



THE GOON™

THE GREAT BOLLAIRE STREET BLOCK PARTY



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The Goon

Written and Illustrated by Eric Powell

Based on the comic book series published by
Dark Horse Comics, Inc.

Writing: Matthew Cutter

Additional Material: Clint Black, Jodi Black, Shane Lacy Hensley

Editing: Jodi Black, Thomas Shook

Art Director: Aaron Acevedo

Layout and Graphic Design: Alida Saxon, Aaron Acevedo

Cover Art: Eric Powell

Interior Art: Eric Powell

Cartography: Alida Saxon

Author's Dedication: *This one's for the Savages.*

Savage Worlds Created by Shane Lacy Hensley

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THE GREAT BOLLAIRE STREET BLOCK PARTY

"I have known happiness in my time. I have,
but it's a distant memory." —Buzzard

Well, would ya get a load of that? It's a whole block of thrilling attractions, colorful striped tents, gleeful and garrulous vendors, intermittent blasts of music, the mouth-watering scent of roasting bratwursts mixed with acrid smoke — and it lasts for 48 hours.

Good times? Best times these poor beleaguered folks in the Town have had in as long as anybody can remember. There's nothing wrong with a little fun, is there? Charlie Noodles don't think so, and Charlie's good people.

Still, that tiny voice at the back of the brain keeps nattering away. It's asking, *Who organized this little shindig? And why?* That's no easy answer to ferret out. Just about every heavy hitter in the Town is on hand to take their cut by hook or crook. Goon wants to know the truth — and collect his tribute — so he sends in *his* crew. As usual, that's your group's antiheroes.

This adventure works well as a *Goon*TM one-shot, a convention adventure, or an introduction to the Town's motley rogues gallery of malcontents and evildoers. Players familiar with *The Goon*TM will recognize a greatest hits of all-too-familiar faces.

ROCK AROUND THE BLOCK

The players can run pretty much any characters the GM lets 'em use. They can use their own mooks, choose Archetypes from *The Goon*TM's entourage and play those, or mix the two to some degree that's pleasing for all involved. All the characters should be at least Seasoned Rank.

A little friendly advice for the GM: If you mix and match — that's to say, somebody plays *The Goon*TM and everyone else runs their own lugs and dames — be generous with those Bennies, pal. They can really help even the playing field.

Continuity Revisited

This adventure toys with official continuity more than the Grievous Yarns in *The Goon RPG*TM. That ain't intended to cause trouble. It's just Goon has so many vividly intriguing villains it seems a real shame not to include them all at *some* point. As long as your group isn't playing the series' main characters — Goon, Franky, Buzzard, and the like — there's nothing too disruptive to the Town's established canon.

But we understand some of youse wants to adhere more exactly to what happened in them funnybooks ya spend all yer allowance on. Fair enough. Here's a simple fix: Remove tent 4 (Mr. Wicker's Funhouse) or replace it with something mundane like greased donkey-wrasslin'. And tent 15 (Labrazio's lair) is really just a fortune teller. Everything else in this yarn is street legal, slappy.

Backstory

Like so many other dreadful things that happen in the Town, the Bollaire Street Block Party's existence ultimately is due to the nefarious Zombie Priest. He needed to replenish his zombie legions, and he figured a block party was the quickest way to gather a lot of rubes in one place and keep them entertained and distracted. *Ker-whack* on the head with a ball-peen hammer, wave a little black magic over the stiff, *voilà!* — new slackjaw.

Anyhow, Zombie Priest and Lazlo submitted the required permits via their City Hall proxies and patsies, but even they couldn't predict how many other opportunists would try to chisel in on their racket.

The Goon's Interest

Meanwhile, despite the fact he enjoys a good bash every now and again, Goon ain't too happy to hear news of a block party transpiring without his say-so. He and Franky call together a few of their most trusted lugs — your antiheroes, naturally — and Goon lays it all out for them:

"You heard of this Bollaire Street Block Party everybody's yappin' about? Starts this Friday night, goes until dusk on Sunday. I don't know whose big idea it was to throw a party. I'm curious, no doubt about that, but I don't know for sure.

"They say a block party's sort of like a carnival. There'll be vendors, shills, con men, pickpockets, mooks sellin' all manner of merchandise, kapeesh? I want you to head down there, blend in. Collect the usual tribute from every booth — that's a hundred samoleans each tent, no exceptions.

"While you're doing that, poke around. Stick your noses where they don't belong. I smell a con. See if you can't find out who's behind the whole smokescreen, and what their angle is. If they're not friendly, well...you know what to do."

If the toughs need any special gear, a restock on ammunition, a vehicle, or other goods for the mission, now's the time to ask. Otherwise, Bollaire Street awaits and the party's only a day or two away.

City Hall: A member of the crew may think to look into the public record to figure out who filed a permit for the block party. This is a clever play but far from easy to complete. It requires successful use of the Connections (City Hall) Edge or a Persuasion roll at -6 to gain access to the records. Turns out a "Mr. Corpus" filed the permits only a week ago.

🔍 **Franky:** See *The Goon RPG™*.

🔍 **Goon:** See *The Goon RPG™*.

SPLASH PAGE

It's a party, that's for sure, chum! The minute the working stiffs knock off on Friday evening the entire block bursts into frivolity. With what looks like 15 distinct vendors and establishments, for the antiheroes it's gonna be a *looonng* weekend. The block party starts Friday evening and ends at dusk on Sunday.

Read the following to your lugs and dames as they arrive at the festivities:

You round the corner onto Bollaire Street and the joint is jumpin'! Brightly striped tents, cotton candy, tests of strength, even a Freak Tent. It's a regular carnival around here.



Time to get down to business. Just then, a braying voice like a mule stops you dead in your tracks:

"Welcome, ladies and gents! I trust you'll find the Great Bollaire Street Block Party to your liking — it's got everything! Food, drink if that's your racket, fun out the wazoo. I think I seen a lady with four bosoms, no lie!"

A skinny, rangy fella in a \$10 zoot suit and a fancy hat slithers up and starts shaking your hands, each in turn. He pumps your arm up and down enthusiastically.

"So glad ta meetcha! Name's Billy Stagnant. Bill if you like, I don't mind! Can I show you around?"

Billy has been working the crowd since it started to gather. As soon as he saw the crew he sensed a bunch of easy marks. He was probably wrong on that score.

Nevertheless, Bill's a bold sort. He tries to palm an item from everyone in the group. Roll a concealed Stealth roll for Bill (adding his +2 for the Thief Edge), opposed by each antihero's Notice. On a success, Bill grabs a small, relatively worthless item (e.g., a book of matches, a handkerchief) from a mook; with a raise he gets something equally small but more valuable (e.g., a key or a billfold). If a hero's Notice roll succeeds, he detects the fact Bill's light fingers palmed something; with a raise on Notice the lug catches the dirty pickpocket in the act.

If he's challenged or otherwise threatened, Bill flees into the crowd and tries to throw pursuers with another Stealth roll. If cornered, he begs for mercy and offers to show the group around. He claims to know every vendor personally; he made it his business to meet them. Checking the thief's pockets reveals he's been a very busy bee this evening. At the very least, he owes a \$100 tribute to Goon for conducting business on his turf.

• **Billy Stagnant:** See page 28.

BOLLAIRE STREET

2 YARDS



CHAPTER TWO: THE GUIDED TOUR

“Step right up, kids! Just for one darn nickel you can see Gleeptoe and Niktak! The alien twins from the planet Mars! Heck, for two nickels they’ll eat a cat right in front of ya!” —William Sproule

In this chapter we take a spin through all the tents on Bollaire Street. There’s something interesting to be found under each of them, but three lead to full-fledged Grievous Yarns. Give your players a copy of the Player’s Map (page 6). Either Billy Stagnant acts as a guide (he actually does know who runs almost every booth) or the mooks have to explore and figure it out on their own.

For each location on the Bollaire Street Map (page 9), we include an introduction, followed by whatever games, services, or sundry items the place is shilling. Then a section called **Gettin’ Goon’s Cash** describes how easy or difficult it is for your goons-in-training to collect the tribute. Finally a **Vital Information** section reveals what — if anything — each entrepreneur knows about who organized the party and invited them to be a part of it.

What the crew does with all this is largely up to them. If they decide to shake down the merchants for more than the \$100 tribute, it’s up to the GM to decide just how much cabbage each one has on hand, whether it’s locked in a safe, if other guards are summoned, and so forth.

Ceaseless Misfortune

Whenever you want to liven up a scene, you can roll on the **Block Party Events Table**. Otherwise, let your palookas choose their own path through the impromptu carnival, and find their own way to trouble. In that case, roll for an event whenever one of the players is dealt a Joker from the Action Deck.

Block Party Events

| d10 | Event |
|-----|---------------------------------|
| 1 | Chug-head ambush |
| 2 | Brawling drunks |
| 3 | High Noon |
| 4 | Dantini’s goons |
| 5 | Coppers |
| 6 | Mimes |
| 7 | Sewer kids |
| 8 | Octoslug |
| 9 | Creeping greenthing |
| 10 | Weird Stuff Happens! |

Chug-Head Ambush: At some point in their perambulations, the mooks are ambushed by a seething pack of Changelings (4 per antihero; see *The Goon RPG™*). These small, blue-skinned terrors cause no end of trouble unless they’re driven off.

Brawling Drunks: Some drunk Citizens (2 per antihero; see *The Goon RPG™*) get into a fistfight, and pretty soon one of ‘em throws a punch at one of your mooks.

High Noon: It’s Dandy John O’Rotten (page 28) versus Gentleman Carl McCactus (page 29) in a long-awaited rematch! Well, long-awaited by *some* buckaroos, at least. Okay, okay, fair enough: don’t nobody care about their feud. But they’s dead-set on playing it out anyhow, amigo. They set up in the middle of Bollaire Street and slap leather in a gun duel. The catch? Both gunfighters bought a draught of Fate’s elixir (see *The Goon RPG™*); Mr. Fate stands off to one side, giggling and rubbing his hands.

A result of “High Noon” happens only once; reroll if it comes up again.

Dantini’s Goons: Dantini’s just as mystified about the block party’s origin as Goon, and he’s equally intent on getting his cut. Some Gangsters (1 per antihero; see *The Goon RPG™*) are going tent-to-tent collecting tribute for Dantini. It’s up to toughs in Goon’s employ to make it clear whose territory this is.

Coppers: Two of the Town's finest Beat Cops (see *The Goon RPG™*) stroll along through the crowd, on the lookout for trouble.

