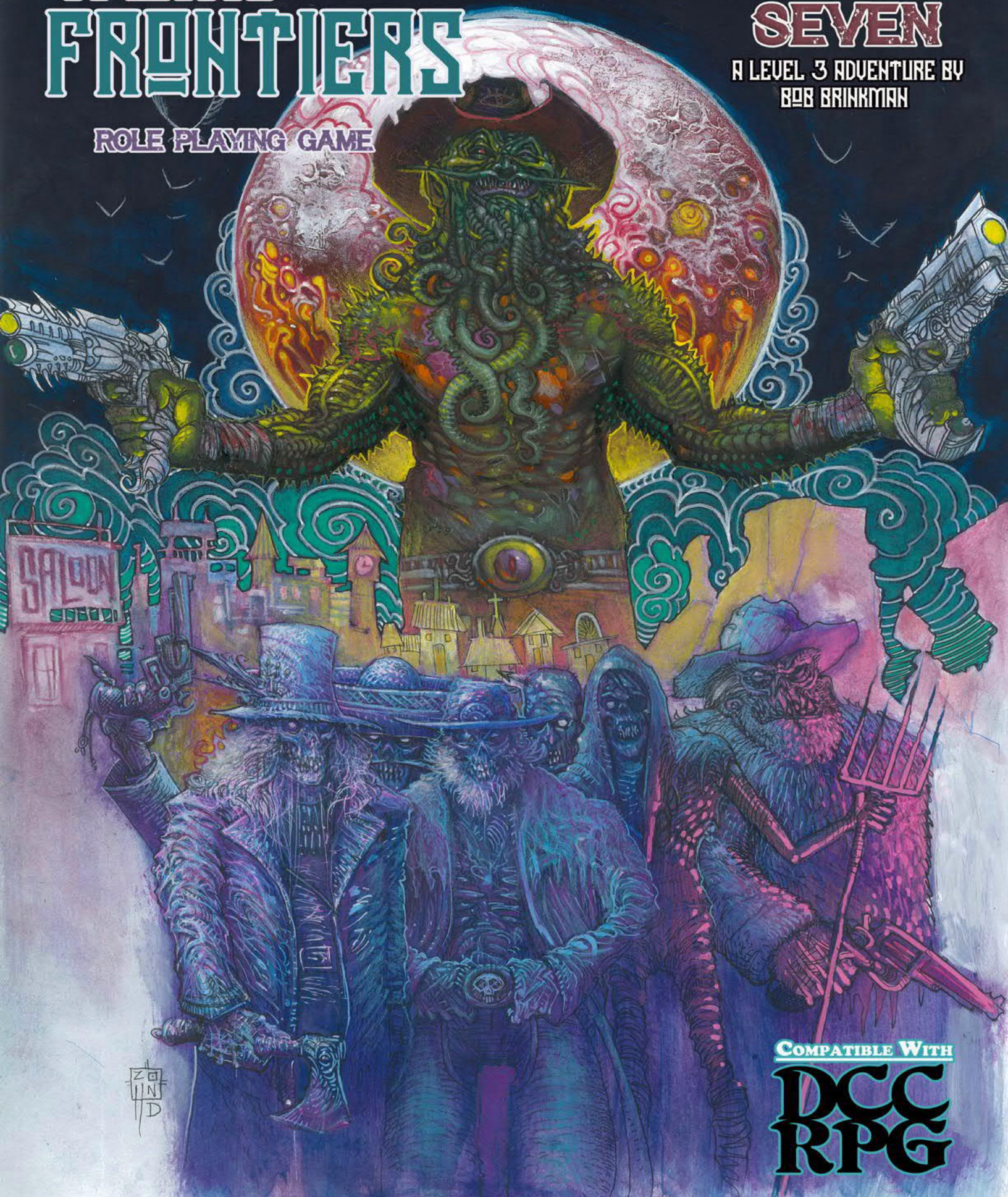


WEIRD FRONTIERS

ROLE PLAYING GAME

THE MALEVOLENT SEVEN

A LEVEL 3 ADVENTURE BY
BOB BRINKMAN



COMPATIBLE WITH

DCC RPG

IND

THE MALEVOLENT SEVEN





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A 3RD LEVEL ADVENTURE

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BOB BRINKMAN

The Malevolent Seven is a Weird Frontiers adventure designed for a group of 4-6, 3rd level trailhands. It is intended for an established group of adventurers.

Seeking resolution to a nightmare which foretells their deaths, the PCs must race against time to gain as many tools as they can to reduce the power of the “Malevolent Seven.” Questioning the locals, confronting ancient mysteries, and even beseeching near-forgotten gods, the trailhands must prepare for one HELL of a showdown.





INTRODUCTION

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SUGGESTED MUSIC

Music can be the cornerstone of setting “the mood” for any adventure, and the wild, weird West is no exception. This adventure was written with a background soundtrack of Ennio Morricone, the Dead South, Johnny Cash, and a touch of the Scorpions (no, not THOSE Scorpions—the originals). Also, the author would like to extend a personal thank you to the Dread Crew of Oddwood for sharing with him a work in progress to kick things up a notch.

JUDGE'S NOTE ON RUNNING THE ADVENTURE

The final battle with the Seven will be made that much harder if the PCs do not seek information from the town prior to the battle. The judge should steer the PCs into interactions with the townsfolk to gain vital information by making the NPCs as colorful and engaging as they can, sewing the hints and background knowledge into conversations as they will. A judge may simply ask for a Personality check at DC 10 and give out a hint from each NPC for every point above the DC they score.

BACKGROUND

In life, Davis Tutt was no stranger to violence. Before the Civil War, he and his kin were involved in a feud that became known as the Tutt-Everett war, which

spanned three years and left a number of dead on both sides (including Davis Tutt Sr.). With his father dead, Davis enlisted in the Confederate army, and following the cessation of hostilities after the seven days of night, he moved west and took up the life of a gambler.

Despite having fought on opposite sides of the Civil War, he and Wild Bill Hickok struck up an on-again, off-again friendship as card table rivals. The two eventually had a falling out, their rivalry becoming more heated until the fateful night when Davis, backed by the raucous encouragement of his friends, insulted and humiliated Hickok with the theft of his prize possession—Hickok’s Waltham repeater pocket watch. Hickok did what he could to swallow the insult and keep the peace, but Davis Tutt wouldn’t let it go.

Unbeknownst to either of them, Davis Tutt’s ability with a gun had caught the attention of Nyarlathotep (in his guise of travelling mountebank J. Carey Esq.). Nyarlathotep whispered dark thoughts into the mind of Tutt until, four days later, he declared that he planned to wear Hickok’s watch “in the middle of the town square” the next day. Upon hearing this, Hickok was heard to respond: “He shouldn’t come across that square unless dead men can walk.” With that, Wild Bill retired to his room to clean, oil, and reload his pistols in anticipation of a confrontation with Tutt the next day.

Witness accounts from that day are vague at best, but one thing was certain—when the two men slapped leather on July 21, 1865 it was Wild Bill Hickok who was still breathing afterwards while Tutt’s blood spilled into the dust.

Hickok was arrested and would have faced charges for murder had it not been for the intervention of a certain traveling pitchman. With a single dose of Carey’s Patented Black Milk, Tutt rose from the dead to live again. Humiliated by his defeat at the hands of Hickok, he left town after proving to the law that Hickok’s shots weren’t lethal, and was never seen again in his mortal guise. Hickok is said to have stared at the snake oil salesman before uttering “I guess he knew that he could cross that square after all.”





Over the next week, the tincture given to Tutt stripped away his humanity, leaving him transformed into the tentacled horror referred to in hushed whispers as the “Finger Thief.” As his power grew, so too did his infamy. Rumors say no living gunfighter can defeat him as his skill continues to increase with every gunfighter slain by his hand.

Now, Tutt plans to raze the Montana Territory’s former capital (the mining town of Bannack) and secure an artifact buried deep beneath the town—the “Fist of Leng.” The presence of the relic in Bannack has created an imbalance in the supernatural forces of the area, easily felt by those who are sensitive, even at a distance. The Finger Thief believes that the artifact will make him truly unkillable and has raised a force capable of killing every man, woman, and child in Bannack.

One can never understand the plans of the Great Old Ones though, and the actions they take may be for purposes wholly unlike what one might believe. Nyarlathotep is not pleased that Tutt plans on uncovering the Fist of Leng, knowing that its discovery now could upset plans millennia in the making and so has reached into the minds of the trailhands with prophetic dreams of their own doom in hopes that they bring ruination upon the Finger Thief.

...which was Nyarlathotep’s plan all along.

THE HISTORY OF BANNACK—FORMER MONTANA TERRITORY CAPITAL

Bannack was established in 1862 when gold was discovered in the waters of a local creek. News of the “golden rivers” spread like a prairie fire and caused the biggest gold rush since the California Gold Rush of 1848, and in what seemed a blink of the eye, a new settlement appeared. The town was named for a local tribe, the Bannock, but the name was misspelt, and Bannack was born.

Wild tales began to spread about the quantity and quality of Bannack’s gold, said to be the purest ever

found. For miners, the area held the promise of a modern El Dorado, and in mere months, the mining camp grew to a population of over 400, mostly living in tents and even local caves. Of course with a population of so many honest working men came others, including civil war deserters and outlaws looking for an easy score. So quickly did the town grow that it became the capital of the Montana territory almost as quickly as it was built.

With the discovery of gold in the Alder Gulch a mere year later, the fortunes of Bannock began to turn, and by 1864, the mining camp at Alder Guck had become Virginia City, taking both the majority of miners, as well as the position of the territory capital from Bannack. Now, it has been five years since the Alder Gulch strike. The town is a shell of what it once was, although men still mine for gold, and gamblers take that gold with a smile and a hand of well-worn cards. It is a shadow of what it could have been. Of the sources of Bannack’s fleeting fame, only the road between Bannack and Virginia City remains—and is known for its robberies and murders.

THE HISTORY OF THE FIST OF LENG

Tens of millions of years before the awakening of man, a star was hurled down from the heavens to scour life from the Earth. What life existed was an abomination in the eyes of the Great Old Ones, and the world was purified in dust, darkness, and decay. It is said that pieces of that fallen star still hold great power—power enough to end life or extend it. One such piece is the Fist of Leng.

This fist-sized meteoric fragment from the heart of that world-killer star is a lump of solid gold. In 1650, the stone was carried away from its resting place in Mexico by K’ank’in Gabor, a Mayan priest, who believed it to be a gift from Ahmucen-Cab (the god of the creation). Rather than letting it be seized by the Conquistadors, the priest fled north until he could go no further. He lay in a mountain cave to rest and never awoke. It would be another two hundred and fifty years before his desiccated corpse would be discovered.



Like many recent immigrants to the United States, Erich Young traveled westward to find his fortune—and find it he did. One year ago, while taking shelter from the day's heat, he stumbled across the mummified remains of the priest—as well as the largest piece of gold he had ever seen. He immediately grabbed the gold, and his mind vanished—replaced by the spirit of the centuries-old priest who remains the stone's guardian. The possessed treasure seeker brought the gold back to his home and hid it in a dugout cellar (turned shrine) beneath his home. To dissuade anyone from searching his home for gold, Erich went into business as Bannack's blacksmith and has kept a low profile ever since.

...which also was Nyarlathotep's plan all along.

THE SECRET HISTORY OF BANNACK

CROSSROAD OF DESTINY

Founded on a node where three ley lines meet, Bannack was always destined to draw the supernatural. Long before the Seven Days of Night, local tribes knew this area as a place of great power. Over time, many have felt Bannack's call, inexplicably

drawing them to settle here and stay. The addition of the Fist of Leng in the region over the past year has drawn the attention of a number of supernatural forces—as well as a number of practitioners of otherworldly arts (both living and dead).

Three ley lines, the presence of the Fist of Leng, and the growing number of supernatural entities and relics in Bannack warp reality on a local level. Any creature aware of the ebb and flow of magical energies is immediately aware that something here is ... different. To them, Bannack feels like a wagon full of TNT awaiting a match.

The reality bending energies in Bannack are so great that all spells and spell-like effects have a random bonus or penalty applied to the initial roll each time they are used [roll 1d4 for each use and apply the following: (1) -2d, (2) -1d, (3) +1d, (4)+2d]. (A positive modifier is added as a -1d BONUS to charts like misfire and corruption where a lower number is better. Any effects that could cause a change in the 1d4 result—like Luck effects, can not be used to change the result).



Within the town itself are a number of relics, intentionally steered here by greater forces with an interest in the outcome of events in Bannack. Each of these relics may be used to weaken a member of the Malevolent Seven in some fashion. The primary powers of these items will not make themselves known until the showdown, at which point the players should be told of their properties.

THE RELICS OF BANNACK

- **Ace of Spades from the Deck of the Fates:** The recipient of this card loses 1 point of permanent Luck. In the showdown scene, it grants one automatic critical hit against the Finger Thief. The card will only ever work for the individual it was gifted to by the Fates.
- **Earth from the grave of an honest man:** The claimant of this handful of grave dirt gains (or may grant) a one-time reroll to any failed roll the body check. During the showdown scene, should “Big” Steve Long tread upon this dirt, he is held fast, unable to move from the spot, and suffers a -1d penalty to damage rolls from any of his attacks.
- **Hiram’s Square:** The claimant of this carpenter’s square gains a permanent point of either Personality or Luck (player’s choice). During the showdown scene, each point of damage suffered by its bearer is also suffered by Boone Helm.
- **Rhiannon’s Shoe:** The claimant of this horseshoe gains a permanent +2 to their Strength (Max 18). During the showdown scene, a killing blow by the wielder negates the fake it special ability of Thomas J. Hodges.
- **Scale of the Archangel Michael:** The claimant of the scale permanently gains the ability to detect those on the Path of the Damned within 10’. During the showdown scene, its wielder may permanently burn away a portion of their soul (from Luck and Personality) to inflict automatic damage to “Rattlesnake Dick,” bathing him in brilliant golden light (2 hp damage for every point burned).
- **Yama’s Noose:** A PC on the Path of the Damned who picks up this rope immediately suffers damage equal to their Path rating x1d3 as the darkness is burned out of them, leaving them Walking the Line. During the showdown scene, the noose instantly slays Thomas Bell Poole if placed around his neck (a judge could call for an opposed Agility or Strength test for this).
- **Finally**, while not properly a “relic,” **a scalp—freely given**—grants power as well. Should an attacker place such a scalp upon his head, it will merge with his flesh, stretching down over his face, and crush his skull—snuffing the un-life from him.

