

DEAD LANDS

NOIR



JOHN GOFF





DEADLANDS NOIR

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DEDICATION

John: This, like everything else I do in life that's worthwhile, is for Joyce.

Shane: To the Kickstarters; *Cheyenne:* Max Danger—Private Eye

Deadlands created by Shane Lacy Hensley



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FOREWORD

Simon Lucas, one of the Pinnacle crew who ran the company for a while, swears he suggested *Deadlands Noir* to me almost ten years ago and I didn't seem all that enthused. Credit where it's due. Simon has always been ahead of the game so I certainly don't doubt it. It may also have been that the time just wasn't right. We were relaunching *Deadlands the Weird West* (as *Deadlands Reloaded*) and all my attentions were on that and how to tell the story of the servitors in Plot Point format—it's much harder than it probably sounds.

In March of 2011, whatever muse had talked to Simon nearly a decade prior finally got around to putting the buzz in my ear. I was driving through the desert from Las Vegas to Arizona when *just* the words "Deadlands Noir" came to me. I wasn't reading *Noir* at the time, hadn't seen any films that triggered it—it literally just came to me while I was driving this long stretch of terrain that was about as far removed from *Noir* as you can imagine.

I couldn't get it out of my head. Ideas for plots, character types, and the evolution of the *Deadlands* story between the *Weird West* period and *Hell on Earth* came to me so fast and furious I couldn't keep up with them all. The very *name* sounded cool to me—*Deadlands Noir*.

But would anyone else like that idea? It was a niche of a niche of a niche. People had to like roleplaying games, had to like *Savage Worlds*, and had to like *Deadlands*. A lot of my friends were doing Kickstarters at the time so I thought maybe that would be a good way to see if anyone wanted it. We could invest enough to show what it was going to look and feel like, but if our community wasn't interested it would save us from manuscripts, art, and of course a massive printing bill.

I was keyed up to write it, but I had a day job in video games and things were getting tough time-wise. There was no way I could deliver on Kickstarter promises. There was only one person I'd trust to write something like this—my college Game Master, good friend, and now fan-favorite John Goff. Not only was John immersed in the world of *Deadlands* and had written some of our best material for it, but he was actually a former Private Detective (among other things). *Noir* isn't *all* about private dicks, but they're certainly central to it. John took to it like a duck to water, and quickly suggested it should focus on New Orleans.

For art, I turned to the ever-reliable and always enthusiastic Cheyenne Wright. Not only did he create *amazing* art and graphics for the project, but he also performed, scored, and produced the entire video

series *Hard Boiled in the Big Easy*. This was no simple task. Not only did he go through voices and music in record time, he created over 40 different "speed paintings" for the video as well. If for some reason you didn't see them, do yourself a favor and search for them on YouTube right now.

With the two key players in place, all that remained was to put together the Kickstarter. For those who haven't tried, these things are a ton of work. Besides all the planning, there's promotion, stretch goals, budgeting, sourcing (without real numbers to do so), bookkeeping and then putting together any events tied to it (like our "Don's Game" at GenCon 2012). Actually creating the books, maps, cards, custom Bennies, and so on wasn't so bad—we do that all the time. Coordinating *all* of those things and delivering them on time and in one batch so we could afford the shipping was another matter entirely.

With all the preparations under our belt (thanks especially to Clint Black and Simon Lucas for this), I set the Kickstarter in motion the morning of May 15th, 2012. Or at least I tried to. I had a simultaneous update on Facebook and the first Kickstarter update all ready to go when my computer crashed. E-mails and private messages started coming in while I rebooted my big computer and monitored my laptop—"Where's this big announcement you said you were making at 9 am?" I panicked a little, but the amount of incoming mail was a good sign. After multiple rewrites of the announcements on all our various social media, I hit the Launch button and we were off.

We asked for \$8000. We were funded in two and a half hours.

It was great, but we had a handful of stretch goals firmly plotted and the rest were simply ideas we had discussed. It became quickly apparent we had to get them solidified and communicated immediately. With the help of a great team and the encouragement of the backers, we were able to do so with only a few mistakes.

Now here we are almost seven months later. John turned in a fantastic manuscript, Cheyenne hit it out of the park with his moody art, Clint kept watch over the rules, Simon helped with graphics and big concepts, and our new Art Director, Aaron Acevedo, pulled off the amazing task of getting all the accessory art created in time, such as the gorgeous tile maps and Figure Flats.

Our entire team hopes you like it—like Raymond Chandler likes similes. Or mooks like dames. Or rain likes New Orleans.

Okay, I'll stop now. Ya mook.

—Shane Hensley
November, 2012



DARK TIMES

The year is 1935, but the history is not our own.

The Confederate States of America have been independent for over 50 years—depending on who you ask. Their economy has struggled like a one-armed man in white water ever since—periodically coming up for air but mostly getting nowhere. Only the North's ill-advised attempt at Prohibition gave the South any respite, by letting them sell cheap hooch over the border to every Tom, Dick, and Nancy who wanted to wet their whistle.

A worldwide Depression has made things even worse, and one of the most desperate areas lies right at the crossroads of the Confederacy—New Orleans. The Big Easy is at the storm-tossed center of nefarious events set in motion years ago by strange and malevolent entities bent on ruining *and* ruling our world.

So why is this world different than our own? For starters, something happened back in 1863. The worst of the yellow rags at the time claimed the dead walked and magic returned to the world, but most people told those nuts to peddle their papers elsewhere. A few years later, an earthquake of biblical proportions shattered the coast of California into a labyrinth of towering mesas and seawater-filled canyons that came to be known as the "Great Maze."

One man's disaster is another man's opportunity, they say, and in that earthquake, miners discovered a new superfuel called "ghost rock" after the strange howling noise it made when burned. Inventors found all sorts of uses for the mineral, spurring amazing advances in technology and funding more than one fortune. Those same advances also spawned terrible new weapons, because if there's one thing men are good at, it's finding new and creative ways to kill each other.

Its wheels gummed up with the bodies of the dead, the Civil War ground slowly to a halt sometime around the 1880s. That left the Confederacy an independent nation, making it technically a win for the Rebs, but for once it had the sense not to rub anyone's face in it. Not wanting to miss a prime opportunity, the Mormons and the Sioux Indians also seceded, forming the Republic of Deseret and the Sioux Nations, respectively.

For over 30 years, the United States and the Confederacy kept their guns pointed across the Mason-Dixon Line, daring the other to flinch. Then, in 1917, both put aside their differences and briefly joined forces with the Allied Powers in the Great War. After another three years of fighting, Germany and the other Central Powers surrendered. The victory celebrations were cut short as the returning soldiers brought home with them a superflu that spread across the world. In the end, it claimed nearly 200 million lives.

A brief period of prosperity followed, but ultimately, that turned out to just be the set-up for one of the biggest sucker plays in history—the Great Depression. Banks failed, stocks crashed, and companies shut their doors. Dust storms and grasshopper swarms swept the country like the plagues of Egypt, obliterating farms and dreams.

The politicians say the worst is over, but most people are still making do with hope and pocket lint, and most are running low on pocket lint. Money talks these days, and when it does, most everyone listens. A good job is hard to find, but a trustworthy soul might be even harder.

It's almost enough to make a fella overlook the shadow at the end of the alley or ignore those strange bumps in the night. Almost, but not quite.

HEROES

Although *Deadlands Noir* is largely about hardboiled gumshoes and savvy private investigators, you don't have to limit your ideas to just detectives and private eyes if you don't want to. While it certainly helps for your adventurer to have some reason to want to delve into a mystery, the concrete jungle is filled with as many different types of heroes as you can imagine.

Below are a few character ideas to help get your imagination firing on all cylinders. This is by no means an exhaustive list, and if you've got a great idea of your own, you should use it! Keep in mind that your hero should have some reason to be getting into mysteries and investigations, so you might have to work with your Game Master (or Marshal as we sometimes say in *Deadlands*) and the other players from time to time to make the story flow smoothly.

SAMPLE CHARACTERS

Bootlegger: You make your living brewing or transporting liquor to a nearby dry county or state. Although you do your best to avoid run-ins with the law, odds are you've kept your guns loaded and your driving skills well-honed just in case.

Clergy: Whether you're a priest, a nun, a minister, or a travelling preacher, many regard you as a beacon of hope amidst the darkness and despair that pervade city and countryside alike. See page 40 for a note about the blessed.

Con Artist: Fast-talk and street smarts are the tools of your trade. Half the time, the marks never even know they've been taken and the other half walk away thinking they've conned *you*!

Criminal: You might be a skilled burglar, a deft pickpocket, or just a leg-breaking thug. You might have a code of ethics, but you make your living at other folks' expense. You spend much of your time avoiding the attention of both the cops and the mob.

Dilettante: You've never settled on a single path, instead sampling a wide range of what life has to offer. Dabbling in a variety of pursuits usually indicates boredom—and a fat wallet. Dilettantes tend to be wealthy, often due to the circumstances of their birth rather than hard work of their own, but inherited money spends just the same as earned.

Doctor: Medical doctors are in one of the few professions that guarantees relatively steady employment. Patients tend to trust you and see you as a voice of reason, so it's no surprise they sometimes look to you when there's nowhere else to turn.

Entertainer: The Crescent City has no shortage of ways for a skilled performer like yourself to make a living. Jazz singers, actors, and stage magicians all rely on their presence and ability to read their audience to keep food on the table. Sadly, there's not always a gig available when the rent comes due, so you sometimes have to pick up "other work" on the side.

Escort: Most professional escorts are female and often referred to as "ladies of the evening," at least in polite company, but a few men make their living in the trade as well. Working either for an established brothel or on the streets, in time all become both streetwise and more than a little cynical.

Gifter: Conning a bunch of rubes doesn't hold a candle to swindling power out of dark entities on the other side of reality. The authorities would love to get their hands on you, but if you're smart enough to outwit spirits and demons, what chance does John Law have?

Houngan/Mambo: You might tend a congregation or you might be a lone practitioner of voodoo. Those in need often seek you out, if not for a charm or spell, then at least for sage advice. Regardless, among the folks who follow the spiritual path, you can usually count on respect for your abilities—as long as they don't belong to the Red Sect.

Lawyer: Though you earn your paychecks in the courtroom, you learned early on that the best way to be sure of the facts of your case is to gather them yourself. You've got a sharp mind, an understanding of the law, and insight into how the police in this burg work. It's also a lot cheaper than hiring a private investigator to do the legwork for you.

Parapsychologist: Some of the more forward-thinking institutions of higher learning are beginning to acknowledge that everything can't be wrapped up with the neat bow of accepted science. You're on the cutting edge of the study of the unexplainable and always on the lookout for a chance to test—and hopefully prove—your theories.

Patent Scientist: Most of the whiz-bang inventors get snatched up to work in a government or big-business think-tank. You're trying to make it by yourself—your own ideas, your own sweat, and all the profits for yourself at the end. However, until you do, you have to make ends meet somehow.

Private Investigator: It seems like every amateur thinks they can do your job. They don't have a clue. You've got the skills, the connections, and the stones to tangle with the toughest customers...but you don't do it for free.

Reporter: You've got a nose for news and you're always poking it where it doesn't belong. Not surprisingly, you often run afoul of all sorts of unsavory types, like the Black Hand (the mob), the mysterious voodoo cult of the Red Sect, corrupt police officers, and worst of all—politicians.

Vagabond: Hobo, drifter, tramp—you've been called every name in the book and a few that aren't. Like far too many folks these days, you can't find steady work. Fortunately, it seems there's always some odd job that needs doing—and some of those jobs are a lot odder than others.

Writer: The best writers draw on their own experience to inspire their work. You're always looking for something out of the ordinary to stimulate your imagination and challenge your intellect...and often to help pay next month's rent.

MAKING CHARACTERS

Once you've chosen a concept for your investigator, it's time to figure out his statistics. You'll find a character sheet for *Deadlands Noir* at the back of this book and at our website at www.peginc.com.

RACE

Humans are the only race allowed in *Deadlands Noir*, and get the free starting Edge as usual.

TRAITS

Assign your hero's attributes and skills. Your character begins play with a d4 in each of his five attributes: Agility, Smarts, Spirit, Strength, and Vigor. You have 5 points to distribute among these attributes as you choose. Raising an attribute by a die type costs 1 point. You may not raise an attribute above d12.

After attributes, you have 15 points to buy your skills. Each die type costs 1 point, beginning with the initial d4, as long as the skill is equal to or less than the linked attribute. It costs 2 points per die type to raise a skill above its linked attribute. Like attributes, skills can't be raised above d12.

The skills in the Available Skills sidebar are available in *Deadlands Noir*.

LANGUAGES

Most people in America, regardless of where they came from or to what culture they belong, have gone out of their way to learn the prevalent language, English. Your shamus can learn other languages by choosing the Knowledge skill with a focus in the desired tongue.

AVAILABLE SKILLS

Skill	Linked Attribute
Boating	Agility
Climbing	Strength
Driving	Agility
Fighting	Agility
Gambling	Smarts
Healing	Smarts
Intimidation	Spirit
Investigation	Smarts
Knowledge	Smarts
Lockpicking	Agility
Notice	Smarts
Perform	Spirit (varies)
Persuasion	Spirit
Piloting	Agility
Repair	Smarts
Riding	Agility
Shooting	Agility
Spellcasting	Smarts
Stealth	Agility
Streetwise	Smarts
Survival	Smarts
Swimming	Agility
Taunt	Smarts
Throwing	Agility
Tracking	Smarts
Voodoo	Spirit
Weird Science	Smarts

SECONDARY STATISTICS

- Charisma is a measure of your hero's likability and is added to Persuasion and Streetwise rolls. Your Charisma modifier is +0, unless changed by Edges or Hindrances.
- Pace is equal to 6".
- Parry is equal to 2 plus half your Fighting die. If you haven't taken the Fighting skill, it's just 2.
- Toughness is equal to 2 plus half your Vigor die.

HINDRANCES

Thanks to the Depression, *all* characters start with Poverty as a mandatory Hindrance—and you don't get any Hindrance points for it.

Now decide if you want to take any additional Hindrances. If so, you may use points gained from them to purchase any of the benefits below. You may take up to one Major Hindrance (worth 2 points) and two Minor Hindrances (worth 1 point each). You're welcome to take additional Hindrances beyond that limit, but you won't gain any points for them.

For 2 Hindrance points you can:

- Raise an attribute one die type, or
- Choose an Edge

For 1 Hindrance point you can:

- Gain another skill point, or
- Gain additional money equal to your adjusted starting funds. Destitute characters may not use this option

GEAR

The Depression has hit everyone's pocketbooks hard. The starting allowance for *Deadlands Noir* is \$75 since every character has the Poverty Hindrance without receiving any points for it. (A character with the Comfortable Edge starts with \$150.) Other than that, characters have a few personal belongings and a place to live, but weapons, vehicles, and the like must be purchased with starting funds. You'll find a list of some common items on page 13.

Note that the Poverty Hindrance halves funds at the end of each game week to account for rent, food, and all the other necessities of modern life. If you want your gumshoe to be a little more financially stable, take the Comfortable Edge (see page 11).

Most characters have a job of some sort, even those stuck in poverty. This isn't tracked—the necessities purchased "off camera" are what's eating that hole in your gumshoe's wallet and generally washes out with his income. Anything your character buys on-camera or you want to add to his character sheet, should be tracked as usual.

BACKGROUND

Finish up by filling out your hero's background. Odds are your character is a resident of New Orleans. Think about where she grew up, what part of the city she lives in, and how she got where she is now. Consider her hopes and plans, her friends and foes, what she does for a living, and any unique traits she may have.

Your investigator's background is liable to come into play in many ways during the course of the campaign. It might make a difference to what neighborhoods she moves in most comfortably, who she knows, and who knows her. It's also likely to play a role in bringing in old enemies or allies—sometimes when they're most needed and other times when their arrival couldn't be worse timed.

The long and short of it is that your character is a part of the city and, for good and bad, it's also a part of her life.

WORST NIGHTMARE

Death is not always the end of the road in *Deadlands Noir*. The Marshal will give you the scoop if your hero kicks the bucket, but just in case, it might not hurt to put a little thought into it ahead of time about what his worst nightmare would be. It'll be important should the time ever come...



NEW SKILL

PERFORM (SPIRIT)

Like Knowledge, Perform is a catch-all skill that requires a focus of some sort, like Perform (Stage Magic) or Perform (Trumpet). It can be taken multiple times with different focuses to represent different areas of ability. Although Spirit is listed as the linked attribute, this isn't a hard and fast rule if the GM decides another is more appropriate. Perform (Dancing) or Perform (Juggling) are linked to Agility, for example.

General focuses, like Perform (Acting) or Perform (Singing), can be taken, but others require more specialization. As an example, most musical instruments are their own focus, such as Perform (Clarinet) or Perform (Piano), but there may be some overlap between them based on the GM's discretion. A skilled pianist may be able to plink out a passable tune on an organ, or a clarinet player might manage a short piece on a sax with a penalty to her skill roll.

A character with the Perform skill can usually find a nightclub or stage willing to grant them access once a week. With a venue and a successful skill roll, the performer can pull down a total of $1d4 \times$ his total roll in tips and the like. With a critical failure on the skill roll, the poor vaudevillian puts on such a poor show that the owner bans him from future gigs until he raises his skill by at least a die type.

NEW HINDRANCES

All of the Hindrances listed in *Savage Worlds* are available in *Deadlands Noir* with the exception of Anemic, which is replaced by Ailin'.

AILIN' (MINOR OR MAJOR)

A character with this Hindrance has one foot—or at least a couple toes—already in the grave. He has a Long-Term Chronic (Minor or Major) Debilitating disease, as defined in *Savage Worlds*, under **Hazards**.

CORRUPT (MINOR)

Morals are just something at the end of a fairy tale to this loser. He's always looking for a chance to better his own position, and the shadier the method, the better. He's prone to taking bribes, selling out his clients and friends, and skimming a little off the top whenever possible. His Charisma takes a -2 penalty with anyone aware of his untrustworthiness, on top of any other problems his behavior is likely to generate for him.

In combination with Greedy, he can be bought by anyone for little more than the price of a cup of java.

DARK SECRET (MAJOR)

Your hero harbors some illicit mystery that could endanger her very life, or at the very least how she's perceived should it ever come to light. Most often it is some terrible crime, but occasionally it may be something not exactly illegal, but equally awful. Her Charisma suffers a -4 penalty to anyone aware of her secret. If it becomes public knowledge through the course of play, she loses this Hindrance, replacing it with Wanted (Major) or Enemy (Major), depending on the nature of the secret, as well as keeping the -4 Charisma modifier.

DESTITUTE (MINOR)

Times are tough, and for your hero, they're even tougher. Your character is a drifter or otherwise completely down-on-his-luck sad sack who's lost everything in the Depression. Money runs through his hands like rainwater down a sewer grate. He starts the game with *nothing* but the clothes on his back. Destitute characters may not take the Comfortable Edge.

GRIM SERVANT OF DEATH (MAJOR)

Your gumshoe is a stone-cold killer. Her enemies aren't long for this world, but her friends probably aren't either. More than one has a hole in his back that's suspiciously the same caliber as your hero's pistol.

Only Wild Cards can take this Hindrance—and even they shouldn't take it lightly.

The good news is your investigator adds +1 to every single damage roll she makes, be it from Fighting, Shooting, Spellcasting, or even just Throwing things with ill intent.

On the other hand, he also runs afoul of the law a lot. And that's just the tip of the iceberg: Any Shooting or Throwing attack that comes up a 1 on the skill die (regardless of the result of the Wild Die) automatically hits the nearest friendly character in range. Player characters are always the first choice, but an allied Extra will do in a pinch. A Benny may be spent on the roll unless it's a critical failure (see Setting Rules), but a Benny spent is a Benny burned.

Even Fighting attacks hit friends when your hero rolls a 1 on her skill die. We'll give you that this might require a little imagination from time to time. The original target might sidestep at a really inconvenient time, or your hero's weapon might slip out of her hand at a truly unfortunate angle...for the ally, at any rate.

Whether ranged or hand-to-hand, if your shamus rolls snake eyes, she inflicts damage as if she rolled a raise. Of course, this bonus damage is against her friend—or more likely—former friend.

IMPULSIVE (MINOR)

You're a firm believer in the old saw that goes "He who hesitates is lost." When an idea takes you, like as not, you run with it. You're not overconfident; you just don't always think things through before taking action.

LECH (MINOR)

Your shamus has a hard time keeping his gun in its holster, if you catch the drift. He tends to pay an unhealthy amount of attention to whoever attracts him and has a hard time turning down requests for help if he thinks it might result in an "encounter."

He's more than a little sucker for a spectacular pair of gams or big blue ones, and as a result, he suffers -2 to resist Persuasion in Tests of Will or Social Conflicts with those he's attracted to.

LYIN' EYES (MINOR)

Your hero has a tough time telling a lie. While that might make her a swell gal, it can complicate things when dealing with the less savory elements of the city. She suffers a -2 to all Intimidation and Persuasion rolls where she has to tell an untruth—even one of those tiny, white lies.

She also suffers a shameful inability to bluff when playing cards, if that's her bag. She subtracts 2 from Gambling rolls in any game of chance that involves bluffing.

NIGHT TERRORS (MAJOR)

This gumshoe doesn't sleep well. In fact, the Land of Nod is a constant nightmare for him. He tosses and turns like a demon doing the jitterbug and likely keeps everyone within a dozen yards of him awake with his nightly torment. When your hero sleeps for the night (or whenever, but no more than once a day), he must make a Spirit roll or suffer a level of Fatigue. Luckily for him, he recovers that Fatigue the next time he beds down. Unluckily for him, he has to battle his nightmares all over again!

If the Marshal skips over long periods of time, such as during a trip, roll once instead of for each night that would have passed.

OBLIGATION (MINOR/MAJOR)

Your hero has a responsibility she can't ignore. It could be as simple as a job, a duty to an organization, or it could be a personal requirement to protect or care for a person. Regardless of the specifics, your character is legally, ethically, financially, or otherwise bound to comply. She can expect her responsibilities to occasionally be inconvenient, or in some cases, even dangerous.

As a Minor Hindrance, her Obligations are generally restraints on her time, such as a work schedule she can't alter. As a Major Hindrance, your character's Obligations are crucial and may put her in harm's way.

Failure to honor the hero's Obligation always has consequences, though exactly what those are is up to the situation and the Game Master.

REBELLIOUS (MINOR)

You've got a problem with authority figures: cops, mob bosses, bouncers, you name it. Whether you mouth off, actively disobey instructions, or just sit quietly and fume, your disrespect is blatantly obvious—and has the effect of getting you in hot water with the wrong people. Not surprisingly, this doesn't do a lot to make you popular around the precinct house or courtroom. In addition to the obvious drawbacks, your hero has -2 Charisma with respect to any person in a position of authority.

SCHMUCK (MINOR)

Most folks are honest—at least in your mind. You tend to take a person at their word until they prove they can't be trusted. Even then you're likely to give them the benefit of the doubt. You're taken hook, line, and sinker more often than a hungry catfish.

SHORT TEMPER (MINOR)

Your character is more than a little touchy. He might not necessarily hold a grudge for long, but he's got a short fuse and is likely to lose his composure at the slightest provocation. How he lashes out is up to you, of course, but he's not one to suffer in silence! He's also a sucker for any barbs thrown his way and subtracts 2 from all attempts to resist Taunt in a Test of Wills or Social Conflict.

SMART MOUTH (MINOR)

While your investigator is convinced she's a master of witty banter, not too many others share that opinion. She has a habit of cracking wise at the worst times or poking fun at the wrong gorillas. In addition to the obvious downside, her sharp tongue gives her -2 Charisma.

"SHE WAS THE KIND OF WOMAN THAT REMINDED YOU OF GHOST ROCK—EXPENSIVE, POISONOUS, VOLATILE, AND EVERYONE WANTED HER..."

—Harvey Jenkins, PI



NEW EDGES

Any type of Arcane Background not listed in this book isn't generally available in *Deadlands Noir*, nor is Noble. All others are fair game.

BACKGROUND EDGES

Background Edges can be picked up during play—but remember, your hero can have only one Arcane Background.

ARCANE BACKGROUNDS

There are different types of Arcane Backgrounds but characters can only take one.

- **Grifters:** Consummate swindlers who have figured out a way to con arcane power from the manitous. As always, this power comes with a price, and in the case of grifters, that price can be terribly high.
- **Patent Scientists:** Mad inventors who tap into otherworldly inspiration for their designs.
- **Voodooists:** Practitioners of strange rites that honor the loas in exchange for miraculous abilities.

COMFORTABLE

Requirements: Novice

Your character is a hard-working Joe who watches his wallet. He begins with the normal starting money funds (\$150) and doesn't have to halve his total funds each game week. Things are rough enough in the Big Easy that just having a steady income is an Edge!

Comfortable is a requirement for taking the Rich Edge in *Deadlands Noir*.

OTHER ARCANE BACKGROUNDS

If you want to play an Arcane Background from *Deadlands Reloaded* talk to your Game Master. Such characters are very few and far between in the world of *Deadlands Noir* and don't usually fit the grim and gritty tone here, but if he decides it works for your particular campaign that's up to him.

So what's the state of these other lost souls? That's addressed in more detail later in the book, but here's the short answer. Faith is at an all time low, thanks to the Great War and Great Depression. The rare individual with enough of it to become a true blessed is most likely either biding his time for a more deserving future or hiding from the nefarious powers that always seem to be hunting for the truly virtuous.

Hucksters are even more rare than the blessed. They were hunted to near-oblivion by the Agency in the North and the Texas Rangers in the South—that is those that didn't eventually just lose an infernal game to the wrong manitou.

Mad scientists have evolved to become patent scientists. They still draw hellish inspiration from the Hunting Grounds, but it's a little more tempered now.

Indian shamans exist mainly only in the Sioux Nations. Those in the Coyote Confederation swore off the Old Ways after the Great Wasting. The tiny number who remain outside their stronghold in the Dakotas rarely show their faces in the urban environments where *Deadlands Noir* focuses.

When Western governments took an aggressive interest in their abilities, the true masters of the Eastern martial arts went into hiding or just retreated back to their homeland entirely. Martial arts styles are still practiced in Shan Fan (as detailed in the *Deadlands Noir Companion*), but only in the most mundane incarnations.

LIQUID COURAGE

Requirements: Novice, Vigor d8+

This Edge is updated from Savage Worlds Deluxe, including being a Background Edge instead of a Weird Edge.

Hard liquor turns this paper tiger into the real deal, claws and all. The round after this lush slams at least half his Vigor die type in shots of whiskey, bottles of beer, or glasses of wine, his Vigor increases by one die type (also increasing his Toughness). The staggering shamus also ignores one level of Wound modifiers (which stacks with other similar abilities).

The effects last for one hour and have no detrimental effects on any other functions. If the bottle-chaser is looking to get drunk and does so, he retains the benefits above but suffers the effects as per Intoxication (see page 37). On the plus side, the palooka halves the recovery time for his overindulgence.

VETERAN OF THE CONCRETE JUNGLE

Requirements: Wild Card, Novice, Knowledge (Occult) d6+

A Veteran of the Concrete Jungle has been walking the mean streets for a while now. She's done a lot and seen more. She starts at Seasoned Rank, which means she has four Advances to spend immediately after character creation.

Such experience comes with a price, though. If you decide to take this Edge for your shamus, draw a single card from the Action Deck and show it to the GM. He'll compare it to the table on page 50 to see what your hero faced in the past. Be warned—the results can be extreme, ranging from serious maiming to insanity.

COMBAT EDGES

HARD

Requirements: Novice, Spirit d8+

Maybe it's willpower. Maybe it's muscle density. Or maybe your hero's just one tough bastard. Either way, he adds +1 to his Toughness.

HARDBOILED

Requirements: Veteran, Hard

This bruiser is tougher than shoe leather baked in the Sahara. He adds +2 to his Toughness.

PROFESSIONAL EDGES

GUTS

Requirements: Veteran, Spirit d6+

In time, a Joe can become jaded to the soul-crushing effects of the worst the world can throw at him. A hero with Guts halves the Fear Level penalty (round down) when making Fear checks.

HITMAN

Requirements: Veteran, Agility d6+, Smarts d6+, Spirit d8+, Shooting d8+, Stealth d8+, Streetwise d6+

This hitter isn't your average mook. She's got a knack for putting her shots where they count. When she rolls a raise on an attack roll, she gets a bonus 1d10 to damage instead of the usual 1d6.

SLEUTH

Requirements: Novice, Smarts d6+, Notice d6+

Your flatfoot has a knack for spotting things most other folks—even the cops—miss. You can spend a Benny to have your character find any and all relevant clues in a scene, no roll necessary.

TALENTED

Requirements: Novice, Perform d6+

You're gifted. In fact, you might even be good enough to make a living at it, kid! Choose a Perform (Specialization) each time you take this Edge. You get +2 to all your rolls with the chosen specialization. Also, in general, you're able to find a nightclub or theater willing to give you the stage once a week. Whenever you do, you earn \$5 x the total of your skill roll in box office receipts, cover charges, and/or tips.

This Edge doesn't guarantee you fame. That, you still have to earn the hard way.

VIRTUOSO

Requirements: Novice, Perform d10+, Talented

You've got the kind of talent that can make you famous. Choose a Perform (Specialization) in which you already have the Talented Edge. You gain an additional +2 to all rolls with that skill. On top of that, you're able to occasionally book gigs that bring in the big bucks, but no more often than once a month. This gig earns you \$10 x the total of your skill roll. The rest of the month, you're stuck doing club acts and the like, but hey, twenty bucks is twenty bucks. Like Talented, this Edge doesn't ensure your performer is going to be famous, but it sure helps!

SOCIAL EDGES

MOXIE

Requirements: Novice, Smarts d6+, Taunt d8+

Your gumshoe can cut a mook down to size with a few sharp words, or turn a goon's threats into a laughing matter with only a sentence or two. Your hero gets a +2 to all Taunt rolls and can use Taunt in place of his Smarts or Spirit when resisting a Test of Wills.

WEIRD EDGES

HARROWED

Requirements: Wild Card, Novice, Spirit d6+

Some bums are just too tough to lie down and stay dead when they get plugged. The price they pay is an eternal battle for their own soul with the demonic "manitous" that provide their unnatural vitality.

Harrowed may only be selected at character creation. To get it later requires shedding the mortal coil and a whole lot of luck (the GM has information on how this occurs on page 53).

If you take this Edge, your character has been reborn into unlife and you can read up on the grisly details on page 42. Otherwise, stay out of there and let the dead rest in peace.

LEGENDARY EDGES

GRIT

Requirements: Legendary, Brave, Guts, Spirit d8+

What some call Hell, your hero calls home. This character ignores Fear Level penalties when making Fear Checks.

GEAR & GOODS

As mentioned in the last chapter, your character most likely starts with a measly \$75 in local currency thanks to the effects of the Depression. And there ain't no free lunches—or guns or bulletproof vests. Anything you want beyond the clothes on your hero's back, you've got to shell out the dough for.

CURRENCY

The standard currency in New Orleans, as it is everywhere in the CSA, is the Confederate dollar. These bills come in the same denominations as USA dollars and have equal purchasing power. Both nations remain somewhat on the gold standard, so the two currencies have roughly the same value—though try telling that to a vendor on Bourbon Street when you attempt to pay for your drink with a Yankee greenback!

USED GOODS

With the Depression pinching pocketbooks, characters are likely to find their financial resources stretched thin. Luckily, nearly every item listed here can be found cheaper by visiting pawn shops, used car lots, flea markets, and the like. Of course, stingy heroes shopping like this are going to have to make do with threadbare clothes, shoes with holes in the soles, or chipped tableware. Exactly what that entails in game terms is usually situational, but relying on cheap gear almost always has a downside.

Used goods cost 50% of the normal price. Only the types of goods listed below are available at this discount, and equipment that doesn't come with a disadvantage costs nearly full price. By the way, it's impossible to find services at "used" prices—and would you really want to anyway?

Cheap guns, automobiles, and the like—anything a gumshoe might use in a Trait roll—malfunction whenever the player rolls a 1 on the skill die (regardless of the Wild Die). This functions just as if the character had the All Thumbs Hindrance, but even applies to gear normally exempted from the Hindrance. For example, a used bat might break while the hero is trying to use it to bust some heads. And if the investigator already has All Thumbs, it gets worse: Used gear malfunctions on a 1 or 2!

Items that don't come into play for Trait rolls often affect people's perception of the character. A shabby suit makes it clear the shamus isn't particularly successful at his chosen profession, for example. These items inflict a -1 Charisma on the hero, although the maximum Charisma penalty from this is -2.

MACHINE GUNS AND GIZMOS

Thanks to the wave of violent bank robberies and other crimes, the USA passed the National Firearms Act in 1934, placing severe taxes and regulations on machine guns and short-barreled rifles and shotguns. When gun-toting criminals migrated south, the Confederacy, in a rare exercise of federal power, enacted similar legislation.

It's not impossible to obtain fully-automatic firearms by any stretch, but if a character wants to purchase them legally, she'd better have a clean criminal record and be prepared to pay a hefty \$200 tax. This applies to silencers as well.

Even if all her papers are in order, most states, cities, and localities have fairly strict laws prohibiting the use of those weapons in public. She's likely to find the police frown on citizens toting Tommy guns around and downright scowl at those people firing them!

Patent science devices are frowned on but the law hasn't quite figured out how to broadly classify them yet. Mostly, this is left up to the less-than-tender mercies of the local constabularies.

GEAR

Clothing	Weight	Cost
Boots	3	\$5
Dress, simple	1	\$5
Gloves	—	\$1
Handbag	1	\$3
Hat	—	\$3
Overcoat	3	\$15
Pants	1	\$2.50
Shirt	1	\$2.50
Shoes	—	\$2
Sport coat	2	\$20
Suit, women's two piece	2	\$7

Equipment	Weight	Cost
Battery	—	\$0.05
Bicycle	15	\$25
Binoculars (8x)	1	\$25
Bullets, box of 100 (most pistols)	2	\$1.50
Bullets, box of 100 (most rifles)	2	\$4
Camera	3	\$5–\$85+
Carbide lamp	1	\$1.50
Crowbar	2	\$1
Doctor's bag	2	\$20
Film roll, camera	1/5	\$0.20
Flare, highway	1/3	\$0.25
Flashlight	2	\$1
Ghost rock (per pound)	1	\$100
Handcuffs	—	\$2
Lighter	—	\$1
Lockpicks	1	\$50
Musical instrument	Varies	\$10–\$50
Radio, vacuum tube	12	\$30
Shotgun shells, box of 25	1	\$1.50
Shoulder holster	—	\$2.50
Silencer (see sidebar, p.13)	1	\$2
Tire, car	12	\$4
Tools, repair kit	2	\$10
Wristwatch	—	\$5–\$25

Services

Apartment (per month)		
Cheap	—	\$25
Average	—	\$50
Luxury	—	\$85+
Hotel room (per night)		
Cheap	—	\$0.75
Average	—	\$1.50
Luxury (includes private bath)	—	\$3+
Doctor/Hospital (per day)	—	\$10
Food & Drink		
Meal		
Cheap (sandwich)	—	\$0.25
Average entree	—	\$0.60
Fine dining (includes wine)	—	\$1.25
Beer, bottle	1	\$0.25
Hard liquor, shot	—	\$0.25
Hard liquor, bottle	2	\$3
Wine, glass	—	\$0.50
Wine, bottle	2	\$6
Movie ticket	—	\$0.25
Private Investigator (per day)	—	\$25

Transportation

Airplane ticket (average)	—	\$.10/mile
Airship ticket (average/oceanic)	—	\$450
Ferry (NOLA)	—	\$0.25
Gasoline (per gallon)	—	\$0.15
Ocean liner passage	—	\$80–\$250
Railroad ticket	—	\$.05/mile
Taxi fare	—	\$.40/mile

GEAR NOTES

AMMUNITION

Armor Piercing: This type of ammunition is designed to pierce armor and obstacles, but it does less damage against unarmored targets since the bullet tends to pass right through, causing less trauma. Armor piercing rounds gain +2 AP, but subtract 2 from their damage against targets without armor. These bullets cost double the price of normal rounds.

Dum-Dum: Dum-dum bullets are normal rounds modified to expand once they hit their target (often by simply cutting an "X" into the tip), but are less effective at penetrating armored targets. They cause +1 damage to unarmored targets, but remove any AP value listed for the gun—and add +2 to the target's armor value (but only if it has any). The bullets' soft nose makes them less reliable in any semi-automatic or automatic firearm. If a hero rolls a 1 on her Shooting die, the round jams, requiring an action to clear. Dum-dum rounds cost no more than normal bullets of the same type.

ARMOR

Bulletproof Vest: Constructed of multiple layers of cotton padding, it is moderately effective against small-caliber handguns. The vest provides +3 Armor against bullets instead of just +2.

COMMON GEAR

Camera: Cameras of this period are available in compact sizes, some small enough to carry in a handbag or even a large pocket. They also come with adjustable shutter speeds, with high-end models offering speeds from 1/1000th of a second to a full second exposure. Film rolls can be loaded in daylight and contain 12 or more exposures per roll.

Doctor's Bag: This includes various bandages, simple instruments, and some minor medical supplies like antiseptic and aspirin tablets. It adds +2 to all Healing rolls and has five uses before it needs refreshing.

Lockpicks: A gumshoe attempting to pick a lock without these tools suffers a –2 penalty to her Lockpicking roll.

Shoulder Holster: If worn under a jacket or coat, a shoulder holster gives a –1 penalty to any Notice rolls to spot a pistol carried in it. This penalty does not apply to any physical, pat-down search.

Silencer: Silencers impose a –1 penalty to Shooting rolls while using the silenced weapon. Characters (also known as "witnesses") within 5' of the fired weapon, and not in line of sight, must make a Notice roll to

realize a gun has been fired. Those beyond 5" suffer a -2 to this roll and those beyond 10", a -4. Beyond 20", no roll is possible unless the character is actually looking at the shooter. The firer may make a Stealth roll (opposed by Notice) to hide the use of the weapon, but this incurs the standard multi-action penalty. Silencers only work on semi-automatic pistols (not revolvers).

WEAPONS & ACCESSORIES

Blackjack: This weighted leather or cloth bag is really only effective when used to sap unsuspecting schmoes over the head. When using the Knock Out Blow Setting Rule, a character hit with a blackjack in the head and from behind makes his Vigor roll at -2.

Gasoline Bomb: Popular with bootleggers, gangsters, and anarchists, gasoline bombs cause 2d8 damage to all within a Medium Burst Template. All targets within the area must check for catching fire as detailed in *Savage Worlds*. Lighting a gas bomb prior to throwing takes an action.

LeMat Patrolman: The Patrolman mounts a 16-gauge scattergun barrel under the pistol barrel. A switch moves the hammer between the two, so it may be fired either way without penalty.

Mauser M1896: The Mauser pistol, sometimes called a "Broomhandle," has an integral box magazine and is reloaded by a stripper clip. It is a versatile weapon produced in a number of models. The weapon is usually found with a wooden holster which can be used as a shoulder stock, increasing the weapon's range to 20/40/80.

Trench Knife: The handle of a trench knife has been modified to include a set of brass knuckles, allowing the wielder to make nonlethal attacks without the usual -1 penalty to Fighting rolls.

PATENT SCIENCE INVENTIONS

Much of the gear we've listed is the leading edge of technology, but patent science is responsible for leaps of invention beyond the mundane. Ghost rock, in particular, has fueled many of the unique devices now available for purchase. In the past, such incredible inventions were called "infernal devices" by the uneducated, due in part to their unreliability, which often manifested itself in particularly spectacular ways. Nowadays, rigorous testing and governmental safeguards make such occurrences nearly unheard of in everyday use.

These devices represent the pinnacle of a patent scientist's labors. While most patent scientists can crank out a gizmo or two that can temporarily function far beyond the constraints of normal machines, only

the most successful and persistent manage to produce blueprints capable of performing to a high enough level of consistency to warrant mass production.

MALFUNCTIONS

The inventions presented below are more reliable than the average gizmo created by a patent scientist. Whenever a character using one of these inventions rolls a 1 on both the relevant Trait die and his Wild Die, he experiences a malfunction as noted in the item's description. We refer to this as a critical failure—and while it doesn't happen that often, in *Deadlands Noir* you can't spend Bennies to reroll critical failures (see Setting Rules).

Gizmos created by patent scientists using their Arcane Background still malfunction on a roll of 1 on the relevant Trait die (regardless of the Wild Die's result).

CATALOG OF INVENTIONS

The inventions listed below are among the most commonly available that are likely to be of interest to any intrepid investigators. They can be readily found for sale, if not in one of the city's numerous retail outlets, then certainly in a mail-order catalog.

ARMORED OVERCOAT

Cost: \$1,000

Using a special process involving ghost-rock impregnated cotton threads, these long coats—available in a variety of styles and colors—provide nearly the protection of case-hardened steel at a fraction of the weight.

The coat provides Armor 4 to all but the wearer's hands, feet, and head. It weighs only 10 pounds. As an added bonus, the coat provides a -1 penalty to any Notice rolls to spot weapons up to sawed-off shotgun size or less concealed beneath it.

Malfunction: If the wearer rolls a critical failure while trying to Soak a wound the coat ignites, causing 2d10 fire damage to the poor sap each round until it is removed or burns itself out. The cloth cannot be extinguished and burns up completely in 2d6 rounds.

HELLSTROMME INDUSTRIES HELLFIRE

Cost: \$550

The Hellfire marks Hellstromme Industries' first excursion into the firearms market. Although it shares some characteristics with a .38 revolver (and uses .38 caliber ammunition), the Hellfire uses an intricate recoil-operated system, enabling it to fire single shots, double-taps, or even controlled, three-round bursts.

Also, unlike a revolver, the Hellfire can be used with a silencer, making the weapon a favorite of high-priced hitmen and government agents alike.

The Hellfire is bulkier than other handguns, adding a +2 bonus to any Notice rolls to spot it if hidden.

Malfunction: A critical failure on the user's Shooting roll indicates the weapon has triggered a chain-fire, detonating all its remaining rounds. The gun explodes in the firer's hand, causing 3d6 damage to him and 2d6 damage to anyone else in a Small Burst Template.

NIGHT OWL GOGGLES

Cost: \$500

These goggles are only slightly larger than a pair of reading glasses. They use lenses infused with ghost rock to allow the user to actually see into the infrared spectrum. By distinguishing the differences in ambient temperature, they grant the wearer a type of crude vision even in total darkness. They also negate any penalties for attacking targets that generate heat (like living creatures). Finally, a user can attempt Tracking rolls in even Pitch Black conditions, as long as the subject being tracked radiates heat and the trail is no older than 15 minutes.

Malfunction: On a critical failure on any vision-related skill roll while using them, the goggles suddenly and greatly intensify the available light, blinding the user for 1d6 hours.

SONIC LOCKPICK

Cost: \$350

This device resembles a tiny tuning fork attached to a trigger and grip assembly from a small pistol. And ultimately, that's exactly what it is. The user inserts the tuning fork into the keyhole of a lock and then pulls the trigger. This pings the base of the fork causing it to vibrate and emit a series of ultrasonic vibrations. The waves simultaneously trigger the tumblers in the lock, often causing it to release.

The gizmo cuts the time to pick a keyed lock to a single action and adds +2 to all Lockpicking rolls to unlock the same. It provides no bonus against combination locks, time locks, or other mechanisms which do not use a key.

Malfunction: A critical failure on a Lockpicking roll results in the ultrasonic waves instead jamming the lock, making it impossible to open, even with the proper key.

TRI-BARREL SHOTGUN

Cost: \$150

The tri-barrel shotgun, much as its name suggests, has three barrels. Originally designed for duck hunting, the barrels are mounted in a triangular fashion and rotate automatically as each is fired. In addition to firing one or two barrels as single shots, it can also fire all three as a single Suppressive Fire attack, after which it's empty. All three barrels must be loaded for this option to be effective. It cannot use full-auto fire, which exempts it from most legal requirements.

Commercially, it was a failure as its automatic mode was woefully inaccurate for hunting purposes. Also, it was sometimes disastrously unreliable. Criminals have found a sawed-off version to be a fairly effective room-sweeper, however. In that case, its range is reduced to 5/10/20.

Malfunction: On a critical failure on a Shooting roll, the weapon explodes, spraying the nearby area with the shot from any remaining shells. The weapon causes 1d6 damage for each remaining shell to everyone under a Medium Burst Template centered on the shooter.



VEHICLES

Here are a number of sample vehicles found in *Deadlands Noir*. The prices shown on the table are for new or used vehicles in excellent condition. It is possible to purchase a "used" version of one of these vehicles as per Used Goods (page 13), with all the usual drawbacks.

ROAD VEHICLES

Roadsters generally seat two, with an option for either a rumble seat or cargo compartment in the rear. If the cargo compartment is chosen, the vehicle only seats the driver plus a single passenger.

Old-Model Roadster or Sedan: These are "last year's" model sedan, or more accurately the last decade's model, like the Ford Model T or Model A, or Chevrolet Model K. These are likely all used cars to begin with, but in good shape. Old-model sedans, as a rule, do not usually come with trunks.

Late-Model Roadster or Sedan: The newest models of affordable sedans, these include the Ford Model B, Chevrolet Standard or Master Deluxe, and the Plymouth Model PA. Most have a noticeable increase in horsepower and performance over the cars of the previous decade.

Luxury Sedan: What the upper crust of society is driving: high-end Cadillacs, deluxe Lincolns, and prestige Packards.

Ultra-Luxury: Only seen in the hands of the ultra-rich, these include the Duesenberg Model J and the Rolls-Royce Phantom I/II.

MAKO STEAM CAR

Cost: \$7,500

One of the last steam-powered vehicles still in production, the Mako also represents the culmination of nearly 70 years of development in that technology. A highly efficient steam engine allows the Mako to outperform every gasoline-powered production model car available on the market. A single pound of ghost rock and 24 gallons of water power the vehicle for an average of 1,500 miles.

From a cold start, the Mako takes 5 rounds to build up enough steam to function at peak efficiency. If driven before that time has elapsed, halve its Acceleration and Top Speed for a full minute. The most striking thing about the Mako is that it is virtually silent while running. This, combined with its superb performance, gives the driver +2 to any rolls made in association with Tailing (see page 32).

The car is available only in a two-seater coupe. There is a small trunk compartment, capable of holding 100 lbs. and six cubic feet of cargo.

Acc/Top Speed: 10/34; **Toughness:** 8 (3); **Crew:** 1+1.

Malfunction: On a critical failure on a Driving roll, the engine catastrophically vents all its built-up steam. The searing cloud does 2d6 damage in a Large Burst Template centered on the Mako, and the car immediately loses power. It decelerates at a rate of 5" per round until it comes to a stop.

WATERCRAFT

Air Boat: These flat-bottomed boats are commonly used in the bayous and deltas of the Mississippi. An enormous fan mounted on the back provides the propulsion and the boat is steered by flaps that direct the airflow from the fan. This allows the boat to skim over shallow water and vegetation-clogged channels that would foul the propellers of conventional vessels.

Hydrofoil: These high-speed boats have winglike struts mounted on their hulls, allowing them to rise out of the water once they achieve a certain speed. This cuts down on hull drag considerably.

MINIATURE SUBMARINE

Cost: \$10,000

Initially designed during the Great War to sneak into enemy harbors, these small submarines are sometimes found along the Mississippi—usually in the hands of criminals. Surplus war models, as well as several versions cobbled together by rogue patent scientists, gained enormous popularity on the river during Prohibition in the United States. Bootleggers used them to run illegal liquor, dodging the surface patrols guarding the border.

The sub is powered by a diesel engine on the surface and high-capacity batteries when submerged. The small craft only carries enough oxygen for 10 hours with a full crew and suffers 2d6 hull damage each round it is deeper than 50 feet. None of that matters for the relatively short dive times bootlegging or smuggling runs require. Most of these vessels have removed any vestiges of passenger comfort to allow them to haul larger cargoes. The sub can transport about 200 lbs. of cargo, with another 200 lbs. for each passenger replaced.

Acc/Top Speed: 5/10 (2/5 when submerged); **Toughness:** 10 (3); **Crew:** 2+2.

Malfunction: On a critical failure on a Boating roll, a spark ignites the oxygen tanks on the craft, exploding for 3d6 damage to everyone inside the submersible. This may ignite other flammables as described in *Savage Worlds*.

HAND WEAPONS

Type	Damage	Weight	Cost	Min Str	Notes
Billy Club	Str+d4	1	\$2	—	Carried by most beat cops
Blackjack	Str+d4	1	\$2	—	An attacker using a blackjack is considered to be an Unarmed Attacker; see notes
Brass Knuckles	Str+d4	1	\$3	—	An attacker using brass knuckles is considered to be an Unarmed Attacker
Knife	Str+d4	1	\$1	—	Typical boot knife
Machete	Str+d6	3	\$2	—	—
Switchblade	Str+d4	1	\$5	—	-2 to be Noticed if hidden
Trench Knife	Str+d4	2	\$5	—	AP 1; see notes

RANGED WEAPONS

Type	Range	Damage	RoF	Cost	Weight	Shots	Min Str
Pistols							
Colt M1911 (.45)	12/24/48	2d6+1	1	\$40	4	7	—
Notes: AP 1, Semi-Auto							
LeMat Patrolman (.357)	12/24/48	2d6+1	1	\$50	6	6	d6
Shotgun Shell (16-Gauge)	5/10/20	1-3d6	1	—	—	1	d6
Notes: AP 1, Revolver, see notes							
Luger (9mm)	12/24/48	2d6	1	\$30	3	8	—
Notes: Semi-Auto							
Mauser M1896 (7.63mm)	15/30/60	2d6	1	\$25	2	10	—
Notes: AP 1, Semi-Auto, see notes							
S&W DA (.38)	12/24/48	2d6	1	\$25	3	6	—
Notes: Revolver							
Star Pocket (.25)	10/20/40	2d6-1	1	\$20	2	8	—
Notes: Semi-Auto, -1 to be Noticed if hidden							
Submachine Guns							
Tommy Gun (.45)	12/24/48	2d6+1	3	\$200	13	50	—
Notes: AP 1, Auto							
Shotguns							
Browning Auto-5 (12g)	12/24/48	1-3d6	1	\$50	8	5	—
Notes: Semi-Auto, +2 to hit, 12-Gauge							
Double-Barrel (12g)	12/24/48	1-3d6	1-2	\$40	11	2	—
Notes: +2 to hit, 12-Gauge							
Pump Action (12g)	12/24/48	1-3d6	1	\$45	8	6	—
Notes: +2 to hit, 12-Gauge							
Sawed-Off DB (12g)	5/10/20	1-3d6	1-2	\$40	6	2	—
Notes: +2 to hit, 12-Gauge							
Rifles							
Elephant Gun (.600)	30/60/120	2d10	1	\$100	11	1	d8
Notes: AP 2, Snapfire penalty, a box of 25 shells weights 1 pound and costs \$2.50							
Springfield 1903 bolt-action (.30)	24/48/96	2d8	1	\$40	9	5	—
Notes: AP 2							
Winchester 1894, lever-action (.30-30)	24/48/96	2d8	1	\$45	7	7	d6
Notes: AP 2							
Remington Model 8 (.35)	24/48/96	2d8	1	\$55	8	5	d6
Notes: Semi-Auto, AP 2							
Machine Guns							
Browning Automatic Rifle (.30)	30/60/120	2d8	2	\$300	20	20	d8
Notes: AP 2, Auto, Snapfire penalty							

PATENT SCIENCE WEAPONS

Type	Range	Damage	RoF	Cost	Weight	Shots	Min Str
Tri-Barrel Shotgun (12g)	12/24/48	1-3d6	1-2	\$150	12	3	d8
Notes: +2 Shooting, see notes							
Hellstromme Hellfire (.38)	12/24/48	2d6	1	\$550	7	15	—
Notes: Semi-auto, 3RB, see notes							

SPECIAL WEAPONS

Type	Range	Damage	RoF	Cost	Min Str	Burst	Weight	Notes
Explosives								
Gasoline Bomb	5/10/20	2d10	1	\$1	—	MBT	2	Ignores Armor
Hand Grenade	5/10/20	3d6	1	\$20	—	MBT	2	Typically restricted to military

ARMOR

Type	Armor	Weight	Cost	Notes
Bulletproof Vest	+2/+3	8	\$500	Covers torso, see notes
Miner's Helmet	+2	1	\$2	50% chance to protect against head shot

VEHICLES

ROAD VEHICLES

Vehicle	Acc/TS	Toughness	Crew	Cost	Notes
Roadster	7/28	9 (3)	1+1 (+2)	\$550	
Old-Model Roadster	5/20	8 (2)	1+1 (+2)	\$250	
Sedan	6/26	9 (3)	1+4	\$600	
Old-Model Sedan	4/16	8 (3)	1+4	\$250	
Luxury Sedan	7/28	9 (3)	1+4	\$4500+	
Ultra-Luxury Sedan	7/28	10 (3)	1+6	\$20,000+	
Mako Steam Car	10/34	8 (3)	1+1	\$7500	See notes
Truck	6/26	8 (3)	1+1	\$550	
Old-Model Truck	5/20	8 (2)	1+1	\$200	
Motorcycle	12/30	7(1)	1 (+1)	\$300	

WATERCRAFT

Vehicle	Acc/TS	Toughness	Crew	Cost	Notes
Air Boat	3/16	8 (2)	1+3	\$400	See notes
Hydrofoil	4/20	10 (2)	1+4	\$2500	See notes
Miniature Submarine	5/10*	10 (3)	2+2	\$10000	*2/5 when submerged; See notes



Browning Automatic Rifle (BAR)



Hellstromme Hellfire



Thompson Submachine Gun
("Tommy Gun")



Colt .45
(M1911)



1935

NEW ORLEANS

LEGEND

●

1 CITY HALL

●

2 POLICE HQ

●

3 CARROLLTON HOSPITAL

●

4 UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL

●

5 HOTEL AND HOSPITAL

●

6 C.A. MARINE HOSPITAL

●

7 TOWN HOSPITAL

●

8 FRENCH HOSPITAL

●

9 FRENCH HOSPITAL

●

10 HOSPITAL FOR MENTAL DISEASE

●

11 CHURCH HOSPITAL

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12 CHURCH HOSPITAL

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13 CHURCH HOSPITAL

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14 CHURCH HOSPITAL

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15 CHURCH HOSPITAL

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16 CHURCH HOSPITAL

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0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16

20



GUIDE TO THE BIG EASY

With nearly half a million residents as of the last census, New Orleans is the largest city in the Confederacy. And that's not counting the itinerant oil workers, ships' crews in port, tourists, and the throngs of migrants and hobos living on the outskirts. It's also the country's largest sea port and one of the major centers of the new oil industry. Richmond might house the government and Atlanta the finances, but New Orleans might well be the soul of the South.

The Crescent City has run through more hands over the years than a worn-out sawbuck. Settled by the French in 1718, it was sold to the Spanish less than 50 years later in 1762. The Spanish turned around and gave it back to the French in 1800. Napoleon held onto it for all of three years before selling it to the United States in 1803 along with a big stretch of land called the Louisiana Purchase. As a result, French and Spanish cultures were firmly entrenched in New Orleans early on, giving it a distinctly different character from other American cities.

GEOGRAPHY

The city sits on the banks of the Mississippi, about 100 miles upriver from the Gulf of Mexico. On the city's northern border lies Lake Pontchartrain, a roughly oval-shaped body of water about 40 miles across and 60 miles long. Almost half the city lies below sea level.

Both the Mississippi and Lake Pontchartrain sit higher than the average elevation in New Orleans. This requires an extensive series of levees to keep the city from flooding. A network of canals and a powerful and elaborate pumping system operated by Hellstromme Industries is necessary to remove standing water during heavy rainstorms or occasional flooding.

GOVERNMENT

Although Baton Rouge is the capital of Louisiana, New Orleans far and away is responsible for most of the state's income. It used to be if you controlled New Orleans, you controlled Louisiana. Then Huey Long, the "Kingfish," gained control of the governor's mansion and made it his crusade to wrench the power away from the city's leaders.

