

G U R P S®



ACES
AND
EIGHTS

1
DIME
NOVEL

By MICAH T. J. JACKSON

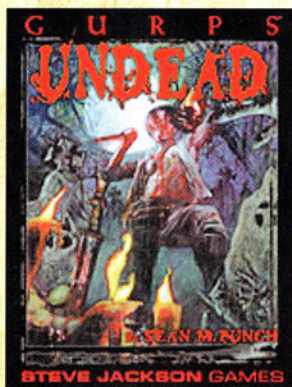
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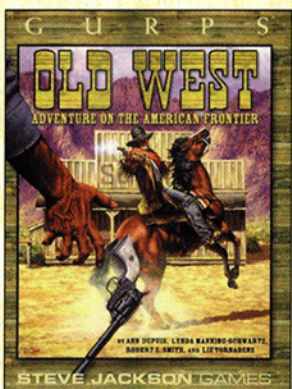
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GURPS[®]



DIME NOVEL 1: ACES & EIGHTS

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STEVE JACKSON GAMES

ABOUT GURPS

Steve Jackson Games is committed to full support of the *GURPS* system. Our address is SJ Games, Box 18957, Austin, TX 78760. Please include a self-addressed, stamped envelope (SASE) any time you write us! Resources include:

Pyramid (www.sjgames.com/pyramid/). Our online magazine includes new *GURPS* rules and articles. It also covers *Dungeons and Dragons*, *Traveller*, *World of Darkness*, *Call of Cthulhu*, and many more top games – and other Steve Jackson Games releases like *In Nomine*, *INWO*, *Car Wars*, *Toon*, *Ogre Miniatures*, and more. *Pyramid* subscribers also have access to playtest files online!

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Internet. Visit us on the World Wide Web at www.sjgames.com for an online catalog, errata, updates, Q&A, and much more. *GURPS* has its own Usenet group, too: rec.games.frp.gurps.

GURPSnet. This e-mail list hosts much of the online discussion of *GURPS*. To join, e-mail majordomo@io.com with “subscribe GURPSnet-L” in the body, or point your web browser to gurpsnet.sjgames.com.

The *Aces and Eights* web page is at www.sjgames.com/gurps/deadlands/dn1/.

PAGE REFERENCES

Rules and statistics in this book are specifically for the *GURPS Basic Set, Third Edition*. Any page reference that begins with a B refers to the *GURPS Basic Set* – e.g., p. B102 means p. 102 of the *GURPS Basic Set, Third Edition*. Page references that begin with C1 indicate *GURPS Compendium 1*. Other references are STM for *GURPS Steampunk* and VE for *GURPS Vehicles*. For a full list of abbreviations, see p. C1181 or the updated list at www.sjgames.com/gurps/abbrevs.html.

INTRODUCTION

Welcome to the first Dime Novel to support the new *GURPS Deadlands* line of roleplaying supplements! Dedicated fans of the Pinnacle Entertainment Group *Deadlands* line are familiar with the Dime Novel concept, but this is something new for *GURPS* – fiction and an adventure, all in one package! (As a special bonus in this first installment, we've included conversion rules – bring your *Deadlands* posse into *GURPS Deadlands* – or any other of the hundreds of worlds that *GURPS* has to offer!)

In “Aces and Eights,” Agent Jim Wright (working for the North), voodoo priestess Claude Bonvillian, and U.S. Marshal Eric Terrill uncover a conspiracy to smuggle guns from New Orleans to rebels in Utah – a conspiracy that cost the lives of Wright's partner and Terrill's deputies. In the adventure, your posse takes the part of these heroes, with twists and surprises even for people who have read the story. Bring the culprits to justice . . . and stay away from the Texas Rangers, pardner!

Paddlewheel steamboats. Voodoo magicians. Confederate officers. And people who will do anything at all for money . . . even bring the dead back to life. Welcome to the Big Easy.

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Like most everyone in the gaming industry, Micah T.J. Jackson began as a player. His first professional break came in 1991 when he began to work at Virtual World Entertainment's BattleTech Center in his home city of Chicago. Later jobs included a stint as a computer game designer and producer for VictorMaxx Technologies and a tour as the Director of Licensing and New Media for Steve Jackson Games. Now that he has become an author, he has reached the apex of the industry at last. His previous credits for Steve Jackson Games include numerous articles and reviews for *Pyramid* and the *In Nomine* 2001 Calendar, which he compiled with Kenneth Hite. He continues to live in Chicago with too many books, very little furniture, and no cat. Visit his website at www.io.com/~micahj/.

Michael Suileabhain-Wilson can't recall when he began roleplaying, but remembers being indignant at the recommended age on the box. Aside from gaming, his hobbies include playwriting, reading, cooking, and seeking gainful employment. He lives south of San Francisco with his girlfriend and many hypothetical cats. This is his first work in print.





ACES AND EIGHTS



CHAPTER 1

The *Scarlet Queen's* paddlewheel churned through the water, leaving Memphis behind in the dark night. Memphis was a Confederate city and could hardly be considered safe for a Pinkerton like Jim Wright – but it was safer than Denver had been recently. Still, he had bigger problems now, like getting another King to make three of a kind. He looked over his cards at the other four players. Marshal Terrill tossed his two new ones into the center of the table along with the rest of his hand. Grissom and Gabel had already folded. That left just Skinner, the gambler.

Jeff Skinner was a pro – he had been beating Wright all evening. Not on every hand, just the big ones. This was a big one, and Skinner was playing smart. He had only drawn one, and seemed as pleased with his card as his poker face allowed. Even so, Jim wasn't going to lose this hand – not if he drew the King he needed. "Dealer takes three," he said, counting the cards into his hand. King of Hearts, King of Clubs, Queen of Spades, Three of Hearts, Three of Spades. Not what he wanted . . . but maybe close enough.

"Sawbuck," Skinner said. He tossed two five-dollar Confederate bills onto the pile of money already in the center of the table.

"Call." Jim answered. "Kings and Threes."

The gambler laid his cards down on the gently rocking table. "Aces and Eights."

"The dead man's hand!" Grissom gasped.

"Not tonight, gentlemen," Skinner replied, adding the pile of bills in the center of the table to the one already in front of him. He stuffed the money into his black leather wallet and replaced it in his inside breast pocket. "It's been a pleasure." He tipped his flat-crowned hat in the general direction of the company and strode out of the saloon.

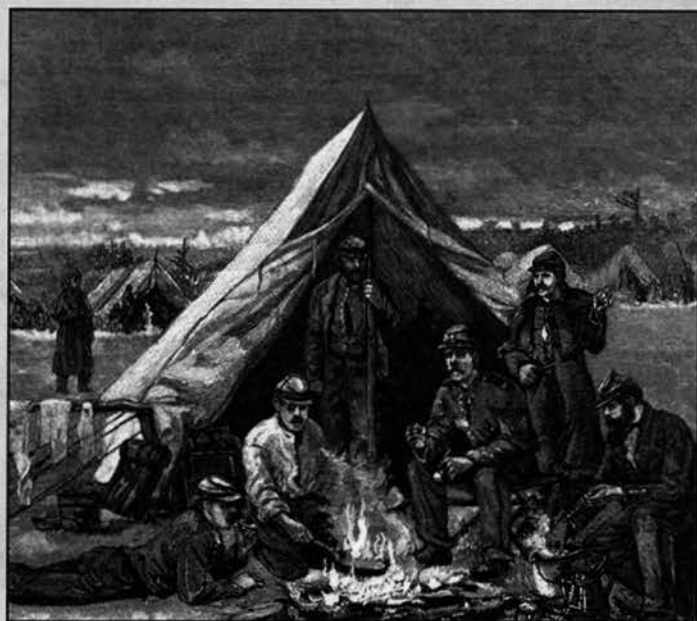
That ended the game. Grissom folded a blue handkerchief around the deck and tucked it in his jacket pocket.

Jim hadn't lost much money, considering. He put his remaining money in the front pocket of his pants and, touching his hat, bid the group good night.

CHAPTER 2

Up on deck, Jim leaned on the balcony rail. He could see only a little of the river on any side of the boat, and the land was only the blackness between the river and the stars. Jim found the river vaguely disconcerting; he thought of himself as much more of a rail man. One thing about the riverboats reminded him of his native Chicago, though. There were always people somewhere, and the constant thrumming of the engines meant that the *Scarlet Queen* was never silent.





Off in the distance, Jim could see a fire on the bank of the river. He couldn't tell how many people were sitting around it, or if they were pioneers, bandits, soldiers, or cowboys. The fire reminded him of the camp outside of Denver, that last night before his partner was murdered. Jim always remembered Billy the way he was that night: perched on a stone, retelling their latest adventure, and smoking the tobacco-and-sumac mixture the Indians called kinnikinnic. It was a damn sight better than the way he had last seen Billy.

Suddenly, Jim realized the kinnikinnic smell wasn't just a memory – someone on the deck below was smoking it. He leaned over the railing, but couldn't see who it was. However, he could hear the end of their conversation.

"... It's a coincidence." A deep, gravelly voice bubbled up through years of whiskey and smoke.

In a thick Spanish accent, another man replied, "It's no coincidence. It can't be. He reminds me of those Agency men we met."

"What difference does that make? Even if he is Agency, you've dealt with them before. You didn't even get your hat dirty. They can't know. When we get a chance to act, we'll take it. By the time we get to New Orleans, I'll have Skinner's money and you'll have another notch on your gun."

That was too much for Jim. He dashed along the deck and down the stairs, but when he got there, nothing remained but an empty bottle of whiskey, a cloud of kinnikinnic smoke, and Jim's own anger.

CHAPTER 3

The second day of poker went much like the first. During the game, Jim sized up the players, hoping that one of them would turn out to be associated with the men he had heard yesterday. Skinner continued his strategy of playing very conservatively, staying in often enough that doing so didn't signal an especially strong hand, but not throwing away any large pots on foolish bluffs or wild chances. Professional players were a stoic lot, but Jim doubted that Skinner would be so calm if he knew that there were people on this boat planning to rob him. Marshal Terrill's play was much like Skinner's. Delacroix was more impulsive; his bluffing was costing him dearly. Gabel simply played badly. He had lost the most money by far, but looked well pleased at the company he was keeping. Grissom was baffling; his play was erratic, the stacks of money in front of him rising and falling with alarming speed. There was no question that he often won the biggest pots, but he didn't show any of the classic signs of cheating. As far as Jim could tell, there wasn't anything unusual about Grissom's play except for his ability to win the big hands. Partly because of his mysterious behavior, and partly because of his uncanny luck, Jim moved him to the top of his suspects list and vowed to keep a closer eye on him.

Jim didn't have the cards to win the next large pot. He stood up, asking if he could bring any of the players something from the bar. Skinner demurred, but Grissom and Gabel accepted the offer. Returning from his errand, Jim placed Gabel's drink at his place, but delivered Grissom's drink in a far less careful manner, giving him a chance to peek at Grissom's cards. The older man tucked them away quickly as Jim approached, but Jim could see that all the cards were red. Sure enough, after Jim had returned to his seat, Grissom won the pot. None of his cards were red.

Grissom was either the smoothest cheater Jim had ever seen, or a huckster. Jim kept a close eye on the older man from then on. Either Grissom wasn't using any hexes, or they were ineffective. The game certainly wasn't going his way. His high two pair was defeated by Jim's three of a kind. Grissom's own three of a kind lost to Delacroix's straight. Grissom was losing his poker face, and locked his eyes firmly on his cards as the game continued.

Late in the afternoon, Grissom stared hard at his cards, brightened up, and opened for five dollars. The other players seemed surprised at his bet, but no one was driven out. When Jim caught Grissom looking at him, Grissom locked his eyes on the pot.

"One card," he said.

Skinner pushed a single card across the table. As Grissom reached out to pick it up, he dropped his eyes to the cards in his hand. A look of shock broke his poker face, a split-second before all the cards and money flew up in the air in a miniature tornado that disappeared as suddenly as it had arrived.

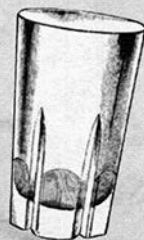
The other players slid their chairs back from the table as the cards flew out of their hands. Jim drew his pistol and the saloon keeper produced a shotgun from under the bar; everyone else remained unarmed. The only other player still holding anything at all was Grissom himself, who had a white-knuckled grip on his cards. As he dropped them on the table and raised his hands in surrender, the other players saw the black joker's menacing grin and understood what had happened.

Gabel reached into his coat and produced a pistol. "You're a damned huckster," he hissed, pointing the weapon squarely at Grissom. The whole saloon turned toward the table in horrified curiosity.

"Wait just a minute," Grissom said, backing away from the table. No one else moved. The older gambler looked around the room, but no one spoke up to help him. He ended his scan of the room by glancing up toward his right hand. Jim followed Grissom's eyes and saw the cards appear in the gambler's hand. Grissom threw the cards at Gabel. The cards caught fire as they flew. Gabel dodged to his right, and the flaming cards hit the floor behind him, leaving a long scorch mark and causing an older woman in a gingham dress to pass out from fright.

Skinner stepped toward the woman and bent down to make sure she wasn't injured. Jim's gaze followed Skinner, so he only caught the flash of Gabel's gun out of the corner of his eye. He turned back just in time to see Grissom collapse over the table. Then another shot rang out; Gabel's body jerked back and fell. His gun flew from his hand and spun in the air briefly before clattering to the deck next to the fallen gambler. Jim whipped his head around to see Delacroix holding a small derringer. Jim reminded himself to breathe as he scanned the room. His gaze finally rested on Delacroix, who calmly surveyed the room, the last wisps of smoke curling up from the barrel of his pistol. No one moved.

The bartender was the first one to recover. "Fetch the surgeon," he ordered, waving his shotgun at a few men standing near the door. He looked around the room at the gamblers. "It's all over now. Isn't it?"



Everyone lowered their weapons at the same time. Soon the room contained only the gamblers, the bartender, and the woman who had fainted. The captain arrived with the surgeon, demanding to know what had happened on his boat. After the captain had heard the tale, the surgeon confirmed that Gabel and Grissom were both dead. The captain ordered everyone to turn in their weapons. Jim complied; he had a holdout pistol in his cabin. He suspected he wasn't the only one.

CHAPTER 4

News of the shootings traveled quickly throughout the boat. The story of Gabel having unmasked and killed a cheating huckster, only to be killed himself, made the gamblers celebrities as they returned to their cabins. The mood turned against them when the captain closed the saloon until the boat docked in New Orleans the next day.

With the saloon closed, there was no game the morning of the *Scarlet Queen's* arrival in New Orleans. Jim spent the time packing his bags and arranging with the boat's crew to have a cart waiting to take him to his hotel. As he left his cabin for the last time, he noticed Skinner's door standing open. Jim headed over, hoping to thank the man for the poker lessons. He heard voices, none of which belonged to the gambler, from the other side of the door. He pressed himself against the corridor wall and listened in.

"Needless to say, this is highly disturbing. Of course we will cooperate however we can." Jim recognized the voice of the captain of the *Scarlet Queen*. The second voice was familiar as well – it belonged to the man who had threatened Skinner's life.

"I'm sure that's true. Of course you could not have known that a Union spy would be aboard."

"Frankly, I'm stunned, Sergeant. I spoke to that man several times, and though I knew he was a Jonathan, he didn't seem to be the kind of man who would murder another for his poker winnings."

"Skinner had a good deal of money on him, in several currencies, enough to run a team of Union agents in any city in the South for quite some time. Don't worry, though, we'll catch him. It's only a matter of time. The Texas Rangers won't let this crime go unavenged."

If Skinner was really dead, there was no reason to stay aboard – and plenty of reasons to leave. He walked quickly to the gangplank and didn't stop moving until he had gone several blocks to a local saloon, pushed open the door, and taken a seat at the bar. The clientele looked like local workmen and drunks, none of whom were speaking to each other. The bartender poured Jim a drink and then returned to his primary task of leaving the customers alone in their misery.

Jim laid low in the saloon for a couple of hours. When he left, he walked north along the river until he came to



Jackson Square in the heart of the French Quarter. St. Louis Cathedral cast a long shadow across the square. Jim entered the cathedral and knelt in front of the rack of votive candles. He lit one and spoke a quick, silent prayer. Along with a few coins, he placed a note in the iron box attached to the votive rack. That would give Barkley a few hours' warning that he was back in town and would be making contact.

Late that afternoon, Jim walked up St. Anne Avenue toward the small house where William Barkley lived. Barkley had helped him when Jim was last in New Orleans; as a Confederate merchant, it wasn't easy for Barkley to cooperate with the Agency, but the cause had been just. Jim mounted the porch and knocked twice on the door. A young woman in a light blue dress and a white apron answered the door.

"Good afternoon, Ma'am. My name is James Cooper. Is Mr. Barkley in?"

"Yes, sir," she replied. "He's been expecting you." The young woman opened the door wider and let Jim in.

Barkley was waiting in his study. He stood up from behind his mahogany desk, crossed the room, and shook Jim's hand. Pointing Jim toward a wingback chair near the fireplace, he poured two glasses of brandy and handed one to Jim.

"I was surprised to get your note. You know I'm not working with any of y'all anymore. The wind changes often, here in New Orleans, and it's not blowing your way these days."

"No, I guess it isn't. Still, I was hoping an old friend would help me out." He leaned forward in his chair.

Barkley put his snifter down on the low table and took a quick breath. "Wife won't allow it. I almost lost her after the last time. I've still got your box, if that'll help you."

Jim nodded. Barkley returned to his desk and drew a long, flat box from a drawer. He placed it on the coffee table between them. Jim drew a key from his pocket and opened the box. He set aside the top and removed a gold pocketwatch, a stack of Confederate money, and a long-barreled Colt Peacemaker. Just then, the door to the study opened and Mrs. Barkley entered.

"What's this? Guns? William, you promised me this was over." She turned her stare on Jim. "Sir, I must ask you to leave, and to take your Devil's tools with you." She began to shake. Turning quickly away from the two men, she left the room.

Jim watched Mrs. Barkley close the door. As soon as she had, he said, "I'll leave. But before I go, you should know a few things. Billy Washington is dead. So are several others. It all started here, and it'll end here, too. And if I'm right, you're in just as much danger as I am. You *and* your wife."

"I'm sorry, Jim," Barkley began, "but she's right. I must go to her." He rose from his chair.

"Of course. Is there any more help you can offer? Another contact, perhaps?"

Barkley walked to his desk and removed a small buff card. "Say I sent you. Claude can help you find what you seek. But that's all I can do. Please don't contact me again. Now, if you'll excuse me."

He pulled open the door of his study. A man in a tan duster with a badge on the lapel strode in, walking right up to the astonished Barkley. He pushed Barkley out of the way and pointed a pistol at Jim, freezing him to the spot. Another man, also with a badge and pistol, followed his leader into the room. Finally, Mrs. Barkley entered. Pointing her finger at Jim she said, "This is the man."

