

**Parishioner's Eyes**  
An All Flesh Must Be Eaten Adventure  
By James Wilber

I remember hearing Ned say, "Hey guys, I found some gasoline!" I turned to acknowledge his achievement and saw the zombie standing there.

You can always tell a zombie straight away by the eyes, at least after a while you can. Eyes that are rolled up, smoke glassed, looking at nothing in particular. Staring towards the sky like a Latino Jesus on a candle or a man singing a hymn at church--parishioner's eyes.

Ned was marveling over an antique gas pump attached to a rusty red tank. He couldn't see the zombie behind him and was too excited to hear him coming. I obeyed stupid instinct, lifted my shotgun to my shoulder, fired. I remember pieces of meat flying in a dazzling display like the Fourth of July coming from the man-eater's chest. Then the tank exploded.

It's a strange experience being lifted from one's feet by sheer blast power. I landed on my back, breathless, ignored the pain and looked up at the flaming mess. Ned was on fire, the zombie was on fire and everyone was panicking. Two of my party lifted me by the shoulders and carried me to safety.

A bit later, while the blaze was cooling, we sat around in a circle thinking about the events. Carl, our leader, looked at me and shook his head.

"You reacted; any one of us could have done it."

"I know," I replied shakily, but I didn't really feel that way.

"Well, enough loafing," Carl said. "Let's go see if there's anything left in the house. Wayne and Jim go dispose of the bodies. Sid, you rest a while okay? Keep watch."

I nodded in assent and watched Wayne and Jim go about their work. Now, before this all happened, the only things I knew about zombies I had learned from movies. I wish they still made movies. The whole process of killing them still terrifies me. Real zombies (and shit I can't believe I just said "real zombies", some days it still hasn't sunk in)--you see real zombies don't "die" if you electrocute them or shoot them in the head. No, they just keep coming. You have to destroy them utterly. The best way to do it is shoot them with something big, high caliber or a shotgun; then after you've blown off a limb or two (one leg and one arm considered best) you go up to them, and hack them apart with a machete. I've got a Museum Replicas broad sword that does the trick. The limbs will move on their own then, but they're pretty harmless. If you're feeling complete, wrap the parts up in a bag and bury them.

The two men on clean up detail flipped a coin to see who would have to hack up Ned. No, you NEVER get used to it. To the moron who just said, "well hey he's a zombie now!" fuck you, okay? I knew the guy's name and I knew his family.

You do get used to the mess though, just like working in a slaughterhouse.

I have had a long time to get used to it. The dead started to return to life about four years ago. I was twelve then. Of course at first, no one believed it, then it happened. Masses of dead started to walk in the cities. Armies of the dead rampaged across the countryside looking to eat human flesh. Countries started to blame each other, a few nukes got launched. New York is now a radioactive shit hole, but hey it was a shit hole before and I figure that's a hell of a lot less zombies to worry about now.

About two years into the plague the country shut down -- no law, no electricity, just chaos and the undead. Right around that time, groups of people like us started heading to the woods. They would find a good-sized farmhouse or an old factory, make it as secure as they could and start a life of scrounging and paranoia. We are the "saviors" of the human race. We'll never know what made the dead come back to life. I have always assumed it had to be something supernatural. Zombies just don't obey the laws of physics and biology. This was something religious, something cosmic, this was retribution.

We went back to Tombstone. That's what we call our little fortress-home: Carl is a big fan of westerns and shitty puns. I cleaned up and did the only thing that makes sense when you have a day that bad: end it.

As I was tossing in my bunk I thought about my Theory. I have this theory you see, that one-day in the distant future all of the zombies are going to rot away. Maybe the bones will attack us then, but the bones will turn to dust. Then the planet will be ours again and my grandchildren will know what it is like to run through a field of wild flowers without carrying a gun.

I had a reoccurring dream that night. I have this dream too often; it's something that happened to me when I was thirteen, acid etched in my unconscious for eternity. My mother died. She was hit by a policeman's stray bullet (not so surprising that I have a dream about stray bullets). We still lived in Cincinnati then; the zombies had us holed up on the North side of town. The National Guard made sure they didn't cross the bridges, but a few would get over the river from time to time. My mother was out doing wash. She got hit by the cop who was trying to save her. The dream really isn't about that though; it's about her funeral.

I won't go to funerals anymore, the whole concept of having them now is ludicrous. I dreamt of how my mom was tied down by old cord rope, tied down so she wouldn't get out of her own coffin and eat the mourners. The priest was a dignified man, a man of duty and inner strength, a real stupid ass he was. He said the last rites and passed the holy water over her in the shape of the cross. I watched in fascination, my mother's eyes followed the priest's hand as it went over her. She would lift her head and snap her jaw at the digits hovering tantalizingly out of reach. When the prayers were over, the pallbearers set to their grisly task. They hefted axes to their shoulders, my father first, and chopped her to bits in her own coffin. Catholic to the last, no cremation

for us thank you. I really didn't see much of it; the choppers were in the way, but I screamed and screamed as the blood and meat splashed up on the crew and those in the front row.

After the incident with Ned, the clan let me stay home for a while. It wasn't until two months later that I was asked to go on another mission. At times when we have enough food and such, a party would get together and go looking for another group of survivors. I don't know why we did this, instinctual I guess; we are communal creatures. I was going stir crazy behind ten-foot tall cyclone fencing and barbed wire. Carl could see that I wasn't enjoying my "rest" so he let me go with him and ten others, out to an old one-church town that was only two days' hike.

It was a good day, sun shining and birds singing. We walked silently through the backcountry, more fields and scrub then actual woods. Here's something ironic: you can tell, just a few years after, that the air is cleaner and you can see a bit further. No more cars and factories, makes me wonder if the whole zombie thing happened because Mother Nature was pissed off.

Carl was feeling generous so he passed out some smokes. It was positively pleasant, not one rot-head the entire trip.

We reached that small town in the middle of the afternoon the next day. We all got quiet and serious. A person is still much more likely to see a zombie the closer one gets to civilization, if you could call this place civilization.

As we passed the only intersection, I heard the sound of something small, heavy and metal hit the ground. We looked over to a used car lot, more like a vacant gravel lot with a dozen cars packed together. The cars must have been in sorry shape before; now they were almost rusted off the frame.

Considering our mission, Carl let out the universal greeting call.

"We're Human," he exclaimed.

No reply.

We spread out and headed into the car lot, making sure to stay out of each others' field of fire, seemed like they were giving me an extra wide berth. I peeked around the corner of an old Cadillac and thought to myself that I would have gotten my driver's license this year. Behind the car I saw two kids, frantically trying to work the magazine they had dropped back into a rusty, ill-kept and yet still dangerous looking AK-47. The kids were filthy, hair sticking up like Einstein. Now I know what authors meant when they said someone was wearing rags. It made me smile.

"You two should speak up when someone calls out to you," I grinned. "You could get yourselves shot by mistake."

Being the youngest in our group I figured I was the least imposing, so I took it upon myself to talk to the kids. Carl was right, there were people here, hiding out in the cannery on the edge of town.

The kids led us down the road and a nervous, filthy, assembly of people let us into their compound. It looked as if this group forgot what a shower was; they were really bad off. I thought to myself that they must have a water problem or, considering the poverty of the town we just walked through, maybe they lived like this before.

A man came out at the head of a delegation: a big beefy guy, wearing an old fur coat and tons of gaudy jewelry, gold just dripping off him. He walked up to Carl, stiff backed and chest out.

"Strangers, will you share a meal with us?" he said, as if that was the only thing to say.

I thought this was pretty fucking peculiar. What was this, the Middle Ages? I didn't get where this guy was coming from with his funny greeting and all, but most people left alive weren't playing with a full deck.

Carl gave him his official greeting in a much less official tone, "We don't want anything from you folks, we're just looking for others. We don't want to take anything that's yours."

This little sensible message told everyone that we weren't raiders scouting out some new prey, if they believed us.

"But we would appreciate dinner," Carl added, so as not to offend our host or his own hungry belly.

"Then let us go discuss as the women prepare food," the chief spouted.

Carl and their boss wandered off into the building to have their pow-wow. I couldn't help thinking what a fruit loop this guy was. The rest of us stood around like a bunch of jack-asses. Soon enough some of the strangers started asking us questions and my comrades; happy to talk to someone new obliged them.

I'm anti-social by nature so I wandered over to a stack of barrels and took a seat. I watched them banter about everything including the weather for a half-hour. Then one of their group spotted me and wandered over.

She was a pretty girl, even with her desperate need of a hairbrush and makeup. She said her name was Sara. She was just that right combination of shy and inquisitive. I guessed she was around my age, maybe a little older. I had no one my own age at Tombstone. We talked and talked about all those silly things. She made me at ease and I think I was happy for those couple hours while we were together.

The sun was setting so everyone was asked to come inside. It was an ominous place made of concrete and metal pipes, lit by torches nailed right into the cinder block walls. Footsteps echoed here no matter how much other noise you were making. The two kids that introduced us found me again. They dragged me with great enthusiasm over to their little space in the factory.

It was like an animal den, a corner of a room covered with blankets and garbage. The kids pulled back one of the blankets and revealed four shiny cans. They set the cans upright, stepped back, and looked at me proudly. I was wondering when they were going to open the cans and share something with me, when one of the cans made a little pinging noise. I jumped, they smiled. Another can rocked back and forth and fell over, rolling across the floor.

The kids started explaining to me excitedly that they had taken zombie fingers, sometimes a whole hand, and sealed them up in these cans, making sick and twisted Mexican jumping beans. Talking to the girl must have softened me up, because I

thought about this for a minute, repressed the urge to first puke and then strangle the little monsters. Just then someone called out; "Dinner's ready!"

Dinner was preempted by a lengthy prayer cum sermon. Their windbag leader put on quite a show, professing faith in the almighty and his thankfulness for being alive. The meal was pretty good though. All of us from Tombstone sat together. Conversation was lively with the natives. I must admit they have pretty good thing going here. They still have a ton of canned goods, a nice unperishable stockpile of food. It would make me paranoid.

After dinner the other folks socialized a bit, then their leader said it was time for the "Rite of Those Possessed by God." My bullshit meter hit the red line. "What the hell is this?" I thought to myself.

They all started lighting torches, the adults any way: I saw that Sara had a seat by the little kids. The chief stood in the middle of the circle, while the rest started swaying back and forth, humming amen, just like a good old Baptist revival.

The leader announced "It is time for our litany and creed."

He would pontificate the lines, and the others would repeat after him in unison.

"We do not eat the flesh of our own...."

"We do not suffer the dead to walk...."

"We do not make cities to the dead...."

I was getting the creeps. This was way too bizarre. Where did they come up with this crap? What would posses them to do something like this?

The ceremony continued. Some passages they read were from the bible, others I couldn't recognize. Carl and our bunch were looking like they were watching some native tribe do their thing on PBS. I was scared shitless.

At this time I noticed a few of their bigger guys were missing. When the crowd was worked up into a good frenzy they showed up. The men were wearing black robes; their faces were painted up like skeletons. They had with them a zombie. I could tell it was one even though its hands were bound and it had a sack tied over its head. I could tell by the way it moaned, the way it cried out in hunger.

The skeleton crew dragged it up to the chief and he promptly ripped the bag off its head. Of course the zombie immediately started to struggle, snapping its jaws in the direction of the nearest human. The leader then produced a knife, and I thought for sure he was going to put the poor thing out of its misery but when the knife came down it severed the creature's bonds.

