

Privateer's Bounty



A Savage Tale
by

Zeke Sparkes

Maps By Niklas Brandt

Edited by Simon Lucas and
Shane Lacy Hensley

Playtested by Skipper Beale, Kyle Gallagher,
Michelle and Shane Hensley, John and
Christy Hopler, Bert Isla, Chris Libey, &
Christopher Toh

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A Voyage Damned

The boards groan and the ship skims along, her sails taut with the full wind. Ocean spray smashes rhythmically off the bow as she slices through wave after wave. She's a lean ship, fast and well-rigged; built for speed.

It's been a tense four hours since the lookout first spied the French frigate. She sits low in the water, fat with whatever cargo and riches her captain hauls. She's close enough now that a spyglass isn't needed to keep her in sight.

The time has come. The crew waits expectantly, looking at the captain as the merchant is brought within cannon range.

"McCracken, give her a warning shot, let's see how smart this Frog is!"

The captain's booming voice hardly stops ringing before the first shot is away. A crack of thunder and a quick puff of smoke belch from the lead gun. The crew leans on the railing straining to see where the cannon ball lands.

A lonely white plume of water erupts just off the bow of the French vessel; McCracken has once again shot true. An uneasy silence settles across the ship as the captain studies the horizon for the Frenchman's answer. Minutes painfully tick by as the captain patiently waits for the colors to be struck. Five long minutes and no change.

"Mr. Paddington, come two points to starboard, close the gap between us. Gunners, take aim..."
The captain's face is like chiseled stone as

always, but a brief flicker of regret, or maybe weariness, passes quickly. Most of the crew seem to share his thoughts, disappointed that today's rewards will not come easy, though more than a few lips on the deck turn to twisted cruel smiles. This ship's bounty will be paid in blood.

Setting

Privateer's Bounty is a quick one or two night jaunt into the age of the sail. It's a great one-shot story that fits well between bigger campaigns or on nights when not everyone can make it for your regular setting.

It takes place on an English privateer vessel during the tail end of the Napoleonic Wars. It is a slightly alternate history so the exact time and place are unimportant. You can give your players plenty of leeway with character creation as long as it fits the feel of the era in general.

Read the following to let the players know the current events that matter to the story and give them an idea of the flavor of the setting.

For over a decade the English have been engaged in a war with the new french Emperor Napoleon and his recent ally, the Spanish. Fierce battles of smoke and blood are waged by enormous ships of wood and canvas on the open seas, while masses of troops fight muzzle-to-muzzle on the mainland.

It is a time when weeks or months of tedious travel can quickly turn into hours of bloody

destruction and death. It is also a time of the age-old profession of pirates—and privateers.

Both sides of the conflict are more than willing to gain a helping hand from enterprising civilians. The English, French, and Spanish all issue “Letters of Marque” to those bold enough to accept the risks that go along with it. Anyone who holds one of these letters is authorized to engage in commercial raiding against the shipping of the issuing nation’s enemies. The brave souls who answer the call are known as “privateers”.

Typically, privateers operate small fast ships, well-armed for their size. Their primary targets are almost always slow, poorly-defended merchant ships, though bold or desperate privateers have been known to attack military vessels from time to time.

The life of a privateer is mostly the hard work of sailing, punctuated with the frantic hours of combat it takes to capture a juicy prize. The reward of the life-style is a share of whatever plunder is taken. Many sailors become quickly accustomed to carefree lives of wealth after one or two valuable hauls.

This lavish and exciting job attracts those from all walks of life. Riggers, gunners, doctors, navigators—anyone with an adventurous streak can find a home on these ships. It is not unheard of for a man to sign up on a foreign privateer vessel that preys on ships of his own homeland. In lean times, many crew are tempted to cross the line from privateer to pirate and plunder ships of the same nationality.

Character Creation

Nearly everything your players need to create their characters for **Privateer’s Bounty** is found in *Savage Worlds*. Characters should be started at the Seasoned Rank for this Savage Tale.

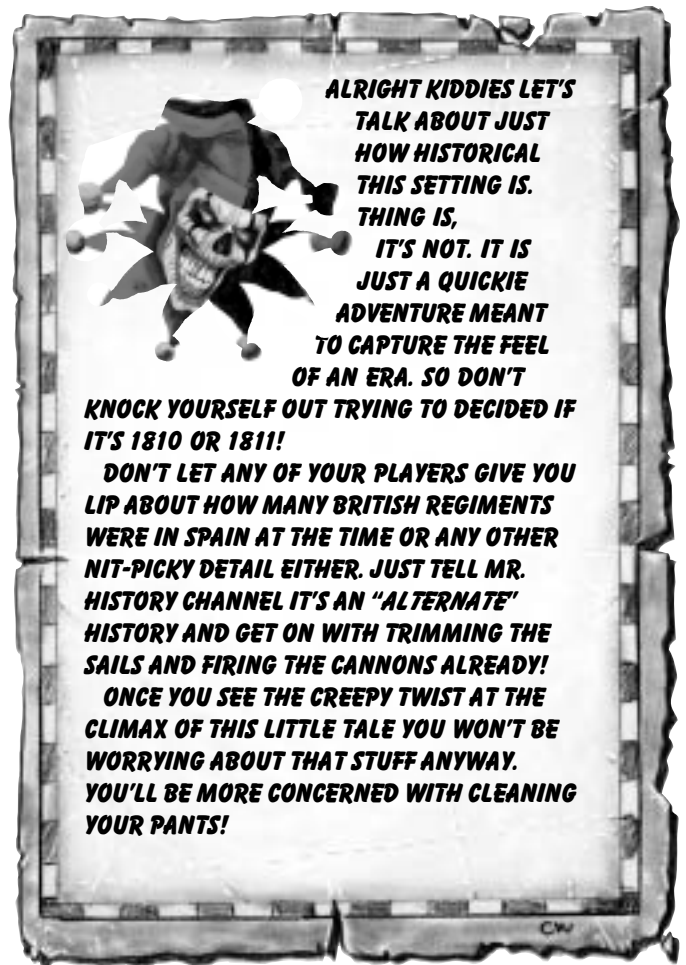
Hindrances

The Enemy Hindrance isn’t appropriate for this adventure setting, there just isn’t enough time or room to bring in a character’s personal enemies.

Edges

The following Edges are not appropriate for this adventure setting: Arcane Background, Arcane Resistance, Rich.

Characters might often climb rigging, swing on ropes, leap from one ship to another, etc. Acrobat is a very useful Edge in this setting. The following new Edges are available as well.



Musketeer

Requirements: Novice, Shooting d8+, may not have the All Thumbs Hindrance

Some characters have a natural affinity with firearms, or have trained for years to load quickly even while under fire. Characters with this Edge can reload a firearm in a single action. They may walk while reloading, but may not run. The Edge does not apply to cannon, only to personal arms.

Rope Monkey

Requirements: Seasoned, Agility d8+, Climbing d8+
Rope Monkeys are those sailors who may as well have been born in the rigging. They always seem to know just the right rope to cut to swing to some other part of the ship, and can ride the lines or sails down to avoid an otherwise nasty fall.

Rope Monkey has two functions. The first is to allow a character on the exterior of the ship to move to any other exposed part of the ship by swinging from the rigging. This counts as the character’s movement and requires a Climbing roll. If successful, he moves to any other external

Floating Playgrounds

Sailing ships are virtual playgrounds for characters to fight on. There's an entire world high above the deck of the ship in which to climb, swing, and fight.

Shrouds are the main stay-ropes that hold the masts to the sides of the ship. Most shrouds have ratlines—horizontal ropes that act as ladders for the crew. There are numerous other haul lines and halyard ropes hanging from the rigging that can be climbed in a pinch. You can move half your Strength in inches each rung when climbing up or down these ropes. Zip-lining down the ropes lets you move your full Strength in inches each round, but you must make an Agility test or fall.

Hanging above or below each sail are varied wooden spars and foot ropes. Characters moving more than half their Pace across these must make an Agility roll or fall. To use a foot rope this way the character must either have another spar or rope to stead her hands on, or crawl underneath it using hands and feet. Anyone attempting to walk across a rope with nothing to hold onto must make an Agility roll at -2 or fall.

Life in the rigging—or “Tops”—is a dangerous business. Ships' masts stretch far to the heavens to harness as much of the wind's power as they can. Even in the best conditions one slip can mean falling to your death. There are wooden platforms and spars at the top of each sail. This divides the rigging into levels—one for each sail—each roughly 10" tall. The *Coarser* and most midsize ships have three levels. Some very small ships have only one or two, while only the largest have four. If a character falls she may make an Agility roll at -2 to try and catch herself. She may attempt this roll at each level with an additional -2 each time. So if she fell from the third level she would get one chance at -2, one chance at -4, and a final chance at -6 before hitting the deck.

area of the ship. He may not move further this action even by “running.” With a raise, he can move and gains momentary surprise on any foes, adding +2 to any Fighting attacks and damage rolls for the round. This can also be combined with a Trick maneuver.