"Texas Rangers," the leader said. "Come with us." The smell of kinnikinnic and the man's rumble voice filled the room.

Barkley spoke from the floor. "Martha, what have you done?"

"You keep still," the leader said, "and I'll overlook your part in all this."



"Please, William," his wife pleaded, "just let them go their way. This doesn't concern us."

The other Ranger went around to the box lying open on the table and pocketed the money, the watch, and the pistol. "A Colt. They were planning something."

The leader frowned and gestured with his pistol for Jim to lead them out of the room. Jim took two steps forward. As he passed the leader, he shoved him hard, knocking him into a freestanding lamp. Man and lamp crashed to the floor. Jim ran out of the door into the parlor. Behind him two shots rang out. The first splintered the doorjamb, and Mrs. Barkley gasped at the sudden violence. The heavy sound of a wounded man striking the floor followed the second. Mrs. Barkley screamed, "William, why did you . . ." Her sentence was cut off by two more shots. As Jim ran out into the street, he heard no more shots, only Mrs. Barkley's wailing.

Jim expected other Rangers to be waiting outside the building, but he found only two horses. He unhitched a piebald stallion and galloped away from the Barkley house for the last time.

CHAPTER 5

Jim rode on for a few blocks, turning randomly to confuse his imagined pursuers. When he felt certain he had lost them, he stopped long enough to get his horse some water and to read the card Barkley had given him. It read "C. Bonvillian" and gave an address on St. Peter's Street.

It turned out to be a row of small shops, specializing in supernatural goods of one kind or another. A store called Mme. Broussard's stood immediately next to St. Cecilia's. Jim noticed that both windows displayed voodoo and magic supplies alongside saint's candles, prayer cards, rosaries, and other Catholic paraphernalia. Jim walked up to the address on the card, a small shop with a shingle in front which read simply "Seer" and bore a picture of a hobo and a dog.

Jim walked in. The store itself was another magic shop. The main room was filled with shelves, unmarked boxes of various sizes and shapes, and free-standing cabinets. There were objects he recognized, like a crystal ball, and others whose purpose Jim couldn't fathom. Beyond this front room were at least two others, one concealed behind a door and one behind a beaded curtain. Jim called a greeting. Immediately a dark-skinned woman appeared, wearing a brightly colored beaded dress with her hair in a long braid.

"I'm looking for Claude Bonvillian," Jim said.

"That's me. Claudia Bonvillian. Everyone calls me Claude."

Jim was surprised that Barkley would send him to a woman, but he had always been reliable before, so he went along with it. "William Barkley sent me to see you. You see I—"

"Come with me," Claude said simply.

She took him by the hand and led him behind the beaded curtain into a room that contained a small table covered with a multicolored cloth. She sat down at the table and shuffled a large deck of cards. She asked Jim to cut and dealt three cards face down onto the table between them. Claude turned up the first card, which bore a picture much like the one on the front of the store: a man with a bag on a stick walked with a dog down a winding path.

"You have been on a journey." Claude looked up at Jim.

"Right. And I will find a great treasure, but not the treasure I seek." Jim looked back at Claude.

"Please," she said, "It's not like that. *I'm* not like that."

Jim didn't have anyone else to ask for help, so he let her continue.

"You have been on a journey, but not a journey you understand." The middle card revealed a picture of the moon. Claude seemed to stare into the card as she continued. "The journey confuses you because things are not as they seem. The shape of things is designed to mislead you."

Jim certainly felt misled. He had almost decided to get up and leave when Claude turned up the final card. It showed a woman holding a balance. This card, though, was upside down. "Justice reversed," she began. "The ones who are sworn to protect you do not. On the contrary, you are in great danger." Claude stopped speaking, took a deep breath, and focused her eyes again toward Jim. "Do you understand what the cards are saying?"

"The cards say I'm in danger, but I knew that. I'm saying I've wasted your time. What do I owe you for the reading?"

"What did it mean that the ones who are sworn to protect you are putting you in danger?"

"I don't know. You tell me."

"You must understand the message on your own. Have you had a run-in with the law recently?"

"The Texas Rangers have been following me."

Claude seemed unsurprised. "That could be it. Is there anything else?"

"Wait. The ones that came for me at Barkley's were wearing badges. The Rangers don't wear badges. They don't want bandits to know they're lawmen." Jim looked off into space. "I don't know who those guys were, but they weren't Rangers."

Claude pushed the deck toward Jim. "Draw."

He hesitated a second, but drew a card and placed it face up between them. The picture was of a woman standing with one foot in the water and one on the shore. She, too, was upside down. "Temperance reversed," Claude explained. She thought for a few seconds, "I know where they are." She stood up and reached for her shawl.

"Whoa, Claude," Jim said, "If you're right, it won't be any place for a lady, "

"If I'm right, it won't be any place for you without me, since you don't know where it is." She wrapped her shawl around her shoulders.

"All right," Jim said, "but at least take this." He offered her his holdout derringer.

Claude put her foot up on a chair and raised her skirts above her ankle. A pistol butt showed at the top of her boot. "Thanks, but I've got one."

She led Jim out of the shop and headed toward the waterfront. "When the French first settled New Orleans," she said, "the West Bank was controlled by pirates and privateers. It still is."

CHAPTER 6

They boarded a ferry to cross the river to the Algiers side. Mostly railroad spurs and warehouses, Algiers looked the part of its pirate past. One of the waterfront warehouses caught Jim's eye. Its riverside wall was painted with an advertising mural of an Apache warrior, and bore the legend "Kinnikinnic Trading Company."

"That's the place," Jim said. Claude looked confused. "Trust me. You're not the only one who gets good hunches."

He burned the location of the warehouse into his mind. Even before the ferry was safely docked, Jim dragged Claude across the gangplank. He hurried along the dusty streets and alleyways until he reached the warehouse. Going around the far side of the building, Jim broke a window into an empty room and pulled himself inside. He opened the whole window, and lifted Claude up. They neither heard nor saw any one else. They began to search the empty warehouse.

Someone was clearly trading more than just Indian tobacco. Several of the crates were full of weapons: Lee-Enfield and Winchester rifles, Colt pistols, even a Gatling gun. Jim let out a low whistle as he thought about all the havoc a gang could let loose with this much iron. Back in the corner, Jim and Claude found the makeshift office. Two sawhorses and a door served for a desk, several mismatched chairs stood in a rough circle, and shelves full of ledger books stood against the back wall. Most of the books were covered with dust; only one looked recently used. Jim took it down and found the most recent entries. It was clearly an accounting logbook with many transactions, but Jim couldn't read the code used to identify the parties, the goods, or the values. He replaced the book quickly when he heard the "Rangers" returning. They shouted at each other angrily, and there were clearly more than the two voices Jim had heard before.

Jim pulled Claude behind a large pile of crates. They ducked out of sight as the two men Jim had seen at Barkley's entered. Two other similarly dressed men accompanied them, leading a third whose hands were tied behind his back. He looked vaguely familiar to Jim.

"Sit down, Marshal," the leader began. That jogged Jim's memory. It was Marshal Terrill, from the *Scarlet Queen*. The fake Ranger continued, "We'll just wait for my boss to arrive. Until then, you stay quiet."

"I've got nothing to say to you, Granos," the Marshal said.

"That's fine for now. Just sit still." He nodded at one of the guards, who delivered a backhanded slap that was made more painful by Terrill's inability to dodge.

"We've got to do something," Claude whispered.

"Not yet," Jim said. "Let's see what happens." He pulled Claude down below a pile of boxes for better concealment.

Across the room a door opened. The entire gang fell silent immediately. Jim heard the sound of boots clicking across the floor toward the work area. Granos spoke first.

"Here he is."

"I can see that," the newcomer began. "Good work catching him. Are you sure he was alone?"

"I'm sure. He was alone."

"He's a lawman. They're never alone."

Suddenly Jim recognized the voice. It was Delacroix, the gambler from the *Queen* who bluffed too often. Jim beat his fist twice on the floor then answered Claude's questioning look. "I've seen him before. Have you come up with a plan yet?"

"No."

"Then it'll have to be my way." He readied his pistol. Claude removed hers as well. The two of them peeked over the top of the boxes to get the lay of the land. Delacroix delivered an open-handed slap to the Marshal.

"Who sent you here? How many other people know about us?" Delacroix demanded. Terrill spit at him. Delacroix brought his gloved hand to his face, wiped away the spit, slapped the Marshal again, then removed his pistol from its holster. The only sound in the room was the metallic click of the pistol's hammer. He pointed it at Terrill's head.

"No one else will know what you know." A shot rang out.

Jim jumped when Claude fired her gun at Delacroix. She didn't hit him, but she did draw his attention away from the Marshal. When he peeked up above the boxes again, the entire gang had taken cover except for Granos, who was aiming his gun at Marshal Terrill. Jim shot Granos in the shoulder. Granos' gun clattered to the floor as he dived behind a nearby crate.

"Cover me," Jim whispered. He crept behind the boxes toward the chair where the Marshal was bound. He heard a loud crash from the center of the room. Jim looked back at Claude, but she seemed as surprised by the noise as he was. He leaned around the corner, his pistol hand first, and then his head. This time there were no people visible except for the Marshal, but someone had overturned the makeshift desk to provide some cover.

Jim tossed a small pry bar across the room, waited a second, then leaned out again. The man behind the desk popped up. Jim shot at him. He saw the gang member fly back into a chair as the bullet struck home. The chair skittered across the floor. The outlaw didn't reappear. Jim scanned the room again. Still no one appeared. He eased his entire body out from behind the boxes and moved forward cautiously. He saw that Claude had popped her head up from behind her cover and was also scanning the room for the other gang members. Jim heard nothing, and the silence of Claude's gun meant that she hadn't either. He walked toward the Marshal, continuing to sweep the room with his eyes.

A man stepped from behind a stack of crates. He wore a long tan duster and a wide-brimmed hat. Jim could not see his face. Jim aimed his pistol at the man. "Show me your hands," he barked.

The new man extended his arms, at first straight out to his sides, and then slowly toward the ceiling. Suddenly, cards appeared in the man's right hand, and just as suddenly disappeared, leaving a ball of dim white light, which shot like a comet from his palm. Jim dived to the left, avoiding the blast, which landed harmlessly behind him.

Jim recovered quickly enough to fire his pistol. Cards again appeared in the huckster's hand as he stepped slightly to the side, deftly parrying Jim's shot with his cards. The huckster parried Jim's second shot just as easily. He threw another bolt of light at Jim, who wasn't able to avoid it this time. It knocked the wind out of him as if he'd been hit with a rock.

Just then Claude fired her pistol and hit the huckster in the arm. He staggered back behind the pile of boxes. Jim recovered from his hit and looked toward her.

"Nice shot," he said.

He walked carefully toward the crates where the huckster was hiding. He shouted a warning. "I know you're wounded. Just come out and you won't be harmed any more."

The huckster stepped out from behind a pile of crates on the other side of the warehouse. Marshal Terrill saw him appear and called out to Jim, "On your left!"

Jim dropped into a crouch and wheeled around to his left. The huckster threw another blast, but it flew over Jim's head. He fired his gun, but again the cards deflected the shot. The huckster stepped behind the boxes again.

Jim and Claude scanned the room quickly, knowing that their foe could appear from almost anywhere. Claude fired a shot at something, but didn't hit anything.

"Sorry," she said. "I thought I heard him."

"Keep an eye out," he said.

Jim went to the Marshal. When he reached the chair he bent down to get his boot knife. The sharp blade slit the ropes easily. Freed from his bonds, Marshal Terrill began to rub his hands together.

Claude shouted a warning. Jim dived at the Marshal and his chair, knocking them all the ground. Two shots exploded. When Jim rose he saw the body of one of the gang members, half-hidden behind a pile of boxes on the other side of the warehouse. Looking behind him he saw a large bullet hole in the box hiding Claude. He couldn't see her anywhere. He stood up.

"Claude, are you OK?"

She stepped out from behind the boxes. "Sure," she said, "What about the Marshal?" She scanned the room as if she had an eye on the end of her gun.

"I'm fine, ma'am. Thanks for asking." He took Jim's proffered hand and stood himself. "What are you doing here?"

"Later," Jim said. "Let's get out of here first."

Jim handed his spare pistol to the Marshal. Back to back to back, the trio scanned the crates for signs of the huckster's hiding place. He popped up like a jack-in-the-box and threw another blast of light, but it went wild. Jim fired again, hitting the metal reinforcements on the corner of a crate and making a spark. The huckster stepped back into the shadows. This time he reappeared immediately, only a few feet away. Jim squeezed his trigger just as the huckster was gathering the light for another blast, but the hammer fell on an empty chamber. Terrill fired two shots, both of which hit the tan duster dead center. With a hoarse cry, the man collapsed. They listened for additional opponents, but heard only their own breathing.

The three of them searched the warehouse, but there was no sign of Delacroix or any other member of the



gang. Jim made mental notes of all the weapons and other material they found there. He couldn't decipher the stock markings on the crates, but they were the same kinds of things he and Billy had found on the ambush mission in Denver that had marked him for death. Jim made several notes of a piece of scrap paper.

The Marshal rescued the two most recent logbooks from the pile of papers in front of the desk. Tucking them under his left arm, he followed Claude and Jim back along the path through the warehouse. They met no resistance. Indeed, the entire neighborhood seemed deserted until they reached the waterfront. Jim and the Marshal blended in with the stevedores in their dusty clothes, but Claude ought to have been far more conspicuous. In Algiers, it didn't matter. They bought tickets and boarded the ferry in peace. They stared back over the stern at the Kinnikinnic warehouse.

CHAPTER 7

"OK. I'm a Marshal," Terrill began. "So I know what I was doing in the weapons smuggler's hideout. What were you two doing there?"

Jim took a deep breath and thought about what to tell them. "About three months ago," he began, "some cowboys rolled into Denver with a lot of wild stories – about the huge fish in the Colorado River, or the Zombie Rodeo, or whatever. They didn't pay for drinks for about two weeks. My partner Billy and I ran into them one night at the saloon.

"When they found out we were lawmen, they thought we might be interested in hearing about regular shipments of ghost rock and weapons going across the Disputed Lands toward the rebels in Deseret. I bought them another drink, and they told me they knew when the next one was due to pass Denver.

"I don't know why, but I believed 'em. We set an ambush, and sure enough the convoy rolled up right on time. We took it down, and every cart was full up with guns and ghost rock.

"It got in the paper and suddenly we weren't paying for drinks. Then the 'accidents' started. Sam was a greenhorn anyway, so nobody was that surprised when he got killed trying to stop some counterfeiters. But Paul and Billy were veterans – they shouldn't have fallen like they did, not within a week of each other. Everybody wanted to tell me coincidences like that happen more often in Denver, but I didn't believe it. I knew a few people down here, so I told my boss to get hanged and came to check it out. This gang tried to kill me on the boat, and I tracked them here. They murdered three of my friends. That good enough?"

"I suppose it is." The Marshal replied, flicking a bit of mud off his jacket and into the river. "They killed five of my men. All my deputies, in fact.

"We ambushed a convoy that was booby-trapped. Everyone got killed but me. I went back to my office for long enough to leave a note. I was casing their warehouse down here when the four of them jumped me from behind. You know the rest."

"No we don't," Claude broke in. "We don't know where to go from here, for one thing. Do you know what they plan on doing next, or where else they might be hiding out?"

"I hope you know." Jim said to Terrill, just loud enough for Claude to hear. "Because if you don't, she's going to make you pick a card."

"As a matter of fact, I do know where Delacroix lives. He has a huge mansion in the Garden District."

"OK," said Claude. "But I need to stop by my shop on the way. I've got all kinds of things there. We can pick up more bullets or whatever else we need."

When the ferry docked, they followed Claude back to her shop. She removed a key from beneath a statue of an elephant-headed man and used it to open a door.



It let them into a back storeroom. Just as Claude promised, the room was filled with crates of various sizes. Unlike the main room, most of the boxes were marked properly – not that there was any method to their placement. They split up and began looking for the things they would need to confront Delacroix. Jim found a new pistol. He gave it to Terrill. In turn, the Marshal called out to Jim as he found the boxes of ammunition. Terrill also found a leather shoulder bag to carry the logbooks. As they loaded their guns, two men burst through the door. Jim saw them first. He slammed his pistol shut and fired it in the general direction of the interlopers.

“They must have followed us from the ferry,” Marshal Terrill said from their quickly improvised hiding place behind a pile of 25-pound bags of rice.

“Where’s Claude?” Jim asked. He looked around.

She knelt in front of a low cabinet set in the corner of the room. On top of the cabinet, there was a large coconut carved to look like a human head. It appeared to be leaning on a miniature crutch. Surrounding the statue were a number of bowls. A thin plume of smoke rose from one. Claude rocked back and forth as if in some kind of trance. She certainly hadn’t responded to the gunfire.

“We’d better keep them away from her,” Jim ordered. He dived around a pile of wood, and fired another shot at the interlopers to no effect. He ducked back just in time to avoid the returning fire. He waited until he heard another shot coming his way. Immediately, he jumped up and saw the head and shoulders of his assailant as he began to duck back into cover. Jim shot again. The heavy thud and shouted curse told him he’d hit the man. The other one shot at Jim, hitting one of the logs and driving a long splinter into the Agency man’s thigh.

Jim winced in pain and pulled the wood from his leg. Marshal Terrill charged his opponent. He fired several shots down the thin aisle, then crashed headlong into a pile of crates which fell on top of Granos’ henchman. Terrill kicked the pistol away from the pinned man. From under the crates, the man felt around for his gun, but his hand went slack before grabbing anything.

They turned back toward Claude. She continued to rock back and forth. After a few seconds, she stopped swaying. She opened the doors on the front of the cabinet, took out a bottle of rum, and poured some into one of the bowls. Then she took out a few small bags and placed them in the pockets of her dress. Turning away from the cabinet, she joined the others. She said nothing about what she had been doing, and showed no concern over the gunplay in her storeroom. She simply reloaded her own pistol and stuffed it back into her boot.

“Shall we be on our way?” she asked.

“Let’s do it,” Jim said, shrugging his shoulders at Terrill. They headed out for the garden district.

CHAPTER 8

Delacroix's house sat on the corner of First and Market, right in the heart of the most wealthy neighborhood in New Orleans. The house itself was enormous, rising three stories on a large lot. It was surrounded on two sides by a wide porch. A tall wrought-iron fence kept the public away. The gate, of course, was locked. Jim, Claude, and Terrill stood staring through the fence at the home of their enemy.

Jim took out his pistol and pointed it at the lock. "Stand back," he said, "This isn't going to be pretty."

