



NIGHT OF THE SLASHERS

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OVERVIEW

This is a mini-sourcebook for old-school RPGs. It's set in the 1980s, and is inspired by the Slasher movies of that era. Herein, you'll find new character classes, rules for setting traps, tables for creating Slashers, a drop table for random encounters, and a chapter from my new novel, *Mask Beneath Her Face*. If you're not interested in the novel, make sure you only print pages 1-8. If, on the other hand, you are interested in a horrific story about Slashers, you may want to check it out. Thanks for your time, and I hope you enjoy this sourcebook!

PLAYER CHARACTERS

To create a character, roll 3d6 twelve times; keep the 3 highest results and the 3 lowest results.

Each character class has one attribute score that must be the highest, and one that must be the lowest; the remaining 4 are to be distributed as the player sees fit.

For example, let's say a player is creating an Athlete. The Athlete's highest attribute is Strength, and the lowest is Intelligence. The player rolls twelve times, and gets 17, 16, 14, 13, 13, 12, 11, 10, 9, 8, 6, 5.

The player then keeps the 3 highest and the 3 lowest: 17, 16, 14, 8, 6, 5. Since the highest score (17) must be Strength and the lowest (5) must be Intelligence, the remaining 4 numbers (16, 14, 8, & 6) are distributed among the other attribute scores.

DROP TABLE

1

To use the drop table on the page 8, drop two differently-colored 4-sided dice on it. Designate one die the 'number die,' and the other the 'icon die.'

The icon die indicates a hidden object in the room or area (such as a chainsaw, a flashlight, a bottle of rum, a trap, or a killer). If the object is a tool or a weapon, then it can only be found if searched for. However, if it's an enemy or trap, then entering the room will trigger the reveal.

The value rolled on the number die can provide amounts (for example, the number of bullets in a gun, or the number of shots left in a bottle of vodka). Ignore if not applicable.

Look to the left or right of the number die to see which dice are to be rolled, and look above or below the number die to see the distance or range. Again, ignore if not useful.

For example: you drop the dice, and the icon die lands on the spike trap. This means there's a hidden spike trap in the room. The number die, showing a 2, lands at the intersection of d4 and 30'. From this, we determine that there's a thirty-foot drop to spikes in the floor, inflicting 2d4 damage.

If, instead, the icon die had landed on the crossbow, then we'd say that there's a crossbow hidden in this room with 2 arrows, and the weapon has a range of 30' and does 1d4 damage.

If it was a masked killer, we'd say that he has 2 hit dice, moves at a rate of 30', and does 1d4 points of damage per hit. And so on.

Next up: character classes!

ATHLETE

Athletes are generally well-liked among students and faculty. However, their trophies and braggadocio often mask crippling insecurities.

They're not the sharpest knives in the harbor, and tend to copy off of other students' tests (the lowest attribute is automatically the character's Intelligence score), but they're physically fit (the highest attribute is the character's Strength score). Wrestling and boxing have given them some combat ability (two attacks per round).

Athletes attack and save as first-level Fighters; they start with 10 hit points, and have the skills move silently and climb walls.

EQUIPMENT

1. Football helmet: AC+1
2. Baseball bat: 1d6 damage
3. Case of beer



PREGEN

Strength: 16
Intelligence: 6
Wisdom: 7
Dexterity: 13
Constitution: 12
Charisma: 11

