

THIRTEEN WAYS TO DIE... CHOOSE ONE

An adventure scenario for the *All Flesh Must Be Eaten* RPG, by **Dylan Craig**

organised, and trustworthy. **Norton Blomberg** is about what you'd expect from a chauffeur – does his job without fuss, and keeps his yap shut. He would have driven right past that hitcher if you hadn't told him to pull over and let the poor kid in – that's cold. Professional, but cold. As for the hitcher, well, what can you say? **Eli** seems a good kid, and the father in you couldn't leave him shivering in the damn rain. Besides, he seems to know these back routes pretty well, and the road back to the Interstate heads right past his destination.

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Daniel Copperton

Strength: 1 Dexterity: 4 Constitution: 2
Intelligence: 3 Perception: 2 Willpower: 3

Life Points: 22

Endurance Points: 23

Unarmed Damage: 2 per strike (non-lethal bruising damage)

Speed: 12

Essence: 15

Qualities:

- Σ Fast Reaction Time (always act first in combat; +1 to all Fear Checks)
- Σ Nerves of Steel (+4 to all Fear Checks)

Drawbacks:

- Σ Humourless
- Σ Reckless

Scenario Objectives:

- Σ Get out of the storm. Getting rained on is beginning to ruin your mood, big-time.
- Σ Acquire new AA batteries for your personal stereo. It's dead, and those CDs don't play themselves.

Skills pertinent to this module:

- | | |
|---|--------------------------------|
| Acting 2 | Hand Weapon (Catapult) 3 |
| Brawling 1 | Lock Picking 3 (Bike Chains 4) |
| Climbing 2 | Notice 2 |
| Demolitions 2 (Jury-rigged devices 3) | Piloting (Light Prop) 1 |
| Dodge 3 | Smooth Talking 2 |
| Electronic Surveillance 2 (Video Systems 3) | Stealth 3 |

Gear:

- | | |
|--|---|
| Σ <i>Backpack:</i> PowerBook laptop computer with modem, cellular phone/personal organiser, Gameboy, Personal stereo, CD Wallet, Textbook CDs for correspondence education | Σ <i>Clothing:</i> Black denim jeans, blue denim shirt, Air Jordans, Doctor Who T-shirt |
| | Σ Steel catapult and handful of ball bearings (does 4 points lethal damage; 15 shots) |

Background:

Your mom died when you were just a little kid... well, five years ago, anyway. You don't remember her – or your elder brother, who died in the same car crash – too well. Since then it's pretty much just been you and your dad. It's OK, you guess, except you move around a lot. Your dad makes a lot of money. Like... *a lot*. You have lots of friends online, all over the world, but not many 'real' friends. You go to school online, too; it's this fancy correspondence school based in Chicago or something. That's life, you suppose.

You're into lots of interesting stuff. Like, you know all about the Anarchist's Cookbook and stuff, and when your dad's not around you have plenty of fun turning coffee percolators into hand grenades. **Stefano**, your dad's secretary-type, caught you once, but he kept quiet about it. Nice guy. You don't want to get him in trouble, so you keep a low profile as far as bomb-building goes. **Linda** is your dad's new girlfriend. Like, come *on*! She's cute, but she could be your older *sister* or something. Well, maybe not, but she's a *lot* younger than your dad. You haven't really made your mind up about her yet. **Norton** is the driver – you've had lots of drivers, and you

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Eli, who looks OK, but a little disoriented. Maybe he's on drugs, or something. Not that your opinion counts for much, but you reckon he's creepy. He claims to be from around here. Maybe he can help you get some batteries.

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Stefano Marquez

Strength:	3	Dexterity:	3	Constitution:	2
Intelligence:	2	Perception:	2	Willpower:	3

Life Points: 36

Endurance Points: 29

Unarmed Damage: 9 per strike (lethal or non-lethal damage)

Speed: 10

Essence: 15

Qualities:

- Σ Hard To Kill 2 (+6 LPs; +2 to Survival Check)
- Σ Nerves of Steel (+4 to all Fear Checks)

Drawbacks:

- Σ Impaired Sense: Hearing (-3 to Notice sounds)
- Σ Honourable

Scenario Objectives:

- Σ Facilitate. Regulate. Mediate. You are paid to make sure Carl Copperton gets things the way he wants them.
- Σ Get a handle on the situation. That means figuring out what's going on, and the best way to deal with it.

