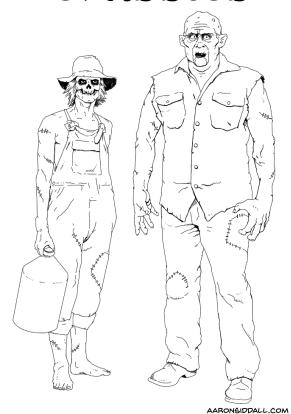
COUNTRY MEAT-GRINDER CLASSICS



"WASTED"

A 1ST-LEVEL DCC RPG ADVENTURE BY TIM SNIDER



COUNTRY MEAT-GRINDER CLASSICS "WASTED"

A 1st-Level Adventure for DCC RPG

By Tim Snider

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INTRODUCTION

Country Meat-Grinder Classics (CMGC) is inspired by the grindhouse horror "hicksploitation" films of the 1970s and 1980s. The concept of CMGC was also inspired by the likes of Country Crawl Classics, Meat Planet, and The Arwich Grinder, and I tip my hat to the creators of these fine DCC products.

In CMGC, the time and place is an otherworldly Appalachian-like region cut off from "proper" civilization and stuck in a perpetual 1930's backwoods level of technology and knowledge. Gunpowder and firearms exist but are prone to misfires and malfunction. (It's safer to use hand weapons anyhow.) Motorized vehicles are rare and ramshackle, so many still rely on horse-drawn conveyances. Folk magic and superstitions are common, but "true magic" (the casting of spells and manipulation of reality) is the stuff of demonic deals and infernal bargains and is rarely seen or experienced.

With a few tweaks to genre details, CMGC can be used in any number of ways in your own games: Addersbrook could be nestled in DCC's Shudder Mountains or possibly along one of the trails of Weird Frontiers. The denizens within wouldn't even be out of place in the post-apocalyptic future of MCC's Terra AD!

GENERAL BACKGROUND

It's time again for the annual Addersbrook Village Fête! Every summer, folks from throughout the county descend on the hamlet for the social event of the season, with a weekend of games, grub, and grog, giving everyone a chance to kick back and enjoy some fellowship and fun with neighbors and friends.

"Fun", however, is in short supply at this time, as the gala falls during the same season a mysterious corn mold is decimating local crops. This unidentified mildew causes ears of corn to turn a sickly blue in color accompanied by a foul-smelling ooze leaking from the kernels. Animals who were fed this contaminated corn acted as if they were violently rabid before dying outright. Fortunately, most farmers caught the blight in time before it spread and either burned or plowed under their blighted harvests.

Anyway, the carnival is in full swing and it's time to put all that misery behind us! So gather around the gazebo for a tune, play a game or two, enjoy some good food, and maybe find a place to get a drink or two of The Good Stuff.

JUDGE'S BACKGROUND

Two weeks ago, before the corn blight was identified, local ne'er-dowell and moonshiner Patrick Dalton helped himself to several bushels of contaminated corn from Morris Owens' field. With the help of his hulking son "Junebug", Dalton took the blighted corn back to his hunting shack in the woods and began distilling it into moonshine to sell at the upcoming fête. The odd aroma and strange purple tint in the shine caught his attention, but he didn't taste anything amiss in the product. (Dalton's frequent "sampling" over the years has built up his tolerance toward most poisons to incredible levels.) However, when he offered Junebug a swig, his son foamed at the mouth, convulsed, and immediately dropped dead of poisoning. First in shock, then in wonderment, Dalton stared as his son's corpse stood back up and stared blankly down at him, a blue foam dripping from his open lips. As their eyes locked, Dalton found he was somehow mentally "connected" to his newly risen un-dead son.

Dalton's distilling process has somehow altered the moldy poison into a form of mind-control toxin. The brew first kills the imbiber, then revives them as one of the mindless un-dead. The victim's brain is somehow

chemically "rewired" to accept commands from the only living imbiber – Dalton. He has spent the last several days inviting newly arrived transients and tramps coming to the fête out to his shack to preview his new elixir "on the house".

When the adventure begins, he has amassed a small horde of local undead that he utterly controls. Now calling himself "The Doombrewer," Dalton plans to have Junebug drop off a fresh batch of "doomshine" to the festival to convert everyone in the county into his un-dead thralls, at which point Dalton will lord over Addersbrook as its only living resident...unless the players can stop him.