Mimes: Without a doubt, mimes are the ~~most~~ worst. They show up at the most inconvenient times. Most annoying of all is when they actually draw you into their little game and try to make you part of their loony mime world. Gives me the willies just thinking about it. In this encounter, Mimes (2d6, see page 30) surround the gang and start using their mojo on 'em.

Sewer Kids: A gang of filthy Sewer Kids (2 per antihero; see *The Goon RPG™*) roam the crowd looking for children and small animals they can kidnap. They might even make a play for a Wild Card, if he or she has the Small Hindrance. If the gang trails the sewer kids, they take abductees to the Deep-Fried Anything food truck (see page 13).

Octoslug: One of the antiheroes encounters a lone Octoslug (see *The Goon RPG™*) dangling its "lure" in the crowd, potentially leading to a deadly encounter.

Creeping Greenthing: A slimy, swamp-bred Creeping Greenthing (see *The Goon RPG™*) lurks just beneath a sewer grate, waiting for a likely target to pass — so it can reach out and grab 'em!

Weird ~~Stuff~~ Happens!: Consult the aptly named Setting Rule in *The Goon RPG™*. How this occurrence plays out is up to the GM, and it doesn't cost a Benny or count toward anyone's weird limit this session.

1. RING TOSS

The ring toss con is a classic. The space between pegs isn't quite big enough for the ring, and Mona McMirsneer has a gadget that causes the pegboard to "jump" almost imperceptibly when she trips a switch she holds behind her back. If she times it just right — and the old hag's been doing this for decades — she can knock even successful shots right off her wall.

Mona charges \$1 for three rings. Get a ring on a peg, win a stuffed animal (which is a little mildewy and infested with the GM's choice of insect larvae). Or the lucky so-and-so can go for three rings in a row and win one of the big stuffed animals (of the two on the shelf, one has two raccoons living in it, and the other a mother opossum and her litter).

Putting a ring on a peg takes a successful Throwing roll at -4. Mona can oppose Throwing rolls by triggering the switch she carries, with an Agility roll. (When she does so, any mook not engaged in Throwing a ring can spot her using the switch with a Notice roll at -2.)

Gettin' Goon's Cash

Mona ain't exactly a pushover, but she ain't one for pugilistics neither. If the lugs succeed on Intimidation, Persuasion, or Taunt to put the screws to her, she agrees to pay Goon his cut. After all, business is good on Bollaire Street for a change.

- **Mona McMirsneer:** Use the Citizen profile in *The Goon RPG™*, but add Agility d8, Charisma -2, and the Ugly and Greedy (Minor) Hindrances. She's got a big wart on her forehead that almost resembles a third eye in just the right light.

Vital Information

Mona doesn't know too much about the party's organizers. She received an invitation written in calligraphy on fine paper, sealed with a black ribbon and wax. Mona shows it to questioners if they demand to see it; it's signed by a "Mr. C."

2. KISSING BOOTH

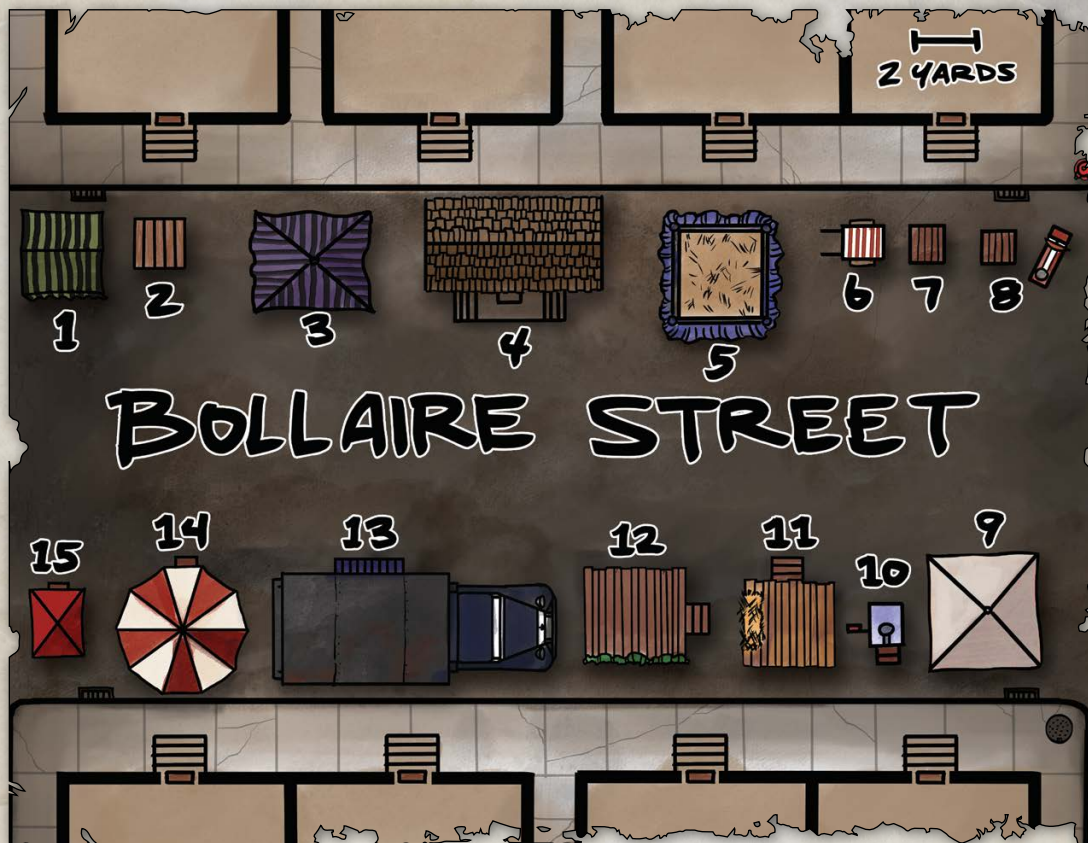
Roxi Dlite — the smokin', drinkin', strippin' machine — never misses a party, and this one's no exception. She and her manager Abercrombie set up a kissing booth to hawk smooches to the locals. Why? Easy money.

Customers are welcome to pay anything from \$1 to \$5, with the promise of a "better" kiss for the higher donations. Roxi is equal opportunity — males and females welcome — so it's pay your money and pucker up, Priscilla.

Gettin' Goon's Cash

Roxi isn't about to give up any of her hard-earned cash if she can avoid it. Instead she offers to join up with the crew to help them get money out of everyone else (slipping away when the gettin's good, of course). Or she offers to find out who's running the show. Under no circumstances does she willingly hand over any dough, but uses all her wiles instead.

- **Roxi Dlite:** See *The Goon RPG™*.
- **Abercrombie:** *The Goon RPG™*.



Vital Information

Neither Roxi nor Abercrombie know who's in charge of the party. They weren't even invited. When they heard about it, Abercrombie stole some lumber and paint to put together the booth and they were in business.

3. FREAK TENT

This oversized, purple-and-black-striped tent hides its wonders and terrors within... or so promises the hand-painted placard out front. A thin fella with jaundiced skin, a flattened hat, and no more than three teeth stands out front, mechanically shaking a can that has 25¢ printed on it. All he says in reply to inquiries is, "Two bits."

WONDERS and **TERRORS**, promises the placard. **BEHOLD THE FREAKS!** Inside, a visitor finds exactly what she was promised: three freakish, deformed creatures chained to a series of cinder blocks, and another one in a black iron cage. Best of all? Peaches Valentine jumping up and down in a diaper shouting, "Poop potato!!"

Sometimes these things are found wandering near the Town, or flopping around in a drainage ditch. Kids throw firecrackers

at 'em, and they're generally considered cruel twists of nature. The one in the cage, however, has a positively diabolical look in its three eyes — it is the freak supreme!

- **Freak Supreme:** Use the Freak profile on page 29, but this malevolent thing has Agility d8, Strength d10, Vigor d12, Toughness 8, and a vicious bite (Str+d6). If it gets loose it causes no end of mayhem.
- **Freaks (3):** See page 29.
- **Jaundiced Hawker:** Use the Citizen profile in *The Goon RPG™*, but add the Afflicted (Minor) Hindrance. He has \$4.75 in his cup.
- **Peaches Valentine:** See *The Goon RPG™*.

Gettin' Goon's Cash

The freak tent's owner, Mr. Jasper Riddenour, relaxes in another section of the tent behind the freaks' display area. It's reached through a flap behind Freak Supreme's cage that's made to blend in with the surrounding fabric (Notice -2 to find it).

Mr. Riddenour doesn't care about the freaks' well-being beyond what money he can extract from their freakish displays. In fact, he's promised his soul to dark powers in return for magical might. It takes a few good whacks across the chops before Riddenour

agrees to pay Goon any cash — and he fights back. That said, he's good for the money.

☞ **Jasper Riddenour:** Use the Sorcerer profile in *The Goon RPG™*, but Jasper has the Arcane Background (Black Magic) Edge and also knows the *create abomination* power.

Vital Information

Riddenour's hawker and freaks don't know much of anything at all. Riddenour knows who's behind the whole thing, but he's loathe to reveal it under any circumstances. Basically, mooks have to beat the would-be wizard nearly to a pulp and threaten to kill him before he spills:

"It was Mr. Corpus. The Priest of Lonely Street. He set up the whole deal. He's running the Cabinet of Curiosities. You can find him there, him and his right-hand man Lazlo."

4. MR. WICKER'S FUNHOUSE

This small, pre-fab wooden building fits onto a large trailer, where it more or less pops up for easy assembly. The outside is painted black, with **FUNHOUSE!** in enormous, multi-colored letters, and clowns cavorting and laughing and committing all manner of unspeakable atrocities. From a little ways off the ride looks like a thrilling diversion; from close up the paintings reveal ever more sordid details and make the ride look like a horror show. Still — it's only 5¢ a ride.

A mechanical man in a top hat stands out front collecting nickels from riders. This might lead the confident or unwary to assume Dr. Alloy's running this booth. They'd be wrong. In fact, Mr. Wicker set up this spot in the hopes he could draw in a few of Goon's lugs and dames to question them...and maybe offer them a spot on the winning side.

- **Automaton:** See *The Goon RPG™*.

Gettin' Goon's Cash

Heh — that's a good one. Mr. Wicker's not paying squat. Most folks take the ride through this funhouse of clown-perpetrated horrors and emerge at the other end, having met no one but the clockwork hawker. If the heroes take the ride it goes a little differently.

Up to four antiheroes can fit in a single car, two in front and two in back. Read the following to your group:

About halfway through the ride — just past the spot where the gangrenous clown popped up with a meat cleaver from behind some kind

of extraterrestrial cow and the rats scattered everywhere, except you think maybe the rats were real — the car jolts to a stop. The safety rail jams back into your gut, pinning you fast. Blazing lights click on. A black curtain pulls back. A towering, manlike wicker shape faces you, its eyes blazing bright, flanked by flunkies.

