



RAIDERS OF THE LOST MART

CAMPAIGN STARTER KIT

Unknown Armies Campaign Starter Kits help you get started running your *Unknown Armies* campaign quickly.

Each kit features the following:

- Five characters, broken and damaged and ready to go
- One group objective for the cabal to pursue
- A first session scenario to get things moving quickly
- GM hooks, additional objective ideas, GMCs, and suggestions for the antagonist phase

With this campaign starter kit, you have all that you need to fuel your imagination and get things moving. The kit takes the place of the initial planning and collaborative character and setting creation system provided in *Unknown Armies*. Players select a character, choose one or two additional relationships with the other player characters, and make these obsessed individuals their own.

Raiders of the Lost Mart is about the night shift employees at a bulk discount superstore whose shelves occasionally manifest dangerous occult artifacts. Their cabal is one of

necessity and mutual employment, but as they dig further, the magickal truths of the superstore's nature are revealed.

The characters are:

- **Tori Hill:** An avatar of the Captain and young leader-by-default of the cabal.
- **Mike Shaw:** A military vet who believes in the power of destiny.
- **Ann Paddington:** A hard-working employee who is not at all who she appears to be.
- **Darby Carter:** A rebellious former anthropology student with a chip on her shoulder.
- **Dustin Druthers:** A big, balding, broad-shouldered guy with a sixth sense for magick.

Like most *Unknown Armies* scenarios and stories, this kit includes and deals with mature themes, characters, and situations. Talk with your players if you are concerned about the content, and be prepared to explore the world of the occult underground through new eyes and alternate points of view.

THE CABAL

Objective: Do a stock check on the weirdness of the All-Mart so they can get a handle on what's going on.

Technically, the true name of the company is Allen's Universal Mart, but everyone calls it All-Mart. You know the place — it's a cavernous warehouse, a vast echoing barn stuffed with... stuff. Everything under one roof, from root vegetables to cellphones, from lawn flamingoes to fake beards, from tractors to tiki heads, all for such low low prices that you might as well add that industrial-sized roll of blueberry-scented duct tape to your cart because, hey, maybe you'll find some use for it. There are astounding bargains to be found at All-Mart, if you've got the dogged persistence needed to roam those labyrinthine aisles. You can't stop here, this is alligator-themed toilet roll holder country.

THE ALL-MART

Honestly, about 50% of the campaign is going to take place in the All-Mart; if you include the parking lot and the loading dock out back, you can bring that number up to 75% easy.

It's a vast, badly lit warehouse crammed with industrial shelving units. The store's at the edge of town, surrounded by the remorseless desert of the parking lot. It's open twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, although those last eight hours get frayed and weird. Delivery trucks offload at the rear of the store. Inside, the store's divided into seemingly endless aisles, with the occasional open area for special displays or pop-up concessions. Larger aisles (action alleys, in store jargon) divide sections of the store — groceries, clothing, toys, hardware, and what's euphemistically termed "seasonal." Much of the stock sold at the All-Mart is remaindered stuff from other stores. Visit the All-Mart in October, and the racks brim with swimwear and beach toys. Go there in mid-December, and it's all *Nightmare Before Christmas* with old Halloween costumes. The All-Mart Christmas party, meanwhile, is traditionally held around February.

There's the employees-only back zone, an even more confusing and poorly illuminated dungeon of offices, stock-rooms, loading docks, and the break room, furnished entirely with damaged stock. If you're lucky, you get to sit on the

There's more here than bargains. Keep going, and you might find the Grail. See, mixed in with all the drums of baconaise and Three Wolf Moon adult-sized footy pajamas are relics of genuine occult power. They resemble everyday items — a screwdriver, a mirror, a novelty coffee mug, a gun — but are always weirdly wrong and brimming with magickal mojo. The player characters are the night shift crew at the local All-Mart, and use those hours when the store is empty of all but the weirdest customers to go prospecting for relics in distant, perilous aisles. They call these relics exostock, because the running theory is that they're deliveries from a parallel universe.

slightly shopworn couch. Otherwise, it's the slowly deflating inflatable Hello Kitty chair for you, sinking beneath you like your dreams.

The player characters aren't the only staff on the night shift — there are another few employees working the grocery section, and the stock crew who actually unload the delivery trucks.

THE GROCERY CREW

The undisputed boss of the night-shift grocery crew is paranoid **Helen Lafferty**, who blames the player characters for anything and everything that goes wrong in the store. As she puts it, a spilled drink is as bad as a blood spill, which is a) not true and b) pretty disturbing when you think about it. Her assistants include officious and meddling pimple-faced youth **Eric Lothamann** (he's got a plan to be president by forty, and apparently conquering the world starts with impressing the local Junior Chamber of Commerce with his mastery of company regulations) and shelf-stacker **Mervin Glazer** (whose long, seemingly aimless nocturnal peregrinations of the store may conceal a darker purpose).



THE STOCK CREW

The leader and spokesman of the stock crew is **Reynaldo Parades**, who somehow conveys the impression of being a world-weary guerilla fighter in some South American civil war, a Che Guevara of the stockroom. When he deigns to speak on behalf of his crew of fiercely efficient and grimly silent workers, he comes out with revolutionary koans. For example:

"Reynaldo, where the hell is the truck?"

"Yesterday, I found a little bird with a broken wing. I brought it home, and threw it from a high place so it could know what it is to fly before it died. It lived more in that soaring instant than a lesser man lives in a lifetime."

THE DAY SHIFT

The day shift communicates with the player characters through the medium of passive-aggressive notes left on the break room refrigerator. There's always a note or two complaining about something minor — towering pyramids of shopping carts in weird places, display TVs left showing pornography, human feces in the middle of Aisle 8.

MANAGEMENT

The store's manager is kindly old **Rex Hamblin**, although the player characters are only likely to run into him when he plays Santa Claus at the company party in February. Hamblin delegates most of the operations of the store to his right-hand man **Moses Pike** (rumors about Pike, one of which is true: he's a former CIA interrogator, kicked out because suspects kept dying; he eats exclusively raw meat; he sleeps only two hours at a time because of the nightmares, so he visits the store incognito to check up on the night shift; he's got a medical condition that means he sheds his skin every three months, which is why he's totally hairless and really pale; he's in the middle of the messiest, shittiest, meanest divorce in human history, and takes his stress out on the staff).

The All-Mart once employed a store detective, **Lionel Stenner**, to watch for shoplifters and deal with problems, but it's now company policy to call the police with any problem, no matter how minor, so the player characters are more likely to run into one of the local cops who get called to the All-Mart two or three times a day, like cynical **Officer Gina Ferris**, the volatile **Officer Steve Holland**, and Tori's cousin, **Officer Greg Hill**. Stenner, the former detective, lives in town and blames management for his forced retirement. Not a happy guy.

Speaking of management, the owners of the All-Mart chain, the **Roscot family**, happen to live near the store. They've even visited once or twice, like gods descending from Olympus. They've got a big mansion and private compound, and value their privacy. **Mervin Glazer**, who's worked here as long as anyone, claims that the Roscots are Satanists who sacrifice albino pigs on nights of the full moon.

REGULARS

Night shift customers fall into a few buckets. There are the shift workers from the factory, trying to live their regular lives on a schedule time-shifted to Kamchatka, buying lawn furniture or popcorn makers at four o'clock in the morning. There are the college kids, sleepless or stoned or drunk, bored out of their minds. There are desperate customers:

you know the guy in the soaking wet slippers buying plastic sheeting and plumbing supplies at some ungodly hour is not having a good night. And there are the regulars, the night people, who return to the All-Mart night after night.

Some of these regulars might know something about the exostock, or have maybe even bought one or more magick items. There's **Holger Curran**, who's got a farmstead a few miles outside town. He's got issues with people, so he comes to the All-Mart at night to maximize his chances of avoiding all human contact. There's **Katie Green**, who used to be the queen of the high school — she was two years ahead of Dustin, and he still dreams about her sometimes — but the real world hit her hard, and now she walks off her meth highs by spending nights wandering around the All-Mart. Sometimes, when she's in a good mood, she gets it into her head that she's a member of staff, and is aggressively cheerful and helpful to the other customers ("Hi! I'M KATIE! HOW CAN I HELP YOU TONIGHT? IT'S 5 AM! CAN I SELL YOU THIS DECK CHAIR?") Sometimes, you've got to get her away from the power tools before she hurts someone.

Other regular customers are known only by their nicknames. **The FBI Agents** are a middle-aged couple, both nervous and super-skinny, always wearing rumpled business suits and carrying briefcases to store their groceries. If Mulder and Scully went downhill fast for twenty years, they'd look something like these two. **The Count** is like them — he's this old guy with a thick European accent who comes to the store like he's dressed for a funeral. He says that he's renovating a house in town, and comes to the All-Mart to buy building supplies and tools. Don't get trapped talking to him — he comes in to buy a packet of roofing nails, and he's still there two hours later, telling you some cosmically dull story about people you've never heard of in some country that got bombed out of existence in the 1940s.

Regular troublemakers? If you discount Dustin's claim about Fat Slenderman, then banes of the characters' lives include:

- **The Bike Raiders:** A quintet of local middle-schoolers who've worked out that if they time it just right, they can cycle in through the front doors, zoom down the main aisle, and then hang a hard right and shoot out the side door before anyone can catch them. They usually steal a few bags of chips or a bottle of soda as they shoot by. Night shift policy is to find reasons to set up barricades in the aisles to stop them — walls of shopping carts, strategically placed displays, Mike Shaw standing in the middle of the aisle with a baseball bat — but those kids have a sixth sense for obstacles.
- **Mr. Shits:** Less a customer and more of a health hazard, someone regularly leaves deposits of, ah, biological material hidden in obscure places around the store. It's clearly being done deliberately, and there seems to be some sort of pattern to where the mysterious menace strikes. Certainly, there's a statistically significant correlation to finding one of Mr. Shits' little presents, and witnessing some supernatural or important event while cleaning up the mess.