Someone cried out, "holy shit!" It could have been me. This thing was loose in the middle of their circle, too confused by the variety of prey it had been offered. The circle moved in on it. Zombies don't get scared, this one just stood there. The parishioners descended upon it, tearing it apart with their bare hands. I could see its rag clothing being ripped, their strong fingers pushing into its soft rotting flesh. A blackish green blood oozed from its wounds, covering the attackers.

I ran. I knew that they were tearing it to bits with their hands. I don't know if they can feel. I know that some people will run over a stray cat in the road, just for kicks. Even after all the killing I've done I could not imagine killing with my bear hands, especially something that still looked human. It made no sense. Deep down in my being it set off an alarm that said, "this is against human nature." I couldn't bear to watch.

After the initial sprint I started to think about where I might be going. I couldn't go outside, wasn't safe and I didn't know the area. I found a deserted corner of the factory. There I curled myself up in a little ball on the concrete floor, trying desperately not to think of what was going on the other room. Try as I might my mind kept turning, turning back to the question of why people would do something like that.

I felt a gentle hand on my shoulder. I grasped my shotgun tight and tensed looking up at the intruder. It was Sara.

The only thing that could force its way out of my throat was "Why?"

She knelt down and put her arms around me. She was so warm next to that concrete floor. She held me for a time as I heaved and choked back tears, trying to look like a man and failing miserably.

She went and got us some blankets. She was beautiful in that torch light, dirt smudged on her tan face and tears coming down her cheeks. She was waxing apologetically on how "it was just their way of feeling strong" and how "it kept them together as a group."

I really didn't care anymore.

Now I was young, she was young. We have hormones and she was a pretty girl lying there beside me. We kissed gently, to help ease each other's pain. Then the inevitable happened. She was my first

A rifle butt jabbed me in the gut and jarred me awake. Sara was staring up wide-eyed at the circle of men that surrounded us and she clutched on to me for dear life. They already had my gun.

Standing over us was their big leader and his bully-boys. People in the background were screaming, mostly incoherently, though I could swear I heard the word "heretic" being shouted.

In minutes Carl and the others were brought to the scene. They still had their guns. It's amazing how scary these situations get when everyone is armed.

The chief talked to Carl and ignored me. He told Carl how we had "taken advantage of his hospitality" and "defiled one of the faithful."

There wasn't much conversation after that; we all knew that it was best to get the fuck out before anyone got too nervous.

We marched away in silence and made certain to get as much distance between us and that town in as little time as possible.

Evening came and with it some rain. We found an abandoned house and made camp there. Another cold night without anything to eat; nothing I wasn't used to. When we finally got settled in there was time to explain my actions.

I looked to Carl and said, "hey, I'm really sorry man, I didn't know they'd do that. It was just there, ya know?"

Carl shook his head, snickered a bit, and then looked at me gravely. "You should have known better. Some folks in these parts have always considered women property and still do."

The look in his eyes was one of understanding though. He just sat there, thinking, "I might have done it... if she had offered, I'd have done it," he said and drew off his cigarette.

That was case closed in everyone else's book. I think they were more jealous than angry. I couldn't let it go though. I kept thinking about the look in her eyes, like she was trapped. I thought about the sweetness of her breath. I thought about that warm, dark beautiful space between her legs.

I had another dream, sleeping on the couch of that abandoned house. I dreamt I saw three children, two boys and one girl, none of them over ten. The boys looked a little like me I guess, around the eyes. The girl was the spitting image of Sara. They were running through a field of flowers.

I woke up early and slipped off the couch, grabbed my gun and a little extra ammunition. It was before sunrise. No more electricity meant no more light noise, no pollution to smear the vision either. The stars were once again a wondrous canopy over the night sky. The moon lit my way.

I ran. I ran through the fields and down the rain-slicked roads of that old country town. I came upon the cannery, a brooding hulk in the dark with the smoke of a dozen fires coming off of it.

People didn't worry about zombies climbing much and the reason why I'm still alive is because I'm a sneaky bastard. I was over the fence and unseen in no time.

Sara must have been awake too. To this day I wonder if she had the same dream or one like it. She must have been looking out the window because she met me halfway across the yard, carrying a few blankets she was able to pick up on the way. I kissed her. We moved silently across the compound and started scaling the fence.

When we were halfway up I noticed motion behind me. The dawn was breaking; the guards must have seen us silhouetted against the fence. The guy was more inquisitive than angry; he was used to making sure nothing got in, not out.

"What the hell are you two doin' up there?" he asked.

I didn't have time for excuses. For the third time my stupid gut reaction made trouble. I looked back, aimed my shotgun, holding it out along my arm, fired. I hit him in the chest towards the right shoulder. He gasped and spun. The gunshot echoed for miles. I remember thinking, "good, hope the fucker becomes a zombie." We were over the fence before they could organize any more resistance but the gun shot made sure they weren't far behind.

In the afternoon we came upon my clan from Tombstone. They were searching the old barns in the area, looking for me.

"We're human!" I exclaimed as I approached, "Its me, Sid!"

They gathered around, most eyes on poor frightened Sara. Carl came forward, I could tell he was pissed.

"What the fuck are you doin', Sid?"

"I went back for the girl." I tried to say nonchalantly, "we better get out of here, they're looking for us."

"I know," Carl said, using that serious tone. The serious voice everyone listened to, the one that made him our leader.

"Sid," he said evenly and calmly, "you have to let her go."

"No! No, fuck that!" I yelled. "She's not going back there with those freaks!"

Carl didn't argue, Carl doesn't argue. "Then you can't come back with us," he said.

I just stared at him, my jaw wide open; the thought was too much outside of my realm of possibility.

"We can't risk it," he explained. "We already ran into a group of them this morning. They'll start a war Sid; they'll fight us. I can't let that happen and I won't. You have to go, Sid."

I stared at him while it sunk in. He was right, we can't fight the zombies and them. I couldn't put my own friends in jeopardy.

I grabbed Sara's wrist and I ran.

We ran on through the day and part of the night. I know I heard gunshots a couple times in the evening.

I found us an old firehouse and we made camp. Silently she helped me do the little things like take care of my gun and start a fire.

I sit here now, by this fire light, I have started writing this journal. More then ever now I want to make a record, leave a mark upon the world. Someone has to start this thing up again, maybe we had it all wrong the first time but we need civilization, I think its what were built for.

I have added a few things to my theory; it's better now. My theory is this: that soon we will find a nice old farmhouse. I'll secure it real tight and maybe do some scavenging. We'll grow food and have children. My grandchildren will know a world without zombies.

## Introduction

Parishioner's Eyes is designed to be run as a convention scenario for the purpose of introducing new players to the rules and concepts of All Flesh Must Be Eaten. This adventure can be easily modified for home use, perhaps as a starting point for a new campaign. While the game mechanics used may be "simplistic" (no zombies with special powers or imbued characters are used), the plot and the complicated themes of the scenario makes Parishioner's Eyes interesting for experienced players. This adventure should take approximately four hours to complete, about the length most conventions have for a single time slot. Pregenerated characters are also provided.

## Themes

All Flesh Must Be Eaten is a game of "survival" horror. Parishioner's Eyes examines this theme in depth, as the characters' actions not only determine their own survival but that of a large group of people, dependent upon them for leadership and protection. The adventure also examines how the demands of survival can change people, how the basic institutions and rituals we all participate in can be perverted by the horror of living in a world where the dead have come back to life, and how the insanity of fighting against things that should not live changes a person's character and basic beliefs.

Remember, there are no easy solutions in Parishioner's Eyes. There is no princess to save or lost artifact to be recovered. This is not a quest; it is a test, an examination of what could happen if people are forced to deal with a nightmare come true. Roleplaying is emphasized. How the characters deal with the various NPCs will determine the course of the adventure. For those itching for a fight, there is plenty of action as well but keep in mind that this is "survival horror," combat is quick and unforgiving. Characters will die if they rush headlong into the fray.

## Setting

Parishioner's Eyes takes place in the present time. Most of the action happens in and around the city of Cincinnati Ohio and its rural surroundings. For those unfamiliar with the geography, Southern Ohio is a hilly land, without any large areas of forest. Small farms dominate the landscape and rural communities, mostly linked by narrow two lane highways. The city of Cincinnati and its sister city Covington are divided by the Ohio River with six major bridges linking the two. Cincinnati is pretty much like most large old cities in America; it has its high rises and slums, shopping districts and industry.

Unlike real life America however, four years before the adventure takes place the dead started coming back to life and eating the flesh of the living. Humanity did its best to stem the tides of the undead but resources and manpower eventually ran out leaving all forms of government and civil society in complete ruin. In the first years after the dead started coming back, the Armed Forces were called out and an attempt was made to isolate the undead from the population. Small wars, ignited by countries blaming each other for the zombie menace, made things even more interesting. The Russian Federation managed to launch one large nuclear device, totally destroying the city of New York. Because the regular military was busy holding off foreign aggression, the National Guard was called upon to try and put a stop to the rampaging hordes of undead. Quarantine zones were thought to be the best solution. The highest concentrations of zombies were in the cities, so in most places the National Guard tried to set up a defensive barrier. The city of Covington was completely evacuated, leaving it to the dead. The Ohio National Guard fortified the bridges and kept most of the undead across the river, protecting the living in Cincinnati.

What was never counted upon was that dead started to form a sort of "communal intelligence". One by one the cities fell as the zombies bided their time and then in one mad rush, pushed out of the quarantine zones. Almost one year to the day that the whole zombie mess started, the undead in Covington overran the National Guard and destroyed Cincinnati. Now, the only humans left alive are in small isolated camps, far enough away from the cities to avoid the large hordes of zombies.

To this day no one knows for sure what brought the dead back to life. Lots of theories have been put forth but for now mankind is too busy just trying to survive than to stop and figure out what all this is about. If you ask the common man, it is apparent to all that the zombies defy some of the most basic laws of physics and biology, which leaves "the wrath of God" to be the only working explanation.

**Parishioner's Eyes Zombies**

**Strength:** 2                      **Constitution:** 2  
**Dexterity:** 1                  **Intelligence:** -2  
**Perception:** 1                **Willpower:** 2  
**Dead Points:** n/a            **Speed:** 2  
**Endurance Points:** n/a    **Essence Pool:** 8

**Attack:** Bite damage D4 x 2(4) slashing

Zombies must first grapple opponents. This is done with a close combat attack using brawling. If the zombie succeeds the victim is grappled. The victim may break free of the grapple on the subsequent round with a resisted strength test, with -2 cumulative penalty for each extra zombie that has already grappled him. Up to six zombies can grapple one victim at one time. If the victim does not shake off the grapple the zombie may then make a bite attack. This attack cannot be dodged.

**Weak Spot:** None

**Getting Around:** Slow and Steady; The Lunge

**Strength:** Dead Joe Average; Damage Resistant

**Senses:** Like the Dead

**Sustenance:** Who Needs Food? All Flesh Must Be Eaten

**Intelligence:** Dumb as Dead Wood; Teamwork

**Spreading the Love:** Only the Dead

**Power:** 28

As you can see, these zombies are not particularly dangerous, in as far as they have no special attack forms and have a difficult time even damaging opponents. What they lack in brute force, they make for in toughness; these zombies are incredibly hard to kill. Players may know that the standard method employed in taking out the zombies is to get up close to them with either a shotgun or an extremely high caliber weapon and blow off the offending limbs. This takes a total of thirty cumulative points of damage to either the arm or the leg or forty points of damage to the head, torso shots have basically no effect. After enough of the limbs have been blown off to make the thing harmless (it will keep moving after you blow off the head but at least it can't see you), a zombie hunter can then either hack the thing to pieces small enough that they pose no threat or cremate them. The limbs will still move on their own after they are severed, but the movements are only reflexive, no true danger but it is unnerving. Of course, all of this is dependent on getting up close and personal with the beast, which is the last thing a person wants to do. One or two zombies may seem pretty benign but a horde of them will envelop a group in no time, and forming a horde is what these zombies do best. They are not intelligent in any way, will never use tactics or even a simple weapon but they do have an eerie ability to work together, forming large groups to get the job done.