Show your group a picture of Mr. Wicker. He laughs richly and says in a crackling, otherworldly voice,

"Well, what do we got here? Goon's crew, out for a night on the town? How special. This isn't going to end well for you. But it could be better if you tell me a little about your boss. Why don't you start with...everything?"

It takes a Strength roll at -2 to break a safety bar loose. Two antiheroes sitting beside each other can cooperate on the roll. Mr. Wicker runs off and vanishes out the back of the Funhouse if more than half his minions go down in a fight. Otherwise he and his boys beat the crew to within an inch of their lives, but stop short of killing anyone whether they spill any details on the Goon or not.

☞ **Mr. Wicker:** See *The Goon RPG™*.

- **Gangsters (1 per antihero):** See *The Goon RPG™*.

Vital Information

Wicker doesn't know or care who organized the block party. He's just chiseling in on the racket for his own ends. If he's somehow defeated or captured, the GM might consider using a fiat to spring the big galoot loose — he's still got a big role to play in the Goon's saga.

5. KANGAROO BOXING

A tall, broad-shouldered, potbellied man with a jolly red moustache and a mackintosh cap with tufts of festive cinnamon hair sprouting from under it calls out to passers-by. He snaps his droll suspenders and clucks his buck teeth and cries:

"Come one, come all, battle the beast! Face the thunder from Down Under! It only costs a dollar, but I'll give ten dollars to anyone lasts a round with the Boxing Marsupial, and twenty-five dollars to anyone knocks him out cold!"

Inside a makeshift boxing ring, a kangaroo hops expectantly and pounds its boxing gloves together. The red-haired man running the racket is O'Clerlihy, and his three red-haired daughters — the O'Clerlihy Sisters — provide a capella accompaniment.

Anyone who steps up is welcome to fight the kangaroo. O'Clerlihy ties on a pair of boxing gloves like the kangaroo wears; punches thrown with them cause Nonlethal Damage (see *Savage Worlds*). A single boxing-match "round" is 10 combat rounds, or one minute.

- **Boxing Marsupial (1):** Use the Kangaroo profile in *The Goon RPG™*.
- **O'Clerlihy Sisters (3):** Use the Kid profile in *The Goon RPG™*, but add the Perform (Singing) skill at d8, and Taunt d10.
- **Rusty O'Clerlihy:** Use the Citizen profile in *The Goon RPG™*, but add the Brawny Edge. He keeps a shotgun (Range 12/24/48, Damage 1-3d6, RoF 1) and six extra shells by his cash box.

Gettin' Goon's Cash

O'Clerlihy's no softie and his daughters have sailors' mouths, but it doesn't take much threatening and cajoling for him to cough up the \$100. Success on an Intimidation, Persuasion, or Taunt roll does it.

Vital Information

Big Irish doesn't know who's behind the block party. He received an invitation to set up shop just like a lot of other people did. If he's asked, he's got no problem showing it to the gang.

6. SLYME'S PLUM CART

The unfortunate Orville Slyme is on hand to sell his produce. Orville's got a hangdog look about him — all drooping jowls and receding hairline — and he wears a stained apron. He stares straight ahead, dutifully, unless someone wants to buy a plum.

If the antiheroes have successfully completed the Grievous Yarn **The Repulsive Habits of Goblins** (in *The Goon RPG™*), Slyme's wares are actually quite tasty, plump, sweet, and well worth the price tag of a penny a plum. If not, the fruit has a faint, stale odor like old cheese about it — and the gang could very well get drawn into that tale now if the GM likes.

Gettin' Goon's Cash

Slyme's a coward, and doesn't have an ounce of fight in his withered frame. He also barely has two dimes to rub together. With a successful Intimidation, Persuasion, or Taunt check, Slyme scrapes together all the cash he can muster — \$4.89. If his produce is free of

any interference by goblins, he's willing to pay the other \$95.11 in fruit.

- **Orville Slyme:** Use the Citizen profile in *The Goon RPG™*.

Vital Information

Slyme received a handwritten invitation that he's only too willing to show the palookas. He's a coward at heart.

7. MEXICAN HORNED FIRE TOADS

Buy 'em live, or buy 'em skewered and roasted on a stick. Either way they're spicy hot and tasty good. Carlos Mendoza runs this tiny handcart selling Mexican horned fire toads for 5¢ each. Carlos does a pretty good business; everyone loves a fire toad.

Gettin' Goon's Cash

Carlos isn't up for a fight, and frankly he appreciates what Goon's crews do to keep the streets free of the Devil's creatures. It doesn't take much convincing for Carlos to pay the \$100 he owes.

- **Carlos Mendoza:** Use the Citizen profile in *The Goon RPG™*, but add Knowledge (Spanish) d8.

Vital Information

Carlos got an invitation, but he's not ashamed to admit he thinks there's some evil motivation behind the whole thing. In his experience, nothing good happens in the Town without something bad to balance it out.

8. HIGH STRIKER

This is the classic test of strength, where the sap pays his 10¢ to hit a paddle with a big mallet. The higher the steel piston is propelled, the better the strike. If it rings the bell, the striker wins a prize of \$10. Few are mighty enough to walk away with 10 clams!

The hawker is Charles Ultimate, a musclebound man with a shiny bald head, hugely waxed handlebar moustache, and leopard-skin toga. He flexes his arms and legs while shouting to the crowd,

"Come let us separate the men from the boys! Those with vim and those without! Step right up, ring the bell and win the prize!"

The striker goes up to 20 feet tall, in numbered increments at each foot. With

success on a Strength roll, the piston goes up to eight feet. With a raise it reaches 12 feet, two raises gets it to 16 feet, and with three raises the piston fires to 20 feet and rings the bell.

Gettin' Goon's Cash

As one might guess, Charles Ultimate isn't easily intimidated. In fact, he's downright stubborn where his hard-earned cash is concerned. If the gang's able to "convince" him of the error of his ways, Mr. Ultimate pays his 100 bucks. He has the cash to spare; there's no shortage of men, young and old, trying to make themselves look strapping for a young lady.

- **Charles Ultimate:** Use the Citizen profile in *The Goon RPG™*, but add Strength d12+2, Vigor d12+2, Toughness 10, and the Brawny Edge.

Vital Information

Ultimate didn't receive an invitation, nor does he know who set up the block party. He saw a carnival and figured what every carnival needs is a high striker. No one complained until the mooks came along and started hassling him.

With success on an Intimidation or Persuasion roll, Charles relates one strange thing he's seen since they got this block party started:

"Hoboes. More than usual, prowling in the crowds. I've exhorted them to test their strength —! But to no avail. Cowardly bounders. Them, and sewer kids."

Charles Ultimate shudders in revulsion.

Total Chaos

Given the sheer amount of criminals, freaks, evildoers, hoboes, cops, citizens, and even weird creatures packed into a single block, it's conceivable a brawl spills over into one or more other tents and attractions. Even a single Knockback result could flatten two or more tents.

Our advice to the GM is to go with it. If things fly out of control and turn into a free-for-all, do your best to keep track of where the main adversaries are. You might as well invoke the **Weird Happens!** Setting Rule at that point and really up the ante!

9. CABINET OF CURIOSITIES

This fancy tent is done up in faux-Arabian style, and has a sign that promises **WEIRDNESSES BEYOND COUNTING** underneath the one that proclaims its name, **CABINET OF CURIOSITIES!** Fake plaster pillars stand on either side of the yawning black entrance. A smooth-looking gent in a gray pinstripe suit and fedora sways out front, beckoning to the passing crowd:

"Come see what weirdnesses are contained in the Cabinet of Curiosities! Marvel at the mysterious Eyeball of Far-Seeing! Shudder as you inspect the Hand of Glory. Shrink from the Drifting Luminous Brain's tentacular touch! Only 25 cents to take a tour of the uncanny!"

It's true, they've got everything promised inside — and more. But that smooth-looking gent is actually Zombie Priest's deputy, Lazlo, with a fresh face nailed onto his zombie skull. It takes a Notice roll (-4) to see through the clever and well-executed ruse. Anybody who pays their two bits gets in the front door.

☞ **Lazlo:** See *The Goon RPG™*.

Gettin' Goon's Cash

One thing's for sure, these low-down slackjaw-mongers ain't contributing any money to the Goon's coffers. Not voluntarily, anyway.

Vital Information

When your mooks pay their admission to the Cabinet of Curiosities — or see through Lazlo's ruse and beat him until he's all busted and bent up in unnatural ways — run the Grievous Yarn **Mr. Corpus's Carnivorous Cabinet** on page 20.

10. DUNK TANK

This tall, rectangular contraption has thick glass panels in its sides, and the bottom half is full of greenish, rancid water. A slackjaw sits on a wooden board above the water, eyes rolling in its greenish-gray skull. The hawkker's an idealistic-looking college kid with Coke-bottle glasses:

"Dunk a zombie, save a zombie! That's right. It's fun, it only costs 25 cents for three tosses, and every single penny goes to a GREAT charity — the Adopt-a-Zombie Foundation! Won't you look deep into your hearts, and envision yourself dunking a zombie for charity?"

For 25¢, the kid hands a mark three baseballs. Success on a Throwing roll at -2

hits the red bull's-eye target next to the tank, and the slackjaw gets dunked. *Sploosh!* Hilarity ensues. Next customer.

Gettin' Goon's Cash

These college kids are an easy mark, but they ain't happy about it. Success on Intimidation or Persuasion brings them around and they pay on behalf of the charity. The kids figure it's better to have Goon's crew punching evil things in the face, so they don't have to face the horror of sparkly vampires and whatnot.

- **Civic-Minded College Kids (3):** Use the Citizen profile in *The Goon RPG™*.

Vital Information

These kids claim to have been hired through the Adopt-a-Zombie Foundation; they have no idea who put on the shindig. They suppose somebody down at the main office might know, but they don't even know who to ask.

11. KNIFE THROWER

The knife thrower is grim, stocky, wax-skinned, almost cadaverous. He wears a long black coat and a black, rounded top hat. He stands next to a huge, round bull's-eye target made of hay, about eight feet tall. His baleful eyes glower at passers-by as he invites them, in a voice that sounds like it's echoing out of a grave:

"Volunteers? Any assistants who wish to experience my skill? My precision? It costs nothing to be my helper for a few short moments..."

This man is a stone-cold killer. He's also dead. He faced the Goon long ago, but now he's back for revenge from beyond the grave. Whether the antiheroes volunteer to be human targets or not, go to **Return of the Grim Killer** on page 25 when they visit the knife thrower's stage.

