

# Gateway to the Spanish Main

Series Module

# TWILIGHT: 2000™



Game Designers' Workshop

# Gateway to the Spanish Main

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## Gateway to the Spanish Main

### 19 July 2000

*"When you think you have finally hit rock bottom, with nowhere left to fall, the roof usually collapses on your head."*

*Sergeant Major Tegre left us with that happy thought as the KGB led him away from the POW cage we are being held in. I figure that's all she wrote; it's Siberia for sure.*

### 24 July 2000

*The cattle cars have changed; the guards have changed; the languages have changed—even the climate has changed. Last night we were shoved and prodded into the echoing darkness of the ship's hold during a violent rainstorm. The ship put out to sea.*

### 6 August 2000 (?)

*This bucket leaks at the seams and creaks like it is going to come apart with each wave that takes her. She rolls like she is on a three-day drunk, except it has gone on for a hell of a lot longer than three days. Based on the irregular occasions of being fed, it has been 12 or 13 days, maybe longer.*

### 7 August 2000 (?)

*Like I said, we have been fed irregularly on slops that have to contain things prohibited by the Geneva Convention. Sanitation is nonexistent, and so is medical attention. I guess 16 or 17 of us have died so far in this black hell of the hold.*

### 8 August 2000 (?)

*The previous "day" was insufferably hot and stifling. The sea rolls us around in this blackness only a little less violently than before. I am on the verge of dozing off.*

### 9 August 2000 (?)

*I will never forget that scream. It was in Spanish, but I understood exactly: "TORPEDO!" I was lifted up and dashed down hard on the steel deck plates. Overhead, the hatch buckled and cracked open. About two dozen of us managed to scramble out of the hold. I sprinted across the rapidly tilting deck and into the sea. That old rust bucket rolled over with a sickening roar and headed for Davy Jones' Locker. She took the rest-of the POWs with her. I wonder whose sub it was?*

### 10 August 2000 (?)

*Those of us who made it to this broken hatch cover have survived the night, the fire, and the sharks. Those of us who didn't...*

### 25 August 2000 (?)

*There were maybe eighteen on our impromptu raft after we were torpedoed. Six of us are still hanging in there.*

## INTRODUCTION

*Gateway to the Spanish Main* is a module for use with **Twilight: 2000**, Game Designers' Workshop's post World War III role-playing game. The main plot deals with the voyage of the Paradox Studio's replica of the *USS Constitution* from a filming location in the South Atlantic to its home port in St. Petersburg, Florida, and how its crew becomes embroiled in the second liberation of Grenada in the year 2000.

The information presented in this module will allow the referee

to create a complete **Twilight: 2000** campaign covering many weeks or months. Details are given for the Spice Islands chain from Grenada in the South to Carriacou in the North.

The region called the Spanish Main was first brought to Europe's attention half a millennium ago by Christopher Columbus, and in the gathering twilight at the close of the second millennium, it promises to become every bit as bloody and lawless as in the heyday of the original pirates of the Spanish Main.

This booklet contains the following material:

This introductory chapter.

Rules for traveling by sail-powered vessels at sea and suggestions for seagoing combat in **Twilight: 2000**.

Deckplans of the replica of the *USS Constitution*, for use in the module.

A central section containing maps of the Caribbean islands, Grenada, and Carriacou in the Spice Islands chain.

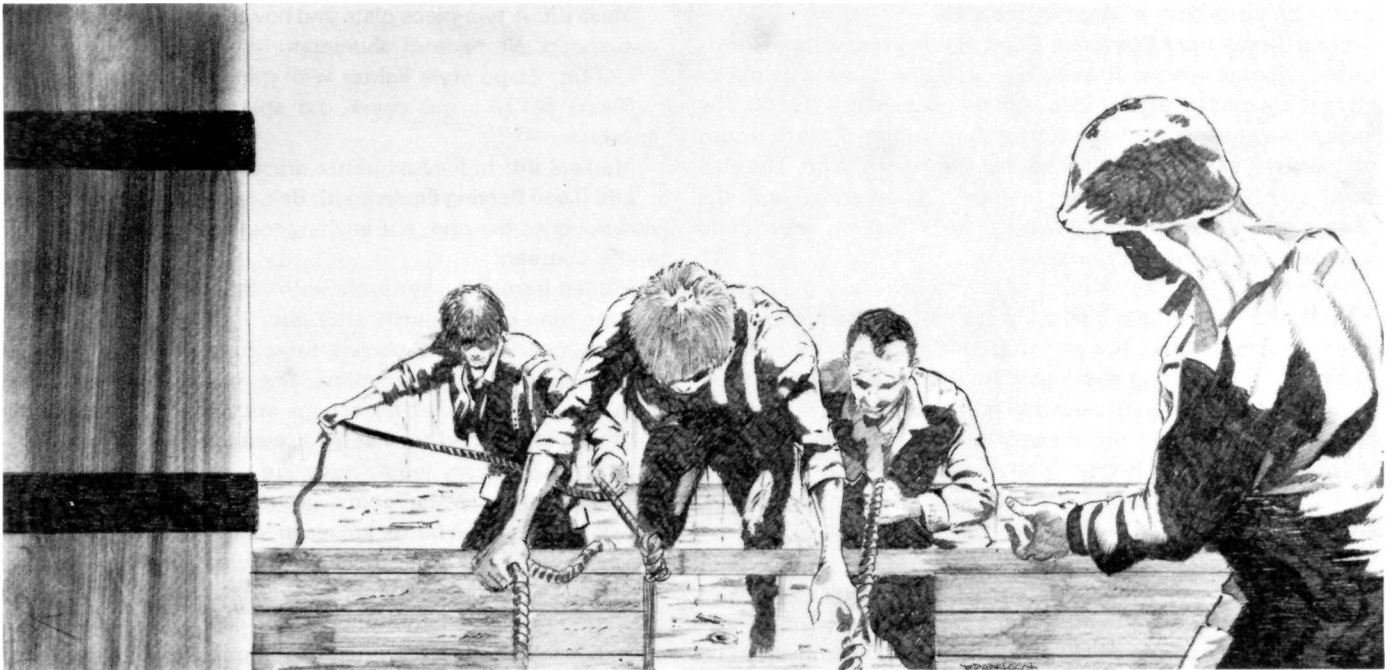
A description of the principal islands and their significant towns, villages, ports, and anchorages with encounter tables.

## REFEREE'S NOTES

This game module is designed to be used by the referee. Descriptions and narrations of certain events from the characters' point of view are provided to heighten realism and add local color to the referee's descriptions. The referee may read the narrations aloud or a player may do the reading, as the referee sees fit. The referee should control the rest of this text, revealing to the players only what they should know and when they should know it. Narrative portions have been italicized to assist in their recognition.

*Thomas E. Mulkey*

**PLAYERS SHOULD NOT READ ANY FURTHER  
IN THIS BOOKLET IN ORDER TO PRESERVE  
THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE.**



### 1 September 2000

*They pulled us out of the drink and did what they could for us. I have been really out of it. All I remember is that Mikie died last night anyway. At least we are out of that death ship. This morning I pulled myself up and staggered up the strange ladder onto the deck. It was broad daylight and I wasn't dreaming. I sat down against the bulkhead in gape-jawed astonishment. The deck was rough planks. Above my head fluttered a hundred acres of canvas.*

*The ship had three masts and square sails, and no smoke stack. I pulled myself to the gunwale and clung to the rigging. I was standing between two antique naval cannons on four-wheeled wooden carriages.*

*I lurched across the deck where this tall blonde woman in tight blue jeans was manning the ship's wheel. I had to ask, "What ship is this?" She just grunted and tossed a thumb in the direction of the ship's bell. I read "USS Constitution 1987." I squinted at her in the bright tropical sun and asked, "Admiral Farragut, I presume?"*

### A NEW CAMPAIGN REGION

This is a new adventure area in a new campaign region. The characters need not have all come into the adventure area in the same manner or from the same battlefields. Many of the player characters will have been members of the US Fifth Infantry Division. Others may have come from other units in Europe or from other farflung battlefields in the Mideast, Africa, or elsewhere.

This adventure may be played by as few as three to as many as eight or more players. Small groups may be supplemented by non-player characters.

It is assumed that the characters have survived many adventures in Europe or elsewhere including possibly the ordeals of capture and shipwreck. The referee may assume that the characters were being shipped as part of a possible prisoner exchange. The vessel, its country of origin, the nationalities of the crew, and even the identity of the submarine that sank their

floating prison are all unimportant and the information would probably be unavailable to the prisoners anyway. As survivors, they will have little more than brains, guts, and hard-won experience going for them. Armed with only filthy Battle Dress Uniforms (BDU), a burning desire to get home, and a complete set of (minor) bruises, burns, cuts, and contusions, the players are going to have to initially rely on themselves, and not their hardware, to solve their problems and stay alive.

If being captured, stripped of weapons and equipment, torpedoed, and shipwrecked is too traumatic for the players to deal with, or if the referee is too kindhearted to separate the players from their hard-earned equipment, there is a separate section following which details some less traumatic ways of coming aboard the Constitution.

### GETTING ONBOARD THE CONSTITUTION

**From Western Europe (*Going Home*):** The players just missed Task Force 34 and found themselves on a bleak North Sea beach on the morning of November 16, 2000, when an antique sailing ship emerged from the fog and dropped anchor off shore. It may not be the QEII, but the characters were a day late and a dollar short, and it *is* sailing in the right direction.

**From Poland (*Free City of Krakow, Pirates of the Vistula, Ruins of Warsaw, The Black Madonna*):** The players have succeeded in making their immediate vicinity too hot to remain in and have had to head for the hills (the Carpathians in this case) while being pursued by any number of groups they have managed to irritate. After an epic overland retreat, the characters found themselves on the south shore of Turkey in a place once called Anatolia, with the Mediterranean Sea at their backs and assorted nasties to their front. Things looked rather grim until Old Ironsides came over the horizon and took them off the beach.

**From the Middle East (*RDF Sourcebook*):** The players decided they had had enough. The CO had often told them they could go home if they could find a way to do it. Someone told them they could hop a ship out of Israel on the Mediterranean side. When the players got there the pickings turned out to be a bit

thin. This antique sailing ship was going home, however, and that seemed reason enough at the time.

**From Texas (*Red Star/Lone Star*):** Having made themselves rather unpopular in the Brownsville area, the characters decided that it would be a good idea to make themselves scarce. The easiest way seemed to be to accept the position of ship's troops onboard the same Brazilian schooner they came in on. The ship was later torpedoed by an unknown submarine, and the characters, after spending several days lost at sea, found themselves aboard the *Constitution*.

**From New York City (*Armies of the Night*):** Having succeeded in laying hands upon a suitable craft (the schooner *Pioneer* or one of her sisters), the players found it necessary to leave Manhattan (something about gold fever). Escaping into a terrible storm, the characters eluded all pursuit. They did this so successfully, they found themselves lost on the Atlantic. After several days of being lost (as well as getting hungry and thirsty), the players were surprised and relieved to see a huge sailing ship rise over the horizon.

It is also possible that the referee, for whatever reasons of his own, may not want to involve the *Constitution*. The referee is free to bring a vessel of his choosing into the campaign. The only advice to a referee who chooses to bring a player controlled vessel immediately into the campaign is that the presence of the Battleship *USS Missouri*, Carrier *USS Nimitz*, various cruisers, destroyers, frigates, and fast attack or ballistic missile submarines will have a tendency to rapidly over-balance the game (not to mention the regional balance of power). Remember, all petroleum products and most spare parts are hard to come by or nonexistent in the year 2000. The more complicated the machine, the more likely that a malfunction which cannot be repaired has already crippled the machine. This goes double for vessels using atomic power plants.

Most, if not all, of the following alternative means of introducing the players to the module allow no better than hand held weapons and certainly no tanks, howitzers, or armored personnel carriers. If the players insist on keeping their beloved M-1 tank, read them the introduction to this module and inquire into which hip pocket they stuffed it. Tanks and other major vehicles may be acquired in the campaign region if the referee finds such ironmongery desirable, but such heavy duty ordnance will rarely be necessary on a sea with some islands so small they have no roads or airfields. As always, the referee's decisions are binding, and the referee is responsible for the conduct of his own campaign.

If the players have been captured, the following tells what possessions the players still have with them. Percentages indicate the percentage chance that the players still retain this item.

BDU, Boots, Wallet 100%  
 Personal Items 80%  
 Mess Kit, Helmet 50%  
 Lighter, Mask 40%  
 Med Kit, LBE 20%  
 Hidden Items 10%

**BDU:** Battle Dress Uniform: Shirt, Pants, Underwear.

**Wallet:** I.D. card, dog tags, pictures of family, and 1D6 U.S. Dollars.

**Personal Items:** Rings, bracelets, and other jewelery not to

exceed \$25 value.

**Mess Kit:** A two-piece plate and bowl, with a knife (dull), fork, and spoon, all made of aluminum.

**Lighter:** Zippo style lighter with minimal alcohol fuel.

**Mask:** M17A1 gas mask, no spare filters and no agent antidotes.

**Medical Kit:** Individual battle dressing, pressure dressing.

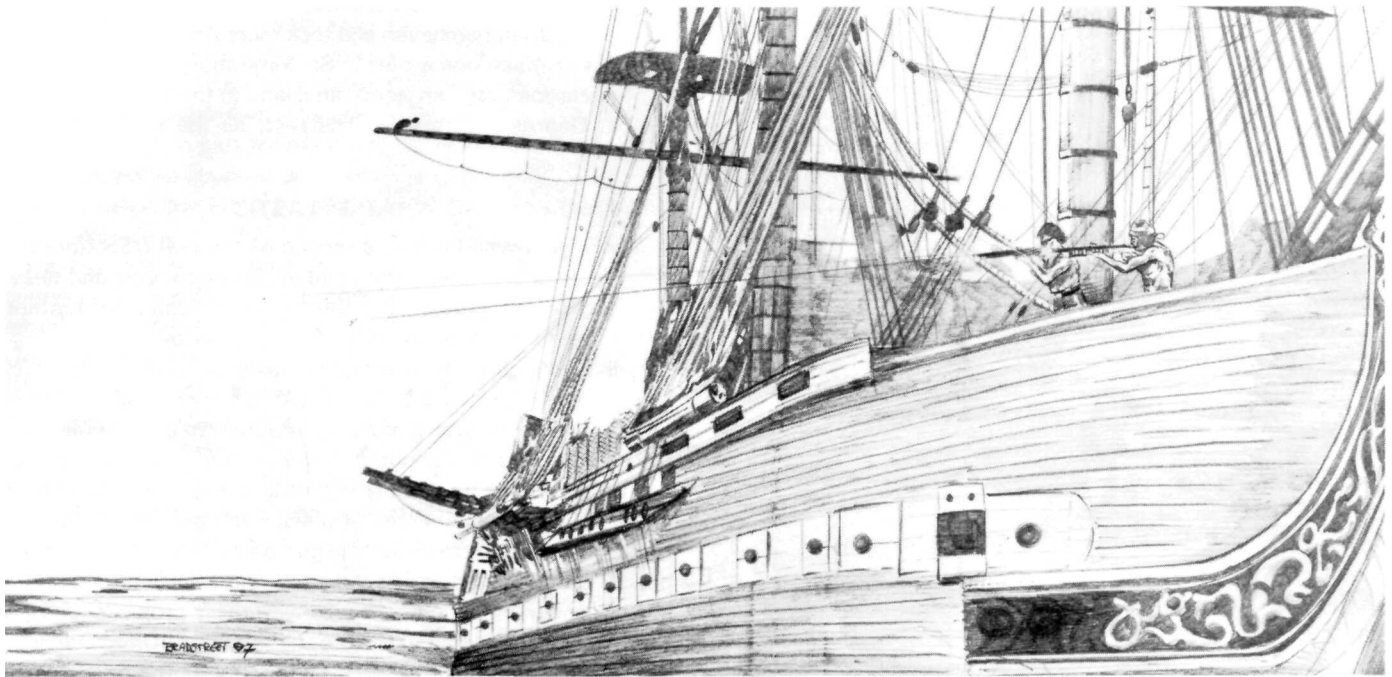
**LBE (Load Bearing Equipment):** Belt, suspenders, two ammunition pouches (empty), entrenching tools case (empty), poncho, and a canteen.

**Hidden Items:** Pocket knife with blade under 2", compass, escape map of last battle area, etc.

Remember that the players have been taken prisoner and repeatedly frisked for weapons. The mess kit knife is useless as a weapon, and the fork prongs are too soft, but the spoon might be sharpened for use as a weapon.

What the players won't have are any firearms (they were prisoners, after all), bayonets, grenades, explosives, poisons, knives sharper than butter knives or longer than two inches, entrenching tools, or other tools that could be used as weapons, anything that could be a weapon such as a club or quarter staff, nor will they have large amounts of cash or jewelry. Human nature (read "greed") of the various guards will have seen to that. Fancy multi-function wristwatches are also likely to have disappeared into a guard's pocket. Of course, it is illegal to shake down prisoners for personal gain, but it will happen anyway.

Some items may surprise the characters. The Geneva Convention on Prisoners of War permits them to retain personal protective items such as helmets and protective masks. POW camps do occasionally get bombed by mistake and poison chemicals drift where the wind takes them. The referee would be very remiss to permit the players to keep body armor such as the kevlar flak vest because these items cross over that invisible divide between protection from the threat of an attacker into the realm of items useful in escape attempts.



## History of the Two *Constitutions*

Players and referees might like to know something of the history of the prototype vessel as well as the reproduction.

### HISTORY OF THE REAL *USS CONSTITUTION*

She was nicknamed "Old Ironsides," and she was without a doubt the most famous American warship of the age of sail. Built in Boston and launched Oct. 21, 1797, the *USS Constitution* was one of the first fast frigates built for the U.S. Navy. Congress had ordered the construction of six frigates in 1794 in direct response to attacks by the Barbary pirates. The *USS Constitution* carried 44 cannons and 10 carronades on just a gun deck and a main deck. She was built far larger than her potential British adversaries. This size difference permitted her class of frigates to "slip between the cracks" of the British rating system. Against English vessels rated as frigates, her heavier broadsides and greater range were murderous. Pitted against larger vessels designed to carry their guns on two decks, one of which rode much closer to the waterline than those of the new American frigates, *Constitution* and her sisters could walk away from them when the winds and wave action was light or close and slug it out with the (nominally) more powerful warships when high waves forced the British to close their lower gun ports or face being swamped by the high seas.

The *Constitution* acquitted herself well against the antique terrorists of 19th century Tripoli. In 1805 it took part in three separate bombardments of that city. It was upon her deck that the successfully concluded war was ended by peace treaty.

In the War of 1812 the *Constitution* earned her nickname of "Old Ironsides" during a 25-minute gun duel with *HMS Guerriere*. Legend has it that *Guerriere's* shot bounced off the ship's oak timbers, while the more powerful guns of *Constitution* blasted *Guerriere* to wreckage, inflicting 79 casualties while losing only 14 of her own. *USS Constitution* would go on to inflict heavy damage on British commerce and take *HMS Java* in a hotly contested action. America had entered the war with only 14 seaworthy vessels to pit against 1,048 fighting ships of the

Royal Navy. Against the weight of numbers the U.S. could do very little, but by war's end *USS Constitution* and other commerce raiders had taken over 800 merchant ships, and the British were forced to operate convoys for their protection even in the waters around England and Ireland themselves.

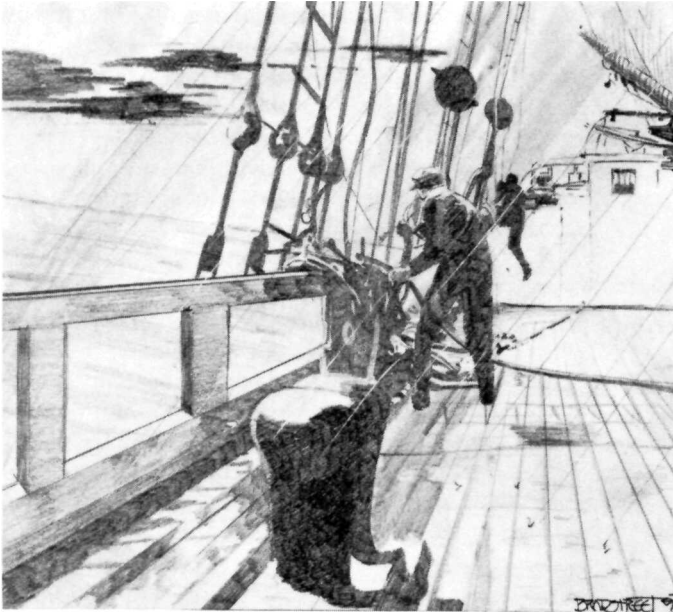
"Old Ironsides" was condemned as unseaworthy in 1828 and was consigned to be broken up. However, Oliver Wendell Holmes' poem about "Old Ironsides" raised so much public sentiment that the *Constitution* was saved from destruction. Following a rebuild, "Old Ironsides" returned to active service in 1833. In 1878 the *USS Constitution* made her last ocean crossing. She served as a training ship until 1925. Public donations again financed a refit of the venerable frigate, and following her restoration in 1931, she toured much of the United States making 90 ports of call and being visited by over 4,500,000 people from both coasts. "Old Ironsides" was then put on permanent exhibit in the Boston Naval Yard.

The old frigate is still carried on the US Navy's Commissioned List, along with the *USS Arizona* at Pearl Harbor. The tough old ship witnessed her country's bicentennial from Boston Harbor where the revolution had begun. The frigate celebrated her own bicentennial in October 1997, only a little more than a month before the U.S. suffered the nuclear strikes that may yet prove to be a national death blow.

### HISTORY OF THIS *USS CONSTITUTION*

Constructed in 1987 for the filming of Paradox Studio's movie, *Old Fashioned Patriot*, PS's replica of the 54-gun frigate *USS Constitution* was built in Nova Scotia using traditional, nearly forgotten techniques. As such, she is a unique ship, a product of the 18th century about to enter the 21st. The *Constitution* is built of wood and is as close a replica of the original vessel (being built from Naval Department plans) as her makers and 20th century maritime regulations would let her be.

Specifically, she is a three-masted square-rigged ship of 224 feet in length, 47½ feet in width, drawing 14½ feet of water and weighing 2,420 tons. This *Constitution* crews 160 with 12



being the minimum needed to put her to sea. She will do twelve knots cruising under engines and has done fifteen knots under sail. Her 75-ton cargo capacity and 10,000 gallon stainless steel drinking water tank will allow the *Constitution* to stay at sea for up to a year. Power is supplied by two 450 horsepower Caterpillar diesel engines (now converted to run on alcohol) drawing on a 22,000 gallon fuel tank. Top speed under power is 15.5 knots. Two 50kw electric generators supply electricity for two radios, two Loran electrical navigation aids (now largely useless), two electric depth finders, a 6'x12' walk-in freezer, an all electric galley, and the electrical system. She also has on board an arcwelder, heavy-duty canvas sewing machine, two air compressors, and twenty scuba tanks with fittings.

The *Constitution* finished filming in Tunisia and went on a world cruise in 1989. She spent some time docked in the Potomac and then moved to a permanent exhibition site, originally in Jacksonville and then in St. Petersburg, Florida. The *Constitution* occasionally put to sea for filmings as in 1990 for the movie *Blockade Runner*, 1992 for *The Last Lagoon*, and 1994 for *The Monitor and the Merrimac*.

The *Constitution* has been in the South Atlantic filming for a popular situation comedy, *Darwin Was a Monkey's Uncle*, from November 1 1997 until 1998 when television sitcoms ceased to be a living art form.

Taking on a cargo in Dakar for Capetown in order to pay for a resupply of food and certain spare parts, the *Constitution* picked up several American servicemen in the Cape Horn area (and losing a like number of the original crew to malaria). The ship then shaped a course for Lisbon, Portugal, with a cargo of 15 tons of electrical replacement parts (and though not on the manifest, a small fortune in diamonds). She was attacked by coastal pirates off Lagos, Nigeria, which she fended off by bending on sail and giving the smaller vessels a view of her heels, sailing away from them at a brisk 15 knots.

The *Constitution* picked up additional Americans, POW's from a wrecked Bulgarian freighter, two days before dropping anchor in the Azores. Here she picked up miscellaneous cargo, more Americans (these with an incredible saga of escape from eastern Europe via Greek fishing boats) and paying passengers, 40 French schoolgirls and their teacher, bound for Brest.

Unloading at Brest, the *Constitution* sailed through the English Channel to Bremmershaven and took more American GIs aboard. Anxious to make home port in St. Petersburg, the Captain accepted cargoes for Carriacou, an island in the Grenadines, and for St. George's, Grenada. The rest, as the saying goes, is history...

### WHAT'S REAL AND WHAT'S PLASTIC

This vessel was built as a replica of the real *USS Constitution* and was intended to be used in filming movies and television shows. As a result, this vessel has a number of features which are not exactly what they appear to be.

Unlike her namesake, the replica has prop cannons. Her fifty-four guns and carronades are made of a heavy gauge steel tube with a fiberglass outer moulding intended to closely resemble the original 24 and 32 pounders she carried. The prop cannons can be "fired" using what is known in the special effects trade as "squibs," small charges of black flash powder set to electrically detonate from inside the gun barrel. The resulting flash, bang, and roiling cloud of swirling cordite, while impressive to see, is absolutely harmless. It was with these prop cannons that Captain Christiansen had to face the very real 40mm Oerlikons of the Nigerian pirate ship near Lagos. It was the bitterness of this encounter that spurred the captain to seek out the hardware and men she now has aboard. "Old Ironsides" now has a real broadside consisting of fifteen M2HB .50 caliber machine guns located on either side of her gun deck and a 20mm PIVAD on the quarterdeck.

The prop cannons from the gun deck have all been stowed in the hold. On the main deck eight prop cannons remain in place. Pintle mounts for a dozen machine guns were provided with the machine guns, but aircraft have been few and far between. The captain decided the continuous exposure to salt water and the chance of losing a machine gun over the side in heavy weather were not worth the minor risk of encountering aerial attackers. Guns from below could be redeployed topside in a hurry if needed. The ship's gunners routinely practice both repositioning designated guns and dry run firing at seagulls, the only aerial threat in view. The PIVAD is covered with a waterproof cover, and is seldom exposed to the corrosive sea spray except during emergencies or gun drills.

### ENGINES AND OTHER ANACHRONISMS

The *Constitution's* rear mast is steel and hollow. It does double duty, spreading the sails and venting the exhaust from Old Ironsides' two 450 horsepower multifuel Caterpillar engines. In addition to driving the ship's screws, the engines power the two 50kw generators. These generators run the ship's electrical appliances.

Her sails are rayon and practically new, as is most of her cordage. Her copper hull sheeting was also recently replaced, with a thin coating of teflon laid over it to help keep her bottom clean, fast, and barnacle-free.

### The Crew of the *USS Constitution*

The following NPCs are placed here and not included in the personalities section.

#### CAROL CHRISTIANSEN

Lieutenant Commander Christiansen graduated as a Midshipman from the Naval Academy in 1990. She was three years older than her fellow cadets and had gotten appointed on a

Secretary of the Navy appointment slot. The three years prior to her appointment were served with the Naval Intelligence Operations in the Mediterranean Sea. The appointment was in part for her obvious leadership qualities and her demonstrated potential for high command.

Having earned a bachelor's degree in Nuclear Engineering, she returned to military intelligence work. She stayed in intelligence, earning commendations and promotions, until 1995, when she was forced to resign due to a scandal of some sort (details were never publicized). Lieutenant Commander Christiansen earned her master's papers and then found a job aboard the remake of the *USS Constitution*. Over the years, she has naturally progressed to the captaincy.

Away from the quarter-deck, Carol Christiansen reads Joyce, Kipling, Marcus Aurelius, and John D. MacDonald (of whose works she has a complete collection). She is a gracious hostess, drinks her rum neat, plays a dozen varieties of poker with the sweetness and light of Attila the Hun, and has a cheerful laugh.

Captain Christiansen is a stone-faced, iron-willed tyrant where the safety and well-being of her ship and crew are concerned. She has never (publicly) shot a man down where he stood for violations of ship's discipline, but she did hang five men for acts of rape and murder committed during a captivity. She also hung two women on that same trip for stealing from the ship's extremely meager water rations.

Captain Christiansen has the following skills: NWH 20%, SCD 40%, CRM 50%, HW 30%, BC 50%, SSS 75%.

**Meeting Captain Christiansen:** For the players, meeting Captain Christiansen will be all but unavoidable as everything that happens on her ship is of interest to Carol Christiansen. Based on her evaluation of the situation in the U.S., she is determined to help as many GIs get "back to the world" as she can. Captain Christiansen sees her role in the new century to also be a philosopher/pirate, applying her rapier of timely intelligence against those outside her country who mean it harm, while retransfusing the life blood of her country—free men and women able to take up arms to defend it—back home from distant shores where so much of that blood was (in her opinion) needlessly squandered.

