



More  
Excuses  
to Kill  
Things

for Macho Women with Guns™



Greg Porter  
Brian Barrow  
Marcello Missiroli

 **BTRC**

# More Excuses to Kill Things

The “There's only one cover to go with this, so live with it” edition

Copyright 1995 by Greg Porter

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Design: Brian & Tracy Barrow, Marcello Missiroli, Greg Porter  
Inspiration: Cathy DeMott  
Playtesters:  
Artwork: Darrell Midgette, Mark Rogers

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More  
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# Why you should buy this.<sup>1</sup>

**What is “More Excuses to Kill Things”?**  
More Excuses is a supplement for the award-winning<sup>2</sup> **Macho Women with Guns**, in which you get to leave things like plot, rationality and most of your frontal lobes behind, and engage in primitive, wholesale slaughter of lesser life forms.

We do have to warn you that there are mental challenges that have to be hurdled (or blown up) in order to survive and rack up the highest count of dead critters and bad puns, but if you survived **Macho Women**, you'll probably manage.

In addition to the usual fluff, we've included a poster that probably has absolutely nothing to do with any game currently in existence, but which might provide some humor value nonetheless.

Since there is no table of contents, what you are about to face is as follows:

**Barbarians are a Drag** - A princess from another dimension needs your help.

**Indeterminator** - Confused robots from the future attempt to change history.

**Delta Omicron IV** - A mini-solo adventure for when you feel like playing with yourself.

...plus a number of one-shot combat missions against evil minions or in competition with the other players.

<sup>1</sup> Many diseases are communicable during a period in which the victim does not know they are infected. You could be leaving harmful germs on this product even as you are reading this, and should feel morally obligated to purchase it to protect others from possible infection. Better yet, since this game may be a reservoir for disease, buy it, burn it, and then buy another one when you are sure you are perfectly healthy.

<sup>2</sup> We're not actually sure yet, but we *know* it will win something eventually...



## More Excuses to Kill Things!

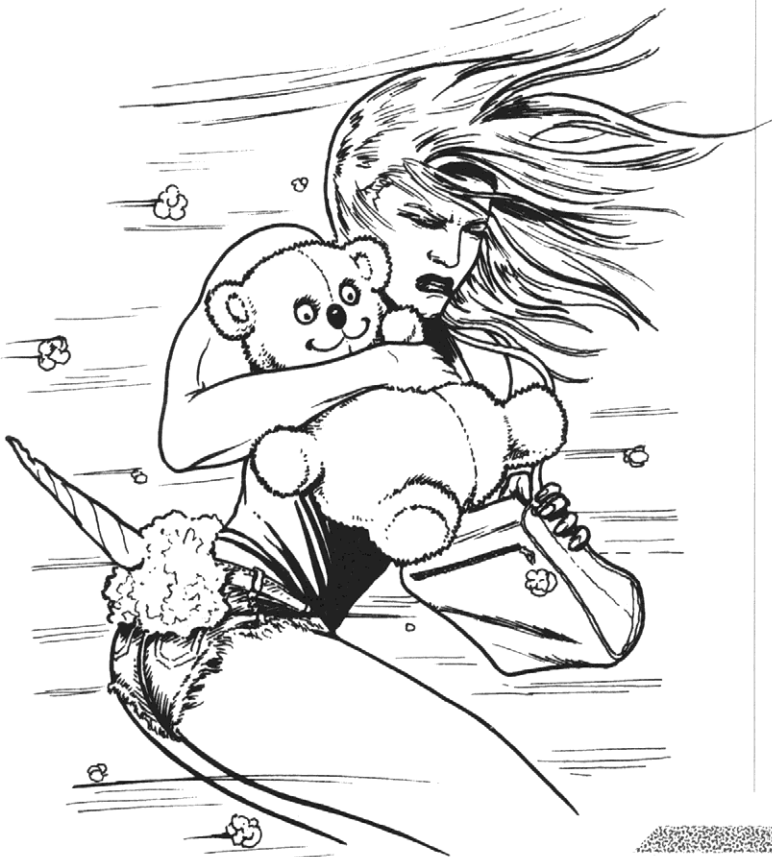
# Barbarians are a Drag

by Greg Porter

### Start

The setting for this adventure is at the local fair or carnival, wherever the characters call home. The characters are either seeking entertainment, or are on a civic-minded patrol to keep down petty crime and discourage rigged games. For this purpose, some light armor, machine pistols and a handful of grenades should suffice, so in addition to campaign equipment, all characters can start with 3 Enc of equipment of their choice. Nuns with 1 or 2-wheeled vehicles may tool around on them as well, but it is fairly crowded (make a general Drive Things roll to see if there are any embarrassing incidents).

The fair runs until well after dark, and as the characters are passing the Hall of Not Very Confusing Mirrors, there is a sudden rising of the wind. Cotton candy and popcorn fly everywhere, sticking to one hapless character in an embarrassing fashion. They will take a -1 penalty to all actions except trying to grab or catch things, which they have a +1 on. Letting go, however does take a -1 as well.



When the winds reach a crescendo that outdoes the carnival music, a whirling portal filled with chaotic darkness appears at ground level. From this portal runs an obviously terror-stricken young girl (say about 13). She looks around for a second, and then dashes into the Hall of Not Very Confusing Mirrors. A second later, some bat-like shapes twirl out of the darkness, plop dizzily to the ground and transform into tall, pale-skinned men wearing red-trimmed cloaks and black tuxedos. They pull the capes halfway over their faces, hiss at everyone, and then lurch into the Hall after the young girl.

### Spaced Vampires

Badly cloned Bela Lugosis, created to pursue and harass a specific target. Once summoned, they can do nothing but pursue the victim, regardless of how difficult or ultimately futile this might be. Due to their nature, they are hard to kill, and only die on a 2d6 roll, unless the attack is holy in nature, in which case a normal 1d6 roll applies. A +3 called shot with a wooden stake will automatically put one out of action as well (A wooden stake is available within arm's reach of a character if they roll a 1 on 1d6 while looking). Spaced Vampires are not reflected in mirrors, and in addition, any targeting system will not track them either.

Strength - 13  
Dexterity - 10  
Macho - 13



Spaced Vampires attack with their hands, doing lethal damage with a skill of +1, and also have the Vampirism ability (duh). They can subtract the single largest amount soaked off (usually 2) from the damage of a single attack. Once this is done, they have to drain another victim to regain the ability to reduce damage. If killed, the Vampires will turn to dust and blow away in an ecologically sound manner.

### The obligatory starting combat

There will be two Spaced Vampires for each character involved. They will be technically pursuing the young girl, but will gladly stop for a few seconds to slice and dice characters. They will also only have a move of 2 per turn while in the Hall, since they can't see their own reflection and constantly bump their faces against the mirrors. Characters who think of it can get a +1 to tracking a Vampire by the bloody noseprints on the glass. In addition, there will be numerous, muffled "Thump! Ow! Thump! Ow!" sounds coming from within the Hall. The flip side is that characters will not be able to see a Vampire until up close and personal, giving the Vampire a chance at a melee attack.

Characters also have the option of just hosing down the Hall with gunfire, which will pretty much remove the mirror problem, but also ruin the young girl's day as well. Any missed gunfire will remove the three mirrors in a line behind the intended target, and missed melee attacks will shatter an adjacent mirror. Any character who happens to have a laser-type attack and misses *will* hit someone. Roll randomly for each character (including the one who fired), each Vampire and the girl to see who gets hit.

We're not going to give you a map of this wonderful situation, just to give you a feel for the chaos of the moment. It may also lull any players from a less structured game into a fall sense of security. Let them think that snappy narrative will save their sorry butts and surprise them with rules minutia later. Just make random rolls behind a screen whenever a player asks what's going on or describes what their character is doing, applying modifiers based on situation and how many bribes they offer you.

### Happy endings

If the characters manage to kill or scare off the Vampires, they will find the young girl cowering in a corner of the remains of the Hall. If they don't, it turned out to be a really short adventure. Sorry. Better luck next time. Assuming the best, the girl, in halting English (the universal language), will explain that she is the Princess SheHer, rightful ruler of the land of BarBar. She was fleeing the evil HeHim, who had usurped her throne and was terrorizing the land, and "oh won't you please help me rid the land of this testosterone-laden menace?"

Sigh.

How can the characters refuse such a reasonable request, especially when doing so would put the GM in a real pickle on what to do for the rest of the adventure?<sup>3</sup> As she finishes talking, someone will notice that the chaotic vortex is beginning to shrink and dissipate, and if they want to go to her land and ~~get lots of experience points~~ help out, they'd better leave immediately. If needed, characters can either make a single "Patch Things Up" or "Seduce Creature/Proselytize" roll before they have to leap through the shrinking vortex into the other dimension.

<sup>3</sup> We've found a time-tested solution to this problem is to casually mention that the Moon seems to be getting a lot bigger in the sky while they debate thwarting your evil plans, or note that all the roads home seem to be clogged with mobile cranes carrying pianos, safes and 16 ton weights.

## More Excuses to Kill Things!



### The Land of Barbar

This land, peopled by the Barbarians (men) and Barbies (women), is a Low Fantasy world. This means that those icky, effective guns will just be melee clubs with either +1 or +2 non-lethal damage, depending on if they were pistols or rifles. Vehicles don't sputter to a stop just yet, but every day will require a successful "Do Technical Stuff" roll by the driver or it runs out of fuel or something that can't be fixed here (even with a Handbag of Holding). In addition, all characters do pick up some Low Fantasy trait, which they may not become aware of immediately.

The area immediately around the entry portal (which has now vanished), is littered with signs of battle. Numerous female warriors lay slain in bloody heaps, with tattered armor and broken weapons mute testimony to their courage.<sup>4</sup> Suspicious characters might find it odd that none of the armor or weapons are salvageable, but this is **Macho Women**, so the coincidence can be easily overlooked.

### Der Plot

Actually, the whole shebang is designed to lure the characters to Barbar to be sacrificed. You see, one or more of the characters is prophesied to overthrow the evil HeHim (we warned you about those Low Fantasy traits), and HeHim wanted to pre-empt the situation by luring the characters in, wearing them down, and then sacrificing them in some unspeakable ritual to cement his iron grip on the land. And, since HeHim and SheHer are actually one in the same, this may not be that hard to accomplish.

The journey to Barbar's seat of government, Castle Gaeskull, will take several days, more if the characters stop to rest at any of the small towns along the way. Princess SheHer will not want to stop any longer than necessary. She seems driven by a sense of urgency that she won't explain, but she is actually just trying to keep the characters from regaining any lost strength. If pressed, she will say that HeHim employs an evil sorcerer, who practices dark, unholy rites with imitation cheese products and farm animals and may even now be working some dark magic to thwart the characters (how true this is, so any attempts to see if she is lying will fail).

After about a day or so of following crude roads and forest trails, punctuated by bouts of paranoia and boredom, the characters will enter a ravine that all but screams "Hey! Isn't this a great spot to be ambushed in!". And indeed, that is just what happens.

<sup>4</sup> Actually, they were just sacrificial victims used in order to allow the evil HeHim to change form in order to deceive the characters when he passed through the portal. Clever, eh?

## Ambushes and other Shrubbery

This will be a minor setup, just to soften up the characters, much like meat is softened up with a tenderizing mallet.

The rutted road through the ravine will have one end blocked off by a small landslide of styrofoam boulders, which rumble ominously, but don't actually hurt anything. These can be climbed over and moved out of the way, but will temporarily stop vehicles. Any character actually checking the landslide gets a Macho roll to see that the rocks are literally a pushover, and can be moved out of the way in 2d6 woman-turns of effort. Half a dozen Baetors will rise up from behind similar boulders and make aggressive and possibly rude gestures, while two others take aim with crossbows at anyone foolish enough to stand there (who says you can't play this game with good tactics?). All the Baetors will retreat if the characters advance on them, which is probably a more intelligent move than they are actually capable of. Actually getting off the road area requires a Dex roll with a -2 as a character's action, or they slip on the slimy boulders and fall back onto the roadway. Once past the edge of the road way, movement is halved, and each turn also requires a normal Dex roll due to the dangerous footing. Failure means that no progress is made that turn. About the time things seem to be stabilizing, two other Baetors finally pry loose a *really* big really *real* boulder, and send it tumbling down the road from an area uphill of the map. When it reaches the map, it will be moving 5 hexes per turn, and fill the entire road and two hexes to either side. This will do a Damage of 5 to anyone hapless enough to be stuck in the road when it comes tumbling by. Getting a small vehicle out of the way is a Dex roll with a -5 as a character's action, or they can ram through the fake boulders. The latter will be successful if the vehicle's speed is equal or greater than the number of turns of effort left to remove the wall, or the character has some neat ability that lets them avoid the problem altogether. The real boulder will naturally blast right through the fake boulders at the end of the ravine and tumble off the map into another party of Baetors, smashing them into pretty disgusting bits.



### The Village of Pillage

An authentic medieval village, complete with hovels, beggars, dirt streets and a pub where the characters can get something unidentifiable to eat and drink. Local talk will be about the evil HeHim who has already raised taxes and instituted all kinds of terrible laws, like the monthly bathing, requiring clothes to be washed before you inherit them, and banning lead, mercury and arsenic as food additives. But, since this is the hinterlands and the laws aren't enforced as strictly yet, the proprietor will announce in a low voice that all his food is still cooked the old-fashioned way, before he twitches and staggers off to the kitchen.

No one will recognize the Princess, who is noticeably unhappy to be here, but she can explain this away by saying that she is young and hasn't seen all the provinces yet, and the people don't know her. If questioned, however, the people here will have no knowledge of a Princess SheHer. Barbar used to be a parliamentary democracy they say, until HeHim mounted a coup and sent all the Parliament members off to the dirt mines.<sup>5</sup>

## More Excuses to Kill Things!

SheHer will feign anguish at this, and weep that the evil sorcerer has already clouded the minds of her people.

The few unaddled minds her at the pub will no doubt notice that the characters stand tall, have all their teeth, and are brave enough to actually carry sharp objects. They must be...heroines! (Amazon Barbies?) They will crowd around, but at a safe distance. No one wants to risk bumping into anything pointy. They will clamor that the characters must see the Seeress, the old woman of prophecy and tarot reading.

She lives in the fourth mud hut from the left at the end of the block, and being a woman of prophecy, she knows the characters are on their way.

She will only be slightly addled, and the GM must be able to do a good "old woman" voice for this part. She will have the characters and SheHer all sit down in front of her crystal ball, while she warms the thing up and fiddles with some metal wires that stick out of the top. There, that's better.

"Many years ago, there was a boy born by the name of HeHim. Strong and clever, he was also twisted and depraved, and was rightly spurned by all the women in the country. He vowed that if no woman in the country would have him, he would do whatever it took to find one who would. He gained the support of Flatulor, a sorcerer of evil odor and ill repute, who cast a spell on him granting him the woman of his dreams. But, the spell backfired due to Flatulor's incontinence, and HeHim was cursed instead. HeHim slew Flatulor for his unsanitary habits, but the curse remained. HeHim continued his search for a mate, but Flatulor's botched sorcery became known far and wide, and none could think of him without laughing. HeHim then swore a mighty oath to bring all of Barbar low, and rule it with an iron fist until one truly worthy of him came forward and offered themselves up to him. Onomatopoeia, Prime Minister of the Poetic Justice party was the first of his victims, but on her deathbed she said that while HeHim might conquer all the women of Barbar, there would come those beyond his grasp, to lay him low. And, now I see that the prophecy has come true, for before me are women like the heroines of old, and...missy, aren't you a little young for this sort of work? Don't I know you from somewhere? It's all kind of hazy..."

Then, she will get a look of utter horror on her face as if she remembered some terrible knowledge, there will be a muffled "thump!", and she will collapse forward onto the table, sending the crystal ball shattering in a cascade of sparks. Out of her back protrudes a crossbow bolt, which apparently came through the thatch wall of the hut. Which means it's time for...

### Another Pointless Battle

Throw in one Baitor for each character, plus two other Baitors, plus a pair of lead Baitors. These Baetors will fight until half of them have been turned to pulp by our hyperactive heroines, but hopefully will at least do some damage before their untimely demises. This is after all, what they are here for. They will initially be positioned so that one with a crossbow is 10 hexes behind the Seeress's hut, one is 10 hexes in front of it, one Baetor is right next to either side of the doorway of the hut, and the rest are hiding behind adjacent huts.

In this combat, and in all the combats, the evil creatures that attack will only menace SheHer, but not actually attack. If appropriate, one may actually grab her, and start to carry her off, but none will attempt to harm her with claws or weapons. She will profess not to know why, but may say that HeHim or the sorcerer may want her for some unspeakable purpose.



<sup>5</sup> It's a public works thing that they never cut funding for.



Searching through the old woman's hut will yield a number of herbal remedies, but nothing for healing. Since everyone except characters has only 1 hit point, any damage at all is rather final. However, there is a jug of evil tasting stuff that will temporarily add 1 to the imbiber's Health for an encounter, and the jug holds 6 doses. It requires a successful Macho roll to avoid spitting the stuff out, though.

After the combat in the village, characters may be able to go to the generic village store and stock up on equipment. Any of the low-tech or ecclesiastical stuff (except the Holy Hand Grenade) is available for sale, and reasonably intact Baitors *can* be used as barter.

### Moving on to the Big Finish

Eventually, SheHer and the characters will arrive at the base of Mount Mountain, a small, redundantly named hill, atop which sits a cheerful and not very menacing Castle Gaeskull. At this point, characters need to decide on how to approach the situation. SheHer can be a wealth of bad advice here, suggesting a back route up razor-sharp, snake infested cliffs, another back route through alligator-filled swamps, and yet a third back route through the Cave of Many Collapses that Pin Hapless Characters so that Evil Minions can Polish Them Off, although characters will probably avoid that one. Or, they can take the well-maintained and apparently unguarded road straight to the Castle, which will take about 10 minutes to walk up.

