

Trog



Issue 03 — March 2025



In this issue...

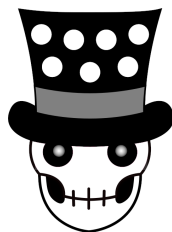
- 4 Take Me to the Top *Homebrew Subsystem*
- 13 On the End of an Age Lies Apathy *Essay*
- 14 Recommended Languages for Naming Things and People *GM Resource*
- 16 Den of Serge the Horse Thief *Dungeon Adventure*
- 18 Pimp Your Ride in the 41st Millenium: A Finding Aid *Homebrew Resource*
- 21 The Trisias *Fiction*
- 22 Delta Green Recap: Arizona *After Action Report*

Credits

Editor: Cognate

Cover Illustration: Blenderanon

Logo: anon



*A smug/tg/
production*

Take Me to the Top: Rockerboy music composition & recording rules for CYBERPUNK 2.0.2.0

by Rockerbrew anon

Introduction

Well in a black-hearted alley fight I'm screaming "Take me to the heights tonight!"

—Mötley Crüe, "Take me to the Top", 1981

Music always gets hammered down to the Three A's. Axe, Attitude, and Audience. Me, I had an Axe and an Attitude. All I had to do was get the third one.

—Kerry Eurodyne, Circa 2013

Music and attitude are crucial ingredients that fuel the beating heart of R. Talsorian's CYBERPUNK series, and no element inside the game reflects that aspect better than the Rockerboy role. Equal parts street insurrectionist, rabble-rouser, urban warrior and music artist, playing as a Rockerboy PC is about seeking to embody the PUNK in Cyberpunk, Hi-tech and low-life in equal measure with a heavy dose of heavy metal and fiery riots.

Yet despite all of these noble goals and hefty ambitions, Rockerboys as part of normal Player Groups tend to be... divisive to say the least, just a few steps below the Netrunner and the original hacking rules for CPK2.0.2.0

Many Cyberpunk 2.0.2.0 veterans and new players alike still ponder how to properly integrate a Rockerboy PC into a regular Edgerunner party composed of the "usual suspects" like the Solo or the Techie, and still be a useful asset to the group's cohesion. This homebrew is the first step of this humble author in an effort to address these complaints and misconceptions about the Role and ultimately make the Rockerboy a more attractive choice for first-time players and vets alike.

"TAKE ME TO THE TOP" aims to give the Rockerboy extra tools on which to make use of their music-related skills and abilities, so they may earn eddies, reputation, experience, fans and ultimately add more fuel to the fires of insurrection in their crusade against the entropy of a Megacorp-ruled world. After all, it is a long way to the top if you wanna rock & roll...



Troggerboy by Lolianon

The Rebel Path

Prove that you're better than their media-dolls, grab their attention by the throat and take it to the edge, otherwise you'll be a forgotten footnote in the empty void of WilderSpace like so many others

—Rory Murchison of Vengeance Word, *SHREDD PLAN3T* magazine, Jan 14th 2019

Netrunners code their combat programs and daemons, MedTechs cook their designer drugs and mili-spec Chems, Medias scroll their news reports within their tight deadlines, and so on. These activities are performed between Ops and Gigs by these roles to keep themselves busy, expand their toolset and earn extra eddies while not taking part in trading lead with Blood Razors, Raffin Shiv, EBM corp-Sec, Lazarus troops and similar goons. As for Rockerboys? Between jobs with their edgerunner crewmates, a Rockerboy PC may opt to divert the time they have between missions to write, record and produce their own music, after all, one can only play covers of “Chippin’ In”, “Kalakari” or “Hell’s Parade” for so long before you’re labeled as just another tribute act, or worse, another Jack Entropy or Johnny Silverhand copy-cat without a single databyte of originality in your soul.

The whole process of making new music and putting it into the streets is divided in several steps: composition, recording, production and release impact, all of which have their own time tables and duration. Music production is a lengthy process, more so when it is an indie effort, but it’s during this arduous process that a Rockerboy PC will have plenty of options and venues to blend their occupations as both hardwired street-samurai and hell-raising music insurrectionist, such as bringing in the rest of the player party to lend a helping hand.

Two elements will be involved in every step of the process.

1) Charismatic Element

This is meant to represent the “IT” factor on a Rockerboy’s musical output, it’s what separates your scrappy local bands from acts like Iron Maiden, Billy Idol or Kiss, it’s that indescribable personal element that draws people in, that magnetism that’s present in every great artist’s output.

When performing any of the relevant skill checks during the creation process, you make take your Rockerboy’s Charismatic Leadership skill level, divided by 2 and rounded down, and add it to your skill check like any other modifier bonus.

2) Impact Points

This resource of sorts represents the overall influence and effect the finished piece will have once it hits the streets. This is meant to replicate the disparity on how any given type of musical production becomes a success, think of how a low-effort, braindead mediacorp-backed one-hit wonder becomes this summer’s success, while great works of the musical arts are swept under the rug, mind you that this is not the rule, so Impact Points are meant to measure the overall success and disparity between such works.

Impact points are generated on each step of the creation process. After realizing one of the relevant skill checks, every point equal or above the target Difficulty Value on said skill check will become Impact Points. After every step of the Music Production process has been completed, all the Impact Points obtained during each step must be tallied, and the total amount must be compared to the Performance Table for a final result on how your creation performed among the masses.

PART 1: COMPOSING A TRACK

All the smart-linked guitars, synth-drums and expensive recording studios in the world mean frak-squat if you can't write a song worth a damn. I've seen enough discarded pop-star media-dolls in the street begging for kibble and a shot of 'dorph to know this, corp-provided songwriters won't bail your ass forever. Wanna survive as a Rockerboy? Write good songs first, REALLY good songs, then you worry about a fresh nu-tek recording console and Malorian Arms hand-cannon.

—Jack Entropy, *ROCKERBOY Magazine*, April 20, 2014

Composing a music track is how it all starts, this is where your Rockerboy PC sits down to come up with lyrics, sheets, the themes of the song, etc. How easy or difficult a song is to compose is largely determined by its length, shorter tunes like jingles will take less time while 20+ min epics like Rush's "2112" or Pink Floyd's "Shine on you Crazy Diamond" will prove to be a difficult endeavor.

To begin composing a song, you'll need to make a composition skill check against a Difficulty Value of 13, this will look like this:

INT + Composition LVL + Charismatic Element + Modifiers + 1D10 VS DV13

The initial Difficulty Value represents the amount of work required to compose one minute of music. If you wish to writer longer songs than just a jingle, you will need to add +1 to the target DV for every additional minute of music composed, i.e.; a 3-minute song would be a skill check with a DV of 15.

Time Reference Table

Jingles	1 minute or less
Average song	2 to 5 minutes
"Long" songs	7 to 10 mins
"Experimental"	Over 10 mins
Singles	2 songs max
Extended Play	up to 30 minutes
Full length album	45 to 60 minutes

From this point on, you may decide if you'll want your Rockerboy PC to put the legwork on composing just a single track, or several and record them as an album, using the

Time Reference table to see how many songs you want to compose for a single release. Note that each individual music track must be composed and recorded individually.

“How long will it take to write this song?”

On average, writing 1 minute of music will take you a total of 7 days, assuming no interruptions take place. How long will it actually take you to complete writing a song will be calculated using the following formula:

$$\frac{(\text{Total minutes of song}) \times (7 \text{ Days})}{\# \text{ of Impact Points obtained when composing}} \\ = \text{Total \# of days to finish composing a song, rounded down}$$

Let's see an example:

Turbo Lightning is an up-and-coming Rockerboy from the Orbital Air-controlled city of Houston, TX. After a particular bizarre Op alongside his choombas, inspiration struck and once back on his flat, grabs his notebook and begins composing, however, Turbo has 3 on Composing and 4 on his INT stat, but his Core Skill is at level 5, so he gets a Charismatic Element of 2, so he might succeed. He sets down on writing a Chromer Rock song that's around 3 minutes long, so Turbo will have to hit a target Difficulty Value of 15. He rolls a 9.

$$9+3+4+2 = 18 \text{ vs } DV15$$

Turbo succeeds and earns 3 Impact points for this particular piece. Using the formula previously described, it will take 7 days to complete composing his debut song.

Collaborative effort:

As you might have guessed, composing alone can be a challenging process, so one great way to finish the job is to have another character (be it PC or NPC) to lend you, their expertise. If said character has the Composition skill, you may “borrow” their skill level as an extra modifier and add it to your skill check, and if said character is also a Rockerboy, they can also lend you their Charismatic Impact as well. Up to 4 characters can aid you with their skills. This is one of the several ways other party members may join you as part of the overall music creation process.

On a final note, composition has no real hardware requirement to get it done, so your potential smash hit may be written on a sheet of common paper, or a text file inside a cyberdeck's Virtuality memory unit. So... be careful where you store it, it could easily end up being “misplaced”.

GLAMOCASTER

Crystalline audio quality - Fully Portable - Plastiwood fashionware styling - VWorkstation AND Cyberdeck Virtuality compatible! - DPI's Glamocaster is the perfect user-grade Audio-tek Console on the market!

