

DEAD LANDS



THE WEIRD WEST

Doomtown or Bust!



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Deadlands created by Shane Lacy Hensley.

Dedicated to all the *Doomtown* fans everywhere. Keep shuffling those decks!

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INTRODUCTION

Welcome to *Doomtown or Bust!* the official *Deadlands* sourcebook for the setting of the *Deadlands: Doomtown* collectible trading card game.

Doomtown or Bust! provides roleplaying statistics and background material for the characters and situations in the CCG—allowing Marshals to run adventures, create characters, or even base an entire campaign within the environs of Gomorra, California. As players of the card game know, Gomorra is a tiny little boomtown on the edge of the Great Maze, bursting with danger and intrigue as different factions try to gain control of its resources.

SOMETHING A LITTLE DIFFERENT

At the same time, however, there are a few differences between this guide and other books like *City o' Gloom* and *The Great Maze*. They mostly have to do with the differences between roleplaying games and card games, and bear mentioning here before we dive into the meat of the material.

The *Doomtown* CCG was developed with the intention of translating the feeling and atmosphere of *Deadlands* into a new format—taking a roleplaying game and moving into the form of collectible trading card games. In effect, the designers were striving to create a “*Deadlands* concentrate,” where all of the varied elements of the roleplaying game would have an outlet in the card game. There would have to be mad scientists present, for example, as well as hucksters, monsters, harrowed gunslingers, Indians, Agency operatives, Texas Rangers—the list goes on and on.

It was quite a lot to squeeze into one little town. In order to make it work without being arbitrary or chaotic, there would have to be a reason for all

of those different people to be there. It needed a tightly woven plot that would not only explain the presence of a multitude of factions and characters, but allow them to interact with each other in an engaging and exciting manner. It also meant that a lot of important elements would be in close proximity to each other and would change radically—sometimes inexorably—in a very short period of time.

So what does all of this have to do with the sourcebook you now hold in your hands? Well, while very necessary to a functioning CCG, such a tightly-constructed story runs contrary to the tenets of roleplaying games. In roleplaying, the players are expected to create their own characters—the heroes of the story—who respond to a free flowing and improvisational plot. They act according to what is effective at the moment, possibly doing things that the plot's controller, the Marshal, has no idea is coming. In so doing, they have a great impact on how the story develops. That's part of the appeal of roleplaying: the ability to make the story up as you go along. The medium really couldn't exist without it.

As roleplaying products, most *Deadlands* sourcebooks take this into account. They present the reader with frameworks—settings and plotlines that Marshals can hurl their posses into.

WELCOME TO GOMORRA

In Gomorra, however, things are sometimes a little different. The card game can't make allowances for individual players' characters or leave niggling openings in the storyline without disrupting the entire plot. In *Deadlands: The Weird West*, a gunslinger in, say, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, can be a major player, but the same gunfighter can't be placed in *Doomtown* with the same effect.

So when the time came to convert the characters and story of Gomorra, California, into roleplaying terms, the resulting setting is a bit more self-contained than your average Weird West location. There aren't quite so

many obvious dangling plot threads here—not as many places where a posse of unknown heroes can step in and make sweeping changes. The heroes and villains of Gomorra are already present, their destinies are pretty clear.

MAKING A DIFFERENCE

This is not to say that your posse can't have great adventures in Gomorra, or affect the storyline in some lasting way. This wouldn't be much of a sourcebook if they couldn't. There's a lot going on in Gomorra, and your individual group can make quite an impression there if you want them to.

Along with the details on all of Gomorra's people and places, we've included some advice for the Marshal on how to bring the characters into the fold and have them take part in Gomorra's story. It's just going to require some adjustments on the part of the Marshal—a different way of approaching his or her campaign. It's important to keep that in mind as we go.

For the long-time players of *Doomtown*—who are already familiar with Gomorra and its denizens—a word of warning. Many of the town's dark secrets are revealed in these pages, secrets which some would prefer to keep hidden. Be prepared for some serious spoilers if you venture too far into the Marshal's Handbook.

One last note before we begin: Gomorra is located in the state of California, on the edge of the Great Maze. The Maze is a complicated place—so complicated, in fact, that Pinnacle published an entire boxed set describing it. The people and forces in the Maze have a significant impact on the events and atmosphere of Gomorra, which has been stuck right in the middle of the place. Marshals wishing to place their posses in Doomtown should be familiar with California's environs—and the politics of such figures as Kang and the Union and Confederate armies—before they do so.

And now, let us adjourn to the streets of Gomorra. You're about to learn all about its heroes, its villains, its secrets—and the horrible fate that may befall it.

Welcome to Doomtown.



THE LAYOUT O' THIS BOOK

This sourcebook is set up in the standard Deadlands format:

Posse Territory is for all the players out there. As long as the Marshal says it's okay, posse members can feel free to peruse this section to their hearts' content. The Posse Territory section of this book is presented as a *Tombstone Epitaph's Guide*, cataloguing the history and environs of Gomorra for anyone who might wish to travel there.

No Man's Land contains information that the Marshal may or may not want the posse to know. Players should stay out of there until the Marshal says otherwise. He'll let you know when it's time to look.

The Marshal's Handbook has all the profiles of Gomorra's residents, the real story on the town's secrets, and all the adventure ideas the Marshal needs. Players poking their noses in here to are likely to get them bitten off!

To: The Office Of Union President Ulysses S. Grant
From: Andrew Lane, Bureau Chief, Agency Western Branch, Badge #003
RE: The Gomorra Situation

February 4 1877.

Ulysses,

You know I do not usually feel compelled to contact you by courier, but in this case I had to make an exception. The courier is an experienced operative who I trust implicitly; her words are my words.

If you have been reading my reports, you must be aware of the city of Gomorra, California, an otherwise unremarkable boomtown which has become the focus of my attention in recent days. Gomorra lies in the heart of some of the richest ghost-rock veins in the Great Maze, and has attracted all manner of scoundrels, thieves and ne'er-do-wells.

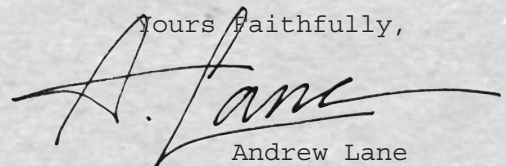
This in and of itself is not cause for concern. However, upon my arrival here, I have gradually discovered something much larger—some great and sinister presence lurking just beneath the surface of Gomorra's streets. The agents of this presence conceal their true plans behind the battle for ghost rock—plans which I fear place more than this single town in jeopardy. My agents and I have begun counter-operations in the hopes that we may uncover and defeat whatever this threat is before it makes its move. Heaven help us if we cannot. I wish I had time to take a direct hand here more than I do, but the Lost Angels situation is occupying a good deal of my time these days, not to mention the Fellheimer case.

We have been doing our best to contain news of the more dramatic events in Gomorra, but as has happened before, a muckraker from the *Tombstone Epitaph* has sounded out the situation in Gomorra thoroughly, if not entirely accurately. I have enclosed the latest edition of *The Tombstone Epitaph's Guide* to further appraise you of what the public knows. Given the *Epitaph's* reputation for wild and unsubstantiated stories, I am confident that the more colorful aspects of their account will be duly dismissed. Even if they are not, I have Operative Benjamin Dean preparing propaganda measures to ensure that we keep tight control on what the greater populace sees and hears about this place.

I would be remiss if I did not mention that the Confederates are here as well. A small group of Texas Rangers, under the leadership of one Katherine Karl (the only female Ranger I have ever heard of), are operating in Gomorra. For now, their aim seems to be the suppression and elimination of supernatural threats, as ours is. I am willing to let them continue at it so long as they are discreet. Rest assured, however, that I am treating their presence with the utmost gravity and will not hesitate to act should they become a threat. The Confederacy shall never claim any sort of victory in Gomorra, be it political, moral or otherwise.

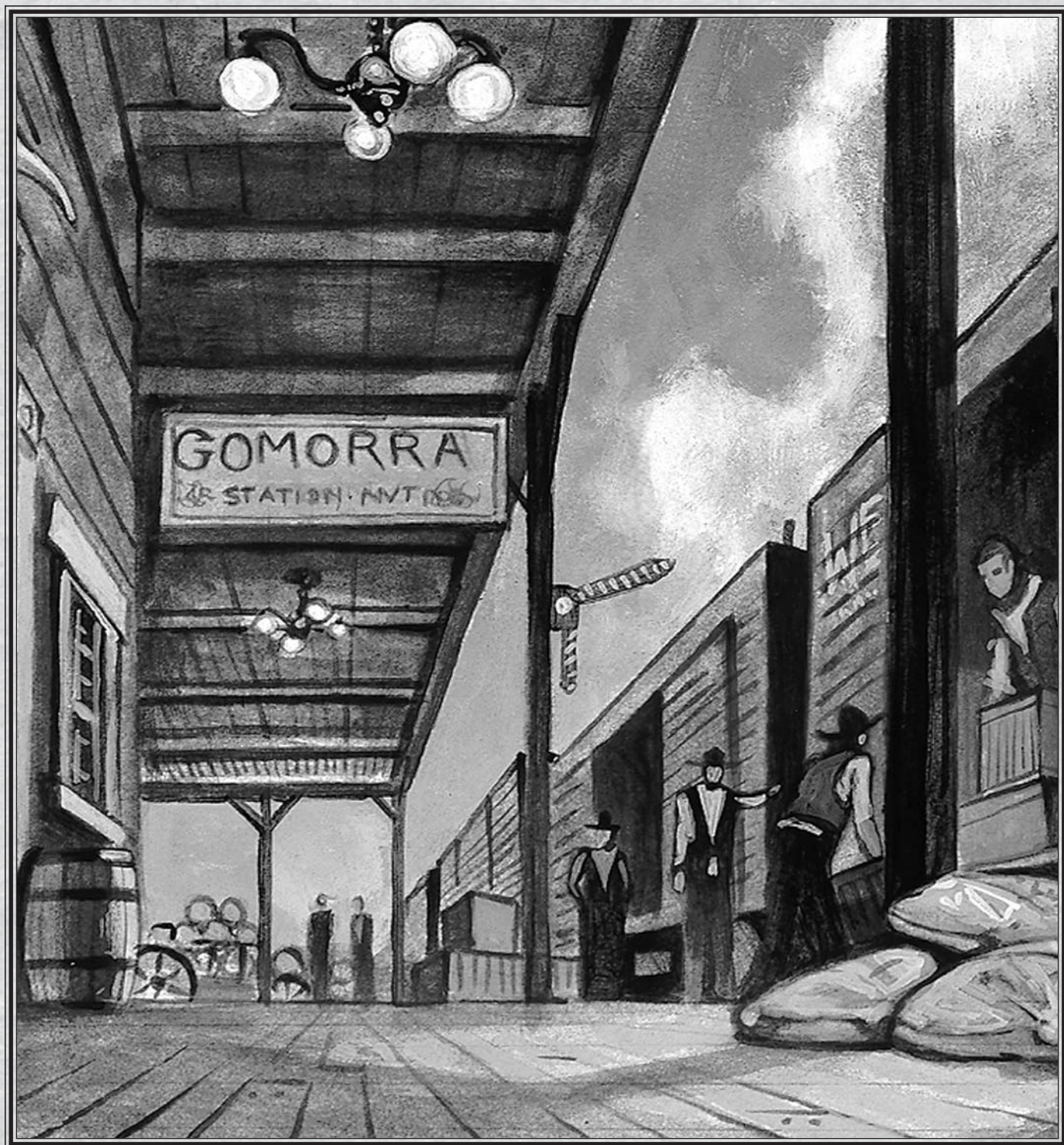
Please instruct the War Office to have General Gill keep his troops well clear of the area. Sending more armed men into this town is an invitation to disaster, and would achieve nothing beyond raising the locals against us. In any case, I believe our true adversary here cannot be stopped by mere force of arms. My men and I are sufficient to keep this situation contained.

I pray this letter finds you well, Ulysses, and that the fearful cause we are all embroiled in does not weigh on your spirits too heavily. The ideals of our nation are being tested beyond what any thought possible just few short years ago. I pray that we are strong enough to see them through this long midnight into the morning which must lie beyond. I remain,

Yours faithfully,

Andrew Lane

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The Tombstone Epitaph's Guide to Gomorra



The Tombstone Epitaph's Guide to Gomorra

1877 Edition

"Believe It or Else!"

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Introduction from the Editor

Welcome back, friends and neighbors, to our continuing series of guides to the terrors and wonders of the Weird West. The report you hold in your hands was submitted by one of the *Tombstone Epitaph's* premiere correspondents, Reggie Cornell, and gives you loyal readers the lowdown on the wildest boomtown in the Great Maze—Gomorra, California.

"Gomorra?" you say. "Never heard of it." Well neither had I, Lacy O' Malley, before a dusty and bedraggled Cornell staggered into the *Epitaph* offices, report in hand. It seems Gomorra lies in the midst of some of the richest ghost-rock deposits in the West. In a relatively short amount of time, it has become a hotbed of violence, as miners and gunslingers kill each other over a few scraps of money.

That, in and of itself, is nothing unusual, and you may be asking yourself why the *Epitaph*, which has published information on such important locales as Deadwood, and the City o' Gloom, would be interested in a third-rate mining town like Gomorra. After all, there are hundreds of towns like it all over the Weird West. Why waste ink on one lonely piece of desert that might not even exist by the time this goes to press?

Because, friends, this publication has sworn to tell the truth. And the truth about Gomorra is too big to keep from the public. Things are happening there, things which may affect far more than just a few ghost-rock miners. The

bizarre forces we have reported on diligently for the past few years have made their presence known in this town, and even the most skeptical would be hard-pressed to deny the strangeness of the town. Read Reggie's report for yourself, and you'll see in Gomorra a microcosm of the entire Weird West: one fraught with perils we can scarcely conceive.



Reginald "Reggie" Cornell: reporter, adventurer, raconteur.

About the Author

Reginald, "Reggie" Cornell has been an irregular contributor to the *Tombstone Epitaph* for many years. His sporadic contact with civilization prevents us from employing him full time, but any time he lends his voice to our pages is welcome. Born in Boston and educated at Harvard, Reggie began his career as a simple historical biologist.

But the coming of the Civil War and the rise of the Weird West gave him a new mission: to find, explore and catalogue as many "strange phenomena" as he could. Now, he

traverses the globe, revealing the darkest mysteries with the blinding light of truth.

He has suffered much in his quest for knowledge, but his continued resilience (and boundless good luck) has brought him back from countless perils—often with a report of the incident fresh in hand. His thorough and accurate reporting have proven invaluable in the *Epitaph's* elusive hunt for the real story.

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Welcome to Gomorra

Greetings From Gomorra!

On the eastern edge of the Great Maze, somewhere between Shan Fan and Devil's Armpit, unmarked on any map, lies the mining town of Gomorra.

In many ways Gomorra is like any other boomtown out here: noisy, dirty, and full of people obsessed with striking it rich. The prize? The mysterious mineral known as ghost rock.

But Gomorra is far more than an ordinary frontier mining town. Aside from sitting on many of the most productive ghost-rock deposits in the whole Maze, and being one of the most violent places I've ever visited, there are strange forces at work here—forces beyond normal mortal imagining. As you shall read in the pages that follow, Gomorra, California has more than earned its nickname: Doomtowntown.

If this place is so dangerous, you might wonder why I stay here. The truth is, I find this place fascinating. I can't shake the feeling that something is going to happen here—something big. I don't know what it is, but I want to be around when it happens. Rest assured, you *Tombstone Epitaph* readers will be the first to here my story on how it all turns out.

If I live to tell about it, of course.

On with the Show!

It occurs to me that some of you may not be fully familiar with the Great Maze, its perils and wonders. I would refer you to the *Tombstone Epitaph's Guide to the Weird West*, as well as the *1877 Update* for full details on the area surrounding Gomorra. It might help put some of the things I talk about in here in perspective.

But without further ado, it's time to get to the real story. Welcome to Doomtowntown.

A Little Gomorra History

The story of Gomorra starts with one man. I heard his background almost as soon as I hit this town, and it's stuck with me throughout everything else that's gone on. It seems fitting that Gomorra's history should start with someone like Humphrey Walters. Before the Ghost Rush, before the invasion of pirates and soldiers, even before the Great Quake itself, there was Walters.

The last of a line of wealthy Virginia landowners, he had a reputation as an eccentric among his genteel neighbors. He claimed that his wealth had not brought him happiness, and he longed for sort of higher truth, like those espoused by the transcendentalists of the time.

Unlike Emerson and other such thinkers, however, Walters wasn't satisfied with one single truth; he courted as many as he could possibly find. Every crackpot religious movement or wandering prophet to reach his notice was invited—through bribery or threats if necessary—to stay at his estate. Each time a new one appeared, Walters would pursue them with enthusiastic fervor, and not rest until they had revealed the secrets of their philosophy to him.

A Strange Epiphany

That all changed in 1858, when Walters emerged from a reclusive gloom that had lasted almost six months. Claiming to have received a "sign from God," he sold off his considerable assets and purchased a huge tract of land in Caine County, California. The land, located in the middle of the huge state, was all but worthless, scorched by the sun and devoid of any signs of civilization. Even the native

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Indians avoided the area, and the California government was more than happy to turn it over to him for a pittance. Walters packed what few belongings he had left and began the long journey to see his new property.

It took him over a year to reach the site, and cost him most of his remaining money. When he finally got there, he set about building a shack, using whatever construction materials he could buy or borrow from nearby communities. (*Editor's note; "nearby" is a relative term, considering the desolate area described*) He lacked the engineering know how to make a truly decent house, but the ramshackle lean-to he finally produced seemed more than adequate to protect him from the elements. And there he settled, overlooking his worthless expanse of sand and rock without a care in the world. As a desert hermit, he was quite a success.

Down By the Seashore

Then the Great Quake hit in 1872, and California got turned upside down. San Francisco, Los Angeles and the rest of the coastline fell into the sea, while thousands of gallons of saltwater poured into the newly formed canyons and causeways. As most people know, the disaster revealed the miracle mineral, ghost rock. Rich veins of the stuff were discovered amid the shattered coast, enough to tempt the thriftiest man. The rush was on; miners and prospectors came to the Great Maze in droves, all hoping to cash in on this newfound wealth. Mining towns sprung up in the tangled labyrinth that the West Coast had become.

And who do you think found himself in the middle of it all? Humphrey Walters. The Quake had plunked his hermit's shack down right at the edge of the Great Maze, and all that worthless desert was suddenly in high demand. What's more, there were huge deposits of ghost rock beneath it! Before you could blink, Walters' neck of the woods had become very popular. Mining companies lobbied for rights to dig, penny-ante prospectors tried to sneak in under their noses, and all manner of brothels, beer halls and "fringe businesses" wanted to set up shop on Walters' property.

Gunslingers, saloon gals and scoundrels soon followed, all looking for a chunk of the money welling up from the Maze. A new boomtown was on the map and Humphrey Walters was once again richer than Midas.

Before a year had gone by, the town became big enough to warrant a name—"Fortune's Son," "Promised Land," even "Humphreyville" were suggested, but none of them seemed to stick. Finally a group of miners got themselves organized and went to ask Walters for advice. Upon hearing their request, Walter smiled and said "Call it Gomorrah, for Gomorrah's its name."

That lit a fire under the town's collective knickers. Christians were incensed at the thought of naming the town after the infamous Biblical city (from the famous "Sodom and Gomorrah"). The less devout were tickled pink, and thought if fitting considering the hellish surroundings of the Maze. The argument went back and forth, but finally a compromise was reached. The name would stay, but they would remove the "h" from the end of it, differentiating it from its Old Testament namesake. The town "Gomorra" on all official papers and documents, and the town finally had itself a real name.

Walters' Downfall

For a while things continued the way they did in most mining towns. Walters presided over the place like a king, people kept pouring in, and the mines in the area produced ghost rock like fish from the sea. Crime became increasingly more common as too much money and too few rules began to take their toll. Walters finally called for the formation of a sheriff's department, and agreed to establish a tax-collection system to fund it. The elected sheriff and his hired deputies soon began to "settle" Gomorra a bit.

A few months after the law came to Gomorra, Walters mind began to slip. Always the eccentric, his bizarre thirst for spiritual enlightenment returned once Gomorra was up and running. One day he went on a self-declared "pilgrimage" out into the Maze. He took only a small boat and enough food to last a week. He was last sighted by a group of miners somewhere northwest of Gomorra when he disappeared.



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Nearly a month later, he staggered back into town, arriving from the opposite direction he had left. His clothes were in tatters, exposure to the sun had burned his face red, and he was covered with numerous self-inflicted injuries and animal bites.

The town doctor treated his wounds, and Walters soon recovered, but his mind was clearly shattered. He howled like an animal, scratching and clawing at those around him. When he was placed indoors, he would pound and howl until a door was opened to the fresh air. The only thing he would say was "The rocks... the rocks are screaming at me!" which he repeated over and over like a mantra. Humphrey Walters' sanity was gone.

Dividing the Spoils

What happened next is a bit confusing. Legally, a judge had to rule Walters insane and appoint a trustee to oversee his affairs. But there was no judge in Gomorra, nor all of Caine county; the last one had been washed away by the Great Quake. Walters had no living relatives, or anyone willing to come out to California and take over.

So what did the good people of Gomorra do? They "elected" the owner of one of the smaller mines to serve as judge, had Walters' mental condition officially confirmed and declared "the city of Gomorra" as the executors of his estate. An auction was held to parcel off his property, which included most of the larger mines and a fair chunk of the town proper.

Walters was allowed to keep his shack, but time and the elements had done a number on his former abode, and he was soon wandering the streets, begging for food. With his property up for grabs, few people thought of their former patriarch. Those that did made sure he was fed and protected from the weather, but he remains homeless to this day—wild-eyed and ranting, a broken shadow of a man.

I heard Walters' tale from one of the town bartenders, a man who has a reputation as an informal historian around here, Charlie Landers. I'll talk more about him later. After hearing this tale, I sought out Walters himself, to get things straight from the horse's mouth. He wasn't at all helpful; the poor man really has lost his



The broken shell of a man that is Humphrey Walters

mind. He kept admonishing me to "warn" my readers away from "the coming evil" and to stay away from the ghost-rock mines at all costs. When I asked him about his past, he broke into a terrible screaming and staggered away from me down the street. I resolved to leave him be after that.

Strangely, however, his warnings remain ingrained in my head for some time afterwards. As I continued exploring this town and learned some the secrets it hides, they sounded less and less like the rantings of a lunatic, and more and more like genuine warnings.

The Coming of Sweetrock

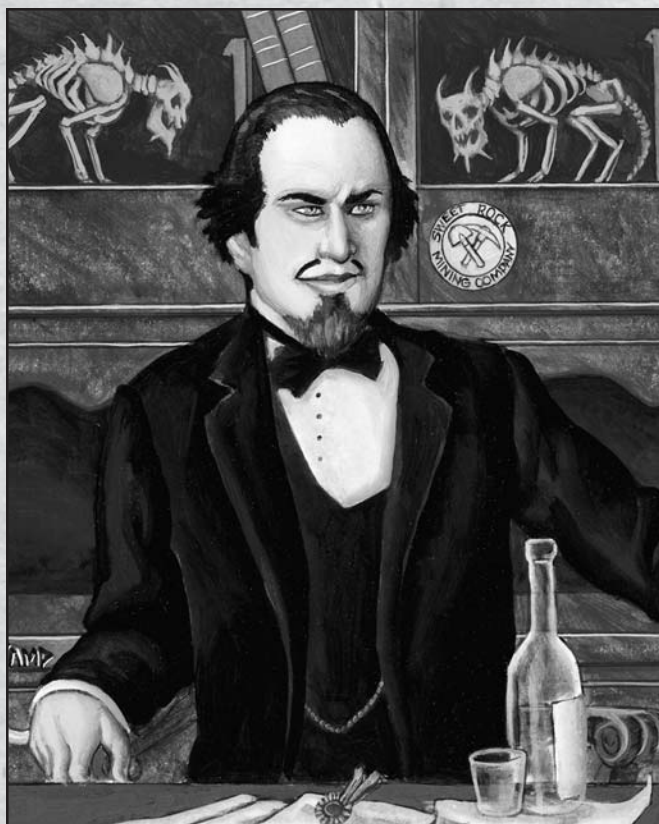
As I mentioned, the auction to sell off Walters' property happened quickly, as those in the know wished to make the most of the opportunity. They set up a tent, named a date and planned to have the whole of Gomorra parceled out like packages at Christmas. On the day of the auction however, the frontier

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Howard Findley, Sweetrock's "can-do" man.

entrepreneurs and would-be mining kings who set it all up found many of their offers topped by a mysterious gentleman from Shan Fan. Claiming to represent "business interests" Back East, he astounded the gathering with huge bids that dwarfed his nearest competitors.

By the time it was done, he held controlling interest in the area's eight biggest mines, the property around Gomorra's town square, several outlying farms and buildings, and the docks. Only when he had the deeds in hand did he reveal who he was working for—a Pittsburgh company previously engaged in Allegheny coal mining. The company's name was Sweetrock, and in one fell swoop, they had bought Gomorra out from under everyone's noses.

Sweetrock wasted no time in setting up operations. Claiming a desire to "civilize" the Great Maze (as well as a gain a foothold in the lucrative ghost rock market) they negotiated a agreement with the Greater Maze Rock Miner's Association to maintain full autonomy in the region. Remarkably, they got what they wanted.

The Rockies claimed it was good business sense to let Sweetrock alone, but others maintain that the company threatened to make things *very* ugly for them if they tried to move in. Presumably, the Rockies decided that an all-out war would be bad for the bottom line. Whatever the reason, the Rockies left Sweetrock alone in exchange for a modest series of tithes and a few (largely symbolic) nods to the "higher governing body" of the GMRMA.

At the same time, Sweetrock's presence brought a veneer of civility to Gomorra's streets. Signs of it could be seen a short time after the company's arrival.

The business district, which used to consist of brothels and beerhouses, now held general stores, attorney's offices, and even dress shops parading the latest fashions from back east. The sheriff's department received better funding and became more than just a show of law and order. A schoolhouse was built, as was an orphanage to house the children of miners killed on the job. And perhaps the biggest sign of a "new" Gomorra, a consortium of professors, scientists and inventors took up residence there, who wanted a steady supply of ghost rock to further their academic endeavors.

The Present

For the past two years, Sweetrock has increased its hold over Gomorra, while the effects of its actions have slowly rippled across all of the inhabitants. Today, it is difficult to tell whether its arrival was a blessing or a curse.

A casual stroll through the town's better areas would leave you thinking that a diamond now gleams here in the Maze's rough. But if you spend a little time here, get to know its inhabitants and start to understand the swirling politics surrounding them, you might see things a little differently. Things here aren't right these days. Not right at all. Beneath the surface of prosperity lies a rank and unweeded garden.

Lately, factions have begun to arise in town, chipping away at Sweetrock's power. From what I've seen during my stay here, Gomorra's chaos is worse than ever, and has begun to show just how out of control this "civilized" town really is.

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The Major Players

Now that you know a little about the origins of Gomorra, we can move on to who the powers that be in this place really are.

The Sweetrock Mining Company



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Like many towns in the Great Maze, Gomorra's central obsession is the mining of ghost rock. A casual check at the town's Claims Office reveals no less than thirty ghost-rock mines in the immediate area, with more the further you go out into the Maze. The lion's share of these, almost half the mines in Caine county, are owned by the Pittsburgh-based Sweetrock Mining Company. The reigns of this power rest in the hands of one man—Howard Findley.

A Can-do Man

Once Sweetrock had purchased most of the town, and solidified its authority in the area, the company dispatched their toughest businessman out to Gomorra to oversee developments. Howard Findley had a reputation as a hard-nosed "can-do" man, and seemed unimpressed by the wild surroundings of Gomorra.

He immediately took charge of all mining operations in the Maze, using a crack team of surveyors and engineers to exploit every nook and cranny they found. He set up the Gomorra Business Council, with himself at the head, to serve as a *de facto* government. And he worked miners for all they were worth, increasing productivity by over fifty percent.

Within a few months, he had transformed the face of the town. If Gomorra was as rich in ghost rock as they said, then Findley did more than anyone else to bring that richness out.

Which isn't to say that his arrival was all sweetness and light. Quite the contrary. The man is as ruthless as his reputation suggests, and his policies had a brutal impact. Conditions in the mines, already bad, have become much worse since he took over, as the workers were pushed to exhaustion. Most blame Findley directly for the situation.

Those who cross Sweetrock have a nasty habit of disappearing, or suddenly finding themselves on the wrong side of the law. Blame for this is also laid at Findley's feet. Knowing Findley, I'm not certain he cares one way or the other. The bottom line is all that matters to him.

I attempted to interview Findley for this article, but was given a rather strong brush-off by some of Findley's "associates." The bruises are still healing.

Sweetrock's Mines

More of Gomorra citizens work in Sweetrock mines than anywhere else in town, and the company is always looking for new employees. While that may spell good news for people in search of a job, it has its drawbacks.

Conditions in Sweetrock mines are quite grim. Findley doesn't wish to spend good money ferrying the workers out, so most of them are forced to eat and sleep in the mines they're operating. Living expenses are docked from their wages, and there's a fee if any of the miners wish to go into town.

Constant exposure to ghost rock takes its toll on the workers' minds and bodies. Rock fever is common, and more than a few have gone raving mad. The others must endure long hours and brutal work every day. For all that, the pay the miners receive is a pittance compared to the staggering wealth they harvest from the earth every day.

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Findley's Minions

As competent as he is, there is no way that Findley can handle every aspect of day to day Sweetrock business. So, he has surrounded himself with a few key "advisors."

Mick Caples

A few miners I talked to told me about the head overseer for the mines, a man named Michael Caples. A slight, stern-looking Irishman who drives his charges like a Roman slaver, Caples seems to personify all that is wrong with Sweetrock.

"Mick" as he prefers to be called, spends his time traveling from one company holding to the next, ensuring that all quotas are met and all workers are performing to capacity. If he feels someone is sandbagging (which is often), he rides them with a series of curses, kicks and fisticuffs that can reduce the strongest man to a whimpering pile of blubber in the space of seconds.

No fool, Caples carries a loaded shotgun with him at all times, in case a miner ever takes umbrage at his discipline. My sources say he has used it at least three times on the job.

Jim MacNeil

Now, if you think that this attitude makes Sweetrock the target of outlaw activity, give yourself a gold star. The sheriff's department does what it can, but Findley isn't always satisfied with typical law and order. "The Sheriff," he recently quoted, "is far too objective to address the situation to our satisfaction." That's Sweetrock company-speak for "just shoot anyone who might be a suspect."

Howard Findley has recently hired Jim MacNeil, a hard-bitten bounty hunter originally from the Lost Angels area as a full time "security advisor." MacNeil has a reputation as one of the toughest men in the Maze. I've been told he broke out of a Mexican prison by killing three guards with a sharpened spoon, and he still has an outstanding murder charge against him south of the border.

Once he arrived in Gomorra, MacNeil set about halting crime—specifically, any crime

committed against Sweetrock. He hunted down and killed some of the more notorious outlaws and began patrolling Gomorra's shipping lanes. He is credited with stopping at least four efforts to sabotage Sweetrock operations (with brutal force, mind you).

Under MacNeil's tutelage, Sweetrock's guards have learned to shoot first and ask questions later, and incidents against ghost-rock shipments have since begun to decline.

Diamonds in the Rough

There are a few in the Sweetrock organization who spurn the ruthless tactics of their superiors. While hardly angels, they do what they can to make things easier in the mines, and may be responsible for saving many lives. The most prominent is George Jacob Dawson, the operator of the Gomorra Town Docks.

Dawson—along with his partner Scooter Murdock—collects fees from docking ships, ensures that cargo manifests are in order, and keeps Maze Dragons clear of the surrounding area with several menacing-looking weapons. I once witnessed the pair fight off a massive sea serpent while one of Sweetrock's boats pulled safely into the dock. That's been enough to keep them well-paid in a company notorious for swindling its employees.

During lull times, he has been known to take a launch out into the Maze in order to "check up" on the miners. He appears at Sweetrock strikes, bringing fresh food and water with him and ferrying the injured back to Gomorra for aid.

He pays for these expeditions out of his own pocket (which is presumably why Sweetrock permits them) and has never asked for anything in return. "Big Jake," as the miners affectionately refer to the diminutive Dawson, is credited with saving at least 12 miners' lives.

Dawson himself is shy and modest about his efforts. His partner, Scooter, is less circumspect. "Jake don't like to admit it, but he really likes going out to the mines. It makes him feel like the cavalry coming up over the hill. And he's got more friends out there than any man in Gomorra." That may be, but his exploits have demonstrated that some of Sweetrock's employees care about more than profit.

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The Blackjacks



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Not all of the miners are willing sit by and watch Sweetrock trample their rights. Some have taken to organizing, forming a rough union to bargain for better rights with. Others make do by stealing ghost rock for themselves slipping them out in tiny pocketfuls to sell for a few precious dollars. And then there are those who take a more direct approach—who wish to take by force what Howard Findley and his company would deny them.

Sweetrock's success has been a godsend to the local criminal elements. The influx of ghost rock has produced a huge amount of money in the area, which just lies around begging to be stolen. Cargo shipments to and from Gomorra travel under heavy guard, but there's no end of gangs willing take them on for a stake of what they have.

Armed robberies and bushwhackings are every day occurrences; anyone with a little money becomes a target for someone without. Disgruntled miners swell the outlaws' ranks, tired of abuse and willing to sell what they know to the highest bidder. With knowledge of Sweetrock's procedures, contacts still on the payroll, and a burning desire to acquire what they feel they're entitled to, they have caused no problems for Mr. Findley and his associates.

While MacNeil's presence may have dampened outlaw activities, it hasn't stopped them by any means. And for all his work, the biggest thorns in Sweetrock's sides have yet to be removed.

By far the most infamous gang in the area call themselves the "Blackjacks," after their leader, one Jackson P. Jackson. Depending on who you ask, Jackson's either a saint of the working man, a heartless outlaw, or the Devil himself.

He's suspected of arson, sabotages, armed robbery, hijacking, and a host of other charges, but he has yet to be arrested for any crime. His supporters say it's because he's a law-abiding, upstanding man; his enemies say he's just too smart to get caught at anything. But whatever the reason, "Black Jack" Jackson has made quite a name for himself amid the denizens of this small town.



"Black Jack" Jackson, reportedly the largest thorn in Sweetrock's side

"Black Jack" Jackson

Black Jack started out as a miner—an independent operator, working outside of Sweetrock's interest and keeping what he found for himself. He didn't have much luck, but he was smart and perceptive, and kept plugging at the places most likely to pay off. Eventually, after a lot of hard work, it did. Jackson found himself sitting on a deep vein of ghost rock, big enough to make him a very rich man.

It's difficult to tell what happened next. Some say Sweetrock tried to bully Jackson into selling the claim to them, then tried to kill him when he wouldn't. Others contend that he exaggerated the size of his claim: that it was really worthless and he was using it as an excuse to attack Sweetrock's holdings.

Whatever the reason, Jackson abandoned his mine and held Sweetrock accountable for his woes. He found himself a safe place to hide from Findley's forces, and began gathering like-minded individuals to his side.

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Black Jack's Recruits

The first man to step up beside Black Jack was Victor Navarro, a former Sweetrock miner who caused a riot when he refused to enter an unstable shaft. Navarro had been hunted by Sweetrock ever since the incident, but avoided capture through the good graces of his younger brother Juan. Juan ran (and continues to run) a Catholic mission on the outskirts of Gomorra, and so beloved was he by the locals that Sweetrock never forced him to reveal where Victor was hiding. To do so would have risked another riot. Once Victor heard of Black Jack's situation, he raced out to join him as quickly as possible.

Others came as well—outlaws and scoundrels such that only the Great Maze could produce. Rachel Sumner, a career bank robber wanted on at least seven counts of murder joined up next, followed by Flint Parker, a smuggler from the Ozark mountains who fled to California ahead of a lynch mob. Eddie Bellows, a court-



Rachel Sumner, notorious bank robber—and killer!

martialed Confederate sniper who escaped his captors on the way to prison has been seen with the gang, as well as a psychotic man-mountain named Spike Dougan, who's killed men with his bare hands—or so the stories go.

These and many other scoundrels, thugs and troublemakers found themselves in Gomorra, and all of them saw a chance to become rich under Black Jack's leadership.

Busy Blackjacks

The Blackjack's list of rumored crimes is endless. First they held up a Sweetrock shipment heading to Shan Fan by stagecoach. Then, a stockholder on his way to view the operations was stopped, stripped to his underwear and forced to hike some three miles into town. Then several cargo ships full of company goods were seized and sunk within the Maze, its occupants shot if they fought or stranded somewhere if they didn't.

In each case, the seized goods were important to the Sweetrock's profit margin, resulting in a significant loss of productivity and a big black eye for Howard Findley. And in each case, witnesses described the bandits by the distinctive black handkerchiefs they wore—handkerchiefs that the Blackjacks proudly sport wherever they go.

Blame was hard to place for the crimes. While most everyone knew (or at least suspected) Black Jack's involvement, no one came out and accused him of anything. Murder is a way of life in town, and no one wants to encourage the trend by confronting Jackson.

And frankly, there's very little real evidence against them. Black handkerchiefs aren't enough to make an i.d. stick, and all the gang members have solid alibis for the times these crimes were committed. (I don't believe it for a minute, but I'm not willing to push it any farther than that; it's not *my* money, after all.)

The sheriff's resources are stretched too thin to risk a direct confrontation with the group. They're a nasty bunch, too strong to go after on the basis of a single fashion accessory. Until the law catches them in the act or Black Jack commits an obvious act of outright murder, the whole of Gomorra seems unable to touch them.

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A Public Outlaw

For an organization with a reputation for lawlessness, the Blackjacks aren't ones to keep a low profile. Many of them will openly walk Gomorra's streets, unafraid of man or beast. Indeed, they can be easily approachable at times, and while coy about their livelihood will gladly talk to an enterprising reporter for the price of a few drinks.

Black Jack himself spoke to me about his reputation as an outlaw and the very visible consternation he has caused Sweetrock. "The law is intended to treat all men equally," he explained. "But Sweetrock is held above the law, accountable to no one except itself. When that happens, the moral authority of the law has no basis, and righteous men can break it without violating their own conscience." Powerful words from a man some consider a mindless thug.

When I asked about his gang's trademark black handkerchief, and the presence of similar paraphernalia at the crimes he's been suspected of, Jackson just smiled. "I suspect my beef with Sweetrock has support among Gomorra's outlaws. Small wonder that the men behind these crimes would make a show of unity." When the sheriff and his deputies were brought up, however, his smile faded. "Well-meaning puppets, dancing to Howard Findley's tune," he growled. "They had best stay out of our way, unless they want to get real familiar with Elephant Hill Graveyard."

Beyond the Law

All of these words and suspected deeds have rankled The Powers That Be at Sweetrock to no end. Not only have they been unable to halt the criminal depredations against their company, but they appear helpless to stop the man they believe responsible. Not even Jim MacNeil, so effective against other enemies of the company, has laid a finger on Jackson and his crew.

Coupled with the recent addition of the pirates known as the Maze Rats (who I'll speak more of later) to the landscape, it is a testament to Sweetrock's control that they continue to bring in a profit and maintain the appearance of outward power.

The Distinguished Collegium of Interspatial Physics

Earlier I mentioned a group of scientists that arrived in Gomorra soon after the Ghost Rush began. The "Distinguished Collegium of Interspatial Physics," as they styled themselves, arrived in ones and twos, perhaps drawn individually by the promise the area held. Soon however, they began collaborating—first by simply comparing notes, later by pooling resources and sharing knowledge.

Within a year of Walters' downfall, an entire union of so-called "mad scientists" had formed. Using funds from their established patents, they constructed a compound where they could conduct their experiments unmolested. The grand structure was modeled after eastern universities, and built out of marble stones carried a thousands miles for just such a purpose.

Once it was completed, they retired there en masse to begin "creating a series of new and wondrous creations designed to improve the lives of all men everywhere." Whether their noble ends have produced equally noble results is less clear, as we shall see.

But the sight of the Collegium's white marbled headquarters tucked in between livery stables and blacksmith shops initially suggested that the better angels of our nature had not abandoned Gomorra entirely.

Loose Cannons

The ebb and flow of ghost rock, and the resulting conflict between the monolithic Sweetrock and the chaotic outlaws who would prey on them, has made for a very tense situation in Gomorra. But with the addition of a third factor, that tension has risen to new levels. The Distinguished Collegium of Interspatial Physics represent an instability that could blow this little boomtown apart. As a contact of mine once remarked, "If Gomorra's a pile of dynamite, then these guys are a box of lit matches."



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The Collegium Scientists

I've found Collegium members a pleasant bunch, who until recently wished only to work on their inventions in peace. "In peace," however is a relative term when discussing any group of scientists these days, and the Collegium has a well-earned reputation for destructiveness. Civilized, definitely. Concerned with the betterment of man, certainly. But in this place at this time, they have the potential to unleash a firestorm of destruction such as has rarely been seen.

Take, for example, Erik Zarkov, one of the Collegium's founding members. The son of Russian immigrants, Zarkov's brilliant mind earned him a full scholarship at Columbia University, where he became one of their most promising scientists. Before journeying west, he had researched the properties of light and soundwaves, as well as useful ways to harness them.

Need for a steady power supply lured him to the Maze, where ghost rock was plentiful. His first invention (patent pending) was a concussion-beam weapon, intended to "end violent conflict as we know it." In theory, it

could knock down and disable an opponent without killing him, allowing him to be subdued at leisure.

During a demonstration to potential investors, however, the weapon's instabilities became known. The resulting sonic wave reduced an entire city block to flinders, and injured at least 20 bystanders. He was promptly banned from experimenting on his inventions anywhere outside the Collegium compound, on threat of public lynching.

Zarkov chalked the disaster up to "miscalculation," and assured me that he has since solved the problem. But the incident illustrates the sort of power the Collegium is toying with—power they cannot always control.

Were Zarkov alone in Gomorra, his assurances might be enough. But the Collegium consists of almost twenty men and women, each working on similar such devices. From the mechanical engineering feats of the gaunt German Gerald Klippstein to the strange chemical experiments of the albino Gunther Hapworth, from Professor Susan Franklin's astronomical observations to the various projects undertaken by Oswald Hardinger, the Collegium's leader, the scientists are pretty damn unpredictable. One of them, Fineas von



Collegium head Oswald Hardinger, at left, critiques one of Gerald Klippstein's newest projects.

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Landingham, even has ties to European anarchists and has publicly stated his desire to "dismantle the prison of organized government." A union of such people, in the midst of an already unstable boomtown, is enough to give the citizens here a troubled pause.

Out of the Ivory Tower

Thus far, the organization's basic introversion has been the best means of keeping them placated. Most members of the Collegium have academic backgrounds, and years of living in the ivory tower have inured them to practical issues. They desire only to be left alone, and do not care what goes on outside their laboratories as long as it doesn't interfere with them. That keeps their power apolitical, and therefore diffused.

With all the other problems Gomorra faces, the townsfolk have tried to accommodate them. They have set aside the area around their guild hall as a "testing ground," where they can fire their guns, activate their clockwork men, and whatever else they feel they need to do in relative safety.

New settlers have taken the hint, and no one has built any structures in the area. That's apparently been enough to keep the scientists from any destructive excesses, at least until very recently. More on that later.

Some have said that the best way to deal with the Collegium is to cut off the power supply of their inventions. Without ghost rock their ability to cause harm would be curtailed. Unfortunately, such a solution isn't really practical. The scientists have an uncanny ability to secure ghost rock—plus, tampering with that will just make them mad.

The Collegium scientists often purchase what they require directly from the independent miners, which saves them money and allows them to stretch their resources to the maximum. They have a small refinery on the premises that purifies the raw ore into usable fuel cores. They prefer to go through independent mining claims, who are more anxious to sell quickly. That makes the independents happy by keeping them in business, and the Collegium happy by keeping them un beholden to Sweetrock.

The Law Dogs

So where, then, is the sheriff's department in all of this? With the brutal excesses of Sweetrock, the destructive anarchy of the outlaw gangs, and the potential mayhem of the Collegium, one would expect the law to have clamped down harder than they have. If the sheriff can't contain a town the size of Gomorra, he must be pretty incompetent, right?

Wrong. The law officers in Gomorra are as dedicated and skilled as any in the country, but the Law Dogs, as they are known, are solely responsible for maintaining what order Gomorra has. They have turned the streets from a constant shooting gallery into a place where people can (occasionally) walk safely.

They have secured travel routes to and from the town, making it possible for stagecoaches to maintain a regular schedule. And they've sent enough criminals to the boneyard to fill a hundred wanted posters. I shudder to think what this place would be like without them.

J.P. Coleman

At first glance, Black Jack's accusation that the sheriff's department is a Sweetrock puppet would seem to be valid. The first election following their arrival placed an ex-miner named J.P. Coleman in office—a position he has held ever since.

Coleman had worked for some time at Sweetrock's "Spirit of Kentucky" mineshaft as an overseer, and by all accounts had fastidiously toed the company line. His election over more qualified candidates was assisted by money Sweetrock poured into his campaign, and some whispered that his superiors had actually ordered him to run.

Once Coleman settled into the job, however, it became apparent how seriously he took it—and how little he regarded his former employer's wishes. His first arrest was Maxwell Baine, Findley's right hand man, on a drunk and disorderly charge. The act earned a protest from the company, but did not dissuade him from keeping Baine incarcerated for a full 30 days—the maximum permitted by law.



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J.P. Coleman, the Law in this here boomtown.

NOT a Company Man

Many Sweetrock favorites were being groomed for deputies' positions. Businessmen who had never held a firearm in their lives were spotted at target practice soon after Coleman took office. But he spurned them, instead assembling a group of deputies known more for their experience than their connections.

His chief deputy, for example, was Nash Bilton, a stranger to Gomorra who had served with distinction in the San Francisco police department before the Great Quake. Others included Cordelia Hendricks, a former rodeo star who shoots as straight as an arrow, and Nathan Hunter, an aspiring lawyer who turned in his legal texts for a badge. Other men like the dapper Charlie Flatbush and hulking John Templeton hardly were the good company men Sweetrock must have envisioned. Again, the move drew protests from Howard Findley's office, and again, Coleman ignored them.

Here Comes the Judge

In perhaps the most damaging move to Sweetrock's domination of the region, Coleman wired Sacramento with an offer to install a judge in Gomorra if one would come. To everyone's surprise, one did. Henry Warwick, who had sat on the bench for years before the state government collapsed, appeared in the sheriff's office one day, ready for work.

He had brought an impressive collection of legal texts with him, and was prepared to try any criminal Coleman brought before him. Not only is Warwick impossible to intimidate, but his application of actual laws to the cases he tried was unheard of in the Great Maze. By giving him a position in Gomorra, Sheriff Coleman took a huge leap to restoring legitimate government here.

The Law's Back in Town

Despite Coleman's disregard for Sweetrock's supposed control, it was hard to argue with the job he had done. He talked tough, he acted tougher, and he made it abundantly clear who the biggest guns in town now were. Known criminals were visited and leaned on—made aware that the law was watching their every move. Patrolling the town became a constant, and anyone in trouble at any time of day or night could be assured of finding help.

It began to have an effect. Bars and saloons were no longer killing grounds; anyone who drew their weapon while drunk to answered to Coleman's fists. Gunfights on the streets were greeted by ruthless return fire as soon as the sheriff arrived. Coleman was targeted for execution at least four times by outlaw gangs in his first few months in office. They were killed to a man by Coleman and his deputies.

Slowly, Gomorra's denizens learned to contain their violence. Outlaws began looking over their shoulder, and armed robberies grew fewer in number. Respect for the law, which had once been just an empty platitude, became more than just words. Even Sweetrock grudgingly admitted his effectiveness, especially since the men he pursued were often after their profits.

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Once the streets had returned to a semblance of order, Coleman took the next step. He brought arrested men before Judge Warwick, who would listen to the case against them and let them tell their side. Criminals who had once been shot out of hand now had the opportunity to face an open courtroom, lending at least the semblance of due process. Justice was no longer limited to the barrel of a gun; now it had a instrument in the government.

Granted, most outlaws would rather shoot their way out of a situation than submit to the sheriff's mercies, and the number of dead bandits hasn't exactly shrunk since Coleman took office. But with Warwick on the bench and the sheriff willing to defer to his judgments, gunfire is no longer the only option.

Deputies and Well-wishers

None of this would have been possible if Coleman wasn't willing to meet force with force. His deputies are hard-trained gunmen who shoot with devastating accuracy, and aren't afraid to go into a situation guns blazing.

Nate Hunter, for example, while a quiet and easygoing man most of the time, can shoot the wings off a fly from fifty yards. John Templeton, another deputy, has reduced some of the harshest men in town to tears, and the soft-spoken Deputy Hendricks once blew both ears off a would-be bank robber who attempted to shoot his way out of town.

As if that weren't enough, he has been assisted by a group of "Armed Volunteers," citizens of Gomorra who have pledged to lend their guns to his cause. While not actual deputies, they are strong proponents of law and order, and ready to back up their convictions at the first sign of trouble. They're an eclectic bunch, to be sure, ranging from professional gamblers to the owner of the local laundry. Even Simon MacPherson, the Baptist minister, has been known to lend his services.

Gomorra is a wild town, and its essentially lawless nature has not been dampened by the appearance of the law. But with a strong and proactive sheriff's department, un beholden to outside interests and willing to be as strong as it takes to get the job done, things could be much worse.

The Maze Rats

Gomorra doesn't exist in a vacuum, of course, despite its isolated location. As events here move faster and faster, the outside world has begun taking an interest in what goes on. With this much mineral wealth being dug out of the ground, it was only a matter of time until Gomorra came to the attention of a familiar figure to astute *Epitaph* readers, the warlord known only as Kang.



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The Hand of Kang

For some reason, Kang's treating Gomorra differently than most things he wants; whether that's good or bad I couldn't begin to say.

Kang's lieutenant, Red Petals Su, takes care of most of his business in California, organizing his pirate fleet to seize all the fundaments they can. Their goals are simple and straightforward: grab the ghost rock, take control of the mines, and start raking in the money.

You'd think that with a plum as fat as Gomorra, Kang would want to move in with all the force he could. But he hasn't. His proxy Su apparently has a lot of irons in the fire and hasn't devoted an excessive amount of resources to taming Gomorra. This town is ornery enough to put up a nasty fight if she pushes too hard, and she's prudently opted for the "smaller is better" approach. So far there has only been one pirate ship belonging to Kang in the area, a souped-up junk called the *Typhoon*.

The *Typhoon's* crew has done more to disrupt ghost-rock mining in Gomorra than any other single force. Even the Blackjacks haven't stolen as much. Since arriving, Kang's men have sent a half dozen cargo ships to the bottom, slaughtered the occupants of five ghost-rock mines, and waged a constant campaign of terror against anyone who would venture into the Maze. They call themselves the "Maze Rats," and they're led by a bloodthirsty Chinese pirate named Sim Yut-San. Sim answers directly to Red Petals Su and takes her orders as scripture.

Under her command, he's cut a bloody swath through the heart of Gomorra's mining.

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Rats in a Maze

Unlike other minions of Kang, the Rats aren't overly interested in grabbing the ghost rock for themselves. Certainly, they take what they can, and aren't foolish enough to abandon any of their plundered goods. But their tactics are based less on reaping the profits of ghost rock than on keeping others from getting to it. They prefer to dynamite a seized mine closed, for example, rather than keeping it open and sending the rock to Kang.

They have a reputation for viciousness that seems intended more to generate fear than for any sadistic gratification. And they have sent tons of valuable cargo ships to the bottom when they could have easily looted them. The Rats attack to destroy, to eradicate, to wipe out. While Gomorra's other factions struggle for control of the town's, the Maze Rats wage a war of scorched earth, of destruction.

The tactic has worked, so far. People have begun to stop going into the Maze for fear of

running into them. Mining in the Maze is dangerous as it is without knowing that a ship full of bloodthirsty cutthroats is waiting to kill you just for being there. There's even been talk of Sweetrock workers walking off the job—an unheard of occurrence since Jim MacNeil's arrival.

The Rats haven't shut things down by any means, but as they slowly block off access to the Maze—and worse, keep the fundamentals permanently out of the hands of other factions—their presence has been felt along every causeway in the area.

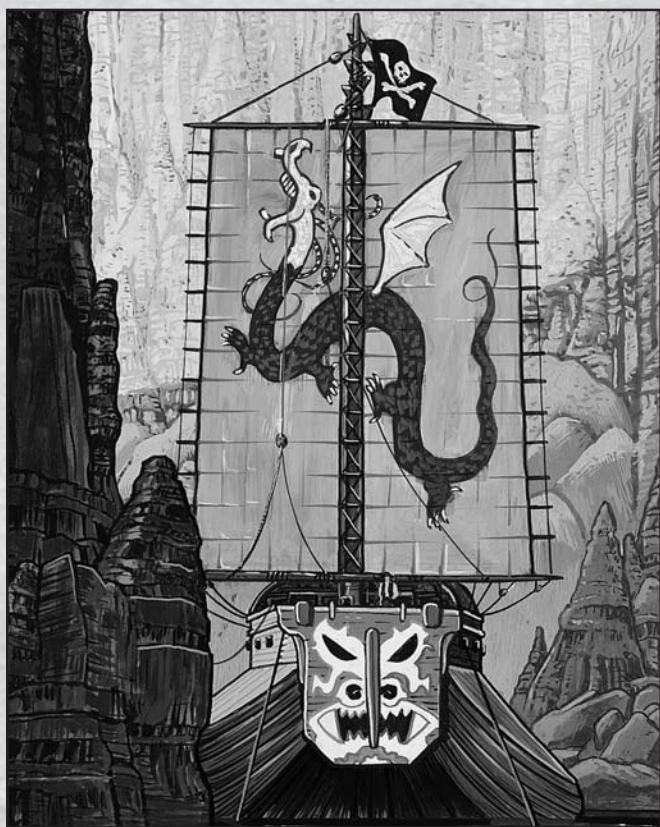
This strategy is a definite departure for Kang's men. Send one ship on a mission of utter destruction? Wage a terrorist campaign amid the richest plunder in the Maze? I wonder sometimes if Kang knows something about Gomorra that the rest of us don't.

