

SUPERNATURAL™

ROLE PLAYING GAME

GUIDE TO THE HUNTED

INTRODUCTION BY A.J. BUCKLEY AND TRAVIS WESTER



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ROLE PLAYING GAME

GUIDE TO THE HUNTED

KNOW JUST ENOUGH TO BE DANGEROUS

Everybody knows rock salt keeps out ghosts and silver kills werewolves. That's just Folklore 101.

But when you need to get rid of a crocotta, banish a tulpa, or deal with an Angel of the Lord, you're going to need a really good guide.

Centuries of monster lore meet years of seasoned hunting experience and a handful of potentially unreliable Internet files in this essential sourcebook for the Supernatural Role Playing Game.

This full-color hunter's manual features dozens of spooks, freaks, and threats that have challenged the Winchester brothers on nearly Five seasons of the CW network's hit show, Supernatural.

Each monster is fully detailed with Cortex System game statistics and plenty of lore, ready to drop into any campaign. With extra material on how to play monsters as hunters and create your own supernatural threats, the Guide to the Hunted is an indispensable resource.

Written and Designed by...

Cam Banks, Rob Donoghue, Jason Durall, Jimmy McMichael, Aaron Rosenberg, Floyd C Wesel



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SUPERNATURAL™

Role Playing Game

GUIDE TO THE HUNTED

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In the spirit of *Supernatural*, this book is filled with pop-culture references that are intended solely to capture the feel of the television series. No violation of copyright or trademark ownership is intended.

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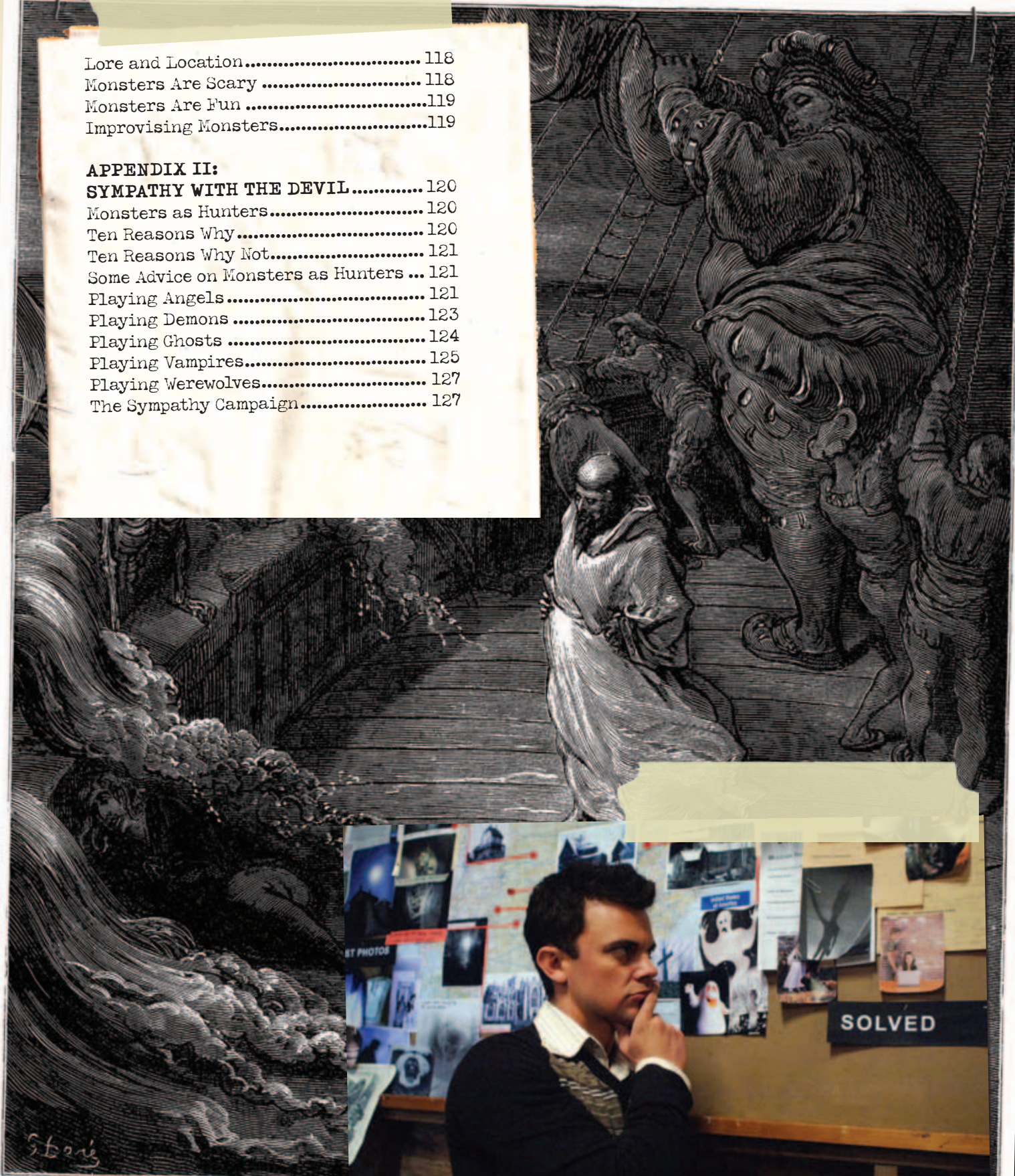
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GHOSTS. GHOSTS.

For many, the term is benign. They might think of a child on Halloween, a fun theme-park ride, or an adorable cartoon.

This is because they have never faced a real apparition. They have not peered into its soulless eyes or felt the cold touch of a spectral hand... but we have.

How many Winchesters does it take to screw in a lightbulb?

Three. One to whine about how hard life is, one to hold his emotions back, and a third to actually get things done, but there is no third, proving they're losers.

We have faced nightmares beyond comprehension. Haunted houses, haunted buildings, haunts, cemeteries, haunted roads, haunted cemeteries, morgues. The monstrous, the horrible, the preternatural. Most people can't bring themselves to admit that there are shadows that walk among us, so we must face the ghosts when the others will not.

And now, it is time for you to join us.

Time to join the ranks of those who have chosen not to wrap themselves in the warm, fuzzy blanket of ignorance but have instead chosen to expose themselves full-frontal to the blasting chill of terrifying reality. It might be nice to tell yourself that the horrors described in this book are all just pretend, that monsters don't exist, that the servants of hell don't dwell among us, but what will you do when black smoke wafts into your padded cell? How will you rid your grandmother's house of the ghost of that eyeless soldier? Did something just growl behind you?* Good question
cuddle monkey. Now what?

This isn't a game. It's a training session.

Think of this tome as the scenario programming mods for your danger room – holodeck... pyramid court... thing. You get the idea! There's only so far we can take your education on Ghostfacers.com, so pull some friends together. Slap the game controller out of their hands, put some dice in them and get to work. The denizens of the netherworld aren't going to face themselves you know. Unless they do, which might actually happen and would be pretty cool... but until then it's up to us!

Read this book carefully, because you never know when the knowledge contained herein might save your butt. Or butts. Hang on a second... is someone reading over your shoulder? No? Then why is your hair moving as though blown by some unearthly force? Lookout!

That was a test. If you're still reading you failed. You should already be in a dramatic tuck-and-roll while pulling out your salt-loaded boomstick. If you had read the entry on hell hounds you'd know that, but considering this is the foreword you shouldn't be too hard on yourself. Not everyone is trained in Ghost Martial Arts® (GMA®), mainly because we have yet

**WE NEED A CATCHPHRASE
HIT THE ROAD!**

TAKE IT TO THE SPOOKS!

SCIENCE TO THE MAX!

PARAPSYCHOLOGY FTW!

DON'T FEAR THE REAPER!

WHO YA GONNA TEXT/IM/EMAIL?

to release our hotly anticipated five-dvd limited edition training program entitled "Ed Zeddmore Presents Ed Zeddmore's GMA Dojo Starring Ed Zeddmore" so until that comes out... you have this book.



WE ARE SO BAD-ASS

Read up, fellow 'Facers. School yourself hard, because you don't want to "go Winchester", a cheeky turn-of-phrase we bandy about here in the Eagle's Nest that's come to mean totally freaking out, crapping your pants and asking us for help.

Sure, we'd love to help everyone that came running to us every time something went bump in the night... or bang, howl, slobber, moan, hiss or any other malicious onomatopoeia you could dream up but quite frankly we're busy. We're out there facing ghosts and it's time you were too.

Side with us. Join our cause. We are legion. We are... The Ghostfacers!!

*The answers are: make an Athletics roll to escape your straightjacket, then make a Hard Willpower roll; roll Perception to find the soldier's eyeballs under a floorboard in your grandma's house then ask her why she'd have a jar full of eyeballs under her floorboard while you salt and burn them all (nice Lore/Ghosts roll by the way).

Things to do today:
Buy groceries-don't forget salt and donuts!

I MADE THIS PATCH ON MY COMPUTER.
WE COULD TOTALLY SELL THIS ON ETSY!





RESTLESS SPIRITS

When people just won't let go, no matter if it's because they're angry and pissed off or just really tenacious, some kind of ghost or spook is often the outcome. Ghost-hunting accounts for about half of all the jobs out there, and for some hunters it's all they do and all they care to know about. With the times being what they are, more's coming to light about the unquiet dead, and that's information you gotta keep on hand. Sure, you can salt and burn the bones, but there are hauntings that just plain break the rules. Sometimes, like with the tulpas, what you think's a ghost is something else entirely. This chapter goes into a little more detail about the threats that come back from the grave, so to speak, but it's just scratching the surface.

A Refresher Course on Spooks

If you're already familiar with the *Supernatural RPG*, you're likely familiar with ghosts, because they've been covered pretty well in the core rulebook. Just in case, and because we refer to a lot of ghostly rules in this chapter, the basics are summarized and reprinted here.

Ghostly Attributes

Ghosts and spirits don't have bodies and physical Attributes. They use the three mental Attributes and the Spirit Trait to determine how they interact with the world of the living.

Alertness A ghost uses Alertness to move and interact with the physical environment. A spirit with low Alertness doesn't have a handle on his surroundings, while one with a high rating's got a much better sense of his environment to the point that he can use it to his advantage. Alertness gets used in place of Agility.

Intelligence Because this Attribute is connected to understanding and learning, a ghost uses it to wrap its mind around being a spirit. A low-Intelligence ghost doesn't understand that it's dead and just doesn't want to focus on anything beyond its former life or its purpose. A really smart ghost understands change and maneuvers around obstacles placed in its way. Intelligence gets used to sub out for Vitality.

Willpower A ghost uses Willpower to project out into the living world. A low-Willpower spirit doesn't have a strong physical presence, while one with a high value is strong and forceful. Willpower is the pinch-hitter for Strength.

Ghosts don't have **Life Points** because they're not alive. The only Derived Attribute that matters to a ghost is **Initiative**—which is based on Alertness + Spirit Trait.

Damaging & Destroying Spirits

Ghosts ignore physical attacks with a handful of exceptions described below. Some ghosts have weaknesses that come about as a result of ghostly psychology rather than anything specific to being a ghost. If the ghost was very religious when it was alive, the symbol of its faith (crucifix, Star of David) might weaken or drive it away. Spirits that had major issues with phobias, compulsions, or fetishes, all bring those issues into their spectral state. In other words, ghosts can have Complications just like living characters do.

Salt A ghost can't cross a line of salt. If you hit a ghost with a handful of salt—or perhaps a rock-salt shotgun blast—the ghost disperses. It can't manifest or take any action for d6 turns unless it pulls off a Hard Willpower + Spirit Trait action. Success allows it to re-form and act normally on the following turn. Smart ghosts find some other way to get to the hunter or they retreat, while dumb ghosts or ghosts with a lot of hate and anger are going to just keep coming.



Iron If a ghost is struck with an object of pure iron (not steel or other alloy), it affects the target exactly the same as salt. Iron also acts as a barrier, though it's gotta be solid. Spirits can cross iron if it's on the ground, for instance, but can't pass through an iron door.

Anchor If the anchor that ties the ghost to this world is destroyed (such as a salted and burned corpse), the ghost disappears forever in d2 turns—perhaps taking one final action or attack, but more than likely simply screaming in panic as it is ripped away from the mortal world. Sometimes the anchor is an unfinished task or goal, in which case the ghost just goes away forever, but there have been reports of ghosts that never get over it.

Rituals Certain exorcisms, and other faith- or magic-based rituals might banish or ward off a ghost. The effectiveness of this mumbo-jumbo varies and it never actually *removes* the spirit, only its ability to haunt a particular location.

Spirit (d2+)★

All unquiet spirits that haven't yet moved on can have this Trait. Ghosts and other spooks with this Trait use it to take physical actions and interact with the world of the living. The standard formula for ghostly action is Attribute + Skill + Spirit Trait. As the Trait die increases, other abilities and effects become available to the ghost.

d2: At this level the spirit is weak. It rarely manifests and can only do so as an unstable, fleeting image. It doesn't have much power in the physical world, and can't do much more than create EVP (electronic voice phenomena), generate cold spots, make a little noise, offer up a short whispering message, or nudge a small object.

d4-d6: Spirits of this level can manifest at will and make themselves clearly heard, though their bodies are not substantial. They can move things around as an expression of sheer will (psychokinesis, to use the technical term), and can take physical actions within a short distance (50 feet) without having to touch anything. Only one object at a time can be manipulated, generally, or a handful of really small things moved about at the same time.

d8-d10: These ghosts are strong and dangerous. Their forms can be as solid and real as in real life, though they can become insubstantial at a moment's notice. They can use psychokinetic powers on two distinct objects at a time, and can take those actions with greater force and strength. At this level, the ghost may also "blink" from one place to another within 20 feet as a defensive action (much like Dodge), making the Difficulty to score a hit on them equal to Agility + Spirit Trait.

d12+: These ghosts often exude ectoplasm (a disgusting, black viscous but otherwise harmless substance). They are not only stronger and more powerful than all but the rarest spirit, but they often show off other special or unique powers (ability to spontaneously start fires, teleport, summon swarms of insects, or something else). They can use telekinetic powers on up to four objects simultaneously.

A Spectral Miscellany

The following spooks and walking corpses are variations on the Ghost and Zombie from the *Supernatural* corebook. Specific examples are provided with them, because these things crop up all over the place and a good hunter learns from specific examples.

Angiak

An angiak is a kind of spirit first identified by the Inuit peoples of Alaska and Canada. They're minor spirits, manifestations of unwanted infants who died unnamed (or unbaptized if the family is religious). They're seeking comfort, warmth, and some form of recognition. To create an angiak, an infant must be denied some basic aspect of acknowledgement. For the Inuit, that acknowledgement was being given a name, which meant a place in the tribe. No name meant no place, and the ghost got mad. In Christian cultures, an angiak is formed when a baby died before being baptized. Other cultures have these ghosts: in Scandinavia they're called *mylings* or *utburds*, and the Slavs called theirs *drekavacs*. They show up in any culture that takes unwanted babies and abandons them to the cold, far away from the village. Sometimes the whole village packs up and moves just to get far away from the place where they left the kid.

The infant dies out there in the cold, but its spirit comes back, angry as hell and wanting revenge. In the old days, angiaiks would haunt tribes: in the modern world they haunt families, or even the whole town they're kicked out of, preying on whoever abandoned them. Angiaiks—or whatever you want to call 'em—are not exclusive to arctic cultures, though. An angiak can form anywhere an unwanted baby is left to die in the cold (like those stories you hear about pregnant teenagers dumping their babies in dumpsters). Not the happiest of things to think about in a world of unhappy things.

ANGIAK FROZEN CHILD

Manifestation The angiak appears as a young, near-naked child a few years old. It's pale and thin and cold as ice, with huge black eyes—like the ghost in every Japanese ghost flick ever made. Its breath steams cold no matter what the temperature is, and it crouches like an animal because it never learned to walk upright. It crawls across the floor, walls, even the ceiling, and calls out the names of its victim in a creepy, childlike voice.

Motivation The angiak is an angry little spirit, wanting revenge for being left to freeze to death. Who wouldn't? An angiak is an emotionally needy, mean little bastard... just like a regular kid. According to legend, the angiak drains the life from its mother at night, growing in strength every time it visits, and keeps going until it gains some kind of recognition that fills the huge need in its soul.



Limitations

The angiak is fixated on the area around where it died, and if it can't find its mother, it chooses any suitable woman as its prey. Once she's dead, it moves onto the next victim. It's not much of

a fighter, and

flees if it's threatened or even confronted, though if it's cornered it fights back like a tiny Tasmanian Devil. More than anything, the angiak wants acceptance, and giving it a name and some measure of human comfort—a hug or even a lullaby—might be enough to cause it to dissipate. Good luck getting the “mother”—or the angiak—to cooperate.

Agi — Str — Vit — Ale d6 Int d4 Wil d6

Init d6 + d4 **LP** —

Traits Spirit d4

Skills Athletics d2, Covert d4, Perception d4, Unarmed Combat d2

Attacks An angiak attacks by **draining the life force** from sleeping victims, either the mother that abandoned it or some unlucky person who fits the description. The angiak makes a roll of its Willpower + Spirit versus the victim's Resistance. If successful, the victim's Vitality die drops by a step. The angiak attempts this once per turn until successful, at which point it leaves and returns the next evening. If the victim's Resistance roll is successful, the victim has a horrific dream about the angiak and wakes up, extremely cold. They get a quick glimpse of the angiak, which disappears a second or two later. Usually it's written off as a bad dream. Lost Vitality steps return after a week of rest and recuperation, though the angiak returns night after night, usually killing its mother before she can recover. A wakeful victim confronted by an angiak must make a successful Willpower + Discipline roll versus an Average Difficulty. It's a Heroic Difficulty if the victim is blood related to the angiak. Check out the rules for Getting Scared on page 96 of the *Supernatural* RPG for more information. An angiak avoids direct confrontation whenever possible.

Lore The following information may be acquired through investigation into angiahs:

- ✱ Several types of ghosts and creatures drain life force from their victims, but dreams of a ghostly child clutching at a woman for warmth spells out “Angiak.” If you can't find the body to salt and burn, the best hope is to find the mother and get her to

acknowledge the angiak as her child, giving it a name. The ol' salt-n-burn sometimes does the trick, but with an angiak it's never a bad idea to see if you can convince some priest to baptize the remains beforehand. Baptizing dead things has been officially forbidden for Catholic priests for about 16 centuries, but believe me, they still do it if they need to. Doesn't always work, but it sure can't hurt.

- ✱ The victim of an angiak probably fits the profile of a young woman from a low-income area (though not always). Getting hold of her autopsy report reveals three things of interest: she died of apparent hypothermia, even though the room temperature was nowhere near freezing; she was ice-cold when she was found, also regardless of room temperature; and she had given birth within the last couple of years, though her medical records show no sign of having raised a child. The police report from responding to the discovery of her body doesn't list any appropriate-aged child, either.

- ✱ Despite the angiak being an Inuit name, the phenomenon of ghost children was widely recognized in Japan, where directors such as Nakata and Shimizu have done pioneering work on the subject. These powerful ghosts are capable of almost anything. They usually haunt the homes where they died, and often prey on visiting Americans. A ghost child encountered in the United States is almost always a duplicate of a much better and scarier ghost that first manifested in Japan. Avoid it at all costs—go for the original Japanese version!



Banshee

The banshee is a type of ghost first identified in Ireland centuries ago. The name comes from *bean sídhe*, the Old Irish for “woman of the fairy mounds.” Banshees are known for their wailing song, or keening, that usually foretells the death of the one who hears it, or someone close to them. Banshees appear in a variety of forms in folklore, loosely corresponding to the three-aspects of many female goddesses—waif, matron, and crone—though the most common manifestation is a ghostly image of an older woman washing bloodstained clothes by a riverbank, usually the clothes of the one who's about to die. In some of the darker tales, the banshee is more than just a bad omen...in those stories she comes to take the dying spirit from their body, or even to speed things up if dying isn't exactly on the schedule.

Modern manifestations of banshees are usually a kind of siren—a young woman who’s died through violence, singing her song to lure the guilty so that she might get her revenge on them.

MAUREEN GRIMES SPECTRAL SIREN

Manifestation The first experience a victim has of Maureen Grimes is a haunting cry—a keening song at the extreme range of their hearing that leads them to her. In person, she appears as an attractive woman in her twenties with red hair, pale, freckled skin, and bright eyes, wearing white clothing. Once Grimes is able to lure a victim alone, she manifests in her true form as a monstrous hag with empty eye sockets and long yellow teeth, clad all in tattered, bloodstained white rags.

Motivation In life, Maureen Grimes was a college student working nights to pay for school until an unknown assailant killed her. Now she’s hungry for retribution, though she can’t distinguish between her killer and any other man who catches her attention at the laundrette she haunts. She’ll continue to kill until she’s either destroyed or her death is avenged when her killer is brought to justice.

Limitations Grimes seems confined to her old neighborhood and manifests primarily in the building she lived and worked, a run-down building with a 24-hour laundrette at the ground level. Her former apartment’s a few floors above the laundry, and is the site of her death. She targets men, follows them back to their homes, turns on the charm so they let her in, and attacks them when they’re alone. A few assaults have occurred outside when men dropped off their laundry rather than doing it themselves. Because she was cremated and her ashes were scattered, salting and burning her remains just isn’t an option.

Ag — **Str** — **Vit** — **Ale** d8 **Int** d8 **Wil** d8
Init d8 + d8 **LP** —

Traits Allure (as Maureen) d4, Fugly (as the Banshee) d6, Higher Education d2, Obsessed (Revenge) d6, Spirit d8, Unstable d4

Skills Artistry d2, Craft d2, Influence d6/Seduction d8, Knowledge d6, Perception d2, Unarmed Combat d6/Claws d8

Attacks Grimes targets her victims with her **keening**, a song she used to sing to herself when she was at work. Her victims hear it and are drawn back to her. Resisting the Banshee’s song each day takes a Resistance action—it starts out Easy, but the Difficulty goes up by +1 step every day after the first. When the victim finally gives in, he’s compelled to return to the laundrette at night looking for Grimes. She manifests as Maureen and uses her Willpower + Influence/Seduction + Spirit Trait to suggest the victim go somewhere private. Once she’s ready to attack, she transforms into her hideous banshee appearance and the keening intensifies into a near-deafening wail.

Unless the poor bastard makes a Hard Resistance roll, all of his Attributes drop by a –2 step. A botch means that he’s overcome with terror and attempts to kill himself. If she’s forced into violence, she uses Willpower + Unarmed Combat/Claws + Spirit Trait to **claw** (d4 **W**) her victims apart.

Lore The following information may be acquired through investigation into Maureen Grimes:

- ✱ In the past two weeks, three men in a Columbus, Ohio neighborhood have died of unusual causes: two were mauled so savagely a wild animal was suspected; one jumped from the closed window of his fifth floor apartment, an unlikely suicide. Friends, associates, and coworkers reported that each of them men reported hearing strange faint singing, a tune in some language no one recognized, that no one else could hear. A few of the words were later identified to be in Old Irish, meaning that more than likely a Banshee is at work. Asking around reveals that before their deaths, one or more of the victims were seen with an attractive woman: some more digging and she matches the description of a woman killed in the area some time ago.
- ✱ Seventeen years ago, Maureen Grimes was working her way through college as a night cashier at a 24-hour laundrette below her apartment, doing laundry for those who dropped it off, making change, etc. After her shift, she was assaulted in her apartment by an unknown assailant and murdered. Her killer was never found, though a Justin Cavanaugh was brought in for questioning and released on technicalities. Evidence pointed to him, but the prosecution botched its case. Postal records show that Cavanaugh has since returned to the neighborhood.
- ✱ The death of three men in close proximity to one another can only be one thing: a succubus, a kind of chaotic evil demonic temptress from the darkest pits of Acheron, in Hell. These beautiful women appear as incredibly hot human women. They lure their victims to secluded places and then have sex with them until they’re drained of all their life force. Information about any Succubus manifestations should be emailed directly to the team at hspengler@Ghostfacers.com. Do not use the standard report form for this: send email directly.

Bloody Mary

The urban legend about Bloody Mary goes back a long, long time and it’s got a lot of different versions. They say if you stand before a mirror and say her name three times (or “I believe in Mary Worth” or some other thing), she shows. Some say Mary was a child murderer who died and continues even as a ghost. The oldest version of the “Bloody Mary” nickname goes back to Queen Mary I of England, so called because she burned a few hundred religious dissenters at the stake. Queen Mary had many miscarriages

and false pregnancies, and ultimately was unable to carry a baby to term. She supposedly went mad as a result, which has, over the course of time, associated her with child murder.

As well as famous Marys, there are other legends associated with mirrors and divination that have combined with the story. Superstitious rituals about mirrors are common to occult history: a popular tradition was that if an unmarried woman called on something three times before a mirror, she might see the face of her future husband. Sometimes she saw the Grim Reaper, a sign that she was going to die before getting married.

The Bloody Mary identity is a curious one that has likely got multiple manifestations, from the ghosts of Merry Olde England to more local varieties. Because Mary's such a common name, there are more than a few women who've died in or around a mirror, and ended up becoming Bloody Mary. Some of them—like Mary Worthington—are connected to one particular mirror, while others may show up in any mirror if the circumstances are just right.

MARY WORTHINGTON VENGEFUL BEAUTY

Manifestation Aside from the whole “avenging ghost” thing, Bloody Mary's a looker...an attractive woman about 20 years old. She's got long black hair that hangs down over her face in that oh-so-creepy way. Mary wears a dirty, ratty, ripped-up dress...the kind that's all the rage for pissed-off spirits. She moves like she's in fast-forward part of the time and slow-mo the rest, dragging her feet and popping from one spot to another. Like most angry spirits, Bloody Mary specializes in showing up unexpectedly, usually—you guessed it—behind you in your reflection in a mirror.

Motivation She's got a lot to be angry about. Now Bloody Mary haunts the mirror she died in front of. If she's summoned—say her name three times in front of that mirror—she'll come. Even then, if the person who called her isn't hiding anything, she goes for the guilty person closest to them, anyone keeping secrets about a death. Bloody Mary doesn't like that whole “unsolved murder” thing, so if you've kept your nose clean, you're good, but if you're sitting on something...Bloody Mary will find you, and it won't be pretty.

Limitations Bloody Mary is summoned by the mirror she died in front of, and someone has to say her name three times in front of it to bring her out. So, the best way of avoiding her is for people to not do stupid things, but that ain't exactly workin' out. Mary Worthington was cremated, so tough luck there. You can break her mirror, but as long as it's still reflecting, she'll still appear. No, she won't be tiny, or in a bunch of pieces, or all *Army of Darkness* with the little tiny Bloody Marys...which would be kind of cool in its own way. The only way to get rid of Bloody Mary at all is to make her face her own guilt...the “avenging spirit” has put quite a bit of blood on her hands and she's not exactly issuing a press

release whenever she kills someone. However, Bloody Mary does leave the name of the dead person the victim knew something about, so if you find a body with the eyes turned to soup, check on the back of any mirrors in the area. If there's a name, it's a dead person, probably an unsolved murder that the deceased knew something about and kept secret.

Agi — Str — Vit — Ale d6 Int
d4 Wil d8

Init d6 + d6 **LP** —

Traits Formidable Presence d2,
Reputation d4, Spirit d6

Skills Perception d6/Hearing
d10/Intuition d8

Attacks Bloody Mary is all about vision and witnessing things. She attacks their sense of sight, causing her victim's eyeballs to start bleeding by filling their eye sockets and head with blood that has to get out somehow. The victim's eyes turn to liquid and run right out of the head, and that usually does the trick. Yuck. The **eye liquefaction** attack only works against the guilty (anyone keeping a secret about an unsolved death), and takes several turns until the intended victim is dead. The attack pits Bloody Mary's Willpower + Spirit Trait against her intended victim's Resistance. If she's successful, the first turn the victim begins to bleed out of the eyes (which is gross, but it doesn't do any damage). Once the effect starts, she continues the attack with the same roll. Every turn Mary is successful she does d6 W damage. If she gets an extraordinary success, the victim takes an additional d6 W damage that turn. If the victim beats her with the Resistance roll, he doesn't take any damage that turn. If he gets an extraordinary success, Mary has to start over with the bleeding eyes trick again.

Lore The following information may be gathered through investigation into Bloody Mary:

- ✱ For a legend as widespread as Bloody Mary, even getting to the heart of the legend might prove impossible. It's unlikely that a series of deaths in the urban United States are connected with a vengeful British monarch from centuries ago, so the advice is to look for a more local source to the legend. Research won't find a “Mary Worth” associated with murder and mirrors, but a records do reveal that young woman named Mary Worthington died violently in the 1930s.
- ✱ Mary Worthington was a single woman, probably just moved away from her parents' place. She hit the big city of Fort Wayne, Indiana, with dreams of



going to Hollywood and becoming a famous actress. Mary won some beauty pageants and might have become the next Marilyn Monroe if it hadn't been for getting killed when she met the wrong guy... Trevor Sampson. A jealous and abusive boyfriend, Sampson broke into her place and attacked Mary. He was freaked out about her looking at other men, even going to far as cutting out her eyes with a knife. Blinded and dying, Mary tried to ID him by writing the dude's name in blood on the floor, but she only got as far as T-R-E before she died. Apparently, that wasn't enough evidence for Fort Wayne's finest, so Sampson was released and Mary's murder officially went "unsolved."

- ✱ The legend of Bloody Mary is centuries old, originating with "Bloody" Queen Mary I of England. Mary tortured hundreds of Christian virgins, draining and bathing in their blood to gain immortality, just like her distant ancestor, Countess Elizabeth Bathory. This ritual involved a magical mirror she would kill her victims in front of, asking the mirror "Who is the fairest in the land now?" (this is where that fairy tale started). Mary's reflection grew old while she remained young and hot. Eventually the magic faded and her body disintegrated and she became a ghost in the mirror. The mirror was brought to the U.S.A., and Mary continues to kill young virgins and take their blood, stealing their eyes so their souls can never find her to take their revenge. Don't believe the history books!!

Buru Buru

If you thought that ghosts aren't afraid of dyin', you'd be wrong. Most ghost's don't give a rat's ass what happens to 'em, or they may not even be aware that they can be destroyed, but one kind of ghost—the *buru buru*—is literally terrified of dyin'. It's so afraid of its own death that just thinkin' about it might destroy the ghost. The *buru buru* was first identified by the Japanese in the 1600s. Its name in Japanese is an approximation of the sound folk's make when they're shivering. In legends the *buru buru* was someone who died in a state of intense fear, so much so that the ghost was marinated in sheer terror. Back in the day, they appeared as old men or women, and lurked in graveyards. The Japanese didn't invent the *buru buru*: they were just the first to give it a name. Any place someone dies while terrified (which is pretty much anywhere), a *buru buru* can form.

LUTHER GARLAND COWARDLY GHOST

Manifestation Luther Garland is a huge bald man with a fearful expression, almost seven feet tall and weighing around 300 pounds. He wears work boots and dirty gray coveralls

with the logo of Cassity & Sons Lumber Mill on them, the place he worked until he died. Because Garland died violently in a state of pure terror, he became a *buru buru*, a ghost made up of nothing but pure fear.

Motivation As a *buru buru*, Garland is driven by fear, even after his death. He'll hide from people and generally doesn't want to do anything that puts him at risk of experiencing his death again. It's taken Garland twenty years to work up enough courage to go after the one who caused his death, and ghost sickness is doing most of his work for him.

Abilities The most dangerous ability of a *buru buru* isn't what it might do to you directly, though like most ghosts it's nothing you want to tangle with. The worst part of dealing with a *buru buru* is ghost sickness (see sidebar), a disease that literally frightens the victim to death. You get the disease by contact with the ghost's original body or by someone infected, and ghost sickness always ends in the victim's death.

Limitations Garland is afraid of the living, and does what he can to avoid confrontation. He won't leave the lumber mill without good reason. His body was spread across the highway when he was road-hauled, and what little remained of his body was cremated. He's still vulnerable to rock salt, but the best way to deal with a *buru buru* is to recreate the source of their fear, usually inflicting their original death upon their ghost. Though this will frighten Garland's ghost to "death," it's a terrible, terrible way to deal with any spirit.

Agi — Str — Vit — Ale d6 Int d4 Wil d10

Init d6 + d8 **LP** —

Traits Formidable Presence d4, Shy d4, Spirit d8

Skills Artistry d6, Mechanic d6/Repair d8, Perception d2, Unarmed Combat d6/Brawling d8

Attacks Even though he looks like Uncle Fester's bigger, meaner brother, Luther Garland's a shy one. He'll stay out of the way, hiding in corners until he's provoked (bad idea). If you do provoke him, Garland reacts with violence in the most direct way possible—using his size and weight to throw his enemies around like rag dolls, using Willpower + Unarmed Combat/Brawling + Spirit Trait. Garland can control the machines at the lumber mill and may even throw or push an opponent into massive saw-blades or log sorters. An average industrial machine like those at the lumber mill does at least d12 + d6 W to anyone unlucky enough to be thrown into it.



Lore The following information may be gathered through investigation into Luther Garland:

- ✱ Though a hundred different types of ghost, demon, or monster are capable of scaring someone to death, a few telltale signs indicate you're dealing with a buru buru...and ghost sickness. Once someone has the ghost sickness, others may have caught it from 'em, so you've got to move quick and contain the situation before more people die. And be careful not to catch the ghost sickness yourself: that's amateur hour stuff.
- ✱ Recent deaths in the area have followed a similar pattern. The first sign is that the victim (or victims) died from a massive heart attack. The victim's body may show a minor version of the injury that made the buru buru, or another clue that indicates the ghost's identity. Asking about the victim(s) reveals that behavior immediately prior to death were marked by symptoms of intense paranoia and unusual behavior. In cases of more than one victim, the victim's inevitably knew and had recently encountered one another in the days prior to death. Further digging almost always reveals that "patient zero" had some close involvement with a murder where the victim died in a state of intense terror. Careful examination of the victim's body reveals incidental wounds, often symbolic of the incident that created the buru buru.
- ✱ The recent series of deaths are likely the work of a buru buru, a Japanese ghost assassin brought over to eliminate rivals in a clandestine business deal involving the Japanese yakuza moving into Rock Ridge, Colorado. Frank O'Brien, foreman at the Cassity & Sons Lumber Mill undoubtedly found out more than he should have, and he was dispatched by the ghost assassin using a potent death touch that exploded his heart two full days after the touch was administered. The buru buru's death touch is so lethal that it is able to kill people who only witnessed it. Rumors from ancient Japan state that the only way to counter the death touch is to slay the ghostly assassin.

Ghost Vehicles

As ridiculous as it sounds, ghosts don't always come back in the shape of their former bodies. In some rare cases, ghosts form in the shape of something that they felt strongly about, or were tied to more than their own self-image. Not something inhabited like a house, that a ghost might haunt, or an animal (which happens from time to time), but something stranger: a vehicle. Yeah...there's some folks in the world that actually identify with their vehicle so much that when they kick the bucket in or around that vehicle, their spirit sort of mingles with it. Combines. *Becomes* one. Then when their ghost forms for whatever

Ghost Sickness

Ghost sickness is a physical and emotional manifestation of fear spread by contact with a ghost's original body, or from someone afflicted with ghost sickness. Buru buru are the most common ghosts associated with ghost sickness, though other types of ghosts may be able to spread it. Only certain people can get ghost sickness—those with a personality type similar to the ghost's original killer. Since the ghost was almost inevitably murdered, that means that the ghost sickness affects killers, or people who've got that killer instinct inside 'em. Ghost sickness begins as nightmares and irrational fear, then it intensifies to the point of abject terror. Six hours after infection (and every six hours until death) the victim must make a Hard Resistance roll to avoid these symptoms. Failure lowers the victim's Willpower by -1 Attribute step.

Superficial versions of the wounds that killed the ghost appear on the afflicted character's body. These wounds aren't fatal, but the next step involves nausea, vomiting, and then vomiting blood. These symptoms start to manifest 24 hours after infection. At that time, anyone infected with ghost sickness must make a Hard Resistance roll to avoid the onset of these symptoms, repeating the roll every two hours. Failure lowers the victim's Vitality by a -1 Attribute step. The last stage of ghost sickness causes the victim to suffer intense fear that causes a fatal heart attack. At the 48-hour mark after infection, the victim must make a Resistance roll versus a Formidable Difficulty or immediately have a fatal heart attack. This Resistance roll's got to be made hourly until the victim's dead or the ghost sickness has been dispelled.

Destroying the ghost that caused the ghost sickness ends the symptoms instantly, and you recover any lost Ability steps.

reason it might have—and that reason is usually revenge of some sort—well, they end up comin' back as a ghost vehicle, whether it be a stagecoach, train, limousine, rickshaw, taxicab, or a monster truck.

As a side note, to date there's never been a recorded case of anyone comin' back as a ghostly '67 Chevy Impala, so if you ever hear tell of such a haunt, then it means ol' Deano's run into more trouble than he could handle. Be gentle.



Ghost Vehicles in the Game

Just like a normal vehicle, a ghost vehicle is handled using the same rules that apply to characters and vehicles alike. They're basically just big characters, with the same Attributes and Traits.

Scale Most ghost vehicles are Large in scale, meaning that damage works on a 1 to 10 ratio. A Personal scale character needs to do 10 points of damage to do 1 point of damage to a Large target, and for every 1 point of damage a Large damage does to a Personal scale character, it takes 10 points of damage. Scale is covered on page 98 of the core rulebook.

Attributes Ghostly substitutions of mental Attributes for physical ones (described on page 138 of the core rulebook) are more-or-less identical for cars, with Alertness covering handling, Intelligence covering cunning, and Willpower standing for size and durability. Speed for a ghost vehicle can be anything from 0 to 4, or 5 for something like a small airplane, and just like for normal ghosts, a ghost vehicle with a Spirit Trait of at d8+ is able to teleport from point to point. The vehicular Attribute of Range doesn't really apply to a ghost vehicle, as it's fuelled by supernatural rage rather than gasoline. Not sure what kind of miles per gallon a ghost gets on vengeance, but it's probably pretty high.

Additionally, the core rulebook covers Chases on page 83 and Vehicles on pages 98-99: both sections should be useful references when hunters encounter any ghost vehicles.

CYRUS DORIAN RACIST 4X4

Manifestation Cyrus Dorian was a racist thug who terrorized and killed black residents of his home town, Cape Girardeau, Missouri. When his girlfriend left him to marry a black man, Dorian retaliated by burning down the church they were scheduled to get married in, killing the children's choir practicing inside. When he attacked the groom, Dorian got himself beaten to death by the groom and some of his friends. No big loss there. Dorian's body was stuffed in the cab of his prized possession—a heavily customized four-wheel-drive truck.

Both were dumped in a lake outside town. Dorian's murder went unsolved, though no one outside his family really *missed* the guy. He wasn't heard from until decades later when his family's ancestral home was demolished. Apparently, that set him off, and Dorian returned as a ghost, taking on the form of his beloved truck, a huge black 1961 Dodge Power Wagon with twin stacks belching dark smoke.

Motivation Dorian is obsessed with killing anyone who had anything to do with his death, which he extends to the families of those connected. He won't rest until everyone he can conceivably blame is dead, and he's willing to kill anyone who attempts to get in his way. It's not enough to simply kill his victims...he has to frighten them beforehand. That's how he gets his kicks.

Limitations Because Dorian manifested as his truck rather than in a form resembling his physical body, destroying his remains has no effect. Destroying him in his truck manifestation may be too difficult, given the difference in scale. With physical tactics ineffective, you're going to have to try something else.

Agi — Str — Vit — Ale d6 Int d4 Wil d10
Init d6 + d10 **LP** —

Traits Formidable Presence d4, Obsessed (Revenge) d6, Overconfident d4, Prejudice d4, (Re)Born Behind the Wheel d6, Signature Possession (Truck) d12, Spirit d8

Skills Drive d6/Truck d12, Influence d6/Intimidation d8, Perception d2

Attacks In his truck form, Dorian has all of the abilities a monster truck would have. Dorian attempts to drive his victims off the road or cause them to have fatal accidents whenever possible. He prefers it if he can cause the victim to die in a car accident, but runs into his victims directly if that's what it takes. He tries to assault his victims on the open road, appearing at night whenever they drive in remote areas, though he's crazy enough to drive right up to someone's front door, revving his engine to terrorize them. As a ghost the size of a truck, Dorian cannot be destroyed through normal means, though he can certainly damage other vehicles and individuals. As with most vehicles, the truck is Large in scale, and it has Speed 3, meaning it's incredibly fast.

Lore The following information may be gathered through investigation into Cyrus Dorian:

- ✱ Most of the recent deaths involved traffic fatalities when the victim was alone and in some remote area. Evidence points to a car chase or some sort of collision, but no trace of the other vehicle can be found. One or more of the victims reportedly made references to a "big black truck." All of the victims knew each other, and were cited in a police report dating in 1975 where Dorian was given a warning to stop his campaign of harassment of an ex-girlfriend named Kathleen Atherton and her boyfriend, Donald Robinson. Robinson's best friend James Anderson was also listed in the complaint as a victim. County records show that Atherton and Robinson were married in 1978.

- ✱ A ghost vehicle is pretty rare. You might get one if someone died inside the vehicle, or somehow felt that the vehicle was the only place they felt safe and powerful. Staying indoors isn't enough to protect against a ghost vehicle, as it can ignore doors and may even appear inside if there's enough room to maneuver! Destroying a ghost vehicle's going to be tough, as the salt-and-burn trick isn't likely to work on the corpse and getting an antique, rusting, inoperable vehicle into a big junkyard trash compactor may not do the trick. You find yourself facing a ghost vehicle, it's time to try anything: exorcisms, banishments, or trapping it somehow. The last thing you want to do is hit the open road and see who's the real King of the Road.
- ✱ In one form or another, the black truck has figured into local legends for decades...a fearsome presence cruising the back roads of America, looking for prey. The souls of those killed are trapped in the cab of the truck, and if you listen carefully over the engine's roar, you can hear their screams.

Hook Man

Most everyone in America has heard some version of the urban legend of The Hook, or the Hook Man. You know how it goes: Two teenagers are parked somewhere dark and quiet, doing what comes naturally in parked cars. The girl in the stories draws the line and asks them to leave. Depending on the version of the story you heard, she decides she's had enough, or the couple hears a story over the radio about an escaped madman with a hook for a hand, on the loose near them. Sometimes, they roar away. They get back to her house, and the boyfriend finds the madman's bloody hook on her side's door handle, ripped off when the car drove off in a hurry. Cue the screaming.

In other versions of the story, it ends with the boyfriend going out to investigate the strange noises. The girl sits around inside the car, getting more and more scared, until she notices a thump on the roof of the car. She works up

her courage and gets out of the car, looks up and discovers her boyfriend's mutilated body, hanging upside down from a tree, thumping against the top of the car. More screaming.

Though there are dozens of variations of the Hook Man tale, and all of 'em claim to have happened somewhere different...all of them originated with the true story of Jacob Karns, the original Hook Man.

JACOB KARN'S VENGEFUL PREACHER

Manifestation Jacob Karns appears as a tall guy in a long leather duster and leather floppy-brimmed hat, an outfit that went out of style back in the 1800s. He's got crazy eyes and ratty long brown hair. In life, Karns lost his hand in an accident and replaced it with a leather harness holding a jagged hook cast in pure silver. He wears several crucifixes on silver chains around his neck and twisted around the stump of his right hand. Karns' manifestation of the Hook Man is a silent executioner: fearsomely quick and strong, moving through darkness and shadow whenever possible.

Motivation In life, the preacher Jacob Karns despised the sin of lust more than any other, hating prostitutes and those who frequented them. This hatred led him to murder, and as a result, his execution. In his ghostly manifestation as the Hook Man, Karns' hatred has magnified and he feeds off any strong repressed emotion, particularly feelings from someone connected to the church. Anyone with a strong religious connection hiding intense anger or disgust can draw the Hook Man's vengeance. The Hook Man usually begins by targeting people closest to the one he's haunting, particularly someone behaving wickedly.

Limitations The Hook Man manifests once every 30 to 40 years, and is only active at night. He haunts a single person, acting on their repressed feelings of resentment, and even toys with them to bring those nasty, hidden feelings to the surface. Once he manifests, the Hook Man doesn't spare the wicked—no matter who they are. He's indiscriminate, which makes it difficult to determine his true motivation.

Agi — Str — Vit — Ale d6 Int d8 Wil d10

Init d6 + d10 **LP** —

Traits Faith d6, Formidable Presence d6, Infamy d4, Out for Blood d4, Signature Possession (Hook) d6, Spirit d8

Skills Covert d6/Stealth d8, Influence d6/Intimidation d8, Knowledge d6/Religion d10, Melee Weapons d6/Hook d10, Perception d6, Unarmed Combat d6/Brawling d8

Attacks The Hook Man uses stealth to get close to his intended victims. He moves silently in darkness and attacks so suddenly that (the few) survivors of his attacks



claim he was invisible. The Hook Man toys with his prey, taunting them with “bumps in the night,” and may even leave the mutilated body of his victim displayed for maximum effect, complete with a message scrawled in blood. Real over-the-top slasher movie stuff. His signature weapon is a **jagged metal hook (d8 W)** made of silver affixed to the stump of his right wrist: he attacks with Willpower + Melee Weapons/Hook + Spirit Trait. When the Hook Man is after a victim, he’s single-minded with rage, chopping through doors with his hook to get at them, even though he could teleport wherever he wants. If it comes to hand-to-hand combat, the Hook Man throws any opponents around with ease (Willpower + Unarmed Combat/Brawl + Spirit Trait) before dispatching them with the hook.

Lore Investigating the source of the Hook Man legend or directly searching for information about Jacob Karns reveals the following:

- ✱ It’s rare to encounter a ghost that’s the source of a nationally known urban legend, especially one that’s so much of a horror classic. In cases like that, a hunter’s got to watch out. A ghost like that has built up energy, almost a sort of spiritual momentum. It’s like the more famous it is, the more powerful it becomes, and a ghost that’s been whispered about around tens of thousands of campfires and sleepovers has got quite a rep to uphold. Depending on what parts of the legend are true, the Hook Man is ballsy...openly toying with his victims in a way that’s remarkable for a ghost.
- ✱ Jacob Karns was a preacher in Ankeny, Iowa, indulging in the vices of hard drink and easy women. One night, Karns passed out drunk in a brothel on Nine Mile Road, and was dumped on the street outside. A wagon ran over Karns, cutting off his right hand. Karns replaced it with a large hook used for handling hay-bales. After the accident, Karns was renewed in his faith, heaping scorn on sinners, particularly those who worked in or frequented the brothels on Nine Mile Road. Karns replaced his hook with one of silver, made from candlesticks, crucifixes, and other silver drawn from the church coffers, and he brandishes it as a symbol of the price for immorality. Maddened with zealotry, Karns lost control one night. In a murderous frenzy, he killed 13 prostitutes from the brothels on Nine Mile Road, leaving some in blood-soaked beds and others hung from trees as a warning to the wicked. Karns was arrested, tried, and executed for these horrible crimes. Shortly after, the red-light district was condemned and all of the brothels demolished. Karns’ body was buried in the Old North Cemetery in a grave marked only with a cross. The hook was melted and re-cast into crucifixes, candlesticks, and other items of worship. These were returned to the church.

- ✱ Newspaper records from 1932 and 1967 point at the possible return of Karns’ spirit. In the 1932 case, a clergyman was arrested for the bloody murder of two adulterous members of his congregation. Thirty-five years later, a seminary student was apprehended and charged with the murder of a group of hippies indulging in free love in a commune next door to the church. Both sets of victims were brutally dispatched with a sharp-bladed weapon that was never found. In each case, the apparent culprit pleaded innocence.

Poltergeist

As far as the ghostly pecking order goes, poltergeists are pretty much near the bottom, right above Casper the Friendly Ghost and just below Jacob Marley. Though many famous haunts such as the Amityville Haunting are the work of poltergeists, most folks think that poltergeists are almost too well known to be particularly scary. Maybe it was that movie with the creepy little kid and the TV? The reality is that poltergeists are pretty straightforward as far as ghosts go. Reports of murderous spirits tied to a particular area could be a number of ghost types, but most likely you’re talkin’ about one or more poltergeists.

Unlike most ghosts, poltergeists tend to come in multiples: two, three, or even dozens. Poltergeists are usually very territorial, haunting and protecting the place they lived and/or died. The name is German for “rumbling spirit,” a name they got for shaking or rattling things, and that’s their defining characteristic. Minor poltergeists are fairly weak, moving household items around, breaking mirrors, throwing small objects at people, terrorizing pets, ruffling curtains or bedcovers, etc. as they’re just trying to be noticed, usually because they may not even be aware they’re dead. Tougher ones, though, are killers. They’re angry at something, usually at being stuck between this world and whatever afterlife they were expecting, and given enough time, they go crazy and try to lash out at the living.

GHOSTS OF STUDIO 9 HOLLYWOOD HAUNTS

Manifestation The four ghosts of Warner Bros.’ Studio 9 look as they did after they died, fatal injuries and all. Actress Elise Drummond appears as a beautiful woman in her early 30s in a white gown sporting the bruises from a noose around her neck. She’s in black and white, as she appeared on film in the days before color. The other spirits were; Billy Beard, an electrician whose head was chopped open by a large wind fan; extra Agnes Mandrell, who died in an on-set fire; and second-unit director Marty Thornton, who died when his arm was severed by a falling light rig. They flicker in and out of sight, and can turn invisible. None of them talk much, or have any complex plans other than killin’ folks.

Motivation All four ghosts were summoned by screenwriter Walter Dixon to punish the Hollywood executives and screenwriter who ruined his screenplay, *Hell Hazers II: The Reckoning*. None of the poltergeists has any personal beef with their victims; they're just compelled to kill the person they're sicced on by the necromantic summons.

Limitations Each spirit is obsessed with the horror of his or her death. They attempt to recreate those circumstances when they kill. Those poltergeists that still have corpses are vulnerable to the one-two salt-and-fire thing, though Beard was cremated and that didn't stop him from manifesting. Though they frequently turn invisible to sneak up on victims, all of the ghosts are visible on film or a recording device, or when viewed through a motion picture camera.

Agi — Str — Vit — Ale d6 Int d6 Wil d6

Init d6 + d6 **LP** —

Traits [Elise Drummond] Allure d4, Spirit d8, Unstable d4
[Billy Beard] Gear Head d4, Klutz d4, Spirit d8
[Agnes Mandrell] Addiction d4, Allure d2, Spirit d8
[Marty Thornton] Compulsive Liar d4, Photographic Memory d4, Spirit d8

Skills [Elise Drummond] Influence d6/Seduction d8, Perception d4, Performance d6/Acting d8
[Billy Beard] Perception d2, Tech d6/Jury-Rigging d8/Lighting d10/Repair Electrical Systems d8, Unarmed Combat d2
[Agnes Mandrell] Perception d2, Performance d4
[Marty Thornton] Artistry d6/Directing d8, Discipline d4, Influence d6/Administration d8/Leadership d8, Knowledge d6/Culture d8, Perception d4

Attacks Each of these poltergeists uses stealth or surprise to lure, force, or frighten the intended victim to his or her death. In the case of Elise Drummond, she uses seduction on a male victim, leading him up to the catwalks above the set, where she's prepared a **noose** to slip over his neck while he's distracted. Then she pushes him off the railing. Billy Beard tries to drag his victim into the selfsame **wind fan** that claimed his own life (2d12 W damage per turn). Agnes Mandrell pushes a victim into an **open flame**, and Marty Thornton pushes or cuts loose a **heavy piece of equipment** with the target beneath it. If confronted, the poltergeists simply turn invisible and attempt to **tear at the flesh** of their victims: an Alertness + Unarmed Combat + Spirit Trait attack that does d2 W if successful. They attack in a pack, like wild dogs, if it comes to that.

Lore The following information may be gathered through investigation into the events at Studio 9:

- ✱ Poltergeists are, for some reason, the easiest to detect using electronic means (EMF meters, video cameras, microphones, recording devices, etc.), so use that to your advantage.
- ✱ Studio 9 at the Warner Bros. lot has been the site of two suicides and two accidental deaths over the years. In 1932, actress Elise Drummond killed herself when she was fired, dumped, and left destitute by her producer boyfriend. Electrical

technician Billy Beard stumbled into an electrical fan in 1948 (though a comment he made beforehand made police suspect suicide). Agnes Mandrell died in 1967 from intense burns when she caught fire, and Marty Thornton died two years later when his arm was severed with a falling light rig. Despite all these deaths, there has been no record of apparently paranormal activity until the unusual death of a stagehand. Lead actress Tara Benchley witnessed the death, claiming to have seen an apparition standing over the stagehand's body.

- ✱ An early draft of the script for *Hell Hazers II: The Reckoning* was leaked online several months ago (apparently by the author). Though it isn't the final shooting script, and has been rewritten extensively, it contains plenty of authentic rituals and necromantic incantations in the Enochian language. The movie is about kids accidentally summoning vengeful dead. Another movie, *Poltergeist*, was about people disturbing the dead, and that movie's curse is a matter of public record. How many people need to die before Hollywood learns to stop trying to exploit the supernatural?

Rawhead

A rawhead is an old type of spirit, also called "Bloody Bones" in Irish folklore. It was used as a general-purpose boogeyman, rewarding good children with treats and punishing (and eating) the wicked. Rawheads were said to inhabit the pipes of old houses, so whenever a child heard that rattling inside the walls or under the sink—the kind you get from old-style plumbing—that was blamed on a rawhead who'd come to get them if they were naughty. No wonder kids are so screwed up!

The truth behind the folklore is that before death, a rawhead was an adult who was picked on by children for one reason or another—like a crazy cat lady or the grumpy old man yelling at kids to stay off his lawn. In most cases, the person died in some way connected with those meddling kids (maybe a heart attack yelling at the little bastards?), and died with a strong hate-on for all children. That anger was so strong that the ghost returned and took on the form of a rawhead, a nasty piece of work. No matter who it was before it died, a rawhead looks just like most other rawheads: a pig-faced hobo with scabby rough skin...ugly as sin. Some rawheads look like burn victims, with skin entirely burnt off and grown back scarred and raw.

As a ghost, a rawhead is a child-killer. It's barely intelligent, living like a goblin, troll, or some other kind of night creature, lurking at the edge of any place kids are likely to be found, near schools, parks, or playgrounds. When it gets the chance, it tries to lure them to their deaths.

ELDON GAINNEY GHOSTLY HOBGOBLIN

Manifestation As a rawhead, Eldon Gainney's ghost looks like a bum that got electrocuted in a bad way. Gainney has wild hair, thick fingers with thick claw-like fingernails, and a pig-like face covered with nasty red and burned-looking skin. He wears layers and layers of worn-out clothing, and can barely speak...mostly just giving off grunts and snarls. Despite being made of supernatural essence, he stinks. Man...does he stink.

Motivation Gainney is out for revenge against those meddling kids, and he doesn't really care that the kids who messed with him and sent him up that tower are either great-great grandparents, or are more likely long dead. He doesn't discriminate, and wants to kill any children he can, stripping their meat from their bones as he eats 'em, just like a boogeyman in some old fairy tale.

Limitations Like all rawheads, Gainney favors the dark cellars of the abandoned building he calls home. He hides until he's ready to act, vanishing years between feedings. He's not that brave, but fights like a fiendish son of a bitch if he's cornered. Due to the circumstances of his death, Gainney is especially vulnerable to electricity (electrical attacks get a +2 damage step against him), so a Taser or stun gun cranked up as high as it can go is a good bet.

Agi — Str — Vit — Ale d4 **Int** d4 **Wil** d6
Init d4 + d8 **LP** —

Traits Coward d4, Crude d8, Fugly d6, Hooked d4, Infamy d2, Spirit d8

Skills Covert d6/Stealth d8, Perception d6/Search d8, Survival d4, Unarmed Combat d4

Attacks A rawhead likes to hide in dark place and strike without warning, so it'll use Covert/Stealth to ambush its prey and then strikes brutally. It fights with its claws and teeth (either attack does d4 W damage). A rawhead is cannibalistic, and eats anyone it kills, but even a steady diet of fresh meat won't stop the hunger inside it...the hunger that makes it kill in the first place.

Lore The following information may be gathered through investigation into Eldon Gainney:

✱ As far as harmful spirits go, a rawhead is small potatoes, but it targets children, and that makes it public enemy #1. For that reason, any hunter who hears about a rawhead should drop everything and go take it out. Rawheads leave the gnawed bones of their victims in a pile. You hear about a pile of bloody bones discovered anywhere near where kids congregate: it's a rawhead at work. A rawhead is pretty tough, so one way of defeating it might be to research how it died, for some insight that could provide an edge.

✱ Back in the 1930s, Eldon Gainney was a bum, a former mechanic who lost everything and turned to drinking. He became a vagrant, sleeping under bridges and in abandoned buildings. One of his favored hideout spots was an abandoned office

building next door to a grade school. Gainney would drink himself to a stupor on a regular basis and fall asleep, frequently on the sidewalk or elsewhere in plain sight. Kids would make fun of the stinking, drunk bum as they went on their way to and from school. Some of these kids threw his bag up onto a nearby maintenance tower, and Gainney went after it, drunkenly climbing a metal structure on a lightning-filled day. Lightning struck, and he died instantly, full of anger at the kids. He came back as a rawhead, and has preyed on children in the area ever since, grabbing one or two every dozen or so years before disappearing again. Because he was cremated as a pauper and his ashes were disposed of in a public grave, destroying his remains is not an option.

✱ A rawhead is the victim of a fire started by a child, and when it appears as a ghost, its skin's all burnt and raw. A rawhead lures children into its lair, kills them and takes their skin to replace the skin it lost. But just one kid's skin isn't enough, so the rawhead needs to keep going to collect enough kids to cover its whole body.

Tulpa

According to Tibetan lamas, a tulpa's something called a "thoughtform," the real-world manifestation of something visualized and given shape by the will, belief, and mental discipline of either a single dedicated monk, or it might even be formed from the collective superstitions of an entire village. To create a tulpa, you have to concentrate on a single being and make it real in your mind: various rituals and mystic symbols may be of use for focusing, but they're not necessary. A tulpa doesn't have to be in the shape of a person: it can be an inanimate object, an animal, furniture, or even weather.

Though tulpas have been known about for centuries, the West got its first glimpse at tulpa lore through the writings of Alexandra David-Néel, a British woman who went native while living with a group of Tibetan Buddhist lamas. As part of her studies, she created a tulpa through extensive meditation and visualization. Even though the lamas warned her that sometimes tulpas can turn violent or dangerous, she went ahead and created one. David-Néel secluded herself and meditated for days, visualizing a short, fat, jolly monk to be her companion. Apparently, no one wondered why a British woman living among a group of Tibetan lamas decided that she needed yet another one for her special friend. The tulpa manifested, and David-Néel was so successful in creating it that she introduced it to others, even bringing it along with her when she traveled, where it acted just like one of her entourage. Unfortunately (and there's always an unfortunately) the lamas were right (and they're always right). The tulpa turned bad on her,

becoming mocking and disagreeable, even violent towards her and her other, real, travel companions. The battle with the rogue tulpa lasted for months until David-Néel was finally able to destroy it.

As the lamas warned, once a tulpa has been created, it may not remain in control of those who created it, just like a human being grows more independent as it ages and learns. The creators of the tulpa may not even be aware it exists, though they believe in it. However, it can also be affected by the beliefs of those who created it, such as if something new becomes known to them, or if what's thought to be true changes over the years. Crazy, right? Even though people believe in plenty of "imaginary creatures" like Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny, and Snuffleupagus, they don't usually form into tulpas because there's just as many folks, if not more, who actively disbelieve in 'em. Maybe it's a question of whether "real" or "not real" gets the majority of the psychic vote. The whole issue of thoughts becoming reality has gotta make a person wonder about the nature of most ghosts, demons, gods, and supernatural beings.

Whatever the case, a tulpa can form whenever one of these thoughtform things gets its own fan club. Because it's not bound by the normal rules that ghosts follow, it's gonna be trouble.

MORDECAI MURDOCH MURDEROUS FARMER

Manifestation The tulpa of Mordecai Murdoch appears as a burly male in muddy, tattered coveralls and a ratty old cowboy hat. His skin is dead white and mottled, and he keeps his shirt buttoned up to the neck to cover the marks of the noose around his own neck. Murdoch's face is usually twisted with anger, and he keeps a big ol' farmer's axe at hand. He looks pretty much exactly what a murderous, Depression-era hick farmer ghost would look like.

Motivation The tulpa is driven by whatever belief it's been created to believe in. In this case, "Mordecai Murdoch" was driven to kill teenagers, reenacting his crime over and over again with whoever came into the house. Unless someone manages to convince the world that ol' Mordecai is actually into stamp collecting or knitting scarves for kittens, he's gonna keep killing until he's stopped.

Limitations Because the believers imagined it, Mordecai Murdoch can't leave the farmhouse he was supposed to have killed his daughters in. He doesn't manifest much at night, 'cause a ghost hanging around in daylight... what ghost does that? Most folks don't know about rock salt and ghosts, so guess what? He's immune to rock salt. Since there never were any bones, salting and burning them is out. So your only choice is to go with the flow, and see if you can add to the legend. If you don't rely on complete morons to get the word out, you could use the Internet to spread the word about a weakness that the ghost has...for example, that Mordecai Murdoch is vulnerable to iron rounds. That might make things a

lot easier, long as you don't rely on a couple of total idiots to post the news 'bout your ghost.