THE TOWN

The All-Mart is at the edge of the town of Wellspring. The default assumption is that Wellspring's in Alabama, but it can be transplanted anywhere as long as it stays rural and has seen more prosperous times in its past. Wellspring's a typical medium-sized town — let the players fill in details as needed as the campaign goes on. All of the player characters live in town; notably, Ann Paddington stays in a trailer permanently parked in the All-Mart's parking lot.

The underlying dynamic of this campaign is "what if you could buy magick — but caveat emptor." Ordinary people

in Wellspring pick up exostock — sometimes unwittingly, sometimes not — and their lives get blown apart by the sudden intrusion of the unnatural. Think of King's *Needful Things*, only instead of the sinister proprietor carefully matching customer to occult treasure, that little owner-operated corner store of horror has been undercut and outcompeted by a giant chain that doesn't care who buys what, as long as they shop. So, whenever you need to juice things up in Wellspring and throw in a complication, have someone find a magick doohickey that solves their immediate problem but complicates life for everyone else. But we're getting ahead of ourselves.

THE EXOSTOCK

Call it exostock, call it reality flotsam, call it weird magick junk on the shelves of the All-Mart — it's the fuel that drives this campaign. Exostock items show up for sale in the All-Mart, delivered along with regular mundane products. Most exostock consists of small items that look almost-but-not-quite like other things. For example, the All-Mart gets a box that's supposed to hold a hundred claw hammers, but it actually contains ninety-something claw hammers, and another dozen copies of something that looks like a hammer only instead of a claw, it's got a loop at the back — oh, and when you use it to build a house, you tie yourself to the health of that structure, and you live as long as it stands. Exostock always has some sort of stigmata or malformation that makes it subtly but visibly different than mundane items. Exostock items are almost but not quite unique — All-Mart deals in bulk, so there are usually a handful of the same item in each shipment.

The running theory is that exostock comes from another universe, and the best evidence for this is the branding. Exostock often has weird labels or containers, or else has variations in flavor or style that don't show up anywhere else. Bottles of Coke Ultra. Double-E batteries. Maps of cities that don't exist.

Perhaps because of their extra-dimensional origin, or maybe just because reality's bored senseless and so overreacts to novelty, exostock comes with a helping of magick mojo. Think of it this way — some poor guy visits the supermarket late at night and grabs a snack, and it turns out to be a bag of kimchi-flavored potato chips called ZOGS. He's never seen them before, and will never see them again. They're like the story of the mysterious woman that the traveler in a strange city meets on one enchanted night, but he can never find her house again the next day. He just ate one of only two bags of ZOGS in this entire universe. And he doesn't know it, might never know it, but he was totally bulletproof as long as he had one of those delicious fermented-cabbage-flavor snacks in his mouth.

(What happens to that second bag? What would you do if you knew that talisman of invulnerability might be buried somewhere in the snack aisle?)

Exostock's superficial weirdness doesn't always correlate with its supernatural abilities — the fact that an exostock crowbar has a weird twist in it may have nothing to do with the ability to see ghosts as long as you're holding it. Half the fun of exostock is working out what supernatural properties it has (in the same way that half the fun of putting your face in a blender is coming up with radical new smoothie recipes).

The only way to find out what a given chunk of weirdness *does* is through experimentation. Oh, and most exostock has a limited charge, so it runs out of power quickly once you start using it. Bringing exostock back to the store can sometimes give it a little extra oomph, enough for one last use.

At the start of the campaign, only Dustin has a collection of exostock items.

THE RULES OF EXOSTOCK

Mechanically, treat exostock as *natural artifacts*, with one key exception — most exostock artifacts have only a few charges before they run out of juice. Some keep working indefinitely, but the majority work a few times and then stop. They might recharge after a while (maybe it's the cosmic friction between the universe they came from and our reality that gives them power), or stay dead forever — it's the GM's call.

It's likely that the player characters will build up quite a collection of exostock over the course of the campaign — which means they'll learn that exostock artifacts affect each other. If you've got enough of them in the same place, it's like having a big sweaty pile of uranium without any control rods. Reality rots around them, attracting unwanted attention and maybe even letting bad things in from outside.

SAMPLE STOCK

Below are some sample exostock items to get you rolling. Remember, these don't come with instructions — the player characters have to figure out how the items work with a combination of dice rolling and desperate experimentation.

ANIMATE LAWN CHAIR

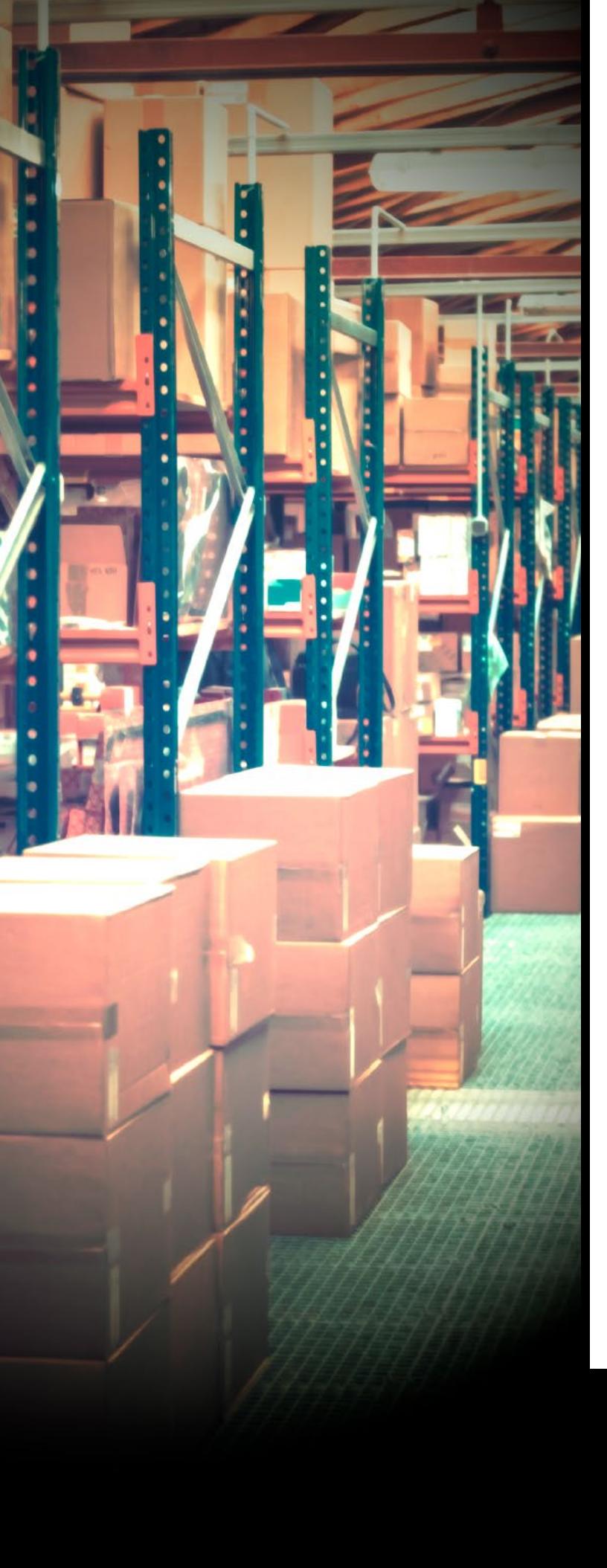
On the nights of the full moon, it unfolds into a monstrous thing, like a six-foot moth monster with fabric wings, spindly metal legs, and plastic jaws. The lawn chair flits around until dawn, when it turns back into its usual non-animate self and falls to Earth, prompting questions like, "Hey, how did that lawn chair get stuck up on the roof?"

For the rest of the month, the lawn chair bides its time, listening to the conversation of the people sitting in it. If they complain too much about someone, then the lawn chair is likely to target that individual when the next killing moon rises.

CERTAINTY CEREAL

This cereal's mascot is a toga-wearing cartoon of a Greek philosopher, and the back of the box gives a simple introduction to stoicism for kids. The cereal itself tastes like sugary disappointment, but it's got a handy magical effect — if you eat a bowl of this cereal in the morning, you'll also eat one

See "Natural Artifacts" on page 86 of Book One: Play.



tomorrow morning as long as there's at least one serving left. So, you've got twenty-four hours of relative certainty.

What does that mean? Well, you won't die, for one thing. You can be fairly sure you won't be abducted and imprisoned, or maimed (unless your would-be abductor/jailer/machete-wielding freak knows about the cereal and spoon-feeds you a bowl tomorrow morning). However, the magick also means that you can't acquire new charges or complete any objectives during your day of dull grace. If something happens that would break your protection — say, you're pushed off a cliff — then either the universe will nudge things to keep your date with the cereal bowl (you miraculously survive, but the hospital breakfast in the morning is weirdly familiar) or reality will snap if there's no other alternative, likely resulting in a copy of you popping into existence.

The cereal won't protect you from your own stupidity. If you jump off that cliff willingly, or run onto that knife of your own volition, then you just die, and no squares of frosted wheat will save you.

A box of Certainty Cereal contains six servings. You have to eat a USDA-approved single serving of the cereal for the magick to work.

FINGER OF DEATH STICK

It looks like a twisted and dried sausage of mystery meat, strongly flavored with pepper and chilies. The packaging shows an overweight, red-faced man devouring and being devoured by a cartoon version of the sausage with wild eyes and a huge toothy maw.

Point the sausage at someone and will them dead, and it works like a significant blast — the target keels over with a massive heart attack. They're probably not dead, but they're definitely in need of serious medical treatment and/or more health insurance.

Unlike other exostock, the finger of death stick automatically recharges. The wrapper gives the game away: it recharges by eating people. It doesn't sprout arms and legs or a little angry cartoon face, but it does have tiny little needle-sharp teeth. It waits until the next midnight, and then burrows into the flesh of the first living human it finds and eats their heart. Extract it from the victim, and it can be used again. If you don't feed it promptly, it shrivels up and dies. It can be, err, reconstituted, but to do that you've got to convince someone to eat a gone-off sausage that really wasn't that appealing in the first place and then cut the finger of death stick out of their chest cavity the next morning, after the little bastard eats its way up from the victim's stomach and consumes the heart.