It is worth noting that some of these items come at greater cost than others, and the players are not expected to collect all of the items before the showdown scene (although it is possible).



THE POWERS PRESENT IN BANNACK

Akhārā Anupgiri: Hindu revelator, blessed by Yama, and guardian of the gallows shrine.

Ashishishe: “Call me Curly.” Crow scout and Xapaaliia drawn to Bannack.

The Brotherhood of the White Feather: Cult, worshiping Yig in his guise of Quetzalcoatl, in town to upset the plans of Nyarlathotep (in its guise as Tezcatlipoca/J. Carey Esq.).

Erich Young/K’ank’in Gabor: Guardian of the Fist of Leng.

The Fates: In the guise of the Pa, Boy, and Pappy. The gambling fates wish for the PCs to succeed.

Jeremiah Wiggins: The Celtic goddess Rhiannon’s representative in Bannack, protector of Jed O’Grady who wishes the PCs to succeed in saving Bannack.

Nyarlathotep: In the guise of J. Carey Esq., the mountebank-faced god wishes the PCs to succeed. Remiel: Fallen Archangel, the “Thunder of God,” who wishes for the PCs to have a glorious battle.

Sheriff Henry Plummer: Un-dying lawman who believes the PCs to be the town’s best hope.

The Sons of Franklin: Secret Masonic sect and guardians of Hiram’s Square.

Yama: Hindu god of death, king of ancestors, and arbiter of souls. Yama wishes the PCs to fail.

As the adventure is mostly investigative in nature, the trailhands are free to move about the town or even beyond, as they please. The forces converging on Bannack will not wait though, and the party should feel that time is of the essence if they are to find a way to stop the Finger Thief. He and his gang will arrive at the first stroke of midnight tomorrow night.

The average townsfolk are on edge, knowing that something is coming, but without any way to expunge their growing dread. They will be short and snippy in their dealings with outsiders, out of that same fear rather than any latent hostility. Unless otherwise noted, use the following for the average townsfolk.

When firearms statistics are present in a Stat block, the **Simplified** firearms method is used from the core *Weird Frontiers* book.

Townsfolk: Init -2; Atk fist -1 melee (1d3-1), firearm -1 ranged (by weapon type); AC 9; HD 1d4; MV 30’; Act 1d20; SV Fort -1, Ref -2, Will -1; WtL.

STARTING THE ADVENTURE

The adventure begins in Bannack, the capital of the Montana territory. The party arrived in town late last night and secured lodgings for the night at the Hotel Meade (Location #7). They will all wake from the same nightmare ([Handout #1](#)). (The judge should read Handout#1 aloud, then give copies to each player. The dream sequence informs the characters that there are items and people that they should be in search of in this town.)

Anyone standing watch will have succumbed to exhaustion and fallen asleep as well.



HANDOUT #1

You hang, suspended in the endless void, a single pinprick of light below you. Focusing upon it, you see a warrior of the Crow nation sitting at a campfire. As if sensing your presence, he looks up.

<Flash>

A golden star shoots across the night sky, slamming into the earth like the very wrath of God. The resulting explosion of golden light blinds you.

<Flash>

A trio of gamblers play poker. One of them slowly looks up and gently kicks a chair out towards you as if expecting you to join the game.

<Flash>

Arm stretched before you, a ragged scalp is clenched in your fist, still dripping blood, the scalp's donor stands next to you—clutching the tin star that is his badge of office.

<Flash>

A red-eyed man, clad in crimson, rides upon some sort of buffalo. A tattered noose hangs from his saddle, and a shadowed figure follows in his wake.

<Flash>

A tinker's cart rests at the side of a dusty street, light glinting off of an assortment of pots and pans dangling from hooks along its sides. The image swirls as the cart transforms into a mountebank's wagon with the name "J. Carey Esq." emblazoned on the side.

<Flash>

You stand in the middle of a street, wooden buildings to either side of you ablaze in the night air. Squinting through the blazing firelight, you try to make out the silhouetted figures who face you through the smoke. Dark vapors swirl, winding ash and ember into strange patterns which hang in the air. The flickering motes pulse with an unholy life of their own as seven ... things step from the darkness. Their leader stands in the center of the street, yellow eyes set within his tentacled face.

You smell them, even over the reek of the fire, the odors of death and decay, mixed with something your nose has never before suffered. A tang in the air that...

You feel the shot almost as soon as you hear it. Looking down, you can see the blossom of angry crimson spreading across your stomach. You move to react, but shot after shot rings out, impacting your body and causing you to dance and stagger backwards as your life's blood pours from your wounds. You hear the dull thumps of your companions' bodies striking the street, watering the dirt with their blood.

A breeze clears the smoke for just an instant, and you make out the forms of your killer, a tentacle-faced gunslinger with a string of fingers hanging from his belt. He is stepping forward as your vision dims, a knife in his hand ... and with burning yellow eyes focused on your hand.

You gasp as you wake, choking back the scream that has hammered at your throat every night for this past month—finally drawing you here to Bannack. Light spills in through the window of your hotel room, illuminating drifting motes of dust, lighting them as if they were embers. The time has come to do something about the eldritch gunsels that have haunted your rest. You can only hope that someone here can make sense of your collective nightmare. Somehow, you know it all comes to a head tomorrow night at midnight.

TOWN LOCATIONS

(Long text entries in italics are meant to be read aloud or paraphrased.)

#1—Tinker's Cart - Jeremiah Wiggins

A small tinker's wagon sits in this small field, mended pots and pans hanging from its side to advertise his wares. Nearby, a burrow solemnly chews at what little grass is found in this small field. Seated on a small, three-legged stool, is the man himself—a slender man with pointed features and dressed in well-worn clothes.

Tinker Jeremiah Wiggins may be found here at any time, day or night, always awake and ready to courteously greet any visitors. His demeanor is that of someone who is far more interested with the visiting trailhands than one who is looking to sell pots or to mend broken things (although he will certainly do both). No ordinary man, Wiggins is the Celtic goddess Rhiannon's representative in Bannack. From where he sits, he has a perfect sightline to Skinner's Saloon, which is no coincidence (he will always keep at least a partial watch on the saloon but will give the PCs the majority of his attention). If asked about his interest in the saloon, the tinker will explain that a friend of his has an interest in the business.

If told about the dreams, he will be most intrigued and not a little concerned. The town burning to the ground would destroy the saloon, and Rhiannon would be quite upset in his failure to protect his charge. Unable to act directly, the fae tinker will do his best to inform the PCs of what he knows, often through the art of storytelling. It is important to note that Jeremiah is incapable of lying, although he is quite gifted in skirting the truth, finding loopholes, and omitting information not directly requested. He will not, under any circumstances, provide direct aid to any individual who has mistreated a horse.

WHAT JEREMIAH KNOWS

- The horseshoe within Skinner's Saloon is a powerful item that will help in the defeat of the Malevolent Seven. If treated with respect and

Jeremiah Wiggins: Init +3; Atk wooden mallet +5 melee (1d6+1) or throwing knife +5 ranged (1d7, Range 10/20/40); AC 14; HD 10d8; hit points 45; MV 40'; Act 2d20; SP iron immunity, death throes, know truth, repair; SV Fort +3, Ref +3, Will +3; WtL.

Death throes: If Jeremiah is reduced to 0 hp, he merely vanishes—but the creature responsible for the final damage permanently loses 1d3 Luck.

Iron immunity: Due to his long-term exposure to iron, Jeremiah takes only normal damage from iron as opposed to the danger it poses for most fae.

Know truth: Speaking a lie in the presence of Jeremiah Wiggins requires a Willpower check vs. a DC of 20.

Repair: Wiggins can repair any simple mundane item in 1d3 turns.

courtesy, he will obtain the horseshoe for them by simply walking into the saloon and asking Jed Grady to loan it to him. He will be very clear with the PCs that the horseshoe is on loan, no threat implied or needed. Those who cross the fae have a lifetime to regret it later.

- "Curly," camped across the stream south of town, is far more than he appears.
- J. Carey Esq. will be sympathetic to the plight of the PCs and wishes to aid them as best he can. This is likely one of the few instances that the goals of the trailhands and the mountebank will converge. Jeremiah will urge caution in dealings with Carey, and if pressed, will softly add that he "has the potential to be very dangerous if crossed."
- "A truly honest man can hold power, even after death." Wiggins will refer to Truthful Tommy without strictly naming him, as openly disclosing more than one of the relics might anger others among the powers.
- The PCs should steer clear of the roughneck camp to the north of town.



#2—Roughneck Camp

A handful of crude shacks are surrounded by a dozen or more lean-tos and tents. The inhabitants of this camp are rough-looking men, used to hard work for little reward. Cookfires dot the informal roughneck camp, the air smelling of coffee, tinned beans, and low-quality tobacco.

Among the inhabitants of the camp are the Brotherhood of the White Feather, who are eager to see Tezcatlipoca/Nyarlathotep's plans foiled, even at the cost of the entire town. Approaching the camp with questions will catch the attention of the Brotherhood who will immediately recognize the PCs as unwitting servants of their ancient enemy. Depending on the disposition of the PCs towards the miners, the Brotherhood may gently encourage the PCs to simply leave Bannack and abandon it to its fate rather than merely killing them out of hand. Knowing that Tezcatlipoca wishes for the Finger Thief to fail is enough for the Brotherhood to wish for Tutt to succeed.

The roughnecks see the Brotherhood as fellow miners, and when roused, they will join in attacking the PCs should the Brotherhood be attacked. If the PCs convince townsfolk to aid them in making a stand against the Malevolent Seven, the Brotherhood will take up arms in the showdown scene, opening fire on the townsfolk as the fight begins [this should be used to keep any aid from the townsfolk from influencing the battle with the Seven].

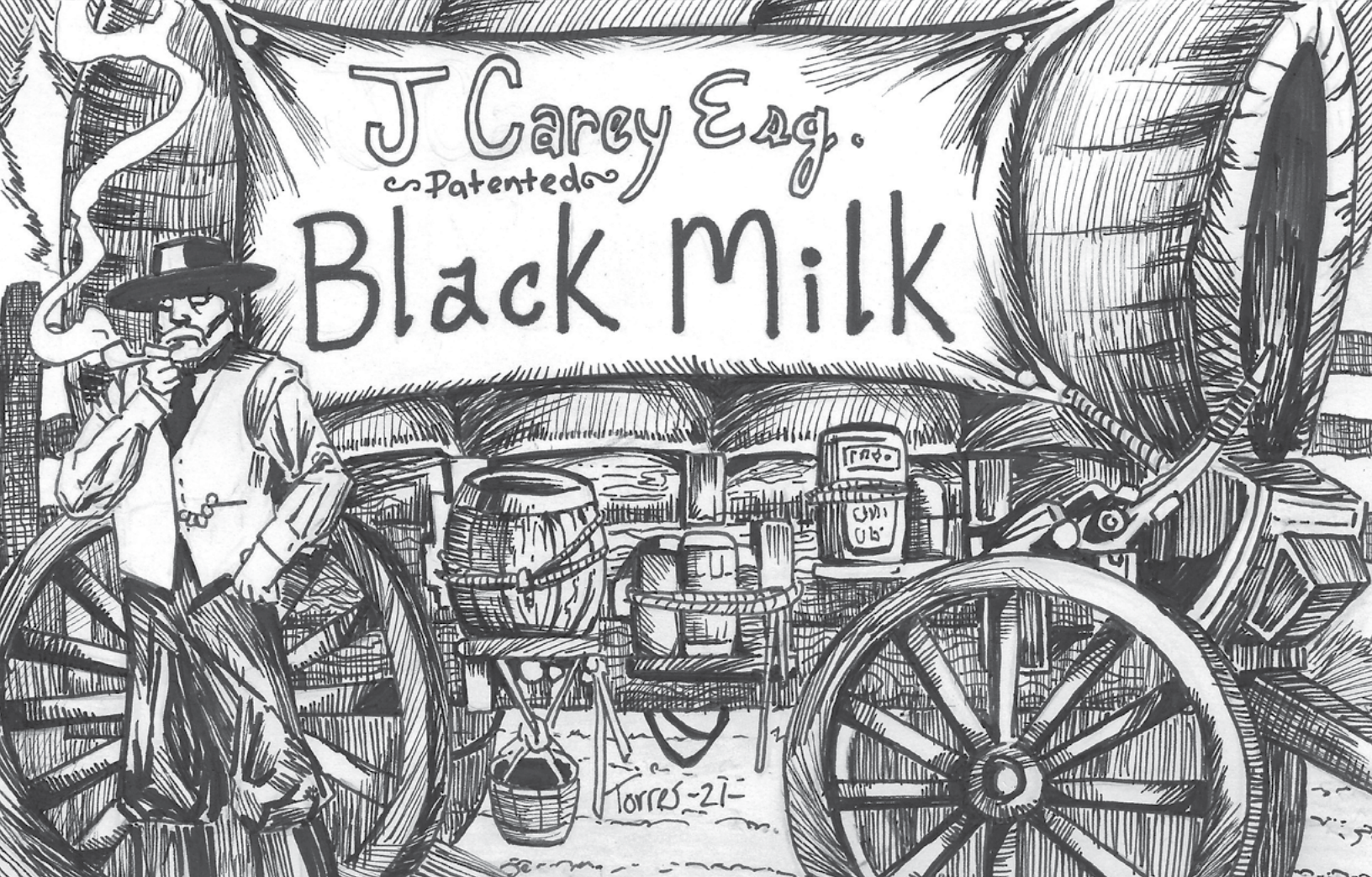
Roughnecks (10): Init +0; Atk fist +1 melee (1d3+1), pick +1 melee (1d5+1), or by weapon type; AC 11; HD 1d8+1; hit points 6; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +1, Ref +1, Will -2; WtL.

