now he's looking for folks to help protect his longhorns, and he's paying \$5 a day with free room and board to any brave enough to take the job on. You better believe that includes some tasty beefsteaks.

It's Grimme's Guardian Angels who have hassled the Sheltons for so long. They gave up for a while a few years back, but with Wasatch forces installed in Lost Angels and gunboats available they've gotten more confident, and the attacks have started up again—and now they are worse than ever.

The Big M Ranch

Heroes who hire on with Dwight Shelton spend the next few days getting to know his mesa ranch, his family, and his hired hands. It's actually a pretty serene and beautiful place, when the sun is shining and an hombre's got a full belly. That feeling only lasts for two days—then the next attack comes.

Damned Cultists!

That night two flights of Guardian Angels land on the Big M mesa in a gunboat from Lost Angels. They climb up onto the mesa and go hunting for a steer to slay and carve up. More likely they meet the posse instead.

Guardian Angels (10): Use stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

Cult Leader (1): Wild Card. Use stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*. The leader has a Bone of the Bloody Ones.

If the cultists are killed or driven off, they vow revenge. Two nights later they return in two gunboats that first sink any docked ships, then begin shelling the mesa. A force of 20 Guardian Angels, led by two Cult Leaders, comes ashore and tries to burn the entire ranch to the ground and kill everyone on the mesa.

If the second attack is foiled, Grimme decides to let the Big M Ranch be for now. But he certainly takes notice of any heroes who so bravely resisted his authority, and remembers them.



Groaning Man Cave

GOOD INTENTIONS! Everyone has heard of Groaning Man Cave and the hell-fires that burn inside it. Tales of lost pirate treasure hidden within have never been disproven.

Fear Level: 4

Groaning Man is a cave just off the South Channel, west of Lost Angels. The cliff face on the outside of the cave looks like the face of a man moaning in pain. Rumors that some pirate or other hid his treasure there have sprung up now and then over the years. Even if the rumors are true, it may be a while before anyone can verify them.

The roof of the cave that forms the groaning man's "mouth" is lined with ghost rock. A few years ago, someone with more curiosity than brains wandered in there with a lit torch. This unfortunate soul must have wandered into a trapped pocket of ghost rock vapors, because the resulting explosion was heard in Lost Angels.

The ghost rock in the cave was ignited and has burned slowly ever since. A solid stream of smoke billows out of the "eyes" and "nose" of the cave, and at night the face is lit with a hellish glow. Due to the sound of the burning ghost rock, the cave actually *is* groaning.

Hell's Furnace

There's actually a treasure stashed away in the back of this cave: about \$10,000 worth of gold. Unfortunately, the intense heat of the ghost rock fire has turned this treasure into molten slag. Anyone who can find a way past the smoke, exploding pockets of ghost rock vapors, and inferno-like flames is going to need a bucket (or ten) to carry out the treasure.

It's simple to pull a boat up the cave, climb a little ways up the face, and crawl right in to the eyes or nose. But the Fatigue rules for fire are in effect the second an hombre crawls into this place.

The mouth is a smoldering pit of flame that radiates intense heat. No hombre can walk in there (but if some eejit does, he takes 2d10 damage per round and ignites on anything *but* a 1 on a d6 roll). Hombres who ignite are still burning when they run back out. Those that don't are just scalded.

Both eyes and the nose slant sharply down into the main cavern, but they're about 50 yards long and must be climbed down. Climbing rolls receive a +2 modifier due to the narrow walls and handholds, but heroes are subject to the rules for smoke inhalation every round they spend in here.

If anyone reaches the main cavern, they find the huge pool of liquid gold, bubblin' and boilin' like some kind of magical cauldron. It'll take a tough, persistent, and creative posse to secure this haul. A little luck won't hurt either.



Flesh of the Mad Monk

GOOD INTENTIONS! Beware if you frequent Devil's Armpit, for the place is known to be run by bandits. They say the God of Bandits is bad, but the Mad Monk is far worse.

Fear Level: 2

Run this adventure at some point after Sam Q. Hellman has been rescued from Rock Island Prison.

The Mad Monk

Hao-T'e Zui was a traveling exorcist who rid Chinese townsfolk of evil spirits in exchange for small change and hospitality. Finally he met his match in the form of the Blue-Haired King, a three-eyed demon who had just escaped from Chinese Hell. Hao-T'e Zui was devoured, and the Blue-Haired King took on his form and the name "Mad Monk."

Like many other Chinese demons and spirits, the Blue-Haired King sensed that important things were soon to occur in North America. He came here to further his grand scheme of evil. Using the pretense of being a heroic outlaw, he has systematically captured prominent and remarkable individuals, and infused them with his own demonic essence.

When his victims sire children they're half-demonic. They also possess the greatness of their parents. The Mad Monk abducts these half-demons and plans to use their sacrifice as a means to return to Chinese Hell. With the demonic children's essence to fuel his power, he will conquer it. Once he rules Hell, he'll launch an invasion of demons into the earthly plane.



The Missing

The posse can come upon this adventure in several ways: by reading Lacy O'Malley's vague directive to check out Devil's Armpit, or by hearing of the recent abductions of three infants. Maybe these are children of characters the party has already met: the daughter of Born in a Bowl, Sam Q. Hellman's nephew, or Union Admiral Faulkner's son. By this time the heroes should be well-acquainted with at least two of the parents, providing a convenient hook when the frantic mothers and fathers come looking for help.

Ten-Stone Clearing

However the posse goes about their search, the trail leads to the sequoia forest east of Devil's Armpit. An old trail winds for several miles through the forest, finally arriving at a tall hill whose flat top has been cleared of trees. Ten stone menhirs stand in a circle around the top edge, and at the center of the clearing the Mad Monk prepares to end the infants' lives in bloody sacrifice. The appearance of meddling heroes ticks him off to no end. He directs his terrible ogre minions to kill!

The Blue-Haired King has the abilities of an accomplished martial artist and practitioner of black magic. While he fights the posse, he gloats about what he plans to do when he gets back to Chinese Hell, and taunts them mercilessly (using *boost trait* to raise his Taunt is a favored tactic).

Chinese Ogres (1 per hero): See page 176.

Hao-T'e Zui, The Mad Monk: Wild Card. See page 185.

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Cult o' the Dragon

GOOD INTENTIONS! Attention explorers of the Maze! Ancient pictograms abound, and one Mr. Sutton Thacker at Dragonhold is thought to know more. Exercise caution!

When the heroes go looking for Sutton Thacker for information about glyphs, they find a Maze dragon worshipping cult. Sutton Thacker is a huckster who has delved deeper into the mystical arts than most of his hexslinging brethren—and he's got the black magic to prove it.

In the course of his studies, Thacker came across an ancient manuscript that referred to a group of dragon-worshipping cultists living on the edge of a far-off sea. When he heard the first reports of Maze dragons, he booked passage on the first ship to California.

The Old Ones

Using the manuscript as a guide, he quickly located remnants of the ancient civilization that occupied the area centuries before any Indian swam in the California surf.



This group made its homes in the high cliffs above the shoreline. Quarrytown (see page 65) is one of these ancient villages.

They were an extremely warlike people, and each village constantly feuded with the others. They were also extremely capable magicians and found ways to bend the mighty Maze dragons to their will. They used the gigantic creatures as beasts of war, tearing enemies right out of their cliff dwellings.

Their civilization was wiped out by a cataclysmic tidal wave. The Maze dragons were sealed in underground caverns and what remained of the ancient settlement at Quarrytown was buried when the earth spirits covered the many rock paintings that adorned the coastline. Now these locations serve as hiding places for the glyphs the heroes seek.

Skull Cave

Thacker discovered Skull Cave was a site of power at which the ancient ones performed the rituals needed to bind the dragons to their service. He performed these rites for the first time in over three millennia.

He gained control over a Maze dragon, but learned that in exchange for its service, he was bound to care for the creature's offspring. Skull Cave is more than a temple to the dragons, it is also a nursery. Large underwater caverns extend far back into the mesa behind the cave. It is here that many Maze dragons lay their eggs. The hatchlings take shelter here until they are large enough to hunt the Maze themselves. Until then, the cult's enemies provide plenty of raw meat.

The flooded caverns beyond the cave entrance usually contain 2d6 young Maze dragons. They attack and eat anything that doesn't wear the cultists' usual garb—hooded purple robes.

Maze Dragon Young 'uns (2d6): See page 179.

Pete's Perch

Thacker recruited some lackeys into his new dragon cult and used them to muscle his way to power in a mesa town known as Pete's Perch. Shortly thereafter, Jericho, as the dragon has become known, showed up. Thacker led the first tour the next day. Since then the town has been renamed Dragonhold for the tourists' benefit.

Although there are still a few who harbor grudges, most of the townspeople have gotten over the way Thacker strong-armed his way to power. The waves of money rolling in have soothed their pain.

The Cult of the Dragon

Thacker has initiated a number of people into his secret dragon cult—mainly because he got tired of hauling bodies around by himself. These people assist him in maintaining the rituals that keep Jericho bound, and help find the sacrifices for the young dragons in Skull Cave.

The most common victims are lone travelers who make the mistake of spending the night in Dragonhold. When these aren't available, Thacker and his goons take a short boat ride to Lost Angels and grab a few drunks off the street.

In Dragonhold, Thacker can count on the support of as many as 14 cultists, but only if he has enough warning to gather them. Otherwise, he has two or three lackeys with him at any given time. If Thacker is captured and his cult broken up, the posse can probably convince him to tell them all about that ancient civilization and their pictograms. Thacker's information leads directly to a glyph if the Marshal wants it to.

Cultists (14): Use stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

"Jericho," the Gentle Giant: Use Maze Dragon stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.



Sutton Thacker

Thacker is a heartless charlatan who cares only for lining his pockets with as much money as possible. If a few locals have to end up in the belly of a Maze dragon for him to get what he wants, he's willing to pay that price.

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

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d6, Guts d10, Healing d8, Intimidation d8, Notice d8, Shooting d6, Spellcasting d10

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

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, Mean

Edges: Arcane Background (Black Magic), New Power, Power Points

Powers: *Armor, bolt, deflection, fear.* **Power Points:** 15

Gear: Double barrel shotgun (12/24/48; 1-3d6; RoF 1-2; Shots 2; +2 Shooting), knife (Str+d4), 4 sticks of dynamite (4/8/16; 2d6/stick; RoF 1; Shots 1; MBT, +1" radius, +1d6 damage per additional stick), matches, purple hooded robes.

The Russian Menace

GOOD INTENTIONS! For years tales have circulated about the horrendous working conditions suffered by the serfs of Felicity Peak. See for yourselves, but beware Gregor Petrov.

An escaped serf from Felicity Peak—a ragged, whipped, and half-starved twelve-year-old girl—is found by Lacy O'Malley wandering the streets of Perdition. He cleans her up and finds out where she came from: Felicity Peak, home of the dreaded "Russian Menace," Gregor Petrov. She tells stories about the incredible cruelty of Petrov fit to curl O'Malley's hair.

The Abomination

There's more to Gregor Petrov and his Cossacks than meets the eye. Petrov, who is indeed a former duke of the Tsar's court and a distant relative of Tsar Alexander II, is a ruthless businessman and a slavedriver to boot, and those are his nicer qualities. Additionally, he's an abomination in human form. He requires two things to survive: human suffering and the blood of children.

As long as people are suffering within a mile or so of his abode (his servants certainly qualify as "suffering people," given the terrible way he treats them) and he gets to drain the lifeblood of a child into his golden drinking bowls at least once every two weeks, he remains hale and hearty. Otherwise he slowly shrivels and dies.

Heroes observing the mesa from afar with spyglasses can see slaves of all races being abused terribly. Sometimes they are summarily executed in front of the others—even women and children receive this treatment from time to time.

It's up to the posse how they want to take out Petrov's little operation. In addition to his hundreds of serfs, Petrov employs a dozen ruthless outlaws—overseen by the feared gunslinger *El Jefe*—to keep his property secure.

Outlaws (12): Use stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

El Jefe: Wild Card. Use Veteran Gunman stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.



Gregor Petrov

Gregor appears to be a large man with cheese-colored, pockmarked skin. In truth he's a terrible beast of the Reckoners set loose on earth.

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

Skills: Climbing d10, Fighting d10, Gambling d8, Guts d8, Intimidation d10, Knowledge (English) d6, Knowledge (Russian history) d8, Notice d6, Shooting d8, Stealth d12, Swimming d10, Taunt d6

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

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, Mean, Outsider, Quirk (Can't resist a wager)

Edges: Brawny, Dodge, Filthy Rich, Noble

Gear: Petrov is rich—frightfully rich. He has access to any piece of gear he needs.

Special Abilities:

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- **Blood Boost:** If Petrov has drunk the blood of a child from one of his golden drinking bowls in the past 24 hours, increase all his Physical Attributes by 1 die type.
- **Hardy:** If Petrov has drunk the blood of a child from one of his golden drinking bowls in the past 24 hours, additional Shaken results do not cause a wound.



Rabid Rance Rides Again!

GOOD INTENTIONS! A miner burst into a saloon at Carver's Landing crowing about his newfound wealth, and his claim got jumped by Rabid Rance Hitchcock. Someone needs to stop that varmint!

Fear Level: 3

Not much mystery to this one Marshal. Ol' Rabid Rance has caused more than his share of trouble over the years. It's about time a posse assembled to put that rabid dog down.



Rabid Rance Hitchcock

Rabid Rance was once the most notorious bandit of the inland mining towns, and lately he's expanded his operation into channel piracy. Nobody knows where his base camp is. Some think he's relocated to an island north of Shan Fan.

Hitchcock is infamous for holding up miners just when they've struck it rich. He encourages the rumor that he has second sight, but in fact he relies on a network of spies in the mining towns. Naturally, no one in his right mind is going to own up to being one of his informers.

Rance won't kill a man unless he resists, but he derives plenty of pleasure from torturing those who do. He's usually found in the company of six or so scurvy-looking thugs who hope to someday become as depraved as he is.

It won't surprise you to learn that there's a \$1000 price on his head, payable by the Rockies mining cartel in Lost Angels. Any of his gang shot with him is worth a \$100 bonus. There's many a gunman who's set his sights on that reward, but Rabid Rance has proven elusive.

Rance's Outlaws (6): One is a Wild Card. Use Outlaw stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

Rabid Rance Hitchcock: See page 152.



The Creature of Archeron Bay

GOOD INTENTIONS! Salvage companies find no end of business in the Maze, but the latest word is that rich treasures and mortal danger await in the vicinity of Archeron Bay.

Fear Level: 3

Whatever critter lives in this bay south of the ruins of Floater's Folly behaves in a conventional manner: it sinks ships and eats people. No one has actually seen the creature or, more correctly, the *entire* creature. The last thing many folks have seen are the beast's enormously powerful tentacles turning their boat into matchsticks. It seems to like this spot and guards it against all intruders. Any ship that wanders into the area is attacked, regardless of size. Few have escaped the creature's suckered grasp.

About a year ago, some scientific types tried to kill the creature with underwater bombs. All this did was make it mad. If anyone ever succeeds in destroying the beast, there's a small fortune in salvage lying at the bottom of the bay.

The Creature

Many people have proposed theories as to what exactly resides beneath the waters of Archeron Bay (named for the first ship known to have sunk there). Most believe it to be some sort of giant squid or octopus. The bay is deep, and few are foolhardy enough to enter it, so the truth may remain hidden for a while.

The truth is stranger than anyone has guessed. There is not a single giant beast lurking in the bay. There are many. The tentacles that attack ships are actually individual strands of kelp which have taken on a life of their own. When the *Archeron* sank there during a particularly nasty storm, the kelp absorbed the souls of the drowned sailors. This awakened a thirst for more.

The kelp now attacks any living thing that enters the bay. The bay is extremely deep, so only a small portion of the strands can actually reach the water's surface. Ships that enter the bay are normally attacked by 2d6 strands. The strands attack exposed individuals on deck, or if the ship is small enough they try to pull it under and pluck the sailors down one at a time.



Archeron Bay Horror

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d12+4, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d10, Notice d6

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 19 (2)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +2:** The kelp strands are rubbery and extremely tough.
- **Fear -2:** The sight of the mysterious kelp tentacles rising from the water provokes a Guts check (-2).
- **Gargantuan:** Heavy Armor. Man-sized opponents receive +4 bonus on their attacks against the creature. Add Size bonus to Strength for damage only when the horror attacks a ship or other vehicle.
- **Grapple:** The kelp strands attempt to grapple targets. Anyone grappled by a strand must break or wriggle free to avoid being pulled into the water on the kelp's next action. Once in the water, the victim must win an opposed roll—his Swimming vs. the strand's Strength—to keep his head above water. Failure indicates an automatic level of Fatigue that can lead to death.
- **Size +10:** A kelp strand is long and relatively slender, but still massive.
- **Slap:** Str+d6. Heavy Weapon.



Wanted: Dead or Alive!

GOOD INTENTIONS! Calling all regulators! Captain Blood wanted dead or alive! Small Union mining settlements near Fort Lincoln have recently been obliterated. See Major Brick at Fort Lincoln for details.

Fear Level: 1

Not much is known about the head of the ocean-going Mexican fleet, Capitan Sangre, also known as Captain Blood. He's said to boast a smile that can faint a woman at 20 paces and is also reputed to personally lead any boarding actions run from his ship, the *Conquistador*.

One thing General Gill and the Union Army are pretty sure of is that El Capitan is responsible for the plunder and torching of five Union mining towns in the Great Maze in the past two months. They believe it might be wise to capture or kill this fellow, so they're going about it in the most expeditious manner possible—they've offered a bounty of \$1000.

Here's the Plan

The Union wonders if Captain Blood could be abducted (or assassinated) by a group of determined regulators who gain access to the *Conquistador*. With Blood's fleet as the number one hazard of shipping in the area, it isn't hard to find ore magnates willing to fund such an operation.

Removing Captain Blood from the picture won't break the Mexican fleet, but it might hurt its morale and lessen chances of an all-out invasion. At least that's what General Gill figures. Plus, he's fit to be tied that someone had the stones to wipe out his settlements.

Major Brick hands out the heroes' assignment, should they come looking for the job. He requisitions a steam launch for them, but after that they're on their own.

The Search

Allow the characters to use their own particular talents to find Captain Blood. Using Streetwise in a number of seaward Maze towns to gain information on El Capitan's whereabouts is one possible way. Maybe an hombre has got some Boating skills, and tries to figure out what towns have inlets deep enough for the *Conquistador* to drop anchor. You get the idea, Marshal. Have the group travel a bit, draw for some encounters along the way, and let them be creative. After a successful roll or two, they pick up their quarry's trail.

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The characters aren't the only hombres after the Union's bounty, however. Another interested party is one of the Maze's most feared bounty hunters, Hephaestus Girty.

Ol' Hephaestus is a white man who "went native" a bunch of years back.



Hephaestus Girty

Hephaestus is a grizzled old mountain man, short on charm but long on sheer stick-to-it-tiveness.

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

Skills: Fighting d10, Guts d8, Intimidation d8, Notice d8, Riding d8, Shooting d10, Stealth d8, Survival d8, Swimming d6, Tracking d8

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

Hindrances: Mean, Outsider

Edges: Ambidextrous, Block, Combat Reflexes, First Strike, Hard to Kill, Improved Sweep, Level Headed, Mountain Man, Nerves of Steel, Reputation, Strong Willed, Two-Fisted, Woodsman

Gear: Colt Peacemaker .45 double-action (12/24/48; 2d6+1; RoF 1; Shots 6; AP 1), tomahawk (Str+d6), Indian clothing, haversack, riding horse, 20 rounds ammo.