HP: 10
AC: 10

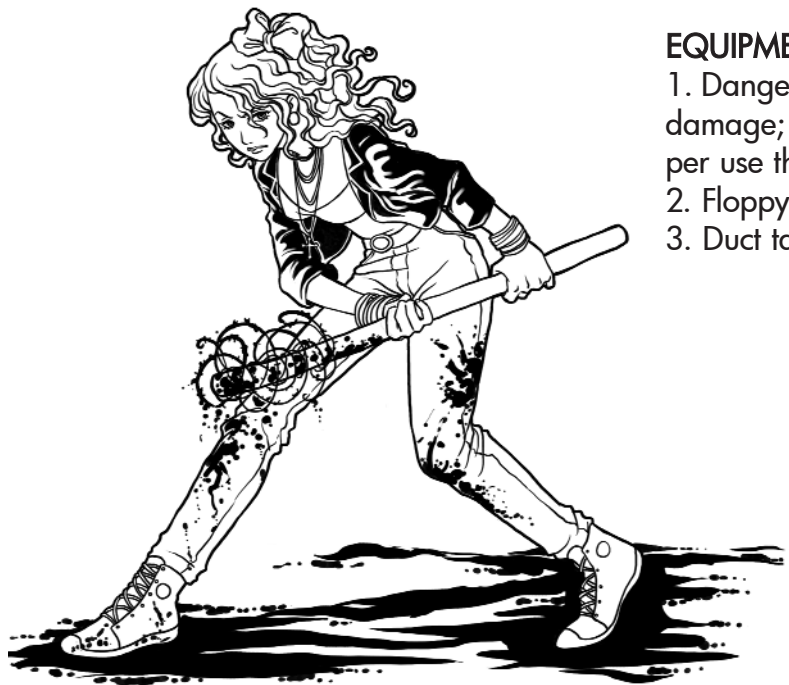
Move Silently: 50%
Climb Walls: 50%
Attack twice per round.
Damage +1.

LONER

While Loners generally keep to themselves, there's something that binds them to this particular group: a sibling, perhaps, or an unlikely friendship. Loners tinker with gadgets, construct mechanisms, and assemble devices; this gives them an advantage when dealing with traps.

Loners are crafty (the highest attribute is automatically the character's Intelligence score), but out of shape due to a sedentary life spend typing on computers (the lowest attribute is the character's Strength score). When the Loner tries to lure a slasher into a trap, the player rolls a +1 for each point of Intelligence above 13.

Loners attack and save as first-level Thieves; they start with 6 hit points, and have the skills find traps and disarm traps.



EQUIPMENT

1. Dangerous invention; does 1d10 damage; cumulative 1 in 6 chance per use that it will explode
2. Floppy disk with encrypted files
3. Duct tape



PREGEN

Strength: 4
Intelligence: 17
Wisdom: 13
Dexterity: 15
Constitution: 9
Charisma: 6

HP: 6

AC: 11 [9]

Find Traps: 50%

Disarm Traps: 50%

Can try to lure slasher at +4.

PREP

Gorgeous and charming, Preps are known for their stylish attire and elite cliques. It's not uncommon for Preps to get elected Prom King and Queen.

Preps are well-liked (the highest attribute is automatically the character's Charisma score), but used to having things done for them, which means they tend to make rotten decisions on their own (the lowest attribute is Wisdom).

They attack and save as first-level Clerics; they start with 8 hit points.

Because daddy's a doctor, or perhaps because of training while staying at some exclusive getaway camp, Preps have the first aid skill: each time someone is injured, the Prep can make an Intelligence check, and a successful roll means that 1 hit point has been restored; this skill can only be used once per injury.

EQUIPMENT

1. Hunting rifle, 1d8 damage, 1d3 bullets
2. Dad's Porsche
3. \$200



PREGEN

HP: 8
AC: 10

Strength: 9
Intelligence: 15
Wisdom: 5
Dexterity: 8
Constitution: 11
Charisma: 17

First Aid: A successful Intelligence check means that the Prep has healed 1 hit point.

REBEL

Drunk and high at 10 a.m. on a Tuesday, Rebels are nonstop party animals who enjoy loud music and vandalism.

They're quick and agile from years of vaulting over chain-link fences to escape police (highest attribute is Dexterity), but lack stamina due to smoker's hack and a perpetual hangover (lowest attribute Constitution). Rebels suffer no negative effects from drugs or alcohol. Each rebel carries a switchblade (1d6) and a lighter.

Rebels attack and save as first-level Thieves; they start with 6 hit points, and have the skills backstab, hear noise, hide in shadows, and open locks.