Rope Monkeys may also use this ability in forests with tall trees and plenty of vines. In that case, the Climbing roll is made at -2 and the character may reposition himself within d10”.

A foe who wants to take his free attack at a Rope Monkey swinging out of melee must subtract 2 from his roll. The same applies to characters with First Strike—they suffer a -2 penalty to their Fighting roll.

Rope Monkeys may also make a Climbing roll any time they fall from a ship's rigging (and are conscious). Success means they take half the usual falling damage by grabbing onto ropes as they tumble. With a raise, the sailor manages to slide down a rope and suffers no damage.

Gear

Players can take any weaponry that is listed in the *Savage Worlds* rules as Medieval or Black Powder. Heavy armor such as chain and plate makes it hard to get around on a ship and often results in a quick trip to Davey Jones' locker, so it is very rarely used.

For this adventure cannons take three actions to load with a crew of four, or six actions to load with less than four.

Setup

It is assumed that the characters in this adventure have been around for a while and seen several adventures already. Maybe some of them have served on ships before, maybe they were foot troops. Once the characters are made and bumped up to Seasoned it's time to update everyone on the current situation and get the ball rolling.

The last two years of the war have gone very well for the English. Despite Spain coming to the aid of France, England's well disciplined fleet has come through time and again, turning the tide of the war.

Nearly every major port city on the northern coast of France and Spain is blockaded by English ships. A large English fleet also holds the Straits of Gibraltar and most of the southern coastal cities of France and Spain. The result has been devastation to their economies.

Unfortunately, that also means times have grown grim for privateers. The normal trade routes are all but empty these days. There is hardly any traffic in the Atlantic Ocean, and the pickings in the more distant Mediterranean aren't much better.

Act J

It is because of these hard times that you have come to the small port town of Willton. The legendary privateer captain Malachai Hunter is putting together a crew for his ship, the Gray Coarser, and heading out from this very town.

Captain Hunter is one of the most famous and successful privateer captains in recent memory. He never comes back empty-handed and his sailors can often retire after sailing with him for only two or three years.

You make your way along the docks, stomach grumbling as you pass by several inns and catch a whiff of fresh-baked bread. It doesn't take long to find the right place. There is only one ship in the port sleek and immaculate enough to be the Gray Coarser.

She certainly looks like she'll live up to all the stories you've heard. The sails on her two and a half masts are furled right now, but under full sail it almost looks like she could lift right out of the water and fly. From the striking greyhound masthead to the lattice work on the aft she is perfect, not one scratch, not one chip of paint, not one barnacle.

You make your way up the gangplank and get in the line leading to her deck where two men sit at a table. One is hard-faced and silent, a weathered, scarred old man who is even more imposing than the descriptions. There is little doubt this is Captain Hunter. The other man is a stark contrast, shorter by a full head and stout with a healthy pink color to his skin. He sits in front of a large ledger, questioning each sailor who has come to sign up.

As the characters come to the head of the line, Mr. Flinch looks them over, then pushes the ledger towards them, a quill lying across the page. Mr. Flinch addresses each of the new recruits in turn, though it seems merely a formality.

The actual words and questions can change each time, but this is a wonderful time to get the characters to introduce themselves. Of course, each of the characters are accepted to the crew. If any seem especially adept or have a good amount of experience, Flinch might even be willing to give them higher level functions and larger shares of any plunder.

Let the players answer the following questions:

"Name?"

"What is it that you do?"

"Why do you want to sign up on the Gray Coarser?"

Now that the characters are signed up on-board the *Coarser*, they only have the remainder of the afternoon to get all of their possessions shipside. The ship is leaving at sun-up the next day. If the characters signed up as deck-hands their accommodations leave something to be desired—a hammock and sea chest in a large common room that is home to the entire crew. Any characters who took more prestigious jobs get their own tiny state room with barely enough space to stand up and dress next to a narrow bed.

Scene J

You bring your gear on-board and try to get accustomed to your new, cramped, living quarters. After finally getting all of your belongings into the sea chest, you sit back to relax. That's when you realize just how small your living space is. This will be a long, hard trip but if the stories are even half true the pay will be well worth it.

*As the evening wears on, more of the ship's crew move their gear on-board and prepare for the long journey ahead. By dinner bell the *Coarser* is teeming with people from all walks of life.*

Along with a fine dinner of beef, stew, and fresh buttered vegetables, double rum rations are handed out. Meals like this will be few and far between in the future to be sure. After dinner, while the rum is still flowing and spirits are high, Mr. Flinch makes his way amongst the crew.

Outside, you hear a summer storm rolling in.

Jonathan Flinch

Mr. Flinch is the first mate of the *Gray Coarser*. He serves as a much needed link between the laconic Malachai Hunter and the crew. Captain Hunter leaves most of the day to day operations to Flinch.

Despite the fact that Flinch is very nearly the captain of the ship as far as most decisions go, he is still very friendly with the crew. He's always glad to share a rowdy story over a cup of rum or two—or three.

Mr. Flinch has a few hearty laughs with a small group of veteran sailors. He pats them on the back and walks over to where you are sitting.

"Welcome aboard mates. I'm Mr. Jonathan Flinch, first mate on this beauty. You're one of the new batch ain't ya? Aye, I thought so. Well sit back and let old Flinch tell you a thing or two."

Flinch engages the characters in conversation and tries to answer any questions they might have. He loves to tell stories, so try and slip in any of the following tales if you get a chance, either now or later.

Snipers

So there we was, rigging fouled with one of the fattest merchant ships we'd ever overtaken. Her captain was down and most of her crew had long since given up the fight. Well, those who hadn't given up the ghost anyway. The fight wasn't over yet though. Tucked neatly away in the crow's nests were a pair of snipers. One perched on each mast.

They had been pickin' us off the entire time and we hadn't even noticed. It wasn't until the fighting died down and Ogle and Blevins each took musket balls to the head that we knew we had a problem.

The cap'n was so enraged when he spotted the two that he climbed the rigging on the Coarser faster than you can say "heave-to!". Once he hit the top, I tell ya he didn't inch out on the yard arm. No, no, he flat out ran across it! Ropes snapped and wood splintered to the left and right of his fearless charge as the marksman tried to bring him down.

Once he was close enough he made a mighty leap from the yardarm into the other ship's crow's nest. His saber landed a telling blow before his feet ever touched the ground. Clean through the shooter's neck it snapped—and buried so far into the mast that it's still there to this day!

Since he couldn't retrieve his sabre, the captain drew his knife and turned his attention to the second sharpshooter. Reaching up into the rigging he slashed at the end of a rope, grabbed it, and sailed across to the other mast.

He landed spot-on in front of the second shooter. The rifleman frantically pulled the hammer back on his musket, but Hunter grabbed his weapon and pulled it aside just as the hammer fell.

The smoke from the shot hid them both from view but when it cleared the only one standing was our captain!

Three on One

The most amazing thing I ever saw Captain Hunter do was on a cold September night. We had spied a Spanish ship ripe for the plunder just off the tip of Gibraltar. Once we engaged her, we found out her cargo had been a unit of Dago troops. Now I ain't sayin' that Dagos are good fighters mind you, but we just weren't prepared for them, see? So when they came out to meet us they managed to push us back onto the Coarser.

Things didn't look too good for us; we were back on our haunches with nowhere to go. One of their officers had spotted the cap'n and was making his way towards him. Only these Spaniards, they didn't play fair—he was bringing three other soldiers with him.

Any lesser man would have struck his colors and handed his sword over right then and there, but not Captain Hunter, lad, not by a long shot. He just glared at them and beckoned them to try and take him.

As they closed, two of the dirty scoundrels scored hits with their pistols, but they couldn't have gone too deep 'cause near as I saw the captain didn't even feel them.

The first man came in with sword raised. Hunter raised his dagger to meet the blow, pulling him by and over the railing. The others fell upon him right after. The second one dropped right away to a solid blow from the captain's saber. The third managed to slide his sword right into Hunter's side. For a brief second the Dago thought he had him, and so did I to tell the truth.



When the captain showed no sign of surrender the Spanish officer drove his sabre right for his heart. The captain's knife flashed out once again, deflecting the thrust just inches to the side. It slammed home in the other Spaniard's chest. The officer gawked in disbelief, but ol' Hunter he didn't pause a beat. His knife clattered to the floor as his hand snaked out to the officer's belt, fixing on a pistol butt.

Have you ever seen what happens when the hammer drops on a pistol that's jammed up under someone's jaw? One blast of fire and smoke and 'twas all over. The only one left was Captain Hunter, two bullet holes and a sword in his side but standing tall. After a show like that the Spaniards practically begged to surrender.

The Galleon

You won't believe the biggest haul we ever made. It was about three years ago and we had been patrolling the normal waters with no luck. Captain Hunter took us into the Med' looking for a stray merchant.

What we found wasn't a merchant ship at all but a full blown Spanish galleon. The helmsman had already started turning the Coarser about before Hunter even gave the order. What he bellowed though was not what we expected at all.