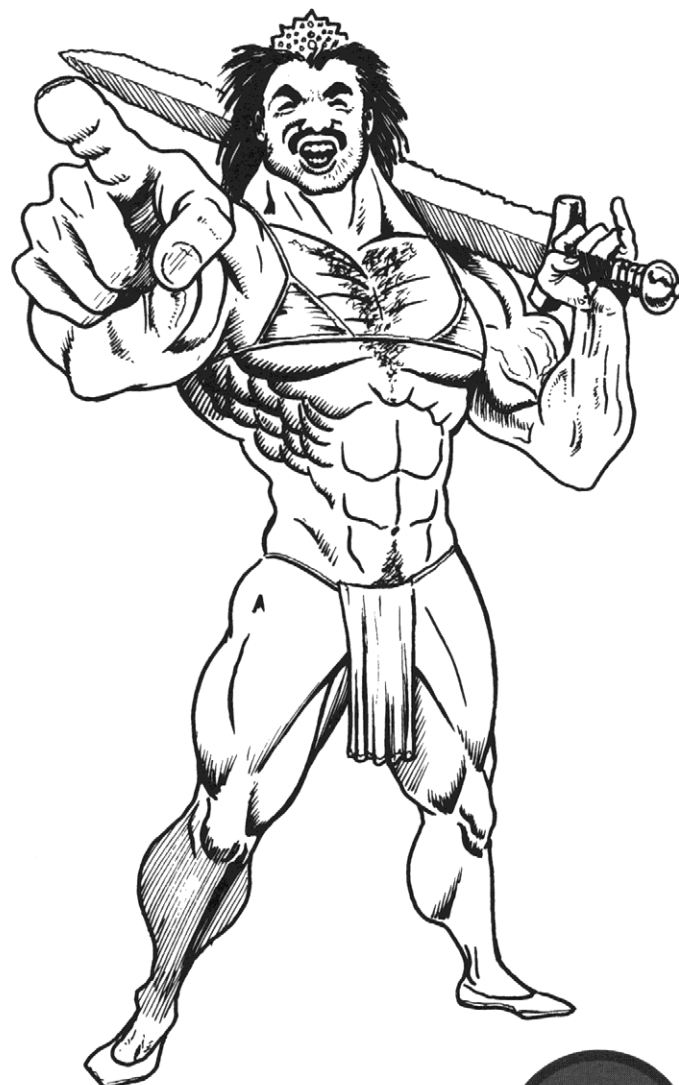
Play whichever route they take to the hilt, rewarding and penalizing creativity and stupidity based solely on the humor value.

When the characters get to Castle Gaeskull, it seems eerily deserted. Their footsteps echo loudly in the empty halls, as SheHer leads them slowly down passageways to the central hall, which is where she is sure that HeHim and his minions lurk and plot their evil schemes. It is sealed with huge, iron-bound wooden doors, that are closed but apparently unlocked. The murmur of male voices can be heard through the cracks, although there are no places that you can see through except the keyhole, and it has a mirror taped to the other side so the first thing anyone sees is someone looking back at them.

Somehow, the characters will enter the room, to find a bunch of surprised (yeah, right) minions and a shriveled old man in black robes who can only be an Evil Sorcerer™. Upon seeing this, Princess SheHer will draw a blade and rush across the room, at which point she will metamorphose into (gasp!) HeHim. He will turn to face the characters, and laugh as only villains about to get their noses bloodied can.

“Minions, Slay Them!”

The minions will obediently comply. HeHim, whose princess outfit is feeling a bit tight right now, will spend his first turn dodging character attacks and getting out of the embarrassing-looking outfit. The sorcerer will activate a spell that wreaks all kinds of havoc if the characters lose, back up to a convenient wall and await an opportunity to cause trouble, and everyone else will attack as best they can.



# More Excuses to Kill Things!

## Bad guys

These are SheMan's personal warriors, and are as highly skilled at what they do as you can get from practicing with feather-padded weapons. They have a Hit Things with Other Things and a Shoot Little Guns skill of +0, and have crossbows (Damage 2) and swords (Damage 2). Since they aren't villains, creatures or evil sorcerers, they only have 1 hit point. *Any* lethal damage that gets through their armor kills them. But, there are a lot of them, and they are fitted head to foot in armor that will stop *any* attack with a Damage of 2 or less. And, if they weren't minions of evil, they'd be kind of cute, so characters with a soft spot for handsome hunks will have some difficulty. To their credit, their hearts aren't really in this evil stuff, and a little flirting might work wonders.

There are two Bad Guys for each character. Once they take 50% casualties, the rest will lose morale and flee the scene yelling "Run away!", "I'm not getting paid enough for this!", or "They're psycho bitches from Hell!", much to HeHim's aggravation.

Strength 11  
Dexterity 12  
Macho 12



**SheMan (Misguided person of indeterminate gender)**  
SheMan is dead set on eradicating the characters in his evil ceremony, cementing his power over the land. He will use his guile as long as possible, but when that fails he will show his true colors. His curse is that whenever he is in a group of people that is half women or more, he changes into one, although he keeps his stats, rotten personality and outlook. As you might imagine, this makes any sort of dating a real problem. His allied evil sorcerer claims to be able to reverse the spell, but this requires that a female hero be sacrificed to He Who Must not be Named and Whose Mere Initials are Bad Juju. Since he tragically got rid of all the heroines in Barbar before he found this out, he had to import some more.

SheMan is evil, but not quite rotten enough to take extra damage from saintly characters. He has developed some mutant powers, however. He takes a 2d6 roll to kill, and has the Scriptwriter advantage. He has an inherent armor of 2, and can change shape once per day from his cute princess to smelly barbarian form (with sword). He has a Big Sword (damage 4) which he wields with +3 skill. The sword itself is magical and gives him an extra 2 points of armor and 5 points of Macho when he wields it in battle, and it has the power to project a damage 3 fire blast up to 6 hexes away if he doesn't use it in a melee attack. This is treated as a little gun, and he has +0 skill with it.

Strength 14  
Dexterity 14  
Macho 15



## Baitors

Twisted reptilian lumps that are the prime enforcers for the evil SheMan. They are only armed with their fists and claws, which have a damage of 2. This can be lethal or non-lethal, depending on their mission. In addition, they can do a damage 2 non-lethal attack with their tails, up to 2 hexes away in their butt arc. This is usually saved as a surprise maneuver. Both claws and tail are used at a skill of +2. One out of every four Baitors is a leader, and has a big crossbow (Damage 3), +2 to normal Macho and a skill with the crossbow of +1. He will usually hurl crude insults and hiss, while the lesser Baitors will just hiss. There will be 1 Baitor per character in the final battle.

Strength - 12  
Dexterity - 11  
Macho - 13



### Evil sorcerer

A nasty, dirty old man who uses his powers to further his ambitions of ruling the world. Helping SheMan is just a small part of his ultimate plan.

He has the power of Vampirism and Press-on Claws, and a magic staff which he uses to aid his abilities. By himself he has an armor 2 force field and a Hit Things skill of +2. The staff adds an extra 3 points of armor in his front arc as long as he holds it. It also provides him with +10 points of Macho. If it is taken away from him, he really acts quite pathetic, and will blame his actions on a deprived childhood, too many violent shows on the crystal ball, his parents beat him, bullies picked on him and his scraggly teeth caused a terrible loss of self-esteem that he had to make up for the only way he knew how. If anyone buys this line, he will slink off, pick up a spare staff somewhere and be a major headache in some future adventure. He also has a Hotline and an Extra Life, and he can animate dead (but not vaporized) Baitors to provide reinforcements in combat. The total number of actions he and the Baitors get is not increased (i.e. if two Baitors do one thing each, he can do nothing). He only takes 1d6 to kill, but with the extra life, you know he'll be back in some later adventure...

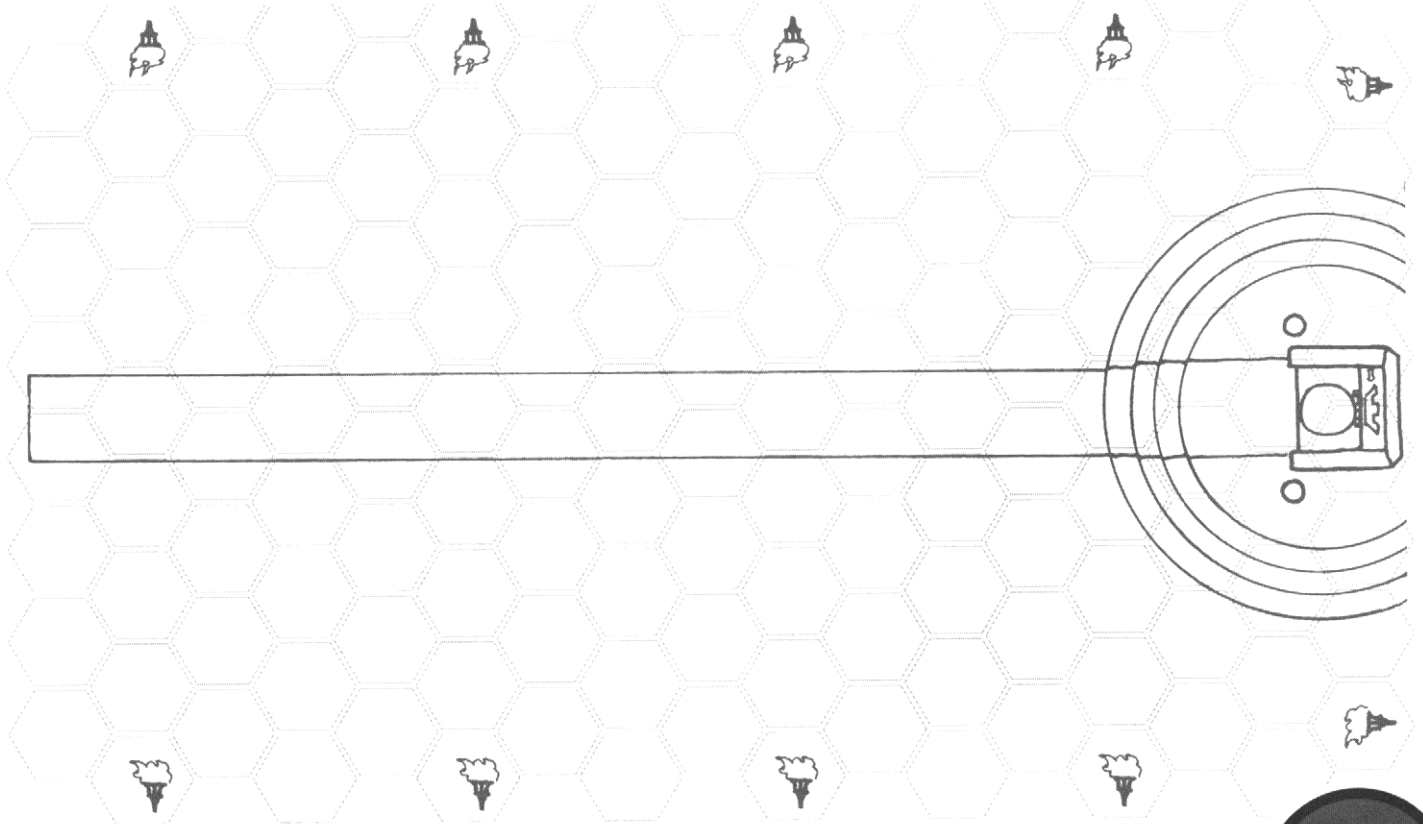
Strength - 8  
Dexterity - 12  
Macho - 10



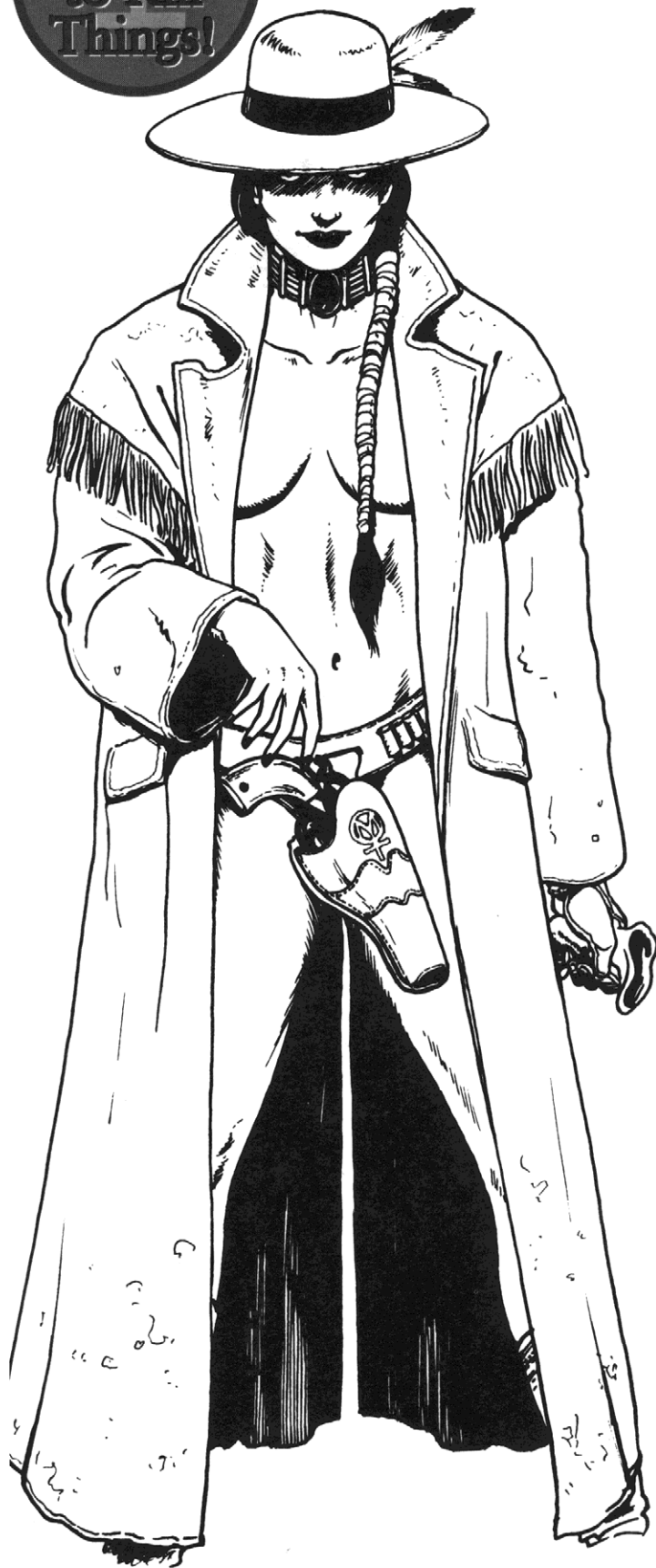
### Finale

If the characters defeat SheMan, almost immediately the spell that he had engineered through the Evil Sorcerer will begin to dissipate. A wind will rise within the great hall of Castle Gaeskull and swirl the characters into a big heap in the middle of the room, and then a dimensional hole will open up in the floor and unceremoniously dump the characters, sans any equipment picked up here, right about where they left from. However, several days have passed, and the fair has packed up and moved on, so this is just annoying rather than embarrassing.

Hopefully, the rightful Parliament will be released from the dirt mines and take their place of governance again, but you never know...



## More Excuses to Kill Things!



### Man Hunt (A short interlude)

A lone male has somehow managed to escape the Inescapable Correctional Facility for Unrepentant Criminals and Dangerous NPC's, and is presumed to be armed and moderately dangerous. As upstanding citizens, and in response to the 2 experience bounty on his head, you and your friends have decided to go look for him. Amazingly, you succeed.

#### Basics

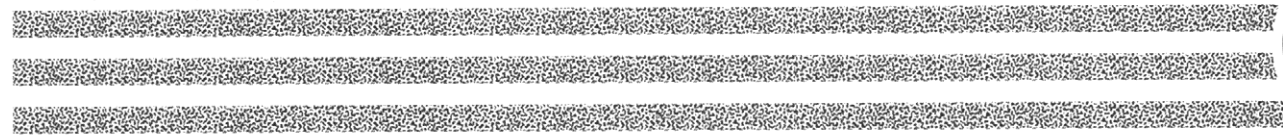
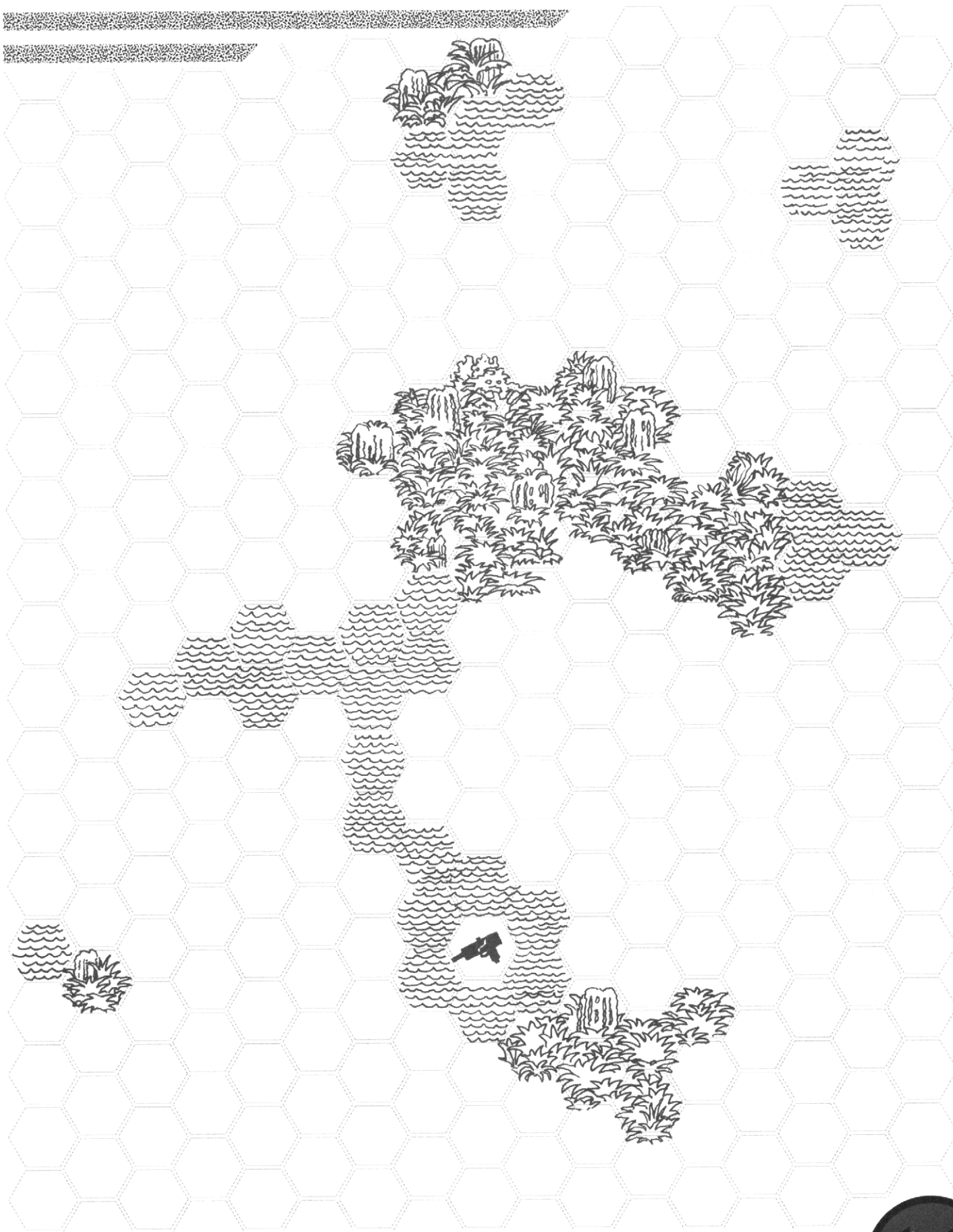
An unarmed man (stats of 10 and +0 skills, although hopefully he is good looking) flees from one or several Macho Women of various types. All of them start on a short edge of the map, the person playing the man getting to choose which end. The man gets two turns head start. The man's objective is to get off the other edge of the map. Each woman's objective is to capture him alive (if not intact), and then carry him back to their starting hex to win. Everyone only gets their campaign equipment and their wits to begin with.