She has little patience for crybabies and zero tolerance for criminals of any stripe. She is unimpressed by self-proclaimed "tough guys" and unamused by what she considers "fuzzy thinkers, do-gooders, and sunshine soldiers." She is best described as hard but fair, the ideal ship's captain.

**NPC Motivation Results:** *Heart King:* Honor. Captain Christiansen feels that honor is one of the most important traits to be possessed by anyone, and she will never willingly break her word. She will also lose respect for anyone who lies or breaks their word. *Spade Queen:* Ruthless. Carol Christiansen has one primary concern and that is the well-being of her ship. All other priorities come second. She is a Veteran NPC.

### FIRST MATE ROBERT ("BOB") J. SOCALI

Bob Socali had previously served in the Mekong Delta with



"Mike" boats and The SEALs. He has kept up his reserve affiliation with the Navy and theoretically has four more years to go to make it to his former goal of retirement. His current goal is just to stay alive and try to keep as many of his people alive as he can. For himself, he is number two and that is no small achievement for a low life, inner-city slum dweller of the sort he had started out to be. He might have been there yet if he hadn't accidentally killed a man when he was 17. The judge said "Thirty years in the pen or three in the military, and don't waste a lot of time making a decision." The decision was for the Navy, a (he thought) safe choice in the midst of a major land war in Southeast Asia. Wrong. His tough guy act landed him in the brig twice before his Chief Petty Officer (CPO) did everybody a favor and transferred him out of the galley and into the Underwater Demolitions Team.

Bob proved to have a knack for instantly calculating just the right amount of plastic or det cord. Fortunately for Bob, he also had an uncanny proclivity to ducking just at all the right times.

One day, as things must in a war, everything went sour. He was with the team when luck finally ran out for them. He wouldn't have had it otherwise. He was lucky; he lost an eye and a foot.

Bob was surprised and thrilled when an old naval buddy of his showed up at the reserve hall and offered to get him a permanent slot aboard a ship. Bob nearly dropped his glass eye when the ship turned out to be Paradox Studio's replica of Old Ironsides.

At 39, Bob got himself an actors guild card and in the mid 90's while *Darwin Was A Monkey's Uncle* was blowing the competition off the 8:00-9:00 Monday night time slot, Bob Socali's bristled face and flamboyant eye patch were a common sight on the tube.

At 49, Bob is the oldest of the crew members. Bob has worked his way up from third mate to first mate by being as knowledgeable about the ship and the sea as he can make himself. He has now been with Old Ironsides ten years and probably knows more about the ship than any other crewman. Bob is a cheerful and easygoing fellow who, in a previous decade, might have been described as very mellow. He has the knack for giving orders in such a way that the crew are happy to oblige his every wish. He also serves as father confessor to most of the crew, listening sympathetically, and always has a wise counsel for those who want his advice.

Bob Socali will never be captain of this ship. He is too easy on the crew and besides has a personal problem of his own which he has not been able to overcome. Occasionally, Bob drinks.

**Referee's Notes:** Bob Socali is the players' best source of information aboard the *Constitution*. He will be easy to talk to and unless the characters spent the 1994-1997 television seasons locked up in a closet, most of them will recognize him from his part in *Darwin Was A Monkey's Uncle*. They are in for a rude surprise though if they try to ply Bob with drinks to get more information out of him. The studio publicity flacks had prevented





Bob's drinking problem from becoming widely known and Bob will *not* drink aboard the ship, passing it off as "the constant rocking sloshes the rum around in my belly and gives me heartburn." Getting Bob drunk can be very nonhabit forming. Bob has BC 70%, and if anything, the drinking tends to suppress any inhibitions he has against striking killing blows. Bob has DEM 90%, SWM 80%, SCD 60%, PAR 40%, CRM 70%, PST 75%, INS 65%, SSS 94%, LNG 50% (Spanish), and LNG 45% (Portuguese).

**NPC Motivation Results:** *Spades 7:* Bob likes the feel of power and enjoys his position on the *Constitution*. He would like the captaincy, but he realizes at the same time that he would not make a very good captain. *Hearts 8:* Bob is not only the most experienced crew member, but also the best liked. He serves as a useful counterpoint to the Captain, being warm, friendly, and extremely easy to get along with. He is a Veteran NPC.

## SECOND MATE RANDALL (RUDDY) RICHARDSON

Captain Randall "Ruddy" Richardson, USMC, is the ship's playboy, or at least that's what he would have everyone believe. The second son of a distinguished South Carolina family, Ruddy broke with his parents and ran away to join the Marines at 17. He was soon tapped for OCS, and found himself a home. Ruddy served on the planning staff and had a brilliant future in front of him when a sports parachuting accident cut short a promising career. Although he fought the medical retirement being forced upon him, he was finally forced out of service early in 1995.



When his parents allowed as how it was alright and that they had forgiven him his youthful transgressions, that he could come home and take his rightful place in society, Ruddy took off like a shot—for the opposite coast. It took less than no time at all for Ruddy to get hooked into the "wrong crowd" and he found himself aboard the *USS Constitution*. He found that he liked the sea and the constant travel involved. He also liked the opportunity to visit new ports and (to hear Ruddy tell it) seduce many different women. Ruddy likes to tell anyone who will listen about his sports cars and mansions, his family's vast wealth, and his own remarkable business wheelings and dealings. It's all a sham of course, except for his family's wealth (of which he will never share for his folks finally cut him out of their wills). Ruddy remains ever the little boy who refused to grow up, a modern day Peter Pan aboard a vessel that is some seven parts fantasy itself.

Ruddy Richardson has LNG 65% (Spanish), LNG 75% (French), LNG 40% (Latin), CRM 65%, PIS 50%, HW 45%, CBE 40%, MTL 30%, and SSS 60%.

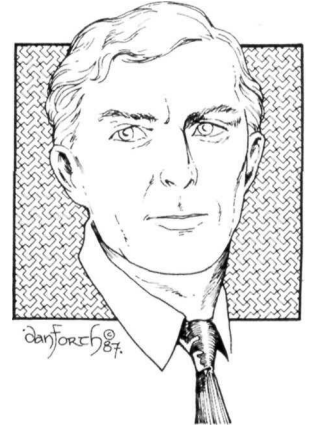
**Meeting Second Mate Richardson:** Player characters aboard ship will not be able to miss Ruddy Richardson. Although he generally pulls the night watches aboard ship, he will be all over the ship in the course of a typical evening. Afternoons are generally spent in planning sessions with the Captain and whoever else is required for the particular operation in view. In these planning sessions the players will find out that Ruddy is, in fact, an excellent planner, the reason that Captain Chris-

tiansen has put up with him.

**NPC Motivation Results:** *Spades 3:* Ruddy takes great pleasure in showing off for other crew members, especially those of the opposite sex. *Diamonds 3:* Ruddy Richardson would like to be rich, partly because of the fact that his parents do have money and he is never going to see any of it. He is an Experienced NPC.

## SUPERCARGO THAD BENTLEY

Lieutenant Thaddeus Repose Bentley is the irreplaceable man aboard the *Constitution*. Thad Bentley is an authentic American entrepreneur. He pulled the deal that got Old Ironsides its machine guns and put Carol Christiansen in a position to strike a deal for a small fortune in uncut diamonds (although Thad doesn't know the specific details: "Spare me the details ma'am, just get us back in Dakar in one piece."). Thad is a Naval Reserve Officer Training Corps Commissionee and graduate of a leading Ivy League business school. Thad thought he was going into Navy procurement ("where the \$800 toilet seats grow") only to find himself in a succession of seamy undercover assignments for Naval Intelligence, the one common denominator being a requirement for an accountant who could discover where some other accountant had buried the embezzlements and then keep his mouth shut about it afterwards. Thad proved to have just that combination of talents. Finally convinced he would never get to see an honest ledger containing the simple, honest frauds employed by military supply procurement people since time immemorial, Thad resigned from the Navy.



Thad Bentley is a true wheeler-dealer in the best American tradition. Unlike Ruddy Richardson's various half-baked schemes (any one of which has kept Thad Bentley up nights wondering why he had bothered to waste four years in the best business school in the nation), Thad's schemes, cutouts, and rollovers invariably work spectacularly.

Thad has the following skills: CMP 50%, INS 40%, LNG 50% (Latin), LNG 50% (French), and PST 50%.

**Meeting Supercargo Bentley:** Thad Bentley divides his time aboard ship between the ship's hold and the Purser's cabin. Thad covers both duties with a debonair carelessness unsuspecting players might mistake for sloppiness. Nothing could be further from the truth. With one cursory glance at his ever handy clipboard, Thad can tell where any of the 10,000 plus items the *Constitution* stocks in her stores is, what quantity remains, when the last resupply was made, and give a remarkably accurate estimate of when the next resupply will be due. With a day or two to master Thad's system, most player characters of average intelligence can do the same. Heaven help the thief or pilferer in Thad Bentley's domain. They haven't a prayer of escaping undetected.

Ashore, Thad may be found where the cuisine is haute, the wine is vintage, and the female companionship is decidedly highbrow. Recently, it has almost seemed like Thad Bentley, the Ivy League Yuppie, has been trying to out playboy the ship's playboy. If class counts, Thad has been winning the wassailing

match going away. His current big craze has been buying up rare vintages of Napoleon Brandy...and drinking it, a most un-Thadlike extravagance.

**NPC Motivation Results:** *Clubs 2:* Thad Bentley is not afraid of violence. Although he doesn't do it very often, he has been known to resort to physical blows. *Diamonds 3:* Thad Bentley likes money. He likes the kind of things that can be bought with large amounts of money, and, consequently, Thad would like to be rich. Thad Bentley is an Experienced NPC.

### STAFF SERGEANT BURL HOLSTEAD

Burl Holstead is most decidedly one of those odd fish the U.S. Army Special Forces seems to occasionally attract. His duties aboard ship as Starboard Watch NCO get done with snap and precision, but there is something about the man himself that many people find a bit unnerving: He is quiet. He is a quiet professional who goes about his duties in a highly competent and understated manner. That in itself isn't very remarkable. He is of a quiet temperament that doesn't go courting troubles. The man is physically quiet, an attribute that is as surprising as it is useful. Burl stands six feet ten inches tall and had to get a waiver to enlist. He should not have qualified for airborne training because of his great height and size (he weighs 270 pounds, easily the biggest though not the fattest man aboard ship), but quietly pulled enough of the right strings and literally squeezed through jump school. He graduated from the Special Forces Enlisted Course with honors.

Because of Burl's Special Forces training and a head injury received during one of his missions, Burl suffers from a stress-related paranoia that can put him into a homicidal frenzy when he is provoked. The evaluation board handling his discharge recommended that he find a nice low stress job, and that he avoid both getting angry and participating in team sports that involved contact, as the rages seemed to come upon him when the adrenaline was up and his body was in a fight-or-flight mode.

Burl hitchhiked and walked south from the evaluation for five days. En route, he encountered and ruined one chapter of a local motorcycle gang when he stumbled onto them in the middle of their overseas drug delivery. The survivors are said to still be looking for him. He ended up standing beside the Vinoy Basin in St. Petersburg looking out across the water at a beautiful sight: the *USS Constitution* sailing into harbor and dropping anchor.

He walked around the boat basin and went aboard to ask for a berth. He asked Carol Christiansen, who was in her cabin discussing a new movie with one of the producers, with guards posted outside so that no one would disturb them. No one should have been allowed in at that particular moment, yet there he was. She asked how he had gotten past the guards. He told her that they hadn't seemed to pay him any attention. Carol looked up at this huge man who was obviously stooping painfully under the "mere" six-foot three-inch high ceiling. No way, she thought, but was determined to get to the bottom of this horrendous security breach. She told him to go out and bring



back one of the prop cannons located on the main deck. He did. He also stopped in at the galley and picked up some roast beef sandwiches and a handful of cold beers. He came in with the eight-foot long fiberglass replica under one arm and the food in both huge paws. She told him to have a seat. She went up on deck and questioned the three guards. They certainly seemed alert, and they hadn't seen any such person as she described get past them. It was a mystery she has never been able to solve. Burl just has a natural talent for recon.

**Meeting Holstead:** SSG Holstead can be found supervising the starboard watch while aboard ship. During his off watches aboard ship Burl can be found on one of the foretops, usually in the company of his guitar and solar-powered cassette tape recorder. He is usually seen quietly strumming the guitar and composing lyrics for some sort of ballads. He never sings them loud enough for the rest of the crew to share in and is in fact quite unforthcoming about exactly what it is he does up there in the foretop.

Ashore, Burl will generally try to pick up the makings of a picnic lunch at whatever local market serves the port he finds himself in. He usually strikes out for the heatherlands, to some high, lonely place to picnic and to plink away with guitar and recorder. Usable cassette tapes, particularly good quality unused blanks suitable for recording music are something that will be of interest to Burl.

Because of his skill at recon, Burl had been doing most of those missions for the ship. Now that there are a large number of player characters and other suitably expendable riff-raff, Captain Christiansen has been insisting that Burl behave like a senior NCO and send others to do the recons that are occasionally needed. Christiansen has it in mind to keep her best scout in reserve because scouts, after all, are rather at risk.

Burl has RCN 99%, CRM 67%, PST 65%, TW 55%, BC 80% (100% when enraged, a time PCs would be well advised to give him a wide berth), LNG 77% (Urdu), LNG 70% (Spanish), LNG 60% (Russian), LNG 65% (Icelandic), DEM 25%, INS 45% (music, the acoustic guitar).

**NPC Motivation Results:** *Hearts 3:* Burl likes people, though he often has a hard time showing it. People often forget about Burl because he is so quiet. *Clubs 7:* Burl Holstead is certainly not afraid of a fight, and he sometimes resorts to violence without realizing it. He is an Elite NPC.

### SHIP'S DOCTOR VICTOR FLETCHER, MD

Victor Fletcher is the ship's doctor. He is a fair surgeon and a top-notch psychiatrist. Victor had been a first-year med student at St. George's Medical University during that fateful October, 17 years before. It was the experience of being plucked out of his dorm by the American Airborne Rangers that gray October morning and whisked away to safety that set him upon his course (or more correctly, permanently altered his course). He had figured on a nice fat career on Park Avenue or some similar medical gold mine, perhaps Palm Springs or Palm Beach. The sights and sounds of the Cubans digging



in their anti-aircraft gun within 25 feet of the dorm he lived in brought home to him the notion of his own mortality in ways that dissecting cadavers in class had never done. He lay there that night with the sound of heavy gunfire hammering away through the pillows he pulled over his head, convinced that he was going to die.

Victor was quite sincere when he joined several other rescued medical students in kissing the ground upon return to the United States. Soon afterward, he applied for and was accepted into the Defense Medical Institute. He figured to do the obligated time after medical school, then rejoin the civilian community. Instead, he made a career out of serving the GIs who had so valiantly served him. The 82nd Airborne Division became his family practice.

Victor Fletcher would have stayed on, but it just wasn't in the cards. In 1995 he got hit with a trumped up sexual harassment charge. There was no truth to it, and he was eventually cleared of all wrongdoing, but when the smoke cleared, his career in military medicine appeared to be over. Fortunately, at this time an old patient he had guided through some particularly rough spots a few years back called. The man had read of Fletcher's ordeal and had called to sympathize and offer a hand if he could.

The hand he offered had a ticket in it for Tampa Airport and the *Constitution*, a film company sailing ship that had an opening for a doctor. Victor Fletcher jumped at the chance.

**Meeting Doc Fletcher:** Everybody aboard the *Constitution* is going to meet Doc Fletcher sooner or later. The characters fished out of the sea will see him before they see practically anybody else. All newly arrived player characters and NPCs will have to submit to a physical at Captain Christiansen's orders if they expect to be allowed to travel aboard her ship. The reason is obvious: The crew will be thrown together for weeks and possibly months at a time, and the Captain will not risk allowing a contagious passenger aboard her ship. Anyone who doesn't like it is invited to go take a swim, preferably with "Old Snaggletooth," Old Ironsides' faithful and reasonably regular Great White garbage disposal unit. The Old Snaggletooth legend is a bit overblown. It isn't always the same shark trailing after Old Ironsides but the nickname has stuck nonetheless.

**Referee's Notes:** Victor Fletcher suffers episodic depression and does what he can to treat it himself. Without the modern wonder drugs he formerly had available, Victor must struggle constantly when the depression is upon him, just to keep up with his duties. He knows what his problem is and as he tells his own patients, that's half the battle right there. The episodes will come upon him gradually over a period of a few weeks or a month, seriously affect his effectiveness for a week or so, then gradually lift again. Victor is due to hit the bottom during the week of December 22-29, and the referee should keep that time frame in mind, as the doctor will be very pessimistic, lethargic, and professionally dulled during that period. Treat all actions requiring skill rolls as the next higher level of difficulty. Treat Difficult tasks as having a plus ten adverse die roll modifier.

Of all the NPCs, Doc Fletcher has the best insight into each of the others' strengths and weaknesses. He is not only efficient, but he has a pretty good idea of what is eating most of them, except for Thad Bentley.

Victor Fletcher likes swimming (but *not* with the shark), snorkeling, and spear fishing, pre- and post-Columbian history, and underwater archaeology. He secretly dreams of one day coming upon the wreck of some fabulously wealthy Spanish

treasure galleon (and in fact he has a 70% chance of providing basic identification of Spanish era artifacts if he came across any). Vic Fletcher is a very humane and compassionate man. He likes history with a passion rare in a man of his generation, and if he could be flown off to his own particular era and place, he would have chosen the Spanish Main under the terror of the English Sea Dogs. His greatest fantasy is to one day hold a fistful of Spanish Doubloons in his own hand.

**NPC Motivation Results:** *Diamond 6:* A moderate desire for wealth, in this case, a desire for old coins, particularly those associated with the Spanish Main, such as Spanish Milled Dollars or Pesos of Eight Reales ("Pieces of Eight"). *Club 9:* A willingness to use violence if necessary, and a disinclination to be frightened by it.

Doctor Fletcher's skills are CRM 40%, PST 55%, BC 50%, MC 20%, PAR 50%, MED 90%, CHM 60%, BIO 80%, LNG 35% (Latin), LNG 20% (Spanish), SWM 85%, SCD 75%.



## Conduct of the Adventure

This first leg of the voyage is run rather informally and is aimed solely at getting the player characters to the Spanish Main. This gives the players an opportunity to gain their "sea legs" and develop their characters' SSS skills. None of the encounters along the way are designed to be "character killers" nor is anything particularly earthshaking likely to develop in any of the remote corners of the world at which Old Ironsides will be touching base. One thing this section does provide is the opportunity to bring several groups of characters aboard at different locations and have them exit Old Ironsides at different times and places. It also allows for a player to have a whole stable of spare characters "in the foc'sle," available to replace the killed or lengthily incapacitated at a moments notice without having to resort to *deus ex machina* characters dropping out of the blue.

It is generally not recommended that the players be given the *Constitution*. As mentioned elsewhere in this module, the typical **Twilight: 2000** player character seen previously would be totally out of his league trying to sail such a major vessel. From a playing point of view it would be totally inappropriate for a ship's captain to leave his vessel in the midst of a hostile sea and go wandering around the hinterlands looking for buried pirate gold or other such wild adventure. Besides, that is quite properly the role of junior officers, ship's marines, and other highly expendable player character riffraff.

All in all, this section is best traveled through lightly and swiftly. It may be best to recommend to the players that they simply hang on to their socks and consider this their shakedown cruise for this campaign region. The second section will provide them with ample opportunities to acquire their own ship. The vessel the players will end up with may not be as spectacular as Old Ironsides, but then the *Constitution* is the last of her kind.

### LEARNING THE ROPES

#### 2 Sept. 2000: Aboard the *Constitution*

*Captain Christiansen had some pretty hard-nosed ideas about*

*charity and succoring the drowning at sea. She wanted to know how we planned to pay our way to the Constitution's next port of call. We tried to tell her that being imprisoned, torpedoed, and shipwrecked is not the easy route to vast material wealth and that therefore we were broke. She was not impressed. I suggested what she could do with her blood money for rescuing us. She pointed out the broken hatch cover we had been found adrift on still on deck. She offered to help anyone who didn't like her terms return the raft to the sea. She said we would be no worse off than when we had been picked up. When she got no takers, she got this peculiar gleam in her eye and cracked a smile I thought was going to break her face.*

#### 3 Sept. 2000: Aboard "Old Ironsides"

*Her terms for passage really aren't that bad. The Constitution crews 160 and she is shorthanded. Passage to her next land fall is in exchange for service aboard the ship. Duties are variable and we start at the bottom. Obedience is expected to be absolute, prompt, and—get this!—cheerful. In exchange we eat at the crew's mess, draw such clothes and toilet articles as we might need from the ship's "slop chest," and can earn a chance at a full-time, paid berth aboard. The alternative doesn't sound so attractive, so we've each sworn in, signed the ship's log, and got ourselves promoted from castaways to apprentice seamen.*

#### 6 September 2000: Aboard the *Constitution*

*I protested that I shouldn't be classed as an apprentice. After all, I had owned my own twelve-foot lightning class sailboat when I was 14. The Rangers had also taught me a thing or three about small boat handling. The Captain just laughed and said, "Okay, we'll put you to the test." For the past three days I've learned just how different a full-rigged ship is from a sailboat on a sheltered bay. I've ended up an apprentice seaman anyway, but at least I ended up a senior apprentice seaman.*

## LIFE ABOARD OLD IRONSIDES

### September 2000: Aboard the *Constitution*

*I figured I could always jump ship whenever we hit land, but the terms for the crew aren't bad at all. The cargo is sold at each announced port of call, and after the expenses are extracted, the profit is divided into mills of value. Millage, it's called, that's one thousand shares of whatever profit was made. It gets divided up like this: apprentice seamen get one mill of the profits, if any; able-bodied seamen (ABS) get two mills; skilled hands (that's the carpenter, sailmaker, cook, cooper, ropemaker, junior engineers, and ship's troops), three mills; petty officers, four mills; bosun (think first sergeant), five mills; ship's officers, six mills; 2nd mate and top major, 7 mills; 1st mate (and navigator if we had one), eight mills; Captain, ten mills (that's one percent of the profit by the by).*

*Pay is from announced port of call to announced port of call only. If you left before the ship arrived at the next announced port of call, you lost the pay for that trip. Pay is in kind and can be accumulated up to the next order of magnitude (i.e. ten paid announced port to announced port trips nets an apprentice 1 percent of the value of the cargo; the Captain, 10%). The rest went to ship shares, which are a kind of stock in the ship. If a crew member opts out, he or she is paid off at an announced port of call in kind (or gold if the ship had any), or when he reaches an order of magnitude, he can opt to be paid in kind or in ship shares.*

*I didn't know stocks from staples, but it sounds like a chance to come home with something to show for the war besides my age and gray hairs. I figure I'll stay on at least until we hit state-side. I mean, what can go wrong?*

### REFEREE'S NOTES: LEARNING THE ROPES

The player character cannot expect to be fished out of the sea and made Admiral of the fleet on the spot. Previous military rank is meaningless under the circumstances. The players will not have equipment nor should they be given the opportunity to seize control of the ship. The opportunity to acquire their own ship will come along eventually.

The *Constitution* should not be given to the players gift wrapped for the simple reason the player characters almost certainly cannot sail her by themselves.

The skill small boat handling (SBH) covers rowing and *small* sailing boats, but impress upon the players that this is a full-rigged *ship*: 224 feet long, 47½ feet wide, drawing 14½ feet of water, and weighing 2,420 tons.

The skill SBH serves as the basic building block for the new skill Sailing Ship Seaman (SSS). Characters having the SBH skill will be tested by the *Constitution's* crew to determine what level SSS skill the player characters possess. Any character with a SBH skill will receive SSS equal to one-half their SBH. During their first week on board the *Constitution*, players will go through a training process during which they will be watched over by the more experienced crew members. At the end of their first week, they will receive an increase to their SSS skill equal to a roll of 3D10. The maximum skill level attainable through training is 50%.

### LIFE ABOARD THE *CONSTITUTION*

The single most significant fact of voyaging aboard the *Constitution* will be the fact that this ship's primary propulsion is the wind. The sails will need to be continually taken in, let out,

or adjusted. The *Constitution* needs a crew of 30 to be sailed most efficiently. A minimum crew of 12 is needed to put to sea. Using a minimum crew means minimum possible sails, and running primarily on the *Constitution's* two 450 horsepower Caterpillar diesel engines, now converted to draw alcohol from the ship's 22,000 gallon fuel tank. Under sail, the *Constitution* could circle the globe using only the fuel necessary to power the ship's electronics. Using only her own engines, the *Constitution* has a range of about 7,000 to 8,000 miles. The *Constitution* can carry and distill enough grain alcohol to sustain routine electrical operations for ten days or engine only operations for one day. In a pinch, seaweed may be converted into alcohol but kelp is a poor substitute for corn. Sugarcane, on the other hand, is a superior material for distilling alcohol and is native to many islands in the Spanish Main.

Another significant consideration aboard a sailing ship like the *Constitution* is safety. A lot of things can turn around and bite a careless or unlucky character. For each day of the player's second week (when there are no longer experienced crew members watching over them), all players should roll a percentage under his SSS (or agility times 5 as a percentile if the character has no SSS). If the roll is under the ESY:SSS percent result, all is well. If the ship is under way and not fully manned, roll AVG:SSS. If the ship is encountering heavy weather that day, roll DIF:SSS. If the roll is a critical success for AVG or DIF rolls, the referee at his discretion may choose to reward the player with an experience gain; if the task roll is a failure, the player has been injured.

**Minor Injuries:** If the character fails the roll discussed above, but it is not a critical failure, the character receives a slight wound (1D6x2 hits). Depending on the character's activities at that point, the referee should select an appropriate event, and pick a suitable type and location for the wound. Characters on galley duty could be slightly burned, or cut themselves peeling potatoes. Characters on watch could slip on a wet deck and sprain an ankle. Characters aloft could sprain a finger, or get a rope burn.

**Major Injuries:** If the character catastrophically fails the roll discussed above, there is a 20% chance he receives a critical wound (failing this, the character receives a serious wound). A character with a critical wound takes 5D6 hit points; a character with a serious wound takes 3D6 hit points. Again, the nature of the injury (which can be fatal) is up to the referee, depending on the nature of the duty when the accident occurred: a character might be seriously burned while in the galley, or fall from a mast if on duty aloft.

### WATCHES

The schedule of watches is as follows:

0400-0800	Morning Watch
0800-1200	Forenoon Watch
1200-1600	Afternoon Watch
1600-1800	First Dog Watch
1800-2000	Second Dog Watch
2000-2400	Evening Watch

Division of personnel among the watches is as follows:

Starboard Watch	Section #1
	Section #3
Port Watch	Section #2
	Section #4



### CONDITIONS

**Condition Three:** Four hours on and twelve off.

**Condition Two:** Four hours on and four off.

**Condition One:** All watch sections at stations.

### SPECIAL NOTES ON SHIP ROUTINE

Watch sections are generally called ten minutes prior to their shifts being called.

Captain Christiansen allows smoking only topside because of the risk of fire.

The call for marines to the fighting tops is a battle drill, as is gunners' call. Like their 18th and 19th century predecessors, ship's marines act as snipers firing from the fighting tops against visible enemy officers and crew members.

The various drills exercised aboard Old Ironsides include life boat drill, man overboard, fire, damage control, prepare to repel aircraft, prepare to raise and lower anchor (nonmotorized), general quarters, and action stations as well as several lesser preparedness exercises. By the time the characters have run through these drills a few times they will become old hat, and the characters will be considered fully qualified to deal with any of the routine shipboard emergencies.

Cook's assistant is a routine temporary duty usually for two members of each watch section and involves some preparation and all serving duties during meals. Captain Christiansen has dispensed with formal mess mates and stewards. This vessel, more than naval vessels, operates with a very close-knit crew. The relationship of ship's officers to the crew most resembles that of submarines in that the officers frequently bear a hand as required and there is not that stiff formality sometimes found aboard naval "ships of the line." This is not to say that ship's discipline is weak (far from it). Rather the discipline derives from mutual respect and long service together. The player characters may be made to feel a little left out, not having suffered through the captivity with the "old hands." They will find that the individual who works hard to master his tasks and is prepared to listen respectfully to more experienced crew members is rapidly drawn into the ship's family and made welcome.