Skills pertinent to this module:

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|---|
| Brawling 3 | Notice 3 |
| Dodge 3 | Smooth Talking 3 |
| Hand Weapon (Telescoping Baton) 3 | Stealth 3 |
| Martial Arts (Tae Kwon Do) 3 | Unconventional Medicine (Acupuncture) 2 |

Gear:

- | | |
|--|--|
| Σ <i>Briefcase:</i> Cellular phone with fax capability, cigarettes, Dictaphone, personal organiser | Σ Telescoping Baton (does 9 points of lethal or non-lethal damage per strike) |
| Σ <i>Clothing:</i> Black denim jeans, black silk jacket, brown square-toed boots, charcoal polo-neck | Σ Acupuncture Kit (needles and incense in a leather wallet. Use requires 10 minutes) |

Background:

You take your duties as a bodyguard/assistant very seriously. Sure, **Carl** signs your paycheck, but there's more to it than that; you have a duty to this man, to his objectives, and to his family. This sense of duty helps you cope; God knows, your personal life is something of a mess. Your father – well, he doesn't speak to you any more. He wanted you to be a fighter like him, take over the dojo, win more medals to put on the family mantelpiece, and that seemed OK for a long time. But then you walked into a hook kick in a tournament and had to be carried out with a bust eardrum and skull fracture. These things happen; but to your father, your failure – your incompetence – was something you could never atone for. Eventually, you got sick of the constant reminders of what a klutz you were. So, you left your family and the dojo behind you, signed on with a discreet exec-protect outfit working out of Atlantic City, and that's how you hooked up with Carl. This job is your big second chance, and so far you've seen every hook kick before it landed. Which is just the way you like it.

Carl's son, **Daniel**, is something of a problem kid. You've caught him building home-made bombs before, and kept quiet about it, which seems to have stopped him doing it faster than talking to Carl would have. You guess he's just lonely. You can't substitute for a peer group, but you try and give the kid someone to talk to when you can. **Linda** Carl's almost-fiancée could probably do the job a lot better than you, but you suspect she doesn't

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know where to start – at 28, she’s a little young to be parenting a ten-year old. You wish her well, though – she’s a good person. **Norton** is the agency driver on this ill-starred little country drive; naturally, your position means that you are keeping a close eye on him and the hitchhiker, **Eli**. Just in case...

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Linda Lewis

Strength: 2 Dexterity: 3 Constitution: 3
Intelligence: 3 Perception: 2 Willpower: 2

Life Points: 30

Endurance Points: 26

Unarmed Damage: 5 per strike (lethal or non-lethal damage)

Speed: 10

Essence: 27

Qualities:

- Σ Artistic Talent (Wardrobe co-ordination) (+3 to appropriate rolls; +12 Essence)
- Σ Attractiveness 3 (+3 to all social rolls)

Drawbacks:

- Σ Addiction (Homeopathic stress medication)
- Σ Phobia (agoraphobia: fear of open spaces)

Scenario Objectives:

- Σ Look competent. Stay away from activities that might make you look flighty, incompetent, or unreliable.
- Σ Impress Daniel. Unless Daniel likes you, Carl's affection isn't going to last past the short term.

Skills pertinent to this module – effects of Qualities included in brackets:

- | | |
|--------------------------------|----------------------|
| Climbing 3 | Mechanic 2 |
| Dodge 3 | Notice 4 |
| Hand Weapon (Chemical Spray) 2 | Questioning 3 (6) |
| Humanities (Psychology) 2 | Smooth Talking 3 (6) |
| Martial Arts (Aikido) 1 | Stealth 3 |

Gear:

- | | |
|---|--|
| Σ <i>Briefcase:</i> Cellular phone, digital camera with flash, personal organiser, vial of stress pills | Σ <i>Clothing:</i> Beige cotton jacket, beige skirt, white v-neck T-shirt, black low-heeled shoes, stockings |
| Σ Chemical Spray (Pistol format; 3 shots) | |

Background:

If you'd done the same thing as your friends after college, you'd be living in a studio apartment somewhere, managing a ritzy boutique or an art gallery and living the high life. But no... no, you fell in love with an older man, a *client* for Christ's sake, a man with a son, a stressful job and more baggage than any human being you've ever met. Crazy enough, you still think you got the better end of the deal, and if you can just make things work between you, **Carl**, and **Daniel**, you'll know it.

Carl's first wife and his eldest son died in an auto wreck five years ago, leaving him and Daniel alone. You met Carl six months ago; you're not the first woman in his life since the crash, but with any luck you'll be the last. The key, you've decided, is Daniel. Carl is hyper-obsessed with Daniel's future. That means that every prospective partner gets judged against Daniel's needs before Carl's needs even enter the equation. So far, you're out ahead, but you still haven't cracked the combination. At times, it makes you want to climb the walls. That's where the pills come in. They're placebos, right - no real pharmaceutical effect - but they work nonetheless. You take three or four a day, more when stress threatens, and they make the everyday emotional gauntlet easier to bear. Without them, your agoraphobia would become crippling over a few hours.

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You wish you were as calm as **Stefano**, Carl's assistant and bodyguard. Nothing seems to get to him – he's completely imperturbable. Or even **Norton Blomberg**, the driver – but in his case, you suspect that it's because he's a grade-A cold fish, an iceman. **Eli**, on the other hand – well, that poor kid makes you look like Hulk Hogan. He's putting on a brave face, but he's all torn up inside. You can tell – you know the feeling...