Long wasn't any cleaner than the politicians in the Crescent City. His own appointees paid kickbacks for their jobs—or "donations" as Long called them. He forced companies looking for state contracts to buy advertisements in his own newspaper and sought legislation to restrict "slandorous speech"—that is, anything that depicted him unfavorably—in other newspapers.

During the 1932 mayoral elections, Governor Long sponsored the delivery of newfangled electric voting machines to the city. When a virtual unknown and former Long appointee, James McKendrew, won the election in a surprise upset, both sides cried foul. The governor was just as displeased as his opponents, because he had openly backed another candidate.

Mayor McKendrew has proved a competent leader for the city and perhaps even a touch less shady than his predecessors. He made significant improvements to the city's streets and public transportation system, and has expanded the electrical grid and telephone network. Still, in a political environment as cutthroat as New Orleans, it's without doubt he's made more than his share of deals to secure his own power base.

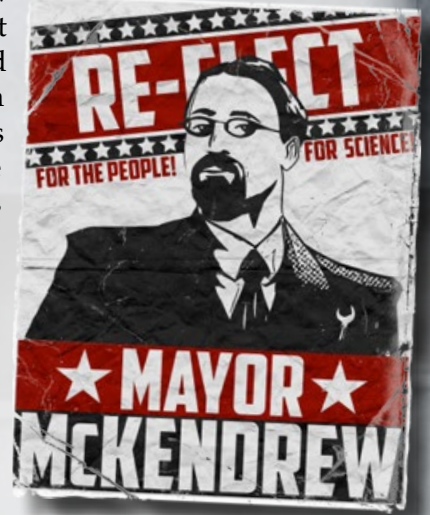
Not long after the '32 election, the Kingfish stepped down as governor to become Senator Long, giving the new mayor a bit of a reprieve.

THE LAW

Unlike other states in the Confederacy, or even the Union, Louisiana derives its law from the codes of Spain and France. By and large, if it's a crime in most other places it's a crime in New Orleans with only a few exceptions. And there's no shortage of badge-carriers in the city looking to enforce the law as well—or, as is often the case in the Crescent city, take a bribe *not* to enforce it.

The New Orleans Police Department is the primary law enforcement agency in the city. It's well-funded and thanks to Mayor McKendrew's affection for technology, well-equipped. Also based in the city is the Orleans Parish Sheriff's Department. The Sheriff's Department primarily handles protecting the courts, serving warrants, and guarding the county jail. The office of Sheriff is an elected position, meaning that while it may not be directly answerable to the mayor's administration, it has its own brand of temptations.

The Louisiana State Police maintain a field office in the city as well, but use it more as a base from which to service the surrounding area rather than becoming directly involved in enforcement within New Orleans proper. In simple terms, that means the state troopers



usually don't draw as much extra income in bribes as the local coppers.

The Confederacy's federal law enforcement arm, the Texas Rangers, also operates here. Although there are only a handful of the near-legendary lawmen in the Crescent City, they often turn up in unexpected places. A Ranger may take an inexplicable interest in virtually any crime from petty theft to murder or bootlegging. The Rangers have a reputation for being heavy-handed in their treatment of both citizens and other law enforcement agencies, but if there's one thing they're rarely accused of, it's corruption.

CRIME

Even with all those law enforcement agencies at work, New Orleans has its share of trouble to keep them busy. And that's not including the crimes the flatfoots turn a blind eye to when provided with enough incentive. There's a joke in the city that says you can buy off most of the officers with the same thing you give an elephant at the circus—a handful of peanuts.

To be sure, the city has plenty of the usual crimes you'd expect in a metropolis its size. As a major port city, New Orleans has a large transient population arriving and departing daily. Luckily the Black Hand—that's the New Orleans branch of the Sicilian Mafia—doesn't put up with a lot of monkey business

on its turf. The gangsters padded their wallets thickly during the Union's period of Prohibition by shipping bootleg hooch up the Mississippi. Although it still brings in a fair payday shipping to nearby "dry" states like Alabama and Mississippi, the New Orleans Mob makes the most scratch now the good old-fashioned way—gambling, prostitution, and extortion schemes. It also has a hand in most of the city's unions, taking a cut of every contract (and most of the paychecks as well).

Word on the street has it that an old voodoo cult gives the Italian boys a run for their money in some of the less highbrow sections of town, like Tremé and Marigny-Bywater. Calling itself the Red Sect, it runs extortion and protection rackets much like it did last century, using the threats of voodoo curses and supernatural bogeymen to influence the gullible residents.

CITY CENTER

Canal Street used to serve as an informal divider between the newcomer Americans Uptown and the old-blood Creoles of Downtown. The median in the center of the broad avenue was known as neutral ground where residents of opposite neighborhoods could meet and trade. It's the main artery for the financial heart of the city, running from the Mississippi to a somewhat



foreboding end at a cluster of cemeteries. The street is now one of the best-lit and widest in the world. Sadly, all that light only seems to make the shadows on its edges that much deeper.

Central Business District: This is the financial and economic center of the city. It's one of the first expansions of New Orleans beyond the French Quarter and rose to prominence as its trade district early on. In addition to professional offices like the Hellstromme Industries Tower or the First Bank of the Confederacy, it also houses some of the finest hotels and glitziest nightclubs in town.

Mid-City: Mid-City grew up along the main route from New Orleans to Baton Rouge. It used to be known as "the back of town" because the low-lying ground was swampy and largely unsettled. Only after Hellstromme Industries' expansion of the city's pumping operations at the turn of the century did the neighborhood begin to see major development and expansion. Now it's a mix of residential and professional businesses, marking the transition from the Central Business District to the suburbs to the north.

Warehouse District: South of Poydras Street, the business district gives over to several blocks of older warehouses, a few manufacturing sites, and a cotton mill or two. This aging industrial area continues right up to the docks, and thanks to its convenient location, many of the warehouses do a fairly steady business providing temporary storage for shipments passing through the city.

DOWNTOWN

In New Orleans, the terms Uptown and Downtown refer to their positions in relation to the Mississippi's flow, with Canal Street as the divider. Originally, Downtown was where the Creole residents settled, and Uptown was where you'd find the English-speaking Johnny-come-latelies. Now, Downtown is home to some of the worst slums in New Orleans.

It's hard to get an exact read on how many people reside in these neighborhoods due to a high number of transient residents combined with an ingrained distrust of authority figures. In addition to being home to the poverty-stricken population of the city, the lack of order attracts large numbers of homeless and migrant workers who flock to the abandoned tenements that pepper the neighborhoods.

Tremé: By far, this is the worst of the neighborhoods, with a higher concentration of run-down buildings than either of the others. President Davis freed the slaves back in the 1860s, but that was about it for giving the scores of largely uneducated former slaves

any further help. Many ended up settling north of the French Quarter in poorly built and even more poorly maintained structures. The population has been ravaged repeatedly by yellow fever and suffered heavily during the flu pandemic.

Many buildings today are in a state of downfall or ruin. Congo Square and two of the three St. Louis cemeteries are also housed in this neighborhood, all focal points for voodoo practitioners in the city. Congo Square is home to many street vendors hawking supposedly potent talismans and charms, if that's your bag.

Marigny-Bywater: Near the French Quarter, Marigny-Bywater retains a European influence in architecture and culture. The area was heavily settled by German and other northern European immigrants toward the end of the last century. As one moves farther downriver, the buildings begin to show signs of urban decay. At the Industrial Canal itself there are the beginnings of a revival of industry, with an occasional factory or warehouse rising among the bones of the dying neighborhoods. The Confederacy maintains a holding facility in the area where the most dangerous prisoners are held until they can be transferred to a national prison.

The Lower Ninth: Virtually exiled from the rest of the city by the Industrial Canal, this neighborhood houses a large number of poor residents in homes that are often little more than shanties. Before the construction of the Canal, this area was largely rural and occupied by former sharecroppers and the descendants of freed slaves. Now some of its residents find employment in the nearby industrial developments along the canal, while others continue to live as they did for half a century, with small farming plots and by fishing.

Close to the Industrial Canal, the Confederate Army operates a supply depot and the Louisiana National Guard maintains the Jackson Barracks for use when operating in the city. Farther south along the riverfront, a few of the antebellum plantation houses still stand, and the money belonging to the owners of those mansions keeps something of a police presence.

Storyville: The city of New Orleans legalized prostitution within a 10-block area just north of the quarter. In 1917, the Confederate Secretary of War, Josephus Daniels, tried to exercise federal authority to force the closure of the area. He quickly learned how impressed New Orleans was by stiff-shirted politicians in Richmond when they ignored his demands. Daniels promptly closed a Confederate military base in Algiers, but the city's leadership figured the taxes (and kickbacks) from Storyville more than made up for the lost revenue from the base.

Named in “honor” of the alderman responsible for its creation, Sidney Story, the area is infamous throughout the Confederacy as a bed of carnal iniquity. The presence of a rail station inside Storyville proves there’s no shortage of out-of-towners looking to spend a little money in the quest for release. The madams even publish so-called “blue books” advertising their wares and prices to new arrivals.

THE FRENCH QUARTER

Technically a part of Downtown, the Quarter is its own entity and what most people think of as “New Orleans.” It’s the oldest part of the city; in fact, the Creole name for it is Vieux Carré, which means “old quarter.” The architecture is decidedly European and at first may feel odd nestled into the southern swamps of the Confederacy.

Because nothing is as easy as it seems in New Orleans, the Quarter is the center of the Italian community in the city. (If you guessed that means the Black Hand has a big say in what goes down there as a result, you’re right.) Ironically—or maybe not, given this is Louisiana—the state Supreme Court sits near the middle of the French Quarter.

Unlike the more modern parts of the city, various businesses are scattered throughout the Quarter, with no more order than if they’d been fired out of a shotgun. You might find an elegant dress shop next door to a dusty pawn shop. Eclectic antique dealers sit beside corner grocers. There’s most anything you could want to buy available in the Quarter, but the trick is knowing how to find it.

The French Market, famous for its all-hours coffee shops, has stood in the southeast corner for over a century. Recently, the city has made strides toward modernizing the combined food market and bazaar, roofing large sections of previously open-air stalls. Fresh fish, meat, and produce are all available, often side-by-side with merchants selling all sorts of oddities from all corners of the globe.

Superstition is very strong in the French Quarter. There’s more than one alleged voodoo shop as well, but those are mostly tourist traps. For actual voodoo trinkets, a curious Joe is better off looking elsewhere. Still, the Quarter is shrouded in mysteries, many stretching back centuries. Nearly every block has its “haunted house” or at least a ghost story or two.

As far as residences, it’s far from the nicest place to live in New Orleans, but it’s also not the worst. For that you have to walk a few blocks north to Tremé.



NORTHSIDE

The northern neighborhoods of the city are among some of the newest, with the exception of the Upper Ninth Ward. Most of them have seen serious settlement only in the last few decades, as technology made it possible to raise the ground level high enough that it wasn’t constantly a mud pit.

Bayou St. John: This neighborhood derives its name from a finger of Lake Pontchartrain that runs deep into the northern part of the city. A portion of the original bayou has been filled in recently to make room for a middle-income housing development though much of the bayou remains flooded. Houseboats which once clogged the waterway are becoming less common. This is thanks in no small part to the stench, as the waters are popular dumping grounds for trash—and

occasionally bodies. The city sometimes dredges the bayou to keep it at least marginally navigable, but nobody breaks their backs doing it.

Gentilly: Gentilly originally grew along Gentilly Ridge, a stretch of high ground that bordered a bayou in this area. Early this century, the Orleans Levee Board filled in much of the swampy ground. Pumps run by Hellstromme Industries did the rest. Now, Gentilly is home to a growing suburban population. Unlike some neighborhoods in the city, Gentilly is fairly integrated racially. It also houses Dillard University and the Pontchartrain Beach Resort, both of which are segregated, so go figure.

Lakeview: A new seawall on the lakefront made another suburban area possible. As with Gentilly, it owes its existence largely to the efforts of the Orleans Levee Board, but Lakeview is considered a little more upscale than Gentilly. Several golf courses and City Park give the area more of a gentrified feel, attracting residents with a little more disposable income. It's

nowhere near the high-society types in the Garden District, but still not the kind of people who make note of where the soup kitchens are either.

City Park, the largest urban park in the Confederacy, is also found in Lakeview.

The Upper Ninth Ward: Prior to the digging of the Industrial Canal in the early 1920s, there was just the Ninth Ward. Now residents refer to the part west of the Canal as the Upper Ninth and the area east as the Lower Ninth. The Upper Ninth, being adjacent to Downtown and Mid-City, is the more developed of the two.

The fact that the Ninth was also on a stretch of ground higher than the areas closer to the lake gave it an edge as it was more suitable for building. That means the buildings here are older than in the other northern neighborhoods—which also means they're more rundown than the newer homes and apartments nearby. Of course that usually results in lower rents as long as you don't mind sharing your room with a water stain shaped like Texas or a cockroach or two... thousand.

RIVERFRONT

The Port of New Orleans consists of nearly eight miles of wharves and docks, more than five of which run contiguously from Marigny-Bywater well into Uptown. Hundreds of thousands of feet of warehouse space are available along the waterfront as well as in the inland Warehouse District adjacent to the Central Business District. New Orleans is by far the largest port in the Confederacy and sees dozens of ships dock daily.

The volume of business done by the port is so great that there are actually eight separate dockworkers' unions required to service the vessels docked there. The Harbor Police are responsible for patrolling the waterfront and have full policing power. Given the vast quantities of materials that pass through the port, there's little doubt the Harbor Police draw a fair amount of interest—and money—from the Black Hand.

Algiers: On the south side of the river sits the isolated neighborhood of Algiers. Originally this area served primarily as an industrial and rail base, but over the years it has become home to thousands of families. Currently, it can only be reached by one of several ferries departing the waterfront. Most of these run 24 hours a day. The new administration has plans in place to construct the James McKendrew Memorial Bridge to provide direct access in the very near future.



The Algiers Naval Air Station stands empty to this day, testament to the combined stubbornness of the city aldermen and the CSA War Department in their clash over Storyville.

UPTOWN

When Americans first began moving into New Orleans in the early 19th century, by and large, they settled on the higher ground to the west of the existing Creole settlements. The residents call this area Uptown because it's upriver from Canal Street, the traditional dividing line between the newcomers and the original inhabitants.

Garden District: This stretch of land was originally home to a few plantations, but those were sold off over the years to wealthy Americans who didn't want to live too close to the Creoles in the French Quarter. The mansions they built were elaborate affairs, surrounded by wrought-iron fences and well-tended gardens. Originally, only a small number of houses were allowed per block to allow for the extravagant landscaping that

gives this neighborhood its name, but as the city has grown, some of these have been broken up into smaller tracts. Money trumps everything, after all.

The Garden District retains its position as the seat of the old gentry of the city. If you're looking for a wealthy patron—or a wealthy sucker, depending on your ethics—this is the most likely place to find one. Step lightly, though. These folks take their reputations almost as seriously as they take their bank accounts.

Irish Channel: In the 1830s, a large wave of Irish immigrants came to the city to work on digging the New Basin Canal. Most of them settled a short distance from the dock they disembarked onto, ironically right next to the highbrow Garden District. The Irish workers died in droves building the canal—from as few as 3,000 to as many as 20,000 depending on who you ask.

Poverty and hard times tend to make for hard people with little money. Street gangs were the kings of the block back then, and they have had a resurgence lately thanks to the Great Depression. The one place

NECROPOLISES

One of New Orleans' more famous, if fatalistic, features is its cemeteries. Since most of the city is below the nearby Mississippi and Lake Pontchartrain, it's not a good idea to just stick a coffin in the ground, throw some dirt on it, and sing a hymn or two. The residents learned pretty quickly that's a recipe for finding dear, departed Aunt Mildred floating down Canal Street the next time there's a heavy rain.

Instead, most of the dead are interred in aboveground tombs, usually made of marble or granite. Most of these aren't the elaborate, walk-in jobs you read about in a Poe tale. Instead, they're a little larger than the average coffin and stand about seven to nine feet tall. These are usually family-owned, with a single one holding the remains of several generations.

They look a lot like small, stone buildings. In the earliest cemeteries, the tombs were placed without any real plan, but later ones lay them out along avenues—sometimes even naming the streets. In a sense, the cemeteries truly have become cities of the dead.

The other common type is called an oven vault. These are often found built into the very walls of the cemeteries and resemble bread ovens. If that comparison is unsettling, here's some even worse news: the name is pretty descriptive of the process that occurs inside. A combination of heat and humidity slowly reduces the remains to, well, *less*. After a time, the law allows the coffins to be removed and burned, and the remains placed in one of the upright crypts, which also helps explain how some of the family tombs can hold so many generations. Of course, you might not want to dwell too long on that...

There are other, less common methods of entombment. Coping graves are built aboveground, with low stone walls surrounding them. Box tombs appear to be low, stone crypts, but actually the body is up to five feet below the surface. Ledger stones are just simple graves, but with a large, full-length tomb stone laid atop the gravesite to keep the contents inside.

While interesting to visit, the necropolises are often dangerous after dark. Many of the more superstitious residents claim this is due to hauntings or other nonsense. The reality is New Orleans' cemeteries draw more than their fair share of graverobbers, presumably as there's usually not a lot of digging involved. Vagrants, addicts, and various petty criminals are also drawn to them, because the narrow alleys and irregular tombs provide ample places to hide or lie in ambush.

considered neutral ground is a bar named the Bucket of Blood, apparently proving its owner has the gift of prophecy.

The upside of this is that the Black Hand mostly keeps its mitts out of the Channel. Even they don't want to mess with a bunch of riled-up Irishmen.

Carrolton: Until annexed by the city in 1874, Carrolton was a separate, incorporated town. It would still be a quaint little burg on the edge of the city if not for Hellstromme Industries' main pumping station. Carrolton's current claim to fame, it sticks out like a concrete and steel carbuncle. Smoke and steam belch constantly from the huge brick towers as the massive screw pumps draw water from the storm drains and sewers and push them into the lower-lying bayous to the east.

Access to the Hellstromme facility is restricted, with heavily armed private guards patrolling the property. The company claims—and the city backs it up—that this is necessary to protect against possible attacks by anarchists, Communists, Unionists, and/or Kangars, depending on the day of the week.

In spite of the virtual private army on site, Carrolton is now overrun with patent scientists and inventors of all sorts hoping to find employment with Hellstromme Industries. As a result, the once quiet neighborhood is now the toughest place to get a good night's sleep thanks to all the racket. It's also probably the most technologically advanced section of the city—and the one most likely to electrify its citizens, disintegrate a streetcar, or just plain explode.

Uptown: One of the largest neighborhoods, Uptown grew as New Orleans expanded and gobbled up smaller adjacent communities. It sits on a natural levee on the inside bank of a bend in the Mississippi, making it prime real estate in a region whose main commodities were once mud and stagnant water.

A large number of residences can be found in Uptown, ranging from mansions and near-mansions where it borders the Garden District, to single-family bungalows as you travel farther from town, to apartment buildings closer to the business districts. There are a few manufacturing firms and warehouses where Uptown meets the city center. For the bookworms, Tulane and Loyola Universities sit at the eastern end of the neighborhood, right above Audubon Park, which houses a zoo and more than one arboretum.

THE OUTSKIRTS

What you find on the outskirts largely depends upon which direction you leave the city. Go far enough in any direction and you end up in the bayous that pretty much make up the foundation of southern Louisiana, but in between New Orleans proper and all that swampland, there's still a little civilization.

To the west, there's Jefferson Parish, where land developers have been building upscale houses for the last decade or so. Surrounded by large tracts of undeveloped land and the occasional old plantation house, these residences appeal to the nouveau riche more than the old money in town. People whose money has been around long enough to have Spanish moss growing on it tend to gravitate toward the Garden District. Still, there are a few legacies hunkered down on the old plantations here and there in Jefferson. Acres of swampy woodland do wonders for keeping folks from prying in your business.

South of the city, there's Gretna, the parish seat for Jefferson County. It's a spitball town compared to New Orleans, but word has it that its government is for sale the same as its larger sister on the other side of the river. The chief of police gets bristly when flatfoots from the big city get to nosing around his stomping ground, by the way.

East of the city you've got what folks call East New Orleans, for all the obvious reasons. Thanks to the Industrial Canal that links Lake Pontchartrain to the Mississippi, the area is seeing some growth in manufacturing and industry, particularly Hexaco's refining stations. A little farther and you get to the shantytowns where migrants, hobos, and other people down on their luck shack up if they can't find a roof in town. The residents there stick together and provide for each other as best they can, but the absence of hope is downright palpable.

To the north is Lake Pontchartrain, which isn't of much interest unless you're into swimming, oil wells, or refineries. Hexaco and Humble Oil both have more than a few of the latter situated around the lake.

***"I WILL ADMIT THAT THE SKEETERS IN
NEW ORLEANS ARE MEANER THAN TEXAS
BLOODSUCKERS, BUT THEY AIN'T BIGGER."***

—Andrew Dauterive,
Texas Ranger



SETTING RULES

To better represent the dark and dangerous world of *Deadlands Noir*, we're using a few Setting Rules from *Savage Worlds*. You can get the full scoop on them there, but here's a brief summary:

- **Blood & Guts:** Characters can spend Bennies on damage rolls.
- **Critical Failures:** Whenever a character rolls a 1 on both his Trait and Wild Die, he can't spend a Benny. He's stuck with the result!
- **Gritty Damage:** Whenever a Wild Card suffers a wound, she rolls on the Injury Table. Injuries sustained this way are cured when the wound is healed.

DETECTIVE WORK

As you'd expect, Streetwise and Investigation skills often play important roles in *Deadlands Noir*. Odds are any gumshoe worth his daily rate is going to have at least a little invested in each, but in a hard-knock world, a little knowledge is often a dangerous thing.

HITTING THE BOOKS

Sometimes all a sherlock needs out of his Investigation skill is a simple answer; say the author of a book, an address from a deed, or maybe a date for a legal proceeding. If that's the case, it's a straightforward roll of the bones. However, if he's involved in more detailed research, like chasing paper to figure out the original owner of a piece of property, determining the dispensation of a particular item from an estate that was settled 30 years ago, or picking through a web of shell corporations to find out who the spider sitting at the center is, it's called Hitting the Books and takes a bit more time and effort.

Your Marshal will let you know when your hero has to Hit the Books to ferret out information. To start, make an Investigation roll as usual. On a failure, your detective eventually comes up with the bit of evidence, but it takes him 2d8 hours and costs \$5 x 1d4 in bribes, bureaucratic fees, and the like. With success, he puts the pieces together in 1d10 hours and keeps his expenses down to just \$1 x 1d4. If he's lucky enough to get a raise, it takes him only 1d6 hours of research, and best of all, he manages to do it completely on the cheap (that's free, friend).

Note that most government buildings are only open eight hours a day, so it's possible your gumshoe might have to spend more than one day poring over paperwork, especially with a failed roll.

LEGWORK

Just as with Investigation, if your gumshoe is using Streetwise for a fairly run-of-the-mill purpose, like finding a local pool hall or the like, there's not much to worry about. You just make the roll and get on with the game. However, there are going to be times where your character may rely on Streetwise for more valuable information, like say if he's trying to find a mook that doesn't want to be found, locate the best place to fence certain items, or identify the head of a local gang. In that case, it's referred to as Legwork and it's a little more involved.

When your shamus is involved in Legwork—your Game Master will let you know when it's appropriate—make the Streetwise roll as usual. On a failure, he still ferrets out the information but it costs him in more ways than one. He has to shell out \$5 x 1d4 in bribes, and gets roughed up a little to boot, taking a Fatigue level from Bumps and Bruises (as described in *Savage*

Worlds). On a success, he dodges the beating, but still has to part with some of his hard-earned cash, as before. If he's canny enough to score a raise on the roll, he finagles the info he wants for free—and without the knuckle sandwich.

HARD TIMES

Life is tough all over during the Depression, and even having a job doesn't guarantee good pay. All characters in Noir have the Poverty Hindrance. They don't gain any Hindrance points for it, since everyone suffers the effects equally. It's up to the individual palooka if they want to list it on their character sheet; all the GM needs to know is it affects every character unless they have the Comfortable Edge.

KNOCK-OUT BLOWS

An unexpected chop from a pistol or blackjack is never a pleasant experience. When a character takes enough damage to be Shaken or worse from some goon who has The Drop on him (see *Savage Worlds*), he has to make a Vigor roll against the total damage or be knocked unconscious. If the hero Soaks all the wounds from the damage, he doesn't have to worry about getting cold-cocked. A character who is knocked unconscious in this manner remains out for at least the remainder of the scene, or possibly longer if it's

dramatically appropriate. What happens during that time is up to the GM, but hoods are awfully fond of sticking nosy shamuses in car trunks, tying them up in warehouses, or worse!

SECOND WIND

Flatfoots have it tough in a grim and gritty setting like *Deadlands Noir*. But it ain't all bad. The kind of hardboiled tough guys who walk in these worlds take advantage of every little break they can to get by.

When a character draws a Joker in combat, he gets a "second wind" in addition to its usual effects. If he happens to be Shaken, he's automatically and instantly un-Shaken.

If a Joker is drawn for a group as its Action Card, all Shaken characters are un-Shaken!

SOCIAL CONFLICTS

Interacting with people without resorting to gunfire is a fairly important part of an investigation. Dead men don't share a lot of information. Usually.

Most of this kind of interaction is handled just through roleplaying your detective's actions, but there are a couple of occasions where your hero's social skills become particularly important: Interrogations and Patter.

FORENSICS

Few departments rely on New Science devices as they're notoriously unreliable and may destroy the evidence, the investigating officer, or even the entire crime scene in a catastrophic failure. On top of these concerns, defense attorneys regularly have been successful in discrediting the contraptions in front of juries.

Nonetheless, forensic science is beginning to gain traction with most metropolitan police departments. In fact, a few experts are able to drum up enough business to earn a living doing it freelance. Here are a few benchmarks of where things stand in 1935:

Fingerprints: A national fingerprint registry has been in place in both the USA and CSA since the turn of the century. Police routinely fingerprint anyone charged with any crime above a citation, resulting in a record of many career criminals. The research is painstaking and typically takes a trained researcher days or even weeks to find a suspect even if they're on file. The powder method in common use during this period does not gather prints reliably from wood and other porous surfaces, though.

Firearms: Ballistics experts can generally identify the caliber of bullet from its remains; however identification of the exact firearm is impossible at this time. A specialist with access to a spent cartridge can match it to the weapon that fired it. Medical experts are able to distinguish between contact, short-range, and long-distance shots by examining the presence of burns or unburned powder at the site of a gunshot wound.

Medicine: Blood typing is well understood at this time, although only the four major groups are identified (A, B, O, and AB). Even Rh-factors (positive and negative types) won't be identified until the 1940s. Dental records can be used to aid in the identification of bodies, but aren't used as the sole identifier.

Photography: Standard cameras are commonly employed by most urban police departments. Many police photographers are skilled not only in properly capturing a scene, but also in darkroom techniques to enhance contrast and details when developing.

INTERROGATIONS

Contrary to popular imagination, interrogations take many forms. The simplest way to define an interrogation is the investigator asks questions and the subject answers them. There are a number of ways to convince a pigeon to squeal, and in game terms, these are represented by the Social Conflict rules found in *Savage Worlds*.

Characters can usually only start an interview of this sort when the subject can't just up and leave, otherwise when the going gets tough, the smart just get going! This means some sort of physical restraint (even just blocking the door might do the trick), but sometimes the heroes might be able to coerce or otherwise convince the subject it's in her best interest to stick around.

As in other Social Conflicts, an interrogation is broken down into three rounds of conversation. The gumshoe can use Intimidation, Persuasion, or Taunt to try to get his stoolie to talk. Intimidation represents attempting to coerce or frighten the informant, while Persuasion relies on sweet talk or promises. Finally, Taunt is not just to ridicule or belittle, but also for any time the shamus is trying to trick his subject into revealing the truth.

Each round, the investigator roleplays his chosen technique then makes the skill roll most appropriate to his approach. Occasionally, a target just needs a little coaxing and isn't actively resisting the questioning, but usually this roll is opposed by the subject's Spirit (for Intimidation and Persuasion) or Smarts (for Taunt).

The interrogator accumulates a success for each success and raise on the chosen skill roll. At the end of the third round of the interrogation, the Game Master compares the investigator's total number of successes to the Interrogation Results table to see how much information he wheedles out of his stoolie.

The Game Master should grant a +2 bonus to an interrogator who makes a particularly appropriate point in his approach—or a -2 penalty if he really steps in it. Some Hindrances also affect which skill is most effective against a given target, or the investigation itself may reveal hints at which tack is likely to work best. Creative techniques, such as two heroes alternating Intimidation and Persuasion against a target in a "good cop/bad cop" routine might also grant bonuses at the Game Master's discretion. (This doesn't work when just one hero tries it. Switching skills in the middle of an interrogation results in an automatic -2 penalty for each previous skill used.)

Trying this technique at random just to extract arbitrary information is seldom successful. "Fishing expeditions"—interrogations where the detectives

have little concrete evidence—give the subject an automatic +4 bonus on his rolls to resist.

Put the Screws to Him: Physical coercion—or torture, to not mince words—often goes hand-in-hand with interrogation in most people's minds. After all, any goon can wield a rubber hose or a car battery. While it does happen, it's seldom as successful as most believe.

Subjects under threat of physical pain are certainly likely to talk—and talk fast—but the problem is they often say anything they can just to get the torture to stop, if even for a little while. False confessions and outright lies are fairly common from victims of torture and often not discovered until long after the act. More effective methods of interrogation convince the target it's in his best interest to answer truthfully, whether by hook or by crook.

If a character insists on using torture, treat it as an Intimidation attempt when determining successes. While the poor sap he's tormenting may be jabbering a lot more than the guy getting sweet-talked in the next room, it's a lot harder to figure out what's the truth and what's just a shine.



INTERROGATION RESULTS

Margin of Victory Result

- Tie Mum's the word. The target reveals nothing.
- 1-2 The target provides the minimum information he can, but may candy-coat details with regard to his own involvement.
- 3-4 The target is generally forthcoming with all but the most self-incriminating info—but may require assurances from the heroes in return.
- 5+ The target goes belly up and spills the beans on everything he knows.

PATTER

You can't go solving all your problems by brandishing a heater or laying into some goon. Talking the talk is one of the most important tools available to any tough-as-nails gumshoe.

Characters in *Deadlands Noir* can often defuse a tense situation or dissuade a group of hotheads from mixing it up by making a compelling speech. Whether the night stalker is trying to sugar-coat her way past a bouncer or give a palooka a well-deserved dressing down, it's handled as a Social Conflict (see *Savage Worlds*) with a few modifications.

The investigator chooses which skill she's going to use: Intimidation for tough talk, Persuasion for a softer or more reasoned approach, or Taunt if she's looking to knock the guy down a few notches or talk him in circles. Each round, she roleplays her speech and makes her roll, opposed by her target's Spirit (Intimidation or Persuasion) or Smarts (Taunt), depending on the skill she's chosen. As usual, at the end of the third round, compare the number of successes the hero got with the Patter Results table.

Usually, Extras back down pretty quickly to a shamus who can sling a good line of patter. If there's a Wild Card on their side, Extras show a little more backbone, but with enough successes they lose even that. Wild Cards, particularly those with their own hides on the line, are free to make up their own minds, but there are consequences (as shown on the Patter Results table). Finally, regardless of the outcome, any character who is directly attacked can—and likely will—fight back.

Patter can also influence non-player characters outside of conflict. For example, the Marshal may decide a simple Persuasion roll isn't enough to convince that stubborn records clerk to allow your private dick access to a sealed file. In that case, he can use the Patter Table to help decide how hard it is to fast- or smooth-talk the target.

Modifiers: As with interrogations, the Game Master may award a bonus to the roll if he feels the character makes a particularly good point—or a penalty for a bad one. Edges and Hindrances may modify the roll as well.

Cooperative rolls are possible. Any other gumshoes who want to contribute make their roll. They don't even have to use the same skill in their attempt, but they do apply all relevant modifiers (including those for making a good speech). These Johnny-come-latelies don't have to make opposed rolls; they're just looking for simple successes and raises. Each one they get adds a +1 to the main mouthpiece's roll for the round.

PATTER RESULTS

Margin of Victory Result

- Tie The target(s) is less than impressed and stands his ground.
- 1-2 Extras without a personal stake in the matter, or an allied Wild Card, are likely to step aside or allow the hero's request. If it comes to a fight, the investigator and her allies are treated as if they drew a Joker the first round of combat, including the +2 bonus to Trait and damage rolls.
- 3-4 Extras without an allied Wild Card back off and try to avoid a real fight. Should combat break out, the losers get no Action Card in the first round of combat. If it's a non-combat situation, the shamus gets his way.
- 5+ Only Wild Cards with everything to lose refuse to back down or give in to the gumshoe's appeal. If it comes to a fight, the winners are treated as if they have the Drop on the losers in the first round of combat.

TAILING

On occasion, your hero may find himself trying to follow another character without being noticed. This isn't the same as a Chase—although it may lead to one if your shamus blows his cover! In a tail, the subject doesn't know he's being followed.

If he's on foot, he simply rolls his Stealth skill opposed by his opponent's Notice. On the other hand, if the surveillance involves a vehicle, your hero uses the lower of either the appropriate "maneuvering" skill (Boating, Driving, Piloting, or if it's a really unusual investigation, Riding) or Stealth opposed by his opponent's Notice.

Should your detective score at least one success and win the contest, he manages to tag along unnoticed. If he wins but doesn't get at least a success on the roll, he

loses his target but doesn't get spotted (or "burned"). If the hero loses the contest, his subject detects him. If he loses both the contest and fails to score at least a 4 on his own roll, then not only does he fail to keep the tail, but his target also gets a good look at him.

Each roll covers a single hour of surveillance, so a lengthy tail may require several rolls.

Finally, it's nearly impossible to shadow a target who's just plain faster than your character if the situation is such that the target can and does take advantage of his higher rate of speed.

Modifiers: A subject who only suspects he's being followed gets a +2 bonus to his Notice roll to spot his shadow; one who knows he has a tail gets +4!

GROUP SURVEILLANCE

Running a tail is often easier with multiple investigators, so any number of other heroes can also help with a cooperative roll. How they contribute depends on a couple of factors.

If it's a foot tail, each additional character involved rolls the lower of either her Notice or Stealth. Unlike the primary investigator, this roll isn't opposed. Each success and raise she scores gives a +1 to the primary investigator's attempt. However, if she rolls a critical failure she somehow exposes herself—and the fact that the target is under some sort of surveillance. This doesn't expose any other heroes who are participating, however.

If it's a surveillance involving vehicles, the Marshal may well restrict the number of characters in a vehicle who can contribute in a similar fashion to the Chase rules from *Savage Worlds*. Each character with her own vehicle rolls the lowest of either the appropriate "maneuver" skill (Driving, etc.) or her Stealth. A passenger, at the GM's discretion, might be able to assist with the tail, for example, by keeping an eye on the target (rolling Notice). As in other cooperative rolls, each success and raise adds a +1 to the primary character's roll.

"THE GOONS STOOD OUT LIKE AUTOMATONS AT AN OPERA..."

—Vince Kwiatek, DA





MAGIC!

Ask the average Joe on the street if he believes in magic and he'll give a qualified no. He probably believes in the power of his particular religion if he has one, and in the 1930s some have started to believe in certain powers of the mind, such as telepathy or telekinesis. But most realize stage charlatans are little more than clever tricksters or illusionists. Even the great Harry Houdini is just an incredibly clever escape artist.

Of course, some individuals have actually managed to tap into arcane and otherworldly powers. Some are blessed by divine entities—Gods, angels, saints, or in New Orleans' ever-present voodoo, spirits called “loas.” Others draw their energy from their own minds and bodies, though these are far more rare at this time. The most dangerous are those which draw their power from more malignant and dangerous entities that exist in the spirit world (or as the American Indians called it, the “Hunting Grounds”). They bargain or wrestle with these dark “manitous” for preternatural abilities—and pay with little bits of their life or soul when they fail.

It is the latter that have caused the authorities to keep proof of the supernatural largely under wraps. Especially in the terrible era of the Depression, they know millions of desperate individuals would turn to these dark entities for power—and that would wreak untold havoc on the earth.

Two organizations in particular, the Texas Rangers in the South and the mysterious Agency in the North, are tasked with hunting down supernatural presences and those who would treat with them. Those who flaunt their powers are quickly taken by these groups and evaluated. Those who might prove useful as operatives themselves are recruited. The rest are studied or disappear in whatever manner seems most judicious.

GRIFTER

Edge: Arcane Background (Grifter)

Requirements: Wild Card, Novice, Smarts d6+, Spellcasting d6+, Spirit d6+

Arcane Skill: Spellcasting (Smarts)

Power Points: 10

Starting Powers: 3

Backlash: A grifter who rolls a 1 on his Spellcasting die (regardless of his Wild Die), is automatically Shaken (but see **Overdose**, below).

Available Powers: *Blind, bolt, boost/lower trait, confusion, damage field, darksight, deflection, detect/conceal arcana, disguise, dispel, drain power points, fear, havoc, invisibility, intangibility, light/obscure, numb, pummel, quickness, slow, slumber, smite, speed, stun, succor, teleport, wall walker.*

SPECIAL RULES:

- **Indulgence:** A grifter must indulge in his particular vice at least once a day to keep his conduit to the Hunting Grounds open. If he does not, he recovers Power Points at a rate of 1 point every 3 hours instead of the usual 1 per hour.

- **Overdose:** A grifter who rolls a 1 on both his Spellcasting and Wild Die suffers a particularly powerful form of Backlash. He must roll on the Overdose Table on page 52.

Grifters believe themselves to be the ultimate con men. These supernatural swindlers seem to have figured out a way to turn a taste for indulgence into a way to tap vast arcane power. How they get to have their cake and eat it too—at least for now—requires a little history to fully understand.

HOYLE'S HUCKSTERS

Back in the early 18th century, an Englishman by the name of Edmund Hoyle stumbled across the secret to accessing power in an alternate dimension, one known to Native Americans as the "Hunting Grounds." Hoyle figured out how to trick energy from the spirits inhabiting it (also known as manitous) by envisioning the mental struggle with them as a card game—one in which he made the rules. He disguised his findings in an essay on games of chance, which a relative later found, and not realizing what it really contained, published.

When things started getting weird back during the Civil War, some enterprising folks found the formulas hidden in Hoyle's little rulebook became much easier to put into practice. These cardsharps, who called themselves hucksters, wheedled and cheated magic out of the manitous and used it to carve themselves a place in the Weird West.

It was only a matter of time before the governments of both the USA and CSA took notice. The Agency and Texas Rangers, in charge of maintaining supernatural order in their respective countries, took a dim view of the hexslingers from the start. No good could come of having power-drunk gamblers sauntering around casting spells and such, they said. However, the powers that be quickly came around to figuring out if they could use hucksters to their advantage, either as a tool on the battlefield or political hit men.

After only a little experimentation, those in charge found out the answer was a resounding "No." Huckster magic was by its very nature chancy stuff and the shysters drawn to it were the ultimate risk-takers. Neither of those are things you want to count on in a clutch situation, so it didn't take long for the governments to give up on harnessing the hexslingers.

Once they made that call, the Agency and Rangers were given the go-ahead to put hucksters on ice. It took some doing as the spellcasting gamblers had been dodging the boys in black and brown for a few years already, but the government's enforcers knew more than one way to skin a cat. In addition to rounding up any known offenders, they also put the torch to any and all copies of Hoyle's they came across. With no codebook to guide it, the practice of hucksterism was all but extinct before the World War began.

THE GREAT WASTING

Shortly after the Civil War, a big ruckus broke out in what used to be the Dakota Territories. The area

had been reclaimed by an alliance of tribes calling themselves the Sioux Nations shortly after the world took a turn for the strange. The particulars of the dust-up aren't all that important, but it boiled down to several groups, including the US Army, deciding to ride in and roust the Sioux.

The Sioux medicine men took exception to that and enacted some huge ritual that changed nature itself in the borders they claimed. Technology any more advanced than a bow and arrow simply ceased to function inside the Sioux Nations, with the exception of the mining boomtown of Deadwood and a narrow rail corridor leading to it.

Down South, there was a similar enclave called the Coyote Confederation, roughly where the old Oklahoma Territory used to be. When hostilities broke out with the Confederate government over some border raiders, the tribal leaders there tried to duplicate the Sioux's great medicine ritual. Their magic worked, but a lot differently than that of the northern tribes. A huge, black dust storm descended upon the land, scouring the flesh from the bones of the Confederate soldiers. It also scoured the very life from the land itself, turning the Coyote Confederation into a vast dust bowl.

The Great Wasting, as it was known, left the Confederation





unable to even provide food for its people. Although they'd crushed the Confederate Army, the members of the Coyote Confederation were forced to make peace with the Southern government. In return for food, medicine and other support, they agreed to become a territory of the Confederacy. The Pyrrhic victory left a bad taste in the mouths of the Coyote tribes. Their shamans found their magic weakened and most swore off the "Old Ways" altogether.

THE GRIFT

Jack Emmert was a drifter and hustler who was too smart for his own good. He was hustling locals over billiards in Texas one day when his mark paid with a beat-up copy of *Hoyle's Book of Games*. Blessed with a keen intellect, he picked up on and deciphered the codes hidden within it in days. He did a little more research and found out *Hoyle's* was actually a secret handbook for modern-day sorcerers. These "hucksters," as they called themselves, managed to tap into an otherworldly plane of existence—the "Hunting Grounds"—and gamble some of their life force with its demonic denizens for power.

Jack then quickly found out the Texas Rangers didn't think much of people running around dealing with demons for black magic. Things tended to go bad. He barely managed to escape into the neighboring Coyote Confederation with his pool cue before they descended on him like hell hounds.

While in the Indian nation, Jack watched shamans commune with nature spirits, and for the gruesome price of sacrifice and mutilation, draw on their amazing powers just like the hucksters.

Jack wanted to taste arcane power too—it'd be just the thing to turn his small-time con games into big-time hustles. But he wasn't interested in making soul-killing deals with demons or chopping off fingers.

He realized that what the spirits—both the demonic "manitous" and the savage but somewhat less evil nature spirits—really demanded for their power, was personal sacrifice. But sacrifice could come in many forms. Some shamans took toxic tobacco or hallucinogenic peyote into their bodies. Hucksters often got away with *no* sacrifice other than the *risk* of a little bit of their life force.

So Jack experimented. He used the knowledge he'd learned to call on the spirits—any spirits—and subjected himself to a number of vices to see what piqued their interest. Over a few weeks, he realized they weren't falling for him nipping at the bottle or trying peyote—they were only interested in his one true addiction—gambling. The bigger and more risky the gamble, the more they got interested.

It wasn't long before Jack left the Confederation and crossed paths with the Rangers. Along the way he taught a few other like-minded compatriots "the Grift." The technique spread fast. There was no book for the authorities to destroy and those with the talent didn't need long hours of deciphering codes for their payoff. All they had to do was embrace their most destructive vices and they were off to the races, so to speak.

Jack vanished sometime after that, leaving behind little more than a cryptic set of clues that he was headed to California for "the biggest grift of all."

PLAYING A GRIFTER

A grifter doesn't have to overindulge in his vice—or even gain any gratification from it. It's the actual act that enables them to draw power from the Hunting Grounds, not the vice's actual effects on them. So, a Harrowed grifter can still rely on alcohol even though he can't become intoxicated, or a grifter with a drug habit doesn't have to incapacitate himself to satisfy his demons.

Each grifter must choose a specific vice which she uses to appease the spirits of the Hunting Grounds. Only one bad habit works for any given grifter. The chosen substance or activity is addictive (either physically or psychologically) and self-destructive to her in some way. The grifter must constantly and substantially indulge in her chosen habit. For most vices, this costs about \$1d4 a day, either in purchased substances, gambling losses, etc. For truly esoteric vices, the GM must determine the consequences.

If she doesn't, she only recovers one Power Point every three hours until she resumes her vice. A grifter with Rapid Recharge who doesn't indulge in her vice gets one point back every two hours. If she has the Improved version, she gets one point per hour.

NEW SPELLS

NUMB

Rank: Novice

Power Points: 1

Range: Touch

Duration: 10 minutes

Trappings: A shot of whisky, a puff of smoke on the wound.

Numb alleviates pain caused by injury. With success, the power removes one point of wound penalties. With a raise, *numb* removes two points of penalties. The effect lasts for the duration, so it may shield a character from wound penalties acquired after the initial casting as well as those already suffered.

Numb also nullifies any temporary Injury Table results for its duration. A character made Lame by a hit to the leg, for example, can move normally while *numbed*. It has no effect on permanent Injuries.

NEW EDGES

HEDONIST

Requirements: Novice, Arcane Background (Grifter), Smarts d8+, Spellcasting d8+

Your character can binge on his vice to quickly recover some Power Points. This requires him to overindulge in his bad habit (which takes 10 minutes' worth of time). A grifter addicted to alcohol, for example, might chug half a bottle of whisky. A smoker might cough up a lung going through an entire pack in 10 minutes. Or a gambler might risk way more cash than he can afford on a single roll of the dice with someone who must definitely be paid.

Whatever the binge, when it's over, the grifter recovers 1d6 Power Points.

The bender comes with a price—the hedonist suffers Fatigue until he can rest up for at least four hours. The grifter can repeat the trick unless he's Exhausted (he cannot Incapacitate himself).

TRAPPINGS

When possible, the trappings of grifter magic are tied to the arcane conman's chosen vice. For example, a gambler may throw glowing dice for his bolt, or the targets of an alcohol-using grifter's confusion may become slightly tipsy. Those powers that don't readily lend themselves to such associations are either largely invisible or displayed by a dark purple energy or haze.

INTOXICATION

With Prohibition out the window (or in the Confederacy's case, never existing in the first place), alcohol is now the most readily-available recreational drug. A lot of folks turn to the bottle in hard times.

A Joe can imbibe a few drinks (loosely a shot of whiskey, bottle of beer, or glass of wine) every hour or so with no appreciable effects. This is "normal" drinking in this era, and means he imbibes no more drinks than half his Vigor die. If a schmuck wants to get drunk for some reason, the player just decides how fast he wants it to happen. Most palookas in this era are hard drinkers and generally don't feel the effects for an hour or so. They're pretty well snookered after about three hours.

That's "social" hard-drinking. If a schmuck wants to get drunk fast he can start two-fisting shots and get there in about 20 to 30 minutes assuming there's a fair amount of the hard stuff on hand. This takes a number of drinks equal to his Vigor die. Drunk characters suffer a -1 penalty to Smarts and Agility-based rolls. They also ignore one point of wound penalties since alcohol depresses pain centers.

If the unfortunate soul wants to get *really* plastered, he just keeps pounding them down for about double the time and drinks it took him to get here. Then he suffers a -2 penalty to Smarts and Agility-based rolls and can ignore two points of Wound penalties. If the character keeps drinking, he eventually passes out in an hour or so.

It takes about 1d6 hours to recover from being drunk, 2d6 hours from really drunk, and 3d6 hours to recover after passing out. Good food and strong coffee halves that time.

If a character must drink for some reason and wants to avoid getting intoxicated, he must make a Vigor roll every half-hour or so for "social" drinking, or every ten minutes for "hard" or forced drinking. When he fails the first time, he's drunk. When he fails the second time (or if he rolls a critical failure), he's very drunk.

PATENT SCIENTISTS

Edge: Arcane Background (Weird Science)

Requirements: Wild Card, Novice, Smarts d6+, Weird Science d6+

Arcane Skill: Weird Science (Smarts)

Power Points: 10

Starting Powers: 1

Malfunction: As Weird Scientists (see *Savage Worlds*).

Available Powers: *Arcane Background (Weird Science)*, *armor*, *barrier*, *blast*, *blind*, *bolt*, *boost/lower trait*, *burrow*, *burst*, *confusion*, *damage field*, *darksight*, *deflection*, *detect/conceal arcane*, *elemental manipulation*, *entangle*, *environmental protection*, *farsight*, *fear*, *fly*, *havoc*, *healing*, *intangibility*, *invisibility*, *light/obscure*, *pummel*, *quickness*, *slow*, *slumber*, *smite*, *speak language*, *speed*, *stun*, *succor*, *telekinesis*, *wall walker*, *zombie*.

SPECIAL RULES:

- **Dementia:** All patent scientists begin play with a Delusion, either Major or Minor. See below for details.
- **Weird Science:** Patent scientists use all the rules for Weird Scientists in *Savage Worlds*, including the Malfunction Table.

Almost from the moment of its discovery, ghost rock fueled a surge of technological advancements. Ghost rock itself proved to be an amazing substance with many properties even modern science hasn't fully tapped, and as a power source, it enabled even more incredible advancements in the field of invention. While many claim those first bursts of technical wizardry played a significant role in extending—or even deciding—the eventual outcome of the Civil War, it's undeniable that many of the creations of what was once referred to as “mad science” have become a part of everyday life.

MAD SCIENCE

After the Great Quake of 1868, a new type of scientist appeared, inventors who were capable of designing devices that seemingly defied the laws of physics, biology, chemistry, or whatever science you cared to throw at them. These technological geniuses referred to themselves as students of the “New Science,” but most folks just called them “mad scientists.” This term originated from the fact that while their devices seemed almost magical at times when they worked, when they failed, they did so spectacularly—and catastrophically.

Exactly how they managed to build these incredible devices was a matter of considerable debate. While their outlandish gadgets undeniably worked, the theory behind each one flew in the face of all conventional wisdom. Even more confounding was the fact that

these inventors often seemed to spontaneously arrive at their designs.

All of them, however, relied heavily on the amazing, but poorly understood qualities of the newly discovered ghost rock, leading the less-sophisticated to jump to unfounded conclusions such as some metaphysical or even malevolent origin behind the strange mineral. Some went so far as to claim the Devil himself seeded the earth and the unusual sounds created when it burned were the moanings of tortured souls. It wasn't that great of a leap for adherents of this belief to conclude that the unprecedented surge in technological advances was also a result of diabolic manipulation.

PURE SCIENCE

This view actually gained some traction among supposedly educated minds. The most prominent movement called itself the Sons of Sitgreaves, after one of the most original proponents of this notion, R. Percy Sitgreaves, himself a student of the “New Science.” By the end of the 19th century, public opinion was beginning to turn against the rapid advance of science. Some inventors went so far as to abandon their vocation, fearing their inexplicable creations were the result of a malevolent and otherworldly inspiration.

Dr. Darius Hellstromme, the owner and founder of the now world-famous Hellstromme Industries, called such claims outlandish and preposterous. In 1893, he published a paper entitled “Pure Science” in which he categorically rebutted every claim of the anti-technology movement. His argument was greeted with a sigh of relief from the general public. People had become fond of the time-savers and niceties that science—even the weird kind—had brought them, and readily accepted his position.

In time, other great minds stepped forward to support the startling advances. Nikolai Tesla was so outspoken in his endorsement, that for a time, he replaced Hellstromme as the mouthpiece of technology. Over time, “mad” science even became known as Tesla science. A few, however, both inside and outside the scientific community remained skeptical or even outright hostile toward the New Science and its offerings.

PATENT OR DIE!

Hellstromme is doubtlessly the most well-known of those early inventors. His initial successes, as well as his business acumen, paved the way for others to follow in his footsteps. But that same savvy that helped provide the initial boost to the new field of endeavor has also heralded a change in the operational model.

Today, the lone inventor is almost a relic of the past. The drive for marketable products has drawn massive corporate involvement into seeking the newest technological advances, and most major governments fund their own research as well. This “brain drain” serves to draw many of the best and brightest to government or private think-tanks, leaving only the most independently minded to strive on alone.

Individual designers are often cash-strapped, working feverishly to discover the next big thing, so they can start the next Smith & Robards—or at least pay last week’s grocery bills. As a result, there is fierce competition and even paranoia among the ranks of the small-scale developers to be the first to patent their latest creation, and hence the current appellation for this pioneering breed: patent scientists.

PLAYING A PATENT SCIENTIST

Patent scientists use the Arcane Background (Weird Science) Edge, which works as described in *Savage Worlds*, including Malfunctions, with one major change.

There’s a saying that there’s a fine line between genius and insanity, but for patent scientists, someone took an eraser to that line. All patent scientists are a little unbalanced, and some more than others. Depending on who you ask, it’s that very off-kilter view that enables them to twist the laws of physics to make their gizmos work, while others claim their madness is evidence of the influence of unearthly, or even demonic, entities using the scientists’ hands as playthings.

Regardless of the cause, all patent scientists must take Delusional as an extra Hindrance and get no character creation points for it. The details of the madness are up to the player, but the severity of the Delusion determines how often the inventor can have one of his unique insights. Those with a Minor Delusion can only take the New Power Edge once per Rank, while those with a Major Delusion can take the New Power Edge as often as every other Advance.

Each patent science device has 10 Power Points.

NEW EDGES

EUREKA!

Requirements: Legendary, Arcane Background (Weird Science), Weird Science d12+

You’ve achieved the goal of individual patent scientists everywhere! After days, weeks, or even years of tinkering, you may create a true Patent Device out of one of your powers. When this Edge is taken, pick a power to go with it (you can take Eureka! multiple times). You’ve refined the associated gizmo enough that it can now use raw ghost rock as another source of power!

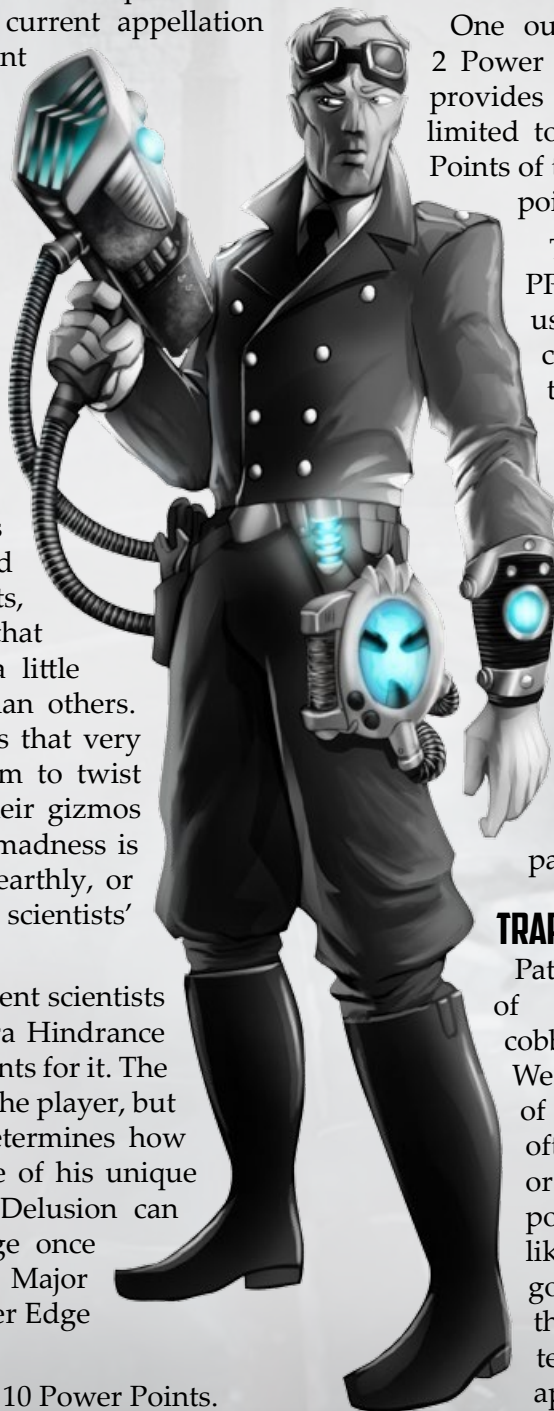
One ounce of raw ghost rock provides 2 Power Points, so a pound of ghost rock provides 32 Power Points. The gizmo is still limited to the maximum number of Power Points of the inventor; it can just regain those points through the use of ghost rock.