### DAILY ROUTINE ABOARD THE CONSTITUTION WHILE AT SEA

0200 Relieve wheel and lookouts

0350 Call the watch sections

0400 Muster the watch section; relieve the watch section; call ship's cook assistant of the watch; relieve lookouts and station mast head lookouts

0500 Call all sections of the watch sleeping in; coffee; smoking lamp lit

0520 Call deck sweeping detail

0530 Turn to; smoking light out; execute morning orders

0600 Relieve the wheel and the lookouts

0700 Stow all hammocks

0715 Draw mess gear; smoking lamp lit

0730 Breakfast; change to uniform of the day

0800 Relieve the wheel and lookouts; change the watch; both sections on deck

0815 Turn to for work call; smoking lamp out

0830 Sick call

0845 Stow laundry; clear decks for inspection

0910 Officer's call; watches fall in for quarters

0930 Quarters for inspection; physical conditioning and body combat drill; other drills as announced

1000 Relieve the wheel and the lookouts

1030 Stand down from drills; sweep down

1145 Draw mess gear

1200 Dinner; smoking lamp lit

1230 Relieve watch, wheel and lookouts

1300 Turn to for work call; smoking lamp out

1315 Gunners' call; marines to fighting tops

1400 Relieve the wheel and lookouts

1415 Stand down from drill; turn to for work details

1600 Relieve the wheel and lookouts; relieve the watch

1630 Sweep down; stand down from work details; light smoking lamp; station bridge lookouts; inspect life boats

1730 Clean up decks

1745 Draw mess gear

1800 Supper; relieve wheel and lookouts

1830 Turn to; sweep down

1900 Band call; personal recreation

1930 Hammocks; no smoking below decks

2000 Relieve the wheel and lookouts; relieve the watch; muster watch; lights out except operating lights and lights in officers' quarters and chief petty officers' mess.

2100 Smoking lamp out; lights out in chief petty officers' mess

2200 Relieve the wheel and lookouts; lights out in officers' quarters

2345 Call the watch

2400 Relieve the wheel and lookouts; muster the watch

### ENCOUNTERS AFLOAT

Referees should make use of the following guidelines in administering encounters at sea.

### CHANCE OF AN ENCOUNTER

*Die Result*

1 Natural

2 Man-made

3-4 Weather change

5 No encounter

6 No encounter

**Notes:** Roll on this twice per day, once in the morning and once at night. If "No encounter" was the result, the weather does not change (i.e., the storm rages on, the winds stay dead, etc.).

### WEATHER (CARIBBEAN ONLY)

#### 2D6 Result

- 2 Becalmed
- 3 Force ½
- 4 Force ½
- 5 Force 1
- 6 Force 2
- 7 Force 2
- 8 Force 3
- 9 Force 3
- 10 Force 4
- 11 Gale
- 12 Storm

### NATURAL ENCOUNTERS

#### Die Result

- 1 Whales
- 2 Fish
- 3 Shark(s)
- 4 Dolphins
- 5 Water spout, mirage, or squall
- 6 Floating Object

**Whales:** 1-3 adults.

**Fish:** School of 1D100x1D6 fish feeding near surface. Roll for species: 1 = Anchovie (x.01); 2 = Tuna (x10); 3 = Tuna (x20); 4 = Tuna (x30); 5 = Mackerel (x1); 6 = Flying Fish (x.1).

Multiply number of fish in school with multiplier listed for species to determine food value available in kilos (1D10% of this amount may be caught with a net in 2 hours; 1D1 % per person with hook and line in 2 hours time).

**Shark(s):** An encounter with one or more sharks. Harmless, as long as no one falls overboard...

**Dolphins:** An encounter with 2D6 dolphins. Any sharks will depart.

**Water Spout:** Encounters with these phenomena are at the referee's choice. The water spout never touches the ship. Mirages are daytime only. A squall is a sudden thunder shower, very localized with force 4 winds and lightning.

**Floating Object:** This could be anything from kelp to flotsam to a new player character being brought into the adventure the hard way. Usually, but not always, it will prove to be useless. Sometimes it will be something interesting (at the referee's discretion).

### MAN-MADE ENCOUNTERS

#### Die Result

- 1 Wreckage
- 2 Wreckage
- 3 Ship or plane—extreme range encounter
- 4 Small craft
- 5 Medium ship
- 6 Special

**Wreckage:** A charred life preserver, a broken spar, a waterlogged crutch, unidentifiable trash, and an occasional case

of beer.

**Ship or Plane:** Ships (1-5) or plane (6) seen from so far away as to be outside signal contact (no matter what the players do, the ship or plane will continue on its way).

**Small Craft:** (see below).

**Medium Ship:** (see below).

**Special Encounter:** This could be as simple as a message in a bottle, a survivor to be rescued, or no encounter at all if the referee so wishes.

### SMALL CRAFT

Roll 1D6 for the following:

**1 Life Boat:** At the referee's option, this can be drifting empty or contain survivors (they typically hold up to 30; length and other characteristics vary).

**2 Sloop:** A small sailboat, under 30 feet long, a single-masted sailing vessel usually with cabin, sleeps six, minimum two-man crew.

**3 Cabin Cruiser:** A power boat under thirty feet long, engine converted to alcohol or with a clumsily adapted mast and sails. These usually have a range of 250 km and a top speed of 12 knots. Limited to inter-island traffic.

**4 Schooner:** A two-masted sailing ship under 50 feet long, with a deckhouse and a cabin aft. Sleeps 12, crew of 4 required.

**5 Cabin Cruiser:** As in number 3, but between 30 and 50 feet long. These normally sleep 12 (crew of 3 required). An inter-island cruiser with a range of 500-750 km and a top speed of 15 knots.

**6 Small Warship:** Roll 1D6 for type: 1-2 = Mine sweeper, 3-4 = Patrol boat, 5-6 = Corvette.

**Mine Sweeper:** A wooden-hulled vessel stuffed with detection gear and equipped to clear naval mine fields. If manned, several of the crew will be crack shots (CRM: 90+), accustomed to detonating mines with aimed rifle fire. Length is from 50-70 feet, top speed about 25 knots, range from 400-800 km, crew about 15. Any vessel encountered will have been converted to run on alcohol, coal, or possibly sails.

**Patrol Boat:** A small metal- or fiberglass-hulled motor vessel, usually armed with a light machine gun and employed in short range recon or guard duty. This particular vessel could be the herald of nearby land or could have been lost adrift. Length is about 20 feet; range 100 km; top speed 20 knots; crew is normally 6. Any encountered will have been converted to alcohol fuel.

**Corvette:** The smallest metal-hulled warship likely to be met in mid-ocean. This is either an armed escort to other ships or in transit somewhere. Any vessels encountered will be armed with 1-4 machine guns and perhaps one or two large caliber weapons not to exceed 40mm. They might be equipped with 10-30 depth charges as well. In the Caribbean this could constitute the largest "Capital ship" available to many of the surviving national navies of the region. Length varies from 60-80 feet; range from 500-1000 km; top speed is about 30 knots; crew varies from 25-35. Any vessels encountered will have been converted to run on alcohol.

### MEDIUM SHIPS

**1 Racing Yacht:** A one- or two-masted pleasure craft, usually of fiberglass hull construction of 40 to 60 feet in length. These vessels commonly sleep twelve, but the minimum crew is four. They are very cramped, and usually short on provisions owing to their design which sacrifices everything for speed (which can

reach 25 knots under a good crew). Most come with a small generator (now alcohol fueled).

**2 Motor Cruiser:** A prewar toy of some rich man, this is a sea-going recreational vehicle with sleeping places for up to twenty people. Ships of this type will have seen better days, and have been converted to run on alcohol. Length ranges from 50 to 80 feet, top speed averages 25 knots, range from 500-750 km, and with a crew of 6 to 8, these vessels are far too big to convert to sail and hideously expensive to run on alcohol.

**3 Inter-Island Trader:** A schooner of two or possibly three masts, rigged fore and aft with staysails. These are lovely craft to watch and very common in the Caribbean. Length varies from 70-100 feet; cargo capacity is from 10 to 20 tons. These ships have space for about 30 people and require 12 crew. These are practical, utilitarian ships capable of speeds of up to 10-15 knots.

**4 Topsail Schooner:** This is a somewhat larger two- to three-masted sailing vessel with at least the foremast topsail rigged for better open ocean sea-keeping capabilities. These vessels are designed for longer runs across open ocean (the Panama-Venezuela trade, for instance). Length runs from 90-120 feet; cargo capacity is from 20-30 tons. They usually need a crew of 16, and have room for 50 passengers.

**5 Tramp Steamer:** This is a steam-powered, steel-hulled, prewar freighter. Length is from 120-160 feet, with a 1000 ton cargo capacity, running on coal- or wood-fired boilers (they are often capable of running on alcohol, but are terribly inefficient). They have room for twelve paying passengers and need a crew of 18. They have a top speed of 15 knots and a range of 4000-8000 km.

**6 Full-Rigged Ship:** A three-masted sailing ship with square sails. This vessel is of all wood construction, sleeps 60-80, and requires a crew of 40 if under sail. An auxiliary alcohol engine gives a top speed of 10 knots and a range of 250 km. Length runs from 100-150 feet, cargo capacity from 40-60 tons. The *Constitution* is this type of ship.

#### SAILING SHIP SEAMAN SKILL

The SSS skill is an important skill in determining how fast a ship can move. Each ship has a maximum speed attainable under sail and an average speed. The average speed is half of the maximum speed attainable. The maximum speed of the *Constitution* and most of the larger pirate vessels involved in the adventure is 15 knots. The maximum speed of the smaller pirate sailing vessels is 20 knots. When determining the current speed of the vessel in question, the helmsman must make an AVG:SSS roll. If the task result is unsuccessful, the ship's speed will be the average speed of the vessel. If the task result is successful, the helmsman should then roll 1D10 for each 10% block of SSS skill he has. This number should be divided by 100, added to 1, and then multiplied by the average speed of the vessel. This result is the current speed in knots at which the ship moves. The speed of the ship can never be greater than the current winds propelling the vessel (Force 1 winds are 10 knots, Force 2 winds are 20 knots, etc.).

For example, sailor Bob is at the wheel of the *Constitution*. Sailor Bob's SSS skill is 45%, and the winds are currently Force 2 winds (20 knots). Sailor Bob makes his AVG:SSS roll and comes up with a 67, meaning that the *Constitution* moves at a speed of 7.5 knots (half its maximum). Suddenly, several pirate boats spring from around a cove and attempt to overtake the *Constitution*. Sailor Fred, whose SSS is 70%, shoves sailor Bob

aside and takes over. When he rolls his AVG:SSS, he comes up with a 33. He then rolls 1D10 for each 10% block of SSS skill he has (7), and comes up with a grand total of 34. This number is divided by 100 (.34) and added to 1 (1.34). This number is multiplied by the average speed of the vessel to get the new speed ( $1.34 \times 7.5 = 10.5$ ). The new speed is 10.5 knots. Since 10.5 knots is less than the wind speed (20 knots), the *Constitution* moves at 10.5 knots.

#### SHIPBOARD COMBAT

Rules for shipboard combat are the same in most respects as the rules for riverine combat, which can be found in *Pirates of the Vistula*. The exceptions to those rules are detailed below.

#### WIND AND WAVE ACTION

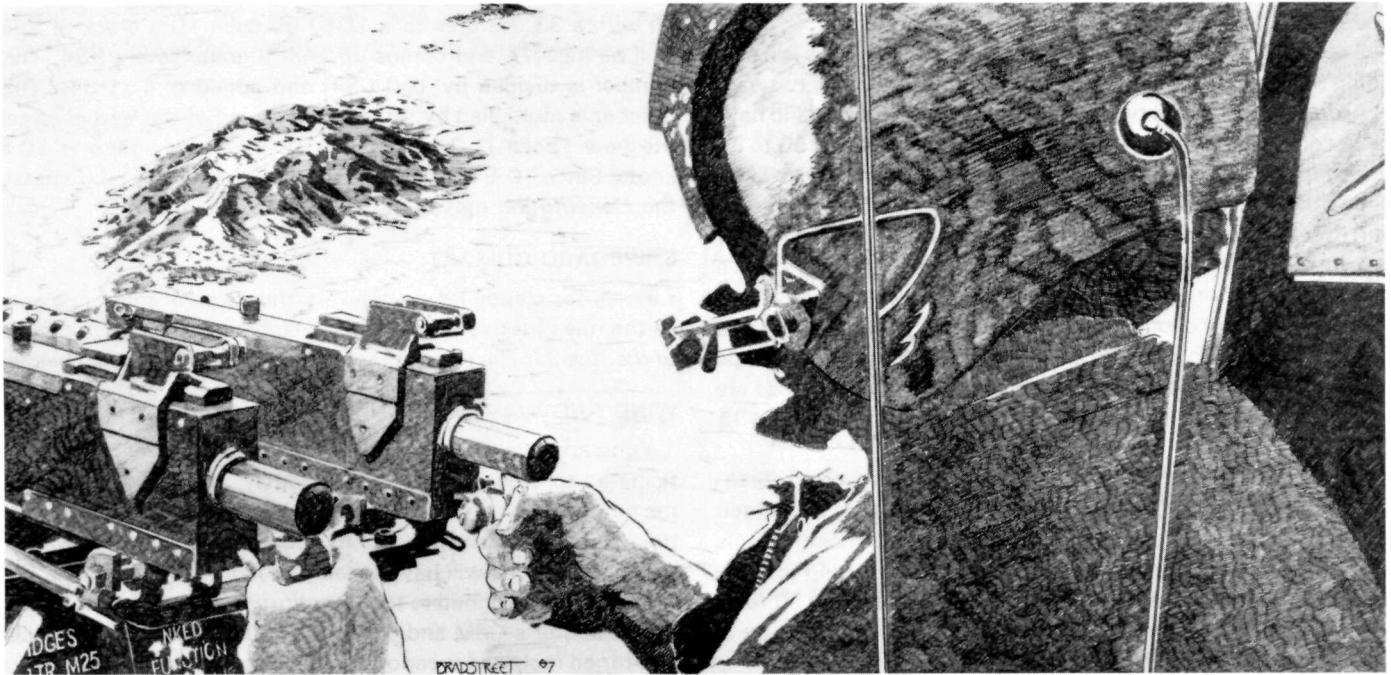
Wind and wave action, if not wholly predictable, may be anticipated to a certain extent. Obviously, the rougher the sea, the more difficult any shot becomes. Virtually no one is presently trained to fire handheld weapons aboard ships at sea, however, and ship's troops will have to learn to live with the waves. For ship's troops assigned to the *Constitution*, simply add together the character's CRM and SSS skills and divide by 2. Handheld and tripod mounted weapons are also subject to a negative die modifier of 10% per level of wind force. Finally, all handheld weapons may be fired at close range only.

For example, sailor Bob, having been shoved aside by sailor Fred, decides that maybe he can discourage the pirates by taking a few pot shots at them. By the time he gets to the back of the ship with his M16, the closest pirate vessel is 40m away. Sailor Bob averages his CRM (65%) and his SSS skill (45%) and comes up with a value of 55%. He then subtracts 10% for each force level of the wind (Force level 2 winds = 20%) and arrives at a base value of 35%. After several rounds of firing, sailor Fred's sailing expertise has increased the distance between the boats to 60 m. Since the close range value of sailor Bob's M16 is 50 m, he will not be able to hit.

#### TONNAGE AND SPECIAL DAMAGE RESULTS

The *Constitution* has a tonnage of 2420, meaning that it has 4840 flotation hits. It is impossible for most anything the *Constitution* encounters in this adventure to sink the *Constitution* with one blow. Therefore, if the vehicle damage result of "Catastrophic" is rolled, it should be treated as "Mobility" with double damage. The pirate ships involved in the adventure will have varied tonnage...anywhere from 2000 tons (their flagship) to 25 tons (their smallest sailboats).





## The Adventure Plots

The principal plot of this adventure revolves around the person of a twelve-year-old black girl who's grandfather happens to be the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and Commander in Chief of the military government of the United States of America. Loretta Ann Cummings has been sent to Grenada by her paternal grandfather, General Jonathan Cummings, to protect her and her mother from exactly the type of political dirty dealings this module deals with.

As to those involved in the plot to kidnap the girl and use her as a lever to control Milgov, they are a shadowy group so secretive that their own agent on the scene knows little or nothing about them. They call themselves the New Americans and are prepared to issue gold, false identifications, and even Letters of Marque and Reprisal to their agent, Kevin Jerdan Jones, as reward for his part in this dubious mission. A Letter of Marque and Reprisal (Letter of Marque for short) is simply a license issued by a government to a private citizen to become a privateer. A privateer is a pirate who steals only for a government.

For Jones' part, he is prepared to kidnap, murder or torture anyone who gets in his way. To accomplish this end he has recruited a pliant and useful cats-paw, one John "Hammerhead" Hammersmith, to serve as the charismatic and ruthless leader of a gang of some of the most bloodthirsty and vicious killers to be assembled in the region since the days of Kidd, Morgan and Black Beard. Jones is in this nasty little business for one thing only, a psychotic pipedream of buccaneer glory upon the Spanish Main.

John "Hammerhead" Hammersmith is interested in power and a fast buck. Jones may be using "Hammerhead" as a cats-paw for his own objectives but "Hammerhead" has also used Jones in his turn to provide the heavy weapons, mortars, and ammunition, and most importantly, the training in how to effectively use these weapons to parley himself, "Hammerhead," into the chieftom of this ever enlarging band of thugs and worse. The shared dream of both men is to sack and pillage the rich

ports of the Spanish Main with Aruba, the oil rich island in the Dutch Antilles, being their first major target. Both men agree upon means, methods, and goals, but both men mean to double-cross the other and see themselves as sole commanding hand at the helm of the pirate fleet they are building on Carriacou.

The New Americans have already backed Jones up with heavy weapons, mortars, small arms, and ammunition. They appear quite content to unleash the psychopathic romantic Jones upon the unsuspecting people of the Caribbean and to use kidnap and blackmail as instruments of national policy. The New Americans had planned to make an exchange of the Letter of Marque and Reprisal and the gold for General Cumming's daughter. Another New American agent was given the responsibility of delivering the letter and the gold to Jones and returning with the girl. Somehow (probably because of the shadowy nature of their connections), the dates for the trade-off were confused. When the agent and his assistants arrived at Hog Island (the assigned meeting point) a week early, he was observed by one of the pirate patrols, who were unaware of who he was. They killed him, leaving his body on the island, and took his boat. As they sailed it back around toward Carriacou (the pirate headquarters), they spotted another boat, which they also attempted to take. This scene is the one the players enter into when they first arrive at Grenada. Jones, on the other hand, will find out none of this. He will kidnap the girls on the night the players arrive and then take them to Hog Island (if he still has them) six days later.

### PIRACY

In order to achieve their shared objective, the pirates have seized Carriacou Island in Grenada and have been forcing the unwilling boat builders there to construct this grand pirate fleet under threat of death or worse to the women and children of the island. In addition, the pirates have been busy seizing all the boats and ships in the waters around Grenada. This has a twofold purpose. First, the pirates have taken those sloops and schooners suitable to their purposes and have been incorporating

them into the growing pirate fleet. Secondly, they have been burning or scuttling the excess boats to prevent word of their activities from leaking out to either potential victims or possible intervention forces. The net result has been the slow strangulation of Grenada from the sea.

## OCCUPATION

Grenada has another problem...actually, nine hundred other problems. A Cuban regiment is marooned on Grenada. The local political situation has been seriously overbalanced by the armed presence of the Cubans. Most, if not all, of the political groups on the island are coming to the conclusion that the Cubans' continuing presence can no longer be tolerated. The question is, who is going to tell the Cubans?

**Background:** Following Operation Urgent Fury in 1983, Grenada had looked forward to a new dawn of progress. The American Marines, Paratroopers, and Rangers departed, replaced by other Americans who completed the Point Salines Airport, repaired the roads, rebuilt the battle damaged hospital, and pumped some \$74 million in U.S. foreign aid into the tiny island's economy. It helped for a while.

By the mid-nineties Grenada had slipped back into the tropical stupor, forgotten by all but those few Americans who remembered roaring in over the beaches by helicopter and am-trac...remembered riding in under blossoming parachutes...remembered three days in a life...and the older Grenadians.

The Cubans had not forgotten either. But the war in Europe and China was far away and the Yanquis were only ninety miles off shore. The Cubans, under their new leader, wisely tried to steer a middle course between their Russian masters and the Yanqui giant poised to reach out and crush their revolution. They tried hard but circumstances kept tripping them up. The 21st Motor Rifle Regiment was en route back to their homeland from the defeat in Angola. It was not the Cuban's fault that their ship was torpedoed and severely damaged. It was not the Cuban's fault that the ship floundered off Point Salines and that they waded ashore at the site of a previous humiliation. But they remembered...oh how they remembered.

The Grenadians are like a tightly-knit extended family. The Cubans, no matter how friendly and easygoing, are intruders. The U.S. trained police force, 109 of them, initially fled, rallied, and suffered a bloody repulse when they tried to throw the Cubans out. The Cubans turned from hunted to hunter. Their patrols proved to be extremely frustrating affairs. The natives hide the constables and the resistance grows.

The renewed Jewel Movement returned to the themes and programs that had galvanized them under "their" martyred Prime Minister Maurice Bishop. The Peoples Revolutionary Army was called back to the colors. The former 18-year-old enthusiasts were now 36 years old. A generation that had never known the new Jewel looked to their fathers and uncles and wondered.

Many of the former revolutionaries were settled family men, successful and satisfied with their current lives. Others, many others, were bitter, angry men who felt the promise Bishop had held out for them had been snatched away. They blame the Americans for that broken promise and remembered the Cubans as friends who had fought the Americans while the Peoples Army had melted away.

The result is a terrible split in the Grenadan family. Some are siding with the Cubans, others join the resistance. Civil war is

always the most bitter of wars, and Grenada's is no exception.

Grenada's population has declined by 1/3 since the war began. Various diseases have winnowed the population down from a high of 120,000 to a mere 80,000, lower than it had been twenty years before. Fuel for running the island's single power plant is nonexistent. Electricity exists in a few places, run off alcohol-fired private generators. Though sugarcane for alcohol is abundant, parts to replace those generators that wear out are becoming very scarce. One electrical enterprise is still operational, however. Radio Grenada was given a solar-powered collection net. Built by an eccentric American Peace Corps worker whose idea attracted funding from the American Public Broadcasting System (PBS) and several U.S. solar energy companies, Radio Grenada broadcasts in the low band. The radio engineers have lovingly nursed along the photoelectric cells and storage batteries.

## GREANADA: THE LAND

Grenada is a rugged, volcanic island of 133 square miles featuring steep hills, deep gullies, long fingerlike peninsulas, and shallow bays. The east coast is predominantly black volcanic sand beaches, pounded by the unrelenting fury of the Atlantic. Trade winds maintain a constant breeze, and here and there are a few good beaches or harbors.

To the leeward, or west side of the island, white sandy beaches and good harbors prevail. The climate is usually mild, tempered by the tropical trade winds and cooled by seasonal rainfall. The island is verdant and the profusion of flora gives Grenada her nickname, the "Spice Islands."

In better times Grenada produced forty percent of the world's supply of nutmeg. Bananas, coconuts, cocoa, sugar and all manner of tropical fruits grow here in profusion. The interior is a lush, tropical rain forest of hardwoods, such as mahogany and teak, extremely useful in the construction of Grenada's famous island schooners and workboats on nearby Carriacou.

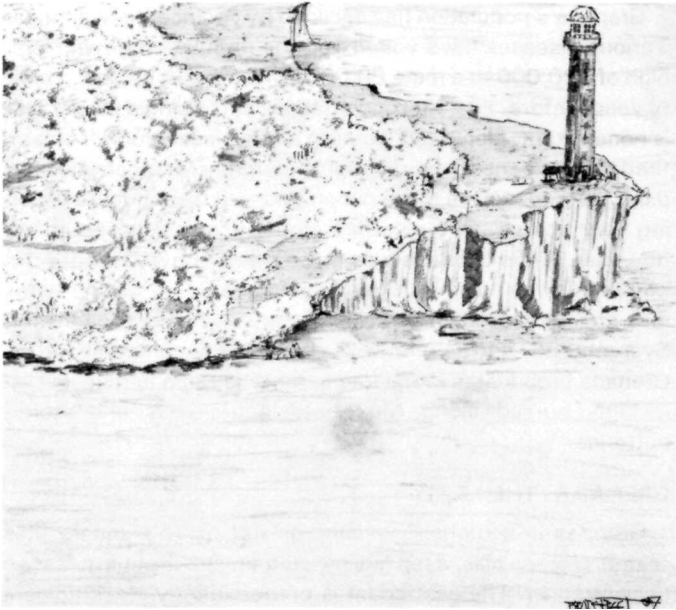
Discovered by Columbus, Grenada proved to be a political football during the numerous Anglo-French altercations of the 18th century. The islands came firmly to rest in the possession of the English Crown in 1793. Following an exceptionally bitter and bloody slave rebellion in the 1790's, England freed the slaves in 1833. Today's population is largely their direct descendants.

The country is predominantly Catholic, although there is a diverse and vital selection of other denominations on the islands.

Education had been universal, and prior to the flu epidemic of 1996-1998, literacy had been 83%.

The economy had been diverse and a bit depressed. The principal crops for export were bananas, coconuts, cocoa, nutmeg, and mace, a by-product of the same harvest. Some of the larger farms and plantations concentrated solely on the spice trade, but agriculture in general has been the traditional realm of the small family farm, usually no more than five or ten acres carved out of the rich black volcanic soil and perched precariously against some steep hillside or sharply descending finger or ridge.

Grenada is well watered the year round. The frequent rains mean that much of the housing is built up, on insectproof concrete blocks where they are still available, to avoid the local flooding that sometimes accompanies the torrential tropical rains. Currently the absence of an outside supply of corrugated roofing tin has caused a revival of the native art of palm thatching. This is not a problem save in the few months (January to May) of the dry season, when a prolonged drought could make



the thatch subject to accidental fire. Most of the rest of the year, upwards of an average of ten or twelve inches of rain may fall per month.

In the cities, of course, architecture used to follow the West Indian pattern and St. George's had been a gem of pastels and tile. Now construction goes on with whatever comes to hand and the city is slowly recovering from the desolation and neglect it suffered.

The port at St. George's is still usable although traffic here has been reduced to an occasional island schooner. The airport on Point Salines is intact, although the same cannot be said for the terminal there, which has long since fallen to ruins. Pearls Airport could still be used but is rapidly turning back into lush, tropical jungle.

## THE WAR

It would be difficult to imagine a place more distant from the war than Grenada. Since the liberation of 1983, the threat of military force against Grenada has been nonexistent. The Cubans are over a thousand miles away as the crow flies. The Soviets have no time for a dot in a distant sea. The Americans came, blasted the place, rebuilt it, poured huge amounts of money into the island, then subjected it to benign neglect.

The war did have some effects on Grenada. The tourists have stopped coming, the freighters have stopped coming, and the tankers have stopped coming. There was a brief flurry of military activity early in the war as U.S. military aircraft bound for the fighting in Africa and the Mideast made stopovers en route, and a U.S. Navy battle group built around the *USS New Jersey* met and sent to the bottom a Soviet battle cruiser that had been ramming in the South Atlantic sea lanes. The citizens of St. George's had a front row seat to one of the last gun duels between rival warships in the 20th century.

Following that epic fight, Grenada had slipped back into a tropical oblivion while the rest of the world made the rubble bounce. Politics continued in the traditional Grenadan manner, best described by one of the citizens as "Oh, no. Not that again!" The Centerist New National Party (NNP) coalition gained a clear majority in 1984.

Sir Reginald Leigh Schoonover was appointed Her Majesty's

Governor General in 1989, and has a universally well-regarded reputation for fairness, integrity, and dignity. He is well-liked by all and his opinions are listened to by all but the most extreme political factions. The Governor General's actual political influence is small. He has been out of direct contact with England since December 1 999.

The relative remoteness of Grenada and its isolation from most of the world's remaining traffic has insulated the island in part from the worst effects of the war. The Point Salines Airport, which could have made Grenada the target of military planners, ceased to be of significance immediately after the Americans removed themselves to support other theaters of the war in 1997, well before the war crossed the nuclear threshold. The port at St. George's, while very picturesque, was never large enough or well enough developed to be considered a significant naval facility by either side.

While organized military violence had bypassed Grenada, the flu didn't. A previously unknown tropical disease arrived from place or places unknown in July 1996. The bug was particularly virulent and it carried off a quarter of the population of St. George's within the first two weeks of arrival. Grenada lost 40,000 of its 120,000 total population. While horrendous, Grenada's suffering never matched that of some places on the globe, but it was holocaust enough for the average Grenadan.

In one sense the epidemic was a blessing in disguise. The gradual strangulation of outside trade and subsequent collapse of much of the economy had put terrible pressures upon the population. Grenada's food supply was adequate, but a growing movement to the cities had cut into the supply of farm laborers. The trend that had been visible in the early 1980's had become acute. Young people simply refused to accept low wage agricultural labor. The results had been a dwindling, aging, farming population coupled with a decline in food production together with a stiff rise in food prices.