INVASIVE SEEDS

A packet of plant seeds; the packaging shows some sort of zucchini-like plant with grey-purple skin, like a pumpkin with cancer. The seeds are invasive — if you sow them, the crop of ugly plants that sprouts rapidly takes over the field, crowding out species native to this reality. And they keep spreading, infiltrating the surrounding farmland. The plants are edible, but they come from another universe where evolution took a very slightly different route, and there's a good chance of contracting a nasty prion infection (think mad cow disease). So, right from the start these things are bad, and planting them likely means a visit from the Department of Agriculture, and they're probably going to come back with flamethrowers.

The question is, are they able to find the farm? If enough of these plants grow close together, their magick corrodes reality and the farm falls right out of our universe, becoming an otherspace.

SCREWDRIVER OF MIND ADJUSTMENT

This little pocket screwdriver doesn't fit any known screw-head — it's a sort of half-moon shape with a little kink in the middle. It's too stubby to make for a good shiv, too, and the fact that your first question was, "OK, what are rules for stabbing people with this screwdriver?" says a lot about your players. Anyway, press the screwdriver against someone's forehead. Press it hard enough to break the skin, but not enough to cause serious physical injury. Now turn it to cause serious psychological injury.

In game terms, the screwdriver moves notches around someone's shock meters. You have to make a Connect roll when you use the screwdriver. Succeed, and you can move notches back and forth on one meter — if someone's got two hardened Violence notches, and four failed ones, then a little twist of the screwdriver in just the right place could toughen them right up by moving some of those failed notches over to hardened ones.

Fail the Connect roll, and each wiggle of the screwdriver shoves all the meters around. Your hardened Helplessness total becomes your new failed Helplessness total; your failed Helplessness total wraps around to become your new hardened Isolation total, your hardened Isolation total becomes your new failed Isolation total and so on, until your failed Violence wraps around to become your new hardened Helplessness.

Make the changes on the character sheet, then weep as you work out all the exciting new psychological problems

you've got. Also, you're going to be making a Helplessness test right now, and there's a big-ass Self test coming in a few minutes when you discover your personality just got adjusted.

On a crit or matched success, congratulations — you get to specify the effects of the changes in terms of outlook and result, and the GM decides how to reflect that in terms of notches. So, if you crit, you can say, "Now she hates me!" and the GM says, "Sure!" and marks off a bunch of failed Self checks for the poor girl, but that's the extent of the changes.

On a fumble or matched failure, expect badness. You know when you twist a screw too tightly, and strip the head? It might be like that, rendering your subject incapable of psychological change or growth. Or you've driven the screw of your will at the wrong angle through the cheap particleboard of their soul, and now it's possession time.

You can try using the screwdriver again, but each attempt carries a cumulative -25% penalty.

SHAMPOO OF SHAPESHIFTING

Wash your hair in this stuff, and hold the image of someone else in your mind as you rinse it off. (It has to be a real person, although they don't have to be alive). Until you wash your hair again, you're cloaked in a glamour that makes people mistake you for the person you imagined. It's not a very strong illusion — if you give any reason for someone to look closely at you, or even take a second glance, then the spell is broken for that person but not for other observers. The potency of the illusion is directly proportional to the amount of hair washed, so you're out of luck if you're bald. The shampoo doesn't fool cameras, or even reflections.

SPACE HOPPER

It's a kid's plastic space hopper decorated with a printed image of the lunar surface, with a pair of handles to grab onto and a big smiley man-in-the-moon face on the front. It's a tie-in product to some kid's movie about the moon that doesn't exist in this universe. Bounce on the hopper and close your eyes, and you teleport to the moon — you vanish in a flash of sulfur, and reappear above the surface of Earth's moon. In the vacuum of space. Now, if you keep your eyes closed, and — here's the tricky bit — if you bounce high enough off the lunar surface, you blip back to Earth a moment later. If you don't bounce high enough, or open your eyes, or try to take a big lungful of cold vacuum, or die in any of the many, many, many other ways that space can kill you, you die and leave a very confusing corpse for some future astronaut.

FIRST SESSION BREAKDOWN

The write-ups of the characters assume that they already know about exostock and that we're jumping in after their initial exposure to the specific flavor of unnatural that this campaign revolves around. Some players may like to start from zero, and play through the discovery of exostock. Do the characters already know about exostock, or are they going to discover it in the first session? If your group strongly prefers that second option, then treat the provided descriptions as the state of the characters after two or three

sessions of play. You can use the starting scenario as an "exostock of the week" threat, or their first encounter with the All-Mart brand of discount weirdness.

Next, run through the various GM characters living in town, especially the other All-Mart staff. Then, have the players fill in two of their incomplete relationships with other player characters, and the rest with connections to GMCs. Each player should also create at least one individual or location to flesh out the setting.

THE SITUATION

Night shift at the All-Mart. As dusk falls outside, the building blazes with unearthly light. Assistant store manager Moses Pike leaves a typed note on the break room refrigerator for the night shift crew, informing them that there's an inspection tomorrow by senior management so the place has to be spotless come dawn. He also points out that there are very few shopping carts left in their pen. Shopping cart round-ups are a regular chore in the All-Mart, requiring the staff to corral carts from the furthest reaches of the parking lot and the weirdest niches of the store. (How did someone wedge an empty shopping cart into one of the restroom stalls?)

CUSTOMERS FROM HELL

As the night goes on, three customers cause problems for the player characters.

CHUCK, THE NEW FATHER

Chuck wanders into the store around 1:00 AM. He's sleep-deprived and punchy; his shirt's stained with dried milk. Chuck's got a newborn and extremely sleepless baby back home, his first. Time's lost all meaning for Chuck, as the baby wakes every two hours or so and screams her little head off, which is why he's shopping for necessities in the dead of night. He half-fills his cart with groceries, then heads down to the baby aisle, a realm where everything is wipe-clean, pastel, and covered in bunnies.

Chuck hangs around the baby aisle for an hour or so. His behavior is suspicious, but the truth is that he's just overwhelmed (having a kid is a life-changing experience, and the *Unknown Armies* rules note that life-changing experiences hammer your Self and Helplessness stress meters). Play him as a red herring at first, and as a potential collateral damage once trouble starts.

At one point, Chuck loses his shopping cart. He turns around for an instant, and when he looks back, his cart is gone. He assumes that one of the player characters moved it and gets pissed at them, but if they stand up to him, he crumples and figures that he's just so exhausted he left it behind somewhere. That one lost shopping cart expands to symbolize all his fears and anxieties about failing as a father and provider, so how do the player characters deal with the thirty-something dude having a breakdown in the middle of the store?

(By the way, the missing shopping carts are foreshadowing for the Ship of Shopping Carts that manifests later in the campaign. Throughout the early sessions, keep

The grocery crew have already started scrubbing, and there's a growing moraine of trash on the border between the grocery section and the rest of the store. A bottle of some sticky orange soda has exploded and is leaking all across the floor, and that's a pain to clean up. Oh, and there's a delivery truck due at 3:00 AM, and space needs to be cleared in Aisle 5 for the new stock.

Time for Tori to start organizing. Who's on the shopping cart hunt, who's on cleanup, who's on shifting stock — and is anyone going to, y'know, serve customers?

mentioning shopping carts clustering in odd places, as if they're herding together. The shopping carts never move on their own when someone's watching them, but given half a chance they make a break for it, desperate to cram themselves together into the form of a boat...)

THE CRAZY CAT LADY

She arrives around 1:30 AM. Her name is Mabel Rhinegold. It's hard to guess her age; she could be anywhere from a really hard-lived mid-forties to somewhere in her seventies. Her coat is patched, torn, and has what looks like burn marks in places, and she's got dozens of crystals and charms around her neck, including one big-ass glass sphere containing a bird's eye. Smells of incense and patchouli, but you knew that already. Ominously, she's holding an empty cat carrier.

Back in the '90s, back before 03/03/03, Mabel ran the Owl's Eye café, a Rick's-in-Casablanca for the occult underground. A neutral ground where mid-level chargers and checkers could meet and trade gossip over artisanal coffee products. At least, that was the idea — the Owl's Eye got firebombed, and Mabel got spiritually burned. She's a wreck now; she's lost most of her spell-casting mojo, and her obsession with tracing the occult history of magick got shattered when, as far as she can tell, history changed. She's spent the last decade or so wandering the country, trying to put the pieces of her soul back together, surviving on the charity of old friends and occult contacts who still owed her a favor. She does a little prognostication and card-reading, and can still draw a horoscope that has bite.

Some lingering sixth sense, some left-over gnostic gossip, drew her to the All-Mart tonight. She believes there's an opening here, a deeply buried source of power. With her

own magickal gift in ruins, she's going old-school in this last-ditch attempt to get that power flowing. Blood sacrifice. Blood sacrifice always works, right?

She brought a cat along with the intention of ritually murdering it and using its blood to mark the threshold of the store, but the damned thing broke out of the cat carrier and vanished somewhere in the endless aisles. Mabel's got a bad hip and can't go chasing a feral cat, so she turns to the staff for assistance. Can they catch her cat and bring it to her?

Point out, too, that "wild cat loose in store" and "inspection in the morning" go together like gasoline and a match. It's in their interest to help the old lady find her cat.

If any of the player characters hint that they know anything about the occult, then Mabel pays them a lot of attention (she tries to be subtle, but she's lost that knack). She'll eavesdrop, ask leading questions, hint about her own weird visions, lie through her teeth about how prophecy guided her here and maybe it's to help the player characters — and all the while she's got one hand clutching the handle of the steak knife in her pocket. She planned on killing the cat, but maybe the blood of an adept would work even better...

Finding the Damn Cat: It's got Pursuit and Dodge scores of 80%, and an obsession with throwing up in awkward places.