"Stay that helm Mr. Boddington! Who gave you the order to flee? Start closing the distance you sorry excuse for a sailor!"

We stared wide-eyed and slack-jawed for a flutter of time, but by God Boddington turned that wheel right quick. Shocked, we made preparations to enter the mouth of hell itself as the ship drew closer to the Spanish behemoth.

It seemed like time stopped and the whole world had gone crazy as our tiny ship drove straight for certain death. The Spaniards had likewise adjusted course to come straight down our throats.

As we got within range of their large guns, they fired all four bow chasers at us. For an instant we thought this might not be so bad after all. Then she began a slow turn to port bringing her broadside to bare. Hunter angled our ship slightly to match their course and to keep them from crossin' our T. Though there was nothing he could do to stop the full force of their broadsides.

Over and over for what seemed an eternity they pounded us with everything they had. Rigging snapped, canvas tore, wood splintered, and blood spilled, but our course held steady. The closer we got, the worse the barrage. Holes in our hull were taking on water and in a moment of sheer terror a

cannon ball tore through our main mast. The massive timber burst loose, crashing across the deck until finally coming to a crooked rest half-suspended by the rigging.

Surely we were done for, we turned to the captain just waiting for the sign to strike the colors. But 'is fiery eyes was fixed only on the Spanish ship. We knew the only respite we would find that day would be in Davey Jones' Locker.

When we turned back to face our foe, we had closed up alongside her. We were broadside to broadside with that wooden whale. I was sure it would be over in a few short breaths. Then we saw the method to Hunter's madness. We were so low in the water that the Spaniards couldn't drop their cannons to take aim on our battered Coarser.

"Look lively you lot! Pay these bloody Dagos back shot for shot! You marksmen, keep our decks free of any unwanted guests. She's ours for the taking men!"

Our gunners tore into the galleon like rabid wolves. I tell you, we were so close that the splinters of her hull were raining down on us. While they went to work our musketeers took careful aim to clear their railings of any who peered over. In only a few short minutes we rent a hole all along her starboard and she began listing slightly as her colors struck.

It cost us greatly in both ship and men but you've never seen such riches as we took on board that day.

After Flinch has answered the characters' questions and told one or two of his stories about Captain Hunter, it's time to get underway.

The ship is supposed to set sail tomorrow morning, but all that is about to change.

The storm outside has increased in intensity as you tended your rum and listened to Flinch. You can hear heavy wind outside and those coming in drip with rain.

A thunderclap startles you. No, it's the crash of the front door being flung open. Standing in the doorway, limned by lightning, is the stern silhouette of Captain Hunter.

"Get above deck ye land lubbers, we're setting sail immediately!"

Without another word the captain walks back out into the pouring rain. A few of the crew mutter under their breaths and tip their mugs back to finish the last bits of rum before heading out into the storm.

The trip has begun.

Boarding Actions

Once the ships are close, a boarding action can begin. The characters must find a way to get from their ship to the other. With all the spars and rigging on sailing ships there are several ways to go about it.

Grappling hooks make great tools for boarding. The *Coarser* has ample hooks and rope along the side railing for just this purpose. Heroes can get a hook caught up in the rigging with a successful Throwing roll—they can then swing up to 5" onto the other ship's deck. Alternately they can make a Throwing roll to attach the grappling hook to the other ship's railing to create a tightrope. The tightrope isn't without danger though—characters on either side may lose the hook or cut the rope to prevent crossing. Anyone on the rope at the time manages to hang on with a Strength check.

Using a gangplank is a safer way across. Four characters can maneuver one of these massive boards to lay across both ships in one turn. They are 1" wide, 4" long and can be crossed like normal in calm weather. Characters on either side can slide the plank off with a Strength check -4. Anyone standing on a plank when it falls is going for a swim!

Daring characters climb the rigging on their ships and run out on the yard arms—from there they spring into the rigging of the enemy ship. For this to work, the ships must be alongside each other and no more than 6" apart. Jumping from one ship to the other requires an Agility roll -2.

Scene II

Captain Hunter received word of a fully-laden merchant ship that slipped past the English blockade. A friend of his in the navy sent word via courier that several days ago the *El Marione* put to sea and is hugging the coast on its way to make port in France.

Though the news is a few days old, if the *Coarser* sets sail immediately there's a good chance it can run down the prey before she gets to port. With times as lean as they are, Hunter will be damned if he lets an opportunity like this pass him by.

Despite having a few drinks in them the crew sets about their job smartly. Have any characters who are actively helping make a cooperative Boating roll to add to the crew's total. Go ahead and let one of your players make a group roll for the crew (Boating d8) at -2 for the bad weather. A failure means one of the crew has slipped off of a wet yardarm and tumbled to the deck of the ship. If the roll is botched, part of the rigging has torn loose hanging one of the crew and fouling a sail until a repair roll is made (also at a -2 for the weather).

Once underway, the *Coarser* is on the trail of the *El Marione* for at least two days. The weather clears up as the first night passes and provides good winds for the remaining days. Have a player make two more group boating rolls for the crew—one for each day.

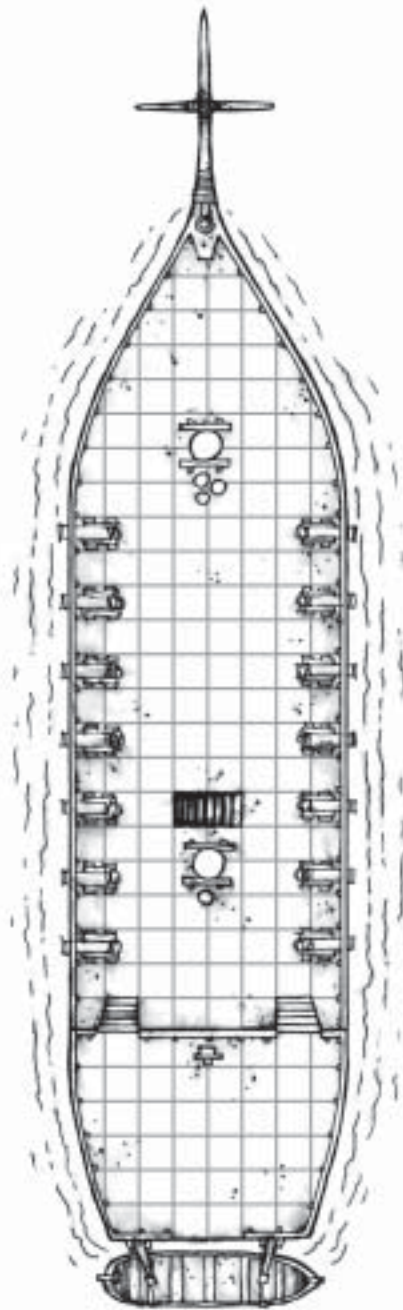
During this time, if the players ask around a bit there are plenty of rumors circulating. All of them mention that Hunter was tipped but who tipped him off and what the *El Marione* carries vary greatly. Some say the navy told him about a ship carrying arms, others that a shadowy figure tipped him off to a shipment of rum. Still others whisper that a force too dark to name put images of a ship laden with gold in his head.

If the crew failed all three Boating rolls of the trip then they overtake the *El Marione* in the dead of night and have to board her with all the troubles that brings. If they made at least one of those rolls the battle happens in the afternoon.

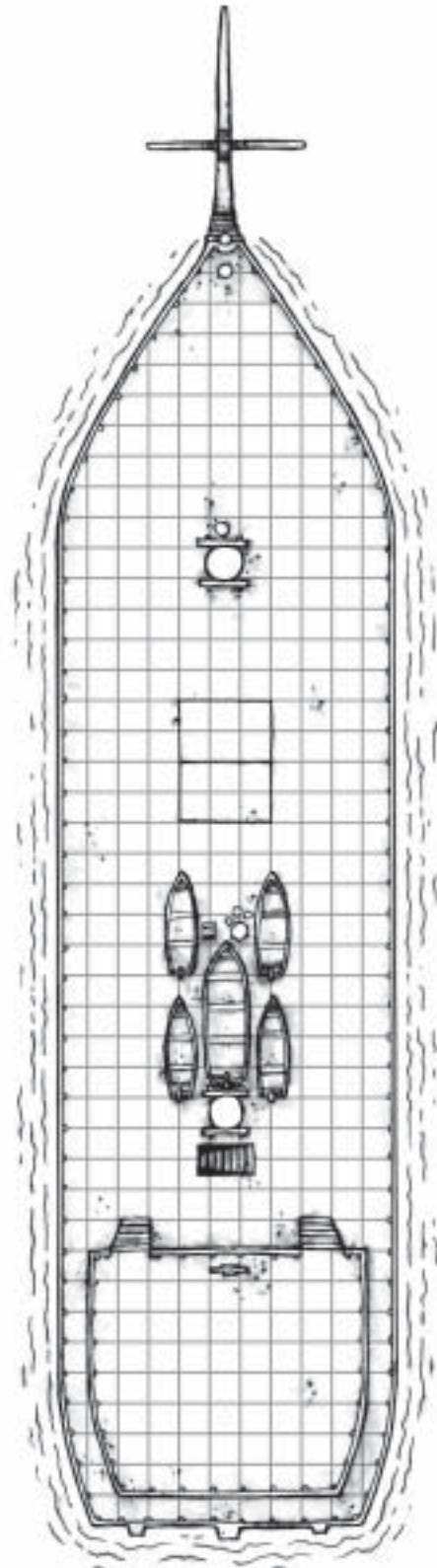
Have the players make Notice rolls as the ships get closer. Anyone who succeeds can clearly make out the Spanish flag flapping in the breeze. If a player gets a raise let them know that the merchant sits a bit high in the water, meaning she isn't carrying a very heavy cargo.