Raiding the Boat

The *Conquistador* is a sixty-gun ship of the line. She usually sails in the vicinity of old San Diego when not raiding the northern Maze. Once the posse finds the vessel, there's Captain Blood's whole crew to deal with.

Spanish Sailors (40): Use Maze Pirate stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

Spanish Marines (12): Use Veteran Soldier stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

Captain Blood: Wild Card. See page 183.



Head Full o' Nothin'

GOOD INTENTIONS! Got things you need you know? Facts to figure out? The keys to unlocking hidden knowledge may lie with Suitcase Lee of the Spiritual Society, in Harmony.

Fear Level: 3

Run this adventure when the posse goes to Harmony in search of Suitcase Lee. If you decide the heroes find him at home, he invites them into his humble abode, which

is constructed entirely in the Western ranch house style. He offers the heroes coffee, and then sits them down for a story.

Lee's an idealistic fellow without a cynical bone in his body. He's more than a little shy around persons of the female persuasion. He has sworn to keep himself pure for his bride, whoever that may be. Lee thinks nothing of plunging into a battle with angry pirates or slaving zombies, but the attentions of a grateful woman break him out in hives.

Suitcase Lee's Tale

Lee takes the time to find out what brought the heroes to his home. He nods, smiles, and begins to speak:

In my homeland of China, we've had wars that would make your recent War Between the States look like a scuffle between children. No offense intended, sirs. But I speak of a bloodbath without peer, known to my people as the Taiping Rebellion.

This was during the same years as your gold rush—the late 1840s and early 50s. There was a small-town scholar named Hung Hsiu-ch'uan, who failed time and again the exams that would allow him a lucrative job in the bureaucracy. He studied night and day, and his health suffered for it. Finally he was stricken with a terrible illness and experienced a vision of Heaven and Hell.

Hung Hsiu-ch'uan awoke and began preaching of instituting a paradise on Earth, a heavenly kingdom, or T'ai-p'ing T'ien-Kuo. He gathered thousands of followers to his side. In the name of God he cut a bloody swath across China, killing somewhere between 20 and 30 million people before the tide finally turned.

Around 1866 Hung killed himself. The Manchus executed all the members of the Taiping, even lopping the head off Hung's dead body. A minor rebel named Do Leng stole Hung's head and escaped capture by the Manchus, stowing away on a ship bound for the Great Maze.

When he finally arrived in 1871, the now-fleshless skull of Hung Hsiu-ch'uan began to speak to Do Leng. It anointed him Wang Ti-P'ing Hsien—the King of the Horizon.

Do you not know of the King of the Horizon? If General Kwan has any competition for craziest warlord in all the Maze, it is the King of the Horizon. Who else allows a talking skull to address his 500-man army of cutthroats, bandits, and mercenaries?

The skull of Hung Hsiu-ch'uan knows much, and could tell you many of the secrets you seek. You'd need to get to the King and his bodyguard, a kung fu-wielding demon called White-Tipped Cap, to find the skull.

Of course, I doubt the King or his demon will be happy to part with their precious skull. But you know how to deal with such things!

If you like, Suitcase Lee accompanies the heroes on their mission to take out the King of the Horizon. It's not an easy task by any stretch, so the hunters can use all the help they can get.

Suitcase Lee, aka "Feichei Lee": Wild Card. See page 188.

The Trek

The King of the Horizon and his crew typically travel a lot, but Suitcase Lee happens to know where they are currently camped, in a mountainous, forested area about 20 miles south of the Devil's Postpiles, over 400 miles away. As usual, the heroes have got some travelin' to do.

When the searchers find the King of the Horizon's camp, they discover the expected 500-man army encamped along the foothills. But there is a large tent at the center, where the King of the Horizon no doubt dwells. At this point it's up to the posse to figure out how to separate the skull from its owners.

The King of the Horizon always carries the skull with him, and he is always accompanied by his bodyguard White-Tipped Cap and an entourage of outlaws, who are about evenly divided between Chinese, Indians, American religious nuts, and "if-you-can't-beat-'em-join-'em" Mexicans. While the posse might succeed in drawing away or distracting most of the King's men (although such a thing won't be easy), they'll have to beat the King of the Horizon and his entourage to get his talking skull.

Ti-P'ing Hsien, the "King of the Horizon": Wild Card. See page 189.

Shen Wan, aka "White-Tipped Cap": Wild Card. See page 188.

Father Mandrake: Wild Card. Use Cult Leader stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

Veteran Gunman (1): Wild Card. Use stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

Martial Artists (4): Use stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

Indian Braves (2): Use stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

Mexican Banditos (2): Use Outlaw stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

Aftermath

If the heroes want to get any of Hung's mystical information, it's the King of the Horizon they need, not the skull. But if they steal the skull, the King of the Horizon and his army go on the warpath to retrieve it. Hung is nuts, but use him as a means of dropping any hints or clues you like, Marshal. He might be able to point the heroes in the direction of the glyph under the Devil's Postpiles.



In Search of Goldnose

GOOD INTENTIONS! Owner of the strangest prosthetic in the Weird West, Goldnose Slim is said to be able to discover fundamentals with his ersatz snout. But can he sniff glyphs?

Fear Level: 2

Nobody likes a lucky man. So there's hardly any man in the Maze as hated as Goldnose Slim, the luckiest prospector who ever drew breath. Most Mazers disbelieve wild tales of the supernatural (denial ain't just a river in Egypt, y'know), but they believe Goldnose Slim has "hoodoo" in him.

Although he now speaks frontier English with the best of them, Slim's originally from Russia. He doesn't publicize his Russian name. He showed up just before the Quake and distinguished himself by finding veins of gold in areas which were already reckoned as worked out. In the years since then, he's found four of the six richest veins of gold in the territory. His refusal to get involved in any way with ghost rock is well-known.

Goldnose Slim used to be just a nickname, till March of 1873, when his luck caught up with him. A couple of jealous prospectors captured him and cut off his nose. He replaced it with a 24-carat honker, just to spite his detractors.

You're Comin' With Us!

Goldnose has a bad habit of getting himself kidnapped by bandits. The banditos hope he'll lead them to gold, but he keeps telling them his hoodoo doesn't work for the impure of heart. Goldnose's luck always comes through for him, though, usually bringing a posse of gunslingers out to rescue him from the kidnappers.

This time Goldnose has been snatched by a clutch of bad eggs called the Hensworth Gang. Turns out the posse isn't the only group of regulators on the trail of the petroglyphs. Although he doesn't quite know what they're up to, Grimme has received some word of the posse's actions in the last few months. The Reverend wants to know more, so he cooked up a short cut—kidnap Goldnose Slim and force him to sniff out some glyphs!

Unfortunately, as Goldnose always points out, his hoodoo doesn't work for the impure of heart. And if "impure" doesn't describe Grimme, nothing does.

The Hensworth Gang is holding Slim in a small shack north of Perdition. They're swiftly running out of patience with the Russian and will soon leave him in a shallow

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grave—unless some heroes show up to rescue him. Most likely Goldnose is despairing when the heroes come upon Hensworth's shack, but he cheers up fast.



Randall Hensworth

A gunslinger and bounty hunter, Hensworth encountered weird horrors in his past that left him with a head full of nightmares. Some say he was once a farmer, but gave it up after he lost his wife to a swarm of tunnel critters. Now he's a dissolute soul who works as a freelancer for Grimme.

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

Skills: Fighting d8, Gambling d6, Guts d8, Intimidation d8, Notice d6, Riding d6, Shooting d10, Stealth d4

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

Hindrances: Bad Dreams, Illiterate, Vow (Stay true to his wife)

Edges: Ambidextrous, Duelist, Marksman, Quick Draw, Speed Load, Steady Hands, True Grit, Two-Fisted

Gear: Colt Peacemaker .45 single-action x2 (12/24/48; 2d6+1; RoF 1; Shots 6; AP 1), knife (Str+d4), gun belt, 30 rounds ammo, Stetson, horse, rollin' tobacco.

Jack "Cookie" Pennebacker: Wild Card. Use Cult Leader stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

Hensworth's Gang (1 per hero): Use Outlaw stats from *Deadlands Reloaded*.

Goldnose Slim: Wild Card. See page 184.

Assuming the heroes rescue Goldnose, he's truly grateful for their aid and offers to sniff out a claim for them. It's up to the Marshal whether Slim's prize sniffer can track down glyphs.



The Battle o' Junction

GOOD INTENTIONS! Extra! Extra! Confederate vessels are massing near Junction, and the newly christened Fleet of Lost Angels is rushing to meet them. Junction's fate hangs in the balance!

Run this battle when several months of game time have passed since Plot Point Three, "Out with a BOOM!" (see page 95).

This section provides the set-up for one of the decisive battles of the Maze Wars. If the heroes get mixed up in the fighting, there might be some additional preparation for you. If they watch the fireworks from a nearby mesa—a

far safer prospect than getting involved in the thick of the battle—you can settle this dust-up using only the Mass Combat rules. Take the side of the Lost Angels Fleet, and let your players run the Confederate forces.

Facing Off

The CSA navy is under Johann Viehauser's direction, and the Lost Angels vessels are commanded by Horace Mosely (see page 181). The fleets converge on Junction one day before the biweekly ghost rock collection. One of Grimme's gunboats fires a warning shot at dawn, and Viehauser replies with an all-out attack.

The Confederate Force: Johann Viehauser (Knowledge: Battle d10); two ironclads, three Maze runners, two gunboats, ten knifeboats, approx. 350 CSA soldiers equipped for amphibious landing. (8 tokens)

Fleet of Lost Angels/Wasatch: Horace Mosely (Knowledge: Battle d8); one ironclad, six Maze runners, six gunboats, one tugboat, two gun-barges (6 cannons each), five auto-gyros, approx. 400 Wasatch rail warriors equipped for amphibious landing, 50 Avenging Angels. (10 tokens)

If the Lost Angels fleet is repulsed, Viehauser pursues—only to discover that the West Channel leading to Prosperity Bay has been mined by the enemy. Massive explosions sink one of the Confederate ironclads, after which they allow the enemy to escape.

If the Confederacy loses, Junction (and its biweekly ghost rock collection) falls into Grimme's hands. The local miners don't care who's running the place, as long as the ore collection schedule—and their payment—isn't interrupted.



Famished!

GOOD INTENTIONS! Mazers near Lost Angels report a very odd find—a crumbling Chinese junk said to be washed up on various mesas' shores. No one has ever found the wreck twice.

Fear Level: 4

When your group is busy hunting down glyphs, the searchers stumble upon the wreck of an old vessel in the channels west of Lost Angels.

The mysterious shipwreck is that of the *Gien*, a Chinese ship that arrived in the Great Maze not long after the Reckoning. The vessel carried a monstrous stowaway—one whose presence in the Maze was desired by Famine herself.

The Ghostly Wreck

As her Servitor, Grimme, increases his sphere of power (literally), Famine has a greater ability to manipulate the earthly realm. Not long after the first faminite infection, the wreck of the *Gien* washed out into Prosperity Bay during a storm.

It was next seen months later, scattered on a channel's rocky shoreline like some weird wavering mirage. The travelers who found it succumbed to the faminite infection and shambled away, while the *Gien* washed out into the channels again.

Do Your Part to End Hunger

Exploring the wreck, the posse finds a number of pitiful, emaciated souls who do nothing but moan and shuffle around. Crouched at the center of the shattered hull is a pale, bloated form. Call for Guts rolls when it rises to its full height and turns to face the posse, groaning with need. Then all the minions of Famine attack with an appetite for savagery.

Faminites (2 per hero): See page 177.



The Hunger Spirit

The spirit lives in the dessicated corpse of a sailor's body, now grown to enormous proportions with gangly arms and legs. A groaning, tentacled face protrudes from its open chest cavity, gibbering and screaming its rage.

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

Skills: Fighting d12, Intimidation d12, Notice d10

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 10

Special Abilities:

- **Fear -2:** The sight of the terrible hunger spirit induces a Guts check (-2).
- **Fearless:** The hunger spirit is immune to Fear and Intimidation effects.
- **Fists:** Str+d4.
- **Gien Travel:** Famine can cause the shipwreck to appear anywhere within Grimme's 75-mile radius of earthly power.
- **Immunity:** The spirit is immune to mundane attacks. Magical attacks do half damage.
- **Induce Hunger:** The spirit induces extreme hunger in its victims. Each round as a free action, the hunger spirit can initiate an Intimidation Test of Will against everyone within a Large Burst Template (centered on the spirit). Any character who is Shaken takes a level of Fatigue from hunger. Characters who fall Exhausted from this power rise as faminites in 1d4 rounds.
- **Regeneration (Fast):** The hunger spirit rolls Vigor every round to heal.
- **Size +3:** The spirit's host body is bloated and huge.

THE HUNGER SPIRIT

The world has always had its fair share of monsters. One of them was a living embodiment of hunger. After the Reckoning, Famine's rise to dominance in the Hunting Grounds made the "Hunger Spirit" stronger than ever. It ran rampant in China and the Far East, destroying entire villages and killing hundreds.

Just after the Great Quake, the Hunger Spirit smelled something on a foreign ship, the *Gien*, in a Cantonese harbor. The spirit caught the delicious scent of evil and starvation all wrapped into one delicious smorgasbord of power. It smelled the City of Lost Angels.

The Hunger Spirit possessed one of the crew and made its way to America. The *Gien* became a ghost ship as the crew starved to death during the long trip back across the Pacific. Finally the ship crashed on the western edge of the Maze south of the City of Lost Angels.

The Hunger Spirit went to work again.

The spirit makes its lair in the shattered hull of the *Gien*. Not a creature of far-reaching plans, the spirit merely wishes to spread as much misery as possible. This suits Famine just fine. Its faminite minions are the spirit's primary tools of evil.

- **Weakness (Chest):** If a Called Shot to the face protruding from the beast's chest Incapacitates it, the hunger spirit is forever destroyed. But remember its immunity—the killing blow has to be magical!
- **Coup:** Absorbing the essence of the hunger spirit allows a deader to attempt healing rolls even without any meat, though at a -4 penalty. Strangely, the Harrowed also finds herself with a nagging hunger that never quite goes away.



Off the Grid

GOOD INTENTIONS! Regulators wanted for dangerous work, hunting down the Men of the Grid! See Ernie Miller at the Lost Angels Chamber of Commerce for details, but don't believe everything he says.

DEADLANDS: THE FLOOD



Since the end of the Great Rail Wars, the Men of the Grid have stepped up their attacks, figuring they can do the most damage before Wasatch really gets settled. As usual, their activities are making a lot of people mad. The posse's contacts feel that the current situation might be a good chance to gain some new allies.

Ernie Miller, leader of the Lost Angels Chamber of Commerce, and his fellow businessmen have lost hundreds of thousands of dollars to the Men of the Grid's sabotage in recent months. Not to mention the nightmare of trying to build a navy when the new boats keep blowing up. They've hired several troubleshooters to take care of the Gridders, but so far no one has had any luck putting a stop to their sabotage.

The reason why is really quite simple—the Men of the Grid plant their explosives underwater via a contraption ordered from Smith & Robards: the S.O.S., or Subaquatic Oxygenator Suit. The Gridders just call it a diving suit (see page 23). The Men of the Grid walk underwater to the ship they've targeted and attach waterproofed dynamite to the hull.

The Investigation

Ernie's paying \$100 for every Gridder a group of regulators can bring in. They'll pay \$1000 for the leader.

The only thing Ernie Miller can tell the posse for sure is that the Gridders are using some of that Smith & Robards waterproofed dynamite. They must be, because the explosions always erupt on the bottom of new ships already in the water!

Ernie Miller: Wild Card. See the 13 Ghouls on page 181.

Let the posse decide how they'll run their investigation, and reward creativity.

An inquiry to Smith & Robards yields nothing unless the heroes have some authority behind them. Any kind of law enforcement background will do—from a legalized deputy to a Texas Ranger. Once that formality is past, S&R searches their records and reports that an S.O.S. suit was delivered some six months ago to Damon Yates, a Lost Angels alchemist. S&R does make waterproof dynamite, but it's usually sold through local contractors. Strangely enough, the same Damon Yates is the S&R-approved seller of waterproofed dynamite in the Lost Angels area.

The Alchemist

The small, unmarked office of Damon Yates is on the corner of 1st Avenue and Third Circle, around the back. A hungry—and riled-up—watchdog is chained up outside Yate's door, ready to snap at anyone who tries to go in. Barring that, it just barks and howls like a demon.

Watchdog (1): Use Dog stats in *Savage Worlds*.

If the dog starts making a racket, a voice calls from inside,

Ezekiah! Quiet down! Come in, please—we're open for business! Don't mind the mutt, he won't bite.

Damon Yates is an alchemist who has created many wonderful potions and concoctions. The one we're concerned with is a gel that waterproofs items—including dynamite. It's a huge improvement over the typical S&R wax recipe. A simple sulfur fuse (which burns underwater) detonates the charge and seals the deal.

Damon Yates: Wild Card. Use Mad Scientist stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*. Add Alchemy Edge.

If the characters weren't able to tell from the fact that he named his dog after Reverend Grimme, Yates is sympathetic to the Gridders' cause. Successful use of the Persuasion or Intimidation skills on Yates (+2 to the roll if they threaten to turn him over to Ernie Miller) results in the alchemist breaking down and revealing his contact's name—Gunter Seebing.

Every week Gunter comes by for a fresh batch of waterproofed dynamite. Yates doesn't ask any questions, and Gunter doesn't say much.

Gunter the Diver

Gunter is a former boxer from Germany who has proven to be the group's most accomplished underwater demolitions man. Several others have perished in the attempts, so now they let Gunter run the show.

Gunter owns a small fishing boat docked at the end of Sixth Street in Prosperity Bay. He has a tiny shack on the quayside as well—about 8x8 feet in total area. That's all right with Gunter; he lives on his boat and rarely comes ashore. And the shack is just big enough to hide the copy-right bulk of the S.O.S. suit.

There is no particular pattern to the Men of the Grid's targets, but they are stepping up their efforts in order to cripple Grimme's shipbuilding activities. An attack can be expected about once every five days, always taking place between 10 p.m. and midnight.

The nature of their encounter with Gunter depends on whether the posse is out to join the Men of the Grid or crush them. If some kind of alliance is their goal, a successful Persuasion roll gets them the name and location of the Gridders' leader: Ansel Pascal, at the Big Chief Restaurant in Bear's Claw. He might even give them a ride there on his boat, a steam launch called the *Wotan*.

Gunter Seebling

Gunter is a powerfully-built man, completely bald with a huge handlebar moustache. His skin is tanned brown from long days spent on his fishing boat, and he speaks with a pronounced German accent.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d12, Vigor d10

Skills: Boating d8, Fighting d10, Guts d6, Intimidation d8, Knowledge (Explosives) d4, Notice d6

Charisma: -2; **Grit:** 3; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 9; **Toughness:** 8

Hindrances: Loyal (to the Men of the Grid), Outsider

Edges: Ambidextrous, Hard to Kill, Improved Block, Level-Headed, Martial Arts, Tough as Nails, Two-Fisted

Gear: Gunter trusts only his fists (Str).

The Men of the Grid

Meeting the Gridders is a matter of reaching Bear's Claw and getting in. Whites are typically restricted to the dock areas, so the posse will have to use all their sneakiness to get to the meeting place. If they have the benefit of Gunter's helpful advice, give everyone a +2 on their rolls to reach the restaurant, since Gunter warns them of things to avoid along the way.