EQUIPMENT

1. Switchblade, 1d4 damage
2. Lighter
3. Bottle of vodka

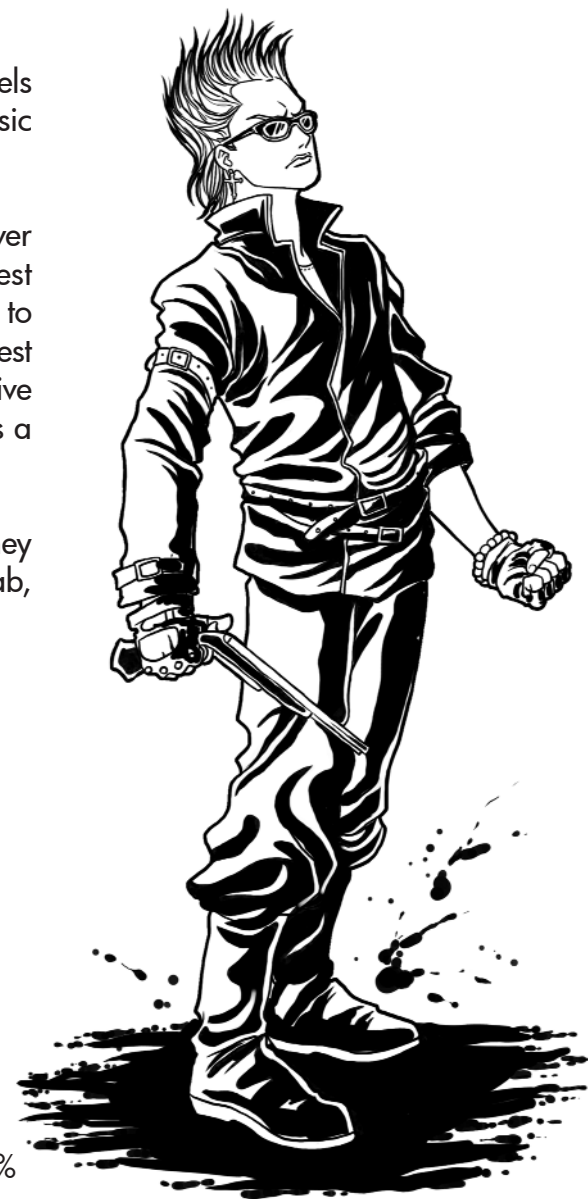
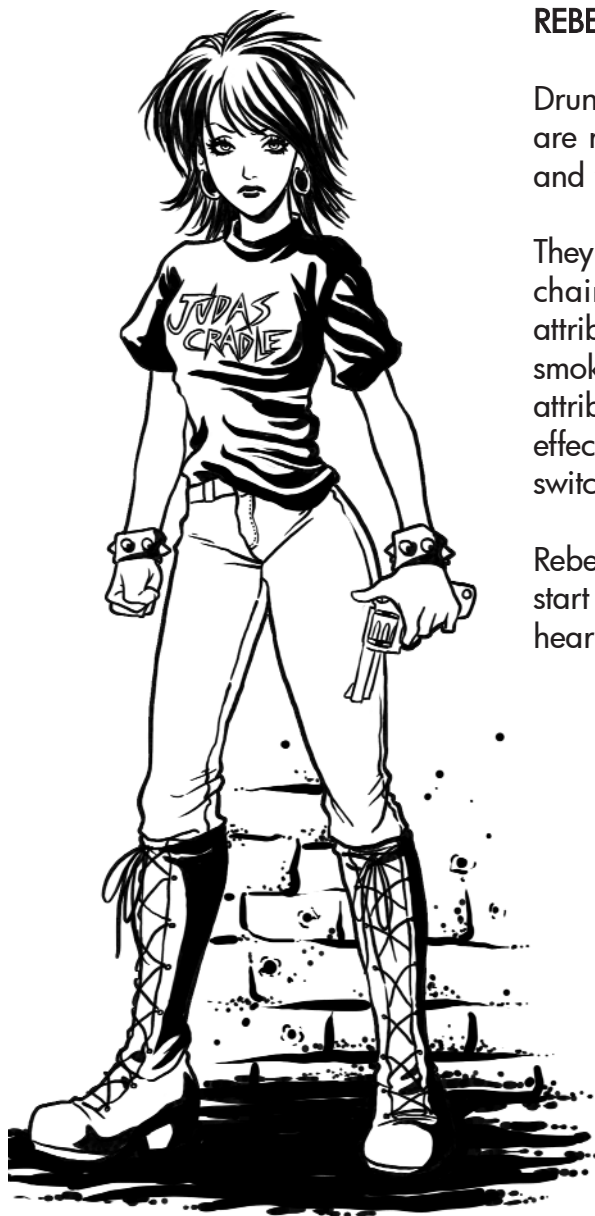
PREGEN