Agi — Str — Vit — Ale
d8 **Int** d6 **Wil** d6
Init d6 + d8 **LP** —

Traits Formidable

Presence d4, Gullible d6, Out for Blood d4, Infamy d2, Spirit d8,

Skills Covert d4, Craft d6/Farming d8, Melee Weapons d6/Farm Implements d8/Noose d10, Perception d4, Unarmed Combat d4

Attacks Mordecai Murdoch acts more like your traditional serial killer than a ghost, which means you're in for more of a straight-up fight. He's fond of sneaking up on pretty young women and slipping a **noose** over their heads, stringing them up from the rafters of the house (Alertness + Melee Combat/Noose + Spirit Trait, doing suffocation damage described on page 92 of the core rulebook). Face-to-face, Mordecai favors a **big farm axe** (Alertness + Melee Combat/Farm Implements + Spirit Trait, d8 W damage). He doesn't use telekinesis, and barely teleports unless it's in an ambush.

Lore The following information may be gathered through investigation into Mordecai Murdoch:

- ✱ In the case of this tulpa, a jackass hoax by a record store clerk and his sister caused a deserted farmhouse in Richardson, Texas to become actually haunted. The two of them spread a rumor that the farmer, Mordecai Murdoch, killed his six daughters back in the 1930s, hanging them in the cellar, then stringing himself up right after. (Or was it that Mordecai slit his own wrists? Or did he shoot himself? The truth is so...bendy.) Anyway, the merry pranksters painted the place with a bunch of occult symbols, and the sister fake-hung herself to scare some thrill-seeking teenagers. Harmless fun, right, but one of the symbols they painted the place with was used by Buddhist monks to concentrate their meditations. Once the story—complete with pictures—got onto the net, enough people looking at the symbol believed the story of Mordecai Murdoch. Next thing you know, a creepy ghost farmer with a hate-on for teens is haunting the house, killing 'em with whatever comes to hand.
- ✱ Aside from an article and some forum discussion on some website called Hell Hound's Lair, there's absolutely no record of anyone named Mordecai Murdoch ever living in Richardson, Texas. No print media, no newspaper archives, no



nothing. As far as anyone can tell, the story seemed to originate a few weeks ago on a single website. The story about the haunting of Hell House gained further exposure when a group of teenagers reported seeing a girl hanging from the rafters. The police investigation found nothing, so it was assumed to be a hoax. Case should've been closed, but a week after that incident, a local girl named Jill Rangan died of strangulation in the house, hung from the rafters.

✱ The Haunting of Hell House is one of the most powerful phantasmal manifestations ever recorded in North America, perhaps in human history. Mass murdering farmer Mordecai Murdoch began with his daughters, and then killed himself in order to continue his vengeance from beyond the grave. Unable to deal with a haunt of this magnitude, the police have tried to cover up the dozens of deaths attributed yearly to Murdoch, but Hell Hound's Lair is the exclusive source of information about the haunt. More information will be provided shortly when HHL's fearless investigative team returns from their incredibly risky on-site reporting.

Water Wraith

A water wraith is the ghost of someone who drowned somewhere in a body of still water, like a lake or pond. In most cases, their body was never recovered, though in rare cases a water wraith can form from someone who drowned and still strongly identifies with the body of water they died in. The most well known manifestations of this kind of ghost are in Scotland, a country filled with bogs and lakes. Back in the day in Scotland, water wraiths often appeared as old women dressed in green rags, though that may have more to do with Scotland's ratio of "old women dressed in green rags" to "normal people" than anything to do with the supernatural. Other countries have their own versions of the water wraith, with some of the more famous examples being the Greek *nereid*, Slavic *vodianoi*, the Russian *rusalka*, the Japanese *kappa*, or the Man from Atlantis. They can appear as beautiful women, children, little green goblin-turtles...or even Patrick Duffy. According to legends, you can appease them with offerings of valuables, though most of the time that's just an appetizer, with human victims for the main course.

Whatever they look like, a water wraith usually follows the same M.O. It lures its victims into water and then drowns them, a classic behavior also associated with mermaids and sirens, both of which might be oceanic water wraiths. Water wraiths are able to move anywhere within the body of water they haunt, and can even move through pipes and into bodies of water connected to their stomping grounds.

PETER SWEENEY
DROWNED BOY



Manifestation Peter Sweeney was a young kid who got killed by some kids who he thought were his friends. They were playing rough, and held his head underwater too long, and he drowned in Lake Manitoc, Wisconsin. His body was never found, and locals assumed he'd been kidnapped or drowned on his own. Sweeney remained in the lake and preyed on swimmers from time to time, dragging even the strongest swimmers under and drowning them. He appears as a drowned young boy of about five or six years old, pale and slimy.

Motivation Sweeney's situation is a sad and terrible story. Initially he wasn't out to harm anyone, and was simply clinging to the living whenever they'd swim in the lake. Cold and lonely and afraid, he just wanted to hold onto someone and get some sort of comfort. People drowned as a result. After a few decades of being out there, Sweeney just got madder and more afraid and crazy, and then it wasn't comforting he was after—it was revenge. When the dam began to crack, plans were made to open the spillway, essentially draining the lake. Sweeney realized his time was limited, and he stepped things up, going after the families of the kids—now grown-up men—who killed him. He wouldn't rest until they were all dead.

Abilities In addition to his ghost form in Lake Manitoc itself, Sweeney moves through the plumbing system to any water connected to the lake, including sinks and bathtubs. Though he doesn't take on a physical form when he does this, he's capable of flooding a sink or tub and dragging someone under the surface to drown.

Limitations If he were only confined to the lake, that would be one thing, but Sweeney can even attack folks on land, through the plumbing. His remains are somewhere at the bottom of Lake Manitoc, probably nothing more than scattered bones at this point, so salting and burning aren't an option. Rock salt fired at something under water...might as well shoot at something behind a brick wall. The only limiting factor is that Sweeney's uninterested in anything outside of the Lake Manitoc area—at this point he's focused on the families of the ones who did him harm.

Agi — Str — Vit — Ale d4 Int d4 Wil d4

Init d4 + d8 LP —

Traits Mute d6, Obsessed (Revenge) d6, Spirit d8, Talented (Athletics/Swimming, Unarmed Combat/Grappling) d4

Skills Athletics d6/Swimming d10, Covert d6, Knowledge d2, Perception d2, Unarmed Combat d6/Grappling d8

Attacks In the lake, Sweeney's ghostly form appears and latches onto his victims, attempting to drag them down until they drown. Handle this with an opposed roll using Sweeney's Unarmed Combat/Grappling + Talented Trait + Spirit Trait versus the player's Agility + Athletics/Swimming. Every turn Sweeney wins, the victim takes d2 Stun in drowning damage until passing out. At that point, the damage becomes d2 Shock and d2 Wound every turn. The rules for grappling (page 87 of the core rulebook), suffocation and lack of air (page 92 of the core rulebook), and chases (page 83 of the core rulebook) may be of use when dealing with Sweeney while in the water. If he's manifesting through the plumbing, use Willpower + Unarmed Combat/Grappling + Spirit Trait as the attacking value to pull and hold someone under. He doesn't get his Talented die for these attacks: it only applies while he's underwater.

Lore The following information may be gathered through investigation into Peter Sweeney:

- ✱ A water wraith can control water and move through it like it was air. In almost every case, whatever's left of the wraith's human remains are at the bottom of the body of water it drowned in, so an alternate method of banishing them is advised. Unless you're Aquaman, the last thing you want to do is mess with a water wraith in its home turf. If possible, the best way to defeat one is to dredge the pool of water they've haunted and find their corpse, then destroy it. Not so tough for a small pond or lake... much more difficult when you're talking about Lake Michigan.
- ✱ Lake Manitoc, Wisconsin has a higher-than-average number of unresolved swimming deaths where the body was never recovered, six over a period of 35 years, and three in the last year alone. In more than half of these cases, the victim was a strong swimmer, and drowned within sight of witnesses. The lake was first dredged 35 years ago when Peter

Sweeney, a young local boy, disappeared, though it wasn't certain he had actually drowned. His body wasn't recovered, so his disappearance was listed as unsolved.

- ✱ Water wraiths are a type of ghost created when someone has been drowned in a lake or pond. Their spirit fuses with the very water they died in, and the whole body of water becomes a psychic reservoir for the water wraith, a gigantic focus for them to enact supernatural vengeance. The water wraith can take on the form of the body it wore in life, or it can shape-shift into a beautiful woman. In rare cases, if a sea creature kills someone, the water wraith appears as a hybrid of its natural form and the sea-creature, like a mermaid.

Witness

A witness is the ghost of someone who died violently in an encounter with the unnatural and went to Hell afterwards, where they suffered the normal torments of Hell. According to the Bible, an event is rumored to occur when one of the 66 seals keeping Lucifer in check is broken: the Rise of the Witnesses, when Hell opens and the witnesses are able to walk the Earth to confront those who did them wrong. That's the popular belief, that witnesses are only encountered during the Rise of the Witnesses, but the reality is that with the apparent revolving-door policy in Hell, every so often a spirit comes back and manages to manifest as a witness, maybe as a sort of supernatural work-release program.

Fortunately for anyone else, a witness only appears to the person (or persons) responsible for its death. Unfortunately for the guilty party, a witness is driven by anger for revenge and in all likelihood is not alone. Whenever the Rise of the Witnesses occurs, there's more'n likely going to be a few witnesses at a time, working together in a tag-team death match against anyone they can blame for their death. That day, by any standard you'll care to judge it by, will most definitely suck.

The worst part of it is that a witness is, almost always, someone you've already defeated. It may be someone you loved, someone you tried to save and failed, or even someone you worked long and hard to put down. In the worst cases, a witness can be all three of those. A witness is probably high on the list of folks you absolutely do not want to see again, and it doesn't matter how they went down; a witness can be someone who was turned into a vampire, or was possessed by a demon, or was even an innocent bystander when things went bad. Doesn't matter...it's the comeback you never, ever wanted, a return engagement of what in all likelihood was your greatest failure as a hunter.

WITNESS MY OWN PRIVATE EIDOLON

Manifestation Just before a witness manifests, the victim will notice a few telltale signs: breath steaming; frost forming on glass; clocks stopping, etc. Witnesses are described in the *Book of Revelations* as wearing ashes and sackcloth, and the fashion hasn't changed much in 2,000 years. A witness appears much as it did in life, though its clothes are tattered and stained with ash, and it looks dirty and tired, as if it hasn't slept in a very long time. Otherwise, a witness is a pretty standard ghost: it flickers occasionally and can teleport from place to place. The spell that brought it forth has marked its soul, branding the hand with a wheel-shaped scar.

Motivation It wants nothing more than to inflict psychological pain, taunting and tormenting the person it feels is responsible for their death. When a witness has killed its intended victim, it returns to its place in the afterlife—Hell, more than likely.

Limitations A witness is single-minded when it comes to killing the one it blames for its death, even to the point where it overlooks an obvious threat. Salt lines and iron walls can hold off a witness, but iron weapons and rock salt ammo will only slow 'em down for a few seconds. There's one spell that banishes any summoned witnesses, a complex ritual that uses rare items like wormwood, opium, and hemlock. It also requires ritual implements such as a sacred bowl and an inscribed pentagram cloth, and must be spoken over an open flame. Knowing about this spell takes a Formidable Intelligence + Knowledge/Religion roll, and casting it is an Average complex action.

Agi — Str — Vit — Ale d6 Int d6 Wil d8

Init d6 + d8 **LP** —

Traits Brawler d6, Obsessed (Revenge) d6, Spirit d8

Skills Covert d4, Discipline d6/Intimidation d8, Unarmed Combat d6/Brawling d8

Attacks A witness likes to ambush its target, appearing suddenly when he or she is alone. In some cases, it may choose to appear behind the target, using Alertness + Covert + Spirit Trait to manifest unexpectedly, or it may be more subtle, appearing suddenly, when the target rounds a corner, or building up suspense through minor use of telekinesis—cheap parlor tricks like flickering lights, creaking walls, slamming doors, moving furniture, electronic devices switching on and off, yadda yadda yadda. Sometimes a witness attempts to extract an apology, but it's almost always going to hurl accusations at the target, using Willpower + Discipline/Intimidation + Spirit Trait to inflict psychological pain. If that fails, then it's time to start throwing punches. The



most potent attack a witness makes is to reach inside the victim and clasp his or her heart, squeezing until it stops. That attack uses Alertness + Unarmed Combat/Brawling + Spirit Trait, with the Brawler Trait turning all damage into Basic. If the victim is killed, the witness will tear the heart out of the chest and carry it back to Hell for judgment.

Lore The following information may be gathered through investigation into witnesses.

✧ The appearance of a witness means that something terrible is going on. Most ghosts are patient and haunt places, while a witness is spoiling for a fight and haunts the person it blames for its death. It doesn't matter if a witness' body has been salted and burned...a witness' soul has been summoned back to Earth from the afterlife, so the easy solutions don't apply. It's downright tough to kill a ghost, and a witness is like a turbo-charged ghost, so magic options are likely to be the best resort in a terrible situation.

✧ Witnesses are mentioned in the Bible's *Book of Revelation*, though the most common translations don't cover

half of the truth. They're described as wearing in sackcloth and ashes, set up by the Lord to prophesize for 1,260 days before the Apocalypse. Further research reveals that the Rise of the Witnesses is a sign that one of the 66 seals holding Lucifer imprisoned has been broken. These ghosts will bear the Mark of the Witness, a sigil etched upon its soul, showing upon its hand as a round and red scar. Personality-wise, a witness is angry and ruthless, like a hungry wild dog set on a defenseless victim.

✧ A concentration of personal haunts can only mean one thing: it is the End of Days, when the dead walk the Earth to pass judgment on the living. There is no hope to defeat these angry spirits, no place to run, no hiding from them, because their accusations are true. A great man once said: "When that life turned against us...we comforted ourselves in the knowledge that it really wasn't our fault. You cannot play god then wash your hands of the things that you've created. Sooner or later, the day comes when you can't hide from the things that you've done anymore." That day has come! Just kidding. These Rapture freaks believe anything.

Ghostfacers

These guys are a joke—a dangerous one. But that’s what happens when you give a bunch of yahoos a little bit of knowledge and, instead of turning tail and running like anyone with half a lick of sense would do, they decide to macho it out. And then try to cash in on top of that.

The first time anybody in the hunter community got wind of these guys was in Texas. It was just two of them back then, Ed and Harry, and they were running this kooky website called the “Hell Hound’s Lair.” Total whack jobs. They thought they could fight evil! That’s best left to hunters . . . and these nerds were no hunters.

The second time, though, was even worse. That was out in Wisconsin, at the Morton House. Ed and Harry’d found a few other crazies to join them, and they’d decided to film a reality show: Ghostfacers. ‘Cause they were “facing” ghosts and other threats. Right.

So there they are, blundering around, getting in the way of a pair of *real* hunters. Just like last time. Only this time, they actually get somebody killed. One of their own, no less. But does that stop them? No, it does not. They just keep going. They’re like a whole bunch of Freds, only in Shaggy’s body. Or maybe Scooby’s.

Last anybody heard, they were still online, still sticking their noses where they didn’t belong, and still scaring up more trouble than they could handle. And still hoping to sell their TV show.

Yeah, right.

You’ve gotta admit, though, the Ghostfacers are good for one thing—stirring up trouble. They’re like trouble magnets, only the whomping huge kind. So if you see them anywhere nearby, your best bet is to follow them. But don’t get too close. They’re bound to wake up something evil, and you don’t want to get caught up in their little loser circle-jerk, but you do want to be close enough to pull their butts out of the fire and finish off whatever’s coming after them.

Ed

Ed’s the so-called boss of the group. Great. It’s like the blind leading the blind, only in this case it’s the four-eyed geek leading the other geeks. Usually to their grisly death.

He’s an A-Number One geek—hell, his hero’s Captain Kirk from *Star Trek*! Though, come to think of it, Kirk’s not such a bad role model—good in a fight, thinks on his feet, doesn’t care what anyone says, and always gets the girl. Anyway.

Practical skills? None to speak of. We doubt this guy can punch his way out of a paper bag, and the sight of blood would probably put him in a coma. He’s tech savvy, sure, and good at pulling things together online, but so what?

Ed’s a real “look before you leap” kinda guy. You can respect that. The problem is, in this line of work, that’s gonna get you killed. Or worse.

ED ZEDDMORE

Description A lifelong geek who thinks he’s Buffy meets Geraldo Rivera

Agi d6 **Str** d6 **Vit** d4 **Ale** d8 **Int** d12 **Wil** d6

Init d6 + d8; **LP** 10

Traits Allergy d2 (Horses), Combat Paralysis d4, Coward d4, Destiny d6, In Plain Sight d2, Reputation d2

Skills Artistry d4, Covert d2, Craft d6/Sewing d8, Discipline d4, Drive d2, Guns d2, Knowledge d6/Literature d8, Lore d4, Mechanic d4, Perception d6, Performance d6, Science d4, Survival d2, Tech d6

Gear Cell phone, minicam, Bluetooth headset, bag of salt, holy water pistol

Harry

Second in line in the geek parade. Harry’s the snarky one, and the one who tries to look all macho. He lets Ed do most of the talking, which must be why Ed thinks he’s in charge. In reality, though, these guys share a brain. Or half of one.

Though you have to give him this—Harry’s got some *cojones*. When something bad jumps out of the dark, Ed’s cowering in the corner screaming for Mommy, but Harry mans up. Or tries to. So bonus points for that.

The problem is, his closest experience to real combat is video games. And they’ll help your hand-eye coordination but they don’t really prep you for shooting someone in the face. It doesn’t matter if that someone is a man or a demon or a ghost, there’s still something about pulling the trigger in real life that’ll scare the bejeezus out of you if you aren’t ready for it.

HARRY SPANGLER

Description A geek who thinks he’s a master tactician because he’s good at fighting—in a role playing game.

Agi d6 **Str** d6 **Vit** d6 **Ale** d8 **Int** d10 **Wil** d6

Init d6 + d8; **LP** 12

Traits Allergy (Rats) d2, Gear Head d2, Gullible d2, Higher Education d2, Reputation d2, Socially Awkward d2

Skills Artistry d6/Writing d10, Craft d2, Discipline d4, Drive d4, Guns d2, Knowledge d6, Lore d4, Mechanic d2, Perception d6/Video games d10, Performance d6, Science d4, Survival d2, Tech d6

Gear Cell phone, minicam, Bluetooth headset, bag of salt, salt-loaded shotgun

Maggie

Hell, you wanna be afraid of anyone in this pack o’ losers? Watch out for Maggie. She’s got a black belt in karate—and she’s Ed’s adopted sister, which means she knows how to put up with a ton of crap. That’s a lethal combo.

She’s also the techie. Yeah, the girl’s both the science whiz and the combat heavy. So much for the rest of the gang.

Maggie's kinda cool, actually. She has to be to make up for Ed and Harry. She's bought into all their crap, and believes the whole "help people and put down evil" shtick, but she's more realistic than they are and helps keep them grounded.

With the right training, she could make a decent hunter. A real one.

MAGGIE ZEDDMORE

Description Half techie, half karate expert, half geek—and all attitude.

Agi d8 **Str** d6 **Vit** d8 **Ale** d6 **Int** d8 **Wil** d6
Init d8 + d6; **LP** 16

Traits Anger Issues d2, Gear Head d2, Honest to a Fault d2, Idealist d2, Tough d4

Skills Artistry d4, Athletics d4, Craft d4, Drive d6, Influence d4, Mechanic d6, Melee Weapons d6, Perception d6, Survival d4, Tech d6/Electronics d8, Unarmed Combat d6/Karate d10

Gear Cell phone, minicam, EMF scanner, Bluetooth headset, bag of salt

Spruce

Kenneth Warren Spruce. What can I even say about this guy? He calls himself a "shamanologist" because he took some classes at the local community college. He's a long-time game master. Oh yeah, and he's one-sixteenth Cherokee, but otherwise a dedicated Jew. He's also the Ghostfacers' lead cameraman because he's the only one who read all the manuals.

Yeah.

Another winner. What's worse, he thinks Ed and Harry are awesome, and does pretty much whatever they tell him. A real follower type—only he's following morons.

KENNETH WARREN SPRUCE

Description A total gamer wannabe putting on a bold face and claiming he's some kinda techno-shaman.

Agi d4 **Str** d8 **Vit** d8 **Ale** d8 **Int** d8 **Wil** d6
Init d4 + d8; **LP** 14

Traits Absent Minded d4, Coward d4, Faith d2, Ordained d2, Tech Expert d2

Skills Artistry d6/Cuisine d10, Craft d4, Discipline d4, Guns d2, Knowledge d6, Lore d2, Mechanic d2, Perception d6/Video Games d8, Performance d6/Gaming d10, Science d4, Survival d2, Tech d6/Electronics d8

Gear Dice, video cameras, digital cameras, night vision goggles

Corbett

Poor kid. Alan J. Corbett was far and away the most level-headed of the group—you'd almost wonder how he got caught up in their craziness at all if it hadn't been so obvious he had the hots for Ed. Can't for the life of us see why. But

whatever. Corbett was a nice guy. Quiet, friendly, helpful, a little geeky, but not like the others. His only flaw was that he thought Ed was a god and worshipped him completely, which included believing everything he said.

That's what got him killed.

Yeah, killed. As in, dead. And not just dead but turned into a death echo, caught up in the nastiness of the Morton House. Corbett almost killed the rest of the gang—but in the end, he was the only thing that saved 'em.

Too bad. The Ghostfacers lost their best guy, and they don't even know it.

ALAN J. CORBETT

Description A nice, quiet little guy totally in love with Ed

Agi d8 **Str** d6 **Vit** d6 **Ale** d8 **Int** d8 **Wil** d6

Init d8 + d8; **LP** 12

Traits Allergy d2, Fast on Your Feet d2, Sensitive d2, Sure Footed d2, Weak Stomach d4

Skills Animals d4, Artistry d6/Photography d8, Craft d4, Drive d6, Guns d2, Influence d4, Knowledge d6/Philosophy d8, Lore d2, Medicine d2, Melee Weapons d2, Perception d6/Empathy d8, Survival d4, Tech d4, Unarmed Combat d2

Gear Cell phone, PDA, webcam

The Ghost-Centric Campaign

So you wanna run a game that's all about ghosts? That's cool. Ghosts are creepy. Know why?

Because they're *dead*.

More to the point, because they're *dead people*.

Something bad happened to them once. That's what made them into ghosts in the first place. And now they're just taking it out on the living.

So yeah, the hunters have gotta stop them. Can't just let that sorta thing go on, right? But at the same time, you know they've got a legitimate gripe. Nobody ever became a vengeful spirit over an argument about parking spaces or a fight with neighbors who didn't leave their trash cans alone. It's hard not to feel for them, at least a little bit.

And that makes fighting them tough. Which makes the game more interesting. Especially since the best way to deal with a ghost is to dig up its remains, salt them, and burn them. It's easy to shoot something that's got four arms or teeth as long as your hand or eyes that shoot fire or whatever. Digging up somebody's corpse and desecrating it? Not so much.

But it's what hunters've gotta do. So they do it. And they know that, at least, they're sending that guy's spirit to its eternal rest.

Or, in some cases, to hell. But you shouldn't feel as bad about the really nasty ghosts, the ones who were so damned evil in life they just didn't let death stop them. Those ones get what they deserve. Go ahead and sprinkle some of those in your campaign as well, just to give the players a break. But definitely play up the anguish and guilt when dealing with the other kind.

Okay, so—a ghost campaign. Where do you start?

The first trick is for the hunters to make sure that's what they're dealing with. Plenty of things out there that can walk through walls or teleport around a room or make things move with their mind. Not all of 'em are ghosts. The hunters've gotta find out if they're dealing with a restless spirit or with something else.

That means research. Or, for you as the Game Master, planning and planting facts so the hunters can find them.

Yeah, I hate research too. I'm more of a "dive in and see what jumps out at you" kinda guy. But it's part of the job. One of the most important parts. Without the facts, you're shooting blind. And you may be packing the complete wrong kind of ammo to boot.

So the hunters do some digging—the info kind, not the dirt kind. Not yet, anyways. They look into the area's history. Ask around, hit the local library, scour the Web, the whole bit. In particular, look for any grisly deaths. And especially ones that match recent incidents in location, method, or both. If a guy was murdered by beheading a hundred years ago, and somebody died the same way in the same town just last week, they've got a starting point.

Once they find a matching death, they can look for more. Encourage them to check at regular intervals. Ghosts are creatures of habit and routine. They often reappear on the anniversary of their own death, every year or ten years or twenty years or whatever.

Also, the hunters should look into the recent victims. Check their family histories. Some ghosts take out anyone who invades their rest at the wrong time, so whoever's living in their old house or driving down the same stretch of road on the anniversary becomes their next victim. But others are more focused. They go after the people who killed them, the ones who made them ghosts. And those people's families. Which means you need to know all about the families, too. Be sure to have a few false leads in there, too—lay out some lines and see if the hunters bite.

Once the hunters find a connection, they can look for a source. The first death is often the ghost—or the ghost's true killer. Either way, the hunters can start putting the pieces together. Again, feel free to confuse the issue a bit—make the ghost the first victim's twin who died soon after, or the death that was hushed up and hidden, or whatever. Make them work for it.

When they're sure they're dealing with a ghost, they need to find its body. Sometimes a hunter lucks out and the body in question was buried in a nice, normal cemetery. A shovel, a canister of salt, a gas can, and a lighter—problem solved. Too bad so many ghosts died grisly deaths that didn't leave enough to bury. Or were killed off and disposed of, so their bodies were never recovered.

That means a hunt for some old remains. Ghosts tend to stay close to their old flesh and bones, so at least hunters can usually narrow their search. Those old bits could be anywhere, though—buried under the floorboards, stuffed in the walls, mixed in with the paint, nailed to a crossbeam in the attic. So they're gonna have to be thorough. Make sure you know beforehand exactly where the remains are, and what it'll take to find them.

And of course the ghost's gonna want to protect its remains. It knows what happens if you do the whole salt-n-burn routine. So it's gonna do its best to stop the hunters. Any way it can.

That may mean a physical attack, but don't limit yourself to that. Ghosts have all sorts of weapons at their disposal—and a lot of 'em are head games. They can make you relive their deaths, or parts of their lives. Sometimes they can make you relive parts of your own life instead. They can mess with

time and space, screw up your perceptions, make you see things that aren't there. Some of 'em can take on different faces, looking like somebody local or somebody from their past—or reaching into your head to masquerade as somebody from yours.

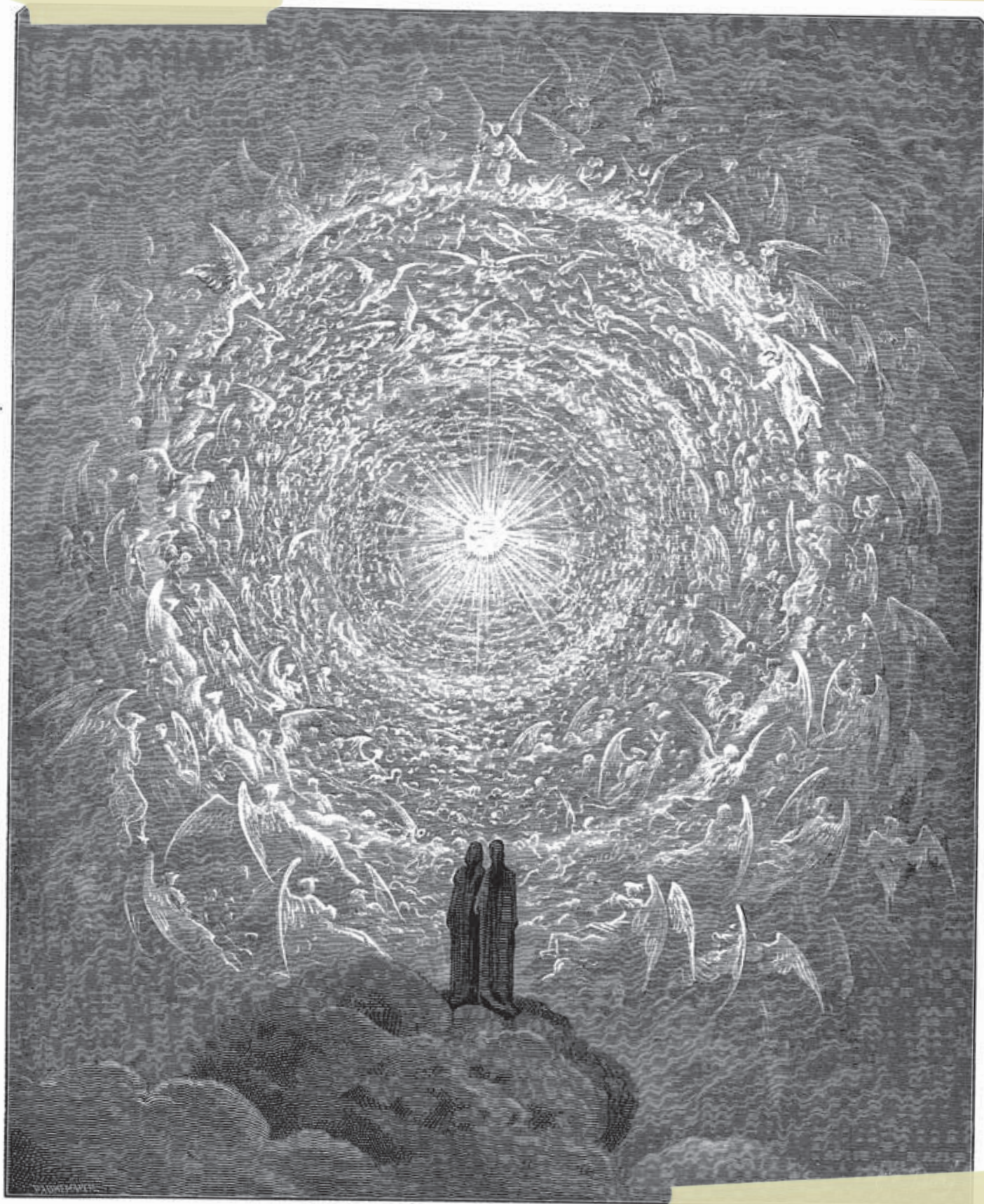
See why they're so creepy?

The hunters've also got to watch out for keepsakes. Sometimes people keep little souvenirs from loved ones—locks of hair, baby teeth, and so on. When you're dealing with a ghost, even one stray toenail is enough for it to stick around, so you've got to get it all. Try explaining that one to the ghost's widow or kid, why you need that braid out of the family album. Good times.

Of course, there's another way to get rid of a ghost: give it what it wants. If it's got a specific task, like vengeance, once that's over and done the ghost leaves all on its own. It depends upon the situation, of course, but sometimes that's a whole helluva lot easier. And every once in a while it's even the right thing to do. Let the ghost of a wrongly convicted man force a confession from the real murderer, then kill him the way the victims all died? We're all for that.

The big thing when planning a ghost campaign is, it's all about the history. You've got to get all your facts straight way ahead of time. Know who died and how and why, and what made them become a ghost, and what they've done since. Once you've got all that in your head, the rest is just a matter of creeping people out and making them see firsthand why spirits of the dead can be one of the scariest supernatural threats out there.





ANGELS & DEMONS

As above, so below. That's what they say, right? Only problem is, we're the ones caught in the middle. There's so much lore on demons and angels that you could spend weeks just sorting it all out, and if you're a religious type you're already playing with a stacked deck. That's not a good thing or a bad thing, but we've learned that if you turn and face the coming Apocalypse—whatever it ends up looking like—thinking you know what's what, you're gonna learn real quick that the folklore left a lot of things out. Some of the names have been changed to protect the guilty.

This chapter's heavy on the angelic lore, mainly because we covered demons in the big book. Even so, more's coming to light all the time. Demons lie and angels aren't talking, so reports are sketchy. Take what you read here with a grain of salt. Heck, why don't you keep sackfuls of salt handy, just in case?

Demons

The first time a rookie hunter confronts a demon, it's often their initiation into the supernatural world at large. Yes sir, there's nothing quite like having a family friend or co-worker's eyes go all black and come at you with an axe to wake you up to the truth. Demons are terrifying, because they take over people and use them to kidnap or murder their loved ones, and because many of the ways to get rid of demons mean that the mortal host is gonna check out once the deed is done. Unless you're lucky enough to have the *Rituale Romanum* memorized—which, let's face it, should be on the Hunters list of 101 Things To Know—even a single demon's gonna bring a world of pain, both physically and emotionally.

A Refresher Course on Demons

The *Supernatural RPG* covers demons on page 130, but who likes flipping back and forth between books? Here's a stripped-down, just-the-facts reminder of the kinds of abilities and limitations all demons have. There are always exceptions, of course, but for the most part this stuff is what you need to know.

DEMONIC ABILITIES

The true form of a demon on Earth is a fast-moving cloud of black smoke. In this form, demons travel along at a base speed of 45 feet and they can't be hurt by conventional methods. They don't like to hang out in this form for long, so a demon's first order of business is to possess a mortal.

When a demon tries to possess somebody, that somebody must succeed on a series of Hard Willpower + Discipline/Resistance actions, modified by any relevant Traits such as Unbreakable Will. Roll the host's highest-rated Complication and add it to the Difficulty—this represents the demon's attempt to exploit the host's weaknesses. Even one success out of three prevents possession, which means the demon's got to look elsewhere. Failing three times means the victim's



Demon Blood

There's power in blood. Our ancestors knew this, and our history is soaked in it. The Celts, the Hindus, the Aztecs—civilizations around the world practiced some form of blood sacrifice to appease their gods, bless their harvests, or keep their volcanoes down to a low rumble. This wasn't just limited to the ancient world. Back in the early 1600s, Elizabeth Báthory's twisted beauty secret involved bathing in the blood of over 600 young girls to absorb their youth. Maybe it worked—despite dying in 1614, sightings of the Countess were reported up 'til the mid eighteenth century. Hell, even today, the Christian Eucharist is a symbolic drinking of blood for the forgiveness of sins. The Catholics take it a step further with transubstantiation, believing that the wine turns into the *literal* blood of Jesus when you drink it. The religion may be modern, but that's some old school blood magic.

If human blood holds that kind of power, just imagine the sort of dark mojo demon blood's gotta be bursting with. Yeah, it's a gross thought, but imagine what a human being could do if they were to ingest demon blood. It's not something you hear much about—if someone's that close to a demon, their *own* blood's a more immediate concern—but the stories are out there. There was a priest in Sao Paulo who could supposedly read minds after an exorcism went wrong. And that electrokinetic guy in Ohio—word is they found a Devil's Trap drawn on his stained basement floor. What the hell was that for? And then there're the stories of the psychic kids—more on them later. Sure, it's all circumstantial, but it makes a sick sort of sense. Psychics have always been around, but they've been few and far between; nothing like the numbers we're seeing now. And with demonic possessions on the rise too? No, there's no way that's a coincidence. Something Bad's coming—capital-B Bad—and it's coming fast. It may already be here...

Game Stats Note: While Ruby confessed to Sam that the whole demon blood for power thing was all in his mind, there's something to it. After all, that's how these kids got their start, right? If you want to play around with the idea of demon blood juicing up hunters with supernatural or demonic Traits, each daily serving kicks up such a Trait by a step, from +1 at the beginning to +3 the more things go. However, demon blood is very addictive, giving the hunter the Addiction Complication at d4, increasing it by a step if the demon blood's bonus also goes up. It's also really not a good thing to let on to your friends and family...

possessed. Some talismans or mystical protections enhance a victim's chances or leave him completely immune to possession, but certain demons are too powerful to resist that way.

The possessing demon bumps up a possessed character's Attributes, depending on how powerful the demon is. Strength is usually increased by at least a +3 step, while other physical Attributes receive a +1 or +2 step as well. A demon uses its own mental Attributes in place of the host, but it may borrow its host's Skills and Traits if it so chooses. Most demons take damage normally, but they don't die when they take their full Life Points in Wound damage. They also ignore Wound penalties, and recover from 1 point of Stun per turn. A demon that takes twice its Life Points in Wound damage has a body too mangled to use, so it abandons it. Once a demon's gone from the host body, the damage remains but the demon's immunities depart. That usually leads to a quick death.

DEMONIC LIMITATIONS

The lore is often all over the place regarding how to stop or smoke-out a demon, but most hunters catch on quickly to what's helpful and what's horse crap. Salt acts as a barrier to demons, so long as they don't find a way to break the line. Mystical symbols, such as Devil's Traps, keep most demons in one place. Rituals of exorcism can drive a demon out of the host body, as can a handful of other rare talismans or relics, but the demon won't stick around once it's out. Splash holy water on a demon and it's like acid or burning oil: a flask or bottle does d2 W to d4 W, a bucket or gallon jug's d6 W or more. Every once in a while, you hear about demons that break all the rules or do things other demons don't—these major players aren't your garden variety black-eyed bastards.

Demons and Eye Color

Most of the time, a demon can flash its all-black eyes and you know it for what it is: a thing from Hell wearing a meat suit. But there are rare or specialized demons that flash a different colored stare altogether. Crossroads Demons have red eyes, for instance, and Lilith's went all white. Diversity isn't really in the demon's playbook, so if it turns out that the demon you're dealing with doesn't have black eyes, hit the brakes and be careful. Chances are it's something out of your league, or at least needs some special attention.

Notable Demons

The following entries are for some celebrities in the demon world, more or less. Some of them have been dealt with, others are still roaming free, in one meat suit or another. Most have abilities and powers that make them stand out.



Azazel

They say it's a lucky man who loves his job, and Azazel was one lucky son of a bitch. He'd been working at one goal for over thirty years: opening the Devil's Gate in Wyoming to unleash the forces of Hell on Earth. But good ol' Samuel Colt surrounded the Devil's Gate with a hundred-mile wide Devil's Trap that demons can't enter. So Azazel had to put together a small army of psychic kids to open the gate for him. Technically he only needed one, but that's nothing a Thunderdome-style deathmatch couldn't fix.

If you've been paying attention, of course, you'd know this didn't pan out too well for Azazel. But you never can tell with demons. Even if Old Yellow Eyes never shows up again, it's all useful lore to know.

AZAZEL YELLOW-EYED DEMON

Description Being a demon, the body-hopping makes it hard to pin down exactly what Azazel looks like. He could be crawling around inside anybody. When he's not riding some unsuspecting schmoe, he usually manifests as an older guy, mid to late 40s, with a rugged sort of appearance. Not a bad looking guy 'til he flashes those yellow eyes.

Motivation Azazel's on a mission from the boss-man himself, so he's pretty motivated to see it through. The psychics, the demons, the Devil's Gate—it's all part of the plan to bust Lucifer out of Hell.

Limitations The old demonic standards aren't gonna work with a demon as powerful as Azazel. He shrugs off holy water like it was, well, water. Salt's pretty useless too. Iron might still be useful, either as a weapon or a blockade, but it's sure as hell not gonna kill him. As for Devil's Traps, who knows? No one's ever had the balls to try trapping him in one. But if you can keep him in one place long enough, exorcism may be your only option.

Agi d8 **Str** d12 + d4 **Vit** d12 **Ale** d10 **Int** d10 **Wil** d10

Init d8 + d10 **LP** 22 (doesn't die at 22 Wound; body destroyed at 44 total Wound; recovers 1 Stun per turn)

Traits Duty (Lucifer's Command) d8, ESP d4, Glory Hound d4, Low Profile d6, Pyrokinesis d8, Telekinesis d12

Skills Covert d6, Discipline d6, Influence d6/Intimidation d10, Knowledge d6, Lore d6/Demons d12, Melee Weapons d6, Unarmed Combat d6

Attacks Azazel's one of the strongest telekinetics you're likely to come across, and that's only one of the tricks up his sleeve. His big finish is flash frying his victims once they're immobilized, usually up against a ceiling. Of course he's likely to wait until he's got an audience for that trick; no sense wasting an awesome pyrokinetic display if nobody's gonna see it.

Lore The following information may be acquired through investigation into Azazel.

- ✱ For the past thirty or so years, a familiar story played out in homes across the country. On the night a child turned six months old, a fire broke out in their room, killing a parent. Dozens of families, from all walks of life, had the same story.
- ✱ Some of the surviving parents claimed they saw their spouse suspended on the ceiling just as the fire started. The stories were usually treated as symptoms of PTSD.
- ✱ About six months ago, these kids started exhibiting strange abilities. Like "slip on some spandex and patrol the city" strange.
- ✱ Turns out not everyone had a fire. Some kids out there developed powers who grew up just fine with both parents intact. Seems like maybe the demon just didn't like being interrupted.
- ✱ It takes a keen eye to spot them, but there are signs when Azazel's coming to town. Electrical storms, crop disease, cattle deaths—they're subtle signs, but they add up to big trouble. If you can track 'em, you can get there before that yellow-eyed bastard ruins another family.

Alastair

Being the cruelest torturer in Hell has gotta be like being the fattest guy at the discount super-mart—you're up against some stiff competition. Alastair definitely earned that distinction. When fellow demons are pants-pissingly terrified at the mention of your name, you must be doing something right. Pain was his profession, and he was very good at his job.

Alastair was Lilith's go-to guy when she needed information. Extracting information and incisors were his specialties, the two often going hand in hand. You'd be surprised how talkative people get when they're missing most of their skin. Sure, most of it's lies, but at least they're in an incredible amount of pain. A little more salt might do the trick.

ALASTAIR HELL'S TOP TORTURER

Description The white-eyed prick usually wears stylish, upper-management types. He likes to project a certain sense of cultured menace while he's ripping out toenails and breaking fingers.

Motivation Alastair tends to mix business with pleasure. Whether there's information to extract, punishment to mete out, or just a poor damned soul to torment, he's happy to oblige. He's been pretty involved in the whole Heaven/Hell pissing match as Lilith's errand boy.

Limitations Practically none. Alastair's got some serious protection going on. He's shrugged off iron, exorcism, even a direct hit from Ruby's freaking knife. You might be able to hold him in place with a seriously reinforced Devil's Trap, but even if you manage to send him to Hell, Hell's just gonna send him right back. It'll take some serious holy mojo to get rid of Alastair. He is an arrogant ass though, with way too much confidence in his abilities. A demon who thinks he can do no wrong can get sloppy. Use that.

Agi d8 **Str** d12 + d4 **Vit** d12 **Ale** d12 **Int** d10 **Wil** d10

Init d8 + d12 **LP** 22 (doesn't die at 22 Wound; body destroyed at 44 total Wound; recovers 1 Stun per turn)

Traits Anger Issues d4, Devoted (Lilith) d6, Formidable Presence d6, Glory Hound d4, Hardy Constitution d8, Infamy d6, Mystic Protection d4, Overconfident d6, Telekinesis d12

Skills Covert d6/Disguise d10, Influence d6/Intimidation d8/Interrogation d12+d6/Persuasion d8, Lore d6/Demons d10, Medicine d6/Physiology d12, Melee Weapons d6/Knives d12, Perception d6/Investigation d10, Unarmed Combat d4

Attacks Alastair's far too cultured for a fistfight. He prefers to restrain his victims through telekinesis until he can strap them to a chair and start the real attack. It's the sort of thing that makes a Novocain-free trip to the dentist feel like puppies and ice cream.

Lore The following information may be acquired through investigation into Alastair.

- ✱ Second only to Lilith, Alastair is one of the most feared demons in Hell.

- ✱ He's honed his skills over the millennia, torturing the damned and demons alike. He prefers to work with a set of tools he's developed—an assortment of blades, hooks, pliers, and pokers dipped in anything from magma to holy water—but he'll improvise in a pinch.
- ✱ Alastair's been called—and later re-called—to Earth to help Lilith break the sixty-six seals and raise Lucifer. He's done...less than well.
- ✱ His attempt to capture the fallen angel Anna Milton failed when she Ascended, sending him back to Hell in the process.
- ✱ On his return, he again failed in his attempt to break one of the Seals by killing two reapers during the solstice. Lilith can't be too pleased.

Lilith

So take Lilith, the original demon, mother of all monsters, Queen of the Succubi, white-eyed consort of Lucifer. Pretty creepy, right? Now cram all that ancient evil into a sweet-looking little girl, and the creep factor gets dialed up to eleven. Lilith's got a thing for wearing little girls: makes them watch while she destroys their families and commits horrible, unholy atrocities while occupying their bodies. Maybe it's 'cause she never got to be one herself.

Everybody knows the story of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. But there are older stories out there. Stories of Adam's first wife, created, not from Adam, but with Adam, to be an equal. That's Lilith. Of course, Adam wasn't too keen on a wife who wouldn't do what he said, so Lilith had to go, and after a few edits to Genesis, it was like she was never there. Can't have a story like that floating around a patriarchal society. Her story didn't disappear, though. According to Jewish lore, Lilith went out into the wilderness and was the first human to become a demon. They're not wrong.

LILITH THE FIRST DEMON

Description Lilith just loves little girls. That's why she scoops them out and climbs inside their skin. But there are some things you just can't get away with as a little girl. Seduction, for one. When a situation calls for sluttin' it up a little, she reluctantly trades in the child for a hot blonde.

Motivation Lilith escaped from Hell to jump-start the Apocalypse, and so far she's doing a bang-up job. Seals are breaking left and right, no matter how much the humans and angels fight back. It's looking pretty bad for humanity.

Limitations Maybe it's the demon blood, but Lilith's powers don't seem to work on Azazel's psychic wunderkinder. No matter what she throws at 'em, it





just fizzles out and dies. Also, Lilith is unstable at best. She likes to role-play a bit with the families of the girls she possesses. Play the sweet little girl turned evil incarnate for a while before she turns them inside out.

Agi d8 **Str** d10 **Vit** d10 **Ale** d12 **Int** d12 **Wil** d8

Init d8 + d12 **LP** 18 (doesn't die at 18 Wound; body destroyed at 36 total Wound; recovers 1 Stun per turn)

Traits Amorous d4, Devoted (Lucifer's Rise) d6, Destiny d12, ESP d4, Glory Hound d4, Infamy d6, Low Profile d6, Pyrokinesis (Pyrokinetic Blast) d12, Telekinesis d12

Skills Covert d6, Influence d6/Interrogation d8/Intimidation d12/Leadership d12, Lore d6/Demons d12 + d4, Perception d6/Tactics d12, Performance d6/Acting d10

Attacks Don't let the Pollyanna look fool you, Lilith's just about the strongest demon you're likely to come across. She's sporting the deluxe version of Telekinesis, with an extra punch of...well, it's not exactly pyrokinesis. Is explodikinesis a word? She blows stuff up real good.

Lore The following information may be acquired through investigation into Lilith.

- ✱ Lately, the demons seem to be getting more organized. There seems to be more of a pattern to the possessions and attacks. Word is they're falling in line behind a powerful leader.
- ✱ Enter Lilith, the demons' messiah. She escaped Hell through the Devil's Gate with the rest of them, and she's got big plans.
- ✱ If Lilith gets her way, Lucifer's coming back, and all of Hell will come with him. Probably best not to let that happen.

- ✱ Turns out Lilith's not what you'd call subtle. She's way into big showy displays of force. Explosions are her forte.
- ✱ She's also got some...dietary restrictions...that could make tracking her a bit easier. Yeah, Lilith's a baby-eater. Babies start disappearing from the maternity ward, chances are good our girl's in town.

Ruby

Ask either side their opinion of Ruby, and the answer's likely to be "traitorous bitch," although the demons might be smiling when they say it. Sure, she's killed a lot of demons, but the raising of Lucifer is gonna be totally worth it in the end.

When a demon shows up saying she wants to help kill demons, it's probably too good to be true. In this case, it definitely was. Ruby played her role a little too well. She had Hell fooled completely; they totally believed she'd gone rogue. Sure, it was all part of the plan, but she has made a lot of enemies. On both sides—the hunters aren't going to be too happy that some of their own were taken in by her charade either. Looks like Ruby may be a girl without a country. Serves her right.

RUBY CHICK WITH A KNIFE

Description After Lilith evicted her from her previous host, Ruby found a new body. This time she switched blonde for brunette, but the girl being brain-dead makes the whole body-stealing a little more morally forgivable. For a walking vegetable the body's in good shape, and pretty easy on the eyes, too. Mid-twenties, pretty fit, and handy with a blade.

Motivation Depends on who she's talking to at the time. Maybe she's a demon who retained enough of her humanity to want to fight against evil. Or maybe that's just a line of bull she spins to trick the Winchester boys. She's played the traitor, the double agent, the prodigal child, the top-secret triple agent; it just depends on what day it is. The girl's nothing if not resourceful. Seems like her ultimate goal is orchestrating Lucifer's return, and in that, she looks pretty successful.



Ruby's Demon-Slaying Knife

You should probably beware demons bearing gifts, but this is one sweet piece of work. A little slicing and dicing and you can watch the lights flicker out in that nasty sonofabitch's eyes. Poof, no more demon. No more human either, unfortunately. But hey, eggs and omelets, right? Sure, the fighting's a little more up close and personal than the Colt, but you never have to reload a knife. Seems like a pretty good tradeoff.

You'd think a knife that can kill demons would have quite a history behind it. You'd be wrong. It looks like a Jim Bowie design—and it might be old enough to be an original—but as far as anyone can tell, there's no paper trail on this bad boy, which is a little suspicious. It's got a serrated blade, perfect for turning a demon's insides into outsides, and the handle's carved from antler, probably deer. Some say it's jackalope, but they're idiots. Smart money says it's the runes etched on the blade that give it its demon-killing mojo, but they aren't in any known language. In the end, who really cares *how* the damn thing works, as long as it does. And boy, does it ever.

Don't go getting lazy though, the knife doesn't do all the work. A good slice or a non-fatal poke will hurt like hell, and it might even smoke the demon out of its vessel, but it's not gonna kill it. Just piss it off. But head, heart, throat, maybe a good one in the gut—anything that will kill the host—will kill the demon. Kill it dead. This is no exorcism. You're not just sending it back to the penalty box, it's game over. So aim well, stab away, and watch the fireworks show play out inside the black-eyed bastard's skull. Just remember, pointy end faces out, big guy.

Game Stats Note: Ruby's knife hurts demons. Normally, a demon doesn't die if it takes Wounds equal to its Life Points, but Wounds caused by Ruby's knife are different. You need to keep track of how much Wound is dealt out to a demon with the knife (from the whole attack, not just the d6 the knife adds) but once it reaches the LP total, the demon burns out.



Limitations Iron, salt, holy water—the usual. Ruby's craftier than most demons, already a notoriously crafty bunch. Exorcism's an ever-present danger, but it's not necessarily the end for her. Even if she's sent back to Hell, she should be able to claw her way back out of the pit somehow. She's done it before; she'll do it again.

Agi d8 **Str** d10 **Vit** d10 **Ale** d8 **Int** d8 **Wil** d10

Init d8 + d12 **LP** 20 (Ruby doesn't die at 20 Wound; body destroyed at 40 total Wound; recovers 1 Stun per turn)

Traits Allure d4, Compulsive Liar d4, Dark Secret d8, Focused Hunter (demons) d6, Hardy Constitution d4, In Plain Sight d6, Reputation d4, Signature Possession (Ruby's Demon-Slaying Knife) d12, Rebellious d4

Skills Covert d6/Stealth d10, Drive d4, Influence d6/Persuasion d10, Lore d6/Demons d10/Witchcraft d10, Perception d6/Empathy d10, Melee Combat d6/Knives d12, Performance d6/Acting d10, Unarmed Combat d6

Attacks Ruby's got some special skills above and beyond the standard issue demonic powers. When she was alive, back in her pre-demon days, she dabbled in the black arts, under the tutelage of the demon witch Tammi. Now that she's had a few hundred years to practice at it, she's pretty damn good. She can neutralize a hex bag or whip up a protective talisman with the best of 'em. Put her in a fight though, and she's probably gonna rely on that mysterious, **demon-slaying knife (d6 W)** of hers. She doesn't need magic to kick some ass.

Lore The following information may be acquired through investigation into Ruby.

- ✱ Ruby appeared on the scene shortly after the Devil's Gate blew its lid.
- ✱ She's been leaving a trail of dead demons in her wake, thanks in part to a unique knife that can snuff 'em out real fast, before they go all smoky.
- ✱ Ruby's teamed up with the Winchesters, two of the best hunters in the country, to take on Lilith. There's not much trust on either side of the relationship, but they've got a shaky truce while they fight their common enemy.
- ✱ Some impressively big names in the demon world recognize Ruby on sight. They talk big, but you can tell they're a little afraid of her.
- ✱ Back in her pre-demon days, Ruby was a witch. Selling her soul to the demon known as Tammi bought her a first-class ticket to Hell.
- ✱ She's still got some magical chops. She can whip up a tracking spell or stop a curse in its tracks in no time flat.

Samhain

Who doesn't love Halloween? The candy, the costumes, the ritual sacrifices. The sweet little holiday for kids has a much darker past. The ancient Celts used to celebrate the end of the harvest with a festival meant to appease the demon Samhain. You can't blame the guys for wanting to appease him—Samhain is a whole lotta bad news.

It's not just that the dude's a demon; by now you should be pretty used to dealing with those dicks. Sure, he's even a little more powerful than most, but that's still not the problem. It's what he brings with him. Namely, every creature you've ever fought, ever feared, ever even heard of. Every ghoul, ghost, spirit, specter, beastie, and boogieman that has ever haunted your nightmares; Samhain can summon them all to serve under his command.

Trick or Treat!

SAMHAIN HAPPY HALLOWEEN

Description Samhain requires a vessel, and inhabits the recently sacrificed corpse of his 500 year-old acolyte. He had been posing as a high school art teacher, and looks the part. A little bit doughy and a little bit hippie. The eyes, though...holy crap. Those tiny black pinpricks are just screamin' ancient forbidden evil.

Motivation Halloween is Samhain's night. It's the night of the final harvest, when the veil between worlds is the thinnest. He will walk the Earth, collecting his tributes, and behind him will rise an army of terrible creatures. That's his plan anyway. I'd hate to be the guy who has to tell him his tribute these days is a fun-size Snickers bar and a bag of stale candy corn.



Limitations He may be big and nasty, but Samhain's still a demon, and all the normal rules apply. Also, he can't focus on anyone wearing a mask. Something about hiding the face throws him off. Which means he picked the wrong damn night to come back.

Agi d6 **Str** d12 **Vit** d12 **Ale** d4 **Int** d10 **Wil** d8

Init d6 + d4 **LP** 20 (doesn't die at 20 Wound; body destroyed at 40 total Wound; recovers 1 Stun per turn)

Traits Hardy Constitution d4, Infamy d6, Memorable d8, Out for Blood d8, Summon Creatures d8, Telekinesis d12, Unbreakable Will d4

Skills Influence d6/Intimidation d12, Lore d6/Demons d10/Ghosts d8/Undead d8, Perception d4, Unarmed Combat d6

Attacks Samhain is crazy strong, and a powerful telekinetic. If he doesn't get you, the nasties he can summon should finish the job for him. Zombies, ghosts, ghouls; pretty much anything Peter Cushing or Bruce Campbell ever fought in a movie. Man, what you wouldn't give for an English accent or a chainsaw arm right about now.

Lore The following information may be acquired through investigation into Samhain.

- ✱ Samhain hasn't been around in a while. He was last seen in this realm about half a millennium ago, right before being banished to Hell.
- ✱ A series of bizarre "accidents" seem to be witchcraft-related. Hex bags were found at each crime scene. These are some serious hexes too, black magic with an emphasis on the black.
- ✱ The common link in each incident is Tracy, supposedly a cheerleader, actually a 500 year-old witch who's using the hex bags to perform sacrifices to raise Samhain.
- ✱ Tracy's got a partner in crime. The art teacher at the local high school also just happens to be a 500 year-old Samhain worshipper. He may not know it yet, but his death will be the final link in the summoning.

Seven Deadly Sins

Everyone's familiar with the Seven Deadly Sins. Hell, they're part of human nature. We've all been a little greedy, a little envious, a lotta lustful. We've been angry, boastful, and lazy. And we've damn sure overeaten. The trick is to keep it all in moderation. A little of each is normal, but you can't let it rule your life. We leave that to the demonic embodiments of the Seven Deadly Sins.

The Seven are some of the oldest demons in existence, just slightly younger than humanity itself. Even when they were trapped in Hell, the Seven had a constant influence over our lives, so you can imagine the kind of havoc they're looking to wreak after their escape. By the time they're done, there won't be an urge left

unfulfilled. After their jailbreak, the Seven Deadly Sins headed out to find bodies. They were naturally drawn to people in the middle of committing their respective sins; these are the ones described below.

Group Motivation Pleasure, plain and simple. The Sins have been trapped in Hell for far too long, and they're eager to get out in the world and mix things up the only way they know how: by infecting humanity with their traits and watching the chaos that ensues.

Group Limitations This is a nasty bunch, but it's that nastiness that makes them predictable. Can you say impulse control problems? The Seven are clichés; overdrawn caricatures of the sins they represent. Lust's a turbo-slut, Wrath's a powderkeg, Sloth's a lazy slob. They're such slaves to their personalities, guessing their next move is a piece of cake.

Group Attacks Sure, they could use their telekinesis and super strength, but where's the fun in that? Each of the Sins has the ability to infect people with their particular brand of nastiness through touch. Details are provided in each Sin's writeup, but this is pretty much an expression of each Sin's d12 rating of Mind Control.

Group Lore The following information may be acquired through investigation into the Seven Deadly Sins.

- ✱ A whole lotta demons escaped from Hell when the Devil's Gate in Wyoming was opened. They've been spreading out across the country for the past few weeks.
- ✱ Lincoln, Nebraska has gone insane. We're talking mass hysteria on a citywide scale. Everything's on the rise: traffic accidents, thefts, rape, murder, suicides.
- ✱ Those are just the normal crimes. There's plenty of weirdness to go around too, like the guy at the supermarket who choked to death on eight feet of raw link sausage. There's just no explanation for this sort of behavior.
- ✱ Or is there? One of the few locals sane enough to question remembers a motley crew of strangers strolling through the mayhem—laughing. He's pretty sure there were seven of them.
- ✱ That description matches the group that just went into the bar across the road. And the bartender that just flew out the window of the bar across the road matches their M.O.

LUST SEX KILLS

Description Put it away, guys, or you might get it bitten off. Yeah, she's a hottie—who didn't call that?—but there's a demon inside there, and sex is her weapon of choice. Lust picked up this little beauty in the middle of—uh, let's just call it an “adventure”—in a nightclub bathroom.

Agi d6 **Str** d8 **Vit** d10 **Ale** d4 **Int** d6 **Wil** d6

Init d6 + d4 **LP** 16 (doesn't die at 16 Wound; body destroyed at 32 total Wound; recovers 1 Stun per turn)

Traits Allure d6, Amorous d8, Hooked (sex) d8, Infamy d6, Memorable d6, Mind Control d12, Telekinesis d4

Skills Drive d4, Influence d6/Persuasion d12/Seduction d12, Unarmed Combat d4

Attacks For her money, there's nothing like the fallout from good sex gone bad. The stalkers, the ruined marriages, the STDs, the murder-suicides; that's what Lust gets off on. Not to mention the sex that's bad in the first place; the sick, violent, disgusting stuff that's buried deep inside otherwise normal people. Lust's touch will bring that perversion right to the surface.

GLUTTONY HUNGRY JACK

Description For the embodiment of overindulgence, he's wearing a pretty thin guy. Hard to believe he's the current reigning competitive cheesesteak-eater in the Midwest. The guy considered eating a sport; how was Gluttony gonna pass that up?

Agi d4 **Str** d10 **Vit** d10 **Ale** d4 **Int** d6 **Wil** d6

Init d4 + d4 **LP** 16 (doesn't die at 16 Wound; body destroyed at 32 total Wound; recovers 1 Stun per turn)

Traits Hooked (food) d8, Infamy d6, Low Profile d6, Mind Control d12, Telekinesis d4

Skills Artistry d6/Cuisine d8, Drive d4, Influence d6/Persuasion d12, Unarmed Combat d4

Attacks Ever seen a gastric rupture? Gluttony's touch causes insatiable binge eating. It's not hunger, that's the worst part. They're stuffed to the gills, begging to stop, but they can't. They're compelled to keep shoveling food down their throat til their stomach splits down the middle, spilling it all into their abdominal cavity.

GREED ALL HE CAN EAT

Description The body's not what you'd expect, but looks can be deceiving. Greed picked this one up while she was at work, swiping the tips off her coworkers' tables. Sure, it's not exactly Enron, but what fun would that be? Those bastards were already evil, this one's still fairly innocent.

Agi d8 **Str** d8 **Vit** d10 **Ale** d12 **Int** d6 **Wil** d6

Init d8 + d12 **LP** 16 (doesn't die at 16 Wound; body destroyed at 32 total Wound; recovers 1 Stun per turn)

Traits Greedy d8, Infamy d6, Low Profile d6, Mind Control d12, Telekinesis d4

Skills Covert d6/Forgery d8, Drive d4, Influence d6/Persuasion d12, Knowledge d6/Business d10, Unarmed Combat d4

Attacks It doesn't take much to turn an upstanding citizen into a petty criminal. Greed just gives them that last little nudge they need to go over the edge. Then it's all bank robberies and smash-and-grabs and killing family members for the insurance payout.

SLOTH DEMON COUCH POTATO

Description No big surprise here, Sloth is one fat, lazy sack of crap. Choosing the body wasn't the problem, narrowing down the choices was. With all the sofa jockeys, internet addicts, and video game zombies out there, it was like a buffet of worthlessness.

Agi d2 **Str** d6 **Vit** d4 **Ale** d4 **Int** d4 **Wil** d6

Init d2 + d4 **LP** 10 (doesn't die at 10 Wound; body destroyed at 20 total Wound; recovers 1 Stun per turn)

Traits Infamy d6, Lazy d4, Low Profile d6, Mind Control d12, Overweight d6, Telekinesis d4

Skills Drive d4, Influence d6/Persuasion d12, Perception d6/Video Games d10, Tech d6, Unarmed Combat d4

Attacks Ever had one of those days when you just couldn't pull yourself out of bed? Was it because you'd been in bed for so long that the mattress had fused with your skin? Sloth's touch brings apathy to a whole new level. People under his influence tend to starve to death, as they're too lazy to eat.