The Big Chief Chinese Restaurant is a curious establishment with an odd gimmick. They serve traditional Szechuan and Hunan cuisine, but the entire place is decorated with items of American Indian culture—totem poles, tribal masks, crossed tomahawks on the wall, a stuffed buffalo head, you name it. One table is located inside a real wigwam. The owners have always had an affinity for the artifacts, so they decided to go all-out.

It's also Ansel Pascal's favorite place in Bear's Claw. Actually, it's the only place he can show his face inside the city proper, as he has an agreement with the owners. He always sits at the same table: the one with the double barrel shotgun attached to the underside in case of emergency.

Ansel Pascal: Wild Card. See page 182.

If the heroes can convince Pascal they're on the level, they'll gain an important ally for future endeavors. They might be able to use the Gridders to their advantage during Plot Point Eight, "The Flood."

However, if the posse comes gunning for Pascal they find a cunning opponent. Pascal uses whatever lies he can think up to keep himself alive, and makes use of every chance he gets to reveal the posse's presence to the cutthroat pirates who run Bear's Claw.



Ballots and Bullets

GOOD INTENTIONS! A message to all civic-minded folk regarding the upcoming elections—Perdition needs you! Visit Hattie Wagner at Ore Collection Station #37 to see what you can do for your town.

This adventure takes place after Hellstromme's ghost rock bombs fall on Ghost Town, leaving a massive fire that won't go out for years.

The new town of Perdition has sprung up like weeds around Ore Collection Station #37, and the town has grown so fast that lawlessness now threatens to take hold. The local ghost rock magnates (at Hellstromme's behest) hint strongly that elections for Marshal and Mayor of Perdition should take place soon.

"Free" Elections?

That's where our friend Lacy O'Malley comes in. Being the eyes and ears of the newest local *Epitaph* office—built here in Perdition to chronicle post-Rail Wars history first-hand—Lacy has seen the writing on the wall. He suspects that those ghost rock magnates are more closely aligned with Wasatch than anyone suspects, and that they'll do their best to influence the election's outcome in their favor.

Lacy starts putting a bug in some important peoples' ears about the importance of free elections—and the tradition of interim Marshals and Mayors to ensure they stay that way. Most of the ghost rock magnates are pained to hear this, but they can't exactly speak out publically against free elections. That's just bad press (especially when Lacy's writing the stories!). The vocal minority gets their way, and everyone decides to appoint interim officials.

DEADLANDS: THE FLOOD

But who in Perdition is a neutral, completely acceptable candidate to both Hellstromme and Lacy O'Malley? Our heroes, that's who.

Good Morning, Mr. Mayor

Begin the adventure when the posse reads Lacy's page 13 message in the *Epitaph* and goes to Perdition.

The Ore Collection Station stands like a steel beast at the north end of town, the number 37 stencilled on its side in massive numerals. Smoke oozes from stacks on top of it. Trains chug in and out of it all day long. A number of doors are apparent, but one has a sign in the window reading "Hattie Wagner, Civil Liaison."

Perhaps our heroes barge in wanting to know what they can do for their town. Perfect. Hattie asks their names, then goes over to a file cabinet. The dry heat is stifling, and the air smells strongly of half-refined ghost rock. Finally she returns to the desk with a few envelopes.

This one's for you, Mr. (or Ms.) Mayor. That there's your interim commission, statement of pay, pay schedule, keys to the Mayor's office, and solemn vow to serve the community of Perdition to the best of your ability.

And you, Marshal—this one's for you. That there's your badge, the keys to the jail, and your interim commission and pay schedules and whatnot. You got to supply your own gun, per the agreement.

Thank you kindly! Was there anything else you needed?

Our heroes are either outraged or confused. But Hattie maintains that she doesn't know anything about how the agreement was reached, only the result—that these two characters were appointed interim Mayor and Marshal, whether they like it not. And have a nice day. She continues to address the characters as "Mayor" and "Marshal" as long as they stick around.

You should decide ahead of time which two characters are chosen by Lacy to fill the positions. He chooses the people he feels are best suited for the jobs. Still, arguing makes no difference—the appointments are signed and notarized, and can't be changed now.

Owed an Explanation

Outside the Civil Liaison's office, Lacy O'Malley awaits our heroes. Before they get too mad, he invites them over to the Fallen Angel Saloon and buys them a round of drinks. Then he tells them why he was so nervous about these elections to begin with:

All right, I know you're surprised. Okay, shocked. But you were absolutely the only people I could trust with this. You're also the only people Wasatch would agree to appoint. You see? I told you Hellstromme liked you.

You just need to serve long enough to make sure we can elect a real Mayor and Marshal in a fair election. And there are people who will try to stop that from happening.

Masheck Kurtz—"Sheck" to his friends—is in bed with the ghost rock magnates. He's going to have a vested interest in this election. Kurtz owns one of the rail companies that hauls ghost rock from Station #37 to Prosperity Bay. It's in all their best interests to get a Mayor elected who'll put their concerns before those of the men and women who keep Perdition running.

I'm not about to let that happen. So, what do you say? It's only for two weeks.

In the end, if the characters angrily throw down their commissions and ride out of town no one stops them. Masheck Kurtz, for one, is glad to see them go. Then again, there's a reason we keep calling them "heroes," and it's the same reason they're likely to stay and do their duty.

The promised pay is more like a stipend—\$50 for the Mayor, and \$75 for the Marshal (inclusive of hazard pay)—and due on election day.

To Serve and Protect

Keeping order in a bustling boomtown is a major headache, but it's never boring. Use your imagination, Marshal, to come up with every possible thing that could go wrong. The Marshal is asked to break up brawls in the Fallen Angel Saloon, arrest criminals, organize a group of deputies, patrol the roads and rail lines leading to Perdition, and generally look after the peace and welfare of every last inhabitant of Perdition. Right now that's about 400 people!

The Mayor, on the other hand, is going to have to mediate all kinds of disputes. Disputes between workers and Wasatch officials, disagreements between ore shippers over right-of-way, quarrels between various community members over how, where, and when the election will take place. He also has to attend a weekly meeting with ghost rock shipping company reps at the Civil Liaison's office. Hattie Wagner expects everyone to be punctual.

There's always the chance our heroic Mayor likes the job so much he wants to join the race himself. That's perfectly fine, encouraged even! You may need to improvise a little as the new candidate goes about making stump speeches and convincing Perdition's residents to vote for him (Persuasion rolls are crucial), but the election proceeds more or less according to this tale.

Whether the hero in question wins the election is dependent on the quality of the campaign, some lucky Persuasion rolls, and desire of the player to continue the game as Mayor of Perdition for the foreseeable future. Do whatever's going to be the most fun, Marshal.

The Campaign Trail

Running the heroes all around town mopping up messes is fun for a day or two, but then the election gets rolling. Observant hombres note that Lacy O'Malley's suspicions were entirely correct: Masheck Kurtz takes a vested interest in the election by putting up his son Granville as a candidate!

Running against him is Luke "Joker" Watson, owner of Perdition's tiny telegraph office. Luke is well-known to everyone in town, and considered the "people's candidate." He's always quick with a joke—hence the nickname—and is a homespun, no-nonsense kind of fellow. Needless to say, the *Epitaph* endorses his campaign. If any of the heroes aspires to the Mayor's office, Lacy O'Malley switches his endorsement in their favor.

Granville Kurtz: Use Townsfolk stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*. Add Persuasion d8 and the Connections and Rich Edges.

Luke "Joker" Watson: Use Townsfolk stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*. Add Persuasion d6 and the Charismatic Edge.

Both candidates give stump speeches for a few days, while their volunteers distribute handbills and drum up support.

As expected, the Granville Kurtz campaign produces slick posters imported from Lost Angels, and he pays for a few punch socials at the church—with pie. You bet they're well-attended. Kurtz promises the people of Perdition that he'll use his connections to Kurtz Shipping to make sure the workers are treated right. He allows that Luke Watson is a good man, but questions whether telling a good joke qualifies one to be Mayor (to murmurs of laughter).

Luke Watson runs a campaign that matches his own ways—homespun and no-nonsense. He goes around talking to folks one-on-one, getting to know them, and even makes a play for the other shipping companies. Do they want one company controlling the shipping and the government of Perdition? Such a thing would stand in the way of Free Enterprise! Watson's campaign gets a weekly boost from Lacy O'Malley in the *Epitaph's* pages, as well.

So far, so good. Then things get nasty.

The Evils of Masheck

Masheck Kurtz has no intention of seeing his son lose this election. He has a huge amount of capital invested in the Kurtz Export Co., and with Granville serving as Mayor he'll be able exert pressure on Hellstromme to grant him a bigger cut of the take. From there his fortune is destined to grow ever larger. After all, that's what the angel promised him when he ritually murdered each of his former wives.

Sheck Kurtz was raised in a wealthy, God-fearing household in Boston by good and kind parents who loved him. They were strict but fair, and tried to impart their strong

work ethic and sense of right and wrong to all of their twelve children. Sheck only caught on to the work ethic, though. The rest of him is just plain wrong.

Kurtz is like a dream to the manitou who found him after the Reckoning. He's utterly amoral and willing to do anything for power and wealth. This isn't a man who's been duped into evil—he's a fellow who asked if there was any more evil he could do.

Driven by his manitou (who appears to him as a kindly angel) Kurtz murdered his wives in seven cities, taking their money and moving farther west after each killing. Granville is the child of Sheck's last marriage, so he doesn't know the full extent of his father's sins.

As for Kurtz, he's the Reckoners' favorite kind of plaything—a willing human. Convinced that he's paving his way to success, Sheck continues to murder random drifters and drunks in Perdition. The cellar of the Kurtz house has a locked room in which Sheck carves up his victims and paints arcane symbols on the walls in their blood.

Masheck Kurtz: Wild Card. Use Cult Leader stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

Outlaws (6): Kurtz can summon these men in a pinch. One is a Wild Card. Use stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

FUSS AND DIFFICULTY

Perdition is a wild place, full of various troubles and misdemeanors. As new Marshal and deputies, the heroes can't turn a blind eye to such activities any longer. Roll on this table to see what turns up when they patrol their jurisdiction.

d8 Result

- 1 **Duel.** Two Veteran Gunmen stare each other down in the middle of Main Street. If the duel is allowed to continue, let the players control the Gunmen as though they were Extras.
- 2-3 **Gunfight.** 1d4+1 Outlaws get into a shooting match.
- 4-5 **Fight.** Drunks get into a brawl at the Fallen Angels Saloon or Red's place, so someone has to break up a fight involving 3d6 rowdy rock-slingers. Use Townsfolk stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.
- 6-7 **Political Riot.** Opposing supporters of Kurtz and Watson have formed into angry mobs about to clash in the streets. Someone needs to restore order to a hostile crowd.
- 8 **Train Robbery.** A cargo train carrying ghost rock and cash is robbed by bandits. The gang consists of 2d8 Outlaws.

DEADLANDS: THE FLOOD

Cutthroat Politics

Kurtz throws a good campaign—and everyone loves pie—but the sentiment on the streets (with a Streetwise roll) is that Mayor Watson would be a better thing for Perdition. Granville Kurtz is perceived as his father's puppet, and rightly so.

Kurtz uses three main tactics to influence the election.

First, he buys his son an endorsement from the town's other rag, the *Perdition Harbinger*. It's difficult to prove the paper's owner, Fred Alston, guilty of taking a bribe. If the town Marshal has some suspicions, he might haul Alston down to his office and subject him to questioning. But unless they secure a confession (through successful Intimidation, Persuasion, or other means), Fred Alston reports all about it in the *Harbinger*, which causes no small damage to Luke Watson's campaign.

Next comes the ballot stuffing. Sheck hires four gunmen to go down into Lost Angels and rent a room. They spend the next four days hiring homeless folks and dock workers to go up to Perdition and vote for Granville Kurtz on the big day. This tactic will win the election in a landslide if it isn't stopped.

Finally, Sheck hires another four gunmen to visit local establishments and homes over the two weeks before the election. These very intimidating and unfriendly fellows make it clear that it's in people's best interests to vote for Granville Kurtz. Why, everyone knows that voting for that vaudevillian Luke Watson leads to broken bones and gunshot wounds!

So how can the interim Mayor, Marshal, and deputies go about stopping all this malfeasance? Glad you asked.

By the People, For the People

It's up to the heroes to decide how to do their jobs, even though they may protest that they have no idea how. Of course they don't. That's the fun part! Stopping Sheck Kurtz from installing his son as Mayor requires some good old-fashioned tactics.

Granville Kurtz, and his father Sheck, are suspect from the moment Lacy O'Malley names them in the Fallen Angel Saloon. The Kurtz Shipping offices, located at the east end of Main Street, not far from the collection station, are a great place to begin.

If the posse has sentries in place early enough, they witness a visit by a group of four strangers to the Kurtz offices who subsequently leave town headed for Lost Angels. These are the fellows sent to hire ballot-stuffers.

Gunmen (4): Use stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

A day later, four men more desperate-looking than the last arrive in town, visit the Kurtz offices, then take rooms at the Cliffwatch Hotel. These are the thugs who are paid to roam around town at night making threats. Such activities are certainly grounds for arrest.

Veteran Gunmen (4): One is a Wild Card. Use stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

Election Day

After two weeks, election day comes. There's a cloud of anxiety over town darker than the smoke billowing up out of hell. It seems every single person in Perdition has turned out to cast their votes at the Fallen Angel Saloon. A long line goes out the front door and down Main Street to the collection station, where it loops around and stretches down the other side of the street.

In fact, a Streetwise or Common Knowledge roll (-2) tells a character that there's far too many people here. Looking a little closer, the heroes aren't sure they recognize some of these people at all. Unless this ploy was nipped in the bud down in Lost Angels, ballot-stuffers manage to boost Kurtz's total. But as long as the interim Marshal and Mayor step in to begin confirming residency, the damage is not catastrophic.

The Results Are In

That night the ballots are counted past midnight, a process overseen by representatives of both campaigns, Wasatch, and various ghost rock concerns. If the posse managed to foil or undo at least two of Kurtz's three underhanded tactics, they ensure a Luke Watson victory. If they're unable or unwilling to guarantee a fair election, Granville Kurtz is announced as Perdition's first Mayor.

As soon as the election is complete, the interim Mayor and Marshal are released from service and asked to tender any badges, keys, etc. A new Marshal is needed, so the newly-minted Mayor immediately appoints a new interim Marshal to oversee *that* election...

...which is likely the point your group rides out of town at top speed. A little politics is enough for any cowpoke.



City of Omens and Zeroes

GOOD INTENTIONS! The Collegium used to run a ghost rock processing facility on the coastline north of Perdition. A year ago it abruptly went quiet, and no one has been there since.

Fear Level: 3

By now the heroes are known to Wasatch employees around Lost Angels. It's no great surprise when the cowpokes are contacted by a representative of Wasatch. They're interested in the old Collegium compound, in the hope there's some ghost rock left to salvage.

SAVAGE TALES

They'll pay the intrepid characters \$250 to venture to the old compound, assess the situation, and report their findings.

The Tainted Cargo Terror

A little over a year ago the Collegium's Great Maze ore processing station received a load of tainted fundamentals. Most ore is tainted with something or other. Soil, random objects, even a human hand was once reported up at Fort Lincoln. Usually it's no great shakes.

This time the random object was a smooth prairie tick egg, about the size of a man's fist. Biological taint isn't typically a problem either, since everything living gets torn to shreds and boiled by the refining process. But this wasn't just any egg. This egg contained a prairie tick queen, and that was bad news for everybody.

The infernal influence of all that ghost rock caused the egg to hatch ahead of schedule. Unbeknownst to anyone, it dragged its slimy larval form out of an ore cart and found a warm place to hide...inside a stray dog.

A few hours later it burst free of the poor critter, and thousands of young squirted out onto its carapace—a ravenous, mutated swarm of insect death. In a single night the entire population of the ore facility and surrounding town were dead.

The Dusty Trail

The old Collegium compound is on the very edge of the Maze, about 75 miles north of Progress, which puts it roughly 80 miles north of Perdition. That's about two day's travel for cowpokes on horseback, or less if they're traveling by faster conveyance.

Ghost City

A small town sprang up around the facility during its heyday, with buildings made of corrugated metal. When it was new, it was a shining paragon of the sort of community that could be achieved by application of the New Science. Now it's a wind-battered, rusty ruin surrounding the silent, crumbling processing station.

The huge station's foundation sits upon the Maze's shore, surrounded by a tangle of ruined piers, with a great shaft rising to the cliff top above. Inside, a steam-powered pulley mechanism once lifted bucket after bucket of ghost rock in a neverending stream of wealth. Marvelous flying machines carried massive loads of ore from the Maze to points Back East.

One of those flying machines now lies on its side at the center of the ghost town, several buildings smashed beneath it. The wind moans through empty houses, sounding like the voices of the dead. Soot rises from the processing station, casting a gray shadow over the sky. And nowhere is there any evidence of the people who lived here.

Try to play up the spookiness of the supposedly haunted compound. If the group is expecting ghosts, the payoff will be that much scarier.

Eventually procrastinators get tired of poking around the deserted ruins, and realize they need to climb down to the bottom of the ore processing facility to find out if any fundamentals are left.

It's a Long Way Down

Just inside the top entrance to the station is a large room where ore was unloaded. The steam-powered bucket lifters deposited their payloads here.

The catwalks and steam lift—the two most obvious routes down to the station's bottom level—are accessed here as well. The catwalks and stairs, however, are rusted and almost completely collapsed.

The steam lift is an elevator with no walls, just a flimsy railing. It requires a Repair roll (–2) and 1d6 hours' work before it functions. It takes a Smarts roll to operate, and if done so successfully it traverses the station's height in a jiffy. If the Smarts die comes up 1, the elevator breaks down again. If the result is snake eyes, the steam lift keeps speeding up until it crashes into its destination—either top or bottom—dealing 10d6 damage to everyone on it.



DEADLANDS: THE FLOOD

Hidden Reserves

About 50 feet down the steam lift descends through the ceiling into the cavernous main storage chamber. One-hundred-and-fifty feet below that, in the dim light, an enormous iron cauldron fills the building's foundation. It's filled to overflowing with what looks like two or three tons of pure ghost rock—worth at least \$200,000 retail.

But there's a catch.

Vermin!

After the mutated prairie ticks—*ghost ticks*, if you will—finished off everyone in the station and town, they were without a source of blood. The Collegium shipped everything by flying machine, so no one ever came by land. The ticks crawled back to the ghost rock where they'd spawned, and like cockroaches they fed on whatever was available.

In this case it was ghost rock. The queen wasted away and died from lack of blood long ago, but her unholy spawn live on. The ghost rock emanations somewhat stunted the insects' ability to sense vibrations, but as soon as anyone gets within 10 yards of the ghost rock they begin to stir. Suddenly a swarm of jet-black insects pulsing with unholy light squirms from the ghost rock and bounds toward any sources of blood at top speed.

Deal out initiative right away. Each member of the posse gets assaulted by 1d6 ticks if they stick around to fight.

The heroes have a few other options. They might want to get out fast. If they came by boat, they can flee back out to it, but if it's not running and ready to go, the swarming ghost ticks probably overtake the whole vessel. They can also flee back up the stairs. If they didn't repair the steam lift previously, that's not an option now.