The shape of a fat Spanish merchant ship becomes clear on the horizon. Doubtless it is the El Marione and Captain Hunter has led you to your first prize of the cruise. The Coarser is lean and fast. Under full sail she closes the distance quickly.

Captain Hunter barks out his orders, "Run out the guns boys, let's give her a taste of England! Break her but don't sink her."



The Gray Coarser



El Marione

One square= 1"

Give the *Coarser* one volley of cannon fire before the boarding begins. She has 14 guns total—seven in each broadside. The gunners should be aiming at the sails not the hull. It's a -2 to hit the sails effectively and they have a Toughness of 16. Round shot does half damage to sails, but chain shot does a full 3d6. Each Wound done to the sails reduces the ship's speed by 1/4. After this first volley, bring the ships 2" apart and let the heroes go at it!

Keep the battle moving quickly, the group is only facing merchants here so don't have them fight until the bloody end. It should be a very one-sided battle, over in only a few rounds.

Gray Coarser Marines

There are 15 marines on the *Coarser*, ten of whom stay on board during the fight. One is in charge of each cannon on this side, and the remaining three stand ready in case boarders need to be repelled. After the first shot, they reload but don't fire again for fear of causing damage to the merchant prize. They wait with loaded guns, just in case things get out of hand.

The other five join in on the boarding. If any of the characters took leadership Edges, Flint places the marines under that character's command.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Boating d4, Fighting d6, Notice d6, Shooting d8, Swimming d4, Throwing d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 5

Gear: Flintlock Pistol (Range 5/10/20; Damage 2d6+1; 2 actions to reload), Saber (Str +2).

Gray Coarser Crew

The coarser has 30 crew, most of whom stay out of this battle entirely so you don't need to put them on the board. Place three on each cannon as reloaders. If things go very badly the others join in.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d4, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Boating d8, Fighting d6, Notice d6, Shooting d4, Swimming d4

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 5

Gear: Knife (Str +1)

El Marione Sailors

These are 15 ordinary merchant sailors. Typically they don't get involved in combat, but Captain Hunter hasn't given them a choice today.

Their first choice for the battle is to use gaffs and other long poles to try and remove any gangplanks and grappling hooks joining the two ships. Two man the fore and aft deck-mounted swivel guns—treat these just like blunderbuss. Once backed into a corner they bunch up and try to use as much cover as they can find to limit the number of people who can attack them at once.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d4, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Boating d6, Fighting d6, Notice d4, Shooting d4, Swimming d4

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 5

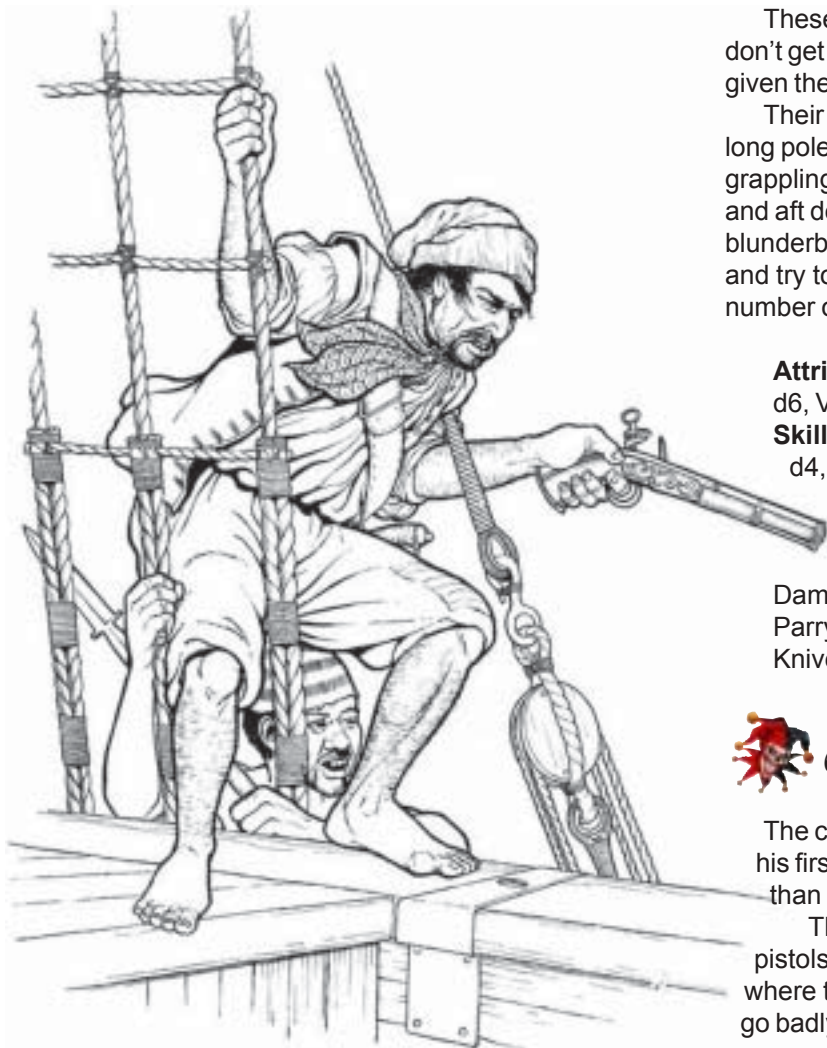
Gear: 2 Swivel Guns (Range 10/20/40; Damage 1-3d6; 2 actions to reload), 5 Gaffs (Str +2; Parry +1; Reach 1; Requires 2 hands), All 15 have Knives or Clubs (Str +1)



El Marione Officers

The captain of the ship, Javier de la Cal Delgado, and his first mate, Lorenzo Berdnada, are marginally better than their crew at fighting, but not much.

They stand back behind their crew firing their pistols until they are out. Then they help out in melee where they can do the most good. Once things begin to go badly they surrender to the privateers.



Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Boating d8, Fighting d8, Notice d6, Shooting d8, Swimming d6, Throwing d4

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 5

Gear: 2 Flintlock Pistols (Range 5/10/20; Damage 2d6+1; 2 actions to reload), Saber (Str +2).

Aftermath

At the end of the battle make rolls for all of the downed extras to see who actually survived the fight and who is dead. The privateers can then take a look around and lay to rest the rumors of what this ship carries.

When they get to the hold, there is a big surprise waiting for them—a cavernous cargo space, devoid of a single container. This ship is as empty as it gets.

Have any players in the cargo hold make Notice rolls. With a 6, they can tell from splinters on the floor that several heavy chests were moved recently.

Neither of the officers is very cooperative in answering questions. The following text is revealed by getting a raise on an Intimidation or Persuasion roll when talking with the officers, or by searching the captain's cabin and getting someone to translate the ship logs. If none of the characters speak Spanish, Flinch calls upon a random crewman to fill in.

The El Marione met up with a French blockade runner named Fleure du Locke less than a day ago. They transferred a dozen chests each weighing 400 pounds. The Fleure du Locke is headed for the Straits of Gibraltar in an attempt to slip past the blockade and deliver the cargo to an unknown location in the Mediterranean.

Scene III

As soon as Malachai hears the loot has been transferred to a second ship he orders everyone back to the *Coarser* immediately. The survivors of the *El Marione* are bound and left on their ship so they can't interfere.

The captain—determined to chase down this treasure—pulls out all the stops. He orders the out-rigged stud sails deployed. Any lesser ship would be in danger of shuddering apart. The *Coarser* groans and creaks as the extra canvas catches wind but after a few short moments she seems stable enough.

Have one of the players make another group Boating roll for the crew today. They need to make one for tomorrow as well. Unless they get at least one success with a raise, they meet the *Fleure du Locke* in the night.

After nearly two days under full sail you finally make out the shape of your prey. The Fleure du Locke is a ship not unlike the Gray Coarser—a two-masted brig nearly identical in size but with

less canvas. She must have lost some of her sail to the storm from several nights past because she is limping slightly.

The Coarser relentlessly hounds her down, closing the distance quickly. The Fleure's hull is sitting a little deep in the water, showing the weight of the cargo she carries. This won't be a repeat of the last ship for sure. The Coarser pulls within sight of her flags and you see the French colors struck in favor of a white flag with a single black dot in the center—the symbol of the plague.