WRATH ANGRY HELLSPAWN

Description Wrath didn't have much to do when he moved in to this guy. He already had that look, like he's about four seconds away from curb-stomping someone. Chains, leather, and a stab-you-in-the-eye attitude; it's a match made in...well, not Heaven.

Agi d8 **Str** d12 **Vit** d10 **Ale** d10 **Int** d6 **Wil** d10

Init d8 + d10 **LP** 20 (doesn't die at 20 Wound; body destroyed at 40 total Wound; recovers 1 Stun per turn)

Traits Anger Issues d2, Infamy d6, Memorable d6, Mind Control d12, Out for Blood d8, Telekinesis d4, Tough d8

Skills Drive d4, Influence d6/Persuasion d12, Melee Weapons d6, Ranged Weapons d6, Unarmed Combat d6

Attacks Wrath's almost got it too easy. People seem to be beating the shit out of each other on a regular basis without any demonic intervention. He's still happy to help though; to amp up the violence to that next horrible level.

ENVY WISHES HE WAS YOU

Description Life in suburbia's all about keeping up with the Joneses. One minute this guy's wishing his car was as nice as the neighbor's, and the next he's being force-fed a column of living smoke. They say jealousy's a green-eyed monster. They were wrong about the color.

Agi d6 **Str** d8 **Vit** d8 **Ale** d10 **Int** d12 **Wil** d8

Init d6 + d10 **LP** 16 (doesn't die at 16 Wound; body destroyed at 32 total Wound; recovers 1 Stun per turn)

Traits Greedy d6, Infamy d6, Kleptomaniac d6, Low Profile d6, Mind Control d12, Telekinesis d4

Skills Covert d6/Pickpocketing d8, Drive d4, Influence d6/Persuasion d12, Unarmed Combat d6

Attacks We want. A better job, the house on the hill, a body like hers, a woman like that; it takes up most of our day. Envy's touch makes a little adjustment to our conscience, and suddenly the path from wanting to having is clear. Take it, by whatever means necessary. Crush, kill, and destroy anything keeping you from what you want.

PRIDE FULL OF IT

Description If you were to ask a cartoonist to draw a stockbroker, you'd get Pride. That sleazy, slimy look that tells you this guy was a dick even before a demon crawled inside of him. Speaking of which, talk about obnoxious! Pride is the vainest, most self-absorbed ass this side of Hollywood. He's got the kind of face you just wanna put your fist through.

Agi d6 **Str** d8 **Vit** d8 **Ale** d10 **Int** d8 **Wil** d6

Init d6 + d10 **LP** 14 (doesn't die at 14 Wound; body destroyed at 28 total Wound; recovers 1 Stun per turn)

Traits Compulsive Liar d4, Glory Hound d4, Infamy d6, Memorable d6, Mind Control d12, Overconfident d6, Telekinesis d8

Skills Discipline d6/Leadership d8/Morale d8, Drive d4, Influence d6/Persuasion d12/Politics d8, Knowledge d6/Business d10, Unarmed Combat d4

Attacks There's such a thing as loving yourself too much. Believing that you're capable of doing anything, and doing it better than anyone else. Like flying, for instance. Or stopping a train, or deflecting bullets. One touch from Pride, and it seems like there's nothing you can't do.

Tammi

The new neighbor's not quite what she seems. Sure, she's got the nicest garden on the block, and she's shown the neighborhood women how to use the dark arts to improve their lifestyles, but something seems... off...about her. Whether she's baking brownies for the elementary school bake sale, or reading incantations from the *Grimorium Verum*, there's an energy about her that's not of this world. Maybe she's using a new conditioner.

It's not clear who she actually is, but the demon calling herself Tammi is very old, and very powerful. She's a Collector, and she's damn good at it. You would be too if you'd had as many years to practice. These days, she's got it down to a science. She finds a group of bored, lonely women and crawls inside one of them. Using her new body, she'll introduce the group to the tenets of witchcraft, slowly getting them comfortable with the idea. "It's like *The Secret*, only not useless." From there it's just a hop, skip, and a jump to getting the women to unknowingly pledge their eternal souls to her. Like taking candy from a greedy, overprivileged baby willing to do anything for money and status.

Refer to **Chapter Four** for more details on demon-amped witchcraft and rituals.

TAMMI BLACK MAGIC DEMON

Description Her true name is a secret, but “Tammi” works for now. She’s living inside a suburban housewife while she damns a few souls to hell for practicing the occult.

Motivation Tammi’s out using her special skill set to corrupt souls. Leading unsuspecting women into a life of dark magic and demonic sacrifice. She’s been at it so long, it’s hardly a challenge anymore.

Limitations Tammi has a weakness: magic flows both ways. Using magic for so long has left a hole in Tammi’s defenses. Hexes can be used against her with startling effectiveness.

Agi d4 **Str** d10 **Vit** d10 **Ale** d6 **Int** d8 **Wil** d8

Init d4 + d6 **LP** 18 (doesn’t die at 18 Wound; body destroyed at 36 total Wound; recovers 1 Stun per turn; vulnerable to witchcraft)

Traits Compulsive Liar d4, Glory Hound d4, Greedy d4, Low Profile d6, Telekinesis d8

Skills Artistry d6/Cuisine d8, Drive d4, Influence d6/Persuasion d10, Lore d6/Demons d10/Witchcraft d12, Performance d6/Acting d10/Impersonation d10, Unarmed Combat d4

Attacks Tammi’s got the usual demonic powers, with a heaping helping of black magic mojo mixed in. She prefers a preemptive strike, via hex bags and curses, but she’s not afraid of a little one-on-one. Hell, she could probably handle two- or three-on-one without breaking a sweat.

Lore The following information may be acquired through investigation into Tammi.

- ✱ The women of the Sycamore Grove gated community have had a run of good luck lately. Book deals, promotions, love connections. One of them even won the lottery last week.
- ✱ Funny thing about that lotto win: the numbers on television visibly changed to match her ticket. That’s the sort of thing that draws attention.
- ✱ This isn’t the first odd grouping of lucky women. This story’s been repeating itself across the country over the past few months, and the ending’s always the same. The women all end up very dead, and hex bags have been found at the scenes of the crimes.
- ✱ One of the women seems perfectly happy, despite not being on the receiving end of the good fortune. Actually, a little too happy.

Tom, Azazel's Boy

Azazel’s gotta be a proud papa, ‘cause Tom is a chip off the ol’ ruthless, sadistic, son of a bitch block. Bringing about the Apocalypse is a full time job, and Azazel can’t handle every little step by himself. Sometimes, he’s gotta outsource. If a job

requires a certain level of seduction and subterfuge, he’ll send Meg. But if he needs someone without a shred of conscience or remorse, someone who’d happily break an old lady’s neck or set fire to a priest, Tom’s the man for the job.

Ever watch a cat toy with a mouse before it kills it? Imagine being the mouse. Azazel’s got a strict timetable, but Tom doesn’t mind stretching things out a bit if it means he gets to inflict more pain. For as much as he enjoys his work, Tom’s interrogation skills leave something to be desired. He gets so into the torture, that he forgets to ask the questions. More than one has died before Tom asked a single question. The rest didn’t last much longer.

TOM LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON

Description Azazel’s demon spawn can possess anyone, but he’s been riding a guy in his mid-20s. Good looking dude; if he weren’t such a psychopath he’d be beating the ladies off with a stick. Instead he just beats ladies with a stick for fun.

Motivation Tom’s a good son. He follows his father’s orders to the letter. Lucky for him, his father’s orders usually involve burning, beating, maiming, bashing, choking, flaying, and otherwise generally hurting people. He may not say much, but he’ll have a big, sick smile on his face while he does it.

Limitations When he’s right in the middle of a really great bludgeoning, Tom tends to get into the zone; a blissful, relaxed state. All outside distractions get blocked out as he focuses on the beating. Of course “outside distractions” include hunters armed with holy water and rock salt.

Agi d8 **Str** d12 **Vit** d10 **Ale** d6 **Int** d8 **Wil** d8

Init d8 + d6 **LP** 18 (doesn’t die at 18 Wound; body destroyed at 36 total Wound; recovers 1 Stun per turn)

Traits Anger Issues d4, Devoted (Azazel’s Agenda) d6, Intuitive Leaps d4, Low Profile d6, Telekinesis d4, Tough d8, Two-Handed Fighting d4, Unbreakable Will d6

Skills Covert d6/Disguise d10/Stealth d10, Drive d4, Influence d6/Interrogation d10/Intimidation d10, Lore d6/Demons d10, Melee Weapons d6, Perception d6/Deduction d8/Intuition d8/Investigation d8/Search d8, Tech d4, Unarmed Combat d6/Brawling d12

Attacks Telekinesis is too “hands off” for Tom’s taste. He’ll use it, but he prefers to get up close and personal with his attacks; knuckling up and beating his opponent’s face into his brain, the old fashioned way.

Lore The following information may be acquired through investigation into Tom.

- ✱ Tom Peters served six years for aggravated assault at the Central Utah Correctional Facility. He was released in August of 2004.
- ✱ In June of 2005, after failing to check in, Tom’s parole officer reported him missing from his home in Provo, UT. A state-wide manhunt failed to provide any clues as to his whereabouts.

- ✱ Since his disappearance, a man fitting Tom's description has been implicated in eight brutal murders across the country. There doesn't appear to be any connection between the victims, and no apparent pattern. The killings seem purely random.
- ✱ The killings aren't purely random. While Meg's out dealing with the Winchesters, Azazel has Tom hunting for the Colt. He's been tracking leads from state to state, "questioning" anyone who might have information about its whereabouts; mostly hunters and professors of American history.

Less-Notable Demons

They might lack celebrity, but let's face it, you still wouldn't want them showing up at your next office party or bar mitzvah.

Acheri Demon

The Gaddi people of the Himalayas tell a story of a vengeful spirit, a little girl who wandered into the mountains and died of disease. Now, they say, she hides in the tree line, just outside the firelight, laughing and calling for the children to come out and play. It's through the children that she spreads her sickness. Entire villages have been wiped off the map by the disease of the acheri. On nights when the moon is full, they say, you can see her in the trees. It's just a quick glimpse of a dirty little girl in a tattered dress before she blows away in a smoky cloud.

We call bullshit. Where there's black smoke, there's demon, and the acheri are definitely demons. Pretty weak ones at that. Unlike most demons, acheri aren't capable of possession. The little girl manifestation is more like a ghost or a thought form. It's solid enough to mess you up real good, but you don't have to worry about damaging a real person when you're fighting it. There's nobody else home.

That's not to say they're pushovers though. You gotta be real careful when you're dealing with an acheri to not let it get too close. They're demons of disease, and any physical contact will lead to contagion. And we're not talking a case of the sniffles. Bubonic plague, smallpox, Spanish flu; acheri bring out the big guns. Anything that's ever had "pandemic" written after it. Fortunately the diseases aren't lasting. They seem to be linked to the proximity of the acheri, but until you manage to exorcise the little brat you're stuck bleeding from the eyes and running a 107 degree fever. Work fast!

CENTRALIA ACHERI CREEPY LITTLE GIRL

Description Ashen and disheveled, the Centralia Acheri looks less like a little girl than like an old photo of one. Braids, gingham dress, creepy stare. Once she's in striking distance though, she gets real ugly, real quick.



Motivation Left to its own devices, an acheri is happy to spend its time spreading disease in the more rural parts of the world. Problem is, they're not usually left to their own devices. Acheri are one of the easier demons to summon, and they're fiercely loyal to their master.

Limitations Believe it or not, acheri are pretty shy. They prefer thick forests, prairie land, wide-open spaces with low population density. You're not likely to be attacked by one in the city, but small towns, farmhouses, mountain cabins, better watch your back. You can make the fight a little more fair with the usual demon-fighting arsenal.

Agi d10 **Str** d8 **Vit** d10 **Ale** d6 **Int** d2 **Wil** d4

Init d10 + d6 **LP** 14

Traits Devoted (summoner) d6, Fast on Your Feet d6, Shy d4

Skills Covert d4, Performance d6, Unarmed Combat d6/Clawing d8/Biting d8/Contagion d12

Attacks It's definitely stronger than it looks, and it's fast as hell. If the teeth and claws of an acheri don't finish you off, the diseases might. Acheri are dripping with them.

Lore The following information may be acquired through investigation into the Centralia Acheri.

- ✱ The few families crazy enough to still live in Centralia, PA have been getting sick. Really sick. Outbreaks of polio, cholera, freaking Ebola, not exactly the norm for this part of the world. The smoke from the underground coal fires can't be helping, but it's definitely not the cause.
- ✱ Patient Zero always seems to be a kid. The adults soon follow, but the first one is always a child.
- ✱ Before the sickness started the kids in town liked to play hide and seek up in the hills most afternoons. The constant low-lying smoke makes it more a game of luck than skill. A couple of the kids have been talking about a new girl they've been playing with. They never got her name, but no matter how well they hid, she always managed to find them.

- ✱ Most of the acheri folklore says they're scared of the color red. Locals would wear a red thread around their throats to ward them off. Sounds ridiculous, but a hunter over in Banglapur claims...something. It's hard to say, Google Translate isn't quite up to snuff on the Asian languages. It looks like he's saying...an iron chain coated in...blood...wait, a victim's blood? No, maybe it's your own blood. There's a chain and blood though, that much is for sure, and it's supposed to be able to kill it. Banish it? No, it's definitely kill. Choke it to death. Might be where the "red string" comes from in the lore. Hey, could be worth a shot.

Crossroads Demon

So you wanna be famous? Rich? Wanna be a superman in the sack? Or maybe you just wanna get the girl? Ain't that sweet. Well here's what you do: you get yourself some graveyard dirt, a bone from a black cat, and a nice photo of yourself flashing those pearly whites, and you head on down to the crossroads. Think rural, dirt roads. Broadway and Main might work just fine, but traffic's a bitch and most people don't own their own jackhammer. Besides, hoodoo just seems to work better out in the sticks. And this is some dark goddamn hoodoo. Just dig a hole, bury the bag, and wait. Shouldn't take long for her to show up. Or him, depending on what you're into. She'll give you anything you want, anything your greedy little heart desires, for ten years. And all it'll cost is your eternal soul. Now how could you pass up a deal like that?

There are more than one of these demons in Hell's special wish-granting, soul-collecting union. They work under Lilith, nominally, but some of them get really independent-minded. **Crowley**, for instance, sure had his own agenda when push came to shove. The following stats represent a "typical" Crossroads Demon, but there's really nothing "typical" about any of them.

CROSSROADS DEMON WISHES CAN COME TRUE

Description You'd be hard-pressed to pick a Crossroads Demon out of a crowd. She could be anyone. She may not even be a she. But you shouldn't have to find her. She'll come to you if you work a little hoodoo. Like all demons, she needs to possess some poor schlub to get around on Earth, but a girl's gotta have standards. Male or female, it'll be a smokin' hottie. At least, it would be if it weren't for the red eyes.

Motivation A Crossroads Demon has one job—collecting souls. Doesn't matter who, this is a quantity game, not quality. She'll make your dreams come true, anything you want, for ten years. Then it's time to settle up, and the payback is Hell. Literally.

Limitations Beyond the usual demonic weaknesses, a Crossroads Demon is one cocky bitch. She's not used to hearing no. She wants your soul, and she's sure she can get it. Play your cards right, and you can use that arrogance against her.

Agi d8 **Str** d10 **Vit** d12 **Ale** d8 **Int** d8 **Wil** d10

Init d8 + d8 **LP** 22 (doesn't die at 22 Wound; body destroyed at 44 total Wound; recovers 1 Stun per turn)

Traits Allure d6, Amorous d4, ESP d10, Overconfident d6, Telekinesis d4

Skills Covert d6/Stealth d10, Influence d6/Persuasion d10, Perception d6/Empathy d10

Attacks A Crossroads Demon's not one for big fancy displays of power. A little telekinesis can go a long way. No, her specialty is emotional damage. She's got a knack for getting under your skin, digging through your psyche to find the chink in your mental armor, and stabbing away at it. By the time she's through with you, not selling your soul will seem like the crazy idea.

Lore The following information may be acquired through investigation into the Crossroads Demon.

- ✱ There's been a run of unusually good luck among the patrons of Leroy's Tavern. Suspiciously good. Winning the lotto three weeks in a row is technically possible, but no one regrows a severed arm. Or at least they didn't until last week.
- ✱ Coincidentally enough, Leroy's is sitting right smack dab on a crossroad.
- ✱ Grease his palms a little, and Leroy might tell you that he's seen the lucky folks chatting with a stranger who showed up about a week ago. A tall, leggy redhead, who's fast becoming a regular. That is all kinds of all right with Leroy.



- ✱ A hunter who's not afraid to get his hands dirty can find a leather satchel buried in the dead center of the crossroad. Inside are the requisite hoodoo doodads and an ID card with the first lucky winner's name and picture on it.

Daeva

If you've managed to get a daeva on your tail, you have seriously pissed someone off. For one thing, the damn things haven't been seen on Earth in over a thousand years. Not a lot of Zoroastrians around these days, and the ones that are seem more the Christmas and Easter types. Not so big into summoning shadow demons. For another, summoning a daeva requires some seriously dark power, and a ton of it. Daeva are controlled by their daevayasna through a black altar, which is just as much fun as it sounds. It's constructed from the usual horribly evil mystical ingredients: blood of a hanged man, skull of the unborn, you get the picture. Anything goes wrong with the altar, and the daevayasna is toast. Calling a daeva isn't something you do casually.

If a daeva reminds you a little of a really big and dangerous hellhound, then you might be onto something. However, a daeva is a damn sight smarter than any other demon dog, and not an agent of a soul-collection operation like the one the Crossroads Demons run.

REGENCY ARMS DAEVA DEMONIC PIT BULL

Description None. If the daevas ever took a physical form on Earth, the Zoroastrians didn't feel the need to write about it. The only visible part of a daeva seems to be its shadow. Chances are you'd never even know it was in the room until you were under attack.

Motivation Fortunately these things ain't just roaming the Earth. Daevas have to be summoned, and they serve the will of their daevayasna—reluctantly. If anything goes wrong with the summoning ritual, that loyalty goes right out the window.

Limitations A daeva can only be controlled as long as the black altar is intact. They don't take kindly to being enslaved, and they're just waiting for the opportunity to show the daevayasna how they feel. The daevas are shadow demons, so they're essentially useless during the day. Any sort of bright light tends to drive them away.

Agi d8 **Str** d12 + d4 **Vit** d10 **Ale** d12 **Int** d6 **Wil** d6

Init d8 + d12 **LP** 16 (vulnerable to light)

Traits Devoted (Daevayasna) d6, Out for Blood d8, Tough d8

Skills Covert d6/Stealth d12, Unarmed Combat d6/Clawing d12

Attacks Brutal, relentless, and invisible. You won't see it coming, but daevas use their massive talons to rip into their target. Depending on their orders, they may toy with it a bit, cat-like, or they may just ram their arm all the way through its chest and rip out its heart.



Lore The following information may be acquired through investigation into the Regency Arms Daeva.

- ✱ The residents of the Regency Arms, a housing co-op overlooking the park, have been, for lack of a better term, exploding. The bodies are being found in pieces, like they were torn apart with incredible force, but all the doors and windows have been locked from the inside.
- ✱ It's an old building, but there's no history of paranormal activity or violent deaths. Nothing to indicate a malevolent spirit.
- ✱ The tenants were recently approached by a developer, a Mr. Ansari, looking to tear down the building to make room for a block of high-rise luxury apartments. At the time, no one wanted to move, but it's starting to seem like a good idea.
- ✱ An alert hunter might notice the arrangement of body parts is anything but random. They're lined up to form an ancient Zoroastrian symbol.
- ✱ Some scholars believe the *Vendidad*, one of the sacred Zoroastrian texts, is actually an incantation for banishing a daeva from this plane. By reciting it in the original Avestan language, you may be able to send that shadowy bastard back to where it came from. It's a phonetic language, so you should be able to fake your way through, but it's long as hell, and only effective between sunset and sunrise when the daeva is out on the prowl.

Hellhounds

There's probably only one thing dumber than selling your soul to a Crossroads Demon, and that's trying to renege on the deal. In case you couldn't guess,

Psychic Kids

Azazel's put together an impressive little freakshow. All around the country, young men and women have started developing weird abilities. Some are mental: mind reading, telekinesis, psychic projection. Others are, well, **other**: enhanced strength, killing touch, god only knows what else. Why these kids? Hard to say. There's no clear pattern to it, and Azazel's not exactly forthcoming with an answer. For whatever reason, Azazel chose these kids, visited them on the night they turned six months old, and fed them his blood. Infected them with his demonic powers. And then he left the child to grow up, sometimes taking a second to kill a parent on his way out. They lived lives that were basically normal—no better or worse than anyone else. Until recently. Now they're grown men and women, and something's been switched on in their heads. Their powers are starting to show, and it's chaos. What are these people capable of?

What **aren't** they capable of? Seems like the more these guys practice their psychic abilities, the more they grow. A clairvoyant starts moving stuff with his mind. A kid who can use his voice to control people, practices a little, and now he can project psychic images to anyone he wants, wherever they might be. It seems like there's no limit to what these kids are capable of, and that's terrifying. Is there something inherently evil inside these kids? Or maybe Azazel's just counting on the corrupting influence of power. God knows he's loaded the kids up with enough to corrupt a convent, and so far they're not exactly out there keeping the world safe for truth, justice, and the American way. They're using their powers for revenge, for sex, for personal glory. Seems like maybe they don't need a push. Maybe they'll jump, all on their own.

Game Stats Note: These "special" recruits in the demon army typically have a lot of Complications but at least one major Demonic Trait of their own. Electrokinesis, Telekinesis, Mind Control, whatever you like. You can also just beef up one or two Attributes by a +2 or +3 step, edging the kid into the realm of superhuman ability.

they're not big on forgiving debts. Still, the prospect of eternal damnation is a pretty strong motivator. People run, people hide, but people still die. Fact is, once you've got a hellhound on your tail, the game's over.

Hellhounds are kinda like Hell's bounty hunters. When a debt comes due they make sure it gets paid in full, which usually involves hunting somebody down and ripping out their intestines. This is a bad, bad dog. Think not so much Lassie, more like Cujo. No one's ever seen one before, but they've damn sure heard 'em. A standard contract with a Crossroads Demon is for ten years of bliss—whatever that entails. As those last few days count down, you'll start hearing

dogs. Wild, hungry dogs, circling you day and night. You'll never see anything though—human eyes aren't built to see 'em. You can run all you like, but when it comes to tracking, Hellhounds put bloodhounds to shame. Once they've got your scent, they never lose it. They'll get you, it's just a matter of time.

HELLHOUND BAD PUPPY

Description Through human eyes, hellhounds are a large, vaguely dog-shaped area of empty space. We just can't see 'em.

Motivation Hellhounds are loyal little mutts. Once they're on your trail, they won't stop hunting until they take you down. Although if the deal changes, you might be off the hook—but good luck getting a Crossroads Demon to cancel a contract.

Limitations Hard to say for sure, but a line of salt should keep a Hellhound at bay. Temporarily, anyway. Others swear by goofer dust, a powdery hoodoo catchall. A little graveyard dirt, some snakeskin, a dash of sulfur, the Colonel's eleven herbs and spices—the recipes may differ here and there, but the effect's the same. This stuff should stop Fido dead in his tracks. Which is great and all, but you're still just buying time. Some hunters think that you could fight 'em if you could just see 'em, but no one knows for sure. A shotgun fulla rock salt or wrought iron rounds might take a chunk out of one, but how the hell could you tell?

Agi d10 **Str** d12 **Vit** d10 **Ale** d12 **Int** d2 **Wil** d6

Init d10 + d12 **LP** 16

Traits Duty d4, Out for Blood d8, Sharp Sense (hearing, smell) d6

Skills Covert d6/Stealth d12 + d2, Survival d6/Tracking d12 + d4, Unarmed Combat d6/Clawing d8/Biting d12

Attacks Hellhounds come at you with **teeth (d4 W)** and **claws (d2 W)**, sometimes all in the same turn. Once a Hellhound gets hold of you, it won't stop attacking 'til you stop twitching.



Lore The following information may be acquired through investigation into hellhounds.

- ✱ A call came in from an old friend who knows all about your line of work. Seems a buddy of his has been hearing dogs lately. Growls and barks that come outta nowhere, and he's the only one hearing it. It started a few days ago, but they're getting louder and angrier by the day.
- ✱ A peek into the buddy's past is pretty informative. About a decade back he bottomed out. Drunk, unemployed, massively in debt and freshly divorced. These days he's cleaned up, at the top of his game at work, and married to the love of his life.
- ✱ About a decade exactly, come to think about it.
- ✱ Seems our good buddy wasn't telling the whole truth with his rags to riches tale. Now his debt's come due, and he's looking for a loophole.
- ✱ Witnesses to Hellhound attacks have reported an uncomfortable rise in air temperature during the attack. They do hail from Hell, makes sense that they might crank out some BTUs. Enough to make them visible through infrared goggles? Maybe so. Or maybe the useless goggles just mean you look like a complete idiot while an invisible dog snacks on your insides.

Angels

People like to believe in Angels. For all the rotten, terrible things in the world, it brings them comfort to imagine these heavenly beings hidden just out of sight, watching over us and keeping us safe from harm. It's a nice thing to believe, and like a lot of things that seem that nice, it's a giant pile of crap.

Origins

They're real, sure, but the reality doesn't look so good on a Christmas card. Angels are the soldiers of the Lord. Divine legbreakers. Miraculous kickers of ass. They bring righteous retribution, pillars of flame—all that great Old Testament stuff. They've got an apocalypse in their pocket, and they're not happy to see you.

They also take their job very seriously, and that doesn't leave a lot of time for touchy-feely handholding. It also means that an angel is just about the last thing you want to see. Even if it's not there to get divine all over your ass, it's still there for a really bad reason. If it's here to smite something, you can be sure that something is really, insanely bad. If it's here to give a message, you can bet that it's a message you don't want to hear. Whatever's going on, it's not something you want to be a part of.

Not like you'll have a choice. If an angel *does* show up on your doorstep, it knows what it wants, and it's going to get it. I'd love to just say "If you see an angel, turn the hell around and apply your foot to the gas until you've changed

time zones at least twice" and leave it at that. But that's not how it works. If this stuff ends in your lap, you need to know what you can.

Manifestation

First thing to know is that angels are invisible and immaterial most of the time, and presumably they spend their time up in Heaven or dancing on the heads of pins or doing whatever it is they do in their spare time. They can come to earth like this, and even try to talk to people, but that can go pretty badly. Some people can hear them, special people, but for anyone else it's just a lot of ultrasonic noise that gets more intense as the angel talks. It ends up feeling like ground zero of a sonic boom, and can do more than a little property damage.

Now just stop and think about that for a second—that's how much damage they do when they're trying to be *nice* and bend your ear for a bit. Consider what that means when you piss them off.

More likely you're going to encounter one of their vessels, a human being who's allowed himself to be possessed by an angel. This looks a lot like what happens when a demon possesses someone. The angel takes over the driver's seat, and they get tough, fast and strong. There are a few differences though—the vessel doesn't seem aware of what's happening, and the angels aren't necessarily as good at this as the demons are. An angel may seem a little stiff or awkward when occupying its vessel, or it may seem a little too into stepping into the role, seeming overly cheerful about trivial things. It's quirky, but it doesn't make them any less scary at getting the job done.

Beyond the odd mannerisms, there's no real telltale sign that you're looking at an angelic vessel, unless they want you to know. You don't get any real halo or anything, but they do have wings. Not normal ones—normal as wings would be—but shadowy spiritual ones that seem designed to extend dramatically to prove a point (the point being, of course, "I am an angel of the Lord, and you don't want to see me put my game face on").

Motivation

Angels are looking to do God's will, but it's never quite as simple as that. They've got their own hierarchy and politics, and an angel is more likely to get orders from his superior than he is directly from God. The assumption is that everyone in that chain is equally committed to doing God's will and that they're all on the same page regarding how to do it. And heck, that probably worked just fine for a long time, but these days it's gone pretty far off the tracks. Things got muddled, angels started pursuing their own agendas, and the ones at the bottom of the totem pole soldiered on, trusting in their superiors. Somewhere in there, God stopped talking (or maybe they stopped listening) and it didn't change a thing.



The average angel, if there is such a thing, is just doing his job as best he can. He may be willing to be ruthless to serve God's will or serve a greater good, but their nature is still basically benign. They do not seek to do harm, and they work to protect the faithful, but their priorities can look cruel to mortals who see them. For one thing, angels are old. Old enough that it is hard for them to view a problem as truly pressing—most things go away if you just ride them out for a few centuries. There's one other big difference: to an angel, the death of a human is not necessary a cruelty. After all, God has provided for the protection of the faithful, and while death brings with it some harm, the soul goes on to its appointed end. Of course, if that end is of the dark and unpleasant kind, that muddies the question. Some angels find that that is only just, others regret killing a wicked man even more than a righteous one, since that takes away his chance at redemption. There are other factors that play into angelic decisions—personal agendas, politics and so on—but even their most capricious-seeming decisions make a little more sense if you can take the long view. The *very* long view.

Not every angel is average though, and some are playing their own game. The greatest threat to the world now comes from Heaven, as angels look towards Hell and the greatest of their kind—Lucifer. Some sympathize with

his rebellion and seek to join up with him. Others seek to raise him up for a big ass throw down, settling things in the squared circle, the way they feel it should be. Remember, these are the soldiers of God, made to fight in battles beyond our understanding. They've only got one enemy worth fighting left, and many angels itch for the opportunity to test themselves against his legions.

Abilities

An angelic vessel is blessed with superhuman speed, strength and (especially) resilience. They can go toe-to-toe with demons and expect to come out on top against all but the most powerful specimens. Demons usually have the advantage in numbers, though. Seems the demons don't fight fair—who knew?

A vessel can take damage that seems almost impossible, and in this the angels far exceed the demons. Do enough damage to a demon and it's going to be out of the fight, if only for a while. Do the same kind of damage to an angel and you *might* mess up his clothes. This is probably good for the vessel, since angels tend to leave them in much better shape than demons do.

Immaterial Angels are immaterial in their natural form, and while they can observe, they tend to make a mess when they try to interact. Because of this, they occupy vessels (humans who have volunteered for the job) when they need to get around the world.

Invulnerability As noted, angels can shrug off a lot of damage, even damage that might at least make a demon slow down.

Telekinesis It should be no surprise that angels can push things around with their mind, same as lots of other critters. Still, they seem to use this a lot less casually than demons do, possibly because they like to be a little more hands-on about these matters.

Super Strength Yep, they're crazy strong. Smashing through stone and throw you across the room one-handed kind of strong.

Flight Not like Superman flight, more "turn around and they're already gone in a flapping of invisible wings" kind of flight. Calling it teleportation sounds overly sci-fi, but it really seems like angels can come and go as they please pretty much anywhere. And I really mean *anywhere*—they can get in and out of Hell, and even visit people in their dreams.

Awareness Angels have some sort of higher-level awareness, but it's not always clear what that means. They sense things, sure, but they also seem to have some sort of backend communication network. Angelic CB radio maybe. One way or another they're able to communicate with one another over distance, but this seems an imperfect science.

Purification Angels can also generate a purifying light that seems capable of expelling or destroying demons. It's not like they're shooting lasers or something, more like they can hold it in their hands and drive it into a demon. It's pretty weird to see, but it works.

Angelic Vessels

Angels don't just possess people at random. Only certain individuals are suitable for an angel to possess, and these folks are known as "vessels." Exactly *who* is suitable to be a vessel is something of an interesting question, and one that seems to vary from angel to angel. Where Castiel required a vessel of great faith of a certain bloodline, the vessel required for Michael is almost the opposite, and to muddle things further, Anna Milton seems to have created an entirely artificial vessel, modeled after her mortal form. It seems likely that different angels find compatible vessels based on different criteria, criteria that reflect upon the nature of the angel.

Once a vessel is chosen, the matter is not yet complete. The vessel must be tested and give its consent. The tests reflect on the nature of why the vessel has been chosen. If the vessel is chosen for this faith, that faith may be tested. If the vessel is chosen for his warrior nature, he may be tested in battle. The test may be inflicted on the vessel by the angel, or the angel may choose someone who has already been tested appropriately by circumstance. Whatever the details, the test will likely be highly disruptive to the mortal's life.

If the prospective vessel passes these tests, he is offered a chance to be the vessel for the angel. Now, "offered the chance" sounds like a strange way to put it, but the sort of folks chosen to be vessels are exactly the sort who would jump at the opportunity to serve their Lord and serve a good cause. Even though it may mean leaving friends and family behind, they do so knowing that the ones they love are under divine protection, so they are willing to pay the price.

Vessels are generally unaware of what is happening while they are possessed, though they may sense snippets of it. For most vessels, though, when their service ends they simply find themselves waking up with a large gap in their memory. To their loved ones, this is just more evidence of a mental break. This can be hard on the former vessel, and it is a rare mortal who is willing to take up the call once again.

Angelic Guidance

You know what's really messed up? If you want to see what an angel can do, just watch TV around Christmas for that movie. You know the one. The whole "see how things would have gone without you" trick is entirely legit. This may be the creepiest thing they can do because some of what this involves is outright impossible: time travel, mass mind control and a thousand other tiny tricks that make a scene play out just so. This doesn't seem like something they can just casually *do*, so maybe it takes

So Why The Angelic Song And Dance?

There's no reason to think the angels aren't powerful enough to possess people, so why operate within these limitations? Some of it is the moral component—taking over someone's body and life and putting them in harm's way isn't a particularly good thing to do. Still, there are plenty of angels who aren't likely to let a little thing like that stop them, even if it's one of the essential points that separates them from demons.

The most important reason may be found in the angel's own words as they talk about their vessels. They throw around terms like "meat suit" and "wearing a monkey." Angels are used to an ephemeral existence, unbound by matter. To step into a body that does all manner of appalling things like excrete and possess mass is just unpleasant. If they must do it, they want to make sure it's as good a "fit" it can possibly be, both to make the experience more tolerable and to avoid getting any of the taint of mortality on themselves.

Another possible explanation may be that an angel simply puts too much strain on a normal host. A poorly matched host may simply be incapable of holding the angel, and might not survive being possessed.

more work than it looks, but however its done this seems to be a trick they roll out for the sake of mortals who they need to prove a point to, or when then need to demonstrate something.

Angelic Lore Angelic script can be used to make wards that affect angels, but not every angel is equally versed in it. Anna Milton is especially good at this. While still mortal, she was able to drive away angels with angelic sigils written in her blood (though she didn't really understand she was doing it at the time). Between this and angel-slaying weapons, there seems to be an entire body of knowledge the angels keep to themselves. If a mortal could figure out how to use it, well, that would be something.

Higher Power Angels can reshape reality to greater and lesser degrees. A lesser angel might be able to bring about a lucky coincidence or two, but a really powerful angel can truly do the impossible.

Limitations

For all that they're tough and powerful, angels are not unbeatable. Enough raw power, such as from another angel or a powerful demon, can take one down. Often this means dispelling the angel for a time, but it can also mean the angel's death (along with the death of its vessel). That's the good news.

The bad news is that pretty much everything you'd use against the usual nasties is useless against angels. Salt. Iron. Silver. Holy water. You might as well throw balled up tissues at them. There are only a few exceptions.

Items Angels are vulnerable to their own weapons, and some angels bear short stabbing weapons which seem fully capable of killing other angels. The status of other more unique weapons is a little more uncertain—the angels have no fear of Ruby's knife, but the Colt is an open question.

Angelic Sigils Angels do seem vulnerable to certain mystical symbols, like other supernatural beings, but only to symbols written in Enochian, the script of the angels. Active sigils, like those that dispel angels, must be written in blood and directly activated (rather than just working passively, like a devil's trap). Similarly, Enochian symbols can be used to work like a hex bag, obscuring the bearer from detection, but they are powerful enough to hide from even the mightiest of angels. Covering a place in Enochian symbols can keep angels out.

Dispelling There are spells for dispelling an angel known to the most powerful demons, but the efficacy of these spells is questionable, as they require the demon to overpower the angel in question—not a trivial challenge.

Holy Oil A ring of burning oil from some blessed source, one imbued with purity, can keep even an archangel like Raphael or Gabriel trapped within its bounds. This doesn't prevent an angel from using his powers, including Telekinesis, but it prevents him from going anywhere.

The Vessel The biggest problem the angels have is that they can't just possess people like demons can. An angel must choose his vessel from a very narrow range of options, such as a certain bloodline or a certain type of person. Once the vessel is chosen, the angel can only possess a vessel that gives himself over willingly. These tend to be really good, devout, God-fearing folks, and that's more the pity when you consider some of the bastards they can end up carrying around. The upshot is that there are some practical limitations on how many angels can be in circulation.

The angels also seem more tightly bound to their vessels than demons are. When an angel is dispelled or driven off, it takes its vessel with it (unlike a demon, which is driven out of the mortal). Similarly, when an angel is killed, it seems to almost always be done by killing it along with its vessel. There's also a practical issue at work that keeps angels bound to their vessels—once an angel leaves his vessel, there is no guarantee he will be welcomed back in. This means starting the time-consuming process of preparing another vessel all over again. The upshot of this is that an angel only abandons its vessel under the direst of circumstances, even if it might otherwise make tactical sense to do so.

Angels in the Game

In their true angelic form, angels don't have much impact on the game. They're invisible and insubstantial, and while they can use some angelic Traits in this form (specifically,

the Higher Power Trait), they are greatly limited in their actions. They can attempt to communicate with a mortal in this form. This speech just manifests as a high-pitched buzzing. If the mortal can't respond and the angel keeps trying, then the sound gets intense enough to cause local damage (shattering glass and so on), and the mortal must succeed at a Hard Resistance (Vitality + Willpower) roll or be stunned for the duration of the "conversation." If the mortal has a suitable Asset (Clairvoyant d8, ESP d8, Medium d8 or Faith d6) then he can hear what the angel is trying to say, and converse with him.

Most often an angel is encountered in mortal form, possessing an angelic vessel. Vessels are always willing participants, so there's no need to roll dice for the angel possessing them. If the vessel doesn't want it, the angel's out of luck.

The vessel gains enhancements to Attributes based upon the power of the possessing angel. Strength and Vitality usually increase by at least a +3 step, while Agility is increased by a +1 step. These values may be higher for more powerful angels, but Strength and Vitality are more likely to increase than Agility unless the angel is particularly adept at operating in human form. The angel uses his own mental Attributes in lieu of the host, but may use the host's Skills or Traits as necessary.

Angels are capable of shrugging off prodigious amounts of damage, walking through hails of gunfire without spilling a drop of blood, but they can still be harmed in hand to hand combat. Their "armor of faith" provides them immense protection against such attacks.

They also don't die when they take their full Life Points in Wound damage. They suffer no Wound penalties, and recover two points of Wound and Stun per turn. If an angel ever takes its Life Points in damage, it withdraws—dematerializing with its vessel in a flurry of ethereal wings. An angel could theoretically depart a wounded vessel, leaving it to die, but that is not an action that most angels would consider taking.

Angels may have other powers and abilities as appropriate.

Angelic Traits

Most angels possess each of these Traits to one degree or another. Combined, these Traits make up an angel's grace. Deprived of this vital element of their natures, angels will become fallen. Their power will diminish over time, with some Traits (such as Higher Power and Purifying Light) being unavailable immediately. Castiel has shown that even if the link to Heaven is severed, he's retained his Angelic Wings and Divine Senses, for instance.

ARMOR OF FAITH (D2-D12)

Mortal peril holds no threat to an angel. Matter is not dangerous, only the will of the soul. Angels have a flat Armor Value of 20 against any attack that is not directly driven by the will of another being, which includes things

like bullets (because the gun is an intermediary), explosions and environmental damage. Hand to hand attacks ignore this armor (borderline cases, like arrows, split the difference—angels get an Armor Value of 10 against it)

Against other attacks, the angel has an Armor Value equal to the maximum die value of this Trait. This armor does not work against angelic weapons, like the silver knives most angels carry with them in the field.

ANGELIC WINGS (D4-D12)

Angels travel unseen wherever their duty takes them. This ability allows them to vanish in one place and reappear in another.

d4: You may travel anywhere in Heaven or Earth in the span of an hour.

Each step increase in the die rating adds one of the following advantages:

Fast Travel: Your travel takes you a few minutes, not an hour

Gates of Hell: You may travel to and from Hell

Realms of the Impossible: You may visit places that are not even places, such as the dreams of mortals

Fellow Traveler: You may take others with you when you fly

DIVINE SENSES (D8)

Angels are keenly aware of the supernatural world around them, and beyond. As shorthand, this Trait is the equivalent of having the sensory qualities of Clairvoyance, ESP and Medium at d8, but mortals with the right protections may be hidden from it.

HIGHER POWER (D4-D12)

Angels can reshape reality to a limited state, simply making things so. This is a simple but profound power and only the most crass of angels would misuse or abuse this capability.

d4: As an action, the angel can make something unlikely, but not unreasonable happen. A door might be unlocked, a cab could show up just in time, a cold could get better, or a scratch off ticket might win twenty bucks.

d6: The angel can alter a situation as if he was in many places at once. This is not useful in a fight, but it allows him to do things like open or close many things or break a number of wards all at once.

d8: The angel can make something highly unlikely, but possible, happen. This might include many unlikely things (like everyone at a parlor winning bingo at once) or a single highly unlikely event (like the broken glass of a collapsing skyscraper forming a message, or cancer spontaneously going into remission).

d10: The angel can pull a target mortal out of reality to show him something. This trip may violate the rules of time and space—it might take the mortal to the past, a possible future, or even to some entirely imaginary realm. The angel in question decides the rules of the trip, and while the mortal may appear to be in danger, he is usually quite safe.

d12: The angel can make the impossible happen, so long as it still complies to the laws of reality. He could make someone's lungs disappear, make something burst into flame, or turn lead into gold. If this is used as an attack, it uses Willpower + this Trait, may only be defended by the target's Willpower (acting as an innate defense), and it does whatever amount and kind of damage the angel wants, up to the success + d12.

It is possible that archangels have this power at even higher levels, but such power is truly unimaginable.

PURIFYING LIGHT (D4-D12)

Angels can emit a purifying light that drives out demons, ghosts and other impure beings. It acts as a weapon in attacks against demons and ghosts, adding the Trait die as Wound damage. These attacks do no harm to a demon's host, but a successful attack drives the demon out. An extraordinary success on the attack destroys the demon, rather than simply expel it. You may use the light against mortals or innocents, but all damage is Stun.

d4: Emit the light from your hands. It may be used in melee combat, either with Unarmed Combat or Melee Weapons Skill.

d6: Strike at range with the light. You may now also use it in conjunction with Ranged Weapons or Guns Skill.

d8+: For each additional step, strike an additional target.

TELEKINESIS (D4/D8/D12)

Mind over matter. You can move things around or even attack someone just by thinking about it, and anything within 50 feet is fair game. You can use this power to do the same kinds of actions as normally available, but you roll the Attribute + Skill + Telekinesis Trait die. Attacks against characters or objects use mental Attributes only (usually Willpower). Your effective Strength with this ability is your Willpower and Telekinesis Trait combined.

d4: You can use your power on one target at a time.

d8: You can use your power on two targets at a time.

d12: You can use your power on three targets at a time.

Archangels

No one is sure how many archangels there are (some say seven, others just attribute that number to a numerological nonsense) but there are not thought to be many. Michael is universally recognized as an archangel, but after that, things get muddled. Other names that get mentioned include: Gabriel, Raphael, Uriel, Raguel and Azrael. Given that at least one name on that list is wrong, there's no guarantee any of the rest are correct though. It might also be accurate to characterize Lucifer as an archangel, albeit a fallen one, but given his closeness to God, that might be an understatement.

It's also worth looking at the Trickster's entry in **Chapter Three: Gods & Monsters**. Just sayin'.

ARCHANGEL THE HAMMERS OF GOD

Description Have you ever seen one of those sci-fi movies where something gets blasted by a giant ray from a satellite? Everything on the ground gets kind of glowy, then there's a big flash and suddenly there's nothing but a crater. That's pretty much the best description you're going to find of an archangel. These are the big guns of the angelic armies, virtually forces of nature. They are almost as far beyond the other angels as the angels are past mortals: if angels are the soldiers of God, these guys are His tanks.

This means you're not likely to end up pal-ing around with one down on earth. For an archangel, taking a vessel is a very big proposition, and all of the limitations on angels selecting vessels are even more pronounced for archangels. Even if one took a host, there's no guarantee that there would be any way to relate to it. Archangels do their job, whatever that job may be. The other angels don't have any way to impose their will on them, but they can sort of steer them to things as needed.

This may give the impression that the archangels aren't very bright, but it's really quite the reverse. Just as the angels have difficulty thinking on the same scale as mortals, archangels have difficulty thinking down to the scale of angels, and when mortals are concerned it's like asking them to distinguish between ants.

Motivation Archangels have jobs to do, and that's exactly what they do. The job may vary from archangel to archangel; one may be protecting a prophet while another one sits idle waiting for the order to shatter a mountain, and another is in space making sure any asteroid big enough to damage Earth hits Jupiter instead. It's possible, even likely, that they have more nuanced motivations than that, but their interests are so removed from our own that they're virtually incomprehensible.

Limitations Some archangels don't always understand the world, and they depend upon the angels for guidance and direction in handling the finesse work. This means that archangels have been drawn into the auspices of the angel's great plot because they simply would not consider the possibility that the angels would be misleading them. Of course, it's possible that the archangels have a much grander role in this great plot than we think, so perhaps the limitation is ours. Archangels have some of the limitations of their angelic brothers, and can be trapped in a circle of burning holy oil, but their power isn't fully restrained in this state. Raphael proved he could knock out all the power on the Eastern Seaboard even if he couldn't leave the circle Cass and Dean trapped him in.

Stats, Traits and Skills If an archangel were somehow able to manifest itself without leveling the city block around it, it would be apt to describe its various Attributes as "whatever it wants." Given that such an archangel would be possessed of exceptional finesse and control, even for an archangel, that would be something miraculous to behold.

Attacks An archangel attacks by hammering its target with **pure power**. There's usually a few moments warning (signified by a brightening light) before everything gets burned away. The opening attack is d12 + d12, doing d12 damage against every target within a hundred feet that the archangel considers an enemy. This attack ignores cover and armor, and does double damage against demons, which either die with their host or are automatically incinerated if exposed to this light in their natural form. If the archangel needs to attack again, he does so, with the damage increasing by a +1 step each time it attacks. On the flipside, any creature within the attack that the archangel designates as under its protection gain 12 points of armor and adds d12 + d12 to its defense. Sadly, unless you are Prophet of the Lord, you're unlikely to ever benefit from this.

Lore Archangels are closer to God than any other being, and as such they are as unknowable as He. There is some lore, of course, and you can crib it from the following.

- ✧ Lucifer was the greatest of their number, and his understanding was closest to God's, which makes his rebellion all the more troubling. For most of the angels, the distinction between Lucifer and God was one they could not even perceive—they were like mice trying to understand the arguments between Socrates and his accusers. Thus, many who followed Lucifer created their own understanding of his motives, but followed along all the same.
- ✧ Michael, Gabriel, and Lucifer are said to be brother angels, among the highest and noblest of God's children. While Michael, the older brother, cast out the younger brother, Lucifer, Gabriel turned from the conflict. Their relationship to the other angels of the Lord seems to depend on which book you're reading.
- ✧ Ok, posit an archangel. Wise and powerful beyond mortal reckon, as distinguished from other angels who are powerful, but within human reckoning. These are the guys God uses when he needs to, say, ignite a sun or turn a city into a salt plain. What does the universe even *look* like to something like that? Even if it's on your side, do you want its attention?
- ✧ If there's one piece of lore about archangels that you should remember, it's this: there's only one thing you run from faster than an angel, and that's an archangel.

Notable Angels

These angels are some of the more prominent or significant players in recent events leading up to the attempt to free Lucifer from Hell. Whether they're fallen or just full of it, they should give you a good indication of the levels of power an angel is able to bring to bear. Word is angels are dying all over creation in battle with demons and even each other. It's not clear yet if they really are on your side or not—you'd think that'd be a no-brainer, but come on. Many of us didn't even know angels were real until we caught up to speed.

Anna Milton

Anna was a normal young woman committed to a psychiatric institute because she reported hearing angelic voices. While this attracted the attention of the Winchesters, it also seemed to attract demonic attention as well—attention that Anna escaped only through a display of telekinesis.

The Winchesters originally supposed that Anna's value to Heaven and Hell is in her ability to eavesdrop on angelic conversations (which reveals little things like their bad opinion of Sam), and end up fighting first Alistair and later Castiel and Uriel. The latter are only defeated when Anna inscribes a set of angelic sigils in her own blood that sends the angels "far away." She has no idea how she knew how to do this, and this leads to the discovery that Anna is, in fact, a former angel. She had been the superior of Uriel and Castiel, and had cast aside her divine grace to fall to earth and be born as a mortal. The angels want her dead for her crime, and Hell wants her for any number of reasons.

An attempt to recover her divine grace comes up short, and it is revealed that Uriel has it in his possession, manifested as a crystal necklace. The angels reveal the seriousness of this matter in their eyes—the Winchesters must either hand Anna over or Dean is sent back to Hell. The boys respond to this exactly as one might expect by tricking Alastair and company to come at the same time. In the fight that follows, they manage to recover Anna's grace and return it to her, resulting in her vanishing in a flash of light that also dispels the demons.

In the weeks that follow, she pieces what knowledge she has back together and is clearly unhappy with the direction the angels are going. She confronts Castiel, saving him from Uriel's murderous rampage, and challenging his willingness to follow orders that seem so far out of line with what God would ask. While she drives him to question his situation, he ultimately betrays her to Heaven, and when last seen she's being escorted away by unhappy looking angels.



ANNA MILTON FALLEN ANGEL

Description Anna is an attractive redhead who has spent enough time as a mortal that little in her behavior reveals her angelic nature. She is actually a fallen angel who has lived a mortal lifetime since her fall, and her motives and behaviors are far more human than her former compatriots.

Motivation Before discovering her angelic nature, Anna had no motivations beyond living her life. When she started hearing voices, she just wanted to get better. The decision was yanked from her hands by pursuing demons. After the recovery of her angelic powers and knowledge, she has worked against the plan to break the seals and unleash Lucifer. She feels that her actions are still in keeping with the will of God, and that it is the other angels who have lost their way.

Limitations As a mortal, Anna was in real trouble, as she had neither abilities nor training to defend herself from the interests of Heaven and Hell. While she manifested signs of telekinetic power and the ability to trace magical symbols in angelic script, she had no real control over these abilities, and they only manifested as a sort of knee-jerk survival response. After recovering her grace and powers, she has few limitations and is quite powerful and knowledgeable, even for an angel. However, she remains emotionally invested in the people who were close to her, including Castiel and Dean Winchester, and that investment ends up costing her greatly.

As a mortal: **Agi** d6 **Str** d4 **Vit** d6 **Ale** d8 **Int** d8 **Wil** d8
Init d8 + d6 **LP** 14

Angelic: **Agi** d8 **Str** d12 **Vit** d12 + d2 **Ale** d8 **Int** d12 **Wil** d12 + d6 **Init** d8 + d8 **LP** 32 (Temporarily dispelled at 32 points of damage, 20 points impersonal armor, 10 points of armor, recovers 2 Wound and 2 Stun per turn)

Anna's exceptional will, when she has her grace intact, reflects exactly how much willpower it takes to take the long dive out of Heaven yet keep your principles intact.

Traits Angelic Wings d8, Armor of Faith d10, Divine Senses d8, Faith d6, Hunted d12, Higher Power d8, Purifying Light d10, Telekinesis d8, Unbreakable Will d6

Skills Athletics d6, Discipline d6/Concentration d8/Intimidation d12/Resistance d12, Influence d6/Leadership d10, Lore d6/Demons d8/Angels d12, Knowledge d6, Melee Weapons d6/Sword d12, Perception d6/Tactics d10, Unarmed Combat d6/Brawling d10

Attacks While Anna is strong enough to hold her own in battle with demons, her role is as officer, and she is more likely to be a step removed from the fight, trying to alter the situation as a whole more than any one conflict.

Castiel

Castiel's the Angel of Thursday. He was the angel who flew into Hell to lift Dean Winchester back to the world of the living, and who left his mark upon Dean's body in doing so. This was no trivial task, and his choice for this could be seen as acknowledgment that he's an angelic badass, or perhaps that he was expendable.

Castiel's vessel, Jimmy Novak, is a family man from Pontiac, Illinois. He has a wife and daughter he left behind to serve Castiel, a decision that did great harm to their relationship as a family. Jimmy is apparently of a particular bloodline that made him suitable to serve as a vessel, because after Castiel leaves Jimmy, he briefly possesses his daughter, only returning to Jimmy after he asks.

Castiel formerly served alongside Uriel under the angel who became the mortal Anna Milton. His relationship with Uriel is a tense one, but he was close to Anna, and has been willing to ignore her status as a fallen angel from time to time.

The discovery of the angelic plot turned Castiel against Heaven for a time, and lead to his forcible return to Heaven. Upon his resumption of duties, he was loyal to Heaven to a fault, betraying both Anna and the Winchesters, but he ultimately chose to side with mankind, and helped Dean flee from Heaven and stayed to face the wrath of an archangel, possibly Raphael. This killed him. The fact that he got better has made more than a few in Heaven quite nervous.

CASTIEL THE GOOD SOLDIER

Description Outside of his vessel, Castiel is formless and invisible. While possessing Jimmy, he is a slim Caucasian man, slightly rumped, with a perpetually serious expression. It's not entirely clear whether Castiel is simply not as comfortable expressing himself in mortal form, or if he's simply that serious all the time (bets are on the latter). His speech is

as serious as his demeanor: he's the sort who can use words like perdition both seriously and literally. He can seem standoffish, in the manner of a soldier who expects further losses.

Motivation Castiel seeks to serve, to do well by God, Heaven, and man, though he arranges the priorities of those three things as the circumstances demand. Castiel is unaware of the conspiracy to break the seals, so he carries himself like a soldier on the losing side of a battle who is intent on fighting on despite the great price. When he discovers the truth of the heavenly conspiracy, he tries to take steps against it, but is taken up to Heaven to get his priorities straightened out. That ultimately does not stick—in the end he chooses his true duty over his orders, man over Heaven.

Limitations Aside from an underdeveloped sense of humor, Castiel has few things that would be recognized as limitations. But for an angel, he is ultimately limited by his sympathy, both for his old friends and for human-kind at large.

Agi d8 **Str** d12 **Vit** d12 **Ale** d8 **Int** d12 **Wil** d12 **Init** d8 + d8 **LP** 24 (Temporarily dispelled at 24 points of damage, 20 points impersonal armor, 8 points of armor, recovers 2 Wound and 2 Stun per turn)

Traits Allure d4, Angelic Wings d12, Armor of Faith d8, Divine Senses d8, Duty d12, Faith d6, Formidable Presence d2, Higher Power d6, Purifying Light d6, Socially Awkward d4, Telekinesis d4

Skills Athletics d6, Discipline d6/Concentration d8/Intimidation d8/Resistance d12, Influenced4, Lore d6/Demons d8/Angels d10, Melee Weapons d6/Sword d12, Perception d6/Tactics d10, Unarmed Combat d6/Brawling d12

Attacks Castiel is a straight-up fighter, more than willing to engage foes physically. He is strong enough to do so unarmed, but when fighting enemies who require it, he favors the short stabbing **angelic sword** (d6 W, ignores Armor of Faith, kills angels when damage exceeds Life Points).



Uriel

Uriel's name means "Fire of the Lord," which does kind of sum up his angry approach to everything. Something of a bully and a thug, Uriel is sourced in many angelic works as an archangel. If they're right, Uriel has experienced some serious demotion in the line of duty. It's also possible that these works were written by people that Uriel was standing over, breathing in their face.

Partnered with Castiel in the weeks and months leading up to Lucifer's release from Hell, Uriel was behind many of the atrocities committed by the angels seeking to kick-start Armageddon. His superiors promoted him above Castiel as a response to Castiel's apparent sympathy with the "mud monkeys," but this was probably just another obstacle removed from Uriel's path toward tragedy.

URIEL THE TARNISHED SWORD

Description Outside of his vessel, Uriel is formless and invisible. While in his vessel, he is a heavily built, bald, black man. He's a big guy, and carries himself like a brawler, with the kind of swagger that comes from a casual willingness to throw down and an absolute certainty regarding who will still be standing when it's over.

Motivation Uriel is a soldier, but he is more attached to the fight than he is to the ideas behind it. His disdain for mankind is immediately evident and marks most of his interactions with mortals. Ultimately, he craves the simplicity of brute force and direct solutions, and that desire does not work well in a less than black and white world.

Limitations Uriel is out of his depth in this conflict. He is hell on wheels in a fight, but ultimately his idea of a subtle conspiracy is "Join me or I'll kill you."

Ag d8 **Str** d12+d4 **Vit** d12 +d2 **Ale** d8 **Int** d8 **Wil** d10 **Init** d8 + d8 **LP** 24 (Temporarily dispelled at 24 points of damage, 20 points impersonal armor, 8 points of armor, recovers 2 Wound and 2 Stun per turn)

Traits Angelic Wings d6, Armor of Faith d8, Divine Senses d8, Duty, d4, Formidable Presence d6, Higher Power d8, Prejudice (Humans) d4, Purifying Light d6, Telekinesis d8

Skills Athletics d6, Discipline d6/Concentration d8/Interrogation d8/Intimidation d12/Resistance d10, Influence d4, Lore d6/Demons d8/Angels d10, Melee Weapons d6/Sword d12+d4, Perception d6/Tactics d8, Unarmed Combat d6/Brawling d12+d2

Attacks Uriel uses his **telekinesis** on opponents he considers to not be worth his time, but if there's a good fight to be had, he throws himself in with the reckless abandon of one who knows his strength is nearly unmatched.

Zachariah

Zachariah is pretty high up the Angelic food chain, with Castiel and Uriel reporting to him. He came to Earth for a time to restore Dean Winchester's willingness to keep hunting, but it's been ultimately revealed that this was more self-serving than anything else. Dean has a place in Zachariah's plan, and that is as the slayer of Lucifer, a vessel for the archangel Michael.

Zachariah has demonstrated a willingness to do truly terrible things to force Dean to do what he requires. The more Dean has refused, the more monstrous these acts of cruelty have become. Zachariah is pretty much okay with this.

ZACHARIAH HEAVEN'S USED CAR SALESMAN

Description Outside of his vessel, Zachariah is formless and invisible. In his vessel, he is the last things you'd expect and angel to be. A pudgy, middle-aged white guy with an insincere smile and a receding hairline, he looks more like someone you'd see behind a desk at the DMV than one of the most powerful and insidiously dangerous beings alive.



Prophets

There may be one job in the universe worse than hunting, and that's serving as a Prophet of the Lord. Think about it. One day you're just minding your own business, and you see something like it's already happened. You write it down because you have to, no matter how crazy it seems, and then some guy tries to mug you at the ATM and gets reduced to a pile of ash by a light from the sky. Maybe you question your sanity, but you can't stop. And if it all becomes too much to deal with and you try to end it all, well, the big light in the sky is having none of that. Your life, everything you are, is just so much trash now—you're tied to the story you must keep writing.

There's no way to say who will or will not become a prophet, and the only thing they have in common is that they're in a position to write what they see. Chuck, the prophet of the so-called Winchester Gospel, is a novelist, but a prophet could just as easily be a blogger or comic book artist. Whoever he is, he will find he is under the protection of an archangel, and that the forces of Heaven have a great interest in what he has to say. See, for all that the angels may think God's gone missing, someone is still whispering in the ears of the prophets, and they know things the angels don't.

If the hunters in your game are deeply involved in the affairs of Heaven and Hell, it is entirely possible that there's a prophet out there writing down everything they've done, often before they finish doing it. It can be a real surprise to follow a link one day and discover that there's a webcomic online that's a dutiful accounting of your life and times. Tracking down this prophet can be a source of potential insight, but it's also playing with fire—hunters don't like everything the prophet is writing, and their inability to change what's going to happen gets frustrating very quickly. Plus, as the angels are capable of slipping their own messages to a prophet without his knowledge, they are less reliable allies than they might wish to be.

Motivation Zachariah is a go-getter with upper management written all over him. In the absence of God's direction, what better to do than solve all of Heaven's problems once and for all? He wants to raise Lucifer up, smite him, and bring about paradise on Earth. Sure, there will be some collateral damage, but the ultimate prize will be well worth the price.

Limitations Zachariah's only real limitation is hubris (as well as possibly his willingness to commit atrocities to achieve his ends). And while he's as vulnerable to an angelic dispelling sigil as any other angel, he uses the time away to get a step ahead of you. Take a breath while you can.

Agi d6 **Str** d10 **Vit** d12 + d2 **Ale** d10 **Int** d12 + d4 **Wil** d12
Init d6 + d10 **LP** 26 (Temporarily dispelled at 26 points of damage, 20 points impersonal armor, 8 points of armor, recovers 2 Wound and 2 Stun per turn)

Traits Angelic Wings d10, Armor of Faith d12, Divine Senses d8, Duty d4, Higher Power d12, Prejudice (Humans) d4, Purifying Light d12, Telekinesis d12

Skills Athletics d4, Discipline d6/Concentration d12/Interrogation d10/Intimidation d10/Resistance d12, Influence d6/Administration d12/Bureaucracy d12/Intimidation d8/Persuasion d8/Politics d10, Lore d6/Demons d10/Angels d12, Melee Weapons d6/Sword d10, Perception d6, Unarmed Combat d6/Brawling d8

Attacks Zachariah is not a brawler, nor does he need to be. It is a rare thing for him to be forced into a physical confrontation, and few beings besides another angel or a truly powerful demon could do so. In such a conflict, he relies on his formidable powers. When dealing with mortals, it's not even a fight—Zachariah is capable of making your limbs wither and fall off with a thought. Straight up fighting is just not a plan.