Strength: 9
Intelligence: 14
Wisdom: 6
Dexterity: 17
Constitution: 6
Charisma: 11

HP: 5
AC: 13 [7]

Hear Noise: 50%
Hide in Shadows: 55%
Open Locks: 60%

Backstab: After successful Hide in Shadows check, can attack for double damage.



SETTING TRAPS

If the characters are trying to lure a slasher into a trap, then one of the players must roll higher than the slasher's Intelligence in order to calculate the specifics of the trap (length of rope, tension on the gun's trigger, length of the fuse on the stick of dynamite, et cetera).

For every piece of arguably dangerous gear (can of gasoline, stick of dynamite, shotgun) that the characters use in a clever way while setting up the trap, the player gets a +1 to the roll.

Then, another must make a Strength check or Dexterity check to physically set the trap (roll equal to or under the score on a d20).

During these stages, failure at any point means that the trap is ruined, the materials may not be re-used, and the player characters must start over.

If the trap is successfully designed and arranged, then a different player must roll against the slasher's Intelligence to effectively lure the killer into the right spot. If the player rolls higher than the killer's Intelligence score, the slasher blunders into the trap, and the DM determines the effects.

Failure means that the DM rolls a d6; on a roll of 1, the trap somehow goes off and injures a random player character for 1d2 damage, and a roll of 6 means that the slasher gets one free ranged attack (for 1d2 damage) against a player character, as the slasher rips off and flings a piece of the trap's mechanism.

If the trap requires the slasher to do something dangerous, the DM may impose a penalty of -1 to -5 on the player's roll, depending on the killer's level of suspicion. For instance, has the slasher already been alerted, threatened, or injured?

Typical trap effects are left to the DM. Examples include:

- * 2d4 points of damage
- * Blinded for 1d10 rounds, takes 1d10 damage
- * Hauled up into air for 1d6 rounds
- * Immobilized for 1d3 minutes
- * Impaled for 1d10 damage, takes 1d4 rounds to get free
- * Knocked back 10-100 feet, takes 1d8 damage
- * Set ablaze: fire burns for 1d4 rounds, 1d4 damage/round
- * Stuck inside area for 1d10 rounds

Example: The teens are setting a trap for a Slasher with an Intelligence of 14. They've got a homemade pipe bomb, a box full of fireworks, and a chainsaw. That's three dangerous items, so they're rolling with a +3. The player rolls a 13, and with the bonus, that's 16, which is high enough.

Now, another player must make a Strength or Dexterity check. A player with an Athlete (who has a Strength score of 17) rolls the dice, and comes up with a 14. Success!

Finally, they must lure the Slasher into the trap. The team's Loner has an Intelligence of 17, so she gets a bonus of +4 when luring the Slasher (though, of course, this puts the Loner in harm's way should things go wrong). The Loner rolls 7, and with a bonus of +4, that's 11 -- which is not enough. Failure!

The DM rolls a d6, and gets a 4. Had the DM rolled a 1, the trap would have injured one of the player characters; had the DM rolled a 6, the Slasher would have gotten a free attack.

Instead, the Slasher raises the machete, and initiative must now be rolled...

CREATING A SLASHER

Roll a d4 on each of the following table to create a new Slasher. All Slashers have the following ability: when reduced to 0 hit points, the Slasher will get back up, fully healed, in 1d4 minutes.

Need: What the Slasher wants:

1. To drink the blood of virgins.
2. To butcher fornicators and drunkards.
3. To mutilate nubile bodies.
4. To make a skin-suit out of teens.

Revenge: Why the Slasher kills:

1. For being executed 100 years ago.
2. For a prank gone horribly wrong.
3. For being left to die in agony.
4. For false accusations.