The inventor’s own device regains PPs at his normal rate, but he can also use ghost rock as points as well. It comes down to a simple question of time or money.

Fortunately, the prototype is more stable than most other gizmos; it only suffers a Malfunction on a critical failure. On top of that, your blueprint and patent earn prestige and money from a corporation capable of reproducing your device on a mass-market scale. Thereafter, you have +2 Charisma when dealing with other patent scientists and receive 1d6 x \$75 in royalties—which you may need to pay the ghost rock bill.

TRAPPINGS

Patent science powers take the form of bizarre inventions, sometimes cobbled together from everyday items. Weapons tend to be based on firearms of some sort, while defensive powers often appear as some form of armor or energy-field generator. Other powers may be chemical concoctions like potions or salves, exoskeletons, goggles, and the like. Regardless of the form, most patent science devices tend toward a streamlined, yet bulky appearance.



VOODOO

Edge: Arcane Background (Voodoo)

Requirements: Wild Card, Novice, Voodoo d6+, Spirit d8+

Arcane Skill: Voodoo (Spirit)

Power Points: 10

Starting Powers: 2

Backlash: A voodooist who rolls a 1 on her Voodoo die (regardless of her Wild Die) suffers a level of Fatigue. This Fatigue is recovered after four hours of rest per level of Fatigue.

Available Powers: *Armor, banish, beast friend, blind, bolster, boost/lower trait, confusion, darksight, deflection, detect/conceal arcana, disguise, dispel, divination, elemental manipulation, fear, fury of the rada loa, greater healing, healing, invisibility, light/obscure, puppet, slow, slumber, spirit shield, smite, speak language, stun, succor, warrior's gift, zombie.*

SPECIAL RULES:

- **Conjure Bags:** A voodooist must have her talismans, amulets, and the like with her or suffer a -2 to her Voodoo rolls when casting spells.

- **Shrine:** A voodooist must spend an hour each evening at a shrine to the loas preparing her talismans and offering gifts to the spirits. If she does not, she can't cast spells during the next day.

Folks have had a tough go of it the last twenty years or so. The Great War exposed people to the awful truth that humanity is capable of tremendous horrors all on its own. The epidemic that followed brought Death close to even those who escaped the talons of War. And while the Roaring Twenties brought a brief respite, in the doldrums of the Depression, even that happier time feels like the set up to make what came next that much worse.

It's no wonder genuine faith and true believers are both in very short supply. Back a half-century or so, there used to be certain people capable of truly miraculous acts, supposedly originating from their unshakeable faith in the powers of Good. Now, a load of faith and a nickel might buy you a cup of coffee on a good day.

Sure, there's no shortage of charlatans hosting tent revivals and defrauding money and more out of those poor souls looking for even a shred of hope in the darkness that's descended, but precious few true blessed are left in the world. And, truth be told, the fakers and shysters are making things even worse by seeding doubt in the last place many people have to look for help.

THAT OLD BLACK MAGIC

There was a time when practitioners of voodoo worked their magic miraculously, much like other blessed did. As people's spirits started to falter and times grew darker, many found their own faith ebbing as well. And as their faith went, so did the potency of their magic. Others, however, found their spells continued to function.

The secret of why some retained their magical abilities lies in the fact voodoo is a strange hybrid of old time African tribal rituals and Western Christianity. African slaves in Haiti and the southern American states created it as a way to continue honoring the practices of their ancestors without risking the wrath of their captors. Over time, the belief took on a life of its own.

At its core, voodoo is closer to shamanism than it is to conventional or modern religions. As faith began to wane in the wake of the tribulations assaulting the world, those who relied on the traditional, ritualistic practices found their magic still worked. The reason for this is voodoo rituals, like those of Indian shamans, appease the spirits, allowing hounsans and mambos to draw power from the Hunting Grounds.

Voodoo and its followers are seldom found outside New Orleans and southern Louisiana. Due to the widespread acceptance of the belief (or at least tolerance) in that area, the Texas Rangers generally give the practitioners of the religion a pass, as long as they're not involved in overt displays or criminal activity. That's only true within the confines of southern Louisiana, though. In the rest of the Confederacy, all bets are off.

DOING THAT VOODOO

A voodooist must pay strict attention to his rituals and talismans or risk losing the ability to work his magic. Failing to spend an hour each evening or morning praying, offering gifts, and preparing his talismans renders him unable to cast any spells the following day. In addition to the daily ritual, he also needs his conjure bags and amulets with him or he suffers a -2 to all Voodoo rolls.

Thanks to their religious ties, hounsans and mambos can take the Holy Warrior and Champion Edges. In that case, they substitute Arcane Background (Voodoo) for Arcane Background (Miracles) and the Voodoo skill for the Faith skill requirement. They still must meet all other requirements for the Edges.

NEW EDGE

GRIS-GRIS CRAFTER

Requirements: Novice, Arcane Background (Voodoo), Smarts d8+, Spirit d8+, Voodoo d8+

This is the voodoo equivalent of the Gadgeteer Edge.

Once per game session, the houngan can create a magic charm and imbue it with mystical energy. This talisman uses any power available to the houngan, though anyone using it must meet the power's Rank restrictions. It has half the creator's Power Points and once these are used up they do not recharge. The ritual to craft one of these charms takes 1d20 minutes and must be performed at the creator's shrine. Activating the device requires the user to make a Spirit roll instead of a Voodoo roll. All effects of the power are based on the result of the Spirit roll.

NEW SPELLS

BOLSTER

Rank: Novice

Power Points: 2

Range: Smarts

Duration: 10 minutes (1/10 minutes)

Trappings: Chants, vèvè, fetishes

Bolster grants the recipient courage against the forces of darkness. The affected character gains a +2 bonus to Fear checks. In addition, any time he spends a Benny to make a Trait roll (including Soak, but not damage rolls), add +2 to the total. If the caster gets a raise on the roll, the bonus increases to +4.

- **Additional Targets:** The power affects an additional target for every additional Power Point spent to activate, up to a maximum of five targets. This does not affect the maintenance cost.

FURY OF THE RADA LOA

Rank: Seasoned

Power Points: 4

Range: Self

Duration: 3 (1/round)

Trappings: Mystical symbols, animal charms, skulls or bones

This power invites a nature spirit, or *rada loa*, to "ride" the houngan or mambo's body for a brief time to grant him some of their savage ferocity. With success, the caster is inhabited by a minor loa that grants him an additional die type to his

Fighting, Strength, and Vigor Traits, and +1 damage with all melee attacks. With a raise, the loa increases those Traits by two die types and grants +2 damage. When the spell ends the priest gains a level of Fatigue until he recovers the same amount of Power Points he spent on this spell and its maintenance. (Bokkors invoke *fury of the petro loa* instead, with the same effect.)

SPIRIT SHIELD

Rank: Seasoned

Power Points: 3

Range: Self

Duration: 3 (1/round)

Trappings: Hazy shimmer, circling spirits

This spell creates a barrier that can keep out ghosts and other ethereal enemies. It has no effect against demons or undead in physical form. The caster makes her Voodoo roll, and if successful, places a Medium Burst Template centered on herself. Entities wishing to enter the template must make an opposed Spirit check against the caster's Voodoo skill. If they fail, they cannot pass the barrier while it remains active. *Spirit shield* doesn't prevent the entities from "normal" actions such as Intimidation or throwing physical objects. The spell is negated if any living creature of rat-size or larger that started inside the circle cross to the outside.

TRAPPINGS

Most voodoo powers are cast through brief chants or rituals. Depending on the spell, the caster may rub a talisman, toss a small packet of dust, or simply touch a necklace. Voodoo spells seldom produce a visible effect, although the results may be evident, such as from a successful use of the healing power.

VOODOO TERMS

Bokkor: An evil sorcerer who casts curses and other spells.

Gris-gris: A magic talisman, usually a small bag containing various ingredients.

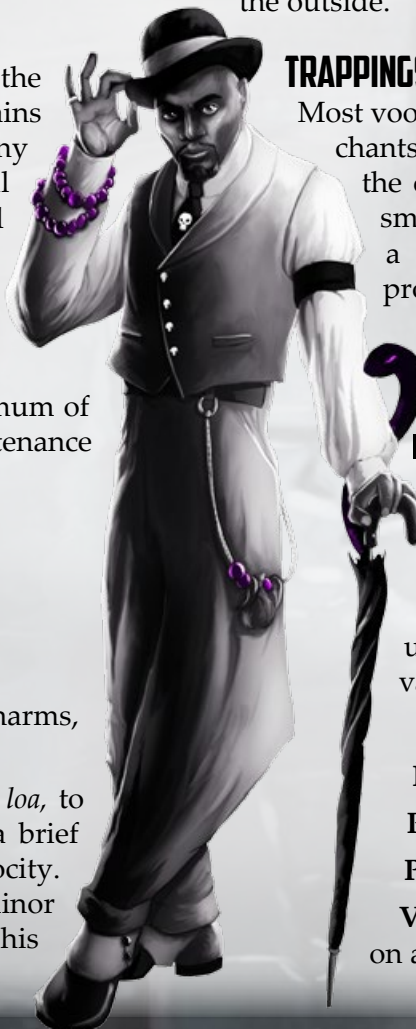
Houngan: A voodoo priest.

Mambo: A voodoo priestess.

Rada Loa: A nature spirit.

Petro Loa: A manitou or demon.

Vèvè: A magical inscription, either on a piece of cloth or the ground.



HARROWED

Edge: Harrowed

Requirements: Wild Card, Novice

Arcane Skill: None

Power Points: None

Starting Powers: None

Backlash: None

SPECIAL RULES:

- **Coup:** See below.
- **Dominion:** See below.
- **Undeath:** See below.

Some palookas might believe they're just too tough to die, but the fact of the matter is no human can pull off the resurrection act alone. To crawl back out of the grave, a deceased soul has to catch a ride from a demon—or manitou, as the Native Americans call them. This manitou holes up inside its host and grants it powers not normally available to the dead, like walking and talking, to name a couple.

These undead saps are known as Harrowed, or literally "dragged forth from the earth."

Since one of the few ways a manitou can actually be slain is if its host's brain is destroyed, they only take this risk on those who really stand out in the crowd. That's why your average chump just gets brought back on temporary terms (hence the monstrous walkin' dead).

In order for this arrangement to function, both the host and the manitou need each other: the host provides the body and the manitou the means to keep it moving. They don't often play nice with each other, leading to a constant battle for control. Most of the time, the manitou is content to sit back and enjoy the ride, letting the Harrowed go about his daily unlife. Every now and then, though, the demon makes a go for squeezing into the driver's seat. If it's strong enough, it can take control of your gumshoe for a while and raise a little Hell. And that's the whole reason they're around!

DOMINION

When a Harrowed first returns to the land of the (un) living, he has a vivid memory of suffering through his worst nightmare—and with good reason. You see, the demon put the poor sap through its own little corner of Hell before it let him out in an attempt to weaken his resolve. Worse, it continues to do so every night of his existence from then on.

Recently offed characters who return as Harrowed, as well as those who begin the game with the Harrowed

Edge, start with a Dominion of 0. This means the host and the manitou are roughly on equal footing.

When the GM tells you to make a Dominion roll, make a Spirit roll and add your current Dominion. This is opposed by the manitou. Your deader's Dominion can never go below -4 or above +4.

DOMINION TABLE

Success: The Harrowed retains control and gains 1 point of Dominion, or 2 points with a raise.

Failure: The manitou takes over (and no doubt gets up to some evil shenanigans); your hero loses 1 Dominion point, or 2 if the manitou scored a raise.

Tie: The manitou doesn't get control, but the fight leaves your Harrowed Shaken.

THE UNLIFE OF A HARROWED

If you're wondering what it's like to be a Harrowed, let's just say it's got its ups and downs. Sure, being a walking corpse has its advantages when lead starts flying, but on the other hand, you're also not that popular at social events.

ARCANE BACKGROUNDS

Harrowed who had an Arcane Background when they died continue practicing as usual. (The Marshal has some additional information on page 54.)

Harrowed grifters may not get much of a rise out of nicotine, alcohol, or other physical vices due to their undead state, but they remain spiritually addicted and it drains their will just the same. The thing keeping this deader alive is still getting what it wants in the end.

DEATH WOUNDS

It should come as no surprise that anything bad enough to put a fella down leaves a mark. A Harrowed's "death wound" is healed on his resurrection, but always leaves some scar or deformity. A hero shot in the chest, for example, has a scar there. One who was hanged might have a slightly crooked neck or a visible rope burn that never fades. Harrowed are *not* left so disfigured that they're instantly recognizable as undead—that would defeat the manitou's purpose.

DECAY

The living dead have wan, ashen skin. Since the manitous sustain their bodies, they don't rot, but they don't smell like roses either. Any Joe who gets nice and close to a Harrowed picks up the smell of decay with a Notice roll.

A Harrowed can “pickle” himself for a day or so by drinking a quart of liquor. Granted, he smells like a drunk, but at least he won’t smell like a dead drunk. Animals can always tell, no matter how much hooch the dead man pours down his throat. Riding rolls and any other rolls involving the cooperation of animals suffer a -2 penalty.

Harrowed can’t reproduce—or even enjoy trying. Their blood doesn’t flow...south, if you catch our drift.

FOOD AND DRINK

Harrowed need meat to patch themselves up, but it can be fresh or rotten if the deader isn’t too picky. Each time a Harrowed makes a healing roll, she consumes a pound of flesh. The character has to eat the meat, but it doesn’t have to be cooked.

These undead don’t need water, and while we’re on the subject, they can’t get drunk either—which helps with the whole “pickling” thing we talked about earlier. They aren’t affected by drugs or poison and can’t catch a normal disease. Supernatural diseases and effects are fair game, though.

FEAR

Crawling out of your own grave has a habit of toughening you up on the psychological front. Once you’re already dead, it takes a little more to put the frighteners on you than the average mook.

For this reason, Harrowed characters add +2 to Fear tests.

SLEEP

Harrowed don’t need sleep, as such, but the manitou powering their bodies requires 1d6 hours of rest every 24 hours to recharge itself. And, unlike regular Joes, the Harrowed can’t just down a cup of java to stay awake. When it’s time to “sleep,” the manitou simply shuts down. The hero can try to resist, but he must make a Spirit roll every hour or keel over on the spot. This roll gets harder as the night drags on, with each additional roll suffering a cumulative -1 penalty to a maximum of -3.

Fortunately for the sleeping hero, the manitou maintains some awareness of its surroundings, so Harrowed are just as likely to wake up as other folks if trouble rears its head.

UNDEATH

The living dead are a fairly hardy lot. They don’t take Fatigue from normal sources, and they’re pretty much immune to nonlethal damage. Though they do suffer wounds normally, they can’t be put down except by destroying their brain.

A head shot is the only way to kill a Harrowed. A called shot to the brainpan does the trick, as does a Head result on the Injury Table. In the latter case, if the hero fails her Incapacitation roll, she’s dead for good.

Harrowed Incapacitated by damage to other body parts are only knocked out of commission for 1d6 days. After that, they regain consciousness and can drag themselves around until they can scrounge enough meat to heal their limbs. They can even regrow lost limbs this way.

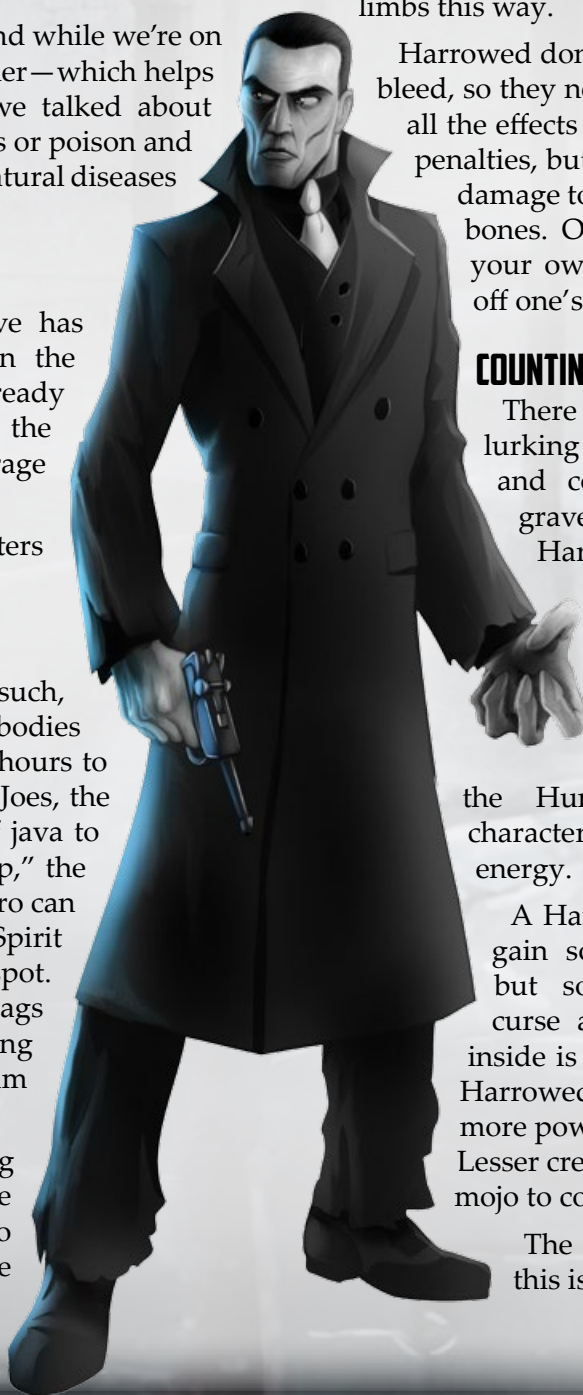
Harrowed don’t feel pain nor do they really bleed, so they never bleed out and can ignore all the effects of such. They do take wound penalties, but in their case these reflect the damage to the Harrowed’s muscles and bones. Of course, slipping around in your own blood and guts can throw off one’s game as well.

COUNTING COUP

There are a whole lot of nasties lurking around the concrete jungles and countrysides than just these graveyard rejects. Like the Harrowed, these creatures have a spark of supernatural energy in them, and the most powerful have a whole lot. Due to their odd status straddling life and death, as well as this world and the Hunting Grounds, Harrowed characters can sometimes steal this energy.

A Harrowed who counts coup can gain some pretty strange abilities, but some powers come with a curse as well. Taking all that evil inside is no small matter. In any case, Harrowed can only count coup on the more powerful abominations out there. Lesser creatures just don’t have enough mojo to collect.

The GM has full details on how this is done on page 54.





HARROWED EDGES

All Harrowed characters get one Harrowed Edge for free. Unless otherwise noted in the description, any Fatigue a Harrowed suffers using one of these abilities is recovered after an hour of rest.

CAT EYES

Requirements: Novice, Harrowed

The hero gets +2 to all Notice rolls to spot visual clues. He also ignores penalties for Dim and Dark lighting conditions.

IMPROVED CAT EYES

Requirements: Seasoned, Harrowed, Cat Eyes

The character can see in the dark and ignores all penalties for lighting. The Harrowed can also see the auras of sentient beings. With a successful Spirit roll, he can determine an Extra's attitude

on the Reaction Table from *Savage Worlds*. A raise identifies if the target is a supernatural creature of some sort—although not the specific kind.

CHILL O' THE GRAVE

Requirements: Heroic, Harrowed

Word has it the grave is damp and cold, and this Harrowed has the ability to share that experience by pulling it from the Hunting Grounds. The chill radiates from her body, rapidly lowering the nearby ambient temperature.

The deader makes a Spirit roll to use this power, dropping the temperature 10° F in a Large Burst Template centered on herself. Anyone except the Harrowed inside the template must make a Spirit check or become unnerved, essentially suffering a level of Fatigue. Any sap who gets a 1 on his Spirit roll is Panicked, as per the Fright Table (see *Savage Worlds*).

The chill lasts a number of rounds equal to half the Harrowed's Spirit die type. She cannot use this ability if Exhausted. Fatigue suffered by her victims recovers after an hour in a warm environment.

CLAWS

Requirements: Novice, Harrowed

The hero gains sharp claws that cause Str+d6 damage in combat. The Harrowed can extend or retract the claws at will.

IMPROVED CLAWS

Requirements: Veteran, Harrowed, Claws

The claws now inflict Str+d10 damage.

GHOST

Requirements: Heroic, Harrowed

The character decides if he is corporeal or incorporeal at the beginning of each of his actions. He must remain in that state until his next action—he can't attack and then go ethereal. While ghosted, the Harrowed is intangible, though he is still visible and magical attacks affect him normally.

The deader may remain ghosted as long as he wishes, but it requires concentration, which saddles him with a -1 to other skill rolls. If he somehow suffers damage, say from a magical or supernatural attack while in this state, he must make a Spirit roll or immediately become tangible.

HELLFIRE

Requirements: Heroic, Harrowed

This Harrowed can blast raw, blazing fire straight from the depths of Hell from her fingertips. This acts just like a flamethrower (see *Savage Worlds*), causing 2d10 damage to all affected. This power uses the hero's Shooting skill to hit her targets and a 1 on her Shooting die causes a Shaken result for the deader herself.

IMPLACABLE

Requirements: Veteran, Harrowed

Most deaders take a while to get used to the fact that they don't suffer physical pain anymore. They still grunt when they take a slug or limp when their ankle gets gnawed on by some hellish critter, but really, it's nearly all in their mind.

This character, on the other hand, has a handle on his unholy toughness. He ignores 2 points of wound penalties—and this is cumulative with the Nerves of Steel Edge.

INFEST

Requirements: Novice, Harrowed

Insects have their counterparts in the Hunting Grounds and the manitous have learned a thing or two about how to control them. A hero with this power can control swarms of biting or stinging insects. This power doesn't give the deader the ability to actually create the bugs. They must already be present in the immediate vicinity.

Summoning the swarm causes the Harrowed a level of Fatigue. However, this gives rise to a swarm of insects (see *Savage Worlds*) under her control. She can't use this ability if she's already Exhausted. The swarm dissipates when destroyed or after about five minutes.

SOUL EATER

Requirements: Veteran, Harrowed

A Harrowed with this ability who makes a successful barehanded attack with a raise can drain the life force of his victim. This automatically inflicts a wound on any living being.

Whenever a deader causes a wound this way, he can make a Spirit roll opposed by his victim. If he wins, he repairs one wound to himself, or alternately, he recovers one Fatigue level. Even if the Harrowed causes multiple wounds with the attack, he still only recovers one wound (or one Fatigue level).

SPOOK

Requirements: Novice, Harrowed

The hero draws on the power of the manitou within her to lend a little supernatural oomph to her intimidating gaze or grating voice, granting +2 to her Intimidation rolls. Furthermore, Wild Cards who fail must roll on the Fright Table (see *Savage Worlds*) and Extras who fail are Panicked. This ability can't be used on the same target more than once in the same general encounter.

STITCHIN'

Requirements: Novice, Harrowed

A deader with Stitchin' heals damage much faster than normal folks. He may make natural Healing rolls every day, provided he consumes a pound of meat for each attempt.

IMPROVED STITCHIN'

Requirements: Veteran, Harrowed, Stitchin'

The Harrowed may make Healing rolls once an hour. As before, he must consume a pound of meat for each attempt.

SUPERNATURAL TRAIT

Requirements: Novice, Harrowed

This power permanently improves any one of the hero's attributes by two die types (a d6 becomes a d10, a d12 becomes a d12+2, and so on). This Edge may be taken up to five times, but only once for each attribute.

WITHER

Requirements: Novice, Harrowed

This frightening Edge lets a Harrowed drain the life and years of her victim.

With a touch, the undead and the target make opposed Spirit rolls. If the Harrowed wins, the victim's Strength is reduced by a die type, to a minimum of d4. With a raise, she reduces both the Strength and Vigor of her target. This drain is a permanent loss to the poor sucker but may be recovered by advancement as usual.

"HE WAS DEADDER THAN THAT SUIT YOU'RE WEARIN'..."

—Catherine L'Herisse,
Dilettante

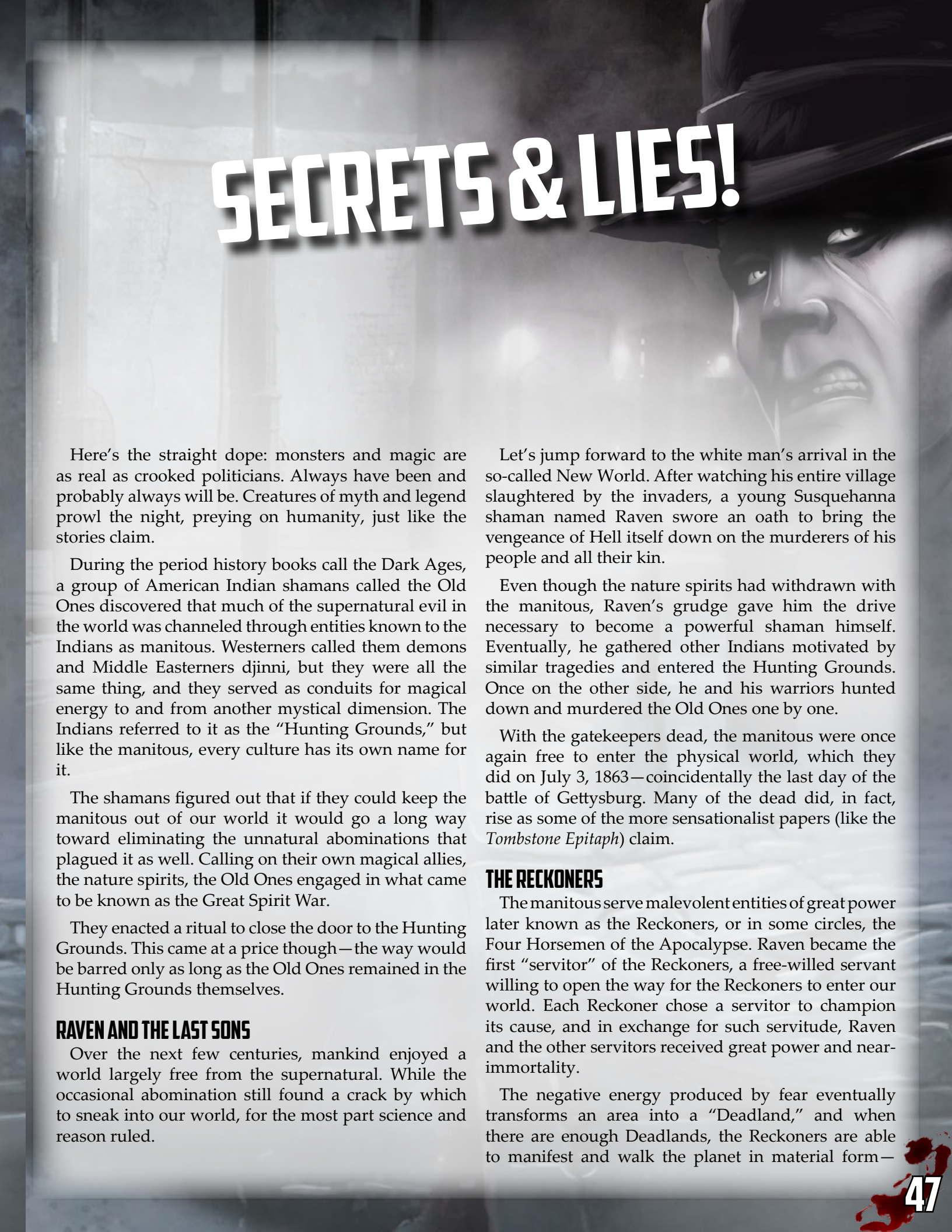


GAME MASTER'S SECTION

If you're a player, read no further. There's a time and a place for snooping and this isn't it. From here on out, it's strictly for Game Masters.

★ MAYOR ★
MCKENDREW

SECRETS & LIES!



Here's the straight dope: monsters and magic are as real as crooked politicians. Always have been and probably always will be. Creatures of myth and legend prowl the night, preying on humanity, just like the stories claim.

During the period history books call the Dark Ages, a group of American Indian shamans called the Old Ones discovered that much of the supernatural evil in the world was channeled through entities known to the Indians as manitous. Westerners called them demons and Middle Easterners djinni, but they were all the same thing, and they served as conduits for magical energy to and from another mystical dimension. The Indians referred to it as the "Hunting Grounds," but like the manitous, every culture has its own name for it.

The shamans figured out that if they could keep the manitous out of our world it would go a long way toward eliminating the unnatural abominations that plagued it as well. Calling on their own magical allies, the nature spirits, the Old Ones engaged in what came to be known as the Great Spirit War.

They enacted a ritual to close the door to the Hunting Grounds. This came at a price though—the way would be barred only as long as the Old Ones remained in the Hunting Grounds themselves.

RAVEN AND THE LAST SONS

Over the next few centuries, mankind enjoyed a world largely free from the supernatural. While the occasional abomination still found a crack by which to sneak into our world, for the most part science and reason ruled.

Let's jump forward to the white man's arrival in the so-called New World. After watching his entire village slaughtered by the invaders, a young Susquehanna shaman named Raven swore an oath to bring the vengeance of Hell itself down on the murderers of his people and all their kin.

Even though the nature spirits had withdrawn with the manitous, Raven's grudge gave him the drive necessary to become a powerful shaman himself. Eventually, he gathered other Indians motivated by similar tragedies and entered the Hunting Grounds. Once on the other side, he and his warriors hunted down and murdered the Old Ones one by one.

With the gatekeepers dead, the manitous were once again free to enter the physical world, which they did on July 3, 1863—coincidentally the last day of the battle of Gettysburg. Many of the dead did, in fact, rise as some of the more sensationalist papers (like the *Tombstone Epitaph*) claim.

THE RECKONERS

The manitous serve malevolent entities of great power later known as the Reckoners, or in some circles, the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. Raven became the first "servitor" of the Reckoners, a free-willed servant willing to open the way for the Reckoners to enter our world. Each Reckoner chose a servitor to champion its cause, and in exchange for such servitude, Raven and the other servitors received great power and near-immortality.

The negative energy produced by fear eventually transforms an area into a "Deadland," and when there are enough Deadlands, the Reckoners are able to manifest and walk the planet in material form—

which is bad news for humanity. They unleashed the manitous on the world to create abominations as they had in the past and spread terror and chaos. And while the lowly manitous aren't clued in on the Reckoners' plan, their typical malicious behavior works perfectly to further those terrible beings' ultimate goals.

GHOST ROCK

In 1868, Raven turned up the heat, performing a ritual that caused an enormous earthquake in California. In the labyrinth of mesas and channels left behind, explorers discovered veins of ghost rock. The mineral burned many times hotter and longer than coal, and although the largest strikes were found in the Americas, soon veins of it were turning up everywhere.

Before the end of the decade, ghost rock became the most sought-after mineral on the planet, with people fighting, killing, and dying for it. On top of that, most of the incredible inventions it spawned proved to be weapons of previously unimagined destructive power. War, more than ever before, became a bone-grinding, bloodletting exercise in futility.

Fueled by the Reckoners' creations and the "New Science" that ghost rock enabled, the American Civil War dragged on for well over a decade before finally coming to an uneasy end. Truth be told, exhaustion rather than negotiation is what finally brought it to an end.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

By the end of the last century, the Reckoners' first wave of servitors either saw defeat or at the very least had their plans derailed by the actions of a few intrepid heroes. Up until that point, the Four Horsemen, through their right-hand minions, had focused much of their power in specific geographical regions on the North American continent where each held sway. As their servitors were defeated one by one, the Reckoners suffered a major setback, but while they're otherworldly and pure evil, they're not stupid.

CHANGE OF TACTICS

Rather than concentrate so much on a single area, the Reckoners chose to instead take turns toying with the world as a whole, in the hopes of stirring up even greater turmoil and despair. War led the way, hopping on the Great War bandwagon in 1914. Thanks to the extraordinary weapons produced by the union of ghost rock and the New Science, armies were able to spread death and destruction like never before.

The USA and CSA, still nursing wounds from their own extended war, initially tried to stay out of the fight.

By 1917, both nations were pulled into the conflict. Thanks to indiscriminate German U-boat attacks, the Union and Confederacy found themselves on the same side of the battle lines, fighting with the other Allies.

War's influence helped drag the conflict out until 1920 and cost nearly 25 million lives and countless casualties, but that toll paled compared to what came next.

Pestilence came right on War's heels, riding a virulent flu virus. As the soldiers returned home from the fighting, they brought with them microscopic death. By the time it had run its course, nearly one in three people were infected and almost 200 million had died. Europe was hit especially hard, but no country escaped unscathed.

THE DEPRESSION

Things began to recover after the one-two punch of War and Pestilence. The world experienced a brief period of prosperity and people began to feel hope and joy after nearly a decade of suffering. But then some folks got a little reckless and took one risk too many, gambling on a stock market that seemed to be going nowhere but up.

At the end of October, 1929, Famine got its chance when the speculators finally reaped what they had sown and the markets crashed. Beginning with the United States but spreading quickly across the globe, economies collapsed. Over the next few years, massive dust storms inundated the American Midwest, burying millions of acres of farmland in lifeless dirt. What the dust didn't smother, grasshoppers—swarming in clouds the size of counties—swept in and devoured.

With Famine running the show, hunger is the name of the game nowadays. It's not so much that food's really in short supply as much as nothing seems to satisfy like it used to. And appetites of all sorts are affected. Feelings of greed, envy, lust, and addiction are intensified, driving many to acts of selfishness and even outright evil that would have been unthinkable not that long ago in an effort to appease the gnawing desire.

You see, Famine knows that when properly motivated, some humans can be as wicked as any manitou. They just need a nudge in the wrong direction.

***"THE WAY SHE WORE THAT DRESS COULD GET A
DEADER'S BLOOD FLOWING AGAIN..."***

—Raymond Deville, (Former) Prize
Fighter

MORE SETTING RULES

Now that you've gotten a little background on what's really going on behind the scenes, here are a few more tools for you to use to make things even tougher for your gumshoes. If you need to know what happens to a grifter who rolls snake eyes or if a Harrowed loses control to her manitou, this is the place to look. Since fear is such a big part of *Deadlands Noir*, we'll start there.

FEAR LEVELS

Ever since that fateful day back in 1863, the Earth has been a more frightening place—and it's only getting worse, thanks to the efforts of the Reckoners and their minions. You see, the whole gang is working with a single goal in mind, to transform the planet into a veritable Hell and thus bring on the Reckoning. They've been laboring toward that end for over six decades now, so as you can imagine, the world's become a pretty terrifying place to live.

The Reckoners have learned that getting too heavy-handed can actually hurt their cause. If an abomination is too blatant in its actions, it produces far less fear in the long run than one that slowly whittles down its victims one at a time, with the survivors never knowing when it will strike next. If it goes on a rampage down Main Street, it quickly becomes a target for Tommy guns and shotguns.

An area's Fear Level, which is a measure of how scared the local population is, is reflected in its surroundings. This, in turn, inflicts a penalty to all Fear checks characters have to make equal to the area's Fear Level. Unless otherwise noted, assume locations found in a particular area share the same Fear Level. Even within specific regions it's possible for Fear Levels to vary a great deal.

Fear Level 0: This is a happy place where people live in bright little communities complete with wood-frame houses and white picket fences. The sky is blue, the trees are green, and no one's afraid to go out after dark.

Fear Level 1: Some people openly believe that monsters and such exist, but most deny it when asked. The sky is still blue, but it sure feels like a good idea to have a friend, a gun, or both if you go for a walk after dark.

Fear Level 2: Kids and adults alike steer clear of the old "haunted" plantation, and if a ball rolls into a storm drain, just let it go, friend. While there's no discernible change to the geography, the shadows are a little longer and a little darker—especially near the stranger

places. You're not activating your life insurance policy if you go out alone most nights, but you're definitely raising your rates.

Fear Level 3: At this point, things take a turn for the worse. Some poor sap goes missing every now and then and rumors of ghosts or strange creatures lurking in the bayou are fairly common. Nobody really talks about it, but normal folks don't travel these areas without friends or a damn good reason. Thanks to both the Reckoners' efforts and the soul-crushing effect of the Depression, this is the Fear Level in most places right now.

Fear Level 4: There are more disappearances, and when a body is found, it's often one piece at a time. The land itself starts to mirror the Fear Level. The very windows on buildings seem to watch you and strange sounds echo menacingly from dark alleys. The static on the radio occasionally seems to whisper your name.

Fear Level 5: Only the most stubborn—or those with something to hide themselves—doubt there's something wrong at this level. Most everyone's frightened and many openly admit to seeing things they can't quite explain. Weeds choke out flowers, and dark clouds seem to constantly chase the sun in an effort to blot it out. Don't venture out at night without a gang of Roscoe-packing pallies.

Fear Level 6 (Deadland): It gets no worse than this. Nothing describes this except the word "nightmare." Abominations run rampant, abandoned buildings look like skulls, and the shadows in the alleyways are definitely following you. Those voices on the radio that whisper your name do so in the voice of a dead friend. Any schmuck foolish enough to go out after dark is rarely seen again. At least not alive or drooling.

LOWERING THE FEAR LEVEL

The real goal of our heroes in all the *Deadlands* settings is to lower the Fear Level. Why? Because when enough of the world is a Deadland, the Reckoners manifest in the flesh and create the full-blown apocalypse called Hell on Earth.

The point for you, Marshal, is that every adventure they complete helps save the world—but the players don't need to think of it that way. That can get old after a while, and just feels strange for low-Rank characters. These folks are just trying to survive and maybe do a good deed here and there. And as long as they do, they're fighting back the rise of fear, even if they don't always succeed.

Fighting evil is always a victory in the battle against the Reckoning. Making sure people *know* good is winning out is how the war will be won.

Once the investigators defeat a major evil, one of the heroes may make a Persuasion roll to tell the tale of their victory. This roll is modified by the Fear Level.

If successful, the character's yarn reduces the local Fear Level by 1. Exactly how "local" this is depends on the scope of the tale teller's audience. For example, if he tells the story to the population of a small burg, he's probably only going to affect the Fear Level in that particular town. On the other hand, if he finds a way to get his account into a major newspaper, there's a chance to lower the Fear Level across the paper's circulation.

Be warned—a badly told tale is easily mistaken for affirmation of the terrible power of the horrors that lurk in the dark. If the tale teller rolls a 1 on his skill die, he actually *increases* the Fear Level by 1.

Both the Agency and the Rangers actively work to keep such stories out of major news outlets for this very reason—and because they've decided it's best if the common man doesn't know true, supernatural evil exists in the first place.

RADIOS AND TELEPHONES

Isolation is usually a key element in building an atmosphere of horror. On the surface, the advent of telephones, and to a lesser extent, radios, might seem to throw a hitch in that. Don't worry though—nothing could be farther from the truth.

Both of these devices are only now beginning to see common usage. While many folks within the city might have their own telephone, out in the country it's still just catching on. On top of that, there are no fancy computers managing all the calls passing along the lines. It falls to a few harried operators to connect each caller to his intended number and there are a limited number of available connections, leading to shortages, usually just when the investigators most need to get through.

If you're talking long distance or rural calls, exchanges are even scarcer. Most major cities have only a handful of long distance connections available at a given time, and the process isn't anywhere near as simple as picking up a phone and dialing a number. Often, a caller has to wait indefinitely for an operator to ring him back when a line becomes open. If he's not there, too bad. Telegraph remains the most reliable method for long-distance communication—after a good, old-fashioned letter, that is.

And radios are even more rare. Many police departments don't use them at all. Even in a city like New Orleans, not every patrol car is equipped with

one, and those that are have only one-way radios to allow dispatch to send orders. So your heroes are still a long way from being able to call for help whenever they need it.

THE VOICES

The unearthly entities plaguing our world don't miss a chance to use our toys against us. Radio is particularly susceptible to mischief, but other forms of communication can fall prey to this sort of monkey business. A key word altered can subtly, but drastically, change the meaning of an important telegram, or a change of a number or two in a street address from dispatch can send the police rushing in the wrong direction at a pivotal moment. It's surprising how much trouble a manitou can cause with a simple burst of static at the right time.

Also, one of the easiest ways for a spirit to make contact is through a radio, even a simple household model. The sleuths may occasionally pick up a message from the netherworld over the airwaves. These ghostly transmissions provide a creepy way to introduce adventure hooks, have a dead associate speak to a hero, or whatever your twisted mind can imagine.

As a final note, both the Agency and Rangers have become very distrustful of radio communications. They've both spent a fair amount of time and effort in shielding their own devices from this otherworldly meddling, but they are well aware of the potential present in more mundane models.

VETERAN OF THE CONCRETE JUNGLE

Here's where you learn how brutal and cruel you get to be to the greedy players who figured the Veteran of the Concrete Jungle was a quick trip to power. Feel free to laugh evilly as you check the card draw against the table below—although you might want to keep the result secret depending on what it is.

VETERAN OF THE CONCRETE JUNGLE

Deuce (Jinxed): This mook ran into something that jinxed him in a bad way. He gains the Bad Luck Hindrance. If he's unlucky enough to already have it, this stacks with it, netting the bum two less Bennies.

Three (Hunted): The gumshoe left a job unfinished and someone—or something—wants her suffering or even dead. It might be the Mob, the Red Sect, or some nasty beastie you whip up yourself that's looking for the poor bastard. If it's a single foe, whoever or whatever it is, it's powerful, maybe even smart, and

certainly a Wild Card. The foe might prefer to make her life a living Hell instead of just sending her straight to the boneyard.

Four (Debt): The Rangers or the Agency have enough dirt on the investigator to send him to the chair if they wanted. They frequently enlist him for the worst assignments and “no” isn’t an option. When they come knocking, neither of these organizations asks twice... or nicely.

Five (Addicted): The character habitually uses some substance to help her forget the things she’s seen. She’s an alcoholic, dope fiend, or the like, and has a Major Habit for her drug of choice.

Six (Night Terrors): The hero can never forget the horrors he’s experienced, mostly because they come back to haunt him every night in his dreams. He has the Night Terrors Hindrance.

Seven (Maimed): A run-in with some hellish creature left one of the shamus’s limbs maimed or missing completely. Roll a d6. On a 1–3, she’s Lame; on a 4–6, she lost her non-weapon hand and has the One Arm Hindrance.

Eight (Scarred): One of the abominations this poor sap encountered left a nasty memento on his face or other visible body part. He’s Ugly whenever the scar is visible.

Nine (Nuts): This hero has run across the worst the world has to throw at her and her mind wasn’t up to the strain. She now suffers from a Major Delusion.

Ten (Heebie Jeebies): The investigator has seen things he shouldn’t have. He’s afraid of the dark, jumps at unexpected loud noises, and so on. He gains the Yellow Hindrance.

Jack (Infected): The last monstrosity this Joe tangled with left a present that just won’t go away. The hero has some strange wound, infection, or even disease that gives him the Ailin’ (Major) Hindrance.

Queen (Bollixed): This sherlock has a bad case of gremlins. The buggers infect every device the hero uses, including guns and any other mechanical or electronic item. Anytime the character rolls a 1 on her Trait die when using a device, it breaks, requiring 2d6

hours and a successful Repair roll to fix. Patent science gizmos—already prone to mishap—malfunction on a roll of 1 or 2!

King (Marked for Death): Some intelligent and evil abomination from the gumshoe’s past planted a dying curse on her. All of his soak rolls are at –2.

Ace (Forsaken): Long ago, this character did something truly awful to survive an encounter with the supernatural. Ever since, the spirit world won’t aid her on a bet. No beneficial magic works on him. Unfortunately, bad mojo works just fine.

Black Joker (Cursed): This investigator’s very soul was damned by one of the insidious monsters of his terror-filled past. The player draws only one Benny at the beginning of each play session or none at all if she has the Bad Luck Hindrance.

Red Joker (Eternal Hero): Fate chose this hero to combat the forces of darkness across the centuries. He is her champion, and she does not want him to die—at least until he has fulfilled his destiny. The hero gains a +2 bonus to all Vigor rolls! However, Fate doesn’t cheat herself, so this doesn’t come without consequences. Perhaps a dear friend or loved one takes the bullet meant for him instead. Or maybe while he’s immune to a disease to which he’s exposed, he becomes a carrier for it, infecting people around him until he’s cured. Any time his Wild Die comes up a 1 on a Vigor roll, the effect he rolled against rebounds in some way. Fate is a bitch, after all.



SYKERS

We mentioned earlier that the USA and CSA had tested hucksters for military applications and found them less than reliable. That doesn't mean they stopped trying to find a way to whip hoodoo around the battlefield though. Where they did have some success was with the methods used by Eastern martial artists, which required more discipline and provided more reliability to boot—both areas where the hucksters were found wanting.

The Eastern masters understandably took exception with their pupils being conscripted into test programs (often at gunpoint!) and quickly went into hiding or just retreated from the American continent entirely. The think-tanks had gathered enough data by that time to put together their own program for arcane specialists focusing on purely mind-based powers. The first of these was Sergeant Alvin York of the CSA, who proved how powerful a tool these new super soldiers could be when he singlehandedly put over 150 German soldiers out of action during the Great War.

The downside to the governments' programs is that it's extremely time intensive. Though they've been tinkering with it for decades, it still takes nearly 15 years to train a recruit with the necessary aptitude to become an effective "syker," as these brainburners are known. As a result, both governments are very protective of these highly trained operatives, keeping them sequestered on high-security bases. The general public isn't even aware of their existence yet, and even among the normal military they're little more than a rumor whispered after lights out in the barracks.

GRIFTERS

While grifters imagine they're running a con on the manitous, the manitous are happily suckering them into a long con that ends in the boneyard. The reason grifting works is in large part due to the current rise in power by Famine. Short of outright starvation, few things suit that Horseman more than the insatiable hunger caused by addiction. And all it took to convince a whole group of suckers to jump on the addiction bandwagon was to seed the path to it with a few measly spells.

That's why only vices seem to generate power from the Hunting Grounds and why only a single vice works for each grifter. It's not because the spellslingers are actually appeasing the manitous with their "offerings;" it's because they're unwittingly marching to Famine's tune. And eventually, that addiction comes back and bites every grifter in the end.

OVERDOSE

One thing all grifters learn quickly is they don't get the same buzz from their chosen vice as they used to. The common explanation is that the spirits are taking some of the "rush," and actually, that's not completely untrue. The manitous are buffering the grifters from the effects of their vices, both good and bad—they're just saving the bad up to pay it back in spades.

Whenever a grifter rolls a critical failure, the manitous let the poor sucker get a taste of what they've been storing up for him. Roll 1d20 and apply the appropriate result from the Overdose Table below. Overdose replaces Backlash, by the way (If the caster is Harrowed and the manitou is in charge, it's just normal Backlash—it can never Overdose on its own.)

Overdose is Famine calling the marker for the power the grifter's been skimming, and it comes with hellishly high interest! Whenever possible, the negative effects manifest as a result of the grifter's chosen vice, but even those who practice "safer" pursuits like gambling or serial lying find their mental and physical health slowly poisoned. The toxic spiritual backwash pollutes them, eventually wasting their bodies away. Even the Harrowed don't escape unscathed, as the manitous ride the wave of blight to greater control.

OVERDOSE TABLE

d20	Effect
1-4	The Shakes: The backlash of energy only momentarily stuns the grifter, making him Shaken.

- 5–8 **Backwash:** The grifter gets a big dose of his particular vice as well. He's Shaken and picks up a level of Fatigue that is removed after an hour's rest.
- 9–12 **Overdose:** The grifter must make a Vigor roll or be knocked unconscious for 1d4 hours as a surge of dark energy and indulgence overwhelms his body. With a success, treat this as Backwash (above).
- 13–16 **Addicted:** The grifter acquires the Habit (Minor) Hindrance, related to his vice. If he already has this Hindrance, it becomes Habit (Major). Should he already have that Hindrance, treat this as a roll of 17–20.
- 17–20 **Ravaged:** The incredible surge of raw power wreaks havoc on the grifter's body. He acquires Ailin' (Minor), related to his vice. If he already has this, he instead picks up Ailin' (Major). And if he's suffering from that already, the poor sap has only a few minutes left to live. Spend them wisely. If the grifter was Harrowed, he loses a point of Dominion as well as a *permanent* one point reduction to his *maximum* Dominion each time this occurs instead.

THE HARROWED

Harrowed aren't made, they're born, died, and then dragged into a hellish rebirth from the grave.

Manitous have too much at risk to go around simply reanimating every Tom, Dick, and Harry who drops dead—especially if Tom, Dick, or Harry have spent a good deal of effort thwarting the Reckoners' plans the first time they were above ground. Instead, they look for folks who can be used to generate more fear than your average zombie. And, since the fella they choose to bring back is going to be at the steering wheel a good deal of the time, there has to be the potential for some serious fear to make up for the damage the hero can do after coming back from the grave.

To put it simply, the Harrowed has to be one tough mook for a manitou to latch onto him—and it's even better if the deader was famous. Few things are more satisfying than putting a grimy tarnish on the shine of a once great reputation. Not surprisingly, the demonic spirits are more likely to Harrow folks who are carrying a good bit of experience in their coat pockets.

When a hero dies, shuffle up the Action Deck and deal one card for each of his Ranks. If he has the Guts Edge, add an extra card, and if he has the Grit Edge, add another. If a Joker gets dealt, the character gets a new lease on unlife. There are some cases where a manitou won't reanimate even the toughest of Joes.



Manitous focus their energy in the brainpan, so if the poor sap's head was destroyed or detached from his body, the pesky little devils take a pass, regardless of what the cards say.

It's rare for a manitou to Harrow an Extra, so don't bother dealing cards for those folks. On the rare occasion where a manitou can do a lot of damage with an Extra's rotting corpse, just assume it goes ahead and saddles up the unlucky dope's body as a walkin' dead—a temporary shell for these fiends that causes them no long-term harm if it's put down.

HITCHHIKER FROM HELL

Now that one of your heroes is sharing her psyche with a manitou, what do you do with her? For the most part, just let her go about as she did before she was reanimated. Manitous don't interfere in their host's day-to-day life as a general rule. It couldn't care less what's on her grocery list or what movie she's planning on seeing Friday night. If it sees an opportunity to spread a little fear around, it'll usually perk up and try to play "pin the terror on the donkey," lickety-split.

When the time comes that the manitou decides to take charge, here's how you handle it. First, ante up a Benny. Once you've paid the admission price, tell the hero to make a Spirit roll opposed by her manitou's Spirit. A manitou's Spirit is always one die type greater than the Harrowed's, so this isn't a fair game from the get-go. The Harrowed applies her Dominion modifier to her roll.

If the Harrowed wins, she manages to fight off the demon's attempt. If she loses, the manitou grabs the wheel for an hour-long joyride. You can spend another Benny at the end of each hour the manitou is in control to keep it in charge for an additional hour. Regardless, be sure to adjust the Harrowed's Dominion based on the outcome of the Spirit roll, as described on page 42.

PLAYTIME

Once it's in charge, exactly what does the manitou do with the unfortunate deader's body? Pretty much whatever it wants, but remember the malicious spirit isn't an idiot. It's very conscious of getting caught with its host's hands too far into the cookie jar. Since the hellish jockey is tied to its host's body, it won't intentionally endanger her. After all, if she dies, so does it.

Keeping that in mind, its main goals are chaos, fear, and mischief—but not necessarily death. Harrowed under a manitou's control seldom make an outright attack, relying on dirty tricks and subtle manipulation instead. Should one of the character's companions find himself in a perilous and inescapable predicament, few manitous would be able to resist taking advantage of the moment.

SLIPPERY SLOPES

Once a Harrowed begins losing Dominion, she starts a slide down an ever-steeper slope. At the beginning, she may just lose control for an hour or two. However, once her Dominion reaches -4, the manitou has a chance to permanently seize control.

Anytime the hero goes to the Injury Table as a result of Incapacitation (not just as a result of the Gritty Damage Setting Rule), if she's at -4 Dominion, the manitou may attempt to seize control. This works like the process we described above, except if she loses this time, it's for keeps. And you've just gained a new villain for your campaign—one that likely knows a lot of the rest of the group's secrets!

Obviously, if the Injury Table roll results in the Harrowed being killed by a shot or blow to the noggin, this isn't a concern, although that's not likely to be much consolation to the now-dead-again deader.

COUP

Another ability that Harrowed have is that of "counting coup." The name comes from a Native American tradition of proving one's bravery by getting close to a powerful foe. In the case of Harrowed, there's the added stipulation of being close to a powerful supernatural foe when it gives up its ghost.

When a really potent monster dies, a nearby Harrowed (within game inches equal to the creature's Spirit die) can "count coup" on it and collect its essence. If there's more than one Harrowed within range to count coup, it becomes a contested Spirit roll to see which of them gets the goods. If a Harrowed can gain coup power from a creature, it's listed in the monster's description.

HARROWED ABILITIES

The manitous have access to all the abilities possessed by their hosts. If a manitou seizes Dominion from a Harrowed grifter, it also gets to take advantage of his powers. The only exceptions to this are the powers of hougans and mambos. These are granted by equally potent benevolent entities who don't cotton to having their powers usurped by the manitou.

A Harrowed can use all his abilities while he's in charge. In spite of the fact he shares his headspace with a demon, whatever allows the hero to manifest extraordinary abilities still grants him those powers when his hellish jockey isn't in the saddle.

Conversely, a manitou can't use any abilities its Harrowed host lacks. It can't suddenly manifest a power the deader doesn't already have.

All that aside, a manitou does have a few advantages. It can see and hear what the Harrowed does, even when it's not in charge. This makes it nearly impossible to trick a manitou into revealing itself. On the other hand, when the demonic hitchhiker muscles its way into control, it's just a big blank spot for the Harrowed, like he fell asleep or was knocked unconscious. This can really complicate a hero's life if the manitou was particularly creative with its time in the driver's seat!

On the off chance a clever group of investigators manages to somehow sucker information out of the manitou, they don't learn very much. Manitous are pretty far down on the Reckoners' chain of command and know only that they serve their unholy masters by spreading fear. Others of their kind harvest the terror and take it back to a part of the Hunting Grounds known as the Deadlands, but beyond that, the well of knowledge runs dry. They have no insight into the Reckoners' ultimate aims or even their immediate plans, nor are they clued into the schemes of other manitous or abominations.

PATENT SCIENCE

It turns out the Sons of Sitgreaves were right. Mad, and now patent, scientists are gifted with their “inspiration” by meddling manitous. The demonic entities whisper in their ears while they sleep, suggesting designs that are impossible without the supernatural properties of ghost rock. Few patent scientists know (or at least believe) this, but a fair number are beginning to have concerns.

Ghost rock, despite what rational scientists claim, is not a naturally occurring mineral. It was deposited by the Reckoners back in the Old West era and has wreaked havoc on humanity and the world ever since. The reason it’s so powerful is exactly what some of the most extreme members of the anti-technology movement have been saying for decades—it’s made of the souls of the damned.

When bad people go to Hell (and they do in the world of *Deadlands*) the strongest and most malicious often become manitous. Most others go skinny-dipping in lakes of fire and the like. A lucky few—and we mean that in the most sarcastic way possible—are spiritually sealed in ghost rock by the Reckoners and deposited back on Earth.

When that miraculous ore is burned, it *hurts*. That’s why the souls scream and moan as they’re released back into the spirit world and “recycled” back to the Abyss.

FEWER WHISPERS

Since the Great War or so, the manitous have been focusing their attentions more and more on the labors of government and large corporate labs. After all, why bother with the lone fruitcake toting a flamethrower when you can muster the wealth of a huge company or even a country to create even more terrible devices? To anyone capable of perceiving manitous, these think tanks appear as virtual maelstroms of evil spirits, who swirl and swoop around in crazed excitement.

Still, there are a few manitous that get tasked with stirring the pot among the small-time inventors laboring away in garages and attics. A patent scientist gets access to a single “muse” instead of being able to tap into a group

of the spirits. Furthermore, by and large the manitous assigned to these folks aren’t exactly the cream of the crop, which results in lower quality designs.