MABEL RHINEGOLD

Obsession: The history of magick.

Wound Threshold: 50.

Rage Stimulus: Unbelievers who mock or profane magick.

Fear Stimulus: Fire, especially when coupled with confinement. She was nearly trapped and burnt to death when they firebombed her coffee shop, and the trauma lingers.

Noble Stimulus: Bringing about a magickal renaissance.

Cliomancy 60%*: *Cliomancy* is the magickal tradition of drawing power from commonality and historical events, though Mabel can't do much with it now (* obsession identity).

Desperate Witch 60%: Coerces the Unnatural, Substitutes for Secrecy, Substitutes for Struggle.

If the characters do find the cat, she ritually murders it near the store. It shows up in "*The Aftermath*". If they don't find the cat, then someone else may end up getting cut in "*Dead Cat Bounce*".

MABEL RHINEGOLD

Notches	Violence	Unnatural	Helplessness	Isolation	Self
Hardened	5	8	4	3	6
Failed	4	2	2	3	2

SHAWN AND LINDA

The main event shows up around 2:00 AM. Shawn's in his mid-twenties. Buzz cut, tattoos, wife-beater. His wife Linda is a few years younger; she's wearing Shawn's leather jacket and a short skirt. Heavy makeup on her face and arms fails to conceal fresh bruises. Clutched in her hand like it's something precious beyond rubies is a little animatronic Cossack dancer, like the dancing Coke cans of yore. The pair are drifters and petty crooks — dealing meth, stealing cars, a bit of shoplifting.

A few days ago, they stopped at another branch of All-Mart to pick up snacks. Linda got bored, wandered off, and found this "cute little dancing Russian." Press a switch on the base, and the dancer shakes its fury thang while a tinny version of some Russian folk song plays. She collects knick-knacks like that mainly because it drives Shawn crazy. I can spare you the ins and outs of their deeply dysfunctional relationship, because it's not especially germane, but these kids are not all right.

Two days later, Linda discovered that if she held the Cossack tightly, preventing it from dancing when she pressed the switch, she became invisible. It took her and Shawn several hours to make sure that they weren't crazy, or wasted. It took them even longer to work out exactly how to reliably trigger the effect.

If Linda had any sense, she'd have taken that dancing Cossack, gone invisible, and walked out of Shawn's life. Instead, they messed around with the figurine together, thinking about all the ways they could use this new and impossible power — until it stopped working. The little Cossack just stopped dancing. Shawn didn't take that well at all; when the meth didn't help with the pain of loss, he threatened to take his frustration out on her.

Linda saved herself by suggesting that they could just go buy another one. The All-Mart where they bought the Cossack was two hundred miles in the rear view of their van, but All-Marts are ubiquitous. There's always another one.

So, the pair show up at the player characters' All-Mart in the dead of night, and start looking for another little Cossack toy. When they can't find it, they ask one of the staff for help...

If you're interested, check out "*Cliomancy*" on page 121 of the second edition of Unknown Armies.

Detailed in "*The Aftermath*" and "*Dead Cat Bounce*," both on page 10 of this kit.

SHAWN

Obsession: Getting what he deserves.

Wound Threshold: 55.

Rage Stimulus: His own fuck-ups.

Fear Stimulus: Being exposed as a loser.

Noble Stimulus: His word is his bond.

Asshole 75%*: Coerces Violence, Provides Wound Threshold, Substitutes for Struggle (* obsession identity).

Jumpy Addict 50%: Provides Firearm Attacks, Provides Initiative, Substitutes for Notice.

THE CUSTOMER'S ALWAYS RIGHT

There aren't any little dancing Cossack figures for sale in the All-Mart. There aren't any little dancing Cossacks in the stock database, either, and scanning the barcode sticker on the figurine's base just throws up an error message. Jumpy and paranoid Shawn gets angrier and angrier — he's convinced that the player characters are holding out on him. He just wants his goddamn Russian ass-dancer, all right? Play this scene for laughs at first, then let the humor drain away as it becomes clear that Shawn's going to cause a lot of trouble unless he gets what he's looking for.

Some options:

Call Security: Oops, the All-Mart doesn't employ private security any more.

Call the Cops: A better option. It takes Tori's cousin, Greg Hill, about thirty minutes to get to the store if it's just a complaint about a rowdy customer, or ten minutes if Shawn's actually drawn his gun.

However, if the player characters threaten to call the cops on Shawn, he'll snap (see "Shawn Breaks, Linda Runs"). The best approach is to secretly call for help while distracting Shawn.

Call the Other Store: The characters can try calling up their counterparts in the upstate All-Mart and ask about dancing Cossacks of invisibility. Some guy called Bobby answers the phone, and there's an odd hesitation in the way he answers questions about the figurine. He denies knowing anything about such things, and claims that his store doesn't sell any, but there's something about his tone that's untrustworthy. Is there another cabal in that rival All-Mart? Is Bobby hiding something? Or is he just trying to get rid of an annoying phone call? In any case, Bobby's no help.

Stall: Stalling requires Coercion — do they try hitting Shawn's Helplessness meter with Connect, or his Violence with Struggle? Actually talking

Shawn down requires a matched success; a regular success just buys a little time. Any failure triggers a violent response. If the characters can stall him for long enough, though, the 3:00 AM delivery arrives, and hey, maybe there's a magick Cossack in there.

Overpower Shawn: Did we mention he's got a gun? Because he's got a gun.

SHAWN BREAKS, LINDA RUNS

When things go bad, they go bad quickly. Either

a) Shawn snaps and draws his gun, and a terrified Linda runs;

Or

b) Linda manages to get the Cossack working again, and flees, and Shawn panics and pulls out his weapon;

Or, equally likely,

c) The players do something unwise and screw things up.

If she doesn't have it already, Linda grabs the Cossack. The lights in the All-Mart flicker for an instant, and there's a sudden yawning sense of space, of a precipice, as if the whole building had briefly tipped on its side, turning the aisles into vertiginous, bottomless chasms. Then there's this chirpy-but-muffled electronic rendition of some Cossack march, and Linda vanishes. All that is an Unnatural (3-5) check, right there.

Shawn pulls out a pistol from under his shirt and waves it around menacingly. Anyone and everyone nearby could be the object of his aggression — Linda, for running away. The player characters, for not helping him. Chuck, for coming around the corner from the baby aisle at just the wrong moment and getting a faceful of pistol. Ideally, Shawn grabs Chuck or some player character as a hostage, and demands that the other player characters bring Linda back, or stop her from escaping. Seal the doors. Drag her back here now, or someone dies!

FINDING LINDA

The All-Mart has three exits — the main entrance, the side entrance, and the employee-only back zone. The doors can be remotely closed and locked from either the security office or by Helen Lafferty from her main register at the front; alternatively, all of the player characters have keys to lock the doors manually. If they don't close the doors, then Linda can just sneak out the front door invisibly — good for her, bad for the player characters.

SHAWN

Notches	Violence	Unnatural	Helplessness	Isolation	Self
Hardened	6	3	4	5	6
Failed	2	1	2	1	3

Finding the invisible girl may be easier than finding that damned cat. The figurine keeps playing music even when invisible, but it's muffled by Linda's death grip on the Cossack, so it can only be heard a few feet away. It's a Notice test to find her, but it's at -20% unless the players take steps to make the place dead quiet (convincing Shawn to shut the hell up, turning off the in-store Muzak, maybe killing the rumbling air conditioning and so on).

If the doors aren't closed, then Linda heads for the nearest exit. If the characters seal the doors, then she just hides in a rack of clothes, curling up like a scared child.

What do the characters do when they find her? Coerce her into handing over the figurine to Shawn? Use the one-shot gift of invisibility to take Shawn down? Help her escape?

Meanwhile, Shawn keeps threatening people, and he's on a hair-trigger. Any sudden moves, and he'll fire wildly. Fortunately for all concerned, he's a terrible shot so it's unlikely that anyone dies in session one unless they do something very foolish. If the characters do as he demands, and get him Linda and the Cossack, then he backs out of the store, still aiming his gun vaguely in their direction, then turns and runs, squeezing the little figurine so hard his hand bleeds as he tries to make the invisibility spell work again. Even just finding Linda is enough to get rid of him; he grabs her and drags her out of the store. Terror makes her go limp once he has her, and she doesn't resist.

DEAD CAT BOUNCE

The other complication is Mabel Rhinegold. That owl's eye pendant she wears isn't exostock, but it is a low-level magick artifact that she made when she was younger and stronger. It can see through the invisibility spell protecting Linda.

However, what Mabel wants here is blood sacrifice, remember. Her ideal outcome in all this is: lots of blood gets spilled on the floor, and she leaves with the magick Cossack.

So, she might:

- Help one of the player characters find Linda, in exchange for the Cossack.
- Lead a player character to Linda's hiding place, stab them in the back when they're distracted, grab the Cossack and flee.
- If all the player characters are distracted by Shawn, then she might just murder Linda quietly and flee invisibly.

THE DELIVERY

At 3:00 AM, the delivery truck arrives. If he's still a factor, then Shawn demands that the player characters look through the new stock for another Cossack; maybe, he shouts through the tears and the murderous rage, the other All-Mart got their delivery in early, and there's a whole carton of magick Cossack toys waiting in the back for him.

Luring Shawn into the back zone means the characters can call Reynaldo Parades and his crew for help. Reynaldo, unflappable as always, can help the player characters disarm the intruder with a well-placed crowbar to the hand.

AFTERMATH

Afterwards, when Moses Pike shows up in the early hours of the morning, Eric Lothamann tries to get the player characters in trouble by saying that poor customer service is to blame. If only they'd gotten Shawn what he wanted when he first came into the store, then everything would have been fine.

If Mabel Rhinegold was able to murder her cat (or Linda), then she leaves the blood smeared across a suitable threshold — the gap between two aisles, perhaps, or the side entrance of the All-Mart, or the entrance to the loading bay at the back. There's a shimmering, like a heat haze, on the All-Mart side of the blood, and the characters can sense that some seal has been broken. The exostock comes faster, now, after this.