Game notes: +1 to Play Instrument and Perform skill checks for Recording audio tracks using “Take me to the Top” sub-rules



800eb!!

PART 2: RECORDING

Once you’re finished composing a piece, grab your neuralware-linked guitar and synth-drums, but more than anything you’ll need an audio recording device of some kind. Audio technology has advanced leaps and bounds since the dawn of the Cyberpunk age in the late 90s, from audio quality, to mixing, recording formats, to even portability and sharing, so scrolling a few sample audio tracks is considerably more accessible to the common gonk now. Just keep in mind that not every gear will grant you the same results and performance will always vary.

Once you have procured a suitable recording gear, you must prepare to rehearsal. To begin recording your composition as a proper audio track, you must perform a Skill Check against a target Difficulty Value of 17, the skills and modifiers involved will vary depending on the instruments and disciplines involved.

For guitarists, drummers, etc.: Play Instrument + TECH + Charismatic Impact + Audio recorder mod. + other modifiers VS Target DV17

For vocalists: Perform + EMP + Charismatic Impact + Audio Recorder mod. + other modifiers VS Target DV17

Audio-Tek Reference Table

Agent Smartphone or similar devices	-2
Built-in audio recorder cyberware	-1
Basic portable recording Console	0
Hobby-level Recording Console	+1
High-End Recording Console	+2
Professional Grade console	+3
Full Studio Equipment	+4

“How long will it take to record this?”

On average, recording a single song can last anything between 6 to 15 hours to get it right, so make sure you don’t have an Op or gig scheduled with your fixer that same day.

Recording as a group / multiple instruments:

When recording more than 1 instrument, either as a band or by yourself, every skill check result, added and then averaged, the resulting average will be compared to the required DV17 to succeed, and every point above the DV will determine the Impact Points earned on this step.

If you’re doing a solo project, you only use your PC rocker’s *Charismatic Element* to add to the total. If you’re part of a band with other Rockerboy characters, calculate every member’s *Cha. Element*, get an average, then add the result to the total. If the other characters involved aren’t Rockerboys themselves but have the appropriate

skills, they can be part of the process as well, but only the Rockerboy will get the *Cha. Element* bonus.

For this example, the combined Charismatic Element of the band member's reaches an average of 4.

Vocalist: (Perform) 6 + (EMP) 7 + (Standard digital recorder) 0 + (1d10) 6 + (Standard Microphone) 0 + (Cha. Element) 4 = **23**

Guitarist: (Play Instrument) 5 + (TECH) 4 + (Standard digital Recorder) 0 + (DPI "Cybertechnic" Guitar) 1 + (1d10) 7 + (Cha. Element) 4 = 21

Synth-Drummer: (Play Instrument) 4 + (TECH) 6 + (Standard digital Recorder) 0 + (DPI Smartsticks) 1 + (1d10) 5 + (Cha. Element) 4 = 20

Keyboardist: (Play Instrument) 6 + (TECH) 6 + (Standard digital Recorder) 0 + (Standard electronic Keyboard) 0 + (1d10) 7 + (Cha. Element) 4 = 23

Bassist: (Play Instrument) 6 + (TECH) 4 + (Standard digital Recorder) 0 + (Yamaha "Hurricane" Ultrasynth) 2 + (1d10) 9 + (Cha. Element) 4 = 25

$(23+21+20+23+25)/5 = 22$

22 vs DV17 = **5 impact points**

PART 3: PRODUCTION & PUBLISHING

We started out with ramshackle audio-tek and the advertising budget of a kibble bar, it was never an issue for us really, since I learned the ropes from an early age from my old man. He was a studio sound engineer and veteran radio DJ from before the Seward Act, so I already knew how music went from a sheet to the streets.

Since then, we had a few upgrades here and then; datachip multi-recorders, Virtuality production suites, and so on. All of it thanks to DMS and their gonk-brained goons. Every time they came to force us to sign with them, we flatlined their corp-sec slaves and klept their audio-tek, honestly a fair price to pay for killing my old man and his radio station in cold blood.

All our music is self-produced and self-published, and we intend to keep it that way thank you very much choombata. Consequences be damned!

—Jaime "Ice" Waxman, *Blood & Ice* frontman, *Metalhed BBS* Net-live Interview. March 8, 2019

Composition is done, the master recording was scrolled in a decent datachip, kept safely inside your Gibson Battlegear carrybag alongside your Nova-Arms CityHunter and last week's kibble & SCOP rations. Which means now it's time to unleash it on the streets, both of concrete and data.

For starters, you'll need to choose your method of distribution, on which there are 2 methods on how to get your music published: NET Downloads & good ol' physical releases, both with their own benefits and caveats.

Music on Hardware

Good ol' physical format. Audio Tech has moved at lightning speed from the days of Vinyl and Cassette tapes, CDs proved to be a substantial improvement in storage capacity, but now we're on the era of Digital Music Chips (or Digi- Chips). Far more portable (about half the size of a cred-card), durable and with greater data capacity, digi-chips is the way 'punks everywhere carry their tunes on the go. As you know by now, any gonk with a decent axe and mildly-acceptable tunes can put in the eddies for the Audio-tek required to get their music printed on chips and unleashed on the street with their own self-appointed indie label from the rundown combat zone hidey-hole they call a "studio", and call themselves the new big thing on their local scene. If only it were that easy, choomba...

Physical releases are more direct and faster with the income flow compared to NET releases and the word, and the word spreads faster among the "closed circuit" of your local chromer rock scene, but they require considerably more budget (making copies, promoting it, etc.) to get it on circulation and on the minds of your potential new fans.

Chromer Rock
On Digital Chips and Braindance

Digi-Chips

Rockerboy Mason "Bum's Rush" Legacy edition.....	24eb
Samurai "Blistering Love" Anniversary Edition	25eb
(Comes with special t-shirt and patches)	
J. Silverhand "A Cool Metal Fire"	18eb
K. Eurodyne "Critical Mass".....	18eb
Jack Entropy "Blood Giants"	20eb
Blood & Ice "No way back from Innocence"	20eb

Braindance

Cutthroat "NYC Combat Zone Rumble!"	20eb
Death Johansson "From Cyberspace with Hate".....	25eb
Vengance Word "Arcology Anarchy".....	15eb
The Long Riders "The I.M.A Years".....	15eb
Kerry Eurodyne "At the Crystal Palace".....	27eb
Blood & Ice "Live Riot! BosWash Mosh".....	18eb

- +5% For shipping costs
- Armorweave T-Shirts!
- Patches!
- Fanzines!
- Stickers!
- Tapes!
- And More!



ORDER AT: IGA://PAC.NC.CYRANTHAIRECORDS

And then...there's the matter of the Seward Act. Every country around the globe has at least a similar concept of the Seward Act (see *Live and Direct*, pg13), which basically makes mediacorps the ultimate arbitrators on what circulates on your media-feed, especially what kind of music gets on the mainstream. Any kind of music whose message goes against the wishes of N54 or WNS will get censored, removed and deleted from the feeds, so for new rockers who don't want to lick the boots of Edwin Dreyer or Mahmet Al Hamedi it is an uphill battle to fight, even those who keep themselves in the under-ground scene.

Physical Publishing

To publish on physical format, you'll need the following:

- Blank Digi-Chips
- A device capable of writing said chips with the music (audio-tek or otherwise)
- A fixer with good-enough skills to put the word on the street, or enough skills of your own to do it yourself
- Budget to cover both promotion and printing

To calculate the budget, you'll need for full production, you'll need to follow these formulas:

$(2d10 + (\text{Current tally of Impact Points})) \times 100\text{eb} = \text{Costs of promoting the single/album/EP}$

$(2d6 + (\text{Current tally of Impact Points})) \times 20\text{eb} = \text{Costs for printing copies of your work}$

Once you've determined how many eddies you'll need to put on the table for your endeavor, you'll need to determine how hard will it be to promote it, for this you'll need to take a DV of 23 and subtract the current tally of impact points for the final Difficulty Value, like this: $DV23 - (\text{Current tally of Impact points}) = \text{Target DV}$.

Once you've determined your target DV, make a Streetwise check plus your Cha.Element against the Difficulty Value to see if the promotion of your work is a good enough success.

COOL + Streetwise + Cha.Element + d10 vs Target DV

On the case that you want to have either your party's Fixer or a friendly Fixer NPC to do it for you, said Fixer must do a Streetdeal check while adding your Rockerboy PC's Cha.Element score to their total.

COOL + Streetdeal + Rocker's Cha. Element + d10 vs Target DV

Same as the previous steps, every point scored above the Target DV will add to the final tally of Impact points.

MUSIC ON THE NET

Cyberspace has proven to be both a blessing and a curse for the modern rocker. On one hand, sharing tunes via direct download is easy as SCOP-pie, the word spreads globally instead of just your local scene, not much budget is required compared to selling your own physical copies, and you get to hang around the BBS virtualities with chooms from beyond your city's limits. On the other, however...