WHAT THE BROTHERHOOD KNOWS

- J. Carey Esq. is a servant of their ancient enemy, Tezcatlipoca, foe of Quetzalcoatl.
- The PCs are in the service of Tezcatlipoca (Nyarlathotep), whether they understand that or not.
- For Tezcatlipoca's plans to be foiled, the town must be destroyed, and all residents slain.
- A potent relic, The Fist of Leng was brought to town a year ago and is guarded by the ghost of a great Mayan priest. It is on the west side of town and is the focus of the coming showdown.

Brotherhood Members (8): Init +2; Atk bite +3 melee (1d3 + poison, DC 12 or lose 1 point of Stamina per round for 1d3 rounds until healed), bowie knife +3 melee (1d6+3), or lever-action rifle +2 ranged (1d12, ROF 3, Load 16, Reload 1/3, Range 100/250/500); AC 13; HD 4d7+1; hit points 16; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP hood of Yig; SV Fort +1, Ref +1, Will +2; PoD +1

Hood of Yig: In combat, a flickering emerald aura surrounds the members of the brotherhood, taking the form of a feathered serpent head. Seeing the hood forces an immediate DC 13 Grit check.



#3—Mountebank's Wagon - J. Carey Esq.

Stopped on the street is a brightly painted medicine-show wagon which announces the presence of "J. Carey Esq." and his "patented Black Milk" in oversized letters. There is no show in progress, and the pitchman simply leans against the wagon, as if aware of his surroundings, yet separate from them. Dressed in perfectly pressed black trousers and a stiffly starched white shirt with tie, the man seems more appropriate for a courtroom than a street side, more akin to a judge than a mountebank.

No matter what time of day or night the trailhands first approach the wagon, Nyarlathotep is there in his guise as J. Carey. It is in Bannack to observe what is to come but isn't above a little interference to ensure its long-term plans come to fruition. Upon first "noticing" the party, Carey will give a low whistle and proclaim, "a group of more dream-hainted folks I've yet to see."

If the PCs show interest or demand explanation, he will invite them to discuss matters over coffee. In the space between two empty homesteads burns a small cookfire with a pot hanging over it that smells, delightfully, of fresh brew. Explaining that, as the "seventh son of a seventh son," he has the gift of "second sight," he will try to get the PCs to open up about their dreams and will oo and ah at the appropriate moments, interjecting with the "spiritual and symbological" significance of smoke and embers. Upon mention of the figures in the smoke, he will press the PCs to tell him what they know, growing visibly more concerned as to what bits of detail can be remembered are spoken to him. Carey will name each figure: "That sounds a bit like the Kentucky Cannibal." or "That puts me to a mind of the man they called the Outlaw Doc." (See [pg. 33](#) for the personalities.)

Beyond that, Nyarlathotep will not directly involve itself in what is to come. There are too many paranormal entities present in Bannack for it to risk a confrontation over open interference. With the Fates, an archangel, the fae, an undying sheriff, and even the Hindu god of death all present in Bannack, forcing a direct confrontation would be costly. Interference could spark a war, but talking and maybe a tiny bit of help can be overlooked.

WHAT J. CAREY ESQ. KNOWS

- A lot more than he is telling.
- Carey knows the true identities of the Malevolent Seven. If asked about the men, he will tell them ‘what he remembers’ and will disclose the descriptive information found in **Appendix I** (see [pg. 33](#)).
- Carey urges caution if the PCs visit the gallows, warning of a pair of strangers recently arrived in Bannack who are camped out that way.

If a PC dies during this adventure (or in the aftermath), a “kind” judge may have Mr. Carey offer doses of his “World-Famous Black Milk” (see Appendix II, [pg. 38](#)) in exchange for a future favor.

#4—Masonic Lodge/School House – Sons of Franklin

This large, two-story building is among the largest in Bannack. Meant to serve a dual purpose, the building gleams with fresh whitewash which highlights the masonic square and compass almost defiantly carved beneath the roof’s peak. The building is well maintained, neat, and tidy. Wooden stairs lead to a wooden door which is flanked by two shuttered windows. While the ground floor is lined with windows, only a trio of windows facing front illuminate the second floor.

Inside the building is an unusually large classroom. Eight desks, each with slates and chalk, face the teacher’s desk. A series of coat hooks line the wall near the door, most low enough for a child to use, while a large map of the United States hangs on the back wall next to a door (behind which are stairs

leading up to the meeting hall).

The building’s existence as a school is secondary to those who maintain the Lodge. With a population of mostly men, the school only has a handful of eligible students, and the caretakers of the lodge are not strict about attendance. The three Masons here are members of the Sons of Franklin, tasked with guarding a relic brought to the new world from Europe by Benjamin Franklin. During his time in Paris, the then Minister to France sought out the location of the long-missing relic, Hiram’s Square. Franklin was ruthless in his quest to recover the stolen icon, resorting to torture and murder—burying his enemies in the basement of his Paris home.

Since being brought to America, Hiram’s Square has been under constant guard by Franklin and, subsequently, his followers. Inside the classroom it sits, hidden in plain sight, expertly inset into the side of the teacher’s desk. This building is never intentionally empty, and there will always be one of the Sons of Franklin present so long as Hiram’s Square remains inside. The other two members are never far, one sitting on the porch outside the small house next to the school (Area #6) and the third in the rotation sleeping inside the house.

Unlike others in town, the Sons of Franklin are not willing to release their charge, for any reason, to an “outsider,” and they will fight to the death to protect it. Gunfire, or other such loud commotion, will draw the attention of townsfolk (who will be able to easily identify the PCs should they leave via the door). The only thing in the PCs favor is that the Sons of Franklin have no wish to draw attention to themselves or Hiram’s Square if at all possible. Clever use of subterfuge or an appeal to their better nature by the PCs may sway them.



WHAT THE MASONS KNOW

- Hiram's Square is a potent masonic relic said to aid the just who stand against the dark.
- Cannibal outlaw, Boone Helm, was a mason.
- Most of the townsfolk do not trust them, fearing that the Masons are plotting a takeover of Bannack. For what reason, no one seems to know.
- Rev. Keefer is a devout man who claims an angel once saved his life.
- Said angel supposedly looked a lot like Remy over at the Assay office.
- They are noticeably frightened of the gamblers at Skinner's Saloon. There were originally FOUR in the Masonic group, but one was a card cheat. It ended ... poorly ([Handout #7](#)).

Schoolmaster/Mason: Init +3; Atk fist +3 melee (1d4), axe handle +3 melee (1d6+3), or double-barreled shotgun +2 ranged (1d14/1d10/1d7, range 15/30/60); AC 15; HD 5d8; hit points 31; MV 30'; Act 2d20; SV Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +2; PoR.

Brotherhood of Franklin (2): Init +2; Atk fist +3 melee (1d3) or axe handle +3 melee (1d6+3) or double-barrel shotgun +1 ranged (1d14/1d10/1d7, ROF 2, Load 2, Reload 3, Range 15/30/60); AC 14; HD 4d8; hit points 28; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +2, Ref +1, Will +1; PoR.

#5—Assay Office – Remiel

A tiny pillbox of a wooden building, the assay office has a single, large window looking out onto the street and manages to look claustrophobic despite it. That is undoubtedly because of the size of the man who stands on the other side of the counter.

The Archangel Remiel ("Remy" to the locals) is a mountain of a man with a booming voice and a laugh like thunder. He instantly recognizes any luchador in his presence and will recount having seen them do "great battle in the ring." He will enthusiastically describe an early bout in the luchador's career in great detail and length, acting out some portions with terrifying gusto, losing himself in the tales of combat and glory.

Remiel is also cordial and respectful to any revelator he encounters, immediately recognizing them as a fellow soldier in God's celestial army (even if in a different unit). Revelators with a background in the clergy and laity may make a trained test against DC 12 to recognize the presence of Remiel's divine aura. Those with backgrounds outside the church make the test untrained (using 1d10). Upon a success, give the player [Handout #2](#).

Any character with a military background will immediately recognize "Remy" as a fellow soldier and military veteran and, even if not, it doesn't take much to get him talking about his "glory days." In conversation he will mention having fought against Sennacherib (hastily adding that he was "a Confederate commander of no small amount of cruelty"). At this mention, any occultist in the party may make an DC 18 Intelligence check to remember that Sennacherib was an ancient Assyrian king who brought his army to the gates of Jerusalem where (it is apocryphally said) an entity referred to as "the destroying angel" annihilated Sennacherib's entire army, killing 185,000 Assyrian soldiers in front of the gates of Jerusalem.

If confronted with his true nature, Remiel won't deny it. In some ways he will seem almost relieved and may even joke with the PCs ("How did the fallen angel open the door to Earth? E'noch'd." Get it? Get it? HA!). He may even explain that he is responsible for the PC's dreams (Remiel is responsible for divine visions) but will also explain that he cannot directly interfere in what is to come. While technically still an archangel, he will admit that he "was forcibly retired from the service" when he married, but that was a long time ago. All of that said, he might have something lying around that might come in handy.

If the PCs will pledge their lives and souls to the protection of Bannack from the coming darkness (the Malevolent Seven), he will casually slide his assayer's scale across the counter to them. His brother left it with him a few years ago and certainly won't mind it being put to good use ("call it a loan"). He will insist upon its return once things have settled.



WHAT REMIEL KNOWS

- There will be a glorious showdown at midnight (of night 2).
- He recognizes the Finger Thief and warns of his power to draw on the skills of those he has slain by wearing their trigger fingers.
- The gravedirt of an honest man has power and can even hold certain entities (such as “Big” Steve Long) firmly in place.
- Cheating at poker can be especially fatal here in Bannack, but playing may be enlightening.
- A scalp, freely offered, and cut from a living subject, will render the Scalphunter powerless.

#6—Houses

These wooden homes look to be nothing out of the ordinary, the sort of place that a casual gaze slides across while barely registering.

The only thing of note is that there is always one of three men (the schoolmaster/mason or one of his two assistants) sitting on the front porch, as if standing guard, of the house closest to the school. If approached here at the house, the men present (the third will be sleeping inside) will be cordial and

welcoming. When shaking hands, they curl their two smaller fingers to grasp the person’s hand, while extending their middle and forefingers along the person’s wrist. In the event someone greets them this same way, they will recognize them as one of their brethren and speak with them freely. In such a case, a DC 12 Personality test will convince them to loan the square to their “brother” to aid in their efforts to save the town.

WHAT THE MASONS KNOW

See Area #4.

#7—Hotel Meade

Hotel Meade is a tall, two (and a half) story, brick building with a wooden extension growing from the back of the structure. The small rooms are simple, airy, and clean, consisting of a bed with horsehair mattress, side table with kerosene lamp, water basin and pitcher, and a “thunder mug (chamberpot)” beneath the bed.

For convenience’s sake, the PCs arrived late last night and took rooms at Hotel Meade, but they are free to check out, change rooms, or relocate at any time. The hotel clerk is freely available during the day and sleeps

Remiel: Init +10; Atk fist +6 melee (2d6+5) or flaming sword +8 melee (2d12+5 plus burn 1d6/round until extinguished); AC 18; HD 10d30; hp 155; MV 50’, fly 100’; Act 5d20; SP divine fire, immune to all non-magical weapons; SV Fort +7, Ref +7, Will +10; Path WtL.

Divine fire: As a fallen angel, Remiel is no longer able to summon up the destructive power that he used to slay an entire army. He can, however, still pull forth the divine fire one more time. The target must immediately make a DC 30 Fortitude check or be burned to ash by the raw power of the divine.

Schoolmaster/Mason: Init +3; Atk fist +3 melee (1d4), axe handle +3 melee (1d6+3), or double-barreled shotgun +2 ranged (1d14/1d10/1d7, range 15/30/60); AC 15; HD 5d8; hit points 31; MV 30’; Act 2d20; SV Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +2; PoR.

Brotherhood of Franklin (2): Init +2; Atk fist +3 melee (1d3) or axe handle +3 melee (1d6+3) or double-barrel shotgun +1 ranged (1d14/1d10/1d7, ROF 2, Load 2, Reload 3, Range 15/30/60); AC 14; HD 4d8; hit points 28; MV 30’; Act 1d20; SV Fort +2, Ref +1, Will +1; PoR.



in an office behind the main desk at night—ready to be roused to action by the sharp summons of the desk’s silver bell. Rates here are reasonable (\$1/night); the rooms are small (6’x10’) but not uncommonly so, and the hotel is quiet.

Proprietor Colin “CC” Meade is well versed in the happenings in town—perhaps surprisingly so for someone who, by his own admission, doesn’t get out much. He is also quite proud of how popular Hotel Meade has been, which caused the need for the expansion in the back of the building.

What “CC” Knows:

- His favorite story is that of the Sheriff (give out or read aloud [Handout # 3](#)).
- The schoolmaster and his friends are Masons (said with a knowing nod).

#8—Goodrich Hotel

The Goodrich Hotel is a squat and rather uninviting wooden building a stone’s throw from Hotel Meade. A wooden vacancy sign hangs from the roof of the porch and looks to have been there for a long time.

The rooms here are identical in layout to those at Hotel Meade but are obviously not as well cared for. Bedding is stained, the rooms smell musty, and the outhouse out back is the stuff of nightmares. The hotelier, Martin Goodrich, is a rather sleazy-looking man with slicked black hair and a pencil-thin mustache (locals say it is thicker than his mattresses). He has a puffed-up sense of self-importance and will take offense at the slightest thing (but he will stop short of fisticuffs, sniffing that such things are “uncivilized”).

WHAT MARTIN KNOWS

- Some foreigners came into town a few weeks ago (give out or read aloud [Handout #8](#)).
- Martin doesn’t like “foreigners.”
- Martin also doesn’t like Masons, and they run the new school.