#### Rules

This is best played with one player as the man, and this player gets 1 experience for surviving until the end of the scenario, and 2 for escaping. His chances of survival decrease rapidly with increasing number of women in play (If I can't have him, nobody can!). Optionally, if there are no winners, anyone who kills the man loses, *and loses 2 experience for the blunder.*

Shaded hexes are undergrowth, and can't be traversed by vehicles, flown through or landed in. They are 4 hexes high. Moving through undergrowth costs 2 points per hex, and each hex is a -1 modifier to shoot through. You can either move into or out of a hex of water on a given turn, but not both unless you are wading from one water hex to another. The Mac-10 hex contains a loaded Mac-10, which anyone (including the man) can pick up and use the turn after they arrive. Spending a full turn stationary in undergrowth allows you to grab a pointed stick for converting normal melee damage into lethal damage, or a rock that does 1 point of lethal damage when thrown.

Characters *can* attack each other, but if the man is carried, there is a 50-50 chance he will be hit. He has a Health of 10, and he can't be carried unless unconscious or your Strength is a 15+, in which case his struggles are futile.



## Indeterminator

by Marcello Missiroli  
(translated from the Italian)<sup>6</sup>

What? A Real Macho Women adventure? But it isn't a real rpg, you say! Well, you may be right, but why do we have to stick to such irrelevant details? Have one of your lot take the role of the Gamemaster, like in those 'normal' games and have the other prepare themselves to unravel an absurd plot prepared for your amusement!

### Introduction

If you really care about this crap, this adventure is suitable for 4-6 characters. At least half of them should be member of the order of Our Lady of Harley Davidson (see Appendix), while the other may be encountered en route. However, they must have some means of transport to stay in touch with the sisters (May be a problem for Macho Women who can't have vehicles, though).

This particular group of sisters (also known as a "Sancified Assault Patrol") has been assigned a routine patrol task along the coasts of former New England, now New Yorkers. You may have to devise a reasonable reason to have them work together, but even an unreasonable one will do.

### "Historical background":

In the year 3092AD: the Great Computer Kauffmantz T-8000 has finally devised a way to rid himself of those puny organic beings. The solution was easy: to send some combat robots back in time, at the end of the second millennium - a time of great political and social turmoil. Then, only women were able to fight, and they certainly were easier targets than those muscle-fitted sixfooters you got around nowadays.

Although a machine, T-8000 is very proud of his latest creation: T-1069 is a self-replicating capable machine that can easily pass as human, both physically and mentally, having being fed zillions of data about that particular timeframe, particularly adventure movies.

"T-1069, stand ready for time distortion bubble", droned the T-8000.

"Anytime, pal", answered T-1069, who tossed a coin in the air and quickly grabbed it, "and don't worry...I'll be back."

Had the T-8000 eyes, it would have blinked: too human perhaps? or a programming flaw? But no, that wasn't possible, so it went on and pressed the button. Just as what may be man's last day turns to dusk, energy surges into the timewarping circuitry and, with a thunderclap, the T-1069 disappears in a flash of light.

T-8000 was right: there were some minor flaws in the programming. It took the job that T-8000 gave him, and got the instructions confused all to Hell. It was due to these quirks in the software that T-1069 gained its nickname: **The Indeterminator**.

From a physical point of view, model T-1069 looks like a healthy man, with leather jacket, whip, and an idiot-looking smile stamped on his face.

His plan: to build many replicas of himself and wipe out the human race by exterminating each and every woman in sight.

### Introduction for the Sisters

(to be read or paraphrased to the players)

The war against the Infidel of the Month is proceeding very well, and you, faithful sister of the Order of Our Lady of Harley Davidson, have an important patrol assignment in a small New Hope county, now inhabited only by a handful of die-hard atheists, assorted heretics, role-players and communists (they never really die, do they?).

The radio on the your Hog squeals out a message...

<<Khshhht. Holy Mother to Divine Rod 4, holy pot to Divine Rod 4, report please>>  
<<Divine Rod 4 reporting, Holy Mother. Come in.>>  
<<Great disorders are being reported in the North Beach area, along H-11 and further north. Investigate. For the eternal love of Uzi.>>  
<<Forever be it praised. Divine Rod 4 out.>>

With just a glance - the sisters in this order are not renowned for their loquacity - they make a spectacular U-turn, a few donuts and then wheelie off to North Beach.

<sup>6</sup>Bad taste is the universal language. Puns aren't, unfortunately, so you have to do without.

## First Encounter: Rise and Shine

Characters having started on the road, have their campaign equipment, vehicles, and however many Enc of gear they can weasel out of local authorities before blowing a roll.

Our heroines will reach North Beach, a small tourist town, without industries, shops or *anything* the players may think is useful. At this point, they will notice that something wrong is going on: a lot of people are lying on the street. All right, it is Sunday morning, so this isn't too out of place, but even an infidel, pagan or Ancient Dumb & Doomed™ player has something better to do than sleeping on the street on such a fine day.

Have the characters roll against Spot Obvious. If they all fail for some reason, don't tell them anything, they should figure it out themselves. Otherwise, they notice that almost every person lying in the street is both dead *and* a woman. If someone succeeded by 2 or more, they will also notice that some statues in the park are damaged, but just those with feminine features.

A closer investigation will reveal that each and every female statue has been destroyed and/or defaced.

If they look for someone, they can go to the church, which is usually is the center of power in many locales. Or, they may search the streets thoroughly. Or again, they may go to the Sancta Park.

### The Church

The local priest has barred himself inside the church and will not respond to anyone, let alone open the door willingly: it may be a good moment for the PC to use muscle power to force the door (Do 4 points of any damage to break it down) or, if they feel more finesse is needed, they may blow it open with an Uzi.

They will find the local priest hidden under the altar, holding a Bible in his hands and a bottle of bourbon in the other. If interrogated, he will say he had noticed a strange guy, armed with whip, beating up all women he saw. Someone tried to react, but didn't get any real effect (besides their own death, of course). He sent his entire CEG (Clerical Enforcing Group) to have him restrained while he did the manly thing and cowered,



but they were quickly shredded. He barred himself inside and hasn't left since. He believes there's no women in town left. There's not much the sisters can do with him. He won't leave the church and is useless in a fight. They may just report his failure in his duties to the superiors, so that he may "taken care of".

### Priest John

As the rebuilding of America progressed, the Vatican found out that someone should be assigned to civilized areas to run things. Women were much needed on the frontline, so the Pope resorted to (ugh) men. The local envoy was one of those recruited: about a year ago, he was yanked out of the seminary and thrown into this occupied village. He has currently the function of both mayor and judge and had a small group of female enforcers to help him administrate justice. He can only speak Latin and Italian and a smattering of English, so communication with the population can be a problem (not with the nuns, however). He's very shy and deferring in his manners, and has trouble getting any respect from the locals because he is a total weenie.

# More Excuses to Kill Things!

## Mean Streets

The Streets are dirty, and the whole village looks like the aftermath of a typical Schwarzenegger flick, with heaps of bodies all around, and shell casings blown into knee-deep drifts here and there. About 90% of the bodies are women, but there are some men here and there. A spot Obvious will reveal that all men are armed, whereas women not necessarily are.

After a couple of minutes of search, they will find a drunk passerby, who will somehow tell them the violent man was heading to Sancta Park. They will need an Interrogation roll (His Macho is 8) to make him speak, but his attention and hands will tend to wander if given any opportunity.

His slurred voice and drunken demeanor bely a more sinister truth. He's still sloshed, but is here with his inebriated cohorts on a mission for the Anti-Clerical Response Organization (New Yonkers Militia). An underground organization dedicated to overthrowing the Renegade Nun influence, they were passed out in a bar when the carnage occurred, and didn't actually see it happen. Oblivious to reality and just about everything else, they assume the characters are responsible, and attack.

The exact number is left to your good heart, but I'd say at least two per character given their likely attrition rate. Two of them will start with a Macho attack, popping up from nearby garbage cans (at +3 due to the surprise situation) and if they succeed in Macho'ing any characters out, the others may strike at that target with a +2 as the poor Sister or other victim just stands there with a perplexed look on their face for the first turn.

If possible, four more will try to overrun them (they currently move at speed 6). The remainder will jump from nearby windows and try to attack them from behind (but they will take 1 damage to themselves and their vehicle in so doing). This could conceivably kill them, at which point they will blow up with a Boom value of 3.

This should be just a nuisance to the characters but they may lose some Health here. After disposing of the annoyance, proceed to the Sancta Park.

## ACRONYMS

ACRONYMS look much like standard Mad Bombers. In fact they *are* Mad Bombers except that they wear a star-and-stripes gym suit, high-top sneakers, move on skateboards and only explode for a damage of 3. Their balance is precarious (they *are* drunks), so every time they move on the skateboard, there is a 1 in 6 probability that they must roll on the Crash Roll & Burn table. They also come with that unlimited bomb supply you know so well.

Strength	14
Dexterity	8
Macho	14



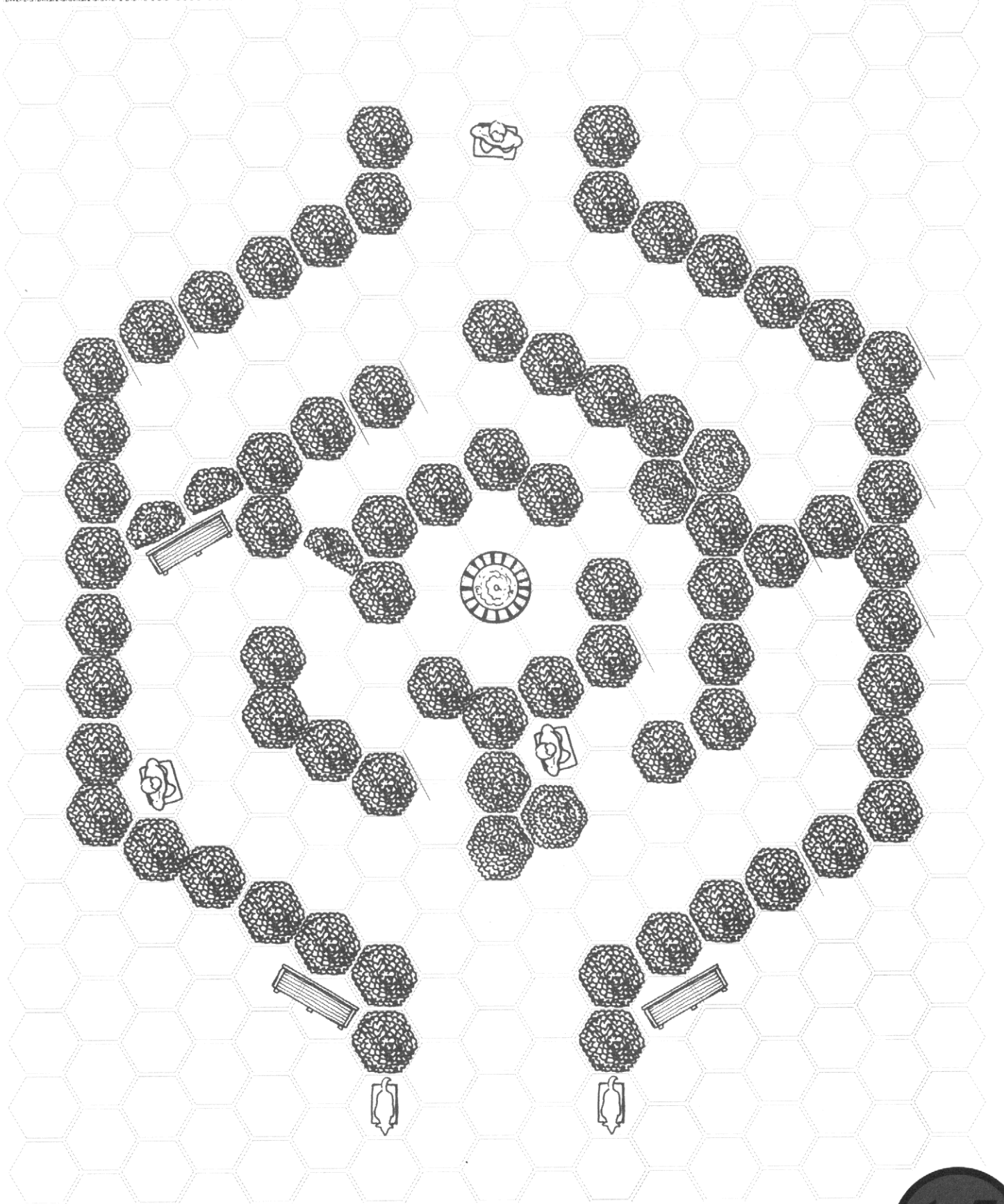
Shifting Skateboard (see appendix):  
Onboard weapon: Casull .454

## Sancta Park

At the Park, they will witness a really chilling scene: someone, running through the park, will be instantly decapitated by a long whip zapping out of "The Maze", one of the park's most famous attractions. The sisters have found their quarry. Sadly, it's not possible to get into the Maze with their bikes: they must leave them behind (and a good nun is also expected to pay 50 cents for the parking meter).

Somewhere in The Maze, the first two models of the T-1069 are waiting for them. See their sensors gleaming with eerie red lights! Hear the clicking of their perfect mechanisms! Watch as they position themselves at the best possible spots and wait! T-1069-A's are quite cunning and will cover themselves with shrubberies as a disguise, doing a quick topiary job on other bushes to act as decoys: Characters must make a Spot Obvious roll at -6 to figure out where the real Indeterminators are, unless you see one shooting at someone. Otherwise any shots go astray. If other characters are in the Maze while others are shooting in, a character will be hit if the Spot Obvious roll is failed by 5 or more.





## More Excuses to Kill Things!

The shrubberies are fairly tough. Anyone who can generate 4 points of melee damage can instead of using an action to move, use it to push through a hedgerow into an adjacent one (leaving them a free action).

Once the robots have been dealt with, the PC's could determine that this is not our technology. Aliens? Future tech maybe? Who could tell? A good Do Technical Stuff roll will determine that these are more than just cheap animatronics on steroids, but something *new* and *sinister*. Each of the two is slightly different, like they were cobbled together from weird science and old video games.



### T-1069-A

This Indeterminator variant looks really like Indiana<sup>®</sup> Jones<sup>™</sup> on the first movie, but without a gun. He's got a really sharp whip which he can use up to 3 hexes away, at no penalty. He's quick and nimble. He's not human, so he's totally immune to Macho and Looks attacks. He has an armor value of 2, and needs 2d6 to kill.

The whip is nasty!! It has the same effect as a sword (lethal DV of 3), and he uses it with a +4 ability, often at only 1 or 2 hexes range to sucker a victim in. He may also decide not to inflict any damage but to wrap the whip around the target instead: then, he'll drag it to him and start crushing it, doing 1 automatic damage per round (ignore armor). He can and must attack anything that resembles a woman. If he has to determine it (i.e. look through a disguise), he rolls against his Macho of 14. If a man attacks him, the man gets a +3 attack at first, and will be attacked less often than a woman, but will be attacked nonetheless.

Strength	14
Dexterity	14
Macho	14



### The Long and Painful Road

Our Sisters now know the dangers in which they've become involved. They will soon proceed further north. If they ask for help via radio, they won't be believed in the first place and, besides that, it won't be possible to send reinforcements for quite a long time (i.e. they must go on alone). However, if someone wants to try a Do Technical Stuff roll to make something useful from the T-1069A's, let them. However, it will retain residual personality traits of the T-1069A, and the third time the character uses it, it will fail in the worst way possible (usually doing damage to the character).

You, the Mother Superior, may leave them some time to heal some wounds, say a round of Patch Things Up, depending on how severely they were beaten in North Beach.

Travelling north-bound along Holyway H-11, they'll find more and more destroyed cars, always with women drivers. Suddenly, out from behind a billboard, three 2-wheeled centaurs will come out, driving very fast. The sisters will recognize them, they've got the same facial features as the T-1069's they had a run-in with back at the park. Well, there are minor differences: they're armed with a machete, have extensible spikes on the wheels, but they're just as deadly. Since we wanted a neat illustration in the opposite column, you have to draw your own map for this one...

If the sisters are dressed as men (remember, Nuns are always unskilled in Pretend & Lie), the robots will not attack at first. They will scan each of them, one per turn, with their Macho of 14. Then, only those targets successfully recognized as females will be attacked.