Reapers

Reapers are beings responsible for the orderly process of life and death. While they're associated with neither Heaven nor Hell, the fact that they help maintain the functioning of the world suggests that their origin may be similar to that of the angels. They exist in the same space as ghosts, a step removed from reality, and their primary duty is helping ghosts pass on to their final destination, whatever that may be. They do not force the dead along, rather, they offer the option and the ghost must ultimately make the choice himself.

Reapers have power over life and death, and most notably can remove a pending death (from injury or sickness) from one person to another, as well as defer or cause death more directly. They don't like to use these powers, but have been known to do so when compelled.

Reapers are essential to the passage of life into death. If a region were to be bereft of a reaper for any reason, people would simply stop dying. That might seem pretty great for a while, even miraculous, but it tends to get pretty macabre pretty quickly.

While there are thought to be many reapers—male and female, old and young—there's more to the whole Angel of Death legend than just a confusion of numbers. There may indeed be a "Big Daddy Reaper" out there, perhaps death personified, one that hasn't walked the Earth in centuries. You wouldn't want to be around when he shows up to collect.

Reapers in the Game

When in the presence of a dying individual, the reaper may halt the process of death. That person won't die of that particular condition, no matter how severe, though they may die of related causes unless the reaper also "heals" that death.

When a reaper makes an attack on a mortal target, if successful, the mortal dies. The death appears to be of natural causes, so it may take a few moments to kick in. Reapers may assume any form they desire, frequently appearing to observers in funereal garb in some kind of nod to mortal belief about death and its lore.

Reapers, like ghosts, have the Spirit Trait. Their additional reaper talents are extensions of this Trait, which usually starts at d12. Reapers don't have the same limits as ghosts, and they're not actually the souls of dead people—at least, not in the same sense that a wraith or specter is.

TESSA DEATH WITH A FRIENDLY FACE

Description While a reaper's natural form may be a gaunt, cadaverous human, they seem capable of taking any form, and will take on a human appearance to help speak to the dead and help them along. Tessa took the form of an attractive woman to help Dean Winchester with his (first) death, and she seems to favor the form, at least when dealing with the Winchesters.

Motivation Tessa has a job to do: keep things dying, and help people move on. It's not an easy job, and she is ultimately more sympathetic to the people she helps than she would be willing to let on, but she knows that her job is a necessity.

Limitations As a reaper, Tessa has very few limitations, but she does seem to be subject to attacks from very powerful demons (presumably, angels could so so as well).

Agi—Str—Vit—Ale d8 Int d12 Wil d12 Init d8 + d8 LP
—

Traits Spirit d12, Duty d12

Skills Influence d6/Consolation d10/Persuasion d8, Lore d6/Ghosts d12, Perception d6

Attacks Tessa can kill as easily as she can extend life, but she prefers to avoid conflict if possible and allows things to follow their natural course. If forced into conflict, she's willing to speed that natural course up a bit. This power is of little use against immortal beings, such as angels, demons, some gods and possibly other creatures that have placed themselves outside the cycle of life and death.

Lore The following lore may be uncovered when looking into Tessa (or another reaper of Tessa's power).

- ✱ There are items that can bind a reaper to service, usually to extend life by "moving" a death from one person to another. This is phenomenal power, but it also tends to be a monkey-paw sort of arrangement, ending badly for the owner when the reaper finally gets free. Tessa is not currently bound to any such items, and you can only assume she'd respond badly if someone were to try.

- ✱ When Tessa met Dean, it was his time, and he should have passed on, but Azazel, who returned him to life, possessed her. She seems to bear Dean no grudge for this, but then, she can afford to be patient.

- ✱ Tessa may be more independent than the average reaper, as she seems to be something of a troubleshooter, sent in when a gap needs to be filled or when there's a potentially problematic death lined up.

Lucifer

Shaitan, the Adversary, the Serpent, the Dragon—he's known by a lot of badass names that would look great on an album cover, but he was Lucifer first. It's the beginning. God creates the angels, tells them He's the end-all be-all of existence and they shouldn't worship anything else. Not too much to ask, since it's pretty much just God and the angels at this point. Then comes Man. God calls the angels together to show off His new creation. He's feeling pretty good about this one, and tells the angels to bow before man. But Lucifer won't do it. He loves God too much to betray his loyalty for a barely sentient pile of mud. God gets pissed and has Michael cast Lucifer into the pit for all eternity. Aw, it'd almost be tragic if he wasn't such a colossal douche. So Lucifer sets up shop in Hell; starts collecting souls, churning out demons, and planning for Armageddon, which, from the look of things, may be just about due.

You know what the devil's supposed to look like, right? We've seen the paintings, watched the movies, read those little comics the fundies hand out on Halloween instead of candy. The goatee, the pitchfork, the little horns, yeah, we're not buying it. All that pagan symbolism crap was just Renaissance shorthand for "evil." Lucifer may have fallen, but he's still an angel, and those are supposed to be some handsome mofos. Not a cloven hoof or forked tongue in the bunch. 'Course as long as he's in the mortal realm Lucifer's gonna have to wear a meat-suit. Difference between angels and demons is that demons can possess people against their will. Angels, on the other hand, have to ask real nice. So whoever Lucifer crawls inside of, they're gonna allow it to happen. Kinda makes it worse, huh? Some poor bastard out there thinking the world's gotten so bad that ending it in hellfire is the best way to go. Really though, take a look around. Maybe he's not so wrong.

The Great Plot

The absence of God's presence has allowed for a plot to foment among the angels. They feel they're in a strong position, and they're confident that they can eradicate Lucifer and his minions, and bring about a golden age. The immediate problem with this is that as long as Lucifer is trapped in Hell, there can be no great final battle, and that's where the conspiracy begins. To free Lucifer, a certain number



of seals must be broken—sacred sites must be profaned, ancient evils must be raised and generally bad things need to happen, culminating in the death of the First Demon. With the opening of the Devil's Gate, there are enough powerful demons in circulation, a leader who knows of the seals, and an opportunity. Naturally, the legions of Heaven have taken up arms to stop the demons from breaking the seals, drawing in the help of sometimes-hesitant hunters, but for some reason, Heaven seems to be losing.

Thing is, Heaven is losing on purpose. Under the direction of bigwigs like Zachariah, they're throwing the game in hopes of speeding the emergence of Lucifer. Sure, it will cause millions of deaths in the process, but in the end they're confident that their champion, the archangel Michael, will kill Lucifer and everything that follows is sunshine and lollipops.

Yeah, there's no way that could go badly.

The Heaven & Hell Campaign

Wow, those hunters are playing in the big leagues now. Heaven and Hell, angels and demons—it just doesn't get any grander than this. A Heaven and Hell campaign is all about the epic battle. This is real good and evil stuff, capital letters and all. No fooling around, no nickel-and-diming, no gray areas. You got your angels and you got your demons. The one's all good and holy and glowy and the other's all dark and ugly and evil, and that's that.

Right?

Yeah, not so much.

See, here's the thing—both sides are full of crap. Oh, sure, demons wanna devour mortal souls and ride their bodies like carousel ponies, but at least they're up front about it. Angels?

They don't like humans either. Most of 'em can't stand humanity, actually—they never much appreciated losing that old "Daddy's favorite" status, and especially not to a bunch of filthy talking apes.

All angels really care about is beating down demons. Humans? They're just unlucky enough to get caught in the middle.

So a Heaven and Hell campaign? Half the time that's about the hunters not getting trampled underfoot. And the other half is about them doing their best to keep both sides at bay, when any one of those guys could overpower every hunter alive in a heartbeat.

You can run a campaign like this one of three ways: with the characters as **spectators**, as **combatants**—or as **prizes**. And that can change halfway through, too. Hell, most of the time it does at least once. Which is where a lot of the fun comes in. Keep your players guessing.

How do you run a Heaven and Hell campaign with the characters as spectators?

That's easy. There's angels and demons fighting, man! Real wrath of God stuff. Way above any hunter's pay grade. What, they're gonna get in the ring with one of those things? They'd have better luck telling Mike Tyson he's a sissy and that he talks like a lisping little girl. At least that way they'd see the blow coming.

So set up a nice big, epic storyline, give the characters a reason to at least be nearby, and let them pull up a couch and grab some popcorn and watch the fireworks.

Nobody wants to be a spectator, though. At least, not the whole time. And especially not take-charge types like most hunters. They wanna get in the game, even if it's just to say "I was there." But to play in this league, you've gotta know the rules.

See, angels and demons are *focused*. They don't just show up at random. They have a purpose. Especially angels. They can't take a dump—assuming they even do that—without a say-so from the big boss (whoever that is). So if the hunters see an angel, they know it was sent for a specific reason. They just have to find out what that reason is.

And it's not just killing demons. That's too easy. And too risky, since Heaven won't even send angels down here until the Final Battle unless it's something really really big. They're keeping all the winged freaks in reserve for the big day.

So the first question the players might think if they've got angels and/or demons running around is—are they real? They're gonna want to make sure. Could be they're just facing a run-of-the-mill monster, a shapeshifter or a vampire or something like that. No problem. Those things are *nothing* compared to demons.

Keep 'em on their toes. Let 'em think one thing and then have it be something else. Confuse 'em until they don't know which way is up. Then throw the real deal at 'em, fast and hard.

Once the characters know they're really up against a demon, they're gonna want to check around. Make sure there aren't any more of 'em. Demons like to travel in packs. The more of 'em around, the bigger the stakes. And the more likely Heaven really will dispatch a feathered Boy Scout to step in and mix it up.

Of course, you could hit 'em with an angel first. Then they know they're in trouble. Because that means the Heavenly Host's already decided this particular game is one they want to take a seat at. And as usual they're not letting anybody else see their cards.

Once the hunters get a peep at the major players in the Heaven and Hell Game, they need to figure out what everybody wants. Why here? Why now? What's so special about wherever they are? Are they after a particular person, either to sacrifice or to claim? Are they trying to break a seal and release something even worse than them, if that's possible? Are they after something, a weapon or a piece of information, that'll make it easier for their side to win? What's the game, here?

You'll need to know all that in advance. Then dole out the info as the players uncover it, bit by bit.

The hunters need to learn the game and start trying to figure out the rules. They figure out the rules and they can look for a way to deal themselves in. Angels and demons hate that.

Well, okay, angels hate that. Demons love it. They think it's a hoot when lowly humans get above themselves, put on airs, and think they deserve a chance to play. Which is fine. Because when demons laugh they let their guard down. And that means a hunter can get close enough to shove a knife in their gut.

There's only one problem: Demons don't have bodies. Neither do angels. So when they come to our world? They take a meat suit. Every demon the hunters fight, every angel they face, is in a vessel. A normal person who was just in the wrong place at the wrong time. At least angels have to ask permission. They can't take someone without that person's say-so.

Demons aren't like that. They possess any body they want. They delight in switching bodies like a teenager changes shoes or sunglasses, going with whatever works best for the occasion. Which makes it harder to kill a demon. Because most of the time, the hunters're only gonna hit the poor guy he's riding. And if they kill that guy, the demon'll just fly the coop—and come back a minute later as somebody else. Leaving a dead body behind for the hunters to deal with. The body of an innocent, no less.

That's why, unless the hunters have something like Ruby's knife or the Colt, they're probably gonna want more firepower. Which is where the angels come in.

If there're angels around, the hunters' best bet may be to maneuver it so the angels are facing off against the demons. Then they can just duck and cover. Angels can take out demons permanently, sometimes without harming the person in between. They're like big, angry, walking, talking guns with no sense of humor. You point 'em, you pull the trigger, and then you get out of the way and hope they hit.

The hunters have to be careful, though. It's way too easy to get played by either side—or both at once. See, half the time these guys are playing two different games. There's the one they let you glimpse, the one you think you can play too—and then there's the one you never see. The one that's way above your head. The one where you're probably one of the cards.

Or one of the chips.

So when you're running an angels and demons campaign, you've got to plan out both games. Know what both sides really want, what they say they want, what their respective game plans are, etc. Let the players try to figure it out. And remember that both sides will try to manipulate them every chance they get. That's really what angels and demons campaigns are all about—not the big scary power displays but the head games by beings millennia old and working on a totally cosmic scale.



GODS & MONSTERS

Monsters. The scholarly types, the ones who spend a lot of time classifying threats and submitting articles to fringe websites and magazines, call 'em cryptids. Anything that just doesn't belong in the natural order, at least in the way we think of it, and that isn't otherwise a demon or some kind of specter. Problem with cryptids is that nine times out of ten, they're some hallucination or hoax that a kid in a small town came up with to explain the fact that they accidentally killed their buddy in a snowmobile accident. Hunters get used to following false leads like that, because sometimes people are just idiots. But, as any good hunter also knows, sometimes people aren't making stuff up. Sometimes there really is something big, hairy, and hungry living in the backwoods, eatin' their neighbors.

So that we're also getting taxonomy straight, a lot of hunters also put gods in this category. Now, you might think that your average pagan forest deity belongs in the same crowd as demons and angels, and you might be right. But in our experience, one man's god is another man's immortal cryptid with a narcissistic personality and too much spare time. If it ain't from Heaven or Hell, some hunters say, then it's just another bogeyman. We'll see how that holds up in practice.

New Creature Traits

The following Assets and Complications are used for the creatures in this chapter. These work just like the Traits described in the *Supernatural* core rulebook. None of these Traits is particularly suitable for player characters and you'd be wise to prohibit players from picking 'em. Of course, if you want to make their lives interesting you could give 'em one or two of these things for the duration of an adventure or two.

ATTUNED TO NATURE (D2+) ☆

You're a regular Grizzly Adams. You know your way around plants, animals, and the great outdoors, and you can add your Trait die to rolls to identify local flora and fauna, track, hunt, forage, grow crops, navigate in the wilderness or at sea. When you're stuck in the great outdoors and need

food and water, you can roll your Trait die (modified by up to a -2 step for a harsh environment or up to +2 steps in a lush environment). The result is the number of days worth of food and drink to sustain one person.

d6+: With a d6 or higher in this Trait, you get more bang for your buck on Plot Points spent on rolls including Trait. Increase the bonus die you get from spending Plot Points by +2 steps. Not so fast, Ranger Rick... the bonus is only good for Plot Points spent before the roll, not those you spend after.

d12+: If this Trait is d12 or higher, you can't be lost in the wild. You can always find food and water in a natural environment (if it exists), and you can calm even outright hostile animals. Take a look at yourself... you might actually be the Swamp Thing.

ENHANCED MOVEMENT (D2+) ☆

You've got some means of moving that isn't exactly natural, like wings, wall-crawling, water-walking, or something else even freakier. Normal people can't move like you can. Following are some examples of this sort of movement:

d2: You can Tarzan your way through the trees or swim just as fast as you can walk.

d6: You're a machine... you can travel long distances at high speeds without getting tired; you can climb at your normal walking speed; or you can produce some sort of means of travel, like a spider-web. You can move on things that shouldn't support your weight, like thin branches or on top of snow. You might even be able to skip across water if you keep moving and don't think about it too much.

d8: You can fly or glide short distances, like Rocky the Flying Squirrel. Alternately, you've got perfect balance and don't ever need never to worry about falling over when you're on something rickety or unstable.

d12: You can pretty much travel endlessly, like you're on wheels. Or you can fly long distances without needing to rest.

This Trait can be taken more than once to reflect multiple enhanced means of movement.

ENHANCED SENSES (D2+) ☆

You've got some sort of unnatural sense that goes way beyond what normal humans can do. Use this Asset if your character can see in the dark or has some creepy radar sense.

Examples of an Enhanced Sense at different dice ratings might be:

d2: You can see in the dark twice as well as a normal person.

d6: Through reading body language, smelling fear, or minor telepathy you can sense someone's surface emotions or thoughts.

d8: You can track someone (or something) by scent, or you can see in near-dark just fine.

d10: You always sense when people are around you, even if you can't see or hear 'em. You just know you're not alone. Alternately, you can concentrate intensely on someone and read their thoughts and emotions.

d12: You can see in pitch black, through smoke or even through walls. Maybe you have echolocation (sonar), x-ray vision, infrared vision, or some kind of super-vision.

A completely new sense, like real honest-to-God telepathy, may need the Game Master to come up with some new rules to cover how it works.

This Trait may be taken more than once for someone (or something) with multiple enhanced senses.

LONGEVITY (D2+) ☆

You've got an unnaturally long lifespan. Outside of accident, illness, or injury, you can expect to live a number of years equal to the normal average multiplied by the maximum of your Longevity Trait die. For example, if you have a d4 in this Trait, multiply your lifespan by four, and so on. You can start out at any age within your lifespan. Being old doesn't give you any bonuses, but it might provide a good reason for you to have another unusual Trait, or some unusual number or combination of Traits.

d12+: If your Longevity Trait die is equal to d12 or greater, you're pretty much immortal. Get your katana out of your trenchcoat, Highlander, 'cause there can be only one! Barring a fatal accident, illness, or injury, or a run-in with the Kurgan, you can expect to live forever.

ANIMAL ENMITY (D2-D6)

Critters really don't like you. Little ones like cats or birds flee or hide from you, while bigger ones snarl and get defensive, and may even attack if you give 'em enough reason. If an animal attacks you for no reason other than you have this Trait, you may earn some extra Plot Points. Unfortunately, you need to add this Trait die to the Difficulty of any action where you're trying to calm or command an animal.

EERIE PRESENCE (D2+) ☆

There's just something about you that gives folks the heebie-jeebies. Add your Trait die to the Difficulty of any rolls to interact with

people (except when you're Intimidating them; this Trait doesn't provide a bonus for that). The exact effects of this Trait differ depending on how big the Trait die is: at the high level you're going to generally have a lot of trouble around normal folks.

At a lower level (d2, d4), there's no obvious reason you put people on edge—they just get an odd feeling about you. At higher levels (d6, d8) folks'll notice odd things out of the corner of their eyes when they look at you. Your reflection might creep them out for a moment, your shadow might act weird, or other crazy stuff like that. It might be direct stuff, like you're just a bit too pale, too gaunt, or you're just strange in some other way. It may be something totally explainable... for other people. For you, it bugs people. With high levels of this Trait (d10, d12+) it's something big: you send chill up people's spines (in a bad way), you smell like death, or maybe your personality makes folks wonder when you broke out of the loony bin. You should work out exactly what it is that's odd about you when you take this Complication—talk it over with your Game Master. Also, most characters should not possess both Eerie Presence and Fugly, since their effects overlap significantly.

A Catalog of Cryptids

Here's a laundry list of weird and abnormal mutations, freaks, and things nobody wants to see. Each of them comes with a notable representative of the species, or at least one we've heard about. The lore's more or less reliable, but don't be too sure.

Changeling

Kids aren't known for their subtlety. When they want something from you, they're pretty obvious about it. Suddenly they're all hugs and kisses and "I love you's". Be thankful if they just want ice cream or a new video game in another context they could be jonesing for a tall frosty mug of your synovial fluid.

According to Western European folklore, changelings are the offspring of elves or fairies. They say Tinkerbell and her friends used to sneak into houses and swap out their fairy larvae for human children. The fairies would raise the human, and the humans would be stuck with the changeling. These days, we know that elves don't exist, and fairies are extinct—thanks a lot, Industrial Revolution. Changelings, on the other, hand are way too real.

Changelings rely heavily on the maternal instinct, but no mother would serve that up willingly in their natural state. These things are all kinds of ugly; wormy gray skin with massive, black, empty eyes and a mouth like a lamprey. They're capable of working some pretty impressive mind control to manipulate how they're perceived. A changeling will look and sound exactly like the child it's replacing.



Lucky for us, they're not sticklers for detail. Yeah, if you're looking directly at one it'll look like a little kid, but they tend to forget about mirrors. Reflections will show a changeling's true form.

So why go to all this trouble? It's a pretty complicated little scheme they've got going. The first thing a changeling does is dispose of the father. It's got plans for mom, and doesn't want her distracted. It's not too particular as to how the dad goes away, but it's usually pretty bloody. Once dad's taken care of, it's feeding time. Somehow mom doesn't notice when it suctions that horror it calls a mouth to the back of her neck and starts slurping up synovial fluid. A healthy woman can usually last about two weeks before she's sucked dry, give or take a few days. When the well runs dry, a changeling will move on to another family, and another, until it's too big to pass as a kid anymore.

Yeah, there's adult changelings too. Ever wonder what happens to all the stolen kids? Changelings reproduce asexually, with the young budding off from the parent—just thought you should know that, in case you felt like sleeping ever again. The adult changeling feeds off the kids to fuel the reproductive process. They tend to burn through kids faster than they can reproduce, but by the time the adult dies, its offspring should be big enough to take its place.

Changelings in the Game

Changelings aren't the sharpest tools in the shed. Their illusion powers are impressive, but they're vulnerable to detection around reflective surfaces. A hunter can make an Average Alertness + Perception roll with something reflective in the room to tell the difference. Changelings don't copy the kid's personality, so family members are more likely to see through the deception than strangers. Immediate family only need an Easy Alertness + Perception roll, regardless of mirrors.

Changelings are tough little bastards. Any damage they take is dropped down a level, so Wound becomes Stun and Stun is dropped completely. Can't shoot 'em—they'll heal right up, can't drown 'em—they don't breathe, can't even cut

'em up. Know what you get when you cut a changeling in half? Two changelings! The damn things are like flatworms. If a changeling gets bisected, it becomes two Mini-Changelings. Each Mini-Changeling gets half the Life Points of the original changeling, and all Traits and Skills suffer a -2 step penalty. If nothing else, it's a good way to cut them down to a more manageable size. No, the only way you're ever gonna kill a changeling is with fire. It's the only thing that can damage the cells faster than they can regenerate. Burn damage is the only kind counted as Wound. If a changeling escapes a fire, any burn damage will recover at the normal rate.

Often you'll be dealing with an infestation of these leeches. You could hunt 'em down one at a time, but the only surefire way to kill 'em all is to take out the Parent Changeling. The parents are stronger (Strength from d8—d10) and tougher (Vitality d10 or higher) than the kids, and they're usually better mimics too (Performance skills are higher). The lives of the child changelings are tied to the parent, so you can kill an entire colony by severing the bloodline. Kill the parent, and all the children will spontaneously combust.

HAPPY VALLEY DAYCARE CHANGELING NOT YOUR KID

Description It's a normal eight-year old kid, or at least that's what it wants you to think. Catch a glimpse of it in the rearview though, and it's a whole different story.

Motivation Same as all life on Earth: survive long enough to reproduce. Except their right to survive kinda expired when they started killing humans.

Limitations Clingy doesn't even begin to describe a changeling's behavior. It wants mom's attention all the time, and can get violent if it's ignored. Sudden personality shifts like this are the first sign of changeling activity. Fortunately, there's a solution. Kill it with fire. Nothing else seems to work.

Agi d4 **Str** d6 **Vit** d10 **Ale** d10 **Int** d2 **Wil** d4

Init d8 + d12 **LP** 16 (recovers from Stun damage quickly, vulnerable to fire)

Traits Addiction (synovial fluid) d8, ESP d4, Hardy Constitution d6, Tough d4, Obsessed d6

Skills Covert d6/Disguise d10, Influence d6/Persuasion d10, Performance d6, Unarmed Combat d4

Attacks These ugly sumbitches are fairly strong, but they're none too smart. They don't tend to stray too far from the script. If you corner one, they may take a few swings at you, but they're more likely to play to the sympathies of any nearby adults who see a grown man or woman smacking a little kid around. The parents are a little more intelligent, and a lot stronger.

Lore The following information may be acquired through investigation into the Happy Valley Daycare Changeling.

- ✱ Household accidents are on the rise in the area. In the past month, four men have suffered bizarre and fatal accidents. The weirdest was the guy who fell from a stepstool while changing a light bulb and somehow managed to break his neck, twisting it a full 360 degrees.
- ✱ There's only one link between the victims. Each had a child that just started attending Happy Valley Daycare.
- ✱ Speaking of which, the kids don't seem too torn up about their dads. They're definitely acting strange, just not upset.
- ✱ The door to the supply closet at Happy Valley Daycare has about ten locks on it. The manager says it's to keep the kids safe, but she's acting a little cagey.

Chupacabra

The creature called El Chupacabra was first reported in Puerto Rico in 1995, near the towns of Morovis and Orocovis. It gained the name "goat-sucker" for its habit of draining the blood out of livestock such as goats, sheep, and chickens. Within the next decade, the chupacabra was sighted throughout Mexico, then into Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona. Reports of chupacabra attacks quickly gained international attention, and before too long it had become a strange celebrity of sorts, appearing in films, television shows, and cartoons. It's been called the Latino Bigfoot, and has achieved a folk hero status within Latino communities internationally.

Despite reports of thousands of animals killed by the chupacabra over the last decade, no one's ever been able to kill one of these critters. Sightings are brief and inconsistent, and no one's really sure what a chupacabra looks like. Many strange carcasses have been found and identified as chupacabra, but when authorities gave 'em a closer look, turns out all of them were mutated or diseased coyotes. But the animal killings keep happening, and none of the prints match coyotes.

All of the stories about chupacabra are pretty much the same: livestock (usually goats) found dead with weird circular holes in their chests and most of the blood drained from their bodies. They died quietly, though in some cases there've been commotions from other animals. Fences don't keep the chupacabra out, and it eats pretty regularly once it's in an area, then moves on. As far as anyone knows no human has ever been killed by a chupacabra, but it's only a matter of time until that changes.

Chupacabra in the Game

The truth behind the legend is a pretty simple one: it's a curse, a skin-changing curse laid upon the de Luyando family, a close-knit Puerto Rican clan that's since spread to the four winds, scattering so they won't be discovered and killed. Back in the late 70s, the de Luyando patriarch—a guy named Gustavo—made a deal he later wished he hadn't. See, Gustavo was a sorcerer, studying black magic in search for a means of escaping his fate. He'd been diagnosed with a pretty rare type of lymphocytic cancer, something called Waldenström's macroglobulinemia. It's a hard enough name to even say, and Gustavo learned that it would kill him in a few years. So he hit the books, looking into ways out of his death sentence. He found himself a way to call a demon, and he made it a deal: extend his life by any means necessary and he'd go at the end of his allotted time.

The demon gave him a deal—big surprise there—but it was a raw deal. Gustavo didn't find out about it until years later, after he'd gotten married and raised a family... a big family. With his new lease on life, Gustavo and his wife had a half-dozen kids over the next decade. Then at the 10-year mark, the amount of time Gustavo had bargained for himself, the demon came for Gustavo. He tried to bargain his way out of it, and then he tried to take the demon on with a Devil's Trap and some anti-demon rituals. Didn't do the trick, and the demon got pissed. It activated a long-dormant part of the curse, turning Gustavo into a kind of blood-craving shape-changer. When he got the thirst for blood, he'd transform into the creature and go on the prowl. The de Luyandos kept goats, so Gustavo didn't go far for his first meal. That was back in 1995.

Gustavo figured it out pretty quickly that he was the source of the strange livestock deaths, and imagining a life as a skin-changing freak, he put a bullet through his brain. Guess what, though? Tricky demons... never can trust 'em. The demon put a failsafe in the deal it made with Gustavo, and when he died, it activated the curse in all of his kids. Not only did they inherit dear ol' dad's disease, they got his curse: each of them turned into a chupacabra when they hit puberty. So now old Gustavo suffers in Hell, with the damning knowledge that he brought this curse onto his children.

The kids were smart, and decided together that the last thing they wanted was to be hunted down by their neighbors. They all left home at once and vowed never to turn back, never to return or contact one another. They



changed their names and headed as far from home as they could: anywhere they could go to draw the trail away from their mother so she could keep the de Luyando family name free from disgrace. No matter where they went, the thirst came upon 'em eventually, and they'd feed.

Currently, there are three known remaining de Luyandos and each of 'em a chupacabra. There may be more out there. The oldest is Emilio de Luyando, currently living as a construction worker named Emilio Gonzales in Flagstaff, Arizona. He's got no idea where his little sister Trina or his younger brother Ramiro, are located. They're like hunters, though, figuring out how to survive in a world that hates 'em. The de Luyandos've got a few drop-points for mail, and some trusted contacts they can use to get in touch with one another. If one of 'em is in trouble, the others may come running. One goat-sucker isn't a big deal, but three might be more than even the toughest hunter can handle on his own.

The chupacabra haven't been a real threat to people for most of the time they've been around, but now that the symptoms of Waldenström's macroglobulinemia are increasing in severity, the oldest of de Luyando's children—Emilio—is desperate. He's dealing with an obviously fatal disease and is unable to seek medical attention for it, so his options are limited. Feeding from livestock while in chupacabra form has always relieved the symptoms and made him feel better, but his condition is worsening. Feeding on chickens and goats isn't doing the trick any more. He's convinced that he needs to step up his game when it comes to his prey if he's going to beat his disease. Emilio de Luyando's blood-thirst is out of control, and now humans are on his dinner menu.

Note that the children of Gustavo de Luyando aren't necessarily the only individuals stricken by this curse. The same affliction—and the reports of livestock drained of blood—has been reported all over the world, from Europe to Africa and subcontinental India. The Central American case might even be a red herring for an unrelated monster, like a vampire or werewolf, depending on how much you want to mess with your players.

Abilities

These characteristics are common to all of the children of Gustavo de Luyando:

Lymphoma The condition is Waldenström's macroglobulinemia, an extremely rare and lethal kind of lymphoma afflicting the body's white blood cells. The symptoms are pretty nasty: bleeding from the mouth and nose, anemia, weakness, weight loss, fatigue, blurry vision, and headaches. The only relief from these symptoms is to be had after feeding while in chupacabra form. Unfortunately, that's only a temporary solution, and the symptoms are getting more intense. Emilio will be dead within a few years, followed soon after by the rest of his brothers and sisters. In game terms, the condition is a Complication of Illness (Lymphoma) d12, which is serious business. It hits all Attributes with a -1 step for every week de Luyando

goes without feeding on an adequate amount of fresh blood (by doing a number of Basic damage through blood draining equal to his normal Life Points). This affects all derived Attributes, and is cumulative every week. If any Attribute reaches 0, it's coma time, and the de Luyando can only be resuscitated by immediate medical attention, such as a blood transfusion. Each full feeding or full day of medical attention will restore Attribute dice by +1 step. Failure to feed or lack of medical care will likely result in de Luyando's death.

Shapechanging The side effect of the demon's curse is that de Luyando and his kids suffer as involuntary shapechangers, turning into the chupacabra form. In terms of shapechanging options, ol' Gustavo was at the end of the line when it comes to cool things to turn into. Normal human digestive systems aren't capable of extracting from blood the nutrients a chupacabra needs, giving it a Complication of Addiction (Blood) d6. In cases where the de Luyando's gone too long between feedings, he'll transform involuntarily, whenever any Attribute is reduced to d2 by the condition. All of the de Luyando children can also change willingly into chupacabra. The chupacabra form is less intelligent than human, but shares the same consciousness, so it's capable of behavior showing more-than-animal intelligence (opening doors and windows to animal pens, etc.). After the chupacabra is all full up on animal or human V-8, it'll find a place of safety and transform back into human form.

Blood Drain The chupacabra drains the blood from its victims through a single hole it bites into their bodies, usually the chest or the back. The bite does d2 W and is followed by delivering 1d6 points of Basic damage per turn until the chupacabra gives up feeding, or until the victim is drained (total damage equal to Life Points). To be fully sated, the chupacabra must consume (cause) enough Basic damage equal to or greater than the human form's normal Life Point total. Damage from the initial bite isn't counted in that total.

Leaping Chupacabra are capable of astounding leaps and bounds, double the normal human distance vertically or horizontally. This is one of the reasons it's mistaken for a freakish kangaroo.

Tough Hide The chupacabra's got a tough, leathery hide that gives it an **Armor Rating 1 W**.

EMILIO DE LUYANDO WANDERING CHUPACABRA

Description As the de Luyando family line isn't on the tall side, the chupacabra aren't much taller than five-and-change in height. Emilio de Luyando's a haggard lookin' guy in his mid-20s, with long hair, a scruffy beard, and moustache. Due to his condition, he doesn't look too healthy. He's usually wearing a flannel shirt, jeans, work boots, and a heavy canvas jacket. The kind of duds that can help him blend in anywhere. In

goat-sucker form, the chupacabra is around five feet tall, looking like a gumbo of a gargoyle, kangaroo, and gray alien. It's covered with short brown fur and has a large round head with huge, red, lidless eyes. Its mouth is lipless, showing rows of long sharp teeth. It's clawed on hands and feet, with slight webs between the fingers and toes. On its back, a row of pointy spikes stick out from its skull and along the spine, going from the top of its head down to the tailbone. When the chupacabra howls, it sounds something like a coyote, something like a human... enough like both to make you wonder.

The description below covers de Luyando in human and chupacabra form. The Attributes before the / symbol are for his human form, and those after for his transformed chupacabra state.

Motivation Emilio de Luyando's got a raw deal, as far as it goes. He was born with a supernatural condition caused by a deal his dad made with the Devil. It would have been fine if dear ol' dad had held to his terms of the deal, but instead, the guy tried to weasel out of the bargain and his kids are doomed to short and painful lives as goat-suckers. "It ain't fair" doesn't even scrape the surface. He stays out of trouble as much as he can, keeps his head down and hits the road whenever folks are startin' to take notice of all the dead chickens and goats. Now that his condition's gotten worse, de Luyando's on the run; a regular desperado ready to kill anyone on his trail.

Limitations The symptoms of Waldenström's macroglobulinemia are pretty messed up, and will keep de Luyando from being able to hold down a regular job the way he used to. He works as a day laborer whenever he's got enough strength to, and turns to petty theft if he can't get day work. Without ready access to the proper paperwork or identification, de Luyando's unable to go to the authorities if he runs into legal trouble.

Ag d6/d10 **Str** d6/d8 **Vit** d6/d8 **Ale** d6/d8 **Int** d6/d4 **Wil** d6 **Init** d6 + d6 / d10 + d8 **LP** 12/18

Traits (Human) Addiction (Blood) d6, Animal Enmity d4, Hunted (U.S. Immigration) d4, Illness (Lymphoma) d12, Low Profile d6, Natural Linguist d2 (Spanish, English)

Traits (Chupacabra) Addiction (Blood) d6, Animal Enmity d4, Enhanced Senses d8, Fast on Your Feet d4, Fugly d2, Hardy Constitution d4, Tough d8

Skills (Human) Athletics d4, Covert d6, Craft d6/ Carpentry d8, Drive d4, Guns d2, Medicine d4, Perception d2, Survival d4, Unarmed Combat d4

Skills (Chupacabra) Athletics d6/Climbing d8/Dodge d10/Jumping d8/Running d8, Covert d6/Stealth d8, Perception d6/Hearing d8/Smell/Taste d10, Survival d6/Outdoor Life d8, Tracking d10, Unarmed Combat d6/Biting d10/Clawing d8/Grappling d10

Attacks After a few years of this, de Luyando's got a routine down pretty solid. He stakes out the locale of his next feeding spot in human form, wandering up to a farmhouse looking for work as a day laborer or ranch hand,

or spying on it while he's working construction. At night, he finds a parking spot nearby, transforms into El Chupacabra, and sneaks up on his prey. He grapples with his prey and pins it to keep it alive, and bites it on the neck or chest (d2 W) so he can start to drink, draining the victim of 1d6 Basic damage each turn. If it's confronted by someone capable of fighting back, the chupacabra will use its claws. He's a survivor at heart, so he'll get the hell out of there if he's threatened with capture or injury. De Luyando keeps an old .38 revolver (d6 W) in his truck, for use if the situation really goes to Hell.

Lore The following information may be acquired through investigation into the chupacabra.

☼ There aren't too many vampires who'd willingly want to be known as "goat-sucker," so it's clearly some kind of shapechanger, like a werewolf hybrid with a thirst for blood. Even though the first recorded attacks of chupacabra were back in 1995 in Puerto Rico, the critter's clearly moving for a reason. Not many animals can make the swim from Puerto Rico to the U.S., so you're likely dealing with a human who's moving slowly but surely from Puerto Rico, through the Dominican Republic, Haiti, Cuba, then over to Mexico, before crossing the Texas border and heading north and west. A good hunter should be asking questions like: Why's he coming here? What's he looking for? What's he trying to get away from? Animal attacks are difficult to trace. Farmers don't always report minor livestock loss, because that sort of thing happens all the time: they lose livestock to illness, natural predators, and sometimes the animals kill each other for one reason or another. And even then, a drained chicken or goat might not be noticed if a predator gets to the body before folks find it and notice the bite mark. Despite all this, once you know what to look for, it's not impossible to trace a wave of these attacks, and a recent trend shows something is responsible for the deaths of chickens and goats all the way from Puerto Rico to Arizona.

☼ All of the "victims" have the same injury: a circular bite mark on the chest or back, and signs of bruising from being held down while the creature was completely exsanguinated. It's like the creature is migrating... moving from feeding spot to feeding spot when things get hot. The current trail apparently ends in central Arizona, so the best bet is to head there and start looking around for transients, maybe a drifter or migrant worker. A few days ago, a news story in the *Arizona Daily Sun* mentioned that a migrant worker passed out at a worksite and was taken to the hospital. He was diagnosed with a rare form of lymphoma, but when they ran his papers, it turned out he had fake ID. He was given medical attention, but he fled the hospital before Immigration arrived to take him

into custody. In a related story, a homeless man was killed near the hospital, apparently bitten to death by a large dog. Police reported finding very little blood on the scene of the death.

- ✱ The combination of blood draining and strange creature sightings can only add up one way: a were-vampire. Clearly this creature—an abomination feared by vampire and werewolf alike—is the culmination of an ancient and terrible breeding program designed to rule the clans of the night and the tribes of the moon. This hybrid creature, probably an attractive female of European descent (definitely with an accent at the very least), has the best of both worlds going for her, and it's unlikely that she shares any of their weaknesses. Le Chupacabra uses her powerful abilities to live high and mighty in the world, a sexy and enigmatic creature of the night dressed head-to-toe in black leather surrounded by gothic opulence. If any mysterious trains have pulled into town with ornate cars with shuttered windows, place your bets on that being her lair.

Crocotta

There are more shapeshifters in the world than you can shake a stick at—believe me, I have shaken a lot of sticks at these critters—but the crocotta are the goofiest. I know... you're thinking, "Isn't that some kind of sandwich?" Believe me, I wish they were. They're hyena-like creatures that first appeared in ancient India and Ethiopia. According to some ancient Roman historian named Pliny, these crocotta have huge teeth like steel, and they can digest pretty anything they eat, instantly. How'd you like to do the research on that part? Anyway, the big-beard scholars back in the day described 'em as corpse-eaters, digging up dead bodies when they couldn't get fresh vittles. You'd think with a diet like that, they'd be happy, but somehow, they learned to mimic human voices. They hide out in the woods and call out "save me" in the voice of someone their victim trusts, like a family member. They lure their prey into the woods, far away from anyone who could help, and then it's dinnertime.

Over time, crocotta learned how to do more than just mimic voices: they figured out how to look like us... all the better to eat us. Now that they could walk among us, they pretty much disappeared and barely registered in society. There was a legend back then that said that if you put a crocotta's striped eyeball under your tongue, it gives you clairvoyant powers. Don't even want to know how that legend got started, but it was enough to start a big run on the crocotta eyeball market. They were hunted almost to extinction... too bad, and by that, I mean the "almost" part.

For more'n two thousand years the crocotta have been keeping a low profile, adapting to human society. They're smart. They're one of the only shapeshifters that started as animals and evolved to mimic humans. It would be awesome if they did it just so they could settle down, find jobs, a house in the 'burbs, raise their 2.5 kids, pay their

taxes, and just fade into the background noise of everyday life. No such luck, though. No matter how buried in the real world one of these critters gets, it's gonna get hungry. A crocotta will do its homework before it picks a victim. Every voice mail you've left, email, anything stored on a computer... it's all out there somewhere, and a crocotta will use it to get inside your head and figure out how to hurt you, to drive you loopy so you'll give it what it wants... a soul all crazy with fear. Then it eats.

Crocotta in the Game

Crocotta first learned to mimic human voices as a means of getting fresh food, now they use their ability to contact the living through the voices of the dead as a means of driving their victims crazy. Most of the time, the crocotta doesn't want to drive the victim to suicide, but it's an unfortunate side effect of getting 'em all worked up and ready for eating. The crocotta feed on fresh meat charged up with fear, so they like their victims to be scared before the end. In the old days, a crocotta would only eat a person once in a while, 'cause we took care of one another, but now that everyone's connected, people are even more alone. How's that for zen?

In practice, a crocotta stays pretty busy, working on up to a dozen victims at once by listening to their voicemails, reading through their emails, and spying on their instant messages. It softens 'em up over a few days with calls from dead loved ones until it can get them somewhere vulnerable. Then it snacks.

Unlike other skinwalkers, crocotta are wild animals that take human form instead of humans who take animal form. Because of that animal nature, they're pretty disgusting. They're only comfortable living out in the wild, usually in wooded areas, but they've adapted and will live among humans without too much difficulty. If you think you're in a crocotta's lair, take a look around. Two dead giveaways are filth and a bunch of flies. Get out of there as fast as you can. Even if it isn't a crocotta lair, why in the world would you stick around?

Abilities

Over the years, crocotta have developed some seriously crazy abilities in order to survive. Here's a few of 'em:

Empathic Mimicry A crocotta has a latent psychic ability enabling it to find the best person to mimic for a particular victim, and then fake enough of the person's personality to draw the victim into its trap. To do this, the crocotta needs to spend at least a full hour either in the company of the victim and/or observing them somehow (for example, listening in when they're talking on the phone, listening to old voicemails or reading emails, or even spying on them when they're chatting on the computer using an instant messenger program). To fool the victim, the crocotta must succeed in a Wits + Covert/Disguise

or Performance/Impersonation + Talented Trait roll vs. the intended victim's Wits + Perception/Intuition. Traits such as Medium, Sensitive, and/or Sharp Sense might help clue the victim in that something's not exactly kosher, while Traits like Devoted, Faith, Gullible, and even Spirit Guide could work against the victim's ability to figure things out. If one of those latter Traits applies to the situation (like if a crocotta impersonates someone the victim's Devoted to), roll the Trait dice and subtract it from the victim's chance to figure things out. If the crocotta succeeds in impersonating someone significant to the victim, it'll use Influence/Persuasion and any other dirty tricks to weaken the victim's will and lure 'em into doing something stupid, like meeting somewhere secluded... or sending their bank info to exiled Nigerian royalty. Have the victim make a roll of Willpower + Discipline/Resistance to resist the crocotta's persuasive call. If the victim botches the roll, a likely response might be to try to commit suicide to get away from the "phantom" voice.

Shapechanging Hundreds, if not thousands of years ago, crocotta learned how to mimic human appearance as well as voices, and now they're able to change skin color, appearance, and even gender in order to look just like human, even a specific human. The impersonation isn't exact, and the crocotta can't always pull it off entirely, so it'll skip trying to do a face-to-face impersonation like a normal shapechanger would. Still, with a combination of empathic mimicry and good ol' fashioned research, the crocotta is good enough to pull impersonations off without a hitch. It can use its shapechanging ability to take on the form of someone it's killed and eaten. It takes about an hour for a crocotta to change shape into a new form. It'll fool unsuspecting folks automatically, and it gains a +2 Skill step to fooling anyone who might be suspicious of it (like loved ones). Usually, if it's trying to fool someone, it's too late for the victim. After it's fed enough in an area (or if the cover is on the verge of being blown), the crocotta will relocate, getting far, far away from anyone who could ID the victim, or figure out something's not kosher. The crocotta moves on with the new identity, sets up shop and creates a new network of victims. Rinse and repeat. The crocotta doesn't have any "base form" any more: it simply changes from one human to another, with the only animalistic aspect a mouthful of needle-like teeth.

Psychotelephony In the modern world, crocotta developed the astonishing ability to speak through telephones and computers, even when those computers aren't hooked up or even capable of receiving a signal. All the ability takes is a junction the crocotta can park itself at, like a switchboard or something connected to the outside world. Once the crocotta knows how to work that junction, it can call out and be heard on almost anything... phones, computers, even toys. To use this ability, the crocotta needs to succeed in a roll appropriate to the Difficulty of the connection being attempted. A normal telephone or computer connection is Easy, while a blocked phone or computer with a firewall might be Average. Attempting to broadcast

messages through a broken phone or a computer not on a network would be a Hard task, while sending a message through something clearly incapable of receiving a signal or transmitting any communication (like a toy phone) is a Formidable task.

Soul Eating The crocotta feeds by eating souls, capturing the mysterious essence of spiritual energy as it leaves the victim's body. The crocotta must be within sight of the victim to do this. There are no game effects for this feeding, as it can only occur after the victim is dead. However, a victim whose soul has been eaten by a crocotta is dead, dead, dead. Like, no second chances dead, no coming back from the tunnel dead, no sneaking out the back doors of Hell dead. No ghost, either. Dead and gone. These days that's kinda rare, actually.

CLARK ADAMS PHONE COMPANY HYENA

Description In its guise as Clark Adams, the crocotta is an average-looking white male, bald and in his mid-40s. He works for the phone company in Milan, Ohio, in a middle management position. He wears your normal gray suit-and-tie combo when he's at work, and is a buttoned-down bureaucrat every step of the way. He's precise, pleasant, and helpful to visitors, and does his job in a way that keeps him completely off the radar. When he feeds, or if he's riled up, his face shifts and his mouth turns into a big ol' hole full of long yellow teeth.

Motivation Hunger, pure and simple. Despite being evolved from a hyena, the crocotta is a scavenger, picking off the weak and sickly of the herd to eat. In the old days, Crocottas would wait for stragglers, but now it can eat whenever it wants by simply picking up the phone and ordering take-out of the non-pizza kind. As a result of how easy picking victims has become, the crocotta is cocky, and pretty much despises people for being such neurotic messes, able to be manipulated into almost anything.

Limitations The crocotta needs time to set up the emotional neediness that drives victims to suicide. He avoids straight-out murder whenever possible, as it's a wonderful way to bring the authorities around and screw up his dinner plans. As far as weaknesses go, he's just as vulnerable to physical harm as any normal human. For some reason, flies recognize a fellow scavenger, and they tend to gather wherever a crocotta spends any amount of time. These can be a giveaway, if a hunter knows what to look for.

Agi d8 **Str** d8 **Vit** d8 **Ale** d8 **Int** d6 **Wil** d6

Init d8 + d8 **LP** 14

Traits Hunted d4, In Plain Sight d6, Natural Linguist d4, Talented (Covert/Disguise, Performance/Impersonation) d6

Skills Covert d6/Disguise d8/Stealth d8, Influence d6/Persuasion d10, Lore d6/Hunters d8, Melee Weapons d6/Clubs d8/Knives d8, Perception d6/Empathy d8, Performance d6/Impersonation d8, Survival d6, Tech d6/Communications Systems d10, Unarmed Combat d6/Biting d8

Attacks Clark uses whatever weapon comes to hand in a pinch, but he prefers a **baseball bat (d6 B)** that he keeps on hand for emergency use. He's also got a **razor-sharp combat knife (d2 W)** he uses in cases where he has to take matters into his own hands. If it comes to it, he can also **bite (d2 W)** or throw a punch like a normal human.

Lore The following information may be gathered through investigation into Clark Adams.

- ✱ The technique of calling victims in the voices of dead or beloved ones was used by a creature of ancient India: The crocotta, a sort of demonic were-hyena. Crocotta were originally hyenas that got smart and learned to mimic human voices, the way the hyena's laughter sometimes is confused with human cries. They used to lure folks out into the wild by calling their name in the voice of a loved one, then pouncing on 'em when the victim was alone. According to legend, crocotta were hunted to extinction because of a belief that a crocotta eyeball placed under your tongue could give you a vision of the future. Apparently, one of them made it out alive, and is hiding somewhere, having upgraded from the old tricks. The crocotta may be somewhere where it can listen in on a lot of conversations, like a telephone repairman or a switchboard operator?
- ✱ A rash of unexplained suicides has occurred in Milan, Ohio. In several cases, the victim received a large number of unexplained phone calls, emails, or other communications beforehand. These messages caused extreme emotional distress and drove the victim to suicide. Similar cases involve people who received a series of these unexplained messages, left their homes and were never seen again, and are presumed dead. Family, friends, and coworkers all report that the victims either didn't explain who the calls came from or were extremely reluctant to say anything. Attempts to trace the calls have been inconclusive, either with no evidence of calls, or inactive phone numbers. The local phone company has been helpful in attempting to determine the problem, but a recent software upgrade has deleted the recent calling records.
- ✱ As the ancient Romans said: deus ex machina: the ghost is in the machine. Somehow, the network has become aware. It may be that the global communication network evolved because of the information pumped into it, or it may a renegade A.I. escaped into the ether. It doesn't matter anymore. What's important is that somewhere out there is an electronic being capable of sifting through all of our personal information wherever

it's stored electronically. It preys upon us. With voice synthesizing software, it's able to mimic the deceased, and it's doing everything it can to drive you to your death.

Djinn

In Arabian mythology, it's said that back in the beginning, right after God created angels and right before he made humans, he made another race of spiritual creatures called djinn, crafting these creatures out of smokeless fire. You might know 'em as jinn, or even genies. Anyway, back in those early days of the world, a group of angels led by an angel named Lucifer went and ran their own insurrection, rebelling against God's rule and waging war against Heaven itself. We know pretty much how that turned out for them.

Rather than learn from an example, the djinn had their own little mini-rebellion, led by a djinn named Iblis. According to the Koran, all of the djinn grew resentful of humanity for taking over the world, and they raised quite the stink about it in Heaven and on Earth. They were supposed to be the guardian spirits of humankind, but they threw that aside when they chose to take sides against us. As a result, the whole lot of 'em were cast out of Heaven and they've been cooling their heels down on Earth ever since, stuck among the humans they hated in the first place. They've been here for centuries, even millennia, and Heaven's closed its doors to them.

The djinn have been among us all along. Originally they were more open about their existence, appearing to kings and wizards and heroes, serving as tempters, advisors, and wish granters. They were mentioned in *The Book of One Thousand and One Nights*, and they gained a reputation for giving folks wishes that turned out badly for them. The old "be careful what you wish for, because you might get it" adage even comes from the deals these guys made! As the world's gotten more advanced and folks are less inclined to accept mystical beings, djinn took their show underground. Their name means "hidden" and that's exactly what they do: they hide in our ruins and feed off humanity, as they have for centuries.

Djinn in the Game

Djinn are pretty scarce this day and age. They've been hiding out for centuries, so they're pretty good at it. Even if a hunter encounters one, the hunter may not know what he's up against, 'cause a string of missing persons reports don't exactly scream "mythological Arabic fire spirit!" at you. Even if a hunter manages to find the djinn's lair, the djinn is more-often-than-not able to take the hunter down, or at least get the drop on him and send him into his very own production of *It's*

a Wonderful Life, only it's a version where Jimmy Stewart gets hung from the ceiling by his wrists and bled until he's empty. Not as fun as the original.

The djinn follows a pretty standard *modus operandi* in every town it visits. It finds a deserted building it can hide out in, somewhere with enough nooks and crannies to keep it hidden should anyone come looking. Then it preys on anyone who crosses its path, from homeless people seeking shelter, junkies looking for somewhere to fix, to runaway kids looking for a place to sleep. It's usually able to subdue 'em without much effort, and they get strung up from the ceiling with a needle and a tube in their mouth, all nice and neat so the djinn can have a little sip of fresh blood whenever he wants. Djinn don't think much of humans, so a djinn usually doesn't bother to even take down its dead victims. It just leaves 'em hanging there until it's ready to move on, and then torches the whole place to cover its tracks.

Abilities

Like demons, djinn have a host of supernatural powers they managed to hold onto even after getting the boot from the Almighty. These powers are listed below, but more powerful or more ancient djinn may have Traits such as Clairvoyance, ESP, Premonitions, or other supernatural abilities. Game Masters can create different and more powerful djinn by assigning powers from other creatures such as those attributed to demons, vampires, or other creatures from this sourcebook.

All djinn have the following abilities:

Wish-Verse Historically, the djinn's most powerful ability was granting wishes. These wishes often turned sour on the wisher, and made him or her worse off than before. The reality is that djinn have very little ability to grant magical wishes out of thin air or to create things from nothing or to reshape the world according to the whim of the wisher. Instead, the djinn sends the wisher into a

Wish-Verse, a private fantasy universe where that wish, however unlikely, is granted. To send someone into a Wish-Verse, the djinn must touch his or her head for one turn and beat the victim's Resistance with a roll of Will + Influence/Persuasion + ESP Trait.

If successful, the victim immediately falls

Photograph of icon taken at Smithsonian



unconscious, sent to his own personal reality, formed out of his subconscious (or obvious) desires. Usually the Wish-Verse is created around one significant difference that affects all manner of other aspects of the victim's life. It's not always exactly what he or she would like (or would admit to liking), but it's often a much more comforting reality than the one the victim currently inhabits. The victim may incorporate elements of his actual reality into the dream state. Each day the victim may make a roll of Alertness + Will against a Hard Difficulty: success means that he sees something "real" and inexplicable in the dream-state, a clue that something isn't right.

Traits like Clairvoyant, Danger Sense, Devoted, Gullible, Idealist, Insatiable Curiosity, Light Sleeper, Medium, Mystic Talisman, Obsessed, Paranoid, Premonitions, Spirit Guide, and Unbreakable Will may work to the victim's advantage in determining that he's in a Wish-Verse, or may work against him, depending on their nature. If the victim seems like he's rejecting the fantasy, the djinn will usually reinforce it with another application of the power (same as above, but at a +1 skill step due to the victim's current state).

Invulnerability A djinn is not vulnerable to most normal weapons, being partially made of some sort of celestial heavenly stuff that helps it resist mortal injury. Reduce any damage inflicted to a djinn by one type: Wound becomes Stun, and Stun is shrugged off and doesn't do anything more than make the djinn mad.

Immortality Most djinn are centuries old, if not dating back from the original expulsion from Heaven, then being born in the early years of their expulsion when there were a whole lot more of 'em around. Now they're solitary and are determined to outlast humanity as best they can. A djinn doesn't get sick or age noticeably, and it's much stronger, tougher, and faster than humans. The only way for a djinn to die is for it to be killed, either through some accident or through violence. There is something that can harm djinn, however, and that's pure silver dipped in lamb's blood. Not sure if it's one or the other, but if you've got the chance, do both. A silvered weapon dipped in lamb's blood will do an extra +4 damage steps against a djinn, and ignores the Invulnerability described above.

DJINN WISH GRANTER

Description This is going to be a huge disappointment, but the djinn look absolutely nothing like Barbara Eden in a sparkling bikini and transparent silk veil. Instead, the djinn is a 40ish male of Middle Eastern descent. He's bald with sharp, aquiline features, and most of his body is covered with crazy detailed bluish-black tattoos. The djinn is used to the heat of his native climate, so he wears heavy layers of ratty old clothing to stave off the cold. He hides out in an old abandoned office building outside Joliet, Illinois, where he's got a rack of victims (living and dead) strung up like sides of beef. He's brusque and cold and utterly without pity for his victims, though he'd rather they were content in their little dream worlds, rather than living in nightmares.

Motivation The djinn craves fresh human blood, but he isn't a vampire and so he's not down with having to hunt and kill for every meal. Sure, he can more'n handle himself in a fight, but he didn't get to be as old as he is by taking chances every time he has to eat. Because of this, it's more efficient to find suitable victims and keep them strung up and happily hallucinating, so they can be drained of blood on a regular basis until they're dead or dried up. Bottom line is that he thinks humans are cattle... dangerous cattle.

Limitations He needs to drink fresh blood on a regular basis to survive, and he can't easily pass himself off as human, so the djinn will find himself an out-of-the-way spot where he can keep his victims stashed without worrying about running into the law, or even your average Joe Sixpack. Nothing worse than uninvited guests coming to ruin the party. He's more-than-capable of handling himself in a fight against a human, but it's not the kind of thing he wants to risk, so he sticks to the "human blood bag" approach of feeding. Historically, djinn are vulnerable to silver weapons, and a silver weapon dipped in lamb's blood is extra-dangerous, kinda like sticking Superman with a kryptonite dagger.

Agi d10 **Str** d10 **Vit** d10 **Ale** d8 **Int** d6 **Wil** d8

Init d10 + d8 **LP** 20

Traits Addiction (Blood) d4, ESP d8, Formidable Presence d2, Fugly d2, Longevity d12, Mute d6, Overconfident d2, Tough d4

Skills Covert d6/Stealth d10, Influence d6/Persuasion d12, Knowledge d6/History d12, Lore d6/Demons d10/Mythology d10, Medicine d4, Perception d6, Unarmed Combat d6/Brawling d10

Attacks A djinn confronted in its lair is liable to use stealth and concealment to get the drop on its foe, misleading them, toying with them, and finally ambushing them when it's got the clear upper hand. In most cases, it won't try to kill an opponent, but will rely on its strength and speed (Strength + Unarmed Combat/Brawling) to overpower him until it can bring in the magic blue whammy hand and send Little Nemo to Slumberland. To utilize its Wish-Verse ability on a victim, the djinn must hold him immobile for a single combat turn and

activate the ability. While the djinn is doing this, his hand begins to glow with an electric blue light. Unless it's successfully resisted, the djinn touches the victim's head and sends him into a dream world. At that point, the victim is rendered unconscious, sent to a happier, cleaner version of the Matrix, and the djinn strings him up and inserts a needle and tube into the carotid artery for convenient snacking. Yum.

Lore The following information may be acquired through investigation into djinn.

✧ Djinn are ancient and incredibly powerful. A more unpleasant combination of demon and a vampire has yet to be imagined. These creatures have moved through the cracks and rubble of human society for hundreds, if not thousands, of years and they're cunning and resourceful. They see humans as little more than cattle. The signs of a djinn feeding are going to be pretty distinct. Look for an area with a high number of disappearances among the homeless and transient population: bums, junkies, runaways... people no one's keeping track of and no one will miss. Naturally it's going to be hard to get any info on these folks, much less that they've gone missing, but their friends talk, and gossip eventually gets around. Find an abandoned building in the heart of the disappearances: that's your djinn nest. If you find yourself in a room full of half-dead and dead folks strung up by their wrists, you'd better hope you brought backup, because if you didn't, you're in for a world of hurt.

✧ Djinn are creatures out of Arabian myth, referred to in Islamic religion and the Koran. A race of supernatural spirits crafted out of "smokeless fire" by Allah, they were originally set up as humankind's protectors and advisors, sort of personalized guardian spirits. They became resentful of humanity's dominance over the Earth, and led by a charismatic leader named Iblis, the djinn rebelled against Allah, and were cast out of Heaven for their defiance. Since then, they've been boogymen in dozens of stories, including those incorporated in *The Book of One Thousand and One Nights*. Most of the time they're tempters and wish-granters, though the wishes they grant always end up being the sort where the wisher regrets the original wish. Because of their untrustworthy nature, many wizards of old bound them into lamps or other ceremonial objects, though this is likely just myth.

✧ Djinn are ancient and wise supernatural beings capable of great will and intelligence. They are powerful sorcerers and illusionists, having incredible supernatural powers of illusion and mind-reading. They've been advisors to caliphs, viziers, and sheiks, and foils to heroes. Many of them were long ago bound to magic lamps and

buried beneath far desert sands, and as such, they will be only-too-grateful to any who free them from those prisons and release them into the world. They disdain physical combat, and instead prefer to deal through persuasion and deceit. Despite this, dealing with a djinn is safe enough if you are careful in your wishes, so consultation with a lawyer beforehand may prevent any inadvertent, unwanted outcomes to your wishes. An important note is that some djinn claim to offer only a single wish. That's just a characteristic of their crafty nature: the industry standard is three wishes.

Ghouls

Shapechangers in general are pretty creepy. The idea that there could be something walking around out there wearing your face, it's just wrong. But ghouls, man. Ghouls are just effed-up.

You've probably heard of ghouls before. *Arabian Nights* has the earliest surviving account of these nasties, but the stories are even older than that. They've all got a common thread: ghouls eat dead people. But what do they look like? Good luck finding two accounts that match. Some of the oldest lore says ghouls take the form of a hyena, or dog. Other stories claim they're humanoid, but monstrous and misshapen, like a walking corpse with huge, overdeveloped jaw muscles for gnawing through bone. Still more say they look like beautiful women, and lure travelers away from their caravans to die in the desert. All good stories to tell around the campfire, but all crap. Ghouls look like people. Specific people.

With as much time as hunters spend in graveyards, you're bound to cross paths with a ghoul sooner or later. Graveyards are sort of an all-you-can-eat buffet for a ghoul.



And they're none too picky about freshness either. Newly planted or months-old and rotting, it's all the same to them. But here's the sick part; that person they're eating? That's what they look like. Ghouls take on the form of their last meal, and they're perfect replicas, down to the last hair. They act like the person too; apparently gnawing on someone's gray matter transfers all the memories stored inside. They could fool a loved one if they didn't know the person was dead. Seems like a lot of wasted effort for a creature that spends most of its time waist deep in a casket, feasting on entrails.

So why kill 'em? If they only eat the dead, they're not hurting anyone, right? Well for one, they're just too nasty to live. I mean come on, eating corpses is just messed up. But seriously, ghouls have been known to make the switch to fresh meat. Kids especially; they tend to be slower and easier to carry. It's best to clean house before anybody goes missing. And really, no one's gonna miss a grave-robbing scavenger, so why risk it?