It's an old trick and Captain Hunter knows it. Sensing the weakness of the Fleure, his intensity grows. "Rig battle sails you lazy dogs! Gunners load the cannons, but don't run them out you curs, I'll not have this prize damaged! Boarding party prepare to engage the enemy!"

The Coarser glides up alongside the Fleure du Locke, drifting ever closer. The crew of the Fleure seems to know what's coming—only the essential sailors are visible on deck working her rigging. The others are behind whatever cover they can find, huddled in fear.

Battle Setup

The two vessels are just over 10 feet apart when the scene begins. Let the players position their characters around the ship as they wait for the boarding action. It is perfectly fine for some of the characters to be up in the rigging—sniping or waiting to leap over. The *Gray Coarser* crew mans the cannons as before, but the guns are not run out yet. Place only a few Frenchmen on the deck behind railings and masts.

Have the players make Notice rolls at -4—or -6 if it's night. Roll separately for any characters with the Danger Sense Edge at the regular Notice -2. If any of the heroes make their Notice or Danger Sense roll, give them a demanding "FIVE. FOUR. THREE. TWO... ONE!" count to take cover if they think fast enough.

Several of your crew toss grappling hooks over to the frigate's railings and begin pulling the ships closer. The crew of the Fleure du Locke seems too frightened even to cast the hooks off. Your men are set to begin the boarding. They're just about to head over the railing when the side panels of the Fleure drop down—revealing a 14 cannon broadside poised to strike! Down the line the guns fire, you feel the heat of their blast on your face a split second before the iron shot hits!

The *Fleure du Locke* is no ordinary blockade runner. She's a Q ship—a war ship fitted out to look like a merchant ship. Tonight she is the hunter and her prey wandered right into the trap. Each of her guns is firing hot cannister. Use the *Coarser's* map for the *Fleure*.

Place the shots so as to cover as much of the *Coarser's* crew as possible. In general it's two shots of cannister over each of the *Coarser's* guns. The ships are so close the deviation of the cannister shot doesn't matter so don't even bother rolling to hit.

This is where you need to put on your acting face. Two shots of cannister on each of the crew is almost certain doom. Even if the player characters managed to get behind the railing for -2 Cover they're just not going to make it. The key to this battle is to have most of the crew come out triumphant—*though they've actually all died*.

Dead Reckoning

For this first broadside, wipe out the crew on one or two cannons, hand out a Wound or two to a few players, and stun a large chunk of the rest of the crew. You have to be careful here though because if a character is standing in the middle of Shaken extras and you give him a Wound it probably means all of the extras are going down. Keep your head about you, be creative on this volley, and the hard part is over.

Next round, deal everyone cards as normal. If there are enough crew on the *Coarser* who are unshaken they should run the guns out and start blasting into the *Fleure du Locke's* gundeck. You've got a couple of turns here to make it look like the *Coarser's* gunners can gut the *Fleure's* gundeck to neutralize the threat. Having a shot touch off the *Fleure's* powder stores can turn the combat around in a hurry if needed as well.

Meanwhile, the rest of the boarding action should play out just fine as a regular combat. These guys are tougher and smarter than the crew of the *El Marione* but the players should still be able to take them down. The Frenchmen fight until the last man is put down and seem scared as hell. They are, because the spirits of the *Gray Coarser* are now swarming over them. Don't give this away though—you want to save the big "reveal" until the next Act.

Gray Coarser Marines

Up to seven of the marines stay on the *Coarser*. One is in charge of each cannon on the near side. The gunners run the guns out and fire on the same turn—at this range the -2 multiple action penalty won't make a difference. After the first volley they continue to reload and fire into the enemy ship. The remainder join

in on the boarding, put them under the control of the players as before.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Boating d4, Fighting d6, Notice d6, Shooting d8, Swimming d4, Throwing d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 5

Gear: Flintlock Pistol (Range 5/10/20; Damage 2d6+1; 2 actions to reload), Saber (Str +2).

Gray Coarser Crew

Most of the remaining crew stay out of this battle entirely so you don't even need to put them on the board. Place three on each cannon as reloaders. If you kill too many crew with the first volley, have a few extra crew stagger in each round to help man the cannons.

The men are now spirits—those who survived lie moaning on the deck—but they don't know it. They "think" they can be hurt by the French's weapons, and so they can. Those who "die" again are removed from play as usual, their ghosts "detached" from the *Coarser* and sent off to limbo. For this reason, they have normal statistics—don't give them any ghostly abilities.

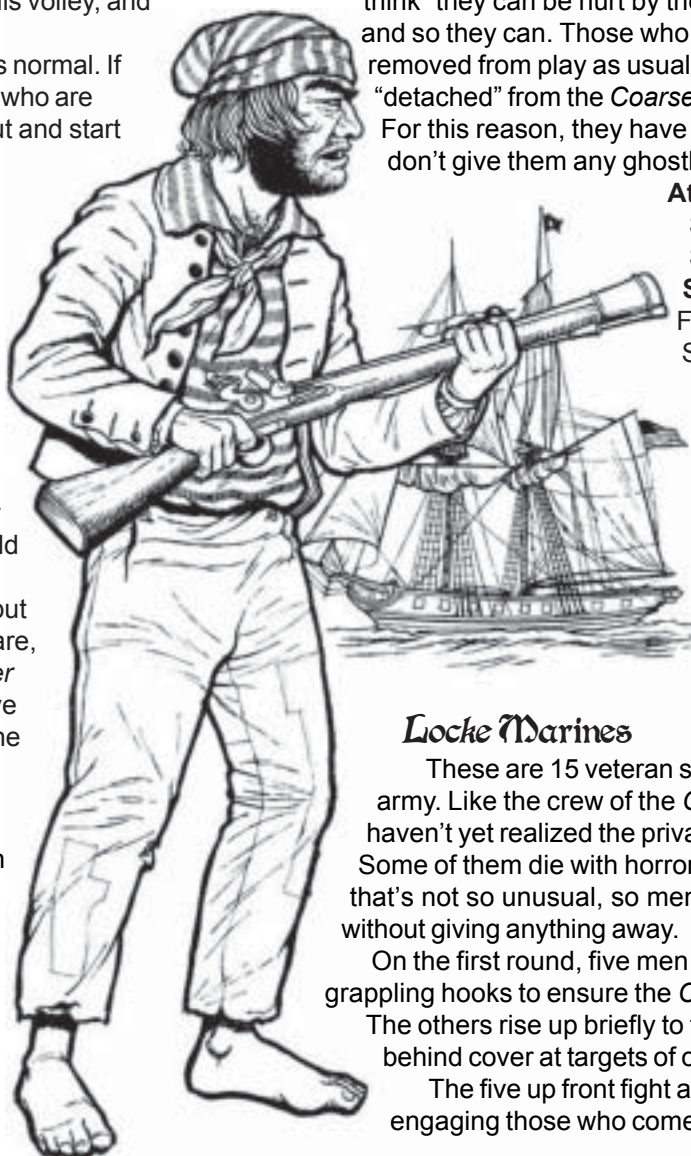
Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d4, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Boating d8, Fighting d6, Notice d6, Shooting d4, Swimming d4, Throwing d4

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5;

Toughness: 5

Gear: Knife (Str +1)



Locke Marines

These are 15 veteran soldiers of the French army. Like the crew of the *Gray Coarser*, they haven't yet realized the privateers are ghosts. Some of them die with horror on their faces, but that's not so unusual, so mention it casually without giving anything away.

On the first round, five men cast their own grappling hooks to ensure the *Coarser* can't get away. The others rise up briefly to fire their muskets from behind cover at targets of opportunity.

The five up front fight a delaying game—engaging those who come over but only taking

Fleure du

the defend action. While they slow down the invaders the other marines—including two in each crow's nest—reload their weapons and try to pick off the Englishmen one at a time.

If pressed, the marines drop their muskets and enter melee with their sabers.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Boating d6, Fighting d6, Notice d6, Shooting d8, Swimming d4, Throwing d4

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 6

Gear: Flintlock Rifle (Range 15/30/60; Damage 2d8; 2 actions to reload), Flintlock Pistol (Range 5/10/20; Damage 2d6+1; 2 actions to reload), Saber (Str +2).



Stephane Grandpierre

The captain of the ship, Stephane Grandpierre, has laid a well-thought out trap. Even when his first volley doesn't take out all of the Englishmen it is only a matter of having his marines delay long enough to get off a second volley.

Captain Grandpierre stands in the middle of the deck gesturing with his saber to inspire his troops. Only when attacked directly does he actually engage in melee.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Boating d10, Fighting d8, Notice d6, Shooting d8, Swimming d6

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Overconfident

Edges: Command, Hold the Line

Gear: Flintlock Pistol (Range 5/10/20; Damage 2d6+1; 2 actions to reload), Saber (Str +2).