Claude cut him off. "Don't," she said. She put her hand on Jim's shoulder and moved him away from the gate. She reached into her pocket and pulled out a large bead-and-bone necklace. It had a large brown charm at the bottom, carved into a human face. She raised her hands to the sky and began to shake, muttering under her breath in French. She looped the necklace over her head. Her eyes went unfocused. When she lowered her gaze again to the gate she was somehow different, more hunched over and fragile. She looked back at Jim and Terrill and seemed to be making a special effort to recognize them. When she spoke her voice sounded older and more distant, like an old man calling from far away. "Follow me," she said. She touched the gate's handle and shook the knob hard, and the lock clicked open. She opened the gate. As the three of them went up the path, Claude limped along slowly behind the two men. The front door was also locked, so Jim and Terrill had to wait for the woman to drag herself up the stairs onto the porch. When she reached the front door, Claude was able to open it, too. She shuffled over the threshold and entered the house. Jim and Terrill took out their guns and searched for the occupants while Claude collapsed on a small bench in the entry hall. They looked around nervously, waiting for her to recover. She shook for a few more seconds. The faraway look in her eye and her twisted posture disappeared, and she breathed slowly and deeply. Eventually, she removed the necklace, replaced it in her pocket, and turned back to Jim and Terrill.

"What was that?" Terrill asked.

Claude continued to breathe slowly. "I was briefly ridden by Legba. He is a powerful loa, but we are well acquainted."

"I didn't understand any of that," Jim said, "but it worked. Let's go."

Continuing down the hallway, they heard voices past the parlor. It sounded like several men in the kitchen. Jim leaned around the doorframe and saw two men working at a long counter. One was slicing bread with a large knife. The other had stacks of meats and cheeses. Jim and Marshal Terrill picked up candlesticks from the hallway table and crept into the room. They raised and lowered the candlesticks in unison. The two chefs dropped to the floor. Claude hunted around in the kitchen until she found some twine. As Terrill bound the two guards, Jim started to make some sandwiches.

"There'll be time for lunch later," Claude scolded.

"They're not for us." Jim stacked the sandwiches on a nearby tray. He displayed them with a flourish, "What do you say we take these to Mr. Delacroix?"

They left the kitchen by way of a small service hallway. They could hear indistinct voices behind a partly opened door. Jim shoved the door open with his foot and stepped into the room. Delacroix, Granos, and two other men sat around a table playing poker. Granos wore his arm in a makeshift sling. Everyone looked at the sandwich tray and then at Jim. He dropped the sandwiches, revealing the pistol concealed beneath the tray. Claude and Terrill charged in, brandishing their own pistols and keeping everyone else in the room from reaching for a weapon.

"OK, Delacroix. This is it." Jim kept a tight grip on his gun. "You're under arrest."

Delacroix settled deeper into his chair. "None of you have the authority to do that in Confederate lands. You're all wasting your time . . . just as you have been all these months."

"You're the one who has been wasting his time," Marshall Terrill said. "Your weapon shipments to Deseret will stop, and your precious rebels will be defeated."

"You don't understand. This was never about Deseret. There will always be rebels, and there will always be someone like me to supply them with the weapons they need in exchange for the money I want. None of the rest of it matters. You've been out west. The world we knew is over. It's every man for himself now. Especially for the ones who are no longer men."

Two of the poker players jumped up from the table and began to cross the room. Claude fired her pistol and hit the lead one right in the chest. He was blasted back into his chair, but got right back up and advanced again. The second one took another step forward. He extended his arms as if he intended to deliver an open-handed slap. His hands ended in a set of vicious looking claws.

"Damn," Jim said, "They're Harrowed."

The zombie with claws swung at the Marshal, who breathed out quickly and jumped back, barely avoiding being cut. Unfortunately, he stumbled and fell to the ground. Jim turned and fired at the undead fighter at the same time as Marshal Terrill's shot rang out. Terrill hit the zombie in the leg. He doubled over, causing Jim's shot to strike a picture hanging on the wall. It came loose and crashed to the ground.

Claude fired her gun at the zombie she'd hit the first time, pushing him back another time. He was ready, though, and he didn't fall, or get shoved back as far.

Terrill scrambled to his feet. He charged the Harrowed fighter and drove him hard against the wall where the picture had hung. The zombie raked his claws across the Marshal's back, causing him to cry out in pain. Terrill pulled back. Just as he did, Jim fired again, hitting the zombie just below his left eye. The zombie fell to the ground in a heap, dead for the last time.

Just then, Claude shouted in surprise. Jim and Marshal Terrill turned toward the sound. The zombie fighting with Claude had launched himself at her and knocked her down. He had his knee on her chest and was choking her with his hands. She screamed in pain. From across the room, Jim was afraid to fire his pistol for fear of hitting her by mistake. Delacroix saw his indecision and began to laugh.

That was too much for Jim. He raised his pistol in line with Delacroix's head. The zombie on top of Claude bent down as if to whisper to her. He ignored everyone else in the room. Claude thrashed around wildly, but was unable to free herself from the zombie's grip. Terrill ran across the room and put his pistol directly against the side of the zombie's head. He pulled the trigger, freeing the dead man from his manitou possessor. Claude shoved hard on the zombie and managed to wiggle out from beneath the dead man. She clambered to her feet, brushing off the dirt and mud the zombie had left on her dress.

Jim stared hard at Delacroix, his finger tightening slowly on the trigger. Before he could shoot they all heard a voice shouting outside: "This is the Texas Rangers. Don't bother to fight. Surrender yourselves now."

Claude ran to the window. "It's the Rangers, all right. They must be here for Delacroix."

"And us," Terrill added. "We've got to get out of here. Claude, do you still have that twine?"

Jim hadn't lowered his pistol. His finger remained tight on the trigger. Marshal Terrill put his hand on Jim's shoulder. "There's been enough killing. Let's tie them up and leave

them for the Rangers.” Jim continued to glare at Delacroix with undisguised hate, but he lowered his gun.

They bound Delacroix and Granos to their chairs. Claude looked out of the window again. “They’re still outside,” she said.

Jim crossed over to Delacroix. “Is there a back way out of here?” he asked. Delacroix gave no answer.

The Ranger’s leader shouted again for the occupants of the house to surrender peacefully, before they would have to come in with guns. This time the Marshal went to the window and pulled aside the curtain. As soon as he did, a shot rang out and the pane of glass next to Terrill exploded. He swore.

“Let’s hurry it up,” he shouted. “They’re not kidding.”

Claude took a small felt bag out of her pocket. Undoing the strings, she approached Delacroix. “This might take a woman’s touch,” she said. She reached into the bag and sprinkled some of its contents on Delacroix. The dust sparkled as it settled all over the bound man. She repeated Jim’s question.

“In the cellar, there’s a tunnel that emerges in the butcher shop down the street.” He seemed disgusted with himself that he had given away his secret.

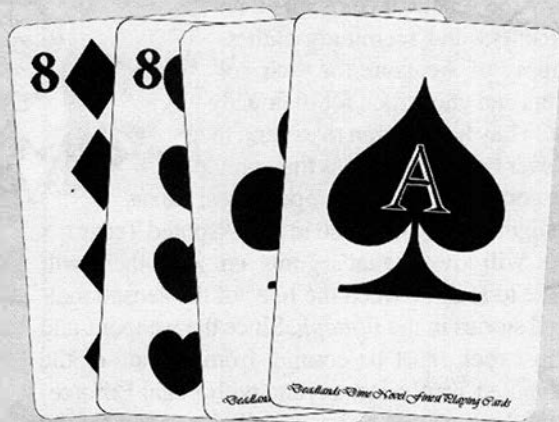
“That’s pretty impressive,” Terrill said to Claude, “I wish I’d had that truth powder on some of my investigations.”

“Most people don’t look so kindly on magic, Marshal,” Claude said. She replaced the bag in her pocket. “The Rangers will be coming soon. We’d better be on our way.”

“Right.” He took the logbooks out of his shoulder bag and placed them on the table where the Rangers would be sure to find them. Jim left a note with the location and contents of the Kinnikinnic Trading Company’s warehouse.

On a lark, Jim flipped over Delacroix’s cards. Two black aces and two red eights stared them all in the face. “The dead man’s hand. You deserve it.” Jim tucked the cards into Delacroix’s bonds so everyone could see them. He pointed his finger at Delacroix, “But not here,” he continued. “Not now. Still, you’ve been warned.” Jim turned his back on Delacroix and led the way out of the room.

As they made their way through the tunnel, they heard the Rangers blasting open the locks and entering the house.



EPILOGUE

The two fugitive lawmen hid from the Rangers in Claude’s shop. She set up pallets in the storeroom and brought them food and newspapers. One afternoon Claude returned to the shop upset. “Someone stole my sign,” she called out as soon as she entered.

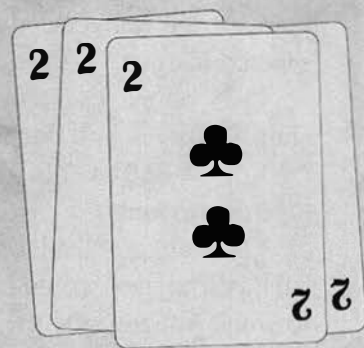
“I’ve got it in here,” Jim replied. Claude came into the room and saw the two men bent over the sign, repainting it. “What do you think?” Terrill asked. At first she couldn’t see anything different. Then she saw that they had added an “s” to the word “Seer,” and had given the hobo a gun belt and a badge.

“We can’t go home, so we’ve decided to stay,” Jim explained. The three of them went outside and hung up the sign. The badge flashed in the light of the setting sun.





ACES AND EIGHTS



THE ADVENTURE

Now that you've read the story, Marshal, it's time to turn your posse loose in the Big Easy! "Aces and Eights: The Adventure" is designed for a party of 4 to 6 100-point heroes, although of course an existing *Deadlands* posse can be used just as well – all you need are the conversion rules from later in this very book! This adventure will probably take y'all at least two game sessions to complete.

THE STORY SO FAR

The rebellion in Deseret has taken a turn for the worse. Somehow the rebels have obtained an excellent and seemingly endless supply of weapons for their soldiers and ghost rock for their gadgets. They have begun to expand their power beyond the areas they previously controlled. Agency operatives, Texas Rangers, or anyone else in the Disputed Territories will know what's going on. All others will have to read between the lines of the sensationalized stories in the *Epitaph*. Since the weapons and ghost rock must be coming from outside of the Disputed Territories, anyone with Legal Enforcement Powers will be keeping their eye out for the rebels' suppliers.

About three months ago, the Law Dogs began to get a bead on what was happening. Marshals near Salt Lake and the Agency office in Denver were able to find sources for information about the shipments. They even ambushed and captured the occasional wagon train. The backers of the shipments weren't going to take that lying down. They began to strike back, killing three of the four Agents responsible for capturing a wagon train near Denver, and all but one of a Utah Marshal's posse.

Once their friends were murdered, the lawmen vowed not to rest until the criminals were

brought to justice. When they developed leads pointing to New Orleans as the shippers' base of operations, they set their sights on the Bayou City.

THE SETUP

All that needs to happen for a posse to be caught up in this adventure is for them to be traveling to New Orleans aboard the *Scarlet Queen*. They could be doing this for any number of reasons, but certain kinds of characters may have special motivations.

AGENCY OPERATIVES

Anyone working for the Agency might be the survivors of the revenge killings. If so, just leave Jim Wright out and let the posse take center stage. This is an excellent way to play this adventure and will make it follow the story most closely.

MARSHALS

If there are Marshals or Deputy Marshals in the party, they could be taking the place of (or working with) Marshal Terrill. Without Terrill as an NPC, the GM will have to divvy up his special knowledge among the other players. The easiest way to do this is simply to give it to the leader of the Marshal posse.

OTHERS

Other kinds of characters can find themselves on the boat for any number of reasons. They might be gamblers themselves, laborers looking for work in New Orleans, or even crew on the *Scarlet Queen*. They are best drawn in either by having them overhear the entire conversation in Chapter 1, or by independently discovering the crates that Granos and his posse are transporting.



CHAPTER ONE: ANTE UP!

Once the *Scarlet Queen* is underway, the fun starts in earnest. There's far more happening aboard than Jim discovered in the story. The posse should have plenty of places to explore, things to learn, and trouble to stir up. Give them a lot of rope in this first chapter, and hope they don't hang themselves as time goes on.

THE POKER GAME

There's only so much sightseeing to be done on the Memphis to New Orleans run. There's some pretty country, to be sure, but a lot of it has been damaged by war and has lost its natural beauty. Eventually, most everyone tires of the endless trees and water and goes to the saloon, with all that implies. Many of the passengers avail themselves of the opportunity to join a poker game.

Feel free to let one or more of the PCs get into the "big game." If someone is taking the place of Jim or the Marshal, he is invited to join in. If not, a successful Fast-Talk check earns him a place at the table.

During the game, the actual hands can be simulated with opposed Gambling rolls, but the table talk should be roleplayed as much as possible. Skinner is a professional gambler and doesn't say much about the game. At the same time, he is a gentleman, and isn't so rude as to ignore conversational gambits. He isn't actually going to New Orleans, but just riding the *Scarlet Queen* for the gambling. He'll be riding her on the return route as well.

Marshal Terrill is another quiet one. Whereas Skinner's cool demeanor comes from his gambling skill, Terrill is just preoccupied. He, too, responds to questions, but seems distracted. He doesn't want to talk about what's on his mind. If asked why he's going to New Orleans, he admits to being on the trail of lawbreakers, but says nothing more.

Gabel is more forthcoming. He gladly tells of his exploits in the war, highlighting his bravery and that of the 33rd Louisiana, whom he had the honor to command. He doesn't say why he isn't in command of them now, nor does he offer anything other than the party line regarding the Confederacy's chances at winning the war. He is not a good poker player, and he plays worse (-2 to his Gambling rolls) while he's distracted.

Delacroix is even more effusive. He is wealthy and plays like it. He bluffs frequently, even when it isn't appropriate. He claims to be a merchant in New Orleans, specializing in imports from the Caribbean. No matter how much money

he may win or lose, he doesn't seem to notice and just plays on.

Jim Wright is a man on a mission. He plays poker mechanically, engaging the others in light table talk, but without much enthusiasm. As long as he isn't losing too much, he continues to pay to play. He says that he is "visiting a friend" in New Orleans, but deftly dodges most other questions.

Grissom is the one whose play is the most revealing. He's old and slow, except when he's playing, and especially when he's dealing. Then he brightens up. He gladly talks about his time as a prospector in the Black Hills of South Dakota, his work as an expressman, and the time he ran for Governor of Mississippi. None of these stories, though entertaining, are particularly believable. Mostly he tries to keep the other players from noticing that he is a cheating huckster.

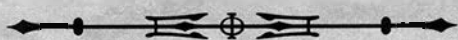
Feel free to fudge rolls allowing Grissom to win the big hands, or drop other hints that Grissom is using his hexes, such as allowing him to be caught using his sleight of hand to conceal the manitou's cards, or mentioning to a PC that he seems especially winded after a big hand. If anyone begins to suspect that Grissom is cheating, he stops – until he loses a sizeable sum of money and becomes desperate.

THE CONVERSATION

If there are several investigators in the posse and they are not all in the poker game, the GM might choose to intercut this scene with the previous one to keep everyone at the table interested and active. If not, this scene should follow the first poker game.

One or more of the players overhears two men threatening to kill Skinner and an Agency man. The reason they give for killing Skinner is that he has a lot of money; they don't seem to need a special reason to kill an Agency operative. If they know or suspect that Wright is with the Agency, they are able to make that connection. They also discuss their reason for being aboard the *Scarlet Queen* . . . to escort several crates for their boss. They do not describe the crates or reveal their contents.

If the posse is able to identify the men visually, they discover that they are Granos and his henchman. If, like Jim in the story, they cannot see the speakers, they still get the hint that Granos smokes kinnikinnic, a mixture of tobacco and sumac popular among the Indians. If anyone is from the Disputed Lands, or has Indian Lore, they can identify the smell; otherwise it is just a distinctive odor they can use to recognize Granos later on in the adventure.



CARL GRISSOM

100 POINTS

Age 58; 5'7", 185 lbs. Grissom has a white mustache and goatee on his otherwise bald head. He dresses in frontier clothing that is beginning to show its age.

Attributes: ST 9 [-10]; DX 12 [20]; IQ 13 [30]; HT 9 [-10].

Advantages: Alertness +1 [5]; Fearlessness +1 [2]; Magical Aptitude 3 [35]; Manual Dexterity 3 [9]; Unusual Background (Veteran of the Weird West) [10].

Disadvantages: Age [-24]; Compulsive Gambling [-10]; Secret (Huckster) [-10]; Unluckiness [-10].

Quirks: Has a lucky coin. [-1]

Skills: Area Knowledge (Mississippi River)-13 [1]; Climbing-11 [1]; Detect Lies-14 [6]; Fast-Talk-15 [6]; Gambling-16 [6]; Guns/TL5 (Pistols)-16 [4]; Interrogation-13 [2]; Occultism-15 [6]; Performance (Harmonica)-13 [2]; Pickpocket-12 [4]; Sleight of Hand-13 [8]; Streetwise-13 [2].

Languages: English (Native)-13 [0].

Spells: Earshot-16 [4]; Phantom Fingers-18 [8]; Private Eye-16 [4]; Soul Blast-16 [4]; Trinkets-17 [6].

Carl Grissom is a gambler. Unfortunately, he's not very good. He understands the games he plays, but his unluckiness often gets in his way. He became a huckster as a way to counteract this problem. These days he rides the riverboats up and down the Mississippi, eking out a living through a combination of inept opponents and his hexes. He is also a petty criminal, using his Pickpocket skill and hexes like Earshot and Private Eye to commit small robberies on board.

If the posse chooses to warn Skinner or Wright, they get very different reactions. Skinner believes them and thanks them for the warning, but takes no special precautions against the threat. Wright, on the other hand, is very interested in what the PCs have to say, and might agree to help them identify the speakers, if they haven't already. Skinner is similarly uninterested in the news that Grissom is a huckster. Wright appreciates the warning, but won't confront Grissom.

CATCHING GRISSOM

The day after the overheard conversation, the poker game starts back up in the saloon. Those who participated the day before are welcome again. Others can use a successful Fast-Talk or other appropriate social skill to gain a place at the table.

PCs with the Alertness advantage or Gambling or Psychology skills realize during the course of the game that Grissom is becoming increasingly desperate. As he begins to lose more money, he plays more rashly, thereby causing him to lose even more. Anyone who discovered that he is a huckster, or who otherwise suspected him of cheating, notices that he is not cheating today.

Eventually a pot comes around that is so large that he cannot resist it. Not trusting his cards, he throws a hex to cause **him** to win. This makes him extremely nervous, but no one is able to prove that he is cheating. When another large pot comes up, he tries the hex again – with disastrous results.

His manitou gets the better of him and causes a miniature tornado to upset all the cards and money on the table. If there were any people in the saloon still ignorant of his hucksterism, they are aware of it now. Of all the poker players, Gabel is most offended. His Southern pride and



general distrust of the unnatural cause him to draw a pistol on Grissom.