Someone will almost certainly get the idea to ignite the ghost rock—good! It might just save their lives. The storage chamber is filled with trapped fumes and airborne ghost rock dust, so even a lit match tossed into the bin will cause the reserves to go up.

Anybody on the ground floor of the station when that happens takes 3d10 damage and catches fire on anything *but* a 1 on a d6. It also kills all the ghost ticks, unless some of them managed to get out (maybe even in the gullet of some unlucky dude). The heroes make a dramatic escape as the entire station blows sky-high.

If they don't burn the ghost rock, the ticks give chase for a while, but give up if hombres speed off on horses or a steam wagon. They crawl back to their ghost rock lair to await more victims.

Ghost Ticks (60)

These nasty bugs are much like their prairie cousins, except they're tougher and they kill a man about a hundred times faster. Their glow is uncannily like ghost rock flame.

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

Skills: Fighting d10, Notice d10, Stealth d10

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 5 (3)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +3:** Ghost ticks have a thick, black carapace that pulses with a purplish glow.
- **Hooks:** A prairie tick that hits with a raise yanks down his victim's lip and crawls into his throat. Every round thereafter, the victim must make a Fatigue roll. Death means the tick has grown large enough to burst out of the ribcage in an explosion of gore.
- **Size -2:** A tick is about the size of a man's hand, and suffers a -2 to Toughness.
- **Small:** Attack rolls against these creatures suffer a -2 penalty.
- **Weakness (Blessed):** The standard castor oil remedy works to remove a ghost tick, but there's rarely enough time. Something about the ghost rock's influence has made the ticks susceptible to sacred powers—healing or greater healing powers cast by a blessed cause the tick to crawl out as well. Due to their infernal taint, *protection* works just fine against these varmints.



Hasteli's Children

GOOD INTENTIONS! The "Children of Hasteli"—Indian cliff drawings painted with blood that never dries—have started appearing again northwest of Perdition. Someone is murdered, and the next day a new drawing appears.

Fear Level: 3

Run this scenario after your group has found and marked two or three glyphs.

Drawings called "Children of Hasteli" have appeared in various parts of the Maze for years, always in connection with kidnapping, murder, and ritual mutilation. After all that time, Hasteli's rituals are almost finished. His last task is to hunt down your posse and kill 'em dead!

Children of Hasteli

The Chumash Indians—represented in Perdition by an old man called Green Iguana—say that Hasteli was once a great chief whose daughter was murdered by a white settler. After California fell into the sea Hasteli went away for a long time, but he returned a few years ago with a new

message: he had gained strong allies in the spirit world, and with their help he would drive the white man from California forever.

A few joined his cause, but most did not. Hasteli went away again, and the bloody cliff paintings started appearing wherever some poor sod had been snatched and ritually slain the night before.

The Disciple

Hasteli holds a bitter hatred for white men (it's true that one raped and murdered his daughter) and has always been determined to slaughter as many of them as he can until they get the message and leave his homeland. When Hasteli left California after the Great Quake, he was offered aid by Raven himself.

Raven taught Hasteli a powerful ritual; drawings in the blood of slain whites was only the first step. Each drawing Hasteli created turned one of his followers into a terribly strong brave, immensely tough and fast. The disciple spent years capturing victims, sacrificing them to the Reckoners, consuming parts of their flesh, and using the blood to create rock paintings. Finally he had created a dozen super-warriors—the *real* children of Hasteli.

Raven came to Hasteli again recently, and told his disciple that this was the last time they would meet. Hasteli's duty, Raven said, was to go out and find the white men who sought to undo all their plans. The ones who were trying to make their own bloody paintings on glyphs up and down the coast.

In other words...your posse, Marshal! Famine's not about to let all her works be washed away without a fight.

Old-Fashioned Art

If you're using the *Epitaph* hook, the heroes might head northwest into the Maze to check out the latest drawings.

The drawings look like fresh blood even though they were painted days ago. Any character familiar with Indian lore can make a Common Knowledge roll to see that these pictograms show Indian braves—their abilities enhanced by powerful medicine—massacring whites and driving them out of the Maze.

Any white who touches the picture is afflicted with a terrible wasting disease. From the day she touches the still-living blood, she's *cursed* (as the power). Each day she becomes weaker and more hideous-looking, until at last she perishes in agony. The last thing the poor cowpoke hears is Hasteli's laughter echoing in her ears. This *curse* can be removed by the usual means.

Death Sentence

The posse doesn't need to go looking for this adventure, Marshal; it hunts them down wherever they live. A day or two after the posse hears about the newest blood-drawings, Hasteli and his children catch up with our gutsy protagonists.



Don't just have 'em leap out and start attacking, Marshal. Hasteli and his fanatical servants want to cause fear and pain (in that order) before they finally kill the heroes.

First they stalk their prey, leaving messages and warnings, and possibly trying to draw the hombres somewhere they can be captured easily. Just remember that Hasteli is crafty, cunning, diabolically evil, and Raven's personal disciple. He's not one to be brushed aside.

Hasteli: Wild Card. See page 185.

Hasteli's Children (12)

The Indian braves who serve Hasteli do so willingly, but even they didn't realize what they would become when his ritual was complete. Now they don't much care. The warriors are lean and muscular, covered with gray, gnarled flesh. They have yellow eyes that glow slightly in the dark, and their teeth are jagged and razor-sharp.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d10, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d10, Guts d8, Intimidation d8, Stealth d8, Survival d6, Tracking d8

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 12 (4)

Hindrances: Old Ways Oath

Edges: Block, Fleet-Footed, Improved Frenzy, Quick

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Gear: Bladed war club (Str+d8; AP 2; Parry -1; requires 2 hands).

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +4:** Hasteli's children have thick, gray skin that's tough enough to turn a blade.
- **Bite:** Str+d4.
- **Fear:** The children of Hasteli provoke Guts checks in those who see them.
- **Hardy:** A second Shaken result does not cause a wound to Hasteli's children.



Long Live the New Flesh!

GOOD INTENTIONS! Our Fellowship of Travelers will meet at the Fallen Angel Saloon in Perdition next Friday at precisely midnight. Your attendance is requested by S.Q.H.

Run this scenario at some point after Sam Hellman has been plucked from the belly of Rock Island Prison. The heroes are likely to recognize his initials, and if they don't they'll probably be curious as all get-out.

The Pinkerton

When the posse arrives at the Fallen Angel, a hoe-down is in full swing. The player piano's cranking out a rousing rendition of "The Kentucky Bootlegger," and cowboys and saloon gals are dancin' up a storm while folks holler and clap and stamp their boots. In the back room quick-fingered hombres deal poker hands. A constant clicking of billiard balls emanates from the parlor on the left. There isn't a single unsmiling face in the entire room!

Except...there's Lacy O'Malley sitting at a corner table, beside the grimly serious S.Q.H.—Samuel Quincy Hellman.

Once the posse takes their seats, gets some oat sodas or what have you, Sam begins to speak in a quiet and determined voice:

I'm leaving the Maze soon. I do believe I've had just about enough of this place. When I see a few more things through, it'll about wrap 'er up. I'm currently preparing my final report to the Agency.

After all you've done for me and mine, I suppose I don't have much right to be asking favors. But as I said, there are several things I need to see done before I go. This is one I can't do myself.

You know the Petersen Sanitarium, about 10 miles east of here? Surely you've heard the lunatics screaming when the moon gets full. Three years ago, I had to commit two of my Agents—Fidel Salazar and Little

Lonnie Bruce. They saw something so terrible out in the Maze their minds snapped...I remember thinking, 'It's best to keep them off the streets.'

To shorten a long story, my stay on Rock Island has caused me to reconsider that decision. Plus I've heard some unpleasant rumors regarding Dr. Sanderson Petersen's so-called therapies. More like torture, if you ask me. I want Salazar and Bruce out of there if they're healthy enough to ride a train Back East, and if they're not I want visual confirmation they're alive and well.

So what do you say? Can you take care of that for me?

It's hard to imagine a bunch of compadres turning down old Sam Hellman, or demanding money, but stranger things have happened. Sam will pay them for their trouble if it's going to be a dealbreaker, but he's none too happy about it. In any case, he gives the heroes a sepia-toned photograph of Salazar and Bruce. Both are smiling with a smashed Maze runner lying on the shore in the background.

"Long story," says Hellman.

The House that Petersen Built

Fear's in the air around Petersen Sanitarium, but it doesn't twist the landscape or draw a pall across the sky. The soul-killing fear of the sanitarium lies in its odd combinations. You've got your wholesome-looking facility and grounds, all sunny and green, with horrible screams and peals of laughter coming from inside. The building's clean and antiseptic, but something about all that tile and stainless steel makes one's skin crawl. The staff seem welcoming and genuinely friendly, but leave them alone with an inmate and their demeanors change completely. That's when the screaming starts.

When the posse arrives they're greeted by the smiling Nurse Herber, but she seems a little put off by their request to see Salazar and Bruce. She says the heroes will have to speak with Dr. Petersen, as those two patients are "a very special case." A successful Notice roll tells an hombre that the mention of the Agents' names seems to visibly upset the nurse.

Petersen arrives in moments, flanked by a pair of hulking orderlies. The doctor is on the short and skinny side, with a reflector on his headband and a stethoscope hanging from his neck. By the look of it, he hasn't shaved in several days.

Good day to you! Wonderful to have visitors! That is, visitors who don't plan on staying. Ha! Ha! (Ahem...)

But seriously, I understand you've come to pay a visit to Fidel Salazar and Little Lonnie Bruce. That is superlative, truly superlative. You don't see that kind of loyalty these days. I'm sure their treatment will benefit from it. Please, right this way.

The good doctor gestures for the heroes to come along with him as he continues his spiel. While he's speaking he leads the posse up to the second floor and down a hall

lined with locked doors. Through peepholes set into each one visitors see the walls inside are all lined with canvas pads, and the drooling, raving inmates are secured with straitjackets.

Here at the Petersen Sanitarium, we're committed to our patients' recovery. Ha! Ha! (Ahem...) But I digress. We've developed some treatments here that are practiced nowhere else in the world. Truly on the cutting edge, as they say Back East. I think you'll notice a distinct improvement in Salazar and Bruce's conditions. They weren't too well off when their friend left them in our care.

At the end of the upstairs hall, Dr. Petersen unlocks a door with his large ring of keys. Inside are two men in straitjackets, their backs to the heroes, staring out a large bay window over the well-manicured grounds below.

Ah, here they are! Mr. Salazar, Mr. Bruce, you have visitors! Isn't that wonderful? You're welcome to stay for as long as you like. They just love to look out at the sunflowers...

Here's where Petersen tries to pull a fast one on the heroes. If they all go inside to talk to the poor devils, the hulking orderlies go in too. Just as they get a good look at the two drooling madmen, and realize they're not Salazar and Bruce at all, Petersen slams the door and locks it. (If a few hombres stay outside, Petersen doesn't bother to lock the door; he just runs.) Either way, he shouts in a suddenly maniacal voice:

You wanted to visit with Salazar and Bruce? Then visit with them!! Ha! Ha! Ha!

Now the hulking orderlies throw off their white coats to reveal powerfully-muscl'd bodies sewn together from a number of disparate parts—patchwork men!

Since they've got the photograph, the heroes immediately realize that these grotesque things were once Hellman's Agents, not the two madmen looking at flowers. Call for Guts checks (–2) due to that unfortunate revelation. Salazar and Bruce bellow and attack.

Salazar and Bruce (2): Use Patchwork Man stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*. Their elongated, razor-sharp bears' claws inflict Str+d8 damage.

Dr. Sanderson Petersen: Wild Card. Use Mad Scientist stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

The pair of modified Agents attack ferociously, but they don't rend or kill heroes who fall unconscious. They try to take as many prisoners as they can, to make Dr. Petersen happy.

The Experiment Amok!

Dr. Petersen flees directly to the cellars, where his real experiments are in progress. Petersen has a working knowledge of corpses, and reanimating their parts is child's play for him. He set a greater challenge for his life's work—to create an entirely new life form. He has succeeded.



Unfortunately for Petersen, his staff, and anyone who survived the ruckus upstairs, his inspiration came straight from the Reckoners. The new life he created is pure, seething malice. If it gets out, it'll be on Perdition's doorstep faster than a pack of dogs on a three-legged cat.

Anyone entering the sanitarium cellar must make an immediate Guts check or suffer the effects of Fear and Nausea—the room stinks of decomposing flesh, and bodies lie upon steel examination tables in various states of dismemberment. An hombre can Notice (–2) that the blood flowing off all these tables goes into rubber tubes—about thirty of them—and all the tubes feed into a huge steel tank at the other end of the room. The steel tank is connected to a console with buttons, flashing lights, and dials all over it.

Petersen's here too, with two more patchwork servants who attack any intruders immediately. If the posse is obviously gunning for the doctor, he shouts "Long live the new flesh!" then slams his palm onto a blinking red button and unleashes his creation. Bad idea for him and everybody else.

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The “neo-flesh” is a plastic mass of flowing skin and muscle, covered with eyes and undulating tendrils that form as needed and then melt back into the thing’s bulk. Every hero in the cellar must make a Guts check (–2), this time for Terror, as the disgusting column of tissue rises from its steel cannister. In its first round of freedom, it spatters down onto Petersen and engulfs him—his shriek turns into a gurgle and then goes silent.

Next round the neo-flesh assumes Dr. Petersen’s form to continue its attacks, speaking in his voice and even telling bad jokes. It attacks the patchwork men, then moves on to the posse. The thing’s goal is to absorb every living being in the sanitarium (along with their memories), and then head out looking for more.

Patchwork Men (2): Use stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*. Their elongated, razor-sharp bears’ claws inflict Str+d8 damage.



Neo-Flesh

The thing Petersen created is completely amoral. It exists only to absorb living flesh into itself, spreading terror in the process. When it “eats” a person or animal, it digests memories as well as raw material to sustain and empower its malleable form.

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

Skills: Fighting d10, Notice d6

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 9

Special Abilities:

- **Consume:** The neo-flesh attempts to grapple foes. On its next action, and each action afterward until the victim escapes or dies, caustic enzymes inflict 4d6 damage and turn the poor sod into bloody goo. When the victim is Incapacitated, he melts into the neo-flesh mass and is gone forever. The neo-flesh gains all skills, Edges, and Hindrances of the deceased. Victims killed in this way are forever dead—no Harrowing for those poor sods.
- **Fear:** The neo-flesh is terrifying to behold.
- **Fearless:** The neo-flesh is afraid of nothing and immune to Intimidation.
- **Immunities:** The plastic, everchanging form of the neo-flesh is immune to physical attacks. Magical attacks deal damage normally.
- **Shape Change:** As a free action the neo-flesh can assume a near-perfect likeness of any being or animal it has consumed. Close friends and relations of the deceased realize the difference with a Notice roll (–2).
- **Size +1:** The neo-flesh is only a bit bigger than a man...at first. Each time a human-sized victim is consumed, the creature gains +1 Size and may increase one Attribute by a single die type.

- **Undead:** +2 Toughness; +2 to recover from Shaken; no additional damage from Called Shots; immune to disease and poison; does not suffer wound penalties.
- **Weakness (Alcohol):** Any kind of spirits—rubbing alcohol, witch hazel, whiskey, tequila, etc.—splashed over the neo-flesh causes it 3d6 damage. Additionally, melee weapons or ranged ammunition dipped in high-proof alcohol deal damage as normal.



The Scientific Method

GOOD INTENTIONS! Scientists are up to all sorts of experimentation on the coastline near Progress, and they’re always willing to speak at length about their goals. You might learn something!

Fear Level: 2

When the cowpokes are traveling the coast near Progress (or anywhere along the California fault line, including out in the Maze), they hear the sound of a ghost rock steam engine rattling away a few dozen yards off their path. It’s pretty obvious what’s making the sound—it reminds the group of the ghost rock boilers on Dr. Hellstromme’s *Good Intentions*.

A short walk through some scrub finds a hole in the ground much like the Wailing Hole (in Plot Point Four), though this one has obviously been excavated to allow several men to enter. A lone guard, hand on his scattergun, crouches at the top of the entrance poking at a fire. He’s near deaf from the sound of the ghost rock boiler below and very easy to sneak up on (–2 to his Notice).

The guard is easily spooked but not actually hostile. His job is really just to give his boss below a little security. Unfortunately, he’s not really up to the task. If the newcomers don’t seem hostile, the guard yells down to his boss and informs him of the visitors. A few moments later a gray-haired man in a top-hat pops his head up out of the hole and asks what he can do for his visitors.

Guard (1): Use Gunman stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*. The guard is armed with a scattergun (6/12/24; 1–3d6; RoF 1–2; Shots 2; +2 Shooting rolls, SBT).

Professor Vandegrift: Wild Card. Use Mad Scientist stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*.

Weird Hypotheses

Professor Vandegrift won't reveal his research to just anyone. He claims he's doing geological research on the fault lines, and that the glowing symbols are simply marks left behind by "savages" trying to understand the forces of planet earth at work.

Once Professor Vandegrift realizes his guests are members of the Explorer's Society, however, his tone changes. Vandegrift confirms their claim by asking what animal hangs in the club's lodge in London. Assuming he gets the correct answer (jackalope), he inquires as to Captain Pennington-Smythe's welfare, then escorts them down into the cavern and spills the proverbial beans.

In the cave is a ghost rock generator powering a few electric lights on poles. A few other odds and ends—picks, shovels, supplies, water kegs, and cages filled with chickens—fill the floor. A Notice roll detects some light blood spatters on the floor and a few chicken carcasses (unplucked and obviously uneaten) in the corner.

The cavern itself is basically round with a weird glowing lightning bolt on the western wall.

See that symbol on the wall? I've discovered several caves just like this all up and down the coast. Each one has the same symbol. My Indian friends tell me the symbol marks the home of an earth spirit. I believe the more-educated among us would call these "faults," however. (Wink)

Still, there's something to the Indians' myth, because I have found an application of certain...fluids...on the wall triggers a slight tremor. I can't really explain the scientific process behind this, but that fluid is blood. Human blood at that. Animal blood does nothing. These poor chickens can attest to that.

But there is something in the blood of man that causes the earth here to react. Watch.

Professor Vandegrift takes the bandages off his left hand, draws a knife from his belt, and slices a cut across his palm. There are half a dozen cuts there already, so it's obviously something he's done many times. He smears red onto the symbol.

A few moments later, the earth trembles a bit and small rocks fall from the cave roof onto the posse. This should make everyone more than a little jumpy. Vandegrift looks the most scared.

Hmm. That's bigger than last time...

My research indicates that a very large amount of blood might trigger an actual quake. It is my hypothesis this wonder caused the Great Quake back in '68.

This is the ninth such site I've found. There are three right around Lost Angels, and the rest are strung out up and down the coast from Mexico to the Oregon border.

Do you know who might have made these symbols?

I met a blind Indian down near San Diego. Poor fellow was on his death bed. He said a shaman named Raven claimed he could destroy the white man about the time all this happened. He disappeared after the quake though.

How can blood smeared on a wall trigger an earthquake?

The Indians say the spirits cause earthquakes when they're angry. The symbols are part of rituals the local tribes have carried out since long before Cortez walked these lands. While I can't say I believe in such things, the rituals are similar up and down the coast.

Before Vandegrift can reveal more, angry earth spirits drawn by the professor's tampering arrive. They rise up out of the floor, intent on killing Vandegrift and smashing his equipment. Unless one of the heroes makes a specific attempt to save Vandegrift's notes, the scientist's map of sites similar to this one is burned up when the ghost rock boiler is overturned. It's strictly up to the Marshal how much usable information the posse takes away from this encounter.