If Darby is one of the player characters, then she spots symbols daubed on the wall that remind her of the ones carved into Stuart's skin.



THE CAMPAIGN

EARLY SESSIONS

Run a few exostock-of-the-week sessions for the first few games. In each episode, someone — either a player character or some random customer — finds an artifact in the All-Mart that gives a temporary magick blessing. Each of these episodes should either advance the characters towards their objective of doing an occult stock check: each unnatural intrusion should either be clearly connected to the All-Mart's brand of weird, or obviously be artisanal homebrewed magick that didn't come from the store.

For example:

LAWN CHAIRS OF THE NIGHT

A customer buys a quartet of lawn chairs. Next day, he returns one with a complaint — when he opened up the fabric covering the chair cushion, he discovered a mess of bones and meat inside, like a half-digested dog. He only just bought the chairs, so clearly someone at the store left these disgusting remains inside his chair.

The chairs are all animate lawn chairs; all four went hunting last night, but only one managed to find prey. Tonight, the other chairs take to the skies over the town of Wellspring again, and this returned chair tries to rejoin the flock. It's up to the player characters to contain the returned chair and stop the other three from killing.

Milestone: Discover the existence of another cabal, the *Mystery Shoppers*, who are tracking the exostock.

STUART'S GHOST

A display television set in the store starts picking up transmissions from the afterlife after midnight. Rumor of this spreads to the residents of a retirement home in Wellspring, so every night a small gaggle of widows and widowers gather in the AV section, hoping for a glimpse of their departed loved ones. A demon trapped in the television takes advantage of their grief, and attempts to trick them into getting it a suitable host — like one of the player characters.

Milestone: See Stuart Walepeg's ghost show up on the television dropping hints about his murder by the Claimjumpers.

ERIC LOTHAMANN'S PAPER CROWN

Loathsome Lothamann finds a paper hat from a kid's birthday party that makes him True King of Wellspring. The player characters are immune as long as they're under the aegis of Tori's Captain avatar, but everyone else is compelled to indulge Lothamann's whims. He's unaware of his new power, but when Rex Hamblin invites him to a dinner at the Roscot mansion, the characters discover the sinister connection between the *Mystery Shoppers* and the Roscot family.

Milestone: Discover that the owners of the All-Mart are running the *Mystery Shoppers*, and that they know about the weirdness being generated by their stores.

The *Mystery Shoppers* are described over on page 12.

THE MID-GAME

Here's where the cabals that have been in the shadows during the early sessions start bumping up against the player characters. Possibly mid-game objectives might be: "Assemble an exostock arsenal," "Find out where Ann Paddington came from," or "Build a network of allies among other All-Mart staff."

THE ROSCOT FAMILY

The secretive Roscots own the All-Mart chain. They're old-school occultists — the family patriarch, Quentin Roscot, was an adept back in the 1940s, and while his children and grandchildren aren't necessarily spellcasters, they know the power of the invisible world. Quentin discovered a method for punching through the fabric of reality to reach a previous iteration of the universe, but it was beyond his capability to exploit. The All-Mart chain is his solution to that problem — each store is precisely aligned according to geomantic calculations, and everyone who walks through the doors unwittingly donates a little magickal power to the ongoing ritual.

Right now, the All-Marts work like a prospector's pan in the river of time. They dip into the cascading chaos beyond existence, into the infinite swirl of failed universes and discarded shells of reality, and see what gets caught in the mesh of base physicality.

Why build their past-reality-salvaging-machine in the form of a chain of bulk discount superstores? Because they're trying to recover magick artifacts and relics that might have currency in our reality, which means they need stuff that's at least broadly similar to the current iteration of the universe. They're looking for flotsam from alternate realities that are close to this one, universes where the last member of their Invisible Clergy ascended roughly around the end of the 20th century, when consumerism was the dominant paradigm. They're not going to find anything comprehensible trawling for debris from some universe where the last-but-one archetype was the Squid-Fucking Squonk.

The Roscots' real, ultimate goal may be to build an escape route. They know that our Clergy is nearly full, that the current era of upheaval and uncertainty reflects the last crazy round of celestial musical chairs before it all stops. None of them are going to ascend, there's no Rich White Sociopath archetype, but maybe they can use the All-Marts to escape the end of the world and start over somewhere shiny and new, but sufficiently similar to our reality that they still have, y'know, department stores and capitalism and dollars.

Their short-term goal is to keep anyone from uncovering the secrets of the All-Mart, and to ensure that any weirdness can't be linked back to them.

The public faces of the family are Eugene Roscot and his sister Melinda Roscot, but other members of the inbred and, ah, eccentric family lurk in their compound outside of Wellspring. Eugene runs the company; Melinda's the secret controller of the Mystery Shoppers.

THE MYSTERY SHOPPERS

The Mystery Shoppers are the Roscot family's agents in the field. Their job is to visit the All-Marts, find "anomalous items" AKA exostock, purchase it, and then bring it back to the Roscots or sell it at an occult swap meet or dispose of it safely. A few of the Mystery Shoppers are ex-New Inquisition — when Alex Abel's organization fell apart, some of his operatives switched from one wealthy and sinister employer to another.

The *FBI Agents* are typical Mystery Shoppers; they've been told by higher-ups that their briefcases are enchanted to contain and suppress dangerous artifacts (they don't, or at least not for long). Some shoppers are employed to watch a particular All-Mart; others rove around the chain. None of the Mystery Shoppers are All-Mart employees — the Roscots want to keep the two halves of the operation completely separate.

There's also a troubleshooting squad, consisting of:

- **Pieternel van Merne**, ex-drug smuggler, ex-TNI, the team's ruthless leader.
- **Mark Giotti**, ex-cop, ex-TNI, current avatar of the Executioner and the squad's muscle.
- **Kevin Toob**, a voyeuristic cameratarge.

And held in reserve most of the time:

- **The Hollow**, a sentient humanoid absence somehow made by Quentin Roscot back in the day. It looks like a Predator-esque distortion in the air, a ripple of man-shaped vacuum. It can hear and see without eyes or ears, but can't speak or communicate except

though gestures (the team usually dumps a bucket of water or sand into it so they can see it more clearly when they need to talk to it). If the Hollow touches you, it sucks — a brief contact means serious bruising as the vacuum draws you in. If it gets you to the end zone on the grapple gridiron, you're dead — it's a hole in the universe.

THE CLAIMJUMPERS

The Claimjumpers are a loose cabal of chargers who've figured out that something is going on at All-Mart, and that there's a regular flow of magick artifacts through the stores. The Claimjumpers don't trust one another, but have agreed to work together against what they suspect to be a common foe or interloper. They're responsible for the ritual murder of Stuart Walepeg.

Mabel Rhinegold may become a member of the Claimjumpers if she survives the introductory scenario. Other members include:

- **Holger Curran**, a solomancer. He gains power from time spent alone, from eschewing contact with other humans. He spent years in Alaska, but now he needs to be a little closer to civilization to pick up his insulin prescription. The solomancer major charge requires one to be more than 3,333 miles away from another living human, which means that Curran would be very interested if he discovered there's a gate to another universe at the All-Mart.
- **Piggy**, a demon-summoner. He's got a nasty thaumaturgical ritual to call up demons, and a ward from All-Mart that keeps them from possessing him. He's the head of a Satanic "coven" of some kids from his high school, but now that Piggy's got real power, they're becoming something to be reckoned with.
- Ann Paddington's creator, a mechanomancer named **Josef Lintz**, was a member of the Claimjumpers before he got trapped in the Archipelago of the Lost.

The FBI Agents are mentioned back under "The Regulars" on page 3.



THE ARCHIPELAGO OF THE LOST

Reality inside the All-Mart is already a little porous. With a push in the right place, and a way to survive the transition, you can break right through to the Archipelago of the Lost.

It's not exactly an otherspace — it's not a space at all. It's the detritus and flotsam of previous realities. However, because the characters entered it via a department store, it takes on the appearance and qualities of a store. Imagine an infinitely large store, filled with strange aisles crammed with salvaged junk. A cross between a shipwreck, a shopping mall, and Max Ernst's *Europe After the Rain II*.

There are people — and things — living here. Some are sorcerers who tried to pull the same trick as the Roscots, escaping the destruction of their home universes by leaping to another iteration. Others are really unlucky *Neverwhen People* who got stuck between realities instead of landing in this one. Still others are things that never existed in the first place. These survivors have washed up on the coast of our universe; they can't get in yet, but maybe if the All-Mart effect were more powerful, they could get scooped up like living exostock. They linger here, hoping for rescue or a chance to slip past the borders. Until then, they survive on scavenged snacks that fall from the shelves of the All-Mart and roll out of reality.

To reach the Archipelago, the player characters need:

THE SHIP OF SHOPPING CARTS

Josef Lintz was the first of the Claimjumpers. He's an old mechanomancer, and he was the first to recognize that the All-Mart stores are all part of a single huge machine, a thing not of cogs and wheels, but of concrete and money. He took up residence at the Wellspring store, sending little clockwork probes and scouts into the void. Finally, he dared to go exploring. He built a mechanomantic device out of the very stuff of the store, jamming shopping carts together

into a ship that could sail the river of time. On his first voyage through the All-Mart to the Aisles of the Blessed, he got shipwrecked and stranded on the wrong side of reality.

The spell he used to create the Ship of Shopping Carts still lingers, and is now reasserting itself. It accretes around Tori Hill — she's an avatar of the Captain, and a ship needs a Captain. It's a sympathetic channel, the path of least resistance for the magick. The shopping carts at the store want to become a ship again, and they want her to sail that ship down the halls of the All-Mart and beyond the shores of the universe.