If anyone in the saloon has Legal Enforcement Powers and wants to use them, Gabel defers and allows Grissom to be arrested. Either way, Grissom chooses to fight, using more hexes or his own pistol in an attempt to escape. If he is able to make it overboard, he can swim to safety on one bank or the other. The captain absolutely refuses to allow anyone else to go into the river after him.

If Grissom does not escape, he fights to the death. If he, or anyone else, is killed, the captain closes the saloon until the *Scarlet Queen's* arrival in New Orleans. If the captain suspects that one of his passengers has killed for some reason other than self-defense, he will order the killer arrested and turned over to the Texas Rangers in New Orleans. Anyone who is merely wounded can receive help from anyone with the First Aid skill or from the *Scarlet Queen's* surgeon (Physician/TL5-14).

CHAPTER TWO: RAISE!

Things are heating up in this chapter. The heroes should feel the rising tension as Delacroix and his gang throw their best-laid plans into disarray. Don't forget to give the players a moment's rest every so often . . . but make sure they feel the pressure mounting from here on out.

A DEATH

With the saloon closed, there are no more poker games on the boat. If the posse wants to continue any of their investigations before the boat docks, they can do so. As the *Scarlet Queen* pulls into New Orleans, the party hears the rumors of Skinner's murder.

People who were not part of the game with Skinner hear only that another of the poker players has been killed. Those who were in the game know that it is Skinner. Either way, Jim Wright is blamed for the murders, unless the GM chooses to implicate one of the PCs in Skinner's death.

If the posse goes to Skinner's cabin to investigate the murder, they find Granos and his henchman already there with the ship's surgeon and the captain. They overhear Granos speculate that the motive for the murder was probably the large amount of cash Skinner had with him. He also claims membership in the Texas Rangers and pledges to bring the murderer to justice.

Anyone suspecting that Granos and his friend are not really Rangers finds that none of the crew, especially the captain, believes them. In

JORGE GRANOS 158 1/2 POINTS

Age 33; 5' 10", 183 lbs. Granos is a dark-skinned Mexican with black hair and dark eyes. He dresses without regard to fashion, usually in buckskin or other clothes appropriate to the frontier.

Attributes: ST 13 [30]; DX 14 [45]; IQ 10 [0]; HT 10 [0].

Advantages: Alertness +1 [5]; Fearlessness +1 [2]; Fit [5]; Strong Will +1 [4]; Unusual Background (Veteran of the Weird West) [10].

Disadvantages: Addiction (Tobacco) [-5].

Quirks: Prefers kinnikinnic to regular tobacco. [-1]

Skills: Animal Handling-12 [8]; Area Knowledge (Disputed Lands)-15 [10]; Brawling-16 [4]; Climbing-14 [2]; Guns/TL5 (Pistol)-15 [2]; Intimidation-14 [4]; Knife-14 [1]; Lasso-16 [8]; Riding (Horse)-15 [4]; Stealth-15 [4]; Survival (Mountains)-12 [6]; Tracking-14 [10].

Languages: Spanish (Native)-10 [0]; English-8 [1/2].

Delacroix hired Granos to conduct the wagon trains from New Orleans to the rebels in Deseret for his knowledge of the trails in the area, and his ability to keep his mouth shut. He is not the kind of man to talk about what he has seen, but it has been quite a lot. He speaks English with a heavy Mexican accent and is sensitive about it. He uses Spanish whenever he can.

fact, if the PCs attempt to discredit the Rangers in general, or Granos in particular, they may find *themselves* arrested. If they wait too long on the boat, the New Orleans police board to investigate Skinner's death and to recover the bodies of anyone who was killed during the trip.

Prudent PCs debark from the *Scarlet Queen* as quickly and quietly as possible. Sneaking off the boat shouldn't be too difficult, since no one is really looking for them yet, but have them make a few Stealth rolls to keep them from *thinking* their escape is guaranteed until they actually set foot on the quay.

Once off the boat, they shouldn't have any trouble finding a nondescript place to regroup and rest. The dockside area is full of seedy bars catering to a clientele of stevedores, sailors, and other men who prefer to mind their own business. The *Flaming Anchor* is just such a dockside saloon — while hardly the lounge in a Grand Hotel, it gives the posse the anonymity they need to choose their next course of action.

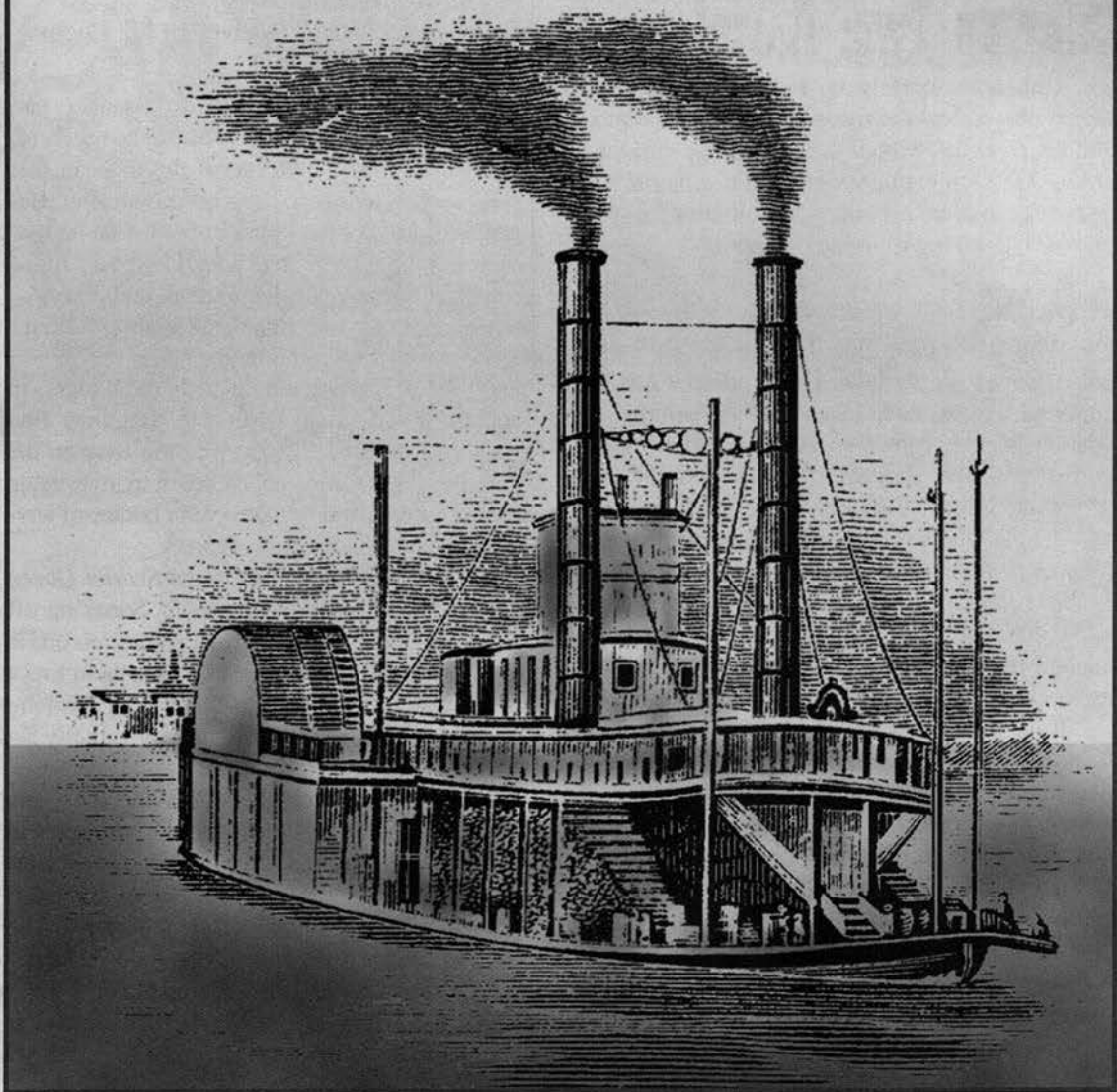
WHAT'S IN THE CRATES? — 1

The deck of a riverboat is not only a promenade for the wealthy; it's also the steerage passengers' cabin. Third-class tickets don't come with any indoor accommodations. Those passengers just bed down on the deck in good weather, or under the boiler deck's balcony in bad. In addition, the main deck is always stacked high with crates being shipped up or down the river. The *Scarlet Queen* is no exception.

If the posse is able to identify Granos as the man they overheard, they might be able to follow him long enough to learn that several of the crates belong to him. He and his henchman have third-class tickets and sleep at night near the crates, but with a suitable diversion, the posse can get a look at the contents of the crates. The crate lids aren't nailed shut but closed with coffin locks. Anyone with the Lockpicking skill or stevedore training opens them easily.

Anyone doing so finds that each crate contains a coffin. There's no way to ascertain the contents of the coffins on the open deck, but PCs might be interested enough to track the crates once they're offloaded in New Orleans.

Investigators of a more larcenous bent might check out the other crates. Most of them are going to a Mr. Darius Grenoble, who owns a dry goods store in New Orleans. They contain clothes, staple foods like flour, printed matter including books and magazines, and several sets of horse tack. There are also two crates belonging to the postal system, but they are always guarded by an expressman. If he is somehow disabled, the crates are found to contain only personal mail, with one crate bound for Natchez and one for New Orleans.



BACK IN NEW ORLEANS

Once off the boat, the posse should want to meet its New Orleans contact. If they've hooked up with Wright, he tells them how to contact Barkley. Otherwise, they have been instructed by whoever sent them to New Orleans to go to St. Louis Cathedral on Jackson Square and put a note in the box that is usually used for votive candle donations. This gives Barkley a few hours' warning that they are coming.

If they stake out the donation box, they learn that the cutout is a young priest named Kermit LeMieux. He delivers the message to Barkley, but he also provides a copy to Granos, through another cutout. If he is confronted, he does not know anything about Granos. He says only that he accepted the cutout jobs as a way of making a little money for the poor box.

If the posse is following Marshal Terrill rather than Wright, they already know the location of Granos' hideout and do not have to visit Barkley. They can proceed directly to the scene *The Warehouse* (p. 25). Their path intersects with Wright and Claude there.

Anyone who elects to follow the crates sees them taken off the *Scarlet Queen* and loaded onto carts. They are taken to another slip and placed on a ferry to be taken over to the western side of the river, to the neighborhood known as Algiers. It's a public ferry, and those who buy tickets can continue following them on the other side, where they go to the Kinnikinnic Trading Company warehouse. A series of successful Shadowing rolls allow the investigators to do all this without being seen. If Granos or his gang do catch the PCs shadowing them, there will likely be a struggle, with the gang trying to subdue and bind the party. If the heroes get caught, the GM should follow the instructions for captured heroes in *Captured!* (p. 26).

AN OLD FRIEND

Once the investigators have given Barkley a little warning, they should go to his house. He lives in a large house in a nice neighborhood, as befits his status as a wealthy merchant. When they ring his bell, a housemaid answers the door, says that Barkley is expecting them, and shows them to Barkley's study.

WILLIAM BARKLEY 135 POINTS

Age 41; 5'6", 160 lbs. Barkley has shoulder-length blond hair, a blond beard and mustache, and blue eyes. He is a wealthy businessman and dresses the part.

Attributes: ST 10 [0]; DX 11 [10]; IQ 13 [30]; HT 12 [20].

Advantages: Alertness +2 [10]; Fearlessness 1 [2]; Wealthy [20].

Disadvantages: Secret (Opponent of Baron Lacroix) [-20].

Quirks: Snappy dresser. [-1]

Skills: Area Knowledge (New Orleans)-15 [10]; Detect Lies-15 [8]; Disguise-15 [6]; Intimidation-13 [2]; Fast-Draw (Pistol)-11 [1]; Fast-Talk-14 [4]; Gambling-13 [2]; Guns/TL5 (Pistol)-12 [2]; Knife-14 [1]; Lockpicking/TL5-14 [4]; Performance (Fiddle)-13 [2]; Pickpocket-12 [8]; Riding (Horse)-12 [4]; Shadowing-13 [2]; Stealth-13 [8].

Languages: English (Native)-13 [0].

Barkley is Wright's major contact in New Orleans. He is a member of the same conspiratorial circle as Claudia. Barkley has recently given up all covert activities out of love for his wife, who disapproved when she found out. He misses the life terribly and does whatever he can to aid the characters . . . short of joining them himself.



Once they are in the study, Barkley greets his guests warmly and wants to know what brings them to New Orleans. He shows great sympathy with their plight, expressing particular sorrow for the deaths of their colleagues. He does not, however, offer any direct assistance. The only aid that he can give the posse is to return a box to the agent who knew Barkley. If Barkley is just a general contact provided by the PCs' bosses, he gives it to them as a group. The box contains \$200 in Confederate money, a Colt Peacemaker, and a pocketwatch on a chain worth \$25. As another way of assisting without getting involved, he gives them the business card for one C. Bonvililian, whose address is in the French Quarter.

While Barkley is providing this information, his wife comes into the study. She becomes very angry with Barkley and insists that the posse leave immediately. She does not listen to reason, and any attempt to explain who the PCs are or what they are doing there only causes her to become more adamant in her demand that they leave. Eventually she storms out of the room, insisting all the while that Barkley eject everyone.

After Barkley's wife leaves, the party has a few minutes to conclude their business with Barkley, including collecting the contents of the box and Claude's card, before Granos and his

henchmen make a return appearance. They are again masquerading as Texas Rangers. At this point, the GM might drop a big hint that they are not real Rangers, if no one has yet discovered it.

Granos leads a group one less than the number of PCs, with a minimum of two. They attempt to capture the party and take them in chains to the "Ranger" station. Barkley fights alongside the PCs if they decide to resist Granos and his gang. If the players slow down the gang during their escape, they can capture the gang's horses, which are hitched to the front porch rail, one for every member of Granos' party.

Once they get away from Barkley's house, they should contact Claude as soon as they are able to do so.

CHAPTER THREE: CALL!

Throughout the previous chapter, the heroes have slowly discovered the forces arrayed against them. There is only one more hidden enemy. In this chapter they have to take the initiative and strike back. Though the tension should continue to mount throughout this chapter, the characters should feel that they are able to handle the problem, and might even triumph.

A NEW FRIEND

When the posse decides to follow up on the contact Barkley gave, they find that it gives an address on the edge of the French Quarter, in a neighborhood of specialty shops for New Orleans natives. The particular block with Claude's shop contains a number of magic and voodoo shops. Claude's shop has no name as such; customers recognize it by the hanging shingle in front, bearing the image of The Fool from a tarot deck and the single word "Seer."

Inside the shop, there is a great jumble of merchandise. It isn't particularly well-organized, but Claude isn't making her living from walk-in traffic. In fact, she's a member of a group of voodooists who oppose the current status quo in the voodoo community. So far she has been able to fly below the radar of both Marie Laveaux and Baron LaCroix. She won't tell the posse that . . . unless they get to know each other much better.

When the PCs arrive at her shop, she responds favorably to them if they mention their connection to Barkley. Though not a voodooist, he was a member of Claude's little conspiracy. Once they say what they want, she tries to help them by doing a card reading. One member of the party should stand in for the whole group. If there are certain tarot images that describe the posse



and tend to support Claude's credibility as a seer, use them. The goal of the reading, however, is to point to Granos and his deception. Use whichever cards suggest that revelation – Justice reversed is a good card for this purpose. If any of the players understand tarot symbolism, The Moon, with its connection to things that are hazy or not as they seem, might be a better clue.

Once the posse figures out that Granos and his gang are not really Rangers, they are likely to try to find them. Claude can again help them with her tarot cards. If the players are familiar with New Orleans, or if any of the PCs have Area Knowledge (New Orleans), let them try to figure out the clues to the Kinnikinnic Trading Company warehouse in Algiers. If they don't get it, though, have Claudia figure out at least the general location. Either way, she insists on going along with the posse.

THE WAREHOUSE

The neighborhood of Algiers lies across the river from most of New Orleans. It earned its name because of the pirates and privateers that made it their base of operations. When Claudia and the posse cross over on the ferry, they get a good view of the Kinnikinnic Trading Company's warehouse. The posse should take the hint and head right to it (if they've made the connection between Granos and kinnikinnic – if not, Claude can describe its smell as an offhand comment), but if they don't, have them spot one of Granos' henchmen on the ferry and follow him. He heads straight there as soon as the ferry docks.

The main doors to the warehouse are locked, but they can get in by breaking one of the windows. Once inside, they see that it is indeed a working warehouse. Crates are stacked all around the floor, with crowbars, hammers, and other crate-handling equipment nearby.

As they move through the warehouse, the PCs should begin to get a sense of what passes through the warehouse. There are many crates of its legitimate products, tobacco and kinnikinnic, but there are also many crates of the weapons that have been making their way to the rebels in Utah. If they have been following the mysterious crates from the *Scarlet Queen*, they find them stacked in the warehouse as well. See *What's in the Crates?* – 2 (p. 27) for more information about their contents.

After a decent time searching, the posse hears voices. They have come across the part of the warehouse that Granos' gang is using. They can see the gang without *being* seen, either by hiding behind a low stack of crates or by climbing on top

CLAUDIA BONVILLIAN 177 POINTS

Age 26; 5'8", 128 lbs. Claudia has relatively light skin for her native Haiti, but very dark hair and eyes. She dresses comfortably in lightweight billowy dresses. She favors the bright colors of her homeland.

Attributes: ST 10 [0]; DX 12 [20]; IQ 12 [20]; HT 13 [30].

Advantages: Alertness +1 [5]; Favored Chual (Legba) [20]; Fearlessness +1 [2]; Magical Aptitude 3 [35]; Strong Will +1 [4]; True Faith (Voodoo) [15].

Disadvantages: Delusion (Superstitious) [-5]; Secret (Opponent of Baron LaCroix) [-20]; Stubbornness [-5].

Quirks: Likes to wear beads and other jangly jewelry. [-1]

Skills: Area Knowledge (New Orleans)-12 [1]; Detect Lies-12 [4]; First Aid/TL5-13 [2]; Fast Talk-14 [4]; Guns/TL5 (Pistol)-12 [1]; Occultism-13 [4]; Performance (Dance)-13 [4]; Stealth-12 [2]; Theology-9 [0].

Languages: French (Native)-12 [0]; English-11 [1].

Spells: Buried Treasure-15 [4]; Charm of Success-15 [4]; Coax-13 [1]; Conjure Doctor-17 [8]; Dream Send-15 [4]; Foretelling-16 [6]; Revelation Dust-16 [6].