12. THE GREAT GAMBINI

This is a plain wooden stage with a worn, oft-patched curtain hanging at the back. A man in long, dark-blue robes and a pointy blue hat, all of it festooned with gold moons, diamonds, and starbursts, beckons toward the crowd,

"Come and see the Great Gambini gambol! All magic and arcane wisdom are as a transparent glass to the wisdom of mine inner eye!"

Despite the flowery sales pitch, the Great Gambini isn't really a magician. In his act —

which he performs whenever enough people gather — he does a few clever card tricks and pulls a rabbit out of a hat. Then the well-trained rabbit passes the hat for donations. Not much of a show, but the rabbit's impressive.

Gettin' Goon's Cash

Pressed to pay his tribute to Goon, the Great Gambini seems nervous and sweaty, and keeps muttering noncommittal things like, "We don't want to make him angry!" and "Have to check with the Big Man; the Big Man knows best." If the antiheroes lose their patience and really put the screws to the little prestidigitator, his rabbit pulls a blink-and-you-miss-it transformation to reveal its true form: an eight-foot-tall, white-furred man-lepus with an extremely bad attitude. Only if the Big Man's defeated does the magician pay the Goon's tribute to the crew.

- **Big Man:** See page 28.
- **Great Gambini:** Use the Citizen profile in *The Goon RPG™*, but add the Perform (Stage Magic) d8 skill.

Vital Information

After the palookas put the Big Man in his place, the Great Gambini is surprised and quite a bit more forthcoming. Like so many others he received an invitation, and the Big Man insisted they run a show.

13. DEEP-FRIED ANYTHING

Mmmm — *everything* tastes good when it's deep-fried! Deep-fried French fries with salt and catsup, deep-fried dough drenched in melted butter and caked with powdered sugar, deep-fried ice cream, deep-fried Atlantic water chicken, deep-fried fingers and toes and noses. Deep-fried pigs' ears and regular ears mixed in with tartar sauce on top. Tasty!

This is a food truck with a big, crude sign that says **DEAP FRYED ENYTHING** its side. The three men working inside it have long, tangled beards and are matted with filth. They don't seem to speak anything but hobo, although they savvy English well enough to take orders.

If the antiheroes push their way inside looking for the boss, or they're simply ticked off about the menu's more unorthodox items — like the "Fingers, Toes, and Noses Sampler Plate" — go to **Hobo Hunters** on page 16 and learn their shocking, deadly secret!

14. ALL-STAR JAMBOREE BAND

Although they don't exactly advertise it out front of this big-top style tent, the All-Star Jamboree Band ain't exactly *family friendly*. As a consequence, the promoter is rakin' in dough hand over fist. The hawker is a phlegmatic sort, calm and unflappable. He's got a girl next to him dressed up as a flapper from Prohibition times, flirting with passers-by and blowing them kisses. (This is almost sure to get the attention of a mook with the Amorous Hindrance.)

Brass toots, throbbing drumbeats, and ragged oompas emanate from inside the tent. The cool hawker drawls,

"Come on in and take a seat, folks. This here's an All-Star Jamboree Band we got set up just for you. And if you're nice, we might throw in a special treat. Come on, now. Only five dollars a head."

These folks are selling more than music; there's a full-fledged burlesque show going on inside. Hell, even the beat cops are enjoying the view (on the house, naturally). A dozen dames in skimpy outfits flounce around on stage while a full brass band provides accompaniment.

- **Hawker:** Use the Gangster profile in *The Goon RPG™*.
- **Flapper:** Use the Citizen profile in *The Goon RPG™*, but add the Attractive Edge.
- **Entertainers (20):** Use the Citizen profile, but add the Perform skill at d6.

Gettin' Goon's Cash

Inside the tent, success on a Notice roll picks out the promoter, Chip Hastur, rubbing his scaly hands together at stage right. He's a skinny fishman with a fancy suit, bulging eyes, nervous demeanor. He plays a little chin music to try to get out of paying his share, but it doesn't take more than a modest display of muscle to get his \$100 without a fight.

- **Chip Hastur:** Use the Fishman profile in *The Goon RPG™*, but add Knowledge (Show Business) d8 and the Yellow Hindrance.

Vital Information

Chip's not too hot to spill any more information, but success pressing him with Intimidation or Persuasion gets him to croak what he knows. Or at least what he *thinks* he knows:

"All right, fellas! You don't need to use no rough stuff on me. I got one o' them invitationals like everybody else. Nobody knows who sent 'em. But you wanna know what I think? You know that food truck — Deep-Fried Anything? They got hoboes and shadier folk goin' in and out. My pal Cod Finbone said he saw some grimy hoboes draggin' in a sack that was still wrigglin', if ya get my drift. If anything's shady around here, it's them!"

Chip offers the antiheroes free seats for the show if they're so inclined.

15. LABRAZIO'S LAIR

Although the sign outside this small, colorful tent says **FORTUNE TELLER**, it's nothing but a lowdown, dirty trap. Labrazio — whose been called back from the grave by the Arab Priest to lay groundwork for the Coven's arrival — has set a little trap. If any of Goon's crew wander in to have their palms read or see what the tarot deck holds, Labrazio tries to knock them silly and interrogate them about Goon.

On the surface, this spot seems to be on the level. A lady calling herself "Lady Rhonda the Seer" sits at a suitably eccentric table with a crystal ball and a deck of cards. It costs 25¢ to get one's fortune told; the method is up to the buyer.

- **Lady Rhonda:** Use the Citizen profile in *The Goon RPG™*.

Gettin' Goon's Cash

The crew ain't likely to get a tribute from this racket. If any of the antiheroes sit down to hear Rhonda's premonitions, the back of the tent opens. A grim, grinning gangster with awful bluish, scarred skin steps in through the back of tent. His thugs flank him. Labrazio says in a rumbling, dangerous voice,

"Well, well, well. You, my friend, are in a LOT of trouble."

If the palooka's on his own, the wise move is to beat feet as fast as they'll carry. Labrazio and his boys don't pursue their quarry into open, crowded areas. If they're able, they knock a mug senseless in the fortune teller's tent and drag him to a waiting delivery truck. Labrazio vanishes, and the prisoner's taken to a warehouse where gangsters beat him soundly for info on Goon.

- **Labrazio:** See *The Goon RPG™*.
- **Gangsters (4):** *The Goon RPG™*.



CHAPTER THREE: GRIEVOUS YARNS

"I cannot expand my territory without more troops! No excuses, Houstus! I want fresh corpses, and I want them next week!" —Zombie Priest

Now we've given you an overview of the block party and its attractions, just like Charlie Noodles told us to. For most of those spots, the drama boils down to gettin' Goon's cash and throwing a little muscle on the proprietor in the hopes of solving the overall mystery: Who threw the Bollaire Street Block Party, and why?

The antiheroes' quest to solve that conundrum leads to three full-fledged Grievous Yarns: one featuring hungry cannibal hoboes and sewer kids, a tale pitting the gang against Zombie Priest and his sidekicks, and finally a cold-hearted killer's bid for revenge. If your mooks don't ensure the Town's people have a good time, no one will!



HOBO HUNTERS

Run this tale when your group takes enough of an interest in **13. Deep-Fried Anything** (page 13) to barge into the food truck. Hoboes don't have anywhere near the resources to pull off a block party, but they should win a prize for the most elaborate exploitation of it.

Backstory

A pack of the Hobo Jungle's cannibalistic dwellers — led by a bum who knows black magic — joined up with feral sewer kids to infiltrate the Town's gutters and cesspools. Using the Bollaire Street Block Party as convenient cover, they're busily abducting citizens so they can roast them on a spit later that evening. In the meantime, they're selling a few pieces and parts on the spot — 'cause *everything* tastes good when it's deep-fried. Even pieces-parts! They also summoned up

a demonically huge rat to safeguard their disgusting endeavors.

Surveillance

We said to run this tale when your antiheroes bust into the food truck and start crackin' hobo heads together like coconuts. If your prudent players decide to eyeball the food truck for while, they note it's doing brisk business. ("*Hazziba wogga!*" shout the hobo clerks; "Oh my, it's delicious!" cry delighted customers).

Every hour or so, a pack of eight or 10 grubby sewer kids sneak up to the truck's back doors with a wriggling gunny sack in their arms. One of them gives the secret knock (*shave-and-a-hair-cut, two bits*) and the truck door opens, releases a thick puff of steam, and admits them. The sewer kids don't come out again. But if the group waits another hour, the same gang of sewer kids approaches with another active gunny sack — even though they never left the truck!

SPLASH PAGE

Now that we got the caution and prudent spying outta the way, let's get to the head-bustin'. As the lugs wrench open the back doors of the Deep-Fried Anything food truck, read this:

A cloud of scalding hot steam hits you square in the mug! It billows from the truck's deep fryers, all three of them bubbling and hissing at full tilt. In the heat-distorted haze, you dimly see the three hoboes — bearded and barefoot, with grubby aprons — jumping up and down and screaming at you and waving kitchen implements. "Schwobba nozza kanga razza!! KANGA RAZZA!!"

What do you do?

Deal out the Action Cards. The deep-fryers' steam cloud is tough to see through — all attacks suffer a -2 penalty inside the greasy fog, and targets can't be seen beyond 10". After five rounds the steam cloud clears.

The hobos leap gamely at the intruders, almost drooling at the thought of deep-frying them. A mook who speaks Hobo knows the

grizzled cannibals said, "Awww now you done it you gonna meet King Rat!! KING RAT!!!"

- **Hoboes (3):** See *The Goon RPG™*.

WHAT FRIES BENEATH

With the hoboes out cold, the lugs and dames can snoop around the truck. They have to ignore the crowd at the window shouting for service, of course. What's perplexing is the lack of sewer kids, gunny sacks, or chained and demoralized prisoners. It's like they just came in here and vanished.

The truck's interior is a mess of blood smears, knives, cleavers, meat grinders, and various unidentifiable cuts of flesh. Success on a Notice roll picks out a few human fingers, toes, and ears on the cutting board; looking inside the deep freezer reveals a torso. Either or both of these sights provokes a single Fear test for anyone who sees the grisly remnants (and the roll's at -4 for anyone who's eaten at Deep-Fried Anything!).

If the palookas score a raise on the Notice roll (+2 for anyone who specifically looks for a trap door), they find a concealed panel in the floor of the truck. Lifted, it reveals an open manhole directly beneath Deep-Fried Anything, the cast-iron manhole cover lying beside a yawning black hole.