A Plague of Rats

Depending on who you ask, the Maze Rats are either an annoyance to be ignored, or an immediate threat which must be vanquished at once. For those whose interests lie within the Gomorra city limits, the *Typhoon* is an irritant at most. Certainly, they make mining fundamentals difficult, but no one said the Maze was safe. The Law Dogs have enough mayhem on the city streets to worry about, and the Rats are smart enough to stay out in the Maze where the sheriff can't touch them.

Sweetrock, of course, has seen the most of the Rats' unwelcome attention, and the presence of the pirates nearby has stuck a major-league monkey wrench in their operations. While the Blackjacks are blamed for attacking their pocketbook—stealing money and harassing the business end of things—the Rats have gone right for the base of their income. Miners have begun abandoning their posts, vital equipment has been sent to the bottom of the Maze's channels, and the vital ghost rock supply has seen its first legitimate threat.

The company isn't powerful enough to trade body blows with Kang, or else I'm sure they would have struck back harder. As it stands, they have focused on shoring up their operations: ensuring that their workers keep at it, beefing up security around their largest and most vital mines, and petitioning the



The pirate ship *Typhoon*, home to the vicious Maze Rats!

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local navies for assistance. Thus far, it has been enough to keep the troops in line, but sooner or later more forceful steps will have to be taken.

Ironically, Howard Findley affords the Maze Rats more respect than the Blackjacks, who cause less damage from a financial standpoint. He assumes that the Maze Rats have no personal agenda: they're just following orders to achieve a specified and somewhat understandable goal. In that sense they're like a business rival or a competing company.

The Blackjacks, on the other hand, are more personal, their tactics designed to humiliate and offend. So while the Rats continue to pick at Sweetrock's resources, the Blackjacks continue to receive the brunt of its attentions. I guess that while ghost rock and mining equipment can be replaced, one's dignity is forever.

Fighting Like They're Cornered

The Rats are difficult to get a hold of, and lack any motivation to submit to a journalist's questions. Believe me, I've tried. I'm sorry to say I've learned very little about them or their specific skills. Their plans may determine the future of Gomorra's mining operations. Most of what I've heard about them comes from the Collegium (who have recently had a few clashes with them, as you'll read more about in a bit), or from the few witnesses who have seen their attacks and lived. The Maze Rats have a strong grasp of tactics and a few aces up their sleeves that make them far more formidable than a single ship would suggest.

Po Yu

The wildest stories I have heard about the Rats is that they have supernatural aid in the form of an ancient, cackling Chinese sorcerer named Po Yu. I know, I know, it sounds insane, but in the Maze, insane is a way of life. It's far from the craziest story I've heard around this place, anyway.

Survivors of the Rats' attacks claim to have seen Po perched precariously in the *Typhoon's* crows nest, shouting prayers to the heavens and hurling bolts of lightning down upon them. The rumor is that he can control the weather itself, summoning gentle winds to power

the *Typhoon* or raging hurricanes sink enemy ships. No one has actually seen him do such a thing—no one who lived long enough to report it, anyway—but with that kind of power in their possession, the Rats would have a decisive edge in the narrow channels and twisted canals of the Maze.

Sharks

As flashy as stories of Po Yu's sorcery are, the Rats have other, more mundane methods to control their surroundings. Maze dragons are prone to attack even the best-armed ships, and can cause more problems for a pirate operation than any of their marks.

The Maze Rats have solved the problem through a deceptively simple means—they chum the water around their ship with blood and entrails. The mixture is constantly floating in a cloud around the *Typhoon* and ladled out multiple times a day to make sure it stays undiluted.

The constant line of chum attracts sharks from all over the area—hundreds of them—whipped into a frenzy from the smell of blood. The constant school keeps most creatures away, who would rather not fight past the sharks to get to the boat at the center of them. The *Typhoon* is thus blissfully free of attacks from Maze dragons and other menaces. Of course, the constant presence of a school of frenzied sharks means that anyone who falls into the water is usually killed and eaten in seconds. One must make sacrifices for safety, I suppose.

When all of this is coupled with the Rats' close quarters experience and pirating skills, it makes for a formidable adversary. They are careful never to overextend themselves, either.

They have never gone ashore, not on the mainland anyway; if they were ever recognized on the streets of Gomorra, I am certain they would be lynched without a second thought. Instead, they remain in the Maze 24 hours a day, hiding from prying eyes until they decide to make their presence known. They choose the time and the place of their attacks, dictate the terms of combat, and never give an opponent an opening. Their prudence has compensated for their comparatively small numbers, and helped further their mission of terror immensely.

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The Sioux Union

The local Indians have mostly left Gomorra alone. They avoided the area before the Quake, and with the discovery of ghost rock seemed to shun it all the more. The Necessity Alliance and other groups have unified to pursue their common interests, and those apparently

don't involve Gomorra. You'd see the odd scout on the streets, or an occasional Chumash tribesman in the mines, but as a whole, they stayed away from Gomorra.

That is, until the arrival of the Sioux Union. They came on foot or by horseback, a group of almost 100 Indians carrying their belongings on their backs. There was a wide, open field of unclaimed land just east of Gomorra's city limits, where they set up their teepees as if they had lived there all their lives.

A group of townsfolk traveled out to see what they wanted, only to be politely informed that "the Union" had arrived and that they

wished to stay for an undisclosed period of time. They were well-armed and quite adamant about remaining, so the issue wasn't pushed. As the days went by, and the Indians remained quiet, the town's fears gradually settled down.

Today they're just another part of Gomorra's checkered landscape—a group of like-minded folk sticking together for their own inscrutable ends. What are those ends exactly? It's hard to say. I do know, however, that they begin with the band's leader.

Joseph Eyes-Like-Rain

Joseph is an old Lakota who had previously spent his entire life in the Black Hills. He had served as the medicine man of his tribe, but had retired from active practice some time ago. He would have been content to live out his last remaining years in peace, but the spirits had other plans for him. On a cold night in the blackest of winter, they sent a vision to him: a vision of fire and damnation, and a great darkness blotting out the sky.

If that sounds vague, it's supposed to be. Joseph won't speak of the specifics of his vision to any non-Indian; the most I got him to give were apocalyptic generalities. The vision was centered in Gomorra and was powerful enough to convince Joseph—then almost 70 years old—to leave his home and travel almost 1800 miles to the Great Maze.

Along the way, he contacted as many tribes and council leaders as he could, telling them what he saw. He was convincing enough to persuade some of them to send representatives with him. By the time he reached Gomorra, he had amassed quite a following.

"Sioux Union" is actually a misleading title. While Joseph himself is a Black Hills Lakota, and a few Union members belong to the Sioux Nations, the group is not affiliated with that government at all. They're here on their own, following Joseph's vision.

They come from literally dozens of tribes—Crow, Pawnee, Apache, Navajo, even Iroquois—all of whom heard what he had to say and decided to join him. One look at their camp, with its hodgepodge of teepee styles, lodgehouses, and tribal symbols will tell you that they are "Sioux" in name only.



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A man on a mission: Joseph Eyes-Like-Rain looks to the future.

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On A Mission

The Union's stated purpose is to wait for the predicted signs of Joseph's vision, and to prevent his expected apocalypse from coming to pass. How they intend to do that is not entirely clear, mostly because they won't speak of the vision's exact nature. Whatever comes, however, they seem like they have the strength and power to deal with it.

Many of their members are experienced warriors, having fought in countless plains wars and railway squabbles. Joseph's son, John Bloody Knife, made a reputation for himself during several skirmishes with the US Army in the Black Hills. Other formidable braves—such as Eagle Rock of the Pawnee and Tioga Joe of the Comanche, to name a few—have been seen within the encampment, giving Joseph considerable muscle if he needs them.

And there are others as well—shamans claiming to command mystic powers. Joseph himself is a member of the Sioux's Old Ways movement (although he doesn't hold the rest of the Union to it) and quietly claims to hold considerable favor with the spirit world, which he will unleash "when the time is right." Other shamans from many different tribes assist his efforts, each bringing their own unique spiritual insight to the Union's cause.

Skeptics scoff at their supposed powers, but if Joseph's vision is mystically inspired, there's no telling what else the man may be capable of. I don't plan on testing it.

Internal Politics

True to its name, the Union presents a very unified front, and there are no signs of any member diverging from Joseph's enigmatic plan. A few of the younger braves, however, have been more proactive than reactive, and seem unwilling to "wait for the signs" as their leader is. As things in Gomorra get worse, we may see members of the Union taking more of a hand in their adopted town's destiny.

The local Indians have cooperated fully with the Sioux Union. The Necessity Alliance is aware of Joseph's presence, and have sent an official representative to assist him. A

Coastanoan medicine man named Wise Cloud serves as an intermediary between the Union and the Alliance, and has remained in Gomorra to ensure that "things go smoothly." Typical of the Union, they refuse to speak more of it than that.

Relations With Gomorra

The Union as a whole has been very reclusive—almost isolationist—since they arrived. They have no particular argument with any of Gomorra's overt factions, and don't want to waste their resources in pointless squabbling. With the exception of a few Indians staying at the Red Hill Hotel, they all remain in their encampment, never moving anywhere as a group.

I've been out there a couple of times, but my movements have been limited and they never let me stay more than a few minutes. They always send a brave with me as an escort, and he's never failed to let me know my presence is not appreciated. Lately, I've taken to meeting their representatives at the Red Hill.

Watching & Waiting

When they're not menacing members of the Fourth Estate, they watch the rest of the town; from the confines of their camp or casual patrols of individual braves, you can feel the braves of the Sioux Union studying you. They walk through the alleyways and back rooms as well as the main streets—never asking questions, but always looking and remembering. No one can say what they are looking for, but their vigil has continued since they arrived.

Most of Gomorra's denizens move in groups, sticking with their own for safety and protection. A man alone is easy pickings for enemies and random criminals alike. But the Union adopts a different tactic. Whether from self-confidence or the belief in the strength of their destiny, the Indian braves often move by themselves through the Gomorra streets.

They cut imposing figures, and are rarely bothered. Those that are have responded swiftly and mercilessly, leaving dead or dying men in their wake. Like so much of the Union's

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business, they don't give any explanations. They've bloodied enough noses, however, to convince the casual gunfighter to leave them be.

For all their watching, they usually do not enter into any of the situations they observe. Armed robberies, public forums, the comings and goings of notorious locals—all are watched and noted, but not interfered with. However, the few times when they have become involved in the town's affairs are telling. All of them occurred during so-called "supernatural" attacks, or incidents which cannot be explained by normal means.

Helping Hands

The most public incident involved a gunfight between deputy Cordelia Hendricks and an unknown gunmen, reportedly a man who was already dead, up and walking around again. He had killed several people in a nearby saloon, and was in the midst of eating their remains when Hendricks arrived. The creature refused to drop despite multiple pistol shots from the deputy, and it continued ghoulishly devouring the remains of its victims after suffering injuries that would kill the strongest man.

The altercation was interrupted, however, by the appearance of Little Running Bear, a member of the Sioux Union. Ignoring the gunfire from the creature's pistol, Bear approached and dispatched it with an absolutely enormous war club. Witnesses say he left very little of the thing when he was done. After exchanging a few words with Hendricks, he then departed as swiftly as he had come.

I can't tell you how much truth there is to more radical elements of this story. I wasn't there myself, but heard about it immediately afterwards from a breathless Deputy Hendricks. All I can say is I have no reason to doubt her word.

Every time the Sioux Union has acted however, it has been accompanied by similar strange occurrences and behavior, which may hint at what they are waiting for. Time will tell if the Sioux Union's efforts really center around the power of the arcane, or whether it's just another smoke-screen to hide their true purpose.

Union and Confederate Interests

The War Between the States has passed over Gomorra for the most part. The USA and CSA have access to their own supplies of ghost rock, and don't wish to break off fighting for the sake of a little more.

With a town like Gomorra, the only chance they'd have of gaining undisputed control would be a full-scale military occupation, something neither side wants or can afford. This doesn't mean that Billy Yank and Johnny Reb have ignored the area totally, however. They've sent groups of their own to keep an eye on things—groups whose nature suggests dark forces beneath the city's external conflicts.

I must confess, I wasn't able to find out very much about either of these group's activities. Union of Confederate, neither group is very talkative.

The Texas Rangers

In the past weeks, I've spotted known members of the Texas Rangers on the streets here, interrogating locals or hunting down rumors of supernatural manifestations. When I approached them, they claimed to be chasing wanted criminals for the CSA.

But these personnel are more than just another posse after deserters and bank robbers. Their leader, Katie Karl, made quite a reputation for herself after bringing down a tribe of demon-worshipping Zuni Indians in the New Mexico desert. She's included some very well-known Rangers in her unit, including the fearsome gunslinger Tombstone Frank and the blind Mexican known only as Los Ojos del Dios.

If one believes their reputation (and I do) these men don't hunt down criminals; they hunt down things far more terrifying. Their presence here suggests that a large number of unmentionable creatures lurk within Gomorra's borders—and that they're here to destroy them by any means necessary.

The Rangers haven't set themselves up in town, probably a sensible move. They're a long way from home, and technically in Northern territory. With the Union's Men in Black about, they seem to keep a low profile.



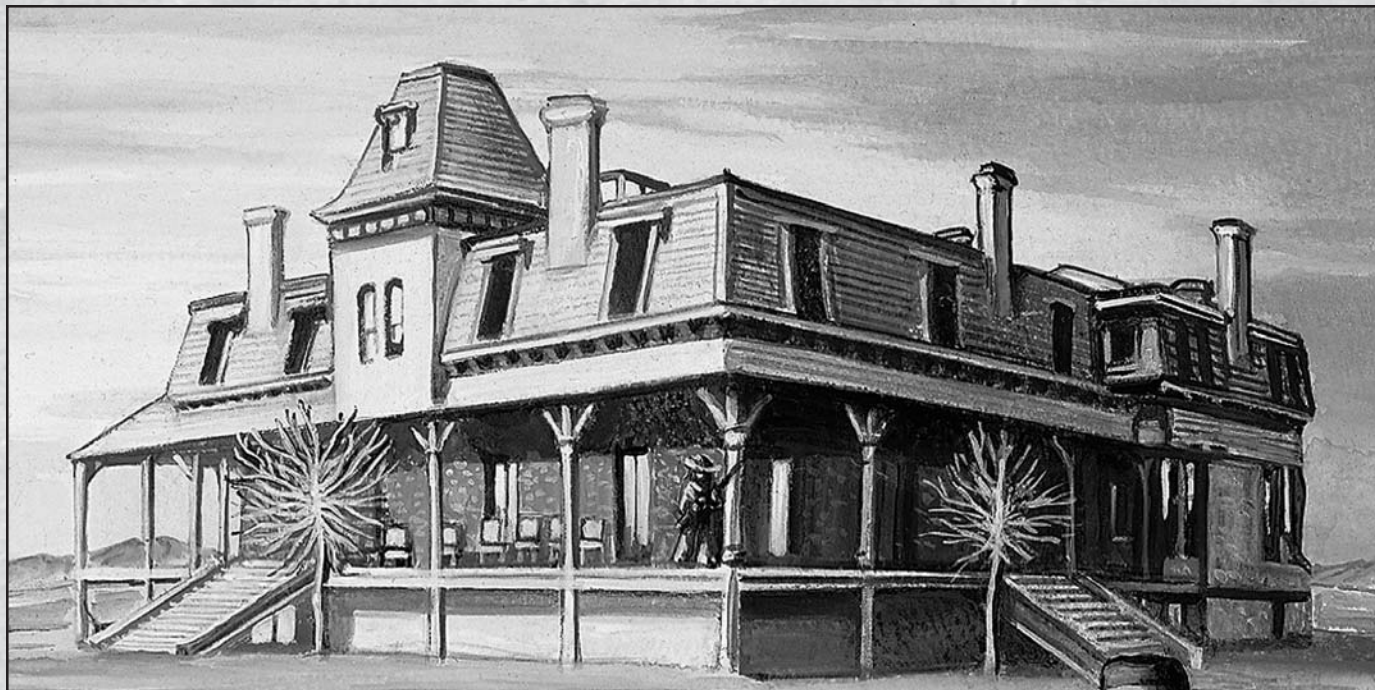
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The Red Hill Hotel, circa 1875. The "U.S. Marshals" make their home here today.

The Agency

The recently formed Agency, too, has been seen in Gomorra recently, although it remains more low-profile than the Rangers. The members say they are U.S. Marshals, here to monitor developments for the sake of their government, but I know otherwise. I've heard stories of houses put to the torch as inhuman howls rise from within and gunslingers with no business walking around being sent to their graves a second time—things like that.

All of it takes place in the dark, with no witnesses save a few black-clad cowboys who advise onlookers to "move along." Readers of the *Epitaph* will recognize that *modus operandi* a mile away, and know it has nothing to do with "monitoring developments." Have no doubts, folks—the Agency is here and they're taking care of things in their own imitable style.

There's even a rumor that the Ghost himself is somewhere in town, up from Fellheimer's Folly. If that's true, then the Union is taking Gomorra seriously indeed.

As you would expect, these grim-faced Agents aren't interested in others poking into their dealings. I myself was visited by a

hulking gunslinger dressed in the Agency's trademark black dusters, who quietly suggested that I turn my journalistic attentions elsewhere. The menace implied in his visit was palpable, and I admit I seriously considered his threat before continuing my investigation.

With units normally dedicated to investigating the supernatural in the area, you can be sure both the United States and Confederate governments believe something important is up. These groups have kept to themselves mostly, avoiding direct conflict with any of Gomorra's warring factions. Curiously enough, there have been no reports of fights between them. Apparently whatever they're after is more important to them than continuing the Civil War. Knowing their reputation, and the immense dislike both organizations have for each other, it's cause for grave concern.

Why Are They Here?

The Agency/Ranger presence brings us at last to the heart of Gomorra's mysteries. What scares both the USA and CSA enough to send their respective ghost hunters into this forgotten corner of the state?

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The Whateleys

If you were to ask most folks who was to blame for the strange events plaguing Gomorra, they would probably point you to the south side of town—to the mansion of the Whateley family. This unwholesome clan moved to Gomorra ostensibly to invest in the mining boom. But if their reputation is to be believed, they have something far more sinister on their minds.

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European Roots

A rather unpleasant interview with the Whateleys (and a few favors called in Back East) produced a very interesting history for this family—both in the present day and far, far earlier. The Whateley history is a strange mix of aristocratic bloodshed, frontier pilgrimages and degenerate habits stretching all the way back across the Atlantic Ocean to Europe.



The Whateley's Mansion, the spookiest place in town.

The clan traces its roots back over five hundred years to the Cambrian Mountains of central Wales. There, a minor clansman named Robert Whateley seized a fiefdom for himself through the bloody annexation of several nearby towns.

Robert had a reputation for practicing witchcraft, and rumors of dark ceremonies practiced in his castle circulated freely among the locals. Several times, attempts were made to capture and burn the nobleman for devil worship, but on each occasion, the mobs were repulsed from his gates. As much as they hated and feared him, the peasants soon learned not to trifle in their lord's business.

The years and centuries flew by, and Robert's descendants only enhanced the family's unholy reputation. Midnight bonfires lit the family estate on nights of Samhain and Candlemass, and inhuman noises could be heard from the castle's depths. Stories circulated of infernal spawnings, of bargains with demons to ensure eternal life, and of inbreeding among the family's heirs.

The Whateleys' days in Great Britain finally came to a halt with the rise of Oliver Cromwell. The Whateleys managed to flee their ancestral fortress just hours before the Lord Protector's New Model Army arrived to put it to the torch. They chartered a ship to take them to the New World, where they hoped they might be able to carry out their dark practices in peace.

Coming to America

The colonies of New England were little better than Cromwellian England, however. Salem and Boston wanted no part of the family, and they were forced to move west into Indian territory. Arriving in Vermont, they found a location in the Green Mountains that suited them and proceeded to build another home.

The local people took umbrage at their presence and attempted to burn them out, much as the peasants of Wales had. Like before, the Whateleys fought off their attackers, leaving stories of horrible atrocities in their wake. The Indians proclaimed the Whateleys devils and the valley they occupied cursed. To this day, they do not venture onto the family's old land.

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After the American Revolution and the land grab in the west had begun, the Whateleys moved yet again—although their reasons for doing so were less clear this time. They traveled southwest into the state of Deseret, which was just coming into its own following the Gold Rush of 1849.

The Mormons were no more pleased to see them than anyone else, but were too occupied with their own problems to give them any active grief. The Whateleys wisely decided to avoid Salt Lake City and instead moved into the unoccupied central portion of the state. There they remained, ensconced in the Wasatch Mountains as far away from the Mormon enclave as they could get. They built a huge estate, used their family's considerable resources to keep the larder full, and settled in like vultures on top of the world.

No one can say what went on up there, for no one but family members were ever allowed to visit the estate. Snows in the Wasatch are heavy, and they must spend entire winters sealed in their mansion, alone with their thoughts and whatever creatures they had truck with. It remained that way for over 20 years.

California, Ho!

In 1875, the majority of the family came down from the mountains, taking their heirlooms and belongings with them, and began a journey to California. Who can say what drove them to leave their home in Deseret? Perhaps the money had run out and they needed a new start. Perhaps the Mormons had begun to take notice of them. But whatever the reason, they abandoned their huge estate, leaving a small branch of cousins to take care of it.

In any case, the ghost rock of Gomorra called to them and they were prepared to answer it full force. Their journey took only a few months and was remarkably free of the hardships one might expect from such a pilgrimage. Even their decrepit matriarch—a truly ancient woman named Wilhelmina Whateley—handled the rigors of the trail well.

They arrived in Gomorra with an eerie freshness, unlike the starved and bedraggled settlers of other pilgrimages. Once in town, they quickly purchased another home—this

one a mansion whose owner had recently died. Then, like in Deseret before, they moved in, closed their doors and made it clear that visitors were not welcome. This was in November of 1876.

Whateley Civic Relations

Unlike Deseret, however, the Whateleys have not been content to ignore their new neighbors. On the surface at least, they seem willing to talk to anyone—so long as such interviews take place off their property. Very few of them are ever seen outside of their mansion, but they have a liaison of sorts who remains visible and accessible should anyone have business with the family.

Nicodemus Whateley, the clan's prodigal son, can often be found walking Gomorra's streets and has taken meetings with many of the local civic leaders. The impression he gives certainly lives up to the Whateley reputation. He is a young, pale skinned man with long hair and an infernal grin on his face. He dresses impeccably well and carries a deck of cards with him at all times, which he shuffles between his hands while speaking.

His mood seems fairly benign and he can be quite reasonable on most points, at least when I talked to him. He spoke to me of a "fresh start" for his family, and the need to exorcise the ghosts of his family's past. Despite his words, I found the man deeply unsettling. Watching him peer at you through his colored spectacles, you get the impression that he's thinking of ways to cut you open that won't kill you right away. I could happily spend the rest of my life without ever running into him again.

The Other Whateleys

As disturbing as Nicodemus is, he at least is visible. The other family members are far more reclusive. I've already mentioned Wilhelmina, the shriveled matriarch and presumably Nicodemus's grandmother. She never comes outside, and refuses to take visitors unless they are specifically invited (I was once; I'm never going again).

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The lovely but deranged Dolores Whateley.

Jebediah, the executor of the estate and "legal owner" of the all Whateley properties must occasionally come into town to sign documents, but he speaks to no one and concludes his business as quickly as possible. He's a large man of about 50 with the imposing manner of a Puritan preacher.

The only other family member spotted outside has been Dolores—either Nicodemus' sister or wife, depending on who you ask. Dolores is afflicted with some form of mental imbalance. At times, she appears as a hyperactive child, dancing and singing at the top of her lungs; at other periods she is completely mute, her sparkling eyes the only sign of life within her.

She wears expensive dresses, torn and soiled, and her raven hair is always unkempt. She spends her time wandering the town cemetery on Elephant Hill—in search of God knows what. The few times I've tried to speak with her have left me frustrated and confused—her haphazard speech includes everything from nursery rhymes to Shakespearean references.

My sources told me that Sweetrock sent one of their hired mercenaries up to Elephant Hill to "detain" Dolores—presumably to pressure the family into giving up their investments. He has never been heard from since. As crazy as she may be, it seems Dolores does not take kindly to being coerced away from her haunts.

There are supposed to be other Whateleys about; I've heard there are as many as 15 family members within the estate. But none of these have been seen, and no one's willing to go looking for them. The Whateleys who make themselves public are more than enough for most of us.

Mining Interests?

The family's ostensible purpose for coming to Gomorra was to invest in the mines. This they have done, but in a curious and fairly ghoulish manner. They show no interest in the larger and more prosperous mines, and apparently do not wish to do battle with Sweetrock over resources. Instead, they look for those places where no one wishes to go: shafts considered too dangerous for people to work, mines rumored to be haunted, anywhere where miners have died through misfortune or other circumstances. Even Sweetrock is cautious about these places, but the Whateleys chase them with infernal zeal.

They buy them up and then operate them somehow, although no one I've talked to is willing to work a Whateley shaft. What ghost rock they produce goes straight to the Gomorra Exchange Office, where they sell it for a fraction of what they could get elsewhere. The money appears meaningless; the macabre history of the sites is their true reward, it would seem.

Their meticulous purchasing habits keep their operations small, and prevents Sweetrock from coming after them seriously. Findley doesn't like their presence—they're easily the biggest "independent" operator in the county—but as long as they stay away from the big claims, he seems willing to let them be. The disappearance of the man he sent after Dolores may have convinced him that the Whateleys won't be pushed—and the last thing he needs these days is another antagonist.

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Relations with Others

The Whateleys have kept their hands very clean; they don't have so much as a littering fine on their record. As I mentioned, they've reached an uneasy peace with Sweetrock, and haven't had any tangles with the law at all. Sheriff Coleman made some inquiries into them, but seemed satisfied that they weren't involved in anything he could prosecute them for. Gomorra's other factions are all too tied up in their own affairs to concern themselves with the reclusive family on the opposite end of town.

Which isn't to say people don't distrust the Whateleys. On the contrary, they have been blamed for just about every inexplicable occurrence to take place in Gomorra. The family mansion is on the southeastern side of town, near the cemetery, the undertaker's and the town slaughterhouse. The area is rife with wild stories of strange disappearances and the like—more than anywhere else in town. The family's history as devil worshippers and the unsettling presence of Nicodemus and Dolores makes them the perfect scapegoats for those disturbances. Like so many times before, however, the fear they exude makes it all but impossible to take direct action against them.

The Indians are the one exception to this rule. The Sioux dare to openly accuse where others only whisper. There have been several altercations between Nicodemus and the more hot-headed Indian braves, but have not yet resulted in bloodshed. I can only assume that the braves have too much respect for Joseph Eye-Like-Rain's edict of noninterference to break it. They certainly aren't scared of Nicodemus or his brood; not like the rest of town, at any rate.

The Rangers and the Agency operatives might also be willing to tangle with the Whateleys. But they haven't acted yet, either. Whether they are waiting for something more threatening, or focused on another, as yet unseen problem, cannot be determined. For now, it seems, the Whateleys have little to be concerned about. Gomorra looks fearfully toward their mansion and hopes that perhaps, they will eventually go away. I wish I could say that were enough.

Free Agents

There are two more people that I should mention to paint a proper picture of Gomorra. Charlie Landers, my best contact in town, and Austin Stoker, the central point around which much of Gomorra's strangeness swirls.

Charlie Landers

Without Charlie Landers, there is positively no way I could have written this *Guide*, and that's the truth. He's a tiny little man, serving drinks and chatting amiably with anyone who will listen from behind the bar of the Fat Chance Saloon. While his squashed face and fused, claw-like left hand may be disconcerting at first, a few minutes in his company dispels any trepidations. Landers is the best bartender and most reliable source of information in town, and it's my honor to call him my friend.

Charlie spent the early years of his life in a traveling carnival, where he performed acrobatic tricks as "The Incredible Crab Boy." That ended just before he turned 20. He won't talk about why he left, but claims he's never been to a circus or carnival since.

He wandered the west for a long time, alternating between a few menial jobs and performing for on the streets. Somewhere along the line, he discovered a talent for listening to other people, and easing their minds. One day he happened upon a bar whose chief whiskey-slinger had been killed in an altercation the previous day. Charlie asked if he could fill in until a replacement was found.

"Filling in" became a permanent position when business in the place doubled over the course of a week. He had the patrons entranced with his acrobatics, amusing stories and way of making their own tales seem important to him. The former circus freak had found his calling.

Sixteen years of tending bar softened his antics somewhat, but not his friendliness or his ability to make people comfortable. His job brought him happiness and good money, but he was never able to find a permanent home.

Boomtowns would dry up and he'd move on again, to find the next place where times



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Everybody's pal, Charlie Landers, doing what he does best.

were good. He came to Gomorra just after ghost rock was discovered and was promptly hired by the Fat Chance, then the only saloon in town. He became a permanent fixture, and now is probably the most popular man in Gomorra.

Gomorra's Eye's & Ears

Charlie is fountain of information. He seems to know who everyone is, and won't hesitate to share what he knows with anyone bellying up to his bar. You might think that in a place like Gomorra, the lifespan of someone who knows something about everyone could be measured in minutes. But Charlie's a smart man and knows when to keep his mouth shut. He's never leaked a clue to wrong person, or spread rumors likely to get anyone killed. It's a delicate balancing act to be sure, but Charlie's had plenty of experience at it, and may be the only person in town without any real enemies.

If you feel like getting involved in town politics (although if you've read this far I hope that you readers will have better sense than that), and this *Guide* isn't enough, look him up. A few minutes over a glass of bourbon will tell you anything you need to know.

Austin Stoker

In a town full of mysteries, one man stands out as a true enigma. Not even the Whateleys hold as much mystique or command such fear as he does. He cuts a striking figure and moves openly through the streets, unafraid of any man or beast. Some say he's just another outlaw—a hardened criminal in a town made for them. But others paint a far more sinister picture of him, and pray that his gaze doesn't fall on them.

His name is Austin Stoker, and he's the most dangerous man in Gomorra.

Officer

There are a few details about Austin Stoker that everyone can agree on. He was born in Georgia, and has the manner and education of a well-bred Southern gentleman. Stoker served with some distinction in the early days of the War Between the States as a Confederate cavalry captain. He wears his uniform to this day, so he certainly isn't shy about his former affiliation.



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Confederate records (once again, thanks to my contacts Back East) place him in charge of some 200 mounted soldiers at the Battle of Gettysburg, July 2nd, 1863.

As most readers know, what happened at Gettysburg is a mystery. Stoker's story becomes cloudy there as well; the official word from Richmond was that he betrayed his command to the Yankees. Others say he witnessed some horrifying atrocity and fled before it could claim him. Whatever the reason, he disappeared from the battlefield and was not seen again for some time.

Occultist

Reports since then have been spotty. He's been seen at Andersonville in Georgia, areas of the Black Hills, even at the Devil's Postpiles. Some who claimed to talk with him said he was searching for an opening to the "spirit world," while other stories describe Stoker as possessed by the Devil himself, or at least serving him. Such wild tales have dogged the man wherever he has turned up.

One may doubt the supernatural aspects of the story, but the damage Stoker has caused cannot be denied. In 1870, he massacred an entire town in Kansas—some 50 people trying to collect a bounty on him. A few years later, he single-handedly dispatched a huge salt rattler outside of the City o' Gloom (Salt Lake City to those of you not familiar with our other *Epitaph Guides*). Those who have crossed him have a nasty habit of disappearing, and the number of deaths attributed to him continue to rise.

Outlaw

Needless to say, Stoker is a wanted man. The Texas Rangers have had their eye on him for some time, and the CSA wants him on a variety of unspecified charges. Katie Karl told me that he's a just deserter who betrayed his unit to the Yanks. But the bounty on his head is an astronomical \$10,000; not even the most vile traitor commands such a fee. The Union appears less willing to pursue him, but the Agency has offered a variety of unspecified rewards for any news of his activities.

The Texas Rangers have already made one effort to apprehend him, which went disastrously wrong. Once they learned he had arrived in Gomorra, a trio of Rangers arrived in Gomorra with orders to bring him back to Shannonsburg. They didn't last two minutes before Stoker disposed of them. It's unclear how exactly he managed this feat, but my contact, who was present during the confrontation, shuddered and told me not to ask.

Despite—or perhaps because of—the loss of their comrades, the Rangers have not moved on Stoker directly again. Katie Karl has only a handful of men under her, and won't risk losing them against one single problem, no matter how dangerous he may be.

Gomorra's Most Dangerous

Stoker rarely shows himself around town, and no one seems to know where exactly he hangs his hat. Additionally, no one seems to know why he is here or what he wants.

He treats those he deals with the cultured politeness of a Georgia gentleman. Ironically, his gentility sets people on edge even more. A screaming maniac is easy to deal with, but a friendly facade can hide anything.

I've only seen him two or three times, and I've kept my distance. The man is spooky. After the incident with the Rangers, everyone else in town has given him a wide berth, and I can't say I blame them. The Law Dogs have no interest in him and the Agency seems to regard him as a Confederate problem; they both have kept their hands off. He's returned the favor by keeping his activities (whatever they are) quiet and his body count low.

If the stories of his past activities are true at all, then Stoker may be motivated by some dark purpose, one which I can only guess at at this stage. Considering the mayhem he leaves in his wake and the burning desire of the rebels to apprehend him, his presence in Gomorra is cause for concern. He just may be the blasting cap that sets off the bundle of dynamite known as Gomorra.

As with the Whateleys, if any of you *Epitaph* readers come across him, whether in Gomorra or anywhere else, I'd advise running the other direction as quickly as you can.

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Current Events

There have been a lot of stories about Gomorra's ghosts and ghouls, and not all of them center around these figures. I haven't been privy to all of them, but ask any saloon patron in town and he'll regale them to you with wide-eyed abandon.

"It Was a Mountain Lion"

The first story began almost two years ago. On the heels of Sweetrock's arrival came an inexplicable series of killings—massacres out in the countryside by lone travelers and prospectors. The bodies were torn apart, as if by great rending claws.

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After examining the bodies, the town doctor said it was the work of a mountain lion—one which had developed a taste for human flesh. But knowledgeable woodsmen in the area scoff at the idea, and those who have seen the horrifying remains of the victims don't believe the doctor's explanation for an instant. In the midst of Gomorra's violence, the killings are hardly noticed, but they have continued on and off over the past two years and show no signs of stopping. Could some sort of monster be stalking the wilderness around Gomorra?

Second Chance Joey

Other, more disturbing events, have followed on the heels of these killings. The Elephant Hill cemetery has been the sight of numerous disturbances, graves being opened and bodies disappearing. Reliable (at least, normally reliable) witnesses have sworn seeing men dead and buried walking the streets in daylight, oblivious to the reactions of others or of the flesh rotting off their bones. There are

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stories of zombies lurking in the alleys to waylay passersby, of ghosts haunting abandoned buildings on the edge of town, and of dead gunslingers appearing to drag their killers to the pits of Hell with them.

I know that many readers will scoff, but I myself managed to catch a glimpse of one of these walking dead, at night and under cover of darkness. The creature appeared outwardly normal and staggered about like a drunkard. But its torn, rotting flesh and the glazed look in its eyes said that alcohol had nothing to do with its current condition. Its lower jawbone was missing, torn away by some great injury.

My contacts referred to it as "Second Chance Joey." Needless to say, I did not get close enough for it to spot me. I have no desire to learn if a creature with no jaw can eat my brain.

Snatched Babes

Perhaps the most disturbing case of supernatural influence in Gomorra was the inexplicable disappearance of multiple area children last October. 13 boys and girls, ranging in ages from 4-12, disappeared over the course of a single week. The children were all snatched from their beds in the dead of night.

Many were taken from locked houses, some while their mother and father slept only a few feet away. And none of them made so much as a sound when they were taken; their bedsheets were unrumpled and their toys untouched. It was as if they vanished into thin air.

An investigation by the sheriff's department turned up nothing. No bodies, no suspects, not so much as a recovered stuffed bear. The baffling lack of evidence in their kidnappings goes beyond the merely human. No matter how evil or despicable they are, humans leave

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trails, drop evidence, make mistakes that can be tracked. No signs of a struggle could be found here. No marks of entrance or exit were seen in any of the houses. Could any mere human or group of humans be capable of such a feat?

While the disappearances were nebulous and enigmatic, the fallout was anything but. Two distraught mothers committed suicide when their children did not turn up, and most of those families spared the traumatic kidnappings soon left the area, afraid that their sons or daughters may be next.

The fact that nothing came of the investigation only made matters worse, and a pall of gloom has settled over the town. While this had very little effect on the mining operations or the continued conflicts in the street, it left a mark on Gomorra's spirit that has lingered and grown.

The Great Bank Robbery

The failure of the Law Dogs to recover any of the children was just a harbinger of what fate had in store for them. I wrote those last few paragraphs before it all started coming apart, and looking back I wonder how it could have gone so wrong so quickly.

Some two weeks ago, an unknown group of assailants conducted a daring daylight robbery of the First Bank of Gomorra bank. Two guards were killed in the proceedings, and the bandits made off with over 46 bags of ghost rock and a significant amount of cash—more than most groups could reasonably carry.

According to eyewitnesses, the robbers loaded their cargo on wheelbarrows and made their escape through the back entrance of the bank. You would expect men carrying such a load would be caught immediately, but the gang somehow vanished. Sheriff's deputies and bounty hunters scoured the countryside but were unable to turn up any sign of the robbers.

Coincidentally, 46 bags of ghost rock was the exact amount that Sweetrock Mining had stored in the bank's vaults for safe keeping. Werner Braun, manager of the First Bank, claims that the robbers demanded Sweetrock's funds specifically, and showed no interest in either the cash or other customers' savings.



Where did the children go? Most people shudder to think about it.

Naturally, Sweetrock wished to blame the robbery on the Blackjacks, saying only they would strike at their company so openly. Black Jack denies any connection with the robbery, and eyewitnesses say the robbers didn't wear the gang's distinctive black handkerchiefs.

Others—including several Sweetrock employees and Deputy Hendricks, who would have no reason to lie—placed the majority of the Blackjacks in Father Juan Navarro's church, attending services at the time of the robbery.

At continued pressure from Howard Findley, Judge Warwick issued a warrant on Jackson "to appear before the Caine County Court for questioning," but little or nothing has come from it. As a few foolish bounty hunters have learned, the gang is too slippery to be caught unaware, and too tough to be tangled with when their guard is up. The sheriff's men might be able to take them in a straight fight, but not without a great deal of bloodshed, and not unless their guilt is assured. Since no one could place them definitively at the robbery, the law decided to pursue other options.



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The Death of the Law

As the Law Dogs were reeling from the fallout of the Great Bank Robbery, another, far more terrible blow shook them. Sheriff J.P. Coleman himself, the epitome of the law in Gomorra, was brutally murdered one night as he worked at his desk.

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Coleman's guns were in their holsters, suggesting he was taken by surprise, while his chest was shattered by the gaping hole of a double barrel shotgun blast. Considering the number of failed attempts on his life since taking office, and the men who wished him ill for one reason or another, the list of suspects must be quite large. On the other hand, Coleman's skills as a gunfighter were considerable, and few are capable of taking him so completely unaware as they did.

No leads have yet been announced in the slaying, and the sheriff's department has been mum about steps they are taking to find the killer or killers.



Gomorra loses a law man. Rest in peace, Sheriff Coleman

The remaining deputies seem to be in a state of shock over the murder, and refused to speak about Coleman when I questioned them. Nash Bilton has served as sheriff for the last two weeks, coordinating the search for both the killer and for the robbers of the First Bank.

With Coleman gone, the order he worked so hard to achieve has begun to buckle, as outlaws and desperadoes no longer have to fear his wrath. In response, Bilton has called upon the Armed Volunteers to help maintain order, and deputized a number of others. Law Dogs can now be seen on the streets in greater numbers than ever before, even if they aren't cloaked in J.P. Coleman's mystique.

A New Kind of Order

In the wake of Coleman's death, it seems that certain elements are no longer willing to leave Gomorra's safety in the hands of the Law Dogs. Soon afterward came an abrupt announcement from the Collegium of Interspatial Physics—that their days of remaining buried in their books were over. Collegium head Oswald Hardinger issued the following statement, which was printed up and posted all over town:

"In response to the increasing instability in Gomorra," "And the inability of the sheriff's office to adequately contain the disorder, the DCOIP has forthwith vowed to fill in the gap. As of this moment, we stand against any who would prey on Gomorra's citizenry, who perpetrate murder and mayhem in her streets, and who flout the laws of civilized society for their own personal gain. Any attacks against members of the Collegium, or indeed against any of the innocent citizens of Gomorra town, will be met with lethal force. Any acts of robbery, arson, or criminal mayhem will likewise be dealt with by the powers of myself and my colleagues. This edict will remain in effect until such time as the sheriff's department demonstrates adequate control of the situation, or until every outlaw and criminal in this region has met with justice."

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These ominous words have been backed with equally ominous deeds. Within hours of Oswald's announcement, reports surfaced of Collegium members confronting known "troublemakers" with overwhelming scientific superiority. Gunther Hapworth, an albino shut-in reportedly researching the chemical augmentation of the human body, destroyed an entire saloon while subduing a group of rowdy drunks. The attempted robbery of a stagecoach on its way to Shan Fan was foiled by Mr. Zarkov—who reduced the would-be bandits to ashes with one of his beam weapons.

Next, the scientists launched a series of attacks against the Maze Rats base, the *Typhoon*, using their wide array of mechanical miracles to make up for their lack of combat experience. The Maze Rats fought back with all the viciousness you might expect, and the first few sorties ended in bloody stalemates. Several Collegium members have been sent to the bottom, and the *Typhoon* has suffered a good-sized chunk of collateral damage as well. As with their campaign on the streets of Gomorra, the Collegium's efforts against Kang's men have been determined, spectacular, and dangerous in the extreme.

Fuel for the Fire

For all their efforts, however, the Collegium seems to have done little but add fuel to the fire around here. I like these fellows a lot, I really do, but their recent actions scare made to death. Crime has not dropped significantly; the town's outlaws just see them as another obstacle to be overcome, and haven't been intimidated enough by their show of force to back off.

Most people now consider the Collegium little more than a well-armed gang; a gang with pedigree, perhaps, and a skewed sense of morality to back them up, but a gang just the same. As "mad scientists," their instability was always assumed, but since they had stayed quiet for so long, no one worried. Now, many people are asking themselves how they got so far out of control so quickly. Because they don't actively prey on others, and because they're powerful enough to take most comers, they have yet to be charged with anything. But property damage from their escapades has

been considerable, and I wonder how long it will be before their actions begin claiming innocent lives.

I believe the Collegium's attentions in the Maze are connected with their increased activities overall. They're putting their inventions to heavy use in the course of "defending" Gomorra, and need plenty of ghost rock to fuel them. While Sweetrock has enough resources to ride out the pirates, the mad scientists do not.

All of it comes down to one more problem heaped at the feet of the law. The sheriff's department has enough trouble on their hands without slugging it out with the Collegium, and in all honesty, the scientists' provide enough of a diversion to keep the worst outlaws out of their hair. They have yet to make a serious move against them. Sheriff Coleman's murder is a more pressing concern, and until they catch the killer, there's little chance that the Collegium will respect their control of the situation. So while Bilton and the remaining deputies seek to avenge their fallen leader, the mad scientists' rampage continues unabated.

The Election

In response to the Collegium's aggression, Sweetrock head Howard Findley has called for the election of a new sheriff as quickly as possible. In a fit of uncharacteristic generosity, he has even offered to foot the bill for the campaign.

The voting will probably be over with by the time this sees print, and Gomorra will have a new sheriff to oversee its mess. That's something this town desperately needs. Currently, Deputy Bilton is the running favorite to succeed Coleman's position, although Nathan Hunter has also agreed to run "to give the people a legitimate choice." The fact that no one outside of the sheriff's office has decided to run is disconcerting. Apparently no one who isn't already in the line of fire wants to risk the danger of the position.

What a new sheriff, whether it's Bilton or someone else, can do to bring things back under control remains to be seen. But it had best come fast, before Gomorra sinks too far into chaos to ever be revived.



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The Town of Gomorra

Obviously, Gomorra is not a place for the casual traveler. Any tenderfoot who shows up to see the sights will probably end up diving for cover before he can set his bags down. If you find yourself within its confines, however—pursuing ghost rock or some other personal goal—you'd do well to familiarize yourself with the layout.

Life in Gomorra

Gomorra is smack dab in the middle of Caine County, California, one of the most inhospitable places on earth. I've heard that the area nearby was green and fertile before the Great Quake. It's nothing like that now, let me tell you.

Caine County is located about half way between Shan Fan and the mining town of Devil's Armpit. Gomorra itself sits perched at the very edge of the Maze itself. To the east lies a desolate stretch of prairie and desert reaching half way to Sacramento. To the west are the canyons and islands of the Great Maze, and the mineral wealth that keeps this town breathing.

For some reason I have yet to explain, Gomorra doesn't appear on a single map I've been able to find, whether commercial or governmental, Union or Confederate. Pretty strange for a town whose population had reached almost 1,000 people.

In some respects, Gomorra's like any other boomtown. The populace tends to be transient—miners, gunslingers, and other wanderers looking for work. Those who hold regular jobs work them for as long as they can, then move on when things dry up. Faces change from week to week, and you can never be sure who's going to greet you at your favorite bar.

The permanent residents are those with vested interests in Gomorra's future—saloon owners, mine owners, and their regular

employees—and form a comforting backdrop against the constant flux of comers and goers. Even they acknowledge the transitory nature of their home; they tend to live in hotels or rented houses, and don't make any investments without cash up front. As large as it is, this town could blow away if the ghost rock runs out.

But beneath that, there's something else. Walking down Main Street, one gets a sense of being watched by some alien and malevolent force. No one ever talks about it; it's in their eyes, a world-weary fear that speaks of sleepless nights and lurking dread.

The amazing thing is how readily people here accept the weirdness. That doesn't mean they like it, but there's an unspoken effort among everyone here to get on with the business of making money, to try and pretend things aren't as strange and surreal as they seem. So far, Gomorra's been able to keep a handle on its fear. I wonder how much longer this can last.

Gomorra's Livelihood

The area around Gomorra isn't much different from anywhere else in the Great Maze. In the nearby canyons is where you see the most activity, and where you really get the sense of the boom that's driving Gomorra's growth.

Mines are everywhere in the Maze around Gomorra. High on buttes, low along the waterline, deep in crevices and splayed across the face of the rock, you can't turn a corner without running into one.

Sweetrock always has a need for warm bodies, and those who can handle the brutality are assured of steady work. Even some of the independent miners earn a decent living for themselves, enough to keep the rest of them motivated to keep at it—even if it means working themselves into the grave.

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Sweetrock...

As you might expect, most of the mines belong to Sweetrock; you can tell because they're the biggest and have the most modern equipment. The company's mines spread out like spiderwebs, covering as much space to dig up as much ghost rock as they can. One look at their biggest holds, and you can tell. The Dragon's Nest, for instance, runs along an entire causeway for almost a mile. The canyon is littered with shaft openings, each one leading into a larger network. I can't imagine how they tunnel like that without bringing the entire butte down around their ears.

Others, like the Smiling Lizard Lode and the Rock Ridge Mine (the former property of Jackson P. Jackson), aren't deep, but stretch across the rock like masks. I went up to Rock Ridge to verify Black Jack's story and found a vast array of scaffolding, pulley's and ladders working every surface of the nearby rock.

...and Everyone Else

The independent mines are much less spectacular; in fact, they seem to go out of their way to avoid attracting attention. You see them in the tiny side spurs, huddled under the shadows or rock spurs and the like. Most of these mines don't have enough ghost rock to interest Sweetrock, or would require too much effort to make the kind of "scorched earth" method the company favors.

The miners working them seem to know that they're the little fish, and give their claims names like Pike's Puddle or the On the Side Strike. Black Jack's lesson has weighed heavily on them, and they always go about armed even while they're working. If you see a miner out there with a gun strapped to his back, chances are he's not working for Sweetrock.

As bad as the Sweetrock mines are, at least the company has a vested interest in keeping their workers alive and their mines running. The central shafts are large and firmly supported, and guards are posted against marauding beasts from the Maze.

The little guys don't have such luxuries; they run more of a risk of cave-ins, lack the

resources to protect themselves from Maze Dragons, and present a tempting target for claim jumpers looking to break in on the action. As if that weren't enough, Sweetrock actively tries to close them down. The company has sent thugs to force the small-timers out if they discover any significant deposits, and shot those who dared to fight back.

For all this activity, there are always a few mines that no one wants to touch. There the places where workers have come to bad ends, where unnatural things have settled, or where things just don't seem right. They stick out like rotten teeth in the cliffsides and you can almost smell the fear coming out of them. There's plenty of ghost rock in them, at least that's what I hear. But no one wants to go out to claim them; those who have disappeared, never to be seen again. That's not uncommon in the Maze, but when you look at the places they tried to mine—you begin to understand. They have names like The Gaping Maw and Howlin' Hollow, and I wouldn't be surprised if the Whateley family has possession of their deeds.



Working Pike's Puddle: Gomorra still has independent miners.

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The Layout of Gomorra

Physically, Gomorra is divided by three central streets—Main running east-west, and Cross and Hill, running north-south. Main Street terminates at the sheer cliff that marks the start of the Maze, and as it moves east eventually turns into the main trail out of town. Cross Street intersects it at the center of Gomorra, forming the Town Square and the main business district. Hill Street runs parallel from the rail station to Elephant Hill and roughly marks the eastern town limits.

These three avenues are subdivided by a maze of smaller streets and alleyways which spread out in all directions. While gunfights and altercations are not uncommon along the main streets, they're far safer than the sideways, where a killer can strike and vanish without being seen. Newcomers to Gomorra would be wise not to stray from Main or Hill.

The Town Square

The center of town is the oldest, and contains the most prominent buildings. Sweetrock set up their headquarters here, alongside the courthouse and the sheriff's office. Its intention was to radiate an aura of respectability, and most of the locations here must conform to their desires.

The bank, the doctor's office, Sam's General Store and the like are all located here. They're quiet and safe, and don't have much to fear from either Sweetrock or the sheriff. If you were to judge Gomorra by its central square, you'd be hard pressed to find anything wrong with it.

Academic Interests

The north end of town is still respectable, albeit a little more dangerous. The Collegium's compound is located here, along with the library and other areas the mad scientists frequent.

While violent incidents are rare, there's a tension here that keeps most folks on edge. The eerie quiet can be shattered without warning as the occasional explosion or

teeth-rattling noise from the compound breaks through the air. The businesses which have thrived here have slowly become acclimated to the racket—much like besieged cities, used to the cannon shells falling on them. The buildings beyond the Collegium compound have mostly been abandoned, either by nervous tenants or because of damage from the nearby testing grounds.

Home Sweet Home

The south side is the residential district, containing homes, hotels and boarding houses where most of the city sleeps at night. It can get rough here from time to time, as those with scores to settle wait by their adversaries' hiding holes for a chance to strike. The wealthier residents often hire gunslingers to serve as private security for their estates.

As one travels south, the homes thin out before eventually giving way to untamed prairies. Most of the spare building space in Gomorra is located here

For the Grace of God

The southeast corner of Gomorra is dominated by Elephant Hill and the dark abodes of those drawn to it. The town cemetery is located here, as well as the Whateleys' mansion and the mysterious structure known as Lord Grimely's Manor. Those who inhabit the nearby buildings have a stunted, deformed quality about them, and rarely journey outside of their usual haunts.

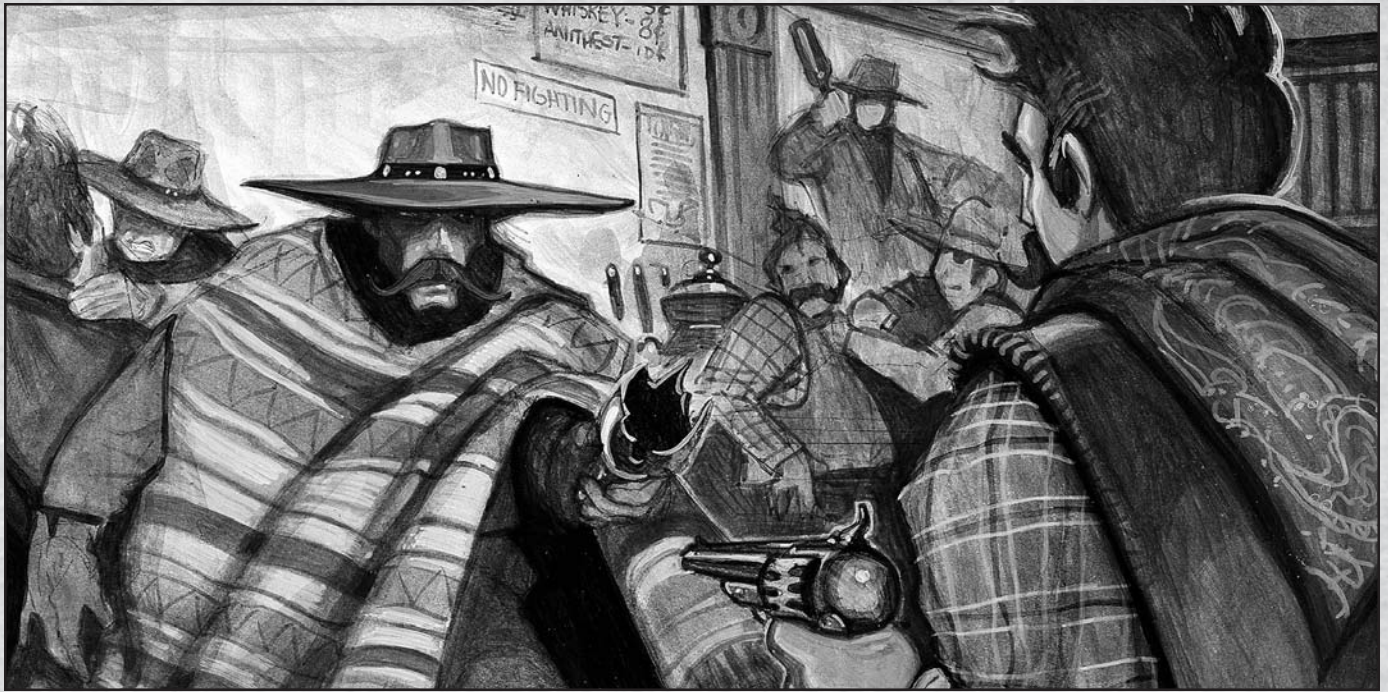
The reports of supernatural sightings—of ghosts, supposedly dead men up and walking around, and other horrors—are strongest here, and enough interlopers have disappeared to keep any but the most foolhardy away. A few stores remain nearby—those suited to the area's spectral atmosphere, such as the undertaker's, the slaughterhouse, and others. Their patrons tend to conclude their transactions and scamper back to less menacing neighborhoods as quickly as possible. As you might imagine, being a Tombstone Epitaph correspondent, I spent a fair amount of time in this part of town.