Claudia is the proprietor of a magic shop in the French Quarter. She is also a powerful voodoo mambo, and a secret opponent of the voodoo leadership in New Orleans. She is adventurous and will join in almost any scheme, especially if it allows her to embarrass or otherwise attack Baron LaCroix. Nevertheless, she is very subtle when using her powers. She speaks with a light French accent that she has no intention of losing.

of a higher one. When they do, they see that the gang has a prisoner. He is tied to a stout chair and has his back to the party – but Granos and his gang should be very familiar by now.

As they watch, Granos talks to his gang about a planned trip to "the house." He also mentions the "crates" which they will be taking there. Granos frequently looks at the prisoner to make sure that he isn't paying too much attention to the gang's plans. Granos is uncomfortable talking with him there, but doesn't have any other choice. He continues to use coded phrases, which might well confuse some of his less-intelligent henchmen. In addition, he does not permit the prisoner to speak. Granos shouts for silence, or gags the prisoner if it is absolutely necessary.

CAPTURED!

If some or all of the posse gets captured, then they replace the prisoner in the chair, and the scene becomes one of rescue, not discovery. If Granos only caught some of the PCs, then the rest of the heroes should be mounting a rescue effort, probably with the help of Claude, Wright, or Terrill. If he trapped the entire party, however, then Claude, Wright, and Terrill come to the rescue, focusing their efforts on freeing the investigators and getting back across the river to regroup. In this case, more of the henchmen are likely to escape, making the final encounter much more difficult.

In either case, let Granos ramble on for a while, until the captured PCs have a chance to learn most of what he knows through what he unintentionally lets slip. (If one of the prisoners knows Spanish, so much the better – Granos mutters carelessly to himself in his native tongue.) Only then bring Delacroix into the picture . . . and the cavalry shortly behind.

BEN SWAIN

179 POINTS

Age 32; 5'8", 159 lbs. Swain is a handsome man who is somewhat of a dandy. He has long yellow hair and a bushy mustache. He dresses with casual elegance, favoring a tan duster as an overcoat.

Attributes: ST 11 [10]; DX 12 [20]; IQ 13 [30]; HT 11 [10].

Advantages: Alertness +1 [5]; Fearlessness +1 [2]; Magical Aptitude 3 [35]; Manual Dexterity 3 [9]; Unusual Background (Veteran of the Weird West) [10].

Disadvantages: Disowned [-15]; Stubbornness [-5].

Quirks: Has a lucky coin. [-1]

Skills: Area Knowledge (New Orleans)-13 [1]; Climbing-12 [1]; Detect Lies-14 [6]; Fast-Talk-15 [6]; Interrogation-13 [2]; Occultism-15 [6]; Performance (Singing)-13 [2]; Shadowing-15 [6]; Sleight of Hand-13 [8]; Stealth-13 [4]; Streetwise-13 [2].

Languages: English (Native)-13 [0].

Spells: Missed Me!-16 [4]; Phantom Fingers-16 [4]; Shadow Walk-17 [6]; Soul Blast-18 [8]; Trinkets-16 [4].

Ben Swain is the son of a wealthy North Carolina planter. He became a huckster at the age of 19. The very day that his parents found out what he had been doing with his time, they cast him out of the house forever. Recently, Delacroix has taken him in and made him his personal huckster and bodyguard.

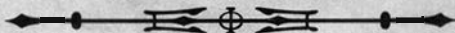
A REVELATION

After the posse has observed Granos and his gang for a while, Granos' boss – Delacroix – arrives. (If the heroes start a fight before his arrival, bring him on at a crucial moment, perhaps to save the life of his most dedicated pawn.) When Delacroix enters the scene, Granos' whole demeanor changes. Clearly, Granos is deathly afraid of his boss. His henchmen would find their boss groveling before another man amusing – if they weren't even more afraid of Delacroix than Granos is.

Delacroix has dropped his riverboat gambler act and is much more forceful. He interrogates the prisoner, demanding to know how he found them and attempting to learn how much of their operation the prisoner understands. As the prisoner answers Delacroix's questions, PCs who took part in the poker game realize that they have met him before as well. (If no heroes played poker, then one of them met Terrill strolling on deck.) The prisoner is another passenger from the *Scarlet Queen*, Marshal Eric Terrill.

Terrill resists all of Delacroix's questions, responding only with insults or silence. Neither threats nor actual blows make him disclose what he knows. Eventually, Delacroix gets frustrated with Terrill's resistance and draws his pistol, saying, "No one else will ever find out what you know." If the party sees this happen, characters with a law enforcement background should try to intervene, unable to permit Delacroix to murder another lawman. If the posse does try to stop Delacroix, the gang resists for a while, but in the end most of Granos' men flee an enemy whose size and capabilities they don't know. Once Delacroix sees that his gunmen have abandoned him, he retreats immediately. Only Delacroix's huckster, Ben Swain, remains to fight. In the gang's haste, they leave the Marshal behind. If anyone manages to free Terrill during the combat, he fights alongside the party, as long as someone loans him a weapon.

If the party doesn't stop Delacroix, he shoots Terrill. Right in the chest. The Marshal's chair flies backwards into a stack of crates and shatters around his crumpled body. Delacroix motions to Granos and his gang and they all depart, leaving the Marshal for dead. However, PCs who investigate the Marshal after Delacroix's departure discover that he is only unconscious. A piece of glass block in his breast pocket stopped the bullet, which has broken the glass and ruined the picture of Terrill's wife, Sara, within. He comes to in 2d minutes, barring any special action on the part of the posse.

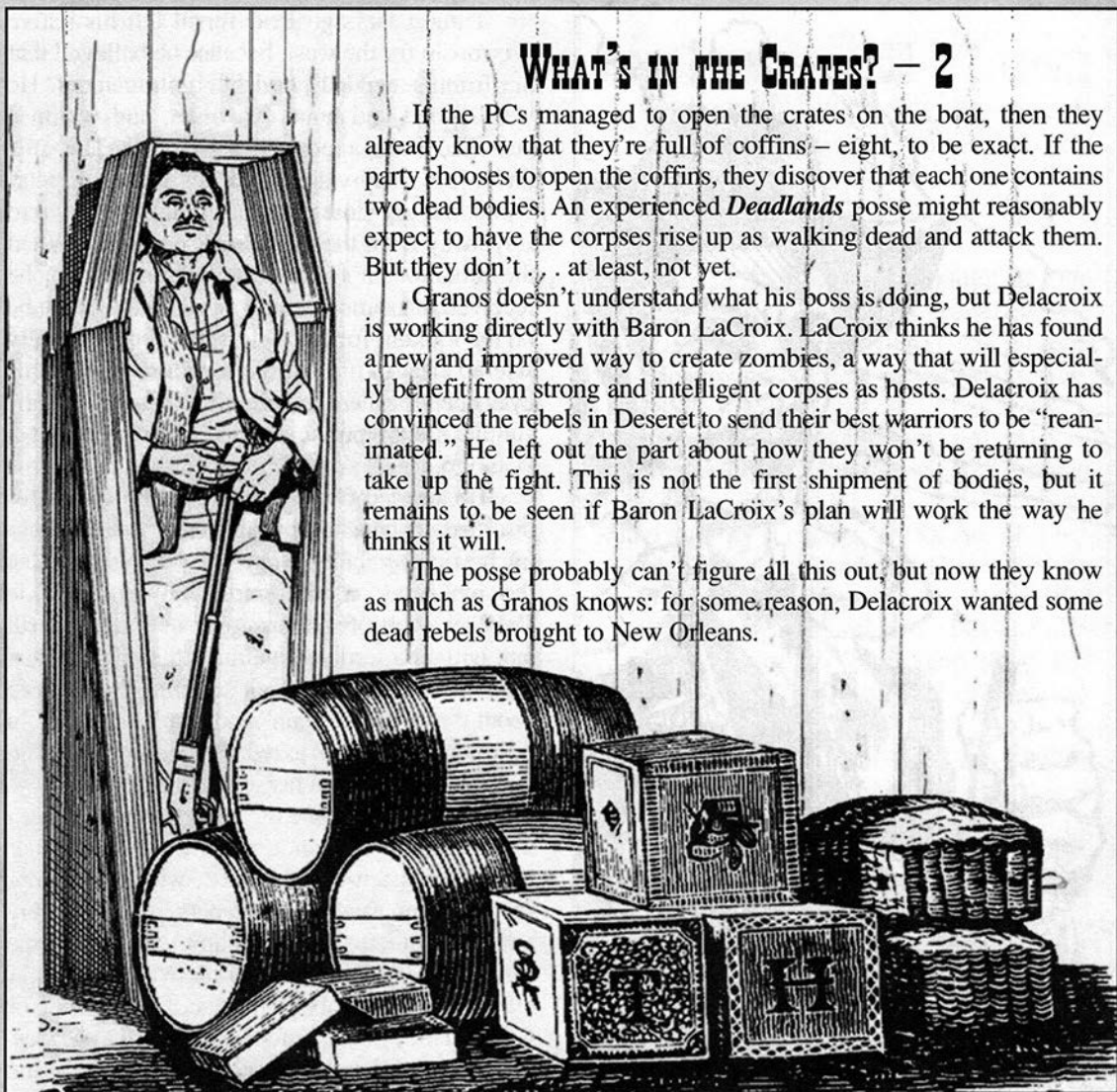


WHAT'S IN THE CRATES? — 2

If the PCs managed to open the crates on the boat, then they already know that they're full of coffins — eight, to be exact. If the party chooses to open the coffins, they discover that each one contains two dead bodies. An experienced *Deadlands* posse might reasonably expect to have the corpses rise up as walking dead and attack them. But they don't . . . at least, not yet.

Granos doesn't understand what his boss is doing, but Delacroix is working directly with Baron LaCroix. LaCroix thinks he has found a new and improved way to create zombies, a way that will especially benefit from strong and intelligent corpses as hosts. Delacroix has convinced the rebels in Deseret to send their best warriors to be "reanimated." He left out the part about how they won't be returning to take up the fight. This is not the first shipment of bodies, but it remains to be seen if Baron LaCroix's plan will work the way he thinks it will.

The posse probably can't figure all this out, but now they know as much as Granos knows: for some reason, Delacroix wanted some dead rebels brought to New Orleans.



When the dust settles, the Marshal introduces himself and thanks the characters, but doesn't stop to talk with them. He searches the little office area for evidence he can use in his case against the gang. If the party helps, they discover that most of the records are in code, but it is clear which of the accounting logbooks are the most recent. Terrill takes these with him. If the party doesn't offer to team up with Marshal Terrill, he suggests it himself.

If for some reason the GM has decided not to include Terrill, have the gang hold someone else hostage. Perhaps the captain of the *Scarlet Queen* might have become suspicious of the crates and come to investigate. Another possibility is to have the gang actually capture one of the party at Barkley's house. In this case, one of their own will be tied up when the others arrive at the warehouse. A third option would be for no one to be held hostage, but to have the gang already in residence when the posse arrives. (Also see *Captured!*, above.)

CHAPTER FOUR: SHOWDOWN!

Most of the pieces are now in place. The investigators have seen the forces arrayed against them and know that their cause is just. They only need a few more things before they can challenge Delacroix in his lair. During this final chapter, they complete their hands, place their final bets, and get to see their opponents' cards.

MEETING THE MARSHAL

Having left the warehouse, the party has no trouble returning to the ferry and crossing back over to the other side of New Orleans. During the trip, Marshal Terrill tells the PCs what he knows about Delacroix and his plan. When he is finished, they should know enough to want to shut down Delacroix for good.



Three years ago Eric Terrill left his native Wisconsin for the west, because he believed that the frontier needed good law enforcement. He was a good and honest lawman, and within a year had been appointed a Marshal. The area under his supervision had its share of petty crime, but big-time criminals quickly learned to stay away from the area Terrill protected. When the rebellion in Deseret started to heat up, he received the same warning as all the others to be on the lookout for smugglers, but they generally steered clear of his part of the world. He kept his eyes open for them, but didn't look too hard. His simple life of public service changed about a year ago.

He arrested Chris Dybchek in the saloon for disorderly conduct. Apparently, he had been drinking beyond his ability to pay, and then insisting that the innkeeper continue to serve him. While Dybchek slept off his hangover in Terrill's small jail, he had a terrible nightmare that the Marshal found fascinating. Dybchek screamed in his sleep about the "weapons train" and "the dead men." In the morning, Terrill asked the rancher about it. Dybchek unburdened his soul to the lawman.

It seems that some traveling traders had been using the Dybchek ranch as a way station on their trading trips through the west, which is neither illegal nor unusual. These traders, however, were unusually quiet, rarely spending time around the fireplace with Dybchek and his wife, and never telling any stories about the places they'd been or the sales they made. Stuck on his ranch as he was, Dybchek was happy to trade their stories for the use of his outbuildings.

One night he became so curious about their cargo that he went out to the barn where their wagons were stored and opened one of the crates himself. It contained a coffin, too heavy to be empty, heavier even than Dybchek remembered his father's coffin being – and Dybchek's father had been a large man. He was surprised to find that the coffin wasn't properly sealed. He eased open the lid, but slammed it shut quickly when he saw that there were two men stuffed inside. They had both been shot. Dybchek closed the crates with trembling hands, fearing that all the crates in his barn contained similar cargo.

When they returned several weeks later, going the other way, Dybchek's curiosity again got the better of him. He sneaked into the barn and found that this time, the crates were full of weapons: rifles and grenades, mostly. He wasn't sure why these men were taking weapons north and dead men south, but he didn't like either trade. Unfortunately, he didn't know how to get them to stop using his ranch without admitting that he knew





ARMING FOR BATTLE

Before the posse can attack Delacroix's headquarters, they have to know where it is. Fortunately, Marshal Terrill knows that Delacroix lives in a large mansion in the Garden District. The Marshal has made a quick reconnaissance and is willing to show the location to the party, if he is convinced that they are as committed to shutting down Delacroix as he is.

Claude suggests that the posse stop at her shop on the way to Delacroix's. There are some things that she wants to pick up, and she suggests that the other members of the party might find things they would like as well. When they arrive at the magic shop, she leads them through a door that, while not concealed, is not one of the ones they have seen her use before. The door opens into a storeroom that, like the rest of her store, is overfull and disorganized – but unlike the rest of her store, the crates are marked.

As part of her association with the resistance in New Orleans, she uses her storeroom as a kind of supply depot. As a result, she has any mundane equipment the players think they need for

their final confrontation with Delacroix, subject to GM approval. She *certainly* has more than enough ammunition for any of their weapons, and might even have replacements or improvements for anything the PCs have lost during the course of the adventure.

If the GM feels that there hasn't been enough action so far, a couple of Granos' henchmen burst into the storeroom. They should be relatively easy to subdue but keep the PCs from becoming complacent, even in locations they might have thought were safe.

Claude will not participate in the "raiding of the crates" or the firefight. When the heroes search, they find her in front of her voodoo altar. She is kneeling in front of the small cabinet and performing a short ceremony of devotion, during which she pours rum into a small bowl in front of the statues of her most favored loa, Legba. After her devotions, she makes her own preparations for the coming battle.

their business. He took to drinking whatever was on hand, but nothing dulled the fear.

Marshal Terrill, using the information that Dybchek provided, raised a posse and set an ambush for the smugglers. They must have had some advance warning, though, because the wagon train was booby-trapped. When the crates were opened, they exploded, killing the entire posse except for Terrill himself. He swore an oath to discover who had murdered his posse and to bring them to justice. Using his superior investigative and tracking skills, he eventually traced the shipment to New Orleans . . . and Delacroix.

Again, if Terrill is missing, perhaps Claude has the information the party needs to move on to the final confrontation. If not, make sure that one of the others has it or can get it. Another Marshal within the party is an obvious choice. If all else fails, the posse can follow Granos or one of the other gang members to the house before falling back to resupply and rearm.

interrogate them, they admit readily that Delacroix and his inner circle are meeting in the conservatory. The henchmen gladly give directions.

The posse shouldn't need them, however, since they can hear the meeting going on through the open door to the conservatory at the end of the service hallway. When they enter the room, Delacroix sits at a table playing poker with Granos, the Zebon boys, and at least one other man. (GMs are encouraged to add more henchmen if the party has had too easy a time of things so far!) He banters with his foes, taunting them for their foolish loyalty and daring them to take some action against him. If a fight breaks out, the Zebon twins will jump into the fray immediately, using their Harrowed powers to protect their leader. Soon, though, everyone hears the sound of the *real* Texas Rangers outside.

The commander orders everyone to come out peacefully. The PCs should realize that killing Delacroix and the others now is neither necessary nor advisable. If the gang is in the PCs' power, they can be tied up and left for the Rangers. That done, Claude uses her truth powder to extract the location of the secret exit from Delacroix. If she isn't present, then perhaps the party can get one of the surviving gang members, or one of the servants, to reveal the location of the tunnel. Another possibility is to have one of the gang make a break for it. Following him allows the party to escape.

Barring some disaster, the posse should be able to make a clean getaway through the tunnel from the cellar to the butcher shop down the street. As they enter the tunnel, they hear the sound of the Rangers blowing up the locks and storming the house.

EPILOGUE

In the story, Jim, Claude, and Marshal Terrill all decide to work together in the future. They will no doubt have many future adventures in New Orleans. If your posse decides to remain in the city, perhaps Claude is willing to host them. If not, at least they'll have a contact in case they need to return.

And return they might. As the story ends, the Texas Rangers are forcibly entering Delacroix's house. However, it isn't clear whether the Rangers plan to arrest Delacroix or rescue him. If the posse assumes the Rangers are on their side, and they're not, Delacroix might be back shipping weapons to Deseret and wreaking havoc sooner than they expect. He would make an excellent recurring villain in an ongoing campaign.

THE ZEBON BOYS

290 POINTS

Age 22; 5'11", 188 lbs. The Zebon twins are fam-fed blond boys with green eyes. They dress and act like the rural farmers that they were.

Attributes: ST 12 [20]; DX 11 [10]; IQ 11 [10]; HT 10 [0].

Advantages: Alertness +1 [5]; Combat Reflexes [15]; Composed [5]; Doesn't Eat or Drink [10]; Fearlessness 3 [6]; Fit [5]; Independent Body Parts (Limitation, Reattachment only, -50%) [20]; Injury Tolerance (No Blood) [5]; Less Sleep 4 [12]; Regrowth (Limitation: Reattachment only, -50%) [20]; Temperature Tolerance [10]; Unusual Background (Veteran of the Weird West) [10]; Vampiric Immortality [60]; Vampiric (Undead) Invulnerability [150].