Hoodoo (1 per hero): One of the creatures is a Wild Card. See page 178.



Treasure Hunters

GOOD INTENTIONS! Young Palmer Watson, a boy belonging to a family of miners at Quarrytown, has gone missing! Folks are searching high and low in hopes the lad still lives.

Play this scenario sometime after the posse has finished Plot Point Four.

Moseying along near Quarrytown (or anywhere else you like along the California coast), the heroes catch a weird wailin' sound that reminds them somewhat of the Wailing Hole. Investigation reveals it to be similar to the hole they entered when they fought the Ox and recovered the Amulet of Rahashimir (in Plot Point Four). This time, however, the team can also hear sobbing coming from inside.

A young boy, Palmer Watson, was playing with his friends and went into the hole. His companions couldn't find him and scampered off back to the camp where their parents are prospecting for ghost rock. The moment Palmer hears anyone he starts howling for help.

If the heroes have twenty feet of rope, it's a simple matter to rescue the boy. In lieu of that, it takes a Climbing roll to get safely to the bottom, and another Climbing roll to

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get out again with the boy in tow. Palmer weighs about 80 lbs.; use the Encumbrance rules to determine who can pull him free. Anyone who falls takes 3d6 damage from jagged rocks.

True heroes should escort him back to his parents. If they don't offer (and your posse should be ashamed, Marshall!), Palmer drags them along in promise of a free meal from his grateful Ma and Pa.

The Prospector's Camp

The camp rests at the bottom of a steep hillside. There are a half-dozen tents, a few mules, and two wagons backing two campfires. Both fires are lit regardless of the time of day, and the air is filled with the smell of a few chickens roasting on the spit.

The miners are actually more like "roving settlers," consisting of two extended families. There are two older couples, two younger couples (their children), and five young 'uns ranging from age two to 13 (the grandchildren of the elders).



From the top of the hill to the camp at the bottom are tumbled stones and timbers from what looks like an old Spanish mission. The building was obviously right on the fault line when the quake hit and slid down the embankment.

Palmer's parents, Emma and Junior Watson (cousins of Luke "Joker" Watson in *Perdition*), are appropriately thankful and invite their son's rescuers to a meager but satisfying meal of chicken and beans, whiskey, and coffee. During conversation, Junior mentions they've found more gold in the mission on the hill than they have prospecting. If pressed, he says he and his friends tried to sift through the rubble on the cliff, but the precarious stones felt as if they might shift and crush everyone below.

Junior Watson, assuming he feels relatively safe around the strangers, pulls out a Spanish doubloon and shows it to his guests. A successful Common Knowledge roll tells interested heroes these coins are worth about \$25 each, on account of their rarity and their being currently in vogue with the collectors in Shan Fan.

I have a feeling there are a lot more of these in that mess somewhere, but can't figure out a safe way to excavate it. You're welcome to try though. Just give us fair warning so we can make sure we move out from under that mess.

Trouble in the Rubble

Greed is a great motivator, but if your gold-diggers aren't interested in Spanish doubloons, young Palmer gets in trouble again. He tries to pay his rescuers back by finding them a doubloon in the rubble and falls into a deep pocket.

The rubble is very unstable and made up of large stone blocks that could easily shift and fall on a climber at any moment. Every adventurer who wants to explore the debris must make a Climbing roll to get to the lower ruins, and another to get to the middle and upper ruins. The roll isn't to actually climb up the rubble, but to avoid injury. If any Climbing roll fails, roll 2d6.

Forgive Me Father, For I Have Stepped On You

Parts of the mission are somewhat intact, though filled with debris and stone from the rocky slope. In a chamber in the middle section are the remains of an old feather bed, a plain woolen blanket, a rotten Bible, and a letter written on thick paper. A searcher also finds 1d6 doubloons, or 2d6 with a Notice roll.

A bony corpse is crushed between the rocks at the center of the items. These are the remains of Father Juan Garcia, a missionary who lived and worked at the mission when the quake hit. The letter is written in Spanish, and is an official report to his superiors elsewhere.

SAVAGE TALES

To Cardinal Diaz,

This 8th day of August, the year of Our Lord, 1868.

It is with heavy heart that I must report a foul and ritualistic murder very near our mission. On July 24th, one of the flock informed us that a young Indian man we had taken in was missing. We thought little of it at first—the youths here often wander about—but after a few days began to worry.

A search party was formed, and I am sad to say our young Indian friend was found. He lay at the bottom of a rounded cave accessible only by a narrow tunnel at the top. The Devil himself must have lived in that hole, for it reeked of evil and brimstone.

On the floor of this chamber lay our friend, his heart cut from his young chest and smashed against the western wall. On this same wall was painted a symbol, much like that of a lightning bolt.

The symbol glowed as if the paint were the blood of Lucifer himself, and was bright enough to illuminate the entire cave.

We buried our young ward that same day and sealed off the cave as best we could. Our investigation reveals another Indian man, from some tribe unfamiliar to our locals, had been spotted around the cave in the days past. We are searching for him now, and believe him to be a heathen shaman of some sort.

A few days later, the earth began to shake. It is so violent now I fear we must close the mission. While strong, it seems to rest directly above Hell itself, for the walls are already starting to

The letter ends there.

Through a broken section of the wall, the heroes can access the lowest portions of the ruins and the caves that once lay beneath them. It takes two successful Agility rolls (–2) to wriggle through into the lower ruins; if any hero rolls snake-eyes, he must roll immediately on the Rubble Trouble table. Once inside, the investigators see another of the weird lightning bolt runes on the cave wall, with very old, dried blood encrusted on it.

Between what the explorers found at the Wailing Hole and here, they should now know these locations are numerous and had something to do with the Great Quake (which occurred between August 8 and 11, 1868) This nugget of information becomes very important later on when the group is looking for a way to kill Reverend Grimme and his 13 apostles.

2d6

RESULT

2 **Avalanche!** The entire cliffside crumbles away! Everyone in its path, including the settlers below, suffers 4d10 damage. Those who survive and are conscious are assumed to dig their way out a few minutes after the dust clears. Unconscious or Incapacitated characters must be dug out, requiring 2d6 man-minutes of labor.

3-5 **Falling Rock!** A large chunk of rock tumbles away from the climber. One character below the butterfingers is hit for 2d6 damage.

6-8 **Stuck.** The climber is stuck for a few minutes while searching for a new hand- or foothold.

9-11 **Slip.** The climber slips and falls, suffering a Fatigue level that fades in 24 hours or with a successful Healing roll.

12 **Avalanche!** As above.



Ghost Rot

GOOD INTENTIONS! Bored Union soldiers in Sacramento pass the time drinking “ghost rot”—bloody massacres ensue! The Rockies offer a \$1000 reward to anyone who unmasks the foul stuff’s makers!

For over three years now, someone in the Maze has been manufacturing a nasty brew called “ghost rot.” The fermentation process for this rye whiskey involves barrels lined with ghost rock. The stuff carries a double kick, giving a man hallucinations when he drinks too much of it.

Folks who develop a hankering for it become even more violent than the usual drunken fool. Some of them go on bloody rampages, like the group of miners who massacred women and children in an Indian village just east of Fort Lincoln back in '76. That incident almost set off a war between miners and Indians, and if the U.S. Army hadn't stepped in a lot more people would have died.

Sacramento Town

Use of ghost rot among soldiers is on the rise in Sacramento, due to boredom and generally low morale. The Union has suffered some serious losses in the insanity that

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ensued after Hellstromme's bombs dropped, and no aid is forthcoming from Back East. Desperate men take risks, and these Union boys are taking a big one.

The posse can get the backstory by speaking with the dour Capt. Clement Tyson at the Union fort. With a successful Streetwise roll they overhear some locals talking about especially drunken and rowdy bluebellies who just headed off toward the east ridge. Other methods might track down the troublemakers as well; it depends on what the posse has in mind and what you judge to be effective, Marshal.

Over the east ridge, a bunch of Union soldiers sit around passing a bottle between them. These men are particularly nihilistic, having given up all hope of leaving the Maze alive. Not only that, they've all had ghost rot before—which means they've got a hell of a hankerin' for it now. They're looking to get tight, and they've each had one slug off the bottle so far.

Just as our heroes arrive, the effects kick in.

It Packs A Wallop, Don't It?

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

Suddenly half of the soldiers start screaming and attacking everyone nearby with their bayonets! Strangely, characters who go berserk from ghost rot never attack each other, only innocent bystanders.

Crazed Bluebellies (1 per hero): Use Veteran Soldier stats in *Deadlands Reloaded*. They also have the Berserk Edge, and the Bloodthirsty and Delusional (Major) Hindrances.

The bottle of ghost rot has a crudely printed label that reads STEAMPRESS RYE WHISKEY. If any of the Union soldiers survive the fight with their minds intact, they relate that a Dr. Thaddeus Carr comes through every other week in his wagon and sells them ghost rot. They don't *want* to tell the heroes this—they're hoping to go get some more!

If the troops are somehow convinced to tell what they know, they say Carr left only a few hours ago, headed west toward Fort Lincoln.

Dr. Carr's Traveling Emporium

Carr isn't a particularly bad-natured fellow, but he's not especially angelic either. He prefers his morality in shades of gray, and his cash in silver and gold. He travels around the northern Maze on various sales routes; right now he rolls from Sacramento to Fort Lincoln, then south to Shan Fan, then east to Placerville, and finally circles back to Sacramento. The whole route takes about 16 days.

Carr also puts on fireworks shows (for a hefty fee), billing himself as an expert in the ancient Chinese art of gunpowder. His lovely assistant Xu Li provides charm, grace, and protection if the Doctor is threatened.

If the posse is determined to find out where the ghost rot came from, Dr. Carr doesn't stand in their way.

"See for yourself," he remarks, and pulls a case of ghost rot from his wagon. Stencilled on the crate is:

STEAMPRESS RYE WHISKEY – SALT LAKE CITY – HELLSTROMME INDUSTRIES

"It's a very difficult item to obtain," Carr explains with a grin. "Very rare. You need connections."

While he's got no problem with showing the heroes his stash, he's got a serious problem with any hombre trying to take it away without paying \$20 a bottle (there are 10 bottles left). He's also not willing to be arrested or incarcerated. He prefers to blow up any man who tries.

If the posse takes the secret of ghost rot's manufacturer back to the Rockies, they get their \$1000 reward (as long as they provide proof—the crate will do). They also get to see a Rockies representative look utterly stupified when he hears who made it.



Dr. Thaddeus Carr

Dr. Carr is a lanky man, always clean-shaven, who smiles a lot and smokes nasty-smelling cigars.

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

Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d6, Knowledge (High Explosives) d8, Notice d8, Repair d10, Shooting d8, Taunt d6, Weird Science d10

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

Hindrances: Overconfident

Dementias: Absent Minded, Eccentricity, Paranoia

Edges: Arcane Background (Weird Science), Connections, McGyver, New Power x3, Power Points

Powers: *Armor, blast, burst, teleport.* **Power Points:** 25

Gear: Two horses, Conestoga wagon, barrel of gunpowder, tool kit, matches.



Xiu Li

The daughter of Chinese immigrants, Xiu Li's parents and siblings were swept away by a twister as they worked the railroad. Xiu Li would have died, wandering in the wastes if she had not been found by Carr. Thaddeus paid for her to learn kung fu from a sifu in Shan Fan. Now she protects him. It's the least she can do—she owes him her life.

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

Skills: Fighting d8, Guts d8, Healing d6, Notice d8, Stealth d6, Streetwise d8

SAVAGE TALES

Charisma: +2; **Grit:** 2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 6
Hindrances: Curious, Loyal (to Dr. Carr), Pacifist (Minor)

Edges: Arcane Background (Chi Mastery), Attractive, Martial Arts, Superior Kung Fu (Eagle Claw)

Powers: *Boost/lower trait* d6, *smite* d6. **Power Points:** 20

Gear: Simple clothing, peasant hat, medical supplies (bandages, alcohol, needle & thread).



Harriman's Legacy

GOOD INTENTIONS! William Blumquist, a salvager working the waters of the Sunken City, claims to have found the long-lost mansion of millionaire Richard Harriman. Now he's hiring bodyguards to protect it!

Fear Level: 3

Blumquist Recovery Ltd. is in trouble. Finding the Harriman mansion was the best and worst thing to happen to William Blumquist in recent years. On the plus side, there's the promise of extensive submerged wealth. However, he keeps losing men. They vanish without a trace while diving for salvage or standing guard duty on deck. Blumquist has stopped posting lone guards at night, and he's slowed down his salvaging until he figures out what's happening to his crew.

Harriman's Secret Friends

Besides being a millionaire before the Great Quake, Richard Harriman was a dabbler in the occult. In the chambers beneath his mansion he consorted with channel chompers and undertook some unholy breeding experiments. When his mansion collapsed during the Great Quake, they were trapped beneath its ruins. Blumquist's salvage operation has freed them, and they are feeding off his crew to build up their strength.

Blumquist Recovery Ltd.

If the posse hires on with Blumquist for \$5 a day (plus an equal share of any salvage), he takes them to a pier on the Maze shore where a rowboat is moored. "Keep an eye out for Mexican ironclads," says Blumquist as they row out to a small freighter—the *Orca*—lying at anchor in the waters over old San Diego. It's an odd feeling, almost like flight, to steam out over the Sunken City—beneath 20–30 feet of crystal clear water, shattered ruins and crumpled streets slide past. Then the sea floor drops away and the water grows visibly deeper and murkier.

On the freighter's deck is a bulky, copper-bound suit—a Smith & Robards diving suit, modified by Blumquist to withstand greater depths—and a large ghost rock boiler. This is the air compressor. Also on the deck are various excavating tools, and a large heap of airtight canvas tubing. Blumquist fires up the freighter's engines and sets off.

Guard Duty

After about an hour, Blumquist spies a tiny yellow buoy bouncing upon the ocean swells, much too small to find unless one is looking for it. Blumquist directs someone to kick the anchor overboard, and he cuts the engines. "My friends," he says, "twenty yards beneath our feet lies the greatest salvage yet discovered in the Great Maze. It's up to you to make sure we all get rich."

Blumquist typically packs enough food and supplies for several days' time, and sleeps on his boat. He warns the heroes several times not to stand guard alone—that's what got him into trouble last time. He's not sure what happened to his men way out here in the middle of San Diego Bay, but he's certain his new guards ought to stay alert.

Chapter Three contains information on the diving suit. Blumquist uses his Boating d8 to operate it. If any of the heroes ask to take a turn in the depths, Blumquist allows it if he feels the diver is qualified.

William Blumquist

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

Skills: Boating d8, Fighting d6, Guts d4, Knowledge (Sunken City) d6, Notice d6, Persuasion d8, Shooting d6

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

Hindrances: Greedy (Minor)

Edges: Snakeoil Salesman

Gear: Double barrel shotgun (12/24/48; 1–3d6; RoF 1–2; Shots 2; +2 Shooting), knife (Str+d4).

Blumquist works long days, but never after dark. It's far too dangerous down there. Anyone searching the flattened, seaweed-fringed ruin on the sea floor can make a Notice roll (–4) per four hours of searching. With a success the searcher has discovered coins, an object of art, or other artifact worth 1d20x\$100.

Easy money, right? Let's not forget about those long nights.

Harriman's Legacy

There are about 30 channel chompers living in the flooded catacombs under the Harriman ruin. On moonless nights 1d6 of them follow the *Orca's* anchor chain up to the vessel, clamber stealthily onto the deck, and try to drag any guards they find into the water. Unless they meet resistance, they skulk around on deck, leaving oily, webbed prints and a terrific stench.

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The former guards tried various ploys to keep the things off the ship, including nets hung off the side and bear traps on deck, but nothing worked. Finally they decided Blumquist wasn't paying them enough and quit.

If any chompers are killed, the next night 2d12 of them return. If these are also killed or driven off, on the third night whatever channel chompers remain launch an all-out assault on Harriman's boat.

Channel Chompers (30): See page 176.

With the diving suit and a Notice roll (–6) a searcher on the ocean floor can find the entrance to the chompers' catacombs. Each roll takes one hour of game time. There's not enough air tubing to descend into the catacombs, but arcane powers might allow for it. This prompts an underwater attack by 1d6 chompers. The posse might come up with a way to seal off the catacombs, but Blumquist is resistant to any plan that limits the amount of riches he'll be able to recover.



Those Smug Bastards

GOOD INTENTIONS! Small scientific communities in the Maze northwest of Shannonsburg have been attacked recently. The attackers are said to be high-minded kung fu masters intent on wrecking new science!

Fear Level: 2

After a few local settlements have their ghost rock implements smashed—and their economies ruined—Dr. Merrill Pond sets out to prevent another such catastrophe from occurring at his own small settlement of Elsbethtown (located exactly 15 miles north of Quarrytown). If the posse doesn't come across Elsbethtown in their travels, Dr. Pond might come to them seeking help.

Warriors of Shaolin

It all started when two revered heroes of the 37th Chamber decided that recent events in Lost Angels and elsewhere signalled the beginning of the end—a great conflict that would determine who rules California and the Maze. Chin-Hsueh Wong and Kuai Yao vowed that scientists wouldn't become California's new ruling class.

They're starting small, traveling the Maze southwest of their monastery, and unleashing their stupendous kung fu powers on any gizmos or infernal devices they can find. Wong brought the Goblin with him because her Lightning Strike Edge is so very efficient at smashing machines. They've got no problem beating a mad scientist to within an inch of his life, but they're not interested in murdering anyone. They might be smug and self-satisfied, but they're "heroes" too!

Settling the conflict might involve a fight, but it should also involve Persuasion (or other skills) to convince the heroes of Shaolin that their talents would be put to better use elsewhere.

Chin-Hsueh Wong: Wild Card. See page 183.

Kuai Yao, "the Goblin": Wild Card. See page 186.

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You've got the knowledge to run your posse from New Opportunity to Mexico, and enough Savage Tales to bring the very Servitors of the Reckoners to their knees. Your players are rarin' and ready to explore the far reaches of the Weird West Coast.

It's a sure bet they're going to encounter all manner of abominations. Long before the Great Quake created the Maze and sowed the earth with rich veins of ghost rock, the Reckoning infused the entire region with what scientists refer to as an *aetheriferous* taint. That means the land and water of the Great Maze are just plain strange, and it shows in the wildlife.

Blood Shark

The drainage from the sewage system of Rock Island Prison is chock full of goodies that sharks just love: human organs, blood, and chunks of flesh. A few of the sharks that live around the island have ingested so much of the tainted runoff that they've been twisted by it. These sharks, called blood sharks by the guards on the island, grow big and mean enough to bite a grown man in half.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d8, Strength d12+6, Vigor d12+2

Skills: Fighting d10, Notice d6

Pace: 0; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 18 (4)

Special Abilities:

- **Aquatic:** Pace 10.
- **Armor +4:** Gnarled blood-red growths cover a blood shark's body, giving it a tough extra layer of Armor.
- **Bite:** Str+d10.
- **Fear:** The sight of a blood shark in the water is enough to give anyone fits—and provoke a Guts check.
- **Fearless:** Blood sharks are impervious to Fear and Intimidation.
- **Feeding Frenzy:** Once there's blood in the water, whether from the shark's attack or any other source, the mutated fish enters a feeding frenzy. It gains the Improved Frenzy and Berserk Edges for the next 10 minutes.
- **Hardy:** Blood sharks are as tough as they are stupid. When Shaken, further Shaken results do not cause a wound.