## The Characters

Following is the statistics and backgrounds for the pregenerated characters. If these characters are not used, the player's characters should at least be a part of a larger group of survivors that is now trying to hold out against the zombie hordes.

Attributes and Skills in parenthesis ( ) denotes the score used during the introductory flashback. Attributes, Qualities, Drawbacks, Skills and equipment denoted with an asterisk \* are not possessed by the character during the flashback.

## Character Name: Carl Werner

Sex: Male Age: 41 Height: 6' Weight: 169 Hair: Brown Eyes: Blue

### Attributes

Strength: 2

Life Points: 30/

Dexterity: 3

Endurance Points: 29/

Constitution: 3

Speed: 12mph, 6 yps

Intelligence: 4

Essence Pool: 23/

Perception: 3

Willpower: 3

### Qualities

Charisma: 4

Hard To Kill: 3

Nerves of Steel: 3

### Drawbacks

None

### Skills

Brawling: 2

Dodge: 3

Driving: 3

Firearms: Handgun: 3(1)

Firearms: Rifle: 3(1)

Firearms: Shotgun: 4

Haggling: 4

Hand Weapon: Axe: 2

Mechanic: 2

Notice: 3

Survival: 3

### Weapons

Type	Cap	Range	Damage	Bonus
Punch			D4xStr	
Kick			D4xStr+1	
Glock Model 21, Auto-Pistol				
.45	13	1/10/15/25/50	D8x4	x2
Remington 870, Pump 12 Gauge Shotgun				
buckshot	5	5/15/25/50/100	D8x6	
Wood Axe			D8xStr	x2
Knife			D4xStr-1	x2



**Background:** Carl grew up in a rural Cincinnati suburb of Seven Mile during the 1970s. In a town untouched by time, Carl did what was expected of the boys in Seven Mile, drink, fight and work on cars. It wasn't that Carl was dumb or anything, he just knew of nothing else but he did feel a need to make his life a little bit better than what he had handed to him and he used what he had available.

He went to City College for two years, but he came back when his father got sick and Carl had to make money for the family. He worked at odd jobs, fixing cars and other handy work. His jobs took him on many trips to the junkyard where he could pick up old wrecks, restore them and sell them to his friends.

Carl soon learned that the money was in selling cars, not fixing them, so he saved as much as he could and managed to buy his own used car lot in one of the poorer neighborhoods of Cincinnati. Things went alright but the bills kept piling up. It was hard for any man to make a go at business during the recession; he was in desperate need of an idea, something that would make his used car business special. One day, when cruising one of the regular car auctions he often attended to replenish his stock he saw it: A beautiful black 1967 Cadillac hearse. This car was spotless and had less than 40,000 miles on it. Carl couldn't believe how few people bid for the car, he himself had wondered what kind of people would buy a used hearse but on a lark he bought it and had it out on the lot the very next day. Within hours he sold the car to a funeral home director who needed a car quick. It was all the persuading Carl needed, a dream was born.

Carl's car lot now became C.W. Coach Sales, specializing in used hearses and limousines. He networked through newspapers around the country, his business was unique and he sold countless hearses to people everywhere in the U.S.. With all the money he bought the lot across the street and the lot next to him, plus a warehouse just to keep his entire inventory. He ran a parts store, service center and body shop. Old guys from Seven Mile came and worked for him. Neighborhood kids, attracted by the unusual cars, came there to hang out. Carl had a whole legion of employees and hangers on.

Then, the whole world went to shit.

For no explicable reason the dead were coming back to life and were eating the flesh of the living. In a strange surreal way, business went on as usual. After the initial chaos, some order was restored and a sort of stalemate ensued. Carl and his friends could only watch and listen as reports came in of rampaging hordes of the undead taking entire cities. New York was blasted off the earth when the Russian Republic, blaming the U.S. for the zombie plague, detonated a fifty-megaton nuclear warhead above Manhattan. Mankind was losing the war against the undead. The National Guard had the zombies holed up across the river in Covington but everyone knew it was just a matter of time until the dead, who outnumbered the living, would break through.

Slowly and secretly Carl selected a small group of friends who he wanted to come with him when he made a break for it. They collected weapons and supplies, waiting for the day when the zombies would make the big push across the river and the whole town would be overrun. Sure enough it happened, though things didn't go exactly as planned. Carl lost a few friends that day but he gained a few more on the way out of town.

The survivors found a large farm house far enough away from civilization where the zombies could at least be held at bay. Now, four years after the dead rose from grave, Carl has become the leader of this rag-tag group of survivors, in their fortress-home they affectionately call Tombstone.

**Image:** Carl is tall thin man, with blue eyes and longish scraggly brown hair. He has a beard and moustache that is thin and bear in spots giving him a pretty unkempt appearance. His clothes are chosen for their utilitarian nature, though he shies away from the camouflage and combat fatigues favored by the more militant types. His favorite outfit would be a plaid flannel shirt, thrown over a T-shirt and some old blue jeans.

**Roleplaying Hints:** You're quiet most of the time but you always give a friendly nod and a wink to let your companions know that you're OK. You spend most of your time in thought, thinking about how to have people get along better and what's the best way to survive. You usually don't share your thoughts with the others; you don't really expect them to understand. It's not that you look down at them but you understand that everyone has certain talents and being a leader is yours. This is not to say that you think you always make the right decisions but you assure yourself with the fact that you do the best you can.

**Equipment:** Glock Model 21, auto-pistol with three extra magazines of .45cal ball ammunition, 12 rounds a piece (12 in the magazine in the gun and 1 in the chamber making 49 rounds total). Remington 870, pump 12 gauge shotgun with 20 rounds of buckshot kept in a bandoleer (five in the magazine making 25 rounds total). Wood Axe. Three packages of the "Hand of God." When a member of the group is wounded beyond any hope of recovery and must be left behind; Carl gives them the option of accepting the "Hand of God." This is a package containing a bottle of lamp oil, a cigarette, a pack of matches and a small .25cal pistol. In hopes of committing suicide without later becoming a zombie the recipient will first douse himself with lamp oil, then set himself on fire, afterwards quickly shooting himself in the head with the .25cal pistol. The victim prays that the flames will consume enough of his body so that he cannot come back or at least not be a threat to the living. Under no circumstances will Carl let another member of the group administer the Hand of God.



# Character Name: Raymond Earp

Sex: Male Age: 67 Height: 5'9" Weight: 280 Hair: White Eyes: Brown

## Attributes

Strength: 2

Life Points: 35/

Dexterity: 2

Endurance Points: 32/

Constitution: 2

Speed: 8mph, 4 yps

Intelligence: 2

Essence Pool: 25/

Perception: 3

Willpower: 3

## Qualities

Hard To Kill: 3

Nerves of Steel: 3

Long Winded: 2

## Drawbacks

Minority: 1

## Skills

Dodge: 2	Running: 2	Brawling: 4
Driving: 3	Stealth: 3	Firearms: Handgun: 4
Haggling: 3	Storytelling: 3	Firearms: Rifle: 6
Language (Korean): 1	Survival: 4	Firearms: Shotgun: 4
Mortuary Science: 4	Tracking: 2	Hand Weapon: Hatchet: 2

## Weapons

Type	Cap	Range	Damage	Bonus
Punch			D4xStr	
Kick			D4xStr+1	
Smith and Wesson 4516, Auto-Pistol				
.45	8	1/10/15/25/50	D8x4	x2
Mossberg Model 500 ATP8C, Pump 12 Gauge Shotgun				
buckshot	8	5/20/35/65/130	D8x6	
Remington Model 700, Rifle w/scope				
7.62mm	6	50/100/200/400/800	D8x4	x2
Hatchet			D6xStr	x2
Knife			D4xStr-1	x2

**Background:** Raymond Earp (Old Ray to his friends) grew up in the late 1940s and early 1950s in one of the oldest and poorest neighborhoods of Cincinnati Ohio. As always, there was not much opportunity for a young black man but he had kept his nose clean and like most urban youth of that time he saw the Army as a way to get away and get a fresh start.

Ray joined the Army just in time for the Korean War. He excelled at basic training, proving himself to be the surest shot in the whole company. In Korea he was assigned to the first ever Army Ranger battalion, specializing in behind-the-lines infiltration and sniper duty. He was the first black Army sniper since the Civil War and the first black Ranger, not bad for a poor kid from Cinci. He even earned a Silver Star for holding back an entire regiment of North Koreans while Army medics could evac a battalion aid station.

A couple of years after the war though, Ray grew sick of Army life. Sure, he had made a good name for himself but there was little room for advancement; besides, he had met a beautiful girl named Lynn and he wanted to give family life a try.

Moving back to Cinci however, was not all that he had dreamed. Army Ranger training didn't give you many job skills. He was trusted and respected in his community but there just wasn't much work for anyone. He worked odd jobs, third shift assembly line, fixing cars, he even worked for a time as a mortician's assistant in a local funeral home.

Things were getting tight, he already had a baby boy named Michael and another on the way. Raymond had always been a churchgoer and he went to God to see if he could get a helping hand. If you ask Raymond Earp who was the one person who had the most influence on his life, he would say without a doubt the Reverend Johnas Ellington of the 1<sup>st</sup> Baptist Church on 52<sup>nd</sup> Street and Western Avenue. The Reverend knew about Raymond's job at the funeral home and knew he was just the kind of serious man needed to do a special job. The Rev. Johnas explained to Ray that the people of his neighborhood didn't really have a place to go to, to take care of their dead. They needed someone who understood their special needs, someone who knew where they were coming from. With help from the congregation, Ray opened his own funeral home and although the money was never great, it was enough to get by and he liked being a comfort to those in grief.

When a guy named Carl Werner opened a used hearse dealership just down the street Ray was his first customer. Ray would stop in at Carl's just about every week for cars and parts for his old fleet. Soon, he was a regular hanging out there to shoot the shit with the good ole' boys and neighborhood kids. The years went by, his own children moved out and started families of their own and life was good.

Then, the whole world went to shit.

No doubt about it, it was judgement day. The dead had risen from the grave to eat the flesh of the living. Raymond faced it all with a grim resolve; he had made his peace with God. Not that Ray wanted to become zombie food mind you, when Carl came up with the idea that they should all head out of the city and look for a safer place to stay Ray was all for it. In fact, he was flattered that he invited you to come along. Now, four years later, Raymond is looked upon as somewhat of an elder amongst the little group of survivors that followed Carl out of Cincinnati.

**Image:** Raymond is a big man, overweight, built kinda like a barrel with legs. He has short gray hair, he needs glasses for reading but his distance vision is still sharp. Old habits die hard; he dresses basically the way he has most of his life, though he has learned to ditch the tie. He is usually seen wearing old chocolate brown polyester slacks and a powder blue button down shirt.

**Roleplaying Hints:** After Lynn died about a year ago, you haven't had much to live for. She died one night in her sleep, a heart attack or something. You aren't sure if medical science could have saved her, if hospitals were still around but you are almost relieved that she didn't have to witness any more of the horror that world had become. Lately you have been wondering if you are dead weight, an old guy like you doesn't have much to offer to a group of survivors and you think that they may be better off without you. To make up for it, you have been trying to pass along as much of your wisdom as you can. You think about the Bible and how it says that in the last days those who are left on Earth are there to be tested to see if they belong in heaven. Lynn's death was horrible, they had to take her out and burn her as quickly as possible. Maybe the real test is this: that those left alive must keep their humanity, even though they are deprived of the basic human need to grieve for the dead. In your bed alone at night, sometimes you wish the Lord would take you, you've done you're time. You are not a complainer though and you are always looking for new ways to help the group.