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A rough night on western Main Street. Confrontations like this are what you get when you mix desperate miners and plenty of booze.

The Way Out

The east end of town holds the railway station, stagecoach office, telegraph office and "peripheral" businesses. The major trails leading elsewhere in the Weird West start here as well. Most of the folks coming to Gomorra by land have to pass through here, which makes for a fluid and chaotic environment.

Anyone staying longer than a week or so gravitates west; those left consist of shysters, con artists, and robbers who don't plan on being around long enough to get caught. They'll pull a job and run for their lives, counting on staying unnoticed amid the changing faces here. Ironically, the area's businesses are quiet and fairly well-kept; the Red Hill Hotel is the best in town, and areas like the railroad and dispatch office are protected by Sweetrock.

The Sioux Union have encamped just beyond the east end, in wide field near the railroad tracks. Further out lies the Mission de Santa Maria, where father Juan Navarro leads his parishioners. Somewhere, in the plains and valleys which can be found further east, the Blackjacks are rumored to have their hideout. Interlopers can search for it at their peril.

Wild Nights

Most of the town's action takes place in the area along western Main Street. It's a cesspool of brothels, saloons and flophouses. Here, miners from the Maze rub elbows with soiled doves, gunmen for hire and outright criminals in search of a good time.

The cheap hotels along Main Street hide sordid activities of all varieties, and every night it seems, someone else is killed. Strange things stalk the shadows and alleyways—things which never reveal themselves by the light of day. It's a rough and tumble atmosphere out here, and you'd best be ready to defend yourself if you need to travel it.

The buildings of the west side are packed together tightly, some going almost all the way up to the side of the cliff. Drunks stumble too close to the edge on a regular basis, taking a six-hundred foot swan dive onto the docks below. If you're liquored up and heading home, I'd advise wandering back toward the town square—even if that's nowhere near your residence. Main Street terminates at Scooter's

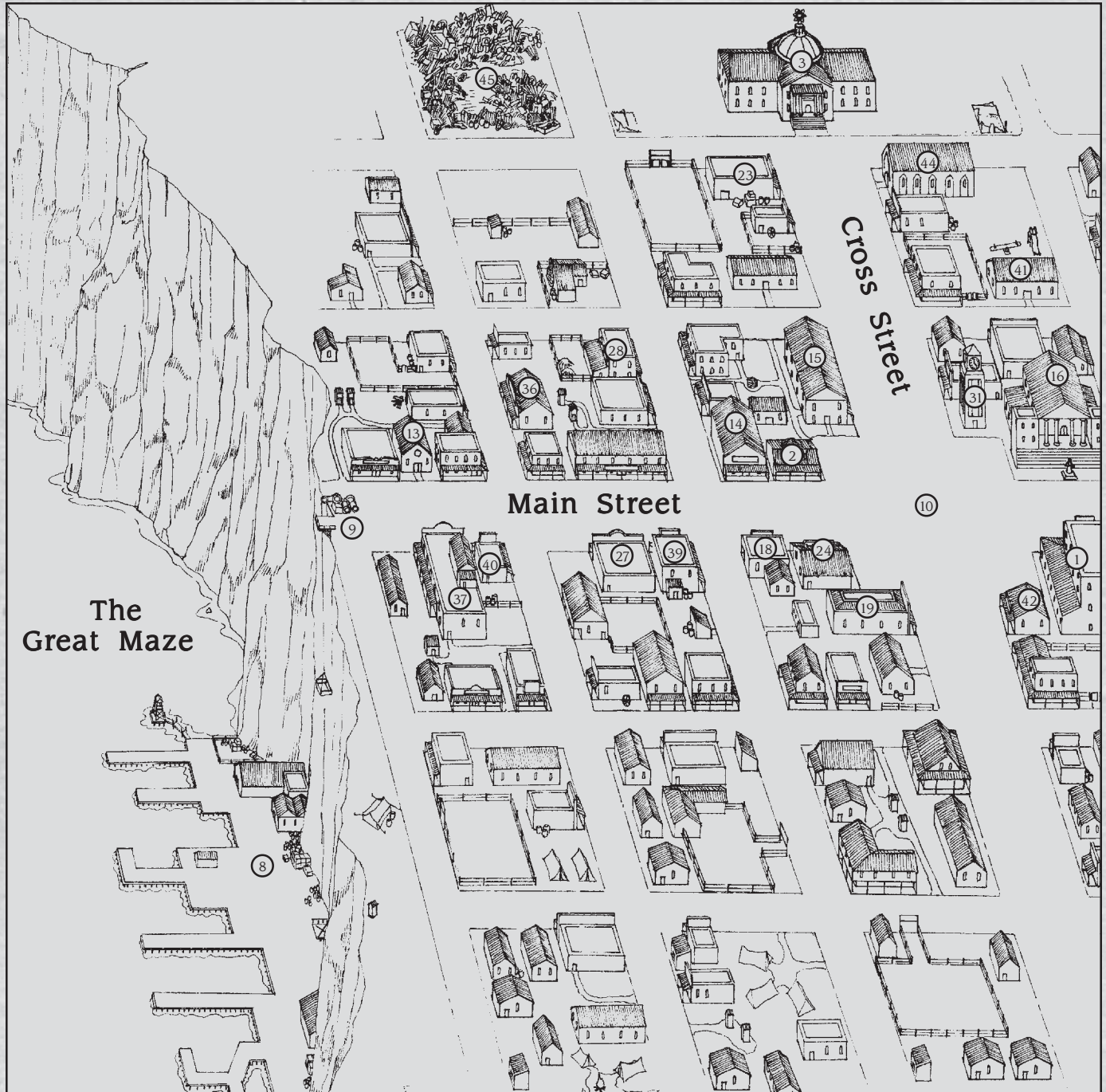
Lift Winch, which brings people and cargo up from the docks.

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The Town of Gomorra

California, USA
1 inch=100 feet

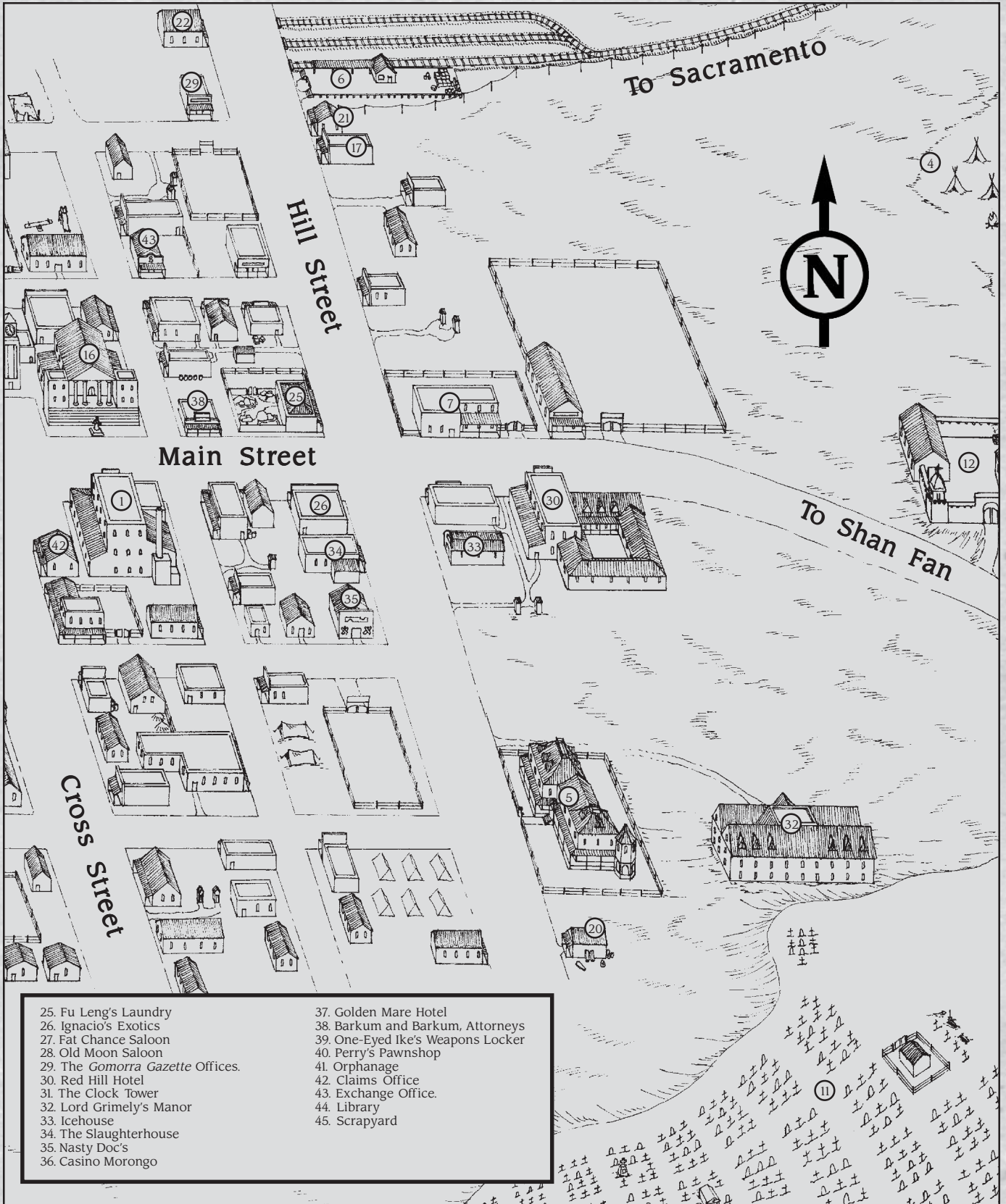
- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Sweetrock Corporate Headquarters | 13. St. Martin's Chapel |
| 2. The Sheriff's Office | 14. Jail |
| 3. The Collegium of Interspatial Physics | 15. Town Hall |
| 4. The Sioux Encampment | 16. The Courthouse |
| 5. Whateley Family Estate | 17. <i>Tombstone Dispatch</i> Branch Office |
| 6. Pacific Maze Rail Station | 18. The Good Doctor |
| 7. Stagecoach Office | 19. The First Bank of Gomorra |
| 8. The Gomorra Town Docks | 20. The Undertaker's |
| 9. Scooter's Lift Winch | 21. Dispatch Office |
| 10. The Town Square | 22. Schoolhouse |
| 11. The Elephant Hill Cemetery | 23. Bob's Fix-it Shop |
| 12. Mission de Santa Maria | 24. Sam's General Store |

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- 25. Fu Leng's Laundry
- 26. Ignacio's Exotics
- 27. Fat Chance Saloon
- 28. Old Moon Saloon
- 29. The *Gomorra Gazette* Offices.
- 30. Red Hill Hotel
- 31. The Clock Tower
- 32. Lord Grimely's Manor
- 33. Icehouse
- 34. The Slaughterhouse
- 35. Nasty Doc's
- 36. Casino Morongo

- 37. Golden Mare Hotel
- 38. Barkum and Barkum, Attorneys
- 39. One-Eyed Ike's Weapons Locker
- 40. Perry's Pawnshop
- 41. Orphanage
- 42. Claims Office
- 43. Exchange Office.
- 44. Library
- 45. Scrapyard

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Places of Note

The following list covers most of the more interesting building and businesses in Gomorra proper. It is by no means exhaustive (the saloons alone would fill an encyclopedia), but it offers a good sense of where things are—and what secrets might be hiding behind them.

1. Sweetrock Corporate Headquarters

The nerve center of the most powerful economic force in Gomorra is located in the center of town, just off the square. The only three-story building in the entire county, it was built soon after Sweetrock bought up Humphrey Walters' property.

It houses the offices of the executives, an accounting department, and even a minor refinery where select quantities of ghost rock are purified into fuel cores for direct sale. A pale halo of ghost-rock smoke rises from the refinery chimneys at all times.



Xiong "Wendy" Cheng, a recent addition to the Law Dogs.

Howard Findley can be found holding court here most business days; rumor has it that he has living quarters here as well, not trusting his safety anywhere outside the premises.

Don't bother trying to get past the door unless you have an appointment. A pair of burly thugs armed to the teeth stand post 24 hours a day. This is also one of the few places in Gomorra where people know better than to draw guns. A group of bandits forced their way in with the intention of robbing Findley and his assistants. Their scalps are currently decorating Jim MacNeil's office.

2. The Sheriff's Office

"Law Dog Central," as the locals refer to it, is centered amid what passes for Gomorra's government district, along with the jail, the courthouse, and the town meeting hall. It's a long, low building which originally housed miners in the early days of the ghost-rock boom.

Today, it consists mostly of a large central area with desks, locked rifle racks and wanted posters upon the walls. The sheriff has a private office off to one corner, with a locking door and a cot off to one side (a holdover from J.P. Coleman's days, when the sheriff would often stay the night). A surveyor's map of Gomorra has been mounted on the wall with "trouble spots" marked by red flags. Deputies can be found here when they aren't on patrol; everyone sworn in receives keys to the office and the weapons locker along with their tin star.

3. The Collegium of Interspatial Physics

If ever a building looked out of place in the Weird West, it's this massive marble structure housing the Collegium and all their experiments.

Designed in neoclassical style, it closely resembles college campuses of the east coast, with tall windows, trellises, and even the feeble beginnings of a front lawn (courtesy of some inventor's fertilizing breakthrough). The lower floor and basement house laboratories and meeting rooms; basement rooms are heavily soundproofed and have no windows. The second floor consists of living quarters for Collegium scientists, which vary from the Spartan to the outrageous, depending upon who resides there.

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Normally, only Collegium members are allowed inside the building. Guests are admitted if they are escorted by one of the scientists. There are no guards, and the doors are left unlocked during daylight hours. The Collegium doesn't fear robbery or intrusion. No one wants to end up a guinea pig in one of their experiments.

The area behind the building has been used as a testing ground for the scientists ever since the unfortunate incident with Zarkov's concussion beam. The wide field provides ample room for weapons targeting, driving tests, and any other piece of "weird science" requiring a large area to operate. With a little luck, one may be fortunate enough to see a Collegium member here, testing out his or her latest creation. It's always an impressive sight.

4. The Sioux Encampment

The east end of Gomorra gradually thins out to plains and desert scrub, and here Joseph Eyes-Like-Rain and his followers have set up a semipermanent encampment. The enclave consists of teepees and lodgehouses, brought with them, or constructed from available materials. Certain Union members, mostly belonging to the Navajo and other Southwestern tribes, stay at the nearby Red Hill Hotel, where conditions are a bit less rugged.

Guards stand post around the encampment 24 hours a day, and the entire Union can be roused in a manner of minutes if there is trouble. Meetings and ceremonies are held almost every evening, and are always off-limits to white men. Seen from a distance, they can be quite spectacular, with wild dances and huge bonfires that blaze deep into the night.

The Sioux are protective of their privacy. If one has specific business with a member, one sends a request through their representative, Walks-In-Footprints, who then arranges for a meeting in town somewhere. I've been let in a few times, but I may be the only white man to have done so. (I chalk it up to pure charm.)

The Indians as a group are very single-minded, and not interested in speaking if it doesn't involve their secretive mission. Joseph apparently keeps contacts with the outside world; smoke signals are often seen rising from the camp, and answered by others far in the distance.

5. Whateley Family Estate

A wealthy prospector named Xavier McGee constructed this spacious townhouse with the hope of enjoying the good life for some time to come. That ended a few weeks after he moved in, when his maid found him hanging from the bedroom rafters. The sheriff ruled the death a suicide, although why a man like McGee would want to kill himself has never been fully explained.

In any case, the size of the mansion and the taint of McGee's death kept buyers away from the property—until Wilhelmina Whateley and her clan arrived in town. They purchased McGee's white elephant without a blink and settled in a cozy as peas in a pod.

The estate is a large, two story affair, built out of wood and stones quarried from the Maze. It has a spacious porch running the length of the house, and gables stuck out at odd angles from the second floor. In other circumstances it might be charming. As it is, it has a sinister, neglected aspect to it, like a once-spoiled child who has been left to rot in his room.

The Whateleys have installed a wrought iron gate in front of the house, supposedly the same one from the ancient family estate in Vermont. The interior of the mansion is full of similar artifacts—thick-bound books, lamps of twisted metal, over-stuffed furniture, dusty photographs and thick velvet drapes over all the windows. The knickknacks decorating the shelves are all slightly unsettling—a collection of voodoo knives from Haiti, for example, or a parcel of skin from the family's fourteenth century founder.

Vermin make their homes there in droves, and the family has done little to dissuade the rats, roaches and spiders from staying. Visitors are not encouraged, and few wish to bother the Whateleys for obvious reasons; a family of inbred witches are hardly the sort of people one wants to have tea with.

Neighbors say that a howling comes from the eaves of the house at night. They whisper stories about an unseen Whateley son—a raving lunatic chained in the attic for his own safety. One woman I questioned, who had decided to leave Gomorra permanently, said she once heard another voice answer the first. The second voice rumbled like a coming storm, and could not have come from any human lips.



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6. Pacific Maze Rail Station

One of the few reliable ways into and out of Gomorra, the Pacific Maze is a small rail line set up by Sweetrock in their first days here. The station is a modest affair, consisting of a ticketmaster's booth and a wide platform for embarking and disembarking. The line carries mainly cargo these days, and the platform has enough space to load boxes and other freight with ease. Since Gomorra is the terminus of the line, a small switchyard is also in place, allowing engines to be turned around and directed back out of town. The line heads directly to Sacramento, although there is talk of extending a new one to Shan Fan.

Sweetrock controls the station completely, and all the revenues it earns go directly into their coffers. They even had a trio of locomotive engines brought in from Denver, which comprise the entirety of Pacific Maze's rolling stock. The rail station stands as a testament to the company's audacity, and strongly suggests that their ambitions lie beyond Gomorra's border. Built with company funds, using workers hand picked from the payroll, the project was Sweetrock's from beginning to end.

Findley's intention to build his own railway line must have been a slap in the face to the more powerful Rail Barons in the area. Some have speculated that Kang sent the Maze Rats into Gomorra specifically to stop Findley from furthering his railroad ambitions. With the current squeeze being put on the mines, it's safe to say they have succeeded thus far.

7. Stagecoach Office

The stage is the other land route out of Gomorra, although it's less reliable than the railway office. Three major companies, as well as numerous small-time operators, maintain routes to Gomorra. All of them have headquarters in this building, a cramped affair next to the town corral.

People hoping to purchase tickets are pounced upon as soon as they pass through the door, assaulted by salesmen from half a dozen companies hoping to earn their business. The effect is similar to passing through a carnival fairway while barkers from different booths try to sell you their wares. Some of the

tougher cowboys even fire a few shots in the air, which disperses the jackals quickly enough.

As I said, stagecoach travel into and out of Gomorra is notoriously unpredictable. The steam wagons some of the companies use are reliable enough and the horse teams for the rest are experienced, but central California is tough territory. Local bandits delight in pulling them over and robbing the passengers blind, and while the two-footed predators can be fought off, the bigger ones often can't.

The up side to using the stage is that they come and go very frequently. If you need to get out of town fast and don't have the means yourself, the stagecoach office happily obliges you. They also travel to more locations than the railroad, so you can get to Shannonsburg, Placerville, or even Sacramento if you need to.

As far as drivers and/or companies go, the best option is an independent contractor named Elizabeth King. Beth has her own steam wagon, and can be convinced to take it nearly anywhere if the price is right. She's one of the best in the business. Her wagon has been steel-reinforced to protect the passengers from gunfire, and her mount in the driver's seat is almost completely enclosed. Her reputation leads the smarter bandits to pass her by in favor of easier pickings.

8. The Gomorra Town Docks

The western edge of Gomorra drops off a sheer cliff, the waters of the Maze waiting at the bottom. The town docks pile along the lower shore, where ships from the Maze are berthed while their crew enjoy the sordid delights above. For such a small town, they are fairly extensive, holding space for at least a dozen boats.

Maze runners traveling to and from the mines can usually be found there, as well as larger cargo ships and even an occasional warship from one of California's naval powers. The buttes flanking the docks form a large and easily accessible harbor, so boats can enter and leave with a minimum of difficulty. Supplies often cram the docks, waiting either for use in the mines or a home somewhere up in town.

The docks are the sole domain of Big Jake Dawson and his partner Scooter. Any ships entering or leaving have to fill out a cargo manifest and pay a 25¢ cent tithe in order to

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dock. Cargo bound for the town is placed in one of three warehouses pressed up against the canyon wall, where it is counted and raised up in a complicated lift winch (see below). All of this has to be cleared by Big Jake or Scooter before being allowed to proceed.

When Maze dragons or other denizens of the deep threaten, the two move with uncanny speed, producing a number of large weapons to deal with them. They can't say how many they've killed—"Hurt ones don't stop to be counted," Big Jake grinned when asked—but it's enough to make Gomorra's docks much safer than any harbor in the Maze has a right to be.

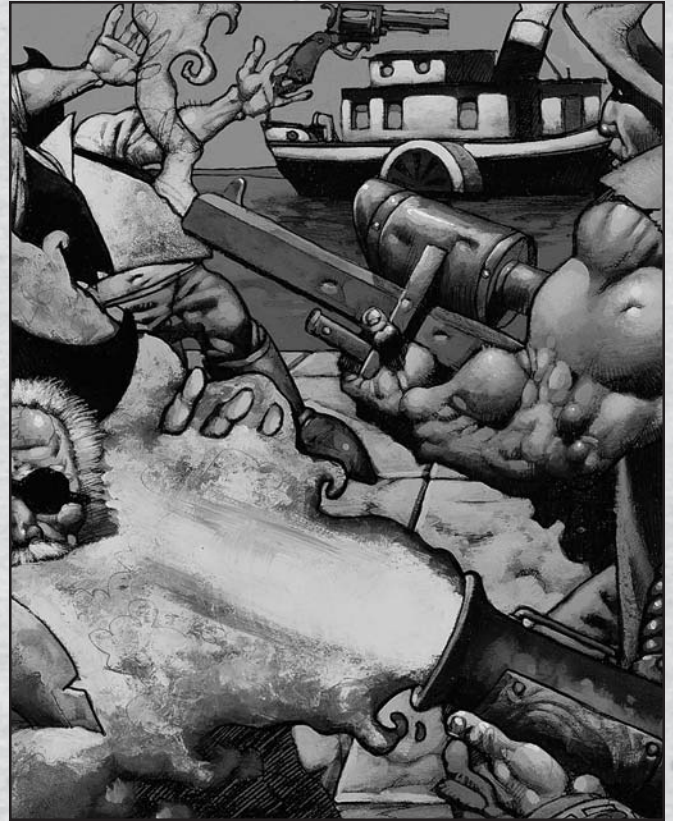
The only thing they don't tolerate is what Scooter grimly refers to as "snoops." People loitering excessively around the boats, entering the warehouses unaccompanied, or otherwise disrupting the genial atmosphere they have worked to create, will be asked to leave by the nearest means available. Big Jake's standing with the Sweetrock miners coupled with Scooter's considerable physical presence is enough to convince most to comply.

9. Scooter's Lift Winch

The Gomorra docks, so vital to the prosperity of this area, are connected to the town by a remarkable series of pulleys and winches. Utilizing Scooter Murdock's brawn and some well-applied engineering designs, the lift is used to ferry people, supplies and even livestock up and down the cliffside that separates Gomorra from the Great Maze.

Usually, the lift utilizes a basket capable of carrying individuals and small loads. When a ship carrying large amounts of cargo docks, Scooter brings out a large platform big enough to hold almost half a ton of materials. For the bigger loads, the brawny dockworker sometimes needs the assistance of others to help power the winch up and down. A rotating group of Sweetrock employees helps unload everything topside.

The ride from the docks to the town is almost 600 vertical feet, and can be quite unnerving. The basket feels unbalanced, and the slightest breeze causes it to swing precariously back and forth. Those prone to motion sickness would be well-advised to approach Gomorra overland.



Scooter and Big Jake defend their domain, the Docks

10. The Town Square

Main Street meets Cross Street squarely in the center of Gomorra, forming an open square where everyone and everything comes together.

Flanked by the Powers That Be and overlooked by a dusty clock tower, the town square is no man's land, where desperados from all of Gomorra's various factions come to meet, pick fights, or just get from one place to the other. Since nobody owns the square, it's considered neutral ground, and has become the preferred place for adversaries to deal with each other. At any given time it's occupied by small groups of two or three, conducting shaky transactions with one hand on their guns.

Gunfights are not uncommon in the square, but with the proximity of the sheriff's office, they never last long. Either one side is quickly dispatched and the victors flee, or the Law Dogs come out, guns blazing, to cut down every participant. When this happens, the square become ominously clear of traffic—the only time, day or night, when it's really empty.


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11. The Elephant Hill Cemetery



Any town as deadly as Gomorra needs a place to bury the unfortunate. The huge and sloping Elephant Hill houses four times as many souls as the town below it, and not all of them are sleeping peacefully.

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As readers of the *Tombstone Epitaph* know, one should avoid cemeteries at all costs. Restless spirits abound within their gates, and Elephant Hill is no exception. Reports of mobile corpses have risen steadily since Sweetrock's arrival, along with stories of hauntings and grave robbers. Empty graves turn up here all the time—most of which seem opened from the inside out. While the living rarely disappear here (it's only happened about three or four times), most folks are smart enough to keep away.

The cemetery sprawls across several acres of territory, framed by a wrought iron fencing on three sides. The graves are placed more or less in straight rows, although they lack the uniformity of other, more formal sites. Headstones range from elaborate granite constructions to a few simple sticks, and a good quarter of those buried here go into unmarked graves. The Whateley's mansion can be clearly seen from the cemetery gates, as can Lord Grimely's Manor. Their proximity only enhances Elephant Hill's unsettling reputation.

The cemetery caretaker, Tom O'Reilly, has little to say on the subject of the restless dead. "I ain't seen nothin' that anybody else hasn't seen, an' the dead got as much right to go where they want as any other American." He claims to keep the place clean of grave robbers, but considering the Elephant Hill's size and the fact that he is just one man, I have trouble believing him.

The only other living creature who frequents the area is Dolores Whateley, who seems fascinated by the cemetery's environs. She can be found there nearly every night, dancing like a little girl amid the headstones. Some claim they have seen spectral figures dancing with her in the moonlight. O'Reilly admits giving her a key to the cemetery, and says he leaves her be during her moonlight serenades. "Whatever Dolores is doing up there, she wants to do it alone," he grumbles.

12. Mission de Santa Maria



Father Juan Navarro's headquarters, located outside of town along the main road, stands in stark contrast to the Elephant Hill. The Catholic Church funded its construction upon hearing his report of the area, and it has since become a safe harbor in Gomorra's maelstrom. It's a white stone building, constructed in Spanish Pueblo style and sporting a tall bell tower that can be heard from the town square. Father Juan holds services every Thursday and Sunday, and attendance is always large.


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Father Juan's message of open tolerance—searching to find the good in the worst men, and judging not, lest ye be judged—has struck a chord amid the strife and conflict here. Black Jack and his coterie can often be found here, as can numerous other hardened men, willing to forget the business of killing each other for the sake of hearing a gentle man's words.

Cynics have suggested that Father Juan would not be so tolerant if his brother were not a wanted criminal. Victor Navarro's status as an avowed Blackjack certainly gives one pause when considering Father Juan, and I've heard that the gentle missionary is an active ally in their crusade against Sweetrock.

It's an open secret that Father Juan hid his brother Victor here when the elder Navarro angered the mining company. No one knows *where* someone could hide in the mission, though; it's an open-aired building with no locks on the inside doors, and Father Juan will happily show every nook and cranny to anyone who asks. Howard Findley notwithstanding, most Gomorra residents are more than willing to tolerate Juan's shady family connections for the sake of keeping the Mission House open.

13. St. Martin's Chapel



The second religious building to be built in Gomorra (and the only one besides the Mission House still standing), St. Martin's rests between the saloons and bordellos of the town's west end. The chapel's size and dull exterior make it easy to miss amid the bright lights and fast times of its surroundings. It's small and crowded, with barely enough room for a pulpit and a few rows of pews.

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But that suits its principle occupant just fine. Reverend Simon MacPherson set up operations with the intention of scaring Gomorra straight, and he doesn't want his parishioners to feel comfy while he's doing it.

MacPherson's firebrand oratories stand in stark contrast to Father Juan's message of tolerance and love. He decries the seven deadly sins, and paints vivid portraits of the Hell awaiting the unrighteous. He points to the landscape of the Weird West and asks if Satan's spawn have not already won. And he promises everlasting damnation for those who do not fight the darkness with every breath in their body.

It makes for quite a show, and can leave the mightiest man shaken when all is said and done. And for those who insist on continuing their evil ways, the Reverend has a working six-gun and a mean left hook to follow it up with.

For all the *sturm und drang* preached by MacPherson on Sundays, St. Martin's is not entirely without mercy. On Gomorra's west side there are always people in need, and St. Martin's is there to help them. It serves as a refuge for those in trouble. Battered wives, orphaned children, men with nowhere else to go—the church's doors are always open for them. In exchange, they are expected to pay heavy penance; but those who do often find a way out of their troubles. St. Martin's has aided enough grateful people to fill its pews most weeks.

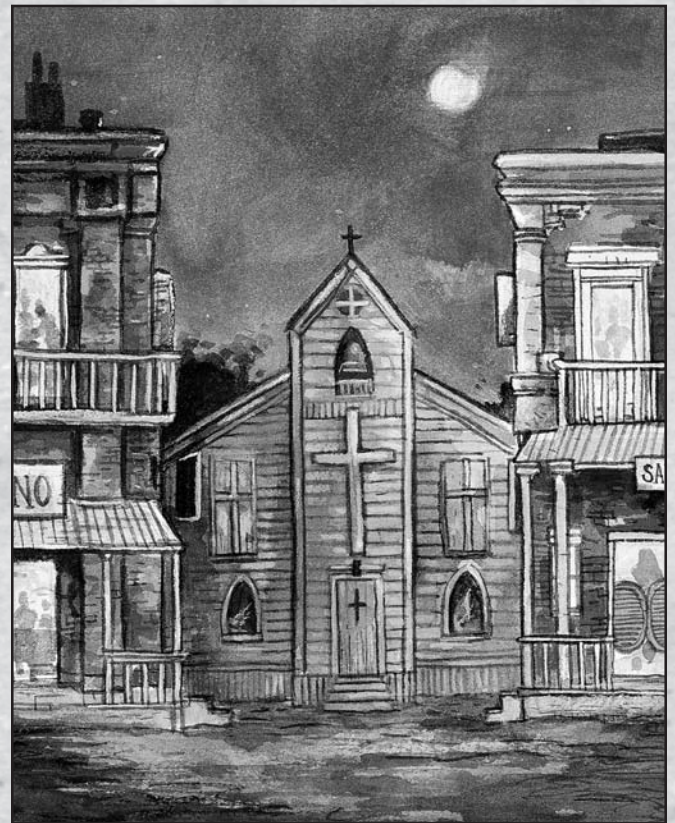
14. Jail

Gomorra's sheriff's department must often shoot first and ask questions later when carrying out its duties. Most of the outlaws they take on end up dead; those that don't go here, a squat stone building with all the warmth and charm of a poisonous toad.

It can hold about 40 prisoners in 20 cells, each fitted out with a plank to sleep on and a bucket to take care of everything else. Arrested criminals are placed here for trial, which usually takes place as quickly as Judge Warwick can manage. If convicted of prison sentences, they are usually sent to Sacramento, or returned to the Union or Confederate governments for "proper" punishment. But a few get to stay in here indefinitely—unwanted elsewhere and guilty of crimes which don't quite merit the death penalty.

About 10 or 12 of these lost souls can be found in the back cells, intermingled with the minor offenders and the drunks sleeping off their benders. They're hateful, bitter men with one foot in their graves; most of them can think of nothing but escape. I'm told the long-term inmates last about a year or so before either making a serious escape attempt or killing another prisoner out of sheer boredom. Both options send them to the gallows.

The jailer in charge of the prisoners is named William Olsen, a hard-nosed sheriff's deputy with a relish for his duties. He keeps the inmates fed and makes sure "troublemakers" are disciplined in front of the others. He rarely allows visitors and keeps the keys to the cells locked up in the sheriff's office next door (apparently, he'd rather the prisoners die in their cell than risk a breakout). He defends the practice of putting convicts in with the minor offenders, saying it tends to scare the little fish out of trying anything rash. Needless to say, most of the inmates—short-term and long-term alike—hate his guts.



St. Martin's Chapel, a bastion of hope in a terrible place.

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15. Town Hall

Another miner's bunkhouse transformed into a civic arena, the Gomorra Town Hall is a curiously neglected building. Technically it serves to administer the town bureaucracy, house the tax collection agency and holds town meetings when they are called for.

But the truth of the matter is that Sweetrock controls most of those activities itself. There is no mayor in Gomorra, nor any town council to administer affairs. Those few town elements separated from the mining company—the sheriff, the schoolhouse, Judge Warwick—are located elsewhere. All of which leaves the Gomorra Town Hall empty and collecting dust.

The few times the building is in operation are when Sweetrock wishes to gauge the desires of the populace, or when a crisis threatens enough people to demand a common meeting place. It also holds the polls during Gomorra's intermittent elections.

16. The Courthouse

The courthouse is a testament to Gomorra's ambition, a sign of what they hope their city will someday grow into. It's a huge building, housing multiple offices, a pair of courtrooms, judges chambers, jury debating rooms, and two separate entrances used to transfer prisoners for trial. An ornate statue of Blind Justice—only slightly marred by stray bullets—greets passersby out front. All in all, it's an extremely impressive structure.

The only difficulty? Gomorra is nowhere near big enough to support it. The Courthouse was designed for a town of several thousand; Gomorra's population is perhaps half of that. The only judge in the county makes his home here, but a few select areas meet his needs: one of the courtrooms, the chambers adjacent to it, and a single storeroom for processing "court documents" (which are rarely filled out).

The rest of the building is kept sealed up and empty, waiting for legal officials who may never come. Judge Warwick says it's like working in a in a tomb, but I suspect he secretly enjoys having the whole place to himself. Time will tell if Gomorra ever becomes big enough—or stable enough—to give him some company there.

17. Tombstone Dispatch Branch Office

At first glance, one might mistake this outpost of the Fourth Estate as the property of the *Epitaph*. Like the *Epitaph*, it purports to cover the "true" side of the Weird West. Like the *Epitaph* it reports on strange happenings and unusual circumstances. But despite its name, it's not associated with the *Epitaph* in any way. It's purely a local phenomenon, attempting to exploit the *Epitaph's* reputation for its own benefit. (*Editor's note: considering the small circulation of the Dispatch and the dangerous area where it is located, our lawyers have advised us that a lawsuit against it would be unwise at this time. So please, don't write the Epitaph asking us to sue; we've already considered it.*)

The *Dispatch* publishes a four page weekly covering the events and rumors of Gomorra exclusively, including such "fringe" elements as raising the dead and monster attacks in the Maze. Since it couples stories of the arcane with more "legitimate" news items such as the upcoming sheriff's election, it's pretty popular in the Gomorra area.

The offices, located next to the railway station, contain a pair of reporter's desks and a fenced-off cubicle for the editor. Printing presses lies along the back wall, and the writing staff doubles as printers and distributors every Friday morning when the new edition is released. There may be more to the offices than this, but I never had the opportunity to find out. The *Dispatch* editor forced me out of building at gunpoint once he learned who I was working for.

18. The Good Doctor

Doctor Reginald Branson is the only qualified physician in town, expected to handle everything from toothache to bullet wounds in the gut. In a place as violent as Gomorra, his offices are very popular. Technically, visitations are by appointment only, but considering how many of his cases are extreme emergencies, that rule fell by the wayside long ago.

Doc Branson supposedly receives a large stipend from Sweetrock to keep running, and he's used the money to expand upon the facilities here. There's now a operating theater in the back, as well as the usual



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examination room and private office. Branson keeps them very clean and tidy, making sure they look as professional as possible. It won't do to have blood caked on the walls.

The doctor can be found here whenever he isn't making house calls, and anyone injured would do well to make a beeline to the office as soon as possible. While considered a bit of a scatterbrain and notorious for downplaying his patients' wounds, Branson is a highly skilled physician. Along with Father Juan Navarro and Charlie Landers, he's one of the few untouchable citizens in town; anyone who pulls a gun on him will find himself on the end of a rope.

19. The First Bank of Gomorra

The recently plundered First Bank has suffered a decline. Before the robbery, it was one of the most secure institutions in the Maze, with armed guards, thick walls, and a steel vault door imported all the way from Lost Angels. With all of the bank's resources, Sweetrock was confident keeping its money here, and most others in Gomorra felt the same way.

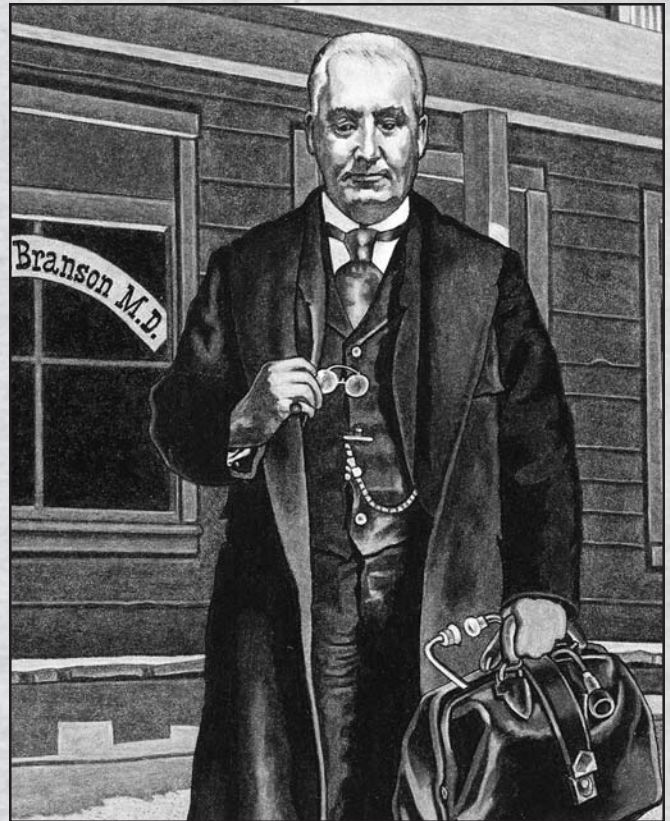
That changed with the robbery. The investors took small comfort in the fact that the holdup men had only taken Sweetrock's money. Werner Braun, the president of the First Bank, went to great lengths to regain the confidence of his customers. He doubled the number of guards (there are now four on duty at any time) and left only one functioning key to open the vault—which he now wears around his neck and has promised to protect with his life.

Slowly, customers are beginning to return, mostly because there isn't anywhere else to go and because Sweetrock strongly encourages its employees to invest there. It will be some time, however, before it regains its former reputation.

20. The Undertaker's

Silas Peacock's Funeral Home is the only place in town that never wants for business. Silas specializes in coffin-building, embalming and funeral preparations, all within this gloomy establishment right next to Elephant Hill. I

personally find Silas an unnerving sort, as most undertakers are, and the premises reflect his ghoulish temperament.



Dr. Reginald Branson, the safest man in Gomorra.

There are very few windows and he keeps the shades drawn often, allowing almost no sunlight to come in. The furnishings are a dark lavender in color, mixed with black curtains and vases filled with dead flowers. The coffins and tombstones he sells, on the other hand, are well-built and highly polished; even the simple pine boxes are decorative. Peacock takes a special pride in the accommodations of the deceased, and never charges extra for the exquisite craftsmanship of his work.

I haven't ever seen Silas outside of his shop, and no one visits him unless they have need of his services. Rumors regarding certain unwholesome pastimes of his have flourished since Gomorra's early days, and even his brother Cletus (see **One Eyed Ike's Weapons Locker** on page 57) seem uncomfortable talking about him. Naturally, the Whateleys have taken a shine to the man, and make him a frequent guest at their mansion. As with the rest of the neighborhood it occupies, the funeral home's reputation has become sinister and foreboding.



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21. Dispatch Office



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Telegraph wires are still the fastest (if not most reliable) means of communication in the Weird West. Sweetrock took it upon itself to connect Gomorra to Shan Fan and Sacramento by means of telegraph, and funded the dispatch office to make sure that they received all messages in a timely manner.

The dispatch office itself is run by Sandra Harris, a Sweetrock employee with a past as a codebreaker in the Civil War. A natural cipher fluent in more than six languages, Harris lives for her job and treats problems along the telegraph lines as her personal nemeses.

She runs the office like a military operation, and insists on personally reviewing every message that comes through. Her employees say she remembers everything she sees with perfect accuracy; if you don't want Sweetrock to learn what you're sending out, I'd find another means to deliver your message.

22. Schoolhouse



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The one-room Gomorra school house teaches all children in grades one through six—some 20-30 tots, mostly orphans of deceased miners. It receives a modicum of funding from county taxes, but most of its support actually comes from the Collegium.

Gomorra's only schoolteacher, Meredith Singleton, has expressed a keen interest in the mad scientists' experiments and actively lobbied members to come and speak to her charges. She's fostered a great deal of goodwill amongst Gomorra's mad scientists, and they responded by financing her efforts to improve conditions for the town's children.

23. Bob's Fix-it Shop



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The fix-it shop serves primarily as a garage and repair place for the Collegium's malfunctioning inventions. While all are welcome to frequent it, the mad scientists form the bulk of its clientele. The owner, Robert Holmes, is a self-described "tinkerer" who delights in toying with other people's machines.

At any given time, the dismantled pieces of half a dozen ghost-rock powered inventions can be found scattered across the shop's floor. You can hear the sounds of grinding metal 24 hours a day and the occasional explosion rattles nearby windows. His repairs often include unasked-for extras, both useful (improved performance) and pointless (gun mounts on a flapjack machine).

By and large, Holmes doesn't invent devices on his own; he prefers "improving" the designs of his friends in the Collegium. There is one project which he has devoted his spare time to—a huge clockwork monstrosity taking up an entire corner of his wide workshop. "Suzy," as he refers to hulking robot, stands well over 20 feet high and sports claws capable of shredding pig iron. With their current vigilante campaign, I shudder to think what "Suzy" might do in the Collegium's hands.

24. Sam's General Store

Food and dry goods are the specialty of Sam, a survivor of the Great Quake trying to start a new life for himself in Gomorra. He's a friendly old widower with a kind word for all of his neighbors—a definite rarity in this town.

What makes his shop so special, however, is his ability to procure rare and hard-to-find items on a regular basis. Things like fruit and freshwater fish appear on his shelves with regularity. If you need something special for a big event Sam is the man to go to. When asked how he comes across such delicacies, he shrugs and mentions the need for "regular supply lines." Whatever the reason, his general store does a booming business.

25. Fu Leng's Laundry

Fu Leng's Laundry and Tailoring is an outpost of culture on this wild frontier. The owner, a Cantonese immigrant named Tao Cheng, was a full-time tailor and clothing-maker in his native province.

He came to Gomorra with the intention of manufacturing quality clothes for the miners out here. He was so successful that people didn't trust their new-bought garments to anyone else when it came to repairing them.



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What had started as a sales shop soon became a cleaning and tailoring business as well, fixing damage on the same shirts that had been manufactured and sold years earlier.

Cheng, who goes by the moniker "T.C." among Gomorra's tongue-tied, has a deceptively simple facade hiding a complex and thoughtful man. "Tailoring is what I do," he once explained to me. "It is not who I am." As busy as he is, he finds time to indulge in a number of hobbies. He paints simple landscapes on rice paper of his home country, and has worked at building what he calls a "rock garden" behind his store.

Cheng is also very involved in Gomorra's politics and serves as an Armed Volunteer for the sheriff's department. While he prefers to go unarmed and doesn't even own a gun, he is a practitioner of "Tai Chi," a martial art which he brought with him from China. Sheriff Coleman often asked for the Asian man's help when he needed a suspect alive.

T.C.'s daughter Xiong—"Wendy" to her American friends—is a brash and bright-eyed eighteen year old with no intentions of being a laundress for the rest of her life. She's proven herself an adept student of T.C.'s fighting techniques, and can shoot a rifle as well as any man. With the death of Sheriff Coleman, she has asked to be installed as a full-time deputy, a job she seems eminently qualified for. Together, both members of the Cheng family pack a formidable punch behind the white sheets and dress shirts of their business.

26. Ignacio's Exotics

California is the gateway to the west, the first place travelers from Asia and the South Seas stop on their way into the continent. The Great Maze also hides countless lost treasures. From both of these sources come all manner of strange and unique items—ancient texts, cursed masks and more. Those that pass through Gomorra find their way to Ignacio's Exotics.

The store mostly specializes in "novelty items." Most of these knickknacks are harmless, but interesting—shrunken heads from the Polynesian Islands, a kimono once worn by the Emperor of Japan, things like that. For select clientele they sell slightly more interesting objects: mystic books for example, (an 1803 copy of Hoyle's *Book of Games* was one of



Ignacio Materazzo and his crystal skull. Got \$5,000 to spare?

the tamer examples), or ingredients used in magical rituals. The prize of their collection is a crystal skull purported to hold the spirits of 100 dead killers. It was found in the sunken ruins of San Diego, and for only \$5,000, it can be yours.

Ignacio Materazzo, the owner, rarely displays these items, although the serious connoisseur (and the odd fast-talking journalist) might be able to wheedle him into a peek. I can't say for sure, but it's a good bet that he's sold a few trinkets to the Whateleys since opening. And I'm not talking about the shrunken heads.

27. Fat Chance Saloon

The Fat Chance Saloon, run by Charlie Landers for an unknown owner, is easily the most popular joint in Gomorra. It's definitely the best place in town to get your bearings when you first arrive. If you don't want to spend your entire trip barricaded in your hotel room, the Fat Chance will let you take a breath, observe the locals and get a feel for Gomorra's rhythm.

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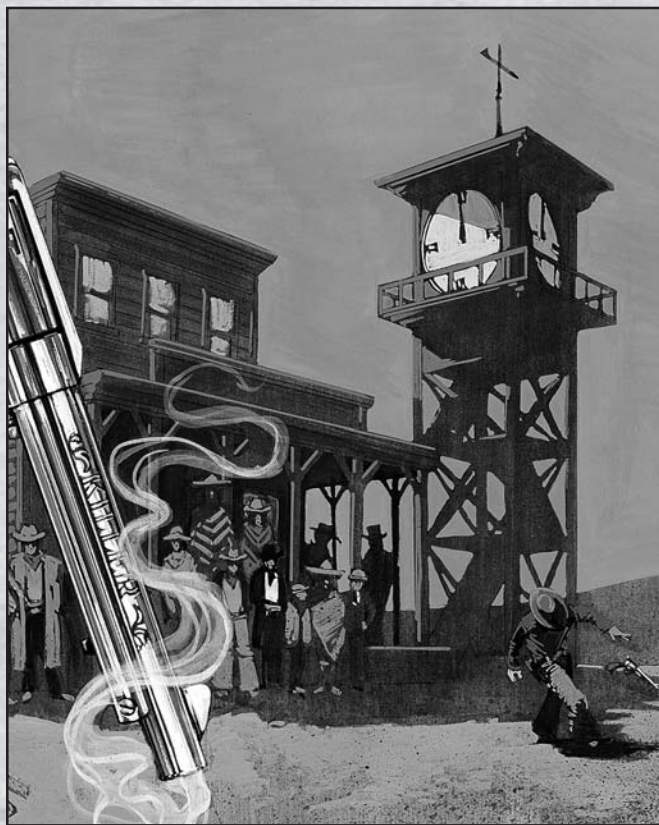
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The place can get a little wild, like most saloons in town, but strangers are well-treated (or at least ignored) by the regulars. It's also the place where almost everyone in town spends time. On any given night, you're likely to see Blackjacks, off-duty deputies, Collegium scientists, and Sweetrock employees, all drinking, gambling and having a good time. Friction is common among rivals here, but rarely results in anything more than a fistfight. Killing people usually waits until they get out into the street. Spend enough time here and you'll get a good sense of the ebb and flow of Gomorra's various factions.

Charlie, it seems, is the only link the Fat Chance's patrons have with its owner. No one knows who owns the bar: the proprietor never shows his face and the employees keep mum about his identity—apparently a condition for working there. Some say that Charlie himself is the owner, but he's consistently denied it. It adds an air of mystery to an establishment that's otherwise as open as the skies of Montana.



Gomorra's pride, the town clock tower.

28. Old Moon Saloon

In most respects, the Old Moon is no different than any other beer hall in Gomorra. Drinks flow freely, gambling dominates the main hall, and many of the dance halls girls are willing to give cowboys a "private performance" in the upstairs rooms if the price is right. The owner has one interesting policy which has kept it quieter than most saloons on the west side.

Like any poker den, cheating is common here—often enough to be caught on a fairly regular basis. When that happens, the cheater's pot, no matter how big or small, automatically defaults to the house. This not only adds to the saloon's coffers, but discourages the criminal element (at least the less competent parts) from continuing their wicked ways. It also prevents fights, which keeps the repair bills down.

29. The *Gomorra Gazette* Offices

A more "legitimate" newspaper than the *Dispatch*, the *Gazette* limits itself to ordinary, run-of-the-mill stories. The one-page paper releases daily, with a full time printing staff allowing the reporters to concentrate on their work. The editor, while a bit smug, was certainly much more accommodating to my questions than his counterpart at the *Dispatch*, and happily gave me a tour of his offices.

30. Red Hill Hotel

Far away from Gomorra's seedy side, the Red Hill caters to railway customers and those traveling by stage. Its rooms are clean and it doesn't have prostitutes piling up outside, which makes it the closest thing this town has to a luxury hotel. The most striking thing about it is its size. It has enough rooms to hold almost 100 men and will rent more than one room if you're interested in a little breathing space. Many of Gomorra's residents make their homes there, including Walk-In-Footprints and Wise Cloud of the Sioux Union, and Elizabeth King.

In any case, the only down side to the place is that it's far away from the action; most of its clientele prefer it that way, however, so they get no complaints. For those intending to stay awhile in Gomorra, there are worse places to bed down for the night.

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31. The Clock Tower

The Clock Tower is the civic pride of Gomorra, proof that they are "civilizing" their section of the Maze. It rises over the Town Square, a four-sided edifice displaying a large clock face in each direction. Robert Holmes produced the gears and other internal workings based on diagrams brought in from Sacramento.

It functions accurately, and gives out an ominous "bong" every hour on the dot. Personally, I think it's nothing more than a glorified water tower. But civic pride has its place, even in a sinkhole boomtown like this one.

32. Lord Grimely's Manor



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This ramshackle mansion at the foot of Elephant Hill is one of the biggest mysteries in the area. No one can remember seeing it built, and local historians agree that it must have gone up before the Great Quake. Yet those who remember those days say it wasn't here then, and that it must have been raised sometime during Gomorra's boom.

So, who built it? No one can say. "Grimely" was the moniker miners attached to the anonymous owner. The only person who might know the truth of the matter, Humphrey Walters, refuses to even acknowledge that the place exists.

The house's crumbling red brick has never seen a true occupant, and the place has begun to slowly fall apart in the California sun. Those few brave souls who have crossed its doorways have never been seen again; they simply vanished somewhere within its halls. After several disappearances, the remainder of the town decided they really didn't want to know what lurked within it, and the building has been ignored ever since.

The Whateley family must have found something to appreciate about it, however. When they arrived, they bought the only house within sight of the old place, and specifically purchased the property around it to add to their estate. Since the Whateleys themselves are the subject of much supernatural speculation, most people are willing to leave like with like, and let them deal with Lord Grimely's manor however they please.

33. Icehouse

The Icehouse is a luxury in Gomorra, manufacturing (through the miracle of "mad science") and holding cakes and blocks of frozen water for keeping perishable items cold. Sam's General Store pays to store sides of beef here, and most of the saloons use it to keep the rocks in their scotch coming. The Collegium also pays to keep certain volatile chemicals at a safe temperature.

The building was converted from an old barn, and still looks more useful holding live cattle than dead. Oddly enough, nobody save the employees have ever been inside, and curious interlopers are not welcome.

34. The Slaughterhouse

Gomorra supports a measly contingent of Cattle Ranchers and pig farmers, who mostly operate on the frontier east of town. While their stock usually gets sent to Sacramento when some big cattle drive goes through, those that don't end up here.

Like most similar establishments, it's not a pretty place to be. The stench of rotting flesh rise continuously from its windows, and walls are constantly caked with blood. They have a relatively clean storeroom where they house the processed beef, but the rest of it's as ugly as you'd expect an abattoir to be. Some believe that cattle aren't the only things processed here—that a few cowboys gone missing actually ended up being ground into the sausage. I can't say for sure, but after getting a whiff of the place, I stuck with potatoes for the rest of my stay.

35. Nasty Doc's

Just next to the slaughterhouse sits an unmarked wooden building that exudes menace from every side. There is no advertising on any of the walls, and the doors remain stoutly locked, but whispered reports claim that a business does operate here—one as dark and horrifying as any in this town. No one has ever admitted soliciting its services, but the tragic stories of those who do abound in the back rooms and hearth fires of Gomorra.



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According to some of the wildest tales I've heard in all my stay in Gomorra, this place holds a horrible secret. "Nasty Doc's," as the place is called, can bring the dead back to life. Those recently bereft of a loved one may bring the body here to have it reinvested with new life. They must arrive under cover of darkness, between the hours of midnight and one A.M., and bring no one with them save the corpse they wish to bring back.