- **Large:** Attack rolls against a blood shark gain a +2 bonus.
- **Size +5:** Blood sharks grow to be about 40' long.

Burnin' Dead

The burnin' dead look like charred, skeletal bodies wreathed in auras of crackling flame. They shriek in constant agony as their flesh melts away. Thanks to the manitou's unnatural influence, burnin' dead never run out of fuel—they just keep burning.

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

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d6, Intimidation d10, Notice d8, Stealth d6

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 10

Special Abilities:

- **Burnin' for You:** The touch of a burnin' dead inflicts d10 fire damage. These fiends like to grapple victims, inflicting Str+d10 damage every round they hold fast. Additionally, roll 1d6 each round a victim is held in this manner; on a 5 or 6, the victim ignites.

OTHER THREATS

In addition to the numerous creatures listed in this chapter, the following creatures from *Deadlands Reloaded* are also encountered all over Famine's domain:

bloody one, bone fiend, chupacabra, demon (masquerading as Fallen Angels within Grimme's domain), desert thing, devil ray, duster, gaki, giant octopus, giant saltwater crocodile, giant shark, 'glom, horned serpent, jackalope, Maze dragon, patchwork man, rattler, rattler young 'uns, tommyknocker, tumblebleed, tunnel critter, walkin' dead, walkin' fossil, wall crawler, wave shadow, and wereshark.

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- **Claws:** Str+d4+2. If a burnin' dead scores a hit with a raise, the target is set on fire.
- **Fear:** The sight of a burning, shrieking corpse prompts a Guts check.
- **Fearless:** Burnin' dead are immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- **Undead:** +2 Toughness; +2 to recover from Shaken; no additional damage from Called Shots; immune to disease and poison.

Chinese Ogre

In the bureaucracy of Chinese Hell, greater demons jockey for power and influence in an eternal, byzantine game of murder and lies. The pawns in this battle are the ogres—the foot soldiers, grunts, and enforcers of the underworld. Ogres are massive creatures with bizarre facial features, including hair that's usually green, red, or blue. Their skin is most often deathly white, but might be some other bright color. Most of them have eyes on their foreheads; for some ogres, that single eye is their only eye. They have large mouths full of sharp teeth.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d12+2, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d8, Notice d4, Throwing d6

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 11

Gear: Massive pole-arm (Str+d8, Reach 1)

Special Abilities:

- **Fear:** Chinese ogres are profoundly strange and otherworldly beings, causing Guts checks for those who see them.
- **Size +3:** Chinese ogres stand eight to 12 feet tall, with round pot-bellies and slabs of muscle on their massive limbs.
- **Sweep:** Chinese ogres may attack all adjacent foes at -2.



Chinese Ogre Sorcerer

Some ogres are crafty enough to remain free—and smart enough to practice the black arts—and these jealously guard their independence. These terrors are every bit as tough as your typical Chinese ogre, but they're crafty as rattlesnakes and wield infernal magic to boot.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d12+2, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d8, Notice d4, Spellcasting d8, Throwing d6

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 11

Gear: Massive sword (Str+d8)

Special Abilities:

- **Black Magic:** An ogre sorcerer has 15 Power Points, and knows the *bolt*, *boost/lower trait*, *invisibility*, and *smite* powers.
- **Fear:** Chinese ogres are profoundly strange and terrifying, causing Guts checks for those who see them.
- **Size +3:** Chinese ogres stand eight to twelve feet tall, with round pot-bellies and slabs of muscle on their massive limbs.
- **Sweep:** Chinese ogres may attack all adjacent foes at -2.

Channel Chompers

The Reckoning awakened the members of this ancient aquatic race of fish-men. Channel chompers have luminous bulbs of flesh suspended from their foreheads; they use these to attract prey and to navigate in the extreme depths of the ocean. They have big, clumsy claws, fish-like tails, and wide mouths filled with razorlike teeth.

The creatures typically dwell in the darkest depths of the Pacific Ocean, but hunt humans in order to meet the demands of their gigantic, ravenous god. The channel chompers believe this god must be fed a steady diet of humans or it will burst up from its trench and devour every living thing in the ocean—along with the channel chompers.

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

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d6, Stealth d6

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

Special Abilities:

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- **Aquatic:** Pace 12. The channel chomper secretes a viscous oil from between its scales, causing it to slip through the water with repulsive speed.
- **Armor +2:** Channel chompers have thick, rubbery skin that turns away blows.
- **Bite/Claws:** Str+d6.
- **Fear:** A channel chomper's fearsome appearance inspires a Guts check.
- **Poison:** The chompers' saliva and claws transmit a poison that can keep people alive but comatose underwater for weeks at a time. Anyone wounded by a chomper must make a Vigor roll or fall into a deathly torpor for 1d6 days.
- **Stench:** Out of the water, the oil secreted by a channel chomper smells like rotten fish and ammonia. When fighting a chomper, adjacent foes suffer a -1 to Parry due to nausea and watering eyes.



Crying Ghost

Unfulfilled longing is the number one way to turn into a ghost. One has to especially beware of female ghosts mourning for lost love. A crying ghost, as they are called, latches onto menfolk and leeches the life out of them. She's taking vengeance on the entire male species to get back at the cad who jilted her.

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

Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d8, Notice d6, Persuasion d8, Stealth d6

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

Special Abilities:

- **Alluring:** Crying ghosts, whether female or male, are exceedingly attractive and charismatic when they pass themselves off as human. They add +2 to Persuasion rolls until their true nature is revealed, and +2 to Intimidation when revealed as an abomination.
- **Deadly Hair:** A crying ghost can control her long hair and use it as a weapon. She can engage up to four opponents per round with her hair, at a Reach of 1. Each is resolved as a standard Grappling attempt. When attempting to do damage on subsequent rounds, the damage starts at 1d6, and increases by 1d6 each round. So the second squeeze is 2d6, the third 3d6, and so on to a maximum of 5d6. Each hank of hair has a Toughness of 11, but damage exceeding that from an edged (magical) weapon will slice one cleanly in half.
- **Ethereal:** Crying ghosts are immaterial and can only be harmed by magical attacks.
- **Fear -2:** The soul-draining chill of death radiating from a crying ghost causes all who feel it to make a Guts check (-2).

- **Incorporeal:** Crying ghosts are already dead, so you can't kill them. When Incapacitated, they disappear. They return to this world on the night of the next full moon.
- **Nocturnal:** Crying ghosts only manifest on this plane from dusk to dawn.
- **Spirit Extinction:** A character killed by a crying ghost is D-E-A-D, deceased. No returning as one of the Harrowed, a ghost, or even the soul of a housefly. His soul has been eaten, end of story.
- **Weakness (Holy Powers):** A crying ghost can't enter an area that has been sanctified, no matter what. An exorcism performed on her favorite spot forces her to move on.

Faminite

When the ship that carried the Hunger Spirit over from China dashed itself upon the rocky shore of shattered California, it didn't take long for a bunch of prospectors to find the wreck and get themselves infected by the spirit's touch. The victims staggered away into a nearby mining camp, and an evil plague began to spread.

The victims of the plague become "faminites." These pitious creations eat anything. They will eat human flesh, but most prefer regular food if given a choice. Unfortunately, no matter how much they wolf down, their hunger is sated for only a very short while. Under no circumstances will faminites eat another of their kind, though they'll chow down on someone they've infected (before that person becomes a full faminite).

Faminites are at least partially under the control of the Hunger Spirit, but the spirit rarely exercises any outright control. The mayhem and chaos faminites cause on their own seems to suit it just fine.

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

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d4, Shooting d6, Stealth d6

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

Gear: Most have clubs (Str+d4), but a few carry firearms.

Special Abilities:

- **Bite:** Str+d4.
- **Claws:** Str+d6.
- **Fear:** The very unsettling sight of a faminite causes a Guts check.
- **Infection:** Anyone so much as nicked (Shaken or wounded by bite or claw) by a faminite joins their ranks in 24 hours. Wild Cards can avoid this fate with a successful Vigor roll (-2), but Extras are doomed to become faminites. During this time, the victim becomes increasingly hungry and thin. Her fingernails lengthen and turn into sharp, infectious claws. Only death, or the miracle *greater healing* can stop the disease's progress. If the blessed laying on hands fails the roll, she has to make her own Vigor roll (-2) or become infected as well.

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- **Size -1:** Faminites are much thinner than your average Joe.
- **Weakness (Evil Taint):** Faminites cannot enter an area that's been properly sanctified.



Gyonshee (Hopping Vampire)

Hailing from China and found throughout the Great Maze, hopping vampires are a breed apart from the traditional Western walkin' dead. Their skin is light green, their mouths are full of sharp teeth, they're dumb as a box of rocks, and their nails are long and hard like claws. Hopping vampires don't think, and they never retreat. They have only one impulse: to hop forward and attack any living thing they see.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d12, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d8, Stealth d10

Pace: 4; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 9

Special Abilities:

- **Bite/Claws:** Str+d6.
- **Extended Jump:** Hopping vampires can extend the distance they hop using a run action. They roll a d4 running die, however.
- **Fear:** The sight of a hoppin' mad gyonshee is scarier than it sounds and causes a Guts check.
- **Jump:** In addition to hopping horizontally, a hopping vampire can move half its Pace vertically.
- **Sire:** Each time a victim is wounded by a hopping vampire, he must make a Vigor roll or transform into a hopping vampire after 2d4 days. Only with an ancient Chinese folk cure can he avoid this terrible fate. Any character making a Knowledge (Occult) roll (-4, unless the character is Chinese or an established expert in Chinese occultism) might know one of the versions of this cure.

The cure generally involves sitting inside a circle and eating a great deal of sticky rice. This poses a problem to the Maze adventurer; sticky rice is only found in Shan Fan, and a few other places with large Chinese populations. (Even then, getting *genuine* sticky rice and not cheaper, regular rice substituted by some unscrupulous merchant is the real trick.) The forewarned posse should head into gyonshee territory with several sacks of sticky rice on hand. Victims transformed into gyonshee can't normally be turned back and should be treated as dead.

As Marshal, though, you may wish to make the cure of an active gyonshee the basis of a story, so it's possible that extraordinary measures can reverse the curse. Don't make it easy, however, lest your posse lose their healthy fear of the legendary Chinese hopping vampire.

- **Undead:** +2 Toughness; +2 to recover from Shaken; no additional damage from Called Shots; immune to disease and poison; does not suffer wound penalties.

- **Weakness (Prayer):** Prayers written in Chinese on rice paper and attached to the vampire's forehead render it immobile. The attacker must make a successful Called Shot to the head (-4) to attach the paper. With a success, the hopping vampire is rendered immobile by the prayer (Parry reduced to 2). Be warned, though—a strong wind can easily dislodge the rice paper, and then you've got an angry gyonshee to deal with.

Hoodoo

The tall tales of Maze miners are some of the most outlandish in the world. Some miners whisper that sections of Maze canyon wall sometimes come to life, walk right out of the rock, and try to rip their heads off. This is especially likely to happen to miners working alone at night (and drinking rotgut), or so the legend goes. Since the Reckoning, the legend has come to life.

The attack of a hoodoo is not subtle. The things swing their club-like fists, battering the victim until he is dead. If a hoodoo knocks a person into the water, it won't follow the hapless fellow down.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d4, Strength d12+6, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d4

Pace: 4; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 14 (4)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +4:** A hoodoo is made out of solid rock, and just as tough to scratch.
- **Fear:** The sight of a rock wall assuming murderous life causes a Guts check.
- **Smash:** Str+d6.
- **Size +2:** Hoodoos are only about five feet tall, but extremely broad and heavy.
- **Weakness (Vulnerability to Water):** Hoodoos' first problem with water is that they are far too heavy to swim—they sink like the walking hunks of stone they are. In addition, a hoodoo fully immersed in water for more than a minute (10 rounds) begins to dissolve. The hoodoo loses 1 Strength die type for every full minute immersed in water. If the hoodoo's Strength die type drops below d4, it is destroyed.

Hoop Snake

Indians across the southwest tell stories of strange snakes that curl themselves into circles, like living hoops, and roll across the ground instead of slithering. The stories claim they can roll faster than a man can run. The bite of the hoop snake is so poisonous it'll kill a man dead in minutes, and make anyone who touches him sick from the seepage alone.

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

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d6, Stealth d6

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

Special Abilities:

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- **Bite:** d4.
- **Fear:** Think it sounds a little silly? Deadly rolling snakes? When it's you they're fixing to chomp on, partner, the fear is real.
- **Poison:** The hoop snake's venom is some of the most powerful in the Weird West. Anyone Shaken or wounded by its bite must make a Vigor roll at -4. Those who succeed are left Exhausted until healed, with an aching purple welt. Those who fail die within 1d4 minutes unless aided with *healing* or *greater healing*. Anyone who touches a hoop snake victim for any reason must make her own Vigor roll (-2) or suffer 2d6 damage (one time only, per touch). The poisoned victim can cure himself instantly by diving through the snake's hoop, but this maneuver requires an Agility roll at -4. If it fails the snake gets a free attack.
- **Rollin':** Pace 18. A hoop snake can curl itself into a circle and then roll. When moving in this fashion, the hoop snake's Pace increases by three times.

Maze Dragon Young'un

These creatures resemble their much larger parents, and are little more than a roving appetite.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6(A), Spirit d4, Strength d12, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d6, Notice d4, Stealth d8

Pace: 0; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 11 (1)

Special Abilities:

- **Aquatic:** Pace 8.
- **Armor +1:** Maze dragon young 'uns have tough, scaly hides.
- **Bite:** Str+d8.
- **Size +3:** Maze dragon young'uns are as big as the biggest anaconda.

Tomb Guardian

Looking like bizarre hybrids of deer, human, and lizard, these ceramic statues are created by Chinese sorcerers to guard things they don't want disturbed. After enchanting it (or several of them), the sorcerer can give the statue detailed instructions as to who may enter the area it is set to guard. When someone unauthorized violates the area, the tomb guardians spring to the attack. They exist only to obey instructions, and aren't smart enough to follow orders more complicated than "attack anyone who comes in here, who isn't me or my henchmen."

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

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d4

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

Special Abilities:

- **Antlers:** Str+d6.
- **Armor +2.**



- **Construct:** +2 to recover from being Shaken; no additional damage from Called Shots; immune to disease and poison.
- **Fear:** Weird ceramic statues trying to skewer you ain't natural, no sir. Make a Guts roll.
- **Fearless:** Tomb guardians aren't afraid of anything and never back down.
- **Hardy:** Additional Shaken results don't cause tomb guardians a wound.
- **Size -2:** Tomb guardians are only three feet tall.

Famine's Servants

Statistics for the Reverend Ezekiah Grimme are in *Deadlands Reloaded*. Here you'll find complete stats for Grimme's Elders (or Ghouls, depending on your perspective) and other allies.



Avenging Angels

These hardened soldiers represent the very best Grimme can field against his enemies. They're tougher, meaner, and more experienced than your average Guardian Angel. Avenging Angels typically command flights of fifteen or more Guardian Angels.

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

Skills: Fighting d8, Guts d8, Intimidation d8, Knowledge (Battle) d6, Notice d8, Persuasion d6, Shooting d8, Stealth d8, Survival d6, Tracking d4

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

Hindrances: Arrogant, Overconfident

Edges: Arcane Background (Black Magic), Combat Reflexes, Command, Hold the Line!, Nerves of Steel, Speed Load

Gear: Avenging Angels are encouraged to carry whatever weapons they're most comfortable killin' folks with.



Evil Ike

Head honcho of Ghost Town, Ike is a mountain of a man with slabs of muscle covering his arms and torso. That's about where the resemblance to his former self—Ike "Ironman" Murray—ends. Evil Ike is charred black, and steaming blood oozes from his cracked, peeling skin. He has scorched, ruined pits lit by orange embers where his eyes used to be. Once he tried to help his fellow man; now he exists only to spread misery, agony, and fear.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d12+2, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d10, Notice d6

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 14 (2)



Special Abilities:

- **Armor +2:** Shards of scrap iron are melted into Evil Ike's form, providing armor to his whole body.
- **Claws:** Str+d8. Ike's hands are adorned with long, curved talons.
- **Combust:** As a free action, Evil Ike can initiate an opposed Spirit roll with any target within 8". If Ike wins, the target ignites with a "spot fire" (1d10). If Ike wins with a raise, the target goes up like a campfire (2d10).
- **Fear -2:** Evil Ike's terrifying visage prompts a Guts check (-2).
- **Fearless:** Ike is immune to Fear (and Intimidation).
- **Size +2:** Evil Ike stands nearly seven feet tall and weighs over 300 lbs.
- **Undead:** +2 Toughness; +2 to recover from Shaken; no additional damage from Called Shots; immune to disease and poison; does not suffer wound penalties.



Garrett Black, Angel of Death

Garrett Black is a Harrowed so mean he sometimes scares his own manitou—when he's not making the thing laugh with glee. After his death and return from the grave, his mind snapped, and he's under the delusion that he's actually Death himself. Black thoroughly enjoys his role, sometimes too much—the black-hearted dude competes with his manitou to see who's more evil. Some of the things he has done in the course of his duties have almost shocked Grimme himself.

Once the characters get to be real thorns in Famine's side, Grimme could send the Angel of Death to hunt down and slay the posse. *The Angel's scythe shall fall.*

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d10, Strength d8, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d8, Guts d10, Intimidation d10, Notice d8, Persuasion d8, Shooting d8, Spellcasting d8, Stealth d8, Streetwise d6

Charisma: -6; **Grit:** 6; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 8

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, Delusional (Major, thinks he's Death), Grim Servant o' Death, Mean

Edges: Arcane Background (Black Magic), Combat Reflexes, Duelist, Implacable, Improved Hip Shooting, Improved Stitchin', Marksman, New Power x2, No Mercy (Shooting), Power Points, Quick Draw, Reputation, Soul Eater, Speed Load, Supernatural Attribute (Vigor), True Grit

Powers: *Armor, bolt, fear, fly, smite.* **Power Points:** 20

Gear: Colt Peacemaker single-action x2 (12/24/48; 2d6+1; RoF 1; Shots 6; AP 1), double barrel shotgun (12/24/48; 1-3d6; RoF 1-2; Shots 2; +2 Shooting), knife (Str+d4), black robes, Bone of the Bloody Ones.

Special Abilities:

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



The 13 Ghouls

Grimme's 13 most trusted servants are collectively known as the Elders of the Church of Lost Angels. Their enemies call them "Grimme's ghouls." Every one of them was with the original Grimme when the Great Quake ripped through California, and now they form the inner circle of the church. To keep things manageable, we've given you one set of statistics that represents all 13 of the ghouls.

Under special abilities you'll find the ability they all share, along with those qualities that make each Elder unique. Individually the Ghouls are considered Wild Cards; when they're gathered for the final battle, count them as Extras—Grimme is their "soul," after all.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Strength d8, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d8, Guts d10, Intimidation d10, Notice d8, Persuasion d8, Riding d8, Shooting d8, Stealth d8, Streetwise d6

Charisma: +2; **Grit:** 4; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 8

Hindrances: Loyal (to Grimme)

Edges: Charismatic, Combat Reflexes, Command, Danger Sense, Fate's Favored, Level-Headed, Reputation, Strong-Willed

Gear: Each Elder carries a weapon of their choice.