The flight of the young to the cities had led to chronic unemployment and all its attending ills. Prior to the war, the population pressure had been reduced by immigration. The reduction in that traffic had built up intolerable conditions of crime, disease, and crowding in the cities. The young, urban poor of Grenada were ripe for what came their way. The flu stalked St. George's crowded, undernourished poor like death incarnate. St. George's was nearly annihilated by the bug. A couple of the smaller towns were totally depopulated by the epidemic. Much of the surviving population fled to the countryside and a good many remain there in 2000.

One bright spot in the flu plague of 1996 was the medical college at Grand Anse. The staff and "second bests," American medical students, were instrumental in first identifying the nature of the disease (a tropical viral hemorrhagic fever), then devising a vaccine from the blood serum of the few survivors. This home-grown inoculation, without a doubt, saved the lives of over 40,000 people. The "Doctor Kids" are therefore warmly regarded. Many of the American students, marooned in Grenada by the war and cut off from support from home, have been virtually adopted by local families.

Another group that has done well for themselves and has gained acceptance into the Grenadan family is the small colony of American retirees. From a handful in the late 1980's to over 3,000 before the bug of 1996, the American retiree population grew slowly. Not surprisingly, many of the Americans are former military men, many of whom had first come to Grenada by parachute or helicopter assault ship in 1983. Significantly, a

large percentage of the military retirees are career, noncommissioned officers who came to make the most of their limited retired pay. Also significant, a large percentage of the retired NCOs are black Americans. These men and women merge with the native Grenadan population so completely that a tourist guide article in 1993 suggested that every other old man in some bars seemed to be a sergeant major of one army or another. Originally welcomed for the U.S. dollars these people brought to the islands, many are now playing vital roles in the recovery of St. George's and other towns. Their wide range of experience and backgrounds of discipline, supervision, and service make the "old sergeants" very welcome partners in Grenada's recovery.

They are much less well appreciated by the newly arrived Cubans, who share a mutual antagonism with the retirees. The Cubans have grown up on tales of the martyred construction engineers of Point Salines Airfield. The retired American Airborne Rangers who dropped out of a sky laced with blazing tracers remember otherwise. They remember an assault across a fire swept runway and up a set of low hills against a well armed, trained, and dug-in Cuban combat engineer unit that did its level best to kill each and every one of them. Such contrasting perceptions have led to some interesting evenings in certain local bars and back alleys. Officially, the Cuban command is not at war with the Americans, and is doing its best to ignore and/or snub the Americans in their midst.

The Cubans have been cast ashore in Grenada by the result of a disastrous defeat at sea. Their unfortunate voyage aboard the converted Bulgarian transport ship *A. B. Buzko* began in Angola where the 21st Motor Rifle Regiment (MRR) with its small arms, but minus its vehicles and heavy weapons, was withdrawn following the collapse of the Marxist efforts there. The shaky skills of the ship's alcoholic navigator coupled with the force of a late season hurricane conspired with fate to put them in the path of the *SSN Corpus Christian* a bright, tropical morning two miles off Point Salines.

The fact that the bulk of the regiment was at P.T. rifle drills during the torpedo attack probably saved most of their lives. The Mark 101 torpedo was a dud, but still gutted the old transport like a filleting knife through a sea bass. The ship's crew managed to get the watertight doors closed and prevented the *Buzko* from going down immediately. With her engine room flooded, the Bulgarian rust bucket was dead in the water. It may charitably be assumed that the extraordinary skill of the ship's captain resulted in the *Buzko* drifting aground in five feet of water less than a hundred meters from the beach south of Point Salines.

Pushing his weary men north, Colonel Mendoza brushed aside the first of several attacks by the Island's Constabulary. The 21st rapidly captured Fort Frederick and Government House. At Government House Colonel Mendoza ran into his first bemused allies.

The Parliament at St. George's was in a panic. The Prime Minister, Jordan Smithe, saw his coalition dissolving. His New National Party (NNP) had held power since the election of 1984 but had slipped to the point of surviving by sharing power with the Renewed Jewel Movement (RJM), a leftish liberal party. The majority of Parliament fled, leaving the RJM in possession of the government.

Colonel Jorge Mendoza recognized his Cubans had a problem. He formed up his regiment and moved north to St. George's hoping to seize a freighter or cruise ship. The 21st MRR had small

arms, a single base load of ammunition and the courage of desperation. By the time they reached Government House they had acquired an ally, the Renewed Jewel Movement.

Setting his newfound political allies up in the hall of legislature with a battalion for guards, Col. Mendoza continued his march to the St. George's Harbor.

Five years before, over a hundred tour ships would have dropped anchor here during the winter season. The war had dried up that trade. Routing freighter traffic had also become a casualty of the war as both sides strove to destroy the other's fuel industry. In the harbor the Cubans found only the topsail schooner *Sun Tan*. Mendoza's attempt to seize the American flag charter ship failed in a hail of gunfire as the schooner beat its way out to sea—and out of reach.

The Cubans seized what fishing smacks they could lay hands on and dispatched messengers to Havana for help. Mendoza quickly recognized that he was not in a position to try sailing his entire force home in small boats. Few of his people had the expertise to sail small boats across the 1,100 miles of open sea. The Colonel sadly watched the sunset across the Bay and realized there would be no "Miracle of Dunkirk" for his 21st MRR. They were marooned.

Colonel Mendoza got his shaken regiment ashore with rifles, webb gear, and not much else but the clothes on their backs. Helmets, fatigue shirts, rucksacks, blankets, food, spare ammunition, and anything else in the crew compartment when the torpedo struck were irretrievably gone. Typically, each trooper got ashore with his AK74, four 30-round magazines, four fragmentation grenades, and a bayonet.

Colonel Mendoza pushed his bewildered troopers north just as fast as his NCOs could move them. In the process they overran a constabulary substation, killing one policeman and wounding two whom they took prisoner. The fourth American-trained cop escaped to alert the Police Commissioner. Cuban losses were three killed and eight wounded.

The Cubans next overran the True Blue and Grand Anse Campuses of the medical school. They took the place in time for the medical facility to save the wounded of the previous fight. Colonel Mendoza nearly had a coronary himself when he learned his troops were holding American medical students. Caramba! That's what brought the *Yanqui* Marines and Rangers down here last time! The Colonel hastened to ensure that the staff and students were released unharmed and treated with every courtesy. For the next week Mendoza would desperately search a forbidding sky repeatedly, dreading the imminent arrival of waves of *Yanqui* Airborne Rangers. He is still not convinced that the Paratroopers and Marines are not coming. It is a situation that is rapidly turning the Colonel's hair and beard a snowy white.

## LIFE IN OCCUPIED GRENADA

Before the Cubans came, family life centered around getting enough to eat, salvaging the cities, soccer, church, and politics (in that order). Well, sometimes soccer crowded out salvaging the cities, but after all, that's soccer.

Getting enough to eat isn't terribly difficult, but it is hot, dirty, boring work, and in the case of deep-sea fishing, occasionally dangerous.

Mangos, papayas, planters, bread fruit, guavas, oranges, and a hundred more tropical fruits grow in abundance on Grenada. Sugarcane for fuel, molasses, and rum is plentiful. Most households own chickens and perhaps a goat or pig. The hills

teem with wild goats and pigs, iguana, monkeys, assorted snakes, and rodents, as well as the ever present nuisance: the mongoose. The sea provides fresh fish, shellfish, crabs, lobsters, sponges, and sea salt, as well as seabird eggs, turtles, and the occasional island trader with more exotic fare on board.

Soccer is the national mania. Every little village and hamlet seems to have its own soccer field. The turf may revert to goat pasture between the games; the footballs range from coconuts to cured shark skin, the latter having a most unsoccerball-like design and stitching. Again, credit one of the "old sergeants" with helping to resurrect the national pastime. Retired gunnery Sergeant Lesley McNair "Jericho" Jones had never played soccer in his entire twenty years in the U.S. Marine Corps, but he knew how a baseball was put together. He got together with another American ex-patriot, Melissa Ann Bradford (one of the "Doctor Kids"), and they stitched up the ball used in the first All Grenada Cup Match to be held in St. George's since the bug hit.

The principal teams are the St. George's Bombers, the Grenville Sharks, the Marquis Rangers, and the Sauteurs Pop Weasels.

The Roman Catholic Church is the principal religion on the island. Also represented are the Anglicans, the Methodists, the Mormons, the New African Baptists, and in Sauteurs there is a thriving Islamic (formerly Black Moslem) mosque. Since the flu bug devastated most of the central government functions, the various churches have taken up the task of education with the Catholics, Mormons, and Moslems leading the way. The medical college continues to operate and has even expanded its student body with both local and off-island students from as far away as St. Thomas.

Politics, never an overriding passion, sank to new lows as mere survival became paramount. With the end of the flu epidemic and gradual return to something approaching normality, interest (at least among a hard core of folks) in running the lives of other people "for their own good" has grown.

Drugs for recreational purposes have no wide respectability on the islands, but the drug culture does persist, especially among the very poor and very rich. Grenada has always had a strong yeoman farmer class. That group was heavily augmented during the flight from the cities in '96—'97 during the bug. The majority opinion is against "lazy, shiftless, hop heads who don' work and 'spec to eat what honest folk produce." Significantly many of the cadre for the Renewed Jewel Movement come from the drug riddled urban poor and possess markedly different views on the relative worth of drugs and honest labor than their rural cousins. This is not to say the RJM is crippled by drug abuse or that the RJM Cadre has a general animosity toward the farmer freemen. They have different values and it is in those areas that clashes are inevitable.

One of the areas which generates the most heated arguments (and bloodshed) is the current efforts by RJM to collectivize the small hill farmers. Emboldened by the arrival of the Cubans, the RJM is pushing the issue. The PRA has sent patrols into the countryside surrounding their stronghold at Ft. Frederick to forcibly relocate farmers and livestock to places easier for the politicians to control. The results have been ruined homesteads, trampled crops and harvests left to rot on the trees. The principal results have been a net decrease in food available and a steady increasing flow of recruits to join the constables.

The Cubans are of two minds on the subject. The political officer (who is universally regarded as a jinx and political hex—or



specifically a *neccio* as the troops call him) is all in favor of collectivization, as are a majority of junior officers. Among the senior officers, questioning the wisdom of the party has always been best done privately and in silence. Colonel Mendoza is getting concerned, very concerned over his food supply.

#### GRENADA TODAY: DECEMBER 1, 2000

Currently the Cuban 21st Motor Rifle Regiment holds St. George's and the surrounding hill forts. They have a battalion base camp in the dead volcanic cone of the Grand Etang Volcano, located on the ruins of the old People's Revolutionary Army encampment, on the picturesque shores of Grand Etang Crater Lake. The Cubans maintain various patrol bases or outposts in the surrounding area and also hold the region around Point Salines Airport in the forlorn hope that their redemption will come from the sky. There are some nine hundred Cuban infantrymen marooned on the island. Their fondest wish is just to be allowed to go back to the fatherland.

Militarily, the Cubans have been thrown back upon their own resources and have, willy-nilly, found themselves in a political marriage of inconvenience with their local Marxist counterparts. It is decidedly *not* a marriage made in heaven. First Battalion and the regimental troops are co-located in Forts Frederick and George respectively with the Regimental headquarters attached to the First Battalion. Second Battalion holds Grand Etang and Third Battalion guards the airport and the nearby American medical students on the Grand Anse and True Blue campuses of St. George's Medical University.

Colonel Jorge Mendoza finds himself in the personally and professionally distasteful position of sharing his headquarters with the Grenadan Marxist military command and his regimental troops must share the grim bastion of Fort George with the local Marxist political headquarters. Mendoza did not like it when he was driven off this island back in 1983; this time he feels it would be a distinct pleasure to get rid of the stench of political corruption and atrocities he associates with his unwanted hosts.

Those local Marxists, the Renewed Jewel Movement, seized control of Government House from their erstwhile coalition partners of the New National Party. The RJM political cadre headquarters is located in Fort George together with most of the



support elements of the Cuban 21st MRR. The RJM has its military arm, the People's Revolutionary Army, headquartered with the Cuban regimental headquarters and a strong, battalion strength force of Cubans at Fort Frederick. A detachment of the PRA man and guard the infamous Richman Hill Prison overlooking St. George's.

The PRA is composed of a hard corps of some 250 veterans of the 1983 debacle and, in theory at least, every able-bodied man and woman of military age on the island. With a desertion rate three times higher than its "enlistment" rate, the PRA has found it difficult to keep most of the involuntary "recruits" the Cubans have helped them round up during sweeps of the hinterlands. Most of the conscripts are recaptured two or three times before making good their escape.

The Grenadan Constabulary is up in the hills of Grenada's rugged interior, waging a guerrilla war against Colonel Mendoza and his regiment. There are three "battalions" of these ragtag police in the hills, perhaps more. They have their headquarters and First Battalion in the vicinity of Mount Sinai, Second Battalion around Mt. St. Catherine, Third Battalion in the Punch Bowl area, and the newly forming Fourth Battalion scattered across much of the north coast of Grenada.

The medical students and their teachers are largely located at the two campuses of St. George's Medical University, under the protection of the Cubans. The predominantly American student body is being well-treated by the Cubans who are welcome by the students who have more to fear from the local Marxists than the Cuban "invaders." The two campuses are located at Grand Anse on the south end of the west side of Grenada and at True Blue, near the airport and the wreck of the Bulgarian freighter which brought the 21st MRR here from Angola. Some 30 or more senior medical students are scattered throughout the islands of Grenada, practicing what they have been taught in school for the price of a meal and a place to sleep. Several of these people are serving as medical aides to the Grenadan Constabulary, the NNP Guerrillas, and the Grenada Gray Rangers, a group of American veterans who retired in Grenada.

The NNP Guerrillas grew out of the ashes of political betrayal foisted upon the NNP by their treacherous Marxist coalition partners, the Renewed Jewel Movement. When the NNP fled before the approaching Cubans, the RJM welcomed the bewildered

Cubans as allies and liberators. The Council of Reconciliation was called and those non-Marxists who dared to attend it have been rounded up and incarcerated in the Richmond Hill Prison under RJM guard. The loyal following of the NNP should have melted away leaderless. The great strength of a democratic political party is that the members rule themselves.

Richard "Starfish" Pickering stepped out from the rank and file and led the remnants of his party into the hills where they have been waging a particularly bloody and calculating form of guerrilla warfare against the leaders and cadre of the RJM and their armed PRA cohorts. It is this tactic of singling out and assassinating the leadership of the Marxist organizations which has created the split between the Grenadan Constabulary policemen and the politically motivated NNP partisans. Because of this difference in principles, the two most potent factions among the resistance have failed to come together where their combined strength could be most effectively applied.

For their part, Pickering and his ragged band of freedom fighters have no quarrel with the Grenadan Constabulary police. Lightly armed, poorly supplied and largely untrained, the NNP would have been made short work of by the PRA and the professionally trained and led Cubans. That has not happened, thanks largely to the support, training, and advice of the one non-Marxist military force on the islands, the Grenada Gray Rangers.

The Grenada Gray Rangers (GGR) are a group of old men, mostly gray or bald of head, who came to these islands first in 1983 as invaders, or as most non-Marxists Grenadans would have it "rescuers." Now retired from the Marines, the Army Airborne, Ranger or Special Forces, these mostly black, mostly poor, mostly enlisted retirees came looking for a place of peace where they would be appreciated for what they had done and where their meager pensions could be stretched to the furthest. Almost in spite of themselves, these old men found themselves back in BDUs and out in the bush defending their adopted island from successive waves of drug gangsters who had all but overwhelmed the islands' unarmed police force. Their service in the drug wars earned the GGR a permanent if only quasi-official status as an armed auxiliary volunteer park patrol force. Now the GGR trains and advises not only the newly forming police battalions, but also the NNP guerrillas and any other group having the goal of restoring democratic government to these embattled islands.

## THE PLAYERS' ARRIVAL

As the *Constitution* approaches Grenada from the southeast, those on board will spot two vessels off the coast and hear the sounds of gunfire, and the *Constitution* will alter its course to investigate the situation. As the *Constitution* nears the vessels, it will become apparent that one is a sloop flying the national colors of Grenada and the other is a two-masted schooner showing no colors. As the players watch, the schooner will run aground on the reef, having been lured there by the sloop. The sloop, being crewed by two young girls, will eventually run aground itself, but not do as much damage to itself as did the schooner. The schooner, by this time, will have caught fire and begun to sink. Its crew of twelve men will begin advancing through the water toward the sloop with automatic weapons. The players will be within firing range of the crew of the schooner. If they do not fire upon the men, the girls in the sloop will. Regardless who is firing at them, the pirates will be easily disposed of as they wade across the reef toward the sloop.

## THE STRONGBOX

The pirate schooner will take several hours to burn down completely. Players may attempt salvage after this process has completed. Their attempt will yield surprisingly little of value. Found on board are three M16A2s, badly burned in the fire. The chief point of interest (something that won't be noticed unless the guns are closely examined) is the fact that they all have consecutively marked serial numbers. This implies that they all came from the same manufacturer's lot. This may seem unusual considering the pirates wielding them. A fourth M16A2 may be found on the reef also has a consecutive serial number. Except for its immersion in sea water and a hole through the bolt carrier, where a .30-06 slug punched its way through the weapon and its late owner, the weapon is apparently brand new. The rifles are unrepairable short of a complete ordnance foundry but many spare parts may be salvaged from them.

Players investigating the burned schooner will probably realize that some of the contents of the craft might have worked their way into the water. Players making a AVG:SWM or ESY:SCD in the water immediately around the burned schooner will unavoidably come upon a submerged strongbox. The box rests on the sandy bottom a mere eight feet below the surface. The box is metallic, appears to be intact, and may be recovered easily. Attempts to unlock the box under water will be foredoomed to failure but the lock may be easily picked (AVG:LP) once brought up to the surface.

Inside are two manila folders and a thousand dollars in what appears to be mint-fresh, uncirculated, U.S. twenty-dollar gold pieces. Aside from the obvious newness of the coins' appearance, there is the same date on each: 1994.

The folders also rate a good deal of attention. The superior construction of the strongbox kept water damage minimal during its brief submersion. Inside the first folder are six passports, each from a different bearer. What all six have in common is the same smiling face beaming up from the photo identity page. The passports are issued from Argentina, Brazil, Columbia, Venezuela, Mexico, and the United States of America.

Handwritten on the outside of the second folder are the initials "K.J.J." and the words "Hog Island—Dec. 1, noon." The writing is not very clear, and there will be confusion as to whether the number is a one or a seven, but general consensus will be that it is one. Inside the folder is a document. When examined, the document will be recognized as a Letter of Marque and Reprisal. This particular letter of Marque is very interesting as it was issued by neither the Military nor Civilian Government of the United States. It came from someone named Carl Hughes, purporting to be the Commander-in-Chief of New America. In the year 2000 that name is largely unknown and the intelligence gatherers of both the CIA and the DIA would be most interested in this document for that reason (for more information on New America see the module *Airlords of the Ozarks*).

## LORETTA AND TARA

Following the fire fight on the reef, the players will have the opportunity to "rescue" (or capture) the crew of the sloop Airborne. By the time the shooting stops, this will be a much safer task than what the pirates faced. The two twelve-year-old girls are armed with a double-barreled twelve-gauge shotgun (which Loretta can fire only from a prone position) and a badly rusted but very accurate old Springfield bolt action rifle (treat it as an M40 without telescopic sight) in the hands of Tara. Both

weapons are out of ammunition, but the players won't know that. Between the two of them, the girls accounted for most of the pirates who attempted to wade out to the sloop. It is possible the players accounted for the rest. Without ammunition, the girls will continue to bluff the players at gun point unless or until the players decide to negotiate rather than shoot. If the players attempt to overpower the girls they are in for a nasty surprise. Both young ladies have BC 50% and do 3 plus 1D6 damage when they hit.

The girls want to talk, but having just spent three hours sailing for their lives to flee one shipload of pirates, they are not anxious to fall into the hands of another crew of cutthroats. If the players are from the *USS Constitution* and have just finished blasting the pirates to splinters, the girls will be well-disposed towards them. If the players are on their own but returned the pirates' fire before reaching the girls, they will again be well-disposed towards the players, so long as they are treated decently.

The girls will talk incessantly once the players have gained their trust and do nothing to menace them. They will ask to be taken to Uncle Dan's place which is near the sea on the end of Point Fort Jeudy, about four hours sail away from where the players find them. The girls will, if asked for payment, offer the players two twenty-dollar gold pieces, one for each girl, payable from Uncle Dan upon delivery home. They will at this point offer the shotgun or Springfield as good faith collateral against the two gold pieces but will insist the weapon will have to be returned to them upon payment. The girls will not willingly surrender both weapons unless the players refuse to take them home otherwise. They will regard this condition as menacing and not be very forthcoming until the players take positive actions to regain the girls' trust.

If the player characters show the girls the coins from the strongbox, the girls will readily agree that those are the same type of coins Uncle Dan will pay, but his coins are not quite so new. If the players want to know why the girls were being chased and by whom, the girls will tell them about the pirates of Grenada and say that the pirates were probably after their little sailboat. The girls know what is generally known on Grenada: that the pirates have been getting worse for the past six months or so, and that they are generally local criminals, but that two white men have been seen leading attacks against the local fishing boats. The pirates will steal anything of value, but they have been especially active against the fishermen, stealing their boats and killing the crews.

At some point in the questioning, someone will sneeze (this could be an NPC or the referee could roll against the constitution of the lowest-rated player for that attribute). Regardless of who sneezes, the players will see the two girls look at each other with expressions of dawning recognition on their faces, and then both ask at once "have you had your flu shot?" Whether the players answer yes or no, the girls will then mention the great Flu Plague of 1996-1998. They will tell the players that during the "plague" over a third of Grenada's population died, and only the flu vaccine developed by the "Doctor Kids" and their teachers at St. George's Medical University saved the rest of the islanders. The girls have heard that the Cubans caught it as soon as they came ashore but got themselves vaccinated before it became an epidemic again. They will urge the players most sincerely to get themselves over to True Blue or Grand Anse campus and get themselves vaccinated, "or you'll all be goners for sure." The girls know it can be caught from people



on the island who do not appear to be sick and it is like the common flu but a hundred times worse. "Oh, and it's about 99% fatal."

It is left up to the referee to decide as to whether or not the players have actually contracted the flu. If they have, they should begin suffering the symptoms of the disease (see page 28).

The girls know the Cubans hold the Medical University campuses with armed guards but that some of the "Doctor Kids" are in the hills with guerrillas. The girls will also mention that the Cubans are seizing ships. Tara knows for sure because the Cubans tried to take the ship her parents and she came to Grenada on. It was a big one like the *USS Constitution*, "with an American flag and everything."

If the players question the girls for information about themselves, they will learn that Loretta's father was a soldier who went to fight in Iran and became missing in action. (Any players having served in the 82nd Airborne Division in Iran will have a 1% chance of having heard of a Captain Mark Cummings. Players making this connection have a 10% chance of knowing his father was General Jonathan Cummings, current Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and defacto Commander of the Military Government of the United States.) If the players leap to this conclusion on their own and ask Loretta about her grandfather, all she knows is that she does have a grandfather in the army and she thinks he is a Sergeant Major like her other grandfather, whom she calls Uncle Dan. Everyone else calls him Sergeant Major Rojas. Uncle Dan used to be in the army a long time ago. Any Ranger or Special Forces character with an MEB of 9 or greater will have a 5% chance of having heard of a Sergeant Major "Dangerous Dan" Rojas. If the players do not qualify, do not tell them. They will have other chances to find out once they get ashore.

If the players question Tara about her background, she will tell them she arrived on Grenada about two months ago with her parents aboard the topsail schooner *Sun Tan*. Her mother and one grandfather teach school up in Gainesville, Florida. Her father is in the army or at least used to be. She doesn't know what her father did in the army but he got out because he got hurt in the war. She really doesn't know any more about it than

that. Her parents came to Grenada to visit her other grandfather, Grandpa Schoonover. If asked what this grandfather does on the island, she will immediately tell the players that he is the Governor General of Grenada. Grandpa Schoonover comes from England and is Tara's mother's father. If asked if this is why the pirates were trying to catch her, she will say that she honestly doesn't know. She has been told that the Cubans tried to steal her parents' boat the *Sun Tan*, but that her parents got away. She has been with Loretta and her family ever since hiding from the Cubans. Her grandfather is being held by the Cubans she has heard. She cannot verify the last two pieces of information but Uncle Dan believes them to be true. Tara wants to go back to Uncle Dan's place because she hopes and believes she will be safe there until her parents can come there and pick her up again.

The girls will know the superficial facts about much of what goes on in Grenada, which is after all a small island nation. They can identify the leaders of the major island power groups and tell the players whether Uncle Dan and the Governor General like them or not. Tara will tell the players that there are some Americans on the island, mostly "old people who used to be in the army" who are now away fighting the Cubans. Tara can't think of any more white people on the island other than the Doctor Kids and her parents and grandfather. Like Loretta (who has a slightly southern accent) Uncle Dan is black and originally came to Grenada from the U.S.A.

When asked about the schooner, they will reply that they have never seen it around Grenada before. Loretta will say that the skipper of the schooner wasn't a very good sailor. The fact is, Loretta will quite boastfully tell the players, that she is "one hot skipper" (she isn't kidding; she has SBH 70%). Loretta and Tara kept the pirates at bay with superior sailing and superior aimed fire from Tara's rusty old Springfield rifle (she has CRM 45%, learned from her mother, she says). In attitude and personality these two girls are outgoing, friendly once they trust the players, open about what they know, and curious about the players and their ship. By sundown they will be quite eager to be getting along home. They know Uncle Dan will be worried about them if they are still at sea after dark. They will begin urging the players to get them home just as strongly as they have urged the players to go ashore and get vaccinated against the Flu.

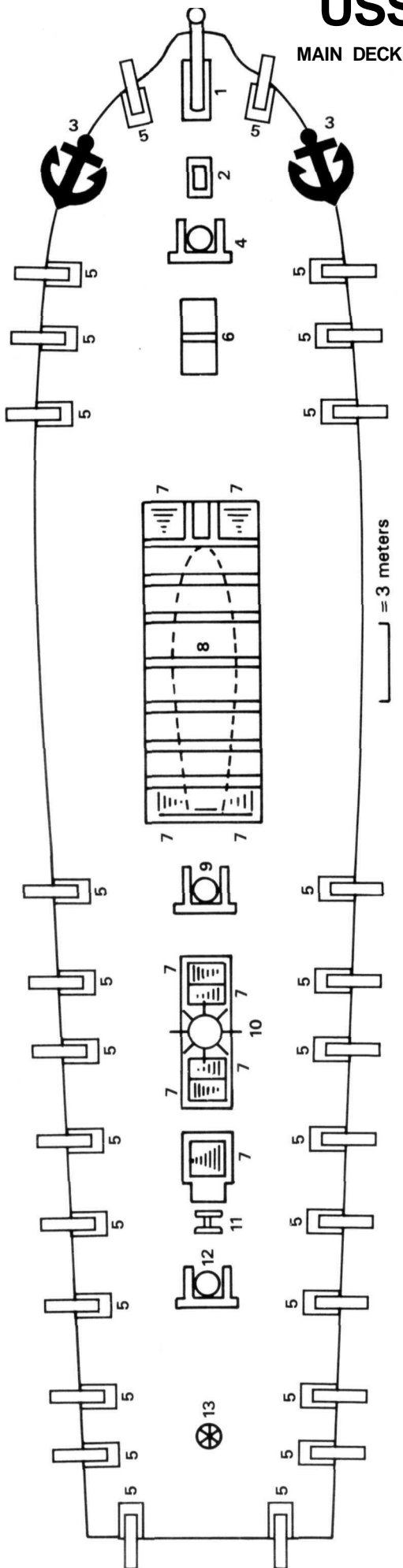
## THE ADVENTURE PLOTS

**The Decision:** If the players are serving as marines aboard Captain Christiansen's *USS Constitution*, she will direct them to form a shore party and locate the needed vaccine. Their instructions are to pay for the vaccine if possible and to take the medicine by force only if their efforts to buy it are absolutely and flatly rejected. If they can buy the medicine, but they think the price is too high, they are to use their assigned radio to call the ship and arrange a meeting between the Captain and those who have the medicine. She issues them gold coins (\$1000 value) and reminds them that the U.S. is not at war with Cuba. They may defend themselves but under no circumstances are they to initiate a fight with the Cubans.