On the positive side, individual technologists now have less contact with the evil spirits than their predecessors. Before, when interacting with a veritable crowd of manitous, crippling insanity was almost guaranteed to a prolific inventor. Nowadays, patent scientists pick up only a single dementia from their whispering sidekick—the strength of which is directly related to the power of the manitou that haunts their dreams.

***"WALTER GORDON BLOWS UP AT LEAST ONCE A DAY
AND TWICE THAT ON WEEKENDS. HIS GIZMOS ARE
AS REGULAR AS OLD FAITHFUL."***

—Andrew Dauterive,
Texas Ranger





GAME MASTER'S GUIDE TO NEW ORLEANS

If New Orleans seems like a tangled mess, that's because it is. Most of the groups there are vying for control of a tiny piece of the action. The mayor sits at the top of the heap, but he spends most of his days watching his back. The police fight a Sisyphean battle against themselves, as half uphold the law while the other half takes money to tear it down. Even the criminal organizations are fighting over control of the underworld.

The bottom line is everyone is out for himself in the Crescent City and heroes are going to find allies one day might be enemies the next. Fortunately, if they're smart, the converse is also going to be true.

THE GOVERNMENT

If you believe the scuttlebutt, James McKendrew bought the office of mayor for a cool grand, but even New Orleans isn't that cheap. The truth is he bought the plans for some newfangled voting machines for a thousand clams and the rest was blood, sweat, and a little patent science.

Originally named James Andrews, he got his start as a researcher for Hellstromme Industries. As a patent scientist's salary doesn't exactly leave one rolling in greenbacks, he supplemented his income by slipping a secret or two to Hellstromme's competitors or other governments. Eventually he overstretched himself and had to flee Deseret just a few steps ahead of some of the good professor's less pleasant enforcers.

He changed his name to McKendrew and ended up in Dixie where he latched onto the coattails of Louisiana senator Huey Long, better known as "the Kingfish."

During a mayoral election in New Orleans, the senator tasked his pet patent scientist with rigging

the city's voting machines to give the election to his own puppet. The wayward inventor had other plans though—plans that ended with him drawing a fat check as the mayor of New Orleans, plus any kickbacks he could finagle on the side.

Thanks to his tinkering, the final results of the election showed a surprising amount of support for an unknown candidate—James McKendrew. The new mayor figures the Kingfish will think twice about moving against him in such a high-profile position. Better yet, Hellstromme holds a few lucrative contracts with the city, so he hopes his old employer won't seek to settle any old scores should he ever be identified.

THE POLICE

The New Orleans Police Department is a bureaucratic labyrinth, which makes graft and corruption all that much easier to hide. The mayor appoints two superintendents to oversee the department, but they are under the direct supervision of the Chief of Police—who is elected to his job by a separate board of commissioners. Those commissioners are, to a man, "Old Regulars," the old-school politicians Mayor McKendrew snookered along with Huey Long.

The current chief, Nelson Lambert, is a perfect example of the appointees of the last administration. Lambert solves fewer crimes than the average janitor and commits more graft than a horticulturist. His only saving grace is that he's largely incompetent. He is good at preventing convictions though, which is what he's paid for. The Old Regulars, still smarting at being outflanked in the last election, make sure Lambert is a constant thorn in the mayor's side.

The police in the city are, more often than not, Great War veterans. As such, they have a more aggressive approach to handling confrontations than their predecessors. "Stop, in the name of the law!" has become "Stop, or I'll shoot! Again!"

To somewhat offset that, the city has Vince Kwiatek sitting as the current District Attorney. Kwiatek is an elected official himself, and has his own investigators on staff. He ultimately gets the say on what gets prosecuted in court and what doesn't, giving him a good deal of power in his own right. He's not a fan of Lambert, is at best neutral to the Mayor's office, and the Black Hand hasn't come up with a fat enough bribe to buy him off—yet. That said, Kwiatek has his sights set on the state senate or higher, so he considers his moves carefully to avoid alienating any potential influential allies down the road.

If you're keeping score, you've figured out the police department is basically answering to three different bosses: the mayor, the chief, and the DA, each with their own agendas. Even without the influence of the Mafia, wealthy citizens who think they're above the law, or government bigwigs from out of town, that'd be one big mess to deal with. But this being New Orleans, you've got all of those as well, so it's really kind of a surprise that there are any honest cops still on the payrolls when you think about it.

Fortunately, it's not all cookies and cream for the crooks in town either.

THE BLACK HAND

The gang started as a group of extortionists who relied on death threats backed up by switchblades to scrounge a little scratch from the Italian immigrants to the city. Prohibition in the North opened up a new moneymaking opportunity in bootleg liquor, and the current head of the family, Sam "Silver Dollar" Carolla, used the Black Hand to seize control of all operations in the city.

And so began the Confederacy's largest criminal empire.

The Black Hand controls the flow of nearly all vice into, out of, and all through New Orleans. Every house in Storyville kicks a percentage into the family's coffers, as do the not-so-secret gambling halls in the Quarter and Tremé. And woe be unto any bootlegger foolish enough to try to operate without the Black Hand's approval.

The gang has been careful to grease all the right palms in City Hall and Police Headquarters to make sure their most profitable operations are never the

THE NOPD BADGE

The NOPD uses a design for its badge that is unique, to say the least. The badge consists of a five-pointed star inside an inverted crescent. The crescent represents the river as it flows around the city and the star the authority of the wearer to enforce the law. Or at least that's what the official story is.

There's a kernel of truth to that version. The original designer did have that in mind. However, once the Reckoning hit in full force and the coppers found themselves facing the likes of Baron LaCroix and worse, some members in the force who were more in the know altered it to give their fellow boys in blue better odds against the darker powers.

No one currently on the NOPD knows it, but the badges provide their bearers with +1 to resist any spell or magical power and +1 Armor vs. magical damage. The bearer doesn't need to openly display the badge, or even be authorized to wear it to gain this effect.



targets of intense scrutiny or raids. Snitches in the precinct houses give the gangsters the heads up before any Black Hand establishments get raided. And that's when someone manages to sneak a warrant for one of their properties through the channels. More often, the vice squad piles onto some poor dope smoker sitting in his one-room apartment while the mobsters sling heroin over-the-counter downstairs.



Like all Sicilian crime families, the Black Hand restricts full membership to only those of pure Sicilian ancestry. They are happy to take non-Sicilians in as gunsels and muscle men, however, allowing the most promising to rise to supervisory levels. Still, only full-blooded Sicilians can become “made men”—and no one offs a made man without approval from Carolla or one of his lieutenants.

In its rise to power, the Black Hand supplanted the former heads of New Orleans’ underworld, the Red Sect. The gang’s greater manpower and influence allowed it to steamroll over the Sect in initial confrontations. This led Carolla to ignore the rumors of the cult’s mastery of black magic, ascribing it to simple superstition.

He’s since come to learn the error of his ways and finds his own men unable to gain traction in some of the older sections of the city. Carolla won’t employ magic himself or allow those who do to become full members of the Black Hand—he thinks it’s the “Devil’s work” and blasphemous. However, he’s not opposed to hiring the occasional freelance hitter who does to even the odds a little.

In case you’re wondering, the Mob boss can’t even spell hypocrisy, much less identify it.

CARPETBAGGERS!

The New York branch of the Mafia, the Five Families, has taken notice of the success of the Black Hand. Under the guise of a joint operation to place slot machines in the city, the New Yorkers have been slowly moving their own foot soldiers into town. Huey Long, not one to miss out on a chance at some graft, pulled strings to facilitate the smuggling of the machines in exchange for a cut. Long also sees this as a chance to undermine Carolla’s stranglehold on organized crime in town.

Carolla isn’t a fool and he’s not comfortable with the Northerners getting too comfortable in his town. So far, he’s kept a tight rein on the outsiders, but the Five Families are pressing, through Long, to play a bigger role. Carolla finds himself caught between a group he’s fairly sure plans to usurp his power and Long, whose support he doesn’t want to lose. For now, he’s biding his time, looking for a way to cut the New Yorkers out of the action.

THE RED SECT

Outside of the Texas Rangers, the only real threat to the Black Hand’s supremacy in town is a secretive gang called the Red Sect. This isn’t a case of the enemy of an enemy being a friend though. The Red Sect is as dangerous, and if possible, even more evil than Carolla’s gorillas.

The Red Sect arrived in New Orleans before the Civil War and owes much of its rise to power to “Baron” Simone LaCroix, owner of one of the major railroads during the period known as the Great Rail Wars. LaCroix had formidable financial resources and tremendous influence in New Orleans during that time. He was also a powerful bokkor and the Red Sect served, in many ways, as his secret police in the city.

LaCroix is long gone and largely forgotten, and with his departure, the Red Sect has also lost a lot of its cohesiveness. Its name continues to command respect in neighborhoods where voodoo is practiced, but the group no longer has the iron-fisted grasp on the city’s crime syndicate. Those who don’t believe in the curses and mojo the cult claims to wield consider it little more than a gang of extortionists preying on the less educated members of the populace.

BLACK MAGIC

Despite the Black Hand’s superior resources and numbers, the Red Sect is able to keep a grip on many neighborhoods in New Orleans despite the gangsters’ attempts to snuff it out. That’s because—while not as potent as it was in its heyday—the cult retains considerable magical power. Red Sect bokkors are in fact capable of raising the dead, casting malicious curses, and even calling on nightmarish horrors to serve them. They lack the sheer numbers to try to overthrow the Black Hand and reclaim their former place as rulers of New Orleans’ underworld, however.

The more powerful magics, like creating the feared zombies, are very time and effort intensive, so the cult usually prefers to work more subtly. Turning its victims against each other or relying on fear and superstition are the preferred modus operandi over going toe-to-toe with its enemies. And when subterfuge fails, the *puppet* spell and good, old-fashioned walkin’ dead are always there to fall back on.

Unlike the Black Hand, the cult isn’t completely hierarchical in its power structure. The most powerful sorcerers form a loose cabal that guides the actions of the cult. That means they’re slower to react than the mundane gangsters, but their responses are often more carefully considered as well. From time to time, a leader arises capable of gathering them all under one hand, but the independent, chaotic nature of its members invariably rears its head after a time.

The cult is most powerful in Tremé, Marigny-Bywater, and the Lower Ninth Ward, but also has significant numbers in Algiers and a few outposts in Gentilly. But it would be a mistake to believe the cult’s power is limited to those areas as the lure of the easy power promised by its black magic has drawn people from all walks of life and all levels of society into its service.

THE KINGFISH

Huey Long might seem to be the only guy who has a coherent plan for the future. Most people assume that vision ends with him sitting at the head of the table in Richmond. And in this case, most people are actually right—the Kingfish’s primary goal is making the Kingfish more powerful. And that makes him pretty easy for someone with the right leverage to manipulate.

Back when Long was just a lowly Louisiana state senator, he was approached by a quietly forceful man by the name of Alastair Jenks who promised to make his fortune. Jenks proved true to his word, guiding Long through the morass of Louisiana politics and into the governor’s office. The Kingfish just assumed Jenks recognized he was a man on the rise and had hitched his wagon to Long’s star.

In reality, Jenks is a servant of the Reckoning, putting the pieces together for another plan—one with possibly farther-reaching impact than even Long’s ambitions. His plan revolved around New Orleans, and when James McKendrew stole the mayoral election, it threw one big monkey wrench in Jenks’ scheme.

With his first plan derailed, Jenks encouraged Long to run for the Confederate Senate. The Kingfish, having yet to be led astray by his advisor, stepped down from governor and soon found himself in Richmond. From there—at Jenks’ urging—he began funneling funds from the national and state coffers into the city, ostensibly to improve the standard of living for the “greatest city in the Confederacy.” Actually, Jenks is simultaneously buying political clout while bankrolling specific construction projects.

If you’ve not guessed already, Jenks is an aspiring servitor. He wants to use Long and others under his sway to help bring about Hell on Earth—and perhaps rule some portion of it for his dark masters.

“THEY DON’T CALL IT THE ‘RED’ SECT ‘CAUSE THEY ALL GOT RASHES...”

—Lt. Jules Townsend, NOPD

INTERESTING LOCALES

On the following pages are details on various locations in the city. These are divided up by the region of New Orleans where the heroes can encounter them. Additionally, we've provided rough populations and the overall Fear levels for those areas.

⊛ When you see this symbol, it means there's an associated Savage Tale on the associated page number.

CITY CENTER

Fear Level: 2

Population: 30,000

This area encompasses the Central Business District, Mid-City, and the Warehouse District.

CENTRAL BUSINESS

Angel's Rest (415 Baronne):

Located near the downtown hotels, Angel's Rest is a classy joint open from 8 p.m. to 3 a.m. The club springs for its own orchestra, but most patrons come to hear Leigh "Angel" McCoy's velvet pipes at the 9 p.m. and 11 p.m. shows. Her voice has been described as buttered honey and any Joe who spends an hour listening to her sing recovers a Fatigue level, regardless of the source.

LEIGH "ANGEL" MCCOY

Chinese Market (Tulane at S. Rampart):

A small Chinatown has sprung up at this intersection and it's the place to go if you're looking for something—or someone—of Far Eastern origin. Many of the vendors are in tents in a nearby vacant lot, and there's a surprisingly high rate of turnover among the merchants. Both the NOPD and Texas Rangers keep an eye on developments here, thanks to the Kanger Uprising in the Maze around the turn of the century.

City Hall (543 St. Charles): City Hall, like many important government buildings in New Orleans, is located on Lafayette Square. In addition to housing tax and licensing offices for nearly all New Orleans government agencies, City Hall also houses a complete file of all newspapers published in the city from 1804 until present. This makes it a veritable one-stop treasure trove from which to gather information.

German Consulate (1100 Poydras): German Consulate General Wesley Marshall, in addition to performing his diplomatic duties, is also involved



in secretly smuggling people and items out of the Confederacy, often using diplomatic pouches. He is on the lookout for patent scientists, as well as those individuals, artifacts, and things displaying arcane properties to bolster the German military efforts in that direction. (This also makes Marshall an excellent optional player in the Plot Point Campaign as a potential buyer for LaCroix's reanimation fluid.)

Hellstromme Industries Tower (812 Gravier): At 23 stories, the Hellstromme Industries Tower is the tallest in New Orleans. The company's offices occupy the upper 10 floors and its New Orleans operations are overseen by Andrew Leonhart, a sharp customer by anyone's accounting. The lowest 12 floors are rented out to various other corporations and holdings.

The thirteenth floor is neither acknowledged on the building's directory nor accessible via one of the five elevators, but any careful study of the outside of the skyscraper reveals its presence. The missing floor is the subject of many conspiracy theories among residents of New Orleans and frequent tabloid fodder as well.

Lafayette Square: Bounded by St. Charles, Camp, North, and South Streets, Lafayette Square is the center for most governmental business in New Orleans. In addition to City Hall and the NOPD headquarters, most major Confederate offices are also found around the square.

New Orleans Police Department (Lafayette Square): The new headquarters for the NOPD is located on Lafayette Square, near City Hall. While this is the main headquarters for the department, there are also many precinct houses spread throughout the city, and they're usually responsible for immediate response in their respective areas. Archives of police reports and older case files are located here, but access to them is highly restricted. Connections (Police), some skilled fast-talking, or a considerable bribe is usually necessary for a private dick to get his hands on them.

New Orleans Public Library (1031 St. Charles): This is the main building for the city's library system. The library contains six other branches scattered around the city and all told contains over a quarter of a million volumes, many thousands of which are in foreign languages. It is open until 9 p.m. Monday through Saturday.

MID-CITY

Charity Hospital (1532 Tulane): One of many hospitals in the city, Charity Hospital is well-known thanks to the fact it provides low-cost or even free care to the poor. It's also one of the larger hospitals in New Orleans, with over 1,800 beds, a large full-time staff, and a 24-hour emergency ward. Nearly every doctor in the city donates at least a small amount of his time to providing care here.

One doctor in particular is known for the large amount of charity work he does at the hospital. Ironically, Dr. Jonathan Clancy is more than a bit of a hypochondriac—which is fine, because his specialty is minor surgery, sewing up lacerations, cuts, and setting bones. While he's the man you want to sew up your bullet wounds, he's also likely to drop a dime to the wise guys if you're carrying Mob lead! That's because the good doctor earns most of his income in his off-hours doing patchwork for the Black Hand.

City Hospital for Mental Diseases (2700 Tulane): It's probably no coincidence that the city's primary mental hospital shares an address with the criminal courts building and prison. Only the most dangerously disturbed are brought in to its wards and usually as a result of police action. The three-story building stands behind the prison and allows visitors from 1 p.m. to 3 p.m.



Thanks for the Memories (110): A bald man wearing a hospital gown comes to the detectives for help with a unique problem: He needs them to find out who he is!

Criminal District Court Building and Parish Prison (2700 Tulane): Completed in 1931, this is one of the newer government buildings in the city. Wide, white steps lead up to the courts building, which holds all criminal hearings for the city and Orleans parish. The five-story prison is adjacent to the courts building, which allows for easy transport of prisoners to and from their hearings. The Sheriff's Department oversees both the prison and security for the courtrooms.

All criminal court records are also housed in this facility and are accessible to the public unless ordered sealed by a judge.

Lansing Apartments (1935 Cleveland): This apartment building is typical of many business district residences. It has four floors, a single elevator with adjoining stairs, and a shared bathroom on each floor. Rent is \$15 a week, or \$50 a month.



A View to Die For (113): A mother has lost her son to murder and wants the gumshoes to find his killer.

Old Police Headquarters (1401 Tulane): Already old when the NOPD moved here in 1919, this served as the old Criminal Courts Building until recent construction provided new homes for each. Even when the police were headquartered here, there were significant problems keeping homeless citizens from squatting in the basement levels. Now that only a token city office or two is left in the building, leaving it nearly deserted even during the daytime, a small community of derelicts has settled in to take advantage of the facilities.

Times-Picayune Newspaper Building (615 North): The *Times-Picayune* is the city's oldest, largest, and arguably, most respected newspaper. The daily paper traces its roots all the way back to 1837 when it was published as the *Picayune*. The *Times-Picayune* also publishes the *New Orleans States*, an evening daily, from the same building. A morgue containing issues all the way back to those early days is maintained in the basement.

WAREHOUSE DISTRICT

The Black Hand took a sizable interest in this neighborhood during its bootlegging heyday. With the end of Prohibition up north it relinquished most of its holdings, maintaining only a couple for the occasional smuggling venture or two. It still plays a very active part in the area, thanks to the presence of several dockworkers' and teamsters' unions, though.

CONTINENTAL INVESTIGATIONS

Continental Investigations is a medium-sized detective agency with branches in many of the major cities across both the USA and CSA. Unlike other such firms, the agency employs few full-time detectives, instead contracting out to "subject-matter experts" as needed to investigate each case. It does maintain a small administrative staff at each office to manage the freelancers it uses and handle the trickier legal aspects of the job.

If you need a way to bring the heroes together for a case or two, Continental is an easy way to do so, as it often hires individuals from all walks of life, rather than limiting their stable to just retired police officers. It typically claims half of all retainers to cover overhead—and make its profit.

The New Orleans office is run by Noel St. Armand, a no-nonsense former policeman with a haunted look in his eyes. The base pay for the Crescent City is \$15 a day. Expenses are generally the investigators' problem, but can be negotiated.

St. Armand doesn't instantly believe every ghost story he hears, but he's been around the block enough to know at least a few of them are real.

Smyth's Trucking Company (217 South Peters): This small, independent transportation company is owned by Paul Anatole Richard Smyth and specializes primarily in local deliveries. Smyth is tough as nails and refuses to join the local teamsters, which is basically just a pocketbook for the Black Hand. He's run their muscle off more than once with a tire iron or piece of lumber.

★ **One for the Road (109):** Smyth seeks the investigators' help in locating a lost truck.

DOWNTOWN

Fear Level: 3

Population: 60,000

This area includes the neighborhoods of Tremé, Marigny-Bywater, and the Lower Ninth Ward.

THE LOWER NINTH

Army Supply Depot (Poland at Industrial Canal): Although the Navy refuses to reopen the Algiers Naval Base, the Confederate Army maintains a sizeable supply depot here. All manner of military equipment moves through the port, and the Army makes sure it's well-guarded, maintaining a full infantry company to provide security.

Jackson Barracks (Derry at Industrial Canal): This fenced area is the local National Guard armory and barracks when they're activated. This makes it a serious thorn in the mayor's side, since that effectively makes it a staging area for Huey Long's personal guard.

MARIGNY-BYWATER

Confederal Holding Facility (Foot of Esplanade): On the surface, this is simply a local confederal facility to hold prisoners awaiting transfer to a larger penitentiary. However, the Texas Rangers actually use it to secure persons of interest and even supernatural entities they've decided to recruit instead of shoot. To date, none of these have escaped, but a few cautious members of the Rangers argue it's only a matter of time before a serious threat gets loose in the largest city in the Confederacy.

Wolf's Kitchen (2004 St. Claude): The Wolf's Kitchen is a popular diner with many German and Nordic immigrants. Its 10-cent, poor boy sandwiches are a hit with the lower income residents of the area.

Gary Perkins, a Norwegian expatriate, owns the kitchen and has a soft spot for those less fortunate than he. He always makes sure to set aside some of each day's food to provide handouts to the hungry with empty pockets.

For investigators on Perkins' good side, this means access to a lot of eyes and ears on the street. Add +1 to all Streetwise and Legwork rolls made at the Wolf's Kitchen; however, Perkins doesn't hesitate to call in favors from patrons himself.

★ **The Least of These (106):** The owner of a soup kitchen comes to the heroes with reports of strange happenings at a local shelter for the needy.

TREMÉ

Congo Square: Officially named Beauregard Square after General P.G.T. Beauregard, this open stretch of park lies between St. Ann and St Peter Streets just outside the French Quarter in Tremé. The park is better known as Congo Square to locals because it was a popular Sunday gathering spot for slaves before emancipation during the Civil War. Now it's the spot where tourists and occultists go to observe voodoo ceremonies. Most of these are just shows put on to amuse the nonbelievers, but vendors drawn to the area sometimes carry legitimate artifacts.

Emporium (1847 Bienville): The Emporium specializes in herbs, chalks, incense, and other accoutrements for the practice of voodoo. Unlike the shops in the Quarter, this shop is dedicated to the authentic practitioner of the religion. Many houngans and mambos get the ingredients for their gris-gris bags and talismans here.



The proprietor is Daniel W. Cisek, who is himself a practicing houngan, which takes some by surprise as most uninitiated assume that only African Americans follow the belief. From time to time he creates gris-gris (as per the Gris-Gris Crafter Edge), although he sells these only to his best customers—and at a high price.

Behind his friendly shopkeeper's front, Cisek maintains contact with the Red Sect. Although he's not a member, he recognizes the power the cult wields and trades rumors from the street for knowledge of a more arcane sort. He's likely to pass along word of anyone or any group actively working against the cult since the bokkor would reward him well for such news.

The Kroft House (1548 Toulouse): Not far from Storyville, this small blues club is owned by Reinholdt Kroft. Kroft is a former member of New Orleans' Finest and one with a rep for bringing home more money than

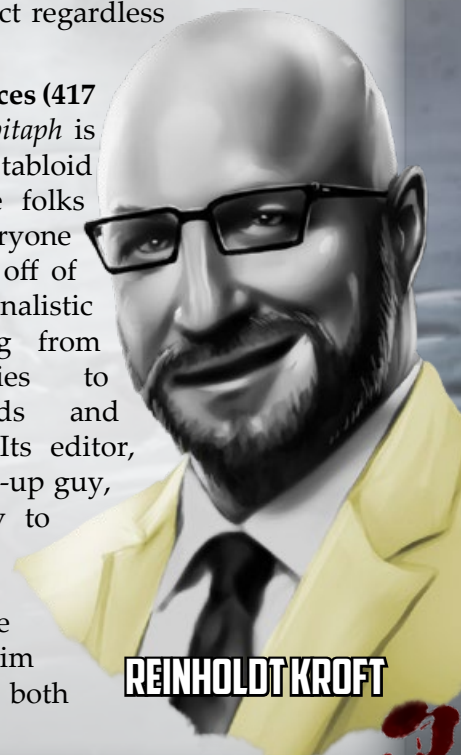
was printed on his city paycheck. His bar is a favorite hangout with city police officers, nonetheless—or maybe because of—those rumors. Kroft is the man to talk to if a private dick is looking for an in with the flatfoots. Sliding \$20 to Kroft is good for a +2 Charisma bonus on the next Persuasion or Intimidation roll the shamus makes against a crooked cop in the city.

Isolation Hospital (513 N. Rampart): Originally an old school, the locals commandeered the building during the Great War to sequester plague victims discovered in the city. At the height of the flu epidemic, it was quickly filled to capacity, although the high death rate created a relatively fast turnover and gave the facility a reputation as the type of hospital where most patients go to check out, so to speak. Currently, it is manned by a skeleton staff, but the only official patients are the occasional runaways from the Carville Leper Colony, about 60 miles upriver. Rumors abound in Tremé of all sorts of horrors taking place behind closed doors in the hospital.

St. Louis Cemetery #1: This small cemetery sits at the edge of the French Quarter and is bounded by Basin, St. Louis, and Toulouse Streets. Like most New Orleans cemeteries, St. Louis #1 is packed with above-ground crypts. In one corner is the tomb of one Marie Glapion, claimed by many to be the final resting place of the famous voodoo queen, Marie Laveau. Many followers of voodoo leave offerings here in the hopes of receiving favors from the mambo's spirit.

St. Louis #1 and St. Louis #2, farther north, are favorite prowls for members of the Red Sect at night and various hoodlums during the day, making visits to either a chancy prospect regardless of the time of day.

Tombstone Epitaph Offices (417 Canal): The *Tombstone Epitaph* is generally regarded as a tabloid rag by most respectable folks and a fun read by everyone else. It makes its scratch off of outlandish or sensationalistic stories about everything from government conspiracies to bogeymen under beds and everything in between. Its editor, Nate Braddock, is a stand-up guy, if perhaps a little ready to believe his own stories. He doesn't shrink from publishing the truth as he sees it, and that's earned him more than one enemy on both sides of the law.



Often it's out in left field, but occasionally its reporters get hold of a live one. The paper is a good place to drop weird adventure hooks or red herrings, depending on your mood. From time to time, it even hires freelancers to look into particularly dangerous leads.

⚡ **The Axeman Cometh (99):** A vital piece of evidence from a series of crimes decades old disappears, just as a strangely familiar rash of murders breaks out.

STORYVILLE

New Orleans packs a lot of wickedness into the 12 or so blocks that make up its red-light district. While brothels make up the majority of the businesses, there's no shortage of gambling halls (mostly illegal) and bars. The only people who reside in the neighborhood are employed there as well.

The Black Hand's operations in Storyville are overseen by Chrissy "the Knife" Colucci. Although she presents a front of Southern gentility and kindness, Colucci is more dangerous than a cottonmouth and has less empathy. Her concern for her girls goes only as deep as the amount of money in their pockets. She doesn't hesitate to use blackmail, extortion, or even murder when it suits her needs, and she's as feared within the Black Hand as any of its most ruthless hit men.

Bar de L'Enfer (1821 Iberville): The name of this bar literally means "Bar from Hell," and its décor certainly conveys that, with statuary of tortured souls and demons covering the walls. It's always dimly lit by flickering lights that convey a sense of Hellfire burning just out of sight.

The owner of this bar, Eve Charmeur, says she took the inspiration for its design from a similar café in Paris. She also probably got more than a little from her own imagination, as Charmeur is a lamia (see page 124), who feeds her unholy appetite with the men

who stop by for a drink before or after visiting one of Storyville's brothels. Although Chrissy Colucci isn't aware of Charmeur's true nature, she does suspect the woman is not being completely forthright with her. As long as Charmeur doesn't impede Colucci's profit margin though, she's willing to ignore the bar owner's indiscretions.

FRENCH QUARTER

Fear Level: 2

Population: 12,000

While the French Quarter is technically a part of Downtown, it has its own very distinct character and identity, even to the city's residents.

Absinthe House (238 Bourbon St.): One of the best-known bars in the Quarter, and New Orleans as a whole for that matter, is the Old Absinthe House. The reason is that it's been around for quite some time. Although this isn't its original location, the marble-topped bar and paintings were brought here from its old home about a block and a half up Bourbon.

The current owner, "Fat" Dan Waller, is a former Texas Ranger. There's a secret room on the second floor in which legend claims Andrew Jackson and Jean Lafitte planned the defense of the city. That may or may not be true, but Waller occasionally loans its use to the Rangers for clandestine meetings with informants.

Confederate Mint (Esplanade and Decatur): The Confederate Mint operates out of the old US Mint building in the Quarter. It produces approximately one-fifth of the Confederacy's coinage and one-tenth its paper money. It's also better guarded than most army bases, so no one—not even the Black Hand—has tried to rob it. Yet.

Farrington Arms (806 St Louis): This high-end joint is owned by Mick Farrington, a former adventurer who's settled down a bit in her old age...at least a little. She still keeps her ears and eyes open for signs of any serious mojo on the rise, though. Regular customers pay an arm and a leg to get one of the hotel's swanky rooms, but Mick has been known to put folks up for free if they're on the lam from real trouble. Her staff is well-schooled in handling most threats, mundane or otherwise.

French Market (Decatur and N. Peters): One of the oldest institutions in the city, the French Market, lies between Decatur and North Peters Streets, running from Barracks to St. Ann. Once a conglomeration of sheds, stalls, and stands, now all the vendors are consolidated into five buildings, each occupying the better part of a block. Fresh fruit, vegetables, meat, and fish are available daily from the merchants.



CHRISSY "THE KNIFE" COLUCCI

At either end of the market are Café du Monde and Morning Call, two coffee houses famous for their café noir and café au lait brews.

Jackson Square: Between St. Peter and St. Ann Streets at Decatur, Jackson Square's name comes from the bronze statue of Andrew Jackson, defender of the city and former President of the United States (back in the days when the USA and CSA were still under one flag) that dominates the small park. At the northeast end of the square sits the aging but no less impressive St. Louis Cathedral. The grounds officially close at 11 nightly.

Lafitte's Blacksmith Shop (941 Bourbon St.): There's some dispute over whether this one-story brick building is actually where the famous pirate posed as a blacksmith. However, the fact the building definitely dates back to the late 18th century lends enough weight to the rumors that more than one hunt for the legendary pirate's lost treasures has been undertaken.

King Fish Club (506 Barracks): The King Fish, not far from the French Market, hosts jazz performers nearly every night. The bar opens its doors at 9 p.m. and closes at 3 a.m. The King Fish caters to customers of all races—but it also has a reputation for an unsavory clientele as well.

CITIES OF THE DEAD

The claustrophobic nature of the streets and avenues of the New Orleans necropolises are magnified after dark. The shadows between the crypts seem deeper, offering the perfect hiding places for all sorts of imagined and real dangers. Add to that the fact that the graveyards really do hold genuine nightmarish terrors from time to time, and it makes for an oppressive and unsettling atmosphere.

Once night falls, the Fear Level in most New Orleans' cemeteries rises by one. Most of the threats are mortal but no less evil—grave-robbers frequent the tombs of the wealthy dead, the Black Hand uses the crypts to meet and dump corpses, and the Red Sect sometimes comes after fresh "components" for their more nefarious rituals.



MARDI GRAS

Mardi Gras (French for "Fat Tuesday") is actually the culmination of an entire season of celebration known as Carnival. It begins just before the New Year, with balls, concerts, and other special events running all the way up until Mardi Gras, which is the day before Catholic Lent begins. While it's keyed to the Catholic calendar, what many don't know is that it's actually a descendant of ancient Roman festivals.

There are several organizations, called Krewe, that host the various events during Carnival season. Some of these are public, but most, like the Comus Krewe, subscribe to strict secrecy in its membership and activities. Other Krewe names include Momus, Hermes, Proteus, and Orleans.

The famous parades of Mardi Gras begin the Thursday prior, with the parade and ball of the Krewe of Momus. A weekend of further parades and balls leads into Mardi Gras, which is always on a Tuesday. The wearing of masks for which the festival is most famous occurs during the many parades and parties held that day.

⊛ **A Matter of Trust (107):** The heroes are approached by a wealthy patron whose wife has gone missing in the Quarter.

New Orleans Court Building (400 Royal St.): This large, stately building seems out of place among the quaint architecture of the Quarter, at least until you learn it houses both the New Orleans City Civil Courthouse and the Louisiana Supreme Court building.

At that point, the irony of placing the highest court in the state in the heart of the Black Hand's territory makes perfect sense.

Nite Owl Pawn (105 Rampart): On the border between Tremé and the Quarter, Nite Owl is everything you'd want to find in a pawnshop, provided that everything is badly used goods and so-so prices. What sets it apart from all the other pawnshops in the area though, is its truly appalling customer service.

⊛ **Fate's Dead Hand (104):** A collector of occult items has lost a particularly unpleasant object that has sentimental value for him.

Warrington House (1140 Royal): The building is currently home to the Warrington House, a social services foundation that provides a home to the destitute. The antebellum mansion has a particularly unpleasant history.

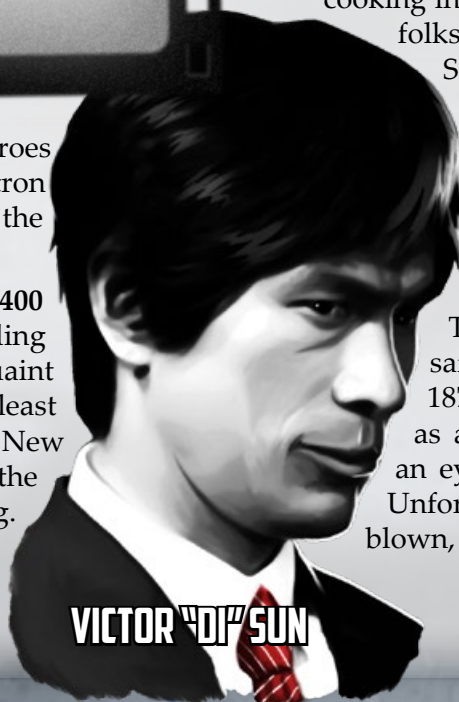
In 1834, locals responding to smoke coming from the mansion discovered nearly a dozen slaves chained in the attic, subject to a variety of inhuman torture. More were claimed to be buried underneath the cellar. The owner, Madame Lalaurie, fled the city and reportedly died in Paris—at least according to a small grave marker in St. Louis #1.

Since the Lalauries fled, the house briefly served as the Union Army's headquarters, a music conservatory, a school, a saloon, and finally, a furniture store. In each instance, the tenants and owners reported a variety of encounters with the ghosts of the murdered slaves, and inevitably, these have led to the building being vacated.

Sanzone's (205 Chartres St.): Sanzone's is the restaurant for the New Orleans Mafia. It's a ritzy place with top-end entertainers and some of the best Italian cooking in the city, making it real popular among folks with fat wallets missing the homeland.

Silver Dollar Sam holds court there nearly every night, but between the bouncers, Black Hand soldiers, and his own bodyguards, even the National Guard would have a hard time taking the joint.

The Sultan's Retreat (716 Dauphine): This building is actually a US Agency safehouse and has been since the early 1870s. Back then, an operative posing as a Turkish sultan lived here as he kept an eye on Baron LaCroix and his minions. Unfortunately, his cover was eventually blown, and the operative, along with a sizeable



VICTOR "DJ" SUN

support staff was found one morning hacked to pieces. The crime, not surprisingly given the likely culprit, was never solved.

Apparently 50 years or so is just long enough for the Agency to forget the lessons of the past. They've recently dispatched another operative to the city to gather information on voodoo practices. The sacrificial lamb is again posing as an expatriate, but this time from China instead of Turkey. Victor "Di" Sun claims to be the exiled heir to a deposed Chinese warlord, consigned to live out his life abroad.

Supplied with ample wealth by his Northern handlers, Sun hosts numerous social extravaganzas, allowing him to mingle with the most powerful members of New Orleans society. Unfortunately, the Kanger revolution in the former state of California, during which Chinese immigrants were able to mount a nearly successful bid for secession, has made some elements of Confederate and local law enforcement a bit suspicious of prominent, outgoing Easterners.

Yellow Sign Books (664 Decatur): This store is actually unassumingly named just "Books," but the letters are red on a yellow background so the locals refer to it as the Yellow Sign. The owner, Matthew Sanderson, is a quiet, neatly kept man who has a nearly encyclopedic knowledge of books and bindings. Behind this façade, he is one of the foremost collectors of arcane and dark texts east of the Mississippi. He's also the guy to see if the heroes are trying to track down a damned tome or the like—once he lets them into his confidences, of course.



NORTHSIDE

Fear Level: 2

Population: 150,000

Northside includes Bayou St. John, Lakeview, Gentilly, and the Upper Ninth Ward.

BAYOU ST. JOHN

Camp Nicholls Veterans Home (1700 Moss): Although there are very few veterans from the Civil War still living here, there is an old submarine on display which was dredged out of Bayou St. John back in 1878. Although some claim it is the *Pioneer*, the first Confederate submarine, that vessel was actually salvaged by the Union during their occupation and sold as scrap. The real identity of this vessel is unknown, but the fact that its interior was filled with concrete to "preserve" it makes many wonder if there wasn't something else inside the vessel as well...

GENTILLY

Dillard University (2300 Gentilly): Initially planned as a liberal arts college serving a black student body, public pressure resulted in Dillard opening as an interracial school with a predominately black enrollment. The school maintains a nursing and pre-med program, and is closely affiliated with the nearby Flint-Goodrich Hospital.

Pontchartrain Beach: Just across Bayou St. John from City Park and the Old Spanish Fort sits Pontchartrain Beach on newly extended land fill. In addition to a lakefront beach, boardwalk, and pier, there are also a number of food vendors, informal dining rooms, and a variety of rides, from a roller coaster to a Ferris wheel. A few years ago, when the Old Spanish Fort closed, Pontchartrain Beach became the city's primary amusement park and resort.

⊛ **Who's Laughing Now? (117):** The manager of the Pontchartrain boardwalk is having problems with food thefts from his concessions after closing hours. It's gotten bad enough that he's willing to hire professional help to stop it.

Shushan Airport (Hayne Boulevard): Built by funds redirected by Huey Long and named after the Levee Board president, Abe Shushan, this airport was completed only last year. And if the weary traveler should forget that name, don't worry because nearly every single piece of furniture and fixture is marked with either the initials "A.S." or "Shushan."

It's constructed on a peninsula composed of dirt dredged from Lake Pontchartrain. It provides daily service, with overnight mail to points Back East. A taxi ride to the airport runs \$1.50 from the center of town.

LAKEVIEW

City Park: New Orleans' City Park is one of the largest in the CSA. At over 1,300 acres, it's 50 percent larger than the Union's vaunted New York Central Park. Its north boundary is Lake Pontchartrain, while to the east it butts against Bayou St. John. As a result, it has over 11 miles of lagoons and waterfront. The park is also home to some of the oldest oak trees known, with some estimated at over 600 years of age.

Inside, there is no shortage of potential for strange locales. The park sits on the former site of a plantation. Local legend claims that slave quarters were simply filled in to form part of the park grounds. Nearly 50 duels occurred over the years at the base of the so-called Dueling Oaks. A children's park, Storyland, is filled with statues and playground equipment styled to resemble characters from Mother Goose and Grimm's fairy tales.

A pleasant, pastoral setting during the day that is a favorite meeting place for young couples, at night the shadows of the park take on a sinister aspect, increasing the Fear Level to 3 after dark.

⊛ **To Be... Or Not (111):** A widow seeks the investigator's help. Her husband was found dead in City Park, and the police ruled it a suicide. She suspects foul play.

Metairie Cemetery (Pontchartrain Boulevard and Metairie Road): The largest of all of New Orleans' cemeteries, Metairie is built on the former site of the Metairie Race Course. When the Metairie Jockeys' Club refused entry to Charles Howard, who'd just won the state lottery, he paid them back by buying up the track and replacing it with a cemetery. Howard was later killed in a fall from horseback, proving irony always laughs last. The location of the old track is still visible in the layout of the cemetery's southern end.

The Fear Level in Metairie is 3 during the day and 4 at night.

The crypts and monuments in Metairie are spread out in a more idyllic layout than elsewhere in the city, giving the cemetery a more traditional feel. Those who miss the cramped avenues of the usual New Orleans necropolis need only look across the boulevard where the adjoining blocks are filled by five other cemeteries of the traditional stone cities. Farthest to the north sits the Firemans' Charitable Association Cemetery, a potter's field of sorts to the city's poor—a stark contrast to the wide grassy spaces and elegant resting places of Metairie.

Old Spanish Fort: Originally the location of a small French fort, the Spanish demolished it and built a brick fortification when they took control of the city.

After the city passed into American hands, the fort was decommissioned, eventually crumbling to little more than its foundations. The ruins of the fort still stand today, but there is little left beyond a few crumbling walls.

Private developers bought the land near the end of the last century and built it up into a combination amusement park and resort. In the last decade, the amusement park closed. Publicly, the owners claimed it was because the city had filled in the lakefront, extending the beachfront nearly a quarter of a mile from the park.

The real reason was the park was the scene of several well-concealed murders and unexplained disappearances. A small colony of false faces (see page 121) settled in the park and continues to lurk in the ruins to this day.

UPPER NINTH

Fair Grounds Race Course (Sauvage and Fortin): Also known as the Louisiana Jockey Club, this racetrack came into prominence with the demise of the Metairie track in the 1870s. Now it is considered among the best in the Confederacy, adorned with fountains, artificial lakes, and carefully sculpted landscaping. Racing season begins on Thanksgiving Day, with seven races a day. A steam-heated, enclosed grandstand ensures spectator comfort even during the rare cold snap in the city.

St. Louis Cemetery #3 (3421 Esplanade): Located near the end of Bayou St. John, St. Louis #3 is a few miles from the other St. Louis cemeteries in Tremé. It's also considerably larger, being over a block wide and running north-south along the bayou for over five blocks. This cemetery is built on the site of an older, smaller cemetery that served a nearby leper colony in the early 19th century.

⊛ **What Little Girls Are Made Of (114):** A once-great surgeon asks the shamuses to clear some vandals out of a cemetery.

RIVERSIDE

Fear Level: 3 (2 in Algiers)

Population: 65,000

Riverside includes the waterfront along Uptown, the Garden District, the Irish Channel, the Warehouse District, the Central Business District, the French Quarter, Marigny-Bywater, and the Lower Ninth. It also covers the entirety of Algiers.

ALGIERS

Algiers Naval Station: The base has been abandoned since back in 1917, when the Confederacy tried to force the city to close Storyville. The Confederate Navy still stubbornly holds the lease on the land, refusing to turn it back over to the city for further development.

Roughly a half-mile square area sits behind rusting chain-link fencing topped by barbed wire and marked at every dozen yards or so by No Trespassing signs. Dozens of empty buildings, from barracks to warehouses to even a hangar or two, sit within the enclosure. The Navy doesn't waste any manpower patrolling the area though, so occasionally vagrants crawl in through any number of holes in the fence to nest in the abandoned buildings.

- ⊛ **The Guns of Algiers (105):** Nearby residents occasionally report strange lights and sounds coming from the abandoned base. Is it some long-forgotten military experimental weapon or something more sinister?

Few people know this, and among those who do, the number who believe it can be counted on one hand with the pinkie left over.

He's willing to share his information, but at a cost. Investigators who check in with him can get a +2 to any Legwork rolls made regarding happenings on the docks—provided they pay him his fee of \$5 (in addition to the usual costs).

Thomas & Sons Charter Fishing: This tiny charter boat company operates on the riverfront not too far from the Irish Channel. There are no "Sons" in Thomas & Sons; the owner, Lou Thomas, just thought it made his company sound a little more distinguished. Although he specializes in Gulf fishing tours, Thomas is willing to rent his boat out for riverine expeditions as well. Either way, it costs \$5 an hour.

- ⊛ **Dead Men Don't Forgive (102):** The owner of a charter fishing boat is the target of apparent extortion and asks the heroes to track down the culprit.

UPTOWN

Fear Level: 2

Population: 175,000

This area includes Uptown, the Garden District, the Irish Channel, and Carrollton.

CARROLLTON

The presence of both Hellstromme Industries' pumping station and the large concentration of patent scientists have had the unexpected effect of drawing the attention of a manitou swarm, similar to that found at governmental research labs and corporate think tanks. The primary fallout from this is that patent scientists' gizmos recover Power Points at a rate of 2 per hour while in the neighborhood.

The secondary result is that abominations also manifest more frequently and nightmares are commonplace. The Fear Level in Carrollton is always 1 level higher than the rest of Uptown. Also, anyone attempting to sleep here finds his dreams plagued with horrific images, just as if he had the Night Terrors Hindrance.

Central Water Pumping Station (2142 Eagle Street): Hellstromme Industries maintains several such pumping stations around the city, but this is the oldest and largest of them. Access to the facility is restricted to employees—even police visitors are required to provide warrants to gain access. The reason for this is the station also serves as a storage site for some of Hellstromme Industries' less-than-legal pieces of technology, like military-grade weaponry for its security forces and even an automaton or two.



THE DOCKS

Cotton Warehouses: Constructed over 20 years ago on the north bank and stretching from Napoleon Avenue to Jefferson Street, the public cotton warehouses occupy nearly 100 acres of riverfront property. In addition to housing vast quantities of cotton for resale and shipment, they're also home to an eccentric wharf rat who is known among local residents and dockworkers either only by his last name Davison, or more colorfully, the Rat Dauphin.

Davison is the eyes and ears of the docks in the city. Little goes on there that he doesn't know about, whether it's what ships are in port, what cargoes were offloaded yesterday, or who dumped the body off the Ninth Street pier. The reason for this is that he can actually speak with the rats that infest the docks.

Link's Repair Shop (1774 Monroe): This rundown, out-of-the-way tinker shop doesn't see a whole lot of business, which suits its owner just fine. The proprietor, Timothy Link (see page 134), is not only a patent scientist himself, but also a particularly successful hitman—although even his clients have never seen his face or heard his real name.

GARDEN DISTRICT

Gauthier's Auction House (1986 St. Charles): Gauthier's specializes in upscale, exotic, and otherwise unique items, statuary, and other objets d'art. Its clientele are among the wealthiest and most influential in the city, and its auctions always draw top dollar.

☆ **The Twelfth Chamber (112):** A pair of antique firearms that belonged to a legendary Western gunman has gone missing. Their new owner wants the gumshoes to track them down—and time is of the essence!

Hexaco Oil Company (2134 St. Charles): The Hexaco Oil Company is a subsidiary of the former Black River Railroad, one of the major competitors in the Great Rail Wars. Black River's owner, Mina Devlin, was an actual witch—hexes, brooms, and all—but in spite of its history and name, Hexaco restricts its malevolent practices to the standard corporate chicanery. However, even Hellstromme Industries could learn a thing or two from the cutthroats in the oil company's boardrooms.

The manager of Hexaco's New Orleans operations is Joshua Thaler. The fact that he's been promoted as high in the ranks as he has by itself means he's a sharp customer. However, rumor around the office is that he holds a minority interest in a sister company from an inheritance and his stock played a major part in his rise. And everyone knows money means power, both in Hexaco and New Orleans.



IRISH CHANNEL

Bucket of Blood Saloon (1900 Rousseau): The Bucket of Blood is the roughest bar in the Irish Channel, which gives it a good run at claiming to be the roughest bar in the city. It's unclaimed by any single gang, largely due to the fact that the owner, Brett Bozeman, doesn't put up with that sort of noise and has a God-given gift for busting heads—which might explain the name of the joint as well.

☆ **A Taste of the Good Stuff (101):** After a body turns up in the alley next to the Bucket o' Blood, Bozeman brings the investigators in to discover who's trying to bring grief—and some angry street gangs—down on his establishment.

UPTOWN

Audubon Park: Named for John James Audubon, a famous artist and naturalist, Audubon Park is well-known for its live oaks and floral displays. The park is also home to a golf course and the Audubon Zoo, which houses, among other exhibits, a sea lion tank and Monkey Hill. Monkey Hill is actually a man-made geographic feature built to show children raised in the flatlands of southern Louisiana what a hill actually looks like. It also has monkeys, but anyone who needs to be told that probably shouldn't be trying to solve mysteries.

Float Dens (Calliope at S. Claiborne): The floats used in Carnival parades are built in old cotton warehouses near this intersection. Two firms, Soulié and Crassons and John H. Deutschmann & Sons, build all the floats, with construction beginning in April. Most of the floats are still constructed on horse-drawn wagons, many of which were built in the last century. Some are supposed to have...*interesting* histories.

Howard Library (601 Howard): While this library contains excellent reference materials, unlike the city public libraries, the Howard Library does not allow its collection to circulate. Nearly 90,000 books are



held here, some of which are not available anywhere else in the world. It contains many original manuscripts, letters, and other documents, making it invaluable for historical research on the city and Louisiana.

Any Knowledge (History) rolls on either of those regions receive a +2 bonus when using the materials here.

Loyola University (6363 St. Charles): Loyola is maintained by a Jesuit order and contains a respected law school. It also has the only dental school in the city, which provides a free clinic to the needy. Of more esoteric interest is the university's seismological observatory—one of many maintained around the world by the Jesuits (for some reason currently known only to them).

Father Joseph McNelis, a theologian at the university, is uniquely aware of the Reckoning. Years ago, a minor servitor of the otherworldly entities entered his confessional booth. The creature told him terrible truths about the Hunting Grounds and the Reckoners' plans, knowing the priest was oath-bound not to speak of what was revealed during confession. This knowledge has tormented him ever since, but also made him a willing ally for others who are faced by the horrors of the Reckoning.

Tulane University (6400 St. Charles): Tulane grew out of the Medical College of Louisiana and maintains an excellent medical school. However, it now offers diverse courses of study covering nearly every academic pursuit. The school also houses the Tulane Museum of Natural History, which is home to many exhibits of potentially arcane nature, including two Egyptian mummies, shrunk heads from Ecuador, and a bow and arrow that once belonged to Sitting Bull. The museum also has several collections of unusual—and even unidentified—creatures.



THE OUTSKIRTS

Fear Level: 2+

Population: 20,000+

This includes both the developed and wilderness areas adjacent or near to the city limits.

Abandoned Plantations (Fear Level 2–5): As the Civil War wound down and slavery was abolished, plantation owners had to adjust to paying their workers real wages. Most did fine—eventually—but many went under. Hundreds of plantations, isolated from the city, were sold, but almost just as many were abandoned and left to rot.

The legacy of slavery—and the invitingly empty buildings—have caused all manner of squatters, from harmless hobos to Union spies to the ghosts and haunts of slavery's past misdeeds.

The only consistent thing about these plantations is that everything of any real value has already been stripped—if it was easily found. Many of the plantation owners served in the war and didn't return, however, and often buried family treasures or other valuables on their estates. Several treasure-hunters have found caches of Confederate cash, antique arms going back to the Civil War and beyond, or small chests of gold and jewelry. Some have also found that the strange rumors of ghosts and other horrors lurking about these estates are all too true.

Bayou Country (Fear Level 4): Within the boundaries of civilization, abominations and other manifestations of the supernatural are usually subtle or muted. Once you get out into the wilds, all bets are off. People don't just believe there's a bogeyman—most of them have seen one at least once. River leviathans, shamblers, letiches, and worse prowl the fog-shrouded swamps of the Mississippi Delta wilderness.

Shantytowns (Fear Level 3): The shantytowns on the edge of New Orleans are blighted by the fear and despair of their inhabitants. Faminites and the like spring up from time to time to plague the already-suffering residents trying to claw some sort of life from the busted flush life dealt them. See page 121 for a description of these terrible creatures.

"SHE HAD GAMS UP TO MICHIGAN, AND I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE CANADA!"

—Johnny Thibodeux,
Grifter



MAKING MYSTERIES!

If you've never created an investigative scenario, it might seem a little daunting at first. Once you break it down though, it's no more difficult than preparing any other adventure for your players. Here are a couple of tips to get you started.

START AT THE END

The easiest way to build a consistent, and more important, solvable, mystery is to start at the end. Decide on the crime and the criminal. After you've done that, figure out the details of the crime: the criminal's motive, what tools or equipment he used, when it occurred, and so on. Consider the criminal's state of mind, motives, and capabilities when doing this. A clever mastermind is likely to be far more careful than an enraged thug, for instance.

Now that you've worked out the fine points to the crime, choose what evidence the investigators can discover based on the details you've created. From there, you can make the trail as complex or as simple as you want for your players. There can be a single, obvious clue, or you can weave a complicated string of clues together, each leading to another, forcing the group to slowly wend its way through the mystery before finally getting their hands on that vital piece of incriminating evidence.

Not every clue has to point directly at the villain. Early in an investigation it's not uncommon for you to plant evidence that only leads to the next clue. Think of the investigation like a dungeon, if you will. Each scene becomes a room with any clues found there serving as doorways to another scene. Eventually, all doors lead to the final scene (and culprit in the tale), but some routes might be more circuitous than others.

TYPES OF EVIDENCE

In the strictest of terms, there are two basic types of evidence. The first is direct evidence, which requires no interpretation to attribute guilt. An example of this is fingerprints on a murder weapon. The second type is circumstantial evidence. That requires an inference to indicate guilt. In contrast to the first example, this might be a receipt showing the suspect purchased a gun of the same caliber used in the murder. (Contrary to popular belief, it is entirely possible to convict a suspect with only circumstantial evidence, if it is strong enough.)

Within those two broad categories, there are several different kinds of evidence you can use for clues.

Physical evidence is exactly what it sounds like—a clue you can put your hands on, metaphorically speaking. Physical evidence includes things like a gun, a torn piece of cloth, blood, or even a footprint.

Testimonial evidence comes from NPC witnesses. It includes statements of what they saw, heard, or otherwise sensed. It also includes general or expert knowledge they may have by virtue of training, their job, or life experience.

Documentary evidence is, well, evidence in the form of documents. Wills, deeds, tax records, check stubs, receipts—if it's written, it's documentary evidence. (Just to throw a wrench in the definition, it's only documentary evidence if what's written in the document is what's important. A receipt with blood on it or a newspaper with incriminating fingerprints on it aren't documentary evidence if the only thing important about them is the blood or fingerprints; in that case they're physical evidence.)

These are not the only types of evidence possible, but they're far and away the best ones to use for clues.

CLUES ARE MEANT TO BE FOUND

The most important thing to remember is that you want the investigators to find the clues to solve the mystery. It's easy to get caught in the trap of making a clue difficult for the heroes to locate only to discover that when they don't find it, the rest of the investigation comes to an abrupt standstill. And, if you think about it, very little great detective fiction is about how the gumshoe actually finds the clue so much as what she does with it once she has it. The mystery isn't about how the clues are hidden, it's about how the clues lead the heroes to the guilty party.

For that reason, especially with Novice characters, it's best not to saddle a roll to locate an important clue with a penalty—or even to require a roll at all. For example, you could decide that if they search a particular piece of furniture, they automatically find an important letter wedged between the cushions.

Another option is to allow the heroes to find the clue even on a failure, but apply some negative penalty as well. Perhaps it costs them a little green to get the clue interpreted by an expert, they lose valuable time sorting through red herrings, or something of that sort. Of course, getting a raise on the roll probably results in some sort of bonus—maybe they find the clue quickly, allowing them to get the jump on the criminal later. (The setting rule on Legwork was developed with this sort of idea in mind, by the way.)

You can also leave plenty of less vital clues for them to gather, clues that help piece the important evidence together quicker or more fully tell the story behind the crime. Finding these would then be a bonus to rolling well, but not vital to solving the crime.

Once they get some experience under their belts, Edges like Investigator or Alertness should give them enough of an advantage to make finding your breadcrumbs more of a sure thing.

CASE GENERATOR

To help you create a compelling mystery, we've provided an adventure generator to give your imagination just the prod it might need to really get rolling.

The case generator won't give you the plot for your heroes' next adventure, but it should do almost everything else. It will provide you with a crime, a client (or victim), and some of the basics about the

event. It will even serve up a nasty twist to make sure they don't have too easy a time with the investigation.