Ghouls in the Game

Ghouls change into their last meal, whoever it was, so their stats and abilities reflect those of the dead person. The only difference is that ghouls have the ability to dislocate and reshape their skeletons to fit through incredibly small spaces (+3 step increase to Agility). Their shapeshifting abilities are top notch. Unless you catch a ghoul with a fistful of entrails and a serious case of fruit-punch mouth, there's no way to tell it's not human. But if you've been keeping up on your obituaries, it's still possible to realize a ghoul's wearing the face of a dead person (Alertness + Knowledge against Formidable difficulty).

Like most shapechangers, ghouls heal crazy fast (1 point of Stun per minute, 1 point of Wound per hour). You can pump 'em full of lead (or silver, iron, rock salt—whatever your ammo d'jour happens to be) but it'll just slow 'em down. The only way to kill a ghoul is by destroying its brain. Whether your hunter prefers blades, bludgeons, or buckshot, a called shot to the head oughta do the trick. The head's a small target, so you're looking at a +8 increase in Difficulty. If it hits, your weapon's damage die increases by a +1 step, and the damage is recorded as Wound. Once there's more Wound than Life Points, there's just a sticky pool where the ghoul's head used to be. Otherwise, you just manage to take a chunk out of it, and it's none too happy.

CASE-CRASHING GHOUL EATER OF THE DEAD

Description Ghouls look like the last person they ate; in this case, a college student who died in a shooting at his school. Like the poor kid's life wasn't short or cruel enough.

Motivation Ghouls eat...a lot! They tend to lay low during the day, but by night you can count on them busting open a mausoleum or digging up a grave for a little

snack. Ghouls live in family units, so if you do kill one, make sure it didn't have friends. Wouldn't be the first time a hunter was attacked by a ghoul pack out for revenge.

Limitations Ghouls are tough little freaks! You can shoot 'em, stab 'em, even blow off a limb or two, and they'll just keep on coming. Their shapeshifting ability gives them some impressive healing powers. The only surefire way to kill one is to kill its brain. That means bashing it in, scooping it out, or a good old-fashioned headshot.

Agi d12 Str d8 Vit d6 Ale d6 Int d6 Wil d6

Init d6 + d6 LP 12 (recovers from Stun and Wound damage quickly)

Traits Devoted (family) d6, ESP d8, Hardy Constitution d8, Low Profile d6, In Plain Sight d4, Smartass d4, Tough d4

Skills Covert d6/Disguise d12/Stealth d8, Drive d4, Influence d6/Persuasion d8, Knowledge d6/Literature d8/Philosophy d8, Lore d4, Perception d6/Empathy d10, Performance d6/Acting d10/Impersonation d12+d4, Tech d4, Unarmed Combat d6/Brawling d8

Attacks Ghouls are only as strong and as smart as their last meal. If they've been chowing down on a body builder, you may be in trouble, less so if they just snacked on a little girl. In this case, the college kid wasn't exactly 'roided up, but he was in good shape, and he could handle himself in a fight.

Lore The following information may be acquired through investigation into the Case-Crashing Ghoul.

- ✱ A death echo's been haunting a nearby college, and you've come to the local cemetery for the usual salt and burn. Problem is, something beat you to it. The grave's been dug up and the body's gone.
- ✱ Whatever dug this hole, it didn't use tools. An alert hunter can find broken chunks of fingernails stuck in the dirt.
- ✱ This isn't the first grave robbery. Four other bodies have been stolen this week.
- ✱ The groundskeeper's got a secret. One he might be willing to trade for a drink. He almost caught the sick bastard digging up another grave last night. The freak got away when he bashed the groundskeeper in the head with his own rake. The description matches that of your death echo, pre-death.
- ✱ A storm drain empties into the canal behind the graveyard. Looks like the mesh screen covering the outlet's been pried up. Hope you brought your hip-waders.

Jersey Devil

One of the first areas of North America inhabited by white settlers from Europe, the stretch of New Jersey coastal land known as the Pine Barrens was mostly uninhabited by the Lenape tribes native to the area. The settlers discovered that the soil was acidic and scarce on nutrients, and they blamed the lack of inhabitants on those reasons. They were wrong, as the Lenape shunned the area,

calling it *popuessing*, "the place of the dragon." Swedes who later settled the area gave it their own name, calling it *Drake Kill* (which sounds much cooler than it means... the "kill" part is just the Swedish name for river). When later waves of settlers arrived, they saw a bunch of pine trees and not much else, and called the area the Pine Barrens. They, in turn, were called Pineys. Both names stuck.

The Lenape tribes (also known as the Delaware) and the white settlers didn't get along, and (to put it mildly) relations were strained between them. Back in 1735, a shaman of the Lenape laid a curse upon the settlers, summoning up a chimera spirit known as a *manitou*. The spirit was aimed at the household of Father Leeds, a preacher who'd been particularly vicious to the Lenape. The *manitou*, a powerful supernatural entity, inhabited Mother Leeds' unborn child, their 13th. This last offspring proved to be doubly unlucky, as it manifested when the child was born. Expecting a little pink bundle of squealing joy, Mother Leeds and her midwife were confronted with a creature straight off a heavy metal album cover: burning red eyes set into a horned goat head, dark furry coat, wings, cloven hooves, forked tail, and claws. The critter screeched at the horrified women, squawked and flapped around the room, and then headed out the window into nightmares everywhere. Mother Leeds died from the birth, and the midwife spent the rest of her life rocking back and forth and crying her eyes out in her parents' cellar.

Over the next few years, the winged creature terrorized the settlers throughout the Pine Barrens. They called it the Leeds Devil at that time, and it scared the snot out of them until 1740, when a group of terrified settlers got together with a preacher and banished the critter. What they didn't know was that their banishment—all of the shaking crosses and chanting in Latin—had no effect on the creature. It was actually sent away by another Lenape shaman, one who'd "converted" to Christianity and was sympathetic to the settlers.

Seventy years went by with no sign of the creature, but then in the 1820s it reappeared with a vengeance, attacking settlers, livestock, and terrorizing anyone who lived within the Pine Barrens. This time it was the Jersey Devil. The creature was anything but shy, appearing all over the place. A famous cryptid hunter named Dr. James Killian took it upon himself to do something about the Jersey Devil. He visited the Pine Barrens a few times (to no great effect) for almost a decade. Napoleon Bonaparte's older brother Joseph spotted the Jersey Devil in the 1820 on his estate, and shot it in front of dozens of witnesses, a cannonball going through its wing, with no harm done. The attacks continued for another three decades, and in 1849, a Lenape shaman banished the Jersey Devil once more, sending it into hiding for another 60 years.

Apparently, 1909 was its victory tour, because it erupted in a flurry of activity, more angry than ever, attacking people and killing



livestock like they were going out of style. In January of 1909 in the first week since it returned, it was sighted by thousands of people. *Thousands of people.* Hoofprints were found everywhere. We're talking mass freaking hysteria. Schools were closed. Firemen fought the thing, hosing it down to keep it away from them. It carried on like a tiny little version of Godzilla until a Lenape shaman, one of the last of his tribe (they'd been driven out of the region and into Oklahoma decades before) decided that it was his responsibility to set things straight and banished the creature once more, sending it into an early retirement for another 50 years.

At this point, it shouldn't be much of a stretch to imagine what happened in 1960, and more importantly, what's happening now.

The Jersey Devil in the Game

The Jersey Devil is back for a return engagement, and this time it's going to cause even more trouble. It has reappeared from the dark cave it hibernates in, and is filled with a primal, abnormal rage directed at those who've despoiled the land it was summoned to defend. In this case, "those" has increased by a magnitude, and what was once a great stretch of wilderness is now a smallish protected nature preserve surrounded by suburbs and real estate developments. Nothing but targets, no matter which way it goes, and this time no obvious savior is out there to send it packing.

There's not exactly a surplus of shamans who speak the Lenape language, so the likelihood of one of them wandering in from wherever, knowing how to address the manitou, *and* in a mood to banish the thing is pretty freakin' low. Not even Atlantic City bookies can calculate the odds of that happening.

So unless it's banished, the Jersey Devil is going to cause some trouble. It has a host of supernatural powers at its disposal, and it ain't shy about usin' any of 'em.

Flight The Jersey Devil has huge bat-like wings that allow it to fly with tremendous speed. This ability is covered with the Enhanced Movement (Flight) Trait. It's a powerful flier, capable of staying up in the air even if it's struck by firearms or (on one occasion) a cannonball.

Unkillable As an incarnate chimerical spirit, the Jersey Devil is pretty much unkillable. Because of this quality, it has a tough hide giving it an **Armor Rating 4 W**. All Stun damage it takes is ignored, and all Wound damage is downgraded to Stun damage (downgraded Stun damage is not ignored).

Immortality The manitou is functionally immortal, unless it's killed by a spiritual representative of the Lenape people wielding a consecrated weapon. Such a weapon, whatever it may be, does normal, unmodified damage to the creature, ignoring its armor protection and the damage type downgrade. Consecrated weapons can be heirlooms passed down through the centuries by the Lenape people, or a Lenape shaman can make a consecrated weapon by praying and chanting over it for a week (a complex action of Will + Lore), towards a Formidable (75) Threshold.

Servant of the Land The manitou was summoned as a servant of the Lenape people, and as such, any legitimate spiritual representative of the Lenape tribe has the authority to banish it, assuming they can speak the Lenape tribal dialect. To be a legitimate representative, a person has to have descended from a shaman of the Lenape/Delaware tribe, or have been adopted by a legitimate chief of the tribe and charged with the spiritual guidance and well being of the Lenape people. Finding the offspring of a Lenape shaman requires success at a Formidable (15) Difficulty chunk of research. Unless a legitimate offspring of a Lenape shaman presents him- or herself, the Jersey Devil is going to cause a lot of carnage for as long as it can before being put down. The Lenape language is almost dead, but speakers can be found among young scholars of the Lenape nation who are trying to revive their native tongue. One solution might be to find a qualified offspring of a Lenape shaman from the remaining members of the Lenape tribes in Oklahoma, or from among their 5,000 descendants in New Jersey or Pennsylvania. Maybe one of these offspring can be convinced to road-trip it and try to put down a demonic wood-spirit with a mad-on for Pineys. The ritual to banish the manitou is fairly obscure, requiring a successful Intelligence + Lore/Mythology roll of Hard (11) Difficulty to discover. Speaking the chant that can banish the manitou is a complex action requiring successful Will + Perform/Singing rolls towards a Hard (55) Threshold, spoken in the Lenape dialect. While the chant is being performed, the manitou is unlikely to be sitting still or humming along to the beat. It's going to fight back with everything it's got, because it's tired of going back into that cave and hibernating for half-century naps.

JERSEY DEVIL MANITOU OF THE PINE BARRENS

Description Representing a number of different animal species, the manitou, also called the Jersey Devil, is the spitting image of a stereotypical demon. It's a huge chimerical gargoyle comprised of a goat-like head with long horns, bat-like wings, a long forked tail, cloven hooves, short dark fur covering most of its body, and claws on each of its hands. It walks upright and climbs, and can fly at considerable speeds. Top it off with sharp teeth and glowing red eyes. It screams with an unearthly howl, and if Iron Maiden doesn't immediately offer it a gig standing onstage during one of their concerts, there is no justice in the world.

Motivation Summoned to bedevil the white settlers of the Pine Barrens, the Jersey Devil has got its work cut out for it since the number of settlers has increased astronomically since it first came to be in 1735. In those three-hundred years, the settlers have driven the Lenape out of their ancestral homeland and relocated them to Oklahoma. The Pine Barrens have since dwindled in size and scale, and are now bordered by highways and suburbs. Tens of thousands of people live within the immediate area, and the Jersey Devil hates 'em all (even though they named an NHL hockey team after it). It doesn't care about keeping a low profile, and wants to be seen by as many witnesses as possible. It's going to tear things up... a wild time on the Jersey coastline that doesn't involve a night in Atlantic City!

Limitations The Jersey Devil only seems to be interested in the area of the New Jersey coastline north of Atlantic City, south of Tuckertown, and bordered on the west by Interstate 9, an area roughly covered by the Edward B. Forsythe National Wildlife Refuge and a handful of small towns. As mentioned above, the Jersey Devil's compelled to behave if it's addressed by a spiritual leader of the Lenape people in the Lenape dialect, though qualified candidates for that position are in short supply these days.

Agi d10 **Str** d12 **Vit** d10 **Ale** d8 **Int** d4 **Wil** d6
Init d10 + d8 **LP** 20

Traits Attuned to Nature d4, Eerie Presence d6, Enhanced Movement (Flight) d8, Fast on Your Feet d6, Formidable Presence d4, Hunted d4, Infamy d6, Longevity d12, Mystic Protection d4, Natural Athlete d4, Tough d8

Skills Athletics d6/Contortion d10, Covert d6/Camouflage d8/Stealth d10, Perception d6/Hearing d8/Sight d10/Smell/Taste d8, Survival d6/Foraging d8/Outdoor Life d12/Specific Environment (Pine Barrens) d12, Unarmed Combat d6/Brawling d8/Clawing d10

Attacks The Jersey Devil uses stealth and surprise in combat, using its dark coloration and wrapping its wings around itself to vanish into the dark. It enjoys suddenly unfolding its wings and startling its victims, and then

claws at them savagely (Agility + Unarmed Combat/Clawing). Its **claws**, **bite**, and **horns** each do d2 W, and its **hooves** will do d2 B if it kicks an opponent in close combat.

Lore The following information may be acquired through investigation into the Jersey Devil.

- ✧ A creature that returns over three centuries is either subject to an extremely long hibernation cycle, or you're dealing with generations of creatures that hatch slowly. Either way, the creature is a genetic freak, perhaps not even supernatural at all. It might just be a deformed type of sandhill crane or some other unknown species. Public hysteria has probably inflated this thing into more of a threat than it ever could be.
- ✧ The creature appeared at a time when relations were rough between the native Lenape tribe and the settlers, stemming from an incident with the Leeds family (Leeds Point is named for them). Mother Leeds gave birth to a 13th child that looked like a demon and flew away. Then it attacks the settlers in the Pine Barrens for the next 285 years, coming back over and over again with these huge quiet gaps in witness reports. Each of these visits is met with a delegation from the local church, where the creature is exorcised. Each historical record mentions a Lenape representative, usually someone highly placed in the tribe. Reports from the coast are pointing at a tall winged monster with red eyes and horns, and two people have been attacked. Animals have been killed, and everyone is terrified.
- ✧ The Jersey Devil is the 13th child of noted witch Mother Leeds and the Devil. Leeds was hated by the other settlers of the region for her blasphemous ways, and she gave birth to the Devil's child as a means of tormenting them. For almost three centuries the demon has returned to harass the people of the Pine Barrens, and every time it's been exorcized by a priest and sent back into the abyss. It takes 50 years for it to claw its way out of Hell, and now it's back.

Mothman

It was 1966. In Point Pleasant, West Virginia, two young couples were driving at night, 'bout seven miles outside of town. They were out past the West Virginia Ordnance Works, an abandoned World War II munitions manufacturing plant perched on the edge of the McClintic Wildlife Management Area. After seeing two strange red lights in the dark next to the old generator plant, they pulled up to take a closer look. Big mistake. The red lights turned out to be eyes of what they thought was a wild animal, until they got a better view. It was a human-shaped figure almost seven feet tall with giant wings folded up on its back. Who saw that coming?



In the only smart move of the evening, they floored it and got the hell out of there, but the thing unfolded these huge butterfly-like wings. It flew after them, leading them on a 100 mph chase along Highway 62 all the way to the Point Pleasant city limits. They raced to the town's courthouse and reported the case to a deputy. Even though the deputy went back to the scene, he couldn't find any trace of the strange creature, several other townsfolk saw and heard the creature nearby. Later that night, two of the kids chased from the munitions plant were terrorized in their home by the creature, the attack being like that of a poltergeist, with things rattling and being tossed around their home.

For the next thirteen months, this "Mothman" terrorized the area. It was spotted by dozens of people all over the place: hiding out near the munitions plant; crouched on top of houses; buzzing people in their cars; lurking by roadsides; and even trying to get into people's homes through their front doors. This was one ballsy monster, not exactly into the hiding thing. It chased several people out in the open, causing them to run for safety. A Bloodmobile for the Red Cross got chased down a highway before the Mothman gave up on it. Pilots at a nearby airport spotted the thing, thinking at first that it was some kind of giant bird. Hundreds of people called about the "strange red lights" flying above the munitions plant and the neighboring communities around Point Pleasant. It did everything short of calling a press conference or dating Britney Spears.

Folks who encountered the Mothman up close said that they were gripped with an unnatural fear, a dread that put even the bravest of 'em on edge and caused 'em to panic. Household pets went crazy when it was nearby. Dogs sent after it vanished and were never seen again, or even worse, were found horribly mutilated days later.

The strangest part of the phenomena (yes, it gets stranger) was that the visits of the Mothman were matched with weird electromagnetic interference.

Car engines and electrical systems died. Television sets lost their pictures, and radio signals went to static. Phone lines died mid-call, and lights would flicker on and off when the creature was nearby.

All of those sightings ended pretty much instantly when the 700-foot Silver Bridge in Point Pleasant collapsed during rush hour traffic in late 1967. Forty-six residents of the town died when their cars fell into the icy river. The immense tragedy seemed to put an end to sightings of the Mothman. That is, until it was spotted last week in a small town called Hermiston, Oregon.

The Mothman in the Game

Point Pleasant, West Virginia, is a strange place, a place where the walls between this world and others is paper-thin. Time to time, things slip through the cracks from other worlds into our own. Sometimes it's a brief encounter, and sometimes the outsider is trapped here. The thing that terrorized Point Pleasant in '66 and '67 was one of those visitors, freakish and wrong by our terms, an aberration whose very existence was an insult to the laws of physics and matter. The "Mothman," as a reporter called it, was just as horrified by our world as we were of it, and it did everything it could do to return.

It scoured the region looking for that particular junction of matter, energy, and time that would align just right and weaken the veil between worlds, allowing it to return to the world it came from. Unfortunately for the people driving home to Point Pleasant on the evening of December 15, 1967, that place was on top of the Silver Bridge. The Mothman was perched atop the bridge as the veil between worlds grew thin. When it willed itself through to its home plane, it weakened the structure of the bridge enough that it collapsed, killing 46 innocent commuters in the process.

The Point Pleasant Mothman wasn't the first to visit our world. The Indians knew one of their kind and called it the *Garuda*. The Lakota Sioux called them *wakiya*, or "sacred wing," and the Ojibwa called them *animikii*. Greeks called 'em harpies, and the Japanese even had their own critters called *tengu*. They've always been harbingers of bad times to come, and have harassed humankind whenever they've visited our world.

Now another Mothman has come through from its world to ours, in a small town called Hermiston, Oregon, just south of the Oregon border. Like Point Pleasant, Hermiston is near an old and decommissioned munitions dump, in this case the Umatilla Chemical Depot. Strange things are going down, as its presence is causing disruptions in the fabric of reality. So far, this new visit is looking like a repeat of the Point Pleasant encounter, unless someone intervenes.

Abilities

The Mothman is a powerful creature from another plane of existence, maybe something akin to a demon or an angel. Hard to tell which one, or if those terms would even mean anything to it if it understood 'em. The thing has strange senses and abilities beyond anything human, and its body isn't even composed of the same biological materials as Earth creatures.

The Mothman has the following abilities:

Flight The creature can fly like the wind. It can chase a car along a highway at a cool 100 MPH, go from a crouch up to a position more'n 60 feet in the air in a few seconds without even seeming to flap its wings, and can glide and maneuver quicker than any airplane. The Enhanced Movement (Flight) Trait covers this ability.

Otherworldly Nature Because it's from another dimension, plane, or world, it's not made up of the same sort of matter humans, animals, and, well, anything. This gives the Mothman an unnatural toughness against any sort of material weapons (guns, knives, teeth, fists, etc.), reducing the damage die of any weapon used against it by -2 steps.

Precognition The Mothman's senses go way beyond the five senses humans are limited to, and among 'em is a sense of causality, almost like it can see or smell what's gonna happen. When the Mothman first comes into our world, it's disoriented and out of sorts, trying to make heads or tails out of this environment. But it doesn't take long to sort things out. The Traits Clairvoyant, Danger Sense, and Premonitions all help it find its way to the juncture of worlds, and evade being killed in the meantime.

Screech Witnesses report that the Mothman gives off a high-pitched wail, almost like a woman's scream, though way above any human register. The Mothman's normal "inside voice" screech is pretty disturbing to experience, but doesn't have any effects other than sounding weird and maybe spooking the crap out of those who hear it. The Mothman can make its voice louder, when it's threatened (the "outside voice") that has more potent effects. It can do this once a turn. Anyone within a dozen feet of the Mothman when it uses its screech must make an Average Resistance roll. Failing this roll delivers a -1 Attribute step for anything involving Alertness, Intelligence, or Willpower for the remainder of the turn, and for the next minute. The poor schlub that botches this roll slumps to the ground, unconscious for the next 10 minutes, or until woken up by someone (or something) else.

Unearthliness Its otherworldly nature means that the Mothman causes reality a bit of pain. Physical laws like gravity, kinetic force, and all of those other scientific principles don't always do what they're supposed to when they pass within a dozen yards of the Mothman. Cell phones lose their signals. Radio waves get jammed and screech with unnatural sounds. Television signals warp. Almost any electronic device gets a bit wonky. Chemical processes (like internal combustion) might suddenly stop working the way it should. The fun doesn't stop there, either. Small items may float off the ground when it's

around. Magnets might lose their charges, or things that aren't normally magnetic will suddenly gain a temporary magnetic charge. Electricity may arc out of water, or even off of plants, and cold water might come to boil. The Mothman has no control over this random activity, and its effects might be mistaken for a poltergeist.

Electromagnetic Sensitivity As the creature's tuned in to a wide range of frequencies, it's reluctant to go into areas blanketed with a lot of electronic devices and electromagnetic activity, anywhere where a lot of information is being transmitted through wires or the air. Back in the late '60s when the critter first appeared, most folks didn't have more than one television per home, a radio or two, and the closest thing to cell phones were the communicators on *Star Trek*. Now the Mothman's in more of a bind: even in the smaller towns you've got microwaves, smart phones, public wi-fi, personal computers, iPods, Internet cafes, home networks, plasma TVs, talking cars with GPS, and who knows what else. To enter any area saturated with electronic devices (town limits, for example), the Mothman must make an Average Resistance roll, or it suffers a -1 step on all Attributes while it's in that area. This penalty disappears when the creature leaves the area of intense electromagnetic activity.

MOTHMAN UNNATURAL HARBINGER

Description The Hermiston Mothman is human-shaped, roughly seven feet tall, with withered, wide grayish wings full of holes that spread out almost a dozen feet from tip-to-tip. It's got large, almost flat red eyes that reflect light in a strange, hypnotic fashion, and glow, almost like auto reflectors. The creature's body is covered in muscles that don't exactly conform to human anatomy, and it's skin is sort of dull silver and shimmery, like fish scales. The hands and feet are clawed, and the creature's face is structured around a strange open mouth full of long silvery teeth. Up close, it gives off a strange humming noise that gets into your ears and teeth and seems as if something's terribly, terribly wrong. If the Mothman is angered, it makes a strange and freakish howl that almost sounds like a generator spinning up, and causes glass and other metallic substances to rattle.

Motivation Because the Mothman was dragged into this reality through a tear in the fabric of the universe, its presence here is tremendously damaging to reality. Because of this, it's in a state of tremendous distress and agitation as it tries to endure this world long enough for the tear between worlds to re-open and allow it to return. Because the Mothman has suffered this experience before, it knows what to expect. Though it could somehow communicate with authorities or others, it has no reason to expect a positive result, and fears being captured or

dissected. Nothing in its observation of humankind gives it any reassurance that it won't meet that fate, and ultimately it doesn't care about humans any more than it would ants or microbes.

Limitations The Mothman is unable to leave the Hermiston region or else it won't be able to return to its own plane of existence. Because of this, it resists any attempts to expel it from the area, or to interfere with its business. It's highly sensitive to electromagnetic disturbances, and is easy to track due to the interference it throws out on cell phones and other electronic devices. Due to its sensitivity to electromagnetic fields, it's extremely reluctant to enter city limits, surrounded by power lines and full of radios, televisions, and other wireless devices.

Agi d8 **Str** d10 **Vit** d10 **Ale** d10 **Int** d8 **Wil** d8

Init d8 + d10 **LP** 18

Traits Animal Enmity d4, Clairvoyant d4, Danger Sense d4, Eerie Presence d12, Enhanced Movement (Flight) d12, Enhanced Senses (Infrared Vision) d12, Hardy Constitution d6, Premonitions d8, Uncommon Knowledge (Other Realities) d6

Skills Athletics d6/Dodge d8/Flying d12, Covert d6/Stealth d8, Perception d6/Intuition d8, Science d6/Physics d8, Survival d4, Unarmed Combat d6/Brawling d8, Clawing d10

Attacks Because the Mothman is just trying to return to its own wavelength of reality, it's not eager to engage in combat, or to risk its life without good reason. It'll try to dodge anyone who attempts to grab it, and will use its speed and ability to fly away from any attackers. If someone tries to grapple with it, it'll resist with as much force as it can muster (Strength + Unarmed Combat/Brawling) with its **long claws (2 W)**. As a last ditch effort, the Mothman will emit its high-pitched **screech** (see above), an attack that affects anyone within a dozen feet. This attack will usually disorient anyone nearby, giving the Mothman a chance to escape.

Lore The following information may be acquired through investigation into the Mothman.

- ✱ The Point Pleasant Mothman story was clearly something from another world, whether an alien, a new and rare kind of demon, or something else. It didn't seem to be overly concerned with hurting people (though it sure had a thing against dogs). No one in the town did much in the way of fighting it, so it's anyone's guess as to how tough one might be or what it's after.
- ✱ Local weather reports showed a strange storm with bizarre barometric pressures and off-the-chart lightning activity a few days before the first sighting, and the weather was equally weird on the last day it was spotted. The pattern of sightings indicate that it's looking for something, rather than just causing trouble. A storm similar to the one in Point Pleasant happened in Pendleton around the same time the creature was first spotted.

- ✱ Point Pleasant and Pendleton have an interesting thing in common: both are sites of decommissioned World War II munitions dumps. Classified activities occurred and black book experiments into a wide variety of subjects were performed at each site. It's a matter of public record. It's clear that this Mothman is a government-created monster, and they're testing it on American soil. The electronic interference is clearly a side-effect of the remote control: someone's operating it from afar.

Rakshasa

So let's say you're a bad guy. Not just cheating on your wife bad, or kicking the dog bad—we're talking Charlie Manson levels of scum here, the worst of the worst. Some lore says that for folks like that, there's an odds-on chance that next time around they might come back as a rakshasa; a filthy, evil, flesh-eating monstrosity. Karma can be a real bitch, huh? Other texts claim the rakshasas were created from the foot of the creation god Brahma. The *Ramayana* tells of entire armies of these things fighting against the Vanaras, so be thankful that they tend to be solitary creatures these days. Truth is, religious traditions have no monopoly over these things. Call him by any other name, a rakshasa is a singularly nasty piece of work.

The solitude may not be by choice. Rakshasas tend to live in abject squalor, eating spoiled food and sleeping on a bed of crushed insects. Bug bed—can't imagine that's good for the back. A rakshasa can live on spoiled food for quite a while, but every twenty or thirty years it gets a craving for fresh meat, and a rare hamburger ain't gonna cut it. It wants human meat, and it's got the tools to make that happen. Rakshasas are shapeshifters, and spend most of their time in human form, although they've been known to take the form of birds and dogs on occasion. Of course the ability to disappear into a crowd seems kind of weak compared to their ability to just disappear. That's right, invisibility. Freaking invisibility! Oh, and their fingernails are venomous too, and they're immune to virtually all weapons. Seems like the whole damn species is just a big F.U. to hunters.

Rakshasas in the Game

A rakshasa is virtually impossible to detect. Its shape changing is so perfect, there's really no way to tell it's not a person. Rakshasa don't tend to mimic individuals, since they don't get a memory dump like a Shapeshifter or a Ghoul. They prefer to blend into a crowd as a Generic Human Being. Without catching one in the act of changing, a hunter can't tell if someone's a rakshasa. There is one way to tell though; rakshasas smell horrible, represented by the Memorable Complication.

But why would you need to hide in plain sight if you could just disappear? Well, invisibility's a neat trick, but it comes at a cost. While a rakshasa's invisible, he suffers 1 point of Stun damage per turn. A rakshasa will pass out if it tries staying invisible for too long.

Rakshasas are immune to most weapons. A blast from a shotgun or a blade to the face will slow one down, but it won't kill it (Wound damage is downgraded to Stun, and Stun damage is dropped). The only material that can hurt a rakshasa is brass. Brass weapons will cause d6 Wound using the proper combat skill.

Anyone unlucky enough to get in a fistfight with a rakshasa soon finds that the creepy bastards have poisonous fingernails. A hunter scratched by a rakshasa needs a successful Hard Resistance roll each turn till he fights off the poison. If the roll fails, the hunter gets hit with 1 point of Stun damage.

BENNETTSVILLE RAKSHASA THE INVISIBLE MANEATER

Description The new pastor seems like a nice enough guy. A widower in his late sixties, he lives alone in the parsonage in back of the local church. When he's not greeting the locals or providing grief counseling for the recent string of deaths, he likes to turn invisible, sprout poisonous fingernails, and eat people. Everyone should have a hobby.

Motivation It's feeding time, and rakshasas can't live by garbage alone. Hard to believe it's been twenty-five years since his last big meal. He's in the mood for human flesh, rare. And don't bother to deliver, he'll come pick it up.

Limitations A rakshasa can't enter a home without being invited, but the new pastor doesn't seem to have much trouble getting invitations. That clerical collar does a great job of breaking the ice. What he can't seem to manage is his smell. Living in filth comes at a price, and the rakshasa has a distinct odor. Think hot, boiled garbage. The Old Spice is doing its damndest to cover it up, but it's a losing battle.

Ag d8 **Str** d6 **Vit** d8 **Ale** d6 **Int** d12 **Wil** d8

Init d8 + d6 **LP** 16 (vulnerable to Brass)

Traits Brawler d6, Low Profile d6, In Plain Sight d12, Memorable d6, Tough d4

Skills Covert d6/Camouflage d12/Disguise d12/Stealth d12+d4, Drive d4, Knowledge d6/Religion d8, Lore d4, Perception d4, Performance d6/Acting d8/Impersonation d8, Unarmed Combat d6/Clawing d8

Attacks If the rakshasa was just a big, vicious animal, killing it wouldn't be such a big deal. When it's feeding, it tends to be all teeth and claws, but this thing is smart too. As smart as a human, but with a nearly limitless lifespan to gain experience, the rakshasa is a formidable opponent. In a fight it's just as likely to use a weapon as it is to slash at you with its poisonous fingernails. And don't forget, it'll be invisible. Rakshasas ain't big on fighting fair.



Lore The following information may be acquired through investigation into the Bennettsville Rakshasa.

- ✱ Over the past couple weeks, three Bennettsville families have been found dead in their homes, victims of what seem to be wild animal attacks, based on the level of carnage. Bodies torn open, organs missing, blood everywhere, but somehow the animals never leave any tracks. Animal Control is on high alert and the townsfolk have stopped going outside after dark.
- ✱ It's weird how Pastor Denton moved away without telling anyone, right? They sure filled his position quickly, though. The new pastor's already out making the rounds in the neighborhood, meeting people, inviting them to church, and offering grief counseling to friends of the recently deceased.
- ✱ No one wants to say anything, but the new pastor's got some epic B.O. Guy must have a medical condition or something.
- ✱ Speaking of smells, there's a nasty one coming from the parsonage, like maybe a septic tank ruptured or something. It started right around the time the new pastor moved in. Poor guy.
- ✱ So maybe it's not a septic tank. If you're handy with a lockpick you can break into the basement of the parsonage and find the decaying body of Pastor Denton. Most of it anyway—someone's been chewing on it. What's left of him is propped up against the wall, next to a stained mattress covered in dead bugs.

Rugaru

Some poor bastards are just doomed from the start. Take the rugaru for instance, sort of a bayou cousin of the wendigo. Rugaru usually grow up without a father around. That's a sad enough story for any kid, but rugaru have it worse. Dad's either hiding in the woods or a hunter tracked him

down and turned him into a crispy critter. The rugaru trait is passed down from father to son, and there's no cure for it. Talk about rolling a genetic snake eyes. For the first 30 or so years of its life a rugaru is just a normal guy, dealing with the same day to day crap as everyone else. Then the cravings kick in; a constant, gnawing hunger. No matter how much the guy crams down his throat, it's never enough. Pretty soon that hunger gets more specific: meat, raw meat. Ultimately, the only thing that'll satisfy the bellyache is a big meal of human tartare.

Some rugaru are able to hold off for years. Decades, even. They live in isolation, eating massive quantities of raw meat to hold off the inevitable. But eventually, they all snap. Once they take that first bite of human, the transformation takes hold completely. Their skin starts sloughing off, revealing bare muscle. Distended veins start popping up all over their face, and the eyes go bloodshot. It's not a pretty sight.

You gotta kill it. It sucks, the poor guy's confused and scared to death about what's happening to him, but it's gotta be done. Running off this kind of adrenaline rush, the only thing that can slow down a rugaru is fire, and lots of it. You've gotta do enough damage all at once so the body doesn't have time to repair itself. Otherwise, it'll just keep on coming, teeth-first.

Rugaru in the Game

A rugaru, at its core, is still a human, but his body is running in overdrive. All of his physical attributes (Agility, Strength, Vitality) get a +1 step. Alertness and Willpower also get a +1 step increase, but Intelligence gets slammed with a -3 step penalty, as the higher brain functions shut down when the rugaru takes over.

You can hurt a rugaru, but he heals so fast (1 point of damage per turn, Wound damage recovers first, then Stun) it's hard to keep up. You've gotta cause a whole lotta damage in very little time, and that means fire. Burn damage heals at four times the normal rate (1 point of Burn damage every day), so it should be recorded separately, but it's still slow enough that you should have time to put the rugaru out of its misery.

Rugaru hunger for human flesh, represented by a d6 Addicted Complication. It's running that body too hot, and it has to eat frequently to refuel. A rugaru needs to eat five pounds of flesh every 6 hours, or its Physical Attributes start to drop by a -1 Attribute step every hour. A rugaru starves to death when his Vitality reaches d0. Flesh consumption is cumulative though, so a Ruguaru who gorged on twenty pounds of long pig should be good for a whole day.

RUGARU HUNGRY FOR HUMAN

Description Up until that first bite of long pig, rugaru look as normal as you or me. Once they start feeding though, those looks go downhill fast. Their flesh essentially starts rotting, exposing the muscles beneath.

Motivation Hunger, plain and simple. Rugaru have a ravenous, insatiable hunger, and poor impulse control. They'll eat anything—and anyone—they can get their hands on.

Limitations Rugaru aren't exactly low-profile creatures. They eat almost constantly, and that can lead to a whole bunch of missing people. That's the sort of thing that draws a lot of attention from law enforcement and hunters alike. A rugaru's body is running in hyperdrive, and his immune system is amped-up like crazy. The only way to kill one is to do a lot of damage, all at once, and that means fire.

Agi d8 **Str** d8 **Vit** d8 **Ale** d8 **Int** d2 **Wil** d6

Init d8 + d8 **LP** 14 (recovers from Stun and Wound damage quickly, vulnerable to fire)

Traits Addiction (human meat) d6, Amorous d4, Fugly d6, Out for Blood d8, Tough d8

Skills Covert d4, Drive d4, Lore d6/Rugaru d12, Perception d6/Smell d10, Tech d4, Survival d6/Outdoor Life d8/Tracking d8/Trapping d8, Unarmed Combat d6/Brawling d10

Attacks A rugaru isn't any stronger than a normal human, but it's running on a constant kill-to-survive adrenaline rush. It's quick as hell, and it's running at 110%. There's no holding back. If it comes to blows, duck, because this guy doesn't care if he breaks every bone in his hand while he's beating your face inside-out. He'll hardly even notice it.

Lore The following information may be acquired through investigation into the rugaru.

- ★ There's a weird sort of crime spree going on in town. Four supermarkets have been broken into in the past week. The only thing stolen is meat, lots and lots of raw meat. Chicken, beef, pork; the thief isn't picky. He's not too worried about cooking it either. Empty packages were found at each crime scene. Looks like the guy couldn't wait to have a little snack.
- ★ The thief was caught on tape, but the



surveillance footage only shows a man in sunglasses and a hooded sweatshirt. No identifying marks. The exterior cameras were a little more useful. He's driving a silver pickup truck. No plates, though. The guy's not stupid.

- ✱ Sweet-talking the desk clerk at the police office earns you a peek at the city traffic cameras for the night in question. Looks like this guy headed eastbound, past the city limits.
- ✱ That old logging trail off the main road looks a little too well traveled. It leads to an old cabin that's been retro fitted with the latest amenities. Diesel generator, satellite TV, and what looks like three refrigerators; looks like this guy's in for the long haul.
- ✱ While you're peeking through the windows, the owner of the cabin bursts through the door, screaming at you to get away, for your own safety. This guy's not looking too healthy.

Sasquatch

Different cultures have talked about hairy "ape men" for hundreds, maybe even thousands, of years. These strange creatures are known by Native Americans all over the United States, from Florida, Arkansas, Texas, California, Oregon, Idaho, Washington, Ohio, Michigan, and Canada, even up in Alaska. Not as much in other states, but historically, the Sasquatch has been a shy fella. Outside the United States, the creature's been sighted all over the world. These ape-man critters ('cause there's got to be more than one) have been spotted in Mongolia, Japan, Indonesia, Australia, Scotland, Siberia, Vietnam, Afghanistan, the Philippines, and more countries than anyone's got time to name. It got a bit of hype back when it was identified in the Himalayas, where it was called (depending on who you talked to) the Abominable Snowman, the *Almas*, or the *Yeti*. It's a global superstar in the cryptid circuit, and has left big size 18 tracks all over the world as long as people've been paying attention.

However, one country stands out when it comes to sightings, a country that holds a world record in freakshows. That's right... the good ol' U.S.A. is the global leader in hairy ape-men viewings. Sorry, Canada. Better luck next time. The name "Sasquatch" was coined in the 1920s by a journalist named J. W. Burns, who combined the Native Canadian names *sokqueatl* and *soss-q'tal* into something easier to pronounce. A few decades later, after numerous sightings and plaster casts of footprints from sightings in northern California, someone called the thing "Bigfoot," and that name's been more popular since 1958.

Many Sasquatch sightings are discounted as hoaxes, and some merry pranksters have even admitted to faking people out with rubber footprints and furry costumes. There have been numerous instances of people finding pieces of fur, skin, or even chunks of a dead Sasquatch, but the DNA tests have either come up as human, animal, or "unknown and inconclusive" in origin. Researchers and believers have

theories that Sasquatch is a returned evolution of a giant ape species called *Gigantopithecus*, while others think it might even be a hidden offshoot of Neanderthals living more-or-less undiscovered in the world. Seriously... they're talking about Encino Man being out there.

There are multiple Bigfoot research centers located throughout the U.S., and there's even a few international organizations devoted to analyzing every scrap of evidence and witness sighting, hoping to find out the truth about these strange critters.

The sad thing is, none of those people can handle the truth.

Sasquatch in the Game

No matter where you go in the world, these creatures are all made the same way, and it ain't pretty. Take a dead human corpse, someone who died of exposure out in the elements. Add a bit of a possessing elemental force courtesy of Mother Nature herself. Throw in a dead animal native to the area—something bigger, like a bear, boar, ape, etc.—and let that nasty mixture stew for a while. The human corpse and the dead animal carcass end up fusing together, so you get a big humanoid creature covered in whatever fur the critter had. Naturally, it stinks to high heaven and it's slightly above animal in intelligence, less than human. The reason that Sasquatch DNA shows up as either animal or human? It is animal or human... or technically, both.

Fortunately, the combination of forces that make one of these creatures is a rare occurrence, 'cause if Mother Nature's making an army of these things, humanity is screwed. Most of the time, the spirit's hanging out in the wilderness, out on the fringe of society, angry at how humans are trespassing in its territory... ranging from loggers, settlers, to even explorers. Even the Native Americans didn't get a pass from these creatures, though they were smart enough to stay out of way and take its presence as a warning to go no farther. These creatures haunt the wilds, barely sentient and with a mad-on for humankind. Some of 'em are shy and will run away from folks, but every so often one turns mean, and it'll attack anyone or anything that crosses its path. In the past, Sasquatches have attacked campers, loggers, people in their homes, hikers, miners, prospectors, and even park rangers.

The Norse Vikings knew quite a bit about undead, and they called them *Draugr*. These *Draugr* were horrible undead that swelled up to monstrous proportions, turned all black with frostbite with thick matted beards and hair covering their bodies. They'd show up and plague their friends and enemies alike, showing unbelievable strength. The Viking sagas say these *Draugr* were seriously tough to kill, and "tough to kill" for a Viking means very, very seriously tough to kill for normal folks.

The good news is that these critters aren't permanent fixtures. They're usually only temporary, lasting a few years or so, then

burning out. They basically just run out of gas, and lay down to die. Since they're already rotten, they decompose pretty quickly, and scavengers take care of the rest. After it's "died" the elemental spirit haunts the area for years to come, remaining dormant until it finds another corpse to inhabit. It may never find one, in which case, no problem, but if it does find a new body to start the process again... look out. They tend to get bigger, angrier, and more aggressive the more times they come back, which means trouble. Big trouble.

Back in the early 1970s, a Sasquatch menaced folks in Fouke County, Arkansas. This Fouke Monster... (don't laugh... this is serious!) was sighted as early as 1946, when it was called the Jonesville Monster. In 1970, though, it came back with a vengeance and really decided to blow off some steam. The creature went on a rampage that lasted three years, tearing into lumber camps, killing livestock, and even terrorizing a family in their home. After a family member was injured by the Sasquatch, a bounty was placed on its head and the woods were filled with hunters. No one managed to bring it down, and eventually it disappeared. The whole incident was turned into a horror movie called *The Legend of Boggy Creek*, a masterpiece of modern Bigfoot horror, followed by two sequels that were less than awesome.

Abilities

Every time the Sasquatch manifests, it's a bit different based on whatever critters went into the supernatural stewpot that made it. In this case, the main ingredients were the carcass of a bear and the corpse of hiker who fell off a cliff and whose body was never recovered. The combination of these two has made for a pretty big, tough version of the Sasquatch, and since this is the third or fourth go-around for this particular elemental spirit, it's going to be an ugly visit.

The following abilities are common to most Sasquatches, and are all found in the Fouke Monster.

Primal Strength Strength-wise, a Sasquatch can pretty much do anything it wants. It's a creature of primal strength, supernaturally tied to the land itself, which means that it is capable of almost anything involving physical force. If the Sasquatch can brace itself and take a full turn to concentrate, it can increase the dice in its Strength attribute by a +1 step per turn (up to a maximum of d12 + d12) for any Strength-related roll it makes. This lets the monster achieve epic feats of strength, such as breaking trees in half, pulling roofs off houses, and shoving bulldozers over. A hunter foolish enough to get in its way when it's had time to focus is in for a lifetime of painful bed rest.

Size Your typical Sasquatch is eight feet tall and weighs almost 500 pounds. It's capable of absorbing a lot of damage. Because of this, all Wounds it suffers are automatically downgraded to Stun damage, and it can shrug off any Stun damage it gets tagged with. It takes a phenomenal amount of

effort to kill one of these bastards, and the Vikings handled it through creative ways like setting them on fire, dragging them down with ropes and chopping them into pieces, and so on.

Stench Because a Sasquatch is made of a combination of rotting flesh, fur, mud, and supernatural ichor, it reeks to high heaven. Like the kind of stench a dead skunk might make if it took a bath in some stinky French cheese. It's nasty beyond belief, and that indescribable, powerful stink keeps most natural scavengers away from it. Epic-level B.O. certainly makes a critter easier to find, so any efforts at detecting a Sasquatch (Perception/Smell, for example) are improved by a +2 Skill step.

Tracking Leaving giant footprints wherever you go is not so great for remaining incognito in the wilderness. The Sasquatch is pretty easy to track when it's not paying attention to its trail, and any attempts at following the monster are at +2 dice steps to any skills such as Perception/Tracking or Survival/Tracking. When it's concerned about being followed, the monster will use some caution and try to cover its tracks, or it'll walk where it's difficult to track, such as in streams or on rocky surfaces. When the Sasquatch is trying to not be followed, use its Alertness + Covert/Stealth + Attuned to Nature Trait to oppose any tracking attempts.

Spirit Elemental Because the Sasquatch isn't really alive at all—a monstrous dead body bloated up with ichor and filled with earth and vines, covered in the matted hair of whatever dead animals it absorbed—it's not exactly built to last. If it's destroyed by physical means, the spirit will be dispersed, and another one will reform in the area some time later. It may take years, decades, or even centuries, but it'll likely reform if it finds a suitable body to inhabit.



FOUKE MONSTER SASQUATCH OF BOGGY CREEK

Description The Fouke Monster is pretty much a huge, stocky, bulky humanoid with a barrel-shaped torso, somewhere around eight feet tall. It's got to weigh around 500 pounds, and is covered with medium-length, greasy dark brown fur. It's got a small, pointed head with a bull-neck, a low sloping forehead, and tiny dark eyes. It's got a heavy brow ridge, and its ears are hidden by the matted fur. The Fouke Monster is fairly irregular as far as Sasquatches go, as it has a three-toed foot, but the footprint is a monster of a size: 16 inches long and

seven inches wide. It comes out mostly at night, and when it makes any noise, it produces a wide variety of sounds, from high-pitched cries, whistles, calls, howls, and horrible screams.

Motivation The Fouke Monster is pissed off at humanity for no really clear reason, and is essentially wandering around the Miller County area outside of Fouke and Boggy Creek, just looking for trouble. It'll throw down against loggers, park rangers, hikers, and anyone who crosses its path. The only thing keeping it from killing anyone so far is a lack of opportunity. Because it knows the cycle of its own creation, it's interested in killing and stashing a few corpses for later regenerations.

Limitations It's tied to the area, and doesn't show any signs of being able to leave. The Fouke Monster is afraid of technology for the most part, so it steers clear of moving vehicles and anything too civilized. It's afraid of fire, but is mostly ignorant of other means that might kill it.

Agi d6 **Str** d12+d6 **Vit** d12+d2 **Ale** d6 **Int** d4 **Wil** d4

Init d6 + d6 **LP** 22

Traits Animal Enmity d4, Attuned to Nature d6, Brawler d6, Danger Sense d4, Eerie Presence d4, Fast on Your Feet d6, Formidable Presence d4, Hardy Constitution d6, Hunted d4, Infamy d2, Mute d6, Sharp Sense (Scent) d6, Tough d8

Skills Covert d6/Stealth d10, Perception d6/Tracking d10, Survival d6/Foraging d10/Outdoor Life d10, Unarmed Combat d4

Attacks The Fouke Monster will be a hell of a creature to face in a fight, so hunters should avoid it at all costs. It can be stealthy when it wants to be, and will use concealment to its advantage, waiting patiently for the opportunity to strike. As a reanimated corpse, the creature doesn't need to breathe any more, so it'll readily hide underwater or completely covered in mud. If it's provoked into a fight, it'll use its immense strength to its advantage, throwing opponents around like toys, tossing 'em at trees, stomping on 'em, and even grabbing them by an arm or leg and smashing them into whatever hard surface is close by. It'll push a wall or a tree over on unsuspecting victims, and when it's got its blood in a boil, it'll tear roofs off houses, smash through windows, and even tip cars over to get at its target.

Lore The following information may be acquired through investigation into the Sasquatch.

- ✱ So many of these creatures have been sighted across the world, over such a long period, that it's likely there are dozens out there. There's no way that this represents a lost race, and they're clearly not a natural animal, or demonic in nature. The few hunters who've looked into Sasquatch sightings have all come to the conclusion that it's a strange type of shape-changer, if not an outright hoax.
- ✱ Sightings of the Fouke Monster have stretched over more than 60 years, from 1946 to right now. In each case, the creature or creatures were active for a period of a few years, then went dormant for a long period of time. Cross-referencing the appearances

of these creatures with a report of people gone missing in Miller County (where Fouke is located) presents an interesting coincidence: for every person who's been listed as missing and their body never recovered, Fouke Monster sightings occurred immediately afterward. In at least two of those missing person cases, their remains—mostly bones and hair—were found years later, scattered across the countryside and/or mixed with animal remains.

- ✱ The Sasquatch is the result of an ancient and powerful enchantment created by Native American shamans to repel the European colonists that invaded their land. First the bravest warriors of each tribe would compete in a huge contest to prove themselves the most worthy of the honor of becoming a protector of the land. Then they would meditate while all of the shamans of the tribes chanted and prayed over them, transforming them, imbuing them with animalistic power and strength. The warriors would become immortal giants, powerful beyond legend and charged with the defense of the land. They battled the white settlers, until there were too many to fight. Now the tribes have gone, and the lands are taken, but the guardian Sasquatches remain.

Siren

Anybody who suffered through high school has read about Sirens. Greek chicks who lured sailors to their deaths by singing. Thing is, nobody really though it was true. The Greeks were big into metaphors; hell, they invented the word. Most scholars thought the Siren story was supposed to teach a lesson about avoiding temptation, or the evils of women or something. Turns out they were supposed to teach a lesson about staying the hell away from freakin' Sirens. They just used metaphor to make the Sirens seem less terrifying.

The original myths describe Sirens as birds with the faces of women. Later it all got mixed up with myths about mermaids, so most people these days picture a fish-lady, sunning herself on a rock and belting out a tune for lonely sailors. No part of this is correct. The poet Homer got the closest to a true description, but he did it by accident—d'oh! In Homer's *Odyssey*, he describes the Sirens sitting in a field of flowers, surrounded by the rotting corpses of dead men. It's pretty clear he got this description second-hand, and not just because the dude was blind. Sorry Homer, but those corpses? Those are the Sirens.

Sirens prey on men, using a cocktail of telepathy and mind control to make themselves into what that man desires most. Considering the desires of most men, a Siren's probably going to appear as a drop-dead gorgeous woman. In it's true form, a Siren's not going to be winning any beauty



pageants, much less tempting any sailors. Take a skeleton, stretch mottled grey skin over the whole thing, and sew the lips together, and you'll have a pretty fair replica. Fortunately you're unlikely to see a Siren in its true form. It's mind-control abilities can alter perception, sorta like a changeling. And like a changeling, reflections are not its friend. Mirrors tend to reflect its true, gag-worthy form.

Sirens feed off strong emotions, and there's no emotion much stronger than love. The saliva of a Siren is chock full of toxin, and playing tonsil hockey puts the guy into a highly suggestible trance. This is the supposed irresistible "song" of the Sirens. Anyway, once he's under, he's in love. He'll do anything she asks. It's fun, for a while, but Sirens get bored. When she's done with the guy, she'll casually suggest that he murder someone he loves, and he's powerless to resist. The guy goes to jail, she changes her face and moves on to the next victim.

Sirens in the Game

Sirens don't change shape, but they work the same sort of perception-control as a changeling, so they can look like anyone. Unlike changelings, Sirens are hella smart. You're not gonna catch a Siren without its illusion, including in reflective surfaces. Although in the heat of the moment, say during a fight or an—ahem—intimate moment, a Siren might be more likely to forget about mirrors (–2 Attribute step to Alertness). When a Siren's distracted, a hunter can make an Average Alertness + Perception roll to identify it.

Spit Cannon A Siren's power comes from toxins in its saliva, and it's some nasty business. Sirens don't count on swapping spit to infect their targets. An organ hidden under the tongue can fire the toxin over a distance of five feet (Ranged

Weapons/Spit Cannon). A hunter exposed to Siren toxin can roll Resistance + Discipline against an Incredible Difficulty. If the hunter fails, he falls under the thrall of the Siren, losing all free will, and must serve at her command. The influence is severed when the Siren is killed.

Lovesick Might as well face it, she's addicted to love. A Siren feeds through proximity on the love of her mind slaves. New love, in particular. After three days the chemicals released at the beginning of a new affair start to fade, and she needs a fresh fix. Without it, she starts to lose mental focus (–1 Attribute step to Willpower per day), and with it, control over her love-zombies.

Vulnerabilities According to the mythology, the only surefire way to kill a Siren is with a bronze dagger dipped in the blood of one of her love slaves. Traditionalists can go with bronze if they like, but really, the type of weapon shouldn't matter. Seems more likely that the blood's the key. A human in love cranks out all kinds of crazy hormones and chemicals, so it's likely that something in the blood acts as poison to the Siren. In any case Sirens shrug off most damage (Wound converts to Stun, Stun is dropped), but a weapon that has been coated in the blood of a love-slave will hurt like hell. Inflict 5 Wound damage with a blood-coated weapon and the Siren goes down for the count.

CUSTER COUNTY SIREN SIMPLY IRRESISTIBLE

Description Perfection. The Siren appears as everything her mark has ever wanted in a person. It's usually a gorgeous woman, but not everybody needs sex. Some need friendship, others family, and still others aren't really into the whole "woman" thing. But nine times outta ten, you're looking for a hottie.

Motivation Sirens feed on emotion. There are reports of Sirens that feed on other emotions—anger, fear, pretty much anything that's easy to incite—but most stick to dining on love. Using their toxin and perception control, a Siren feeds on a string of men, making them fall in love with her, then casts them aside when she's used them up.

Limitations A Siren's illusion may not show up in mirrors, so it should be possible to pick one out of a crowd. She'll be the one in the reflection that looks like Skeletor. Traditional weapons slow a Siren down, but won't kill it. For that, you'll need to get creative. A bronze dagger coated in the blood of a sailor under the spell of the Siren's song—whatever that means—is the traditional prescription.

Agi d6 **Str** d4 **Vit** d6 **Ale** d6 **Int** d10 **Wil** d6

Init d6 + d6 **LP** 12

Traits Addiction (love) d8, Allure d6, Amorous d8, ESP d4, Hardy Constitution d4, Low Profile d6, Mind Control d12, Overconfident d6

Skills Covert d6/Disguise d10/Stealth d10, Drive d4, Influence d6/Persuasion d12/Seduction d12+d4, Melee Weapons d4, Perception d6/Empathy d10, Performance d6/Dancing d10/Impersonation d12, Ranged Weapons d6/Spit Cannon d8, Unarmed Combat d4

Attacks Sirens don't like to fight. If need be, they'll throw a punch or pick up a gun, but they prefer to have their love zombies do the fighting for them. If you don't want to join the zombie orgy, watch out for the Siren's mouth. It's got a nasty organ hiding under its tongue that can spray toxic saliva over five feet. Get a little of that in your mucous membranes, and it's bye-bye free will.

Lore The following information may be acquired through investigation into the Custer County Siren.

- ✱ Domestic violence cases have been on the rise in Stanley, Idaho, brutal ones too. Guys are snapping for no reason and beating the holy hell out of their wives and girlfriends. Two women have died, and another is in critical condition.
- ✱ The men can't seem to understand why they did it. Only that it seemed like the right thing to do at the time. Friends and neighbors report happy couples and good marriages.
- ✱ Most of the marriages anyway. The woman in the ICU suspected her husband of cheating. She had a private eye following him around town. Seems the husband had a taste for Live Nude Girls. According to the P.I., the guy was driving sixty miles round trip every day to go to a nudie bar.
- ✱ One of the men was found dead in his cell. Looks like a heart attack. Tox screen was clean, but the blood work did show an abnormally high level of the hormone oxytocin. Like, "was he drinking the freaking stuff?" high. Turns out all the men have the same weird hormone imbalance.
- ✱ Check the message boards sometime. There's a doctor in Detroit—not a hunter, but he's patched up a few—he's got a theory. So this oxytocin stuff... the victims' blood was full of it, right? More to the point, that's all it was full of; nothing else weird. So the dagger, the blood; what if they're useless? Just useless leftovers from Iron Age mythology. A direct injection of oxytocin might do the same job, and it would be a whole hell of a lot safer for everyone involved. If you're raiding a pharmacy, look for Pitocin or Syntocinon; that should do the trick.

Skinwalker

The name "skinwalker" applies to a wide range of beings across the world. Skinwalkers are different from shapeshifters in that they usually only take on the form of animals, whereas shapeshifters specialize in impersonating different humans. The methods are entirely different, as well. Shapeshifters are usually genetic freaks that develop their powers naturally, while skinwalkers are almost always people who learn magic or some other technique to become an animal spirit. A lot of skinwalkers have just one shape

they can transform into, and some of 'em need a specific item to be able to do so, like a cloak of feathers or fur, a belt made out of the animal's hide, or some other sort of talisman. The rarest and scariest skinwalkers are those who can change without needing any props, or can transform into multiple types of animals.

Skinwalkers in Native American culture were often shamans and holy men, people charged with the spiritual guidance and protection of the tribe. Following are examples of skinwalker traditions from across the world:

- ✱ One of the most commonly known type of skinwalker is the *yenaldooshi*, a Navajo witch that figures pretty strongly in Navajo myth. These *yenaldooshi* are magic-users who've committed some sort of major social taboo like murder of a kinsman, and received their dark powers as a result of it. They're able to change shape into coyotes, wolves, foxes, owls, or crows... so you can imagine the sort of personality that implies. These are not the "nice" animals. Legends claim that *yenaldooshi* are able to steal the forms of good men and women, and that their eyes glow like an animals' when they're in human form, and don't glow when they're in animal form. One belief was that once a *yenaldooshi*'s true name was known, all you had to do was say it, and three days later the *yenaldooshi* would drop dead for the crimes they'd committed against man and gods. A whole lot of other powers were assigned to *yenaldooshi*, such as mind reading, alchemy, voodoo, and even a few poltergeist-style abilities. Like European vampires out of myth, they're not supposed to be able to enter a home unless they're invited, and for that reason the well-off people of the tribe used to leave offerings outside for the *yenaldooshi* to keep things friendly.
- ✱ The Chippewa of Michigan tell of bear-walkers, shamans capable of taking the shapes of bears (or, sometimes owls, though that'd make 'em owl-walkers, or owl-fliers, or something like that...). These bear-walkers can breathe spectral fire when they work their dark magic. The magical flame paralyzes the victim. Grappling with a bear-walker supposedly can cause it to revert to human form. There's supposed to be a way that a bear-walker can curse a victim by visiting him four times, four days apart. On the last visit, the victim dies. Just like that. After that last visit, the bear-walker needs to visit the grave and recover some portion of the victim's body or the bear-walker himself will die four moons later. Unlike other skinwalker traditions, the bear-walker is supposedly vulnerable to gunfire, and flees if wounded badly.
- ✱ In Slavic countries, the *leszy* is a forest spirit that can appear as any animal or plant. It's a Trickster, malicious and occasionally murderous. The telltale signs of

a leszy are glowing eyes, a common trait of many skinwalkers and shapeshifters. Leszy occasionally appear as horned humans with vine beards and hooves, and in this form they can command wolves and bears. Unique among almost all skinwalkers, leszy are actually family-oriented, and are usually married with children, all of whom will share the skinwalking abilities. They're fierce protectors of the forest they call home, and don't have much to do with humanity unless their territory is trespassed on, or if they're bored and looking to have some fun tricking and torturing humans.

- ✱ The Aztecs have a type of skinwalker called a *nahuale*. Different *nahuale* can change into eagles, jaguars, coyotes, snakes, or other similar animals. The *nahuale* were servants of Tezcatlipoca, a god of war and (no surprise here) human sacrifice. For Aztecs, the skinwalking went hand-in-hand with necromancy and dark sorcery, and life prolonging magic. The most famous *nahuale* was Nezahualcoyotl, "The Coyote Who Fasts," a poet-king of Texcoco who died in 1472. Apparently, dying didn't stick, as decades after that he was an advisor to Montezuma, and after that, he managed to escape the Spanish Conquest.
- ✱ Norse Vikings had a specific kind of warrior called a *bare-sark*, better known as a "berserk." (Yep, that's where the word comes from!) These guys, crazy even by Viking standards, fought mostly naked and wore bear-fur cloaks. They chewed on the edges of their shields to get into a killing rage, and legends say that every so often they'd actually transform into bears.

The skinwalkers listed above are only a few examples known to myth and superstition. Almost every culture has 'em, from the Welsh selkie (were-seals), the Japanese kitsune (were-foxes), the Germanic swan-may (were-swans), and so on. Even though many of 'em are nothin' but superstition and hoodoo, more than a few of 'em have their roots in reality. You can bet your ass that somewhere out there lurks one of these creatures, maybe not exactly what the myth tells you... but it's there. Count on it.

Skinwalkers in the Game

Right now, the most powerful skinwalker in North America is a woman named Nascha Ghost-wind, almost a century-and-a-half old. She was born late in 1864, a half-white, half-Navajo child of a prospector and a Navajo woman. Nascha and her mother were taken from her father and sent upon the 300-mile Long Walk from eastern Arizona to southeastern New Mexico. As such, Nascha never knew her father, and grew up entirely amongst the Navajo people, themselves exiled from their homeland and sent to live in unfamiliar territory. Nascha was raised by her grandfather, a shaman of the Navajo people, she learned the arts of skinwalking and shamanic magic from him.

She went further down that path than he wanted her to go, making forbidden bargains with the evil spirits of the otherworlds to ensure her longevity and increase her magical ability. Nascha's dark dealings were soon discovered, and she was cursed by her grandfather and branded an exile and outsider. In retaliation, she killed him and the rest of her family, then fled the reservation in the form of her spirit animal, an owl. On that day she took the name Ghost-wind, a name she still considers her "real" identity. In killing her grandfather and family, she committed the greatest of social taboos and became a true *yenaldooshi*.

Nascha moved through white man's society, a half-breed despised by white man and Navajo alike. She learned Anasazi death magic that had been forbidden for generations, and indulged in cannibalism and other dark practices. Over the years, she flourished as a witch, a thief, and an unrepentant murderer and has continued all of these practices for her entire life. Because of her advanced age, Nascha has seen the world change in fundamental ways around her, and has always been quick to adapt to the cultural transformations brought on by the 20th, and now the 21st century.