#9—Chrisman’s General Store

This weathered building has certainly seen some use. The upper hinge on the door glistens, obviously a recent replacement. A barrel of axe handles sits outside the door, and through the windows, a number of shelves are seen lining the interior.

Arthur Chrisman came to Bannack to open a store, knowing that miners need supplies, and that a steady flow of gold allows for a nice rate of markup on merchandise. Even now, with most miners having moved on, enough gold still comes into the town to allow him a healthy profit. Upon a successful Luck check, any particular common item may be found here in the store but at a 15% premium over the normal book price. Chrisman does not carry firearms, TNT, or items that solely serve as weapons, although axes, hatchets, and whittling knives are still available.

Arthur is suspicious of the men who care for the school and hasn’t seen any children actually attend the school in several months. The teacher and his assistants do not seem to care about the trancies, instead being far more concerned with the coming and goings of strangers who pass through town. He’ll nod sagely and knowingly whisper, “they’re Masons you know.” If asked what he means by that, he’ll get flustered and admit that he isn’t sure but that his father was a member of the Anti-Mason party back in the 20s, and his father must’ve had a good reason not to trust the Masons.



While the author has no particular animosity towards Masons or Freemasons, many Americans of the time did. The mid-1800s was the height of the anti-Masonic movement in the US. This was seen as a pushback against the Washington elites and revolved around a number of conspiracy theories of how powerful Masons secretly controlled the country.

Seeing as a number of the founding fathers and successive Presidents were Masons, this gained traction and led to the creation of the first third party in American politics. The Anti-Masonic Party originally ran on a simple, one issue platform of opposing Freemasonry. At its height, the party held 25 seats in the US House of Representatives. The party dissolved in 1840, but the movement spawned a second party from 1872 to 1880 in what was a very strange chapter in American politics.

#10—Skinners Saloon

No matter where one goes in the West, there seems to always be a saloon of this sort. This one-story building is simply constructed—a long rectangle solidly built of wood. Beneath the squared saloon-face, a pair of windows flank an ordinary door—the better to keep out rattlesnakes (of both the crawling and walking varieties).

During the day, the door is held open with a large rock. The décor within is simple: eight round tables, a long bar, and a small stage with a piano and a shabby red curtain backdrop. A large wagon-wheel candelabra hangs over the center of the bar, providing light in the evening. The candelabra is anchored by a rope tied to the corner near the steps to the stage.

—**Bar:** Despite having been built with care, there is no disguising the origins of the bartop. Beneath the layers of lacquer, the markings of produce boxes and shipping crates can clearly be discerned. Under ordinary circumstances, one will find the bartender, Jed O'Grady. A retired muleskinner (hence the saloon's name), Jed is a burly man who does not allow for any "nonsense" and keeps a shotgun beneath the bar to enforce his rules.

Hanging above the bar is an old horseshoe from Jed's days as a muleskinner. As a "skinner," Jed was always kind to the animals, earning a blessing from the Celtic goddess Rhiannon. Jed is loath to part with the keepsake for fear that misfortune may follow. Looking at the shoe itself allows for a Luck check, those passing will hear a faint whisper of Celtic harp music. Looking through the veil in this area reveals a number of unseen fae spirits around the horseshoe. If communicated with, they will advise that the relic grants great strength and magical prowess in battle.

Attacking Jed immediately draws the ire of the banshees ([pg. 20](#)), who will materialize and attack.

"Whiskey" in the old West is not like whiskey today. Often made from neutral spirits flavored with any number of strange ingredients (often strychnine), here are a few beverages from the period that are served in Bannack. Note that these drinks are so potent that after even a single shot a Fortitude save is required to avoid certain effects beyond mere intoxication.

Chain-Lightning, 25¢/shot: Flavored with burnt sugar and prune juice. Fortitude save vs. a DC of 10 or be "indisposed" for 1d6x10 minutes.

Coffin Varnish, 25¢/shot: Flavored with turpentine, Fortitude save vs. a DC of 15 or immediately pass out.

Red Dynamite, 5¢/shot: Wood grain alcohol flavored with oil of vitriol and rosin. Fortitude save vs. a DC of 12 per shot or suffer 1d3 Stamina loss (the DC increases +1 per shot consumed).

Taos Lightning, 50¢/shot: Flavored with strychnine and prussic acid. Only sold as a "dare." Customers are warned that they drink it at their own risk. Fortitude save vs. a DC of 14 or immediately pass out for 1d10 turns (drinker dies on a result of a natural 1 on the save).

Tarantula Juice, 10¢/shot: Contains strychnine & tobacco oil. The strychnine-induced muscle spasms feel like baby spiders crawling on the skin. Fortitude save vs. a DC of 13 or fly into a combative rage and attack the nearest target.

—**Bedroom:** This cramped area holds a stained mattress and a chest holding Jed’s meagre belongings. During business hours the saloon girls use the room to entertain “company,” for which Jed receives an “honorarium.”

The chest is locked, requiring either a DC 5 pick lock or the determined use of a bowie knife or pry bar to force it open. Within can be found three changes of clothing, a Confederate uniform jacket, and a tintype of a haggard-looking woman seated next to a stern-looking man. A thin board forms a false bottom to the chest, beneath which \$15 in greenbacks are hidden.

—**Stage:** This is a simple wooden platform, raised three feet from the floor. Shielded candle-holders line the front of the stage to provide additional illumination during performances by the dancers. A piano sits off to one side, used to provide music for the dancers, and throughout the evening for a bit of music. A well-worn, red curtain hangs at the back of the stage, creating a cloth-walled corridor from the stage steps to the dressing room door.

—**Dressing Room:** This 10’x10’ area once served as a storeroom, but with the arrival of the dancers, O’Grady found himself in need of a place for the ladies to change without causing a riot. The cramped room holds a pair of small dressing tables with chairs, a rack of hanging costumes, and enough room to use one or the other.

Men entering the room uninvited will find themselves at the heart of a ruckus. The dancers present will emit blood-curdling screams, drawing attention from the bar (and then hastily clearing it of all but the Fates), but the screams will not stop. The two dancers were sent by Rhiannon herself to watch over Jed O’Grady, and the wail of a banshee can mean death. Five rounds after combat begins, Jeremiah Wiggins (**area #1**) will arrive to aid the banshees however he best can (it may not involve combat).

Banshees (2): Init +6; Atk shriek +3 ranged (1d3 in lost Luck, range hearing distance); AC 10; HD 4d6; hit points 13; MV 30’; Act 1d20; SP modify Luck; SV Fort -4, Ref +8, Will +6; WtL.

Modify luck: The ear-splitting shriek of a banshee is a harbinger of death for their target. Each successful “hit” with their shriek permanently drains 1d3 Luck from their target. (At a negative or zero Luck score, any random misfortune that comes up in play is directed at this character until they manage to get their Luck score above zero. Multiple characters with Luck at zero or less **ALL** receive the misfortune, even if the event states it only affects one character.) When first hearing the shriek of a Banshee, a Grit Check vs. a DC of 15 is required.

—**Poker Table:** This table is set aside for gentlemen who wish to play cards, and it is normally occupied by a trio of relatively well-dressed men and whomever might dare to test their luck against them. The trio take their poker very seriously and will not stop playing for anything short of deliberate interference (such as knocking over the table, grabbing the cards, or attacking one of them). While they are genial to anyone brave enough to take the fourth seat, woe be it upon any who would interfere with them.

The cigar-smoking gamblers are a manifestation of the Fates (Pa, Boy, and Pappy) drawn to Bannack by the ethereal disturbances caused by the Fist and the coming showdown. If asked, the game is a 10¢ ante and the Fates never cheat. Unspoken is that those ten cents also represent ten minutes of a person’s life. The judge is encouraged to play a hand of poker with any trailhand that wants to join. The game is always five-card stud.

The Fates are naturally interested in the party (especially any gamblers), and if engaged in conversation during play, they may drop hints about the future to a card player who earns their respect by being respectful and playing well. While they will never openly give information, the Fates





enjoy jawing with folks. Pappy will sometimes drop cryptic hints of things to come, worked into the conversation, while the Boy will disquietingly mention detailed descriptions of past events in their fellow player's life and the lives of their kin. The Fates should be unnerving, mostly emotionless (unless the game is interfered with), and are utterly beyond any form of mortal threat.

Cheating while playing against the Fates is not wise. The difficulties of such attempts are at +7 to the normal DC, and the Fates notice ALL failed attempts at cheating. Upon a failed attempt, Pappy will pull a fresh cigar from his pocket and snip the end. The cheater will be struck with existential dread, feeling ten years of their life cut away in an instant (-1 to all physical Stats). Pappy will then place the cigar next to an ashtray at hand and, should the player be caught a second time, will light the cigar and puff away the entirety of the cheater's lifeforce over the

next 30 minutes. Even if convinced to stop smoking the cheater's life away, what is lost may NEVER be recovered, that portion of their skein has been destroyed.

PAPPY'S HINTS

- "That huckster outside might get what he is askin' for, but I ain't sure it'll be what he wants." [J. Carey Esq./Nyarlathotep]
- "The old sheriff might be able to help y'all, if ya'n ask him real nice." [Henry Plummer]
- "The scales of justice ain't always kept in a courthouse." [Scales]
- "Sometimes ya gotta hang a man twice fer' good measure." [Noose]
- "Never look at a man's boots, ya just need to worry about their blessed shoes." [Horseshoe]

- “Sometimes what a man’s gotta do ain’t purty, it can be downright hair-raising. But if’n folks are okay with it, what’s the harm?” [**Scalp**]
- “I don’t have no truck with them that have come back. We all got ‘ur fate, and no man can escape the grave fer long.” [**Graveyard Dirt**]
- “Sometimes ya gotta square things with the schoolmaster so ya don’t get the switch ... or worse.” [**Masonic Square**]
- (As the player departs after a well-played game, at the judge’s discretion). “I like ya, pick a card!” [character receives the **Ace of Spades** relic]

#11—Bannack Jails & Sheriff’s Office

The sheriff’s office, courthouse, and jails make up this small compound at the town’s heart. All three buildings are made of brick, the jails being the only building to have barred windows. All three structures look formidable.

11a—Sheriff’s Office: A sign beside the door reads, “Sheriff Henry Plummer.” Sheriff Plummer sits at his desk within, feet up on his desk, and a gun belt hanging on the back of his chair. The sheriff is a tall, imposing man, with slicked back black hair, and thick, oiled beard and mustache. He is dressed in a black suit—a sheriff’s star his sole concession to a uniform. Casual observation reveals that there is a bullet hole in the center of the star. Tommyknockers find Plummer’s presence to be disquieting and must make a Grit check at DC 10 for every turn spent in his proximity.

The Seven Days of Night altered the course of Plummer’s life. As a sheriff, he had been more outlaw than lawman, and there is no doubt that his life would’ve brought him to the end of a rope, eventually. But something happened to him during that week, and he emerged transformed into a model lawman. He immediately hunted down his old compatriots, bringing them to justice, and gunning down those who would not surrender peacefully. This created a lot of bad blood, and in 1864, one of his former partners shot him dead in the streets of Bannack.

Two days later the lawman clawed his way out of

his grave, returned to town, and without a word to anyone, rode out after his killer. He said nothing when he returned, not about having been dead, not about what happened to the gunman. The townsfolk were comfortable not asking those questions. Since then, no one is willing to cross the “Sheriff who Cannot Die.”

The lawman takes word of the PC’s dreams seriously, giving a knowing nod. If the PCs give him the names of the Malevolent Seven (as gained from J. Carey Esq.), he will pull out a small, well-worn journal and thumb through it. He has notes on a number of entities and has the weaknesses of both John Joel Glanton and Thomas Bell Poole. He finds Poole’s particularly amusing (“hang him again, a bell-pull for Mr. Bell Poole”). His notes on the Finger Thief read: “VERY DANGEROUS!!! Wears the trigger-fingers of killed gunslingers to increase his skill.”

Looking through the veil at the Sheriff reveals nothing special. His continued existence is an utter mystery.

Plummer will realize that he is the only reasonable source for a willing scalp, since the removal of such is most often fatal. But being un-dying doesn’t mean that Plummer doesn’t fear death (and the pain involved), and while he will give the PCs the details of the two items needed, he will not volunteer unless pressed. Plummer would rather lend his gun to the coming showdown than have his skull laid bare. It requires a DC 13 Personality test to convince him of the necessity of the bloody sacrifice.

Even when done voluntarily, scalping Plummer is horrific, bloody work requiring a Grit check vs. a DC of 10. Those on the Path of the Righteous must make a Willpower save at -1d vs. a DC of 8 to perform such a gruesome task. Read [Handout #4](#) to the players before giving [Handout #5](#) to the PC who has torn the scalp from the sheriff’s living body.

The PCs are free to forego the scalping of the Sheriff, and he will either loan them the use of his ghost iron [grants a d4 Deadeye die and all gunslinger powers that directly relate to the use of a ghost iron] or will



help the townsfolk get to safety—he will not engage in the showdown with the Seven no matter how persuasive the PCs are. If the ghost iron is leant, it will become “lost” after 24 hours and return to Plummer.

Sheriff Henry Plummer (2nd Level Gunslinger): Init +1; Atk fist +0 melee (1d3) or light pistol +1d4 (Deadeye die) +3 ranged (1d8, ROF 2, Load 6, Reload 3, Range 10/20/60); AC 13; HD 2d10; hp 17; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP gunslinger traits [d4 Deadeye die and ghost iron], un-dying [for whatever reason, Plummer can not die. If killed or destroyed, he will always rise again (even from his own ashes) the next day.]; SV Fort +2, Ref +3, Will +2; Path PoR. [Str 11; Int 10; Per 14; Sta 13; Agi 13; Luck 10]

11b—Courthouse: The courthouse is boarded up with a sign on the door reading, “Inquire with Sheriff.” The building is abandoned, there not being a level of crime requiring much in the way of law enforcement, and having a Sheriff return from the dead dissuades most would-be outlaws.