If the players have not revealed to the ship's crew and Captain Christiansen the contents of the strongbox, nothing will be said about it. If they have reported the box and its contents, they are to be on the lookout for the man with six passports. They are urged to gather any information they can find on this mystery man and to detain him and bring him in for questioning. Any and all information pertaining to the Letter of Marque



# USS CONSTITUTION



MAIN DECK

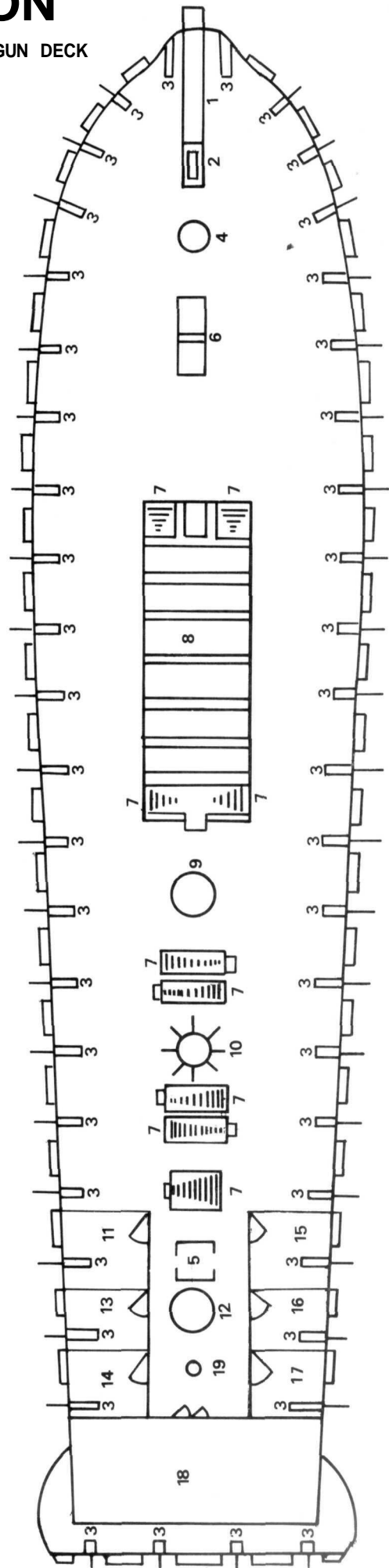
GUN DECK

## MAIN DECK

1. Bowsprit
2. Hawser Hatch
3. Anchors
4. Foremast
5. Prop Cannons
6. Sail Hatches
7. Companionway Down
8. Hold Covers (w/longboats)
9. Mainmast
10. Capstan
11. Wheel
12. Mizzenmast
13. Ventilator

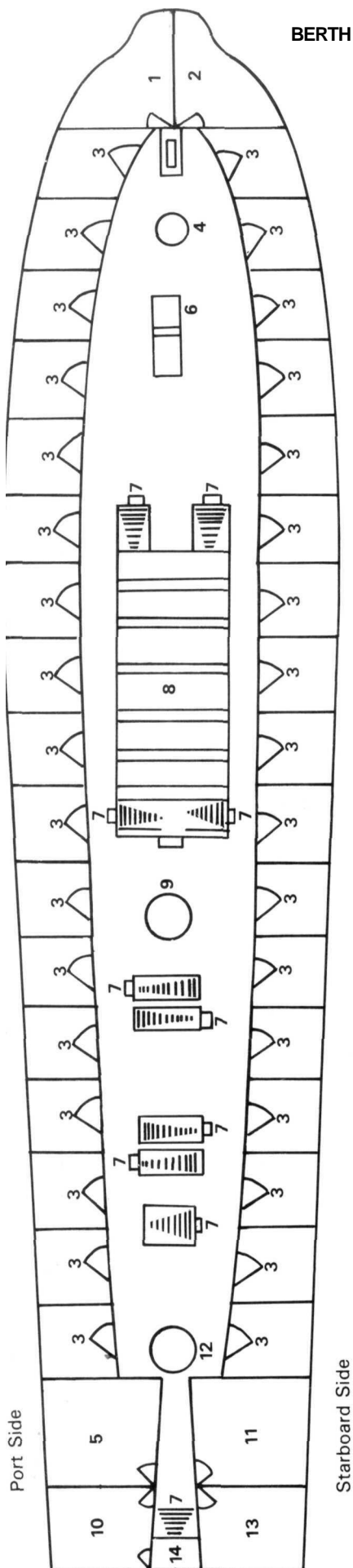
## GUN DECK

1. Bowsprit
2. Hawser Hatch
3. M2HB MGs
4. Foremast
5. Officers' Wardroom
6. Sail Hatch
7. Companionway Down
8. Hold Covers
9. Mainmast
10. Capstan
11. Dr.'s Quarters/Surgery
12. Mizzenmast
13. Supercargo/Bus. Office
14. Bosun's Qtrs./Radio
15. 2nd Mate's Qtrs.
16. 1st Mate's Qtrs.
17. Captain's Qtrs.
18. Great Cabin
19. Officers' Mess



**BERTH DECK**

**HOLD & ENGINE SPACES**

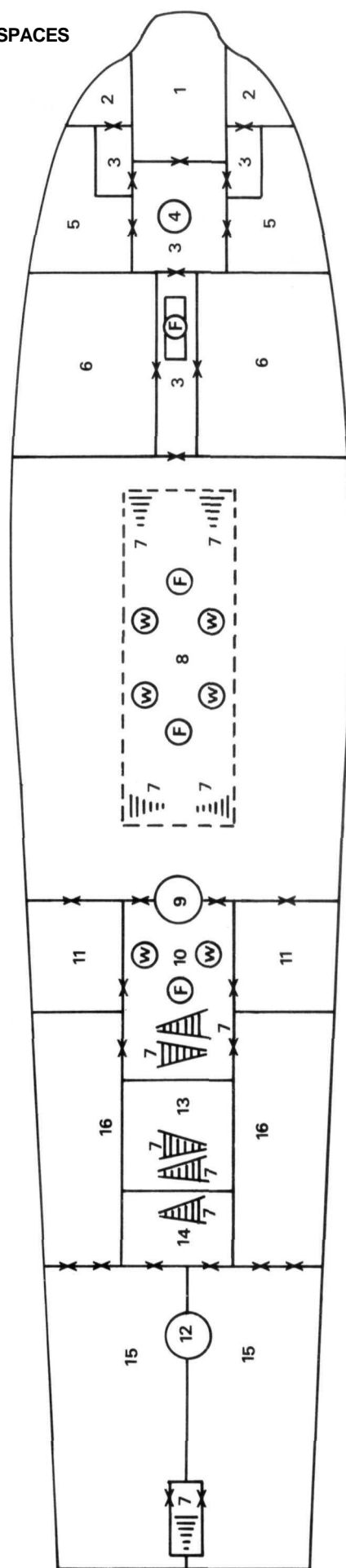
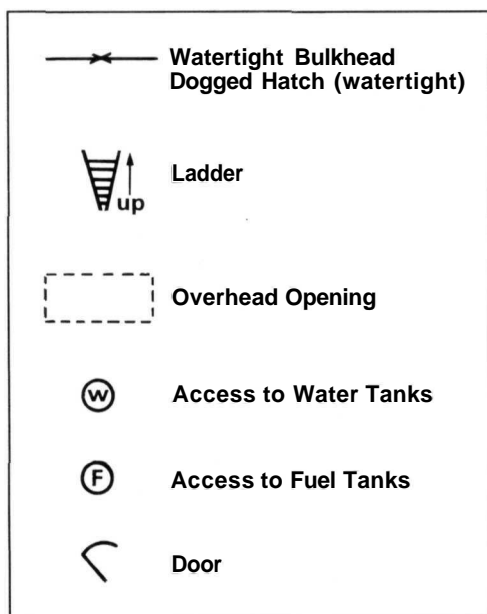


**BERTH DECK**

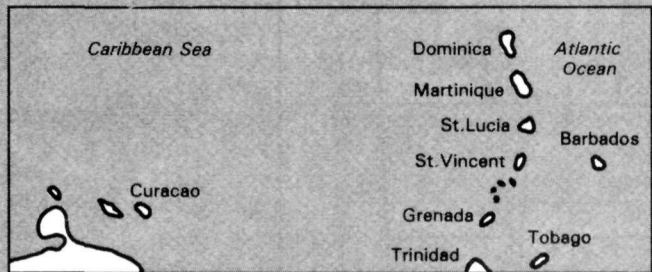
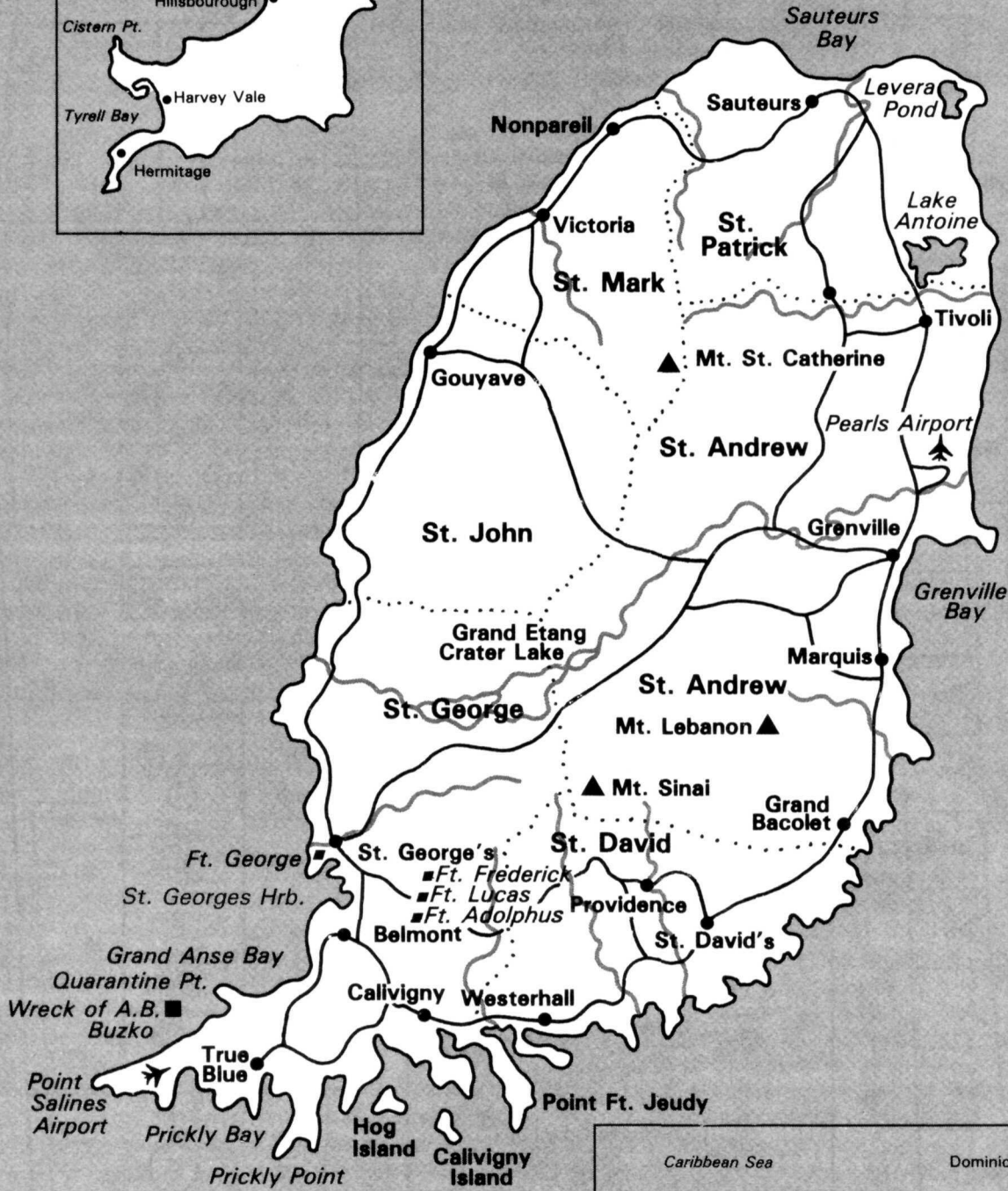
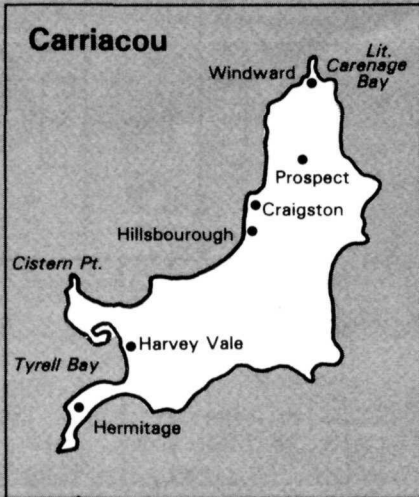
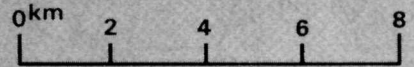
1. Female Head & Showers
2. Male Head & Showers
3. Six-Place Crew Quarters
4. Foremast
5. Editing Room
6. Sail Hatch
7. Companionway
8. Hold Cover
9. Mainmast
10. Film Lab
11. Sound Lab
12. Mizzenmast
13. Special Effects Lab
14. Dark Room

**HOLD & ENGINE SPACES**

1. Hawser Hold & Main Hoist
2. Arms Room
3. Passageway
4. Foremast
5. Engineering Spaces
6. Sail Locker
7. Companionway Up
8. Hold
9. Mainmast
10. Engineering Control
11. Generator Rooms
12. Mizzenmast
13. Powder Magazine
14. Vault
15. Auxiliary Engine Spaces
16. Engine Rooms



# Grenada



and this New America business should be sought and brought in. She wants receipts for all expenditures. The shore party should make contact with the ship by radio every night at midnight. The ship's doctor says that if they are not back in three to five days, the entire ship may be down with the bug. The Captain agrees and will be expecting them at the pickup point in three days at sunset. If she hasn't heard from them in seven days, she will assume they have failed and take a fresh estimate of the situation at that time. Because she is not sure exactly how the Cubans are armed, she will not sail her ship directly into a Cuban held area unless she is positive that the shore party and the medicine needed are located there. The shore party may draw such weapons and equipment from ship's stores as might reasonably be of use to a reconnaissance unit but not enough to outfight a combat patrol. The shore party is to avoid combat with any persons save only in self-defense.

The Captain provides the most recent intelligence she has available, which for the most part is pre-1996. Their last instruction is to return the girls to Uncle Dan and see if they can develop him as a contact to the people who have medicine.

If the players are on their own, they may proceed in any manner they choose but remind them of the time constraints.

#### **THE FLY IN THE OINTMENT**

At 10:00 PM December 1st (the day the *Constitution* arrives at Grenada), a group of two dozen armed pirates will raid the beach home of "Dangerous Dan" Rojas with instructions to kidnap "the girl." The pirates will take Tara Murphy and Loretta Cummings without fail (somebody forgot to designate which girl so the pirates seized anyone who fit the description "girl.") "Dangerous Dan," his wife April, and any players taking part in the defense will be killed if they resist, or ignored if incapacitated or nonresisting.

No player characters will be permitted to accompany the pirates. Prisoners will be knocked senseless and left behind. The pirates will sail due east until out of sight then alter course for Tyrell Bay Carriacou.

The attackers will be supported by 81mm mortar fire, an unheard of weapon in this area heretofore. The initial barrage will be CS irritant gas followed by HE if any resistance persists. Any player still resisting when the HE hits can be considered knocked unconscious by the force of the blasts, thereby surviving to fight again another day.



## Life on Grenada

### THE FLU

Although the Grenadan disease was commonly called "The Flu," it was not related to the influenza virus. Labeled *Grenadan Hemorrhagic Fever (GHF)* by researchers after the war, it is an acute febrile disease similar to other nosologic hemorrhagic fevers such as Lassa Fever (LF) and Kyasanur Forest Disease (KFD). The GHF arenavirus shows marked morphological similarities to lymphocytic choriomeningitis viruses such as the Junin and Manchupo arbovirus strains.

Victims are contagious throughout the course of the disease, even before the onset of clinical symptoms, and for several weeks after all traces of the disease have been eliminated.

### GRENADAN HEMORRHAGIC FEVER (GHF)

For explanation of diseases in general, consult the basic game's *Disease* rule.

**Transmission:** Contact, airborne (particles coughed or sneezed into the air), infection number 70.

**Symptoms:** Extremely high fever, pain, fluid-filled lungs.

**Diagnosis:** DIF.

**Misdiagnosed as:** Minor disease or Plague

**Treatment:** Fluids (5%), pain and fever relief (+10%).

**Course of the Disease:** *Incubation:* 5 days. *Phase I:* 3 days. *Phase II:* 2 days. *Base Recovery Number:* 250.

**Failed Recovery Death Probability:** 100%.

**Post Recovery Debility:** 1D6 days, *Treated:* Level 1 fatigue, 1D6 weeks; *Untreated:* Level 2 fatigue, 4 weeks.

### PLACES OF INTEREST ON GRENADA

This chapter deals with the towns and villages of Grenada proper. It includes Grenada's principal towns, seaports, and airfields (such as they are). Not included are descriptions of the smaller villages on Grenada and Carriacou. Some of these villages contain up to 100 villagers, whereas others were left completely deserted by the flu.

### GAZETTE

Grenada is set up administratively on a French parish system. There are six parishes: St. Andrew, St. David, St. George, St. John, St. Mark, and St. Patrick. The parishes run clockwise from St. Andrew in the east to St. Patrick in the north. Boundaries are easily recognized geographic features and generally run along mountain ridges and down rivers. St. Andrew is the largest geographically and now in population as well. St. Mark is the smallest geographically, while St. David has the smallest population as well as having the most rugged terrain on the island. Carriacou is a separate parish and is dealt with separately elsewhere in this text.

### RUMORS

Some of the following rumors will be available in each of Grenada's seven parishes. Encounters with merchants, who get around far more than most people, have a higher likelihood of producing rumors. Dan Rojas has an 80% chance of having heard any of the following items.

- A. A Russian army has landed on Grenada to help the Cubans.
- B. The American marines have landed on Grenada (or they are about to).
- C. The notorious criminal "Bloody Bunny" Woolsey has risen from her grave and is terrorizing the islands again.
- D. The Cuban ship sunk off Point Salines is loaded with Angolan gold.
- E. American Air Force planes are landing at Point Salines Airport.
- F. The Marxists have massacred hundreds of Catholic priests and they are killing (and eating) all Catholics they catch.
- G. Cannibalism has broken out in St. George's.
- H. The Cubans are backing the local pirate attacks on Grenada's shipping.
- I. Gunshots were heard out on Hog Island a few days ago.
- J. A boy got blown up by a hand grenade he found in Lake Antoine.
- K. A new type of flu has broken out and the immunization

doesn't work against it.

L. The pirates have attacked True Blue and massacred the students.

M. The Cubans massacred everyone in Grenville.

N. The Cubans are fighting against the RJM and the PRA in St. George's.

O. There is an old drug runner airplane in the jungle north of Pearls Airport.

P. The Headquarters of the NNP guerrillas is at the top of Mount Lebanon.

Q. The pirates hold Hog Island with over 750 men.

R. The RJM is kidnapping all of the soccer players on the island.

S. People are joining the pirates on Carriacou from all over the Caribbean.

T. A sunken Spanish treasure galleon has been found off Sauteurs.

U. The fish caught over the sunken Cuban troop ship are all poisoned.

V. The solar furnace at Grand Bacolet is broken.

W. Boom Bend has blown up again. Old "Stumps" St. Barbara, the owner, has finally managed to blow himself up.

X. The NNP guerrilla leader is going to be arrested by the Constables.

**RUMORS-ST. ANDREW PARISH**

*Die Result*

- 1 C
- 2 G
- 3 H
- 4 L
- 5 J
- 6 K
- 7 M
- 8 O
- 9 P
- 10 Q

**ENCOUNTERS-ST. ANDREW PARISH**

*Die Result*

- 1 "Doctor Kid"
- 2 Grenadan Constabulary patrol
- 3 Pirates/Brigands
- 4 New National Party Guerrillas
- 5 Grenada Gray Ranger patrol
- 6 Special; see *Special Encounters*, below.

**SPECIAL ENCOUNTERS**

1. Dr. Robert A. H. Kirk; insane (but harmless) astronomer from the Observatory, near Lake Antoine.

2. Member of the Grenville Sharks Soccer Club, going home after having escaped from the RJM.

3. Ciaud McLevy, operator of the solar furnace in Grand Bacolet, out visiting relatives.

4. Farmer on her way to trade with the Cubans at Grand Etang Crater Lake.

5. A Cuban deserter looking for his friends in San Souci.

6. A PRA deserter on his way home.

**GRAND BACOLET**

Grand Bacolet sits as an island rising out of a sea of sugarcane which grows in profusion along both riverbanks and prac-

tically right down to the beach of Bacolet Bay. Grand Bacolet maintains itself and its 357 inhabitants by distilling sugarcane into alcohol, utilizing Grenada's only solar furnace. The town currently has 146,000 liters in four 10,000 gallon (40,000 liter) tanker trailers. The trailers are dug in behind protective bunkers and dikes, and are protected by local armed guards. The still is equally well guarded. An alcohol-powered generator keeps the entire compound lit throughout the night.

**GRAND ETANG CRATER LAKE**

Formed from the dead crater of Grand Etang Volcano, Crater Lake Camp is home base for the Cuban 2/21st MRR. The camp is inside the gently sloping cone, well protected from direct fire small arms attack. A company could hold the crater rim against at least ten-to-one odds; a weak platoon could hold it against at least three times their number. With food and without the threat of effective indirect fire, the Cubans have an impregnable position capable of effectively suppressing all road traffic across the island from St. George's to Grenville. The only weak link in the camp's defenses is the swarm of civilians who daily come up to trade food and luxuries to the PRA troopers for small arms and ammunition.

**GRENVILLE**

The second largest town in Grenada before the flu epidemic struck, Grenville is now the largest with 3,100 inhabitants. Predominantly a spice processing and fishing center, Grenville is also famous for its fruit and vegetable markets. Since the war disrupted the container ship trade with St. George's, Grenville has also become Grenada's slaughterhouse. A brisk trade goes on here in processed and salted meats, especially pork and goat meat.

**MOUNT SINAI**

A pair of twin peaks 2,300 and 2,330 feet tall, Mt. Sinai is headquarters for Police Commissioner Walter Pleasant and his 1st Battalion of the Grenadan Constabulary. The constables have made bloody guerrilla war against the PRA and their Cuban allies. Meanwhile the rough terrain shelters the small 46-man police unit and attracts more volunteers to the colors with each fresh PRA atrocity. Located closer to the Cuban/PRA camp at Grand Etang Crater Lake than Mt. Lebanon, Mt. Sinai is blocked from effective visual observation to the enemy by intervening terrain.

**MOUNT LEBANON (SOUTHEAST MOUNTAIN)**

A 2,359 foot peak in the southern chain of Grenada's rugged Grand Etang Forest Reserve, Mt. Lebanon is now headquarters for Richard "Starfish" Pickering and his NNP guerrillas. Aside from the protection from counter guerrilla sweeps the steep terrain offers, and a clear but distant view into the Cuban and PRA camp at Grand Etang Crater Lake (the range is 2,592.8 m, center of mass with an elevation advantage from Mt. Lebanon of 105 m), not much else recommends it to the casual traveller.

**PEARLS AIRPORT**

In the late 1980's and early 1990's, Pearls airport was used frequently by the Jamaican drug dealers. Today nothing but buzzards fly from Pearls Airport. With the jungle encroaching itself upon the runway and the hangar and terminal building lying in disuse for so long, the entire airport has practically rusted into place. Five or six old hulks of abandoned aircraft from the last

furious burst of drug trafficking litter the apron.

In a marshy island, formed from two branches of the Lorus River to the northeast, lies the wreck of a DC-10 packed with refined cocaine and heroin, lost, untouched, and largely intact. The plane will never fly again but there are four tons of illegal drugs, 100,000 U.S. paper dollars, and another \$10,000 in gold krugerrands stowed in the plane.

### TIVOLI

A onetime tourist playground, Tivoli is now a small community of 56 struggling to survive. Near the village is an observatory placed in Grenada in early 1995 by the U.S. as part of a Caribbean Basin development policy. The few scientists located at the nearby observatory have all long since perished or departed in search of food. The observatory itself sits quietly up in the foothills overlooking Lake Antoine. The facilities have been left just exactly as they had been before the war. The 90" parabolic telescope, the planetarium, the various tracking motors, even the well-stocked electronics replacement bins have been overlooked by looters, scavengers, and the curious. The once glistening white dome of the observatory and its closed telescope port have become green with mildew and the effects of almost four years of neglect. Vines and jungle creepers have partially engulfed the locked main entry and a very territorial and aggressive troop of native monkeys have taken up residence in the cave-like overhang of the loading docks, but the interior remains totally untouched and forgotten.

Among other treasures waiting to be reclaimed are a pair of 50kw portable generators, a very extensive science library, enough electronic components to build two working parabolic dish antennas, a small electrical workshop, and a complete small telescope lens grinding shop, which (in the right hands) could churn out replacement eye glasses, an absolutely unobtainable commodity on present day Grenada.

### RUMOR TABLE-ST. DAVID PARISH

#### *Die Result*

- 1 G
- 2 I
- 3 O
- 4 P
- 5 Q
- 6 R
- 7 S
- 8 T
- 9 U
- 10 W

### ENCOUNTER TABLE-ST. DAVID PARISH

#### *Die Result*

- 1 GGR patrol
- 2 NNP patrol
- 3 Grenadan Constabulary patrol
- 4 Cuban/PRA patrol
- 5 "Doctor Kid"
- 6 Special

### SPECIAL ENCOUNTERS-ST. DAVID PARISH

1. An old woman recovering valuables from her home.
- 2-3. A "Doctor Kid" and midwife en route to a delivery.
- 4-5. A hunter in search of food.
6. A fer de lance (deadly "2 step" snake.)

### PROVIDENCE

Before the war, Providence had threatened to develop into a little gray-haired American suburbia. The flu put a finish to that quaint notion. The over 250 retirement ranches on quarter-acre plots now stand abandoned, as does the entire town.

Providence is important because one of the long deceased retirees had been a military restorationist. Sitting in the closed garage in bungalow #101 is a fully restored, almost completely functional, M113 APC. The vehicle has no weapons, of course, but it does have a pintle mount for a .50 caliber M2HB machine gun, a working 25 km range vehicular radio, and a mint coat of olive drab paint. The vehicle dates from the Vietnam era, and is restored to depict a vehicle in service with the 1st Infantry Division during that era.

All it needs to make it fully operational is a fresh 12 volt truck battery, someone to remove its former owner from the driver's seat where he died three years ago, and conversion from gasoline to alcohol fuel. For details of the vehicle, see the *U.S. Army Vehicle Guide*.

### ST. DAVID'S

A sleepy little intersection before the war brought the flu to Grenada, St. David's is now one of the larger small towns, having a population of 865. Located like a spider amid a web of road nets, St. David's is watered by two swift-flowing mountain streams and shadowed to the west and southwest by the towering height of Mount Sinai and Mount Lebanon. A long distinct finger of the mountain range parallels the two streams in their run to the sea. Known locally as Brokeback Ridge, it lies just southwest of the town. Both the road to Providence and a more southerly route to Corinth pass over Brokeback Ridge before intersecting at St. David's.

The principal crops before the war were cocoa and a most delicious type of mountain mushroom. With the death of most of the connoisseur trade there is only a little demand for chocolate and practically none for the rare iridescent purple mushrooms which grow in profusion in the shadows of Mount Lebanon's wet tropical rain forest. The local farmers still bring down an occasional kilo or so of the gastronomic delight, and properly preserved (usually dried) the mushrooms could be easily transported to a more affluent market.

St. David's now has other trades which keep people in the vicinity. The most notable being the transportation of new NNP and Constable recruits from St. David's, a jumping off point, to the secret base camps and guerrilla training areas of the interior. A steady supply of food, medicine, and weapons of war also leave in the motley collections of island buses, antique trucks, and assorted bicycles which make it up the steep and poorly maintained roads. From St. David's, sturdy native bearers and occasionally a mule or donkey can be found to trek into the interior to deliver the tools of war to the constables and their guerrilla allies.

### WESTERHALL

Once a beautifully landscaped residential community with over 700 retirees living within a short walk of its classical southern California mission-style shopping mall, Westerhall is now an armed camp.

The bunkers are all masterpieces of camouflage; the unobtrusive fields of fire as carefully manicured as the rose trellises and hibiscus bushes had once been. The entire community looks



like a vision from *Better Homes and Gardens* after it had been left to go to seed. The carefully cultivated shabbiness hides an attacking commander's worst nightmare: multiple mutually supporting bunkers with lots of overhead cover, interlocking fields of murderous crossfire liberally sprinkled with channelizing barriers that can't be noticed beyond a half dozen meters away and which give the attacker neither cover nor concealment owing to the expertly laid out killing zones.