In terms of the campaign, the manifestation of the Ship of Shopping Carts gives the player characters a chance to compete with the Claimjumpers and Mystery Shoppers, and shoves the campaign towards the cosmic. Up until this point, they're outgunned and outweirded, but now they're the ones with an edge. Do they rescue Lintz and throw their lot in with the Claimjumpers? Do they try to forge an alliance with the Roscots, who might want to use the Ship as their escape route when this universe dies? Can they find allies among the denizens of the Archipelago who might help them predict the final ascension and the closing time of the universe?

See "Neverwhen People" on page 65 of Book Three: Reveal.

TORI HILL

Tori's in her early twenties. Dark brown skin, hair tied back in a ponytail under a baseball cap, walkie-talkie in hand. She probably owns clothes other than her work uniform, but can't remember the last time she wore them.

Obsession: Protecting her crew.

All-Mart Worker 40%: Evaluates Helplessness, Provides Initiative (in All-Mart only), Substitutes for Pursuit.

Avatar of the Captain 40%*: See "The Captain" on page 98 of Book One: Play. (* obsession identity).

Not Going to Take This Shit Any More 40%: Protects Self, Substitutes for Lie, Therapeutic.

PASSIONS

Fear: (Helplessness) That no matter how hard she pushes, life drags her down to mediocrity.

Noble: Inspiring people to see their worth.

Rage: Wanton cruelty.

RELATIONSHIPS

One is provided, choose two more.

Favorite __%

Guru __%

Mentor __%

Protégé __%

Responsibility: Dustin 45%

Wound Threshold: 50.

Possessions: None of note.

Important Locations: The All-Mart.

Everyone on the night shift defers to Tori despite her relative youth. She blazes with competence and composure; she gives the impression that she'll be running the country in a few years, like you're watching the first stage booster burn of a very big rocket. She can feel it too — it's like something in her caught fire when she first put on the store uniform. Ever since she joined All-Mart, she's been full of this energy, this drive. She hears the corrugated-steel roof of the store creaking in the night, and it sounds like sails billowing in the wind; her mop bucket shines like a glorious battle standard; and that "shift captain" star on her name tag blazes with its own inner light.

The assistant store manager, Moses Pike, doesn't like her, she can tell. She doesn't know if it's because she's a girl, or because she's black, or because he fears she's going to burn past him, but she's right at the top of his shit list, and she'll have to be ten times better than every other employee just to keep her job.

You know what? That's not going to be a fucking problem for her.

Shock Meter	Hardened	Failed	Abilities	
Helplessness	3	1	Fitness 50%	Dodge 30%
Isolation	1	0	Status 60%	Pursuit 20%
Self	4	1	Knowledge 45%	Lie 35%
Unnatural	4	0	Notice 45%	Secrecy 35%
Violence	2	1	Connect 55%	Struggle 25%

MIKE SHAW

Mike's in his early 30s. Quiet and efficient, unfailingly polite, and seemingly tireless. He walks with a limp; he's missing his right leg from the knee down, and wears a prosthesis. Mike's unflappable — no matter what, he's seen worse than this.

Obsession: Finding his true destiny.

Phantom Destiny Syndrome 20%: Vague information (intuitions and feelings).

Survivor 40%*: Protects Helplessness, Protects Isolation, Substitutes for Secrecy (* obsession identity).

Veteran 40%: Provides Firearm Attacks, Protects Violence, Substitutes for Fitness.

PASSIONS

Fear: (Self) Becoming reliant — or worse, a burden — on others

Noble: Heroism. Mike puts his life on the line for what's right.

Rage: Headless, careless people — consequences matter. People who don't think about the results of their actions infuriate Mike.

RELATIONSHIPS

One is provided; choose two more.

Favorite Darby 40%

Guru __%

Mentor __%

Protégé __%

Responsibility __%

Wound Threshold: 50.

Possessions: Beretta M9.

Important Locations: The All-Mart.

The night before he shipped out to Fallujah, Mike had a dream — a nightmare, really. He remembers it vividly, like it's an actual memory and not a dream. How the grenade landed in front of him. How the blast lifted him, broke him. How his leg got the worst of it. He remembers the strobing shadows of the medivac helicopter's blades. That was just a dream, though. The weird thing is, he doesn't remember the actual injury at all: they tell him he walked straight out in front of a car in Memphis.

Like he was sleepwalking, they said.

The surgeons couldn't save his leg. He ended up at the VA hospital, learned to walk again alongside guys who'd lost limbs the way Mike now realizes he was supposed to. That injury was preordained, somehow — he knows that's true, it's true the way his phantom leg still aches. He dodged the blast in Fallujah, so it found him in Memphis. Now, his limping path has led to him to this All-Mart; if there are other predestined events in his future, maybe they won't find him here.

Shock Meter	Hardened	Failed	Abilities	
Helplessness	4	2	Fitness 45%	Dodge 35%
Isolation	3	0	Status 50%	Pursuit 30%
Self	3	1	Knowledge 50%	Lie 30%
Unnatural	2	0	Notice 55%	Secrecy 25%
Violence	5	1	Connect 40%	Struggle 40%

ANN PADDINGTON

Ann looks to be in her mid-40s. She's eerily pale, with big '80s hair and a clipped, precise way of speaking. She seems faintly surprised and horrified by everything, as if there's some platonic ideal of reality out there, but this universe is falling short. "Oh no," she says, "that's awful. Awful."

Obsession: Finding her origin.

"Ann Paddington" 40%*: Evaluates Violence, Protects Self, Substitutes for Lie (* obsession identity).

Clockwork Physique 50%: Concealed finger blades (unique), Provides Initiative, Substitutes for Struggle.

Not Human 30%: Vague protection (inhumanly resilient).

PASSIONS

Fear: (Self) Forgetting herself.

Noble: Emotional honesty — Ann loves people most when they're at their most human and vulnerable, and tries to reciprocate.

Rage: Heat — literally. Hot conditions warp the wax personality-records in Ann's clockwork brain, making her tetchy.

RELATIONSHIPS

One is provided; choose two more.

Favorite __%

Guru Mike Shaw 35%

Mentor __%

Protégé __%

Responsibility __%

Wound Threshold: 50.

Possessions: Her trailer in the parking lot.

Important Locations: The All-Mart.

Here are the things Ann knows: she woke up in the hardware section of All-Mart fifteen years ago. She's not human — there are pistons and gears beneath her "skin". Her memory is recorded on wax cylinders in her skull, and it's dangerous for her to stay outdoors during the day, or the heat makes her forget.

She went looking for her creator a few years ago. Never found him. She returned to the All-Mart and got a job there, figuring that he'd (she guesses it's a he) come back for her. At first, she just showed up there every day when the store opened and waited patiently until it closed around her — back before it went to twenty-four hours a day — but that got suspicious, so she ended up getting a job here. Sometimes, at the end of a long shift, when she's worked so hard that the effort softens the wax in her clockwork brain, she almost manages to forget that she's not human. Those are the best days.

Shock Meter	Hardened	Failed	Abilities	
Helplessness	0	0	Fitness 65%	Dodge 15%
Isolation	2	1	Status 55%	Pursuit 25%
Self	0	1	Knowledge 65%	Lie 15%
Unnatural	6	1	Notice 35%	Secrecy 45%
Violence	5	0	Connect 40%	Struggle 40%

DARBY CARTER

Darby's in her mid-20s. Does the employee dress code prohibit visible tattoos, piercings, or smelling of weed? No? Then guess what Darby looks like.

Obsession: Finding the truth about Stuart's death.

College Dropout 70%: Coerces Self, Evaluates the Unnatural, Substitutes for Knowledge.

Rebel 50%*: Evaluates Violence, Protects Helplessness, Substitutes for Lie (* obsession identity).

PASSIONS

Fear: (Isolation) Losing her friends.

Noble: Using her intellect and expertise to help people.

Rage: Small-minded people.

RELATIONSHIPS

One is provided; choose two more.

Favorite __%

Guru __%

Mentor Ann Paddington 60%

Protégé __%

Responsibility __%

Wound Threshold: 50.

Possessions: Laptop computer.

Important Locations: The All-Mart.

Six months ago, Darby was an anthropology post-grad. One night, she and her friend Stuart Walepeg came up with the then-hilarious idea of doing an anthropology field trip to All-Mart. Treat it like an expedition to some uncontacted tribe in the Amazon rainforest. Set up blinds and camouflaged observation posts in the homeware section. Watch these primitive, violent hominids in their natural environment.

They found Stuart's body in a ditch a mile west of the All-Mart. They said it was suicide; that he'd stolen a knife from the store and used it to carve symbols into his arms and chest, before he finally opened up his wrists. Shaken, Darby dropped out of college; she didn't know where else to go, so she stayed here. If there is something occult going on here, then maybe she's the one with the critical tools and academic background to find out the truth.

Shock Meter	Hardened	Failed	Abilities	
Helplessness	3	1	Fitness 50%	Dodge 30%
Isolation	1	0	Status 60%	Pursuit 20%
Self	2	0	Knowledge 55%	Lie 25%
Unnatural	2	0	Notice 55%	Secrecy 25%
Violence	1	1	Connect 60%	Struggle 20%

DUSTIN DRUTHERS

Broad-shoulders, broad smile, big belly, and balding prematurely. Up until recently, Dustin was generally considered an amiable idiot who'd be stacking shelves at the All-Mart until the day he died. Only a few people have noted the sudden intensity in his eyes.

Obsession: Getting into the secret world.

Nose for Magic 40%*: Specific information. Smell exostock and other magick artifacts, and can sometimes even guess what they do or how to activate them (* obsession identity.)

Occult Wannabe 20%: Casts Rituals, Use Gutter Magic, Substitutes for Knowledge.

- At the start of each session, Dustin can roll his Occult Wannabe identity. If successful, he's found a piece of exostock with one charge left. The nature of the item is up to the GM, and it only works once (twice on a matched success, a few times more on a crit).

Tougher Than He Looks 60%: Protects Violence, Provides Wound Threshold, Substitutes for Struggle.

PASSIONS

Fear: (Self) Dustin wants to have his cake and eat it — he wants magickal power, but not at the cost of his relationships with family.