Suspicion and Trussed

Iron rungs snake down the concrete wall into a moist, stinking sewer. The first mook climbing down can make a Notice roll (at -2 due to Dark Illumination). The second climber and those who follow make the roll at -4. Those who succeed see a thick web of ropes lying half in and half out of the scummy water below — players may suspect it's more than it seems. A raise, however, definitively identifies the "ropes" as a net — and a trap!

Several hoboes are stationed in the dark as sentries. One of them is poised to spring the trap when all the antiheroes reach the bottom of the ladder. Otherwise he sets it off as soon as someone notices it; it affects anyone on or near the ladder when it's sprung — see below.

The other hobos and sewer kids rush forward to attack with spears as soon as the net goes off; deal Action Cards. The hoboes attack fanatically, screaming,

"KANGA RAZZA! KANGA RAZZA!"

Loud noises in this chamber — like gunshots or explosions — alert all the hoboes

and sewer kids down here, as well as King Rat. Other sounds aren't as likely to be heard as the lugs might think; the thick layer of filth and slime on the walls tends to absorb sound.

Net Trap: The net covers a Large Burst Template at the bottom of the ladder. When it's sprung, anyone standing on it or on the ladder may potentially be caught. Everyone in the area rolls Agility (at -2, although the Dodge Edge can help) as the net flies upward. Those who fail are trapped and cannot move or use any skills linked to Agility or Strength. Each following action, characters in the net may make a Strength or Agility roll to break free. Characters outside the net may help with Strength rolls at -2. A successful Agility roll allows the character who made it to slither free; a successful Strength check tears open the net and frees everyone.

- **Hoboes (1 per antihero):** See *The Goon RPG™*. They're armed with crude spears (Str+d6, Parry +1, Reach 1).
- **Sewer Kids (1 per antihero):** See *The Goon RPG™*.

THE STINKY LABYRINTH

The sewer tunnels are round, and roughly eight yards (4") wide. Narrow ledges run on either side of the sludgy, mephitic, vomitous sewage, but it's hard to perform complex actions (like melee combat) while perched on one of them. An antihero who does so needs to succeed on a simple Agility test to avoid falling into the sludge, which is about two-and-a-half feet deep. A mook can walk through it, but it's Difficult Ground.

"Rooms" are actually cavernous chambers where various sewer lines converge. These areas usually provide access to a manhole cover or steel grate high above, but a successful Climbing roll (at -2 for the slippery slime and mold that coats everything) is needed to reach either.

Stalked by the King: If at any point in their exploration — starting at the net trap — the mooks make a big enough *boom*, roll Notice for the King Rat (see page 30). On a success, it becomes alert to the mooks' unwelcome presence. It leaves its lair and stalks the gang through the sewers, circling around behind them to pick off whoever's bringing up the rear. Keep King Rat's true visage hidden in the sewers' darkness for awhile, if you can, all the better to ratchet up them palookas' apprehensions.

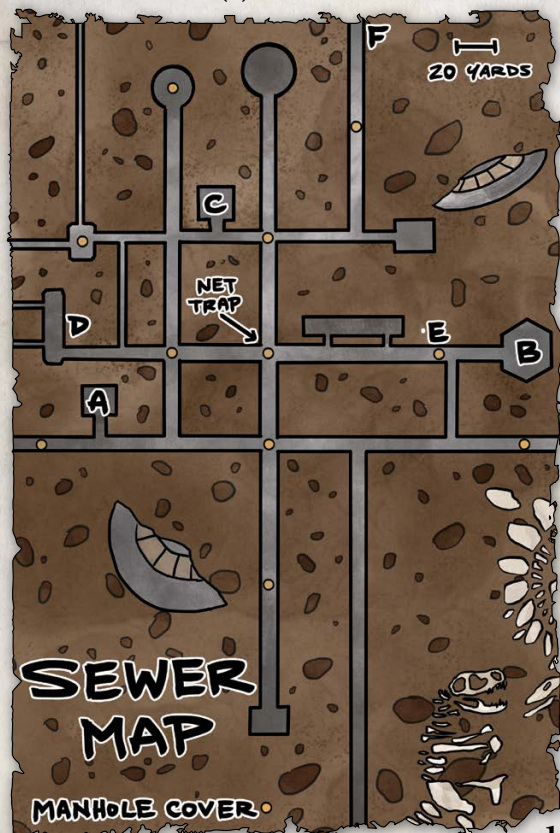
A. Prisoner Pen

Luckily, the hoboes haven't killed the majority of their victims yet. They did away with one beat cop who pried into their current food vendor's license situation a little too strenuously, and they were forced to kill one of their own who went stark raving insane during the ritual that summoned King Rat from the fiery bowels of Hell.

The rest of the prisoners — unlucky citizens who were attending the block party, for the most part — are bound and gagged in this stench-filled chamber. A few hoboes and sewer kids poke at them with sticks and laugh when they whimper or moan. All of them are bound for Sunday dinner in the Hobo Jungle when the block party's done.

The sewer kids also have a housecat and two small dogs in cages. If a mook's friendly to them, either the cat or one of the dogs might become a fast friend.

- **Cat:** See *Savage Worlds*.
- **Citizens (8):** See *The Goon RPG™*. They're bound, gagged, and each suffers a level of Fatigue from bumps and bruises.
- **Dogs (2):** See *Savage Worlds*.
- **Hoboes (2):** See *The Goon RPG™*. They're armed with broom handles (Str+d4-1).
- **Kids (4):** See *The Goon RPG™*.
- **Sewer Kids (3):** See *The Goon RPG™*.



B. The Sorcerer Hobo

This dingy hollow encased in stained brick was where the hobo sorcerer Shamazza pulled forth King Rat from the flaming depths of Hell. A summoning circle is etched on the floor in chalk; the summoner is usually here scrawling his insane equations and obscure epigraphs in tiny script on the red brick walls.

If he hears trouble he seeks it out; otherwise the gang finds Shamazza here. On the plus side, once he's beaten unconscious the rest of the hoboes high-tail it back to the swamps, pronto. Shamazza keeps a canvas sack under a pair of loose bricks — a simple Notice test picks them out — in which he stowed the citizens' stolen goods: cash, watches, and jewelry of \$328.25 total value.

☞ **Magic Hobo:** See page 30.

C. King Rat's Nest

The King Rat piled torn insulation, trash, driftwood, old boxes, newspapers, and a thousand other bits of rubbish into this area for its nest. It's difficult but not impossible to move through. Doing so requires success on a Strength or Agility roll; on a failure the way is blocked and the lug needs to try again. If it hasn't been alerted to the gang's presence by noise or shouts, the King Rat is found here with a teeming throng of its inhuman "followers" — from Rat Alley! If King Rat is out stalking the group, the rest of the vermin are still here, hiding in the nest and waiting to pounce on tasty antiheroes.

☞ **King Rat:** See page 30.

- **Giant Rats (2 per antihero):** See *The Goon RPG™*.

D. Hobo Hangout

In this dismal room, the sorcerer's cadre of bums shack up when they aren't busy organizing sewer kids into packs and issuing them gunny sacks. It would be merely funny if it weren't humorously terrifying. The hoboes wear stained brown robes like the master, Shamazza. (A stealthy group might co-opt these into convenient disguises.)

- **Alligators (2):** See *Savage Worlds*.
- **Hoboes (2 per hero):** See *The Goon RPG™*. Half of them wield spears (Str+d6, Parry +1, Reach 1), the other half clubs (Str+d4). Two of them ride alligators.
- **Sewer Kids (3 per hero):** See *The Goon RPG™*.

E. Open Manhole

At this spot there's an open manhole cover at the top of another iron-rung ladder. It leads to the street above. Anybody who pokes his or her head out sees it's in an alleyway only 50 yards from Bollaire Street. Cunning mooks figure this is how the sewer kids got out again.

If the sewer complex has *not* been alerted to the gang's intrusions, a pack of sewer kids stand at the bottom of the ladder with an empty gunny sack, preparing for another raid on the crowds. Upon sighting the antiheroes, the flee up the ladder or into the sewer tunnels.

- **Sewer Kids (2 per antihero):** See *The Goon RPG™*.

F. Hobo Jungle

If searchers follow this tunnel for another mile, it lets out in a scummy culvert on the north edge of Town, at the verges of the Hobo

Jungle. Trash drifts in the muddy water there. So does an alligator, but it takes a Notice roll at -2 to see it — until it strikes!

- **Alligator (1):** See *Savage Worlds*.

HIT THE SHOWERS!

Your lugs and dames are likely to want a long, hot bath or shower after their filthy trip through the Town's underworld. If the thugs did their jobs right, a whole bunch of everyday citizens and children owe them their lives. Hopefully they were able to recover some loot for their trouble.

Depending on how things progressed, the group might even have picked up a new feline or canine partner in crime. And sewer kids ain't all bad; one of them might experience a change of heart and come back to civilization as the mooks' ward.





R. CORPUS'S CARNIVOROUS CABINET

Within the Cabinet of Curiosities, your intrepid gang uncovers the Zombie Priest's latest ploy to gather more zombie foot soldiers. But first they're gonna have to get past them "weirdnesses beyond counting," then they have to face the worst of Mr. Corpus's pustulent servants. And if that ain't all, one facet of the Zombie Priest's plan goes *spectacularly* wrong!

Backstory

As we mentioned early on, the Zombie Priest orchestrated the whole Bollaire Street Block Party. He even sent out those ornate invitations to draw local entrepreneurs. He set up his tent as the honeypot, with its relics to lull saps. Finally visitors step inside the Cabinet of Curiosities itself, which has swallowed up more than one unwary partygoer. Once the cabinet eats somebody — they don't come back!

SPLASH PAGE

If the palookas see through Lazlo's flesh disguise at the front door, a fight may well ensue. That makes a damn fine splash page to kick off the yarn. When they enter the darkened tent via donation of 25¢ or forceful application of knuckles, they see a tall, dark-robed figure looming in the gloom. It has an odd, slack-jawed face and is missing one eye. It drawls,

"Welcome to the Cabinet of Curiosities, brave visitors! You must peruse our selection of relics. And if you dare...stand within the mystic cabinet and witness for yourself its many mysteries!"

The "ominous figure" in the robe is actually Zombie Priest's familiar, Cat, standing on top of a dressmaker's dummy with a robe draped over it. It leaps down and flees if anyone attacks it (which causes a Fear check, since it looks like the man's head leaps off his shoulders and runs off).

- **Cat (Familiar):** See *The Goon RPG™*.