Corp authority crackdowns are considerably nastier thanks to the nature of Cyberspace tech, Black ICE and Tracer programs with direct Netwatch/Police contact are employed way too often. On top of that, MediaCorps tend to hog all the traffic with their expensive BBS Virtuality services, despite how often they get raided by Netrunners of the more anarchistic variety. Earnings through BBS downloads are generally slower, especially for young upstarts like your PCs, as word spreads faster inside the NET, but grabbing attention to make said word get around is harder for unknown talents, add to the fact that the hosting BBS will take a cut of every purchase to maintain their servers up-and running.

The standard prices for NET music downloads are:

- 1eb per song download
- 10eb per Full Album download

BBS fees will usually range from 3% to 5% for each purchase (Referee's discretion).

Cyberspace Publishing

To get your music distributed in the NET, you'll first need to access a Bulletin Board System to get it posted. Be it a BBS from your local rockerboy scene, nationwide NetGrid spots like Night City's MetalHed BBS, encrypted Virtualities like the ones in TokyoChiba or SovSpace, etc. Or you can ask your Netrunner to set one up inside his Cyberdeck, using the Virtuality Creation rules.

Every music-based BBS will at least have some form of automated Net Bulletin programs to roam around the NET region (i.e: Afrikani, Rustbelt, Olympia) to draw the attention of potential new listeners/fellow rockers/faithful Chromer-gangers.

Same as with Physical publishing, you'll need to determine how hard will it be to promote it. Take a DV of 20, subtract your current tally of Impact Points from it, and that will give you a Target Difficulty Value Afterwards you can either use your Rockerboy PC's stats to make a Streetwise skillcheck (*COOL + Streetwise + Cha.Element + d10 vs Target DV*).

Or you can instead opt for letting either your party's Netrunner or a friendly Netrunner NPC to do it for you, using their System Knowledge plus your Rocker's Cha.Element to command the Net Bulletins through the NetGrids to spread the word (*INT + System Knowledge + Rocker's Cha.Element + d10 vs Target DV*).

Much like before, every point above the target DV achieved after the roll will go to the final Impact Point tally.

PART 4: EARNINGS AND FINAL RESULTS

After everything's done, compare your final tally of Impact Points plus your Cha. Element value with the following chart to see the result of your work:

Impact Points Tally	Result
0-3	Absolute 草 / Either you have produced utter garbage, or you made a fatal mistake during the process. Automatically lose 1 Reputation point.
4-10	Mediocre / Maybe you're not good enough, or simply you didn't promote your work very well. No bonuses nor penalties
11-17	Good effort / Your tunes are finally making waves in the feeds. +25% in earnings, +5 IP for any of your music-related skills
17-26	Top-charter / You managed to knock Sarah O'Conner and Azakuchi Toranoga from the upper slots on release, the scratch and the fame will flow like wine. +50% earning bonus, and +10 IP for any of your Music-related Skills
27-34	All-time Classic / Your work will be remembered for ages to come (for better or worse). Automatically gain 1 Reputation point, +100% in earnings, and the current cost of IP to improve your Cha.Leadership is reduced in half

Earnings

To see how much scratch you've made from your work, use the following formulas depending on what format you used to distribute your music

Physical sales:

(Cha. Leadership + Impact Points tally) \times (100eb \times 1d10)

You'll receive the earnings over the course of the week

Digital sales:

(Cha. Leadership + Impact Points tally) \times (10eb \times 3d6) for albums

(Cha. Leadership + Impact Points tally) \times (5eb \times 3d6) for singles & EPs

You'll receive the earnings over the course of the month.

I hope you have fun with these rules, choombas. And if you have any critiques, ides or feedback you wanna provide, please do. Blaze down the rebel path, my fellow warriors of rock. *And never stop fighting.* 🖤

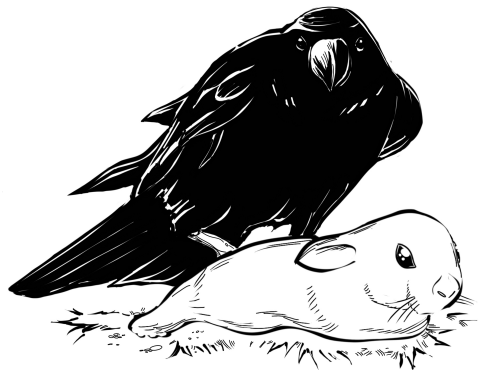
On the End of an Age Lies Apathy

by Jipowap von Angband

It is a rare thing for the majority of men to realize their place in time. For most of history the written people bemoaned the folly of the youth, looked to the wisdom of their forefathers, and more than a few spoke of apocalypse right around the corner. Sometimes this was justified, the Justinian and Black plagues, Vesuvius, the various Mongol conquests, &cetera. Most of the time, as you know, man simply carried on as always.

We live, now, on a *strange* precipice. This is not the first democratic republic of world spanning peace-keeping and economic dominance. This is not the first empire to lose its faith in the face of Belphegorian decadence. This isn't even the first time in our short nationhood a man has tried to correct course off the failings of predecessors. What is most unique to our time is the latitude we allot the fairer sex and foreigners. Never have a people so lazily let civic duty slide to other's hands. Nor let the people's defense be put into institutions so easily converted to counter-cultural cause. *Never* has the want for children been less.

I mean to say, if you want your tabletop setting to disturb your players, simply reflect our current reality. A religious movement, whether backed by an actual divinity or some cabal of anti-deus factions, raises women to power. The quickest way for families to gain power and comfort is to provide this growing cult with eunuchs for its temples, and girls for its 'missionaries' to the mercenaries. The cult imports mercenaries by the boatload,



Crow by Lolianon

setting up ghettos that any common man nary wishes to pass, insulating the cult's centers from prying eyes. Things are always just good enough, and the authorities are always paid off just enough, that it grows unfettered. A silent, but suffocating, death. Thulsa Doom would have done well to pretend to be 'just another snake cult' for a tad longer.

What disconcerts me about this setting is the scale. Every city, every woman, every nation in trade has the cult embedded. There is no single lord of darkness, but a few hundred head priests. They all believe it is right by their god to do as they will, and that whatever is done can not ever be enough. Misanthropy and extinction promulgation on a metaphysical level, coated in childlike paints. The equality of human and beast. The end of striving for things the weakest can not attain. The Romans hated Christians for a difference in priorities, a spiritual order rather than their martial and law centric society. How much more would they abhor this gnostic life-denying cancer? Would they find common cause with Christians in the purging of the eunuchs? Would they be able to if they all had cheap access to modern opium or cannabis? If such hard men could not suppress the rise of Christianity amongst their wives and slaves, how could we suppress something so much more insidious?

Make your cults hideous in their laziness, your cult backers old-money heirs who are convinced by righteous love, your mercenaries baseless and pleasure seeking, and your cities abandoned by the yeoman who retreated to the countryside. If your players find a solution that isn't genocide of some sort, please inform us and the world. This setting might be great for a Genestealer Cult, a demonic incursion, Nyarlathotep's latest gambit, and many other ways. The opposite of revolutionary passions, the rot of sterile apathy and loveless vice coated in candy. 🍬

Recommended Languages for Naming Things and People

by Cognate

GMs need to name things. A lot. Especially if you're running a fantasy campaign, and especially if it's in an original setting. It can be a challenge to come up with so many names that sound like they come from the same culture, yet aren't so similar that they get confusing. Inventing a whole new set of languages for the setting is a lot of work, but there are plenty of existing ones that other people have already made and posted on the internet. I like to choose words that have a meaning somewhat appropriate to the place or NPC I am naming, like "sword" for a hired thug or "port" for a port city.

Here is a selection of high quality languages with online dictionaries that I've found, along with some sample words in each:

Alashian A middle-eastern flavoured language, based on Aramaic with influences from Greek and Turkish. *Sen, Kadab, Rabeh, Gulla*

<https://www.veche.net/lexicon/alashian/entries/>

Asha'ille An impressive sounding language, suitable for lost or ancient civilisations.

Ezani, Kegheron, Esun, Alakael

<https://www.arthaey.com/conlang/ashaille/lexicon/>

Barakhinei A rough language for barbarians. *Glabor, Gir, Mashtan, Lef*

<https://www.zompist.com/baralex.htm>

Brithenig A Celtic-flavoured language from an alternate history where Romanised Britons dominated the British Isles. Also includes a list of personal names if you want more recognisable names. *Cafall, Duithur, Inifig, Kerrisar*
<http://steen.free.fr/brithenig/introduction.html>

Cadinor A language with a classical flavour, suitable for old but proud civilisations. *Celondos, Cabraron, Siobostos, Leorul*
<https://www.zompist.com/cadhlex.htm>

Dwarf Fortress languages Includes Dwarvish, Elvish, Goblin and Human. All four have a relatively rough and primitive feel.

Babin, Dastot, Rimtar, Vakun

Ramana, Ocade, Tayo, Vemini

Usnub, Oxox, Zogast, Damsto

Oled, Thil, Ithru, Ulash

<https://dwarffortresswiki.org/index.php/Language>

Khangabyagon Another harsh language, good for orcs or barbarians. *Glaf, Khredem, Lomokh, Kemno*

<https://www.fraithwiki.com/Khanga%C3%BEyagon>

Kilta An exotic language, reminiscent of Finnish. Jump to the Vocabulary section on page 161. *Ausan, Tamma, Lauka, Vima*

<https://lingweenie.org/conlang/kilta.pdf>

Quenya Literally Elvish. Use with caution if you have any turbonerds in your group, as they may try to correct your grammar. *Macil, Ornendur, Minassë, Neldëa*

<https://eldamo.org/content/word-indexes/words-q.html>

You can of course use real languages for naming things as well, especially if you are using a historical or mythical setting. Here are a few resources for those.