Westerhall is base camp for the dependents of the GGR. The community is self-sufficient in everything except gunpowder and men. Most of the retired American Marines and Rangers are in the hills, working with their native Grenadan counterparts in the Constabulary and "Starfish" Pickering's NNP guerrilla troops. The town is defended by a few invalids and the gray-haired old wives and widows of the former military men. Unfortunately for the occasional luckless looters, most of these ladies can shoot just fine, thank you, having had both expert instructors and three years of fending for themselves in which to sharpen their skills. The town has a fair sized but not inexhaustible supply of ammunition, but no way to reload the expended brass.

It also has several score members of a local family who have lovingly tended a family still which turns out the best over-proof white rum this side of Carriacou's infamous half-liter bottles of "Invisible Man." The Westerhall variety runs within 99.9% of being pure, raw, ethanol. It's known locally as "Back Blast." The Westerhall family, which makes this potent sap of Satan, is in the market for about 50 feet of good quality copper tubing, more empty liter and half-liter liquor bottles, and a working portable generator capable of at least 20 kilowatts.

The widow Mrs. Merryweather, the de facto commander of this happy little garrison, is in the market for a hand reloading machine, about 50 to 100 pounds of lead, and 450 pounds of smokeless powder. At this point she is prepared to take what she can get. She can offer two ¾-ton pickup trucks, (one of which needs some work) and a slightly damaged M60 machine gun. There is also plenty to eat and drink available. If the players can win her trust (not an easy thing to do) she could offer positions in the defense force compatible with the player characters' previous experience. The defense force numbers 423 and is armed with a mix of sporting and hunting rifles, shotguns, and

a sprinkling of "acquired" AK74s, AR1 5s, Uzis, and MAC-10s, dating back to the bad old days before the "big war" drowned out the nasty little simmering drug war going on up in the hills and hollows of the interior.

#### RUMORS-ST. GEORGE PARISH

##### Die Result

- 1 I
- 2 J
- 3 K
- 4 M
- 5 O
- 6 P
- 7 Q
- 8 P
- 9 R
- 10 W

#### ENCOUNTERS-ST. GEORGE PARISH

##### Die Result

- 1 "Doctor Kid"
- 2 Cuban patrol
- 3 Bandit patrol
- 4 NNP ambush patrol
- 5 Grenadan Constabulary ambush patrol
- 6 Special (see below)

#### SPECIAL ENCOUNTERS-ST. GEORGE PARISH

1. Orphaned refugee children hiding in a roadway culvert.
2. Pregnant native woman looking for "Doctor Kid" or midwife. Will deliver in 1D2 hours.
3. 1D6 children with flock of 3D10 geese.
4. Ritually sacrificed black goat, part of a voodoo ceremony.
5. Old woman gathering firewood.
6. Extremely intoxicated (and happy) native.

#### BELMONT

Belmont was built on tourist dollars and is, or was, a wealthy suburban community that served St. George's. The flu struck very heavily here, doing a lot of harm to the predominantly older, more frail, and less healthy members of the little town, which is to say most of the residents. Belmont is off Royal Drive, the main road south to the tourist mecca of Grand Anse, and consequently missed both the first waves of refugees from St. George's and the bulk of the looters that followed. Over the last few years, however (1998-1999), Belmont was picked over by numerous groups. The most notorious was the Bunny Woolsey Gang, a desperate bunch of marauders who reputedly murdered a number of citizens and even three constables before being exterminated. Bunny Woolsey herself was never found or brought to justice. She was said to be a certifiable psychopath and escapee, a brutal, cold-blooded mass murderer from the island's now defunct insane asylum. She was said to have a penchant for drinking human blood. Her name is still being used by local mothers to frighten naughty children. She has become synonymous with the bogeyman as the local legend.

Today, Belmont's population is a little under 100 and spends most of its time engaged in the leisurely subsistent farming Grenada's mild climate and rich soil permits. The principal trade crop is dried guavas. The locals are friendly to most outsiders but are leery of the Cubans and the PRA thugs who accompany them.



## GRAND ANSE

Located between the long finger of land known as Quarantine Point (or sometimes as Long Point) and Martin's Bay, just south of St. George's, Grand Anse is blessed with more than two miles of beautiful white sandy beaches. This had been the heart of tourist country before the war. Seven major resort hotels had catered to the tourists along the beaches. The Grand Anse campus of St. George's Medical University was located along this scenic strand as well as many homes of the wealthy.

In 2000 the medical college is still there but not much else. A small contingent of the Constabulary had performed magnificently during the early stages of the riot and collapse in their defense of both medical college campuses (The other is located down the Grand Anse Road at True Blue). As the situation deteriorated, the constables had to be withdrawn, but by then the staff and students were deeply involved in the battle to combat the GHF epidemic. Their efforts took two routes: offering relief for victims of the flu and those injured in the rioting; and research, looking for a vaccine to halt its spread. Grenada was truly lucky to have had the facility, and the researchers stumbled onto a vaccine for the disease.

Manufacturing enough of the vaccine to do any good, however, was another matter. Their success may be gauged by the sixty thousand who received the vaccination. Once inoculated, no one else died of the disease.

Today Grand Anse Medical University campus is home to 57 faculty members and over 120 students. Several hundred more are in the cities and villages, doing what they can for the population at large. Perhaps as many as fifty are with the Constabulary, the NNP Guerrillas, and the GGR. The Cubans maintain a reinforced platoon at each campus to protect the students and faculty. The Cubans come from 3rd Battalion, 21st MRR which is headquartered in the vicinity of the Point Salines Airport. Each guard platoon numbers about 35 men and rotates in and out of the campus guard duties.

## HOG ISLAND

Hog Island is separated from the Grenadan shore by 650 meters of shallow water (no more than 2 meters deep). The island is roughly hourglass-shaped with a long spur shooting off the east side of the lower lobe of the hourglass, enclosing a small bay. The island is richly grown with wild hogs, goats, monkeys, and many species of wild birds residing there. If the players investigate, they will find four bodies left to rot in the undergrowth. The bodies will vary in decomposition, depending upon when the players arrive at Hog Island (the bodies were left at noon, December 1st). If the players have opened the strongbox, they will recognize one of the faces as the one on the six different passports.

## ST. GEORGE'S

Not only is St. George's the capital and largest city in Grenada, it is also the best seaport on the island. St. George's population has plummeted since the epidemic of 1996-1997. The current native population is on the order of 2,500, with an additional garrison of some 150 Cubans. Formerly a tourist capital, St. George's was first smashed by the flu, then caught up in a series of nasty riots that left much of the old city in ruins. The riots, which initially broke out in the city market, spread rapidly until much of the city was engulfed in an orgy of looting and arson. Of her prewar landmarks, only the stone clock tower of

St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church and the grim outline of Fort George are left. The fires which burned much of the city spared the waterfront along the Carenage.

Among the survivors of St. George's is Mrs. Claudia Nueman-Funston, the self-appointed keeper of St. George's cultural heritage. Mrs. Funston has a secret that is practically driving her crazy. Before the epidemic and the accompanying madness that laid waste to St. George's, she had been curator of the Grenada National Museum at St. George's. During the worst of the rioting she had four burley constables detailed to assist her in protecting the valuables in the museum from looters. When the troubles spilled over the museum grounds she had enlisted the police to help her remove some 650 pounds of gold, silver, and jewel encrusted artifacts from their vulnerable glass display cases and store them in a naturally occurring volcanic grotto under the museum. When she returned to the ruins a few days later, the walls and foundations of nearby buildings had collapsed across the ruin of the museum proper, totally blocking access to the basement and the hidden gold. Mrs. Funston is beside herself because much of what she strived to save was on loan from the State Pirate Treasure Museum in the Bahamas. The situation in Grenada had been unsettled enough to preclude the concerned national curator from the Bahamas from doing little more than mentally writing off the whole display as a loss. To make matters worse, although three of the police officers involved succumbed to the flu epidemic and are permanently silenced, the one survivor apparently told his story to a niece a couple of years later. The niece was taken into custody by some of the most unsavory members of the PRA and is being held by them in Ft. George.

Mrs. Funston is not sure exactly how much the police officer told his niece and the officer is not available to be questioned on the matter, having recently been killed by marauders. The girl knows something about the treasure. She offered to help Mrs. Funston recover it. That conversation took place less than four days before she was taken away by the Cuban and PRA forces. The girl's name is Marylou Boswell. She is 15 years old, a good student, and a regular attendant at Father Jerkins' open air masses, or at least she had been until taken away. No one has seen her since being taken and repeated attempts by Father Jerkins to go to her earned him a severe beating by the guards at Ft. George's front gates. Her whereabouts are unknown but she is presumed to still be inside Ft. George.

Mrs. Funston is unlikely to bring the reason she is so desperate to have Marylou released out in the open for fear of setting yet another set of looters on to the treasure. She can offer about \$100 worth of her personal jewelry as a reward to players willing to try to free the girl from the Marxists. She will be willing to pay only if the players can deliver the girl unharmed and will be quite insistent she will pay nothing to anyone who gets the girl killed in a rescue attempt.

Neither she nor any of the others have considered going to the Cuban Commander for relief. The notion has just not occurred to them. Col. Mendoza is aware that the PRA are holding a few "political prisoners" at Ft. George, but he does not know that it includes 15-year-old girls. If he does become aware of that fact, he will probably intervene personally in the matter and hang those responsible.

To further complicate matters, a recent minor seismic incident has opened up a side fissure from the crypt below the ruins of the St. Andrew's church to Sendall Tunnel. Sendall Tunnel runs under the Carenage to Melville Street, near the outer



harbor. During the destruction, the tunnel had suffered a cave-in. The most important point is that the St. Andrew's fissure has cracked open Mrs. Funston's secret grotto, making it accessible from either St. Andrew's Church crypt or from the ruins of Sendall Tunnel. Now the bad news—the grotto is flooded under about eight feet of water. That wouldn't harm the gold and gems but all of Mrs. Funston's historical records are a total (excuse the expression) washout. So far no one has discovered the rearranged geography under the Sendall Tunnel and St. Andrew's crypt.

There remains a good deal of salvageable material in St. George's proper because of the labor shortage and the priorities of survival. The warehouse has been picked over, but there is yet a good deal to be recovered from the ruins, including a dozen marine diesel engines (still crated and sealed) and other vital small boat parts which could be put to good use on Carriacou by the shipwrights.

The biggest prize of all is said to be the vault of the Barclay Bank of St. George's. There was said to have been over \$3 million worth of valuables on deposit in the safe deposit boxes within the vault, together with some \$10 million in alleged drug money left on deposit by a sinister-looking group of Jamaicans just before the outbreak of the flu devastated the island. Like much of the rest of the town, the bank had been burned and its structure collapsed around its underground vault. The rumors might be true, but if they are, the drug money was undoubtedly U.S. currency, having the approximate value of Confederate money, except it probably lacks the historical value of the rebel bucks.

#### POINT SALINES AIRPORT

Started by the Cubans, denounced by an American president, and assaulted from the sky by two battalions of Airborne Rangers, Point Salines Airport was finally opened in October 1984.

Today the airstrip is in surprisingly good condition. While erosion had nibbled around the edges, no major damage was done in the three hurricanes and dozens of tropical storms which have hit the island since its construction. The salt spray from the sea, while terrible for aircraft, has served to hold back the wildly

growing vegetation that engulfed much of the islands' only other airport at Pearls. The terminals and hangars have been neglected and the navigation system is a total loss. The main avgas fueling tanks have long since gone bone dry. A small secondary tank, still contains a supply of avgas, however. The tank's fuel pump had been dismantled for repair or replacement before the flu struck and those responsible for the fuel all died in the epidemic. Within the tightly capped tank is 1200 liters of high grade avgas.

#### POINT FORT JEUDY

Point Fort Jeudy is a particularly isolated arm of volcanic rock and lush jungle vegetation that marks the eastern reach of St. George parish on the south coast of the island. This area was little settled before the war and Dan Rojas' hand-built beach house marked the furthest extension of man-made habitat down this rugged and forbidding piece of real estate.

Dan's teak log house faces out on a small sheltered beach and is built back into the slope overlooking the water. Dan's astronomy telescope sits on the veranda that runs completely around three sides of the house. The house itself is rather heavily built, a fact that explains why it survived the hurricane of '95 when so many others did not. The place has a master bedroom, a pair of guest rooms (one of which is now permanently occupied by the girls), a study, a sewing room, a kitchen, a living room, and a dining room.

#### TRUE BLUE

One of two campuses of St. George's Medical University, True Blue sits on a narrow plain facing a shallow inlet of Hardy Bay. Low ridges surround the community on three sides, boxing it in to face the sea on the fourth.

There are 239 students here and 23 faculty instructors. The students survive on small vegetable gardens and the generous contributions of fish and fruit provided by grateful survivors of the great GHF epidemic of 1996-1998. Many of the students live off campus, practically adopted into local families.

The arrival of the Cubans and upsurge of the PRA and RJM have not yet affected these people. Oddly enough, it is the presence of the Cubans which shelters these mostly American students from the wrath of the Marxist regime. Colonel Mendoza lives in daily fear that somehow the Yanquis are going to find out that he is here and send thousands of Marines just to root him and his small command out and rescue the students all over again.

#### THE FORTS

No less than four forts guard the harbor at St. George's. They are Forts Adolphus, Frederick, George, and Lucas.

Fort George squats low atop the hill near the sea. From its grim, sharply sloped ramparts the ruined city of St. George's may be seen (and controlled by fire). Only the stark spire of the square bell steeple of St. Andrew's Church rises to a superior elevation, and it in turn is dominated from the height by the hill forts. St. George's is controlled by the headquarters element of 21st MRR and PRA in Ft. George. The fort currently houses about 21 Cubans and 35 PRA cadre. Down below in the authentic 18th century dungeon are authentic 21st century political prisoners as well as a dozen or so young ladies who have been brought in under varying degrees of coercion to "entertain" the troops. Among the most reluctant is Marylou Boswell (see entry on St. George's) who has been frantically attempting to

escape since she was brought in here four days before the adventure begins.

At 697 feet elevation, Fort Adolphus is the lowest of the three hill forts. Built with thick, steeply sloping walls in the best 18th century military fashion, Ft. Adolphus commands the Lagoon as well as the southern approach to the city. It has a current garrison of 30 Cubans and 23 PRA Loyalists.

Fort Frederick sits at an elevation of 750 feet above sea level. It dominates the town, the other forts, and the pass from Grand Etang and the Grenville road. While this fort lacks the thick sloping walls of Forts Adolphus and George, its walls are naturally reinforced by the difficult slope it sits upon. The fort is held by Colonel Mendoza and his staff of 15, plus a platoon from the rotation company of 1st/21st MRR having responsibility for manning the forts for the current week. This is considered light duty by the Battalion and is used to rest units which have been heavily engaged by the guerrillas. As a consequence, the guard units are often substantially below platoon strength.

Fort Lucas is at an elevation of 729 feet and like Fort Frederick does not have the substantial high fortified walls of the other two forts. Fort Lucas is manned by a rotation platoon of about 25 Cubans and 15 PRA troopers. The ridge road passes the fort to the west and gives access to it from the west gate.

### THE WRECK OF THE A. B. BUZKO

The *A. B. Buzko* lies sunk in 5 to 25 feet of water off Cato Bay, about 100 meters south of the Point Salines Airport.

The bow part of the forward king posts (cranes), bridge, mast, and steam funnel are above the high waterline. The bottom of the bow is just awash at low tide. It is possible to wade out to the ship at that time. A huge faded red banner is still flying from the mast, located behind the bridge. Large numbers of fish gather at the wreck which has settled by her stern into about 25 feet of water. The ship rests at a steep 45° plus angle with part of her fore deck hatch above the water at all times.

**Referee's Notes:** The *A. B. Buzko* was a Bulgarian freighter hastily converted into a troop transport during the Cuban evacuation of Angola. The Cuban 21st Motor Rifle Regiment managed to get its ammunition and some of its smaller heavy weapons (up to small mortars) into the forward hold but not its vehicles or heavier weapons. The troops were billeted in the after hold.

On November 1, 2000, the *A. B. Buzko* sank off the southern coast of Grenada, two hours after taking two torpedoes through the passenger hold and the engine spaces. The attack totally wrecked the aft end of the ship below the waterline. The rear of the vessel is a twisted and treacherous maze of jagged plates and support members; a diver's worst nightmare. Except for the warping of the hull that has jammed the forward hatch cover closed, the forward portion of the ship is relatively intact.

The recoverable portion of the cargo is worth a small fortune. The cargo included 300 AK-74 assault rifles, 500,000 rounds of 5.56mm ammunition, 60 PPK machine guns, 1 20,000 rounds of ammunition for the machine guns, 60 RPG-16 rocket grenade launchers, 240 rocket grenades, 15,000 hand grenades and 10,000 rounds of 9mm ammunition. None of the heavier ordnance is salvageable.

Before salvage may commence a few "minor" problems must be overcome. The forward hatch is hopelessly jammed shut and no amount of mechanical advantage is going to budge it. There is an entry through the Foc'cle but entry from there into the hold above the waterline is also hopelessly jammed. Two decks down

a way into the hold is open but requires a long underwater swim.

Use of cutting torches on the ammunition hold may be hazardous to the operator's life (and to those within 500 meters of the ship if the ammunition is set off accidentally). Other underwater approaches to the forward hold do exist, however. By making a long and torturous swim in scuba gear (DIF:SCD) it is possible to reach a closed and dogged door on the second level down.

Something is going to have to be done about the absolutely huge moray eel currently residing in the ammo hold, living in the jumble of tumbled crates and boxes. The eel is nearly 20 feet long and has a mouth full of razor sharp teeth. It has two hit locations; the head (1 through 6) and the body (7 to 10). The head has 35 hit points, the body 45. For purposes of combat, treat the eel as having a body combat of 70%. The beast bites for 3D6 damage. Being an eel, it attacks by dashing out of cover and biting anything that looks edible that swims within its 10-foot range of eyesight. Once it has a firm hold, the eel will not let go until it is killed, dragged above the surface, or has swallowed whatever it has bitten. Each round the creature holds a victim it inflicts another 2D6 damage.

For purposes of comparison, the eel has a stature of 25, strength of 30, a agility of 20, and a constitution of 10. Eels have a loose, tough rubbery skin over hard skull bones. It has a coolness rating of zero.

Shooting or grenading the eel in the hold will detonate the cargo (assume no survivors within 500 meters). The players will be forced to come up with other methods of dealing with the eel, and it is up to the referee to judge them on their merits. The eel is stupid and will fight to the death but it will let go of a victim if the eel is dragged above the surface.

If the players wish to explore the wreck of the *A. B. Buzko*, the referee may wish to prepare a diagram of the sunken vessel ahead of time. Bear in mind that part of the interior of the hold is above the waterline, and that the players will be seeing it underwater and (if they didn't bring a submergible flashlight) in the *dark!*

### RUMORS-ST. JOHN PARISH

#### *Die Result*

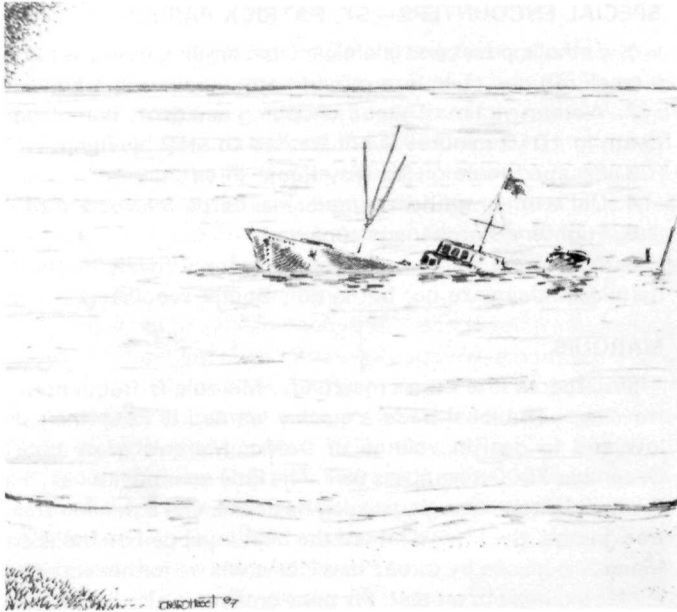
- 1 A
- 2 D
- 3 B
- 4 E
- 5 F
- 6 G
- 7 H
- 8 J
- 9 K
- 10 P

### ENCOUNTERS-ST. JOHN PARISH

#### *Die Result*

- 1 "Doctor Kid"
- 2 Grenadan Constabulary patrol
- 3 Cuban/PRA patrol
- 4 Booby Trap\*
- 5 Special
- 6 Special

\*Detecting it is a task (AVG:RCN), failure causes 1D6 damage, catastrophic failure causes 3D6 damage.



**ENCOUNTERS-ST. MARK PARISH**

*Die Result*

- 1 "Doctor Kid"
- 2 Grenadan Constabulary patrol
- 3 Pirate sortie
- 4 Merchant party
- 5 Special
- 6 Special

**SPECIAL ENCOUNTERS-ST. MARK PARISH**

- 1. Sound of an explosion (volume depends upon how far the players are from Boom Bend).
- 2. Area infested with small lizards whose mating call sounds like an obscene phrase.
- 3. 1D6 orphan children gleaning old orchard for food.
- 4. Evidence of a ritual slaughter of a white rooster for a voodoo ceremony.
- 5. Catholic priest giving last rites to body of young orphan who starved to death.
- 6. Grenadan woman with impacted tooth searching for "Doctor Kid."

**NONPAREIL**

Before the war, Nonpareil was one of those picturesque wide spots on the road between St. George's and Sauteurs. Now Nonpareil has come into its own. The secret to the development of this little nonentity into the burgeoning metropolis of 350 it is today is, to be blunt, bird droppings. Specifically, seabird guano deposited upon the rocks just off shore. A minor industry has grown up around those deposits of raw nitrates that has put Nonpareil on the map. The gun powder works there have blown it back off the map a dozen times or so, but the pressing need for gun powder keeps causing the little community to be rebuilt. Business there is said to be "booming" both figuratively and literally.

**MOUNT SAINT CATHERINE**

At 2,745 feet above sea level, Mt. St. Catherine is the highest point on the island. Located amid rugged terrain that would stymie a four-wheel drive and even slow up the local mountain goats, the slopes offer the perfect shelter for the 2nd "Battalion" of the Constabulary. Now numbering 47 effectives, the 2nd "Battalion" is undergoing a grueling training and conditioning program to bring the recruits up to standard and to recondition the 23 remaining veterans of the original police force who make up the cadre. Chronically short on guns and ammunition, the cadre and their handful of American retiree advisors have had to improvise. Under the command of Police Sergeant David "Long Tom" Maxwell, the unit is specializing in the fine art of booby trapping. The rising members in the amputation ward of Old Colonial Hospital and up the ridge in the cemetery above St. George's give graphic testimony to their successes to date.

**VICTORIA**

Once known for its fishing fleet and local papaya farms, Victoria was first battered by waves of refugees fleeing the death that stalked St. George's, then infected with the very flu the refugees were attempting to flee. Victoria has a current population of about 760, which still makes it a fair-sized town by Grenadan standards.

Victoria has a working electrical generator, one of the last left

**SPECIAL ENCOUNTERS-ST. JOHN PARISH**

- 1. Old woman peddling dried fish.
- 2. Itinerant Mormon missionary.
- 3. Remains of a goat badly ripped up, several days old.
- 4. Family burying loved one.
- 5. Black cobra sunning itself.
- 6. Young orphans scavenging for food.

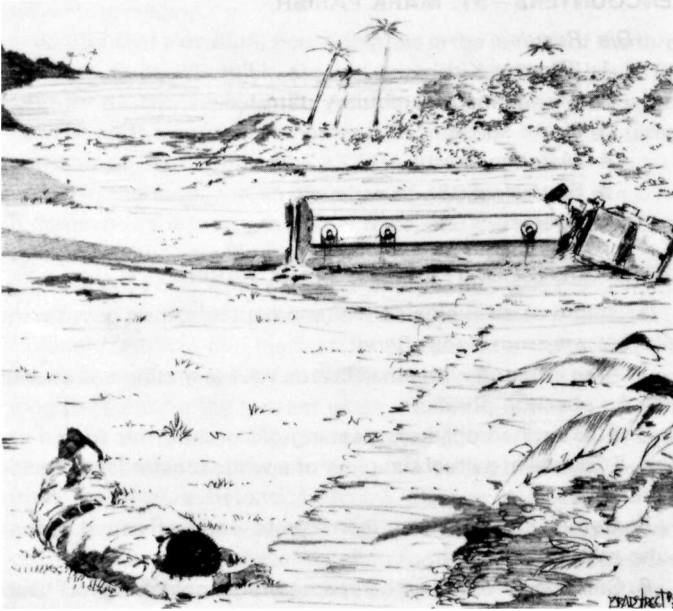
**GOUYAVE**

Gouyave exists in fear and admiration of its own *Obeah* (voodoo witch doctor), Momma Synn. A shrewd actress and a consummate organic chemist, her grasp of local psychology is unmatched. Between fear and judicious use of a variety of arcane poisons, she has eliminated her enemies. She is a benign (but absolute) ruler. She is also a patriot after her own fashion, and has a pathological hatred of Cubans. She calls the Constabulary her "nephews" and has been extremely helpful to them in the past. Her thirst for power doesn't spread beyond the confines of her own village, but within those bounds she is supreme. The population has been kept from the sea by the pirates and she is anxious to assist in routing them out of their lair and finishing them off. They have earned her ire for cutting off her supply of various tropical fish and the highly toxic venoms they produce. That would be cause enough for her anger, but they stole (and sank) her sacred boat, a blot to her professional reputation as well as to her pride. She has a B.S. in Psychology (University of Miami) and is a crackshot with her Walther PPK.

**RUMORS-ST. MARK PARISH**

*Die Result*

- 1 P
- 2 Q
- 3 R
- 4 S
- 5 U
- 6 V
- 7 X
- 8 A
- 9 B
- 10 G



on the island. The rise of bandits and local piracy have disrupted the flow of alcohol to Victoria, threatening to bring on the darkness. A resupply convoy fueled by nearly the last of the little town's spare fuel alcohol left seven days ago for Grenville in the hopes of trading a variety of hand tools and other hardware for an emergency resupply; the town's only 5,000-gallon tank truck was escorted by the mayor and the local police chief (Larry "Bojo" Syms). Victoria's senior alderman and New African Church Deacon, Wendell Woolsey, has a small collection of gold watches which he will exchange for confirmation of the fate of the tanker and the two men.

The tanker lies turned on its side in a steep ravine off the road about 3 km south of town. His Honor the Mayor died in the accident, and policeman "Bojo" Syms crawled almost to the edge of the road before losing consciousness. He had a broken leg and had been lying there unattended for two days. He is in shock and may die if not reached soon. Nearly 2,900 gallons of alcohol remain in the truck, which could be recovered and repaired.

#### RUMORS-ST. PATRICK PARISH

##### *Die Result*

- 1 B
- 2 C
- 3 D
- 4 E
- 5 F
- 6 G
- 7 K
- 8 L
- 9 M
- 10 P

#### ENCOUNTERS-ST. PATRICK PARISH

##### *Die Result*

- 1 "Doctor Kid"
- 2 Grenadan Constabulary patrol
- 3 Pirate sortie
- 4 Merchant party
- 5 Missionary
- 6 Special

#### SPECIAL ENCOUNTERS-ST. PATRICK PARISH

1. Catholic priest and Islamic mullah arguing over custody of a small refugee child in a mix of Latin, Arabic, and English.
2. Woman victim of wood-chopping accident. Will bleed to death in 1D10 minutes if not treated to stop bleeding.
3. Escaped mule on its way home to eat.
4. Old woman gathering medicinal herbs for voodoo ritual.
5. Frightened orphanage runaway.
6. Wandering wild woman, begging food (mildly insane but harmless, claims to be, but is not, Bunny Woolsey).

#### MARQUIS

Situated as it is on a crossroads, Marquis is frequented by travellers. The local traders quickly learned to keep their fees low and to deal in volume of traffic. Marquis grew until in December 2000 it numbers 987. The little community has "Fast Freddy" Falton, a rough, jack-leg mechanic and a thriving shade-tree garage, the busiest, if not the best equipped on the island. Marquis is graced by three "new" inns whose former occupants are far too dead to protest. Six pubs or taverns also line the main street of town and a thriving bazaar and flea market sits amid the town's shade trees.