UNCANNY EXHIBITS

Several glass tanks are arrayed about the tent, and lit from below and behind so they

glow with an unnatural greenish hue. One of them holds a two-headed embryo in embalming fluid, another one a two-headed snake, but most of them are mundane pieces of interesting junk. A Common Knowledge roll at -2 pegs the "Drifting Luminous Brain" as a preserved exotic jellyfish. Two of them, though — identifiable with the *detect arcana* power — are imbued with true mystic power.

Eyeball of Far-Seeing: This large, strange eyeball (it belonged to a goat) allows its owner to use the *mind reading* power once per day, for no Power Points, with a Spirit roll.

Hand of Glory: As described in *The Goon RPG™*, the owner of a severed human hand like this one gains +2 to Spellcasting rolls. This hand is cursed, though, so every time its power is used the owner has make a Virtue check as his soul is sapped by the Town's bad mojo.

Cabinet of Curiosities: To the *detect arcana* power, this large, coffin-like cabinet decorated with skull etchings radiates the brightest, most dazzling magical aura. In fact the box is one of a pair, the two of them linked by unholy ritual to share the same interior space. That means someone who gets into the cabinet here at the block party can exit from the twin cabinet — wherever it may be. And vice versa.

Lazlo and Cat have been sending various patsies, rubes, and hoboos into the cabinet. On the other side they stumble out, all disoriented, and Zombie Priest knocks them on the head with a ball-peen hammer. Then he raises them as gutbags. It's a pretty good racket; they've made a dozen new slackjaws already.

THROUGH THE CABINET

Anyone who gets inside the cabinet feels a disorienting, rushing sensation as the lid closes. When it opens again, that mook exits the cabinet in the Zombie Priest's basement laboratory on Lonely Street. That ain't good, pal! And Zombie Priest himself — with his nasty, gray-faced mug — is poised to brain the newly arrived visitor with a hammer. Zombie Priest shouts,

"What the flying horse pooters?! You're no sap. You're one of the Goon's crew! Gahhh — ! You have NO idea how much I despise that galoot. No clue!"

Whether more of the group follow or not (it takes an action to enter and exit the cabinet), deal out the Action Cards. Zombie Priest leaps onto a giant bat and flies out of reach,

then sics the gathered zombie minions on his enemies. On the third combat round, Zombie Priest hollers,

"Now you're really chapping my ass! So you know what you get? HERE'S what you get! RISE, my Great Zombie Chimp...RISE!!"

Then he waves his hands and cries out long-forgotten words, and the Great Zombie Chimp lurches up from its resting spot in the basement's corner and joins the fight.

☛ **The Great Zombie Chimp:** See *The Goon RPG™*.

☛ **Zombie Priest:** See *The Goon RPG™*.

• **Giant Bat:** See *The Goon RPG™*.

• **Zombies (4 per antihero):** See *The Goon RPG™*.

Transdimensional Accident

It's up to the GM exactly how the transdimensional accident takes place, but it should involve an arcane power or item interacting or overlapping with the Cabinet of Curiosities. The default situation is for one of Zombie Priest's powers to buffet the cabinet, setting off the vortex. But it might occur due to one of the palookas' powers or weird science gizmos, too.

Dimensional Laws: The Wasted Lands

The entirety of this absurd post-apocalyptic plane is a desert, specifically an Australian one, with a paved road running across the middle of it. A worldwide shortage of beer sparked nuclear exchanges that consumed civilization long ago, but here in the Wasted Lands the gangs still wage war over bubbly foamy happy drinks.

Every character has the Steady Hands Edge in this world. The antiheroes' weapons and gear turn into their closest post-apocalyptic analogs, but they look ancient. In this world, beer serves as food and water. Oh, one last thing: all the males are bare-assed in some kinda chaps, while the females receive more modest coverage. Oh, well — that's the desolate far-flung future for ya.

As always, each hour spent in another dimension causes an antihero to make a Virtue check.

Read the following passages when an arcane power triggers the cabinet. The effects are visible on both sides: in the block party tent and in Zombie Priest's laboratory.

Abruptly the Cabinet of Curiosities starts to jitter, then to shake, then to rumble. It pounds itself loudly on the stone floor three times and the lid springs open. Searing white light shines out, with a high, piercing whine that makes you clap your hands over your ears.

"GAHHH!" screams the Zombie Priest, "I don't know what that is, but it's not good!!"

The white light grows brighter. It engulfs everyone on both sides of its magical portal. The whining noise gets so loud no one can hear anything at all. Then there's a loud POP!

IN A WASTED LAND

One thing's for sure, the gang ain't in Kansas City no more. Read the following to your players in your best dramatic voice (preferably in a bad Australian old-man accent):

"Your eyesight returns, your vision undims, but still you squint against the sun's harsh glare. The sun that blazes on these endless salt flats like a hammer on a salty anvil, in a clear sky of azure. These are the Wasted Lands, where thirsty gangs wage war for a cup o' hops-and-barley juice. Where the drunken man is king, and the sober man is MAD!"

The gang finds itself standing on a blasted desert plain, with nothing but sand to be spied in all directions, and a single road stretching to the horizon. Zombie Priest is there, along with Cat and possibly Lazlo if they were close enough to the cabinet when it blew (GM's choice). It's not just a desert, though; it's another dimension entirely.

The first thing the crew notices is a massive vehicle beside them: some kind of 18-wheeler truck with a tanker trailer and a half-dozen other trucks grafted onto it for no discernible reason, bristling with harpoon guns, belt-fed machineguns, the *woiks*. Then everyone looks at each other, and realizes they're dressed in a weird mix of bondage leather and sports equipment, all of it seeming like it's been in a dusty old attic for 150 years. (Everyone has Armor +2.)

If anyone asks where the Hell they are, Zombie Priest replies in his most sour, deadpan voice:

"Don't you know? It's ██████████ Australia."



THE WASTED LANDS

1 SQUARE = 2 YARDS

The Only Way Out Is Through

If anyone demands the Zombie Priest cough up a better answer than that, he sighs and says,

"Here's how it is, you dolts. I put an enchantment on the Cabinet of Curiosities that caused it to appear in two places at once — my laboratory and that blasted block party. Step in on one side, come out the other. Simple, see? Two faraway places, closely linked.

"As far as I can tell, that burst of magical energy warped the cabinet somehow. Inverted it. Now the two sides are linked only by the unimaginable distance of this accursed desert.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we're going to have to drive this outlandish truck across the desert. There we'll find a way out through the Cabinet of Curiosities, I'm sure of it. And until then, we're going to have to work together if we hope to survive. The only way out is through. I sure hope the keys are in that behemoth."

Most likely a fair bit of argumentation starts up right about now. Before long, however, it's clear there's no way out this place — whether they believe the Zombie Priest or not — that doesn't involve firing up the tanker truck full of beer. Oh, did we forget to mention that? There's nearly 8,000 gallons o' nourishing suds in the truck's tanker — maybe the last oat soda in this whole desert.

The keys are in the truck, and anyone with the Driving skill can get it moving. Besides the driver and a co-pilot in the cab, there's room for six other mooks in various machinegun nests and harpoon blinds positioned all over the vehicle. Pretty soon they're cruising along at 50 m.p.h. or so, the hot gritty wind their faces.

Again With the Mutants!

As if all those freaks back at the Bollaire Street Block Party weren't bad enough, pretty soon the local mutant warlord — Judge Ginormulus — catches sight of the 18-wheeler's dust cloud. He and his mutant raiders leap into their waiting post-apocalyptic vehicles and swarm down from the highlands to surround the mooks' truck. They don't look happy!

Judge Ginormulus shouts through a loudspeaker in a vaguely European accent that sounds like nothing the palookas have ever heard:

"Give us the suds! Just — give us the suds! We'll let you walk away, ALIVE, your buttocks winking so pale in the sun. Oh yes. Just give us all your suds, and we let you live out your miserable lives

in the Wasted Lands. Give us — ah Hell with it. We kills you now! We kills you all and TAKES the suds! Judge Ginormulus so decrees it!!"

Vehicular Combat: Judge Ginormulus and his waste raiders drive up and surround the 18-wheeler, then pace it at 50 m.p.h. At this point consider all the vehicles static platforms, per the diagram nearby, rather than get into each one's specific maneuvers (and remember, everyone has the Steady Hands Edge here). If a driver is Shaken or suffers a wound, she must make a Driving roll or crash (removing that vehicle and its passengers from the fight). The landscape speeds past in a blur.

- **Machinegun Nests (2):** Range 30/60/120, Damage 2d8, RoF 3, AP 2, Auto.
- **Harpoon Guns (4):** Range 15/30/60, Damage 2d6, RoF 1, AP 2.

Mooks and waste raiders can jump from vehicle to vehicle using the standard rules (see *Savage Worlds*), but must roll Agility to catch hold. Otherwise they suffer a fall that inflicts 10d6 damage and leaves the character far behind in the vehicles' wake.

The raiders drive a total of nine cars, with Judge Ginormulus in his own vehicle. Each raider vehicle has a driver and two mutated waste raiders, who alternate between firing on the mooks and trying to leap onto the 18-wheeler. If the fight goes against the mutants, Judge Ginormulus leaves his vehicle behind, leaping onto the 18-wheeler before his own slows and spins out of control.

👤 **Judge Ginormulus:** See page 31.

- **Waste Raiders (24):** See page 31. Eight of these mutants are drivers, the rest active combatants.

...AND BACK AGAIN

Don't tell your players this, but they're not destined to be trapped on post-apocalyptic Australia's lonely roads forever. In fact, the exit's only a few miles down the road. All the mooks have to do is keep the rig moving forward at full speed for a total of **12 rounds** and they make it out (as described below). If whoever's driving the 18-wheeler is knocked out of commission or fails a Driving check, the rig slides to a halt. Someone else needs to get it moving, or the lugs and dames must proceed on foot.

When the chase has gone on for 12 rounds (or the gang has slogged on far enough to make it feel like an achievement), a square doorway of white light appears dead ahead,

in the center of the road's faded yellow lines. Zombie Priest yells over the wind,

"There's the cabinet! Aim right for it!!"

In the Wasted Lands, the 18-wheeler plunges through the portal and vanishes, while Judge Ginormulus and all his cronies speed past it and plunge into the ravine beyond. **BOOM!!**

It's a Coin Flip

One thing Zombie Priest failed to mention — if he realized it at all — is that the other side of the cabinet's portal remains linked to *two* locations: the block party and the laboratory on Lonely Street. It's up in the air which place the gang arrives at when they come back through the portal.