But to make things more complicated, a turn later a group of Hell's Angels will appear at the next turn of the road.

Abraham Peterhampton Hollingsworthington Jr. (their leader) has decided it's the perfect time for a happy fight (he's always been a sucker for fighting women, starting with the one who gave him such a disgusting name). There will be exactly one Hell's Angel for each player, plus one for each for each T-1069, plus Abraham. They will attack in group, one target each, and they will stick to their target unless it falls to the ground, in which case the Angel will randomly select a different target. If no target is on wheels, they will conduct direct charges on people on foot. And remember, Indys will attack them less frequently than our nuns. The Hell's Angels will go for the characters first, but will engage anyone who attacks them, or the T-1069's if they happen to be convenient targets for a melee attack. These NPC's are pretty competent, but being ex-Yuppies, have unusual names and tastes (the Angels were really scraping the bottom of the barrel for new recruits). These brie-eating, color-coordinated, blow-dried ex-stockbrokers are known to play pretty rough when nuns try to muscle in on their territory.



#### Nouveau Hell's Angels

What with gasoline and spare parts becoming scarce and expensive, the once elitist Angels were forced to let in Beemer-riding yuppies just to pay the bills. By some unknown legal wrangling, these new recruits acquired the trademark of the bikers and then bought them out in a hostile takeover. The disgusted ex-Angels, restricted by a restraining order, packed up and moved to Mexico. The Nouveau Angels took their place on the highways, tossing fancy brown mustard into passing vehicles, smuggling hair mousse, and running black market discount brokerages.

Strength 13  
 Dexterity 13  
 Macho 14  
 Vehicle: Killer Cycle



They do everything with +0 skill, and have unlimited mustard bombs. These do 1 point of lethal damage if thrown, or obscure vehicle visibility for a turn if aimed for that purpose.

**More  
Excuses  
to Kill  
Things!**

**T-1069-B**

Still looking like Indiana Jones<sup>®™</sup>, but dressed as Dennis Hopper in Easy Rider. They've got a knife (+4 ability). This model has an intrinsic armor of 1 and have a god-like Drive things ability of +5, which allows it to play pretty wild stunts (attacking while driving etc.). If he finds someone on the road, he usually drives through him/her.

Strength	14
Dexterity	14
Macho	n/a



In addition, Indys may attack an adjacent hex with the spiked wheels. They Attack using the Drive Things ability, no penalty for own movement, and an extra penalty for the Drive things ability of the target (they get +3 vs. unskilled drivers). If the roll is made, the driver must roll on the Crash, Roll and Burn Table at +1. If Indy fails the roll by 4 or more (or on a roll of 17 or 18), it will be the one to roll the die at -1. The T-1069-B has the same restrictions on women as the previous model.



**Showdown at Surfer's Bay**

Again, if you're soft headed~~headed~~ hearted, you can let the nuns recover some Health from the battle (2-3 points should do). Any devices or special abilities that need to "recharge" between adventures are assumed to do so. They can report to the NYPD, but hear over the radio that no more help is available.

"Hey, you think we got an unlimited supply of NPC's around here? Go find your own cannon fodder!"

With the combats and travelling and union-mandated prayer stops, it will get towards nightfall before the characters arrive anywhere useful, and even Macho Women have to sleep sometime. An abandoned rest stop can provide shelter for the night, and enough stale Twinkies to feed everyone can be gotten from a partially vandalized snack machine on a Do Technical Stuff roll at -3. Otherwise, any character whose campaign equipment doesn't have some sort of food or beverage will be at -1 Looks and Macho on the next day due to being irritable and hungry.

Let the characters make plans on who is staying on watch, and what precautions they are taking. This sort of serious consideration should be penalized if at all possible. Anyone staying awake late on watch should have to make a Health roll to keep from dozing off. If they do, the evil rest stop gnomes will glue their melee weapons to their sheaths, and glue weapon clips or bullets into their weapons (making reloading impossible). Then, while the character is asleep, hand a meaningless note to another player, which has an admonition that if they tell what is on it, they will lose an experience point. This way, if the affected character gets suspicious and checks their weapons, they'll think another player was in on it (rest stop gnomes are clever devils...).

Once all the cautious and pragmatic characters have been suitably penalized, the next day will dawn uneventfully, and the characters can proceed to the next town on the map, a small place called Surfer's Bay. It is slightly bigger than the previous towns, and for those who need a number, say it has "a lot". The people here are perfectly normal, though a bit scared by the news. If the sisters head north again, they will find that death and destruction start again along the H-11, but the incidents become rarer further north.

## The Silicone Ventures building

One way or the other, the PC must get here to go on. The front door is locked and opening it will require a some work (Do Technical Stuff at -3) to find the unlocked loading dock in the back. On a Spot Obvious roll, they will notice blood on the floor and that the door has been forced). When they get in, they'll notice a guard and the owner, or at least enough parts to be them anyway (blech!). This disturbing scene is solely for ruining the appetite of any players or characters with the Squeamish disad, and such characters will spend the rest of the encounter checking to make sure they got all the gunk off the bottom of their shoes. This will be a -1 on all Spot Obvious rolls.

After a corridor full of offices, they will enter the main working area.

They'll see heavy machines, rusted metal scraps, microchips.. and nope, not a single blast furnace or vat of molten metal! We've had plenty of them in Al\*en 3 and T\*rminator 2: yes, while we aren't any better than the average screenplay writer, we hope we can deliver you more suspense on the final act...

However, after an extensive search of the main working area, it is clear that the baddie is nowhere to be found. Just an instant before they give up hope (they never should, by the way) a machine gun will fire on them. It's "just" a plain machine gun firing from the wall. It fires with a total expertise of 14, and delivers 3 damage upon a hit. It is self rearming, self aiming, self firing, but not self conscious: just a little piece of hardware engineered by our Indys.

You can't fool it, it senses sense body heat, unless you have thermal vision and figure out places to hide from it (make it take a -3 to hit). But you can blow it away, it only has an armor of 1 and is killed on a 1d6 roll, although you must accept a penalty of -3 to hit it (with ranged weapons only), due to its small size.

A brief examination will reveal that the wires from it go directly down to the cellar, so they must find the entrance first. There is a sign telling "to the cellar", but isn't that too plain and obvious? Maybe it's a trap? To find it out, make a Spot Obvious for the sisters:

It shouldn't be that difficult, even for microencephalic munchkins, to figure out that the Very Bad Guy is in Surfers Bay, but where?

If they were smart, they could have taken along the posineutronic brain of one of the previous Indeterminators, but we didn't mention that until now for fear that you would give hints to the players. By interfacing this incredibly complex futuristic device with an academic mainframe, sophisticated personal computer or even a cheap digital watch (Do Technical Stuff, with a +3) they will find a note in the software saying "Manufactured by Silicone Ventures, Surfer Bay". Silicon Ventures is the one big industry in Surfer Bay, just to make things easy.

Investigation will reveal that the plant has been closed for several days, for no apparent reason. The employees have been told its closed for "refurbishing" and that they've got a paid holiday until the work is done.

If the characters are still clueless, direct them to the shunned house near the train station and the North Church. Apparently some ACRONYMs have been summoning Really Old Unspeakable Things to do away with the characters. Then trounce the characters badly for their denseness, have them spend a few adventures in some other dimension, and then dump them back here when they've figured out where to find the T-1069.



## More Excuses to Kill Things!

a) Failed: They miss the sign. Too bad. They must access the main computer (Do Technical Stuff) decrypt the 78 character password and bypass the military-grade encryption system (Do Technical Stuff, with a +3) and state in plain English what they're looking for (Do Technical Stuff with a -6). Note that the computer used to belong to a major on-line service, and any use of profanity will automatically delete any request made.

If all else fails, the players must devise their own solution, or Indy-X will escape through the vent hatch in the basement and force the characters into an even more frustrating adventure later.

b) Made by 2 or less. They see the sign and they just go down. They cannot devise any plan and just go downstairs. The GM should make hints about the bad things that happen to people who plan too much.

c) Made by 3 or more. They realize it *must* be a trap, based on the circumstantial evidence that the sign is written in dried blood. Let the characters spend as much time as they want figuring out a plan. About halfway through let one of them notice a camera on the wall that follows their every move.

The only stairs down to the basement are booby-trapped. The first one is sawed through, and anyone who steps on it wrenches an ankle (lose 1 Health). The second has contact cement on it, the third is greased, the fourth is electrified, the fifth is covered with mousetraps, the sixth seems to open into another dimension, the seventh drops tar and feathers from the ceiling, the eighth drops a grenade at the *top* of the stairs (goes off 1 turn later), the ninth drops a grenade at the *bottom* of the stairs, and the last stair before you get to the bottom has a big red bullseye on it, but is perfectly safe. If characters avoid most of these, hope they forget about it after the adventure is over and they are walking back up...

Indy is in the cellar, but he's not alone. He has made another 3 copies of himself (but one's still incomplete). As soon as he is alerted, he'll know he can't beat everyone (unless there's just two sisters left). His main objective will be escaping through the vent hatch. He needs several turns to open it and one to go up and he can't fire or attack while doing this.

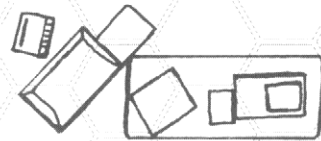
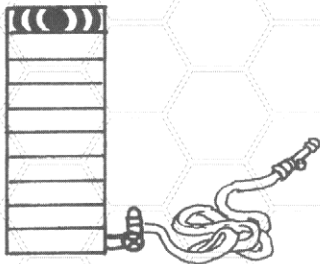
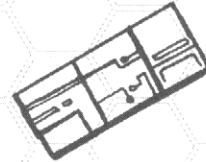
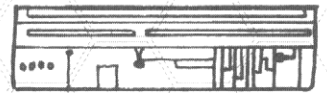
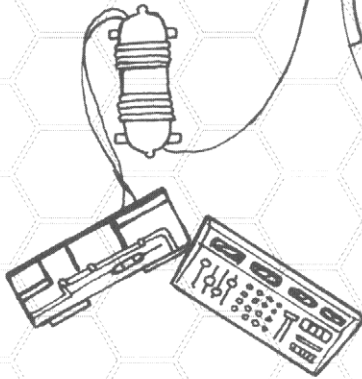
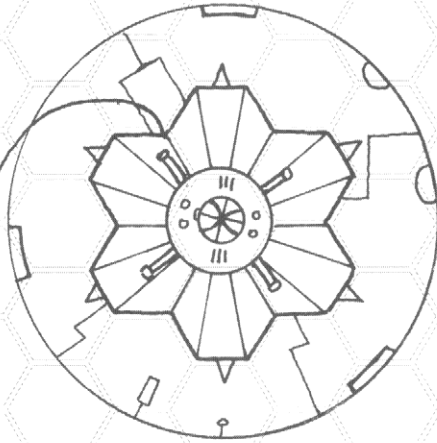
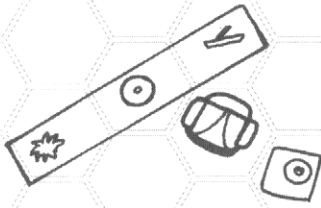
His remaining replicas will cover him, sacrificing themselves (how touching). Other interesting things he may do are: overthrow a library stand (attacks all in marked area at once at 14 ability, only 1 damage but lose a turn to stand up) use the firehose next to the stairs (attacks up to 3 targets up to 6 hexes away, no damage but make a Dexterity roll to stand up and a Macho roll not lose a turn to freshen your make-up).

### Help! I'm trapped in a plot device!

Last, there is a sinister-looking electronic and mechanical contraption in the middle of the floor. The first character who approaches to within 2 hexes of this is suddenly snared by metallic tentacles and trussed up quite inescapably. The device then extrudes a number of evil-looking robot arms, each tipped with some sort of scalpel, cutting torch, electric saw or whatever, and the tentacles slowly drag the helpless character to an inescapable doom.

That is, unless another character intervenes to help out. Nasty machinery is all around the trapped character, making attempts to deactivate it difficult, but physical attempts to free the trapped character just might work if the character does nothing else. However, this contraption is not called a plot device for nothing. After the GM has secretly assigned modifiers on the task, the character can roll on whatever they attempt, and the roll will fail. Sometimes, they "just missed by 1", sometimes by a lot. If this sounds deliberately frustrating, it's supposed to be. The only thing the machine actually does is tie up one character and take another one out of the combat in the rescue attempt. Of course, if no one helps the trapped character for 3 consecutive turns, the victim gets sliced and diced by 1d6 Damage 5 attacks and then released.

As a final *coup de scene*, when Indy-X is down or escaped, you may have the yet unfinished robot take a gun on the table and fire. It will never move before this action. Yes, you've seen this already but it always works.



# More Excuses to Kill Things!

## T-1069-X

Looks like Indiana<sup>®</sup> Jones<sup>®</sup> (but you guessed this already, right?) He uses a gun with a +4 ability and has an armor of 4. He's quick, strong and intelligent, too. The sisters should have some problems in getting rid of him. He's got none of the limitations of his clones regarding attacks on women. Has 4 points of armor vs. all types of attacks, but only takes 1d6 to kill. But, he has a distressing tendency to keep coming back from the dead. After each kill, he will lay motionless for 1d6 turns while his internal systems reset and activate backup circuitry. Then, he will get up, looking somewhat worse for wear and go back to what he was doing. He will lose partial use of one limb and 2 points of Dexterity each time this happens, and will continue to be obnoxious until he has been killed for the fourth time, at which point he will collapse in a pile a scrap metal and both look and be conclusively dead.

Strength	16
Dexterity	16
Macho	16



He has a very warped mind (even as robots go) and he fancies himself as the saviour of the robot race. He likes talking and does not like organic beings. He is armed with a Carnage Assault Weapon and the previously described nasty whip.

### Other Indeterminators

Same as the T-1069A, with a +2 shoot little guns ability and nothing more (just cannon fodder anyway). The unfinished one only has Strength 8 and cannot move. They are armed only with Desert Eagle pistols.

## Aftermath

There may be three possible outcomes of the scenario.

- The sisters made it. They destroyed each and every robot and therefore saved mankind. They can now relax and return to their duties. And then the real reward kicks in: they just won a free pilgrimage journey to Rome to visit the Pope...  
In addition to normal experience, award them 2 points each, and 2 more points to the player you think played best (whatever that may mean).
- Model X escaped. Well, they did their best, who can blame them? They will resume patrol as usual. Maybe the GM will bless them again with a new encounter with him so they can even the score... Award them 1 extra point each, and 1 more point to the player you think played best, if any.
- The sisters were all destroyed. Well, maybe their best wasn't enough, eh? Be a bastard and gloat about what weenies they all were. On the other hand, any GM that wipes out an entire group of characters is going to be buying dinners for other players for a *long* time... Unless you, the GM, want to endure the ordeal of writing a sequel to this nonsense, slowly all women (and subsequently the human race) on the planet will be eradicated. But look at the good side of it: no more pollution, no more wars, no more presidential elections, no more TV... Looks like you will need a new set of characters with long memories and bigger guns to take on the encroaching threat.



## Appendix I The Order of Our Lady of Harley Davidson

If a sister is expelled from the Order, she loses any advantages connected to it (the bike & the weapons) and cannot ever rejoin the order.

### Basic Description of the Order and its hopes

The Order was founded a few years ago, before the outbreak of the war. A sister on a Pilgrimage in Wisconsin fell through a weak spot into a buried building. There she had a vision, in which Our Lady ordered her to embrace the way of arms and to prepare for the dark days to come. Waking, she found an ancient V-twin in mint condition, and with it, drove out of the ruins. It was immediately declared a holy place, and Sister Jane went to the world and spread the good news. It's not surprising that Milwaukee is one of the Vatican's main military objectives.

### How to become a member

First you have to be expelled from an order, else you're no 'renegade nun', right? Upon entry of the seminary (formerly "Police Academy") the member must undergo a severe ritual of cleansing and fasting. Next, she will be instructed to the basic techniques for dealing with infidels (kill them all, let God sort them out), and a thorough course of mechanics applied to combat. In a few weeks the member will also become proficient with vehicles. After the full 12 months of study, the member will take the final oath ("Ora et Motora") and will sent directly overseas to one of the colonies. Often, they will receive a direct blessing from the Pope. In rare cases it is possible to be expelled even from this order. It requires a major offense (such as sexual deviation, driving Hondas or Yamahas and similar atrocities) and an order from the sister's direct superior.

### Down to Earth

In game terms, it means that our character, if she's to be a member of the Order, has to pay 30 points and abide to the limitations which follow. (i.e. they start with 40 points). She'll receive the prescribed equipment & skills and, in addition, she can have campaign equipment and three 0 Enc items which may vary between adventures, but no more...ever.

If the equipment is lost between adventures, it is immediately replaced at the start of the following one, after the usual week of fasting and prayer. This also applies to the 0 Enc Items.

### The Harley Davidson Holy Cross HC-2P (17 points) (Customized for use in occupied America)

	Cost	Space	Weight
Wheels	2	-4	0
Engine (40)	2	2	0
Seats	1	1	1
Armor (10)	5	0	5
Bumpers	2	0	2
Glow in the dark Dash Deity	2	0	0
Useless Holy Squawk Box	1	0	0
Useless Catalytic converter	1	0	0
Weapon (Colt CAW, front arc)	1	1	1

Armor: Allot 8 points as desired  
Cost: 17 Speed: 31: Acc: 4: Dec: 7,

### Other 'standard' equipment:

Bulletproof habit  
Spiked crucifix  
Rosary  
Holy Hand Grenade  
3 Enc in weapons (player choice)  
3 zero Enc campaign items

### Other limitations and advantages:

May only take advantages & disadvantages open to Nuns and excluding Outlaw and Vow of Violence.  
May not buy equipment (with Proselytize).  
Gets Drive Things at +2 free of charge  
Gets Combat Genuflection at +0 free of charge

**Total cost:** 30 points for vehicle, equipment and skills

# More Excuses to Kill Things!

## Shifting Skateboards

Due to some arcane technologies (commonly referred to as Muscle Power™), ACRONYMs are able to use these vehicle that apparently do not have a propelling device. Scientists are working on it, but are still baffled by the item. True, they're no fast runners, but they can be really useful in the street.