**Equipment:** Smith and Wesson 4516, auto-pistol w/ two extra magazines of ammunition (one magazine in the gun plus one in the chamber, 22 rounds total). Mossberg Model 500 ATP8C, pump, 12 gauge shotgun w/ 15 shells kept in an ammunition belt (plus 8 in the magazine making 23 rounds total). Remington Model 700, Rifle w/scope w/ 24 rounds of ammunition kept in an ammunition belt (plus 6 in the rifle making 30 rounds total). Hatchet.

## Character Name: Ned Henahan

Sex: Male Age:36 Height: 5'7" Weight:165 Hair: Brown Eyes: Brown

### Attributes

Strength: 3

Life Points: 34/

Dexterity: 4

Endurance Points: 33/

Constitution: 3

Speed: 14mph, 7 yps

Intelligence: 4

Essence Pool: 25/

Perception: 2

Willpower: 4

### Qualities

Knack (Mechanic): 3

Hard To Kill: 2

Situational Awareness: 2

Good Luck: 3

### Drawbacks

Addiction (Smoking): 1

### Skills

Chess: 3	Computers: 3
Dodge: 3(1)	Electronics: 3
Driving: 4	Engineer: 3
Firearms: Handgun: 2*	Mechanic: 5
Firearms: Rifle: 3(2)	Notice: 1
Firearms: Shotgun: 3	Play Instrument: Guitar: 2
Hand Weapon: Axe: 3	Survival: 2

### Weapons

Type	Cap	Range	Damage	Bonus
Punch			D4xStr	
Kick			D4xStr+1	
Colt Delta Elite, Auto-Pistol				
10mm	7	1/10/15/30/60	D6x5	x2
Winchester 1300 Defender, Pump 12 Gauge Shotgun				
buckshot	5	5/15/25/50/100	D8x6	
Wood Axe			D8xStr	x2
Knife			D4xStr-1	x2

**Background:** Ned Grew up in a little town called Seven Mile outside of Cincinnati Ohio. It was pretty much a hick town but Ned liked it. School was hard for Ned, he was always a little “odd”, kinda off in his own little world. Things were even tougher because of his dyslexia, no one even found out about it until Ned was in high school, people just assumed he was dumb and his reading skills are still poor to this day. Some of the time people picked on him but not too much, in a little town like Seven Mile being dumb wasn't the worst stigma you could have.

Ned was good with math though and he was really good at fixing cars or just about anything mechanical. He earned quite a reputation as the guy who could build an engine that was faster than anything on the street. He never had the guts to race himself but he loved to build fast cars for his friends.

When Ned's elder brother's friend Carl Werner came back from college, he took Ned in and they worked together fixing cars and other odd jobs. When Carl opened his own used car lot he asked Ned to be his chief mechanic. One day, while Ned was fixing an old Ford pick-up, Carl came to him and said, “Ned, from now on we're selling hearses.” And that was that. Ned thought it was kinda odd at first but business really started to pick up after that. Soon, he even had other mechanics working under him and it was like a dream come true, Ned ran his own shop. Sure Cadillacs aren't race cars but every once in a while Ned would take one of those big old G.M. engines and drop it into a Nova or a Camero, just to see what it would do.

Carl's place became pretty popular with the local kids. They would come by to look at the cool old hearses and then would start to hang out at the place, talking with Ned about engines and cars. He found that he liked hanging out with the kids more than the adults, they didn't expect a person to be so articulate and they respected Ned for his knowledge. Ned felt pretty good about himself. He had a following, the kids would come by after school and he would help them work on their old beaters. He even learned to be pretty good with computers and put up one of the most popular NASCAR web sites on the net.

Then, the whole world went to shit.

When the reports first came in that the dead were coming back to life and eating the flesh of the living, Ned was scared and confused just like everyone else. At first, life went on just like usual, he heard about all the horrible things that were happening on the news and it seemed like no one could do anything about it. One day, Carl told Ned to get some guns and some food and keep it ready 'cause sometime soon they were all going to have to leave town and run from the zombies. Sure enough, one year after it all started the zombies swarmed across the river from Covington and all hell broke loose in Cincinnati. Ned and the rest of Carl's friends ran to the country. They set up their own little homemade fortress and called it Tombstone. Now, four years later, Ned is still the chief mechanic, though lately he mostly works on generators and fixing guns. Ned still works on cars whenever he can, though Carl likes to save most of the gasoline they find for the generators but every once in a while he lets you and one of the kids take a car out for a spin.

**Image:** Ned is a homely guy, about five foot seven with greasy brown hair and squinted eyes, with a cigarette hanging from his lips. His back is slightly stooped from being bent over the hood of a car too often and his hands and fingernails are stained with oil. He wears old NASCAR T-shirts and blue jeans, covered with a faded gray nylon windbreaker.

**Roleplaying Hints:** Most of Ned's responses are “yup” and “nah”. He doesn't have much of an education so he finds a lot of what people talk about pretty confusing. This is not to say he doesn't think about things; he often wonders why the dead have come back. Sure he went to church and all but he didn't really believe in an apocalypse. He thinks that maybe some crazy government experiment created the zombies or maybe even aliens but he still wonders why God allowed it to happen. Of course, whenever the conversation turns to cars you have a lot to say and can go on and on about the virtues of GM cars vs. Fords.

**Equipment:** Colt Delta Elite Auto-Pistol w/three extra magazines (one magazine in the gun plus one round in the chamber: total 29 rounds). Winchester 1300 Defender pump action shotgun w/20 rounds of buckshot carried in backpack (plus 5 already loaded total 25 rounds). Wood Axe. Tool Kit.

## Character Name: Jim Wilder

Sex: Male Age: 27 Height: 6'1" Weight: 200 Hair: Brown Eyes: Green

### Attributes

Strength: 3

Life Points: 39/

Dexterity: 3

Endurance Points: 29/

Constitution: 2

Speed: 10mph, 5 yps

Intelligence: 5

Essence Pool: 25/

Perception: 4

Willpower: 3

### Qualities

Photographic Memory: 2

Situational Awareness: 2

Good Luck: 3

Hard To Kill: 3

### Drawbacks

None

### Skills

Brawling: 2\*

Computers: 4

Dodge: 4\*

Firearms: Handgun: 3\*

Firearms: Rifle: 2\*

Firearms: Shotgun: 4\*

Hand Weapon: Chainsaw: 2\*

History: 4

Occult Knowledge: 4

Religion: 5

Research: 3

Writing: 3

### Weapons

Type	Cap	Range	Damage	Bonus
Punch			D4xStr	
Kick			D4xStr+1	
Colt M1911A1, Auto-Pistol				
.45	8	1/10/15/25/50	D8x4	x2
Heckler & Koch HK 512, Semi-Automatic 12 Gauge Shotgun				
buckshot	5	5/15/25/50/100	D8x6	
Mini-Chainsaw*			D10-1xStr	x2
Knife*			D4xStr-1	x2

**Background:** Jim was the little fat kid. All through grade school he was picked on and harassed. Because of this, he never really got into sports or other things that “normal” kids did, instead he liked to read and most of all he loved horror movies. His heroes were Bela Lugosi, Lon Chaney Jr. and Boris Karloff.

By the time he was in high school, his peculiar interests found other outlets as well, Death Metal and Gothic music. In high school he had a small group of friends, other outcasts like himself. He never really got close to anyone though, preferring to spend his time writing or watching horror movies.

When high school was over, he knew he had to get out of the small Midwestern town he had grown up in. He was very intelligent but because of lack of motivation his grades weren't very good, he had to settle for the University of Cincinnati.

He decided to turn over a new leaf. He threw himself into his studies and made an impressive 4.0 GPA his first year. His social life improved as well, he met Wayne Bacon, a guy who was into all of the same weird stuff he was and he also started hanging out with the Goth crowd going to coffeehouses and clubs. In the Goth scene, he found people who could appreciate his talents. With Wayne's help he started his own horror magazine and was invited to DJ at Goth clubs all over Ohio. As his popularity grew he needed a vehicle to haul all of the equipment around (not that he could actually set the equipment up himself, Wayne always handled that, Jim never could handle anything mechanical). He didn't want a truck—too redneck and a good van was way too expensive. If he was going to be a freak he might as well be the biggest freak he could be, a hearse was what he needed.

Wayne and Jim looked in the paper and found C.W. Coach Sales, a used car dealership right in Cincinnati. The place was amazing, row after row of hearses and Carl Werner, the owner of the place was pretty cool, he let them have a sweet '75 Cadillac for \$1000.

It only took Jim a month to wreck his first hearse, so he went back to Carl for another and then another. It seemed like every week Wayne and Jim were back at Carl's place getting something fixed or just looking over the new hearses he brought in. They started hanging out there, sure most of the guys who hung out at Carl's were rednecks, but they were cool hearse loving rednecks. It became common practice for Wayne and Jim to hang out at Carl's just about every afternoon.

Then, the world went to shit.

For no explicable reason, one fine spring day the dead started coming back to life. They attacked anything that moved, feeding on the flesh of the living. Jim went around in a daze. The college was shut down as the National Guard moved in to protect the citizens of Cincinnati. He gave up on his Goth friends; they all just sat around, either pretending nothing was happening or actually enjoying the end of civilization. He spent most of his time at Carl's; at least Carl had a plan. Carl knew that soon, the zombies would get past the National Guard who had them holed up across the river. Carl invited Jim and Wayne to collect up some supplies and join him in finding a safer place out in the country. Now, four years later Jim and the rest of Carl's followers survive in small rural fortress they call Tombstone

**Image:** Before the zombie plague you considered yourself a fashion victim, now there is no one you need to impress. Jim is tall about six-one with long straight brown hair and green eyes. The one good thing you can say about this whole mess is that you have lost a lot of weight, he is now pretty muscular. Jim is usually wearing black and gray urban combat fatigues.

**Roleplaying Hints:** You are interested in what everyone has to say about the state of affairs, almost to the point of annoying people with your questions. At this point in the game most everyone has given up on trying to figure out the reason the dead came back to life but you still want to know everyone's opinions. You believe that you may be the “saviors” of the human race and that the continuation of civilization rests in your hands.

**Equipment:** Colt M1911A1 auto-pistol w/ two three extra magazines (one magazine already loaded and one round chambered: total 33 rounds). Heckler & Koch HK 512 semi-automatic shotgun w/ 25 rounds of buckshot kept in a bandoleer (plus five rounds already loaded: total 30 rounds). Mini gas powered chain saw.