USING THE GENERATOR

Producing a compelling mystery involves a number of elements. You need the crime (or other event) that needs solving, how the heroes get involved, the villain, the villain's motive, and at least one clue. Additionally, you may want to pin down a location or two for the action and, as we mentioned before, throw a curve at your investigators.

Since these are random tables, it might take a little consideration to get some combinations to fit neatly. And if you just can't get it to make sense, you can always reroll—or just decide. The results are yours to alter as you see fit. The tables are meant to spur your creativity, not trap you into choices you're not happy with.

STEP ONE: THE HOOK

The Hook is how the heroes become involved in the investigation. Most often it comes in the form of someone seeking the heroes' help, but occasionally, the characters may stumble into trouble all on their own.

Roll 1d6 and consult the table below.

1) Business or Corporate: A company, small business, or large corporation of some sort hires the investigators. The problem could be directly related to the business itself or be a personal matter for one of the owners or board members. Regardless, doing a good job for a corporate client can spell repeat business or even a lucrative retainer for a reliable investigator.

2) Existing Contact: This is usually a former client who's back for repeat business. Attorneys and bail bondsmen are the most common—but it could also be anyone for whom the shamuses have worked in the past. It might also be a friend or family member of one of the characters. The good news is it's not as likely the existing customer is looking to pull a fast one as a complete stranger might be. The bad news is an old client knows more about how the investigators work if he is looking for a fall guy!

3) High Society: A high profile member of society or a politician who is trying to avoid publicity seeks the gumshoes' aid in addressing a problem. These types of clients are among the most sought-after, not just because of their deep pocketbooks, but also because they can provide a reference to others in the same strata.



4) Referral: The hook is someone who's been pointed toward the gumshoes by a mutual friend, family member, former client, or someone else who has an existing relationship with the group. Usually, the referral can provide someone to vouch for her, but not always someone who the heroes trust!

5) Stranger: A total stranger approaches the heroes based on reputation, advertising, or maybe even a favorable news story if the characters are high profile enough. Yeah, it's risky, but the color of the money in his wallet is exactly the same color as it is in a friend's, right?

6) Happenstance: The shamuses somehow become involved either by chance or accident. Perhaps one of the investigators spots an eye-catching article in the *Times-Picayune*, or maybe one actually stumbles onto the crime itself. Sometimes it's too juicy a mystery to pass up, sometimes it plucks at the heart strings, and other times, it marks a place where a crafty hero can get his foot in the door on a lucrative case. Since there's no "client" in this case (at least not at first), roll twice on the Perpetrator table—once for the villain and once for the victim.

STEP TWO: THE EVENT

This is the crux of the adventure, the guts of the story—the "what" of a mystery, if you will. Most often this takes the form of a crime of some sort, but occasionally the heroes may be called upon to aid in an affair that has no legal ramifications, at least in the criminal sense.

Roll 1d10 and consult the table below.

1) Theft: An object of value has been stolen from the client. It may be an heirloom, a valuable objet d'art, or a shipment of some sort. Theft may also be embezzlement, where money is siphoned off an account rather than simply a burglar stealing a rare painting.

2) Blackmail: The client is being threatened with the revelation of information that could ruin her socially and even result in criminal charges unless she buys her blackmailer's silence.

3) Extortion: This is usually a strong-arm bid for protection money or a "piece of the action." It differs from blackmail in that there is typically an implicit threat of violence or at least property damage backing up the demand. It's also one of the most profitable lines of Black Hand business!

4) Missing Person: Someone close to the client, possibly a relative, friend, or business associate, has gone missing under suspicious circumstances. For whatever reason, the client either doesn't want to involve the police or normal channels have failed. It can also be slightly less ominous—perhaps the heroes are trying to track down the heir to an inheritance who's not been seen in years. Draw a card from the Action Deck. On a black card or a Joker, there's been foul play of some sort; the Perpetrator is responsible. On a red card, the disappearance has a less nefarious bent and the Perpetrator instead is a vital contact the heroes must identify through their investigation to locate the missing person.

5) Murder: The investigators are asked to look into a murder that either the police have shelved, can't solve, or can't be trusted with.

6) Fraud: Some sort of deception has occurred, most often one involving a sizeable monetary amount. It may involve insurance, personal property, or even forgery—whether of a legal document or a high-value piece of art.

7) Kidnapping: Someone, usually close to the client, has been kidnapped. The kidnappers may have made a demand for money or something less tangible. The client needs the heroes to find the victim, usually, for whatever reason, without involving the authorities.

8) Arson: Where there's smoke there's fire. And sometimes where there's fire, there's also an arsonist. A building or other piece of property belonging to the patron has been burned up—and someone's responsible!

9) Menace: The employer is in fear for her life—maybe there have been threats or even previous attempts. She might not even know why, but that doesn't make the danger any less.

10) Vetting: In this case, the client wants the heroes to do a little digging on someone, possibly a potential employee, a political candidate, a possible suitor, or an heir to a sizable will.

Roll on the Perpetrator Table to determine the subject for the investigation. Draw a card from the Action Deck as usual. However, in this case, only on a Joker is the subject supernatural. If the die result indicates a questionable background, like "Criminal" or "Corrupt Official," a red card indicates it's only rumor and gossip (which hopefully the heroes uncover), while a black card shows the subject really is as bad as people say.

Regardless of the outcome on the Perpetrator table, roll again on the Event Table, ignoring a second roll of this result and draw another card from the Action

Deck. The heroes' investigation eventually associates the subject with a crime of that nature. On a red card, their further digging proves his innocence, while a black card or Joker indicates his guilt.

STEP THREE: THE PERPETRATOR

This is the identity of the villain (or "who") behind the client's trouble. Often, a major part of the investigation is identifying who this is, although it's possible the shamuses know their opponent from the start and are trying to gather evidence or otherwise thwart the villain.

Determining the bad guy requires two steps. First, roll a d8 on the table below to find the identity of the villain. Next draw a card from the Action Deck. A black card or a Joker means the villain is somehow tied up in the supernatural, while a red card says the bad guy is 100 percent naturally evil.

1) Relative: The villain is a known relative of the client, usually closer than comfort allows.

2) Friend: The culprit turns out to be a close friend—often a confidante—of the investigator's employer.

3) Business Associate: A coworker, partner, employer/employee, or simply someone with whom they have business dealings is behind the trouble.

4) Corrupt Official: There's corruption at every level in New Orleans, and the scoundrel who's causing the heroes' patron grief sits comfortably on one of them. The villain might be a politician, a bureaucrat, policeman, or the like, of authority ranging from a beat cop all the way up to a senator—all of whom can cause no end of trouble for a group of lowly shamuses.

5) Criminal: The client is the victim of a lone criminal or small gang of thugs. However, just because they're not tied with one of the main underworld organizations doesn't mean they're not sufficiently devious and dangerous to pose a threat.

6) Competitor: This might be a business competitor, a rival suitor, athletic contender, or other person who is vying with the client for a goal. While it might seem on the surface that the object of competition is the motive, life is seldom simple.

7) Outsider: The investigators' employer apparently has been targeted by an complete stranger. This might just be bad luck, the client's high-profile lifestyle, or just because the poor sap was an easy mark. On the other hand, there might be more going on than meets the eye.

8) Organized Crime: Bad news, the Black Hand or Red Sect has taken an interest in the characters' patron.

STEP FOUR: THE MOTIVE

Here, you're going to determine the villain's motive for the crime. Often, discovering this is key to closing out the investigation.

Roll 1d6:

1) Greed: Plain and simple, money's the answer. Well, it could be property, a unique item, or even a promotion, but you get the idea. There's a tangible profit to be had.

2) Political Gain: The act results in some improvement in the villain's legal status. It might well be a step toward securing a political office for himself (or a lackey) or it may result in a fall from grace for an opponent. On a more subtle level, the crime might be intended to influence one single piece of legislation or bureaucratic transaction.

3) Revenge: The antagonist has an axe to grind with the client and the crime is the grindstone.

4) Love: One of the oldest reasons man has been doing harm to other men over the years, love and the pursuit thereof, remains a powerful motivator both in the shadows and the well-lit ballrooms of society's upper crust.

5) Knowledge: The villain seeks some bit of information and the crime is merely a side effect of that search. Draw a card from the Action Deck. On a red card, the client has no knowledge of the information. On a black card, she does (whether she shares that with the heroes is another matter). On a Joker, she knows the information, but doesn't realize the bad guy is looking for it.

6) Survival: The client's actions, knowledge, or very existence threatens the villain in some fashion. Roll 1d4 and consult the table below. Initially, the client does not reveal this information. Draw a card from the Action Deck: on a red card, he doesn't even know it himself; on a black card, he does, but doesn't see a link until the heroes uncover the villain (or at least her motive). On a Joker, he knows from the very beginning but keeps it secret because it reveals he's more than a little dirty himself.

1) Physical: The client poses an actual physical threat to the villain.

2) Financial: The patron or his business dealings represent a substantial danger to the bad guy's monetary wealth.

3) Social: The heroes' employer constitutes a risk to the villain's standing in society, or within her peer group at the very least.

4) Legal: The client (or knowledge he has) puts the culprit in jeopardy of arrest or conviction. Alternately, a more sophisticated villain's legislative maneuvers may be thwarted by the client's knowledge or actions.

STEP FIVE: THE EVIDENCE

This determines the key pieces of information the investigators can learn to break the case open. This is what leads them from the "what" of the event to the "who" of the perpetrator.

First, roll 1d6 to determine how many clues or pieces of evidence there are for the gumshoes to uncover. Next, for each clue, draw a card from the Action Deck. On a black card or Joker, it's a piece of direct evidence. On a red card, it's only circumstantial evidence. Then roll 1d10 and consult the table below:

1-5) Physical: This is something the heroes actually find at the scene or sometimes elsewhere.

6-8) Testimonial: The heroes find this clue by speaking with potential witnesses and contacts.

9-10) Documentary: This evidence might be found at the scene or it might be something the investigators have to dig out of public records or from a newspaper morgue.

OPTIONAL: LOCATION

This is a purely optional table, and it determines the locale where at least some of the action in the adventure takes place. It may be where the original incident occurs, where the villain is holed up, or just where most of the legwork takes place. Regardless, most of the neighborhoods in the city have their own distinct character, and this can influence the choice of the antagonist as well as the details of the crime and subsequent events.

Roll 1d8 and consult the table below:

1) City Center: Includes the Central Business, Mid-City, and the Warehouse Districts. Most investigations here are likely to be tied to business activity somehow.

2) Uptown: Includes Uptown, the Garden District, Carrolton, and the Irish Channel.

3) French Quarter: The historical soul of the city, any mystery here is likely to be steeped in history and not a little of the supernatural. This is also one of the Black Hand's strongholds.

4) Downtown: Includes Tremé, Storyville, the Lower Ninth Ward, and Marigny-Bywater. These are the roughest neighborhoods in the city and at times a battleground for the Black Hand and the Red Sect.

5) Northside: Includes Gentilly, Lakeview, the Upper Ninth Ward and Bayou St. John.

6) Riverside: This encompasses a portion of several neighborhoods, from the Garden District through the Marigny-Bywater, as well as Algiers.

7) Outskirts: The shantytowns on the edge of the city and the bayous beyond. Action tends to be more straightforward—and brutal—the farther things get from civilization.

8) Goose Chase: The hunt leads the investigators all over the city. Roll twice on this table.

OPTIONAL: THE TWIST

This table is also optional, but we highly recommend it. It contains a number of plot complications to spice up the mystery and make things a little more complex. After all, it wouldn't be a true noir adventure without the inevitable kink to confound the heroes' investigation!

Roll 1d6 and consult the table below.

1) Betrayed!: The client stabs the investigators in the back somehow. Sometimes this is intentional, and sometimes it's just innocent misadventure. See the Betrayed! table below to get the details.

2) Double Blind: The apparent villain is actually a front for another villain who's trying to keep her involvement a secret. The real bad guy is likely to take rather extreme measures to cover up her own actions, but on the other hand, often the patsy she's fingering is carrying an axe to grind of his own. Roll on the Perpetrator Table a second time to find the real heavy.

3) Hidden Motive: The client has the heroes investigating the trouble on false pretenses. See the Hidden Motive Table.

4) Dark Secret: The client, etc., is hiding some dark secret about her past or other aspect of her life. Roll on the Dark Secret table.

5) Mistaken Identity: Someone believes the client, the subject, or even one of the investigators is another person. Of course, the person with whom the other is confused has their own set of problems. Draw one card from the Action Deck. On a red card, it's the client, while a black card refers to the villain. On a Joker, the person with the identity mix-up is one of the investigators. Now, roll on the Perpetrator table to figure out with whom the poor sap is getting confused.

6) Tangled Mess: Roll twice more on this table, ignoring this result—unless you're feeling really evil.

BETRAYED!

Betrayal is standard fare in hardboiled mysteries, so much so it often seems no one can be trusted. The heroes are about to learn why.

Roll 1d4:

1) Oops: Their employer spills the beans by accident. Granted, it's an innocent mistake, but that probably doesn't matter when the heroes find themselves on the business end of a Tommy gun!

2) Revenge: Whether for an actual slight, some fallout from a previous investigation, or purely imagination, the client has a beef with the investigators and sets them up from the start.

3) Save My Own Hide: The client gets in over his head somehow and gives up the heroes to save his own skin.

4) Benevolent Betrayal: Out of some misguided notion or just plain naivete, their employer gives up the goods on the shamuses because she thinks it's actually for their own good.

HIDDEN MOTIVE

The investigators' employer has ulterior motives for retaining their services. The original crime did occur, but the client's interest in it is not what it seems.

Roll 1d4:

1) Distraction: The client is using the heroes' investigation to distract the police, the Black Hand, or other group or individual's attention while he commits a crime of his own. Roll on the Event table (ignoring Bodyguard and Background Investigation).

2) Snipe Hunt: The client puts the investigators on a case to keep them from catching on to her own questionable activities before it's too late. Here the heroes pose a threat to their employer's interests, even if they don't realize it at first.

3) Bait & Switch: The client points the group at one incident hoping to draw them into a related affair. She wants the investigators poking around in the second event, but to appear completely innocent in putting the shamuses onto the trail. Roll a second time on the Event table to find out the other crime (ignoring results of Arson or Embezzlement).

4) Spoiler: Their employer doesn't really care about solving the original crime. He's really interested in damaging the reputation of a prominent figure who may or may not even be the real villain.

DARK SECRET

Their patron is hiding some important piece of information from the investigators. While this is pretty much a given with all clients, in this case the information is directly related to their investigation and likely to bite them in the seat of the pants before all's said and done!

Roll 1d4:

1) Silent Partner: The client used to be involved in a business relationship with the target, possibly exactly the same crime as he's currently being investigated for, but doesn't want anyone to know.

2) Bad Blood: The client is related to the subject in a way he hasn't revealed to the investigators—possibly even closely. The client may or may not be aware of this relationship.

3) Patsy: The client is actually working for a competitor of the villain (who may just be a fall guy). The bad guy may be bad in his own right, but the client couldn't care less. She's using the investigators as proxies in a bid to take down another contender.

4) Guilty!: Their employer is actually the guilty party. He's using the heroes to either establish a plausible alibi for himself or just to help him find any damning evidence before the police can.

EXAMPLE

To give you a clue on how to fit this all together, we're going to generate some random results and then fit the pieces together to make a mystery.

- **The Hook:** Stranger (5).
- **The Event:** Kidnapping (7).
- **The Perpetrator:** Criminal (5), with a supernatural aspect (black).
- **The Motive:** Revenge (3).
- **The Evidence:** Number of pieces of evidence (2): one Documentary (9) and one Physical (1).
- **Location:** The Outskirts (7).
- **The Twist:** Dark Secret (4): Guilty! (2).

Looking at the results, we decide the client pulled the investigators' name from a newspaper story where they solved a recent crime, so he figures they've got something of a reputation in the public's eyes at the moment. We also choose to make him wealthy, since kidnappers don't usually choose victims without something in their bank accounts—it's just not profitable!

The perpetrator (at least on the surface) is a criminal of some sort, but not one affiliated with organized

crime. There's also a supernatural element, but because of the Twist we rolled, the client is really the guilty party. Therefore we decide to apply it to him and make him a patent scientist. Finally, the crime is motivated by revenge.

Now, we get down to the meat of the story. Using the elements we rolled, we determine the client made a deal with a burglar in the past to steal a set of blueprints from a competitor. He went on to get rich by using his rival's designs. In the meantime, the petty crook got himself busted for another crime. When he got out of the big house, he discovered his former partner in crime was rolling in the dough while he was still scratching for dimes.

Deciding to cash in on his client's ill-gotten wealth, he starts to blackmail him. The client concocts a plan to frame the burglar for kidnapping. He hides his wife out of town and types up a fake ransom note. Once all those pieces are in place, he puts the investigators on the trail, planning for them to finger his blackmailer.

The client gives his version of the story, including the location where he's to meet the kidnapper. The investigators "rescue" the wife from an old cabin and she backs up her husband's story. However, we've still got to lay a couple of clues.

The first clue is a document, which we decide is the ransom note, which was typed on the client's own typewriter. There is no typewriter at the cabin where the kidnapper supposedly hid. (This is toeing a fine line between documentary and physical evidence, but like we said, sometimes you have to be flexible.)

For the second clue, we choose to have mud on the client's tires, which match tire tracks at the cabin. There's also mud on the floorboards of his auto and a pair of muddy shoes in his house.

With all the parts in place, we can polish it up a bit and toss the heroes a new case!

"SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL, COLD, AND DEADLY. THE TYPE OF WOMAN WHO WOULD HAVE BEEN A WICHITA WITCH IF SHE'D BEEN BORN A CENTURY EARLIER...AND GIVEN ALL SHE CAN DO, SHE JUST MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

—Christy Colucci,
Madam



RED HARVEST!

Red Harvest is a campaign-length mystery presented in installments you can throw at your investigators. The heroes inadvertently stumble into a hunt for a long-forgotten secret from the earliest days of the Reckoning.

During the course of the campaign, the gumshoes are likely going to come up against dead ends more than once and find their investigation stalled, at least temporarily. Take advantage of these stopping points to either insert your own adventures or any of the *Savage Tales* presented later. These also present you with the opportunity to tailor stories to the interests and backgrounds of your shamuses.

Here is a brief summary of the *Red Harvest* campaign. There are seven individual adventures, and in most cases, each builds on clues or connections discovered in earlier investigations.

1. THE LADY VANISHES

The heroes are hired to find a missing dame, Emma Ross. They discover she's been kidnapped by the Black Hand in an attempt to extort money from her boyfriend who owes them a large debt. Word on the street has it he's onto a big score and the Mob wants its cut. Unfortunately, he's nowhere to be found either.

2. LOST LOVE

Emma's ex-boyfriend has turned up again. She asks the gumshoes to tail him and find out what he's up to. The investigators dig up just enough to make them curious before stumbling onto a horrific discovery—what appears to be the body of the ex-boyfriend. It's hard to be sure as he's missing his skin!

3. A CHANCE IN HELLSTROMME

An executive from Hellstromme Industries contracts the shamuses to look into a burglary at the corporate offices. As they look into the theft, they begin to find threads connecting this seemingly unrelated crime to their earlier investigations. Any further doubts about that are erased when they walk into a gruesome crime scene at the apartment of a Hellstromme employee, Thomas Glauser.

4. A "FRIEND" IN NEED

Glauser—or someone who looks a lot like him—shows up on the heroes' doorstep. He promises to explain everything to the investigators, but instead leads them into a trap laid by the Red Sect. After they escape the evil cult's clutches, a Texas Ranger shows up and flexes his official muscle to keep the group on the trail.

5. HOMEWORK

Unlike the other installments in the campaign, this one can occur at any time during the course of the investigation. This isn't a specific adventure in itself so much as a collection of answers if the gumshoes delve deeper into the clues they've accumulated over the course of the campaign.

6. DOWN ON THE BAYOU

After deciphering the puzzle, the shamuses figure out the various groups hounding them are all looking for a lost shipment of chemicals said to be able to raise the dead. Following up on their leads, they find themselves at a ruined rail facility sunk in the murky swamps outside the city. The last remaining samples

are indeed there—along with more than one unnatural guardian!

7. A NEAT LITTLE PACKAGE

The heroes find themselves in a three- or even four-way gun battle between government, underworld, and possibly even corporate powerhouses. Each wants to get their hands on the miraculous chemical and is more than willing to take down a few uppity private dicks to do it! If they play their cards right, the investigators may not only make it out alive, but tie up all their troubles in a nice bundle.

A BIT OF HISTORY

Back in the latter part of the last century, the USA and CSA sponsored a race to see which railroad would be the first to establish a track linking the East Coast with the city of Lost Angels in the Great Maze. The winner would be rewarded with an exclusive government contract for transporting ghost rock. The lucrative prize drew many hopefuls into a race that quickly turned violent and bloody and eventually came to be known as the “Great Rail Wars.”

BAYOU VERMILION

One of the last competitors standing was the Bayou Vermilion Railroad, based out of New Orleans. It was owned by the ruthless “Baron” Simone LaCroix. (Yeah, Simone is a gal’s name and he was a guy. It’s a long story.) Bayou Vermilion hung in the race for so long thanks to LaCroix’s ace in the hole: he was able to refill the ranks of his workers and enforcers with reanimated dead.

LaCroix was a powerful bokkor, probably one of the greatest who ever lived. On top of that, through hook, crook, black magic, and maybe even a little mad science, he concocted a fluid that enabled him to create hordes of the undead that answered to his beck and call. His fluid was a bit of an open secret, but also one he closely guarded. The other Rail Barons, the Agency, and the Texas Rangers all suspected he had something of the sort, but no one was able to get their hands on a sample of it—with one exception, and we’ll get to that in a moment.

However, even with the help of the undead, in the end Bayou Vermilion lost the race to the coast to Dr. Darius Hellstromme’s Wasatch Rail Company. The price of the massive construction and years of fighting came due with a vengeance. Piece by piece, Bayou Vermilion property was sold, bartered, or just repossessed until the railroad was no more.

By the turn of the century, both Bayou Vermilion and LaCroix himself had faded completely from sight. The stories on what happened to LaCroix run the gamut from him being brought down by a band of gunfighting vigilantes from Out West to assassination by a rival Rail Baron. Some claimed for a time he was still alive, heading up the Red Sect. Regardless, decades later, the railway and LaCroix are barely remembered even in textbooks.

HELLSTROMME’S SECRET

A couple of paragraphs ago, we mentioned one person was able to get his hands on LaCroix’s fluid. That sticky-fingered individual was none other than Darius Hellstromme, founder and sole owner of Hellstromme Industries and the Wasatch Rail Company. Rather than be so crass as to just reanimate a simple corpse, the inventor instead pulled out the important part—the brain—reanimated it, and stuck it in a heavily-armed and armored metal body. His automatons, as he called them, were a big part of his plan to win the Great Rail Wars. And since he did, it seems like it was a pretty good plan at that.

The good doctor was not so foolish as to believe the rest of the world would be accepting of his “innovative techniques,” so he went to great pains to protect the secret of his creations. For decades, the scientific community was amazed that he was able to design a device capable of reacting to the environment as readily as his automatons did, and Hellstromme spared no expense making sure it stayed that way. All the automatons were equipped with self-destruct devices that caused them to explode rather than fall into the wrong hands, and more than one corporate spy ended up fertilizing the soil in Hellstromme’s native Deseret when they got too close to the truth.

While LaCroix’s railroad empire began to crumble, Hellstromme Industries was becoming one of the most successful companies in the world and it made sure it picked up the pieces. The company and its subsidiaries bought up Bayou Vermilion assets as they were repossessed or auctioned under the pretense of expanding the Wasatch infrastructure. Actually, Hellstromme was just making sure none of the Baron’s secret sauce got into anyone else’s hands.

And he almost succeeded...

HIDDEN TREASURE

Not too long ago, Andrew Dauterive, a Ranger stationed in New Orleans, caught wind that there might be a stash of LaCroix’s fluid that Hellstromme overlooked still hidden somewhere in the area. He figured his supervisors would have all kinds of reasons

for wanting to get their hands on the liquid, and the Confederate military wouldn't mind having a way to "recycle" its troops in wartime either. He also knew that if a Texas Ranger started poking around in old business, it'd be bound to attract attention.

Not wanting to generate any competition for his little treasure hunt, he instead opted for a more clandestine search. Dauterive put the squeeze on a local informant, Will Gretz. Gretz was a snitch of the first order and slimier than a snail's underbelly—just the sort who knuckles under when threatened. Dauterive put Gretz on the trail of the lost supply, threatening to out him to the Black Hand if he didn't go along.

It didn't take Gretz long to figure out that what he was looking for would be a gold mine to the right buyer. Having a loose tongue, he couldn't help bragging in the wrong company about the big score he was going to make. Word got around, and now more than one player is looking for Gretz to claim their share of whatever he's got his sights set on.

1) THE LADY VANISHES

The heroes are contacted by Grant Ross. Grant is a clean-cut young fellow in his early twenties. He tells the gumshoes he's worried about his older sister, Emma. He and Emma share an apartment downtown and Emma did not return home last night. While that alone is cause for concern, his sister did not report to work today at City Hall either. Grant has already spoken to all of their mutual friends and relatives. No one has seen the woman since last night.

His sister is something of a homebody and not given to partying, particularly not all night. However, Emma apparently has been seeing someone on the side, but she hasn't shared any details with Grant. Grant suspects it's because his sister thinks he would disapprove of the man. He doesn't even know the name of his sister's suitor.

Their client provides any other information they might request on Emma. He can give them a photograph of her as well, revealing her to be a pretty blonde with a self-conscious smile. Grant can also provide the names of their mutual friends and relatives. While he isn't a wealthy man, by dipping into their joint savings account, he is able to afford to pay up to three days of the investigators' fees (if they're charging, that is).

MYSTERY MAN

Let the group follow up on any leads they want, but ultimately, the only one that pans out is visiting City Hall and talking to Emma's coworkers. One, another clerk named Mary Adams, confirms Grant's suspicions

about Emma having a secret beau. She tells them that Emma was sweet on a young man who'd been visiting the Records Office over the last few months, a young fellow by the name of Will Gretz

Mary is of the opinion that Gretz is a bit of a shyster, with plenty of Pomade in his hair and a gold tooth. He seemed to take an interest in Emma almost from the first day he visited the department, frequently bringing her flowers or occasionally candy. Unfortunately, beyond his name Mary knows little else about the man.

With little else to go on, the investigators have to hit the streets. A bit of Legwork turns up some interesting information on Gretz. The characters find an address for him a couple of blocks off of Canal Street, but also learn he has a reputation as an unsuccessful gambler. He has run up some fairly sizable debts with more than one bookie. Lately though, he's been spreading the word around that his ship is about to come in and he'll make good on his loans, but won't reveal any details.

RANSACKED

Visiting Gretz's apartment quickly reveals the heroes are not alone in their search for the man. The door swings open at the first touch, and the shattered frame shows that the last visitors probably didn't have a key.

Inside, the one-room apartment is a shambles. Drawers have been opened, furniture overturned, and various personal belongings are scattered around the floor. It's impossible to tell if the searchers found what they were looking for—especially since the investigators (nor, in truth, the ransackers) knew what they were looking for.

Digging through the debris finds little to help the sherlocks in locating Emma. Allow the investigators to make Notice rolls. Those who succeed find a couple of items of interest.

The first is a slightly soiled white smock with the name Blessed Rest Retirement Home embroidered over the right breast pocket.

The other item is a little more cryptic. It's a notepad open to a page with several multi-digit numbers. The numbers are either eight or nine digits in length and some have lines drawn through them. The numbers are actually index numbers in deed books in City Hall. However, since Gretz didn't break them down into book and page numbers it's unlikely the heroes can identify them initially.

Should one of the characters guess the meaning of the numbers, feel free to give the quick-witted shamus a Benny. Even then, the information is of little value as the deeds and property maps reveal nothing about what

Gretz was researching beyond the fact that the majority of the properties belong to Hellstromme Industries or the New Orleans Public Works Department.

Searching the rest of the notebook finds the previous page holds a series of tick marks, 48 in all. Beneath the tick marks is the number “4” circled several times. This is Gretz’s count of how many barrels of LaCroix’s fluid remain unaccounted for from bankruptcy documents.

BEHIND THE SCENES

Unknown to the gumshoes, one of Gretz’s less patient creditors came looking to collect. The bookie, a Black Hand stooge, dispatched a few goons to rough up the welsher, but found the apartment empty. They were in the process of tossing the place when Emma arrived, also looking for Gretz. Not ones to look a gift hostage in the eye, the gangsters snatched the woman, intending to use her as leverage to get Gretz to pay up.

In the meantime, the Red Sect caught wind of what Gretz was looking for—possibly the last samples of Baron LaCroix’s reanimation fluid. While he’d been careful to avoid spilling the beans to his cronies, he’d also been asking the wrong questions while trying to identify all of the old Bayou Vermilion properties. The Red Sect bikkors have their own little mice in City Hall, as well.

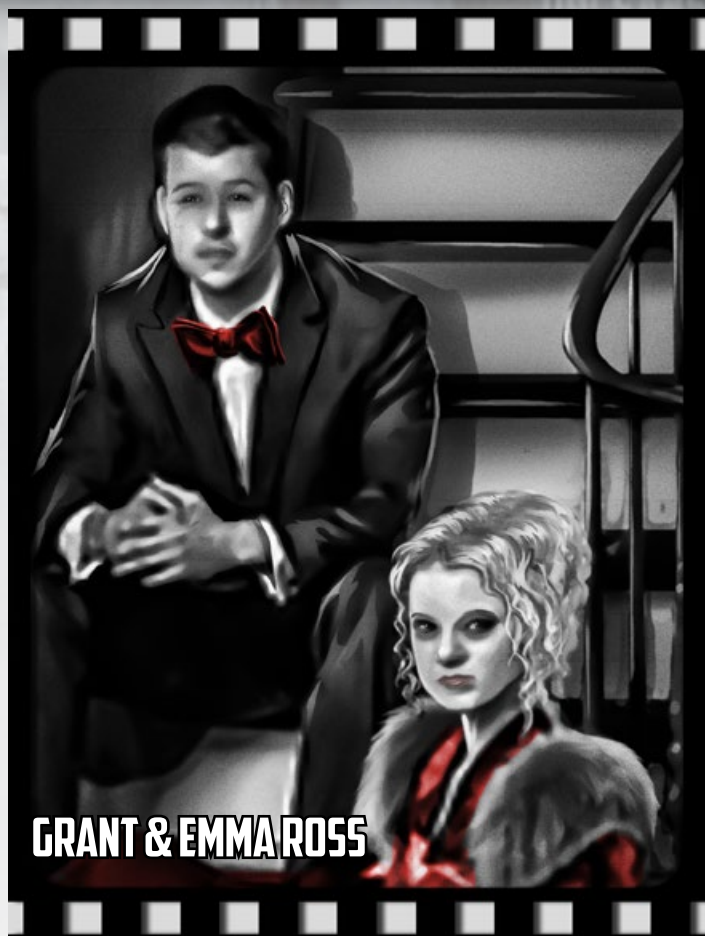
When they put two and two together, they realized Gretz might be clued into the location of some of the fluid. And with it, they’d have a way to mass-produce foot soldiers to throw against the Black Hand.

A couple of nights ago, while he was investigating one of the properties, a skinwalker ambushed him, took his life, and then his skin. Gretz died before it could extract much of what he had already discovered, forcing it to retrace his steps over the next few weeks.

RANSOM

After the heroes have had a few moments to pick through the wreckage, a pair of thugs arrives at the door. One of them asks brusquely, “Which a’ you is Gretz?” If any of the shamuses claims to be Gretz, the goon passes him a ransom note. Otherwise, regardless of what answer the investigators give, he gives them the same note, saying, “Well, you give this to him if you see him anytime soon.”

The note says, “You come to 413 Mandeville Street by 9 p.m. tomorrow night if you want to see the blond dame again. Bring the dough. If you snitch to the cops, we’ll know, so don’t get smart.” A Common Knowledge roll reveals the address to be generally in the Marigny-Bywater area.



The two thugs have nothing further to say and depart after the party reads the note unless the heroes try to stop them. The men are just errand boys, but fight back if attacked. Even if the investigators somehow get the mooks to talk, they know very little beyond the fact the Black Hand is holding a girl to get Gretz to pay up his debt to them.

Should the detectives instead decide to tail the two (and assuming they’re successful), the heroes find the men travel back to a hole-in-the-wall bar. A Streetwise roll identifies the bar as a known Black Hand joint. After dark, the two head to the address listed in the note, which turns out to be an abandoned warehouse.

Regardless of whether they follow the gangsters, allow the heroes a Notice roll on their way out of the apartment building. Any snoop that gets a raise on the roll spots a man wearing a cowboy hat, sitting in a Ford Model B, watching them intently from a short distance up the block. If they approach his vehicle, he quickly pulls out and departs. Although they don’t know it yet, this is Sgt. Andrew Dauterive trying to locate Gretz himself. He doesn’t know the characters’ role yet, but they’ve gotten his attention for now.

Thugs (2): Use the stats for Thug on page 133. The men are armed with .38 revolvers (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6, RoF 1) and saps (Str+1d4).

THE SWAP

If the investigators share their discovery with Grant, he becomes terribly distraught. Even if he knew how much the ransom was, he admits there is no way he can raise any more money. Hiring the heroes consumed all of his few liquid resources.

He humbly begs the investigators to rescue his sister. If the shamuses play hardball with him, he offers to arrange a payment plan, giving the heartless characters a portion of his future earnings.

THE OFFICE

The gangsters are holding Emma in an abandoned office near the waterfront. A pair of goons stands guard each of the two exterior doors.

The thugs have Emma tied to a chair in the office marked with an "A." There's power to the building, but only the office is lit when the heroes arrive.

Inside the office, Angel Lombardi, the Black Hand bookie, and several Mob soldiers stand watch over Emma, awaiting Gretz's arrival.

Door Guards (4): Use the stats for Thug on page 133. Armed with .38 revolvers (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6, RoF 1).

Black Hand Soldiers (2, plus 1 per hero): Use the stats for Mafia Soldier on page 132. One is armed with a pump shotgun (Range 12/24/48, Damage 1–3d6, RoF 1) and the rest with .38 revolvers (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6, RoF 1).



Angel Lombardi: Use the stats for Mafia Capo on page 132. Armed with a Luger pistol (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6, RoF 1).

THE RESCUE

Should the heroes attempt to bluff their way in, Persuasion rolls get them past the door guards, with a –2 modifier if there is more than one investigator. This gets even trickier once they talk to Lombardi. Unless they actually have \$2,000 cash on hand (the amount Gretz owes), only a Persuasion roll (–4) can swindle him out of his hostage. Otherwise, negotiations eventually devolve into a shootout.



There are numerous windows in the warehouse, so sneaking in is certainly an option. The Black Hand men aren't paying too much attention as they don't expect Gretz to try anything, so only a critical failure on a Stealth roll alerts them before the investigators get into position.

Lombardi remains with Emma throughout any fights. If all his foot soldiers are eliminated, Lombardi releases Emma, but warns the investigators they've made a bad choice in getting involved in Black Hand business.

Emma, on the other hand, is effusively grateful. Although she can't pay them any money, she does go out of her way to help the group in the future

CONTACT: EMMA ROSS

Once the heroes rescue Emma, they have a valuable contact in the records department at City Hall. She adds +2 to all their future Investigation rolls made on wills, deeds, and tax records in City Hall.

Emma is even willing to perform research for the heroes on occasion, although it takes her a full day to squeeze it into her work schedule. She has Investigation d8 for purposes of records in City Hall, and adds +2 to the roll due to her familiarity with the process and staff.

2) LOST LOVE

A week or two after the investigators rescue Emma, she contacts one of them with a request for a favor. It seems that Gretz has shown back up at the Records Department, but he won't give her the time of day—in fact, he acts like he barely knows her. She knows he's no good for her, but she's still fond of him. He's acting very strangely, and given her recent experiences, she's very worried for his safety.

Emma wants the heroes to keep an eye on Gretz for a couple of days to see if they can figure out what he's up to. She tells them he's apparently moved and his old apartment is empty. Their best chance to locate him is when he's at the Records Department; she offers to tip them off whenever he shows up.

True to Emma's word, Gretz's apartment is empty. The building manager has no forwarding address or idea where he's moved. He's keeping a low profile as well, and there's no word on the street about where he might be staying now. Gretz had resided there for about half a year. Before that time, he has no idea where he lived.

PREVIOUS ASSOCIATIONS

This adventure works best if either Grant or Emma has had some sort of contact with the investigators in the past. Given Emma's position in the Records Department of City Hall, it's very likely that any professional investigators or reporters in the group have had some contact with her before. This previous association could very well be the reason that Grant contacts the heroes. Perhaps Emma had a business card from one of the characters or even mentioned them in passing to her brother on one occasion.

QUICK STUDIES

It's always possible a clever (or lucky) group might make the connections in this adventure earlier than anticipated. If so, that's no problem. You can find the results of any relevant searches in 5) Homework.

The timeline of the adventure is paced to allow you to insert other investigations and adventures between the installments, but you can always shorten the intervals as needed. After all, the encounters are largely timed based on the observations of others who are monitoring the gumshoes' progress; if they move quickly, so do their foes!

DIGGING INTO THE PAST

The investigators might take interest in what he's been researching in City Hall. Emma hasn't kept notes, but does have copies of a few of his record requests. Referencing them reveals that Gretz seems to be looking over records regarding various properties owned by Hellstromme Industries.

If the sleuths happened to keep the list of numbers they found in Gretz's apartment in *The Lady Vanishes*, they see that those are similar. Pulling the corresponding documents finds more property records for Hellstromme Industries land.

Should the gumshoes think to track the properties back to their previous owners, allow them to make

an Investigation roll. On a success, they discover past ownership spread over a wide range of companies, individuals, and even the city itself. Hellstromme bought few of the Bayou Vermilion assets directly. He went through brokers, shell corporations, real estate auctions, and the like, to muddy the waters as much as possible.

ON THE TRAIL

Emma notifies the heroes whenever Gretz visits her office, which is roughly every other day. She doesn't want them to confront him, just follow him and figure out what he's up to. That means the investigators probably need to tail him.

Gretz has his own car, a Ford Model A roadster, so the heroes either need their own vehicle(s) or must hire a cab to follow him. (If they hire a cab, assume the cabbie has Driving d6 and Stealth d4.) Initially, the skinwalker isn't watching for any tails—at least not yet—so his shadows get a +2 on their roll. Of course, if he spots the gumshoes, that changes!

Should the party lose the skinwalker, that's okay. Emma continues to keep them updated about his visits and they can always try again.

Feel free to give the investigators Notice rolls from time to time to catch a glimpse of the man in the cowboy hat. As before, he takes his leave if the gumshoes approach him. Dauterive is also interested in what is going on with Gretz, but the heroes' continued involvement is nearly as intriguing to him.

GRETZ'S FIRST STOP

After tailing Gretz for only a few minutes, he stops at a corner store in Tremé. The shop's name is Deacon's Groceries and looks to primarily deal in fresh vegetables and canned goods. If they follow him into the store, the investigators see him emerge from a backroom moments later, followed by a rather severe-looking Creole. A Notice roll spots a few talismans and charms about his neck and wrist, indicating he's likely a follower—or even practitioner—of voodoo.

If the heroes take the time later to do some Legwork, they discover the store is sometimes used as an unofficial meeting place for members of the Red Sect.

THE FINAL DESTINATION

After leaving Deacon's Groceries, Gretz returns to his car and heads off toward the southeast. (If the party loses him at this point, the next time they pick him up, he heads here directly.) After a short drive, he stops at an abandoned property in Faubourg Marigny. There are several nearly warehouse-sized buildings

on the grounds, and the entire complex is surrounded by chain-link fencing. A No Trespassing sign at the single, locked gate designates the area as Hellstromme Industries property.

Gretz leaves his car and walks the fence line until he finds a spot where the fencing has been torn loose from a pole. He enters the grounds and quickly disappears among the buildings. A close tail isn't possible here as the area, while overgrown with weeds, simply doesn't provide any cover between the fence and the buildings.

If the heroes enter the property to look for Gretz's doppelganger, the creature spots them and slips away. At least for now, his trail goes cold at this point.

There appears to be little of interest in the complex. The buildings are stripped bare of any fixtures or furnishings. Several railroad tracks lead to and from the warehouses, perhaps indicating the area was once a refit or supply facility for a railroad.

As a side note, most of the Rail Barons used slightly different gauges for their track-laying. A sherlock with an unusually esoteric set of interests who specifically takes a measurement of the track widths and makes an Investigation roll at a library or museum discovers they match the gauge of the defunct Bayou Vermilion railroad. However, this isn't a clue the heroes are likely to just stumble across at random!

MODEL A TREASURE TROVE

The real find here is Gretz's Model A. A pile of papers sits in the passenger foot well, and the skinwalker, being a little oblivious to the finer points of human living, left the door unlocked. Sifting through the pile reveals three clues.

The first is a map of the city with several locations marked on it. Should the shamuses investigate these, they find each of them to be a property owned by Hellstromme Industries. Some are abandoned and some are in use, apparently as warehouses or storage facilities for industrial supplies. If an investigator thinks to ask, about half of the properties appear to either be, or have been at one time, connected to railroad tracks.

The second is a piece of paper torn from a small notebook. It has a name scrawled on it: Dr. V. Kettensäge, along with an address in the Garden District.

The third discovery comes while the gumshoes are sorting through the documents. A strong odor of decay hangs in the air near the roadster. Searching the area immediately around the vehicle turns up nothing, and the passenger compartment is empty. The hero who gets the highest total on a Notice roll realizes the stench is coming from the rumble seat of the car.

The seat is locked, but a Lockpicking roll opens it easily, as does a Strength roll (-2) assuming the character has a sturdy pry bar and is willing to leave obvious evidence of their presence. Wedged in the footwell is a naked, skinned human body that has obviously been sitting in the New Orleans heat for more than a few days. The decomposing corpse is enough to force a Fear test (-1) against nausea.

Closer examination reveals a horrendous slashing wound across its throat—likely the cause of death. Also, allow any strong-stomached detective a Notice roll to spot a gold tooth in the flayed corpse's permanent grin. (A hero who specifically examines the mouth finds this without a roll.) This confirms the body is that of Will Gretz.

DOCTOR KETTENSÄGE

The address found in Gretz's car leads the investigators to the Blessed Rest Retirement Home, an almost pastoral facility located in the Garden District. A receptionist greets them at the entrance, asking which resident they've come to visit. If they ask to speak to Dr. Kettensäge, she chuckles softly to herself and picks up a telephone. After a brief wait, she says, "Yes, can you have an orderly bring the doctor to the patio?"

She directs the characters through a set of French doors onto a brick patio surrounded by well-manicured hedges and flower bushes. Less than five minutes later, an elderly man sporting a surprisingly full moustache is wheeled out to meet them.

Doctor Kettensäge proves to be suffering from fairly advanced dementia and is more than a little difficult to interview. He mostly rambles on about encounters with various exotic creatures while the orderly condescendingly shakes his head. If any of the investigators mentions Gretz, however, the man briefly stops his ramblings to say, "Always the zombies, again..." but does not further elaborate. On the off-chance the characters actually mention Bayou Vermilion at this point, see Homework on page 92.

GRETZ'S WORK HISTORY

If the heroes found the smock in his apartment, they may think to ask whether he was previously employed at the rest home. The staff is reluctant to discuss it, but a Persuasion roll convinces one of the orderlies to talk. Gretz was an orderly at the Blessed Rest for a few months, but was dismissed after management began to suspect he was stealing medications.

Should one of the investigators ask about contact between Gretz and Kettensäge, the orderly remembers Gretz did spend an unusual amount of time with the

man. In fact, he often spent his breaks playing chess with the aging doctor.

CONTACT: DR. KETTENSÄGE

Dr. Kettensäge is a retired monster-hunter. He began his career shortly after the Reckoning in the late 1860s and continued for nearly 30 years until age sidelined him. His mind is no longer as clear as it once was, but he can prove to be a valuable asset to investigators who master communicating with him. In fact, it was the doctor who first told Gretz about LaCroix's reanimation fluid.

If a hero makes a Persuasion roll, she can keep him coherent long enough to grant a +2 to a Knowledge (Occult) roll. Playing chess helps him focus and grants a +2 to the Persuasion roll. Only one of each roll can be attempted per visit, however.

DEAD END

After the encounter at the abandoned rail facility, Gretz drops out of sight. No amount of digging or pounding the streets turns up any further information on him. Emma is mildly distraught, convinced something terrible has happened to her ex-boyfriend (especially if the gumshoes share the part about the dead body), but reluctantly ends the investigation for now.



DR. VIKTOR KETTENSÄGE

3) A CHANCE IN HELLSTROMME

A week or two after Gretz goes missing, the investigators get a visit from some “representatives” of the Black Hand. This encounter can occur at a character’s home or place of business, but the goons are careful to not make too public a spectacle of themselves...yet.

If Lombardi survived the first encounter, he’s the mouthpiece for the Black Hand. Otherwise, another Mafia capo does the talking.

“We told ya you was makin’ a big mistake meddlin’ in our business. If you’d a’ left well enough alone, we’d have been paid by now and all this would be over, but you had to stick your noses in where they didn’t belong. Now, we still want our money and Gretz ain’t nowhere to be found.”

“But we’re flexible, see. If Gretz ain’t gonna pay up, we figure—since you was so interested in his business—you can cover his debts too. His tab, plus the vig he ain’t been payin’, comes to 15 grand.”

The capo doesn’t really care how the characters respond, even if they tell him Gretz is dead. “That’s a shame, but his debt ain’t dead.” However, the Black Hand isn’t interested in a straight payoff, even if the heroes somehow have the money on hand.

“That shyster was onto somethin’ big. We know you’ve been digging around in it, so here’s the deal: You figure it out and turn over whatever he was after to us, and maybe we’ll call it even.”

The man allows no negotiation on the offer. If the group gets itchy trigger fingers, remind them defeating the Black Hand goons in a gun battle doesn’t help, because there are always more Black Hand gunmen where they came from!

Mafia soldier (1 per hero): Use the stats for Mafia Soldier on page 132. Armed with .38 revolvers (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6, RoF 1)



Mafia Capo: Use the stats for Mafia Capo on page 132. This guy carries a Hellstromme Hellfire and two extra magazines

CORPORATE ESPIONAGE

At some point not long after the Black Hand confrontation, the investigators are contacted by Andrew Leonhart, the manager of the New Orleans office of Hellstromme Industries. The office suffered an apparent break-in overnight and Leonhart wants the heroes to investigate it. He has not brought the incident to the attention of the authorities yet.

Leonhart claims he wants to handle the affair privately if possible to reduce any negative publicity for his employer—“Bad for the stock prices, old man.” Actually, Leonhart is aware that the gumshoes have been showing an unusual amount of attention to Hellstromme’s holdings in the city. He wants to get a feel for the characters’ interest and determine if they were involved in the break-in themselves.

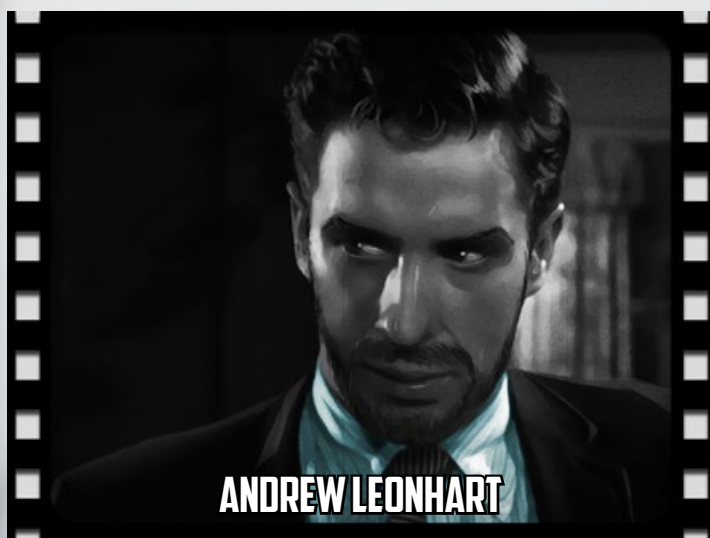
OFFICE WORK

Leonhart invites the investigators to the offices of Hellstromme Industries in the heart of the city’s central business district. The crime was limited to a single file room in the building. Leonhart remains with the heroes while they investigate but allows them access to the room. He also grants them permission to interview any employees with access—with his oversight, of course.

There is little evidence to be found in the file room. A Notice roll immediately determines entry was not forced, although Leonhart assures them the door is kept locked. The cabinets have been obviously pilfered and files litter the floor. While there are no obvious clues, any shamus scanning the files notices they seem to be unusual choices—over 40 years old in some cases, and many seem to deal mostly with real estate transactions. Leonhart confirms the room was an archive for older corporate records and that it might well be impossible to determine exactly what, if anything, the thief took.

Interviewing the employees, however, proves fruitful. Only a few had ready access to keys to the archives and all have easily confirmed alibis—except one: an accountant named Thomas Glauser. Glauser did not report for work today either.

Leonhart supplies an address for Glauser, should the party request it, and insists on visiting the man with them.



ANDREW LEONHART

LEFTOVERS

Glauser resides in a third-floor apartment uptown, not far from Tulane Avenue. During the trip over, possibly in a company car if the heroes have no vehicle of their own, Leonhart subtly tries to elicit information on their earlier interest in Hellstromme properties.

An elevator leads to his floor but his door is locked. A Lockpicking roll opens it easily; otherwise, the heroes need to score at least three successes on a Patter roll to convince the landlord to grant them access.

If the heroes think to interview the elevator operator, he tells them Glauser had a visitor yesterday evening (matching Gretz's description). Glauser left a few hours later and has not returned home; he never saw the visitor leave.

Inside, there is a peculiar odor of rot and a sharp coppery scent. A quick search of the three-room apartment reveals the source of both smells. A large, still-damp blood stain coats the bed. A Notice roll discovers a hideous mass of rapidly decaying skin pushed under the bed—and necessitates a Fear test (-2) to avoid nausea.

A hero with an iron stomach can stretch it out to find it is a complete skin, expertly removed, with only one long cut in the back. There is virtually no fresh blood on the skin either, likely indicating it isn't the source of the blood on the bed above. It has slicked, black hair and a neatly trimmed mustache on the empty face. Leonhart confirms it is not Glauser and has no idea who it is—or rather was. (It's Will Gretz, of course. The skinwalker left Gretz's body in the trunk of his Ford and wore his skin until he found Glauser. It then killed Glauser—hence the bloodstain—skinned and “wore” him, then stuffed Gretz's skin under the bed.)

There is nothing else of interest in the apartment, not even Glauser's wallet, should they look for it. At this point, Leonhart insists on involving the police: “Minor theft is one thing, but skinning a man...well, I think that's a police matter, don't you?”

Based on what he's seen, Leonhart is fairly convinced the heroes were not involved and asks that they send him a bill. Just in case, he continues to keep an eye on them.

BEHIND THE SCENES

The skinwalker, having reached nothing but dead-ends in its own investigation, took a direct approach to garnering more information. Last night it visited, and then killed Glauser to gain access to the Hellstromme archives, hoping to find a lead there. The excursion proved fruitless as well, which forces the Red Sect to take an even more aggressive approach...

4) A “FRIEND” IN NEED

Shortly after the Hellstromme Industries case, a man shows up on the investigators' doorstep—of their office if they have one, otherwise the home of the most easily recognized and accessible of the group. He's an unassuming chap with graying hair in his sideburns and looking more than a little bedraggled. If they obtained a description of Glauser, he fits the missing clerk to a tee.

Glauser is obviously nervous and insists on speaking with the investigators, but only “someplace safe.” As long as they take him anywhere but a street corner, he's easy to satisfy on this account. This is actually the skinwalker wearing Glauser's hide and looking to pump the party for information.

GLAUSER'S TALE

The party is likely to have some pretty serious questions about Glauser's survival. The skinwalker's story is that he heard someone monkeying with his door the night of his disappearance. He hid under the bed while the intruders searched his apartment.

There were several of them, and they had distinct Creole accents. They had a captive with them—someone named Gretz—whom they tortured horribly. They asked him several questions about what he was looking for and eventually murdered the poor man, but not before flaying him alive! The creature claims it passed out in horror when they shoved the man's skin under the bed beside him.

When he came to, the body was gone. He claims to suspect they took Gretz's body with them, no doubt for some unholy rite. Understandably shaken by the whole incident, he quickly discovered they'd taken his keys to the Hellstromme offices. Since then, he's been terrified they're still searching for him and has been living on the run.

If they ask how he learned of them, he claims to have seen them speaking with Leonhart. He guessed they were investigators of some sort and that they might be able to help him. (If the heroes are actually members of an investigative company, he mentions that as well.)

BAITING THE TRAP

To gain their confidence, the Glauser-thing volunteers to tell the gumshoes what he overheard while hiding under his bed. From what he learned, Gretz was involved in tracking down Hellstromme Industry properties. That's also apparently why the intruders were looking to gain access to the company's archives, to cross-check it against the list Gretz had compiled.

This is all probably old news to the group so the skinwalker provides one more tidbit. Whatever the men were looking for was apparently tied to an old company named Bayou Vermilion. He adds he's done a little digging himself and discovered that it used to be a fairly large railroad based in New Orleans.

The Glauser-thing then tries to find out what the party knows about Gretz's search. When it becomes obvious they're either stonewalling him or they don't know anything beyond what he tells them, the skinwalker says he thinks he might have found the key to the whole thing. Of course, he doesn't have it with him—"It's too dangerous to carry that information around!"—but he's willing to show it to them and see if they can make heads or tails out of it. He found it in an old warehouse owned by Hellstromme Industries near the docks. It's currently unoccupied and also where he's been hiding trying figure out what's going on.

The Glauser-thing offers to meet them there later that night. He insists that they travel separately though, and cautions them, "Make sure you're not followed."

THE RED SECT STRIKES

The skinwalker has nothing to reveal to the heroes. The warehouse meeting is an ambush by the Red Sect intended to eliminate any potential competition.

The warehouse is in the Warehouse District, adjacent to the docks. By the time they're to meet Glauser, there is very little traffic on the streets and the docks are largely abandoned for the night. In short, no witnesses.

Any preliminary scouting of the building reveals nothing out of the ordinary through the windows. As Glauser said, it appears to be unoccupied, although a number of file cabinets and crates can be seen in the shadows.

There's a dim light on over one of the doors to the building, which is where Glauser told them to enter. There are numerous other ways into the building as windows surround the lower floor and several other doors provide access. It doesn't matter how they enter the building, but only the lit door is unlocked.

Inside, the main floor occupies the first two stories of the building. Glauser waits atop a staircase leading to the offices on the upper floors of the warehouse and waves when he sees them (at Point A on the map). When the heroes are well into the building, the Red Sect makes its move.

A number of cultists spring up from hiding places inside the crates and open fire. The next round, a panel truck backs up to the door where the gumshoes entered

and a second to a door on the opposite side. Walkin' dead pour from each into the warehouse, followed by a tonton macoute!

The skinwalker, its role fulfilled, seeks to escape into the upper floors and out through a fire escape—but stays in character until it's out of sight. The rest of the Red Sect fights to the death, or in some cases death a second time.

Red Sect Cultists (2, plus 1 per hero): Use the stats for Cultist (page 131). Armed with .38 revolvers (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6, RoF 1) or sawed-off shotguns (Range 5/10/20, damage 1–3d6, RoF 1–2).

Walkin' Dead (2 per hero): Use the stats for Walkin' Dead (page 129). The undead are unarmed.



Tonton Macoute: Use the stats for Tonton Macoute (page 128). Armed with a machete (Str+d4).

WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARS

If the fight turns out to be too much for the heroes, a squad of New Orleans' Finest responds to the gunfire in time to save the heroes. The gumshoes are best served by vacating the joint before the cops get there. If they don't, they're in for at least a night in the slammer as their story is checked out.