11c—Jails: A sign beside the door reads: “Visitations on 1st Sunday of the month.” The jails consist of six brick-walled cells, each with a cot and bars running floor to ceiling. All are currently vacant, the doors ajar.

#12—Gallows

A short ride outside of town are the gallows—a single rope gently swinging in the breeze. Somewhat disconcertingly, a crude homestead festooned with strips of colored fabrics which stir in the breeze sits near to Bannack’s gallows. On either side of the door into the simple shack is a clay pot, from which thin smoke rises through the top and numerous holes in the sides. A small, carefully tended garden grows directly next to the gallows.

A dark-skinned man is found outside the house in daylight hours, tending to a small garden. He approaches visitors with a courteous respect, introducing himself as “Yama, son of Surya” in a fashion both formal and yet alien in the West. Yama is clad entirely in varying shades of red and bears a religious mark on his forehead. The strange man emanates such power that even the normally oblivious can feel it. His voice is soothing but has an edge to it. He is quite curious as to what brings visitors to the gallows. He will explain that most who visit tend to be making a one-way journey up the road (towards the cemetery). Yama’s eyes dance to and fro during the conversation, as if also watching something out of sight.

If looking across the veil, a never-ending line of spirits approach Yama, prostrating themselves before him. It is these otherwise unseen spirits that Yama acknowledges. Most gratefully fade away, but some few are dragged down into shadow and flame. Shepherding the spirits are a pair of massive spirit hounds, Shyama and Sharvara (Dusk and Dawn), each having spotted coats of black and white and four glowing eyes.

As King of Ancestors, Yama will take note of those who return his greeting in the fashion that it was given, addressing them as higher in caste than those who do not respect their ancestors. The atmosphere here is tense; in his time in Bannack, Yama has grown unaccustomed to dealing with the living, and he will be uncomfortable. So long as he is present, he will not allow anyone to claim the noose from the gallows. Should anyone try, he will summon Akhārā Anupgiri from inside.

Revelators will feel an instant kinship of sorts with Akhārā Anupgiri, while simultaneously being confronted with the fact that this man may have powers granted by a “heathen” god. Akhārā wears a turban and gold and red flowing clothes. He carries no gun—but does carry a strange, straight-bladed sword (a pata) that ends in a gauntlet and bears a religious mark similar to Yama’s. The pata’s design doubles the strength bonus of its wielder for attacks and damage and grants a +1 bonus to AC.





The Hindi revelator will implore the PCs to not meddle with affairs that they do not understand, telling them that they should leave Bannack and never look back. If unsuccessful in persuasion, he will attempt to dissuade the PCs from attempting to take the noose. Finally, failing that, he will turn and respectfully nod to Yama before entering combat. As he does, Yama's hounds will materialize to even the odds. He will fight to the death, unwilling to do less in the presence of Yama (although it is possible to subdue him). Yama will merely stand by, observing any combat, being both present and absent.

Yama, for reasons of his own, does not wish for the PCs to succeed in advancing the machinations of Nyarlathotep and will not willingly aid them towards their goal. Attacking Yama, an actual god, is a serious error in judgement. Beings of such power cannot be

harmed by mortal means, and Yama unflinchingly shrugs off the strongest blows and deadliest shots.

- If Akhārā is slain, all characters lose 1 Luck. Yama will merely give the PCs a sad look and shrug before gesturing towards the noose, warning that they have certainly “earned the noose.”
- If Yama himself is attacked, the god will speak to the ancestors of the offending PC, sadly explaining their descendant's transgression. Those spirits will be so angered that they will interfere with the PCs actions, bumping gun barrels, nudging fists out of the way, and eliminating ALL critical hits for the rest of the adventure as punishment (treat all critical success rolls as normal successes).

Akhārā (3rd Level Revelator): Init +6; Atk pata (sword) +5 melee (1d8+3); AC 16; HD 7d8+3; hp 42; MV 30'; Act 3d20; SP revelator traits, Luck of 16, miracles[(1st) blinding faith, doubtful soul, fortitude, godsight, shield of faith, (2nd) flaming scourge, North Star, uplifting sermon]; SV Fort +1, Ref +3, Will +6; Path PoR +1. [Str 16; Int 10; Per 18; Sta 11; Agi 17; Luck 10]

Special note: As a revelator of Yama, Akhārā is able to turn sin-eaters, tommyknockers, and any form of un-dead or spirit of the dead. Should Akhārā succeed in an attempt to turn back the night against a PC, the PC must make a Willpower save vs. his check result or be unable to attack for 1d3 rounds.

Yama's Hounds (2): Init +7; Atk bite +5 melee (1d7+3); AC 17; HD 4d14+3; hit points 32 (68*); MV 75'; Act 2d20; SP attuned, spirit sight, two worlds; SV Fort +6, Ref +2, Will +6; WtL.

Attuned:* The hounds are attuned to their namesakes. Should a combat with the hounds appear at dusk or dawn, the appropriate hound is at max hit points.

Spirit sight: The hounds each have two sets of eyes, one set which sees in the spirit realm and one set that looks into the land of the living. The hounds simultaneously see in both realms.

Two worlds: Yama's hounds exist in both worlds, although less so in the realm in which they are not physically present. As a Movement action, the hounds may spirit step between worlds (MV 1'). When attacking a creature in the opposite realm, the hounds suffer a -1d penalty to attacks and damage.

At night, while Akhārā sleeps and Yama attends matters elsewhere, the noose will defend itself, attempting to strangle any who would dare attempt to steal it.

Should his defenses be overcome, Yama will allow the noose to be taken. The noose will unravel over the course of a week, decaying into loose fibers and oakum as Yama fashions himself a new noose for the gallows.

Yama's Noose: Init +3; Atk strangle +5 melee (1d7); AC 12; HD 4d10; hit points 22; MV 20'; Act 1d20; SP animate, strangle, takes double damage from slashing and fire attacks; SV Fort +2, Ref +4, Will N/A; WtL.

Animate: The noose is activated by throwing it at an attacker, and it remains animated so long as it has hit points. Once brought to zero, the damaged (but intact) noose becomes still. Should the noose take double its hit points in damage, it is utterly destroyed and rendered useless.

Strangle: Upon a successful attack against a target, the noose sinks deeply into the victim's flesh, automatically striking on subsequent rounds (roll for damage but not to hit).

#13—Cemetery

The cemetery is a collection of tombstones amidst tall, dry grasses. A picket fence surrounds the graveyard—a physical boundary between the worlds of the living and the dead.

Thirty-six headstones are arranged in the cemetery, and there are freshly dug graves equal to the number of PCs with a shovel stuck in the dirt nearby. Reading the headstones reveals a few that may be of interest to the party.

- **Henry Plummer**—Born Jan 10, 1832—Died Jan 10, 1864—"Good Riddance." The headstone is damaged where someone has attempted to remove the date of death.





- **Tommy Green**—Born 1800—Died May 29, 1863—“I was a bad man.”
- **Bernice Kampher**—Died Jun 12, 1862—“Beloved Mother, Grandmother, Great Grandmother, and Great-Great Grandmother.”
- **Rev. Bob Keefer**—Born July 9, 1839—Died —(the rest of the stone is unfinished.)
- **Thomas Palm Sr.**—Born Nov 10, 1799—Died May 1, 1864—Rest Well.

Tommy Green was the outlaw Truthful Tommy, who gained

minor fame in the territory for his open-faced honesty with those he would rob or murder. His is the grave of “an honest man.” A handful of earth from his grave (and only the first handful taken) carries mystic benefits. It also draws the attention of a trio of emaciated and animate corpses left here by Yama.

The animated corpses will burst from the ground, requiring the PCs to make a DC 16 Willpower save to avoid being surprised. If a vetala manages to drop a PC, they will drag the corpse into their tunnels beneath the earth with their feast.

There are eight corpses buried here that are intact enough for the vetala to make use of. Sin-eaters using their soul-sense ability are aware of the presence, and location, of any vetala in the immediate vicinity. If all three vetala are felled in a single round, trailhands may immediately flee the area while the vetala animate their new bodies.

Vetala (3): Init -1; Atk filthy claw +4 melee (1d5+1), soporific bite +2 melee (1d6 plus poison, Fort vs. DC 12 or fall asleep for 1d4+1 rounds); AC 14; HD 4d8+2; hit points 26, MV 20' (100' in spirit form); Act 2d20; SP animator, husk, un-dead properties; SV Fort +1, Ref +3, Will +4; PoD.

Animator: So long as there are undisturbed corpses near a vetala, it can transfer its essence into another corpse and rise (or lie quietly, awaiting a chance to escape) at any time but must make a DC 12 Willpower save to make the transfer. Failure results in the spirit being forever lost.

Husk: Corpses animated by vetala become desiccated, flaking husks. Normal weapons inflict only 1 point of damage (2 points on a natural 20), as bits and pieces are carved away.

#14—Undertaker

This small wooden building is painted a somber black, standing in contrast to the many whitewashed buildings in the town. Coffins of several sizes are lined up, leaning against the front of the building in a macabre display. A hanging sign declares: “Gregory Dees, proprietor.”

There are as many coffins on display as there are PCs, and it is the undertaker who has pre-dug the graves in the cemetery. In conversation, Dees is cool and thoughtful—willing to consider a point, but is no pushover.

WHAT GREGORY KNOWS

- Dees is aware that the Malevolent Seven plan on burning down the town and will have buckets and shovels staged in his shop so that he may rally the citizenry of Bannack to extinguish the fires. He has “seen” them in a dream, riding in and lighting buildings (including his business) on fire, but he otherwise knows nothing about them.
- He is aware of the exact dimensions required for the coffin of any given individual.

#15—Methodist Church

A humble wooden church, modest in decoration as well as size, is neat and clean with brightly whitewashed walls, and exudes a sense of comforting welcome. A matching parish house sits closely next door—presumably home to the local priest.

Reverend Paul Keefer is a devout man, and like the church itself, exudes an aura of comfort. He is generally soft-spoken, only raising his voice in need—and never in anger. While the church itself is unremarkable, Reverend Keefer is sensitive to the charged atmosphere of Bannack and, if asked, will tell the tale of encountering an angel in the wilderness outside of Bannack ([Handout #6](#)). The Archangel Michael was bringing his golden scale to be left in the keeping of Remiel, in his guise of “Remy.”

He will immediately recognize any revelators in the service of God and will offer them whatever help he

can (within reason—he will not let them scalp him). There are no spirits across the veil here; those who have entered are at peace. So long as they remain in the church, no spiritual forces may harm the PCs (but if the town is on fire, all bets are off).

WHAT REV. KEEFER KNOWS

- An angel, greatly resembling Remy in the assay office, once visited Bannack.
- The schoolmaster and his companions are Masons, but they are not evil men.
- There is something “dark” about J. Carey Esq.

#16—Young Smith & Ferrier

This homestead holds a home and a smithy bordering a small cleared courtyard. Everything here seems neat and orderly. Strange symbols are carved above the doorway into the house. Bright yellow curtains are drawn in the windows.

The symbols above the door are ancient magic to guard against the re-animate. Tommyknockers, sin-eaters, and other creatures physically brought back from the dead, must succeed at a DC 12 Willpower save to be able to cross the threshold.

Erich Young, possessed by K’ank’in Gabor, is cordial with any visitors. He is happy to show them around his smithy, help them by re-shoeing their horses, and will even serve them a strong beer that he makes himself (better than anything at the Skinners Saloon). He will deny any knowledge of the supernatural, especially the Fist of Leng. Characters succeeding in a DC 14 Personality test while trying to draw out information will get him to slip up, at which point he will immediately clam up. Looking into the spirit realm reveals K’ank’in Gabor’s control of the settler, although Erich continues to struggle for control of his own body. It is possible for a revelator to exorcise him. He will maintain a distance with any sin-eaters.

Beneath a worn rug, below the floorboards in the center of the room, rests the Fist. Erich will not willingly surrender the item and will fight to the



death (Young's death anyway) to protect it before K'ank'in Gabor continues the battle from the spirit realm.

Characters managing to convince the possessed homesteader of the danger posed by Tutt and his gang will not be given the Fist (nor will the spirit risk Young's life if it can be avoided) but will be blessed by the ancient priest. The blessing grants a +2d bonus for the PCs first attack against the Malevolent Seven but does slide the PCs 1 step towards the Path of the Damned.

It is possible that the PCs may manage to take possession of the Fist of Leng. Those who possess it will learn the secret of its power and will quickly understand why it must be forever hidden away.

The holder of the fist may call upon its source, a gigantic golden asteroid deep in the reaches of space, and summon it to earth. Once summoned, the giant asteroid will strike the earth (exactly where the summoner stands when calling it forth) in 2d24 years, wiping out all life on the planet in a massive extinction-level event. The un-dead, of course, would persevere so long as they weren't killed by the initial impact.

Erich Young/ K'ank'in Gabor: Init +0; Atk blacksmith's hammer +3 melee (1d7+3) or by weapon type; AC 13; HD 1d7+3; hit points 9; MV 30'; Act 1d20 (2d20*); SP possessed; SV Fort +3, Ref +3, Will special; WtL.

Possessed:* While possessed, Young has the action dice and access to the attack forms (soul lash and spirit scream) as K'ank'in Gabor.

K'ank'in Gabor (guardian spirit): Init +5; Atk soul lash +4 melee (1d16, Fort vs. 12 for half damage), spirit scream +0 ranged (target ages 1d30 years losing 1d3 from physical attributes, Fort vs. 20 negates, range of hearing); AC 17; HD 4d12; hit points 36; MV 30' or fly 20'; Act 3d20; SP fearless, of two worlds, can't be damaged by normal weapons, un-dead traits; SV Fort +6, Ref +2, Will +6; PoD +3.

Fearless: His name literally means "God's Bravest Man." K'ank'in Gabor is immune to fear and all mind-altering effects—as is Erich Young while he is possessed.

Of two worlds: Even without a host body, K'ank'in Gabor may attack from the other side of the veil, his spirit screams tearing through the ether to strike his foes.