FIELDS AFLAME

The players begin the adventure on the outskirts of Addersbrook, travelling along one of the few roads leading to the small town. If they are from the area, they could be heading to the fête, or if they're from elsewhere, they could just happen upon the carnival by happenstance. (Judge's choice.) It's still early in the day, and the sun is shining brightly



overhead. Have the PCs roll a DC 10 Intelligence check, and on a success, they see plumes smoke rising from somewhere off the road and the smell of burning grass fills the air. To the investigate fire. they'll need to leave the road and work their way through waist-high weeds before they come to a cornfield on fire.

Morris Owens and his daughter Etta are undertaking a controlled burn to destroy one of their fields infected with corn blight. When the PCs find them, the Morris and Etta seem to be standing around, undisturbed by the burning crop. Occasionally they'll race to one side or another and put out any fire that threatens to spread to the nearby woods. If the PCs ask, Morris explains that a nasty corn blight affected this field, showing the PCs one of the infected ears. (If the PCs are from the area, they're aware of the disease that has run throughout the area.) Morris also explains that he found a large patch of corn missing from this field, so he's destroying it before any other animals "get into it and poison theyselves." (Judge's note: Although the local wildlife did eat some of the contaminated crop, most of the missing corn was covertly stolen by Patrick Dalton for use in his moonshine.)

As the players discuss the corn blight, the controlled burn, and the upcoming fair with Morris, the fire starts to spread a bit too quickly for them to handle. Morris and Etta scamper to control the flames, asking the PCs to grab a spare rake or shovel to help them stop the spread. (There are plenty of extra tools in Morris' nearby wagon.) As the players assist, have each player roll a Luck check. Anyone who fails will be attacked by a "rabid" deer that comes charging out from the nearby woods. These deer ate some of the corn mold and now are now mindlessly violent. They are wild-eyed with blue foam on their mouths accompanied by an odd, fungus-like aroma.

"Blighted" deer: Init +1; Atk hoof +3 melee (1d4+2) or antlers +3 melee (1d4); AC 14; HD 2d8, 8 hp each; MV 60'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +3, Ref +4, Will +1; AL C; M/d8.

Once the deer are dealt with, Morris will examine the corpses and point out that they show all the signs of having gotten into the poisoned corn. "The mold jest rots the brain 'n makes 'em crazy and mean," he says. He dumps the corpses into the dwindling flames and thanks the PCs for

their help in keeping the fire under control, adding that he hopes to see them at the fête later in the day.

JAMBOREE OF THE DAMNED

When the players arrive in Addersbrook, the street fair is already well underway, with music, dancing, eating, and drinking filling the streets. The following is a list of a few activities the PCs may want to pursue; the judge is encouraged to add others as they see fit:

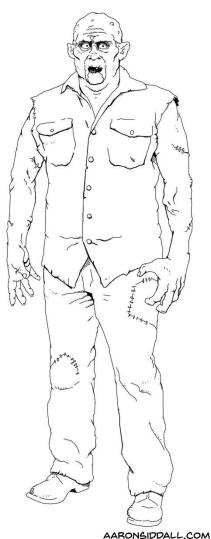
- A pen has been set up in the center of town for a greased pig contest. Only 10 entries are allowed to try, all entries must pay 5 gp, and the winner gets the pot. At the sound of the gun, a greased-up piglet is released into the pen, and whoever can grab it and hold onto it for a three-count wins. The slippery piglet can be caught on a DC 17 Ref save and must be held for two more consecutive DC 17 Ref saves. Failure means the squirming, squealing piglet slipped away.
- There is a target-shooting range with two rifles set up to test your skill. It costs 1 gp to play with three hits out of three shots needed to win. (Prizes are for minor trinkets or tools, i.e., a cigar, a handaxe, a live duck, etc.) The targets are fairly easy to hit (DC 10), but the barrels on the rifles are slightly bent, giving the shooter a -1d penalty when firing. (The game is not crooked; it's just that the rifles have seen better days.)
- A small area in a side alley is roped off where "Tall Tree" McPherson is taking on all-comers in a winner-takes-all wrestling contest. Anyone who wants to take on the 7'-tall behemoth needs to pony up something of value of at least 20 gp. (Of course, side bets are ongoing outside the ring!) The wrestling bout is for "first pinned" using the grappling rules (p. 96, DCC RPG). "Tall Tree" has a Strength of 18 (+3 modifier) for this contest.