If the police don't have to save their skins, give the investigators a few minutes to quickly search the building before the paddy wagon arrives. If the skinwalker escaped, they find a gloppy mess on the third floor where it shucked off Glauser's skin. Otherwise, they find nothing of interest. The file cabinets are not only empty, but even the insides of the drawers are covered in dust. There's also no sign that anyone has been living here, as the skinwalker claimed. It doesn't take a sleuth to add up the clues and figure out they were set up from the start.

To add insult to injury, when they finally get back to their office, home, or wherever they keep any records of their investigations, they find the place a shambles and one very cool customer waiting for them...

DAUTERIVE, TEXAS RANGER

A man in a black suit and cowboy hat is seated behind one of their desks (or on another piece of furniture if they're not in an office). "Maid's day off, I see," he says in a distinct Texan drawl. Before guns come out, he produces the distinctive circled star of a Ranger's badge and introduces himself as Sergeant Andrew Dauterive.

"I didn't have anything to do with this mess. Besides, I reckon you already got a full list of suspects, don't

you? You folks have been interactin' with some interesting people lately. The Black Hand, Hellstromme Industries, and now the Red Sect. Makes a man wonder what you've done to stir up all them hornets' nests. Nothin' illegal, I hope."

Dauterive knows the characters have been digging in the same ground that Gretz was prior to his disappearance. He plays dumb to any questions directed at him, claiming to not know Gretz or anything about Bayou Vermilion. He talks around the subject, but tries to learn if they know what Gretz was about.

He's canny with years of experience at his job, so he doesn't tip his hand. After dragging out as much information as he can, he tips his hat and bids the investigators a good day. The Ranger figures he's found his new errand boys, but wants to take a little time to plan his next move.



The investigators can enter from either of the doors. The Red Sect panel trucks pull up to points B and C. The tonton macoute is with the group at Point B.

5) HOMEWORK

By this point, the heroes have a number of threads to the mystery. A concerted effort following up on them leads to the heart of Gretz's secret. Rather than a specific encounter, this installment deals with the results of any investigation the gumshoes make into their collected clues.

Should you find your players stumped at any point as to how to proceed, Emma Ross can nudge them back on track with a suggestion, but as much as possible, let the investigators do their own thinking. The Black Hand hasn't lost its interest in the heroes' findings and is quite happy to flex a muscle to coerce their continued efforts.

HISTORY LESSON

A day of digging through newspapers at either the *Times-Picayune* or the main library and a successful Investigation roll produces some basic information on the Bayou Vermilion Railroad.

It rose to prominence during a period known as the Great Rail Wars during the late 1860s through the late 1870s or early 1880s. It was involved in a competition to win an exclusive government contract by being the first railroad to establish a link with the city of Lost Angels in California.

Bayou Vermilion lost the bid to Hellstromme Industries in the late 1870s, but bitter squabbling and fighting continued for some time after that. Eventually, the expenses took their toll on it and the railroad slowly crumbled under the weight of its debt. It began bankruptcy proceedings in 1899.

A raise on the roll finds numerous references in a lurid tabloid paper, the *Tombstone Epitaph*. Most of the articles have to do with wild claims that the railroad employed the undead to bolster the ranks of gunmen it hired to harass its competitors and protect its own workers.

LACROIX

The railroad was owned by Simone LaCroix, a Haitian immigrant. The papers make it clear "Simone" is male but he has a female first name. Most will assume this is a typo. It's not, but the story there isn't important to this tale (see *Deadlands the Weird West* if you're interested).

LaCroix arrived in New Orleans around the beginning of the Civil War and brought a fair amount of wealth with him from his home island. He was reputed to have had a hand in overthrowing the Union's occupation of

the city, but there is no explanation as to exactly what he did to help.

By the time of its bankruptcy, LaCroix had dropped out of sight. Although there were no official reports, rumors indicated he may have been killed or assassinated, possibly in conjunction with the ongoing fighting surrounding the railroads.

A raise on the roll uncovers more than a few articles in the *Tombstone Epitaph* tying LaCroix to many of the darker aspects of the practice of voodoo. At least one apparently well-researched article ties him directly to the beginnings of the Red Sect in New Orleans. Other, more sensational pieces level accusations against him for reanimating the dead.

DOCTOR'S VISIT

A second trip to see Kettensäge is more fruitful, provided the shamuses go armed with at least a little knowledge about Bayou Vermilion. Even mentioning the railroad gets the elderly gentleman's mind on the right track and keeps it there long enough for the heroes to learn a vital piece of information from him.

"Now they had zombies, let me tell you. Not those flash-in-the-pan ones those Johnny-come-latelies in the Red Sect use. They're lucky to keep one ambulatory for more than an hour or two.

"Old LaCroix had a way to make undead that stood the test of time. And he could produce them by the dozens. Some kind of elixir or something if I remember correctly. Gave him quite the unfair edge back in the day. The other railroads might put a bullet in a gunfighter one day only to face the same man — this time undead — the next!

"Oh, those were the days. It reminds me of a time..."

HITTING THE BOOKS

Simply reviewing Hellstromme Industries properties in the area reveals no new information. However, if the investigators think to look at who owned the land and buildings before Hellstromme, they find that all those on Gretz's lists were previously owned by Bayou Vermilion. An Investigation roll and half a day of poring over deeds and records of sale discovers all the properties on Gretz's lists were purchased in 1899. A raise on that roll tells the sleuths all were sold as part of Bayou Vermilion bankruptcy proceedings at the time.

BANKRUPT

The heroes have the most success directly researching the Bayou Vermilion bankruptcy files. These files are complex and comprehensive, but poorly indexed and

correlated. Simply getting a handle on the massive amount of information contained therein requires an initial Investigation roll that requires two hours. This roll can be retried as often as needed.

There are two major areas the heroes can research: the list of all land seized and sold at auction (as well as the buyers), and all additional goods sold either individually or with the land. Each subsequent Investigation roll to collect information requires eight hours of research or four hours with a raise. As above, these rolls can be retried until the investigators succeed, although each attempt takes another eight hours, or four with a raise.

Land Records: The list of lands sold contains all those they found in Gretz's apartment and those researched by the skinwalker. Most were purchased by Hellstromme Industries, but some were bought by other firms. Four hours and an Investigation roll reveals that the other companies which bought land are actually Hellstromme subsidiaries. (At your option, there may be more lands as well—also purchased by Hellstromme Industries or its subsidiaries—but they too are effectively dead ends.)

A gumshoe who makes a Notice roll while checking the list of properties spots an interesting inconsistency on the last page of the property master list. The typeface is slightly different than that of the rest. Should they address this with a staff member, see **Rewriting History** below.

Record of Goods: In addition to the land records, there is a comprehensive inventory of all non-real property liquidated in the sale. This list is exhaustive and mind-numbing in the minutiae it contains. However, an investigator who scours it looking for any items with a count equal exactly to 52 (the number on the notepad from Gretz's apartment) finds only one category that matches that amount: Chemicals (Medicinal), listed by barrels.

These are all cross-referenced as either sold individually (to Hellstromme Industries) or as part and parcel of a property sale—all also sold to Hellstromme Industries. A quick check of the numbers reveals that four barrels are unaccounted for in the records.

REWRITING HISTORY

A staff member who reviews the apparently altered property list studies it for a moment and then says, "This appears to have been performed shortly after the initial inventory, but before the sale. Although rare, such adjustments do occur if the holdings are officially seized, say in conjunction with outstanding taxes or in the case of eminent domain. That's most likely the

case here. I'd suggest checking the tax records for that year."

An Investigation roll and four hours examining the tax records shows there were no seizures from Bayou Vermilion for delinquency during that year. Searching for eminent domain claims takes longer and requires checking civil court documents. A hero who spends four hours and makes a successful Investigation roll finds that a piece of Bayou Vermilion property was claimed under eminent domain in 1899.

The city seized the land to use as drainage for water pumped from expansion for new land development. The property lies east of the Industrial Canal, in an area bordering on an expanse of bayous. A check of land records provides the sherlocks with a fairly exact location for the old Bayou Vermilion facility.

This is the big clue that leads them to **Part 6: Down on the Bayou**, when they're ready.

6) DOWN ON THE BAYOU

Once the shamuses have some idea of what they're looking for and where it is, Dauterive comes knocking again. Convinced they're in deep enough now that his hands are clean if the whole deal goes south, he makes his strong-arm pitch.

"You couldn't leave well enough alone, could you? Well, you've done so much digging now that even a blind man could follow the dirt to the bottom of the hole. And to top it off, you've gotten both the Black Hand and the Red Sect riled up."

If they don't already know the story behind what's in the missing barrels, Dauterive explains the basics to them. He tells the heroes they're in way over their heads and that the reanimation fluid would be a hot commodity for the Black Hand. In the wake of the casualties of the Great War, a way to "recycle" soldiers would be very valuable to any number of customers. The Red Sect, on the other hand, would love to have the means to quickly reinforce its own ranks in the city.

"And you folks went and found it for them. Well, now we're going to have to clean this mess up." He pretends to be grudgingly willing to help them, but they've got to help themselves first. The Ranger tells them to confirm that they've found the missing barrels. Once they're sure they've got the real deal, he tells them to get back in touch with him, providing a number to his office.

INTO THE SWAMP

The abandoned Bayou Vermilion property lies back in the swamps to the east of the city. A study of any

map makes it obvious why it was chosen as a drainage location. Although only a few miles outside the city limits, it's in a wilderness area and already surrounded by wetlands.

A rail spur once led to it but the tracks are now likely underwater. Getting there with dry shoes requires hiring a boat. A simple Streetwise roll (no Legwork needed) finds an available guide, Kurt Schneider. Schneider knows the bayous as well as any Cajun, but is a bit more gregarious. He offers to take the investigators into the swamps for a mere \$5—and the right to bag any game they come across.

Schneider has a moderately sized, if somewhat questionable in appearance, airboat capable of carrying up to six, counting himself.

The trip out is largely uneventful. Schneider soon locates the remains of the spur and follows it as much as possible. He has to take frequent detours to circumvent patches of muddy ground, stands of cypress trees, or thickets of underbrush. The water is brackish and often covered with a layer of duckweed or plankton. It's impossible to see anything beneath the surface.

Along the way, Schneider regales the group with hunting stories (regardless of their wishes). He also mentions in passing a decades-old legend about "Old Saul," an enormous gator said to haunt the eastern swamps. The hunter mourns the fact he never had a chance at the creature, since old age must have claimed it years ago.

BAYOU IN THE SWAMP

After an hour or so, a large, slightly irregular shape looms behind the trees ahead. As they draw closer, the heroes see it is a partially collapsed brick building, two stories in height. From the remains of several pieces of rusted machinery and a freight car partially

submerged in the muck nearby, it seems to have been a repair facility of some sort.

The freight car's doors stand open, and it's empty of anything except a foot of water and a mess of hopping bullfrogs. The lower floor of the building is flooded to a depth of three feet, making any exploration a wet and messy affair. Another rail car sits inside the building, covered in rubble from a collapsed wall. Rotted crates of various sizes float through the muck. The nearest freight door on the car is closed, forcing the heroes to delve deeper into the ruin to explore its contents. Schneider opts to remain with his boat, hoping to catch a shot at a game animal while the group searches.

DEAD, BUT NOT GONE!

Other than water and mud, nothing besets the adventurers as they wade through the ruin. A rusted but formidable padlock seals the freight door nearest their entry, but more wading shows them the other side is open. As they approach, they can see the floor of the car is high enough that less than a foot of water sits inside. Once inside the opening, the investigators can't help but notice a pile of something soft and spongy under the water near the door.

The flooded building has become a nest for the legendary Old Saul Schneider spoke of. The gator has grown to enormous size over the years, and it's had a little help surviving this long. The investigators have indeed discovered the location of the last four barrels of LaCroix's fluid.

A wall fell years ago, crushing one the end of the freight car containing the barrels. The gator cracked one of the barrels with a swipe of its tail, and the liquid leaked into the waters inside the building.

An unpleasant side effect of this is Old Saul is now an undead giant alligator! Worse, he's been stuffing his victims under the debris around the car to rot. LaCroix's fluid short-circuited his seasoning attempts, and now there are several bloats jammed under the car, waiting for a reason to stir.

With a roar, the gator surges out of the car to attack. Simultaneously, the bloats rise, grabbing at the nearest victims! Fear tests are appropriate at this point—as is a check for surprise.

Both the gator and the bloats fight to the bitter end. If the fight starts to turn too badly against the characters, Schneider can lend a hand with his rifle.

Kurt Schneider: Use the stats for Cajun Hunter (page 130). Armed with a lever-action rifle (Range 24/48/96, Damage 2d8, RoF 1, AP 2) and knife (Str+d4).

Bloats (1 per hero): See the stats for Bloat (page 119).





OLD SAUL

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d4, Strength d12, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d6, Swimming d8

Pace: 3; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 16 (2)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +2:** Thick skin.
- **Aquatic:** Pace 5.
- **Bite:** Str+d6.
- **Fear -1:** Anyone seeing this enormous zombie gator must make a Fear test at -1.
- **Large:** Attackers may add +2 to any attack roll against Old Saul due to his size.
- **Rollover:** If Old Saul hits with a raise, it causes an extra 2d4 damage as it rolls over and over with its flailing victim trapped in its vice-like jaws.
- **Size +5:** Old Saul is over 20 feet long.
- **Undead:** +2 Toughness. +2 to recover from being Shaken. Called shots do no extra damage (except to the head).
- **Weakness (Head):** Shots to Old Saul's head (-4 called shot) do +2 additional damage, for a total of +6.

AFTERMATH

Assuming they don't end up stuffed under Old Saul's den to rot, the characters can spot four barrels in the rubble at the collapsed end of the car. In a twist of fate, the rubble actually kept three of the barrels out of the water. One, as noted, has a sizable crack in it and has leaked its contents. The other three, however, are undamaged and full.

Getting to the barrels is an exercise in squirming and contortionism, requiring an Agility roll (-2) to even reach the nearest. Actually removing them from the crushed rail car requires some heavy-duty equipment, possibly even a crane. Each barrel has over 50 gallons of the liquid in it and weighs about one-quarter of a ton. For now, the heroes are probably best leaving them in their resting place.

If any of the heroes should die in the encounter, see the sidebar **Toxic Spill** on page 98.

**"I'M GONNA MAKE YOU BLEED OUT
SO MANY HOLES THE VAMPIRES
WILL THINK YOU'RE A BUFFET..."**

—Jean Laveaux, Bokkor

7) A NEAT LITTLE PACKAGE

Once they've confirmed the presence of LaCroix's reanimation fluid, there are several ways your group may choose to play out their hand.

THE COPPERS

If they contact Dauterive, the Ranger suggests the investigators put word on the streets where it will get to the ears of both the Black Hand and the Red Sect that they've found the last of LaCroix's stash and are looking to make a deal. He tells them to set it up as an auction, with the highest bidder getting the goods. Since each gang wants the barrels, he reasons, involving both at the same time pits one against the other. If one tries to make a strong-arm play to grab the barrels, the other will be there to stop them.

As for the location, Dauterive insists it be held at the abandoned Bayou Vermilion facility in the swamp. This is nice and out of the way, allowing him to set an ambush without endangering any innocent citizens. He has the authority to recruit troopers from the State Patrol, but only for a short time, one night at most. Dauterive adds that the more officers he pulls—and the longer he has them—the more likely one of them will tip off the Black Hand or Red Sect.

If they try to just turn it over to him, the Ranger does everything he can to avoid accepting it. He says it won't fix their problems with the criminal organizations—and it won't—but he really wants to use it for bait for a career-making arrest. In return, he offers to leak a story that the shamuses were set up along with the criminals to get them off the hook once it's all settled out.

MAKING A SALE

Whether they do it on Dauterive's recommendation or come up with the idea themselves, the heroes may decide to throw the fluid on the auction block. They may try to start a bidding war, like the Ranger suggested, or they might simply go to one or the other—or even shop around a little.

It's not difficult for the heroes to spread the word in the right places. If any of the investigators have Connections in either the Black Hand or the Red Sect, they can use them. Otherwise, a night of visiting the right bars and clubs along with a Streetwise roll suffice to make sure both groups get the word. There's no need for Legwork here.

Regardless of which route they choose, both gangs catch wind of the offer. Dauterive also has his ear to the ground and learns of the plan.

KEEP IT SECRET

The third possible option is that they decide to cover up the find. This may mean anything from simply keeping it under wraps to actually destroying the fluid. In the end, this is probably the most morally commendable solution, but it still leaves them in a sticky situation with both the Black Hand and the Red Sect.

You might have to improvise a bit if they choose this route, but keep in mind that while the Red Sect might back off if the gumshoes can prove the fluid's no longer in existence, they're still going to hold a bit of a grudge. The Black Hand, however, has no intention of forgetting the "debt" the heroes inherited.

THE GANGS ARE ALL HERE

If the heroes plan to try to sell the barrels, any prospective buyer demands to see the goods before they spread the cash. This, of course, means another trip into the swamp. Managing this is going to take a little flexibility on your part, but ultimately, the end result is the same.

No matter how they arranged the initial buy, every major player has caught wind of it by the time it goes down. Whether it's due to an extensive network of informants or just retracing the party's steps over the last week or so, each faction manages to show up at the old Bayou Vermilion site right about the time the deal is about to be made, although the order of their arrival varies depending on the detectives' actions.

THE COPPERS

If Dauterive is in on the deal, he and his flying squad are already in place when the gumshoes and their prospective buyers arrive. Otherwise, the Ranger has to play catch up, using both surveillance and some investigation of his own to find the place. If they've kept him out of the loop, feel free to have Dauterive and his men arrive when it best suits the story. They can save the characters' bacon if everything starts to go south, or the Ranger can arrive to do clean-up duty—and claim the official credit—if the group can handle the firefight on their own.



Dauterive: Use the stats for Texas Ranger (page 133). Dauterive is armed with a BAR (Range 30/60/120, Damage 2d8, RoF 2, AP 2) and a .45 automatic (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, RoF 1, AP 1), 2 spare BAR magazines, and 2 spare .45 pistol magazines.

State Patrol Trooper (5): Use the stats for Police Officer (page 132). Each is armed with a LeMat Patrolman (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1 or Range 5/10/20, Damage 1-3d6, RoF 1), 18 spare .357 rounds, 5 spare shotgun shells. Dauterive's men are allied Extras.

THE BLACK HAND

The gangsters have paid informants all over the city and keep a close watch on the investigators' actions if they're not brought in on the sale from the start. If left out, they have to make do with snitches and a few tails, losing the scent shortly after the heroes enter the swamp. Once the shooting starts, they home in quickly and arrive within a few rounds, guns blazing.

Black Hand Soldiers (2, plus 1 per hero): Use the stats for Mafia Soldier (page 132). Half are armed with Tommy guns (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, RoF 3, AP 1) and the rest with .38 revolvers (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6, RoF 1) and switchblades (Str+d4). Each has two full reloads of ammunition.



Black Hand Lieutenant (1): Use the stats for Mafia Capo (page 132). Armed with a Luger pistol (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6, RoF 1).

THE RED SECT

The Red Sect trusts in reports from its members, augmented by some black magic. They've also got an ace in the hole. One of the Black Hand's members has been replaced by the party's old friend, the skinwalker. If left out of the deal, they're able to find the ruins only five rounds after the other participants arrive, regardless of whether fighting has broken out yet or not.

Red Sect Cultists (1 per hero): Use the stats for Cultist (page 131). Half (round down) are armed with pump shotguns (Range 12/24/48, Damage 1-3d6, RoF 1) and 25 shells, while the others carry .38 revolvers (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6, RoF 1).



Red Sect Houngan (1): Use the stats for Bokkor (page 130).

SHOOTOUT IN THE SWAMP

If the heroes stuck to the plan, Dauterive and his men spring their ambush as soon as both groups are present.

If the investigators are working alone and brought only a single group to make the buy, as soon as they're able to confirm the gumshoes are selling the real deal, the gangsters attack. If both the Red Sect and Black Hand are present, but Dauterive was somehow left out of the loop, allow the heroes to negotiate a price.

The bidding starts at \$5,000, but escalates quickly up to \$10,000.

If the bidding goes on until Leonhart's special delivery (see sidebar), the automaton arrives with a splash and a hail of gunfire. Otherwise, once the bid goes above \$10,000, the Red Sect attacks, having reached the limit of its funds. The skinwalker erupts out of its disguise on the first round, triggering Fear checks.

In either case, surprise checks are necessary.

Don't be afraid to pull out all the stops here. This is meant to be the climactic fight and end piece to the tale. It's going to get bloody.

Facing all the factions might seem like a death sentence to the heroes, but remember, the Black Hand and the Red Sect (and the automaton, if you decided to up the ante) are all fighting for themselves and there's no reason for them to join forces. In fact, they're probably more likely to focus on each other than a bunch of private dicks in way over their heads!

To reflect this, whenever one of those groups draws a red card from the Action Deck, allow the players to choose targets for those characters as if they were allied Extras. The goons won't shoot their comrades, make suicidal attacks, surrender, or otherwise act against their own self-interest, but they gladly throw lead at their rivals!

AFTERMATH

Assuming the heroes win the day, Dauterive holds up his end of the bargain—even if the shamuses turned him down. Within days, the rumor filters through the underworld that the Rangers pulled off a major bust, taking down elements of the Black Hand and the Red Sect. The word on the street is that the investigators got caught up in it, but after some fancy lawyer pulled a few strings, they got off. This satisfies all the interested parties—especially if Dauterive took charge of the remaining barrels.

Even Leonhart isn't willing to cross the Rangers. At least not openly, at any rate.

The gumshoes find themselves back where they started and probably down a few bucks as well. There's no reward, of course. The Confederacy doesn't even acknowledge the existence of the barrels, much less the recovery. Dauterive does wrangle a promotion out of the deal. And he doesn't forget the characters' involvement—or that they know where some of the bodies are buried.

SPECIAL DELIVERY

If you think your hardboiled adventurers might have too easy of a time with the final battle, you can throw a little extra monkey into the wrenches, so to speak.

Unknown to the investigators, Leonhart has also got wind of their auction. While he has no interest in purchasing the liquid (Hellstromme long ago cracked the formula), he knows his employer would like to keep a lid on it. Although the Rangers and their northern counterparts have figured out the dark secret of the automatons, it remains a mystery to the public at large—and Hellstromme's competitors.

Leonhart has no intention of involving his employer in anything so crass as an auction with common gutter criminals. He does have every intention of breaking up the sale, though. A gyrocopter combs the swamp as the auction begins, its pilot equipped with infrared goggles so he can spot heat signatures. Within 2d6 rounds of the arrival of the last gang, the aircraft flies low overhead and drops an automaton into the middle of the battle, its fall cushioned by the water and mud. The automaton's instructions are to kill everyone and destroy the barrels, self-destructing if necessary.

Automaton (1): Use the stats for Automaton (page 118). This automaton is carrying the standard machine gun for armament.



CONTACT: LIEUTENANT DAUTERIVE

Once the investigators complete the Plot Point Campaign, if Dauterive ends up getting to make a big collar and puts his hands on LaCroix's fluid, he becomes a contact for the heroes. And having a Texas Ranger to call on from time to time is never a bad thing.

Exactly what the Ranger can do for the party is ultimately up to you and the needs of your campaign. For example, he can occasionally flex his muscles and help the shamuses get off from minor criminal charges. He won't divulge state secrets or much about the supernatural, but he might provide backup if they find themselves facing a powerful, unnatural threat.

It's also possible Dauterive might even send some cases their way...although this isn't always a good thing!

TOXIC SPILL

The stagnant water in the old rail facility is polluted by reanimation fluid from the broken barrel. Any Extra Incapacitated in the fight comes back in 1d4 rounds as a walkin' dead. Lacking any sorcerous or technological control, the undead creatures attack former friends and foes alike, usually relying on their claws over any more sophisticated weapon.

A Wild Card who dies in the contaminated water draws five extra cards to determine if she comes back Harrowed. If she does, the manitou is in control for the rest of the scene. If she doesn't get Harrowed, she rises as a walkin' dead like an Extra.

Previously undead and construct creatures don't get reanimated a second time.

"KINDA...DEAD, AREN'T YOU?"

"YOU SHOULD SEE THE OTHER GUY..."

—Nate Braddock, Editor of the *Tombstone Epitaph*;
to Ray Deville, (Former) Prize Fighter

SAVAGE TALES

This chapter contains a number of Savage Tales, mini-adventures ready for you to insert into *Red Harvest*!

⬠ When you see the pentagram symbol in the text elsewhere in this book, it means there's a Savage Tale associated with that location.

Each Savage Tale also has a listing for its Hook, which tells you where you can find the locale with which it's associated. This will help you find adventures that begin in, or take your heroes to, certain areas of the city.

Look over the adventure briefly before you run it. None of the Savage Tales in this chapter require any preceding events before you can run them, but all of them can be expanded upon to form lengthier investigations. You can also use the Case Generator to add additional details to these Savage Tales—more clues or even a twist.

THE AXEMAN COMETH

Hook: Office of the *Tombstone Epitaph* (p. 63)

Back on the first night of the Reckoning, a Confederate surgeon went on a killing spree in the hospital tents at Gettysburg, slaughtering the wounded and infirm. The madman became known as the Butcher, but it wasn't the surgeon who was really responsible. It was his scalpel, an artifact that cursed its wielder with an insatiable blood lust.

Over the years, the scalpel resurfaced from time to time to compel a new owner to commit—or at least attempt—similar massacres. The Rangers managed to get their hands on the blade once or twice, but somehow it always managed to find its way free. The last incident occurred in New Orleans back during the Great War.

During 1918 and 1919, an unknown killer broke into the homes of his victims and murdered them, usually in their beds. Although he was called “the Axeman,” he performed most of his killings with a razor or other sharp blade, often severing the heads of his victims—and occasionally taking a piece or two with him. The police never solved those crimes, but they did eventually secure the scalpel in their evidence room.

The department has moved its headquarters twice since then, and as luck would have it, a sloppy clerk overlooked the box containing the blade in the last move. Sadly, one of the derelicts looking for a dry place to sleep in the old HQ stumbled across the blade last night.

Drunken hobos don't make the best candidates for serial killers, even when armed with a mythical weapon of pure evil. The NOPD gunned him down in the middle of his second murder. He was taken to Charity Hospital, where the surgeon on duty, Dr. Robert Dyreson, was unable to save his life—but he did find the scalpel still clutched in the dying man's hand.

Surgeons, on the other hand, are the scalpel's favorite owners. The Axeman has returned to New Orleans.

RELIC: THE BUTCHER'S SCALPEL

This cursed weapon (Str+d8) transforms its wielder into a murderer capable of the most horrific deeds. (He also becomes a Wild Card if he wasn't already.)

When the scalpel is in control, it demands midnight killings for three days in a row before letting the host resume control of his body. If possible, the wielder also makes off with the victim's head and extremities, to be fashioned into walkin' heads. Once done with a killing spree, the scalpel does not usually demand another for a month. The artifact understands it is not invincible. In the past, it tended to keep its owner on the move to avoid capture, but New Orleans has proven to be such a ripe killing ground that it's decided to stay.

Powers: While transformed into the Butcher (which happens only at night), the user has a Pace of 10 and rolls a d8 for Running. He gains two steps to each of his Attribute dice, as well as 3 steps to Fighting and Stealth. Plus, he can only be harmed by bladed weapons. Additionally, the user gains the following Special Abilities: Fear (–2), Fearless, Improved Frenzy, Size (+1), and Wall Walker (Pace 6).

The scalpel can make and give orders to any walkin' heads (see page 101) it has created. If the wielder loses the scalpel, the blade can control them on its own.

Taint: Each night, the scalpel psychically compels its owner to pick it up. To resist, the owner must roll Spirit opposed by the scalpel's Spirit d10. If he fails, he picks up the blade. Each time a target holds the blade's bare handle at night, he gains all the powers of the scalpel and falls under its control. If he wins this opposed roll, he resists the pull and nothing happens.

Each failed struggle for control gives the wielder a cumulative –1 for any future attempts to fend off the scalpel's attempts at control, up to a maximum penalty of –6.

The scalpel is dormant in the daytime, but not powerless. Once picked up, it cannot be put down voluntarily or disposed of without succeeding on an opposed Spirit roll. Even then, once night falls, it tries for dominance again.

If the scalpel is taken from its owner, his transformation into the Butcher fades. This isn't as easy as it might sound. The scalpel is small and the Butcher is strong. Disarm attempts work as usual.

The scalpel itself has a Toughness of 12—anything that snaps the scalpel's blade destroys it forever.

ON THE JOB

Nate Braddock, editor for the local office of the *Tombstone Epitaph*, noticed some disturbing similarities between a particularly gruesome murder that occurred last month and a series of them committed about two decades ago by someone known only as the Axeman. Digging through the *Epitaph's* oldest issues, he found reports of similar killings back through history, beginning at the massacre in Gettysburg.

Braddock smells a story but knows better than to risk his own reporters on something this dangerous. So he hires the heroes to solve the crime—and give him the scoop.



He tells the gumshoes about a grisly murder that took place in Tremé. The victim's head, hands, and feet were removed by the killer. He also fills them in on the basics of the Axeman killings from years ago.

The police records are confidential, but a Persuasion roll (–2) or Connections (Police) gets the heroes access. The file confirms Braddock's account, but they also note that the police took custody of a scalpel, the suspected murder weapon, at the last scene. The scalpel is not with the rest of the files, nor is it in the evidence locker. Paperwork in the file indicates the last place it was accounted for was in the old police headquarters in Mid-City.

Digging into the more recent killings, an Investigation roll discovers other news stories indicating that more than one murder has occurred matching the Axeman's

M.O. The first was the one Braddock noted, but others took place the next two nights, all in the Mid-City and Tremé area. Neither the papers nor the police have made the connection to the Axeman (at least not openly).

WHERE IT ALL BEGAN

Eventually, the investigators are left with no additional clues besides retracing the first murder in the recent series. Newspaper accounts—and the police report if they got access—indicate it took place at the old police headquarters on Tulane.

The headquarters still has a few city offices maintained, so it's open to the public during the day, but its empty hallways and rooms echo with the heroes' footsteps. The crime occurred in the basement, and it takes only a few minutes to find an access stairway down.

The basement is large, labyrinthine, and largely unlit. Until recently, it was home to a number of homeless citizens, but now it is ominously empty. After a few tense moments searching the shadowy halls, the investigators find a room marked "Evidence." A month-old crime scene label on the door has been neatly sliced and the door stands partly ajar.

Inside, a few cardboard boxes sit on the ground, their contents scattered around the room. Old blood stains are splattered across the papers, walls, and floor. On the ground is a scuffed chalk outline of a body—its head separated from the torso by over a yard.

Searching through the debris discovers an evidence tag marked as belonging to a scalpel. The case number identifies it as recovered in connection with the Axeman cases in 1919. The scalpel is nowhere to be found.

Before the gumshoes can devote much time to contemplation, a sound from the doorway alerts them to a new presence. A group of walkin' heads, left by the Butcher, scuttles out of the shadows to attack!

Once they dispatch the disgusting appendages, a cursory examination (because who would want to do more?) reveals a few insights. First, none of the body parts appear to have been crudely hacked off; all the incisions were made with remarkable precision. Second, the pieces are stitched together with a polyester thread—surgical thread to be exact. Any hero can make a Common Knowledge (–2, unless he's a doctor), Knowledge (Medicine), or Healing roll to realize this.

Further search of the basement allows a Notice roll. Any gumshoe who succeeds finds a bloody pair of latex gloves—similar to the type used by surgeons—discarded in a dark corner.

Walkin' Heads (2 per hero): See below.

WALKIN' HEADS

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit 4, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d8, Intimidation d6, Stealth d8

Pace: 4; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 6

Special Abilities:

- **Bite/Claw:** Str+d4
- **Fear:** Anyone seeing one of these disgusting creations must make a Fear check)
- **Size -2:** These creatures are the size of a human head.
- **Small:** Attackers subtract 2 from attempts to hit.
- **Undead:** +2 Toughness; +2 to recover from Shaken; no additional damage from Called Shots (except to head); immune to disease and poison.
- **Weakness (Head):** Called shots to the abomination's head are +2 damage for a total of +6.

THE DOCTOR IS IN

With the clues they've found in the basement, hopefully the heroes should begin to suspect someone from the hospital. Checking with either the police report or the hospital desk tells them that Dr. Robert Dyreson was the attending physician on the original murderer. A Streetwise roll locates one of the attending nurses who recalls the homeless man, whom she describes as an "hulking, unholy monster" somehow had a scalpel still clutched in his hand when he was brought in. Once he was sedated, Dr. Dyreson took the scalpel, but she doesn't recall what happened to it after that.

The doctor works the evening shift. The investigators can set up surveillance on him to confirm any suspicions. If they do, they get to witness him transform into the Butcher in the wee morning hours. Left unmolested, he commits another murder that night—and the night after if they're particularly slow in acting.

On the other hand, confronting him directly causes him to reflexively reach into his pocket for the blade. This also transforms him into the monster, and he doesn't hesitate to attack his accusers. The cursed scalpel would rather escape than be captured though, so if an opportunity presents itself, Dyreson bolts for freedom.

If cornered, the crazed surgeon fights until he is either killed or the party somehow separates him from the scalpel, at which point he collapses to the floor, overcome by the horrendous deeds he committed while under the blade's influence.

The law doesn't recognize possession by an evil surgical instrument as a defense in court, unfortunately—but the Texas Rangers do. They take

custody of both Dr. Dyreson, if he survived, and the scalpel.



THE BUTCHER

Under the influence of the scalpel, Dr. Dyreson turns into a monstrous humanoid with supernatural abilities. He is a brutal killer who works his carnage with an inhuman glee.

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

Skills: Fighting d10, Notice d8, Stealth d10

Pace: 10; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 8

Special Abilities:

- **Fear (-2):** The Butcher's yellow eyes, and wide smile filled with sharp teeth, provoke a Fear check (-2) from all who see them.
- **Fearless:** The Butcher is immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- **Immunity:** The Butcher is harmed only by edged weapons.
- **Improved Frenzy:** The Butcher makes two Fighting attacks per round without suffering a multi-action penalty.
- **Scalpel:** Str+d8.
- **Size +1:** Transformed, Dyreson stands a head taller than a man.
- **Wall Walker:** Pace 6. The Butcher scales even sheer surfaces like a loathsome spider.
- **Weakness (Scalpel):** If the scalpel is somehow removed from Dyreson's hand—or his hand removed from his body—he transforms back into human form.

A TASTE OF THE GOOD STUFF

Hook: Bucket of Blood Saloon (p. 70)

The Black Hand has grown tired of the Irish Channel gangs cutting them out of the action in that neighborhood. The Bucket of Blood has always been viewed as neutral ground by the Irish Channel street gangs. The gangsters have bribed one of the bartenders at Bozeman's saloon to slip some spook juice into the joint to get the paying customers doped enough to mix it up and get a full-blown gang war going. Then the Black Hand can just swoop in and clean up the mess.

MOPPING UP BLOOD

After a couple of explosive and suspicious brawls take place, Brett Bozeman hires the sleuths to save the day before all Hell breaks loose in his bar. The owner tells them fights have been breaking out between gang members the last few days. Last night, he found a member of the Crowbar Gang beaten to death in his

alley. If pressed, he didn't call the cops, but moved the body to Crowbar turf to avoid stirring up further trouble.

Bozeman is pretty sure someone is trying to get his place busted up—or start a gang war in the Channel. The obvious culprit would be the Black Hand, but he can't figure out how they're doing it—or why they're picking on his joint.

Initially, the usual methods come up short. No clues leap out at the investigators and Legwork doesn't turn up anything either. If they run out of ideas, Bozeman suggests they hang out in the Bucket and keep an eye on things during the evening. At the very least, they can help keep a lid on any trouble that rolls in.

That night, a couple of members of the Ninth Street Rowdies visit. Glares are exchanged, but no one tries to start anything. That is until about 10 p.m. Suddenly, one of the Rowdies stands up, overturns his chair, and attacks his companion, roaring at the top of his lungs. Any hero making a Notice roll sees the man's shirt tearing along his arms and back as he flexes tremendous muscles.

The man has become a Hyde. He kills his companion in a fit of rage and proceeds to tear up the bar unless the heroes intervene.

Gang Member: Use the stats for Thug (page 133). Armed with a switchblade (Str+d4).

Hyde: Use the stats for Hyde (page 123).



SPIKED PUNCH

After the fight, the gumshoes can follow up on what caused it. There was no indication of trouble and, if he's still alive/conscious, the normal gang member swears he and his partner were the best of friends. The transformed member was drinking whisky, while his companion stuck to beer.

The whisky bottle is on the table. A hero making a Notice roll (or who specifically examines the bottle) sees the label is beginning to peel off. Bozeman, or a liquor aficionado in the group who samples the whisky, notes a strange aftertaste. A Knowledge (Chemistry) or Common Knowledge roll (-2) identifies the distinct aroma and flavor of ghost rock in the alcohol, sometimes called "red rum."

Bozeman swears he doesn't serve red rum at his bar for exactly this reason. The bartender at this point attempts to slip out, but a Notice roll spots him. Their client tells the shamuses to put the screws to the man.

Interrogation attempts using Intimidation receive a +2 bonus; Bozeman has a reputation as a violent man when roused. With three successes on an Interrogation

attempt, he claims the Black Hand forced him to replace the regular liquor with the spook juice. With five successes, he admits they paid him \$200 to do so.

Once the traitorous bartender comes clean, Bozeman tells the group he'll clean up the mess. If they leave, the bartender (and the Hyde, if he was killed) is never heard from again. If they refuse and involve the police, word gets out that the Mafia was trying to muscle in on the neighborhood. The Black Hand backs off from the Channel for at least a few months.

DEAD MEN DON'T FORGIVE

Hook: Thomas & Sons Charter Fishing (p. 69)

Lou Thomas, owner of a small charter fishing business, approaches the heroes for help. Earlier today he arrived at his office to find a single black rose tacked to his door along with a note saying, "You've got two days to raise \$10,000. You know where to leave it."

The note was unsigned and he claims to have no idea who sent it to him. Thomas says he assumes the rose is some sort of Black Hand symbol or the like. There are no witnesses and an examination of the pavement in front of Thomas' office door finds footprints of dried mud, but these eventually peter out, leading nowhere.

THE BLACK ROSE

The only clue of any significance is the single black rose. No amount of examination reveals anything of note other than the fact the rose appears to have been dyed black—so it could have been purchased nearly anywhere.

Some Legwork turns up the fact that a corpse recently turned up in an alley behind the Maison Rouge club in Storyville. The victim, Nicky Slind, had his throat cut from ear to ear and a black rose stuck in his lapel. Following up on Slind reveals he was a down-on-his-luck gambler. He was a chronic debtor, but he used to run with Emile Doucet, now the owner of the Maison Rouge. Doucet is connected pretty tightly with the Black Hand.

THE MAISON ROUGE

The Maison Rouge is a small drinking establishment trying very hard to be more respectable than it is. A pair of bouncers screens any visitors asking about Doucet, providing an excellent opportunity for the investigators to practice their Patter.

Once the characters get to speak with him, he initially admits only that Slind was an occasional visitor to his club, running up a tab he never quite managed to pay off. The investigators can interrogate him in an attempt

to get more information, with Persuasion garnering a +2 bonus. Intimidation is doomed to failure as he's in pretty tight with the Black Hand, and he knows they have his back in any real fight.

With at least three successes, he admits he, Slind, and a couple of other guys knocked over a freelance bootlegger's boat called the *Black Rose*. He's received a black rose himself, but is counting on his Mob ties to keep him safe. If the investigation takes more than two days, Doucet turns up dead as well, his throat slit like Slind's.

OKAY, SPILL IT

A trip to the harbormaster's office allows the heroes an Investigation roll. Searching for info on a boat named the *Black Rose* discovers a medium-sized riverboat that carried "miscellaneous cargo" upriver. It last departed three years ago, headed for St. Louis and never returned.

If the shamuses confront Thomas with what they've learned, he says he was one of the men in the robbery. Doucet and Slind killed the fourth man, Henri Martin, to take his share. They left his body on the boat and sank it in a bayou upriver. Thomas had no choice but to go along or be killed himself. He has been plagued with guilt ever since. He's gone straight, more or less, and is willing to pay the shamuses to get him out of this jam. "I suspect most of us have done things we're ashamed of," he mourns.

Thomas can pony up about \$100 scratch for each adventurer willing to lend a hand—after Martin is taken care of. Thomas assures them Martin is dead and another party must be behind the murders. However, there might be some clue at the wreckage that can tell the group who is behind the extortion.

SCENE OF THE CRIMES

Thomas provides and captains a small boat to use to reach the *Black Rose*. It's about a two-hour journey to the wreckage. The robbers did their best to scuttle it, but the shallow depth of the bayou kept it from sinking completely.

Inside, nearly three feet of water fills its compartments, as it slowly seeps in through failing welds. They find a hammock hung in a slightly elevated and relatively drier compartment near the front. There are a few empty cans of food and a discarded newspaper with an article reviewing the Maison Rouge circled. A search of the rest of the boat finds a few casks of bootleg whiskey stashed against a back wall. The casks are wooden, but still sealed.

After the group has had a little while to wade around the vessel, the corpses of the crew—now bloats—rise from the bayou. The undead attack, then sink back beneath the murky water, arising to attack on their next action. Treat them as if they have the Monstrous Ability Burrowing (see *Savage Worlds*) for this encounter. Breaking the whiskey casks covers the surface of the water in the alcohol, which burns the flesh of any bloat that surfaces into it for 2d6 damage. Each cask covers a Medium Burst Template in this fashion.

Thomas attempts to flee to his boat when the bloats appear. If the heroes don't stop him, he reaches it only to be attacked by Martin himself, who's been hiding outside the *Black Rose*. Martin holds Thomas responsible for his death although he didn't play a role in it directly. However, even if he manages to kill the man, his unthinking vengeance drives him to attack the heroes as well. Both Martin and the bloats fight until they're destroyed.

Bloats (1, plus 1 per hero): Use the stats for Bloat (page 119).

Henri Martin: See below. For more advanced characters, you can make Martin a Revenant (see page 126).



HENRI MARTIN

Martin has not been taking the best care of himself. His pant legs are frequently caked with mud and the rest of his clothing shows disrepair and stains. He makes no effort to disguise his true nature and an odor of death clings to him like a heavy dose of graveyard cologne.

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

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d6, Notice d4, Shooting d8, Streetwise d6

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Vengeful, Greedy, Mean

Edges: Hard, Harrowed, Cat Eyes, Spook

Gear: .38 revolver (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6, RoF 1).

"HE WAS DRUNK."

"SO? WHAT'S SO BAD ABOUT THAT?"

"ASK A GLASS OF WATER."

—Mayor McKendrew
to D.A. Piotrovich

FATE'S DEAD HAND

Hook: Garden District (p. 27)

Charles Trevigne is a wealthy archaeologist and patron of the arts who contacts the heroes for assistance in tracking down a stolen item of his. A mummified hand was stolen from his collection yesterday. A few other items were taken as well, but all are essentially valueless. The police took little interest in pursuing the case due to the relative lack of value of the stolen goods.

In spite of its appearance, he values the hand greatly because his wife purchased it for him on her last trip abroad (to the Caribbean). She recently passed away from yellow fever—contracted on the same trip—making the item of great sentimental worth to him.

Actually, the item is a hand of glory, reportedly cut from the corpse of a murderer while the body still hung from the gallows. A Knowledge (Occult) roll learns the hand is said to grant its owner the ability to open any portal.

THE SCENE

Their client explains he keeps his display room locked and restricts access to it from much of his staff as many of them are “superstitious” and he doesn’t want to unduly distress them. Only his butler, Alphonse, is allowed into the room to clean.

The client says he had been in the room the night before after Alphonse had left, and everything was in order at that time. The butler has worked for him for several years, and he trusts him—plus since he has a key, he could have easily taken the items without calling such attention to it.

It’s a relatively small room with one door and one window. A few shelves cluttered with various unusual artifacts of apparently low value line the walls and a desk sits beside the door. There is little sign of forced entry, though if a gumshoe examines the window she finds evidence that the lock to the sash was shimmed—and somewhat professionally, at that.

The other items taken were basically shiny baubles—worthless, but eye-catching.

THE STAFF

Trevigne’s staff, which consists of a cook, maid, and gardener, in addition to the butler, initially seem to know very little of consequence. Other than Alphonse, none of them had access to the small collection or even knew what was kept there. Alphonse was the first to discover the theft, finding the room in disarray when he entered to clean it yesterday.

Asking about former employees, however, does turn up a possible lead. Until a few weeks ago, Trevigne had a chauffeur named Ray Parish. He was fired for showing a little too much attention to Trevigne’s daughter, Constance. Their client is very protective of his daughter, especially in light of her mother’s death, and it was not a friendly parting.

Constance is in her mid-teens and if the heroes speak to her, she seems more interested in their jobs than the theft. She describes Parish as creepy, but provides little else of importance.

CHASING A WILD GOOSE

A few hours of Legwork or an Investigation roll to search court records discovers Parish has a couple of convictions for burglary. Unfortunately, there’s no ready address for the man. If the heroes used Legwork, they also get an address in the French Quarter, otherwise Alphonse can provide it.

Arriving at Parish’s address, they find it is a single room apartment over a rundown greasy spoon in a ramshackle building. The door has been broken open and the room is in violent disarray. A man’s corpse sprawls across the bed.

The body matches the description of Parish. He has several bruises and a couple of broken fingers. The cause of death is obviously a broken neck as his head is twisted nearly completely around. Although none of the stolen items are present, searching Parish’s body turns up a ticket from the Nite Owl Pawn Shop and \$25 in cash.

If the investigators check with other residents in the building, one of them recalls seeing two men, one particularly large and bald, enter the building earlier in the day.

GETTING WARMER

The pawn shop turns out to be less than two blocks from Parish’s (former) residence. If presented with the ticket, the owner remembers Parish. The burglar sold him a few pieces of unusual jewelry (all from Trevigne’s collection), which he agrees to return in exchange for \$15. The owner was repulsed by the blackened hand and recommended Parish try to sell it at one of the specialty voodoo shops in the Quarter. From the doorway of the Nite Owl, they can see Marie’s Voodoo Emporium.

The shop appears open, but a sign on the door says “Out to Lunch.” There are lights on inside and a Notice roll spots a foot sticking out from behind the counter.

The door is unlocked. The foot belongs to a middle-aged woman, with the same neck problems as Parish. The interior is cluttered with a wide variety of voodoo talismans, charms, and hands sold mostly as curios or souvenirs. There is no sign of the hand.

Trevigne's number is on a pad next to a telephone on the wall behind the counter. Searching the counter itself turns up a check dated today for \$50. It is signed by Constance Trevigne. There is no answer if the investigators try calling Trevigne's number

BACK TO SQUARE ONE

Back at their employer's residence, they find the front door open. The cook lies dead inside, with a broken neck. A Notice roll finds the maid hiding inside a closet, scared to death. She tells them Alphonse welcomed a pair of men into the house. After a few minutes, they turned murderously violent. The maid hid but saw a particularly large, bald individual kill her coworkers through a crack in the door. Alphonse is nowhere to be found.

A quick search of the house finds Trevigne unconscious in the display room, thrown almost carelessly against a bookcase. After he is revived, he explains the two men were members of the notorious Red Sect. One, a very large bald man who gave him the willies, tossed him aside like a rag doll when he tried to force them to leave. As to what happened after that, he has no idea.

Charles is worried about his daughter. If they tell the man what they found, he becomes even more afraid. He says no doubt the owner of Marie's recognized it as an item that would interest him as a collector—he'd purchased other curios from her in the past.

Constance had gone out earlier in the day, driven by the gardener. He fears she is trying to use the object in some misguided attempt to return her mother to life. And if the Red Sect is involved, she's in terrible danger. Time is of the essence, but he doesn't want to involve the police as he isn't sure what his daughter's role is in what has happened.

REPOSSESSION

The group of cultists is led by none other than Alphonse, who is a powerful sorcerer himself. He's the one who tipped Parish off to the statue, but the burglar sold it before his lackeys could catch up with the man. However, Marie called before his own men could locate it. He and his followers are now en route to catch Constance and the artifact.

Constance has only a fraction of the knowledge necessary to use the hand of glory—and none of the

evil. The hand is indeed a potent talisman for black magic, but activating its full power requires a sacrificial offering, a requirement Alphonse now intends for Constance to fill!

Trevigne's wife is buried in Metairie and his sedan is parked at the entrance to the cemetery. Inside, the body of his gardener sits behind the wheel, his neck broken. There's no sign of Constance.

The cultists are just beginning their ritual when the heroes reach the Trevigne crypt. Needless to say, the cultists fight to the death. Alphonse uses his *zombie* power to animate reinforcements, while the tonton macoute plays bodyguard for him. Fortunately, the Red Sect loses interest in completing the ritual once the heroes arrive, leaving Constance unharmed.

If the characters succeed in stopping the ritual, Constance is quite traumatized but safe. Trevigne throws in a bonus of \$500.



Alphonse: Use the stats for Cult Leader (page 131). Add the *zombie* power.

Cultists (2, plus 1 per hero): Use the stats for Cultist (page 131). Half are armed with .38 revolvers (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6, RoF 1) and half with axes (Str+d6).



Tonton Macoute: See page 128. Armed with a machete (Str+d6).

THE GUNS OF ALGIERS

Hook: Algiers Naval Base (p. 68)

Silver Dollar Sam has cut many a lucrative deal with Senator Huey Long. In return for these kickbacks, the good senator greases the legal wheels for the Black Hand and provides a few other niceties now and then. Recently, he put the gangsters in touch with a quartermaster at the nearby supply depot whose ethics were...affordable. Now the corrupt sailor and his cronies use the Algiers Naval Base to pass military-grade weapons to the criminals.

The characters may be hired by an Algiers community activist who's concerned about the strange goings-on at the base, or a short article in the paper might attract their attention. Every couple of weeks or so, residents of the neighborhood report seeing lights moving about the old facility. No houses are directly adjacent to the abandoned base, so no one has a good idea what exactly is happening there.

All gates to the facility are chained and locked with rusty padlocks. The rust gives any Lockpicking attempts a -4 penalty. Careful examination of all the locks finds one gate on the eastern side, while rusty on

the surface, has a well-oiled internal mechanism and can be picked normally.

Industrial buildings surround the base on its landward sides, making unobserved entry during the day difficult. At night it's as easy as crawling through one of the many holes in the fence. The first time the investigators visit, they find the only signs that something is going on. A Tracking roll (or Notice at -2) finds tire tracks leading from the gate with the oiled lock down to the waterfront. There they find a large number of footprints—more than could be made by passengers in a single vehicle.

Setting up a stakeout on the facility produces results on the second night of their watch. A large cargo truck enters through the working gate. It proceeds down to the waterfront where it's met by the crew of a motor launch moored at the docks. The crew of the launch is wearing dark sweaters, watch caps, and pants. Both the men with the truck and the boat crew are armed. If the heroes look for identification on the launch, they see it's a Confederate Army boat. (Tracking down the registration number leads back to the CSA Army Supply Depot in the Lower Ninth if they go that far.)

The men begin off-loading several large crates that are then placed on the back of the truck. All told, ten crates are transferred this way.

If the party successfully tails the truck from the scene, it heads to a ferry and crosses back to the city center. It drops its cargo in the Warehouse District. Legwork reveals the final location is a warehouse often used by the Black Hand in smuggling operations.

If the heroes decide to intervene, the gangsters fight back. The sailors do as well, but only for the three rounds it takes them to get their boat underway and off the docks. Both groups surrender once more than half their number has been Incapacitated.

Providing either the information to the police or thwarting the exchange themselves breaks up the smuggling operation for good.

Gangsters (3): Use the stats for Mafia Soldier (page 132). Armed with Tommy guns (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, RoF 3, AP 1).

Sailors (4): Use the stats for Soldier (page 133). Armed with Springfield 1903 bolt-action rifles (Range 24/48/96, Damage 2d8, RoF 1, AP 2).

THE LEAST OF THESE

Hook: Wolf's Kitchen (p. 62)

Gary Perkins, owner of the Wolf's Kitchen, tells the heroes some of his less-fortunate patrons have mentioned suspicious activity at the Warrington House in the French Quarter. The customers talk about unexplained noises and whispered voices. They think the house is haunted, but Perkins suspects criminal action of some sort. He asks the investigators to look into it as the residents of the shelter can't afford to hire anyone to look after their interests themselves.

Perkins recommends the heroes try a subtle approach, perhaps even pretending to be needy or homeless themselves.

One of the other "needy souls" staying at the shelter is actually a Red Sect bokkor who's conjuring the souls of Madame Lalaurie's victims (see page 66). He uses these to fill "soul bottles," artifacts he uses to increase his own power. He's also trying to raise the murderous mistress of the house as well. The boarders heard the sounds of him conducting his rituals in the attic.

A direct approach yields poor results. The founder of the shelter, William Warrington, is a kind man, but not one with much belief in the supernatural. He denies any weird occurrences at his institution and isn't particularly helpful to shamuses who seem to imply either paranormal events or criminal behavior is occurring there. The Warrington House is held in high regard locally, so any unfounded accusations are likely to rebound on the heroes socially.

A Knowledge (History) or Investigation roll in the newspaper morgues quickly reveals the bloody story behind the Lalaurie mansion.



GARY PERKINS

UNDERCOVER

The best way to conduct the investigation is for the gumshoes to go undercover and seek shelter at the Warrington House. The small staff doesn't discriminate; all that's needed to gain a spot in the institution is to have apparent need. As long as they haven't made too much of a stir in any prior appearances at the house, even the most basic disguise is sufficient to conceal their identities and gain entrance.

Interviewing any of the other indigent residents reveals a variety of rumors. Some of the men have seen a flickering light and others have heard murmurings or footsteps after lights out. Word around the shelter is that they don't mention it to any of the staff; anyone mouthing off that something rotten is up at the house is almost guaranteed to get kicked out. The reason is Warrington and his staff are trying to keep other needy folks from being scared away from the help they offer, but the more suspicious residents at the house claim this is a cover-up for something more sinister.

If the investigators secure one or more bunks in the shelter they have the chance to experience the "haunting" firsthand. Late at night, successful Notice rolls hear occasional footfalls, strange, rhythmic whispers, or even catch sight of a brief, yellow flicker. All of these are caused by the bokkor moving around secret passages in the old mansion and conducting his rituals by candlelight.

Feel free to include an actual ghostly sighting or two if you'd like. The building is actually haunted by the ghosts of several of Lalaurie's victims!

Exploring the house specifically looking for secret passages allows the gumshoes to make Notice rolls (-2). Success finds an entry into a narrow corridor behind the walls that leads up to a sealed attic that extends the length of the building. A search of the room finds metal rings attached to the wall (where Lalaurie chained her victims), some ancient discolored stains, and with a Notice roll, the very recent remains of some chalk marks on the floor that have mostly been erased.

If the characters hide in the attic or return there the next night when they hear the telltale sounds, they find the bokkor in the middle of his rituals. When confronted, he smashes several of the soul bottles, releasing thin, smoke-like wisps from each. The wisps seep into the floor, but the next round, it erupts in splinters as a horde of ancient corpses—previously unknown victims of Lalaurie that she had hidden in the floor space—rise to attack!

The bokkor does not surrender and fights to the death.

Following the discovery of the horrors in the attic, the Warrington House closes briefly to exhume the rest of the bodies and provide them proper burials. This ends a century of hauntings at the former mansion.



Bokkor: Use the stats for Bokkor (page 130).

Reanimated Victims (1, plus 1 per hero): Use the stats for Walkin' Dead (page 129).

A MATTER OF TRUST

Hook: French Quarter (p. 66)

A young man named Phillipe St. Andre approaches the investigators for help finding his wife, Delia. Alternately, Phillipe is introduced to the heroes through a mutual acquaintance from the upper crust of society. The St. Andres are an old New Orleans family, well-known among the aristocracy, and Phillipe's wife comes from another wealthy line, the Blanchards.