Old English <https://bosworthtoller.com/>

Classical Greek, Latin, and Old Norse Expand the “English-to-[Language] lookup” section and use that to search.

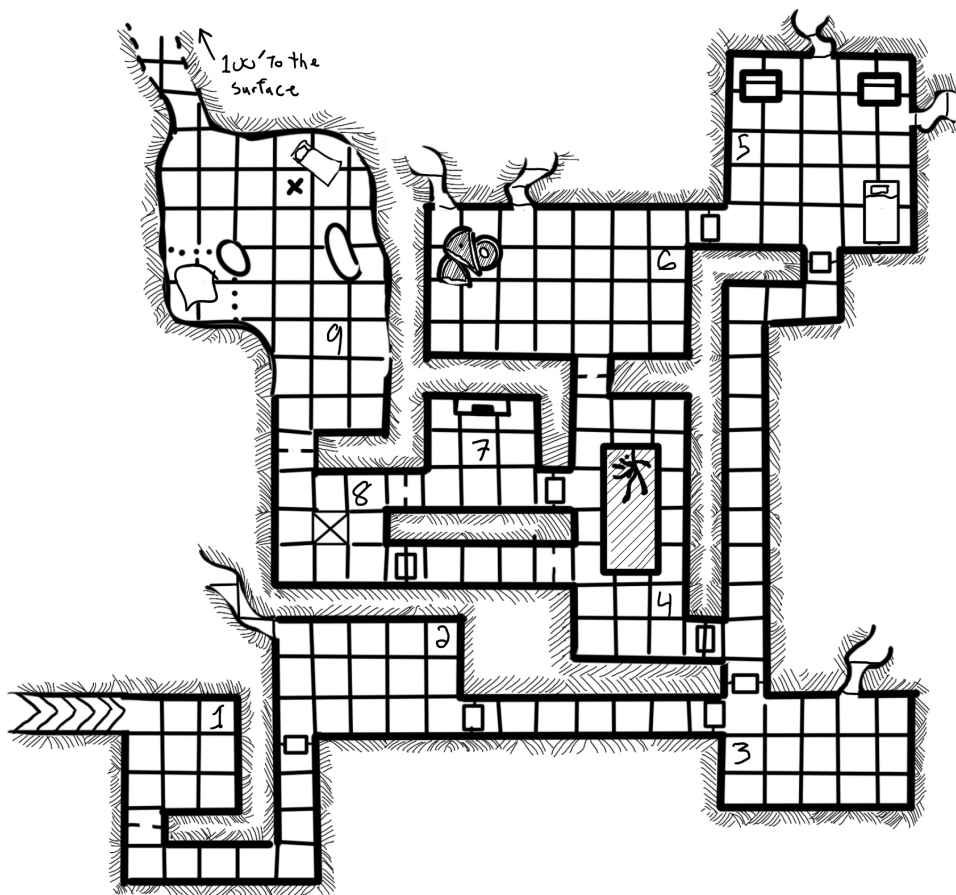
<https://www.perseus.tufts.edu/hopper/search> 📖



Skulls by Blenderanon

by *Dungeon Anon*

The dungeon is well laid stone in decent shape. The few holes are tunnels used by the animals and are too small for anyone to explore. If the PCs find a way to enter them; 2 leads outside, 3, 5, 6 and the fire place in 7 are all connected. All rooms are dark and dusty. If searched, the tracks of the rats and fire beetles can be detected. There are no keys for the locked doors.



1 Entrance hall Empty.

2 Guardroom Giant bee's nest here, using the small tunnel to escape. There is 400CP scattered in the rubble.

Giant bees (4HP)(3HP) AC7 ½HD, d3+ stinger ML9 10XP

3 Meeting room Tables and chairs pushed to the sides and in bad shape.

Giant Rats (4HP)(4HP)(2HP) AC7 ½HD, d3+ disease ML8 10XP If they flee they will regroup at room 6.

4 Dinning room Empty. Nothing of value left, table is covered in dried blood. Southeast door is locked, there is no key.

5 Dormitory Several ruined beds and empty boxes. One is still intact. It's trapped (80GP) and if triggered, fire beetles from 7 will come to investigate.

Fire beetles (7HP)(6HP) AC4 1HD+2, 2d4 ML7 20XP

6 Armory and training room The racks are empty and broken, rusted weapons are scattered about. Only a magic shield(+1) is still useful. There is a small sack of coins (700 sp) under a pile of shield. The rats from 3 will be here if they fled.

7 Kitchen An empty fire place and several old cooking pots and equipment. The door east is stuck and requires a normal check to open. Two fire beetles will be here (even if encountered at room 5).

Fire beetles (7HP)(6HP) AC4 1HD+2, 2d4 ML7 20XP

8 Store room Empty. Illusionary trap in the center of the room. The illusion covers a 10' pit trap d6 damage. Triggering the trap will alert the occupant Serge in room 9.

9 Cavern hideout The stonework of the south gives way to a rough cave, illuminated by a small fire to the north. Sleeping next to the fire is a man, unless alerted by room 8, dressed in only ragged pants. He has meager camping supplies, and only a thin bedroll to sleep on. If any of the PCs fail a move silently, check he will automatically wake.

To the west is an old set of metal bars making a cage. Hidden under blankets, unseeable unless explored, is a juvenile female centaur. There is no lock or door, and the bars need to be pulled out or bent.

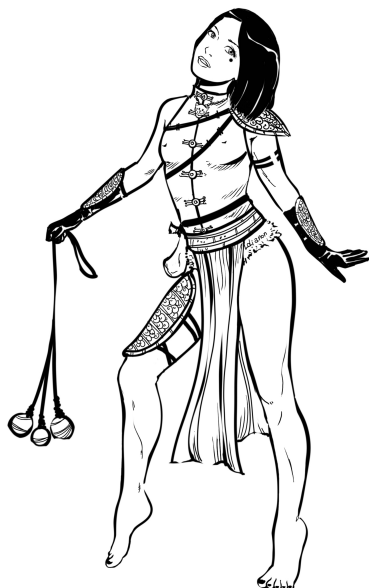
The man is a werewolf, and is rather mad. He can be reasoned with but requires a lot to persuade him of anything. He will mostly likely attack or flee through the exit tunnel if pressed. If he fights he will transform if he can, otherwise fight with the sword leaning against the wall. He will leave the sword if he flees.

A +1 bastard sword, 1100EP, and a wand of fireballs ×10, will be found if his gear is searched.

Serge Rukheim, werewolf (20HP) AC5 wolf, AC9 human, 2d4 ML8 125XP

Phenilla, Centaur (8HP) AC5 4HD 75XP

If Phenilla is rescued and freed she will want to be returned to her herd. If the players do so, they will be rewarded with the good will of the fey folk (500XP each).🐾



Woman with Bolas by Lolianon

Pimp Your Ride in the 41st Millenium: A Finding Aid

by Konigstein/Trisdekanon

So you want to play an Imperial vehicle campaign using one of the FFG *Warhammer 40k* RPGs? Here's good places to start. Note that *DH1^e*, *Rogue Trader*, *Deathwatch* and *Black Crusade* all have vehicle rules of various kinds, but they either use a slightly older version of the rules or work on different scales. The goal here is universal cross-compatibility. I've included a lot of homebrew, much of which may overlap; pick and choose what, if any, works for your campaign. Page numbers may not necessarily reflect the most recent editions of each book.

Where to Find Ground Vehicles

1st-party

Only War Core Rulebook, pp. 215–220

Only War: Shield of Humanity, pp. 134–144

Only War: Gamemaster's Guide, p. 24

Only War: Final Testament, pp. 138–139

Only War: No Surrender, pp. 134–135

All of the above are Imperial Guard vehicles. For a fan-created breakdown of all the vehicles in the core *Only War* experience, check out *Gagetown Gaming*.

Dark Heresy, 2nd Edition Core Rulebook, pp. 190–191

Dark Heresy, 2nd Edition: Enemies Within, pp. 50–51



Gunslinger by Lolianon

Dark Heresy, 2nd Edition: Enemies Without, pp. 53–57

Dark Heresy, 2nd Edition: Forgotten Gods, pp. 46, 50, 54

DH2^e contains a mix of civilian, Imperial Guard, Sororitas and Arbites vehicles, plus basic fliers.

Homebrew (by Konigstein)

Bellum Inter Barbatos, pp. 99–119

Low-tech, primitive and generic “historical” vehicles.

Imperial Atomica, pp. 95–104

Vehicles armed with nuclear weapons or designed to operate in radiation zones.

Potentiam Gigantio, Volumes 1, 2 & 6

Volume 1 is superheavy tanks, Volume 2 is Imperial Guard, Volume 6 is civilian vehicles.