# Character Name: Wayne Bacon

Sex: Male Age: 28 Height: 5'11" Weight: 220 Hair: Brown Eyes: Blue

## Attributes

Strength: 3

Life Points: 37/

Dexterity: 3

Endurance Points: 35/

Constitution: 3

Speed: 12mph, 6 yps

Intelligence: 5

Essence Pool: 40/

Perception: 2

Willpower: 4

## Qualities

Charisma: 3

Artistic Talent: 3

Hard To Kill: 1

## Drawbacks

none

## Skills

Driving: 2	Brawling: 3
History: 5	Demolitions: 2
Mechanic: 2	Dodge: 2
Photography: 4	Firearms: Handgun: 3
Stealth: 4	Firearms: Rifle: 2
Storytelling: 3	Firearms: Shotgun: 4
Survival: 3	Hand Weapon: Hatchet: 3

## Weapons

Type	Cap	Range	Damage	Bonus
Punch			D4xStr	
Kick			D4xStr+1	
Smith and Wesson Model 29, Revolver				
.44	6	1/10/20/35/70	D6x6	x2
Colt M-16A1, Assault Rifle				
5.56mm	30	20/50/100/175/350	D8x4	x2
Glaser	30	20/50/100/175/350	D8x5	x3
Ciener Ultimate, 12 Gauge Shotgun (attached to M-16)				
Buckshot	5	5/10/20/35/70	D8x6	
Hatchet*			D6xStr	x2
Knife*			D4xStr-1	x2

**Background:** Wayne's Parents divorced when he was just three years old. His mother left him and his younger brother to stay with their father in the rural Northern Ohio town of Algiers. His father was a stern man who worked in the local steel mill and believed in "keeping his boys in line", in other words, beating them on a regular basis. Not wanting to spend much time at home, Wayne often visited his uncle, a strange man who kept a cabin out in the woods. Wayne's Uncle Pete was a Vietnam vet, haunted by his time in the war and obsessed with guns and survival. He taught Wayne all about the woods, hunting and to keep himself prepared for the day when society went to hell. Little did he know just how handy those skills would be.

Wayne himself though was not much of a fatalist and though he loved his uncle and the woods, he also appreciated art, reading and education, especially history. When he turned eighteen he was ready to get out of town and away from his dad so he went to the University of Cincinnati. Wayne found that he loved everything, loved just being in college. He started out as a history major, switched to art, then journalism, he wanted to learn it all and didn't really care about graduating.

At college, Wayne met his good friend Jim Wilder. Jim was a kid from a small town, who didn't really fit in, just like Wayne. Jim was into the "Goth" scene and even though Wayne never appreciated the fashion or the attitude he did like the music and the literary bent most Goths had. Together they started their own magazine and they both become somewhat popular in the counter-culture scene. Jim became a DJ and since he had a knack to totally fuck up anything electronic; Wayne volunteered to be his technician.

One fateful day, Jim decided that what they needed to haul all their equipment around was a hearse, so they looked in the paper and found C.W. Coach Sales and bought a hearse the owner, Carl Werner, the very next day. As old cars do, it broke down all the time, which meant that Wayne and Jim were at Carl's place all the time buying parts and just hanging out with all the strange guys that worked there. Wayne loved hanging out at Carl's, he always felt more comfortable around older people, because of his education he could talk about wars and other historical events like he had been there. Wayne became friends with Raymond Earp, a Korean War vet who also spent his days at Carl's place and he got to know all the other regulars as well.

Then, the whole world went to shit.

Without warning or reason, the dead were coming back to life and attacking the living. In a strange, surreal way, Wayne never panicked, he never got scared, he never let the horror get to him. He was a survivor. The government moved in the National Guard and they pushed the zombies back, keeping across the river in Covington, guarding the bridges so that none made it across. But things were quickly deteriorating. News reports came from other cities about the Army being overrun and everyone knew it was only a matter of time. Carl came to you one day, about a year after it all started and invited you to come with him and the others, to find a place out in the country because staying in town meant certain death. Now, four years later, Wayne and the rest of Carl's band live in a small rural fortress they call Tombstone.

**Image:** Wayne is about average height and a little bit overweight, with long, straight brown hair he keeps in a ponytail, a full beard and blue eyes. He is also a fashion nightmare, even before the zombie plague he commonly wore old torn up combat fatigues, T-shirts with weird slogans and ratty flannel shirts.

**Roleplaying Hints:** You are what some people might call an "old soul". You like to talk about history and you are a great storyteller, making it sound like you have lived it. You have a lot of respect for older people and you go out of your way to ask them for advice. You have always been an atheist and to tell the truth, you don't really care why the dead have come back to life, you are much more concerned with survival.

**Equipment:** Smith and Wesson Model 29 revolver, w/ 3 speed loaders (plus six rounds loaded: total 24 rounds). Colt M-16A1 assault rifle, w/ 2 extra magazines (plus one in the gun making 90 rounds total), plus two magazines filled with glaser rounds (60 rounds total). Ciener Ultimate, pump action shotgun (attached to M-16), w/ 20 rounds of buckshot kept in a bandoleer (five loaded: 25 rounds total). Hatchet.

## Character Name: Sid Marlow

Sex: Male Age: 16 Height: 5'7" Weight: 140 Hair: Blonde Eyes: Blue

### Attributes

Strength: 2 (1)

Life Points: 30(12)/

Dexterity: 3 (2)

Endurance Points: 29(17)/

Constitution: 3 (2)

Speed: 12(8)mph, 6(4) yps

Intelligence: 4 (3)

Essence Pool: 37(31)/

Perception: 5 (4)

Willpower: 3 (1)

### Qualities

Artistic Talent 3\*

Fast Reaction Time 2

Situational Awareness 2

### Drawbacks

Recurring Nightmares -1

### Skills

Climbing: 3(2)

Dodge: 4(1)

Firearms: Handgun: 2\*

Firearms: Rifle: 3\*

Firearms: Shotgun: 4\*

Hand Weapon: Sword: 2\*

Mechanic: 2\*

Notice: 1\*

Running: 3(1)

Stealth: 4(2)

Swimming: 1

Writing: 3(1)

### Weapons

Type	Cap	Range	Damage	Bonus
Punch			D4xStr	
Kick			D4xStr+1	
Colt M1911A1, Auto-Pistol*				
.45	8	1/5/20/35/50	D8x4	x2
Remington 870, 12 Gauge Shotgun*				
buckshot	5	5/15/25/50/100	D8x6	
Sword*			D8xStr	x2
Knife*			D4xStr-1	x2

**Background:** Sid was a pretty normal kid, maybe a little introspective but still pretty normal. When Sid was just twelve years old, the dead started coming back to life and eating the flesh of the living. No one knew why and Sid was scared simply because everyone else was scared. He didn't understand why he didn't go to school anymore, he didn't know what was going to happen, he didn't even see one of the zombies until four months after it all started, when his mother died. It took only four months for most of civilization to break down. No one had electricity and there was no running water. The National Guard had pushed the zombies back and they had them holed up across the river in Covington. Every once in a while one of the zombies would throw themselves in the river and manage to drift across. Sid's mother was down by the river washing clothes when one of the living dead crawled its way out of the Ohio River. A National Guardsman that was on top of a hill spotted it, fired and missed, the bullet ricocheted off a rock and hit Sid's mother square in the chest.

Sid's family was Catholic and the first time Sid saw a zombie was at his mother's funeral, his mother to be exact. They had her tied down in the coffin and after the priest said the last rights Sid's father and some of his relatives chopped her apart in her own coffin, to prevent her from coming back from the grave.

Things went down hill after that. Sid's father would disappear for hours at a time, out scrounging for food and necessities. One day, a year after the dead started coming back, his father never came home. After a couple days, Sid wandered out on his own, only now the zombies were crawling the streets. He ran, trying to find a way to get away from them. Just before the zombies surrounded him, a group of men pulled up and grabbed him off the streets. Those men were a group of survivors, led by a man named Carl Werner. They were on their way out of town, looking for a place out in the country where they could protect themselves.

Now, four years later, Sid lives with Carl and his friends in an old farmhouse turned fortress they call Tombstone

**Image:** Sid is the typical scrawny sixteen year-old kid. He is five foot seven with blue eyes and longish blonde hair that is always getting in his eyes. He typically wears T-shirts that are three sizes too big for him and old faded blue jeans.

**Roleplaying Hints:** You are quiet and introspective. Something about your nature makes you want to observe everything and everyone around you and catalog it for later use. You have a hard time really understanding anyone. You grew up with the zombies and it is hard for you to think of a world without them. Not that they don't scare you, you still dream about your mother's funeral on a regular basis. You have found recently that writing helps you organize the things in your head. You have started a journal and in a way hope that you can pass it on after you die so that people understand what it was like in the first days of the zombie apocalypse.

**Equipment:** Colt M1911A1, automatic pistol w/ three extra magazines (plus one magazine in the gun, plus one bullet chambered for a total of 33 rounds). Remington 870 pump action shotgun w/ twenty rounds of buckshot kept in a bandoleer (plus five rounds loaded: total 25 rounds). A museum replicas broadsword. Journal

## Synopsis

This synopsis is given so that zombie masters have a general idea about the basic plot line of the adventure. As any good game master knows, the players' actions can seriously derail even the most carefully planned adventure. A break down of each scene and the NPCs' abilities and motivations are given in further detail later on.

The adventure begins with a flashback where the characters will go through the events that took place the day the zombies stormed the bridges in Cincinnati. The characters are all sitting around Carl's used hearse lot when they hear about the National Guard being overrun, over the police scanner. Sid is not with them during this point in the adventure. While the PCs start making plans for getting out of town, one of Carl's followers approaches him and explains that the women of the group are currently watching over the children in an apartment on Baum St., just a couple of blocks away from the river. At this point, the characters will probably high tail it over there to pick them up. They will encounter a group of zombies and Sid running for his life. The flashback ends after everyone is safely on their way out of town.

Scene two begins in the present time. The characters are scrounging for food and supplies in an old farm house about two days away from Tombstone. They encounter a zombie there and hopefully avoid killing one of their own. At the farmhouse, they notice a large amount of smoke a long way off in the distance, coming from the direction of a small town they know of. Hopefully, the PCs will be curious about their new neighbors.

In scene three, the band encounters two strange, small boys in an old deserted used car lot. The boys lead them to a cannery, which has been taken over by another group of survivors. While the rest of the group interacts with their new found "friends", Carl is invited to have a meeting with the group's leader who is somewhat strange himself. One of the other characters also talks with a pretty girl named Sara, who is somewhat smitten with them. The characters are invited to dinner and after dinner, their hosts perform a bizarre religious ritual, which culminates in them ripping apart a captive zombie with their bare hands. During the ritual, Sara pulls aside the one character she is smitten with and tries to convince them to take her away from her "clan", because she feels what they are doing is wrong.

At this point the adventure can take one of several directions. The characters may decide to fight or bargain for the girl, the clan's leader refuses to let her go, believing the PCs to be unclean and unable to be with one of his "chosen" people. They may also attempt to sneak the girl out which has its own complications. In any case, if the characters don't take Sara with them, she will sneak out on her own and try to join up with the PCs.

In the final scene, the clan's chief is furious and hunts down the PCs in an attempt to get the girl back, chasing them all the way back to Tombstone if he has to. He is willing to bargain but the only solution that will satisfy him includes having Sara come back and live with his people. If the characters refuse, the clan attacks Tombstone, bringing with them an entire semi-truck full of zombies. No matter how valiant of a fight the PCs put up, eventually the zombies overcome their defenses and they are forced to flee, in hopes of finding a new home for their friends.

## Scene I: The Flashback

This scene is rather cinematic in nature, more description than action, its purpose is to set the tone and to give the players the realization of just what kind of world their characters are living in. Civilization has truly come to an end. At this time, go around the table and have the players paraphrase their character's background, letting the other players know what they think their characters know about them. The zombie master should also answer questions about the current state of affairs and some basic things the characters know about the zombies. Then inform the players that they are starting out in a flashback, playing through the events of the day they left town. Explain to them that they are sitting around Carl's used hearse lot, probably talking about the preparations they have made for the coming flight. After the players have had some time to do a little roleplaying, read or paraphrase the following text.

Almost as if on cue, the police scanner you have set up to monitor National Guard transmissions, starts going nuts. You hear several frantic soldiers, calling in all at once and it is difficult to keep up with where the transmissions are coming from.

"O.G. base, this is Stronghold One, over."

"Stronghold One, go ahead."

"We have a lot of movement here, I haven't seen this many of them in a while, lots of movement, over."