Target: Who the Slasher goes after first:

1. Beautiful people with high Charisma.
2. Hot bodies with high Strength scores.
3. Healthy flesh with high Constitution.
4. Nimble limbs with high Dexterity.

Weakness: What can finally kill the Slasher:

1. The Carnal Instrument, a pyramid-shaped puzzle box that must be disassembled and reconstructed in a new shape.
2. Liber Necroticus Infernis, an ancient manuscript detailing the forbidden Ritual of Exsanguination.
3. A weapon that was used by another Slasher to kill victims.
4. The corpse of the slasher's mother, in her wedding gown.



Hit Dice:

1. 2
2. 3
3. 4
4. 5

Armor Class:

1. 11 [9]
2. 12 [8]
3. 13 [7]
4. 14 [6]

Damage:

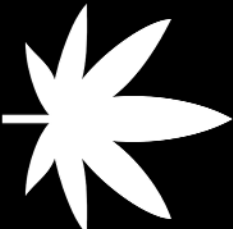
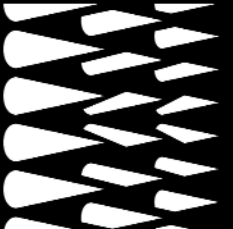
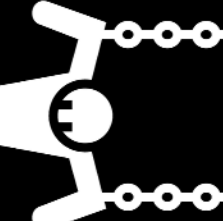
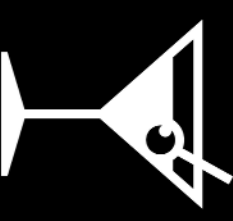
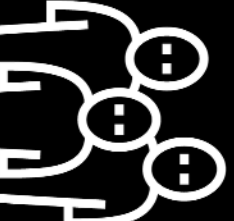
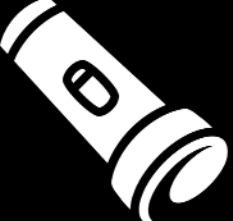
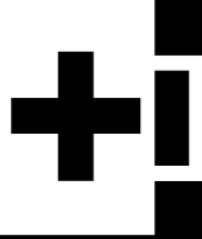
1. 1d4
2. 1d6
3. 2d4
4. 1d8

Movement:

1. 60'
2. 90'
3. 120'
4. 150'

Intelligence:

1. 10
2. 12
3. 14
4. 16

	1d2	1d3	1d4	1d6	1d8	1d10	1d12	
10'								10'
20'								20'
30'								30'
40'								40'
50'								50'
	1d2	1d3	1d4	1d6	1d8	1d10	1d12	

EXCERPT FROM *MASK BENEATH HER FACE*
BY RAFAEL CHANDLER
AVAILABLE NOW AT AMAZON

Bobbi Metzger wrenched the hatchet from her boyfriend's skull. *In a few minutes, Bobbi thought, I will kill her, or she will kill me. Either way, this is going to be over soon.*

She lurched across the room. Blood-soaked carpet squished under her feet. Red droplets slid down and dripped from the handmade banner over the doorway: *Happy Birthday, Bobbi!*

July 1st, 1987, was supposed to be the greatest night of her life. With their parents out of town, Bobbi and her sister had invited everybody to the lake house, and they'd more or less trashed the place.

Bobbi stepped over a dead body: a girl in acid-washed jeans and a Noid t-shirt. Bobbi didn't recognize her. *One of Megan's friends.*

The TV was still on. There was a video on MTV, some new band called Guns N' Roses. Bobbi's sister, Megan, had switched loyalty from Def Leppard to these guys, because she thought their singer was hot. "I'd feel his serpentine, anytime."

"Those guys are all gross," Bobbi had said. "Rob Lowe's cute, though."

Megan had pretended to gag.

Thick drops of blood dotted the red icing on Bobbi's cake. A birthday card was propped up next to the cake, and the message was scrawled in Megan's loopy handwriting: POP THAT CHERRY, BOBBI!

If Bobbi turned her head just a little bit, she would see Megan pinned to the wall with a fireplace poker through her mouth, blood dripping from the band of her polka-dotted Swatch. Bobbi didn't look. She took another tentative step.