The Trisdekan Primer, Volume 3, pp. 77–88

A small assortment of Imperial Guard vehicles from an isolated Subsector.

Homebrew (by others)

Chivalry Intensifies, by Edeldorf

The definitive Knight brew, expanded from the rules in *The Fringe is Yours*.

Combined Vehicles, by Misfire

Another massive omnibus vehicle book, including much of the Imperial arsenal and a whole range of “crossover” vehicles borrowed from other settings.

The Fringe is Yours, by Shas, pp. 86–93, 142–146

A mix of Mechanicus, 30k and esoteric 40k vehicles. Also includes Knights.

The Golden Experience Requiem, by Shas, pp. 171–175, 208–219

The definitive Primaris/Custodes/Sisters of Silence/Solar Auxilia brew. Similar in power level to *Mars Needs Women*, as it is mostly a *Deathwatch* book with *Only War*/DH2^e elements.

The Liber Imperium, by Reddus, pp. 590–625

An astonishingly large unified rework combining all the 40kRPG systems into a modified version of DH2^e; contains loads of vehicles but designed to work on a slightly tweaked ruleset.

Mars Needs Women, by Shas, pp. 89–99

The definitive Adeptus Mechanicus brew, notably higher-powered than core *Only War*.

Titanomachy, by Misfire

Titans. Compatible with the highest-end stuff in *Potentiam Gigantio* and the Knight brews. Note that the vehicle sections are much more feature-complete than the piloting sections.

The Yindafel Apocrypha, Volume 5, by EarlGrey and Deadlight, pp. 13–74
Includes rules for a range of Genestealer Cult vehicles, the Taurox, armoured trains, and then some. My go-to for Valkyrie rules as well, for what it's worth.

Vehicle Upgrades & Downgrades

1st-party

Only War: Shield of Humanity, pp. 131–133

Homebrew

Combined Vehicles, pp. 241–242

The Fringe is Yours, pp. 147–149

The Golden Experience Requiem, pp. 220–222

Esoteric, archæotech and Great Crusade/Heresy-themed upgrades.

The Liber Imperium, pp. 635–642

Mars Needs Women, pp. 100–101

Adeptus Mechanicus-themed upgrades here, naturally.

Potentiam Gigantio, Volume 1 pp. 96–101

" *Volume 5* pp. 83–84

" *Volume 6* pp. 83–94

Volume 1 focuses on mostly high-tech IG vehicle systems, *Volume 5* is Chaos upgrades that don't necessarily fit regular campaigns, while *Volume 6* is more low-tech civilian and improvised upgrades, as well as downgrades.

The Yindafel Apocrypha, Volume 5, p. 74

Vehicle Customization

Customizations are “mini-upgrades”, easier to swap in and out than standard upgrades, usually focused on crew survivability and comfort.

The Trisdekan Primer, Volume 3, pp. 64–68

Imperial Guard customizations.

Potentiam Gigantio, Volume 6, pp. 77–82

Civilian customizations. Go here for fuzzy dice, skull-head gear shifters and bigger cupholders.

Further Vehicle Tweaks

Yet more options, going above and beyond what you might find in a regular campaign.

Looting (ex-Ork vehicles)

Potentiam Gigantio, Volume 4, pp. 113–128

Degradations (vehicles tainted by the Warp)

Potentiam Gigantio, Volume 5, pp. 85–90

Technomily (tuning and engine customization)

Potentiam Gigantio, Volume 6, pp. 74–76 🐉

The Trisias

by Blenderanon

Within frozen peaks, where air is thin, where humans do not tread, they dwell. Made out of nothing but fur, claws, and eyes, they are indifferent towards warmth and require no sustenance, though their covert nature still drives them to seek shelter.

Mindless, beneath even beasts, they are governed by sophisticated instincts. Instincts compelling them to capture and dissect anyone who stumbles into their territory. Strangers, alone or in groups, might pass untouched as long as they avoid looking to meet the lurkers in the shadows. Groups big enough might even force them to migrate, stay hidden within their caves or, rarely, even try to cause an avalanche.

They are divided in two groups. Those mindless Dwellers of the frozen peaks, governed by entirely by instincts, and Forest Wanderers who are driven by newfound curiosity.

Lonely wanderers might stumble upon a small figurine carved from solid stone, crudely resembling a local animal or man.

With four claws instead of five fingers on their hands they carve stone figurines, or skin unfortunate man and animal, to make more of themselves. Arcane rituals breathe a semblance of life into them. Mountain Dweller claws can be varied in shape, even within the same hand. Often they resemble melted, misshapen tools such as scissors, awls, jagged like saws, screws. Yet the most common shape are simple ursine claws. Usually Forest Wanderers have longer, straighter and fully uniform claws. With a slight curve they resemble daggers, being good at climbing, slashing and stabbing.

Mindless and soulless as they are, some of them are capable of developing curiosity. While not as potent or useful as a real soul, it still leads them away from their hidden dwellings. It leads them as far as forests near human settlements. Breathless, and motionless, within the woods, they can observe humans for weeks, before moving on to look for something more interesting. By bad luck, poor souls can wander into the lurkers in the forests. They are slaughtered without mercy or malice, but by simple animalistic intrigue.

Origins are unknown.

If a mighty warrior defeats them, by strength, skill or luck, they dissolve into bundles of rotting furs and skins of indeterminate origin and, more dangerously, a few daggers. Between one and eight iron daggers with wooden handles without the mark of master.



*Carved Totem by
Blenderanon*

They look identical, and of good quality. Most dangerously, in mercifully rare occasions, a bone dagger could be found amongst them. Its handle made out of a hard and durable bone, and blade made out of material resembling polished ivory, with uneven edges. Unnaturally durable and sharp, they resemble the properties of steel more than bone. All of these daggers are considered to be cursed, tools of witches, but only bone daggers have magic in them. Either by nature of the beasts, some old covenant with the forest, or some vile trickster's doing, the bone dagger can be used in many rituals.

The simplest ritual can be performed in any forest. A man needs to stab the bone dagger into a wood stump with his left hand, and walk around it backwards eight times. By the end of it, he will turn into a wolf. Before the next moon he must perform the ritual in reverse by walking around the tree stump eight times with the dagger in his teeth, and by the end he will turn into human. Theoretically, an animal might perform the ritual as well. A lot of them are smart enough to know what to do, but none of them are stupid enough to want to be human and to involve themselves with dark rituals. If a human fails to perform the reverse ritual he will have to stay as a beast, gradually forgetting that he was ever human. The same happens if someone breaks or steals the dagger from the tree stump. 🖱



Wizard Skull by Blenderanon

Delta Green Recap: Arizona

by Holmes and Marauder

Me, “Holmes” Bolivian Cholo musclehead weeb, HRT close combat specialist; intended comic relief.

“Stark” Soylib Boeing tech-head, responsible for getting us our EV Hummer.

“Janus” Whitebread Secret Service agent with a suspiciously Lusotannian accent, most level-headed and strait-laced.

“Marauder” Terribly unpleasant but incredibly perceptive Cajun ICE SRT agent, will eat any animal under the Sun, but especially gators and swamp fowl; actual comic relief.

“???” The mysterious Pinkerton “insurance policy” racing across the desert in a Jaguar to meet us.

First session START

The members of our merry band each get a focus on their homelife. (Thanks to supper shenanigans, I miss all but mine.) Mine is trying and failing to comfort my poor sweet Grandma, who worried herself to tears about my mysterious business trip up north.

notasplanned.png

DM plays gritty Noir music to set the tone: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zYLD5kIYjx0>

We all arrive in New York City to get our mission briefing in a building used for all kinds of important stuff. Never once is the phrase “Delta Green” mentioned. All of us bar Marauder get into the briefing on-time. DM describes a rat in the seedy backstreet nearby. Marauder decides he wants lunch and hunts the rat. He trips and busts his face right into the knees of a “swarthy gentleman”.

The BGM shifts appropriately for a few minutes: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9saEpqhBP5M>.

A swarthy gentleman wearing a “Welcome to New York, DUCK MOTHERFUCKER” t-shirt gets up and demands Marauder explain himself. Marauder is honest. Swarthy briefly thinks he is being called a rat, prepares to escalate. Marauder explains more exactly what he was looking for. The guy backs down, lets Marauder off with a warning, and swaggers off with his chest puffed out. He doesn’t make it to the briefing, and has to be fetched by a junior agent who gets mocked for his trouble. (Marauder’s player swore that if he caught his prey, then he would have laid its corpse on the briefing table upstairs.)

Back to the plot.

A pretty but serious lady agent briefs us on the mission using a projector. Somewhere near Yuma, Arizona, the Abril family is happy and prosperous and well-ordered. Something evil took exception to all those things. One day, they appeared healthy to their friends and neighbors. After two days of silence, a carpet-cleaning service came into their unlocked house to find it an abattoir.

Seems that the home invasion happened just as the dad returned home with takeout. Every member of the household, from the grandparents to the children, was found murdered in exactly the same way. The killer(s) had methodically stabbed each of them sixty times in the torso, cut off their lips and removed the eyelid. Never had such animal but calculated savagery been seen in living memory. All seemingly done after killing them.