They can be manned or womyned by any individual and has a top speed of their Strength or Dexterity minus the vehicle weight (5). However, the technology is so alien that one is required to pass a "Do Technical Stuff" roll at -3 the first time it is used in order to avoid landing on your ass. Skateboard Acc rate is always 1, and can always make a full stop. Note, these vehicles never explode, they just pop their bearings and skid to a stop.

	Cost	Space	Weight
Wheels	2	-4	0
Engine (0)	0	0	0
Seats	1	1	1
Armor (2)	1	0	1
Safety bumpers	2	2	2
Useless beer storage	1	0	0

Armor: 2 points on front  
 Cost: 7: "Speed": 8: Acc: 1: Dec: 8.



## PlugCycle

The PlugCycle is a monstrosity of power. To save space, the Indeterminators simply removed the seat and now sits on a sort of...err...plug-in device..that inserts into...uhmm...an artificial cavity on the backbone. Anyway, you must be a robot to do this so please *do not try this at home!*

	Cost	Space	Weight
Wheels	2	-4	0
Engine (60)	3	3	0
Armor (16)	8	0	8
Seats	0	0	0
Safety bumpers	2	0	2
Useless repair kit	1	0	0
Melee spikes (damage of 2)	1	1	1

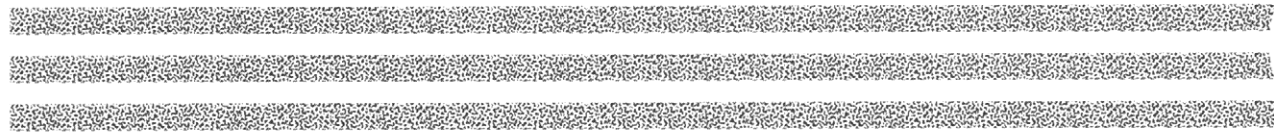
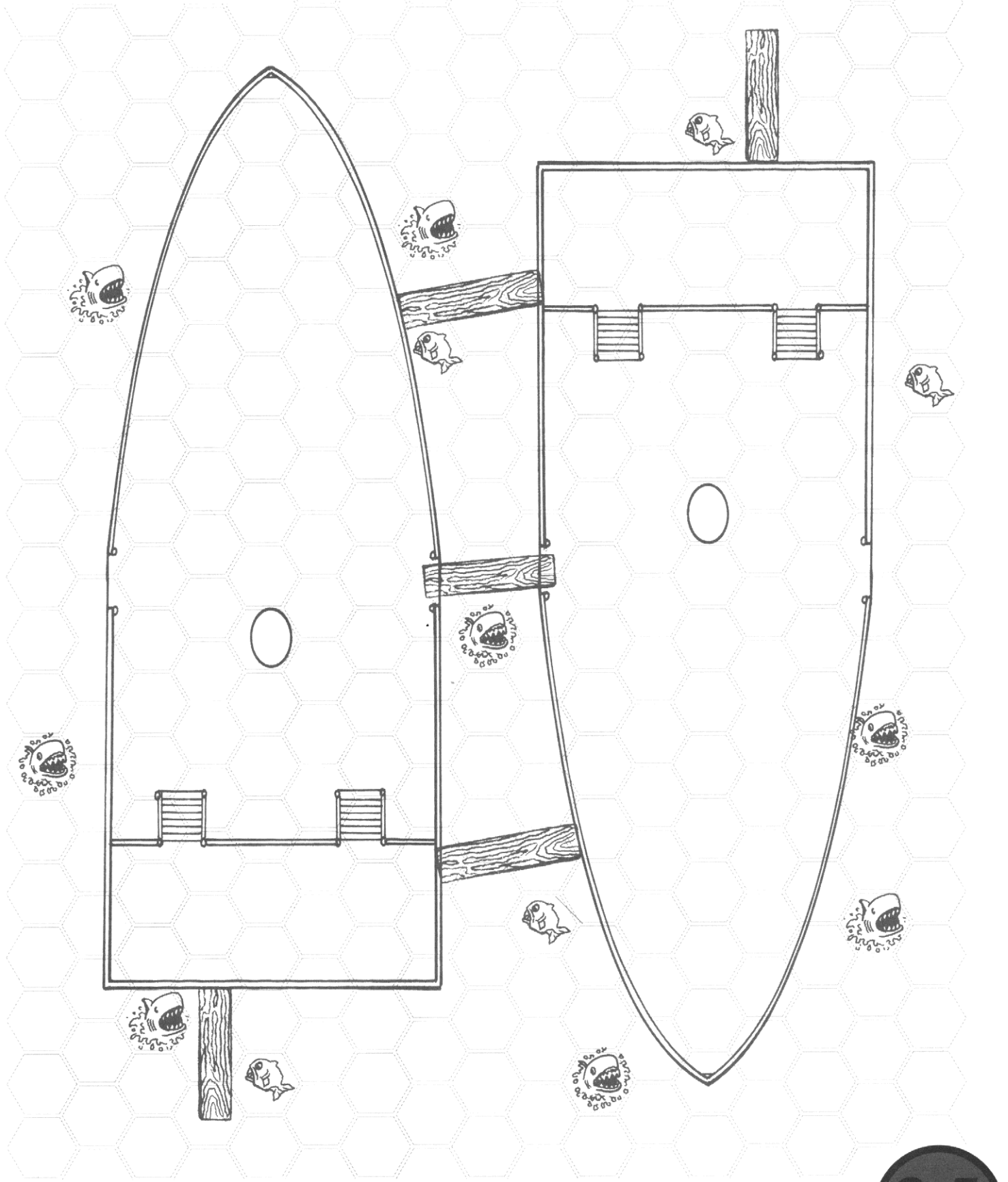
Armor: 8 points front, 6 points rear, 2 points on top & bottom

Cost: 17: Power: 49: Acc: 5: Dec: 10.

## Troubleshooting

Many things may happen during this adventure. I can name just a few:

- 1) Too many deaths. Reduce the number of enemies.
- 2) Too easy. Reverse hint no. 1, i. e. pour in some more enemies.
- 3) The plot drags along. Don't you have some "wandering monsters table" around? They're perfect to add some spice to the game. roll a die, and say loudly "how unlucky! A [roll result]! This means 6 evil [fill with monster name you like, possibly deadly] have found you. Defend yourself". This may mean the end of the adventure, but may be real fun provided you can outrun the players.
- 4) Need reinforcements (maybe some new player jumped in). Obviously, you can have some reinforcement "pass by", but it's much better if you link them to the plot. Stupid justifications are essential here.
- 5) Almost wiped out. You can save them by letting the cavalry arrive, 3 or 4 more nuns. You should do this only if you are on the last encounter. You'll probably like to cut the final reward.
- 6) Insert more slapstick. This adventure smacks too much of seriousness as is, so any incongruous occurrence is sure to improve the situation.



# More Excuses to Kill Things!

## Ship to Ship Mass Massacre

(the tactical game)

Each ship has 350 points to be distributed between 4 to 10 Macho Women. Only one woman on each side (the Captain) is allowed to get ads or disads (up to 20 points). Swinging is an exception. All women can buy this ability.

**Special rules** - All women make separate trips to the armory and do not get to share equipment. Only melee or low-tech weapons are allowed. To cross a water hex, you must either use a plank (Dex roll for each hex), jump the distance (Dex roll with a minus of the number of hexes jumped), or use Swinging skill. Failure means you fall into the water (roll random scatter until you get a water hex) and can't climb out until you are adjacent to an empty hex on your move, and make a Dex roll. You can swim 1 hex per turn on a Dex roll.

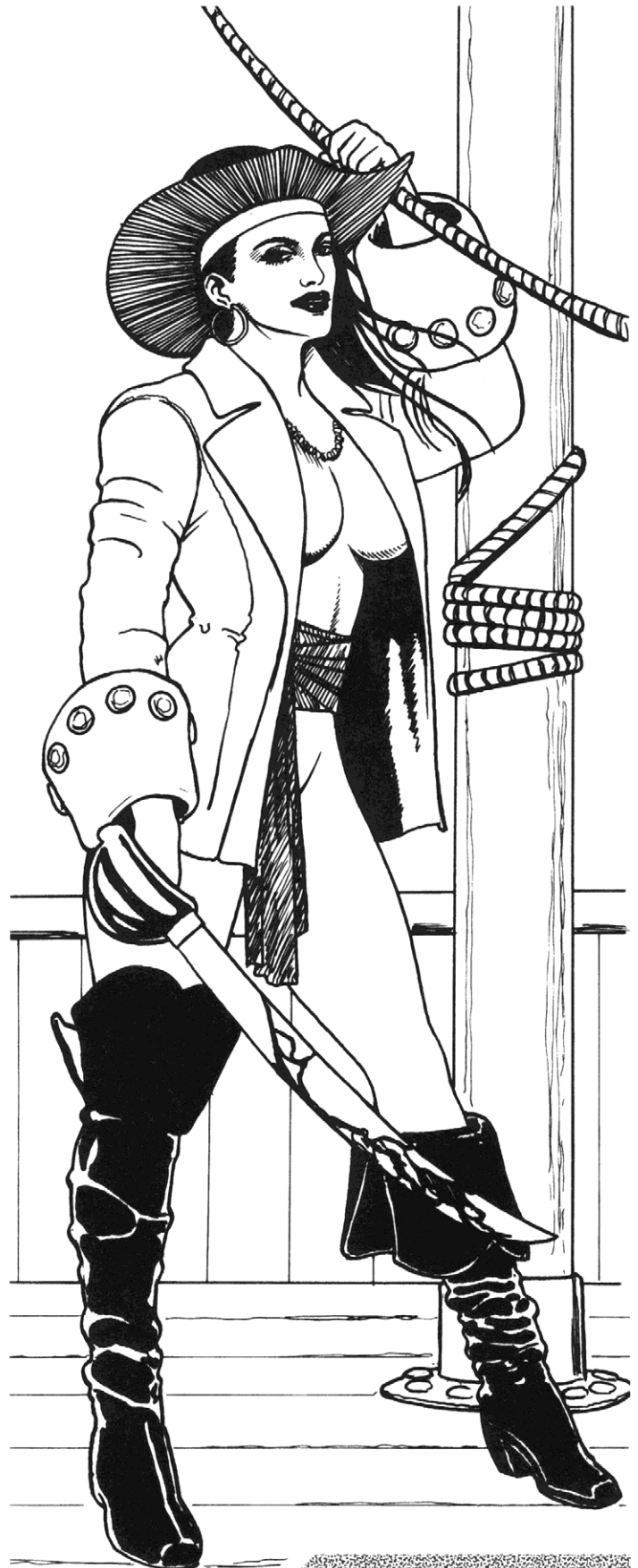
If you fall into or swim through a shark hex, you take 1 attack to a random location, with a damage of 1d6. If you fall into or swim through a piranha hex, you take 1d6 attacks with a damage of 1, rolling location for each.

The upper level hexes can only be reached by the stairs or connecting planks, and anyone being attacked on the stairs from above takes a -2 on their attacks or blocks, while people swinging from the upper level to a lower one get a +2 to their rolls for the height advantage.

**Stupid Tricks** - Once in the game, each player gets to do a "stupid trick". The stupid trick works, of course, and the character that is attempting the trick gets a +1d6 or -1d6 on any one roll that they haven't made yet.

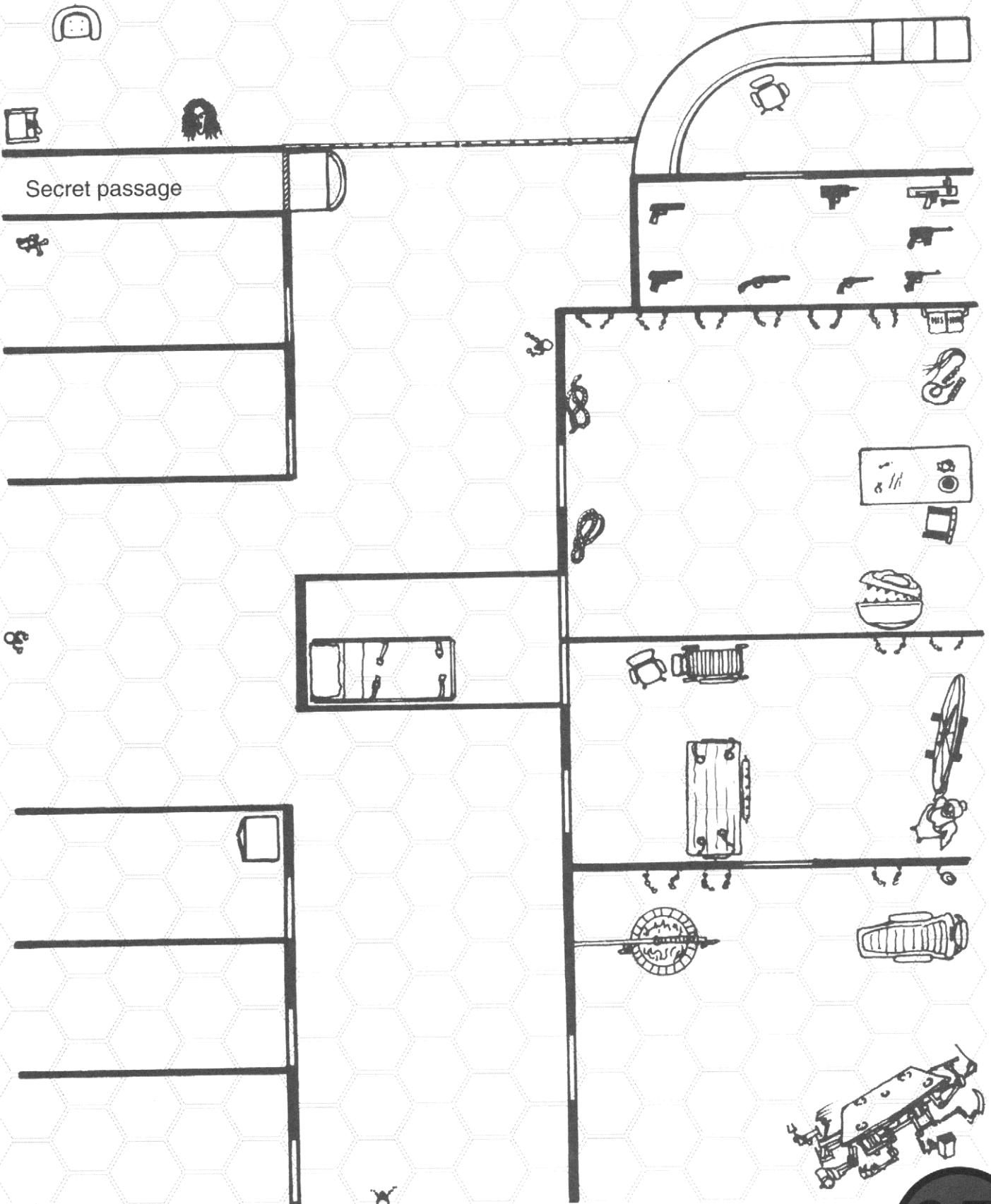
### Victory conditions?

Whoever is the sole survivor wins. If no damage is done for 5 consecutive turns, the side with the highest remaining Health wins.



Elevators

To rest rooms





## Invasion of Nazi Nurse Headquarters (the tactical game)

Each side (Nazi Nurses and Commandoes) has 350 points to distribute between 4 to 10 Macho Women. Only one woman on each side (the Commander) is allowed to get ads or disads (up to 20 points). Sadism is an exception. All Nazi Nurses get this for free, whether they like it or not.

The commandoes specify before the scenario whether their goal is the liberation of a prisoner or the execution of the Nazi Nurse commander. In the former case, the Nazi Nurse player secretly writes down which room the prisoner is in. The Nazi player *cannot* kill the prisoner. They can, however, torture the poor soul to within an inch of their life, and set the prisoner's Health at anywhere from 2 to 10.

Two nurses set up at the reception desk, the commander in a torture room, and the rest can be anywhere outside the secret passage. The commandoes secretly choose whether they come through the elevators or secret passage (or both), and the Nazi Nurse player secretly notes whether the gate is open or locked. It takes the Nazi Nurse Commander 1 turn to open the gate if it is locked, and she must be at the gate to do so. She is the only one who can open the gate.

Each woman gets equipment from the armory separately, and no futuristic weapons are allowed. Commandoes cannot blow holes to enter the map except from the elevator or secret passage.

**Special rules** - All movable furniture items (chairs, IV stands) are no hindrance to movement, and may be used for +1 damage in melee combat (2 Enc). Non-movable furniture (cabinets, beds, tables) costs like 2 hexes of movement to move into, but provides +1 AV from all attacks. Chains, ropes, etc. provide no cover and cannot be moved.

Half hexes may be used for movement.

The vending machine requires small change and a Do Technical Stuff roll (with a -3) in order to be used. It dispenses a single 0 Enc item of the players choice on a successful roll.

The gun cabinet has one random modern gun from the **Macho Women** rules in each hex. The Missile hex has one modern weapon of the players choice.

The restrooms may be used to provide a 5 turn respite from combat, but all 5 turns must be used.