You can do it. You have to. If you don't, you're dead, like everyone else. No choice.

She stepped around the table in the middle of the room.

Heart pounding, Bobbi peeked into the kitchen. Nothing. She looked behind her.

On the couch, Bobbi's boyfriend Kevin stared at her blankly, the hatchet wound like a vertical grin in his forehead. He wore a CONTRA t-shirt. Kevin spent most of his money down at Galaxy, the arcade at the mall, plugging quarters into games like Contra and Rastan.

Last night, Kevin had tried to protect Bobbi, throwing himself at the woman in black; but she had plucked the hatchet from his hand and buried it in his skull, so quickly that Bobbi wasn't sure it had happened at all.

Then the killer had grinned at Bobbi while Kevin slumped backwards onto the couch, the axe handle sticking out of his skull. Bobbi tried to scream, but couldn't make a sound.

Seven hours later, she was still trying to scream.

She caught a glimpse of herself in hallway mirror; she'd aged thirty years in a single night. The side of her face was swollen and sunrise-hued, crusted with dark blood.

Suddenly dizzy from pain and blood loss, she stumbled into the kitchen and banged her shin on a keg of beer. She froze, eyes wide. *The killer heard that. She's going to grab me and rip my face off. Hell, she's probably right behind me.* Bobbi turned to look. Nothing.

Carefully stepping around the keg, Bobbi tiptoed into the kitchen. Lipstick-stained cigarette butts spilled out of ashtrays; empty cans of Coors Light huddled around the sink. *Hell of a party,* Bobbi thought.

Last night, Bobbi had very nearly taken her first sip of beer, and had (more or less) made up her mind to lose her virginity to Kevin before the sun came up.

But around midnight, someone had emerged from the woods, right in the middle of Bobbi's sweet-sixteen festivities.

A woman in dark rags, clutching rusty knives, muttering nonsensical words.

A killer.

Hands trembling, Bobbi eased the kitchen drawer open. She paused, listening intently. Nothing. She sniffed the air. Nothing.

Okay, make it quick. And quiet.

She pocketed a couple of lighters and a book of matches, then snuck out the door, onto the porch. The sun was coming up.

Her face throbbed where the killer had tried to cut her face off. She had sliced Bobbi from ear to jaw; Bobbi squirmed free and bolted for the woods.

She thought about running. Then Katie Harper ran past her, into the woods, still naked from skinny-dipping, her hands covered in blood and her mouth open impossibly wide in a keening wail, and then Katie must have stumbled into some kind of trap, because a massive wooden spike jabbed straight up out of a pile of leaves and went straight through Katie's torso, impaling her in mid-stride, and she twitched silently for a few minutes as she hung there.

So Bobbi didn't run.

The police car was still parked in front of the lake house, doors wide open. Someone must have called 911 before the phone line got cut. Crouching behind their car, the cops had opened fire on the killer, and in return, she had scattered bits of them all over the lawn.

Bobbi stepped over a cop's leg. Sunlight glinted on ripples in the lake, but there was no movement on the shore. Just mangled skinny-dippers.

Could get into the police car, maybe grab the radio, and push some buttons. Tell the other police to come quickly.

But no. She'd die waiting for the cops. And if she escaped this alive, she'd never sleep again. She'd go insane waiting for the killer to find her.

She won't just let me go. I saw her face.

And she wants me dead.

Sunlight glinted off a cop's watch; the cop's arm, which lay next to an empty bottle of bourbon, had been hacked off just above the elbow.

From the ragged stump, a drop of blood floated up, like a dandelion seed. Bobbi stared, bewildered. Other drops beaded up on the torn flesh and cracked bone, and they drifted up into the air, weightless.

Bobbi shook her head. Was she hallucinating? *Same thing happened last night, she thought, just before the killer grabbed me. When she's near, blood floats like we're in outer space. Or maybe I've lost my mind.*

Faster now, Bobbi staggered down the gravel path. It veered off the driveway, then split, one end curving over lush grass to the boathouse, and the other sloping down to the lake. She trudged to shore, then gently stepped onto the fishing pier.