Whoever runs Nasty Doc's seems to know the difference between the idly curious and those who truly wish to make use of their services. I dared to knock on the door several times between the appointed hours, but received no answer.

Is there any truth to these stories? I wish I knew. But the fact that all of the stories come second hand, that the people named in them cannot be found for questioning, and the fact Nasty Doc's itself is by all accounts an abandoned building suggest that this may be just a wild goose chase.

36. Casino Morongo

On the north side of Main Street lies Casino Morongo, the only full time gambling house in town. At Casino Morongo it's nothing but games of chance, ranging from poker and blackjack to roulette wheels and an entire row of new "slot machines" from Smith & Robards. A small bar serves free drinks to the patrons, and a few good-looking ladies pass them out, but it's all intended to keep the patrons centered on blowing their money at the card tables.

Most of Gomorra's better gamblers can be found here, engaged in games or challenging each other to outrageous tests of their oddsmans' skills. Fights between patrons are not uncommon, but a courteous staff of leg-breakers ensures they don't get too far out of hand.

Casino Morongo also enforces a strict "no weapons" policy, to keep outright murders in the building to a minimum. The club's head bouncer, Billy No-Neck, thoroughly searches everyone who enters the door. A few derringers and holdout knives sometimes manage to slip through, but his efforts ensure that most of the patrons will have to improvise if they want to kill someone on the premises.

37. Golden Mare Hotel

The Golden Mare has a slightly misleading name. Though it has the front facade of a hotel and a few unsuspecting tenderfoots have gone in asking for rooms, the services it sells have nothing to do with sleeping. The Golden Mare is a brothel, one of the largest and most popular in town.

Lilith Vandecamp, the madam who runs the establishment, has established a modicum of class here. Her girls are pretty and polite, the rooms clean and well-furnished. There's even a baby grand piano to entertain those waiting for their favorite girls. Gomorra's other smut parlors tend to be on the fast and cheap side, which may account for the Golden Mare's popularity.

Recently, the Golden Mare's harmless vices have been augmented by something much more sinister. A series of bodies—mostly drifters passing through—has begun appearing in the alleys out back. The corpses have been completely drained of blood and were discovered folded almost in half, and stuffed into refuse boxes like ventriloquists' dummies. It was gruesome enough to attract a great deal of attention, even on this town's bloody streets.

Vandecamp denies any wrongdoing, although she has admitted that the victims were all clients of hers. Deputies found no evidence linking her or any of her girls to the crimes. Considering the amount of blood the victims lost, their sheets were simply too clean.

Ironically, the murders have added a dash of dark romanticism to the bordello's reputation, and business has been booming lately.

38. Barkum and Barkum, Attorneys

The premiere defense attorneys in Gomorra, Alfred Barkum and his son Alfred, Jr., offer the full representation permitted by law to anyone who can pay their price. They've developed an adversarial relationship with Judge Warwick in the courts; he sees them as a big impediment to justice in Caine country. But he respects their legal skills and recognizes their necessity. He's even let them store documents in the cavernous town courthouse from time to time.

If, God forbid, you are accused of a crime in Gomorra, looking these two up may be the best chance you have of avoiding the gallows.



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39. One-Eyed Ike's Weapons Locker



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Gomorra's a tough town, and most people who live here awhile feel safer with six-gun strapped to their belts. One-Eyed Ike's caters to these prudent concerns, selling all manner of pistols, rifles and ammunition. While nothing may be purchased in bulk, the shop is more than happy to provide the individual gunman with anything he desires. Their collection includes a variety of gadgets—including Gatling pistols, air guns, and a top of the line flamethrower—as well as the usual assortment of Peacemakers and buffalo rifles.

The shop is run by Cletus Peacock, the older brother of the town mortician. He's an ornery and bad tempered man, as explosive as Silas is secretive. While the two rarely speak and have never been seen together in public, cynics like to point out the symmetrical relationship the Peacock brothers have: Cletus sells the hardware that makes Silas' business possible.

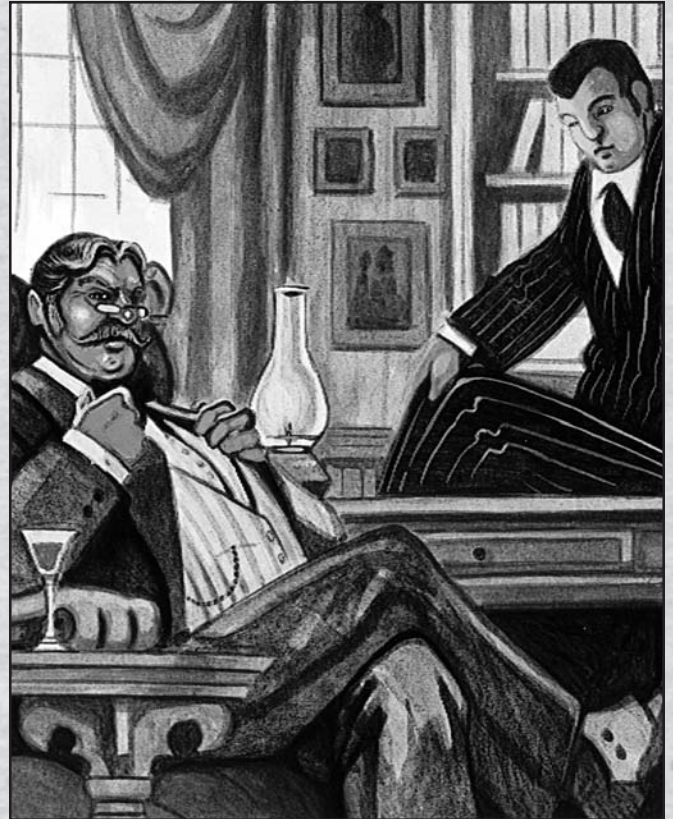
The sheriff's men have kept tabs on the elder Peacock and repeatedly warned him about selling guns to known criminals. Cletus pays those warnings about as much credence as you'd expect; "known criminals" are a cornerstone of the economy in Gomorra.

40. Perry's Pawnshop

Gomorra is full of people willing to prey on the less fortunate, and not all of them do it with a gun. Some of them, like Perry Winkle of Perry's Pawnshop, will strip you of everything you own under the auspices of running a business. Here, anything can be bought and everything can be sold, right down to the fillings in your teeth.

Winkle has quite a bit of other people's merchandise on sale, all marked up outrageously from what he paid for them. There are plenty of useful things to buy here, but they all carry risk. You never know when some ex-owner's going to show up asking for "his" stuff back.

"Perry Winkle" is doubtless a pseudonym, and the owner of the pawnshop is quite dodgy about his past. Many of his clientele are robbers trying to pass off stolen goods, so it makes sense that he might want to keep his true name a secret.



Barkum & Barkum, the best defense lawyers in town.

41. Orphanage

With the recent disappearances (see page 34), most families have picked up and left. The few children left don't have any choice about being here. For these unfortunates— orphaned miner's children or runaways—the Gomorra Town Orphanage is all they have.

The orphanage is a Spartan building, devoid of privacy and most of the amenities of the modern world. The children are housed in a cramped common room with only one cot and a small chest each. Even in a town as grim as Gomorra, it's a bleak way to live.

There is one ray of hope, however. Meredith Singleton, the widowed town schoolteacher, has made it her business to care for Gomorra's children. She makes sure all of the orphans attend school, and in her spare time she cares for the sick and plays with the healthy. The dour spinsters in charge of the Orphanage may have responsibility over the children, but

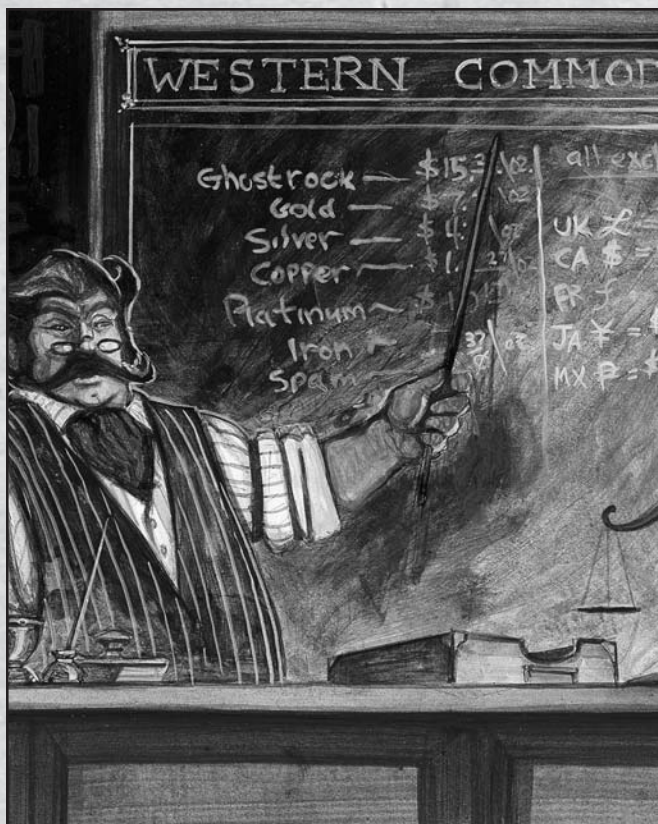
Singleton alone has kept their spirits from succumbing to their surroundings.

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The Exchange Office's rates often change twice a day!

42. Claims Office

Set up by Sweetrock as a rubber stamp bureaucracy, the Claims Office accounts for and records all the existing mines in the Gomorra area. If you find a vein of ghost rock or other fundament, you have to register it at the Claims office to be considered the owner. You don't do that, and any two-bit claim jumper—or all-powerful mining company for that matter—can cut your throat and grab your mine without anyone being the wiser.

With so much important paperwork here, and with the operation being set up by Sweetrock in the first place, you'd expect a lot of forged claims and altered records. Fortunately (or unfortunately, depending on your point of view), the Rockies still have enough clout to keep things relatively honest. While I'm sure Howard Findley could have some records altered in extreme cases, he still needs to stay on good terms with the GMRMA, and Sweetrock has enough headaches without encouraging falsified claims.

43. Exchange Office

The Exchange Office is open to try and sort out the monetary mess that the fragmented nature of California has created; it offers market rates for any and all currency by "recognized legitimate governments," as well as providing cash for small amounts of ghost rock and other fundamentals. The place is very dependent upon the Dispatch Office, however, and when the telegraph wires go down, folks are stuck with whatever money they happen to be carrying.

44. Library

The public Library was a project of the Collegium to help "better" the community. It's housed in the unfinished remains of a large church. It holds a surprisingly large number of books, periodicals and magazines, stacked in yawning rows of rickety looking shelves. The atmosphere is a little spooky, but they're well-stocked in texts for such a small town, and make them available to anyone with a library card.

In a town like Gomorra, that may seem laughable, but quite a few of the permanent residents (those that can read, anyway) make use of the place. The library maintains a newspaper morgue dating back to the Great Quake, and including periodicals from Shan Fan, Lost Angels and Sacramento among others.

Some maintain that the Library houses a "secret" section, where "forbidden tomes" can be found and perused. The librarians scoff at such rumors, but the towering shelves hold a lot of shadows, which can hide any number of secrets.

45. Scrapyard

Not all of the Collegium's experiments are successful, and the remains of those that aren't soon find themselves stacked in this nearby field. The rest of the town has taken to throwing its larger refuse out here as well, and place has become a junkyard for the entire area.

There's plenty of usable scrap here, and Collegium members come back regularly in hopes of finding something useful. The rats here are big and mean, however; if you go poking around, make sure you've got a big gun and plenty of ammo.

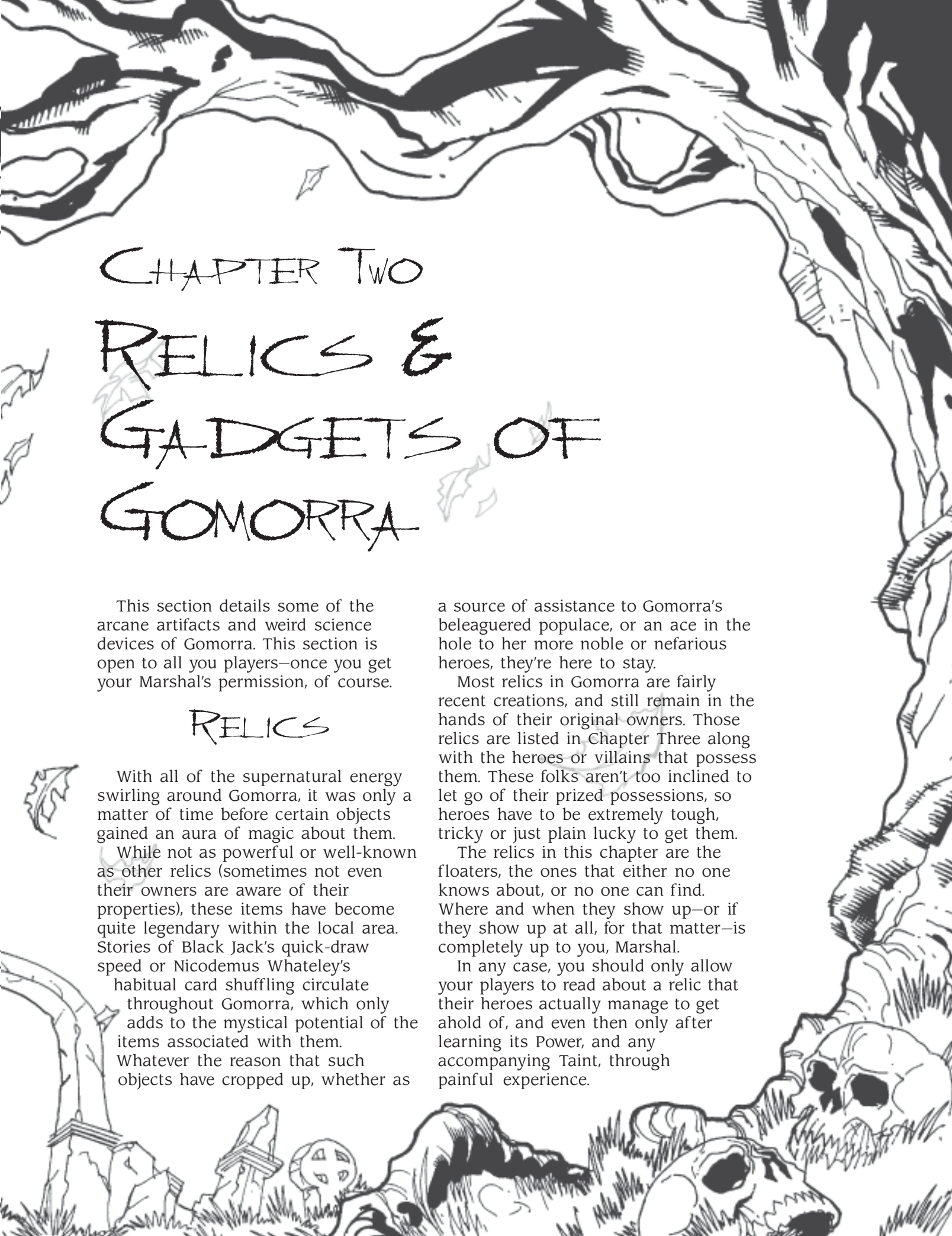


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NO MAN'S LAND







CHAPTER TWO

RELICS & GADGETS OF GOMORRA

This section details some of the arcane artifacts and weird science devices of Gomorra. This section is open to all you players—once you get your Marshal's permission, of course.

RELICS

With all of the supernatural energy swirling around Gomorra, it was only a matter of time before certain objects gained an aura of magic about them.


While not as powerful or well-known as other relics (sometimes not even their owners are aware of their properties), these items have become quite legendary within the local area. Stories of Black Jack's quick-draw speed or Nicodemus Whateley's habitual card shuffling circulate throughout Gomorra, which only adds to the mystical potential of the items associated with them. Whatever the reason that such objects have cropped up, whether as

a source of assistance to Gomorra's beleaguered populace, or an ace in the hole to her more noble or nefarious heroes, they're here to stay.

Most relics in Gomorra are fairly recent creations, and still remain in the hands of their original owners. Those relics are listed in Chapter Three along with the heroes or villains that possess them. These folks aren't too inclined to let go of their prized possessions, so heroes have to be extremely tough, tricky or just plain lucky to get them.

The relics in this chapter are the floaters, the ones that either no one knows about, or no one can find. Where and when they show up—or if they show up at all, for that matter—is completely up to you, Marshal.

In any case, you should only allow your players to read about a relic that their heroes actually manage to get ahold of, and even then only after learning its Power, and any accompanying Taint, through painful experience.



J.P. COLEMAN'S BADGE

The tin star Sheriff Coleman was wearing when he was killed has been mounted on the wall of the sheriff's office by the Law Dogs. They keep it there to remind them of what they have lost, and the need to bring justice to Gomorra. It is speckled with Coleman's blood and seems to exude an aura of sadness about the building.

Powers: Anyone who pins the star to her clothing gains +4 to her *scrutinize* checks. She can also distinguish a Harrowed person from a living one on a Fair (5) *Cognition* roll.

Taint: The wearer of Coleman's Badge gains the *vengeful* Hindrance and is filled with an urge to find J.P. Coleman's killer. In addition, if the Law Dogs ever find it missing, they'll hunt down whoever took it and string him up by his intestines (treat this as gaining the Hindrance *outlaw* 2).

PEMBROKE'S ANALYSIS OF HOYLE

This supplement to Hoyle's *Book of Games* had only a 1,000 copies printed before the rest were destroyed by fire. Its author was a huckster named Jonas Pembroke who sought to improve upon Edmond Hoyle's basic studies. It currently resides in the town library, unnoticed on the dusty shelves.

Powers: A huckster who possesses the book may add a +2 bonus to the Aptitude check on any hexes she is attempting.

Taint: With greater power comes a greater risk of backlash if things go wrong. The huckster adds +2 to the roll on the Backlash table if she goes bust using any hexes augmented by the book.

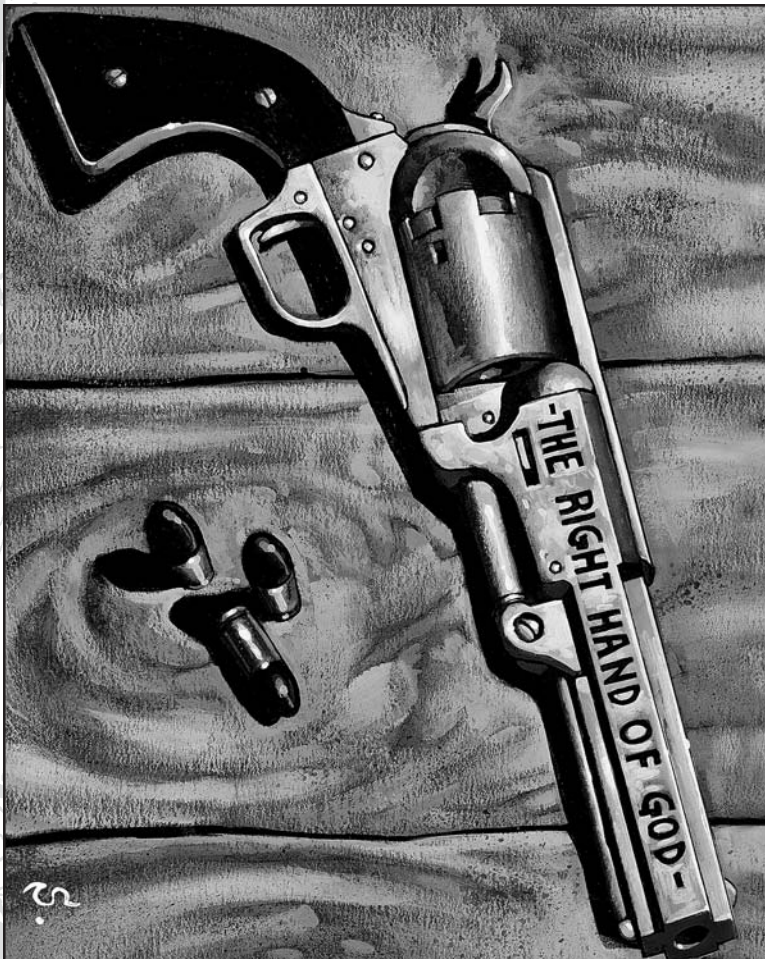
THE HOLY WHEEL GUN

The Holy Wheel Gun is the only one of Gomorra's artifacts not currently in someone's hands. It was an invention of Augustus Hawthorne, an early member of the Collegium who was found dead in his workshop after completing the invention.

Hawthorne was unusually pious for a man of science and had seen far more of the Weird West's dark side than anyone should. He claimed the Holy Wheel Gun could "destroy all things not meant to be." After his death it disappeared from the Collegium compound and has not been seen since.

It looks like an ordinary Army revolver, with a strangely modified barrel and the words "The Right Hand of God" carved on one side. It takes standard ammunition, but the bullets glow when fired from it, creating a streaking effect like lightning sent from the heavens.

Powers: The Gun is an normal .44 Army revolver against all normal human beings. But against abominations, ghosts, and the Harrowed, it does 4d6 damage. Anyone killed by the Holy Wheel Gun cannot be brought back to life by any means; it is as if the blessed miracle



last rites was cast upon their bodies. Again, this applies to ghosts and other abominations who can't normally be killed.

Taint: The gun's owner will feel an underlying urge to hunt down and slay "unnatural" things. Treat it as the Hindrance *obligation -3: destroy abominations*.

GADGETS

Gomorra's "special" nature (which you can read more about in Chapter Three) makes life a little easier for mad scientists. The manitous whisper a little louder around here, and The Distinguished Collegium of Interspatial Physics has taken advantage of that.

While none of the Collegium members are as skilled as more well-known mad scientists like Dr. Hellstromme, they have nonetheless produced a number of new and astounding inventions. Many credit the support of their organization for such productivity. Good thing they don't know where their inspiration really comes from.

The gadgets listed here have been patented and are available on the open market—even outside of Gomorra. The others remain in the hands of their original inventors, and have been used to further the Collegium's own ends. They're listed with the appropriate people in Chapter Three.

THE AIRGUN

The airgun was a creation of Marcus Perriwinkle, who hopes to market it to the Union and Confederate Armies as a long-range sniper rifle. A version of it has already fallen into the hands of the Blackjack's sniper, Eddie Bellows.

Not to be confused with the Smith & Robards' inventions of the same name, the Gomorran Airgun is designed to muffle the noise of a gun as it is being fired. Rather than building the baffles into a cumbersome glove like S&R's silencer glove, it places them directly in front of a modified 50 caliber buffalo rifle. This adds weight and encumbrance to the gun, but leaves the user's hands free for other jobs.

RELICS & GADGETS 65

The TN for hearing a shot fired from a Gomorran airgun is Incredible (11), even if you're standing right next to it.

Stats: Speed: 2, ROF: 1, Range: 30, Damage 4d10, Shots: 1, takes 3 actions to reload, Reliability 19, Cost \$500

MALFUNCTIONS

Minor Malfunction: Loose baffle. The silencer won't work until it is fixed. This requires a Fair (5) *tinkerin'* check.

Major Malfunction: The silencer blows out a seal, knocking the baffles out of alignment. Fixing this takes a Hard (9) *tinkerin'* check and at least two hours. Firing the gun before it's fixed automatically results in a Catastrophic malfunction.

Catastrophe: The baffles are out of alignment, and the bullet slams into them. The gun is ruined.

ANTI-BEAST CHEMICALS

The late Collegium scientist Pierre Fontaine came to the Maze with hopes of marketing an array of underwater equipment. Among them was a series of powders and chemicals designed to keep the abominations of California at bay. Fontaine has recently deprived the Maze of his company (see his Chapter Three for details), but the Collegium retained the patent for his formula, and has begun aggressively marketing it. Scooter and Big Jake are big fans of this stuff, and they always keep some on hand down at the docks.

The chemicals come in silk packets or occasionally glass jars or bottles. Each application clouds 50 cubic yards of water. Maze dragons, river leviathans, wave shadows, channel chompers and other supernatural underwater predators are unwilling to enter the clouded area for 30 minutes after application. They avoid the area at all costs, moving into it only if desperate.

The beast in question must have suffered at least half its wound in damage and be in imminent danger of suffering more before it approaches the cloud. If it does, it attempt to move through it as quickly as possible, ignoring anyone within it. The chemicals do not affect sharks and other “natural” predators, only those considered abominations. As a rule of thumb, if it exists in the real world, it ignores the chemicals. After 30 minutes, the cloud disperses—half that if in running water.

The chemicals cost \$25 an application, and have a Reliability of 17.

MALFUNCTIONS

Minor Malfunction: Bad batch. The only thing these chemicals do is kill all the fish in the affected area.

Major Malfunction: Overly acidic. The chemicals work, but turn the water corrosive. Boats and structures take one Durability point of damage per five minutes of exposure, and any

one in the water unprotected takes 1d4 damage per round to the guts.

Catastrophe: This batch of chemicals actually attracts abominations. The details of this are up to you, Marshal, but critters should be able to scent this stuff in the water for about a five mile radius.

THE DYNAMITE LAUNCHER

Fineas von Landingham and Erik Zarkov collaborated on this invention, designed to “deliver a payload of dynamite without the danger of fumbled matches and short fuses”. Von Landingham has pledged large numbers of the device to “the oppressed citizens of the world,” while Zarkov is content to sell them to interested mining companies.

The launcher consists of a revolving chamber holding 10 dynamite sticks, affixed to an ignition mechanism and a barrel which hurls them forth. When the trigger is pressed, the fuse of the chambered stick is lit and the dynamite thrown at high speed. The fuses are usually timed to detonate upon landing. In the right hands they can deliver explosives with far greater range and accuracy than hand-thrown sticks.

Firing the launcher requires the *shootin': dynamite launcher* Aptitude. Reloading the launcher is a time-consuming prospect, taking a Fair (5) *tinkerin'* check and one hour.

Stats: Speed: 1, ROF 1, Range: 20, damage: as dynamite, Shots: 10, Reliability 18, Cost: \$750 plus dynamite.

MALFUNCTIONS

Minor: The pilot light goes out. A Fair (5) *tinkerin'* check and 2 actions are needed to relight it.

Major: Bad ejector. The launcher shoots the dynamite a paltry 1d4 feet in front of the user. It goes off at the end of the current round.

Catastrophe: Big BOOM! The stick in the chamber goes off prematurely, and sets off the remaining sticks in the launcher. Figure the damage as normal for dynamite—and say a prayer for the firer.



THE MARSHAL'S HANDBOOK







CHAPTER THREE

DIRTY LITTLE

SECRETS

Howdy, Marshal. Time to fill you in on all the dark and dangerous happenings that the *Epitaph Guide* only hinted at. Reggie Cornell's a good journalist and he's got some solid leads in his little opus, but he only scratched the surface of the real story of Gomorra. He doesn't know anywhere near all its secrets.

We do, however. And if you promise to keep a secret, we'll fill you in on what's really going on beneath this boomtown's surface. Gomorra's a sinister place, beset by the forces of the Reckoners. If events continue as they've gone so far is this little Hell-hole, the consequences could rock the whole Weird West.

As we said at the beginning, longtime fans of the *Deadlands* CCG should take note: in this chapter, we're going to open wide some of storyline's biggest secrets. If you'd prefer to let the mystery be, you should drop this book now and run screaming from the room. If not... well, we warned you.

THE MANITOU

Somewhere deep within the Hunting Grounds lurks a powerful and very cunning manitou. It has gone by countless names in countless forms over the centuries, but its followers in the Weird West know it as "Knicknevin." In the pecking order of Hell, it's pretty high up—high enough to make the other manitous fear and envy it. It has a cult of worshippers on Earth, and enough ambition to want more than it has.

Knicknevin served the Reckoners faithfully, but it would never be as powerful as they, and that galled it. For centuries, the hard truth of its own inferiority gnawed at it, growing from an irritant to an obsession. It debated with itself for years on end on how to correct the situation. It couldn't defeat the Reckoners and didn't want to try—it was still loyal, even if it hated playing second fiddle.

Finally, after many hundreds of years, Knicknevin hit upon a plan. If it could escape the Hunting Grounds to Earth, then it believed it could set up its own kingdom—a place where it could rule alone. That would serve the Reckoners' purpose—albeit indirectly—while still allowing it to pursue its own power. But before the spirit could implement its plans, the Old Ones made their deal with the Reckoners, binding the manitous into the Hunting Grounds.

That changed when the Last Sons traveled to the Hunting Grounds and killed the Old Ones, ending their pact and freeing the Reckoners and their minions. Now the manitous were free, and could even enter the physical world through dead bodies and human hosts.

Knicknevin was delighted, but wanted more than that. It didn't want to wrestle with a human soul for Dominion of a dead body, or clunk around in the body of a zombie—it wanted to manifest on Earth in all its hoary glory, to drive people mad with fear just by looking at it.

In order to do that, it would have to create a Deadland, a place on earth that matched its native Hell exactly. The Reckoners desired to make the entire planet into a Deadland, but Knicknevin was more modest; it only wanted one piece to call its own. Using its followers on Earth, it began hunting for a suitable location for its new kingdom to be.

It found Gomorra.

KEYS TO THE KINGDOM

The isolated boomtown was perfect for its purposes. Surrounded by ghost-rock deposits in the midst of the Great Maze, a place created through the machinations of the Reckoners, it could be molded into the perfect home. If the level of human fear was high enough, and Knicknevin could find a way to bridge the gap between the Hunting Grounds and the Weird West, then its plans could become reality.

The first thing Knicknevin needed was a huge deposit of ghost rock with which to forge its bridge from the Hunting Grounds, a feat that not even a manitou of its magnitude could attempt without help. If Knicknevin were to cross into the Weird West through traditional means, its dark masters would notice, and the manitou doubted the Reckoners would stop to listen to its explanation of its activities before devouring it. The next thing Knicknevin had to do was increase the chaos in the area, and raise the fear level to a point that would be hospitable to it.

When Walters embarked on his pilgrimage, Knicknevin manipulated his travel path subtly, using him as its eyes and ears. With the aid of Knicknevin's influence, it wasn't long before Walters stumbled upon one of the largest ghost-rock deposits in history.

His gateway located, the manitou drove Humphrey Walters mad and cursed him in a particularly nasty way (see **Walters' Downfall**, below). When Humphrey returned to town a raving lunatic, his immense property was sold off in little bits. People began to squabble over the pieces of his empire, and soon, arguing turned to gunplay.

With the chaos bubbling, Knicknevin then sent for a group of its servants, the Whateley family ensconced deep within the Wasatch mountains, to oversee things. Now that they are here, their job is to summon abominations, destroy potential troublemakers, and raise the fear level in the area to intolerable heights.

Finally, when all is ready, Knicknevin will lead his followers to the motherlode of ghost rock and Wilhelmina Whateley will perform the special ritual that opens the gate—and allow it to enter the material world.

WHEN A PLAN COMES TOGETHER

Thus far, things have been progressing quite well. The denizens of Doomtown are more than happy to cut each others' throats, and the Whateleys didn't even have to dispatch some of the bigger heroes (like Sheriff Coleman). The place was ripe for abominations,

which seemed attracted to it by the sheer mayhem. The Sioux Union are something to worry about, and the Agency and Rangers could be a problem, but Knicknevin remains confident that they can be dealt with when the time is right. It's just a matter of watching and waiting until things came to a head.

There's just one catch to its plan—one that has not occurred to it in all the centuries of planning. For all its power, Knicknevin is still not as strong as the Reckoners, and that means it has a weakness. To come to Earth, it will have to take physical form. That means that once it's here it can be killed like any other fleshy thing.

And Gomorra's full of people who know all about killing.

A LITTLE GOMORRA HISTORY

With all of his strange behavior, you might think that Humphrey Walters has been Knicknevin's patsy from the very start. Far from it. Walters was a strange fellow long before he founded Gomorra. He really did follow what he thought was "divine inspiration" out to California, and he spent all those years out in the desert contemplating spiritual things.

After the Great Quake in '68 revealed the huge amounts of ghost rock in the area, Gomorra sprung up around the hermit almost without him noticing. He was a rich man again before he knew it.

Then Knicknevin turned his attention to Gomorra.

WALTERS' DOWNFALL

Poor Humphrey Walters was unfortunate enough to be the first roadblock in the way of Knicknevin's schemes. He was always a little unbalanced, but the flash of insight that brought him to Gomorra had done much to restore him. He had predicted where the biggest ghost rock lode in history would be found, and had bought up all the previously worthless property that contained it. Now he was rich and prosperous again, and had the authority to guide the development of the boomtown he had founded.

ARCANE ABILITIES

Some of you may be new to the roleplaying side of the Weird West, and a lot of the powers and abilities of Gomorra's residents may be unfamiliar to you—especially if you've just picked up the main *Deadlands: The Weird West* rulebook. If you come across a character with abilities you don't recognize, You can do one of three things:

1. Wing It. If you don't recognize a power, you can always use your best judgement to figure how it might work. Make up a few internal rules for it, and just go, baby.

2. Change the character. If you don't feel comfortable making up rules on the fly for a power, change the characters in here so that they use powers that you are familiar with.

3. Buy our books. We like this option the best of course, since it's how we pay our bills, and we think they're all darn fine publications. Here's a list of where you can find the lowdown on the special abilities of the Gomorra populace. Pick 'em up; you won't be disappointed.

New abominations and the history of the Weird West: *The Quick & the Dead* and *Tales o' Terror: 1877*

New Hexes: *Hucksters & Hexes*

Guardian Spirits & new Rituals and Favors: *Ghost Dancers*

New mad science gizmos: *Smith & Robards*

New Harrowed powers: *The Book o' the Dead*

Kung Fu: *The Great Maze*

Blessed Gifts & new Miracles: *Fire & Brimstone*

This wouldn't do. An area under the control of a cracked but benevolent leader would lack the mayhem that Knicknevin needed. So it decided to get rid of him—or, more specifically, to make him the first target of its long-term plans. When he announced plans to take a pilgrimage into the Maze, it took advantage of the opportunity to pull him down.

Guided by Knicknevin, Walters stumbled upon a "motherlode" of ghost rock—a vein so rich it could produce fuel for the next hundred years. While Walters was exploring the vein,



Knicknevin sent one of his servitors, a werewolf named Kansas City Kara, to attack him. Kara didn't kill him, but instead infected Walters, turning him into a werewolf! Kara left him mortally wounded, and Knicknevin sent a horrific vision to him as he lay writhing in agony—it showed him what it wanted to do to Gomorra. It gave him a glimpse of the Hunting Grounds and told him that soon the whole world would be that way. And while Walters bled, struggling to encompass the horror of it all, Knicknevin sent the final blow—the knowledge that he himself would help it all happen.

All of it was too much for the poor man's mind to take. His mind snapped like a dry twig and he staggered deep into the Maze, the cries of ghost rock still in his ears.

Walters wandered incoherently for several weeks, living like an animal off whatever unfortunate creatures he found in his werewolf form. By the time he finally made it back to Gomorra, he was barely capable of speaking—a raving madman just as Reggie Cornell described. Naturally, those beneath him wasted no time in parceling out his property, factionalizing his interests, and opening the way for increased conflict in the area. In one swift move, Knicknevin's sinister plans were underway.

These days the broken Walters wanders the streets of Gomorra, alternately ranting and raving about the horrible doom coming upon his beloved town, and cowering in fear, almost incoherent in his terror.

And to top it all off, Walters is a werewolf; he changes into an unholy killing machine every full moon, wreaking havoc in Knicknevin's name. Walters, once the biggest obstacle to Knicknevin's domination of Gomorra, has now become one of the spirit's most efficient weapons in the battle to take the boomtown.

PROFILE: HUMPHREY WALTERS

Corporeal: D:3d6, N:2d10, Q:3d10, S:1d6, V:1d8
Climbin' 1d10, dodge 3d10, sneak 4d10

Mental: C:3d6, K:4d10, M:2d4, Sm:3d8,
Sp:2d6

Academia: philosophy 4d10, academia:
occult 2d10, area knowledge: Gomorra
5d10, scroungin' 4d8, streetwise 2d8,
survival: desert 5d8, search 1d6

Edges: Luck of the Irish 3

Hindrances: Loco (delusional) -5

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Special Abilities:

Lycanthropy: On the night of a full moon at midnight, Walters transforms into a savage werewolf. For the statistics for this horrible beast, see the *Deadlands: Weird West* rulebook.

Gear: None, other than the tattered clothes on his back.

Description: Walters is a haggard and deranged looking old man, with tattered clothes, bloodshot red eyes, and extraordinarily poor hygiene.

SWEETROCK MINING COMPANY

DIRTY SECRETS

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The Sweetrock Mining Company itself is basically a benign entity, but with a man like Howard Findley at the helm, it's the worst thing that possibly could have happened to Gomorra.

The atmosphere of greed, intolerance and fear that Findley and his cronies are breeding provides the perfect bed for the growth of fear—exactly what Knicknevin wants.

SWEETROCK PROFILES

Here is the real lowdown and vital statistics for the major players in Sweetrock's Gomorra operation.

HOWARD FINDLEY

Howard Findley is your typical greedy businessman, out to dig as much money as he can from Gomorra's hide. He's no gunfighter, however, and knows better than to cross someone personally. He has a gaggle of bodyguards with him at all times, to make sure his numerous enemies don't try anything. His goal of "civilizing" Gomorra is actually no more than an attempt to keep the rougher elements away from him and maintain control of the town for his bosses in Pittsburgh.

The stress of his position has begun to take its toll on Findley, although he hides it very well. He's more than a little paranoid, and unwilling to negotiate with others for fear of showing some weakness that they might exploit.

With the Blackjacks and Maze Rats refusing to go away, he has resolved to crush anyone else who might threaten his position. His business acumen and iron will have held him together where other men might have broken down, and he's kept Sweetrock strong in the face of increasing adversity.

Findley is also a believer in the Weird West's dark side. As Gomorra slowly falls under the manitou's spell, he's seen and heard things that are increasingly hard to ignore. This

hardheaded Wall Street man has begun to accept that the dead might be walking the streets, and has recently hit upon a gruesome idea. Why can't the forces of evil be exploited like any other resource? If he can find some way to control these "walking dead," he can set them to work in the mines. They'd be an improvement over his current workers: they'd work nonstop, follow orders without question and wouldn't have to be paid. They also wouldn't be harmed by cave-ins or other disasters, so (in Findley's twisted mind, at least) they'd actually be saving lives.

Findley has secretly made contact with Nicodemus Whateley, who gave him a very impressive demonstration on reviving corpses. The two made a bargain: Nicodemus would provide controllable walkin' dead to Sweetrock in exchange for certain mines in the area. A unit of undead miners has already begun working one of Sweetrock's more isolated shafts and more are planned for the near future.

While Knicknevin had nothing to do with Findley's ghoulish initiative, it could not have planned a better way to further its goals.

PROFILE: HOWARD FINDLEY

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:3d6, Q:1d8, S:2d6, V:3d8
Climbin' 1d6, sneak 1d6

Mental: C:4d10, K:4d10, M:2d12, Sm:4d10,
Sp:1d8

Bluff 3d10, guts 3d8, leadership 4d12,
persuasion 4d12, professional: business
6d10, scrutinize 3d10, search 1d10

Edges: Belongings 5, dinero 5, renown 3

Hindrances: Enemy -5: Black Jack,
high falutin' -2, self-righteous -3

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 16

Gear: None, although he can get
anything he needs on short notice.

Description: Findley is well dressed
man with black hair, a Van Dyke
beard and a cunning gleam in his
eye.

MICK CAPLES

Mick Caples is one of over a dozen overseers, charged with making sure the mines keep running. He's every bit as hard and unbending as Reggie suggests, but he's secretly fearful that Sweetrock's brutal policies will backfire on them someday. The miners outnumber the overseers twenty to one, and if there's a riot, he'll be the first one to go down. He spends his time trying to keep the workers so fearful of him that they won't dare fight back. He's walking a slippery slope, but doesn't have any other option at this stage.

Caples has no idea that Findley plans to populate the mines with undead workers. If he did, he'd quit on the spot and run for his life.

PROFILE: MICK CAPLES

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:3d8, Q:4d6, S:4d10, V:3d10

Climbin' 1d8, fightin': brawlin' 2d8, shootin': shotgun 4d8, sneak 1d8, throwin': dynamite 3d8

Mental: C:3d8, K:2d6, M:3d6, Sm:2d6, Sp:1d6
Demolition 3d6, leadership 2d6, overawe 5d6, trade: mining 4d6

Edges: Friends in high places:
Sweetrock 3

Hindrances: Mean as a rattler -2,
obligation: Sweetrock -4

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 16

Gear: A double-barreled shotgun, 20 shells, blueprints, and surveying equipment.

Description: Caples is a homely fellow with brown hair and muttonchops.

UNDEAD MINER

Treat undead miners as normal walkin' dead in the *Deadlands: The Weird West* rulebook. They obey the orders of anyone wearing the Sweetrock logo on their person, or any of the Whateleys. The attack anyone else.

BIG JAKE & SCOOTER

Reggie's account of Big Jake and Scooter is a little rose-colored. The pair have been stealing cargo from the docks ever since they were hired for the job. They figure Sweetrock's rolling in loot, so they shouldn't complain if two of their hardest working employees skim a little cream for themselves.

All of the cargo from the docks has to go through them, giving ample opportunity to shuffle paperwork and make a crate or two of goodies disappear. They have plenty of quiet fences in town who purchase their ill-gotten goods and are very careful not to take too much on any one occasion. Heroes bringing any big loads of material to the docks can expect to have a little less by the time it gets up the cliff to Gomorra.

That said, the two are still good souls at heart. They never take anything from those who can't afford to lose it and are fiercely protective of the other goods under their care. Big Jake's expeditions into the mines are part public relations, but he also sees a real need to help and knows that nobody else is willing to do it. And like Scooter said, he enjoys playing hero to the poor souls out there.

Scooter is one of the best Maze dragon hunters in the state, and knows all the tricks to keeping the beasts away from the docks. His gun has been modified by the mad scientist Susan Franklin to fire specially-made .75 caliber ammunition.

PROFILE: GEORGE "BIG JAKE" DAWSON

Corporeal: D:2d10, N:3d8, Q:2d8, S:2d6, V:3d6

Climbin' 1d8, drivin': boats 4d8, filchin' 4d10, lockpickin' 2d10, shootin': pistol 3d10, sleight of hand 2d10, sneak 2d8, swimmin' 4d8

Mental: C:3d10, K:1d6, M:3d6, Sm:2d8, Sp:1d6

Ridicule 2d8, scroungin' 2d8, scrutinize 4d10, trade: dock worker 4d6

Edges: Big ears 1, sense of direction 1

Hindrances: Scrawny -5: short

Pace: 8

Size: 5

Wind: 12

Gear: Spyglass, a Colt New Line pistol, 50 shells, and a steam launch.

Description: Dawson is a diminutive man, standing only 4'8" tall, with black hair and a goatee.

PROFILE: SCOOTER MURDOCK

Corporeal: D:3d10, N:3d10, Q:2d8, S:4d12, V:4d12

Fightin': knife 4d10, shootin': rifle 5d10, speed load: rifle 3d10, swimmin' 3d10

Mental: C:2d10, K:1d6, M:1d6, Sm:2d8, Sp:2d6

Search 3d10, survival 2d8, trackin' 2d10, trade: dock worker 3d6

Edges: Brawny 3, eagle eyes 1, nerves o' steel 1, tough as nails 5

Hindrances: None

Pace: 10

Size: 7

Wind: 18

Gear: Modified Remington 1871 (6d10 damage, but the user needs at least d10 *Strength* to use the massive weapon) and 100 shells.

Description: In contrast to Big Jake, Scooter is a hulking brute of a man, clean shaven with black hair.

JIM MACNEIL

MacNeil is a mercenary bastard with the heart of a rattlesnake. Sweetrock wanted someone tough enough to do any job they asked, and willing to follow orders if enough money was dumped in front of him. With MacNeil, they got all they asked for and more.

Wanted by the Mexicans (he really did kill those prison guards with a spoon) and tired of Lost Angels, he thought Gomorra would be the perfect place to relax, unwind, and kill people with impunity. He has no problems following Findley's directives and will do whatever Sweetrock asks of him as long as they keep paying him.

MacNeil's killed plenty of folks who crossed the company, as well as assassinating sheriff J.P. Coleman (see page 117). Currently, he's focused his sights on killing Black Jack Jackson. MacNeil sees this as a great challenge. He loves his work, and the thought of taking down someone actually capable of killing him just makes it that much more fun.



PROFILE: JIM MACNEIL

Corporeal: D:3d10, N:2d10, Q:2d12, S:4d8, V:3d8

Climbin' 1d10, dodge 2d10, fightin': brawlin' 4d10, horse ridin' 2d10, shootin': pistol, shotgun 5d10, sneak 1d10, speed load: pistol, shotgun 4d10

Mental: C:2d6, K:3d6, M:4d6, Sm:3d8, Sp:1d8

Guts 4d8, overawe 5d6, scrutinize 2d6, streetwise 3d8, trackin' 3d6

Edges: Friends in high places 4: Sweetrock, level-headed 5, "the stare" 1, thick-skinned 3

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty -2, mean as a rattler -2, outlaw -3

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Wind: 16

Gear: Two Colt .45 pistols, an ammo belt, a double-barrel shotgun and box of 50 shells.

Description: MacNeil is a wiry man with long tangled hair and beard, all shot through with gray. There's death in his eyes, pure and simple.

THE BLACKJACKS BLACKJACK PROFILES

For all Black Jack's denials, he and his gang are responsible for every incident Reggie describes and countless others. He's gotten very good at being a bandit. In his mind, the crimes he has committed are simply payback—taking money from Sweetrock that they're earning with his mine. He's very adamant about robbing only Sweetrock, and can only rarely be talked into robbing anyone else. He tries hard to avoid killing, but he knows that's not always possible and won't hesitate to gun somebody down if he has to.

There's more to just ethics behind Black Jack's selectivity. Soon after beginning his crime spree, he realized that he was making a name for himself. Those who hated Sweetrock saw him as a savior. While he scoffed at their notions, he knew a good thing when he had one. If the people of Gomorra could be swayed to his side, it would make it much harder for Sweetrock to retaliate.

By keeping his crimes "reasonable" and shedding just enough doubt on who committed them, he's maintained a benign image with the locals. As long as he can keep that up, he can move around unmolested and do what he needs to get his pound of flesh out of the company's hide. He also knows that his popularity rankles Sweetrock, which makes it worth the effort all by itself.

The rest of his gang, by and large, lack such ideals. They're career outlaws who like taking money, and have no compunctions about who they victimize. They stick with Black Jack because he's smart and charismatic, and because they've done quite well under his leadership. He's made it clear, however, that they'll have to play by his rules if they want to run with him. While they sometimes chafe at that, none of them want to risk crossing him. They've all seen what he can do with his six-guns.

Below are the profiles for all of the members of the Blackjacks from the card game, plus a brief description of their personalities. There are other bandits in the gang, but they are minor flunkies at best; use the Gunfighter archetype from the *Deadlands: The Weird West* for their stats.

BLACK JACK JACKSON

Of all the prospectors in the Maze, Jackson P. Jackson was the one Sweetrock shouldn't have tangled with. Despite his status as an outlaw, he was definitely pushed into it, and the woes he's brought the company have been well-deserved—at least to his way of thinking.

Well-educated and soft-spoken, Jackson had a very "live and let live" attitude—until he found himself a sizable ghost-rock vein. Once Howard Findley learned of his claim (now the River Ridge Mine), the Sweetrock CEO had the records altered and sent a group of thugs out to throw Jackson off the property. He told them to take guns, figuring Jackson wouldn't give up without a fight. He figured right: Jackson killed three of the men where they stood and sent the rest packing.

Black Jack was smart enough to realize that things wouldn't end there, and that Sweetrock would keep coming until he was dead and the mine was in their hands. So he abandoned it, but not before swearing revenge.

PROFILE: BLACK JACK JACKSON

Corporeal: D:4d12, N:2d12, Q:4d12, S:1d10, V:2d10

Climbin' 2d12, dodge 3d12, fightin': brawlin' 5d12, horse ridin' 3d12, quick draw 5d12, shootin': pistol, rifles, shotguns 6d12, sneak 3d12, speed load: pistol 3d12

Mental: C:3d10, K:3d8, M:4d10, Sm:4d10, Sp:2d8

Area Knowledge: Gomorra 3d8, guts 4d8, leadership 5d10, overawe 3i0, scrutinize 4d10, search 3d10, streetwise 3d10, trackin' 2d10, trade: mining 2d8

Edges: Brave 2, fleet-footed 2, keen 3, level-headed 5, nerves of steel 1, renown 3, two-fisted 3, "the voice" 1: threatening

Hindrances: Enemy -5: Sweetrock, outlaw -5, vengeful -3

Pace: 12

Size: 6

Wind: 18

Gear: Black Jack's Six-Guns (see below), 100 shells, a knife in a boot sheath, a black handkerchief and a cigarillo case

Description: Jackson is a handsome powerfully built black man, bald with a full beard.

BLACK JACK'S SIX-GUNS

The finely-crafted Colt Peacemakers Jackson P. Jackson uses to make his point to Sweetrock have become imbued with his righteous anger. In an act of wry self-assessment, he carved the word "Good" on the ivory handle of his left gun and "Evil" on the ebony handle of his right. "To remind me of the line I'm walking," he told his gang. He fires equally well with both of them, and Gomorrans have learned to fear their distinctive sound.

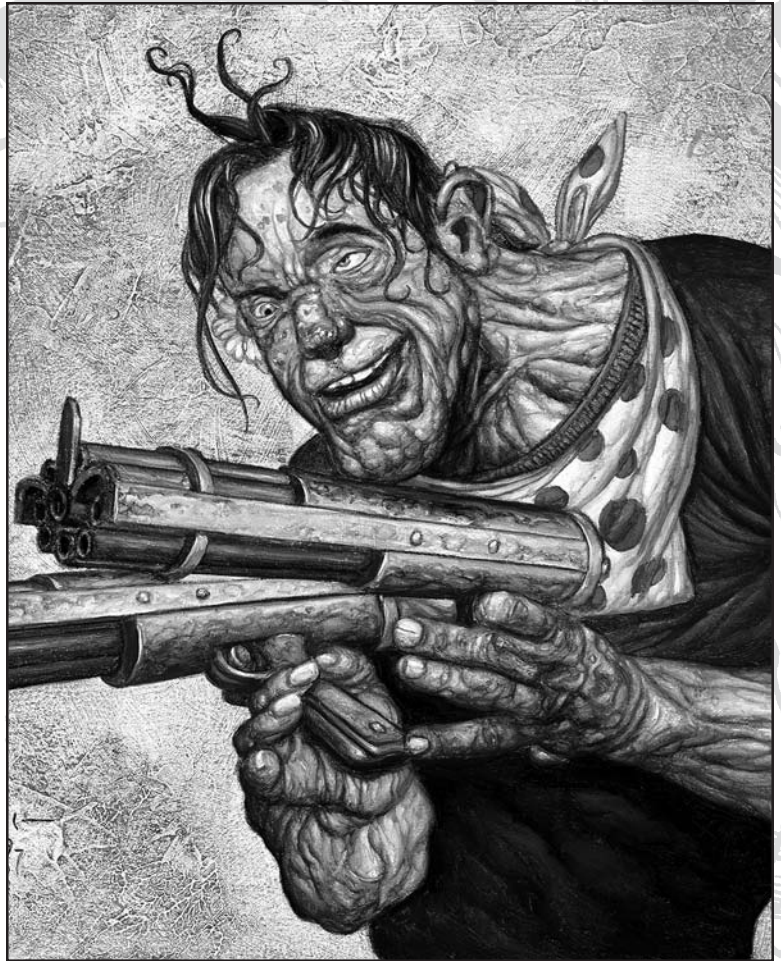
Powers: The Six-Guns each add +2 to the user's *overawe* score, and a +2 bonus to hit, both cumulatively. Against anyone in the direct employ of Sweetrock, the bonus to hit is +4.

Taint: The user gains the *enemy*: Sweetrock hindrance at level 5. Sweetrock will spare no lengths to hunt these weapons (and their user) down.

EDDIE BELLOWS

Eddie was a Confederate sharpshooter stationed in Missouri who didn't like his superior officer. One night following a heated argument, he clobbered the man with his dinner tray and would have killed him had he not been restrained by the rest of his unit.

Eddie was court-martialled and sentenced to 15 years hard labor in a Texas prison. He slipped his bonds en route and made his way to the Maze where he could hide. He's taken to the outlaw life well, and has made an excellent long-range scout for the Blackjacks.



PROFILE: EDDIE BELLOWS

Corporeal: D:2d12, N:3d10, Q:2d8, S:2d6, V:3d6

Climbin' 2d10, fightin' brawlin' 3d10, horse ridin' 1d10, lockpickin' 2d12, shootin': rifle 5d12, sneak 3d10, swimmin' 2d10

Mental: C:2d8, K:1d6, M:2d6, Sm:2d6, Sp:2d6

Scrutinize 3d8, search 2d8, survival: Great Maze 2d6, trackin' 2d8,

Edges: Eagle eyes 1, light sleeper 1

Hindrances: Loyal -3: Black Jack, outlaw -3

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Wind: 12

Gear: A Whitworth rifle, 50 shells, a .44 Army pistol, 20 shells, an old Confederate uniform and a black handkerchief.

Description: Bellows can be easily recognized by his scraggly head of black hair, and the worn and faded Confederate army uniform that he almost always wears



SPIKE DOUGAN

The late (yes, that right, late) Spike Dougan was the Blackjacks' muscle and intimidation man. He had the brains of a loopy six-year old and took a wide-eyed glee at performing sadistic acts on helpless victims. He idolized Black Jack like a kid reading dime novels, and happily did whatever the outlaw said.

One day, however, he made the mistake of shooting a stray dog named Eureka—a beloved animal that all of Gomorra looked fondly upon. Black Jack shot him dead before the crowd could lynch them both. The stats below are before his untimely death.