"What kind of movement S 1?"

(Long pause.)

"I don't know, but the rot heads sure seem agitated, over."

"Lots of movement here too, over."

"One at a time Stronghold Two. Stronghold One, what's their problem? They catch someone?"

"No, they're just kind of milling about sir, but there sure is a lot of them, over."

(Different voice.) "Holy shit! Look below! Look below!"

"Sir, we have a large group moving along the river bank as well, must be fifty... no... more... a hundred, maybe more."

(Sounds puzzled.) "Sir, I think they are trying to swim for it sir."

"Don't be stupid Stronghold One, zombies can't swim."

(S2) "Looks like they sure as hell are gonna give it a try!, over"

"Guard Base, Guard Base, this is Stronghold Three, we have 'em here now too sir, they're coming across. Holding position and opening fire."

(Several different voices) "Tango down." "Tango down!" "Tango down."

"Stronghold Three, how many? How many?!"

(S1) "Aww shit, here they come!"

(Voices now unidentifiable.) "They're coming across! They're coming across!" "Where the fuck did they all come from!" "Tango down." (Machinegun fire.) "Oh shit! Man down!" "They're too many of them!" "Stronghold Two, pulling back!" "Tango down." "Hold your fucking position Stronghold Two!" "Sir, we can't hold 'em." "Fuck me, where did they all come from!" "Two men down!" "Get back on that fucking bridge Stronghold Two!"

The rest of the transmissions trail off in a flurry of screams, static and machinegun fire.

Give the players a few minutes to get organized. They will obviously want to get going as soon as possible. Explain to the characters that they're more than just the six of them, Carl has invited some forty men, women and children to come with you. Once the decisions have been made read the following:

Carl, your friend Chuck comes running up to you. His face is all red and he is out of breath. "Carl, the girls have got them kids up on Baum St. Someone's gonna hafta go after 'em." He turns to Raymond. "Ray I think, your Lynn is up there with 'em."

Have Chuck explain that the women of the group have had to watch after the children all day since the schools have closed. For the past few days they have been keeping the children all together in an apartment on Baum St., so that they can take turns watching them while the others get ready for the trip. All of the players will probably want to go with to rescue the girls. They may also elect to take some of the other men with them. There are currently ten other armed men available to help with the rescue.

**Carl's Men  
Supporting Cast**

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

**Life Points:** 34    **Speed:** 10

**Endurance Points:** 29    **Essence Pool:** 14

**Skills:** Brawling 2, Dodge 2, Driving 2, Shotgun 2, Handgun 2, Survival 1, Mechanic 2

**Equipment:** Shotgun, Handgun, Vehicle (car, pick-up truck or hearse)

Use these stats whenever the need arises to have one of the other members of Car's band take actions or become zombie food. Some of the members of the group may have more specialized skills and it is up to the zombie master to determine if one of these NPCs has the skill that the players need. What is for certain is that none of the group has any skill in medicine, which makes getting hurt in any way a very risky proposition.

After the characters have gotten on their way, read or paraphrase the following description.

Many people don't realize this but one of the great things about living in Cincinnati is the view. Even now, after all the years you have lived here, coming up over the hill into the downtown district and looking down over the river still takes your breath away. The high elevation of the downtown area really gives you a spectacular panoramic view. Today, it looks like a scene from hell.

You see them, thousands, hundreds of thousands, piled up against the river. The dead, slowly but surely, making their way across. No, they can't swim but just like soldier ants, they are throwing themselves at the river en masse, until there are enough bodies stacked up for the ones behind to crawl across on top of them. It is an incredible feat of sheer, blind determination. Their hunger has driven them to it, their hunger for human flesh.

On the bridges you can see the National Guard fighting for their lives, trying desperately to stem the tide of the undead.

Then, suddenly, the loudest sound you have ever heard comes out of nowhere and you involuntarily wince as a shock wave shakes the entire area. When you open your eyes, you see a huge mushroom of flame blossoming over the river. You wonder for a moment what is happening, then you realize, they are blowing up the bridges. The National Guard is blowing up the bridges that lead to Covington, to try and stop the assault. You see huge pieces of concrete and asphalt fall majestically into the Ohio River, from what was once the Central Bridge. Huge gouts of water erupt as the wreckage hits the river. Then, another explosion, you grit your teeth and stare straight into the fireball. You feel like cheering when you see the L and N Bridge crumble into the churning water below. In anticipation you look to the left and your heart sinks. The soldiers have waited too long. You see the remnants of the Guard patrol on the Suspension Bridge being overwhelmed by the zombies. The zombies are streaming off of the bridge and flowing into the downtown area.

Your vehicle accelerates, as it starts heading down hill. Your view of the river is cut off by the buildings now, but you know they are coming and you are heading straight towards them, straight into the mouth of hell.

Once again give your players a few moments to roleplay amongst themselves. By now some of them may want to turn back.

The scene as you reach the apartment building is sheer chaos. People are running out into the streets carrying off their cherished possessions in boxes, suitcases and bags. When you open the car door the sound hits you, people yelling and screaming, the girls shouting down from the windows asking what took you so long and the faint pops of machinegun fire off in the distance, coming from the few soldiers still trying to defend the town. And you see them, zombies, shambling up the hill in that sick twisted limp-legged gait, their eyes rolled up back in their heads, seeming to stare at nothing but they are slowly, inexorably, coming towards you.

The players are going to face all sorts of problems extracting the women and children from the building. The building itself is an old four-story brick apartment building, no elevators, only stairs. There are a total of twenty people from your group, five women and fifteen children, in two apartments on the top floor. There are other people in the building as well, most of them are running for their lives but some of them will stop and beg the characters to take them with. This leads to another problem. Two hearses or pick-up trucks (the vehicles the characters are most likely driving) can hold all twenty of the women and children plus the characters, it's a tight fit but it can be done. If the characters brought only one vehicle or they pick up more people, they are going to need more transportation. Most of the other people from the building are simply running. Fuel stopped shipping a long time ago and the National Guard got top priority on what fuel did come into town. This means that any civilian vehicles the characters try to beg borrow or steal are probably out of gas. To make things even more complicated; there are fifteen children, scared out of their wits, probably running in every direction except the one the characters want them to go in.

Of course, the most immediate problem the characters face is the zombies. The zombies are still making their way up the hill and it will take them seven rounds before they can even start fighting hand to hand. The most likely scenario is that the characters will have most of their number stay below to fend off the zombies while a few of them go up and help with the evacuation. In true cinematic style, the evacuation will take, seven rounds, unless the characters don't send up anyone to help round up the kids, then it will take twice as long. Let the characters merrily blast away at the zombies, it won't have any effect, just let them think it will. Unless the characters come up with a really devious plan the zombies will reach them in seven rounds, there are just too many of the undead. While the characters are blasting away, impress upon them just how much damage it takes to bring one of these things down. Also impress on them the grotesque nature of their adversary.

After about four rounds into the rescue, read the next description.

Out of the corner of your eye you see something dart to the right. You almost start shooting at it, until you realize that zombies just don't move that fast. You see it again and you make out what it is, a boy, a small boy, probably about ten or twelve years old, running between the zombies. The zombies grab for him but he's just too quick, a nimble little kid; but as you admire his skill and grace you realize that it is only a matter of time before the zombies become too thick and the boy has nowhere to dodge.

This is of course, Sid, running for his life now that his parents have abandoned him. Hopefully, the characters are smart enough to stop shooting because any shot that misses has a chance of hitting Sid (make another to hit roll, if it hits allow Sid to dodge, if he misses his dodge... well, sorry 'bout your luck). If the characters aren't incredibly cruel and vindictive, they will help Sid. If they want to wade into the zombies and help clear a path for him that's fine but no matter what Sid will make it through the undead obstacle course and hook up with the characters.

Once everyone is loaded, it is a simple matter of driving off into the sunset, perhaps with a few zombies splattering against the windshield. The scene ends as the characters make their way out of town.



## Scene II: The Daily Scrounge

This scene gives an example of what the characters do in their day to day and gives them an opportunity to discover their new neighbors. If any characters died in the first part, they will need replacements, there are two ways you can go about doing this. First, they can either pick a template from the rulebook or use the statistics given to them from their previous character. Then, give the player a few minutes to think of an appropriate name and background. Tell the player that their new character is another member of the same group of survivors that left Cincinnati together with Carl. If at any point later in the adventure a player has his or her character die, use the same method and introduce the new character in the next scene.

The scene begins with the characters exploring an abandoned house, searching for food and supplies. Once again, the characters may elect to have other members of their band besides the six P.C.s, join them on their foray. Tell the characters before the scene begins that they are out scrounging the abandoned homes near their base and ask if they brought anyone else along with them. They can bring up to four others with them, the rest need to stay behind and guard Tombstone.

To begin the scene, read the following description.

You are two days out from Tombstone and are once again scrounging through abandoned houses to find the necessities of life. Your group still hasn't gotten the knack of farming so your food supplies have to be supplemented with whatever old canned goods you can find in the many deserted houses out in the country. "Thank God for Campbell's Soup." All of the houses closer to your base have already been looted and you find that you have to go further and further out every time.

You are now searching through a nice two-story farmhouse with an old red pole-barn out back. You have seen only about a half dozen zombies so far on your trip, nothing you couldn't take care of. The house you are in now seems totally abandoned, neither the owners nor their corpses are anywhere to be seen.

Let the characters go through the motions of searching the house. The only useful things they will find are some canned goods in the cupboards, a box of twenty shotgun shells in the basement and some old clothes that are about Raymond's size and style. There are two important things that will happen to the characters while searching the house. The first thing is, one of the characters will notice a large amount of smoke off in the distance. It is the kind of smoke indicative of campfires. The first person to notice the smoke will probably be someone searching the upstairs of the house that happens to look outside one of the windows; it is easier to see the smoke from this height. No matter what happens, make sure someone notices the smoke. The characters know that there is a small town in the direction that the smoke is coming from and that it is possible that there are survivors there. The second important incident in this scene happens when one of the characters decides to search the barn.

There is nothing of much use in the barn itself but around back of the barn is a gas pump, the kind farmers usually have to fill their tractors and other farm equipment. The storage tank for the pump is above ground, set up on cinder blocks right next to the pump. The nozzle on the gas pump is locked but the lock is old and rusty, let the characters know that it looks like it might give if they hit it a few times. (And yes... the keys for the gas pump are hanging from a nail in the basement.) While one of the characters is examining the pump (Ned would be the perfect choice for this), a lone zombie comes strolling out from behind the tank. The character that is examining the pump will be totally oblivious of the creature stalking him, but any character nearby will see it. This is where the fun comes in, if the characters just start shooting, they have a good chance of rupturing the tank and blowing up anyone near it to kingdom come. If a shotgun is used on the zombie, stray pellets will hit the tank, no matter if the zombie was hit or not. If another type of weapon is used, like a pistol or a rifle, any shot that misses has an equal chance of hitting the tank. Roll a separate to-hit roll against a normal difficulty, if it succeeds the character has hit the tank. If the bullet hits or stray pellets from a shotgun, roll damage on the tank. If it takes more than twenty points of damage, gasoline sprays out, it ignites on the cigarette hanging from the character's lips and then you have a big boom. Any character standing within ten feet of the gas tank is probably dead, go ahead a roll damage if it makes you feel better (D8x12). Chances are, even if the character survives, Carl will be administering the "Hand of God". Let this be a lesson to all zombie hunters who start shooting at anything that moves.

The important thing about this scene is the smoke the characters see in the distance. If the characters seem reluctant to go check it out, remind them that whomever it is could be raiders, bent on sacking Tombstone, or the group may have a doctor to spare, something the character's group desperately needs.