Noble: Dustin believes magick can be wonderful, and hates it when people use it to hurt others.

Rage: Being treated as dumb or irrelevant.

RELATIONSHIPS

One is provided; choose two more.

Favorite Darby 60%

Guru __%

Mentor __%

Protégé __%

Responsibility __%

Wound Threshold: 60.

Possessions: All-Mart Uniform.

Important Locations: Dustin's family home.

In Dustin's life, there's before and after. Before's not really worth talking about — Dustin grew up here in town, got a summer job working in the mart, and now works there full-time. There wasn't anything to say about Dustin; he was a generic, mass-produced American selling generic, mass-produced goods.

Then, one hot day, he grabbed a bottle of cola off the shelf to drink with his lunch break. Opened it as he walked though the store. The cola was... ambrosia. Perfection. Like every fizzy bubble was a universe exploding on his tongue and ricocheting around his brain. The green glass grail. For about fifteen seconds, Dustin Druthers drank the soda of the gods.

Then this thing — he calls it Fat Slenderman — slithered out from between Aisle 16 (Plumbing) and Aisle 17 (Electrical Fittings and Screws). It grabbed the half-finished cola drink out of Dustin's hands with one leather tentacle, then drained the rest of the bottle and belched in his face before vanishing. Like it was pissed that someone as irrelevant, as unworthy, as generic as Dustin had dared taste that forbidden fruit (or carbonated beverage. Whatever.)

The experience left Dustin with a sixth sense for magick. Something guided his hand to pick that one special bottle out of the cooler, and the same gift stays with him now. It also left him with the deep conviction that the only way he can be special is by finding more of that magick...

Shock Meter	Hardened	Failed	Abilities	
Helplessness	1	0	Fitness 60%	Dodge 20%
Isolation	1	0	Status 60%	Pursuit 20%
Self	3	0	Knowledge 50%	Lie 30%
Unnatural	4	2	Notice 45%	Secrecy 35%
Violence	3	1	Connect 50%	Struggle 30%

Name: **TORI HILL**

Cabal: All-Mart Crew

Current Objective: Do a stock check on the weirdness of the All-Mart so you can get a handle on what's going on.

Distinguishing Characteristics:

Tori's in her early 20s. Dark brown skin, hair tied back in a ponytail under a baseball cap, walkie-talkie in hand. She probably owns clothes other than her work uniform, but can't remember the last time she wore them.

RAGE Wanton cruelty.

NOBLE Inspiring people to see their worth.

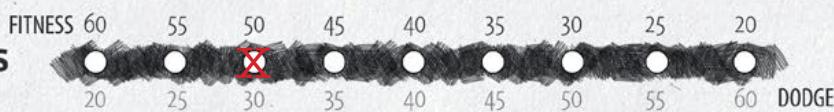
FEAR (Helplessness) That no matter how hard she pushes, life drags her down to mediocrity.

Dustin

45 % Responsibility (knowledge)

% Protégé (fitness)

HELPLESSNESS

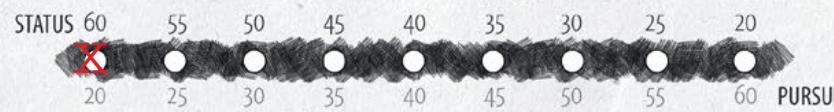


FAILURES



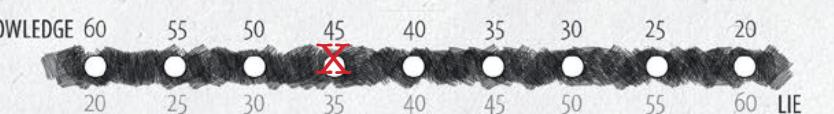
Defend with Status Attack with Connect

ISOLATION



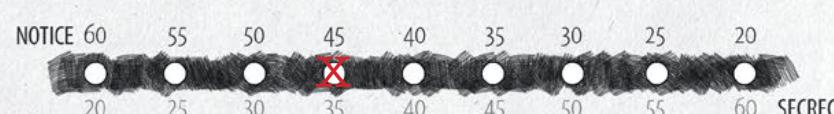
Defend with Connect Attack with Status

SELF



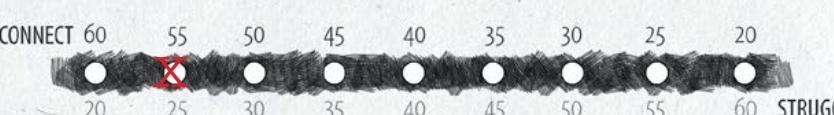
Defend with Notice Attack with Knowledge

UNNATURAL



Defend with Knowledge Attack with Secrecy

VIOLENCE



Defend with Fitness Attack with Struggle

IDENTITIES

I'm a ALL-MART WORKER

, of course I can

40 %

Substitutes for Ability: Pursuit

Feature: Evaluates Helplessness

Feature: Provides Initiative (in All-Mart only)

I'm a NOT GOING TO TAKE THIS SHIT ANYMORE , of course I can

40 %

Substitutes for Ability: Lie

Feature: Resists Challenges to Self

Feature: Therapeutic

I'm a

, of course I can

%

Substitutes for Ability:

Feature:

Feature:

I'm a

, of course I can

%

Substitutes for Ability:

Feature:

Feature:

WOUND THRESHOLD

50

00386

OBSSESSION IDENTITY

1a. Archetype

The Captain

1b. Percentage

40

2. Taboos

Reject challenge to authority, must agonize over crew, don't leave anyone behind

4. Channels

1% - 50%:

Always counts as a trusted authority when counseling one of her crew, can use avatar identity as if it had Therapeutic feature

51% - 70%:

3. Symbols

Stars, two bars, a sword crossed over a battle flag, usual captain shit

71% - 90%:

91% +:

5. Notes

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Form AVATAR G M5

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Name: MIKE SHAW

Cabal: All-Mart Crew

Current Objective: Do a stock check on the weirdness of the All-Mart so you can get a handle on what's going on.

Distinguishing Characteristics:

Mike's in his early 30s. Quiet and efficient, unfailingly polite, and seemingly tireless. He walks with a limp; he's missing his right leg from the knee down, and wears a prosthesis. Mike's unflappable — no matter what, he's seen worse than this.

RAGE Headless, careless people.

NOBLE Heroism, putting your life on the line.

FEAR (Self) Becoming reliant — or worse, a burden on others.

Darby

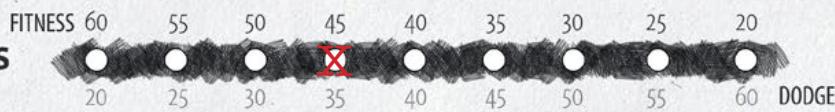
40% Favorite (status)

% Guru (notice)

% Mentor (connect)

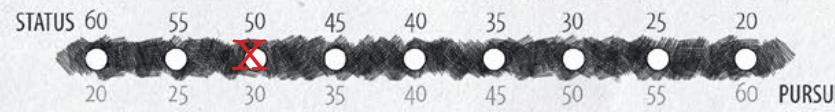
% Responsibility (knowledge)

% Protégé (fitness)

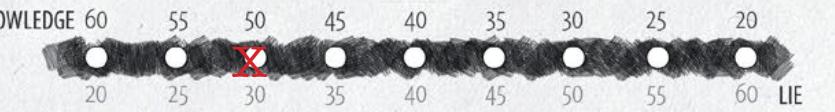


FAILURES

Defend with Status Attack with Connect

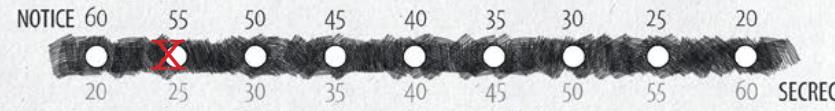


Defend with Connect Attack with Status



FAILURES

Defend with Notice Attack with Knowledge



FAILURES

Defend with Knowledge Attack with Secrecy



FAILURES

Defend with Fitness Attack with Struggle

IDENTITIES

I'm a SURVIVOR

, of course I can

40%

Substitutes for Ability: Secrecy

Feature: Resists Challenges to Helplessness

Feature: Resists Challenges to Isolation

I'm a VETERAN

, of course I can

40%

Substitutes for Ability: Fitness

Feature: Provides Firearm Attacks

Feature: Resists Challenges to Violence

I'm a

, of course I can

%

Substitutes for Ability:

Feature:

Feature:

I'm a

, of course I can

%

Substitutes for Ability:

Feature:

Feature:

WOUND THRESHOLD

50

OBSESSION IDENTITY
00823

a. Percentage 20

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2a. Vague Specific

2b. Harm Information Protection

3. Influence Versatility

4. Notes

Provides hints, clues, and insight, but no specific information.

Fumble: See something nightmarish, take a Helplessness (4) or Violence (4) check (GM picks) and describe nightmare future you're trying to avoid.

Matched Failure or Failure: Answer hazy, try again later.

Success: A hunch on your next roll and some vague insight into what is going on.

Matched Success: GM gives a giant hint, and you get a hunch for your next roll.

Crit: GM gives a giant hint, and you get a hunch for your next two rolls.

Form SUPERNATURAL 3

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Name: ANN PADDINGTON

Cabal: All-Mart Crew

Current Objective: Do a stock check on the weirdness of the All-Mart so you can get a handle on what's going on.

Distinguishing Characteristics:

Ann looks to be in her mid-40s. She's eerily pale, with big '80s hair and a clipped, precise way of speaking. She seems faintly surprised and horrified by everything, as if there's some platonic ideal of reality out there, but this universe is falling short. "Oh no," she says, "that's awful. Awful."

RAGE

Heat—Literally, hot conditions warp the wax personality records in her clockwork brain, making her tetchy

NOBLE

Emotional honesty—Loves people most when they're at their most human and vulnerable

FEAR

(Self) Forgetting herself.