Delia disappeared last night and Phillipe fears she may have fallen into dire circumstances or become involved with shady characters. Eventually, he confesses she is addicted to heroin. Phillipe says he's taken great pains to keep this secret as the scandal would be devastating in their social circle.

His real concern is the family trust fund, although he doesn't come right out and say this. Delia was the manager of the fund—it was left by her parents who didn't like Phillipe—and she took a few checks with her. (The unrecorded entries and missing checks might be noticed should the gumshoes search her ledger somehow.)

ON THE TRAIL

Phillipe suggests the gumshoes begin their search at the King Fish club on Decatur Street. He says his chauffeur told him that's where he dropped his wife off the previous evening. If questioned, the driver, Marcus Allen, tells a slightly different tale. He did take Delia to the King Fish, but it was at the request of Phillipe himself.

If confronted, Phillipe admits to doing so, but only because he knew his wife would go on the prowl for dope with or without his blessing. This way he knew where she was going—and it was unlikely any of their social peers would be frequenting the King Fish.

FISHING EXPEDITION

The King Fish is a jazz joint not far from the French Market, open from 9 p.m. until 6 a.m. Unless some of the heroes are regulars, the bartender is standoffish, particularly if they start asking about drugs or other

illegal dealings. A simple Persuasion roll assuring him they aren't police and a bribe of \$20 gets him to open up fully.

The bartender remembers seeing a woman matching Delia's description with David Corbet, a penny-ante dope peddler. They left after an hour or so with her looking pretty out of it. Corbet isn't in the bar and the bartender doesn't know where he lives. A little Legwork turns up an address to an apartment not far away.

DEALING WITH A DEALER

Corbet's apartment is a dive over a storefront in the Quarter. He plays the tough guy at first, but a successful Patter or Interrogation attempt gets him to spill the beans like a broken candy jar. The drug dealer says he got a call from a client of his who provides him a healthy commission for a dame with a taste for "the stuff." He occasionally supplies women for the man's parties. The man, who he knows only as Dauphin, occasionally calls him for a junkie for one of his soirees and had called earlier that night.

Corbet says he's never seen the man face-to-face. He just drops the women off at the man's estate outside the city. If asked, he admits he never sees them again—but Corbet doesn't lose sleep over it. There are always more addicts...

If the heroes really blow it with Corbet, the only thing left is to watch the dealer and see if he leads them to Delia. Within about 10 minutes, he leaves his apartment, gets in a Ford Model A roadster, and heads out of town. An hour's Tailing leads the investigators to Dauphin's residence.



Dave Corbet: Use the stats for Thug on page 133, but make him a Wild Card to enhance his survival rates. Armed with a .38 revolver (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6, RoF 1).

DAUPHIN'S DEMESNE

With Corbet's directions, it's about a 45-minute drive from downtown New Orleans. What Corbet doesn't know is that Dauphin is actually a young vampire with a taste for heroin-tainted blood. Delia is a replacement for an earlier victim who overdosed yesterday. However, the vampire quickly discovered that Delia wasn't the usual party girl the pusher brings him.

The house is of standard two-story antebellum architecture, but poorly maintained. Spanish moss hangs from not only the unkempt trees lining the drive approaching the main building, but also from the eaves. Most of the windows are dark with only a few

illuminated by what appear to be oil lamps. There are no guards, nor anyone else for that matter, outside.

A Notice roll while looking around spots a shovel and a pile of dirt near a rear corner of the mansion. The shovel marks a fair-sized hole—grave-sized, to be exact—and the tarp-covered body of a woman lies at the bottom. A brief check of the body reveals it is a middle-aged woman adorned in stylish, if somewhat threadbare, evening wear. She matches the general description of Delia. A Notice roll finds several needle tracks on her arm—and a pair of puncture wounds on her neck as well.

Should one of the heroes specifically check, there is no wedding band on the corpse, nor any indication that there ever was one. Also, feel free to give the quick-witted sleuth a Benny for thinking of it!

THE UNEXPECTED GUEST

After they find the grave, or before they enter the manor house if they don't, another automobile pulls into the plantation. It's St. Andre's car, and the client himself is driving. St. Andre spots the characters and explains that he received a call that his wife had overdosed. He's here to pick up the body and avoid a scandal. He offers the investigators a \$500 bonus to "be discreet."

At this point, several men and one woman (matching Delia's description but obviously drugged) emerge from the mansion. The men are armed with their guns in hand. A pale, well-dressed fellow, obviously in charge, follows with the woman on his arm, as well as Corbet if the party followed him here.

The investigators can either back St. Andre's play or try to rescue the dame.

Dauphin fights until the heroes take down all his thugs and score at least a Shaken result on him before fleeing to set up shop in another part of the city. His men do not surrender under any circumstances. Delia falls to the ground in a drug-induced stupor the moment the vampire no longer supports her.



Dauphin: Use the stats for Vampire, Young from *Savage Worlds*.

Thugs (1 per hero): Use the stats for Thug (page 133). Armed with .38 revolvers (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6, RoF 1).

AFTERMATH

If the characters decide to follow St. Andre's lead, he gives them the promised \$500 bonus. He has a closed casket funeral and interrs his "wife" within two days. Her cause of death is reported as a "sudden illness."

If they thwart Dauphin, they discover the corpse belongs to another junkie delivered to the vampire over a week ago by Corbet. On learning of Delia's identity, the vampire had a minion contact St. Andre directly, intending to return his wife. St. Andre, on the other hand, saw an opportunity to seize control of the trust.

CONTACT: DELIA ST. ANDRE

If they rescue her, Delia sends the heroes a \$500 bonus a week after they save her. She not only begins divorce proceedings, but also files criminal charges. From this point on, Delia vouches for the investigators to her peers. If the gumshoes are in a situation where they can use her as a reference to other members of the upper crust of society, they gain +1 Charisma for purposes of reaction rolls.

ONE FOR THE ROAD

Hook: Smyth's Trucking Company (p. 62)

One of Smyth's trucks has gone missing overnight. The truck was full of legal Tennessee whiskey, high quality hooch that was worth a pretty penny. Albert Reeves, Smyth's driver was hauling it for Rick Labat, owner of the Empty Bottle, a bar in Gentilly. Labat's loss is covered by Smyth's insurance, but the teamster is on the hook for over a thousand dollars himself to cover the deductible.

Smyth's first suspicion is that the Black Hand robbed the truck as a message to him for not paying protection money. A bit of Legwork tells the investigators that the Black Hand had nothing to do with the hijacking.

An Investigation roll turns up a police report from Jefferson Parish about a man found shot in a ditch along the New Orleans-Hammond Highway east of the city. No truck was found, but following up on the report confirms the body belongs to Reeves. There were no witnesses, but if the gumshoes visit the location where he was found, a Tracking roll discovers tire tracks where a single vehicle was parked beside the road. A small pile of cigarette butts sit beside the tracks.

A trip to the Empty Bottle reveals the bar is more than a little bit of a dive. It stocks watered-down, locally brewed alcohol. If asked about the choice of the pricey whiskey for his establishment, Labat becomes defensive, pretending to be insulted if necessary. Questioning his finances reveals he'd gotten the whiskey on short-term credit—leading him to accuse the investigators of being part of some plot to leave him holding the bill for the missing rotgut. As he becomes more agitated, the bar owner is obviously nervous. He smokes like a freight train and fidgets with the glasses and bottles constantly.

EXPOSED

At some point, Labat's behavior should begin to make the detectives suspicious. Checking on his whereabouts the night of the hijacking with one of the Empty Bottle employees, the group learns he was supposedly at his uncle's fishing camp—an old farm east of the city in Jefferson Parish.

A visit to the fishing camp finds a rundown farmhouse and dilapidated barn which contains Smyth's hijacked truck. The bar owner figured it was the perfect crime: Smyth foots the bill for the hijacking and he reaps pure profit. Labat is there when the party arrives, preparing to sell the liquor to a group of bootleggers for resale in nearby dry Alabama. Realizing the jig is up, he and the bootleggers fight until at least two-thirds their number fall before trying to either run or surrender.



Labat: Use the stats for Cajun Hunter (page 130), but make Labat a Wild Card. Armed with a pump shotgun (Range 12/24/48, Damage 1-3d6, RoF 1).

Bootleggers (1 per hero): Use the stats for Thug (page 133). One of the bootleggers is carrying a Tommy gun (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, RoF 3, AP 1). The rest are armed with .38 revolvers (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6, RoF 1).



**"THEY SERVED SOMETHING THEY CALLED LIQUOR
BUT WAS WELL KNOWN TO CAUSE PRAIRIE TICKS TO
LEAP OUT OF YOUR GULLET AND RUN SCREAMING."**

—Paul Smyth,
Trucker

THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES

Hook: City Hospital for Mental Diseases (p. 61)

Terry McGregor is a man with a secret—one he doesn't even know himself. He's afflicted with amnesia, the kind you get from being a syker in a military test program!

During training, Terry's brain was burned out, leaving him with no short-term memory. His powers, combined with his utter inability to provide evidence against his "employer," make him a perfect assassin and a powerful interest in the city is using him as exactly that.

This Savage Tale kicks off when investigators are approached, either at their place of business or at night on the street, by a bald man in a hospital gown. He pleads with them for help. He has no memory of who he is and fears he's in danger.

He is wearing trousers and shoes but his pockets are empty. The man is naturally bald and has no eyebrows. The only clue is found on the gown's tag, which identifies it as belonging to the New Orleans Hospital for Mental Diseases.

Contacting the hospital for information requires a Patter roll. Intimidation-based attempts fail automatically, while Persuasion receives a +2 bonus if

the shamuses have a good enough story. With three successes, the heroes learn a man matching their client's description was dropped off the previous night by a taxi driver. He is a "John Doe" and they have no further identifying information on him. He escaped sometime later, injuring an orderly in the process.

Their client has no memory of this. In fact, he seems to have almost no capacity for short-term memory and even has difficulty keeping track of the gumshoes' identities at times.

TAKEN FOR A RIDE

A simple Streetwise roll tracks down the cab company that dropped the man off at the hospital. A \$5 bribe or Persuasion roll gets the contact information for the actual driver. The cabbie tells the group he picked the man up wandering in front of a house just off Claiborne in Uptown. He seemed a bit off his nut, so the driver took him to the hospital. He produces a jacket the man left in his car. After this, he asks, "Hey, was he involved in that murder?"

Further investigation, either by questioning the cabbie or just reading the newspaper, reveals the resident of the house was found dead this morning, apparently by a shotgun blast to the head. The paper reports the man, a city commissioner, was alleged to have ties to organized crime. The client has no memory



of any involvement and the suspected weapon was never found.

The jacket, like the man's trousers, has nothing in any of its pockets. However, a snoop who gives it a thorough going-over finds a laundry mark. The laundry is located in Mid-City. With a Persuasion roll or \$5 bribe, the counter worker looks through his records and says the jacket was delivered to a house on nearby Ursulines Avenue.

HUNTING THE HUNTERS

If the heroes are too obvious in their inquiries, they draw the attention of the Black Hand—who's looking for the bald-headed man they think knocked off one of their stoolies. When you think the time is right, the gangsters make a play for John Doe, preferring to do so out of the public eye. They fight until more than half their number drop, then cut and run.

Black Hand Soldiers (1 per hero): Use the stats for Mafia Solders (see page 132). Armed with .45 pistols (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, AP 1).

LEFT IN THE DARK

A visit to the house on Ursulines finds it locked up tight. Inside, it's empty except for a single wooden chair, a mattress, and a reading lamp. Whoever's been living here has been doing so very frugally.

A careful search and a Notice roll (-2) finds a single aluminum disk, about the size of a silver dollar, in a crack in the floor beside the mattress. It has a hole at one edge and a number (1527) stamped on it. Also stamped on the tag is: "SGT McGregor, 1 Exp Reg." This is McGregor's dog tag, the only piece of his identity he has left.

After the investigators have found the disk, or have been in the house for ten minutes or so, a pair of black sedans pulls up outside. Several men in dark overcoats get out and confront the heroes. They identify themselves as NOPD police officers, providing IDs to prove it, and take McGregor into custody on suspicion of murder. They caution the heroes that any attempt to interfere will be charged as obstruction of justice.

If the characters are taken into custody as well, they're released the next day with no charges. Any follow-up on McGregor or his whereabouts run into dead ends. The man has completely disappeared from all official records, leaving the investigators with more questions than answers...

NOPD Officers (2 per hero): Use the stats for Police Officer (page 132). Armed with .38 revolvers (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6, RoF 1), handcuffs.

TO BE...OR NOT

Hook: City Park (p. 68)

Nicholas Fletcher was found dead in City Park several days ago. The police determined it was a suicide based on evidence he had hung himself. His wife doesn't believe that's the case and wants her husband's killer brought to justice. She asks the detectives to help her, telling them her husband had no reason to kill himself. He was in line for a promotion at work and they were expecting their first child.

Three successes on a Patter attempt or Connections (Police) are necessary to get access to the police report for Fletcher's death. Intimidation and Taunt add +2 to Patter this time out. The report reveals Fletcher was found with a broken neck. Abrasions on his neck were consistent with a hanging. No rope was found, but there was also no sign his hands were bound. The police surmised someone found his body and cut him down in an attempt to prevent a scandal.

If the gumshoes attempt to access his autopsy report, either the same method as above or simply having the widow request one obtains a copy. The report matches the police report with the exception that wood splinters were found in Fletcher's neck. The coroner explained the splinters by making a guess that he had hung himself with a vine, however no vine was found in the vicinity of the crime scene.

If the investigators check on Fletcher's personal life, a visit to the insurance company where he works allows a Streetwise roll. With success, the gumshoes learn he was having an affair with one of the secretaries at the company. The two had a rendezvous at City Park the night of his death. A Persuasion roll is necessary to convince his mistress to admit this, but she says they met as planned and he seemed fine when they parted ways.

An Investigation roll in the newspaper morgue of the *Times-Picayune* reveals Fletcher was found at the base of a tree known as the "suicide oak." According to legend, over a dozen people committed suicide at the base of the tree over the years. A Knowledge (History) check or Common Knowledge roll (-2) can substitute for Investigation in this instance.

Visiting the site of the suicide during the day reveals absolutely no evidence. The tree is somewhat ominous looking, and one limb extends over a walkway, seemingly providing a perfect location from which to hang oneself.

A nighttime excursion produces a different result. The suicide oak, after numerous self-inflicted deaths suffered at the base of its trunk, has gained a malevolent

sentence—and a taste for blood. The botanical abomination reveals its true self after dark, snatching any victims who make the mistake of passing beneath its boughs. Any investigators poking around the scene of Fletcher's death certainly fit that description.

The suicide oak really isn't capable of retreat, so it fights to the death. Likewise, pursuit isn't really an option, so the heroes can escape if the fight becomes too intense. It is actually capable of mobility, however, slowly shifting itself deeper into the park's forested area during the darkest hours at the rate of about a half-mile a night.

SUICIDE OAK

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d10
Strength d12+4, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d10, Notice d8

Pace: 1; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 19 (3)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +3:** Thick bark.
- **Branches:** Str+d6. Reach 2. The suicide oak has a huge number of branches and can effectively attack any number of targets within reach. However, it can only attack a given character once per round this way.
- **Entangle:** The oak's smaller branches and roots attempt to trip and entangle its attackers. Everyone within a Large Burst Template centered on the tree is affected by a constant entangle: -2 to Pace and all skills linked to Agility and Strength.
- **Fear:** Anyone observing the suicide oak in its animated state must make an immediate Fear check.
- **Huge:** Attackers add +4 to attack rolls against the suicide oak due to its size.
- **Resistance:** The suicide oak takes half damage from piercing attacks, including gunshots.
- **Size +8:** This massive tree is over 30' tall and its limbs spread out over 50'.
- **Weakness:** The oak suffers +4 damage from fire and fire-based attacks.

THE TWELFTH CHAMBER

Hook: Gauthier's Auction House (p. 70)

Mick Farrington was a Hell-raising adventurer back in her day, never shirking from a fight or a dare. Her "day" was almost half a century ago, though, so her body's slowed down quite a bit but her mind's as sharp as it was back then.

On the other hand, her bank account has grown in proportion to her time on Earth, and she has "retired" to New Orleans where she is now numbered among

the wealthy upper crust of the city, known to most only as "Miz Farrington."

Mick keeps an eye out for mementos of her glory days, so a recent auction at Gauthier's Auction House caught her eye immediately. The auctioneer claimed to have a brace of pistols that belonged to perhaps the most feared killer of the West, a mysterious gunman known only by the name of Stone. Mick knew that Stone was the original servitor of the Horseman Death, and that makes his guns artifacts of immense power. She made sure she bid enough to guarantee the weapons didn't fall into the wrong hands, laying down thousands of dollars in the auction.

The guns were supposed to be delivered this afternoon but failed to arrive—as did her private courier. The police notified her that the man was found dead in his car in the Irish Channel and there was no sign of the guns. Worried about what that could mean, she immediately contacts the heroes to track down the weapons before they can get out of the city.

HALF-COCKED

Simon Christophe, a senior auctioneer at Gauthier's, overstepped his authority and purchased the guns for an astronomical amount, but one that seemed like a steal for the price the weapons would draw from collectors. Without properly investigating the guns' history, he immediately posted them on auction, hoping to turn a tidy profit before his boss discovered how much he had spent. Mick Farrington, after being allowed only a cursory examination—and trusting Gauthier's impeccable reputation—immediately posted a bid that no one was likely to match.

She won. It was only afterward that Christophe discovered the authenticating documents proved to be complete forgeries. He realized that not only was his job at risk, but he was also facing serious fraud charges. When the courier arrived, he panicked and



shot the man with one of the very guns that got him into trouble in the first place.

Christophe drove the courier's car to the Irish Channel and placed the body with it, hoping the police would assume the man had been robbed by one of the gangs. The auction house will cover the monetary loss, so he assumes that Mick Farrington will accept the theft at face value. Mick, however, knows who the guns supposedly belong to and is terrified they'll fall into the hands of a killer, or worse, their original owner might show up to claim them.

THE SMOKING GUNS

There are several clues the investigators can discover that point them toward Christophe. He is, after all, an auctioneer and not a master criminal.

First, there is no evidence that the courier was shot in his vehicle. The windows were rolled up and unbroken. There is minimal blood in the car and no sign of the bullet—or a hole where the round went after it passed through the victim's body. Finally, there are no powder burns, which indicate the man was shot from more than three feet away; in other words, outside the vehicle.

The courier does not have a copy of the receipt showing he ever picked up the weapon. Christophe overlooked this and only realizes it if the gumshoes ask about it. This forces him to stall until he can write one up.

A search of his office and a Notice roll finds a few drops of blood on the floor that Christophe missed while cleaning the scene. He stumbles over an explanation, claiming first he cut his hand and then, when it's obvious he's uninjured, that he cut the hand of a janitor or other employee. Finally, a raise on the Notice roll lets a hero spot a patch of recent plaster covering a small, bullet-sized hole. Digging into the wet plaster finds a bullet, but one a ballistics expert can identify as being an older caliber that is no longer mass-produced (Colt .44-40).

If the investigators directly confront him, Christophe breaks down sobbing—then pulls one of the pistols out of a drawer on his desk. A Patter attempt with three successes or more gets him to surrender without a fight. Otherwise, he fires on the heroes.



Simon Christophe: Use the stats for Citizen (page 130). Armed with .44 Colt revolver (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, RoF 1, Shots 6 (5 loaded), Revolver).

Once the revolvers are recovered, Mick is able to quickly determine they are not the actual guns. She is an expert on firearms and is able to identify them as

produced in the 1880s, making the guns more recent than those of the infamous killer. Mick is grateful to the heroes and makes her expertise available to them in the future if needed. She also owns a small, high-class hotel in the Quarter by the name of Farrington Arms, which she might make available to the heroes as a safe house if she believes their cause is just.

A VIEW TO DIE FOR

Hook: Lansing Apartments (p. 61)

The investigators are contacted by Pamela Robin. Her son, Allen, was murdered less than two days ago in his apartment in Mid-City. She feels the police have little interest in pursuing it since her family is neither rich enough nor well-connected enough to make the crime a priority for them. Mrs. Robin can, however, pay a few days' worth of the shamuses' time.

Her son was an inventor and always talking about how he was on the verge of a breakthrough that would make them rich. Although she never saw one of his devices work as promised, she believes his death may be connected with his research.

THE REAL STORY

In reality, a gang of criminals is planning to rob a jewelry store opposite Robin's apartment. One of the crooks broke into his home to watch the back entrance to the jeweler's. Robin, who usually worked nights as a cab driver, came home early. He surprised the thug, who knifed him.

Robin was found dead in his apartment by a neighbor on his way to work in the morning. The man was stabbed and had been dead for several hours. None of his neighbors heard anything the night of his murder. Robin drove a cab, kept odd hours, and had no close friends to speak of.

Although this is a relatively short Savage Tale, it is also very easy to lengthen it with any number of red herrings. A rival inventor could become a suspect with just the mention of his name. Robin was not wealthy and had accrued a few debts in pursuit of his inventions. His job as a cabbie could easily have exposed him to dangerous customers or allowed him to overhear something he shouldn't have. Feel free to play up any or all of these to keep the investigators guessing.

SCENE OF THE CRIME

Robin's apartment is a two-room affair on the second floor of an aging building. One room is a combination bedroom, living room, and workshop with a tiny

kitchenette. A shared bathroom lies down the hallway. The apartment has a single window overlooking a back alley. The door frame is broken around the door lock, but the damaged wood has been put back in place, although not repaired.

A cursory examination does not give the impression the room has been ransacked. There are a variety of tools and partially assembled devices of indeterminate purpose on the table. A number of barely readable plans lie underneath the items on the table and physics and chemistry texts fill a nearby shelf. A Knowledge (Engineering) or similar roll reveals none of the devices, either on paper or half-built, are likely to ever function.

A Notice roll finds four small depressions in a rug beside the bed. A raise on the roll tells the character the depressions match up to the legs of the chair by the window, as does a simple comparison. A character examining the area by the window finds some cigarette butts and ashes under the radiator. There are no cigarettes in the room and Mrs. Robin can confirm that her son did not smoke that she knew of.

The window provides a clear view of a doorway across the alley and little else. The door is the back entrance to a jewelry store. The owner is a little worried if the investigators begin asking about robberies or break-ins, but he does tell them there haven't been any. Should they suggest his store is in danger of being robbed, he recommends they notify the police—who are happy to take a report, but no other action.

If they decide to take the matter into their own hands, the owner doesn't agree to let any characters stay in his

store after closing—he's not convinced they are on the up-and-up. Luckily, there are plenty of other places for the heroes to set up surveillance if they choose: Robin's apartment, either end of the alley, or even from a nearby rooftop.

BUSTED!

The robbers make their move in five days, the day before the owner makes his weekly bank deposit, when the store has the most cash on hand. The gang enters the alley and forces the back door to gain entry. If attacked, they fight until half their number is down before surrendering.

If apprehended, one of the criminals snitches on one of his partners to get a lighter sentence, fingering Robin's murderer. The jewelry store owner is also grateful that the investigators foiled the robbery and gives them an additional \$50 reward.

Robbers (1, plus 1 per hero): Use the stats for Thug on page 133. Armed with .38 revolvers (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6, RoF 1). One is also carrying a switchblade (Str+d4, -2 Notice if searched)—the very knife that killed Gretz.



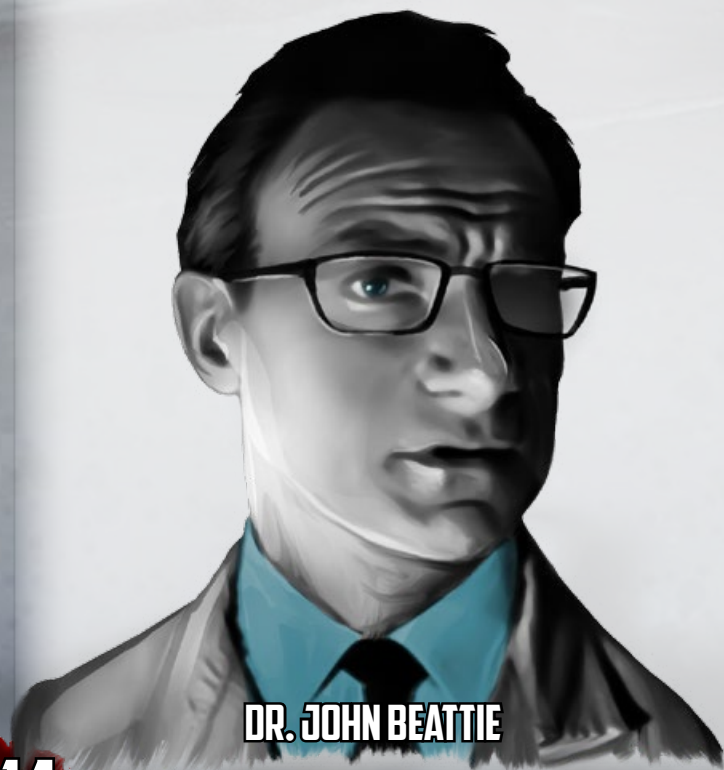
Hook: St. Louis Cemetery #3 (p. 68)

Dr. John Beattie engages the heroes to uncover and eliminate a band of petty criminals who've been breaking into graves in a nearby cemetery. His sister-in-law is dying of cancer and he wants to ensure her final rest will not be disturbed by grave robbers and vandals.

A PRESCRIPTION FOR DEATH

Obviously, it's not that simple. Beattie was involved in a terrible car accident a few years ago. It crippled him and killed his wife. In order to restore his body, the doctor delved into the worst weird science had to offer. Using parts stolen from cadavers and corpses, he was able to replace his crippled limbs and damaged organs. He hides the terrible scars under his clothing and gloves.

Now he's trying to piece together a replacement body for his deceased wife. He's nearly completed his replacement bride, robbing more than a couple of graves, and now he just needs a head. His former sister-in-law, Helen Bouganville, is a dead ringer for his wife, so the not-so-good doctor has cast professional ethics—and his soul—to the wayside. He diagnosed



DR. JOHN BEATTIE

his poor in-law with stomach cancer and has been “treating” her with arsenic. It’s only a matter of time until he administers a fatal dose.

Unfortunately, Helen’s husband, Arthur, plans to use a crypt in a cemetery that has already been claimed by a pack of ghouls. Beattie discovered this fact during recent expeditions there. He can’t risk complications when it’s time for him to perform his harvest, so he’s hoping the investigators can solve his problem before Helen succumbs.

RESEARCHING THE DOCTOR

If your shamuses look into Beattie’s background, a couple of hours Hitting the Books at the newspaper morgue of the *Times-Picayune* finds he used to be a respected surgeon. His career crashed after a devastating car wreck that claimed his wife and left him without the dexterity to perform precise operations. He is still regarded as one of the most knowledgeable physicians in the city.

The newspaper search also produces a photo of the doctor and his wife before the accident. This may prove to be a key clue that something’s amiss once they set eyes on Helen—give the newshound a Benny!

If they ask him where his wife’s remains are, he tells them she’s interred in a family crypt on the grounds of his mansion which lies outside the city. Arthur has graciously refused Beattie’s offer to use his family’s crypts, as the Bouganvilles aren’t actually his blood relatives.

THE VICTIM

Beattie tries to dissuade the group from visiting Helen, claiming it would be detrimental to her well-being to know he is making plans for her death. If they do anyway, they learn she is being treated in her home. The Bouganville family lives in a modest cottage on St. John’s Court in Bayou St. John, north of Storyville. They clearly don’t possess Beattie’s wealth.

The doctor is Helen’s sole physician. Beattie explains he not only discovered her cancer during a routine exam, but is also providing the treatment. Any sleuth who looks into the medicine Beattie is using discovers it is arsenic. A Knowledge (Medicine) roll or an inquiry to another physician determines this is a common method for treating stomach tumors, although somewhat out of favor in this day and age. A raise on the Knowledge roll, however, tells the hero that the dose the doctor is using is above the accepted amount—and could actually be the cause of Helen’s symptoms. Beattie claims he’s using a larger dose due to the advanced condition of the disease.

GRAVE DIGGERS

The cemetery in question is St. Louis Cemetery #3, not far from the Bouganville home. It’s more open and larger than both St. Louis #1 and #2, but otherwise much like other New Orleans cemeteries, a veritable miniature city of crypts and tombs.

The cemetery seems to be in good condition. An Investigation roll on reports of vandalism turns up no recent events. However, canvassing the area reveals that folks steer clear of the area after dark. There are plenty of rumors of hopheads and muggers hiding in the alleys between the crypts.

After dark, Legwork finds a few hobos who claim there are “things” in the graveyard once night falls. Every now and then a car comes and a group of men carry some tarp-covered bundles into the cemetery. Recently, another car showed up. The driver poked around briefly and then left in a hurry. The description of the lone man matches with Beattie.

If asked if they’ve seen the lone man before, give the interrogator a Benny. One of the bums remembers seeing Beattie’s car at Metairie Cemetery in the past. Then, however, the man came out carrying a small, cloth-wrapped bundle. (This was an earlier harvesting expedition.)

DEALS BETWEEN DEVILS

There is indeed something rotten in St. Louis #3. The Black Hand has made a deal with a pack of ghouls and calls on the carrion eaters from time to time when it needs to make a corpse disappear. Neither group wants to draw attention to their activities, so they actually keep the cemetery otherwise fairly undisturbed.

If the heroes go snooping around after dark, the ghouls initially assume the investigators are Black Hand errand boys with another delivery. Any hero who keeps her head enough to converse with the abominations (and passes a Fear check) finds the experience surprisingly less throat-ripping than one would expect. It quickly becomes obvious the ghouls are expecting the shamuses to give them a body or two. At this point, a Patter attempt with at least three successes is the only thing that prevents a fight. Five successes lets them piece together the general nature of the agreement between the ghouls and the Black Hand.

If the investigators don’t talk their way out of a battle, the ghouls go for blood, fleeing only once they’ve lost at least half their number.

Ghouls (2, plus 1 per hero): See page 122.



GHOUL LAIR, ST. LOUIS CEMETERY #3

RESOLUTION

There are a number of ways this investigation may end. The heroes may take the doctor at his word and eliminate the ghouls. If so, the doctor's plans for his niece unfortunately play out exactly as he intended. She eventually succumbs to the poison and he finishes his replacement wife.

Should they figure out Beattie is up to no good, they can bring the authorities in to deal with him. Their client is charged with attempted murder and Helen quickly recovers under proper care. While the Bouganvilles don't have the financial resources to reward the heroes adequately, they do offer \$100 for saving their daughter.

It's also very possible the investigators decide to confront Beattie with some or all of their evidence. He spins a tale of woe and love lost, then lures them to a carriage house on the grounds. He's actually converted it to a lab, but promises it holds all the answers they're seeking.

Once in the building, he turns on the lights and reveals a horrific cross between a morgue and a butcher shop. Dozens of cast-off body parts and mutilated corpses lie on metal tables or have been casually tossed to the floor. One headless corpse, however, appears to be in a state of careful repair rather than dismemberment. The gory scene calls for a Fear test against nausea.

Beattie activates an electrical switch, sending a jolt of electricity through several of the corpses and bringing them to jerking, twitching unlife! The mad doctor and his creations fight to the death, unless one of the heroes thinks to threaten his wife's body, which causes him to immediately surrender.



Dr. Beattie: Use the stats for Patchwork Man (page 125). Armed with a knife (Str+d4).

Reanimated Corpses (2, plus 1 per hero): Use the stats for Walkin' Dead (page 129). Beattie's experiments have raised their Vigor to d8.

WHO'S LAUGHING NOW?

Hook: Pontchartrain Beach (p. 67)

Kenneth Jackson is the manager of the food concessions at Pontchartrain Beach and responsible for several food vendors and cafes at the resort. Lately his inventories have been showing a great deal of missing food. His concessionaires have also reported their buildings are being broken into.

Unknown to Jackson, Earl Brewton, a former investor in the Old Spanish Fort Resort, has been trying to kill two birds with one stone. Brewton has been luring the creatures known as false faces from the abandoned Old Spanish Fort to Pontchartrain Beach. He hopes the creatures will latch onto the new resort, forcing it to close and allowing him to reopen.

The false faces are raiding the larders of the food vendors and have nabbed a few of the janitorial staff as well, but haven't settled into the beachfront yet. Jackson hasn't really noticed the loss of his staff because he uses transient day laborers for that work, partly because he's cheap, but also because, well, he's cheap.

The inventory losses have reached the point where he turns to the gumshoes to solve his apparent theft problems. He admits it's probably not the heroes' most glamorous job, but it is a job that pays.

ON THE BOARDWALK

The beach vendors are forthcoming with the shamuses. A Streetwise roll learns the burglaries always happen after the park has closed for the night, which occurs at 11 p.m. No one thinks it's an inside job because the thieves routinely break the locks when entering.

Some of the merchants suspect that the parties responsible are transients that Jackson sometimes hires to do janitorial work. Times are tough, and the pay for pushing a broom isn't much. The temptation to grab a little extra food before moving on might be too much for some to pass up. A thorough round of questioning reveals there is a fairly high turnover of those type of workers. Many just never show up for work one day, so it's hard to pin it on any specific individual or even group.

Examining the scene of the last break-in, the characters find the lock still broken from where the door was forced open. A Notice roll finds a white smudge on the door frame. It is slightly oily in texture, almost like make-up. (It was left by one of the false faces.)

SEND IN THE CLOWNS

The most likely way to catch the inhuman burglars is for the investigators to stake out the boardwalk after closing. A shamus watching the side of the resort closest to the Bayou St. John (the body of water, not the neighborhood), and the Old Spanish Fort can make a Notice roll (-2 for Dark conditions) to spot Brewton poling a flatboat across the bayou. He occasionally drops something into the water as he approaches. Brewton is leaving a trail of raw meat to draw the false faces toward the beach. If apprehended, he claims he's baiting catfish, although he stumbles when he can't explain why he has no fishing pole.

The false faces follow Brewton's trail about half an hour later. The abominations are preternaturally stealthy—especially for monsters that are basically wearing clown make-up. A hero must win an opposed Notice versus the creatures' Stealth (with a modifier for Dim or Dark lighting) before they get to one of the vendor sheds. At that point, a simple Notice roll allows a gumshoe to hear the false faces as they break into the building and begin pilfering food.

The monsters immediately attack once they spot the characters. They attempt to escape back into the Spanish Fort once they've lost more than half their number.

False Faces (1 per hero): Use the stats for False Face (page 121).

SIDE SHOW

A visit to the abandoned amusement park eventually leads the heroes to the creatures' lair in one of the old attractions. There the party finds the debris of the abominations' raids into the beachfront resort.

Along with the scattered trash are the remains of dozens of the monsters' victims. Some of these are several years old, but a few are weeks or even days old and still have a little meat on them. A few are still dressed in the scraps of torn Pontchartrain Beach worker uniforms. This is a good spot for a Fear test against nausea.

Also in the attraction are more of the false faces. This time, the abominations fight to the bitter end.

False Faces (2, plus 1 per hero): Use the stats for False Face (page 121).

"HE WAS THE KIND OF HARD-LIFE MOOK WHO GAVE A JACKALOPE BAD LUCK..."

—Mick Farrington,
Adventurer



ROGUE'S GALLERY

Here you'll find not only the creatures that haunt the night, but also a wide range of more ordinary folks as well. Police officers and Mob bosses, cultists and walkin' dead—they're all here at your fingertips.



Entries with this symbol are Wild Cards.

ABOMINATIONS

Below are some of the more frequently encountered horrors of New Orleans and the surrounding area. In general, the larger and more obvious monstrosities tend to steer clear of the city itself, sticking to the shadowy bayous and swamps. Heavily populated areas usually attract abominations more able to easily blend in with humanity or otherwise remain undetected.



AUTOMATON

These metal monstrosities are the muscle for Hellstromme Industries. Hellstromme began manufacturing them in the earliest days of the Great Rail Wars, and they've proven remarkably effective at their intended task—killing people—ever since.

Roughly humanoid in shape, automatons are constructed out of heavy steel and rely on sophisticated hydraulics to move. Unlike the earliest models, these mechanical abominations are powered by a combustion engine fueled by a mixture of ghost rock and gasoline, providing them with enormous power if a somewhat reduced continuous operation time.



Usually equipped with highly-restricted machine guns or occasionally flamethrowers, they are rarely encountered off Hellstromme Industries properties, at least outside of Deseret.

The enigma of the automatons—that they're actually guided by a zombie brain—is one of Hellstromme's best-kept secrets. On the rare occasions that one of these abominations is actually defeated in combat, the device invariably explodes, hiding the evidence of the true horror behind its manufacture.

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

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d6, Notice d6, Shooting d8

Pace: 4; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 13 (4)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +4:** Automatons are clad in a thick steel plating.
- **Built-In Weaponry:** These robotic warriors are usually equipped with a .30 machine gun (Range 24/48/96, Damage 2d8, RoF 3, AP 2) in place of one arm.
- **Claw:** Str+d6.
- **Construct:** +2 to recover from being Shaken; no extra damage from called shots; immune to disease and poison; does not suffer wound penalties.
- **Fearless:** Automatons are immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- **Gyrostabilizer:** An automaton suffers no recoil penalty when firing its machine gun.
- **Hardy:** A second Shaken result does not cause a wound.
- **Self-Destruct:** When an

automaton is Incapacitated, it explodes for 3d6 damage in a Large Burst Template.

- **Size +1:** Automatons are slightly larger than man-sized.

BLOAT

Not everyone dies on solid ground, and sometimes, just like on land, those who do, come back. The catch is once a cadaver has been underwater for a month or more its flesh begins being replaced by a substance scientists and doctors call *adipocere*. Less learned sorts call it corpse or grave wax—which you have to admit is a lot more colorful term. When a manitou latches onto one of these waterlogged corpses, the end result is a bit different from the run-of-the-mill walkin' dead. Being submerged in water for long periods of time does all sorts of unpleasant things to a carcass.

Grave wax is lighter and bulkier than the fat it replaces, lending a grotesque bloated appearance to the body, hence the common name of this type of walkin' dead. Undead of this sort also have grayish-white flesh and an odor distinctly different from old-fashioned zombies, not unlike old, moldy cheese.

Bloats, by the nature of their transformed flesh, are particularly resistant to puncture wounds, including those caused by bullets. Arrows, bullets, and the like find little resistance in the abominations' waxen bodies and pass harmlessly through them. However, alcohol acts like acid on the creatures, dissolving them wherever it comes in contact.

These undead are usually found in the Maze, the bayous of the South, and large rivers, but are possible anywhere a body may have been submerged in water for long periods of time. Although they frequently come ashore (or clamber onto boats) to attack the living, they usually return to their watery graves sooner or later.

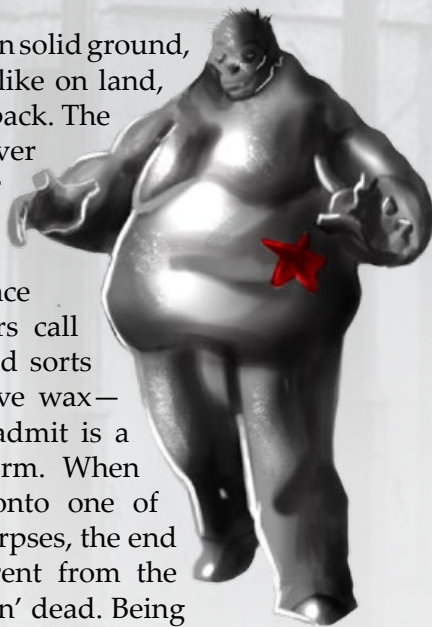
Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6 Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d4, Stealth d6, Swimming d6, Tracking d6

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 8

Special Abilities:

- **Claws:** Str
- **Fear -1:** Their distorted features make bloats more frightening than other walkin' dead.



- **Fearless:** Bloats are immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- **Puncture Resistant:** Bloats take half damage from most firearms and piercing weapons. Shotguns and cutting or slashing weapons do full damage to these abominations.
- **Reek:** Grave wax has a distinctive stench that is much stronger than that normally associated with the dead, granting anyone trying to detect the monsters +2 to their Notice roll.
- **Undead:** +2 Toughness; +2 to recover from being Shaken; called shots do no extra damage (except to the head).
- **Weakness (Alcohol):** Splashing a few ounces of alcohol of any sort on a bloat does 2d6 damage.



CROSSROADS DEMON

Crossroads demons aren't the horn-headed or hoofed type of creature most folks expect. They're a subtle abomination that seeks to corrupt the souls of mortals, leading them to damnation. These monsters favor the innocent, but are happy to deal with anyone willing to bargain with them.

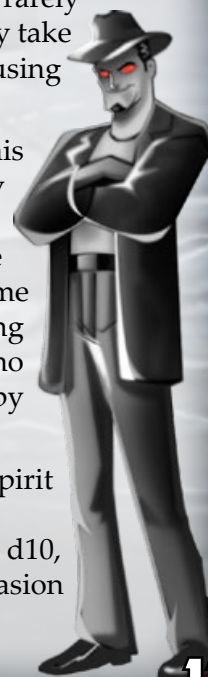
Folks interested in making a deal with the Devil, so to speak, can summon these abominations through a variety of rituals. The demons aren't picky; they respond to virtually any such ceremony. The most popular—at least in the South—usually revolves burying some sort of personal trinket around remote rural crossroads, often at midnight, hence the creatures' name. In return, the crossroads demon asks for only a small part of the bargainer's soul.

These demons gladly offer strength, power, love, wealth, or just about anything else the summoner requests. The "gift" is usually delivered subtly within a few days or weeks. Riches may come in the form of a lucrative contract, an inheritance, or rarely finding some sort of treasure. A Trait may take a few days or weeks to raise to avoid rousing suspicions among friends or family.

Atonement: A character can recover his Spirit die (and maximum die type) by acts of great atonement. This is up to the Game Master, but should generally be one die type per genuine sacrifice of some sort, or two for a major and life-altering one. Slaying a crossroads demon has no effect on any bargain it may have made, by the way.

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

Skills: Fighting d10, Intimidation d10, Knowledge (Occult) d8, Notice d6, Persuasion d8, Shooting d6, Stealth d8, Taunt d8



Pace: 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 6

Special Abilities:

- **Charismatic:** Charisma +4. Crossroads demons are very attractive and charismatic in their mortal guise.
- **Corruption:** Selling even a small part of your soul runs the risk of tainting whatever's left. The bargainer must immediately make a Spirit roll using his newly reduced value. With a raise, he suffers no additional effects from the deal, but he acquires a level of Fatigue that lasts until the next sunrise. On a failure, he acquires the Greedy (Minor) Hindrance, or Major if he already has the Minor version. Should he already have the Major Hindrance, he loses 1 point of Charisma instead. If he critically fails, the character can finish the current adventure, but after that he is completely overtaken by evil and either becomes a villain or is simply dragged off to the worst parts of the Hunting Grounds by Hell hounds (see page 123).
- **Coup (Spirit Boon):** The Harrowed's Spirit die type increases one level.
- **Dark Gift:** A crossroads demon can grant any Edge or raise any Trait by a die type per request. Edges which have levels of effectiveness, like Rich and Filthy Rich or Hard and Hardboiled, must be purchased one level at a time. The "dark gift" ignores any other prerequisites, like attribute or skill minimums, or Rank requirements.
- **Demon:** +2 to recover from being Shaken; immune to poison and disease; half-damage from non-magical attacks.
- **Fear:** Anyone seeing the creature in its natural form must make a Fear test.
- **Soul Merchant:** In return for its gift, the demon takes a piece of the bargainer's soul. This costs the requester one die type of his Spirit. This is also a reduction in the character's maximum die type, but there's no need to let the poor sucker know that right away! It pays to read the fine print, after all. Any sap foolish enough to cut a deal that reduces his Spirit below d4 is immediately snatched up and taken off to eternal torment.
- **Weakness (Cold Iron):** A demon takes normal damage from weapons made of pure (cold) iron.

DIGGER

Diggers evolved from the nosferatu Baron LaCroix unleashed on the American West over half a century ago. Originally, the creatures rode the rails in specially constructed trains, descending on isolated towns like

blood-sucking locusts. Eventually, the Rangers and the Agency succeeded in destroying the last of those "night trains," leaving many of the undead trapped in the vastness of the Western deserts and plains by the creatures' greatest foe: the sun.

Eventually, some of those creatures sought the protection of the earth to escape the sun's burning rays. Over time, these undead have evolved into the subterranean, burrowing nightmare called diggers.

Diggers are completely blind, and in fact, no longer even have eyes. Instead, they have developed a fine-tuned sense of hearing and touch that allows them to hunt their prey from under the surface, dragging them beneath the soil often before the victims realize what's happening. Even above ground, their preternatural senses function almost like passive sonar, able to detect even the slightest noise with amazing precision.

These creatures look like bald, emaciated humans. Their eye sockets are not only empty but completely overgrown with flesh. Coarse, brown claws sprout from their fingers and toes, and chisel-like incisors protrude from their withered lips. Although they rarely speak, when they do it is limited to a sibilant, hissing growl.

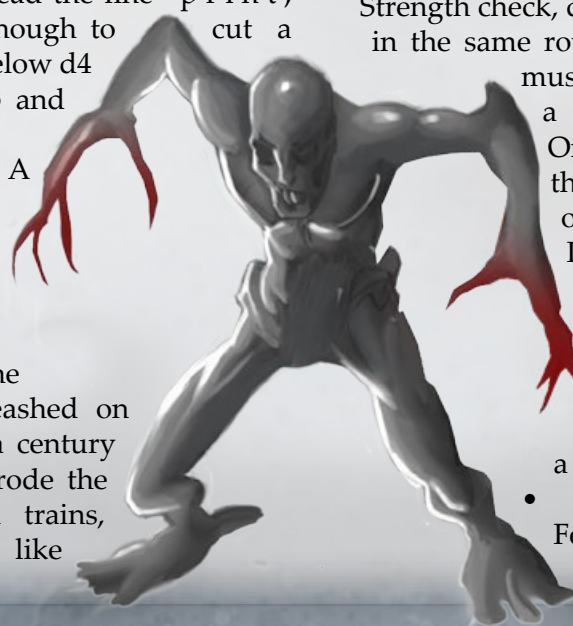
Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d4, Strength d12, Vigor d10

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

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 9

Special Abilities:

- **Bite/Claws:** Str+d4
- **Blind:** Immune to any attack reliant on sight.
- **Burrow:** 8".
- **Drag:** With a raise on an opposed Strength check, a digger can drag its prey into the ground as an action. A victim pulled into the soil in this fashion can break free with an action and a raise on an opposed Strength check, digging her way back to the surface in the same round. Victims pulled underground must roll Vigor each round or suffer a Fatigue level due to suffocation. Once a character is Incapacitated in this fashion, she dies in a number of rounds equal to half her Vigor. If someone can get to the victim within a minute of "death," she can be resuscitated with a Healing roll (-4).
- **Fear (-1):** Anyone encountering a digger must make a Fear check (-1).
- **Fearless:** Diggers are immune to Fear and Intimidation.



- **Improved Frenzy:** Diggers may make two Fighting attacks per action at no penalty.
- **Infection:** Anyone slain by a digger's bite rises as one of the monsters under the Marshal's control in 1d6 hours.
- **Invulnerability:** Diggers can be Shaken by normal weapons, but they can't be wounded (or truly destroyed) by anything other than their Weaknesses.
- **Undead:** +2 Toughness; +2 to recover from being Shaken; called shots do no extra damage (except to the head).
- **Weakness (Heart):** A called shot to the heart (-6) ignores the usual rule about no extra damage to undead. This doesn't require a wooden stake—bullets work just fine!
- **Weakness (Stillness):** Diggers "see" through their unnaturally keen hearing. They must subtract 4 from their attack rolls if the prey stands absolutely still. Of course, standing motionless in the face of an eyeless monstrosity requires a Fear check (-2), with failure indicating the poor sap flinched, allowing the abomination to "see" her!
- **Weakness (Sunlight):** Diggers suffer a Fatigue level for each round they are exposed to sunlight. Once Incapacitated, another round of exposure kills them. These Fatigue levels recover only once the creature can feed on fresh human blood. A single pint fully restores a digger.

FALSE FACE

Usually confined to the shadows of carnivals, circuses, and children's nightmares, these hideous abominations use the many masquerade balls and parades to move more freely through society in New Orleans. They are especially active during Mardi Gras.

False faces resemble circus clowns with brightly colored visages, oversized features, and otherwise generally bizarre appearances. They come in all sizes and shapes, mainly because they're able to alter their body almost at will (although this doesn't change their Size for game purposes). They're able to stretch to nearly nine feet tall or compress their body to worm through openings as small as half-a-foot in diameter.

They move in a strange, undulating and sinuous fashion that would be almost comical were it not for the horrors' clearly predatory intent. Although they can shift their facial features as well, their outlandish coloring prevents the creatures from mimicking any specific human face.

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

Skills: Climb d8, Fighting d10, Notice d6, Stealth d8

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 7 (1)

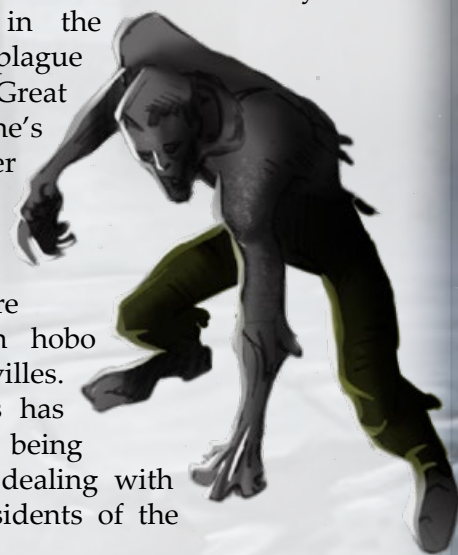
Special Abilities:

- **Armor +1:** The monster's hide is as tough as it is elastic.
- **Bite/Claw:** Str+d6.
- **Elasticity:** The abominations can stretch their arms to abnormal lengths, granting them the ability to attack foes as if they had Reach 2.
- **Entangle:** When a false face gets a raise on a Fighting attack, it entangles its victim in its sinuous limbs. It does its normal damage and its opponent is entangled as if he had been grappled. An entangled foe may only attempt to free himself on his action, which requires a raise on an opposed Strength roll.
- **Fear -1:** A false face can morph its features into a horrifying mask, causing all characters who see it to make a Fear test at -1.
- **Fleet-Footed:** The monster rolls d10 when running instead of d6.
- **Unnatural Movement:** The creatures' flexible, almost fluid bodies allow them to move in an unpredictable, inhuman fashion. Ranged attacks against them suffer a -2 penalty.

FAMINITE

Faminites originated when a ship from China carrying a Hunger Spirit crashed on the rocky shores of California back in the 1800s. Initially, the plague was limited to the Great Maze, but with Famine's recent rise to greater power, these pitiful creatures have spread across most of the USA and CSA. They're often encountered in hobo camps and Hoovervilles. Fear of the creatures has led to railroad bulls being even more brutal in dealing with the down-and-out residents of the shantytowns.

Voraciously hungry, faminites eat anything. No matter how much one of these abominations devours, its hunger is abated for only a short time. Although most prefer regular food when it's available, they will eat human flesh. Faminites never eat others of their kind, but they'll gladly consume someone who's only infected but not yet fully turned. Faminites look like normal humans from a distance, but up close are feral and emaciated.



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

Special Abilities:

- **Bite:** Str+d4.
- **Claws:** Str+d6
- **Fear:** The sight of a faminite causes a Fear check.
- **Infection:** Anyone Shaken or wounded by a faminite bite or claw becomes one in 24 hours. Wild Cards can roll Vigor (-2) to avoid this, but Extras automatically fall victim. Over the next day, the victim becomes increasingly hungry and thin. His physical attributes begin to alter to match those of a faminite. Only death or the power *greater healing* can prevent the disease's progress. Any caster using *greater healing* must make her own Vigor roll (-2) or become infected as well.
- **Size -1:** Their emaciated body is much thinner than a human's.
- **Weakness (Evil Taint):** Faminites cannot enter an area that's been properly sanctified.

GHOUL

These repulsive creatures feed on human dead and are most often found around cemeteries and graveyards. While they'll eat any corpse with flesh left on its bones, they prefer fresher meat whenever possible. The local Mob and other ruthless members of the underworld often take advantage of this in disposing of inconvenient or incriminating corpses.

The crypts in New Orleans represent a virtual smorgasbord to the city's small ghoul community. However, the water level in the city means the creatures are unable to build elaborate tunnel networks and instead rely on the existing storm drains to move about. During times of flooding, the creatures seek out abandoned buildings in which to take refuge.

Human-shaped and standing around five feet tall, ghouls usually appear shorter due to their stooped, shuffling gait. Their skin is mottled gray and frequently covered in sores and pustules. The ghoul king of New Orleans (a Wild Card), a swollen, monstrous specimen of the species, holds his "court" most often in St. Louis Cemetery #1, near the French Quarter.

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

Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d4, Notice d8

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 7

Special Abilities:

- **Claw/Bite:** Str+d4.
- **Fear:** Anyone seeing a ghoul must make a Fear check.
- **Night Vision:** Ghouls ignore all darkness penalties. Their eyes have a slight red glow.
- **Poison:** A character Shaken or wounded by a ghoul's bite must make a Vigor roll. If the roll is failed, the victim gains a Fatigue level.
- **Weakness (Bright Light):** Ghouls suffer a -2 penalty to all actions when exposed to a light brighter than a lantern.



HAUNTED CAR

Haunted cars (and other vehicles) are an example of how even mundane technological advances provide more opportunities for manitous to wreak havoc. These possessed vehicles are sentient and malevolent. Worse, they are cunning enough to know to maintain a low profile—when not a killing spree—and thus are sometimes incredibly hard to recognize!

Use the statistics for the vehicle in question, but add Smarts d8 and Spirit d10 to represent the evil spirit inside, as well as the Special Abilities listed below. The car suffers wounds just like any other non-homicidally possessed vehicle. If it's "wrecked," treat it as if it were Incapacitated.

Haunted cars have complete control of themselves, but do enjoy toying with their victims, allowing them an illusion of being in the driver's seat, so to speak. They may keep this charade up for several days or weeks before they kill their prey. There are even stories of such abominations "falling in love" with their owners. In such cases, the malevolent motorcar becomes murderously jealous of the object of its obsession, slaying those close to him instead.

Special Abilities:

- **Armor:** The car's Toughness applies to every part of the vehicle, even the windows.
- **Asphyxiation:** The abomination can suffocate anyone trapped inside it by forcing carbon monoxide into the passenger compartment. Each round, a victim must make a Vigor roll or suffer a level of Fatigue. An Incapacitated character dies in a number of rounds equal to half his Vigor. If someone can get to the victim within five minutes of death, he can be resuscitated with a Healing roll (-4).
- **Coup (Demon Driver):** The Harrowed gains two additional die types in Driving.
- **Door Control:** The car can hold its doors closed or open them. Anyone trying to



force the doors must make an opposed Strength roll against the car. Small cars have a Strength of d6, medium-sized vehicles d8, mid-sized trucks d10, and large trucks d12 or more.

- **Fearless:** Not surprisingly, haunted cars are immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- **Regenerate (Slow):** A haunted car makes a natural healing roll every day. Dents straighten themselves, tires reinflate, bumpers reattach, and so forth. Even crushing a haunted car is only a temporary setback for the vehicle. Only fire or the *banish* power can permanently destroy the vehicle.

HELL HOUND

These monstrous dogs are often summoned by crossroads demons to attack those who attempt to renege on their bargains. Their black skin steams with an unholy heat and they are draped in chains, which some say are the very ones that keep them trapped in Hell until released. Their eyes burn from within with a demonic fire and their oversized teeth protrude from their jaws at all angles.

They are sometimes referred to as barghests, yeth hounds, or simply "black dogs."