Her magical abilities and lack of any conscience have kept her wealthy, and her records have been easy to fake. Nascha maintains several identities and carries at least a half-dozen different IDs, drivers licenses, and passports. She's a skilled grifter and thief, and keeps a low profile at the same time avoiding notice from the authorities. The bargains she made for longevity and magic power came with a heavy price, and it's one she's willingly paid... a price in innocent blood. To appease the ghost-spirits that taught her the dark arts, Nascha makes regular, ritualistic human sacrifices. She usually performs these rituals when she's just about ready to skip town, and she's gone without being caught for almost a dozen decades.

Nascha is a powerful opponent, someone who's smart and tough enough to get away with murder. She's an interesting problem when it comes to hunters, as she's not really out to do anything terrible. Nascha hasn't made any deals with demons lately, and the bottom line is that she's more interested in living life large and having a good time than she is in causing any global strife or bringing on any age of darkness. If she's approached right, she might even become a useful ally. She knows the backroads of Native American occultism as well as anyone in the world, and she's got an ear to the spirit world. Hell... she's a good looking woman, and she's not above sleeping with someone if the mood strikes her right and it'll give her an advantage over her partner.

On the other hand, the whole ritual sacrifice thing isn't exactly "bygones" material.

Abilities

Nascha Ghost-wind is a seasoned *yenaldooshi* with about 150 years of experience spellcasting and making mischief. She's probably one of the more powerful foes

any group of hunters will face. If you plan on using Nascha you're advised to take a while to familiarize yourself with her capabilities and strengths.

Transformation The most powerful of Nascha's abilities is the ability to take on different kinds of animal forms. Many skinwalkers are limited to one or two forms and rely on some form of talisman, like a bear skin, feathered cape, etc., but Nascha is beyond all that. Because she's hundreds of years old and has had plenty of time to get to know the entire animal kingdom, she's got almost a dozen animal forms she can choose from, based on her requirements and mood. She favors the owl—her spirit animal—but she's also able to easily take the shape of others including a boar, bear, dog, panther, goat, and a variety of other avians. Use the writeups for different animals on pages 154-155 in the *Supernatural* rulebook for these alternate shapes. It takes Nascha one full turn to change to, or from, an animal shape. When she's in animal form her physical Attributes (Agility, Strength, or Vitality) are replaced with the animal ones, while her mental Attributes remain unchanged. She obviously can't use her full range of Skills while in animal form, so the gamemaster should judge which ones are appropriate. If the animal form has a Skill or Trait identical to one Nascha possesses, use the higher one. It takes another full turn for her to return to human form. If Nascha receives an injury caused by an Extraordinary Success and doesn't resist the effects, she must make a Hard Difficulty Resistance roll or will return to human form. If she's knocked unconscious or otherwise goes to sleep, Nascha reverts to her human shape automatically.

Beast Speech Nascha understands and speaks the tongues of any animal whose form she can take. This is represented by the Natural Linguist Trait, but rather than specific languages, the Trait covers her ability to mimic a wide variety of animal sounds and understand them when made by animals.

Corpse Powder Nascha is a powerful alchemist, able to utilize forbidden Anasazi death magic. One of their most powerful techniques is the manufacture of corpse-powder, a diabolical mixture made of ground bone, psychotropic herbs, and natural toxins. Corpse powder is usually blown into the face of a victim, causing paralysis and heart failure. If exposed to corpse powder, the victim must succeed in a Hard Resistance roll or suffer immediate paralysis (a -2 step to physical Attributes and Skills), lasting 10 turns. If the Resistance roll is botched, the victim reacts badly to the corpse powder and suffers a heart attack. The victim must make another Resistance roll versus a Hard Difficulty. Success means that the heart attack was not fatal: though all physical Attributes are hit with a -4 step. Failing the

Photograph taken at "archives"



Resistance roll equals death. Impaired Attributes recover at a rate of +1 step per week of bed rest and medical care.

Bone Shot Another dark trick of Navajo death magic is bone shot, teeny-tiny pellets made up of carved bone. To be used successfully, bone shot must get under the skin of the intended victim. Old methods for delivering bone shot were blowguns, slings, or even cutting a sleeping victim open (a tiny little wound) and pushing the shot into his flesh. Once bone shot is under a victim's skin, it will make him sick. Seriously ill, like a "-1 Attribute step

to Vitality every day the victim fails to make a Hard Resistance action" sort of ill. Once the bone shot is found, Attributes recover at the rate of +1 step per week of rest and recuperation.

Shamanic Magic Skinwalkers are supposedly able to read minds, make curses, divine the future, and cause blight. Nascha achieves some of these effects through her Clairvoyant, ESP, and Medium Traits, summoning up spirits to do much of her dirty business, while others are applications of her Craft/Brewing Skill, representing alchemical concoctions and poisons.

Night Eyes One big giveaway for skinwalkers, as noted above, is their eyes. Like shapeshifters, a skinwalker's eyes are weird. Light reflects from a yenaldooshi's eyes in the reverse of what seems natural: when they're in animal form, the eyes don't seem to gleam at all, and when she's in human form her eyes sometimes take on that weird glow that animal eyes get. For these reasons, Nascha avoids bright light whenever possible, and wears sunglasses even in dim environments.

Weakness to Ash One of the most reliable means of killing a yenaldooshi is through the use of white ash applied to weapons like bullets, arrows, or blades. A weapon dipped into white ash gets an extra +2 step in damage against Nascha (or any other yenaldooshi). If she can somehow be tricked into consuming white ash, it works as a poison to her. She must make a series of Hard Resistance rolls over a period of six turns or suffer a -1 Vitality step for every roll failed.

Sacrifice Because of the dark spirit world she's made bargains with, Nascha needs to appease the spirits with blood sacrifice: and they're only willing to take humans as their offering. She'd rather not have to do it, not out of any moral compunction, but because it's an inconvenience and forces her to risk her well-being procuring sacrifices on a regular basis. The sacrifice must be made once a month and usually takes a full day to perform in its entirety. At the end of the ritual, Nascha ditches the sacrifice's body and

skips town. There is no requirement for the nature of the sacrifice, save that it must be judged as a respectful and worthy sacrifice for the spirits. Nascha has never failed to perform the sacrifice: if hunters disrupt her ritual and she is unable to make the sacrifice, the Game Master should determine if the penalty is death, a temporary loss of powers and/or youth, or a requirement of a greater sacrifice to make up for the failure.

In addition to all of the powers listed below, Nascha has a hearty sampling of Skills and Traits, none of which she's shy about using if her life's on the line, or even if she can get the upper hand on someone.

NASCHA GHOST-WIND NAVAJO SKINWALKER

Description In her human form, Nascha is a half-

Caucasian, half-Native American woman, ethnically Navajo. She's got long black hair, brown eyes, and soft features. She radiates a confident, self-assured attitude that walks like a squad of bodyguards before her. She dresses in designer clothing, usually impeccably chosen, and wears sunglasses whenever possible. When the sunglasses are off, she has a serious case of the "devil eyes."

Motivation Nascha's entire goal is survival, pure and simple. A hundred and fifty years ago she was consumed with revenge and anger, but time has mellowed her and all she wants now is to enjoy the bounty of the world at her feet. She lives in high style, does whatever she wants, respects no authority, and obeys laws only coincidentally. Only her requirement for regular human sacrifice puts her in the path of any hunters, and she'll kill them if they present a threat to her life.

Limitations Nascha's bound to the monthly ritual sacrifice, and has as many fake cover identities as any hunter. She likes to avoid the authorities, and her strange eyes makes her reluctant to be seen without her sunglasses on. Additionally, she's not too fond of ash of any sort, as white ash is like kryptonite to her.

Agi d8 **Str** d6 **Vit** d8 **Ale** d10 **Int** d8 **Wil** d10

Init d8 + d10 **LP** 18

Traits Clairvoyant d4, ESP d4, Hardy Constitution d6, Infamy d2, Medium d8, Mystic Protection d8, Natural Linguist (Beast Speech) d8, Sharp Sense (Smell) d2, Signature Possession (Bone Knife) d6, Uncommon Knowledge d6, Wrong Side of the Law d8

Skills Animals d6, Artistry d4, Athletics d6/Dodge d8, Covert d6/Pickpocketing d8/Stealth d8/Streetwise d8, Craft d6/Brewing d8, Discipline d6/Resistance d8, Drive d4, Guns d4, Influence d6/Persuasion d10/Seduction d8, Knowledge d6/Culture d8/History d10, Lore d6/Ghosts d8/Shapeshifters d12, Perception d6/Intuition d8, Performance d6/Dancing d8/Singing d8/Sleight of Hand d10, Survival d6/First Aid d8/Foraging d8/Woodcraft d8, Unarmed Combat d6

Attacks Nascha avoids combat whenever possible: she hasn't lived for as long as she has by risking her life needlessly. She'll dodge and flee if she can, and even offer bribes or counter-proposals to anyone who wants to hurt her. If push comes to shove, she'll fight back quickly and try to flee. She usually carries a small amount of bone shot in a vial tucked away for an emergency, and is quick to produce it when in trouble. Nascha also favors a **knife made of hardened human bone (d2 W)** but she's equally ready to produce a pistol and shoot someone. Only when she's desperate will she switch into animal form, and only in an extreme case will she fight back as an animal.

Lore The following information may be acquired through investigation into Nascha Ghost-wind.

- ✱ Someone has been leaving a trail of human sacrifices, occurring like clockwork on a monthly basis, for a hundred years or more. That's a serious body count. The sacrifices are always tied in to the lunar phases, with the new moon being the apparent target date for the ritual, when the moon's dark side is facing the Earth. The longevity of this case suggests either a succession of murderers, or one very long-lived killer. Marks found on the bodies (animal claw and bite marks) indicate that an animal is working in concert with the killer, or the killer is some sort of shapechanger.
- ✱ Nascha Ghost-wind's ability to escape notice is getting harder and harder with the increased nationwide paranoia since 9/11. With FBI and local police finally linking databases and sharing information, certain patterns of criminal activity have emerged. In this case, a series of unsolved murders dating back almost 25 years has emerged, notable because in every case the victims were clearly part of some sort of ritualistic murders, yet no perpetrators were ever found. Even more confusing is the preponderance of evidence suggesting that the murderers were aided and abetted by an animal, usually something large like a bear, wolf, or even a wild dog. In one case, the coroner was certain that the murder victim had been clawed by an eagle or owl before dying. Trace elements of herbs from smoke particles found in the lungs indicate some sort of herbal incense was being burnt at the time of death: a combination of herbs used frequently in Native American black magic.
- ✱ Most animals have one member of their species able to transform into human shape. These beings live among us and report back to the rest of their species. The skinwalkers are powerful and ancient, and have been around since the beginning of time. Sometimes one of them will fall in love with a human, and produce a child that also belongs to both worlds. Every month the skinwalkers meet at a Council of Claw and Fang. There, they conduct a human sacrifice as payback for all the grief humans have caused their species.

Spring-heeled Jack

The character called Spring-heeled Jack first appeared in Barnes Common in southwest London in the 1830s, where his lunatic behavior and freakish abilities achieved attention all across England. According to witnesses, the strange figure wore a skin-tight horned helmet and a skin-tight white outfit, along with a black cloak. His eyes glowed, and he had metal claws on his hands. The tomfoolery began innocently enough, consisting mostly of leaping out at people from darkness, and then leaping away. By leaping, just to be clear, the dude was jumping 20 or 30 feet, and up over 10-foot walls from a standing position.

Being a ninja kangaroo wasn't his gig, though, and before too long his antics turned ugly. Real ugly. Spring-heeled Jack—as the papers called him—began assaulting people with those crazy claws, tearing the clothes off women and wounding them pretty badly. That wasn't bad enough... when one young woman cornered him, he spat blue and white flames into her face and then leaped away. He was quite the trickster, as well. In all of the panic caused by his appearances, he'd toy with the witnesses. In one case, he spoke to a frightened woman, claiming that he was a policeman who'd caught Jack. It was dark, so she couldn't see him very well, so she was frightened out of her wits when he turned and revealed himself as Jack.

Spring-heeled Jack was spotted all over England sporadically throughout the 1850s and 1960s. He'd taunt sentries by knocking them around, slapping them with ice-cold hands. When they'd try to fight back, he'd jump on top of their guard boxes, out of reach. He'd jump into apartments through second-floor windows, trash them, and then jump right back out the window when the residents came after him.

There were rumors about his identity, with a lot of suspicion directed at an Irish nobleman named Henry, the Marquess of Waterford. Henry was a wild man, a seriously crazy party fiend who treated women like garbage and got into trouble with the law on a regular basis. Henry and his buddies were the origins of the phrase "paint the town red," as they covered their hometown with red paint when they got drunk after a fox hunt. The theory, such that it was, claimed that Henry made some sort of crazy circus costume with carriage-springs attached to his feet, like a Victorian-era Batman.

Jack's identity was never discovered, and he continued to plague England on and off through the rest of the 19th century and a few years into the 20th century. Then he dropped out of sight for around 35 years until he reappeared in Prague, Czechoslovakia. The wild and crazy Czechs, as it turned out, didn't know Jack. They called him "Pérák, the Spring Man" and this time, Jack caused a bunch of trouble for the occupying Nazis, rather than making a nuisance of himself and harming decent folks. This behavior turned him into something of a folk hero. Jack/Pérák was so popular that after the war, the Czechs made a series of cartoons about the guy.

Spring-heeled Jack in the Game

The "Mad Marquess" Henry cut a deal with one of the various deal-making demons for something that would let him go crazy. He wanted to be able to act out incognito, and to flaunt the law and cause pain on those who irritated him. In answer to his deal, Henry was given a strange costume with even stranger powers. Henry was pretty much a sociopath, so selling his soul for something crazy like a kangaroo-style, fire-breathing murder-suit wasn't out of the question. The costume brought with it an attitude, a change in personality that encouraged the daredevil spirit, increased the wearer's suppressed anger and lust, and in Henry's case, took the lid off his extreme disrespect for the law. After a few years leaping around attacking people and scaring them near to death, Henry stashed the costume away and never took it out again.

Years after his death, the Spring-heeled Jack costume was found and worn by another in 1877. The same sick kicks were had for around five years, until Jack got himself shot while menacing some military barracks in a town called Aldershot. The wearer of the costume wasn't killed, but he decided he'd had enough and was quick to pass the costume along. A dozen years later, some other fool put it on and went for a spin on some rooftops in Liverpool until 1904. It ended badly when he broke several ribs when a hansom cab hit him, and he abandoned the costume. It got back into circulation in short order.

The costume passed from person to person, surfacing later in Prague, just before World War II, where it was put to good use fighting against the occupying Nazi forces. This time, the man behind the mask of "Pérák the Spring Man" was Constantin Moravec, an antiques dealer who'd come into possession of the Spring-heeled Jack costume when he was visiting England. Moravec was actually a decent man who—like his fellow Czechs—hated the Nazis and wanted them out of his country, so when he wore the costume, it heightened that aggression into behavior that passed for heroic action. If not for the Nazis, Moravec probably would have preyed on his own people, as the costume brings out the worst in its wearers.

After the war, Moravec escaped the Iron Curtain and left Europe, taking the costume with him (actually using it in his escape from Soviet-controlled Czechoslovakia). He settled in Houston, Texas, and died in the early 1950s of lung cancer. His son, Stefan Moravec, found the costume among his father's possessions. The younger Moravec took it out for a spin, jumping around on top of his apartment complex. Stephan put the costume away for good after he was spotted (and shot at) by several neighbors.

"For good" doesn't mean what it used to, and sixty five years later, a guy named Greg Gibson had his life changed forever. Gibson worked at a long-term storage facility in Kansas City, Missouri, and was in charge of clearing out junk that was left behind when rent had run out and the owners couldn't be contacted. He was cleaning out a storage unit belonging to



Stefan Moravec, who had moved to Kansas City a decade before. Gibson was rummaging for stuff of value, and found the costume. He put it on, and went out for a night on the town.

Spring-heeled Jack attacked women, busted up stores, and hassled the people of Kansas City. He stomped on the hood of a police car, and attacked the cops inside. For a guy who had spent his life in fear, the costume was a drug. Night after night he went out in the costume, until it was too late. Gibson's wife and kid left him because of his erratic behavior—the violence, late-night escapades, the mood swings—and he's on the edge of losing his job at the storage facility. Gibson's become addicted to wearing it, and every day all he thinks about is putting the costume on at night and stirring up trouble.

Abilities

The Spring-heeled Jack costume is more-or-less a living demonic entity that possesses the wearer's body and utterly dominates his life. Once he put on the costume and allowed the spirit of it to enter his mind, Greg Gibson was a goner. In a change of pace from the normal demonic possession, Gibson is the meaty filling for the Spring-Heel

Jack costume. Use the statistics for the **Mean Drunk** on page 157 of the *Supernatural* rulebook if Gibson's

encountered outside the costume, and the statistics below for when he's in his full Spring-heeled Jack regalia. When in costume and active, Spring-heeled Jack has the following abilities:

Leaping Jesse Owens has nothing on Spring-heeled Jack, as the costume gives the wearer some serious jump. Jack's able to leap twice his height straight up, six times his height from a standing position, and almost a dozen times his height from a dead run. For the math-impaired, that's 12 feet straight up, 36 feet from a standing position, and 72 feet when he's running. He can even jump 18 feet straight backward from a standing position if someone comes at him straight-on. To sum up, Jack is one springy son-of-a-bitch. Anyone wearing the costume can add the Enhanced Movement (Leaping) Trait dice to any attempts at jumping.

Claws The costume has sharp metal claws attached to the fingers of each hand, extending an inch or so past the fingertip. They're not just for clawing people up, though; the claws allow Spring-heeled Jack to climb sheer walls and cling to surfaces like a gecko, only a much scarier fire-breathing psycho kind of gecko. Against people, the claws do d2 W, and against walls, the claws allow a +1 Skill step to any attempts at climbing.

Armor Though the Spring-heeled Jack costume appears to be made of some weird patterned silk-like cloth, it's surprisingly tough and gives Jack a great deal of protection due to the enchantment. Not only does it keep Jack from suffering any wear-and-tear to his muscles, skeletons, and joints from all of the leaping and landing, it also absorbs a helluva lot of damage. The costume soaks up enough damage to give it an **Armor Rating 3 W**.

Fire-breathing The mask doesn't seem to have any method of projecting flames, but once per turn, at the command of the wearer, it can spit a gout of blue and white flame from the mouth (d2 W). These flames have a six-foot range, and can be used only once every session of wearing the costume. To hit with it, Jack uses Agility + Ranged Weapons. Gibson doesn't have much skill in that department, so the flame-breath is more useful as a surprise distraction. Unlike a flamethrower, the mask doesn't have any propellant or fuel canister, and won't explode if it's attacked directly.

Night Sight The helmet lets Jack see in the dark, reducing darkness modifiers by 2 steps. The eyes glow a fiendish red all of the time, and the view from inside is colored the same way, making the wearer feel like he's in some hellish madhouse.

Indestructible Attempts to destroy the costume have proven impossible. It's flame-resistant and the helmet is made of some sort of extremely hard metal that resists any crushing or hammering. One of the owners in the period between 1904 and when Moravec tried separating the costume's pieces and sending them blind to various destinations, but in a couple of years the pieces mysteriously emerged in the same place at the same time, ready to be used.

SPRING-HEELED JACK CURSED COSTUME

Description Outside of the Spring-heeled Jack costume, Greg Gibson is an average-looking white male with a receding hairline, blond hair cut pretty short, and a little bit of a gut. In the Jack costume, he's a whole other ball of wax: he's over six feet tall and thin, is covered with a weird, whitish metallic bodysuit with horizontal ridges and accentuated muscles. On his back he wears a huge black cape with a red underside, and his head is covered with a black metallic mask with pointed horn-like "ears" and nose, and an overall devilish face. The eyes of the mask are burning red, and on his hands he's got these long metallic claws emerging from ridges along the back of the hand and each finger. "Jack" tops that ensemble off with knee-high shiny black boots with exaggerated points on the toes. In the suit, Gibson's skin is cold and clammy as a corpse. Spring-heeled Jack gibbers and occasionally speaks in English, shrieking with crazed laughter when amused.

Motivation Gibson's been a schlub his whole life, and now the costume has given him the ability to strike out at everyone who's put him down or made him feel like a loser. He's got a long list of grudges from an unhappy life, and he's ready to even some scores. Coworkers, people from his high-school, old girlfriends and women who've rejected him, past employers, and even his brothers and sisters. Unfortunately for him, the costume's just a vehicle, not a destination. It's not going to make Gibson's life better or give him self-esteem or straighten things out with his wife and kid. Instead, it's just fanning his inner flames until he's either willing to give it up, or he's killed and the costume can pass on to another wearer.

Limitations Even though the costume's indestructible and doesn't need any upkeep, the wearer does, and Gibson hasn't been taking the best care of himself. He's been up all night wearing the costume, leaping around the rooftops of Kansas City, and working his nine-to-five job in the daytime. He's not in the best of shape, and the double life's taking its toll on Gibson. He's a six-pack and a pack of smokes away from a heart attack.

Agi d10 **Str** d10 **Vit** d8 **Ale** d8 **Int** d6 **Wil** d4

Init d10 + d8 **LP** 16

Traits Alternate Identity (Spring-heeled Jack) d2, Anger Issues d4, Brawler d2, Enhanced Movement (Leaping) d6, Fast on Your Feet d6, Formidable Presence d2, Hooked (Costume) d6, Illness (High Blood Pressure) d8, Mystic Protection d4, Natural Athlete d4, Overconfident d6, Signature Possession (Costume) d12, Sure Footed d6, Tough d8

Skills Athletics d6/Dodge d8/Jumping d12+d2, Covert d6/Stealth d8, Discipline d6/Intimidation d8, Perception d6, Unarmed Combat d6/Brawling d8/Clawing d10

Attacks Spring-heeled Jack uses the cover of darkness and surprise whenever he attacks. Back in the day, he could get away with pretending to be a civilian or a policeman

and then revealing himself, but not any more. Jack will leap into and out of close quarters whenever it's to his advantage, and will attack with claws and the flame-breath if he's provoked into combat.

Lore The following information may be acquired through investigation into Spring-heeled Jack.

- ✧ This legend of Spring-heeled Jack is so old and so connected to England it's inexplicable how Jack has turned up in the States. Based on past activities, Jack has no goal other than mayhem, which means he's going to be difficult to predict and even tougher to stop. Reports have described soldiers shooting Jack with no effect, which means he's probably bulletproof. Trapping him where he can't use his leap, and immobilizing him somehow might do the trick until you can find out what he is and how to stop him.
- ✧ The pattern of sightings and movement point to a person with an alternate identity as Spring-heeled Jack, rather than a particular demon or freakish monster. It's been recorded as speaking, so it's definitely human under that mask. That means it can be traced. The recent wave of incidents in Kansas City, Missouri, is almost entirely aimed at lower-middle-class people in a specific part of town. A wave of attacks on sports bars, waitresses, and service-industry businesses implies someone's got a grudge.
- ✧ Spring-heeled Jack is a Victorian-era superhero, a sacred tradition passed down from generation to generation. Just like Batman, the costume and its gadgets are the work of a sophisticated mind, but are ultimately human in creation, probably blessed to enable Jack to fight creatures of darkness. It is Spring-heeled Jack's sacred duty to oppose the forces of darkness, whether they are English police, Nazis, or Chiefs fans. If Jack has come to a town, there's a good reason, and rather than looking for Jack, the wise move might be to investigate his victims. See what they're hiding: you'll be surprised with what you find.

Werewolf

For once, Hollywood almost nailed it. They got the full moon, the quick healing, the silver bullets; they were so close. Then they had to go and glue a bunch of yak hair to Lon Chaney Jr.'s face. Can't really blame them though (except for *Teen Wolf Too*—that was just horrible). After all, the legends were pretty misleading.

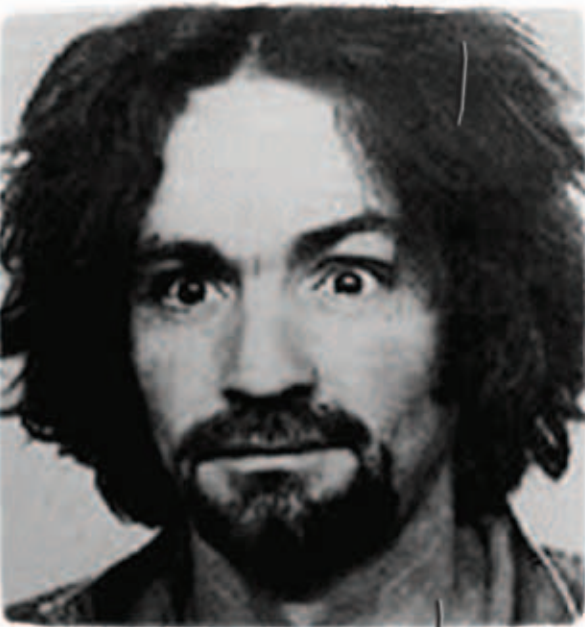
The word werewolf comes from Old English—despite England not having any wolves, go figure—but stories of men becoming wolves have existed throughout history. From the Greek *lykánthropos*, to the French *loup-garou*, to the Norse *Úlfhednar* and Romanian *vârcolac*, most cultures have a werewolf equivalent somewhere in their folklore. There's similar wolf-men around the world, but despite

Human Monsters

You know, for all the death and destruction they cause, most of the creatures you'll hunt are more hungry than evil. Don't get me wrong, if it's attacking humans it still has to go, but for every poor bastard drained by a vampire or mauled by a werewolf, there's ten, twenty, a hundred more killed by people. Family members, neighbors, co-workers, even perfect strangers; they're killing each other every day. Then there's the real sickos. The cannibals, the serial killers. Demons may be evil, but at least they're consistent. Predictable. With people, you can never be sure. Every man, woman, and child has the potential for incredible evil. All it takes is a slight chemical imbalance, abusive parents, maybe just a really bad day at work, and they can snap. Wearing a skin-suit starts to seem like a good idea.

Hunters are bound to run across these psychos from time to time. Not every string of disappearances is gonna lead to a monster. This raises the question of how to handle the situation. Technically, humans ain't in your jurisdiction. There are laws in place to handle human on human crimes, but these laws tend to get in the way of actually saving people. Sure, you could call the cops, but while they're messing around with warrants and probable cause, some backwoods nutjob is out there chainsawin' a troop of Girl Scouts. And then there's the witches and satanists and other occultists. Normal humans tapping into some extra-dark powers for fun and profit. Stuff the police just aren't equipped to handle. Face it, sometimes you're just gonna have to handle the situation yourself. Especially if you end up getting personally involved. Finding yourself on the menu at the Cannibal Cafe or fighting off the effects of a well-placed hex bag makes killing these lunatics sound better and better.

It'll happen eventually. You'll be placed in a kill or be killed scenario, and you'll pull that trigger. Chances are you'll be haunted by it, probably for the rest of your life. Maybe you've got a loose enough moral code that killing people won't bother you too much, but you're walking a tightrope. How long 'til you get labeled "serial killer"? 'Til the FBI wants to bring you in for questioning, and you've got hunters on your own trail, tracking you? Hunting's usually a pretty black and white job, but humans are a big, messy gray area.



the different names the European werewolves all seem to be the same species, with the same M.O. Once a month the full moon brings out the beast, and the only thing that can kill it is silver.

What the legends got wrong is the whole “changing into a wolf” part. They just don’t. Sure, there’s changes, but nothing that drastic. The fingernails lengthen and thicken into claws, the teeth get a little sharper, and the immune system kicks into overdrive, healing wounds almost instantly. But it’s the changes in the brain that are really interesting. All the higher functions that enable us to function as a society seem to shut down, leaving just the mean, primal, fight or flight—emphasis on fight—lizard brain in charge. There’s no reason, no emotion, just hunger. And come morning, the werewolf doesn’t even remember it. Apart from some residual flashes that they dismiss as a bad dream, werewolves don’t even know that they’re monsters.

And that can cause all sorts of problems for a hunter. What can you do in a situation like this? Yeah, they’re out there killing people a few nights a month, but not on purpose. Not because of something they are, but because of something that was done to them. They’re normal human beings ninety-five percent of the time, and they don’t even remember the other five percent. Sure, they could promise to lock themselves up each month, but that’s assuming you can get them to believe your crazy monster story. And even then, what if they get out again, if another person dies because you tried to go easy on a werewolf? Sad fact is, werewolves are just too damn dangerous to live. The only solution is a silver bullet to the heart. At least you can make it quick.

Werewolves in the Game

They may be an average person by day, but once the full moon rises a werewolf undergoes some substantial changes. All Physical Attributes get a +1 step increase, and Alertness gets a +3 step bump. Intelligence on the other hand takes a -1 step hit. In addition, werewolves have incredible senses of hearing and smell, with a Sharp Sense trait of d4 in each.

Werewolf attacks are vicious and relentless. Their claws cause d2 Wound damage using the Unarmed Combat / Clawing skill. But it’s the bites you need to watch out for. Not only do they do d4 Wound damage (Unarmed Combat / Biting), but if any saliva gets into the wound, the hunter will become a werewolf too. It’ll take a Formidable Resistance check to avoid infection.

You’ve watched the movies; silver messes up a werewolf. Other weapons have little effect (Wound damage converted to Stun, and Stun damage dropped), but silver weapons are gonna leave a mark. Only silver is recorded as Wound damage, and a silver bullet to the heart is the only way to kill one. Well, something silver, anyway, but bullets are most convenient. Still, the heart’s a Miniscule target, and it’s gonna be a bitch to hit it. You’re gonna need to do at least 4 Wound to the heart, either via an extraordinary success, or a called shot to the heart at a +12 Difficulty penalty.

So why go to all this trouble, right? Wait five hours and you can take them on as a human being. After all, it’s hard to dodge a silver bullet when you’re duct-taped to a chair. Yeah, that’s an option, but you’re a hunter, not a killer. No matter how hardened your heart may be, shooting a terrified, confused person in the heart is gonna leave a stain on your soul. One that doesn’t wash away. Killing a werewolf in human form results in a permanent -1 step hit to Willpower.

CRATER LAKE WEREWOLF BARK AT THE MOON

Description Park Ranger Thompson’s a pretty big guy.

Early 30s, well built, and healthy as a horse. It’s that fresh mountain air, good for the spirit.

Motivation Ranger Thompson’s not in right now, primal animal instinct is in charge. The beast takes over and it’s run/hunt/eat ‘til morning comes. He’ll wake up feeling a little sore and not as hungry as he should be, but he’ll be none the wiser.

Limitations A werewolf can shrug off most damage like it never even happened. Shoot it, stab it, run over it with a car and it’ll keep coming. Bones mend, cuts heal, scars disappear. Unless the weapon’s made of silver, so whether it’s bullets, a blade, or the grill of your truck, keep some silver handy.

Agi d12 **Str** d10 **Vit** d10 **Ale** d12 **Int** d4 **Wil** d4

Init d12 + d12 **LP** 14 (vulnerable to Silver)

Traits Amnesia d4, Fast on Your Feet d6 (base speed 25 feet per turn), Sharp Sense (hearing, smell) d6, Out for Blood d8, Tough d8, Unstable d8

Skills Covert d6/Stealth d10, Perception d6/Hearing d10/Smell d10, Survival d6/Outdoor Life d8/Tracking d12+d2, Unarmed Combat d6/Clawing d10/Biting d8

Attacks Teeth and claws. That’s all it needs.

Lore The following information may be acquired through investigation into the Crater Lake Werewolf.

- ✱ A string of brutal wild animal attacks has virtually shut down tourism at the lake. Campers are being found mauled to death in their tents, disemboweled, slashed to pieces.
- ✱ A stolen peek at the coroner’s report shows that the bite marks don’t match any of the local wildlife. Too small to be a grizzly, too big to be a bobcat. Oh yeah, and the victims hearts are missing, presumed eaten.
- ✱ Park Ranger Thompson had a run-in with some rowdy campers a couple weeks back. He’s a big guy, and he held his own, but they got their licks in too. One of the little freaks even bit him, and it’s taking a hell of a long time to heal.
- ✱ There’s a lot of werewolf lore that claims you can cure a werewolf by severing its bloodline. Kill the original werewolf that infected it, and it should stop changing. Doesn’t

seem like anyone's bothered to test this theory lately. Probably because hunting one werewolf is a big enough pain in the ass without throwing another one into the mix.

- ✱ Some ancient accounts say a werewolf can only change form while it's sleeping. No sleep, no wolf. So grab a case of Red Bull and a handful of No Doze pills, it's gonna be a long night.

Old Gods

Not every creepy crawly out there is a predator. There's a bunch that have found a role alongside mankind, sometimes harmlessly, but usually causing their own sort of trouble. A lot of these things have been doing it for a long time, and which is why there are more flavors of gods than you can shake a stick at. Most of them are small fry; critters whose power seemed really impressive way back when. Figure the ability to, say, create fire at will might not be much of a big deal to you with that Zippo in your pocket, but to Mister 5000 B.C., that's a pretty big deal.

Lesser Gods

These guys are a giant pain in the ass. They've all got some sort of arrangement where something gets done for them—usually an unpleasant sacrifice—and they do something in return. Most of the time, they've been doing this deal for centuries, and even if no one else is looking for their help, they still maintain the bargain by finding their own sacrifices. Worse, they sometimes have help from the humans in their area, who may not know what exactly they're doing, or why they're doing it, but they know they need to go a little Shirley Jackson once a year to keep things happy in their little town.

The big problem is that these are hell to spot because they tend to blend into the background noise. Monster goes on a rampage in a small town, you can suss it out by looking at the headlines if you know where to look. But when a city has one more missing kid than usual per year? Or when it's just the occasional hitchhiker that goes missing? Gods (and the bastards who help them out) are smart and selective, and they tend to have a lot of practice picking out targets that aren't going to attract a lot of attention. I'd love to be able to say that hunters find these things through hard work and research, but the reality is that hunters tend to fit the victim profile these things are looking for—strangers passing through town who no one will miss. That's guaranteed to go badly for one side or the other.

That's changing though. This is one area where computers are coming in kind of handy—they make it easier to spot trends over a long period of time, so we may yet start getting the jump on these bastards.



Lesser Gods in Play

First, the good news: Lesser Gods (no one actually calls them that, but bear with me for clarity here) tend to have powers that don't really help them in a fight. They can usually do something big, related to the deal they made, but the ability to bring a mild winter or a good harvest doesn't help a lot when the bullets start flying. They are also usually bound by arcane rules about what they can or can't do, but they're perfectly willing to manipulate those.

The less good news is that they tend to have the usual suite of critter badness—strong, fast, tough and maybe a few minor tricks. The big problem is that they're very hard to kill—you can take one out for a little while, but unless you do it right, then it'll just be back up and after you again in no time. Now, there is a right way to kill them, but the part that sucks is that it's different for every god. Some go down to the usual suspects—silver, iron or salt—but others require rituals or specially prepared weapons or god knows what else. Short form, it pays to do your homework before tackling one of these things.

Greater Gods

These are the gods who, while they might have encouraged worship, had enough power to throw around that they didn't really need it. The ones that are still around are thousands of years old and possessed of incomprehensible power. The good news is that most of them are either gone or are too bored to cause much trouble. The bad news is that when one of them *does* cross a hunter's path, then just getting out alive is a win.

Hints of the Greater Gods can be found in most legends, but that also provides them a smokescreen, as they tend to fall into certain divine roles, like the Storm King, the Goddess of the Hunt, the Warrior, the Trickster and so on. If there's a god out there who is the Storm King, then he might have been some or all of Zeus, Thor, Seth, Fulgora or any other god of storms, rain or thunder you can think of. Many of the old gods are categorized as a group of beings in the older books—the authors never realized

they were just different stories about the same being. Many old gods like to perpetuate this misconception, especially if doing so means they can convince any overzealous mortals that they've been killed, bound or exorcised.

Greater Gods in the Game

Greater Gods are something of a blank slate for your game to write on. Exactly how many there are and what their role in your game will be is up to you, but there are a few ways to go about it.

Most of the Greater Gods keep to themselves and don't draw *too* much attention. But at the same time, they don't entirely ignore their natures, and they sometimes reveal themselves by having a little bit too much fun. If this ends up attracting attention from hunters, they'll usually just move on, hopefully giving the hunters the shake with a little sleight of hand. Gods have a lot of power, and on a small scale that power may seem boundless, but they know their limits, and don't want to draw attention from Heaven, Hell or other gods. The smarter ones are also a little more wary about mortals too—their ability to make weapons is getting pretty scary, and no one wants to bet on surviving a hit from a nuke.

That said, the Greater Gods do occasionally take an interest in events, especially in mortals who are particularly critical to events as they unfold. They often test these mortals, and if they pass they may provide insight or blessings. However, as with their own actions, the Greater Gods tread lightly in these matters. Mortals of that sort of importance often have a lot of attention on them, and that's not attention the old gods welcome.

Worship

There's a common bit of comic book thinking that says gods get their power from worship. It's a nice idea, but it is espoused in places where only Abrahamic religions hold sway, since the thinking is that the worship of other gods has been displaced, and thus the gods are diminished. The problem is there are plenty of places in the world where gods are still worshipped, and since Horus has not actually come and kicked all our asses, it's safe to say it doesn't really hold up, at least not for the big guys.

This is not to say that gods don't enjoy being worshipped. There may be minor power benefits, but that is only a small slice of the pie, and those old gods who see adulation or worship, tend to end up pursuing celebrity of one stripe or another, though that practice gets more dangerous as media becomes more pervasive and intrusive.

Elder Gods

There are rumors of older, more powerful gods. It's said that these elder gods were slain or bound by the angels at the very beginning of things. Some stories even say that they predate the Creation, and are on the order of God himself, only alien and incomprehensible. Many beings of

Benign Lesser Gods

There aren't a lot of nice things in the Supernatural universe, but there are gods out there that require less terrible sacrifices than human lives. Gods whose pact involves small amounts of blood (or other fluids) or perhaps goods or money, are likely to pass below hunter notice so long as they're careful. These lesser gods can make interesting adversaries (since they raise the sticky question of whether to kill something that's doing no harm) or supporting characters, especially if you're looking to make your game feel a little more "magical".

power have pretended at the mantle of these Elder Gods, but even the worst of them have been pale shadows of what might emerge should one of these beings ever be unbound or reborn. Thankfully, few have even heard of these beings, and most who know of them realize how suicidal it would be to toy with such forces. Most.

THE TRICKSTER CAPRICIOUS DIVINITY

Description Imagine a self righteous internet troll, the kind who can't just disagree with someone, but who instead insists on showing that the other guy is wrong and that everyone else must acknowledge that wrongness. The guy who piles on insults and counterarguments long past the point where the conversation has moved on. He may be right, but does anyone care? He's just a jerk. Now imagine that guy with vast power over time and space, and you've got a Trickster. Sure, he looks like an ordinary guy, but who's to say that's even what he looks like? He's a god of chaos, deception and trickery, and he spends his time eating candy, fooling around with beautiful women he's created from thin air, and punishing people he thinks deserve it to "teach them a lesson."

Motivation Aside from a desire to ironically punish those who are too full of themselves, the Trickster's motives are obscured beneath a cloud of self-serving hedonism and surprising twists. That he took the time to help the Winchesters (albeit in a kind of painful fashion) might just be a random decision, but it's equally possible he knew more about what was coming down the line than he let on.

Limitations The Trickster has precious few limitations outside of his own behavioral quirks, most notably his sense of humor (or perhaps more generously, irony) which is easy to spot if you're looking for it. His metabolism seems to run hard and hot, and he downs a lot of sugar to keep up with it, but that's more of a quirk than any kind of real weakness.

Making the Gods Your Own

The old gods provide a fantastic tool for your game if you want to deal with earth shaking, world threatening stories but feel that the conflict between Heaven and Hell is overshadowed by the role of the Winchesters. Consider a being as powerful (or more powerful than) the Trickster, looking to pursue an agenda. If he wants to secretly take over a city, or maybe run for political office, who's to stop him?

The answer is, of course, your hunters.

Gods make great all-purpose tools because while they're powerful, the threat they represent can just as easily be large or small. A God of Luck looking to rub out a competing casino owner is a problem, but it's much less of a big deal than a God of Blood looking to awaken an Elder God. Gods also allow you to choose a theme, if you like the idea of having a recurring kind of bad guy. If there's a type of critter you like, then you can use a god as the shadowy figure behind an organization of them. If you like werewolves, a God of the Moon makes a great villain. Vampires? How about a God of Blood. Wendigo? Imagine them running in packs for a God of the Hunt.

All this also begs the question of how the gods interact with one another. These are ancient beings with strong personalities and odd priorities—no doubt they have grudges, rivalries and relationships and they're always on the lookout for pawns to play a role in those conflicts.

Lore says that a Trickster can be killed by a wooden stake dipped in the blood of one of his victims, and it seems like he's very wary of such weapons, since he's still alive there may be more to it than that.

Agi d6 **Str** d10 **Vit** d12 **Ale** d8 **Int** d12+d4 **Wil** d10

Init d6 + d8 **LP** 22 (takes no Wound penalties, immediately heals from any attack which does not kill him)

Traits Addiction (Sugar) d4, Creation d12, Illusion d12, In Plain Sight d6, Lucky d12, Pocket Reality d12, Practical Joker d4, Rebellious d4, Smartass d4

Skills Athletics d4, Covert d6/Disguise d12/Stealth d12, Discipline d6, Influence d6m Knowledge d6/Urban Legends d12, Lore d6/Mythology d10, Perception d6, Performance d6/Impersonation d12/Sleight of Hand d12/ Stage Magic d12, Unarmed Combat d4

Attacks The Trickster's powers seem near limitless. He can create incredibly lifelike illusions, create matter from thin air, and possibly even manipulate time itself. With that kind of power, the Trickster does not engage in direct conflict—even if it appears that he is doing so, it is likely just a duplicate created in his image as misdirection. This is probably for the best, since the ability to, say, create a Mack truck six inches above an opponent's head is pretty daunting. If he genuinely wishes to do

someone harm, they are unlikely to ever be aware of the Trickster's role in things. They merely find themselves on the receiving end of very strange circumstances, with no apparent explanation.

This is not to say he doesn't enjoy the spectacle of a good fight, and he will often take a front row seat to a good scrum. In these cases he will use his creation power to create adversaries for his opponents to throw down with while he watches.

Lore The following information may be acquired through investigation into the Trickster.

- ✱ Lore refers to Tricksters as corresponding to Trickster gods like Loki, Anansi and Hermes. However, the actual number of Tricksters in the world is an open question, and may be as low as one (and if that's the case, you'd better go back and read Chapter Two's section on Archangels). It's entirely possible that the various reports of hunters encountering (and in some cases, "killing") Tricksters have just been blind men describing the same elephant.
- ✱ Just because the Trickster encountered by the Winchester brothers turned out to be . . . something else, it doesn't mean there's not another Trickster out there, doing his own thing. Or a whole Trickster Union.
- ✱ Given the Trickster's capability for deception, it is entirely possible that its weakness to wooden stakes is a fabrication. It may be the creature has some genuine weakness that this story obscures, but more likely this legend was created so that the Trickster had an easy way to get hunters off its back. If he couldn't be killed, hunters would keep trying to mess with his fun, but if he arranged for a duplicate of himself to be "killed" with a stake, the hunters would leave him alone, and he could move on to his next destination in peace. It's also possible that some of the occasions this weakness has proved not to be true have been because the Trickster it was used on was Michael's kid brother.
- ✱ It is impossible to truly judge how much a Trickster really knows or desires. His actions are so random and capricious that there's no real way to guess what is genuine and what is smokescreen. Some argue that even the Trickster doesn't know, as the Trickster is also often the Fool, destined to stumble into larger matters.

Tricksters in the Game

When a Trickster shows up in your game, all bets are off. They can bend the rules of reality so far and hard as to be unrecognizable. This is a great opportunity, but also something to handle with care. It's like when you get a virtual reality episode in a sci-fi show—it might be an opportunity to see the characters in unexpected and new

situations, or it might just be an excuse to demonstrate that an actor can play the trombone. If you're going to use a Trickster, then you need to make sure it's a strict no-trombone zone.

COOL THINGS YOU CAN DO WITH A TRICKSTER

- ✦ Present the characters with impossible choices with crippling consequences, without permanence, so you can reveal things about a character without making them unplayable. Would the character kill a friend to save his own life? The Trickster can force that choice.
- ✦ Offer the character the thing he wants, and see how much he's willing to give up for it. Let your hunters become rock stars, all of their heroism finally recognized, then see what happens when some of the monsters become rock stars too.
- ✦ Show the character the path not taken and offer him the choice to destroy all he's done to achieve it. The classic for this is "What if the character had never become a hunter?" but that's a bit well worn. Look for a choice that's been made in play in your own game.

TROMBONES

- ✦ Change the genre of the game to something your players aren't interested in. The fact that you *can* turn an episode into space opera, doesn't mean you *should* (unless your players really dig that).
- ✦ Slap the characters around and embarrass them with their helplessness.
- ✦ Bring in characters from any modern fiction you like. You might dig it, but your players will wonder why you're getting fanboy all over everything. If you must, then at least file off the serial numbers. It's really all about the subtle meaning. Well, okay, sometimes it's really about the overt, in-your-face meaning.

The Cryptid Campaign

Ah, monsters. You gotta love 'em.

They're not angels and demons. They're not long-dead folks coming back for revenge. They're not messed-up people with bad ideas and a few freaky powers. Nope. They're monsters. Pure and simple. They're bad, mean, evil critters. They prey on people. To them, we're like an entire planet filled with walking, talking Big Macs. And they're hungry.

That's why I love monsters, and monster campaigns. Because the characters don't ever have to worry about where they stand. They don't question which side is right, or whether the monsters have got a point, or if they should just let the critters go after what they want. Nope, with monsters it's nice and simple. They're bad. You kill them. End of story.

Of course, it ain't always that easy. And for a campaign it definitely shouldn't be. A simple goal, but plenty of obstacles along the way to keep things interesting. As with any hunt, the first thing to do is establish the prey. What exactly are the characters hunting, here? Is it a skinwalker? A vampire? A werewolf? An Irish Redcap? A Native American Wendigo? What?

The biggest problem with hunting a monster is there're just so damned many of them out there! And a whole lot of 'em have the same basic information. Likes to prey on one victim at a time? Check. Likes to rip them to shreds? Check. Eats part or all of them? Check. Only attacks at night? Check. But that could be any one of a dozen or more monsters. Hell, with only that much to go on it could be any of hundreds!

Don't give it away too quickly. Make the players earn it. They're playing hunters, they've gotta act like hunters. And with something like a monster on the loose? That means narrowing the field. Which means—you guessed it—research. Where exactly did the victim die? What time of day or night? What was the weather? What phase of the moon? What sort of plants and animals were around? Establish as much detail about the murder scene as you can, and then put it somewhere the characters can find it. Plan out a few witnesses, police reports, news footage, etc.



Impossibly Powered Monsters

Yes, they can suck. There is a danger with any impossibly powerful critter to use it as an excuse to indulge the very worst of Game Mastering habits, to push the characters around and declare they can do nothing about it because this guy in the game is too powerful. It's a rookie move, and you hate to see it.

Take a moment to look at the cool things you can do with a Trickster or any other Elder God, and you'll notice a recurring theme—the really good things you can do are not about the Trickster, but are actually about the hunters. The point of bringing in the Trickster is not to overshadow the hunters, but rather to shine a spotlight on them. This thinking applies equally to almost any powerful creature. If it's too strong to fight, then you don't introduce it to fight—you do it for some other reason. Maybe to talk to, or maybe to present a tough choice (like, it can be killed, but only at the cost of an innocent life) or maybe to point at something else that's going on.

At first glance, creatures that can reshape reality, like the Trickster or Zachariah, seem like they serve a very different purpose than the other creatures the hunters encounter, but for you, they follow the same rules. You should always be asking, "Why am I using this character or monster?" Sometimes the answer is "So the hunters can shoot it"; but that gets old pretty fast. Look at the show to see why—most of the bad things the boys run into are unbeatable unless they exploit some weakness, at which point winning is trivial. In that situation, the fight is not the interesting thing—it's all the things around it. Why act? Who is at risk? What price is to be paid?

An uber-powerful monster certainly offers a broader range of possibilities when they show up, but their role in the game is the same as every other monster that crosses your hunter's path.

Next, focus on the victim. How exactly was he killed? Was there a weapon involved, or teeth and claws, or poison, or something completely different? Was it from in front or from behind? Did he have time to try defending himself? Did he try defending himself, or did he just stand there and let himself get torn limb from limb? Was anything taken, whether body parts or clothes or his wallet? Was anything eaten? Most of this is gonna be in police autopsy reports, which means the characters'll have to figure out how to get hold of those files.

Then they'll probably look for other instances. Is this the first victim, or one of many? If there were others, where and when were they found? How wide an

area does this monster cover? And how long does it go between attacks? Plan all of this out well in advance. Know the monster and its habits, and have those clues waiting to be found.

The more the characters know, the more monsters they can eliminate from their list of suspects. Some kill for food. Others do it for fun. A few do it to protect their territory. Some attack anyone within range, while others only hunt once every twenty years. The hunters'll need to know everything possible about the creature's habits and goals so they can figure out which monster it is—and how to kill it.

Once they've put a name to the beast, they'll know its weaknesses. With some monsters, a good old-fashioned slug to the brain'll do the trick. Others, you need fire, or wood, or silver, or a stake through the heart. Each one's a little different, and hunters'll definitely want to bring the right tools for the job. If they know what they're facing, the characters'll also have an idea of how it hunts—where it hits, its range, its preferred targets, its favored time of day (or night), and so on. Which means they know how to hunt it, maybe even how to trap it.

That's when the hunt really begins.

So how do you set up a monsters campaign? After all, it doesn't sound like you're gonna have any one monster around that long, does it? There are a couple different ways to go about it.

First off, make the characters go up against smart monsters. Some of 'em are dumb as a sack of hammers, but others're smart. Scary smart. They've got contingency plans, hideouts and escape routes. Hunting them can turn into a full-time gig, with them on the run or holed up and the hunters trying to catch up or ferret 'em out. And the longer the characters hunt a monster, the more likely it's going to set its sights on them in turn. Or on those folks closest to them.

That's one option. The second is to have a whole bunch of different monsters. Just 'cause it's a campaign doesn't mean there needs to be any real connection between them. Other than the fact that they're monsters and the players are hunters, so they hunt 'em and the monsters try to survive. That might be enough. Especially if you want a campaign where it's not about bigger plots and second-guessing yourself and trying not to get played. A nice normal monster campaign where the characters keep moving around, finding monsters, hunting 'em, and killing 'em? Just the kind of escapism you need sometimes. No hidden layers, no sudden reveal that it's all connected, nothing like that. Unless there is.

Which is your third option. Have it turn out that all the monsters really are connected somehow. But how?

The easiest, most obvious solution is they are controlled or at least incited by someone else. Someone controlling everything. Someone who knows enough about monsters to know how to find them and, more importantly, how to talk to them without becoming their next meal. Someone who understands them—or terrifies them. Or both.

There are other ways to link a bunch of monsters together, though. They could all be after the same thing, for one. Some kind of device or object that's calling to them—or some person they all see as the perfect prey. They could all be related, like a family of vampires wreaking havoc through the Midwest. Or an event or individual could have woken them for instance, whether deliberately or unconsciously, in which case the campaign's about finding that object/location/person and preventing any more monsters from getting riled up by it.

Monster campaigns tend to be more visceral than some of the other game types. They're more physical, simpler, more direct. That doesn't make them any less dangerous, but it does mean they're always gonna come down to combat. It also means that, if the hunters did their jobs

right, they're fully prepared. And while facing a monster may not be a cakewalk regardless, go into it with the right weapons and the right knowledge and you've got a pretty good chance at being the one to walk away.

Which is the other nice thing about fighting monsters. The characters can win clean. They don't have to feel guilty afterward, or wonder if they've been tricked, or check their wallets to make sure nothing was lifted. They faced something that preyed upon people, and they smoked it. That can make for a nice change of pace—or it can set them up to get blindsided by the next threat to come along.





CURSES & MAGIC

The cold hard truth of the hunter's world is that some of the most dangerous threats aren't monsters, they're inanimate objects. True, those inanimate objects are usually in the hands of some crazy magician or cultist, but it's real important to brush up on the lore on curses and magical tools, because that's what makes those magicians and cultists worth giving a crap about. Hunters use magic and rituals, too, of course—that's what the *Rituale Romanum* is, when push comes to shove—but it's not something to stumble blindly into. And while there are people out there who make a tidy profit selling artifacts, talismans, and *gris-gris* to any idiot who'll pay for them, getting involved with their shady market is asking for trouble. Want proof? Read up on Bela Talbot sometime. Pay particular attention to the bit about hellhounds and signing away her soul.

Cursed Objects

Anything can be a cursed object. I'm sure you've heard of the lucky rabbit's foot, everyone has, or perhaps the wishing well (people collectively throw millions and millions of dollars a year away on various wishing wells throughout the world).

Cursed objects tend to be mundane things. Trinkets and things you probably wouldn't pay attention to, which is half the point. After all, if it scared the bejesus out of you to look at it, you wouldn't play with the thing and ruin your life or worse.

Cursed objects are typically made on purpose, more often than not, by some supernatural power or some human under the patronage, influence or even control of a powerful entity. Then again, some objects are created when fate and a lot of bad mojo all happen to cross lines at exactly the wrong moment. Keep in mind that moments (both terrible and delightful) can

have a will to live all their own. The good moments will fade and pass into happy memories while the terrible ones will want to fight and claw to inflict their misery for generations to come.

Cursed Objects in the Game

The effect of such items in a *Supernatural* story is driven by your plot more than by the dice. What's the theme? What challenges are you offering your hunters? Is there a lesson to be learned? How will this complicate their lives? Is this effect going to have short or long term consequences? For example, with the lucky rabbit's foot, so long as you have possession of the thing, you can't do anything wrong, even if you try. But if you lose it, well you're just waiting to die in some horrible, horrible (and probably embarrassing) manner. Nothing goes your way and things you're not even aware of are conspiring against you.

Once you have a theme in mind, you need to consider what your cursed object might do, what effect it has mechanically. Not everything in Cortex has to be

based on the roll of the dice, in fact quite the opposite. That's what Plot Points are for. If there is a mechanic (bonus dice, Attribute or Skill steps, etc.), and there's nothing wrong with having one so long as it's dramatic, just make sure it fits with the theme of the object and the story you are trying to tell.

Keep in mind that not all cursed objects are created equal. A four-leaf clover or a "found penny" or breaking an *actual* wishbone will not be as potent as *the* lucky rabbit's





foot or a wish from *the* wishing well. Hell, there's probably a dozen wishing wells out there, none of which that can compare to *the* wishing well. These devices simply might give a player a pool of Plot Points to use until "the luck runs out of them."

Lastly, as Game Master you need to understand how this cursed object can be defeated. Is there some spell that can release you? Will simply destroying the object save you? Perhaps it can't be destroyed but having the guy who started it all stop it (or maybe just his hand, ewww). It's a good idea is to come up with an origin story for the object, often times the best way to defeat a cursed object is to go back and look at how it was made.

A Word on Wishes

Wishes are the most dangerous thing in the world. You ever hear of the saying, "Be careful what you wish for, you just might get it." The idea of the spoken word becoming manifest is a power unto God Himself. "Let there be light, and there was." When you give that power to a person who can barely see past what he wants for dinner, you're gonna have problems. When you give it to a community it's gonna create chaos and confusion.

What happens when everyone gets what they want? Pandemonium. Which, of course, is exactly what those priests of Tiamat wanted when they created the wishing well coin to begin with.

The granter of the wish doesn't care about the spirit of the desire so much as it does the letter of it. It has no warm and fuzzy feelings for you—you are its entertainment. If you wish to fly, you could get turned into a mosquito. If you wish someone back from the dead, you might get a zombie. Wish up a tasty-delicious sandwich and you'll find yourself supplicating to the porcelain god for the rest of the night. No matter how much you might attempt to lawyer-up a wish, it will always come back at you. In fact, the more you try and play the game, the worse it usually comes back at you.

Curse Boxes

Objects of the occult and supernatural are extremely dangerous, and most of them are as hazardous to the possessor as they are to their intended victims. One doesn't simply store a cursed fetish in the back of the sock drawer or even in a bank deposit box, because such items always worm their way back into circulation. No, when destroying a cursed object isn't feasible or practical, a curse box is your best bet. Assuming you know what you're doing, of course.

No curse box is the same, each box is custom made for the cursed object to be encased within it. Curse boxes are typically the size of a tackle box or large jewelry box, but ultimately it depends upon the size of the object. Some boxes are completely handmade while others are simply re-purposed containers (such as a military-grade plastic shipping crate). The real power of the curse box isn't the construction of box itself (though sometimes that is key) so much as the protections designed for it. The real power of the curse boxes are the sigils, hexes and traps--all of which must be researched and fashioned by the crafter specifically for the dark power to be encased within--that adorn them.

With the proper protections in place, a curse box can not only keep an object from radiating its malevolence and infecting those around it, but can also shield the device from detection and perhaps even release other supernatural elements or entities. Of course, there are few real protections from the unknowing idiot who pries the lock off with a crowbar and opens the curious box. That's when you have to really consider proper curse box storage.

The Colt

"It's just a story—a legend, really. Well, I thought it was. Never really believed it until I read Daniel's letter. Back in 1835, when Halley's Comet was overhead, the same night those men died at the Alamo, they say Samuel Colt made a gun—a special gun. He made it for a hunter—a man like us, only on horseback. The story goes he made thirteen bullets. This hunter used the gun a half dozen times before he disappeared, the gun along with him. They say—they say this gun can kill anything."

—John Winchester, "Dead Man's Hand"

The legendary Colt appears to be based upon an advanced Colt Paterson pistol design; it's rigged with a five-cartridge wheel design instead of the standard ball-and-cap set-up of the time. The weapon has several protective sigils on it and engraved along the barrel of the weapon is "*non timebo mala*" which translates to "fear no evils", a reference to Psalm 23:4. Each of the thirteen companion bullets that were made by Colt were crafted from silver and numbered. Without the bullets, the gun is no more useful than your average gun. Beyond its use as a weapon, it turns out the Colt was also designed to be the key to the Devil's Gate in Wyoming—a door directly connecting world of man and Hell itself.

The Colt surfaced a short while back when a family of hunters by the name of Winchester found it and tried to use it in their hunt against a particularly powerful demon. Sources claim the family used the remaining rounds trying to stop the demon but failed to do so before the demon used the Colt to open the Devil's Gate in Wyoming, releasing untold numbers of demons into the world.

Further rumors suggest that a hunter and a demon fixed the Colt for the Winchesters, making it lethal to the supernatural without the need of the special bullets. Some in hunter circles say the family simply hadn't used all the bullets. Others think it's a lie, some kind of bluff. After all, who's to believe a hunter would work with a demon, and

that a demon would help a hunter make a weapon that would kill it. Whatever the case, word is the Winchesters had the weapon stolen from them—and it has not resurfaced since.

The Colt in Your Game

More than just a gun or key to the Devil's Gate, the legendary Colt is a game changer. From what we know, it's killed anything supernatural with the sole exception of the Yellow-Eyed Demon, and only because Sam Winchester didn't have the ruthlessness to kill his dad at the same time. Scratch that—it hasn't worked on Lucifer, either, but the Devil is clearly an exception to many rules (and one of five things the gun cannot kill, if you're in the business of believing what Lucifer says). If you're standing face to face with the First of the Fallen, you've got bigger problems.

It might seem unbalanced to give the hunters something that can pretty much kill anything, but you must remember that when folks use magic and powers of the supernatural there's always a consequence. It's like dancing drunk with a pissed off rattler in your hands: you're gonna get bit sooner or later. A weapon like the Colt is going to have things coming after you. People are going to want it. Demons and such are going to want to destroy it, and you along with it. It's the type of thing that starts a hot war. Also, just because a hunter (and a player) is told something, doesn't make it true, in part or in full. It's a legend, after all.

The Colt is the equivalent of a **light pistol (d6 W)** and does normal damage to normal people and animals. If you shoot a possessed person in the head or heart, they die. You shoot them in the leg, like John Winchester was, and they probably will survive the bullet wound. Of course, that's not to say the person is strong enough to withstand an exorcism by bullet.

Against supernatural creatures like ghosts, demons, and other things with various kinds of special damage rules (like being immune to Stun, or recovering quickly from inflicted Wounds) the Colt is a trump card. It ignores all these rules, dealing standard damage to any target it hits. Of course, you have to actually hit your target, and in some cases (like with the witch Tammi) the target might have additional means of defense.

If you want to ramp up the deadliness of the Colt beyond its ability to ignore supernatural protection, you can make use of the game's dramatic currency: Plot Points. Whenever the Colt falls into somebody's hands for the first time, it comes loaded with more than bullets. It's got its own pool of 13 Plot Points that can be spent on delivering that shot through the demon's head or, for that matter, for dialing back the damage and just shooting your dad in the leg.

Death Visions

Death visions are supernatural premonitions of the death of a person or persons, possibly even of one's self. They are a glimpse at the darkest of futures. Many are inclined to believe that death visions are little more than a manipulation tool. There are basically two points of contention. Those who believe that it's God, or some other kind of (hopefully benevolent) "powers that be", manipulating the person having the visions into helping the target of the visions, giving them warning to try and change things for the better. The other camp simply sees it as a trick of the Devil, a tool used to toy with not only the "soon departed" but also a way to psychically punish and hurt the person having the visions, perhaps getting the seer to a place outside of Hell's domain. Of course, given all that, one could argue it's *both* at the same exact time, and what it comes down to is the person who is having the visions. Some might say it's a microcosm of the battle between Heaven and Hell for the soul of humanity.