#17—Riverside Camp – Ashishishe

The river here is shallow, ideal for panning, and easy to cross. A small campsite has been set up near the far shore, with a single lean-to and a ring of stones for a fire. A native man, his two long braids hanging over his chest, sits on a small log outside the shelter, seemingly lost in thought.

Ashishishe, who will insist on being called "Curly," is a man at odds with himself. Prior to the Seven Days of Night he was fated to be one of the few surviving scouts of the ill-fated 7th Cavalry, and he is aware of this. The transformation of the world awakened the spirit within him, transmogrifying him into a Xapaaliia (one touched by the spirits).

The knowledge of how the world has changed from its destined course rests heavily upon the mind of the Crow scout. Despite being deep in thought and utterly oblivious to their initial approach, he has been waiting for the PCs.

He will greet them with both respect as well as sadness—he can feel what the PCs were originally destined for prior to the spirit world being tainted. He is open and honest with the PCs, unsure of the course of action that they should take, but offering what information he can so that they may decide.

WHAT ASHISHISHE KNOWS

- The origin of the Malevolent Seven and their weaknesses.
- How each PC was meant to die (be creative) before the world was changed.
- The secret handshake of the Brotherhood of Franklin (**Area #6**).

THE SHOWDOWN

Upon the first stroke of Midnight, on the second night in town, the Malevolent Seven ride into town from the North, hurling firebombs into buildings as they do (building #'s **8, 9, and 14**).

Witnessing this requires a DC 17 Grit check (keep in mind that townsfolk are level 0s and are unlikely to pass this test in any great numbers). This DC is reduced by 1 for every two relics possessed by the party (to a maximum of -3 to the DC).

Their arrival also awakens the relics, activating their secondary (and very specific) powers. Each round of combat, the PC with the lowest Luck must make a Luck check, failure indicating that the fires have spread to another nearby building along the main street. A success indicated that the fires have not yet spread; a natural 1 on the Luck check indicates that one of the fires has been extinguished. Any building that burns for 5 rounds or more can no longer be extinguished through mundane means.

While townsfolk race to control the fires, there are a few things that can happen:

- If not ambushed and met fairly in the center of the main street, the Malevolent Seven will dismount, secure their mounts, and move into the street with their hands near their weapons, ready for a true showdown. For such an encounter, roll initiative, with anyone rolling higher than a 12 being able to act before the **final** stroke of midnight (if they choose). Unlike other combat rounds, during the first round, guns fired during equal initiative (or having been delayed to an equal initiative) are treated as simultaneous as gunslingers slap leather.
- If the trailhands try to recruit members of the town (such as the sheriff) and rally the town to its own defense, surviving members of the Brotherhood of the White Feather will attempt to join the fray but will run at the first sight of the Seven.
- Trailhands may ambush or lay a trap for the Malevolent Seven rather than meeting them in a traditional gunfight. Thinking outside of the box, while potentially effective, runs counter to the unspoken code of the gunslinger. Such an action negates any Luck bonus otherwise received at the conclusion of the adventure for those on the Path of the Righteous.
- The Malevolent Seven may be allowed to gain possession of the Fist of Leng—this falls under the category of “bad.” Should Tutt gain control of the relic, he and all of his gang immediately gain 1 HD/current level as he channels the power, fortifying the gang.
- The trailhands may decide that discretion is the better part of valor and try to “get while the getting is good” (some might call that “turnin’ yellow”). However, destiny (not to mention the machinations of Nyarlathotep) is not so easily thwarted. Should the party flee, they will encounter the Malevolent Seven while on the open range. It will likely end very poorly for the party, and even a victory will probably be hollow without the tools to permanently lay the un-dying outlaws to rest.

ENDING THE ADVENTURE

Once the bodies hit the dirt and the dust settles, all that remains is for the winners to collect their prize.

- If the PCs engage in a traditional shootout with the Malevolent Seven, PCs slain will be directly escorted to heaven by Remiel (one of his angelic tasks). As a reward, when creating a new character, the player may keep any one of their former PC’s attributes instead of rolling.
- Should the Malevolent Seven win, Bannack is burned to the ground, the Fist of Leng is seized, and Tutt’s gang rides off into the wilderness to plan their next atrocity. There are no survivors.
- If the Malevolent Seven are stopped but the town is lost, the PCs will have succeeded, but Remiel will warn the trailhands that they have angered several supernatural entities and that there is a “bounty” on their souls. What may come of that is left to the judge’s discretion. The PCs may collect the bounties on each of the Malevolent Seven.
- If the Malevolent Seven are stopped and the town saved, the PCs succeed and manage to avoid the wrath of the other supernatural entities (both for and against them). The PCs may collect the bounties on each of the Malevolent Seven, and additionally, each gain 1 point of Luck.
- All surviving PCs gain 5 XP for each of the seven relics that they managed to collect.

“There will come a time when you believe everything is finished; that will be the beginning.”

—Louis L’Amour







APPENDIX 1: THE MALEVOLENT SEVEN

Each of the Malevolent Seven ride a “Hell-Steed.”

Hellsteed (horses of the invisible): Init +2; Atk hoof +6 melee (1d7+4); AC 16; HD 5d8; MV 60'; Act 1d20; SP invisible, selective audibility, half damage from non-magical weapons, pass through doors; SV Fort +6, Ref +4, Will +6; Path PoD.

Invisible: Hell-steed are invisible to mortal eyes, only their flaming hoof-prints are visible. Those that are able to pierce the veil or sense the unnatural will see a gaunt, ebon horse with flaming mane and hooves. Because of their invisibility, any creature trying to strike these horses automatically misses 50% of the time.

Selective audibility: In addition to being invisible, these horses can render themselves inaudible. They are even capable of selecting which creatures can hear their ponderous clapping tread or their infernal gobbling neighing.

Pass through doors: Doors seem to be no barrier to hell-steed, no matter how stout, as they pass right through these physical barriers (by using an action die).

DAVIS TUTT, AKA “THE FINGER THIEF”

Weakness: Ace of Spades from the Fates

Bounty: \$5,000

The flesh of this bare-chested gunsel is a deep, sickly green, and glowing amber eyes peer from beneath his ebon Stetson. An octopoidinal beard, hanging below his mustachioed face, writhes with a life all its own. A glittering belt adorns his waist, the buckle a sinister amber eye which matches his own eyes. In place of spurs, two-inch long spikes grace his boots.

“The Finger Thief” (4th level Gunslinger/Pariah): Init +6; Atk claw +3 melee (1d6+5) or (2)Colt

Walker pistols +1d6 (Deadeye die) +3 ranged (1d12, ROF 2, Load 6, Reload 4); AC 17; HD 8d10; hp 62; MV 30'; Act 1d20 + 1d16; SP cthonic eye, necrophagic aim, ghost irons, gunslinger traits [d6 Deadeye die], un-dead traits; SV Fort +4, Ref +6, Will +6; Path PoD; Carrying: hell-steed, saddle, saddlebag, bag of severed fingers. [Str 10; Int 10; Per 16; Sta 17; Agi 12; Luck 10]

Cthonic eye: This magical artifact has two uses. (1) Turn back the night and similar abilities will fail on beings with un-dead traits within a 100' radius of the artifact from the last stroke of midnight until 2:00am. (2) When activated (takes an action), the eye of this belt buckle spills out a mustard-colored fog in a 100' radius, inflicting a -2 penalty to all ranged attacks made by those on the Path of the Righteous. The fog hangs in the air for 1d5 rounds and is unaffected by mundane winds (although magically created winds can shift the fog as normal). The cthonic eye may be used once per day.

Necrophagic aim: Tutt got his moniker as the Finger Thief by doing just that, taking the trigger fingers of the gunslingers he has killed. He normally keeps a mummified finger in the corner of his mouth, much like others would hold a cheroot. As a free action, once per round, he may activate the dead digit, adding the skill of the dead gunslinger, which grants a bonus to hit of +1d on his next pistol shot. Only one 'finger' may be in effect at any time. Tutt's bag currently holds 12 fingers. He will have activated a finger prior to entering town.



THOMAS BELL POOLE, AKA "SIR POOLE"

Weakness: Yama's noose

Bounty: \$1,000

Born: 1818—**Hanged:** September 29, 1865

Clad in the tattered uniform jacket of a Confederate officer, this emaciated figure moves with an unnatural silence. There is no rustle of cloth, no ring of his spurs, even his footfalls are muted. A single, sickly gray eye burns hatefully from the withered, skeletal face of the outlaw.

A member of the Knights of the Golden Circle, Thomas Poole supported the secession of the Confederacy, and when war broke out, was a leader in a group of Confederate bushwackers that raided Union forces and supply lines until narrowly evading capture. As a member of the Knights of the Golden Circle, he had been helping to plan the assassination of Union President Abraham Lincoln when the Seven Days of Night fell. His past caught up with him, and he was convicted (and hanged) for the murder of a deputy sheriff.

"Sir Poole" (3rd Level Gunslinger/Pariah): Init +5; Atk fist +0 melee (1d3) or lever-action rifle +1d5 (Deadeye die) +3 ranged (1d12, ROF 3, Load 16, Reload 1/3, Range 40/80/150); AC 15; HD 4d10; hp 30; MV 30'; Act 2d20; SP bushwack, silent, ghost iron, gunslinger traits [d5 Deadeye die], un-dead traits; SV Fort +1, Ref +5, Will +0; Path PoD; Carrying: hell-steed, saddle, saddlebags, deck of marked cards, \$100 cash. [Str 11; Int 10; Per 16; Sta 8; Agi 16; Luck 10]

Bushwack: When attacking from concealment, Thomas Poole is +1d on attack and damage rolls.

Silent: Sir Poole is so stealthy that, unless within 10' of him, no sound at all can be heard from him (other than the roar of his Winchester rifle).

RICHARD BARTER, AKA "RATTLESNAKE DICK"

Weakness: Scale of the Archangel Michael

Bounty: \$500

Born: 1833—**Gunned Down:** July 11, 1859

Unlike his companions, in place of the leathery skin of the living dead, Rattlesnake Dick's hide is that of a serpent. Brown and tan scales cover his exposed flesh; tattered dungarees, a foul, stained duster, and kicked-about boots cover the rest of him. A flat-ish hat sits atop his head, and a forked tongue flits out of his mouth, tasting the air around him.

Québécois Richard Barter could not resist the allure of California gold but quickly found that his fast temper made him a more successful outlaw than a miner. Inspired by the actions of "Outlaw Doc," Barter joined the Newton gang and participated in a successful stagecoach robbery that netted \$80,000 in gold. Sadly, for him, the escape was nowhere near as successful as half the gold was recovered, and half was buried and lost. Barter continued his outlaw ways until it caught up with him. After being wounded in a gunfight while evading arrest, unknown persons caught up with him and executed him with two shots to the chest and one to the head.



“Rattlesnake Dick” (3rd Level Gunslinger/Pariah): Init +5; Atk fist +0 melee (1d3) or Winchester 1873 rifle (ghost iron of Yig) +1d5 (Deadeye die) +3 ranged (1d12+venom*, ROF 3, Load 17, Reload 1/3, Range 25/100/200); AC 15; HD 4d10; hp 36; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP, ghost iron (of Yig), serpent senses, gunslinger traits [d5 Deadeye die], un-dead traits; SV Fort +2, Ref +5, Will +4; Path PoD; Carrying: hell-steed, saddle, saddlebags, deck of marked cards, \$100 cash. [Str 11; Int 10; Per 8; Sta 10; Agi 17; Luck 10]

Serpent senses: Rattlesnake Dick uses his tongue to take in additional sensory information from the air around him, allowing him to “see” even if blinded or in total darkness.

Ghost iron (of Yig): Rattlesnake Dick’s Winchester is inhabited by the spirit of a shaman of Yig, granting it an additional property. Each bullet is mystically coated in rattlesnake venom (DC 12 Fortitude save or take 1d3 points of Stamina damage which will not heal until medically or magically treated).

BOONE HELM, AKA “THE KENTUCKY CANNIBAL”

Weakness: Hiram’s square

Bounty: \$750

Born: January 28, 1828—**Hanged:** January 14, 1864

A tall top hat sits atop this revenant’s grinning skeletal face, lanky hair spills out from beneath its feathered brim. A finger-bone choker wraps tightly around his leathery neck, and his open duster reveals both a Colt and a petroglyph-covered hand axe hanging from his belt. His tattered duster is unusual in appearance, its color not the familiar color of cowhide, but rather the dusky tone of tanned human flesh.

After his drinking and beating his wife ruined his family’s reputation and bankrupted his father, Boone headed West in 1850 to search for gold. On the way, he murdered his cousin and began his life as a serial killer—often eating part of his victims and, in one case, taking an entire leg with him as provisions. When facing his own mortality, Boone shouted: “Every man for his principles! Hurrah for Jeff Davis! Let ‘er rip!” before jumping off the hangman’s box without waiting for it to be kicked away. His hanging in Virginia City, Montana, was attended by a crowd of over six thousand.

“The Kentucky Cannibal” (3rd Level Gunslinger/Pariah): Init +3; Atk (6)hand axes +5 melee or thrown +3 ranged (1d5+3, Range 10/15/25, Crit on 18-20), bite +1 melee (1d8+3), (2)light pistols +1d5 (Deadeye die) +2 ranged (1d8, ROF 2, Load 6, Reload 3, Range 10/20/60); AC 16; HD 4d10; hp 34; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP cannibalistic healing, save it for later, ghost irons, gunslinger traits [d5 Deadeye die], un-dead traits; SV Fort +2, Ref +4, Will +0; Path PoD; Carrying: tobacco pouch and rolling papers, hell-steed, saddle, saddlebags, mess kit, canteen, flint and tinder, partially eaten leg (provides him with 8 hp when eaten), \$0 cash. [Str 16; Int 10 ; Per 8; Sta 11; Agi 14; Luck 11]

Cannibalistic healing: In death, as in life, Boone savors the taste of human flesh. When succeeding with a bite attack, the pariah eagerly chews and swallows the gobbet—drawing out its life energy and regaining hit points equal to the damage done by the attack.