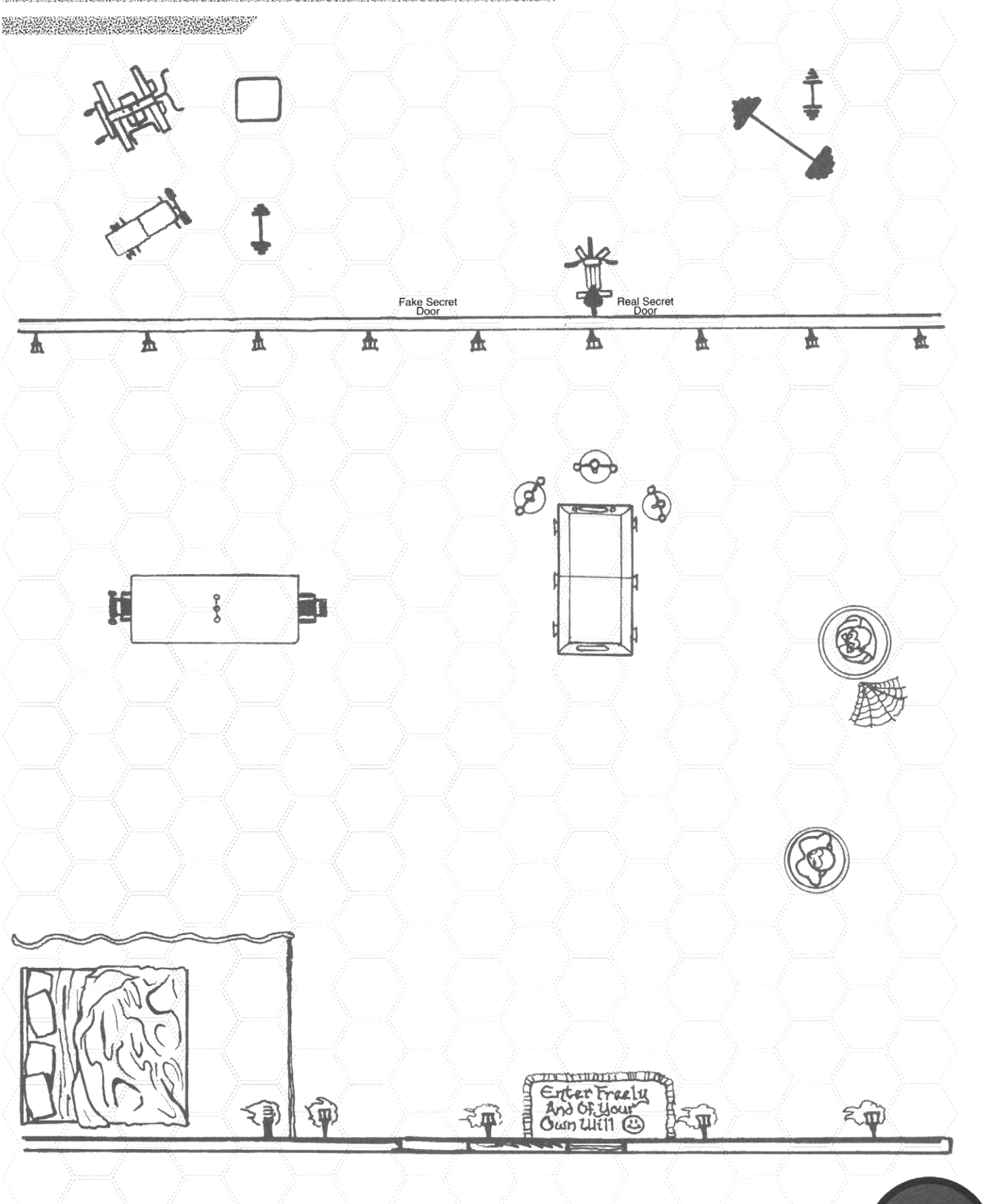
Walls or bars have an AV of 6, windows have an AV of 3. Doors are self-closing and require 1 turn adjacent to open (no movement). Holding cells are self-locking and the locks have an AV of 3 (4 points in 1 hit to shatter).

The hostess is a topheavy bimbo for taking damage (Health of 10), but otherwise does nothing but spin the wheel of torture.

The flame pit does Damage 5 to anyone who falls in, but their writhing contortions will put out the fire.

The Iron Maiden does three Damage 2 attacks to anyone who moves into its hex (pressure plate slams it shut on them).

The Nazi Nurse player cannot move any unit until the commando player brings a unit into line of sight of one of the nurses. The turn sequencing starts for all units at that instant (treat the spotting as the start of a new turn).



## More Excuses to Kill Things!

### Vengeance (the tactical game)

A group of armed women, angry to discover that Countess Dracula has seduced their husbands and drained their bank accounts (among other things), decides to track her down and get revenge.

**Special rules** - The women set up at the top of the stairs, and as housewives may only have little guns or knives, but any armor they can lay their hands on. They are normal 75 point characters, with up to 20 points of disadvantages.

The Countess Dracula has multiple setup choices. She can either start in the bed, the coffin, or disguised as the statue of herself. Her counter may remain hidden until the appropriate hex is successfully attacked, or a character moves to an adjacent hex to look, or she moves or attacks.

The traps must be moved onto by the lead character unless they make a successful Spot Obvious roll with a -2 (from an adjacent hex). If successful, no one is affected. If failed, a random character takes damage and everyone else avoids it. The trap does an attack to a random location with a damage of 1d6. The same trap spotting applies to the welcome mats. On a 1-3, the mat automatically opens the secret door, releasing the sexists. On a 4-6 the mat trips any outside trap hex a character is standing on, attacking those hexes only.

The Countess has a 15 for each stat, plus the advantages of Evil Powers, Flame Touch (2 levels), Fangs (2 points lethal in melee) and Vampirism (all lethal melee damage she does increases her Health). Her disadvantages are a Personal Weakness towards sunlight, crosses, garlic and Anne Rice novels. Her skills are Distort Reality (+2), Grab Stuff (+2), Hit Things (+4) and Shoot little guns (+0).

Once per game she can use a Macho Attack to hypnotize an opponent. The Macho attack is at -4, and if successful the opponent is under her control for as many turns as the roll was made by. The opponent will not commit suicide, but will throw away weapons if commanded and cannot defend themselves.

The Countess can automatically use the Secret Door, the attackers must make a successful Look Around roll to find it (and a Do Technical Stuff roll with a -5 to seal it). Inside the Men's Health Spa are 1d6 Salivating Sexists under the control of the Countess. These are set up before play.

The coffin, weights, exercycles, statues, cobwebs and bed all provide some cover from guns, and fire into or through those hexes takes an additional -1 modifier. The torches are Enc 1 items, and can be used for a lethal melee damage of 1.

For balance, subtract 1 from the Countess' stats for each attacker less than 4, and add 1 for each stat higher than 4, along with an additional Salivating Sexist and 1 Lawyer per 3 sexists. As an option, the Countess may setup the trapped hexes anywhere she wants, so long as the total number is the same.

#### Victory Conditions

The Countess wins if all the women are killed. It is a draw if she can escape through one of the exits, and the women win if they kill the Countess.





# Showdown on Omnicron Delta-IVa

A Solo Scenario for **Macho Women With Guns**  
by Brian & Tracy Barrow & Greg Porter

## The Setting

You play a lone Macho Woman, sent to investigate a new genetic research complex on Omnicron Delta-IVa. The rules in this scenario are set for a Macho Woman character, but you can play the role of a Renegade Nun or Bat-Winged Bimbo. In the far future, all types of people are able to be a Cosmic Marine, even dumb women with wings.

## What you need

All you will need to play this is your character sheet, dice, a pencil and some scrap paper. You may also use a map and counters if it will make you feel better. Better yet, buy a complete set of **Macho Women** miniatures and have a field day!

## How to play this

This scenario should be played using one player and the GM. In this way, any snappy dialogue and playing options may be retained, something not commonly found in solo-scenarios.<sup>7</sup>

It must first be noted that you should *not* read this scenario from start to finish. The scenario is divided into Paragraphs. At the bottom of each one, you will find a set of choices. By using these choices, you will go from section to section; sometimes encountering a critter or having to perform some other task. In this case, the choice you make is determined by whether you succeed the roll or not. In the best governmental tradition, assume that anything not expressly mentioned is forbidden. Specifically, you may not use a non-combat skill unless specifically given that option.

## Hint

The location and event paragraphs make up a regular map that a smart person would keep track of on a separate sheet of paper, just so they avoided running into painful paragraphs more than once.

<sup>7</sup>It might also be noted that without a GM, you are just playing with yourself...

## Solo Combat

If, when encountering a critter, you succeed on your attack roll by rolling a 3, you immediately get to make another attack attempt. This is to compensate for the loss of other players. So, if you succeed in hitting an Alienses by rolling a 3, the Alien does not get to counter-attack. Instead, you make another attack attempt.

For critters, they will attack with whatever skill they have. So, an Alienses has a +4 Hit Things Skill. This is Dex-based. Using a Dexterity attack will give it the +4 Skill. If you have a GM, they will decide how the Critter will attack. Without a GM, critters just make generic attacks, even if they are futile.

After you roll to see if you hit, check Damage to the critter immediately. If another critter is there, it will attack after the first one is dead. Critters in solo scenarios only attack one at a time. It should be noted that critters can also benefit from the successful Oops! roll, meaning *you* lose a turn.

If you roll an 18 on an attack roll, you miss and the critter now gets to make an attack attempt at a +2 to hit. If it rolls an 18, it dies of embarrassment.

**Example** - Dee Kupp hits an Alienses using a knife, doing a total of 3 damage. She has a Hit Things With Other Things of 12, and rolls a 3! She hits the Alienses, and rolls to see if it dies. And, she automatically gets to roll again for another attack, being that she rolled 3. On the flipside, Susi Sexxy has a final Hit Things score of 19, and rolls an 18. She misses, and the critter now gets a free attack at a +2.

Grenades and explosives are assumed to go off at range of 1, and do so at the end of the 3rd round *after* you throw them, damaging whatever foe you are currently engaging. If there are multiple targets, you may hit 2 at a range of 2 each, 3 at a range of 3 each, or 4 at a range of 4 each.

## Equipment

The equipment that can be used will be chosen from the sections of Neato High-Tech Guns, Neato High-Tech Armor, Melee Weapons, and Other Things. Renegade Nuns may also choose from Ecclesiastical Weapons and Armor. You may have a total of 6 Enc of equipment of various kinds, remembering that three Enc 0 items count as Enc 1.

# More Excuses to Kill Things!

The adventure begins...

1

It's a lovely Saturday afternoon, and you're sitting on the couch fixing your nails, watching some very lame Beavis & Stimpie cartoons. You've just returned from a two year tour of duty with the Cosmic Marines, and you've been anxiously awaiting the vacation time that you've earned. You decide your best bet now is to go take a bath (long overdue), and you head off to the bathroom to start the water.



Just as you are about to shut the door, the VideoPhone™ rings. You debate answering it, but it gets the best of you, being designed expressly to create annoying noises, and tough enough to withstand the resultant abuse it gets. Grunting in displeasure, you go over and flip the phone on. Looking at the Priority Indicator, you can see that it's an extremely urgent call. The monitor comes on, and you see an old woman, dirtied and scarred. Explosions ring out behind her.

“Help... You're... only hope... Got control of... aliens... colonists... captur...”

The transmission then goes dead. Another face appears, younger and a lot more stern. She somewhat resembles Hitler in his early years, but with less fuzz on her upper lip. You recognize her as your commanding officer.

“Good day, ma'am!” you snap, standing up straight, saluting (and dropping your towel). “What the hell was that all about?”

“It's a transmission from a small research colony on the planet Omnicron Delta-Four”, she replies. “Received it just this morning, and that's all we got before the signal went dead. We want you to go to Omnicron Delta-Four and determine why communication with them is lost.”

“But Sarge,” you grunt, “I've got two months vacation coming. I just got back from a two-year tour, and I haven't even been home a day yet.”

“I know,” she responds, “Since we owe you the most vacation time, sending you on a dangerous mission means we're less likely to have to pay you for it. That's what you get for racking up more vacation time than death benefits. But, this *is* an emergency situation, and you *are* under obligation...”

What do you say?

\*If you accept, go to 59

\*If you do not accept, go to 26

2 As Bthulhu laughs in defiance, you take close aim at his reptilian-like eye. Without distractions from the Alienses, you make your shot.

Roll your Dexterity + any skills appropriate, with a -3 “Called Shot”.

\*If you succeed, go to 41

\*If you fail, shot misses. Go to 65

3 Well, you don't know where you're at, but it seems fairly secure. You pull out a ration bar and catch a little rest.

You can have up to 6 hours rest to recover from any non-lethal injuries or make a Patch Things Up roll before the scratching of Alienses claws in the walls convinces you it is time to move on.

Roll 1d6

\*1-2 Go to 10

\*3-4 Go to 11

\*5-6 Go to 6

**4** It was a good fight, but the Alienses gets the upper hand of you, then surprisingly takes your lower hand! It lashes out like a cat that was thrown into your roommate's shower, and you are quickly shredded beyond belief.

When the other Cosmic Marines arrive, your grated Parmesan Cheese body is sponged up and shuttled on board the flagship, and dental records have to be pulled to recognize you. It is then that the Cosmic Marines realize you had a great set of choppers...

The End

\*Go to 28

**5** There's a huge door here, plastered with "Do not open, under penalty of death", and about 20 lines a Galactic regs and fine print which basically says "This means you!".

\*If you open the door, go to 24

\*If you chicken out, go to 40

**6** There is a locked door ahead. Encrusted with aliens slime and acid, but still mostly intact. Use a hairpin and a Do Technical Stuff roll to bypass the military grade electronic lock.

\*If you decide to look elsewhere first, go to 67

\*If you try and fail, go to 36

\*If you succeed, roll 1d6

\*1-2 Go to 38

\*3-4 Go to 16

\*5-6 Go to 3

\*7-8 Go to 45

**7** The other animals cheer on with banners and airhorns as the killer rabbits decide to turn *you* into a stuffed animal...while you're still alive! Using various unmentionable instruments to shove wads of polyfiber up various unmentionable locations of your body, you are soon the talk of the table at suppertime in the zoo.

The End

\*Go to 28

**8** You think about it, and decide that scraps of radiation plating might be half-way decent protection against Alienses claws. For 3 Enc, you may get +2 AV protection over what you are already wearing. You've used up all the supplies here, so any further Do Technical Stuff rolls at 55 will fail.

Roll 1d6.

\*1-2 Go to 23

\*3-4 Go to 51

\*5-6 Go to 50

**9** While the Alienses slowly stalk towards you, you carefully aim your weapon at the girder. Squinting one eye, you make your shot.

Roll your Dexterity + any appropriate Skills and modifiers.

\*If you succeed and do at least a Damage of 5, go to 66

\*If you fail or do a Damage of 4 or less, you miss. Go to 65

**10** You step out into the corridor. There is an intersection ahead, but the station map is missing from the wall.

\*If you go to the right, go to 37

\*If you go straight, go to 27

\*If you go to the left, go to 12

**11** There is a small office here, with a terminal still logged into the central computer. You tap a few keys and it activates. "Thank you very much for using the CAL-9000 series of cheerful computers. Your request for information is being enthusiastically processed, but will still take a minute. Meanwhile, lets sing a happy tune together..."

Forty-seven inane verses later, you get the information you were looking for. Information on recent events and colony records will give you a 2 point bonus on *one* roll in this adventure. It need not be your next roll, but may be saved for when needed. You may get this bonus only once this adventure. Any other attempt is automatic failure.

\*Go to 40

## More Excuses to Kill Things!

**12** The corridor is caked with Alienses slime, giving you a really creepy feeling about the size of your next dry cleaning bill. Then, you spot the struggling bodies of some of the colonists, trapped in the slime. You pry one free, only to realize too late...that you are too late. He's already dead, and so are the others. They struggle free and lurch towards you, hulking sacks of protein driven by alien parasites and primal urges.

### **Drunken lugnuts (4)**

Strength - 16

Dexterity - 8

Macho - 18

Damage - 2

Type - Non-lethal

Skills - Hit Things (Dex-Based) +0

0 armor, 1d6 to kill

50-50 chance will spit tobacco w/+3 skill

(does lethal damage of 1)

If you defeat them, go to 31

If they defeat you, go to 18

**13** It's pretty weak, and doesn't put up a fight. Smack! But, they are devilishly tricky creatures and you put the box back over it before you leave.

\*Go to 10

**14** Holding your courage, you examine the body for items. Upon closer inspection, you find a plazer gun. You thought those were still experimental... It still has energy in it and is still working. Carefully pulling it out of the man's jacket, as if not to wake him, you pocket the weapon and head off.

Add a Plazer to your equipment. It does Damage 4, Rate of Fire-20, 1 Enc, 40 Shots per Clip, has 2 extra clips, is a Little Gun, and adds +3 to hit when you take a turn to aim (during which you are open to attacks and may not defend). If you ever roll a 14 or more as a to hit roll with it, the power supply will overload and it will explode like a grenade next turn (yes, you can throw it at enemies before this happens).

\*If you stay to mess with the station console, go to 29

\*If you decide to move on, go to 40

**15** Good thing you gave it a quick check. Fuel lines were still hooked up. That might have caused a lot of damage on liftoff. You'd have never made it into orbit with fuel pouring from ruptured tanks, and it wouldn't be embarrassment you'd die of. Get a +3 to your Fly Things or Do Technical Stuff roll when using the ship.

\*Go to 61

**16** You enter a large room, and see that it is a supply room, as big as a warehouse. The walls are plastered with giant metallic smiling faces, and steel tubing runs from one to another, connecting them all in a web of happiness and steel. As you look around, one of the smiling faces suddenly begins to move. Looking up, you see a huge robot emerging from the wall; the tubing forming arms and legs for the smiling face. It stomps forward, its huge feet thundering against the floor. God! They've been saving money by using deactivated war robots as cargo handlers! As it moves towards you, you can see three huge doors where the Bot was covering. The Bot is a guard, and you can't get through those doors without confronting it.

\*On a Dex roll you can dodge through a small access door. Go to 21.

\*Otherwise, you gotta fight it.

“BATTLEWARMECHBOT NUMBER 10076  
ACTIVATED...ORDERS...SPINDLE, FOLD, STA-  
PLE, MUTILATE...HAVE A NICE DAY, OR  
ELSE!”

### **BattleWarMechBot (1)**

Strength - 19

Dexterity - 11

Macho - 23

Damage - 4

Type - Lethal

Skills - Hit Things (Dex-Based) +3

5 armor, 2d6 to kill

Bots are huge and are +3 to be hit.

\*If you succeed, go to 6

\*If you fail, go to 32

**17** The floor here is unstable, and covered with some sort of gunk you're pretty sure you don't want to analyze. Make a Dexterity roll.

- \*If you succeed, go to 67, unless you got here from 67, in which case you go to 23
- \*If you blow it, go to 47.

**18** They eventually overpower you. The last thing you remember is being submerged in a puddle of ooze and everything going black. The next batch of Galactic Marines will find you lurching towards them, glassy-eyed and devoid of life, and put you out of whatever misery you have left.