Mike Shaw

35

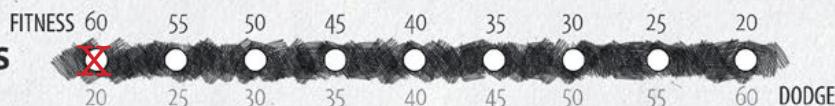
% Guru
(notice)

% Favorite
(status)

% Mentor
(connect)

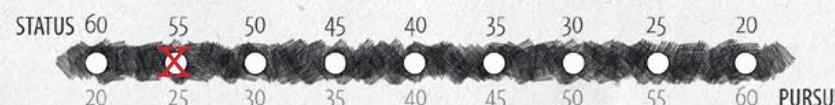
% Responsibility
(knowledge)

% Protégé
(fitness)



FAILURES

Defend with Status Attack with Connect



Defend with Connect Attack with Status



Defend with Notice Attack with Knowledge



Defend with Knowledge Attack with Secrecy



Defend with Fitness Attack with Struggle

IDENTITIES

I'm a "ANN PADDINGTON"

, of course I can

40 %

OSESSION IDENTITY

Substitutes for Ability: Lie

Feature: Evaluates Violence

Feature: Resists Challenges to Self

I'm a CLOCKWORK PHYSIQUE

, of course I can

50 %

Substitutes for Ability: Struggle

Feature: Concealed Finger Blades (unique)

Feature: Provides Initiative

I'm a

, of course I can

%

Substitutes for Ability:

Feature:

Feature:

I'm a

, of course I can

%

Substitutes for Ability:

Feature:

Feature:

WOUND
THRESHOLD

50

00823

a. Percentage 30

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1. Supernatural Ability
NOT HUMAN

2a. Vague Specific

Protection

2b. Harm Information

3. Influence Versatility

4. Notes

She's a clockwork person cleverly disguised as a human being.

This identity works just like Dodge, but Ann can also "dodge" poisons and diseases, rolling this identity's percentile to avoid the effects.

Form SUPERNATURAL 3

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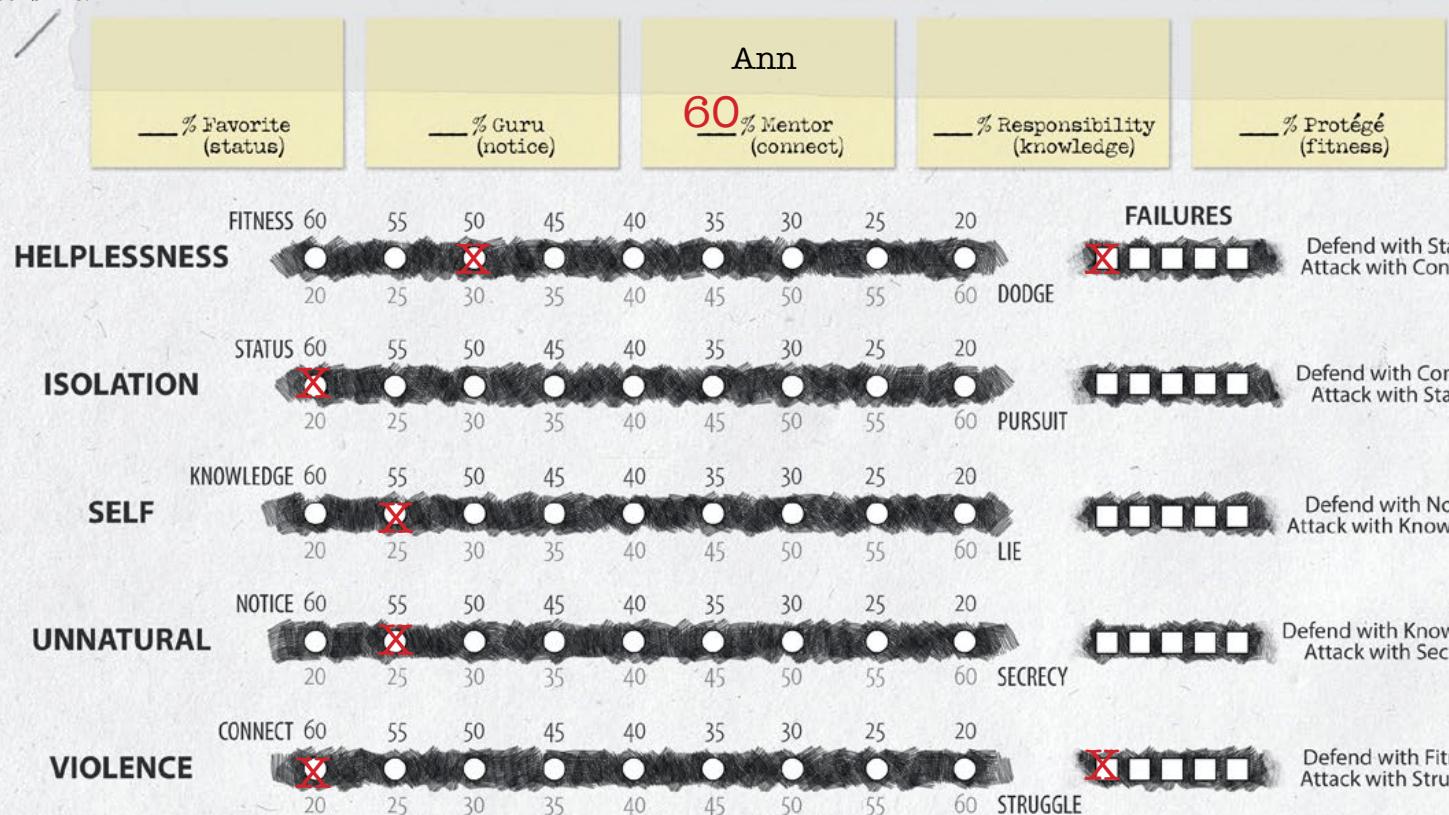
Name: **DARBY CARTER**

Cabal: All-Mart Crew

Current Objective: Do a stock check on the weirdness of the All-Mart so you can get a handle on what's going on.

Distinguishing Characteristics:

Darby's in her mid-20s. Does the employee dress code prohibit visible tattoos, piercings, or smelling of weed? No? Then guess what Darby looks like.



IDENTITIES

I'm a COLLEGE DROPOUT

, of course I can

70 %

Substitutes for Ability: Knowledge

Feature: Coerces Self

Feature: Evaluates the Unnatural

I'm a REBEL

, of course I can

50 %

OBSSESSION IDENTITY

Substitutes for Ability: Lie

Feature: Evaluates Violence

Feature: Resists Challenges to Helplessness

I'm a

, of course I can

%

Substitutes for Ability:

Feature:

Feature:

I'm a

, of course I can

%

Substitutes for Ability:

Feature:

Feature:

RAGE Small-minded people.

NOBLE Using her intellect and expertise to help people.

FEAR (Isolation) Losing her friends.

WOUND THRESHOLD | 50

00823

a. Percentage

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1. Supernatural Ability

2a. Vague Specific

2b. Harm Information Protection

3. Influence Versatility

4. Notes

Form **SUPERNATURAL 3**

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Name: DUSTIN DRUTHERS

Cabal: All-Mart Crew

Current Objective: Do a stock check on the weirdness of the All-Mart so you can get a handle on what's going on.

Distinguishing Characteristics:

Broad-shoulders, broad smile, big belly, and balding prematurely. Up until recently, Dustin was generally considered an amiable idiot who'd be stacking shelves at the All-Mart until the day he died. Only a few people have noted the sudden intensity in his eyes.

Darby

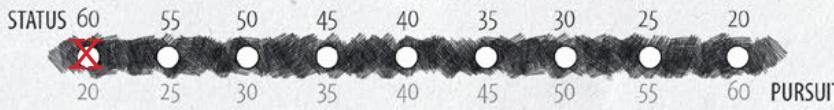
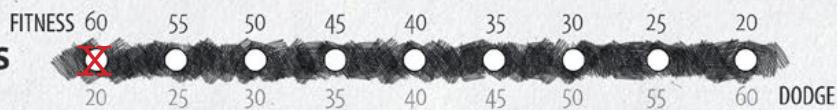
60% Favorite (status)

% Guru (notice)

% Mentor (connect)

% Responsibility (knowledge)

% Protégé (fitness)



FAILURES

Defend with Status Attack with Connect

Defend with Connect Attack with Status

Defend with Notice Attack with Knowledge

Defend with Knowledge Attack with Secrecy

Defend with Fitness Attack with Struggle

IDENTITIES

I'm a OCCULT WANNABE

, of course I can

20%

Roll this at the start of each session. If successful, Dustin has found a 1-charge piece of exostock.

Substitutes for Ability: Knowledge

Feature: Casts Rituals

Feature: Use Gutter Magick

I'm a TOUGHER THAN HE LOOKS

, of course I can

60%

Substitutes for Ability: Struggle

Feature: Provides Wound Threshold

Feature: Resists Challenges to Violence

I'm a

, of course I can

%

Substitutes for Ability:

Feature:

Feature:

I'm a

, of course I can

%

Substitutes for Ability:

Feature:

Feature:

RAGE Being treated as dumb or irrelevant.

NOBLE Believes magick can be wonderful, and hates it when people use it to hurt others.

FEAR (Self) Wants his cake and eat it too—wants to have magick but not at cost of his family.

WOUND THRESHOLD / 60

00025
OCCULT IDENTITY

a. Percentage 40

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1. Supernatural Ability

2a. Vague Specific

NOSE FOR MAGICK

2b. Harm Information Protection

3. Influence Versatility

4. Notes

Smells out exostock and other magickal artifacts, and even guesses what they do or how to activate them.

Fumble: Comes to the attention of some powerful person, entity, or force which now seeks to use Dustin's powers as part of a grand cosmic scheme.

Matched Failure and Failure: Nothing, maybe a mild headache.

Success: Smells out target with so-so clarity for about 60 seconds.

Matched Success: Smells out target clearly for fifteen minutes.

Crit: Smells out target clearly for as long as he wants.

Form SUPERNATURAL 3

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