Aftermath

Read the following when the player characters finish off the last of the French defenders.

Finally the blood and smoke clear and the fight is at an end. It was hard fought and looked grim for a while but somehow you pulled through. The Fleure du Locke lists starboard—a gaping hole raked in its side from your cannon fire. You walk along the ruined deck of the Q ship looking for survivors, but none of the Frenchmen seem to have pulled through.

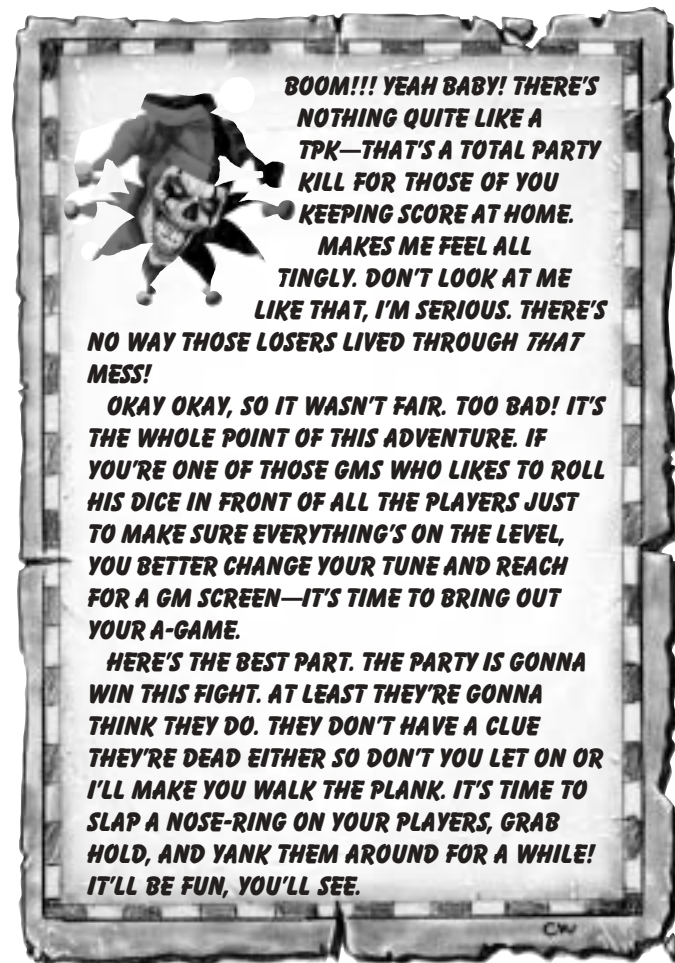
Hurrying below decks before the ship rolls and sinks you head for the hold. You find the sea chests from the El Marione stacked neatly. With visions of gold you crack the lock off the top chest. Flipping it wide open you see it is filled to the brim with...iron...bait for a deadly trap.

Give the players only a little time to search the ship. Don't let them linger long enough to try and piece together what happened. If they search the captain's cabin they find an ornate pair of crossed sabres, a chest full of fine brandy, the ship's charts, a box of cigars, and an ivory inlaid compass. There should be no squabbling over the loot because it's all to be set before the captain to divvy up first anyway.

The *Fleure du Locke* shifts and begins to roll as the players get back to the *Coarser*—or while they're still on it if they're taking too long. Finally it spins over on its side and begins to sink beneath the waves. Bodies of French marines float away from it, like watery spirits drifting off into the ether. Make sure to mention this to set the mood for the horror of what's to come next.

The *Coarser* took heavy rudder damage during the fight and needs to put in for repairs. Malachai nods approvingly at his crew, then sets sail for England.

Though the victory may taste bitter, the crew is lucky to be alive—sort of.



Act II

From here on out you are running a ghost story. Unlike most ghost stories, this time it's the players who are dead. It isn't time for them to know yet so you have to bend the truth a little bit for the next few scenes.

Scene J

The crew is tired and quiet after the chaotic battle. An air of disappointment has settled over the ship. The *Coarser* needs to dry-dock for several months to repair the damage. All but the night-watch bed down for much needed rest, dreams of gold and plunder replaced with nightmares of blood and empty holds.

Morning comes all too quickly, the early bells rouse you from slumber. You get your gear in order and head for the maindeck to see how far you've come in the night. A heavy fog must have rolled in during the night. It's so thick you can just barely make out the crow's nest at the top of the mast.

Mr. Flinch comes up from below, looks around, and smiles. "Good, good, this fog will keep us nice and tucked away. Not a bad thing if you ask me, given the shape of the ship and all."

The Ship

The ship they have found in the fog is the *Tangueray Sunrise*. It is a modern day Spanish yacht belonging to the well-to-do Menendez family. The fog has carried the *Coarser* through the ages not visa-versa.

If you describe the yacht in modern terms it will tip your hand before you are ready for the players to know what's going on. Talk about the ship in terms the players are going to expect. Instead of saying it has metal sides—go ahead and tell them it is wooden. When describing the crew don't tell them that they don't recognize the clothing—say they are not wearing regular issue, but fine Spanish dress uniforms.

To help you out, all of the descriptions of the ship are written as if it were a Napoleonic War era vessel. Just keep in mind that it is really a powered luxury yacht.

The day wears on and oddly enough the fog does not burn off. Typically a fog like this either blows away, is burnt off by the sun, or is outrun—yet this lingers. There's plenty of opportunity here to spook your players a bit. If someone climbs up in the rigging, have him make a Guts check as the fog thickens and he can't see the deck anymore. Play up the atmosphere of the slowly rocking ship trundling all alone in the dead quiet of the fog.

Moving On

Other than the fog, the day passes uneventfully. Once the characters settle in for the night and start to drift off, Mr. Flinch stirs them quietly.

"Quiet, lads. Gather your gear and follow me softly to the main deck."

Mr. Flinch motions for you to follow him, staying low and stealthy. He leads you to the fore deck where you can barely make out the form of Captain Hunter staring out into the pitch black fog. Your eyes follow his and just at the edge of your vision, you see a light.

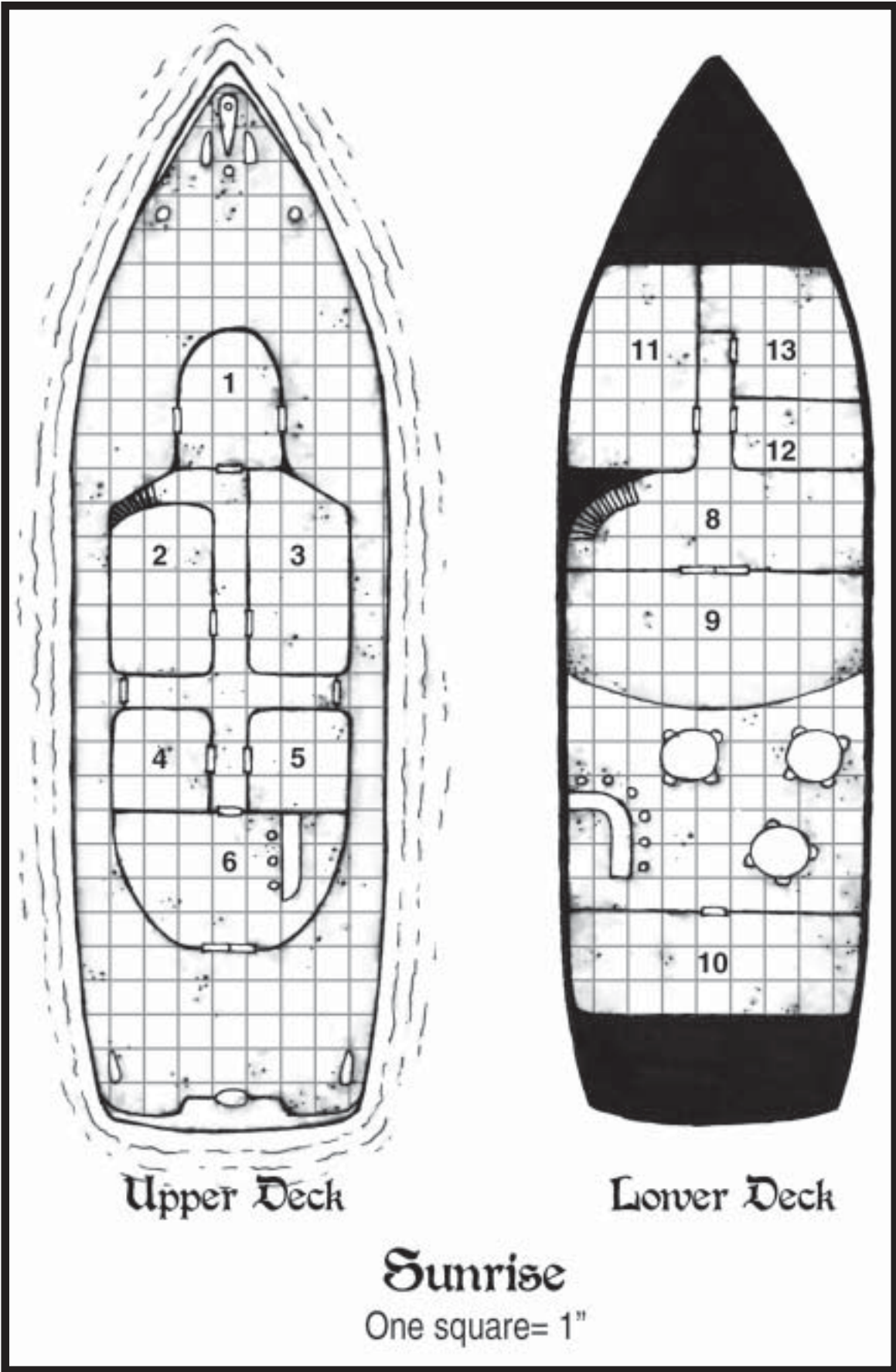
Have the players make Notice rolls at -2 (or no penalty with a telescope). On a success they can make out the shape of a small ship behind the light. With a raise they notice the ship has been de-masted, which means unless it's a galley (a very uncommon design in this time period), it's helpless.