PROFILE: SPIKE DOUGAN

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:2d8, Q:2d10, S:5d12, V:4d12

Climbin' 1d8, shootin': pistol 4d8, swimmin' 1d8, throwin': rocks 3d8

Mental: C:1d6, K:1d4, M:2d6, Sm:2d4, Sp:2d6

Overawe 5d6, search 1d6

Edges: Brawny 3, thick skinned 3, tough as nails 5

Hindrances: Clueless -3, illiterate -3, loyal -3: Black Jack

Pace: 8

Size: 7

Wind: 18

Gear: Two Gatling pistols, box of 50 shells, black handkerchief

Description: Dougan was a walking mass of muscle, with a dull but sadistic stare.

VICTOR & FATHER JUAN NAVARRO

Father Juan is in a very delicate position regarding the Blackjacks. They're the only thing keeping his brother alive and he recognizes a few sparks of righteousness in their leader's soul. On the other hand, they're outlaws. Killers, robbers, and sinners of every variety. People a devout priest should have nothing to do with.

For the sake of Victor, and because he believes Black Jack can reform the gang into a force for good, he has granted them sanctuary within his church. There, they can hide and lick their wounds if they have to. In exchange for this service, he demands they make substantial contributions to the poor and needy. The gang doesn't like it, but Father Juan is adamant, and Black Jack understands his position. Under no circumstances does Father Juan participate in any criminal operations the Black Jacks undertake.

Juan's older brother is closer in outlook to Black Jack than any other member of the gang. He's here because Sweetrock would kill him if he weren't, and knows he's got to make them cry "uncle" if he ever wants to stop being an outlaw. That being said, he truly enjoys sticking it in where his former employers are concerned. In addition to his other skills, Victor is also an accomplished gambler; the bandit can often be found at Casino Morongo.

PROFILE: FATHER JUAN NAVARRO

Corporeal: D:4d8, N:2d6, Q:3d8, S:1d6, V:4d8

Climbin' 2d6, swimmin' 2d6, sneak 1d6

Mental: C:3d10, K:2d8, M:4d8, Sm:2d10, Sp:3d12

Academia: theology 4d8, faith 5d12, language: English 3d8, professional: theology 4d8, search 2d10, tale-tellin': preachin' 4d8

Edges: Arcane background 3: blessed, brave 2

Hindrances: Pacifist -5

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 20

Special Abilities:

Blessed: Miracles: Benediction, cloak, mediate, protection, test o' faith.

Gear: An unloaded .38 pistol (he carries it just for show) and a Catholic Bible.

Description: Father Juan is looks far older than his 24 years. His face is creased with care, and his black hair is running to gray.

PROFILE: VICTOR NAVARRO

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:2d10, Q:3d10, S:2d6, V:4d6

Climbin' 3d10, dodge 2d10, horse ridin' 4d10, shootin': pistol 4d8, sleight o' hand 4d8, sneak 3d10, swimmin' 1d10

Mental: C:2d10, K:1d6, M:3d8, Sm:3d8, Sp:2d8

Bluff 3d8, gamblin' 4d8, language: English 3d6, search 3d10, trackin' 2d10, trade: miner 1d6

Edges: Brave 2, renown 1

Hindrances: Enemy -4: Sweetrock, outlaw -3

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Gear: An Army revolver, a bandoleer of ammo (30 shells) and a black handkerchief.

Description: Victor is a darkly handsome Hispanic man in his mid-twenties with long coal-black hair.

FLINT PARKER

Parker hails from the backwoods of Arkansas, heir to a long tradition of bushwhacking and highway robbery. He made the mistake of robbing a Baptist church of its collection money, which prompted an angry mob to burn his dilapidated homestead to the ground. He fled west before they could catch him.

Flint's total lack of anything even remotely approaching book smarts and hillbilly personal habits disgust the rest of the gang, but he has an intuitive knack for criminal mayhem that more than makes up for it.

PROFILE: FLINT PARKER

Corporeal: D:4d8, N:2d8, Q:3d8, S:2d6, V:3d8

Fightin': brawlin' 4d8, horse ridin' 2d8, shootin': pistol, rifle 3d8, speed-load: rifle 2d8, sneak 3d8, teamster 2d8

Mental: C:4d10, K:1d6, M:2d4, Sm:2d6, Sp:1d6

Area knowledge: Arkansas 3d6, animal wranglin' 2d4, ridicule 2d6, scroungin' 4d6, search 2d10, trackin' 4d10

Edges: Light sleeper 1, sense of direction 1

Hindrances: Illiterate -3, outlaw -3, stubborn -2

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Gear: A Winchester Repeating rifle, a box of 50 shells, a filthy pair of overalls, a floppy straw hat and a black handkerchief.

Description: Parker is a heavy-set man, with unkempt red hair shoved under his straw hat and a thick beard.

RACHEL SUMNER

Rachel began her criminal career at the tender age of 16, when her then fiancé tried to consummate their marriage prematurely. She shot him with his own pistol and never looked back. Since then, she's robbed banks all over Arizona and California, always operating alone. Her combination of daring and ruthlessness allowed her to pull them off successfully, although she always left at least one man dead behind her. Her career with the Blackjacks is the first time she's worked with anyone for more than a few weeks.

Rachel is the only member of the gang who isn't afraid of Black Jack. She respects his leadership and admires his shooting skills, but won't hesitate to get in his face if she disagrees with him. Her fiery temper may eventually provoke a split in the gang if it isn't contained.

PROFILE: RACHEL SUMNER

Corporeal: D:3d12, N:2d10, Q:4d10, S:1d8, V:3d6

Climbin' 1d10, dodge 2d10, fightin': brawlin' 2d10, horse ridin' 2d10, quick draw 3d10, shootin': pistol, shotgun 5d12, sneak 2d12, speed load: pistol 3d12, swimmin' 1d10

Mental: C:4d10, K:2d6, M:1d6, Sm:2d10, Sp:3d6

Area knowledge: Arizona 2d6, bluff 3d10, guts 4d6, overawe 4d6, ridicule 3d10, scrutinize 4d10, survival 2d10, trackin' 3d10, trade: banking 3d6

Edges: Brave 2, fleet footed 2, nerves o' steel 1, "the stare" 1

Hindrances: Big britches -3, outlaw -3

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Wind: 12

Gear: Twin .44 Army pistols, 50 shells, and a black handkerchief.

Description: Sumner is a hard-looking woman with auburn hair and a spade tattooed on her left breast.

THE TWITCH

The Twitch (nobody knows his real name) came to Gomorra from Lost Angels, where his jittery nature was getting him noticed. Why someone so excitable would choose a career as an outlaw is anyone's guess, but he's surprisingly good at it. He has a knack for rapid fire, and often covers his partners' escape following a job. Black Jack often makes use of his wild gunfire as a diversion—distracting people from the real crime.

PROFILE: THE TWITCH

Corporeal: D:2d12, N:1d10, Q:3d10, S:1d6, V:2d6

Climbin' 1d10, dodge 4d10, horse ridin' 2d10, quick draw 5d10, shootin': pistol 5d12, speed load: pistol 3d12

Mental: C:2d8, K:3d6, M:1d6, Sm:3d8, Sp:2d8

Animal wranglin' 2d6, guts 2d8, search 1d8, streetwise 2d8

Edges: Brave 2, light sleeper 1, two-fisted 3

Hindrances: Outlaw -3

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Gear: Twin pistols, a belt of speed-loader clips, a bottle of 20 greased lightning pills (see *Smith & Robards*), and a black handkerchief.

Description: The Twitch is lean and muscular, with blond hair and beard.

THE COLLEGIUM

As mad scientists go, the Collegium is a fairly benevolent bunch. They have no plans to rule the world, no sinister schemes of domination or destruction. They don't even want money (no more than needed to keep their experiments running anyway). Like many academics, they desire only peace and quiet, and were once content to ignore the rest of Gomorra in favor of their own studies.

Their drastic change in policy was brought about by a direct threat to their safety (see **A New Kind of Order**, page 118), and despite how nervous they make everyone, they have very few malevolent tendencies.

The Collegium first came about as a proposition by Oswald Hardinger, who had noticed the large number of fellow scientists in Gomorra. Together with Eric Zarkov and Susan Franklin, he proposed creating a common compound where they could all live, work, and pool resources. Used to the confines of the ivory tower, most of them eagerly agreed. They are by and large a shy bunch, unused to social situations, but bound by a deep love of their work and faith that they are serving the greater good of mankind.

COLLEGIUM PROFILES

Below are profiles of the most prominent members of the Collegium. There are other members, but they lack the genius and high profile of these principals. If you need statistics for other scientists, use the Mad Scientist archetype from the *Deadlands: Weird West* rulebook. All Collegium members have access to lab equipment, and can also procure any parts they need for their inventions within a few days.

OSWALD HARDINGER

The World Famous (at least in his own mind) Oswald Hardinger always dreamed of leading a powerful coalition of like-minded scientists. His ill temper made him few friends among the eastern universities he taught at, so he headed to the Maze where he could found his own school. The Collegium is the first step toward creating a new scientific utopia—that's what he believes, anyway. He has a great deal of charisma despite his short fuse, and takes a keen interest in his colleagues' work. He's found he can make friends just by listening to others.

Hardinger considers himself a Renaissance man, expert in numerous fields of pursuit. Like Leonardo Da Vinci, he refuses to limit himself to any one subject. His inventions have included power generators, improved ornithopters and vapor cannons capable of breathtaking power. He has been keeping a lid on some of his more destructive weapons, hoping to "surprise" anyone who presents a serious threat to the Collegium.

PROFILE: OSWALD HARDINGER

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:3d8, Q:2d8, S:2d6, V:2d6

Climbin' 1d8, drivin': steam wagon 3d8, ornithopter 3d8, auto-gyro 3d8, sleight o' hand 1d8, sneak 1d8

Mental: C:2d12, K:3d12, M:2d12, Sm:4d12, Sp:2d10

Academia: history 3d12, philosophy 4d12, artillery 3d12, language: Latin 2d12, leadership 4d12, persuasion 3d12, science: general 6d12, engineering 5d12, scrutinize 4d12, search 1d12, tinkerin' 2d12

Edges: Arcane background 3 : mad scientist, dinero 3, mechanically inclined 1, renown 3

Hindrances: Curious, -3 high falutin' -2, stubborn -2, tinhorn -2

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 16

Gear: Any gadget he needs, the Duplicator (see below), an electrostatic sword cane (treat as an electrostatic saber from *Smith & Robards*) and a slide rule.

Description: Hardinger is a portly man, completely bald with a well-groomed handlebar mustache.

THE DUPLICATOR

Oswald Hardinger emerged with this strange, helmet-shaped device after a furious week of consultation with the Amazing Xemo. He cited a need to boost the combat abilities of Collegium members, and with this creation strapped to his head, he hopes to give Gomorra's pistoleros a big surprise.

The duplicator allows its user to replace his or her value in a single Corporeal Aptitude with that of any other character within 20 yards. It can be any Corporeal Aptitude the user wishes—even one he doesn't have—but it can only be one. The effects last for 10 rounds, or until the "duplicated" character moves out of range. The Reliability of the device is 19.



SUSAN FRANKLIN

Professor Franklin was an astronomer from the University of Minnesota who loved tinkering with the school's collection of telescopes. She quit full-time teaching when she was denied tenure but managed to secure a small grant before making her way west. She was intrigued by Oswald Hardinger's idea of creating a new University in the Maze and became one of the Collegium's founding members.

She's continued her astronomical research from the scientists' compound, but also turned her energies toward developing new and innovative viewing devices. Her array of telescopes is quite impressive, and she's also developed some phenomenal gunsights and low-light observers as well.

Hardinger has convinced her to begin observing certain areas of Gomorra, to "keep an eye" on what goes on there, despite her obvious distaste for it. Since the Collegium took the law into their own hands, she has spent more and more time watching for threats and less and less time engaged in her studies. She's not happy with the change.

MALFUNCTIONS

Minor Malfunction: The user takes a Light wound to the head, 1d6 Wind, and the device won't work for 1d6 hours.

Major Malfunction: The user suffers all the effects of a Minor malfunction, plus his score in the Aptitude is lowered to 1d4 for 1d6 hours. If the user was trying to duplicate an Aptitude he didn't have, then he takes a Moderate wound to the head, and 1d12 Wind.

Catastrophe: As the Major malfunction, but the Aptitude is lowered to 1d4 permanently. If the user was trying to duplicate an Aptitude she didn't have, she takes a Severe wound to the head and 1d20 Wind instead.

PROFILE: SUSAN FRANKLIN

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:3d6, Q:2d8, S:1d6, V:1d6

Climbin' 1d6, dodge 1d6, shootin': pistol 3d6, sneak 1d6, swimmin' 1d6

Mental: C:4d12, K:2d12, M:2d8, Sm:4d10, Sp:2d8

Academia: astronomy 5d12, area knowledge: Gomorra 2d12, artillery 4d12, science: general 3d12, physics 3d12, engineering 3d12, scrutinize 4d12, search 3d12, tinkerin' 3d10

Edges: Arcane background 3: mad scientist, belongings 3: telescopes, dinero 3, eagle eyes 1, sense of direction 1

Hindrances: Tinhorn -2

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Gear: Multiple telescopes of varying size and power, and a .22 pistol with an 8x sight.

Description: Franklin is a middle-aged spinster, with brown hair pulled back in a bun and spectacles.

GUNTHER HAPWORTH

Another Minnesotan (this time from icy International Falls), Gunther was born a sickly albino to a Swedish fisherman and his wife. A weak constitution forced him to spend most of his time growing up indoors, and Hapworth bitterly resented it.

With the coming of ghost rock and the new science, Hapworth, who spent his copious free time educating himself, theorized that by bathing in certain chemicals he could not only reverse his weaknesses, but transform it into stunning strength. He came to California for the warm weather, and joined the Collegium for the chance to put his studies to the test.

Every night, Hapworth seals himself in a gigantic mechanical sarcophagus where his body is immersed in a bewildering variety of biochemical fluids. They temporarily grant him the strength and stamina of ten men. He's been known to throw a fully-loaded wagon across Gomorra's main street, and he can absorb absolutely stunning amounts of damage without feeling the pain.

The effects are dependent upon his machine, however, and without nightly immersion in the biochemical bath he is as weak as a kitten. Not surprisingly, he doesn't let anyone near his contraption, and mixes the chemicals himself. Only Hapworth knows the correct settings and balance of chemicals to make the machinery function. Without them, one might as well be soaking in pickle juice.

The stats in parentheses are for Gunther when he is under the influence of his chemicals.

PROFILE: GUNTHER HAPWORTH

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:3d6, Q:1d8, S:2d4 (2d12+20), V:2d4 (2d12+20)

Climbin' 1d6, fightin': brawlin' 3d6, sneak 1d6

Mental: C:3d10, K:3d10, M:3d6, Sm:5d8, Sp:3d6

Language: Swedish 3d10, overawe 2d6, Science: general 4d10, biology 5d10, chemistry 5d10, scrutinize 3d10, tinkerin' 3d8

DIRTY SECRETS

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Edges: Arcane background 3: mad scientist, mechanically inclined 1, (tough as nails 5)

Hindrances: Ailin' -3, tinhorn -2

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 10 (38)

Gear: Black clothes, an umbrella, the rejuvenation tank and chemical elixirs.

Description: Hapworth is a sickly looking albino, with pale skin and red eyes. He wears his white hair long.

GERALD KLIPPSTEIN

The Prussian Klippstein came to America in search of wide open spaces to test his great love: steam wagons. Bigger is always better with Klippstein; if it can be made faster, stronger or physically larger, then he'll do it without a second thought. His ambition has been to build the biggest and fastest vehicle ever to traverse the earth, and with his latest steam wagon modifications, he's come close.

Unlike many of his colleagues, Klippstein seems unperturbed by the wild and raucous life of the Maze. His quick tongue and penchant for cutting remarks have made him few friends outside the compound, but the scientists have come to appreciate his engineering and driving skills. With his "Klippsteiner Grösswagon," he can move them anywhere they need to go in a matter of minutes. With their current show of force, that speed is invaluable.

Prickly and arrogant, Klippstein considers himself a fierce rival with Dr. Darius Hellstromme in Salt Lake. With his steam wagon inventions in full gear, he has begun moving into the area of robotics, hoping to develop a series of giant mechanical men to compete with Hellstromme's automatons. Unfortunately for Klippstein's ego, Hellstromme has never even heard of the man.

PROFILE: GERALD KLIPPSTEIN

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:4d10, Q:3d10, S:2d6, V:2d6

Climbin' 2d10, dodge 2d10, drivin': steam wagon 6d10, horse ridin' 2d10, shootin': pistols 2d8, teamster 2d10

Mental: C:4d8, K:3d10, M:4d4, Sm:2d10, Sp:2d8

Academia: history 3d10, guts 2d8, language: English 2d10, ridicule 4d10, science: general 3d10, engineering 4d10, physics 3d10, search 2d10, trackin' 2d10

Edges: Arcane background 3: mad scientist, keen 3, mechanically inclined 1, sense of direction 1

Hindrances: Ferner -3, high falutin' -2, stubborn -2, tinhorn -2

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Gear: An open-topped steam wagon (with armor plating, Gatling mount and rocket booster—see *Smith and Robards* for more details), an electrostatic gun, a pocket watch, and a stopwatch

Description: Klippstein is a beanpole of a man, with a black mustache and a penchant for stovepipe hats.

MARCUS PERIWINKLE

Having lost his left arm and leg at a young age, Perriwinkle was a longtime admirer of the infamous Leonitus P. Gash in Salt Lake City. After Gash was declared an outlaw, Perriwinkle left Deseret for Gomorra, where he has made great innovations in the field of prosthetics. Like Gash, he believes that mechanical limbs can improve the lives of any who receive them, but he refuses to replace healthy flesh and tissue with machinery; in his opinion, that's mutilation, not science.

Periwinkle also uses clockworks to power his devices, not ghost rock.

Periwinkle is very cautious and conservative for a scientist. A chronic worrier, he opposed the decision to

take justice to the streets, and feels it will end in disaster. That doesn't prevent him from backing any plays his comrades make, however; he keeps his misgivings secret from outsiders.

PROFILE: MARCUS PERIWINKLE

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:2d8, Q:1d8, S:2d6, V:2d8

Climbin' 2d8, dodge 1d8, shootin': hand attachments 3d8

Mental: C:3d8, K:2d12, M:2d10, Sm:3d12, Sp:2d8

Academia: philosophy 3d12, artillery 2d8, medicine: general 4d12, science: general 3d12, biology 4d12, engineering 4d12, scroungin' 3d12, scrutinize 2d8, search 3d8, tinkerin' 4d12

Edges: Arcane background 3: mad scientist, mechanically inclined 1

Hindrances: Cautious -3, tinhorn -2

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 16

Special Abilities:

Clockwork Limbs: Periwinkle's clockwork left arm gives him 3d12 Strength and Armor 2 in that area only, and he has built a Gatling pistol into the housing. His leg simply functions as a normal leg.

Gear: A box of tools, a pocketwatch, and various limb spare parts.

Description: Periwinkle is a middle-aged balding gentleman with white hair and a mass of scars on his kindly face.

THE AMAZING XEMO

Rudy Terkel is a small-time con artist with some natural instincts toward scientific invention. Terkel's angle was as a fortune-teller, operating under the stage name "The Amazing Xemo" (and he still insists that his colleagues refer to him that way).

In his act, he would predict people's futures for two bits a head, and convince them to keep coming back to learn the new twists fate had in store for them. One day, almost as a fluke, he tinkered together a device which connected his crystal ball to the turban he wore. Suddenly, the visions which he had faked up until then became

real; he could literally see the future of those who came to him.

Realizing that he was sitting on a gold mine, he quit the carny business to pursue science full time. While the Collegium was reluctant to admit him, he managed to fast-talk his way into a position. Since then he has studied the nature of ESP, hoping to find some correlation between his instinctive invention and the visions it produced. While not as well-learned as his colleagues, he has made impressive advances in the field. He hopes one day that his device will make him rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

Unfortunately for him, he's standing at the edge of an abyss. His initial invention was inspired in part by a manitou (not Knicknevin), and as he perfects his studies, it's going to send him more and more disturbing visions about the future. Eventually, he'll be receiving them whether or not he uses his device—and the strain will drive him mad.

PROFILE: THE AMAZING XEMO

Corporeal: D:3d6, N:2d6, Q:2d8, S:3d6, V:2d6

Climbin' 1d6, dodge 2d6, filchin' 3d6, horse ridin' 1d6, swimmin' 2d6

Mental: C:4d8, K:4d6, M:2d10, Sm:2d10, Sp:3d8

Bluff 3d10, performin' 4d6, persuasion 5d10, science: general 2d6, biology 1d6, scrutinize 2d8, search 1d8, streetwise 3d10, tale-tellin' 4d10

Edges: Arcane background 3; mad scientist

Hindrances: None

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Gear: A Crystal ball (see below), a purple turban, and a well-worn tuxedo

Description: Xemo looks, talks and dresses like a carnival sideshow fortune teller.

XEMO'S CRYSTAL BALL

This device, cobbled together by Xemo in a manitou-inspired fit of mad insight, provides clairvoyance and visions of the future to the user.

Its user has can use the hexes *fortune teller*, *hunch*, and *looking glass* while operating it, all at Level 3. Draw a hand of cards normally, just as if the user was a huckster casting the hex. However, if the user takes backlash, roll on the malfunction table and use the malfunctions below instead.

MALFUNCTIONS

Minor Malfunction: Mental fatigue.

The user takes 3d6 Wind.

Major Malfunction: A vision of the Hunting Grounds forces the user to make a Hard (9) *guts* check.

Catastrophe: Spiritual feedback fries the users synapses, doing a Severe wound directly to the noggin. The poor sap's Smarts die drops by -1 type, permanently.



FINEAS VON LANDINGHAM

Of all the Collegium, Mr. von Landingham is perhaps the most unstable. The man is an avowed anarchist, a terrorist bomber convinced that destroying the instruments of government is the only way to save humanity from itself. He is wanted in his native Belgium for a variety of charges and has been hounded out of every country in which he has sought refuge. The Great Maze was the only place where he could find permanent safety to plot his next move.

Von Landingham has a knack for timing devices and has invented some truly ingenious clocks in his day. Normally he uses them in bombs and other explosives, but the Collegium has included them in a number of more stable inventions. Because of this, they have been willing to overlook his firebrand political philosophy, and have kept him on a tight leash ever since he applied for membership.

He pilots a huge blimp, purchased from Smith & Robards, which he has used to ferry ghost rock in from the Maze on occasion. Coupled with his demolitions expertise, it makes those below him very nervous.

PROFILE: FINEAS VON LANDINGHAM

Corporeal: D:3d10, N:3d8, Q:2d8, S:2d6, V:4d6

Climbin' 1d8, drivin': air carriage 3d8, filchin' 3d10, shootin': dynamite launcher 1d10, sleight o' hand 3d10, sneak 2d8, throwin': bombs 4d10

Mental: C:2d10, K:4d10, M:2d8, Sm:4d10, Sp:2d10

Academia: philosophy 4d10, artillery 4d10, demolition 5d10, disguise 2d10, guts 4d10, science: general 3d10, chemistry 5d10, scrutinize 3d10, search 2d10, streetwise 2d10, trackin' 2d10

Edges: Arcane background 3: mad scientist, big ears 1, fleet-footed 2, light sleeper 1

Hindrances: Ferner -3, loco -3: delusional

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 16

Gear: An air carriage (see *Smith & Robards*), dynamite, grapeshot bombs, fuses, timers, a watch and tools.

Description: As befits a borderline lunatic, von Landingham dresses in the style of a Prussian naval officer. He has black hair and a walrus mustache.

ERIK ZARKOV

Bookworms are never welcome on the streets of Brooklyn, and Erik Zarkov had a difficult time growing up. Bullied by the other children in his immigrant neighborhood, he harbored secret desire to defend the weak and take revenge on the strong. With science, he believed he found the key.

As an adult, he investigated the nature of light and light amplification, particle transmission and kinetic energy, hoping to create a new era of "safe and humane weaponry." When he came to Gomorra and helped found the Collegium, his research was able to truly take off. Unfortunately, most of his inventions have been far more destructive than humane, but Zarkov dismisses criticism as irrelevant.

Zarkov currently stands at the forefront of the Collegium's vigilante war. His guns are capable of bringing down houses and disintegrating cowpokes where they stand. His inexperience has made for some dicey situations, but he has begun to settle down and make some lasting impressions in his opponents. Secretly, he adores the opportunity to wreak havoc with his weapons and take pleasure in bringing "justice" to those who would flaunt it. The Maze Rats are perennially favorite targets.

PROFILE: ERIC ZARKOV

Corporeal: D:3d10, N:2d8, Q:3d8, S:2d6, V:2d6

Climbin' 1d8, dodge 3d8, fightin': gun butt 2d8, shootin': ray gun, flamethrower, pistol, dynamite

launcher 4d10, sneak 2d8, speed load:
dynamite launcher 2d10

Mental: C:2d10, K:3d10, M:4d6, Sm:3d12,
Sp:4d6

Artillery 2d10, scrutinize 3d10, search
3d10, science: general 4d10,
engineering 4d10, physics 5d10,
overawe 4d10, ridicule 2d10, guts 2d10

Edges: Arcane background 3: mad
scientist, brave 2, fleet-footed 2, luck
of the Irish 3

Hindrances: Big mouth -3, heroic -3,
high-falutin -2, tinhorn -2

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 12

Gear: The Phlogostonic Deatomizer
(see below), a bullet-proof vest, a
rocket pack, and an electrostatic gun.

Description: Of all the Collegium,
Zarkov looks most like the popular
conception of a mad scientist, with
wild white hair and mustache.

THE PHLOGOSTONIC DEATOMIZER

The beloved creation of Erik Zarkov
fires a concentrated beam of focused
light, capable of reducing solid steel to
dust. Cowboys standing against him
have been literally blasted into wisps of
smoke, and buildings have suffered
incredible collateral damage in its
wake. The weapon's bulky size and
lengthy recharging time (2 hours) are
all that keep it in check, and Zarkov
takes an ecstatic glee in the
destruction it wreaks. For now, there is
only one deatomizer in existence, and
its owner has had too much fun with it
to take the time building another. For
that, Gomorra is thankful.

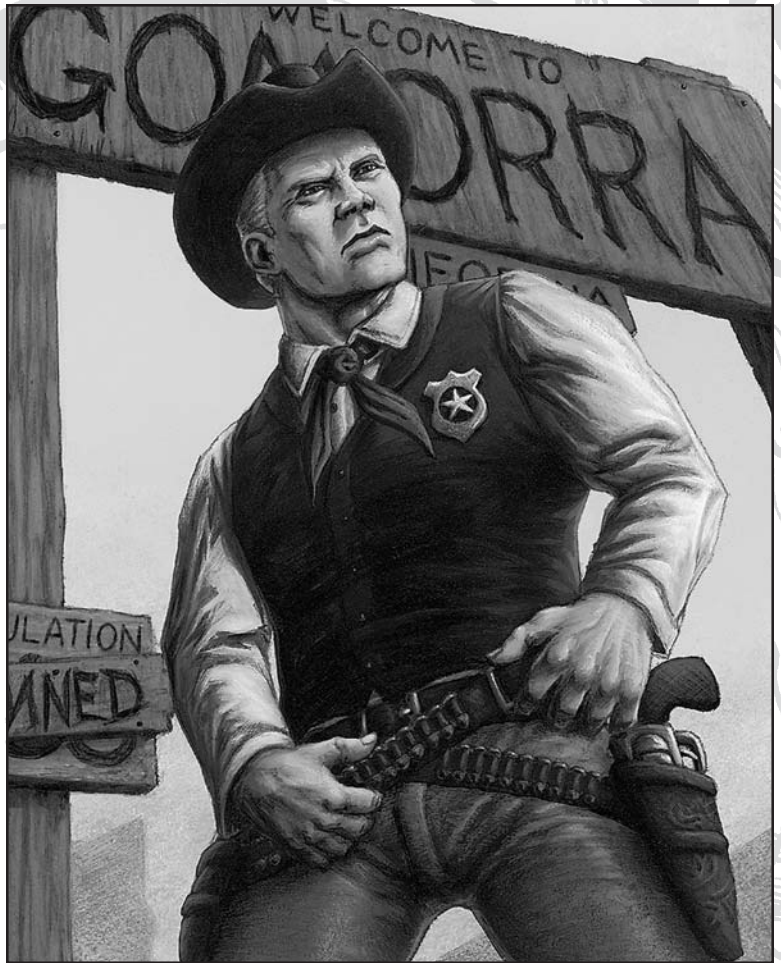
Stats: Speed: 1, ROF: 1, Range: 20,
Damage 4d12, 20 shots before it requires
recharging, Reliability 19.

MAJORITY MALFUNCTIONS

Minor Malfunction: Power drain. The
atomizer's power cell is completely
depleted. It won't fire until recharged.

Major Malfunction: Short circuit. As
with Minor malfunction, but a Hard
(9) *tinkerin'* check is needed to get
the device working again.

Catastrophe: The power pack on the
unit overloads, discharging 4d12
damage directly to the user's guts.



LAW DOGS

The sheriff's department has truly
been rocked by recent events. They're
holding on as hard as they can,
struggling to maintain order while the
town slowly falls to pieces around
them. They're a dedicated group,
however, and have stiffened their spines
in the face of opposition.

LAW DOG PROFILES

Below is a list of the current sheriff's
deputies in active service, plus Nash
Bilton, who only recently left the
department (for reason's you'll read
about later). There are other, less
important deputies as well; use the
Sheriff archetype from *The Quick & the
Dead* if you need stats for them.

Certain members of the Armed
Volunteers have recently been formally
deputized. They are listed in the **Places
of Note** section (on page 119) under
their more mundane places of business.

SHERIFF NATE HUNTER

That's right, we said sheriff. The quiet, soft-spoken Hunter had no intention of becoming sheriff, or even a deputy, when he came to Gomorra. He hoped to open a legal firm, far away from the crowded east where, as he put it, "a man could make a difference." Things change in the Weird West, and Hunter soon found himself strapping on a six-gun in defense of the law.

And then the Election (see page 118) installed Hunter as Gomorra's new law man. A lot of people think he's in over his head as sheriff, but he has a noble core and a streak of toughness that have served him quite well thus far. He's slowly getting used to his new position, and realizes that he needs to be much tougher than he has been. He still tries to give his opponents the benefit of the doubt and would rather arrest a criminal than shoot him. Coleman's death concerns him very much, and he wants to find the killers as quickly as possible.

PROFILE: NATE HUNTER

Corporeal: D:3d12, N:4d10, Q:4d8, S:2d8, V:1d8

Climbin' 2d10, dodge 1d10, fightin': brawlin' 3d10, horse ridin' 2d10, quick draw 4d8, shootin': pistol, shotgun 5d12, sneak 1d10, speed-load: pistol 2d12

Mental: C:3d10, K:2d10, M:4d8, Sm:2d12, Sp:3d8

Guts 4d8, leadership 5d8, persuasion 4d8, professional: law 3d10, search 2d10, streetwise 3d12, trackin' 2d10

Edges: Brave 2, law man 3, level-headed 5, "the voice" 1: calming

Hindrances: Heroic -3, law o' the West -3, obligation -5: protect Gomorra)

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Wind: 16

Gear: A Colt Peacemaker, 50 shells, a badge, and a collection of warrants

Description: Hunter is a handsome blonde man in his late twenties. He's clean shaven, with a bit of a baby face.

NASH BILTON

The dour and cynical Deputy Bilton had a lengthy career in San Francisco before the Great Quake ended law enforcement opportunities there forever. He came to Gomorra and served under Sheriff Coleman peacefully, and when the time came to choose a replacement, he knew he was the man for the job. He planned on turning Gomorra into a draconian model of law-abiding citizens. Hunter's unexpected election upturned that apple cart, and he secretly blames the younger man for "destroying his chances." His resentment is slowly growing the more time he spends out of the sheriff's office.

Bilton is a very "ends justify the means" sort of man, and wasn't above bending the law when he was a deputy. Now that he is an independent operator, he's gone even further, and has wantonly killed several suspects he assumed were guilty. His reputation in Gomorra and among his former associates remains strong, however, and he enjoys considerable goodwill among those few townsfolk who don't actively break the law.



PROFILE: NASH BILTON

Corporeal: D:2d10, N:3d8, Q:2d10, S:2d8, V:3d8

Climbin' 1d8, dodge 2d8, fightin': brawlin', knife 3d8, horse ridin' 4d8, quick draw 2d10, shootin': pistol, rifle, shotgun 4d10, sneak 2d8

Mental: C:2d12, K:3d8, M:3d6, Sm:4d8, Sp:2d6

Guts 4d6, overawe 3d6, professional: law 2d8, scrutinize 4d12, search 3d12, streetwise 3d8, survival: Great Maze 1d8, trackin' 3d12

Edges: Eagle eyes 1, nerves o' steel 1, tough as nails 3

Hindrances: Big britches -3, intolerance -3, self-righteous -3

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Gear: A Colt Walker pistol, 20 rounds of ammo, and a horse.

Description: Bilton is in his early forties, but still in good shape, with graying hair and a cold stare.

CHARLIE FLATBUSH

Charlie is a well-dressed and well-spoken prairie aristocrat who believes that looking good is better than feeling good. He became a law man for the sense of rightness it gave him—and for the style with which he could pull it off.

He's a fair gunman and has a good sense of the law, but what sets him apart is the way he presents himself to Gomorra's citizens. His suit is always pressed, his hair is always combed, and he eschews the traditional wide-brimmed hat for a Russian ushanka cap he acquired in Alaska, giving him a distinctive appearance as he walks the streets. He feels he gives the sheriff's department a civilized image, something it needs to help maintain its legitimacy. And if any cowpokes choose to make fun of Flatbush's appearance, his six-gun is always handy.

PROFILE: CHARLIE FLATBUSH

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:4d6, Q:3d8, S:1d10, V:2d8

Climbin' 3d6, dodge 2d6, fightin': cane 4d6, horse ridin' 3d6, shootin': pistol 3d8, sneak 4d6

Mental: C:5d8, K:2d6, M:3d8, Sm:2d8, Sp:2d6

Bluff 3d8, persuasion 3d8, professional: law 2d6, ridicule 3d8, search 3d8, streetwise 3d8

Edges: Law man 1, purty 1: well-dressed

Hindrances: none

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Gear: A Stylish suit, a tie, a cane, a ushanka hat, a Colt Peacemaker and 50 shells.

Description: Flatbush has brown hair and a mustache, and is always impeccably attired.

CORDELIA "CORKY" HENDRICKS

The apple-cheeked Deputy Hendricks worked as a trick shooter in a traveling rodeo. When the company folded, she needed work and soon turned to law enforcement.

She's quiet and modest about her job, but is every bit the sharpshooter that Reggie Cornell indicated. Following her encounter with the walkin' dead, she has begun paying more and more attention to the supernatural stories filtering into the sheriff's office.

Corky has a secret crush on Sheriff Hunter. She hasn't told anyone about it, or dared to express her feelings for him, but there is literally nothing she wouldn't do for him.

PROFILE: CORKY HENDRICKS

Corporeal: D:3d12, N:2d10, Q:2d10, S:1d6, V:2d6

Climbin' 1d10, horse ridin' 3d10, quick draw 4d10, shootin': pistol, 5d12, sneak 1d10, speed-load 3d10, teamster 2d10

Mental: C:2d8, K:2d6, M:3d10, Sm:3d6, Sp:2d8

Animal wranglin' 3d10, performin': sharp shootin' 4d10, professional: law 1d6, search 3d8, trackin' 2d8

Edges: Big ears 1, law man 1

Hindrances: Law o' the West -3, loyal -3: Law Dogs

THE MAZE RATS

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Gear: Two Colt peacemakers, 50 shells, a two-gun rig and a deck of bullet-holed cards.

Description: Corky is a pretty girl, with rosy cheeks and long blonde hair braided down her back.

JOHN TEMPLETON

Deputy Templeton is a sneering thug, Gomorra's "schoolyard bully." He became a sheriff's deputy to be able to hurt people with impunity, and enjoys the petty authority that a tin star has given him. He loves pistol-whipping suspects, as well as kicking down doors and breaking things. He's rubbed just about everyone in town the wrong way at one time or another. On the up side, he's a good gunfighter and isn't afraid of anything, so Coleman (and now Hunter) has tolerated his overbearing behavior.

PROFILE: JOHN TEMPLETON

Corporeal: D:3d10, N:2d8, Q:2d8, S:2d10, V:3d10

Climbin' 1d8, horse ridin' 2d8, shootin' pistol, shotgun 4d10, sneak 1d8

Mental: C:2d8, K:2d6, M:1d6, Sm:2d6, Sp:2d6

Guts 3d6, overawe 4d6, professional: law 1d6, ridicule 4d6, search 2d8, trackin' 3d8

Edges: Brave, brawny, law man 1, "the voice" 1 (grating)

Hindrances: Heavy sleeper -1, high falutin' -2, mean as a rattler -2, stubborn -2

Pace: 8

Size: 7

Wind: 16

Gear: A double-barrel shotgun, a Colt Peacemaker and holster, 50 shells of ammo for his guns, a tin star and a ring of keys.

Description: Templeton is a big, ugly bear of a man, with brown hair and a cruel smile.

Kang has good grasp on what's going on in Gomorra. His arcane powers have told him about Knicknevin, and the general outline of what the manitou has in mind. It worries him. Ghost rock is his bread and butter, and he definitely doesn't want a powerful demon creating a Hell on earth right in the middle of his source of income. So he has decided to sacrifice the ghost-rock potential of Gomorra to keep Knicknevin out of the Maze. He needs the mines shut down, so no one discovers a ghost-rock lode big enough to serve Knicknevin's purposes.

Unfortunately, Reggie was right when he said Kang had a lot of irons in the fire—and he doesn't want any of his underlings knowing about Knicknevin. So he told Red Petal Su to cut off Gomorra using as many men as she could spare. Apparently, all she can spare is one ship.

The Maze Rats are up to the task, however. They have wreaked utter havoc amid the miners working in the area and slowed the ghost-rock supply noticeably. Kang is very pleased with their results thus far and has granted Captain Sim the autonomy to conduct the Rats' campaign of terror any way he sees fit.

MAZE RAT PROFILES

Below are the stats and background for the principle members of the Maze Rats. Like the other groups profiled, there are more Maze Rats than are listed here; these are merely the strongest and most bloodthirsty. If you have access to *The Great Maze* boxed set, use the Maze Pirate archetype for the rest of the crew. Otherwise, just modify the Gunfighter archetype from the *Deadlands: The Weird West* rulebook.

CAPTAIN SIM YU-SAN

Captain Sim has had a long and illustrious career killing people at the behest of Red Petals Su. He combines the ruthlessness of most Maze pirates with a keen strategic mind, and was Su's first choice to shut down the

Gomorra mines. This is his first time at the captain's helm, and he's loving it.

Sim rules the *Typhoon* with an iron fist, controlling his crew by force of will alone. Fear of the consequences of crossing him has kept the Maze Rats focused on their mission for Kang.

PROFILE: SIM YUT-SAN

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:3d10, Q:4d10, S:3d8, V:4d8

Climbin' 2d10, drivin': boat 3d10, fightin': sword, Eagle Claw kung-fu 5d10, shootin': pistol 5d8, sneak 3d10, swimmin' 3d10

Mental: C:3d12, K:4d6, M:2d10, Sm:4d10, Sp:4d8

Area Knowledge: the Maze 6d6, bluff 4d10, demolition 3d6, guts 4d8, language: English 3d10, leadership 4d10, overawe 4d10, scroungin' 4d10, survival: Great Maze 5d10, search 2d12, trackin' 4d12

Edges: Brave 2, friends in high places 4: Iron Dragon, level-headed 5, martial arts training 3, renown 3, sense of direction 1

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty -2, enemy -3: Erik Zarkov, ferrier -3, mean as a rattler -2, outlaw -3

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Wind: 16

Gear: The *Typhoon*, a cutlass, a Navy revolver, 20 shells, and a map of the Great Maze.

Description: Sim is a short, stocky Chinese man, with black hair and a long goatee.

RICHARD BOOTHE

Richard is a slightly addled man who wants desperately to be a pirate. Unfortunately, his idea of "pirate" stems from old stories and 17th century cliches. He wears an old red broadcoat he stole from a museum, mutters things like "shiver me timbers" under his breath, and is itching to try making someone walk the plank.

Normally this sort of behavior would get a Rat fed to the sharks in about five seconds, but Boothe is handy with a cutlass, follows orders well and keeps the rest of the crew amused, so Sim has let him live.



Durab
65/12

Pass
20

Pace
25

Turn
7

Travel
20 mph

Fuel
2/sails

Rel
20

Mod
+4

Pumps
1d8

d20

Hit Location

Armor

Mod

1-6

Hull

4

+4

7-12

Hull (crew)

3

+3

13-18

Sails

-

+2

19-20

Rudder

3

-1

Armaments: 2 Gatling guns, 3 32-pound cannons, 1 harpoon gun

PROFILE: RICHARD BOOTHE

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:2d6, Q:3d6, S:3d8, V:2d10

Climbin' 2d6, dodge 3d6, drivin': boat 2d6, fightin': brawlin', sword 4d6, filchin' 2d8, shootin': shotgun 2d8, sneak 1d6, swimmin' 2d6

Mental: C:3d6, K:1d6, M:2d6, Sm:2d6, Sp:1d6

Academia: history 1d6, gamblin' 2d6, performin': sea shanties 2d6, search 3d6

Edges: none

Hindrances: Loco -2: delusional, outlaw -3

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 16

Gear: Two sawed-off shotguns, 50 loose shells, a cutlass and a pirate sash.

Description: Boothe tries to look as much like a 17th century pirate as possible, wearing his black hair and beard long and shaggy. He always wears his stolen broadcoat and a kerchief wrapped around his head.

CHIN WEI-LUN

Chin escaped from a Chinese prison, a Hell-pit outside of Shanghai where he had been incarcerated for murder. He escaped by memorizing a map of the sewers beneath the building—a mnemonic feat he accomplished with great ease. Once he had fled China, he put that ability to good use, serving as

a map-reader and navigator within the tangle of the Great Maze. His eye for detail and quick thinking have kept the *Typhoon* from being discovered more than once.

PROFILE: CHIN WEI-LUN

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:2d8, Q:1d8, S:2d8, V:2d8

Climbin' 3d8, dodge 3d8, fightin': sword 4d8, lock-pickin' 3d8, sleight o' hand 2d8, sneak' 4d8, swimmin' 3d8

Mental: C:2d12, K:2d8, M:4d6, Sm:3d8, Sp:2d8

Area Knowledge: the Great Maze 5d8, language: English 3d8, scrutinize 5d12, search 3d12, trackin' 3d12

Edges: Eagle eyes 1

Hindrances: Loyal: Maze Rats -3, outlaw -3

Gear: A globe, maps of the Maze, a compass and sextant, a Navy revolver, 20 shells, and a Chinese sword

Description: Chin is a bald Chinese man with a Fu-Manchu mustache and a convict's tattoo on his neck. He

used to wear high-collared shirts to hide it, but on the *Typhoon*, it's considered a badge of honor.

HAROLD LONGFELLOW

Harold is the only Maze Rat who doesn't spend all his time in the *Typhoon*. He serves as a surveillance man for Captain Sim, watching the bars and saloons of Gomorra for any news of interest. He's very adept at keeping his mouth shut, and can get to and from the *Typhoon* with ease. His tips have allowed the Rats to hit a number of significant shipments.

He's currently trying to infiltrate the town docks, but Big Jake and Scooter have always chased him off; they don't like his looks.

PROFILE: HAROLD LONGFELLOW

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:2d8, Q:3d8, S:2d6, V:2d6

Climbin' 1d8, dodge 3d8, drivin': boat 3d8, fightin': knife 3d8, filchin' 4d8, lockpickin' 2d8, shootin': pistol 1d8, sleight o' hand 2d8, sneak 2d8

Mental: C:4d10, K:1d6, M:2d6, Sm:2d6, Sp:2d6

Disguise 2d6, scrutinize 3d10, streetwise 3d6, trackin' 3d10

Edges: Big ears 1, fleet footed 2

Hindrances: Scrawny -5, outlaw -3

Pace: 8

Size: 5

Wind: 12

Gear: A knife, a .38 pistol, 20 shells and a rowboat.

Description: Longfellow is an unremarkable looking fellow, bald, with a perpetual five o' clock shadow.

RENFIELD "BUCKETS" NELSON

Buckets is a fairly ordinary swabbie with the unenviable task of chumming the waters around the *Typhoon*. He loves it, however; he considers the sharks swimming around the ship to be his "pets," and has even named a few of the larger ones. Buckets delights in pushing opponents overboard and watching the sharks feed. So happy is he looking after the sharks, that Sim has left him those duties full time.



PROFILE: "BUCKETS" NELSON

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:3d6, Q:2d6, S:2d8, V:2d10

Climbin' 1d6, drivin': boat 2d6, fightin': sword 3d6, shootin': pistol 2d6, sneak 1d6, swimmin' 4d6, throwin': rocks 2d6

Mental: C:2d6, K:1d6, M:3d6, Sm:1d6, Sp:4d4

Gamblin' 2d6, scroungin' 4d6, search 1d6

Edges: None

Hindrances: Outlaw -3

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Gear: A cutlass, a ladling spoon, and a bucket of chum.

Description: Buckets is a short, fat fellow with brown hair and beard, and an eyepatch.

PROFILE: SHARK

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:2d8, Q:4d8, S:3d12+2, V:3d10

Fightin': jaws 5d8

Mental: C:2d6, K:1d4, M:2d4, Sm:2d4, Sp:3d6

Pace: 16 (swimming)

Size: 10

Wind: 16

Terror: 5

Special Abilities:

Armor: 1.

Damage: Jaws (STR+1d8).

Description: Huge predators, with mouths full of sharp teeth.

FINNEGAN O'MALLEY

Finnegan is a horrible lunatic, wanted in his native Ireland for cannibalizing his entire village. He's been known to carve up the Maze Rats' victims into stew, and even the other crew members are afraid of him. He's always the first to board another ship or enter a mine, brandishing a huge filleting knife as he does so.

PROFILE: FINNEGAN O' MALLEY

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:4d10, Q:3d6, S:1d8, V:2d10

Climbin' 1d10, drivin': boat 2d10, fightin': knife 5d10, shootin': pistol, shotgun 2d6, swimmin' 3d10, throwin': knife 3d6

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Mental: C:3d6, K:2d6, M:1d4, Sm:4d8, Sp:3d4

Gamblin' 2d8, overawe 6d4, scroungin' 3d8, search 1d6, trade: cooking 3d6

Edges: Luck o' the Irish 3

Hindrances: Loco -5: he eats people!, mean as a rattler -2, outlaw -4

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Gear: A Navy revolver, a box of 50 rounds, a filleting knife and a cooking pot.

Description: O'Malley is an ugly man, with long grown hair and a pockmarked face.

PO YU

No one knows where Sim acquire the services of this little old man, but Reggie isn't exaggerating—he can throw lightning bolts like he's skipping stones. He lives in the ship's crow's nest, even sleeping and taking his meals up there.

Adverse weather doesn't seem to affect him; he often speaks of the need to embrace "the gods of the sea." His power to manipulate the weather has given the Maze Rats the upper hand in the waters around Gomorra.

PROFILE: PO YU

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d8, Q:2d6, S:1d6, V:3d12

Climbin' 4d8, dodge 3d8, sneak 3d8, swimmin' 2d8, throwin': bolts o' doom 4d6

Mental: C:2d10, K:1d10, M:2d6, Sm:2d10, Sp:4d12

Academia: occult 4d10, faith: Reckoners 4d12, guts 3d12, language: English 2d10, medicine : general 1d10, overawe 3d6, scrutinize 3d10

Edges: Arcane background 3: black magician, eagle eyes 1, fleet-footed 2

Hindrances: Ferner -3, loco -3: maniac, outlaw -3

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 24

Special Abilities:**Black Magician:** Spells: Bolts o' doom 4 (lightning), dark protection 3, spook 3, stormcall 3.**Gear:** Tattered robes, and ancient Chinese spell scrolls.**Description:** Po is a wizened Chinese man with snow white hair, a bald pate and an insane look in his eye.**SUN SHU-JEN**

This mute martial artist has been charged by Red Petals Su with Captain Sim's protection. Sim resents the idea of a bodyguard, and refuses to admit Sun's true purpose to his crew.

Sun keeps silent, of course, being mute, and pretends to be nothing more than another pirate. He understands the need to protect his charge's honor. During combat he never leaves Sim's side.

PROFILE: SUN SHU-JEN**Corporeal:** D:4d10, N:4d12, Q:3d12, S:3d10, V:2d12

Climbin' 2d12, dodge 3d12, fightin': Eagle Claw, Mantis style kung fu, nunchuks 5d12, sneak 1d12, swimmin' 2d12, throwin': knives 2d10

Mental: C:3d10, K:3d8, M:1d8, Sm:4d8, Sp:1d12

Arts: painting 1d10, ch'i 4d12, guts 3d12, language: English 2d8, search 3d10, survival: Great Maze 2d8

Edges: Enlightened 2, martial arts training 3, nerves o' steel 1**Hindrances:** Ailin' -1: mute (Sun automatically fails any rolls that require speaking), ferner -3, "my kung-fu is superior" -1, obligation -4: protect Sim Yut-Sam, outlaw -3**Pace:** 12**Size:** 6**Wind:** 24**Special Abilities:****Kung-Fu:** Powers: Closing the gate 3, devastating ape strike 4, many arms of the spider 3, wind blows over the earth 3.**Gear:** A pair of nunchuks (treat as a club) and a Chinese sword.**Description:** Sun is a muscular but unassuming looking Chinese man, his hair cut in a traditional tonsure and braided down his back.**IN CASE OF EMERGENCY...**

The crew also keeps a gyonshee, a dreaded "hopping vampire," in a crate below decks. In times of great emergency, the crew has been instructed to set it loose, and use the opportunity to escape. For full information on these savage creatures, see *The Great Maze*.

PROFILE: GYONSHEE**Corporeal:** D:1d4, N:2d6, Q:1d6, S:4d6, V:2d6

Fightin': brawlin' 6d6

Mental: C:1d4, K:1d4, M:1d4, Sm:1d4, Sp:1d4**Pace:** 12 (hopping)**Size:** 6**Wind:** 10**Terror:** 7**Special Abilities:****Damage:** Claws (STR+3d6).

Infection: Anyone wounded by a hopping vampire transforms into a hopping vampire in 2d4 days unless cured according to ancient Chinese folk practice. Any hero making a Hard (9) *academia: occult* roll might know one of the versions of the cure. The roll is Fair (5) if the hero is Chinese or has already been established as an expert in Chinese occultism. Once the cure has been determined, no further roll is needed to apply it. However, a component in the cure is sticky Chinese rice, only found reliably in Shan Fan.

Undead.

Weakness: A gyonshee can be immobilized by a piece of rice paper inscribed with mystic Chinese symbols applied to its forehead. It takes a Hard (9) *academia: occult* roll to manufacture such a piece of paper. Good luck applying it.

Description: Gyonshee look like rotting human corpses, with long, sharp nails, and mouths full of sharp teeth.

THE SIOUX UNION

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Joseph Eyes-Like-Rain always had a powerful connection to the spirits, even for an Indian. That's why, when the spirits needed a champion to stop Knicknevin from coming to earth, they selected him. They showed Joseph exactly what the manitou wished to do, and the untold pain it would wreak when its plans came to fruition.

Despite his age and the great distance between him and Gomorra, Joseph promised to travel there and stop it. In fact, the journey gave him a chance to convince others to follow him, demonstrating a new unity among Native American tribes. While his primary goal is to stop Knicknevin's plan, he hopes that, after he is successful, his "Sioux Union" will serve as an example to all warring states of the potential of cooperation.

Now that the Sioux Union has settled into Gomorra, the plan is to watch and wait. Joseph sees the turmoil tearing the town apart, and knows that the manitou is partly responsible for it. He also knows that Knicknevin wants to deplete his Union by drawing them into the inconsequential conflicts preceding its arrival. He wants his men to save their strength until the manitou tips its hand—and then bury it beneath their weight.

The key, Joseph believes, is the undiscovered ghost-rock motherlode, which will serve as the gate by which Knicknevin will enter the world. His vision told him that such a lode would be here, and that its discovery would be the beginning of the end for Gomorra. So he plans to wait until it is found, then take it before any of Knicknevin's followers can. Once it is in his control, he will purify it with a long and complicated ritual, denying it to his enemy forever.

INTERNAL POLITICS

There's just one problem with Joseph's plan: not all of his supporters are buying it. As Reggie said, some of them are getting tired of sitting on their hands. They see true evil walking Gomorra's streets, and don't want to

wait to destroy it. Everyone knows that the Whateleys are involved with Knicknevin; why should they move about unmolested? If the Indians can crush the manitou's followers now, before they get organized, then the Union will be in good shape to shut the motherlode down when it appears. Their respect for Joseph is all that has kept them in check thus far.

The Sioux's other problem is their immense isolation. Joseph has a low opinion of the white man (although not as hostile as some Indians). He pities them and their chaotic flailings, knowing that they do not understand the forces they are unleashing. While he has resolved to save them from their folly (or at least save those within Gomorra), he doesn't trust them to participate in any meaningful way in his crusade. So although he has numerous potential allies (in the Rangers, the Agency and others), he refuses to let them help him.

THE NECESSITY ALLIANCE

After hearing why Joseph was in California, the Necessity Alliance backed him 100 percent. They don't want the area turned into a Deadland more than anyone else, and realize that Joseph may have the ability to stop Knicknevin's plan. As a show of solidarity, they sent one of their most trusted shamans, Wise Cloud, to aid him in any way he could.

Meanwhile, the rest of the Alliance is working to ensure that the notorious Rattlesnake Clan stays away from Gomorra. So far, the Rattlesnake seem unwilling to risk themselves in a place so volatile. But you can be sure they'd love to have the manitou show up here, and may be taking their own steps to make sure it does.

For more details on the Rattlesnake Clan's members and goals, see *The Great Maze* boxed set.