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

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d10, Stealth d6

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 9 (2)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +2:** The chains covering the abomination also serve to protect it.
- **Bite:** Str+d6.
- **Fear:** Anyone seeing a Hell hound must make a Fear check.
- **Fleet-Footed:** Hell hounds roll a d10 when running instead of a d6.
- **Go for the Throat:** A Hell hound that gets a raise on its Fighting roll instinctively strikes its opponent's least-armored location.
- **Immunity (Fire):** Hell hounds take no damage from fire.
- **Terrible Wounds:** The jagged teeth of a Hell hound inflict terrible wounds which do not heal quickly. Healing rolls, both magical and natural, are subject to a -2 penalty on top of any wound penalties.



HYDE

Back when Prohibition was all the rage up North, everybody and their brother jumped on the bandwagon brewing up booze to sell on the black market. Some of these bootleggers decided to give their bathtub gin an extra kick by filtering it through ghost rock, hoping to sell a few extra cases on novelty if not necessarily flavor. The drawback to this hooch—called "red rum"—is that on top of the usual risk of going blind, sometimes the drinker turns into a rampaging abomination!

The vast majority of the time, a person with this affliction lives his life normally. But during times of great stress he changes into his monstrous form and is driven to commit acts of mayhem and violence. Any time a person who suffers from this malady draws a face card for his initiative, he transforms into a Hyde. Of course, as Marshal, you're also free to inflict the change whenever works best for your adventure!

Hydes possess an animal-like cunning. They take delight in violence and the pain of others and hold little loyalty to anyone but themselves, often lashing out at their closest friends and loved ones. It is not uncommon for someone who's fallen victim to this transformation to eventually suspect something's amiss, but he has no memory of anything that takes place while he is in monstrous form.

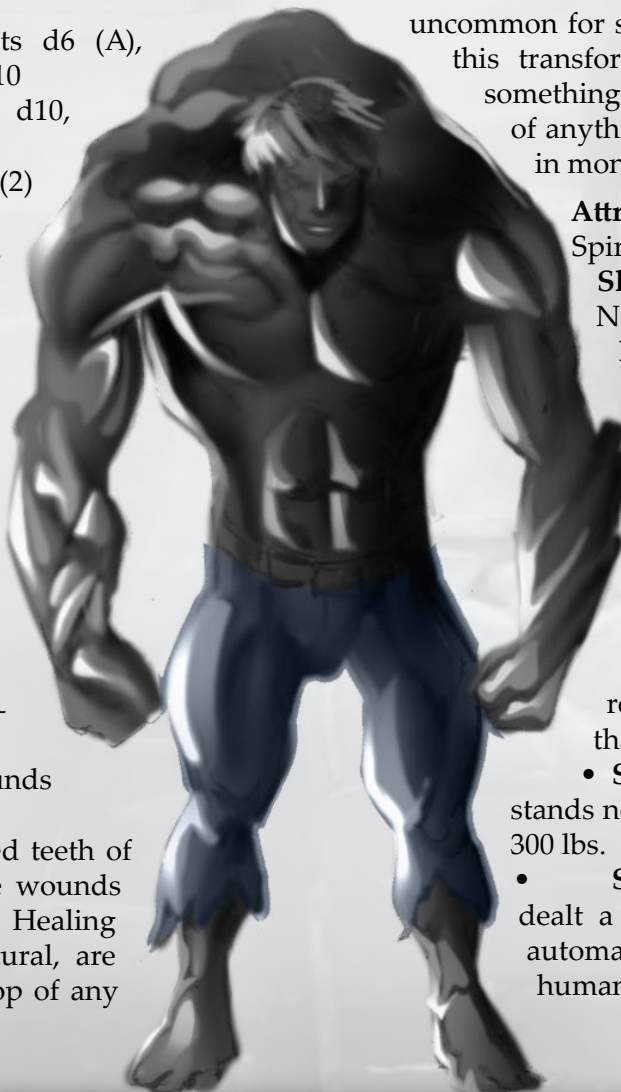
Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d12+2, Vigor d10

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Notice d4

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 10 (2)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +2:** These creatures' thick muscles shield them from damage.
- **Claws:** Str+1d4. Many pick up improvised weapons as they rage as well.
- **Hardy:** A second Shaken result does not cause a wound thanks to their sinewy muscles.
- **Size +1:** A transformed Hyde stands nearly 7' tall and weighs around 300 lbs.
- **Shape Change:** If a Hyde is dealt a deuce for its Action Card, it automatically changes back to its human form.





LAMIA

Lamias are vampiric seducers, draining the very life force from their victims to enhance their illusion of unearthly beauty. In their natural form, these creatures have the torso of a human but their lower bodies resemble a serpent's tail. Their mouths are filled with needle-like teeth and their fingers end in long, raking claws. Few ever see the true visage of a lamia however, as the creatures appear as incredibly beautiful women, or less frequently, strikingly handsome men.

Lamias' physical appeal can become so great as to be almost overpowering to those attracted to their gender. Only heroes with tremendous willpower can even hope to attack a well-fed lamia, much less defeat it!

Most of these abominations gravitate toward roles in society where their unnatural presence not only helps them succeed, but also provides them easy access to large numbers of potential prey. This enables them to spread their feeding out over more victims and thus hide the negative effects. As a result, these monsters are often found pursuing careers in politics, entertainment, and similar professions.

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

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d10, Persuasion d12+2, Stealth d8, Streetwise d10

Charisma: +4 or higher (see below); **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 5

Special Abilities:

- **Claws:** Str+d4
- **Charismatic:** Charisma +4. Lamias are very attractive and charismatic, but any Charisma bonuses (including those gained from draining victims) only apply to those who are attracted to their gender.
- **Coup (Presence):** The Harrowed gains +2 Charisma.
- **Fear:** Anyone seeing a lamia in its natural form must make a Fear test.
- **Mind Control:** A lamia can use the *puppet* power with no Power Point cost, but can only control a single victim (who must be attracted to it) at a time. The creature gains a bonus to its Persuasion roll equal to its current Charisma. The mind control does not grant any unusual means of communication,



such as telepathy or language, and is broken if the monster is Shaken or wounded.

- **Psychic Drain:** A lamia sustains itself by draining willpower from its victims. As an action, it can make an opposed Spirit roll against a single victim who's attracted to it. If the lamia wins, the victim gains a Fatigue level and the lamia gains +1 Charisma. The Charisma bonus lasts for one day, but the Fatigue level cannot be recovered until the lamia is killed. A victim who is drained to Incapacitation by a lamia's feeding must make a Spirit roll each hour or die.

- **Unearthly Beauty:** Anyone who attempts to attack a lamia with a Charisma bonus of +6 or higher must win an opposed Spirit roll against the creature (assuming it's of the gender the character is attracted to). The lamia receives a modifier to its roll equal to its Charisma bonus.



LETICHE

According to Cajun legend, the letiche was originally an orphaned child who was raised by alligators, eventually acquiring some of the predatory reptiles' physical traits. Whether that's true or the letiche is just another horror spawned from the Hunting Grounds, these creatures prowl the bayous in southern Louisiana, preying on any soul unfortunate enough to run across them. Letiches prefer to attack by ambush, snatching their victims and dragging them below the murky swamp water. These monsters prefer to stash their victims underwater to let them decay before devouring them.

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

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d6, Stealth d8, Swimming d8

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 9 (2)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +2:** Thick, scaly hide.
- **Aquatic:** Pace 6.
- **Bite/Claw:** Str+d6.
- **Coup (Scaly Skin):** Armor +1.
- **Fear (-1):** Anyone confronted by a letiche must make a Fear test at -1.
- **Hardy:** A second Shaken result does not cause a wound to a letiche.
- **Low Light Vision:** Letiches ignore penalties for Dim and Dark lighting.



- **Rollover:** Like alligators, letiches are capable of grabbing their prey in either their jaws or claws and rolling over and over with their flailing victims. If one of these abominations hits with a raise while in water at least 3' deep, it causes an extra 2d4 damage in addition to its regular damage.
- **Tail Sweep:** A letiche can strike all opponents adjacent to it in its rear facing with its powerful tail. This is a standard Fighting attack, and damage is equal to the monster's Strength -2.



OUTSIDER

Outsiders hide amidst the throngs of people crowding the cities or the waves of migrant workers flowing through the country seeking work. They strike from the fringes of society, spreading distrust and fear through murder and mayhem. And for an outsider, the more vile and gruesome the deed, the better.

In their natural form, they appear as featureless humanoids with utterly blank faces—not even eyes or a mouth mar the claylike oval that rests atop their shoulders. Thanks to a supernatural ability to alter their features, these abominations normally appear as average folks, moving undetected among humanity. They frequently change their looks so they take little care in avoiding witnesses.

Outsiders delight in misleading police and others hunting them by confounding conventional attempts to identify them. Often they prey on a town or city for weeks, stirring up an atmosphere of paranoia and terror before moving on to its next hunting ground.

Outsiders favor cutting weapons for their crimes but are happy to use whatever is available when the opportunity presents itself. Given the choice, an outsider always prefers a handheld weapon to a ranged one.

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

Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d10, Lockpicking d6, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Shooting d6, Stealth d10

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 7

Special Abilities:

- **Coup (Face in the Crowd):** The Harrowed gains the outsider's ability, though it costs a Fatigue level to trigger.
- **Face in the Crowd:** Outsiders have the ability to alter their general features as if using the *disguise* power. Their control of their shape is not fine enough to assume a specific individual's appearance, but they can completely change their looks as an action.

Any clothing worn does not change, however.

- **Fear:** Anyone unfortunate enough to spot an outsider not concealing its true form must make a Fear test.
- **Fearless:** These creatures are immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- **Indescribable:** Their indistinct features make outsiders nearly impossible for witnesses to describe beyond basic features: height, race, hair color, clothing, etc.
- **Low Light Vision:** Outsiders ignore penalties for Dim and Dark lighting.



PATCHWORK MAN

These abominations are obviously artificial creations, usually covered in large sewing and grafting scars that crisscross their bodies. Sloppy creators may even attach limbs at odd angles or insert joints backwards. Some bargain-basement surgeons have even substituted animal parts when human ones are too hard to acquire quickly.

Patchwork men are bound to their creator's will. In combat, they tend to follow whatever instructions they have been given. The rare specimens with a measure of independent thought tend to be brutal killers.

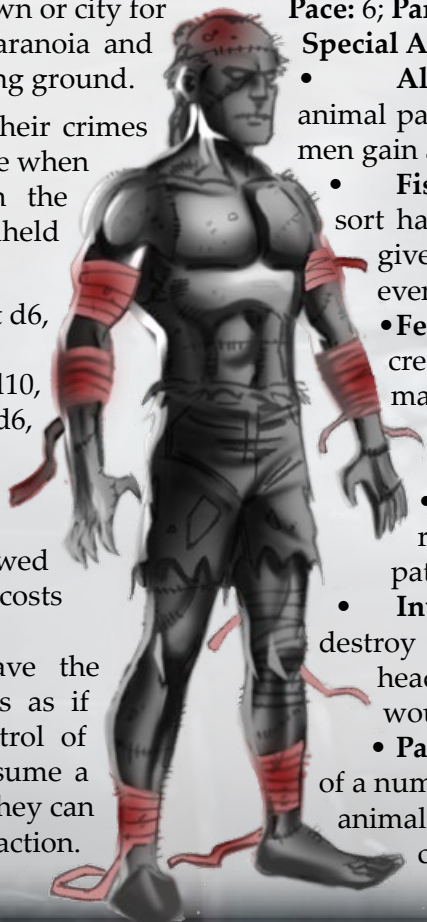
Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d10, Vigor d12

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Notice d6, Shooting d6, Stealth d8, Swimming d6

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 10

Special Abilities:

- **Alertness:** Due to the inclusion of animal parts (like cat's eyes), some patchwork men gain a +2 bonus to Notice rolls.
- **Fists:** Str+d4. Some abominations of this sort have horns, razor teeth, or claws that give them a Fighting damage of Str+d6 or even Str+d8.
- **Fear (-1):** Patchwork men are grotesque creatures that force any who see them to make Fear checks (-1).
- **Fearless:** Patchwork men are immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- **Hardy:** A second Shaken result does not cause a wound on a patchwork man.
- **Invulnerability:** The only way to destroy the abomination is to destroy the head, though it still can be Shaken and wounded.
- **Patchwork Parts:** Composed of the parts of a number of dead humans (and sometimes animals), each piece of a patchwork man can operate independently. When a



patchwork man would normally be Incapacitated, instead roll on the Injury Table, applying the appropriate penalty. If a hero makes a called shot to a patchwork limb, don't roll on the Injury Table; instead, that limb simply ceases to function.

- **Undead:** +2 Toughness; +2 to recover from being Shaken; called shots do no extra damage (except to the head).
- **Weakness (Head):** Attacks that target a patchwork man's head inflict normal damage. If the head takes a single wound, the monster is put down. Remaining body parts flop and flail, but have no senses or intelligence to guide them.



REVENANT

Revenants are willful dead reanimated by an overwhelming sense of vengeance.

They neither seek nor accept apologies or bargains, but are intent only on bloody revenge on those who wronged them in their previous life.

Revenants appear as they did in life, though somewhat grayish or pale in color. Their death wounds remain though, which may make disguising their true nature somewhat difficult depending on how they died. Otherwise, they are fairly capable of passing for a regular person, making their pursuit of unholy justice somewhat easier.

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

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d6, Notice d6, Stealth d8, Shooting d8

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 8

Gear: Revenants favor the weapons they used in life.

Special Abilities:

- **Coup (Touch of Vengeance):** The Harrowed gains the Vengeful Hindrance but causes +2 Fighting damage against anyone who has caused a Shaken result or greater against him in the current combat.
- **Fearless:** Immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- **Undead:** +2 Toughness; +2 to recover from being Shaken; called shots do no extra damage (except to the head).
- **Vengeful:** Revenants add +2 to all Trait and damage rolls against those it seeks.
- **Invulnerability:** If one of these abominations is Incapacitated, it collapses into a pile of bones for 1d3 days before returning to a state of undeath. It is only destroyed if its revenge is completed, or the banish power is used over its Incapacitated form.



RIVER LEVIATHAN

A river leviathan is an enormous octopus nearly 40 feet across with tentacles 20 feet or more in length. These monstrosities usually lurk at the bottom of a river, often wearing a shipwreck or other structure as an impromptu shell. They seldom fully expose themselves, leaving most victims with the impression they were attacked by a mass of giant eels or water snakes.

The Confederate Navy has hunted most of these monsters down over the years, leaving only the most cunning ones alive. One or two managed to slip through the Industrial Canal and now hunt the waters of Lake Pontchartrain.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d12, Strength d12+4, Vigor d12+4

Skills: Fighting d12, Notice d8, Stealth d10

Pace: 0; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 24 (5)

Special Abilities:

- **Aquatic:** Pace 12.
- **Armor +5:** River leviathans use shipwrecks or even uprooted houses as a shell.
- **Fear (-2):** Anyone unlucky enough to spot a river leviathan must make a Fear check (-2).
- **Gargantuan:** Heavy Armor. All attacks against the abomination receive a +4 bonus. Due to its aquatic nature, it can't bring its full weight to bear on a stomp and only adds half its Size (rounded down) to damage when it stomps.
- **Size +9:** These monsters are over 40' in diameter, not counting the tentacles.
- **Swallow:** A leviathan that hits with a raise on its Fighting roll automatically grapples its target. If the victim does not escape in the next two rounds, the leviathan pops the poor schmuck into its maw. Swallowed characters take 2d6 damage each round from its digestive juices. On the bright side, its victims have to check for drowning as well.
- **Tentacle:** Str+d10, Reach 10.



ROUGAROU

The rougarou is synonymous among Cajuns with the bogeyman and described as a large and hairy manlike creature with the head of a wolf. It is a vicious killer and seldom devours its victims, preferring to simply mutilate the bodies. Many folks believe it's just another name for a werewolf, but the rougarou is a monster in its own right. Unlike a werewolf, the beast never changes to a human form until slain or someone takes the curse from it by swallowing three drops of its blood.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d12+2, Vigor d10

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d10, Intimidation d8, Notice d10, Stealth d10, Tracking d8

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 8

Special Abilities:

- **Claws/Bite:** Str+d8.
- **Coup (The Moon as Master):** The Harrowed gains a die type in Strength and Toughness when in sight of a full moon.
- **Curse:** Anyone foolish enough to ingest three drops of a rougarou's blood removes the curse from the original abomination, but becomes a rougarou themselves.
- **Fear (-2):** The sight of a rougarou is terrifying, requiring a Fear check at a -2 penalty.
- **Fleet-Footed:** Rougarous roll a d10 when running instead of a d6.
- **Frenzy:** A rougarou may make two Fighting attacks a round at a -2 penalty.
- **Invulnerability:** Rougarous can only be Shaken by most weapons. Only cutting weapons can pierce their hides.
- **Size +1:** These monsters stand over 7' tall.
- **Weakness (Cutting Weapons):** Knives, axes, and other cutting weapons do normal damage to a rougarou.

SHAMBLER

Shamblers arise from bayous and swamps polluted by waste and chemicals spilled from refineries and factories. Whether they are angry spirits seeking to avenge the harm inflicted upon the land or a physical manifestation of corruption given life by manitous is uncertain, but their raw power is unquestionable. Shamblers hate all things of human origin—and humans themselves!

These abominations look like enormous mounds of mud, moss, and vines compressed into a vaguely humanoid shape. They are nearly mindless, but possessed of animal-like cunning and very dangerous in combat. Shamblers are able swimmers and capable of melding almost instantly back into the muck and mire, reforming elsewhere in a single round. Shamblers especially hate technology and those who wield it!

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d12+4, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d6, Stealth d10, Swimming d6

Pace: 4; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 11

Special Abilities:

- **Aquatic:** Pace 6.
- **Bash:** Str+d6
- **Burrowing 10":** A shambler's burrowing only works in the muck and mud of bayous and swamps. It cannot burrow through normal dirt or stone.

- **Crush:** When a shambler gets a raise on its Fighting roll, it clenches its opponent to its chest with one of its arms. The round it begins the crush and each round thereafter, it inflicts Str+d6 damage on the trapped victim. After the initial attack, the shambler may maintain the crush without using an action. The victim may attempt to escape by getting a raise on an opposed Strength roll.

- **Elemental:** No additional damage from called shots; does not suffer from wound modifiers; immune to disease and poison.

- **Fearless:** Immune to Fear and Intimidation.

- **Fear:** Anyone seeing a shambler must make a Fear test.

- **Immunity (Fire):** The large amount of water in a shambler's body make it effectively immune to fire and heat-based attacks.

- **Resistant:** Shamblers take half damage from normal weapons.

- **Size +3:** Shamblers are massive creatures, easily the size of large bears.

- **Weakness (Electricity):** The nature of a shambler's makeup causes it to be very susceptible to electricity. The abomination suffers double damage from electrically-based attacks.



SKINWALKER

These horrific creatures get their name from their unsavory habit of wearing the skins of their victims. Their wicked, retractable claws can peel the hide off a human in minutes, while they lap at the corpse's brains with their unnaturally long, raspy tongues. This process somehow gives them access to at least some of the poor bum's memories.

Because a skinwalker's skeleton is mostly cartilage and mutable, one of these abominations can impersonate virtually any human, from youngster to adult. In its natural state, it closely resembles a skinned corpse. Its muscles, tendons, ligaments, and the like are all hideously visible.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d12, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d10, Notice d8, Persuasion d10, Stealth d12

Pace: 5; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 6

Special Abilities:

- **Claws:** Str+d6.

- **Disguise:** A hero must make a Notice roll (-4) to detect anything unusual with a disguised skinwalker. If the character knows the skinwalker's victim well, this penalty may be reduced to -2 or even 0 at the GM's discretion.

- **Fear (-1):** Anyone who encounters an "unclothed" skinwalker must make a Fear check (-1).

SWARM MAN

Swarm men are colonies of voracious, beetle-like critters with a disturbing amount of smarts and an unnatural ability for camouflage. Worse, these swarms are capable of forming into a human shape and altering their appearance so as to look human. Their hive-mind intelligence enables them to function as a single organism instead of a mass of squirmy creepy crawlies.

While a swarm man's camouflage isn't nearly fine-tuned enough to impersonate a particular individual, the insects are capable of appearing human enough to pass all but the closest inspection. With a casual glance, only a Notice roll (-4) can spot anything amiss with one of these swarms when it's camouflaged. However, any character who's specifically looking for a mass of bugs disguising themselves as a human (for whatever reason) can roll a Notice roll with no modifiers.

These abominations eat like plagues of locusts without quite as discerning a palate. They are more than happy to devour anything organic in nature they can get their mandibles on to pull apart and consume.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d12, Strength d8, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d6, Notice d10, Shooting d4, Throwing d4

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 5/7; **Toughness:** 7

Special Abilities:

- **Bite:** A swarm man in swarm form inflicts hundreds of bites on anyone caught inside it (Medium Burst Template). It hits automatically each round and causes 2d6 damage. This damage is applied to the least armored location on a victim.
- **Fear -2:** Any gumshoe unlucky enough to witness one of these critters change to swarm form must make an immediate Fear check (-2).
- **Invulnerability:** A swarm man cannot be wounded while in human form. If it takes enough damage to cause a wound, it immediately disintegrates into swarm form.
- **Mimicry:** A swarm man is capable of mimicking a general human appearance, although it cannot copy specific individuals. Shifting to swarm form is a free action, but reforming into a human shape takes a full round.
- **Split:** A Swarm man can split into two smaller swarms (Small Burst Templates) to deal with multiple foes if necessary. The Toughness of these smaller swarms is reduced by 2 (to 5)

- **Swarm:** Parry +2; in swarm form, cutting and piercing weapons do no real damage. Area of effect weapons work normally and the abomination's attacks can be foiled, at least temporarily, by jumping in water. A Joe can make a Fighting attack by stomping each round. If successful, the stomp inflicts his Strength in damage. While in swarm form, the swarm man cannot use weapons.



TONTON MACOUTE

These monsters are usually found only in service to powerful bokkor who use them as henchman and assassins. Initially they appear to be extremely large, bald, black men, standing over 6' tall and weighing more than 300 lbs. Closer examination reveals their true, inhuman nature.

The creatures' eyes are abnormally small for their oversized heads and entirely black. They're utterly hairless and their skin is tough and leathery. The most telling feature though is their lack of finger- and toenails.

Tonton macoutes are completely insensitive to pain and highly resistant to magic, making them virtually unstoppable in combat. They are effectively emotionless and particularly cruel when dealing with their victims.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d12+2, Vigor d12

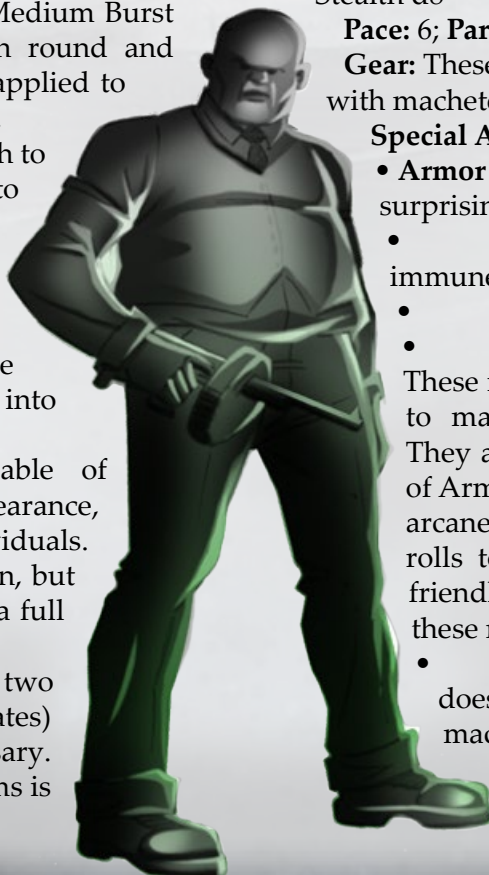
Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d10, Notice d6, Stealth d8

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 10 (1)

Gear: These monsters are sometimes armed with machetes (Str+d6).

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +1:** A tonton macoute's skin is surprisingly thick and leathery.
- **Fearless:** Tonton macoutes are immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- **Fist:** Str.
- **Improved Arcane Resistance:** These monsters are extremely resistant to magic (including weird science). They act as though they have 4 points of Armor when hit by damage-causing arcane powers and add +4 to Trait rolls to resist opposed powers. Even friendly arcane powers are affected by these modifiers.
- **Hardy:** A second Shaken result does not cause a wound to a tonton macoute.
- **Immunity (Nonlethal):** A tonton macoute is immune to nonlethal damage.



- **Size +1:** One of these abominations weighs over 300 pounds.
- **Throttle:** When not using a weapon, a tonton macoute that gets a raise on its Fighting roll grabs its victims by the throat. On each of its following actions, its victim must roll a contest of Vigor versus the monster's Strength. If she fails, she suffers a Fatigue level. Once a character is freed from the creature's grasp, she recovers one Fatigue level every five minutes.

WALKIN' DEAD

While some stories might portray all zombies as slow and mindless creatures, these monsters are mean and clever. They're smart enough to know most folks think they're plodding and stupid, so sometimes they act that way just to get close enough to pounce.

And yes, they do eat brains. Sweet, delicious brains.

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

Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d6, Notice d4, Shooting d6

Pace: 4; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 7

Special Abilities:

- **Claws:** Str+d4
- **Fearless:** Walkin' dead are immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- **Undead:** +2 Toughness; +2 to recover from being Shaken; called shots do no extra damage (except to the head).
- **Weakness (Head):** Shots to a walkin' dead's head (-4 called shot) do +2 additional damage, for a total of +6.

ZOMBIE

There are walkin' dead and then there are zombies. Most of the reanimated corpses encountered, even in the Crescent City, are walkin' dead. Even the quick-and-dirty creatures animated by the bokkor using the *zombie* power are just short-unlived walkin' dead. Zombies, on the other hand, are the big guns of the Red Sect—and they are far more rare.

Creating a zombie takes considerable preparation. The bokkor begins working on his victim long before the poor sucker checks into a graveyard, administering a combination of arcane poisons and ritual curses. After the victim dies, the ritual process continues over the next three nights at the soon-to-be undead juggernaut's burial site. Given the popularity of the necropolises

New Orleans, pulling those nightly ceremonies off undisturbed is no mean feat!

Once reanimated, zombies are virtually invulnerable, hideously strong, and incapable of betraying the bokkors' wishes. While the abominations do have a couple of obscure weaknesses, one is impossible in the heat of combat and the other isn't even feasible out of sight of the ocean. Other than dismemberment or completely consuming the undead body by fire—something that takes several hours—zombies are almost unstoppable once given a command, which is usually to kill. In general, the only way to defeat one of these monsters is to catch it while it is inert or trap it in a stone or concrete room sufficient to withstand its terrible strength.

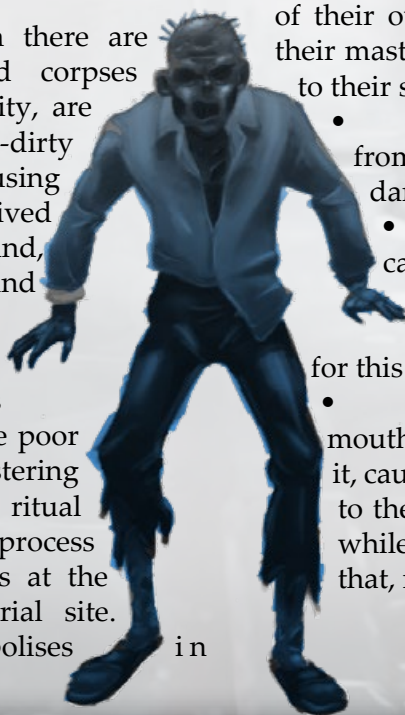
Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d4, Strength d12+2, Vigor d12+2

Skills: Fighting d8

Pace: 4; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 11

Special Abilities:

- **Fists:** Str.
- **Fearless:** Zombies are immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- **Improved Arcane Resistance:** Zombies gain a +4 bonus to all Trait rolls to resist magical effects. They also receive Armor 4 against damaging magical attacks.
- **Invulnerability:** Zombies can be Shaken by normal or magical attacks, but can only be wounded or destroyed by complete immolation or their Weaknesses.
- **Mindless:** These undead are effectively mindless, guided only by the will of their creator. They are capable of making simple decisions in pursuit of fulfilling their creator's orders but have no free will of their own. When not following an order from their master, zombies are inactive and do not react to their surroundings, even in self-defense.
- **Undead:** +2 Toughness; +2 to recover from being Shaken; called shots do no extra damage (except to the head).
- **Weakness (Face the Sea):** If a zombie can be made to face the ocean, the curse animating it is broken, leaving it a lifeless corpse. The ocean must be within sight for this method to be effective.
- **Weakness (Salt):** Filling a zombie's mouth with salt dispels the magic that created it, causing the abomination to collapse lifelessly to the ground. This can only be accomplished while the zombie is inactive. Good luck with that, night stalker!



HUMANS

Most of the threats the investigators are likely to face aren't spawn of the Reckoning but normal people. Some of these may be allies to the heroes, while some are just as evil as any abomination that's crawled out of the pits of the Deadlands. Here's an array of the various types of people who call the Crescent City home.

The Poverty Hindrance is assumed in all cases due to the Depression. Other statistics are a baseline to be altered as needed. As an example, it's easily possible for a fast-talking thug to have Persuasion.

The Edge Arcane Background (Black Magic) works exactly like Arcane Background (Magic) from the *Savage Worlds* rulebook. The spellcasters who use this have turned their souls over in exchange for a touch of hellish power. As a result, they've got access to a few more spells than characters who have to fight or con their powers from the manitous.



AGENT

The Agency is the Union's answer to supernatural threats. Unlike the Rangers, Agents often operate undercover, even inside the boundaries of the United States. When they don't, they usually respond in pairs, in intimidating black overcoats and fedoras. Their primary goals are investigating unusual incidents and covering up the truth if it includes the paranormal.

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

Skills: Driving d6, Fighting d6, Intimidation d8, Investigation d6, Knowledge (Law) d6, Knowledge (Occult) d6, Notice d8, Persuasion d6, Shooting d10, Stealth d8, Streetwise d6

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

Hindrances: Cautious, Vow (Destroy or contain the supernatural)

Edges: Comfortable, Connections (Agency), Level Headed

Gear: Hellstromme Hellfire (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6, RoF 1), disguise kit, Agency badge.



BOKKOR

Bokkors are feared voodoo magicians motivated by selfish desires or just outright evil. They draw their power from manitous so while their powers have the trappings of voodoo, they're actually fueled by black magic. A bokkor's commitment to his art often precludes hiding his practices in polite society.

Most bokkors are powerful members of the dreaded Red Sect, with ample resources—both magical and mundane.

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

Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d8, Knowledge (Occult) d10, Notice d6, Shooting d6, Spellcasting d10

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Vengeful, Mean, Enemy (Black Hand)

Edges: Arcane Background (Black Magic), Connections (Red Sect), New Powers, Power Points

Powers: *Boost/lower Trait, conceal/detect arcana, confusion, zombie*; Power Points: 15

Gear: Bokkor frequently carry ritual weapons imbued with evil (inflicting an extra +2 damage in the hands of the bokkor only), but they are not above packing a firearm either.

Special Abilities:

- **Sending:** As an action, a bokkor can use his arcane power to summon an evil spirit to hound a victim. This requires the bokkor to win an opposed Spirit test with his intended target. If successful, neither the bokkor nor the victim can spend Bennies until the sorcerer releases the sending, which also requires an action. This power has a range of Smarts.

CAJUN HUNTER

Out in the bayous surrounding the city, Cajuns have been forging a living from the murky depths of the swamps for centuries. On their home turf, Cajun hunters are among some of the most skilled trackers, hunters, and fishermen in the world.

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

Skills: Boating d4, Fighting d6, Notice d6, Shooting d6, Stealth d6, Survival d8, Tracking d8

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

Hindrances: Illiterate

Edges: Woodsman

Gear: Winchester 1894 (Range 24/48/96, Damage 2d8, RoF 1, AP 2), hunting knife (Str+d4).

CITIZEN

These are the folks who make up the general population of the city: shop owners, bartenders, and so on. Like everyone else, they scrabble to get by from week to week, but are generally law-abiding.

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

Skills: Driving d4, Fighting d4, Knowledge (Trade) d6, Notice d6, Shooting d4

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: —

Edges: —

Gear: Citizens own a variety of gear appropriate to their trade. Many own a firearm, or at least a knife.

CULTIST

Dark cults that worship various evil entities still hide in the shadows of society, despite the efforts of the Agency and Texas Rangers. The most common of these—at least in New Orleans—is the evil voodoo cult, the Red Sect. The average cultist is blindly obedient to his faith and is more than happy to murder for his dark gods. Most maintain public lives as ordinary people, only practicing their unholy rites in private.

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

Skills: Driving d4, Fighting d8, Knowledge (Occult) d4, Knowledge (Trade) d4, Notice d6, Shooting d6

Charisma: -4; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty

Edges: Arcane Resistance

Gear: Cultists favor hand weapons, usually ritual daggers or similar implements. However, they're not above resorting to firearms.



CULT LEADER

These dark-souled individuals are among the favorites of the Reckoners. They draw their blasphemous power from manitous they believe are dark gods. Their evil souls are skilled at hiding in plain sight and many are considered pillars of the community—politicians, society notables, even

the police—assuming their leadership roles almost naturally.

Use this profile for non-Red Sect cult leaders. For the masters of the voodoo cults, instead use the Bokkor profile.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Driving d4, Fighting d10, Knowledge (Occult) d8, Notice d6, Shooting d6, Spellcasting d10

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

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, Overconfident

Edges: Arcane Background (Black Magic), Brave, Comfortable, Command, Fervor, Improved Arcane Resistance

Powers: *Boost/lower Trait, dispel, fear*; Power Points: 10

Gear: Cult leaders frequently carry ritual weapons imbued with evil (inflicting an extra +2 damage for the cult leader only).



GRIFTER

These quick-thinking spellcasters tend keep a low profile. Most know all too well how the Rangers and Agency dealt with hucksters and why there are so few of them left!

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

Skills: Driving d4, Gambling d4, Knowledge (Occult) d6, Notice d6, Shooting d4, Spellcasting d10, Taunt d6



Charisma: -3; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 2; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Habit (Minor, vice), Overconfident, Smart Mouth

Edges: Arcane Background (Grifter), Power Points

Powers: Bolt, boost/lower trait, deflection; Power Points: 15

Gear: Star Pocket (Range 10/20/40, Damage 2d6-1, RoF 1), accessories common to chosen vice.

MAFIA SOLDIER

Soldiers are the lowest level of “made men” in the Black Hand. Being “made” means the soldier is of Sicilian descent and has been involved in at least one contract murder to “make his bones,” although it’s not required the applicant actually pulled the trigger. These guys are more than just hardcases—they’re smarter than the average thug and they’ve got the Black Hand backing them up.

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

Skills: Driving d6, Fighting d6, Intimidation d6, Lockpicking d4, Notice d4, Shooting d8, Stealth d4, Streetwise d6

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Wanted, Mean, Vow (to the Black Hand)

Edges: Comfortable, Connections (Black Hand)

Gear: Mafia soldiers carry a variety of firearms and/or other weapons, usually chosen depending on the job.

MAFIA CAPO

A capo—short for *capodecina*—is a captain in the Black Hand’s army. They’re placed in charge of a group of soldiers, although the number varies based on each capo’s influence and connections with the organization. All, however, are made men with the full support of the Mob. Capos answer directly to underbosses. Each capo should be customized a bit more to reflect a particular fighting style or firearm preference. A capo who likes Tommy guns, for example, might have the Rock n’ Roll Edge.

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

Skills: Driving d6, Fighting d8, Intimidation d8, Investigation d8, Knowledge (Law) d6, Notice d8, Shooting d8, Streetwise d10, Taunt d8

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 9 (2) / 10 (3)

Hindrances: Wanted, Mean, Vow (Support the Black Hand)

Edges: Connections (Black Hand), Hard, Rich

Gear: Capos favor pistols, leaving the larger firearms to their soldiers. Powerful capos usually wear bulletproof vests as well (reflected in their Toughness).



PATENT SCIENTIST

Patent scientists are almost always lone inventors hoping to stumble on the “next big thing” to make their fame and fortune. Unfortunately, most are barely struggling by on what little money they can scrape together doing tinker and repair work for their neighbors.

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

Skills: Driving d4, Knowledge (Science) d8, Notice d4, Repair d8, Shooting d6, Weird Science d10

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 2; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Curious, Delusion (Minor)

Edges: Arcane Background (Patent Science), Gadgeteer, New Powers

Powers: Deflection (repulsion belt), burst (plasma projector); Power Points: 10

Gear: Gadgets, tool kit.

POLICE OFFICER

Some are good and some are rotten, but all of them carry a gun and a badge. This is the average patrolman on a given police force—and often the first guy on the scene of a crime.

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

Skills: Driving d4, Fighting d6, Intimidation d6, Notice d4, Shooting d6, Streetwise d4

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

Hindrances: Corrupt (about 50%), Obligation (to the force or the people—not necessarily both!)

Edges: Comfortable, Connections (Police Department)

Gear: .38 revolver (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6, RoF 1), billy club (Str+d4), handcuffs, 12 spare rounds.



POLICE DETECTIVE

Police detectives have years of experience behind them—and given the condition of many departments, that means they’re either of iron character or crooked as a street vendor’s pretzels.

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

Skills: Driving d4, Fighting d6, Intimidation d8, Investigation d8, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Shooting d6, Streetwise d8

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

Hindrances: —

Edges: Comfortable, Connections (Police Department), Investigator

Gear: .38 revolver (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6, RoF 1), handcuffs, 18 spare rounds.



PRIVATE DETECTIVE

Most private investigators flirt with the line between legal and illegal and aren't afraid to smudge it when necessary to earn their fees. These shamuses often work alone, sometimes as much by choice as the fact they usually can't afford to pay for any employees.

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

Skills: Driving d4, Fighting d6, Intimidation d6, Investigation d8, Notice d8, Persuasion d6, Shooting d6, Streetwise d8, Taunt d6

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

Hindrances: Overconfident, Stubborn

Edges: Investigator, Strong Willed

Gear: Colt 1911 (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, RoF 1), 1 spare magazine (7 rounds).



TEXAS RANGER

The Texas Rangers serve as both the law enforcement arm of the Confederate government and its main weapon against the supernatural. Their motto is "Shoot it or recruit it"—often for both aspects of their job.

Despite the "Texas" part, the Rangers have authority over the entire Confederacy, and are found from Richmond to the Maze.

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

Skills: Driving d6, Fighting d8, Intimidation d8, Investigation d6, Knowledge (Occult) d6, Notice d6, Shooting d10, Streetwise d8

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

Hindrances: Overconfident, Vow (Destroy or contain the supernatural)

Edges: Brave, Comfortable, Connections (Rangers), Level Headed

Gear: LeMat (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6, RoF 1, AP 1), & Shotgun (Range 5/10/20, Damage 1-3d6, RoF 1), trench knife (Str+d4, AP 1), handcuffs, 12 spare pistol rounds, 5 spare shotgun shells.

SOLDIER

Rarely encountered, soldiers are usually only involved in government-sponsored actions. National Guardsmen are more common, often being employed by their respective governors in response to an emergency—or as a private army.

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

Skills: Driving d4, Fighting d6, Notice d6, Shooting d6

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

Hindrances: Obligation (Major—to their country)

Edges: —

Gear: Springfield 1903 bolt-action rifle (Range 24/48/96, Damage 2d8, RoF 1, AP 2), bayonet (Str+d4; when fitted to rifle, Str+d6, Reach 1, Parry +1, requires 2 hands).

THUG

These are the hoods not smart enough to get a spot with the Black Hand but rough enough to earn their keep with their muscles. They serve as muscle for low-level criminals and bouncers at the seedier clubs.

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

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d6, Notice d4, Shooting d6, Streetwise d4

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

Hindrances: Greedy, Mean

Edges: Brawny

Gear: .38 revolver (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6, RoF 1), brass knuckles (Str+d4, treat as Unarmed Attacker).



VOODOOIST

Whether a houngan (male) or mambo (female), voodoo priests are accorded a fair amount of respect in New Orleans. Even the Rangers tend to give them a pass—at least in their own communities.

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

Skills: Fighting d6, Healing d6, Knowledge (Occult) d6, Notice d8, Persuasion d8, Shooting d4, Voodoo d10

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

Hindrances: Enemy (Red Sect), Loyal

Edges: Arcane Background (Voodoo), Gris-Gris Crafter, Holy Warrior, New Powers

Powers: *Bolster, conceal/detect arcana, divination, healing*; Power Points: 10

Gear: Knife (Str+d4), various talismans.

"HE WAS AS FUNNY AS A CLOWN WHO HAD JUST RUN OUT OF MAKEUP. AND NOSES. AND WIGS. AND WAS SAD. IN FACT, HE WAS A SAD CLOWN AND NOT REALLY FUNNY AT ALL."

—Gavin Phillips,
Private Dick

PERSONALITIES

These are some of the movers and shakers in New Orleans. There are also a few worthy—and not-so-worthy—adversaries as well.

Note that like all nonplayer characters, sometimes requirements for certain Edges are ignored. Sometimes these reflect earlier life, events, encounters with dark powers, or other special circumstances.



"SILVER DOLLAR" SAM CAROLLA

The current leader of the Black Hand, Sam Carolla took control of the relatively minor Matranga crime family in 1922. He slowly gathered all the bootlegging operations in the city under his control, taking complete charge by the end of the decade. He faced down Al Capone when he came to visit the city (backed by the NOPD). And afterward he somehow still managed to make a favorable deal with the Chicago Outfit to sell his bootleg booze.

Carolla used the money to buy friends not only in New Orleans but also in the state capitol and beyond. He's even finagled an arrangement with Huey Long in exchange for "campaign contributions." Carolla's contacts and money make him effectively above the law in the city.

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

Skills: Driving d6, Fighting d6, Intimidation d12, Knowledge (Law) d6, Notice d8, Persuasion d8, Shooting d8, Streetwise d12

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 10 (2)/11 (3)

Hindrances: Arrogant, Corrupt, Mean

Edges: Charismatic, Command, Connections (Huey Long), Connections (NOPD), Filthy Rich, Hardboiled, Harder to Kill, Inspire, Strong Willed

Gear: Luger (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6, RoF 1), bulletproof vest (Armor +3 vs bullets).



WILLIAM "JAZZMAN" JAMES

James is a freelance hitman who gets most of his business from the Black Hand. He's not Sicilian, so he's not a made man, but the gangsters have a knack for hiring men with a talent for killing, and the Jazzman fits the bill. He takes his name from his side job as a trumpet player for a few of the local jazz orchestras, but he plays his deadliest songs on a Tommy gun.

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

Skills: Driving d4, Fighting d8, Intimidation d8, Notice d10, Perform (Trumpet) d8, Shooting d10, Stealth d8, Streetwise d6

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

Hindrances: Greedy (Minor), Grim Servant of Death, Quirk (Hums jazz tunes)

Edges: Comfortable, Connections (Black Hand), Hitman, Rock and Roll, Talented

Gear: Tommy gun (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, RoF 3, AP 1), switchblade (Str+d4), sonic lockpick.



TIMOTHY LINK

Link is a patent scientist who owns a watch repair shop in the Central Business District. He does a modest business, but earns most of his money as a hitman known only as "the Tinkerer."

Link himself isn't particularly deadly, but his methods are. Using devices that attach to the spine of either living or dead humans, Link is able to control their actions and thus use virtually anyone as an assassin. He has no moral qualms with his actions as he doesn't actually believe other people are sentient beings, thanks to his manitou-induced delusions.



Link is incredibly clever. He keeps his alter-ego secret, only dealing with his clients and contacts through middle men or message dead drops. The only sign of his involvement is in a few tiny puncture wounds on the backs of his surrogates' necks, but the NOPD has yet to detect these.

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

Skills: Driving d4, Knowledge (Science) d8, Notice d6, Repair d10, Shooting d6, Streetwise d6, Weird Science d10

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 2; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Dark Secret (he's a hitman), Delusion, Corrupt, Stubborn

Edges: Arcane Background (Patent Science), Comfortable, Gadgeteer, New Powers, Power Points

Powers: *Puppet* (spinal attenuator), *zombie* (spinal activator); Power Points: 15

Gear: Hellstromme Hellfire (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6, RoF 1), tool kit.



JAMES MCKENDREW, MAYOR OF NEW ORLEANS

The mayor has proven startlingly adept at playing the Black Hand, the Red Sect, Hellstromme, and the Kingfish against each other, all the while turning a tidy profit. He's not a villain so much as a clever man with a very well-developed sense of self-preservation. It's even possible he can end up an ally for the heroes (or more likely use them as pawns in a convoluted scheme)—as long as there's an angle in it for him.

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

Skills: Driving d6, Intimidation d6, Investigation d8, Knowledge (Chemistry, Engineering) d10, Notice d10, Persuasion d10, Repair d8, Streetwise d10, Taunt d6, Weird Science d10

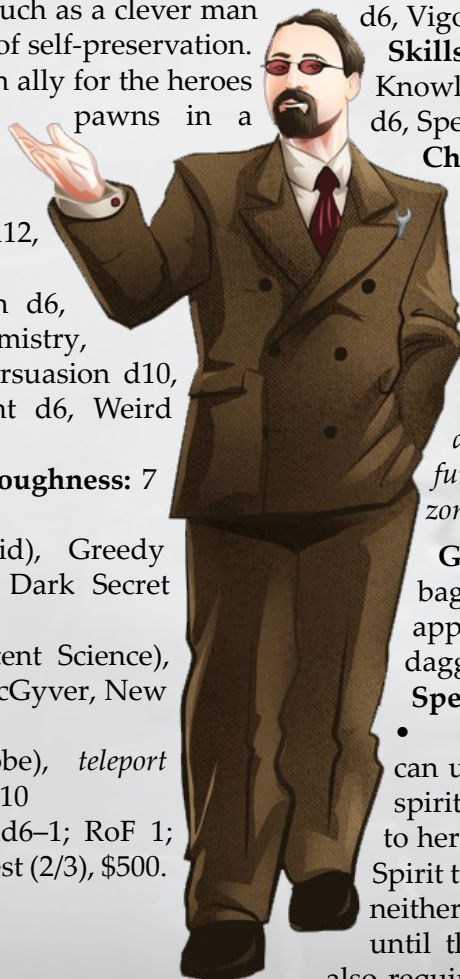
Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 2; **Toughness:** 7 (2)/8 (3)

Hindrances: Delusion (Paranoid), Greedy (Minor), Enemy (The Kingfish), Dark Secret (betrayed Hellstromme)

Edges: Arcane Background (Patent Science), Connections, Filthy Rich, Luck, McGyver, New Powers, Strong Willed

Powers: *Confusion* (hypno-strobe), *teleport* (translocation belt); Power Points: 10

Gear: .25 automatic (12/24/48; 2d6-1; RoF 1; Shots 6; Semi-Auto), bulletproof vest (2/3), \$500.



MOTHER CHEVAL

Mother Cheval is currently the most powerful of all the Red Sect bokkor. Her word carries a lot of weight in the cult. This is probably because the other sorcerers know she's not at all above turning her magics against anyone who challenges her openly.

Although she appears to be in her late middle age, she's been a Red Sect member for longer than any of the other bokkors, and many aren't even sure how long she's been in the cult. Mother Cheval has a special arrangement with the Other Side, you see. She's been Harrowed since the turn of the century, which—on top of the usual benefits for not being dead—also means she's had a lot more practice than any of the other cult leaders.

She's evil enough on her own that her manitou usually just sits back and enjoys the ride. Mother Cheval figures she's going to be around for an extended time, so she tends to take a longer view with regards to the Red Sect's actions. Her one weakness is that she tends to see normal people as relatively powerless. This may lead her to overlook a small group of heroes until it begins to pose a significant threat.

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

Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d8, Knowledge (Occult) d10, Notice d8, Shooting d6, Spellcasting d12, Streetwise d8,

Charisma: -6; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, Enemy (Black Hand), Mean

Edges: Arcane Background (Black Magic), Connections (Red Sect), Harrowed, New Powers, Power Points, Soul Eater, Soul Drain, Strong Willed

Powers: *Boost/lower trait, blind, conceal/detect arcana, confusion, damage field, dispel, fury of the petro loa, puppet, spirit shield, zombie*; Power Points: 25

Gear: Ritual dagger (Str+d4+2), gris-gris bags, and talismans. The bonus +2 damage applies only when Mother Cheval wields the dagger.

Special Abilities:

- **Sending:** As an action, Mother Cheval can use her arcane power to summon an evil spirit to hound a victim for a time at some cost to herself. This requires her to win an opposed Spirit test with her intended target. If successful, neither she nor the victim can spend Bennies until the sorcerer releases the sending, which also requires an action. This power has a range of Smarts.



GAVIN PHILLIPS

Phillips is a private dick with a reputation for getting any job done, as long as the pay is there. This is the guy shylocks go to when they want evidence—and they don't care how it's obtained, or even if it's completely fabricated. He doesn't care who's signing the checks at the end of the day and has worked for the Black Hand on more than one occasion.

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

Skills: Driving d4, Fighting d6, Intimidation d8, Investigation d8, Notice d10, Persuasion d6, Shooting d6, Streetwise d8, Taunt d6

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

Hindrances: Corrupt, Greedy (Minor), Overconfident
Edges: Connections (Black Hand), Investigator, Strong Willed

Gear: Colt 1922 (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, RoF 1, 7 shots), 1 spare magazine.



D. A. PIOTROVICH

Piotrovich's family fled Russia during the Great War, bringing him to the Confederacy while he was still a child. He seldom uses his surname now, given the general suspicion that most Russians are viewed with thanks to the rise of Communism, going instead by simply "D.A."

While he's a respected blues guitarist, many seek him out not for musical instruction, but for darker reasons. Few living folks know more about dealing with crossroads demons than he. It's said Robert



Johnson learned the necessary rituals to make his own deal from D.A. Unfortunately, much of his knowledge was obtained first-hand, leaving D.A. with precious little of his own soul free of a mortgage to Hell.

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

Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (Occult) d10, Perform (Guitar) d12, Persuasion d8, Shooting d4, Streetwise d6

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

Hindrances: Greedy (Major), Impulsive, Overconfident, Short Temper

Edges: Charismatic, Luck, Rich, Virtuoso

Gear: Finely crafted guitar (+2 to Perform), switchblade (Str+d4, -2 to Notice if hidden).



CLAUDIO RICCI

Ricci is Silver Dollar Sam's left-hand man. He handles all the dirty work for the Mob boss, whether he does it himself or delegates it. He's also the guy who explains to folks "the next visit won't be as pleasant," usually just before the meat wagon and/or fire engine arrive.

He's not the biggest goon in Carolla's employ, but he's one of the meanest. The average citizen might pass the gangster on the street as long as they don't meet his eyes. His cold, dead eyes.

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

Skills: Driving d4, Fighting d8, Intimidation d8, Lockpicking d6, Notice d6, Shooting d8, Stealth d8, Streetwise d10

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Mean, Overconfident, Wanted

Edges: Connections (Black Hand), Hitman, Strong Willed

Gear: Luger (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6, RoF 1), switchblade (Str+d4), lockpicks.



LT. JULES TOWNSEND

Lieutenant Townsend is an up-and-comer in the NOPD. His current beat is homicide, but he occasionally moonlights on organized crime as well. His bank account is refreshingly clean of Mob money, which makes him almost one of a kind. Although his family is originally Swiss—and named Killer (you gotta love those Swiss surnames!), Townsend has a deep-seated hatred for the Black Hand, stemming from his days growing up on the Irish Channel, and takes the fight to them as often as he can. That doesn't mean his hands are clean, by any measure.

Townsend has his eyes set on the Chief's chair and is willing to do most anything to get there. He's willing to falsify evidence, alter statements, and beat confessions out of suspects—usually in a quiet shack out in the bayous—to get his convictions. Like most people in New Orleans, he's an ally only when it serves his cause.

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

Skills: Driving d6, Fighting d8, Intimidation d8, Knowledge (Law) d6, Notice d6, Shooting d8 Streetwise d6

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

Hindrances: Enemy (Black Hand), Mean, Short Temper

Edges: Charismatic, Connections (Police), Strong Willed

Gear: .38 revolver (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6, RoF 1), blackjack (Str+d4, treat as Unarmed Defender), handcuffs.



USEFUL MAPS

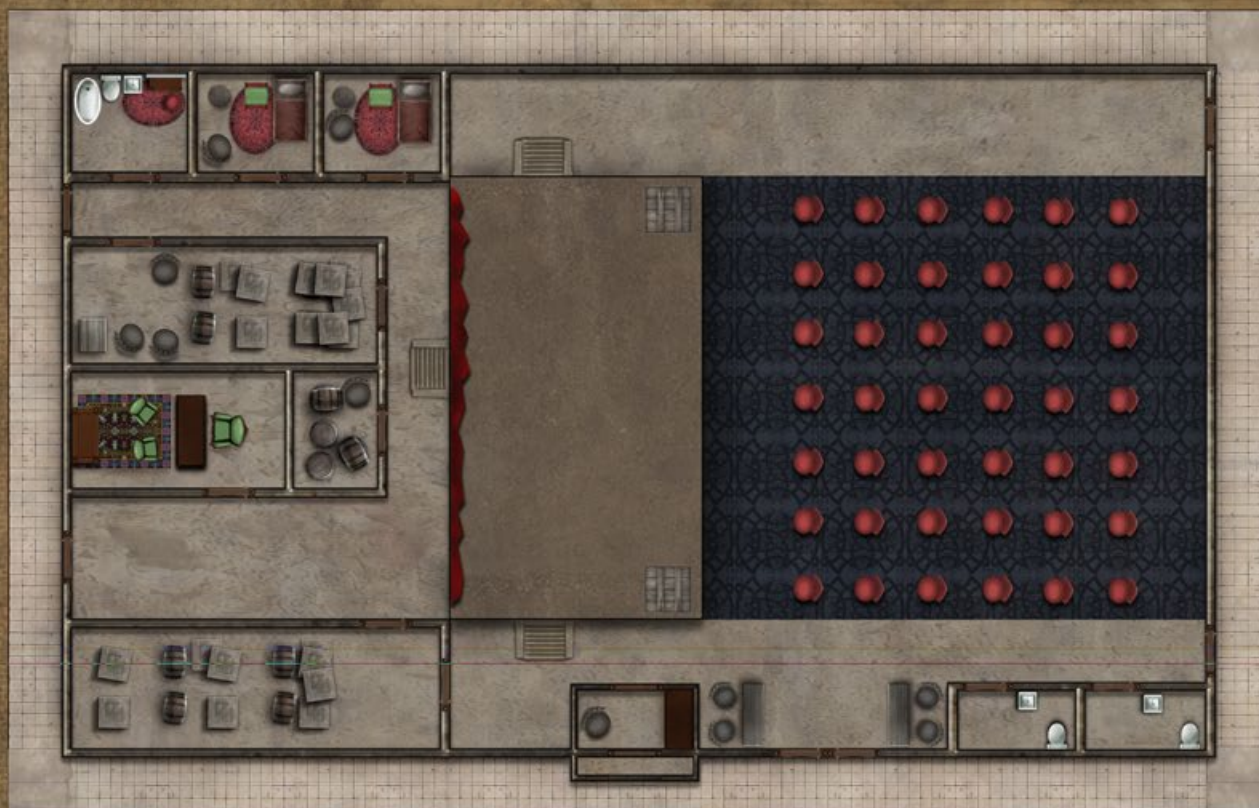
On the following pages are maps the Game Master might find useful when constructing adventures in New Orleans. These and other maps are available from Pinnacle Entertainment Group in print and electronically, at full-size so you can use them with official *Deadlands Noir* miniatures and Figure Flats.



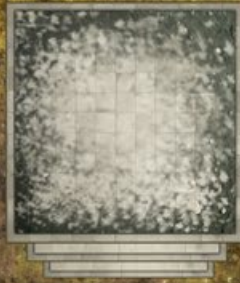
LARGE OFFICE



SMALL OFFICES



NEW ORLEANS CEMETERY



BAYOU SHACK



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