Special Abilities:

- **Immortal:** If a ghoul is killed, the body crumbles away and reappears in the Lost Angels Cathedral 13 days later, alive and whole once again. Only by triggering the Flood can the ghouls be destroyed forever.
- **Andrea Baird:** Andrea is Grimme's right-hand woman, a steel-haired matron who keeps her hair bound up in a severely tight bun. Andrea dwells in Lost Angels, where she keeps the cult's hierarchy working smoothly. Andrea's Intimidation, Persuasion, and Taunt are all d12, and she has the Snakeoil Salesman Edge.
- **Michael Coulter:** One of Grimme's "Archangels," Coulter is responsible for the western half of Lost Angels. He has the Improved Arcane Resistance and Natural Leader Edges. Coulter has Spellcasting d10, Arcane Background (Black Magic), and the *armor, bolt, deflection, fear, and healing* powers (20 PP).
- **Gabriel Fannon:** Fannon is the gunslinging Archangel who runs the eastern half of Lost Angels. He's hell-on-wheels with a firearm, and has Shooting d12 and the Duelist, Hip-Shooting, and Marksman Edges.
- **Father Darren Ambrose:** Darren Ambrose of Pennsylvania is a veteran of the Civil War, where he served as an artillery commander. He fought at Gettysburg, saw what happened there, lost an arm to a 'glom, and ain't been right in the head since. Ambrose minds the graveyard at Jehosaphat Valley, and has the One Arm Hindrance.
- **Lt. Commander Horace Mosely:** Horace Mosely was a sailor in the Confederate Navy, and saw a laundry list of terrible things before the Reckoning even hit.

Now he oversees the construction of the Wasatch/Lost Angels fleet at Progress. Mosely has Boating d10, and the Captain and Maze Rat Edges.

- **Caroline DeCarlo:** Once a soiled dove, Caroline's in charge of visiting "ladies' boarding houses" up and down the coast, where she reforms young prostitutes. In fact, her duty is to hire bandits to sabotage efforts to ship food to the southern Maze. Caroline has Stealth and Streetwise at d12, along with the Attractive and Nerves of Steel Edges. She's also Harrowed, with the Cat Eyes, Ghost, and Implacable Edges to prove it.
- **Vertiline Grindle:** Vertiline's past is marked by prolonged episodes of serial larceny. Whenever Grimme needs to acquire something real quiet-like, he calls upon Grindle to get it. She usually stays in a hotel room in Lynchburg. Vertiline has Climbing, Lockpicking, and Stealth at d12, and the Thief Edge.
- **Ernie Miller:** Ernie runs the Lost Angels Chamber of Commerce. He's a nervous, high-strung man who never fully recovered from the ordeal of the Great Quake. Miller has Smarts d10, Piloting d8, and Repair d12, along with the Jack-of-All-Trades Edge and a Quirk (sweats a lot) Hindrance.
- **Daniel Rotten-Belly:** When Daniel arrived at Grimme's ranch he was a recidivist evildoer seeking redemption. These days Daniel teaches the Guardian Angels how to fight, but he prefers to wander the Maze when there's no training to be done. Daniel has Fighting d12+2, along with the Berserk, Expert (Fighting), and No Mercy (Fighting) Edges.
- **George Washington Woolbright:** The church's chief missionary, George travels up and down Famine's realm, bringing the Word of Grimme to downtrodden people everywhere. Woolbright has Spellcasting d10, Arcane Background (Black Magic), and the *armor, bolt, deflection, fear, and healing* powers (20 PP).
- **Lilly Spratt:** Grimme believes children are the future, so he appointed Lilly to make sure the young 'uns of Lost Angels receive a "proper" education at the L.A. schoolhouse. This mostly involves instilling fear and hatred under the guise of piety. Lilly has Taunt d12, and the Fervor and Knack (Breech Birth) Edges.
- **Mordecai Noss:** Once a rancher, Mordecai is now a land baron of sorts. He travels the Weird West seeking places to build new chapels—chapels that include a chunk of Grimme's unholy altar. Noss has the Arcane Resistance and Noble Edges, and Persuasion d12.
- **Darcy Wardlow:** Darcy is a master negotiator with a weakness for poker. He came to Grimme's ranch for the dry air, which is said to help tuberculosis symptoms. Now he lives in L.A. and serves as official church Liaison to the Wasatch Rail Company. Darcy's Gambling, Intimidation, and Persuasion are d12, and he has the Snakeoil Salesman and Silver-Tongued Devil Edges. He also has the Ailin' (Major) Hindrance on account of his being a lunger.

DEADLANDS: THE FLOOD

Famous Folks

Here's some of the most infamous and colorful inhabitants of the Great Maze. A few others—notably Darius Hellstromme, Kang, and Red Petals Su—are found in *Deadlands Reloaded*.



Ansel Pascal

Ansel Pascal leads the Men of the Grid, and he's a quick-witted and very cautious man. He wears finely-tailored suits that are actually threadbare on closer inspection.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d12, Spirit d10, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d4, Guts d6, Notice d10, Persuasion d10, Shooting d8, Streetwise d8, Taunt d8

Charisma: 0; **Grit:** 1; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Bad Eyes, Cautious, Loyal (to the Men of the Grid)

Edges: Connections, Snakeoil Salesman

Gear: Threadbare suit, spectacles, gold pocketwatch, double barrel shotgun (12/24/48; 1–3d6; RoF 1–2; Shots 2; +2 Shooting).



Big Ears Tam

Big Ears Tam began his life as a scholar from a small village in Canton. He passed the government's notoriously difficult civil service examinations and became a tax collector in Shanghai. There he was initiated into that city's chapter of the Hsieh Chia Jên. Soon he was moonlighting as a minor crime lord. Forced to flee the city when his Manchu superiors became suspicious, he made the arduous journey to Shan Fan. He has since found the Maze to his liking and has no plans to return to China.

Big Ears has realized his every ambition, having great wealth and possessing the respect of his fellow violent men. He has no big political or supernatural agenda; he just wants to die at a ripe old age, in his sleep, with his fortune and power intact. That's quite the goal for a triad boss, but if anyone can do it, it's Tam. The man speaks virtually no English, relying on lackeys for translation. He would be considered a "ferner" outside of Shan Fan, but he rarely leaves his estate, let alone the city he commands.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d12, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d8, Gambling d12+1, Guts d8, Intimidation d12, Knowledge (Battle) d10, Knowledge (Chinese culture) d10, Notice d10, Persuasion d12, Shooting d12, Streetwise d12, Throwing d10

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

Hindrances: All Thumbs, Elderly, Greedy (Minor), Hard of Hearing (Minor), Vow (to the Hsieh Chia Jên)

Edges: Card Sharp, Charismatic, Command, Connections, Filthy Rich, Martial Arts, Professional (Gambling), Reputation

Gear: Shuriken x6 (3/6/12; Str+d4). Being incredibly rich, Tam has access to any piece of gear he needs.



Big Pul & Little Pul

Despite their names, these two Cuahilla shamans are indistinguishable in appearance. Thin and wiry, with long black hair tied back and adorned with the skulls of small animals, the brothers keep themselves busy by looking surly and spreading fear (as secret members of the Rattlesnake Clan). Being identical in every way, the brothers even share a stat block. If one of them is ever killed, the other lets out a bone-chilling shriek and falls dead as well.

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

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d6, Guts d12, Healing d8, Intimidation d6, Notice d8, Riding d6, Shooting d6, Spellcasting d10, Stealth d6, Throwing d6, Tracking d6

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

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, Mean, Old Ways Oath

Edges: Arcane Background (Black Magic), Danger Sense, Nerves of Steel, New Power (x2), Power Points (x2)

Powers: *Armor, bolt, boost/lower trait, deflection, fear.*

Power Points: 20

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Gear: Bow (12/24/48; 2d6; RoF 1; Shots 1), bladed war club (Str+d8), 20 arrows.



Captain Blood

A Spaniard by birth, Blood is one of the most feared officers in the Mexican Navy. “El Capitan Sangre,” as he is called, is as dashing and suave as the stories make him out to be. He loves a glass of fine wine with a gourmet meal, and delights in military history and violin concertos. He’s also a ruthless, bloodthirsty scourge of the open seas intent on breaking the United States’ hold on California and the Maze.

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

Skills: Boating d10, Climbing d8, Fighting d12, Guts d8, Knowledge (Battle) d10, Notice d8, Persuasion d8, Shooting d10, Stealth d6, Taunt d8

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

Hindrances: Arrogant, Bloodthirsty, Quirk (Must seduce women)

Edges: Attractive, Charismatic, Command, Natural Leader, Nerves of Steel, Noble, Soldier (Officer), Reputation, True Grit

Gear: Colt Navy single-action (12/24/48; 2d6; RoF 1; Shots 6; AP 1), saber (Str+d6), Mexican naval uniform.



Captain Roderick Pennington-Smythe

“Smythe,” as friends call him, is a true hero in every sense of the word. He first saw action in the weird wars of the Crimea and was baptized in the supernatural evil that rose wherever extreme violence raged.

His experiences there changed him forever. While lesser men might have withdrawn into madness or despair, Smythe resolved to do everything in his power to repulse the tide of darkness even now washing over the earth. He has served the Explorer’s Society—and the Twilight Legion—loyally for many years, a man of towering spirit and intellect. As he gets on in years, he’s still vigorous but looking to induct the society’s next generation.

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

Skills: Boating d8, Climbing d8, Fighting d10, Gambling d8, Guts d10, Healing d8, Intimidation d8, Investigation d10, Knowledge (Battle) d8, Knowledge (History) d10, Knowledge (Military History) d10, Knowledge (Occult) d10, Notice d10, Persuasion d10, Piloting d8, Riding d8, Shooting d8, Stealth d8, Streetwise d8, Survival d12, Swimming d10, Taunt d6, Throwing d6, Tracking d10

Charisma: +2; **Grit:** 4; **Pace:** 5; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Curious, Elderly, Quirk (Collector)

Edges: Charismatic, Combat Reflexes, Command, Hard to Kill, Level Headed, True Grit

Gear: Monocle



Chin-Hsueh Wong

Wong is a Shaolin grandmaster of the 37th Chamber, so holy he bleeds liquid gold. He’s an honorable foe who tends to give his enemies lots of friendly encouragement during a fight. He has long moustaches that hang halfway down his chest, and wears a belt of spun gold.

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

Skills: Climbing d12, Fighting d12+2, Guts d8, Notice d10, Persuasion d8, Swimming d12

Charisma: +2; **Grit:** 6; **Pace:** 8; **Parry:** 10; **Toughness:** 10

Hindrances: Arrogant, Heroic

Edges: Arcane Background (Chi Mastery), Celestial Kung Fu (Drunken, Shaolin, Tai Chi), Charismatic, Combat Reflexes, Expert, First Strike, Fleet-Footed, Harder to Kill, Improved Block, Improved Frenzy, Improved Counterpunch, Improved Martial Arts, Improved Sweep, Improved Tough as Nails, New Power (x4), No Mercy (Fighting), Power Points (x2), Reputation, True Grit

Powers: *Deflection* d8, *fly* d8, *healing* d10, *quickness* d6, *smite* d10, *speed* d8. **Power Points:** 30

Gear: Nunchaku (Str+d4).

DEADLANDS: THE FLOOD



Emperor Joshua Norton I

Norton was a harmless eccentric until Warlord Kwan swept in from the mountains to take him to his destiny. The shock of having a heavily armed warlord take him seriously as a potential Emperor of America has forced Joshua Norton back into the real world.

He is afraid of Kwan, who he considers much crazier than himself. He is even more afraid of Kwan's Cahuilla advisors, Big Pul and Little Pul. Kwan he sees as a deluded idiot savant, but Big Pul and Little Pul are downright evil. He's too frightened to run away, so he does what he can to soften the harm Kwan might do. Having won Kwan's trust, he gently advises him to be a kind and just ruler.

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

Skills: Fighting d4, Guts d6, Notice d10, Persuasion d10, Riding d4, Trade (Real Estate) d6

Charisma: +2; **Grit:** 1; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Bad Luck, Pacifist (Major)

Edges: Charismatic, Connections

Gear: Napoleonic uniform.



General Santa Anna

The "Napoleon of the West" is a tall, regal-looking fellow with pale skin and an elegant black moustache. His noble heritage is evident in his every move. He wears the uniform of a Mexican general, but it's often creased and dusty from leading his troops in the field. It's impossible to overlook the aura of command that surrounds him.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d12+1, Spirit d10, Strength d8, Vigor d12

Skills: Boating d8, Climbing d6, Driving d6, Fighting d12+2, Guts d12, Intimidation d12+1, Knowledge (Battle) d12, Notice d12, Persuasion d12+2, Riding d12, Shooting d12, Stealth d6, Survival d8, Taunt d12, Throwing d10, Tracking d8

Charisma: +8; **Grit:** 6; **Pace:** 4; **Parry:** 13; **Toughness:** 10

Hindrances: Elderly, One Leg (Major), Vow (Invade and conquer Texas)

Edges: Attractive, Behold A Pale Horse..., Charismatic, Combat Reflexes, Command, Damned, Expert (Fighting),

First Strike, Fervor, Great Luck, Hold the Line!, Improved Block, Improved Frenzy, Improved Nerves of Steel, Improved Sweep, Improved Tough as Nails, Inspire, Master of Arms, Natural Leader, Noble, No Mercy (Fighting), No Mercy (Shooting), Professional (Intimidation), Professional (Smarts), Reputation, Snakeoil Salesman, True Grit

Gear: Colt Frontier .32-20 (12/24/48; 2d6; RoF 1; Shots 6; AP 1), cavalry saber (Str+d6), uniform.



Goldnose Slim

Goldnose Slim has a curious form of good luck: it never seems to benefit him in the long run. He is forever stumbling across fortunes, but never manages to keep any of them. Although a friendly and trusting fellow, his mood swings between unjustified optimism and self-lacerating despair.

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

Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d12, Knowledge (Mining) d10, Knowledge (Russian culture) d10, Shooting d6

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

Hindrances: Curious, Delusional (Minor, manic-depressive), Pacifist (Major), Poverty

Edges: Charismatic, Dodge, Luck, Nose for the Rock

Gear: Derringer (5/10/20; 2d6; RoF 1; Shots 2; AP 1), gold prosthetic nose, fancy suit, hair tonic.

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Hasteli

Hasteli is of the Chumash tribe, and appears to be in his late 60s, with wrinkles around his eyes and long gray hair. But his body has been given unnatural vigor by the power of the Reckoners, and his eyes burn with unquenchable hatred.

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

Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d10, Intimidation d12, Notice d10, Riding d6, Shooting d6, Spellcasting d10, Stealth d8, Taunt d6

Charisma: 0; **Grit:** 3; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 7

Hindrances: Old Ways Oath, Quirk (Intolerant of non-Indians), Vengeful (Major), Vow (to Raven)

Edges: Alertness, Arcane Background (Black Magic), Danger Sense, New Power, Power Points (x2), Strong-Willed

Powers: *Armor, bolt, puppet, stun.* **Power Points:** 20

Gear: Bow (12/24/48; 2d6; RoF 1; Shots 1), war club (Str+d6), ritual dagger (Str+d4, inflicts an additional +2 damage when wielded by Hasteli).



H.J. Kent

H.J. Kent isn't in league with the devil, as many say. He is, however, a huckster of some ability. He got out of the hoodoo business because being a middleman for the Rockies cartel pays better. He doesn't want his supernatural abilities widely known, because they'd conflict with his desired image as a respectable businessman and attract undesirables like Texas Rangers.

As long as he can remain undetected, he uses his powers on anyone who crosses him. A few whispered rumors about him are good for business, he reckons.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d12, Spirit d12, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Gambling d12, Guts d8, Knowledge (Assaying) d8, Knowledge (Occult) d10, Notice d8, Shooting d8, Spellcasting d10

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

Hindrances: Mean, Quirk (Miser)

Edges: Arcane Background (Magic), Card Sharp, Dealer's Choice, Improved High Roller, New Power, Power Points (x2), Reputation

Powers: *Bolt, deflection, gambler, stun.* **Power Points:** 20

Gear: Derringer (5/10/20; 2d6; RoF 1; Shots 2; AP 1), scales, deck of cards.



Hao-T'e Zui, The Mad Monk

What's said about the mysterious Hao-T'e Zui, sometimes called "the People's Bandit" (mostly by him), is that he's a Taoist priest who was banished from



China by powerful spirits or demons. He's a savvy bandit leader who makes life miserable for his enemies, is elusive as all Hell, and knows more than a little kung fu.

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

Skills: Fighting d10, Guts d12+2, Healing d10, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (Occult) d8, Notice d6, Persuasion d10, Riding d6, Shooting d6, Streetwise d10, Taunt d8, Throwing d6

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

Hindrances: Arrogant, Vengeful (Major), Wanted (Minor)

Edges: Arcane Background (Chi Mastery), Celestial Kung Fu (Eagle Claw, Mantis, Monkey), Command, Fleet-Footed, Improved Dodge, Improved Martial Arts, New Power (x2), Power Points (x2)

Powers: *Bolt d8, boost/lower trait d10, deflection d8, smite d8.* **Power Points:** 30

Special Abilities:

- **Regeneration (Fast):** The Mad Monk makes a Vigor roll to heal his wounds every round.

- **Weakness (Fire):** The Mad Monk can't regenerate damage caused by fire, but heals normally over time.

DEADLANDS: THE FLOOD



Job "Hog" Dunston

Job Dunston, or "Hog" to his friends, probably remained Marshal of Lost Angels for longer than he should have. Though most people believed he'd checked out for good after losing one hand, he returned to aid the Men of the Grid. His luck ran out soon after and he was thrown into Rock Island Prison, where Grimme proceeded to feast on the other hand. These stats represent Hog after his stint in Grimme's custody.

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

Skills: Fighting d10, Guts d8, Intimidation d8, Knowledge (Lost Angels) d8, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Riding d6, Shooting d8, Streetwise d8, Taunt d8

Charisma: 0; **Grit:** 1; **Pace:** 4; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 7

Hindrances: Lamé, No Arms (Missing both hands), Stubborn

Edges: Connections (Union Army), Strong Willed

Gear: Mechanically-augmented Gatling shotgun (12/24/48; 1–3d6; RoF 2; Shots 12; AP 2; a special apparatus allows Hog to fire the weapon), Stetson hat, chewing tobacco.



Kuai Yao, "the Goblin"

Shaolin warrior Kuai Yao is so ugly that it gives her an advantage in combat, as even her most determined opponent can't stand to look at her face. She's also a respected master of the 37th Chamber who constantly berates her foes with withering taunts.

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d10, Spirit d12, Strength d12+1, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d10, Fighting d12+1, Guts d8, Intimidation d12, Notice d6, Swimming d12, Taunt d12

Charisma: –6; **Grit:** 6; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 9; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Heroic, Ugly

Edges: Arcane Background (Chi Mastery), Block, Celestial Kung Fu (Shaolin, Wing Chun), Feet of Fury (Spin Kick), First Strike, Improved Martial Arts, Lightning Strike, New Power (x2), Professional (Fighting), Power Points, Reputation, Ten-Tiger Punch

Powers: *Armor* d10, *bolt* d10, *entangle* d8, *smite* d10.

Power Points: 25

Gear: Three Section Staff (Str+d4; Parry +1; Reach 1; requires 2 hands).

Special Abilities:

- **Stupendously Ugly:** Before any foe attacks Kuai Yao, he first has to force himself to look at her. Attackers must succeed on a Guts roll or be Shaken and suffer a –1 on all Trait tests directed at her in this combat.