Save it for later: Boone can mystically preserve human flesh so that it retains its healing properties for up to 1 week. This requires no action, and he has been known to bite off a man’s nose (he has four of them in his pouch), only to spit it out and pocket it.



JOHN JOEL GLANTON, AKA "SCALPHUNTER"

Weakness: A scalp, freely given

Bounty: \$700

Born: 1819—Scalped April 23, 1850

Wearing a dust covered peasant's serape, the figure of the Scalphunter is a grisly one. Thick blood weeps down from beneath the stained brim of his broad sombrero, dark rivulets framing his corpse-like visage. His well-worn boots are stained dark with grave dirt, and bone shows through his ratty, claw-like fingers.

Glanton is a veteran of both the Texas Revolution and the Mexican-American war. After leaving the military, Glanton and a posse of followers were hired as mercenaries by the Mexican government. Tasked with tracking down and killing Apaches, Glanton found it far easier to murder and scalp Mexican citizens and peaceful American Indians, turning in the scalps to collect his bounties. The Mexican government quickly caught on and declared Glanton and his gang to be outlaws. On April 23, 1850, a band of Yuma tribesmen killed and scalped Glanton and most of his gang as retaliation for his atrocities. Now, risen anew, hate-filled eyes glare out from a bloody and scalpless face.

"Scalphunter" (3rd Level Gunslinger/Pariah): Init +3; Atk hatchet +4 melee (1d6+3) or thrown +4 ranged (1d6, 10/15/20), cavalry saber +2 melee (1d8), (2)light pistols +1d5 (Deadeye die) +4 ranged (1d8, ROF 2, Load 6, Reload 3, Range 10/20/60); AC 17; HD 4d10; hp 33; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP ghost irons, Razor, scalper, gunslinger traits [d5 Deadeye die], un-dead traits; SV Fort +2, Ref +5, Will +1; Path PoD; Carrying: hell-steed, saddle, saddlebags, \$0 cash. [Str 10; Int 10; Per 11; Sta 11; Agi 16; Luck 9]

Razor: This wicked Bowie knife is imbued with arcane power, and bloody runes glow along its blade. As an action, Glanton may draw and hurl the blade into the air, setting it free to do its foul work. The blade attacks separately from the un-dead outlaw (although on the same initiative). The weapon does 1d6+3 damage, and its special powers make it a serious threat.

Razor (magic artifact): Atk Bowie knife +3 ranged (1d6+3); Int 9; PoD +3; Bane: Those on the Path of the Righteous are affected; Power over Bane: bleeding wounds—wounds inflicted by Razor bleed for an additional 1 hp damage per round until staunched (cumulative with additional wounds); Communication: Empathy; Special powers: Can sense magic 1/day, wrathful (all critical successes gain a +2d modifier on the Critical Hit: Slashing table roll). Razor may not be wielded by those on the PoR and will twist in the hand of any such who attempt to hold or wield it, immediately animating and attacking.

Scalper: Glanton desires to be made whole again, by any means possible. If anyone is struck down or helpless near him, he will move in while they are helpless and scalp them (treat as double damage) so that he may fuse the bloody scalp with his own ragged flesh. Successfully doing so with an ordinary scalp restores him back to full hit points. Should Glanton place Plummer's scalp on his head, the flesh will fuse to his skull, stretching down across his face, enveloping his head before constricting and crushing it into pulp.

STEVE LONG, AKA "BIG STEVE"

Weakness: Earth from an honest man's grave

Bounty: \$500

Born: ?—Lynched October 18, 1868

Standing near seven feet tall, Big Steve's massive form moves with a quickness only possible to those no longer bound by the laws of the living. The hulking outlaw is clad in a thick coat, tattered Stetson, and tattered dungarees. His unshod feet are near black with dirt and other filth, his long toenails more like talons than any human anatomy.

A Confederate without a war, Steve Long joined his half-brothers in helping to found Laramie, Wyoming, where he became known as a gunfighter and was elected to the post of Deputy Marshal. Long was utterly

unsuited for the role of lawman, gunning down eight men in his first sixty days and using his guns as a first resort when breaking up fights. He and his brothers would confront ranchers and, at gunpoint, force them to sign over their land; those who refused were shot while “reaching for their gun.” A group of local cattlemen banded together and dragged them to a vacant building where they hung the trio. Before dying, Long requested to be allowed to remove his boots. “My mother always said I’d die with my boots on,” he said. His mother was wrong. His barefoot corpse, alongside his brothers, was photographed for posterity.

❏ **“Big” Steve (2nd Level Gunslinger/Pariah):** Init +3; Atk bowie knife +1 melee (1d6+1) or (2) heavy pistols +1d4 (Deadeye die) +3 ranged (1d12, ROF 2, Load 6, Reload 3, Range 10/20/60); AC 15; HD 4d10+7; hp 37; MV 30’; Act 1d20; SP convincing, ghost iron, gunslinger traits [d4 Deadeye die], un-dead traits; SV Fort +1, Ref +4, Will +0; Path PoD; Carrying: tobacco pouch and corncob pipe, hell-steed, saddle, saddlebags, mess kit, canteen, \$120 cash. [Str 14; Int 12; Per 8; Sta 10; Agi 16; Luck 8]

Convincing: As an action prior to combat, “Big” Steve can convince people to “see things his way” by brandishing his guns. He reasonably convinces a target to take a single action, the only stipulation being that it cannot be suicidal (although shooting a comrade is certainly acceptable). A successful Willpower save vs. a DC of 14 negates.

THOMAS J. HODGES, AKA “THE OUTLAW DOC”

Weakness: Rhiannon’s Shoe

Bounty: \$500

Born: 1825—Hanged October 4, 1856

Black clothing covers this figure from head to toe, all of it so dark the outlaw looks more like a void in space than an actual being, alive or dead. The figure is overly thin, emaciated even when compared to his comrades—so painfully thin as to make it difficult to fathom how any such creature, even un-dead, could remain animate. In that void of darkness, the only respite from the soul-gnawing blackness is Doc’s skeletal face and his one squinting eye that looks out from beneath his hood.

A surgeon during the Mexican-American War, he made his way to California during the gold rush. A great surgeon, but a lousy prospector, he soon took up as a gambler and physician (much like Doc Holiday would do decades after). Finally, failing to become rich through either of those occupations, he turned outlaw. He was arrested in 1855 and sent to prison—where he escaped several weeks later by using his medical knowledge to fake a serious illness. Once at large again, he hit upon an idea that none before had—robbing stagecoaches. A botched attempt led to the deaths of several women, and the incensed public wasted no time hunting him down and hanging him.

❏ **“The Outlaw Doc” (2nd Level Gunslinger/Pariah):** Init +4; Atk fist +2 melee (1d3+2) or (2)light pistols +1d4 (Deadeye die) +2 ranged (1d8, ROF 2, Load 6, Reload 3, Range 10/20/60); AC 18; HD 4d10+5; hp 40 (15); MV 30’; Act 2d20; SP fake it, ghost irons, gunslinger traits [d4 Deadeye die], un-dead traits; SV Fort +1, Ref +5, Will +1; Path PoD; Carrying: hell-steed, saddle, saddlebags, medical bag, \$5 cash. [Str 9; Int 16; Per 11; Sta 10; Agi 18; Luck 12]

Fake it: Upon being “killed,” Hodges falls to the ground, apparently dead. He will lay there, perfectly still, until an opportune moment presents itself to rejoin the fight. He rises with 2d10 remaining hit points, no matter how much damage he took before falling. Characters specifically watching to see if he is faking can make an Intelligence check vs. a DC of 18 to pierce the charade (those specifically told of his history of feigning illness gain a +2d bonus on this check). This ability can only be used once every 24 hours.



APPENDIX II MAGICAL FORMULAE

J. CAREY ESQUIRE'S WORLD-FAMOUS BLACK MILK				
Level: 5	Range: Self	Duration: Varies	Casting Time: 1 day	Save: None
General	Pouring this black, molasses-thick “milk” down a corpse’s throat returns them to a semblance of life but at great cost. The body of the resurrected is forever changed and twisted by the imbibing of the spiritual essence of Shub-Niggurath as their soul is forever corrupted to match. Those revived in this method are permanently placed on the Path of the Damned and are forever unredeemable. A corpse may only be fed the black milk once, a second draught has no effect.			
Manifestation	Roll 1d4: (1) blackness pours from the mouth and nose of the target corpse—encasing them in complete darkness while their body audibly transforms with the snapping of bones and popping of sinews (all present must make a Grit check vs. a DC of 9); (2) the flesh of the target corpse rapidly putrefies into a pool of liquid rot before reforming into the transformed body of the resurrected (all present must make a Grit check vs. a DC of 10); (3) target corpse’s flesh transforms, taking the appearance of the yawning void at the heart of the universe—strange music is heard as stars flash across their form, erupting from their flesh in bright streaks of light which stretch and distort their flesh (all present must make a Grit check vs. a DC of 11); (4) target corpse immediately awakens and writhes, howling in agony as their body physically warps and changes (all present must make a Grit check vs. a DC of 12).			
Mutagenic Reaction	Roll 1d10 modified by Luck: (0-2) mountebank is seen as untrustworthy and unlikeable, suffering a -1d penalty to all Personality checks; (3-4) mountebank sees colors that others cannot and becomes fascinated by them, suffering a -2 penalty to all actions when under direct sunlight; (5-7) mountebank is plagued by strange whistling and piping sounds unheard by others and suffers a -1d penalty to all rolls involving intellect or concentration-based tasks; (8-9) mountebank shifts 1 step towards the Path of the Damned; (10+) Mountebank suffers all prior reactions.			
0-1	Lost, failure, or worse! Roll 1d10+2 on the mutagenic reaction table.			
2-11	Lost, failure. The recipe can no longer be mixed until the mountebank can re-evaluate the ingredients (24 hours).			

J. GAREY ESQUIRE'S WORLD-FAMOUS BLACK MILK

Level: 5

Range: Self

Duration: Varies

Casting Time: 1 day

Save: None

12-17	Failure , but the ingredients are not wasted.
18-19	Curse of the Young: Resurrected's body suffers from a proteus-like growth, causing portions of their body to become masses of fibrously deformed flesh. For each point along the Path of the Damned the resurrected has (treat as a minimum of 1 if they are not on the PoD), they suffer as follows—effects are cumulative. (1pt) head: -1 INT; (2pts) dominant hand: -2 AGI; (3pts) off-hand: -1 AGI; (4pts) dominant arm: -2 STR; (5pts) off-arm: -1 STR; (6pts) leg: -5' Move; (7pts) torso: -2 STA; (8pts) dominant side: -2 AGI, -2 STR, -1 STA, -5' Move; (9pts) off-side: -1 AGI, -1 STR, -1 STA, -5' Move; (10pts) full body: -1 INT, -3 AGI, -3 STR, -2 STA, -10' Move. Resurrected suffers a penalty of -(3+points on PoD) to their Personality. Resurrected beings with one or more Attributes that fall below 3 continue to transform, and on the next new moon, become one of the Dark Young.
20-23	Curse of the Shoggoth: Resurrected's corrupted flesh becomes fluid, dripping from their body at a rate of 1 hit point per hour. This damage may only be healed by ingesting human flesh, regaining 2 points for every ounce of still-living flesh eaten directly from a victim, or 1 point per ounce of dead flesh consumed. Resurrected suffers a permanent -6 to their personality (minimum 3).
24-25	Curse of Yuggoth: Resurrected's flesh fully transforms into fungus. They are covered in fruiting fungal bodies. No longer able to digest food normally, they must press meat into their putrid flesh and allow it to be broken down by their fungoid form. Their presence in a single place for more than an hour allows id8 unearthly mushrooms to grow from their exhaled spores—the resurrected suffers a permanent -5 to their Personality.
26-28	Curse of the Gaunt: Resurrected grows a pair of massive, vestigial wings from their shoulders as their face smooths and loses all defining features other than eyes, nostrils, and slitted mouth. Resurrected suffers a permanent -4 to their personality.
29-33	Curse of the Spawn: Resurrected's face grows long tentacles, their eyes become un-pupiled yellow orbs, and their flesh takes on a mottled-green appearance. Resurrected suffers a permanent -3 to their personality.