The End

- \*Go to 28



**19** The small scout ship you noticed on the way in is still parked on the landing pad. It's not much, but it's enough to get you off the planet and back home.

- \*If you do a quick pre-flight check, go to 15
- \*If you hop in and prepare to blast, go to 61
- \*If you go back to the main pad, go to 52

**20** Opting for the agility option, you take off in a sprint for the hallway. The two Alienses are charging right behind you! Your only chance is to get to the door and close it before they get to you.

You need to roll Dexterity + any appropriate Skills (cavort, etc.)

- \*If you succeed, you close the door on them. Go to 40
- \*If you fail, get caught and go to 35

**21** Well, it looks like you've ducked outside the complex walls. The unfamiliar landscape stretches in all directions, but you're pretty sure you see the auxiliary landing pad off to the right.

- \*If you head for the landing pad, go to 52
- \*If you head for that structure next to the control tower, go to 22

**22** The elevator shaft has suffered titanic damage, the dural struts bent and twisted by an appalling force that is undoubtedly not covered by the colony's insurance policy. You kick a stone down into the shaft. It falls for a few time zones before it finally hits. A few seconds later, you hear a very loud "Ow!", and a stirring in the earth beneath your feet. You then realize that some of the structural damage is not actually random, but might conceivably be giant footprints, of a creature too horrible to consider...

Make a Macho roll.

- \*If you fail, you stand around slack-jawed and drooling while your mind spins in circles trying to fathom something obviously too big for it. Go to 43.

# More Excuses to Kill Things!

\*If you make the roll, you aren't too badly troubled by the thought of ancient legends, horrors older than man and terrors beyond space and time that make lesser mortals soil their shorts. If you hang around to see who or what you so rudely bonked, go to 43.

\*If you feel that you should investigate the rest of the station before considering satellite recon of the elevator shaft, go to 10.

**23** After walking for a while, you come to a 3-way intersection. The hallways only have emergency lights on, but you can see that they are plastered in some kind of hardened ooze. You can either go left, right, or straight ahead.

\*If you go left, go to 55

\*If you go straight, go to 12

\*If you go right, go to 67

**24** You press the access code on the control pad, and the locks on the huge door thunder as they release themselves. You stand back as other noises come from within the door.

Suddenly, the door begins to slide open with a loud hiss. It gets *very* bright, as you belatedly realize you're looking at the colony's reactor core. You are totally crispified by the heat, leaving nothing but an unidentifiable pile of ashes for the next expedition to find.

The End.

\*Go to 28

**25** Given how you feel, an extra edge for placing those called shots might help. For 1 Enc, you disassemble and rebuild a video game into a Mil-spec tactical targeting computer which gives you a +1 on all attacks from a single ranged weapon. It also makes neat sound effects. You've used up all the supplies here, so any further Do Technical Stuff rolls at 55 will fail.

Roll 1d6.

\*1-2 Go to 23

\*3-4 Go to 51

\*5-6 Go to 50

**26** "Listen up, soldier!" she says, angrily. "You have been ordered by the Cosmic Marines to go and investigate Omnicron Delta-IV, and you *will* go!" "I will not," you reply. "You will!" "Will not." "You Will!!" "Will not." "Then why are you playing this adventure?!" "You have a point there." you concede. "I guess I will go."

You finally land on Omnicron Delta-IV. Touching down in the docking bay, you sometimes wonder why you even joined the Cosmic Marines. You shut your sleek ship down, then step out onto the bay floor. Your landing was a little hard, and the ship took some damage. You'll have to check that out later. The bay is dark, save for some emergency lights. It seems obvious that the colony has been running without main power for quite some time. The hanger bay is expansive, stretching into darkness on both sides of you. Drawing your weapon, you look around. You see two hallways leading elsewhere, and a ground crawler at an otherwise empty motor pool.

\*If you go down the first hallway, go to 17

\*If you go down the second hallway, go to 58

\*If you go to the crawler, go to 62

**27** What luck! It looks like the sick bay. Yech! Like everywhere else, it seems that Alienses have left their mark here too. Going through the remaining supplies, you find a number of useful items.

There are supplies and tools here to give you a +3 on your next Patch Things Up roll. You can either do this now or carry an extra 1 Enc of stuff with you for use later. This exhausts the supplies here, so if you return to this paragraph, you find nothing.

After resting for a bit (and making any Patch Things Up rolls you want to), you look around some more. Amid the scattered boxes and debris, you here a faint cry. Could it be that someone has survived and needs your help? Turning over a metal box you see the source of the cry...a Hellkitten! Gack!

It must have escaped from the colony's zoo and gotten separated from the others.

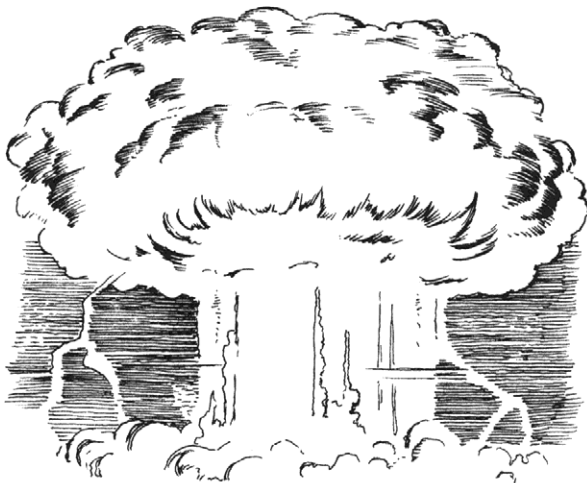
- \*If you smack it into guacamole with the metal box, go to 13.
- \*If you wait cautiously to see what it does, go to 33.

**28** Okay, so you didn't win at your first scenario, and walk away a heroine of the universe. So what! Out of all the maiming and shooting (and blood and guts and brains and entrails and...) you learned a valuable lesson: You're expendable!

Seriously, you've learned how to make decisions for your character, both in the storyline and in combat. You may have also learned how certain Skills, Ads and Disads worked in certain situations. For example, if you encountered the Hellkittens, did you know a Fire Retardant Soul could have helped you?

If not, you do now! Which is the main reason this was a solo-scenario. Actually, it was the only thing I could think of to send to an actual game company, hoping they would use it. Then, I could tell all of my buddies that I worked for an actual game company like BTRC, and they'd get all jealous and worship at my feet<sup>8</sup>. But that's a different story.

The main idea of this was to teach you how to get used to a character, and feel comfortable in a fictional world. But, from now on, you're at the mercy of the GM!!!



<sup>8</sup>Yeah, right - Greg.

**29** The station logs report that while digging tunnels for pumping water to newly terraformed areas, they found a ruined underground structure made by a hitherto unknown alien civilization. Samples and material were brought up for analysis. Further notes indicate discovery of a vast artifact buried in the rubble, notes that suggest some of the alien material was placed there long after the original structure was built, and recurring nightmares among the underground workers. The last entries are incoherent...

- \*If you want to investigate the terraforming tunnels, go to 22
- \*If you want to continue reconnoitering the station, roll 1d6:

1-3 Go to 40  
4-6 Go to 67

**30** You mess around for a while, worried about Alienses, and come up with a one-shot rocket launcher made from old jetcycle parts. Count this as an RPG-7, which may only be used once. You've used up all the supplies here, so any further Do Technical Stuff rolls at 55 will fail.

Roll 1d6.

\*1-2 Go to 23  
\*3-4 Go to 51  
\*5-6 Go to 50

**31** The machinery room is huge, big enough to hold several BattleWarMechBots without any problem. There are several massive doors, and you have a gut feeling about them, knowing somehow that all of them lead to something awful. Kicking a nearby computer terminal, it springs to electronic life.

"Hello," it says, "I'm the emergency backup computer! How are you today?" Without giving you time to answer, it continues, "You may be wondering which door leads to almost certain death, and which ones lead to completely certain death!"

"Which one leads to *almost* certain death?" you ask. "How should I know? I'm a \$300 computer stuck in a \$4.6 billion colonial complex. All I try to do is make you as happy as I can while you decide your destiny in life, and in the Worlds Beyond Life!"

## More Excuses to Kill Things!

As you decide, you suddenly realize that the computer's voice bears a strong resemblance to Monty Hall.

You summon your technical skills and check the doors. One is too hot, the other is too cold, and the last one is "just right".

- \*If you choose Door #1, go to 24
- \*If you choose Door #2, go to 49
- \*If you choose Door #3, go to 42
- \*If you choose to chicken out and explore elsewhere, go to 10.

**32** With not much life left in you, the BattleWar-MechBot makes you a nice little stain in the floor grating. Repulsed by the mess, he stomps on your mangled body, and grinds you into the floor like a cigarette butt in an ashtray. You make a nice red stain on his foot though, which is about all the revenge you're going to get.

The End

\*Go to 28

**33** It purrs softly at you and approaches. You lift the metal box in warning, and it seems to understand, sitting a safe distance away and preening its flaming fur. Oddly, you feel sorry for the thing and fetch it a bowl of rocket fuel, which it laps up eagerly.

You seem to have made a new friend. The Hellkitten will follow you around until the end of the adventure or its demise. There is a 1 in 6 chance that any attack directed at you will be directed at it instead, which is counted just like normal critter damage. In addition, it will attack any target that is attacking you in melee combat, effectively giving you two attacks per turn. You only get one Hellkitten per game, so if you arrive at this paragraph again, skip directly to here.

\*Go to 10

**34** Congratulations! You've managed to escape the colonial complex before becoming Alien Monster Chow. Running out of the complex into the rain, you are somewhat shocked to see an armada of Marine starships descending from the sky. You are picked up by the flagship, while others bombard the colony with nuclear warheads. Nothing survives the explosion. Gosh it's pretty! As the ships sail back into the stars, you begin thinking about that you will be doing on your long vacation.

\*Go to 64. Good job, soldier...

**35** When you regain consciousness (current Health now at 1d6 roll), you find yourself in a very large room. You don't know how long you've been out, and you find that you've been bound by your wrists and ankles to a wall by some sort of resin; obviously by some kinky Alienses. You also discover what has become of the other colonists. Like you, they are plastered to the wall by some sort of glue; bodies twisted into ways that you never dreamed of trying (even with that cute date from Chicago, who has a neat tattoo on his...). In the middle of the room, a number of small orange balls sit, pulsating. The look alive, and they glow an orangish-red. Fearing that the Aliens may return for you, you begin to break yourself free. Just as you are free, though, the orange balls begin to stir. They slowly unfold, and you realize what they are...Facehugging Hellkittens!! They start moving towards you, purring all the way. Thank God you still have your weapons, there are 10 of them!

### Hellkittens (10)

Strength - 8

Dexterity - 12

Macho - 12

Damage - 2

Type - Lethal

Skills: Hit Things (Dex-based) +4

If roll succeeds by 5 or more, does automatic damage until killed. Automatic -3 to be hit due to size. Immune to flamethrower attacks.

\*If you succeed, go to 6

\*If you fail, go to 48



**36** Bzzt! Yow! You definitely got your wires crossed on that one. Lose 3 Health from electrical damage as it burns through your gloves and gives you a tingling feeling in all the wrong places.

\*Go to 6

**37** Opening a door, you walk in and recognize it as the colony's MedLab. Because the emergency lights are the only things working, the room has an eerie reddish glow to it. Cautiously walking in, you scan the room as the door slowly hisses shut. It hisses locked, then just hisses...

"Wait a second," you say. "Doors don't hiss to lock!"

"And women shouldn't play with guns!" a hissing voice replies. "They belong in the kitchen, making breakfast for their husbands!" Oooh, those are fighting words! You turn around, and come face-to-face with a drooling Alienses.

**Alienses (1)**  
Strength - 16  
Dexterity - 12  
Macho - 18  
Damage - 3  
Type - Lethal  
Skills - Hit Things (Dex-Based) +4  
No armor, 1d6 to kill

\*If you succeed, go to 10

\*If you fail, go to 4

**38** What luck! You're in the armory. It looks pretty well cleaned out, not that it was that big to begin with. You can get a full resupply for any weapon you started the adventure with. In addition, you think it's safe to rest here long enough to make a Patch Things Up roll on yourself before moving on. You may not get the benefits from this paragraph again.

\*Go to 6

**39** While the Alienses slowly converge on you, you take aim at the greenish crystal Bthulhu holds in his slimy appendages. Aiming like an expert, you make your shot.  
Roll your Dexterity + any appropriate skill, with a -3 called shot for the size of the crystal.

\*If you succeed, go to 68

\*If you fail, you missed! Go to 65

**40** After a short while of walking, you come to a 3-way intersection. As you decide, you cautiously watch for any shadows that move.

\*If you choose left, go to 60

\*If you choose right, go to 6

\*If you choose straight, go to 5

**41** Whammo! The shot hits Bthulhu right in the eye! He drops the crystal, which shatters on his multi-dimensional feet into a zillion pieces. He puts his appendages over his eyes, clutches his foot and lets out of bloodcurdling screech as he does an impromptu tap dance on the startled Alienses. Ow! He then raises both arms, and lightning comes out of his fingers! In a flash of light, he is gone...retreating back to R'lyeh to sulk.

\*Go to 65, but only use half as many Alienses.

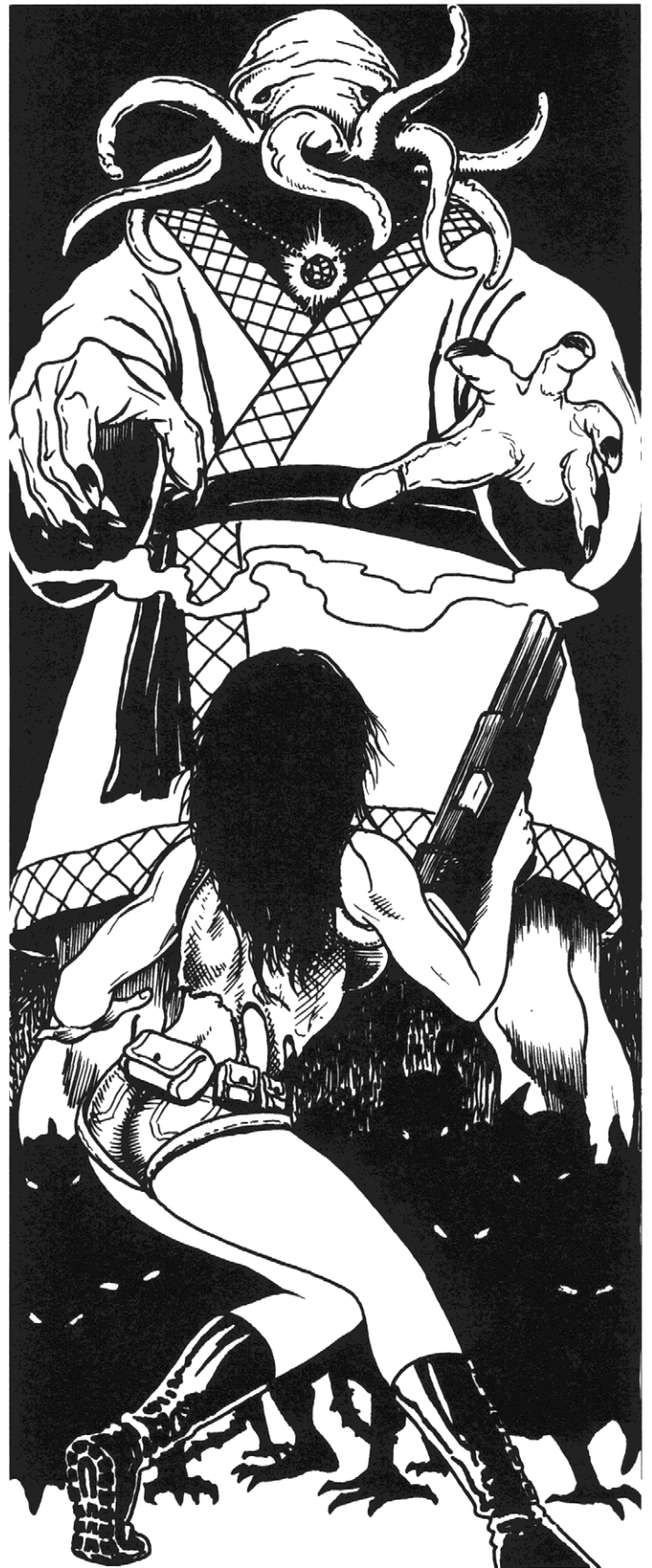
## More Excuses to Kill Things!

42 You enter a massive room, and your worst fears come to life. The room is covered wall-to-wall with Alienses and velvet Elvis paintings, and a large figure stands in front of a huge outer door. You squint your eyes to make out his face, and wish you hadn't. You suddenly realize who it is...Bthulhu!! That menace is constantly being woken from its eternal sleep all over the Galaxy, and from it's attitude, Bthulhu is *not* a morning person. It's gotten to be such a problem that standing orders are to just put a big "Do not disturb" sign on him and tiptoe back out of sight. Someone obviously screwed up.

"So," it gurgles, "you've come to destroy the Immortal Bthulhu! You want to battle *me*?"  
"I think it's a required part of the adventure", you mutter under your breath. Aloud, "What about the Alienses?" you growl, raising your weapon.  
"With this Omnicron Crystal, I control their actions, molding their puny minds like putty. I am invincible! And what do you have, female? Hahahahaa!! Prepare to die, valkyrie trash!!"  
"Oh, that was terrible," you sigh.  
"What was? My speech?" Bthulhu asks, looking crestfallen. "I rather enjoyed it."  
"It was pretty lame, to be honest."  
"But the script says 'Prepare to die, valkyrie trash!' No matter, for I will destroy you before you can re-write history or the future!"  
"Now that," you groan, "was even worse."  
"DIE!!!"

As Bthulhu's Alienses servants move closer to you, you suddenly notice three possibilities that could help. Looking up, you see a large steel girder directly above him. Shooting it could knock him senseless. You could also take a shot at the gem itself, hoping to destroy the power controlling the Alienses. Or, you could throw logic out the window and just blast him in the eye (one of his few weaknesses).