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Eli Landau

Strength: 2 Dexterity: 2 Constitution: 2
Intelligence: 4 Perception: 2 Willpower: 2

Life Points: 26

Endurance Points: 23

Unarmed Damage: 4 per strike (non-lethal bruising damage)

Speed: 12

Essence: 14

Qualities:

- Σ Acute Senses (Sight, Hearing) (+2 to Notice)
- Σ Resistance (Faints) (+1 to Consciousness Checks)

Drawbacks:

- Σ Temporary Retrograde Amnesia (Stretching back a few hours)

Scenario Objectives:

- Σ Get back home. Well, back to Thirteen Pines first, then... home. Wherever that is.
- Σ You promised the people who picked you up you'd help them get back to the Interstate once you're home.

Skills pertinent to this module:

Brawling 3	Hand Weapon (Club) 3
Dodge 4	Running (Dash) 4
First Aid 3	Notice 2 (4)
Guns (Pistol) 1	Stealth 4

Gear:

- | | |
|--|---|
| Σ <i>Satchel</i> : First aid kit, Heavy-duty flashlight (may be used as a club: does 6 points of lethal damage per strike), bicycle pump | Σ <i>Very Wet Clothing</i> : Blue denim jeans, white sweatshirt with bar-code pattern, brown calf-high hiking boots |
|--|---|

Background:

Your head... really... hurts. You woke up in a ditch half an hour ago, covered in mud and bleeding from a cut on the back of your head. You must have tumbled off the road, into the ditch... there's a pump in your bag, so maybe you were on a bike, but you couldn't find one anywhere. You were standing on the roadside trying to get your head straight when this car slowed down, and picked you up – lost tourists, stuck in the same damn storm as you. You managed to explain that you were from Thirteen Pines, a town up ahead... they should be able to get directions back towards the Interstate there. At least you hope so – everything is so damn fuzzy! Maybe if you get out of the rain, into some dry clothes or something, your head will start to clear.

Carl seems to be the guy in charge... he seems like an OK guy, apparently it was his idea to pick you up and you're grateful as all hell. **Stefano** is a quiet, well-built guy, looks pretty tough, and he's been keeping an eye on you ever since you got in. You hope he doesn't think you're some kind of junkie or something; something about him seems to suggest that he does nasty things to people he doesn't like. **Daniel** is a gloomy-looking kid, maybe ten or so. That makes you the second youngest person here – although you're not 100% sure of your age, you're pretty sure you're younger than **Linda**, and she looks about 25. **Norton**, the driver, doesn't say much; he looks like a grumpy old bastard. Funny something about him reminds you of your dad – even though you can't

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remember anything else about your dad except his eyes... damn, your head hurts. You wish your thoughts would clear...

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Norton Blomberg

Strength: 5 Dexterity: 2 Constitution: 2
Intelligence: 2 Perception: 2 Willpower: 3

Life Points: 38

Endurance Points: 29

Unarmed Damage: 10 per strike (non-lethal bruising damage)

Speed: 10

Essence: 16

Qualities:

- Σ Resistance (Fatigue) (-3 to all EP loss, min. 1)
- Σ Resistance (Fear) (+4 to all Fear Checks)

Drawbacks:

- Σ Delusions: Solipsism (-3)
- Σ Cruel (-1)

Scenario Objectives:

- Σ None of this is real, anyway, right? So you may go along in whatever direction looks most interesting.
- Σ 'Interesting', of course, might mean anything. But whatever happens, see the night through to its end.

Skills pertinent to this module:

Brawling 2 (Grapple 4)	Mechanic 3
Dodge 3	Notice 2
Guns (Pistol) 4	Stealth 2
Intimidate 3	Weight Lifting 3

Gear:

- | | |
|---|--|
| Σ Clothing: Black trench coat, grey cable sweater, black slacks, heavy engineer boots | Σ Colt .357 Python revolver (does 16 points lethal damage per shot. Carries 6 shots) |
|---|--|

Background:

The other day, you had this passenger, right? A real jack-off. You had to pick him up from his home at four in the morning, drive him to an airfield outside Reno. He starts bragging, you know, about how rich he is, how many girls he got... it was like he was getting off on how he had these things, and you didn't. It worked on your nerves. So you stopped the car, went around to his side, dragged him out, broke his scrawny neck, dumped his ass in the desert, and drove back to town. Then you told the dispatcher he never pitched up, that you waited at his house for an hour and he didn't show. Then you sat back and waited to get pitched in jail.

It never happened. Cops never found shit. Guy had no family to miss him. Case got closed.

Your life hadn't been too great up to that point. Wife walked out last year; you'd been hitting the bottle every chance you got. But this thing, with that idiot flopping around on the end of your arms out in the desert, well, it all just clicked. Nothing's real. Nothing matters. Letting go of a glass, the glass falling – it just seems that the two events don't seem to have as much to do with each other as they used to. Since that day, anyway, life's been good. You don't even mind going to work any more, and you've stopped drinking. Every day, you're on holiday – inside your own head.

So tonight, when this high-roller and his entourage breezed in looking for a car and a driver, you didn't mind the prospect of an eight-hour round trip in pouring rain. And when you got lost, well, that was all silk as far as you

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were concerned. Looks like an interesting night is up ahead. You've decided to go with the flow, see what else life tosses up in your direction. After all, destiny and chance are just two words for the same thing – right?