#### LEVERAPOND

A large brackish pond situated at the foot of Levera Hill and bearing the same name, Levera Pond was once a magnet for tourists and local picnickers as well. The tourists have stopped coming and the area was for a while too unsafe for picnics or any other kind of sane activity. A gang of looters and brigands took up residence in the area about a year after the flu reached Grenada. There has just been a change in this area. The Third Battalion of the Constabulary brought their trained recruits down from the cluster of volcanic cones and rough hills around the Punch Bowl and gave the new men a baptism by fire against the local bandits. The operation was a huge success from everyone's point of view—except the marauders, who were exterminated to the last man. Aside from giving the police recruits self-confidence and ridding the locals of a bloody nuisance, the police have picked up a fair amount of ironmongery including the expected hunting rifles and shotguns, but also brand new M16A2s and a mint fresh 81 mm mortar with about sixteen HE rounds. Nothing like this has shown up on Grenada before, and the commander of the Third Battalion is eager to find out where they came from.

#### LAKEANTOINE

Formed from the cone of one of Grenada's extinct volcanoes, Lake Antoine was a long-time tourist attraction before the war. A small cargo plane is known to have crashed in the lake, rumored to have been carrying a cargo of arms.

Seismic activity recently dislodged some of the cargo, enough so that it could be found by the looters who had been in the area. The looters knew that more cargo could be recovered, but they didn't live long enough to tell anyone. Also within wading distance of the lake shore is a case of fragmentation grenades (all faulty). The rest of the cargo will require scuba gear to retrieve. It consists of 2 salvageable mortars, 2,000 81 mm HE rounds (10% are usable, 1% will detonate in the mortar tube), 5,000 rounds of 5.56mm NATO ammunition, 6 cases of 12 M16A2's each (10% usable), and 9 cases of fragmentation grenades (all faulty).

**SAUTEURS**

Named for the "Leapers," 40 Caribbean Indians who refused to the last to submit to the conquering French in 1650, Sauteurs is the largest community on northern Grenada and now one of the largest on the entire island. Sauteurs' population is 2,906. The town supports itself with fishing, planting, and the faith of its predominantly Muslim population. Town life centers upon the Mosque of the Prophet, a former American Black Muslim mission which took root here in the dark volcanic soil and has grown without cease ever since its founding in 1987.

The Muslims have also been in the lead in reintroducing the values of education, most particularly literacy, among the young and old alike. Before the flu swept away much of Grenada's English-based education system, literacy had been 83%. In Sauteurs today the figure is 89% and growing.

Sauteurs' fishing fleet has been hit hard by the pirates and by the Cubans in their efforts to secure adequate amounts of transport home. Currently there are 14 fishing craft left in the harbor and the fleet only puts to sea together, and then only heavily armed. Still, the pirates (whom most of the population believe to be in league with the Cubans, based on the fact that two white men seem to be in charge) have been around since before the Cubans came in strength. The community is now heeding the call of the constables and many young men have gone up into the hills to join the 3rd Battalion. In this effort, the Catholics have been leading the way. There is a serious debate raging in the peaceful Muslim community over whether it is the will of Allah that the Jihad be declared against the unbelievers from across the sea and their fellow atheist-Marxist PRA accomplices. It would take only a small nudge to unleash a deluge of fired-up Muslim "Holy Warriors" upon the unsuspecting Cubans.



## Carriacou

Carriacou had been extensively developed by the French before it finally came to rest, along with Grenada, firmly within the grasp of the British lion. The island of Carriacou (to distinguish it from the many small islands around it) was once extensively cultivated by the French and then the English for indigo and sugarcane. Great plantation houses were built and the island was dotted with windmills. Fedon's revolt of the slaves, followed three decades later by their emancipation in 1833 by the British, finished off the great plantations on the island.

Most of the old plantation families moved away, leaving the island to the former black slaves. Some whites didn't leave, and more came. They were Scots, shipbuilders from the Clyde and masters of their craft. Nearby Grenada is rich in teak and mahogany. The sea island cotton that grows wild here could be cultivated and spun for canvas sails. The climate is friendly, the land and sea bountiful, well able to feed the shipwrights and their families. They built ships...not the great ships of the golden age of sail, but smaller, shallower draft vessels that excelled as fishermen and traders up and down the Lesser Antilles and roamed throughout the Caribbean. They built poor men's ships, without the ornate guildings, the powerful steam engines or diesel gulping motors. They built simple boats for simple tasks. They built well and if they didn't prosper and rise to the peaks of commercial success, neither did they plunge into the abyss when the age of wooden sailing ships came to its end at the dawn of the twentieth century. Their work is much in demand in 2000.

### CISTERN POINT LIGHTHOUSE

Before the technology existed to drill modern deep wells, Carriacou suffered a feast or famine water cycle. During the rainy season there was plenty of water, but during the dry season the land went thirsty. The French solved the problem of a steady water supply with cisterns to catch and retain the rain water.

On the 220-foot heights of Cistern Point is a lighthouse to

warn mariners of the dangers between Tyrell Bay and Hillsborough Bay. It is now without power and useless. The cisterns and the old stone tower made an interesting picnic spot with a good view of the northwestern coastal line.

In December 2000, Cistern Point serves the pirates as a lookout and stronghold. A dozen pirates with an M60 machine gun, ten M16A2s, an assault shotgun, and a 106mm recoilless rifle are permanently assigned to guard the harbor and the pirates' most valuable treasures. The treasure consists of about ten thousand prewar U.S. dollars worth of gold and silver coins, gems, and jewelry. It also includes the very valuable person of Tara Murphy and the less valuable person of Loretta Cummings, old "Dangerous Dan's" granddaughter. The pirates assume (incorrectly) that the granddaughter of the Governor General of Grenada is worth more than the granddaughter of a retired American GI. What only Kevin Jones knows is that Loretta's other grandfather is General Jonathan Cummings, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and leader of the U.S. Milgov. Both young ladies are being held in the disused cistern system on Cistern Point. Tara's parents are on the island and have escaped from the pirates (see note on Hillsborough) and are racing the clock in a desperate effort to free her and her friend Loretta. (See note under the Hermitage.)

### CRAIGSTON

Located on the northern dog leg of Carriacou on the Caribbean or western side of the island at Sparrow Bay, Craigston is the site of the vital cotton gin and home to most of the island's sailmakers. In addition to the mill workers, sailmakers, and employees of the local rope walk, there are 55 pirates here as well. The 1300 residences have been herded into a large but now crowded and filthy cotton warehouse where they survive or die under absolutely appalling conditions. The warehouse and gin have been rigged to be command detonated at the least hint of trouble. The pirates control the detonator switch and force the skilled workers to toil away under threat of horrible death to their loved ones.

Currently the rope and sailmakers toil away from dawn to dusk each day readying supplies for the ships that will carry these latter day pirates of the Spanish Main on an anticipated voyage of blood and plunder. The cotton gin and its mill are being forced to operate around the clock to keep up with the inhuman production schedule the pirates have demanded. The workers are given only enough rations to keep them alive and the "useless" dependents aren't even being given that much. The slave labor-starvation regime has been in effect now for nearly three weeks and the first casualties of hunger and dehydration have already been suffered. The dead have not even been removed from among the living and conditions inside the warehouse are unspeakably wretched. Unless something happens within the next few days, it will be too late to help save most of the women and children.

Twelve forty-pound ammonium nitrate cratering charges have been planted under the warehouse. If allowed to detonate, the resulting crater will create a new harbor where the town of Craigston now stands. The detonator is electrical and the switch is located at the Craigston police substation, in the secure lockup formerly used as the drunk tank. The electrical detonation wires run out of the jail and are just buried in a series of shallow trenches leading to the demolition sites. A ten-man detachment of pirates is permanently stationed at the jail and the other pirates use the well-constructed stone building as a headquarters and barracks when off duty.

#### HARVEY VALE

A small coastal village on a broad plain under the shadow of the surrounding high hills, Harvey Vale had led a quiet existence up to now. The coming of the pirates has changed all that. Now forced labor is the order of the day as the pirates force construction of new boat cradles and ways to promote their shipbuilding program. Every able-bodied man, woman, and large child has been impressed into the forced labor pool. Those not physically able to work have been rounded up and incarcerated in the village church under guard. As with Craigston, it is a regime of starvation rations and threat of annihilation. A claymore mine has been set up on the altar. Packed in as they are, the people in the church would be ripped to bloody shreds unless those who toil out in the tropic sun maintain the proper subservient attitude.

Out in Tyrell Bay, among numerous smaller vessels, are fifteen of the largest and best-built of the captured fishing sloops, together with six ketches ranging from 28 to 44 feet in length as well as a pair of 120-foot two-masted staysail schooners, a three-masted 140-foot staysail schooner, and the 150-foot schooner *Sun Tan*, which the pirates have captured from the Murphy family.

The pirates here have M60 machine guns, a dozen M203s, a 106mm recoilless rifle and three 81mm mortars. Both the mortars and recoilless rifle are set up in the open just north of Harvey Vale and aimed out to sea. There are 30 rounds of HE for the mortars and ten blunt-nosed light blue rounds of 106mm practice ammunition for the 106mm recoilless rifles. The pirates have never fired their heavy crew-served weapons and have had only the rudimentary training on them as yet. There is no .50 caliber spotting gun ammunition for the 106mms' spotting gun.

#### THE HERMITAGE

Built on the arm of Southwest Point, the Hermitage may have been impressive once, but in the year 2000 it is a somber ruin.

Its chief significance is that it is the place the Murphys have chosen to take shelter in against the elements and the continuing search for them by the pirates. The thick stone walls, some up to four feet thick, and the maze of roofless rooms in the cellar of the old main house have given the fugitives hope for a chance of going undetected. The remains of a deep well and an old cistern contain enough water to keep them alive for the moment. Their chief hope is to manage to steal a boat and make it back to St. George's. To that end they have been watching the assembling fleet at Tyrell Bay with hungry eyes. In addition to their own 150-foot topsail schooner *Sun Tan*, there is another, much larger, full-rigged ship at anchor in the roads. Fifteen smaller schooners of 100 to 120 feet can be seen under varying degrees of final completion. The Murphys counted twenty or more of the Carriacou island work boats, mostly sloops or cutters, also at anchor. It is one of these smaller boats that is their goal. The bigger vessels, including their own *Sun Tan*, are out of the question with only the two of them to sail her. Ruefully, Murphy admits the pirates apparently did a first-rate job of repairing the damage she had sustained escaping the Cubans at St. George's Harbor.

#### HILLSBOROUGH

With a population of 3,989, Hillsborough is the single largest population center on the island of Grenada. The families of the principal craftsmen have been moved into two large warehouses down by the docks and buildings have been rigged to explode if the pirates are not satisfied with the quality and quantity of work they are getting. A thousand women, children, and old people have been crowded into each of the two warehouses under conditions scarcely different from those in the Black Hole of Calcutta. Sanitation is nonexistent; daily maximum calorie intake is about six to seven hundred per individual, which is by definition starvation rations. The daily water ration is less than a liter a day. Noonday interior temperatures reach over 120° fahrenheit. Ventilation is unbelievably bad. In the thirty days they have been held when the adventure begins, some ten percent are already dead. Like Craigston, the pirates have not even allowed the dead to be separated from the living. Whatever crimes the pirates may be contemplating, they have already committed mass murder and may be planning massacre when the shipwrights of Carriacou are no longer of use to them.

The workers are kept in a third large warehouse nearby. Crowding is not such a problem in that warehouse. The pirates work their slave laborers in three overlapping shifts so only six hundred or so are stuffed into that warehouse at any one time. The other twelve hundred are kept toiling away, 16 hours on duty and eight off in the miserable warehouse. Rations for the workers are only just enough to keep them functioning. Threats, brutal beatings, and the not infrequently carried out summary execution keep them at their tasks.

The two hundred ten pirates in Hillsborough have high morale and newly acquired M16A2 rifles with four bandoleers of seven thirty-round magazines each and four fragmentation grenades. Twenty-one of the pirates have M203 grenade launchers as well. The grenadiers have one less bandoleer of rifle magazines and twenty-six additional 40mm HE grenades. The pirates have reinforced the fire power of the bunker line with a dozen M60 machine guns and there are three new 81mm mortars set up in the courtyard of the police station. The machine guns each have eight belts and there are 30 rounds of 81 mm HE for each mortar. Down by the docks is a dug-in 106mm recoilless rifle



with ten rounds of blunt-nosed light blue "AT-TP" ammunition. The recoilless rifle has a protected roof over it made of two feet of stout timbers and five layers of sandbags. The antitank gun is set up to sweep the entire expanse of Hillsborough Bay with its fire. It sits on its monowheel and tripod mount, crouched behind an effective sloped rampart of six feet of packed sand covered by another two feet of loose sand.

The town's only fire engine is parked in such a way as to block the single landside entrance to Hillsborough against any attempt to ram a way through the roadblock. There is foot traffic going thru the landside gate and also coming ashore at the dock from Hillsborough Bay. The intrepid visitors to this enslaved city are brigands from throughout this end of the Caribbean. Word has been spreading of a pirate army and the scum of the Spanish Main has begun washing ashore to join. They have been coming at a rate of ten to twenty a day.

Newly arrived "recruits" are freely admitted and immediately escorted to the police station where they have to be questioned and passed by "Hammerhead's" number two man, a soft-spoken American black by the name of Kevin Jerdin Jones. The native Caribbeans, almost all of whom are blacks, seem to have an easy time being accepted, but any whites who show up are apparently given the third degree and looked over very carefully by Jones before being accepted. Jones seems chiefly concerned with the possibility of infiltrators. It is ESY:INT for characters native to the Caribbean and black to be accepted into the growing band. It is AVG:INT for black American characters to be accepted and DIF:INT for white and hispanic or other non-black races to be accepted. Jones appears to be very suspicious and on edge, as if he were waiting for something and the characters' arrival was just another disappointment.

Slipping into town unnoticed is DIF:RCN even at night, as the pirates are using the community's existing alcohol stocks to power lights for both around-the-clock construction work and security along the bunker line. Anyone caught going over the bunker line is shot first and interrogated afterwards if they survive.

The general impression is one of orderly chaos with a well-thought-out master plan behind it, worked out down to the last detail. Ships are being built, recruits taken in, armed, trained, and assigned regular, structured, and routine duties. The general impression is one of a prewar regular army preparing for war rather than a typical band of freebooters looking out for number one. Pirates or character "recruits" who foul up are admonished once. For a second offense they spend a day on short rations, shoulder to shoulder with the work gangs. For serious offenses they are summarily executed.

In addition to the pirates and their recruits, there are some two dozen or so Jamaicans engaged in delivering and overseeing the inventory and distribution of additional weapons, principally rifles and grenade launchers. These people have an elaborate passbook which identifies them as privileged individuals. Once recruited, characters will find themselves with a full twelve-hour schedule of guard details and supervision of construction work to perform. The twelve hours they have off may be used to sleep, do personal maintenance or drink in one of the three local taverns the pirates have allowed to stay open. Drunkenness on duty will earn the offender a day with the work slaves. Brawling will draw summary execution. Everyone is armed and if someone starts a fight, it usually ends in a fusillade of gun fire. One or two fights a day end this way.

## PROSPECT

Located atop the escarpment on the south side of the hill mass known locally as High North (980 feet above sea level), Prospect's local self-defense force repulsed the first three pirate attacks early in the invasion of Carriacou. The village's 55 defenders include all 35 of the men of clan McBean. For as long as there has been a clan McBean on Carriacou, the young men have disdained the local shipbuilding industry to return to Scotland and spend a hitch in the Black Watch, the 42nd Highland Regiment.

Currently, the defenders of Prospect are lightly blockaded in their hilltop village by a covering force of about 50 pirates who content themselves with occasionally sniping at the residents and insuring they don't go wandering off. As for the villagers, they are down to less than five rounds per defender, but they have decided they will go down fighting rather than place the lives of their children in the hands of the bloody pirates.

"Hammerhead" has special plans for Prospect. First, when all is in readiness to sail, and all of the captive eyewitnesses to the deprivations the pirates have committed here are herded into the warehouses and blown off the face of the Earth, then, as a final training exercise to prepare his pirate army, he will conduct a full-scale assault against the stiff-necked hillmen. With this in mind, "Hammerhead" has prohibited any live fire training for his mortar crews, preferring to use the rounds against living targets for both maximum economy and maximum interest in the "training" being conducted. The projected date for the "live fire" exercise is December 31, thirty days away. Once he has baptized his rogues in fire and blood and eliminated the last witnesses to the crimes committed here, "Hammerhead" will set sail on his voyage of conquest.

## WINDWARD

Located at the north end of Carriacou on Little Carenage Bay, Windward is the birthplace of the finest island schooners produced in the eastern Caribbean. The pirates know this and no less than twelve two-masted staysail schooners are nearing completion here. Built to a standard plan and irreverently named for the twelve apostles by the pirates, these 120-foot long sailing vessels are as good as any ever built on Carriacou. Also located in the Windward Harbor is the pirate's flagship, the *Iron Duke*. The *Iron Duke* is an exact replica of the clipper ship *Cuttysark* and was originally built for the eccentric rock star Ted Hendrix. Unfortunately, Mr. Hendrix was on tour in Philadelphia when that city was hit and consequently hasn't been able to claim his ship. The pirates, however, have put it to excellent use by refitting it and making it their flagship.

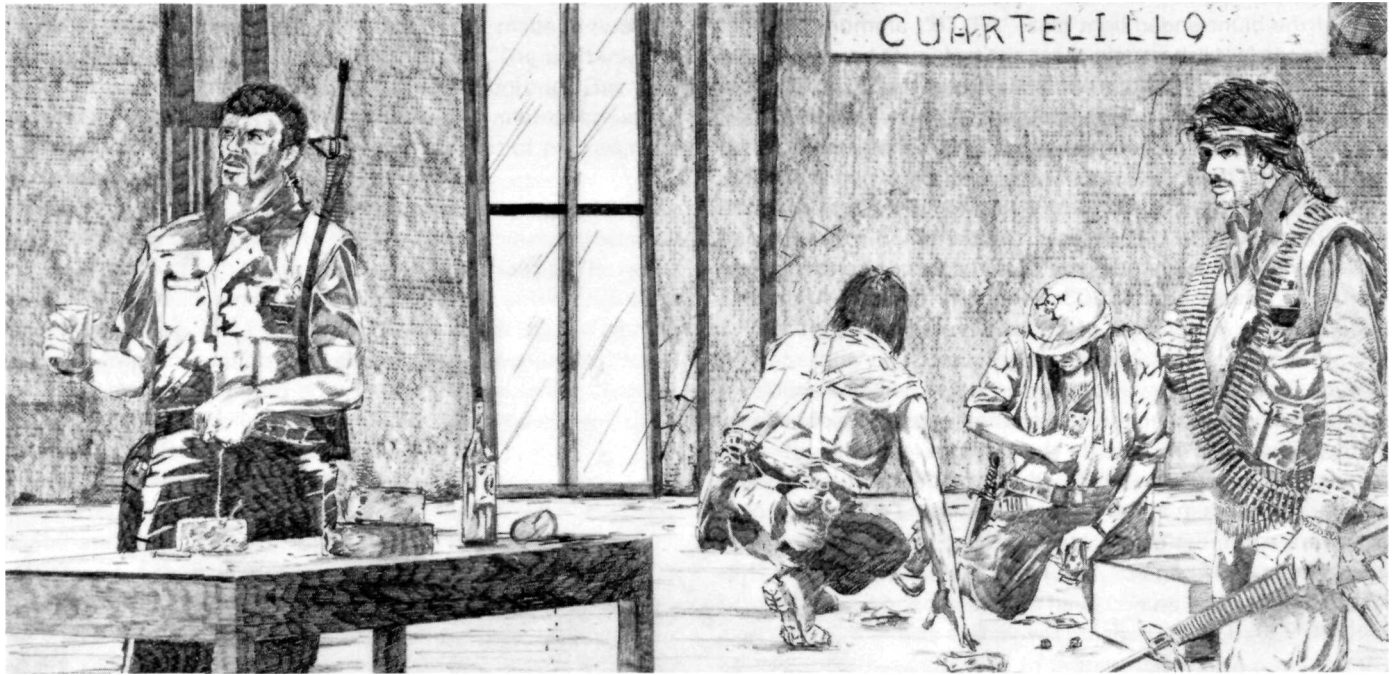
The security arrangements here are identical to those in Hillsborough, Craigston, and Harvey Vale. The families of the shipbuilders are being held here in a lumber drying shed under absolutely vile conditions of filth and starvation. The workers are barracked in a large pub down by the boat yard, and the pirates hold the detonators at the local constable substation. The shed and pub are rigged to be blown up at a moment's notice. There are a hundred pirates here and five hundred captives. About 150 are actually forced laborers at the boat yard; the rest are in the lumber shed.

The pirates here have orders to seize anyone found poking their nose around here and pack them off under guard to Hillsborough. In addition to the standard M16A2s and M203 grenade launchers, there are three 81 mm mortars each with 30

rounds of HE and two 106mm recoilless rifles with 10 rounds each of the blunt-ended light blue "AT-TP" ammunition. Like the weapons in Hillsborough, these antitank guns have been well dug-in and protected from plunging fire by two feet of stout wooden planking and five layers of sand bags. The three mortars have been set up between the pub the workers are being held in and the boat yard, orientated generally out to sea. There are five M60 machine guns here, each with 8 belts of ammunition. The pirates each have four fragmentation grenades and four seven-magazine bandoleers of thirty rounds per magazine. Ten of the pirates have M203s with 26 rounds of 40mm HE and only three bandoleers of rifle ammunition.

Pirate sloops patrol the waters off Carriacou and interdict Grenada. The pirates have not been accosted here and anticipate no troubles from either the sea or their captive shipbuilders.

**Note:** The AT-TP rounds for the 106mm recoilless rifles are training ammunition (as indicated by the designation TP) and are nearly useless in a fight. Treat 106mm AT-TP rounds as if they were Armbrust shots, but without the explosive charge (giving them a damage of 10, and a *KDR* and *Burst* of —).



## Organizations

### THE CARRIACOU PIRATES

On December 15, 2000, Grenada is feeling the squeeze. Lawless bandits aboard a motley collection of acquired vessels have been making life difficult for Grenada's fisher folk.

The pirates have seized the principal shipbuilding facilities on Carriacou and are preparing a "Grand Fleet" for piratical attacks throughout the Caribbean, the old Spanish Main. They hold the island, the docks and ways the police substations, the lighthouse and Cistern Point, as well as the villages of Hillsborough, Craigston, Windward, Harvey Vale, and several of the smaller communities as well. The pirates are coercing the shipbuilders cooperation with threats to the builders' families, gathered together and held hostage.

The pirate chieftain, John Hammersmith, has in excess of 500 pirates, armed thugs, and other riffraff at his disposal, all loyal to him alone.

In addition, he has five hundred M16A2 rifles, 50 M203 grenade launchers, 25 M60 machine guns, six 81mm mortars and four 106mm recoilless rifles. The weapons have been placed to defend the coast from Tyrell Bay to Windward from attack from the sea.

"Hammerhead" has set up demolition charges under various buildings that can be detonated at a moment's notice. He holds the shipwrights and their families under the threat of mass extinction if they are anything less than completely cooperative. If he receives any resistance, the entire population can be sent up like a Liberation Day fireworks display.

The current pirate fleet consists of approximately fifty ships of varying sizes. Each pirate is armed with three to four seven magazine bandoleers of ammo for their M16A2s, and four fragmentation grenades. The grenadiers with the M203s each have a basic load of 26 HE rounds for their grenade launcher and three bandoleers of magazines for their rifles. The machine gunners each have eight belts of 7.62mm belted ammo for their guns. The mortar and recoilless rifle crews have M16A2s in

addition to their crew-served weapons. Each crewman has three bandoleers of seven magazines each.

### THE CUBANS

Colonel Mendoza's 21 MRR is not as formidable as it seems. The regiment was assigned garrison duties in Angola after its lackluster performance against the UNITA guerrillas in the field.

The regiment withdrew aboard the *A. B. Buzko* intact, less its vehicles and heavy towed weapons. A substantial load of small arms ammunition stowed in the *Buzko's* forward hold escaped damage in the attack and is salvageable, although that fact is not yet known to the Cubans.

The 21 MRR's Commander is Colonel Mendoza: A decent man and a career officer. He blames himself for the regiment's less than sterling record in Angola. He wants nothing more than to keep his command alive and get them home to Cuba.

The rank and file are two-year inductees whose tours were extended by the "war emergency" to the duration and six months. Most of them have been with the regiment since it left Cuba some six and one-half years before.

The Non-Commissioned Officer (NCO) Corps should have been excellent after six and one-half years of service, but that is not the case. The NCOs, and most of the junior officers as well, are culls from the other—combat—regiments that served in Angola. A high percentage are virtually worthless, being either disabled by wounds or disease, or riddled with cowardliness, drug addiction, cronyism, or rampant alcoholism.

As the NCOs go, so goes the regiment. In this case the regiment appears to be going to pieces.

The individual attitude of the enlisted men varies between acute frustration and homicidal despair. Among the NCOs, despair seems to be winning. The official position of the troops is that while being torpedoed was not good news, at least the regiment escaped serious casualties. Now all that remains to do is to wait patiently for the means to be found to return the regiment to Cuba.

For the 21 MRR, being marooned on Grenada is like modern

Texans stranded at the Alamo; it may have been the scene of one of Cuba's finest hours, but there are too many ghosts present to allow one to feel completely comfortable being stuck there. As for the population...*Aye, Caramba!*

### THE GRENADAN CONSTABULARY

Organized and trained by the United States following the 1983 invasion, the Constabulary is nonetheless patterned on the British model. The police do not routinely carry firearms and although they initially received training on the .38 police special, 12-gauge shotgun, M16 rifle, and M60 machine gun, most of the original police trainees have attrited away to retirement, emigration, and most sadly, the plague of 1996 to which the police of necessity had to be repeatedly exposed.

Walter P. Pleasents is the current police commissioner and he has his hands full. He has a total of 93 officers in four "battalions" to police over 80,000 people on 133 square miles of island.

The Commissioner's troubles include preventing looting in St. George's and the other towns most hard hit by the flu, suppressing a large and growing drug traffic, preventing smuggling (mostly drugs), and now repelling a Cuban Motorized Rifle Regiment that has shown up and seized Point Salines and most of the rest of the island as well.

The Constabulary has 44 .38 caliber pistols and 2,000 rounds of ammunition, six 12-gauge shotguns and 100 rounds for them, 14 M16s with 600 rounds of ammunition, and the pride of the force: "Old Stutterer," a very old M60 machine gun with a 400-round belt of ball and tracer. The machine gun got its nickname from an annoying tendency to develop "runaway gun" syndrome, an uncontrollable problem of not stopping the shooting once it has started firing. It badly needs a new sear and other less critical parts. All the other police weapons are well maintained.

The force is the nearest thing to a paramilitary organization the nation has. Since the invasion, it has been reorganized into three battalions of 30 men each and a three man "regimental" headquarters company. One battalion will harass and recon the Cubans while the other two recruit and train replacements.

So far the units have survived by locating their camps in the remotest possible locations and melting into the brush instead of attempting to hold ground. The Constabulary attacks the same way, hitting the most remote Cuban outposts and then fading into the jungle before relief can arrive. Guerrilla warfare has become very frustrating for the Cubans.

### THE GRENADA GRAY RANGERS (GGR)

The Grenadan Constabulary (GC) and the New National Party (NNP) guerrillas are encouraged in their efforts by the old men of the Grenada Gray Rangers (GGR). The name refers to their graying or balding heads, not their mostly American Battle Dress Uniforms (BDUs). This group of volunteers is made up of the retired American Marines, Paratroopers, Green Berets, and Airborne Rangers who have come to Grenada to rest following "brief" twenty-year careers that took some of them from Vietnam to Grenada and elsewhere. They range in age from the early forties into their eighties and nineties. In general, they are fighting men yet: fit, spry, clear of eye and mind. They were men raised on a daily regimen of minimum six-mile runs before breakfast and toughened by some of the dirtiest, most desperate duties their country had ever asked its armed forces to endure.

It was almost with a sense of the inevitable that the GGR

learned the Cubans had waded ashore at Point Salines Airport. Once again the GGR is stalking the green hills and vine-choked ravines of the interior, teaching another generation of Grenadans and foreign invaders that war may be hell, but actual combat is an unprintable obscenity. Age, disease, and "combat time" have slowed many of the old men to the point where they can no longer keep up, so now they give what they still have in abundance: experience, wisdom, and knowledge of the dirty tricks of war, learned in other, faraway lands in other, faraway conflicts. Now the old men offer advice, critique plans of attack, and coach the young on how to prevent other young men from living long enough to get old.

Members of the GGR will be found generally in the camps of either the NNP or the Grenadan Constabulary, on patrol with these groups, or occasionally on a patrol of their own. The GGR is led by "Dangerous Dan" Rojos.