**Scene III: Emissaries**

If the characters wish, they may stop back at Tombstone to pick up supplies and replacements for any of the characters that may have died. Eventually, finding the source of the smoke spotted in the previous scene will take them down the main road to the town of Keeler, Ohio. Read or paraphrase the description to the characters.

The three day walk is surprisingly pleasant. Sunshine and mild temperatures make it seem like a Sunday stroll, and soon you are talking amongst yourselves, forgetting all of your troubles.

By late afternoon of the third day, you reach the small town that the smoke is coming from. It is pretty typical of the rural communities in this area. Farm houses dot the landscape, and at the only intersection in the town are a church, a bar, and a gas station. The smoke seems to be coming from someplace about a mile up the road, over the next hill. On the right side of the road, a few yards from the intersection there is a used car lot. The lot is a primitive affair, basically a small gravel parking lot with about a dozen old cars, mostly rusting off the frame, arranged in rows of four.

The talking stops as everyone goes on alert. It is still much more likely to encounter a zombie close to civilization, not that this place could really be called "civilization".

As you pass the car lot, you hear the skitter of gravel, sliding under foot and a soft "clank-thump" as if something heavy and metal was just dropped.

Hiding amongst the used cars is two young boys who live with the group in the cannery up the road. They haven't seen strangers for some time and are not quite sure what to do. Presently, they are trying to reinsert the magazine into their old rusted AK-47 which they had dropped.

**Rod and Todd**

**Strength:** 1                    **Constitution:** 2  
**Dexterity:** 2                **Intelligence:** 1  
**Perception:** 2              **Willpower:** 1  
**Life Points:** 22    **Speed:** 8  
**Endurance Points:** 17 **Essence Pool:** 9  
**Skills:** Brawling 2, Dodge 2, Driving 2, Shotgun 1, Assault Rifle 1  
**Equipment:** Old, rusted, beat-up AK-47

Both Rod and Todd have the same stats. They are both very skittish, almost feral in their manner. They don't talk much, most of their communication is in grunts, nods and gestures.

If the characters call out to ask who is there (testing to see if it a zombie) they get no response. When they go to investigate the noise, they discover two ten year old boys kneeling on the ground behind one of the cars, struggling to put the magazine back into their rifle.

The boys look almost identical, wearing grimy white T-shirts and cut off blue jeans. Their faces are tan and their hair totally unkempt, sticking up in tangles and greasy knots.

If the boys are threatened in any way they are prepared to defend themselves. It takes them a round to put the magazine back in place and start shooting with their abused but still functioning gun. Of course, the players can probably mow them down, hopefully they will be a little more civilized.

If the boys are not threatened at all (this includes not pointing any guns at them), they eventually calm down. They will not speak unless spoken to, and will react the best to the least threatening member of the group (probably Sid). The boys tell the characters that they come from a "big" group that lives in an old factory down the road. They offer to take the characters there and introduce them to the leader, whom they refer to as their "Chief".

Remember, the boys don't talk much and it will take some prodding to get them to relay all of this information.

## Scene IV: Meeting the Neighbors

Read the following description, changing details as necessary.

You walk silently down the deserted road, following the two boys. The road leads past an old cemetery, the tombstones cracked and weathered, grass and vines twisted around gnarled old trees. You know that it is impossible for the corpses to dig their way out of the graves, but it gives you the chills just the same. You imagine that somewhere under the heavy soil are hundreds of zombies, clawing at their coffins trying to get free.

Up in the distance you see the source of the smoke, a deserted old factory surrounded by a ten foot chain link fence. The smoke is coming out of the open windows and vents in the ceiling, probably cooking fires and light sources burning inside.

You shuffle up to the gate unceremoniously, where you are greeted by a group of about five men, each of them dirty and unkempt, wearing old T-shirts and blue jeans and carrying a shotgun. They see the boys with you and let you through the gate without a word.

A crowd starts to gather, men, women, and children, all of them dirty and savage looking. They give your group a wide berth as you walk through the old parking lot, the men leading you stop before you enter the building. The other people mostly just stare, others whisper amongst themselves but none of them stop to address your group.

A couple of minutes later a man walks out, surrounded by a dozen well-armed men. He is tall, with an enormous girth, wearing a long, brown, matted fur coat, draped over his shoulders. Around his neck are what must be over a dozen, thick, gold chains. He stops right in front of you and asks.

“Which one of you is your leader?”

After the characters decide who is going to represent them read on

The chief sticks his chest out and says. “I am chief amongst these people. We will go discuss as the women prepare food, come.”

The leader and his men take Carl into the building while the rest of your party is left to stand outside, the strange group staring at them.

None of the other characters will be allowed to go with Carl. If the characters seem skittish about this remind them that the group has yet to try and take their weapons away from them and even if they did want to start a fight the characters are seriously outgunned. If Carl refuses to go the Chief seems insulted by his decision and does his best to assure him that they would not hurt a guest.

### The Chief

**Strength:** 4

**Constitution:** 4

**Dexterity:** 3

**Intelligence:** 3

**Perception:** 3

**Willpower:** 4

**Life Points:** 42    **Speed:** 14

**Endurance Points:** 56    **Essence Pool:** 21

**Qualities:** Charisma 3, Hard to Kill 5, Nerves of Steel 3, Situational Awareness 2

**Drawbacks:** Cruel 1, Delusions (Prejudice 1, Delusions of Grandeur 2, Weird Delusions 1), Honorable 1, Paranoid 2, Zealot 3

**Skills:** Brawling 3, Dodge 4, Shotgun 4, Handgun 4, Rifle 4, Survival 3, Intimidation 5, Rituals 3, Storytelling 4

**Equipment:** Just about anything he wants, within reason. He is always carrying two gold plated .45 revolvers.

As is probably obvious by his list of Drawbacks, this guy is all messed up. He believes that he alone can lead his people and without him they would not survive. Unfortunately, being the biggest, toughest, most charismatic bully in the group, all of his people believe him and are fanatically loyal.

Before the rise of the dead the Chief was a hellfire and brimstone Baptist minister. He truly believed in a God of retribution and the dead coming back to life only reinforced his ideas. He believes that he is a modern day Moses, destined to lead his people into the Promised Land. He's not quite sure what that is yet, but he is certain God will show him the way.

As well as being the representative and decision maker for this group, he is also the spiritual leader. He preaches a strange litany of beliefs, Old Testament sensibilities mixed in with a strange code of ethics concerning the zombies and how humans should interact with them (see Scene V: Guess Who's Coming To Dinner). He believes that his people are the “Chosen Ones” and that only those who share their beliefs are truly worthy. He is not actually seeking converts or going on a Holy Crusade, he simply believes that all others are inferior heathens.

When roleplaying the Chief keep in mind that he finds most people insignificant and he is totally nuts. He speech pattern is like a combination Hollywood Indian and old style Baptist preacher. His conversations are more like speeches, most of them starting with “God told me.”

The Chief takes Carl on a little tour of the factory, showing them the living spaces and such. All the while he gives Carl speeches on the superiority of their clan, how they are blessed by God and how they are his Chosen.

The tour ends up in the warehouse part of the factory, where they have stack after stack of canned goods: juice, vegetables, pie filling and apple sauce, not a very wide selection, but plenty of it. This should get Carl's mouth watering; if they could set up a system of trade with these people, Carl's group would be much better off. Of course, they would have to deal with wackos, but they seem friendly enough. Let Carl and the Chief have a nice conversation. The Chief is open to the possibility of trade but doesn't want to work out the details just yet. He invites Carl and his men to dinner and then allows him to rejoin the party.

Meanwhile, while Carl is having his meeting, the characters outside get to interact with the natives. They are shy at first, starting out their conversations with comments about the weather and other trivialities. These people are actually just curious and are happy to have someone new to talk to. They won't answer any probing questions though, about their Chief or their defenses, they just want some idle banter.

While this is going on Sid (or if Sid is dead, one of the younger members of the group like Wayne or Jim), is approached by a pretty young girl named Sara.

**Sara**

**Strength:** 2                      **Constitution:** 4  
**Dexterity:** 4                    **Intelligence:** 2  
**Perception:** 3                  **Willpower:** 4  
**Life Points:** 34    **Speed:** 16  
**Endurance Points:** 35 **Essence Pool:** 19  
**Qualities:** Attractiveness 1  
**Skills:** Dodge 2, Shotgun 1, Survival 3, Climbing 2, First Aid 1, Stealth 3  
**Equipment:** None

Sara is perhaps the toughest roleplaying challenge for the Zombie Master in this adventure. Unlike the other NPCs, who are either insane or fanatics, Sara's motivations and beliefs are complicated and very human.

She is seventeen years old, with long light brown hair and blue eyes, very thin and tan with the face of someone who is used to hardship. Even though she suffers from a lack of good grooming like the rest of her clan, she is pretty and has an innocent charm. Like Sid, she was very young when the zombies plague started but she still remembers what life was like before. Something in her knows that what her people believe is wrong and that life doesn't have to be this way. She doesn't mean her fellow clan members any harm but she is desperately looking for a way out. This is where the characters come in.

It is up to you as the Zombie Master to play Sara in such a way that the characters (or at least on of the characters) want to help her.

At the start of the conversation she is very shy but at the same time curious about the characters. She senses a sort of "decency" in them and as is natural for a girl her age, finds her chosen character attractive. There is no one else in her group that is her age, most children didn't make it through the rise of the zombies so most are either older or were born after the zombies came to life. Let the character roleplay with her for a while, hopefully being smitten by the pretty young girl.

At the same time that Sid is approached by Sara, Rod and Todd, the two boys the characters met on the road, approach two members of the party (Wayne and Jim work well for this). Without explanation, they lead the two characters into the cannery, going through twisting passages, in between the hulks of rotting machinery and make shift living quarters. Relay the description to the characters

The kids lead you to what seems to be a little used portion of the factory; a dark, dank corner, all the way in the back. The place reminds you of an animal den; piles of dirty blankets are strewn about, along with scraps of paper, dirty dishes and little pieces of junk. A wet, fetid smell permeates the place.

The children smile at you, they start searching through their blankets until they pull out a half-dozen shiny, unlabeled cans of various sizes, some of them must have been the huge cans used by restaurant or cafeterias.

They set the cans up right, in a little row across the floor, then stand back, looking up at you in expectation.

You are puzzled at first, wondering what the kids expect you to do, then a little pinging noise grabs your attention. You look at the cans and see one of them scoot, just an inch across the floor. The other cans start to ping and rattle, one of the big ones tips over and rolls across the floor right at your feet.

The boys give you the biggest grin you've ever seen.

When asked, the boys explain to the PCs, that they have taken bits of zombies, mostly fingers, but sometimes a hand or a foot and have sealed them in the cans. This should of course, bring a strong reaction from the characters. Just when the boys finish there explanation however, someone calls out "dinner's ready!" and they run off to join the rest of the group.

## Scene V: Guess Who's Coming To Dinner

After the characters have had their little encounters with the strange people who live here, they are all led into a large open room where women are serving up bowls of hot food to everyone. The characters are served a tasty stew made from game meat and canned vegetables, it's actually pretty good compared to what they are used to.

Before the characters get a chance to dig in though the Chief steps forward to lead a group prayer.

The Chief comes forward, chest out, standing in the middle of the dark, smoke filled room. Flickering lights, from torches that have been nailed into the concrete walls, dance across the room, making huge shadows. No one has touched their food yet and they look at the Chief expectantly.

"We thank you Lord, for once again allowing us to eat in your presence," he begins.

"We, your chosen people, who have been spared your wrath so that we may witness your glory, thank you for this meal."