We take and pass our first San roll of the campaign. What interested the Organization was the crazed but legible writing on the wall in red:

H O M E D A G O N H O M E H O M E Y H A N T H L E I S E A T O T H E S E A

Lady agent says that the text alone raises concerns of an unusual incident. Holmes innocently pipes up to ask if she means spooky shit. She sighs and confirms that yes, she means spooky shit. We’re all here and all inducted because once in our careers, we had an encounter with the unnatural in some capacity and came out the other side useful. Still, this sobers my Cholo. We are informed that there will not be a repeat of ’84, and lady agent gives both Holmes and Janus a pointed look.

We have until the next morning to get ready for our flight out. There is banter when we meet Marauder, and Holmes gets called “something I’d deport”. Holmes gamely counts to five, then extracts everyone’s callsigns. Stark decides to go Little Armenia and buy a weeded-out metalwork Simpsons matryoshka doll for his wife’s son.

Turns out that our ride out of NYC is a prop cargo plane. This is not a pleasant ride, but all save Stark adapt to six hours of bumps and noise. We arrive at the Naval airfield in Yuma, and until our (carefully forged) credentials make it through, the marines there are tempted to arrest us. Especially since Stark took his rental EV on the plane with us, and promptly drives it out with a guileless smile and wave.

We drive out to the RV Park, where our “home away from home” is some technically-driveable thing from the 80s. Lotta boomers about enjoying the Sun. Party goes into banter as we decide what to do and where to go first. The men also compare their guns and equipment. Holmes shows off his collapsible baton, buckler, and high-end shottie. Marauder proudly displays his grenade launcher, wants to bag a Jackalope with it.

“What’s a Jackalope?”

“C’mon, ain’cha heard of one? It’s a critter with the combiined features of a rabbit an’ an antelope!”

“Ese, Weekly World News is not a news source!”

“You hush yer mouth, Weekly World News is the most reputable news and information around!”

So it goes, and Holmes does another five-count, gives up, and goes outside to get some fresh air.

Our DM casually announces that Holmes is in for another San roll. Holmes narrowly passes. He receives a vision.

A hideous man with razor teeth noisily chews raw meat while looking at him; luminous eyes in the swirling darkness watch him; an image of his dear Grandma appears as if in mockery, and then there is blackness.

Holmes is left squirming on the ground like he’s having a stroke. He gets to his feet and tells the group (specifically Janus, since he’s the only one taking it seriously):

“Whatever it is, it knows we’re here now.”

As Holmes comes back inside, we’re all made to make fatigue rolls. Holmes fails, and so does some push-ups to burn off the stress and stay awake a little longer.

A supply run is suggested. Marauder cheerfully volunteers to get fixins for jambalaya. Holmes volunteers Stark (having forgotten his callsign during the vision) to keep an eye on Marauder. They both drive off to the nearest convenience store.

It’s a little dated and dusty, but all the shelves are stocked and the equipment is in working order. At the checkout, Marauder has gotten all he needs, and casually chats with the old Mexican cashier. The cashier pauses to warn him about how there “crazies” out there. Marauder succeeds his HUMINT roll, and gets that it was for locally, not in general.

They would have returned without incident, but for Marauder blaring “Out of Touch” at max volume from the hummer’s stereo while approaching the Park <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DCkJ51GPqFs>. Boomers aplenty stare in disbelief and confusion. Holmes has missed this, as he is taking a nap.

We are set to meet with the detective on the case soon enough. Meanwhile, a mysterious detective zooms across the desert.

Session Two

We are here, and we have our work cut out for us. Hopefully it won't cut us too. Since the Cholo was absent for this session, I guess I'll take over with the pilot of the new hit ABC series Cajun (Marauder) and the Techie (Stark).

Me (Cajun) and the techie go to meet the detective at the Abril house. I'm wearing jeans, a trucker hat, and confederate flag T-shirt. Techie wears a suit.

Arrive at the home where a Dodge Charger is parked out front. See a professionally dressed dark brunette haired woman with aviators standing outside waiting for us. We introduce ourselves and the detective shakes our hands, says her name is Julia.

Julia is bewildered at the way I'm dressed. Tell her I just got done from being undercover with a white supremacist group. We then follow her to the house. She unlocks door and lets us in.

Plastic liners on the ground while cups mark blood splatter. Detective allows us to look around while she goes outside to make a phone call shutting the door behind her. We proceed to search for anything the local cops may have missed.

The front area has plastic booties so as not to contaminate crime scene. Put them on while Techie goes out to investigate any electronics that may have been left behind. Pass forensics roll, notice that the killer(s) went ape on the family and didn't seem to be in control of their faculties, notice wide arcing patterns.

Techie fails luck test, find no electronics since they were confiscated by the local police during initial sweep. Techie then decides to case the perimeter and uses his drone. I do another roll to look for contraband, find nothing.

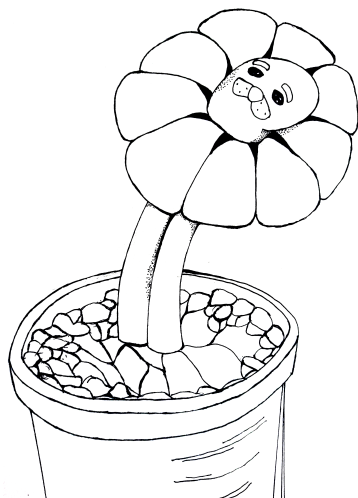
Techie notices via drone footprints that lead to the north-east corner of the yard from house to the fence. Techie shows detective drone footage. Detective pulls it closer to her face, takes off aviators and squints, puts sunglasses back on confirming they were footprints. Detective mentions there's no mention of footprints in the police report. Detective says to check it out. Detective put hands on hips as she looks at the footprints "Don't know how they missed that."

Series of small shoeprints, mixed into wet sand, exterior is faded, tread still visible, next to a small potted plant outside near fence and pool, steps lead to the plant (bird of paradise) then to house. Techie says killer wanted to do something with plant, remarks it as weird.

Techie uses google phone to look up plant, notes that it takes a lot of water and is primarily an indoor plant. Detective want to know why they are so small, multiple child sized footprints. Detective goes to call evidence team to get casts says not to touch anything.

Techie retrieves and me asks if I have collection kit. Roll a 2, pass. I do.

Do forensics of plant and shoes, definitely multiple killers, 3-5 of them, too faded to get clear dis-



Gondola Plant by anon

inction, three separate tread profiles. Notice faint hand print on back wall to house indicating someone must've snuck around. Note the prints belong to someone that was 77 lbs, and 4ft 9in tall.

Footprints follow back wall to the patio style glass entryway. Unaccounted finger and hand prints like someone opened unlocked patio door. Techie rolls 4 on search, notices out of the desert thin grooves in the sand, small python trail running deeper out into the desert. Don't follow sand pattern of anything else leading further into the desert. Techie takes picture of trails. I go to collect prints, and the residue on the plant. Techie fails navigation roll, but due to the tech on the drone, it shows trail leads to medical annex. Finish collecting fingerprints and residue.

Detective says we need to clear out because of the local PD coming back. Techie and I fill in detective about 3–5 killers below 5ft, 77lbs. Detective bewildered, takes evidence, tells us to keep in touch by giving her number. Techie also decides to tell her about the snake trail leading to old medical annex. Detective points out that the annex has been abandoned since the 70s, and says none of it makes sense. Techie asks for clarification on trails, detective says bikes and then says they'll run the prints. Techie suggests looking into medical annex, detective agrees it's a good idea, tells us to keep crime scene clean departs to make call. Before she does, techie asks about getting access to the police reports, detective says she'll send it either by email or we can go in person at the station.

I notice the sap is sticky like dry maple syrup, a little discoloration, sea foam green.

We depart for medical annex before local PD get there. Naval annex is a thirty minute drive, no paved roads, just an old dirt road and busted concrete.

We arrive at destination, station is large cement building, looks like mini-aircraft hangar, domed concrete shape, roof caved in, pull into parking lot. Graffiti, broken bottles, cigarettes everywhere. In the front faded old sign saying "nex", no other vehicles around. It's a foreboding, 4 floor building. Decide to search building floor by floor.

Interior is cool as we past threshold, garbage is littering the floor, wide open area with criss-crossing hallways, lots of bike tracks all over leading all over the place—north-west and south-east.

We stick together and proceed in, graffiti all over walls caked in symbols from mundane to ornate, find Dagon caved onto the walls hidden within graffiti. Dagon carving matches same height as suspected killers, but other Dagon inscriptions are clearly written by teenagers and some adults. Techie points out that Dagon is normally associated with the sea, and find it strange to be mentioned this far inland.

Analyzing graffiti takes 30 minutes, it's now 4:30pm.

Roll for search, pass, notice near stairwells wet spots that stink of ammonia. There's piss on one side and blood on the opposite side of the stairwell. Roll forensics, pass, collect and bag samples of urine and blood, enough for lab testable samples.

Gut instinct tells me there's more to find. Me and the Techie decide to hide the hummer and press on as night falls.

End of session.

Not the most eloquent round up I admit, but I don't usually keep track of this stuff. That's the Cholo's job.