About an hour or two after the players arrive at fête, Junebug Dalton wonders into town carrying a case of his father's doomshine. Since the players are likely distracted with their own fun and games, they will only notice his arrival on a successful DC 20 Intelligence check. If they make the check, the judge should just vaguely describe "a tall, dead-eyed, ogre of a man carrying a box of jars in the distance." If they pursue

Junebug, they will be unable to find him as he's already delivered the shine and left to rejoin his pa at their hunting shack.

The arrival of Dalton's illicit moonshine is always eagerly at Addersbrook anticipated gatherings, and a small gathering of townsfolk were awaiting its delivery from Junebug, wordlessly handed it to them and left without taking the usual payment. Happy for the free booze, the villagers passed out the jars amongst themselves, made a toast, and swilled down the light blue shine. Moments later, they were all converted to Dalton's un-dead thralls.

The players should gradually become aware of shouts and screams of pain and confusion as the village's revelers race away from the small hoard of staggering un-dead who have



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shuffled into the town square. Each seems to be carrying a small jar of clear blue liquid and is attempting to force others to drink the vile contents. Any who drink the liquor will convulse, die, and raise as one of the un-dead the next round. (The judge can add to the number of undead if the players need more of a challenge!)

Drunken un-dead (6): Init -2; Atk bite +3 melee (1d4) or fist +3 melee (1d4); AC 9; HD 3d6, 8 hp each; MV 20'; Act 1d20; SP un-dead; SV Fort +4, Ref -4, Will +2; AL C; U/d6.

Once the drunken un-dead are dealt with, the PCs can begin their investigation as to the nature of these creatures and where they came from. Asking around town will reveal the following information:

- These un-dead are all local townsfolk. In fact, the PCs might recognize some of them from events and interactions just a few hours earlier.
- These un-dead all have that same blue foam on their lips and odd fungus-like odor about them like the "rabid deer" they fought earlier.
- The jars of blue liquid all reek of strong corn liquor. The blue tint
 and slight moldy smell point to the use of blighted corn in its
 distillation. (See *Trouble's A-Brewin'* if anyone dares to take a sip of
 doomshine.)
- Patrick Dalton is the moonshiner who typically provides shine for these festivals. He's been known to help himself to corn from the local fields, but the citizens don't mind as he brews the best shine in the county.
- Someone saw Junebug Dalton, Patrick Dalton's son, leaving the fête earlier, likely after delivering the tainted brew.

During discussion, one of the townsfolk says that word needs to be delivered to Dalton that this year's batch of moonshine is poisonous, and he needs to be warned before more of the toxic alcohol is delivered to any other towns in the area. While the Addersbrook villagers clean up

after the un-dead attack, they ask the PCs to warn Dalton at his hunting shack where he's "hidden" his still. (Its location is a well-known "secret" amongst the citizens.) The PCs can equip themselves with whatever they thought to bring to the fête as well as anything they can scrounge from the carnival's booths and attendees.

THROUGH THE WOODS

To reach Dalton's hunting cabin, the PCs will need to take the main road for 2 miles then follow a hard-to-see deer trail through the dense tangled underbrush. The trees in this neck of the county are incredibly thorny, gnarled, and twisted, as if the very ground were poisoned as well. (There's nothing amiss about the area, but it's hard to traverse, which Dalton likes.) It takes an hour to follow the path to Dalton's hunting shack, and during that time, the players will encounter one of the following on the trail. (The judge can either roll 1d4 for the encounter or choose one they like.)

1. **Bobcat clowder** – The PCs stumble across the den of several bobcats that are very displeased by their trespassing. There are three within the burrow that will race out to attack and another one in a tree that will drop down onto one of the intruders.

Bobcats (4): Init +4; Atk bite +4 melee (1d4) or claw +3 melee (1d3); AC 15; HD 1d6, 4 hp each; MV 40'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +4, Ref +6, Will +2; AL N; M/d6.

2. **Feral hogs** – Crashing through the underbrush are three large feral boars. They have a wild look in their eyes, and the PCs can see bluetinted foam encrusting their savage-looking tusks.