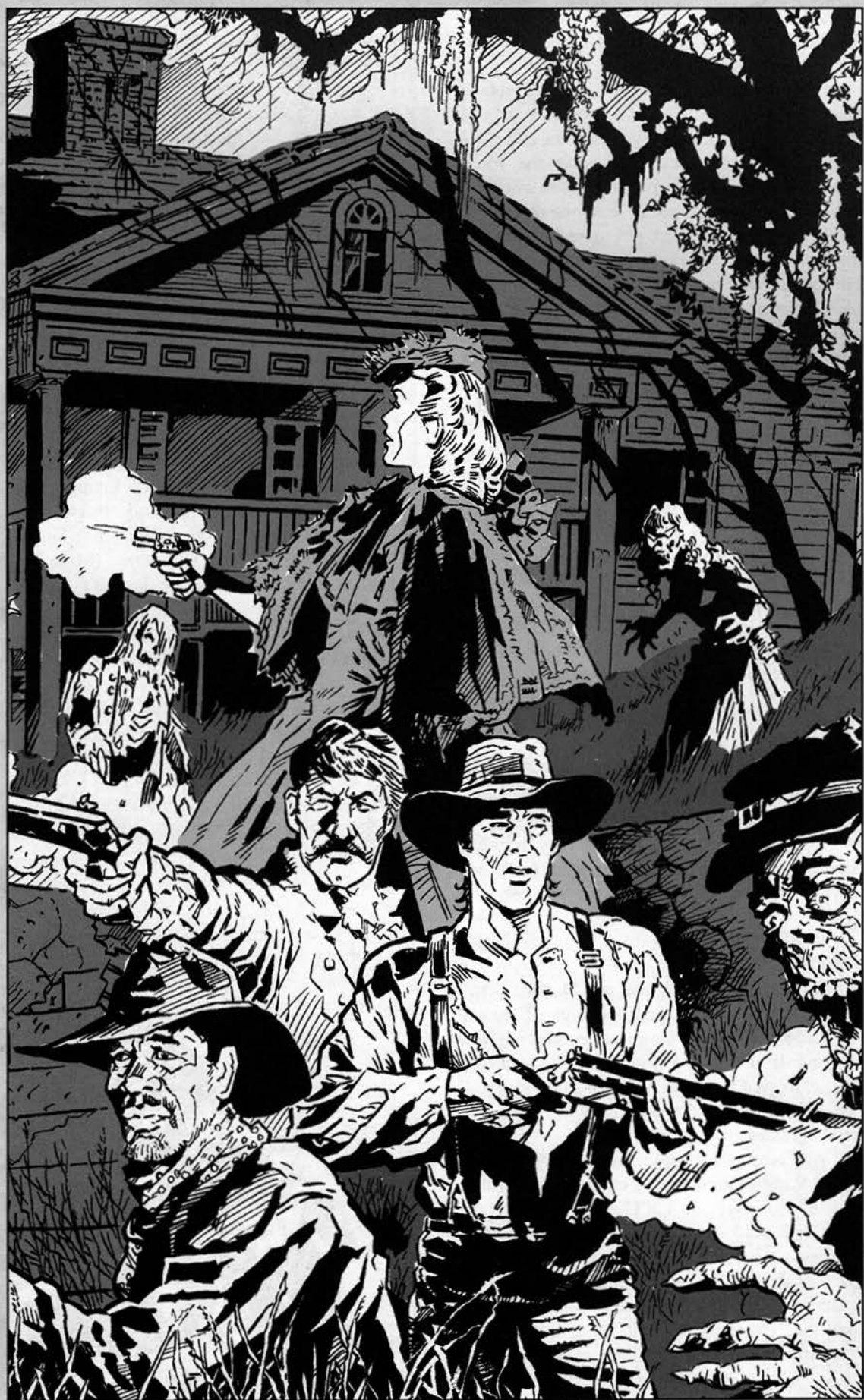
Disadvantages: Bad Smell [-10]; Eunuch [-5]; Intolerance (those opposed to Deseret) [-5]; Nightmares [-5]; Pallor [-10]; Secret (Harrowed) [-20]; Unhealing (Must eat raw meat to regenerate lost HT) [-20]; Voices (Diabolical) [-15].

Quirks: *Bob:* Sometimes has trouble remembering words. *Bill:* Finishes Bob's sentences. [-1]

Skills: Area Knowledge (Deseret)-14 [6]; Brawling-13 [4]; Climbing-12 [4]; Demolition/TL5-11 [2]; Guns/TL5 (Pistols)-12 [2]; Intimidation-12 [4]; Knife-12 [2]; Riding (Horses)-10 [1]; Shadowing-12 [4]; Stealth-II [2]; Streetwise-II [2].

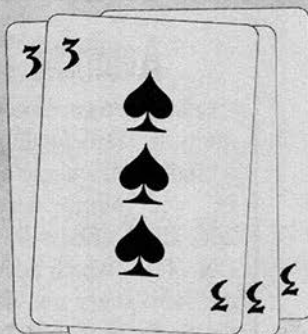
Languages: English (Native)-11 [0].







CONVERSION NOTES



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Many gaming groups will come to *GURPS* with an established *Deadlands* posse and saga that they'd like to continue playing. For them, we offer the following guidelines for converting characters and other game materials from *Deadlands* to *GURPS Deadlands*. These guidelines may also be useful to *GURPS* GMs who wish to convert some of the abundant material available from Pinnacle Entertainment Group's *Deadlands* line for other campaigns.

CHARACTER CONVERSIONS

When converting characters from *Deadlands* to *GURPS Deadlands*, players and GMs use the conversion guidelines below for Traits, Aptitudes, and other characteristics all characters possess. Some characters with special abilities may require reference to the guidelines in the *Special Character Types* section (p. 39).

Because *Deadlands* has a partially random character generation system, these conversion rules do not produce a party of *GURPS* PCs with uniform point totals from a party of equivalent starting *Deadlands* adventurers; however, they produce characters which feel and play like the originals.

ATTRIBUTES

To convert *Deadlands* Traits into *GURPS* attributes, first convert all 10 Traits into numerical values by comparing the die type and Coordination of the Trait on the following table, then convert those values into *GURPS* attributes according to the rules below.

Coordination	Die Type				
	d4	d6	d8	d10	d12
1	8	9	10	11	12
2	9	10	12	13	14
3	11	12	13	14	15
4	11	13	14	15	16
5	12	14	15	16	17
6	13	15	16	16	17
7	14	16	17	17	18
8	15	16	17	18	18

ATTRIBUTE GUIDELINES

Strength becomes ST.

Vigor becomes HT.

The average of Deftness, Quickness, and Nimbleness becomes DX.

The average of Cognition, Knowledge, and Smarts becomes IQ.

AVOIDING FLATNESS

Sometimes, taking the average of multiple Traits for DX and IQ results in a “flattened” character – for example, a PC with Nimbleness 1d8, Quickness 2d6, and Deftness 4d10 ends up with a DX of 12, which adequately represents the hero’s general dexterity, but loses the fine motor skill that the original PC possessed. In such a situation, when the individual component Traits of an attribute differ by more than 3 points after conversion, players should assign the average for the overall attribute, but may also take a level or two of an appropriate advantage to compensate for the flattening. Some appropriate advantages are Manual Dexterity for Deftness, Combat Reflexes for Quickness, Perfect Balance for Nimbleness, Alertness for Cognition, extra points in Mental skills for Knowledge, and Common Sense for Smarts. Other advantages may be more appropriate for your character; feel free to take whatever makes sense.

This can work the other way: if your character has Knowledge 3d12, Cognition 4d10, and Smarts 1d4, it may be a good idea to take a disadvantage to represent the discrepancy – say, Hidebound. If you use this technique to gain advantages, you should certainly take disadvantages under similar circumstances.



BLESSED ARE THE CONFUSED

GURPS and *Deadlands* mean two different things by the term “Blessed,” and this distinction can lead to confusion. In *GURPS* terms, a character with the Blessed advantage has some minor spark of the divine in him. This is not quite strong enough to accurately convert the *Deadlands* Arcane Background: blessed; the Divine Favor advantage is a much better match. In *GURPS Deadlands* and its supplements, “the Blessed” are those who possess the Arcane Background: blessed Edge in *Deadlands*, or the Divine Favor advantage in *GURPS*, unless the text in question specifies the Blessed advantage.

Spirit becomes Will. Take levels of Strong Will or Weak Will equal to the difference between converted IQ and converted Will.

Mien becomes Charisma. Take 1 level of Charisma for every two full points of Mien above 10.

When converting attributes with bonuses, like 3d12+4, add half the bonus to the result on the table. 3d12+4, for example, becomes 17.

ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES

To convert *Deadlands* Edges and Hindrances into *GURPS* advantages and disadvantages, consult the following lists. *Deadlands* and *GURPS* qualities with the same name are not listed.

ADVANTAGE EQUIVALENTS

<i>Deadlands</i>	<i>GURPS</i>
Arcane Background	Special; see below
Belongin’s	Temporary Wealth; see below
Big Ears	Acute Hearing +2
Brave	Fearlessness +3
Brawny	Toughness 1
Dinero	Wealth; see below
Don’t Get ‘Im Riled!	Berserk and +2 ST
Eagle Eyes	Acute Vision +2
Fleet-Footed	+4 Running/level
Friends in High Places	Special; see below
Gift of Gab	Language Talent 2
Keen	Alertness +3
Kemo Sabe	Unusual Background; see below
Law Man	Legal Enforcement Powers; see below
Level-Headed	Combat Reflexes
Light Sleeper	Light Sleeper and Less Sleep 3
Luck o’ the Irish	Luck
Mechanically Inclined	Special; see below
Nerves o’ Steel	Fearlessness +2
Purty	Handsome/Beautiful
Rank	Military Rank; see below
Renown	Special; see below
Sand	Strong Will +1/level
Sense o’ Direction	Absolute Direction
Sidekick	Ally; see below
“The Stare”	+3 Intimidation
“The Voice”	Voice
Thick-Skinned	High Pain Threshold
Tough as Nails	Special; see below
Two-Fisted	Ambidexterity
Veteran o’ the Weird West	Unusual Background; see below

SPECIAL ADVANTAGE CONVERSIONS

Arcane Background: huckster becomes Magical Aptitude (Huckster) 1. See p. 39 for more details on converting hucksters.

Arcane Background: blessed becomes Divine Favor. See p. 40 for more details on converting the Blessed.



Arcane Background: mad scientist becomes Gadgeteer. You may use either regular Gadgeteer or Quick Gadgeteer, depending on the flavor of your campaign. See p. 41 for more details on converting mad scientists.

Arcane Background: shaman becomes Initiation 3. See p. 42 for more details on converting shamans.

Belongin's usually doesn't need to be converted; instead, convert the equipment gained with it. For purposes of calculating point value, however, Belongin's becomes Temporary Wealth (p. C118). Level 1 becomes Temporary Comfortable, Level 2 becomes Temporary Wealthy, Level 3 becomes Temporary Very Wealthy, and Levels 4 and 5 become Temporary Filthy Rich.

Dinero becomes Wealth. Levels 1 and 2 become Comfortable, levels 3 and 4 become Wealthy, and Level 5 becomes Very Wealthy.

Friends in High Places becomes Contacts, Favors, or Patrons as appropriate.

Kemo Sabe becomes a 5-point Unusual Background (Familiar with a foreign culture). This eliminates any cultural unfamiliarity penalties to skills having to do with that culture – Savoir-Faire, for example.

Law Man becomes Legal Enforcement Powers. The 1-point Edge becomes the 5-point advantage, the 3-point Edge becomes the 10-point advantage, and the 5-point Edge becomes the 15-point advantage.

Mechanically Inclined becomes Gadgeteer in a campaign in which mad scientists use Gadgeteer (Quick). In a campaign in which mad scientists are regular Gadgeteers, Mechanically Inclined confers a +2 bonus to Engineer and Mechanic.

Rank becomes Military Rank. Rank 1 becomes Military Rank 0 or 1; Rank 2 becomes Military Rank 1 or 2; Rank 3 becomes Military Rank 3 or 4; Rank 4 becomes Military Rank 4, 5, or 6; Rank 5 becomes Military Rank 7 or 8. Within the range given, select the specific rank appropriate to the character.

Renown becomes a +3 Reputation, recognized on a 10 or less. The group affected depends on the level of the Edge – a small group for 1 point, a large group for 3 points, and almost everyone for 5 points.

Sidekick becomes Ally; in order to determine the Ally's point value, the Sidekick should be converted into *GURPS* terms separately.

Tough as Nails becomes Fit at Level 1, Very Fit at level 2, and 1 Extra Hit Point for each level beyond that.

Veteran o' the Weird West becomes Unusual Background (Veteran of the Weird West).



STRIVING FOR EQUALITY

If a group wants to try to create conversions with roughly equal *GURPS* point totals, begin by converting the characters according to the rules below. Estimate the group's average attribute level; this is usually higher than the standard 10. Then try to adjust each character's attributes a bit closer to the average, whether that means raising or lowering the attribute in question. Adjust leveled advantages to add points to characters at the low end of the party and to subtract points from characters at the high end. Reduce skill levels that aren't central to character concepts for characters with high point totals. The end result may not be exactly equal, but it should be possible to achieve a reasonable balance.



ACCOUNTING FOR DIFFICULTY

The Aptitude Conversion table assumes that a given level of Aptitude translates to a certain degree of proficiency regardless of the difficulty of the skill. If the group prefers to account for the difficulty of the skill, add 1 to the level of Easy skills, subtract one from the level of Hard skills, and subtract two from the level of Very Hard skills.



DISADVANTAGE EQUIVALENTS

Deadlands

Ailin'
All Thumbs
Bad Ears
Bad Eye
Bad Luck
Big Britches
Big Mouth
Big 'Un
Bloodthirsty
Cautious
Curious
Clueless
Death Wish
Doubting Thomas
Ferner
Geezer
Greedy
Grim Servant o' Death
Habit
Hankerin'
Heavy Sleeper
Heroic
High-Falutin'
Illiterate
Impulsive
Kid
Law o' the West
Loco
Loyal
Lyin' Eyes
Miser
Mean as a Rattler
Night Terrors
Oath
Obligation
One-Armed Bandit
Outlaw
Pacifist
Poverty
Randy
Scrawny
Self-Righteous
Slowpoke
Squeaky
Squeamish
Stubborn
Superstitious
Thin-Skinned
Tinhorn
Tuckered
Ugly as Sin
Vengeful
Yeamin'
Yeller

GURPS

Special; see below
Special; see below
Special; see below
Bad Sight
Unluckiness
Overconfidence
Odious Personal Habit; see below
Special; see below
Bloodlust
Careful
Extremely Curious
Absent-Mindedness
On the Edge
Delusion; see below
Social Stigma (Outsider)
Age
Greed
Jinxed (-20 points)
Odious Personal Habit; see below
Addiction
Deep Sleeper and Extra Sleep 3
Charitable
Odious Personal Habit; see below
Illiteracy
Impulsiveness
Youth
Code of Honor; see below
Special; see below
Sense of Duty (Friends)
Easy to Read
Miserliness
Bad Temper
Nightmares
Vow
Duty
One Arm or One Hand
Special; see below
Special; see below
Poor
Lecherousness
Skinny
Fanaticism
Special; see below
Disturbing Voice
Mild Phobia (Squeamishness)
Stubbornness
Delusion; see below
Low Pain Threshold
Odious Personal Habit; see below
Special; see below
Ugly
Code of Honor; see below
Obsession
Cowardice



SPECIAL DISADVANTAGE CONVERSIONS

Ailin' becomes an appropriate physical disadvantage. Possibilities include Social Disease, Migraines, Delicate Metabolism, or Terminally Ill.

All Thumbs becomes Incompetence at Armoury, Mechanic, Engineer, and Shipbuilding.

Bad Ears becomes Hard of Hearing for the first level, and Deafness for the second level.

Big Mouth becomes a -10-point Odious Personal Habit (Talks too much, and about the wrong things).

Big 'Un becomes Overweight at the first level, and Fat at the second level.

Doubting Thomas becomes a -5-point Delusion (The supernatural does not exist).

Habit becomes an Odious Personal Habit, with a reaction modifier of -1 per level of the Habit.

High-Falutin' becomes a -10-point Odious Personal Habit (Snob).

Law o' the West becomes Code of Honor (Law of the West) (Treat all women with respect; never draw first; never shoot someone in the back; never shoot a distracted foe) and Reputation (+1, 10 or less, almost everybody).

Loco becomes an appropriate Mental disadvantage.

Outlaw becomes Enemy and/or Reputation.

Pacifist becomes Pacifism (Cannot kill) for the first level and Total Pacifism for the second level.

Slowpoke becomes Incompetence (Running) for level 1, Reduced Move 1 for levels 2 and 3, and Reduced Move 2 for levels 4 and 5.

Superstitious becomes a -5-point Delusion (Superstitions are real).

Tinhorn becomes a -10-point Odious Personal Habit (Tinhorn).

Tukered becomes Unfit for level 1, Very Unfit for level 2, and 1 Reduced Hit Point for every level beyond.

Vengeful becomes a Code of Honor (Always avenge a wrong done to you).

SKILLS

All *Deadlands* Aptitudes convert readily to an equivalent *GURPS* skill. To determine the level of the skill, consult the following table, where *Att.* is the appropriate attribute for the given skill.

APTITUDE CONVERSION

Aptitude	Skill Level
1	Att. -1
2	Att.
3	Att. +I
4	Att. +2
5-6	Att. +3
7-9	Att. +4
10+	Att. +5

If an Aptitude has adds (e.g., 3d12+4), add half the adds to the effective Aptitude for purposes of determining the skill level. For example, an Aptitude of 3d12+4 would have an effective level of 5.

To determine which *GURPS* skill a given *Deadlands* Aptitude converts to, consult the table on p. 38. *Deadlands* Aptitudes which have *GURPS* equivalents with the same name and purpose have not been listed; they should still be converted. For this purpose, Climbin' and Climbing, or any other similar pair, are considered equivalent.

In some situations, multiple *Deadlands* skills may convert to a single *GURPS* skill (Fast-Talk, for example). In these situations, the converted skill level should be calculated as if based on an Aptitude equal to the highest component Aptitude plus one for each additional component Aptitude.

Deadlands skills which require concentrations often correspond to *GURPS* skills which require specializations (Shootin' converts to Guns, for example). Choose an appropriate specialization for the concentration when converting these skills. Multiple concentrations of a single Aptitude count as separate skills.



Some *Deadlands* skills which do not require concentrations correspond to *GURPS* skills which do require specialization. For these skills, the player should select a specialization appropriate to the character. In some cases, it may be necessary to take a skill multiple times with different specializations.

Some *Deadlands* skills convert to *GURPS* skills which have prerequisites. Converted characters should take all prerequisites at the same level at which they have the converted skills.