J. CAREY ESQUIRE'S WORLD-FAMOUS BLACK MILK

Level: 5

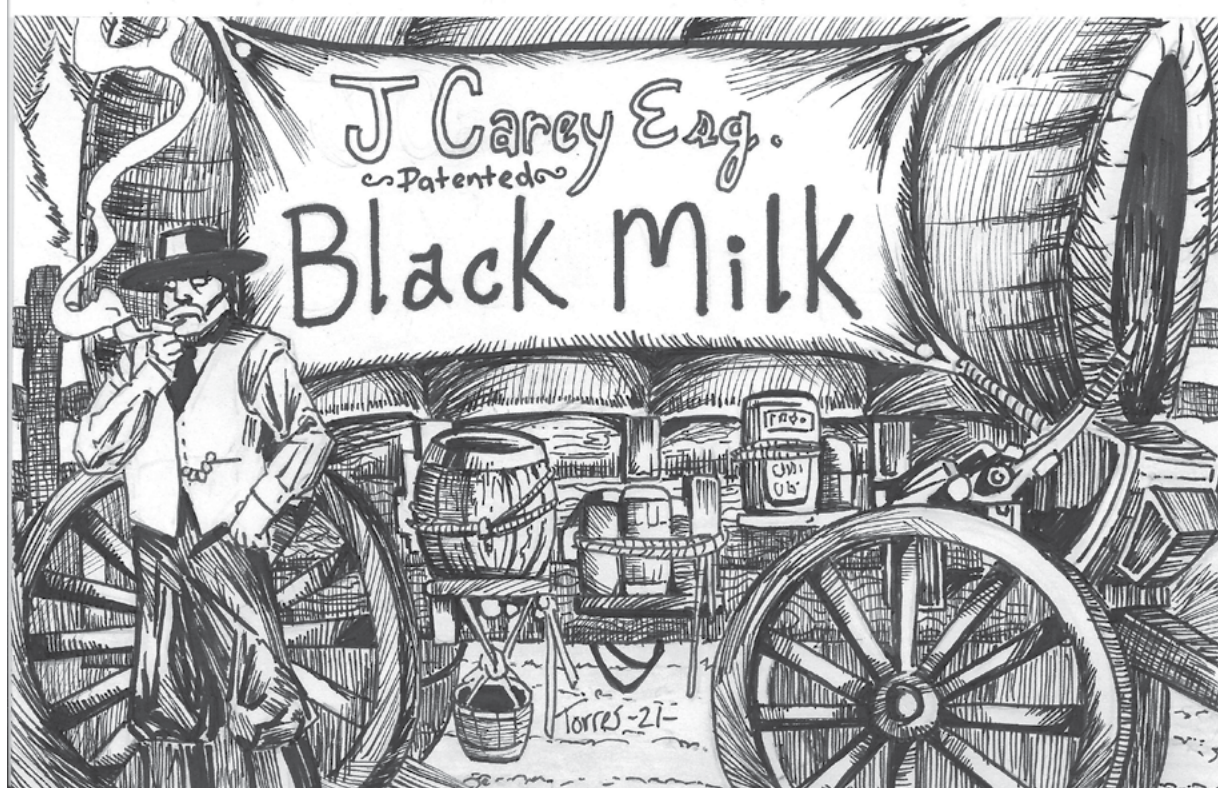
Range: Self

Duration: Varies

Casting Time: 1 day

Save: None

34-35	Curse of Yig: Resurrected's pupils become slits, their teeth transform into fangs, and their flesh becomes scaled like that of a rattlesnake. Resurrected gains a bite attack (1d4 + poison, save vs. DC 8 or die) and suffers a permanent -2 to their personality.
36-37	Curse of Dagon: Resurrected takes on traits associated with the "Innsmouth look," bulging eyes, sloping forehead, and gill-like fat rolls on their neck. Resurrected suffers a permanent -1 to their personality.
38-39	Blessing of Nyarlathotep: Resurrected's form is in permanent flux, changing at midnight. Each night, roll 1d7 (treating all Stat losses as temporary to the form): (1) Curse of the Shoggoth; (2) Curse of the Young; (3) Curse of Yuggoth; (4) Curse of the Gaunt; (5) Curse of the Spawn; (6) Curse of Yig; (7) Curse of Dagon.
40+	Resurrected awakens with minimal physical alterations. Their eyes become black, flecked with stars, as well as one of the following alterations: Roll 1d4: (1) resurrected gains 3 additional fingers on each hand; (2) resurrected's feet transform into wolf paws, inflicting a -10' to Move; (3) resurrected's arms become boneless, taking the appearance of segmented worms; (4) there is no further manifestation.



HANDOUT #1

You hang, suspended in the endless void, a single pinprick of light below you. Focusing upon it, you see a warrior of the Crow nation sitting at a campfire. As if sensing your presence, he looks up.

<Flash>

A golden star shoots across the night sky, slamming into the earth like the very wrath of God. The resulting explosion of golden light blinds you.

<Flash>

A trio of gamblers play poker. One of them slowly looks up and gently kicks a chair out towards you as if expecting you to join the game.

<Flash>

Arm stretched before you, a ragged scalp is clenched in your fist, still dripping blood, the scalp's donor stands next to you—clutching the tin star that is his badge of office.

<Flash>

A red-eyed man, clad in crimson, rides upon some sort of buffalo. A tattered noose hangs from his saddle, and a shadowed figure follows in his wake.

<Flash>

A tinker's cart rests at the side of a dusty street, light glinting off of an assortment of pots and pans dangling from hooks along its sides. The image swirls as the cart transforms into a mountebank's wagon with the name "J. Carey Esq." emblazoned on the side.

<Flash>

You stand in the middle of a street, wooden buildings to either side of you ablaze in the night air. Squinting through the blazing firelight, you try to make out the silhouetted figures who face you through the smoke. Dark vapors swirl, winding ash and ember into strange patterns which hang in the air. The flickering motes pulse with an unholy life of their own as seven ... things step from the darkness. Their leader stands in the center of the street, yellow eyes set within his tentacled face.

You smell them, even over the reek of the fire, the odors of death and decay, mixed with something your nose has never before suffered. A tang in the air that...

You feel the shot almost as soon as you hear it. Looking down, you can see the blossom of angry crimson spreading across your stomach. You move to react, but shot after shot rings out, impacting your body and causing you to dance and stagger backwards as your life's blood pours from your wounds. You hear the dull thumps of your companions' bodies striking the street, watering the dirt with their blood.

A breeze clears the smoke for just an instant, and you make out the forms of your killer, a tentacle-faced gunslinger with a string of fingers hanging from his belt. He is stepping forward as your vision dims, a knife in his hand ... and with burning yellow eyes focused on your hand.

You gasp as you wake, choking back the scream that has hammered at your throat every night for this past month—finally drawing you here to Bannack. Light spills in through the window of your hotel room, illuminating drifting motes of dust, lighting them as if they were embers. The time has come to do something about the eldritch gunsels that have haunted your rest. You can only hope that someone here can make sense of your collective nightmare. Somehow, you know it all comes to a head tomorrow night at midnight.

HANDOUT #2

You feel a presence here, ancient and immensely powerful. It is something truly touched by the divine but also in conflict. Knowing this reinforces what you know—that God is everywhere and the battle against the dark powers is your ultimate calling. You feel more resolute than ever in your path and your faith.

Until you depart Bannock, you gain a +1d bonus on the performance of miracles if you are a revelator.

HANDOUT #3

CC takes a long draw on his pipe, “that sheriff of ours ... well he’s somethin’ special. Don’t seem that t’wernt too long ago when there were rumors that he and his gang were ridin’ between here and Virginia City. They say,” the clerk exhales slowly, smoke dancing in the air before him, “that most of the holdups, and most of the corpses, on that route were the doing of none other than Sheriff Plummer.”

He holds up a hand, as if to forestall any protest, “I know, I know, him being a lawman that is a bit hard to swallow. Well, I wouldn’t have believed the stories at all, but for what happened after the Seven Days of Night. See, the sheriff, he changed after that. He got what you would call, proactive.” A sly grin crosses the hotelier’s face.

“Now, I’m not saying that he were an outlaw or that he weren’t. I’m just saying that things suddenly got a lot safer between here and Virginia City when Sheriff Plummer started taking an interest in things. There were ... more than a few folks that he brought to justice that he’d been mighty friendly with once upon a time. Well, that didn’t sit right with some of his old friends.” CC loses himself in thought for a moment, slowly puffing his pipe as he conjures the image in his mind’s eye.

“It’d been maybe four months since the Sheriff got serious about law and order in Bannack. One night the Sheriff steps outside his office and BANG!” CC slams his palm against the countertop, “one shot, right through his star, and Henry Plummer is the ex-sheriff of Bannack.”

“Now, the guy what done it? Nobody knew, cause weren’t nobody that saw it happen and, by the time anyone got there, the shooter had run off. We was all busted up about it, seein’ as he’d been doin’ right by us and we bought him a purty headstone and gave him a real nice funeral up on the hill.” CC chuckles wryly, “wouldn’t it figure that he’d be ungrateful?”

He holds up two fingers, “twern’t but two days later when the sheriff walked back into town, covered in dirt and lookin’ like the devil ‘imself. He walked into the saloon and shot “Whiskey Bill” Graves—he was an old friend of the sheriff’s—shot him deader than he was, that’s for certain. Whiskey Bill had the decency to stay dead (if there are any tommyknockers in the party he will add “no offense ‘course” before continuing).

“Well, word gets ‘round about a sheriff that won’t stay dead and things got lively in town for a lil bit. After the 3rd or 4th time though,” he gives a meaningful look, “well, people just stopped testing fate.”

HANDOUT #4

Sheriff Plummer looks you all up and down before handing over a glistening knife and laying back, “let’s get this over with then. I can use the two-day vacation.” While willing, he seems resigned—while glib, his words sound hollow in your ears. He winces as the knife slices into his flesh, the first rivulets of blood running down the side of his face. The initial cuts are easy, tracing around his entire scalp rather than a single brutal cut.

Then it gets difficult. The sheriff’s heels begin to beat a tattoo on the floor as fingers are worked beneath his scalp and blood begins to pour from the wound. When you begin to pull, that is when the screaming starts. An agonized wail pierces the air, coupled with the feel of flesh pulling and tearing away from his still-living head. Even the undying can feel pain, and as you hold the bloody pelt that is Henry Plummer’s scalp, you watch the light mercifully fade from his eyes. In his last moments, Plummer tries to speak, but the pain is too much. He shudders and falls still.

Outside, the streets of Bannack are quiet. Clearly, the sheriff’s screams could be heard throughout the town. You feel that a blanket of fear and uncertainty has settled upon the townsfolk of Bannack and, whatever may come, the town will never be the same.

HANDOUT #5

As the last connective tissues tear free, and you wrench the bloody scalp from the head of the dying lawman, you feel a swirl of eldritch powers around the sodden mass of hair and flesh. You gain a Permanent +1 bonus to your Willpower Save. Have no fear, Sheriff Plummer will rise again tomorrow.

HANDOUT #7

“Carmichael wasn’t a bad man,” he pauses, “but he wasn’t the best of men either. He was a little too fond of gambling and fonder still of winning—even when he wasn’t winning, if you get my drift.” He winces, finding it distasteful to speak ill of the dead, even in this scant fashion.

“Well, he tried to cheat those men over at Skinners, and he got caught. The first time,” he stresses, “he played it off, dropping his cards and pretending to be klutzy. Well, he didn’t have the wisdom to stop there. It was strange,” the mason frowns, “he got real nervous, but I guess his nature got the best of him.”

Sweat beads across the man’s brow as he recollects the events of that night. “The old guy starts puffin’ away on this cigar and Carmichael starts pleading with him to stop, to spare him. The thing is, the old guy never lifted a finger, he just sat there, staring at Carmichael and smoked that damned cigar. When he was done and tapped off the last of the ash,” he pauses again, his voice becoming quiet, “it was like he tapped off the last of Carmichael. He just fell out of his chair, stone dead, while the gamblers just continued playing like nothing had happened.”

HANDOUT #8

Martin sniffs disdainfully, “Two foreigners came through a few weeks ago. Cheap too, they only wanted one room for the two of them. Claimed that one of them didn’t sleep. Can you imagine?” He gazes at you meaningfully, the ugliness of his soul showing through clearly.

“Needless to say, they couldn’t afford to stay for two nights, that sort never has money anyhow.” He turns, spitting on the floor behind the counter, “I hear they built themselves some sort of pagan shrine up by the gallows. The gallows! Can you ‘magine?”

HANDOUT #6

"I swear to you, the story I am going to tell you is true. I wasn't always the god-loving man you see before you. No, I understand the dangers of sin, for I am a man, and I have sinned. I left New York for Bannack in hopes of becoming rich, and my greed dragged me across the desert." The soft-spoken priest gives an embarrassed cough. "Gold seemed so important back then."

The young reverend shakes his head, breaking a momentary reverie before continuing. "Of course, what does a man from New York know about the Montana territories and the dangers within?" His smile solidifies for a moment, a rictus of remembered pain rather than a look of ease. "As in Luke 10:30, I was set upon while on the road and left for dead." He goes silent for a moment, letting his words sink in. "I don't know how long I lay there in the desert, the sun burning me by day, wind freezing me by night, and lead ..."

Reverend Keefer unconsciously brushes his hand against his chest, "working to kill whatever was left." "It felt like I was in the wilderness for days, but I don't know how long I lay there dying. Not for certain. So, there I was, a sinner in a cruel world and then ... darkness." The reverend gives a sly grin, "Not the darkness of death, mind you; I am but a mortal man still, but the darkness of a soul in utter despair. I lay there, without hope, and knew I was going to die. But then," he pauses, raising a hand to his mouth as he remembers the events, "then there was light. Not daylight, but divine light."

"A man found me, lifted me up, and put me across the back of his horse. Every movement was agony, searing pain, jolting through my body until I was near sick from the agony of it all. As the man guided his mount, he spoke to me, telling me that all men are tested, and that even the most devout must confront challenges to their faith." Reverend Keefer continues, lost in the telling of his story.

"I tried to laugh, coughing blood, and explaining that I wasn't a devout man. Just a sinner hoping for an honest piece of sod to be laid to rest beneath." Here he pauses, "It was the strangest thing, I'll never forget it. The man said to me that I had misunderstood. It wasn't I that was being tested, but he. When I heard that," the reverend's face becomes crestfallen, "I felt that I had somehow failed a greater challenge than my mere survival. The stranger's voice was sad when he had said it, and as I lay there, that is when I noticed that he was ... glowing. He was surrounded by this faint golden aura ... a halo."

The reverend's hand slaps to his thigh, "... and that's when I blacked out. When I came too, I was here in Bannack—at the undertaker's." He holds up a hand to forestall questions, "He was the closest thing we had to a Doctor here. Well, there was no sign of the man who brought me here, but Mr. Palm said the man who brought me in said that his name was Michael and that he was just passing through on an errand."

"On an errand, can you believe it? My life was saved because a traveler was at the right place, at the right time, to find me before it was too late. Well, that was enough to get me to thinking about death and what comes after. I had what you might call an awakening; I heard God's call and I knew to answer."

He blinks for a moment, coming back to himself from the telling of the tale. "No one ever saw Michael again. Now Remy, over at the assay office? Those two could be related, I swear that there is a family resemblance, and I sometimes wonder what the errand was that brought Michael through Bannack ... but then I realize, it was to find me."

The reverend shoots a beaming grin, "And that is the story of how I was carried to Bannack by an angel and how I became the reverend you see before you today. Who better to combat the sins of a gold-rush town than a man who had once succumbed to those very sins?"

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