### THE NEW NATIONAL PARTY (NNP)

Prior to the arrival of the Cubans, the New Nationalist Party, the current majority party, had been faced with the increasing number of votes the Marxist Renewed Jewel Movement party had been receiving. The Prime Minister, Mr. Fredrick Smythe, had been addressing the NNP, commenting on the problem, when the news that a Cuban infantry regiment had landed at Point Salines Airport and was marching on St. George's, and Government House was delivered. The NNP fled town in what can only be described as abject panic, leaving the government by default to the left liberal RJM. The RJM then openly welcomed their Marxist Cuban brothers as liberators. The RJM declared a general convention of all Grenadan political parties to form a Committee of Reconciliation to amicably settle any disharmony the arrival of the Cubans might have caused in "the greater Grenadan family." They then seized and imprisoned every opposition politician who showed his face. Prime Minister Smythe and NNP party chairman William Gillman were among those jailed.

For the NNP, the Committee of Reconciliation perfidy was almost a death stroke. With one blow every major NNP politician on the island was seized and incarcerated in the national prison. That should have ended the NNP and it almost did. The thing that the RJM forgot was that the NNP was a democratic party. In a democracy the people rule themselves. A new leader rose from the rank and file.

His name was Richard "Starfish" Pickering. In a time of crisis for the NNP and Grenada as a whole, this recently returned ex-soldier reached out a hand to those who he felt had betrayed his country. Unfortunately for the traitors, his hand held not the handshake of forgiveness but a razor-edged commando knife.

The NNP is now the party of guerrillas and winter patriots. Pickering's decisive leadership has galvanized the once complacent Grenadans into action. The new NNP platform is as simple and sharp as a commando knife; no compromises or defeats will be accepted, no truces, no deals. The Cubans must go. The leaders of the RJM and their strong-arm Peoples' Revolutionary Army (PRA) commanders must be brought to justice. The newly resurrected PRA must be disarmed and disbanded. Any Grenadan who supports these goals is welcomed; any who do not support them are the enemy. This is going to be a total war of the people of Grenada against the Marxists. There are no rules, no neutrals, no compromise, and no cease session of the fighting until final victory is achieved.

Such a hard position for a party in such a weak condition may

make little political sense, but Pickering is a soldier, not a politician, and from his military point of view it makes the hardest kind of sense. Militarily, the NNP and Grenada have no other choice. The NNP still has more recruits than guns and has been unable to reconcile the differences in tactics with Police Commissioner Walter Pleasents' Grenadan Constabulary. This failure to achieve a broad combined front against the RJM and their Cuban allies has hampered the war efforts of both the NNP and the Grenadan Constabulary.

The essence of the dispute that is crippling the NNP-grenadan constabulary joint effort is this: Pickering argues that the guerrillas are too weak at the beginning of this fight to carry the war to the PRA and Cubans in pitched battles against the main strength of the PRA and their trained Cuban infantrymen. That being the case, the weaker guerrillas must strike cunningly if they cannot strike hard first. The NNP's few old shotguns and rifles in the hands of the earnest if untrained resistance cannot stop a battalion of Cubans, let alone an entire regiment. Pickering argues that a commando knife drawn across the right Cuban and PRA commanders' throats in the dead of night can stop those battalions from marching out to crush the resistance. With the time gained the rebels can be trained, Cuban and PRA patrols can be ambushed, and their arms taken to equip the resistance until the day comes that the Grenadians are strong enough to rise up and accept decisive engagement and win on the battlefield. In summation, kill the leaders until you are strong enough to defeat the armies.

Commissioner Pleasents takes the policemen's point of view that killing specific individuals is murder and not consistent with accepted methods of waging war. If the Grenadan resistance is too weak to engage the enemy head to head, then the best course of action is to avoid a stand-up fight, husband one's strength, and wait until the balance is more in one's own favor. Assassinating enemy commanders is murder, not warfare, and is repugnant to a man who has spent a lifetime enforcing the law.

The NNP headquarters is located at the top of Mount Lebanon in the St. Andrew Parish. The NNP numbers some 8000 loyalists as supporters, but the guerrilla army is much smaller, perhaps as few as fifty hard corps commandos with another five hundred of Pickering's Razors, who ambush patrols and convoys, grenade bars frequented by the enemies' troops, and generally make life exciting for the Cubans and their Marxist hosts.

### THE PRA & RJM

Originally conceived as a training ground and pool of talent for the elite Marxist New Jewel Party (NJP), the PRA was expanded to a force of 10,000 by the time of Bishop's death. The PRA was a militia at best, and a particularly poorly trained one at that. Faced with the mind-numbing horror of the USAF's shadow gunships and both Air Force and Navy supersonic attack jets, the PRA quite naturally melted like ice cream on hot asphalt, not a very pretty sight.

Since the invasion, rumors have persisted that the PRA buried their weapons and were prepared to spring back into action to recoup their honor after the Americans left. For the majority of former PRA troops this was just so much wishful thinking; a sop to their injured self-esteem after failing so totally to be of any use against the American Marines and Paratroopers.

For about ten percent, however, that is exactly what they did. The winnowed-down cadre of the PRA decided to bide their time. The Americans did finally leave, but by then a lot of pas-

sions had cooled. The Constabulary had the islands under firm control and there was no effective Marxist organization left to provide the leadership necessary.

The Maurice Bishop Patriotic Movement (MBPM) was still steeped in the vanguard party philosophy in the late 80's, but from 1990 on, a strong radical faction sprang up within the MBPM to challenge the "vanguard of revolution" idea and the core of original NJP loyalists. It was the radical element that made the MBPM large and popular enough to warrant a party against the NNP. It was the radical faction that got out the votes that kept the MBPM in the running. And it was the radical faction who proclaimed themselves the Renewed Jewel Movement (RJM) and walked out on the MBPM in the last election, taking a hefty portion of the MBPM voting block with them.

With the coming of the Cubans the RJM demanded and got majority representative status from MBPM. The RJM promptly used that status to purge from their ranks the MBPM old guard.

The RJM issued a proclamation declaring themselves the de facto government and calling upon all other political parties to come back from the hills and open discussions with the RJM regarding the fate of the nation. The RJM then promptly incarcerated every politician who showed up for the "discussion." The opposition, thus snared, were "enrolled" in the "college of reeducation," formerly known as Richmond Hill Prison.

In the year 2000 the hardcores of the old PRA numbered 251. Their ranks had been thinned by accident, emigration, the epidemic, poverty, and changes in attitude brought about by the acquisition of years and wisdom. Those who remain are hard, bitter fanatics who endured much and now see the arrival of the Cubans as bringing the dawn of their promised Day in the Sun. As a group they are very dangerous men.

The old AK47's have been dug up, cleaned, and loaded. The PRA is forming up at the Ft. Frederick barricades. The new recruits are, if not flocking, at least finally coming to the colors. There are currently about 30 youths under training and the PRA expects to triple their ranks within a month.

The aims of the new PRA are simple: rearm the citizenry; throw the opposition politicians, the American mercenary retirees, and all the "fat cats" into the "college of reeducation;" round up the privileged elite American "Doctor Kids" and force them to serve the "true needs of the people."

## Personalities

### POLICE COMMISSIONER WALTER P. PLEASENTS

Walter P. Pleasents is the Police Commissioner of Grenada. Because Grenada has no standing army, his policemen must fill that role. It is a task that neither the old timers on the force nor their commissioner relish, but know they must take up regardless of their own personal feelings about it. Pleasents has his work cut out for him.

The Commissioner needs a standing army. In time and with the good help of the GGR's tough old men, Pleasents hopes to have an army that he will be able to pit head to head with the Cubans and the PRA. Meanwhile, it is going to



be a long battle just to survive and build up strength.

Walter Pleasents is a professional peace officer, not a warrior, and he knows it. But he now has to become a warrior in the service of his country and that is what he is trying to do. Pleasents has served his nation as a policeman since the Constabulary was reestablished following the fall of the last Marxist regime on these islands in 1983.

Commissioner Pleasents has the following skills: CRM 40%, PST 60%, INS 50%, and RCN 40%.

**Meeting Commissioner Pleasents:** Walter P. Pleasents can be found about sixty percent of the time with his "First Battalion" atop Mount Sinai. The other forty percent of his time is divided evenly between the Second and Third Battalions. Commissioner Pleasents will definitely like to speak to any foreigners found roaming around his nation, particularly if they are armed or are Americans. If he is going to interrogate Americans, particularly military personnel, he will first summon "Dangerous Dan" Rojas and have him present. He will, after due deliberation, consider "deputizing" persons who have gained his (and Dan's) trust.

**NPC Motivation Results:** *Heart King:* Honor, in this case Pleasents feels honor-bound to liberate his country from the Cubans and the PRA. *Heart Jack:* Wisdom, good judgment, and sound advice. Walter Pleasents is a Veteran NPC.

### JOHN "HAMMERHEAD" HAMMERSMITH

An up-and-coming young thug, John Hammersmith has ambitions which up until recently exceeded his modest ability to carry out. With the help of his new American friend, Kevin Jerdin Jones, Hammerhead is on the verge of launching the most ambitious piratical expedition seen in this part of the world since the days of the pirates of the Spanish Main.

Physically impressive, handsome, with a winning smile and enough intelligence to convince others he just might know what he is doing, this charismatic young Grenadan has taken over the leadership of one of the best organized and led bands of local cutthroats. Hammerhead used the lure of power and greed to stage a bloodless (more or less) palace revolution against the two Russian white men who had previously organized and led this gang. Using his charm and the prospect of heavy military fire power to replace the pirates' old shotguns and pistols, Hammerhead has swayed his followers with dreams of looting the richest islands of the Caribbean. He has made those dreams seem completely possible with the delivery of an unprecedented (for Grenada) treasure trove of military automatic weapons, assault rifles, grenade launchers, machine guns, a seemingly bottomless ammo bunker of small arms ammunition, and utterly mind-boggling 81mm mortars and 106mm recoilless rifles.

To this end Hammerhead and his deceptively low-key American friend Kevin Jerdin Jones have for the past six months been expanding the pirates' numbers with a word of mouth recruiting campaign that has brought in the dregs of humanity from as far away as Jamaica and even Mexico. Slave labor now



turns out sailing ships and piracy nets even more. Hell is in session on Carriacou and Satan is hiring...

John Hammersmith has the following skills: BC 40%, CRM 60%, MC 40%, MEC 25%, SSS 50%.

**Meeting Hammerhead:** Hammerhead can be found seventy percent of the time in Hillsborough, the largest city on the island. He will be there interviewing new recruits and supervising the preparation of his fleet. The other thirty percent of the time he may be found on tours of inspection of the other building facilities and installations on Carriacou, including the old cistern system on Cistern Point, where the bulk of the pirate treasure is safely stowed away.

**Referee's Notes:** Hammersmith's grand dreams of loot and plunder would remain just that—dreams—if not for the intervention of the American, Jones. Hammersmith is a man with ambitions aplenty, but he is in over his head on this project. He understands he is being used by Jones as a cats-paw for some scheme of Jones' own devising, but Hammersmith has not been perceptive enough yet to figure it out in full.

Hammerhead is not particularly troubled by this, as he plans to milk the insanely generous American for all he is worth, then cut Jones' throat and feed him to the sharks. Meanwhile the firepower keeps rolling in with each new Jamaican ship that drops anchor in Tyrell Bay, and each day brings the launch of the 12 new schooners closer to reality. And the riches of the Spanish Main lie out there waiting for the plucking.

**NPC Motivation Results:** *Spade Ace:* Charisma. Hammerhead's men are absolutely loyal to him. Even the players will feel the natural charisma of Hammerhead. *Queen Spades:* Ruthless. Hammerhead is completely obsessed with his goal and doesn't care how many people he has to kill to achieve it. John Hammersmith is an Experienced NPC.

### KEVIN JERDIN JONES

Kevin Jerdin Jones resigned his commission as a USAF Major in 1978 to avoid trial by court martial for a variety of offenses under the Uniform Code of Military Justice (UCMJ), ranging from dereliction of duty and drug addiction to crimes of moral turpitude. The Air Force thereby spared itself the necessity of doing some dirty laundry in public, but made possible Jones' availability for worse offenses later.

Down on his luck and suffering from an expensive cocaine addiction, Jones was surprised to find himself offered a lucrative and not quite illegal deal in Latin America by a shadowy group of independently-minded Americans headed by none other than an old nemesis, the now retired Major Carl Hughes. Jones proved equal to the task and able to keep his mouth shut afterwards. This last attribute netted him additional employment opportunities, although Hughes' involvement was never again so obvious.

This brings Jones to the current job in Grenada: the kidnap of General Cumming's granddaughter. What Jones hopes to get out of this in return is a letter of Marque and Reprisal from the shadowy political group he is working for. Jones has



apparently slipped off the deep end and now has delusions of establishing a pirate kingdom of his own in the Caribbean political vacuum he perceives developing, as the two current rival U.S. governments go down to destruction before the shadowy group he now serves and knows only as the New Americans.

His skills are PST 75%, LAP 80%, INT 40%, LP 65%, DIS 40%, and SSS 20%.

**Meeting Jones:** Jones may be found with Hammersmith in Hillsborough fifty percent of the time, and checking on the continued welfare of Loretta Cummings the rest of the time. This means he can be found either en route to or at Cistern Point at least half the time. Whenever Hammerhead is to interrogate Americans, Jones tries to insure he is on hand.

**Referee's Notes:** Jones has not questioned why his employers have given him virtual carte blanche to arm and outfit his puppet head of the pirates. He currently assumes they understand what he is up to and approve of his plan to fill the political vacuum in this part of the world. Jones knows or has a good idea where the antique 106mm recoilless rifles are coming from as well as the 81mm mortars, but he is both delighted and puzzled as to the generosity with which his employers have provided him small arms and ammunition. He has noted that the rifles in particular are all factory fresh, an impossibility given the known state of military industry in what is left of the U.S. Jones is expecting to get answers along with his licenses to commit piracy. In this regard he will be disappointed, as the only man in this part of the world capable of giving him the answers he wants is dead. Meanwhile, the Jamaican pipeline Jones set up for this mission continues to smoothly pass an incredible cornucopia of small arms and ammunition to him. Jones has never met the man bringing him his reward and has no idea what he looks like. Jones, however, still plans to arrive at Hog Island on December 7th at noon, the assigned meeting time.

**NPC Motivation Results:** *Spade King:* Kevin Jones has no loyalty whatsoever and will tell as many lies as necessary to accomplish his goal. *Spade Queen:* Jones is also just as ruthless as Hammerhead is, and he plans to kill Hammerhead and take control at the first good opportunity. Kevin Jerdin Jones is a Veteran NPC.

### COLONEL JORGE A. MENDOZA

Jorge Mendoza commands the Cuban 21st Motorized Rifle Regiment and that makes him *the* power on Grenada at the close of the twentieth century.

The less than sterling performance of the 21st MRR in Angola hurt and humiliated Mendoza. He has taken the regiment's failings as a personal failure on his part. Objectively, he understands that he has been saddled with the worst dregs, drudges, and culls of his forty-year-long military career, but in his heart they are all still his *muchachos*, his boys, and he wants to see that every one of them gets back home alive and healthy. People who meet Jorge Mendoza generally like him from the start, and he likes people.

Mendoza pushed his regiment hard on the day of its unfor-



tunate arrival on Grenada in the hopes of laying hands upon a means of continuing their long journey home. His last visit to this land was anything but pleasant and ended ignominiously in late 1983. Mendoza lives in sheer terror of being paid another visit by *Yanqui* Marines and Airborne Rangers. It is the fear of that possibility that has turned the Colonel's hair white and drives him to move heaven and earth to get transportation off this island of unpleasant memories.

Mendoza's preoccupation with making an immediate escape from Grenada had caused him to pay insufficient attention to the political situation that existed and subsequently developed upon the arrival of his regiment. As a result, he finds himself trapped in an unwelcomed and unwanted marriage of inconvenience with the local Marxists, people he finds every bit as loathsome and detestable as the predecessors he served with here following the overthrow of Maurice Bishop in 1983. Mendoza finds he has more respect for the opposition, the tough old police commissioner and especially that young guerrilla leader of the NNP, than he does for his erstwhile Grenadan Marxist allies.

**Meeting Colonel Mendoza:** The Cuban Colonel may be found about thirty percent of the time visiting his three battalion headquarters. Fifty percent of the time he is located at Fort Frederick arguing with his alleged "hosts" over supply, policies, and priorities, and twenty percent of the time he is in St. George's, down at the waterfront checking on the progress (or lack of it) in gathering enough shipping to get his people safely home to Cuba. He tries to avoid Fort George and the Grenadan Marxist political types, who he secretly holds in the same high regard as a nest of vipers. He is able to walk around the town virtually unarmed and unescorted because his first battalion virtually controls the city, in spite of the RJM and PRA.

Colonel Mendoza is 60% PIS, 55% CRM, 50% BC, speaks (in addition to Spanish) Portuguese 85%, English 70%, Russian 30%, and German 15%.

**NPC Motivation Results:** *Heart Queen:* Love, in this case for his men. *Spades Ace:* Charisma. The respect of Mendoza among his men is probably the only thing still holding the regiment together. Colonel Mendoza is a Veteran NPC.

### RICHARD "STARFISH" PICKERING

As a professional soldier and former member of the British Special Air Service, this native of Corinth, St. David Parish, has found himself thrust into the leadership of the NNP.

Pickering was assigned to the "Tidy Up Detail" where ambushers and assassins in ski masks and gloves are neither black nor white, but only deadly. Pickering excelled at his new duty. He did so well as a matter of fact, that he created enemies for himself. Some of his enemies were powerful Americans with Irish connections. Others were members of the British Parliament. The politicians did him in. Pickering left the service as a Colour Sergeant, and returned to his native Grenada in 1996. His political involvement began almost by accident in the Pip and Crown Pub near his home in Corinth.



Having grown sick of listening to the whining of the rank and file NNP partisans who sat in the pub demoralized by the arrest of every major leader of their party, Pickering got up and said "Now I'm going to clean this lot up; those who want may come with me; the rest of you can go to hell."

Pickering went out and returned four hours later with six blood-soaked AK47 assault rifles and ammunition. He dumped the rifles on the table in the center of the room and said "Here are the rifles and bayonets, now I need six men willing to use them." He left not with six riflemen but 60. He has been trying to find enough guns for all his volunteers ever since.

Starfish has the following skills: CRM 90%, PST 85%, MC 95%, BC 75%, INT 85%, RCN 85%, INS 35%, and CBE 88%.

**Meeting Pickering:** Pickering may be found in Corinth or the nearby Pip and Crown about twenty percent of the time. He spends another twenty percent of his time at his forward base atop Mount Lebanon, where on a clear day he may be found staring through binoculars at the Cuban Battalion base camp down below in Grand Etang Crater Lake and cursing the heavens for the lack of a mortar and a dozen HE rounds, or even a large machine gun with the range of, say, a .50 caliber M2HB, in order to reach out and strike the complacent Cubans in their otherwise secure entrenchments. Pickering spends the remaining sixty percent of his time patrolling with the "dagger" assassins and his various "Razors" as they cut out and butcher enemies who stray too far from the safety of armed camps.

**NPC Motivation Results:** *Club Ace:* War leader. Pickering is an excellent war leader, surpassed only by "Dangerous Dan" Rojas. *Club Queen:* Starfish Pickering is stubborn. Once he has made up his mind, he is very difficult to convince. Starfish Pickering is an Elite NPC.

## SERGEANT MAJOR "DANGEROUS DAN" ROJOS

Dan Rojas is just another black American career combat-arms NCO who came to Grenada to retire in 1987. He is a leather tough 64-year-old who still has the voice (and vocabulary) of a drill sergeant, and the belt line of a 21-year old. The red clay of rural Georgia still clings to his accent and the tropical heat of Grenada cannot take the temper out of a backbone forged in the blast furnaces of combat in places with names like the I Drang Valley, Dak Tu, Son Tay and Point Salines Airport.

Dan had been a spec/4 in Vietnam when he pulled a wounded young lieutenant named Johnny Cummings out of the line of fire in the I Drang. He had been staff sergeant when he led the survivors of his battalion off a hill near old Dak Tu, the place where he won his Congressional Medal of Honor. He had been a Ranger Battalion Sergeant Major when Colonel Jonathan Cummings pulled *him* off the bloody tarmac under Cuban machine gun fire at Point Salines Airport one bloody October morning in 1983.

Dan is interested in ham radio operations and astronomy, being able to speak at length and entertainingly on these and other subjects. His house is hung with memorabilia of a 30-year-long military career. His walls are decorated with his Medal of Honor,

an M16 hanging over the fireplace, and a large family portrait hanging in the dining room. The painting shows Captain Mark Cummings and his wife, Maryjo, with Loretta Ann between them and both sets of grandparents behind them. Besides Dan and April, General Jonathan Cummings and his late wife Glenda are plainly visible.

Military player characters will instantly recognize General J. Cummings, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and de facto Commander-in-Chief of the Military Government of the United States, from photos posted in every orderly room and barracks in every branch of the armed forces for the past eight years. If they have not figured out just who Loretta Ann Cummings is by this point, the painting should make the connection painfully clear.

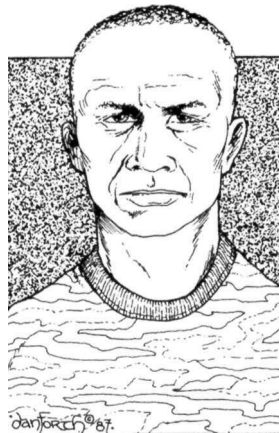
Bit by bit Dan and the GGR, together with others—the constables, the "Doctor Kids" from the medical school, the various church and political groups—have been pushing back the darkness. Dan and the GGR have suppressed looters, reunited scattered families, and in 1997 took part in the extermination of a gang of particularly vicious psychopathic killers led by the notorious and near legendary Bunny Woolsey.

Dangerous Dan's skills are CBE 75%, CRM 90%, HW 50%, PST 90%, INS 50%, RCN 85%, and TW 75%.

**Meeting Rojas:** Players looking for "Dangerous Dan" will find him home on remote Point Fort Jeudy ten percent of the time. He will be in the headquarters of either the Grenadan Constabulary or the New National Party guerrilla camp fifteen percent each. There is a twenty percent chance each of running into Dan with the GGR, NNP or Grenadan Constabulary patrols anywhere on the island these units might be found. Away from home Dan will always be armed with an assault shotgun, .45 pistol, a large fighting knife, and his bare hands.

**Referee's Notes:** "Dangerous Dan" is acquainted with every major character NPC on the islands, including Colonel Mendoza, CO of the 21st Cuban Motor Rifle Regiment.

**NPC Motivation Results:** *Club Ace:* War Leader. "Dangerous Dan" has had enough experience to make him one of the most effective military men left in existence. *Heart Jack:* Wisdom. Dan is more than just a war leader though. He can offer good advice from his years of experience as well. "Dangerous Dan" is an Elite NPC.





Journey across the light years exploring the uncharted systems of the frontier; watch your two shadows under a double star; war against the unfathomable Kafers amid the exotic environments of alien worlds; ride the beanstalk down to the towering cities of Earth, the economic center of an ever expanding human civilization. Be a part of the New Age in **Traveller: 2300**—the state of the art in science fiction role-playing.



State-of-the-Art Science-Fiction Role-Playing.

### History

**Traveller: 2300** plays against a background of Earth 300 years after the cataclysm of the Third World War. Set in a world where nations still clash, civilization has crawled back to its prewar levels, and then beyond. The world is dominated by the Third French Empire. Earth's hundred nations have colonies among the stars. First contact happened long ago, and commerce with alien intelligences is now commonplace.

But exploration still goes on. The conquest of the stars has just begun.

### Game Systems

Playable realism. Many games which are realistic can't be played; most playable games aren't terribly realistic. **Traveller: 2300** is both at once, balancing exquisite detail with simple, accurate game systems.

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The **Traveller: 2300** universe deals with star systems within 50 light years of Earth. Extensive research and analysis has produced the most accurate star map ever made. Never before has such a monumental task been undertaken, either in gaming or in science fiction. Over 700 stars in over 500 systems, on a 22" x 25" full color map. Location, spectral type, size, and magnitude are all documented in a separate star catalog.

The local neighborhood of stars contains white dwarves, red giants, and warm yellow stars like our own. The map extends far beyond the furthest reaches of human settlement into the realms of aliens and the unexplored. **Traveller: 2300** maps out the local neighborhood in detail never before accomplished, helping to make the game what it was designed to be—the ultimate in playable realism.

**Traveller: 2300** includes complete rules for science fiction role-playing, a complete full color map of everything within 50 light years of Sol with accompanying stellar data, and an introductory adventure set on mankind's frontier. Be a part of the New Age, with **Traveller: 2300**.

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# Gateway to the Spanish Main

This morning I pulled myself up and staggered up the strange ladder onto the deck. It was broad daylight and I wasn't dreaming. I sat down against the bulkhead in gape-jawed astonishment.

- The deck was rough planks. Above my head fluttered a hundred acres of canvas.

The ship had three masts and square sails, and no smoke stack. I pulled myself to the gunwale and clung to the rigging. I was standing between two antique naval cannons on four-wheeled wooden carriages.

I lurched across the deck where this tall blonde woman in tight blue jeans was manning the ship's wheel. I had to ask, "What ship is this?" She just grunted and tossed a thumb in the direction of the ship's bell. I read "USS Constitution 1987." I squinted at her in the bright tropical sun and asked, "Admiral Farragut, I presume?"

*Gateway to the Spanish Main* is a game module for use with GDW's World War III role-playing game, **Twilight: 2000**. The adventure is set around a replica of the *USS Constitution* built in 1987 by Paradox Studios. The players will become crew members aboard the sailing vessel and will eventually be plunged into a plot of treachery, kidnapping, and piracy in the Caribbean Islands, a geographical region once known as the Spanish Main.

*Gateway to the Spanish Main* contains:

- Rules for traveling by sail-powered vessels at sea and for sea-going combat in **Twilight: 2000**.
- Deck plans for the replica of the *USS Constitution*.
- Maps of Grenada and Carriacou, and descriptions of these islands, their towns, villages, and ports, with encounter tables.

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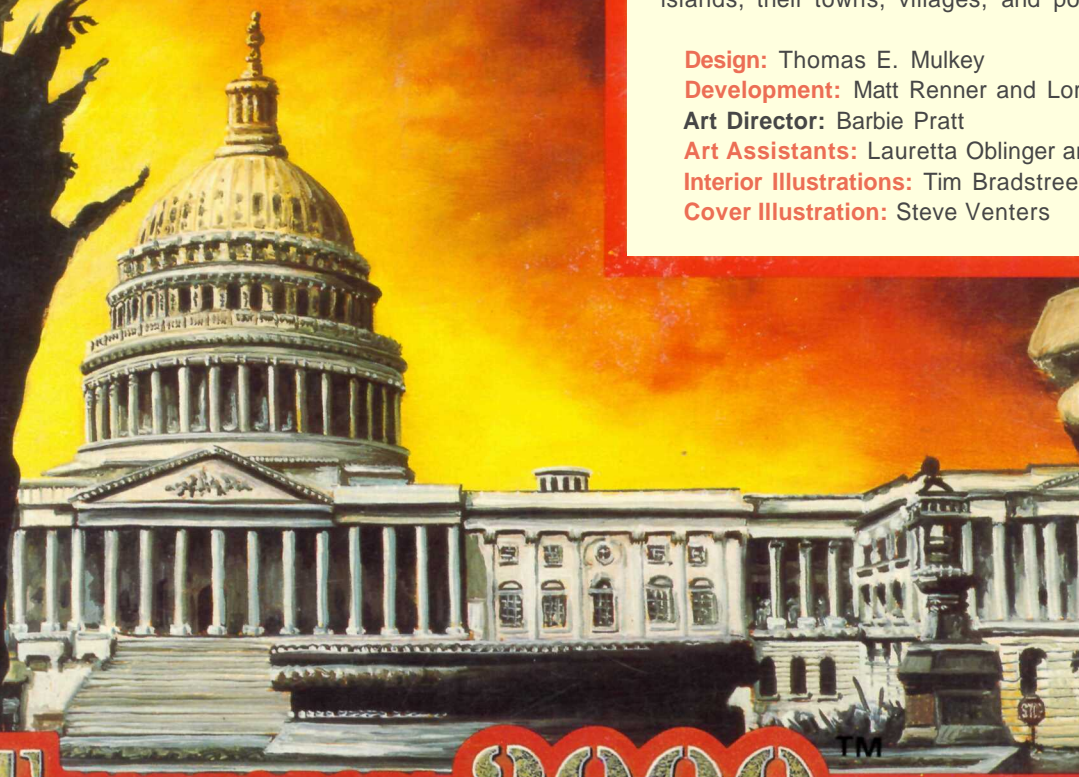
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# Twilight: 2000

Series Module

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