- \*Try to shoot the girder? Go to 9
- \*Try to shoot the gem? Go to 39
- \*Try to shoot his eye? Go to 2
- \*Just try for the door? Go to 65



**43** The sounds of an unnaturally huge mass slowly tearing the ancient rock from the walls as it inexorably and hideously lurches its way towards the surface sear into your brain, freezing you in place. A monstrous clawed appendage reaches out from the shaft, groping for purchase among the rubble (incidentally mashing you flat in the process). The rest of its ponderous bulk rises from the shaft, looks around, rubs a lump on what passes for its head, and slowly oozes its way back down the shaft. Not that you care about it anymore...

The End

\*Go to 28

**44** You try valiantly to control the ship, but the winds on the planet are too much for you. The small ship dives into the rocky surface, and bursts into a Hell Ball of Fire. The ejection system punches you out at the last instant, and your parachute is *almost* open when you hit. The last image on your retinas before blacking out is that of small Boy Scouts converging on the wreckage to roast marshmallows and sing campfire songs. You wake up some indeterminate time later...

\*Go to 35

**45** Don't tell me you actually spent your one-shot +2 roll just so you could get to this paragraph! You choose Door #4, (which you have a very bad feeling about, by the way), and it shooshes open.

\*Go to 24, and remember that we told you so...

**46** You walk into a room, and instantly recognize it as the colony's kitchen. Since you haven't eaten all day, you decide to grab a quick bite to eat. With your weapon still drawn, you hurriedly make a sandwich. You eat it quickly, and instantly feel your energy returning.

Gain 3 points back to your Health. This is done only if you need it, and your re-adjusted score cannot go above the original score. After you are done, you notice two new doors.

\*If you go through the first door, go to 47

\*If you go through the second door, go to 51

**47** You walk through a door, but suddenly fall down into a pit. You land with a 'sploosh', and realize that you are in the garbage chute.

"Ugh!" you shout. "What the Hell is that smell?!" But, you don't have time to think about it, as a huge pile of slimy papers rears its ugly head at you. Waste from the labs has spontaneously gained a life of its own, and it's apparently hungry!

**Congressional subcommittee (1)**

Strength - 16

Dexterity - 8

Macho - 16

Damage - 3

Type - Non-lethal

Skills - Hit Things (Dex-Based) +5

No armor, 1d6 to kill

\*If you succeed, go to 67

\*If you fail, go to 35

**48** While the dead eyes of the other colonists watch on without choice, the swarm of tiny Hellkittens re-enact their version of the American Gladiator Riots that happened a few years back. Your then-charred body is stuck in a resin-type frame, and hung above the kittens' fireplace; a plaque bolted to your chest: "Home Hellish Home"

The End

\*Go to 28

**49** You press the access code on the control pad, then stand back as the locks thunder as they separate themselves from the airlock door. You watch in awe as siren lights and warning horns go off. This awe turns to horror, though, when the room full of reactor coolant pours out and permanently freezes the look of embarrassment on your face.

The End

\*Go to 28

# More Excuses to Kill Things!

**50** You find an exit to the shop behind some collapsed ceiling panels, and step out into an unfamiliar darkness. You're outside the colony walls! The dimly glowing signs on the outer wall say you can either head towards the landing pad or towards the control tower.

\*If you choose the landing pad, go to 19

\*If you choose the control tower, go to 60

**51** You enter a room, and the stench almost kills you! You cannot believe it. A zoo! Inside this small colony, they have built a cosmic zoo! You don't even want to think how long it's been since the cages were cleaned. And, as you soon learn, you aren't alone. As you look to the far end of the room, a family unit of six Barsoomian Lupines is converging on you! Acting on instinct, you ready your weapon and let loose on them.

## Killer rabbits (6)

Strength - 8

Dexterity - 10

Macho - 12

Damage - 3

Type - Lethal

Skills - Hit Things (Dex-Based) +3

No armor, 1d6 to kill

If roll succeeds by 5 or more, does automatic damage until killed. Automatic -3 to be hit due to size.

\*If you succeed, go to 23

\*If you fail, go to 7

**52** Your ship is still sitting there. On closer inspection, the damage is going to take a while to repair, with facilities you doubt this outpost has. Your only way off the planet is to use the junker on the auxiliary pad.

\*If you head for the auxiliary pad, go to 19

\*If head back into the complex, go to 17

**53** You manage to keep a hold on the ship's controls, and land it inside the colony's docking bay. Breathing a sigh of relief, you shut your ship down, and grab your equipment. As the door opens, you see that the colony is in very poor shape. The only lights running are the emergency lights, which cast a reddish glow on everything. The air is extremely humid, and there's a tinge of Uncertain Death in it.

Looking around, you see three things that may be of interest: A dimly-lit hallway, a control tower, a ground crawler and an old cargo shuttle on the auxiliary landing pad.

\*If you choose the hallway, go to 17

\*If you choose the control tower, go to 58

\*If you choose the ground crawler, go to 62

\*If you choose the other ship, go to 19

**54** Oops! You seem to have activated the colony's main quasi-stellar antimatter reactor at the same time as you deleted the containment field programming. Guess that wasn't a video game after all! You have 10 more paragraphs to somehow get off the planet. You may not take advantage of any paragraph that allows for rest or recovery. If you're still here at the end of the 10th paragraph, go to 63, and I bet you already know that it's going to be bad.

\*Go to 40

**55** You seem to have stumbled into the colonist's repair shop. The Alienses seem to have been through here too, judging by the goo, but maybe there is something you can make out of the junk lying around that will give you an edge.

Make a Do Technical Stuff roll. If successful, roll 1d6.

\*1-2 Go to 30

\*3-4 Go to 8

\*5-6 Go to 25

If not successful:

\*Go to 50

**56** You scream at the sight of the dead person, then suddenly get quiet. Oh girl, you think to yourself, did I screw up or what! As you look out the room's large bay window, you see two Alienses converging on you. They cling to the ceiling, and run towards the small room as if they were hyperactive spiders that just finished snorting some Jolt. They crash through the window, shattering glass everywhere. One of the Alienses lands on the dead body, spattering blood and ooze in every direction (this may require a roll against certain Disads). The other clings to the side wall. They both look at you, and let out a curdling hiss. As one remains still to relay its find by telepathy, the other one lunges for you.

As soon as the first Alienses is dead, the other will attack.

**Alienses (2)**

Strength - 16

Dexterity - 12

Macho - 18

Damage - 3

Type - Lethal

Skills - Hit Things (Dex-Based) +4

No armor, 1d6 to kill

\*If you succeed, go to 40

\*If you fail, go to 35

\*If you try and flee, go to 20

**57** The fuel gauges show an alarming rate of fuel consumption, even for this old boat. There must have been some damage that you didn't notice on the landing pad. You make it to suborbit, which in technical terms means "not quite far enough". Your piloting skills allow you to decide where you want the crater, which will be named after you as a consolation prize.

The End

\*Go to 28



**58** Entering the control tower, you see what appears to be a person sitting in a lounge chair. You slowly move up to it, and cautiously reach out to the chair.

"Okay", you whisper, "let's get this over with." You grab the back of the chair, and jerk it around. The chair spins to face you, and you are horrified to see a dead corpse sitting there<sup>9</sup>. He looks like he's been burnt to a crisp, then doused in some sort of ooze. The expression permanently frozen on his face indicates he wasn't having a good time.

You need to make a Macho roll against this ghastly sight.

\*If you succeed, go to 14

\*If you fail, go to 56

<sup>9</sup>You were maybe expecting some other kind of corpse?

## More Excuses to Kill Things!

**59** The wind and rain crashes against your tiny ship, knocking it around like a pinball in an arcade game. Your emergency lights go off, as the music swells to a hard-hitting tune, similar to that of an upbeat "Taps." Gripping the controls, and gritting your teeth, you prepare to struggle with the ship to land it safely.

Roll on Dexterity with a -3 or Fly Things at +0 to see if you land safely.

- \*If you succeed, go to 53
- \*If you fail, go to 44

**60** There's a bank of terminals here, all with the disgusting happyface CAL logo (Cheerful Artificial Lifeforms). Fighting back the urge to retch, you begin typing. Make a Do Technical Stuff roll.

- \*If you succeed, go to 29
- \*If you fail, go to 54

**61** You punch a few buttons. Then you punch a few more. Eventually you find the right ones, and the engines ignite. There is a brief hesitation and a tearing sound from beneath the ship as you liftoff. Make a Do Technical Stuff or Fly Things roll at -3 to get this tub of nuts and bolts safely into orbit.

- \*If you succeed, go to 69
- \*If you fail, go to 57

**62** Inside the cargo crawler, you see that the controls are still on. Whoever was here wasn't planning on staying very long. You are about to leave, when an Alien suddenly drops down from the ceiling, blocking the door. It cocks its head at you, then curls its lips up in a snarling hiss.

**Alienses (1)**  
 Strength - 16  
 Dexterity - 12  
 Macho - 18  
 Damage - 3  
 Type - Lethal  
 Skills - Hit Things (Dex-Based) +4  
 No armor, 1d6 to kill

- \*If you succeed, go to 67
- \*If you fail, go to 35

**63** You set your wrist chronometer when the colony's reactor started its chain reaction, and it just beeped. You look down and instead of numbers it just says "5 seconds to go...4...3...2...1..."

There is an earth-shattering "kaboom!", which you are not privileged to hear, since you were vaporized instantly. You have the meager satisfaction of knowing that your vacation benefits and death benefits put together won't even begin to cover the monetary damages you've wreaked.

\*Go to 28

**64** Well, you survived somehow and the adventure is over. How did you do?

Defeated Bthulhu and escaped	6 experience
Got out, but personally blew up the colony	3 experience
Got out alive, and that's all	1 experience

Don't complain about the meager EP haul if you didn't get much done. It could be worse, you could have been axed in a number of humiliating ways and not gotten any experience at all.

Congratulations!



**65** Time for the obligatory massive shootout involving an awful lot of high-powered enemies. You will have to face 1 Bthulhu and up to 10 Alienses in order to survive and escape. Roll 3d6 to see who your first opponent is.

Roll is 3-13      Fight an Alienses  
Roll is 14+      Fight Bthulhu

Obviously, you only have to fight Bthulhu once, and fight him automatically if all the Alienses are dead. If you are using area effect attacks, assume they always hit Alienses as secondary targets.

- \*If you live, go to 64
- \*If you don't, oh well. Go to 28

**66** Your shot was right on target, and the girder slams into Bthulhu before he can even react. He's pinned! And hey, you smushed a few Alienses as well. But, he still has the crystal in his grasp.

- \*Go to 65, but you may choose when you attack Bthulhu or Alienses instead of rolling randomly. You only have to fight 7 Alienses instead of 10.

**67** You trek on for a while, when you come to a 3-way intersection. The halls lead left, straight, and right.

- \*If you go left, go to 46
- \*If you go straight, go to 17
- \*If you go right, go to 60

**68** The shots beam into the crystal, shattering it into a million pieces. Bthulhu screams in terror as his Guardians turn on him.

- \*Go to 65, but if you defeat Bthulhu, any remaining Alienses will pounce on him and get zapped back to R'lyeh when he goes home to sulk.

**69** You made it! You weren't sure there for a minute, but the darned thing held together. Mission accomplished or not, you're on your way back home.

- \*Go to 64 to see how well you did







NAME:

- OLDNESS:
- BENT:
- SEXUAL PREFERENCE:
- DOUGHNUT:
- IF I WERE SUDDENLY  
TURNED INTO A MAN  
I WOULD:

SPECIAL ABILITIES:

STRENGTH:

DEXTERITY:

LOOKS :

MACHO :

HEALTH :

TOTAL ARMOR :

SKILLS:

EQUIPSTUFF:







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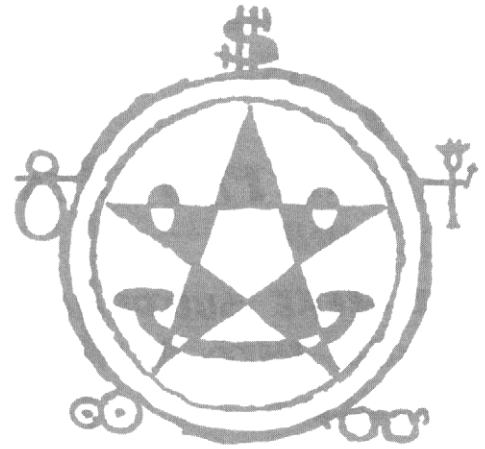
# MACHOWOMEN

## OCCULT ROLEPLAYING

### CHARACTERISTICS

MEASURE	BONUS	CHARACTERISTIC	TOTAL	ROLLS FOR STUFF
_____		Kaka	_____	Spot Obvious _____
_____		Strength	_____	Take it on Chin _____
_____		Dexterity	_____	Do Tech. Stuff _____
_____		Looks	_____	Hit Things _____
_____		Macho	_____	Shoot Little Gun _____
_____		Health	_____	Throw Things _____

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
 MAJOR BEEF \_\_\_\_\_



### WEAPONS, etc.

Melee \_\_\_\_\_  
 Melee Damage \_\_\_\_\_  
 Type \_\_\_\_\_ Enc \_\_\_\_\_

Melee \_\_\_\_\_  
 Melee Damage \_\_\_\_\_  
 Type \_\_\_\_\_ Enc \_\_\_\_\_

Melee \_\_\_\_\_  
 Melee Damage \_\_\_\_\_  
 Type \_\_\_\_\_ Enc \_\_\_\_\_

Melee \_\_\_\_\_  
 Melee Damage \_\_\_\_\_  
 Type \_\_\_\_\_ Enc \_\_\_\_\_

Melee \_\_\_\_\_  
 Melee Damage \_\_\_\_\_  
 Type \_\_\_\_\_ Enc \_\_\_\_\_

Melee \_\_\_\_\_  
 Melee Damage \_\_\_\_\_  
 Type \_\_\_\_\_ Enc \_\_\_\_\_

Melee \_\_\_\_\_  
 Melee Damage \_\_\_\_\_  
 Type \_\_\_\_\_ Enc \_\_\_\_\_

Melee \_\_\_\_\_  
 Melee Damage \_\_\_\_\_  
 Type \_\_\_\_\_ Enc \_\_\_\_\_

Melee \_\_\_\_\_  
 Melee Damage \_\_\_\_\_  
 Type \_\_\_\_\_ Enc \_\_\_\_\_

Melee \_\_\_\_\_  
 Melee Damage \_\_\_\_\_  
 Type \_\_\_\_\_ Enc \_\_\_\_\_

Ranged \_\_\_\_\_  
 Damage \_\_\_\_\_ Enc \_\_\_\_\_  
 Rounds \_\_\_\_\_ Clips \_\_\_\_\_

Ranged \_\_\_\_\_  
 Damage \_\_\_\_\_ Enc \_\_\_\_\_  
 Rounds \_\_\_\_\_ Clips \_\_\_\_\_

Ranged \_\_\_\_\_  
 Damage \_\_\_\_\_ Enc \_\_\_\_\_  
 Rounds \_\_\_\_\_ Clips \_\_\_\_\_

### ATTRIBUTES

Movement \_\_\_\_\_  
 Melee Damage \_\_\_\_\_  
 Slack \_\_\_\_\_

### HIT PTS

01	02	03	04	05	06
07	08	09	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18

### EXP POINTS

01	02	03	04	05	06	07	08	09	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39

### SKILLS & STUFF

SKILL NAME	LEVEL	DA COST	SKILL NAME	LEVEL	DA COST	SKILL NAME	LEVEL	DA COST
Beat Things with Whip	_____	_____	Swearing	_____	_____	Scriptwriter	_____	_____
Blow Things Up	_____	_____	Swinging	_____	_____	Teflon Skin	_____	_____
Cavort About	_____	_____	Take it on the Chin	_____	_____	Time Delay	_____	_____
Combat Genuflection	_____	_____	Throw Things	_____	_____	Ultraviolet Vision	_____	_____
Demonic Giggle	_____	_____	Tie Things Down	_____	_____	Vampirism	_____	_____
Disgust Onlookers	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	Winged Wimple	_____	_____
Distort Reality	_____	_____	<b>Good Stuff</b>	<b>Level</b>	<b>Cost</b>	<b>Bad Stuff</b>	<b>Cost</b>	
Do Technical Stuff	_____	_____	Bat Wings	_____	_____	Alien Babe	_____	_____
Dodge Responsibility	_____	_____	Cellular Phone	_____	_____	Backslider	_____	_____
Drive Things	_____	_____	Crack of Doom	_____	_____	Bad to the Bone	_____	_____
Fly Things	_____	_____	Endless Ammo	_____	_____	Balancing Priorities	_____	_____
Gambling	_____	_____	Evil Powers	_____	_____	Bimbo	_____	_____
Grab Stuff	_____	_____	Extra Life	_____	_____	Chafing	_____	_____
Hit Things	_____	_____	Fast Draw	_____	_____	Conservative Dresser	_____	_____
Hit w/Other Things	_____	_____	Flame Touch	_____	_____	Depression	_____	_____
Interrogate	_____	_____	Fire Retardent Soul	_____	_____	Fairness	_____	_____
Patch Things Up	_____	_____	God's Mighty Anvil	_____	_____	Hardwired	_____	_____
Perform Anatomically Impossible Feat	_____	_____	Handbag of Holding	_____	_____	Mutant Disad	_____	_____
Pretend and Lie	_____	_____	Hard Drinking	_____	_____	Non-intellect	_____	_____
Pray Like Hell	_____	_____	Hotline	_____	_____	Outlaw	_____	_____
Prosylytize	_____	_____	Infrared Vision	_____	_____	Personal Weakness	_____	_____
Run in High Heels	_____	_____	Look Good in Armor	_____	_____	Sadistic	_____	_____
Seduce Creature	_____	_____	Mutant Ability	_____	_____	Secret Love	_____	_____
Shoot Big Guns	_____	_____	Pet	_____	_____	Squeamish	_____	_____
Shoot Little Guns	_____	_____	Plastic Surgeon	_____	_____	Status Conscious	_____	_____
Sneak Around	_____	_____	Press-on Claws	_____	_____	Topheavy	_____	_____
Spot Obvious	_____	_____	Pure of Heart	_____	_____	Vengeful	_____	_____
			Sainthood	_____	_____	Vow of Silence/Violence	_____	_____

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