Flip a coin and ask one of your players to call "heads" or "tails." If the players win, their post-apocalyptic 18-wheeler returns to the physical plane inside the Cabinet of Curiosities tent on Bollaire Street. Read the following:

In the darkened, block party tent, the cabinet of Curiosities rumbles, smokes, and suddenly flies into a billion flaming bits as a tremendous semi-truck explodes out of it. The truck hurtles through the tent, skids through the crowd — miraculously harming no one — and smashes into a fireplug like a ship landing on a reef. Silence ensues, except for the fizzle of water jetting upward. Slowly, open-mouthed in awe, citizens approach to inspect the wreckage.

If the players lose the coin toss, they're on Lonely Street. Read this instead:

The semi-truck blasts through the portal in a burst of white light. The cabinet explodes into flinders. The truck slews sideways, blasting apart tables and scientific glassware, and squashes the Great Zombie Chimp up against a wall with an enormous SQUELCHH! and a splatter of rotten monkey guts. Silence ensues, except for the tinkle of broken glass. The Zombie Priest does not look happy. Not happy at all.

On the plus side, the gang didn't run an 18-wheeler through the middle of the Bollaire Street Block Party on a Sunday afternoon. On the minus side, they're in Zombie Priest's basement lab and the Cabinet of Curiosities is destroyed.

Getting into or out of Lonely Street isn't easy on a good day, and today is most assuredly not one of those. First the mugs have to get past the Zombie Priest — who's out for blood — and whatever slackjaws he

can holler for on a moment's notice. Wise palookas beat their feet and don't look back!

☉ **Zombie Priest:** See *The Goon RPG™*.

• **Zombies (2 per hero):** See *The Goon RPG™*.

Dramatic Task: Escape From Lonely Street

Escaping Lonely Street past legions of hungry dead ain't a cheerful proposition. But rather than throwing mobs of slackjaws at your crew until they're all dead (as fun as that might be for some rat-bastard GMs), we've made the escape a **Dramatic Task** (see *Savage Worlds*).

Stealth (at -2) is the skill used for this task, which takes the standard five "actions." As usual, other antiheroes may assist the leader with Cooperative rolls (by pointing out roving slackjaws, noting good routes to take, and the like). When a Club is drawn, complications include one of the crew kicking a rusty can by accident, taking a dead-end alley, or turning a corner into a seething mob of flesh-eaters.

When the crew racks up five or more successes, they vamoose from Lonely Street and probably head to Norton's Pub to tip back a few cold ones. (Let them radioactive mutants eat their hearts out!) If the group fails to collect five successes, or fails the Stealth roll during a round in which a Club was drawn, they fail spectacularly and find themselves surrounded by slackjaws beyond count. Time for plan B, slappy.

• **Zombies (2 per antihero, plus 2d20):** See *The Goon RPG™*.

AFTERMATH

No matter how this yarn turns out in the end, your crew has likely put a stop to the Cabinet of Curiosity's unexplained abductions, and laid a serious hurtin' on Zombie Priest's plans to raise a new army of the dead. Even though most of the Town's citizens have no idea what they've been saved from, it goes squarely in the win column. Goon and Franky, at least, recognize what mooks did and pay them a fat bonus of \$250 each.

As for Zombie Priest, if you're running *The Great Bollaire Street Block Party* as part of an ongoing campaign or the book's Plot Point, you may want to take steps to ensure the evil so-and-so's survival. Use the **Misery Never Dies** Setting Rule (see *The Goon RPG™*.) liberally, and if anyone tries to pull a Finishing Move on everyone's favorite Coven

member — have fate step in. The gun jams, a piece of masonry falls on somebody, a tidal wave of zombies bursts through the door, or **Weird ~~Stuff~~ Happens**. However you handle it, make sure the Zombie Priest lives to cast *zombie* another day.



RETURN OF THE GRIM KILLER

In the pages of *The Goon*™, this ice-cold killer came to the Town chasing down a dame. When he found her — that clever, opportunistic girl — draped all over Franky, things came unglued. Soon Goon got involved in the brawl, and whatever treasure the pair was seeking went to the bottom of the bay with them...encased in a steel basin full of concrete.

This bleak yarn is a good way for the GM to convey some clues about how the Town's curse works, and how it claims its victims. Or it's just a dark and depressing reminder that we're all mortal. Up to you.

Backstory

Things don't stay dead in the Town, not when they die with hatred seething in their hearts and minds. The grim killer broke free of his watery tomb, armed himself with a cursed relic, and went on the warpath for revenge on Goon and any who call him an ally. That includes your antiheroes!

But little does the killer know, his dame is back too. The woman's rage-filled ghost drifts behind the Grim Killer, trying desperately to get at him. One thing's for sure: This won't end well.

SPLASH PAGE

This grim, vicious tale begins with the knife thrower's offer:

"Volunteers? Any assistants who wish to experience my skill? My precision? It costs nothing to be my helper for a few short moments..."

The knife thrower — sadly for your mooks — is well aware of who their boss is. And this grim reaper's perfectly willing to start his revenge right out here in the open. He figures there should be plenty of meatsacks left over later to tell him all about where the Goon's hiding.



Call for Notice checks from any characters with an Arcane Background Edge. With success, a sorcerer or mad scientist sees a shimmering, humanoid shape that seems to hover and fluctuate just behind the Grim Killer. With a raise, the character can plainly see the bloated, drowned ghost of a woman, seething with hatred and gesticulating as she tries to get at the black-coated man.

If any mook volunteers, the Grim Killer tells him to stay very, very still. Then he launches a Called Shot right into the poor sap's forehead — a Throwing roll at only -2 if the target keeps still. Once that takes place, the battle's on. Deal out the Action Cards.

🔗 **The Grim Killer:** See page 29.

Relic: The Hungry Cleaver

This blade (Str+2d6+1) is a blood-encrusted meat cleaver of old fabrication, with a jagged chip in it and a handle worn smooth with use. There's an evil spirit trapped inside it, one that's capable of calling corpses back into unlife so they can wield it. The spirit inside it (whose name is "Glabdrabezu") is hungry for blood and flesh, which is the basis of its horrible curse. It can speak telepathically or audibly (which it rarely does). The spirit is extremely surly and fond of salty language.

Each night the hungry cleaver telepathically urges its owner to kill. To resist, the owner rolls Spirit versus the cleaver's roll of Spirit d10 plus a Wild Die. With success the owner resists. On a failure he picks up the cleaver and falls under its control.

Each time the owner loses a struggle with the hungry cleaver, he suffers a -1 to future Spirit rolls to fend off its attempts at control (to a maximum penalty of -4). He also loses 1 point of Virtue, in addition to any Virtue lost while doing the cleaver's bidding (every time the cleaver is used the owner must make a Virtue check).

With successful use of the *dispel* power — Glabdrabezu opposes the roll with Spirit d10 plus Wild Die — the hungry cleaver is rendered inert for 1d6 rounds. The owner immediately loses any acquired penalties to Spirit rolls against the cleaver, and may throw it aside.

THE CHASE IS ON

The killer wants vengeance, but he isn't about to fight it out toe-to-toe either. The voice in his head (see sidebar) urges him to flee through the crowd and look for a good spot for an ambush. Use the rules for foot Chases in *Savage Worlds*. If the gang doesn't capture him, he ducks into an alleyway just off Bollaire Street.

If the characters spot him or otherwise track him to the alley, the Grim Killer pushes over a stack of empty 50-gallon oil drums on top of them. Nimble lugs need to make an Agility roll at -2, or they suffer 2d6 damage from the falling barrels and are knocked prone. Then the killer either flees again, or leaps to strike a vulnerable mook before running off.

STOPPING THE KILLER

It doesn't do much good to free the killer from the hungry cleaver's mental influence; he's a willing servant. However, the spirit bound inside the hungry cleaver is also the only thing keeping the dame's angry ghost away from the killer.

If at any point the cleaver's powers are *dispelled* (see sidebar) or if the weapon is separated from the Grim Killer's grasp (perhaps using a Disarm maneuver), read this to the group:

From just behind the Grim Killer, there's a sound like a wailing freight train coming out of a black tunnel — faint and then suddenly ear-splitting as it rushes forth. Maybe she was a pretty blonde once, but now she's a twisted banshee of hatred...all of it focused on the killer.

His eyes go wide and he shouts, "Don't let her —!!" in terror. But her cold, pale arms lock around his neck and pull him backward, and the both of them tumble into the fiery portal of sulphurous brimstone to fry endlessly in the lake of fire and all that jazz.


As the portal sizzles shut, the killer's meat cleaver falls to the ground with a dull clang.

It's up to your mooks and dames if they want to keep the weapon. It sure does cut up enemies something fierce, but the side effects are nothing to scoff at...



CHAPTER FOUR: GOOD GUYS & BAD GUYS

"That's it! I ain't standin' for this kinda treatment from a bunch of jungle tramps!"
—Goon

In this section we bring you up to speed on the lugs, dames, and icky things we've brung forth for your edification in this here little yarn. Wild Cards are marked with the Zombie Priest's hat, like so: .

BIG MAN

Many years ago, Gregory Gambisino worked for a season as a porter on the lonely trail to the blasted Plateau of Drahcir. It was hard work but the pay was decent, three squares a day. Greg returned from one ill-fated expedition — where the eminent District Judge Helmhollitz toppled off a cliff while trying to shoot a hedgehog — with a lucky rabbit's foot. Sure enough, the trinket gave him talents of legerdemain and sleight of hand. He parleyed them into a much better living as the Great Gambini than he earned hauling packs up a hill.

One day the rabbit's foot grew into a whole new rabbit. But it wasn't *just* a rabbit. It was the Big Man...and from that day on it's been the boss. Typically, Big Man appears in its mundane rabbit form. When it gets its dander up, it can shapechange — instantaneously and as a free action — into an eight-foot-tall man bunny with a seriously bad attitude. Use the profile below when the Big Man is in full butt-kicking mode.

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d6, Spirit d10, Strength d12+4, Vigor d12+2

Skills: Fighting d10, Intimidation d12, Notice d6

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 11

Special Abilities:

- **Hardy:** A second Shaken result doesn't cause the Big Man a wound.
- **Hop:** The Big Man can jump up to 3" from a dead stop, or up to 6" with a "run and go." A successful Strength roll adds +1" of distance. If the Big Man ends a

hop in the same square as a target, add +4 to the damage roll with a successful Fighting attack.

- **Punch:** Str+d4. The Big Man throws two punches per round with no multi-action penalty.
- **Size +2:** The Big Man stands a few heads taller than even the Goon.
- **Weakness (Carrots):** The Big Man's crazy for carrots, ignoring everything else to chomp on them.

BILLY STAGNANT

Stagnant is a skilled pickpocket who's been working independently for years. Assuming the crew doesn't just blip him off for trying to steal from them, he could make for a valuable ally in this yarn and down the line. He's been around the block a few times so he knows all the best scores. He's even picked up a little of the straight dope on the supernatural.