"Alright, men, looks like we might not be going home empty-handed after all. You and five marines are going to take our launch and board her. The night and fog will give you cover and her lights will guide you right in. She looks like a small craft but we don't know how many sailors are aboard so best be careful."

Mr. Flinch gives you all a quick nod and walks you over to the launch. Twenty other sailors are already waiting at the hoistlines to lower the craft into the water.

If any of the characters seem bothered that they're about to attack an unknown ship, Flinch assures them the ship is Spanish. If they press him on how he knows, Hunter steps in and vouches for the vessel's identity as he orders the heroes into the launch. Neither Hunter or Flinch actually offer proof of their claims, however.

Once underway, each character must make a Stealth roll. Have one player also make a group Stealth roll for the five Marines. Because they are ghosts they add +4 to their Stealth rolls. Don't let them know this, however. If their rolls are pitifully low and they seem worried, just mention that they are getting a large bonus from the fog, the darkness, and the late hour. If anyone botches the check, he rocks the boat or mishandles an oar, making a small splash, but still no one stirs.



Upper Deck

Lower Deck

Sunrise

One square = 1"

As the boarders get closer, have them make another Notice roll. On a success, they do in fact see a Spanish flag—which may set some of them at ease. They also notice a lone sailor leaning on the aft railing, gazing into the fog. If they botched the Stealth roll, the sailor is looking around for the noise but fails to see them—the poor fellow sees only a creeping fog for now.

Have the group decide where they want to pull alongside and how they plan to get on-board. Grappling hooks or the anchor chain are the easiest ways. These should have already been muffled with cloth back aboard the *Coarser*.

Scene JJ

The Menendez family took their yacht out for a pleasant weekend cruise. They settled down in calm waters and anchored for a nice dinner and good night's sleep. As the party slips on deck the Menendezes sleep, unaware of what's going on. They are split up in areas 10-13. Once combat begins upstairs they are awoken and hide together behind the bar in area 9.

Most of the crew of the *Tangueray Sunrise* are on the upper deck enjoying a few hours of rest while their employers sleep. They are by no means combat ready and should not pose much threat to the privateers.

Two crew members are sound asleep in area 4, and two more sleep in area 5. They do not rouse from their slumber until their rooms are entered or a large commotion erupts outside.

Two crewmen are chatting and joking in room 6. One behind the bar pours the drinks, and the other lounges on the port side. They are off-duty so they aren't very alert, but come investigate if the party makes any strange noises (which sound muffled and distant to the mortals for now).

A single sailor rests on deck, leaning on the aft railing for a leisurely smoke. He stares absentmindedly into the fog, seemingly oblivious to anything else going on.

The last remaining crew member is downstairs in area 9. He's cleaning up after the evening's festivities. He gathers the family to hide out behind the bar and runs to the upper deck to see what's going on when alerted.

The Ghost Ship

Play up the strange ship as the heroes creep aboard the *Sunrise*. They should start to get the feeling that they are on a ghost vessel of some sort. Some tricks to pull include having the panicked crew run *through* the characters (it will seem as if the crewmen are ghosts rather than the heroes). Any crew deaths should be especially messy as well. Those killed by the pirate ghosts' phantom blades literally spew blood like fountains.

This should be a confusing and chaotic fight. The crew's reactions to the ghosts make *them* look like wild spirits to the heroes, though the opposite is actually true.

Upper Deck

1) Bridge: The entire control deck for this ship is completely enclosed. The fore, port, and starboard walls have several porthole windows in them so the pilots and navigators can see out. There are several simple chairs, a few tables with maps and a large wheel for the rudder. You might describe the console as a "ghostly device, twinkling with the souls of the damned!"

2) Study: A room for lounging and recreation. Several plush chairs finely upholstered in crushed velvet are scattered in this room. Bookcases filled with all manner of literature are present, and a china cabinet at the front end of the room holds fine crystal glasses and snifters of expensive brandy. Several maps hang on the walls.

Have attentive characters make Notice checks. On a success they notice the maps are several hundred years old and out of date (they're antique reproductions).

3) Dining hall: This room is dominated by a large mahogany table running almost the entire length of the chamber. There is room to walk around the table while people sitting but not much more. There is a china cabinet at the fore end of the room with 16 full settings of fine china and elegant silverware.

4 & 5) Crew Quarters: Each of these small, cramped rooms has two bunk beds against the wall, a chest of drawers stretches from floor to ceiling providing the only storage space for each of the four crew members. In the corner is a small closet with a toilet and sink.

On one wall are bizarre but incredibly detailed miniature paintings of people in strange clothes (one of the crew's snapshots of his family).

6) Aft Lounge: The floor in this room is wooden with a large sandalwood compass-point inlay, flawlessly fitted. A bar extends along the entire length of the starboard wall. Behind the bar are rows of glasses and alcohol bottles all rigged for travel. A few tables and chairs are placed around the room. The aft wall is made almost entirely of windows, including the very fancy double doors.

7) Stairway: A wide ornate spiral staircase. It's made of brass and polished to a high sheen. The stairs are covered in a bright red carpet.

Lower Deck

8) Landing: This room is carpeted with the same rich material as the stairs. The walls all sport fine paintings in gilded frames. The large double doors on the aft wall have a vivid stained glass image of a sunrise over rolling hills.

9) Ball Room: This is the largest room of the ship and serves several functions. The fore end is a large open space with a beautiful hardwood parquet floor. Further in is a dining area with several round tables. In the back corner is a large L-shaped bar. Built into the bar are the ship's cooking facilities.

Behind the bar is perhaps the most important fixture for this encounter. Between two cabinets there is an

enormous mirror that stretches from the counter-top to the ceiling. Once in the back half of the room a majority of the dining area can easily be seen in the looking glass (see **The Big Reveal**, below, for the mirror's importance).

The entire Menendez family hides behind the bar, thinking they're being robbed by modern-day pirates.

10) Master Bedroom: This is the largest of the living quarters on this ship, though still meant for a cozy couple. A spacious bed rests along the gentle curve of the aft wall. Off to one side sits a desk and dresser; on the other a large tub for bathing and an enclosed toilet.

11, 12 & 13) Secondary Bedrooms: Though these rooms all vary in size, each contains similar items—a comfortable bed, small writing desk, and a bureau. They're very well appointed compared to most ships' lodgings.

Gray Coarser Marines

Five marines join in on the boarding, put them under the control of the players. If any of the characters commanded them during the last engagement, place them under his command again.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Boating d4, Fighting d6, Notice d6, Shooting d8, Swimming d4, Throwing d6

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 5

Gear: Flintlock Pistol (Range 5/10/20; Damage 2d6+1; 2 actions to reload), Saber (Str +2).

Tangueray Sunrise Crew

Sharply dressed and attentive to the Menendez family's every need, these five men are closer to butlers than sailors. In their down time they rest and relax about the boat. They are poor fighters but defend themselves and each other if attacked.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d4, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Boating d8, Fighting d4, Knowledge (etiquette) d10, Notice d6, Swimming d6

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 5

Gear: Makeshift clubs (Str+1)

Michael Menendez

Michael is a successful corporate executive in Spain. He loves his family very much and often takes them out on short pleasure cruises as family vacations. He keeps a loaded Colt 1911 and two clips locked in the desk in his room (area 10) in case he needs to defend his family. When it's obvious there is a fight going on he gets the gun and hides with his family behind the bar. Michael shoots at any invaders entering the room.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d10, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Boating d6, Fighting d6, Notice d8, Shooting d10, Swimming d6

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 5

Gear: Colt 1911 (Range 12/24/48; Damage 2d8; RoF 1; Shots 7; AP 1)

Priscilla Menendez

Priscilla is the wife of Michael and mother of Pablo, Sally, and Todd. She's an attractive and adoring mother who keeps fit by attending judo classes three times a week. She's not afraid to use her skills to protect her beloved family, but hides behind the bar and lets Michael go to work with his gun first. If anyone tries to get behind the counter she doesn't hesitate to attack them in melee.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Boating d4, Fighting d10, Notice d6, Shooting d6, Swimming d6

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 5

Gear: None



Pablo Menendez

Pablo is the eldest son in the Menendez family. He sticks close to his father to help any way he can. If the situation gets bad enough he begins making and throwing Molotov cocktails made from the bottles of alcohol in a last ditch effort to drive the privateers off.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Boating d6, Fighting d8, Notice d6, Shooting d4, Swimming d8, Throwing d8

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 6

Gear: Cigarettes and lighter

Sally and Todd Menendez

Eight year old twins Sally and Todd are hardly apart from one another. They stay with their family and try to stay out of the way. If they are separated they fight bitterly to get back together—even risking death if need be.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d6, Swimming d4, Throwing d4

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 5

Edges: Luck (Note that this Edge does not require the character to be a Wild Card—that makes it a great way to give a benny or two to Extras who otherwise have to rely on GM bennies.)