SIoux PROFILES

Below are the stats and personalities for most of the principle members of the Sioux Union. There are many other members, but they are not as skilled and do not play as large a role in Joseph's plans. Use the Indian Brave or Shaman archetype from the *Deadlands: The Weird West* rulebook if you need stats for them.

JOSEPH EYES-LIKE-RAIN

Joseph is an old man, and the strain of his position is beginning to show. Years ago, he would have made a journey like this without a second thought, but now he seems fatigued much of the time.

He spends his days within the camp, storing up his strength and memorizing the ritual for sealing the gate to the Hunting Grounds. His son brings visitors to him, and the other members of the Union may approach him whenever they like, but he almost never leaves his teepee. The strength in his eyes and warmth in his voice have countered any doubts about his physical condition, however.

PROFILE: JOSEPH EYES-LIKE-RAIN

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:3d6, Q:1d6, S:2d4, V:3d4

Bow 4d6, climbin' 1d6, fightin': knife 4d6, sneak 3d6

Mental: C:3d10, K:2d8, M:4d10, Sm:2d12, Sp:5d12

Academia: occult 5d8, area knowledge: Dakotas 5d8, faith 5d12, guts 3d12, language: English 3d8, leadership 5d10, medicine: general 3d8, performin': dancing 5d10, scrutinize 4d10, search 2d10, survival: plains 3d12

Edges: Arcane background 3: shaman, guardian spirit: snake 5, level-Headed 5, "the voice" 1

Hindrances: Ailin' -1, cautious -3, oath -5: stop Knicknevin, Old Ways vow -3, poverty -3

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 16

Special Abilities:

Shaman: Rituals: Dance 3d6, fast 3d12, spirit song 5d12, stargazing 4d12. Favors: all visionseeking medicine favors, commune, healing, pact, spirit warrior.

Gear: A walking stick, bags of roots and herbs, a stone knife, and Joseph's Dreamcatcher (see below).

Description: Joseph is over 70 and looks it, with a deeply lined face and stooped posture, but his eyes are clear and bright.

JOSEPH'S DREAMCATCHER

This relic was given to Joseph Eyes-Like-Rain by Wise Cloud as a gift from the Necessity Alliance. The dreams of the Sioux Union have since been full of messages from the spirit world.

Powers: The Dreamcatcher adds +4 to the user's appropriate Trait during the performance of an Indian ritual. Anyone sleeping in the same room with it also gains a night of untroubled rest, as with the ordinary Dreamcatcher relic in *The Quick and The Dead*.

Taint: None.

JOHN BLOODY KNIFE

Joseph's son, John, is a truly fearsome Sioux brave who has wreaked havoc on intruding units of the US Army. He hates the white man with a passion, but has softened his view for the sake of his father.

He's deeply worried about Joseph; he knows the old man could not have made it here without him, and understands that he must complete his father's work if something untoward were to happen. He knows plenty about killing, but the spirit world is something he doesn't understand.

PROFILE: JOHN BLOODY KNIFE

Corporeal: D:4d10, N:3d10, Q:5d8, S:4d10, V:2d12

Bow 5d10, climbin' 3d10, dodge 2d10, fightin': brawlin', knife, club, tomahawk 5d10, horse ridin' 4d10, shootin': rifle 4d10, sneak 4d10

Mental: C:2d8, K:2d6, M:1d6, Sm:2d8, Sp:3d8
Guts 4d8, language: English 2d6, overawe 2d6, scrougin' 2d8, survival: Great Plains 5d8, trackin' 4d8

Edges: Brave 2, nerves o' steel 1, tough as nails 5

Hindrances: Intolerance -3: white men, poverty -3

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Wind: 20

Gear: A tomahawk, a knife, a Winchester '73 rifle, 50 shells and a horse.

Description: Bloody Knife is a mass of corded muscle and sinew, with coal black hair he wears in two long braids.

EAGLE ROCK

The Pawnee Eagle Rock is an interesting contradiction. As an avowed enemy of the Sioux, he has fought Joseph's people for years. But when he heard of the old man's vision, he buried the hatchet and joined up. Others in the Union distrust his motives and watch him closely, but the truth is, he has no plots against Joseph. Simply put, the old man's vision scared the bejeezus out of him, and he is willing to set aside his vendetta to help stop it.

PROFILE: EAGLE ROCK

Corporeal: D:3d12, N:3d8, Q:2d8, S:3d8, V:4d10

Bow 4d12, climbin' 1d8, dodge 4d8, fightin': tomahawk 5d8, horse ridin' 4d8, sneak 4d8

Mental: C:4d10, K:1d6, M:2d6, Sm:2d8, Sp:2d8

Guts 3d8, language: English 2d6, survival 4d8, search 2d10, trackin' 4d10

Edges: Born on horseback 3, brave 1, eagle eyes 1

Hindrances: Obligation -3: to ignore his tribes dispute with the Sioux

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 18

Gear: A tomahawk and a horse.

Description: Eagle Rock is of medium build, with his hair shaved in a short mohawk, dyed red.



LITTLE RUNNING BEAR

Of all the Indians in the Union, Bear has traveled the farthest to be a part of Joseph's coalition. He's an Iroquois from the shores of Lake Erie, who has battled abominations in the wilderness since he came of age. When he heard of Joseph's vision, he used every skill he had to catch up to him. Joseph was so impressed with the young man's vigor, he made him an advisor on the spot.

While he respects Joseph's leadership, he has begun to grow impatient, and has advocated attacking the Whateleys' estate during several council meetings.

PROFILE: LITTLE RUNNING BEAR

Corporeal: D:4d10, N:4d10, Q:2d10, S:3d12, V:4d12

Bow 3d10, climbin' 2d10, dodge 2d10, drivin': boat 4d10, fightin': war club, knife 4d10, horse ridin' 2d10, shootin': pistol 2d10, rifle 3d10, sneak 4d10, swimmin' 3d10

Mental: C:5d8, K:2d6, M:2d6, Sm:2d8, Sp:3d8

Guts 2d8, faith 4d8, language: English 3d6, overawe 4d6, search 3d8, survival: forest 3d6, trackin' 3d8, trade: fishing 3d8

Edges: Arcane background 3: shaman, brave 2, brawny 3, guardian spirit: wolf 2, sense of direction 1

Hindrances: Poverty -3

Pace: 10

Size: 7

Wind: 20

Special Abilities:

Shaman: Bear doesn't consider himself a shaman, but he is one. The spirits speak to him, whether he wants them to or not. Rituals: Paint 4d8, war cry 4d6. Favors: Strength of the bear, wilderness walk.

Gear: A war club, roots and herbs, and war paint.

Description: Running Bear is absolutely huge, dwarfing even John Bloody Knife. He wears his hair in multiple long braids.



SINGING FEATHER

The Cheyenne wise woman Singing Feather is very quiet and demure. She watches those around her intensely and never speaks until she is sure of herself. Consequently, her words carry a great deal of weight. While young and not as experienced as other members of the Union, she carries herself with an air of regal authority.

PROFILE: SINGING FEATHER

Corporeal: D:4d6, N:3d6, Q:2d8, S:1d6, V:3d6

Bow 2d6, climbin' 2d6, horse ridin' 3d6, sneak 2d6, throwin': spear 2d6

Mental: C:4d8, K:3d8, M:4d10, Sm:3d8, Sp:2d12

Area Knowledge: Coyote Confederation 3d8, bluff 2d8, faith 4d12, guts 2d12, medicine: general 3d8, persuasion 4d10, search 3d8

Edges: Arcane background 3: shaman, guardian spirit: eagle 3, party 1

Hindrances: Poverty -3

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 18

Special Abilities:

Shaman: Rituals: Dance 5d6, paint 4d8. Favors: Back to nature, heal madness, lightning strike, pact, turtle's shell.

Gear: Eagle mask, a medicine bundle, a bow and 20 arrows.

Description: Singing Feather is statuesque and quite beautiful, with long black hair that hangs below her waist.

TIOGA JOE

A cocky and headstrong Comanche, Tioga Joe has become convinced that he cannot be killed on the field of battle. He's tangled with the Texas Rangers on several occasions, and each time the white man has paid the price. In addition to the elaborate braiding of his hair he wears the jacket of the last Ranger he killed, as a sign of respect for the man's prowess.

Joe came out to California with Joseph's band to see if the fabled Great Maze was as exciting as he has heard. So far, he hasn't been disappointed.

PROFILE: TIOGA JOE

Corporeal: D:4d10, N:4d8, Q:3d10, S:3d8, V:5d8

Bow 4d10, climbin' 1d8, dodge 4d8, fightin': brawlin' 3d8, horse ridin' 4d8, quick draw 4d10, shootin': pistol 4d10, rifle 3d10, shotgun 2d10, sneak 3d8, speed-load 2d10

Mental: C:3d8, K:1d6, M:2d6, Sm:4d8, Sp:1d10

Animal wranglin' 4d6, language: English 3d6, search 2d8, trackin' 3d8

Edges: Born on horseback 3, brave 2, favored by the Ancestors 3, nerves o' steel 1, renown 3, thick skinned 3

Hindrances: Big britches -3, outlaw -3: in the CSA

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 18

Gear: A Colt Peacemaker, a .44 army pistol, 50 bullets for each gun, a horse, a Bowie knife and a coup stick

Description: See above.

WALKS-IN-FOOTPRINTS

Slick and smooth, Walks-in-Footprints was chosen by Joseph to represent the Union to the white folks in town. He was originally a scout for the Tsimshian in the Northwest, and made numerous contacts with whites in the course of his duties. He is a natural politician and a shrewd bargainer, who has quickly curried a great deal of favor in town.

Unlike most of the Union, Footprints stays at the Red Hill Hotel. He's come to like room service and clean sheets.

PROFILE: WALKS-IN-FOOTPRINTS

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d6, Q:2d6, S:1d6, V:3d8

Climbin' 1d6, dodge 2d6, sneak 3d6

Mental: C:5d10, K:2d8, M:4d10, Sm:4d8, Sp:2d8

Area knowledge: Gomorra 3d8, bluff 3d8, language: English 4d8, persuasion 4d10, professional: politics 4d8, scrutinize 3d10, search 3d10, streetwise 3d8, trackin' 4d10

Edges: Gift of gab 1

Hindrances: Habit -1: "civilization"

Pace: 6

Size: 6

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Wind: 16

Gear: A suit, a hat, a pocket watch and a pocket telescope.

Description: Footprints looks more like a white man than any other Union member, with his shorn hair and tinhorn clothes.

WISE CLOUD

Wise Cloud is a potent shaman from the Necessity Alliance, a leader of the Coastanoan people. They felt him the best man to act as a liaison with Joseph and assist him in keeping Knicknevin out of the Maze.

Wise Cloud has not yet told Joseph about the Rattlesnake Clan (see *The Great Maze*), who could make things ugly for the Union's plans. He hopes that the Alliance can keep them away from Gomorra, so that the old Sioux won't have another thing to worry about.

PROFILE: WISE CLOUD

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:3d10, Q:2d6, S:2d8, V:3d6

Bow 2d8, climbin' 3d10, dodge 2d10, fightin': spear 3d10, sneak 3d10, swimmin' 2d10

Mental: C:3d8, K:2d6, M:3d8, Sm:2d8, Sp:3d10

Area knowledge: the Great Maze 2d8, bluff 3d8, faith 4d10, language: English 3d6, Sioux 2d6, leadership 2d8, medicine: general 3d8, scroungin' 2d8, search 4d8, survival 3d8

Edges: Arcane background 3: shaman, guardian spirit: turtle 3

Hindrances: None

Special Abilities:

Shaman: Rituals: Music 4d8, peyote 3d6, scar 4d6. Favors: Animal possession, confusion, destroy spirit, earth speak, guiding wind, spirit warrior.

Gear: A spear, a pipe and tobacco.

Description: Wise Cloud dresses more like a cowboy than a shaman, but his clothes are liberally decorated with a variety of fetishes.

UNION AND CONFEDERATE INTERESTS

The Agency and Rangers have both come to Gomorra after hearing the strange stories surfacing from the area, and they're not planning on leaving until things return to normal. Needless to say, they're in for a long wait. The two are quickly beginning to understand what's going on here—and they're more than a little nervous about it. While they don't know about Knicknevin specifically, they are very suspicious of its followers, the Whateleys, and realize that something big is on the horizon. As soon as they find out what it is, they're going to shut it down.

Meantime, both groups are making themselves busy with the numerous minor supernatural events which have begun cropping up. With the sheer number of monster sightings and the fear pervading Gomorra they have their work cut out for them.

Like everyone else in Gomorra, the Agency and the Rangers have problems. Neither of them has the manpower to instigate a full "purging" of the town, and they must take care not to overtax their resources, lest they find themselves wanting when the manure finally hits the fan. They both see Gomorra as a ticking clock, one which they need to dismantle before things get out of hand.

As a consequence, the Men in Black and the Rangers have to move very carefully. That's why they haven't taken on the Whateleys yet. The family is too strong to confront directly, so they must wait for a more opportune moment to strike. They're smart enough to keep an eye on them, though, and their individual members are tough enough to prevent the Whateleys from trying anything rash—at least for now.

Another part of the problem is that the groups are busy eyeballing each other as well as the Bad Things they've been sent here to hunt. While they don't want a fight (for the same reasons they don't want to tackle the Whateleys), they don't trust each other at all and aren't able to let each other alone for an instant. Precious resources which might be spent taking care of business are instead being used to keep track of each other. Their rivalry threatens to undermine all their efforts here.

The Ghost and Katie Karl both have standing orders to keep their men from attacking each other, but it's a delicate situation and both of them know it. They're hoping that they can take care of Gomorra's problems before their unspoken stalemate breaks down.

THE AGENCY

After hearing all the rumors about Gomorra and surveying the town, the Ghost came to the conclusion that something truly terrible was afoot—something that the Agency would have to handle delicately. He couldn't just burn Gomorra down, or herd all of its people elsewhere. To do so would turn the place into a abattoir, which would ultimately serve whatever sinister forces were at work.

Instead, he's opted to go in quietly: take a crack team, move in silence, and try and defuse the bomb rather than whack it until it stops ticking. He believes his team are the right men for the job. With the exception of Mr. Slate, the Ghost has kept his coterie of Spooks away from the place. He's saving them to pick up the pieces if things go to Hell.

AGENCY PROFILES

Here are the statistics for the Agency's primary operatives in the Gomorra area. For more run-of-the-mill agents, use the Pinkerton archetype in the *Deadlands: The Weird West* rulebook.

THE GHOST

The Ghost is the head of the Agency's (formerly the Pinkerton's) western branch, as detailed in *The Quick and the Dead*. His presence here

is some indication of how serious the Agency considers the situation. For more information on the Ghost and the Agency, consult *the Quick and the Dead*.

PROFILE: THE GHOST

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:3d6, Q:3d10, S:4d6, V:2d8

Climbin' 3d6, dodge 3d6, drivin' steamwagon 3d6, fightin': brawlin' 3d6, horse ridin' 4d6, shootin': pistol, rifle 4d8, sneak 5d6, swimmin' 3d6, teamster 3d6

Mental: C:4d10, K:3d8, M:5d12, Sm:5d12, Sp:4d10

Academia: occult 4d8, area knowledge: Illinois 5d8, bluff 3d12, disguise 5d8, faith: Christianity 4d10, guts 5d10, language: Sioux 2d8, Latin 3d8, leadership 4d12, overawe 7d12, persuasion 3d12, professional: law 6d8, politics 6d8, scroungin' 1d12, scrutinize 6d10, search 4d10, streetwise 2d12, tale-tellin' 3d12, trackin' 2d10

Edges: Friends in high places 5: US government, keen 3, "the stare" 1, "the voice" (soothing and grating) 1

Hindrances: Curious, enemy -5: to many to list here, oath -5: to heal the nation

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 18

Special Abilities:

Grit: 7.

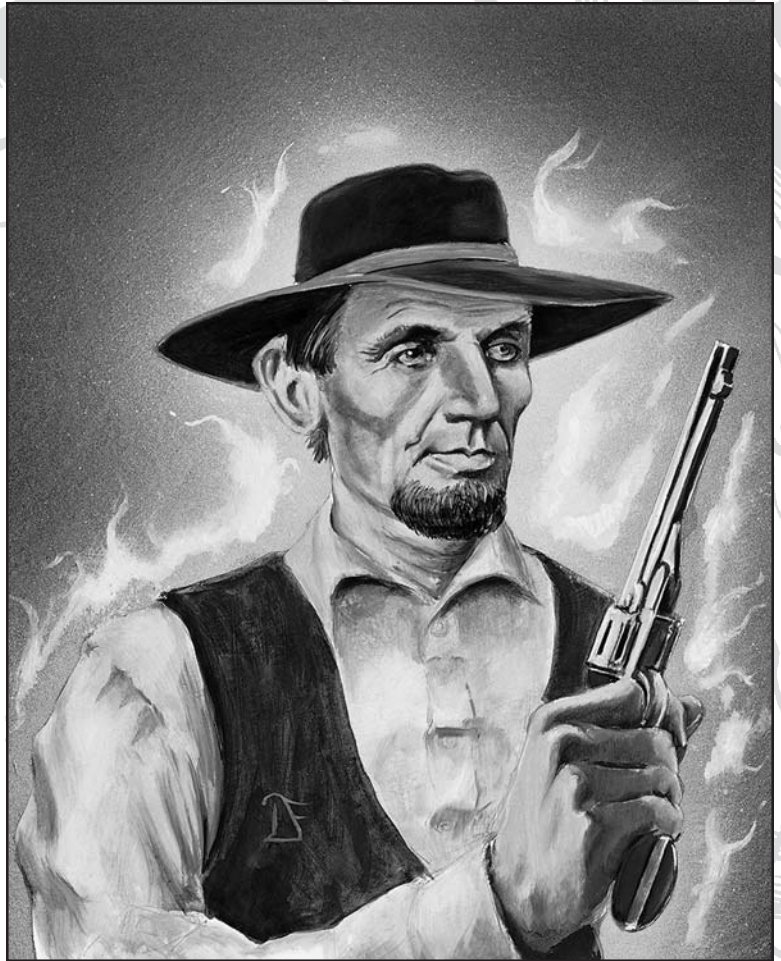
Harrowed: Dominion: Harrowed 8, Manitou 2. Powers: Ghost 5, stitchin' 2.

Gear: Two Colt Peacemakers, 100 rounds, and a letter of authority from President Grant

Description: The Ghost looks remarkably like the late President Abraham Lincoln. Hmm...

RAYMOND ARMSTRONG

Raymond and his partner Nelson Roberts are a smoke-screen for the rest of the Agency. They appear as US Marshals, enforcing federal law and hunting down criminals like any "normal" Union agents. They proudly wear the colors of the US Army and claim to be in Gomorra to roust men wanted on federal charges. While the town focuses on them, it gives the rest



of the Agency a chance to do their job. Armstrong stays in regular contact with the sheriff's office and takes care to respect their authority (and frankly, they appreciate the help). He also accompanies Agency operatives when extra muscle is needed, which helps gloss over their operations as ordinary law-enforcement activities.

PROFILE: RAYMOND ARMSTRONG

Corporeal: D:2d12, N:4d8, Q:3d8, S:2d8, V:1d8

Climbin' 2d8, fightin': brawlin', sword 4d8, horse ridin' 3d8, shootin': rifle 4d12, sneak 2d12, speed-load: rifle 4d12

Mental: C:4d6, K:1d6, M:3d6, Sm:2d6, Sp:3d6

Academia: occult 3d6, animal wranglin' 2d6, artillery 2d6, guts 2d6, leadership 2d6, search 1d6, survival 3d6, trackin' 2d6

Edges: Brave 1, lawman 5: US Marshal, rank 1: US Army

Hindrances: Intolerance -3: Confederates, loyal -5: USA

Pace: 8
Size: 6
Wind: 14

Gear: An Army carbine, an Army revolver, 50 shells for each, a cavalry saber and a horse.

Description: Armstrong is a grizzled old soldier, with a full white beard, but a powerful frame.

BENJAMIN DEAN

Ben serves as the Ghost's propaganda man, manufacturing evidence to convince the people of Gomorra that there are no horrors lurking in the shadows. He was a photographer for *Deseret News* who had the misfortune to encounter a group of walkin' dead in the bowels of the Junkyard one dark night. He was saved by the timely arrival of Nevada Smith and volunteered to serve the Pinkertons immediately afterwards. He knew he couldn't keep his mouth shut after seeing what he saw, and wanted to do what he could to help his saviors. He

has since become the Agency's best developer of misinformation, and covered up countless incidents that might have dropped a bombshell of fear in the Weird West. The Agency expects him to do the same thing here.

PROFILE: BENJAMIN DEAN

Corporeal: D:3d6, N:3d6, Q:4d6, S:2d6, V:1d6

Climbin' 1d6, dodge 2d6, sleight o' hand 3d6, sneak 4d6

Mental: C:3d12, K:2d10, M:3d8, Sm:4d10, Sp:1d8

Academia: occult 3d10, area knowledge: Salt Lake City 3d10, bluff 5d10, faith: Mormonism 2d8, professional: journalism 4d10, photography 5d10, persuasion 4d8, scrutinize 3d12, search, 4d12, tale-tellin' 4d8

Edges: Friends in high places 4: the Agency, gift of gab 1, luck of the Irish 3

Hindrances: Loyal -3: the Agency

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Gear: Press credentials, a spirit camera, an Epitaph camera, a standard camera and plates for all three.

Description: Dean is a soberly dressed gentleman, with a curly black mustache and wire-rimmed spectacles.

GUS GALLAGHER

Within the tangle of the Great Maze, there's a lot of places for abominations to hide. The Ghost needed someone with a keen eye and a means of searching the area that didn't entail a great deal of risk. Enter Sergeant Gus Gallagher, US Army Air Corps. With a state-of-the-art auto gyro and the skills to use it, he can scout potential trouble spots, move personnel anywhere they need to be, and pull operatives out of harm's way at the drop of a hat.

While not a full-time Agency operative, he has worked with them on many occasions and proven his mettle—and discretion. He loves to fly and has a reputation as a thrill-seeker, something the Ghost is trying to cure him of.



PROFILE: GUS GALLAGHER

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:3d12, Q:3d8, S:2d6, V:4d6

Climbin' 2d12, dodge 4d12, drivin': auto-gyro 5d12, fightin': brawlin' 3d12, shootin': shotgun 3d6, sneak 2d12

Mental: C:4d10, K:1d6, M:2d6, Sm:1d8, Sp:2d6

Area knowledge: the Great Maze 3d6, guts 4d6, overawe 2d6, ridicule 2d6, scrutinize 3d10, search 5d10, tinkerin' 3d8, trackin' 4d10

Edges: Brave 2, eagle eyes 1, mechanically inclined 1, rank 1: US Army, sense of direction 1

Hindrances: Hankerin' -1: the need for speed, loyal -3: the Agency

Pace: 12

Size: 6

Wind: 12

Gear: A sawed-off shotgun, 20 loose shells, a leather jacket, goggles, an auto-gyro with steam Gatling mount (see *Smith & Robards*) and a portable telescope.

Description: Gallagher is a comical looking fellow, with his bushy red mustache and the aviator's goggles he always wears.

SISTER MARY JEBEDIAH

The nuns of the obscure Blessed Order of St. Joan were never ones to take evil lying down. When the horrors of the Weird West began to spread, they left their convent to bring the shining strength of the Lord down upon them—usually with a shotgun blast followed by a score of Hail Marys.

Sister Mary Jebediah, a member of the Order since she was 13, had the distinction of being pro-Union as well as anti-spawn-of-Satan. The Agency was the place for her, where she could battle evil while fighting to preserve the United States at the same time. The Ghost wanted her in Gomorra, and she was more than happy to oblige.

PROFILE: SISTER MARY JEBEDIAH

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:1d8, Q:4d6, S:3d6, V:3d8

climbin' 1d8, fightin': brawlin' 3d6, shootin': shotgun 5d8, sneak 2d8, speed-load 2d8

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Mental: C:3d10, K:3d8, M:2d6, Sm:2d8, Sp:3d12

Academia: occult 4d8, academia: theology 5d8, faith: Catholicism 5d12, guts 2d12, medicine: general 3d8, overawe 3d6, search 3d10, tale-tellin' 2d6

Edges: Arcane background 3: blessed, nerves o' steel 1

Hindrances: Intolerance -2: those who stand by and do nothing, loyal -3: the Agency, self righteous -3

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 20

Special Abilities:

Grit: 2.

Blessed: Miracles: Consecrate armament, protection, lay on hands, smite, spiritual backhand.

Gear: A double barreled shotgun, 50 shells, a Bible, a rosary, and a canteen of holy water.

Description: Sister Mary looks like a typical nun—except for the shotgun she totes with her wherever she goes.

NELSON ROBERTS

Nelson was a support member of Sgt. Amos' famous Flying Buffaloes regiment, who left when the Pinkertons made him a better offer. He works with Raymond Armstrong to draw attention away from the real operations, appearing as a normal US Marshal while the other agents make themselves invisible.

When the time comes to take on an abomination, he works as a scout and sniper—both preparing for the other agents' arrival, and covering their escape if things go bad.

PROFILE: NELSON ROBERTS

Corporeal: D:2d10, N:3d8, Q:4d8, S:4d8, V:3d8

climbin' 1d8, dodge 3d8, fightin': brawlin' 4d8, shootin': pistol, rifle 4d10, sneak 2d8

Mental: C:3d8, K:1d6, M:4d8, Sm:3d6, Sp:3d6
Academia: occult 2d6, artillery 2d8, guts 2d6, language: Apache 1d6, scroungin' 2d6, search 3d8, survival: desert 2d6, trackin' 2d8
Edges: Brave 2, law man 5: US Marshal, rank 1: US Army
Hindrances: loyal -3: the Agency
Pace: 8
Size: 6
Wind: 14
Gear: A Spencer Carbine, a Sharp's Big 50, a .44 army pistol and 20 rounds for each.

Description: Roberts is a black man of medium build, with short cropped hair, and a beard and a mustache. He still wears the distinctive uniform of a Buffalo Soldier.

JOSEF NICOLAI ROCESCU

Mr. Rocescu ostensibly appears as a Romanian diplomat, here to view the mining and report his findings back to his government. Actually, he has been a US citizen for many years and an Agency operative almost as long. He hunted vampires in the Carpathian mountains before fleeing Romania, and has continued the practice in America under the US government. He has been assigned to investigate the bodies behind the Golden Mare, a task for which he seems eminently suited.

PROFILE: JOSEF NICOLAI ROCESCU

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:4d10, Q:2d8, S:3d6, V:4d6
Climbin' 1d10, dodge 2d10, fightin': brawlin', wooden stake 5d10, horse ridin' 2d10, lockpickin' 3d8, sleight o' hand 2d8, sneak 4d10
Mental: C:2d12, K:2d12, M:2d6, Sm:3d6, Sp:4d10
Academia: occult 4d12, Area Knowledge: Romania 4d12, faith 3d10, guts 4d10, language: English 4d12, search 4d12, streetwise 3d6

Edges: Brave 2, dinero 3, nerves o' steel 1

Hindrances: Ferner -3, tinhorn -2

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Wind: 16

Gear: A suit, diplomatic papers, a hammer and wooden stakes, a crucifix and a string of garlic.

Description: Rocescu looks like an eastern European nobleman, with a swarthy complexion and black hair and beard.

MR. SLATE

No one knows anything about the hulking man in black known as Mr. Slate, save that he is a member of the Ghost's cadre of Spooks and that he takes his job very seriously.

He moves with the focused silence of a great predator and never speaks save in a low, menacing whisper. He shows no mercy toward his enemies. As unbending as he is, he believes that it is necessary to stop the Reckoners and their minions. He is willing to sacrifice his humanity in exchange for saving the world.

PROFILE: MR. SLATE

Corporeal: D:4d10, N:3d8, Q:4d12, S:3d8, V:2d8

Climbin' 1d8, dodge 2d8, fightin': brawlin', knife 5d8, horse ridin': 2d8, shootin': automatics, pistol, rifle 5d10, sneak 4d8, swimmin' 2d8, teamster 2d8

Mental: C:3d8, K:2d8, M:3d10, Sm:3d10, Sp:3d8

Academia: occult 4d8, bluff 2d10, disguise 3d8, guts 4d8, leadership 1d10, overawe 4d10, persuasion 2d10, scrutinize 3d8, search 2d8, trackin' 4d8

Edges: Brawny 3, nerves o' steel 1

Hindrances: Loyal -3: the Agency

Pace: 8

Size: 7

Wind: 16

Gear: A Gatling pistol, a Winchester '73 rifle, 50 rounds for each, and a letter of authority sewn into his clothes.

Description: Slate is the consummate man in black—nondescript in the extreme, with a pinkish complexion and wispy blonde hair.

TEXAS RANGERS

Some very strange characters have found themselves under Katie Karl's command. They're hardly local, either. While the Ghost's men are more used to the environs of the Great Maze, Katie's crew has been compiled from every corner of the CSA—from Florida to the Mojave desert.

Some of them she requested specifically when she took the assignment, and they had to be rushed to California by rail and ornithopter before they could get to work. Despite the difficult journey, most of them are flattered by Katie's faith in them, and have embraced their duties with gusto.

KATIE KARL

Captain Karl, the only female ever permitted into the Texas Ranger's ranks, has established an exemplary record as the person who can get it done when no one else can. She takes a very friendly and open approach toward others—until her target rears its head, when she becomes as ruthless as a starving wolf.

Secretly, she believes that the Civil War has fueled the rise in terrors across the Weird West, and believes that peace between the USA and CSA is the only way to save both countries. When the time is right, she plans to offer a truce to the Ghost: a plan for their two units to work together in uncovering Gomorra's evil. She doubts he'll go for it, but feels it's the best chance to deliver the town from darkness.

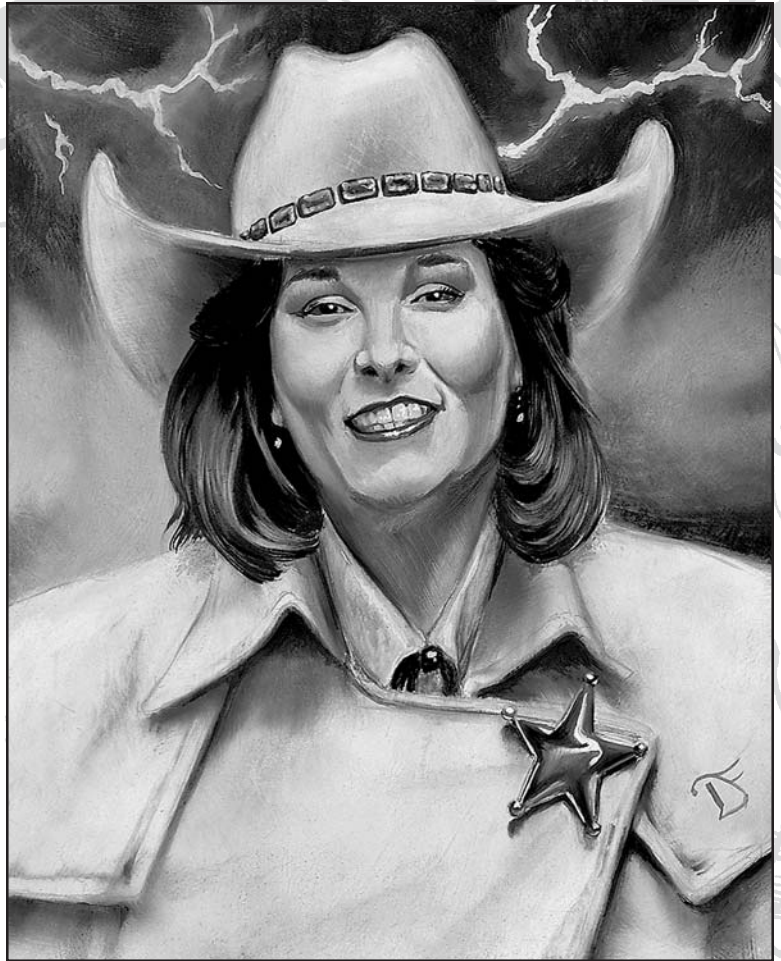
PROFILE: KATIE KARL

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:3d6, Q:4d6, S:2d6, V:2d8

Climbin' 2d6, dodge 3d6, fightin': brawlin', club 4d6, horse ridin' 4d6, quick draw 5d8, shootin': pistol 4d8, rifle 3d8, sneak 2d6

Mental: C:4d12, K:2d10, M:3d10, Sm:4d8, Sp:2d8

Academia: occult 4d10, area knowledge: Texas 3d10, guts 2d8, language: Comanche 2d10, leadership 4d10, persuasion 4d10, scrutinize 3d12, search 4d12, streetwise 2d8, survival: desert 5d8, trackin' 3d12



Edges: Brave 2, friends in high places 4: Texas Rangers, law man 5: Texas Ranger, nerves o' steel 1, purty 1

Hindrances: Law o' the West -3, oath -3: to defend the Confederacy

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 16

Gear: A .44 army pistol, 50 shells, a lead-loaded sap (treat as a club), a letter of authority from President Davis and a horse

Description: Karl is a handsome woman, with wavy brown hair and an open smile.

ZEKE BEAUCHAMP

Zeke was a humble bartender in the Everglades area of Florida when he saw his boss devoured by an alligator almost 200 feet long. He killed the beast by throwing a passel of lit gunpowder down its gullet when it turned its attentions to him.

He began hunting down local monsters immediately thereafter, and

was so good at it that the Rangers soon took notice. When they made him an offer, he embraced it with gusto. He's had a longtime partnership with Bobo Leveux, who's finesse balances Zeke's monster-bashing.

PROFILE: ZEKE BEAUCHAMP

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:3d6, Q:2d6, S:4d10, V:5d10

Climbin' 1d6, fightin': sword 4d6, shootin': pistol, rifle 4d8, sneak 2d6, swimmin' 3d6, teamster 2d6, throwin': ax 2d8

Mental: C:2d8, K:2d6, M:3d10, Sm:1d6, Sp:3d6

Area knowledge: Florida Everglades 4d6, animal wranglin' 4d10, guts 3d6, search 3d8, survival: swamp 3d6, trackin' 4d8

Edges: Brave 2, brawny 3, law man 3: Texas Ranger, thick-skinned 3

Hindrances: None

Pace: 6

Size: 7

Wind: 16

Gear: A Buffalo rifle, 50 shells, a machete and a bear trap.

Description: Beauchamp is a solidly built, clean shaven man with deeply tanned skin and thin lips.

TOMBSTONE FRANK

The gunslinger known as Tombstone Frank was killed in a bar fight in the town of El Paso. He rose from the dead soon thereafter and took revenge on his murderers. The Rangers caught up to him a few weeks later, as he wrestled with his manitou in the New Mexico desert. They offered him help in exchange for joining up; he agreed.

A bad-tempered man in life, Frank now goes to great lengths to reign himself in, lest he lose control and his partners put him down for good.

PROFILE: TOMBSTONE FRANK

Corporeal: D:2d10, N:2d8, Q:3d8, S:3d6, V:4d6

Climbin' 1d10, fightin': brawlin' 3d8, horse ridin' 2d8, shootin': pistol 4d10, sneak 1d8, speed load 3d10

Mental: C:2d6, K:2d6, M:3d10, Sm:2d6, Sp:3d6

Animal Wranglin' 2d6, gamblin' 3d6, guts 5d6, ridicule 2d6, search 3d6

Edges: Law man 3: Texas Rangers, sand 2, thick-skinned 1

Hindrances: Degeneration -1

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 12

Special Abilities:

Grit: 1.

Harrowed: Dominion: Harrowed 4, Manitou 2. Powers: Ghost 2, jinx 2, spook 2, stitchin' 3.

Gear: A Colt Peacemaker and 50 rounds, and a badge.

Description: Frank has reddish brown hair and beard, and a disturbing habit of pinning his badge through the skin on his chest.

DANNY HAMILTON

A tried and true member of the Rangers, Danny has adopted a quiet perseverance that has allowed him to survive where his more flamboyant colleagues have perished.



Hamilton's a pragmatist, interested in realities rather than ideals. His superiors have chided him for a lack of passion, but Katie values his honesty. And he's pretty sharp with a six-gun, too.

PROFILE: DANNY HAMILTON

Corporeal: D:4d8, N:4d8, Q:4d8, S:3d8, V:4d6

Climbin' 1d8, dodge 4d8, fightin': brawlin' 3d8, horse ridin' 3d8, shootin: pistol 4d8, shotgun 3d8, sneak 2d8, speed-load 2d8

Mental: C:2d8, K:1d6, M:3d6, Sm:2d6, Sp:2d8

Academia: occult 3d6, area knowledge: Arizona 2d6, guts 4d8, persuasion 3d6, search 2d8, streetwise 3d6, trackin' 2d8

Edges: Brave 2, keen 3, law man 5: Texas Ranger

Hindrances: Cautious -3

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Gear: A Winchester rifle, a .44 Army pistol, 50 rounds for each, and a single silver dollar.

Description: Danny looks like a stereotypical Ranger, with a handlebar mustache and a long duster.

4d8, sneak 3d8, swimmin' 2d8

Mental: C:4d10, K:1d8, M:4d8, Sm:3d12, Sp:2d8

Academia: occult 4d8, language: French 2d8, medicine: general 2d8, performin': oratory 2d12, search 3d12, streetwise 5d12, tale-tellin' 2d12

Edges: Arcane background 3: huckster, law man 3: Texas Rangers

Hindrances: Enemy -5: Bayou Vermillion

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Special Abilities:

Grit: 2.

Huckster: Hexes: Diversion 3, helpin' hand 3, hunch 4, missed me! 4, phantom fingers 4, quicksand 2, soul blast 4.

Gear: A deck of cards, a .44 Derringer, 20 rounds, a stovepipe hat and a bag of animal bones.

Description: Bobo is a short mulatto man with curly black hair and a big nose. Even though he not a voodooist, Bobo dresses like one. Animal bones hang from his hat and clothes.

BOBO LEVEUX

Zeke Beauchamp's partner is a skinny huckster from New Orleans. Bobo spent several years dodging Baron LaCroix's red sect, who wanted to forcibly recruit him to their master's cause.

Bobo knew he was vulnerable as long as he remained alone, so he volunteered his services to the Rangers, who were happy to take him in.

He arrived in Gomorra with his partner Zeke Beauchamp, and immediately saw Nicodemus Whateley as an adversary worthy of him. Bobo may be the only one strong enough to take on the prodigal Nic.

PROFILE: BOBO LEVEUX

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:3d8, Q:3d10, S:1d6, V:2d6

Climbin' 1d8, dodge 2d8, filchin' 3d8, shootin': pistol 2d8, sleight o' hand

LOS OJOS DEL DIOS

This blind Mexican peasant (whose true name remains unknown) received a strange gift from a grateful Indian shaman who he hid from persecutors—a pair of glowing tattoos, shaped like human eyes, on the palms on his hands. The tattoos allowed him to see again, but granted him more than that. His began to have visions of the spirit world, and fled his homeland when his word of his new powers got out.

The CSA granted him immediate citizenship in exchange for becoming a Ranger. The simple peasant was thrilled at the idea.

Los Ojos is technically a blessed, although all of his powers stem from his tattoos. If someone were to remove them (say, by lopping off his hands), he would lose his powers forever. He keeps his hands covered with gloves most of the time lest his visions drive him mad.

PROFILE: LOS OJOS DEL DIOS BARTHALOMEW PROSPECTUS

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d6, Q:3d6, S:1d6, V:3d6
Climbin' 1d6, dodge 2d6, horse ridin' 1d6, sneak 1d6
Mental: C:3d12, K:2d4, M:3d8, Sm:2d6, Sp:3d10
Area Knowledge: Chihuahua 3d4, faith: Catholicism 6d10, language: English 1d4, trade: farming 3d4, scrutinize 4d12, search 2d12, survival: desert 5d6
Edges: Arcane background 3: blessed, law man 3: Texas Rangers
Hindrances: Bad eyes -5: blind, ferner -3
Pace: 6
Size: 6
Wind: 16
Special Abilities:
Blessed: Miracles: Censure, empathy, expose, guide, sentinel.
Gear: A poncho, a pair of gloves and a Bowie knife.
Description: Los Ojos is a Mexican man of about 35, with black hair and a stylized eye tattooed on the palm of each hand.



Dr. Prospectus was a part of the CSA research team at Roswell when a tragic ghost-rock explosion left him hideously scarred. The left side of his body became covered with burns in the form of screaming human faces and the flesh pulled away from his right eye, which has been left a glowing green.

Somehow, he survived the horror and went on to become a valuable advisor to the Rangers (he refused to return to work at Roswell). Wide eyed and babbling, Prospectus presents a rattling image of a dangerously disturbed mad scientist. But he knows a great deal about gizmos and ghost rock, and can be surprisingly lucid if approached in the right way.

PROFILE: BARTHALOMEW PROSPECTUS

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:1d6, Q:3d6, S:1d8, V:4d6
Climbin' 1d6, dodge 2d6, shootin': pistol 2d6, sleight o' hand 1d6, sneak 1d6
Mental: C:2d12, K:3d12, M:2d6, Sm:4d10, Sp:1d6
Academia: occult 3d12, demolition 2d12, guts 2d6, language: Latin 2d12, overawe 3d6, science: general 4d12, physics 4d12, chemistry 5d12, search 2d12, tinkerin' 6d12
Edges: Arcane background 3: mad scientist, friends in high places 3: Roswell, mechanically inclined 1
Hindrances: Loco -1: absent minded
Pace: 6
Size: 6
Wind: 12
Gear: A white lab coat, lab equipment, owl eye goggles, electrostatic gun (see *Smith & Robards*) and a modified sound amplifier.
Description: See above.

SOUND AMPLIFIER

This strange apparatus fits on a helmet on Prospectus' head. Through it, he can hear sounds emitted up to a mile away.

Anyone using the amplifier has to "tune in" in order to hear specific noises. Noises outside require an Onerous (7) *tinkerin'* check, while insulated noises (such as conversations

inside of a building) require an Incredible (11) *tinkerin'* roll. The amplifier has a Reliability of 18.

MALFUNCTIONS

Minor Malfunction: The amplifier fails to work for 1d6 hours.

Major Malfunction: As a Minor Malfunction, plus the amplifier emits a deafening screech, giving the user the *bad ears* (-3) Hindrance for 1d4 days.

Catastrophe: As Major Malfunction, plus the amplifier shorts out, doing 3d8 damage to the user's noggin.

CAMILLE SINCLAIR

When Katie Karl wants to deal with something directly, she sends Tombstone Frank. When she wants subtlety, she sends Camille Sinclair. The slight, attractive brunette entered Gomorra as a dance hall girl, and has quickly gained popularity among the saloons on the west side.

There, she's been able to pick up countless rumors of supernatural activity, which she has reported to Katie. No one suspects her connections to the Rangers, which has allowed her to work unmolested by the Agency.

PROFILE: CAMILLE SINCLAIR

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:3d8, Q:3d8, S:1d6, V:1d6

Climbin' 1d8, dodge 2d8, lockpickin' 3d6, quick-draw 2d8, shootin': pistol 2d6, sneak 2d8

Mental: C:4d10, K:3d6, M:3d10, Sm:2d10, Sp:4d8

Academia: occult 3d6, persuasion 4d10, bluff 2d10, gamblin' 2d10, guts 3d8, ridicule 1d10, scrutinize 4d10, search 3d10, streetwise 2d10

Edges: Friends in high places 3: Texas Rangers, light sleeper 1, purty 1, "the voice" 1: soothing

Hindrances: Curious -3, loyal -3: Texas Rangers

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Gear: A .44 derringer, 20 shells and a closet full of stylish clothes.

Description: See above.

THE WHATELEYS

Everything Reggie Cornell implies about the Whateleys is true. They're twisted black magicians who have served Knicknevin for centuries. Hundreds of years of inbreeding have polluted their gene pool, and deformities, insanity and other unspeakable disorders render them as hideous as the creature they worship. And now, the shattered end of the bloodline has come to Gomorra to facilitate Knicknevin's arrival on Earth.

The Whateley matriarch, Wilhelmina, is over 150 years old, and has been waiting all her life for this moment. She directs her family to help "prepare" Gomorra for the manitou's coming—increasing the fear levels, encouraging destructive conflict, and so on. They have planted corruptive seeds in certain high profile citizens, promising them great power in exchange for favors to be reclaimed when the time is right.

They were ecstatic when Howard Findley came to them asking to populate the mines with the undead; their own shafts have become haunts for abominations, and the idea of making every mine in the area a horror show sends them into fits of glee. When their master leads them to the motherlode, they plan to take control of it and open the gate through which Knicknevin can enter the Weird West. By then, the town should be too divided to do anything to stop them, and Knicknevin will quickly have the kingdom it desires. The family will be well-rewarded for their efforts.

As stated earlier, the Rangers and Agency are both keeping a close eye on the Whateleys. But they have a lot on their mind and don't see them as being a direct threat—at least not yet. If they can prove that something is deeply wrong in the Whateley mansion, they'll go in guns blazing. Otherwise, they'll have to content themselves with observation.

THE WHATELEY'S MAGIC

The *Doomtown* CCG describes almost all of the Whateley family as Hucksters, which isn't really true. "Huckster" in the card game refers to any practitioner of magic, be they demon worshippers, followers of Hoyle, or whatever. While the Whateleys are familiar with the works of Mr. Hoyle and have made use of them, they don't use cards in their spells and they don't engage in a test of wills with the creatures they summon. Plain old black magic is good enough for them.

The big exception is Nicodemus, who can flash Hoyle's hexes with the best of them. Nicodemus is a formal huckster, but he's in the service of Knicknevin, so he uses his card deck to force manitous to obey him, while being backed by Knicknevin should anything go wrong. The manitou delights in making its brethren defer to its servant, so it encourages Nicodemus to make use of Mr. Hoyle's studies. It's a nasty combination that makes Nic one of the most formidable hucksters in the Weird West

WHATELEY PROFILES

Below are the stats and descriptions for the main members of the Whateley family, plus their servant, the Unknown Hooded Figure. As unholy sorcerers, they should not be available for players' use, but instead be used only as enemies for the posse.

WILHELMINA WHATELEY

The ancient and withered Wilhelmina serves as the chief liaison between Knicknevin and her clan. She grew up learning to bathe in the blood of virgins, and a lifetime of the practice has extended her years to the point of monstrosity. She has been alive for more than a century and a half, and she knows that her time is growing short.

Wilhelmina still has powers, though, which command the fearful respect of her family. She intends the release of the manitou to be her last act on this earth—although if all goes as planned, death will hardly be the end for her.

PROFILE: WILHELMINA WHATELEY

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:1d6, Q:2d4, S:1d4, V:1d4
Climbin' 1d6, sleight o' hand 2d6, sneak 1d6

Mental: C:3d10, K:5d12, M:2d6, Sm:5d12, Sp:1d12

Academia: occult 6d12, faith: Reckoners 7d12, guts 5d12, language: Latin 4d12, leadership 5d6, overawe 4d6, ridicule 3d12, search 3d10

Edges: Arcane background 3: black magician, belongings 5: mansion, dinero 5, renown 3, "the voice" 1: grating

Hindrances: Bad eyes -3, geezer -5, tinhorn -2

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 16

Special Abilities:

Black Magician: Spells: any black magic spell she wishes at Level 3.

Gear: A wheelchair, spectacles and a library of ancient spell texts.

Description: An ancient and withered crone, Wilhelmina still dresses in the style of 100 years ago.

THE UNKNOWN HOODED FIGURE

The Figure (referred to as simply "It"), is a powerful abomination which conducts the more gruesome tasks the Whateleys need performed. It kidnapped the town children for sacrifice, disposes of those who poke their noses in the wrong place, and scares stubborn miners off of their ghost-rock claims.

Its face, if it even has one, is constantly hidden by the tattered hood it wears, and those who have looked upon it have died from the fright. It always moves in secret, sticking to the shadows and never showing itself by the light of day. No one suspects its connection to the Whateleys, and few even know it exists. For now, that's just how the Whateleys want it.

PROFILE: THE UNKNOWN HOODED

FIGURE

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:3d12, Q:4d8, S:5d10, V:3d8

Climbin' 4d12, dodge 4d12, fightin': brawlin', staff 7d12, sneak 5d12

Mental: C:4d8, K:2d6, M:3d10, Sm:2d10, Sp:2d8

Guts 4d8, search 5d8, trackin' 5d8, overawe 7d10

Pace: 12

Size: 6

Wind: NA

Terror: 10

Special Abilities:

Coup: Any Harrowed finally putting down the Hooded Figure receives a permanent +5 to all future *sneak* rolls.

Damage: Claws (STR), staff (STR+1d12).

Immunity: To bullets and other projectiles.

Possession: The Unknown Hooded Figure cannot be permanently destroyed by normal means. If its body is rendered unusable, it can possess a new one—the nearest corpse it can find, which revives and has the same statistics as the old one. Only something such as an *exorcism* or a powerful relic like the Holy Wheel Gun can truly slay it.

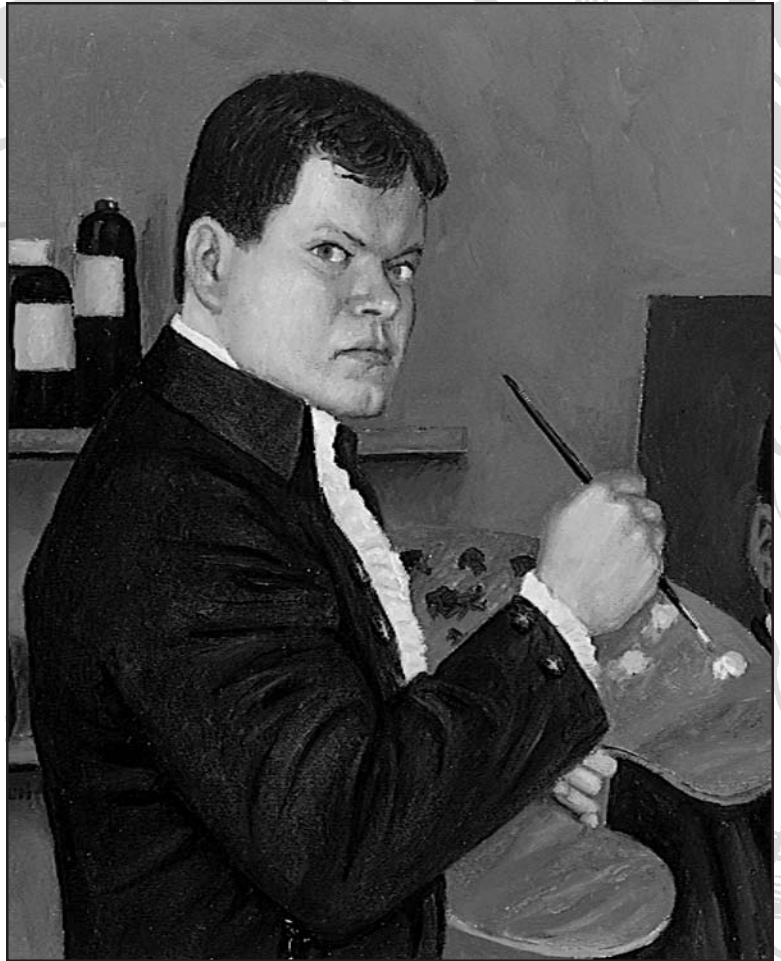
Undead.

Vulnerability: To light and fire. The rays of the sun hurt the Hooded Figure, doing 3d6 damage per round of exposure. Fire does 2d6 damage per contact, and any burning weapon does normal damage to the creature. Keep in mind that even if the figure is killed by sunlight or fire, it still comes back, as noted above.

Description: See above.

BASIL WHATELEY

The puffy and decadent Basil showed a knack for painting at an early age, a knack which he integrated into his demonic studies. He uses the black arts to bring his paintings to life, summoning demons and abominations by portraying them on canvas. It is said



he can trap another's soul in one of his paintings—and that the gallery in the Whateley mansion is decorated with portraits of missing persons, all with the same look of utter terror in their eyes.

PROFILE: BASIL WHATELEY

Corporeal: D:4d6, N:3d8, Q:3d6, S:2d6, V:1d6

Climbin' 1, sneak 2

Mental: C:3d12, K:4d8, M:2d6, Sm:4d6, Sp:3d8

Arts: painting 5d12, academia: occult 5d8, faith: Reckoners 5d8, scrutinize 5d12, search 1d12

Edges: Arcane background 3: black magician, dinero 3, eagle eyes 1

Hindrances: Tinhorn -2

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Special Abilities:

Abomination Summoning: A completed painting of Basil's can bring the creature it represents to

life—with the proper ceremony. It requires weeks of preparation and a painting of just the right kind. So far, he has only summoned one creature—the Unknown Hooded Figure.

Black Magician: Spells: Cloak o' evil 3, pact 5, spook 4

Soul Catching: If Basil paints a picture of someone and it's realistic enough—TN II on his painting roll—he can suck their soul right into it. Oppose Basil's *Spirit* versus the target's. If Basil wins, the target vanishes and is trapped in his or her painting until it is destroyed. The time spent in such a prison is unpleasant in the extreme, requiring an Incredible (II) *guts* check for the poor slob when he's freed.

Gear: Paint, paintbrushes, canvas, and a variety of unpleasant substances (crushed bones, blood, roots, etc.) to mix with his paints.

Description: Basil is a tubby man, but well cared for, with close cropped brown hair and a fat, clean-shaven face.

DOLORES WHATELEY

Dolores is Nicodemus' sister and wife (eww!), driven mad by the things she's seen and done. She has the mind of a child coupled with a savant's grasp of black magic, which is why she was brought to Gomorra instead of being left in Desert with the "unstable" members of the family.

She spends her time in the cemetery, bringing "playmates" to life to play with her. The walkin' dead population in Gomorra is solely the result of her midnight pirouettes on Elephant Hill.

Were Dolores more in possession of her faculties, she'd no doubt be regarded as one of the most beautiful woman in Gomorra. As it is, her black hair is long and tangled, and the undeniable light of madness is in her eyes.