"Blighted" razorbacks (3): Init +2; Atk bite +4 melee (1d6) or tusk gore +3 melee (1d6+2); AC 14; HD 2d6, 6 hp each; MV 40'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +4, Ref +0, Will +4; AL C; M/d6.

- 3. **Misplaced un-dead** A handful of Dalton's un-dead minions have wandered away from the hunting shack and have gotten lost in the woods. They approach the sound of the PCs crashing through the woods, but once they see it isn't Dalton, they snarl and attack.
 - **Drunken un-dead (3):** Init -2; Atk bite +3 melee (1d4) or fist +3 melee (1d4); AC 9; HD 3d6, 8 hp each; MV 20'; Act 1d20; SP undead; SV Fort +4, Ref -4, Will +2; AL C; U/d6.
- 4. **Junebug Dalton** While returning from his delivery, Junebug couldn't find his way back to his father's shack due to his festering un-dead brain. When the PCs find him, he appears confused and lost. But if they approach him, he attacks. (If Junebug is defeated here on the path, he will not be found at the hunting shack later.)

Junebug Dalton: Init -2; Atk bite +3 melee (1d6) or fist +3 melee (1d6); AC 11; HD 3d6, 12 hp; MV 20'; Act 1d20; SP un-dead; SV Fort +6, Ref -2, Will +2; AL C; U/d6.

TROUBLE'S A-BREWIN'

Dalton's ramshackle hunting shack is a one-room structure with a cot, table, and pot-bellied stove. Out behind the shack are a few lengths of rope where he hangs up deer and other animals for cleaning and dressing, as well as a shallow "gut pit" where he tosses the organs of animals he's dressed. However, Dalton rarely uses it for hunting nowadays, as he now brews his moonshine using a cobbled-together still out back.

As The Doombrewer, Dalton has smeared white greasepaint on his face, giving himself a skull-like visage fitting his new title. When the players arrive, The Doombrewer is busying himself with the still, putting the finishing touches on a fresh batch of doomshine. Several of the drunken un-dead are standing nearby, awaiting commands from Dalton. (If the

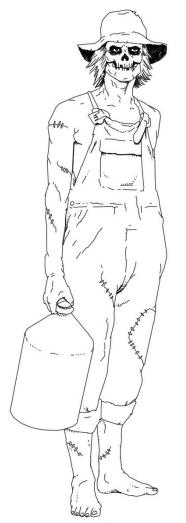
players have not yet met or dealt with Junebug, he's also present standing among the un-dead.)

The Doombrewer will be surprised when the PCs approach, as he assumed everyone in Addersbrook would either be his thralls or dead by now. He first will demand to know who they are and why they've come.

If anyone attempts to warn him about the poisonous brew, he laughs in amusement as his un-dead army steps forward, surrounding the party. A few of the un-dead are holding jars of the pale blue liquor.

"T'weren't no mistake," he chuckles. "Once't I seen what doomshine could do, I seen I could use it get revenge on those Addersbrook folk that laughed at Junebug and me! All it takes is one swig. C'mon, have a snort."

The Doombrewer steps back toward his still while his un-dead minions swarm to attack. (Junebug will also attack if he's here.) Three of the drunken un-dead have a jar of doomshine, and they will attempt to grapple the PCs and force them to swallow some of the deadly concoction. (Treat the un-dead as having a Strength of 13 modifier]. Refer to the grappling rules on p. 96, DCC RPG.)



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Anyone who so much as takes a sip of doomshine must make a DC 15 Will save. On a failure, the PC immediately dies and rises as the newest member of The Doombrewer's un-dead horde. On a success, the PC takes 1d6 hp poison damage and spends the next round retching and heaving. However, if the PC makes another DC 20 Will save, they find themselves mentally connected to the drunken un-dead much like Dalton, and they will be able to mentally control the drunken un-dead for the next 24 hours.

Drunken un-dead (7): Init -2; Atk bite +3 melee (1d4) or fist +3 melee (1d4); AC 9; HD 3d6, 8 hp each; MV 20'; Act 1d20; SP un-dead; SV Fort +4, Ref -4, Will +2; AL C; U/d6.