APTITUDE EQUIVALENTS

<i>Deadlands</i>	<i>GURPS</i>
Academia	Scientific skill appropriate to concentration
Scrutinize	Detect Lies
Animal Wranglin'	Animal Handling
Artillery	Gunner
Arts	Artistic skill appropriate to concentration (usually Artist or Sculptor)
Bluff	Fast-Talk
Dodge	Acrobatics; see below
Drivin'	Vehicle skill appropriate to concentration
Faith	Special; see below
Fightin'	Combat skill appropriate to concentration
Filchin'	Pickpocket (not Filch)
Guts	Special; see below
Hexslingin'	Special; see below
Mad Science	Weird Science
Medicine	Medical skill appropriate to concentration
Overawe	Intimidation
Performin'	Performance, Singing, or Musical Instrument
Persuasion	Fast-Talk
Professional	Special; see below
Quick Draw	Fast-Draw
Ridicule	Fast-Talk or Intimidation, as appropriate
Ritual	Special; see below
Science	Scientific skill appropriate to concentration; see below
Scrutinize	Detect Lies
Search	Special; see below
Shootin'	Guns
Sneak	Stealth
Tale-Tellin'	Bard
Tinkerin'	Special; see below
Trade	Special; see below

SPECIAL SKILL CONVERSIONS

Dodge becomes Acrobatics; at level 4 or higher, it also gives the character Enhanced Dodge.

Faith has different effects depending on who has it. All characters with Faith get +1 to Will and Theology for every level of Faith they possess. Characters with Divine Favor get +1 to their Divine Favor reaction rolls for every two full levels of Faith they possess. Indian characters with Faith 5 or higher get a Spirit Advisor; non-Indian characters with Faith 5 or higher get True Faith.

Guts gives the character 1 level of Fearlessness for each level of Guts above the first.

Hexslingin' gives the character 1 level of Magical Aptitude (Huckster) at levels 1 or 2, 2 levels of Magical Aptitude (Huckster) at levels 3 or 4, and 3 levels of Magical Aptitude (Huckster) at levels 5 or 6.

Professional becomes the most appropriate skill for the concentration – often this is Professional Skill (concentration), but Law, Politics, Theology, or other skills may be more appropriate.

Ritual becomes Ritual Magic. If the character has multiple concentrations, calculate the converted skill level according to the guidelines above for skills comprising multiple Aptitudes. Shamans with any *ritual* concentration at level 3 or higher also get the Spirit Advisor advantage.

Science becomes the appropriate Scientific skill. *Science: general* becomes the Science! skill.

Search gives the character 1 level of Alertness for every two full levels of the Aptitude.

Tinkerin' becomes Mechanic. It also gives the character the Engineer skill two levels below the level of Mechanic.

Trade becomes the most appropriate skill for the concentration – often Professional Skill (concentration), but also frequently Craft skills like Blacksmith or Carpentry.

MISCELLANEOUS CHARACTER CONVERSIONS

The above information is enough for a gross, seat-of-the-pants conversion from *Deadlands* to *GURPS*. However, for a more detailed and complete conversion, continue reading.

SECONDARY TRAITS

Secondary Traits in *Deadlands* (such as Wind, Size, and Pace) are not converted. Their functions are served by other statistics in *GURPS*.

EQUIPMENT

Most nonweapon equipment doesn't need mechanical conversion. *Deadlands* dollars are equivalent to *GURPS* dollars. *Deadlands* weapons can be found in *GURPS* terms in *GURPS Deadlands: Weird West*.



GRIT

Grit translates to Fearlessness, with each point of Grit becoming one level of Fearlessness.

FATE CHIPS AND BOUNTY POINTS

When converting a *Deadlands* campaign in progress, a posse may have unused Fate Chips and Bounty Points. Both convert into unspent character points in *GURPS*. Begin by converting Fate Chips to Bounty Points at the usual rate – 3 for blue chips, 2 for red chips, and 1 for white chips – and then convert the total Bounty Points to character points at a rate of 1 CP per 2 Bounty Points. These points are unspent at the beginning of play under *GURPS* rules.

If a group wants to maintain some of the flavor of Fate Chips, they can keep those points unspent and use the Flesh Wounds rule from p. B183, spending a single character point to restore all damage.

SPECIAL CHARACTER TYPES

Most citizens of the Weird West can be converted with the rules already covered. For those folks who dabble in the mystical and supernatural, however, life is more complicated. Hucksters, the Blessed, mad scientists, shamans, and the Harrowed all require special attention in the conversion process. Here are guidelines for converting the powers of the heavy hitters of the Weird West.

HUCKSTERS

Hucksters take their lives in their hands daily for a taste of real magic. They risk body and mind in a supernatural game of wits, so that they can bend the manitou to their will, accomplishing feats that ordinary men can only gape at.

When converting a huckster, *arcane background: huckster* becomes Magical Aptitude (Huckster), *academia: occult* becomes Occultism, and *hexslingin'* becomes additional levels of Magical Aptitude (Huckster), as described under *Skills* and *Advantages & Disadvantages* above.

Magical Aptitude (Huckster) is similar to regular Magical Aptitude. Hucksters learn hexes as if their IQ were equal to their IQ plus their Magical Aptitude. Unlike regular Magical Aptitude, however, Magical Aptitude (Huckster) grants no ability to sense or recognize magic. Also, anyone without Magical Aptitude (Huckster) *cannot* learn hexes. Hucksters also get +1 to their Gambling skill for every two levels of Magical Aptitude.

Hucksters retain all their hexes, which are treated in *GURPS Deadlands* as very similar to normal *GURPS* spells. The *GURPS* skill level for any given hex should be determined by consulting the Attribute Conversion Table, using the dice rolled for the hex (based on the *hexslingin'* Aptitude and the appropriate Trait for the hex) as a basis. For purposes of calculating point value or for further improvement, hexes are treated as Mental/Hard skills.



HUCKSTERING IN A NUTSHELL

The complete rules for using hex magic under *GURPS* rules are found in *GURPS Deadlands: Weird West*. However, to lend context to the conversion rules for hucksters, a brief summary follows.

To cast a hex, a huckster must roll against his skill with that hex. A success means that the huckster has made contact with a manitou and engaged it in a mental duel.

If the hex skill roll is successful, the huckster draws a number of cards from a 54-card deck (including Jokers): five for the first level of Magical Aptitude (Huckster), one for every two additional levels of Magical Aptitude (Huckster) up to the eighth level, and one for every five points by which he made the hex skill roll. Using these cards, the huckster tries to make the best poker hand possible. Jokers count as wild cards, but the Black Joker results in hex backlash (see below).

Most hexes require a minimum hand to cast, and many have variable effects depending on the quality of the hand. If the hand isn't adequate, the manitou either escaped or was unable to summon up enough energy to provide the desired effect.

If a huckster rolls an 18 while casting a hex, or draws the Black Joker into his hand, the manitou has tricked the huckster, and may wreak havoc on him in a variety of cruel ways.

CONVERTING HEXES

Several hexes from *Deadlands* appear in *GURPS Deadlands: Weird West*, but there isn't enough space for all the hexes that appear in Pinnacle's line of books. Individual groups may also want to convert the unique hexes which their posses have invented. To convert these hexes into *GURPS* terms, use the following guidelines.

The Trait of a hex is meaningless in *GURPS Deadlands*; all hexes in *GURPS* are Mental/Hard skills.

The Hand of a hex remains the same, as *GURPS Deadlands* preserves the use of cards in hexslinging.

The Speed of a hex converts directly into the number of *GURPS* turns the hex takes to cast; one *Deadlands* action is equivalent to one *GURPS* turn.

Hexes with a Duration of Instant have no Duration in *GURPS* terms. Hexes with a Duration of Concentration have a *GURPS* Duration of 1 turn, but may be maintained indefinitely using Concentrate or Step and Concentrate maneuvers; this maintenance requires no Fatigue and does not require a new hand of cards. Hexes with a

Duration dependent on the huckster's *hexslingin'* level should now depend on the caster's Magical Aptitude (Huckster), with the same duration per level (i.e., 1 minute/*hexslingin'* level becomes 2 minutes/level of Magical Aptitude (Huckster)).

Some hexes have a split Duration of either Concentration or a certain amount of Wind/round. These hexes have a basic Duration of 1 turn, but they may be maintained indefinitely either by using Concentrate or Step and Concentrate maneuvers, or by spending an amount of Fatigue equal to the hex's cost in Wind.

Hexes with a range measured in real-world terms remain the same. Hexes with a range dependent on *hexslingin'* level should now depend on 2 times the character's Magical Aptitude (Huckster).

The specific effects of hexes vary too much for comprehensive guidelines to be offered here. Use the guidelines above as a starting point (i.e., effects which depend on *hexslingin'* level should now depend on 2 times the character's Magical Aptitude (Huckster); effects which depend on the hand drawn may still depend on the hand). The general rules conversion guidelines under *Rules Conversions* (p. 47) may also be helpful. Finally, comparing the hex to existing *GURPS* spells will provide useful guidance. In the end, however, the GM will have to use his best judgement.

THE BLESSED

In troubled times, faith in the divine is a powerful force for putting things right in one's spirit. For a fortunate few, however, faith is a powerful force both within and without.

When converting one of the Blessed, *arcane background: blessed* becomes the Divine Favor advantage (p. CI36), and *faith* adds bonuses to the reaction roll for Divine Favor, as well as to Will and Theology. A sufficiently high level of *faith* also gives the character the True Faith advantage (p. CI47).

A Blessed hero must take Disciplines of Faith, or Vows equal to at least -10 points, that are appropriate for his religion. Violating these vows can cause the Blessed PC to lose his divine powers.

Divine Favor is like having a deity for a patron. The divinely favored character may petition the deity for favors, which may be granted depending on a reaction roll by the deity. *Deadlands* miracles become, effectively, predesigned favors, with predictable minimum reactions required.

Any Divinely Favored character may attempt any miracle; hence, the list of miracles known by a given *Deadlands* Blessed character is not converted. The exceptions are the Exorcise, Protection, and Sanctify miracles.



The Exorcise miracle becomes the Exorcism skill (p. CII53); Blessed characters with this miracle should take Exorcism at IQ.

The Protection miracle is potentially available to any character with a Theology of 6 or higher. Any such character may call upon his deity and hope for a positive reaction; however, any person without a Discipline of Faith or equivalent vows is at a -4 penalty on the reaction roll.

The Sanctify skill becomes Professional Skill (Sanctify); Blessed characters with this miracle should take Professional Skill (Sanctify) at IQ.

CONVERTING MIRACLES

Many miracles are converted into *GURPS* terms in *GURPS Deadlands: Weird West*. However, as with hexes, the book can't possibly contain all the miracles players may want to convert. Therefore, other miracles can be converted using the following guidelines.

The *Deadlands* Target Number required for success determines the minimum reaction roll required, according to the table below.

TN	Minimum Reaction
3	Neutral
5	Good
7	Good
9	Very Good
11	Very Good

The miracle's Speed determines how many turns it takes to invoke the miracle; 1 *Deadlands* action equals 1 *GURPS* turn. Miracles which are rated in minutes or weeks do not change, remaining minutes or weeks.

The miracle's Duration determines how long it lasts. Durations of one *Deadlands* round translate to one *GURPS* turn. Miracles rated in minutes or weeks do not change.

Deadlands Range uses real-world terms, and thus need not be converted.

Converting the specific effects of the miracle will require a decision by the GM, using his best judgement. The guidelines under *Rules Conversions* for converting miscellaneous *Deadlands* mechanics (p. 47) may help.

MAD SCIENTISTS

America in 1876 is a place and time of frenetic technological innovation. The new materials and fuels made possible by the discovery of ghost rock, combined with the push for new armaments necessitated by the ongoing Civil War, make the sky the limit for new marvels of engineering. It's a dizzying time to be a scientist, when you can build almost anything you can imagine. Easy, in such a heady atmosphere, to lose yourself in the work. Many brilliant scientists have cracked under the strain of working continuously on the edge of the unknown . . . but they create such wonderful things!



When converting a mad scientist, *arcane background: mad scientist* becomes Gadgeteer, *mad science* becomes Weird Science, and *tinkerin'* becomes Mechanic and Engineer. Various *science* concentrations become appropriate Scientific skills – Biology, Chemistry, Science!, etc.

Gadgeteer comes in two flavors – regular and Quick. Each group should decide whether the mildly cinematic inventions of regular Gadgeteering or the over-the-top chewing-gum-and-beer-can contraptions of Quick Gadgeteering are more appropriate for their campaign. See *Compendium I* for details of Gadgeteering, with appropriate modifications in *GURPS Deadlands: Weird West*.

Mad scientists who have been played for a while may have various dementias. *GURPS* has a wide variety of disadvantages to accommodate almost any mental dysfunction; equivalents for common dementias are found below.

<i>Deadlands</i>	<i>GURPS</i>
Eccentricity	Quirk or Odious Personal Habit
Evil Deeds	Obsession
Depression	Chronic Depression
Minor Phobia	Phobia (minor)
Major Phobia	Phobia (major)
Mumbler	Quirk or Odious Personal Habit
Paranoia	Paranoia
Schizophrenia	Manic-Depressive or Split Personality

CONVERTING GIZMOS

Some standard gizmos are described in detail in *GURPS Deadlands: Weird West*. Converting custom-made gizmos is a challenge; the range of possible gizmos is nearly endless. However, the following guidelines should help somewhat.

Price can be converted directly; *Deadlands* dollars and *GURPS* dollars are equivalent.

Reliability should be converted according to the table below.

<i>Deadlands</i>	<i>GURPS</i>
10-11	12
12-13	13
14-15	14
16-17	15
18	16
19	17

The gizmo's specific effects can vary widely, and so providing specific guidelines is difficult. The general guidelines found under *Rules Conversion* (p. 47) should be helpful. It may also be useful to compare gadgets from some of the many gadget books available for *GURPS – Ultra-Tech*, *Steam-Tech*, etc. The final decision, however, will have to be made by the GM.

NEW TECHNOLOGIES

Since the Reckoning, many new technologies have come into the limelight. Some of these innovations are unique works of inspiration which stabler minds cannot duplicate, but some breakthroughs have been incorporated into the general corpus of scientific and engineering wisdom.

The following gives parameters for using some of the more widespread new technologies of the Weird West with *GURPS Vehicles*. These represent the new discoveries which have been more or less fully incorporated into mainstream science. A mad scientist in the throes of inspiration, of course, should not be limited by these guidelines; mad science can build almost anything, given enough time and brain cells.

GURPS Steampunk contains rules for other new technologies which are consonant with the feel of *Deadlands*.

FUELS

The discovery of ghost rock revolutionized technology. Although the miracle fuel is extremely expensive, commanding prices of \$100 per pound, its amazing properties make it worth every penny. Ghost rock provides 100 times the power of coal, pound for pound, and is essential to producing new alloys.

In 1876 America, there are four fuels in common industrial use.

Coal remains the old standby; it works the same way it always has. A cubic foot of coal weighs 50 lbs. and costs \$1.

Unprocessed ghost rock resembles coal, but burns 100 times longer. Thus, only 1/100 the volume of fuel is required. This makes ghost rock incredibly useful when transporting large quantities of coal is infeasible; if coal is readily available, however, the price of ghost rock makes it highly cost-ineffective. Any engine or device which uses coal can use unprocessed ghost rock instead; multiply fuel consumption by 0.01. A cubic foot of unprocessed ghost rock weighs 50 lbs. and costs \$5,000.

Ghost rock can be processed into special cores which burn faster and hotter than the unprocessed rock – in an ordinary fire, about twice as fast and twice as hot. In a specially designed firebox, however, built to draw air across the burning rock more efficiently, processed ghost rock can burn as fast as coal, releasing 100 times the energy. Such a fire is hot enough to melt normal steel like wax, so these fireboxes must be built of ghost steel. A cubic foot of processed ghost rock weighs 50 lbs. and costs \$6,000.



GHOST STEEL

1876's great breakthrough in materials science is the mysterious metal known as ghost steel. Ghost steel is a light, strong, and incredibly heat-resistant alloy which is manufactured by smelting steel in a furnace fired by ghost rock.

Objects made of ghost steel weigh half as much as their steel equivalents; however, they cost 50 times as much.

In terms of *GURPS Vehicles*, ghost steel is a TL8 material usable in structures or armor. Structure costs should be multiplied by 5, and armor costs should be multiplied by 10. Vehicles with ghost steel armor must take the Thermal Superconducting Armor defensive feature (see p. VE92).

STEAM ENGINES

Low-pressure and forced-draft engines are in common usage in the Weird West. Multiple-expansion engines are a borderline technology; most mad scientists wouldn't dream of using anything less powerful than a triple-expansion engine, but mundane engineers still find them quite challenging.

Ghost rock makes steam engineering much more complicated. Unprocessed ghost rock is relatively easy to use; it can be used in any engine in place of coal, but multiplies the engine's fuel consumption by 0.01. Processed ghost rock is more troublesome. In a conventional low-pressure steam engine, processed ghost rock will multiply fuel consumption by 0.02 and double the engine's power output, increasing a vehicle's water speed by 26% and its air or ground speed by 41%. However, the chance of a boiler explosion is vastly increased (p. STM70). In a forced-draft or multiple-expansion engine made of ghost steel, however, the full power of ghost rock can be unleashed; fuel consumption is normal, but power output is multiplied by 100 with no chance of boiler explosions. A ghost steel engine costs 250 times the normal cost of an equivalent steam engine.

SHAMANS

Unlike the European style of magic, which relies upon wresting powers from the hostile manitou, Indian medicine men have developed processes of negotiating with the spirits of nature, developing relationships with magical forces in order to work their mystical arts. These methods require great discipline and self-sacrifice, but are free of most of the dangers inherent in working with manitou as hucksters and mad scientists do.

When converting shaman characters, *arcane background*: shaman becomes Initiation 3 and the *ritual Aptitude* becomes Ritual Magic, as well as

conferring the Spirit Advisor advantage at level 3 or higher. The *faith Aptitude* at level 5 or higher also confers the Spirit Advisor advantage. Any appropriate Spirit Advisor may be selected; bear in mind that this usually requires taking various Vows.

Individual rituals are not converted; they are subsumed into the Ritual Magic skill.

Each favor that a shaman knows should be converted into a Ritual as if it were a skill converted from his highest *ritual Aptitude*. The shaman should also possess each Path in which he has a Ritual, at a level equal to the highest Ritual he has in that Path, plus one point for each additional Ritual he has in that Path. A shaman's Ritual Magic skill must be greater than his highest Path skill; if it is not, raise the Ritual Magic skill accordingly.

CONVERTING FAVORS

Favors, in *GURPS Deadlands*, are represented by the Paths and Rituals of Ritual Magic. Many *Deadlands* favors have existing equivalents which can be found in *GURPS Deadlands: Weird West*, *GURPS Voodoo*, or *GURPS Spirits*; favors with no equivalent should be converted according to the following guidelines.

First, a Path for the new Ritual must be selected. The basic Paths are the Path of Dreams, the Path of Health, the Path of Luck, the Path of Protection, and the Path of the Spirit. Select one of these five, or investigate other Paths found in *GURPS Voodoo* or *GURPS Spirits*.