PROFILE: DOLORES WHATELEY

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:3d6, Q:3d6, S:1d6, V:2d6

Climbin' 1d6, dodge 3d6, sneak 3d6, throwin': rocks 1d6

Mental: C:3d8, K:2d12, M:2d10, Sm:1d6, Sp:2d6

Academia: occult 5d12, guts 5d6, faith: Reckoners 5d6, performin': dance 4d10, persuasion 2d10, search 2d8

Edges: Arcane background 3: black magic, purty 1

Hindrances: Loco -5: obsessed with the dead

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 12

Special Abilities:

Black Magician: Spells: Dark protection 4, pact 3, puppet 3, zombie 2.

Grit: 4.

Gear: A torn white dress, a tattered rag doll and a sewing needle and thread.

Description: See above.

EZEKIEL WHATELEY

The hulking, silent cousin Ezekiel has had his body wracked by 600 years of inbreeding. His skin is covered in huge milky warts, his toes are webbed and his hands sprout six fingers each. His snaggletoothed dentition renders him barely capable of opening his mouth. He slurps up nourishment in a messy display that sickens onlookers. The only sound he can make is a wet gurgling as the breath wheezes in and out of his cheeks.

Ezekial is strong as an ox, however, and can break a man's spine with his bare hands. He instantly obeys any order another Whateley gives him.

PROFILE: EZEKIEL WHATELEY

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d6, Q:1d6, S:5d12, V:3d12

Climbin' 1d6, fightin': brawlin' 5d6, sneak 3d6

Mental: C:2d6, K:1d4, M:2d10, Sm:1d4, Sp:1d6

Guts 4d6, overawe 5d10, search 1d6

Edges: Brawny 3, thick-skinned 3, tough as nails 5

Hindrances: Clueless -3, illiterate -3, ugly as sin -1

Pace: 6

Size: 7

Wind: 18

Gear: A pair of overalls.

Description: See above.

JEBEDIAH WHATELEY

Jeb is Wilhelmina's grandson, and Nic, Saul and Dolores's uncle. He admonishes his family to obey Wilhelmina in all things. He also oversees operation of the household and ensures that problems are dealt with before they get out of hand.

Like Nicodemus, he is a huckster, but lacks his nephew's raw power, and rarely practices his techniques outside of the mansion.

PROFILE: JEBEDIAH WHATELEY

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:2d6, Q:2d6, S:1d6, V:3d6

Climbin' 1d6, horse ridin' 1d6, sleight o' hand 2d8, sneak 1d6

Mental: C:3d8, K:4d10, M:2d10, Sm:2d6, Sp:2d8

Academia: occult 4d10, bluff 1d10, guts 2d8, language: Latin 2d10, leadership 2d10, overawe 2d10, persuasion 4d10, professional: law 3d10, search 1d8

Edges: Arcane background 3: huckster, dinero 3, "the stare" 1

Hindrances: Obligation -3: attend to family business

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Special Abilities:

Grit: 2.

Huckster: Hexes: Phantom fingers 3, shadow walk 3, soul blast 3, nightmare realm 3.

Knicknevin's Sanction: Due to Knicknevin's otherworldly influence, Jebediah never takes backlash from any hex under any circumstances while within 25 miles of Gomorra.

Gear: A well-pressed suit and a deck of cards.

Description: Jebediah looks like he could have stepped right out of the Salem witch trials, with a gray beard (no mustache), and silvery hair.



NICODEMUS WHATELEY

The most visible member of the Whateley family is also the most terrifying. He handles relations between the family and the rest of the town, a task which he undertakes with infernal glee—he likes watching folks squirm when he talks to them. While friendly and polite in his dealings, there is something deeply unsettling about Nic, and anyone who spends any amount of time with him comes away feeling nervous and disturbed. The skin beneath his clothes ripples sometimes, as if there were something beneath it pushing out.

Nicodemus is the only family member who has Wilhelmina's full confidence. He has disagreed with her on several occasions without rebuke— unheard of among the other Whateleys. His hex-slinging power is breathtaking, and after Knicknevin arrives, he plans on making himself the new head of the family—with or without his great-grandmother's approval.

PROFILE: NICODEMUS WHATELEY

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:2d8, Q:3d10, S:2d6, V:2d6

Climbin' 1d8, dodge 2d8, filchin' 2d8, quick-draw 3d10, sleight o' hand 4d8, sneak 3d8

Mental: C:2d12, K:2d10, M:4d12, Sm:4d10, Sp:2d8

Academia: occult 5d10, bluff 3d12, disguise 2d10, guts 3d8, language: Latin 2d10, overawe 4d12, performin': card tricks 5d12, ridicule 4d10, scrutinize 3d12, search 2d12

Edges: Arcane background 3: huckster, big ears 1, dinero 3, fleet-footed 2, gift of gab 1, nerves o' steel 1, renown 2: notoriety, "the stare" 1

Hindrances: Big britches -3, big mouth -3, mean as a rattler -2

Special Abilities:

Grit: 4

Huckster: Hexes: Bash 5, beast master 3, black lightnin' 4, brimstone 4, corporeal twist 5, disrupt 3, earshot 5, looking glass 4, mind twist 5, nightmare realm 5, phantasm 5, poltergeist 4, power struggle 3, shadow walk 6, soul blast 6, soul burst 3, texas twister 5.

Knicknevin's Sanction: Due to Knicknevin's influence, Nicodemus never takes backlash from any hex while within 25 miles of Gomorra.

Gear: A well-pressed suit, a bowler derby, tinted glasses, a walking cane and Nicodemus' Deck (see below).

Description: Nic is a bit of a dandy, always neatly dressed. He wears his red hair long, and is never without his tinted glasses perched on his nose.

NICODEMUS WHATELEY'S DECK

The 52 card deck carried by Nicodemus Whateley has been imbued with a small part of all the otherworldly forces it has helped summon. Nicodemus has never unleashed the deck's full powers on Gomorra's streets—at least not yet.

Powers: A huckster using the deck draws one additional free card when casting hexes. In addition, if a face card appears, the huckster has the option of aborting whatever hex he was attempting and instead releasing a single demon to attack a single opponent within the huckster's sight. The demon can take the form of a serpentine man, werewolf, or any other shape it wishes, springing from the image on the card face to come to horrifying life. Use the stats for Gremlins in the *Deadlands* basic book for them. They lack the Jinx power, and instead have Claw attacks, causing 1d12+2d6 damage. They also have a Terror score of 9. The demon attacks until destroyed or until it kills its target.

Taint: The evil spirits clustering around this deck are always waiting to see its user slip. Any Backlash taken while using the deck is rolled at +4 on the table, and the huckster must immediately fend off an attack from one of the deck's demons, described above. Nicodemus is immune to this power, as are any of his blood relatives. Serving the forces of darkness has its benefits.

SAUL WHATELEY

Nic's youngest brother was touched by second sight the instant he was born, and has never been able to get over it. He screams almost all the time as unspeakable things pass through his vision, and has to be constantly restrained lest he hurt himself.

Saul is kept locked in the attic, chained to a wall and fed gruel from a bucket. No one outside of the family has ever seen him. The only person he talks to is Wilhelmina, who whispers soothing words in his ears and listens to whatever he has to say. Through him, she gains insight into the Hunting Grounds, and the plans the Reckoners have in store for Earth.

Saul has no stats. He is unskilled, immobile and practically catatonic. The only ability he has is his second sight, treated as the black magic spells *scrye* and *forewarnin'* at Level 5. He always succeeds at these spells, but doesn't speak of them to anyone except Wilhelmina.

FREE AGENTS

DIRTY SECRETS

115

Here's the low down on everyone's friend, Charlie Landers, and everyone's enemy, Austin Stoker.

CHARLIE LANDERS

Charlie is everything Reggie says he is: friendly, talkative, and a keen observer on the drama unfolding around him. He doesn't bear a grudge against anyone, and sticks to his job, content to pour drinks and watch the world from behind his bar. Maybe that's the reason folks like him so much.

PROFILE: CHARLIE LANDERS

Corporeal: D:3d6, N:2d12, Q:2d6, S:3d8, V:2d6

Climbin' 3d12, dodge 2d12, shootin' shotgun 1d6, sleight o' hand 4d6, sneak 1d12

Mental: C:4d12, K:2d6, M:3d10, Sm:2d6, Sp:3d8

Area Knowledge: Gomorra 6d6, bluff 3d10, gamblin' 2d6, performin' 4d10, persuasion 2d10, ridicule 3d6, streetwise 4d6, tale-tellin' 5d10, trade: bartending 3d6

Edges: Big ears 1, fleet footed 2, gift of gab 1, renown 1

Hindrances: Scrawny -5: short and squat, ugly as sin -1

Pace: 12

Size: 4

Wind: 14

Gear: A sawed-off shotgun under the bar and 15 loose shells.

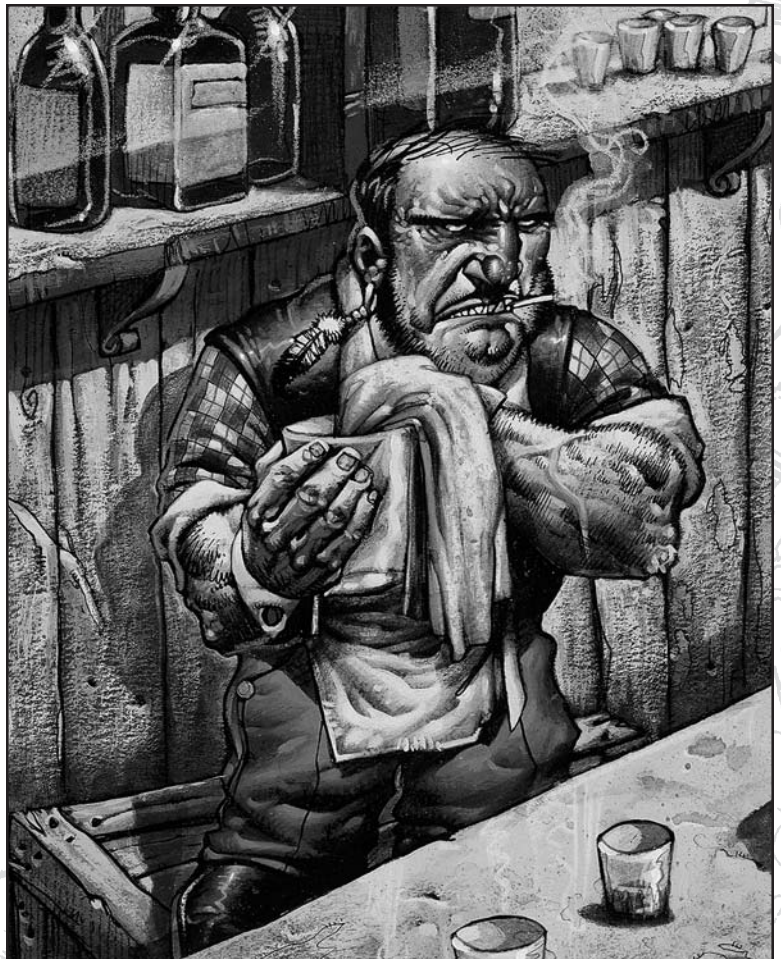
Description: Charlie's a dwarf, and his left hand is twisted and deformed, looking a bit like a crab's claw. He's going bald, but what hair he does have is black.

AUSTIN STOKER

Stoker is not an evil man, despite what some think. But he is self-serving, and while he bears no active malice toward anyone in Gomorra, he'll send the entire town to Hell if he has to. He's already been there, you see. And he's willing to do whatever it takes to keep from going back.

Fourteen years ago, Stoker was just another officer in the Confederate cavalry. Then he led a force of about 200 men into the Battle of Gettysburg—and got a front row seat to the horrors unleashed by the Last Sons. In spite of the chaos and horror of that day, Stoker managed to keep his command together and retreat southward.

In the wilderness of Virginia, however, things went wrong. He and his men were separated from the main army and soon became hopelessly lost. As they stumbled about, searching for some sign of their fellow soldiers, they discovered a strange anomaly in the woods—a tear in the fabric of reality, leading into the Hunting Grounds. In a flash of energy, the something reached through the tear, engulfed Stoker and his men, and pulled them through.



TO HELL AND BACK AGAIN

They found themselves in a blasted landscape of screaming souls and howling manitous. They had little time to take stock of their situation before something even more terrible came upon them—Knicknevin.

It tore five men apart before Stoker thought of a desperate plan. He walked calmly up to the manitou, and asked how he could serve it. Knicknevin was impressed with the mortal's audacity, and the two struck a bargain: Stoker would allow it to inhabit his body, to have a vessel on earth, in exchange for allowing his men to return to Earth.

Knicknevin permitted the rest of the terrified soldiers to retreat back through the gate—where they were immediately attacked and devoured by a large group of walkin' dead while Stoker watched. As Stoker struggled to take in the horror of the sight, Knicknevin began to possess his body.

With the feeling of invasion creeping into his soul, Stoker felt his fear vanish.

It was replaced by rage—rage at being tricked, rage at being tormented for this thing's amusement, rage that he couldn't save the men. He fought the manitou with all his might.

They struggled on the edge of the hole in reality for some time, their essences mingling, their souls crying in anguish. Stoker battled tooth and claw to hold onto himself and his sanity, as a monster he could scarcely conceive of threatened to shred his soul.

Finally, just as he felt himself beginning to buckle, the manitou paused to gloat—and Stoker threw himself back through the rift. A terrible backlash of magical energy severed the link between them and sealed the opening closed.

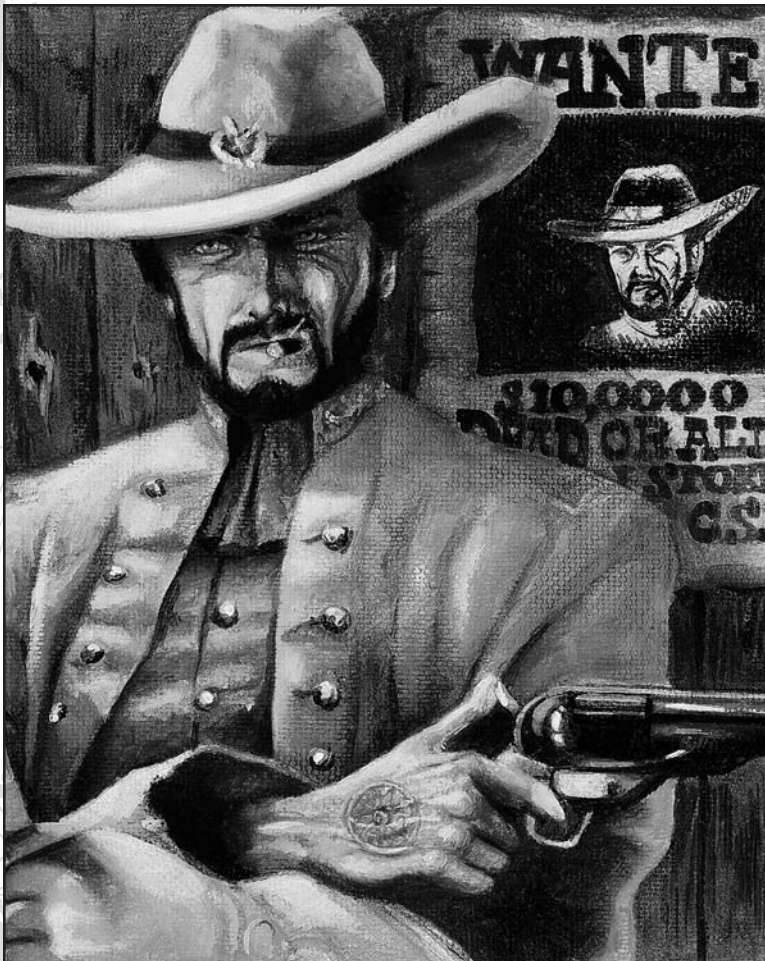
A DANCE WITH THE DEVIL

Stoker found himself in the woods of Virginia, with the manitou still trapped on the other side. In the course of their battle he had siphoned a small part of Knicknevin's power, power which now coursed through every fiber of his body. With a Hellish strength and speed that surprised even him, Stoker destroyed the walkin' dead which had killed his command. His brush with damnation had left him a supernatural powerhouse!

Unfortunately, his escape and his newfound powers had come with a heavy price. While he now had part of the manitou's essence, the manitou had part of his—he felt it in his bones. A small, essential piece of him was now writhing in Knicknevin's grasp. And somehow he knew that when he perished, his soul would suffer the torments of the damned for all eternity, while Knicknevin would take control of his body.

Stoker took stock of this with an eerie calm. He grimly resolved he would never surrender to eternity in Hell—and vowed to regain his soul from the manitou at whatever the cost.

For 13 long years Austin Stoker traveled the length and breadth of the Weird West, searching for redemption. He quickly mastered his newfound powers and used them to hunt down every clue and mystery that might offer some help.



He found nothing. His quest earned him great occult knowledge, made him numerous enemies and gave him a ghastly reputation, but brought him no closer to escaping his fate.

Then he heard rumors of a tiny town on the edge of the Great Maze. Through arcane divination (and a little mundane torture), he learned that Knicknevin planned to transform it into a Deadland so that it could come to Earth.

When Stoker heard that, he saw an opportunity. In the Hunting Grounds, the manitou was practically invincible, but on Earth, it would have a material form—and could be killed.

It would be tricky; he would first have to ensure that Knicknevin succeeded at crossing over from the Hunting Grounds, then tackle it at the height of its power. But if his own powers were at their peak, and if he had the right people on his side, he might just pull it off.

THE FATE OF A BOOMTOWN

Since arriving in Gomorra, Stoker has tried to keep a low profile. He has watched the conflict boiling around him, and concluded that the survivors will be the allies he needs. Stoker doesn't interfere in mundane conflicts. He has little regard for the welfare of the town. In his mind, he doesn't owe Gomorra or its inhabitants a thing.

He's had his share of problems of course; he's been wanted by the CSA ever since Gettysburg, and the Rangers are convinced he's a servitor of evil. The Agency has been breathing down his neck as well, and he knows the Whateleys intend him no good. But Stoker has faith that his plan will work. The alternative is unthinkable.

Stoker has had more contact with Knicknevin than anyone else in Gomorra, even Wilhelmina Whateley. Because of that, he has the power to destroy the manitou completely—or make its reign on earth unstoppable, depending upon how he plays his cards. He is in the midst of a very dangerous game, one which could plunge Gomorra into eternal darkness. But in his mind, he feels justified in taking the risk. After all, he's already been to Hell...

And he's not going back.

PROFILE: AUSTIN STOKER

Corporeal: D:3d10, N:2d8, Q:5d12+4, S:3d8, V:4d8

Climbin' 3d8, dodge 4d8, fightin': brawlin', sword 7d8, horse ridin' 4d8, quick draw 3d12+4, shootin': pistol, rifle 5d10, sneak 3d8, swimmin' 2d8

Mental: C:4d10, K:2d10, M:3d10, Sm:4d10, Sp:4d8

Academia: occult 5d10, bluff 2d10, guts 4d8, language: Latin 3d10, overawe 4d10, persuasion' 3d10, scrutinize 4d10, search 3d10, streetwise 2d10, survival: desert 3d10, trackin' 2d10

Edges: Brave 2, level headed 5, nerves o' steel 1, "the stare" 1, veteran o' the Weird West 0

Hindrances: Enemy -5: Knicknevin, grim servant o' Death -5, obligation: -5: to free himself from Knicknevin, outlaw -5

Special Abilities:

Grit: 5

Soulless: While his soul is in Knicknevin's possession, treat Austin Stoker exactly as if he was Harrowed, except he doesn't have to struggle for Dominion. The connection between the two allows Stoker to use the following Harrowed powers: Arcane protection 2, cat eyes 2, dark vision 3, reconstruction 1, relic 5: Stoker's Saber (see below), supernatural trait 5: *Quickness*, stitchin' 5.

Gear: A Colt .44 service revolver, 50 shells, Stoker's Saber, and a diary full of arcane notations.

Description: Stoker looks like a man who's been to Hell, with a craggy face, hollow eyes, and black hair shot through with streaks of gray.

STOKER'S SABER

Stoker used this saber to cut down the walkin' dead which slaughtered his unit, and has since wielded it against untold numbers of supernatural foes. He believes that the souls of his men live on within it, and honors their

memory by never letting it leave his side. He has etched several mystic runes into the blade over the years, covering up his family's motto which used to be inscribed there.

Powers: The sword causes normal damage to ordinary foes, but against supernatural ones—including anyone with any *arcane background* edge—it does a rather nasty STR+2d12 damage. The Saber can even hurt creatures normally immune to physical damage.

Taint: The owner has an unsettling air about him or her, and tends to make people uncomfortable. Anyone carrying the saber has a -6 penalty on all *persuasion* or *leadership* checks.

CURRENT EVENTS

Here's the real story on some of the strange events plaguing Gomorra.

"IT WAS A MOUNTAIN LION"

The Mountain Lion killings are actually the work of Humphrey Walters in his werewolf form. Since returning to Gomorra, Walters has become the main supernatural predator of the area.

Times of stress and extreme hunger trigger his transformation, as well as the full moon, so the werewolf connection has not yet been made. Walters doesn't remember any of the killings and he couldn't tell anyone about them if he did; he's incoherent most of the time. No one currently suspects his condition.

Doc Branson has tried to keep the populace calm by insisting the killings were the work of some mundane animal, but it's starting to wear thin. Both the Rangers and the Agency have taken notice of the killings, and believe that a werewolf might be behind it. If they decide to go after it, poor Humphrey's days may soon be numbered.

SECOND CHANCE JOEY

Second Chance Joey is a very cunning walkin' dead who has staked out a hunting ground on the edge of Gomorra. He sleeps in his grave on Elephant Hill during the day, then lurks in the back alleys at night. His shuddering, lurching gait strongly resembles a drunk staggering home. Joey uses this fact to attract robbers. Then he attacks, using his bony hands to rip his would-be mugger apart and slurp down the flesh. For someone with no jaw bone, Joey eats just fine.

Like Humphrey Walters, Second Chance Joey has attracted the attention of the Rangers and Agency. He's been clever enough to steer clear of them so far, but it's only a matter of time before he runs into somebody who knows how to put him down.

Treat Second Chance Joey as a veteran walkin' dead (see *The Quick & the Dead*).

SNATCHED BABES

The kidnapped children were taken by the Whateley family—or more specifically, by the Whateley's servant, the Unknown Hooded Figure. The Figure slipped into the children's rooms and gathered them up before they were even aware of it. They were then taken to the Whateley mansion, where they met a tragic and horrifying fate at the hands of the sinister family.

The Whateleys needed the children as a sacrifice to Knicknevin, to help focus the energies it would need to cross over from the Hunting Grounds. They also wished to sow fear and suspicion among the populace, and knew that the disappearance of the town's young would shake the community to the core.

The results were spectacularly successful, and the Whateleys watched approvingly as families gave in to despair. They have plans to make another sacrifice just before the manitou appears—eliminating the last of the town's young and driving a final spike of hopelessness into Gomorra's heart.

THE GREAT BANK ROBBERY

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It shouldn't be a surprise to anyone that the Blackjacks pulled off the First Bank robbery. It was designed as the biggest blow yet to Sweetrock.

Black Jack learned how much ghost rock Sweetrock held there through a corrupt bank guard named Lawrence Goodman, who hated Findley almost as much as he did. Black Jack promised Goodman that he would only take Sweetrock's stash; Goodman, in return, unlocked the doors to let the gang in.

After wearing their black handkerchiefs on every raid they had been on, the Blackjacks discarded them for this one. After a brief gunfight with some guards, the gang loaded the ghost rock onto wheelbarrows and shuttled their ill-got gains some 500 feet to One Eyed Ike's Weapons Locker. The owner, Cletus Peacock, is secretly a Blackjack, and was in on the plan from the start. He is also the holder of perhaps the gangs' greatest ace in the hole—a secret tunnel, running from the basement of the gun shop to the Mission House.

Using the tunnel, the gang was able to get out to the Mission House unseen. They entered the Sanctuary, where Father Juan was giving mass. Almost 30 people saw them there, establishing the alibis that they were “in church” the whole time of the robbery.

After appeasing Father Juan by leaving a healthy donation in the church's coffers, they went on their way, scot-free. The sheriff's department was baffled by the disappearing act, and the Blackjacks have since done nothing to raise suspicion. Thus far, the robbery has been a complete success.

THE DEATH OF THE LAW

Jim MacNeil killed J.P. Coleman under orders from Howard Findley. Sweetrock had tolerated Coleman's “disloyalty” for a while, but had decided that the time was right to have him replaced. MacNeil came to his office to “discuss some attacks on overland shipping.” Coleman never knew what hit him.

After ensuring his target was dead, MacNeil dropped a black handkerchief on the floor, “evidence” that a Blackjack had done the deed. Corky Hendricks, found the body and the handkerchief, but she hasn't told anyone but Nate Hunter. The two suspect it may have been planted, but also know that the Blackjacks had every reason to murder Coleman. Until more evidence surfaces, they're keeping quiet.

Death isn't enough to keep a man like J.P. Coleman down, however. He rose from his grave a few nights after he was buried. He was able to gain control of his manitou, and wisely decided to keep a low profile until he could assess his new condition.

Coleman's manitou is a tough one, and the former sheriff has wrestled with its dark desires a great deal since becoming Harrowed. With the recent appearance of the Confederates, he may have found some help. Coleman was an informant for the Agency before he was killed, and knew something about their organization. While he knows they are in town, he has refused to contact them for fear of what they may do.

Instead, he went to Katie Karl and offered to help her in exchange for assistance with his problem. She agreed and has since made him a nominal member of the Texas Rangers. He hopes that his new job will bring him into contact with Jim MacNeil real soon. Coleman plans to acquaint MacNeil firsthand what a shotgun blast to the chest feels like.

PROFILE: J.P. COLEMAN

Corporeal: D:3d10, N:5d6, Q:2d12, S:2d10, V:4d8

Climbin' 2d6, dodge 2d6, fightin': brawlin' 6d6, knife 5d6, horse ridin' 2d6, quick draw 3d12, shootin': pistol, rifle 6d10, speed-load: pistol 3d10, sneak 2d6, swimmin' 1d6

Mental: C:4d10, K:2d8, M:3d10, Sm:2d10, Sp:2d6

Area knowledge: Gomorra 4d8, guts 5d6,
language: Spanish 2d8, leadership 4d10,
medicine: general 1d8, persuasion 3d10,
professional: law 2d8, scrutinize 4d10,
search 4d10, trackin' 3d10

Edges: Brave 2, nerves of steel 1, "the
voice" 1: grating

Hindrances: Enemy -4: Jim MacNeil,
heroic -3, obligation -5: kill Jim MacNeil

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Special Abilities:

Grit: 1.

Harrowed: Dominion: Harrowed 4,
Manitou 2. Powers: Silent as a
corpse, stitchin', unholy reflexes,
voice o' the damned.

Gear: A Winchester rifle, a Colt
Thunderer and holster, 50 shells for
each, and a Bowie knife.

Description: Coleman was a hard
looking man in life, and death hasn't
mellowed his looks at all. His brown
hair is a bit stringy now, and his skin
has a distinct pallor to it

A NEW KIND OF ORDER

The Collegium's recent vigilantism
has been a bit misunderstood. It wasn't
the death of Sheriff Coleman that
prompted their policy: it was the death
of one of their own. Pierre Fontaine, an
aquatically inclined member of the
Collegium, was killed by the Maze Rats
while surveying underwater. They came
upon him, grabbed his boat and cut
him off from his air supply. As he tried
to swim to the surface, the sharks
around the *Typhoon* devoured him. The
Amazing Xemo saw the act in a vision
just before it came to pass, and was
able to get Susan Franklin to witness it
through one of her telescopes.

Sheriff Coleman refused to address
Fontaine's death because of the
circumstances (he was technically
eaten by sharks) and because his
resources were being spent in search of

the bank robbers. The Collegium saw
things differently. For the first time, one
of their own had been killed by
Gomorra's violence. They wanted to
ensure that it would never happen
again, and left their compound to
"reestablish order." If Sheriff Coleman
wouldn't bring them justice, they would
go out and get it themselves

At first, their vigilantism was limited
to the pirates who had killed Fontaine.
But when Sheriff Coleman himself was
killed, they decided that patrolling the
Maze would not be enough. Now, all of
Gomorra threatened to fall to chaos
and they could not let that happen.
They began patrolling the streets soon
thereafter, taking on any troublemaker
who dared to show his face.

THE ELECTION

Reggie Cornell was unable to report
on the results of the sheriff's election
before his text went to press. It's a pity,
because the results were quite
newsworthy. In a stunning upset, Nate
Hunter defeated Nash Bilton by a
substantial majority. Hunter, surprised
as everyone else by the results, pledged
to restore confidence in Gomorra's law
and promised a swift return to order in
the streets. His first act, he swore,
would be to find J.P. Coleman's killer
and bring him to justice.

The outcome foiled the long-range
plans of Sweetrock, who had wanted
the sheriff in their pocket. Shortly after
Coleman's demise, they made Nash
Bilton an offer—come on board, take
orders from Howard Findley, and the
sheriff's office would be his. Bilton
quickly agreed after they promised to
pad his salary. Once elected sheriff, he
planned to use the office to fully
enforce the law in the area—and
incidentally further Sweetrock's ends.

That was derailed by Hunter's
election. The sheriff's department
remains beyond Sweetrock's grasp.
Assassinating Hunter has been
considered; but instead, Sweetrock has
decided to bide its time, hoping that
someone will dispose of the new
sheriff for them. Nash Bilton resigned
in disgust following the election, and
has taken up a position as a freelance
enforcer for Howard Findley.

GOMORRA, CALIFORNIA

DIRTY SECRETS

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Fear Level 4

Gomorra started out as a flyspeck of a town, but the Great Quake of '68 changed all that. The Ghost Rush saw the town bloom in the desert, growing quite prosperous, despite its desolate and isolated location.

Then came Knicknevin. As the manitou has moved closer to transforming the Gomorra region, the town's atmosphere has begun to change. Like Reggie described, a pall has settled over Gomorra, transforming ordinary settings and events into sinister harbingers of what is to come.

Part of it is native to the region—with so much ghost rock in the area, there's bound to be some adverse effects—but most of it is Knicknevin's doing. The shadows are just a little longer in Gomorra, the prairie a little lonelier. And it's going to get a lot worse before it gets better.

WEIRDNESS MAGNET

In addition to the high Fear Level, there are some *Deadlands: The Weird West* game mechanics that work a bit differently in Gomorra due to Knicknevin's influence. These effects extend for about a 25 mile radius around the town.

To begin with, hucksters casting hexes in this area get to add +2 to their hex Aptitude checks, and they get a free additional card. The downside of this is that if they take backlash, they need to add +4 to their rolls on the Backlash Table.

Mad scientists have an easier time of it here as well. They get a free extra card when devising blueprints, but the base Reliability of their devices is 8 instead of 10.

Additionally, anyone killed in the Gomorra area has a higher chance of becoming Harrowed. Draw three extra cards for checking to see if a hero rises from the grave when she buys the farm.

Shamans and the blessed function as normal here.

PLACES OF NOTE

A good deal of the locations in Gomorra hold interesting people—or terrible secrets. Here's the real scoop on Gomorra's places of interest.

THE WHATELEY FAMILY ESTATE

Fear Level 5

Knicknevin took care to prepare the Whateleys' accommodations before they arrived. The previous owner, Xavier McGee, was visited with a dream of what was to come. Driven half insane by the manitou's vision, McGee killed himself. His ghost still haunts the estate, walking plaintively from room to room and gazing with horror upon the currant occupants. His presence suits the Whateleys just fine; he's one more soul for them to torment.

THE ELEPHANT HILL CEMETERY

Fear Level 5

Tom O'Reilly, the cemetery caretaker, is an unwilling ally of the Whateleys. He allows them free reign of the graveyard and looks the other way when they remove corpses or other objects. In exchange, they let him live. He feels very guilty about it, but is too scared of them to do anything. He vents his frustration on other grave robbers who dare to show their face.

MISSION DE SANTA MARIA

Fear Level 3

As mentioned in **The Great Bank Robbery** (page 117), the Mission House is connected to One-Eyed Ike's Weapons Locker by a secret tunnel. The tunnel terminates at a hidden basement, which can only be reached through a trapdoor in the mission's kitchen. The door is well-hidden beneath the tiled floor, and Father Juan keeps a lit potbellied stove on top of it at all times. Only Father Juan and the

Blackjacks know about it. They often store their booty in the basement, and sometime's hide there themselves when the law becomes too inquisitive.

Additionally, the Mission House is *sanctified* ground.

ST. MARTIN'S CHAPEL

St. Martin's Chapel is the exclusive domain of the Reverend Simon MacPherson. MacPherson has nothing sinister or evil behind his facade; while a harsh and unbending man, he is genuinely good-hearted, and has come to Gomorra seeking to save as many souls as he can. He also has no illusions about where he is, and believes that the people of this town can't be coddled. "Change your ways, or you'll be in a world of hurt," is his motto, and he delivers it as only a Baptist minister can.

MacPherson has an informal relationship with the Law Dogs, and helps them out when he can. While not

an Armed Volunteer, he has proven a staunch ally.

St. Martin's Chapel is *sanctified* ground.

PROFILE: REV. SIMON MACPHERSON

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:3d6, Q:2d6, S:1d6, V:2d6

Climbin' 1d6, dodge 1d6, shootin': shotgun 2d8, sneak 2d6

Mental: C:3d10, K:4d8, M:3d8, Sm:2d8, Sp:5d10

Academia: theology 4d8, faith: Baptist 5d10, guts 2d10, leadership 2d8, performin': sermons 4d8, professional: minister 4d8, scrutinize 2d10, search 2d10

Edges: Arcane background 3: blessed, "the voice" 1: grating

Hindrances: Intolerance -3: sin, self-righteous -3

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 16

Special Abilities:

Blessed: Miracles: Chastise, consecrate armament, inspiration, protection, smite, wrath.

Gear: A Bible, a sawed-off shotgun and a box of 50 shells.

Description: MacPherson is a ruddy-faced, stocky man, with bristly red hair and beard.

THE GOOD DOCTOR

Doc Branson is basically a good-hearted man, but he likes money, and that's made him vulnerable to Sweetrock. As Reggie reported, Branson receives a large stipend from Sweetrock's coffers, a stipend dependent upon one thing: he must report any "suspicious" injuries to Howard Findley as soon as he treats them. Gunshot wounds, knife cuts, anything beyond the chicken pox or a case of the sniffles gets filed and sent to Sweetrock headquarters. The company can thus track anyone who may have been injured trying to rob them, or otherwise avoid their attentions. That way if an enemy of Sweetrock gets hurt, the resources of the town's only doctor are denied them—unless they want a visit from Jim MacNeil while they recuperate...



DOCTOR REGINALD BRANSON

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:2d6, Q:1d6, S:2d6, V:1d6

Climbin' 1d6, sneak 1d6

Mental: C:3d10, K:3d12, M:3d8, Sm:2d12, Sp:2d8

Bluff 2d8, medicine: general 5d12, surgery 5d12, science: biology 4d12, scrutinize 3d10, search 1d10

Edges: Dinero 3

Hindrances: Obligation -3: to report to Sweetrock

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Gear: Surgeon's tools, bandages, herbs and poultices.

Description: Branson is a kindly looking man in his fifties, never without his doctor's bag and spectacles.

THE UNDERTAKER'S

Silas Peacock has been delivering corpses to the Whateleys on a regular basis since they arrived in Gomorra. They use them in their unholy rituals; those that aren't destroyed are given back to him to do with as he pleases. He has certain unnatural appetites that he indulges in when the curtains are pulled—appetites the Whateleys help keep a secret. He's buried a surprising number of weighted coffins in Elephant Hill; they're the majority of the undisturbed graves in the cemetery.

PROFILE: SILAS PEACOCK

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:4d6, Q:2d6, S:1d6, V:2d6

climbin' 1d6, dodge 1d6, sneak 1d6

Mental: C:5d8, K:3d8, M:3d6, Sm:2d6, Sp:2d8

Disguise 3d8, medicine: general 3d8, search 3d8, trade: undertaking 4d8

Hindrances: Habit -1: (trust us, you don't want to know)

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Gear: A black suit, a funeral wagon, embalming fluids and plenty of coffins

Description: Silas is a walking skeleton of a man, and fits the stereotype of an undertaker to a T.

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THE DISPATCH OFFICE

Sandra Harris has a photographic memory, and makes two copies of every message that goes through her office. The second copy goes straight to Sweetrock. However, if you don't mind the company reading your message, she's very good at getting signals across the wires. If sending a telegram through the Dispatch Office, use the charts in *The Quick & the Dead* to see if it gets through. Subtract -1 from the roll if Harris is operating the machine.

PROFILE: SANDRA HARRIS

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d6, Q:3d6, S:1d6, V:1d6

Climbin' 1d6, sneak 1d6

Mental: C:5d12, K:3d12, M:3d8, Sm:2d8, Sp:2d6

Language: Spanish 4d12, French 5d12, German 4d12, Mandarin 3d12, Cantonese 3d12, Flemish 4d12, Latin 3d12, Sioux 1d12, search 1d12, trade: telegraph operator 5d12

Edges: Gift of gab 1, keen 3

Hindrances: High falutin' -2, obligation -3: to keep transcripts for Sweetrock

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 12

Gear: None.

Description: Sandra's a plain looking woman with wispy blond hair.

SCHOOLHOUSE

The teacher Meredith Singleton has been a widow for the last three years. She has overcome her grief by dedicating herself to the betterment of children. She cares deeply for her charges and would do anything to keep them from harm; her interest in the Collegium is partially curiosity, but also because they can help her protect her students. She lives in a tidy back room in the schoolhouse and spend her free time shuttling between there and the orphanage.

PROFILE: MEREDITH SINGLETON

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:2d6, Q:2d6, S:1d6, V:1d6

Climbin' 1d6, dodge 1d6, shootin': rifle 2d8, sneak 1d6, swimmin' 3d6

Mental: C:3d8, K:3d12, M:3d8, Sm:4d10, Sp:3d10

Academia: general 4d12, faith 3d10, language: Latin 3d12, professional: teacher 5d12, performin': singing 3d8, persuasion 4d8, tale-tellin' 2d8

Edges: Level-headed 5, purty 1, "the voice" 1: soothing

Hindrances: Curious -3, law o' the West -3

Gear: A black dress, a teacher's textbook and a wooden ruler.

Description: Meredith is the prettiest girl in town, with reddish-brown hair, and a winning smile.

BOB'S FIX-IT SHOP

Robert Holmes is a friendly and easygoing man who has recently become a staunch ally of the Collegium—he believes that they are the key to finally taming Gomorra's streets.

He's very proud of his robot SUZY-309 (which he built using modified designs from Dr. Hardinger), and is sure that when he unleashes her, the town will become a whole lot quieter. For now, SUZY sits in the back of the Fix-it Shop, waiting for some final tweaking.

PROFILE: ROBERT HOLMES

Corporeal: D:3d10, N:2d10, Q:3d6, S:4d8, V:3d8

Climbin' 1d10, dodge 1d10, fightin': brawlin' 2d10, horse ridin' 2d10, sneak 1d10

Mental: C:3d8, K:2d6, M:3d8, Sm:3d12, Sp:2d6

Search 1d8, science: engineering 2d6, scroungin' 4d12, tinkerin' 5d12, trade: blacksmithing 4d6

Edges: Luck of the Irish 3, mechanically inclined 1

Hindrances: Curious -3

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Gear: A box of tools, a notebook and a large crescent wrench.

Description: Holmes might be a good looking man, but its hard to tell under the perpetual layer of soot that adheres to his skin and clothes.

SUZY 309

SUZY 309 is similar to Dr. Hellstromme's automatons (although she doesn't have a zombie brain). Her more primitive mechanical brain allows her to follow only simple orders, but makes her easier for Holmes to control. She can patrol an area, disable miscreants, and defend herself from attack. Other than that, she's incapable of taking any action without direct orders from Holmes or another controller.

PROFILE: SUZY 309

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d4, Q:3d6, S:4d12, V:2d12

Fightin': brawlin' 5d6, shootin': automatics 6d4

Mental: C:2d6, K:1d4, M:2d6, Sm:2d4, Sp:1d4

Area knowledge: Gomorra 4d4, overawe 4d6, search 2d6

Pace: 4

Size: 7

Wind: NA

Terror: 7

Special Abilities:

Armor: 3

Damage: Gatling gun (Speed 1, ROF 3, Damage 3d8, Range 10, 50 shots), Claw Hand (STR+2d6).

Description: Suzy looks like a big metal humanoid, with a Gatling gun mounted on one arm, and a pincer-like "hand" on the other.

SAM'S GENERAL STORE

Sam the shopkeeper has a good relationship with the Necessity Alliance, whom he helped by establishing regular supply routes in the chaos following the Great Quake. They have repaid him by ensuring that his own supplies reach him with a minimum of fuss. Thus, Sam's is easily the best stocked store in town.

FU LENG'S LAUNDRY AND TAILORING

T.C. and Wendy are trusted members of the Armed Volunteers, and Wendy has recently become a full-time deputy. They can be expected to back the sheriff's department whenever they are needed.

PROFILE: TAO CHENG

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:4d10, Q:2d12, S:2d6, V:3d6

Climbin' 1d10, dodge 3d10, fightin': tai ch'i, bo stick 6d10, sneak 1d10, sleight o' hand 2d6, swimmin' 2d10

Mental: C:2d10, K:1d6, M:2d6, Sm:1d8, Sp:3d8

Arts: painting 1d10, faith: Buddhism: 4d8, language: English 2d6, scrutinize 2d10, search 1d10, trade: tailoring 5d6

Edges: Martial arts training 3, nerves o' steel 1

Hindrances: Ferner -3, pacifist -3

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Gear: Tape measure, needles and thread, and a bo stick.

Description: Even though he isn't a Chinese laundryman out of a dime novel, T.C. sure looks like one, with his hair braided down his back, and his loose peasant clothes.

PROFILE: WENDY CHENG

Corporeal: D:2d10, N:3d10, Q:1d12, S:2d6, V:2d6

Climbin' 1d10, dodge 2d10, fightin': tai ch'i 5d10, shootin': pistol 3d10, rifle 3d10, sneak 1d10, swimmin' 2d10

Mental: C:2d8, K:1d6, M:2d6, Sm:3d6, Sp:3d8

Language: Cantonese 2d10, professional: law 1d6, search 2d8, streetwise 1d6

Edges: Keen 3, law man 1: Law Dogs

Hindrances: loyal -5: to her father

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Gear: A Winchester '76 rifle, a box of 50 shells and a deputy's badge.

Description: Wendy is a pretty Chinese girl, who favors more western clothes than her father. She has long black hair, which she wears loose.

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FAT CHANCE SALOON

No one knows who owns the Fat Chance. The employees all have keys and know their routines, so the place operates without an obvious overseer. Charlie leaves the proceeds under the bar every night before he locks up, and every morning the money is gone. Pay for the employees and operating expenses appears in an envelope every Friday. Charlie's well paid and likes his job. As far as he's concerned, his boss can go on being mysterious for as long as he or she wants.

LORD GRIMELY'S MANOR

Fear Level 6

Lord Grimely's Manor appeared immediately after Knicknevin drove Humphrey Walters mad. It is a manifestation of his approaching power, and is actually a pocket of the nastier part of the Hunting Grounds poking through into the Weird West. All kinds of abominations stalk its halls, peeking through its cracked and filthy windows at the world outside. They cannot leave the house (at least not yet), but anyone foolish enough to enter becomes fair game. Those crossing the gaping doorway have all been devoured by what lies beyond.

This is a very bad place, Marshal. Check out *Ghost Dancers* for details on how nasty the Hunting Grounds can be. Your posse should have every warning to stay away (and there is, in fact, no real reason to go here). If they do, let 'em have it with both barrels.

THE ICEHOUSE

The owners of the Icehouse have been paid by the Whateleys to keep certain bodies well-preserved for them. Corpses taken from the funeral home or dug up from the cemetery go here, where they can stay on ice until the family needs them. The bodies have served as the repositories for evil spirits

(such as the Unknown Hooded Figure), a source of unwholesome spell components, and even food for some of their more gruesome rituals.

There are five corpses currently being preserved in the back room. The staff is too well-paid and too afraid of the Whateleys not to protect the secret.

THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE

As Reggie suggested, people do get ground into the sausage at the Slaughterhouse, although not for any specifically cannibalistic reason. It's just a great way to get rid of somebody that doesn't involve either digging a hole in the desert or sneaking past Big Jake and Scooter. A surprisingly large number of Gomorrans have paid the staff here to make their 180 pound problems disappear. The meat products prepared at the Slaughterhouse occasionally have a unique zest to them—zest which may have been sharing a drink with you just a few days ago.



NASTY DOC'S

The rumors about Nasty Doc's are true; the Whateleys set the place up as a part of their campaign of fearmongering. For the right price, Wilhelmina and Silas Peacock will bring someone back to life for you. They do it by infusing an evil spirit in the corpse and transforming the tragic departed into a member of the undead.

They don't do it often, for they don't want an angry mob burning their workshop down. It's best to keep the tales of horror limited and enigmatic, to better instill fear for the place in the populace. When they do indulge a caller's desperate wishes, they take care to ensure that none of the principals survive to talk about it.

The building itself contains nothing but rusty tools and a few bloodstains on the wall. If for some reason the heroes wish to resurrect someone (and they come at the appointed time), then they're treated to all the horrors that ritual zombification has to offer. Consider those brought back as veteran walkin' dead (see *The Quick and the Dead*), who's main motivation is to kill and devour their former friends. Anyone surviving such an attack soon receives a visit from the Unknown Hooded Figure, who will make sure any "loose ends" are tied up.

THE GOLDEN MARE HOTEL

The bodies behind this "hotel" have their origin within. Lilith Vandecamp's brothel has recently become the haven of a vampire, an old and bloodthirsty creature from the far East. She's taken the form of a soiled dove—a beautiful Asian woman with skin like porcelain—and was hired by Lilith as one of her girls. She promptly began sinking her teeth into the place, turning it into a proper den for one of her kind.

Three prostitutes have been turned into vampires already, and there are plans to take Lilith soon. The stats below can be used for the other vampires as well—just reduce their *Strength* and *Nimbleness* die types to d8s.

The vampire feeds on the patrons who come for a roll in the hay, taking care to drain only drifters and those

who will not be missed. Early on, she simply dumped the empty husks of her victims out back, but with the law taking notice, she has become more discreet. She now carries them to cliff on the west end of town and drops them into the Maze.

Unbeknownst to her, the Agency has taken notice of her activities; as soon as they have enough information, they plan to take her down—hard.

PROFILE: VAMPIRIC DANCE HALL GIRL

Corporeal: D:3d10, N:3d12, Q:3d12+4, S:2d12, V:2d8

Climbin' 1d12, dodge 4d12, fightin' brawlin' 5d12, sneak 1d12

Mental: C:4d10, K:2d6, M:2d10, Sm:2d8, Sp:1d8

Bluff 3d10, disguise 4d6, overawe 4d10, persuasion 4d10, search 2d10, survival: all 4d8, trackin' 3d10

Pace: 12

Size: 5

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Damage: Claws (STR+1d6), bite (STR).

Immunity: To all normal damage.

Magic and magic weapons affect her normally.

Infection: The Dance Hall Girl has the option of bringing back anyone she kills with her bite as a vampire. So far, she hasn't done this much.

Regeneration: If the Girl is put down (except by one of her Weaknesses, see below), she dissolves into a cloud of mist and reforms at the next sundown, fully healed, in her coffin in the basement of the Golden Mare.

Undead.

Weaknesses: The rays of the sun burn the Girl's flesh, doing one wound per round to any exposed location. She can be killed permanently this way. She also cannot abide any religious symbol presented by one who truly believes (at least one level of *faith*). If such a symbol actually touches her, it does one wound per round of contact. Finally, weapons made entirely of wood affect the Girl normally, and a stake pounded through her heart kills her permanently.

Description: See above.

ONE-EYED IKE'S WEAPONS LOCKER

As stated earlier, there is a secret tunnel running between One-Eyed Ike's and the Mission House, which the Blackjacks make use of. Cletus Peacock is a secret member of the gang, and helps them at every opportunity (they're his best customers, after all).

Unlike his younger brother, Cletus isn't a degenerate—just an angry man with a lot of guns. He and Silas haven't spoken in years, and he has no interest in “them twisted things” his brother does behind closed doors

PROFILE: CLETUS PEACOCK

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:2d6, Q:2d6, S:3d6, V:3d8

Climbin' 1d6, fightin': brawlin' 3d6, horse ridin' 2d6, shootin': pistol 3d8, shotgun 3d8, sneak 1d6

Mental: C:2d6, K:1d6, M:3d8, Sm:1d6, Sp:2d6

Bluff 3d8, overawe 3d8, persuasion 3d8, ridicule 3d6, search 1d6, streetwise 3d6

Edges: Tough as nails 4

Hindrances: Big mouth -3, mean as a rattler -2

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Gear: A sawed-off shotgun, 50 shells, a Bowie knife and any other weapon he needs.

Description: Cletus is a rotund balding man with gray hair and a full beard.

LIBRARY

There's nothing sinister about the library; it's just a dark building with a lot of musty books. The Collegium does maintain a private collection there which they don't loan out, but they're mostly schematics and radical scientific theories—nothing involving pacts with the powers of darkness. The Whateleys are far too smart to keep their “forbidden texts” in a public place, and few others have need for such books.

THE FLOCK

There is one more faction due to arrive on Gomorra's streets, one more player in the Knicknevin's fiendish game. They haven't come on the scene yet, and they weren't included earlier because they lack the same political desires and potential for conflict that Gomorra's other groups possess. But their arrival marks the start of the true battle for this town—a sign that Knicknevin's terrifying plans have begun to manifest.

They call themselves "The Flock," a group of lunatics and religious fanatics convinced that the end of the world is here. They believe that Armageddon is coming for Gomorra—indeed for the whole world—and in their own strange way, they want to save as many people as they can before it gets here.

ELIJAH & THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS

Their leader is called Elijah, a wild-eyed desert prophet dressed in ragged robes and carrying a shepherd's crook. He has wandered the wilderness of California and Nevada for decades, searching for meaning in his life and a way to come closer to God. Finally, in the vast stretches of the Mojave desert, he found it.

A prediction of doom, a sign of the end times, whatever he chose to call it, it served to focus his thoughts in a firm direction. God was going to end the world, starting with a little town called Gomorra. And if Elijah played his cards right, he could ensure that paradise would bloom in its wake.

The first thing he needed was followers, people who would believe him and help his plan. He found them in a lunatic asylum in Sacramento—seven incurable maniacs who needed a fulcrum for their delusions. He engineered their escape—leaving three

warders dead in their wake—and explained to them how they could save the world. They needed to take up the burden of sin and vice, serve as a conduit for all the pain and suffering man had inflicted upon himself. Then when the end came and God sent his purging fire, they'd sacrifice themselves, and destroy Sin along with them.

In the meantime, their example could serve to scare people straight, relieve them of their sinful burdens, and keep them away from the fires of Hell.

Fascinated by his words, the lunatics ate it all up with a spoon. They dubbed themselves the "Seven Deadly Sins," and each one pledged to manifest a single vice—Lust, Envy, Idleness, Pride, Avarice, Gluttony and Wrath. With their spiritual rebirth, they began to make their way to Gomorra, where they would wait for the end and try to save as many sinners as they could.

PREACHING

They became skilled preachers, ranting away to anyone who would listen. Like their leader, they seemed natural speakers, and soon had the patter down to an art form.

The Flock's preachings run somewhere between a medieval mystery play and a Puritan's sermon on damnation. They seek to convert through repulsion, displaying the grotesque results of sin and the need to turn away from it. Gluttony for example, constantly feeds her face with food of every sort. Her face and clothes are stained with crumbs, some of them days old, and her teeth are constantly smeared with half-eaten meals. In the middle of this display, she stops, gazes balefully at any onlookers, and says "Would you care to join me?"

It's enough to make them swear off eating forever—which, of course, is exactly what she wants. The other Sins all operate in similar fashion, wallowing in the excesses of their particular vice until no one around them would ever think of starting down that path.

Elijah is a little different. While the Sins play the part of circus freaks, he acts as a master showman, displaying them in all their grotesqueness and

warning others not to follow their example. In so doing, he remains above their shocking excesses while still reaping the benefits and he generates more goodwill than his underlings.

He also is much more articulate than they are, and has an eloquent way of speaking. Add to that his fierce conviction that the Rapture is near—that the time to repent one's sins is drawing to a close—and he can hold a crowd spellbound with a combination of fascination and fear.

A MISSION FROM GOD

Despite their bizarre backgrounds, Elijah and the Sins believe fervently in their cause. They fully expect to be destroyed when the end comes, and admonish those around them to repent to God while they still have time. Because of this, they have garnered a modicum of legitimate faith, and a few of them are actually blessed. They have begun performing miracles on the road to Gomorra, which only bolsters their claim to be doing the work of God.

When they got close to Gomorra, they left the established trails and went out into the desert, to “purge” themselves before arriving. At the time this sourcebook is set, they are some two weeks away, fasting and preparing to take on a city full of sin.

FLIM AND FLAM

With their status (dubious as it may be) as religious figures, and their blessed natures, one would assume that Knicknevin wants them as far away from Gomorra as possible. Nothing could be further from the truth.

The Flock is very important to Knicknevin's plans, and the demon delights in knowing that they are on their way. A group of raving lunatics parading up and down the streets, ranting about the end of the world, is as a good a means as any of sowing fear in the populace. It wants Gomorra terrified of The End, desperately clawing at the words of madmen as the only means of salvation. Therefore, it's important to Knicknevin that Elijah remain healthy and active right up until the time the gate is opened.



Knicknevin has sent two of its servants to keep an eye on the mad prophet—a pair of abominations named Flim and Flam. These scaly, dog-like monstrosities have orders to protect Elijah from harm. They shadow him day and night, watching for threats and disposing of those who might interfere with him and his fearful preachings and teachings. They are remarkably stealthy in their work; Elijah is unaware of their presence and no one else in Gomorra knows they exist—save perhaps Austin Stoker.