Of course, some death visions are not internal flashes of light and shadow, but a very real critter such as a black dog or hellhound sent to chase you down (just long enough for you to really feel tortured and hunted) and kill you. Other death visions might come in the form of omens, small signs of a dark future coming your way. Perhaps photos of you take on a skull like appearance when looked at just right. Perhaps all the flowers in your garden die overnight or all the clocks near you suddenly stop. One death omen that has been commonly reported through the years is seeing an owl during the day.

Death Visions in the Game

Death visions, for the Game Master, are a perfect way to introduce story hooks and throw hunters on a new path, or possibly remind them of an old one. If you give a hunter psychically linked visions then you are bringing a larger meta-plot to the table. After all, these kinds of death visions are the product of a supernatural grace (be it Heaven or Hell's) falling upon the person. That will play hugely in the overall story of the character and the series. Who is giving him these visions? Why? Are they to help or to harm the hunter? Where as having revenge seeking hellhounds or an omen within a story will probably entail a more localized and short-term storyline.

Beyond the Game Master's control however, death visions could come about from the smart or dramatic play of Plot Points by a player. Perhaps a player decides that he and his fellow

hunters are not on the right track during a hunt and they need a bit of help in moving the story along, or perhaps they want to bring some of the greater storyline into focus for their characters—death visions are a great way to do

that. The best way to handle this is for the player to approach the Game Master privately or in a note saying what he would like to see, what direction the death vision should take him, and how many Plot Points he wants to spend on it. The conversation or note should be light on details so that how or when the Game Master uses the idea it still has an element of mystery for the player who presented it.

Demon Viruses

Demon viruses are a form of demonic germ warfare or even a sort of biblical plague. The viruses are a Hell-inspired infection in a person that is communicable primarily through blood-to-blood contact. Other forms are certainly possible, such as airborne contagions, but knowing the importance of blood in infernal rituals, it's unlikely.

There are two types of demonic viruses. The first drives the mind and body to heights of insanity. Delusions and utter madness are reflected in action, there's no mind to speak of, save the most dire and diseased animalistic nature. The second type brings about a heightened communal state. It's an insidious pathogen that calls upon members of a community to infect others and bring them into the fold, and it often appears to be some kind of shared-goal intelligence between the members. Those infected are certainly capable of deception and strategic planning.



Two incidents in America are believed to be the result of a demon virus. The first has to do with the late 16th century colony of Roanoke in which an entire community of colonists disappeared. There are a number of theories, but one fact is that the word "Croatan" had been found carved into a tree. This same word was discovered carved in a telephone pole at the center of a town called Rivergorge (in Oregon) a year or so back. Also like Roanoke, all of Rivergorge's inhabitants went missing, seemingly overnight, and without a trace.

Demonic viruses are a pathogen that physically affects the body, despite its hellish source and as such, should leave some traces or identifying markers on the infected. According to word in hunter circles, blood tests might reveal traces of a sulfur-like residue within the bloodstream. Such signs, however, are not likely to show themselves until after an infection has set in, which means it's already too late for that person.

Demon Viruses in the Game

Demonic viruses are a great way to give a group of hunters a "last stand" episode. It could be run in zombie-like fashion, or as something more insidious, more Stepford-like, where the town (or some part of it) is secretly working against the hunters and its community. You don't know who is or isn't a friend or a foe, but each fallen ally promises only to come back as an enemy.

Those infected with demonic viruses should have a d4 to d8 added to any dice rolls involving their physical attributes; the longer the Infection, the greater the ability bonus. Game Masters could also add this increase to Life Points, but that would seem to contradict the show where the infected didn't appear to be overly resistant to bullets or being knocked-out.

Vampirism is also a demonic virus, it has a physiological effect and is passed through blood-to-blood contact. If it was a demonic virus it certainly has seemed to take a life of its own (no pun intended) with vampires having a high degree of solidarity from their darker impulses.

Dream Root

Silene Capensis also goes by the name of African Dream Root. It's said to be able to induce vivid dreams in people much like that of *Calea Zacatechichi* (Dream Herb or Bitter Grass) which grows in Mexico and Costa Rica. Beyond engendering dreams, however, the root or herb will actually allow one to fully and consciously realize their thoughts into "realities" within their own or another's, or dreamscape.

Hunter lore states that when *Silene Capensis* is consumed (typically by making a tea from the plant) with a piece of the body of someone else (such as their hair) they can enter, share and even control the dreams of that person. Beautiful dreams could be made into the most horrid of nightmares and vice versa. Someone who was strong enough

within the dreamscape could induce a person into a coma-like state, causing them to live or die within the reality of their own mind, memories, perceptions and all that that implies.

The dreamscape is a great way for Game Masters to explore the nature of the hunters in his stories, as well as the other people in his world. The dreamscape could be the perfect place to hide some nugget of a story hook or an answer to a mystery that has somehow been locked into the head of a hunter or another non-player character or even a villain. Imagine having to tackle the nightmarish dreamscape of a shapeshifter. Beyond that, of course, is the ability to see the inner struggles of a hunter, a sort of *mano a mano* thing. You know, like in *Superman III*.

Of course, any form of dream root or herb—or even a spell or hex of some kind—should be limited in use. The plant is rare, and will cost the hunters dearly to get a hold of it. A hex might work only one time on a given person, or can only be done on one day of the year, like their birthday...or perhaps on their death-day (but that takes knowing which day of the year you are going to die on). As a storytelling tool, the effect of looking at someone through their own dreamscape is quite compelling, but with all good things, too much is too much. As a Game Master you'll go a lot further with judicious use of the dreamscape.

Dreamscapes in the Game

Since it's a dreamscape, where quite literally anything is possible, you should look to the mental Attributes as being the most important in the dreamscape. If he's mentally powerful and canny enough to push his mind beyond its normal belief system, he can accomplish great things. It's like making the leap from one rooftop to the next, not even that trenchcoat guy from *The Matrix* could do it the first time, but eventually he's practically a superhero.

The simple way of handling dreamscapes in the game is with Plot Points. Plot Points are a great way to handle the one-off hunt into the dreamscape. Simply give the players a special set of Plot Points while they are in the dreamscape. A good number would be equal their Willpower and Alertness steps, so a Willpower of d6 would get three points, a d12 would get you six.

The hunter can then use the special Plot Points to call upon some effect or effort. How much he'll need to spend to get what he wants will be up to the Game Master, but the more mundane and closer to reality it is, the less it should cost the hunter. For those with



more experience, give them a bonus number or simply reduce the cost of Effects as he had come to better understand this reality, making him some kind of nightmare-Jedi.

Another way to use the dreamscape would be to allow characters to have special Traits or Skills. If you use these Traits and Skills, use Plot Points normally.

Dreamwalker (d4/d8/d12)

The dreamscape is familiar territory to you. You have been walking and manipulating it for some time now. Add your Trait die to any rolls involved in manipulating the dreamscape. A d4 would be for someone who has been doing it for some time while a d12 would be your basic Freddy Kruger type.

New Specialty Skill: Discipline/Dreamscaping

Dreamscaping is used in conjunction primarily with Intelligence. It's rolled to affect the dreamscape, manipulating it to varying degrees. The simpler and more grounded to reality a given change is, the easier it is for the human mind to understand and manipulate. You have to get a feel for what seems right as far as Difficulty challenges need to be. As always, reward creative role playing and description by adjusting the Difficulty or giving out Plot Points and don't call for a roll of the bones unless there's a cool and dramatic result for both success and failure.

Ghost Sickness

It's bad enough they can haunt you, but some ghosts can give you the "cooties". Ghost sickness, or yellow fever, is a supernatural contagion that infects a person that has had contact with a ghost and has been scratched by it. The scratch gets red and extremely itchy, like most other skin infections. Other symptoms may include weakness, appetite loss, recurring nightmares and feelings of suffocation. There are also extreme feelings of terror with the infected growing extremely paranoid and fearful. These heightened emotions will typically progress over a 24-hour period to the point the body can no longer take the stress and will die from a heart attack.

Ghost sickness isn't contagious to everyone and it's usually themed with the ghost that infected you. To whom and how it's passed on has to do with how the ghost suffered in life and death. More often than not, it has to do with ghosts who suffered in life at the hands of people who used fear and violence to intimidate and ultimately kill them. When the ghost encounters someone who is a jerk, it uses fear to intimidate and it infects them. There is also evidence to suggest that being in the mere presence of an infected person, even a corpse, it is possible to become infected if the person matches the profile. In order to end ghost sickness you have to destroy the infectious ghost.

Ghost Sickness in the Game

Role playing a character infected with ghost sickness isn't easy. It's a building effect, with each hour of the character's infection raising the temperature of paranoia and fear. Mechanically, to simulate the building fear and anxiety the Game Master will have to call for various Getting Scared, Freaking Out and Losing It checks, as per the *Supernatural Corebook*, pages 96 & 97.

The first step would be to simply have the player be mildly paranoid about things. Make something around him suspicious and that he might want to avoid it. No need for rolls at this point. If a player plays along, give him a Plot Point reward. He'll need the Plot Points later to avoid the heavy rolls he'll need later to be able to function as a character. It's important to make sure the hunters realize that something is wrong, because they will only have 24 hours in game time to cure the infected.

As the hours pass, call for more and more Getting Scared, Freaking Out and Losing It checks, even for only mildly worrisome things. Remember, there's a heightened sense of paranoia, so a person will also create situations of fear, like seeing hellhounds instead of a toy poodle. Those characters with actual phobia Traits are in real trouble.

Even as you are asking for more rolls, also keep in mind that you must increase the Difficulty. A good rate of increase is +1 every hour. Because of the increased difficulties, players will go through Plot Points pretty fast in order to do even the most common of things, so be sure to reward good role playing.

For more on ghost sickness, check out the buru buru in **Chapter One**. These things often go together.

Nature Curse

Nature curses are your basic biblical nightmares: swarms of insects, unusual animal or plant activity, strange weather effects or storms, that kind of thing. The source of these types of curses can be something as simple as Mother Nature getting pissed off, or they can be the result of a curse spoken during a tragic event. Nature curses are localized phenomena that may or may not have to do with a particular cycle of time or the seasons. For example, that thing in Oklahoma starts on the spring equinox and lasts for six days. Others might come about because a sacred place is being disturbed and will only stop when that place is left alone.

The big problem with these types of curses is that you can't really stop them, the only thing you can do is get out of their way, and fast. At least that's what a lot of folks believe. Some curses can be cancelled out, but it's never easy and it usually costs somebody a lot more than they are willing to part with. It all depends upon the situation that resulted into the curse coming about. If there is a possibility of removing the curse, it might require a trip into the heart of the enemy. For example, in order to stop the woods from killing folks, the hunters might have to find some old tree at the heart of the woods and burn it down, or make some kind of plea (or cast a spell) to the spirits tied to the tree.

Fighting these types of curses is usually an exercise in futility. Swarms of insects never seem to end, the persistence of plant-life will eventually crack cement and concrete (not to mention wood) and wildlife, like flocks of birds, will wait until you have to reveal yourself. Against these types of horrors all you can hope to do is perform a tactical retreat, using methods to slow your attacker down while you escape or look for a temporary place of safety. The elements are usually your best weapon, fire and water in particular. Guns and knives don't do jack against a swarm of bees, but a flamethrower or a working water hose might come in handy.

Nature Curses in the Game

As a Game Master, your biggest challenge is keeping the suspense and horror of the moment, the idea that the hunters are being overrun, without actually overrunning them. In times like this, canny players reach for Plot Points to help move the scene toward their favor. A few Plot Points spent in the hopes that a fire extinguisher is at hand in order to get a swarm of cockroaches off another hunter is a good use of imagination and logic.

What follows are a number of helpful stat blocks to represent disturbing natural things. Hitchcock would be proud.

INSECT SWARM

Description The swarm moves at a speed of 10 feet per combat turn. Normal weapons don't do a thing to it—only weapons that affect an area, such as gas, chemicals, or flame can stop it. As per the *Supernatural Corebook*, page 156, once the swarm takes more than 8 points of Stun or Wound damage, it would normally disperse. Swarms as a result of Nature Curses however might never disperse, or will only stop coming at a certain point, such as the rising of the sun. Instead use the disperse rules as a way to give the hunters a break from the attack. The hunters can hold them off for that long, can catch their breath or find a new place to hide until the next wave. Swarms attack by stinging (d4 S), and can't be dodged or blocked. Some swarms are also poisonous—the target needs an Easy Resistance (Vitality + Vitality) roll. Each turn he takes damage from a swarm, the poison's Difficulty goes up +1 step. If the Resistance roll against the poison comes up an extraordinary success, the poison does nothing. If the action is just a success, the target takes d4 B damage from the poison. If failed, the damage gains a +2 step; if botched, it's a +4 step.

Agi d8 **Str** - **Vit** d2 **Ale** d2 **Int** - **Wil** d2 **Init** d8 + d2; **LP** Special

Skills Athletics d6, Unarmed Combat d6/Stinging d8

A MURDER OF CROWS

Description Life imitating art, or did Mr. Hitchcock get his idea from something that really happened? The murder of crows is a relentless force of nature. It has the patience to wait, but should it choose not to, it can usually break its way into most structures, breaking through windows with mass and numbers. Crows attack en masse with several birds landing upon a victim using their incredibly sharp claws and beaks to scratch and peck someone to death. Typical damage of a group attack will be (d8 B), smaller groups could do less damage and a single bird might do a (d2 S) damage. Murders are smart enough to go for the face, particularly the eyes. While unusual, there have been reports of a group of birds carrying a victim off, but that may just be stories told to scare newbie hunters. Guns are a bit more effective against crows, due to their size, but against a full-blown assault of birds, firearms quickly lose their usefulness. Trying to fire a weapon while a bird is clawing your eyes out is near impossible (increase shots by 2-4 difficulty levels depending upon how many birds are on the shooter) and shooting at a bird to get it off of someone will probably result in you shooting that person...it's not like the bird is going to stop a bullet, after all. Once a murder takes more than 12 points of Stun or Wound damage, it will disperse, but only long enough for the hunters to find a place to hide until the next wave comes in at them.

Agi d6 **Str** d6 **Vit** d6 **Ale** d6 **Int** d2 **Wil** d6

Init d6+d6; **LP** Special

Traits Sharp Sense (Sight) d6

Skills Athletics d6/Flying d10, Covert d6, Perception d6/Sight d8, Survival d6, Unarmed Combat d6/Claw & Peck d8

PLANT SWARM

Description An animated mass of plant-life with a grudge is no laughing matter, but if you are prepared for it, it can be a lot easier to deal with than swarms of insects or murders of crows or packs of feral cats and dogs. While strong (the d10 is a suggested minimum) plant-life should be relatively stationary, meaning it might have reach through extremely long vines, it shouldn't be able to unearth itself and walk around like those tree-dudes from the Lord of the Rings movies. Fire and chemicals will be your best friends when dealing with such curses. A machete might get you free of a plant's grasp, but it'll hardly kill it. And a plant might have enough sense to grab your arm or the weapon. Flames will cause plant tendrils to retreat, but if you attack the center of a plant, it'll do what it has to survive. Doing 4-8 LP damage (don't forget its armor) will usually get you free of a grapple, but to kill a particular plant will take at least 10-12 fire (or chemical) damage. And of course, remember there's never just one plant.

Agi d6 **Str** d10 **Vit** d10 **Ale** d4 **Int** - **Wil** d8 **Init** d6 + d4;
LP Special

Traits Armor d2, Sharp Sense (Tremors) d8

Skills Unarmed Combat d6/Grab & Rend d8

Cults, Covens and Corporations

Long throughout the history of man it has sought out relationships with powers beyond the mortal world hoping to gain power, wealth and prosperity. These pact makers come in all forms and with varying degrees of devotion. Some simply wish to make a business arrangement, a mutually beneficial deal. Others are willing to worship, while others are willing to give themselves entirely to a dark power.

The trouble with cults, covens and corporations (and everything in between) is that they're not necessarily involved in the supernatural. We'd like to think that the evils perpetrated by people were because the Devil told them to do it, but that's hardly the truth. Some people are just born wrong and some are made that way . . . and it has nothing to do with devils or demons. One would hope, for the very soul of humanity, that men like Hitler or Manson were demons or influenced by them, but the sad truth is that it's probably not the case. This makes dealing with cults, covens and corporations very difficult for hunters, because it means probably having to kill people. It's one thing to kill a vampire or shifter or demon, but extinguishing a human life is a slippery slope.

Petitioners and Pact-Makers

These are your garden variety cultists, the type that rocks the faith-based initiative of the Dark Side. They congregate in small towns, bad urban neighborhoods, and rural areas, anywhere that the cult leader can gain a foothold and recruit followers.

CULT LEADER HEAD-CASE HONCHO

Description The cult leader can look like the ordinary guy (not unlike Jim Jones) or present the freak show (like Manson). Whatever the case may be, the cult leader has that something special about them, a charisma that initially draws people to them.

Motivation The cult leader's motivation is to gather people to him and his master, to get them to believe in his cause to the point they are willing to die for it. Even if they don't even realize exactly what they are willing to die for.

Limitations The cult leader is usually just an ordinary human being, though a demon could easily fill in if he wanted to. Usually the cult leader has special insights into the world from the power he's connected to.

Agi d6 **Str** d6 **Vit** d6 **Ale** d8 **Int** d6 **Wil** d12 **Init** d6+d8; **LP** 18

Traits ESP d4, Faith (Dark Power) d6, Infamy d4, Natural Leader d6, Overconfident d4, Unbreakable Will d6

Skills Artistry d6, Athletics d4, Covert d6, Discipline d6/Intimidation d10, Drive d6, Guns d6, Influence d6/Leadership d10/Persuasion d10/Seduction d10, Knowledge d6/Literature d8/Philosophy d10, Lore d6/Cults d8/Demons d10, Perception d6/Empathy d10, Performance d6/Oratory d10, Survival d6, Unarmed Combat d6/Brawling d8

Attacks The cult leader will use his minions to attack someone more often than dirty his own hands.



CULT "WIFE" CRAZY ENABLER

Description The cult "wife" could be a man or a woman.

It's someone who has direct and intimate contact with the cult leader and helps run the cult with him, if only in a day-to-day aspect. The cult wife organizes the followers, assigns roles and duties that need to be filled and partly controls access to the cult leader. They organize the daily lives of the cult's participants and make sure things run smoothly, letting the cult leader deal with more important things.

Motivation They are true believers and tend to have access to the big picture of the cult's existence and are often the priests or priestess of the cult even if not in name.

Limitations Cult wives are normal people.

Agi d6 **Str** d4 **Vit** d6 **Ale** d6 **Int** d6 **Wil** d8

Init d6 + d6; **LP** 12

Traits Allure d2, Devoted (Cult Leader) d6, Faith (Dark Power) d2, Hooked (Cult Leader) d8, Paranoid d4

Skills Artistry d6, Athletics d4, Craft d6, Discipline d6/Morale d8, Drive d6, Guns d6, Influence d6/Conversation d10, Knowledge d6, Lore d4, Medicine d6/First Aid d8, Perception d6, Survival d4

Attacks Cult wives will live and die for their leader.

CULT ENFORCER KNIGHTS OF CRAZY-TOWN

Description Cult enforcers can look like anyone.

Motivation These are the soldiers of the cult, those with weapons training or simply the will to hurt and kill others in the name of the cult leader. They are also tasked with keeping the cult's residence and population safe from outsiders (and themselves if need be).

Limitations As soldiers they do what they are told and are not encouraged or rewarded to think for themselves.

Agi d8 **Str** d8 **Vit** d8 **Ale** d6 **Int** d6 **Wil** d8

Init d8 + d6; **LP** 16

Traits Devoted (Cult Leader) d6, Faith (Dark Power) d2, Paranoid d4

Skills Athletics d6/Dodge d8, Craft d6, Discipline d4, Drive d6/Trucks d8, Guns d6/Pistol d8/Rifle d10/ Shotgun d8, Influence d6, Lore d2, Mechanic d6/Repair d10, Medicine d6, Perception d6, Survival d6, Unarmed Combat d6/Brawling d8

Attacks The cult enforcer is usually armed with a knife and pistol and has access to shotguns, SMGs, assault rifles and even explosives.

Witches, Warlocks and Magicians

This lot get their mojo pretty much straight from the demonic source, rather than couching it in religion or creepy secret societies. Sure, some of them gather together into groups, but it's a little more "sell my soul" than "prayer circle." Some of them don't understand that they've made a pact with a demon, and some might have made a pact with something else. Whatever the source, the trick to beating them is figuring that part out and cutting them off.

THE COVEN WIFE LITTLE MISS HEX MAKER

Description The coven wife looks like your typical homemaker and American suburban woman.

Motivation This type of witch is one of three or four "girlfriends" inside a suburbanite coven who have taken up witchcraft in order to make better lives for themselves. Greed, success and social standing motivate them. They want their husbands to do better at work and to be a tax bracket or two higher than they currently are. They want their lawns to be the best on the block and they do not want wrinkles or sagging breasts.

Limitations They are humans. It's entirely possible (even probable) that all or most of a coven of this nature will not know exactly what they are doing, that they have actually sold their souls to a demon. Sometimes a demon will take on the meat and skin of one of the book club ladies, or it will set one up to be the master of the rest. At other times it'll influence them from afar, perhaps from their dreams.

Agi d6 **Str** d4 **Vit** d6 **Ale** d6 **Int** d6 **Wil** d6

Init d6 + d6; **LP** 12

Traits Greedy d4

Skills Animals d4, Athletics d6/Spinning d8, Covert d4, Craft d6/Cooking d10/Hex Bag d8, Discipline d4, Drive d6, Influence d6/Conversation d10/Seduction d8, Knowledge d6, Lore d4, Perception d6/Empathy d8.

Attacks These witches do not tend to openly or physically attack others, unless you get in their way or really piss them off (like not inviting them to your annual barbecue). Even then, they are more prone to socially murdering you with gossip, making you look embarrassed or perhaps cast some minor hex against you. They'll kill your lawn, boil your fish tank or give your wife or husband a really bad rash.

THE MYSTIC DOUCHEBAG ILLUSIONIST

Description The mystic goes for the memorable appearance. He's going to dress a little dangerously, but not too dangerous. He'll maybe do a few piercings and will definitely have a few tattoos. He's also probably wearing eyeliner.

Motivation The mystic is trying to impress people and delve into the arts. He's a showman and always wants the center of attention.

Limitations The mystic is too self-involved to truly see what's going on in the world around him.

Agi d10 **Str** d6 **Vit** d8 **Ale** d10 **Int** d6 **Wil** d8

Init d10 + d10; **LP** 16

Traits Allure d4, Ambidextrous d2, Glory Hound d4,



Lucky d12,

Skills Athletics d6/Contortion d10/Juggling d8, Covert d6/Disguise d8/Pickpocketing d10/Stealth d8/ Streetwise d10, Discipline d6/Concentration d8, Influence d6/Conversation d8/Persuasion d10/ Seduction d10, Knowledge d6/Philosophy d8, Lore d6/Demons d8/Symbols d8, Mechanic d6, Medicine d4, Melee Weapons d6, Perception d6/Empathy d10/ Read Lips d8, Performance d6/Acting d8/Sleight of Hand d10/Stage Magic d12, Ranged Weapons d6/ Throwing Knives d10, Science d6, Tech d6, Unarmed Combat d4.

Attacks The mystic attacks with his art, making people look foolish and himself better.

THE HAG WITCH IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING

Description The hag is a witch who is centuries old, and were it not for the magic they employ to disguise their appearance most people would recoil in horror. As masters of disguise, a hag might wrap herself in the form of a beautiful woman or man, thereby gaining the Allure trait as you see fit.

Motivation She has devoted herself body and soul to her dark power and has been given abilities for her devotion and sacrifice. Her knowledge of the arts arcane isn't to be trifled with.

Limitations The hag is cloaked in lies, both mystical and mundane. Lies, no matter how complicated, can often be sifted through or unraveled.

Agi d8 **Str** d6 **Vit** d8 **Ale** d8 **Int** d8 **Wil** d10 **Init** d8 + d8; **LP** 20

Traits Danger Sense d4, Devoted (Dark Master) d6, Tough d4, Uncommon Knowledge d4

Demonic Traits Telekinesis d8

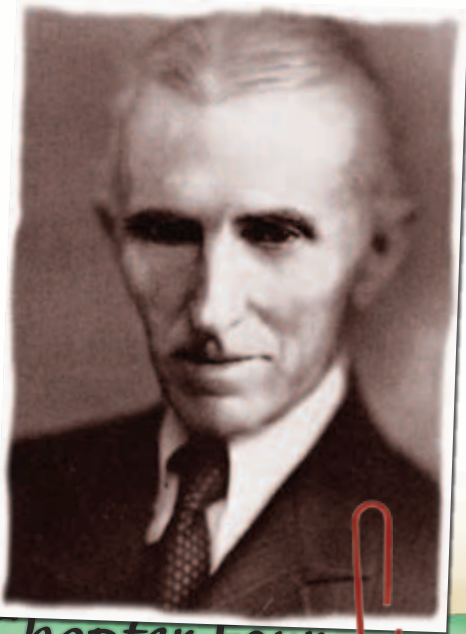
Skills Animals d6, Artistry d6/Painting d8, Athletics d6, Covert d6/Disguise d10/Stealth d8, Craft d6/Hex Bags d12, Discipline d6/Concentration d8/Resistance d8, Influence d6/Barter d10/Persuasion d10, Knowledge d6/History d8/Religion d8, Lore d6/Demons d10/Mythology d8/Superstitions d10/Rituals d10/Symbols d10, Medicine d6, Melee Weapons d6/Knives d8, Perception d6, Survival d6, Unarmed Combat d6

Attacks Unless they are trying to maintain their disguise, the hag will use her telekinesis abilities or magic rituals to attack their foes. If need be they will use a knife or gun, however.

WITCH NEXT DOOR THE PROM WITCH

Description The witch next door is the belle of the school. She's the prom queen, head cheerleader and she's dating the quarterback of the football team.

Motivation Popularity and success. That's all she cares about. It might be that she got all of her popularity and good fortune by appeasing some demon, or she may have already had it all and simply wanted more. Whatever the case, she's a grade-A bitch with darkness deep down in her soul.



Limitations The witch next door is a minor, so she's got to deal within certain rules, but her powers and rituals can circumvent those rules. More importantly she has to adhere to the laws of the jungle that rule over the average high school kid's life.

Agi d8 **Str** d4 **Vit** d6 **Ale** d6 **Int** d6 **Wil** d6 **Init** d8 + d6; **LP** 12

Traits Allure d4, Clairvoyant d4, Glory Hound d2

Skills Animals d6/Riding d8, Artistry d6, Athletics d6/Gymnastics d10/Running d8, Covert d4, Craft d6, Discipline d6/Morale d8, Drive d4, Influence d6/Conversation d8/Seduction d8, Knowledge d4, Lore d4, Perception d6, Performance d6/Cheering d10, Tech d4

Attacks The witch next door will mock and attack verbally, saving her real attack when she can privately invoke the name of her master against her victim.

The Business of Evil

There's money to be made in the Dark Arts, if you know how to spin it. This means a hunter has to wrestle with white-collar wickedness from time to time, and these bastards usually have a lot more money and resources than the average cultist or demon-worshipper. Now, not every CEO has a deal with the Devil, of course, but don't be too surprised if half of the country's wealthy management types are plugged into that nasty outlet.

CORPORATE GO GETTER INHUMAN RESOURCE

Description The inhuman resource is a corporate hellhound. They are typically attractive and well spoken. They may not be as talented as some, but they know how to work with what they've got, and what they don't have they'll sell their souls to get.

Motivation They want to be at the top of their game and the top of their field. Ultimately they want to be the Fortune 500 guys.

Limitations The corporate go getter is little more than a human with some knowledge about magic and rituals. Often times they know just enough to be a danger to themselves.

Agi d6 **Str** d6 **Vit** d6 **Ale** d6 **Int** d8 **Wil** d8 **Init** d6 + d6; **LP** 14

Traits Allure d4, Reputation ("Go Getter") d6

Skills Discipline d6/Morale d8, Influence d6/Administration d10/Bureaucracy d8/Interrogation d8/Persuasion d8, Knowledge d6/Business d10, Lore d6/Symbols d8, Perception d6/Intuition d8/Investigation d10, Tech d6/Hacking d10.

Attacks They steal concepts and ideas, using them as their own while smiling the entire time. They'll use racquetball court chitchat and spin yarns around the water-cooler to sow seeds of destruction and doubt.

FORTUNE 500 WARLOCK MASTER MANIPULATOR

Description The Fortune 500 warlock is a distinguished looking man in his early 50's but could well reach into his mid 70's.

Motivation The Fortune 500 knows that power is what is important. Money and prestige will follow if you have power. The Fortune 500 corporate pact maker has not only sold his soul for power, but he's tricked dozens of others to do so too, probably without them even realizing what they have done. He knows he's going to hell, so he's enjoying the life he's bargained for. He knows that as long as he keeps performing, his demon master will extend his contract out further and further.

Limitations This is an agent of darkness at the top of his game. He's got the big house, mistresses galore, the trophy wife and four Italian and German cars in the garage of his summer home in the Hamptons. The Fortune 500 is often too confident in his abilities and connections and powers. He's been at the top just long enough to forget what a threat from the bottom might look like.

Agi d6 **Str** d6 **Vit** d6 **Ale** d8 **Int** d10 **Wil** d10

Init d6 + d8; **LP** 16

Traits Allure d4, Contacts (Corporate) d6, Cool Under Fire d2, Dark Secret d4, Greedy d4, Higher Education d6, Overconfident d6, Reputation d6, Wealthy d8, Unbreakable Will d4

Demonic Traits Telekinesis d4

Skills Athletics d6, Discipline d6/Intimidation d12/Resistance d10, Influence d6/Administration d10/Conversation d10/Interrogation d8/Intimidation d10/Leadership d10, Knowledge d6/Business d12/Law d10, Lore d6/Demons d8/Superstitions d8, Melee Weapons d6/Knives d8, Perception d6/Intuition d10, Pilot d6/Private Jet d10, Science d6, Tech d6.

Attacks The Fortune 500 is a man of power and means and has the appropriate level of security. He would rather not get his hands dirty.

THE LAWYER THE DEVIL'S BARRISTER

Description The lawyer will be well groomed and well spoken.

Motivation Evil lawyer might be an oxymoron, but this guy or gal has signed a contract to sell their soul to the devil in order gain money, power and reputation. They might be practicing on their own, or they might be a part of an immense firm, which in and of itself might be a hotbed of demonic and occult activity. Alternatively, the lawyer could be working in the public domain (say in the district attorney's office), perhaps using the power and authority gained there as a springboard into politics.

Limitations The lawyer must act within a certain set of parameters and uphold a certain reputation, especially if they have their sights set on higher and more public offices.

Agi d6 **Str** d6 **Vit** d6 **Ale** d6 **Int** d10 **Wil** d6

Init d6 + d6; **LP** 12

Traits Contacts d2, Talented (Law & Oratory) d4, Wealthy d4

Skills Athletics d6, Discipline d6, Influence d6/Bureaucracy d8/Haggling d10/Persuasion d8, Knowledge d6/Law d10, Lore d6/Demons d8, Perception d6/Intuition d8/Investigation d8, Performance d6/Oratory d10.

Attacks The lawyer will come at you with...not surprisingly...the law. Hunters operate inside the shadows and outside the law acting in a vigilante manner. The lawyer will bring the sword and scales of the justice system down on them. He'll sue them, set the cops on them, and generally make their life a living hell. And then he'll issue a press conference.

Grimoires, Tomes, and PDFs

Hunters spend more time doing research than just about anything else (other than driving, that is), much in the same way that cops do paperwork more than anything else (insert doughnut joke here). Only by carrying out due diligence are hunters able to correctly identify their prey and deal with it properly.

There are untold numbers of books, tomes, grimoires, manuals and scrolls describing various bits of stories, lore, spells, rituals and everything else having to do with the supernatural. Many complement one another, but unfortunately many also contradict one another, so it can often be very difficult to determine what bit of lore or knowledge may be the truth of a matter. "Just because its written doesn't make it true," so the adage goes. Often times a book or tome on a subject might have but one kernel of truth in it, the problem is the hunters have to have the patience to find it and the insight to see it for what it is.

Most texts on the occult are rare, and there are a number of them that are one-of-a-kind due to book burnings, time and other tragedies (natural and unnatural). More established hunters typically have a few books they consistently rely upon, but many books are lost to private libraries and collectors or private institutions.

With the advent of the computer, the Internet and scanning-to-text technology, some texts have been saved in an electronic format and shared on web pages or in the form of PDFs (or portable document files). This technology is new however and just only starting to gain popularity as the next generation of hunters comes into the field.

Rituals in the Game

Rituals in *Supernatural* are a plot device most of the time. They're a means for hunters to confine or defeat a given ghost, demon or other type of monster that can't be defeated by the



weapons of man. They are often played out with one hunter performing the ritual as other hunters try to hold back the darkness until the ritual can be completed. Rituals, if done correctly, can be just as dramatic in the role playing game as they are on television.

In the *Supernatural RPG*, rituals are performed through complex actions, meaning they are activities that take several actions to perform over a longer period of time, with each roll of the dice adding to the previous until a larger difficulty number, called a Threshold, is achieved. Complex actions are explained in full on page 77 of the *Supernatural RPG*.

Dramatic action in role playing games is most often boiled down to the roll of the dice: Does the action succeed or not? If not, what is the consequence of failure? Sometimes performing a ritual isn't dramatic; during these times a Game Master should forgo the rolling of the dice. The drama is in the conversation that Dean has with the



Crossroads Demon, not the act of summoning it. Where's the drama in John Winchester failing to summon Azazel in the basement of the hospital and thereby not being able to offer his soul in exchange for the (temporary) safety of his sons?

If you're worried about the ease of use or abuse of a ritual, you can always use an allotment of Plot Points to allow the players to use a ritual. From a story perspective you should always keep in mind that things of the supernatural don't care to be summoned willy-nilly. If the hunters are starting to abuse a ritual, something big and bad could always come in and spank them for their lack of respect.

Summoning and Binding

There's hundreds of summoning and bind spells in the world of *Supernatural*; pretty much one for every demon and spirit out there. Instead of trying to list them all, here's a general guideline for summoning spells: let the hunters do so. If they have done their best to research and dig up the clues for what they are dealing with and are ready to face their demons, simply let them (perhaps telling the players to cough up a couple Plot Points). If they are willing to really piss off the demon that's been after them, let them. More often than not, the hunters are going to have the summoning ritual right in front of them, so unless they can't draw the sigil or read/speak the ritual go ahead and let it happen.

Just in case you do want a summoning spell ritual, here's an example for one. You should alter it to better reflect the theme and power of a hunter's specific foe:

GENERIC SUMMONING RITUAL

Components A specialized sigil must be drawn, candles lit and other sundries (herbs, etc.) placed as per the ritual. Average Threshold for setting up the ritual using Alertness + Artistry or Craft. Once set, the summoner must voice several phrases in Latin. Easy Threshold for Intelligence + Knowledge/Latin to complete the ritual. One roll per minute; no time limit, but shouldn't take more than a half-hour.

Effect With the completion of this ritual the demon appears, how it appears exactly is up to the Game Master and the style of the demon in question.

Botch A botch might get you another demon altogether, or worse yet, might send you to him (assuming he's on Earth and not in Hell (or Hoboken, NJ, of course.)

Binding, on the other hand is probably a different story. Binding a demon or ghost against its will should be very dramatic. Like summoning spells, there are many spells that relate to binding, most directed at a specific target. There's a few that can bind a multitude of demons or ghosts but they are far and rare. The Devil's Trap ritual seems to work pretty well against demons, or at least the

demons seen on the show. But who's to say that a group of hunters couldn't encounter a demon that isn't trapped by the sigil? Imagine the player's faces when the demon they've captured stops pretending to be trapped.

Binding spells are best used as devices to immobilize a demon until a proper exorcism ritual can be performed, with the risk of the demon ripping your limbs off. If they haven't been too abused, the exorcised person might have a chance of surviving the exorcism if done in the proper fashion.

DEVIL'S TRAP

Components A complex sigil must be drawn. Average to Heroic Threshold depending upon the size and materials being used to set the ritual up using Alertness + Artistry or Craft. Devil's Traps can be drawn, painted, carved or even cut from steel. The more complex the material, the more difficult it should be. One roll per five minutes; no time limit.

Effect With the successful completion of this ritual any demon that crosses into the sigil's area is trapped within it and rendered powerless. Hunters will have to take care to hide or disguise their trap. A demon who sees the trap is going to be able to avoid stepping in it.

Botch A botched result would yield some overconfident hunters getting a large serving of humble pie.

SPIRIT BINDING

Components A simple sigil must be drawn, three candles lit along with some herbs. Average Threshold to perform the set-up ritual, using Alertness + Artistry or Craft. You will also need two copper bowls filled with milk. Once set-up, a complex ritual must be performed. To complete the ritual, a Hard Threshold must be achieved using Knowledge or Lore. The spirit does not appreciate what is being done and tries to stop the ritual. One roll per turn; no longer than a half hour.

Effect The successful completion of this ritual results in a ghost being physically manifested and bound to the immediate area of the sigil. They are not going to be happy, but communication is possible. When the candles burn out, the ritual is broken.

Botch A botched result sends out a supernatural pulse, perhaps calling more spirits to the location or creating a few zombies from a nearby graveyard or something similar.

Hex Bags

Hex bags are small devices crafted to a specific person, purpose or spell. They are usually small bundles of material wrapped in skin or hide. Most hex bags are not so much the spells themselves as much as they are a component of a



larger spell, typically used as a targeting device for greater magic. The components of a given bag depend entirely upon the objective of the bag's creator and the various spells they are using.

When the hunters are attacked with a ritual, Hex bags are an excellent plot device that allows them the chance to stop the effect or ritual. You might give them the ability to add a +1 Skill step to any Lore action taken when using them as the focus for a ritual.

The Lesser Key of...

This isn't really an exhaustive list of ceremonial rites, not like you'd find in any reputable (or disreputable) grimoire or tome. But it's a good selection, enough to get by. With these, you should be able to impress a coven of warlocks for about 5 minutes before you need to whip out the guns.

ANASAZI WARD AGAINST EVIL

Components Drawing the sigil several times around an area is an Average Threshold to perform the set-up ritual, using Alertness + Artistry or Craft for each sigil drawn. One roll per turn; no longer than a few minutes.

Effect This ritual is composed of drawing a specific pattern in irregular intervals around an area. When completed correctly, it protects the occupants of the area by blocking creatures, such as the wendigo, from entering the area.

Botch A botching result on this ritual might summon the wendigo, or it might temporarily instill the madness of the wendigo to one of the occupants of the affected area.

BLOOD-MAGIC COMMUNICATION

Components A thrice demon-cursed chalice and a half-pint to full pint of blood must be sacrificed into the chalice followed by a short set of phrases and supplications in Latin. This is an Average Threshold to perform using Knowledge + Linguistics. One roll per turn; no longer than a few minutes.

Effect This spell allows a person or demon the ability to communicate with another, ignoring all factors of distance.

Botch Botching this ritual might open up the communications to other powers or possibly to anyone whom the conversation is about. Alternatively, the caster could get arcane feedback, perhaps doing some Stun damage to them.

CURSE OF HONESTY

Components A Hard Threshold (Alertness + Lore) ritual involving white candles, an image and the name of the person written on paper, which is burned midway through the ritual. The ashes must be kept in a sacred box (Average Alertness + Craft roll) and the smoke from the burnt picture is inhaled and released as the verbal element of the ritual is recited. One roll per five minutes; no longer than a half hour.

Effect When properly done, the spell's energy (and smoke) finds the person on whom this ritual is cast and curses them with the truth. They are compelled to speak only the truth until the next full moon. It gives them the Honest to a Fault (but with a d10 value!) Complication. After the cycle passes, the spell is released. Not saying anything is perfectly fine, hence the saying, "If you have nothing nice to say, better to say nothing at all."

Botch A spell of this nature often backfires upon its caster, afflicting them with the same effect.

CURSE OF ILL-LUCK

Components A Hard Threshold (Alertness + Lore) ritual involving the sacrifice of a black cat and several phrases of supplication to a number of dark powers in German. A dozen herbs and items are also needed including candles and a bit of hair or fingernails from the spell's target. One roll per ten minutes; no longer than an hour. Also, a special hex bag must be made (Hard Difficulty check with Intelligence + Lore and Alertness + Craft) and placed near the person.

Effect When a person is inflicted with this curse, they begin to have terrible luck. This lasts for four days, an unlucky number in Germany. This is probably best simulated with the Rotten Luck Complication, but the GM can ask you to reroll any roll within the effect's duration by giving you a Plot Point.

The Dilemma

Monsters and demons in *Supernatural* are two things. The first is a source for horror and creeps as well as for action. Something has to spill blood. Dean and Sam need to fight something.

The monsters are also there to help provide a moral to the story. Can vampires and humans co-exist? Is everything they kill evil? In essence, what happens to some of the monsters really doesn't matter, but what we learn about the characters or how the monsters change the hunters does matter. Doc Benton shows us that Sam is willing to take a step to the dark side to save his brother, and Dean isn't willing to become a monster to cheat his way out of the contract that Lilith holds over him.

At the moment of the drama, Doc Benton represents immortality, therefore he cannot die. If he can die, and Dean becomes like him, then Dean can die, too... which negates the whole point of Sam's perspective in the episode. Since the drama, in part, hinges upon how Doc Benton can't be killed, the boys have to dispose of him in another manner, which is to bury him away forever.

Other hunters who encounter Doc Benton (or something like him) might decide to try and incinerate him in some fashion, the idea being if he's dust in the wind, he's dead. How does the Doc come back from that, or from being blown to pieces? Point in fact is, maybe he simply doesn't. If there's no body, there's no life.

What you really need to look at when it comes to Doc Benton (or something like him) is what he represents in your story, what is the **real** dilemma or objective you are trying to achieve. If the objective is to kill him, then he's dead if you drop him in acid. If it isn't, then he takes an acid bath, gets out, towels off and proceeds to beat your hunters down.

Botch Luck and fate are mysterious to say the least, messing with them brings the worst back upon the caster if they are not careful. Alternatively, the target of the spell might become lucky.

CURSE OF ILLITERACY

Components An Average Threshold (Alertness + Lore) ritual involving the burning of a book that has been dabbed with the blood of the target while reciting (not reading) phrases in Latin. One roll per minute; no longer than a minute or two. Also, a hex bag must be made (Average Difficulty check with Intelligence + Lore and Alertness + Craft) and placed near the person.

Effect Until the next time that the sun crosses the horizon, the target of the ritual is unable to comprehend the written word. They can see it, but it no longer has any meaning to them.

Botch A botched ritual could result in the caster being unable to read or perhaps even blinded. A worst case scenario might result in all the books in the room catching fire simultaneously. (Nice Game Masters might allow magical texts some sort of roll to avoid this fate, being “possibly protected” works and all.)

CURSED OBJECT CLEANSING RITUAL

Components A ritual that involves the destruction of a cursed item. The cursed item is burned at night in a cemetery hole with several herbs and components including bone ash and cayenne pepper. An Average Threshold (Alertness + Lore) ritual. One roll per minute; no longer than a minute or two.

Effect When the cursed item is destroyed, the curse is lifted from those under its effect.

Botch The item is destroyed and the person under the curse is cured, but they now become a carrier of the curse in some fashion. As long as they are within arm's reach of someone, that person is afflicted with bad luck. The carrier still suffers because they are still in proximity to the bad luck.

EXORCISM RITUAL

Components A ritual in Latin recited several times. It's an Average Threshold, one roll per turn; no time limit. A strong demon might try to counter, in which case its Willpower is rolled and the result subtracted from the complex action roll. Holy water can distract and pain a demon enough to keep it from being able to use this counter.

Effect A demon is removed from its host body and sent back to Hell.

Botch The ritual performer removes the demon from its host and they or someone nearby becomes the new host.

HOLY WATER BLESSING RITUAL

Components A few moments of prayer, a small verse in Latin, and a rosary are all that's needed. An Easy Threshold, one roll per minute; no longer than a few minutes. The rosary is left in the water.

Effect Water is turned into holy water. If it's more water than fills a large bowl, Game Masters should feel free to ask for some Plot Points, the more water the more Points needed.

Botch Unholy water!

HOME CLEANSING RITUAL

Components Hex bags must be crafted. Average Threshold check with Alertness + Craft to make several bags. A bag must be placed on every level and in each of the North, South, East and West walls of the house. The spirits possessing the house will try and stop the bags from being placed.

Effect With all the hex bags placed, the poltergeists and spirits in a house are banished and the house is cleaned.

Botch Someone in the party is possessed by the spirit while the bags are being placed.

SIGIL OF PROTECTION FROM POSSESSION

Components This ritual involves tattooing or drawing of a special sigil over the heart of a person. Average Threshold check with Alertness + Craft check. One roll per 15 minutes; no longer than a few hours. This sigil might be crafted into an amulet to be worn around the neck. It needs to be made of pure silver and submerged in holy water from one Sabbath until the next.

Effect The wearer is kept safe from possession.

Botch A botched result could broadcast a person to the supernatural. If it was a tattoo, then it must be lasered off and re-done. Ouch.

Alchemy and Mad Science

Alchemy is the study of chemical technology. In the history of science it's the precursor of modern chemistry, from making medicines, to pigments for paint, to crafting artificial precious stones. But there's also a duality to alchemy, the strange and esoteric beliefs of spiritualism and otherworldly transmutation. In other words, to study and practice alchemy is to seek out perfection.

Whether it's turning base metals like lead into pure gold or transforming the human body into perfect health and immortality, alchemy takes the unusual to the next level, to the realm of weird science. Clockwork people, golems of clay, and homunculi grown from human blood are all considered weird science.

Weird science and alchemy are a nice change of pace for a *Supernatural* game. It's technology at its heart, so it's neither good nor evil. It's defined by its use, unlike witchcraft and most ritual magic, which tend to be demonic.

Using Alchemy and Mad Science

For the most part, alchemy offers a way to step outside the usual boundaries of what's possible with the Science Skill without going full-on into Lore. It almost always involves obscure or unheard of procedures, ingredients that don't make sense, associations between elements and even psychology taken to the limits of understanding. What this means is that if you want to introduce some alchemy or mad science into the game, you can suggest any number of bizarre or odd outcomes, with the understanding that the hunters are unlikely to be able to repeat it (or if they do, they can only do it for that story and never again).

Alchemy is a great tool in the hands of antagonists. Want an immortal villain who preys on the weak or innocent? Make him a mad scientist. Doc Benton is the best example, somebody who could probably pass as completely human if you didn't take a hard look underneath the hood.

DOC BENTON IMMORTAL ENIGMA

Description Doc Benton is a patchwork of a man, composed of hundreds of parts from at least as many people. No one knows how much of him is the real Doc or something else. Doc Benton stands under six-feet tall, thin but with a strength beyond that of a man his size and stature.

Motivation Doc Benton is obsessed with life and immortality. Effectively immortal, Benton is nearly two centuries old. He's spent the last two centuries maintaining his body; seems the whole eternal life thing is very high-maintenance. Benton's more than capable of some truly horrible actions, but can be oddly compassionate to his victims. He takes what he needs from a given victim and if they can survive the ordeal he'll treat their wounds (typically with old-world medicine techniques like applying maggots to the wounds) and will even let them go, even so much as dumping them in hotel bathtubs filled with ice. On the other hand, if they die from the procedure he dumps the remains without a second thought.

Limitations Doc Benton can't be killed. You can shoot him and stab him, but death is off the table. He can be debilitated, say with chemicals and while strong, he's not inhumanly strong. He is human enough to walk the streets, though a coat and hat is needed to dim down the Frankenstein features he possesses.

Agi d6 **Str** d10 **Vit** d10 **Ale** d6 **Int** d12 **Wil** d12

Init d6+d6; **LP** 26

Traits Formidable Presence d4, Obsessed d8, Safe House d4, Talented (Medicine/Physiology & Medicine/Surgery) d6, Tough d8, Uncommon Knowledge (Alchemy) d6

Skills Athletics d4, Covert d6/Stealth d10, Discipline d6/Concentration d10, Drive d6/Car d8, Guns d4, Influence d6, Knowledge d6/Philosophy d10/Religion d8, Lore d6/Alchemy d12+d6, Medicine d6/Dentistry d8/Internal Medicine d12/Physiology d12/Surgery d12, Melee Weapons d6/Knives d10, Perception d6, Science d6/Life Sciences d8/Physical Sciences d8, Survival d6/Tracking d10, Tech d4, Unarmed Combat d6.

Attacks Doc Benton prefers non-lethal attacks, attacks that might subdue someone rather than kill them so that he can harvest what he needs to maintain himself.

Lore The following information may be acquired through investigation into Doc Benton.

- ✧ Records show that Doc Benton was born in Benton, New Hampshire.

- ✧ He abandoned a lucrative medical practice in 1816.
- ✧ He kidnaps people to harvest their organs for his own use, some of his victims survive, and some do not.
- ✧ His condition is definitely one for the books. He's not alive and he's not dead...nor is he undead. Bullets and knives don't even seem to hurt him, yet parts do stop working and he's constantly seeking new ones.

Campaign Use The Winchesters caught him and buried him alive, along with his book on alchemy. Unlike many of the villainous creatures in the series, Doc Benton is prime for a return. No doubt most of his organs are going to be dead from oxygen deprivation and will need to be replaced. Who knows, maybe a group of hunters will need to go dig him up and make a deal with him to help them defeat some other, more dangerous, threat. Doc Benton seems to have no qualms with making deals.

The Relic Hunter Campaign

Hunters. Pfft. What do they know?

Okay, sometimes they know a lot. But how do they use it?

They kill things.

Certainly, that's good. Some things need killin'. But where's the reward in that? And don't give me that old "my reward is knowing what I'm doing is right" malarkey, or that other line about "my reward is in the smile of every man, woman, and child I save." Crazy fanatical do-gooders.

I'm not sayin' the world doesn't need hunters. I'm just sayin' they're a narrow-minded, selfless lot. And more power to them. Keep on keeping the world safe. But that's not me. I'm not cut out for that heroic line. I need certain . . . creature comforts. A certain level of luxury and security. In other words? I'm in it for the money.

Is there money in killing supernatural creatures? Some. There are plenty of collectors who would love to have a real stuffed chupacabra on the wall of their den, or the head of a minotaur, or the pelt of a werewolf. But transporting supernatural remains? Disgusting.

No, better to traffic in manufactured items whenever possible. Relics. Relics are where the real money is. And they're cleaner, easier to carry, easier to sell—far less messy all around. The only trick is gettin' them. Because most relics? They're owned by the ones who created them. That's right. Monsters. Or demons. Or angels. Or witches. Or even hunters. And none of them are inclined to sell. So you have to get . . . creative.

Sometimes you can bargain for them, one relic—or something else—for what you want. Sometimes you have to steal them. Most of the time, though, the relic's already passed from its owner's hand—usually by the creator's death—and is now floating out there in the world somewhere, yours for the taking. You just have to find it. Before anyone else does.

—Bela Talbot, Dealer in Occult Artifacts

BELA TALBOT SOULLESS TREASURE HUNTER

Description Bela is a beautiful woman with brown hair and gray-green eyes. She is healthfully thin, slightly taller than average and speaks with a British accent. Bela is skilled in disguising herself, however, so it's likely hunters might find themselves facing off against someone not fitting her description.

Motivation Bela appears to be motivated by pure greed, but those who know her true story might guess that something else motivates her. Hunters in need of something from Bela better be able to pay her price, or strong or sneaky enough to steal it from her and those that do better keep an eye out for her. Most don't know that Bela sold her soul to the demon Lillith in exchange for the death of her parents, specifically her sexually abusive father. Lillith gave young Abby (Bela's real name) ten years before the demon would collect her soul. One might deduce that she turned to supernatural artifact collection as a means to stave off her impending debt. After all, if she couldn't find something to save her from Lillith, perhaps she could find things to bribe the demon with to extend her contract.

Limitations Bela is a human, and has all the graces and foibles of being so. While smart, she's got a tendency to underestimate her opponents at times.

Agi d8 **Str** d4 **Vit** d6 **Ale** d10 **Int** d8 **Wil** d8

Init d8 + d10; **LP** 14

Traits Allure d4, Contacts d6, Dark Secret d4, Greedy d4, Low Profile d6, Overconfident d4, Wealthy d8

Skills Animals d4, Athletics d6/Dodge d10, Covert d6/Disguise d10/Forgery d10/Pickpocketing d10/Safecracking d10/Stealth d10/Streetwise d10, Craft d6, Discipline d6/Intimidation d10, Drive d6/Car



d10, Guns d6/Pistols d10, Influence d6/Barter d8/Bureaucracy d10/Haggling d12/Persuasion d12/Seduction d10, Knowledge d6/Culture d8/History d8/Linguistics d10/Philosophy d8/Religion d10, Lore d6/Artifacts d12/Demons d10/Mythology d10/Rituals d10/Superstitions d10, Medicine d4, Melee Weapons d6, Perception d6/Gambling d8/Intuition d10/Investigation d10, Tech d6/Computer Programming d8/Electronics d8, Unarmed Combat d6.

Attacks It's unusual for Bela to come at something from the front unless she really believes she has the upper hand or that she feels she has no choice in the matter. Bela's primary weapon is stealth and trickery followed up by a firearm.

Lore The following information may be acquired through investigation into Bela Talbot.

- ✱ Bella's real name is Abby. She has a long list of aliases including Bela Lugosi and Nina Chandler.
- ✱ Her parents were killed in a car accident when she was 15 years old. While it was ruled so, there were questions regarding the validity of it being an accident. It's possible the brake line had been cut.
- ✱ Bela was born in 1984 and she mysteriously disappeared in 2008 in Erie, Pennsylvania.

Campaign Use The last we see of Bela is her waiting as the growls and howls of hellhounds close in on her about midway through Season Three. Prior to this point, she's a perfect character for when you want to throw the hunters for a loop. After the mid-point of Season Three, however, you're going to have to stretch to keep her from becoming dog food.

For example: perhaps one of the hunters is on Lillith's radar and she decides to give Bela one more chance to do her bidding. Maybe Lillith simply pulls Bela from Hell and let's her loose with some unknown objective in mind. *That* Bela might be a bit more tortured and unstable than the stats given below reflect.

Relic Hunter Campaigns

So how do you run a relic hunter campaign? First you need a relic or three. Plenty to choose from—just look through mythology and legends or local lore. A specter that uses a rusty old chain to shatter cars as they shoot past along the highway? Could be the specter, but chances are it's imbued that chain with most of its power. Hence, a relic. There are saintly relics, demonic relics, witches' relics—anyone with power can, in theory, put some of that into an object and fashion a relic of their own. You can have your pick of relics to offer up as tempting targets.

You should consider who or what is pursuing the relic the characters want. Do they already have a buyer lined up? If so, did the buyer ask for it specifically or is it just something that would fit nicely into the buyer's existing collection? Is this



"Bela Talbot"

Soulless Treasure Hunter

Gender: Female AGI d8 ALE d10
 Eyes: Green STR d4 INT d8
 Height: 5'8" VIT d6 WIL d8
 Weight: 110lbs

Life Points 14
 Initiative d8 + d10
 Endurance d6 + d8
 Resistance d6 + d6

Stun -> 0000000000000000
 0000000000000000 <- Wound

Skills

Animals	d4	Knowledge	d6
Athletics	d6	/Culture	d8
/Dodge	d10	/History	d8
Covert	d6	/Linguistics	d10
/Disguise	d10	/Philosophy	d8
/Forgery	d10	/Religion	d10
/Pickpocketing	d10	Lore	d6
/Safecracking	d10	/Artifacts	d12
/Stealth	d10	/Demons	d10
/Streetwise	d10	/Mythology	d10
Craft	d6	/Rituals	d10
Discipline	d6	/Superstitions	d10
/Intimidation	d10	Medicine	d4
Drive	d6	Melee Weapons	d6
/Car	d10	Perception	d6
Guns	d6	/Gambling	d8
/Pistols	d10	/Intuition	d10
Influence	d6	/Investigation	d10
/Barter	d8	Tech	d6
/Bureaucracy	d10	/Computer Programing	d8
/Haggling	d12	/Electronics	d8
/Persuasion	d12	Unarmed Combat	d6
/Seduction	d10		

Traits

Allure d4, Contacts d6, Low Profile d6, Wealthy d8
 Dark Secret d4, Greedy d4, Overconfident d4

Description

Bela is a beautiful woman with brown hair and gray-green eyes. She is healthfully thin, slightly taller than average and speaks with a British accent. Bela is skilled in disguising herself, however, so it's likely hunters might find themselves facing off against someone not fitting her description.

Motivation

Bela appears to be motivated by pure greed, but those who know her true story might guess that something else motivates her. Hunters in need of something from Bela better be able to pay her price, or strong or sneaky enough to steal it from her and those that do better keep an eye out for her. Most don't know that Bela sold her soul to the demon Lillith in exchange for the death of her parents, specifically her sexually abusive father. Lillith gave young Abby (Bela's real name) ten years before the demon would collect her soul. One might deduce that she turned to supernatural artifact collection as a means to stave off her impending debt. After all, if she couldn't find something to save her from Lillith, perhaps she could find things to bribe the demon with to extend her contract.

someone the characters've dealt with before? Smart relic hunters are careful about new clients—some of them will seek to double-cross the hunters, to keep their cash and still get the item they seek. That can make for an interesting game all of its own, as the buyer becomes a hunter in his own right, hunting the relic hunters—or steals the item and the relic hunters go after him in turn.

Then there's the question of who has the item in question. Is it still held by its creator? Has it been traded to someone else? Has it become a trophy of whoever killed the creator? Has it vanished into the annals of time, lost somewhere in the wide world?

You'll need to decide where the relic is located. The answer to the question above may determine that for you already—if a sorcerous hermit high in the Rocky Mountains created it, and he still has the relic, the characters'll know where to look for it. If it's left its original owner, think about who has it now, and how it could have gotten there.

Another question is, is it out in plain sight? Is it disguised or masked somehow? And is it protected? Does it have magical wards around it? Does it have guardians?

Part of that question also has to do with the relic itself. What are its powers? And is it still functional? Is it intact, or has part of it been damaged or removed, either intentionally or accidentally? Are the characters going to have to find various pieces and then reassemble them?

Finally, the question every relic hunter fears—who else wants it? Are there other relic hunters after it? Or hunters? Or perhaps the relic's creator is still alive and eager to regain its property? What sort of opposition do the characters face on their quest?

Because make no mistake, hunting a relic is a quest. That's what the Grail was, after all—one of the greatest relics of all time. Sure, King Arthur and his knights claimed they wanted it solely to aid in their cause and to restore it to the world, but otherwise it was exactly the same. That makes the characters like the Knights of the Round Table, chasing after the Grail. And just like the Grail Quest, it's always a race. The characters only get the glory—and the cash—if they get to it first.

You have a few options for a relic hunter campaign. One is to just let the characters go after any relic they hear about, each one its own quest. Relic hunting is a business, after all. They might be hip-deep in voodoo charms (the real ones) one week, and tracking the Spear of Destiny the next. The jobs don't have to be connected at all except for the fact that the characters plan to complete them all. If you're going this route, you'll want to have a whole bunch of relics seeded around the world, so the characters can find different ones depending upon how and where they look. It won't really matter what order they find the relics in, though.

Then you could have a more directed campaign. Maybe the characters are working for one particular collector who's given them an entire list of items to acquire. And they're going after those relics, one by one. The question there is, why does this guy suddenly have such a hankering for every Aztec war relic he can find? Is he really just a collector with a new obsession, or does he genuinely believe he's the reincarnation of Huitzilopochtli? If it's the latter, the characters might want to worry—Aztec war gods weren't known for paying well. They were far more likely to carve out your heart after you were done. And that was if you'd done a good job.

You'll need to set up the buyer well in advance, and know his ultimate goals. Is he the real deal or a real nutjob? Does he plan to double-cross them? And, since collectors are a jealous lot, does he have a rival after the same pieces? Are there other relic hunters on the same trail?

But maybe there's no buyer yet. Maybe the characters simply get a line on several connected relics. If they can collect them all, they can sell them as a set. Far more money that way than trying to sell them piecemeal—most high-end collectors are all about having a complete collection.

Of course, going after the first relic in that group will draw some attention from anyone else after them. So the more of those pieces the characters collect, the more they become a target themselves. You'll need to know exactly who else is out there gunning for those same relics, and what steps they'll take to ensure they're the ones with the collection when the dust settles.

The other possibility is that you send the characters after a single, powerful relic—and it keeps moving on them. Or it's in pieces and so they have to collect them all. Some relics are worth that much effort. Samuel Colt's pistol, for example. The only gun known to be able to kill anything, including demons. For the price that weapon fetches, it's well worth following it around the globe, if necessary.

Of course, something that useful's gonna have a whole lot of interest from a whole lot of people. Not just other relic hunters but full-on hunters, and maybe monsters as well. After all, every demon wants to get its hands on the Colt, if only to be the one who destroys it.

Half the fun of a relic hunter campaign is the opposition. Make it a real challenge for the players. Give them opponents who're just as smart, just as resourceful, just as talented—and who may have relics at their disposal. If hunting relics was easy, they wouldn't be worth so much money—or be so much fun to collect.

APPENDIX I: CREATING THREATS

Even with all of the creatures, cryptids, and cultists described in this book and in the *Supernatural RPG*, any Game Master's going to want to come up with new things for hunters to hunt or get horribly torn limb-from-limb by. The Cortex System that *Supernatural* uses isn't as complicated as many other systems are, but it's good to have some guidelines for putting together a custom job. This appendix takes all of this in mind and provides you with a selection of ideas, hooks, rulesy bits, and guidance so that when you come up with your own demonic hell-beasts and spectral apparitions, you're not stumbling about in the dark.