Gear: None

The Ghosts

Both the player characters and their fellow boarders are completely susceptible to damage while they still believe they're mortal. They should be treated as mortal as well—except for when you need to “cheat” a bit to suspend the disbelief. The Spaniards won't see them that way though—they see them as corporeal, but also see the pirates' gruesome wounds.

The Big Reveal

Michael, Pablo, and Priscilla Menendez hide behind the bar in area 9. As soon as the players open the doors, Michael starts shooting at whoever is closest with his pistol. The others keep well-hidden behind the bar. Pablo and Priscilla both attack anyone who tries to get to their side of the bar with makeshift clubs.

When the majority of the players are in the ballroom fighting the Menendez family, it's time to reveal what's really going on. Have everyone make a Notice roll, then quietly read this aloud to whoever gets the highest result.

The Spaniards crouch behind the bar, peering out only to take shots. You glance up at the mirror to get a better look, and notice something in the reflection.

Time for Fear checks at -4.

You look closer but something isn't right. You catch your own reflection and cold terror fills your insides. The top of your head has been stove in and a giant timber from the side of the Coarser is stuck through your chest!

Make up a grisly death for each of the players and let them know in turn how they now see themselves. Describe missing jaws, holes through the chest, limbs at odd angles, and other grotesque wounds.

You stare in shock at your mangled bodies as your minds drift back to the Fleure du Locke. The Coarser slides along side her ready to board. The boards drop and the Fleure runs her guns out. Thunder echoes in your head and time stands on end as those shots rip into the Coarser. This time you see it for what really happened. As the smoke clears your crew is not standing tall, but washed away in a sea of blood.

The world seems to snap. You glance about you and no longer see the same surroundings. This ship you are on is made of metal, the torches have no flame and do not flicker, and behind the bar you see a terrified family where you once saw Spanish soldiers.

These Spaniards are not ghosts. You are. Worse yet, you somehow sense that your captain knows. It was Captain Hunter and Mr. Flinch who got you killed and drove you on these innocents. Hunter's lust for treasure has kept you from your final rest. But no booty will quench your dead lips, and no slaughter can sate your dead soul.

Except one. You know there is only one way you will know peace. Malachai Hunter must pay for his sins against God and man.

Scene IV

The row back to the Coarser doesn't take long. As the ship comes into view it too has changed. The sails are in tatters and the starboard side is shredded. The gaping holes of mangled timber should have sunk the ship long ago, yet somehow it remains afloat.

The crew can be seen as the launch nears the Gray Coarser—they are likewise mangled though they go about their normal duties almost as if nothing could be more natural.

Hunter and Flinch are on the quarter deck overlooking the operations. They await a report on the Spanish ship from the player characters—business as usual for these walking corpses. Hunter has already figured out what is really going on so he is on his toes. If the characters act hostile or untrusting towards Hunter he takes the initiative and attacks right off.



Malachai Hunter

The cold gaze of the captain will never again fall upon a lazy crewman—his face has been nearly peeled off by cannon shot! Bits of gory flesh matted with his long brown hair dangle from his head, streaked with giblets of wet red meat. Just seeing the captain is a Guts check at -2. Blowing it is a dead giveaway that the character realizes Malachai is now a ghost.

Once combat begins he Quick Draws his brace of pistols and unloads them into the closest threat. After that it's time to bring out the sabers and enter into bloody melee. Malachai picks the closest enemy and works on him until he stops twitching—unless someone else manages to get his attention that is.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d10, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Boating d8, Fighting d10, Intimidate d10, Notice d6, Shooting d8, Swimming d6

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 8;

Toughness: 7

Hindrances: Ugly, Mean

Edges: Two Fisted, Florentine, Berserk, Block, Brawny, Command, Frenzy, Improved Frenzy, Quick, Quick Draw

Gear: 2 Flintlock Pistols (Range 5/10/20; Damage 2d6+1; automatically reloads), 2 Sabers (Str +2).

Jonathan Flinch

Mr. Flinch has fared better than the captain in appearance. Most of his wounds—including the one that did him in—are small. His clothing is tattered but goes a long way to further conceal the shot holes all along his torso.

Flinch owed his life to Malachai in the mortal realm, and now he owes his unlife to him as well. He fights loyally by Hunter's side until "dead."

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8

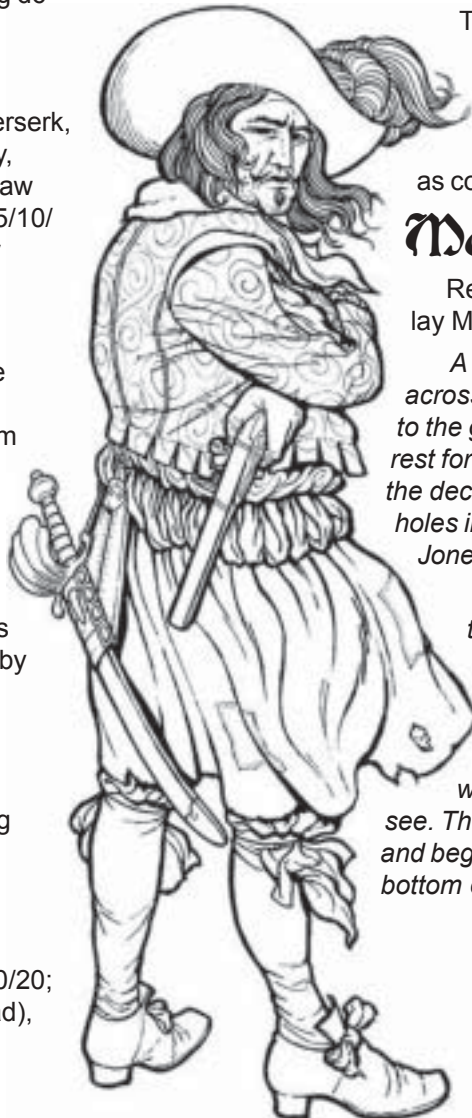
Skills: Boating d8, Fighting d8, Notice d8, Shooting d8, Swimming d6

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Heroic, Carouser

Edges: Level Headed

Gear: Flintlock Pistol (Range 5/10/20; Damage 2d6+1; 2 actions to reload), Saber (Str +2).



Gray Coarser Marines

Ten marines remain on the ship and are loyal to Captain Hunter, even in death. The marines who went aboard the *Sunrise* can each be convinced to fight alongside the heroes with a successful Persuasion roll.

The marines stick together and gang-up on their opponents to make use of the multiple attacker rules. They go after other Extras first and then work their way to Wild Cards if the battle permits.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Boating d4, Fighting d6, Notice d6, Shooting d8, Swimming d4, Throwing d6

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 5

Gear: Flintlock Pistol (Range 5/10/20; Damage 2d6+1; 2 actions to reload), Saber (Str +2).

Ghosts

All of the characters gain the Ethereal special ability, but it will do them little good aboard the *Coarser*.

The ship is part of their fate and is as solid to them as it was in life. The ghosts can also harm each other normally. In other words, barring an encounter with land or other vessels, treat this phantom in-fight as completely normal.

Malachai's End

Read the following if the crew manages to lay Malachai Hunter's spirit to rest.

A disembodied scream of fury rings across the water as the captain staggers to the ground. The captain has been put to rest for good. No sooner does his body hit the deck then the Coarser begins to roll, the holes in her side finally sending her to Davy Jones' Locker.

The remaining crew gathers along the railing strangely calm. As the dark ocean raises to meet you all, the fog thins out—eventually disappearing to reveal a stunning sky full of stars. You gaze in wonder at the last sky you will ever see. The Coarser makes one final shudder and begins her long gentle journey to the bottom of the sea.



YOU WOULDN'T LIKE HIM WHEN HE'S ANGRY.

He's 400 pounds of meat and blubber, none too bright, and easily upset. His people call themselves the "grael," but the rest of Caribdus call them "sea lions." You'll call him "sir."

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