"Just like in olden days, in the time of Noah, you sent a great flood to wash the sinners from the Earth, so now your divine plan is once again fulfilled. You have kept your promise Lord, for there shall be no flood. The sinners themselves shall be the instrument of your wrath and as your divine messengers they shall be kept sacred. Amen"

The others repeat his amen and begin to eat but the Chief watches you and smiles until you start your meal.

The Chief finds a seat separate from the characters and they are left once again to talk with the others. Sara watches Sid from afar, as she is sitting with the children that are here. A short time after dinner, just as the characters have started to relax again, without a cue the people begin to stand up and form a circle around the center of the room. Conversation ceases as they wait for their leader to address them again.

One by one the people start lighting torches. When each person has a torch, with some silent consensus, they begin to sway slowly back and forth, holding their torches in front of them. A chant begins, echoing softly off the concrete wall, "amen... amen... amen..." just like a Baptist revival.

The Chief stands in the center of the circle, sweating, his eyes glasses over. He licks his lips before he begins.

"It is time for the Litany and Creed," he proclaims.

He raises his hands in the air.

"We do not eat the flesh of our own..."

The parishioner's repeat in unison, "we do not eat the flesh of our own."

"We do not suffer the dead to walk..."

"We do not suffer the dead to walk."

"We do not make cities to the dead..."

"We do not make cities to the dead."

The Chief lowers his arms, standing straight still closing his eyes. Suddenly he animates, pacing around the circle, arms flailing.

"We, who are the Chosen of the Lord, are his hammer and his sword. His strength is our strength. We shall prove the power of our faith."

The circle opens. Two men, wearing black robes, their faces painted with black and white grease paint, in the visage of a grinning skull. They are dragging a third man. Their victim has his arms tied behind his back, and a black hood tied around his neck. The poor bastard is wearing a filthy flannel shirt and ripped up blue jeans, he seems barely conscious of his surroundings.

Hoots and hollers come up from the crowd. Their cheers of "praise the Lord!" and "Holy Ghost power!" echo off the walls. The Chief steps up to the victim, a snarl of hatred on his lips. With one hand he reaches up and tears the hood from the man's head.

Then you realize, it's not a man at all, it's one of them, a zombie, flesh green and putrid, eyes milky white. It begins to tear at its bonds, snapping its jaws at the closest humans.

The Chief produces a long wicked looking knife. He raises the blade above his head and proclaims, "we are the strength of the Lord!" The knife comes down, slashing the creature's bonds.

The frenzy of the crowd boils over. The poor creature, overwhelmed by the variety of prey, tries to move every way at once. The circle closes, the eyes of the parishioners gleaming in the torch light. You see only glimpses of what is going on through the mass of bodies. The people are grabbing on to the creature, ripping at its clothes, strong fingers digging into soft flesh. You see a blackish-green blood ooze from the creature's wounds as the parishioners tear it apart with their bare hands.

While the show is going on, Sara sneaks up and grabs Sid, trying to convince him to come away with her. She leads him through dark and twisted corridors, until they find a small out of the way place in the factory. There, she pleads with Sid to take her with them when they leave. She uses any means at her disposal to convince him of this.

Meanwhile, after the zombie is ripped to shreds, the ceremony ends and the people begin to disperse. The Chief approaches the characters again and offers them a place to sleep. Since it is now night outside, it would be much safer for the

characters to stay indoors. They are lead to another room and given blankets to sleep on. The Chief, nor anyone else will answer questions about their ritual, saying simply that "it is their way."

The characters will probably notice by this time that Sid is gone. If they bring this up to their host, the Chief says he will find the boy for them. Under no circumstances will he let the characters wander the factory at night. The characters will find that they are under guard the entire time they are asleep. If the characters are stupid enough to tangle with the guards, it will alert the entire camp.

**Guards**

**Strength:** 3                      **Constitution:** 3  
**Dexterity:** 2                    **Intelligence:** 2  
**Perception:** 2                  **Willpower:** 2  
**Life Points:** 34    **Speed:** 10  
**Endurance Points:** 29    **Essence Pool:** 14  
**Skills:** Brawling 2, Dodge 2, Driving 2, Shotgun 2, Handgun 2, Survival 1,  
**Equipment:** Shotgun, Handgun

These stats should be used for any of the men in the cannery. The women here are not allowed to use firearms. In all, they have about forty combat able men. As you can see, they are comparable to the average survivor at Tombstone. The only advantage these men have is that they are fanatically loyal and much more likely to risk their lives.

If Sid had refused to go with Sara after the ceremony, she will approach him again in the middle of the night while the others are sleeping, trying again to convince him to take her with them. In any event, at least one of the characters should be feeling obligated to help her.

## Scene VI: The Morning After

How the characters are treated in the morning is of course dependent upon how they acted the night before. Harassing the guards, criticizing these people's way of life or religious beliefs, or any other offensive actions on the part of the player characters will ensure that they get a cold shoulder in the morning. If Sid ran off with Sara, they are not found until the morning. In this event, the Chief and the rest of his clan are extremely upset. Two young people off alone all night can only mean one thing to these people, and they will be pretty irate that one of the party "defiled one of the faithful".

Even if the characters are on their best behavior during the whole affair, they are politely shown the door. The Chief invites them to come back in a month's time for further negotiations, but right now he wants to think about how dealing with those who are "unclean" will effect his flock.

If the characters ask if Sara can come with them, the answer is definitely, no. The Chief will adamantly refuse to let one of his people go, no matter what the characters offer. The only compromise he will make is allowing Sid to stay with them. It may be necessary to remind the characters that threatening these people, or trying to fight their way out is suicide. They are in the enemy's camp and surrounded.

The day the characters leave the cannery is described below. Details may be changed according to the characters actions.

You head out into the dim early morning light, pulling your jackets close as you leave the gate. A thin drizzle falls most of the day, keeping you wet and miserable. You walk along quietly, each of you mulling over yesterday's events and the strange people you encountered.

At nightfall, you find another abandoned house and make camp. Dinner is slim pickings, two cans of corned beef hash, heated on an open fire and shared amongst all of you. Fatigue setting in, you all settle down for the night.

Your dreams are interrupted in the middle of the night, by a light scratches coming from the door. You instinctively grab your weapons and are instantly alert. The knocking comes again, louder this time. A whispering, girl's voice calls out from behind the door, "I'm human," it declares.

Of course, the girl at the door is Sara. She had sneaked out at sunset and followed the characters. Now it is time for them to make the critical decision of the adventure; what to do with the girl.

The next day the Chief and eight of his men show up in an old pick-up truck, looking for the girl. The characters have a few options, none of which are going to be entirely satisfactory. There is no "winning" solution, they must simply follow their hearts, keeping in mind their own self preservation and the safety of the people they care for. The Chief won't start a fight right away, no matter what the characters decide to do, he'll save his anger for when he is better prepared. If the characters just start blasting, they may be able to kill the Chief and all of his men. If this happens, go immediately to Alternate Ending IV: The Siege.

Here is a list of the most likely decisions the characters will make and their consequences.

### **Alternate Ending I: No Time For Love Dr. Jones**

In order to avoid a fight and ensure the safety of their own camp, the characters may simply return the girl to the Chief. He is certainly not happy that the girl ran off with them, and is suspicious of the character's role in her insubordination, but will accept her back without much fuss. This is perhaps the easiest solution, but also the least satisfying. It is up to the Zombie Master to impress on the characters that their own lack of conviction is not going to make the world a better place. Sure, everyone is safe but what can be said of the future of humanity?

### **Alternate Ending II: Love on the Run**

Another somewhat easy solution, the characters decide to let Sid and Sara run off together and try and make it on their own. The Chief will come looking for the girl, but as long as she is not in the character's camp, there is not much he can do. He is angry about it, but he won't start a war over it, especially if Carl just plays dumb and tells the Chief that they ran off without his permission (which may be the case anyway). It's not the best solution, Sid and Sara's life will be incredibly difficult, but at least there is some hope for the future.

### **Alternate Ending III: If You Can't Beat 'Em....**

The one compromise the Chief will make with the characters is allowing Sid to come and live with them. This is probably the worst choice the characters can make. Sid, an impressionable, intelligent and imaginative youth, stuck in with a bunch of crazy religious fanatics. He would be kept constantly under guard, until he is indoctrinated into their beliefs. Let the characters know that in the years to come, the few times they have contact with their neighbors, Sid is but a shell of what he used to be.

### **Alternate Ending IV: The Siege**

Probably the most spectacular ending of them all, not exactly the best for all concerned, but perhaps the best choice they have. If the characters decided to fight the Chief when he shows up to collect the girl, this is an inevitable consequence.

Anyway, if the characters take the girl back to Tombstone, one week later, the Chief (or a new leader) and thirty of his men show up, along with a semi-truck. The Chief comes out under a white flag to negotiate, he demands that the girl is returned or he will "unleash the Wrath of God".

The characters have, to their advantage, twenty armed men and ten foot tall chain-link fence, between them and the Chief. They have the defensive advantage. Unfortunately, the Chief has the truck, or more specifically, what is in the truck, about one-hundred and fifty zombies.

The fences of Tombstone are designed to keep out maybe a dozen zombies at a time, the weight of over one-hundred of them, will collapse the fence. The Chief didn't think this plan through himself, he really has no way of controlling the zombies. It ends up being a chaotic melee a la Dawn of the Dead, with the Chief and his men, versus the men of Tombstone and all the zombies in between.

You might let the characters make a few dice rolls for attacking zombies or any other heroic actions they want to take, but it's all pretty pointless. After a couple of rounds just start describing the combat narratively, letting the characters know that there is no chance at winning this, retreat is their only option. The characters do have a few vehicles with enough gas to get them out of the fight. The Chief and his men will be much too busy trying to fend off the zombies. Let the characters pack everyone up into the cars and drive off into the sunset. Sure, they lost their home, but they have a chance of setting up someplace new.

A twist on this ending would be that the characters decide to attack the cannery, before the Chief comes calling. This is fine too, but once again the Chief unloads his truck full of zombies and all hell breaks loose. If the characters did decide to go this way, go ahead and play out the combat, they deserve what they get for starting a war.



## **Further Adventures**

If you use Parishioner's Eyes as a starting adventure for an All Flesh Must Be Eaten... campaign, there are plenty of places to go after the adventure is over. This adventure glosses over a lot of setting detail, in order to conform with time restraints, but there is no reason a Zombie Master can't fill in these details for a home campaign.

One option you might consider is conforming Parishioner's Eyes to one of the Dead Worlds presented in the rulebook. Here are some good options.

## **Until the Ending of the World**

The characters may later discover that the Chief wasn't as crazy as they thought he was. He had some of the right ideas but just went about it the wrong way. Later on the characters may encounter others with true religious faith, who have some power over the zombies. These divine messengers may tell the characters what caused the dead to rise up and what they must do to save their souls. Depending on how they dealt with the people from the cannery, they may already be in the hole as far as redemption is concerned, and now have to find a way to make up for it.

## **Dawn of the Zombie Lords**

Using this Dead World would be easy. Perhaps a Zombie Lord comes calling on the characters' group and is looking for recruits. As an added twist, perhaps the Chief himself is a fledgling Zombie Lord and he does have some control over his truck full of zombies. The characters would spend some time discovering where this power comes from and perhaps would go on a crusade to wipe out any other Zombie Lords that pop up.

## **After the Bomb**

Sure, a nuclear war didn't cause the zombies, but that doesn't mean radiation won't effect them. The Zombie Master may find a reason for the characters to go visit the radioactive zone that was once New York and there they encounter some mutant zombies and then get mixed up with the people who run Zombiedome.