Lacy O'Malley

Lacy O'Malley was born in Ireland, raised in New York City, and became a journalist in Chicago. He's a relative newcomer to the Weird West, arriving in the cold winter of 1875 before settling in Tombstone, Arizona the following year and becoming the *Epitaph's* most famous reporter. He spends little time there though, instead choosing to travel the West to verify the strange stories he's come to be renowned for.

Secretly, Lacy does far more than report on what he sees—he's been inducted into the Twilight Legion and granted permission to find other like-minded souls. O'Malley doesn't hand out signet rings, but he does tap heroic individuals to help in the fight against the Reckoners, and eventually recommend those who survive to Captain Pennington-Smythe.

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

Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d6, Investigation d8, Knowledge (Journalism) d12, Knowledge (the West) d10, Knowledge (Occult) d10, Persuasion d8, Shooting d6, Stealth d8, Streetwise d10, Survival d6, Taunt d10

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

Hindrances: Curious, Heroic, Vow (Twilight Legion)

Edges: Charismatic, Connections, Great Luck, Investigator, Level Headed, Reputation, Snakeoil Salesman, Strong Willed, True Grit

Gear: Derringer (5/10/20; 2d6; RoF 1; Shots 2; AP 1).



Long-Haired Tony

The sheriff of Shan Fan is Wong Chau Sang, also known as Long-Haired Tony. Long-Haired Tony was born in California in 1852 to a Chinese mother and an American father. His English is as good as his Cantonese, and he gets along with both communities. He isn't exactly what you'd call a good-looking man, with pockmarked features and close-set, beady eyes. Nonetheless, he is a powerful man, and that makes him popular with the ladies. When he's riled, Long-Haired Tony can be one crazy, violent son of a bitch.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d12, Spirit d4, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d8, Guts d4, Intimidation d8, Knowledge (Shan Fan) d6, Notice d8, Riding d8, Shooting d10, Streetwise d12, Taunt d6

Charisma: –2; **Grit:** 3; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Mean

Edges: Dodge, Marksman, Quick Draw, Reputation, Speed Load, Strong Willed

Gear: Colt Peacemaker double-action (12/24/48; 2d6+1; RoF 1; Shots 6; AP 1), Double barrel shotgun (12/24/48; 1–3d6; RoF 1–2; Shots 2; +2 Shooting), sheriff's badge.

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Mariposa Lil

Basically the head honcho of Lynchburg, Mariposa Lil is a public person—what you see is what you get. Mostly what you see is an ornery, self-righteous old bird who likes to hang people who irritate her.

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

Skills: Intimidation d6, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Shooting d8

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

Hindrances: Arrogant, Loyal (to her employees), Vengeful (Major)

Edges: Charismatic, Command, Fervor, Hold the Line!, Improved Dodge, Inspire, Natural Leader, Noble, Reputation, True Grit

Gear: Colt Peacemaker .45 single-action (12/24/48; 2d6+1; RoF 1; Shots 6; AP 1), double barrel shotgun (12/24/48; 1–3d6; RoF 1–2; Shots 2; +2 Shooting), lots o' rope.



Rabid Rance Hitchcock

Low-down outlaw and killer Rance is 300 pounds of muscle and man. His big, melon-like head can generally be relied upon to be half-shaven around the face and close-cropped up on the scalp. He has a tendency to drool, especially at the sight of ghost rock.

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

Skills: Fighting d10, Guts d4, Intimidation d8, Knowledge (Great Maze) d4, Notice d4, Riding d8, Shooting d12, Survival d6

Charisma: –4; **Grit:** 3; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 7

Hindrances: Greedy (Major), Illiterate, Mean, Ugly

Edges: Brawny, Duelist, Dodge, Hip-Shooting, Level Headed, Quick Draw, Reputation

Gear: Colt Peacemaker single-action (12/24/48; 2d6+1; RoF 1; Shots 6; AP 1), knife (Str+d4).



Rat-Skinner Hou

One of Shan Fan's "Big Brothers," Rat-Skinner Hou gets his name from the way he dealt with an informant who betrayed him to the authorities. This was back when he was smuggling opium into the City of Lost Angels. Just to make it clear what kind of fellow he is, he had that informant's hide tanned and turned into a hat. Wears it all the time. Hou's a big, strapping man with a cue-ball bald head and a big mustache. He's known for his bad temper—which is saying something, considering the poor self-control of the average Big Brother.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d12, Vigor d10

Skills: Climbing d10, Fighting d10, Guts d8, Intimidation d8, Notice d10, Shooting d8, Survival d6, Tracking d8

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

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, The Cup Overflows

Edges: Arcane Background (Chi Mastery), Block, Brawny, Combat Reflexes, First Strike, Counterpunch, Improved Sweep, Martial Arts, No Mercy (Fighting), Reputation, Rich, Superior Kung Fu (Shuai Chao)

Powers: *Boost/lower trait* d6, *deflection* d6, *healing* d6.

Power Points: 20

Gear: Chinese sword (Str+d6).



Rutherford Ellington Dillenger

Like many people raised in aristocratic society, Rutherford Ellington Dillenger has a jolly fine manner. He wanted little more than to bring a little culture and history to the "unfortunates" along the American frontier. His philanthropy almost got him killed at a little town called Red Rock when Arabian cultists tried to take the Amulet of Rahashimir from him. Only the actions of an adventurous group of hirelings saved him, but a subsequent encounter with a young rattler called the "Gulper" left Dillenger reluctant to undertake further such expeditions.

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

Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d6, Gambling d12, Guts d6, Knowledge (History) d10, Knowledge (Art and Culture) d10, Knowledge (Occult) d8, Notice d8, Persuasion d10, Riding d10, Shooting d4, Stealth d8, Survival d6, Swimming d6



DEADLANDS: THE FLOOD

Charisma: +2; **Grit:** 2; **Pace:** 4; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 6
Hindrances: Curious, Lame, Outsider, Quirk (Collector)
Edges: Attractive, Noble, Scholar, Tale Teller
Gear: Checkbook, fancy suit, Colt Peacemaker .45 single-action (12/24/48; 2d6+1; RoF 1; Shots 6; AP 1), 12 rounds, gold pocket watch, leather shoes, matches, pipe, tobacco, cane, wallet, \$100.



Samuel Quincy Hellman

Sam Hellman, badge #314, has been the Special Agent in charge of Lost Angels since a few months after the Great Quake. He's a dour fellow, with the weight of the many terrors he's seen hanging heavily on his shoulders. He's got a handlebar moustache and hard, blue-gray eyes.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d10, Spirit d12, Strength d8, Vigor d10

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Gambling d6, Guts d12, Intimidation d8, Investigation d10, Knowledge (Great Maze) d10, Knowledge (Law) d8, Knowledge (Occult) d12, Notice d10, Persuasion d8, Piloting d4, Riding d8, Shooting d12+2, Stealth d8, Survival d6, Swimming d6, Taunt d6

Charisma: 0; **Grit:** 6; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 8

Hindrances: Cautious, Code of Honor, Vow (Serve the Agency)

Edges: Agent (Grade 4), Alertness, Block, Combat Reflexes, Connections, Danger Sense, Expert (Shooting), Harder to Kill, Improved Dodge, Improved Nerves of Steel, Improved Trademark Weapon, Level Headed, Marksman, Martial Arts, Quick Draw, Rock and Roll!, Speed Load, Strong Willed, Tough as Nails, True Grit

Gear: Gatling pistol ("Big Bertha," 12/24/48; 2d6+1; RoF 2; Shots 12; AP 1), Agent's badge, knife (Str+d4).



Shen Wan, aka "White-Tipped Cap"

White-Tipped Cap is not a demon from hell. He's just a very skillful, completely amoral martial artist. His real name is Shen Wan. Knowing only how to make a living through violence, he sought out the King of the Horizon, whose ruthless raids were already making a name in the territory. Shen Wan hates powerful bosses, but he doesn't know how to live without one.

Wan fears the King's talking skull and feels the usual mixture of admiration and contempt for his liege. He does not know that they are one and the same. He goes along with the demon routine, which involves the wearing of a hood and mask, because he sees a possible future advantage in not having his real name widely associated with the most hated band of cutthroats in the territory.

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d6, Spirit d10, Strength d12, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d12, Guts d10, Healing d8, Intimidation d6, Persuasion d6, Shooting d10

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

Hindrances: Heroic, Loyal (to New Tomorrow), Vow (Remain virginal)

Edges: Ambidextrous, Arcane Background (Chi Mastery), Celestial Kung Fu (Mantis, Shaolin), Improved Martial Arts, New Power (x1), Power Points, Reputation, Sweep, Two-Fisted

Powers: *Boost/lower trait* d10, *deflection* d8, *stun* d6. **Power Points:** 25

Gear: Chinese sword (Str+d6), shuriken x6 (3/6/12; Str+d4).



Suitcase Lee, aka "Feichei Lee"

Lee is a young man with close-cropped hair, dimples, and a smile that makes the ladies swoon. You wouldn't know to look at him that he's a renowned Man of Action and hero in his own right. Suitcase Lee is allied with the New Tomorrow Triad.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d12, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d12+1, Guts d6, Persuasion d8, Shooting d10

Charisma: +2; **Grit:** 4; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 9;

Toughness: 6

Hindrances: Heroic, Loyal (to New Tomorrow), Vow (Remain virginal)

Edges: Arcane Background (Chi Mastery), Block, Charismatic, First Strike, Martial Arts, New Power (x2), Power Points, Superior Kung Fu (Shaolin Temple, Tan Tui), Two-Fisted

Powers: *Aim* d8, *bolt* d8, *deflection* d8, *healing* d6.

Power Points: 25



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Gear: Colt Peacemaker .45 single-action (12/24/48; 2d6+1; RoF 1; Shots 6; AP 1), 12 rounds, battered suitcase (Str+d8; When held in both hands, the suitcase conveys Parry +1 and +2 Armor against ranged attacks.), tailored suit.



Thin Noodles Ma

Ma's noodles might be thin, but he isn't. He's a tower of flesh and fat, fueled by an appetite for food, rice wine, and women. He controls most of the brothels in Shan Fan, even those located in other Big Brothers' turf. Ma is an imperturbable sybarite. Ma has a secret pact with Warlord Kang.

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

Skills: Fighting d6, Gambling d12, Guts d6, Intimidation d8, Notice d6, Persuasion d12, Shooting d6, Spellcasting d6, Streetwise d12+1, Taunt d12

Charisma: -4; **Grit:** 2; **Pace:** 5; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 8

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, Obese, Ugly

Edges: Arcane Background (Black Magic), Command, Power Points, Reputation, Rich

Powers: *Armor, bolt, boost/lower trait.* **Power Points:** 15

Gear: Colt Frontier .32-20 (12/24/48; 2d6; RoF 1; Shots 6; AP 1); Chinese sword (Str+d6).



Ti-P'ing Hsien, the "King of the Horizon"

Here's the big secret about the infamous King of the Horizon—he doesn't really take advice from a talking skull. The skull's spirit awakened when it reached the Great Maze and possessed Do Leng's body, which means that Hung Hsiu-ch'uan, mastermind of the bloody Taiping Rebellion in China, is actually the King of the Horizon.

He doesn't need his old skull anymore, but he keeps it around for sentimental reasons, and to keep his men in line by speaking through it. Hung's new body is healthy and muscular, and he has taken advantage of this to master Mantis-style kung fu. When playing the "King of the Horizon," think over-the-top supernatural villainy. Hung's crazy, he's inhuman, and he thinks he's God.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d12, Strength d12, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d12, Guts d12, Intimidation d6, Shooting d6, Throwing d8

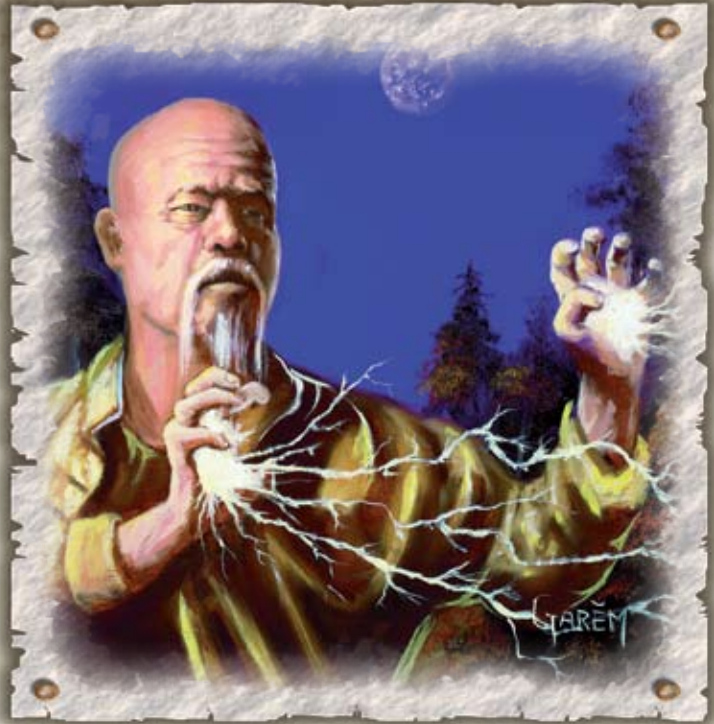
Charisma: -2; **Grit:** 4; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, Delusional (Major), Quirk (Intolerant of Christians)

Edges: Arcane Background (Chi Mastery), Celestial Kung Fu (Mantis), Command, Improved Martial Arts, New Power (x2), Reputation

Powers: *Bolt d10, deflection d10, fly d8, stun d10.* **Power Points:** 20

Gear: Chinese sword (Str+d6), shuriken x6 (3/6/12; Str+d4), flying guillotine (special), skull in a box.



Warlord Mu-T'uo Kwan

Few know that Warlord Kwan's totem animal is an owl. That's a big secret, since California Indians consider the owl an evil spirit. If word got out, Kwan might lose most of his native followers, which comprise a quarter of his army.

Kwan is secretly afraid of his great destiny but feels it is too late to back out. He'd much rather be a simple man than a great warlord. The owl totem has told him he'll be destroyed if he walks away now. Despite his misgivings, Kwan has inherited many of his father's skills and knows how to run a fiefdom. He has taken a liking to Joshua Norton and often heeds his advice.

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

Skills: Fighting d10, Guts d10, Intimidation d12, Knowledge (Battle) d8, Knowledge (English) d4, Riding d10, Shooting d10, Throwing d8

Charisma: 0; **Grit:** 5; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 9; **Toughness:** 9 (3)

Hindrances: Illiterate, Quirk (Superstitious), Vengeful (Major)

Edges: Combat Reflexes, Command, Hard to Kill, Improved Block, Improved First Strike, Improved Nerves of Steel, Inspire, Marksman, Martial Arts, No Mercy (Fighting), No Mercy (Shooting), Reputation, Rich, Soldier (Officer), Steady Hands

Gear: Chinese sword (Str+d6), Chinese plate armor (Armor +3 to torso, arms, and legs), Colt Peacemaker .45 single-action (12/24/48; 2d6+1; RoF 1; Shots 6; AP 1), Winchester '73 (24/48/96; 2d8; RoF 1; Shots 15; AP 2), knife (Str+d4).

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THE TOMBSTONE EPITAPH

Volume 1.

Tombstone, Arizona, Sunday, September 5, 1879

No. 24

GOOD INTENTIONS! Our Fellowship of Travelers will meet at the Fallen Angel Saloon in Perdition this Saturday at high noon. Attendance is required!

GOOD INTENTIONS! If you are traveling in the vicinity of Lost Angels, seek out a grisly curiosity called Fellheimer's Folly. It is not for the faint of heart!

GOOD INTENTIONS! The Big M Ranch west of Lost Angels produces some of the best—let's face it, the only—decent beef in the region. But someone's been mutilating the steers!

GOOD INTENTIONS! Everyone has heard of Groaning Man Cave and the hell-fires that burn inside it. Tales of lost pirate treasure hidden within have never been disproven.

GOOD INTENTIONS! Beware if you frequent Devil's Armpit, for the place is known to be run by bandits. They say the God of Bandits is bad, but the Mad Monk is far worse.

GOOD INTENTIONS! Attention explorers of the Maze! Ancient pictograms abound, and one Mr. Sutton Thacker at Dragonhold is thought to know more. Exercise caution!

GOOD INTENTIONS! For years tales have circulated about the horrendous working conditions suffered by the serfs of Felicity Peak. See for yourselves, but beware Gregor Petrov.

GOOD INTENTIONS! A miner burst into a saloon at Carver's Landing crowing about his newfound wealth, and his claim got jumped by Rabid Rance Hitchcock. Someone needs to stop that varmint!

GOOD INTENTIONS! Salvage companies find no end of business in the Maze, but the latest

word is that rich treasures and mortal danger await in the vicinity of Archeron Bay.

GOOD INTENTIONS! Calling all regulators! Captain Blood wanted dead or alive! Small Union mining settlements near Fort Lincoln have recently been obliterated. See Major Brick at Fort Lincoln for details.

GOOD INTENTIONS! Got things you need you know? Facts to figure out? The keys to unlocking hidden knowledge may lie with Suitcase Lee of the Spiritual Society, in Harmony.

GOOD INTENTIONS! Owner of the strangest prosthetic in the Weird West, Goldnose Slim is said to be able to discover fundamentals with his ersatz snout. But can he sniff glyphs?

GOOD INTENTIONS! Extra! Extra! Confederate vessels are massing near Junction, and the newly christened Fleet of Lost Angels is rushing to meet them. Junction's fate hangs in the balance!

GOOD INTENTIONS! Mazers near Lost Angels report a very odd find—a crumbling Chinese junk said to be washed up on various mesas' shores. No one has ever found the wreck twice.

GOOD INTENTIONS! Regulators wanted for dangerous work, hunting down the Men of the Grid! See Ernie Miller at the Lost Angels Chamber of Commerce for details, but don't believe everything he says.

GOOD INTENTIONS! A message to all civic-minded folk regarding the upcoming elections—Perdition needs you! Visit Hattie Wagner at Ore Collection Station #37 to see what you can do for your town.

GOOD INTENTIONS! The Collegium used to run a ghost rock processing facility on the coastline north of Perdition.

A year ago it abruptly went quiet, and no one has been there since.

GOOD INTENTIONS! The "Children of Hasteli"—Indian cliff drawings painted with blood that never dries—have started appearing again northwest of Perdition. Someone is murdered, and the next day a new drawing appears.

GOOD INTENTIONS! Our Fellowship of Travelers will meet at the Fallen Angel Saloon in Perdition next Friday at precisely midnight. Your attendance is requested by S.Q.H.

GOOD INTENTIONS! Scientists are up to all sorts of experimentation on the coastline near Progress, and they're always willing to speak at length about their goals. You might learn something!

GOOD INTENTIONS! Young Palmer Watson, a boy belonging to a family of miners at Quarrytown, has gone missing! Folks are searching high and low in hopes the lad still lives.

GOOD INTENTIONS! Bored Union soldiers in Sacramento pass the time drinking "ghost rot"—bloody massacres ensue! The Rockies offer a \$1000 reward to anyone who unmasks the foul stuff's makers!

GOOD INTENTIONS! William Blumquist, a salvager working the waters of the Sunken City, claims to have found the long-lost mansion of millionaire Richard Harriman. Now he's hiring bodyguards to protect it!

GOOD INTENTIONS! Small scientific communities in the Maze northwest of Shannonsburg have been attacked recently. The attackers are said to be high-minded kung fu masters intent on wrecking new science!