Junebug Dalton (if present): Init -2; Atk bite +3 melee (1d6) or fist +3 melee (1d6); AC 11; HD 3d6, 12 hp; MV 20'; Act 1d20; SP un-dead; SV Fort +6, Ref -2, Will +2; AL C; U/d6.

If the PCs manage to defeat more than half of the un-dead or if they make a move to engage The Doombrewer, he will scream with rage that his plans are falling apart.

"The doomshine is mine! I done made it! It's my creation!" he shouts. "No one else is gonna get their hands on my recipe!"

He then kicks the still over onto the ground, shattering the various coils, tubes, and glassware it was made from. The PCs see the undistilled doomshine mash emptying into the hunting gut pit, filling it with dark blue liquid. In moments, the various innards, entrails, and cast-offs reanimate into a slime-coated humanoid figure that pulls itself out of the pit. Surprised, the Doombrewer claps with glee as the upright gutpile charges at the PCs. Both The Doombrewer and the organ golem (and any remaining un-dead) fight to the death (or un-death).

The Doombrewer (Patrick Dalton): Init +2; Atk shotgun +3 missile fire (1d8) or knife +3 melee (1d4); AC 15; HD 1d8, 6 hp; MV 20'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +8; AL C; III/d6.

Organ golem: Init +2; Atk fist smash +5 melee (1d6+3); AC 12; HD 3d8, 14 hp; MV 10'; Act 1d20; SP un-dead; SV Fort +4, Ref +0, Will +4; AL C; U/d8.

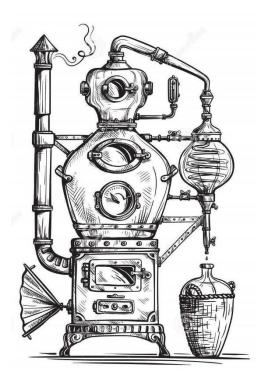


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Once the final blow is dealt to the organ golem, it falls to the ground into a pile of loose entrails again. If The Doombrewer is killed, his mental control is broken, and any remaining un-dead (and Junebug) will begin attacking random targets, including each other (the judge should roll randomly). The recipe for doomshine is lost forever, as all the remaining jars were shattered during the scuffle.

AFTERMATH

Upon the PC's return to Addersbrook. thev are lauded as heroes for stopping the drunken undead outbreak. ΑII remaining of traces doomshine are disposed of, and efforts are doubled in the coming weeks to burn any remaining traces of corn tainted with blight. The fête starts back up again and lasts well into the next several days as the town tries to put the sordid affair behind them.



Meanwhile, in the next county over, a farmer discovers his corn crop is starting to turn a sickly blue in color...

WET YER WHISTLE

Here's an additional item you may want to introduce at the Addersbrook fête or in your own DCC RPG campaigns!

"Liquid Courage" - This liquor is actually one of the strongest distilled spirits ever concocted. When imbibed, a PC's Will and Fort saves are +2d for an hour, but the drinker's Ref saves are -1d for that same hour. Also, the drinker becomes "immune" to damage during that hour as well ("feelin' no pain"). Any damage the PC takes for that hour should be rolled secretly and accounted for by the judge. The drunken character has a temporary 15 hit point "pool" that will begin to deplete after the PC has reached 0 hp on their primary hp total. With this pool of additional hit points, the PC can reach -15 hp damage and still be functioning and conscious. (At -16 hp, the PC has taken too much damage and will drop dead on the spot.) At the end of the hour when they sober up, the character loses the additional hit point pool, and the character's "true" hit points will immediately catch up to them. If they are still at 0 hp or less, the PC will die. So as the PC begins to sober up, it'll be important for their friends to say, "Ok, you might wanna get those open wounds looked at..."



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"WELL, I SWAN...THIS SEASON'S BEEN A ROUGH 'UN. WHAT WITH ALLUVA CROPS GONE SOUR WITH THAT CORN BLIGHT WHAT'S BEEN RUNNIN' WILD THROUGH THE COUNTY. BUT ENOUGH OF OUR MISERIES! I CAIN'T WAIT TO GIT TO THE ADDERSBROOK FAIR AND RELAX FER A SPELLY GET ME SOME GOOD EATIN' AND LISTEN TO A TUNE OR TWO. AND IF'N WE'RE LUCKY. MAYBE JUNEBUG'LL BE THERE WITH SOME OF HIS PA'S HOOTCH!"



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