The default from the Path for the new Ritual is usually between -4 and -6. Favors with high Appeasement values are typically toward the higher end of that range – at -6 or -7 – but favors with variable Appeasement values typically take lower defaults, around -4 or so, because a particularly good roll is usually required to get the full effect.

The Duration of a favor is usually measured in real-world terms, and is thus unchanged in conversion.

The Range of a favor is also usually measured in real-world terms, and so not changed.

The specific effects of a favor can vary widely, and so the GM needs to use his judgment in converting them. However, there are a few rules of thumb which may be helpful. Favors with a range of variable Appeasement values typically require the roll to be made by 2 points for every point of effect. If a favor has 2 or 3 different levels of Appeasement, the roll must generally be made by an amount equal to the difference between the values for the more powerful effect to take place.

Comparing the favor to be converted with existing Rituals will probably be helpful. The general guidelines listed under *Rules Conversions* (p. 47) can also help.



THE HARROWED

It ain't easy being dead. The Harrowed may have gained powers far beyond those of normal men as a door prize for clawing their way out of the grave, but the cost is high. Being dead, for a start. Constantly being locked in battle with an evil spirit for control of your own body is another downside. And the maggots'll just kill you.

Converting a Harrowed character is relatively simple. After all the character's non-Harrowed abilities have been converted, add the Harrowed package, below. Then determine the Will of the manitou that shares the Harrowed's body. Finally, convert any special Harrowed powers the character may have picked up.

DOMINION

In *GURPS Deadlands*, Dominion is handled as a variant form of Split Personality. In stressful situations, the Harrowed and the manitou must make a Quick Contest of Wills to determine who takes control until the next contest. To determine the Will of the inhabiting manitou, convert the man-

itou's Spirit to a number using the Attribute Conversion table above. Add the manitou's Dominion points at the time of conversion, then subtract the Harrowed's Dominion points at the time of conversion. The result is the manitou's Will.

The Will of a Legion is random; roll 5d every time the Contest is required in order to determine its Will.

If the controlling personality wins the Quick Contest, it retains control for the next day. (Ties are considered victories.) If it loses the contest by fewer than 5 points, the other personality takes control for a period of 1d hours. If it loses the contest by 5 points or more, the other personality takes Dominion, and the original controlling personality must win a Quick Contest by more than 5 points on a later day to regain that control.

CONVERTING HARROWED POWERS

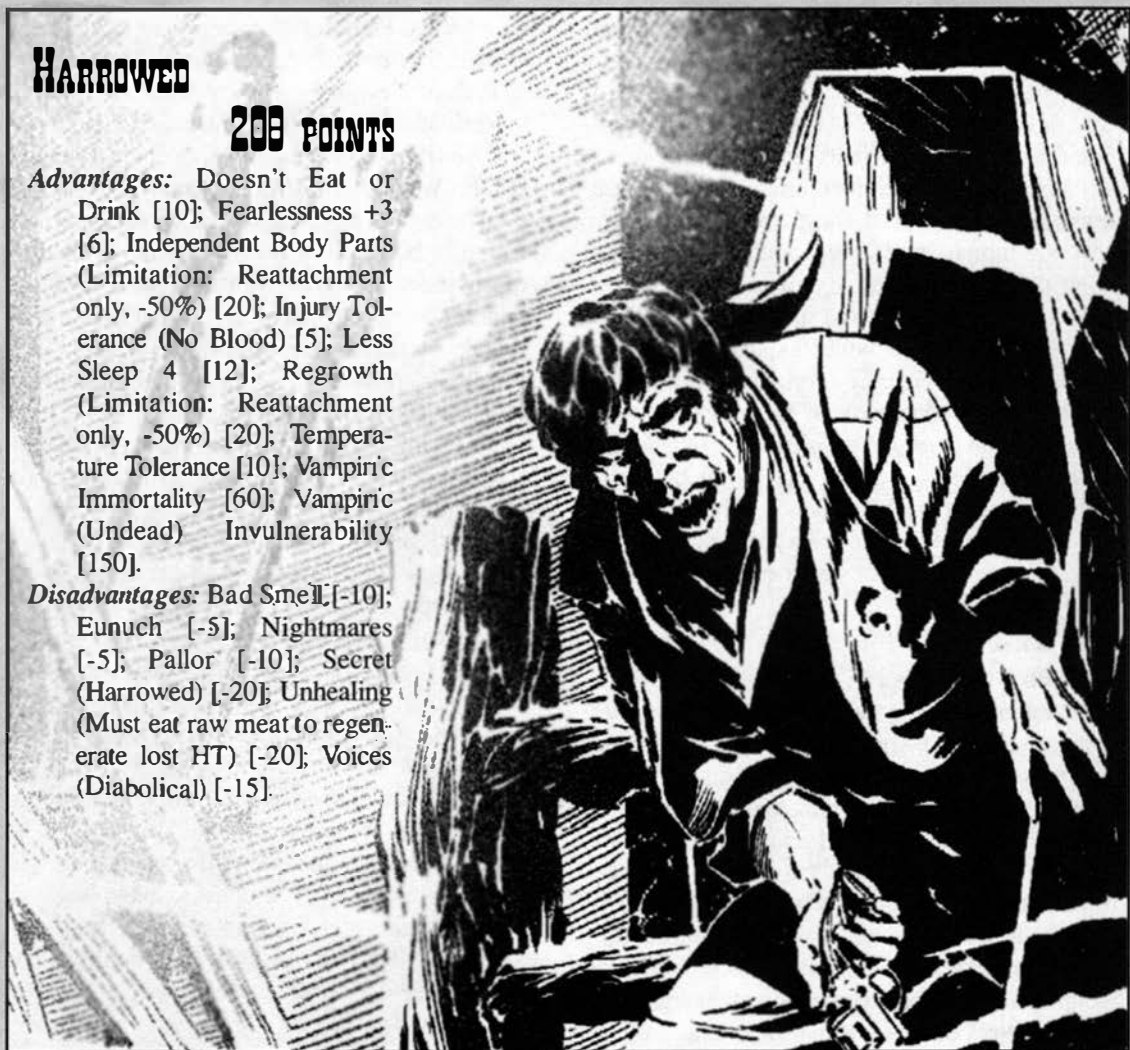
An experienced Harrowed will develop a range of special abilities as little gifts from his manitou. A Harrowed who makes a habit of going after abominations may also have picked up a few coup powers along the way. *GURPS Deadlands*:

HARROWED

200 POINTS

Advantages: Doesn't Eat or Drink [10]; Fearlessness +3 [6]; Independent Body Parts (Limitation: Reattachment only, -50%) [20]; Injury Tolerance (No Blood) [5]; Less Sleep 4 [12]; Regrowth (Limitation: Reattachment only, -50%) [20]; Temperature Tolerance [10]; Vampiric Immortality [60]; Vampiric (Undead) Invulnerability [150].

Disadvantages: Bad Smell [-10]; Eunuch [-5]; Nightmares [-5]; Pallor [-10]; Secret (Harrowed) [-20]; Unhealing (Must eat raw meat to regenerate lost HT) [-20]; Voices (Diabolical) [-15].



Weird West contains conversions of several Harrowed powers. If, however, it becomes necessary to convert other powers from Pinnacle's books, the following guidelines may prove helpful.

The Speed of a Harrowed power converts directly into the number of *GURPS* turns required to activate the power; one *Deadlands* action equals one *GURPS* turn.

Powers with a Duration of Concentration have a *GURPS* Duration of 1 turn, but may be maintained indefinitely, as long as the Harrowed continues to take Concentrate or Step and Concentrate maneuvers. Powers with a Duration of a certain amount of Wind per round require an amount of Fatigue equal to the required Wind each turn to maintain. Powers with a Duration of Permanent remain Permanent. Powers with a Duration of minutes or hours retain that Duration.

Dispositions are not converted; the GM and players should simply make an effort to assure that Harrowed powers are consistent with the Harrowed's personality.

The specific details of the power will require a ruling from the GM. Many Harrowed powers can be represented with advantages and powers from the *Basic Set* or *Compendium I*; the *Rules Conversions* section, below, may also be helpful.



Strength 4d6

Vigor 4d8

Cognition 3d6

Knowledge 2d8

Mien 2d8

Animal wranglin': bronco bustin' 2

Overawe 2

Smarts 3d6

Scroungin' 2

Survival: desert 3

Spirit 3d6

Guts 2

Wind 14

Edges:

Sand 1

Thick-skinned 3

Hindrances:

All thumbs -2

Big 'un -1

Loyal -3

SAMPLE CONVERTED CHARACTERS

The following pages contain two sample characters: a cowpoke named Big Slim Owens, and a greenhorn huckster named Jessica Metcalfe. Both have seen a few things and wrangled with evil a few times, but they are still relatively new to the *Weird West*. They are presented first in *Deadlands* terms and then in *GURPS* terms, as examples of converted characters. Note that although both are comparable beginning *Deadlands* characters, their *GURPS* conversions differ widely in point value.

DEADLANDS CHARACTER:

BIG SLIM OWENS

TRAITS AND APTITUDES

Deftness 3d6

Shootin': pistol 1

Shootin': rifle 4

Nimbleness 3d8

Fightin': brawl in' 2

Horse ridin' 4

Quickness 1d8

GURPS CHARACTER:

BIG SLIM OWENS 138 1/2 POINTS

Attributes: ST 13 [30]; DX 12 [20]; IQ 12 [10]; HT 14 [45].
Speed 6.5; Move 6.

Dodge 6; Parry 8 (Brawling).

Advantages: Charisma +1 [5]; Fearlessness +1 [2]; High Pain Threshold [10]; Strong Will +2 [8].

Disadvantages: Incompetence (Armoury, Engineer, Mechanic, Shipbuilding) [-4]; Overweight [-5]; Sense of Duty (Friends) [-5].

Skills: Animal Handling-12 [2]; Brawling-12 [1]; Guns (Rifle)-16 [4]; Guns (Pistol)-13 [1/2]; Intimidation-12 [2]; Riding (Horse)-14 [8]; Scrounging-12 [1]; Survival (Desert)-13 [4].



DEADLANDS CHARACTER:

JESSICA METCALFE

TRAITS AND APTITUDES

Deftness 3d8

Filchin' 2

Shootin': pistol 2

Sleight of hand 3

Nimbleness 3d8

Dodge 2

Horse ridin' 1

Quickness 4d8

Quick draw: pistol 1

Strength 2d8

Vigor 2d8

Cognition 3d10

Scrutinize 3

Knowledge 4d10

Academia: occult 2

Language: French 1

Language: Latin 2

Language: Spanish 1

Professional: theology 1

Mien 4d8

Persuasion 1

Smarts 3d10

Bluff 3

Gambling 2

Spirit 4d8

Wind 16

Edges:

Arcane background: huckster 3

Brave 2

Fleet-footed 1

Gift of gab 1

Purty 1

Nerves o' steel 1

Soothing voice 1

Hindrances:

Curious -3

Greedy -2

High-falutin' -2

Stubborn -2

Tuckered -1

Special Abilities:

Hexslingin' 3

Hexes: Hunch, Mind Tweak, Private Eye



GURPS CHARACTER:

JESSICA METCALFE 237 1/2 POINTS

Attributes: ST 12 [20]; DX 13 [30]; IQ 14 [45]; HT 12 [20].
Speed 6.25; Move 8.

Advantages: Charisma +2 [10]; Fearlessness +5 [10]; Beautiful [15]; Language Talent 2 [4]; Magical Aptitude (Huckster) 3 [35]; Strong Will +2 [8]; Voice [10].

Disadvantages: Extremely Curious [-10]; Greed [-15]; Odious Personal Habit (Snob) [-10]; Stubbornness [-5]; Unfit [-5].

Skills: Detect Lies-15 [6]; Fast-Draw (Pistol)-12 [1/2]; Fast-Talk-16 [6]; Gambling-15 [4]; Guns (Pistol)-15 [1]; Occultism-14 [2]; Pick-pocket-13 [4]; Riding (Horse)-12 [1]; Running-16 [32]; Sleight of Hand-14 [8]; Stealth-13 [2]; Theology-13 [2].

Languages: English (Native)-16 [0]; French-15 [1]; Latin-16 [2]; Spanish-15 [1].

Hexes: Hunch-14 [1], Mind Tweak-14 [1], Private Eye-14 [1].

RULES CONVERSIONS

Here are some guidelines for converting rules that don't deal with character creation.

CRITTERS

Many of Pinnacle's books include new critters for your posse to face. To convert them for use in *GURPS*, use the guidelines below.

Attributes and skills should be converted for critters in the same way that they would be for characters, with the exception of IQ. *Deadlands* uses a relative scale for animals – a 2d6 Smarts for a dog is not the same as a 2d6 Smarts for a man. To represent this, if the critter you're converting is an unintelligent animal, divide the IQ you get by converting the critter's attributes in half.

Some critters are sufficiently terrifying to unman all who come against them. These critters have a Terror score in *Deadlands*. In *GURPS*, they require everyone who sees them to make a Fright Check. This check is made at +2 for Terror 3 critters, unmodified for Terror 5, at -2 for Terror 7, at -4 for Terror 9, and at -6 for Terror 11. Should you have a critter whose Terror score isn't listed here, the modifier is equal to 5 minus the Terror score.

Some NPCs in *Deadlands* have a Terror score. These characters should take the *GURPS* advantage Terror, with a modifier to Fright Check according to the guideline above.

Some critters are particularly tough, with a *Deadlands* Armor Value. In *GURPS*, each level of Armor converts to PD 2 and DR 6.

A critter's attacks should be converted by combining the total dice of each attack and consulting the following table. If the critter's Strength and the add for the attack take different die types, convert each component separately and then add them.

Deadlands # of Dice	Die Type				
	d4	d6	d8	d10	d12
1	+1	+2	+2	+3	1d
2	+2	1d	1d+1	1d+2	2d-1
3	1d	1d+2	2d	2d+1	3d
4	1d+1	2d	2d+2	3d+1	4d-1
5	2d-1	2d+1	3d+1	4d	5d-1
6	2d	3d	4d	5d	6d
7	2d+2	3d+1	4d+2	5d+2	6d+2
8	3d	4d	5d	6d+1	7d+1

As usual, if combined adds are larger than +3, a modifier of +3 may be replaced by an extra die.

Any attack which does damage as Wind rather than wound levels should generally deal out about half as much damage in *GURPS* hits. Sometimes, it may seem appropriate for a Wind-damage attack to drain Fatigue instead; use your best judgement.

Special abilities will have to be converted on a case-by-case basis; use the examples in this section for some guidelines, or consult the critter descriptions in *GURPS Deadlands: Weird West* for comparison.

CONVERTING OTHER RULES

Naturally, there isn't enough space here to convert all the material available in the *Deadlands* line. If you want to convert some mechanic not otherwise covered, use the following guidelines as a place to start.

TARGET NUMBERS

A TN of 5 is equivalent to an unmodified roll. Rolls are modified by a bonus equivalent to 5 minus the TN – i.e., a TN of 3 is equivalent to a +2 modifier, while a TN of 11 is equivalent to a -6.

BONUSES AND PENALTIES

Whenever a roll calls for a bonus or penalty to the die roll, that bonus or penalty should be converted on a one-for-one basis – a -3 penalty remains a -3 penalty.

RAISES

In situations where a raise would be required, the roll for the *GURPS* skill must be made by 4.





OPPOSED ROLLS

Any situation which calls for an opposed roll should be resolved with a Quick Contest.

TRAIT CHECKS

When a Strength check is called for, use ST.

When a Vigor check is called for, use HT.

When a Cognition, Smarts, or Knowledge check is called for, use IQ.

When a Dexterity, Nimbleness, or Quickness check is called for, use DX.

When a Mien check is called for, make a reaction roll.

When a Spirit check is called for, use Will.

DIE ROLLS

Deadlands sometimes uses die rolls in a way that conflicts with the spirit of *GURPS*. For example, in *Deadlands*, Harrowed must sleep 1d6 hours per night; in *GURPS Deadlands*, they have Less Sleep 4, and must sleep 4 hours per night. Whenever you need to convert this sort of mechanic, use the average result for the die roll given.

Similarly, if something you're trying to convert calls for a type of die that you, as a *GURPS* convert, don't have, convert the dice to d6s by referring to the table in the Critters section and doubling all entries.

GUTS CHECKS

Any situation which calls for a *guts* check in *Deadlands* calls for a Fright Check in *GURPS Deadlands*.

FEAR LEVEL

Areas with a Fear Level rating cause characters to suffer a -1 penalty to their Fright Checks for every level of Fear as long as the characters remain within the area.

ACTIONS

A *Deadlands* action is equal to a *GURPS* turn. A full *Deadlands* turn is equal to 5 *GURPS* turns.

WOUND LEVELS

Some *Deadlands* effects refer to wound levels. In *GURPS* terms, a Light wound is equivalent to 1 or 2 hits of damage. A Heavy wound is equal to 3 or 4 hits of damage. A Serious wound is equal to 5 to 8 hits of damage. A Critical wound is equal to 9 to 12 hits of damage. A Maimed wound is equal to 13 to 16 hits of damage; this will cripple a limb, but will not necessarily incapacitate on a torso hit, as *GURPS* does not have crippling torso wounds.



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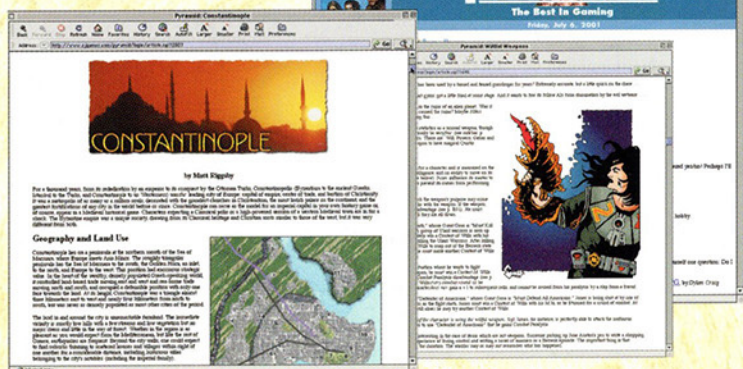
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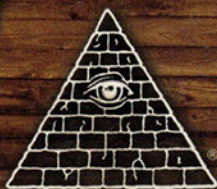


The adventure. Think your posse is tough enough to go toe-to-toe with the enemies Jim Wright faced?



BONUS!! A 16-page section of conversion rules, so current *Deadlands* Marshals can hit the ground running when *GURPS Deadlands: Weird West* comes out later this fall!

Look for more **GURPS** *Deadlands* Dime Novels in the months to come!
The Weird West is getting weirder all the time . . .



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GURPS Basic Set, Third Edition, Revised and Compendium I are required to use this supplement in a **GURPS** campaign. *GURPS Deadlands Dime Novel 1: Aces and Eights* can be used with any roleplaying system.

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