Nothing on the shore behind her, no movement in the woods, nothing in the windows of the house. *Maybe she's gone.* But no, the killer wasn't going to give up, sunlight be damned. She would follow Bobbi.

She *had* to follow Bobbi, in order for this plan to work.

Bobbi stepped over a pile of bulging balloons; liquid sloshed inside them.

Last night, in the middle of a water balloon fight, Bobbi's sister had filled a condom with K-Y jelly and pegged James Margolis right in the chest.

James laughed. "You're going to have to wash this off me," he said.

"Fine." Megan put her hands on her hips. "But you need to carry me inside. I forgot my flip-flops, and the gravel hurts my feet."

The skinny-dippers had hooted as James carried her to the house. "Somebody's gettin' some!"

And that's when it came out of the woods: a shape in the darkness. At first, they'd figured it was a hobo, and Peter MacLellan had snapped his butterfly knife open, startling the living shit out of Bobbi.

But as the shape got nearer, they heard the shape talking: a woman's voice. It got close enough that they could see it in the

light of the bonfire: a woman bigger than a linebacker, with a face like a plate of roasted meat.

Bobbi picked her way through the balloons and stood at the edge of the pier.

She bent down and swung the hatchet she'd taken from Kevin's skull, popping two of the balloons, soaking the blade.

A few months ago, a mouse had died in the garage, and her father couldn't find it. He spent three days looking for it, tearing the garage apart in his frustration. The odor of putrefaction had been so horrid that Bobbi and Megan wouldn't even go to the kitchen because the stench was coming through the drywall.

Bobbi smelled that stomach-churning rot now.

She's here.

Bobbi turned around. The killer's rags flapped as she walked; the pier shook with her heavy footsteps.

The mangled face contorted in a charred grin. "Jowl," she rasped. "Tongue."

Bobbi hefted the hatchet.

"Snout," the killer said. "Hock."

Dear God, Bobbi thought. *Those are cuts of meat in a butcher shop.*

"You murdered my sister," Bobbi said. She fought to keep her voice steady. "I'm going to kill you now."

The killer stomped down the pier. Bobbi backed up until she was at the edge, dark lake water behind her.

Black fabric parted as the woman drew two weapons from the folds of her torn cloak: a wood-handled meathook and a notched cleaver. Balloons popped under her feet.

"That's right," Bobbi sneered. "Pop them all. I saw you last night. You only attacked people on the shore if they were near the water, far from the bonfire. And when Megan grabbed that poker from the fireplace, you flinched for a second. Because you're scared of fire."

Did that hideous grin falter? Did the killer's pace slow for just an instant?

Bobbi readied the hatchet. The air was thick with gasoline. She'd snatched a can of gas from the boathouse and filled the balloons, hands shaking from pain and terror. And the killer had barged right through the trap.

A scream, high and raw, tore itself out of Bobbi's throat as she tugged a Zippo from her pocket and thumbed the wheel.

It lit.

She ignited the gas-soaked hatchet.

She chucked it.

The flaming hatchet thunked into the pier just between the killer's boots.

The gas ignited with a rib-rattling thump, but the killer was already upon Bobbi, slitting her arm with the cleaver, from wrist to elbow. Blood sprayed from the wound and Bobbi screamed, a needle-thin sound.

The killer raised the meathook.

I fucked up, Bobbi thought, looking up at the hook. *Oh, Jesus, I'm dead.*

The killer's legs were twin columns of yellow fire, and her guttural roar sharpened, rising into a wail of agony as the flames clawed their way up her ragged cloak. She dropped the weapons and slapped at the flames.

Bobbi dove into the lake; cool black water eased the burning pain in her face and arm.

Holy shit, I'm still alive.

She swam underwater until she thought her lungs might burst. Coughing and sputtering, she surfaced and looked back.

The entire pier was ablaze, and the killer was a lump of scorched flesh and fabric, hunched under a dome of crackling flames.

Sobbing, Bobbi swam for the far end of the lake.

It's over, she thought.

It's not over. It's just beginning...

MASK BENEATH HER FACE, available now at Amazon.

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