Alright boys, time for Delta Green Part 3!

Be Holmes again.

I wake to the sound of unintelligible genteel and slack-jawed voices whispering in my ears(?). I open my eyes in a small and dimly-lit room nowhere near the RV. The only light comes from under the crack of the door. I notice that I am lying on my side, chained to a nearby radiator. Strangely, I see an open lock sitting on the floor in front of me.

I start testing the strength of my bonds when I hear the sound of footsteps. I pretend to sleep, watching a middle-aged man amble into the room through my eyelids. He comes closer, reacts in puzzlement to the lock on the floor.

"Whut the...?"

I choose that moment to scissor kick him in the back of the knee. It hits with a loud POP. But the enemy doesn't react the way I expect.

Instead of falling to the floor howling in pain, his eyes glaze over, and he puts on a slack-jawed smile. He then reaches out with his hands and thumbs to gouge out my eyes. After the initial squeeze, I shake my arms clear of the chains to grab his hands and hold him back.

"Oh no you don't! I ain't going that easy!"

Despite the bravado, the old bastard is surprisingly strong. Inhumanly so, even.

Years of martial arts training come back to me. He's pressing down pretty hard...so I use his force and roll to flip him right into the radiator. I get to my feet thinking that surely this will floor him.

Nope.

He starts crawling to his feet. I kick him in the face once, twice. *GOOOOOOOOO-OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOAAAAAL*. The man's neck is now in the shape of a 'U'. He dies with that eerie slack-jawed smile plastered on.

I am not alone for long. I hear a man scream in the distance. A middle-aged lady's voice rings out in the hallway when I attempt to leave. I wait beside the door for her to enter. She does, and immediately I apply a chokehold. I feel tears off her face as I close off her windpipe.



Dagger by Blenderanon

"Just go to sleep, gotosleepgotosleepgotosleep..."

After minimal struggle the old dear passes out. I quietly chain her up to the radiator, gag her with one of her dead friend's socks and some fabric.

I sneak through the enemy's gloomy basement like the best Shinobi in Konoha Village, following the screams. Turns out that the screaming man is Janus. Janus has not been having a fun night either.

He, like me, was chained. Unlike me, the man was seated in a chair and accompanied by middle-aged goons (and gooness) who ritually branded him with a red-hot iron or sliced him with a knife every so often. "Every so often" meaning once they seemingly remembered they were supposed to be

branding him. Otherwise, the goons/cultists just lackadaisically chatted with each other, totally oblivious to their charge.

Janus uses this to his advantage, moving his limbs to get himself more lee-way between intervals. He succeeds in freeing one hand from the chain knot. I have snuck into the torture room, he is ready to try and free himself.

I see the cultist about to brand him. Neither Janus nor the cultist are aware of me. I kick the iron out of his hands. Now they are.

Janus forces his left hand free, he screws up his arm in the process but powers through the pain. The cultist lunges at me with that same slack-jawed smile. I grapple with him.

"Come on, Spopovich, le's go!"

I hold him in place long enough for Janus to brain him with a nearby metal pipe. He keeps hitting him until his head is a mess and he stops moving.

VICTORY.

We are left free, bur deep in enemy territory with no idea where we are. Meanwhile...



Skulls by Blenderanon

Stark and Marauder are merrily investigating the abandoned Naval medical annex. Stark has thus far been left with the impression that his colleague may be far from professional and more-than-a-little misguided, but that he's a solid teammate and not so bad a guy. Marauder thinks that Stark is an idjit and a libtard, but useful and he sure as Hell won't mind sharing his jambalaya with him again.

Buddy cop dynamic is go.

Remember this.

They decide to head deeper into the annex. Somewhere right before the basement steps, they encounter an enormous reddish-brown stain on the floor accompanied by a wall riddled with bullet holes.

Maybe that was why the place was abandoned?

They press on downstairs. Nothing's locked, and so after an uneventful journey down, they encounter a vast hall. A hall filled with what seem like empty metal water tanks with observation windows. At the center of the pack is a broken-open tank, torn apart from the inside and ornamented with more eldritch graffiti and blood to the point where it resembles a pagan shrine. Something bad definitely happened here, and was certainly covered up. The agents make note of everything, then head back upstairs

to begin a stake-out, the idea being that they'll be there to catch and interrogate the hooligans if this is their nightly haunt.

They wait a while. Eventually they catch the sound of bikes in the distance. Despite both agents taking pains to keep quiet within the annex, they catch a whisper on the wind from the three small figures.

"There's someone here..."

The three make a break for it. Marauder runs for the entrance, while Stark goes for the Hummer. While the latter starts firing up the vehicle, Marauder looses a warning shot from his sidearm at the fugitive three while he chases them. No reaction, they just keep going; Marauder keeps going until they are past the point where he can't reach them by running.

The Hummer is moving; Marauder considers aiming for the bike tires, "forgets," then aims directly for one of the retreating backs and looses three shots.

Bullseye.

He runs up to the fallen fugitive, who turns out to be...a terrified hispanic kid in a Fortnite t-shirt who is bleeding heavily and will die without proper assistance.

Marauder considers giving that assistance.

He decides not to.

For a moment, Marauder holds a scared and dying child in his arms...then the child's eyes glaze over, and his expression twists into a sickening slack grin. Soon, even that telling expression gives way to the peace of death.

Marauder calls out to Stark. "Got one!"

"Oh, you captured a suspect?"

"Naw, I shot the little bastard."

"You WHAT?! Marauder, they're KIDS!"

"He was runnin'! And besides, how was I supposed to know that? He coulda been anythin'!"

Stark splutters at the wheel. "Literally every piece of evidence we got told us we were dealing with kids! How could you—"

"Look, they're gettin' away. Why don'cha grab 'em?"

Stark is tempted to continue protesting the unneeded death of a child, but gives in and guns the (silent) engine. The EV zooms ahead and quickly closes the distance. He plans to swerve in front of the bicyclists and block their path with the great metal bulk. He makes his move, smoothly shifting the EV over...and miscalculates with distinct wet crunch. Two children down, one crushed beneath the wheel of his own car.

SANITY ROLL.

Stark fails, and desperately calls on the memory of his own son. This is enough to stabilise him. Stark gets the car moving again, resolves that this time, he won't fail.

This time, he catches up with the kid, and "lightly taps" him with the EV's side. The bike breaks, the kid is sent sprawling.

There is a pause, and then the kid starts caterwauling while clutching at his obviously sprained ankle. Marauder remarks that at least that'll make remains clean-up easy.

SESSION END.

Half the party is in a Spielbergian action film with ultraviolence, the other half is quickly turning into something like Sam Raimi.

Round up 4

Barbedwire arrives from Las Vegas, driving in an old Jaguar. Receives coordinates for somewhere in the ass end of the Arizona desert on the outskirts of the town of Mustang near a hill of sand.

Handler explains for him to exit vehicle and crest over the hill. Peers over hill and sees a modern installation in contrast to the old town and what looks to be a modern cell tower with a 140 square meter building made out of green/brown concrete and brick.

Roll for alert, pass. Notice there's two people standing inside the building carrying rifles and no cameras.

Handler tells Barbedwire to get in by any means necessary, which is odd for a detective. Barbedwire asks for time frame, handler says time is of the essence.

Disguises himself as a lost tourist to get in, has Colt Python in a shoulder holster. Approaches guards who look at each other and head out of the building to meet him. Guards are oddly unreactive and silent as he spins yarn about running out of gas.

Pulls out Colt Python. Attack roll fails. Reduces willpower by 1 to reroll.

Change to me and Stark.

We roll alertness, I pass, he fails. Hear sound of siren in the far distance.

Stark hyperventilates and calls command to squeal on me. I go to tell Stark I hear sirens in the distance and that we should check it out. He agrees after calming down but wants to hide the bodies. I fail criminology test. So instead of burying them we decide to put the bodies in the trunk of the hummer. Tells me to drive while he puts the bikes in the trunk as well. We drive to follow the sirens, hauling ass.

The surviving kid who Stark had put in the back seat cries "What's wrong with you people?" as cops pass by. Roll sanity test while "East bound and down" plays over the radio. I pass, Stark fails. Duelling banjos plays next. Stark loses sanity. Kid suddenly stops screaming.

Change to Cholo and Janus.

Get done caving in a man's skull with a pipe. Cholo and Janus made to roll san checks. Janus passes. Cholo fails, loses 1 point of sanity. Still stuck underground in a small room with stink of dead bodies.

Janus grabs shirt then asks where they are. Cholo says not a clue. Door flies open above them, can hear a woman screaming "Paul don't let them take me."

Man cries out "Lisa."

Body hits the ground with a painful cry, hear Lisa beg and plead to be let go. Hear chains lock together, then uneven steps up staircase, woman sobbing uncontrollably while man's desperate screams are heard being pulled further and further away.

Cholo and Janus decide to rescue girl, Cholo uses branding iron as weapon. Go to check hallway. Find room and open door, metal hinges give a loud groan.

Lisa cries out "Who's there?"

Janus says that they're friendly and to calm down. Janus uses psychotherapy to calm the broad. Rolls, passes.