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

Skills: Climbing d10, Fighting d4, Gambling d8, Knowledge (Occult) d6, Lockpicking d10, Noticed8, Persuasion d6, Repair d6, Stealth d12

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 8; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 5; **Virtue:** 5

Hindrances: Impulsive, Pacifist (Major)

Edges: Alertness, Fleet-Footed, Thief

Gear: Lockpicks, zoot suit, fancy hat, \$475 in cash and jewelry.

DANDY JOHN O'ROTTEN

Dandy John O'Rotten is a villain's villain, and whatever he does...he does it with style. They say Dandy John once moseyed right into country bar dressed up like a sailor and ordered a sarsaparilla without so much as a how-do-you-do. Other people say he dresses as a sailor more often than not. He's also murdered more than his share of men, women, and children. Probably a few fishermen and spiders, too.

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

Skills: Fighting d4, Intimidation d8, Notice d6, Shooting d12

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 6; **Virtue:** 6

Hindrances: Delusional (Major—Thinks he's a sailor)

Edges: Quick Draw, Marksman

Gear: Double-barrel shotgun (Range 12/24/48, Damage 1-3d6, RoF 1-2), 6× extra shells, sailor's garb and hat.

FREAK

Most people don't know or care where these deformed mutants come from. They're left to their own devices, wandering the fringes of society until they're captured and put to work in a carnival, shot by a hunter, or just tormented by bored children. Freaks are either created by the curse that permeates the Town and everything in it, or they're made with the *create abomination* power. Either way they're some of the saddest, most tragic things to be found inside its borders. When they're not uproariously funny, that is. Ya know how it goes.

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

Skills: Fighting d4, Notice d6, Taunt d6

Cha: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 4

Hindrances: Clueless, Illiterate, Ugly

Edges: —

Gear: None.

GENTLEMAN CARL MCCACTUS

"Prepare to slap leather and meet yer maker, Dandy John!"

Gentleman Carl McCactus wanders the Midwest, looking for Dandy John O'Rotten, the rotten sidewinder who shot his brother in the back in Mexico over a five-dollar bet. He's got a big, drooping moustache, beady yellow eyes, and a fancy cowboy hat.

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

Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d6, Notice d8, Shooting d10

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

Hindrances: Arrogant

Edges: Quick Draw, Marksman

Gear: Colt Peacemaker (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, RoF 1, AP 1), cowboy hat and garb, leather boots.

GRIM KILLER

This amoral murderer came to town years ago, hunting a dame. When he found her flirting with Franky, a brawl broke out with Goon. In the end, Goon and Franky took the killer and his lady-friend down to the docks to try on a pair of cement shoes. Now he's back, and still dead.

The killer is ugly, bloated, and full of evil. He carries his implements of death in a black doctor's satchel, like he did in life. His skin has turned to *adipocere* — grave wax — from being submerged in the bay for so long. He wields a magical meat cleaver that boosts his Strength and Vigor to unnatural levels (already reflected in the killer's profile, below). Only characters who have an Arcane Background Edge can see the faint specter that follows behind him, gesticulating in wild hatred.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d12+2, Vigor d12+2

Skills: Fighting d12, Intimidation d8, Notice d8, Shooting d10, Throwing d10

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 12

Gear: Black satchel, hungry cleaver (Cursed Relic, Str+2d6+1, +1 Str and Vigor die types), .38 revolver (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6, RoF 1), 6× throwing knives (Range 3/6/12, Damage Str+d4, RoF 1), hat, coat, trousers.

Special Abilities:

- **Fearless:** The Grim Killer is immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- **Hardy:** A second Shaken result doesn't cause the Grim Killer a wound.
- **Improved Frenzy:** The killer may attack twice per round with his meat cleaver (Str+d4+1) and suffers no multi-action penalty.
- **Invulnerability:** The killer can be Shaken, but not wounded by anything but his Weaknesses (see below).
- **Puncture Resistant:** The killer suffers half damage from most firearms and piercing weapons. Shotguns and cutting or slashing weapons inflict full damage.
- **Size +1:** The killer isn't especially tall, but he's broad, stocky, and as solid as poured concrete.
- **Undead:** +2 Toughness, +2 to recover from Shaken, called shots do no extra damage (except to the head), does not suffer wound penalties.
- **Weakness (Alcohol):** Splashing a few ounces of any sort of alcohol on the Grim Killer inflicts 2d6 damage.

- **Weakness (Head):** Shots to the killer's head damage the brain, inflicting normal damage.
- **Weakness (The Dame):** The Dame's vengeful spirit exists only to take revenge on the Grim Killer, but the hungry cleaver's enchantment prevents her doing so. She can't harm anyone else. If the relic weapon is separated from the Grim Killer (using a Disarm maneuver), or its power is *dispelled*, the Dame drags the killer to Hell the following round.

KING RAT

Big rats are enough to scare most people, so they avoid Rat Alley like the plague. The magic hobo called up this monstrosity from the pits of Hell using his *create abomination* power. The King of all Rats is the size of a grizzly bear, with a fiery intelligence burning in its beady eyeballs.

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Strength d12+4, Vigor d12+2

Skills: Fighting d12, Intimidation d10, Notice d12, Stealth d10

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 14 (2)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +2:** The rat's thick, matted fur provides protection from attacks.
- **Bite:** Str+d6+2, AP 2. The King Rat's yellow incisors are as jagged as rusty stilettos.
- **Demon:** +2 to recover from Shaken, immune to poison and disease, half-damage from nonmagical attacks except cold iron.
- **Infection:** Rats are infested with disease. Anyone wounded by the King Rat's bite contracts a Short Term, Debilitating Disease (Vigor -4, see *Savage Worlds*).
- **Low-Light Vision:** King Rat ignores Dim and Dark Illumination penalties.
- **Size +3:** King Rat is roughly the size of a grizzly bear. A ~~grizzly~~ grizzly bear!
- **Stealthy:** The King Rat adds +2 to Stealth rolls, all the better to stalk its prey.

MAGIC HOBO

Shamazza is one of King Hobo's most trusted and venerated servants, since he's got a heapin' helpin' of the "Shyzza hoo-na-naa," which is what they call magic. But to regular folks like you and me, the magic hobo's a psychotic cannibal whose frightful

might is boosted by the Town's dark curse. Shamazza's got a scraggly brown beard, three rotten teeth, and a threadbare patch on one eye. He wears stained brown robes with a hood, and has a rusty dagger stuck in his belt.

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

Skills: Driving d4, Fighting d6, Gambling d6, Knowledge (Languages) d6, Lockpicking d6, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Spellcasting d8, Stealth d6, Streetwise d6, Taunt d6

Cha: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Corrupt, One Eye

Edges: Arcane Background (Black Magic), Luck, New Powers, Power Points

Powers: Bolt, boost/lower Trait, create abomination, curse, deflection, summon ally

Gear: Relic knife (Cursed, Str+2d4+2, AP 2), ceremonial robes.

MIME

At best mimes are annoying, and at worst they're almost as creepy as clowns. Don't'cha hate when they get in a circle around you, doing their infuriating, "Help-me-I'm-trapped-behind-a-pane-of-glass-but-I-don't-react-like-any-sane-person-would" rigmarole? It's enough ta drive a regular Joe to bloody mayhem, I tells ya.

What most people don't know is mimes are actually weird, extradimensional beings made of a non-toxic clay-like substance that comes in a rainbow of colors. What do they want?! WHERE do they come from? We may never even want to know!

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d12, Notice d12, Stealth d12

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 9; **Toughness:** 6

Special Abilities:

- **Acrobat:** Mimes leap about like dancers on fire when they care to. They add +2 to Agility rolls to perform acrobatic maneuvers, and +1 to Parry.
- **Immunity (Physical Attacks):** A mime is made of a doughy, malleable substance instead of flesh. It reforms from most blunt, piercing, and slashing attacks, which only serve to knock it out of shape or pierce it with holes momentarily. Mimes also take half-damage from falling or collisions, either of which can only Incapacitate—not kill them.
- **Malleable Form:** Mimes can stretch or contort their bodies into basic shapes, raising or lowering their effective Size

by 3. This isn't actual mass, however, so they don't gain or lose any Toughness.

- **Mesmerize:** When four mimes are adjacent to a single foe, they all mime being trapped in a box. This confuses and disorients the target. Make a group Spirit roll for the mimes (Spirit plus a Wild Die), opposed by the target's Smarts. On a success the target is Shaken. With a raise, the target goes batty and rolls on the **Gone Wrong in the Head Table** (see *The Goon RPG™*); the effect fades in 24 hours.
- **Pilferer:** Mimes are accomplished pickpockets, because they can stretch their doughy fingers to reach inside coats and handbags. Mimes gain a +2 to Stealth when it's used to pick someone's pockets.
- **Reach +3:** Mimes can stretch their limbs, granting +3 Reach.
- **Slap:** Str+d6, Nonlethal Damage.

MUTANT

These deformed creatures are the radiation-scarred inhabitants of a strange and satirical alternate dimension. They typically wear get-ups that mix assless leather with sports pads of all varieties. Oh, and they don't get *nearly* enough beer in the godforsaken Australian hellhole they call home.

Judge Ginormulus

Ginormulus rules the raiders through size, strength, and guile, probably in that order. He stands about seven feet tall and nearly as broad, with football pads on his shoulders and a lacrosse helmet on his deformed head. He lives to destroy, pillage, that sort of thing.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d12+2, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d10, Intimidation d8, Notice d8, Shooting d10, Taunt d8

Cha: -6; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 9; **Toughness:** 14 (2)

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, Ugly, Vengeful (Major)

Edges: Big Lug, Brawny, Hardboiled, Improved Block, Marksman, Raging Bull

Gear: Desert Eagle (Range 15/30/60, Damage 2d8, RoF 1), Bowie knife (Str+d4+1, AP 1), 6x .50 bullets, sports equipment (Armor +2).

Special Abilities:

- **Size +1:** Judge Ginormulus is bigger than most people.

Waste Raider

These bloodthirsty, red-eyed raiders of the Wasted Lands would give their lives for Judge Ginormulus. They live for nothing but death and beer.

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

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d6, Notice d6, Shooting d8

Cha: -4; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 8 (2)

Hindrances: Corrupt, Ugly

Edges: Berserk, Combat Reflexes

Gear: Waste raiders wield a variety of weapons, but most are armed with either a crossbow (Range 15/30/60, Damage 2d6, RoF 1, AP 2) or a big knife (Str+d4+1, AP 1), sports equipment (Armor +2).





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