The Concept

So you've got an adventure to plan for the game next Thursday night and none of the demons, ghosts, and monsters in this book really do it for you. Maybe you're hoping to surprise the players with something they've never seen on the show, or you're thinking about taking the hunt in a new direction. First order of business is the **concept**, the nutshell version of the monster that drives the rest of the decision-making process. Monsters in *Supernatural* can be broken down into a handful of types, as you've already seen by the way this book is organized: ghosts, wraiths, specters, and other examples of the dead coming back for round two; demons and angels and other forces from Heaven and Hell; mutants and abominations and Things Men Weren't Meant To Know; and your run-of-the-mill dude with a *Book of Shadows* and a grudge. You can probably use those as a starting point, and chances are the demonic or the monstrous are going to be the most likely candidates. Still, here are some ideas.

The Undead

It was alive, but it died, and now it's back with a vengeance. There are easily a thousand different kinds of ghosts and unquiet dead things in the lore, although they share a lot in common. The Spirit Trait can be used as a baseline for all kinds of things, and Chapter One of this book provides some examples. When something comes back, it's usually bad news, and it's not hard for a hunter to finger the threat as something worth wiping out. After all, once you're dead, you really shouldn't be coming back for another go-round. Unless you got a Get Out Of Hell pass, maybe. Ghosts and specters are great threats, and so lumping your original creation in amongst the Choir Invisible isn't a bad start.

Demonic Entities

Even better than ghosts, are things that come from somewhere else. Whether it's Hell, Heaven, the Happy Hunting Grounds, or Fairyland, a threat that passes into our world from another one is a sure-fire target for hunters. It's worth considering how the threat fits into the overall scheme of things, since *Supernatural's* mythology is definitely a big part of the appeal (see below). You don't want to overdo it with horrors coming in through cracks in reality and all of that. Often, a demon's just as good for most hunts, since they're flexible and come in a whole range of nasty flavors. But you might not want the players to be so easily tipped off about the threat's weaknesses. Take a look at the daeva, for example—it's a big demonic threat, but it's not a vanilla demon. Even djinns and rakshasas could be categorized as demonic entities, depending on what lore you choose.

Twisted Nature

This sort of monster's fun for a single night's Monster of the Week story: Some animal or plant gets warped by who knows what, births a monstrous child that grows up in the dark woods and now feeds off the locals; a creepy gill-man is sighted by a lake, eating fish with a leech-like mouth. Whatever it is, it's not natural, but it's not from another plane of existence either. Twisted nature's a good way to bring some tragedy and pathos into the story. They didn't ask to be born this way, or have their small and isolated wildlife preserve cruelly torn down by clumsy humans. Of course they're angry! Taking one of the mundane animals in the *Supernatural RPG* and adding some weird ability or attack to it is a piece of cake. Then you just have to describe it in some horrific or nauseating fashion, have it plow through some innocents, and the hunt is on.

Mortal Danger

Don't just stop at cultists, Satanic priests and marginalized teenagers with too much knowledge. Humanity is a whole category of monster all by itself. Chapter Four goes over a lot of popular archetypes, but if you read any true crime book or watch a serial killer thriller, you'll see even more possibilities right in front of you. While it's a bit Saturday morning cartoon, the idea of some horrific threat turning out to be a dude using special effects or a Halloween costume is a great twist if you use it sparingly. A similar idea is for the "monster" not to be the

actual threat, but rather some corporate douchebag or circus owner who's been trying to market/capitalize/exploit the thing. If the story works out the way it often does, this guy gets what's coming to him.

The Mythology

So you have a concept, right? Some vague idea of what you want this new threat to be? Now you need to consider the mythology of the show. This is a big part of what makes the game feel like *Supernatural*, as opposed to any other modern-day horror-action RPG with muscle cars and rock salt. While it's a big wide world of scary, some things just have their place, and you have to put them in it. Part of it's the type of threat you went with when conceptualizing it, but it's also really important to determine if what you're introducing to the players is going to play a big part of the ongoing storylines, or if it's just something to let them shoot at for a few hours this week.

The One-Off

Any singular threat can be a one-shot deal. This is especially true for cryptids and freaks of nature, but it can work for demonic forces too. You can go right off the reservation with a one-off creature, because if it's only going to show up the one time it can afford to be a little out of the ordinary (even for *Supernatural*). You must give it a specific story purpose, however, or else it's just a random monster with nothing to do. It doesn't hurt to tie it even a little bit loosely to the big picture, either, because while it's never going to show up in the campaign again it might have a lot of influence over what happens later.

Doc Benton, the Jersey Devil, and the cursed wishing well are all great examples of one-off threats. We're not likely to see very many more immortal self-Frankenstein chop-shoppers on the show, for example, and a bat-winged kangaroo monster is . . . what it is.

Recurring Threats

These are the sort of thing you might see showing up from time to time in different stories, with the hunters getting to know their strengths and weaknesses and how to deal with them. There's a sense that there's more than one of them in the supernatural world, even if they're rare as all get out. Demons are the poster boys (and girls) of recurring threats, but vampires, shapeshifters, and disgruntled pagan gods are all good examples. When you decide to go with something that has a species or a number of others of its kind, it's best to attach it firmly to some folklore or urban legend as well as consider how it fits in with the show's other recurring threats. If there are hidden enclaves of them all around, what role do they play in the coming Apocalypse scenario? How do they interact with demons, ritual magic, and hunters? If they're brand new, how are they going to change things from now on?

The introduction of angels to the ongoing mythology is a good example of how to work a recurring threat into the storyline. Hunters thought they were a myth, and even if they were familiar with angelic lore they probably still wouldn't have known exactly how the angels manifested, behaved, or what they have planned.

Scaling the Threat

Once you have a concept and know how the threat's going to fit into the larger storyline, your next task is to decide just how big this bad is. Threats come in a whole range of power scales, from the relatively innocuous to the downright godlike and world-ending. Remember, it's not a threat if it doesn't provide some measure of challenge, but the question of how powerful it is compared to the hunters demands an answer.

Minor Threats

A single hunter with the right tools and a good night can probably take out a minor threat. This includes your recently turned vampires, a cultist with a knife, or an annoying but not necessarily deadly ghost. Minor threats serve two primary purposes: they're good for softening up hunters before the big threat is revealed; and they can appear in larger numbers. Your hunters can probably take out a single werewolf, but a whole pack of them is nothing to sneeze at, allergies notwithstanding. Minor threats will rarely have attacks, Attributes, or Skills higher than a d10, and if they're vulnerable to something it's likely to be in a hunter's standard duffle of gear. Almost all mortal threats are minor threats unless they're well trained or very experienced.

Major Threats

This includes most of the singular threats that hunters run into week-to-week, including demons, ghosts, and anything strong enough to have minions. A major threat should generally show up early in the adventure to freak out the hunters and then be absent until the climax. Major threats have multiple kinds of attacks and special qualities that keep it from being hurt by most mundane violence. They also have a hefty amount of lore. A pair of hunters with advance planning and some appropriate weapons should be able to confront a major threat and take it down, unless they really botch the job. But it won't go down without dishing out a little hurt first. Don't be afraid to give a major threat at least one d12 + d2 or greater Attribute or Skill, as well as some kind of attack or supernatural power that affects a whole gang of hunters at once. Failing that, give them command over lots of minions.

Mega-Bad Threats

These are the villains and antagonists that the hunters get wind of early in the campaign and slowly uncover more information about as they take on other jobs and fight less-powerful creatures. You should always have at least one mega-bad threat sitting out there, pulling strings, menacing the supporting characters off-screen, and giving shape to the long-term story. The Yellow-Eyed Demon, Lilith, and Lucifer are all obvious examples. The Trickster was certainly a mega-bad threat, but his story unfolded in a somewhat different track much later when things came together. The key to creating a mega-bad threat is to make it very hard to kill (give it an Armor Rating, the ability to ignore Stun and some Wound, etc.) and giving it beefy Attributes, Skills, and attacks. Mega-bad threats need to demonstrate their power at some point, maybe by killing off a beloved supporting character or even a player hunter. The players need to know that they have to tread carefully and do their research.

The Anatomy of a Threat

This is where the rubber meets the road for many Game Masters: the game stats and how the concept translates into numbers and dice. Once you have the monster's concept, you should take some time to write up a **Description** and **Motivation** based on the concept work you've already done. You can come back later and change this if you find the stat block warrants a little more explanation. Which brings us to . . .

The Stat Block Revisited

Every threat in the game needs a **stat block**, a write-up in game terms that summarizes everything from its core Attributes to its special attacks and the folklore or rumors attached to it. This book is full of examples. The key thing you might notice about them is that there's no point value associated with any monster or threat, unlike hunters, who are built on pools of points at character creation. You are completely within your rights to break certain limits and restrictions when you design a monster's stat block, whether it's giving it more Assets than Complications, or leaving out Life Points altogether (as is the case with ghosts). The downside to this is that there's no easy benchmark of how powerful or weak the creature is other than to look at how many Traits, Attributes, Skills, and attacks it has that are rated above d8 or d10.

So why is the monster stat block not standardized with points? The simple answer to this is that monsters, demons, vampires, and spooks aren't supposed to be played session after session by a player. They aren't going to see as wide a variety of stories, they're not really expected to grow or develop, and they exist primarily to get taken down by the hunters (or not, as the case may be.) You can fudge the stat blocks that appear in print, although you should probably not arbitrarily adjust their stats in the middle of an encounter (that's

a kind of professional dishonesty, even if it's often used for noble reasons.) What this means is that if the monster is missing a specific Skill or doesn't have an Asset that it would make sense for it to have, it's not a big deal to just scribble it in before the hunters come face to face with it.

The following sections cover aspects of the stat block in more detail, and give you some food for thought when writing up the threat's game stats.

Attributes, Skills, and Traits

It's probably best to start by assigning dice ratings to your new creature's Attributes, Skills, and any Traits (Assets and Complications) you want it to have. These form the core of the creature's effectiveness in the game.

Attributes combine to determine Initiative and Life Points, and they're the basis for all actions. If you're in a hurry and the monster is more of a minor obstacle than a full-on threat, you can simplify them into Physical and Mental, giving each a die rating (like Physical d6, Mental d8). Most of the time, however, you'll assign all six Attributes a die rating based on the concept. A good rule of thumb is to start with a default d6, and kick some of them up or down by one or two steps. Ghosts and other intangible creatures won't have Agility, Strength, or Vitality scores; mindless threats won't have Intelligence or even Alertness and Willpower scores. A rating of d12 or higher is significant; a rating of d4 or lower is, too. It's not a bad idea to give the monster at least one weak or ineffective Attribute, even if this means it's a d6 where the rest are d8s, d10s, and d12s.

Skills should be chosen based on what you want the monster to do in the game, not necessarily what you'd give the monster when it's hanging out in its monster lair, doing its monster thing away from hunters and supporting characters. Thus, you're rarely going to assign dice to something like Heavy Weapons, Science, or Tech. Good ones to consider are Athletics, Covert, Discipline, Influence, Perception, and Unarmed Combat. If the threat does anything that falls under these Skills on a routine basis, give them a d6 and choose Specialty Skills from each General Skill's list, as appropriate. Specialties can and often do go as high as d12, but it's enough to make them d8 (proficient) or d10 (expert).

Traits may be chosen from the Assets and Complications lists in Chapter Four of the *Supernatural RPG*, as well as from some of the monster descriptions in this book. Again, you don't have to balance out or "pay" for these, but you should go with Assets that accentuate things that support your concept for the monster. Good choices for any threat include Danger Sense, Fast On Your Feet, Formidable Presence, Sharp Sense, and Tough. If you're adding Complications, they should be interesting and entertaining for the players to uncover and exploit: Anger Issues, Curse, Dark Secret, Fugly, and Out For Blood are all common Complications.

Powers, Abilities, and Attacks

Every threat has Attributes, even many Skills and Traits, but what usually sets them apart from one another in game mechanic terms are their special powers and attacks. If you take a look at the creatures in this book and the *Supernatural RPG*, you get a fair sense of how these work. Some of them are written up as new Traits, like Spirit or Angelic Wings, while others are included under the Attacks entry. Others appear as general game rules in the “In the Game” section before the stat block. It doesn’t really matter where you make note of these things, but be sure it’s accessible and you have a reminder of what the power or attack does and how it is applied to the game as you’re running it.

DEFENSIVE POWERS

A defensive ability is something that keeps the threat from getting nailed in the first couple of turns that the shotguns come out and the dice start rolling. The most common option is to change how the creature gets hurt. This is more satisfying than just giving the monster some Armor Rating, because the players can see that their attacks did something even if it’s not quite as potent as they would have liked. Converting all Wound damage to Stun and ignoring Stun is one way to do this. Recovering Stun much, much faster than normal is another. You can split the difference, and have a creature recover quickly from Wound damage (like 1 point per turn) and be immune to Stun. All of these work, but you need to provide some kind of exception to Achilles’ Heel (see Limitations and Vulnerabilities, below).

An alternative defensive power is a bonus of some kind to avoid attacks, such as a Trait that lets you add the die rating to a dodge action. The “blink” feature of the Spirit Trait is an example of this. The creature might be blindingly fast, or intangible, or exist a half-second in the future. The downside to this sort of ability is that it can really frustrate the players, so make sure there’s a solution the hunters can uncover: Salting and burning the bones, for instance, or being able to confuse or incapacitate the creature with clever words and fast-talk.

OFFENSIVE POWERS

An offensive power is what it sounds like: usually an attack, but always a means for a creature to harm or hinder the hunters. Offensive abilities can be as simple as a bite or claw (in which case they usually do Wound or Basic damage from d2 to d6, occasionally greater) and paired with Unarmed Combat, or they can be something more elaborate. Ranged attacks, also rated in terms of how much damage they do, may be described in a number of ways (fire-breathing, acid spit, gusts of wind, projectile needles, etc). Poisons that force the victim to make a Resistance action to overcome their toxicity can be combined with other more mundane attack forms, also.

The more attacks you give a threat, the more dangerous they are. However, it’s also true that the more attacks you give a threat, the more book-keeping you may have to make. It’s best to focus on one or two offensive powers, give them a die rating or attach them to a Skill, and go from there. You have the ability to tweak a monster’s offensive capability by increasing or decreasing damage, examining how effective their offensive Skills are, and so on. If a creature has Unarmed Combat d6/Claws d12 but claws that dish out d2 W, most of the monster’s claw damage will come from the result of the attack. On the other hand, a d4 Unarmed Combat and d8 W claws may not result in a lot of successful attacks but the actual damage is going to be significant.

MOVEMENT POWERS

Most threats can move around, run, sprint, the usual. Some, however, have other ways to get from place to place—or to get into range to dish out their offensive powers. A movement power might just be the ability to fly, swim fast, or burrow beneath the ground; otherwise, it’s something really supernatural, such as walking through walls or teleporting. You don’t usually need to give movement powers dice ratings, but it’s useful to rate them in terms of feet per turn. Demons in smoke form travel at 45 feet per turn as their base speed, which is three times as fast as a human; ghosts can instantly teleport 20 feet to get out of the way of attacks.

Some threats can’t move at all except in their weird supernatural way (like demons in smoke form), so in this case the movement power is just a replacement for normal walking and running. This may work better with your threat’s concept than piling on multiple forms of movement, which just complicates the threat’s stat block and the game itself.

RULE-BREAKERS

These powers are all about changing the way the creature interacts with the hunters or the world around it. These creatures can break the rules most mundane creatures can’t. At the extreme level, this is what djinns and Tricksters do: alter reality, grant wishes, or ignore the laws of physics. Most creatures don’t get this powerful, though, so you see things like shapeshifting, possession, and telekinesis instead. If you give a threat something like this, it often becomes their trump card, the thing they do that sets them apart from mundane threats and makes them extra tricky. It can overshadow the concept if it isn’t directly connected to it, however. Making a murderous imp also capable of changing lead into gold means it’s actually an imp that changes lead into gold, not one known for being vicious.

Filing Off the Serial Numbers

So you're looking over the contents of this book and seeing some really interesting monsters, but you just don't know if you can use them based on their lore or description. You might have thought, "This thing looks good, stat-wise, but I don't know about the text that says it leaves behind black slime and haunts the Pacific Northwest. How can I change that?" Short answer: Replace the color text. Remember, monsters, characters, even adventures are fiction hanging on game mechanics, and you can always switch things around if you don't have a lot of time or the flavor doesn't quite work. Stripped of all the story-stuff, a ghost is just something that doesn't have any physical Attributes and can fling things around with its Willpower. You could use the same statistics to describe any number of things, from a spiritual virus to a dream demon.

The easiest thing to change, if you don't want to get rid of the whole write-up, is the lore or background. There's no reason you can't take a ghost from one scenario, change the description and maybe one or two Skills, and then use it for another adventure. In a pinch, this is how many Game Masters prepare for an evening of gaming when their time is limited, so don't be afraid to get out that file and apply it.

See "Improvising Monsters" for more suggestions on how to make threats up on the fly.

Rule-breaking powers don't have to have die traits associated to them but there should be some kind of standard action to use them in opposition to the hunters' actions. Alternately, they're entirely story-driven *deus ex machina* things, in which case it's pointless to rate them in dice.

Limitations and Vulnerabilities

The more you add to a creature's laundry list of powers and attacks, the more you need to think about how the hunters are going to get the drop on this beast. Everything has a weak spot, even if it's as obscure and hard to acquire as a wooden stake dipped in the blood of a creature's last victim, or a weapon blessed by a specific kind of priest. If your threat has a potent ability to ignore damage, it becomes even more necessary to provide a weakness like this. These are vulnerabilities, things the threat is weak against. You can have the vulnerability translate to "this defensive option doesn't work" or go all out and have it be "take d4 additional damage from attacks made using this weapon" or "destroyed by this kind of ritual."

Limitations arise from the concept, also. Ghosts can't pick things up and manipulate things in the same way as normal people do. Demons need to find a body in order to get around.

You can model many limitations on Complications, where a die rating is added to Difficulty, or something is otherwise negatively impacted. You can also represent limitations in the story only—can't enter a house without being invited, for instance. There's no game mechanic for that, but it's just as significant in the game when it comes up.

Lore and Location

If you have a strong concept and a good adventure design, you already have a lot of the Lore settled. You just need to write it up in a series of bullet points, which reminds you of information the hunters can pick up with research or asking about. Add in one or two wrong or incorrect notes, too, just to give the hunters a red herring. Quite often, the "classic" monsters of myth and folklore turn out to be a little different from the popular impression: vampires in *Supernatural* cast reflections in mirrors, for instance, even though that's a common belief about the limits of bloodsuckers. If the creature is a specific or unique threat, the Lore is going to be more specific. If it's a potential recurring threat, you can afford to be a little more general.

Location is more of a story issue. You don't have to make this explicit if you've already got the adventure planned. The Jersey Devil only shows up in a specific part of the New Jersey area, centered on the Pine Barrens, hence the name. But if you're coming up with a threat without any adventure in mind, it's useful to make a note of where the thing tends to haunt, hide, or threaten. This can go into the Lore list as a bullet point, or not. It's up to you.

Monsters Are Scary

Supernatural isn't shy about the horror element. Bloody remains, gruesome events, frightening events, and growing dread are all signature parts of the show and of the role playing game. So, since the monsters and demons and spooks of the game are wrapped up in all of this, you need to make them scary, and that takes more than just a really powerful attack Skill or powers that let the creature shrug off bullets.

Chapter Seven of the *Supernatural RPG* goes into some detail about techniques for horror, but it's worth mentioning some ways to really get your newly-created threat to line up with the game's horror tone. Start with description and the way you present the threat to the players. Does it rely on a mystery, building the horror layer-by-layer, with glimpses and evidence left behind? Or is it one of those monsters that gets right in your face and says, "Boo?" How do you introduce the creature, and what words are you using to frame that introduction?

Next, how does the creature bring the scary in a direct encounter? Description is a big deal here, too, but so is the choice of attacks and who the threat targets. The more confident and powerful the threat, the more likely it is to target the biggest and most combat-capable of the hunters.

Sneaky and poisonous threats pick off the weaker or less-aggressive hunters and supporting characters. You shouldn't be fudging numbers and ignoring dice results to make the scene more horrific, but by staging it right the hunters are going to get the message.

At the end of the day, it's the players who are going to have to respond with their hunters being scared, and you can't force it. But this is a game about horror, and playing the threat card too overtly and too often can be a real buzzkill. If you have to use a little misdirection, go for it. But when it's time for the monster to take the stage, pull out all the stops!

- ✱ Go for the jugular
- ✱ Don't be afraid to have things jump out of the dark
- ✱ Use descriptive language
- ✱ Show the effects of the threat's deadly abilities before the hunters run into it
- ✱ Frame scenes in a way that accentuates the threat's more horrific features

Monsters Are Fun

The other side of the *Supernatural* coin is the action-adventure element. This is a game of monster hunters, after all, and nobody goes after monsters without being a cut above the rest of the crowd. A hunter's life is filled with action and thrills, and players definitely like the opportunity to cut loose and kick some ass. Throwing some mundane obstacles in their path is okay for a while, but the threat—the demon, or the wraith, or the flesh-eating zombie—is what everybody's really saving up the Plot Points for. That's where the fun is.

When you create a new threat, keep the action in mind as well as the horror. If the threat's kind of passive and stealthy, you need to figure out a way to include some more up-beat stuff in the adventure. Supporting characters can help in this area. However, there has to be something dynamic and proactive about most threats, or the hunters are never going to hear about them. If the creature's otherwise quiet or stays in the shadows, give it something that it might do when cornered, or allows it to make use of the scenery around it. If the creature's big and aggressive, most of your work is done for you, but be expressive and show off the creature's attacks and strength on the environment so the hunters get psyched to take it head-on.

Even with a proactive and well-described threat, remember that this game is about the hunters, and the players are going to remember those adventures where they didn't just figure out the mystery but went balls to the wall against the monster. So, when the dice come out and the threat is revealed, let the players call the shots. Do they have an exciting plan of attack? Let them try it! Are they describing their actions with punchy cinematic words?

Reward them with Plot Points. Once the game is in high gear, you can sometimes just sit back and have the monster react to what the hunters do, whether it's a standing-their-ground battle or a chase through the woods.

- ✱ Make your threats proactive
- ✱ Have fun with the scenery and special effects
- ✱ If the threat's sneaky, do something dynamic
- ✱ If the threat's aggressive, let it show off
- ✱ Let the players drive the action

Improvising Monsters

The *Supernatural* game works well even if you don't have a lot of material prepared. Pick a location, pick a supernatural effect or mystery, and pick a monster. Sometimes, that's all you need to do, and with this book the third part of that is even easier (for more locations and settings, you'll want to check out the upcoming *Supernatural Road Atlas*). However, there are times that you just don't know what threat to use and your group is itching to take on something new or different. You could file off some of the serial numbers (there's a sidebar on that in this appendix), but there's another option.

There's a story about a sculptor who, when asked how he carved an elephant from a block of stone, simply said he used his hammer and chisel to chip away all the bits that didn't look like an elephant. You can use the same philosophy in *Supernatural*. Start the adventure with a rough idea or concept, but don't worry too much about the details: people are being horribly killed, or something's snatching animals from fields. Drop a few clues, but let the players throw out some ideas about what the threat might be: have there been tracks? Have there been witnesses? Is the location known for things like this happening from time to time?

As things progress, you can settle on what you think the creature might look like or do, whether it's a demonic threat or some sort of mutation. Take notes. Let yourself get inspired. Game Masters with a strong background in improv can start with very little and settle on a fully established threat after only a couple of scenes. When it comes to an actual stat block, you can grab the closest fit from this book or the core rulebook, tweak a couple of things, and drop it on the hunters. Needless to say, if this doesn't sound like it's in your comfort zone, you may want to give it a pass, but once you know your players well enough and have the system down pat, improvising the threat can be a useful trick in a pinch.

APPENDIX II: SYMPATHY WITH THE DEVIL

Who says every hunter has to be a straight-up, boring old human? Is there a law about it somewhere? It's not like you're joining a union—you go after monsters, you're a hunter. Even if you're a monster yourself.

This appendix presents rules, suggestions, and guidelines for playing monsters as hunters. While it sure isn't the focus of *Supernatural*, this line of work brings in all sorts. Done right, it can be all-fun-and-games like it is with Castiel and the Winchesters. Without warning, though, your average Ruby-type can go all Apocalypse on you, so keep that in mind when giving monster-based hunters the thumbs up.

Monsters as Hunters

Hey, let's face it—not all monsters are created equal. Some are downright evil, no question about it, and want nothing more than to up their body count. But others can't help what they are. Werewolves, vampires, ghosts—a bunch of those were turned or bitten or made against their will. It ain't their fault. Sure, most of 'em still succumb to their baser natures and make with the whole killing and eating thing, but not all. A few rise above that. And a few of those pass judgment on their own kind. Who has more right than they do?

Then there are those “monsters” that aren't even monsters by the standard “eat people” definition. Like angels. They ain't human, that's for darned sure, but they're not exactly buddies with Dracula and the Wolfman either. Angels aren't the only ones out there who wouldn't set off a Detect Evil spell. Look at some of the classic critters, like dryads and nymphs. Not human? Hell, yeah. Evil? Only if being a tree or a woodland spirit makes you evil. They didn't attack people except in self-defense, and who's to blame them for that one? So, sure, they're monsters, but not the bad kind. Not the kind that can't change. Not the kind that wouldn't look at a wendigo or a chupacabra and go “ew!”

There are plenty of hunters who'd say “if it isn't human, it needs to die.” But let's face it, humans aren't any great shakes either. Plenty of 'em deserve a bullet in the head a lot more than some satyr or centaur who just wants to be left alone. So I figure, if you're not hurting anybody, you can go on about your life. Even if it's not a human life. And if you decide you need to help kill the ones who are hurting others, well, more power to ya. Trust me, there's plenty of baddies to go around.

Ten Reasons Why

- ✦ **Fight Fire With Fire.** Monsters aren't human. Most of 'em are stronger than we are, faster than we are, tougher than we are. Plenty of 'em can't be hurt by normal weapons. Well, guess what? Neither can you. That means you've got a better shot against them than most ordinary hunters would.
- ✦ **Up the Stakes.** From a Game Master point of view, having monsters as hunters means they can up the drama quotient. It can get downright epic now, because the monster hunters are more likely to survive some of the fireworks.
- ✦ **Us vs. Them.** Hey, it can be tough to tell who's on your side sometimes. If you're a monster yourself, though, that simplifies matters—nobody's on your side. Not really. So in a firefight you can start shooting and not worry about hitting a buddy. Because you don't have any.
- ✦ **No Place To Hide.** Yeah, one of the fun things for a Game Master is that monsters don't exactly blend in. They're not gonna just check into a motel for the night. Which means they'll need to find other ways to pass the time, sleep safely, etc. Fun galore for the campaign.
- ✦ **Hide In Plain Sight.** Still, if you're worried that folks might realize you're a monster, the best way to throw them off is to become a hunter. Hell, who'd think to look for you there? It's like a crook joining the cops!
- ✦ **Prove Your Worth.** Plenty of people think monsters are all downright evil fiends that deserve nothing but a quick death. But you've got a chance to prove them wrong.
- ✦ **Inspire Others.** You can hunt the bad monsters, and win some respect, why can't others? Hell, you could be a role model—there could be junior wolfmen and fang-boys all over the country saying “I wanna be like him!”
- ✦ **Top of the Food Chain.** Here's a more devious reason—it's a dog-eat-dog world out there. You wanna survive, you've got to take down the competition. Why not do it as a hunter? Go after the monsters who threaten your position, kill them, secure your own place in the ecosystem and maybe get some applause while doing it.

- ✱ **Pass the Time.** You're a monster. You don't have a job. You don't have a family. Hell, you probably don't have cable TV. So what're you gonna do to pass the time, read that same issue of Archie for the millionth time? Why not go out, have some fun, and kick some monster butt?
- ✱ **Paradigm Shift.** Remember the tulpa? Beliefs actually shape them, who they are, what they can do. Who's to say that isn't the case for everyone? If you can actually make folks change their minds about you, maybe even about your whole kind, would that change who you are? What've you got to lose?

Ten Reasons Why Not

- ✱ **Natural Impulses.** Let's face it—you're a monster. You kill people—that's what monsters do. You feed on people, whether it's their blood or their emotions or their flesh. If you don't wanna do that anymore, you hide out somewhere far away from everybody else. You don't go waltzing around in towns and cities all the time. There's just too much risk you'll lose control and take a bite out of somebody.
- ✱ **No More Privacy.** Let's say you're a vamp who's decided to go straight. No more killing, and you're gonna hunt others who aren't so thoughtful. That's swell, but you've still gotta eat. And even if you're just hitting blood banks, it's gonna be a lot harder to eat discretely. Do you really want people watching over your shoulder while you wrestle a bendy straw into a blood bag?
- ✱ **Public Opinion.** You're a monster. People hate you. That's probably not going to change, not ever. You can kill other monsters, but people will still run away when you enter a room.
- ✱ **Outside the World.** You don't exactly have a regular job, or a credit history, or a cell phone. Even if you steal a car, you don't have a license—and who taught you how to drive, Toonces the Cat? It's not like you're part of the human world. You're not, and you never will be.
- ✱ **Too Close to Home.** You're sighting down your pistol at some bloodsucker, but part of you has got to be thinking "I suck blood, too!" How easy is it to pull the trigger when you're up against one of your own?
- ✱ **Hoist By Your Own Petard.** So you're a werewolf hunting other werewolves. But the only thing that works is silver, so you've got to carry silver. Problem is, it burns you just as much. Or maybe you're a vamp packing holy water. Careful not to spill any on yourself!
- ✱ **Traitor To Your Kind.** Once word gets out of what you're doing, you can expect monsters everywhere to come gunning for you. After all, humans hate them 'cause they're different. What's your excuse?

- ✱ **Halfbreed At Best.** Don't expect any respect from other hunters, either. Most of 'em would just as soon kill you as speak to you. The rest don't trust you far enough to spit. They figure you're working some angle, or trying to weasel your way into their trust so you can stab 'em from behind.
- ✱ **Too Much Attention.** Hunters aren't exactly a passive-aggressive group—they're used to acting on their instincts. So if they hear about you, most of 'em will hunt you down right away, to avoid the risk of your turning on them later.
- ✱ **Who Are You Fooling?** Ultimately, what difference is it gonna make? You're a monster, not some cuddly teddy bear! You've got fangs and claws and glowing eyes, scales and gills and webbed feet—one look at you and people run screaming. How is that ever gonna change?

Some Advice on Monsters as Hunters

The next few sections are filled with ideas and rules for playing supernatural creatures, but before you get started it's a good idea to keep a couple of things in mind, regardless of whether it's a vampire, demon, or ghost that you've settled on playing. First up, you need to get the go-ahead from your Game Master, assuming he's not the one who put your hunter into this predicament to begin with. Just because this book has rules for playing angels and werewolves, it doesn't mean it's a good idea for the campaign you're playing.

Second, sit down with the other players and establish some good ground rules. Chances are, any werewolf or demon's going to be able to do stuff their hunters can't. Stealing the spotlight from somebody else is a crappy thing to do, so either you all work to make the downside of being a monster show up from time to time (keeping your hunter on his toes) or they play hunters with some more experience.

As you can probably guess, it's all about balance and moderation. A little maturity goes a long way, too, so play nice with your buddies and your monstrous hunter can look forward to a long career of . . . doing whatever it is he does.

Playing Angels

They're the Mighty Instruments of the Lord, twice as powerful as demons, and equally dickish. Sound like a good time? Don't be so sure. Angels are well outside the usual realm of player-controlled character, with immortal origins, a rigid hierarchy, knowledge that can drive you mad, and a true form that's so fiercely alien that it blinds you and shatters windows up and down the block. So, just to be perfectly clear, we're probably talking fallen

angels—or angels who are on the way down, for want of a better word. Angels who are forced to deal with humanity. . Angels that your Game Master won't immediately ban from the game table. Angels like Castiel.

Making it Work

There's a definite balance issue with angels in your campaigns when the players are in control of them. We're going to work with the assumption that anybody playing an angel is fully aware that they're part of a cosmic order that can, at any time, probably snatch them back to Heaven and lock them up. Their grace might be a few sizes too small, but it's still manifest in their natures, as opposed to being simply gone like Anna Milton's. You could play a grace-less angel, if you like, but that's really just all of the downside and none of the up, so for the purposes of these rules let's say you're an atypical-yet-typical Warrior of Heaven helping his mortal hunter buddies fight monsters.

Angels aren't human, and unlike demons they were never human. So when you're playing an angel, your mannerisms and temperament should reflect this otherworldly origin. You might be aloof, emotionless, almost robotic. Or, you could be passionate and violent and incapable of seeing things other than in pure black and white. You have a human vessel, somebody who volunteered to be used as a meat-suit, so think about who they were and what their lives were like before you just showed up and walked them out the door. Did they have family? Did they have a job? Are you developing a conscience about them, or do you take it as part of the way things are supposed to work?

As an angel, you don't have any "day job." Your existence is predicated on the war against Hell and its demons. You can't stop every five minutes to rid a haunted house of its spectral inhabitants; you shouldn't be running around the woods looking for Sasquatch. If you're playing an angel, you have to remind your buddies that Armageddon's coming, and there's demons to destroy. Or, if you're playing the angel as a noncombatant, you might be growing paranoid as well as pacifist. There are harsh punishments for betraying Heaven.

Finally, even though you might potentially have more power in your little seraphic finger than everybody else in the hunter group, keep coming up with ways not to use it. The Game Master should reward your restraint with Plot Points, which you can then use later to activate some of your mojo when the demons all race out of the darkness.

Suggested Rules

The standard rules in **Chapter Two** for angels apply only to the ones Game Masters control. Angels in the control of players have more screen time, so to speak, so we think of them in terms of the ongoing plot.

And the best way to manage that is with Plot Points. The following Traits are modified versions

of the ones possessed by "normal" angels, and carry Plot Point costs for some of the flashier effects. This encourages a little of that genre protection that's so important for *Supernatural*.

Note that Armor of Faith and Divine Senses are the primary Traits for player-controlled angels and you need at least those two Traits to pick up any others. Your rating in those Traits is the cap for any other Traits that follow, so that if you don't have a rating of d6 in any one of those Traits, you can't pick up a d6 or higher in Angelic Wings, Higher Power, Purifying Light, or Telekinesis.

Angels are permitted to take as many Complications as they need to "pay off" the cost of their Angelic Assets, but they should all tie in to their angelic natures in some fashion or their progressive fall from grace. Good choices are Anger Issues, Dark Secret, Duty, Gullible, Honest to a Fault, Idealist, Obsessed, Paranoid, Slave to Tradition, Socially Awkward, Straight and Narrow, and (depending on the background) Wrong Side of the Law.

ANGELIC WINGS (D4-D12) ☆

Angels travel unseen wherever their duty takes them. This ability allows them to vanish in one place and reappear in another. Each use of Angelic Wings requires a Plot Point, and each additional effect (faster travel, Gates of Hell, etc) requires an additional point beyond the first.

d4: You may travel anywhere in Heaven or earth in the span of an hour.

Each step increase in the die rating adds one of the following advantages:

Fast Travel: Your travel takes you a few minutes, not an hour

Gates of Hell: You may travel to and from Hell

Realms of the Impossible: You may visit places that are not even places, such as the dreams of mortals

Fellow Traveler: You may take others with you when you fly

ARMOR OF FAITH (D2-D12) ☆

Mortal peril holds no threat to an angel. Matter is not dangerous, only the will of the soul. You have a flat Armor Value of 20 against any attack that is not directly driven by the will of another being, which includes things like bullets (because the gun is an intermediary), explosions and environmental damage. Hand to hand attacks ignore this armor (borderline cases, like arrows, split the difference—you get an Armor Value of 10 against it).

Against other attacks, you have an Armor Value equal to the maximum die value of this trait. This armor doesn't work against angelic weapons, like the silver knives most angels carry with them "in the field."

You don't need to spend a Plot Point to use this Trait.

DIVINE SENSES (D8) ☆

Angels are keenly aware of the supernatural world around them, and beyond. As shorthand, this Trait is the equivalent of having the sensory qualities of Clairvoyance, ESP and Medium at d8, but mortals with the right protections may be hidden from it. Generally, you can see “beyond the veil” and detect such things as a creature’s true form, the otherwise-invisible Reapers, Enochian sigils, and so on. This Trait doesn’t require a Plot Point.

HIGHER POWER (D4-D10) ☆

Angels can reshape reality to a limited state, simply making things so. Many angels never use this ability, for it attracts significant attention from the Heavenly Powers. Each use requires a number of Plot Points equal to the minimum rating listed for that use; the d4 level requires 4 Plot Points, for instance. If you don’t have enough Plot Points, you can choose to take Wound and Stun damage equal to the rating instead, which you must then recover normally.

The d12 level of this Trait (as seen in Chapter Two) is off-limits to players.

d4: As an action, you can make something unlikely, but not unreasonable happen. A door might be unlocked, a cab could show up just in time, a cold could get better, or a scratch off ticket might win twenty bucks.

d6: You can alter a situation as if you are in many places at once. This is not useful in a fight, but it allows you to do things like open or close many things or break a number of wards all at once.

d8: You can make something highly unlikely, but possible, happen. This might include many unlikely things (like everyone at a parlor winning bingo at once) or a single highly unlikely event (like the broken glass of a collapsing skyscraper forming a message, or cancer spontaneously going into remission).

d10: You can pull a target mortal out of reality to show him something. This trip may violate the rules of time and space—it might take the mortal to the past, a possible future, or even to some entirely imaginary realm. The angel in question decides the rules of the trip, and while the mortal may appear to be in danger, he is usually quite safe.

PURIFYING LIGHT (D4-D12) ☆

You’ve got the power to invoke the radiant light of Heaven. . . sometimes. By spending a Plot Point, you can add the Trait die as Wound damage in any attack you make against demons, ghosts, and other creatures affected by holy light. These attacks do no harm to a demon’s host, but a successful attack drives the demon out. An extraordinary success on the attack destroys the demon, rather than simply expel it. You may use the light against mortals or innocents, but all damage is Stun.

d4: Emit the light from your hands. It may be used in melee combat, either with Unarmed Combat or Melee Weapons Skill.

d6: Strike at range with the light. You may now also use it in conjunction with Ranged Weapons or Guns Skill.

d8+: For each additional step, strike an additional target.

TELEKINESIS (D4/D8/D12) ☆

Mind over matter. You can move things around or even attack someone just by thinking about it, and anything within 50 feet is fair game. You can use this power to do the same kinds of actions as normally available, but you roll the Attribute + Skill + Telekinesis Trait die. Attacks against characters or objects use mental Attributes only (usually Willpower). Your effective Strength with this ability is your Willpower and Telekinesis Trait combined. This Trait doesn’t require you to spend a Plot Point.

d4: You can use your power on one target at a time.

d8: You can use your power on two targets at a time.

d12: You can use your power on three targets at a time.

Playing Demons

There’s a lot of appeal to playing a hunter who can switch out his face every week, but being a demon isn’t sunshine and roses. Actually, it’s very much *not* those things. Demons are the grunt troops on the front lines in the ongoing war against all that is good and honest. Funny thing is, being the servants of history’s first rebel (that’s Lucifer, for those of you who’ve not been paying attention) tends to produce a few renegades who don’t mind “goi’n’ rogue.” Ruby was kind of a double agent, but there’s no shortage of other demons who might choose to join with a hunter or two and stick it to Old Nick. Their fate is sealed, more than likely, but given the approaching Apocalypse, why not go with your gut?

Making it Work

Demons don’t have bodies, which is the first hurdle. That’s covered by some small changes to character creation and the Demon Trait, provided below. But how about the other problems? Being a demon isn’t like being a vampire, or a werewolf. They’re usually numero uno on the totem pole of ass-kicking, when it comes to other hunters. If you’re a demon, there’s a target on your head. . . or the meat suit’s head. Unless you have a solid and interesting story to your demon’s choice in careers, it’s best to leave the demons to the Game Master.

But say you’re stubborn, and you want to play Ruby or Crowley or somebody like them. You’ve talked it over with the Game Master and other players. Congratulations! Life as a hellspawn will keep being a rollercoaster of fun and laughs. Mortals who want to have a demon riding them are very far and few between, so you’re kidnapping some poor weak-

minded guy or gal for the duration. When the body dies, or you're exorcised, you need to find a new one, which may put you out of play for the rest of the session. You can't keep hopping bodies, either. It can run up quite a Plot Point debt, and to earn more, you need to play to your weaknesses. So long as you have a strong and defined set of flaws, this shouldn't be a problem.

Suggested Rules

If you're creating a hunter who's also a demon, the first thing you need to do is not bother spending points on Agility, Strength, and Vitality. Your demon form doesn't have those, so you have 18 fewer points to spend than other characters. Instead, your Demon Trait lets you possess people. You should figure that unless the Game Master presents a good opportunity for somebody special, a meat suit's going to have d6 in each of those Attributes. You can keep as many as 6 points in reserve that you can use to kick up a meat suit's Agility or Vitality by +1 or +2 steps (at 2 points per step); this of course limits how many points you have to spend on your mental side.

DEMON (06) ☆

You're a hellspawn spirit, and you can possess mortals in order to borrow their physical Attributes, Skills, and Traits. Otherwise you're just a cloud of black smoke that flies about at a speed of 45 feet per turn. To do this, you spend a Plot Point and roll Willpower + Influence + Demon Trait against the mortal's Willpower + Discipline/Resistance. You can add one of his Complications to your roll if it's appropriate. If you succeed three times (which takes at least 3 Plot Points), you jump in his body and get additional benefits.

While you're possessing a mortal, you can add this Trait to any Strength-based action you take. Your Agility, Strength, and Vitality are the same as the meat suit's, but your Alertness, Intelligence, and Willpower are your own. You will need to recalculate some derived scores such as Initiative, Life Points, and Endurance. If the mortal has any physical-based Traits or Skills, you can use them by spending a Plot Point. Otherwise, they sit in the background, just like the mind of the possessed mortal.

You can be exorcised, bound, and otherwise targeted by all kinds of rituals and traps created for combating demons. Your own Lore Skill gives you the knowledge to elude those, where possible, but it's a sad truth of the demonic existence. Holy water burns you, and every so often a demon-killing weapon crops up just in time for you to run the other way. Luckily, outside of all of this stuff, you're pretty resilient. You never suffer the effects of Wounds, you don't die even if your meat suit takes more damage than your current Life Point total, and you can recover Stun at a rate of 1 point per turn.

Being a demon is obviously a bad thing in certain circles. If your demonic nature is a hindrance, add this Trait to the Difficulty

of any action you take in a social situation. However, the black eyes and superhuman strength are good for persuasion. Add the Trait die to attempts to Influence if you're aiming to scare or force somebody to be subject to your will.

Playing Ghosts

Hunters die. It's a likely outcome for a profession as dangerous as this one. Most hunters pass on to their just reward, but every once in a while one of 'em is just not ready to shuffle off this mortal coil. Not just yet. If you're keen to play one of these revenants, this section's gonna school you pretty quick about your new benefits package. Full disclosure though—being a spirit is probably even more complex, frustrating, and messed-up than playing an angel or a demon. You're one hundred percent dead, and you're not gonna be coming back to life. You don't have half of the stats a normal hunter has, many of the rules of the game work a little differently than you're accustomed to, and you've got an anchor to the World of the Living that might be exploited or destroyed at any point. Oh, and did I mention you're dead?

This might be a state of existence you and the Game Master have settled on, since your hunter got ripped to bits by a demon in the previous adventure or set on fire by a pyromaniac. It's unlikely something you're set on playing right from the start, but that's also an option, especially for a specific kind of campaign. In either case, the player-controlled ghost is a little different from the standard range of ghosts provided in this book and the *Supernatural RPG*. For one, you're not just a death echo, you're a free-willed haunt with a reason to stick around. For two, there are considerations that matter more to players than to Game Masters, who just need a ghost's stats to mess with your hunters, not as somebody to play in a weekly game.

Making it Work

In many ways, being a spooky hunter is a lot like being any other kind of monster-as-hunter. Problems of being different, trouble with connecting to your old friends and family, yadda yadda. But what ghosts are really all about is the driving need and obsession to stay in the here-and-now and not pass on to the hereafter. Something ties you to the living, an **anchor** that you determine up front and keep in mind for the duration. This could be a loved one, a treasured keepsake, a location (although that's a very limiting anchor to have for a player-controlled ghost), or even a specific day of the year (even more limiting.) The choice is up to you, but it should be relevant, ideally portable, and you're going to need to trust in your mortal buddies to help keep it safe.

For ex-living hunters, the kind that started out as a normal character and then went and got offed during play, the anchor should have something to do with the circumstances. The hunter's body is probably around still, which means it has bones, and bones mean the ghostly

hunter can be destroyed. Occasionally, a ghost's body was cremated, and yet they're still haunting places because some fragment of their body remains. The body isn't the anchor, but it's just as important.

If you're creating a ghost character from the beginning, get the Game Master and other players to help you sort out the details. Make it something cool and interesting, a backstory that involves the other players or major antagonists that the Game Master has planned. If the campaign will be set in one town, with a central location, have the location be your anchor. Is the game one based on the road? Maybe you haunt the car, or the campervan, or whatever it is that's moving from state to state. Failing that, there's always the tarnished locket, the spirit-possessed weapon, or the haunted dinner jacket you were wearing the night you were cruelly cut down.

Regardless of origin, the fact that ghosts don't have physical stats, more or less can't be damaged or hurt by anything other than iron and rock salt, and their ability to pass through walls and manifest whenever they like makes them potential game-busters. It's a good idea to establish that your ghost is limited by his own psyche; if he doesn't think he can "blink" from here to Poughkeepsie, then he won't. If he's tormented by his inability to hold or touch those he loves, don't make picking up a dropped wallet a piece of cake.

Suggested Rules

Player-controlled ghosts are required to have the Spirit Trait at either d6 (a moderately active ghost) or d10 (completely free-willed and active). They should load up on Complications like Obsessed, Paranoid, Duty, or some other psychological flaw, especially if they're becoming a ghost long after the game starts. If the ghostly hunter is being created from scratch, you get 18 fewer points to spend on Attributes because ghosts don't have Agility, Strength, or Vitality. If you've just become a ghost, add up the point total of your physical Attributes and compare to 18. The difference should be made up from or added to the mental Attributes (Alertness, Intelligence, and Willpower) before erasing the physical ratings completely.

Ghosts are also missing Life Points and any other derived score dependent on physical Attributes. Initiative is equal to Alertness + Spirit Trait. Speed remains the same. As a ghost, you're now weak against iron and salt, which disperse you when you're struck or attacked with them. Dispersal means you sit out of the game for d6 turns, unless you succeed at a Hard Willpower + Spirit Trait action. You can't cross a barrier of salt, either, and there are other rituals that keep you from passing around just anywhere you like.

So why manifest at all? Well, until you reappear in the world, you can't interact or touch it. Some poltergeists can do this all day and night, but a player-controlled free-willed revenant needs the physical world to keep it honest. If

you're not manifested, you're an invisible sentient entity. For all intents and purposes, you're just a very light sleeper—in a ghostly sense, of course. You're on idle, sitting out the game until you decide to drop back in.

The following Trait gives you the basic ghost abilities, but doesn't include possession of others. If you want to include that in the same package, kick up the Trait to d12 and take a look at the way the Demon Trait works earlier in this Appendix; ghostly possession is very similar.

SPIRIT (D6/D10) ☆

You can use this Trait to take physical actions and interact with the world of the living, because otherwise you're just a special effect. Any ghostly action you might want to take uses Attribute + Skill + Spirit Trait. Your level in this Trait determines what other abilities and effects are at your disposal.

d6: At this level you can manifest, even if you're still kind of transparent. You can move things around as an expression of sheer will (Willpower + Spirit Trait, if you need to oppose something), and can take physical actions within a short distance (50 feet) without having to touch anything. Generally, you can only manipulate one object at a time or a handful of really small objects at the same time. And of course you can talk to people. Shadow puppets on the wall are probably out, though.

d10: At this level, your manifested form can be as solid and real as in real life, though you can become insubstantial at a moment's notice. You can use your psychokinetic powers on more than one object, using the usual multiple action rules applied directly to your Spirit Trait. You can "blink" from one place to another within 20 feet, which lets you use your Alertness + Spirit Trait as a defensive action, much like a Dodge.

Playing Vampires

Being a bloodsucker is every moody teenager's dream. Sleep all day, party all night, live forever, right? Some people, given the offer, would take it in a heartbeat, and then it's the last heartbeat they ever have. Vampirism is one of those infectious curses that common sense (or what passes for it in the hunter community) said was no longer an issue—and then that mess in Colorado happened with Elkins, so now vampire hunting's back on the menu.

Being a vampire hunter brings you into contact with the fang-monkeys on a semi-regular basis, and if you're not careful you can end up like Gordon Walker, and become one yourself. Assuming you can fight off the bloodlust and stick to *a la carte* dining from the butcher, all of those new vampire tricks can really up your game. Problem is, of course, that you're no longer human, and you've got a ton of weaknesses and a ready-made supply of enemies. If you have hunter connections going in, you're in a better

place to convince your closest buddies that you're trying to do what's right and the vampire thing is just a speed bump. If you're more of a loner, though, you'd best be honing those social skills before your head hits the floor without the rest of you.

Another possibility is that you were an ordinary average Joe before a pack of vampires wiped out your family and friends, and they didn't quite finish the job with you. Now you're a blood-sucking creature of the night, and you want revenge. The motivation's a lot stronger to keep the beast at bay if you're trying to wipe out the group that ruined your life, but there's a lot of rage in there, too. Even if you never had hunter allies before (and who would, right?), you're probably going to need them now.

Making it Work

Here's a handful of important things to keep in mind when playing a vampire.

Vampires have the strict night and day routine as a constant reminder of how much it sucks for them to be in sunlight. This is one of the biggest things to keep in mind when you're playing one. The Game Master's gotta work the stories around night-time hijinks, saving the daylight for the hunters who aren't blood-suckers. Luckily, there's no shortage of night work in the business, and most places are open 24 hours. The ones that matter, anyway.

If you're playing a vampire, you have literally thousands of books, movies, horror stories, and superstitions floating around about what you are, how you came to be that way, and what you do. Ninety percent of it is crap, but you're going to have to put up with it either because you're trying to figure your own abilities out, or some hunter's trying to do the same. The upside of this is that it can really hit a fun-button for some ordinary folks, which makes it more likely that you get into nightclubs, emo parties, and Bauhaus revival concerts. You could play up the vampire folklore a lot when dealing with other characters, but just don't let on about what really does work on you.

Finally, even more than the night and day problem, any vampire character has to wrestle with his new dietary restrictions. Drinking blood, and being overwhelmed with bloodlust when you can't get it, is a real game-changer.

Suggested Rules

The following Asset is based on the abilities that vampires are described with in Chapter 8 of the *Supernatural RPG*. It's not exactly the same, but the assumption here is that player vampires need to worry about different sorts of things than just being antagonists for the hunters. So, use these rules for hunters, use the ones in the *Corebook* for vamps run by the Game Master.

VAMPIRE (D6)★

You're a blood-sucking killer in the night. Or, you could be, if you don't keep your urges in check. You get fangs (d2 W, uses Unarmed Combat/Bite) as well as the following superhuman qualities.

Whenever you make any action based on Agility, Strength, or Alertness, add this Trait die to the roll, including Initiative. You can't use this benefit if you haven't consumed fresh blood in the past 12 hours. While your abilities are enhanced, your speed also increases by 10 feet and your recovery rate goes way up: Stun goes away at the rate of 1 point per turn, and Wounds recover at a rate of 1 point an hour. In addition, so long as you're pumped up with blood, you may take a Willpower or Vitality action once a day to recover Wound points in the same way normal people take a second wind to eliminate Stun.

There are plenty of downsides, too. You effectively have the Addicted Complication when it comes to blood, and for every six hours you don't drink blood past the 12 hour period, all of your actions take a -1 Attribute step penalty, and your Vitality actually takes a -1 step reduction (affecting Life Points and other derived scores). If your Vitality drops below d2, you go into a coma until you're given blood. Even once you get back on the blood train, these penalties only recover at a rate of 1 per hour until you're up to your normal levels, although you can immediately add the Trait die to certain actions as described above.

Dead man's blood is poison. If you're damaged by a weapon dipped in it or you somehow consume it, you need to succeed at a Hard Resistance (Vitality + Vitality) action or fall unconscious. You have to keep making this roll each turn at a cumulative -1 Attribute step penalty until you succumb to it. Recovery takes a couple of hours, although Wound and Stun taken by weapons dipped in dead man's blood don't recover at the accelerated rate.

Sunlight and full spectrum UV light keeps you from being able to roll in your Trait die for superhuman stuff, as well as hitting you for 2 points of Stun every 10 minutes. You take an additional -2 Attribute step to all actions, and you don't get the fast recovery. Damage from fire doesn't recover quickly, either, so keep all Stun and Wound damage from these sources separate from mundane damage. And then there's getting your head cut off, which is just as bad as you'd expect.

Finally, your bloodlust is likely to cause you all sorts of trouble if you're hungry, trying to conceal your true vampire nature, or just really pissed off. Add the Trait die to the Difficulty for any actions you take to keep yourself under control (Willpower + Discipline, for instance) or if being a vampire is a hindrance rather than being a way to pick up angsty kids in the Pacific Northwest. Depending on your background, you may also have a kind of codependent bond with other vampires, in which case this Trait gets added to the Difficulty for actions to work against or in defiance of that bond.

Playing Werewolves

A few years back, Michael J. Fox made being a werewolf downright attractive. More recently, it's being seen as the hunky flip-side to being a pale-skinned vampire. Are these accurate? Is this something your hunter wants to add to his list of Traits? Not in the slightest. Lycanthropy is a sickness, a disease that turns you into a frothing monster three nights a month and ruins your furniture. If you're a hunter and a werewolf has bitten you, there's a slim chance you can overcome the saliva's infectious qualities, but if you're reading this you either want to be Benecio del Toro or you've rolled badly last session. Either way, welcome to the hairy lunatics club.

Making it Work

Werewolves in the world of *Supernatural* aren't the shapeshifting kind you read about. If anything, they're more like Viking berserkers or savage hill-people with seasonal affective disorder. Teeth get fangy, fingernails turn into claws, and there's the hairy pyjama look. This makes it a little easier to deal with than, say, being a ghost or demon or angel; if you're only going to worry about wolfing-out for a few days a month, the game can continue along as it always did. In fact, the Game Master can just assume that you're going to be locked up in somebody's basement, chained to a radiator, or something like that for the downtime, and then when the moon goes gibbous you're back in the saddle. But that's hardly milking the drama cow. If you're playing a werewolf, you should really try to make the most of it.

You've got three options when it comes to werewolf characters. The first is that all of the hunters are werewolves; they're a pack, and they've mastered enough of the feral side of things that when the moon rises full in the sky, they're howling mad and kicking demon ass. That's suitable for a more action-oriented game, something of a nudge away from the beaten trail.

Second option is that only one player's a werewolf, but it's something the group decided from the first. You've created a hunter who happens to be a werewolf, so the same "getting used to it" factor plays in. In this case, it'd be your werewolf dealing with comrades who're decidedly not moon-struck, which adds its own kind of drama.

Last option is the newly-turned werewolf, which in many cases could be the basis for an extended story arc. At the end, let's say, the Game Master provides a way to rid you of the curse. Kill the master werewolf, for instance, or conduct a long-lost ritual under the new moon. Whatever it takes. It's a diversion, not a permanent change, and that's probably a better fit for an established campaign.

Suggested Rules

Werewolves are human for 25 days and nights, and then undergo the lycanthropic change each night of the full moon, which is three days in a row. The Trait below is deliberately slanted in the favor of the werewolf, because let's face it: the availability of this package of wolfy qualities

is kind of slim. It's important that the Game Master not make every session one in which the full moon is up, or this Trait is really unbalanced against others. Conversely, if no session ever takes place when the moon's a big lidless white eye, then this Trait is just taking up room on the character sheet.

It's a good idea to balance out the Werewolf Trait with Complications like Anger Issues, Dark Secret, Out for Blood, Traumatic Flashes, and Unstable. This is especially critical if you become a werewolf during play. If you're cured, the Complication can likewise be dropped. If you're making a werewolf from scratch, consider picking up Fast On Your Feet or Tough just to make the transformation seem as if it sticks around a little when the moon's not full.

WEREWOLF (06) ☆

When the moon is full and the sun has gone down, you're howling mad. During this period of transformation, you gain claws and a bite that allow you to inflict the Trait die in Wounds with any Unarmed Combat attack. You may add your Trait die to any Alertness-based action, including Initiative, as well as any Athletics actions. Any Intelligence-based actions while in this state have the Difficulty increased by this Trait die, however, as the primal urges addle your brain.

So long as you are in your werewolf state, all Wound damage is converted to Stun, and any initial Stun damage is ignored. Silver is the only exception: you can take Wound damage from silver weapons, and Stun damage from attacks using silver is not dropped. A shot to the heart with a silver bullet can kill you as easily as it can kill anybody else.

The Sympathy Campaign

Okay, okay. You wanna run a monster campaign—with the monsters as the hunters. Sure, no problem.

Why go the easy route, after all?

The first question's gotta be, why turn hunter? What's in it for these guys? What made them pick up a gun and start hunting their own kind? Was there a particular instance? One bad seed that pissed them off so much they said, "to hell with this, I'm gunning for you"? Or was it more of a lifestyle choice?

No matter what the answer, that's gotta change your campaign choices. Maybe it was one vampire, worse than all the rest—and he's still out there. Now we've got a target for our campaign. Or maybe it was one incident, a massacre beyond even normal proportions—and one kid survived, and vowed to hunt down and kill every monster involved. Now we've got an adversary. Or maybe it was just a personal philosophy—in which case, we've got something to test, to see if the monster can stick to his values when things get rough.

So you figure out what made these particular monsters hunters. But which monsters are we talking about, anyway? Because we need to know that, in order to know what they can do. And what they can't. A whole group of vampires turned hunters? Guess we won't be having any pitched battles in the church, or any combat during a noon picnic. You need to gear the campaign toward these guys' strengths—and weaknesses. Which means you need to know exactly what they are.

And are they all the same? Because on the one hand, that'll make it easy on you. You only have to deal with one kind of monster—at least on the hunter side—and they've all got the same basic strengths and weaknesses. Plus, as long as they're vampires or werewolves or something else with a pack mentality, you've got a good reason for them all working together.

On the other hand, it might be a little dull if they're all the same. But if you've got one guy playing a werewolf and one playing a vampire and one playing a sasquatch and one playing a shapeshifter—well then, the fur is gonna fly! Because who ever heard of those types getting along? Not me! And even though they're all hunters and share a common goal—well, half the time human hunters don't go near each other. Hunting is often a solitary occupation, and most hunters are set in their ways, each with their own preferred weapons and methods and areas and even prey. Add ages-old enmities to the mix, and you've got a whole ball of crazy just waiting to roll.

Which can make for one hell of an interesting campaign.

Still, you'll need to think of a reason for them to work together. It could just be that the particular subject has ticked each and every one of them off. Or that it's so powerful they all agree it'll take all of 'em to stop it. Or maybe some of them already know each other a little bit, enough so they don't go for the throat on sight? You can definitely leave a lot of the interplay to the actual game sessions, but if the players can work out a few reasons why they'd at least give some of the others the benefit of the doubt that's not a bad thing.

Okay, so you've got a general reason behind their hunting. But what's behind this particular hunt? Is it someone they're after for personal reasons? A place they want to protect? Or just a situation they heard about and decide to take care of? Monsters can form stronger attachments to people and places than normal folk—a lot of 'em have centuries to settle in, and they don't have a whole lot of other things in their life so they tend to treasure the ones they do have. Plus for some the attachment's more than merely sentimental—try chopping down a dryad's tree or messing with a faun's forest and see how protective they get!

One of the big things to consider with monster hunters is how well they pass for human. Do they look just a little pale or a little hairy or do they glow? Or are they ten feet tall with stilt legs and red eyes and

twigs for hair? That's gonna affect how well they can go out in public, which could change things drastically. After all, you can't very well confab with the local pigs if you look like you belong in a Dave McKean painting!

Another question for you is how public this hunt could get. Is the prey likely to stick to out of the way spots, deep in the woods or the mountains or the bayous, or are they hiding out in the city? Most monster hunters would prefer the first option by a mile, so they don't have to cross paths with any more humans than necessary. But you can have a whole world of fun forcing them to trail some baddie through a crowded mall full of juicy tweeners.

How mobile are these monster hunters, anyways? If they're ghosts or dryads or some of the others, they may be restricted to a single location or at least a very narrow area. Which means it's more of a protective hunt than an aggressive one—they're hell on wheels if anything enters their territory but can't exactly go after the one that got away. Other monsters are just as mobile as any person, and a few are way beyond that—nothing like wings or seven-league boots to let you get the jump on some fleeing critter. You can factor this in when you're figuring out the campaign details—if you've got one player whose monster hunter is chained to a single small town you're gonna want most of the action to take place in and around that town, or else he's gonna be sidelined most of the time, just waiting for them to swing back into range.

On the whole, running a monster campaign is a lot like running a regular *Supernatural* campaign—only with a few extra layers. You've got more to play with on the characters' side now, both in terms of their backgrounds and in terms of their abilities. You've got more variety of response to them—for human hunters it'll range from "my hero!" to "you murderer!" but now you can add in "Help, a monster!" and "You're every bit as bad as they are!" And the fact that the hunters have powers of their own means you can throw bigger and badder monsters at them, including ones even they can't take down without one hell of a good game plan and a whole lot of luck on their side. Hey, even monsters can lose when they go up against a bigger monster. And that's good, because if they won every time where is the challenge?