Elijah and the Sins are a bizarre prelude to the storm which has gathered around Gomorra for almost a year: prophesying madmen, angels defended by demons, preachers of Armageddon who hope for paradise on Earth. Once they arrive on the scene, all bets for the future of Gomorra are off. Their appearance from the desert marks the beginning of the end for Gomorra—the sign that Knicknevin has stirred the stew enough and now plans to sit down and eat.

FLIM AND FLAM

Flim and Flam aren't anything but dangerous—abominations created solely to obey their master. They move in secret and watch Elijah at all times, leaving only when necessity dictates. No one has yet laid eyes upon them and lived.

PROFILE: FLIM AND FLAM

Corporeal: D:1d6, N:2d8, Q:2d12, S:3d12, V:2d12

Dodge 4d8, fightin' brawlin' 7d8, sneak 5d8, swimmin' 2d8

Mental: C:2d10, K:2d4, M:3d12, Sm:3d6, Sp:2d8

Language: English 1d4, overawe 4d12, scrutinize 2d10, search 3d10, trackin' 4d10

Pace: 24

Size: 10

Terror: 7

Special Abilities:

Armor: 3

Damage: Claws (STR+2d10), Bite (STR+1d12).

Night vision: Flim and Flam can see at night just as in the daytime.

Description: Flim & Flam are large dog-like creatures, with grey rotting flesh and sharp yellowed teeth.

FLOCK MEMBERS

The Flock is a very unified group, and their origins are all disturbingly similar. Here are the statistics for Elijah and the Seven Deadly Sins.

ELIJAH THE PROPHET

Elijah is the leader of this coterie of lunatics. He cannot remember a time when he wasn't wandering, searching for some direction, some indication of the path to spiritual enlightenment. Now that the man has found his path, there's no stopping him.

God help Gomorra.

PROFILE: ELIJAH THE PROPHET

Corporeal: D:3d6, N:2d8, Q:3d6, S:3d6, V:4d10

Climbin' 1d8, dodge 1d8, fightin' staff 3d8, sneak 2d8

Mental: C:3d10, K:1d6, M:3d12, Sm:3d8, Sp:3d12

faith: apocalyptic Christianity 5d12, leadership 4d12, overawe 4d12, persuasion 4d12, performin' preachin' 5d12, professional: theology 3d6, search 2d10, survival: desert 4d8

Edges: Arcane background 3; blessed, sense o' direction 1, "the voice" 1; threatening

Hindrances: Loco -5: delusional, poverty -3

Special Abilities:

Blessed: Miracles: Chastise, endure, enigma, feast, holy vestments, inspiration, interpret vision, mysterious ways, protection, retribution, temperance, wellspring.

Gear: A shepherd's crook and a worn Bible.

Description: Elijah is a tall, steel-haired man of power and vigor. He wears sandals beneath his tattered robe and carries his crooked shepherd's staff with him at all times.



THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS

The Sins have been so transformed by Elijah's words that their existence before they were incarcerated is meaningless.

AVARICE

Avarice is dressed in tattered rags, but carries a large satchel full of ghost rock over his shoulder—enough to make him and the rest of the Flock fabulously rich. He never spends a ounce of it though, and is constantly seeking to fill the bag with more wealth. He has knifed several people that attempted to take his bag away from him. Elijah pays for the Flock's needs by filching from the bag while Avarice is asleep.

PROFILE: ELIJAH THE PROPHET

Corporeal: D:2d10, N:2d6, Q:2d6, S:3d6, V:2d6

Climbin' 1d6, fightin: knife 6d6, filchin' 5d10, lockpickin' 3d10, sleight o' hand 4d10, sneak 4d6

Mental: C:2d8, K:1d6, M:3d6, Sm:2d6, Sp:3d8

Gamblin' 2d6, scroungin' 5d6, search 4d8, trade: burglar 3d6

Edges: Dinero 3

Hindrances: Greedy -2, loco -5: delusional, miser -3

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Gear: A bag of ghost rock worth about \$5,000.

Description: Avarice has long, stringy gray hair, narrow beady eyes and big hands with long grasping fingers.

ENVY

Envy is a sallow, pinch-faced old lady who resents everyone and everything around her. Anyone who appears to be enjoying anything they have will earn her wrath.

She often carries a basket of rattlesnakes with her and throws them at people she feels deserve it. The more misery she sees, the happier she is—which ought to make Gomorra a paradise for her.

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PROFILE: ENVY

Corporeal: D:1d12, N:2d10, Q:2d6, S:2d4, V:1d6

climbin' 2d10, dodge 2d10, sneak 2d10, throwin': snakes 4d12

Mental: C:2d6, K:1d6, M:2d4, Sm:2d6, Sp:2d10

Faith: apocalyptic Christianity 4d10, medicine: general 2d6, overawe 5d4, scrutinize 3d6, search 2d6

Edges: Arcane background 3: blessed, eagle eyes 1

Hindrances: loco -5: delusional, mean as a rattler -2

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Wind: 16

Special Abilities:

Blessed: Miracles: Lion's den, snake handlin', endure, panacea.

Gear: A basket full of rattlesnakes (see the *Deadlands: The Weird West* rulebook for stats on these nasty creatures) and a snakebite kit.

Description: See above.

GLUTTONY

Gluttony is a grotesquely fat woman who rides on a large pig. Her hair is in pigtails and her dress is stained with food. She is constantly eating, cramming things into her pie-shaped mouth with both hands. People quickly learn to keep a steady supply of food coming to her—the few times she has run out have been horrifying to behold.

PROFILE: GLUTTONY

Corporeal: D:4d4, N:1d4, Q:2d4, S:4d10, V:2d10

climbin' 1d4, fightin': brawlin 3d4, filchin' 2d4, sneak 1d4

Mental: C:2d6, K:2d6, M:2d4, Sm:2d6, Sp:4d6

Overawe 2d4, persuasion 1d4, scroungin' 5d6, search 5d6

Edges: Thick skinned 3, tough as nails 5

Hindrances: Big 'un -2: obese, hankerin' -3: food, loco -5: delusional

Pace: 4
Size: 7
Wind: 16
Gear: A small wagonload of food and a pig of unusual size.
Description: See above.

IDLENESS

Idleness is a thin scarecrow of a man, riding a straw-filled donkey cart. He's practically catatonic, sleeps 15 hours a day, and can barely be roused enough to acknowledge other human beings. This becomes particularly irritating among those who fancy themselves hard workers, or at times when an extra hand would be appreciated. Frankly, he just can't be bothered with anyone's problems.

PROFILE: IDLENESS

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d6, Q:3d6, S:1d6, V:1d4
Climbin' 1d6, sneak 1d6, teamster 8d6
Mental: C:2d6, K:1d6, M:3d6, Sm:2d6, Sp:3d10
Animal wranglin' 5d6, faith: apocalyptic Christianity 3d10, search 1d6, survival: desert 4d6
Edges: Arcane background 3: blessed, level-headed 5
Hindrances: Heavy sleeper -1, loco -5: delusional, slowpoke -2, tuckered -3
Pace: 6
Size: 6
Wind: 8
Special Abilities:
Blessed: Miracles: Cloak, devil's plaything, endure, falter, mediate, soothe.
Gear: A donkey cart, a burro, a bed of straw and a wide-brimmed hat to pull over his face.
Description: See above.

LECHERY

Lechery is a drooling, ogling dirty old man, fixated on women both young and old. His public displays of wanton

lust are disgusting to behold, and those of the fairer sex who have encountered him have either steered clear or attacked like a wildcat as soon as he got within 20 feet. His suit is stained with his own saliva, suggesting the lack of control he has over his baser urges.

PROFILE: LECHERY

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:2d6, Q:3d10, S:2d6, V:2d6
Climbin' 1d6, filchin' 2d8, sleight o' hand 3d8, sneak 4d6
Mental: C:3d10, K:1d6, M:1d4, Sm:2d6, Sp:4d8
Faith: apocalyptic Christianity 3d8, guts 4d8, overawe 2d4, persuasion 3d4, ridicule 2d4, scrutinize 4d10, search 2d10, streetwise 2d6, trackin' 3d10
Edges: Arcane background 3: blessed, fleet-footed 1, nerves o' steel 1
Hindrances: Loco -5: delusional, randy -3, ugly as sin -1
Pace: 6
Size: 6
Wind: 14
Special Abilities:
Blessed: Miracles: Cloak, empathy, endure, unfetter, walk on water.
Gear: A soiled suit.
Description: See above.

PRIDE

Pride wears a pseudo-military uniform festooned with medals, ribbons and sashes of all variety. He brags constantly about his exploits—to hear him talk, one would believe he has been single-handedly responsible for every act of bravery and selflessness committed in North America. After a few minutes of that, the urge to throttle him becomes almost overwhelming.

PROFILE: PRIDE

Corporeal: D:4d6, N:3d6, Q:2d6, S:2d8, V:3d8
Climbin' 1d6, fightin': sword 5d6, shootin': pistol 5d6, sneak 1d6
Mental: C:2d8, K:2d6, M:1d6, Sm:2d6, Sp:3d6
Bluff 2d6, guts 4d6, language: English 2d6 (he is a Mexican native),

performin' 4d6, ridicule 3d6, search 1d6, tale-tellin' 5d6

Edges: Nerves o' Steel 1, thick-skinned 3

Hindrances: Big mouth -1, heroic -3, high-falutin' -2, loco -5: delusional

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Gear: .44 Army revolver, 20 shells, cavalry saber, medals and sashes

Description: See above.

WRATH

On the surface, Wrath appears more normal than any of the other Sins. He wears a cowboy's dusters and carries a large number of pistols—hardly uncommon in the Great Maze. One moment talking to him, however, reveals just how dangerous he is. The man has one expression—rage, at anyone and anything who so much as hints at offending him. He's killed men for not taking their hats off to him, or for delivering tea water too hot. He protects the other Sins in their pilgrimage to Gomorra, but even they are afraid of him.

PROFILE: WRATH

Corporeal: D:4d10, N:3d8, Q:3d10, S:3d8, V:4d8

Climbin' 1d8, fightin': brawlin' 6d8, quick draw 4d10, shootin': pistol, shotgun 5d10, speed load: pistol 3d10, sneak 1d8

Mental: C:2d6, K:1d6, M:2d10, Sm:2d6, Sp:4d4

Guts 4d4, overawe 4d10, ridicule 3d10, search 1d6, survival: desert 2d6, trackin' 2d6

Edges: Brave 2, luck of the Irish 3, two-fisted 3

Hindrances: Big britches -3, bloodthirsty -2, loco: -5: delusional, mean as a rattler -2

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 12

Gear: a .44 Army pistol, a Colt Peacemaker, a Smith and Wesson Frontier, a Colt Thunderer, a .36 Navy pistol, and 20 rounds for each gun.

Description: Wrath is definitely the sanest looking member of the flock—until you see his eyes, and the burning hatred in them.

GOMORRA CAMPAIGNS

As we stated in the opening paragraphs of this book, running a *Deadlands: The Weird West* campaign set in Gomorra isn't like running a campaign elsewhere in the Weird West. It requires a little adjusting in order to fit the standard roleplaying model. Here, we're going to give you a few tips on how to make those adjustments as smoothly as possible.

The fundamental difficulty with a Gomorra-based campaign is that there is already a complete story being told—a story that is separate from the players' posse. The characters and events discussed in the rest of this book are more or less complete, and will unfold quite happily with or without the players' participation. As the card game moves forward, so too will Gomorra's official story—almost certainly in a direction that no Marshal or posse can anticipate.

This, of course, won't do. People don't play roleplaying games to be spectators, watching passively while someone else's character plays the hero. They want to charge in guns blazing, seize the reins of destiny, and fight to make a difference—to put their characters in the center of the story. Let them. The golden rule is not to be afraid to change the storyline to suit your campaign, or shift things around to make it easier. If you don't like a character we've presented, throw him out. If you've got a group of players who want to take down Black Jack once and for all, or rid Gomorra's waterways of the Maze Rats forever, then by all means go for it. The name of the game is to have fun; never let anything said or done here interfere with that.

With that in mind, here are several ways to throw your players into Gomorra's turmoil.

AN ESTABLISHED CAMPAIGN.

You've got a posse of tough-ass cowboys, and they're coming in to Gomorra to clean house. Maybe they're just here for one thing (the Holy Wheel Gun, for example, or to arrest the notorious Rachel Sumner). Or maybe they're in for the long haul, looking to straighten out Doomtownt's mess before it gets any worse. Whatever the case, they've been around a while, and have a life and history predating their arrival in Gomorra.

When characters like these enter Gomorra, it's going to have a definite effect on the balance of power. They'll effectively be a new faction, with their own goals and ambitions to interrelate with all the others already present. If that's the case, Marshal, you should ask yourself how the rest of Gomorra is going to react to them. How will the political makeup of the town change with the addition of these new players? Who will be well-disposed to them and who will hate them with all their hearts?

For example, if the posse is a group of law men here to bring in Rachel Sumner, the Blackjacks might have something to say about it; on the other hand, Sweetrock would be ecstatic and even offer to help. If you can address all of the major players before you begin—decide how they'll feel about the posse and the effect their presence will have on their plans—you'll go a long way toward integrating them into Gomorra.

GOMORRA NATIVES

In this sort of campaign, your players have created their own characters who have begun in Gomorra, and whose backgrounds are shaped by its feuding and infighting. This campaign is similar in some respects to the established campaign above: you'll have to take stock of these new personalities and decide how the rest of Gomorra is going to react to them. The makeup of the town will be reshaped accordingly.

In this case, however, it will be a little easier, since the characters would bring a minimum of outside baggage with them. By starting out in Gomorra, they've already been affected by the town's politics. Their goals will be the same as many existing figures, and their personalities will be driven by the same conflicts which power the rest of the town. Because of that, you shouldn't have to factor in any new motivations, Marshal—just a new set of characters engaged in the same business as everyone else in Gomorra.

THE MAJOR PLAYERS

Maybe your posse actually wants to *play* Black Jack and his gang, or J.P. Coleman's mourning deputies. This gives them the opportunity to enter Gomorra's morass with no difficulty whatsoever. Characters like Erik Zarkov and Joseph Eyes-Like-Rain are already knee-deep in the storyline, and have major parts to play in what unfolds. The players can take control of these characters and guide them as they see fit without disrupting any of the town's tensions and plot lines. It also gives them the opportunity to affect the story any way they wish. If a player has been keenly hoping that the Ghost will gun down Nicodemus Whateley once and for all, this is the perfect sort of campaign to realize those wishes.

If the characters are all from different outfits, some plausible reason has to be furnished as to why they'd be part of the same posse. What, for example, do Little Running Bear and The Twitch have in common? Not much. If you've got two players who want to play them, however, you should come up with a good reason for them to work together. Maybe they both think Sweetrock is the pawn of evil, or believe that the Collegium is a threat to both their factions. Whoever they are, you should be prepared to alter their motivations enough to allow a disparate posse to be formed. Outright enemies, such as the Collegium and the Maze Rats, or Blackjack and Sweetrock, should never work together—not unless one or more of them are prepared to betray the group they sprung from.

APPENDIX:

THE DEADLANDS CCG

THE BIRTH OF A CARD GAME

Believe it or not, the idea for a horror-western CCG has been floating around for almost as long as the *Deadlands: the Weird West* RPG. Way back when, we contacted SHADIS magazine, run by Alderac Entertainment Group, to do the initial distribution of the Deadlands poster that we distributed before the game's launch in 1996.

We started talking with them, and they mentioned that they had three potential projects they were working on: an Asian fantasy card game, a pirate card game, or a horror-western card game. (You may recognize the first project as *Legend of the Five Rings*, and the second as *7th Sea*, AEG's new game for 1999.)

Flash forward to Gen Con '96. *Deadlands: The Weird West* roleplaying game debuts. The very day it was released, we were approached by John Zinser and Ryan Dancey of Five Rings Publishing about licensing a *Deadlands* card game. By the end of the show, we had a deal. AEG would do the design work, and Five Rings Publishing would actually publish and market it.

PLAYING IN OUR SANDBOX

Now the real work began. Dave Williams, the lead designer at AEG, and Rob Vaux, the story man for *Doomtown* (with the help of many, many others at AEG), hashed out all the details of the story that the game would tell, and the characters in it. Gomorra was born.

At Pinnacle, we just sat back and watched while those two worked, adding suggestions here and there, but largely leaving the design up to them. We'd let these guys into the Weird West, and we trusted them to be careful, and not blow our world to Kingdom Come. That's our job.

FATE TAKES A HAND

Things were humming along nicely. The game was starting to come together, when something unforeseen happened: Five Rings Publishing was bought by Wizards of the Coast. At first, we didn't know what to make of this, but as it turned out, it was a stroke of good fortune. Our licensed game now had the muscle and support of the industry's largest companies behind it!

Things proceeded apace. Bryon Wackwitz lined up a great stable of artists for the game, and AEG and Five Rings worked together to ensure that *Doomtown* was one of the best-looking card games on the market. Luke Peterschmidt and his marketing folks made sure that the game would be well supported with future expansions. All we had to do was sit back, relax, approve art and packaging, and just generally let a bunch of really competent people do their jobs.

And what have we ended up with? Well, just the game that *InQuest Magazine* declared the "Best Game of 1998." We're extremely proud of our friends at Five Rings Publishing and Alderac Entertainment Group, and we're darn glad they asked to play in our sandbox.

ON TO THE DECKS!

Now that you know a little about where the game came from and something about the people behind it all, let's get on with the business of whuping ass Gomorra style! We've provided you with a deck for each of the major factions, put together by "Killer" Kerry Breitenstein, the 1998 Champion, and Gerry Crowe, the keeper of the online FAQ for the game, and the man who probably knows its rules better than anyone.

So strap on your six-guns, pardners. The streets of Gomorra are a-waitin'!

"HANG 'EM HIGH"

LAW DOGS

This is pretty typical Law Dog deck, using cards to make opposing dudes **Wanted**, and then providing them with a hemp necktie using **Lynch Mob**. With plenty of cheap Stud dudes, you stand a good chance of pulling a straight flush in a shootout, particularly after the majority of your cards have been put into play. The deck cheats minorly, but if you get hit by a **Jackelope Stampede**, you should have plenty of cheap dudes to discard.



Dudes

- 2⁻ Walkin' Dead x 2
- 2⁻ Wall Crawler x 2
- 3⁻ Hector Casparo
- 3⁻ "Lucky" Ted
- 5⁻ Reverend Simon MacPherson
- 7⁻ Deputy John Templeton
- 7⁻ Will o' the Wisp
- 9⁻ Judge Henry Warwick
- 10⁻ Nash Bilton
- Q⁻ J.P. Coleman

Deeds

- 2^o Den of Eastern Delights
- 3^o 1st Bank of Gomorra
- 5^o Jail x 2
- 6^o Golden Mare Hotel
- 7^o Lucky Dog Lode
- 8^o Fu Leng's Laundry
- 8^o Slaughterhouse
- 9^o Callahan's Ditch
- 10^o On the Side Strike
- 10^o Ike's Strike
- Q^o Desert Rose Lode
- K^o Clocktower

Actions

- 5^o Dust Devil
- 6^o Bounty Hunter x 4
- 7^o Framed x 3
- 7^o Snakebite
- 8^o Lynch Mob x 4
- 9^o His Back Was to Me
- 9^o Shortcut x 2
- 9^o Take Cover
- 5^o Warrant x 3

Goods

- 2[™] Winchester Rifle x 2

Other

- Death's Head Joker x 2

Starting Dudes

- A⁻ Charlie Landers
- 2⁻ Charlie Flatbush
- 2⁻ William Olson
- 4⁻ Tao Cheng ("T.C.")
- 6⁻ Xiong "Wendy" Cheng

THE BLACKJACKS

"I GOTTA JOB FOR YOU"

Dudes

- 2⁻ Lawrence Goodman
- 3⁻ Father Juan Navarro-experienced
- 3⁻ Jessie Freemont
- 4⁻ Hank Gallagher
- 4⁻ Arizona Jane
- 4⁻ Cletus Peacock
- 5⁻ Lilith Vandekamp
- 5⁻ Sam Horowitz
- 5⁻ Flint Parker
- 6⁻ The Twitch
- 6⁻ Clell Miller
- 7⁻ Eddie Bellows
- K⁻ Black Jack

Deeds

- 5^o Sam's General Store
- 6^o Golden Mare Hotel
- 6^o Casino Morongo
- 6^o The Docks
- 9^o Callahan's Ditch
- 9^o Spirit of Kentucky Shaft
- 9^o Water's Edge Strike

Actions

- 4^o Any One of Ya!
- 5^o Bum Rush x 3
- 6^o Arson x 2
- 6^o Pistol Whip x 2
- 8^o Jackelope Stampede x 2
- 8^o Kidnapping x 2
- 9^o No Funny Stuff x 2
- Q^o Raid x 2

Events

- 3[™] Eureka!
- 4[™] Founder's Day x 2

Goods

- 3[™] New Hat x 3
- 5[™] Shotgun x 2
- 9[™] Pearl-Handled Revolver x 3
- 9[™] Jack's Right Shooter

Other

- Death's Head Joker x 2

Starting Dudes

- A⁻ Charlie Landers
- A⁻ Victor Navarro
- 2⁻ Cassidy Greene
- Q⁻ Rachel Sumner

As one might expect with all their tough dudes, this Blackjack deck is pretty good in shootouts. It also generates a pretty good income using the Blackjack faction ability. However, there isn't much influence present, so you're going to have to take deeds by force. "I Gotta Job For You" also cheats moderately, so watch out for cards like **Cheatin' Varmint!** and **Jackelope Stampede**.



THE COLLEGIUM

Dudes

- A⁻ The Amazing Xemo
- 2⁻ Robert Holmes
- 4⁻ Marcus Periwinkle
- 7⁻ Billy No-Neck
- 8⁻ Pox Walker x 2
- 9⁻ Eagle Rock
- 9⁻ Experienced Erik Zarkov
- J⁻ Gerald Klippstein
- Q⁻ SUZY 309
- K⁻ Oswald Hardinger

Deeds

- 5^o Sam's General Store
- 8^o Bob's Fix-It Shop
- 9^o Callahan's Ditch
- 9^o Bathhouse
- 9^o Scrapyard
- 10^o Ike's Strike
- 10^o Blacksmith
- J^o Gaping Maw Strike
- Q^o Thunder Gulch Strike
- K^o Strike Experiment #1

Actions

- 8^o Jackelope Stampede
- 8^o Sheriff's Watchin'
- 9^o His Back Was to Me x 3

- 10^o Friends in Low Places
- J^o Swapped Decks
- J^o Take Ya With Me
- K^o War Paint

Events

- 9[™] New Science Magazine

Goods

- 5[™] Duplicator
- 9[™] Flamethrower x 2
- 10[™] Chrono Accelerator x 3
- J[™] Prof. Parnhams's Miracle Elixir x 3
- Q[™] Ray Gun x 3
- K[™] Rocket Pack x 4

Starting Dudes

- 6⁻ Benny Hibbs
- 6⁻ Fineas von Landingham
- 7⁻ Prof. Susan Franklin
- 9⁻ Erik Zarkov
- 5⁻ Gunther Hapworth

"THE VIRUS"

All Collegium decks make use of gadgets of one sort or another, and this one's no exception. There are 16 gadgets in this deck in total, and 13 of them provide Control points.

While not a pure shootout deck, this deck can certainly hold its own. Given a pumped up **Gunther Hapworth**, it can draw straight flushes from the gadget values, or legal full houses from the number range. You also shouldn't have any trouble building gadgets.



"IT'S RAINING DUDES & DEEDS"

This deck is pretty unusual in that it has only two action cards in the entire thing! The idea is use Sweetrock's income to get out a ton of dudes and deeds, and take them before your opponent can. It is fairly dependent on **Heavy Rain**, but the ghost rock and influence are easily found.

This is Kerry Breitenstein's 1998 World Championship deck.



Dudes

- A⁻ Red Crow
- 3⁻ Elizabeth King
- 3⁻ Hector Casparo
- 4⁻ Benjamin Nightsinger
- 4⁻ Tao Cheng-"T.C."
- 5⁻ Tom O'Reilly
- 5⁻ Flint Parker
- 6⁻ "Buckets" Nelson
- 6⁻ Robert Northrop
- 7⁻ Sir Whitmore
- 7⁻ Byron St. James
- 7⁻ Billy No-Neck
- 8⁻ Cordelia "Corky" Hendricks
- 9⁻ Dr. Reginald Branson
- 9⁻ Eagle Rock
- 10⁻ Tioga Joe
- 10⁻ Nash Bilton
- 10⁻ Ezzie
- J⁻ Jim MacNeil
- Q⁻ Howard Findley

Deeds

- A^o Colorado Lode
- A^o Dragon's Nest Strike
- A^o The Courthouse
- 2^o Smiley's Shaft
- 2^o Lord Grimely's Manor
- 3^o Hell's End Mine

- 3^o Rock Ridge Mine
- 4^o Fish Ridge Mine
- 4^o Sunnyside Hotel
- 5^o Dispatch Office
- 6^o King Willy's Mother Lode
- 6^o The Docks
- 8^o Pony Express
- 8^o Miss Coutreau's
- 9^o Callahan's Ditch
- 9^o Spirit of Kentucky Shaft
- 10^o Orphanage
- J^o Pike's Puddle Mine
- J^o San Simeon Mine
- Q^o Thunder Gulch Strike

Actions

- 4^o Ace In The Hole x 2

Events

- Q[™] The 1st Bank is Robbed x 2
- K[™] Heavy Rain x 4

Other

- Regular Joker x 1

Starting Dudes

- 2⁻ Cassidy Greene
- 2⁻ Sandra Harris
- 5⁻ Mick Caples
- 8⁻ Max Baine

"PUPPETMASTER"

The Whateleys are widely regarded as the weakest of all the ten factions, and certainly this deck has a few vulnerabilities. Poor choices or bad luck early in the game, can cripple you pretty badly. But once you get the skull rolling, "Puppetmaster" is great at reducing the influence of opposing dudes with **Blood Curse** and **Puppet**. And there are enough other hexes that if you can get things going, you can throw around a little bit of mystical weight.

Dudes

- 4~ Buster Madison
- 6~ Mordecai Whateley
- 8~ Jedediah Whateley
- 10~ Nicodemus Whateley
- J~ Crazy Quilt
- K~ Wilhelmina Whateley

Deeds

- 2[⊙] Den of Eastern Delights
- 3[⊙] Library
- 8[⊙] Pony Express
- 9[⊙] The Bathhouse
- 10[⊙] Orphanage
- J[⊙] Pike's Puddle Mine
- J[⊙] San Simeon Mine
- Q[⊙] The Undertaker's
- Q[⊙] Drop In The Ocean Strike
- Q[⊙] The Tree
- Q[⊙] Thunder Gulch Strike
- K[⊙] Strike Experiment #1

Actions

- 3[⊙] Night Haunt
- 8[⊙] Sheriff's Watchin' x 2
- J[⊙] Rumors x 4

THE WHATELEYS

Events

- 3™ Eureka!

Goods

- 1™ Nicodemus' Deck
- 1™ Pembroke's Analysis of Hoyle
- 4™ Stoker's Sabre
- 10™ Hoyle's Book, 1769 ED.

Spells

- 2™ Soul Blast x 2
- 4™ Shadow Man x 3
- 5™ Shadow Walk
- 6™ Phantom Fingers x 2
- 8™ Helpin' Hand x 2
- 9™ Puppet x 4
- 10™ Blood Curse x 4
- K™ Hunch

Starting Dudes

- 4~ Silas Peacock
- 7~ Dolores Whateley
- 9~ Basil Whateley

SIoux UNION

Dudes

- 3~ Singing Feather
- 4~ Benjamin Nightsinger
- 6~ Little Running Bear-experienced
- 8~ Walks-In-Footprints
- 9~ Eagle Rock
- 10~ Nash Bilton
- 10~ Cheyenne Bottoms
- J~ John Bloody Knife
- J~ Crazy Quilt
- Q~ Little Mountain
- K~ Joseph Eyes-Like-Rain

Deeds

- 9[⊙] Spirit of Kentucky Shaft
- 9[⊙] Callahan's Ditch
- 10[⊙] Surveyor's Office
- 10[⊙] Orphanage
- J[⊙] The Gaping Maw Strike
- J[⊙] Photographer Shop
- Q[⊙] The Desert Rose Lode
- Q[⊙] Thunder Gulch Strike
- K[⊙] Wishing Well
- K[⊙] Strike Experiment #1

Actions

- 2[⊙] Sun In Yer Eyes
- 9[⊙] No Funny Stuff x 2

- 10[⊙] Friends In Low Places x 2
- J[⊙] Take Ya With Me x 2
- Q[⊙] Raid x 2
- K[⊙] Smoke Signals
- K[⊙] War Paint x 2

Events

- 10™ The Sabbath x 2
- J™ Stampede x 2

Goods

- 2™ Bow and Arrow x 2
- 9™ Pearl-Handled Revolver

Spells

- 9™ Curse x 2
- Q™ Medicine x 3
- K™ Strength of the Bear x 2

Other

- Death's Head Joker x 2

Starting Dudes

- A~ Red Crow
- 2~ Wise Cloud
- 2~ Cassidy Greene
- 5~ Feather-In-His-Hair
- 7~ Billy Iron Horse

"INDIANS FIGHT BACK"

This deck plays to one of the Sioux Union's two strengths: big, tough dudes, and Shamans. The deck is strong in shootouts with plenty of dudes to help out, and a good selection of hexes to trouble your opponent and save your bacon. You have to choose your battle carefully though. "Indians Fight Back" is a moderate cheating deck. If you're not careful, cards like **Foreclosure**, **Get a Rope** and **Run Outta Town** can hit you pretty hard.

THE MAZE RATS

Dudes

- A⁻ Marko Muskovich
- 2⁻ Mitobu
- 3⁻ Harold Longfellow
- 4⁻ Chester Nero
- 4⁻ Hank Gallagher
- 6⁻ "Buckets" Nelson
- 7⁻ Richard Boothe
- 7⁻ Will O' The Wisp
- 9⁻ Finnegan O'Malley
- 10⁻ Gyonshee
- 10⁻ Cheyenne Bottoms
- J⁻ Sun Shu-Jen
- Q⁻ Captain Sim Yut-San

Deeds

- 2^o Den of Eastern Delights
- 2^o Smiley's Shaft
- 2^o Smiling Lizard Lode
- 3^o Rock Ridge Mine
- 3^o Pacific Maze Railstation
- 3^o Hell's End Mine
- 4^o Miner's Union House
- 6^o King Willy's Mother Lode
- 10^o Ike's Strike
- 10^o On The Side Strike

Actions

- 3^o Night Haunt x 2
- 4^o Ace In The Hole x 2
- 7^o Drinks On The House
- 7^o Bad Tequila x 3
- 8^o Sheriff's Watchin' x 2
- J^o Rumors x 2

Events

- A[™] Christmas Day x 2
- K[™] Heavy Rain x 4

Goods

- 3[™] New Hat x 2
- 3[™] Maze Runner
- 8[™] Still x 2

Spells

- 3[™] Texas Twister
- 4[™] Shadow Man

Starting Dudes

- 1⁻ Charlie Landers
- 2⁻ Cassidy Greene
- 5⁻ Po Yu
- 8⁻ Chin Wei-Lun

"YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE"

As you might surmise from the deck title, this deck is all about restricting your opponents movement. It immobilizes dudes with **Heavy Rain**, **Bad Tequila** and **Still** while taking over strikes with **Vicious Rumors** and **Night Haunting**. This deck is pretty weak in the shootout department, however, so stay away from fights.



"EVERYONE WANTS TO BE A RANGER"

Surprisingly, this deck has only three actual Texas Rangers in it. It has a lot of heavy influence dudes to cover a whole lot of deeds, while having enough tough guys to defend what it takes pretty effectively. The deck is heavily dependent on **Deputize**, however because it does not make enough ghost rock to pay its upkeep otherwise.

TEXAS RANGERS

Dudes

- 2⁻ Joe Larson
- 2⁻ Gluttony
- 3⁻ Mortimer Jones
- 3⁻ Father Juan Navarro-experienced
- 4⁻ Sister Mary Jebediah
- 4⁻ Tao Cheng-"T.C."
- 5⁻ Lilith Vandekamp
- 5⁻ Tom O'Reilly
- 5⁻ Lechery
- 6⁻ Josef Nicolai Rocescu
- 6⁻ Envy
- 7⁻ Billy Iron Horse
- 7⁻ Billy No-Neck

Deeds

- 2^o Lord Grimely's Manor
- 2^o Den of Eastern Delights
- 2^o Buffalo Chip Saloon
- 3^o The 1st Bank of Gomorra
- 4^o Graveyard
- 4^o LAD Saloon
- 5^o Dispatch Office
- 6^o Golden Mare Hotel
- 7^o Old Moon Saloon
- 7^o The Carpenter's Shop

Actions

- 2^o Deputize x 3
- 2^o Sun In Yer Eyes x 2
- 3^o Diversion x 2
- 4^o Hot Lead Flyin' x 2
- 5^o Bum Rush x 2
- 6^o Bounty Hunter
- 6^o Don't Like Yer Looks
- 7^o Snakebite
- 7^o Drinks on the House
- 8^o Sheriff's Watching

Events

- 3[™] Eureka x 2
- 4[™] Founders Day x 2
- 7[™] Easter Sunday

Goods

- 2[™] Martyr's Cross
- 2[™] Winchester Rifle
- 6[™] Gatling Pistol x 2

Other

- Regular Joker x 2

Starting Dudes

- 2⁻ Cassidy Greene
- 3⁻ Camille Sinclair
- 6⁻ Tombstone Frank
- 7⁻ Barthalomew Prospectus

"YOU DIDN'T SEE ANYTHING"

This Agency deck has enough muscle to be pretty good in shootouts. Against Terrors, it's even more effective. "You Didn't See Anything" can immobilize your opponent with and reduce her dudes' Influence with cards like **Rumors** and the **Gomorra Gazette**, but the deck is dependent upon combos for the final win. The deck also cheats moderately.



THE AGENCY

Dudes

- A⁻ Marko Muscovich
- A⁻ Red Crow
- 2⁻ Humphrey Walters
- 3⁻ Bob Bidwell
- 3⁻ Jessie Freemont
- 4⁻ Hank Gallagher
- 5⁻ Whiskey Nick
- 5⁻ Johnny Quaid
- 7⁻ Gus Gallagher
- 9⁻ Raymond Armstrong
- 10⁻ Nelson Roberts
- J⁻ Cort Williams
- Q⁻ Mr. Slate
- K⁻ The Ghost

Deeds

- A[⊙] Gomorra Gazette
- 2[⊙] Red Hill Hotel
- 2[⊙] Lord Grimely's Manor
- 3[⊙] The Intelligence Shop
- 4[⊙] Sunnyside Hotel
- 5[⊙] Lonesome Willow Strike
- 5[⊙] Sam's General Store

Actions

- A[⊙] Human Shield x 2

- 2[⊙] Sun In Yer Eyes
- 2[⊙] Crack Shot
- 3[⊙] It's Just Coal x 2
- 4[⊙] Ace In The Hole x 2
- 5[⊙] Degeneration x 2
- 7[⊙] Bad Tequila x 3
- 8[⊙] Jackelope Stampede x 2
- J[⊙] Rumors x 3

Events

- 3[™] Eureka!
- 4[™] Founder's Day x 2

Goods

- A[™] Kenny x 2
- 2[™] Winchester Rifle x 2
- 3[™] New Hat

Other

- Regular Joker x 2

Starting Dudes

- A⁻ Charlie Landers
- 2⁻ Cassidy Greene
- 3⁻ Benjamin Dean
- 4⁻ Sister Mary Jebediah
- 6⁻ Josef Nicolai Rocescu

THE FLOCK

Dudes

- 7⁻ Pride
- 5⁻ Lechery
- 9⁻ Eagle Rock
- 9⁻ Flim
- 10⁻ Flam
- J⁻ Wrath
- Q⁻ Mr. Slate
- K⁻ Elijah

Deeds

- A[⊙] Colorado Lode
- 2[⊙] Smiley's Shaft
- 4[⊙] Fish Ridge Mine
- 5[⊙] Lonesome Willow Strike
- 6[⊙] King Willy's Mother Lode
- 9[⊙] Spirit of Kentucky Shaft
- 9[⊙] Water's Edge Strike
- 10[⊙] Ike's Strike
- J[⊙] Look Homeward Mine
- Q[⊙] Desert Rose Lode
- Q[⊙] Harlot's Haven Strike
- Q[⊙] Drop in the Ocean Strike
- K[⊙] Clock Tower, The
- K[⊙] Henry's Hole
- K[⊙] Strike Experiment #1

Actions

- 9[⊙] Snake Eyes x 2
- Q[⊙] Claim Jumper
- Q[⊙] Good Stiff Drink x 2
- K[⊙] Ignore 'im
- K[⊙] War Paint x 3

Events

- K[™] Heavy Rain x 2

Goods

- 9[™] Pearl-Handled Revolver x 2

Spells

- 3[™] Smite x 2
- 7[™] Holy Roller
- 10[™] Test of Faith x 2
- Q[™] Babble On x 4
- K[™] Calm x 2

Other

- Regular Joker x 2

Starting Dudes

- 3⁻ Idleness
- 4⁻ Avarice
- 6⁻ Envy
- 7⁻ Will O' The Wisp
- 7⁻ Billy No-Neck

"LET GOD SORT 'EM OUT"

This deck takes some time to build up for the win. The idea is to use Avarice's ability to fill the table with cheap strikes—so many, in fact, that your opponent will not have enough dudes and influence to take control of them.

If he tries, and ends up spreading his dudes too thin, you can pick off his dudes individually using a big stud supported by the **Will O' The Wisp**. When you have a decent income together with one or two good fighters, start dropping Control Point strikes.



HOLIDAY IN DOOMTOWN: THE DEADLANDS GUYS TALK ABOUT THE DOOMTOWN CCG

SHANE LACY HENSLEY:

Deadlands: Weird West Creator

There was a time when I was a competitive card game player. Unfortunately, the story of a game is more interesting to me than the "math." Case in point: at DragonCon '98, I sat down to play a game with John Goff, one of our most prolific freelancers and a frequent *Magic* player. I was excited to play my Whateley deck. I had lots of freaky hexes, walkin' dead, and other horrors, but the deck wasn't really "tuned." It was just neat. John, on the other hand, was there for some spanking. He played a Sweetrock deck that beat me in two turns—twice. Every card he had worked with another to produce some incredible effect. Yes, his deck was cheating out the wazoo, but I only had a few Cheatin' Varmint cards and reducing his hands by two ranks wasn't good enough to save me.

The point of this story is that I'm not one to give advice on deck building. What I can tell you is that one of the strengths of *Doomtown* is that it still draws in "weak" players like me. I love to play a casual game with my wife or friends where the Flock goes up against the Agency. Or the Blackjacks get justice from the Law Dogs (and that pansy Nate Hunter!).

To me, this is the real strength of the *Deadlands* CCG, that it appeals to both kinds of players. Narrative types like me, and combo-whizzes like John Goff or most *Magic* players. The cards are hilarious, the art is great, and it really captures the fun feel of *Deadlands*.

MATT FORBECK

Deadlands: The Weird West Editor-in-Chief

Sure, I'm biased, but I think *Doomtown* is one Hell of a game and that our friends at Alderac Entertainment Group have done a fine job putting it together. They've really done the world of *Deadlands: The Weird West* proud.

When I get to play the game, which isn't nearly as often as I'd like, I like playing the Blackjacks. Yeah, they're not full of all sorts of whiz-bang spells, gizmos, and other colorful stuff, but they've got attitude in spades (so to speak).

In fact, the spades suit (those are characters to you *Doomtown* greenhorns) is exactly what I'm talking about. Blackjack himself is my flat-out favorite character of the whole story. The noble outlaw, forced into his life of crime by the corrupt authorities. That kind of thing gets my blood flowing.

For those same reasons, I like cheating decks. They're not as safe to use as a straight poker deck, but life's all about chances, and so's the game—at least the way I like to play it.

Honestly, I'm not much of a competitive player. Don't come up to me at a convention and ask me to draw out my deck and meet you in town square for a showdown. I don't bother tuning my deck a whole lot. I'm not really in it to win. I'm in it for the fun.

I like watching the story unfold as the game evolves—and I don't just mean from episode to episode, although that's certainly cool. I'm talking about each game I play. The

characters run around trying to outmaneuver each other, either with guns, gizmos, ghost rock, or worse. Buildings go up and get burned down. Claims are laid and then jumped.

It's just too much fun.

And that's what it's all about.

HAL MANGOLD

Deadlands: Weird West Brand Manager

I've always been a "kitchen sink" card game player. My decks are haphazard at best, centered a round a single cool combo at worst. My capacity to be distracted by one cool card or combo has been my downfall since the early days of *Magic: The Gathering* (ask me about my Kelden Warlord/Hazon Tamar combo sometime).

With that in mind, I quickly realized that I was completely screwed when it came to *Doomtown*. There are just too many cool cards. From gizmos like the Dynamite Launcher, to characters like Oswald Hardinger, to places like Nasty Doc's, choices in making a *Doomtown* deck have always been torture to me.

My solution? Put 'em all in. All of 'em. Every cool card I liked, I put in my deck. This eclectic strategy best suited the Collegium, so that's who I went with. The results have been...well, let's be charitable and call them "mixed."

But even when my poor mad scientists are getting hung left and right by our art director's Law Dogs deck, I'm still having a ball running around *Doomtown*. And that's the highest compliment I can give a game.



DEADLANDS DISPATCH

Issue #1

Character Info, Errata, and The Big Picture of the Deadlands Universe

Welcome to Pinnacle's regular update on the Deadlands universe. In this issue we talk about the origins of the mysterious Agency, provide you with a few seasonal Edges and hexes, and stomp out some gremlins from our last few releases.

The Big Picture

History marches on! Here are some of the recent events in the *Deadlands* universe.

The Weird West

The Men (and Women) in Black are a familiar sight to those having brushes with the supernatural throughout the Weird West. Lately the operatives of the Pinkerton Detective Agency, the Union's elite Special Investigations unit, have had a shake-up among their ranks.

The whole nation was surprised by the sudden announcement by Union President Ulysses S. Grant in early January that he had declined to renew the Pinkerton Detective Agency's government contract.

Citing a fear that the Pinkerton's growing private investigation and security business was sapping resources away from their governmental duties, President Grant simultaneously announced the formation of an internal U.S. Government organization to fill the vacuum of the Pinkertons.

The Agency, as it has been called in the press, will take over the duties and

responsibilities that were formerly under the jurisdiction of the Pinkertons, without the possible division of resources. Presumably, the Union was also looking for more internal control of their Special Investigations branch.

A wave of layoffs at the Pinkerton Agency followed the news of their loss of the Union contract. Most of those let go were associated with the Special Investigations unit.

Strangely, many of these former Pinkertons have been seen around the headquarters of the Agency, located in the Smithsonian Castle in Washington D.C. Additionally, rumor has it that Allan Pinkerton has been asked to head up the new organization.

Puzzled observers aren't quite sure what to make of it all, but the activities of the Men in Black have continued uninterrupted throughout the entire crisis.

Hell on Earth

The Combine forces of General Throckmorton, fielding automatons and raptors from the old Hellstromme Industries plants in

Denver, continue to probe and enslave the scattered settlements of post-apocalyptic survivors in Colorado, Kansas, Nebraska and Wyoming. Platoons of the General's black-hatted gangers and wasteland scum, occasionally backed by real military units and automatons, have been patrolling the lands within a few hundred miles of Denver, seeking out additional settlements to plunder and force into servitude.

Fortunately, the Combine isn't unopposed. The Templars have been forming a closer relationship with the free city of Junkyard, built in the ruins of Salt Lake City in old Deseret. The "City of Gloom" has actually become something of a source of inspiration for the nomads, traders, and others who travel the Wasted West—a place of trade, industry, and a coarse sort of civilization. It's a regular stop for both the Convoy (the gang of truckers and road warriors who circuit the west, bringing news

and trade to isolated towns and settlements) and the Sky Pirates (who turned from piracy and raiding to fighting the Combine several years ago). It's also perhaps the only place on earth which can muster the forces to oppose Throckmorton—with the help of the Templars and its other allies, of course.

Elsewhere in the West, a new order of Doomsayers—radiation priests who use the power of the atom and irradiated ghost rock in the protection of mutants—has sprung up in Idaho. Calling themselves Heckants, these severely-mutated priests hail from Amarna (near the ruins of Coeur d'Alene, Idaho). So far they have not allied themselves with either the evil Cult of Doom or the heretical Doomsayers that have broken away to serve better ends—it remains to be seen how they'll fall out in the inevitable battle against the Combine.

— Needful Thangs —

In this edition of Needful Thangs, the winter weather has inspired a new Edge and a few Hexes dealing with the winter chill. We hope you enjoy 'em.

New Edge

Here's a new Edge that'll help your hero take the chill out of those winter nights or help weather the hot summer sun.

Acclimated

1 (Hot or Cold)

A cowpoke who spends a lot of time suffering the effects of Mother Nature's wrath usually builds up a bit of a tolerance. When this Edge is chosen, the character must specify either *acclimated: hot* or *acclimated: cold*. However, the character is free to purchase both versions of this Edge.

Acclimated: hot raises the temperature at which the hero must make *survival* rolls from 80° to 100°. On the opposite side, *acclimated: cold* allows the hero to withstand temperatures as low as 12° before risking exposure. Once these limits have been exceeded, the hero must make the appropriate *survival* rolls, beginning with a Fair (5) TN as usual.

Finally, either version of this edge gives the cowpoke a +2 bonus to all other *survival* rolls made under the appropriate temperature extreme.

New Hindrance

To go along with our new Edge, here's a new Hindrance for those folks who shouldn't stand in drafts.

Thin Blood

-1

Some people just can't handle a little chilly weather. Every time a hero with the *thin blood* Hindrance fails a *survival* check due to cold weather, have him make an Onerous (7) *Vigor* roll. Hombres who fail have picked up a head or chest cold, and spend the next 1d6 days coughing, sneezing and oozing mucus.

This minor-league ailment gives the hero a -1 to all tasks while it hangs around. In addition, if the hero fails her roll for *survival* and the *Vigor* check for *thin blood* a second time, or if she botches the *Vigor* check, she's picked up some sort of chronic infection. Give the poor sap the *ailin': minor* Hindrance, and a hot bowl of chicken soup.

New Hexes

Here are two cold-based hexes, inspired by the winter weather.

Ice Cap

Trait: Knowledge
Hand: Pair
Speed: 1
Duration: 1 hour/hex level
Range: 5 yards/hex level

Old Man Winter pays an early visit when a huckster casts this hex. *Ice cap* is a versatile spell used to embarrass hotheads, seal doors shut, and make ice bridges over lakes and ponds.

Ice cap covers an area in a thick sheet of ice. The ice is 1/2" thick for each level of the hex. Picking up or holding an object covered by the ice is difficult—anyone attempting this must make a Fair (5) *Deftness* roll. Moving across an area affected by this ice is also tough. Walking requires a Fair (5) *Nimbleness* check each round to avoid falling. Running takes a Hard (9) roll.

Small objects can be frozen to the ground or other surfaces by *ice cap*. The hex can also be used to freeze a door shut. In either case, breaking through the ice takes a Foolproof (3) *Strength* roll. The TN for this roll increases by +2 for every 1/2" of thickness past the first. For example, to break through 2" of *ice cap* a cowpoke has to make a Hard (9) *Strength* roll.

This hex can't directly affect animate creatures or objects—a huckster can't encase a gunslinger (or even an automaton) in ice. Nor can she form ice walls with *ice cap*, although she can cover an existing wall in a sheet of ice.

The area listed for a particular hand is the maximum square area affected by the hex. For example, a huckster drawing a Flush can affect an area up to 25' per side, although she's free to choose smaller dimensions as well.



Hand	Area
Pair	1 foot
Two Pair	3 feet
Three of a Kind	5 feet
Straight	10 feet
Flush	25 feet
Full House	50 feet
Four of a Kind	25 yards
Straight Flush	50 yards
Royal Flush	100 yards

Frostbite

Trait: Spirit
Hand: Pair
Speed: 1
Duration: 1 round/hex level
Range: 10 yards/hex level

There's no need to give a cowpoke the cold shoulder if you're packing this hex—you can freeze him to the bone! *Frostbite* sends the chill of a Montana blizzard into the poor sap.

The biting cold has two effects on its target. One occurs instantly and the other continues for the duration noted above.

The first effect does damage, but only to the target creature's limbs—arms, legs, tentacles... whatever. This damage is dealt immediately when the hex is first cast.

The amount of damage is based on the huckster's hand, as shown below. Roll the damage once (not for each limb) and determine any wound levels as normal. After the total wound levels are determined, calculate the Wind lost by the target (if applicable). Then apply the total wound levels dealt to each limb. Note that Wind is only lost once—not for each limb affected by the chill.

The second effect makes *any* wound sting a whole lot more. For the duration of the hex, all wound penalties suffered by the target are doubled—even those for injuries inflicted before the hex was cast.

Abominations, including Harrowed, are immune to the supernatural cold generated by this hex. It has no effect on such creatures.

For instance, Velvet casts *Frostbite* at an angry riverboatman who's already got a Heavy wound to the guts. He draws Three of a Kind and gets 3d6 damage. Velvet rolls a total of 11 points of damage, which works out to one wound level. His target takes 1 wound to each of his arms and legs and loses a total of 1d6 Wind—not 1d6 for each wounded limb. However, for the rest of the hex's duration, the river rat's wound modifier, -2 from the Heavy gut wound, is doubled to a -4!



Hand	Damage
Pair	1d6
Two Pair	2d6
Three of a Kind	3d6
Straight	4d6
Flush	5d6
Full House	5d8

Gremlins

Here are some gremlins that made it past our intrepid editorial staff, and into print.

Tales o' Terror: 1877

Attention all *Tombstone Epitaph* Readers! Apparently, both the Agency and the Confederate Secret Service got hold of our 1877 Update, and made some changes. Here's the corrected text for your perusal:

Page 23: The last line in the first paragraph under **Here Lie The Fallen** should read "Union ranks," not "Confederate." The sentence should then make sense in context.

Page 24: The picture is mis-captioned. The burning city depicted is Louisville, Kentucky, not Savannah, Georgia. Sherman did not burn down Savannah in either the *Deadlands: The Weird West* history, or our own.

Page 29-30: The person who counted the troops in Kansas must have been seeing double. Sheridan only detached about 3,000 Union troopers from the Army of the Potomac for duty in Kansas. Confederate General Gano has only about 1,200 men in his brigade (5,000 would give him a whole corps!). General Watie has about 800 men in his command.

Pages 29, 30, 37 & 96: The Cherokee Mounted Rifles were Watie's original command, and were of regimental strength. It was

expanded to brigade strength in 1864 with the addition of units raised from the other Civilized Tribes, and the name was then changed to the Indian Cavalry Brigade. The references on these pages do not reflect these changes, but should.

Page 31: The sentence in the fourth paragraph under **Ulysses S. Grant** should read "Rumors of widespread graft and cronyism have plagued his administration from the outset," not "graft and nepotism."

Page 32 & 92: John Sedgwick's name is misspelled "Sedgewick" in every occurrence.

Page 87: The Fear Level in Vicksburg should be 5, not 3.

Page 98: Forrest's Sword should note that it allows the bearer to use the *eulogy* power with the *overawe* Aptitude instead of *tale-tellin'*.

Adios A-mi-go!

A few interdimensional gremlins made it into our crossover dime novel with Chaosium's *Call of Cthulhu* roleplaying game.

Page 53: The black ooze's *fightin': brawl* Aptitude should be 5d8, not d8.

Pages 60-62: The conversion for *Sanity* was never explicitly stated. Since *Sanity* is a figured characteristic in *Call of Cthulhu*, you convert your first figure, your hero's *Power*, then multiply that by five to get your starting *Sanity*.

Profile

Here's a brief profile of the author of the book you've just enjoyed reading.

Rob Vaux

Born and raised in Southern California, Rob Vaux devoted a large portion of his waking life to figuring out how to escape the West Coast. After attending college in rural Minnesota and graduate school in Syracuse, NY, he changed his mind. Month-long blizzards have a way of doing that.

A summer internship for SHADIS magazine brought him back to the Los Angeles area, and turned into a full-time job. He currently writes and edits for Alderac Entertainment Group, and has done work for *Legend of the Five Rings*, *7th Sea* and the *Doomtown* CCG.

A roleplayer since the age of nine, Rob is also a film lover and a fan of the California Angels. Both have brought him unending heartbreak. He lives in Rancho Cucamonga, California, and challenges anyone to find a city with a sillier name.

Sizzle, Sizzle, Sizzle...



Boomtowns! This boxed set comes with everything you need to create boomtowns in *Deadlands: The Weird West* in a flash. It includes a 64-page adventure book featuring four Weird Western towns, 16 double-sided, extra-thick, town tiles, and a free copy of *Marshal's Log*! Written by John Goff, Tony Lee, Lisa Smedman, and Joe Wolf; cover by Paolo Parente.

SKU# 1021. Boxed Set. SRP \$30.00.



Lost Angels. This regional sourcebook for *Deadlands: The Weird West* explores the City o' Lost Angels in the aftermath of the devastating events in last year's *Devils Tower: Heart o' Darkness*. Discover what havoc Reverend Grimme has wrought. Written by Matt Forbeck, Paul Beakley, and John Goff; cover by David Cherry.

SKU# 1019. 128 pages. SRP \$20.00.



Road Warriors. This sourcebook gives players and Marshals the lowdown on the soldiers of the shattered highways of *Deadlands: Hell on Earth*. It includes details on all sorts of new rides, plus full rules for running brutal, tire-wrenching vehicular mayhem. Written by John Hopler; cover by Paolo Parente.

SKU# 6007. 128 pages, SRP \$20.00.



The Last Crusaders. Learn more about the most righteous men and women in the Wasted West: the Templars! This book includes all sorts of new Templar powers, plus it reveals many of the order's most tightly held secrets. Written by *Deadlands: Hell on Earth* author Shane Lacy Hensley; cover by *Deadlands: Hell on Earth* cover artist Paolo Parente.

SKU# 6008. 128 pages. SRP \$20.00.

Caution—Hot New Stuff from Pinnacle!

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