Lisa calms down and calming down, stops hyperventilating says "We need to get my brother and get out of here."

Janus asks if the captors have guns.

Lisa, shackled the same way Holmes was with a chain hanging from the ceiling says they're stockpiling guns and that if they help her brother get out she'd tell them more.

Cholo fails roll to break chain. Janus rolls luck test, fails, no tools to be found. Burns willpower, rolls luck again, passes. Finds a metal clothing pin, and uses it to unlock chain. Cholo rolls int check to pick lock. Fails. Spends 3 willpower to reroll. Passes.

Cholo manages to free Lisa from her shackles. Lisa tells them there's an exit to the back alley from the basement and that they have to get her brother, can't leave him there. Cholo and Janus decide to rescue brother.



Key by Blenderanon

Switch to Barbedwire.

Barbedwire decides to attack the right guard. Rolls firearm test, fail. The right guy shoots him, misses wide. Left guy fires. Barbedwire takes damage, clean hit through stomach. Draws on left side guy and shoots him on reflex through the throat. Rolls firearm skill, passes very well. Terminates both men who attacked him.

Notices blood pool across jacket, and that the satphone is still on. Finds medpack in his kit, and patches himself up. Gets small amount of health back and stops the bleeding.

Checks body for badges. Rolls luck test, fails for guy on the left, succeeds on the guy on the right. Right side guy has a mini 14, radio, weed, a couple mags for rifle, keycard and an id badge. The guards seem unrelated to the situation at hand as if they were pulled off the street.

Notes radio is set to channel 2. Rolls luck test. Passes. Listens in on the radio chatter, radio is clicking repeatedly. Rolls for alertness, fails. All he gets is the clicking of on and off, on and off, etc...

Takes the mini-14, ID and cash. Reports to handler how the goons were strangely unfitting. Handler tells him to keep a look out for more like them and to continue to investigate.

Scene changes back to me and Stark. Making progress to mustang.

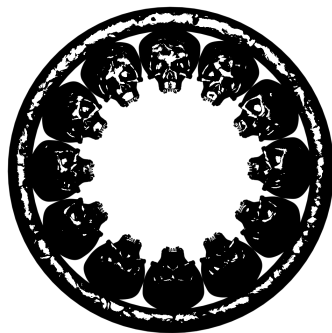
Roll strength test, pass. Notice car quiet, feel hand at neck and trying to slam car into the guard rail. Barely stop the brat in time. Roll for lethal damage with my bowie knife.

Stark activates super cruise controls to keep control of the vehicle. Pass damage, stab kid in the fleshy part of the neck. Kid is non-reactive, sickening grin on the kid's face. Stark rolls to grapple child. I'm fully aware kid is stronger than expected. Stark's roll succeeds to grapple the kid, manages to pin the child.

Press knife further into the neck of kid "Why won't this little bastard die!". Stark pulls child towards the door with him. Move to stab him again. Roll to attack, succeeds. I stab knife into kids adam's apple and finish the job.

Stark feels the supernatural strength fade from the child. We roll san, Stark fails, I fail.

Stark covered in the blood of a freshly killed child reaches his breaking point, lunges at me. I roll drive, pass, while fighting off nutjob teammate. Roll into Mustang, and crash into a building, strangers stare in wonder at the scene before them as two men covered in blood brawl in the driver's side of a hummer.



Skulls by Blenderanon

Not quite up to my usual standards, but it was an all action section, and quite the PITA to write and play at the same time.

Janus and Holmes agree to rescue brother.

Lisa explains brother is probably detained on second floor which is an old movie theater. Lisa says they can get out from the side staircase. Janus comes up with plan to sneak out, rescue brother, get weapons, and collect as much evidence as they can before getting out. Holmes agrees, and they try to sneak up the stairs and open the main door.

Roll for stealth, Holmes fails. Burn willpower to reroll. Rolls again, passes. They make it up and push open the old door quietly.

Janus rolls luck to look for guns. Passes, finds a gun. An old 9mm Beretta and two magazines.

Holmes rolls alertness, fails. Burns wp to re-roll. Succeeds.

Switch to me and Stark.

Stark rolls unarmed, I roll unarmed. He gets a hit in, two damage. We roll again, both fail. Footsteps approach. We roll again. He fails, I pass, sock him in the jaw.

Stark then gets hit in the back of the head by an Ithaca-wielding assailant. Another points a gun at me, says I'm in trouble for killing kids.

Roll to spend willpower to BS my way out of it. Roll persuasion, fail big time. Get shot in the chest by a shotgun. Decide to just surrender to them "fucking niggers." Get knocked out.

Switch to Barbedwire.

Swipes card to open door. As he goes in he feels the cool, crisp air conditioning. Smells of dead body near front desk, can't see anyone. Scans environment, sees security cameras and TVs. TV is on a generic local network.

Notices a hallway that leads further into the facility but decides to look under the desk. Rolls luck, finds desiccated corpse victim has been dead for several days. Roll SAN check, passes. Woman is mid-30s and dressed in business casual.

Picks lock on desk drawers. Roll luck to see what he can find. Nothing out of the ordinary, cheese/cracker snack packs, set of keys, paperwork but its filed very messy. Sifts through paperwork, find they are invoices for the building for the past week or so (electric, water, etc...).

Rolls alertness, passes. Gets an uneasy sense that he's not alone.

Switch to Janus and Holmes.

Roll a dexterity check, both pass. Hear theater doors kick open, three people walk in. Janus rolls a check to see if they're armed. Fails, but sees rifle sized shapes in their arms. Both decide to hide behind crates.

Footsteps head in their direction. Holmes decides to sneak up behind and clobber one in the back of the head with his pipe, rolls melee, and passes. Holmes rolls for damage, smashes it into the guys shoulder.

Janus fires single shot at second guy, rolls firearm, fails. Burns will power. Rolls again, passes. Janus rolls for damage, blows out the guy's chest, bad guy drops his guns.

Buckshot narrowly miss him, get hit with bit of crates. Third guy shoots again, hits the crate.

Back to me and Stark.

Stark wakes up to gunfire, roll athletics, fails but goes prone and decides to crawl to the crates. Roll constitution check to wake up, pass. Now roll for luck, fail. Decide to stay down.

Back to Holmes.

Holmes tries to smack the gun out of the guys hand. Fails.

Janus decides to shoot one closest to him, rolls firearms, passes, wings the wounded guy and drops him. Second guy fires at Janus again, misses. Holme's guy also misses at close range.

Back with Stark. Moves behind crate and cries.

I roll luck test, pass. Recover semi-auto FAL. Roll to see how much ammo, pass, 20 7.62 rounds.

Holmes tries to hit the third guy in the head. Rolls, pass, but guy tries to dodge and fails, get hit on the shoulder again.

Janus down to three rounds, decides to shoot shotgun man (guy 3) rolls, critical hit, drops the guy.

My turn, roll firearms, fail to hit.

Back to Holmes, rolls melee knocks out the guy.

End of session.

By this point, GM is calling this the best Resident Evil adaptation he's ever seen. And my character's the one with the Silent Hill school of item-to-weapon use.

Final Sessions

So Marauder here, turns out due to technical difficulties that the last recap is MIA, so I shall give a brief summary of our heroic...exploits.

It all starts when after we finish the fight, and restore some of our health with medpacks as we advance further into the theater, sending out the reporter lady and her brother to get their van. After that we immediately get pinned down by a group of cultists manning an M1919 .30cal machine gun, Janus as unlucky as always takes several hits as he's knocked to the ground. Me and Stark manage to clear out the nest after a prolonged firefight and Janus, just barely alive, takes control of the gun...which promptly blows up in his face as he tries to use it on the next group of enemies. They swarm down the hallway and another firefight ensues with our guys coming up out on top, as we loot the dead it falls to me to drag Janus along with us as we continue on our tour. Eventually we come across a crying child, and Stark goes over to check her over before promptly chucking her over the side of a balcony.

Also, the GM ran out of tokens for that session, so he was using a Garfield picture to represent them. We killed many Garfields, including the man with the golden Garfield pic.

Our last session begins with a literal tyke bomb.

There was a method to Stark's madness, as the child had a bomb strapped to her (killing kids is really becoming a staple of this game I swear), which caused the theater to begin collapsing as we awoke whatever was calling the place home. And so I sling Janus over my shoulder in a fireman carry as begin our mad dash to escape before we become buried alive. As we reach the exit, a van pulls up, it's the reporter and her brother, they tell us to hurry up and get inside. Stark is the last one to make it aboard as we race out of the godforsaken town, battered but somehow alive.

We get in contact with the Detective from earlier and explain the situation, she gives us the location of a motel we could use to lay low. Janus and I stay in the motel room as Stark and Holmes go to meet with the detective and use her phone to call home.

Later on G-men show up and tell us that our job is done and that they're taking control of the situation. We get interrogated by Top Men...top men...and then are released to go home. They also recover our gear for us, including my beloved MGL which has yet to see any use, and we go our own separate ways.

But let it be known that if you have a problem,
if no one else can help,
and maybe if you find us,
you can hire the A-Team. 🗡️



Hairy Gondola by Blenderanon

